

Bivvie. See dug-out next week's issue of L. P.

Bugle. Except in a band, this instrument of torture is seldom used on active service. There are only three popular bugle calls, "No parade to-day", "Come to the-cook house door boys" and "Letters from sister Sue". The bugler who sounds "Reveille" at 5.30 on a cold morning has no friends, although he is often presented with anything nearest to hand.

Bathing This parade is held in order to separate a soldier *pearad.* from his shirt (and several other things too numerous to mention, or count).

Bayonet. This is the business end of a rifle; it has many uses both in and out of the trenches. A few inches of this joy prong placed through the clothing of a Hun will convince him that he is not "Uber Alles".

Boche. This is the French word for Allemande or German soldier. In English it is spelt and pronounced "Bosh". The English meaning is very appropriate.

Bombs. These are good things to keep away from. That is if the other fellow has them. For cleaning up a bivvie full of Boshes (see above) a bomb is better than a bayonet.

Biscuit. The military biscuit "takes the biscuit". On active service biscuits are used by the troops to sharpen their teeth on, to write home on, or (when pulverized) to make puddings of. After the war they will be used for making roads, feeding crocodiles, or shooting at mad elephants.

Bully or Corned beef. The Government issues this when they wish to convince a hungry soldier he is not hungry. It is served under many disguises. It may be boiled, baked, fried, stewed or scrambled. A candidate for a cooks job must pass the bully beef test. When he can make bully taste like an omelete he is called a "chef". If he fails he is called something else.

(To be continued.)

Mentioned in despatches

We are in receipt of a letter from the Secretary of the "Ancient and Honourable Order of Prevaricators of the Truth", asking that names of picked men in this battalion be forwarded, as it is the intention of the Order to make these men honorary members. The Editor will be pleased to receive the names of any men who are qualified to join this Ancient Order. A written statement must be sent with the man's name giving the reasons why the man would be a suitable member.

The Editorial Staff has unanimously decided to recommend L. Cpl. H. Maylor, the News Editor, the reason being some of his articles in the Listening Post.

Herewith is a short outline of the Order. It was founded by one Anannias, in the year 43 B. C., who was afterwards made High Priest, being the highest degree conferred by this Order. This Order has been handed down through the different ages, its membership being several millions. Amongst some of the greatest High Priests was George Washington, an able American. The present High Priest is Kaiser Wilhelm Hoenzollern.

Note:—The Editorial Staff has been increased by two, in anticipation of the large number of names which will be submitted from this battalion. Ed.

It has been brought to our notice that some of our N. C. Os. shirk their duty and do not have sufficient authority over the men. Of course we know that the Sgts. and Cpls. are up to their work, but the L/Cpls. could certainly be improved. One instance we must relate. A certain L/Cpl. in charge of a number of men share a portion of a hut, the

other portion is taken up by the R.S.M. One dark and stormy night, a man, (excuse me) a batman came into this hut feeling a little under the weather, and inclined to run this war on his own principles. The L/Cpl. lay on his bed, and did not say a word, while a sonorous voice from the R.S.M.'s quarters said, "Make less noise there". The guilty one went to bed without replying, and the poor L. Cpl. saw what an opportunity he had missed to show his authority, and we hope that in the future he will be able to keep the men under him well in hand.

The controversy about the "Fokker" aeroplanes and the superiority of the air in general could be easily settled if the dissenting parties would only pay a visit to the Canadian front. Here they will see the very latest type of planes including the famous Bradbury aeroplane. This famous plane when pursued by enemy machines, throws out barbed wire entanglements so fast that if the enemy pilot is not on the alert his machine becomes hung up in the wire and he is in danger of starving to death.

Pte. Freeman has his fortune told.

You fellows can say what you like, but there is something in this 'ere fortune tellin'. My two 'cousins', one's 20 and the other 22, asked me to take them down to a place they know of where a real live Gypsy was tellin' everything for five shillings each person. As soon as I spotted her I knew she was a real live Gypsy. She had big shiny black ear rings, big shiny black eyes, big shiny black curls, an' a big black cat.

The two girls had theirs told first, but I don't just know what's goin' to happen to 'em cos the Gypsy told 'em, that if they only so much as whispered it to anybody the 'spell' would be broke, an' she trembled to think of the terrible consequences. Anyway when my turn came the Gypsy told me to "Quick march, left turn, stand easy." I was glad she told me to keep my hat on as I was a bit scared of losing my badge. She shuffled a deck of cards and told me to cut 'em. Then she dealt herself a pretty good poker hand and when I told her to discard a 'seven' and draw to a 'straight', she told me to shut up or she couldn't promise good results. She arranged the cards and says "What will you have?" I says "I'm glad you mentioned it, lets all have a little drink." I walked towards the door to ask the girls, but the fortune teller hollers "No! No! I mean what do you want me to tell you?" I says, "The truth, the whole truth, an' nothin' but the truth, s'welp me." She got kind a 'sore then, an' says, "Do you want the past, present, or future?" "Well" I says, "It's like this missus, I know my past, although I don't 'blow about it', and the present looks pretty good while I'm on leave, an' unless you can guarantee the war will soon be over, I guess there aint no future to be told." Then she looks through a glass ball and said the future looked like a garden of roses. I told her to try her best to make it a beer garden instead, an' I'd have the whole works told. She said it was hard on her system to tell all three, an' she'd have to charge me 15 shillings. I told her to go to it, an' believe me fellows it was worth it. She holds up this 'ere crystal with one 'and an' starts to play a sort 'of solitaire game with the other. She says, "I see mountains an' trees, a long, long, line." She got kind a stuck here so I says, "C. P. R." "No! No!" she says, "They are soldiers going to battle, and I see you, I see you." "In the rear rank" I butted in. "No! No!" she says, "You are waving your handkerchief to a lady." Now boys that's just as true as I am sittin' 'ere; and that lady was my boardin' missus, I owe her six dollars yet. Then the Gypsy says, "You're on a liner, you are in England, you are in Flanders." When she got to Flanders she had an awful struggle with herself and then dealt out some more cards. They were all hearts and diamonds; I told her if she didn't mind takin' a