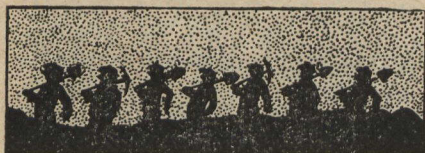
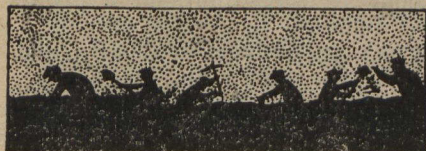


They may look anywhere except between these points and if he is found within one and three-quarter hours he may be prevailed upon to allow the hares to do a little digging, provided they can find shovels. If unsuccessful, the search party will proceed home and the officer will be prepared to explain in writing next morning (a) Why he was not at some other point not specified, (b) What time it was that he was not there, (c) Who told him to go home, and why?



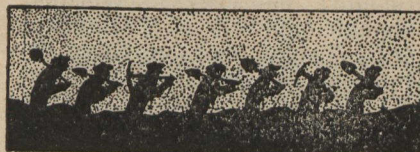
The next in importance is the Obstacle Race class. Parties under this heading are usually called for relief nights or when ration parties are working. The idea is simple and appeals to the youngest as to the oldest soldier out here. A team of say a hundred, armed with "I" beams, dug-out frames or some such light weapon, are lined up at one end of a narrow gauge track or narrow communication trench. Similarly posted at the other end, imagine a relieving company in full marching order. At a given signal both parties start off towards each other. The winning team is naturally the one that can push most of the opposing side off the course. Here is where condition tells. Incidentally, it is by standing within earshot of the meeting point that Sergt.-Majors acquire their wonderful command of language. This is a very popular party with the engineers and invariably crowded with interest and incident, particularly on a muddy night or when shelling is in progress.



The Walking Tour class is daily achieving a greater vogue and calls for no explanation; it's name is sufficient. Most parties will be found to come under one of the above heads. Sometimes, however, it occurs that a party is called for some actual work,

though these occasions are rare, as it is naturally not often possible to arrange to have our parapet destroyed by the enemy on the same day as we are scheduled to repair it. But it can be done. In conclusion, Lionel Moncton wrote nothing truer than:

There's a part of the line, close to Hill 59
Where the troops are all working like niggers
With both shovel and pick, till they're pretty well sick
Of eternal employment as diggers;
Both by day and by night, if we don't have to fight,
You will find us parading with tools!
If the spade gets too hot, with the friction, what! what!!
We reluctantly wait till it cools.
Peace, Peace. O, for some Peace!
Digging trenches you may think a sin;
But the day will yet be when we'll chortle with glee
As we watch poor old Fritz fill them in.



MACHINE GUN PATTERN

(3rd Brigade Machine Gun Coy.)

(By W.E.K.)

The Song of the Colt: I sow not, neither do I spin; yet the No. 2 feedeth me.

The Quarter-master doesn't believe in "jams"—pass the bully!

Q.M. to Sergeant rummaging round the stores: "What are you looking for?"

Sergeant: "Nothing!"

Q.M.: "Did ye expect to find it in the rum jar?"

Six a.m. and all is well. Then rise with speed and grace,
Beat it for the nearest creek and wash your dirty face,
Shave away the whiskers, clean your Gat as well,
Get you out on first parade or else there will be ———.

Sky Pilot reading his text: "What shall a man do to be saved?"

Voice from the ranks: "Keep your head down naughty boy!"

M 13 TO M 174 (INCLUSIVE)

*Dedicated without permission to the Adjutant, 13th Canadian Battalion,
The Royal Highlanders of Canada*

What makes the sniper's heart to break, what makes him to perspire?
It isn't carrying sacks of coal to stoke his dug-out fire;
It isn't packing leather coats and other airy trifles
Like sheepskins, blankets, waterproofs; it's humping two d — d rifles.

Oh! the telescopic rifle with its telescopic sight
For telescopic slaughter may be perfectly all right;
But the sniper quickly finds that its a blessing somewhat mixed
When he has to hump another gun, whose bayonet can be fixed.

What makes the sniper lose his sleep when he gets back to camp?
It isn't leaky roofs which make his blankets rather damp,
Or even draughty floors or rats; he lies awake at nights
Lest some belated reveller busts his telescopic sight.

Oh! the telescopic rifle! Oh! the telescopic gun
As a weapon of precision is a terror to the Hun;
But the sights are somewhat fragile and the sniper's health soon fails
From the strain the care of telescopic rifle sights entails.

What makes the Os.C. Companies grow old before their time?
It isn't fruitless efforts to get creosol or lime,
Or vain indents for dug-out frames, bath mats or such mere trifles;
It's reiterated queries about telescopic rifles.

Oh! the telescopic rifle how it keeps the wires hot:
"Please report how many telescopic rifles you have got."
We keep a printed form now which we always answer back:
"We haven't any telescopic rifles A.A.A."