

15

Bah, Bah, Dud-Bombs
From the Allemands.
Pick it up at once, boys,
And back where it belongs.

16

Bah, Bah, Haircut.
More than once a week.
If you cannot do it
You'll get a big Speak.

17

Bah, Bah, 8 A. M.
At 7.55
Parading on my own account
From 12 until I'm tried.

18

Six Sergeant-Majors;
Can it be True?
Four dirty Ink Pots;
That leaves Two.

THE NEW-COMER

He came to us most unconventionally, appearing suddenly at our mess one evening. His sponsor was the Colonel Nobody ever asked the Colonel « why » or « wherefore ». Somehow his face did not encourage enquiry. The newcomer was introduced as Lieut. Dod and we understood that he was attached for duty.

He had black hair, with somewhat clear cut features. His collar badge told us that he was an officer of the 1st Canadian Division. It was no use asking what was his job or work, because he offered no explanation. Jones, the Adjutant, who knows everything couldn't help us out very much either. All that we could say was that Dod had done duty at the front and was wounded. His B. 103 contained no further information. On questioning the Orderly Room Clerk we found that he never had a B. 103 for this Officer until he became wounded and that it was only a temporary one.

We were absolutely at sea. Even the Red-Tabs held him in awe. To us, any one who has been at the front since the beginning appeared as a superman. Though we've done out little bit still we were proud to have one of the old boys with us.

Anyway, Lieut. Dod, did not wear any indications that he was a Staff Officer or was very likely to become one for some time. His Captaincy was held up for almost a year but this did not worry him in the least. He was an all-round Sportsman and found himself at football. The first Sunday he helped the boys against No. 8 General, which was considered a crack bunch. The curious thing about him was that although