

GRENADINE NOTES.



SINCE the last appearance of these notes in the January number much has taken place, but to the bombers one event has happened that overshadowed the rest: it was the great move from somewhere to here. "Here" is some place to be in, too. It's the home of the merry old "Grenade Attack," which figures so often in official reports. Thus the grenadiers are kept busy repulsing these attacks and carrying the war into the enemy's territory.

The "Grenadiers" are only known by that name on the parade ground. Commonly they are known as "Bummers." They are men picked out for their coolness and disregard of danger, and they are regarded (by themselves) as the salt of the earth. They are practically anarchists, with permission to kill (1) Germans, (2) themselves, (3) others. They do each equally well. Friends with acquaintances in the "Grenadiers" need have no worries over them, however, for the recipients of accidents are most carefully looked after—and their favourite flowers used. Bombers are so trained that they require no sleep whatsoever, but this is made up for by the feeding. They live on the fat of the land (the quartermaster-sergeant having swiped all the lean).

History says that J. Caesar, a sort of Roman Emperor gink, threw a bridge across the Rhine. This feat compares very feebly with the numbers of grenades thrown by "Ours" since arriving here.

We had just been throwing all night, trying to convince Fritz that it would be silly of him to come over and visit us, and we had convinced him. So we hied us away to our caves to rest our weary limbs, leaving a sentry to alarm us if anything of importance should take place. That was at 4 a.m. At 6 a.m. the sentry dashed into the cave with a yell of "They're coming!"

Quickly every bomber gathered together his wits and his bombs and hastily beat it to his place on the firing platform. "Are they coming?" asked one, with an expectant look in his eye. "Yep, I heard the cap. giving instructions to the officers," answered another, and a thrill ran through the

anxiously waiting men. This is what they had been living for, and now it was to happen on a cold, frosty morning when this hand-to-hand affair would be relished.

A peculiar smell could be smelled or smelt (please yourself).

"It's gas," said one of the last draft. "Keep your head, only issue tobacco," said one of the old hands.

They arrived. With a yell we jumped towards them (Censor).

"Steady, men," said the captain. "You'll all have your snort in a minute." Aye, and it's that little drop of rum that keeps the men awake throughout the night thinking of its appearance at "Stand-to" in the morning.

GRENADINE.

Sympathetic Lady: "And how did you come to be hit, my man?" Wounded Tommy: "Well, mum, I was shot in the rear from the flank at the front." Sympathetic Lady: "Was it a ricochet?" Wounded Tommy: "No, mum; it was a bullet."

PROPOSED BADGE FOR A FORTY-NINER.

