

## MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES.

The Christmas dinner for the Battalion reflected great credit on those responsible for the catering. The meal was one which would not have disgraced a similar gathering in barracks.

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The Sergeants Mess dinner was equally successful. Col. W. F. Gilson and Major A. L. W. Saunders were the guests of the evening.

Welcomed appropriately by R. S. M. Pollard, the Colonel rose and said that he had great pleasure in being present at such a gathering to cement the bonds of comradeship which had been such a pleasant feature of his command of the Battalion.

He thanked all present for their loyal support and hearty co-operation, declaring emphatically that the N. C. Os. of a battalion make or unmake it, and he was only speaking the plain truth when he stated that the proud reputation of the Battalion was largely due to the excellent work and attention to duty of the senior N. C. Os.

Major Saunders also responded suitably.

## The MENU

Clear Soup.  
Salmon and Parsley Sauce.  
Roast Pork and Apple Sauce.  
Salad.  
Roast Chicken and Dressing.  
Potatoes, Turnips, Green Peas.  
Plum Pudding.  
Dessert.

The dinner continued to a late hour with wassail, speech and song.

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« Maple Leaves in Flanders Fields ». (Smith, Elder & Co. London, 5/- net). An informal chronicle of the 1st British Columbia Regiment.

Under the name of Herbert Rae the author has seen fit to assume an anonymity which deceives no-one. Nevertheless and notwithstanding (as the inebriate said to the policeman when accused of being incapable) there is a wealth of entertainment in this volume.

There are reminiscences of men who have gone will keep them alive in our memories, and there are sly hits at others who are yet, happily, with us which will provoke many a smile amongst their associates.

For sheer readability its equal has not appeared for many a day. A copy of « Maple Leaves in Flanders Fields » ought to be in the hands of the home of every Canadian soldier on active service. One lays it down with the single wish — more.

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The « Winnipeg Tribune » for its « actual photograph » of a tank.

The artistic genius responsible for the illustration certainly did himself proud, although there are evidences that his style has been influenced by the C. P. R. school.

His imagination has run to an erection bearing a faithful resemblance to a railway tank car with a cute little bun — shaped turret on the top, simply bristling with artillery, the whole perched on a pair of tiny caterpillar wheels.

It has been said that the farther back one gets from the war the better the perspective. Perhaps so, but if the tanks we had to do with resemble the « Tribune's » then we are prepared to go before a medical board on the eyesight question with Blighty as a certitude.

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A certain officer of the 1st Division for winning one pound (sterling) as second prize in a theatrical beauty competition in London.

As our News Editor enquired after a recent trip to a particular town, « Are we running a war or

a cattle show »? Nevertheless we congratulate the winner of the one pound (sterling) on his exceptional pulchritude. We have so many faces amongst us which are architecturally unusual that it comes at once as a surprise and a happiness to know of one valued at one pound (sterling).

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The Canadian Official War Photographer, not merely for his excellent pictorial records of the Troops, but, because, according to the DAILY MIRROR — « To obtain these pictures the official photographer had on more than one occasion to risk his life. Several times he was under fire. » — he has our sympathy.

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## ODE TO A SHOVEL

Oft have I strafed thee when at eve  
The U. S. bade me rise and go  
With kindred sufferers to receive  
A sapper's orders, and the slow,  
Long line of men by ditch and road  
Wound on it's way with check, and halt,  
While o'er each private's shoulder showed  
A shovel's shape 'gainst heaven's vault.

Night after night where flare-lights glow  
And vagrant bullets « buzz » and « smack »,  
I've plied thee through a yard or so  
Of Belgique mud, while through a crack  
In my left gum-boot flowed the tide  
That runs forever to the sea  
At least through trenches where preside  
The men who wear the red « C. E. »

How sweet then to the listening ear  
The order comes at last : « Fall in ! »  
And homeward through the dark we steer,  
With many a curse when'er the thin,  
Loosely hung line of o'erhead wire  
Twines itself tightly round thy haft,  
Rousing a tired man's utmost ire,  
Bidding him damn thee, blade and shaft.

I freely own that I was wrong  
And now renounce the views I held.  
Forevermore in tale and song  
I'll sing thy praises until old.  
For well I know, that night of Hell,  
When o'er the ridge, the lurid flame  
And thund'rous shock of heavy shell  
Swept like a storm to kill and maim :

Had it not been for thee, I might  
Have got a « Belgique » or a « Blight ».

J.W.C.

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A new man was bemoaning the scarcity of stimulants in a country where water is the liquid chiefly in evidence.

« It's quite easy to get a barrel full of rum », said the old-timer, « How? » asked the new man eagerly.

« Save your rum issue up for several mornings : Plug your rifle at the breech, and pour the rum in until the barrel is full », explained the old-timer. He is now on the casualty list.

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The battalion was lined up outside the billets, preparatory to leaving for the trenches, when a young, French civilian passed in front. He was a good looking lad, and his clothes were unusually well cut. Every khaki satiated eye followed him with lingering regret. Admiration attained its zenith when he reached back and pulled a gaily bordered handkerchief from a hip pocket.

Tears rolled down war-worn cheeks. Sobs were stifled in great-coat sleeves.

One weeping warrior summed up the situation as he ruefully regarded his dingy nether garments and then the civilian's elegant peg-tops. « Some pants », he meant, « Some pants ! »