

EDITORIAL.

SINCE the last issue of the "Reveill  " in Winnipeg there have been many changes in the Battalion. It has passed from the period of organisation and training to that of a real fighting unit, holding its "bit" of the front against the invading "Hun." Many of its members have taken on subsidiary duties: some have become sappers, digging many feet below the surface of the earth; some are police and sanitary men; and others are axemen in the forests of France. The last man detached has now become known as a rubber boot vulcaniser.

Since the last issue we have lost our former Editor, who has been recalled to Canada to demonstrate the use of the many kinds of high

explosive and deadly bombs now used at the front. Our change from a training Battalion to a fighting one has necessitated the different name of the paper. Now no "Reveill  s" are sounded, and the only semblance to them is the "Trench Echo" of a gruff sergeant-major's voice at 4 a.m. calling "Stand to!"

We one and all wish to express our deep appreciation of the spirit that prompted the organisation of the "27th Battalion Ladies' Working Guild." Rumour has it that you have sent us Christmas cheer in the form of comforts, and we take this opportunity of expressing our sincere thanks for your thoughtful generosity.

We extend to the friends of the 27th Battalion our Christmas greetings and all good wishes for the New Year.

Whizz Bangs.

What is the matter with the unmarried men of the band? Why have they allowed the married men to put it all over them? Who sends all the parcels. Now, George, speak up!

The Hun he stood on the parapet,
And cried aloud in glee,
"Come out, you blighted Canuck men!
Come out, and fight with me!"
But we sent him a gentle messenger—
A high explosive shell,
And when the smoke had cleared away
That Hun was blown to—the place the
Parson mentioned in his last week's sermon.

Would the bandmaster kindly tell us the story of the playing of "Who's your lady friend?" on St. Martin's Plain? We are told someone blundered.

Which of the bandmen, when sent for periscopes from Brigade Headquarters, lost his way returning, and eventually found himself in the firing line?

The concert given by the band at Battle Headquarters was not appreciated by the Battalion on our right, which was just leaving the trenches at the time. Their remarks were uncomplimentary.

SHRAPNEL FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM

Sergt. Filder: "No, sir; we have no more Army Books No. 152."

Officer No. 1: "About the promotion of a/cpl. — to full rank—"

Adjt.: "I'm busy."

Officer No. 2 (coyly): "Oh, but, Adjutant, we have already sent more than our share—"

Adjt.: "I'm busy."

We Would Like to Know—

Who the private was who saw an apparition like a "shining barrel of beer" soaring through the sky?

Who the high functionary was who saw the cook-house go to "hell" on the self-same morning?

Who the corporal was who received a tin of "bully beef" in a parcel from one of the leading stores in London?

Who are the N.C.O.s who wish to visit "Canterbury" when on leave?

If a larger spoon could not be loaned to the officer who issues the rum?

Who is the C.S.M. who remarked to private: "Hey, big-head, where's your respirator?"

And the private who replied: "Go' blimy, S.M., I lost it in the Five Rounds Rapid this morning."

Who was the officer who spent considerable time studying the map on hearing the Battalion would move to — Reserve, and eventually exclaimed with disgust, "I can't find the d— place"?

Officer No. 3: "It isn't my turn for duty as orderly officer."

Adjt.: "I'm busy."

Officer No. 4: "No, sir, I haven't inspected the guards. My sergeant is attending to it; but will you please tell me—"

Adjt.: "I'm —"

(Our Correspondent here left the O.R.)