

SIGNAL SECTION.

A certain corporal coming back from London after his week-end leave is looking pretty gloomy. What's the matter, Tod? Did she turn you down?—Oh, Shaw, don't bother me.

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When is Pte. Pinks going to get rid of that laugh?

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When is George going to stop talking at night, so as to give someone else a chance?

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When is our Baby Elephant going to stop shooting the bull?

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Kelly: "Do you know that you talk in your sleep, George?"

George: "Well, do you begrudge me these few words?"

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Haslemere again! What is the attraction, Ben?

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ON THE PARADE GROUND SUNDAY MORNING.
Sergeant to Private: Are you a Roman Catholic?
No; I'm a batman.

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That the Daylight Scheme has not affected us much.

MARCHING.

Little by little and bit by bit
Our Battalion is getting a little more pip;
But, sorry to say, when they're marching away
It's impossible to stop them from running away:
They never think of the short ones behind,
But keep the pace going regardless of time,
Until they come to a village green
They all slow down for what can be seen—Chicken!

When the village is passed speed up again;
Round the corner we go—it gives you a pain.
Never mind the flank men, there's a hill to be made,
And the rear company must wait till the top is made.
Then on again, off again, the pace is maintained,
Never thinking to shorten step for the rear to gain;
So Double up! is heard all along the line
Just because a few won't think to mark time.

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We were all pleased to welcome back Pte. Findlay from his long postponed trip to Scotland. He now takes life much more seriously, and is quite often noticed to be in deep thought. To-morrow morning, we understand, he wants to consult our respected O.C. on private business. In due course details will be published in the Scor.

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Who were the two brave advance guards who mistook the music (?) of one of our "long-eared horses" for a recall whistle and doubled back to the parade ground before Thursday night's march to the trenches?

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From the pleasant facial expression of one of our gallant lance-corporals in our recent photo, we infer that another week-end trip to the "Metrop." was assured. Looks serious this time.

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Since we have taken up our abode in Hut 16 Pte. MacScott is getting to be a good athlete. We had a sample of his ability when Pte. Smith and MacScott had a four-round bout. Pte. MacScott's work was marvellous. His footwork shows that he has done some very careful training, and he shows great tactics in using his hands. He is now open to meet all comers. Anyone wishing to meet him can make arrangements through his trainer, Pte. Smith, Hut 16. All this is in expectation of his being taken to Portsmouth next time. His services as a batman are in requisition.

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We wonder who was the non-com. who got lost in the trenches one Thursday night. Was the bed soft?

Who is it in Hut 30 who murmurs in his dreams "I didn't raise my Indian to be a Jitney"? Are apologies due to Henry Ford?

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Is it correct for a company signaller to wear brass flags? Ask Pte. Graham.

BACK HOME IN VICTORIA, JULY 20th, 1917.

No. 102048 Private John Doe returns to Canada with his Battalion and receives his discharge. He arrives at his home in Saanich, and after partaking of the fatted rooster he astonishes his wife and family with the announcement that he has resolved to run his household on a military basis in future. "Yes, Sarah," addressing his better-half, "you've run this shack for twenty years, but in the interest of good order and discipline I shall be the O.C. from now on. I want a muster parade in the parlour in twenty minutes. Sarah, collect the squad, and report to me at once."

The squad showed up on time, consisting of Mrs. Doe, Miss Annie age 19, John, junior, age 17, and three younger children.

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Private Doe: "Shun!" "Sarah, in future this shack will be called the quarters; réveillé will be at 5-30; lights-out at 9.45. Don't interrupt your superior officer, Sarah; it's a very serious offence, and if it occurs again I shall have to put you 'on the peg.' Sarah! you are now Cook-Corporal Doe; Annie! you are permanent line orderly; John! you are on permanent fatigue. Report at the cook-house each morning at 6 a.m., and light the fire. I am C.O., and shall also act as permanent Orderly Officer and Corporal. You will find I won't make it a mere matter of form, because you see I shall have to eat the stuff, which you'll admit makes a vast amount of difference. And, by the way, Corporal, when you draw rations from the Q.M. stores just tell him you don't care for beans. No doubt he will tell you all about balanced rations, carbo-hydrates, and how a pound of beans contains nutriment equal to two dozen eggs and a pound of sirloin. Don't argue with him, Sarah, but bring home the eggs and sirloin." "But, father," exclaimed Mrs. Doe, "you used to like beans so much." "Did I?" said John. "Well, I may have, but if you remember we used to have them at certain long and well-defined intervals. But we won't dwell on it, Sarah; the subject is a painful one, very painful. And again, Sarah, I don't think we will have any Grand Trunk strawberries." "What in the world is that, father?" said Mrs. Doe. "Why, the humble prune, Corporal, simply the common prune." "Why, father!" exclaimed Annie, "we all like prunes." "Oh! well! we will have them sometimes, say every Good Friday. You know, Annie, a certain editor once said, when deluged with a bunch of Spring poems, 'One Spring, one poem.' With us it will be 'One Spring, one prune.' Well, it will be lights-out in a few minutes. Inspection of quarters at 9.30 a.m. Corporal, fatigue dress."

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Mrs. Doe and the rest of the family had heard this extraordinary tirade with mixed feelings, the old lady shaking her head sympathetically with many murmurs about shell-shock. Young John was heard whispering to his sister "that the old horse was off his beans"; but eventually the family retired in good order.

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Next morning the O.C., dreaming he heard the Pipe Band coming down the alley-way, woke up. "Corporal!" he yelled out, "Show a leg there, time for réveillé. Come on, Johnnie. You are on fatigue this morning, Sarah!" shaking her, "Show a leg there!" Mrs. Doe was out of bed in a trice, and with arms on hips confronted the now-quailing O.C.: "After twenty years it's come to this! 'Show a leg' indeed! Annie, get your clothes on, and run for the doctor. And you, John Doe, stay right in your bed." And John said, "All right, Mother."

H. M. C., "A" Co.