

(Mentioned in Dispatches)

Some men are born great, others have greatness thrust upon them. Capt. Haines combines the two most felicitously. WE humbly congratulate Capt. Haines upon the good work he did for the battalion as acting O.C. We hope that he will long be with us as second-in-command. The battalion is indeed lucky in having two such tried and trusted soldiers to direct her destinies.

We think it rather a delicate touch, referring to a battalion as "she". It conjures up the position of a sweet girl ward with two venerable fatherly trustees guiding her footsteps and guarding her fortunes.

The battalion is certain to be well fed and clothed with Lieut. Loughton as Quartermaster. Capt. Macmillan is a hard man to follow, the battalion under his care always got all that was coming to Her, perhaps more. We feel certain that there are no lean years in front of us, Lieut. Loughton will ably carry on the good work.

Dont get a "Blighty". Its harder for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a wounded man to return to the front. Surely this alone shows that there are plenty of men. We dont hear the same tale from Germany.

Gone is our M.O. of whom we are proud,
 Into the ranks of the Headquarters crowd.
 Boys of the blue ribbon 7th B.C.
 Sigh as they parade before our new M.D.
 Only this morning they said "You bet
 No more No. 9's from Cap. Gibson we'll get."

Some men are born great and have greatness thrust upon them, such a man is Capt Gibson, A.D.C. to the G.O.C. 1st Can. Division, late M.O. 7th Battalion. We congratulate him on his promotion which we know from long personal acquaintance to be well deserved. The 7th Battalion was sorry to loose him — his ready wit saved many lives where No. 9's would have surely failed. Though Capt. Gibson is gone, "he is among us still" and we look forward to his occasional visits which we hope will be frequent and here is our standing invitation, "Come about meal time George".

Resignation of Pte. T . . . R.

Much concern was caused in the Battalion when it became known that Pte. T . . . r had resigned his position as Master of the Robes and head Waiter. It was feared that the news might have a disastrous effect on the American War Loan. To avoid this, a cablegram was sent assuring the people of the U.S. that we still retain his services but in a far more important part of the Battalion. Many rumours are afloat as to the cause of his resignation. One of them suggests that the high price of prunes played an important part in bringing about this, almost disastrous change. Another rumour and one which appears the most likely is, to the effect that the 2nd, Canadian Contingent refused to accept him as General The 7th Battalion knowing Pte. T . . . r's long association with Colonels, Staff Officers etc and the things they eat, drink, smoke and wear, always looked upon him as a very superior sort of person and had prepared a hearty send off. The official papers from the War Office were expected hourly. When the 2nd Can. Contingent actually landed in France all hopes were dashed to the ground along with most of the 7th battalion H.Qtrs. crockery and cutlery. Up to the time of writing we have not heard how the new H.Qtrs cook is making out, but we may incidentally state that the Officers have engaged Pte. Howson, (who is an ex-undertaker and embalmer) as batman.

The moonlight mechanic.

Into that land know as No Mans' land, the home of bats, rats, tin cans and tom cats, rank grass and reptiles; and bounded on both sides by seething serpentine demons that flash and flare, and spit fire in each others faces — marched the moonlight — mechanic.

Little is known of this animal, except that he leaves a trail of barbed wire, artistically entangled, as he passes up or down the Brigade front. His nerves are nil, his vital spots are few, but as his safety lays in silence, his work is done by stealth; hence his nocturnal habits.

His work of course, is to feed those two snarling fire eating demons with delicately entangled barbed wire. Their appetite for this delicacy is good. The only thing is that neither will eat his own but have a ferocious desire for each others.

Many a time, and often has the moonlight mechanic laid low in the long rank grass and watched those two demons hissing and hurling defiance at each other, showing a row of firey teeth snapping and gnashing with the crunching grind of many machine guns and countless rifles with an occasional roar like unto the mouth of hell itself.

Oh my what a relief but a few days leave to England would be to the moonlight mechanic.

Little imps from the opposing demon often come within sight of him but as he is provided with nothing to stay or slay them has to let them go their way.

Wire Kinks.



Officer to tired signaller at telephone. "May I use your phone?"

Signaller. n "No Sir all the wires are down".

Officer "When you get fixed up, tell the Q. M. to send up a rum issue to-night".

Collapse of tired signaller.

Dont fail to patronize "Kestinko" the 7th Battalion Russian Barber.

Hair cut short, long or otherwise. (mostly otherwise)

12 months experience on Army mules.

Try his bay rum hair tonic.

Splendid results when used externally.

Delightful results when used internally.

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| Ptes | 1d. |
| L/Cpls | 2d. |
| Sgts | 3d. |
| Officers | 1 franc. |

Address trench 7 a. xm You can locate it by the perfume.

Waiter to cook:— "What shall I do with this tough steak I cant eat it."

Cook:— "Give it to the dog or the trench cat.

Waiter:— "I did, but they wont eat it."

Cook:— "Alright try it on the Officers Mess.

Waiter:— "Why did I not think of that before.?"

G one has the Doctor we held in esteem
 I odine and pills were his favourite theme
 B rital with slackers and in many ways hard
 S ending us back when we looked for our card
 O ne will remember the great game he played
 N otting the Pikers on his old sick parade.