

## BASEBALL BUNTS.

With the exception of two minor games, the club has been devoting its time to workouts and making "Diamonds." I do not mean to infer they have found a get-rich-quick recipe for making diamonds. We are talking Ball now!! and laying out a diamond on a field such as we had thrown at us entails quite a lot of work. Section men can correct this statement if I err in my surmise.

The arrival of Corporal Baker is welcomed by all in the unit, but from outside information we hear he had caused consternation, and our old-time opponents are kind of leary either to challenge or "pick up the mitt." From all accounts he is a pitcher of merit, and to see him at work leaves no room for doubt. "Seventy" McLean has wired to the States for a special Decker. "I can hold a ball," says he, "but not whizz-bangs."

Inter-section ball has showed up to advantage of late, and some good games have been witnessed. A championship series arranged between the Sections was won by "C" Section, but not easily, and the new inter-Section League which is being formed will provide some exciting games and give the big leaguers a chance of finding new material and talent.

At one section game between "B" and "C" three sergeants were observed in the limelight, one pitching whilst two were on bases. That will settle a little argument overheard in the billet some time since. Gillingham is unfortunate in having Baker, Woodhouse, and Monette in front of him, for he pitches a good ball. "Weckless Weggie" gets there every time, but I do not think he can get into Baker's shoes. "Dope" gets to the bases good, and a little more "Maconachie" and he'll be good for a three-bagger any old time.

Little Wilford has a big stroke, and that cinched the game, didn't it, Jack? "B" Section have a very even set of players which leaves little room to individualize, and they were right on their toes for that last game. Blame Dunn for stealing it from you.

The Training Camp report that, circumstances permitting, they will have some good dope for our next issue.

CUB.

In an address given by one of "C" Section boys just back from the battle-scarred diamond, he (the speaker) reminded us in a strenuous manner that we are forgetting THE boys who are fighting our baseball battles 'midst the banter and joshing of the enemy's rooters. This should not be so, and it is hoped that our members will set aside one day per week for the self-imposed task of collecting beer, Vin Blanc, and cigarettes that they may be poured through the usual channels with all speed. Money should not be sent. It was cigarettes and beer the speaker asked for.

One Who Knows: "Yes, you've got a good sergeant there; when you're up the line he always checks over your ration."

Newcomer: "That's very thoughtful of him, isn't it?"

O.W.K.: "Yes, very considerate. I remember the time we had eight on a loaf of bread, and no tea, milk, or sugar for a week. Oh, yes! very considerate—very!!!"

One of the boys just up from the base says the last time he saw "our Frankie," he was marked for the incinerator with about every complaint known to the Army.

And it all started from a saddle!

## THE SOLDIERS' FRIEND.

To the man in the trenches and the forward area there was one animal whose coming was always welcomed. Who of the old First didn't know "Billy," and when she came along they knew that the Canon was right behind her. Canon Scott, as he is known amongst the troops, has probably seen as much of the various parts of the front line that we have held as any soldier, and with him always came his friend "Billy," or "Alberta," to give her her proper name.

Given to the Canon at Albert, where his son lies buried, the dog was a link between the front and home, and Lieut.-Colonel Scott hoped to take her home to the wife and mother. His constant companion, as was well-known, one could not have thought that harm could come to "Billy," but under powers given by G.R.O. she was shot by constituted authority, and now lies buried in a chateau grounds in France. The Canon has marked the grave with this epitaph:

Here lies "Alberta" of Albert,  
Shot 24th April, 1918.

The dog that by a cruel end,  
Now sleeps beneath this tree,  
Was just the little dog and friend  
God wanted her to be.

F.G.S.

So died the friend and companion of the soldiers' friend, and red-tape triumphed by an act of "Malice Prepense."

## "HE WAS MY FRIEND."

As fades the day  
Into the night;  
As summer's ray  
To winter's blight—

So passes man to yonder bourne,  
From whence no travellers return.

Thus died a man,  
A comrade. He  
Had scarce began  
As yet to see

The fruitful issues of life's prime,  
Deserved by those of God's regime.

A Soldier—still  
He did not slay;  
"Thou shalt not kill,"  
Did our Lord say.

He brave'y served a gentler cause,  
A stretcher-bearer Bryant was.

Battles may wage,  
Ruthless and red,  
Yet not their rage  
Annoys the dead.

Now rests he who ran the good race,  
Trusting in Him to win a place.

[Note.—Verse 4 contains an acrostic.]

## After Lights Out.

Shorty: "And that's the frozen limit—this Army is getting worse every day."

Flip: "What's wrong with you now?"

Shorty: "Ain't you read arders to-night? It says, 'All men must parade to the cookhouse with full kit.' Get that? Full k't—full marching order!!!"

Flip: "Who's starting something, anyway?"

Shorty: "Guess."