



Visitor (going up to a patient in the Recreation Room): "Ah! You're an Australian. Can you tell me anything about my cousins, the Snaggs Family, who went out ten years ago?"

**WHAT SOME OF THE M.O.'s WOULD LIKE FOR CHRISTMAS:**

Captain Thomas.—A cure for infections of the knee joint; a better opportunity to attend church; a book on how to save money; another attack of corneal ulcer; and a German prisoner with appendicitis.

Captain Gooderham.—A train of cars; a pair of roller skates; some building blocks; a double-reeded mouth-organ; and a new jack knife with "Try me" in raised letters on the handle.

Captain Kane.—An Assistant Editor; a Zepp. raid every other night; some knock-out drops for Kennedy; and a visit to No. 7 General Hospital, France

Captain Jamison.—Digestible edibles in abundance; a culture that could be eaten; a cure for the tobacco habit; and a disbelief in the Darwinian theory.

Captain Wilson.—A new Methodist hymn-book with words and music; a copy of Jack Canuck: a cigarette you can't bite; a more pronounced English accent; and a life history of the Kennedy family.

Major Wilson.—A quart of petrol; how to manipulate cards; a cure for atrophic rhinitis; and a recipe book for fancy drinks for the official mess dinner.

Major McKay.—A cure for corns; a manual on the duties of a sanitary officer; a cure for obesity; a partner to teach the fox-trot; and a tennis racquet 2ft. wide.

Captain Kennedy.—A better understanding of English shop methods; a week at Brighton: an extra batman some black-currant jam; no censorship of American mail; five more years of war.

Captain Graham.—The prohibition of profanity without a permit and a thorough knowledge of the language; a rose-covered cottage, cheap, with a small garden in the rear; a personal interview with the Ontario Cabinet; and a permanent position as Orderly Officer.

Captain Carson.—A trip to Ireland; a respectable-looking moustache; a cure for chilblains; another Masonic meeting at Bromley; and a room-mate, padre preferred, to take Richardson's place.

Captain Campbell.—Six months' leave of absence; a life pension after the war; a copy of Major McCullough's lectures; and a playing knowledge of bridge.

Captain Hilker.—A permanent position making blood counts; a partner with only one ward; a method of general anesthesia by suggestion; a gold-rimmed monocle; a map of the transport system of London.

Captain Crawford.—A peep into the future; a proposal of marriage; a remedy for snoring; a law against impersonation; and a good second-hand pair of axis-traction forceps.

Captain Clarke.—A sure cure for Alopecia; a stronger faith in Rowell's temperance policy; a week's leave at the Perkins Bull Convalescent home; an increase in salary; and a quizz-compend on paintings.

**CORPORALS' MESS.**

FINANCIAL.—At least two of our number have returned from leave since the last issue of "The Stretcher." One of them returned with tuppence—we bestow upon him our Iron Cross). The other had the impudence to return with over two pounds in his inside pocket—we think that he should be court-martialled). Corporals Harper and Wilson please take notice.

We contemplate running an orchestra during the winter months, and would ask would-be patrons to cultivate a taste for the best. We already have a Sullivan, a Harper, and a vocalist who is a perfect Dear. For your information, please.

Corporal Leach—the one of our number who is so near and yet so far—has probably taken the sauce bottle with him.

Some of the Mess seem to take life too seriously. We would remind them of Herrick's "Counsel to Girls"—  
Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying:  
And this same flower that smiles to-day,  
To-morrow will be dying.

Civilian (to Corpl. D . . n): You are no gentleman!  
Corpl. D . . n: I know I am no gentleman; I am a soldier.

We are very pleased to note that our old friend Reeves has now secured a British "Warm" that matches the peculiar yellow colour of his helmet. Where did he get that coat?

Who is the Corporal with the broad smile and the elastic language?

Is it necessary, we would ask, for the Linen Corporal to attend the laundry in person, or is there a special attraction?

Corporal Ramage thinks that the girls on the other side are just "it." For the present, however, he is satisfied with the English variety.

How is it that matches are so plentiful in the Staff Kitchen? Ask Bryant.

Is it strictly duty that the Provost Cornoral attends to at nights, or is there any pleasure attached to it?

**"STOO!"**

I've eatun with ther niggers in ther Orstralian far nor-west,  
Wild turkey, roo an bacon till it got on me chest,  
But the stuff wot 'as me beatun, it's more than I can do  
To eat that orful mixture wot our cook 'as labuled "Stoo!"  
I've 'ad Emu, Coolyias, Bardies, Rabbit and Wild Yam,  
'Ave tuckered in the trenches where ther grub's been bread an' jam,  
Bungarra tail I've had fer fish, eggs old and bloo,  
But there's nothin' known to beat the mixture wot our cook as labuled "Stoo!"  
The pore lone pea wot flotes around, shows up in bas releef,  
Er dull-eyed spud shares in 'is glume, 'is sorrer an' 'is greef,  
Sumtimes ther is er littul meat—praps er lump er two—  
But it ain't too bloomin' fillin, ther stuff cook gives fer stoo.  
O, cookee dere, think of us 'ungry chaps,  
When shavin' meat 'orf 'orn an' 'oof, an' cuttin' up ther flaps;  
We know yure orful busy, an' have lots er toil ter do,  
Do make a bloomer sum near day an' put meat in ther stoo!

"MULGA."

**BLUESTONE.**

O! radiant stone of azure hue,  
In colour so divine,  
I truly trow,  
With angry vow,  
Thou art no friend of mine.  
I thought you fair and dainty,  
A very jewel in truth,  
Alas! for me,  
I plainly see,  
A fool I was, forsooth.  
For when applied to tender wound,  
To reduce granulations,  
You bite and sting,  
And anguish bring,  
With heart-borne palpitations.  
No pity you for suffering man,  
Insidious, unrelenting,  
You make him squirm,  
Just as a worm,  
All peace of mind preventing.  
Your beauty is but to deceive,  
To torture in your revel,  
I hate you, loathe you,  
And consign,  
You wholly to the Devil.

VICTIM.

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