

BAKERY BULLETS.

Interesting Items from the Men who raise the "Dough."

In accordance with the resolution passed by our "Knuts" after a Y.M.C.A. Concert, the other night, I have to extend a hearty vote of thanks to Pte. Rip for his excellent contribution. He is an artist of the first water (dirty water at that), but say, to see his Scotch (two double headers) sword dance over the crossed fire shovel and poker is a revelation. Among his many other accomplishments, he is said to be studying for the job of stoker on an aeroplane. He very modestly refers to the applause he received as nothing, and remarks that he has been used to performing before nine to ten thousand people. Anyway, this has nothing at all to do with the loss of a can of tomatoes which was devoured the other night. No one appears to be guilty of actually appropriating it, and we are inclined to agree with someone who said, "Well, that 'Betts' all." Yes, Brutus was an honourable man.

The call for railroad men which made itself heard a little while ago has again proved to us how very easy it is to be mistaken, for we now know that some of our "Dough Artists" are in reality those men whose chief duty was to cry "All Aboard" at the stations anywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We hope

there will never be a call for shoe-shiners, or perhaps we will unexpectedly unearth a Greek Settlement. Na Poo.

There was once a Sergeant named Glass, Who taught in a Sunday School class, When this dough(t)y baker, Was called by his Maker, He was sure out of luck—no pass.

Did Wilson sleep on the wedding cake? And did he dream of "Belle's?" And is not Belle the name of a racehorse?

Isn't Ferguson the best Hut Orderly what is?

We wonder what Quarter Allen said when Staff Davidson picked up the ten shilling note that he had been standing on for about five minutes?

Regret to hear the occupants of Hut 16 are suffering from insomnia, and hope that Shoesmith's cigars are not to blame?

Stewart and Bett's Information Bureau now open. Specialists on Submarines, Reapers and Binders, K.R. and O., also Torpedo Boats. All opposition whacked to a frazzle.

We would also like to know if it was the rats that made the hole in the Butcher's chopping block?

SUPPLY T.D.

Who is the Officer who continually visits the Hospitals in the vicinity? Are these visits always official or sometimes pleasure?

Who is the N.C.O. who went to London on Conducting Duty, and did not return for two days? Was duty or pleasure the direct cause of the delay? (A married man, too).

Who is the N.C.O. who loaned his Camera to some friends in Folkestone, and if it is a fact that he is scared to call for it? Perhaps one of the Section Officers could tell us why?

Who is the Pte. that almost convinced the Officer in Command that he should be promoted? Did the same man ever work in a Brigade Headquarters in France, or has he really got "Chilled Feet?"

Who is responsible for the marked change in the messing of the T.D. Ser-

geants' Mess?—Is the change for the better?

Who is the Officer in the Depot who went on six days' leave some little time back, and returned 4 days ahead of time? Was it really a case of sickness, or could some Local Lady answer the question?

How the Officers on the recent Supply Course enjoyed the Gas Drill. If they did not appear quite a smart bunch—with their Gas Helmets on?

Who is the N.C.O. who visits the Local Temperance Society Dances regularly—with a "Wee Flask" on the "hip?"

If the T.D. are out of the running for any jobs on new units that "may" proceed overseas?

What is going to happen on the night of February 15th at the Leas Pavilion? Wait and see ???

Owing to the Train Service being curtailed, will the 5 o'clock Train ever leave the siding?