

"The Beavers."

ON the evening of Friday, 15th February, 1918, the 2nd Canadian "Beavers" Concert Party gave its first performance for the benefit of its own personnel. Since that date, on several successive evenings the programme has been repeated for the entertainment of the various C.C.S.'s and other units in the neighbourhood. The concert is an excellent one, and reflects much credit on all who take part in it, as well as the Sisters and others by whose artistic and painstaking efforts the costumes were produced. The following verses constitute a review of the programme:—

In the midst of our worries and fears
A musical programme appears;
Have you seen all its treasures, exhausted its pleasures?
Then you'd better go hear it, my dears!

Of the scen'ry we've naught to complain;
A Sergeant—one Munson by name—
Has constructed the whole, like a jolly good soul,
And herewith we credit his fame.

Wee "Rabbie"—the piano his part is,
And surely a joy to the heart is;
Real music and jingles through all the room tingles;
As a Scot, none more fine nor more smart is!

In the chorus the voices we test,
The notes roll along with a zest;
Then Wilson we face, and his glorious bass
Announces "Old Drake's going West."

Our Q.M.S. surely is speckless
In the costume of Reggie the Reckless;
The little digression made quite an impression,
For khaki is always so feckless.

The Quartette has praise beyond measure,
Its old favourites give us much pleasure;
Each old fireside song from their voices rolls strong,
And brings back old memories we treasure.

After this there appears on the scene
Private Hudson, of step-dancing mien,
Who, in company with Rowe, makes a very fine show—
A bewitching young maid of sixteen.

The girl whom we mention above
Is a sweet little, shy little dove—
So dainty and neat from her head to her feet,
And the sort that the most of us love.

Then she later comes on with a youth—
Such a swanky young swell in good sooth,
The roar of applause is not without cause:
That boy has a voice of a truth!

But the programme would not be completed—
In fact, 'twould be very depleted—
If Judge were left out, for without any doubt
He's got the *pièce de résistance* defeated.

For when, at advice of the Sage,
He comes out in a costume the rage,
And is put "On the Staff," oh! then there's a laugh!
For an old pal he finds on the stage.

"Quarter" Winter, in garb of dimension,
I swear it, is worthy of mention—
In Staff Officer's kit—by Jove, it's a fit!
The Sisters sit up at attention!

For Etheridge and Kibler we say
Their music will please any day;
Their excellent measure is always a pleasure—
In quartette, or solo, or lay.

Other helpers they've had not a few—
An Electrician and Carpenter true,
And "Frap" in his way, as a dresser, they say,
Has many ideas that are new.

Then cheers for the party in chorus,
And add on another uproarious
For "Three Stars" of the Station, who gives inspiration—
His men have all cheered him before us.

So, in spite of our worries and tears,
We have to live through these dull years,
And these moments of mirth still have place on the earth,
So let us be grateful, my dears!

The Football Match.

Married v. Single.

ON Tuesday afternoon, February 5th, we had a very interesting football match between the Married and Single men of the Unit, this being the final of three games. Each side having won one game each, there was great excitement when both teams came on to the field with their respective captains, one man short.

The teams lined up as follows:—Married.—Goal: J. Bull; Backs: H. King, F. Lawrence. Half-backs: J. Kelly (Capt.), A. Young, H. Cowley. Forwards: H. Stephenson, Dalgety, Parkinson, Anderson. Single.—Goal: J. Johnson; Backs: Cpl. Paull, Cpl. Phillips; Half-backs: J. Killey, Cpl. Brazier, Kennell-Webb; Forwards: Cpl. Neilands, Drew, Turner, Cook.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances, Cpls. Stirling and James did not turn up.

The single men won the toss, and Capt. Archer kicked the ball off.

The game was full of excitement from the first moment, each side having determined to gain the victory. The married men took the ball well down the field, and Kelly, in fine form, fed his forward well, bringing back some of his old professional touches. A pass from him to Stephenson was well worked, in combination with Dalgety, whose footwork always delights the crowd; but Phillips, one of the chief bulwarks for the married men, was right in form, and he robbed the opposing right wing time after time. At this point the game was chiefly in the area of the single men's goal, Stephenson and Parkinson sending in some very difficult shots, but Johnson was equal to the occasion.

One shot, striking the crossbar and rebounding into play, was trapped by Anderson, who drove in a lightning shot, which grazed the upright and went out of play. The goal kick was well placed, and Neilands raced down the wing, swinging in a lovely centre, and Drew drove it hard into goal. Bull threw himself full across the goal and managed to tip the ball around the post. Cook took the corner kick, and Turner headed past. For a while the play was very fast, the ball travelling backwards and forwards, the backs playing well. Pte. King was playing his first game, and had been a dark horse, but he kicked with either foot, placing the ball with precision, proving himself to be a past-master of the game. His colleague needs no praise, being the left full-back for the Unit, it being a regular saying, "Where Lawrence is, there is safety also." Brazier was playing a forceful game, feeding his forwards well. He has a knack of being there at the proper moment, and he created some beautiful openings. Every man was playing up to form, and it was difficult to get far. One of the most dangerous men was Joe Killey. Joe was a thorn in everybody's side. His control of the ball was wonderful, and would have been more useful in the forward line. To me he is a born forward, having plenty of speed and being accurate in his shooting; yet he prefers the half-back position. Young was rather disappointing at first, but opened out as the game progressed. He has seen much football, coming from one of the greatest centres of the game—from Newcastle, the nursery of Football. He is a clever half, and worked well with Cowley. The latter was being tried in that position for the first time, and he filled it with great credit.

A free kick against Turner almost resulted in a goal, but for the clever play of Kennell-Webb, who headed the ball out when almost under the crossbar. He also got it away on another occasion and went well down the field on his own, when Kelly put the ball into touch. From the throw-in Drew broke away, and was looking dangerous when he was brought down. Kennell-Webb took the kick, the ball just passing over the bar. From the goal kick Dalgety raced away, and Paull conceded a corner. Cowley, taking the kick, placed the ball nicely in front of goal, but Paull got it away, though not for long. Lawrence drove the ball back up the field, and Parkinson rushed through, Johnson saving. Anderson drove in another shot, and from the rebound a mêlée in front of the goal resulted, and the ball passed over the line. There was no further score, the married men winning by one goal to nil.

Cpl. Kirkpatrick was referee.

HAVE YOU NOTICED—

The "Pay Day" expression?
The "I'm on leave" smile?
The "Letter from the Girl" grin?

Gee, they are conspicuous and catching, but we don't need any inoculation for them. Personally I don't care how often I have them.

* * *

Willie (age 4): "Ma, I know what sister Flo's young man's name is."

Mother: "Oh, do you?"

Willie: "Yes, it's 'George don't.' I heard her say it several times when they were in the front room last night."