



OVERHEARD

"Ivery time I miss me rum issue I 'ave a feelin' we ain't goin' to win this war. I come all faint-like, my heart's weak I fink. I've 'ad ups an' dahns, lots of 'em in me life. Used ter be a seaman stoker onct, ran a crahn an' onchor gime 'nother time".

Coaxingly—"Nah ven quartermaster sergeant shawn't I sye—compliments of the Q. M. S. an' mayn't Quiney 'ave 'is rum issue"?

x x x
TRENCH MAXIMS

The first duty of an Infantryman is to be shelled.

x x x

OUR COLONELS

They have given their word, as everyone knows,
And they'll surely retrieve it with ease,
That they'll either be covered with D. S. Os.
Or covered with S O Ds

x x x

Hints to camp cooks.

To cook corned-beef croquettes, better known as whizbangs, take several cans of resurrected cow-flesh, pare the greater part of the tin off, retraining if possible, the inner or blue lining. Dash violently about with a bayonet hilt or entrenching tool handle. Grapple vigorously with them and having secured a half nelson, burn thoroughly over a hot fire. Rub well with Dichebusch dust, and serve with sauce Belgique, garnish neatly with barbed wire and hawthorn hedge.

POTATOES

These may be cooked either in their tunics, or, if short of water, great-coats also, or they may be stealthily assassinated and when perfectly dead, pared cautiously with another fellows razor and fried to a finish. Sunburn well or colour, with khaki paint as a protection against aircraft.

WELSH RAREBIT

Grasp firmly, or lull to rest with kind words and soothing music, a small piece of issue cheese. Tamp lightly with a rifle butt and press through a section expanded metal. Cook to a crisp. (They'll eat it anyhow).

x x x

OVERHEARD IN THE ORDERLY ROOM.

R.M.P. giving evidence respecting limp and bibulous absentee: "Sir, I found this 'ere objec' 'angin' over the oficers cloes line. I seen 'im wipin' 'is degraded fice viciously an' wiv malice aforethought on them there purple pyjamas you own Sir, I think. W'en arrested 'e tried to bite me an' 'e stunk 'orrid of rum".

x x x

Joe Drumm says: "It's the side that makes the biggest noise that's going to win".

x x x

Situations vacant.

Why not work for the Government? No lay-offs.

Steady employment. Anyone seeking a position in a neutral territory should apply to O. C. Brigade Wirers. Ex-circus hands preferred. Rubber beaded hammers provided free. Night work only. Every day a holiday.

x x x

He sat in the "tube", trench-stained and unshaven. His pack slanted wearily from his heavy shoulders. He gripped his rifle in his right hand and stared straight in

front of him, not with the rapturous intensity of one who visions from afar his first drink foaming creamily in a delicate glass, but with moody directness of a tired man.

She was dainty, and fresh, and fair, sweet-faced as the flowers at her belt. Eagerly she leaned forward, like a lily nodding in the sun. "Did you ever bayonet a German", she asked.

The colour crept slowly over his face. He shuffled his feet uneasily "Well, to tell the truth miss, I did once"; he admitted reluctantly. "Couldn't help it. It was a case of him or me", he added shamefacedly. To his surprise she beamed with delight. "Oh, how frightfully interesting" she cried. "Do come up to tea and tell mother all about it".

Do you ever realize—

That a war is on around here.

That two maiden aunts and a girl cousin greeting you as their hero when on leave does not entitle you to the V.C.

That it is quite easy to dive into the nearest dug-out and yell "Stretcher bearers at the double" when the bombardment is over.

That because the girl at your billet gives you a crucifix to hang around your neck as a souvenir doesn't mean that you are the only "Soldat Anglais" she ever saw.

That "It is better to give than receive" when it comes to a deal in old iron with the gentle Bosche.

That it is better to be the "Old man's darling" than to be a young sub's "slave". (See short cuts to batman).

That if your O.C. catches you kissing the girl at your billet you don't really have to blush—perhaps he was young himself once.

That being on guard does not give you the right to "Present Arms" and give the "General Salute" to every pretty girl you see.

Iddy Umpty.

Ain't it sad?

Ain't it sad—when you're "marching in"

With a change of nice dry clothes,
When you step in a ditch full of water,
That soaks you from head to toes,
And you've got to stick it, for three days—p'raps four,
And dry yourself out by degress,
Especially when it's snowing galore,
And doing it's best to freeze?

Ain't it sad when you're caught on the hop,

Right out in the open at that,
And to dodge a murderous shell fire,
You've got to flop down flat,
Or jump in a shell hole, with a headlong rush,
And fancy yourself in luck,
To find you are up to your neck in slush,
Ain't it sad when you want to duck?

Ain't it sad when you are making tea,

To warm yourself up in the morn,
When the night has been dirty—and busy
And you wish you had never been born,
When just as you've finished and put in the rum,
Brother Fritz throws a bomb at your smoke,
And blows your breakfast to kingdom come,
Ain't it sad when you can't see the joke?

Ain't it sad when your numerous friends,

With "squatter's rights" on your vest,
Take a notion to go for a promenade
Or start on a foraging quest,
And try as you might, you can't go where you want,
But simply get carried away,
And they take you "over the top" for a jaunt,
Ain't it sad when you want to stay?

Ain't it sad when you're out for a rest

All wracked with rhumatical pains,
When you take a couple of snorts for a cure,
And they run away with your brains
And you find yourself pegged for F. G. C. M.
Without an excuse that will fit,
And you do "No. 1 F. P." pro tem,
Ain't it sad when you're doing you're bit?

R. Williams, C. A. S. C.