

Present Day Methods of Warfare.

Someone has said that "The spirit of the infantry depends greatly on the staunchness of the artillery," but no one ever anticipated a military situation where millions of men are driven to face each other at bare distance of one hundred to four hundred yards apart, sheltered by what protection the scientific use of Mother Earth can afford.

Science has decreed that, for the present, artillery must primarily dominate the situation on a battle ground until, by its overpowering use, it can free the infantry and allow it to be launched upon its task.

It is interesting to analyse the difficulties and obstacles that present themselves to the leader upon whom devolves the task of changing his force from the defensive role to the offensive.

From the tactical objective allotted to him by his superior, he must never remove his gaze.

Between that objective and his own forces, in the present war the first obstacle lies in front of his own advanced trenches.

A wire entanglement of more or less devilish design, either of his own or the enemy's creation, and more often than not, two, the work of both, blocks the way.

Successive lines of deep, narrow trenches, with facilities for frontal, flanking, and enfilade fire held by the hostile infantry, with communicating trenches to the rear, holding strong supports, all dug deeply in, with secret hidden posts holding the deadly machine guns, form the first line of defence which has to be surmounted.

In rear of this first defensive line, which has a depth governed by the natural features of the ground, are posted reserves ready to reinforce, or troops to counter attack should necessity require; and again in rear, in successive positions well hidden from enemy airmen observers, are guns of all natures to fulfil the task of defensive, or offensive, as may be necessary.

First we have the hand and rifle grenade and trench mortar up in the fire trench, and further back the field gun fort immediate support against the attackers, then the light and heavy howitzers to render trench life unbearable to the enemy, and behind all the long range guns of nine and ten inch calibre, making life in farm and village impossible.

One may realize the deliberate procedure to be followed by a Commander who is called upon to order his men to leave their trenches and carry through an assault.

Every item in the enemy's power of defence has to be dealt with; and upon the accuracy of the reconnaissance reports of his airmen much will depend.

A leader called upon to conduct such an operation, would probably call together his subordinates, explain his proposed plan, the day and hour of operation, and allot to each his task, arranging for every conceivable eventuality in view of success, check, or repulse.

The absolute necessity of surprise to the enemy would be impressed upon all.

The proposed artillery preparation would have to be dealt with first, as, to attempt to break down the wire entanglements by hand or by trench bombs would sacrifice the element of surprise, together with many lives.

This task may be allotted to the artillery, whose accuracy of fire can only be attained by previous slow, careful, and deliberate ranging—so slow that the purpose will not be advertised.

In rear of the field guns, at distances suited to their respective ranges, would be batteries of light and heavy howitzers, and, again, further in rear or on the flanks the powerful long range guns of position.

Each artillery brigade commander would be allotted a definite purpose, either to drench the enemy guns with fire or else the enemy trenches in the support or reserve line and thus forestall any attempt to reinforce or counter attack.

The business of the heavy guns would be to engage the hostile ar-

tillery of similar weight and endeavour to silence them.

Preliminary ranging on the targets would be necessary to ensure accuracy, involving independent action and deliberate method, so as to deceive the enemy as to the main purpose intended.

On the attack being launched, the gunners make every conceivable attempt to lighten the task set for the assaulting infantry and to put out of action the dreaded machine guns, which deal such havoc among an attacking force.

Machine guns, properly served, are the terrors of this war, and in the hands of skilful machine gunners, can mow down the attackers in hundreds.

It may easily be seen then, that with our plentiful supply of shells of every description, we are now prepared to meet the enemy on his own ground and go him one better; and, when the opportune moment arrives we will be in a position to smash through his line at our own sweet pleasure.

M U D.

These very appropriate verses were stolen from an interesting book entitled, "With the first Canadian Contingent," which, according to the introduction by Lieut. Mary Plummer, Canadian Field Comforts Commissioner, is "published in aid of the funds of the Canadian Field Comforts Commission," and is intended as a record of the 1st Canadian Contingent and a means of adding to funds of the Commission.

One of the important calls made by the Managing Editor when in England was at Moore Barracks, when he found Miss Plummer and Miss Arnoldi surrounded by a band of willing assistants hard at work bailing up comforts for the troops at the front.

Many of us are sceptical regarding the "Angels at Mons," but regarding the "Angels of Moore Barracks, Shorncliffe," the 1st Cana-

dian Contingent in France is of one mind.

We love them all.
Good luck to them.

Editorial Note: To anyone interested in the Canadian Troops the above-mentioned volume at 3s. is well worth perusal, and in addition the purchaser has the added pleasure of assisting a most worthy cause.

On this thick and chalky loam,
Where'er the eye may roam,
The brutal truth comes home
Of the Mud.

It is said the great God Budd'h,
It "An idol made of Mud,"
You could make a million gods
Of what once was grassy gods,
But is Mud.

The ancient homes of Britons were
of Mud,
And one need not of reflection
chew the cud.
To quickly understand
They took what was next to hand,
As they dotted all the land
With homes of Mud.

In the morn when we arise
There are but the rainy skies
And the Mud.
Nine inches deep it lies,
We are Mud up to our eyes.
In our cakes and in our pies
There is Mud.

Our soldiers like to stroll
In the Mud.
And the horses love to roll
In the Mud.
Our good Canadian shoe
It goes quickly through and
through
Peels the sole and melts the glue
In the Mud.

This ditty I have written
In the Mud,
For wherever I've been
There is Mud.
It has covered every spot,
On my hands there's quite a lot,
When I'm dead, oh, plant me not
In the Mud.