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## THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW ?

When that good old Sport the King of Hedjaz is to have a Flag Day?

When we begin work at 10 a.m. and quit at 4 p.m. to save Coke?

Now that we have the girls why we shouldn't have dances on the Roof Garden instead of Jerks?

Have the Ceylists that wear SPURS and carry riding whips any relationship with the Horse Marines?

If it would not be a convenience in settling accounts if each man could be supplied with a few ten shilling notes on Pay Day?

If it is known that R1B have now got a Gollywog of their own and if there is a rush at closing time for the pleasure of seeing her home?

If it costs 1s. 6d. for Breakfast, 2s. 6d. for Dinner, 1s. 3d. for supper, and 2s. 6d. for Bed, what kind of arithmetic would you have to use to pay this amount out of one dollar a day?

If a certain S.Q.M.S. will be disappointed that—in spite of his "Majestic Hand"—the *Bulletin* is still running, and likely to continue?

If peace and quietness again reigns supreme in R1 E?

How the Boys affected by the strike like their enforced holiday?

If the "New Civilian" Staff badges will not be *old* when they get them?

If the men who took the typewriter covers with them last fire drill will take the table legs next time?

Who started the blinkin' War?

If a certain S.Q.M.S. who paid us a visit recently thought he looked nice and "camouflaggy" in his "Civvies"?

Whether the two N.C.O.'s who were discussing their house (situated at Richmond) whilst in Hyde Park the other day, really think it is as nice as it sounds?

Who is the Sergeant in R1 F who went without his lunch for the sake of going blackberrying with a nice young lady?

What was the P.T. Instructor thinking of after no Jerks for a couple of weeks, when he said "Round the Slumber Region"?

## THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN.

Officer (Casualties): There will be no more Cards after 4.30 p.m. (There isn't!!)

Officer (Records): Put all your Ledgers away and talk to the Girls for an hour!! (They do.)

S.Q.M.S.: If any of you men want your buttons shined, let me have them, as I feel like work this morning.

S.Q.M.S. to Staff: Fall in outside the offices at 12.30 and I will take you all to lunch.

Major to Officers: As it is so thundering cold in this office in the Winter, see that all the Female staff are served with a woollen sweater from the stores at my expense.

Can. Soldier to Wifey: "May I have another shilling or two till pay day, dear?"

Better Half (handing him a couple of quid): "Do you think this will be enough, dear?"

## Are you an Enthusiast?

IF SO

Get busy with your

Section Eleven.

## OFFICE WIT.

Captain (angrily): "Button up that coat, Jones."

Jones, Married (absently): "Yes, my dear."

X - X X

Bayonet fighting holds no terror for average tommie who gets shaved by the Regimental Barber.

X X X

"Never mind little man, don't cry. you'll get your reward at the end."

"I s'pose so. That's where I allus gits it."

X X X

1st Sport: "Say, old chap, I'll bet you ten dollars that there are people who leave this earth and then return to it."

2nd Sport: "My dear chap, don't be ridiculous—when you leave this earth you leave it for good."

1st Sport: "Well, what about our airmen—don't they come back to earth!!"

X X X

The Kaiser's telephone No., 2L.  
Little Willie's, 2L2.

X X X

Wife: My dear, the doctor says I'm in need of a little change.

Hubby: Then ask him to give it to you. He's got the last of mine!

X X X

It's the war that's ruining the Army, sir, said an old regular sergeant. "Us having to enlist all these 'ere civilians."

X X X

Adjt.: And why did you hit the sentry in this brutal fashion?

Pte. Savage (pug. in peace-time): Well, de guy sez he challenges me, so I busts him one on the jaw.

X X X

Mr. Grump: O Wife, these look like the biscuits my mother baked 20 years ago.

Mrs. Grump (greatly delighted): I'm so glad, dear.

Mr. Grump (biting one): And by George, I believe they are the very same biscuits.

X X X

Sgt.-Major: What? Forgotten your pencil again? What would you think of a soldier without his gun?

Female Clerk: I'd think he was an Officer!!

X X X

"And pray, Madam, why do you think yourself entitled to a pension?"

"My husband and I fought all through the war!"

X X X

Beggar: Say, Governor, do you happen to know of a pint of beer looking for a good home?

X X X

A schoolgirl was sitting with her feet stretched far out into the aisle, and was busily engaged chewing gum, when the teacher espied her—

"Mary!" called the teacher sharply.

"Yes, ma'am?" questions the pupil.

"Take that gum out of your mouth, and put your feet in."