

men were shouting to each other with a total disregard of giving away information to the enemy. I got a glimpse of one man on the top of the engine who seemed to control the situation. He was like a Roman Gladiator handling his high-mettled steeds with a mastery to be envied.

My mind detached itself from the struggling, seething mass, and I made a mental mould of a brilliant article which would send war correspondents shell-shocked with envy. All war material lay before my mental eye in massed formation. I had fashioned an essay which would make the "Forty-niner" a world classic at a bound. The rain and discomforts of the night were forgotten. I was elevated, I was caught—on the chin with the edge of a box, and I sank to the ground. As I raised myself a large sack was placed on my back and I was told to "beat it to 'C' Company Headquarters."

It was only a Ration Party. My lord of the "Tank" was the R.S.M.

SANDBAG.

(To be continued.)

## DO YOUR BEST.

The following stanzas, submitted to THE FORTY-NINER for publication by Miss Hart and Miss Asker, two members of the Lord Roberts Club who endeared themselves in many ways to the men when the battalion was at Shorncliffe, are printed with pleasure:—

There is something high and noble  
For a soul like yours to do;  
There are conquests, glories, trophies,  
To be won by such as you.  
Let your eye be ever looking  
On your Mighty Leader's crest,  
Follow Him. Obey His Orders,  
Go ahead and do your best.

Never fear what foe assails you,  
Never dread the roar of fight.  
Hold it true. You can't be beaten  
In the struggle for the Right.  
Stand your ground in hottest fire storm,  
With your comrades march abreast,  
Swing the sword of God around you,  
Go ahead and do your best.

## WITH THE BAND.

"Good old band." Here we are again. Since our last issue five members of the Band have left us. Three are invalided to England, and two transferred to the Bombers. We hope to have the invalids back with us again in the near future.

Bill must have been a long time getting to the Base. He was fifty-two years of age when he left us, and fifty-four when he arrived there.

We were all pleased to hear that Bill Jack has had a successful operation, and hope to have him with us again as soon as he is fit.

"Japs" has been "off his lease" ever since he held the Battalion up with his tin of sardines.

"Puff" didn't make "Blighty" after all, so J. T. won't get his pork pies just yet.

We are proud of the fact that during our recent long marches not one Bandsman fell out.

Perhaps it was the thoughts of the comfortable billets at the end of the day's march that kept us going.

Sergt. B. is sure some billetter.

Bill G. is looking fit again, but thinks that the war will last another three years.

Leave is a much discussed thing these days with the Band. The pessimists are certain that we will never get a pass, while the optimist thinks that we shall get our leave at Christmas.

Some of the boys are already figuring on what estaminet to put up at in London, the Cecil or Carlton.

What was the language used by the six Bandsmen who waited five hours for the kits that didn't turn up?

By the time this appears in print the festive season will have passed. Last year we had our Christmas dinner with "D" Company. "Good old D." Next year we hope to be at home for the "Spread."

## AT THE SCHOOL.

Officer throwing dummy bombs is scattering them all over the field instead of putting them between the sandbags.

Voice from behind: "What's this you are putting up, Pat; a barrage?"