



One of the oddest prayers ever made was that of an old Virginian soldier at Antietam. He was lying flat on the battlefield and to quote his own words, "The shot and shell were going over me so thick that the whole firmament above me was lead colour. I felt just then that I was six feet long and pretty nigh four feet thick, and that chances for me were only two feet better lying down than they were standing up. I made up my mind that my only safety lay in praying. 'Oh Lord, good Lord,' I prayed, 'please stretch me out as thin as a shoestring, with the pointed end towards the enemy'".

x x x

Sgt. Microbe: "Don't take water out of that shell hole, there's dead Germans in it".

Pte. Scared Stiff: "Oh, I don't mind the dead Germans it's the live ones what get my goat".

x x x

Major: "Who is the swan attached to for rations?"

Med. Det. Sgt.: "Medical Detail Sir. Machine Gun Section refuse the honour as they say they are members of the Wood-Peckers Assoc."

Policeman: "Regimental Police report Sir, that the Provost Sgt. is keeping strict supervision on the swan, apparently been studying 'Notes on Prevention of Espionage'".

x x x

Place: Vancouver. Time: After the war.

Scene: Restaurant.

Dramatis personea.

Long Bill: Logger and ex-Canadian Soldier.

Fritz: Waiter and ex Hun soldier.

Enter Long Bill: "Got any ham and eggs, beef steak and pork chops in this circus?"

Fritz: "Yah, Yah".

Long Bill: "Dish me up about fifty dollars worth".

Fritz: "You haff been to Pelgium?"

Long Bill: "Yes, do you know anything about Pelgium?"

Fritz: "Yah, yah, MINE battery vas ranged on Yyres".

News items in next mornings papers.

City ambulance has hurry up call. General Hospital in urgent need of catgut splints and bandages. Also WANT Ad. Waiter wanted, must be strong. No GERMANS need apply. Also first class carpenters and brick layers. Must be well up on repairs.

x x x

Officer to Sgt.: "Why is that man wearing short pants this weather?"

Sgt.: "He's just back from leave Sir, and he says the land-lady where he stayed at, cut 'em down to make armlets for the star boarders".

x x x

After hearing the 2nd Brigade Band play the "Hunting Song" we have decided to open a subscription for the purpose of purchasing muzzles.

x x x

1st Signaller: "What did you get ten days C. B. for?"

2nd " "The Sgt. told me to change the dry batteries for wet ones, so I took them to the wet canteen".

We asked one of our reporters for an article on the type of literature which is sent to the front. We also requested him to describe an action in a different tone than is usually done by the average G. H. Q. or "Eye" witness reporter. This is the result. Ed. L.P.

Speaking of suitable literature for the trenches, I think I voice the sentiments of the Battalion when I suggest such sensational journals as Harrod's Catalogue, Ladies Home Journal, City Directory of Nelson B.C., Home Chat, Farm and Fireside, etc.

Having waded through a number of the above "thrillers" and still feeling a thirst for more excitement, I gathered the bunch together and started down the trench on a "trading" expedition. After displaying my wares in various dug-outs, and failing to make what I considered a fair exchange, I was about to return and read the advertisements all over again when I espied a large dug-out with a real window. Through the window I saw a copy of the "Wide World Magazine". I pushed open the door, yes, it was a real door and that alone should have been sufficient evidence of the occupant's rank; but before I had time to back out, I was greeted with, "Well, my man, what do you want?" "I beg your pardon Sir, I have made a mistake, I am trying to trade off these papers for a "Wide World Magazine".

Now the illustration on the cover of the "Ladies Home Journal" was that of a charming Flapper, with a dress not much shorter than a kilt, and on each cheek she wore a curl of the comma or kiss-me-quick type.

I won't attempt to describe the speedy closing of the deal. Needless to say the Captain got the Flapper and I got temporary possession of the "Wide World Magazine" and a package of cigarettes.

Before I conclude this story of home life in the trenches, I wish to state (if you have not already guessed it) that it is written for the purpose of showing the public how we long for something lively, to prevent us from becoming melancholy.

I was half way through the magazine and more than that through the cigarettes, and my hair was standing on end at the awful struggle which was in progress between an American trapper and a man-eating gopher, when my Sergeant suggested that I should leave off reading for a few minutes as the Germans were piling over their parapet. "Alright Sergeant" I replied, "I'll be out in a few minutes just as soon as I've finished this yarn".

"No, you had better come now and finish that after, as they are almost up to our barbed wire now and if we have to throw bombs, it will mean a working party for us to-night to fix it up again and you know what that means when you've got no gloves. Besides that, the O.C. is coming up the trench and you know how he dislikes to see anybody loafing when there's something to do".

Realizing that to argue was useless, I crawled out and potted my official share of Germans and returned to the more interesting subject of gophers versus trappers.

In conclusion, I hope my graphic description of life in Flanders will have the desired effect of bringing us some exciting reading matter.

EDITOR'S NOTE: And then he woke up.

Joe Drumm says: "Up here they plays a game called craters. They blows up a hole and then both sides run fer it—the side as gets ther first wins, see?"

x x x

Batman: "What kind of jam would you like Sir?"

O.C. No. 1 Co.: "Strawberry".

Batman: "There isn't any strawberry Sir, there's only marmalade".

x x x

The News Editor tells us that in his young days he used to pump the wind into the organ of Horwich Parish Church. We were so astounded at hearing that he once went to church that we quite forgot for the moment that he was still pumping wind.