

* The asterisks mark my share - D.M.C.

THE STRAFER

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*"We beat our pates and fancy wit will come
But when we knock there's nobody at home."*

—♦—
by Sergt. Carncross.

WE wish you a Merry Christmas. Again it is time to turn over another leaf in the book of wars wherein every Christmas, like every sin, is our last, and every New Year ushers in a promise of miraculous improvement in our fortunes. And this Christmas comes doubly welcome because it bids fair to be our last Christmas of the war. The past lies behind us, and we can well afford to look back with a few smiles, a few regrets, and a great thankfulness that we have been able to struggle thus far and preserve a few tattered rags of honour from out the chaos.

Needless to say, it will be a bunch of homesick boys that return. We have travelled widely and come upon many adventures, but it is only when we look back across the water that true hopes and true happiness show them-