

5th BATTALION COLUMN

The German War Machine.

The massive German War Machine won't work the way it should. From all reports we've heard and seen it isn't making good. They used to say « It's like a watch ». It's movement was sublime, but now it seems to be a botch, and it is losing time. It's partly manned by Turks obese, who of their Kultur shout. It creaks as though it needed grease. It's « king-bolt's » fallen out. This war machine the Germans made, it was their pride and joy, and then they longed in blood to wade with their expensive toy. They kept it standing in it's shed and longed for an alarm, « If 'tisn't used » their Kaiser said » 'twill rust and lose it's charm. So let us watch and let us wait till someone throws a brick, and then our engine charged with fate will get there pretty quick. « The brick was thrown, a small affair that made a trifling sore ; « This is our chance beyond compare » then rose the Hunnish roar. Great Britain wished to heal the wound that errant brick had made, and France desired to wrap it round with linen, splints and braid, but Germany was fierce and mean for she had waited long to use her big, red war machine so wonderful and strong. Now manned by Turk and Bulgar it groans upon it's way. It's wheels are going under. It's mules are needing hay.

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1st Officer : « We've got a gem of a camp cook. Makes rhubarb pie on a home-made stove ».

2nd Officer : « That's nothing. We had stewed chicken last night, made out of maconachie ».

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The Estaminet was full — there were several reasons for this — the boys had just been paid — the beer was good and then there were attractions — a piano on which one of the boys was operating and extracting all kinds of forgotten rag-time tunes.

He was pleasing the crowd, that was evident from the constant invitations to have one — and the row of glasses on the music-box. And last but not least was Mademoiselle, who, the boys said, « Sure was some Jane ». The glasses were seldom empty and then only because it was difficult to get change.

A quiet looking Guy, whispered to Mademoiselle, « Any whisky » ? She answered « Na Poo — Fini — Police — Apres-la-Guerre ». Which translated means that there was nothing doing.

A fellow from the 5th on the opposite side of the table, laughed and said — « Might as well ask for a discharge, or three months leave to visit the Canary Islands, as ask for whisky in the joints. »

It's hard lines, but worse has happened to me, last winter for instance, in the trenches on one of those cold nights, — sleet, rain and about 1 A. M. frost — I was on sentry, feeling miserable and wondering why I hadn't joined the 59th Division of Canadians, or the Pay Office Corps in London, when along comes our officer and says « Sentry, the password tonight is Whisky ». I said — « What, sir ? » He repeated, « Whisky, W-h-i-s-k-y ! » That set me thinking how much I would like one — hot, or even cold — I could hear some one coming along the trench, particularly when he trod on a piece of bath-mat that wasn't there. I challenged — reply « Whisky » — « Pass Whisky ». This set me wonderin' how much real whisky I would let pass — the brands — the whisky I would have on pass — the whisky I would have when my favourite baseball team won, or lost, or drew. I could go on all night, but if any of you fellows ever get to the officers, be more careful about pass-words. Give such ones as : « Tickler's Jam » ; or « Arf a mo ».

« Drink up, boys ! Madame ! Beer, toute suite. »

10th BATTALION COLUMN

SNIPE AND DUCK

Excellent shooting at a British Dug-out.

In one of the choicest localities in Northern France.

TO BE LET

(three minutes from the German trenches).

This attractive and well built dug-out, containing one reception kitchen bed room, and up to date « Funk hole » four feet by three feet. All modern conveniences including

GAS AND WATER.

This desirable residence stands one foot above water level, commanding an excellent view of the enemy trenches, excellent shooting (snipe and duck).

Particulars from the late tenant BASE HOSPITAL.

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A man can't tango all six nights in the week, and expect to compete with the other fellow who hits the feathers at 10 p. m. Moral — take advantage of the new Daylight Saving order and cut out the poker.

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In future any enemy Listening post captured will be painted any old colour will do — and sent by runner to the Corporal of the sand bag section for inspection, with a view to discovering the person or persons foolish enough to think of decorating NO. MANS LAND with posts.

What do they think No Mans land is anyhow ? A corral ?

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We heard of someone the other day who sent home one of his original kakhi drill shirts to have some more made, and the reply came back. Your « fragment of France » received O. K. have put new shirts in hand.

Shades of Captain Bairnsfather.

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Can any for our readers inform us why the girls of Nottingham object to officers of the Bantam Battalion ?

Ever notice what « huge » loads those M. T. cars carry ?

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To officers, N.C.O's and men of the 2nd Brigade 1st Canadian Division. (Including Q. M. Stores staff and transport).

A grand social and dance will be given in or near Leicester Square at a date to be given later. Biscuits, bully beef and water will be provided free of charge when obtainable.

## PROGRAMME

Dances.

The machine gun glide.

Whiz bang two step.

Snipers trot.

H. E. Concussion twist.

Minenwerfer side step.

Interval for refreshments and music. Which will be provided by the world famed troupe The French 75s, ably assisted by the C. F. A.

The rifle grenade polka.

The trench mortar waltz.

The transport gallop.

The stretcher bearers goose step.

The 10th Battalion dug out double.

And fire works by Fritz.

Admission free. Provided each N. C. O. and man carries equipment, rifle, full complement of S. A. A. and two bombs.

No ladies admitted.