

SCOUTING

I. On Leaving the Parapet and Penetrating Our Barbed Wire

The night was dark, which was unusual, a darkness that could be felt, still more unusual; a pale moon shone brightly on my prismatic compass as I halted breathlessly, one foot on the parapet, our parapet, whilst my keen nostrils sniffed the air for signs of hostile presence. Nothing however disturbed the terrible quietness of a lost world. A terrific wind whistled noisily overhead, huge cannon reverberated through the rain sodden air. Noiselessly knocking over a clattering sheet iron, I planted my second foot on a friendly rat and slid silently over the parapet bringing with me the sentry's periscope, an empty brazier and three billy cans.

The unusual stillness aroused the watchful foe and the darkness was pierced by a flare of enormous brilliance, which fortunately failed to light. I fell in a fashion which has ever deceived our enemies—flat—and nestled snugly in our wire, pretending, with a pretence successfully adopted on many hair-raising occasions, that I was not in Flanders at all.

An hour later, leaving my balmoral, gloves and various lengths of torn breeches cloth on the barbs to mark my progress and to note my place of return, I crawled on knees and elbows stealthily forward E. by N.E. in the direction of Brussels, and at the end of an eventful hour found myself not less than three hundred yards from the enemy parapet. Here I stayed, to take notes of the general route taken, the direction of the wind which had long since died away, and to speculate upon the hacking cough possessed by one of our listening posts, whose form I could dimly distinguish through the inky blackness some one hundred yards ahead.

BUFFALO BILL ii.

To be continued, perhaps?

NOTE: I feel I must place on record my gratefulness to the Intelligence Officer, whose voluminous reports upon the gallant evolutions of our brave men in No Man's Land have enabled me to glean much useful information for this and, I trust, subsequent articles.

B. B. ii.



IN RAMSGATE HOSPITAL

Pte. Jack Frost, one of the popular members of the medical section, who was badly wounded last summer and has since been in several hospitals in England undergoing treatment, writes to The Brazier from the Granville Canadian Special Hospital at Ramsgate. He says that among the patients at this hospital are the following from The Canadian Scottish:

Q.M.S. J. Stewart, Q.M.S. J. B. McClure; Ptes. J. Boulanger, J. K. Frost, J. S. Goulding, W. Hutchings, C. H. Kirchin, A. Kirkwood, H. Knox, C.



"Hi, there! leave them buttons alone. He's mine."

Lander, B. Leask, J. McEachern, R. Rideout, J. Rankin.

In addition to the above there is Pte. Chiverol, who was in the M.G. Section and is a Vancouver boy. He was wounded at Ypres and taken prisoner. Subsequently had to have his left leg amputated below the knee. It was neglected after the operation and when he was sent to England the bone was found to be diseased and another operation was necessary. He is now, except for the missing limb, almost well again.

There was a young man of (deleted)
Who went to enlist at (name censored)
He shouldered his gun,
Went forth on the run
And was wounded three times at (a
certain place in Northern France).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

R.S.D.: Sorry we can't give you the words of "The Face on the Bar-room Floor." We even forget what the bar-room floor looks like.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR: In our opinion the M.O. would simply give you a No. 9. Try rheumatic fever in the left elbow.

ALWAYS BROKE: We will put your suggestion in front of the Paymaster, but we are not at all hopeful of the result. Perhaps a better remedy would be to cut out poker altogether. Try Crown and Anchor for a change.

OPTIMIST: Your idea that the leave was stopped because the authorities figured we'd all be home soon enough anyway, says a lot for your optimism, but suppose the leave starts again where's your "bloomin' optimism?"

STUNG: You sure were easy. Did you come out with the last draft?

MAC: Your alleged poem commencing, "Lend me half a franc till pay day," is very touching but altogether too tragic. If you recited that to the Paymaster he might have you pinched.

HISTORIAN; We do not pretend to know very much about the childhood of the Kaiser, Little Willie, or old Von Tirp. We have heard, however, that the Kaiser had to be spanked frequently for walloping his young sister, and Little Willie had a habit of pinching the contents of his younger brother's money box. The youthful exploits of Old Von T. are somewhat hazy, but we understand his horror of having his daily bath when a child is only equalled by his present dislike to going to sea.

HOPEFUL: Yes, Lloyd George intends using "Scotch" in the manufacture of munitions. Apply to the O.C. of your company re a transfer to the Ammunition Column.

BATMAN: A good substitute for macaroni can be made with barbed wire and a file.

Other answers held over until after the war.

