

OFFICERS' NEWS.**PARTRIDGE, CHICKEN, DUCK.****"B" Company Officers Enjoy a Dinner of Wild Fowl.**

Partridge.

Chicken.

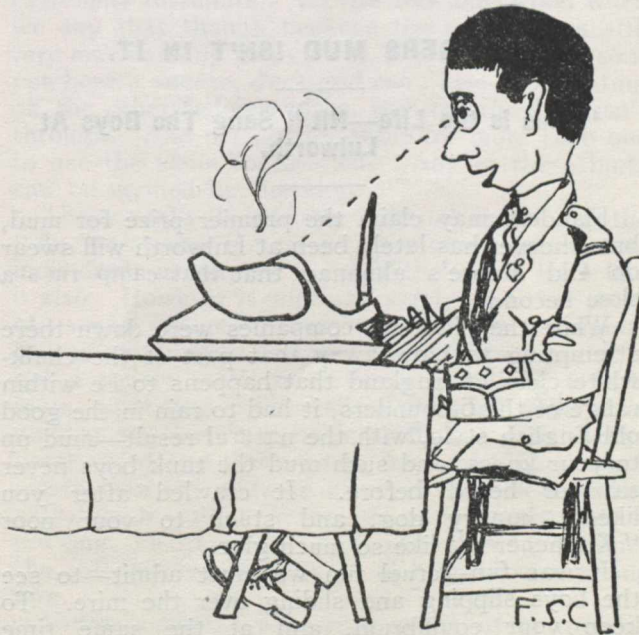
Duck.

All on the same plate.

It sounds impossible, but that's what the "B" Company officers had for dinner the Sunday they were at Sherford bridge.

It was Major Weld's idea. He is a sportsman, and while manœuvring through the Sherford woods he could not help but notice the excrescence of wild fowl on the face of nature.

So he organised a shooting party among the officers of his company and forth they went into the woods. Shooting was good, and the Society



for the Prevention of Putting Lead in Carcasses of Birds would be shocked if they had any idea of the number of birds that flew their last that day.

They were all served up for dinner on Sunday. The colonel motored down to the bird-feast, and Thanksgiving Day was celebrated in the manner made famous by the Pilgrim Fathers.

CARD OF THANKS.

The long-suffering Tanks whose paliasses are pitched near the doors of the huts wish to express their sincere thanks to those other tanks who know enough to close the doors behind them when they come into the hut. This opportunity is also taken to remind those who do not fall within this latter category that all the hut doors have hinges, but not the self-acting kind.

PASSING THE BUCK ;

or,

The King of Indoor Sports.**A Tragedy in 3 Acts.**

Place : Bovington Camp.

ACT I.

Time : yesterday.

Officer (With a grievance and a thirst) : Capt. Forgie, I want to see you about my mess bill.

Capt. F. : See Spriggs.

ACT II.

Time : to-day.

Same Officer : Capt. Spriggs, I wan't to see you about my mess bill. Capt. Forgie said—

Capt. Spriggs : Before I took over the job. See battalion daily orders of the 21st. See us to-morrow.

ACT III.

Time : to-morrow.

Same Officer : I say, Goad, I want to fix up my mess bill. I was told to see you.

Lieut. Goad : Capt. Spriggs is in France. I don't know anything about it. You will have to wait until he comes home.

(Exit officer, crying "Two bob or not two quid ; what's the mess bill?")

LULLABY FOR A BABY TANK.

(Apologies to Lord Tennyson.)

Squat and low, squat and low,

Tank of the Western Front,

Feared by foe, brave Gouraud

Welcomes thy features blunt.

Over the rugged trenches go,

Crawling from Soissons or Belleau,

Trundle foreshortened runt.

Creep, my little one, over each brittle Hun, creep.

Creep and rest, creep and rest,

Rest on the Teuton's toes ;

Sleep, sleep, on the France we'll keep,

Victory bring thee repose.

Lie in thy cradle—a crater deprest

Deep as German hopes in the west,

Sunk in their August woes.

Sleep, my gritty one, unpretty one, sleep.

—H. T. Craven in the Philadelphia "Public Ledger."

Lord Cechrare, moralizing : Moses is the quietest man in the battalion. He never says a half dozen words to anyone. I wish I knew who he does talk to ; I'd scrape up an acquaintance and find out all about his past life.