

A kick from a would be signaller.

There is a bold, bad Pioneer, his name I will not mention,
 he is a modest kind of man, he sure deserves a pension.
 Each morn, each noon, each suppertime, he argufing goes, his
 tak is not worth a dime, but Lordy how it flows.
 He tells us all about the States, 'bout Californian fruit in
 crates, and myriad other things, how Woodrow Wilson
 sent a note, that got the Kaiser's goat, and stirred strife
 midst Kings.
 He tells the tale of bully beef, and how old horses come to
 grief, 'way back in U.S.A. He says this country's on the bum
 he does 'nt get his whack of rum, but surely earns his pay.
 Carnegie is his dearest friend, and Rockefeller thinks no
 end, of this "bull-thrower," there's nothing that he does-
 'nt know, he'll make a balky motor go, or fix a busted
 mower.
 Some day I'll rise in righteous wrath, and smite this blighter
 with a lath, or anything that's handy, I'll call this hoosier's
 Yankee bluff and make him eat some humble duff. I'll
 fix him fine and dandy.

**Extracts from Umpteenth
Battalion Orders.**

All equipment etc. will be marked with owner's name
 and regimental number.

X X X

Officer to private who is up for loosing part of his mess
 tin: "One days pay. By the way, did you have your name
 on it?"

Private: "Yes Sir."

Officer: "How did you put it on?"

Private: "I scratched it on with my knife, Sir."

Officer: "For disfiguring Government property, two
 days pay."

X X X

Officer to Sergeant: "Why is that man wearing his
 sleeping helmet on parade?"

Sergeant: "'E only arrived back from leave last night,
 Sir, and 'e ses 'e can't get 'is 'at on yet."

X X X

If an elephant climbs a gooseberry bush and picks
 apples when eggs are 35 cents per doz., how long will it
 take a beetle with a wooden leg to burrow through a dill
 pickle?

- | | |
|------------|---|
| 1st. Prize | 2 pkgs. 1/2 a mo' |
| 2nd. Prize | 1 good smell of the O.C.'s dinner. |
| 3rd. Prize | 1 long look at L—. Philpat's fire-place
and bed. |
| 4th. Prize | 1 long listen to the Adjutant's language. |

One of the methods of communication from one officer
 to another in the trenches of the present great war, is to
 give the message to one of the privates and tell him to "Pass
 the word along" the line until it reaches its destination, viz.,
 the officer at the other end. The following story will show
 how a serious message can be distorted on its journey from
 mouth to mouth:-

Lieut. A, in charge of one end of the British line, told
 the private in front to "Pass the word along" to Lieut. B.,
 "We are going to advance, can you send us reinforcements?"
 When Lieut. B. received the message it was like this: "We
 are going to dance, can you lend us three and four pence?"

We might be excused for repeating one of our own early
 attempts at "Passing the word." We were on the deep blue
 sea and by way of a change from Sweedish Drill and other
 imported horrors, the O.C. explained the importance of
 passing messages. We were lined up along the deck of the
 "Virginian", and the message we had to pass from one to
 another was as follows:-

"Pass the word from Major B—l that Major M—y
 will be on the bridge at midnight with reinforcements."
 When this important message arrived at the end of the line,
 Major M—y's disgust may be better imagined than describ-
 ed when he heard the result which read:-

"Major M—y will be on the bridge at midnight with
 reinforcements to throw him overboard."

X X X

There was a young man near Bailleul,
 Who said he had nothing to do,
 So he caught a buzz wagon,
 Arrived home with a jag on,
 We don't blame him a bit, do you?

There was a young lady called Thompson,
 Who lived in a house they dropped bombson.
 She rushed out in the park
 Crying "Thank God it's dark,
 For I've nothing else but my com's on."

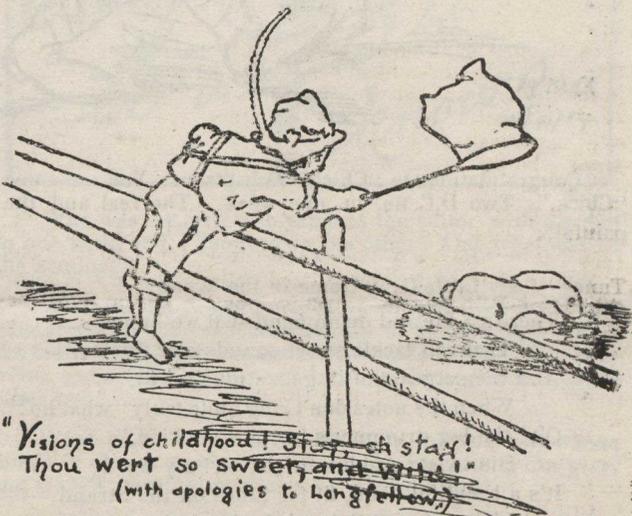
X X X

Lest we forget.

A memory of Lark Hill.

The Germans are thirsting for blood,
 The trenches are deluded with rain,
 But Lord, take us out of this mud.
 We're fed up with Salisbury Plain.

X X X



X X X

Overheard in the Orderley Room.

Sgt. C—— "Gee, the doctor gave it to me this morning."

R.S.M. "What have you been doing now?"

Sgt. C—— "Why I left a few papers and envelopes on the
 table when we left our last billets."

R.S.M. "I don't blame him at all for doing that, did he
 ask you to go back and remove them?"

Sgt. C—— "Yes, but I told him it was stationary."

X X X

Even "busses" running over cobble stone roads in
 Flanders don't need springs providing the occupants are
 properly "oiled."

X X X

Well known Mach. Gun Sgt. to well known Sgt. Major.
 "What would you rather have, a Flanders fog or a Scotch
 mist?"

X X X

First 7th Bn. N.C.O. "How are you doing these days
 Sergeant?"

Second 7th Bn. N.C.O. Swimingly Bill, Swimingly."

X X X

Wyze Guy, on Sentry: "Halt! who goes there?"

Voise in the dark: "7th Battalion."

Sentry: "What Regiment?"

V.I.D.: "New Vestmeenster."

Sentry: "Where's your pick and shovel?"

No flowers by request. The Daisies will grow in the
 Springtime.