



Pte. Simpson : « What's the « Entente Cordiale » ? »
 Pte. Wisemann : « Rum and coffee. »

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For the fifteenth time we learn that the Kaiser is very ill indeed, not expected to live in fact. The old throat trouble again no doubt. Bit off more than he can chew.

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Grandson : « What did you do in the great war, Grandpa ? »
 Grandpa : « I was an M. M. P. »
 Grandson : « But weren't you old enough to join the army ? »

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It's all in the point of view !  
 Soldier in « first wave » to soldier in « second wave » (contemptuously) « Bomb-proofer ! »



Private overheard reading from newspaper :  
 « Wolff's News Brewery,  
 Owing to a terrific and consecrated artillery preparation the trench and wire were obligated... With hardly a single mishap the Tanks succeeded in making their objection. »

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« How did he manage to work his ticket ? Rheumatism ? »
 « No, rumatism ! »

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Officer to private who has not succeeded in rubbing all the rust off his bayonet :  
 « What's that stain ? »  
 Private : « Blood-stain, sir. »  
 Officer : « Oh, very good ! »

Never look a gift sock in the sole !

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We note that New Zealanders have been fined for « shouting » (Canadian — « ginning up the house ») And yet people talk of free speech in the Colonies !

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Seven small buttoned private to a wearer of the blue shoulder-straps :  
 « What battalion do you belong to ? »  
 Old Timer : « 1st B. C. »  
 New-Arrival : « Oh, that's the reinforcing battalion for the 179th, isn't it ? »  
 (Reply impossible to record).

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Earnest Chaplain : « I trust, my dear boy, that you pray every day that you may be kept in safety through this awful war. »
 O. R. Clerk : « I don't need to. I've got a bomb-proof. »

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Smart Ord. Officer : « Spring to attention and tell me why you are at this spring. »  
 Water Detail Guard : « Sir, I am guarding this spring to keep Fritz from springing anything on us this Spring. »

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Captain (as the company goes over the top during a heavy snow-storm). « Come on men. This is an ideal day for a 'slay-drive. »

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Orderly Corporal (collecting mail) : « But, say ! The P. O. won't take this. There's no address on it. »  
 Raw One : « Well, they ought to know it. I've writ her often, enough. »

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One of the snipers tells us that our new aeroplane is so fast that the aviator has to side-slip every time he uses his machine-gun for fear of running into his own bullets.

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**SNAPSHOTS**

« It'll just be my luck to go through the whole of this awful, ghastly war without a scratch and then the day after peace breaks out, slip on a banana peelin' and break my neck. »

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« A fresh guy came along to me the other morning for his rum issue. I didn't know him so I asked him what battalion he belonged to. »
 « The 179th ! he said. »
 « See here, me old pigeon, says I, that's my regimental number ! »

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« Went out in front one night to see what was doing. Walked across no man's land and wormed my way through the German wire. Watched my chance and sneaked over the parapet. Grunted to sentry. He grunted back. Good trench, deep and dry. Went up communication trench. No one much around. Climbed out into the open. Went further back. Took a look around and sized up the situation. Too dark, couldnt see anything. Met Fritz ration party and helped to carry part of the load back to the line. Plenty of grub. Don't like their bread. Killed a few of them and then strolled back home. Uneventful evening. »