

shoot through with one shot, so I just fired a thousand at the same place and made a hole right through the trunk and killed the blighter. Course it made a big row and Fritz got very angry and started firing shells at us, but we got him trained and he soon shut up.

Just then the clouds moved away from the moon, and say, girls, so help me, I saw a regiment of Germans comin' over the hill straight for us. If it hadn't a been for me we would sure have got a — of a walloping, but I was Johnnie on the spot and fired the machine gun at them. It fair did mow them down like a reaper cuts hay, and before the other fellows was awake they had all run away. Yesterday afternoon I shot an aeroplane down, and it fell in the lake all nice and neat with hardly a scratch. The guy what was running it used to tend bar at Krausman's, and he told me I sure was some shot. Say, girls, you don't want to believe them blokes what is getting home wounded from the first contingent. Them blokes don't know nuthink. They will tell youse the second contingent ain't no good, but that's just because they is jealous. Why them blighters as only been in one big fight and then they lost three trenches, while we have been in four big fights, taken seven trenches and lots of prisoners, only us guys don't blow about it so hard. Now good-bye, girls, and love to you all, from your

LITTLE WILLIE.

A Protest.

Why I should have to do it, I do not know, except because I was too weak to say "no" at the start. But since I promised to write an article for the *Gazette*, my life has become unlivable, it is no longer my own. I am unable to fulfil my promise, yet if I do not do this thing, my reputation will be gone, I will cease to be an entity among my fellows, will be an acknowledged failure.

At any time now the fateful question may be put to me: "Is your article ready?" What answer can I give? I have learnt to dodge the editor as though I owed him a quarter. To me he has become the embodiment of all that is feared and hated. A terrible ogre who takes on fantastic shapes that mingle weirdly with my dreams. I cannot rest, my food has become tasteless, plum jam has lost its flavour, no longer has bully beef its old attractions.

I have tried, ye gods, how I have tried, but at the critical moment my brains fail me. I have spasms of brilliancy when I think I have at last lassoed a subject, then with frantic haste, I seize my fountain pen, only to find that ere I can find paper the spasm passes, leaving me more hopeless than ever.

But this cannot go on for ever, my vitality cannot stand the strain. Perhaps after I have spent years as a babbling idiot, I shall find rest in the

grave. But I will die with the firm conviction that my life has been forfeited because of the inability of our government. That the British constitution has proved itself a failure. That if something is not done the country will be overrun by a tyrannical and ever increasing swarm of *Gazette* editors, who, amidst the collapse of the empire, and the disintegration of the State, will gloat over the miseries of a grovelling and servile people, who will be born into a world of pens, ink and paper, and be doomed to live for ever in the atmosphere of a printing office, and to spend the interminable cycles of eternity, scribbling poems and writing books.

R. H.

Kindness, if we only knew it!

The Patrol was out and a dark and muddy silence hung over the trenches. Rain with occasional spasms of hail added to the general gloom. Suddenly the tense stillness was shattered by ten rounds rapid fire, and the following dialogue was heard by the sergeant as he made his weary round.

"What at you shootin' at, Bill?"

"That blamed patrol," answered the trusty Bill, "if some one don't shoot them, they'll die of cold!"

"Iddy Umpty."

Who was the Major who, in his early morning Situation Report, said: "Attitude of enemy—Hostile?"

And, when asked to give a more lucid explanation, said: "Enemy distinctly hostile?"

✦ ✦ ✦

One of our operators had the nerviest moment in his life whilst we were in the trenches at —. The lines were none too good that night and in the midst of a racket of machine gun and rifle fire a little buzzing in his ear started off like this: E-N-E-M-Y C-O-M-I-N-G. Now who wouldn't get a little concerned on reading that?

The hell of it was, they didn't come, and nobody was more disappointed than the operator. He was heard to say: "Gol darn it! those fellows must have a hell of a big rum issue to-night."

✦ ✦ ✦

We heard that the Battalion on our right, in order to do something really brilliant, tapped the enemies' barbed-wire the other night! This was evidently connected in some obscure way with their observation balloon, and we understand that the lineman who accomplished the feat overheard many important things being said. What can *we* do to beat this?

✦ ✦ ✦

Heard over the 21st Battalion wire one morning: "Sniper Siegel, shot, Saxon Sniper, at seven s'morning."

What a good job we use a buzzer.

Our Library

Of Books of interest to the Battalion.

"Heads, and how I find them," by Mr. M-rk-ll.

Although this volume refers to shell heads, no reflection is cast upon the N.C.O.'s and men of the M.G.S.

✦ ✦ ✦

"Dugouts and how to dig in," by X. X. Battalion.

This includes notes on swimming and a special recipe for mud-pies.

✦ ✦ ✦

"The Insect," by T. H. E. Boys.

Useful hints on self-preservation.

✦ ✦ ✦

"Safety First," by Sgt. E. J. Vout.

A handy pamphlet on shell-proof shelters and where to build them.

This enterprising author has also written a book on Sap-heads. Reference is made solely to the heads of saps and not to any individual in the grenade section.

✦ ✦ ✦

"Rum," by R.S.M. W. Rowe-Whitton.

A detective story with a refreshing ending. Much appreciated by all.

✦ ✦ ✦

"The Great Awakening," by Sgt. Brooks.

The Poems contained in this dainty suède-covered volume of verse are beyond our powers of criticism. We therefore append a sample:—

"This horrible War has sent me silly,
And all over you, adorable T . . ."

✦ ✦ ✦

"Cow-hunting in Flanders," by Anonymus, 21st Battalion.

Treats of the haunts and habits of Cows and the various ways in which their death may be encompassed.

✦ ✦ ✦

"New Dances," by The Pioneer Sergeant.

This book introduces the Whiz-bang Sidestep, which is fully and artistically dealt with. [Originally published in Canada.]

Dulce et Decorum est pro Patria mori.

57135	Private Brown, H.
57252	„ McCall, T.
57891	„ Mitchell, J.
57539	„ Wishart, J.
57864	„ Jacobi, P.
57295	„ Sugden, A.
58005	„ Heaton, E.
57949	„ Thornton, A.
57636	„ Tallinger, K.
412780	„ Lebel, J. F.
57674	„ Lowe, F.
57686	„ McLeod, T. D. A.
57738	„ Turrell, W.
57196	„ Hallas, R.
57983	„ Burns, R.