



A friend just back from a base town tells us the following anecdote illustrative of the touching bond of union between the Australian soldier and his officers.

Our informant was seated in an estaminet with an Australian corporal of police, when a Staff officer entered on his way to an office in the rear of the building. « Hullo! Have a drink », said the Australian, breaking every known rule of military procedure by remaining seated. The officer declined the invitation and passed on. Turning to our friend the Australian remarked. « We've a pretty decent lot of officers. Yes, I'd buy almost any one of them a drink. »

He had reached the billet in the barn the night before, after a nerveracking spell in the front line and had tumbled in just as he was. In a few minutes his healthy snores filled the place, but his dreams were many and unpleasant.

Bright and early next morning, Mathilde, the hired girl, stepped out into the yard and blew a blast on the horn to summon the men to breakfast. Even stolid, Flemish Mathilde was astonished to see a scare-crow of a figure appear at the barn door, feverishly adjusting a smoke helmet and shouting. « Gas alarm, boys! »

Two members of a London regiment went into a cafe for the purpose of surrounding a pay-day feed. As Madame had nothing but ham, they ordered accordingly. In due course they were served, but unfortunately the ham was rather « High ».

« My word, Bert. This 'am's 'igh, » said the first.

« It is 'igh 'am », his pal replied, « Tell the old lady, « you can speak French ».

« Madame », said the linguist, pointing to his plate. « Je suis, très Je suis ».



FIRST MORNING
12 MILE HIKS

A FEW DAYS REST



THAT LAST HALF MILE



FOLLOWING THE ATMOSPHERE
53 DO YOU EVER TRY WASHING
THEM



THERE USED THAT WHISTLE AGAIN



THAT NIGHT
PLEASE PAY ATTENTION DRESS FOR TOMORROW
FULL IN ORDER HAVERACK RATIONS BREAKFAST
WALKER TALK W L 30 WE DO T AGAIN
TO MORROW

He was scanning the manual with eager attention, but finally threw it down in disgust. « This thing's not complete », he growled, « Tells you how to salute when walking, riding, or driving, but don't say anything about what you're to do when you're pushing a perambulator. »

Joe Drumm says he would rather have a jar than a jolt, because there are quite a few jolts in a jar.

OUR PLAYET.

The Place : Piece of trench containing one Canadian « mud-brusher ».

The Time : Early fore-noon of pale and dismal day.

The Girl : There isn't any.

Minnenwerfer seen describing it's fatal arc towards Canadian m. b. who throws up his hands with an air of resignation and cries :

« Moses and Abraham, I'm comin' to you ».

CURTAIN.

How insidious is Canadian slang. The leader writers of even the more conservative London Dailies, are characterizing the present Allied push as « Som (m)e Offensive ».

Mercy Kamerad for the atrocity !

Private directing a friend to his billet :

« Go along the Rue d'Aveluy until you reach the Rue. Defense d'afficher. First turn on the right. »

1st box car passenger, as train slows down near station :

« Do we get off here ? »

2nd ditto :

« Certainly not, it isn't raining ».

Through the impulse of hunger a member of a recent draft was describing, in detail, the lavishness of the rations in barrack life in England.

Coughing violently an old timer gasped :

« Shut up or I'll swallow my gum ».