

CONCERT PARTY.

Concert Party! That's the "frame-up" of an earnest endeavour, not a facetious innuendo-isticism! Come, boys, get together on this one. There's a winter ahead of us, when undoubtedly we will have lots of sick to care for, and what cheers a man up more than a little music? Apply it to yourselves, then think of a man who is out of sorts, and you'll agree it will do more good than all the No. 9's in the dispensary. And that's where we are lacking—amusements for the patients in the long, weary, winter evenings, and not only for patients but for ourselves also. Come, jump in, and you'll find there is more fun in doing something than waiting for another Concert Party that does not arrive.

Hand your name in to Sergeant Kerr (Dentals) or Private J. H. Shimmen ("C" Section), as soon as possible, that a committee may be formed and the proposition placed on a working basis.

CUB.

The apple blossoms all pink and white.
Adorn the trees in a wondrous sight.
While the sobbing, sighing winds do blow
The petals to the ground like snow.

They gave their life that the trees might bear
The rosy apple, peach or pear,
While the bending branches sway and moan
Under the load of fruit, full grown.

The trees all black and stripped of their beauty
Have yielded their fruit and finished their duty.
Rejoice at the thoughts of the work well done.
Their branches grow dim with the red setting sun.

Poor unsuspecting hen. You would cackle with righteous indignation if you could see the seven hungry-eyed delegates lined up just outside your home. Waiting for that egg!! Those cruel robbers of homes, who think of nothing except the satisfying of their lusts.

But wait! Mrs. Hen, all is not lost. Here comes the farmer's wife, and those villainous Red Cross guys have broken and scattered, making for the fields and hedges by the shortest routes; and look! one of the robbers is held up on the barbed wire, the cruel wire has attacked him in the rear, and rest assured, he will be punished by the Q.M. man.

Your egg, Mrs. Hen, has been saved in the nick of time, and I don't blame you for cackling with sheer joy as you look forward to that yellow and black brood of chickens

Green One: "What is an all-round man?"

Jimmy: "One who works in the cookhouse 16 hours per day when the unit is out, and then does stretcher-bearing when they go in."

First Sergeant: "These fine mornings it's easy! I just call out 'Fall out the ball-players and batmen,' detail a few fatigues, and the parade is practically dismissed."

Second Sergeant: "What will you do when the rainy days start?"

First Sergeant: "I'll call out 'Fall out the poker players,' and go to sleep again."

Our wrestling champ, Private D. Roy, we hear, is now on his way back to the unit.

And then they say "they never come back."

WONKODDS AND ENDS.

Omar.—"It's claimed by some that to be drowned in a sea of whiskey would be the realisation of a happy death. But not for mine!! True, there would be no chance of being buried alive, for there would be ample proof; yet, how can a man be dead when in such good spirits? No! not for mine!! I prefer to keep off the bier for a while!!

If you cannot boost don't knock, for you advertise the fact that you are devoid of the fundamental essential of a man, viz., the sporting spirit.

First Soak.—"What will the Governor of N. Carolina say to the Governor of S. Carolina these days?"

Second Soak (who saw the ball game with the 16th Batt.)—"Oh, he'll get sore, and yell, 'Don't be so long with your deliveries (Mail orders) and don't keep me waiting, Pitcher!'"

First Corporal.—"And what did you ever do that they should make you the sports corporal?"

Second Corporal.—Well, what did you ever do that you should figure on the job?"

First Corporal.—"Oh, I'm a three-mile runner; won lots of medals."

Second Corporal.—"Shucks, man! You only run at the nose in cold weather, whilst I have not only played, but managed a poker joint for the last three years."

A wounded Tommy who was making his way to the dressing station, covered in mud and his bayonet red all the way up, was accosted by a policeman at a cross-roads: "What kind of a time have you had, Bert?"

"Blinkin' bon."

Like a ship without a rudder
Upon the vasty deep,
Would be a French farm courtyard
Without its midden heap.

MY OLD TIN HAT.

Unhappy lies the head, they say,
That wears a golden crown,
A fact that's doubly true to-day,
With Europe upside down.
But more uncertain is the head
Of Tommy, Jock or Pat,
Who dares to face the German lead
Without his old tin hat.

Some say we use it for to wash,
And in it boil our tea.
But others think that's nought but bosh.
With them I quite agree.
Still, over here, amid the din,
To diddle Mr. Rat,
Your bread and cheese are safest in
Your old tin hat.

It isn't very pretty
And it often makes me swear.
It's not what Maud or Kitty
Would expect their boys to wear,
But where the cannons thunder
And the bullets ping and pat,
Oft saves you going under,
Does your old tin hat.

SIGNALLER JOHN RIGGINS, S.R.,
Somewhere in France.

(By courtesy from the Glasgow Post.)