

GOOD GRAVY.*From the Cook-house.*

This is the life, with a fine up-to-date kitchen and mess-room and all kinds of good food. Now it's up to the company officers to see that we get some up-to-date mess orderlies and waiters. A corporal in charge of each company mess would be the first step in the right direction.

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How about a good lecture on Economy? "Now is the time." Battalion Sergeant Cook will be only too pleased to furnish some facts.

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Scene: Willows Main Gate. Time, 1 a.m.
(A Reminiscence.)

A Cook with a P.P. meets a Lance Jack who over-looked getting late leave, but did not overlook any Scotch.

Lance Jack: "I shay, Cook, old chap, how am I going to get by the Guard?"

Cook (well known by Guard), when asked to turn in their passes, calls out: "Cooks."

Lance Jack (after he is safe in the fold): "Very good of you, don't yer know, to help me in like that; but beastly degrading to be called a cook. Eh, what?"

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The Battalion Sergeant Cook is wondering whose Will his sergeant, Bob Turner, will have to straighten out the next time he goes to London on a week-end. However, he brought back proof that he had been in this country before: "A photo of the girl he left behind"; and she is the image of her dad.

The Cooks are back from the Aldershot School of Cookery. Talk about making fancy dishes out of bully-beef! They've got Mexican athletes backed off the map when it comes to slinging the beef! Nevertheless, that short holiday at Aldershot has done them good.

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Who put the double O in Cook?

Corporal Cook calls for two double O's. Nuf sed!

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We are wondering how Sir Halibut, the Chef of the Sergeants' Mess and famous lady-killer, takes his medicine. He spied a fair young damsel in the distance, and straightway his face beamed like the ad. on the "Rising Sun" Polish tin. On arriving within hailing distance, he made a grand salaam. His reception was disconcerting: "Gawn! b—— well hop it!"

This did not dampen his ardour. A nurse approached wheeling a pram. Sir Halibut approached cautiously, and addressed the baby in the carriage thusly: "Hello, baby! How's nurse?"

Once again behold our fair knight was bowled out with this reply: "None the better for your awsking!"

We are wondering if there is any truth in the old saw: "Nobody loves a fat man."

Phone 89

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