

Eng. P. Job
7/10/17

Shell Hole Advance

Published in the interest of the Brigade, by permission of
Brigadier-General V. W. Odlum, D.S.O.

Lieut. R. J. Burde, M.C., Editor

Passed by Censor

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By Way of Introduction

In the launching of a newspaper enterprise it has been the custom to make excuses and set forth reasons calculated to justify the venture in the public mind.

Latest advices from the Observation Post, specially obtained as a guide to this endeavor, are to the effect that the said public mind, or a portion of it, having been there before, has become a bit suspicious.

Therefore, in introducing The Shell Hole Advance, we are troubled with compunctions of delicacy. Beyond the introduction we can see much safer ground.

We have searched the standard vocabulary of passwords and have toyed with such tempting selections as "Long Felt Want," "Moral Uplift," and "Political Purity" in the hope of being able to make a choice that would get us by.

Having weighed all chances we are convinced that the least risk is in a bold defiance of custom, a blurting out of the plain and naked truth.

"Sacrifice to a crying need" does not explain our arrival. We are here simply because we want to get in. We are here of our own necessity, as an outlet for volumes of penned-up gems of thought, and as a victim of the labor-of-love habit.

Out of respect to one of the most lasting traditions of the craft we start out with large promises, a professed belief in a steady and healthy growth towards the indispensable stage, and an unbounded confidence in our ability to make our influence felt in every dug-out and every shell hole where the English language is understood. As Berlinward the course of shell holes takes its way we intend to be right on the follow-up job.

Editorially, we propose to run the gamut of intellectual action, to make the general tone of The Advance suggestive of unfathomable depths of learning, of immeasurable breadth of mind, to cause its pages to bristle with snap, to glow with humor, and to glisten with literary polish, while the spokes in the balance wheel will be bronzed with mental sobrieties.

With this practical bid for your sympathy and support we turn on our fountains of wit and wisdom and leave you to your own protection.

Overlooking Opportunities

While the people of this land are so engrossed in the art of history making, and given over to the excitement of geographical speculation, we observe a tendency to forget all other fields of useful enterprise.

Opportunities for profitable developments are calling to us, the loudest calls coming from the neglected industries of agriculture and mining, and the overlooked inducements of the tourist trade.

The amount of effort that has been expended on the fertilization of our soil warrants a faith in productive possibilities beyond the calculations of any professor of agricultural science. The ground is already ploughed.

The everyday evidences of metal deposits should arrest, and divert in this direction, the attention of fortune chasers who have proved a waste of time, energy and money, in boring through miles of rock, on and off the trail of deceptive colors and elusive quantities. Here the working miner is independent of capital and cumbersome machinery. Two hand tools, one with which to rake the surface of the ground, and the other with which to dig a few feet below, comprise all the equipment the willing worker requires for an abundant output.

Our unequalled pleasure attractions need only be properly advertised, and all the tourist business that now goes to support the summer hotels of British Columbia will change its course and head for our estaminets. By way of suggestion for an advertising campaign we submit the following:

Moonlight and Very Light excursions on the light railway.

Open cars all the way.

Frequent stops at advantageous view points.

See the history makers and the geography revisionists at work.

Lightning changes of scenery produced by up-to-date scene shifting methods.

Swimming pools made while you wait.

American Fourth of July and Canadian First of July pyrotechnic displays surpassed.

Experience the rare delights of floating up and down miles of canals on duck board rafts, calling at caves and basins sweet-scented with the fresh fragrance of lyddite.

The lure of the hunt-----Expeditions into the wire jungles of No Man's Land where big game abounds. Adventure that far excels in excitement the sports of rabbit potting in England or tiger shooting in the wilds of Africa. No close season. No gun license required. Guides not necessary. Map locations furnished.

Music with charms to still the savage heart----Harmonious blending of sounds from light and heavy instruments that quicken the soul with contemplations of the paradise to come, and motions of the earth that rock you into peaceful slumbers.

Ye Olde Estaminets have added to their romantic charms many penetrating touches of modern science, while they provide all the comforts of a soldier's rest billet.

Indent for Ice-Breakers

The excuse of a dilatory correspondent that he finds trouble in breaking the ice conveys a suspicion that the weather is to blame for a lack of contributions from many sources that were relied upon when we made bold to tackle the task of producing a sensational eight-page paper without the assistance of that valuable plugger, the patent medicine press agent.

Not being charitably disposed towards the weather, we allow its case to go to court undefended, and retain faith in the fruitfulness of the sources we had in mind.

We have indented for a few ice-breakers, and, when these arrive and are distributed, there ought not to be any difficulty in getting the channels into passable shape, after which the editor should have no further worry about keeping his supply dump up to the establishment laid down by Division Q. We have the honor to submit----!

No, we have not the honor to submit. (Force of official habit just about had us that time.)

Relaxing a little the strain of journalistic dignity, and falling back on popular newspaper English, what we mean to say is, here are a few mouthfuls of the scream dope we propose to slip across:

Afternoon Social Chat from the Army Service Corps.

Anecdotes from the Artillery.
Bawls from the Batmen.
Bursts from the Bombers.
Episodes from the Engineers.
Gossip from the Guides.
Musical Gusts from the Machine-Gunners.
Opinions from the Observers.
Parables from the Parsons.
Pickings from the Pioneers.
Scourings from the Scouts.
Shell Shocks from the Sub-Staff.
Snapshots from the Snipers.
Sparks from the Signallers.
Trite Messages from the Trench Mortars.
Tough Luck Stories from the Tump Line Squads.
Truck from the Transports.

Poets, Please be Patient

For various reasons we have not yet seen fit to publish all poems received. Some have been held over for further study when time is more plentiful. Some are undergoing analysis in the scientific thought department and others have been handed to the detective bureau with instructions to get on to the trail of ideas that were lost in hazes of domestic sentiment. Many pathetic lines are held over for possible future use because the editor, who felt the need of space for the relief of his own mind, refused to waive priority rights. As time wears on and the fad wears off, access to fame will be made easier. A new version of that old song about a boy standing stupidly amid flames on the front part of a ship, when he had a good jumping off place, has been rejected. That foolish lad was done up completely just after the outbreak of this war. He was finished by Fred Roo, the Elko, B.C., poet, who wrote:

The Boy stood on the burning deck;
He'll never more be seen.
They hit his head with an aeroplane,
And his feet with a submarine.

With the first fall of snow that threatened to interrupt traffic, there was another substantial importation of foreign labor to augment the army of road workers behind our lines.

There was a young soldier named Hirst
Fell in love at the sight he got first.
But the maid at the bar
Murmured "Après la Guerre."
Her interest was more in his thirst.

All we need to make us mad enough to keep up this sort of thing is someone to remark that our first is a rum issue.

When we speared them with the bayonet,
And we beaned them with the bomb,
It was muddy,
It was bloody,
Making history on the Somme.

Politically, we stand for a complete overthrow of the German government.

As between this and a climate admittedly disagreeable we are inclined to be neutral.

The information that soldiers on the British front are being fed five hot meals a day, having slipped through to a London newspaper, censors are warned that, hereafter, they must carry their blue pencils always in the alert position. Cramped as we are for space at the present time, conditions of accommodation will be made alarmingly troublesome if the comforts and luxuries of trench life become generally known abroad.

If you have a desire to contribute to the benefit for hungry minds, send your goods in our care. If they pass inspection they will be transported free of charge.

We submit that authors who scramble letters as they do to make names in this country ought to be brought under some law provided for protection of the alphabet.

Peace rumors have had the effect of stimulating business on the shell exchange, with both upward and downward tendencies. Deliveries are in excess of receipts.

Attention of the land clearing theorists of British Columbia is invited to the success of the system in operation in Flanders for the past two and a half years.

Plans for the next issue of The Shell-Hole Advance include a number of illustrations, of which the head-dress will be a feature. We have in hand a number of human interest sketches made by truthful artists who live the life, and see the life, in all its variety, of the active soldier in this shell-shot land.

We have more miles of trenches on the British front in France than they can show miles of public roads in British Columbia. And yet we are not boasting of the achievements of our Public Works department.

A Hun when shelled did once frequent
A deep dug-out, and make safe content.
A nine-point-two, it blew him through
The hole it made as in it went.

If General Sherman could return to enjoy a saunter through a present-day barrage, he might be expected to add "Eclipsed" to that exclamation that gained him perishable credit for having said the last word in descriptive talk about war.

After the Somme

He told us at the field review
Of the great things we had done,
And greater things we would have to do
To finish up the Hun.

We had made a page of history
That Canada would prize,
And were equal to another
Of even larger size.

With the Nation's life and Freedom's cause
And the other trusts imperilled,
It sounded like we had to save
The virtue of the World.

No, our chests didn't swell,
For we knew too well
What we had done in the fighting line.
We allowed what he said
Hit the nail on the head;
That the general's speech was fine.

When you've been over the top,
Where machine-guns pop,
Shells bursting in front and behind,
And you've splashed through red
Of hundreds of dead,
Praise finds a safe place in your mind.

But that finishing touch!
"Will it always be such?"
Alas! We are left to repine.
The Colonel raved
'Cause we hadn't shaved
And our brassware didn't shine.

Kootenay Battalion

The Kootenay battalion is losing one of its most popular officers, Major Davies, who is receiving well merited promotion. Major Davies was one of the officers who assisted in the recruiting and organizing of the battalion. The best wishes of all go with him.

No promotion yet made in the battalion is more popular nor more thoroughly deserved than that of Lieut. Noel Longfield Tooker to the command of 'C' company and a captaincy.

A number of the battalion's original Subs. are sprouting additional pips. Here's luck to them.

There is general regret over the accident to Captain Hamilton, the battalion's original M.O., which befel him at Ourton. Without any reflection on the three M.O.'s who have since held down his job, it is to be hoped that "Doc" will soon be back with us, for he is in a class by himself—and there is none better.

A tip to new officers: When you want cash from the Paymaster, do not ask him whether he has any money. Inquire gently whether he will please cash a cheque.

It is said that the officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the battalion who rubbed Oxford Paste on their feet in mistake for whale oil have not since been troubled with itchy feet.

Why doesn't the Padre ride his charger?

The machine-gun boys are disconsolate these days over the loss of their pretty little go-carts, which formerly afforded them so much healthy exercise and pleasure on the march. Inquiries are being made as to any possible use to which the discarded go-carts can be put by the army. Perhaps the machine-gun boys can suggest a use.

Did anyone say leave had opened up again?

If any proof were needed that we are not forgotten by the folks at home, it was furnished by the number of Christmas parcels which came through the mails during the weeks immediately preceding Christmas and since.

One of the brightest spots in connection with the battalion's campaigning is the manner in which Kootenay boys in other units in the corps—and there are many of them—take advantage of every opportunity of visiting the battalion and renewing friendship of pre-war days in that sea of mountains we call home.

General Notes

What a dry time we will have when we return to Canada unless our happy home happens to be in the province of Quebec. All the rest of the Dominion will be under prohibition.

A Field Officer writes: "Yesterday I was saluted by an Australian private. It was a great day for me."

Punch

How many battalions in the brigade have their limber hubs burnished?

Who is the hardest worked transport officer in the brigade? One at a time, please.

Although ours is a rumless brigade, none of us would for a moment suggest that the men of the other two brigades of the division are rummies.

The first issue of the New Year of that excellent London weekly "Canada" was rather disappointing. It did not contain a single picture of the Canadian Pay and Record Office staffs, or of any of the Canadian instructional and administrative staffs in the Old Country.

The boys of this division deserve great credit for the large-hearted way in which they have as a body refused leave lest their temporary absence in the Old Country on pleasure bent should interfere with the operations against our peace-loving friends—the Hungry Huns.

A certain Canadian staff captain, it is reported, was tickled nearly to death recently to read in his home paper that he was serving with the — division of the — brigade. He has written to his newspaper friend explaining to him how many divisions comprise a brigade.

When is a wiring glove not a wiring glove? When it is a hedging glove.

Some of our boys of literary talent are missing an easy income in not writing stories for American housekeeping magazines on how to live on twenty cents (1 franc) per day.

For our many Christmas hampers let us give thanks to our friends at Home.

Who was the first officer in this division to drive a "Tank" into action? For information, apply to Montreal Gazette.

A paymaster of this division who thoroughly realizes the dignity of his position was thoroughly flabbergasted the other day when a man from a draft recently arrived from Western Canada blew into his office with the remark: "I say, old chap, are you handing it out?" By the time the paymaster had recovered his sergeant had gently but firmly removed the cause of his officer's collapse.

With a newspaperman in command of the division and another in command of the brigade, and a brigade bombing officer also a newspaperman with time hanging heavily on his hands, the publication of this paper simply could not be avoided. Its publication, it is hoped by officers, will partly do away with the work of censoring letters. As the paper will contain all the latest and most authentic news of the British army's operations as well as all personal news of interest, all the boys will have to do will be to buy as many copies of the paper as they require to send one to each of their homeland correspondents. If they want to give these correspondents any additional news of personal interest, a field post card may be used.

News From Home

(With apologies to the Canadian War Records Service.)

Premier Brewster is not only preaching but practising economy. As a result of the provincial elections he found himself with two seats in the legislature and has given up one.

Ex-Premier Bowser interviewed said: "This is a terrible war. If it hadn't been for it I probably would not have had to put 'ex' before my title."

The climate about Roosville is balmy and pleasant, although winter reigns elsewhere. This is a tribute to Fred Roo's hot air.

Fred Starkey is still waging his own little war—against politicians and corporations.

Col. Bob. Lowery, the sage of Greenwood, says these be evil days. There are no "pots" like those of boom days.

Mining is booming, and Joe Deschamps is still making money out of lumbering.

Bob Green is still member for Kootenay.

All frivolity and sport is banished from men's minds these days. Hockey and curling are engaging their attention.

Note—If you do not understand any of the above references, ask any Kootenay or Boundary man.

Only One Way

"Is it on the right coming out?" asked the new subaltern. "No, it is on the left going in," answered the G.O.C.

Mississaugas

C company received a new draft the other day while they were in the reserve trenches. When they were all nicely settled and allotted to platoons, one of them went to the S.M. and said: "Hey, what time do we need to come in at night?"

Where do all the rumors come from? Last time our battalion was in the front line the Kaiser was assassinated six times, Austria quit on four different occasions, leave was reported to be opening up, and it was announced officially that we were to get a rum issue next time in. On the last night in, however, the climax was capped when this message came down the line: "When a blue flare goes up it means that peace has been declared. The men are not to cheer, and there is to be no demonstration of any kind."

There was the greatest satisfaction displayed when a certain N.C.O. of the Headquarters Staff was allowed to

go on leave. He has such a tough time in the transport lines, and has been known to get his feet wet twice.

This contribution comes from B company: Things we would like to see—Rum; Leave; Peace; The Rhine; A bomb-proof job.

The following incident which occurred on B company's front, somehow missed the intelligence report: "There is a man out there," said the sentry, when the officer came to visit him. They both peered earnestly into the dark that enshrouded No Man's Land. Then the sentry took slow and deliberate aim, and fired. A flare went up, and for a moment darkness was turned to daylight. Officer and man strained their eyes to find that they had—blown the brains out of a stump.

Who is the man in A company who decided to go sick on Jan. 26 when he discovered that the Kaiser's birth-

(Continued on Page 7)

North British Columbians

Into the Limelight

The North British Columbians welcome the advent of a brigade paper, and the consequent opportunity afforded the different units of figuring in the limelight. If the "Iron" brigade has a fault, it is that of undue modesty, a failing which has always characterized the North British Columbians. With the arrival of a paper, however, edited by such a successful publicist as the brigade bombing officer, whose journalistic career on the Pacific coast made him the obvious choice for the position, the time has come for a little self-advertising.

Some History

The battalion is the youngest in the brigade, as it did not start recruiting till early December, 1915. It made a record by leaving for overseas six months after opening recruiting offices, and when it reached England "it walked right in and looked around and walked right out again," landing in France eight months after inception. It took quick going to catch up with the other battalions and make the division and brigade; it meant no leave and overtime, but Warden's Warriors made the grade then, and helped to make history later in the various areas visited.

Lost Illusions

If South Africa was the country of ruined reputations, surely France of today may be styled the land of lost illusions. Take the subject of leave. Who in the division had not built castles in the air based on the prospect of leave after three months, and who in the early days would have ventured to suggest that two men per week - Oh! shucks, let's change the subject.

Dangerous Topics

Reams might be written on the subject of rum and the soldier's vote in British Columbia. But only fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and no North British Columbian desires to advertise himself as the former before the Huns have had time to make him eligible to be classed with the latter.

Safety First

Truth to tell, bed is the subject at the present moment most prominent in the writer's mind, and as that is one safe topic on which all ranks are agreed, there is obviously nothing to be gained by writing about it. Sleep seems to be the only thing unchanged by war, and as one cannot have too much of a good thing, this scribbler's motley is forthwith discarded for a soldier's blanket. Readers, I wish you good night and good luck until next issue.

A Lounger in Khaki—A-Cpl. L. McL. Gould.

A Roundel

(Cpl. R. H. Brown)

I've come to the end of a long, long road,
And look back down the weary way,
Thinking of things I might have done,
And what I am doing today.
There are many memories in my mind,
But this is by far the worst:
If I had only the drinks that I've declined
I could almost quench my thirst.

Men say, midst the tortures of the damned
Are the thoughts of the things we have missed.
We shall think of the girls we might have loved,
And the girls we ought to have kissed.
But this is the thought that will trouble me most
As I sit with the rest of the cursed:
If I had only the drinks that I've declined,
I could almost quench my thirst.

Observations by the Major

Anyone familiar with British Columbia newspaperdom will realize that in selecting the above heading for its notes, the battalion has plagiarized on "The Old Man." Surely this is justifiable in the case of "The Boy Major."

All the world knows, and all the world marvels at, the record which the "Iron" brigade has made for itself. And all done without rum!!! But where has the cocoa gone which "theoretically" has been substituted therefor?

Where is my wandering boy tonight?

On course.

I wonder, will he learn to fight

On course?

When he left for the front he was trained for the war;
At least that's what Sam said, and what was paid for.
But when on the front he is sent back to Corps—

On course.

Just when the battle is fiercest they write,

Of course,

And the best of my men they kindly invite

On course.

We are fighting the Hun, and its war to the knife;
But it seems it's my duty to save a man's life
By sending him down to the base from the strife—

On course.

Miscellaneous

Mississaugas

(Continued from Page 5)

day was on Jan. 27, and remembered what a warm time Fritz gave us last August on the Crown Prince's birthday?

This story is told about a certain sergeant in A company: He went to the M.O., and before he could recount his ailment the doctor said: "Yes, you've got that awful cold that is going the rounds." "No, Sir," said the N.C.O. when he got a chance to speak, "I've got a sore heel." So they painted the third finger of his left hand with iodine.

Christmas, 1916

(Capt. J. M. Langstaff)

I never thought that strange romantic war
Would shape my life, and plan my destiny,
Though in my childhood's dreams I've seen his car
And grisly steeds flash grimly 'thwart the sky.
Yet now, behold a vaster, mightier strife
Than echoed on the plains of sounding Troy,
Defeats and triumphs, deaths, wounds, laughter, life!
All mingled in a strange, complex alloy.

I view the panorama in a trance
Of awe yet colored with a secret joy,
For I have breathed in epic and romance,
Have lived the dreams that thrilled me as a boy!
How sound the ancient saying is, forsooth!
How weak is Fancy's gloss of Fact's Stern Truth!

Canadian Grenadier Guards

Guards Disappointment

The gallant Guards creep out of the trenches
With all their terrors and stench;
We're dirty and covered with slime,
But on each face under the grime
There's a smile as broad as day.
For now we shall draw a whole month's pay.
But a thunderbolt falls—
The Paymaster's gone on pass.

Now back we go to face the foe.
Our visions of feeds, we fear
Are gone; no wine, not even a beer.
In darkness we go, not a match or a candle;
We have only the Hun and his gas, for—
The Paymaster's gone on pass.
—N. D. Tatton, C company.

Trench Mortar Mixtures

Extract from a letter written by Zippo:

"On Christmas Day, Miller, the brave guy that I have told you so much about, and I were shooting crap with some boobs in the front line trenches. A shell came over and killed one of them. Miller and I wanted to keep on rolling the bones, but all the others, with the exception of one named Butler, were too scared, so we had to quit."

"Why did you volunteer for the Trench Mortar Battery?" said the O.C. to the re-inforcement from the Koot-enay battalion.

"Oh, I thought that it would be a pretty good job, staying back here mixing concrete," confessed the new one.

Are we going to be here for the winter,
Sticking round here all the time,
When we should have Old Fritzie
Chased right over the Rhine?
But in the mud we haven't much chance,
And we're better off than the Kilties without pants;
So we'll settle down for the winter
And order our rubber boots now.

Canadian Engineers

We of the Canadian Engineers, although officially divisional troops, wish to express our appreciation of being included as "honorary members" at least of the brigade with which we have worked ever since our arrival in France. Whether it be called "The Iron Brigade," or whether it rejoices in a nickname applied to a very prominent item on many a French-Canadian's bill-of-fare, matters not to us. The fact remains that the brigade has made an enviable reputation for itself, and we, who have done what we could to create and uphold its reputation, are glad to have the opportunity of being officially represented in the pages of its official organ.

It has been suggested that we might contribute short articles on "Working Parties We Have Met," "Another Night's Labor Lost," or some kindred subject, about which we hear so much in these busy days. However, for various reasons we shall have to refrain just at this juncture, but may take the matter up later on if we can secure the services of the eminent war-artist, Price Pinfeather, some of whose work we hope to feature in these columns in the near future.

Headquarters

Honors and Awards

Order of Danilo (Third Class)
awarded by King of Montenegro

Brigadier-General V. W. Odlum, D.S.O.

Distinguished Service Order

Lt.-Col. A. H. G. Kemball, C. B., Major V. V. Harvey,
Kootenays; Lt.-Col. R. W. Frost, Grenadier Guards;

Lt.-Col. J. W. Warden, Major C. B. Worsnop,
North British Columbians.

Military Cross

Captains F. R. Phelan, G. Paterson, Headquarters;
Lieutenants R. A. M. D. Ramsay, G. H. Napper, R. J. Hosie,
Kootenays; Lieut. W. K. Commins, Mississaugas;
Lieut. P. R. Law, Captains W. R. McGee, W. M. Kirk-
patrick, Grenadier Guards; Lieutenants R. J. Burde,
F. Lister, R. P. Mathieson, North British Columbians;
Lieut. G. A. Johnson, Engineers; Lieut. E. L. M. Burns,
Signal Co'y.

Bar to Military Cross

Lieut. R. W. Powell, Engineers.

Distinguished Conduct Medal

Cpl. J. McGowan, Mississaugas; Sgt. A. McClintock,
Cpl. H. Dawson, Grenadier Guards; Sergeants M. M.
Brown, T. W. Holbrook, North British Columbians.

Military Medal

Kootenay Battn.

Sergeants C. Collingwood, A. Taylorson; Corporals W.
G. Savage, T. Middleton, H. J. Penketh; Privates W.
Muir, W. Fairbairn, J. A. Fralick, C. E. Arnbrister,
H. O. Roberts, P. E. McFarlane, J. S. Crowell, O. H.
Davies, A. P. Melrose, F. Rushton, J. Christison,
A. Sheehan.

Mississaugas

Sergeants B. C. Rowley, A. Thomas, J. B. Curran;
L-Sergeants G. C. Kearsley, R. E. Crutcher; Corporals
F. Bullen, V. A. Arding; Privates W. Nobbs, J. H. Rich-
ards, O. W. Sale, J. W. Tisdale, T. Matthews, J. Steph-
enson, W. F. Slattery, J. L. Weatherall, G. Cameron,
J. D. Calder.

Grenadier Guards

Sergeants J. C. Noon, A. A. Meyrick, K. Fishwick;
Corporals E. W. Carpenter, P. J. Jackson; Privates J. E.
Blaney, W. Blaney, J. D. Hunter, P. Howe, A. W.
Thompson, A. Snyder, H. J. McEachen, L. V. Garneau,
F. Roy, G. E. Thomson, W. H. Wienke, C. E. Coates,
H. Reynolds, A. Lord, A. J. Beech.

North British Columbians

A-C. S. M. J. A. Parsons; Sergeants G. J. Salway,
D. Mackay, B. J. Squires; Corporals W. D. Georgeson,
G. D. Calder; L-Corporals R. Swanson, J. Dick; Privates
J. McHugh, J. Oveson, C. Mills, R. E. Hudson, G. Burr-
ington, A. L. Heaven, H. S. Dale, J. A. Craig, L. Ray-
mond.

Machine Gun Company

Sergt. J. Vincent; Privates J. De Lauter, T. W. Latus.

Trench Mortar Battery

Privates H. Mackenzie, H. J. Brown, O. E. Real.

Engineers

Sergt. H. C. Pearson; Cpl. C. D. Kirk.

Signal Company

Cpl. P. A. McGillivray; L-Cpl. A. K. Hibbert; Sappers
L. Wilde, A. M. Dandeno, H. F. X. Schindler.

Bar to Military Medal

Private J. E. Blaney, Grenadier Guards.

Mentioned in Dispatches

Capt. E. O. C. Martin, att'd Headquarters; Lieut. D.
A. McQuarrie, Kootenays; Capt. J. M. Langstaff, Miss-
issaugas; Major J. S. Lewis, Grenadier Guards; Major
A. B. Carey, North British Columbians; Capt. F. J. O'-
Leary, T. M. Battery; L-Cpl. R. J. Barrett, Mississaugas.

Signallers versus Sub-Staff

Judging by the success of a challenge debate held on
Jan. 16 between the sub-staff and the signallers, the
gentle art of public speaking will register a substantial
advance at brigade headquarters this winter. The prob-
able duration of the war was the bone of contention,
Sergt. MacDonald and Pte. Coleman, for the sub-staff,
adducing a wealth of facts pointing to the early con-
clusion of peace, while Corpl. Moore and Pte. Downie,
on behalf of the signallers, marshalled the points indi-
cating a long drawn out conflict. Lieut. Burde, as
judge, reviewed the course of the debate, and then
awarded the palm to the negative by a quarter-point, a
close decision that was heartily applauded as in accord
with the sentiments of the audience.

As a result of the interest thus aroused, at a later date
a mock parliament was organized, which will be heard
from in due course.