

**THE MUSINGS OF PTE. SWADDY, OF THE 67th,
during a Battalion Route March along the London-Ports-
mouth High Road in 1916.**

On the road to London Town,
Hold her down, boys, hold her down!
Many a man has hit this trail
Since Colombo set his sail.
Let's speed up the pace a few;
Let us whistle, let us sing.
Wish they'd march us right on through;
Forty mile ain't anything
If it leads to London Town.
Hold her down, boys, hold her down!

On the road to London Town,
Hold her down, boys, hold her down!
Wish they'd have a Field Day there.
Gee!—supports in Leicester Square!
Line extended up the Strand;
Main advance from Charing Cross.
Say, we'd give THAT move a hand!
Guess there'd be a heavy loss—
"MISSING" up in London Town.
Hold her down, boys, hold her down!

"A" COMPANY NOTES.

Another branch of knowledge. We can now claim
retinary experience. That with gas-helmet instruction,
grand assault course, and, some of us, machine-gun work,
there cannot be many subjects untouched.

An orderly, evidently new to the game, was found
wandering round the lines looking for the orderly corporal
of "A" Co. On being questioned why he wanted him, he
produced an envelope bearing: To the O.C., "A" Co.!

'Eard hat the Sergeants' Match hon the football field:
"It 'it 'is and; hit's ha foul."

On perusing B.O.'s lately our poet exclaimed: "Uneasy
are the arms that wear the crown."

DEAR TOM,—Have had a very busy week, a new experi-
ence—viz., that of company orderly corporal, a most
onerous position. Knowing you are interested in military
matters, I'll give you a short account of the work. I have
to be up at réveillé to see everybody is on the move. Report
to the company orderly sergeant (C.O.S.) any absentees,
and get a list of the sick. Any man wishing to see the
M.O. (medical officer) has to give his name and number,
age and religion, before his case can be diagnosed. The
sick are paraded at 6.15. Then at 6.45 fall in for break-
fast. The C.O.C. (that's me) marches them over, stands
at door to see they all wash their canteens and have enough
water to do so. Get men for fatigue work, run about all
day for the C.O.S., attend all staff parades if the sergeant
is not present, march company over to all meals, sort and
distribute the mail, search for, find and bring up any
individual required, accompany sergeant at night to check
up absentees, and then seek repose. This goes on for a
week. I found it rather strenuous, and at first trying.
It was trying in this way, you see. Being a lance-corporal,
I can *order* men now, and, not being used to it, found it
awkward. For example, I was told to get a man quickly
for a job, the first one I could find. I rushed off, and a big
fellow about 6ft. 4in. was the first one I saw. I thought
he might not like being told to go and do this job, so I
missed him and tried to get somebody else. The only one
I could find was B—, whom I've chummed with, and he
thought I was showing off and told me to remove myself
to a different latitude, but I *asked* him to do it for me, and
he consented if I stood him a drink. I had to promise, and
he went. That was my difficulty. The first three days
cost me so much in liquid refreshment to my friends that
it swallowed up all my extra pay and I was broke, so I
had to make a change. I asserted my authority, and am
glad to say I now can walk up calmly to the biggest man in

the company and give an order and he will carry it out.
You see by this what power a stripe (chevron is the proper
term) gives you. I had a book on N.C.O.'s, and it began
by saying that a great gulf existed between an N.C.O. and
his former companions. I believe it, too. I felt it distinctly;
but being a pioneer battalion we can throw a bridge over
that gulf and keep up a good feeling between all ranks. I
must say though that the fellows are really very good and,
with the exception of your close friends, do things in a
good spirit. I hear we are to change our headdress. The
glengarry is to go and the Balmoral substituted. A
Balmoral, I think, is a cross between a glengarry, a tam-o-
shanter, and a Brodrick—an awful creation. If we get
that we *must* have the kilts.

We have finished our trench training, being now quite
perfect in that art. Off parade this week, so will report
next time our new occupation. Must be something different,
because I saw sledge-hammers, rammers, saws, a forge,
anvil, levels, blacksmith's tools, crosscuts and blocks. I
wonder what for?

"C" COMPANY NOTES.

Does anyone notice the pious look which Pte. Porter
has about two days previous to pay-day. When asked
was he "broke," by a Pte. near him, he replied, "No
chance, old timer!" and added: "Don't fool with the
troops."

Here's a new one, boys. A certain Private the other
morning, not having time to shave, thought out a wonder-
ful plan to fool the officer at inspection. He sprinkled his
face liberally with talcum powder, then getting his razor,
he made a small nick or two on his face, enough to start
the blood; then he carefully rubbed it around, to make it
appear as though he had had a desperate time in shaving,
i.e., he got away with the bluff.

"D" COMPANY NOTES.

We welcome the summer weather, and it reminds us
very much of that "little spot" on Vancouver Island.
Everybody has been wishing for the cool waters of the
Gorge, but there is no use wishing for some little time to
come.

We have all got over our inoculation, and there were
no complaints. Three days' holiday certainly looked good
to us.

There has been persistent rumour in camp to the effect
that our Major is seriously considering transferring
"Shorty" Glover to the girl guides. He takes a No. 4
boot, and size 21 trousers (waist).

We take this opportunity of congratulating our new
N.C.O.s. Some have been transferred to other platoons,
and they are missed at their homes, but nevertheless they
manage to call around once in a while.

Who said Corpls. Bond and Dick invited us to the
Canteen on the occasion of their elevation to the higher
ranks? Somebody made a mistake.

Pte. Dyson is delighted to be a "mess orderly"; it
reminds him so much of Shawnigan Lake times.

"Jerry" Downs has now been named the oil bottle and
pull-through king. Next!

We wish to record our appreciation of the musical talent
of "D" Company. Mention was made of our C.B. trio,
but there is no doubt that they are willing to challenge any
trio from the rest of the Battalion, and get away with the
prize too. "Caruso" Edwards and "McCormack"
Tough, with "Scotti" A Edwards, certainly can deliver
the goods.