
CHATS FROM CHATHAM

The Chatham House boys were on their knees Sunday morning, but not in Church.

Is it true Corp. Sugg was heard to swear he would never don a bathing suit again?

We have heard of the head of the house losing her pin money, but now Sergt. Head has lost the beer money.

Wanted man well up in the art of chimney sweeping, who will undertake to get at the Chatham flues.

When a young lady asked Bugler Jones what part of Scotland he hailed from, he promptly answered Montreal.

Corp. Short has found a shortage in the linen department. Corp. Davidson is wearing two shirts.

For breakfast we have Bread and Jam,
For dinner we have mush.
At supper then, more Bread and Jam,
And then at 7—Slush.

Your opponents all seem to be of the Stars and Stripes nature Frenchie. Have you any distaste for the breed?

Corporal Linfoot, reading over the diet sheets—Marmalade for breakfast—Quite a change—No wonder Lord Davenport resigned.

Why does our Landscape Artist spend so many reflective minutes drawing attention to his splashes that decorates the roofs of the tents.

We hear that the Sergeants' Mess are selling the Player Piano. How will Sergt. Harvey spend his spare moments? Some operator Sergt.

We have heard of Milk, Chicken and Ordinary diet before, but until this great war we had never heard of Police Corporal's Special Kitchen diet.

Can't that patient member of the R.P.'s do anything besides chewing his stale wit? And why does he not pick on some one possessing his own amount of brains? Try the goose-yard.