

Mentioned in Despatches.

The « Dead Horse Corner Gazette », founded and edited by Pte R. W. Trowsdale of the 4th Battalion, has closed its career with the dispatch, for « Blighty », of its Editor. The latter was severely wounded in the thigh and hand during the operations on the Somme, and is now an inmate of the Edinburg War Hospital, at Bangour, near Edinburg, Scotland.

SOME JOB

Quite the latest thing in jobs, is « trench-warden ». This involves being an N. C. O. or man of the party detailed for the purpose. If you are lucky enough to be one of them, your duties consist of preventing anyone running away with the trench when you aren't looking; filling it in by day or night from sheer wanton-ness, or excessive and unnatural desire for hard work; preventing the surreptitious cook, the stealthy batman, or the unambitious private from dumping debris in it, and then pretending he thought it was a shell-hole, or refuse pit.

You are also called upon to discourage the thrifty, French farmer from planting potatoes or burying deceased relatives in it, and generally to see that it is kept like a trench, and not like a blooming flower garden, or merely accidental crack in the earth's surface.

Noted by the Censor

The two companies which were holding the line were blown into the air by the explosion of a mine, and they landed right in the German front line, which with great presence of mind they cleared with bombs and consolidated much to the discomfiture of the enemy.

SOME « SHUNS »

In an army of strength must strive to great length
To be governed with strict regulation.
Individual rights or free thinking, that might
Rupture unity in operation.
Individual logic, or socialogics
Must be crushed into cringing submission.
Obey without reason. To ponder is treason.
To the State and to those of Commission.

Brave men in command high respect do demand
From the « ranks » in correct salutation,
As is meet in inferiors when faced by superiors,
To show their intense admiration.
When the salute is given the private has striven
To offer a true demonstration.
The officer noting this hero love doting,
Returns some sign of acception.

These acknowledgements vary and almost invariably fail to fulfil expectation.
The « nose-pull » ; the « ear-scratch » ; the Staff's formal « cap-catch » ,
Are original stunts in formation.
There's the cane-flicking dude ; there's the cad that is rude ;
There's the nervous one out on probation ;
There's the unpleasant churl who'll pick up and hurl
His salute at you with indignation.

There's the « genteel » salute ; woe if you pollute
It with manners that lack in discretion.
From his social pedestal, his « ego » celestial
Regards you as life's crude excretion.
It's a listless salute with the bored « Oxford stoop »
Of a make-believe hero of fiction.
Perchance your fond glance finds a hole in his
pants —
Lack of funds ? Oh, no ! Saddle friction !

There's the one in a hurry that often doth bury,
With pain-piercing, flame-flashing friction,
A thumb in his eye, where-upon he doth fly
Into sulphurous, air-scorching diction.
There's the nod and the smile in the hail fellow
style

Of the « Padre's » benign benediction ;
It's a good friendly grin, proclaiming you kin
Regardless of rule or restriction.

Ye men of commission have Royal permission
To rule, but with consideration
For him whose vocation brings on subjugation.
Be kind to his prompt salutation.
All «Swanking» contortions and facial distortions
Of enlarging self admirations
Draw forth condemnation and vituperation
For the sad lack of co-operation.

« DUBBIN ».

« Sergeant, I can't sleep at night », said the private piteously.

« Just the man I want for guard », replied the unfeeling non-com.

At a Court-martial a sergeant-major was called on to give evidence as to the character of the accused. Being a little flustered and anxious to help the delinquent out, he forgot where he was for the moment and responded : « He is kind, affectionate, true ; an excellent husband and father ; a true friend in adversity ; ever ready to smooth the brow of sorrow ; to comfort the bereaved ; to weep with those who mourn, to rejoice with them that are glad ; in short « For he's a jolly good fel ». « That will do », « said the Adjutant, and the S. M. wonders why the accused got the limit.

Two wounded men were making their way down the communication-trench. The one in front, a « leg case », hobbling painfully along with the help of a stick, moved aside at the request of the other to let him past. As they drew abreast mutual recognition took place.

« Hullo ! Walter Stanley » said the man with the unhampered knee-action, « where are you hit ? »

« In the lower leg » said the other with animation ». So far as I can judge, the Gastrocnemius muscle has been almost entirely carried away. The ligaments of the limb are severely strained. I am positive both the Fibula and the Tibia are fractured, and I have grave doubts as to the condition of the Cartillage, Which — « Aw, have a heart ». said the other, « I'm feelin, tough, besides I'm in a hurry to get to the Dressing Station ».

As he rounded the traverse ahead, he could still hear Walter Stanley describing the exact nature of his injuries, with professional pride. « Education sure is a fine thing », mused the man with the burst of speed, « Now, that Walter Stanley, why he enjoys a wound ».

THE EMBRYO WARRIOR

For three whole days, nights ditto,
He'd slopped around in mud.
He'd dodged the dangerous flare-light
And shunned the horrid « dud ».
His buttons and his badges
Had shed their pristine sheen,
The boots he'd bought at Gamage's
Were very far from clean.
At 2 a. m. his plaint arose
Upon the chilly air
When routed from his snug repose :
« Why don't they stop the war ? »