

THE DESPATCH RIDER.

(Respectfully dedicated to PRIVATE E. TROTTIER.)

- 1 He's a care-free tyke,
On a motor bike,
A-whizzing gaily along.
With a care-free load,
O'er the pavè road,
He blithely whistles a song.

(We've never heard "Trot." sing, let alone whistle, it is true, but then we have to make the 3rd and 6th lines rhyme at whatever the cost.)

- 2 Tho' his motor jumps,
When it hits the bumps
That may lay upon the track.
On his mission bent,
He is all intent
For he's bound for *there* and back.

(We think that the above verse is equal to Rudyard Kipling and Michael O'Brien at their best.)

- 3 Past horses and carts,
See he swiftly darts
Past wagons and lorries grim.
He dodges his way,
Like an elf at play,
They can't put it over *him*.

(We're quite proud of that allusion to an elf. All of the best poets do that sort of thing.)

- 4 When the road is shelled,
And the traffic held
By a heavy cannonade.
Nought must hold him back—
And his iron hack
Springs forward undismayed.

(After penning this last stanza we feel like asking "Trot." for a loan of 5 francs. One good turn, etc.)

A-dodging the shell
That may fall pell-mell,
Havoc and death in its train.
With his goal in view,
He must skelter through,
Tho' the shrapnel falls like rain.

(Now that hens' eggs are down to tuppence apiece, we believe that our D. R. has quite as much to do with egg shells as the other kind. But we'll let that pass.)

- 6 The boy at the front,
Who is doing his stunt,
A-hurting down the pike.
Is making a hit
And doing his bit
On his trusty motor bike.

(After that concluding stanza we really think we'll be able to raise that proposed loan to 10 francs at least.)

CHOP SUEY.

A bum cook spoils the skilly.
Ten francs in the hand is worth
twenty at the pay office.

A stitch in time does away with the
need for Bachelor's Buttons.

Private Bill Muffet,
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating some Bully for dinner.
An Allemand spied him,
A shell dropped beside him,
And he *hiked* like a Marathon
winner.

PLAY BALL.

Spring is here! so's the war, so are we, and so is baseball. Little did we dream when we left the Land of the Maple, that we'd be playing the National Game behind the firing line in France six months later. But it was so, and that over a year ago. Now another season is here, and the old team, weakened it is true by the loss of several valuable players, but as game as ever, is ready again (when the Huns permit) to uphold the honour of No. 1 against all comers. Last year we made a bold bid for the championship of the division, being beaten only by the fine team of the D.A.C. Better luck this time!

One game in particular will always be remembered by us, for while it was in progress, Fritz threw over a few shrapnel, a fragment from which, falling near the first base, caused the base runner to steal second in a hurry. Ty. Cobb had nothing on that fellow!

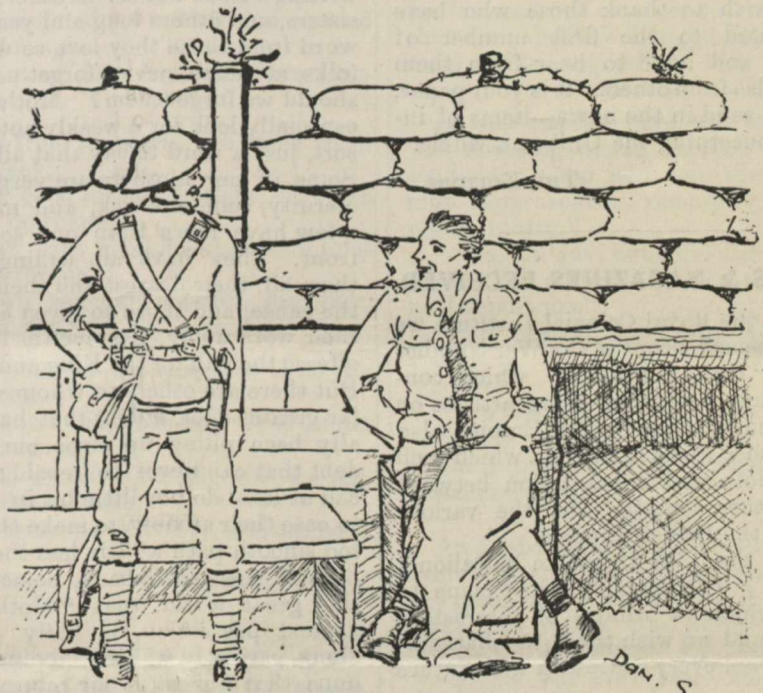
This year, we are without our old first and third base men, Ken Mundell and Louis Daley, but we hope to find

AN EDITOR'S DIARY.

Monday.—Get up this a.m. with a feeling of impending disaster—and my worst fears are realised when a full private informs me that he had "nearly kicked the slats off of his cradle" with laughing when he first heard a certain joke that recently appeared in our highly original paper, the "I.C." Later in the day gets a still further shock when another reader informs me that he first read "An ode to an Oyster," appearing in our columns by one of our distinguished poets, at the time of the Crimean War.

Tuesday.—Am informed to-day that there is by far *too much poetry* in the "I.C." Later another reader informs me that there is *too much prose* in the same journal. Feel still more discouraged.

Wednesday.—Bitterly criticised for not giving enough knocks in our paper; say I ought to be more personal. Later am held up by another disgruntled reader who says we are *much too personal*, and all such items should be discontinued at once. Begin to feel as if "I'd lost all ambition in life," as the song says.



"How do you like the new hard tack, Jim?"
"Fine! Makes the best dug-out floor I ever slept on!"

Drawn for the "I.C." by

Pte. Don Stuart.

equally good substitutes from the Section teams. These teams have played several exciting games during the past few days, C. Section beating A., B. Section beating C., and the sergeants' team trimming C. Section, after a hard game; but the game which caused most excitement was undoubtedly the one between our Officers, and the Officers of No. 3 C.C.S., which was won by our team after a hard tussle, by 11—10. Capt. Clarke pitched a great game for our side, and the appearance of Col. Ross, behind the bat in the fifth innings, was the signal for a great outburst of cheering from the spectators. The former O.C. of this unit fully maintained his great reputation both as a catcher and a hard hitter. Our team went to bat in the last innings with 2 runs wanted to win, and these they just succeeded in getting. Altogether the Baseball outlook seems very promising and in the intervals when we're off duty, we hope to meet (and beat) several of our old rivals of the Diamond.

Thursday. Received lengthy articles, 999,998 words in length, knocking the paymaster. Part of the complaint is that if he was really on to his job he would pay us 15 francs everyday and 20 francs on Saturdays. Quite agree with article, but dread getting in wrong with that official in case I ever want to solicit him for an extra *touch* at any time.

Friday.—Worse and worse! To-day receive no less than seventeen contributions knocking the cooks. Would like to insert them all, but scared of offending these worthies. (They'd get back at me when the daily bacon ration is issued out. Am particularly partial to bacon.) Don't know what to do. Strain of the situation beginning to tell on me.

Saturday.—Slightly encouraged to-day when I have wholesale compliments thrown at the "I.C.," and the usefulness of the journal in question is extolled—but hopes are dashed to the ground when my informant states that its usefulness lies in that it is so handy to *clean out his mess tin with*.