

Now he has a clerk in his tent,
I guess he never pays any rent,
So between the two we are in danger
Nobody knows what becomes of the stranger.

Then we hear of a man named Gray
He bums around most of the day
All of a sudden we hear a stir,
Somebody hollers "Your dog's over there".

Out rushes the Paymaster whip in hand.
The dog beats it home howling like a brass band,
They reach the tent the fight still goes on,
And somebody shouts "Hey steady along".

Go round in the morning you'll find them in bed
All is well, so I guess thats nuff said,
Still you know if it wasn't for Pay
We would be out of luck on a rainy day.

GORGONZOLA.

NOTE — The writer of the above poem stinketh in the nostrils of the parties mentioned.

TH' 'UNS.

The 'Uns is using pison — the Loositania's sunk.
We reads the dily pipers, so we knows (all abaht it).
Come show yer patriotic spirit. Lets all get drunk,
'Eave Half a bloomin' brick at some ones shop. - then do a
It may be kept by one of Britains foen. [bunk.
It's easier 'nor route marchin' an' shootin' in a dry
Dusty Lan' where we doesn't know the lingo. (rool britannia)
This is the kind 'o ware-fare for the likes 'o you and I;
We doesn't want 't fight (as th' dear ol' verses sy)
But if we do, we've got 'th bricks-by jingo ;
(the miple leef fer ever).

Maternity Notes

On the night of August 19th. No. 1. Co. welcomed the stork which arrived about 11.30 p.m. with a precious load of four little strangers. The Med. Officer and staff being conspicuous by their absence on this auspicious occasion gives the mother and offspring a fair chance of getting over the accident. Regardless of danger, (the chamber being a bomb storage) all five are being looked after by members of the above Co. Immediately the good news leaked out, the tin of condensed milk belonging to No. 2. platoon mysteriously disappeared but not a man mentioned it, neither did they offer a reward for the capture of the thief. Since then, some bold, bad bandit has either taken by force, or spirited away, all the milk from the officer dug-out. At the time of going to press there is not a tin of milk to be found in the 7th. Battn. front line trench, unless it is in the aforesaid bomb depot. The huge pile of empty tins behind the bomb depot speaks for itself. Unless the Q. M. comes to our assistance everything points to our going milkless during the next nine days at least, as Dick Whittington the only expert on the subject, says they wont be able to get around for at least nine days. The baptism is being rehearsed day and night. There will be some delay before the christening really takes place, for although the mother claims to be on the side of the Allies which is proven by the peaceful way in which she allows us to remove any bombs from her temporary home, the father has been seen on several occasions by our listening post, stealthily creeping from the enemy front line. We are fully aware of the dangers of busy-bodies calling them war-babies and to avoid clashing with the "Defence of the realm act", it has been suggested calling them "The neutral Canucks". The Drone.

During the hottest of action at Givinchy when the German shells were falling in millions around headquarters and a "Coal-box" had knocked the frying pan out of Bruce's hand and a Jack Johnson had parted Taylor's hair, The Adjutant rushed in to see whether two casualties had occurred in the kitchen. Instead of adding two casualties to his decrease in strength, he hastily jotted down two on the credit side. "Belinda" the fox terrier and perfect lady dog, recently adopted by Bruce and so called "Bruce's Belinda", had given birth to two draughters in the soap box. Since Pte. Hunt was taken prisoner by the Germans, there is no wet nurse in the Med. Detail. But the S.M., being a family man with all the adaptability of the Wessex Regt. (I dont think) sprang lightly into the breach, with the grace of a ballet dancer, and the agility of a charwoman, produced his rum bottle. The twins certainly could not see when he started but they could see still less when he had finished. At a general meeting of all married men in the Regiment, it was resolved to give Belinda a chance to nurse her own children. We understand that this programme has been successfully adopted to the evident benefit of the new arrivals.

We hear that one of the carrier pigeons spends most of her time in the frivolous pursuit of laying eggs. We un-

derstand that C... Rumble. eats these eggs regularly for breakfast. It is also rumoured that these eggs are laid in his rabbit skin waistcoat and that he eats the eggs out of revenge. Although the M.O tried to persuade him to give the eggs to L... Pilphahnt whose haggared appearance and rapid loss of weight betokens a constitutional breakdown, if not senile decay. We do not know whether egg laying comes under the heading we could use, to refer to C... Rumble's "Slaughter of the Innocents". We might say that he claims that the eggs were anything but "innocent".

CRICKET! Eh WHAT ?

On Sept. 2nd, the 5th, Battn had the audacity to play cricket without first asking permission from Wilhelm der Kaiser and Co. The result was, a very much damaged pitch, a waste of good ammunition, and an unfinished game.

The teams who were the cause of the rousing of Wilhelm's wrath were D. Co. and Headquarters Staff.

The game opened with Col. Tuxford to bat for the staff. A little difficulty arose about chosing a suitable man to go in with him. The Colonel's suggestion that a stretcher bearer might come in useful, was carried to the M.O., who finally agreed to risk a man. The game proceeded smoothly until the Colonel got cleaned bowled for 60 runs. The remainder of the staff were soon disposed of, and D. Co went in to bat. At this stage of the game, the Germans either got fed up, or took a dislike to the Colonel's style of bowling, for they sent over a fast one in the shape of a whizz-bang. Capt. Nash D. S. O. Signalling Officer, walked over to the pavilion near the cow shed, in order to ring up the German artillery headquarters. What ever names he intended to call them have nothing to do with cricket so the game continued. The Colonel had a pass in his pocket for England, so he took of safe position in the field.

Major Dyer began to look around and moved over towards a steam roller just as a "Jack Johnson" introduced itself behind the cook sergeant, Sgt Howlet. Sgt Major Mackie left his position in the field to bring up a few defaulters to fill in the shelt holes. Major Hilliam suddenly remembered that his presence was required at a court martial. The Colonel then commenced to bowl, for the spectators were getting uneasy at the slow progress being made. The Germans must have noticed the change of bowlers for they sent over a high explosive. The bails flew up in the air and the umpire, Capt Pymen was unable to decide for some time whether batter was out or not. Capt. Page of D. Co. finally got the benefit of the doubt. The argument must have been very hot, for when they went to resume their positions in the field they found themselves the only two left, the others having dug themselves in.

The Diary of a Real Soldier

Monday. — At the base. Had a good time all day. The people who run this outfit must have worked on a farm for they make us roll out of bed at 4.30 a.m. Got a good job looking after gardens until my teeth are fixed up. Hope they dont rush the job. A fellow I know got away to England just as easy as falling of a log. He had been looking after a man who had a bandage over his eyes and the nurse asked the doctor to keep them together. Haee looked all over the place but cannot find another man with a bandage over his eyes. Pulled a good one off this afternoon when they took us out for a route march. The sweat was just pouring off of me and I fainted just outside a beer garden. The fellow I was marching with got permission to look after me and when the bunch had got round the corner we went into the beer garden to rest and refrech ourselves. There is a rumour geing round that a bunch' going up the line tomorrow. Mostly teeth patients ehey say.

Tuesday. — The Colonel has a heart like a hun. I think he must be a German spy, judging from the way he made fun of brave soldiers. We were all lined up for inspection and he gave us an awful bawling out

"Wat's the matter with you?" he asked,

"I've been shot Sir."

"Did you get the fellow who shot you?"

"No Sir".

"Well what do you mean by loafing around here? You go right back and get him. Up you go and the best of luck."

Another fellow thought he was going to get a soft job at the base. The Colonel asked his how he felt.

"Very sick Sir" he replied.

"How long have you been here?"

"Two months Sir".

"Can you write?"

"Yes Sir".

"Well go over to that fent write a nice long letter and tell your mother that you are going up the line with the best of luck".

(Continued in the next)