

We Would Like to Know :

If English laundries have a sliding scale of prices?

How mulligan is made?

Why the lance-corporals have no private mess?

If the officers enjoyed the Waac Dance?

And also the Sergeant's (sic) Dance?

How many men eat sausage?

When are we really going home?

And if we can draw our old-age pensions and army pay at the same time?

What the M. O. meant when he said to one man on the Medical Inspection: "There's nothing much to report upon?"

Does the price of laundry expand to equalize the contraction of the garments washed?

Who sent the woman's underwear to Capt. Cronyn?

If it is true "A" and "B" Companies are becoming jealous of the extra time allowed "C" Company for the purpose of squad drill?

If James Melvin Hunt and William James Scott are really founding a "Scrounger's Club," or if it would really be too much effort for them?

Who would not appreciate the humour of standing on the only dry spot in the centre of a muddy Parade Ground and shouting "Left Wheel" at intervals while some hundred-odd men doubled around you?

How often Pte. McPhail sends his only handkerchief to the laundry?

If the prisoners of Dorchester Prison refused the offer of our Battalion concert party who had volunteered to perform for them, saying that it was not included in their sentence?

Excused Duty.

Staff-Sgt. Smith to Pte. Turnbull, just out of hospital: "I want 8d. from you for barrack damages."

Pte. Turnbull: "Sorry, sergeant, but I am excused all duty for 24 hours."

Penny-Ante.

Scene—Hut F 34. Time—Any old Time.

Sgt. Mac: "Markers for Stud!"

Lance-Jack McKenty: "I'll stick it for a penny."

Cpl. J. Monohan: "I'll make it sixpence."

"Sixpenny" Gilbert: "It will cost you ninnepence for this one, boys."

Pte. C. McPhail: "Gimme change for a penny."

Kid King: "Guess I'll drop out."

Voice at the door: "Fall in, C Company."

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Lots of little boatlets
On the ocean roam;
Why the ... ? ! + " " ...
Can't they take us home.

Not Time-wasters

This is offered in proof that we're not wasting our time while awaiting pay-day and discharge:

"Twiddlelepo!" said the ready Mr. Steele in conclusion of a whimsical reminiscence of a London leave.

"'Twiddlelepo' is a word we borrowed from the French," remarked the quiet Mr. Gibsone, mentally consulting his etymology.

Picked the Wrong Hymn.

Pte. Harry Fife, of "C" is a poet whose work entitles him to rank with Browning or Tennyson. He is also a preacher and delivered an A1 talk to the boys the morning he ran the church parade. But he ought to let someone else pick the hymns. When he gave this one out for the Cantank song-birds to try their lungs on, he was sort of "rubbing it in":

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery bed of ease?
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed the bloody seas.

Ate there no no foes for me to face,"
And so on.

Gee Fourteen.

If you're feeling HUNGRY,
If you're looking LEAN;
It's time you up and moved
To good old G Fourteen.

Here around the stove
You'll join the happy bunch,
Cooking, Frying, Eating,
Breakfast, Tea, or Lunch.

Everyone looks Happy,
They all Know How to Live;
On little extra helpings
The Army doesn't give.

The Cup that boils the COFFEE;
The tin with Bacon Lean,
All sing and hum together,
In good old Hut Fourteen.

"K. R. & O."

Pte. Jack Andean: "Who am I going to write to in order to get my discharge?"

Pte. Jim McQuarrie: "Write to K. R. & O."

Two Good Reasons.

Cpl. A. J. Cameron, to his favourite Waac: "I don't see why you wear your dress so short."

She: "Oh, don't you? The lance-corporal I was with last night seemed to notice a couple of reasons."

Things We Never Hear.

Cpl. Chipperfield (Mess Corporal): "Yes, Pte. Jones, old man, it will be a pleasure for me to go to the cookhouse and get you some breakfast, even though you are twenty minutes late."

Sgt. Smith (Mechanical Sergeant): "No, really I must confess that my knowledge of engines is very slight—there is quite a lot I could learn about them. I really wish I were an expert."

Cpl. Brown (O.R.C.): "We go back to Canada on the 11th.—I think this is official. Pay-day is on the 9th—and anyone wishing six days' leave will be welcome into the Orderly Room."

Sgt. Blaikie (equipment Sergeant): "Pay attention, boys, there will be no charge for laundry this week, neither will there be any charges for breakages or shortages. Further, an overcharge of sevenpence was made per man on the tobacco last week. This will be refunded on the 0930 parade this morning, when a free issue of chocolates will also be made."

C.S.M. Moore: "No, I won't crime him this time, poor fellow. I just hate to run anyone up for Orderly Room."

Major Macfarlane: "Yes, that IS an excuse—case dismissed."

Cpl. McConnell (of the coal yard): "Come right in, boy, and help yourself to the big lumps; I won't keep you waiting, and I won't tell you to get out."

The Battalion Tailor.

The attitude adopted by many of the Battalion in criticising the Battalion tailor is entirely uncalled for. Pte. Trevelyn is undoubtedly the hardest worked man in the unit. As proof we present here a minute schedule of everything he did in one week:

Monday: Finger sore; didn't work.
Tuesday: Sewed buttons on one tunic (his own).

Wednesday: Finger sore; didn't work.

Thursday: Pressed one pair of trousers.

Friday: Finger sore; didn't work.

Saturday: Took an inventory of the work in hand.

Sunday: Finger sore; anyway it was Sunday.

Telegrams Mixed.

The signing of the armistice was responsible for a good many things. Sgt. McLeod certainly blames it for the celebration in which he indulged, and for the terrible mix-up in certain telegrams which ensued. Anyway, it was unfortunate for the sergeant's plans that he addressed a telegram to Major Macfarlane reading "War over at last; we can be married at Christmas," and another to a bonnie—but bewildered—lassie in Scotland saying "Sir, please grant two day's extension—father ill."