

THE LETTERS OF ADAM

[Continued].

The Major said it did not matter in the least (I told you that this was a true story), and after lending him one of our spare gas helmets, we continued on our journey.

The pole method being dangerous, I sent my helper out in front of the car with a sixty fathom lead line, and when he called out "No bottom," I knew that I was about to encounter a severe bump and would slacken down to about twenty.

You may think this rough riding, but to a man who has driven his cousin's Ford round the main street of Calgary it was mere child's play.

We were now well advanced towards the German front line, having passed "Case's Post," and were rapidly nearing "Rotsey Point," about two hundred yards to the left of "Mansfield's Avenue."

Here we were greeted by a shower of hand grenades from Fritz, and took advantage of this to collect about 4 cwt. as souvenirs for the O.C., taking care to hide them carefully under the blankets in case the Major saw them and made first claim. This completed, we climbed aboard and with one wild dash cleared the lines and made for the open country round Lille as fast as the barbed wire would allow.

Some four miles further on we encountered a number of our reinforcements, who in their eagerness to handle wounded has passed clean through both our own and the German lines, and were now so far ahead that the only case they could find was a German Quartermaster-Sergeant who, having indulged over-heavily in Sauerkraut, was discovered writhing about in the road.

Skilfully placing his stomach in splints (with characteristic ingenuity they used some old barrel-hoops for this purpose) and binding his mouth with adhesive to silence his cries, they were rolling him along towards our advanced post with the object of securing a patient and a prisoner in one fell swoop.

I complimented them upon their enterprise, but they assured me that they simply could not keep away and could scarcely enjoy a meal unless it were taken in No-Man's-Land. I agreed with them that they would probably find more grub there than further back, and we parted on affectionate terms.

No further incident occurred until we reached the "Nunnery" (as Sergt. N— would insist on calling it). We easily recognised it by the sign "Debit de Boissons," and when on entering we saw a large piece of meat and a row of bully beef tins, we knew at once that we were in the right place.

Here we encountered a lady of some fifty summers, who had considerable difficulty in negotiating the doorway owing to what is known in nautical circles as "breadth of beam!" We explained our mission and the lady "compree'd" him—but here a delicate situation arose. With a rosy blush mantling her fair young cheek the lady announced that she was wearing the article we had travelled so far to secure.

Imagine this awful blow! We had suffered and risked all in vain. Disgusted, we adjourned to the "Nunnery" next door, and abandoned ourselves to despair and a little liquid refreshment.

The Germans sitting around were at first disposed to resent the intrusion of British troops into their quarters, but on our explaining that we were not soldiers, but M.T., they at once changed their tune and expressed themselves delighted to see us. As one of them explained, no one could assist in the financial ruin of any Government better than the M.T., and with the best of good fellowship we were given a safe passport back to our lines. It was a very touching thing to hear their really splendid band playing "Get Out and get Under" as we drove away.

Our journey home was without incident. Needless to say our splendid Labour Battalions had repaired all the roads, which were now level and smooth as a billiard table, and save for the fact of having to run home on the back axle (both rear wheels having been blown off) we had a pleasant run.

Arrived back at the unit we at once proceeded (one always "proceeds" in the Army) to the Q.M. stores to make our grave report. Here we found the staff occupied in deftly splitting currants preparatory to issuing rations, while in the corner sat Sergt. T—, busy with high-power microscope and slide rule, getting out statistics for the 1918 rum issue.

We were informed that the Unit had had the good fortune to secure a discarded steam roller (to be used for making Bologna for the Sergeants' mess), and having absorbed this into the equipment of the unit, the loss of the undershirt was balanced by this added item, and all was O.K.

I understand that I am to be one of the fatigue party that is detailed to go and fetch medals and things, and I will wear mine when next I have the pleasure of examining your complexion.

Sergeant N— was so overcome with joy that in sheer spirit of thanksgiving he devoted twenty-five minutes to canteen affairs, and we can now buy Egyptian Cigarettes at five francs per box.

She's some war, kid.

Best love, etc.,

ADAM.

J. D. N.

A DREAM.

Calgary, Victoria, Vancouver, Montreal,
Brandon or Winnipeg, or any burgh at all,
Each and all, everyone look mighty good to me,
Somewhere in France!

Halifax or Edmonton,
Toronto or Quebec;
Put me off at either one,
Then watch my smoke, by heck!
London (in the bush I mean),
Not London in the smoke,
Would cheer again the eyes of one
Somewhere in France!

St. Thomas or Regina,
Though now so far away,
Red Deer, in Alberta,
Where it's sunny all the day,
Moose Jaw, or Ottawa,
Or down there by the Soo,
They all seem just about as near
As Timbuctoo!

Don't think I'm getting homesick,
For that would never do,
When the war is only three years old,
Ten more should see it through.
But here on V—y R—e,
Taking our chance,
We love to dream of Canada
Somewhere in France!

H.

VOT A CONK, IKEY!

THE long, winsome proboscis of the Hebrew is proverbial, but even that tribe will have to pull their noses, or this pleasant distinction will gradually fade away by comparison.

We claim a challenger—mark that of Ikey—some conk!

Have you ever noticed some of the nasal adornments of a few who indignantly disclaim all connection with the daughters of the House of Israel?

The beauty possessed by Mr. Bugler Boy, whose name is famous for its loafing qualities, sure is some classic. Several of his friends allege that on one occasion it actually set his handkerchief alight, but the writer is inclined to think that this came about in some other way.

Reliable witnesses say that a few minutes previously he had, in a fit of abstraction, placed his fuming pipe into the same pocket wherein reposed the towel he uses to polish his beak.

However, we do know that he has earned—and answers to—the name of "Lighthouse," and that the Orderly Corporal has had to throw a blanket over his head on officers' rounds after "lights out."

We would recommend that the O.C. post this man in a convenient place, as the Government is desirous of economising in matches.

Another peach blossom on the dial of our envied friend, "Quo Vadis," of "C" Section. We do not wonder what he feeds it on, but would like to know where he gets the stuff. Once started on the subject of "conks" there is a danger of prolonging the discussion indefinitely, but it would be an injustice to close this little article without a reference to the facial protuberance of the Staff of Ireland, that little bit of heaven immortalised by the bards. The old saying that "Paddy was never bate, except wance whin he was not there," has been proved again right in our Unit. In one day he has surprised even his own expectations and given birth to a luscious pomegranate, the appearance of which might have been responsible for that melody, "Oh, the fireman is the man to put the fire out." It was the talk of the Unit, and its equal has yet to appear. Comparisons with the sun, stars and electric torches are all vain; nothing like it has ever been seen, and the only difficulty is, now that he has got it, how to get rid of it. It declines to respond to lotions, poultices, or massage, and an appeal to Bacchus only seems to make it glare out more furiously. It is hopeless. We often look at a conk that is continually at that left-hand salute, but how many ambulancers realise that, when calling to its owner, they are claiming a blood relationship?

We would draw attention to that of our friend Lindy. It is reported that, since he has begun studying the early Italian classics, he has made the night-ingle sing rather frequently of late.

Said the fair Estaminet Lady, who is deeply interested in our Dental Sergeant: "And do you also drill the soldiers, mon chere?"

Sgt.: "No, I drill their molars."

"Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." It looks to us as if this applied to "Kaiser Bill and Company."