

NOW AND THEN

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EDITORIAL].

A LEADER.

Spare our blushes, for we have had nice things said to us while on parade—and in full marching order—by the General Officer Commanding.

'Tis nice to bask in the rays of the sun and feel the contentment of something well done.

The enthusiasm of the O.C. and the willingness of the Unit to do their utmost under the instructors from the Corps School during our month in Rest, have met with approval from above.

To be complimented for steadiness and uniformity, shining brass ware and a close hair cut, on parade, and in the slushy snow of France, while feet are numb, is good to hear. May we hear it again, and often.

"And Mother, pin the rose on me . . ."

The Drum and Bugle Band, in spite of some internal disorder, is ever in front, and in evidence. The natives, attracted by the martial strains, lined the Square and windows of the Square to hear the "Retreat" and see the sun sink—if possible—on one more sad day, while we were in Rest.

The term "Rest," in this connection, is a misnomer when applied to a Unit doing what we did in Divisional Rest. It is not Rest, on the contrary, it is Rustle, and 'tis better so, for if we rest, we rust; and if rusty, back into the discord, where nothing is that is good.

With regret we chronicle the retirement of the Editor, Lieut. A. J. B. Milborne. Under his able management "Now and Then" was always looked for in eagerness and read with delight.

He was ever keen and in touch with events in the neighbourhood, and he is missed indeed.

It is the wish of all his old friends in this Unit that he keep climbing the ladder of advancement round by round and reach somewhere near the top. He is in a bigger game now, and a larger limit. He was ever a good dealer in spite of his short-sightedness, rarely missing openers, except when the limit was raised.

Good luck; may his tribe increase, and time deal gently with him.

The old timers have a small minority in the Unit at present. One sees new faces in all the Sections, twice monthly as a rule. Still, there is sufficient of them to leaven the dough and keep the same standards and traditions as of yore. We miss a large number of familiar faces when on the route marches, and now that the Drum and Bugle Band lift us up the hills, we miss those "Folk Songs" that made the going easier.

What has happened to "Hullo, London Town"? and where is the girl who wore that tulip and the boy that had a red, red nose, and poor old Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm? Has she gone back to Michigan or down home in

Tennessee where the Angelus is ringing in the belfry overhead?

We miss the stately walk of Corporal Head, the genial Hood, long Jock Cameron; and who is going to bark at our Ball Team now that Stinson has joined the fans in England?

Our tour on the Somme depleted our ranks considerably. We miss Sergeant Gus Landstrom, who was killed doing his duty. It can be said of him that he gave his life for his friend, and a nobler duty could come to none of us.

He has left us the memory of a good man who shewed the right way by precept and example. May he rest in peace.

We have been favoured with a copy of a book of verses from the pen of our old friend, H. S. Sarson, entitled "From Field and Hospital," and our congratulations are extended to Harry on the success of his enterprise.

Many of the poems were written whilst he was serving with our Unit, and no doubt a great number of our readers will remember the enthusiastic part he played in connection with the Minstrel Troupe, and the success gained by his songs and parodies.

We have taken the liberty of re-printing one of his poems, and in extending our best wishes to our old friend, might we say that we shall be glad to receive further contributions from his fertile pen. We might add that the booklet is published by Erskine, MacDonald, Malory House, Featherstone Buildings, London, at the price of 1/-.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS, etc.

It was on Salisbury Plain, nearly two years ago; it was a fine day and in the words of the poet (was it Shakespeare or Watt Mason?):—

"Peace reigned quite serene
Upon all the scene."

The horses in the transport lines were calmly nibbling their oats, the men, save for a few who were entangling themselves in the intricacies of the English currency in the dry canteens, were snatching an after dinner siesta in their tents. When suddenly, without any warning, a most fearful, hair-raising horrible noise was heard. Men listened with horrified blanched faces, the horses in sheer fright lugged at their picket ropes and broke loose and stampeded in a body for miles across the rolling plains, whilst an assistant in one of the canteens, who was making lemonade, was so upset that he put two lemons in a barrel of water; whereas he ought to have only put one; whilst that ancient pile, Stonehenge, that had stood the racket for so many centuries with equanimity, nearly split in two with the shock of the ear-splitting strains that was borne upon the wind. After the first shock was over and the sounds had ceased, we discovered that it was *only* No. One's buglers endeavouring to bugle "Come to the Q.M. Stores, boys."

CONGRATULATIONS TO

Lieut.-Col. R. P. Wright, on receiving the D.S.O.

Major A. S. Donaldson, on safely landing his war trophies in England, and putting his whole collection on exhibition.

Capt. W. M. Hart, on receiving the Military Cross.

Capt. W. M. Hart, on his joining the Benedicts.

Lance-Corpl. Agnew, on being mentioned in dispatches.

Staff-Sergt. McArthur, on his promotion as Sergt.-Major Field Ambulance.

SNOW IN FRANCE.

Fall! nature's blanket o'er the war-marred sod,

O'erspread thy sheet of whiteness o'er the field,

Where Mars has tramped unfettered and unshod,

Where fruits of war their baleful harvests yield.

Covering mercy with thy winding sheet
The scene of carnage and the blood-stained earth,

And bring the Message from the Mercy Seat—

Once more the tidings of the wondrous birth.

Fall, snowy flakes, this warring Christmas tide,

Proclaim the Message of the Prince of Peace,

And let thy greeting in our hearts abide
An earnest of the day when war shall cease.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mabel.—Yes, love. The next one that comes that 10,000,000 acre farm stuff, just have your Testament ready for him.

Freddy.—The load for a motor ambulance is 16 men or one officer's kit.

L'Homme Fromage.—Yes, I give French lessons, but don't call again at 10 p.m. S.V.P.

Flossie.—We believe that Tino's coat-of-arms is an Axe Rampant, a Rope Pendant, and a Mill's Bomb "Bustant!"

S. M. Rotsey.—Yes, Sir. They knocked down a chimney in the neighbourhood a few days ago.

Lance-Corpl. Slim.—A very noble ambition. It is a splendid branch of the Service. But have you considered that you may have to even fire upon *estaminets*?

Pte. Finlay.—(1) Good luck. (2) Yes, the rum issue is more frequent in that branch of the Service.

Staff S.-M.—Yes, Sir, we agree with you that it is likely to be a very lively year. Good luck, hope you make it.