

a big time with "Old John" well to the front and "still going strong."

When *will* that stock saddle show up?

Will we see some real rough-riding then?

Does Jock's mule "compree" the Gaelic?

Is "Drop" going on leave as a composite Highland battalion this time, and will he wear his spurs?

Do the Transport boys feel like a string of box-cars when told to "shunt"?

Who was it asked his groom, "I say, these reins are far too long. Just shift the saddle back about six inches, will you"?

Why is the incinerator man always referred to as the "insinuator" man?

What happened the guy who swiped the pocket book? Did the stretcher bearer show mercy?

Who is it on the Q.M. Staff who carried inflated air pillows in their packs? Two more for the Intelligence Section?

How did a certain groom get all the scratches on his hand and the beef-steak out of his nose?

How about those huts? They're a long time appearing.

Q.M. Stores Notes

Who swiped to coke from the Q.M. details?

Was it "Bugs'" ability as a singer or the enthusiastic rooting of his friends in the audience that won him the ten francs at the Y.M.C.A. concert?

Were the rooters disappointed at not being invited to help liquidate the proceeds?

We hate to be carping on the same old thing, but who did swipe the coke, Love?

What happened to the fatigue party due for loading gravel one morning?

How did the "straw bosses" like doing the work themselves?

Where did the R.Q.M.S. learn to use an axe?

The Post Offices Wants to Know

When there's mail from every country,
Full fifty sacks or more,
Why is it someone always shoves
His head in at the door;
And asks in accents loud and strong,
(It makes the sergeant sore)
"Do you suppose that there will be
Some mail for Number Four?"



The Late Major Hall, M.C.

A When Notes Frae the Baun'

Who was the ration man who mixed the sugar with the "spuds"?

Did he intend the latter to be "sweet" potatoes for the "sweet" fingers?

What did Harold, "The Big Noise", say when Fritz threw a rock at him down at the slag heap?

How did Pom like the stewed apples?

Does Bill Hardy wear pantaloons? Ask Lena.

We have a remittance man in the Baun' now. Pourquoi?

Will the next bout between One Round Mac and the Victoria Vampire be properly staged so that we can all witness it?

Some of the pipers and drummers figure they have the Romans skinned forty ways when it comes to road building.

Can a man do what he likes in his own "territory"?

Congratulations to Lieut. G. Skinner on his being promoted to the rank of Captain while employed as Quartermaster.

Lieut. J. F. Cadenhead, employed under the Officer-in-Charge of Canadian War Records, London, has been transferred to the General List and attached to the 17th Reserve Battalion, East Sandling.

15th BATT. SECTION (Continued from Page Six)

Last nite I wuz up in wan av thim sewers carryin wire to put out in frunt. Begobs, they make shure that none av the bhoys get over and swap storys wid the dirty germans. Eviry fut is fensed in as if we wuz chickens an dident no any better than two go out their. Av coorse they aint all hed a good edicashun like me an sum av thim might no no better.

The sargint is colektin the male so will klose wid luv an kisses,

Yure darlin,

MIKE.

P.S.—Tell Pat I kin git him a pic here cheep.

The Song of a Shirt

These lines were written on the occasion of the men's shirts being taken away for washing and new ones were not issued immediately.

Oh! they dragged us through the mud holes.

And the deepest holes they picked.
They marched us many needless miles
And we never, never kicked.
But to-day they put the "Kibosh" on
And our dignity it hurts.

They took us on manoeuvres
Without our blooming shirts.

We had a kit inspection:
Discs, smoke helmets, field dressings
too.

Some were short their bully beef,
Biscuits quite a few.
Then we all took off our tunics
And the Colonel looked quite hurt
When he found the whole battalion
On parade without a shirt.

Oh! We're feeling quite down-hearted
And our backs are getting cold;
And when I make this meek appeal,
Don't think I'm growing bold.
If you've any kit to throw away
I assure you it's a cert,
There'll be nothing so appreciated
As a good clean flannel shirt.