

THE BRAZIER



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When I joined the Army first they issued me with everything a soldier needs, according to the powers that be, and about fifty other things besides. The result was that when they took me out for a walk, as they frequently did, I looked like a Winnipeg street car during the rush hours. They hung things all over me. Rifle, bayonet, pack, haversack, smoke-helmet, ammunition pouches, entrenching tool, water-bottle, and a dozen other things besides. Some day I expect they will use my ears for hanging some other indispensable articles on. But one thing I did not receive from the Army was a moustache. I knew that Army Order XBZ informs the curious that to be a real soldier, and avoid trouble with the people who have you deceased immediately the sun rises should you ignore their demands, it was necessary to wear a moustache, along with the other personal belongings included in a soldier's kit. Naturally I applied at the Q.M. stores for my moustache. I was informed by the Q.M.S. in that if you come ere any more its in the clink you'll go young man tone of voice, that all soldiers know so well, that the recruit has to provide his moustache out of his own pocket. I took the hint and started growing one. In spots I was successful, in spots I wasn't. It started fine in the centre but faded away like the whine of a dud towards the place where Army instructors start using the battalion butter issue. How I longed for a fierce looking moustache just like an instructor's! But in spite of using vast quantities of elbow grease, Zam Buk, dubbin, creosol, rifle-oil and countless

Farewell "Charlie Chaplin"

other fertilizers, it was all to no purpose. As soon as the moustache got out of the shade of my nose into the sunshine it faded away. Then fortune favoured me. The "Charlie Chaplin" became famous. My previous failure became a success. My comrades, as we call our friends in the Army, came to me for advice on "how to do it." But in the midst of my triumph came Army Order XBZ2L stating, after passing cynical remarks on "moustaches consisting of a few hairs only", that "it being now optional whether the upper lip be shaved or not, if a moustache is worn no portion of the upper lip shall be shaved". That's the official way of saying that "Charlie Chaplins" are tabooed. Whole hog or nothing, so to speak. Not being able to go the whole hog, my upper lip is now an aching void, my dear old "Charlie" now but a memory. I feel I shall never smile again.



Christmas Comes But Once a Year.

Army orders now inform us,
In a manner most sublime,
If we wear a "Charlie Chaplin".
We commit a serious crime.
So bid farewell to dear old
"Charlie",
Soldiers both in France and
Blighty,
Lest they should take you out at
dawn
And shoot you in your "nighty."

All Arranged For

Officer: "What arrangements have you made in case Zeppelins come?"
Sergeant: "If any bombs are dropped on the huts, Sir, the camp will be roused by three blasts on a whistle."

-Punch.