

had caught a rat. The gallant huntsmen stood for sixteen hours waiting for the ferret to re-appear, but finally the parade was dismissed.

An officers-guard was mounted over the rat-hole overnight and the spoils of the day were counted. A good bag was had, one rat having become a nervous wreck, and another having been slightly scratched in the fight with the pay-sergeant, who, we understand, is to receive another bar to his medal on this account.

Answers to Correspondents.

Artilleryman (Flanders)—Sorry we are so unpopular with your branch of the service. The signallers tell us that they did not salvage one of your lines in mistake for a disused one of their own. They add that they wouldn't know your line if they saw it, that they didn't see it, and that it was a misty morning anyhow.

* * *

Water-squad (Headquarters) — The Scotsman, you say, made the discovery after forty years that he was an Irishman, and you suggest that the extra day's leave to Ireland had something to do with it. Perhaps he was thinking on St. Patrick's Day and the early closing Act.

* * *

Anxious (Lancashire)—No! We are glad to say Harry did *not* get it in the neck. Yes! it really was stupid of the dear boy trying to catch the whiz-bang.

* * *

Fatigue ("D" Company)—No, it was not "D" Company that paraded for fatigue; it was only the Field Punishment men.

Iddy-Umpty.

THE POOR TELEPHONE MAN.

"Hello, who's speaking?"
 "This is the operator speaking."
 "Will say this is the Editor of the 20th Gazette . . ."
 "Shake your transformer."
 "Hello, is that better?"
 "Yes, that's fine, now."
 "Well, say we'd like to have some news from you fellows for our next issue, if you are not too busy."

"Well, there is nothing doing on the line just now, so if you're got a pencil and a piece of paper handy, I'll just make a few more or less inconsequential remarks. Are you ready?"

"Yes! Shoot!"—and thus he spake:—

"We are not given to calling ourselves names. Some spring poet, however, in a heated moment wrote an alleged poem on the trials and tribulations of a linesman and we suppose after much acute thinking for a suitable title the above was evolved, and thus were we designated to all the world on the seventeenth page of a cheap publication priced one penny, and published every Wednesday. You have given us, or rather, asked us to occupy a small space of the *Gazette*, and with full realisation of the fact that "self praise is no recommendation," and that a man is a poor historian of his own actions, still we are going to assert our ego and occupy our space as becometh us.

As with other things besides the telephone system, "men may come, and men may go, but we go on for ever." Not for ever, of course, but for the duration of the war, and we can honestly say that "our communication we have always with us," and that "where two or three are gathered together there do we set a little telephone in the midst of them." We may be poor damned telephone men, but our thin little

wires run along in the heavens above sometimes, in the earth beneath sometimes, and sometimes in the waters under the earth, and from almost any place in our trench settlements we can give any desired and reasonable communication. And just 'en passant,' don't forget to have quite a decent respect for a telephone wire. In a lecture at Sandling we were told to fondle our rifles. Well, of course, we do that, but if ever you see a telephone wire in a dangerous place, put it out of danger if you can, and never break one.

Wiring parties are popular these days, and when wire is mentioned, barbed wire is usually inferred. Naturally we remind you of the existence of another kind of wire. A short time ago there was a little scrap on our left and the report that came through said: "Our wires have all been cut and the situation is therefore unknown." We have never been in that predicament ourselves and would hate ever to be caught like that.

By-the-way, hasn't the old custom of 'if you want to know the time, ask a policeman,' changed somewhat?

Well, heres one or two more important messages coming through, Mr. Editor, so I guess I'll have to cut you off. By-the-way don't you think that song could be altered to suit us, something like this—'He's a message picker, message picker, message picking man. All day long on the buzzer key he picks away, For he's a message picker — — — — — and — — — — —.' Goodbye."

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

57112 Sgt. C. J. Gilham.

57731 Pte. C. F. Swait.

57457 „ R. McJarrow.