

Jane.

THE Dramatic Society of the 3rd Canadian C.C.S. added a new and very notable jewel to its crown when, on February 14th, it presented "Jane" before a packed house, whose appreciation was evident throughout. Since that date the production has been staged in several other places and its reception everywhere has been most enthusiastic. The Cast was as follows:—

Claude	Pte. E. Fell.
William Tipson	Pte. A. E. Thurbon.
Jane	Miss E. Carpenter.
Shackleton	Pte. F. J. Grimstone.
Lucy Norton	Miss A. Moorewood.
Mrs. Chadwick	Miss E. K. Cotter.
Mr. Kershaw	Pte. S. J. Stillman.
Mrs. Pixton	Pte. G. West.
Mr. Pixton	Pte. H. J. Graham.

The play is well suited for production under B.E.F. conditions, and the allocation of the parts to the individuals of the cast was admirable. Some weeks of severe training preceded the opening night, but those who understood the difficulty of regular and continual devotion to rehearsal were astonished at the result. There was an easiness of action, a perfection of detail and an absence of hesitation—indeed an atmosphere of *savoir-faire*, of which many professionals might be proud. A khaki audience is not the least critical, but its keen perception was well satisfied.

Miss Carpenter, in the title rôle, had a part for which she was most excellently adapted. In the first act she appeared as a demure little maid, showing a strain of winsome coquetry which was most attractive. From the modest housemaid she rose to the dignity of the mistress, and whether presumed single, or married, or doubly so, supplied perfectly the demands of each predicament. As mistress of the home, her costume of rose chiffon and gold, with black girdle, was very fetching, and her jewels gave it a final offset.

Mrs. Chadwick (Miss Cotter) at each appearance was the signal for a great display of enthusiasm. She was gowned in grey charmeuse, elaborate with real lace and a small poke bonnet, with touches of cerise and white, which lent dignity as well as smartness to her costume. The appreciation of the audience of her skilful rendering of a difficult rôle was shown by gifts, not merely ornamental, but at her request useful in the present situation. Great expectations were entertained by her "family" that the Mess fees might be lessened, but up to the time of going to press their hopes have been sadly disappointed.

Miss Moorewood, as Lucy Norton, appeared in Cadet blue and grey chiffon with black velvet hat, and was most pleasing to look upon—in fact quite irresistible. She succeeded in showing herself aggrieved, puzzled or affectionate as required, and as a result had the attention of her audience throughout.

Pte. Thurbon, playing "William," had a heavy part and faced it splendidly. He is rather a timid lover, but a brave heart might well be discouraged under such bewildering circumstances. As "Shackleton," Pte. Grimstone had many difficult situations to face, and emerged triumphant. He wore very well the blasé air of the man about town, who can play ducks and drakes with fortunes. His trustee "Mr. Kershaw," played by Pte. Stillman, was in excellent hands. He was perplexed, with reason, and this and other requirements of the part were ably displayed. His enunciation was excellent.

Pte. Fell made a wonderful "Claude." Keen and natural, his acting was brilliant and delighted the house, his happy intonation delighting everyone. "The Pixtons" (Pte. Graham and Pte. West) appear only towards the end of the play, but as the worried parents of the Baby did well. Mrs. Pixton wore a simple shirt waist and skirt, and a chic hat with a bright red rose shaking with emotion; and her only ornament was a single necklet of beads. It was not hard to see who was head of the Pixton ménage, fully emphasizing the old saying "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

Of the staging and scenery too much cannot be said. The very smallest detail was well thought out and executed, and the whole arrangement was admirable. Pte. Cowley was responsible for the production, and our congratulations and thanks are due to him and all his associates for giving us a delightful and long to be remembered evening of pleasure. To those who assisted—the orchestra, the carpenters and electricians, in fact to any and everybody who had a hand in the production, even in the humblest capacity—we offer our felicitations, and in particular we must thank our Matron, Miss Hoerner, and the other Sisters for their great help in undertaking so much of the responsibility and work in making "Jane" so successful.

"Concert Parties" are among the contagious diseases for which the War is responsible and in no neighbourhood more than ours. In each C.C.S. and in other Units, there are the few determined souls who spare no pains in producing wonderful troupes of Pierrots, actors, musicians and artists of all sorts who have been a real blessing to us all during the winter. No one will grudge special praise to the talented folk at No. 17 C.C.S. who presented "Back to Blighty."

Of the play itself, and of the acting, music and scenery one can only remark "most excellent." Capt. Todd, the author-manager, has set a high standard.

THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Who stole the goose? This question has been frequently discussed at the local Sergeants' Mess, but up to the time of our going to press has not been solved.

Who is the Sergeant who receives letters regularly (i.e., daily) with the postage stamps affixed so neatly, yet on the slant? July ripping: By George.

Who is the W.O. who really *did* kill Cock Robin?

What is the attraction at ABEELE for the Mailman? Ask De Ponso.

Who was the individual who suggested that a certain Concert Party should be christened "The Holland-ers"? and I wonder why!!

When the war is going to end?

When we are going to move?

Who is the starter of all these rumours in camp?

How it was that some members of a certain C.C.S. won all the prizes at a recent Whist Drive to which they were invited?

When the big push is going to start?

Are we going to have a baseball league this summer?

CHIPS FROM THE OLD BLOCK.

There's no disgrace in a temporary stumbling down—or knock down. Those things come to the average active, live man as he forges his way ahead on the road to success, but it is disgraceful to stay down—right here is the test of real merit and strength. The resourceful man scrambles to his feet, eager to make a fresh start; but the man that lacks that "something" that involves success stays where he has fallen, or having been knocked, moans and groans and whimpers. It never occurs to this last fellow to get up again.

Remember this: A man isn't really knocked down and out unless he lacks nerve to get up again. A man may fall down—maybe knocked down—but nothing can keep him down but himself.

"Up and at it again" is the motto that has the right ring. Make this thought your own, and it will manifest in action in you and will change your whole mental attitude and course of procedure. It will act so that although things may be "down" with you many times, still the "up" will always come as a logical sequence of the "down," and the "up" will have the best laugh, because it will be the last laugh.

So laugh at your bruises and jest at your scars and "Up and at 'em" again.

COOK HOUSE CHIPS.

What does C.A.M.C. stand for?
Twist the letters and you can have it—Can Manage Any Casualty.

Is a stomach full of prunes, better than a tin full of Ideal Milk? Ask any of the cooks.

Who is the Indian War Dancer who wanted to clean up several members of No. 1 Tunnel Ave., an hour after the Smoking Concert? Is he warm enough?

Heard this? A certain fellow went to London on leave and met "The Only Girl in the World." He remarked, "Say kid, I guess I'll give you anything I've got." What happened when she replied, "Blimy, give us yer sugar card"?

Harry (just out): "Listen Bill!! Sounds like 'ole Fritz coming over in the mud—squish, squash, squish, squash,——"
Bill: "That's orl right—that's only the Americans further up a-chewing their gum rations."

Nab: There are 40,000 coming over.

Nib: What? Americans?

Nab: No. Tins of Bully Beef.

Why is a pig's tail like a dead German?
Because it's the end of the swine.

Whew! 9.20 p.m. Good-night. I'm a fire-bug.

O spurn me not, your humble slave.
I do look better when I'm shaved.
Such lovely eyes, such lovely feet.
Oh, gentle maiden when do we eat.
I will buy the wedding ring, rent the flat and everything.