

Vol. 1 No 6

THE FORTYMINNER

*Magazine of the
49th Canadian Batt.
C.O.E.F.
Edmonton Regiment.*

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The Forty-Niner

Vol. I.

No. 6.



Private C. J. KINROSS, V.C.

HONOURS AND AWARDS.

49th CANADIAN BATTALION (EDMONTON REGIMENT).

VICTORIA CROSS.

101465 Pte. Kerr, J. C.
437793 Pte. Kinross, C. J.

COMPANION OF THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL
AND ST. GEORGE.
Brig.-Gen. W. A. Griesbach.

BAR TO DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER.
Major G. W. MacLeod.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER.
Lieut.-Col. W. A. Griesbach (now Brig.-
Gen.).
Major A. K. Hobbins (now Lieut.-Col.).
Major R. H. Palmer (now Lieut.-Col.).
Capt. J. B. Harstone (now Lieut.-Col.).
Capt. H. G. Young.
Major G. W. MacLeod.
Capt. (A/Major) A. P. Chattell (now
Major).

DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL.
432673 R.S.M. Marshall, F. J.
432037 C.S.M. Miles, C.
432904 C.S.M. Wyndham, R. (now
Lieut.).
433213 R.Q.M.S. Walker, G. A. (now
Lieut.).
624400 C.Q.M.S. Smith, L. T.
432851 C.S.M. Ellis, M. G. (since killed
in action).
432935 C.S.M. McCauley, A.
433064 Sgt. Anderson, I. W. (now
Lieut.).
432004 Sgt. Young, G. M.
432994 Cpl. Cruickshanks, R. (C.Q.M.
Sgt.).

432957 Cpl. Harrison, J. D. (now Sgt.).
436663 Pte. Cogswell, E. F. (now Sgt.).
434772 Pte. Gwynn, R. (now Sgt., and
since died of wounds).
432940 Sgt. Dempsey, M.

MILITARY CROSS.

Capt. G. Z. Pinder.
Capt. F. L. Bradburn.
Capt. J. W. Tipton.
Capt. O. Travers (since killed in action).
Capt. B. H. Taylor.
Lieut. H. Hobbs.
Lieut. W. R. Herbert.
Lieut. S. J. Davies (now Capt.).
Lieut. D. F. J. Toole (now Capt.).
Lieut. M. L. Boyle (now Capt., and since
killed in action).
Lieut. J. H. M. Emsley (now Capt.).
Lieut. W. G. B. Martin (now Capt.).
Lieut. R. C. Arthurs.
Lieut. G. C. Mead (now Capt., and since
killed in action).
Lieut. F. S. Winser (now Major).
Lieut. A. E. McKay.
Lieut. O. P. Arkless.
Lieut. L. D. Campbell.
432178 R.S.M. Walsh, N. (since died of
wounds).

MILITARY MEDAL AND BAR.

432992 Sgt. Holloway, H. L. (now
Lieut.).
100539 L/Cpl. Henderson, R.
781530 Pte. Pederson, G.

MILITARY MEDAL.

432018 Sgt. Downton, J. G. (now Lieut.,
and since missing).

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES.

- Brig.-Gen. W. A. Griesbach (four times mentioned).
 Lieut.-Col. R. H. Palmer (twice mentioned).
 Lieut.-Col. A. K. Hobbins.
 Major G. W. MacLeod (twice mentioned).
 Capt. J. B. Harstone (now Lieut.-Col.).
 Lieut. C. A. Critchley.
 Lieut. F. W. Burnham.
 432008 C.Q.M.S. Carman, J. F. E. (now Lieut.).
 432047 C.Q.M.S. Whyte, R. A. (now C.S.M.).
 437361 Sgt. Messum, S. A. (twice mentioned).
 432004 Sgt. Young, G. M.
 432976 L/Cpl. McIsaac, F.
 401702 Pte. Brazier, E. (killed in action).
 432178 R.S.M. Walsh, N. (since died of wounds).
 432037 C.S.M. Miles, C.
 Lieut. Hobbs, H.
 Lieut. Nolan, H. G.

MERITORIOUS SERVICE MEDAL.

- 432047 C.S.M. Whyte, R. A.
 401209 Sgt. Harris, Wm.

AWARDED THE V.C.

- 437793 Pte. Kinross, Cecil.

Narrative.—For the most remarkable bravery and gallantry in action during the operations from the night October 28-29 to night October 31-November 1, in which the battalion carried out an attack on the German line in the vicinity of Passchendaele Ridge. On the morning of October 30, shortly after the attack was launched, his company came under intense artillery fire, and their further advance was held up by a murderous fire from an enemy machine-gun firing from directly in front of them. Pte. Kinross, making a careful survey of the situation, deliberately divested himself of all his equipment save his rifle and bandolier,

and, regardless of his personal safety, advanced alone over open ground in broad daylight, charged the enemy machine-gun and crew of six, killing every member and seized and destroyed the gun. His superb example and courage instilled the greatest confidence in his company, and enabled a further advance of 300 yards to be made and a highly important position established. Pte. Kinross throughout the day, after most of his officers and N.C.O.'s had been killed, showed marvellous coolness and courage, fighting with the utmost aggressiveness against heavy odds until seriously wounded.

AWARDED THE V.C.

- 101465 Pte. Kerr, J. C.

Narrative.—Who, at Courcellette, France, on September 16, 1916, during a bombing attack, while acting as first bayonet man, he knew the bombs were running short, and while the enemy were resisting vigorously—although one of his fingers had been blown off at the second joint by a German bomb—jumped out of the trench and ran along the parapet a considerable distance, and, coming into close contact with the enemy, firing at point-blank range and killing and wounding many of them, whereupon the enemy, believing themselves to be cut off, desisted from the fight and surrendered, and 62 prisoners were taken. The action of this man at this juncture undoubtedly resulted in the capture of the 62 prisoners above-mentioned, and in the taking of 250 yards of the trench, thereby making it possible for this battalion to occupy and hold the ground gained in the general attack. Pte. Kerr then, with two other men, escorted the prisoners across open ground, and under heavy fire, to a support trench, and returned and reported himself for duty to his Company Commander before his wound had been dressed. The conduct of this man on several other occasions has been brought to notice, and this recommendation is supported by the common consent and voice of all ranks in his company.

GENERAL GRIESBACH

The queen bee hatches out a batch of eggs and then dies. The Magazine Committee gets out an edition of the magazine, and all become casualties in or before the next show. This has been the record of our Magazine Committee since Volume I., No. 1. This aggregation of "sacrifice hitters" now demand that I write something for this number. I feel that I cannot begin better than by expressing the hope that 1918 will bring better luck to the committee, and that any who make "Blighty" in this year will get there by honest "lead swinging" rather than by the H.E. route.

The war goes on. At the most we only see the little bit on our own front, and we are apt to feel that the little we see is the whole show. We sometimes forget that this is a world conflict, and that various happenings in different parts of the war react on other parts. The German would give a great deal to be out of it, and a great deal more if he could get back to where he was when he started. We hear much about "war aims." A statement of war aims may be necessary by some people for some people. For the soldier it is a sufficient aim to say that we are going to lick the German, if it takes the rest of our natural lives to do it. Canada has become a factor in this war, and the Canadian Corps has become a factor on this front. No show can be considered a really first-class show unless we grace the proceedings with our presence. We have a proud position here. In after years it will be a great thing for a man to be able to say, "I served in the Canadian Corps." It will mean a badge of honour, a social distinction, a membership in a great fraternity, held in honour and affection wherever the English language is spoken.

It is about fifteen months since I left the battalion, and many changes have taken place in that time, yet one thing has not changed—the old spirit still lives, and you have added fresh laurels to your already splendid reputation. Men of our regiment are now scattered all over France, Great Britain, and Canada, and everywhere they still retain their pride in what the regiment

has done and what you are doing to-day for its honour and good name. We, who no longer march to the lilt of "Bonnie Dundee," are always with you in the spirit. In Canada, in England, and in France the "old hands" greet one another in a fraternal spirit and with a very especial understanding. Our thoughts and our good wishes go out to you and are ever with you. We expect you to do well—we know that you will do well. To the men who serve in the regiment to-day, let this sentiment inspire you to soldier on to final victory. Do every job up to the handle—"and then some," not as good as the best, but better than the best—and ever mindful of the Scriptural exhortation, "Encompassed by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

I wish you a Prosperous and Happy New Year and a safe return to your own people.

Yours faithfully,

W. A. GRIESBACH,
Brigadier-General.

France,
December 30, 1917.

BY THE EDITOR.

Once again we place before you a record of the happenings of the Battalion in magazine form.

Censorship regulations deny us the privilege of mentioning names and places, and therefore many brave and worthy deeds pass unacknowledged. Nineteen hundred and Seventeen has passed, and another year is before us. One naturally turns to look ahead and wonders what the New Year will bring forth, but whatever may be our lot in the days to come, we shall be helped to "Carry on" by the memory of the deeds performed during the past year.

Strange to say, in this life most memorable occurrences are the good times that we have had, and it is with this idea that the Magazine contains many items that, to the civilian are unappreciated, but that to the men in the Battalion bring back memories of pleasure and friendships. It is for the same reason that we so often experience a longing to be back in Edmonton, for we are, you know, wherever we may be, "The Edmonton Regiment."

SPARKS FROM "A" COMPANY

The most popular man in the company, the Mail man, has gone on leave, and we understand, is getting married. We wish him every success.

Two or three parcels of good things have been received by No. 2 Platoon from St. John's Ambulance Association, Edmonton. The boys of this platoon wish to express their appreciation to the good people who were instrumental in supplying these comforts.

Several of our men complain that to date they have been unable to attend entertainments in the Y.M.C.A., as they are always held during estaminet hours. It is suggested that the time for such entertainments be altered to eleven a.m.

No. 1 Platoon made a fine bid for the interplatoon Football Championship, but lost to the Transport in the semi-finals, after a well-fought game.

Why did the C.S.M. threaten to indent for clubs and war paint for No. 2 Platoon?

Who was the man that put rifle oil on his bread for jam, and then complained that the jam was without sugar? Is he known as the one-legged man?

Who is the millionaire in No. 2 Platoon?

Where did "A" Company Sergeants get the duck they had for supper the other night?

It is said that "Competition is the life of trade," but we are at a loss to know just what trade is going to be developed by the competition in No. 1 Platoon between Harley and McDougall, to see who can be in their blankets the longest in the morning and still get on parade and pass inspection.

CAPTAIN AS FOOD CONTROLLER.

ALBERTA POST FOR RETURNED OFFICER AND FORMER NEWSPAPER MAN.

(Daily Record Cablegram.)

EDMONTON, Friday.

Capt. Geo. D. Hunt, 49th Battalion, has been appointed Food Controller for the Province of Alberta.

Capt. Hunt was wounded at Vimy Ridge. Before his enlistment he was for ten years editor of the *Edmonton Bulletin*.

INDOOR BASEBALL.

49th BATTALION TEAM, BRIGADE CHAMPIONS.

Our Battalion Indoor Baseball team, picked quite casually, and with no preliminary practice together, easily won the Championship of the Brigade. They defeated a very good team in the 7th Can. Inf. Bde. Headquarters by the score of 12 to 6, and in the finals ran into the R.C.R. outdoor team, swamping them by the score of 13 to 11.

In the semi-final for divisional championship we disposed of a classy team from the 116th Battalion of the 9th Brigade to the tune of 6 to 3. This win qualified us for the final game in the Divisional Championship. Here we bumped into the famous 40th Battery outdoor baseball team in the presence of an enormous crowd of spectators.

We went down to defeat before a crack team, and really lost to one which played little ball in this particular game. The score was 7 to 2. It was very apparent to anyone familiar with our team's ability that it was nothing more nor less than buck fever which caused our downfall. There is no team in the Corps that has a decided superiority over us, and it is about time that some of our players shake off that stage fright when they get up before the big crowd and the important game.

Cool is a good pitcher, and compares favourably with the best in the Corps. Frame is in a class by himself behind the bat. Eddie Bell and Jordan are not only speed merchants, but both swell hitters. Skitch is no slouch on his feet, a sure fielder, and fair batter. Dancocks is another speed marvel and good left-hand hitter. Men like these should bring home the bacon, and will in the future. Sgt. English, Tommy Windsor, Nairn, and Cpl. Gaetz played fine ball throughout the series, but were not immune from nervousness in the final game.

CANADA IN FLANDERS



THIS IS SURE SOME BEAVERBROOK

COMMITTEE HEADQUARTERS

BATTALION NOTES.

We were pleased to receive the December copy of the "Canadian Hospital News," the first issue of their magazine since their move to Buxton. We wish them every success in their new quarters.

Leave is coming at a very satisfactory rate now, and all men returning from Paris report very favourably upon the new Army and Navy Leave Club, where everything is made most comfortable and homelike for the boys.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to the Alberta Pacific Elevator Company, Calgary, who forwarded to our Colonel, through Captain Robert Pearson, the sum of £70, to be used in procuring Christmas Comforts for the boys of the Forty-Ninth Battalion.

We are also indebted to Lieut.-Colonel W. C. G. Armstrong, for the sum of £100, to be devoted in the interests of the men of this Battalion. Those who were privileged to see the real enjoyment of the men while celebrating the Christmas season will fully realise the benefits derived from their timely gifts.

A ECQUEDECQUES.

Connaissez-vous. The demoiselle.
At the estaminet,
She sing, she dance, with all the boys,
Mon Dieu! she is très gaie.

She love them all, each one the best,
Mais oui, There's only one.
She rests upon his arm and cry,
"Encore la Gramophone."

She kiss them each, upon both cheek,
It's bonne in la Belle France.
The bugle call—Soldats—A dieu.
She stand and shout, "Bonne chance!"

"Pourquoi si triste? A tear, je vois,"
Peut être, he come some day.
"Non! Non! Mon sergent est parti,
Je suis très désolé."

PADRE.

The old proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," was never better exemplified than in this present war, which is trying to the utmost the energies and powers of the world. A knowledge of what this proverb really means, to realise to the full extent the results of downright hard work and physical and mental tension, and the resuscitating effect of relaxation and recreation on mind and body can only be gained from actual contact, with a knowledge of the men who have and are doing the drudgery and fighting in this war, where mind and body are wrought to their fullest and endurance past belief is demanded alike of officer and man.

To watch a battalion coming out of the line on relief after a tour of duty or action, perhaps pale, haggard, and bedaubed from foot to head, laden with their equipment, you would almost think they would be unfit for any further duty at the front. But look closer, and appearance is not all. Look into those tired eyes which night after night have kept faithful vigil gazing into the blackness of No Man's Land, lighted only by the glare of enemy flares or stabbed by the flash of guns or bursting shell. Look into those faces, work-bespattered with mud, streaked perhaps with sweat and blood, and behind that apparent weariness, deep in those tired eyes, still burn unquenchable fires of determination, which speak the heart and soul of our troops, and only need rebuilding to blaze forth again in all their glow and intensity. And how is this wrought? How is this body of men to be rebuilt that it may be fitted again to face the hell they have come through?

One thing which strikes the stranger on first coming into this battle area is the wonderful organisation apparent everywhere. As the very extremes of the body are fed by the wonderful action of the heart, and everything depends on it, so the very extremes of this fighting machine are fed and kept supplied with unbroken regularity.

Never before in history was there such an organisation of self-sacrifice to carry it into effect. This is more particularly evidenced where the final distribution is made, not merely of guns, ammunition, equipment, and the necessaries to carry on this struggle, but men, their rations, their needs, a thousand and one things to be thought of—their letters

and parcels to and from far-off friends in far-off lands, all goes on with absolute precision. Words fail to adequately describe what all this entails on those responsible for the system and those on whom the carrying out of its details, from the Q.M.G. to the Q.M. and his staff at the front line.

When the man has enlisted and offered his all to his country, this is only one side of the contract. The authorities then take him over and proceed to shape him to fit into some part of the machine into which he is to be placed. The mere routine of the parade ground does not make the soldier. The associations, knocks, and hammering he gets in the forge of war perfect the man and develop his latent possibilities. Then he has to be maintained and fed if he is going to perform his part. But, after having been in the fight, and he is tired and worn, what is going to restore him? To feed him and give him entire rest would unfit him more than the constant round of drill and the duty of the trenches. A highly trained man or animal soon deteriorates unless keyed up, and how is it possible out here to restore efficiency and at the same time give rest and diversion to the man? It is here in a nutshell. Officers and men alike know the value of physical fitness in this strenuous game. A division moves out of the line to an appointed test area. Immediately they are settled the men are bathed and paid. A syllabus of training is drawn up covering their military exercises. This is carried out in the morning, the afternoon being devoted exclusively to sports and games. The effect of this on the men is almost incredible. Officers and men alike participate in these games, and keen rivalry and interest soon dispels weariness and vanishes the clouds of trench life, and the long, anxious hours are but ghosts of the past. The "muddied oaf at the goal" has replaced the muddied man from the trench, and wearied limbs are once more braced and firm.

And here we meet another branch of this marvellous organisation—the Y.M.C.A. Never in the days of peace did we conceive the wonderful power amongst men this institution would prove. From its humble origin it has spread from a small society to a world power. From its comfortable H.Q. in London or its distributing centre at the base you can follow its trail along the many routes in France, through the rest areas of divisions right up almost into the trenches.

In most unlooked-for spots suddenly the Bar and Triangle brand crops out. Huts, tents, billets, dugouts, coffee stalls, each welcome and provide accommodation, entertainment, and refreshment of mind and body to all who enter. Space is too limited to speak of all its great work for the men. From the battlefield, where the wounded as they come out from the forward dressing station, hot drinks and biscuits are for the asking, to the back areas, where concerts are provided which would fill a London audience with delight; and free material for sports is provided for the troops. The work of the Y.M.C.A. is magnificent, and the courtesy of their officers and helpers is unflinching. This, in brief, gives an idea and insight into how our men at the front are cared for and rebuilt from war-worn soldiers into the best fighting material the world knows.

F. L. STEPHENSON.

49th Battalion (E.R.),
December 20th, 1917.

"B" COMPANY.

It is reported that a certain soldier in "B" Company received a pair of socks from the Red Cross Society, with a card enclosed asking for acknowledgment to the donor. This is the reply the fair damsel was shocked to receive:—

"Dear Miss,—Received sox, some fit,
Wearing one on my helmet and one for a mit,
Am glad to see you're doing your bit,
But where in h— did you learn to knit?"

Which sergeant in "B" Company tried hard to get an introduction to the tall young "lady" of the concert party, and was later found walking home alone talking to himself?

Why newly appointed corporals in "B" Company go sick the morning after?

After a football match between two rival companies, the "left-back," who was formerly a cook and with a good memory, was heard to say, "A'm awfu' glad we lick't them. A've been waitin' a long while tae get even wi' 'em fer stealin' the hauf pig frae us in Edmonton."

ODE TO BRASSO.

Tune, "Bonnie Dundee."

I've jam in my blanket and tea in my hair,
I've butter and cheese on my clothes every-
where.

My shirt it is lousey, I scratch all the night,
But I'm a jolly good soldier, 'cos my buttons
are bright.

I'm no good in the trenches, no use in attack.
I can't hit a target, I'm blind as a bat.
If a whiz-bang dropped near me I'd die in
a fright,
But I'm still a good soldier if my buttons are
bright.

So if you want the war won (there's no
hope for the Hun,
'Cos his buttons won't polish, so he's quite
on the bum),
Don't bother with rifles for a fight,
But send lots of Brasso to keep buttons
bright.

"REG. PEACH."

SPARKS FROM "C" COMPANY

Things we would like to see.

The Paymaster going on leave with twenty-
five francs.

Things we would not like to see.

Mike McGee with two lungs.

Things we would like to know.

What O.C. was the chicken guardian at
Chelers, and were his nightly vigils wet or
dry?

Who was the O.C. that pulled off the Wild
West stunt by riding his horse "Good Old
Buster" into his billet?

The Platoon Sergeant who disappeared
with his platoon and the cigarette issue
through the hay loft.

Which Coy. Q.M.S. left his heart in Bou-
logne? Oh, that khaki kid!

The whole company congratulates the offi-
cers, N.C.O.s and men of the company who
have won decorations for the splendid work
in our most recent argument with the Hun.

THE PARABLE OF THE ILL- GOTTEN FOWLS.

Now there was a certain Frenchman in the
City of S— who did win four chickens
from the Miners' Association of France in a
raffle, having first paid many pieces of silver
for entering therein.

And after having fulfilled the law wherein
it is written, "Thou shalt dress and remove
the feathers and wash seven times," he, being
a man addicted to the sinful lusts of the
flesh and greedy withal, did enter into his
habitation for to seek out his pipe.

Now it chanced that the Men of Cana did
watch him from afar and approved his
labours, and they did say, the one to the
other, "Verily these chickens would make
unto us much of the savoury meat which is
called Mulligan; for these past seven days
have we of nothing eaten save only the flesh
of oxen that cometh from afar, even from
Chicago, in cans."

And as the Man of S— departed the
Men of Cana drew nigh to the chickens say-
ing, the one to the other, "Verily these are
of a tender age and fat withal"; and being
an hungered did take unto themselves for
the eventide meal, the fruits of his labour.

And when the Man of S— did return to
gaze upon his gainings, lo and behold, they
were not, and thereupon he did gather
around him the people of his household, and
did say unto them, "Is this not a wicked
thing and grievous forbye that these Amala-
cites did wait until I had fulfilled the law
which is written, ere taking unto themselves
my booty from gaming. Let this therefore
be a lesson unto us that while the Men of
Cana are within our midst that we gather
unto ourselves all our goods and keep watch
over them both by day and by night."

This and many other things of a like
nature did happen while the Men of Cana
did sojourn in the Land of S—, so that
I, even I, the Scribe, remember not them
all, but are they not written in the chronicles
of the Men of Cana in the book which is
number two score and nine.



“**INEXPERIENCE**”

PLEASE CORPORAL WILL YOU LEND US A PAIL O' GOAL,
TILL IT GETS DARK .

RETALIATION.

Scene: Battalion Headquarters Signal Office.

Period: Eighteen months ago.

Time: Any time Fritz shelled our front line.

Coy. Sig. Station: Hallo, H.Q.!

H.Q.: Hallo!

C.S.S.: The Coy. Commander wishes to hold converse with the Adjutant.

H.Q.: Hold on a sec. till I get him.

Coy. Comdr.: That you, Walker?

Adjt.: Yes. That you, Bert? How's things?

C.C.: We want some retaliation. The Hun is strafing my front line with 5.9's—about five a minute coming over. (Time now 3.25 p.m.)

Adjt.: I'll get that for you right away, Bert.

Adjt. to Runner: Get me the F.O.O.

F.O.O.: Did you send for me, sir?

Adjt.: Yes, want some retaliation on (66666—) right away. Fritz is shelling with 5.9's—about five a minute coming over.

F.O.O.: Very good, sir. I'll have it in a minute.

F.O.O. to Artillery Sigs.: Get me Brigade immediately.

Art. Sig.: Yes, sir. (Time now 3.30 p.m.)

Art. Sig. to F.O.O.: Been calling Brigade for three minutes and can't get them.

F.O.O.: Dash it all! What's the matter with these people? Is the line down?

Art. Sig.: No, sir; I can hear a faint buzz on the line.

Coy. S.S.: Hello, H.Q.! Get the Adjutant for the C.O.

Adjt.: Hullo, Bert! What's the trouble?

Coy. O.C.: No retaliation coming, Walker; Fritz is still dropping them around.

Adjt.: I'm right after it, Bert.

Coy. O.C.: All right, Walker; thanks. Get it good and heavy.

F.O.O. to H.Q. Inf. Sig.: Try and get me the —th Artillery Brigade through your Infantry Brigade.

H.Q. Sig.: Yes, sir. (Sigs. call Brigade for two minutes.)

Inf. Bde.: Hallo!

H.Q. Sigs.: Can you put me through to the —th Artillery Brigade?

H.Q. Sig.: Yes; hang on a second till I get them.

(Inf. Bde. calls Art. Bde. for three minutes.)

F.O.O. to Art. Bde.: F.O.O. speaking. I want to speak to the Orderly Officer, please.

Art. Bde.: Yes, sir; I'll send out for him.

Art. Ord. Off.: Hallo! Orderly Officer speaking.

F.O.O.: That you, Reg.? This is Alf. Say, old boy, I want retaliation on —. The Boches are strafing the Infantry with 5.9's.

Art. O.O.: How heavy are they strafing, Alf?

F.O.O.: About five a minute, Reg.

Art. O.O.: All right; I'll get that for you immediately.

(Time now 3.45 p.m.)

Coy. Sig. Stn.: Hallo, H.Q.!

H.Q.: Hallo!

C.S.S.: The O.C. wants to speak to the Adjutant.

H.Q.: All right; the Adjutant is here. Put the O.C. on.

Adjt.: Yes, Bert. How is the retaliation?

Coy. O.C.: Retaliation be hanged. Not a d—d thing coming over. The Hun has stopped shelling now. I want the retaliation stopped. Say, what's the trouble down there? I asked for retaliation half an hour ago, and not even a whiz-bang was fired. Are we getting short of ammunition?

Adjt.: All right, Bert; don't get sore. We've only just got hold of the Artillery. Are you sure you don't want twenty rounds of heavies put over?

Coy. O.C.: No; d—— it all, no. Fritz has quit now. Leave him alone while he's quiet.

Adjt.: Right you are, Bert. Good-bye.
(No answer from Bert. He's gone along the front line to see what damage has been done to the new work that his men had done the previous night and saying things unprintable.)

At about this time the 4.5 Battery have received orders to "Stand to" and fire twenty rounds H.E. No. 1 gun has just loaded up, and waiting for the order to fire, when the order to "Cease fire" and "Stand down" comes along.

The same evening the Colonel receives a complaint from the Company Commander in the front line, stating that as the Hun was shelling the front line, he had asked for retaliation, and having waited for half an hour on same was forced to cancel the order on account of the Hun having quietened down.

The Colonel doesn't see why it takes half an hour to get retaliation, in spite of an explanation from the F.O.O. and Adjutant. When the Colonel has finished hauling the two before-mentioned gentlemen over the coals, he starts in on the Signaller, and generally ends up by telling the operator on duty that "you're no d——d good."

Well, when a person of authority in the Army tells you that you're no d——d good, he's right, absolutely.

Can you blame the Company Commander for getting sore? and can you blame the Signaller for having his grouch?

Ah, well; c'est la guerre!

FAREWELL TO OUR R.S.M.

On December 7 last a farewell dinner was given our Regimental Sergeant-Major, F. J. Marshall, on the eve of his departure for Edmonton on leave.

Thanks to the efforts of the cooks and the inimitable Jack Smith, a menu was provided that far excelled anything yet partaken of in this country.

After dinner Drum-Major Belcher took the chair. Colonel Palmer, Major Weaver, and Lieuts. Henderson and Walker joined the company.

The Colonel, after a short but inspiring

speech, proposed the toast to the Sergeant-Major, who in his reply showed that, however pleasant a prospect his pass to Canada unfolded to him, he yet felt keenly the parting from the Battalion.

Major Weaver then gave a résumé of the Sergeant-Major's career with the Battalion, which was loudly cheered, and then



Regimental Sergeant-Major F. J. MARSHALL.

followed many congratulatory speeches from his friends around the table.

Music was provided by instrumentalists from the Battalion, and the evening was brought to a close by the singing of "God Save the King."

Every good wish follows the Sergeant-Major on the leave which he so richly deserves, from all ranks of the Battalion that he has served with distinction so long and so faithfully.

"D" COMPANY.

We wish to welcome in our midst Lieuts. Hardisty, Tipton, and Ramsey. They have stood very well the critical and discerning inspection of the rank and file.

Good old Bob Wyndham and Lee are back with us. Their stars haven't dazzled them a little bit.

Mr. McKay is of the opinion that we are out of date and ultra-Victorian in our methods of conveying congratulations since he received that kiss from Bob's French lassie when the Colonel decorated him.

The old timers will be saved much trouble in "impressing" the new draft, as most of them have been with us before.

The C.O. is calling down blushing L.-Cpl. Fowlie.

There is a noticeable smartening up of the privates on parade, since the dignity of a corporal's mess was added to the other responsibilities of the lance jacks.

Perry Barron is up three stripes now. Good for the Curly Wolf. Who was responsible for the way the ground sheets were worn on parade, necessitating a fatigue party to pick them up on the drill ground?

Who stole the barrel of beer at Borre, and the reason Capt. Hale is so anxious to find out the guilty party? Is it because he had to pay for it?

If a certain Major used military terms in referring to an officer as boy when checking him, and if the Major is so very ancient himself. Also, was he aware in correcting the angle of caps on parade one day that he had a distinct "Griesbach tilt" himself?

Did the comfort Mr. Wyndham found in the front room of his billet at S—— have anything to do with his sprained ankle?

Is it necessary for R.S.M. Arnold to hold hands with Jean when playing cards, and did Mr. Rowland tell her how he got the axle grease on his tunic? Which of the two will she choose, I wonder?

What did Sergeant Russell say to get the dear old doctor rattled?

Why Sergeant Russell once discarded his

breeches and donned issue, and if the spiked gate had anything to do with it? Did he know the gate was open all the time?

Charlie Johnston was returning home after closing hours the other night. He met Pat Keogh, and inquired where his billet was. Pat told him, and then Charlie said, "I asked that guy there a dozen times," pointing to an elongated shadow a few yards away, "but not a d——d word could I get out of him." On investigation it turned out that Charlie had been addressing a telegraph pole. Have a heart sojer.

"D" trims H.Q. at Ball.

"A," "B," and "C" Coy.'s bathe in the morning and miss parade twice.

Why did "D" go in the afternoon both times?

Jimmy Bren loses cap.

Joe Ems also loses cap.

Has George M. three caps?

All of us, some time or other, wish that we could "see ourselves as others see us." There is one man, however, a private in the company named McGraw, who is under no delusions as to his own personality. When in the mood following an over exuberance of spirits he is wont to express his thoughts aloud, which invariably refer to himself, reiterating many times, *inter alia*, "Damn it, Mac. I knew you in civil life, and you were never any good." We doubt, however, if he is as black as he depicts himself.

MARRIAGES.

Mrs. Cedric L. Cotton announces the marriage of her daughter, Katherine Margaret, to Major Frank Scott Winser, M.C., 49th Battn. Canadians, E.R., on Tuesday, June 11, 1918, at St. Marylebone Church, London.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Drader announce the marriage of their daughter, Alice May, with Captain Stanley J. Davies, M.C., at the Wesleyan Church, Muswell Hill, on Thursday, July 25, 1918, at twelve noon.—"The Ryelands," Colney Hatch Lane, Muswell Hill.



"Vous parlez tres bien le Francais, Monsieur."

"Oui, Mademoiselle, I ha'e been sae lang in France that I've forgot my native tongue."



Major M. L. BOYLE.

Killed in Action, August 23, 1917.



Captain TRAVERS,
Killed in Action, October 25, 1917.

HEADQUARTERS NOTES.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast. Is this why they put a "brass band" around a bull dog's neck?

Now that our genial Provost-Sergeant Carter has gone to England, the signallers bemoan their hurried assistance to his S.O.S. call while crossing a treacherous bridge not long ago.

We agree with the Runner that it is a shame that he had so much difficulty in finding the Transport Sergeant, and shrewdly suspect that "Mike's" idea was to gain time.

Some marvellous stories have come back from Paris, but nothing equal to those all about that Rome pass, and wasn't it remarkable how soon the missing badges were replaced?

Were the Headquarter Sergeants trying to emulate a mother's sewing circle at their last meeting, or did they think that there was a German in their midst, and where did they get their training as financiers?

Why do the Post Office think that they are the only guys who do any work, and do not people go there asking foolish questions in order to get a foolish answer?

Why should Major MacLeod worry about Prohibition when he has a bar to his D.S.O.?

Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. Here is a good one, and true, emanating, of all places, from the Orderly Room. It was around election time that a query came from high circles regarding peace rumours. The very curt reply returned reads as follows:—"No time for peace, busy electioneering."

What did Mr. Auld think when he called all the officers out of their dug-out to see the new British 'plane, and they barely escaped

injury by a bomb from it? Does he know a "Gotha" now when he sees one?

Where and under what circumstances did a certain Major lose his cap? Would he have taken better care of it had he known that there were men going on leave to Paris the next day?

DECALOGUE.

TEN STANDING ORDERS FOR OFFICERS' HOSPITAL.

1. Thou shalt have no O.C. but me.
2. Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image nor snap-shots of the Sisters above or the Nurses beneath, nor of the Staff below. Thou shalt not bow down to these nor worship them, but thou shalt come to the salute at three paces in front and continue at the salute till safely past them and go thy way, forgetting the face of her who beamed upon thee that it may be well with thee, for I thy O.C. am a jealous O.C. Therefore keep off the grass.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of my Matron in vain, for I will not hold him guileless who taketh her name in vain.
4. Remember the seventh day is parade. Six days mayest thou breakfast shaven and dressed at 8.30, but the seventh day I require thee to appear before me undressed. Thou shalt on that day be at the foot of thy cot in thy ward and stand to attention while I visit thee.
5. Honour the Hospital Staff and swing not the lead, for I am on to all who try to pull it over me.
6. Thou shalt kill but Huns and other vermin. Keep therefore thy killing glances to thyself whilst here.
7. Thou shalt not adulterate the truth when thou return to the Hospital after 9 p.m. without leave.
8. Thou shalt not steal a march with the night nurses.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness about the Hospital and its Board.
10. Thou shalt not covet the M.O.'s room, thou shalt not covet the M.O.'s girl nor his helpers nor his job nor anything that is his.

REPORT ON CHRISTMAS DINNER.

49th CANADIAN BATTALION—EDMONTON REGIMENT.

Monday, January 14th, 1918, was one of the bright spots which will long be remembered in the dreary winter campaign of 1917-1918. Christmas and New Year had passed over without other signs of the time-honoured festivities than the arrival of precious mail and parcels, and the old familiar greetings, "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year," seemed incongruous in the midst of the ruins around us and the rat-infested cellars in which we were billeted—yes, incongruous as the mahogany and oak furniture, marble-topped washstands, and china mirrors we were using in our cave-dwellings, which had been looted by the Hun from the city, and left behind when we kicked him out of his stronghold, where he had dwelt so securely and confidently before the Vimy push.

But though our Christmas and New Year festivities were absent, they had not been forgotten. Circumstances demanded their postponement. The day dawned—rations as usual, bully and biscuits, with tea and coffee in which to toast our friends and bid prosperity for the New Year to our comrades and Allies. Oh, yes—apologies to the M.O.—there was water, clear, fresh water, drawn from wells and purified of germs, not seven times in the fire, but by the usual "1 scoop per." Yet all were cheerful. Well, so passed the great milestones of the Old and New Years. Our relief was drawing nearer, and with its great expectation, for the O.C. had settled that the delayed festivities were to be held while out in divisional rest.

January 12th found all concerned in the preparations full of bustle, and all participants in the day's feast full of curiosity and expectations. The jolly old P.M. had done his share nobly and well, and had gladdened the hearts of all ranks by dispensing of his bounty to all who paraded before

him. Every man was bathed and arrayed in clean if not fine linen, and with money in their pockets and appetites whetted by rumours, reports, and odours from the kitchens awaited the signal of attack.

To dine the whole battalion on one day was impossible, so "A" and "B" Companies, forming the right half, took precedence, and were banquetted in state in the sacred precincts of the University of Vimy Ridge—S.V.—under the very shadow of the Ridge itself, with all its army of memories and recollections. "C" and "D" Companies followed the next day in the same quarters. Every effort had been made by the officers to make the affair an absolute success for the men, and to provide the best that money could purchase from Paris, Boulogne, Bethune, and Bruay. The men themselves had raided other places back to B.H.Q.; their efforts were crowned beyond expectation. But these successes could not have been attained had not the batteries of the cooks kept up a concentrated fire and the runners, who kept the attackers in touch, performed their duties so unremittingly. No New Year's honours for them, alas! but they are mentioned here in despatches.

Monday, 14th, came the officers' dinner. The O.C. ceremonies was Captain R. W. Hale, recently promoted to that responsible post. His name will appear in a later issue of the *Edmonton Gazette*. Under his energetic command matters rapidly assumed shape out of chaos. Far and near his eagle eye penetrated; raids, attacks, and counter-attacks were planned by his fertile brain. Success seemed to come with every stroke. It is said Fortune favours the brave, but his suave manner and persuasive tongue must have touched many a French heart, to say nothing of the franc roll of his pocket. He was determined to make his dinner outshine

everyone of its predecessors, and if outer surroundings were uncongenial he would make the inner fitting the occasion, and, judging the result, so goes forth the verdict: "Well done, Hale!"

The menu, the dishes served, the beautifully arranged Nisson Hut (bedecked with flags of our Allies and hung with Japanese lanterns), its bright and beautifully arranged table with all its decorations, proclaimed him an artist and told of the barrages he must have thrown over the various places he had visited.

MENU.

Hors d'œuvres.

Assortie de Bruay.

Soup.

Oyster à la Trenchée.

Poisson.

Mayonnaise de Homard et caulifleur.
Camouflage.

Roast.

Turkey à la Sauce Confiture
avec Soucisse.

Vegetables.

Caulifleur de la Somme.
Pommes de terre à la Santé.

Sweet.

Poutine Rappe.
Sauce à la Zig-Zag.
Café avec. Fruit. Fromage.

From the ante-room, in which the subtle "Dumb-bell" exercises were gone through by everyone—even the Padre—to the dining-room in the adjoining hut, with its double row of tables and a cross-header at the top, was a series of surprises to the assembled guests which had arrived from every unit to which they were attached.

War, with all its grim and hideous work, its difficulties and sufferings, was forgotten and banished, and every effort made to make the evening an enjoyable success.

After dessert a battalion card was distributed to each guest, who, writing his name on it, passed it on to his next for signature, and so on round the tables till all had signed. These were taken away as a souvenir of the Christmas dinner for 1917. After which the King was given by the O.C., Major Weaver, in the absence of the Colonel, Lieut.-Colonel

R. H. Palmer, D.S.O., on leave in England. Then followed the toasts of the evening:

1. The Army, Navy, and Our Allies.
2. The Canadian Corps and its Officers.
3. Major-General Currie, the Divisional Commander and our Brigadier.
4. The O.C. of the Battalion.
5. The Battalion.
6. Absent Friends.

Speeches and contributions to the enjoyment of the evening were given by many present, which brought the festivities to a conclusion, the consensus of opinion of old members being that it was the most successful dinner the battalion ever had.

LIST OF OFFICERS PRESENT.

1. Major C. Y. Weaver.
2. Major F. S. Winser, M.C.
3. Major A. P. Chattell.
4. Capt. S. J. Davies, M.C.
5. Capt. C. G. Mead, M.C.
6. Lieut. D. F. J. Toole, M.C.
7. Capt. J. McQueen.
8. Capt. J. H. M. Emsley, M.C.
9. Lieut. A. S. Mackay, M.C.
10. Lieut. H. G. Nolan.
11. Lieut. I. Mooney.
12. Lieut. C. A. Martin.
13. Lieut. R. V. Patterson.
14. Lieut. J. Anderson.
15. Lieut. E. H. Simpson.
16. Capt. R. W. Hale.
17. Lieut. E. R. Knight.
18. Lieut. L. N. Lee.
19. Lieut. C. K. Flint.
20. Lieut. C. F. Lyall.
21. Lieut. R. C. Ames.
22. Lieut. K. G. Houghton.
23. Lieut. R. W. Speers.
24. Lieut. W. L. Jarvis.
25. Lieut. T. R. Tipton.
26. Lieut. D. W. McKay.
27. Lieut. T. N. Ramsay.
28. Lieut. T. W. Greenfield.
29. Lieut. G. E. Patterson.
30. Lieut. A. Rollit.
31. Capt. F. L. Stephenson.
32. Capt. A. H. Young (P.M.).
33. Capt. H. G. Young (M.O.), D.S.O.
34. Mon. A. D. Mail (Interpreter).

The Transport dinner was held on the 17th instant, and was equally successful and as enjoyable as any of the former.

January 25, 1918.



BATTALION FUNDS

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS DECEMBER 31st 1917

W. H. WALKER, JR.

1918

BATTALION FUNDS.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS, DECEMBER 31st, 1917.

Bank balance, as shown by previous statement in the "Forty-Niner" Magazine...	£211	18	1
Donations received: Capt. Pearson (Y.M.C.A.) ...	70	0	0
9th Cdn., Reserve Battalion ...	100	0	0
Y.M.C.A. Receipts ...	277	4	0
Dripping Receipts ...	28	3	9
Canteen Profits ...	760	11	6
Cash on Hand ...	£117	9	6
Stock on Hand, Badges, etc., Whistle Lanyards ...	68	3	8
Outstanding Accounts ...	20	3	2
Cheques—			
Div. Claims Officer ...	0	4	8
Gaunt and Son (Badges) ...	25	4	4
Gaunt and Son (Badges) ...	4	10	0
Lieut. Pearson (since reimbursed) ...	15	11	9
Gaunt and Son (Badges) ...	29	3	4
Boosey and Co. (Repairs) ...	0	11	6
Hawkes and Son (Music) ...	2	6	6
Lester and Harris (Patches) ...	16	6	5
American Writing Co. (Typewriter Repairs) ...	3	15	6
Lieut.-Col. Hobbins (Expenses to Paris) ...	3	11	11
Gaunt and Son (Badges) ...	37	10	0
Gale and Polden (Stationery) ...	46	8	10
Lieut. McCrum (Telegram) ...	0	3	7
American Writing Co. (O. Room Supplies) ...	1	10	0
Gale and Polden (Balance Account) ...	0	10	0
Sgt.-Major Black (Cleaning Football Clothes) ...	1	16	6
Gaunt and Son (Badges) ...	58	13	4
42nd Battalion (since reimbursed) ...	6	12	8
R.C.R. (since reimbursed) ...	4	1	1
Capt. A. P. Chattell (Typewriter) ...	12	0	0
Hawkes and Son (Music) ...	2	10	4
Boosey and Co. (Music) ...	1	6	8
Lester and Harris (Music) ...	2	6	10
P.P.C.L.I. (since reimbursed) ...	10	13	4
St. Clement's Press (Magazine) ...	17	16	4
2nd Cdn., Entrenching Bn ...	2	11	6
Gaunt and Son (Buttons) ...	82	17	1
Mrs. F. Rogers (Horn) ...	2	7	6
Visible Writing Machine Co. (Ribbons) ...	0	16	0
Paymaster (Sports) ...	1	9	4
Paymaster (Sports) ...	2	18	8
Hawkes and Son (Cornet) ...	8	8	0
Gaunt and Son (Badges) ...	73	7	2
Hawkes and Son (Music) ...	3	12	4
Lester and Harris (Music) ...	3	17	9
Hawkes and Co. (Music) ...	9	4	6
7th C.I. Brigade (Sports) ...	5	9	3
Gaunt and Son (Buttons) ...	72	19	9
A. Townend (Hats) ...	25	9	6
Gaunt and Son (Badges) ...	16	19	2
Boosey and Co. (Repairs) ...	1	15	6
Gale and Polden (Stationery) ...	5	16	9
Hawkes and Son (Music) ...	0	7	11
Spalding and Co. (Baseballs, etc.) ...	12	2	3
Major Harris (Convalescent Hospital) ...	10	0	0
Pte. Doncaster (Repairs) ...	1	16	0
Gaunt and Son (Badges) ...	31	7	9
Boosey and Co. (Music and Drum Heads) ...	7	14	4
Gale and Polden (H. and Awards Book) ...	4	7	0
Besson and Co. (Repairs) ...	2	5	6
B'man, Robertson (Repairs) ...	3	12	9
Foster's Imperial Laundry ...	1	9	2
Boosey and Co. (Repairs) ...	3	0	6
Gale and Polden (Stationery) ...	2	18	0
7th C.I. Brigade (Dumb-bell Badges) ...	1	13	2
Gaunt and Son (Buttons) ...	15	5	1
Gale and Polden (Typewriter Ribbons) ...	3	4	0
Bank Balance ...	515	16	5

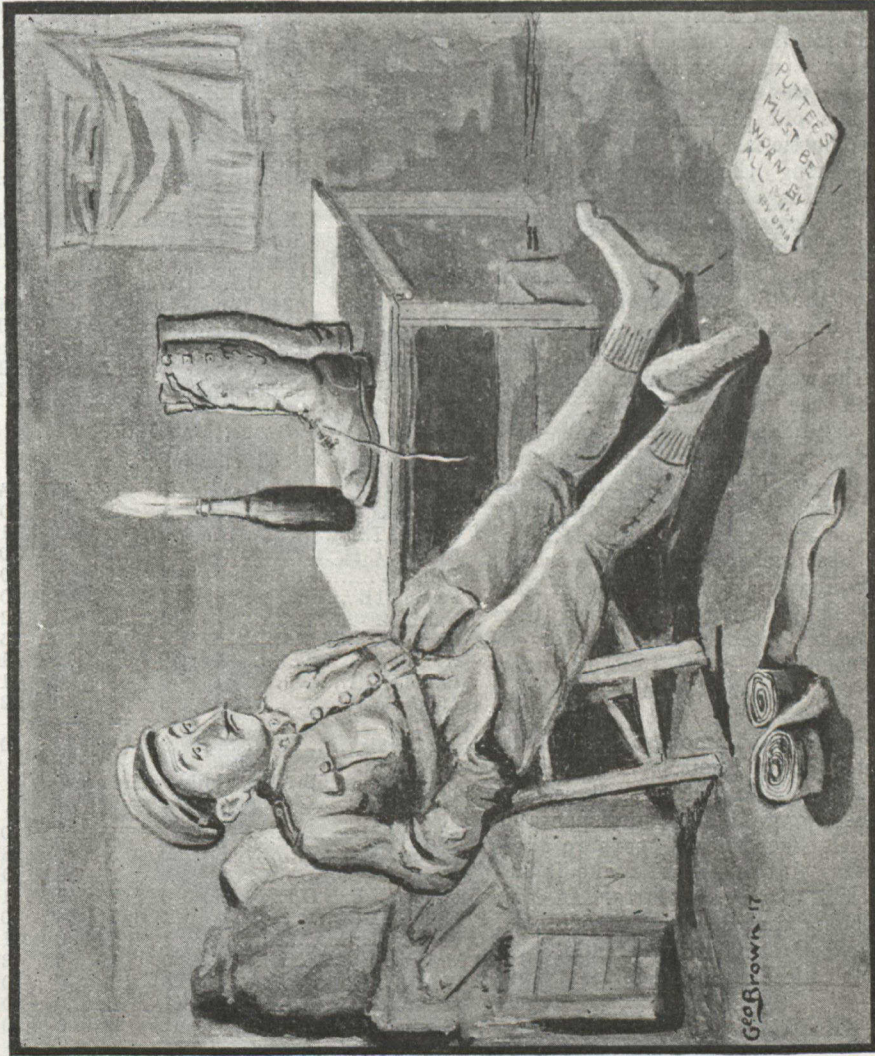
£1,447 17 4 £1,447 17 4

Credit balance in London City and Midland Bank, Ltd., Folkestone (Interest Account)... £523 5 11.

(Signed) M. A. R. HOWARD.
January 1, 1918.

Audited and found correct.

(Signed) C. Y. WEAVER, Major.



WHEN THINGS ASSUME A GLOOMY EXPRESSION AT THE FRONT.

The Regimental-Quartermaster is ordered to wear puttees.

BASEBALL.

OUR OUTDOOR BASEBALL RECORD TO JUNE 19th.

20 Games Played. Won 13. Lost 7.

Our baseball season this year did not open up until the battalion finished their memorable long-distance trip in the line this spring. Quite obviously the only practice to be had by any of the old players left after the world historic battle last fall, and embryonic new talent, during these spring training months, was hurling a few "Mills" at Fritz, picking up an occasional bounding "five-nine," and spearing a hard-hit "trench mortar" from out a high sky with one hand. Not very good practice for baseball, but the chief one for the principal game—war.

Arriving in — on Tuesday night, May 7, we began the work of creating a 49th baseball team on the very next day. Some twenty odd candidates reported, and were kept practicing from then on, and given a trial as soon as possible in a battalion game. Games were arranged as numerous as they could be booked, quite irrespective of whether our best pitcher was in shape or not, and not infrequently we played three or four games in as many consecutive days, thus giving the weaker pitchers a chance for experience. From May 11 to June 18 inclusive we played 20 games, winning 13 and losing 7.

Some splendid talent amongst the officers, notably Capt. Young, Lieut. Walter, Lieut. Jarvis, and Lieut. Ramsay, was not used at all, as it was apparent their indispensable connection with other lines of sport, in addition to military duties, would make it impossible for them to play regularly. In spite of the team being thus deprived of potential strength, an excellent record was made.

The various candidates for the team were as follows:—

Catchers:—Knisely, Sgt. English, Mes-sent.

Pitchers:—Pilkie, Sgt. Anderson, Patton, Ball, Bordy, Bernhard, and Wilbur.

First Base:—L/Cpl. Frame, Weir, Sgt. English, Nelson.

Second Base:—Nairn, Davis, Shillinglaw.

Short-stop:—Mailhiot, Ball.

Third Base:—Bell, Sinclair.

Infielders:—Cpl. Skitch, Sgt. "Ike" Nelson, Jordan, Dancocks, Weir, Chadwick.

Below is the record of games played, and the box score of a few games:—

May			Score.	Where Played.
11 ...	49th v. Officers.	Won	13 to 1	Home
12 ...	5th C.R.T.	Won	10 to 6	Home
16 ...	P.P.C.L.I.	Won	7 to 5	Home
17 ...	7th C.I.B.	Won	8 to 7	Home
19 ...	5th C.R.T.	Lost	7 to 11	Away
21 ...	R.C.R.	Won	15 to 5	Home
22 ...	P.P.C.L.I.	Won	11 to 10	Away
23 ...	Yannigans	Won	8 to 1	Home
25 ...	3rd T.M.B.	Won	7 to 6	Home
28 ...	R.A.R.	Lost	11 to 15	Away
31 ...	3rd Div. Sig.	Lost	1 to 3	Home
June				
1 ...	21st Battr.	Won	9 to 8	Home
2 ...	3rd T.M.B	Won	22 to 3	Home
4 ...	3rd Div./Sig.	Lost	0 to 3	Away
5 ...	7th C.I.B.	Won	14 to 7	Away
8 ...	42nd Btn.	Lost	7 to 10	Home
9 ...	P.P.C.L.I.	Won	9 to 5	Home
11 ...	P.P.C.L.I.	Lost	3 to 17	Away
13 ...	A. Coy. 49th	Won	19 to 4	Home
18 ...	9th Bn. Engs.	Lost	6 to 7	Home

**GAME, MAY 12th
49th Battalion.**

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Dancocks, R.F.	3	1	1	2	0	0
Skitch, L.F.	3	0	0	1	1	0
Nelson, C.F.	4	2	1	0	0	1
Bell, 3B	3	1	1	0	0	1
Frame, 1B	4	1	2	7	0	0
Nairn, 2B	4	2	0	6	2	0
Mailhiot, S.S.	4	1	0	0	3	1
Knisely, C.	4	0	1	11	1	0
Pilkie, P.	1	0	0	0	1	0
Anderson, P.	2	2	1	0	2	0
Totals	32	10	7	27	10	3

5th Can. Railway Troops.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Barret, 3B.....	5	1	1	1	0	0
Rudow, R.F.....	5	0	3	0	8	0
Patterson, C.	5	1	1	18	0	0
Swanson, P. & C.F. ...	5	0	1	1	1	1
Miller, 1B	4	1	1	4	0	1
Valway, L.F.....	3	1	1	0	1	0
Malone, 2B.....	4	0	1	0	2	1
Wells, C.F.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Arshumble, P.	3	1	1	0	0	0
Windle, S.S.	4	1	2	0	0	1
Totals... ..	39	6	12	24	4	4

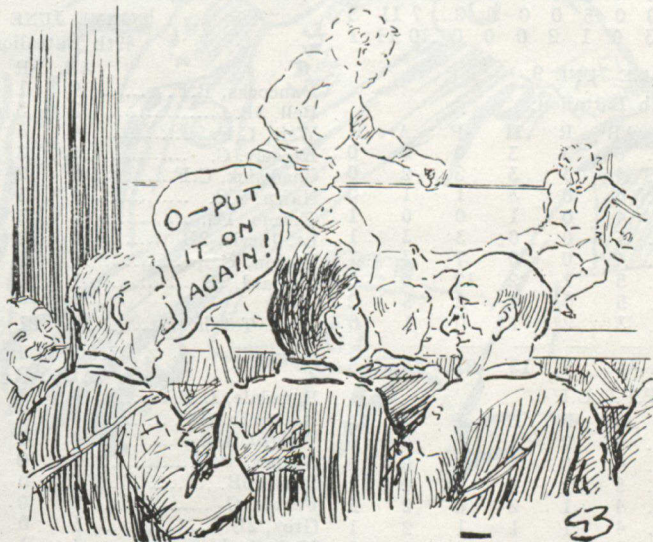
Strike-outs.

Swanson...6 in 4 inns. Arshumble...11 in 5 inns.
Pilkie5 in 4 inns. Anderson ... 5 in 5 inns.

Score by innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
49th Btn....	0	1	3	1	0	0	0	5	0	10	7	3
5th C.R.T...	2	0	0	4	0	0	0	1	0	6	12	4

(Continued on page 26.)



IN THE CINEMA ON THE
HINDENBURG LINE

GAME JUNE 8.

49th Battalion.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Dancocks, R.F.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Chadwick, C.F.	3	1	0	0	0	0
Bell, 3B.....	5	2	4	1	1	0
Weir, R.F.....	5	1	1	0	0	0
Nelson, L.F.....	5	2	2	1	0	0
Knisely, C.....	4	0	1	12	1	1
Frame, 1B.....	5	0	1	9	0	0
Nairn, 2B.....	4	0	1	2	3	0
Malhiot, S.S.....	0	0	0	1	0	2
Ball, S.S.....	3	0	1	1	5	0
Pilkie, P.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Patton, P.....	3	1	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	39	7	11	27	10	3

42nd Battalion.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Matthews, R.F.	5	0	2	1	1	1
Zinc, I.C.F.....	6	1	3	0	0	0
McDonald, C.F.....	6	0	0	1	0	0
Cuvelier, 2B.....	5	1	2	3	4	0
Smith, 1B.....	5	2	2	10	0	0
Miller, C.....	5	2	3	7	0	0
Abbey, S.S.P.....	5	2	2	2	3	0
Ellis, 3B.....	5	0	3	1	1	0
McKinnie, R.F.	5	2	2	2	1	0
Totals.....	41	10	19	27	10	1

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
49th Bn.	0	0	0	0	5	0	0	0	2	7	11	3
42nd Bn.	0	4	3	0	1	2	0	0	0	10	19	1

GAME JUNE 9.

49th Battalion.

	AB	R	H	P	A	E
Weir, R.F.....	6	3	3	0	0	0
Bell, 3B.....	4	3	3	2	2	0
Jordan, C.F.....	5	0	3	1	1	0
Nelson, L.F.....	4	0	1	0	0	1
Knisely, C.....	5	0	0	3	3	1
Nairn, 2B.....	4	0	0	7	3	1
Frame, 1B.....	5	1	2	12	0	0
Ball, S.S.....	5	0	0	2	5	2
Boody, P.....	3	2	1	0	1	0
Totals.....	41	9	13	27	15	5

P.P.C.L.I.

	AB	R	H	P	A	E
Keils, R.F.....	4	2	1	1	0	0
Michaud, 1B.....	4	0	1	3	0	1
Brown, S.S.....	5	1	0	2	0	1
Darragh, 2B.....	4	1	2	6	2	2
Smith, 3B.....	4	1	1	1	2	1
Leamington, C.....	2	0	0	13	2	0
Symonds, R.F.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Dimmock, C.F.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Brewster, P.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	35	5	5	27	6	5

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
49th Bn.....	1	3	0	0	4	0	1	0	0	9	13	5
P.P.C.L.I....	0	1	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	5	5	5

GAME MAY 21.

49th Battalion.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Dancocks, R.F.	2	1	0	0	0	0
Patton, R.F....	2	1	1	0	0	0
Bell, 3B.....	4	3	3	4	1	0
Nelson, L.F.	5	2	2	0	0	0
Frame, 1B.....	3	1	0	9	1	0
Nairn, 2B.....	3	3	3	5	2	0
Skitch, C.F.....	3	1	1	1	0	0
Malhiot, S.S.	5	2	1	1	1	0
Knisely, C.....	5	1	2	7	5	0
Pilkie, P.....	4	0	0	1	5	0
Totals.....	36	15	13	28	15	0

Royal Canadian Regiment.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Murphy, 2B.....	5	0	1	1	2	1
Sugg, C.....	3	0	2	6	2	0
Harley, 3B.....	4	0	0	2	2	1
Miller, L.F.....	2	1	0	0	0	0
Freeze, 1R.....	2	1	2	12	2	2
Mathieson, S.S.	3	1	1	0	5	1
Doyle, C.F.....	3	1	1	2	0	1
Deo, R.F.....	3	0	0	0	1	0
Fowler, P.....	2	0	0	0	0	0
Reading, S.S.	1	1	1	1	3	0
Totals.....	28	5	8	27	17	6

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
49th Bn. ...	4	0	3	0	0	2	5	1	—	15	13	6
R.C.R.	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	8	6

GAME JUNE 2.

49th Battalion.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Dancocks, R.F.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Bell, 3B.....	3	3	1	1	1	1
Weir, L.F.....	4	3	2	0	0	0
Knisely, C.....	5	3	2	10	1	0
Chadwick, C.F.....	5	2	3	0	0	0
Nairn, S.S.....	4	3	3	3	0	0
Frame, 1B.....	5	3	2	3	0	0
Lt. Jarvis, 2B.....	4	2	1	4	0	0
Patton, P.....	3	1	3	0	4	0
Berhard, P.....	1	0	0	0	1	1
Totals.....	38	21	18	21	7	2

3rd T.M.B.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Ragsdale, L.F.....	4	0	1	2	1	0
Rainboth, S.S.....	4	1	2	0	1	2
Wright, 1B.....	4	0	0	7	1	1
Gasper, R.F.....	3	0	1	0	0	1
Rand, 3B.....	3	0	1	4	0	1
Forbes, C.....	2	0	1	3	0	0
Grey, 2B.....	3	0	0	1	1	1
McCulloch, C.F.....	3	1	1	1	0	0
Ralls, P.....	2	0	1	0	2	0
Riaume, P.....	2	1	2	0	3	1
Totals.....	30	3	10	18	9	5

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
49th Bn. ...	7	3	2	4	2	3	—	—	—	21	18	2
3rd T.M.B.	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	—	—	3	10	5

(Continued on page 28.)



CHARACTER STUDY OF A FORTY-NINER.

No. 4.

BATTING AVERAGES AND COMMENTS.

EDDIE BELL hit the ball for the fine batting average of 420 in 20 games, and was also the leading run-getter, accumulating 31 tallies. There were very few flaws in his fielding at the difficult corner, and in his base running he was beginning to emulate the illustrious Ty. Cobb.

JORDAN, the demon transport slugger, nicked the high record of 462, and while this was only for three games, he shapes up like a man that would keep up this tremendous clip. He led the Battalion indoor team in hitting. This man is a fine prospect, very fast on the hoof, and a nice arm.

Old Sure Shot KNISELY, who was the reliable pad artist of the Champion 3rd Divisional Team in 1917, has been catching all games this year with the same inimitable grace as of yore. His throwing has been handicapped by a swollen and inflamed digit on his starboard hand. It has not affected his batting ability, though, as a 388 percentage testifies, and most of them extra base hits.

If there are any better first sackers in France or England than handsome big BILL FRAME, we would like to see them. There is only one fauna known to baseball scientists that has anything on the great Bill, and that is the Hal Chases. Bill has played 19 games with only one boot, and the bad throws that he spears with the ease and grace of a master are a source of delight to the fans.

Swatsmith Sgt. IKE NELSON, from Grande Prairie, Canada, is again cavorting around left field. Many months in the trenches have slowed his feet up a bit, but they have failed to dim the old batting eye or diminish the force of that home-run swing. He still cracks them on a line and rides them through the in-field.

NAIRN at second base has made some strides in the fielding line, and is a much-improved player over last season. He must needs acquire more speed on his feet. His batting has been all to the merry, 323 for 20 games.

Pinch-hitter WEIR has won some 9th inning rallies for us this year, and has cracked the apple for the scrumptious average of 363. This "yah" man is a ram-bunctious hittah, and dat's a fact, mistah.

Deerfoot DANCOCKS is a bud about ready to bloom. A little more practice and experience and you can't keep him off any ball

team. With his speed he will make a run-getting "fuel."

And who do you think is our best fielding out-fielder? There is no doubt of it right now.

It is KITTY SKITCH, and he is a good all-round ball player, plays a nifty game at short for the indoor team, and wants to quit pulling away from the plate when at bat. If he could persuade his great contemporary the handsome Bill Frame to forgo the same habit, he would confer further rewards, not to mention emoluments, on the 49th Battalion.

Sgt. ENGLISH has filled the role of utility player par excellence. He can catch or play first base splendidly, is fast on his feet, and a dangerous man at the bat.

CHADWICK is another out-fielder who has rapped out quite a few base hits in the games in which he has played. He is a conscientious worker, too.

The crowd has evidently got the goat of young ARMY MAILHIOT. He must learn to forget their remarks. Shortstops are bound to make more errors than any man on the team.

BALL will make a good in-fielder if he sticks right with it and cuts out the pitching.

MIDGET PILKIE is reported to have added a spitter to his repertoire of pitching goods, and Dame Rumour is also responsible for the news that

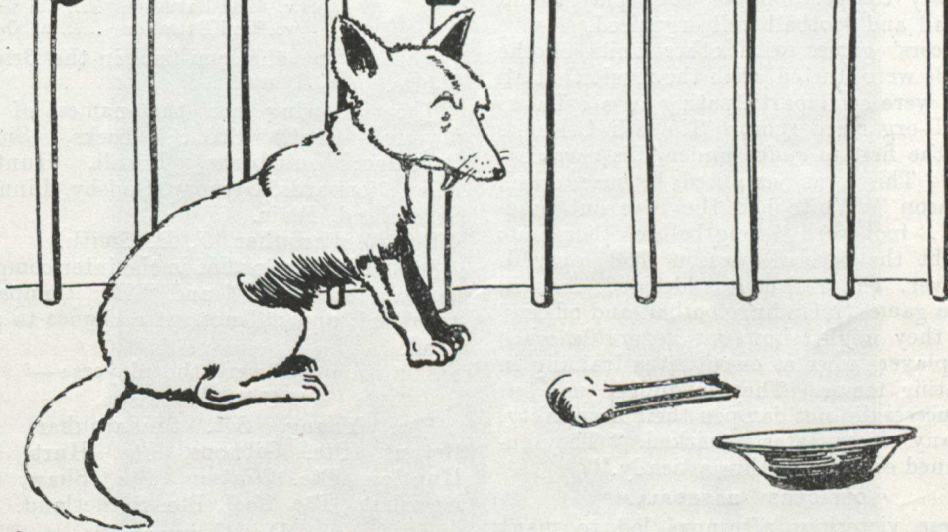
"Shoeless" BOODY, the port sider, has acquired some control of the elusive knuckle ball.

Keep your eye on RUBE PATTON. Enthusiasm and purpose are necessary requisites to achieve success in any line.

Here are the batting averages:—

	At bat.	Runs.	Hits.	Per cent.
Jordan	13	2	6	462
Bell	69	31	29	420
Knisely.....	62	14	24	388
Chadwick	31	12	12	387
Sgt. English	19	5	7	368
Weir	38	13	14	363
Sgt. Nelson.....	71	18	23	324
Nairn	65	20	21	323
Patton	22	5	7	318
Boody	7	3	2	285
Dancocks	51	12	14	275
Skitch	33	12	9	273
Frame	76	17	20	258
Pilkie	22	2	5	227
Jarvis	19	4	4	211
Sgt. Anderson.....	5	2	1	200
Mailhiot	39	8	7	154
Ball	19	0	2	105

OUR MASCOT



“ IF THEY CUT DOWN MY RATIONS AGAIN, THEY CAN MARK ME G.S.!” ”

J.B. CARTER
1917

SPORTS.

SUMMER, 1918.

It has long been marked that before any unit can be singularly great it must excel in more than one branch of service and training. Can we not claim a record in both?

Previous years did not give the battalion such an opportunity of training in athletics as the present summer. It was very early in the year when the command decided that each afternoon should be utilised for organised sport. Capt. Bert Tayler took over the duties of Sports Officer, ably assisted by Cpl. White, and in a day had platoon and company competitions in both playground baseball and football well organised.

Officers' games with other units of the brigade were started, with the result that all ranks were soon participating in a syllabus of well-organised sport. The 5th C.R.T.'s were the first to suffer under this organisation. This was expected because Coach "Deacon" White had the boys out practising "foot-work" long before other units thought the baseball season had opened. However, the railroaders decided that in return games, including football and officers' ball, they might show our venerable coach that players were as essential as training in valuating teams. They misjudged us; but our success did not dampen their hospitality, as many officers later remarked, "They entertained even too enthusiastically."

"OFFICERS' BASEBALL."

These victorious afternoons led to many more with more or less continued success. Games were arranged with other units of the brigade. We were defeated by the 42nd and R.C.R.'s in an early series, but in return games usually won. We won and lost to the P.P.C.L.I., and finished the series by twice defeating the Forty Two's and losing to the Patricias in the semi-finals. Who can believe that the following officers held places throughout almost the entire season:—

Lieut.-Col. Palmer, Major Weaver, Major Chattell, Capt. "Doc" Young, Lieuts. Nolan, Ames, Ramsay, Jarvis, Speers, Lumsden, and Walter.

FOOTBALL.

Football, although vigorously contested, did not meet with the same success as in former seasons. In the first place, the grounds were not exactly suitable for practice; and secondly, baseball was given pre-

ference on the fields, with the unfortunate result that the practice hours were hard to regulate. Moreover, when the battalion was playing so many games it often happened that a man who had ability to play two games found it difficult to practise both games, especially if the practices were held on the same day.

Despite this the boys fought every game to a finish, and completed the season by winning three out of six played.

The following are the games played:—

49th Battalion v. 5th C.R.T.	1—0
" v. 5th C.T.T.	2—0
" v. P.P.C.L.I.	1—3
" v. P.P.C.L.I.	1—0
" v. 42nd Battalion	0—2
" v. 42nd Battalion	0—4

The last was the semi-final in the Brigade Sports.

The following are the names of the players:—Goal, Presic; backs, Smith, Bouchier; half-backs, Foxall, Huntley, Allan; forwards, Gregory, Gadsby, Linning, Sutherland, Blair.

Sgt. McFarquhar, J. D. Smith.

It is well to note that in the inter-company football series "C" and "D" Companies were tied, and did not get a chance to play it off.

The following were the players:—

"C" Company.

Pte. Young, Sgt. McFarquhar, Pte. Bryant, Pte. Gibbons, Pte. Hurt, Pte. Huntley, Pte. Watson, Pte. Shaw, Cpl. Newnham, Pte. Cool, Pte. Sutherland.

"D" Company."

Pte. Fanner, Pte. Marrow, Pte. Black, Pte. Arnold, Pte. Crockett, Pte. Devaney, Pte. Blairland, Pte. Gray, Pte. Linning, Pte. Jerome, Pte. Blair.

FIELD AND TRACK.

Finally, it is necessary to give in detail the track and field records for the season, which possibly more than all other phases of sport brought the unit the highest honours. To begin with, it would be well to first mention what distinctions we won and then explain how we attained them.

At the Corps Sports we had no fewer than fifteen contestants, all of whom competed strongly, despite the fact that all but two were suffering from an influenza which forced them to cease training during the previous week. Although we had no winners we are assured that we have material to win on subsequent occasions.



RELAY TEAM.

Coach "Deacon" White, Sergeant Cantin, Private R. Dancocks,
Corporal Earl Hay, Private Eddie Bell.

BATTALION FIELD DAY.

Thanks to the organisation of Capt. Tayler and Cpl. "Deacon" White the event was a marked success. At no period of the afternoon did an event lag. Excellent material was produced, and company enthusiasm was highly marked. The men outstanding were Cpl. Hay, Transport, who won the 100 yards and 220 yards flat. Bell, of baseball fame, ran a strong race, especially in the relay. Dancocks looked to be our coming runner, getting a place in the 100 and 220 and winning a grand race in the 440 yards. Gunn, of "D" Company, who was suffering from a bad leg, ran a beautiful race in the 440 yards as well. In the one mile race, Miller, headquarters, won easily, with Sgt. Bell "A" Company, and Patton running a fine race for second. Pte. Mollineux, of "A" Company, won the broad jump, with several only inches behind. The last race of the day, the relay race, 880 yards, was won by Headquarters Company—Pte. Gregory, Cpl. Hay, Pte. Bell, and Pte. Dancocks. "B" Company ran a strong race, Strohm running a good race, but not having sufficient training was not able to hold his lead on Cpl. Hay.

Following this, the 49th team played the R.T.'s in lacrosse, and were defeated in ten minutes' overtime by one goal. The game aroused considerable interest in the battalion, and no one could have said that the game should die out, as so many have previously predicted.

Nor was the afternoon lacking in enthusiastic spectators. All the Brigade Staff, as well as other friends of the battalion, were present. The Y.M.C.A. served tea to the ladies, thanks to the organisation and the enterprise of Capt. Emsley and a few ardent associates. We have the presumption to believe that it was the success of this day that made the brigade consider the corresponding Brigade sports that followed.

BRIGADE FIELD DAY.

The brigade could never wish a finer day for a track meet than the one decided upon, nor could they ever receive more support than was given by the Y.M.C.A. and staff, who continually spared no effort in marking out the grounds and entertaining the crowd. It was on this particular day that the battalion scored a wonderful success. Many

were heard to remark, "Is this the —th Field Day?" so many were the events they won. We were able to score 73 points to the second unit's 33. This does not in any way signify the real success of the battalion, as each race was well fought.

Here Cpl. Hay tied for first in the 100 yards, with Bell third. In the 220 yards and 440 yards we brought three winners home, Dancocks winning both. Mollineux took second in the 880 yards, and might have won the race had he not misjudged the number of laps in the heats. Sgt. Bell won the mile race after a beautiful sprint in the final 100 yards, passing Miller and Weir, of the P.P.C.L.I. The three miles went to us, with Miller, Sgt. Bell, and Patton in their respective places. Best of all, but an event which caused no surprise, was the easy win of our tug-of-war team under Sgt. Crockett. As usual, the relay race closed the meet. Hay, Bell, Dancocks, and Gunn each ran well, and won easily.

DIVISIONAL SPORTS.

Immediately after the Brigade Field Day it was decided to place brigade winners in a separate training camp with trainers and runners. This proved to be a good idea, as the team, which now became a brigade team, did splendidly at the divisional meet. Here, as before, the battalion came to the front, and with a large margin won the silver cup donated by the G.O.C. to the unit obtaining the highest number of points. In this aggregate was included the points gained by our boxers, Cpl. Houle and Pte. Glew, the latter of whom did exceptionally good boxing, and with ordinary luck might have won at Corps sports.

As a result of a very poor start, Cpl. Hays and Sgt. Bell did not get a place in the 100 yards dash, but despite a similar start in the 220 the former got a close second. Dancocks and Sgt. Cantin won their quarter and half-mile respectively in grand style. The relay team won again by forty yards, with Sgt. Cantin taking the last half-mile in place of Gunn, of "D" Coy., who was unable to run.

We finished the day by winning the tug-of-war, having previously defeated the 43rd in the semi-finals some days before.

Needless to say, the battalion set a record for athletics which will be hard to pace in future meets.