

IT MIGHT BE VERSE.**STAR-CROSS'D LOVER.**

We were young, we were gay, we were
lovers
And the world was a garden of
flowers;
Now the blossoms are faded and fallen,
And a winter unending is ours.
We are parted and parted for ever,
Condemned without hope of reprieve;
For my love has a pip on her shoulder
And I but a stripe on my sleeve!

We have met since it happened, but
somehow,
Proud Lance-Bombardier though I am,
I just can't make love at attention,
While addressing the loved one as
"Ma'am."

Oh, Spirit of Anzac, assist me!
A soldier has no right to grieve,
But my love has a pip on her shoulder,
And I but a stripe on my sleeve.

So play me "The Flowers of the
Forest."

Let me drain sorrow's cup to the dregs,
I have loved, as a carefree civilian,
I have lost, as laid down in King's
Regs.

Let me burnish the breech of my
Bofors,
And forget about seven days' leave,
For my love has a pip on her shoulder
And I but a stripe on my sleeve!

—E.O.E.

SHELLEY TO-DAY.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
Bird thou never wert.
Nor didst thou ever have to give
Five coupons for a shirt.

WOMAN TROUBLE.

I've fallen in love with a WAAC and
a WAVE,
Which is really a terrible state,
For I find myself willing to be either's
slave,
When we happen to be on a date.

But when I'm alone, I am torn 'twixt
the two
And am never sufficiently brave
To face them together and learn what
to do
By comparing the WAAC and the
WAVE.

And therefore I struggle to make up
my mind,
That wavers 'twixt WAAC-y and
WAVE-y,
As to whether my future were never
assigned
To the feminine Army or Navy.

If I cling to the WAVE, must I waver
to the WAAC.

"Fare thee well, we were destined
to part?"

If I cling to the WAAC, must I
always look back
To the thrill that the WAVE
brought my heart?

Or, making it plain, could I ever
behave

If I found myself faced with the lack
Of the charms of the beautiful WAAC
—or the WAVE.

Or the WAVE or the beautiful
WAAC?

Do you get my dilemma? It's grave.
heaven knows

And I'm slated to ruin or slaughter,
Till I waive both the WAAC and the
WAVE and propose

To my boss' ununiformed daughter.
—From "Yank."

"AT EASE!"**The Awkward Squad.**

The sergeant,
drilling the awk-
ward squad, was
beginning to lose
his temper.

"Attention,"
he ordered,
"About turn!"
Quickly other
commands fol-
lowed, until fi-
nally he roared,
"As you were!"

All shuffled back into the last position
except Private Blank, who stood
gazing vacantly around the square.

"Blank," roared the sergeant, "I
said, 'As you were!'"
"I know, sergeant," replied Blank,
"but how was I? I forget."

It is said in Germany that a suc-
cessor to Goebbels is being sought. No
stone is being left unturned.

RED TAPE.

Corporal Jones had spent most of
his life in the Army, and, at last, in
disgust, on leaving, wrote to his
Colonel as follows:—

"Sir,—After what I have gone
through, tell the Army to go to blazes."
The following day he received a
reply from the Colonel, which read as
follows:—

"Sir,—Army suggestions or en-
quiries as to movements of troops
must be entered on Army Form
0732KXY, a copy of which is enclosed
for your use."

KEEN!

An officer in the Egyptian desert
came upon a soldier in bathing togs.

"Where on earth are you going?"
demanded the officer.

"Swimming," was the reply.

"But," said the officer, "you're
twenty miles from the sea."

"Yes," said the other, "wide beach,
ain't it?"

FROM OUR CAMP NOTICE-BOARD.

All WAAC's will wear khaki stock-
ings only. Anyone found wearing
anything else will be subject to dis-
ciplinary action.

Sergeant Dodd: "My word, that's a
tight battle-dress you've got on."

Sergeant Todd: "Yes. The Q.M.
called it the Alcatraz model."

Sergeant Dodd: "Why?"

Sergeant Todd: "Well, every time I
go up for a stretch, the rest of me
tries to break out."



"Surely you remember me, Sir—Wilkinson, 5 C.?"