

## Concert Notes

AT the moment of writing, our future movements as a unit are uncertain, but it looks as if we shall not have the use of the fine new Y.M.C.A. tent for long. However, let us be thankful that we have had the use of the tent for a couple of our concerts at least. And very enjoyable concerts they were, too.

But before I go wandering off into details I want to express the indebtedness of the 4th Battalion to Captain Edward Archibald, the Y.M.C.A. representative, for the way in which he has helped us out in the way of entertainment. It was Captain Archibald who first set the ball rolling in the matter of regimental sports, and then two days later he worked up what was, I think, the best regimental concert I have ever listened to—and I date my experiences in that line back several years.

That first concert, held in the open-air, was largely made up of outside talent, such as the 13th Battalion Pipe Band (under Pipe-Major Manson) and other turns. Little Mademoiselle Esther's expressive singing of popular ditties put to shame many a Scot—and, for that matter, many an Englishman, too!

Speaking of that first concert, Lieut. Warburton says it was an accident that made him Master of Ceremonies. The "accident" was later repeated, and it proved a happy event for entertainers and entertained. Mr. Warburton can handle a crowd admirably, although the feminine element nearly proved disastrous on the occasion of the last regimental concert!

Talking of that last concert, "Frenchy" Adams had better quit amateur theatricals and concert work. Nature never intended him or his party for the business.

Our friend "Bones," of the 3rd Field Ambulance, was a rare good turn. Proof of this was had by the way he made the Belgian refugees laugh. (So he *must* have been O.K.)

Talking of the "invasion" of refugees at the last concert, I wonder what would have happened if General Alderson and Brigadier-General Mercer and

their respective staffs *had* come! There were hardly enough chairs to go round as it was.

The best turns at the concert were "Rev." H. L. Scrivener (in a "strafing" sermon and series of announcements), Sergt. Frank Rothery (a pleasing surprise), Lance-Corporal Horn, Private Cliff Lawrence (contortionist), the 48th Highlanders' Pipe Band (under Pipe-Major Keith), the 10th Battalion Band—(oh, how "homesick" the music of "H.M.S. Pinafore" made one feel!)—and Private John Geddes, of the 3rd Field Ambulance. Of course, Gitz-Rice and "The Listening Post" were there, too, but they are part and parcel of *every* show worth going to these days!

The recent concert arranged by "D" Company was (as the Canadian cub reporter would say) a "ring-tail snorter." I am also reminded that 15 Platoon, which is rich in talent, intends putting on a show very shortly. Rothery's lads can do it, too!

The piano used in the "Y" was brought from A—by Capt. Archibald under shell fire. Gitz-Rice, "everybody's accompanist," has since then subjected the poor old instrument to several severe bombardments!

## The 4th Battalion Pay Song.

(To the Tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers.")

Onward, 4th Battalion,  
At the close of day,  
Trudging on a route march,  
Looking for your pay.  
Crowns and francs may vanish,  
So the parsons say,  
But the 4th Battalion  
Still can get no pay!  
Onward, 4th Battalion,  
March and fight and pray!  
When you're dead and buried—  
Then you'll get your pay!

Now we've come to billets  
For a little stay,  
What's the use of "resting,"  
If we get no pay?  
Discipline is dandy,  
But we're growing gray  
In this great adventure  
Looking for our pay.  
Onward, 4th Battalion,  
March, and fight and pray!  
When you're dead and buried,  
Then you'll get your pay!

R. W. T.

## The First Contingent.

(A REPLY TO THE CANADIAN PRESS CRITICISMS.)

You say that the First Contingent  
Are bums, and rotters, and snydes;  
You say that we sullied our honour,  
And a whole lot else besides.  
We are probably all you call us,  
But you must admit we're men,  
So I smile when I hear you bragging—  
For we fought at St. Julien.

We were a bit wild and roughish,  
Though a soldier isn't a lamb,  
And we drank, and squandered our  
money,  
And none of us cared a damn.  
So you thought us as black as painted,  
But you'll change your opinion when  
You meet the souls of the Germans  
That died at St. Julien.

When you've learnt the lust of battle,  
When your bravest and best have  
gone,  
When seventy per cent. are stricken,  
And the rest keep fighting on—  
You cease to mind the ravings  
Of an Editorial pen,  
When you've tasted blood and  
slaughter,  
At a fight like St. Julien.

For though we of the First Contingent  
Are bums, and rotters, and snydes;  
The dregs of the nation's manhood,  
And a whole lot else besides.  
Though we ruined your reputation  
And blackened your name, but then—  
We held the line for the Empire  
At the fight at St. Julien!

H. SMALLEY SARSON.

Vlamertinghe, Belgium,  
April, 1915.

## Answers to Correspondents.

No, "Anatole," the supply of "green envelopes" has not entirely given out. But, on the other hand, what's the use of being an N.C.O.?

No, "Daniel," we cannot tell whether Private Scrivener works harder now than he did in pre-war days. (Besides, having borrowed 3 francs from the ex-banker lately, we dare not assume an unnecessary offensive.—Ed.)

"Vocalist."—The best lubricator for the throat, according to Sergt. Rothery, who is *some* singer, is common or garden (otherwise English) beer. So you should have little difficulty in starting a Battalion Choir.