

NOW AND THEN

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MANAGING EDITOR ...
NEWS EDITOR ...

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FOR THE LORD'S SAKE.

"BUCK-UP" and write something for "Now and Then." Remember that your paper goes down to posterity as a record of what we were—"By their writings ye shall know them." Then shall a future generation call us dull dogs? No. A thousand times no! The best Field Ambulance of the best Division in the best Army in best War, etc.!

"Now and Then" is NOT a funeral card. Are you aware that one of the proof readers only the other day suddenly burst into tears, and seizing his hat rushed out and secured a permanent job as gate-keeper at the cemetery? He said he felt that he needed cheering-up. (We understand that he is waiting to see the author of "The Letters of Adam" and "The Idler of the King" carried in feet first.)

Then to arms! Eyes "write!" Seek inspiration! If necessary seek it in strong drink. Eat lobster suppers and chronicle your dreams. Fall off church steeples and describe your sensations.

Write us a good yarn, and we'll give you a headline that will make you use smoked glasses.

Draw cartoons with the same intensity of purpose with which you draw your pay and the regularity with which you draw your breath.

Get involved with mademoiselles and and give us the details. Learn French and take in the gossip at your billet, and when you have calmed down a bit, tone it off for publication.

Give us HUMAN INTEREST and we will print it even if we have to go to press on sheet asbestos.

Listen at the door of the Officers' Mess for scandal and naughty stories.

Do these things so that people reading our Chronicles in future ages shall pause, and say, "This was SOME Ambulance."

"WHIZ-BANG AND SCHRAPNEL."

Harry Currie and his famous Ypres cats, "Whiz-Bang" and "Schrapnel" have departed from this France for a three months leave to Canada. Both pussy cats were found long, long ago in the Ypres Salient close by the Cloth Hall—very wild and scarry and visibly shell shocked. For days they were fed through the bars of a derelect bird cage until one quiet and beautiful day in the green meadows under the tall chestnut trees of E——s, someone left the wire door open and the kittens escaped—it was then discovered that they were perfectly tame and could no longer in conscience be called wild cats. Since then they have been held high in the affections of the unit and it is with a feeling of regret that we miss their presence around the dressing stations. Good-bye cats? Good-bye, Harry!—perhaps we shall see you some day, soon—in dear old Canada.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE JOHNSON HOLE.

PLACE: Somewhere in France.

TIME: Midnight or thereabout.

SCENE: Four stretcher bearers with a stretcher case on their shoulders, floundering through a sea of mud.

No. 1 S. B.: "Why the *! ? *!!! don't you boobs in front tell us when we come to a shell hole? I nearly broke my neck."

No. 3 S. B.: "Ah! shut yer trap; do yer think we got cat's eyes to see in this blinking dark? Curse this mud, anyway, I think I'm getting wet feet."

No. 4 S. B.: "Alright, you guys, quit yer grousing and lower the stretcher for a rest."

Patient: "Oh! my leg! How much further have we got to go? Bur-r-r-r! It's cold, have one of you fellers got a fag?"

No. 4 S. B.: "Here yer are, here's a fag, we only got a few yards to go now. Alright, boys, change places and we'll get out of here. Ready? Lift!"

After about five minutes of slipping and splashing through the mud and an occasional expletive:

No. 2 S. B.: "We're off the blinking trail and we ain't going the right way."



"NICK."

No. 3 S. B.: "By gosh! I believe we are lost, we should have passed that Johnson hole an hour ago; who says a little rest until we figure this thing out? My shoulders are getting sore."

No. 4 S. B.: "Lower stretcher and you two guys beat it off and look around for the road, but don't get out of shouting distance."

Patient: "Ain't we ever going to get there. Bur-r-r-r! It's cold! Ain't you got a snort of rum on yer?"

No. 4 S. B.: "No, we ain't got no snort of rum—we ain't seen none for a month. Holy smoke! If this rain keeps up them Huns will be sending submarines up to the front line and then what with being torpedoed and rammed we'll get it. Orter be getting light pretty soon now. Hey! Have you guys found the trail or have you fallen into the hands of the enemy?"

Voice in the distance: "I think this is the road; we'll try her anyway."

No. 4 S. B.: "So ye're back. Huh! I had thought you had found a canteen. Let's get out of here before we are blown out."

Whi-z-z-z-z BANG!

No. 4 S. B.: "Good night! I told yer so; that one pretty nearly got us; let's mosey on out of here."

Patient: "Was that a shell?"

No. 2 S. B.: "Oh, no! that was no shell—that was a premature machine gun bullet."

No. 3 S. B.: "Come on; quit yer yapping, what do yer think this is—a funeral procession or closing time in an estaminet?"

Another interval of five minutes of the mud.

No. 1 S. B.: "We're on the right road alright—there is that dead Fritz; I could smell him a mile off."

No. 4 S. B.: "At last! Here's the dressing station—mind the steps."

Chorus of S. B.'s: "Whew! that was some trip—I'll be glad of a night's rest."

A. D. S. Sergeant: "Come on, you guys—what are you hanging around here for? you have got to go to the umpteenth Batt. Aid Post for another stretcher case, but come in and have a snort of rum—it's just come up!"

Chorus of S. B.'s (putting it down): "Ah! that's great stuff—can we make another trip? Well, I guess! Good old war!"

ROTTEN RHYMES.

Our Crow has gone,
And everyone,
Dejected, ask "Where is he?"

So pass the word,
Fly back Old Bird,
For you are never "Dizzy."

Old Donald's son will go on leave,
And cross the channel tide,
That fair wide ocean passage cleave,
To ladies fair and wide.
A-meeting Coras, Mauds and Hatties,
Around the Troc. and Old Frascatti's.

This is a dirty planet. Very.
The sons of men are mean,
And keep their lines unsanitary,
And tents are far from clean.
But those who would escape arrest (Quick)
Must keep away from Corporal West (Dick)
Be sure you quiet complete your fleet,
Or you and he will feet to-neet.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
And left his mess can at the door,
Along came a shell; blew the mess tin to—well
There's lots in the Q.M. Store.

I couldn't believe that it could be leave,
Till I went to the office to see,
But it must be leave so I must believe
My bad luck's leaving me.
And since it's leave, you'd better believe
I'm leaving here in glee.
So with your leave I'll leave on leave;
You can leave the rest to me.

ATHLETIC NEWS.

Major Cochrane will box the compass before taking the unit on another move.