

## GOD SPEED

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Many of us remember the gallant hero to whom the following letter was addressed. Same is printed by special request and at a tremendous cost.

(ED :— Let me see the books, boys.)

To :— « A BRAVE SOLDAT »,

(With apologies to 1st, 2nd and 3rd Divisions)

The gallant O. R. C. of the « Safety First » Battn.,  
Brigade No. 41144, 23rd Contingent, FRANCE.

« DEAR WARRIOR,

« Good old Demosthenes, the Classic Philosopher, with lantern in hand, went through Ancient Greece in search of an « Honest Man »; We, the Slackers at the Base (most of us wounded, disabled soldiers of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Canadian Divisions), have found such a man, with the added virtue of *bravery*, who fearing naught « The cannon's open roar », and with the banner of « Excelsior » nobly flying in the warlike breeze, slopes arms (Typewriter and B 103) and proceeds to the *front to fight for us. C'est ça ... fight for us.*

« How our hearts thrill with emotion when we talk of the self sacrificing heroism, such glorious valour, such unstinted Loyalty to King and Country, and such elusive evasion of the Claws of *conscriptio* by enlisting in the *safety first contingent*. What pangs of manly fear must arise in your warlike bosom when you realize that the war is going to last longer than you had anticipated when you, at last, enlisted; but even though, hero, you are (contrary to your expectations) really going to the front, rest happy in the sublime thought that your Battles will be fought on the Typewriter in your comfortable little Battalion Orderly Room, several miles from these *nasty J. J.* of which you have such a wholesome fear. If, however, the strain of the front should be too much for your jaded nerves, just go into the garden in front of your Headquarters and step on a worm, then report to the nearest Dressing Station (a place for wounded and sick).

» We, the boys of the K. X. wish you Godspeed in this terrible, bloody, though heroic undertaking, and trust that when you return to civilization onee more, your egotistic eyes will have been opened and you will « Look before you leap » and learn even as a « Pen-pusher » at the Front, what it means to be a *man*.

« In conclusion allow us to quote old Bobbie Burns' little verse :—

« Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,  
Tae see oursel'se as ithers see us ».

« (Being a brave Highlander you will overlook our poor Scotch, what ?)

« LOVINGLY, *The Section* ».

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