

THE 5TH BATTALION'S PAGE

Latest news from the seat of war.

Strange disappearance of a Canadian Battalion.

A weird story of how the whole unit is "spirited" away for several hours in the town of Pix. Men upon their return unable to explain were they were.

Matter remains shrouded in mystery.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Prix. May 1st, 1916 Some strange facts have just come to light here regarding the weird disappearance of a whole battalion recently for several hours. No explanation has yet been given of the remarkable occurrence, and the men themselves, seem unable to throw any light on the mystery.

The name of the Battalion is not given, but for identification purposes, and to locate anyone who might assist in clearing up the mystery, the authorities have permitted it to be announced that the Battalion emblem represents a horse standing on one foot and juggling a large crown on it's left ear.

The facts of the case so far obtained by our correspondent are as follows:

The Battalion (which by the way, has a good reputation for sobriety and thrift) was last seen on a certain day of the past week at a pay parade. After being paid, the men quietly drifted out of their billets, some to purchase tea and chocolates, others presumably to bank their surplus wages,

Not until between half past five and a quarter to estaminet did it become apparent that something was wrong. It was then, that the O. C's companies received an order that all available men would be for working party at ———. Then the strange fact was discovered that the whole battalion had disappeared—vanished apparently into thin air. What had happened?

Huns Hypnotize Hundreds?

Suggestions and explanations were the order of the moment. Was this the result of another German plot? Had the Huns discovered a new frightfulness by which they could hypnotize troops by hundreds?

A few N.C.O's who had somehow escaped the general disaster, and were still in the vicinity of the billets, were hurriedly organized into search parties, and sent out on the trail of the missing battalion. Frantically they dashed out, madly they rushed from corner to corner, square to square, estaminet to estaminet—but in vain. The battalion was, as our French Compatriots would put it—"Na poo".

Strangely enough, the only men who escaped the fate of their comrades were the rather undisciplined members of the unit, the gambling element who had remained to play Toodle and Buck and Peeko in the courtyard, and these, thankful at having escaped the mysterious fate of the others fell in and were gladly marched away to represent the Regiment in the great work of digging for their King and Country.

No one knows when the battalion returned, but by the following morning everyone answered the roll. Where had they been? No one knew. Many could not remember having been away at all, and insisted that they had been in the billets all the time. Others admitted that the previous evening was a blank, and said they could not account for this fact. And so the mystery remains (and likely to remain) unexplained.

TIPS*

Keep your head down and you'll be able to call the stretcher-bearer for the fellow who looked over.

x x x

Uneasy is the head that wears a helmet.

x x x

The shovel may be lighter than a rifle—but hang onto your gat.

Signs of a charge—a mackerel sky and a double issue of rum.

x x x

A general inspection—Five hours parade and five minutes inspection followed by a working party.

Bill: "Say, hear that Jock Robinson got the D.C.M."

Fred: "What for?"

Bill: "I dunno".

Fred: "Blimy, why ain't I got one too, I hid in the same dug-out".

x x x

We've heard some strange arguments in trench and dug-out and billet, and on to march too.

The time worn arguments as to the best town in God's country and which was the hottest bombardment, and who had the narrowest shave are to be heard from time to time. But the best yet took place a few days ago between two fellows well over fifty years of age:

"Say Bill, this is a hell of a country, the trees blossom before they leave out".

"Well, what would you expect them to do?"

"Why in any respectable country the leaves come out first".

"Go on you old goat, you've another thought coming".

"I tell you in Ontario the leaves come out first, then the blossoms".

"You silly old 'pie biter', how can the leaves come first?"

"Alright have it your own way the blossoms comes first".

"No they don't, the leaves come first".

Another voice. "If you fellows get much hotter you'll draw fire".

x x x

Noted by Censor.

I am now with the Fifth 'Horse' Battalion.

Excuse the writing, blame the pen,
Spell the words ye dinna ken.

Dear Sir, Thank you for the tobacco and the 'Arf a mo cigarettes, they will last for quite a while but the quality might have been better.

x x x

Things we hear that don't happen.

The Division is going out for a rest.

Our artillery will bombard at ———

Guess we'll hop the parapet this trip in.

I hear all the old men are going back to Canada.

The Kaiser is suing for peace.

No more working parties. That will all be done by the Pioneers.

They are going to send ten men a week per company, on leave.

x x x

Where are they.

Corporal (to Private just arrived): "Clean up all tin cans and paper around the forts and enviroments".

Private (some time later): "I've cleaned up all around the forts, Corporal, but I can't find the enviroments".

x x x

The question of the hour.

Chorus of new draft. "Were you ever in as heavy a bombardment as that before?"

Chorus of the old Fifth. "Sure. That was'nt nothing, why, when were at Ypres, (or Festubert, or Givenchy or the counter attack)—Oh well, what's the use, you all know the rest".