

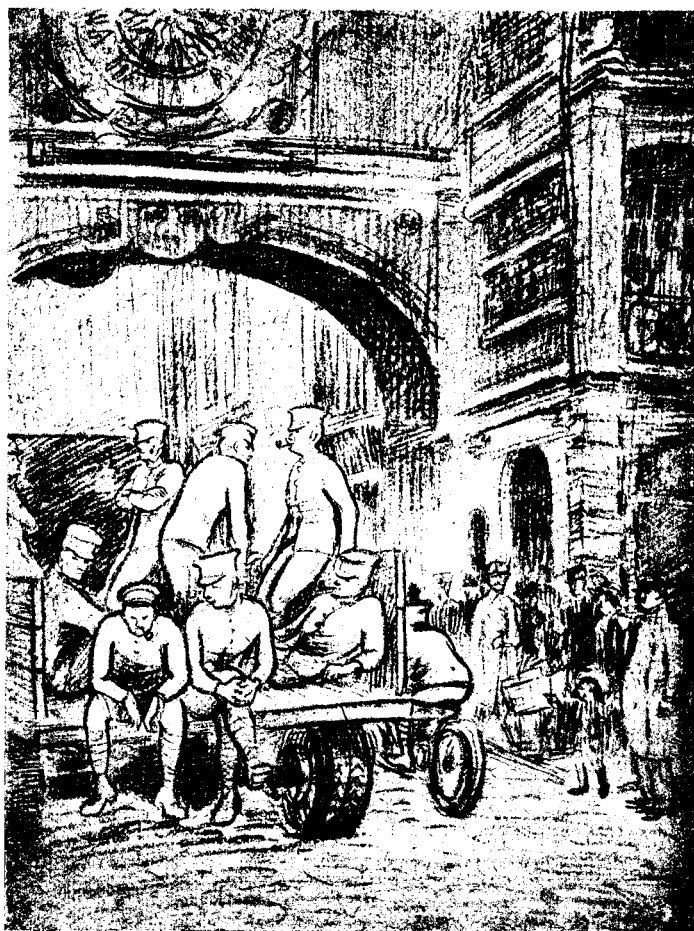
# La Vie Canadienne

JANVIER 1916

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

for the

Canadian Section, General Headquarters, 3<sup>rd</sup> Echelon



The C. A. S. C. hard at work

G DE BRAY.

*For private circulation only*



# La Vie Canadienne



IN presenting the second volume of **La Vie Canadienne** to our numerous readers, we hope that we have fulfilled our promise of a better copy, each succeeding issue.

An editorship, however, is at best a thorny path. Canadians have many gifts, still, it would scarcely be expected that poetry was one of them. Nevertheless a harrassed editor is obliged to bewail the fact that his public appeal for contributions brought him little beyond lyrical efforts. Are all our boys poets? If we had dropped a Jack Johnson on the summit of Parnasus, we could hardly have stirred up more poetical bees than have swarmed in our letterbox. So far we have only had two prose contributions.



This phenomenon is commented upon by nearly all the Editors at the front or on L. of C.

Notwithstanding this one of the poetical offerings to the *Hangar Herald* (a defunct publication of the Army Service Corps) served a good purpose since it authoritatively sets at rest all doubts among the Intelligence department as to the correct pronunciation of the difficult word « YPRES ». This runs as follows :

*There was a young lady of Ypres,  
Who was shot in the back by some snipers ;  
And the tunes that she played  
Through the holes that were made  
Astonished the Cameron Pipers.*

The suggestion that the composer of this beautiful effort should receive the Cross for his prowess fell flat with the authorities.

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The Canadians also seem to have plenty of money. Notwithstanding our magnificent and alluring offer of twenty francs, cold, hard cash, for an essay on the « Pleasures and Vicissitudes of a soldier's life in Rouen » only one essay reached our editorial sanctum. Our offer, however, still stands good for our February issue. There are so many newcomers of late, who have scarcely had sufficient time to « pleasure and vicissitude » in our old burgh, that we live in hopes of a few more contributions on this subject, when they have become seasoned Rouennais. Look what you can buy with twenty bucks, we mean francs.

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Nos grands confrères, le *Journal de Rouen* et la *Dépêche* ont bien voulu faire au premier fascicule de la *Vie Canadienne* un excellent accueil. Nous leur en sommes vivement reconnaissants et nous les prions de bien vouloir accepter nos sincères remerciements.

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Our grateful thanks are due to our Colonel and our Section Officer for their untiring efforts and the great trouble taken, in steering our maiden effort through the numerous shoals of Army Regulations.

Also to each and all of the N. C. O.'s and men for their hearty support of our undertaking, both as literati and financially. We appreciate this very much indeed and hope to make our little magazine a credit to our Echelon, thus justly deserving such valuable and appreciated assistance.

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« LEST YOU FORGET ». — Contributions please and lots of them. Anything will be appreciated.

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To all lovers of Art, we can recommend a neat little album, containing 25 engravings and sketches by celebrated artists, depicting « *ROUEN during the War* ». The pictures have all been specially drawn from nature and will be lasting and artistic souvenirs of the armed humanity which now throngs the streets of fair Rouen.

## *Carmen*

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In view of the fact that many our readers have been to hear *Carmen*, it may be of interest to give a Canadian's review of that Opera's plot :

About the year 1830 there lived at Seville in Spain a Dago Jane called Carmen. She was some kiddo and a beaut and worked with other skirts in a big tobacco store. She was, of course, chased by all the Johnnies in town, but there was nothing doing and don't you forget it, as she herself was stuck on Don Jose, a square-pushing brigade major of dragoons. Jose, however, did not freeze on to her, the big boob.

In the first act Carmen gets in a mix-up with another skirt and gets pinched by the A. P. M., who orders Jose to take her to the calabooze. But he falls for her smirks and allows her to make her getaway. For this Jose is tried before a soldier beak and convicted by F. G. C. M. « in that he, while on active service, assisted in the escape of a prisoner », and was duly sentenced to be reduced to his permanent rank of full private and awarded F. P. (number of days not stated, see K R and O xyz).

In the second spasm the A. P. M. runs up against Carmen in a coffee joint and tries to rush her, but Jose blows in and knocks the Holy Jerusalem out of his superior officer. After that Jose and Carmen skedaddle to the mountains with a bunch of hoboos, who have a shanty and some booze there, not being on the water wagon.

The third stunt takes place in the mountains. A Toreador (a guy that tickles bulls with a lance) pokes his nose in and also gets the stuffing pounded out of him by Jose for making goo-goo eyes at Carmen. That kid, however, is simply fed up with the whole blooming show and when Micaela, Jose's steady, blows in to say that his mother is about to kick the bucket, she takes to the tall timber with that Toreador.

The grande finale show the entrance to an Arena (whatever that may be) just before a bull fight. Carmen and her fellow come swanking along while the crowd is hurrayng for fair. Jose, who is among the bunch, throws the glad eye at Carmen and tries to peddle some hot air. He wants her to skip the shebang, chuck the Toreador and git. But « nix » is her motto. He then jabs her in the ribs with a knife, rather than cough her up to his nibs the Bull Puncher.

Feenish !

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## *The Conversation Book*

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I 'ave a conversation book ; I brought it out from 'ome,  
 It tells the French for knife an' fork an' likewise brush and comb ;  
 It learns you 'ow to ast the time, the names of all the stars,  
 And 'ow to order hoysters an' 'ow to buy cigars.

But there ain't no shops to shop in, there ain't no grand hotels,  
 When you spend your days in dugouts doin' olesale trade in shells ;  
 It's nice to know the proper talk for theatres an' such ;  
 But when it comes to talking, why, it doesn't help you much.

There's all them friendly kind o' things you'd naturally say  
 When you meet a feller casual-like an' pass the time o' day.  
 Them little things as breaks the ice an' kind o' clears the air,  
 Which, when you turn the phrase book up, why, them things isn't there.

I met a chap the other day a-roosting in a trench,  
 'E didn't know a word of ours nor me a word o' French ;  
 An' 'ow it was we managed, well, I cannot understand,  
 But I never used the phrase book, though I 'ad it in my 'and.

I winked at im to start with ; 'e grinned from ear to ear ;  
 An' 'e says « *Tipperary* » an' I says « *Sooveneer* » ;  
 'E 'ad my only Woodbine, I 'ad 'is thin cigar,  
 Which set the ball a-rolling, an' so-well, there you are.

I showed 'im next my wife an' kids, 'e up an' showed me 'is,  
 Them little funny Frenchy kids with 'air all in a frizz ;  
 « Annette » 'e says, « Louise », 'e says, an' 'is tears begin to fall ;  
 We was comrades when we parted, but we'd 'ardly spoke at all.

'E'd 'ave kissed me if I'd let im, we 'ad never met before,  
 An' I've never seen the beggar since, for that's the way o' war ;  
 An' though we scarcely spoke a word, I wonder just the same  
 If 'e 'll ever see them kids of 'is . . . I never ast 'is name.



## *The Marginally noted man*

Lost, stolen or strayed.  
 If found a reward will be paid.  
 His number is double O. O.,  
 Enlisted over a year ago,  
 From Vancouver in the West.  
 Canadian born, one of the best.  
 Correspondence on file : Infantry six  
 The old file is lost; we're in a fix.



THE MARJORY NOTED MAN

Countless reports ever since *Ypres*  
 Contradict each other in every way.  
*Effects* have received his old boot laces,  
*Enquiry* have him P. A.'d, no traces.  
 The « *Graves Commission* » claim as well  
 That his grave stone was blown to hell.  
*Records* send reminders by every mail;  
 « K. D. » is busy on his trail.  
 As one and all seem to have missed him,  
 There's nothing left but change the « *System* ».

But now of course you'll want his name  
 See that the initials are the same.  
 For relatives and friends galore  
 We've done our best and can do no more.  
 So try and find him, if you can,  
*The Marginally noted man.*

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## CORRESPONDENCE

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*To the Editor « La Vie Canadienne ».*

DEAR SIR,

Is it necessary for your Cartoonist to keep on following me about in the Courtyard every morning after roll call, with his Sketch Book ?

I may have my peculiarities, but I assure you nothing but his one Stripe saved him from life long disfigurement.

Yours truly,

A. PRIVATE.



OUP, EDITOR.

## *As Others see us*

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*We have received the following from a Sergeant of the « Fighting Ninth »  
Lancers :*

T'was the early morning of an April day  
When they gave us the word « Turn out »,  
And I can't pretend we were o'er gay,  
    And we groused a bit, no doubt,  
For we'd just come in for a so called « rest »  
From a trench, for some beer and mirth.  
For a cavalry bloke don't feel his best  
    When he's grubbing in Mother Earth.

But we ups and gets to our horse and lance,  
For the *Ninth* ain't the ones to bleat,  
As we showed them scores of times in France,  
    As you've heard, since the great retreat.  
So we left Bailleul in the early dawn,  
Between hedges of thorn and may,  
An' we took the road on that April morn  
    Towards Ypres, where the French lines lay.

Well, it ain't of ourselves I'm talking now.  
(Tho' I might and I'd make you stare  
For we've thro' it, mate-in this ragtime row,  
    We have bit it and been right there.)  
But I'll tell you what happened at Ypres that day  
When the Germans near had us beat,  
The *Canadians* it was— and right here I must say,  
    The *Ninth* could't have done it more neat.

The French had *been gassed* d before their front,  
The *Canadians* *depioyeu and* held,  
The shot-swept ground and bore the brunt  
    Of the fight, tho' sorely shelled.  
They were near cut off and lost some guns  
They were choked with the fumes of death,  
When they did a thing that amazed the Huns  
    And made all of us hold our breath.



The bit 'tween us and the foeman's trench  
 Was a blinding, blazing hell,  
 Through the yellowish haze of that noxious stench  
     It quivered with shot and shell;  
 It roared and it screamed with it's flame and flash,  
 And the black smoke spouted high  
 And the shrapnel burst in a blood red splash  
     And rent the flaring sky.

The raging roar of un-numbered guns  
 Was enough to make reason rock  
 And the metal was falling in countless tons  
     With a deafening crash and shock.  
 When we saw them rise from their trench and run  
 Out in that sone of flame,  
 As if they were racing like lads for *fun*  
     An' not as on to the scrolls of Fame.

We saw them sweep, without break or fear,  
 Like the spirits of storm unbent,  
 And I'm damned, as true as I'm sitting here,  
     Those devils *sang* as they went.  
 We coul'd't tell what song they sang,  
 Because of the deafening roar.  
 But thro' Heaven and Hell and Earth it rang,  
     And will echo for evermore.

Well, they took the trenches, retook the guns,  
 But, my God, they paid the cost.  
 (Tho' 't was naught to the loss of those thrice damned Huns)  
     And they saved what we all thought was lost.  
 It was great, it was grand — they're a splendid crowd  
 And they are sound to the very core,  
 That job would have made old *Ninth* feel proud,  
     And you know mate, I can't say more.

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## PROBLEM

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If the combined pay of an acting Lance Corporal without pay and of an unmarried Farrier Corporal, drawing first class working pay, are together equal to the separation allowance drawn by the wives of two Sappers together with half what a Sergeant Cook spends on beer during the two weeks after pay day, state in quarts of Champagne the amount of liquid that will be consumed in twenty-four hours by a Canadian Private when Peace is declared.

Let x equal . . . (For the love of Mike, cut it out. Ed.)

## “ *The Younger Son* ”

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The younger son he's earned his bread in ways both hard and easy,  
 From Parramatta to the Pole, from Yukon to Zambezi;  
 For young blood is roving blood, and a far road's best,  
 And when you're tired of roving there'll be time enough to rest!

And it's « Hello » and « How d'ye do » ? « Who'd have thought of meeting you ?  
 Thought you were in Turkestan, or China or Peru ! »  
 It's a long trail in peace-time where the roving Britons stray,  
 But in war-time, in war-time, it's just across the way !

He's left the bronchos to be bust by who in thunder chooses ;  
 He's left the pots to wash themselves in Canada's cabooses ;  
 He's left the mine and logging camp, the peavy, pick and plough,  
 For young blood is fighting blood, and England needs him now.

And it's « Hello » and « How d'ye do » ? « How's the world been using you ?  
 What's the news of Calgary, Quebec and Cariboo ? »  
 It's a long trail in peace-time, where the roving Britons stray,  
 But in war-time, in war-time, it's just across the way !

He's travelled far by many a trail, he's rambled here and yonder,  
 No road too rough for him to tread, no land too wide to wander,  
 For young blood is roving blood, and the spring of life is best,  
 And when all the fighting's done, lad, there's time enough to rest.

And it's good-bye, tried and true, here's a long farewell to you  
 (Rolling stone from Mexico, Shanghai, or Timbuctoo!)  
 Young blood is roving blood, but the last sleep is best.  
 When the fighting all is done, lad, and it's time to rest !

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*Dedicated to the Commanding Officer of a Canadian Highland Regiment, who, among the lads of the auld Regiment, will always be best remembered as :*

## MAJOR JACK

---

Come, call your boys together,  
 Major Jack,  
 To face the wintry weather  
 On the track.  
 Scottish, with their latest breath,  
 Will follow to the death  
 Where you lead them, when you need them,  
 Major Jack.

For they know you tried and true,  
 Major Jack,  
 And they'll each along with you  
 Do their whack.  
 In your heart no thought of fear,  
 On your lips a word of cheer,  
 Ever ready, cool and steady,  
 Major Jack.

Well we know you'll hold your ground,  
 Major Jack,  
 And when foemen creep around  
 Drive them back.  
 In the Homeland o' er the sea,  
 We are trusting, Sir, to thee,  
 And your laddies, in their pladdies,  
 Major Jack.

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Suggested coat of arms for our section is ye olde device of ye crossed pen and pencil rampant on a field of ink noir over a ruler couchant, and on the scroll encircling it, ye mottoe,

« Yours till Peace doth us part »

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## *The Call*

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There has gone forth a call throughout the land,  
 Voiced in the language o' a mighty need :  
 To those who hear, but will not understand,  
 From such blind bondage how shall they be freed ?

How shall we cry ? Or shall we, rather, pray—  
 Pray as a nation to our nation's God,  
 That He will show these laggard souls the way  
 To tread the path of service—as He trod ?

What is it that ye fear, ye who withhold—  
 Is it the clumsy vesture of a name ?  
 How shall your story down the years be told—  
 Unto your glory or your lasting shame ?

The Empire needs her patriot sons to-day,  
 To rally round the flag that never yet  
 Has trailed the dust or fallen by the way.  
 Stand at salute ! lest ye, perchance, forget.

There has gone forth a call from Britain's heart,  
 Voiced in the language of a mother's need :  
 Sons of her blood—of her strong soul a part—  
 Sons of her Empire hear—and hearing, heed !

BLANCHE E. HOLT MURISON.

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## SARCASM OR WHAT ?

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Signboard in one of the convalescent camps « Somewhere in France » :

*Canadians to the right*  
*Soldiers to the left*  
*Fact !*

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## WORDS OF COMMAND

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In view of the large numbers of recruits now being enrolled in Great Britain and Canada, it has been deemed advisable to publish a small glossary of military phrases for beginners. We have, in fact, been several times approached in this matter by ordinarily intelligent civilians, who have enlisted and then found themselves totally at a loss under the unintelligible roars that are emitted with such nerve-shattering violence from the lowest depths of the Sergeant Instructor's anatomy.

*Hp! Hup! Howp!!* This means nothing in particular, but is governed by the context *How!Howp!!* means Form Fours, and, with regard to this manœuvre, it should be said that it is considered bad form to do it with less than four men, in which case it causes the subdivision of the individual into component parts, thus lessening the efficiency of the force as a whole.

*Chun! Tee-hun! or Hup!!* These represent the normal position of the body.

*Nthri-for-R-Rm-Cmpni!!* This is a manœuvre seldom attempted except by the highest military geniuses. It is useless to try to explain it to you; say a few words of prayer and put yourself in the hands of fate, for whatever you do will be sure to be wrong. It is said that Napoleon, in order to escape from St. Helena, gave this order to his bodyguard and escaped in the ensuing confusion.

*Skewer-Hup!!* Hold your musket with your elbows instead of with your hands.

*As-S-S-Ywere!!* An order much used by Major Caesar (O. C. Romans) hence it has an historical interest. It implies that the S. I. wishes you to assume the same position in which you stood a few minutes ago. This is obviously impossible and argues lack of originality on the part of the S. I.

*Whee-Erx-Pntz!!* At this you are desired to affix the sword, hanging at your left side, to the muzzle (the end with the hole) of your gun.

*Slow-Pup!!* Not an aspersion on your dog, but merely a command that you remove the bottom end of your rifle from a puddle and place it in the palm of your left hand.

*Bthri-Kee-Ee-Barch!!* At this you will push hard against your right hand neighbour, turn your head to the right and try to walk straight ahead: few amateurs can accomplish this to the satisfaction of the S. I.

*Bar-R,-Chteese!!* This is given after *Slow,Pup* and means that you hold or drag your arquebus in any position you choose.

*Wot-Thellyer-Dooinov!!* A polite request on the part of the S. I. to know your present course of action.

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*Sursum*

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I saw his dread plume gleaming  
As he rode dow the line,  
And cried like one a-dreaming,  
« That man, and that, is mine ! »

They did not fail or falter  
Because his front so shone ;  
His horse's golden halter  
With star-dust thick was sown.

They followed him like seigneurs  
Proud both of mien and mind—  
Colonels and old campaigners,  
And bith of lads new-joined.

A glittering way he shoved them  
Beyond the dim outpost  
And in his tents bestowed them—  
White as the Holy Ghost.

And, by the clear watch-fire  
They talk with conquerors,  
And have their hearts' desires,  
And praise the honest wars.

And each of them in raiment  
Of honour goeth drest,  
And hath his fee and payment,  
And glory on his breast, . .

Oh, woman, that sit'st weeping—  
Close, like the stricken dove—  
He is in goodly keeping,  
This soldier thou did'st love.

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## *Wartime Nursery Rhymes*

*Since the great scrap started, even the babies won't be happy unless lulled to sleep with more warlike songs than the oldfashioned, wishy-washy nursery rhymes.*

*Herewith a few samples we offer to the coming generation :*

Baa, baa, Canadians,  
Have you any wool ?  
Yes, Jellicoe, have we,  
Ten transports full,  
Five for old England,  
Five for our *Sam*,  
But none for Wee Willie,  
Who lives in Postdam.

\*\*\*

Pat-a-shell ; pat-a-shell, John Bull, old man,  
Make us munitions as fast as you can.  
Stack them and pack them and mark them « A. I. »  
And send to the front for your army's big gun.

\*\*\*

Willie was a german, Willie was a thief,  
Willie came to my trench and stole a tin of beef.  
I went to Willie's trench, he'd gone on to loot,  
Willie came to my trench and there he got the boot.  
I went to Willie's trench, Willie wished he'd fled ;  
I up with my bayonet and broke Willie's head.

\*\*\*

Rock-a-bye, Sniper, on the tree top,  
When a gun fires a big shell will drop.  
When the shell bursts, the shrapnel will fall,  
And down will come sniper, oak tree and all.

## *A 'Bullet Doux*

*(Letter written under great difficulties to some fair maid.)*

*Asides by the writer.*

*Dear girl, of you I daily, hourly think.*

*(Crash. — That Jack Johnson has upset my ink.)*

*Excuse this blot. For your sweet face I long.*

*(Bang. — That's a weary willie going strong.)*

*How treasured are your letters, all to brief.*

*(I keep them in a tin of bully beef.)*

*You say : « Pray send a lock of your fair hair.*

*(That shrapnel 's cut some off, I do declare.)*

*The night is pleasant, really warm and bright.*

*(A farm house and the church are both alight.)*

*I see a star that's Gazing down on thee.*

*(Confound that Taube a dropping bombs on me,*

*'Tis to be hoped the next my dug out misses.)*

*I now conclude with twenty thousand kisses.*



SHORTY.



## RULES AND REGULATIONS

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### *Conduct to the Prejudice of Good Order and Military Discipline*

Always keep a number of Files around your Desk, as this gives one the impression you are working.

Talk as much as you like and as loud as possible : it sounds businesslike and assists greatly in the accuracy on the work.

When filing correspondence, it is not necessary to adopt any particular system, for when a letter is required, you might just as well look for hours, as look for *minutes*. Time is on the side of the Allies.

When leaving the Office at night, see that all files, papers and Index cards, etc., are left lying about ; they will soon receive a covering of dust which tends to preserve them. This can easily be removed in the morning, and provides a little healthy exercise for the Staff.

### *To Visitors*

When entering the Office, leave the door wide open, as fresh air is good.

Tobacco, matches and cigarettes will be provided ; all matches and cigarettes butts should be thrown on the floor or placed on one of the tables, as great difficulty is experienced by the Orderlies in finding their morning smoke among the waste paper, if thrown in the baskets, or ash trays.

Don't come in on business, but just make the Office a place for recreation.

When leaving, shut the door with as much noise as possible, as this prevents the Staff from falling asleep.

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## CANADA—O CANADA!

The following lines were composed by Major the Rev. Canon F. G. Scott (Quebec), Senior Chaplain to the 1st Canadian Division, C.E.F., and sung to the tune of « O Canada » for the first time at Divisional Headquarters, France, on October 14 last:—

O Canada, my country and my love,  
 O Canada, with cloudless skies above,  
 Where'er I roam, where'er my home,  
 My heart goes back to thee—  
 Thy lakes and streams, thy boundless dreams,  
 Thy rivers running free.  
 O Canada, O Canada.  
 God pour his blessings on thee from above.  
 O Canada, my country and my love.

### “ Some ” Opinions

« Of all the unadulterated, blithering twaddle... » (that was all we heard.)

\*\*\*

« A thrilling story of love and romance » — (*Manchester Guardian.*)

\*\*\*

« Not a dull page from cover to cover. » — CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH.

\*\*\*

« A snap at the price. » — (*Toronto World.*)

\*\*\*

« Vous voulez savoir ce que je pense de votre journal? Mais oui, mon vieux, c'est merveilleux, vous avez beaucoup plus d'intelligence que je n'ai cru. »

\*\*\*

« The best soporific, ever invented. Beats a sermon hollow. »

(*The Pessimist.*)

\* \*\* \*

« Who would have thought it! Those Canadians are not half as stupid as they look... Er, er... I mean they don't look half as stupid as they are... Oh! h...well dont' know what I do mean. » — (*The Apologist.*)

\* \*\* \*

« How much for a dozen raw. » — (*The Glutton.*)

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Gerty.** — All is forgiven. Meet in the old place to-morrow night. Bring some hard.

\* \*\* \*

**Friday.** — Your hand-writing shows great character. I should think that you are fond of children and B, 213's.

\* \*\* \*

**Mac.** — A delicate subject and rather out of my province; try Bird's Custard Powder, or some other stuff.

\* \*\* \*

**Silvester Grant.** — If you can find our publishing office, you will hear of something greatly to your advantage.

\* \*\* \*

**Abrahams.** — Regret unable to oblige. I, also, am suffering from a temporary embarrassment.

\* \*\* \*

**Marguerite.** — Je suis enchanté de faire votre connaissance et je vous remercie infiniment pour la belle lettre. Indubitablement j'y serai.

\* \*\* \*

**Lance, Corporal, Records;** « Always Merry and Bright » has been, we understand, dedicated to an orderly room Sergeant who used to sit in the same room as « Give me more ».

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## THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

What a certain tall, fair-haired Sergeant was doing outside n° 20, Rue...., the other night.

\* \*\* \*

What name his godfathers and godmother gave to the gentleman who is known to the fair sex of Rouen as « Silvester Grant ».

\* \* \*

Where Sergeant. . . . learned the « light fantastic » to which he treats us at Jerks in the mornings.

\* \* \*

Why the Lieutenant, who alighted from a taxi in the vicinity of the Hotel Burgoyne the other night, wanted to know if we were a police picket.

What we were doing there at that time of night. (Ed.)

Returning home from work. (We.)

\* \* \*

Whether the gentleman, who on the command « on the toes raise » prefers to use the whole surface of his pedal extremity (behind the drill sergeant's back), is aware that walls sometimes have eyes.

\* \* \*

By whom and on what occasion the following words were used, « Me English soldat, you savvy ? »

What the Piou said.

\* \* \*

Why so many N. C. O's and privates all wear Charlie Chaplin's moustachest

\* \* \*

What the real Scotchman thought of our goalkeeper's Highland accent at the big international football match the other day.

\* \* \*

What a London Bobby thought of our pugnacions Bantam pugilist.

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EXTRACT FROM THE PROCEEDINGS OF A COURT-MARTIAL INTO THE CIRCUMSTANCES  
OF THE WILFUL WOUNDING OF PRIVATE SHOTT, R. HORSE MARINES

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### SUMMARY

N° 1313. Private Alexander Shott wilfully discharged his Rifle and hit N° 1783. Private John *Nott*. *Nott* was shot and *Shott* was not. In this case it is better to be *Shott* than *Nott*.

There was a rumour that *Nott* was not shot, but *Shott* avows that he was Not, which proves either that the shot *Shott* shot at *Nott* was not shot or that *Nott* was not shot or that *Nott* was shot notwithstanding.

It may be made to appear on trial that the shot *Shott* shot, shot *Nott* or as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot *Shott* shot, shot *Shott* himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original element and *Shott* would be shot and *Nott* would be not.

We think however thad the shot *Shott* shot shot, not *Shott* but *Nott*. Anyhow it is hard to tell who was shot and who was not.



Some BATMAN

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## FOOTBALL NOTES

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### **Canadian Section versus No 9 General Hospital**

This game which proved to be the *Match* of the season was played under ideal weather conditions on the Ground of No 2 Infantry Base Depot F. C.

The kick-off took place at 2-45, the attendance being about 1500, No 9 General won the Toss, but there was little to be gained in this, as the Sun was

directly across the ground. Rose kicked off and for the first ten minutes the Canadians pressed but gained little advantage. Both sets of backs soon settled down, and some fine kicking was witnessed. Great excitement prevailed, when on three consecutive occasions the Ball was forced dangerously near the Hospital Goal, but the Hospital defence was brilliant and the danger averted.

Play continued in mid-field, both sets of Forwards having occasional break aways which ended fruitlessly. Poor shooting by the Canadian forwards spoiled good chances. Play continued in favour of the Canadians, and a corner was forced, Mason failing on the kick, still it seemed that a Goal must come when the Canadians forced another corner, and from a splendidly placed kick, came the first blood of the game, the credit for this lay between Mason who took the corner, and Goodall who scored, after the goalie had once cleared, needless to say great enthusiasm prevailed at this success and some lively scenes were witnessed during the next few minutes.

Bustling play continued, and good combination Football was somewhat spoiled by the roughness which gradually crept into the game, the Hospital backs showed great tendency to play the one back game, which rather spoiled the play, the Canadian forwards being repeatedly pulled up for off-side, on one occasion Rose, nicely placed was pulled up, the Referee making a glaring error. Even play continued until the interval, which found the score 1 to 0 in favour of the Canadians.

The commencement of the second half found the Hospital vigorously pressing but the Canadian defence proved more than equal to the task imposed upon them, Collier, to whom we take off our Hats, and Owen showing up splendidly.

The Canadian forwards showed lovely combination and were all the time a thorn in the side of the Hospital defence. The equalising goal was rather a surprise resulting from a sudden break-away by the Hospital forwards and the inside left scoring with a lovely shot, which Steele, who incidentally, had been keeping a splendid goal, had absolutely no chance to save.

With the score 1 goal all, both Teams showed up to advantage, the defences of both putting up a very stubborn fight. With half-an-hour to go the Canadians commenced to realize that the ice man had not put in appearance so started to pack it away themselves, a fine run from mid-field ended in Black shooting high over the Bar. Still more was to follow for about 5 minutes later a nice pass from Mason, who up to now had been left practically idle, Rose carried the Ball clean through on his own, and with a hard low grounder, clean out of reach of the Goalie, once again put the Green and Maples on top. Following this reverse the Hospital seemed to lose heart, and consequently the play was mostly in their half from now on.

The finest Goal of the Match was credited to Mason who about 15 minutes from the end, scored with a lovely shot almost from the touch line.

One raid by the Hospital saw Collier save what seemed to be a certainty, by catching the Ball on his Head and putting it high over the Bar, the resulting corner kick being easily cleared. The end of the game saw the Canadians pressing. Final score 3 Goals to 1, in favour of the Canucks.

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### Summing Up

We must tender to the Sergt-Major, members of the Team and their supporters, at No 2 Infantry Base Depot, where the game was played our heartiest thanks, not only for the loan of their ground, which they had put into splendid shape for the game, but also for their extreme kindness in allowing us the use of a good dressing Room, and for the nice lunch served to the players and others after the game. We consider that some measure of our success is due to them, and we desire to place on record our deep appreciation for all they accomplished.

The Match which had been looked forward to by all Ranks could not have been played under better meteorological conditions, and a large crowd had gathered to witness the struggle by the two Teams fighting for supremacy, and the game promised to be a keen fought fight, judging by the present standing of the opposing teams. Our Team played superbly after so long a rest and quite came up to the usual standard, Steele in Goal dealt splendidly with every shot that came his way, and could not be blamed for allowing his Citadel to fall. Collier again proved his worth and gave an Exhibition of Grit and Determination, when one considers that he was really too sick to have been out at all. Prettyman, though a little unsteady in the beginning, soon recovered himself and was a Mountain of Defence, some of his long kicking calling forth shouts of commendation from friend and Foe. It must be said of our Halves that they know their business, and this must have been their Jubilee for they were irresistible, and played absolutely the best game of the season, Never beaten, never tired, and always on the move, and to them as much as anyone lies a great share for the manner in which we were able to take the lead over, what is about the best Team that we have met this season. Of the three it would be hard to single out one for more praise than the other all doing their full share. Mason and Goodall on the Right were continually on the Hop, and Rose was all the time dangerous but was not allowed much scope, Black at first found it hard to get his passes across to Williams, due no doubt to the fact that he was playing in a strange position, while Williams although not properly settling down to business until the second half showed up well in combination with Black, and was at times extremely dangerous, on one occasion he came near going through about ten of them all on his own, only weight of numbers finally keeping him out.

Summing up we deserved our win and in the majority of positions were superior to the opposing team, who, although playing a hard and fast game, were beaten at every turn.

Our present position in the League is Top Dog, we now having a lead of two points over No 9 General, owing to the fact that all the results have not come to hand we are unable to give the present standing of all the Teams, suffice it to say that we are now safely ensconced in the premier position, and mean to stay.



Just a Vermouth before dinner