

THE BRAZIER



A Trench Journal printed and published at the Front by The Canadian Scottish for the Third Canadian Infantry Brigade. Passed by Chief Censor.

No. 7

France, December 20, 1916

Price 2d.

When I joined the Army first they issued me with everything a soldier needs, according to the powers that be, and about fifty other things besides. The result was that when they took me out for a walk, as they frequently did, I looked like a Winnipeg street car during the rush hours. They hung things all over me. Rifle, bayonet, pack, haversack, smoke-helmet, ammunition pouches, entrenching tool, water-bottle, and a dozen other things besides. Some day I expect they will use my ears for hanging some other indispensable articles on. But one thing I did not receive from the Army was a moustache. I knew that Army Order XBZ informs the curious that to be a real soldier, and avoid trouble with the people who have you deceased immediately the sun rises should you ignore their demands, it was necessary to wear a moustache, along with the other personal belongings included in a soldier's kit. Naturally I applied at the Q.M. stores for my moustache. I was informed by the Q.M.S. in that if you come ere any more its in the clink you'll go young man tone of voice, that all soldiers know so well, that the recruit has to provide his moustache out of his own pocket. I took the hint and started growing one. In spots I was successful, in spots I wasn't. It started fine in the centre but faded away like the whine of a dud towards the place where Army instructors start using the battalion butter issue. How I longed for a fierce looking moustache just like an instructor's! But in spite of using vast quantities of elbow grease, Zam Buk, dubbin, creosol, rifle-oil and countless

Farewell "Charlie Chaplin"

other fertilizers, it was all to no purpose. As soon as the moustache got out of the shade of my nose into the sunshine it faded away. Then fortune favoured me. The "Charlie Chaplin" became famous. My previous failure became a success. My comrades, as we call our friends in the Army, came to me for advice on "how to do it." But in the midst of my triumph came Army Order XBZ2L stating, after passing cynical remarks on "moustaches consisting of a few hairs only", that "it being now optional whether the upper lip be shaved or not, if a moustache is worn no portion of the upper lip shall be shaved". That's the official way of saying that "Charlie Chaplins" are tabooed. Whole hog or nothing, so to speak. Not being able to go the whole hog, my upper lip is now an aching void, my dear old "Charlie" now but a memory. I feel I shall never smile again.



Christmas Comes But Once a Year.

Army orders now inform us,
In a manner most sublime,
If we wear a "Charlie Chaplin".
We commit a serious crime.
So bid farewell to dear old
"Charlie",
Soldiers both in France and
Blighty,
Lest they should take you out at
dawn
And shoot you in your "nighty."

All Arranged For

Officer: "What arrangements have you made in case Zeppelins come?"

Sergeant: "If any bombs are dropped on the huts, Sir, the camp will be roused by three blasts on a whistle."

-Punch.

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Printed and published at the Front by the Canadian Scottish for the Third Brigade.

Contributions are invited.

Address all communications to

The Brazier,
16th Batt., The Canadian Scottish.

Editor and Manager—Piper Geo. Inglis.

As all copy intended for publication in The Brazier must previously be censored at Army Headquarters we would remind contributors that contributions must reach us as soon as possible and not later than the 1st of the month to ensure publication in the issue of the same month. Whenever possible contributions should be sent in for the next number immediately the current number is published.

CHRISTMAS, 1916.

Those thoughts there are that but in
absence rise;
Thoughts inexpressible, but ever kind;
And there are gentle wishes that one
tries
In words to measure, yet no words
can find.

—R.M.E.

IT IS DIFFICULT to express in mere words our thoughts as Christmas draws near. Some of us are spending our first, and some our second Christmas amid the turmoil and the discomforts of war. Some there are who will, in all probability, spend this Christmas in the front line. Some, a little more fortunate, will spend it in rest billets. There are many of our comrades who will spend the festive season in the more comfortable surroundings of a military hospital where there are more opportunities for observing the time-honoured customs that one usually associates with Christmas. A few, also, will be fortunate enough to spend Christmas within the circle of their own homes. Obviously, therefore, it is difficult to find words to express a fitting greeting to all our readers. There is nothing in common between the home circle and the discomforts of a dug-out, or a rest billet. In the one Christmas comes surrounded by all the old customs, but in the trench Christmas must of necessity come and go with little opportunity of enjoying the pleasures of the festive season. But to all our readers, whether in trench or billet, in hospital ward or the home, we extend the old, old greet-

ing. According to the circumstances you may be placed in we wish you all

A Merry Christmas.

THIS is our first Christmas Number and we hope our last. May next Christmas see us all back in Canada. Should circumstances permit, the next number of The Brazier will be published in January, and we hope our contributors will continue to give us their hearty support and make the first number of the New Year a success.

ROBERT SERVICE, the Canadian author, has produced some typical verse in his latest volume, "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man." While he touches but lightly on the tragedy of war, his verses are for the most part a reflection of the British soldier's refreshing humour. The "Blighties" will appreciate the sentiment expressed in "Going Home"—

I'm going home to Blighty; can you wonder
as I'm gay?
I've got a wound I wouldn't sell for 'alf a
year o' pay;
A harm that's smashed to jelly in the nicest
sort o' way.
For it takes me home to Blighty in the
mawning.

The author has seen much of the life led by Tommy at the Front and his new work catches up the spirit of the trenches in an admirable way. The volume is dedicated to the poet's brother, Lieut. Albert Service, who was killed in August this year while serving in the Canadian Infantry.

Congratulations

The Brazier extends hearty congratulations to the recipients of the following decorations:

Military Cross

Capt. A. Turnbull, 15th Batt.; Lieut. E. B. Hart, 16th Batt.

Military Medal

13th Batt. — Lie.-Corpl. J. Ryan, Pte. R. E. Breckon; 16th Batt. — Lieut. C. Bevan (formerly sergeant), Pte. O. G. A. Bjornsfelt, Pte. G. Blair, Pte. R. T. Fernie, Corpl. A. W. Minchin (now with First Div. Signals), Act.-Sergt. F. Bull (attached 3rd C.T.M. Battery.)

Regimental Journals

We have received a copy of the trench edition of the Western Scot, published by the battalion of that name. This journal is usually produced in London but evidently the Editor has developed "trench fever" and feverishly published a "trench" number. He apologizes for its "shell shock" appearance as follows:

Excuse this paper if it is sort of blotchy. The printer got most of the shrapnel out of the ink but not all. We're trying to get the Q.M. to issue a tin hat for the ink can.

We hope the Ed. will get over his mechanical difficulties after a while. Meantime, his paper is full of the cheery spirit that makes for success. We wish our "young brother" every success.

The Canadian Hospital News comes to hand regularly every week. This bright little paper is printed and published by the patients of the Granville Canadian Special Hospital, Ramsgate. One of the patients apparently finds that it isn't all honey even in a special hospital. He gets this off his chest:

The Rub

Of atrocities in Belgium we all have heard
a lot;
Of Kultur, Hymns of Hate, and strafing good
and hot;
Of poison gas and tear shells, massed at-
tacks, gun fire barrage—
But give me the whole darned bunch be-
fore another month's massage.
—PRETIUS.

"N.Y.D.", the official organ of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Field Ambulances has not published for some time but, at the time of writing, we understand another number is on the way. The Listening Post is once more under way also.

A new publication is The Clansman, printed and published by the 17th Canadian Reserve Battalion, East Sandling, the object of which is to form a link between the Canadian Highland battalions in France, their reserves in England and the people at home. Copies of the first number are not yet to hand but we wish our new contemporary every success. News items and contributions that might be of interest to the people at home are invited from the battalions in France.

"Little bit of Heaven"—Ten days leave.

Sayings of Private Solomon

Now, my son, hast thou reached the promised land where thy brothers have fought for two long years and more. Long hast thou tarried by the way. Thou hast eaten of the fat of the land of thy forefathers. Thou hast made merry in the Great City. Thy bed hast been in easy places. Thou hast seen many strange things, but many things more strange await thee in this wonderful land. Hear now, my son, the words I have to say to thee, so that thy days may be long in the land. For, verily, this is a land of many dangers and full of pitfalls for the unwary. Therefore, I say unto thee, mark well the things I will tell you of, for a man knoweth not how long he may dwell in this land of diluted beer and wine like unto the raspberry vinegar of the days of thy childhood. Thou art now a soldier in this vast army and it would become thee to make the manners and customs thereof thy customs and manners. So harken well and pay tribute unto the Great Rulers, with their tokens of Red and their halos of Gold. For, verily, they are the Chosen of the many and their words are as law unto thee. Mark well the sayings also of thy Colonel, thy Adjutant, thy Captain, thy Sergeant-Major, thy Sergeant, yea, even unto the sayings of thy Corporal. For thou art but a soldier, while they knoweth many things and are learned in the customs of war. Verily it shall come to pass that thy Colonel shall command thy Adjutant that a certain task shall be done. Thy Adjutant shall make known to thy Captain the wishes of thy Colonel. Thy Captain shall converse with thy Sergeant-Major concerning this; thy Sergeant-Major will call thy Sergeant who will speak unto thy Corporal. And, verily, it will come to pass that thy Corporal will say unto thee: "Thy Colonel desires that this task shall be done forthwith.

Go thou, therefore, and do this thing." Then, my son, thou shalt obey the commands of thy leaders so that their wrath may not fall upon thee. For woe unto him who obeys not their commands. Many shall be his troubles and few his joys. Therefore, weep not, my son, but be of good cheer even if many

small portion thereof. For it is well that a soldier have good spirits within him; then thou shalt feel content with thy lot; but do not look then with contempt upon Fritz thine enemy across the way. For he hath an eye like an eagle and will ding thee in the dome and thinketh nothing of it. Be like unto the creeping things of the earth. Yea, even like unto the serpent that moveth on its belly. Be not like unto the gopher of thine own country which hath an abundance of curiosity, and loveth to sit upon his hind legs. Therefore, I say unto thee, my son, be not curious of the things in front of thy parapet. But keep thy head down so that thou shalt not be cut off in the flower of thy manhood. For what shall it profit a man if he enter into the deepest shell hole and hath not any cover for his head. Go now, my son, to thy many duties. Be of good cheer. I will speak again with thee concerning these things.

A Thought for Christmas

By The Rev. F. J. Moore, B.A., Brigade Chaplain

THE old time Christmas—ushered in by hymns and carols and celebrated with mirth and the re-union of friends—seems as far away to us now as the days when we hung our stockings at the foot of the bed and lay restless, with one eye open to catch a glimpse of the mysterious Old Man who brought the gifts. But memory is a wonderful faculty, and we shall find the "atmosphere" of Christmas with us just the same. We shall be telling each other of the old times, shall be feeling the warmth of the old fires and musing on the faded joys. And, in sadness, too, we shall think of those who were with us then, but who have spent their last Christmas here on earth. It is at such times as this that we miss them most, and we quietly stand and salute their spirits now. May their souls rest in peace and God's perpetual Light shine upon them.

Yes, the old-time Christmas does seem far away. But I wonder if the *essential meaning* of Christmas is not nearer to us now than it was when we had so many Christmas joys? We all feel—we cannot help feeling—that there is something very inconsistent between Christmas and War. Christmas speaks of Peace on Earth, Goodwill to men; of God expressing Himself in human form, in human acts and speech. It takes us to a Cradle where a Child is lying and tells us that unto us this Child is born, to be the Saviour of mankind? And all this, we feel, is inconsistent with War. War at Christmas time, the festival of the birth of the Prince of Peace! War round the Cradle of the Holy Babe God manifest in the flesh? Most of us, I think, will be having thoughts (more or less of that kind) passing through our minds this Christmas. And many of us, perhaps, who had never thought so seriously of Christmas before. It is so easy to forget God in His gifts and we sometimes need to be deprived of them, or at least pass through an experience that makes us realize how much they really meant to us before we ever discovered their true value and inner meaning. And to so many of us Christmas had become a custom, and a custom only, although outwardly religious. But in this bitter experience of War there is nothing merely outward—we have come to grips with realities—with stark, naked truth. Happy is the man who can let the forms and the customs fall away, retaining unimpaired the kernel of truth within.

So though, and perhaps because, Christmas comes to us this year shorn of all its old and hallowed customs, we go in the spirit of faith and worship to the Cradle in Bethlehem, thanking God for His Unspeakable Gift.

bags require to be filled. For, verily, when thy task is done, thy Sergeant-Major shall call thee into his tent in the ground and say unto thee these words: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." And from a vessel of earthenware, which he carries after the manner of a mother her first-born, shall he pour for thee a

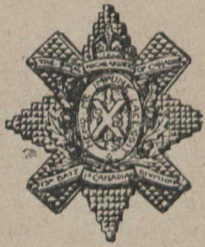
delight in getting a bayonet, ours of course, entangled in the fifth rib of an angry German. Personally, I find it makes a horrible mess of a bayonet and if there's one thing I'm specially keen on it's keeping my arms clean. Still, tastes differ, so, to get back to our muttons, as the

(Continued on Page 4)

Grouses

By the Grouser

There is nothing Tommy likes better than a mild grouse at everything in general and everything else in particular—with the exception of charging Fritz with the bayonet, which little pastime, according to a writer in the Daily Mail, is Tommy's favorite sport. (Funny how these writers for the daily press get to find things out, isn't it?) We scarcely know ourselves when we read, in the daily papers, accounts of our habits and hobbies. According to them we take a huge



THE BOMBERS

An Appreciation

Among the various destructive and homicidal machines designed during the last half century for the edification of mankind—beginning with the sewing machine and culminating in the gramophone—there is none so interesting as the Bomber.

This product of modern warfare is found chiefly in No-Man's-Land—sometimes in the trenches that border the same—but he prefers the calm and peaceful placidity of No-Man's-Land.

In many respects he resembles that bipediated creature, Man—in appearance one can hardly be distinguished from the other but there are a few minor differences into which we will now delve with the aid of an entrenching tool, a small teaspoon and a family Bible.

In olden times it was customary to clothe warriors in brass-mounted helmets, dainty close-fitting boiler plates and six-inch cast iron pipe leggings. However, the mellowing influence of science made the following suggestions. Instead of covering men *with* iron, why not make them *of* iron. Make them, in short, so tough that armour plate would be, in the words of the Apostle, “a superfluity of naughtiness.”

After years spent in fruitless search a substance was found harder than chilled steel, tougher than iron, that could, in spite of these properties, be in extreme cases used as food. It became the Army Biscuit. However, the Bomber did not stop here. He argued that if one could eat Army Biscuits what could prevent him from eating softer and more appetizing delicacies such as trees, rocks, shells or tin cans? From the careful and prayerful following of this interesting menu the modern Bomber arose!

Often one may see him in the dewy eve carelessly leaning against a silvery moonbeam devouring some stray shrapnel splinters or chewing the rind of a luscious minnerwerfer.

However, a Bomber's chief joy is in “going over”. These little in-

13th BATT. SECTION

formal calls on the enemy are technically known as “raids”. He usually chooses a dark Egyptian night and after lighting his ordinary lantern, leisurely clambers over the parapet and proceeds on his overland trip to the enemy's presumed position. 'Tis then the sniper gets out his note-book in order to make a few little entries in the proposed casualty list and soon the angry pellets sizzle thru' the air. In this way many Bombers are lost for, when he realizes that a sniper is actually trying to pierce his super-toughened skin with an ordinary, everyday, God-fearing bullet, he is thrown into bursts of merriment which often strain him internally and finally, after twenty, thirty or forty years, results in his death.

The sight of the raider going over is startling in the extreme. He opens his mouth and gulps down machine gun fire, shrapnel splinters bounce from his toughened countenance, he smiles at whizz-bangs, he juggles with minnerwerfers! When he approaches the enemy's wire he bites it thru' with a snip of his iron jaws.

When a hostile bomber appears on the parapet it is a sign that the immediate neighbourhood is decidedly unhealthy and will in about three seconds become more so. In his hand the Bomber carries a noise carefully enclosed in an iron shell. To be correct he carries several of these and distributes them (free of charge) with the zeal and enthusiasm of a tract distributor, by means of that graceful windmill motion peculiar to cricketers. When he has removed the last fleeting traces of the German element in the front line trenches (except those who have ceased to take any interest in the deceitfulness and wickedness of the present world) he retires in a calm and dignified manner into the seclusion of his own dug-out, and lives happy ever after, maybe!

—D.F.M.

There was a young man of Larkhill,
Who invented a new kind of pill.

They were so hard to beat

In a case of cold feet,

That some feel the effects of them still.

There was a young man of East Sand-
ling,
Whose girl wanted delicate handling.
If he sat on her knee
She was as cross as could be,
As she liked him to do all the dandling.

THE GROUSER

(Continued from Page Three)

novelists say, why, can anyone tell me, does a fresh egg cost fourpence? With war economy being practised all over, and you can't beat the French at economising, and everybody, consequently, going without their boiled chicken on Sundays, there should be a whole lot more hard-working, conscientious producers of hen fruit now than a year or two years ago. More hens, more eggs. More eggs, lower prices. But fourpence! Old-timers tell us—when they're not talking about that second battle of Ypres—that there was a time when eggs were two for tuppences'apenny, and in the rest billets in these far off times, it was quite the thing for common dollar-ten-a-day folks to have “ham and” (2 “ands”) for breakfast; but now it is only officers' batmen who can afford such a luxury. Even the officers don't have eggs for breakfast like they used to. Fourpence for an egg! It's a crime on the face of it. The hens are getting quite uppish about it and even the roosters feel they have something to crow about after all. I must write to the Times about it. I don't know that it will do much good but its considered quite proper—when you wish to point out how you are much more able to run the war or the country than the government is—to air your grievances in the Times or the Daily Mail. What's the Daily Mail doing anyway? According to their own statement they are the paper that “got the shells”, but what about the eggs? At fourpence we have to go without. What's Lloyd George doing? Where's the Government? Why don't they do something? I'll go into hysterics in a minute! (Please don't—Ed.) Eggs at fourpence, English beer at threepence, and the Paymaster living up to the regulations—Oh well, what's the use, anyway!”

Bits From Our Contemporaries

During Roll Call

It was roll call and the sergeant was calling out the names. Finally he came to one that gave him pause, but the next moment he roared it in his bull voice:

"Montaig." No answer.

"Montaig." No answer.

"Montaig." A pale youth stepped from the ranks. "I think you mean me, Sergeant. They pronounce my name Montague."

The sergeant gave him the icy eye. "Oh, do they? All right Montague. Take three paces to the rear and do two hours' fatigew."

—Blighty.

Obeying Orders

Major: "When did your men change their shirts?"

O.C. Coy.: "A week ago, sir."

Major: "Have they changed again today?"

O.C. Coy.: "They can't, sir. They've no spare shirts."

Major: "H—ll, it's a Divisional Order. Tell them to change shirts with one another."

—Magazine of the London Division.

A Question of Numbers

A first contingent man met one of the two hundred and umpty-umpth battalion the other day and the following conversation ensued:

1st Div. Man: "What's the idea, mate?"

2—th Man: "What d'you mean?"

1st Div. Man: "Why, wearing your reg'mental number plastered all over your tunic."

—The Canadian Hospital News (Ramsgate).

"As She is Spoke"

Somewhere in France a British Tommy and a French Poilu were parting after a couple of happy hours spent together and each desired to take leave of the other and each desired to make use of the other's language. "Au reservoir," said Tommy awkwardly. "Tanks, tanks," replied the polite poilu.

—The Dug-Out Gazette.

Why He Fainted

Pte. K. was just coming round after his operation and the fumes of ether were still heavy upon him.

As he lay in bed he heard the men on either side discussing their own operations which had been performed some time previously.

"Do you know," said the first, "when they operated on me first they left a pair of forceps inside and they had to operate again to get them out."

"That's strange," said number two, "because I had a sponge left

inside and they had to have another go to recover it."

Pte. K. trembled and sweated. At that moment the surgeon looked into the ward and said, "Has anyone seen my hat?" That finished him.

—Canadian Hospital News.

A Bit of Irish

An Irish platoon sergeant, together with three privates, took cover in a shell hole one night during a very heavy bombardment. Later on, another man joined them and lay on top of them all. Being fagged out he soon began to snore, whereat the sergeant disengaged himself from the bottom of the hole and gave the offender a punch in the ribs, saying: "Will ye make less row, now? We all want to go to sleep!" This during an inferno!

—The Seagull Gazette.

A Conscientious Objector?

"The Colonel caught sight of you this morning," said the Sergeant-Major, glaring at the awkward recruit, "and they tell me in the Orderly Room that 'e went back to the mess and cried, and asked the Major wot the 'ell 'e could have done for the Wore Office to have such a down on 'im."

—Blighty

"He Wouldn't Believe Me"

The Colonel (to old offender): "Didn't I tell you last time you were up in the Orderly Room that I never wanted to see you again?"

The Culprit: "That's right sir; but the blinkin' sergeant wouldn't believe it!"

—Winter's Pie.

What They Were Doing

The sergeant had set a fatigue party to work pumping water out of the trench. Returning some time later he was annoyed to find the whole party indulging in the mild pastime of sailing little paper boats.

"What the blazes are you fellows doing?" he inquired.

"Waiting for the tide to come in, sergeant," came the reply.

—The Dug-Out Chronicle.



CHRISTMAS GREETING

From Lt.-Col. R. P. CLARK

I have much pleasure in availing myself of the opportunity of using the Third Brigade paper to convey my Christmas Greeting to all the members of the 14th Battalion, Royal Montreal Regiment.

May my wishes be read by all those now serving with us and also those who have so nobly done their duty in the past and are at present recovering from their wounds and whom I trust will soon be with us again.

The old, old wish, "A Merry Christmas", may sound to the uninitiated rather an inappropriate greeting to a regiment at the Front, but I know how the gallant Fighting Fourteenth can be merry and bright under all and any conditions and so the old greeting goes.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS, and may your next Christmas be spent with your loved ones at your "ain fireside" is the heartfelt wish of your friend the O.C.,

Lt.-Col. R. P. CLARK,
14th Battalion,
Royal Montreal Regiment.

15th BATT. SECTION

No. 1 Company Notes

Sergt. McReynolds has left for a twenty-one day course in horsemanship. Well, there may be luck in odd numbers but someone is going to see some funny sights for the next three weeks. Good luck, Mac. Keep a tight rein.

The company welcomed back another old-timer in the person of Sergt. Temple, who won the Military Medal at Ypres.

It's all right for a certain sergeant to object to wearing pants, but then, he doesn't have to go out on working parties where the mud is likely to get so far up as to stop his breathing.

Strange things happen in war time. The bombers were actually seen carrying corrugated iron the other night! Pretty close to being a working party. Eh, what!

Corpl. Carter has left us to go to Rouen and we are glad to hear Nick is having a well-earned rest. Twenty-two months and in every trip is a fair day's work.

Rum, a sort of liquid, dark brown and full of vim.

Labeled for us "strong", reaching us it's "thin".

We don't say they put in water, for heat makes some things light;

But we'd like to know how some can sleep so well at night.

No. 2 Company Notes

How is it that we are getting clean socks and socks at the same time in the front line? Did anyone mention a possible connection between the two issues?

New Recruit: "What is a listening post?"

New N.C.O.: "A rod stuck through the parapet. A sentry is posted against it and listens for gas."

The men of Number Two Company are eagerly awaiting the return of the Sergeant-Cook. He is away taking a course. High living is expected by all.

Who is the man who went to battalion headquarters and asked for the Lewis gun bayonet?

Signallers Would Like to Know

Who is the R.S.M. who announced at a recent concert that the 4th Battalion Brass Band would give a selection on the pipes?

Why do we name our Pioneer Sergeant, "Star Light Steve", and how did he get the name?

CHRISTMAS GREETING

From Lt.-Col. C. E. BENT

Another Christmas in the Field and although the 15th Battalion has had a strenuous year we can celebrate with a feeling that our battalion has lived up to its name and reputation in every way.

To the members of the 15th Battalion I extend my best wishes for the coming season,

Lt.-Col. C. E. BENT,
O.C. 15th Battalion.

"90 Days First Field"

The Orderly Room was proceeding,
Dead silence did prevail,
As the Company-Sergeant-Major
His evidence did detail.

Private S--- was the prisoner,
His record it was good,
And 'twas difficult to understand
Why in such disgrace he stood.

His heart was well nigh broken;
On his face a look of despair;
He thought of an old-fashioned village
And his mother waiting there.

Would the news eventually reach her?
Fill her tender heart with pain?
When the great war it was over
Dare he face her once again?

Then the Colonel asked the question,
As on the table hard he knocks,
"Why in h--- did you drink the
whale-oil,
And forget to change your socks?"

No. 3 Company Notes

If you want a professional bum
Just cut out his issue of rum.

The S.M. will bless you,
He'll hug and caress you.
What else can you look for, By Gum!

Who put the tea leaves in No. 11
Platoon's soup?

Who was the corporal who turned in his old boots before he got his new issue?

Wash day for the cooks. Shall we have Mulligan to-morrow?

"Gee Guys!"

We've got a guy in Number Three
Who in stature's rather small;
But he's got it on the best of e'm,
The fat, the short and tall.
We don't say much about him,
We don't want to raise your ire,
You'd like to know his name, eh?
"Gee guys, there's a fire!"

With the company you can't beat him,
In the trench or on parade,
He simply can't stop moving;
It's just the way he's made.
I'm not bragging when I tell you
That guy's some live wire.
I told you what we call him:
"Gee guys, there's a fire!"

He's not much of a speaker
And we've never heard him sing;
But he's fond of any kind of sport
And will patronize the ring.
When he gives a little monologue,
You can count me as a liar,
If he doesn't start the same old spiel,
"Gee guys, there's a fire!"

—SERGT. WOODHOUSE.

Mike's First Letter Home

By Lie.-Corpl. Kane, No. 1 Company.

In me Mud-Hole, France.

Dear Maggy,

I am now going to rite you a leter about my trip to the warr. We cum acrost the inglish chanel in a bote that had to mil weels on the side to keep it frum goin to fast and to make the ingins go. The forse of the bote goin threw the water made the mil wheels go round and they turned the ingins and made the bote go.

When we get on land we wuz marched up to jine the army we wuz fasened to and I got the surprise of me loife. There wuz over too miles of sewers wid walks along the bottom and we twisted and twisted till we got to what the sed wuz the front line. All of the time they was lettin of fireworks and some of the big wans made the ground shake sumthin turrible. I seen Dinny Colter, the parsons son. You mind the young divil wid all his fancy close and his lady killin ways. Well I met him in wan of these long sewers, and glory be, he wuz wurkin wid a pik an shuvel an cursin to bate the best av thim.

(Continued on Page Nine)



16th BATT. SECTION

No. 1 Company Notes

Three cheers for Portland, serving time on broken stone.

The little black dog is still running after a hare. J.C.K. heart-broken. We don't think.

Cheer up, boys. Lots of leave and a long time coming.

The Lord help the coal-man when Mac gets hold of him.

One of our Siberians, when asked the other day if he had seen a wash pail, answered, "Am I?"

A sergeant in our company said, "I wonder what is wrong?"

This leave that I am waiting for seems to me to be too long."

He went off one fine morning, said, "A good long leave I'll take."

Regret to say, came back again and said his head did ache.

What nationality is the man who, when asked, "Are you there?", answered "I don't think, I don't know, am I here, I daresay." Clear case of shell shock.

The ration party waited and said, "God bless my soul

That blamed old train's run off the track and got stuck in a hole."

But up we came, not quite on time, though chilled through and through.

When we got there the party said, "Bless you, how we love you!"

We wish all members of the Company a Merry Christmas.

—J.C.K.

No. 3 Company Notes

(By C.H.C.)

The company extend a hearty welcome back to several of the old boys who have returned from Blighty during the past few weeks. Gott Strafe East Sandling. What?

Query: Who are the mysterious pipers wearing forage caps and infantry breeches who disturbed our sleeping hours with the strains of "Will ye no come back again"?

What's the matter with the rum issue these days? Surely there isn't going to be a famine in the precious beverage! Winter's here!

We're just a wee small bunch
And we're muddy too and wet;
But we've got an awful hunch
That we'll take some beating yet.

Oh! Where's the great big draft
That we long so much to see?
And no more working in the shaft
For the boys of Number Three.

—C.H.C.

(Some notes were received from No. 3 too late for this issue.)



CHRISTMAS GREETING

From MAJOR C. W. PECK

As the duty devolves upon me to write a Christmas greeting to the 16th Battalion, The Canadian Scottish, I am doing so with the greatest pride and pleasure.

At this time last year the Battalion already had an enviable reputation and had a long and honourable trench record. During the year that has elapsed we have upheld our glorious name in every respect. We have lost many brilliant officers and steady and brave non-commissioned officers and men.

In wishing you my heartiest Christmas greetings I can only say that all we need do is to live up to the regiment's past history. That history is sealed with the lives of many of our brave comrades whom we loved and admired. In asking you to live up to that history I know I will not be disappointed and that we will go steadily forward until the cause of liberty and civilization is vindicated by winning this great war.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,

MAJOR C. W. PECK,
O.C. 16th Battalion,
The Canadian Scottish.

No. 4 Company Notes

A letter came through the mail addressed to a man in No. 4 Company, 16th Batt., The Canadian Scottish, B.E.F., Bed No. 41! Someone evidently thinks we have a swell job out here.

Is the C.S.M. learning a few Russian "cuss" words?

"Snaky" is now teaching the young idea the gentle art of bayonet fighting as practised in the front line. How did he enjoy the practical demonstration of how to disarm an enemy?

What kind of a show did "Ding-Dong" expect to see in Picadilly Circus when he was on leave?

Will the company storeman take the trouble to find out the "canteen hours" in London when he goes on his second leave?

We hear that the "pubs" in London are to be closed till ten days after Christmas. Now, who wants to go on leave?

Will the old boys of number four have another re-union soon?

We are pleased to hear that the "Big Strafe" is making a speedy recovery.

Will there be another "earthquake" among the "bombproofers" when Bill arrives?

We had a very successful dinner last New Year. We hope we will be able to celebrate as well this year.

Congratulations to Sergt. John Grant on his receiving a commission in the 174th Batt., The Cameron Highlanders of Canada.

We extend hearty greetings to all members of No. 4, whether they are with the company, in Blighty, or transferred to other units.

Caught Through The Listener

Merry Christmas boys! It only comes once a year and the section are busily preparing for one big pot-lach. Last year's dinner, held on New Year's Eve at K----, was a huge success, and this one will eclipse all previous "joy days". May next Christmas see us all back in the land of plenty.

What did the Corporal say when the fair damsel gave him the back-hander on the jaw?

"'Tis destiny that shapes our lives", but 'twas Iveson that carved that 16th Battalion crest out of chalk stone, and a jolly good job he made of it.

Some of the boys have taken a pigeon course, and although they do not crow about it, they have certainly developed the "homing" instinct. (Who said leave?).

One pigeon said they made a 'ash of it anyway."

Now then you "next for leave", remember Jock's example and bombard the boys with buns from Blighty.

M.O.: "What's your trouble?"

Signaller: "Overwork, Sir."

M.O.: "One month on a Visual Station."

At the time of writing the sergeant is busily absorbing knowledge at the School of Signalling. That's all right, but who's going to referee our football matches? Business before pleasure!

"Everything has its uses," said Arty as he yanked a tin of gasoline from the steam roller. Who said "Goo-lamps?"

The section extends to all ex-members—including "Pop" Carse, Fred Stewart, Archdale, West, Plant, Jack Cowley, "Ginger" Brown, "Chuck" Shaw, both the transferred and the wounded boys—the compliments of the season, best wishes for the future and hopes for a speedy recovery and re-union in a more peaceful clime. We'll drink to their health at the Christmas dinner.

Query: "Do the signallers march on the dot and dash system?" (See last issue of *The Brazier*.)

Answer: "Yes, when their footsteps are flagging."

A Few Rounds From the Machine Gunners

A certain machine gunner was on pass recently and reports from friends in Blighty inform us that he helped a street singer (namely, took part in a duet) outside Charing Cross Station.

Who is the machine gunner who carried the front line to supports in a sand-bag thinking it was the rations?

Will the N.C.O. of the machine gun section tell us in which dictionary we can find the words he used when a brother gunner enfiladed his emplacement?

What has happened to Dad? He seems to have had a close shave?

Who was the machine gunner who got castor oil for his boots?

Poor Mike of the machine gun section hasn't got over the time he was dining out with a lady friend in London when the nurse entered. Mike says he felt like five cents.

The section wish to express their congratulations to Lieut. Bevan. They are very sorry to lose such a popular officer and friend, but they will give their whole-hearted support to his successor.

Chips From The Pioneers

We wonder if the redoubtable "Scotty" of the "Wise Guys" would wear a kilt if engaged in a Polar expedition.

Will our old friends, the Water Detail, stick to the "Water Wagon" this festive season? We are under the impression we heard the Welsh National Anthem being sung in rather a husky voice last Christmas.

One of the Intelligence Section was heard to remark the other day that "A Scotsman rools his R's with a burr." The "Wise Ones" ought to know something about dialect.

Our old friend, "Tiny", seemed to fare better than the others who were on the carpet for the same offence a couple of days previous. But then, "Tiny's" explanations would carry weight anywhere!

Are the Huns liable to bombard Scarborough again while the hero of the first bombardment is on leave?

Weel, here's tae a guid time at Christmas, wherever we may be.

Gift of Cigars

The thanks of the battalion are due to Mr. David Pearlstein of Hamilton, Ont., for his kindness in sending a handsome gift of cigars to the battalion. The smokes were much enjoyed.

From the Headquarters Staff

Who was the staunch original Seaforth man who went away with the "Harry Lauder" head-dress?

Was his tune the same the "mornning after the night before?"

Is "Spunk" going to celebrate his Military Medal at Christmas?

When will the invitations be out?

We are pleased to see our old ex-runner, Ed. Cleary, is still holding up the traffic.

How many times a year does a certain member of the H.Q. Staff celebrate his birthday?

We wish ourselves a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Intelligence Section Notes

Who is the observer who saw an elephant in Fritz's front line?

How is it that there is a surplus of jam in the section now that a certain sniper is taking a course?

Who is the Londoner who was so anxious to look like a Scotchman that he "bummed" a cast-off khaki kilt?

Who is the N.C.O. who gives his treads a bad name because the buttons won't stay on? Have a heart, Scotty.

What do I see before my eyes?

Is it a sausage in disguise?

What strange creature do I con?

It's a Scotchman with a scout-suit on.

Ode to My Departed Kilt

Farewell, old friend, the time has come to part,

For winter's icy breezes wrap around
My unprotected knees, and harsh chills
dart

Across my nether regions they abound.

For months past you have been my
pride and care,

In trench and billet, in weather fair or
foul;

To lose you now is more than I can
bear,

But needs must when outside the north
winds howl.

When balmy breezes once more herald
Springtime's morn

And roads and trenches are not pools
of muck,

I hope to don again thy old familiar
form

Which has been to me an emblem of
good luck.

—B.H.E.

Around the Transport Lines

"Some" musical evenings we're enjoying these cold nights at Marguerite's.

Will we be hearing a duet in French soon by Ran and Marguerite? Or are they keeping it dark till Christmas evening?

The Transport boys are looking forward to a big night at Christmas. M'selle Marguerite is also looking forward to the big event.

Will Ran sing, "I'd Hate to Miss My Coffee in the Morning"?

"Come bang days hours is it?" is the latest way of asking the time in French.

How do the boys like being "real soldiers" these days.

We are hoping the Transport Christmas dinner will be as big a success this year as last.

We are wondering who will be Major Heakes' successor this year.

But, turkey or no turkey, here's to

a big time with "Old John" well to the front and "still going strong."

When *will* that stock saddle show up?

Will we see some real rough-riding then?

Does Jock's mule "compree" the Gaelic?

Is "Drop" going on leave as a composite Highland battalion this time, and will he wear his spurs?

Do the Transport boys feel like a string of box-cars when told to "shunt"?

Who was it asked his groom, "I say, these reins are far too long. Just shift the saddle back about six inches, will you"?

Why is the incinerator man always referred to as the "insinuator" man?

What happened the guy who swiped the pocket book? Did the stretcher bearer show mercy?

Who is it on the Q.M. Staff who carried inflated air pillows in their packs? Two more for the Intelligence Section?

How did a certain groom get all the scratches on his hand and the beef-steak out of his nose?

How about those huts? They're a long time appearing.

Q.M. Stores Notes

Who swiped to coke from the Q.M. details?

Was it "Bugs'" ability as a singer or the enthusiastic rooting of his friends in the audience that won him the ten francs at the Y.M.C.A. concert?

Were the rooters disappointed at not being invited to help liquidate the proceeds?

We hate to be carping on the same old thing, but who did swipe the coke, Love?

What happened to the fatigue party due for loading gravel one morning?

How did the "straw bosses" like doing the work themselves?

Where did the R.Q.M.S. learn to use an axe?

The Post Offices Wants to Know

When there's mail from every country,
Full fifty sacks or more,
Why is it someone always shoves
His head in at the door;
And asks in accents loud and strong,
(It makes the sergeant sore)
"Do you suppose that there will be
Some mail for Number Four?"



The Late Major Hall, M.C.

A When Notes Frae the Baun'

Who was the ration man who mixed the sugar with the "spuds"?

Did he intend the latter to be "sweet" potatoes for the "sweet" fingers?

What did Harold, "The Big Noise", say when Fritz threw a rock at him down at the slag heap?

How did Pom like the stewed apples?

Does Bill Hardy wear pantaloons? Ask Lena.

We have a remittance man in the Baun' now. Pourquoi?

Will the next bout between One Round Mac and the Victoria Vampire be properly staged so that we can all witness it?

Some of the pipers and drummers figure they have the Romans skinned forty ways when it comes to road building.

Can a man do what he likes in his own "territory"?

Congratulations to Lieut. G. Skinner on his being promoted to the rank of Captain while employed as Quartermaster.

Lieut. J. F. Cadenhead, employed under the Officer-in-Charge of Canadian War Records, London, has been transferred to the General List and attached to the 17th Reserve Battalion, East Sandling.

15th BATT. SECTION

(Continued from Page Six)

Last nite I wuz up in wan av thim sewers carryin wire to put out in frunt. Begobs, they make shure that none av the bhoys get over and swap storys wid the dirty germans. Eviry fut is fensed in as if we wuz chickens an dident no any better than two go out their. Av coorse they aint all hed a good edicashun like me an sum av thim might no no better.

The sargint is colektin the male so will klose wid luv an kisses,

Yure darlin,

MIKE.

P.S.—Tell Pat I kin git him a pic here cheep.

The Song of a Shirt

These lines were written on the occasion of the men's shirts being taken away for washing and new ones were not issued immediately.

Oh! they dragged us through the mud holes.

And the deepest holes they picked.
They marched us many needless miles
And we never, never kicked.
But to-day they put the "Kibosh" on
And our dignity it hurts.

They took us on manoeuvres
Without our blooming shirts.

We had a kit inspection:
Discs, smoke helmets, field dressings
too.

Some were short their bully beef,
Biscuits quite a few.
Then we all took off our tunics
And the Colonel looked quite hurt
When he found the whole battalion
On parade without a shirt.

Oh! We're feeling quite down-hearted
And our backs are getting cold;
And when I make this meek appeal,
Don't think I'm growing bold.
If you've any kit to throw away
I assure you it's a cert,
There'll be nothing so appreciated
As a good clean flannel shirt.

ODES TO TRIFLES

To a Ration Cigarette

Tommies are most ungrateful blokes,
All said and done;
And I am no exception to
The general run.
Indeed, the mental exercise of grumbling
Is an incentive ever to keep mumbling.

I've looked gift horses in the mouth,
But never thee;
I've feared those bearing army gifts
When they were free;
I've railed against the quality and tissue
Of almost every blessed thing that's "issue."

I've damned the texture of my pants,
My tunic's fit;
I've sworn that Sister Susie's socks
Were badly knit;
But ne'er an "'Arf a Mo'" have I wished milder,
Or "Roughriders" less rough, or "Woodbine" wilder.

'Gainst Beef and Biscuits I have joined
The parrot cry;
And on the Jam, when Damson, looked
With doubtful eye;
But, when the Q.M.S. says "Here's yer baccor,"
I envy not his "Nestor" to the slacker.

One leans against the parapet,
And feels fed up,
Imagines grievances to fill
A brimming cup;
And then, a draw at thee and all's forgotten;
One magic puff, and life is none so rotten!

Cheap as they make it be thy cast,
Thy brand obscure,
More reminiscent of chopped hay
Than 'baccy pure,
And negligently rolled in paper riceless,
Still is the solace that thou bringest priceless.

Puff! and each ring that upward curls
Frames some fair thought,
That but for thee unto my mind
Were never brought.
Puff! the pip passes, and the blues turn rosy.
Puff! and a dug-out's e'en a corner cosy.

Sweet Cigarette, thy end's at hand;
Hast served thy turn.
A farewell word to thee before
My fingers burn.
Yet—listen! Doubly to ensure thy victory
I'll smoke another ere my valedictory.

—R.M.E.

To a Green Envelope

There's not a word in thee of Parados,
Platoons, Positions and Plans—Military;
There's just a score of kisses for Herself,
Then a wee one for her sister Mary.

There's not a mention in thee of Petards;
And if I use the word "Lachrymatory"
It only deals with a domestic bomb
That hoist me ages since—another story.

There's not a line in thee to help the Bosch,
Should'st thou by mishap reach his fist nefarious;
Merely the usual, "I wish I were there,"
And "You remember—eh?—occasions various!"

Perchance they'll tear thee open at the Base,
And table thee for rude evisceration,
And cynically search mild metaphors
For scraps of surreptitious information.

In thee there's not a hint of great deeds done;
No purple patchwork effort at description;
There's just a mention of some cigarettes,
MY sort—the Melachrino-ish, Egyptian.

Thou dare not tell my dear one where I am,
Thou must not mention trenches that we've taken;
But really, really, does she give a damn,
So that thou prove'st my love is her's unshaken?

There's not a whisper in thee of the war,
As Heaven and the Censor are above me!
Of where, and when, and why, and what I am,
And in what portion of the Line they shove me.

So speed thee to thy destination hence,
Beneath the cachet of my Parole d'honneur.
And bid her—it's the fashion to spout French,
Even of leave to England—"a la bonne heure."

—R.M.E.

THOSE TALES

Just think of the stories that will be invented,
We'll hear them when war days are over.
The number of men who will say *they* prevented
The Germans from landing at Dover.

The sappers will tell you they let off a mine
Just under the German headquarters,
And then there's the man who bombarded the Rhine
With his own special line of trench mortars.

Then the flying men say they dropped bombs upon Lille,
Where the whole German army was hiding;
Jones will tell how a shell neatly pierced the back wheel
Of the new motor-bike he was riding.

The prisoners, too, will have stories to tell,
It was all the staff's fault they were taken;
How they nearly escaped; how internment was "hell",
How they longed for poached eggs and good bacon.

And what will my yarn be, you're anxious to know.
Of course *I've* no need to tell lies, sir,
I took a small part at the end of the show—
I'm the fellow who captured the Kaiser!

THE CRIMINAL

Till the day I joined the army I had never known the sense
Of shame that haunts indulgence in felonious offence.
Now I've learned full well how people feel when out in a
crime.

Since the day I did the cake walk and supposed it marking
time.

My self-respect had vanished (it was all I had to lose)
And I cannot pass a policeman without shaking in my shoes;
While my former ruddy features of all color are bereft
Since the order came, "About turn," and I did it to the left.

I imagine every passer has a look distinctly dire;
Like a hangman estimating how much rope I shall require.
I'm a terror-haunted poet and I have been since the day
I adopted the wrong turning (like the lady in the play).

Are they ominous, these errors in the rudiments of war?
Will they become to be a habit I'll indulge in more and more,
Till one day when we're attacking some invulnerable bit,
And the order comes to double shall I straight proceed to
quit?

—THETA.

Documentary Evidence

A Novel in a Nut-Shell

or A Romance of War

SEC. I (i) Extract from the Puddletown News, Oct. 11, 1914:

Miss Sophonisba Smith is visiting her aunt at Mistletoe Cottage.

(ii) Leave of Absence.

Mudhill Camp, Oct. 12, 1914.

No. 1234567 Pte. J. Brown has permission to be absent from his quarters until Reveille, Oct. 15, 1914, for the purpose of visiting Puddletown.

(Signed) W. FIREBRACE, Lt.-Col.,
O.C. the Umpty-Umpth Batt.

(iii) Extract from Conduct Sheet, Oct. 18, 1914

No. 1234567 Pte. J. Brown, absent without leave, 14 days C.B.

(iv) Copy of Receipt. J. BROWN—

Dr. to MESSRS. BUYEM & SELLEM,
Jewelers, Puddletown.

To 1 Ring 2 15 0

Received Payment, with thanks,
Nov. 5, 1914.

SEC. II (i) Extract from the Rum Creek Gazette, Rum Creek, Alberta, March 5, 1915:

Advices from the front indicate that the Rum Creek boys with the Umpty-Umpth Batt. are now in France, etc., etc.

(ii) Various receipts for parcels signed by J. Brown, March to October, 1915.

(iii) Leave Warrant No. XYZ12374.

Nov. 1, 1915.

No. 1234567 Pte. J. Brown is proceeding to England on leave. Destination, Puddletown. Returning, will report to R.T.O. at Victoria Station, London, Nov. 8.

(iv) Extract from Pay Sheets, Pay and Record Office, London:

No. 1234567 Pte. J. Brown, on leave . . . 25 0 0

(Signed) J. BROWN.

(v) Extract from Registry of Births, Deaths and Marriages, Puddletown:

John Brown, 24, single, rancher, Rum Creek, Alberta, Canada, to Sophonisba Smith, 22, single, Puddletown, Dumppshire.

(vi) Extract from Visitors' Book, Longshoreman's Arms, Shrimpsville-on-Sea, Nov. 5, 1915:

Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown, Puddletown. Room No. 6.

(vii) Extract from Conduct Sheet, Nov. 14, 1915:

No. 1234567 Pte. J. Brown, overstaying leave, 28 days Field Punishment No. 5.

SEC. III (i) Extract from Roll of Honour, July 1, 1916:

WOUNDED—No. 1234567 Pte. J. Brown.

(ii) Extract from the Puddletown News, Aug. 10, 1916:

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown, on Aug. 8, at Mistletoe Cottage, Puddletown—a daughter. Both doing well.

(iii) Extract from the register at the Connaught Hotel, Rum Creek, Alberta, Dec. 10, 1916:

Mr. John Brown
Mrs. John Brown
Miss Ypresia Festuberta Brown.

(iv) Extract from the Rum Creek Gazette, Dec. 11, 1916:

Mr. and Mrs. John Brown and infant daughter, Miss Ypresia Festuberta Brown, arrived on the local express yesterday afternoon. Although John still has a slight limp from the result of wounds received in action last summer he will be able to resume his tonsorial activities in the local barber shop which he operated before leaving with the First Contingent in 1914. We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Brown and his family. They will occupy the house over the post office.

—R.M.E.

WAR

Private Smith of the Royals; the trench and a slate-black sky,
Hillocks of mud, brick-red with blood, and a prayer—halt
curse—to die.
A lung and a Mauser bullet; pink froth and a halt-choked cry.

Private Smith of the Royals; a torrent of freezing rain;
A hail of frost on a life half lost; despair and a grinding pain.
And the drip-drip of the Heavens to wash out the brand
of Cain.

Private Smith of the Royals, self-sounding his funeral knell;
A burning throat that each gasping note scrapes raw like a
broken shell.

A thirst like a red-hot iron and a tongue like a patch of Hell.

Private Smith of the Royals; the blush of a dawning day;
The fading mist that the sun has kissed—and over the hill
away
The blest Red Cross like an angel in the trail of the men
who slay.

But Private Smith of the Royals gazed up at the soft blue
sky—
The rose-tinged morn like a babe new born and the sweet
songed birds on high—
With a fleck of red on his pallid lip and a film of white on
his eye.

—HERBETT CADETT.

The Soldier's Dread

(With apologies to the Shade of George Whither)

Now in myself I notice take,
What life we soldiers lead,
My hair stands up, my heart doth ache,
My soul is full of dread;
And to declare
This horrid fear,
Throughout my bones I feel
A shivering cold
On me lay hold
And run from head to heel.

It is not the loss of limbs or breath
Which hath me so dismayed,
Nor mortal wounds, nor groans of death
Have made me thus arrayed;
When cannons roar,
I start no more
Than mountains from their place,
Nor tremble I
When from the sky
"Jack Johnsons" fall apace.

A soldier it would ill become
Such common things to learn.
A cheery word, a tot of rum,
His courage up doth cheer;
Though dust and smoke
His passage choke,
He boldly marcheth on,
And thinketh scorn
His back to turn,
Till all be lost or won.

That whereupon the dread begins
Which thus appalleth me,
Is not that troop of crying sins
Which rite in soldiers be,
But in my mind
This fear I find—
I hope my fears deceive—
That "all leave stops"
When my name tops
The list to go on leave.

A Perfect Day

Dix 'Steenth Battalion boys eating Bully Bœuf
One caught the tummy-ache and then there were neuf.

Neuf 'Steenth Battalion boys munching des biscuits,
One broke his wisdom tooth and then there were huit.

Huit 'Steenth Battalion boys did it for a bet.
One met the A.P.M. and then there were sept.

Sept 'Steenth Battalion boys called to see Elise,
One cut his comrades out and then there were six.

Six 'Steenth Battalion boys not heeding what they drank,
One called for Grenadine and then there were cinq.

Cinq 'Steenth Battalion boys starting to se battre,
One riled a heavy weight and then there were quatre.

Quatre 'Steenth Battalion boys broke the blinkin' loi,
One made a job of it and then there were trois.

Trois 'Steenth Battalion boys feeling tres heureux,
One spoil the gramophone and then there were deux.

The Tanks

The Tank is a monstrous thing;
The terror of the Hun;
To get a notion of its size
Just study Figure One.

Deleted by Censor

No projectile its armoured walls
Can ever pierce right through;
An elevation of its front
Is shown in Figure Two.

Deleted by Censor

No obstacle its progress stops,
'Twill even climb a tree;
A drawing of it from the back
Is made in Figure Three.

Deleted by Censor

It holds a hundred thousand men
And very likely more;
A section of it from the right,
Is sketched in Figure Four.

Deleted by Censor

With guns of every calibre,
It's bristling alive;
A photo of it on the move,
Is snapped in Figure Five.

Deleted by Censor

The Germans all agree it is
A triumph of Old Nick's;
For Raemaker's cartoon of it,
Please turn to Figure Six.

Deleted by Censor

—R.M.E.

For Men Going on Leave

Beds and meals at moderate prices
can be obtained by men going on
leave at the following places in
London:

Victoria League Clubs—16 Regent St.,
S.W., Mason's Yard, Duke St., St. James,
82 Charing Cross Road, W.C.

Maple Leaf Clubs—11 Charles St.,
Berkley Square, 5 Connaught Place,
Marble Arch W. (Daughters of the Em-
pire Annex) and at Peel House Club,
Regency St., Vauxhall Bridge Road.

Deux 'Steenth Battalion boys called a man a Hun,
He proved he wasn't one and then there was un.

Un 'Steenth Battalion boys feeling tres bien,
He got estiminated, that left rien.

—R.M.E.

Popular Parodies

Air—Row, Row, Row.

Oh, it's rum, rum, rum,
If your in our crush you'll get none, none, none.
From the Quartermaster's stores
It's issued now and then,
But they water it, and water it and water it again.
And then you come, come, come,
To draw your ration of this weak diluted rum,
For you draw it in a tin,
But, by gad, it's pretty thin,
Still its rum, rum, rum.