



Before the Attack

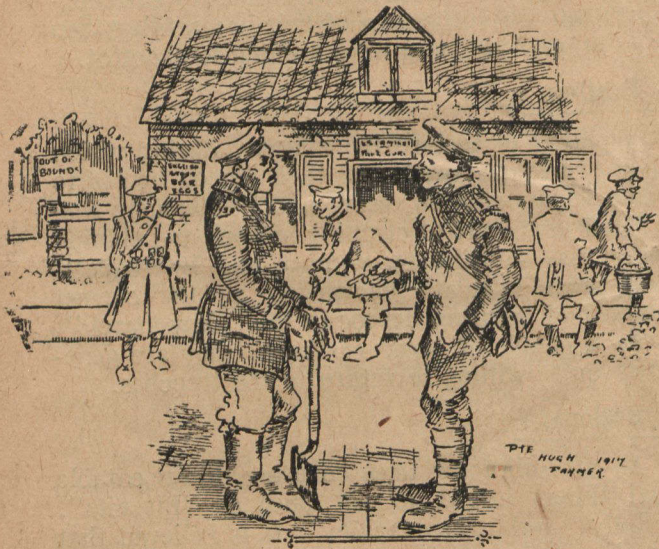
Officer : "Well, Rooney, what sort of decoration are you going to try for this time?"

Rooney : "Not wan that they need you identity-disc for, Sor".

The Jocks big drummer was making a noise like a bombing-attack with shrapnel interludes, as the two soldiers reached the road.

"I thought music was prohibited in this area", said one of them.

"So it is", answered the other, "but you can play the bag-pipes as much as you please".



TOM : "D'you think you'll ever go back?"  
 HUN : "Home was never like this!"

"Yus", said the Canadian Cockney, "when our draft left England the Colonel told us to beware of wine an' wimmil'in France. An' ever since I've been out'ere I've been hup to the ruddy knees in mud. Or else for a little light recreation washin' wagons in the transport lines.

Wine an' wimmin' - - wot 'opes!"

The Sergeant Cook informs us that the latest form of fright-fulness in use by the Germans is a gas which smells like a full order of fried fish with a tenderloin steak "smothered", on the side. Four days after a whiff you turn green with pink spots, and first thing you know you're napoo.

1st Soldier : "Do you think we're winning the war?"

2nd ditto : "I don't know. I haven't seen the paper today".

THE TOWN MAJOR

I am the Town Major of ---  
 A spot all and sundry abuse.  
 You'll agree, I am sure,  
 It is no sinecure

To be the Town Major of ---  
 I am monarch of all I survey ;  
 My rule none dare disobey.

I've a plentiful line  
 Of dug-outs, in fine,  
 Deep dug-outs are my specialty.  
 My word here is absolute law.

I rarely admit to a flaw  
 In my traffic-control,

I do, on my soul,  
 Think it's rather superior.

My civilians are wondrously free  
 From bickering and jealousy.

They never dispute  
 My rule absolute —

For there are not any, you see.

The landscape is beastly dishevelled  
 Were "crump" and "whizz-bang" have revelled,  
 And I fear before long

With strafing so strong

The whole town-site will be levelled.  
 I'm Mayor and Alderman too,

I'm the captain as well as the crew,  
 Despite Hunnish hate

My office of state

With high civic pride I review.

I am the Town Major of ----  
 The spot all and sundry abuse.

You'll agree, I am sure,  
 It is no sinecure

To be the Town Major of ----.

There were not enough dug-outs for the number of men in the line, so a miner told a bunch of the homeless ones that they could bunk in the tunnel if they wished.

"Till morning", he said. "You'll have to get out then".

The troops agreed. They didn't much care how short was the tenure of their lease so long as they could get out of the rain -- to say nothing of the "pineapples" and "minnies".

They made themselves as comfortable as possible on some sacks of sand which were piled in one corner.

Next morning one of the miners came down and looked at them curiously for a moment.

"Sorry, boys, but you'll have to move out", he said, adding as an after thought : "I wouldn't leave a lighted candle on these sacks if I were you. They're filled with Amonol!"

Sergeant-Major : "Now, I want your name, birthplace, etc."

Recruit (in nervous haste) : "Yes, sir. English and Welsh on father's side, Irish and Scotch on mother's, born in Canada, American by choice, Socialist in politics, Free Thinker in religion and a soldier by profession. My name Thomas Horatio . . . . Is that all, sir?"

S.M. : "Yes, that'll be about enough!"