



13th BATT. SECTION

Late Lt.-Col. Buchanan, D.S.O.

During the time the Division came to France in February, 1915, it can safely be said that the 13th Canadian Battalion has never suffered a greater loss than the death of Lt.-Col. Buchanan, Major Peterman and Captain Green.

It was a great blow to the battalion to lose at one time three such gallant officers, and especially Lt.-Col. Buchanan, whose period of command has been one of the brightest in the history of the battalion.

In private life Lt.-Col. Buchanan was the floor member on the Montreal Stock Exchange for C. Simpson Garland & Co., but he was perhaps better known in the realm of sports where for many years he was one of the most prominent members of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, having been captain of the rugby football team and later president of the association.

Lt.-Col. Buchanan was always a very ardent member of the Canadian Militia, having been first in the 3rd Victoria Rifles and later in the 5th Royal Highlanders for a period of nearly eighteen years before the present war and he was never missing from any military duty, whether a parade or summer camp.

He came down to Valcartier as a major with the contingent from the 5th Royal Highlanders, which afterwards became the 13th Canadian Battalion, and after passing through all the vicissitudes of training in England, came to France with the battalion as junior major.

After the battle of Ypres in 1915 where Lt.-Col. Buchanan's gallant conduct was specially mentioned, he became second in command of the battalion, which position he filled until he took over the command from Lt.-Col. F. O. W. Loomis, now Brig.-General, on the 1st of January of the present year.

Since then Lt.-Col. Buchanan has maintained the battalion in a high state of efficiency and set a splendid example, never sparing himself from danger or hardships.

The G.O.C. 1st Division paid a splendid tribute to his memory to the battalion on parade when he

said that he had never had an officer under him in whom he had placed more implicit trust or whose loss he had more keenly felt, and this sentiment has been expressed by all the officers who knew him as an officer and a comrade.

Such deep and sincere expressions of sympathy will help to alleviate the grief of his wife and little daughter.



The Late Lt.-Col. V. C. Buchanan, D.S.O.

Congratulations to Sergt. A. McLeod, 13th Batt., on his being awarded the Russian Cross of St. George, 3rd Class.

One of our comrades is such a good "artist" that he can actually "draw" the enemy's fire.

There was a young man in Bailloo
Who had nothing whatever to do
But look for shell noses,
And now the wild roses
Grow over his grave—he's Na Poo.

The Brazier can now be obtained from A. W. Gamage, Ltd., East Sandling, England.

Idle Flappings of a Flag Flapper

Among the various curious and quaint decorations adhering to the sleeve of His Majesty's God-fearing servants is that of the Crossed Flags. This happy and appropriate symbol denotes that whatever instruments, weapons or Hun-exterminating devices he may use—the wearer does not use flags—that, of course, in the way the Lord evidently intended them to be used. They may very possibly be used to sit on, or to dust off the piano in the dug-out, but that is another story. The only modern occasions in which the flags played a prominent part were the bloody battle of Bramshott and the charge for Shorncliff Heights. The motion of the flags in the air was found to be highly irritating to the enemy and in many cases radical changes in the scenery were made by him in the near vicinity of the signaller. In defence to this unexpressed but real aversion to Flag Flapping entertained by Fritz, the signallers retired into the bowels of the earth and conducted their business with the aid, or rather in spite of, that triumph of modern art, the field telephone. After having been carefully and prayerfully kicked around the dug-out, jerked and twisted into submission, it is said that the human voice has actually been heard over it. This, however, is only semi-official.

The general trend of the conversation, except for very occasional lucid, semi-lucid or translucent periods, consists in "Hello! Hello! Hello!!!" (continued to the nth power) on the one end of the line and that objectionable and aggravating remark, "Shake your phone," on the other. This request is usually given after the operator has given a correct imitation of a gentleman suffering from Delirium Tremens, shell shock, apoplexy and any other "vibratory" diseases which the compiler has unhappily omitted from our dictionary.

The shaking of the 'phone occupies much the same place in the telephonic world as the No. 9 pills do in the medical. As these latter have been used with equal success as a corn plaster, a hair restorer or a billious attack elevator, even so the 'phone is supposed to heal all breaks in the wire, restore the weary "S" cells and hold down the pressed