

A Company Notes

THE OLD, OLD STORY

Place: tent 3, time 6:15. Voice of the C.O.C. is heard—"Any sick in here, gentlemen?" Tent, in chorus—"Yes, Pte. G—."

Later—Medical sergeant—"What! You here again?"

Nuff sed.

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A few more route marches and we shall be looking for another issue. This time moccasins and snowshoes.

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OVERHEARD IN THE COOKHOUSE

First private—I hear we are going overseas.

Second private—How do you know?

First private—It says so on the badges.

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The boys of No. 3 Platoon extend to Pte. Moffat their hearty congratulations on his having lately joined the band of benedicts.

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Sergeant McPhail—I want you fellows to do your fooling in the ranks before going on parade.

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Although at times onerous and a duty not always relished by the recipient of the honor the sentries of the camp often have occasion for a hearty laugh, often, it must be confessed, at one of their number.

A member of A company, who shall be nameless, and who has a reputation for nervousness in the presence of the fair sex, some time ago was elected for guard duty at the hospital. The conscientious sergeant of the guard explained the orders to him and instructed him in his duties, laying stress on the necessity of challenging all persons after last post had sounded. Fully impressed with the importance of his position, in due course the sentry took over his beat and commenced his long walk.

Presently, in the distance he spied an approaching figure, and immediately was all attention. He came to the "On Guard" position as he had been instructed to, and prepared to challenge the oncomer with the usual expression, "Who goes there?" Then he discovered to his embarrassment that the intruder was a young and attractive looking nurse.

The sentry's composure deserted him, but prepared to do his duty, he challenged in a loud voice: "Halt! See who's here."

Suggestions for Improvements

(By a Private)

1. A silencer for the bugler at reveille.

2. A pair of gloves for the cook when he hands the meat.

3. A bad cold in the throat for the C.S.M. when he calls "Fall in!"

4. Hot water laid on at ablution tables.

5. A regimental album for camp rumors.

6. Feather beds for the tents.

Daily Routine of a Soldier

6:30 a.m.—Reveille, "Christians Awake."

6:45 a.m.—Roll call, "Art Thou Weary?"

7:00 a.m.—Breakfast, "Meekly Wait and Murmur Not."

7:15 a.m.—C.O.'s parade, "When He Cometh."

8:45 a.m.—Manoeuvres, "Fight the Good Fight."

11:45 a.m.—Physical drill, "Here We Suffer Grief and Pain."

1:00 p.m.—Dinner, "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come."

2:15 p.m.—Rifle drill, "Go Labor On."

3:15 p.m.—Lecture, by officer, "Tell Me the Old, Old Story."

4:30 p.m.—Dismiss, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow."

5:00 p.m.—Tea, "What Means This Eager, Anxious Throng?"

6:00 p.m.—Free for the night, "O Lord How Happy We Shall Be."

6:30 p.m.—Out of bounds, "We May Not Know, We Cannot Tell."

7:00 p.m.—Route march, "Onward Christian Soldiers."

10:00 p.m.—Last post, "All Are Safely Gathered In."

10:15 p.m.—Lights out, "Peace, Perfect Peace."

10:30 p.m.—Inspection of guard, "Sleep On, Beloved."

11:00 p.m.—Night manoeuvres, "The Day Thou Gavest, Lord, Is Ended."

—From Saskatoon Star.

"The cock-loft is often empty in those whom nature hath made many stories high." No insinuations, but draw your own conclusions.

Nervous Suitor toirate Parent—Your daughter has consented to marry me, sir. I have come to ask your permission.

Irate Parent—Well, I should say not. I won't have for my son-in-law a man who has no more sense than you have shown in wanting to marry a girl who has no more brains than my daughter has shown in letting you think you were good enough to marry her.

Watch Number One Platoon

Some dote on William Shakespeare,
Who wrote verses by the score,
And having read them through and through
They look around for more.

What better place, then, could be found
In which to find a muse,
Than this our sandy wilderness,
Once Sewell, now Camp Hughes?

Encamped upon this sandy plain
Since the fourth or fifth of June
Has been the Hundred and Ninety-sixth—
"Watch Number One Platoon."

This splendid body of husky lads,
Neath sun and stars and moon,
Have bravely stood the hardship tests—
"Watch Number One Platoon."

We cannot mention all their names,
But very, very soon
They may be published one by one—
"Watch Number One Platoon."

The Huns out in the trenches
Will sing a different tune
When they hear that coming o'er the sea
Is Number One Platoon.

The Kaiser with his war lords
Will have black looks—like a coon—
And he'll throw an order out like this—
"Watch Number One Platoon."

Our officer, Lieutenant Lee,
Is proud of us, but soon
With sergeants like "Pat," "Gus" and Rhodes—
"Watch Number One Platoon."

We may seem egotistical,
But we know it is a boon
To the "Western Universities"—
"Watch Number One Platoon!"

LCEL-CORPL. GEO. C. WAIGHT.

Limericks

Camp Hughes is a spot in the land
To the south of Lake Winnipeg's strand,
It's climate's been horrid,
Now rainy, now torrid,
And chiefly made up of sand.

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Our mess-tent is wondrous to view,
It will hold a battalion or two,
When the weather is fair,
It looms up in the air,
Then comes down when it rains in our stew.

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Now Jones was a private, you see,
Of the company lettered as "D,"
He would talk all the day,
And the night too, they say,
Such a confounded nuisance was he.

* * *

Our canteen's a joy and a pride,
With its fancy-dressed sergeant in-side,

There we buy ginger beer,
Other drinks that are queer,
And candy and smokes on the side.

* * *

The army has made a decree,
That a moustache does give dignity,
So each youth who behaves,
His top lip never shaves,
With results that are wondrous to see.

* * *

Before we leave Canada's shore,
We have to do things by the score,
They examine our health,
Make rules for our wealth,
And have forms which we fill evermore.

Little Grey Devils

Sergt. C—k (discovers Pte. K—dy lingering in his tent during parade hours)—"Hey! you there! What are you doing?"

K—dy—"On recreation fatigue, sir."

No wonder the sergeant has forgotten how to smile.

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Orderly Sergeant R—n (to Pte. G—g, the stowaway): "Report for guard tonight."

Pte. G—g—"But, sergeant, I'm a lance-corporal yet, you can't put me on guard."

O. Sergt. R—n—"You'll walk the beat like a private tonight."

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Pte. John Patrick (to Sergt. C—k, building up a battalion in the sand, and pointing), "This pile stands for the officers; this pile for the men; and — (looking all round) I can't find enough B.S. for the N.C.O.'s."

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The morning after the dance.

Pte. B—l (appearing in "blanket" costume at reveille roll call)—"Whose girl didn't have an overcoat last night?"

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The "Padre" (after blazing away at the miniature target for seven rounds and getting no chicken)—"Something wrong here, I can hit a man at 15 yards with a revolver."

Officer (examining his rifle)—"Yes, but your rifle is sighted at 1,000."

They say you don't feel the cold in Manitoba. We wonder why "A" and "B" companies are the only ones who wear greatcoats on morning parade.