

Odes To Famous Numbers

TO A No. 9

Other little coated pills
Have their fame and glory,
"Cures of all earthly ills,"
Proclaimed from the top storey.

You, the army's great stand-by,
You, the M.O.'s right hand man,
You are swallowed with a sigh,
You are thanked with curse and
damn.

When the Kaiser in Berlin,
Tired of war, our peace shall
sign,

We, to purge him from all sin,
Will hand to him a No. 9.

Looked to as the Nation's hope,
Kings shall worship at thy
shrine,

Famous little pill of soap,
The army's stand-by No. 9.

TO B179.

Little mystic number;
What do you mean for me?
Canada or Flanders,
Home or just P.B.

Here I'm lying dreaming
Whether fate or chance,
Will send me back to Canada,
Or once again to France.

You, they tell me, are a scamp,
Leading some an awful dance,
These go back to training camp,
Those return to France.

It's a lie I feel quite sure,
Prove it by good deeds to me.
Send the others back to France,
But send me to old B.C.

Pte. F. GIOLMA.

Separation Allowance Humour

The following are authentic extracts from letters received by an army paymaster :—

Dear Sir,—In accordance with instructions on ring paper, I have given birth to a daughter on November 21st.

Dear Sir,—You have changed my little boy into a girl. Will it make any difference?

Dear Sir,—My husband, Bill, has been put in charge of a spittoon. Shall I get any more pay?

Dear Sir,—My husband has joined the army, and I shall be glad if you will send me his elopement money.

Blighly.

Scotland For Ever

The scene was a kinema palace where the Somme battle pictures were being flickered. As the Warwickshires were seen going over the top to the attack, an excited Birmingham man exclaimed triumphantly, "What about your Highland regiments now?" As luck would have it, there was a short, bandy-legged Scot in a kilt within hearing. He flared up, and replied—"What about our Hielan' regiments? Why, they were keepin' back the Germans while your men were gettin' their photographs ta'en."