

HOW BATTLE PICTURES ARE TAKEN ON THE WESTERN FRONT

By our Licensed Liar.

« Action ! Front ! » — or the movie equivalent of that — said the Cinematographer to the carefully posed group in the communication trench. « Now then, boys », he continued, ejecting his gum to give freer play to his accent, « plenty of life, plenty of animation, if you please. The title of this picture will be **Canadian soldiers preparing dinner five minutes before going over the top**, (how he figured we were going over the top in five minutes, beats me, the front line being at least two kilometres away). You in the foreground with the cheese sandwich, « he said to Fatty Maguire, » register emotion. Remember, I rely on you to show by manipulation of the facial muscles that you lost your half sister's husband on the Somme, but in spite of that you are determined to go on to the end ».

« Don't have much choice about that, » said Fatty, « and as to registering emotion, it ain't difficult when you size up my rations. » He swallowed a bite and choked with more than emotion.

« Will the gentleman holding the mess-tin lid kindly refrain from whistling, » entreated the crank expert, « it alters his alignment and puts his chin out of focus. All ready ! » r-r-r-r-r

« Thank you, boys ».

« The next picture will be **RED CROSS HERO RESCUING WOUNDED COMRADE UNDER FIRE**. »

« 'Tain't done in this war », said Fatty Maguire.

« But it's got to be » insisted the picture man.

« The patrons of the silent drama must have what they have been educated to expect. » You, « he continued pointing at Fatty, » have a nice refined face. You'll do for the Red Cross man ».

« Not me », said Fatty, hastily. « I got canned off the Stretcher-Bearers, and I swore I'd never risk another stiff. »

« Just this once », pleaded the movie man, « for the sake of the women and children at home. »

« All right », Fatty agreed, finishing his sandwich. « Lead me to it ».

The camera artist then selected a little bomber, and told him to stretch himself on the ground near the parapet.

« A little more agony, please, » he directed, « Writhe, and raise your hand weakly at intervals towards heaven. This isn't a Catch-as-Catch-Can tournament », he added quickly, as the Wounded Comrade began to throw half-nelsons on the atmosphere. « Take it slowly. Remember your right leg is shattered from the knee down. That's better. Now, hold that ! » You, « he told Fatty », have got to crawl forward towards your wounded comrade, hold a water bottle to his lips, wipe the clammy dew of agony from off his suffering brow and then, daring all, carry him back to safety through the puffs of shrapnel smoke. Of course we can't have real shrapnel », he assured Fatty with obvious regret.

« Not with me on the job » stipulated Fatty.

« That's all right », declared the film manipulator, « in the O.K. Moving Picture Studios we can fake anything from a cyclone to a snow-storm. Ready ! Go ! » r-r-r-r-r-r « Thank you, boys ! »

« The next picture », said the movie man, « will be **BIVOUC AND BILLET, Scene I. CANADIAN SOLDIERS WASHING CLOTHES**. »

« It ain't done in this war, » declared Fatty Maguire. « Canadian soldiers ain't got time to wash. Besides, we get a bath and a complete change of clothing every two months whether we need it or not. »

« Come, come, » reproved the movie man, « this picture is to be shown in the land of the big enamelled bath-tub. Here are all the accessories, soap, tubs, water and clothes. A little more soap-suds, please, » r-r-r-r-r-r « Thank you, boys ! »

THE REST.

The Seventh marched into B.....
One cold December day,
And the men were feeling joyous
Though they hadn't got their pay ;
For the O. C. had informed them
That for thirty days or more
They would not see the trenches
Nor hear the cannons roar.

Once arrived at billets,
The men sat down to eat
An appetising dinner
Of Grave-yard Stew with meat.
But their appetites appeased
The thing they thought of first
Was how they could obtain the dough
To quench their growing thirst

One man had an inspiration,
And called his comrades three,
And told them of some officers
Who were rich as rich could be.
So each one went without delay
To see a Wealthy One
And told him tales of sorrow
That caused his eyes to run.

Each man returned with a smile on his face
And a wad of dough in his hand,
And each of them swore that their officers were
The best in all the land.
And the four of them supped in style that night
On eggs and chips galore,
And they drank to the Day in Cafe au
And eagerly called for more.

And so they fared for thirty days
Till they word came to depart
And they left again for the trenches
With many a sorrowful heart.
But they often sit in the trenches
And dream of Mademoiselle so fair,
And the whispered words she spoke as they left
Of « Après la Guerre. »

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## MY HERO.

(from a Canadian mother.)

Bonnie Charlie's far away,  
Fighting with his might and main,  
Nor will he return to us  
Until there is peace again.

He will fight for all he loves :  
Father, mother, home and friends,  
Empire, King and Prince of Wales  
He'll defend until life ends.

And his comrades who were slain  
On that dreadful battle-field,  
He will kindly think of them,  
For their sakes his weapon wield.

When the cruel war is o'er,  
When the Kaiser's « Day » is done,  
When the Allies' victory's sure,  
He will then lay down his gun.

At the front « Somewhere in France »  
You can find my hero true,  
So be grateful that he went,  
Perhaps to give his life for you.

Bonnie Charlie's far away,  
Fighting with his might and main,  
Nor will he return to us  
Until there is peace again.