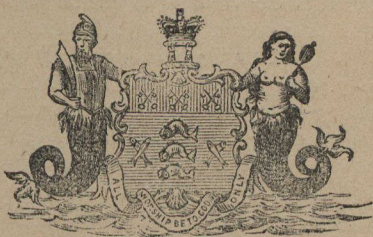


Things We Want to Know

Did R. S. M. McCorkingdale and Sergeant McDermid enjoy their three hours in a down town pub one evening last week when they found that Sergeant MacLean, of the dental clinic was unable to be there? And why did the sergeant stick so close to the corner behind the door to keep from being seen by the editor of the paper which he says is not worth two pennies? Of course he will never see this note unless some private gives him a copy of the paper.

Why should a sergeant who has never been mentioned in these columns get out his little hammer and start knocking because we say personal things?



L. Hyde,

HIGH STREET - - HASLEMERE

Wholesale and Retail
Fishmonger, Poulterer,
Licensed Game Dealer.
Fruiterer Greengrocer,
Ice Merchant

— QUOTATION —

SPECIAL FOR MESSES

Caesar's Restaurant

KINGS ROAD, HASLEMERE,
NEAR STATION

— o —

Breakfast, Luncheons, Suppers.

— o —

Cigars, Tobaccos, Confectionery.

Broadway Stores

High Street, Haslemere



Teas, Light Refreshments

Fruit : Confectionery

Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobaccos

If Happy, the tailor, is drawing extra money for his duties in the dry canteen Sundays or is he just serving his comrades for the pleasure he derives from the company of the fair one and the popularity which it gives him?

How it comes that No. 8 company found so many of their missing duty men on pay day and how so many lads of that company were made to break their no work rule the following day.

How Pte. Godson likes his job at Brigade headquarters. Never mind, chum, we can give you heartfelt sympathy. We ran one of those duplicators in the battalion orderly room for a time and know what it is

What has happened to all the buglers recently?

We have heard no stories of "two kids in a picture show" recently.

Why so many visitors to the musketry office in one night? Something funny alright.

Who was the lad who went sick the morning after he was warned for draft?

Why the challenging football team does not report for that early morning run.

The Fighting Battalion: "Who wants to join the fighting battalion"? These were the words on Sergt Wheatley's lips last Sunday night when he was endeavouring to make up the full compliment of his platoon.