

NOW AND THEN

BEING THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

No. 3 CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE,

1st Canadian Division, B.E.F.

(Published by kind permission of Lt.-Col. C. P. TEMPLETON, O.C.)

EDITOR Staff-Sergt. A. J. B. Milborne.

No. 3.

15th JUNE, 1916.

EN PASSANT.

Usually when an Editor sits down to write his foreword he has his previous efforts available for reference, but in this case our second issue has not yet been received from the printer, and as the publisher, who incidentally belongs to our sister Unit No. 1 is at present residing in a cellar, from which it is reported he can only emerge at night with safety, the publication may be rather indefinitely postponed. However, it is hoped to get this issue out on time.

We have had the pleasure of exchanging with *L'Echo des Guitounes*, the "organe officiel des poilus du 144e de ligne," and with the aid of our French-English dictionary we have much enjoyed the contents of its bright pages.

It is with deep regret that we note the death of Lieut. Harold Heber Owen, of the Seventh Battalion, killed in action on the 31st January, 1916. It is interesting to note that Lieut. Owen previously held a commission in a British Columbian Regiment, but when the First Canadian Division was formed at Valcartier a vacancy could not be found for him. Rather than be left behind he resigned his commission and joined the 3rd Canadian Field Ambulance in which he served with the rank of Sergeant until the 4th of June, 1915, when he received a commission in the Seventh Battalion. Whilst with us he did excellent work, particularly at Sling Plantation Camp. He was a fourth year medical student and admirably fitted for his various duties. For a time he acted as M.O. of the 17th Battalion. All ranks of this Unit unite in sympathy and condolence with the bereaved family.

We are glad to welcome back to the Unit, Staff-Sergt. G. J. Bowen, who, after being laid low for some time with trench fever and a combination of other ills, has now regained his health.

Congratulations to—

Lt.-Col. Templeton on his promotion to that rank.

Major A. S. Donaldson on receiving his majority.

Capt. D. J. Cochrane, on the occasion of his marriage.

TRANSPORT NEWS.

(Deleted by Censor.)

Why have the Sergeants got such a rattling good mess at present?

Because the Cook is a Ford!

(The perpetrator of this has been evacuated.—Ed.)

Sporting Writer required at once on the staff of this paper. Full particulars as to salary on application to the Editor.

THE NEWS RAG-BAG

(To the music of "They built Piccadilly for me.")

(Readers will recognise in Sergeant Rowland's parody a description of the quaint news vendor at —.)

You can tell by my style and my clothes I'm the bloke, yes, that everyone knows, It's one life of pleasure, I walk at my leisure,

My stride to an inch is correct soldier's measure.

I walk up and down old B— from sunrise to closing of day,

I do the same beat till I've worn out my feet,

And the soles of my boots half away.

Good news this morning from England and Scotland,

You hear me shout out all the day, It's always good news, Sir, from Russia and Persia,

For I'm always cheerful and gay; Kitchener's good, Sir, so's Harry

Lauder, The Dardanelles too, Sir, is full up

with water, That's news, Sir, good news, Sir,

and will make all the lads shout "Hooray!"

The Germans are beat, Sir, they've nothing to eat, Sir,

Bon jour, Sir, merci, Sir, good-day.

With a piece out of each trouser leg, And a crease that a soldier might beg,

I saunter and toddle, the real tailor's model,

Selling my papers and wagging my noddle;

I stroll in the bar at the "Faucon,"

The troops they all bow in my train,

I shout out "what cheer," then I drink someone's beer,

Kiss the barmaid and walk out again.

Good news this morning from London and Dublin,

Ten Zeppelins brought down to-day. Canada's good, Sir, and so is Gib-

raltar, The Isle of Man's floating away.

Horatio Bottomley's joined the New Army,

And Mrs. Pankhurst has been certified barmy.

That's news, Sir, good news, Sir,

I said to the General at tea, if on leave you should go, Sir,

I'll manage the show, Sir,

General Humbug, the big bug, that's me!

In the morn when I awake from the doorstep,

I'm off and I tango and goose-step,

The children all chase me, the dogs they all bite me,

And the folks in Bug Alley they all want to fight me;

I make bags of money, it's funny, by shouting I've good news to-day.

It's always the same—but I've got a good name— And I'm loved by the soldiers Anglais.

Good news this morning, and good times are coming,

George Robey has joined up to-day,

And so has George Formby, the pride of Old Wigan,

We're getting the lads now, hooray! Who'll buy my papers, they're only

a week old, I'm off to Patee for a month when

they're sold. Good news, boys, plenty good, boys,

A soldier I'd much like to be, So when the war's over, I'll pack

off to Dover And 'list in the old A.S.C.

E. C. H. ROWLANDS, Sergt.,
H.Q., 2nd Corps, B.E.F.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Mac."—Unfortunately we haven't got a copy of water polo rules with us, so we are unable to answer the point you raise.

C.S.—If you do not intend to accept, of course, you will have to buy the lady a silk dress.

C. Section Bearer.—We refer you to the R.A.M.C. Training Manual for the methods of using a tourniquet. Perhaps your Sectional Staff Sergeants could help you out.

LITERATURE RECEIVED (?)

"Communique, their Value and Uses, (By Arthur Turner.)—This book, now published in pocket form, is a treatise on the art of reading Official Communiques. It discusses from both the optimistic and pessimistic view points the value of the various official statements. The edition also contains a glossary of terms used and the final chapter, "How I think the War will end," is a summing up of conclusions formed from a careful reading of parliamentary news, blue books, and the press of Fort William.

We are informed that one of our Staff Sergeants is composing a parody of the song "If you can't get a girl in the summer-time." We expected to be able to print it in this issue, but it is evidently not yet completed. We hear it starts something like this:—

If you can't carry a pack in the summer-time,

You'll never carry a pack at all, Packs are light in the summer-time, Practically nothing at all. &c.

OVERHEARD AT THE BASEBALL MATCH.

"They call it rahnders over 'ome, but the way they play it, it looks like blankety murder."