

V.A.D.'s OWN CORNER.

On Monday, August 14th, the V.A.D.'s gave their first party. Several days beforehand, great questions were discussed as to decorations, place to hold party, and refreshments.

Early in the morning a band of workers was busy transforming the dormitory, and the result was well worth the amount of trouble. The room certainly looked lovely with flowers, ferns and bunting, the latter lent by the Y.M.C.A., through the kindness of Captain Cross.

About 140 guests accepted the invitation, amongst whom were Colonel and Mrs. Bedell, the Misses Bennett and Hunter, Mrs. Kohler of the "Dug Out" fame, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, and Miss Andrews, who was also helped by accompanying songs, etc.

The stirring music of the 11th Reserve Battalion, under the able conducting of their Bandmaster, was simply delightful, both during the whist drive and also for the dancing.

Thanks to Mrs. Harris and her band of willing assistants, a most excellent light supper was provided.

Every member of the Unit was permitted to ask a guest, so we had friends from all over the Camp. Captain Gordon kindly undertook the duties of M.C. Mention should also be made of the excellent singing of Sgt. Roberts (patient), Pte. Cottrell, Miss Clare (V.A.D.), and also choruses with Miss Shepherd as leader. Miss Hurford caused great amusement by her excellent rendering of the "Matinee Hat."

Unfortunately in the Army there is always a time or rather a "light limit," and everybody had to go away much earlier than either hosts or guests wished. Next time we will bribe the powers that be, or those in charge of the lights, for an extension of time.

The first prize (ladies) was won by Miss Hooper, V.A.D. Second prize by Miss Andrews. Booby prize by Miss Cruickshank. The first prize (gentlemen) S/Sgt. Trevett; Second, Sgt. Roberts. Booby prize by Sergt. Butcher.

HEIGHO! WHAT FUN "FORM FOURS," "COMPANY 'SHUN."

In lines of white the ladies stood,
As the Sergeant-Major drilled.
And Oh! the fag of "forming fours"
When one's absolutely grilled.
Our shirts unto our back did stick
And out throats with thirst were parched,
And the next time I go on parade,
I'll see my shirt ain't starched.

The V.A.D.'s to a picnic went
In the Sergeants' Mess one day,
And though they arrived at the stated time
The "Blighters" sent 'em away.

So off they trudged to the dining-room
Where the band was playing fine,
And the jolly old Sergeant with "auburn" socks
Helped to pass away the time.

Then back they went at half-past four
And they had a feed "sublime."
There were cakes, salad, and fruit galore
And some wobbly stuff with "pine."

But sad was the ending to that glad time;
Next day the poor girls were ill.
But the lady in charge, with the wisdom of age,
Soon settled their "hash" with a pill.

We have all heard of Hiawatha, the mighty hunter, so it will come as no surprise to hear we have a Hiawatha amongst us. Hiawatha and Minniehaha to be correct, but in this case Minnie will have to be dispensed with, therefore our mighty one just gets the ha! ha! The role of Hiawatha in this piece is filled by Corporal C—, and as he strides forward to the chase he presents a noble picture (see camp sketches). One day he happened to be in a terrible predicament. Right before him he saw two rabbits about six feet apart, and he had only one cartridge left. Did this deter our mighty one? No! He crawled forward a few yards and stuck his service knife in the ground blade upward, and just as gently crawled back about 20 yards, then taking careful aim at the knife, fired. Hey presto! Both rabbits fell dead, for the blade of the knife split part of the shot, and spread it just enough to kill the rabbits. Our story is not yet finished, for the recoil of the gun knocked over our hero, and as he fell backward stepped on a hare and broke its back; then fell into a pond just behind him. You would have thought that such succession of calamities would have put the wind up the gallant Corp. Decidedly not, for when he crawled out of the pond his rubber boots were full of eels. You will all agree with me it was a truly remarkable adventure, and would have ended "jake" for his nibs, but next day he got a bill from the proprietor of the canteen for killing his son's pet rabbits. How are the mighty fallen.

DAUBER.