

"'Tis destiny that shapes our lives", but 'twas Iveson that carved that 16th Battalion crest out of chalk stone, and a jolly good job he made of it.

Some of the boys have taken a pigeon course, and although they do not crow about it, they have certainly developed the "homing" instinct. (Who said leave?).

One pigeon said they made a "ash of it anyway."

Now then you "next for leave", remember Jock's example and bombard the boys with buns from Blighty.

M.O.: "What's your trouble?"

Signaller: "Overwork, Sir."

M.O.: "One month on a Visual Station."

At the time of writing the sergeant is busily absorbing knowledge at the School of Signalling. That's all right, but who's going to referee our football matches? Business before pleasure!

"Everything has its uses," said Arty as he yanked a tin of gasoline from the steam roller. Who said "Goo-lamps?"

The section extends to all ex-members—including "Pop" Carse, Fred Stewart, Archdale, West, Plant, Jack Cowley, "Ginger" Brown, "Chuck" Shaw, both the transferred and the wounded boys—the compliments of the season, best wishes for the future and hopes for a speedy recovery and re-union in a more peaceful clime. We'll drink to their health at the Christmas dinner.

Query: "Do the signallers march on the dot and dash system?" (See last issue of The Brazier.)

Answer: "Yes, when their footsteps are flagging."

A Few Rounds From the Machine Gunners

A certain machine gunner was on pass recently and reports from friends in Blighty inform us that he helped a street singer (namely, took part in a duet) outside Charing Cross Station.

Who is the machine gunner who carried the front line to supports in a sand-bag thinking it was the rations?

Will the N.C.O. of the machine gun section tell us in which dictionary we can find the words he used when a brother gunner enfiladed his emplacement?

What has happened to Dad? He seems to have had a close shave?

Who was the machine gunner who got castor oil for his boots?

Poor Mike of the machine gun section hasn't got over the time he was dining out with a lady friend in London when the nurse entered. Mike says he felt like five cents.

The section wish to express their congratulations to Lieut. Bevan. They are very sorry to lose such a popular officer and friend, but they will give their whole-hearted support to his successor.

Chips From The Pioneers

We wonder if the redoubtable "Scotty" of the "Wise Guys" would wear a kilt if engaged in a Polar expedition.

Will our old friends, the Water Detail, stick to the "Water Wagon" this festive season? We are under the impression we heard the Welsh National Anthem being sung in rather a husky voice last Christmas.

One of the Intelligence Section was heard to remark the other day that "A Scotsman rools his R's with a burr." The "Wise Ones" ought to know something about dialect.

Our old friend, "Tiny", seemed to fare better than the others who were on the carpet for the same offence a couple of days previous. But then, "Tiny's" explanations would carry weight anywhere!

Are the Huns liable to bombard Scarborough again while the hero of the first bombardment is on leave?

Weel, here's tae a guid time at Christmas, wherever we may be.

Gift of Cigars

The thanks of the battalion are due to Mr. David Pearlstein of Hamilton, Ont., for his kindness in sending a handsome gift of cigars to the battalion. The smokes were much enjoyed.

From the Headquarters Staff

Who was the staunch original Seaforth man who went away with the "Harry Lauder" head-dress?

Was his tune the same the "morn-ing after the night before?"

Is "Spunk" going to celebrate his Military Medal at Christmas?

When will the invitations be out?

We are pleased to see our old ex-runner, Ed. Cleary, is still holding up the traffic.

How many times a year does a certain member of the H.Q. Staff celebrate his birthday?

We wish ourselves a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Intelligence Section Notes

Who is the observer who saw an elephant in Fritz's front line?

How is it that there is a surplus of jam in the section now that a certain sniper is taking a course?

Who is the Londoner who was so anxious to look like a Scotchman that he "bummed" a cast-off khaki kilt?

Who is the N.C.O. who gives his treads a bad name because the buttons won't stay on? Have a heart, Scotty.

What do I see before my eyes?

Is it a sausage in disguise?

What strange creature do I con?

It's a Scotchman with a scout-suit on.

Ode to My Departed Kilt

Farewell, old friend, the time has come to part,

For winter's icy breezes wrap around My unprotected knees, and harsh chills dart

Across my nether regions they abound.

For months past you have been my pride and care,

In trench and billet, in weather fair or foul;

To lose you now is more than I can bear,

But needs must when outside the north winds howl.

When balmy breezes once more herald Springtime's morn

And roads and trenches are not pools of muck,

I hope to don again thy old familiar form

Which has been to me an emblem of good luck.

—B.H.E.

Around the Transport Lines

"Some" musical evenings we're enjoying these cold nights at Marguerite's.

Will we be hearing a duet in French soon by Ran and Marguerite? Or are they keeping it dark till Christmas evening?

The Transport boys are looking forward to a big night at Christmas. M'selle Marguerite is also looking forward to the big event.

Will Ran sing, "I'd Hate to Miss My Coffee in the Morning"?

"Come bang days hours is it?" is the latest way of asking the time in French.

How do the boys like being "real soldiers" these days.

We are hoping the Transport Christmas dinner will be as big a success this year as last.

We are wondering who will be Major Heakes' successor this year.

But, turkey or no turkey, here's to