

Purely Personnel!



TRAGEDY.

Sunday, July 14th, after Church Service, the little tragedy below was, let us say, pulled off. The men were coming out of the Y.M.C.A. Hut, when the following sounds floated on the breeze. "Staff fall in." This order was given by the Sergeant i/c of the Parade, and the men proceeded to fall in, in a leisurely manner, wondering what was the trouble, when again the same rancous voice smote the ear, this time to the tune of, "Hurry up! I don't want to stay here all day in the rain. From the left, form fours." It was the Sergt. i/c again, but we all held our breath when a voice from the ranks cried, "We haven't numbered yet." "What, can't you form fours without numbering?" Needless to say, there was a chorus of "No's!" "Ump. Gee, you're a fine bunch," said the Sergt. i/c. "Well, from the left, number;" and the Parade serenely proceeds to number from the right. Meanwhile, the Sergt. i/c turns his back on the Parade to get his bearings as to right and left, then turns round with a face as red as if he was just meeting the girl of his choice on their wedding morn, and said in a voice which was heard to squeak, "Parade will move to the left in fours. Left. Quick march." Now they're off at last. (He must be wet through) and marches round the corner of a hut about 20 yards. The command to halt is given, and without turning to the front, "Dismiss." The Sergt. i/c moves off and is heard to mutter, "Thank the Lord I'm not in the C.A.M.C.; they don't know nothing." Is it any wonder the war has lasted so long. And to think this happened on France's Day.

—Dauber.

REVEILLE.

"Reveille" is the first call in the morning to "Arise, take up thy bed, and walk," but it often seems to be blown very shortly after "Lights Out." For this reason it is often looked upon as an instrument of torture, and has even been accused of being of Teutonic Origin. Whilst the writer cannot vouch for the truth of this assertion, yet he has also, on several occasions, had reason to suspect this.

The music of it is wonderful, and the psychological effect more so. The first part of the refrain is low, and delightfully sweet, so as not to disturb your peaceful slumbers; but the second part—ah! the second part of it, that's where the effect comes in! It rises from that beautifully sweet lullaby to a high *crescendo*, and the peaceful slumber is supposed to follow suit.

It is a great loss to humanity in general, and soldiers in particular, that the composer is not known; perhaps (with that wonderful foresight usually attributed) he has deemed it wiser to remain unknown. After all, Fame has its penalties!

Joys we shall miss when peace is declared:—

- 1.—V.A.D.'s. 2.—Reveille. 3.—The old reliable stand-by. 4.—Riding Pants. 5.—Army Life. 6.—Hastings' Skating Rink. 7.—Orderly Room. 8.—G.O.C. Inspection. 9.—The War. 10.—Lt.-Col. Bedell. 11.—The trenches. 12.—Church Parade. 13.—Bully Beef. 14.—The Kaiser. 15.—The benevolent old ladies that "come to visit the sick."

PHRENOLOGY.

The Bump of Amativeness is on the left breast pocket.

Somewhere in Flanders a young soldier had been on the sick-list for some time, and now, after a few days' rest, looked very fit for service. However, he was once more on the sick-list the day his battalion was to go into the trenches.

"Can you write, my lad?" asked the Medical Officer. Suddenly, the bright prospect of a nice clerical job in a "cushy" place seemed to open before him, so he answered emphatically: "Yes sir, I can. I was a clerk before I enlisted."

"Very well, now you just write a nice letter to your best girl, and tell her you are going into the trenches to-night."