

An ex-"A" Company officers' cook and an aspirant for military honour is becoming more ambitious daily. Yesterday he was soaring to the height of a musketry instructor—he sure is a "Cocker."

**

"B" COMPANY WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

Why a certain private is doing a Chink out of a job in —. Should it not have gone to a noted sanitary authority with a suitable name?

Why a sergeant of "B" Company returned from leave with a bottle of cold tea.

Where in H— is old "Five Rounds Rapid" gone? We miss him. (I.D.T.)

When No. 41 in a certain platoon will get his leave, and doesn't he wish for a BLIGHTY soon.

If the wiring party ever refused a rum ration, or did Sergeant P. E. Thompson ever miss one.

Why the "bomb-proof" details draw with the men in the trenches for leave, and if it matters a d— now.

If anyone ever found the 250 pounds of gun-cotton. Speak up, you scouts.

Why the Canadian Engineers are allowed to keep a party out half the night looking for work.

If it was far from the overhead railway to the slough. Did it feel anything like a six-foot drop?

**

"C" COMPANY WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

If the officer whose father is a canon could be correctly described as a son of a gun. We have heard it said so.

Who was the private who, after an issue of rum, ran down the trench and called upon the corporal to send up a flare because the sentry imagined he had seen two Germans coming over to surrender.

When we are going to get our three weeks' rest.

Who was the private who decided to appeal to the paymaster for more money, as 15 francs was not sufficient to allow him to keep up appearances.



(See Whiz-Bangs, page 8.)



Tommy: "But the change, Madame, of the five franc bill?"

Madame: "No, no compris. No change . . . après la guerre!"

Who was responsible for that spy hunt over "The Hill"?

The name of the officer who told a certain red-nosed private to leave some rum in the bottom of the cup because he thought there was a little more in it than there should have been, and why was the private not hauled up for disobeying an order. (Mr. Garton? No.)

"C" Company has decided to send a "Note" to their cooks.

**

"D" COMPANY ITEMS.

Who was the "Physical Jerks" instructor who cautioned his squad: "When I says One! jump up in the air

with both feet; when I says Two! come down again and WAIT FOR IT"?

A pathetic "D" Company private asks if the Ministry of Munitions has taken over the rum breweries as well as the distilleries.

Has a rosy complexion among the senior N.C.O.s any connection with rum, or may it be credited to unlimited consumption of strawberries in early youth?

Why do German star shells always land on puttees and pants? Why do whiz-bangs invariably search out meandering mess tins? Q.M. (regimental), please oblige.

A private in "D" Company was known to be a little deaf, but no one knew how serious his case really was until a few days ago. He was sent after some water, and on his return reported that snipers had tried to get him with explosive bullets—he had heard them explode right beside him. On enquiring into the matter it was discovered that half-a-dozen Jack Johnsons had landed about seventy-five yards from the well. Surely a case for the M.O.

**

THE SCOUTS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

What platoon went down to the "International Trench" looking for fatigues.

The name of the bomber who took out a potato on patrol one night in mistake for a "Mills."

If it is true that Corporal Clark has invented a "pom-pom-possum-pie" bomb.

The name of Sergeant Wilton's batman.

What happened to J—s when the fruit commenced to fall. "Hide not thy light under a mess tin, oh J—s, even if thou art in the famous Bull-ring."

Name of the Company scout who reported "a strong smell of rum from the German lines."

The military definition of the word "rest."

The names of the sentries who threw bombs at an innocent tree stump in our wire.

N.B.—Have the scouts decided to "keep" their present officer?

**

WITH THE GRENADIERS.

Have you noticed how the general opinion of the bombers and their work has changed for the better of late? We're "Grenadiers" now. Not very bad, eh?

Isn't the C.F.A. marksmanship just about the limit sometimes?

And what do Monty and Rus think about it?

Did "The auld yin" enjoy his leave? We guess so.

We've known Newton Pippin Rifle Grenades to play all kinds of tricks, but that yarn about the wind blowing them back into the "F" trenches wants some swallowing.

We'd like to lay hands on the guy who put Fritz wise to Fleet Street. Those whiz-bangs are sure getting too Gol Darned close for our liking.

The burning question of the day—To whom does the R.Q.M.S. give the grenade section's coal?

Who stole the scouts' axe?

Have you seen our new cook? She's Jake.