

recent passengers through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Indeed, it might have seemed that he had been gazing on shuffling bands of Bosche prisoners all his life, so unconcerned did he appear.

Lorries rumbled by—dozens of them—side-cars rattled, and ambulances rushed, while the rhythmic tramp of a thousand men marching to relief shook everything but the ganger. In the distance the staccato ping of a Vickers gun split the atmosphere. Behind the marching troops a supply column rattled and banged. Overhead the roaring exhausts of several tri-planes completed a panorama which should have appealed to anyone.

Not, however, until the pungent odour of cooked catfish made itself sensible from the open door of a near-by mess-hut did the ganger give any sign that he was something more than a human obelisk in faded blue dungaree. As the smell hit him he carried out a rapid strategical movement to the rear; and the last I saw of him he was disappearing through the cook-house door, beating a military tattoo with his chop-sticks on his tummy.

R. G. M.

What's the difference between the Regimental Sgt.-Major and a South African lion?—Nothing to speak of. One roars by day and the other by night. (Hooroar.)

How did the wee Officer of the 20th cultivate his roar of command?

How does Gyp-the-Blood like assisting C.-S.M. Smith in jiu-jitsu demonstrations?

What did the Chief Instructor say when the Officer in command of No. 1 Platoon shouted, "As on sentry go, dismiss"? (Answer deleted by Censor.)

Marriage, according to Bob Edwards in a recent copy of the *Calgary Eye Opener* (good old Bob!) is a corporation of two persons with power to add to their number. (What might perhaps be described as a close corporation.)

"Be careful, there," softly cooed the Regimental to a certain N.C.O., "or you'll hit that precious head of yours with your rifle, and there'll be splinters flying, and they won't be from the rifle, either." *Wooden't* that jar you?

The Equitation Course is off for the nonce—(well, what are you gauping at? I said "nonce")—the gee-gees having gone to the war. This practically reduces the School means of transportation to two G.S. wagons and one rather doubtful side-car. Well, we should worry. "Floreat petrolea."



"Slo-he-o...Tch."



THE MARCH OF THE "CAMERON" MEN

Rail Smokers Williams
1917
1918 C.M.G.