

THE 8TH BATTALION'S PAGE

SKETCHES AROUND M-----.

We have secured a great acquisition to our establishment. One whom we venture to think is an original. One that only the Canadian Corps could produce. Certainly his angle of view upon precedent, authority and custom is unusual to say the least of it, and his capability for narrative, vividly illuminated with similes of a fierce and rugged nature is unique. Being O. C. of an enterprise recently which necessitated the procuring of a quantity of material from Headquarters, he naturally encountered a number of delays and obstacles which he attacked in a characteristic manner. It is unnecessary to detail the strafing administered to those who would have blocked progress as the outcome is summed up sufficiently by the closing remark of the controversy; "I don't want the stuff now, I stole it from the Park at-----". Not long since he was a guest at a dinner given by a Staff to a certain distinguished holder of office in England who is popularly supposed to be closely concerned with operations of considerable magnitude, when he expressed his opinion of their conduct in such lurid language that notes were hastily taken by at least one M. P. present who said that the bizarre and rococo adjectives would make a refreshing and engaging change for his constituents when he next took the hustings. The distinguished member was appeased when he understood who the one man was that could tell a General where he got off, and get away with it. During the present lull much of his entertaining and winning conversation alas, can only be launched at his dumb charges, but when the noise is distinguished as something other than the "gas alarm", odd fragments may still be happily fitted together and new and astounding combinations are added to the English language.

Things we would like to know.

Who was the rookie who thought he saw escaping gas burning in gas trench?

Who conceived the idea of issuing Coy. rum when in billets, after, instead of before, breakfast.

Mac Hobnobs with Society.

"How did you enjoy yourself on leave Mac?"

"Oh, not too bad; that is after I broke away from that Park Lane crowd".

"You don't mean to say that you have friends in Park Lane?"

"Well, no! Not so as you would notice it, but a fellow I used to work for in Wyoming sent me a letter of introduction to his brother. So when I arrived in London I asked a policeman where this street was, and would you believe it, he started laughing and told me to go to bed and have a sleep and I'd be alright in the morning. I told that cop that I'd seen things like him in my blankets, and hollered for a taxi. The chuvver knew the place well, and no wonder; you talk about swell joints! I told the taxi man to stick around, as I was liable to need him again in a few minutes. The fellow what opened the door was all fixed up like a picture of George Washington. While I was figuring out whether I oughter salute or "present arms" he asked me for my "cawd". I told him I didn't have no card, but he could have my identification disc. Before I had time to get it off my neck, the old man arrived on the scene. I hands the old man the letter and he tells George Washington to dismiss the taxi. George came back at the double and he takes my cap and coat and equipment and rifle. I told him to anchor the whole works down with my entrenching tool. The old man says "tut tut, everything will be alright, make yourself at home." And believe me boys, when I saw that row of fancy bottles on the sideboard I promised him I would. He asked me what I would have to drink, I told him to start in with the bottle on the left and take them all in succession and then work back again. He pulled a long rope and in walks a fellow dressed nearly as funny as George. He had a face about as cheerful as a

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The introduction of the Army Canteen at the front has been a great boon to the men judging the amount of business being done by the watch dealers in Bailleul, (for which the Paymaster can vouch), the canteen people however are overlooking a line for which there is a great demand.

Sixteen Platoon's Listening patrols have a novel method of preventing the Germans from hurling rifle grenades at them. When the first grenade lights they simply give the signal for a general stand-too, to the Company. This, in some mysterious way prevents further molestations on the part of the Huns.

Congratulations Sergt-Major Neighbour, D. Company., and in fact all the Little Black Devils are proud of you. Your distinguished conduct was conspicuous not only on the occasion when our present gallant Colonel was wounded but also on the previous evening and on several other occasions. More honours and recognition are sure to be the reward for your modest gallantry and sterling worth.

Hill (starts with 6 and ends with 3)

There's a wooded hill in Flanders,
Pitted with shot and shell, and,
With a line of disused dug-outs 'neath the crest;
There's a group of wooden crosses,
Showing white amongst the trees,
Where the 1st Division's heroes lie at rest.
There's a wooded hill in Flanders,
Where the trees are falling past.
With the trunks and branches smashed by shot and shell;
But the little group of crosses,
Is growing more and more,
Where we've buried men we knew and loved so well.
Those broken trees that fall there,
Lie unheaded on the ground,
With none to care or wonder how they fell.
But those little wooden crosses,
Are a living memory,
To the men who's deeds we'll never cease to tell.

E. M.

leaky dug-out. He poured out two drinks and I asked him if he would have one himself. I guess he must have had some cashed away some place, because he never answered me. The old man gave me a fine cigar and while I was telling him about his brother, the missus waddled in. She looked at me through a kind of periscope thing. The old man gave me a knock-down to her, and she asked me if I'd go to a show with them the following night. "Sure thing" I says; but I'd know idea what was in store for me. We chewed the rag for an hour or so and the old boy told the bartender fellow, (I think his name was James) to show me to my room. When we got upstairs, this batman asked me what time I would like my "bawth". I told him not to worry about that as I'd had one only a week ago, but look here be, I says, if you want to earn five francs just slip me an eye opener for the morning.

Well next day, I got a knock-down to his two daughters, and then I wished I'd done as the policeman had told me. They took me out in a big car, and when we'd seen the outside of all the big hotels I suggested that we should have a look at the inside of one of them. They arranged that we should have supper after the show so I let it go at that. That evening we got seats almost on the stage and the way those women dressed decided me to get back to the woods. They looked to me as if they had started in to dress and then run out of material. I knew everybody in the theatre was looking at them and me too, so after the first act I went to the bar to think it over. I fixed it up with an Australian to say he was my brother. The old man wanted him to come along too; but I'd already put him wise. We all drove back to get my equipment and then I started to have a good time.

I think I'll go to Scotland next time.