

PLAINT OF A C.Q.M.S.

I'M perfectly willing
To do
All I can
To help;
But I know a man
Who had a horse,
And it was a good horse,
And willing
And all that,
And every day
He'd pile a little more
On to the wagon.
And one day
He piled so much
The horse couldn't pull it,
But it tried,
And broke a blood-vessel
Or a leg
Or something
Or other,
And died
Or had to be shot
Or whatever it was.
And after that
The man
Hadh't a horse
Or anything;
And I want to ask you
If you won't
Leave me alone.
I want to be good friends
With the officers
And N.C.O.'s
And men
Of "A" Company
And "B" Company
And "C" Company
And "D" Company,
And the Signallers,
And the Bombers,
And the Pioneers,

And the Transport,
And all that.
But I sit down
To make an indent
Or a return
Or something,
Or to play poker
Or something
Or other,
And a man comes in
And tells me
A sad story,
And says he lost
His gas helmet
Or iron-rations
Or goggles
Or something
Or other.
And he tells me
A whizbang
Took away
His cup,
And I sympathise with him,*

* Yes, he does!—EDITOR.

And promise
To get him a new one;
And I know
I haven't got it,
And later on
He'll hate me
Because I lied to him.
I'm supposed
To write something
Humorous
For the PATROL,
And I'm not a humorist,
But I gotta be,
And I can't be
If they won't
Lemme alone.

"RUBY."

□ □ □

THE CRATER FIGHTING.

IN a recent issue of the weekly magazine *Canada* there is published in full Sir Max Aitken's account of the events of April—not so stirring, perhaps, as the events of April of last year, but stirring enough. It is a relief to have a true statement of affairs other than the sometimes amusing (though in one case distinctly annoying) accounts which British journalism affords to men who are actually in the trenches.

As Canadians, we have read with pride many details concerning the brave deeds of our sister battalions; deeds which would never have come to our ears, perhaps, except through this fitting channel. We have also read with interest the names of those singled out for particular gallantry and devotion to duty, both officers and men.

In dealing with the work of our Brigade, Sir Max Aitken goes on to say:—

"Two nights in succession Major J. A. Ross, Victoria Rifles, left our trenches to reconnoitre the enemy's position. On the first occasion he was accompanied by Lieut. C. G. Greenshields, on the second by Lieut. Victor Duclos, officer of his battalion. Lieut. Greenshields at the outbreak of war enlisted in the French Foreign Legion. Having secured a transfer to this battalion, he was wounded last autumn, but rejoined his unit on April 1st.

"On another night an excellent reconnaissance was carried out by Lieut. Duclos, accompanied by Lieut. Ross Robertson. Lieut. Charles Dolphin took out patrols on three successive nights, securing useful information as to the enemy's dispositions. Lance-Cpl. W. Hobday went out in front of the trenches while a hostile attack was in progress in order to observe and report on the movements of the enemy; and Lieut. A. L. Walker, of the Brigade Staff, formerly Scout Officer of the 24th Battalion, made a close inspection of the enemy's forward positions."

That the enlisted ranks of the 24th also gave an excellent account of themselves is fully recognised by the writer of the article, as may be seen by the following passage:—

"Three weeks ago, when the Germans launched their overwhelming attack against the craters, Sergt. H. S. Naylor was in command of a machine-gun crew in a detached post. When the enemy advanced the trench had been practically obliterated by the enemy's bombardment, but the Sergeant succeeded in withdrawing the gun to a point where it could be cleaned and again put into action, although heavy fire from three sides was directed against the small party. From the new position fire was once more directed on the enemy, checking his advance; but finally the gun became so badly clogged that it could not be righted. A new gun was then secured and manned by the remnants of the detachment under Sergt. Naylor. On the following day this gun was also put out of action, being repeatedly struck by shell fragments and choked with mud splashed on to it by exploding shells. While it was being cleaned and repaired, the emplacement was converted into a temporary dressing station for the wounded. Later the gun was fired with good effect from an improvised shelter, but this position was also struck by a shell and the gun buried. Once again Sergt. Naylor succeeded in repairing the weapon. Through four days and nights of strenuous exertion Sergt. Naylor remained in the front lines, working or repairing his gun.

"In more recent fighting, Captain H. D. Kingston, although wounded in the head, refused to leave his post, and remained on duty with his unit. In the same battalion, Lance-Cpl. H. E. Gillespie carried messages to advanced positions, and Lance-Cpl. Hobday established communication with one of our listening posts under violent fire. Ptes. J. E. Gillard and J. E. White, stretcher-bearers, tended to wounded with the greatest indifference to personal danger. Pte. Gillard was mortally wounded while so employed."

□ □ □

A CONCERT.

ON the night of May 5th the Battalion had the pleasure of attending a concert especially arranged for us in the show-tent of the Y.M.C.A. The band of the 28th Battalion (as excellent a band, by the way, as can be found in the Division) gave us several enjoyable selections, including an attractive pot-pourri of late popular melodies. The balance of the entertainment was provided by our local talent, headed by Capt. Bown, who roused the men to a pitch of enthusiasm rather greater than might be expected after eight months of this lovely life. Other enjoyable numbers were songs and recitations by Corps. Tracey and Thorne and Ptes. Nash, Holdworth, and Macdougall.

During Pte. Nash's monologue, Capt. Stuart was seen to leave the tent, but we are assured that his departure was in no sense a reflection upon Pte. Nash's Rabelaisian humour. (The Padre has been with us for some time now, and is getting used to things.)

A very funny dialogue between Corp. Tracey and Pte. Nash concluded the men's part in the show, and the Colonel mounted the platform to express our appreciation of the efforts made to entertain us. We are especially indebted to Bandmaster Foote and the members of the 28th Band, as it was their fourth evening's work within the week; to Capt. Stuart, who arranged the programme; and to Capt. Hancock, of the Y.M.C.A., who enabled us to secure the tent for the evening.

A. D. S.

(The Padre also wishes to thank the modest but most efficient accompanist for his services.)

□ □ □

WHAT THE SERGEANTS' MESS WANT TO KNOW.

WHO was the Sergeant who took on the duties of B.S.M. and ordered "Lights out" in the tent of a C.S.M. at 7 p.m.?

Who was the Sergeant that could not account for himself after coming off of a fatigue party? Had the rum issue anything to do with it?

Who is the S.B. Corporal who is getting a commission on the patrol boat between Iceland and the Orkneys?

Is Jimmy still with "the boys"?

Who was the Sergeant on leave the other day whom a fair lady mistook for Charlie Chaplin?

What distinguished N.C.O. of the Police dissipated the gas attack on Highland Woods so quickly that nobody else even saw or smelt it?