

THE 5TH BATTALION'S PAGE

The invitation and acceptance were of course couched in the most approved army language. True our old friend Authority was A. O. D., but your obedient servant was right there in good form.

The aforesaid invitation and acceptance also travelled in the correct conduit and were escorted by the customary "For your information and necessary action, please," and "passed to you, please," and "noted, please" which is only what would be expected of such bright and shining battalional examples as the Seventh and Fifth, but getting down to plain ordinary Western Canadian English, the whole thing meant, "there's a page in the 'Listening Post' for the Fifth. Come on in the water's fine." And the come back was, "you're on kid".

The fact is lots of fellows said they could help and would send in all kinds of funny stories and plenty of skits that would make Shakespeare, Byron, Kipling and all those shilling a word boys look like selling-platters, but so far they haven't come across with the goods.

It's all very well you young fellows to relate stories which I believe would go good in the worm room of your favourite club and give excuses that your dug-out leaked and ruined a sheaf of real fine stuff, but you know the 'Listening Post' is a nice trench paper and always parades on time. There's the 'Bird' sending fancy letters to 'Blanche' not that anyone can blame him for that, because we know she is a classy dame, and Jacky raving about Eve who is also some kid, and other fellows raving up what little spare time they have between bombing courses, and machine gun courses, and trench mortar courses, and very light courses, writing to sweet young things all over dear Old England to say nothing of the reams they write to the Candy Kids in Canada and gloating over 'La Vie Parisienne' and 'L'Amour en Campagne'.

Just put a little salt on the tail of a few ideas and send along your copy to the Sub-Editor toute suite. Christmas Garland only come once a year whereas the 'Listening Post' has about twelve thousand listeners twice a month. Get that? Alright, jake. Sorry Herr Chief Editor that we were not with you earlier, but exigencies of the service and all that sort of thing you know, it won't occur again, believe me.

PIPE DREAMS

End of war in May.

Best in billets near (Paris) in April.

Bonus of 50 pounds per man upon completion of a years service in the field.

Rum issue all summer.

Being withdrawn from the Western front, a trip to Marseilles to Cairo and a ride on the Crocodile.

Horses for the "Fifth Western Cavalree".

Real tobacco in lieu of 'Tough guy' cigarettes.

Open season for Belgian Hares.

Military police doing a turn in the trenches.

Three months leave to Canada for all original First Canadian Division fighting men.

Situations vacant. (Wanted toute suite)

Stretcher bearers for flying corps.	Charcoal burners.
Guides for men going on leave.	Pigeon trainers.
Wind-jammers for Brigade Band.	O.C. ferrets for rat catching.

"Boil eau" is company cook, but he can't do that without burning it.

M. O. to orderly Cpl.: "The sick this morning all complain of colds."

Orderly Cpl. (an old timer): "Yes Sir, it must be the fresh draft."

A soldier of the Fifth on leave was exhibiting his souvenirs and he proudly produced the brass nose of a 4.1 which had messed up his "booby" his loving aunt piped up. "And is that what they shoot from machine guns?" "Oh no auntie, that's what the snipers send over by way of good morning."

"Indeed, and what is a sniper?" Then a few minutes after snipers and their ways had been explained she said, "And do you really shoot at each other when you're on your own sides?"

O. C. to prisoner charged with shooting a hare.

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Please Sir, I shot it in self defence."

"In self defence?"

"Yes Sir, it bit me here and made a hole in my puttee."

A New Stunt.

The pigeonier had cheerfully borne the chaff of his fellows for weeks about his birds. Of course they 'stood to' at the usual hour and they were going on leave etc. And because he never smiled they thought he was a slow guy and without imagination. To everyone's surprise therefor, one day he approached his O. C. saying he had been figuring out a brand new stunt which would surprise the staff.

"If you wouldn't mind indenting for some parrots, Sir." "Indent for parrots," said the officer, "Why parrots are not an issue." "Well if you could get them on repayment, Sir." "What in the world do you want parrots for," asked the officer, thinking the man daft. "Well Sir," said the O. C. of pigeons, "If I could get some parrots, I'd cross them with the pigeons then we could send the young birds across the lines and they'd come back and tell us all about it."

When I was born I got a name
Of Smith, Augustus John,
And when a soldier I became
And put my khaki on,
I felt as proud as Punch could be
When some old Sergeant said to me,
"You're now a separate entity,
And here's your DISC-identity."

When on a list he entered me,
My bosom swelled with pride.
A. J. SMITH. "Your twenty-two, six, seven three,"
"Yes Sergeant", I replied,
"When you become a casualtee,
You mustn't get mislaid, you see."
In order to prevent it, he
Numbered my DISC-identity.

He asked me if my Kirk was old,
Or if I was R. C.
answered like a soldier bold,

A. J. SMITH
22673
That I was C. of E.
"I've got to know my lad," said he
"In case you have to buried be."
And just to show he meant it, he
Endorsed my DISC-identity.

And then I put it on a string
And took to my breast,
A. J. SMITH.
22673
"Now stick to it like anything,"
The Sergeant made behest;

C. of E.
"A prisoner immediatelee
Is shot on sight unless," said he
"When called on to present it he
Can show his DISC-identity.

And here in my dug-out I am
Enjoying M & V
And biscuits Army, Damson Jam,
And tea with S. R. D.

A. J. SMITH.
22673
5th Can. Bn.
C. of E.
How sick those chaps at home must be,
Why couldn't they be brave like me?
A fellow's a nonentity
Without a DISC-identity. R. M. E.