

70.220  
205054.



# The Twentieth Gazette



## CHRISTMAS NUMBER

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE 20th BATTALION C. E. F. (NORTHERN AND CENTRAL ONTARIO REGT.)

Editors: SERGT. W. W. MURRAY, PTE. R. WILLIAMS.

On Active Service.

All communications to be addressed to THE EDITORS, TWENTIETH GAZETTE, Battalion Headquarters, 20th Canadians, 4th Brigade, B.E.F., France.

VOL. 1, No. 7

FLANDERS (TRENCH EDITION) DECEMBER, 1915.

Price, 50 Centimes, 10 Cents

*The Contents of this Edition have been censored regimentally.*

(Sd.) JAS. K. BERTRAM,  
Capt. & Adj. 20th Batt.

### Editorial.

The Editors are well aware that with a Christmas Number no Editorial is required. We are all too busy with opening parcels from home to read anything so uninteresting.

This being the case, we will cut down our usual exhortation to a few short words.

Good Luck to the 20th!

### Vale!

It was with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret that the Battalion lined the road at — on — to bid farewell to our late Brigadier. The regret was tempered by the knowledge that he was going to a higher command, but above all that he was going to stay with Canadian troops.

We have now a double interest in the new unit which is to join our forces. We wish them and their leader the very best of luck!

\*\*\*

### GREETING!

FROM US TO OURSELVES.

### THE OLD SCORE.

Here is to fame, and a lasting name  
And loud may the Twentieth shout  
"May it take the Huns a thousand  
guns  
To wipe the Old Score out."

\*\*\*

To our many friends in England and Canada and elsewhere—Greeting! At this season, more than others, do we think of those at home (or elsewhere!) and wish them Health and Happiness. The heavy mails are concrete proof that we are not forgotten by those at home, and those at home are certainly not forgotten by us. Though absent in body, we are with you in spirit, and will be especially on Christmas Day.

### Battalion Notes.

*God rest ye, Merry Gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay.*

\*\*\*

'Tis hard indeed to Merry be,  
Upon a franc a day.

\*\*\*

A Merry Xmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year to all our readers and contributors! This is the sincere wish of the editors.

\*\*\*

On behalf of our readers we tender our best thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who have so kindly come to our assistance and have made this number different from our previous issues. They have, in their busy lives, found time to send to us here in the trenches wishes of good cheer and good will.

Good luck to them, and once again our thanks!

\*\*\*

We take this opportunity of thanking the ladies of Canada for the generous gifts of comforts and luxuries which are sent us from time to time. Many of these gifts come to the Battalion from unknown sources, and we wish to take this opportunity of thanking these unknown donors. Their thoughtfulness and generosity have added so much to our health and comfort.

\*\*\*

The Officer Commanding "B" Company desires through this paper to tender, on behalf of his company, his very best thanks to Messrs. McMillan Brothers, Constructors, Hudson Bay Railway, for their gifts of cigarettes to "B" Company.

\*\*\*

The boys of the 77th Regiment take this opportunity of thanking the ladies of Dundas, Ontario, for their most generous contribution to their Christmas cheer. There was more than enough for them all, and they were able to share the good things with some of their less fortunate comrades.

We, as a Battalion, are by no means snobbish, but the fact of our having again been complimented, this time by the G.O.C. the Division, would naturally encourage the belief among us that the Princes of the House of David were small beer compared with the Twentieth. The signal recognition of the abilities of Sergeant-Major Whitton by the G.O.C. is worthy of comment. No one in the regiment has worked harder or more unstintedly than he to bring the Battalion to its present very high state of efficiency, and the fact of our being able to endure so well the hard work of trench warfare is due to the system of physical training inaugurated in the Battalion by the R.S.M. and endorsed by the G.O.C.

\*\*\*

A Y.M.C.A. dug-out has been established in the reserve trenches. This will supply a long-felt want; moreover the Institution also supplies the paper whereby the *Twentieth Gazette* is made possible.

\*\*\*

A Telegram (we didn't send).  
To the Provost-Sergeant:—

"While there's life, there's soap."

\*\*\*

The Officer Commanding the Machine Gun Section acknowledges with very many thanks the Christmas Gifts from the Grenadier Chapter of the Independent Order of Daughters of the Empire.

\*\*\*

The Huntsville members of the 23rd Regiment thank the Huntsville Patriotic Committee for their gift, which has been duly received.

\*\*\*

The man who invents boots, which will not stick in Flanders mud, will make a fortune and gain the everlasting thanks of Mr. Atkins.

\*\*\*

Our best wishes to the sister Battalions of the Brigade. We are all from the same province, and embarked on the same mission. Nothing will lead to success more surely than a continuance of the present *Entente Cordiale*.



In these days of heavy mail and heavier express one would do well to reflect upon the stupendous task of Pte. Woodcock, the Battalion Postmaster-General. The fact that we received our letters and parcels right into the first line, when the trenches were full of water and mud, was due entirely to conscientious and untiring devotion to duty of our Regimental Postman.

\* \* \*

#### KIND THOUGHTS FROM HOME.

The Editors had the temerity to write to several ladies and gentlemen, all famous in their respective walks in life, asking for a Christmas message to our Battalion.

We are glad to submit the replies which we have received.

All our correspondents, as our readers are aware, are very busy people. They are all carrying on their usual peace-time activities and the additional work placed upon their shoulders by the war is greater than we can realise.

In the name of the Battalion we thank them one and all for their kindly messages and contributions. Finally we wish them A Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year. Good luck to them!

*The Bishop of London*, by his Chaplain, Mr. Guy Vernon Smith, writes:

"I shall never forget the great gathering of Canadians which I addressed last Easter at the Front. Since then those men have won eternal honour. May the men of the 20th Battalion continue to follow in their glorious footsteps. I wish you all a Christmas in which God will give to every man a message of true Christmas peace and joy. Those you love across the seas, though they miss you at this Christmas, are proud when they think of you fighting the Empire's Battles in the greatest and noblest cause which was ever entrusted to men."

Mr. Hesketh Pearson, writing for *Sir George Alexander*, from St. James's Theatre, says:

"Sir George Alexander asks me to send you the enclosed contribution to your Christmas number. He wishes you and the *Gazette* all good luck, and he would be very interested to see a copy of this issue when it is published."

Sir George sends us the following inspiring message:

"You ask me for a Christmas message to the Canadians. Alas! the Christmas of 1915 will hardly be a happy one for those at home. But we in England are at least happy in this: that never before in our history has the heart of the mother-country been so drawn towards her brave and loyal children overseas. Perhaps for the first time in the wonderful story of our Empire it is no mere figure of speech to say that we are all one: united in the best sense, not alone by the ties of blood and the bond of a common speech, but by something still more sacred—a community of spirit inspired by self-sacrifice.

Doubtless the real greatness of our Empire was not realised or appreciated at its full worth before this war. Every Britisher is unquestionably proud of his birthright when he sees so much of the map coloured red, but never in the past can we have thoroughly grasped the significance of our heritage.

This comprehension of the true and full meaning of Imperialism has widened our spiritual horizon and enriched our minds with all the emphasis and vision of a renaissance. A Canadian regiment passing through the streets of London has vitalised geography for us.

Perhaps Shakespeare, with his wonderful catholicity of outlook and broad human sympathies, has done more than anyone in the past to cement that kinship of which I have spoken, and I can find no better words than his to bear my greeting:

"So, gentlemen,  
With all my love I do commend me to you."

His Worship the Mayor of Folkestone, *Mr. Stephen Penfold*, writes the following breezy letter:

"To the men of the 20th Battalion Canadians,

My dear 'Boys,'

It is with great pleasure that I comply with the request of your Editors to write a few words of Christmas Greeting in your Magazine. With all my heart and in the name of the old town I represent, I wish you a Happy Christmas and triumphant New Year. I assure you that all our hearts on Christmas Day will be with our brave boys in the trenches and our prayers will be for their safe return. As I often told you I have many ties with Canada and it is a great pleasure to me that I have been able to welcome the splendid Canadian Contingents at Folkestone. I hope ere very long to have the pleasure of seeing you marching through London to celebrate a great and lasting Peace, headed by my friend General Steele, whom we all know and appreciate here. The more we see of him the better we like him, and I think that can be said, too, of all the Canadian troops stationed at Shorncliffe.

Hoping that before long we shall be welcoming you home again and wishing you all the very best of luck.

Very faithfully yours."

And now *place aux dames!*

In a charming letter written from the Adelphi Theatre, a letter which will go into the archives of the *Gazette* as one of the most cherished of our possessions, *Miss Phyllis Dare* sends us a welcome "Hamper of Hopes."

"If my wishes can help you,  
I send you them *all*,  
With a Hamper of Hopes by the very next train;  
If my thoughts really cheer you,  
The task is so small  
That I'll think *all the time* till you come home again."

We are exceedingly sorry that we have not received a message from *Miss Christabel Pankhurst*. Nevertheless, we beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the *Britannia*, with which is incorporated *The Suffragette*, the Official Organ of the Women's Social and Political Union. We shall be glad to lend our copy to any reader who may be interested. It contains, amongst other matter, a forceful comment on the general situation "at home."

We are indebted to Miss Grace Roe, who kindly supplied us with the copy referred to.

*Mr. Rudyard Kipling*, who needs no introduction to our readers, in a letter which speaks for itself, writes:

"Gentlemen,

Your letter of no date (which is bad editing) has duly come to hand. In the first place, permit me to express my personal sympathy with you over the difficulties which attend the running of a paper at the Front; and in the second, to say how sorry I am that I have nothing by me which would be of any use for the *Twentieth Gazette*. If I had, I would send it along at once. I can only wish you success in your labours, and to all your readers, Good Luck,

Yours fraternally (as an Editor)."

Our only comment is, we fear, in the form of a misquotation:

"Be to our virtues ever kind,  
And to our sins a little blind."

*Mr. Horatio Bottomley*, the well-known Editor of *John Bull*, writing from Manchester, which place he was doubtless visiting in the interests of his recruiting campaign, sends this message:

"My dear Sirs,

I have been travelling about the country very much lately, and your letter has only just reached me—otherwise I should have been happy to have sent a special message to all your friends. Let me, however, now do so verbally.

With every good wish for your early and triumphant return,

Yours faithfully."

We have received from Mr. R. Chute the following delightful "pot-pourri" entitled "Utter Nonsense" from the pen of the inimitable *George Robey*. We thank Mr. Robey from the bottom of our editorial hearts for his contribution and message. Mr. Robey kindly enclosed a new photograph of himself which we hope to print in our next edition, together with his autograph. Mr. Chute also kindly sends every good wish to the Battalion at Christmas time.

SOME UTTER NONSENSE.

By George Robey.

"Boys—I'd like to talk sense to you, on the solemn occasion called Christmas Day: but—Et's a wise man that knows his own limitations: though, if you're chuckling, perhaps I don't mean what you mean!

Anyhow, don't let's argue about it. Arguments are so rude—when I'm



one of the participants. Pardon my Academy English. To resume—what was I saying? Oh, yes—about Christmas. Well, just about the time you are reading these words of wit and wisdom I was be doing my utmost to raise a gentle smile by placing ludicrous clothes upon my carcass, and adding a touch of red to the end of my proboscis—that touch of red that makes the whole house grin!

Pantomime sees me getting busy this festive season, at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, and, boys—I am to play Will Atkins in Robinson Crusoe!

Now, I've been hunting up the history of Mr. William Atkins—fourth cousin to Thomas of that ilk—and I find he was a bit of a devil. One of those bright sparks who squeeze under the door, after lights out, *you* know the type of thing I mean. What I'm going to do with him I don't quite know, yet. But this much I will say—let Manchester beware! And, if you're not careful, you'll have me coming bobbing across the Channel, and letting loose some of Mr. Atkins' superfluous history as near the trenches as I'm allowed to get.

So long as pantomime doesn't interfere with football—well and good. But once it starts getting haughty, and puts a stopper on fresh air and exercise the fighting blood of the Robeys is up—and that's no laughing matter. Why, even in feminine garb I'm a holy terror; as my dear mother used to say to me—'A girl with a left and a right like yours is wasted in domestic life.'—She called me Cynthia, too. Pretty name—is *not* it?

Here—where have I got to? The way you lead me on is positively disgusting—it is, really. I'm writing this utter nonsense on an old laundry bill, using my dresser's back as a writing table—we're driving from hall to hall, you see; and my private bus doesn't happen to include the usual club appointments. So you'll have to excuse the slips—if there are any.

I've had a few in my time. One happened not long ago. I was appearing at a London Hall of Music—what's that? Certainly not! Aitch-A-double l, I said! I'm surprised at you, Algernon—the pride of "D" Company, too. . . . Well, I was appearing at a London Variety Theatre; and somebody said—'Robey, will you please endeavour to be funny!' I endeavoured—to such an extent that a lady, seated in the front row of the stalls—she was with her husband, too, at the time—dashed off into hysterics. Yes. Hysterics—what did you think? No! She had a cough, too, poor soul: and the hysterics made it worse. She coughed and coughed: and wept and laughed, till I was nearly driven crazy.

When I reached my dressing room imagine my amazement at receiving a pencilled note from the front—'Sir,—In your attempt at a comic song you have sent my wife into

hysterics, and greatly aggravated her cough. Kindly send round one shilling to purchase cough lozenges—and oblige—yours disgustedly —'

Well, what would *you* have done? I sent round a box of lozenges—and a picture postcard. That must have done the trick—for I heard no more of 'mine disgustedly.' How's that for a mouldy insult?

Boys—I've written a lot of rot, because I know you don't want anything serious. But, joking apart, I'd just like to tell you all how deeply grateful we, over here, are to you, over there—all of you. Anything we can do to amuse or cheer you we regard as a privilege. Thank you—every single man of you: and may next Christmas find the world at peace."

We should have printed the autographs of our correspondents in this issue, but, unfortunately, time forbids. We hope in the next *Gazette* to have the autographs and also the photographs of all of them, as we know they would be much appreciated.

♦ ♦ ♦

#### The Sick Parade.

In the cellar of a brewery, where the kegs now empty stand  
Sits the regimental doctor and his valiant little band  
For the brewery has seen changes and its tenants all are new,  
And they satisfy their patrons with a different kind of brew.  
Outside a surge of voices rolls upon the morning air,  
'Tis the regimental sick parade, the ill and lame are there.  
The corporal sternly calls the names; they file in one by one,  
To tell about their aches and pains; the sick parade's begun.

#### CHORUS:

"Doctor, I have awful aches in the back,  
I think I have trench feet as well,  
I cough all the night; I'm in terrible pain  
For my ankle was sprained when I fell,  
I haven't been able to eat for a week,  
My dug-out is muddy and wet,  
When we first came to France, I'd a pain in my heart  
And I haven't got rid of it yet.  
Those pills that you gave me have done me no good,  
I've been having some terrible times,  
(We had run short of pills, so I gave him a *four*  
And a *five*, as we'd no number *nines*).  
And so the tale of woe goes on; each victim makes his plea  
And for reward receives his share of treatment, duty free.  
But most of all the throng enjoys a sip from out the cup  
That holds our brand of cough syrup; they drink it down and up.  
So when the rum has fallen short, the issue cut in half  
They come in hordes, and troops and swarms  
Our special brew to quaff.  
No anti-treating edicts here—we treat both day and night,  
And favoured most of all we have the syrup with the "bite."

Now when the war is finished up, and when we're in Berlin,  
Our syrup we will introduce in place of beer and gin.

Another campaign will be on, another victory won,

For cough syrup will supersede the evil demon, "Rum,"

And every brewery in the land will turn its back on beer,

Will turn our syrup out in tons and sell it far and near

And when the battle's over, and alcohol is gone,

We'll have William Jennings Bryan here to pin our medals on.

H. M. N.,  
M.O.

#### Extracts from (expected) Brigade Orders.

Commanders of submarines plying in the communication trenches are requested to see that these vessels are not used by pleasure parties between the lines.

♦ ♦ ♦

N.C.O.'s and men are not allowed to use the bathing beach at XZ 50 trench. This is for officers only.

♦ ♦ ♦

Men on duty must not fire at the periscopes of submarines plying between the redoubts and the firing line.

♦ ♦ ♦

Ration and fatigue parties must not participate in swimming races to firing line, owing to the presence of hostile submarines. These events will be swum off during the six days' leave under the supervision of the Battalion swimming instructor.

♦ ♦ ♦

Owing to the scarcity of material for filling sandbags, any man who consumes more than 10 lbs. of mud per day will be severely dealt with.

♦ ♦ ♦

#### In the Trenches.

A contributor sends us the following:

The Huns were sending over an evening hate some short time ago and our bull-cook was heard to remark anxiously:

"I do hope they knock that old tree down; we need some firewood."

Just then, a shell brought down a tree about a hundred and fifty feet from the one pointed out.

"There, I told you," wailed the anxious watcher, "they couldn't hit the right one after all, and that other one is too far away."

Oh! why don't they aim at some place about two miles from here when they do have these guns that shoot round corners, and then they might be able to hit the right tree.

When the Huns start strafing, everyone rushes to where a good view of the explosions can be obtained. The shells usually drop behind "our" ditch, and to see the line up of "shell-fans" reminds us of the baseball days in Canada. It is said that a grand-stand is to be erected at certain points in the trenches and an admission of five centimes will be charged for a *sitting* view of the



Hun's marksmanship. Only twenty-five men will be allowed on the field at once after the performance to gather shell-noses, pieces of shrapnel, etc., to send home for Christmas. Anyone causing a disturbance will be sentenced to bring in a yard of German wire or in extreme cases, two field-guns. R. S.

♦ ♦ ♦  
Smithy!

An old *soldier's* story.  
Last summer in Town, I'd occasion  
to meet  
A hero, returning in glory.  
The day was in June, on account of  
the heat  
We adjourned to a snug little place  
of retreat  
Where he told a remarkable story.  
He coughed the dry cough that a  
sergeant'll hear  
When he's issuing out a rum-ration;  
He looked at me vaguely—his meaning  
was clear,  
So taking the hint, I rang up for a beer  
Which he perished in true British  
fashion.  
"I aint one as boasts an' I means  
wot I say;  
You take it from me there is capers  
Take place in the Ditch jest over the  
way,  
An' sich things is happenin' every day  
Wot you don't never see in the  
papers.  
Just take for example, it struck me  
by chance  
Of a case wot is very old 'Ist'ry,  
'Baht a gallon o' rum that 'as led  
us a dance  
Through two parts o' Belgium an'  
'alf over France  
An' the bloomin' thing still is a  
myst'ry.  
The kick o' that rum 'ud enrage a  
giraffe  
An' we aint got no necks 'alf as  
mighty,  
But we goes every night for a keg  
and a 'alf  
'Fore Fritzzy begins with 'is evenin'  
Straf'  
And don't take no chance of a  
Blighty.  
Now Smithy arrove from the depot at  
Brum.  
An' at rations was jest a young  
stager,  
So the corporal told 'im to stay back  
an' come  
By 'imself when 'e'd drawn out our  
issue of rum  
From the Company-Sergeant-Major.  
We sets off alone, an' leaves Smithy  
be'ind  
An' 'oofs up a trench like a river;  
We all felt a little bit merry inclined  
For never a man 'ad a thought in 'is  
mind  
That the rum 'ad gone wanderin'  
for ever.  
We waits for a while an' we lights up  
a fag,  
Not one of us felt the least flurried,  
We sat on a fire-step chewing the rag  
Till we noticed the time was beginnin'  
to drag  
An' we all became absolute worried.

We sees the C.O. in a regular way  
(An' believe me the ol' man's a  
terror),  
'E swore an' declared as 'e'd stop off  
our pay  
A penny or tuppence or thruppence  
a day  
Until we 'ad straightened the error.

There's times w'en a reg'ment 'll kick  
up the dooce  
An' do things as they're never paid  
to.  
Since we was all worryin' abaht this  
'ere juice,  
We shouted to Fritz as we'd patch  
up a truce  
Till we found w'ere ol' Smithy 'ad  
strayed to.

We details a party an' goes out to see  
W'ere the pore little perisher  
wanders,  
An' beginnin' at A, we winds up at P,  
An' searches an' searches till finally we  
'Ad looked almost all over Flanders.

The sneers o' the Terriers an'  
Kitchener's rips  
Was fierce—Oh, we didn't 'alf cop it.  
The Johnnie Canadians, all smackin'  
their lips,  
Use to shout "Say, Jack, wotcha got  
in yer hips?"  
Yells the Gurkhas "Sh'rab-wallah,  
he hop it!"

We went up to fust lines; back to  
reserves,  
Till the thing knocked the lot of us  
barmy  
For it's more than any ol' soldier  
deserves  
An' to cut it all short we got down  
wi' the nerves,  
An' so did the whole bloomin' Army.  
For a month the Battalion was sent  
to the Base  
Till the story grew into a myth,  
But time, so to speak, wont never  
efface  
The memories o' that there perishin'  
chase  
For our rum an' for poor little  
Smithy." W. W. M.

♦ ♦ ♦

#### A Madras Incident.

In the early nineties I was lying  
in Madras Harbour. "Good Friday"  
came along and most of us wanted  
to shake a leg ashore. Leave up to  
then had been sparingly granted.  
However, with a whole day ahead of  
us, a few got leave to spend twenty-  
four hours on terra firma.

Arriving ashore we had tiffin, then  
hired coaches and a guide, doing all  
the sights in record time. Madras  
at that time was in a restless state,  
and seething with native agitators.  
Also the religious feast of Ramadan  
was in progress. It was considered  
unsafe for Europeans to prowl around  
at night, all stores being closed  
and every place in darkness. After  
dinner, the boys were feeling just fit,  
and it was proposed to view some  
of the religious processions. The  
proprietor begged us to get escorts to

our boats, and not attempt any  
fooling around the native quarter.  
He might as well have talked to a  
stone wall. I knew he was right, but  
had to keep with the bunch for  
protection. Well; off we went, and  
presently came to a temple all lit up  
and full of natives. At the same time  
up came a procession consisting of a  
hand cart, with some figure in it,  
surrounded by naked torch-bearers.  
They looked like a lot of devils,  
grinning and jumping around. I  
wormed my way into the Temple  
and got a pretty good view of some  
girls doing a Nautch-dance when a  
gentlemanly-looking old native tapped  
me on the shoulder and whispered,  
"Don't you know that Europeans are  
not allowed in here?" I begged his  
pardon and edged my way out to the  
steps. Arrived there, what was my  
horror to behold my crazy pals toss  
one of their number into the procession  
cart, man the handle, and set off down  
the street full tilt. I slipped down the  
steps and round the pallsiding—  
it was no healthy place for me.  
The natives, I think, at first were  
paralyzed by the audacity of the  
thing, as they could only stand and  
stare. I had only got round the  
corner when the wildest yells broke  
out. I ran hard, but things began  
to fly around me, which must have  
hurt my feelings, for I foolishly  
stopped and faced the mob. I had  
just turned when a half coconut  
husk hit me on the side of the head,  
fracturing my skull and laying my left  
eye on my cheek. I was a bit dizzy,  
and before I quite knew it, they were  
round me in a howling mob. It  
seemed to come back to me in a flash,  
the words of an old sergeant, "Boy,  
if ever you get in a tight hole with the  
natives, go for their stomachs." I  
did that same with a will. How I  
got out I don't quite know, but found  
myself running like a deer down a  
side street. My pals never stopped;  
they made the wharf and the ship  
all right, while I made record time  
to an Ambulance Station and police  
protection. I was escorted on board  
by the police (some disgrace!) and  
found my pals safe on board, and of  
course, I was "it" sure enough.  
Next morning the "carpet" for me,  
before the "Old Man." I was senior;  
I should have known better; it was  
awful to think of my leading my  
juniors astray in the manner I had  
done; besides disgracing the service.  
Six months' shore leave stopped!  
Laughed at by everyone! I was in  
"sick bay" for a couple of weeks,  
when the riots started. The coolies  
burned up some jute factories and  
played the devil generally, killing  
some civilians and one officer. Our  
Marines were ordered ashore and I  
managed to stow myself in the  
Lieutenant's boat, having coaxed  
the medico to get along with him.  
Well, I got a little of my own back  
and with added interest too. The  
city was soon under martial control  
and some of the ringleaders got short  
shriff. Moral, boys! "Don't fool  
with a 'Joss Cart.'"

MARINE.



**Soliloquy**

Of a very gallant Gentleman, not  
unconnected with the M.G.S.  
Thou shell-head, buried deep into the  
ground,  
Thou poorly-plated-aluminium  
thing,  
I have unearthed thee; my long  
search is crowned  
With sweet success, now let the  
welkin ring!

Infernal instrument of woeful war,  
Launched at a distance from the  
growing gun,  
Wailing thy wicked courses from afar,  
A hot and hateful message from  
the Hun.

Innocuous nob! Ah, yes, did we not  
see  
The menace lately lying in thy dome  
Now, useless, thou wilt ultimately be  
A cheap and cherished souvenir at  
home. W. W. M.

**Our Strafe Column.**

By the Strafer-in-Chief.  
Said a Cockney on furlough from  
Ypres,  
It's a rotten ol' village for snypres,  
An' the things as they do  
Ain't exactly wot you  
Reads abaht over 'ome in the pyres.

We understand that the Brigade  
Headquarters has sent an invitation to  
the Ford Peace Delegation.

A huge *standing* army may be bad  
for a country, but one that *runs* is  
worse.

Sergeant Brooks begs to announce  
that Venus is now out of the Bath.

It is hard, of course, to live *within*  
our franc a day, but is easier than to  
live *without* it.

There is no truth whatever in the  
rumour that the Battalion scouts  
found all their furniture floating  
around in one of their dug-outs the  
other day—all, that is to say, with  
the exception of the piano, and that  
had been swiped by the 21st Battalion.

The Canadian Government has  
deposited five million dollars in  
Cox's Bank, London, for military  
purposes.

Who said Cox's Army?

The gentleman who lit his cigarette  
out in front of the lines the other  
night would scarcely be edified by the  
forcible comments of the vulgar  
"Atkins" fellows accompanying him.

**THE BOMBER'S HOPE.**

I tossed a bomb into the air  
If fell to earth—I know not where,  
The shock that came was loud and  
mighty,  
When I awoke—well, me for Blighty.

No! Sergeant Vout is *not* the  
original Newton Pippin.

A suggestion has been made that  
we give the names and nicknames of  
the various regiments included in the  
Brigade. We would gladly do this,  
but the 12th Yorks object. We do  
not know why; besides nobody calls  
them the Dirty Dozen now any more  
than one calls the 36th Peel the  
Thirsty Sixth.

The pilot of the German aeroplane,  
which fell behind our lines the other  
day, on discovering that he was  
falling is understood to have mur-  
mured between his clenched teeth—  
"Tau-be or not Tau-be."

"Ave."

After sufficient experience on the  
Field to enable us to appreciate  
active service conditions, the Greet-  
ings of the 2nd Division to the First  
Division may be expressed in:—

Hats off to the First Canadians,  
Men of heart and hand,  
Who recked not of danger or death  
When called to make a stand.

Canada's name was at stake:  
No malingering there:  
A noble band of the Maple Leaf Brand  
Filled the breach, but not with  
despair.

All honour to those who fell;  
"Somewhere in Flanders" they  
sleep:

But Canada's name is emblazoned in  
fame  
By those heroes whose memory we  
keep.

**Xmas Ghosts.****A WARNING.**

The ghost of Cholomondley (pronounced Chumley) de Vere perambulated thoughtfully the gloomy corridors of Cholomondley (pronounced Chumley) Joint. His head was suspended from his neckless trunk by an iron chain, and was held securely under his armpit. The ghastly blood-drops, or as one might say, the spirituous liquor, marked his passage through the dark building.

"Hallo! Who are you?" demanded a stern voice out of the gloom.

The spirit gave an unearthly groan.  
"I am the ghost of the Cholomondley (pronounced Chumley) de Veres," he replied in a hollow voice that appeared to come from the western regions of his pectoralis major.

"And what do you do for a living?"  
"Into the lives of the illustrious individuals who infest these towers I instil dread." The ghost rolled his "r's" in a manner suggesting a Scottish ancestry, and toyed with his head in a remarkable manner. "I frighten elderly maiden ladies out of their boudoirs, and second-lieutenants out of their slacks. I haunt this Joint twice each evening between Christmas Eve and Hogmanay, at 6.45 and 9. That is to say, I have two houses a night, and this is my last appearance."

"I get you. How long have you been on the job?"  
"For three hundred years or more." He gave a groan and through the

dismal corridors the clanking of his chain echoed and re-echoed ghastly and terrifying. "The monotony is enervating. See this head," he continued fiercely. "It was amputated, to be surgically correct, on the block in the Tower of London. I was deprived of my dome, as it were, by an underbred Provost-Sergeant in the reign of Henry the Eighth."

"Holy Mackinaw! How old were you then?"

"Twenty-five. I'd just been married a few weeks; my wife had just started to draw the separation allowance when—Swish! off went my nob!"

"Twenty-five. Let me see now. You come under Class VI, I think. Now look here, old chap," the mortal declared suddenly, "let bygones be bygones; you've had a cinch of a time these last three centuries; your line of business is pretty easy to hold down, besides it's a bit stale now—in any case, nobody'd want the job after the war. I put it up to you. Remember Belgium. Your King and Country need you. Get me? You're not in your prime yet, and instead of wasting your life around this here Joint you should be doing your bit. There are one or two points you ought to consider. Come along with me right now, an' we'll get you fixed up O.K."

And that is why the ghost won't walk at Cholomondley (pronounced Chumley) Joint this year. He was taken to the local recruiting station; his head was stuck on to its natural place, that is to say, on the top edge of his neck, and since his birth and education entitled him to a higher position than that of a common private he was made a paid lance-corporal in one of England's swagger regiments, and he is now doing his bit in France. Good luck to him!

W. W. M.

**Nature Studies.****No. 2. THE GROUSER.**

These birds appear to be frequent visitors in the locality under observation (viz., Somewhere in Belgium). Their general colouring is drab with the exception of the face, which is of a ruddy colour. In its habits, each individual appears to differ, but they may be roughly divided into three classes, to which I will refer later. While apparently this species usually frequent dry land, of late they have shown a strange partiality to water or rather mud, at times taking up their permanent quarters in places which we should consider most undesirable. However, although apparently choosing this muddy locality as a place of residence, I must point out that when there the grousing increases. Now this grousing, from which these birds take their somewhat curious name is a grumbling or murmuring sound, closely resembling the sound of swearing, and is emitted by them in times of stress or fancied stress.

The three varieties mentioned above are shortly as follows: (1) Those



who grouse on all occasions. These are for the most part worthless, and are held in small regard by the others, although certain isolated specimens take their full share in the common tasks allotted to the Colony. The great majority, however, are worthless, and never do anything but grouse, and at this at least, they cannot be surpassed. (2) Those who grouse sometimes. A very common and harmless variety, which appears to grouse because it is expected of it. They appear to do their work tolerably well, but our observer notes that this species often degenerates into one of the first mentioned variety. (3) Those who never grouse at all. This variety has not been under observation, and is believed to die young.

Curiously enough, while large colonies of these birds have been seen, wading in the mud in all parts of Belgium where mud exists [Note.—Up to the time of writing this includes the whole of Belgium, no dry spots having been identified], no female of the species has been under our notice, and the male bird alone survives. How the size and strength of the various flocks is maintained is a matter of wonder to many European nations, and especially to our friends the Germans, who are present here in large numbers.

(Next month: "The Censor.")

#### Aunt Jane's Corner.

Love-knots untied by an Expert.  
Heart-Ache ("B" Company) writes: "I am deeply in love with a young lady who keeps a store in ——. I believe she returns my tender feeling, since she fries my eggs very nicely and puts the exact number of grains of salt on the chips. Moreover, whenever I look at her she droops her eyelid in the teeniest most bewitching of manners and says, 'après la guerre.' What does she mean?"

A.—This is a respectable journal.  
Worried ("A" Company) writes:—"Some time ago I wrote to an English paper as a 'lonely soldier' and invited correspondence. Since then I have received 83 parcels, 275 letters, and 1 postcard. What should I do?"

A.—You've done it.

Maud (Winnipeg)—We have asked Archibald to go over to the German trenches to get that helmet for you in time for Christmas, but regret that he still replies "Certainly not!"

How would a Balaclava do to go on with?

Flapper (Hastings)—Yes, dear, Tony's feet do sometimes get wet in the trenches, but we compel the dear lad to take his rum every morning—much as he hates it!!

Moralist (Toronto)—Thanks for your kind wishes. Aunt Jane's presence in the trenches must on no account be taken as a reflection on his sex.

#### Rubaiyat

OF

PRIVATE O. KHAYYAM.

The Tavern light at Eventide is spent,  
The Rose her Fragrance to the night  
has lent,

The Lily sweeter blows as We consume  
Our Belgian beer or Nectar from the  
Trent.

Come leave the gloomy World and  
all its War,  
Let naught the Joy of this one Evening  
mar,

Fill up the goblet with the flowing  
Wine,  
And flip a Five-Franc note across the  
Bar.

Methinks in this dread Land no  
greater shock  
E'er fell upon a simple living Folk  
Than that these good *Estaminets* be  
closed  
To military men at eight o'clock.

'Twas at that witching Time that  
Omar fell  
To drinking all the *aubergiste* might  
sell,

'Tis sad to say that such a famous man  
Did lick it up not wisely but Too Well.

He spake unto the Maid in playful  
mood,  
And in a way no well-bred fellow  
should.

He called her "Popsie"; chucked  
her 'neath the chin,  
And blew a kiss, for he was feeling  
Good.

The Maiden smiled, as eagerly She list  
And saw the Mouth of Omar subtly  
twist,

With blinking eyes he gazed at her,  
and said,

"Thou are sixteen; now hast Thou  
e'er been kissed?"

What happened? Ah, Our Omar  
never knew,

The woeful spectacle was seen by few,  
An angry Maid; a beefy Fist; and  
then

She buried him in mud, from human  
view.

As Khayyam picked himself from off  
the ground,

He felt himself and wearily he found  
To his surprise; in very truth he  
erred,

No earthquakes in this neighbourhood  
abound.

Sojourners in Life's Caravanserai,  
Ephemeral Creatures lasting but a  
Day,

Take heed of K's humiliating plight,  
And Drink—but lightly Drink, and  
go away! W. W. M.

#### A Christmas Special.

(By Our Observer.)

I was on observation duty. The night was cold, clear and frosty. The old barn in which I lay was dark and dismal. I looked through my loophole and automatically noted the flash of the guns, the lights of the flares, and the thousand and one

things that make night over the trenches a never-ending panorama of interest.

Suddenly, I grew alert. Behind me I heard a short sharp command, "A vos rangs," and then "garde à vous!"

I crossed the creaking floor and through the crumbling bricks, looked out upon a sight I shall never forget. In the clear moonlight there they stood, straight, stiff and at attention. They were marked or maimed each man of them. Some without arms, some without legs, and some, as I could see, sightless. A full platoon of heroes. "From the right, number," a grizzled sergeant of forbidding mien snarled out the order, and the order passed "Un, deux, trois," down the awful line. "Vingt-six!" A full platoon! "A droit! A gauche! Repos!" The grizzly throng turned right, turned left and stood at ease, waiting. Waiting for what? My hair rose on my head, I stared at them in awe and horror. My nerves were tense, for I was waiting too, waiting for I knew not what. Again the sergeant's bark, "Garde à vous," "Portez armes," "Presentez armes," and through the gate he came, his hand at the salute, a smile on his face, a leader of men. The man whom these men had followed and in following had died. He paused, and as he paused, the order came "Portez armes!" They sloped arms and, as they came to the slope, vanished.

Only he remained and as he looked around, slowly saluted. Then he, too, went, as he had come, in silence. And I went back to my post, leaving this place of the dead to its dead.

The Army fights on, but never can there be braver or nobler men than those who have come and conquered and gone. They do not rest, they cannot rest till we who are left have ended what they began. Then when the victors claim the spoils may my fearless maimed Platoon find eternal rest.

♦ ♦ ♦

Extracts of a letter from Willie Wonder to his former associates, the girls of the Corset Department of T. Eaton & Co., Toronto. This letter was not passed by the Censor.

Mudlarks' Rest,  
Belgium.

Dearest Girls,

It sure was good of youse to send me all them cigarettes. I eats cigarettes nowadays to keep my angry so as to fight the Germans. Honest, kids, this here war game is some game. We shoots Germans all the time and when we gets fed up with shooting 'em one at a time we turns the machine gun on 'em and fairly gobbles 'em up. Gee, girls, you would like to see your khaki now. He's some guy now, believe me. Last night I was sentry on the parapet and it was dark as blazes, cause a cloud was over the moon. I got my first sniper that night. I saw the flash of his rifle up a tree and I just turned the machine gun on that tree and it sure did bring Mr. Sniper down. The tree were too thick to



shoot through with one shot, so I just fired a thousand at the same place and made a hole right through the trunk and killed the blighter. Course it made a big row and Fritz got very angry and started firing shells at us, but we got him trained and he soon shut up.

Just then the clouds moved away from the moon, and say, girls, so help me, I saw a regiment of Germans comin' over the hill straight for us. If it hadn't a been for me we would sure have got a — of a walloping, but I was Johnnie on the spot and fired the machine gun at them. It fair did mow them down like a reaper cuts hay, and before the other fellows was awake they had all run away. Yesterday afternoon I shot an aeroplane down, and it fell in the lake all nice and neat with hardly a scratch. The guy what was running it used to tend bar at Krausman's, and he told me I sure was some shot. Say, girls, you don't want to believe them blokes what is getting home wounded from the first contingent. Them blokes don't know nuthink. They will tell youse the second contingent ain't no good, but that's just because they is jealous. Why them blighters as only been in one big fight and then they lost three trenches, while we have been in four big fights, taken seven trenches and lots of prisoners, only us guys don't blow about it so hard. Now good-bye, girls, and love to you all, from your

LITTLE WILLIE.

**A Protest.**

Why I should have to do it, I do not know, except because I was too weak to say "no" at the start. But since I promised to write an article for the *Gazette*, my life has become unlivable, it is no longer my own. I am unable to fulfil my promise, yet if I do not do this thing, my reputation will be gone, I will cease to be an entity among my fellows, will be an acknowledged failure.

At any time now the fateful question may be put to me: "Is your article ready?" What answer can I give? I have learnt to dodge the editor as though I owed him a quarter. To me he has become the embodiment of all that is feared and hated. A terrible ogre who takes on fantastic shapes that mingle weirdly with my dreams. I cannot rest, my food has become tasteless, plum jam has lost its flavour, no longer has bully beef its old attractions.

I have tried, ye gods, how I have tried, but at the critical moment my brains fail me. I have spasms of brilliancy when I think I have at last lassoed a subject, then with frantic haste, I seize my fountain pen, only to find that ere I can find paper the spasm passes, leaving me more hopeless than ever.

But this cannot go on for ever, my vitality cannot stand the strain. Perhaps after I have spent years as a babbling idiot, I shall find rest in the

grave. But I will die with the firm conviction that my life has been forfeited because of the inability of our government. That the British constitution has proved itself a failure. That if something is not done the country will be overrun by a tyrannical and ever increasing swarm of *Gazette* editors, who, amidst the collapse of the empire, and the disintegration of the State, will gloat over the miseries of a grovelling and servile people, who will be born into a world of pens, ink and paper, and be doomed to live for ever in the atmosphere of a printing office, and to spend the interminable cycles of eternity, scribbling poems and writing books.

R. H.

**Kindness, if we only knew it!**

The Patrol was out and a dark and muddy silence hung over the trenches. Rain with occasional spasms of hail added to the general gloom. Suddenly the tense stillness was shattered by ten rounds rapid fire, and the following dialogue was heard by the sergeant as he made his weary round.

"What at you shootin' at, Bill?"

"That blamed patrol," answered the trusty Bill, "if some one don't shoot them, they'll die of cold!"

**"Iddy Umpty."**

Who was the Major who, in his early morning Situation Report, said: "Attitude of enemy—Hostile?"

And, when asked to give a more lucid explanation, said: "Enemy distinctly hostile?"

\* \* \*

One of our operators had the nerviest moment in his life whilst we were in the trenches at —. The lines were none too good that night and in the midst of a racket of machine gun and rifle fire a little buzzing in his ear started off like this: E-N-E-M-Y C-O-M-I-N-G. Now who wouldn't get a little concerned on reading that?

The hell of it was, they didn't come, and nobody was more disappointed than the operator. He was heard to say: "Gol darn it! those fellows must have a hell of a big rum issue to-night."

\* \* \*

We heard that the Battalion on our right, in order to do something really brilliant, tapped the enemies' barbed-wire the other night! This was evidently connected in some obscure way with their observation balloon, and we understand that the lineman who accomplished the feat overheard many important things being said. What can *we* do to beat this?

\* \* \*

Heard over the 21st Battalion wire one morning: "Sniper Siegel, shot, Saxon Sniper, at seven s'morning."

What a good job we use a buzzer.

**Our Library**

Of Books of interest to the Battalion. "Heads, and how I find them," by Mr. M-rk-ll.

Although this volume refers to shell heads, no reflection is cast upon the N.C.O.'s and men of the M.G.S.

\* \* \*

"Dugouts and how to dig in," by X. X. Battalion.

This includes notes on swimming and a special recipe for mud-pies.

\* \* \*

"The Insect," by T. H. E. Boys.

Useful hints on self-preservation.

\* \* \*

"Safety First," by Sgt. E. J. Vout.

A handy pamphlet on shell-proof shelters and where to build them.

This enterprising author has also written a book on Sap-heads. Reference is made solely to the heads of saps and not to any individual in the grenade section.

\* \* \*

"Rum," by R.S.M. W. Rowe-Whitton.

A detective story with a refreshing ending. Much appreciated by all.

\* \* \*

"The Great Awakening," by Sgt. Brooks.

The Poems contained in this dainty suède-covered volume of verse are beyond our powers of criticism. We therefore append a sample:—

"This horrible War has sent me silly, And all over you, adorable T . . ."

\* \* \*

"Cow-hunting in Flanders," by Anonymus, 21st Battalion.

Treats of the haunts and habits of Cows and the various ways in which their death may be encompassed.

\* \* \*

"New Dances," by The Pioneer Sergeant.

This book introduces the Whiz-bang Sidestep, which is fully and artistically dealt with. [Originally published in Canada.]

*Dulce et Decorum est pro Patria mori.*

57135	Private Brown, H.
57252	,, McCall, T.
57891	,, Mitchell, J.
57539	,, Wishart, J.
57864	,, Jacobi, P.
57295	,, Sugden, A.
58005	,, Heaton, E.
57949	,, Thornton, A.
57636	,, Tallinger, K.
412780	,, Lebel, J. F.
57674	,, Lowe, F.
57686	,, McLeod, T. D. A.
57738	,, Turrell, W.
57196	,, Hallas, R.
57983	,, Burns, R.



