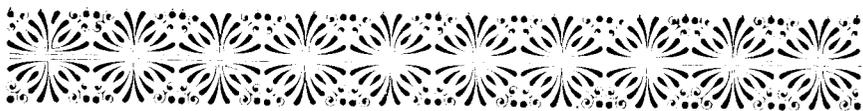


December 1916.



Canadian Section, General Headquarters, 3rd Echelon



La Vie Canadienne

Although such a short time has passed since the last number of the **La Vie Canadienne** was published, it was decided to bring this number out now, in order that it might be the vehicle of our Xmas message to all our friends.

Though in the midst of War and surrounded by the usual daily routine, the remembrance that it is Xmas time makes us realize that we are at peace among ourselves, and that our friends are more than ever in our thoughts.

To all our readers we send the Season's greetings, a Merry Xmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Reflections

She smiled at me ; I wondered why,
I saw a twinkle in her eye.
Perchance, methought, Dan Cupid's dart
Has pierced the armour of her heart,
My hopes were mounting to the sky,
She smiled at me ; I wondered why,
Until a mirror caught my eye.

FRANC.

PULLS AND PUFFS

By E. W. C.

1

Bah, Bah, Bugler,
Let your music ring
I am a "P. B."
And cannot hear a thing.

2

Bah, Bah, Tramway,
Do keep on the line,
Everytime you jump the Points
For me it means a fine.

3

Bah, Bah, Kaiser.
It surely gets your goat
To keep on winning victories
Though you cannot keep afloat.

4

Bah, Bah, Haircut,
In the back a dig.
If it happens any more,
I'll have to buy a wig.

5

Bah, Bah, Clown Prince.
It's really an absurd "un",
The way you're advancing
Backwards on the Verdun.

6

Bah, Bah, Second Leave,
The channel is'nt calm.
Yes Sir, thank you;
I'd like to chance my arm.

7

Bah, Bah, Sentry,
At duty on the Gate.
What is it worth to you
To swear I wasn't late.

8

Bah, Bah, Hindburg.
You think you're doing fine.
Won't your 103 look rotten
When we get you on the Rhine.

9

Bah, Bah, Route March
You get my goat;
The doctor says my trouble
Is in my throat.

10

Bah, Bah, Von Bernstoff.
What a dirty Mess
You're made of your profession,
Lying to the Press.

11

Bah, Bah, Buttons.
That won't come bright.
You keep us working always
Late into the night.

12

Bah, Bah, Entries
Upon my 103 —
That with my constitution
Do not agree.

13

Bah, Bah, Star Shell
That shows you up so bright
Makes you crawl like a reptile
All through the slush at night.

14

Bah, Bah, Crown Prince.
What things you haven't did.
According to our Records,
There's a kink in your lid.

15

Bah, Bah, Dud-Bombs
 From the Allemands.
 Pick it up at once, boys,
 And back where it belongs.

16

Bah, Bah, Haircut.
 More than once a week.
 If you cannot do it
 You'll get a big Speak.

17

Bah, Bah, 8 A. M.
 At 7.55
 Parading on my own account
 From 12 until I'm tried.

18

Six Sergeant-Majors;
 Can it be True?
 Four dirty Ink Pots;
 That leaves Two.

THE NEW-COMER

He came to us most unconventionally, appearing suddenly at our mess one evening. His sponsor was the Colonel Nobody ever asked the Colonel « why » or « wherefore ». Somehow his face did not encourage enquiry. The newcomer was introduced as Lieut. Dod and we understood that he was attached for duty.

He had black hair, with somewhat clear cut features. His collar badge told us that he was an officer of the 1st Canadian Division. It was no use asking what was his job or work, because he offered no explanation. Jones, the Adjutant, who knows everything couldn't help us out very much either. All that we could say was that Dod had done duty at the front and was wounded. His B. 103 contained no further information. On questioning the Orderly Room Clerk we found that he never had a B. 103 for this Officer until he became wounded and that it was only a temporary one.

We were absolutely at sea. Even the Red-Tabs held him in awe. To us, any one who has been at the front since the beginning appeared as a superman. Though we've done out little bit still we were proud to have one of the old boys with us.

Anyway, Lieut. Dod, did not wear any indications that he was a Staff Officer or was very likely to become one for some time. His Captaincy was held up for almost a year but this did not worry him in the least. He was an all-round Sportsman and found himself at football. The first Sunday he helped the boys against No. 8 General, which was considered a crack bunch. The curious thing about him was that although

he was not communicative he had a trick of eliciting the communications of others, that he should get young Berry to talk about himself was inevitable. Berry talked about himself because he was the most interesting person in the world — to Berry.

And there was some excuse because Berry was one of the best B. S. Bomb officers for the Nth Battalion. He knew a great deal more about pushing a pen than the average Sub in the Infantry.

He came into the room one day when Berry was hard at work and for once Dod was talkative. He himself was excused the duty of Orderly Officer (for some unknown reason) so he used to kill time around Berry's desk. « You have a big correspondence » he smiled.

Berry blushed. « Oh Yes » he said, with a fine attempt at monocholance. « A bit of a devil with the girls » said Dod dropping his hand on the others shoulders and Berry blushed again.

Most of Berry's correspondents were ladies and he had somewhat of a big post. He used to carry on with some Lady at Lyons and then and again with a Preacher's daughter in England. In other words, he was a regular « fellow ». There the matter ended except that we figured that NEWCOMER had a lot of nerve showing up poor Berry on so short an acquaintance.

It was Sunday afternoon, the usual half day off, when Berry came strolling into the Office all dressed up to kill. It was rather early in the afternoon so that we were rather surprised to see him all togged up at such an hour. He called me aside.

« Jack » he said seriously, « I want to consult you. Can you give me a few minutes? »

I went into my hut — some of us were in huts at the time.

« Did you notice I had a lot of mail this morning? » he said

I nodded. « That's nothing Berry, you' always getting Speak files »

I said

« I will tell you what is unusual » he answered with a frown,

« Somebody has seen my mail and read the letters ».

« What on earth do you mean? » I asked in astonishment.

He explained that he had placed his letters in one of the file boxes at 12 Noon and when he returned after the usual route march he discovered that the boxes had been changed about and that some one had presumably read his letters.

« I happened to know the order of them » he said « I have rather a methodical mind ».

« Do you think it was your Typist ? » I asked

He shook his head. « No. » He said, « Saxby wound'nt do that sort of thing ».

« That is the rum thing about it » he said « I took the most important letter and placed it under my blotter. When I returned the blotter was still there but the letter gone ».

« The fact is » he said in a burst of confidence « I have been rather an ass. I put an advertisement in *La Vie Parisienne* as a lonely officer ».

« A what ? » I asked.

« Don't you know » he went on, a little impatiently « those fellows who put ads in papers for a mairaine to correspond, well, I got quite a number of awfully nice kids to write to me, and I have kept up some correspondence ». He was seriously a little ashamed of himself.

« These were the letters » he said « that came to me and there was one no » ... he stopped. « To tell the truth, Jack, I was to see her to-day. She just blew in from Lyons to see me and we were going to have dinner together at the Opera and then perhaps take in the show at the Omnia. You know the usual procedure. Say she's a bear cat ».

He took from his pocket a little leather case and opened it, and showed me a face of surprising beauty. Broad forehead, straight thin nose, lips like a rosebud and great liquid eyes that seemed alive even on the photograph.

« You have no idea » he said a little incoherently « sort of kindred soul, keen on the things I'm keen on », dont cher know Jack, took degrees in arts and science in Paris. I'd hate anybody to see the last letter she wrote me ».

« Full of love and high explosives » said a quiet voice behind us.

Berry jumped around.

Dod with his hands behind him was all smiles.

« What do you mean kid » ? demanded Berry.

« All love and high explosives » repeated Dod quietly « you see I have had the inestimable advantage of reading your letters ».

« You » gasped Berry and the other nodded.

« It is very dangerous this lonely officer business » said Dod quietly « especially when you have a susceptible young officer who compares notes with a scientific beauty on the composition of - shall we say the Mill's Bomb ? You understand that such happenings offer the enemy excellent opportunities for getting information ». For exemple he wrote

you on 25th of Oct. re her degree in science and said that she had a great idea for a new explosive. Curiously enough she sent you the formula and you suggested corrections which bore some resemblance to the formula which the Government has adopted. What was more than that you should tell her there were certain inaccuracies in her calculations. What more natural indeed »? he went on, looking thoughtfully at the pictures on the circus wall, « that she should come to see you and have dinner with you, and possibly under the geniality which she would certainly inspire, you should not only correct her errors, but should give away the formula of this Bomb. »

Berry was white.

« My lad » he said kindly « you are very young and you talk too much and you write too much. You have saved yourself a trip downtown. I should advise you to forget it all and go off to the football game instead ».

« What about Miss » stammered Berry.

« You mean Madame Aquine ? » smiled Dod, « we arrested her this morning at Gare Verte and she is at this time in comfortable surroundings ».

« You see » he said half apologetically « we people of the INTELLIGENCE Department cannot afford to take chances ».

COLONEL TO ADJUTANT INSPECTING NEW HUTS

COLONEL : « What arrangements have you made in case Zeppelins come ?

ADJUTANT : « If any bombs are dropped on the 'uts, Sir, the Section will be aroused by three blasts on a whistle. »

A WEE SCOTCH NIGHT

To be recited to soft bagpipe music

If ye chance tae strike a getherin o' hauf a dizen freens,
 An' the drink is Heilen whisky or some chosen Border blends,
 Ye can take thinks unco easy, ye can judge ye're gaun richt,
 For ye've had the luck tae stumble on a wee Scotch Nicht,

When ye're pitchforked in among them, in a sweepin' kin o' way.
 As anither man an' brither, frae the Tweed or frae the Tay,
 When ye're taken by the uxter, an' couped intae a chair,
 While some yin slips a whisky in ye're tumbler unaware,
 Then the present seems less dismal, an the future's clear and bricht.
 For ye've struck earth's grandest treasure, in a wee Scotch Nicht.



Assistin' at a wee Scotch Nicht

When ye hear a short name shouted, an' the same name shouted back,
 Till ye think in the confusion, that they've aa' been christened Mac,
 When ye see a red beard flashin', in a corner by the fire,
 An' a giant on the sofa, wha's some six fit three or higher,
 Before ye've guessed the colour, or before ye've gauged the hicht,
 Ye'll hae jumped tae the conclusion, it's a braw Scotch Nicht.

When the red man in the corner puts his strong voice to the proof,
 An' he gies the « Hunder Pipers » an' the chorus lifts the roof,

When a chiel sings « Annie Laurie » with its tender sweet refrain,
Till the tears are on their eyelids, an' the drinks come roon again,
When they chant their stirring War Songs-that wouid mak a co'ard fecht,
They ye're fairly in the middle of a wee Scotch Nicht.

When the plot begins tae thicken, an' the haun begins tae play,
An' every tinpot chieftan, has a word or twa tae say,
When they'll sell a quarter section, for a sprig o' native heath,
When there's yan Mac on the table, an' a couple underneath,
When the hauf o' them are sleepin', and' the hale o' them are ticht,
Then ye'll ken that ye're assistin at a wee Scotch Nicht.

When the last big bottles broken, an' the daun grips grey an' caul,
When the last Clan Tartan's folded, and the last dammed lie is told,
As they totter doon the fitpath, in a brave unbroken line,
To the peril o' the passerby, an' the tune o' « Auld Lang Syne ».
Ye can tell the folks at breakfast, as they watch the fearsome sicht,
That they've only been assistin' at a wee Scotch Nicht.

OUR ALPHABET

- A. for our **Adjutant**, beaming with smiles, on parade in the morning
he doubles us for miles.
- B. for the **Badges**, for wounds we've got, we don't all wear them
though we've all been « Shot ».
- C. for the **Correspondence**, received every day, what « trouble » we'd
save if we could « P. A. ».
- D. for the **Documents**, which pass through our mit, you only get them
when its time to quit.
- E. for the **Enquiries** which arrive daily and numerous, some of them
reasonable, but the majority humorous.
- F. for the **Football** with which we now have much fame, we sure show
the Imperials, how to play their own game.
- G. for the **Guard** in his box on the gate, its about three days pay, if
you come in late.
- H. for the **Hair** which grows on your nut, advice from the ADJUTANT
« Just get it cut ».
- I. for the **Information** your're asked for galore, if you've not got it,
you'll get it, thats what you're here for.
- J. for our **Journal** for a monthly affair, get in a dig boys, and each
do your share.

- K. for **King's Regs**, its an absolute fact, its all contradicted by the old
ARMY ACT.
- L. stand for **Leave** — that sounds like a dream — If you really were
going how strange it would seem.
- M. for the **Marches** we take to keep fit, they may be alright, but we
don't like them a bit.
- N. for the **Numbers** we on Army Forms see, we'll never forget that
B. 213.
- O. for the **Office** where we pass our days, a fine organization and well
worthy of praise.
- P. for the **Police** — Canadians BEWARE — you don't want to meet
them, when you're out on a tear.
- Q. Stands for **Quote** add number and date, then you have three words
- R. for the **Registries** where the correspondence is filed, you now need
a step ladder to reach where its piled.
- S. for a **Speak** that pencilled notation, there's something doing, it
there's no explanation.
- T. for the **Tracers** the men of renown, they find the correct Unit or
Private J. Brown.
- U. for the **Uniform** in which you are dressed, if you wear slacks, be
sure they are pressed.
- V. for **Verifications** the man who Mothers, sick and wounded men,
not claimed by others.
- W. for **Work**, you'll all agree that, it's better to do it then be up on the
mat.
- X. is for Xmas to us that sounds fine, Beer's too common, we'll drink
wine.
- Now for the « Y » and « Z » I know no betters, we'll just use them up
for correspondence letters.

Say Daddy, what did you do in the GREAT WAR?

L'INSPECTION

Madame called me early this morning. She always does. It is
inevitable. I wish I was as sure that the Kaiser would hang from one
of his own lamp-posts, as that Madame will call me early to-morrow
morning. Invariably, I turn over and have another nap after Madame's

veille, but this morning, somehow, sleep held no attractions. Perhaps it was the second Cafe-cognac I imbibed last night.

After contemplating Life from various aspects, I arose, shaved, washed, polished the brassworks and descended for petit déjeuner. Madame greeted me with « Bonjour, M'sieur, » to which I responded in my carefully cultivated Parisien accent. I felt in a highly conciliatory mood, caused, I presume, by having enough time at my disposal to sit down to breakfast. The usual procedure is to awake at 7.35 a. m., stick ones head in the washbasin, roll into a tunic, fall down-stairs, kick the dog out of the way, grab a roll and an apple for future and furtive consumption, and run all the way to the Office. But this morning I decided to move with a little of the dignity which befitted my position.

Getting seated, I divided my attention between my déjeuner and the « Journal », occasionally pausing to respond to Madame's outspoken soliloquies on life in general, and Canadians in particular.

At 7.30 precisely I took my hat off its hook, patted Madame's little boy patronisingly on top of his dear little head, said a long and tender farewell (accompanied by an equally long and tender handshake) to Madame, and sorti-ed. Then things commenced to go wrong. Upon turning the corner I discovered I had forgotten my new gloves, (the pair which match the beautiful tan of my shoes) but it was now too late to return for them. I hurried on, trusting I would not encounter Her. « Her » is the beautiful demoiselle who sometimes travels in the same tram-car. We are in love, but she is not yet aware of the fact.

On reaching the corner of the rue de la Republique, I espied the tram-car, just a couple of blocks ahead, I slowed down and presently overtook it. Clambering on board, I was relieved to find that « She » was absent. I was spared the horrible humiliation of appearing before Her with my hands in a nude condition. The tram dashed onward with its usual alarming velocity, and presently I descended at the Barrier. Horror of horrors ! Before my terrified eyes stood the Echelon en masse. I was LATE. As in a nightmare I heard the S. M. roaring out commands, I saw the Major standing in his usual Napoleonic attitude. At the same moment he turned and saw me. I felt myself wither. Faintly I heard his murmured « good-morning » as I wended my way to my appointed place. The straight regular lines of heroes stared straight ahead at the level of their own eyes. Perhaps they were sorry for me. Inwardly, I know, every man was congratulating himself. Eventually, I found myself among my own loyal comrades. They consoled me with

wispers of « Office », and « Old Man », but I was now getting my shell-shattered nerves under control, and I assumed a moncholant look of cool composure.

I glanced in the direction of the Major. He was inspecting the nearest squad, and at the moment, was informing a lanky young gentleman with long blonde locks that 50 centimes, judiciously invested, would go a long way towards improving his personal appearance. All too soon he came to K. X. and to me. My nerve was beginning to go again. He stepped back and scrutinized my boots and lower extremities. Suddenly he emitted a solitary syllable — « Whatdyemean-youaintgotyerpantscreased. » I stammered something about the landlady's husband being home on permission, and not having time — but the Major cut it short. His gaze had travelled to the top of my head. He looked so intently that my head began to feel cold, and I wondered how long it would be before blessed oblivion descended on me. Presently he asked me to hand my hat over.

Complying with this request, I extended the chapeau in the most approved manner between the thumb and index finger of the right hand.

« Howlongveyouaddit », he inquired. « Since August, 1914, Sir ».

« Time-you-had-a-new-one-and-a-bit-off-the-top-of-your-hair-wouldn't-do-any-harm-and-don't-forget-to-wash-around-your-ears-tomorrow-morning » and be passed on to the next Victim.

FRANC.

To — C. C. « LA VIE CANADIENNE ».

K. R. 2

DEAR SIR,

I am just a beginner in the literary world, but my Mother tells me that I have a great future before me ; so I am sending you one of my best poems for your paper.

Please send my cheque to the above address.

I am,

Yours very truly,

S. U. M. SCRIBLER.

P. S. — Please don't make any changes as it does'nt need any.

 STAY AT HOME, HEARTS ARE BEST. — « NOT ARF »

The men who stay at home at ease,
 And go to bed just when they please
 Have lots o' baccy and O' beer,
 And yet — I'd rather be out here.

The chaps who stay at home and dine,
 Have heaps of victuals and O' wine,
 With walnuts — shelled — and all good cheer
 Its better to be shelled out here (Swish Bang).

The men who stay at home at ease,
 Need never try to wash their knees,
 In dixie lids, yet never fear,
 I'd rather far be dirty here.

The chaps at home they earn good pay,
 And don clean linen every day,
 While my shirt runs its wild career.
 Yet — rather I'd be out here ! (Yes even that !)

The chaps who stay — the lucky dogs : —
 Can stroll around in tailored togs,
 While my make — up is something queer —
 Yet better be — a scarecrow — here.

The chaps who stay at home and play,
 At tennis all through a summer day,
 Need ne'er fall bleeding to the rear —
 And yet — I'd rather play out here.

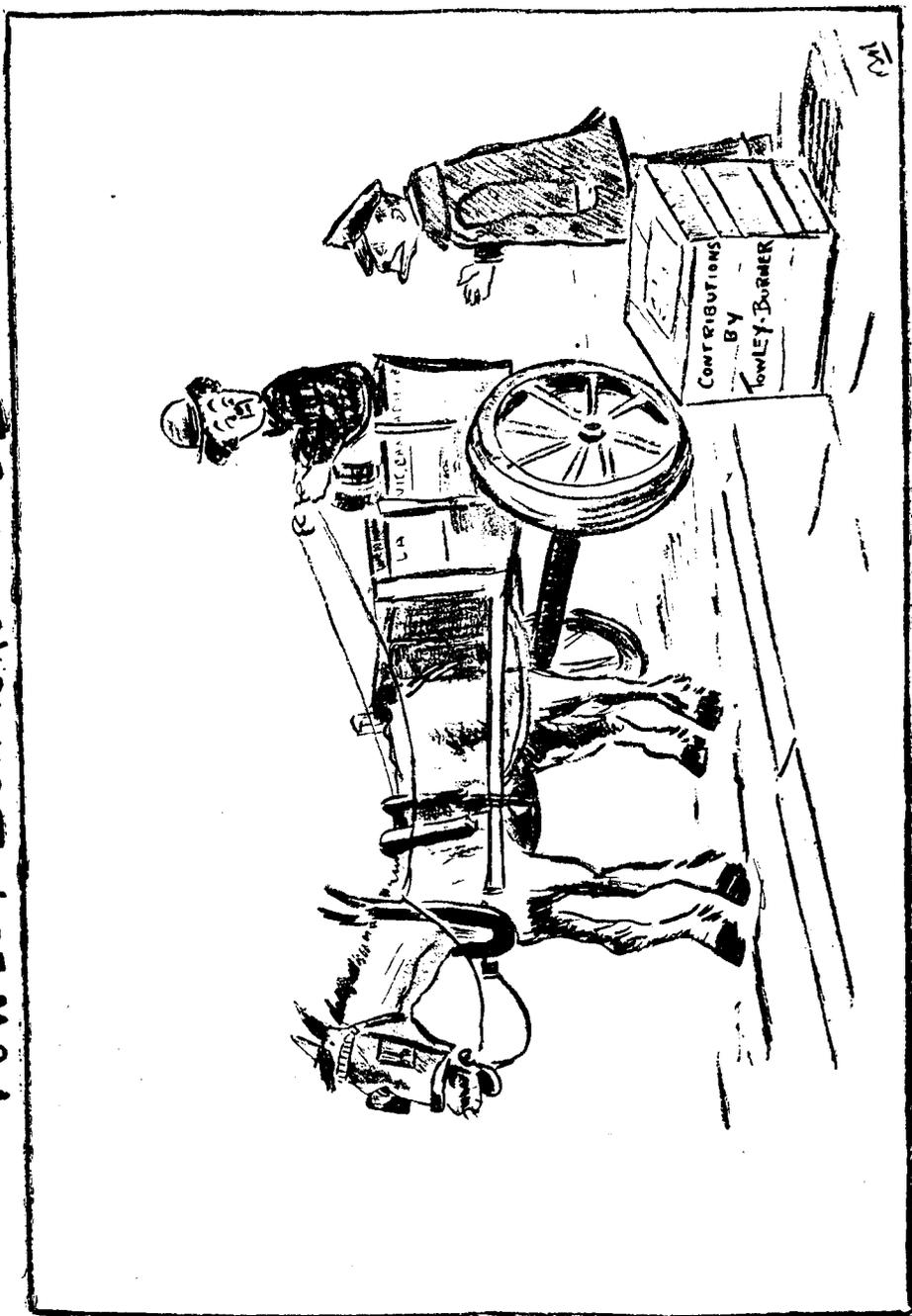
Sweet-hearting ? — Ah ! You lucky chaps,
 Who go a-wooing — well, — perhaps,
 Unless I get a nasty whack
 I'll get a girl when I go back.

Why, yes, who knows ? There still might be
 Some girl to love a bloke like me ;
 There's Dolly — would she drop a tear,
 If I went under — Over here ?

The men who live at home at ease,
 May list, — then *List* — just when they please,
 For me, by *God* ! My conscience clear,
 I think I'd rather die out here.

(*Stretcher Bearers !*)

TOWLEY-BURNERS PIPE DREAM



Life after the War

The reader is asked to imagine that the following correspondence takes place 10 or 15 years hence after the Great War has ended.

The correspondence passes from the eldest son of a wealthy Western Canadian family and his father. The Son is at Oxford University in England hitting the high spots of Varsity Life, whilst the Head of the Dooswell family is residing on his British Columbia ranch. The letters which pass from father to son are framed in present day army phraseology, which doubtless will find its way into civil life when.

The Boys' Come home :

I

In reply please quote L/S/D.

*From. — O. DOOSWELL
Oxford University*

*To. — P. O. P. DOOSWELL
Okumacross Valley, B. C.*

With reference to the instructions contained in Dooswell Family Council Instructions No 347 of 1951, please forward the usual supply of cash as therein provided.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

O. DOOSWELL,
Oxford University.

II

O. DOOSWELL
Oxford University

Returned for necessary action.

Under the amendment to Dooswell Family Council Instructions No 347 contained in *Home Office Letter 121/Greenbacks/4763* dated 22-2-52 wherein it is laid down that such issues as requested in Minute I must be supported by the expense account on Family Form X997.

DOOSWELL,
Financial Adviser,
for P. O. P. Dooswell.

III

P. O. P. DOOSWELL

Okumacross Valley, B. C.

Attached marked 3 A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. are accounts rendered.

There is also a balance of £ 229-14-6 which cannot be itemised owing to the loss of all records in transit via aeroplane. It is requested that this may be written off as a charge against the family as provided for in Family Standing Orders No 7749.

Please cause this matter to be attended to without delay.

O. DOOSWELL,

Oxford University.

IV

O. DOOSWELL

Oxford University

1. — Returned for necessary corrections as indicated in College Service Regulations Part IX 927.

2. — The form X907 used by you is only to be used in drawing stores on repayment and not for such issues as form the basis for a claim against the family.

3. — The claim 3 E must under Rules of Expenditure 427 as amended by Family Council Instructions 329 of 1950 be authorized by an official not below the rank of mother-in-law.

4. — The claim for Pay & Allowance of Valet Officer Class 1 is duplicated in the claim 3 A. Please cause an explanation of this to be forwarded.

5. — With reference to claim 3 H. Hats top opera theatres for use at, — £4 — should be supported by the proceedings of a Court of Enquiry held on the loss of the one transferred to your charge from « Uncle Ephraim Dooswell » on 1-11-1950 (vide Family R. O. 1451, Q. M. G. Branch).

Montmorency DOOSLEY,

Auditor general

for P. O. P. Dooswell.

P. O. P. DOOSWELL

Okumacross Valley, B. C.

1.— Please note that it is impossible to make the corrections necessary according to College Service Regulations Part IV as I am informed by the Director of Stationery Services that this volume is out of print.

2.— Error regretted. Form X997 herewith.

3.— No Official below the rank of Mother-in-law being available, application was made to and approved by the Local representatives of the Master General of the Underwear (his B. D. V. 427 dated 27-11-50).

4.— This claim is due to the admission to Hospital of Valet Officer Class 1 on 29-12-50. Under Family Letter 121/Stoppages/2763 N. U. T. dated 1-4-49 such personal followers are transferred to the Reserve List and their places filled from date of casualty by acting rank with pay & allowance.

5.— Please see the attached finding of a Court of Enquiry composed of A. Cook, A. Barmaid & M. Pot Boy which assembled at the Angel & Tank Public House 24-5-50. The Court finds that this is a proper charge against Family Funds owing to the age of the Hat and ravages of rats (vide claim 3 A « Anti-Rodent Measures Claim Rations in lie of Cat (Tom). »

The proceedings are approved by the nearest Rag, Bone & Bottle man, not below the rank of Rabbi, in his J. E. W. 50-50/Passover/1952.

6.— Kindly forward the supplies of Hard Coin for the use of mentioned in Minute 1 as the winter is coming on, the rats have eaten my overcoat, the cat has died from lack of food and I have only enough ink left to sign the receipt.

O. DOOSWELL,

Oxford University.

VI

O. DOOSWELL

Please supply this office copies of all correspondence and attachments forwarded under your L/S/D, etc.

It is regretted that these papers were inadvertently sent with several copies of the Conscientious Objectors Gazette to the home for Insane Soldiers, one of whom has eaten the correspondence in question.

I am Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Herbert DOOSLEY,
for the Secy.

VII

To P. O. P. DOOSWELL
Okumacross Valley, B. C.

The Chancellor of Oxford University presents his compliments to P. O. P. Dooswell and forwards the attached correspondence for disposal.

It is his painful duty to report that O. Dooswell committed suicide while insane by swallowing a bottle of ink opening his jugular vein with a fountain pen and hanging himself with a ball of red tape.

It is believed that his mind had become deranged by reading a description of the sufferings in the Great War with Germany endured by an O. R. C.

Chancellor
Oxford University.

Every time a man scores a failure he realizes how little he amounts to.
Happiness, real happiness, only comes to those who try to make others happy.

The man who talks and fails to act is trying to get a reputation on tick.
A man, like a mule, often puts his best foot backward.
It is easy to forget those who wrong our neighbours.

TALK

For most of the cares	When things go wrong
That round us stalk	As they sometimes will,
Would seek their lairs	You can get along
If we'd check our talk.	If you'll just keep still.

SECTIONAL CHATTER

INFANTRY

Overheard on the solid four table (Circus)

1st O. R. SGT. — « There seems to be a lot of my Reinforcements suffering from « Influenza » at the C. B. D. »

WOULD-BE-WIT. — « Well, that's natural enough seeing that they came over in a « Draft ».

(Loud laughter, in which « Whizz-Bang » was heard to join in from the other building.)

BE BRIEF

Be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

Who said the Bugler was a MINOR ?

Why the MAJOR.

SCOTTICISM

Mc Tavish and Macpherson are adrift at sea in an open boat.

Mc Tavish (on his knees) ; O Lord, I ken I've broken maist O' Thy commandments. And I've been a hard drinker all my days. But O Lord, if we're spared this time, I promise never —

Macpherson ; I widna commit mysel' ower far, Donald, I think I see land.

WHY « MAC » DID NOT WIN THE D. C. M.

By One whose been there

A true yarn from the Somme. Mac had always been noted for his kindness to his comrades in the trenches, and was always eager to assist especially after the usual, in his case, unusual tot of rum. During the recent operations after « Mac » had been laying lines of communication for three days he sallied forth to ALBERT with a heavy load on. When passing thro' Courcellette he staggered and fell, not on mother earth, but on the form of a man. Thinking him badly wounded « Mac » picked up the prostrate form and carefully carried him to the Red Cross Flag at POIZERES : where he called the attendant at the Y. M. C. A. to bring hot tea for GAWD'S SAKE. Hurriedly his orders were obeyed and the wounded man lifted to a sitting position, but nothing wound induce him to drink. Suddenly the wounded man yelled « lemme alone, lemme alone » I'm not wounded — I'm DRUNK.

ACCORDING TO HIS' 103

He wears a little Bar of Gold
On his left arm to show
That he's bled for his Country
And one and all shall know.

He has nothing on his arm to wear
Though from the start he's been up there
No Sniper's Bullet pierced his skin
And no one knows that he's been in.
Is it the Air ? The Air ?

« THE LEAD SWINGER'S LAMENT »

Or an adaption of the well know song « Back Home in Tennessee »

I'm so happy, Oh so happy,
 Don't you envy me.
 I leave to-day at three
 For O. C., C. B. D.
 Bully, Biscuits, Bread and Beer,
 Waiting for me, there,
 In the Mess Hut,
 If I'm able,
 Some Mulligan to snare.

CHORUS

Back at the C. B. D.
 Just try to picture me,
 There with my Rheumy Knee,
 Hoping they'll mark me « C »
 Putting up a big « P. B. » fight,
 Hoping they will treat me white,
 Doctors thinking, as I'm winking,
 All this World seems bright.
 Lead-swingers at the door,
 Encourage me the more,
 I nearly faint away,
 When they classify me « A »
 The boys that wait up there to meet me,
 Just imagine how they'll greet me,
 But I'm going back,
 Yes I'm going back,
 To take it out of old Fritzie.

Sing a song of Nursery Rhymes,
 Add a little mustard,
 Verse we learned in bye-gone times,
 And worse, — Please don't get flustered.
 Ainslie had a little lamb,
 She surely was some Queen ;
 Her age was thirty two or more, —
 She looked sweet seventeen.
 Hans and Fritz went up the hill,
 With their nice new Krupp machine-gun ;
 A whizz-bang came, it was a shame :
 But their day's work has been done.

Dainty Miss Carter has lost her (censored),
 And does'nt know where to find it ;
 If I was'nt so shy, I'd tell you just why,
 But there's an awful longtale behind it.

Little Tom Tuttle was drinking a scuttle
 Of beer, in the « Brasserie Paul »,
 When up came a bad'un,
 Gave Thomas the glad'un, and —
 Ed. (I'm sorry, but this will be all).

THING HE WANTED TO KNOW

Who was the Corporal in K. R., who, after having been to his first Opera was heard to remark « I don't like Operas, they don't make me laugh and the Folies is out of bounds, so what shall I do ».

VOICE. — « Go and get a cafe Avec ».

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY

From Ypres to Blighty.

April 10 th. 1915. — Five days ago we took over trenches in the Ypres Salient from the French Troops and to-night we are to be relieved by the Nth Bn. It has been fairly peaceful, but occasionally shelling has caused us a few casualties. A few tear shells during the afternoon have given us a somewhat miserable appearance and we are not unwilling to retire when night falls and our friends of the Nth appear.

April 17 th. 1915. — We go back in reserve for 4 days, to work all night, and rest by day. My platoon is allotted quarters at the « Bombarded Cross-roads », a few hundred yards in the rear. Said quarters consist of shelters in the roadside ditch with at least 3 ft. of Gearroom. We wonder if the spot will live up to its nice attractive name ?

April 23 th. 1915. — Three to four days pass and the storm bursts Thousands of shells smother the trenches ; others seek out the villages and farms, many of which are set on fire. Strange rumours are heard of something new and terrible, of a sort of vapour that suffocates, We move nearer the front at dusk and move again, taking up a new line in the early morning. At day-light the bombardment is heavier than ever and we move up in support. Lost heavily and as there are a few of us unhurt and our left is in the air, we are ordered to retire. Meet reinforcements

and form up again. If only we had guns behind us... Have lost my kit and feel sore at the thought that some 3 pair of good socks I had washed in a Jack Johnson hole would fall into the hands and no doubt comfort the feet of some Boche.

At work again all night and at dawn string out in a new position.

Prepare to dig ourselves in, when a party of soldiers suddenly appear 50 yards in front. Not enough light to distinguish between friend and foe so one of us unarmed, advances to meet them and on nearing is shot down. Know what to do now and for a few minutes there is a lively exchange of shots when the enemy disappear. Render first aid to my right and left neighbours, both wounded.

April 27 th. 1916. — At night on the qui vive. It is again wet and cold. Have lost my greatcoat. Difficult to keep awake but necessary. Frequent messages pass down the line such as « Keep a sharp look out on the right front » It's a long night but the strain is less at dawn. Another day of waiting for the attack that does not come, followed by another night on the watch, But towards 3 a. m. in order to avoid being cut off, the order is given to retire. File out silently to road and so to Brigade H. Qrs., where we find some bread, meat, jam and cheese. Two hours later, form up once more and move forward. Eventually find myself in the 2nd line in an old French Artillery position. Shelling becomes worse than ever. Wish we had as many guns behind us. At 3. p. m. stop a piece of shell and crawl into dug-out. At dusk, arm in arm with man blinded by shell, I make slowly for dressing station and thence hobble down the road to Ypres, Caid City is being straffed methodically by 17 in. shells but we escape the crashing buildings and in the end reach a dressing Station.

Here we enjoy warm drinks of cocoa and bovril, the first warm drink for several days and after 2 or 3 hours sleep, London busses arrive and off we go from the danger zone to a railhead. We are an unkempt crowd ; it's long since we had a wash and shave. We reach Boulogne at night. I get a hotbath. Ye Gods ! Find my boots, socks and feet all stuck together. Eventually the blood and mud are removed and I'm in a bed between linen. Morning I'm told to get up. Think this is horribly cruel. At night by train to.... and arrive next morning. Stay at No... Hosp. for some days and decide that Hospital Sisters are akin to Angels.

See another man get his ticket for Englnd and wonder why I can't go but on the 8th day, it's Blighty for me.

MY EPIGRAM

I have seen the beauteous splenders
 Of the mystic Northern Lights ;
 And the Southern cross I've worshipped
 In the warmth of tropic nights.
 I have roamed around the Prairies,
 I have sailed O'er several seas ;
 At my own sweet will I've wandered,
 With no one else to please.

For some are born to wander
 And some to stay at home,
 And there's surely a taint in the blood of the man
 Who eternally longs to roam.
 It's a fiercely burning fever
 And it keeps him on the go
 To-day he stands on corral strands
 Next month he'll freeze in snow.

But it's a glorious independence
 To revel in God's free air
 To go where'er you choose to go,
 And no one else may care
 And when your span of life is run
 And you pass beyond the pale ;
 You have come to the great adventure,
 To the raising of the Veil.

Your body to the earth consigned,
 Is buried 'neath the sod :
 While your soul, unfettered and unclaimed,
 Goes out to meet your God.
 « Requiescat in Pace » so says the cross
 The decorates your mound ;
 But your carcase is food for the lothesome things,
 Which are crawling under the ground.

So when I leave this mortal plane
 I would « rest in peace » to know :
 That my body in death, was, as in life,
 Quite free to come and go.
 My bones cremated to an ash,
 And not to the worms be given,
 But thrown on high. To wander free
 On the wings of the Winds of Heaven.

A PAYMASTERS DREAM (3days at the Base)



WHY - HOW ARE YOU MISS

Chapman 1944

HIS IDEA



WHAT HAPPENED

Chapman 1944

OUR BIT

by KG.

Did you ever heard of the battle of Rouen, That deadly and awful fray, Where the pace is fast and fitful, And the casualties increase every day.	Some times we sleep too heavily, Having bit at the enemy's Bait, And we're taken in charge next morning, By the guy commanding « Lates ».
The foe is strong in numbers, And keeps us on the hum, And his forces are skilfully handled, By that Warrior General « Rhum ».	This means a trip on the carpet, We're asked when we got out of bed, So we play at the good « Old Soldier », And do our best to swing the lead.
The warning goes to « Stand to », It sounds quite « Naturelle », And we jump out of bed at the warning, Of that old alarm « Bell ».	But you can't beat the Army Forever, It's the Government versus wits, So if you can't get up in the morning, Go up and talk love with « Fritz ».

Reinforced by K. R.

THE NUISANCE

(*With Apologies to « Walt Mason »*)

There is a bold bad volunteer, his name I will not mention, he is a modest kind of man, he sure deserves a pension. Each morn, each noon, each supertime, he argufying goes, his talk it is not worth a dime, but Lordy how it flows.

He tells us all about the States, 'bout Californian fruit in crates, and myriad other things. How Woodrow Wilson sent a Note that got the Kaiser's bally goat, and stirred up strife'midst kings. He tells the tale of bully beaf, how wornout horses come to grief, 'way back in U.S.A., (we never get a minutes rest, from morning when we quit the nest, until we hit the hay.)

Carnegie is his dearest friend, and Ruckerfeller thinks no end of this « bullthrower ». There's nothing that he does'nt know, he'll make a balky auto go, or fix a busted mower.

Some day I'll rise in righteous wrath and smite this blighter with a lath, or anything that's handy, I'll call this Yankee Hoosier's bluff, and make him eat some Humble Duff, I'll fix him fine and dandy.

FRANC.

S. R. D.

*I bless the morn that first we met
 You kissed my lips, a long-drawn kiss
 Of passion, exquisite, divine,
 Which, sweeter than the rarest wine,
 Sent the hot blood rushing through my veins
 In ecstasies of bliss.*

*When, gone the terrors of the night,
 The cold, clear morn, a fantasy,
 The whole wide world seemed bleak and cold,
 And young men looked so worn and old
 And cursed their weary lot,
 'Twas then you came. I'll ne'er regret
 That happy moment when we met.
 Sweet little Tot.*

FRANC.

PLEASE TELL US

The name of the N.C.O. who left his billet one evening, with a bouquet in one pocket, and his alarm clock in the other ?

If it was solely on account of the darkness that a member of K.R. mistook a Municipal Tar Boiler for a « Tank » the other evening ?

Now that Good Conduct Stripes have been issued to « Canucks » won't Mother be proud.

If there is any truth in the rumour that « Ainslie » had a « Bock » the other day ?

If the resignation of Sir Sam Hughes means that the War is nearly over ?

Why Hermann won't get his hair cut.

Chicanery

I sat in the Café de l'Opera watching the world flow past. On the marble table before me, the waiter placed a demo-tasse and a glass containing a clear, emerald-green liqueur.

I had not dined. Vaguely, I wondered whether, after paying the bill, I would have enough cash left to tip the man who had served me.

A girl seated at the next table laughed noisily. Her escort, an English

Subaltern, flushed, and glanced uneasily towards the four Staff-Officers on the other side.

Two French Soldiers, one a Captain, the other a Private, were conversing very earnestly, while beside them, four others divided their attention between a game of cards and Pères Chartreux.

Behind me aduet was in progress, a demoiselle from the Folies Bergères was softly singing « Un Soir d'Amour » ; her admirer humming an accompaniment. Reflected in the mirror I saw a young girl, the embodiment of youth and innocence, smile up in the wine-flushed face of an elderly roue.

The orchestra broke into the Waltz from Faust. Music was never more appropriate.

The rotating entrance door whirled, it's polished glass glistening like precious stones, and there entered a most beautiful woman alone. She looked around for a seat, but the only vacant place was a my own table. She hesitated, presently decided, and approached.

She and the maitre d'hotel arrived simultaneously. He overflowed with apologies, she received them graciously, and divesting herself of her mantle, emerged like a beautiful butterfly from it's chrysalis. As she seated herself the dazzling whiteness of her shoulders shone in the light like the pure white snow on ths summit of Mont-Blanc.

The four Staff-Officers began to take an interest in life, but after a cursory glance the lady appeared to lose all interest in them. I lighted my last cigarette, and as I leaned towards the ash-tray I felt her scrutiny. I knew she was regarding me questioningly, but to ask for the permission which would be forthcoming was beyond me. Still, I had a wild desire to look into her eyes. The lilt of the waltz was maddening. Raising the untouched liqueur, and looking directly into her eyes, I drank... to her. She smiled... quizzically.

Sadly I fished out my solitary, tattered, two-franc bill, handed it to the water, and stumbled out into the night.

FAMOUS SIGNS OF THE TIMES (ROUEN)

Georges' Hall. — *Please boys ! Don't send anything on the stage it could be very dangerous.*

The Black Inn. — *Black et white. Temperance bar. Beer, wine et cider.*

The Pont Perfume Shop. — *Perfumes ! Ask for the smell for you.*

Captains. — *Grill room. Chips et beer 3 d. Wine, tea et cider. Afternoon tea.*

In Unity there is Strength

Many no doubt are familiar with the following story taken from the French.

One day in the time when travelling from necessity had to be done largely on foot, a man heavily laden was winding his way along a Mountain path when on turning a corner found himself confronted by a huge boulder which had rolled down the hillside and now blocked his onward path. He vainly tried for hours to remove the obstacle but all his efforts were in vain.

Finally forced by fatigue he sat down and soon his mind was gladdened by the appearance of another traveller. Together they endeavoured to move the rock, but after many fruitless and tiring efforts they were forced to desist. Presently another joined them and then another until soon many were gathered there all bound in the one direction. With one end in view and with all their might they all pushed in the same direction. The rock was removed and they were permitted to pass on to their various destinations.

Now is't there a lesson for many of us and possibly for all of us in this simple little story ?

We are engaged in a great struggle for the world's freedom. For that freedom for which our fore-fathers have so bravely fought and suffered and have finally obtained for us ; that freedom of mind and body that is so dear to us all ; that freedom cannot exist where Militarism exists.

Tis true we suffer now through lack of freedom due to the iron glove that holds us, which glove is necessary in order to eliminate for all time this detestable system. How severe was the discipline in Cromwell's time, but how sacred the freedom that came of it.

There are no doubt many miscarriages of justice in the cases of this or that individual but these are only caused through the imperfections in a huge system hastily organized, but these gradually are and will be eliminated in the course of time.

The point is not to lose sight of the great object in view, the end of our long road and not to allow our minds to be clouded and prejudiced by this trifle and that.

Let us rather put our shoulders bravely against the obstacles and

with might and main all push together whole-heartedly. All working together in free hearted goodfellowship will surmount in time these seemingly impossible barriers. « In Unity there is strength ».

A THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

*Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear.
For God's all-seeing eye surveys,
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.*

The Coming of Gancer Rolf

(The Founder of Normandy)

It was through the soft haze of a mid-September day in the year 909, that Rolf, returning from a semi-piratical, semi-trading, trip to what is now Southern Spain, descried for the first time the mouth of that river, where in later years, the City called the Harbour of Grace — Le Havre, as we have it now, was to stand.

Rolf's ship and that of Gorm, his companion, were lazying along, close to the coast line, under a gentle breeze. The indolence of the season lay upon masters and men alike, so that the former forgot to command diligence in the latter, their oars cocked along the gunwales.

One unshapely sail flapped and half-filled, alternately, against the single mast of each of the Viking Ships. On the Ganger's sail was painted the conventional dragon, portions of that mythological animal being lacking, where the rough winds of Biscay had hustled him.

The ships were much alike ; lying low in the water, with high stem and stern posts, the dragon's (or « drakur's ») head repeated in rough carving on the former.

Decked for a little space fore and aft, their waists were open to the elements, which had their will of the thralls who rowed. Covering the oarsmen were rows of sheilds on either side. The helmsmen, reletrived at times by the ships' masters, stood by long sweeps lashed to the stern-posts.

On the after-deck of each boat stood a chair of state ; but Rolf's was much the firmer of the two. Strong pillars, five feet high, curiously carven, and surmounted by great horns, bound in silver supported the

backs of these seats, and over Rolf's was draped a cloth of fine stuff, purple dyed, — perhaps Tyrian purple — that some wandering Jews had been despoiled of by the descendants of the Goths, amongst the olive-groves of Mauretania.

Rolf, himself, had cast aside his rougher Northern garments of coarse home-spun and tanned skins for the softer fabrics of the south. His winged helmet was hung on one of the horns of his chair, his sword and belt on the other, and he wore no mail.

There was instead, an almost Greek simplicity about his costume, which consisted, principally, of a half-sleeved tunic of un-bleached linen, and a kilt-like short skirt of the same material. His legs were bound to the knees with fawn-coloured cloth, held in place by bands of dull-green, smooth leather, his feet were protected by crudely made leather coverings that could hardly be called shoes.

About his full-throated neck there hung a chain of that amber-coloured fusion of the precious and semi-precious metals where of some of the coins of the ancient Mediterranean cities and small states were struck — « electrum » it was called.

Though little above middle stature Rolf, with his head of corn-coloured hair, his drooping moustache and thick beard, was a commanding figure. All the parts of his body had that « fulness » of developement that the sea bestows upon her men.

He had a deep, bass voice, of extraordinary carrying Power, cultivated by much shouting of orders and war-cries against many howling tempests.

True, his legs were somewhat bandy, but that ensured him all the more sure foothold in a fight.

In the spirit, half of a searcher after the unknown, half of a wilful child, and knowing that plenty of time remained in which to make the Northern beach or fjord where he should winter, Rolf took the steering-sweep, and, calling to the crew to lower sail and lay to their oars, he turned the head of his galley to-wards the river's mouth, with a shout over his shoulder to Gorm, bidding him follow, or go on, as he liked.

Gorm followed.

* * *

Five days later the Rover's ships drew in to Land, in the shadow of that eminence under which the little town of La Bouille now shelters.

The slow progress up the river had been marked by several encampments, in the course of which the savage nature of the country had been made manifest. Wolves had howled about their fires, and crude Gallo-Romans had peered at them out of the shadows. The then nearly extinct, primeval moose of Europe had scented these strangers as they sat about their evening meals, and stamped in impatience at the intrusion.

A few of the crew were for turning back, for this penetration of an unknown country, this voyage up a winding, mysterious, silent, river, was to these men, whose road had always been along the sun-track or the moon-track of the seas, a disquieting experience. It was the same misapprehension (coupled with some unholy politics) which was to make us, some five hundred years later, conjointly guilty with the French of :

« That undying sin we shared in Rouen Market-Place... »

The ships, however, pressed on, and, on an evening in the early fall, Rolf and Gorm landed at the foot of the hill we now know as Saint Catherine's.

The banks of the Seine at this point were not nearly so well defined as we see them to-day, and we must imagine the Northern ships as approaching their landing through a number of small, marshy, islands, which have since been incorporated with the mainland.

Rolf, all alone, climbed the Mount of Saint Catherine, and it was from this vantage-point that he had his first view of that strong horse-shoe of hills in which Rouen lies, and it was there, doubtless, that he conceived the idea of building an habitation amongst these magnificent natural defences.

As the day darkened, and merged into twilight, and twilight into darkness, Rolf was aware of a ridge of flame along the hill-tops over Maromme-way. Some of the crew had set fire to the simple huts of the natives, in that grim, simple, cruelty that was characteristic of the early Northmen. The flames burned like the very fires of War, — an omen, perhaps of the stormy days which lay in store for the Normandy that was to be.

Let us leave Rolf, or Rollon (as the French have named him) or Rou — for the Historians differ as to his real name, on the brow of Saint Catherine's Hill. We can look backwards to his day, as he could not look forward to ours. He could not possibly have visualized the broad, stone-bound docks of modern Rouen, crowded with that commerce which is supposed to be so opposed to the true romance, but which, on the contrary,

is so inseparably bound up with it. He could scarcely have anticipated the days when Normandy should be :

An ancient land, whose ordered country-side
Bears marks of patient hands that pruned her trees,
Dug wells, and watered orchards far and wide,
Bred lowing herds and sheltered homing bees...

We, on the other hand, can see him standing there ; and from the time of his coming we can trace, in imagination at least, the growth of this Old City, from the building of the first little church at the foot of the hill on which Rolf stood that first evening, all through the days when our English Kings and Queens were frequent visitors here (both for purposes of pleasure and of politics) to the latest evidence of Britain's connection with the town, the presence of the troops of all her Empire, who gather here around the heart of Britain's Lion-hearted King, which he bequeathed to her Cathedral.

THE ROLL CALL

We have tendered the toll, we have paid the price
We have braved and battled and bled,
And set in the shrine of our brother-in-arms,
Are the names of Canada's dead,
We are given our share of the grist that goes
To grind in the War God's mill —
But every place that another has left
Is a place that *you* can fill.

You scan the scroll of our sacrifice
And you hope that the list will end
'Ere you feel the throb that tears your throat,
As you say, « He was my friend, »
And its « Poor Old Bob, I knew him well » —
Or « Bill — my God — not Bill » —
But every place that a pal has left
Is a place that you can fill.

Do you remember the day they left ?
That day they passed through the town ?
When the bayonets gleamed like a spray of steel
On the river of rolling brown ?
And now ? — In this same old Town to-day
There are slackers who're slacking still
All blind to the fact that the place that's left
Is the place that they could fill.

The far-off note of the bugle-call
 And the beat of the distant drum
 Tell not the tale of the men who've gone
 But the men who have got to come.
 Oh ! Duty is calling and vengeance is calling —
 Their cry shall never be stilled
 Till the last of the gaps in Canada's ranks
 By Canada's sons are filled.

RIDUCULOUS QUOTATIONS FROM CANADIAN

Newspapers due to typographical errors.

Count 'em — Six. — For « sale — Six Generals, all in wax, life size, well preserved — each one in a coffin. »

Ed. Let them be half a dozen Hun Generals, please.

Rapid Transit. — « While at work this morning at P. W. Ellis' Factory Joseph Boya, 72 Carlaw Avenue, caught his left hand in a machine and was taken to St. Micheal's Hospital »

Quick transit, « Some » machine that.

Let us hope so. — « The line there forms an acute salient, and it would appear that no safe line of retreat is open to the defenders. They will be *exploded* to a concentrated from three sides as they retreat. »

Meaning that the huns will be exploded as thay retreat.

Mayor too modest. — « His Worship stated that a conferance would be held in a few days at which the representatives of the City, the Harboard Board, Board of Railway Commissioners, and the G. T. R. and C. P. R. would be president to discuss the question of proceeding with the erection of the Viaduct. »

Does'nt the Mayor want to be President himself ?

A. Sex Distinction. — « Help wanted — *female* The Naționnal Life Assur-ance Company through a readjustment of territory, have a few good positions for gentlemen who can produce results. »

Surely gentlemen cannot be classified as female help.

« **Some » Fighter.** — « They fought to the last, with broken guns and bare fists, who will take their place and avenge them. (Enlist now and be ready) ».

Most excuses are not worth the trouble.

Is it up to the ruler of a Nation to be straight.

Every man that does the best he can is a real hero.

Few people are ever on time. They are either late or early.

* * *

The smaller a man's wit, the more pains he takes to show it.

* * *

If a girl has teeth like pearls, she is never as dumb as an oyster.

* * *

If some men would work more, and hope less, they would get along better.

* * *

Lest we forget, it may be mentioned that a friend at the front will be glad to get a letter from you.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

If the few would be « Sports » who caused the *Folies Bergères* to be placed out of bounds are now satisfied with themselves or do they mean to extend their « Killing Humour » to other amusement centres.

Is it a fact that the Office clock was made by a man named George Washington, alias Bhumtime, of a German Colony in the U. S. A.

If the Circus pictures in the Office gave birth to the idea of trotting off parade in the morning.

Things are always getting your goat in the Army but there is always plenty « *Lait* » (Late).

When some of the old original First Division in K. I. are going to have a second leave, we would rather have it sprung on us in winter than pushed on us in the Spring.

Why, though in no hurry, we invariably run to work.

The name of the fearless Despatch Rider who carried a D. R. L. S. letter across the Channel, and what was the make of his machine.

How the boys like the new broom, Some Bristles, Eh ?

Have sufficient fines been collected to pay for the clock.

To whose account the 3,000,000 hours spent on Button Parade will be debited.

Is « Nobby Clarke » to be granted « extra pay allowance under K. R. & XXX for numerous « Hair-cut orders. »

Where Pte Millhouse gets his pants creased so nicely. (Ed. Try a needle and thread).

How a certain amorous young Sergeant of K. I. I. is getting on with his music lessons.

If the Army is now a profession ? Before it was Piece Work.

 WHAT HE SAID.

Recruiting Sergeant — « Whats your age ? Old Man, determined to be patriotic — « Twenty-two », Recruiting Sergeant, « I said your age not your chest measurement. »

As *La Vie Canadienne* is intended to be a help as well as a source of amusement to Canadians in Rouen, I venture to give below a « Handy Reference », which, it is believed, may help some of our comrades who have newly arrived, and who hope (with luck) to put in some little period in our beautiful old city. It is considered that this *Handy Reference* though small, contains all that is necessary for the beginner.

HANDY REFERENCE

French words a soldier in France must know.

<i>Beaucoup</i>	Buck-up.
<i>Cafè Cognac</i>	Cafah Conny.
<i>Malade</i>	Mall.
<i>Promenade</i>	Promnodd.
<i>Mademoiselle</i>	Say Kid.
<i>Ce soir</i>	Swarr.
<i>Combien</i>	Bane.
<i>Demain</i>	De ma.
<i>Très bien</i>	Trays beans.
<i>Fatigue</i>	Oh ? Fat Aga.

News for Canadians

(Under special arrangement with the Rt. Hon. The Duke of Flanders.)

The undermentioned Canadians have been mentioned in despatches, according to supplement of the London (Ontario) *GASJET*, issued last night:

Act-Corporal BARK. — Whilst in command of 100,000 pairs of boots and 50,000 tunics and other War Material, the supports (of the shelving) gave way. Although he was entirely cut off from all help, food or water, he set a fine example of endurance, working unceasingly until the early hours of the morning. He showed throughout entire disregard for personal safety.

Pte. TOWLEY-BURNER. — Whilst hurrying under great difficulties in heavy rain to join his Unit, which was going into action at 8.00 A.M. on September 31st, 1916 at rue Dufay; he not only made a superhuman effort to gain his objective, but by his determination, so occupied the attention of the sentry, that he enabled two other men to get on parade unobserved—whilst he himself was held as hostage. His resourcefulness set a fine example and encouraged many.

The Beggars of Rouen (a contrast) by a Scribe

A beggar is a well known specimen of humanity. You can travel far and wide and it is doubtful whether you will miss their presence. They only vary in their types. To those of you who have rambled through books, the type that Rouen can boast of, is by no means unfamiliar. Through the years it has been preserved in its wholeness. The poor fellow that you see crawling along the highways and byways by means of his hands and two stumps which were perhaps once human legs, can appeal to the imagination as a mediaeval type. A Sunday stroll around the precincts of the Cathedral will give you a study of types that amaze you. They seem to squat themselves down at so many paces distant from one another; and they appeal to you with their eyes alone. Of course they are very careful that you should see their particular deformities. And you marvel that they should be so varied. Perhaps that is one reason why they do not seek localities where they would have the field to themselves and still catch the eye of the passer-by. I wonder if by any chance they have a pride in their deformities; and do they imagine that they got the more pity and sympathy financially, by contrast with the lesser or some times greater deformity of their fellow-unfortunates? It has occurred to me that they glory in their profession, for I will class most of them as professional beggars. It is known to have been a custom in European Cities, amongst certain classes, to train themselves to become beggars. And it is not untrue to say that many children have been wilfully maimed or deformed in some way, so as to keep up — shall I say — the reputation of the profession. But the class seems to be dying out. They are evolving into a much less picturesque type.

I was strolling along the Rue Saint Romain — a favorite haunt of Rouen Beggars — a few Sundays ago; and the picture presented to me, recalled old types of beggars that I had met with in my travels through

« Book-Land ». I was making comparisons, when my friend awoke me from my reverie.

« Some quiet beggars these! why they want to go over to the Other Side and take lessons! Take that fellow over there minus two arms, he wants to get a placard and tell the public that he was wounded in the Great War, and then he should string a whole lot of stuff about a wife and children starving. Good Lord! If they want to play the game, let them at least be up to date! But I suppose it is hopeless, ages of custom will not wear off! The other day I was looking in a shop window when I felt some one take me by the arm, it happened to be a blind women, who is a well known figure on the streets, she asked me to buy some boot-laces I did not need them, but slipped a coin in her hand. And what do you think she said — she asked my pardon for troubling me. I watched her asking another fellow who snapped out a rather brusque « Non ». Yet I caught her whisper « Pardon Monsieur, si je vous dérange ». It is certainly some contrast with the Other Side. There's another type I saw, or rather see quite often. You must know her. You will find her any starless or starlit night huddled up on the steps of a big store on the Rue de la Republic — a pitable figure! She never looks at you, as you pass, never murmurs a word. And I have heard that she refuses a refuge. She apparently is content to endure the cold and discomfort. Some times you will see her crying. You give her a coin, and she will take it in a manner that gives you the impression that she does not want it. It is all a puzzle to me. »

We were well away from the Rue Saint Romain by this time. My friend, in his energetic way, had given me a rough view of his impression of the beggars of Rouen as he found them. He admitted that they fitted into the picture of Rouen's quaintness and picturesqueness. I asked him to try and imagine a New York type accosting him on the Rue Grant Pont. You all know him. The fellow that has had just enough money to bring him into the city, and is without the price of a meal or a bed for the night. He explains that he will start work on his new job to-morrow. « Even a dime will help me out » he pleads. And to get rid of him, you give it to him. Then some time later on he may forget that he has tackled you before and gives you the same take of woe. You remind him of the former time, and cursing his luck, he quietly disappears. Well my friend chimed in he certainly would spoil the picture. « The type is too modern for Rouen, but I'll give you odds that this type clears up a whole lot more than our poor deformed specimens of Rouen. And he gets away with it too. » And I had to admit that he was right.

I think that it will be many years hence that Rouen Beggars take to modern methods. And then we will see them not huddled up by the walls of the churches, but rather outside the many cafes that this city can boast. Can you imagine the New York type hanging around the Brasserie Paul? They might make quite a few francs around the hour of nine — when Bacchus reigns King and dispenses the contents of his subjects purses on what might be less praiseworthy than the twentieth-century beggar.

Daily Orders Part II.

405th ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION (Swiss Section).

Station: SWITZERLAND.

No. 30300.

Feb. 6th 1987.

- 2-10-710, Cpl. P. P. SLY. — Ordered to take precedence of ranks as from termination of Boer War, for, When on active service, in capacity of Orderly Room Clerk, carrying on strength of his Battalion, names of men who never existed. (Auth: O. C. Lost Property. W. O. Emma/Over-Strength/ 199 dated 1-4-16.)
- 2 L., L./Cpl. BAILUS S.V.P. — Ordered to provide himself with a supply of Fly-papers, for, when on active service allowing a spider to build a *Cobweb* on his *Oliver typewriting machine*. (Auth: O. C. *Cobweb brigade*, 111/Centipedes/*Um* dated 1-4-16.)
- 2 L. 2, L./Sgt. H. R. MITH. — Ordered to parade with his Symptoms for the duration of the war at Medical Bureau for when on active service, attempting to foil the M. O. in the execution of his Office, by *going sick*, whilst on the same day, writing a letter home, found by the *Censor* to contain the information that he was in perfect health. (Auth: O. C. Malades K.M. 9 dated 1-4-16.)

MILITARY SPIRIT

War.

Whatever may be the weapon of the day, war remains a contest between men — a contest in which every quality of brain, heart, nerve as well as muscle is tried to the utmost. For war is a highly intellectual art in which character, education, time, space and opportunity are dominant factors. It is the art therefore of the man who possesses originality and resource, who dares to take risks, who thinks deeply and thinks clearly,

who, when accident intervenes, is not thereby cast down, but changes his plans and dispositions with the readiness of a resolute and reflective mind which so far as is possible has foreseen and provided against mischance.

Consequently a military spirit consists of both mental and moral qualities which influence the condition of men in war far more than material circumstances.

National Unity.

National unity alone will enable a nation to face disasters unflinchingly and unappalled. Wealth will provide the sinews of war in the form of arms, ammunition, clothing, food, etc., but history tells us that wealth by itself only tends to enervate the military spirit of a nation. The political health of a nation is reflected in the practical idealism, moral personality and military patriotism of its citizens. Without true patriotism, a readiness to live or die for the state, a spirit of jealousy for its honour and sacrifice in its cause, a sense of public duty backed up by moral conviction and clear insight, there can be no national unity.

Discipline.

Without habits of obedience and subordination of individuality, combination and unity of effort are impossible.

Courage.

Without that firmness of spirit which enables men to meet danger without fear, the tactical value of an army is of little worth, and strategical possibilities vary with the relative tactical value of the opposing armies.

A general who is confident of defeating the enemy when he meets him may venture on manoeuvres which it would be madness to attempt against a superior adversary.

Endurance.

Further, without that power of continuing under pain, hardship and distress, without being overcome; the long marches and exertions necessary to securing a strategical advantage or surprise (with its potent moral results) cannot be accomplished.

Determination.

Commanders without that quality of mind which reaches definite conclusions and persists in anything undertaken, cannot expect to maintain that moral equilibrium which is of even greater importance than the spirit of their troops.

The Burgoyne Lancers.

Stationed at Burgoyne.

Major-General BARLEYCORN, G. O. C.

The Burgoyne Lancers fall-in sharp,
The moment that its getting dark ;
I tell them off in one's and two's --
They « form fours-right » and go for Booze.

Next they line-up for the Bar,
So I buy them all a good cigar,
(I treat my troops with the greatest taste,
Because we have no more men to waste).

But, as « G. O. C. » of this Brigade,
I contemplated a general raid
So I sent four warriors round the back
To try and arrange a counter-attack.

They reported to me that the game was blocked
Cause some body had the back-door locked.
The casualties after were very great
For we didn't get out till very late.

And after the midnight hour had passed
There were sixteen dizzy and twenty-four « gassed »
But it makes no difference : it's all the same.
I determined to try my hand again :

To take once more a desperate chance —
So I told the Bugler to sound the advance.
But the Bugler could hardly stand on his feet,
And he made a slight BULL and blew the « Retreat ».

Immediately I gave him a shout
But by some mistake he blew « Lights out ».
The enemy loomed up by the score,
But my soldiers rallied and called for more.

Then a D. R. L. S. came in on the fly —
It came from the Adjutant-who wanted more RYE :
A serious message, and I must obey,
So I sent ten up on a silver tray.

Our Battalion Runner, who never FAKES
Went dead to the world and took the snakes.
The counter attacks were not repeated
But at last my Army was all defeated.

My Army I'll Crime — just wait and see :
 The whole bally bunch will do « C. B. »
 I'll reduce them all from the Bugler down —
 Our Sanitary Corporal will wear a crown.

I'll improve my Army and make it faster
 And we'll draw our Rhum from the Quartermaster.
 In Routine Orders you'll perceive
 That our Barracks are closed until New Year's Eve.

PEARMAN.

Across the Styx.

On each Sunday morning, to Church we all hie
 And we hear of Bright Mansions way up in the sky :
 But such a large crowd have in France found their doom —
 I'm beginning to wonder if there's any room ;
 (For I know that I'll « croak » if I stay here much longer,
 Cause I've only one lung — and I'll never get stronger.)

* * *

I've a friend — a fat sergeant : a « peach » of a head,
 Whose fat's mostly muscle, when all's done and said :
 But Goshall-Gee-Whilkins, he weighs half a ton
 And melts just like butter when out in the Sun.
 Now if Fat « kicks the bucket » and climbs up the Stair,
 It's a straight ten-to-one shot, there'll be « No Room » there ;
 For they'll take just one look at the son-of-a-gun
 And mark a big « NO » on his two-forty-one.
 He sure will get rattled and tell Peter plain,
 « There's something suspicious, and YOU are to blame. »
 And he'll pound on the Gate with a wheeze and a sigh
 Then slowly descend, with a tear in his eye.

* * *

But Fat and The Devil are old pals, you know —
 And maybe he'll yet run The Books down below :
 How he'll wait for the Bunch that he knew in « K. T » ;
 And gloat o'er their names on his B. 103.
 He'll look in the S's and run down the B's,
 Then turn a few pages and look at the P'S,
 And he'll say « Its damphunny that Guinea's not here,
 I'll wager he's up there, still sipping his beer. »

* * *

You ask how I know all these things that I tell ? »
 Well — one night I dreamt that I went down to Hell,
 And when I arrived there, all blistered and sore —
 Discovered Old Fat looking out of the Door.
 Said he to me « Guinea : your poems I've read,
 And really, old man, I am sorry you're dead :
 But now that you're here, we can't leave you alone »
 So he called up some place on a large telephone
 And the answer came back, « You must watch that man well »
 So Fat says to me « Stay *Forever* in Hell. »
 Then he wrote down my name on his Nominal Roll,
 And took me inside where they shovel the Coal.
 I asked him politely where I'd get a Drink,
 He shouted — and in came a Jane all in Pink,
 Said I, « Half-a-pint, Miss, if you'll be so kind » —
 (To be truthful, I had something else on my mind)
 But « Hemlock » ? The Beer has a terrible taste
 And the Jane had a thousand sharp pins round her waist.

* * *

Just then I woke up — and the Dream was all o'er :
 A taxi whizzed by and the Big Clock struck Four —
 I yawned — and decided some sleep to purloin,
 All safe in my bed at the Hotel Burgoyne.

« WHO CAN IT BE ? »

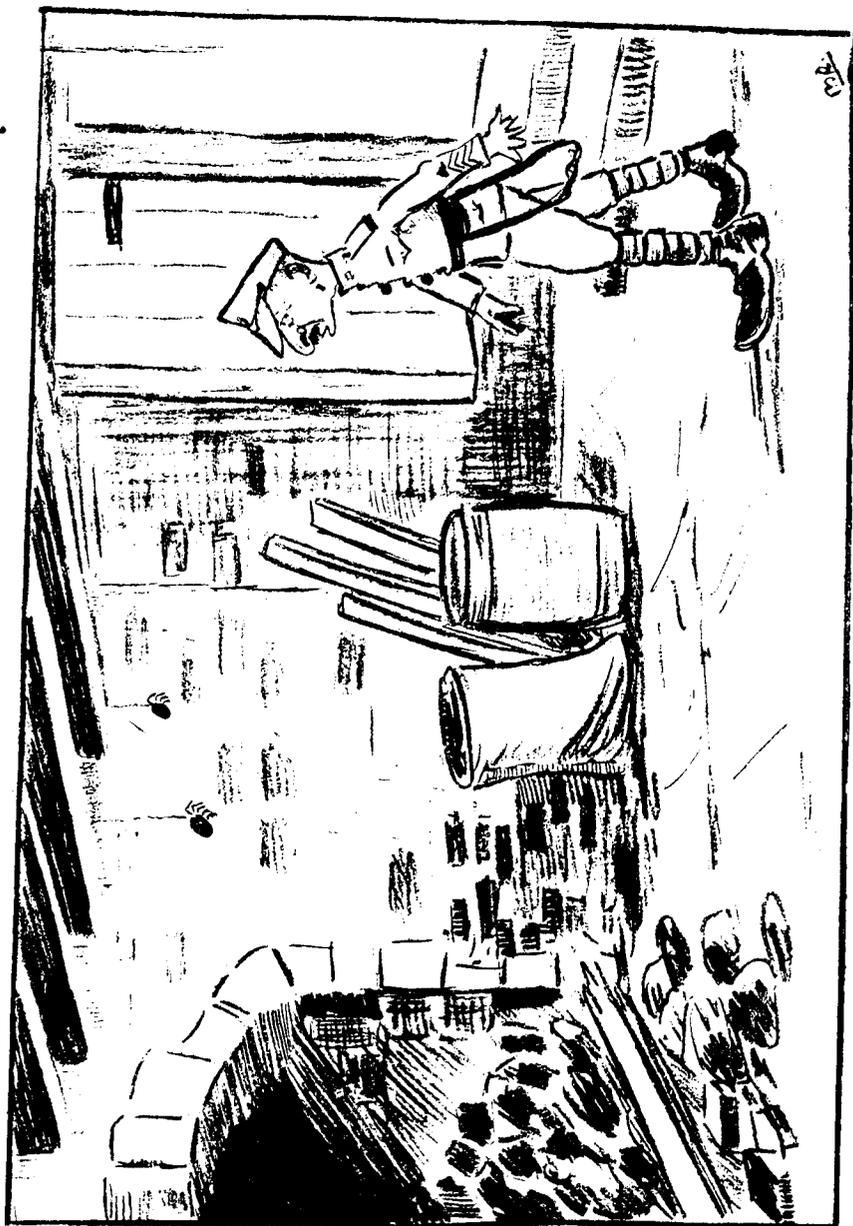
*Just a year ago, kicked out of the Base,
 To the Echelon came to join in the race,
 But now he dons the turned down four.
 The boast is « Wait and See, I'll get more. »*

*He travelled to the base on a special mission,
 Anticipating the much envied commission,
 With excuses, wails, and illogical tales,
 After three weeks training, returns ; he fails.*

NO SONG LIKE THE OLD SONG

LADY VISITOR (to Pat in Hospital). — « And what did you feel like during your first engagement ? »

PAT. — « Feel ? » « I felt as if ivery hair on my head was a full sized band, and ivery wan of 'em was playing « Home Sweet Hom ». »



O.C. COBWEBS

OVERHEAD IN K. R.

- Reinforcement Clerk.* What is a smith gunner ?
Artillery Clerk. Never heard of it. Perhaps you mean Gunner Smith.
Reinforcement Clerk. Well, aren't they the same thing ?

THE BASE

He was on Listening Post, which was a shell hole and almost knee deep in mud. As he sat there on a piece of board with the corner of his left eye above the edge of the sand bags, he had a vision.

It was not hordes of Allemands he saw approaching him with a view to « straffing » him. (that would have been a pleasant sight to him in his present state of mind). His vision did not include the Drug Store of his Western home where on many a night he had listened to Scotti (that Italian guy) on a 10 year old gramophone and had yarned to the boys of the town. Nor did he remember the happy evening he had spent with the daughter of a local rancher on the river side. No, those were of the past and the impossible future. He even forgot about the two by four « Estaminet » adjoining the Regimental billet some two miles behind the firing line, where a « tres gentil mademoiselle » made glad eyes at him and at times made Venus look like a washerwoman to him, and obliterated all thoughts of the rancher's daughter, who was no doubt still enjoying the river side with some guy who had been too wise to enlist with the first bunch.

What he did picture was the Base.

Val, his pal, who had been slightly wounded during an attack at St. Eloi, had just returned from the Base and was overflowing with tales of the great times he had while there. Some of these he had been narrating most graphically to our friend just before he had been detailed for Listening Post.

As he squatted in that shell hole, miserable and wet and wearing a grouch that would have made the entire Army envious, he wished in his innermost self that B. C., his native province, would declare Peace. His eighteen months of trench life passed in panoramic array along the German barb wire immediately in front of him. He saw himself climbing over, eyes ablaze with fury, and he saw the big fat « superman » who became no more when he ran into contact with his bayonet and he wished that another would come his way now. He tried to figure out how much Bully Beef and how many Hard Tack Biscuits he had consumed since his arrival in France. He thought of the number of meal tickets he would have used had he been at home. He reflected on the uncomfortable dug-outs he had inhabited, and the miraculous escapes he had had. He wondered why the bullet which passed through his

trousers had not penetrated his leg, just a little bit. Just at that moment a bullet buried itself about two feet from his head, but his mind was far from that bullet and his thoughts wandered on.

His train of thought changed somewhat and he pictured the wonderful Saloons, « Brasseries » Val had called them, and his mouth underwent a douche when he thought of the sparkling liquors he had mentioned. He vowed he would never slacken his thirst with the horrid beer of the Front line Estaminet again but would reserve his thirst until such times as he managed to reach the Base, where he would create a record for consuming French drinks. He tried to imagine the « chic mademoiselle » that he had heard of. Their fascinating figures and unprecedented dresses. He wished in himself that he had given more thought to learning French, as he felt it would be a great help to him when he did arrive at the Base. He remembered that Val had spoken of visiting a real Vaudeville Theatre and how he had overstayed his pass in order to please a little Frenchie who had made eyes at him from the Stage, and how he had to dodge the M.Ps. in order to get back to Camp.

It seemed to our friend that no shell was made in Krupps with his name and address on it. He had evidently been overlooked when the Huns were scrutinizing the list of his Regiment. He cursed his luck in not having a hammer toe or a flat foot and wondered why the frost had not bitten his feet. Rheumatics never troubled him, nor could he contract a convenient disease like his pals had done. It all made his sore.

Just then a starlight made the night look like day, so he lowered his head for a minute or two, wondering when he would be relieved. When the starlight had died out and the bullets had ceased to spin over his head, he stood up and stretched himself and just as he was in the act of making himself as comfortable as possible, his prayer was answered. Something hit him on the Arm, swung him round and threw him upon the mud of his shell hole. He picked himself up, shrugged his shoulders, tore out his Field Dressing and bound up the wound, which although extremely painful caused his face to beam with a smile. He had just finished dressing his wound when he heard his relief wriggling towards him. Without losing many minutes he was back in the trench and soon was on his way to the Field Dressing Station. In the early morning he was taken to a Field Ambulance and later in the day transferred to a Casualty Clearing Station. He was now happy for he was at last en route for the Base. Next day he was loaded into an Ambulance Train and late that night arrived at a General Hospital far from the Firing Line. When

in Hospital he was informed by the Doctor that his wound was serious and that he would be shipped to Blighty the next day. Whether you believe me or not, our friend simply tore his hair with rage (or rather with his hands) because he was being sent to England without participating in the joys of the Base, and it is said that he still talks and hopes for the day when he will be returned from England as a Reinforcement and enjoy the marvellous drinks of the Brasseries and promenade the Rues with (?) Beauties at the Base.

FRENCH HUMOR.



- Doc. « Well ! Whats the matter with you ? »
 POILU. « Me M' sieu ! L' Major its de « Box » thats on the bum. »
 Doc. « Seems to have run for some time, are you married ? »
 POILU. « Yes L' Major. »
 Doc. « Is you wife in good health ? »
 POILU. « Oh yes. »
 Doc. « How old are you ? »
 POILU. (Absentmindedly.) « Oh Seventeen. »
 Doc. « No man your age, not your class. »
-
-

JEAN LATOUR'S SON

*Come drink, ma fren', one petite bierre,
And I was tol' you' bout ma son ;
Hees gon' fer fight by Angleterre,
Fer keel de Kaiser an' de Hun.*

*W en firs' de war hees start, mon fils,
Hees say to me, one day, Mon pere,
I tink I go fer make enlees'
Wit' hundred fiftenth volligeurs.*

*Nex' day ma son (hees name is « Pierre »)
Tak chemin de fer Ottawa
An' go fer see Captain Lemaire,
Who give ma son habit soldat.*

*Dey train for two, tree mont' maybe,
Den dey embark on vaisseau gran',
Fer mak de trip across de sea,
An' fight at front wit' Engleesman.*

*Mon fils hees fight by St. Eloi :
By Ypres too hees fight also,
An' roun Verdun hees lose deux doights,
An' to de hospital hees go.*

*Hees fight again by Orignay :
An' in de middle of Advrance,
Hees keeled and now is interred,
Je sais pas où, — Somewhere in France.*

*Ma fren', if you have sons at home,
Mak dem enlees' an' wear khaki,
For help avenge led Belges et Serbes
An' fight or die for La Patrie.*

JIMMY

A Trench Tragedy

To begin with Jimmy was'nt a soldat to look at, round shouldered and wobbly at the knees, he invariably was to be found vacantly chewing half a plug of McDonalds.

But he was a full buck Private in the famous... Battalion, Canuck to the core, a Battalion that swore they killed more huns before

breakfast than any bunch in the line. Did they cut out their « Arf a Mo's » before going over the tops ? No ! And as for the training for a little thing like a trench raid, why they sent out the Colonel's batman, and the Company Cooks on little things like that. Say, I could tell you... but I must get back to my story.

Jimmy, when he spoke, jerked it out with a wierd accent, sort of mixture of a dozen Southern States, and maybe a little bit of Hamilton thrown in. How he ever came to enlist, is as mysterious as the proverbial rag, but he himself had a hazy notion it was partly brass band, but mostly « Rye ».

It was the deadly hour of « Stand To », and our hero made a ghostly figure in the grey streaks of dawn, busily straffing the peaceful Hun, who no doubt was placidly preparing breakfast, when bang ; like a bolt from the blue went a streak of fire. Instantly he crumpled up, dropped his trusty rifle (it was'nt a Ross) gave a foolish grin, then lay still and white.

(Two minutes afterwards, when Jimmy came to, we had a hell of a time explaining how the Platoon Commander had fired off a flare pistol beside his ear).

MACHINE-GUNNER.

OUR POST BOX

Editor « *La Vie* »

Your correspondent of yesterday was quite in error when he said « Stand Steady » s a War Phrase.

This term is only used in Military Prisons at the Base, and would hardly be classed as a War Phrase. This term varies occasionally, such as « Try and stand steady » but the meaning is the same.

« SEA-DOG ».

(Ed. Meaning might be..... but..... have you ever tried ?)

.*.*

Editor « *La Vie Canadienne* », Overseas, France

DEAR EDDY,

I heard about your paper only last week from Jim — who is on leave from your country. He told all of de family who your *La Vie* was. I think you should send me a copy when you can afford it. Jessie, my wife, hangs the cover over the table so that we all sees it once a day (or whenever we eats). We eats a lot-our family. I like Jim's face on the pictures. He helps make it home-like. I ame your old pal who hopes you are as well as it leaves me with a cold, I am,

JIMMIES Brother,

Look Inn London.

* * *

DEAR ED.,

Heard about the accident down our way? Big Fire in Munition Factory - ? A kid works in a bomb factory was killed. A Bomb-throw(h)er on to a Trench-Mort(h)ear, and being a prohibition district, we could not get a Bartend(h)er — so she went without tending. Along comes a guy wid a Safety-Raz(h)er and we puts her in a bus and drives her home. Its pretty sad so I won't say no more.

My regards to your journey, and hopes it gets prosperious News this year.

Your old pal,

Willy P. ORNOTT.

GET A TRANSFER

Under Rules Regulations No 1643

If you are on the gloomy line

Get a transfer.

If you are inclined to fret and pine

Get a transfer.

Get off the track of doubt and gloom

Get on the Sunshine Train ; there's room.

Get a transfer.

If you are on the Wrong Train,

Get a transfer.

You must not stay there and complain,

Get a transfer.

The cheerful Cars are passing through,

And there is lots of room for you.

Get a transfer.

If you are on the Grouchy Track,

Get a transfer.

Just take a Happy Special back,

Get a transfer.

Jump on the train and pull the rope

That lands you at the Station « Hope ».

Get a transfer.

FOOTBALL

Retrospect of the doings of the Section Football Club since the commencement of the « Sports Competition ».

The first game in the Competition was against No. 320 Coy. A.S.C. on the ground of the latter. This game was very one-sided, our boys doing very much as they liked in the way of scoring goals. It was a fine opening, but a little stronger opposition would have been more welcome to the large number of camp followers who went down to cheer the boys on. The game finished 10-1 in our favour, it would be foolish to single out any players for distinction in a game of this nature as they all did was asked of them, but Stoker, who made a welcome re-appearance, was top scorer closely followed by Williams.

No. 1 Base M.T. supplied the opposition in the second game, and as subsequently proved, this game was very different from that of the previous week, our handsome victory of that occasion being turned into a reverse. However, there was no disgrace in losing to a team of the calibre of the M.T. as they played a very fine game, all the same the run of the play was value for about a tie, and I don't think we could be blamed if we were not altogether in harmony with several of the decisions of the referee. The game ended in favour of the M.T. by 2-1. We have only one regret now, and that is that we won't have another whack at them by way of revenge.

Oct. 22nd. game was against « L » Signal Company on our own ground, this was a very interesting, clean game, and was well contested all the way through, it was notable for the few stoppages that took place, the referee's job sure was a cinch, in fact he could have been altogether dispensed with there being no fouls or disputes of any description. The game ended 2-0 in our favour. We are sorry to learn that our opponents of this game are likely to drop out of the Competition owing to team difficulties.

The game against No. 8 General Hospital which took place Oct. 29th. was, of course, a big event, owing to our desire to wipe

out that defeat of last year's final, when with a weak team we were forced to bow the knee by the narrow majority of 2-1. The hospital field was reached after a route march which had that noon one of ours « skinned a mile », in fact, 'tis said that it wasn't reached by some of the fans who got off the beaten track, perhaps waylaid in some « café avec joint ». Those who did make the grade were rewarded by seeing one of the most exciting and interesting games that has taken place in connection with the Competition. The ground was rather slippery after the heavy rain the ball being difficult to judge, this explained the many miskicks which cropped up during the first half-hour. The first half was evenly contested, no side claiming much superiority and the interval arrived without a score on either side. The second was very fast, our boys having the pull all the time and only bad luck kept them from registering, especially on one occasion when Goodall got right through and struck the post with the goalkeeper well beaten, on other occasions the ball was stopped more by good luck than good play by the defenders of the No. 8 goal... We had the better of the exchanges right through the game but more especially during the last fifteen minutes when the home team scarcely ever crossed their own half on the field, but score we could not and had to rest content with one point where with the slightest sensation of luck we would have had two, however, it was no mean performance to go to No. 8 ground and take away even one point.

No. 6 Anti-Aircraft Searlight Section was faced on Nov. 5th. on their ground, this game was spoiled by a high wind which blew from corner to corner making control of the ball a very difficult matter, Curtis opened the scoring soon after the start followed by a beauty from Park, and this proved to be all the scoring that took place, the game ending in our favour 2-1.

Nov. 12th. found us facing the Severn Cadet Corps, which looked to be an easy thing judging by the youthful look of that team, but as is often the case appearances were deceptive as far from being novices at the game they played like a bunch of veterans, the kids played with more vim than any team we have met this year and we were lucky to get four goals as we did, while

thanks mainly to Steele and Collier they didn't score at all. Our team played about their best game here and every thing they tried came off for once in a way ; the outside left of the Cadets especially being a very clever player and it was well that we had our popular captain against, him in whom he found one who also knew some tricks of the trade, the encounters between these two were pretty even for a while until Collier « tumbled » to the outside man after which he was'nt so often dangerous. Naturally the Cadets felt a little disappointed at the result as it was their first reverse in the Competition.

No game in the Competition was called for on Nov. 19th. but in order to keep the players in condition an International game between natives of Scotland and England was arranged, this game had all the appearances of the exhibition game that it was except for the fact that one or two of the reserves exerted themselves to make an impression on the selectors and several of them showed form that will stand them in good stead in the future. The game ended in a tie 1-1 although ; if anything, the Oatmeal savages had the better of the exchanges.

Nov. 19th. game was against R.A.T.S. or in English, « Royal Artillery Territorial Section », in this game the opposition was not very strong and we took the opportunity of enlarging our goal average to the tune of 9-0. The scorers were Stoker 3, Mc Lean 3, Jones 2 and Park 1. Although losing by such a heavy score the Terriers played a nice game and are to be commended on the way they took their big defeat, they didn't seem to mind so long as they were beaten by a better team and had a good game.

The game on Dec. 3rd. was against No. 3 Stationary Hospital and was of great importance owing to the fact that they had not been previously beaten in the Competition. A large representation of the Section turned out to encourage our boys in the spoiling of that enviable record. There was great disappointment expressed by our fans at the situation of the ground and not without reason, it certainly has anything beaten in this district for a lay out, far from being level it would make an ideal hill for sleighing, and if ever the weather permits of that here we have an idea that the boys will hie there with their bobs. Some of

our enthusiasts went so far as to say that it could be easily seen why No. 3 had a clean sheet so far. However, the boys in green opened briskly and looked as if the field was going to be no drawback, and exactly one minute from the kick-off Curtis opened the score from a cross by Davidson. After this early success our forwards hemmed in No. 3 and never allowed them to go far from their own goal, when they did either the hatrles or backs gave them the « about-turn », and only good play by the home goalie and too close play by our forwards kept us from adding to our total, Curtis at this stage was playing finely, being well supplied with the ball by Owen, who appeared to have recovered his form of last season after his rest Mc. Lean had hard lines on many occasions and only force of numbers kept him out. There was no more scoring this half and we crossed over to face the hill with only one goal of a lead, a fact, which was well received by the opposing fans who could now see a « cinch » for their side in the second half. The second period opened as if their idea was going to be carried out for after No. 3 equalised there was no holding of them and they did'nt stop until they were one ahead, but if they thought the game was won after their second goal they got a rude awakening as the Canucks now warmed to their work and put every ounce into it, having more of the play even than their opponents despite the hill, and after a brilliant piece of play by Park who beat about four opponents en route Mc. Lean tied the scores again. We have seen goals scored before in the football annals of the Section but the demonstration that took place on this score eclipses all others. The boys did not stop at this but kept driving up the steep hill, every man going full blast and not sparing himself for a minute until it looked as they would get even the full points but luck was against their efforts and we had to be content with one point after the hardest fought game in which we have taken part in. It certainly was some performance to take a point away from a good team like No. 3 Stationary possessing as they do a field which is worth about three goals to the team accustomed to it...

Our standing in the Competition is now :— Played 8 games,

won 5 — drawn 2 — Lost — 1 Goals for — 30 Against 5. — It is very evident that the Competition is going to be a close affair, at present we stand about third from the top, and in order to again win our Division, as we did last year, we will require to win the remainder of our games, which is quite within our reach, barring accidents to our present team. Considering everything we have so far done as well as expected, when we take into consideration that most of our opponents are either playing football or training during mid-week it says much for the excellent condition of our players that they can more than hold their own with regard to lasting the game to a finish, had we the same facilities as the others we think we would be safe in forecasting another Canadian victory in the Competition. The Second Team has proved to be a big success and as already supplied players to the First Team, not to mention having brought back to form others temporarily dropped owing to a falling off, they have a good record in games played and at present are in possession of a team as strong, if not stronger, than several playing in the Competition, it only required encouragement of this nature to find out what a good bunch of footballers we had in the Section.

SPORTING EDITORS' ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES

Centre Forward.— Your method of scoring goals as per diagram is excellent and the backs are easily beaten by following out your directions, but we think it would be just as well to take the ball with you when beating the backs in order to score.

Sprinter.— How to increase your speed?

This can easily be accomplished by hanging on to the back of an auto going about 30 miles per hour.

Dorando.— No « Cafe Cognacs » are not good training diet for a marathon runner.

Goalie, 320 Coy. A.S.C.— No. It is not permissible according to K. R. & Football to put the nets in front of the goal. I would refer you to a book recently published and edited by Sgt Cassells, « How to put up Nets ».

« **Jack Johnson** ».— As far as we know Carpentier has still a few open dates. Please note the following address : Graves Registration Commission, B. E. F.

« **Blackburn Rovers** ».— Steele, Collier & Daley is our defence.
Prices can be arranged later.

FUTURE FOOTINGS

Jan. 21 st.	Railway Staff.	Home.
— 28 th.	No 10 Labour Coy. Royal Berks	Away.
Feb. 4 th.	No 4 Aux S. & P. Coy	Away.

TWO TO I BAR ONE



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