

HORSE TRANSPORT NOTES.

There have been many changes in the H.T. lately, three of the original members of the unit being lucky enough to get three months' leave to Canada.

S/Sgt.-Major W. D. Foran, Cpl. D. J. MacDonald and Driver Frank Gaynes were the lucky ones. The good wishes of the boys go with them, and we all hope that they won't forget their comrades who are left behind.

Sgt. Hawley, of the Div. Train, who was attached to our transport just before the Vimy scrap, was wounded in one of Fritz's midnight visits, and went down the line, but he didn't make "Blighty," and we had a visit from him the other day on his way back to the train. Hawley was very popular during his stay with us and we hope to have him with us again some day. He tells us that he had a trip to Paris during his stay at the base.

Sgts. J. H. Wood and S. White have joined our unit from the Div. Train, and we hope to see much of them in the days ahead of us.

S/Sgt.-Major W. Taylor has joined our unit from the Div. Train to take charge of our Horse Transport, and made a hit in his work on the Sport's Committee. He has a position which will keep him busy, but we hope that he will find time to enter into the relaxations of the unit, where his initiative and energy will be appreciated.

THE OLD-TIMER.

From the *Punkville Bugle*, A.D. 1957.

A war-scarred fanatic resides in an attic
Above Murphy's bar down the street,
He lives on hard tack, which he eats from a
sack,
And he sleeps on a cold rubber sheet.

Though grey-haired and old, there are strange
stories told
Of his dubious habits and ways,
How he peddles his shoes when he's out on the
boozes,
And goes without washing for days.

He gambles and bets and accumulates debts,
And when creditors get on his track
He retires to our lawn with his gas-helmet on,
And calmly awaits their attack.

They say he is "barmy"—he'd served in the
Army,
And from the Great War had come back.
To the cronies he knew with a Blighty or two,
And a few souvenirs in his pack.

Oh, the stories he tells, and the fond way he
dwells
On the blood-curdling deeds he had done,
And we crowd round the bar while he puffs
his cigar
And explains every notch in his gun.

All the whizz-bangs he'd dodged, and the duds
that had lodged
In the mud but an inch from his track,
And the shell-holes he'd filled with the
Germans he'd killed,
And the wounded he'd packed on his back.

How he crept in the mire through the tangled
barbed-wire
And captured a battery of guns,
And the prisoners he'd made in a dashing
trench raid,
When he bombed a dug-out full of Huns.

Of course he was there at the Ypres affair,
Givenchy, Festubert, and Loos,
He can tell you the how, when and why of
each row,
You can pick any battle you choose.

'Tis a wonder that he never got a V.C.
For all the V.C.'s he had won,
But of that we'll not ask, nor a further bit task
His mighty imagination!
Oh, no, don't tax his imagination!

THINGS I HAVE SEEN.

In a French town, which for three years has been a target for Fritz's hate, is what was once a little shop, fronting on the battered "Grande Place."

The front has been blown in, and around it stand others of its kind, some roofless and only an empty shell, through which one sees the small court-yard and pieces of the furnishings.

However, the inhabitants cling to their homes and this little shop has been boarded up and is in use as a tea-room, and over the doorway a sign reads "The Hole in the Wall."

In the ruins of a small French village which we have just released from Fritz's observation, I noticed the other day a new feature, and stopped a moment to read the legend.

Standing back in a little garden off the straggling village street were the foundations of a cottage, and at what was once the doorstep was an oblong mound of earth. The earth around it had been cleared of the weeds of two years' growth except two red poppy plants, which were growing on the grave, and at the end of the mound was a new white-painted cross, which read in English: "Mme. Delabre, Celinie. Killed by the Germans, October, 1914. R.I.P." When or by whom the cross was placed and the grave cleared I do not know, but it was probably done by Labour Companies who are clearing the battlefields.

Recently I went to "O Pip" to see a friend of mine and on the way I passed over ground where Frenchmen and Germans fought and died in the early days of the war, ground which is now being cleared, and I came to what had once been a famous chapel.

Within the walls our men had levelled the debris and dug and paved a flight of steps into a shell-hole about ten feet deep, and placed a shrine against the side, covering it with a piece of corrugated iron to protect it from the weather.

There it stands with its tiny statues, and an inscription which might be from the dead who fell around it: "Notre Dame de Lorette priez pour nous."

IN MEMORIAM.

SINCE our last number we have to record the deaths of some of our comrades who a short time ago were with us in the flesh, as they are now in spirit.

Second Lieut. J. S. Brown, still remembered among us as Staff Sergt. Jack Brown, was one of our original members. He was in charge of "B" Section Tent Division from the first, and during that time it was hard to beat. Jack was one of the finest types of our "New Armies." He was always a gentleman and he had the knack of getting the work done willingly and often under difficulties. He went through Ypres (1915), Festubert, Givenchy, and again Ypres (1916) and the Somme. He offered himself for a commission in the R.G.A. and was gazetted with a high percentage, and would undoubtedly have gone far. However he was killed shortly after returning to France while carrying out his duties, and I have no doubt he made the sacrifice willingly.

I remember well his parents, who came to see him off at the wharf before we embarked for over-seas, and while they will sorrow for his loss I

know that they will be glad to hear of the esteem in which we held him, who shared our hardships for two-and-a-half years.

Pte. A. E. Syer joined us just before we went to the Somme, and did his bit cheerfully in a very difficult time with "C" Section bearers.

He always had a smile and a kindly word, and while a quiet fellow was always ready to take his share when there was work to do. He died of wounds received while on his way to succour the wounded, and we will long feel the loss of his cheery presence from our midst.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THROUGH wounds received by Col. Ford, our O.C. has been called to fill the post of A/A.D.M.S. of our Division. We wish to extend our best wishes to Lt.-Col. Wright on his appointment to the Div. Staff, and while we shall be very sorry to lose him, we hope that he will retain the position. It is a credit both to these officers and to No. 1 that the posts of D.D.M.S. of the Corps and A.D.M.S. of our Division are filled by Col. A. E. Ross and Lt.-Col. R. P. Wright respectively.

Major Stone (now Lt.-Col. Stone) and Major Graham, both members of the First Contingent, have left our Unit to proceed to England, and we understand that they will join No. 15 Canadian Field Ambulance as O.C. and Second in Command respectively. We all wish to congratulate these officers on their well-deserved promotions.

In consequence of Lt.-Col. Wright's appointment to the Div. Staff, Major Boyce becomes Acting O.C. of our Unit, in which position we hope he will be confirmed. He has been Managing Editor of the *Iodine Chronicle* since its first appearance and has contributed in many ways towards its success. He has now been compelled, through pressure of his new duties, to hand it over to Capt. H. W. Whytock.

Captains R. H. Thomas, D. A. Morrison, and A. E. Macdonald have recently joined our Unit. Captain Clarke has returned from leave.

S/Sgt. Mills and Sgt. A. H. Stewart have just returned from a reconnaissance in the No-man's Land of gay Paree, and we will hope that they were not wounded. It is hard to get them to describe what they saw, except that "She's tres bon." The O.R. has been flooded with applications to follow them, and we hope soon to know as much of Paris as we do of London, and here's hoping that the casualties aren't any greater.

Corporal D. A. Black and E. Watters have been awarded the Military Medal.

HARD ON THE SCOTCH.

Scotland is a brow wee land on the north of England. It has water nearly all around it and whiskey over a large part of it. The population is about four-and-a-half millions, including Mr. Carnegie. It has a peculiar language of its own and if one can pronounce it coherently it is an infallible test of sobriety. It possesses considerable wealth of minerals, but very little of it finds its way out of the country. Gold has at times been discovered in certain districts, as well as in the pockets of natives, but in both cases it has been found difficult to work.