

**AN ESSAY ON HELMETS.**

Helmets are of two kinds—steel and gas. The steel helmets of war are worn by the French Poilu and the British Tommy. The French steel helmet was designed by a milliner and is a credit to the nation. The British steel helmet was designed by a boiler-maker and is a life-saver.

On a hot day a soldier wearing a steel helmet doesn't work at much else at the same time.

But there is a thing much more dreadful to wear on a hot day than the steel helmet. It is the gas helmet. When the human head made of any less durable material than vulcanised flint is encased in a gas helmet, made of every kind of goods from horse blankets to remnants of rag carpet; when, I say, any human head is incarcerated within this portable Turkish bath, in a battlefield on a south-west hillside at 2 o'clock p.m., on a clear, still day, when the temperature is 1,100° in the shade and there is no shade, the owner of said head thinks longingly of the Bastille, the Stocks, the Pillory, the Thumb Screw, the Rack, the Stake and other mediæval pleasantries.

Anyone who has gone long hours within a battlefield with one of these asbestos things over his head, filled with steam and air-hunger has in future no fear of death, or public speaking, or of fashionable dinners. He playfully enquires of death as to the location of its stinger.

**THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.**

Why "Cocky" went sick when he was detailed for duty?

If the aeroplane inspectors are still drawing working pay?

Who was it said Sam drank the rum at H..... P..... C.....?

Who was the N.C.O. who would not send his men where he would not go himself? He was not seen at the A.D.S. to even enquire how the boys were.

Are we getting these new "stunts" to put the N.C.O.'s in trim for carrying stretchers in case of a "pinch" up the line?

Was our Transport Sergeant acting recently as A.D.C. to Hon. Sir Sam Hughes, or as understudy to Captain Bairnsfather?

If "C" Section Tent Sub-Division are qualified for going on guard?

Who said the Sergeant-Major couldn't duck?

Why do the Batmen and Sanitary officials have separate Messes from the real men?

Why we hear so much from certain people on parade grounds, and so little when they are up the line?

Who are the N.C.O.'s who have a mortgage on \_\_\_\_\_

Are the rations for the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes weighed on the same scales as those for the Privates?

**OUR RAILROADERS.**

"B" Section were up for their tour of duty at one of our Advanced Dressing Stations known, strangely enough, as \_\_\_\_\_. This was particularly aptly named as the majority of "B" Section

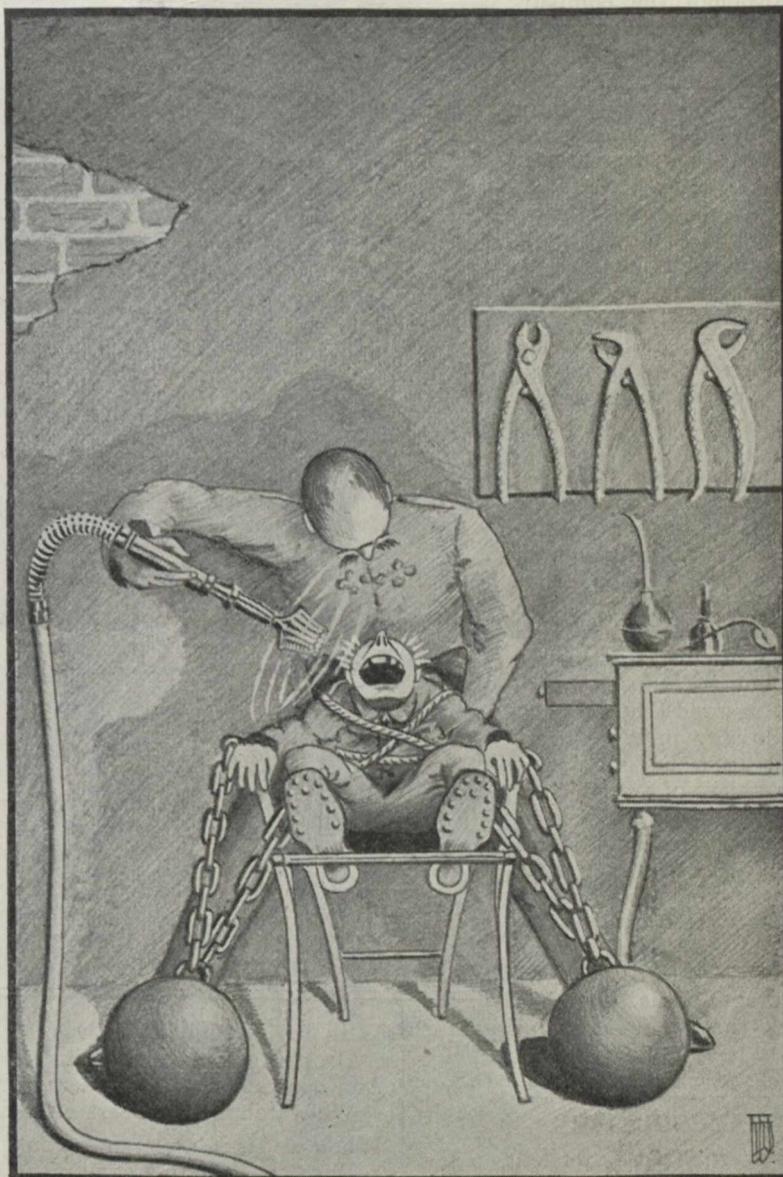
are railwaymen and judging from remarks frequently overheard at their billets there is no post between that of General Traffic Manager and Superintendent of Terminals that could not be handled by the boys that hail from Brandon—a town, well known on the C.P.R. system on account of its being a Divisional Point, *i.e.*, a place where engines are changed, etc.

As is invariably the case the conversation had turned into a discussion of the usual topic and one heard references to "side-swipes," 100% engines, flying switches, humps, and other railroad technicalities.

wage, too, for unskilled labour." The fat was in the fire now. "Unskilled labour! Why, you big stiff, I'd like to see you do it. I suppose you think reading train orders is skilled labour?"

Things got worse and worse, in fact it looked as if Gus Landstrom would have to call them to order to prevent the disputants coming to blows, when Bateman saved the situation by shouting, "But why don't they send up our rum issue?"

A common grouse having been discovered, the bunch settled down to its amicable discussion.



**"THAT 6-INCH SENSATION."**

(With apologies to Bruce Bairnsfather.)

Drawn for "Now and Then,"

by Sgt. T. W. Whitefoot.

"Scotty" Anderson, of Huntly Castle, had just regaled the party with a story of how he had forced a big hobo to "dent the rail" when Agnew enquired if they had heard of the new Mogul engine now being used. This was discussed at length as well as the amount of energy that railroad corporations endeavour to extract from their employees and eventually the point of view of the fireman was reached. The argument grew hotter and hotter until the statement was made that "to keep a firebox as big as this here dug-out trim on forty a hundred miles was pretty tough." This was followed by a remark from someone or other, "And a pretty good

**BLIGHTY.**

(Sung with great success by Jack Higham, "Bones" of No. 3 Can. Field Ambulance Minstrels, in the latest Revue, "ON ACTIVE SERVICE," now being produced by Messrs. Haig and Joffre, in the Western Theatre).

I wandered on as in a dream,  
Where I could hear the bullets scream,  
As they came whistling through the trees  
The mud almost up to my knees.  
In the trench where I am lying  
I can hear the shrapnel flying,  
Flying, as it bursts o'erhead.  
But—I care not for the mud and grit,  
I only wanted to get hit,  
I only want a Blighty,  
A Blighty and it's Home for mine.