

CHATS FROM CHATHAM

Is it always advisable to leave it to the other fellow? Ask Pte. Purkis.

We should like to know when Pte. Brooks took over the chicken inspection. Is it the feather or featherless S.A. chicken?

If it cost 2d. for a beach chair, how much would it cost to see the lady home? Ask Curly.

When Sergt. Simonson appeared at Yarrow grounds last Saturday the question was asked, Is he going to play ball or go bathing?

Why is it the Chatham House Boys' prefer to spend their evenings in "Dumpton Park," instead of our own beautiful park.

Who was the Sergeant who said "Gangway" to the ladies of the choir last Sunday morning, and quite scared them with his word of command.

Has anybody noticed the happy going-to-be-married look on Corp. Shear's face since his return from his few days' leave. Best o' luck, Corp.

Is it true that a certain Instructional Sergeant, of Canadian-Irish descent, is taking lessons on Agriculture for a Lady farmer, or is he trying her out, with the view of taking her back to his homestead?

The Instructional Class has improved so much in gymnastics that one of the Corporals has taken to giving exhibitions in the street as a trick cyclist. He all but got through a plate-glass window the other evening.

The War Office Tells a Story on Itself

The War Office is responsible for the following:

Pte. Jones, a lonely British prisoner interned in Germany, hungry, wrote: "Dear God, I am starving. Please send me £10."

The letter was addressed to "God, Heaven."

German officers forwarded the letter to the British War Office, where the clerks, touched by the appeal, collected £3 among themselves and forwarded it to Pte. Jones.

Later the War Office received a letter addressed and forwarded in the same way, an acknowledgment from Pte. Jones: "Dear God, I am grateful for the £3, but next time you send me something, do not send it through the War Office. They pinched £7 on me."