

BATTALION HONOURS

(Continued from page 5).

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES.

Lieut.-Colonel Patrick Joseph Daly, D.S.O.
Major and Adjutant William Burton Forster.
Major Arnold Edward McElligott, D.S.O.
No. 71559 C.S.M. Williams, H.
No. 71564 Sergeant Moring, T.
No. 71478 Private Griffin, F. A.

While the Battalion watched with interest and appreciation, General Turner pinned the decorations on those of the recipients who are now with the Battalion. Some are in "Blighty" recovering from honourable wounds, while a few, alas, have found a hero's grave in French or Flemish soil.

After General Turner had congratulated each hero personally, he spoke a few words of congratulation to the Battalion on its excellent work on the Somme. "No Battalion had a more difficult task or did better than the —," said he, "and no Brigade had a stiffer fight before it than the —. And both Battalion and Brigade did all and more than all that was



ALL HANDS ON DECK.

An incident in the adventurous career of one, Guy S. Clarkson, who had four Huns take him on the first stage of his trip to Blighty!

asked of it." He declared that the Commander of the Canadian Corps realised the difficulty of the task set before the — in connection with the great attack on September 15th, where the — did such excellent work, and the Corps Commander himself had expressed his keen appreciation of the magnificent work done by the Canadians on that great day. General Turner reminded the new officers and men who have joined the Battalion since those busy days on the Somme that they now belonged to a Battalion with an enviable record behind it, and with many distinguished honours of war gained in twelve months' fighting. He knew they would continue the good work of the —, "than which," he concluded, "there is none better in the whole Canadian Corps."

The Battalion is commanded by Lieut.-Colonel P. J. Daly, D.S.O., who has been in the trenches for fifteen months.

x x x x

JUST A PARODY.

(With apologies to R. W. Service.)

A bunch of the boys were freezing to death
In an old B— woody hut.
Their howls were blended with chilly breath,
As they stamped each freezing foot.
When out of the morn, which was Umpteen below,
And into the hut, which was worse,
There stumbled an Officer "Sanitaire"—
Please don't criticise my verse.

Then this Officer to the men exclaimed:
"Why don't you light your stove?
For had I to bide in this hut, by my word,
For wood, coal, or coke I would rove."
Each to the other with wonder did look,
As he thought of the orders severe
Which were read out that morn by our worthy S.M.
Re "cancelling of leave"—which was near.
And they vowed each one that they'd sooner freeze,
Than lose this privilege dear!

SGT. TITHERINGTON.

CPL. HARPUR.

x x x x

A LITTLE BIT OF SHRAPNEL.

(With apologies.)

Sure, a little bit of shrapnel fell from out the skies one day,
And it hit a gay young soldier in a trench not far away.
And when the doctor saw him, he said to him, "Old man,
We'll get you back to Blighty just as quickly as we can."
So they put him in an ambulance, then put him in a train,
And they rushed him back to Blighty to relieve him of his pain.
Now, when he had recovered so that he could get around,
They sent him back to Flanders to start the same old round!

PTE. F. E. POOKEY.

x x x x

IT'S FUNNISH.

From my "Oh Pip" I love to gaze
Upon the Hunnish lines;
And watch his funny little ways
When Stokes do fill the skies.

Each Hunnish face is agonized,
And eyes like saucers are;
Each leg it seems is paralysed—
Each dug-out seems so far!

So here's to Stokes who makes me smile,
As from my "Pip" I view
Each Hunnish trench go up a mile,
Each Hunnish soldier, too!

—C.

x x x x

IS THERE ?

Breathes there a man in the Brigade,
Who, writing to his friends, hath said,
He'd been in France to seek his match
For fifteen months—without a scratch?

If such there be, we're from Missouri.
For though he's 'scaped old Fritz's fury,
To other friends we're most attached—
So where's the man who hasn't scratched?

BY ONE WHO HAS.

x x x x

THIS IS WORSE.

Why does Major Riley consider "C" Company the best in the battalion?

Is it because the others are B, A, D?

x x x x

THE GAS OFFICER.

Do ye ken Brownell,
At the break of day,
Between two blankets,
So warm and gay;
If you try to get him up
He will only say:
"We're shooting no gas
This morning."

x x x x

SOME FATIGUE.

NEW DRAFT (being posted on sentry duty in crater, about seventy yards in diameter and sixty feet deep): "Ma conscience! It will ha' taken a very large warkin' pairty a heluva wiles to dig yon."