

STRIPES ONLY—(NOT GOLD)

Is it true that Sergt. Slocombe likes "flappers," and often has them in the shoe shop?

How many pounds has Staff-Sergt. Spears put on since taking over the patients' mess?

In what condition was the Chatham House Sergeant when he opened the oven door to go upstairs to bed?

Name the N.C.O. on whom the fair typist shows she has a mortgage.—Replies to Capt. Lowry, Treatment Department.

How powerful an X-Ray would be required to take an intestinal screenery of the Sergeant-in-charge of that department.

Sergt. Craig tells us that all who suffer from corns may use the sand-paper planer in the carpenter's shop. We are informed that he, himself, finds it very beneficial.

Wouldn't it be a great war economy, both in boot-leather and carpet to permanently transfer the Sergeant Cook, at the Granville, to the Sergeants' Canteen?

We trust that Sergeant Travers will allow the *Hospital News* to live for a few weeks longer, and not kill it autocratically as we hear he has threatened, with his hands in his pockets.

Lc.-Corp. Rahmer wants to know the name of the N.C.O. who is known at the Granville as the "Wrecker of Happy Homes and Devastator of Peaceful Firesides."

Congratulations to our new Fire Chief, Sergt. Dives. He has the fire-escape so well trained that at 6.30 on Tuesday morning it started all on its own towards the furnace room.

It is asserted that when Sergt. Harry Lloyd recently fell through the skylight at Chatham House he was heard to exclaim—"Now I'm quits with that bloomin' barrack damage fund."

Give the names of the two Chatham House Sergeants' wives who, on being asked to attend a "superfluity party and bring some useless article" brought their husbands with them.

The Yarrow Home staff is becoming really alarmed over the horticultural perplexities of Staff-Sergt. Cattermole. His latest tongue—not yet solved—is: "How to make a *leek(y)* potato sprout."

Some Chatham House Sergeants went to a party the other night. A prize was offered to the sergeant who could make the ugliest face. When the hostess presented it to the winner he protested saying he hadn't been playing. What the deuce is his name?

In the Gym. Sergt. Simonson was gently remonstrating with a patient—"Look here, bo, you're not playing the game, you should have more weights on this machine." "No, siree," retorted the injured one, "you told me yesterday not to try swinging so much."