

EASTER

NUMBER.

Trench



Echo.

(Officially Censored by General Staff.)

AT THE FRONT.

The 27th (City of Winnipeg) Battalion.

Flanders, Easter, 1916.

EDITORIAL.

EASTER has been decided upon as the period at which the 27th will inflict upon its numerous friends the second number of "TRENCH ECHO." Christmas brought forth No. 1, and why these two seasons of peace and goodwill should, to the exclusion of others, witness the issue of this somewhat spasmodic publication may seem somewhat strange. Notwithstanding stories to the contrary, just as much strife and ill-will was apparent on Christmas Day as on any other, and we have no reason whatever to believe that Easter will be exceptional in that regard. It is, then, for that very reason that "Trench Echo" appears at these two seasons. With things about us "Going on as usual" it is hard to realise it is Easter, and still more difficult to realise what Easter really means, but we do want our friends to know that they are more than ever in our thoughts at such times, despite our environment, and by means of "Trench Echo" No. 2, the 27th desires to bring this fact home to you and to wish you all the old, old wish—a Happy Easter.



AN EASTER EGG FOR THE KAISER.

With the 27th's compliments.

Since the last issue time has flown, and much has happened, and both time and happenings have left their marks. Some good fellows who were in our midst at Christmas are not with us now. Many of them have

made The Supreme Sacrifice, and we are proud of them, and wish to extend to their "Next of Kin" and friends at home our sympathy, and to assure them that no one could do more than they did, and, after all, that is what we are here to do—our utmost.

To the drafts we extend a hearty welcome. We wish that we could speak with a little more detail of the recent exploits of two Battalions of this Brigade. Since that is impossible, we can but heartily congratulate them upon their success, and state that some day we hope to add at least an equal amount to the credit of the Brigade.

To our commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel I. R.

Snider, we wish to express our appreciation of his permission to publish, and support in publishing, this number of "Trench Echo."

HONOURS.

HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS to Lance-Corporal Milne and Pte. Bonner, of "B" Company, on their D.C.M.s. We trust that their example may be a step towards further and numerous honours to the Battalion.

PROVERB.

A dug-out in Regent Street is worth two in the BULL RING.

HUN (shouting across to Canadians): "Say, do you know Ottawa?"

CANADIAN: "Yes."

HUN: "Well, I've a wife and three kiddies in Ottawa."

CANADIAN: "Just put your head over the parapet for a minute, and you will have a widow and three orphans in Ottawa."

CHRISTMAS WITH THE 27th BATTALION.

SEVERAL weeks previous to Christmas the most interesting topic of conversation and speculation among the boys of the Battalion was as to whether we would be IN or OUT on Christmas day.

Bunches would gather together and start calculating so many days in, so many days out, so many days at this point, so many at that; all arriving at different results, and cursing each other fluently.

However, the popular date set for reaching our rest camp appeared to be December 23, "Fritz" and other things permitting, and this date happened to be correct.

The weather, strange to say, was all that could be desired—bright, and in spots even dry, and save for the absence of snow, quite seasonable.

Among the 78 different varieties of rumours that continually infest the Battalion, one was most insistent and prominent, and that was that we were to have a real Christmas dinner; but for fear that the rumour, as usual, might turn out to be unfounded, most of the men made terrific onslaughts on the various parcels, of which every one seemed to have one or more.

The carol singing on Christmas Eve, indulged in by some of the musically inclined, was certainly a howling success, as the party collected some 23 drinks of various kinds, many smokes, and a bad cold or two.

One other incident of the festivities was much enjoyed by those who participated. One of our corporals, happening to go out of his hut at a late hour of the night, happened upon a bibulous individual, profanely struggling with a very large box in a very deep and moist ditch. He was quite drunk (the individual, not the corporal); he had started out from—he didn't remember where—with two, or it might have been three, cases

of champagne, he didn't remember which; he had lost his regiment, his cap, his way—everything but one case of wine and his thirst. It was quite cold, and knowing that frost spoils good wine, and also that it might prove uncomfortable sleeping in the ditch, the corporal grasped the stranger's hand in friendship and led him and the case carefully into the hut; not, however, before making exhaustive enquiries as to whether the missing case might not be discovered. The wine was much appreciated, and the bibulous one sped on his way the next morning, with many pressing invitations to call again—when he had discovered the other two cases.

Rumour number 78 proved to have some foundation in fact: we were going to have a real Christmas dinner, provided by the C.O. himself.

At quite a fashionable hour for dining, the Battalion paraded to the largest building in the village. It was, or had been, a school, and the interior was indeed Christmassy and seasonable with its lavish decorations of bright green, red-berried holly and coloured bunting.

The band was in attendance and in excellent form, adding much to the pleasure of the evening.

In a very short time when all were seated the dinner appeared. Roast turkey and dressing (real, not canned), vegetables, plum pudding, all washed down by that excellent beverage (but whisper it not in Winnipeg these days) made from hops and other things.

It was quite one of the brightest spots in the history of the Battalion, and that the Colonel's kindness was appreciated goes without saying.

After dinner there was more music by the band, songs, quartettes, etc., by members of the Battalion, and the National Anthem brought to a close a Christmas that will linger long in the minds of those who participated Somewhere in Flanders.

A. J. B.



Officer (returning in a hurry from No Man's Land): "Sentry, have I wriggled on to your confounded bayonet?"

Sandy: "Aye, Sir; but wriggle back again like the devil. Ye've only seven inches to go!"

RUM.

The parapets have all caved in and dug-outs tumbled down, You're up to the knees in Belgium mud of thick and sticky brown;

You're slipping here, you're falling there, in a hole you'll sometimes get,

Oh! it's nice to be on sentry-go when the weather's cold and wet. And you carry on until it's time for you to quit,

When your relief will come along to do his little bit; Then you roll up in a blanket and away to rest you creep,

Where the rats will keep you company whilst you lie fast asleep;

But ere dawn breaks along the trench an order's coming through, The word is passed quite rapidly the boys must all "Stand to!"

They climb on to the fire-step and get a trifle mixed, But soon you'll see them at their posts with all their bayonets fixed;

Then suddenly along the trench there comes a ghostly form. The boys all stand there ready their duty to perform.

It creeps along quite cautiously, "My God!" we hear; "they're come!"

"Who have?" they ask; "the Huns?" "No chance," hoarse voices shout; "IT'S THE RUM!"

WILL SOMEONE PLEASE TELL US—

HOW that new "Acting Adj." of ours and his erstwhile platoon-sergeant managed to work their way to London, after that ever popular order cancelling all leave came out?

Where the Q.M. salvaged that horse of his?

Who is the officer who contracted *trench teeth* while on leave?

What officer refused to take off his slippers and shot flares up the chimney of his dug-out?

Who introduced "Who" to "Muckle-Sandy"?

If it is true that the Q.M. has been invited to attend a quiet little wiring party in the front line, guests to bring their own housewives?

Who is the private in the machine-gun section who greased the legs of the tripod with anti-frostbite to keep them from getting trench feet?

NOT REALLY.

ONE OF THE LATEST DRAFT: "Does that band really belong to 'A' Company? It don't play no Scotch Airs."



SOCIETY NOTES.—The popularity of Pall Mall among Colonial visitors continues. Yesterday many Canadians were observed strolling up and down, and giving vent to exclamations of delight when held up by objects of interest.

THE REST CURE.

We were five months in the country
When the General ordered a rest;
We gladly welcomed the idea,
For, of course, the General knew best.

Away from the shells and the bullets,
With nothing to do all day,
Will make new men of us quickly,
The General was heard to say.

The boys looked forward eagerly
For the next three weeks to come,
And thought it would be dandy,
Although no issue of rum.

So at last we were on our way
To our little haven of bliss,
And we stopped at a grand farmhouse
For a few weeks more or less.

But after two days at the rest camp
Our opinions changed with a jerk,
For from morning until evening
It seemed to us like work.

A wash and a shave each morning;
Did you ever hear of this before?
Why, such a thing never happened
Since we came out to the war.

An inspection of rifles comes daily,
I have lost my iron Rations, I fear;
"You're up before the O.C. in the morning,"
Are the harsh words that I hear.

An hour's physical exercise,
Then some section and platoon drill;
Oh! we'll welcome the next rest gladly,
I am sure all of us will.

Then we take a trip to the baths;
It's fine when you get there all right,
And the distance to go is nothing—
Say! is that Paris in sight?

Yes, the rest cure sure is a winner,
For the beginner it sounds real good;
But if it comes six times per annum
It's a cinch we'd resign if we could.

HAVE YOU GOT YOUR IRON RATIONS?

'Twas close to — I met the poor devil,
Dejected he was and depressed;
There was lack of "Ambish" in his red-rimmed eyes,
In khaki, like us, he was dressed.

In response to my gentle persuasion
To tell me his troubles, he burst
Into tears as he chokingly faltered,
"I am one of the twenty-first.

"A can of Fray Bentos, some sugar and tea,
Is the sole earthly reason I roam;
'Iron Rations,' they call 'em. I've lost them, and now,
Gor blimey, I dare not go home.

"For eat 'em I dare not, and lose 'em I must not,
Nor sell 'em, nor give 'em away;
So, when fixed by an eye, stern, cold and forbidding,
What the devil on earth can I say?

"If the sucker that stole my precious relics
Had taken, instead, my pack,
I'd have cherished kind thoughts of the boulder,
But now, alas and alack!

"As an outcast I'm doomed forever to roam,
My precious Iron Rations to seek."
Then he passed down the road with heart-rending groans—
He's been missing now over a week. B. M.

SHRAPNEL LIMERICKS.

By the B.M.

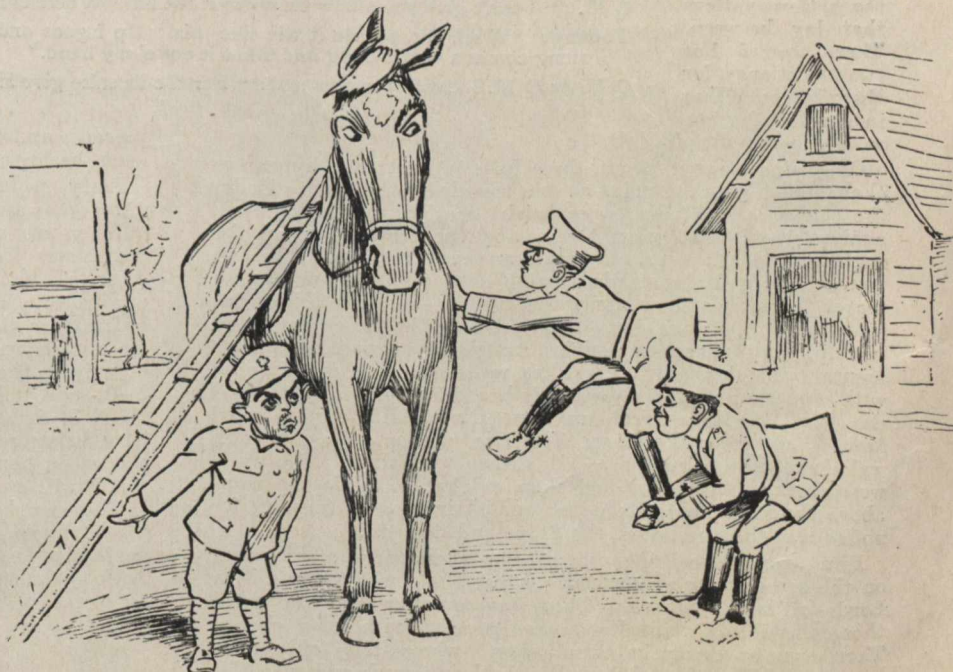
There was a young man who was keen,
To pilot a flying machine,
And one day when in flight,
A shell hove in sight,
For what happened, see Luke ix. 17.

Said Pat Hogan, "I don't give a hang
For the German or his damned whiz-bang";
But one gave him a biff,
And laid him out stiff—
"Good-bye" was the song that he sang.

A raid
Was made,
But we were not in it.
We thought
We ought
To be there on the minute.
But nay,
They say
There'll be another chance soon.
It's too bad;
We'll be sad
For many a moon. F. C.

THE GOLD-DUST TWINS.

"UP!"



GENERAL (at that delightful manoeuvre, "For practice occupy — defences"):
"Who are those two cute little drummers?"
COL. SNIDER (indignantly): "Why, they're my Paymaster and M.O., sir."

EN PASSANT SUR LE FRONT.

SOME people are of the impression that the life of the active service soldier is one of constant strenuous struggle and incessant, untold peril. Their idea of trench life is that Tommy Atkins and Jack Canuck are one perpetual cyclone, that is ever wont to work sorrow and great havoc among the Huns.

But the soldier is not always in a big "set-to"; for, though action is ever taking place along some portion of the wide-flung line, the section involved in the fray is but relatively small, and usually different troops are engaged in those several actions, even when they occur frequently at the same point in the line.

A far different life is the lot of those "pro tem." not actually in the trenches or in support or reserve for same. After putting in certain periods in the forefront of the vast stage, whose footlights are (at night) the flares, and whose scenic effects are provided by star shells (which constantly spring from out the darkness of the field), the flash of guns and bursting shells—from this theatre these men withdraw to the background, to reserve huts or farm billets, quite behind the noises of war. Here they are given such drill and exercise as keeps them in condition; baths and sports are on the list. As for the remaining time, they are left chiefly to their own pursuits.

Much is done for the khaki lads in the way of entertainment. The Y.M.C.A. has now been well established, and is doing great work; here and there a show is arranged. That brings us to one of our recent outings to —

Shortly after dinner we set out for that town. We passed along the ridges, and saw all the hollow valleys that lay between. There seemed but two locations for the villages, either in a valley bottom or on the summit of a hill.

One thing strange about these hills is that they appear to change from point to point as one travels on the road. Under the sun the tiled roofs were bright scarlet, and looked well against the bright green fields, and the big chateau on the dark wooded hill stood out white against the trees. The sun was bright, and the steady wind blew across the land as we marched along and so made the town. — was filled with soldiers—on duty and rest—outnumbering the civic population one hundred times. Passing through the square, the regimental air echoing from wall to wall—all watchers tingling with that thrill one feels when is heard the martial blare and the tramp of soldiers' feet—we came to a half-Eastern modelled theatre, and filled the place. The long, narrow hall, with high walls and Gothic roof, was all adrape with flags. The walls were flanked with clustered flags of France, while the front above the stage held the Allies' and their friends' (a point for notice was the absence of the Stars and Stripes).

First came a reel of movies—some flighty love affair—then on the screen were shown the portraits of our King and War Lords of land and sea. These (as could be expected from those who follow their lead) were greeted with lusty cheers. Then came a ducky minstrel show, where they ably aped humorous trifles of a soldier's life, both in trench and out. The parodies, set to catchy ragtime tunes, were a great hit; and not lacking were they in cultured music, which was as well enjoyed, if not so uproariously, as that in lighter vein. Hits

and take-offs on officer and man were typical, and all enjoyed. At the end, all standing with heart and will gave the National Anthem. All thanks to the 3rd Field Ambulance Corps, who arranged the matter of the play, and thanks to the 49th Battalion for the music of their band.

Leaving the hall, we marched from the town as night was setting in. All the hills seemed to crowd in close as it grew darker, but as we marched the moon rose in the dark blue sky, and the stars became bright and numerous. At such times the thoughts fain do drift afar from scenes of war, and seek those channels rich in store of memories of the life that's gone before—old associations, old companions, and home ties. Much good it does a soldier to wander far from the battlefield and lose himself in reverie. Thus light of heart and with a growing weariness did we tread that moonlit land, until at last we came upon our billet. After tea we tumbled in and sank to sleep to dream again of home.

A LANCE JACK.

SPORTS.

WHILE, generally speaking, the weather has been far from favourable, yet the men have taken every advantage to indulge in sport, and especially in their favourite pastime—football.

On Christmas Day, which during the early afternoon turned out to be fine, the Battalion played the 6th Field Ambulance, and after a closely contested game, in which the honours were about equal, the F.A. were returned winners by the score of 2-1. This was an excellent game, and but for a little lack in team work (which our opponents have had time to practise) on our part, the result might have been different. The band was

present, and this, with the fast and fiercely contested match, kept the big crowd in good spirits.

Early in January we also played the 31st, and lost by the same score after a spirited game.

When we reached our so-called rest camp a sports committee was formed and a schedule of inter-Company matches arranged, also a programme for a field day, but unfortunately our expectations were rudely jolted when we suddenly got orders that the Battalion was to move. However, great interest was shown in the football matches, of which up to the time of writing five have been played. "A" Company beat "C" 3-1, and "D" 5-1. "B" Company beat H.Q. 2-0, and "C" 3-1, and "D" beat H.Q. 3-2, thus ending for the time being our football schedule with "A" and "B" Companies on top sharing equal honours. (It is questionable if "A" will ever admit this.)

The men had looked forward with a great deal of interest to the sports promised them when on "rest," and it is regrettable that our programme was spoilt owing to our sudden call back to the trenches, which, for the time being, we were trying to forget.

TOMMY'S TOAST.

Doggast your ugly squirming face,
Great heathen of the sausage race;
S'n may your carcass find a place
In some auld midden.



Q. M.: "I can't give you a new tin without the lid. Where is it?"

Tommy: "Weel, Sir, ye see it wiz like this. Up I goes and drewed the dinner, when along comes a whizz-bang and takes it oot o' my hand."

Q. M. to Q. M.S. (with deep emotion): "For God's sake give him a mess tin."

COMPANY NOTES.

"A" COMPANY NOTES.

WHO are the "SPORTS" who, after protesting against the incompetence (?) of the referee, asked the following day that he be reinstated?

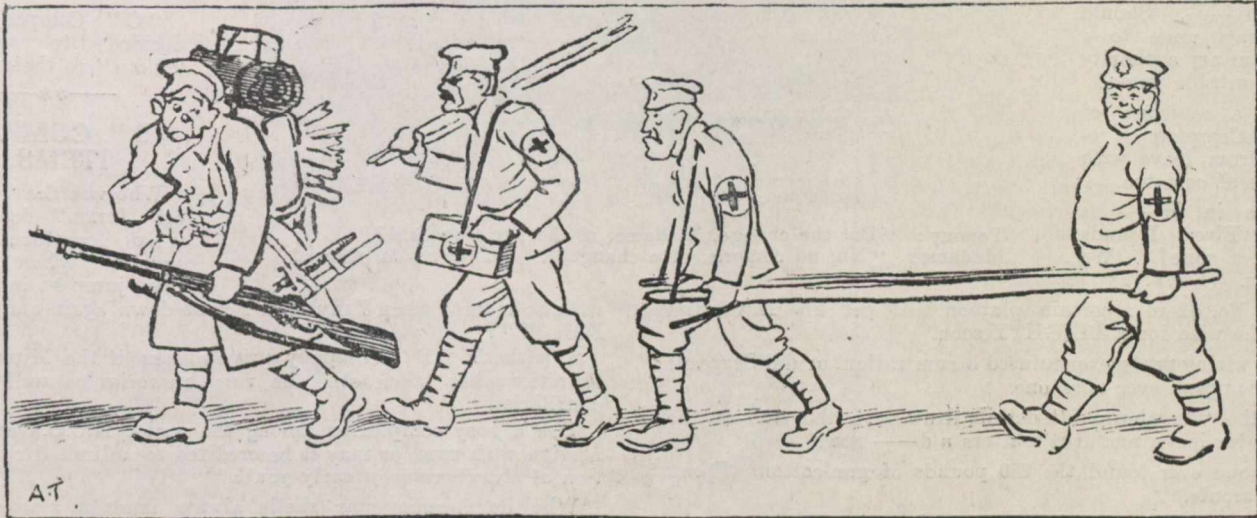
How is it that when "A" Company has won, or practically won, the Football League the executive goes out of business and the medals withheld, as per Tuxedo and evidently here?

The authorities are to be congratulated for allowing an extra day's leave to those journeying to the North of Scotland. It

How is it that "A" Company was only allowed to use a brazier in their "refrigerator" when a General was on a tour of inspection?

Since Corporal McClintock so ably imparted the knowledge gained at the Divisional Gas Defence School to "A" Company, much jealousy has been shown amongst our previous experts.

The burning question of the moment: Is measles a "blighty"? An "A" Company N.C.O. must think so. As soon as one section was quarantined he rushed in to participate in a poker game.



One of the draft (first time in, and feeling depressed by the composition of his body-guard): "Say, fellows, is the 27th giving any transfers into the Mechanical Transport?"

must be gratifying to the lonely inhabitants of those northern wilds to learn that so many soldiers fighting at the front have relatives among them. It is a pity, however, that the attractions of London negate the good resolutions of our "Tommies" and prevent so many promising happy reunions with long-forgotten relatives.

The usual tranquillity and sangfroid of the Company was rudely broken yesterday. We did not have stew for dinner.

Has "A" Company the most cosmopolitan section in the brigade? There is one which has England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, Australia, South Africa, and France represented. (The Oatmeal Savages are in the majority.)

Which is the most popular amongst the boys of "A" Company, *Tit-bits*, *Jack Canuck*, or *La Vie Parisienne*?

Why was "A" Company given an issue of "Players" when they already have the best players in the League?

Rumour has it that "B" Company football team has been strengthened by the inclusion of two star Winnipeg players who arrived with last draft. Why delay the re-play? Looks as if they expect another nine shortly.

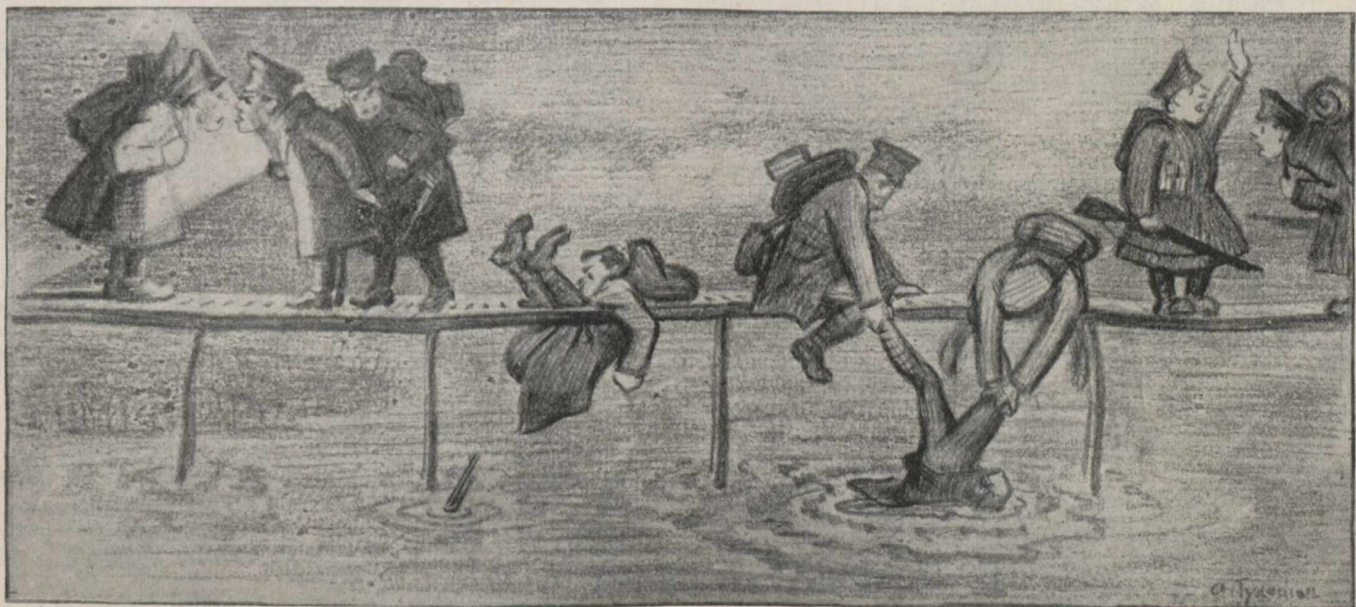
How about leave? "Leave that to us," said the sergeants. (Major MacLeod will receive the 48th deputation on this subject on Tuesday next.)

The Company has been looking forward to getting into close contact with the Germans for a long time. At present close contact with German measles is the programme.

The doings of Scotsmen in the company have aroused the interest of one of our Canadians, who has expressed his intention of spending his leave in Glasgow, "where he will be able to see the Oatmeal Savages in their wild state."

The problem of the hour: What is the difference between a soldier's "rest" and "work"—and which is preferable?

(Continued on next page.)



CROSSING THE SWAMP.

The drama here depicted defies description. Mere language is utterly vain. Show it to any "D" Coy. private, and note the bitter tears.

An ex-"A" Company officers' cook and an aspirant for military honour is becoming more ambitious daily. Yesterday he was soaring to the height of a musketry instructor—he sure is a "Cocker."

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"B" COMPANY WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

Why a certain private is doing a Chink out of a job in —. Should it not have gone to a noted sanitary authority with a suitable name?

Why a sergeant of "B" Company returned from leave with a bottle of cold tea.

Where in H— is old "Five Rounds Rapid" gone? We miss him. (I.D.T.)

When No. 41 in a certain platoon will get his leave, and doesn't he wish for a BLIGHTY soon.

If the wiring party ever refused a rum ration, or did Sergeant P. E. Thompson ever miss one.

Why the "bomb-proof" details draw with the men in the trenches for leave, and if it matters a d— now.

If anyone ever found the 250 pounds of gun-cotton. Speak up, you scouts.

Why the Canadian Engineers are allowed to keep a party out half the night looking for work.

If it was far from the overhead railway to the slough. Did it feel anything like a six-foot drop?



Tommy: "But the change, Madame, of the five franc bill?"

Madame: "No, no compris. No change . . . après la guerre!"

"C" COMPANY WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

If the officer whose father is a canon could be correctly described as a son of a gun. We have heard it said so.

Who was the private who, after an issue of rum, ran down the trench and called upon the corporal to send up a flare because the sentry imagined he had seen two Germans coming over to surrender.

When we are going to get our three weeks' rest.

Who was the private who decided to appeal to the paymaster for more money, as 15 francs was not sufficient to allow him to keep up appearances.



(See Whiz-Bangs, page 8.)

Who was responsible for that spy hunt over "The Hill"?

The name of the officer who told a certain red-nosed private to leave some rum in the bottom of the cup because he thought there was a little more in it than there should have been, and why was the private not hauled up for disobeying an order. (Mr. Garton? No.)

"C" Company has decided to send a "Note" to their cooks.

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"D" COMPANY ITEMS.

Who was the "Physical Jerks" instructor who cautioned his squad: "When I says One! jump up in the air

with both feet; when I says Two! come down again and WAIT FOR IT"?

A pathetic "D" Company private asks if the Ministry of Munitions has taken over the rum breweries as well as the distilleries.

Has a rosy complexion among the senior N.C.O.s any connection with rum, or may it be credited to unlimited consumption of strawberries in early youth?

Why do German star shells always land on puttees and pants? Why do whiz-bangs invariably search out meandering mess tins? Q.M. (regimental), please oblige.

A private in "D" Company was known to be a little deaf, but no one knew how serious his case really was until a few days ago. He was sent after some water, and on his return reported that snipers had tried to get him with explosive bullets—he had heard them explode right beside him. On enquiring into the matter it was discovered that half-a-dozen Jack Johnsons had landed about seventy-five yards from the well. Surely a case for the M.O.

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THE SCOUTS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

What platoon went down to the "International Trench" looking for fatigues.

The name of the bomber who took out a potato on patrol one night in mistake for a "Mills."

If it is true that Corporal Clark has invented a "pom-pom-possum-pie" bomb.

The name of Sergeant Wilton's batman.

What happened to J—s when the fruit commenced to fall. "Hide not thy light under a mess tin, oh J—s, even if thou art in the famous Bull-ring."

Name of the Company scout who reported "a strong smell of rum from the German lines."

The military definition of the word "rest."

The names of the sentries who threw bombs at an innocent tree stump in our wire.

N.B.—Have the scouts decided to "keep" their present officer?

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WITH THE GRENADIERS.

Have you noticed how the general opinion of the bombers and their work has changed for the better of late? We're "Grenadiers" now. Not very bad, eh?

Isn't the C.F.A. marksmanship just about the limit sometimes?

And what do Monty and Rus think about it?

Did "The auld yin" enjoy his leave? We guess so.

We've known Newton Pippin Rifle Grenades to play all kinds of tricks, but that yarn about the wind blowing them back into the "F" trenches wants some swallowing.

We'd like to lay hands on the guy who put Fritz wise to Fleet Street. Those whiz-bangs are sure getting too Gol Darned close for our liking.

The burning question of the day—To whom does the R.Q.M.S. give the grenade section's coal?

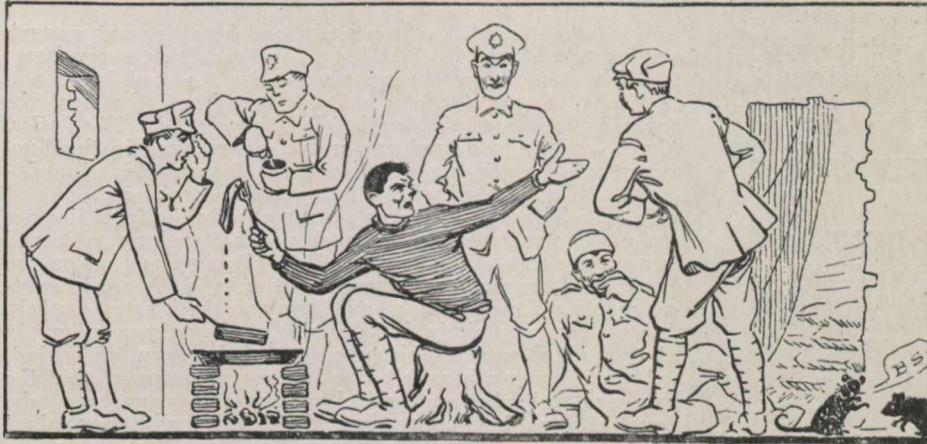
Who stole the scouts' axe?

Have you seen our new cook? She's Jake.

X.Y.8.

THE above mysterious-looking heading is not a chemical formula, neither has it any connection with algebra. For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be as well to state at once that it is a strategic point behind our front line, which bristles with machinery for converting German wives into widows in the most approved and speedy style.

Here, then, a dozen or so of us were, in the ordinary course of duty, quartered recently. Our duties consisted mainly of taking turns to peep shyly at Fritz from advantageous corners, in case he should be afflicted with *wanderlust*. Our policy was strictly one of "Wait and See." We take it that he was blissfully unconscious of our presence, though very suspicious. A little smoke straying from beneath the mulligan pot usually made him peeved, on which occasions he would put over a bit of hate, as a matter of form.



"Daybreak always found the boys around the fire."

No mention of X.Y.8 would be complete that omitted reference to the numerous society which honoured us with their presence and attentions. For here the Belgian rat attains his full dignity and corpulence, and insists on being paid all proper compliments. His relation in the front-line trench steps off the trench boards, even for a private; the X.Y.8 rat reserves that privilege for himself. At night he amuses himself by contentedly chewing the ears of the sleepers, for the purpose probably of acquiring a working knowledge of the more forcible adjectives used at threshing time. He gets them all right.

Daybreak always found the boys around the fire where the skipper, by virtue of his exalted position as cook, held complete sway, the crowd unanimously according him that degree of reverence which a cook always commands in the best circles. There was much talk, and the proud boast of each and every member that he had travelled was responsible for many and various themes. The skipper, describing the discharge of a cargo of dolls' eyes at Nagasaki, would be overwhelmed by a general discussion on the quality of the goods at the little estaminet, where the fair Bertha dispenses joy juice with her own dainty fingers. Of course, there was always the danger about this time of one of the younger and more callous youths butting in with that cheerful daybreak topic, the allurements of the Belgian maiden. Everyone, of course, is qualified



"An Officer with a jolly little demijohn under his arm."

to expand on this subject, and many are the instances on record of the lavish promises of this generous person "after the war."

Take heart, O girls of Manitoba! This reckless person will go bankrupt before one tithe of her promises are redeemed.

But hark! What was that magic cry that, like an electric shock, rouses everyone to instant action? Again it rises, loud and insistent. "Rum up!" Crowding to the back door, which commanded an expansive view, our hopes were confirmed—realised.

For the most interesting feature of all this muddy Belgian landscape is an officer slowly winding his way up the slope with a jolly little demijohn of rum tucked under his arm. He enters, amid expectant silence. K.R. and O. lays down no hard and fast rules to govern the procedure on these interesting occasions, and it is still a moot point among the old hands whether a steady or a shaky hand is most to be desired. The pretty ceremony being duly performed, the officer departs, doubtless feeling that consciousness of virtue which comes to those who, like the Boy Scouts, perform at least one good deed every day. And for a little while there lingers round this much strafed refuge a tender fragrance reminiscent of coral islands and far Jamaica.

Breakfast over, and our spirits warmed up, the desire for debate and discussion manifests itself. Representatives of Brandon and Boissevain, Portage and the "Peg," Victoria and Vancouver mix it up in keen and wordy warfare, on subjects as varied as the different breeds of draught horses and the domestic morals of the Peruvians, with a lofty disregard of the gentle Hun a few hundred yards away. Meantime our long-tailed friends sneak off to indulge in their favourite pastime, chewing the buttons off our

mackintosh capes.

While at X.Y.8 the member from Portage broke out into exquisite verse. Appended is one of the stirring stanzas:—

What matter if the sausages are saucy,
They can't come close enough to spoil our stew;
And as for whizzy-bangs, blimey, we should worry,
Distance lends enchantment to the view.

A COLD ONE FROM THE BRAZIER (16th Battalion).

The Orderly Sergeant of No. 1 Co. was busy detailing men for a working party, when a private interrupted his labours by calling out, "What's the dress to-night, Sergeant?" "Oh!" came back the absent-minded reply, "smoke helmets only."

A PROBLEM FOR THE ENGINEERS.

If it takes 250 pounds of gun-cotton to move four bricks, how much will it take to blow up that "Mound"?

OVERHEARD WHILE ON LEAVE.

Here's to Major Kitson,
For he's a jolly good sport;
The 27th needs the Major,
Let's have another snort.

N.B.—And he got back on time, too.
(Portage papers—please copy.)

TOMMY (after a few "'arf and 'arfs"), in darkened streets of London: "Send up a flare, Fritz! I can't find my way along this blankety-blank trench."

THIRTY YEARS HENCE.

Dear old Generalissimo Complin, who some years ago in the early stages of the war gained much prominence as O.C. "A" and "B" Companies, 27th (City of Winnipeg) Battalion, was quietly laid to rest on the 15th inst 'neath the shady nooks of Regent's Street, with full military honours. 'Tis said his last words were: "Gott Straffe The Bull Ring."

A certain dressing-station behind our lines was shelled rather heavily one day recently, and the occupants—the F.A. lads—had rather hurriedly taken to the cellar. A certain private of our H.Q. Staff (name censored) came along and entered the building. He found no one in, but heard whispers from below, and, realising what had happened, strolled over to the trap door and shouted: "All right, come on up, girls; there's a real sport here now." (Note by Censor: "It's a good thing the censorship is military and not moral.")

THE FATIGUE PARTY'S LAMENT.

Not fifty miles from — is a dug-out, damp and low,
In a snaky line of trenches, in a land of rain and snow;
There's a long communication trench, where no one's ever seen,
There's a straggling fatigue party a-coming o'er the green.

They report somewhere to engineers, where engineers are not,
They toddle back a mile or two to find the fatal spot;
They take a calling down for being somewhere where they
should,

They resignedly pick up their loads of rails and wire and wood.
The officer in charge says, "Number off," and then they find
The party far too numerous, though some have dropped behind.
The officer in charge says, "Carry on"; they carry off—
Their loads to some uncharted spot and dump them on the turf.

A fertile brain, o'er gold stars twain, has struck a bright idea,
To build a fence with wire dense which Germans cannot clear
Away, away by break of day, for it is shrewdly set,
A full mile back behind the track where enemies are met.

The work is o'er, the men are sore, and straggle back that night
And thirst for something strong and brown, for something
with a bite.

But hark! The Orderly Sergeant's voice says words it didn't
oughter:

"The rum is done, you blasted fools; go draw yourselves some
water."

—**—

AND HIS DAY'S WORK WAS DONE.

Bill Juggins went out to the war, he thought it would be fun;
No sooner had he reached there than he spied a burly Hun;
So he loaded up his rifle, but his sight he never set,
And then he went and put his head above the parapet;
He very soon was spotted by the ever-watchful Hun:

An electric shock went through his block.

And his day's work was done.

Bill Blinker he went out one day some souvenirs to find,
The bullets whistled round him, but old Bill he didn't mind;
These little things ne'er worried him, he never knew any fear,
He said he wasn't going back without a souvenir;
He got one very shortly: it was a bullet from a Hun

That gave him a shock that stopped his clock,

And his day's work was done.

Old Kaiser Bill set out one day his enemies to crush,
And wiped out little Belgium on his ever onward rush;
They didn't mind neutrality these vile inhuman fiends,
But when Britain and her sons stepped in, they showed them
what it means;

They stopped the rush to Paris and they've kept him on the run.

So Kaiser Bill make out your will,

For your day's work is done.

—**—

MY LITTLE WET HOME IN THE TRENCH.

I've a little wet home in a trench,
Where the rainstorms continually drench;
There's a dead cow close by
With her hoofs towards the sky,
And she gives off a beautiful stench.
Underneath, in the place of a floor,
There's a mass of wet mud, and some straw,
And the Jack Johnsons tear
Thro' the rain-sodden air
O'er my little wet home in the trench.

There are snipers who keep on the go,
So you must keep your "napper" down low;
And their star-shells at night
Make the deuce of a light,
Which causes the language to flow.
Then bully and biscuits we chew,
For it's days since we tasted a stew;
But with shells dropping there,
There's no place to compare
With my little wet home in the trench.

—**—

WHIZ-BANGS!

WE understand that one of the shining lights of our regi-
mental aristocracy has lately developed a stray inter-
est in social uplift, and that he generously devoted
a considerable portion of his recent leave to the Y.M.C.A.
Report says he met some young people with very taking ways.
(Oh! you Harry.)

Talking of women's war work, we heard a new one the other
day. One of the boys was home on leave, and, of course, his
admiring feminine relatives were tireless in their efforts on his
behalf. One of them, going through his kit for fit objects for
the washing machine, came across a small bag containing a
peculiar-shaped, fusty-smelling flannelette garment. Our
comrade returned to us with his tube helmet starched and
ironed. (See illustration on page 6.)

REVIEW COLUMN.

THERE seems to be a deeply-rooted idea that no publication,
however unpretentious, is ever quite complete without a
Review Column. In this case the Editor-in-Chief—or,
more correctly speaking, the O.C. Echo—has made it quite
apparent that this publication is to be "complete," and
since the Review Column must be, regardless of the quantity
or quality of our trench literature, it only remains to collect
anything and everything in print from the dug-outs and huts
of the Battalion. True, the quantity is limited, but, thank
heaven, the quality lends itself to criticism. Certain publica-
tions will surely feel highly honoured when it comes noised
abroad that they are to be found in the front-line trenches and
are deemed worthy of attention by the super-critical Johnny
Canuck, even when their "literary lapses" are punctuated by
whiz-bangs, coal-boxes, fat Berthas, woolly bears, and the vast
horde of unearthly creatures, chief of which and most ferocious
is "the minnenwerfer"—prehistoric, but lately granted a new
lease of life.

A thorough search has been made, and here is what we find,
and where we found it. The *Manitoba Free Press*, everywhere;
the *Winnipeg Telegram*, somewhere; in the cook-house and
subalterns' dug-outs and scattered throughout the line, the
Saturday Evening Post, *Everybody's Magazine*, *Life*, *The Tatler*,
Sketch, and *Canada*, and one or two others; and in the Com-
pany Commander's dug-out, *Punch*, the *Literary Digest*, and—
I regret to have to record the fact—*La Vie Parisienne*.

To criticise a daily paper is a danger we in the front line are
not asked to run; besides, they tell us what we have to do and
how we are to do it, and lots of definite information on the
duration of the war and other little things which are interest-
ing people at home. *Punch* and *Life* and the illustrateds help
things along very nicely, but *Canada* is extremely popular. It
tells you all about the rapid promotion of those you left behind,
and causes many a heartfelt oath by the announcement that the
man who took the tenth subs.' course after yours, and who
stayed at home, has just received his majority, while you, alas!
are still a sub. Oh, we like to read *Canada*. Then, again, we
learn from it all the gallant deeds of returned heroes—heroes
whom we left at Shorncliffe, and we simply burn to emulate
them.

In the inventory of our trench literature we couple with the
illustrateds no less a publication than *Life*, whereas *La Vie
Parisienne* should really have occupied that place, since to most
of us—those who don't read French—it is an illustrated pure
and simple. In regard to it we have only one criticism to make,
or, rather, one suggestion: "Write it in English."

Seriously though, many and varied are the publications which
find their way into the trenches, and whether they make us
swear or smile, they help more than anything else to relieve the
monotony and to keep one's intelligence from corrosion or dry-
rot (according to temperament), and they constitute one of the
few real comforts of trench life.

In conclusion, we wish to pay our respects to what might be
called "local" publications, among which we presume to take
our place and which, though like *Trench Echo* are published
for local consumption and that of our friends and relatives at
home, find their way into the Battalion by devious routes.
Those we have caught a glimpse of are: "Dead Horse Corner
Gazette," 4th Batt.; "The Listening Post," 7th Batt.; "The
R.M.R. Growler," 14th Batt.; "The Brazier," 16th Batt.;
"The Forty-niner," 49th Batt.; "The Iodine Chronicle," 1st
F.A.; "The Splint Record," 2nd F.A.; "Now and Then,"
3rd F.A.

And although those who are not intimately connected with the
units to which these journals belong cannot fully appreciate
much of their humour, we wish to congratulate them on their
issues, and we trust that before long others will appear and
likewise find their way to us. M. H. G.

—**—

SOME ARGUMENT.

(Scene.—Barrier near the local "Staggerer." Enter car bear-
ing very exalted and distinguished General.)

SENTRY: "You can't pass here in daylight."

GENERAL: "Oh, that's all right. I'm General Timberberry.
I'm in command around here, you know."

SENTRY: "Very sorry, sir; my orders are not to allow any
vehicle along this road in daylight."

GENERAL: "Yes, yes! But I want to pass—will accept the
responsibility."

SENTRY (hailing corporal at guard tent): "J. B., come over
here and settle THIS ARGUMENT."

—**—

We welcome back to our fold Major R. M. MacLeod after
his illness in London (which necessitated ten days' leave exten-
sion), and trust that the rest in the trenches will soon restore
him his good health once more.

—**—

OVERHEARD AT FOOTBALL MATCH, "A" v. "C."

Spectator: "Where did 'Ibby' get those pants? 'E ain't
been on leave yet."

The long and short of it—Spack and Saundy.