

North British Columbians

Into the Limelight

The North British Columbians welcome the advent of a brigade paper, and the consequent opportunity afforded the different units of figuring in the limelight. If the "Iron" brigade has a fault, it is that of undue modesty, a failing which has always characterized the North British Columbians. With the arrival of a paper, however, edited by such a successful publicist as the brigade bombing officer, whose journalistic career on the Pacific coast made him the obvious choice for the position, the time has come for a little self-advertising.

Some History

The battalion is the youngest in the brigade, as it did not start recruiting till early December, 1915. It made a record by leaving for overseas six months after opening recruiting offices, and when it reached England "it walked right in and looked around and walked right out again," landing in France eight months after inception. It took quick going to catch up with the other battalions and make the division and brigade; it meant no leave and overtime, but Warden's Warriors made the grade then, and helped to make history later in the various areas visited.

Lost Illusions

If South Africa was the country of ruined reputations, surely France of today may be styled the land of lost illusions. Take the subject of leave. Who in the division had not built castles in the air based on the prospect of leave after three months, and who in the early days would have ventured to suggest that two men per week - Oh! shucks, let's change the subject.

Dangerous Topics

Reams might be written on the subject of rum and the soldier's vote in British Columbia. But only fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and no North British Columbian desires to advertise himself as the former before the Huns have had time to make him eligible to be classed with the latter.

Safety First

Truth to tell, bed is the subject at the present moment most prominent in the writer's mind, and as that is one safe topic on which all ranks are agreed, there is obviously nothing to be gained by writing about it. Sleep seems to be the only thing unchanged by war, and as one cannot have too much of a good thing, this scribbler's motley is forthwith discarded for a soldier's blanket. Readers, I wish you good night and good luck until next issue.

A Lounger in Khaki—A-Cpl. L. McL. Gould.

A Roundel

(Cpl. R. H. Brown)

I've come to the end of a long, long road,
And look back down the weary way,
Thinking of things I might have done,
And what I am doing today.
There are many memories in my mind,
But this is by far the worst:
If I had only the drinks that I've declined
I could almost quench my thirst.

Men say, midst the tortures of the damned
Are the thoughts of the things we have missed.
We shall think of the girls we might have loved,
And the girls we ought to have kissed.
But this is the thought that will trouble me most
As I sit with the rest of the cursed:
If I had only the drinks that I've declined,
I could almost quench my thirst.

Observations by the Major

Anyone familiar with British Columbia newspaperdom will realize that in selecting the above heading for its notes, the battalion has plagiarized on "The Old Man." Surely this is justifiable in the case of "The Boy Major."

All the world knows, and all the world marvels at, the record which the "Iron" brigade has made for itself. And all done without rum!!! But where has the cocoa gone which "theoretically" has been substituted therefor?

Where is my wandering boy tonight?

On course.

I wonder, will he learn to fight

On course?

When he left for the front he was trained for the war;
At least that's what Sam said, and what was paid for.
But when on the front he is sent back to Corps—

On course.

Just when the battle is fiercest they write,

Of course,

And the best of my men they kindly invite

On course.

We are fighting the Hun, and its war to the knife;
But it seems it's my duty to save a man's life
By sending him down to the base from the strife—

On course.