

## Encyclopedia of Military Terms

(Continued)

**Dug-out.** A hole in the ground with a lid on. There are three kinds of dug-outs at the front.

The "Bungalow" for Officers, the "Love in a Cottage" for Sergeants, and the "Noah's Ark" for privates. They are built for men, mice, rats and cats to sleep in. A dug-out is decorated with jam, cheese, photographs and fleas.

**Dam.** This is what the Engineers do to a river or "Ford".

By simply adding the letter 'N', we have a suitable prefix for use when referring to the Kaiser, the weather, a heavy pack, a route march, a dirty rifle, a working party, a leaky dug-out and barbed wire etc. It is used unhesitatingly by all troupes excepting the Padre. His nearest approach being "Darned".

**Dressing Station.** The home of pills, poultices, plasters, cascarettes, castor oil, and catgut, needles knives and 'nerves'.

**Defaulter.** A man who has made up his mind to be more careful "next time".

(To be continued next issue.)

## To the Bystander, Sketch and Tatler.

(Our Contemporaries, Ahem!)

Dear Blanche, sweet Eve, ma chère Phrynette  
Why do you keep us guessing yet?

You may be sure, the question vexes;

We know your names, what are your sexes?

Are you just as you go to press

In various stages of undress,

Or posing in a dainty nightie

That make us dream of dear old "Blighty"?

Or some old scribes, just having fun

With us poor strafers of the Hun?

But no, on that we'll drop the "Curtain",

You're not "Group fifty-six", we're certain,

And yet our minds are just awlirl

To know if you are man or girl,

But let it go, the vision pleases

Of Helen Mackie's feet and kneeses.

Dear little Eve we love to see

As drawn by Somebody (a She),

And may Dame Grundy never veto

The "pen and inks" of Gladys Peto.

Is it the male mind to please,

You wear your skirts above your knees;

And subjects that once used to matter,

You're treating as harmless chatter?

Or do you just expose your limbs,

Knowing that leave is stopped for 'Hims,'

And talk that way, just to deride us,

Seeing that seas of mud divide us?

When we left home (a year ago)

Ankles were all that you would show

Yet little Eve, once so demure,

Even *your* skirts are getting "fewer",

You looked so matronly and prim,

(And what a shock you gave to "Him")

As daintily you hushed to slumber

The triplets (Tatler, Christmas number)

And cousin Blanche, you rogue Phrynette

This war may last for ages yet,

How can we stay our hands from slaughter

So long as skirts keep growing shorter?

That's all, I think. Remember please,

We all adore your (No, not knees)

Your letters, so just keep sending

Rememb'ring that we are, in ending

Your lonely Soldiers,

A. A. A.



Our Hong Kong agent wants to know "What's the matter with No. 4 Co. All the time stay at Court Dleve"?

And if C. S. M. Cook thinks he owns Irish Farm.

Why it is no one loves the bombers, surely they are an affectionate lot.

## Kronicles of Ye Ancient and Honourable 1st B. C. Rifle-iers,

(Continued)

18.—And at this time the Chief Counsellor of our Lady did descend upon the O. C. in a cloud of dust and of the air that is heated; and did say unto him, "I will inspect thy band for preadventure ere many more suns have set Our Lady shall have sent ye overseas.

19.—And there came with the Chief Counsellor one who represented the King of our Mother Country in the land of Our Lady of the Snows. And he was of the Blood Royal yet withall a mighty warrior who had done wondrous deeds in many climes and he did speak of the O. C's band with much pleasure, for faith they were good to look upon and each was arrayed as his neighbour. And the great one did smile upon them and say, "For ye are a goodly trained band and of much worth, and will strike terror into the hearts of the King's enemies, and ye of the Sharpshooters of the rifle are the men of my own band and give unto me much pride". And it was here that one spoke up and said, "We are the B. C. Rifle-iers" so that all may share in the great honour.

20.—And the Advisers of our Lady did give unto each band four fire-sticks that shoot forth the forked lightning that withereth like the blasts of the nether regions. These are the wondrous weapons of the war; and an invention of the devil. And the O. C. did unto himself counsel and did say unto himself; "I must get me from amongst my henchmen one who is of the devil that can control these magic weapons". And he called unto him one of large and forbidding appearance, at the sight of whom men trembled; and said unto him; "Henceforth thou shalt be chief of my fire-sticks and shalt be called my M.G.O." "Go thou therefore and gather together a crew of assassins from my hirelings; and take amongst them those that are of wild and unruly nature, but who laugh in the teeth of black death; for the work on which thou goest is fraught with peril, and of many that go but few shall return to the Land of our Lady.

21.—And there came unto the O. C. one loudly lamenting; and he was of girth enormous, and his neck was like unto the oxen that draw the plough. And he complained bitterly unto the O. C. saying, "Why am I left alone without labour to turn my hand unto, out of all thy henchmen. Behold Sire, though my head is large there is much in it, for I have a knowledge of the art of letters, and have worn the apparel of a chief in our Mother's service and have pondered long and deep in the laws and usages of the King's Armies. Grant me therefore Oh Great O. C. that I might serve with thy scribes and fight nobly with the pen which is of a might much greater than the sword". And the O. C. was much weary and said; "Get hence that I may rest. But that thou shalt not disturb me with thy wailings; go thou and assist my chief scribe in my throne-room and my men shall know thee as my A. A.

(To be Continued)