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# G. A. S. C.





## NEWS

SWATTS

No 2. January, 1st, 1917.]

SHORNCLIFFE.

[PRICE FOURPENCE

*Full of Bright Bull*   
 *and Interesting Items.*

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*REVEILLE.*

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# THE C.A.S.C. NEWS.

## What the Boys Think, Say and Do.

Published Monthly at Hut No. 3, Napier Barracks, Shorncliffe.  
Editor ... .. Pte. G. D. Jolly.  
Asst. Editor ... .. Cpl. R. T. Lindsay.  
Sec.-Treasurer ... .. The Hon. Capt. J. Tully.  
Cartoonist: Pte. C. Rutherford.

No. 2, January 1st, 1917.

SHORNCLIFFE.

Price Fourpence.

### WE WONDER.

Who informed the Hythe Church Members of the name of the Corporal who stole the cake?

How long it will take him to pay for it, if he places 3s. 4d. in the collection plate?

What the "Boys" thought about the Xmas Leave question?

Who said Pickles got pickled?

How Pte. Kirkwood enjoyed spending his twenty-fifth birthday in our Local Glass House, and if he will ever forget it?

Why a certain "Buck" Private could not remember the Scotch name of his intended bride, when applying to his O.C. for permission to marry?

If it is true the Folkestone Motor Buses are called "Little Tanks"?

Who is the chap in the Vulcanizing Shop, that went on leave to London (his home-town), and got kicked by a canary? And who is the man in the same shop, that is considered the best man around that section, and do all the boys share their Xmas parcels with him?

How Sgt. Cook likes "Beauty Spots" on the back of his neck?

If it is true that Smin Ting and Bran Tung have opened a Chinese Laundry at Hythe Billets? No checkee, no washee, eh? (Easy on the soap, Chinky!)

If C.Q.M.S. Mackie purchased a new pair of boots and leggings, or simply used some of "Bone's Famous Shoe Shine"?

What the Sergeant of the Guard was thinking of the other morning when he saluted the O.C. by bringing his right hand smartly up to the peak of his cap, at the same time having a rifle at the slope on his left shoulder and exclaiming, "Guard all present and correct, Sir?"

Who is the bright fellow that carries matches and claims he does not smoke?

If it is true that the Paymaster sent everyone a Monetary Xmas Gift this year and that it got lost in the mail?

Why is it that the Record Office Staff want to go Overseas?

Who were the three chaps that went to a dance in Folkestone recently, and nearly came to blows over some "Chicken"?

If it was an M.T.T.D. man on main guard the other night, who halted an approaching pedestrian with the ingenious interrogation, "ARE YOU A GERMAN SPY?" Naturally the halted one answered in the negative. "Pass on, Friend, All's well," said our crafty guard?

What Hut had the best Xmas Decorations this year?

What the M.T.T.D. Flock would be without its "shepherd"?

If a certain Corporal in the B.D. Workshop will sell Building Lots by the gallon or by the foot, upon his return to civil life?

How the Fresh Air Fiends like the new Open-All-Night Window Regulations?

## H. T. BITS.

Funny Bits about our B. D. Horse Transport.

Why do the Orderly Room Staff look so worried lately? Perhaps they have to work.

Did they purchase that handsome new desk out of Barrack Room Damages?

It is rumoured that our C.Q.M.S. intends entering the "Removing" upon his return to civil life.

We wonder is anyone STIC (HT) KS is the mud around the Skates Stables?

Which Corporal is much displeased over the new Fresh Air Scheme at nights, though he does sleep next to a big fire?

Does our Trumpeter look ten years older now that he gets less sleep?

Are some of the Bhoys on the last draft saying from Le Havre that the B.D. was a "Real Home?"

Some of our boys seem to have big pull to be able to get transferred to "The Smoke."

May we ask if Sgt. Turner sees any difference in the mud round the Skates Stables and that of the healthy Bow River?

Is it true that one of our American Sergeants is dying to get to France?

What a change has come over one of our "Canteen Corporals" lately?

Is it necessary to go to Sandling to get the measles?

The Orderly Officer remarked that our Huts were the cleanest in Camp. (Howls of derision from the other Sections).

Who is the man that shrieks in our Wash Room? Wouldn't it be better to go to some Farmer's "Barnes," and finish his (h)owls?

Extraordinary! The same Corporal who had that peculiar occurrence last month of which we mentioned is very unlucky. His gallant Arab steed, with fiery spirit, galloped through Folkestone, but sad to relate it side-slipped, and amidst horrified cries from many fair damsels, he lay in the road, which was for from mudless. However, helped by the onlookers to his saddle, he managed to get to "This Home," and stay in for a few days.

Alas! our heart is broken now that L.-Corpl. Phillips has gone! Never mind, his chum will carry on the good work.

Opinions vary as to why a few more Corporals are not sent to help out the Riding Stable.



WHEN A FELLOW GETS A PARCEL FROM HOME AND TELLS THE BOYS TO HELP THEM-SELVES.

## JITNEY JOLTS.

Laughs from The Light Car Section.

Once more our Section has been called upon to furnish men for Overseas, and a few more long-familiar faces are lost to view. It's a cruel world when the fellows who have occupied those warm comfortable cots in Huts 3 and 4, have to transfer their sleeping quarters to the soft side of a pine-board in a tent. Cheer up, fellows, we'll let you make toast occasionally at our fire.

Our hefty friend Stewart was given a Jitney to drive the other day, but when Sergt. Cook saw him sitting on the seat and noticed how the springs were sagging, he at once transferred "Fatty" to a Buick. We have to be careful of those dear little Fords!

We wonder how our N.C.O.'s liked the drill they had every afternoon recently? A lot of commands were given that could not be found in the text books, and some of the fellows thought they had two left feet.

Cpl. Malcolm has lost a pair of gauntlets. Watch your pair fellows, as the Corpl. swears he will be sporting another pair very soon!

Those new drivers have some funny notions. The other night Cpl. Lindsay was on Park duty and he had to chase a Vulcan all around the Horse Transport wagons before he could persuade the driver to come up and put his car in the Light Car Park.

Another case we hear of was a Vulcan called for a number of patients down in Folkestone about 4 p.m., and at 9 p.m. the car and patients were still among the missing.

Granny has decided to take an Usher's job in a Picture Palace after the War. Now, then, one at a time, please!

This section received a Xmas Gift in the shape of a new name, and will henceforth be known as No. 1 Section (Light Car) M.T.B.D.

The occupants of Hut 3, Room 1, had a gas attack after "Lights Out" had sounded on Dec. 15th, and were caught without gas helmets. Some late bird put his foot on the main gas pipe and broke the connection, with the result that the gas came hissing out in great volume, and then retired with his clothes on to his lowly couch. Fortunately some of the

light sleepers with a keen sense of smell detected something wrong, and immediately roused the whole room, who strongly objected to being robbed of their well-earned rest. However, after a wild search in the dark for an old sock, the pipe was successfully plugged, and everyone retired to their beds for the night, giving vent to loud applause in the shape of snores for their miraculous escape from being put out of action before reaching the Front.

Sgt. Dallimore is once more back in the fold. Is it true tears were shed when he left Brighton.

Our "Tin Lizzie" Expert, Hartness, has just returned from leave, and informs us that on several occasions he was mistaken for a General by new recruits in London.

On Christmas Day Hut No. 3 occupied by the boys of the Light Car Section was gaily decorated with Holly, Tricolored Streamers, and Flags of the Allied Nations, which lent to the surroundings a true Yuletide atmosphere.

In addition to the regular fare provided by the Authorities, the boys got together and purchased extras, so that the tables were groaning under the heavy load of Christmas Cheer, when everyone sat down, with clean faces and brightly polished buttons, to do ample justice to the sumptuous spread.

Amidst the hum of many voices and bursts of happy laughter, speeches were made—notes compared—and songs sung, which would have gladdened the hearts of loved ones way back in Maple Leaf Land, had they but caught a fleeting glimpse of the merry scene.

Our Irish Terrier Mascot, who answers to the name of "Bull," had enough bones after the feast to occupy his rapt attention for many a day to come, and voted the whole affair a huge success from a canine viewpoint.

Great credit is due to Lieut. F. A. Duchesnay and Sgt. G. Cook, for initiating and organizing the extra arrangements. The year previous, we understand, no such arrangements were made, and the boys then had a gloomy time on the whole. So here's three times three to our ever-popular Officer and Section Sergeant! Long may their reign!

## T. D. DIVERSIONS

News from the Mechanical Transport Training Depot.

Why not appoint our friend Alf. Townsend to the new position of Government Food Controller. Certainly he is quite capable of seeing that no one gets more than their proper share, but did you ever notice how "Pop" Bailey slyly slips on an extra piece when Alf. has his head turned? 'Tis true the extra piece in most cases is not very large, but then it's an extra piece, and that helps some.

"Oui, McGregor!" Such were the words used by one of our French friends in the T.D. the other day when told by Sgt. McGregor to fix his kit properly.

What an honourable and responsible occupation this Gun Shed picquet! To think of wandering up and down for three solid hours on a rainy night keeping watch over a huge shed, the only occupants of which are an old Jeffery truck without an engine and two stripped chassis. Of course, somebody might want one of the chassis for a watch charm or something of that sort, or the dismantled Jeffery for a toy for his off-

spring. And then to think that the only person the picquet halted there the other night was the Orderly Officer, and he, only after flashing one of those beastly electric torches in the placid, restful face of the slumbering guardian of His Majesty's property. But, then, something must be found for the boys to do in their spare hours during the night.

Have you noticed how our mail man goes about holding his stomach these days? It is really annoying the number of Xmas parcels for the soldiers that are unclaimed. And then as many go astray in the Males!

These puns on the word draft are getting tiresome, but we cannot help but remark that there are a great deal more than two drafts in the drill hall.

Ham—Badham—Bacon—and Rhind. There is always Law in the M.T.T.D.

We wonder if the Sergeant with the wax moustache will be grey-haired before the draft goes away?

Crime Sheet Annie is still with us.

## HYTHE HUNKS.

What the "Bhoys" at Hythe shops are doing.

They saw the N.C.O.'s are getting grey-haired. McGinnis and Ganney are back.

Pte. Gardiner swallowed half a cigarette and smoked the other half before the Medical Inspection, hence the result of A 1. France for your's, Gardie!

Pte. Green has got as far as Napier after several attempts.

Will a car run without a key in pinion of driveshaft? Ask the Butcher!

Grip is prevalent, and there are six sick men in our lines. Ptes. Pullen and Force are in Hospital. We wish them speedy recovery.

We wonder who the certain N.C.O. is who does not know degrees between cams on camshaft of a Cadillac, operating between two cylinders, and took two guesses to state whether it travels clockwise or anti-clockwise.

Ptes. Dunford, Chadwick, Rudd, and Alder have left us for London-by-the-Sea. We wish them the best of luck!

Room No. 1, Cranley Court will no longer be disturbed by Pte. D——'s Kitcheners or his midnight reveries. We'll miss you Chad, but we are not alone. Anyway, we will still keep an eye on the window.

Cpl. Ferguson, Ptes. Halhead and Edwardes have also left us. We understand they are driving Bull Tractors around Camp Bordon.

It's too bad, though Cpl. F—— did did not pay for the cake before he left. Make way there!

The Paint Shop is out of bounds due to a marriage epidemic. Cpl. Hoar will be mixing paint with wine and cake. The best of luck to you, Corp.!

## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The Butchers have called for volunteers to go on a Turkey Raid to the nearby farms. All those desiring to come will blacken their faces, bring empty flour bags, gas helmets, and old socks in order to stupefy the unsuspecting birds, and insure no alarm being given.

McGill College is certainly well represented in this Camp. Even the fair ones are wearing the colours. A red and white sweater coat, labelled with the Big "M," is to be seen in the Local "Y," being worn by one of the charming ladies who is kindly helping behind the buffet there. The old pile in Montreal couldn't have a fairer supporter.

Many a soul will now be saved. The latest order states that each man must wash his feet every night and rub them with his bare hands for at least five minutes. (Who said "Cold Feet?").

Any attempts upon the life of the Editor or any of his efficient assistants will not be tolerated. Not that they don't deserve all that's coming to them, but that's not the point.

Thank Heaven, Christmas Day did not come on a Friday. Friday and fish are so closely associated in the Army that even the resurrection could not have torn them asunder, and who would like to eat Hughes's favourite confection on that auspicious occasion?

There are rumours that the B.D. Dry Canteen will shortly close up to make room for the M.O. We can see big money ahead for enterprising quick-lunch-artists.

Of the "News," Thomas Edison says, "A truly wonderful publication. It is particularly valuable as a sleep producer. I have always used it after crawling in between the quilts at nights, and it never fails to hasten slumber."

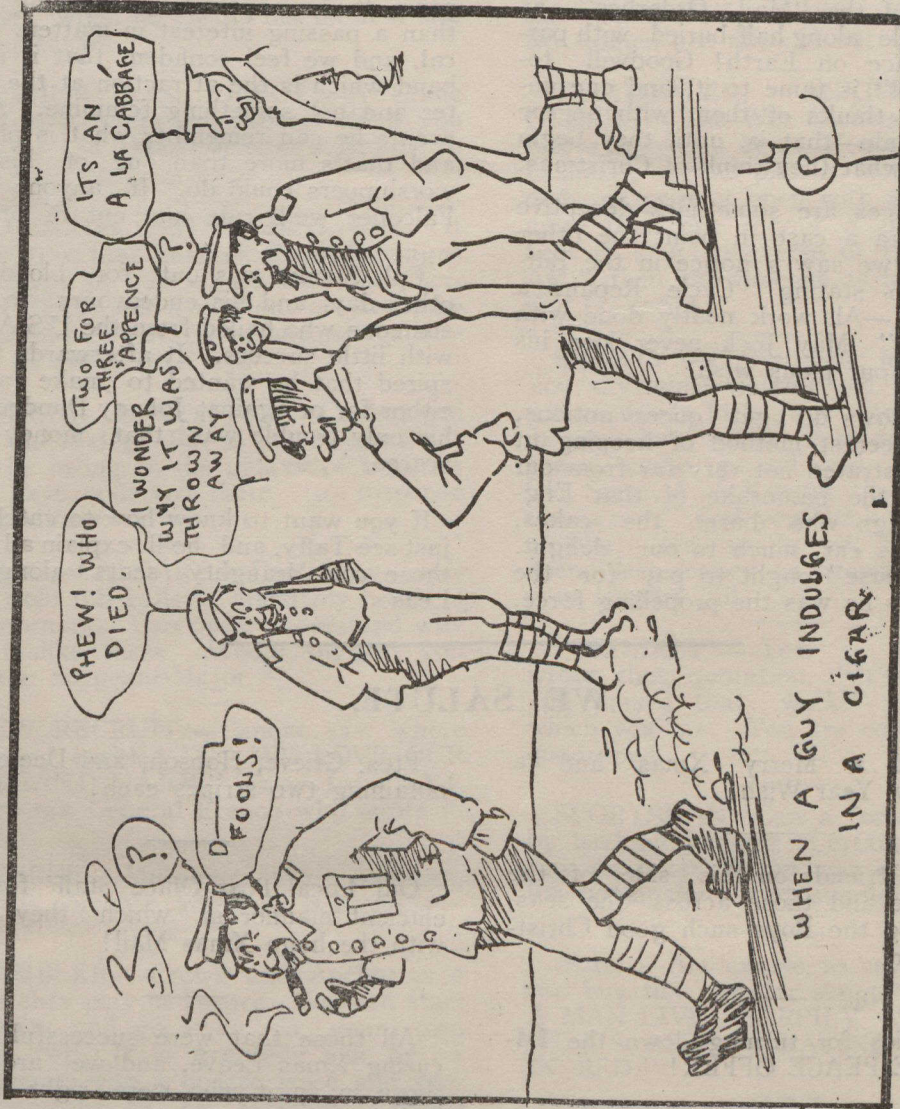
The new Y.M.C.A. Hut seems to be very popular with the "Bhoys," and can hardly accommodate all those on recreation bent. Quite a number of the patrons find the absence of a foot rail most strange when leaning on the buffet counter.

There was considerable excitement in front of the Gasoline Stores a few mornings ago, when a motor cycle starting alongside burst into flames. Through the prompt action of drivers whose cars were waiting nearby for gas, using their Pyrenes, serious damage to the B.D. was averted.

It is whispered that Pond Hill oil stores will be turned into a Winter Draft Camp, with cinder paths, Mess Tents, and a galvanized iron fence to break the wind, at the same time being thoroughly drained.

After many false starts the DRAFT has really gone.





## BAKERY BULLETS.

Interesting Items from the Men who raise the "Dough."

Have you noticed the expression on the faces of the "Mail Orderlies" as they struggle along half-buried with parcels? "Peace on Earth! Goodwill towards men!" is tame to it, and one unconsciously thinks of them with an extra large halo—that is, until they begin to explain what they think of Christmas.

Appearances are sometimes deceptive as we found a case in point the other day, when we saw a notice in the Butcher's shop stating "Cycle Repairs a Speciality, —All work neatly done with a crowbar." May Jock never lose his crowbar is our pious wish.

Some fellows do get queer notions, but the queerest method of keeping fit was demonstrated not very far from our hut, when the namesake of that English Sovereign who burnt the cakes, stood on his ear, much to our delight. "Rough House" ought to pay for the washing, as he was the propelling force.

Cpl. Sergeant, whose name at first appears to be a paradox, is taking more than a passing interest in matters musical, and we feel confident that it is the band which is the attraction at the Shelter and not something feminine. At all events he can remember what is played, and that's more than one of his worshippers could do. If anyone says Falconer we'll rule him out of order.

Cpl. Spinks was out for blood the other day, and his endeavours to find someone who hailed from the U.S.A. met with little success. It afterwards transpired that he wanted to make a bet either for or against Johnny Dundee, and his only trouble was that money was scarce.

If you want to know how to catch cold just see Taffy, and he'll explain all about those cold draughty seats along the Leas.

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## WE SALUTE.

You with a Merry Xmas and a Bright New Year Wish!

Ptes. Grieve, Hobson, and Deeley, for obtaining two stripes each!

All kind friends on this side of the hemisphere and those across the seas, for sending the Boys such good Christmas Cheer!

Our Local Post Office Staff for the efficient manner in which they dealt with the huge Xmas Mail!

Our Allies for turning down the IMPOSSIBLE PEACE OFFER!

All those that were successful in securing Xmas Leave, and we are with those in spirit who were right out of luck!

The Napier Barracks Officers' Mess for showing such a substantial profit on their annual balance sheet!

The Cooks for the excellent dinner they gave us on December 25th, 1916.

The Weather Man! May he bring gladness to all with the finest he can give!

The good news from the Front!

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOVICE:—Should not advise you to borrow your next-door neighbour's toothbrush to polish your buttons with. Besides, when he cleans his teeth it will be unpleasant.

ARTHUR, BASE DEPOT:—A Crime Sheet is a white linen sheet which you draw at the Quartermaster's Stores to wipe your mess tin with.

ALGERNON, SGTS.' MESS:—No. It is not true that Barrack Room Damages are levied to buy cigars for the Sergeant-Major. As a matter of fact, he can demand cigars from any pretty barmaid as per K.R.O. 456.

BOHUNK, EDMONTON:—Cannot tell why the Bodega Bar is so crowded. It may be owing to the galaxy of beauties they have collected there to dispense the medicine.

HOBO, CALGARY:—Can't say why they hold roll calls at unearthly hours in the morning. Can quite understand why you dislike these. Would suggest you tell the Sergeant-Major.

NEW RECRUIT:—Cannot say where the song entitled "DO WE LOVE OUR SERGEANT MAJOR" came from. No, it was not General French who wrote it.

GEORGE:—Murphies are potatoes, mush is porridge, and punk is bread.

GAMBLER:—Crown and Anchor is a game they play in France. You can start penniless and go away in your own motor car. It is generally run by a gentleman with a hoarse voice and very bad eyesight, as he exclaims, "Well! Well! Well! Just where the heavy money lies again!" and proceeds to clear the board.

BATMAN:—Yes. It is a good plan to borrow a pair of your Officer's riding breeches if you don't like Infantry trousers. (See K.R.O. 999 for Authority).

CHARLES, ORANGEVILLE:—You say two girls are in love with you, and you do not know what to do? Better get on the next draft for France. Safety first. No women are allowed out there.

TEETOTALER, ANXIOUS AND OTHERS:—The Wet Canteen is a place where they sell beer. If not open for business, a good plan is to bang on the door, or prize it open with an axe. If more than one recruit is present it is best to sing one verse of HOW DRY I AM." then use violence as laid down by K.R.O. 5267½.

SHORTY:—I print your letter in full. You say while walking out in Sandgate with a dandy little Jane, one of the men in your hut, whose shirt you had borrowed, came up and said, "Look here, Old Sport, I shall want that shirt back to-morrow," and you think it very rude of him. Yes, so do we, but why not spend less money on firewater and pay your laundry bill.

ORDERLY:—Yes. Shakespeare wrote that quotation, "It's only fools and horses that work." Can't say which you are. You are certainly not a quadruped.

SPORTSMAN: Can a fortune be made by backing horses? Certainly, but betting on horse racing was only intended for bookmakers and simple people.

SLIM:—Am unable to say where you can buy that popular song, "HOW CAN A MAN LIVE HAPPILY WHEN HIS WIFE'S ALWAYS EATING BISCUITS IN BED."

WILLIE:—You ask what does R.P. stand for? Regimental Police. These are kept as ornaments in barrack yards and squares. On an Officer approaching, they give a click with their heels, and having no tail, their right or left hand swings automatically to the side of their head. Perfectly harmless if not interfered with.

## EXTRACT FROM ACCIDENT REPORT.

"While proceeding from Rolvenden to Moore Barracks Hospital with Ambulance No. 142, I ran into a bunch of d—m sheep, who saw me coming, and refused to get out of the way.

It was of little use applying the brakes, as modern Cadillacs are not fitted with these, on account of being made in the U.S.A. where they believe in speed. The only thing left for me to do was to open the throttle so that instead of injuring and causing them pain, I would kill them outright.

One was killed, and the other four died of wounds. I took the bonnet off and placed a sheep close to my engine, so as to keep the warmth in its body. I then proceeded to massage its heart, and so made an attempt at heart-official res-

toration. Unfortunately it proved futile, so I have been blamed for the animal's death, but I insisted on a decent burial, and now a small wooden cross by the wayside tells its own tale.

## BEWARE.

Even as a man is, so is sheep,  
in that it is appointed unto man  
once to die; for dust thou art,  
and unto dust thou shalt return.

P.S.—The drover stated his intention of immediately turning the lot into mutton, so that there would be little or no loss to either parties concerned, but to this I demurred for humane reasons.'

## THINGS TOMMY NEVER SAYS.

"We are sick and tired of getting up so late in the mornings. Let's ask to have reveille changed to 4 a.m."

"Here, Sergeant, let me do it."

"No, thank you, I don't want any more! I'll never be able to eat what

you've already given me!"

"This drilling gets monotonous, Sergeant! Take us for a five-mile double!"

"We don't want any pay this month! We have not succeeded in getting rid of all we got four weeks ago!"



## WORKSHOP WRINKLES.

Humour from the Base Depot Workshop

It is said that Joe looks younger every day. Of course, that moustache, now defunct, made a lot of difference.

We are tickled to hear that a great friend of his has cut out the booze.

It is rumoured that Dave is going to let his hair grow long. He recently developed a strong love of art, and is "some" artist, believe me!

We know a Sergeant Wheeler who is smiling again. He has got some help at last. Still, he never did look very miserable. Perhaps Good and Us kept him grinning.

The Boys are glad to see Brownie back from Hospital, but would have liked to have seen him look a little more fit.

Is it correct that there is plenty of grub for everybody, both upstairs and down, since Andy and Fatty went away? It is stated that Andy does not take very well to an Infantry Pack.

Willie is progressing in more ways than one. It is whispered round the Shop that he was seen with a rather unnatural beauty the other Sunday afternoon.

No more joy rides for Ed! Congratulations Old Boy on engagement, etc.!

We guess if Sgt. Watts could see the work of our new draughtsman he would feel envious.

WHOA! is an order which means HALT!

We welcome the new men from the T.D. May some of them prove to be all that they claim to be.

Mac has started an N.C.O. Instruction Class in the Consumable Stores. We are not quite sure what the instruction consists of.

Who is the fellow that has displayed a remarkable interest in a Cheriton Laundry lately? Would we hit the mark if we said an affair of the heart had something to do with it?

The Workshop Weather Prophet says that everything points to a damp Xmas and New Year, to be followed by a dry spell until the fifteenth of the month.

A certain man in the B.D. Shop wishes to challenge anyone at any kind of sport. No bluff, Manchester.

Rabbiting is a favourite sport in the Workshop Section, but we would like to know how much a pound Brussels Sprouts are?

A certain driver who was bragging about the swell car he had at home described it thus:

"It has despatchable and denounceable rims, epileptic springs, electric started, infernal expanding brakes, autocratic windshield, interval power plant, three point indentation, three speeds horrid and one perverse, amateur on the dashboard, jump spark intuition, Jimson bearings and all upto-date accessories."

## TRUCK TALES.

Kicks from Kelly.

We are sorry to see our old friends doing fatigues and drill in the T.D. when we are sure they want to go to War.

We wonder how much longer we will have to run on these roads without being equipped with skid chains?

As we arrive at the top of Military Hill, and view the winding path down to Seabrook, we most invariably start to sing, "There is a Happy Land not far, far away."

Can anyone tell us when we will be equipped with rear lights and rescued from continual trouble with the M.P.'s?

Will someone please suggest a way to keep the Folkestone District Road Cars, better known as "Little Tanks," from travelling exactly in the centre of the road?

On several occasions we have narrowly escaped a collision due to their stopping in this position, without giving any warning signals.

Do they understand the Traffic Regulations?

"Gott strafe No. 43," what is her gear box made of, anyway?

Hythe Shops say, "Gott strafe No. 32." Cheer up! She came halfway up Military Hill under her own power on the night of December 16th. (Canadian History Records please note).

Who put the "ELL" in "KELLY?"

We would like to know the name of the T.D. man who tells his Folkestone friends that he is driving a five-ton Kelly, and expects to be driving a "Tank" in the near future?

We wonder if the instructional classes have been working on his mind?

Is it true that one of our number, who is now driving at Crowborough, still has engine trouble every time he passes a pub during open hours?

What should the punishment be for the fellow who allowed his truck to take part in a Lawn Tennis game a short time ago? (Give him skid chains).

Talk about the Ford running on faith! The other day a Gramme was running without a magneto. Henry's principle may win yet, even if his "Peace Ship" did come on a crooked breeze.

We have been running a little short of good margarine lately for our grease cups. The Cook swears if we need any more he will have to quit frying so much bacon.

We have heard of the chain of responsibility running through the Army. We would like to suggest another chain, possibly not quite so important but nearly so, running from the jack shaft to the rear wheel of the Kelly. The other day a weed chain had the misfortune to catch in one and take a flying trip round the sprocket. Wonderful to say neither the chain nor the sprocket showed the effect. Although the Kelly is a national-born American car, she quickly adapts herself to the British principle of never letting go under the most severe strain.

## OUR ABSENT CHUMS.

S.-Sgt. Calder and Sgt. Lovett are both doing fine at "Somewhere-in-the-Mud," and judging from the tone of their letters there is more mud than anything else.

Pte. Clyde Rutherford, or better known as "Canada's Coming Cartoonist," has left us for the land where the Maple Leaf flourishes. He carries with him the best wishes of his many chums here, who trust his experiences gained at Shorncliffe will prove of lasting value in his new life.

Pte. C. Morrison, otherwise "Charles," has gone on command to Ramsgate. May he find the climate warmer there. "Gee!

It's c-c-cold!" was his favourite early morning expression here.

The "Bhoys" of No. 2 Truck Section were all sorry to part with their old pals, Ptes. Gugan and Beattie, who have left to do their bit on the Railroads of Sunny France.

Pte. L. E. Force has left this depot for Brighton. The merry tunes he gave us on his violin will long be remembered.

Pte. J. J. Vos has departed for Shoreham-on-Sea. "Vot is dis," he exclaimed one night when he found a poker tied to his big toe. We trust his slumbers in his new abode will in no way be disturbed by mischievous nocturnal visitors.

## HOME FOR TEN DAYS.

Soldiers' Arrival at Victoria Station, "Daily Mail."

Now then, my lads, hats off to Mr.  
Forster,  
On gladdened hearts this Christmas  
leave will fall,  
Farewell to "Mars" awhile and "Roll  
Call Roster,"  
For ten days heed ye not "Reveille Call."

M.P.'s who represent the British Nation,  
Received the notice with resounding  
cheers,  
And every morning at Victoria Station,  
Hurrah! for merry smiles and heartfelt  
tears.

Mothers embracing sons and babies  
their Daddy,  
All re-united after months, perhaps,  
Let him be Cockney, Taffy, Jock, or  
Paddy,  
We'll welcome all the bunch, these  
husky chaps.

What does it matter if the weather's rotten,  
Dreams realised that we at home did  
weave,  
The bitter cold and fog are clean forgotten,  
These are our heroes, warriors home on  
leave.

Spectres fade of voyage in cabin stuffy,  
When Fathers, Mothers, Sweethearts,  
Wives, and Chums,  
Are bringing tea and coffee from the  
buffet,  
The soddened air with glad rejoicings  
hums.

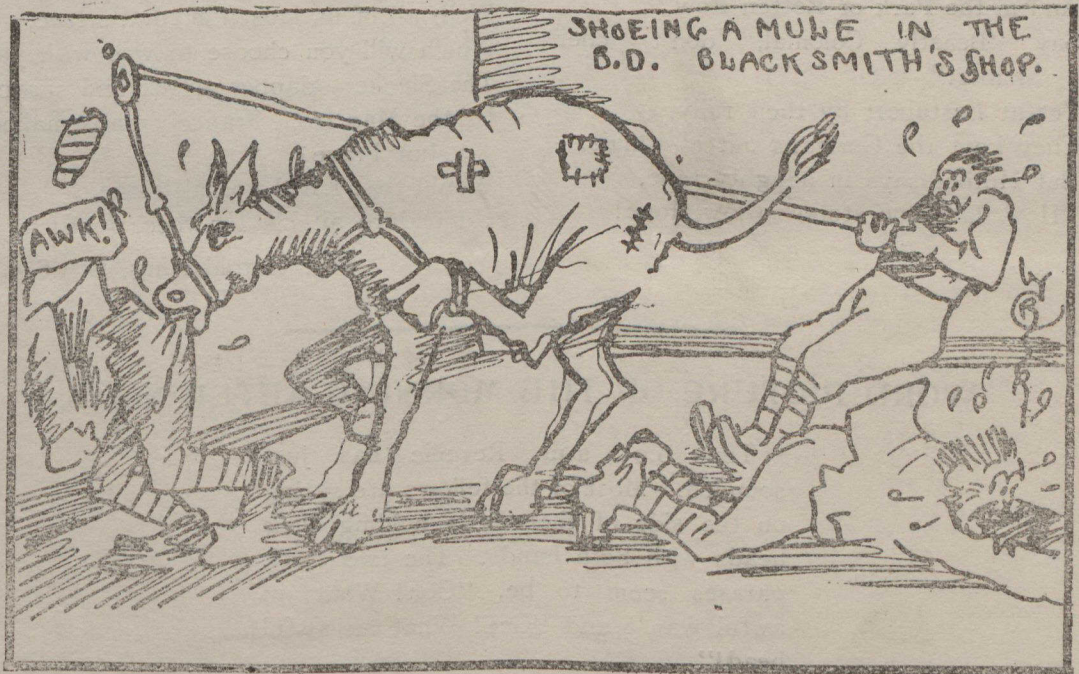
They'll cheer the hearts at fireside nook  
and corner,  
In England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wild  
Wales,  
Of many a sad, forlorn, and lonely  
mourner,  
Who prayed for them and Jack in Win-  
ter's gales.

What of the mate he left back in the  
trenches,  
What sort of Christmas, think you this  
for him,  
Who there with frozen hands his rifle  
clenches?  
Yes! truly at these thoughts our eyes  
grow dim.

And pictures rise of many a lonely grave,  
A greater sacrifice than this no man can  
give,  
Let Christmas bells toll requiems for the  
brave,  
O'er those that gave their all that  
we might live.

Pte. Harold King, C.A.S.C.





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 IONE.

In Erin's Isle thou hadst thy birth,  
 The fairest jewel of all the earth,  
 The Emerald Isle proclaimed in song,  
 Where women are fair and men are  
 strong.

Would that I had thee for my own,  
 Thou, fairest of them all, Ione!

Savage? Yes! I think you said,  
 Are men from the West where I was  
 bred,

But savages have hearts, they care,  
 No monocle or silk hat may wear,  
 Our trousers 'praps not Bond-Street cut,  
 None of us look the part of "Knut."  
 Uncouth—a broncho—that's the word,  
 No refinement—culture—dress absurd.

We live the same, we die the same,  
 As many a high upstanding dame,  
 Or noble with high sounding name,  
 Who when in Mayfair as we pass,  
 Will proudly raise lorgnette or glass,  
 And in the Park or Rotten Row.  
 Say "Beastly Colonial, don't cher  
 know!"

Yet at Festubert by their rally,  
 They kept the Germans out of Calais,  
 But Mother says in haughty tone,  
 "How dare you stoop so low, Ione!"

Methinks that somewhere out in France,  
 One dear to thee doth take his chance,  
 And dreams of thee 'mid battle's roar,  
 O'er Flanders' field, now drenched in  
 gore;

And in his sleep I hear him moan,  
 "Shall e'er we meet again, Ione!"

Ah, me! In merry dance and revels,  
 You laugh and flirt with lucky devils,  
 While I in mudsoaked trenches wallow,  
 Iron rations and bully beef I swallow.  
 No bath I've seen for weeks and weeks,  
 My clothing all with vermin reeks,  
 While dainty fingers at the dance,  
 Opera—supper—or ball perchance,  
 Will tenderly put on thy cloak,  
 Such thoughts will surely make me  
 choke,

To think that such a thing as he,  
 Should perhaps caress thee tenderly,  
 Sheltering in a Government post,  
 While at the front we need him most,  
 Well, all of us must die, that's true,  
 Which will you choose to wed with you,  
 The Slacker—dapper—sleek and suave,  
 Or the Man from France 'praps maimed  
 but brave?

Would that I had you all alone,  
 I'd endure all ills for thee, Ione!

Pte. Harold King, C.A.S.

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## WORD PICTURE OF THE MORNING AFTER XMAS.

Time 6.05 a.m. Reveille has just sounded. Most of the fellows are sitting on the side of their beds holding their heads with both hands. The two stock phrases seem to be, "Ooh! What an awful war," and "Gee! What an awful head!"



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*LIGHTS OUT.*

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