

NO. 1 COMPANY NOTES

(By J. F.)

No. 3 Platoon celebrated the Kaiser's birthday late in the evening, when Wee Bobbie fell into the shell hole with the rum ration and it became Na Poo. Sergt. Tommy Gallon broke the loss very gently and we were all thankful to hear that Bobbie did not break his valuable watch.

'Butter Riots in Berlin,'—vide the wireless. There were also riots of the same nature in the sergeants' mess at the rest camp and poor acting-Quarters got all the blame.

Who were the two men who saluted the colonel's charger with the groom up? Someone unkindly whispers they were not privates but sergeants.

Where did the marquee and the fires get to at M—? We hunted for them for three weeks, but nothing doin'.

March justified the old saw. It came in like a lion. Will it go out like a lamb?

QUERIES FROM NO. 2

(By R. M. B.)

Who is the popular N.C.O. who went to the O.C. and suggested that men on listening post and barricade guard should work at filling sandbags for two hours, as the men needed exercise? And what the said N.C.O. is looking for?

Does the climate of Northern France affect rum in quantity and quality?

A capital concert was given by the members of the company on the 24th ult. in No. 7 Platoon hut. The moving picture operator delivered the goods and a programme of song and recitation demonstrated that we have excellent talent. Thanks are due Corpl. Buchan for organizing the entertainment.

Did the M.O. hear all the pleasant (?) things said about him the morning after the inoculation?

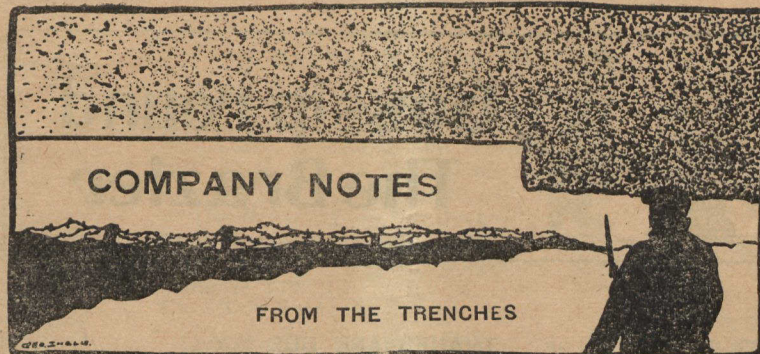
The boys of No. 2 were quite proud of the fact that Sergeant B— was acting Camp Commandant, but he didn't hold the job down long enough.

The boys appreciate the thoughtfulness and kindness of the citizens of Toronto for the gift of biscuits and chocolates, as also the colonies of Trinidad, Grenada and St. Lucia for the gift of chocolate.

NEWS FROM NO. 3 COMPANY

(By C. S. C.)

During that rest—was it a rest—the officers of the company royally entertained the boys in No. 11's "Palace of Straw." No marble hall, cut glass or silverware was ours, but never was such a jolly gathering. After a splendid repast the vocal talent was brought



forth with varying effects, the Skipper aiding with a banjo and a beautiful baritone. The merry evening terminated joyously with "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Weren't the lucid calculations of the Bombers football team upset? Hurrah for us. Our intelligence department has it that they are now trying to lure the battalion's star centre-half into their midst. Don't you listen to them, Reddy.

When one of our noble ex-cooks went out on listening post the section looked in vain for its beefsteak. One wonders if it was one of those habits once cultivated can't be denied, but inside information says he thought it was his respirator. Hoot mon, Sandy.

In a hurried rush to be in time for the rum ration, or was it that Fritz was issuing "Iron Rations", that caused one of Number Nine's valiant road patrol to leave his raincoat and part of his nether garments on the barb wire? (Finder to be rewarded). But is it really true that once in the trench he pulled out his ever-welcome whistle and played, "Will ye no come back again"?

The company tender their deepest and sincerest sympathies to Sergeant Neal, who at this writing is not improving so well as was hoped, but we are glad to hear that he is pronounced out of critical danger. Cheer-o, Mannie.

NO. 4 COMES ACROSS

(By a Near N.C.O.)

We apologize for being so late with our notes for the initial issue, but we were truly busy at Listening Post training. Do you get it?

Let us introduce to you our tug-of-war team Nos. 1, 2 and 3 companies. Who would have thought it? We still have that team.

TO OUR LEAVE

Oh, you little elusive leave,
You cause me one continual "beef."
Now that you're stopped till further orders,
I'm darned if Well,
I suppose I shall have to wait.

The C.S.M. and the C.Q.M.S. wear a broad grin these days. Guess that leave did it. Eh?

FROM THE MEDS:

(By C. C.)

Strathspey are no longer whistled by the section, having given place to a gay French air, learned from a fair mademoiselle when out on the long rest. In return Spud Tamson showed Mlle. Francaise how to toss a flap-jack during the cooking of a farewell dinner, which, thanks to the said Spud, was a grand success.

The battalion sports were "money from home" to the section. Corpl. Burke romped in with four first and three seconds and the relay race was also gathered in.

It is regrettable how Dame Rumour gets busy when anyone wounded passes through our hands. Without the slightest foundation in fact a story gets launched of a man's injury and speedily becomes magnified out of all proportions, causing infinite mental worry to all the sufferer's comrades. Rumours connected with casualties should be taken with the proverbial pinch of salt.

Meanwhile the section is doing nicely, thank you.

WITH THE Q.M. STAFF

(By J. C. K.)

Did the Q.M.S. have a good time whilst on leave? Sh—h—.

Who gave the cook lesson on the triangle?

Say the tailor sure has a snip of a job. What?

No. 1 Company are certainly artists at throwing blankets around. For further particulars remember M

There is ONE man in the Transport who can sure drive. Who is he? Don't all speak at once.

Who was the pet vocalist at the dinner given by the sergeants' mess of No. 1 Company?

When leaving good old M the Q.M. of No. 1

Was walking off so gaily when he cert did have some fun.

His blankets were so tidy, and he had an ideal load,

But he had to take the d n things off in the middle of the road.

Congratulations to Sergt.-Piper Groat on obtaining his third stripe.

Mac D. the butcher is a rattling good sort,

So take it from me that cutting beef is his forte.

Mac N. is a piper who surely can play. He chirrup his chantie the live long day.

The Pipe Band now boasts a football team and have visions of becoming brigade champions.