

# THE 8TH BATTALION'S PAGE

## A Merry Christmas

A merry Christmas to all. Its an old, old greeting, but one that rings true nevertheless. Christmas opens mens' hearts and makes "white men" of even those "Old Scrooges" who still inhabit the earth.

We can almost wish the Huns a merry Christmas. We can at least see to it that they have a lively one.

We will also try to ensure that their new year is not monotonous and dull. We will try to keep them interested.

Regarding the serious illness of the Kaiser we will also be charitable and hope that his death will not be too painful.

It will be seen by the above sentiments that our heart is warm with good wishes. To one and all of our readers (the circulation is the largest in Flanders) we wish most heartily the good old wish: A merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

## Our Christmas Dinner

When St. Nicholas was distributing his Christmas gifts this year he favored the Little Black Devils by permitting them to spend their Christmas Day in Divisional Reserve at B----- camp. This is a very pretentious place-- wooden huts with pitched roofs and two foot walls for living accommodation also a large hut used as a lecture room and miscellaneous purposes.

Adaptability is a Canadian characteristic so it was inevitable that a few days respite from the restricted trench area should find all hands prepared to celebrate Christmas to the best of their necessarily limited material resources.

The fact that all officers of the battalion dined in mess for the first time on the night of the twenty-fifth since coming to France portended something out of the ordinary, and this was only possible because of the large hut.

The culinary staff surmounted great difficulties in the preparation of the meal, and how it was all cooked on the little 2 by 2 stove is a secret that the chef would not divulge. But cooked it was, and excellently too.

Lack of space precluded the possibility of having many guests, but it was a source of gratification that a number of the brigade staff were in attendance. Among them was our Yankee ex-machine gun officer, who arrived in kilts. 'Gene said he'd try anything once.' Certainly Solomon in all his glory had nothing on Houghton.

A pleasing announcement was made during the evening of the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. The genial C. O. was the recipient of many congratulations on this Christmas gift.

The customary toasts were duly honored, including those to "Our Allies" and "Canada" while the impressive silence that followed the toast "Absent Friends" was a deep tribute to the memory of the men who have lain down their lives in our glorious cause, those incarcerated in German prisons and at a time like this ones thoughts naturally reverted to the loved ones across the sea.

A pleasing feature of the many speeches was the kindly reference to our sister battalions of the second brigade than whom there are none better, while the Divisions and Canadian forces in general were eulogized by the various speakers. The Home Workers Association was also referred to in glowing terms.

The Christmas banquet was a huge success. It was a case of "When Good Fellows get together."

The non-commissioned officers and men of the battalion had their celebration of Christmas also. The large marquee of the Y. M. C. A. was requisitioned for the purpose. There was no shortage of rations in this case. The

long tables groaned under the weight of the good things provided. Many were the goodies from over the seas while the officers of each company took care that there was no lack of grub. The choruses that made the welkin ring the best evidence that the boys were happy and in the true Christmas spirit of "Away Dull Care." The Little Black Devils had a good Christmas. Their many friends over the sea can rest assured for that fact.

## ON Dit

The Divisional Baths are said to furnish the friskiest breed of pediculae—in Flanders.

English Farm is a very good second 'tis said.

The S. A. veterans miss the ant hills, the best disinfectors yet invented.

We know now what Kipling meant when he called us a "licentious" soldiery.

The men who "do their bit" may get trench feet. Its the shirkers who stay at home that have the cold feet.

The lassies of M--t--rn are sighing for the gallant boys of the L. B. D. especially as the sale of silk aprons is falling short.

Folkestone Landlady:—"Yes Sir, the rent of this room is two pounds per day and very snice too."

Officer:—"Good Heavens woman, I'm not a Canadian".

Folkestone Landlady:—"Oh! A thousand pardons Sir. It will be seven and six a day to you."

"Where was Bill hit?" asked the survivor of a charge.

"In the sternum", replied the M. O.

"That's a sanguinary untruth. Bill would'nt run from the best Hun in the Kaiser's army."

Officers' mess derived its name from the condition of the mess presidents book at the monthly audit.

## New Year resolutions by the Runners of the 8th Battn.

Together we resolved—

1. To arise every morning without the help of the R. S. M.
2. To treat the pioneers as men who have "hairy ears" and who are almost; not quite, our equals.
3. To keep the fire in the orderly room with or without either fuel or smoke.
4. Not to swear every time the buzzer buzzes, even during meal hours. As each of us has a special weakness to confirm and strengthen the Canadian corps these resolves are solemnly made.
1. Doc. Not to fall suddenly and violently ill on a rainy day when the road to brigade or transport is slimy with mud.
2. James. To drink all my rum ration at night and save Britts for the morning.
3. Britt. To love my neighbor as myself even tho' he be an N. C. O.
4. Ed. Not to get sore when asked to fill sandbags for the pioneers as pioneers do not work very hard anyway.
5. Clem. To light a fire myself once in a while instead of advising how it should be done. Theory is good but practise is better.