

OUR OFFICERS.

NOTES FROM THE MESS.

Who is the Officer who carries a copy of *John Bull* with him at all times?
Answer—Horatio.

Why should the Medical Board be made up of B3 Medical Officers? *Answer*—In order that Patients may not be embarrassed in appearing before it.

"Just a little Love, a little Kiss," as played by Dolly Varden in the twilight.

Personally conducted tours through camp are now being made by the Eastbourne twins. Full particulars may be obtained at the Hospital Representative's Office.

Congratulations to Captain Foster (M.C.) on having been crowned.

We are all glad to have Major Howlett with us again. His keen wit prevents us from growing stale.

Who is the Officer who carries two tobacco pouches—one for his own use and one for his friends?

A list of favourite songs of the Officers:
 The O.C.—"There's no place like Home."

Lt.-Col. Murray—"By the Sea, by the Sea, by the beautiful, beautiful Sea."

Capt. Varden Gordon—"Just a little love, a little kiss."

Major Peat—"I want to go home."

Major Woodiwiss—"Another little drink."

Major Sutherland—"Everybody works but Father."

Major Foster—"When you're all dressed up and no place to go."

Capt. Kennedy—"Just a wee Deoch and Doris."

Capt. H. A. Gordon—"Girls, Beware of Chu Chin Chow."

Capt. Phillips—"The great Physician now is near."

Capt. Rutherford—"I love it, I love it, and who shall dare to chide me for loving that old arm chair."

Capt. McClenahan—"Fancy you fancying me."

Capt. Lowry—"Hullo my dearie (on the telephone)."

Lieut. Ross—"Come and cuddle me."

Lieut. McClune—"Hullo, Hullo, who's your lady friend?"

Capt. Scardifield—"I'm afraid to go home in the dark."

Major Howlett—"If it's in *John Bull*, it is so."

Capt. Henry—"Did you see the crowd in Piccadilly?"

Capt. Cross—"Onward Christian Soldiers."

ON THE RED RED ROAD TO HOOGE.

On Parade, get your spade.

Fall in the Pick and Shovel Brigade.

There's a carry fatigue, for half a league,

And work to do with a spade.

Through the dust and ruins of Ypres Town,

The 17-inch still battering down,

Strewing death with its fiery breath,

On the red red road to Hooge.

Who is the one, whose time has come,

Who won't return when the work is done,

Who will leave his bones on the blood-stained stones,

Of the red red road to Hooge.

Onward the Canadians, never a stop,

To the sand-bagged trench, and over the top,

Over the top, if a packet you stop,

On the red red road to Hooge.

The burst and the road of the hand grenades,

Welcomes us on the Death Parade.

The pit of gloom, the valley of doom,

The crater down at Hooge.

For many a soldier from the Rhine,

Must sleep in a bed of lime.

'Tis a pitiless grave for a knave,

'Tis a crater down at Hooge.

Dash to the stand to the fusilade,

Sling your rifle, bring your spade,

And fade away, ere the break of day,

Or a hole you'll fill at Hooge.

Call the roll, and yet another name,

Is sent to swell the roll of fame.

So we carve a cross to mark the loss,

Of a chum who fell at Hooge.

'Tis not a deed for the paper-man to write,

A glorious charge in the dawning light,

The *Daily Mail* won't tell the tale,

Of the night work out at Hooge.

But our general knows the praise we've won,

Yes, pleased with the work the Canadians have done,

In the shot and shell at the gate of Hell,

On the red red road to Hooge.

The original of the above lines was found by one of our staff on the dead body of an English soldier at Ypres, in February, 1916. This is probably the first time these lines have appeared in any public print.—Ed.