



There is one man at least in No. 4 Company who is truly polite, Courtesy must be habitual with anyone who will stop another member of a raiding party in the German wire after the « Recall » has gone and ask :

« Pardon me, but do you know where our trench is ? »

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We learn on indubitable authority (indubitable authority — the « Coal King ») that the C. Q. M. S. are going over the top on the next raid for the purpose of obtaining a first hand knowledge of the requirements of our prisoners.

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« Flappers — Si nalling ». This cryptic description in the approved style of the Ordnance has nothing whatever to do with giving « Flappers » the high sign. All that is necessary for the latter pastime is opportunity and nerve.

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The unquenchable optimism of the troops is exemplified in the case of the man who wrote :

« In the way back I fell into a shell hole. It wasn't very deep. I managed to keep my head out. »

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When the sergeant of the battalion that was « taking over » was checking up the trench stores along with the company clerk, he failed to find one of the articles enumerated.

« Has anyone seen the food container ? » he asked.

« Oh, you mean Sergeant So and so. Just went round the bay, » was the unexpected answer.

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Henry : « Gee « I wish this war would finish soon. »

Peter : « I don't. I want to get my leave first. »

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Old Gentleman : (looking up from his paper)
« I see wete the French have taken more of Verdun. »

Canadian : (slightly deaf).

« I wish they would take some of mine. »

Old Gentleman : « Some of what ? »

Canadian : « What you just said — vermin. »

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Sanitary Corporal to Medical Officer :  
« Please sir, can I have a tin of « corrugated » lime and a tin of « Crusoe ? »

Private Stoop. :

« Ask if he knows where the « desecrated » vegetables are kept. »

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Water was short and the boys in the line were washing five to an empty jam-tin. One of them carried his economy to such a noticeable length that his section commander said to him : « If Lloyd George saw that neck of yours he'd put a land tax on you. »

SOM(M)E RUM.

Have I been over the top, sir ?
Umpteen times — though that may sound tall ;
(Well, thanks ! I don't mind a small drop, sir.)
And now I will try to recall.

The time our battalion went over
Near Courcellette, down on the Somme ;
But wait. Where's my pipe ? That Westover
Smells good. (Same again, please, some rum).

You see the gold stripe on my arm, sir ?
That means « wounded » — Oh ! only a scratch ;
It didn't do very much harm, sir,
To me, but poor — Have you a match ?

'Twas a whizz-bang that landed between us ;
Nappoo'd Slim — he was close beside me
In the shell-hole we'd picked out to screen us ;
(Yes ! Fill her up ; that's only three.)

Then up went the signal we wanted,
Three red lights way down on our flank ;
We were off — the first wave — clean demented ;
Sweating on in the wake of a tank.

My wound I'd had no time to dress, sir,
And the bone stuck (hic) out through my arm.
(Would I care for another ? (hic) Yes, sir !
Perhaps one more won't do me harm.)

Now Minnies were thumping and crumping,
And machine-guns rattling like hell ;
It certainly (hic) kept me humping
Dodging Whizz-bangs and H. E's as well.

We finally reached Fritz's lines, sir,
(All right — only one, sir — just one)
And first thing I knew by the signs, sir,
I was tangling up with a Hun.

I finished him off in a minute ;
Yes, him and twelve others as quick ;
Bombed a dug-out with fifty Huns in it,
Then turned to go back again (hic).

So I marched 'em across single handed,
And got safely back to our lines ;
Fifty-five husky Huns (hic) I landed
In the raid we made (hic) at Messines...

Sho thatsh why I cannot forgetsh (hic)
When we charged up the hill at the Bluff ;
(Don't think it's quite twelve o'clock yetsh (hic)
By Heck ! (hic) I've had (hic) enough.)

Thatsh how I held off a division,
That ni' (hic) Moun' So'l — alone ;
I shert'nly (hic) earned deshishion ;
(Bartender (hic) wheresh m' frien' gone ?)

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Let us hope that after the war the simplicity  
and directness of army English may replace the  
cumbrous and involved wording of, say, the  
marriage ceremony. Instead of : « Wilt thou have  
this woman ? » etc., what could be better than :  
« Dating from the 3rd inst. Jane Smith is attached  
to Thomas Jones for rations, duty and discipline. »

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We are informed from a reliable source — that
the shortage of whale — oil is due to the German
submarine campaign. Whales carrying cargoes
of spermin in their for'ard holds are expressly for-
bidden by the Hun naval authorities to enter
British territorial waters on pain of being torpe-
doed without warning.