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**No. 5.**

**29th MARCH, 1917.**

**Price 2d.**

**1917.**

(Specially written for "N.Y.D." by Major F. G. SCOTT, Senior Divisional Chaplain.)

A month-and-a-half of the new year has gone by and events are moving now very rapidly. America, with her vast resources of men and money, appears to be on the verge of declaring war with Germany and Austria; Spain and some other of the neutrals seem likely to follow suit. We hope they will. The more this war becomes a struggle between the whole world and Germany, or as we might say between humanity and inhumanity, the better. No greater guarantee for the future peace of the world could there be than the fact that the great nations of the civilised world were once united in punishing for its cruelty and wrong-doing a power, that having first wilfully begun a war, in the end, through the desperation of defeat, condescended to the employment of methods which were contrary to all principles of international law.

Somewhere no doubt in the calendar of 1917 lies the day which will date for all time the doom of Pan-Germanism. We at the Front can leave the year's secrets on "the knees of the Gods." For us out here there lies the plain straight path of duty. With intenser zeal, with stronger determination, with more cheerful resolution, we must take up the task that lies at hand—and do it. No hopes, however well founded, of the approaching collapse of the Central Empires, must cause us to relax for one moment our resolve to crush the power of the enemy by the force of arms.

War is a hateful, unchristian, loathsome, and above all a silly thing, but when war has been begun it can be only ended by war. Unto the end then we press, each man in his place, each man doing his bit, each man committing himself and the great Cause for which we are fighting into the hands of the Eternal Father, who now looks down in sorrow upon the discord in his human family.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

**THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.**

Who has not acknowledged all his Christmas gifts?

Who loads the Soup Kitchen when it moves?

Has "Our Freddie" quit giving lessons on "gum-sucking?" Ask Trixie.

Who suggested altering "Bill?" Some envious person, certainly.

Who wants this war to stop?"

**TOMMY'S FRENCH.**

The Tommies are able to carry on long and humorous conversations with the French people here—humorous to both sides, and more so to the onlooker. I overheard the following bargaining the other day over a small wooden pail:—

"Combien pour votre pail, missus," said Tommy.

"Six sous, m'sieur," replied the dame.

"Awa an' chase yersel'," was the answer.

"Je donnez-vous tuppence pour il."

"Non, m'sieur, six sous."

"Aye, but ye'll no get six sous. Je donnez-vous tuppence, na poo."

"Eh bien, m'sieur, two pennies, quatre sous."

"Right ye are, auld yin. Voici yer quatre sous."

By "SCOTTY," D.H.Q.



"I hope the blinkin' anti-aircraft don't open up on me now."

Drawn for "N.Y.D."

by Sgt. A. McKEE.

# The Iodine Chronicle

Printed by kind permission of Lt.-Col. R. P. WRIGHT, D.S.O.

MANAGING EDITOR: Major George J. Boyce.

NEWS EDITOR: Corpl. R. O. Spreckley.

No. 11.

29th MARCH, 1917.

## "A" SECTION NOTES.

"E.D.F.," "T.H." and "F.W." who contribute verse to this number of "N.Y.D." are all "A" Section men. Who says old "A" Section hasn't got plenty of talent?

Who was the "A" Section man who didn't know the difference between an onion and a garlic?

We much regret that our popular Section O.C., Major E. L. Stone, is invalidated down the line, and we look forward to his speedy recovery.

Who is the man who is always talking about Aberdeen in his sleep?

Guy Lutes, a popular member of "A" Section has transferred, and he is now working as a blacksmith.

"In a stuffy column workshop  
The noble Lutes does stand,  
'G. J.' a mighty man is he  
With brown and sinewy hand,  
But why he left old 'No. 1,'  
We cannot understand."

## OUR CHEF. A BOOST.

(To say nothing of Blondie, Baldie,  
Shorty & Co.)

A prose spasm à la Uncle Walt.

The chap who kicks against the grub, is just a discontented dub, I'd like to hit him with a club, for old Pop Mean he does his best with quite a fervour and a zest. He rises every morn at five and quite as busy as a hive, he sure is very much alive; the bacon straight away he fries, on Pop there sure ain't many flies.

At making soup he is a star, his soup is famous near and far, and I could drink it by the jar; his tea is always fit to drink, our cook is sure the missing link. Let others rave of chips and eggs and coffee, meat and sundry vegs.; on eats I will not spend a bob so long as Pop is on the job.

## THE OLD CHATEAU.

We slept last night in an old Chateau,  
In a straggling village behind the line,  
Where the nightly traffic goes to and fro,  
With supplies that must be there on time.

We were glad to get back to green fields  
once more;  
Glad to forget the guns' mad roar,  
And we slept like babes on the damp,  
stone floor  
Of the old Chateau.

The wealthy owner would scarce find  
proof

To claim it now as his former home,  
A shell had carried away the roof,  
And part of the front was gone.

But of all the guests who had thronged  
its halls

At banquets and parties and fancy balls,  
Most grateful were we to the thick grey  
walls

Of the old Chateau. F. W.

## AMPOULES.

You may talk about lacrosse, for  
Its a pretty speedy game,  
And when Canucks get on the job  
'Tis very far from tame.  
But out here we cannot play it  
For you see we're in a fix,  
The reason is not far to seek—  
We haven't got the sticks.

(Now one of you millionaire privates,  
who's going to send away for some of  
Joe. Lolly's best?)

A member of our M.T. ought to throw  
up his job and get a position as inter-  
preter right away. Wishing to ingratiate  
himself with an old lady of some three  
score years and twelve odd winters, he  
opened the conversation with "Vous  
tres bon *garçon*, madam." As if that  
wasn't bad enough he then turned from  
age to youth and desiring to know the  
age of a grandchild he asked: "Quel  
*heure*, est le *piccanniny*?"

They have some linguists all right,  
all right in the gasoline lancers.

A drawing of "The First Field Ambu-  
lance" is the "piece de resistance" in  
"Another Garland from the Front,"  
published by a certain gallant Canadian  
Battalion, with which we have come  
into contact pretty considerably. But  
what we want to know is—"Which  
member of our horse transport is driving  
the noble quadruped seen in the pic-  
ture?"

"What's a soldier for, Daddy?"  
"To hang things on, my child."  
"And what's a Canadian soldier for,  
Daddy?"  
"To hang *more* things on, my son."

We had a suspicion that a chap could  
get leave to Angletterre to get married  
but we didn't know that he could take  
his best man with him.

Is it true that our bosom companions  
enjoy Keatings as a condiment?

Are coffee and chip shops going to  
cut out pork and bean joints in Canada  
when the boys get back?

## TO MOTHER.

(OPENED BY CENSOR.)

It's only a letter to my mother,  
Mr. Censor,  
To let her know I'm well  
And think continually of her  
Amid the shot and shell.

Just to ease her mind a little,  
Mr. Censor,  
When she thinks of me out here,  
Though my words are few and simple  
They'll drive away a tear.

So kindly speed my missive,  
Mr. Censor,

On its journey far away,  
To the one I love the best of all,  
And help her fears allay.

E. D. F.

## "B" SECTION NOTES.

Sergt. J. H. Wilkinson has secured a  
commission in the 12th West Yorks.  
His old comrades wish Lieut. Wilkinson  
the best.

Congrats. to Sgts. J. H. Paulding and  
Pete Twohey, who have both been re-  
cently promoted to their present rank,  
and to those wounded warriors, Bill  
Baker and W. H. Jones, who have both  
been made Lance Corporals.

Sgt. A. Gibson, who recently went to  
England to take a commission in the  
R.F.A., has been awarded the Meritori-  
ous Medal.

Old comrades of Pte. Norman Mar-  
shall (who was wounded and is on the  
way to Canada) wish to acknowledge  
the receipt of the very useful presents  
received from his mother in Toronto.

If anyone has a non-negotiable cheque  
or money order, try Pte. F. A. Pegg,  
*don't* think. (Once bitten, twice shy).

## Q.M. STORE NOTES.

How many regimental police dogs are  
attached to the Q.M. Stores?

"Pte. Joe Gubbins was fed-up with  
his job in the Quartermaster's Stores.—  
*Also, he had no cigarettes.*"

Short story in the Christmas "By-  
stander."

Anybody well informed would know  
that the second sentence above (the  
italics are our own) is absolutely incon-  
sistent with the first sentence; therefore  
in the language of good old Euclid, they  
are absurd.—Q.E.D.

When Josh rode into the donkey who  
got the worst of it, Josh or the moke?

Who are the bores who will persist in  
inflicting their unwelcome presence on  
the Q.M. staff.

Is it true that a certain Corporal who  
is also a News Editor coaxed a "British  
Warm" from the Q.M. Stores by threat-  
ening to give them an awful jolt in the  
next number of "N.Y.D." if they didn't  
"come across?"

An ex-member of "No. 1," now in a  
certain Canadian Battalion, had from  
time to time received parcels and  
letters from two kind ladies in a certain  
Ontario town, and at Christmastide he  
sent them two of those magnificent  
cards with gorgeous silk decorations  
worked thereon, such as one can buy at  
any *magasin*. What was his horror,  
the day after, when he recollected that  
he had omitted to take out the cards  
inscribed "To my dear wife," which  
were contained in a small envelope on  
the front of the cards. We'd like to  
know what the good ladies thought?

## CONFESSIONS OF A NEWS EDITOR.

We know our last number was not up to previous numbers, but "Don't shoot the man in the News Editorial chair, he's doing his best." (A Mills bomb would be more efficient!)

In this connection we cannot do better than quote the eminent poetess Bella Speeler Pillbox:—

"It's easy enough to scribble away  
When you've plenty of thoughts in  
your head,  
But the man worth while, can write  
a pile,  
When he hasn't a thing to say."

If your paper is printed at the front always have a number of errors in the setting up of the type. This gives it a subtle trench flavour. If it is printed in Angleterre have some really good printers, such as our own, and they will correct the proofs for you. This will save time that would be taken up if it were sent to France and back. (We live in hopes that our printers will deduct 1½% at least from their next account, in return for this boost).

An indifferent joke, provided it is original, in our opinion is far superior to some scintillating aboriginal chestnut with whiskers on it. To quote that world-famous poet Rhubarb Pickling:—

"If there is one thing I detest  
And utterly abhor,  
'Tis reading for the umpteenth time  
Some joke I've read before."

Take the case of that overdone chestnut relating to a soldier on leave and a souvenir door-knocker, as the Poet Laureate (we *don't* think) puts the case in the following verses; things can be very much overdone, sometimes.

"I have a hunch, it was in *Punch*  
You made your first appearance,  
'Twas long ago, yet you're not slow  
For with great perseverance  
You jump up here, and spring up there  
In many kinds of papers,  
You crop up still, you're hard to kill,  
Your lustre never tapers (?)"

But tho' I'll say most ev'ry day  
We've seen you very often,  
Now fresh disguise, the jokesmith  
tries,  
The shock perchance to soften.  
Such an old wheeze, sure makes us  
sneeze,  
Of you he's made a poor job!  
( 'Tis a shocker.) That old knocker  
Is turned into a door knob.

## THE TRAGEDY.

In an E.F.C. Canteen,  
'Twas a quiet peaceful scene,  
When suddenly a loud report  
rang out,  
It made everybody jump,  
For it sounded like a crump,  
And it put the staff and cus-  
tomers to route.

A red stain upon the floor,  
That was never there before,  
Was scattered here and there  
and all around,  
It was not a bomb or shell  
That achieved such purpose fell,  
Just a bottle of H.P. dropped  
on the ground.

## "C" SECTION NOTES.

Another of the Valcartier-Bustard veterans (who are dwindling in numbers all the time) has taken up a commission in the Infantry—and this time it is Staff-Sergt. J. Hooper.

One of the old "32's" who was very badly wounded 8 months ago writes from Hastings (where if our memory for dates serves us aright a certain little scrap was fought in 1066) as follows—  
"Many thanks for good old "N.Y.D." It's a great pleasure to see the boys' names in it. I feel as though I was back with you again, to read them. I would love to be back again with "C" Section. One never knows. I may yet."  
That's the spirit of old "No. One" all right.

Jimmy Camm (the same old Jimmy) was round to see the Old Timers the other day.

Who is the water cart man who thinks that tea should be taken "Cum grano salis?"

Who was the N.C.O. who received the following communique from Canada shortly before the close of 1916?

"Don't keep a leap year girl waiting for an answer. She may have another engagement in view."  
What's the poor man to do, if she doesn't send along her name and address?

Who was the "C" Section man who was going to have somebody up for office for *definition* of character?

Who is the Corpl. who has an original method of cleaning his mess-tin?

The good wishes of the boys go with Staff-Sergt. T. Flint, who has gone to England to take up a more responsible position in another unit. We expect to see him out here shortly with a Coat of Arms on his sleeve.

## HORSE TRANSPORT NOTES.

"What is it that we often hear  
At dawn and in the gloaming,  
And also many times a day?  
'Tis 'Carry on with grooming.'"

If you ever feel downhearted, get that celebrated raconteur, Mr. Michael O'Brien, to narrate to you his adventures when he put up at the Sav-voy. It'll cheer you up for a week.

Congrats. to Sgt. Major W. D. Foran, who is now a first class warrant officer.

Sergt. J. K. Lacey, an occasional contributor to the "I.C." who was wounded, we understand is now an instructor somewhere in England.

Albert Liberty, when on pass, paid a visit to Salisbury. When there he met Tommy Wilson, an old member of No. 1, who was also on leave.

There's a rumour about that Jimmy Ford's black horse is going to be shod with rubber shoes, so that he won't keep the picket awake at nights.

## PITY THE POOR MAIL CLERK.

Scene—A stable, barn, dug-out or "cushy billet."

Time.—Any old time at all.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Hero.—Herbert, a poor, but honest and virtuous, mail clerk.

Villain of the Piece.—A disgruntled private.

"Canadian mail in"?

"No."

"Why isn't it in"?

"Don't know."

"Why don't you know"?

"Search me."

"Has a mail boat been sunk"?

"How do I know."

"Well, you ought to know. When will it be in"?

"How the *Dickens* can I tell."

"Say, you haven't brought me a letter for umpteen days, you're a nice gink to hold down a job. Got a green envelope"?

"All given out."

"Got a registered envelope"?

"Just sold out."

"Why did you sell out, you must have known I wanted one? Can you get me one at the Post Office"?

"They're sold out, too."

"Why are they out of stock"?

"Can't say."

"Got a newspaper"?

"No papers to-day."

"Why, &c., &c., &c., and so on ad lib."

(The enquirer eventually beats it, expressing the opinion as he goes that the Mail Clerk isn't on his job and should be fired forthwith).

## BY THE WAY.

We extend to our popular O.C. Lt.-Col. Wright hearty congratulations upon his having the well-deserved honour of the Distinguished Service Order conferred upon him.

After having put in a year in a hospital in England, Capt. C. G. Graham got homesick for old "No. 1." It is like old times seeing him back with us once more.

One of the boys found the drawing on the front page of this number of "N.Y.D." in the grounds of an old chateau that had seen better days. We saved it from the incinerator and then seizing a gaspicator in one hand and a notebook in the other, we set out on the trail until we ran the artist to earth in a Canadian Field Ambulance of another Division, where he holds the rank of Sergeant. Sgt. A. McKee, who before the war had been a cartoonist on the staff of that celebrated paper, the "Montreal Star," kindly gave us permission to use this hitherto unpublished drawing in our paper. Some scoop for old "N.Y.D." What!

The good wishes of all the members of his old unit, of which he was the first O.C., go with Col. A. E. Ross, who has now been appointed D.M.S. of the Canadian Corps. He is succeeded as A.D.M.S. of our Division by Lt.-Col. Ford, who by the way crossed the Atlantic 2½ years ago on the same ship (the "Megantic"), as "No. 1," but as O.C. of another unit.

# THE SPLINT RECORD

(Printed by kind permission of Major J. J. FRASER, Officer Commanding.)

B. E. F.

No. 7. EDITOR: Captain J. H. Wood.

29th MARCH, 1917.

NEWS EDITOR: Sergt. H. Macdonald.

## EDITORIAL.

In presenting this the seventh number of "The Splint Record" to our readers, the Editors have been at a great disadvantage owing to the lack of material for its pages. Fortunately we have been able to secure some good articles from some of our friends, but these are not coming forward as they should do.

Now, boys, it is up to you to make our future numbers a success, by contributing articles for publication, to the fullest extent. There are numerous budding journalists in No. 2, who could give us all kinds of interesting articles for our paper; so come along, and let us hear from you—you cannot let us have too much.

We must not forget to thank all those who have contributed to our Paper on previous occasions, and helped to make our efforts successful, and we still hope to be favoured by their continued support in the future.

As our readers are no doubt aware, Lieut.-Colonel E. B. Hardy, D.S.O., has left us for service elsewhere. We all regret his departure very much, and wish him all kinds of good wishes in his new sphere of duty. One consolation remains in the fact that his position as Officer Commanding this Unit has been taken over by Major J. J. Fraser, one of our original Officers, and one who has always had the interests of No. 2 at heart, and done everything in his power to make life on "Active Service" as agreeable as possible.

Since the departure of Captain A. R. B. Duck for England some time ago, Major Fraser has been Editor of our paper, and we have enjoyed immensely the good reading matter which has adorned its pages during that period.

Now that Major Fraser has assumed the important position of O.C. of this Unit, further issues will be published with his kind permission from time to time, and we predict for No. 2 and our Paper even greater success in the near future under Major Fraser's guidance, and look forward to receiving some more of our O.C.'s interesting articles for publication in new numbers.

Captain J. H. Wood has kindly consented to take over the Editorial duties of our Paper, with Sergeant H. Macdonald as News Editor, and in undertaking these duties the Editors feel confident of success, relying on the continued support of our good friends in No. 2.

THE EDITORS.

## SUGGESTED WANT ADS.

Wanted a good cook, must have sharp can opener. Apply.....Fld. Amb.

Wanted a pass toute suite.

Wanted a real rest, by "C" Section.

Will the Mechanical Transport men who have returned to Canada be classed as returned M.T.'s.

Wasn't the Private who was about to pull the pin from a Mill's bomb recently *austin* for it.

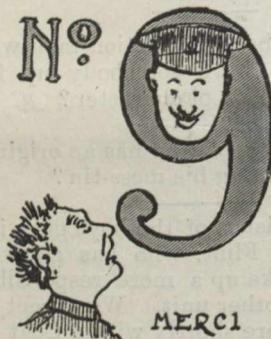
## QUESTIONS ASKED THE ORDERLY ROOM SERGEANT.

- When do I go on leave?
- Have you got Brigade time?
- Am I entitled to a G.C. Badge?
- Is my pass signed?
- Am I entitled to separation allowance?
- When do you think we'll be paid?
- When do we move?
- Have you seen the S.M.?
- What is Army Form No.....?
- Can I get leave to Canada?
- Is the C.O. in?
- Have you got any fountain pen ink?
- Is this Ambulance ordered for purely business purposes?
- Who killed Cock Robin?

BY PAINFUL EXPERIENCE.

What will the M.T. Sergeant do when the chamois leather wears out?

How does the Dental Sergeant like this Country?



MERCI KAMERAD!

Drawn for "Splint Record" by J. L. R.

## CANADA TO "THE CANADIANS."

Blood of mine that flowed like water,  
Voice I heard and face I knew;  
Flesh of mine that went to slaughter,  
Life I gave and flower I grew.  
Heart of mine that beat to battle  
Pulsing patriotic pride;  
Brave of mine who fell like cattle,  
Stemmed "kultur's" savage tide.  
From my mountain, lake, and prairie,  
Sprang spontaneous into line,  
Men from city, field and dairy—  
All the pick, and pride of mine.  
Marshalled to the trench unhating,  
But to right a cankered wrong,  
Mothers wept, while wives were waiting;  
I acclaimed in word and song.  
Met thy day and stood to gain it,  
Fell defeated, would not yield,  
Stemmed the tide with blood and  
bayonet—  
Rallied, honoured won the field.  
Thus at Langemarck bought our glory,  
Pay in coin too scarce to give,  
Lesser deeds have place in story,  
Few could be so brave and live.  
Blood of mine that flowed like water,  
Voice I heard and face I knew;  
Flesh of mine that went to slaughter,  
Life I gave and flower I grew.

B. C.

## "C" SECTION.

We were very fortunate this year in spending Christmas back in Rest Billets, which in our case was a very very and incidentally lousy old barn. Our Xmas dinner was a great success. The cooks fairly excelled themselves in their culinary art and the way the boys did justice to the good things must have made their hearts glad. During the evening our O.C. came in and in a few well chosen words congratulated "C" Section on their work during the past twelve months.

Incidentally he mentioned that it was always "C" Section that went up the line and opened up the fresh places for the other Sections ("A" Section, please note). He then vividly reminded us of our friends across the sea, by proposing the toast of "Our folks at Home," which was heartily responded to. After dinner a very enjoyable programme was gone through. Buck was in the chair and the way he knocked the "champagne bottle" (it was an empty one, that's by the way), to call the items out would have made an auctioneer green with envy. Slim Lovell started the ball rolling by telling some of his famous coon stories, and the boys fairly held their sides with laughing at his impersonation of a Coloured Beacher giving a sermon on Old Mother Hubbard. Ernie Roberts sang the "Trumpeter," and as an encore gave an old Devon song. He was repeatedly called upon and never failed to respond. The redoubtable James Gadsby fairly brought the house down when he sang his old parody on "Down at the Mill." McDiarmid, junr., amused us by telling us of his first stretcher case. Not the least enjoyable item of the programme was a duet by Duncan and Hackson. Altogether a most enjoyable evening was spent and the proceedings came to a close at 9 p.m. by singing the National Anthem. Our very best thanks are due to Staff-Sergeant McGernon and his indefatigable helpers, who worked so hard and made it such a success."

Next year we are hoping (as many of us that are spared) to spend Xmas in dear Old Canada—that by the way however.

PONSONBY.

## NIGHT LIGHTS.

It having been said that certain of the bearers are unable to see their way at night, a remedy is suggested in the following poetical effusion:—

An idea I've got  
Which touches the spot,  
For bearers who can't see at night,  
Is to paint each boot toe  
With a phosphorous glow,  
And they'll soon find their way  
round all night.

As a stretcher they lug  
Through a trench that's been dug,  
In a winding and tortuous way,  
They will see that white glow,  
And they'll very soon know  
It's as easy as travelling by day.

BY BEARER.

**"C" SECTION NOTES.**

Among the cosmopolitan men that compose "C" Section there is one who stands out with extraordinary preponderance whose name is Crappy. Why he received that name our historian has been trying to discover and has succeeded it a small way.

It appears Crappy comes from a little burg called Windsor, Ont., which one can find on the map (after searching diligently with a magnifying glass). A few years ago there wasn't any form of amusement; of course Crappy did grouse, until one day feeling on the bum and nearly broke, he started to play "crap" on the sidewalk. All the natives gathered round and those that had a few nickles joined in, from that time Craig was a made mark and as a honour for being the promoter of it, in his home town he was named "Crappy" and that has stuck to him ever since. Crappy is famous in more ways than one, for besides being the Section banker (you can always see him pay day with his book in hand collecting up the shekels), he is also manager for the Ball Team and thanks are due mainly to him for the great successes we had last season.

Here's luck to you, Crappy, and may you be spared to go back to Windsor and play your favourite game once more is the wish of

REPORTER.

Members of "C" Section are already smacking their lips at the luxurious feeds in store for them. We hope they won't be disappointed (Corporal Dockery has gone to the Cookery School), 'nuff said.

**A LETTER FROM THE FRONT.**

We have often wondered what a romantic young girl in far away CANADA, whose bold cavalier has gone forth to the war, thinks, when she receives a letter from the Front. She has visions of soul stirring deeds of heroism performed on the blood-soaked fields of Flanders. What she really reads is probably something like the following:—

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE,  
Sometime in June.

DEAREST.....,

I now write you a few lines to let you know I am feeling jake, as I hope you are the same. Send me some cigs., the last were bon. You see, dear, I am learning to talk French, You say your face hurts you, I don't wonder. I guess the war won't last much longer now (this from drafts). Well, this is about all the news this time as the censor has a big blue pencil.

Yours as B 4.

The rest of the page is filled with X's. Some local colour to pages.

BY ANON.

**IGNORANCE.**

Scotty once gave me some haggis  
That he had received  
In a parcel—When I saw it  
I was slightly peeved,  
For little did I dream that so  
Deficient was my knowledge,  
I'd always thought that haggis was  
A Gaelic kind of porridge.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

*Mabel* writes to say that her young man's letters from the front are most interesting. He says that Zeppelins are constantly dropping coal boxes on the front line trenches, and she asks, "Isn't it so considerate of the Germans doing this when coal is so much wanted for the braziers during the present spell of coal weather"? Send us the address of your young man, Mabel, we want him as a special reporter for "N.Y.D." *He's qualified.*

*Orderly* (Base Hospital) writes of a dreadful case of injustice. He only has 14 blankets whereas all the other orderlies have 16 each to sleep in. The horrible discomfort of your life at the front is too dreadful for words, Orderly, and we'll really have to communicate with Horatio B. about this.

*Paterfamilias* writes that he has two sons at the front at Boulogne, and although they have been there 8 months neither has yet been wounded. What he objects to is that during that time they have only had 3 leaves to Angleterre, This is truly a shocking case of injustice and hardship; now, if we had a Business Government, &c., &c., &c.

*Josh.* It's no use kidding yourself you're a tank, Josh. Next time you come to a brick wall, go round it.

**FROM THE BARN OWLS.**

"Want leave! the idea of asking such a thing . . . What's that? of course you can go to-morrow. Why didn't you say at first that you were an officer's servant?"

"Officers must have plenty of money, they must be almost as rich as the Kinidians."

(The Kinidians have been wondering how a Dollar-ten a day works out at 5 francs a week).

"Why are the Kinidians just like the trees?"

Because they hav'nt got any leaves.  
(The B.O.'s must have plucked this from a chestnut tree before the leaves started to do the Isaac Newton stunt. Ed.)

"Lend me tuppence."  
"What you take me for, the field cashier?"

No matter how busy we are during the summer months there is always a time for ball games. Last year we did well, very well in fact, and why not continue the good work. We have lots of new talent and no one can tell what powers lie undiscovered in our comrades who have joined us recently.

Likewise Nos. 1 and 3 are sure to have some good "hot stuff," which should make things interesting.

The good weather is almost upon us, so from now on we shall look for great things this season. Get the interest worked up early, boys, and go to it. Support will not go lacking to those whose efforts go in this direction.

SCOTTIE.

**AMPOULETTES.**

A sprightly young fellow named Bill Went and contracted a chill.  
He got cured on the spot,  
(For it made him feel hot),  
When they gave him a number nine pill.

A batman residing at Watten,  
(His conduct can ne'er be forgotten),  
Once stole some hen fruit,  
In a way he thought cute,  
But the eggs (like his conduct) were rotten

A soldier on leave, name of Mack,  
Went out to the Ritz for a snack,  
But the price for one meal,  
Made his very bones squeal,  
So he went to the Union Jack.

There was a young chap at Boulogne,  
Who blithely whistled a sogne,  
But he blew out his teeth,  
On to the sea-shore beneath  
And now his digestion's wrogne.

**ACTUAL CONVERSATIONS.**

"Do you want water in your mess tin, old chap, because I've just washed my shaving brush in it."

"Oh, that's all right, I only want it for cleaning my teeth and to wash in."  
*At a 9 a.m. inspection.*

*Orderly Officer* (to Paddy B. who is already the wearer of 2 gold stripes on his left arm).

"You shouldn't carry so much stuff in your tunic pockets."

*P.B.* "Beggin' your pardon, Sor, but things in the pockets are splendid for stopping bullets, Sor."

*O.O.* "But there aren't many bullets round here."

*P.B.* "Shure, Sor, but one can never tell when we'll be in a place where they'll be pretty thick, Sor."

(*O.O.* with a big smile passes on to the next man, whom he calls down for not having put any titorial handiwork on his chin that morning.)

Men were required for a certain unit who had had railway experience and the following questions were put to "Baffy" of B. Section.

"Ever had experience on a railway?"

"Yus, once I nearly got run over by a train."

"Ever done any plate-laying?"

"Yus, in the officer's mess."

Oh, he's some boy is Baffy.

**HEATHER IN FRANCE.**

(Written to commemorate the finding of heather growing in the war zone.)  
There's a warming to-day in my Scottish blood,  
The blood I thought sluggish and cold,  
There's a leaping to-day in each lagging pulse,  
A freshening of all I thought old.  
The terrors of war can now have no power,  
No shackles my being can hold,  
And each puny thought is lost in the pride  
I feel for my sires of old.  
The men who for love of the land of their birth,  
For the love of Freedom and Right,  
Who for God and for truth and their homes 'mong the hills  
Their own lives counted but light.  
I feel to-day that ancient, strong power  
For my foot has just trod  
The heather braw in the land of France,  
And I feel on my native sod.  
The sight of the heather growing here,  
In reach of the war swept zone,  
Has power my Scottish blood to thrill,  
And say "Dull care, begone." M.C.T.

# NOW AND THEN

(Published by kind permission of Lt.-Col. C. P. TEMPLETON, O.C.)

EDITOR ... .. Capt. D. J. Cochrane.

No. 6.

29th MARCH, 1917.

## EDITORIAL].

### A LEADER.

Spare our blushes, for we have had nice things said to us while on parade—and in full marching order—by the General Officer Commanding.

'Tis nice to bask in the rays of the sun and feel the contentment of something well done.

The enthusiasm of the O.C. and the willingness of the Unit to do their utmost under the instructors from the Corps School during our month in Rest, have met with approval from above.

To be complimented for steadiness and uniformity, shining brass ware and a close hair cut, on parade, and in the slushy snow of France, while feet are numb, is good to hear. May we hear it again, and often.

"And Mother, pin the rose on me . . ."

\* \* \*

The Drum and Bugle Band, in spite of some internal disorder, is ever in front, and in evidence. The natives, attracted by the martial strains, lined the Square and windows of the Square to hear the "Retreat" and see the sun sink—if possible—on one more sad day, while we were in Rest.

The term "Rest," in this connection, is a misnomer when applied to a Unit doing what we did in Divisional Rest. It is not Rest, on the contrary, it is Rustle, and 'tis better so, for if we rest, we rust; and if rusty, back into the discord, where nothing is that is good.

\* \* \*

With regret we chronicle the retirement of the Editor, Lieut. A. J. B. Milborne. Under his able management "Now and Then" was always looked for in eagerness and read with delight.

He was ever keen and in touch with events in the neighbourhood, and he is missed indeed.

It is the wish of all his old friends in this Unit that he keep climbing the ladder of advancement round by round and reach somewhere near the top. He is in a bigger game now, and a larger limit. He was ever a good dealer in spite of his short-sightedness, rarely missing openers, except when the limit was raised.

Good luck; may his tribe increase, and time deal gently with him.

\* \* \*

The old timers have a small minority in the Unit at present. One sees new faces in all the Sections, twice monthly as a rule. Still, there is sufficient of them to leaven the dough and keep the same standards and traditions as of yore. We miss a large number of familiar faces when on the route marches, and now that the Drum and Bugle Band lift us up the hills, we miss those "Folk Songs" that made the going easier.

What has happened to "Hullo, London Town"? and where is the girl who wore that tulip and the boy that had a red, red nose, and poor old Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm? Has she gone back to Michigan or down home in

Tennessee where the Angelus is ringing in the belfry overhead?

We miss the stately walk of Corporal Head, the genial Hood, long Jock Cameron; and who is going to bark at our Ball Team now that Stinson has joined the fans in England?

\* \* \*

Our tour on the Somme depleted our ranks considerably. We miss Sergeant Gus Landstrom, who was killed doing his duty. It can be said of him that he gave his life for his friend, and a nobler duty could come to none of us.

He has left us the memory of a good man who shewed the right way by precept and example. May he rest in peace.

\* \* \*

We have been favoured with a copy of a book of verses from the pen of our old friend, H. S. Sarson, entitled "From Field and Hospital," and our congratulations are extended to Harry on the success of his enterprise.

Many of the poems were written whilst he was serving with our Unit, and no doubt a great number of our readers will remember the enthusiastic part he played in connection with the Minstrel Troupe, and the success gained by his songs and parodies.

We have taken the liberty of re-printing one of his poems, and in extending our best wishes to our old friend, might we say that we shall be glad to receive further contributions from his fertile pen. We might add that the booklet is published by Erskine, MacDonald, Malory House, Featherstone Buildings, London, at the price of 1/-.

### MUSIC HATH CHARMS, etc.

It was on Salisbury Plain, nearly two years ago; it was a fine day and in the words of the poet (was it Shakespeare or Watt Mason?):—

"Peace reigned quite serene  
Upon all the scene."

The horses in the transport lines were calmly nibbling their oats, the men, save for a few who were entangling themselves in the intricacies of the English currency in the dry canteens, were snatching an after dinner siesta in their tents. When suddenly, without any warning, a most fearful, hair-raising horrible noise was heard. Men listened with horrified blanched faces, the horses in sheer fright lugged at their picket ropes and broke loose and stampeded in a body for miles across the rolling plains, whilst an assistant in one of the canteens, who was making lemonade, was so upset that he put two lemons in a barrel of water; whereas he ought to have only put one; whilst that ancient pile, Stonehenge, that had stood the racket for so many centuries with equanimity, nearly split in two with the shock of the ear-splitting strains that was borne upon the wind. After the first shock was over and the sounds had ceased, we discovered that it was *only No. One's buglers endeavouring to bugle "Come to the Q.M. Stores, boys."*

## CONGRATULATIONS TO

Lieut.-Col. R. P. Wright, on receiving the D.S.O.

Major A. S. Donaldson, on safely landing his war trophies in England, and putting his whole collection on exhibition.

Capt. W. M. Hart, on receiving the Military Cross.

Capt. W. M. Hart, on his joining the Benedicts.

Lance-Corpl. Agnew, on being mentioned in dispatches.

Staff-Sergt. McArthur, on his promotion as Sergt.-Major Field Ambulance.

## SNOW IN FRANCE.

Fall! nature's blanket o'er the war-marred sod,

O'erspread thy sheet of whiteness o'er the field,

Where Mars has tramped unfettered and unshod,

Where fruits of war their baleful harvests yield.

Covering mercy with thy winding sheet  
The scene of carnage and the blood-stained earth,

And bring the Message from the Mercy Seat—

Once more the tidings of the wondrous birth.

Fall, snowy flakes, this warring Christmas tide,

Proclaim the Message of the Prince of Peace,

And let thy greeting in our hearts abide  
An earnest of the day when war shall cease.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Mabel.*—Yes, love. The next one that comes that 10,000,000 acre farm stuff, just have your Testament ready for him.

*Freddy.*—The load for a motor ambulance is 16 men or one officer's kit.

*L'Homme Fromage.*—Yes, I give French lessons, but don't call again at 10 p.m. S.V.P.

*Flossie.*—We believe that Tino's coat-of-arms is an Axe Rampant, a Rope Pendant, and a Mill's Bomb "Bustant!"

*S. M. Rotsey.*—Yes, Sir. They knocked down a chimney in the neighbourhood a few days ago.

*Lance-Corpl. Slim.*—A very noble ambition. It is a splendid branch of the Service. But have you considered that you may have to even fire upon *estaminets*?

*Pte. Finlay.*—(1) Good luck. (2) Yes, the rum issue is more frequent in that branch of the Service.

*Staff S.-M.*—Yes, Sir, we agree with you that it is likely to be a very lively year. Good luck, hope you make it.

**M.T. SECTION NOTES.**

We are living good these days. "Ivy" sent him a parcel.

Tenders are called for five gallons of Turpentine, Iodine or H.P. Sauce. All applications must be addressed to "Nikoma," and must be accompanied by a certified cheque for 5% of the amount. Poor Nig!

The only "bloomer" made at the Xmas Dinner was when the fat boy washed his chin in the finger bowl.

It is rumoured that "Chisel Chest" is to be second driver to Windy. Says he, "They can't make me sick."

Would Andy not do better to take heliographing lessons from one of the M.T. It is so much more dignified than busting bikes.

The worst of coming from Chicago is that one does not know a naval officer from a hotel porter.

If Percy makes boilers in civil life as well as he makes boils in the Army, he should accumulate beaucoup dough.

A series of Lectures is announced for the coming Spring on "Temperance." It is learnt on good authority that Taffy will deliver the lectures.

Who went to the Hospital for a bandage because Goode had "strained" the gasoline.

**SOCIETY NOTES AND JOTTINGS.**

On December 29th the Second Annual Dinner of the M.T. Section was held, the repast being "pulled off" with beaucoup noise, in which all the "Gas Soaks" participated.

The hostess, Mrs James Goddard, was attired in a chic cream cheese gown, under which nestled a dainty pair of black patent leather ammunition boots. Miss Jaconette Sohn, who cut the ices, wore a charming pink silk waist, surmounted by a coiffure rouge, and Army issue riding pants, while Miss Wynd Jamyre acted as draughtsman with charming dexterity.

After the dinner, a delightful program was rendered by several of the guests, the following items being particularly charming. Little Miss Nixon sang, "My Triumph has only one Lung" with exquisite technique. Willie Wilkie, who gave "If you were the shortest Girl in the World," was followed by Miss Idlike Tobe Goode, whose rendition of that pathetic ditty, "If crumbs were dollars, my blankets would be a bank," brought back sore memories.

*Old Sailor.*—Yes, Sir, them's Men-o'-War.

*S.-Sergt. Crowe.*—How interesting. And what are the little ones just in front?

*Old Sailor.*—Oh, them's just Tugs, Sir.

*S.-Sergt. Crowe.*—Oh, yes, of course, Tugs-of-War; I've heard of them.

**THE LETTERS OF ADAM.**

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following interesting document was discovered in the back room of an Estaminet noted for the amount of "kick" to their coffee and —. Such heroic deeds should not go unrecorded, and apologising to the unknown hero, we take the liberty of publishing the narrative. It is apparently a letter from a member of the Mechanical Transport to his fiancée).

To Miss ADHESIA LIMPET.

MY DEAREST ADDIE,

How are you all at the old Vicarage? You see I am still dodging the ever-flying destruction.

The perils and hardships of this terrible war increase daily. For some time the supply at our wet canteen has been very irregular. Suppose it should cease

Sergt. N—— had left his under-vest (in the course of a "scouting" expedition) at a nunnery in the suburbs of Lille, and it being a part of a Field Ambulance equipment, it was essential that it should be recovered.

To attempt this was to invite death, but remembering that you were waiting for me I at once volunteered for this desperate duty.

Calling my trusty helper, I shook everyone by the hand several times, and waited around in the hope of being invited to have a "snort," but with that praiseworthy upholding of the temperance movement which so distinguishes our N.C.O.'s (where others are concerned), I "failed to click."

The roads had long since disappeared



"Hello, Bud, reading yer shirt?"

"No—looking for aeroplane eggs."

Drawn for "Now and Then"

by Sgt. T. W. WHITEFOOT.

altogether, and we had to pay cash at the neighbouring estaminets?

I must tell you of a very thrilling journey I made the other day (perhaps it has already appeared in the "Eye-opener"). I received orders to proceed to our Advanced Post, and set forth on my trusty car, "Whizz-Bang." Fritz was particularly active with his heavy guns, and the sky was so dark with flying shells that I had to light the head-lamps to make any progress at all.

Arriving at the Advanced Post, I found the entire staff demoralised.

under the terrific bombardment, and we started off across country in the midst of a hostile gas attack, so dense that I had to fix an extra gas mask over the carburettor before the car would start.

Unable to see, we made fair progress by feeling our way with a long pole. After carrying on for a few yards, my helper had the misfortune to hit our Major a violent poke in the eye.

[To be continued.]

## CANON SCOTT.

Who calms the tumult of the battle,  
And tunes the discord of the rattle,  
As if 'twere so much idle prattle?  
'Tis Canon Scott!

When temporal power is o'er appalling  
And our ascendancy, if falling,  
There's some one cheerfully a calling—  
'Tis Canon Scott!

Who makes the bosom heave and swell,  
Disdaining every hostile shell,  
And makes our courage to excel?  
'Tis Canon Scott!

That smile so charming, kind and brave,  
That shed's a victory o'er the grave,  
Oh, God, indulgently Thou gave  
To Canon Scott!

And oh, how lavishly is spread  
That Godly gift upon our head,  
By Thy Apostle, shorn of dread,  
In Canon Scott!

When dear ones, far across the seas,  
Our heart strings momentarily seize,  
What antidote is there to ease?  
'Tis Canon Scott!

When shells in countless scores explode  
And seem to bar our rugged road,  
Who shows that nothing ill forbode?  
'Tis Canon Scott!

Then here's my hand, my friend, my  
brother  
(The dearest gift to one another),  
The best incentive next my mother  
Is Canon Scott!

T. H.

## ANAESTHETIC.

By H. SMALLEY SARSON.

"Breathe. Breathe deeply!"  
My heaving lungs, scorched with the  
sickening fumes,  
Mutiny, whilst the white clad figures  
dwarf  
To a dim perspective. Still, a quiet voice  
Reiterates: "Breathe deeply, count  
with me  
One, two, three, four, five,"  
See! the room is dancing in madness;  
I fall,  
Falling miles, miles, millions of miles!  
God! What a crash when I strike  
the rocks!  
Down! Down!

"One more kiss, lass, come!  
What a darned row those guns are  
making.  
Get off my leg, will you, who's speaking?  
What's all over? Oh! How sick I feel!  
Who's that? Sister? Yes I'll go to sleep;  
I'm tired. I feel much better, thanks!"

In Hospital, 1916.

## SPEAKING OF RATS.

The following advice is culled from  
the page in *Pearson's Weekly* in which  
the Editor gives advice to his loving  
readers.

"Sapper, who is in the trenches, says  
that the place was infested with rats  
until he got the tip to sprinkle essence of  
peppermint around him while he slept,  
and this kept the creatures away. I pass  
this on for what it is worth. Other  
people who have tried this dodge tell me  
hunger is often too strong for the rodents,  
who, after two or three nights, prefer to  
face the peppermint rather than go  
hungry."

Now, boys, who's going to hit the  
Q.M. up for some essence of peppermint?

## THE POULTICE WALLOPER.

(Written for "N.Y.D.")

You may call him poultice walloper and  
linseed lancer gink,  
And think he's holding down some  
bomb-proof cinch,  
Yet when things are really humming  
and the shells are flying round  
You ne'er will find the poultice guy  
to finch;  
Tho' his back is nearly breaking toting  
stretchers to and fro,  
Through mud and blood and water he  
will slop,  
Tho' his every bone is aching and his  
heart is full of woe,  
He'll lug around that stretcher till he'll  
drop.

When Fritzzy's doughty gunners are full  
blast upon the job,  
And their guns are spitting flame and  
sudden death,  
When supports are swept with Johnsons  
and others of that ilk,  
And the shells are bursting round at  
ev'ry breath,  
Through the *barrage* of destruction,  
through the fire and through the  
smoke,  
Right gaily he will venture on his way,  
On his work of love and mercy through  
the battle wrack and din  
To rescue comrades stricken in the  
fray!

When the shades of darkness gather o'er  
the stricken battle field,  
When flares send forth their inter-  
mittent rays,  
And machine guns deadly rattle and the  
barking of the guns  
Unto the night send forth their  
deathly lays,  
A-dodging round the shell holes with his  
precious human freight,  
You will find the linseed lancer calm  
and cool,  
Climbing over trench and wiring just as  
stealthy as a cat.  
With a step as sure and careful as a  
mule.

Tho' he doesn't tote a rifle or a trusty  
bayonet,  
And tho' he doesn't carry round a  
sword,  
Yet a-carrying a fellow who's weighing  
fourteen stone  
Is a rather weighty fare to have  
aboard;  
For 'tis husky work at best of times  
a-lugging stretchers round,  
It's not for him to e'er give up or quit,  
'Long as lads are laying wounded he  
must make another trip,  
It's up to him to do his little bit.

They may call him a pill swinger and a  
body snatcher too,  
And other fancy names, he doesn't  
mind,  
But when next there's something doing  
he'll be right there on the job,  
And you'll never find that he will lag  
behind.  
Where the whiz-bang shells are shriek-  
ing and the 5-9's scream,  
You will find him there quite busy on  
the go,  
Working like a dozen navvies at his  
dainty little job,  
Packing muddy blood-stained stretch-  
ers to and fro.

R. O. S.

## OUR MUTUAL FRIENDS.

DEAR NEWS EDITOR,

In your issue of the 15th June last  
there appeared a short poem entitled  
"A Canadian Woodland," voicing "A  
Springtime Wish from Flanders." Do  
you know I felt rather selfish after read-  
ing it, for I have revelled in the beauties  
of our woodlands all through the year,  
while such brave chaps as the one who  
penned those lines slaved for my privi-  
lege. That is why I have had the con-  
summate nerve to attempt to make  
rhyme a few ideas on the thing one finds  
in Canadian woods (and loves). If he  
likes it—all right. If he doesn't—well,  
he *may* require a light for his pipe—what  
does it matter? I know the curse of a  
People is its poets (?????), but he  
must be hardened to many things by now  
—so send it along to him.

"THE MYSTIC ONE."

We have received the above letter in  
an envelope bearing an Ontario post-  
mark, together with thirteen excellent  
verses upon the subject of the Canadian  
Woods, under the caption, "Our Mutual  
Friends." The first verse is as follows:

O yes, the Trilliums did abound  
Within our woodlands fair;  
The dainty White Hearts scented all  
The zephyrs passing there.  
The sweet Arbutus nestled close  
To dear old Mother Earth,  
And Violets blue and deeper blue  
We gathered in our mirth.

Then follow nine verses which we re-  
gret we have not the space for, but in  
them all the sylvan beauties of the  
Canadian woodlands are picturesquely  
dealt with by the poetess, who has an  
alarming knowledge of botany. We  
have room for the three concluding  
stanzas:—

Well, when the Laurel blooms again,  
And the Water Arum too,  
When the sweet Anemone is here,  
And the stately Meadow Rue,  
I trust that you will once again  
Have reached your native strand,  
And revel to your heart's content  
In this most glorious land.

When next I meet with these, our friends,  
In woodland, field and dell,  
I'll tell them of your sacrifice  
For us you shield so well;  
And the birds will have a newer song  
I'll teach them a new lay  
Of brave Canadians, such as you,  
Who guard us from dismay.

This land is fair and fairer  
Than all the world beside,  
God grant that it may never bear  
The brutal Prussian stride.

'Tis only we can love her,  
This glorious land of ours,  
As she has loved and nourished us—  
Eye gladdened with her flowers.

## DOWN THE LINE.

If there is one thing that I hate  
(Of it I've had my fill)  
'Tis forming fours and wheeling round  
For hours; they call it drill!

And if there's one command I love  
(To me 'tis heights of bliss)  
I'm pleased as Punch is, when I hear  
The Sergeant yell—"Dismiss!"