



THE THIRTEENTH'S MIRTH PAGE.

DE SAPIENTIA.

Euclidogram — If a private and a "9.2" meet in a point - a hole remains.

Suggested motto for British Expeditionary Force Canteen - "Let us prey."

Base note — The ferocity of bayonet fighting instructors varies inversely as the square of the distance between themselves and the firing line.

Reference Note — This curious anti-poetic sin against the laws of harmony is inserted rather as a memorial of our hasty temper than as a sacrifice to be laid on the altar of the Muses. The individual who indited the same presented it in person (very foolishly) and we didn't realize how heavy the round ruler really was until the undertaker presented his bill the next morning. — LANCE EDITOR.

"And he used to say
In his homely way
That he'd sooner live in hell."
Cremation of Sam Mc Gee.

WHERE ?

Where wizz-bangs zizzle thru the air,
And snipers part your rising hair,
And 9.2's destroy and tear
The verdant face of nature fair.

Where minnie-wefers spoil the ground,
And make a most disgusting sound,
Also a large imposing mound
Of all the trenches lying round.

Where star-shells pierce the midnight sky
And make the ration party lie,
In puddles deep, up to their thigh
And sticky as molasses pie.

Where tear-shells cause the eyes to flow
Until you wish the Hun would go
In regions far, far down below.
(Labelled, methinks "Eternal woe")

Where hard-tacks hard as they are made
(And used by Bombers in a raid
To make the frightful Hun to fade)
Are battled in Orange marmalade.

Where dark brown tea is served in oil
(Flavoured with good substantial soil)
And costing superhuman toil
To make the pesty Dixie boil.

Where trees are only blackened stumps
The land-scape deep rat haunted dumps
Varied with lumps and humps and bumps
And bumps and humps and lumps.

Where rum is served in scanty gills
To guard against all human ills,
And save the "vegetable" pills
And cut the Army Doctor bills.

Where ah ! but a coal-box 's gone' or
head,
Traveling as if on busines sped,
Chortling and wortling and raising ned.
... I think I had better go to bed.

Few people realize the scope and function of the Intelligence Department. Many have the Idea that it is a collection of the Apostles of the Goddess of Wisdom banded together for the purpose of shedding abroad the light of scientific truth. They imagine that such notices as per below are to be found on all the main trench thoroughfares.

"A mass meeting will be held in the vestry of Trench 90763 for the purpose of discussing whether the continuaty or personality of the consciousness has any moral effect on the oscilations of the compound pendulum or not. A brace of whizz-bang batteries have been kindly loaned by Fritz which will play that touching little song "If I didn't get you this time, I will surely get you next". Bring your bombs with you!"

Such however, is far from the case. The Intelligence Department's basic principle is to acquire information — not to dispense it — and the list of its activictes out-beggars the wildest dreams of a light summer fiction author. The sphere of its labours reaches from the gleaming midnight star-shell to the mines deep down in the bowels of the earth.

However, like all military affairs from a Court Martial to an 18-pounder — it winds up finally in a report. This report must be exact to the fourteenth decimal point, and in estimating cubic feet of earth removed by shells, down to the teaspoonful. But the multiplicity of their labours can only be shown by an actual copy of a report which was (not) handed in last evening.

"At 7.04 7/10 p. m. this evening the enemy bombarded our trenches with 678987 Minnie-wefers and Trench Mortars. Out of these only 678985 landed in our front line and did practically no damage except destroying twenty dug-outs, disabling 5 Machine Guns, removing the parapet, and causing 306 casualties.

407 1/2 cubic feet of real estate was moved vertically, but was replaced in practically the same location by the timely intervention of the Law of Gravitation.

1706 Flares were put up by the enemy, or a total illumination equal to that which would be used by the Street Lighting System of London, (at its present rate) for 1400 years.

Several saps were detected but on investigation it was found that some of the German cooks were using egg-beaters.

Only 1,000,937,364 stars were present last night owing to the presence of clouds on the nor-nor'-south-west by western horizon.

During the excitement, a party of 2 Bombers, (disguised as a stump and a wheat field respectively), bombed the enemy's front line for a front of two miles with 15 1/2 bombs: They captured one Machine Gun, one German water-bottle, one partially damaged haver-sack. However, as they were returning they unhappily collided with a "Min-

nie". Please note ! No Flowers.

Two hostile aircrafts grazed our front line parapet at an altitude of barely 60000 feet, but did little damage except to knock off a few sandbags. They were easily driven off by two of our observation balloons."

Among the other difficult tasks falling to the lot of the Intelligence Department is that of calculating from the number of hostile bullets, the altitude of the sun, and the hardness of our hard-tack, not only what the Germans had for breakfast, but what they will, in all probability, have for tea. The moral tone of the enemy must also be carefully judged. This is done by means of a telescope, a small round hard potato, (a native of army stews) an ink bottle and the Farmer's Almanack. By the careful and judicious use of these sympathetic and delicate instruments, an expert is able to detect whether the enemy is entertaining Kantian, pre-Kantian, Semi-Kantian, Anti-Kantian, Hegelian or Post-Hegelian philosophical heresies.

The Department, like all other well organized units, naturally has its artillery. This consists in gentlemen of privacy, seeking inclinations to render themselves as inconspicuous as possible and whose one aim in life is to puncture the domes or any other portion of the anatomy of offending Fritzes whom the Lord may deliver into their hands.

Howsoever we feel that we have done enough to receive at least 20 days F. P. No. 2 - therefore like the rat-trap - we come to an abrupt - and startling close.
BOX CAR.

THE INTELLIGENCE SECTION ASKS

Who is the officer who attempted to play "Officers Mess" on the bugle ?

What was the bombers name who called his partner out of the dug-out to see rifle grenades which in reality were 60-pounders ?

What sanitary man spoiled a bag of flour around the cook house thinking it was chloride of lime ?

Why cannot some of the recent arrivals spring a new one as to what R.H.C. stands for ?

Who said "This is the life!" Well aint it ?

Which machine gunner scanned the heavens for an aeroplane but made hasty tracks for his dug-out when a nose cap passed a few feet from him ?

REGIMENTAL RICOCHETS

The most popular camp resort during the war days is the new battalion wet canteen, opened under the direction of Sergt. A.H. Mc Geagh.

A sumptuous dinner was partaken of by the N.C.O's of No 3 on July 23rd through the hospitality of Sergt. Stott's parents. Toasts to The King, The Battalion, No 3 Co and Departed Comrades were duly honoured. Short speeches were made by the commanding officer and N.C.O's and a jolly musical programme put on. A unique menu card was specially designed to commemorate the occasion.