

Mentioned in Dispatches

Wilhelm was much cheered by a message from his old friend and ally, the King of the Cannibal Islands. This ferocious old ruffian thanked Wilhelm in the name of barbarism for what he had been doing. All cannibals and barbarians had learnt much from their German Christian brethren, but he thought the poison trick was a mistake, as it spoilt the victims for eating purposes. "However" added the Cannibal King, "no doubt you Christians know best".

L... H..... is reported to have gone down to a certain stream to bathe, and undressing on the bank sat upon a wasp's nest, much to his sorrow! The doctor is able to report that his parapet is not very much damaged.

Any man wishing to dispose of an air cushion might quite possibly obtain an excellent price from the aforesaid L... H...

It is reported from No. 4. Co. that the "Whiz-phut" mountain battery in their rear has at last managed to hit the P... D... Farm. The Germans are known to be completely demoralised by this unexpected success to our arms. We have hopes now that the range has been obtained, that by the New Year quite a number of bricks will be knocked down, or at least damaged, by our gallant Phuttors.

During the recent wet weather in the trenches, a certain officer had the misfortune to slip and sprain his ankle. Assistance was obtained from two stretcher bearers, who, having bound up the sprain endeavoured to assist the gentleman around the trench, but finding that the "one leg" process was too slow, decided to hoist him up and carry him. So the bearer in front grabbed the casualty and endeavoured to hoist him up on his back, but not being quite husky enough, he called to his mate behind saying, "Give me a hand up with this man", "Steady there" replied his mate, "he's not a man, he's an officer".

Padre visiting wounded at base hospital. "What do you belong to, C of E?"

Wounded 7th. Canadian. "No, C/7.

Wanted:— Designs, sketches, or working models of a portable incinerator for the 7th Battn Transport. Three prizes are offered.

1st Prize. One army mule.

2nd : 1000 'Arf a Mo' cigarettes

3rd : Two weeks pass to England.

All correspondence must be directed to the Q. M.

We understand that our even popular, Q. M. in the intervals of acting as Customs House Officer has brought his great mind to bear upon the subject of sanitation. The new aeroplane incinerator is the result. This incinerator flits from place to place like a butterfly. Gathering honey like a bee in the shape of dead mules, decayed bully beef, bivvies, and other articles of contraband.

Our readers will be glad to know that the arrangements for the Divisional Band have now been completed.

The examination for intended players having been now drawn up.

The following test question will be applied in all cases.

"What is the square root of the minor scale of C sharp?" Illustrate with diagram. Time allowed 3 minutes.

Now you musical people, get busy.

Motto for the 1st B. C.

"Your pick and shovel need you.

"REST" Billets Aug. 23rd. 1915.

A very unusual occurrence was noted this morning by our alert eye witness who immediately telegraphed particulars to his journal.

At 9.20am. after a very strenuous and "restful" night our somnolent friend Pte. T. M. 005473 was observed to raise his head from his pillow and slowly take in the situation at a glance. Fearing detection he sank back to slumber, but the spirit of unrest remained with him and at 9.30am. he was constrained to rise, dress and proceed with his breakfast. By 9.50am. he was cleaning his rifle and shortly afterwards was seen to wash, shave and otherwise complete his long neglected toilet. Such an astounding phenomenon cannot but portend a change in the military and political situation.

"WOOLFE"

Aspirations

Sergeant Allan may leave us soon
Excellent musician and always in tune,
(Reproach him not No. 1 platoon).
Great is Georges ambition
Expects to get a commission
As Bandmaster: Oh lofty position.
Now three stripes upon his sleeve
Then there'll be some stars I believe.

Allan has often proved his worth
Long ago in some Artillery Band,
Latterly at a concert he has shown his hand
And so of course he hopes for the berth, and
Now his feet barely touch the earth,

"Regimental Dick"

I suppose you've all heard of "Regimental Dick",
Who's art at the business is very slick,
Early in the morning his whistle he'll blow
And the way that he sounds it aint very slow.

The "Boys" to the horse lines come out on the run,
And remark to themselves, What's next to come?
"Hurry" says Dick, "There's harness to clean
And sundry things, that's plain to be seen,
For tomorrow's Inspection be it sunshine or rain".
And back goes Dick to his bivvie again.

He comes out again, like a cuckoo on the fly,
And he grabs the first man that meets his eye,
Says Dick "Harness your horses as quick as you can
Don't mind about breakfast of bacon and jam".

The horses are hitched just in a tick,
To the great satisfaction of "Regimental Dick".
When the wagons away, and the rest all busy
If you want to find "Dick" just call at the bivvie.

Pte. A00023.

My little wet home in the trench.

I've a little wet home in the trench
Where the rain storms continually drench
There's a dead cow close by,
With her hoofs towards the sky
And she gives off a beautiful stench.
Underneath, in the place of a floor
There's a mass of wet mud and some straw
And the "Jack Johnsons" tear
Thro' the rain sodden air
O'er my little wet home in the trench,

There are snipers who keep on the go
So you must keep your napper down low
And their star shells at night
Make a deuce of a light
Which causes the language to flow.
Then bully and biscuits we chew
For its days since we tasted a stew
But with shells dropping there
There's no place to compare
With my little wet home in the trench.

Deed-I-Can-Kid

Oh Sergeant, Dear Sergeant how did you do it,
The reveille this morning on your whistle blew it,
It sounded alright: Thanks just the same
For it brought the men out to answer their name.

When their names answered 'round the hay pile
They greet the Dear Sergeant with a big smile,
But when he commences to dish out the hay
Everyone round has something to say.

If you don't stop your noise and that pretty soon
He will show you the way to the orderly room,
So to keep out of trouble, each one goes his way
With his nose bag of oats, and his hay net of hay.

When the horse is through feeding and you're not feeling
The Sergeant will sound you the "Cook house door" [sore
And if he's feeling good an everything's right,
He will try to sound you the "Feed up" tonight.

Pte. A00023.

DEAR PAY

They Paymaster sits in his tent and sings,
While the wasps are busy and ready to sting;
You see him jump up, take hold of a stick,
And the air (with words) is soon pretty thick.

Now he has moved into a smaller place,
The "Things" in the tent were sure a fast race,
There's no doubt about it, they certainly bite,
Well in fact the dog would be scratching all night.