

THE 10<sup>TH</sup> BATTALION'S PAGE

## WHAT IS AN ADJUTANT?

You have probably heard a parallel question asked "What is love"? Don't please confuse the two or think one has any bearing on the other. The answer to either question is equally difficult. All we know is, that an Adjutant is a necessary evil. What the word is derived from is of little moment. Derivation in this case is superfluous. What we are really interested in, is, what are the duties of the MAN?, who signs his name followed by the double handled title of Capt. (usually) and Adjutant. I say "man" advisably, for we are often apt to wonder whether we should not substitute the word "Machine".

But if you really want to try an interesting experiment just go up to the Adjutant of your own battalion, and ask him what he thinks he is? The result will probably be that the only information you elicit will be to the fact that "you will take charge of a working party to-night at eight p.m. and report to the sapper at I--- F--- and put out the fire that has been raging there for days past. Or something else equally enjoyable. But Adjutants have their uses. For instance some of them have a little black book wherein are names, and opposite the names—DATES. This is known as the "leave book". It is a wonderful book. As far as I can make out it is never referred to except when a request comes through from—oh you know—"for names and destinations etc." But, if you, being desirous of knowing approximately, when you can expect to go on leave, just to let your people know—well—you can learn quite a LOT of things in a very short space of time, but nothing at all about the point at issue.

One man was foolish enough to enquire about his leave over the phone. It would hardly be policy to state exactly the reply. But, one of these days, this war will come to an end, and the erstwhile Adjutant will become—perhaps—a more or less respected citizen. So when this happens—be charitable. Should you, as another respected citizen meet him, give him the "glad hand". Don't be spiteful. Don't above all, hold it against him that he was once an Adjutant.

We could go on writing a whole lot about Adjutants but space does not permit. Another time perhaps.

SLANGIS.

## METEMPSYCHOSISMS.

meaning

## Things we do know.

WE HAVE REVOLUTIONIZED JOURNALISM.

SHADES OF "CARMELITE HOUSE".

Wanted: By the left half of A. Coy., a reliable guide to Divisional Baths.

The Q. M. S. would like to know what would happen in case of an action (A LA YPRES) to some of the boys who loan their trousers and boots to men who visit the stores to procure others.

If you wish to be certain of getting the "L. P." order your copy to be reserved.

Anybody got wise yet to the latest stunt to pull off when approaching the P. M. for an extra fifteen?

## WHAT THEY SAY.

I wonder who invents them, these rumours that abound, Some imaginative Johnnies, there are surely hanging round, From the probable and the possible to the utterly absurd, Yet you'll always find the sucker who swallows every word. For example take the rest cure they say we're getting soon, Good Lord we're going anywhere from Hades to the moon, It's official we are going for police duty to Boulogne, Or they are simply waiting orders for transport to Hong Kong.

They say of the 1st Division, Gen. Booth will take command, And play us into action with a massed Salvation Band, And I really quite believe we'll surprise the Huns like H—, When they hear the 1st Canadians give a Halleluiah yell.

Now of course you've heard the rumour that we all are going home,

And swanking on Home service round Canada we'll roam And—but what's the use of talking we'll soon see what transpires.

But there's one thing pretty certain we're a lovely lot of liars.

—D. P., B. Coy., 10th Batt.

Say you fellows why don't you think sometimes when writing home to the girl, that it is not yourself who seals and licks the envelope after the censor is through with them. How can he "S. W. A. K." the envelope.

Who was the batman of the 8th Battn. from Fort William who did not get his KAKABEKA BEER, can the Canteen Sgt. of the 8th enlighten us?

Supposing a fellow has such a cold that he can't speak and is coming out of the front line at night and is challenged by the sentry.

Halt! Who goes there?

What is he to do? Ask the Signallers Lance Jack.

BE OPTIMISTIC.

We've no room in our crowd for a Pessimist. They remind us too much of a refrigerator in California during December.

Talking about refrigerators, we are making arrangements to have a mechanical transport converted into a HEATED CAR which will be ready for use in a few days. Reservation for same must be in early, as we anticipate a big demand for this mode of transportation.

In answer to "Nosy Parker" this is not intended for a sly dig at the Band.

Any man requiring a second dose of inoculation please apply to the Coiffeur of the M. O. Section. He has brought back some extra special dope from London, warranted to take effect within 24 hours of injection.

Sgt. Major: "Fall in here again at ELEVEN o'clock, when I say ELEVEN o'clock I don't mean five minutes past ELEVEN, I mean FIVE MINUTES TO.

Have you written "HOME" lately? Don't neglect the "Old Folks" boys, you can't realise what a letter means to them.

Who was the officer's batman that fried his officer's breakfast in DUBBIN?

What would you say if you saw a guy going to the cookhouse with his respirator on? And the gas alert was cancelled.

For the information of "New Brunswickites", that issue of fish may come along any old time now. Ask Green Bros., Saskatoon.

Keep yourself cool and equal for any old thing that may come along, it will be the better for you.

Who do you honestly think earns their 1.10 per day, Signallers or Linesmen?

Anybody contemplating converting "Pots Farm" into a health resort after the war?