

NOW AND THEN

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MANAGING EDITOR ...
NEWS EDITOR ...

Capt. D. J. Cochrane.
L-Cpl. G. R. Street.

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IT'S THIS WAY WITH US.

SINCE our last edition we have passed over Vimy Ridge and the Corps has added to its laurels and its fame. The work of preparing dug-outs and dressing stations for the wounded of the 9th of April reflects much credit on the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men who so gamely wrestled with the mud and sand-bags. Sunny France belied her fair name when the work was under construction. Amid snow and slush and mud they laboured and built strongly and safely.

The team work of the bearers and tent men showed to advantage during those busy and trying days of long carries of the wounded, through nature's and the enemy's obstacles. We feel proud of the men who do these tasks with such fortitude and courage, and we heartily congratulate those who have been honoured in being decorated with the Military Medal for this recent good work. It is difficult not to be extravagant in the use of the superlative in connection with the men and events which surround us at present.

A period of rest and training is now with us and is being used to advantage. The rest, to be sure, was earned, and the stiff training is essential also—otherwise how else may we show to advantage when the G.O.C. comes to inspect the Unit and take with him a good impression of us!

APPLE BLOOMS IN FLANDERS, 1917.

The world is full of care,
Of hate and strife, of murky doubt,
But I—oh, I am just aware
The apple bloom is out.

And trees are clothed in gold-green light;
Beneath the children, loitering, pass,
And heedless of the cannon roar, pick daisies bright
Among the green and shining grass.

PADDY.

THE old-timers are getting scarce in this Unit, and that reminds me of our faithful mascot, "Paddy." Paddy is an original member of the First Canadian Contingent to land on the shores of La Belle France. He has wandered from Ypres to the Somme and consummated many marriages. We wont say "we hope his tribe may increase." It has. He, in all probability, according to reliable information, is the dad of one hundred and forty-four puppies. His kin must therefore be countless. There are few dogs with Paddy's keen sense of rats and civilians, both of whom he, for some reason, places in the same category and daily pursues. The mud and wet have played the dickens with our canine patriot this winter, for each morning now he awakens with a stiff back, the pain of which causes him to cry, "Oh! oh! oh! Hell!" in the doggie tongue. He looks like a Blighty.

CONGRATULATIONS TO

Lt.-Col. C. P. Templeton on receiving the D.S.O.

Lt.-Col. J. D. McQueen on receiving the D.S.O.

Major A. S. Donaldson on being promoted to Lt.-Col. in Command of the Unit.

Capt. A. B. Chapman on receiving the Military Cross.

Sergt. Bill Bateman on his Italian Decoration.

Sergt. Jim Leckie and Corpl. George Secord on receiving the Military Medal.

Corpl. Charlie Yates and L.-Cpl. Jack Belfield on receiving the Military Medal.

Driver Benny Beach on receiving the D.C.M.

Pte. A. Millen on receiving the Military Medal.

AEROPLANITIS.

The boy stood on the dug-out roof,

Whence all but he had fled,
His eyes were focussed on the plane
Which circled overhead.

And obstinate and firm he stood,
As born to rule the scene;
The Sergeant said, "Who is that guy?
He must be bally green."

He shouted out but once to say,
"By gum, but Fritz is cool!"
He knew not that his friends below
Had cursed him for a fool.

The shrapnel burst; he would not go
Until he'd seen a fight;
He swore he wouldn't budge an inch
As long as it was light.

The cook he shouted out aloud,
"Roll up for cheese and jam,"
He scarcely turned as he replied,
"Well, I don't care a damn!"

There came a burst of thunder sound:
The Sergeant hollered, "Come,
It's time for us to knock off work,
Fall in this shift for rum."

"Hey, you up on the dug-out roof,
It's time for us to slumber,
Come down and wet your blooming throat
And dry your box-car number."

Now we must not betray his name,
For he's so nice and cheery,
So if you hear it on the sly,
Please, don't forget it's Leary.

THINGS WE DO NOT HEAR.

"Doctor, can I get inoculated every week?"

"Why don't they cut out the rum ration?"

"I never want to see the Paymaster any more."

"No, I don't want any more leave."

"No, thanks, I am just going to buy some fags."

"Why doesn't the Town Major close all the estaminets and wet canteens?"

"Why can't I have 28 days No. 1 instead of a reprimand?"

"Our Postal Orderly is the best in the Division."

"God bless our Q.M.S."

"That old melody—'And we've white-washed every wall from ———.'"

"Chestnuts are better than spuds in a mulligan."

"Please don't step on my dinner."

ARTHUR.

IT is with deprecation that we have to chronicle still another of our old Valcartier veterans—Sgt. Arthur Turner, who last month left us abruptly to fill a new position in Canada.

It is somehow good to think that he knew, before he went, that the stores which he so ably and affectionately guarded and supervised for so many months, have reached an ideal standard of efficiency.

It forms a tribute to his energy, his never-failing geniality, and his extraordinary gift for making friends; and the lines I have to add on behalf of the members of this Unit need be but few.

Arthur loved the world, and the world loved him. A busy man and well occupied with affairs—his own of late—he found time to exchange views, and to give and take anecdotes—also anti-dotes.

He would go into the mess and discover its members sitting round the old drum, who having differed on the right way to conduct the war, or on the topic of "who the h—s running the Q.M. stores," was in the grip of silent depression. But before he left the whole circle had become animated, amused, and even friendly.

I remember that he and I, who agreed on nearly every point, were especially agreed on one, and this was that Pte. L—— should never receive Pte. Horne's rum issue.

As an amateur detective he was a fiasco, so of this I need say little.

We, who have known him since Valcartier days, will miss his breezy presence in the field; we shall not soon forget his familiar figure, especially those who had to perform the domestic duties of scrubbing the floors of his "little grey home," and how he rewarded us for our labour—and of how we rewarded ourselves.

In his young days he saw service both in India and S. Africa, for which he wears the ribbons, together with the coveted "long service" ribbon. It can be said of him with truth that he has fulfilled his duty to his country and grown old and shaggy in its service.

The game, so far as he is concerned with this Unit, is ended, and the books on which his signature appears can be closed.

Sgt. Arthur Turner was a dear, generous-hearted man, and I hope, and I do believe, that he will be successful in his new position.

HEARD IN THE SERGEANTS' MESS.

Sgt.: "Look here, waiter, is this plum or apple tart?"

Waiter: "Can't you tell from the taste?"

Sgt.: "No, I can't."

Waiter: "Well then, what difference does it make?"