

A Write-up on this Month's Sketches.

The first sketch this week is a hint to the owner of the geese behind the camp. It is nearing Xmas, and quite a number of men have determined to have goose for Xmas' dinner. Another thing is, they have caused quite a commotion now and again, also bad language, as they make a noise something akin to a crowd at a ball game. Numbers have had a terrible disappointment.

The second is of the rain. Rain! Lordy how it rained. No wonder the "flu" is knocking around. Our latest is a newspaper queue, and it is nothing to see two hundred of the boys lined up for a paper. As I promised the girlies, here is the ideal V.A.D. Someone suggested B.V.D., which, interpreted, means, Be Very Dainty. Football has now commenced, and for the first two games it simply poured down. "Nuff sed."

Our last is of a Sergeant patient with a flapper. In his words, she was about 200-lbs., and had a moustache about a quarter of an inch long, and eyes like an octopus. Some description and some flapper. The umbrella. Oh! Thereby hangs a tale. Ask the Sergeant.

The second page of sketches, illustrating "An Example to the Troops," is something that happened to our artist on a London 'bus. After much struggling, the top of the 'bus was reached to find there was only one seat vacant, which was in front of an Officer. This was quickly filled by our artist, who was smoking one of the wildest of the wild. As you have experienced, when one of these vehicles moves along, there is quite a draught. There was a draught this day, too, and it blew the ash from the cigarette right into the Officer's eye. Of course, here was an opportunity for the Officer to show the superiority of his rank, or his rank superiority, for, as you know, if the Officer had been in front and the private behind, it would have been quite another matter. To proceed. The aforesaid Officer stood up on the 'bus, which is strictly against the rules, and in the words of the poet proceeded to ball the supreme . . . out of the man of the pencil, which was very bad form, as you will agree. Needless to say, our artist was absolutely smitten dumb when he happened to notice the Mons Ribbon on the breast of the Officer. Then a great light burst upon him. Here's a fine chance for *Pat's Post*. Here was a man getting the wind up because of a little cigarette ash, but probably whilst in Flanders, half of that country down-trodden by the Hun, and blown up by the Allies, may have hit him in some part of the anatomy, and he probably smiled and yelled "Give 'em h— boys." Hence the sketch.

They met for just a moment,
They may never meet again,
For she was only a Jersey cow,
And he a passing train.

OUR OFFICERS.

AN APPRECIATION BY PRIVATE X.,
SENIOR BATMAN, C.A.M.C.

Having been asked by the Editor of our popular *Post* to write an article on the subject mentioned above, I wasn't exactly asked to write it, I merely thought it would be a good way to put in my spare time. The following are my impressions of our Officers. As you all know, our life is a busy one, but full of interest, and to a keen observer, such as I must modestly admit, the opportunities given to study the various types of men going to make up "Our Mess" are many. I could fill a book with the many bright and intimate sayings of the Officers here, but, alas, there is the Censor, and "that's that." The first thing that struck me on assuming my position of †S.B. was unexpected, to say the least. Still accidents will happen, and perhaps that is the reason why a certain Subaltern's boots were done with black instead of tan polish on my second day's duty. In time, however, I learned that "Our Mess" contained about twenty or thirty Officers, all of whom have rooms in a long corridor, and with which the doors opening on each side always puts me in mind of a rabbit warren or a sleeping car in our own country. At night the latter description is the more accurate. The similarity being further heightened by the use of one's ears: and now for the individual Officers. Of course, in such an article as this, you cannot go by seniority, or even begin at the beginning. It's usually possible to just begin. In every Mess you have extreme types, the gloomy and the joyous, the Westerner and the Easterner, etc., and so we have here.

For example, going back again to my first morning on duty, while bustling down the corridor, I was surprised and delighted to hear joyous bursts of song rendered in a loud, manly voice, to what I believed at first an unusual accompaniment. Stopping entranced before the door from which these sounds issued, I soon discovered, by the use of those faculties of mine before referred to, that the owner of this voice was a very important person, who, when in full kit, was called the "Voice of the O.C." The strange accompaniment was curiously like Tennyson's brook, being indeed the noise of a shower bath. I should like to "enlarge" on this subject, but am reminded that he is a very dangerous man to cross, having complete control of our destinies in the matter of passes and leave.

Across the Hall from the Adjutant, lives a merry wag, whom I soon found out was a prominent member of the "Early and Late" club, with reference to bed. This Officer has a friend, "full, fat and forty," living in the next room to him. Often in the evening while on my rounds, I have paused outside the door of the younger Officer's room and listened. I confess it to the