

## TRANSPORT SECTION

## The Transport Driver's Farewell

Written by W. H. Churchill, Transport Section

On the burning plains of Egypt,  
One scorching summer day,  
Inside a transport wagon  
A dying driver lay.  
His comrade stood beside him,  
With low and drooping head,  
Listening to the last words  
The dying driver said.

I am going to a better land,  
Where everything looks bright,  
Where hand-outs grow on bushes,  
You can sleep out every night,  
Where you do not have to work at all,  
Nor even change your socks;  
There are little streams of whisky  
Come trickling down the rocks.

Tell my sweetheart, back in Victoria,  
Her face no more I'll view;  
Tell her I have jumped the transport train,  
And that I am going through.  
Tell her not to weep for me,  
No tears her eyes must lurk,  
For I am going to a land  
Where I won't have to work.

Hark! I hear the Germans coming!  
We must catch them on the fly!  
Farewell, comrade, I must leave you;  
It ain't so hard to die.  
The driver stooped, his head fell back,  
He sung his last refrain,  
When the sergeant swiped his hat and shoes  
And jumped the transport train.

## ON LEAVE

Leave is now practically all over; that is to say in the bulk, and, as we said recently, 1916 is our year.

We were asked by a lady, "was it true we were going to the front immediately?" She had misunderstood our reference in a former issue to 1916 being our year. What we meant was that 1916 is the year destined for us to show what metal we are made of. When we enlisted last June we did not think we would be in action before 1916, and so it has proved, the past few months have been one of preparation.

Now we are all looking forward to the last lap, when united we go to do our best.

We are more fortunate, or we think we are, than our first battalions, in that we have all had a longer training together, under better conditions than they had. The war is now more settled down, so to say. We have the advantage of learning now all that is necessary, and all that is necessary only.

The ones gone before have borne the brunt, and learnt by bitter experience what to avoid, and we gain by their knowledge.

Another horror may or may not be invented to take the place of gas, but anyway, this is only one of the episodes that we will not have to face with its terrors unknown.—"Weekly Chronicle," 47th Batt.

## GERMAN STAR-FISH DEFENCES

Extraordinary ingenuity has been shown by the enemy in the defences immediately behind his front. A well-known ex-member of the Chamber of Deputies now serving as a major with the French forces, has given some highly interesting details as to why the French offensive in Champagne, which opened on September 25, and resulted in the taking of the Butte de Tahure and other strong strategic points, has not progressed as quickly as it might have been expected to. It was only when the German second line had been pierced that the intricate nature of the enemy's defences were made evident. At intervals of approximately 500 yards behind the second line the Germans have constructed underground strongholds which cannot be detected from the surface. They are known as "star-fish" defences, and their construction is most ingenious. About 30 feet below the ground is a "dug-out" of generous dimensions, in which are stored machine-guns, rifles and other weapons. Leading from this underground chamber to the surface are five or six tunnels jutting out in different directions, so that their outlets form half-a-dozen points in a circle, with a diameter of about 100 yards. Along each of the tunnels is laid down a narrow gauge

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railway to allow the machine-guns to be speedily brought to the surface. At the mouth of the tunnels are two gun platforms on either side, and the mouth itself is concealed by being covered over with earth or grass, as the case may be. These "star-fish" defences are also mined, and can be exploded from any one of the various outlets. On several occasions when the French endeavored to press home their advantage they found themselves enfiladed by machine-guns raised to the surface by troops who had taken up their position of these underground defences constituted the most serious obstacle to the French advance in Champagne.

## FORGET IT!

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,  
A leader of men marching fearless and proud,  
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud  
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,  
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away  
In a closet, and guarded, and kept from the day  
In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display  
Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long dismay,  
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy  
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,  
That will wipe out a smile, or at least may annoy  
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,  
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

A man from Toronto confided a great war secret to me the other day. He says that Kitchener has discovered a great labor-saving device. Whenever he wants anything done on the Flanders front he saves time now by asking the Canadians to do it.—Sentinel.