

November 1916.





# La Vie Canadienne

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It is a well known fact that the third attempt at any undertaking suggests to most people difficulties, and it is generally supposed to be the crucial one. It is usually the turning point ; the forerunner of success or failure.

Of course we experienced difficulties, but these were soon overcome, and, like our « tanks », in spite of rough roads and « tough hoeing », La Vie Canadienne turns up again, going stronger than ever and promises its readers that never will it remain inactive.

It is entirely due to the energetic and lively interest displayed by the members of the Section that this number was made possible. We appreciate the fact that so many have given their few spare hours after the rather strenuous daily routine, for the cause. The result, we feel certain will come up to expectations. Perusal of the pages following should act as a spur to any talent lying dormant in the Section, resulting, it is hoped, in a brighter and altogether better issue next month.

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## *Baby la Vie*

*Your slumber has been long, and Time has made  
You but a memory in an age that's past,  
And we forgot till now, when Pride at last  
Recalls you, e'er from memory you fade.  
And new foundations on the old are laid,  
To build a work that growing soon may yield  
An equal fame with others in the field,  
Or chance with effort reach a higher grade.  
It is not our endeavour that we please  
The polished artist of a lettered throng.  
The talent that we have this chance we'll seize  
Of writing, as we will in prose or song.  
So fill the glass and drink this toast with me --  
Long life and fame-we weloome you BABY LA VIE.*

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A FRENCH CANADIAN'S INTERPRETATION  
OF THE DREAM OF  
A GERMAN ARTILLERYMAN AFTER TRYING VAINLY TO SHELL  
THE CANADIAN T. J. AND C. RAILWAY.

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A message from the General came, he say with leetle rhyme —  
A Railroad track is building behind dot British line.  
Take eighty hundred yards for range due south from Ypres Tower,  
Use number seven Yonson gun with shells of highest power.  
We hear them often whistle blow, I tank they are Canuck.  
Cease fire after you have made them one big mess of muck.

I read that message carefully, and go to Yonson gun,  
I say to my men waiting there — Now boys we have some fun.  
Dot Choo Choo smoke and whistle toot is British Railroad track.  
We load up and then we blow him here to hell and back,  
Those damn Canadian build him some crooked line like creek,  
But this beeg gun he shew him dat he spoil it very quick.

The boys lay gun I take glass and climb in beeg tall tree,  
I look at leetle engine and our shell hit her I see,  
It rip the rods all off her wheels, but no one seem to know,  
For the fireman keep on making smoke, and the whistle him still blow  
« No good to shoot at him » I say « He all to pieces now »  
This waste of shells for he just keep on going anyhow.

I call to boys to change the gun and shoot at beeg machine,  
Him coupled into fourteen cars in bottom of ravine,  
Him trying hard to push up hill, and dat engine make such sound,  
Dat the shell get scared and stop dead still and then turn right around  
And back he come into our camp and kill most all my men,  
I never will for try to shell that beeg machine again.

I load the gun myself once more an try one at the track  
It hit him fair and twist him up like one beeg camel's back.  
And den I watch for train to come and make one leetle wreck,  
And when he come I near fall out of tree and break my neck.  
The cars jump off as I expeck, but no one seem to care,  
Dey put some iron things under wheels and way dey go for fair.  
Gott strafe dot crooked railroad, their engines and their cars  
I'd sooner take dot Yonson gun and try for blow up Mars.

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## RED | TAPE

I think the expression arose in soldier circles from the little bundle of pink tape invariably to be found on the Table at Courts Martial, and thus came to be associated in our minds with the formality as regards procedure and strict regard for the letter of the law observed at them.

So whenever the application of Regulations causes any delay in our obtaining what we want we think « D...all this red tape », quite overlooking the fact that without laws and Regulations, no order or system can be obtained, impartial judgement is impossible, and then like kissing everything goes by favour or chance.

Most of us will agree that delay is preferable to unfair treatment.

In applying Military Regulations, two objects have to be borne in mind :-

1. The interests of the service.
2. Justice to the individual.

The first presupposes in the Official a sufficiently trained and experienced mind to know what those interests are and what effect each decision to vary the regulation or make a special case (thereby creating a precedent) will have upon those interests.

The second calls for the simple proverb « Do as you would be done by ».

Every service exists to achieve a specific object, every regulation is framed to prevent circumstances interfering with the attainment of that object.

Therefore we must not only know :-

1. What the regulations are, but also,
  2. What circumstances they were designed to meet and,
  3. What circumstances surround the particular case which may be under consideration,
- before we can interpret and apply regulations properly.

Thus every case presented for decision involves research and reflection on the part of an Official.

Now to simply look up the regulation and adhere to its letter absolutely without thought as to its real spirit or intention is quicker and easier and is what to my mind constitutes real red tape.

In an Office such as this where an immense volume of paper and details have to be dealt with and large numbers of partially trained clerks supervised the institution of routine and organization of Office machinery is essential.

This fact combined with the time and space separating us from our Units and the consequent difficulty of visualizing the actual circumstances surrounding them tend to make our work appear mechanical and lifeless to us.

This can be overcome to a great extent if every Officer or man will look upon every name which passes before his eyes as if it were his own and consider what each report would involve in his own case in relation to his Unit, his C.O., his people, and himself.

Those who conscientiously and whole heartedly throw themselves

into the life of their Units, watching with a personal possessive sense of interest the story of each individuals active service experience, will find a soul in their duty which will repay every effort.

A trust is placed on each man in the Office not only by his superiors but by every individual in the Contingent and their relatives.

Our bit in the war is to justify that trust by thorough, accurate, and lively, work.

Work which will show sympathetic understanding and good humour as well as adherence to the Regulations.

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## ROUTINE ORDERS

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October 1929.

### **Parades.** (4 a. m.)

Battalion will parade with bare feet and helmets when they will proceed to the North Bridge and dive into the River Seine. Anyone found wandering at the bottom looking for promotion will receive his discharge on coming to the surface, All Officers on this occasion will plod with puttees on. All submarines found must be handed in at the Quartermaster's Store, these are not to be considered Merchantmen.

In order to secure more uniformity in the ranks on parade, all noses will, in future, be polished, to match the buttons and badges. This must be done at the Soldier's expense. It has been found that good results can be obtained by the application of, externally — bay rum, and internally — cafe rum.

### **Route March.**

There will be a route march as far as Plainville, headed by the Band, which will play the great march « Here we suffer grief and pain ». In case of frostbite being prevalent in the ranks, every man will be provided with a box of Sunstroke Ointment and Crutches.

Owing to the difficulty in obtaining supplies of umbrellas, such equipment will not in future be issued to ranks below that of Sergeant. In order to promote good feeling between the Allies and to foster the Entente Cordiale, N. C. O'S are requested to offer the protection of their umbrellas to ladies who may be caught unprepared in wet weather.

### **Special rations.** (10-15 a. m.)

This being the Kernal's birthday every man will receive a cocoaknut.

**Sports.**

Sports will be held in Quarry, admission by tram ticket. The great draw will be a juggling exhibition by Sgt. Mangle, who will juggle with a half dozen of Mills' best.

All ranks are warned that it is forbidden to have any intercourse with the Military Police, who should be carefully avoided, especially after 10 p. m.

**Defaulters.**

In future all defaulters will stuff their palliasses with broken bottles and gramophone needles.

**Lectures.**

Lieut. Pick has been picked out by the War Office to lecture on the mechanism of the excavatory pick and the operations (stratigical, tactical and mathematical) necessary in making a round hole with a square shovel.

**Leave.**

Leave will be granted annually for the purpose of disinfection, change of clothes and a bath. Special Leave will be granted to those absent from billets more than two years.

*Fifty-Fifty*

I kissed her,  
 It was twilight.  
 The soft, green willows  
 Cast great shadows  
 Along the shore.  
 I kissed her again  
 As she lay quiet  
 In my arms.  
 Presently she opened her eyes  
 Big and blue.  
 « Are you married ? »  
 She asked.  
 I cannot lie.  
 I told her I was.  
 « So am I » she answered  
 And we both sighed.

## THE DAILY LEGPULLING SCENE

*Place :* Circus.

*Enter :* One looking rather pale about the gills.

CLERK. — « Is the Doc. in ? »

K. M. — « No. »

CLERK. — « Do you think it will rain before noon ? »

K. M. — « Yes. »

CLERK. — « I don't think I will trouble him to-day. »

(*Exit.*)

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## LEATHER MEDALS ARE ONLY AWARDED TO PERPETRATORS OF SOME OF LIVES' LITTLE ABSURDITIES

*Overhead in K. R. on daily wire night.*

Pte A. — « Well I balance. »

Cpl A. — « You don't look it. »

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## + + + WE TAKE OUR LID-OFF + + +

You no doubt have heard of all the fancy jobs prevalent in the Army such as, O. C. Pigeons, O. C. Ferrets, *But* you must take your hat off to the Canadian Section for originality in having an O. C. Cobwebs.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE.

**Anxious.** — No. It's made of plain cotton and hemmed up in the back.

**Blue eyes.** — Don't drink water. Whisky is the best remedy. See the Medical Officer.

**O. R. C.** — Yes. The results would be a sight seeing trip to the front line trenches.

**Learner.** — The correct way is « Adjutant for Officer Commanding » and not « Officer Commanding for Adjutant ».

**New Born.** — Oh yes. Our Students have qualified in the field as well as at Home. Complete course free of charge. Simply report him as having died an unnatural death and we will do the rest.

**Jeanette.** — Impossible. See the Janitor.

**Mule driver.** — Don't swear at your mules after being ordered by an N. C. O. to cease. Kiss them in the morning and at night. Evidently your O. C. does not appreciate a good mule driver.

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## NEW BOOKS WORTH WHILE

*Action Front :* by Boyd Cable — Another excellent volume of sketches by author between the lines.

*The Rudder :* by Mary S. Watts — A study of life.

*My Childhood :* by Maxim Gorky — The extraordinary vivid account of an unforgettable man.

## *The Demon of Wypers*

(UNLIKE « THE ANGEL OF MONS », THIS IS A TRUE STORY OF THE GREAT WAR)

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« Ditch » whispered the guide as he made a mad jump into the blackness beyond. The warning was quickly passed from mouth to mouth down the serpentine line—crouching Soldiers and each took the mysterious jump into the unknown. It was seldom the boys missed fire and landed into a shell-hole, ditch or barbed-wire, for dodging obstacles of this nature was part of their Nocturnal duties whilst en route to the front line Trenches « Somewhere in France ».

Unhappily though for our hero, Billy Maver, a Rear-Rank-Lance-Corporal, he had been indulging somewhat excessively in the Cup of Bacchus and somehow his youthful limbs were strangely contrary to his good intentions, thus landing him, with a dreadful splash, into the centre of the foul creek. He struggled and swore simultaneously, and when he finally reached the other side had completely lost his Platoon and his bearings.

In this pitiful condition he wandered about in the inky darkness for several minutes. From the very depths of his soul he cursed the Kaiser for bringing about his present misery, and while thus busily occupied with these unhappy reflections a Star-shell suddenly changed the impenetrable blackness of night into the brightness of day, Billy quickly slid into a shell-hole just in time to save his « Sky-Piece », for the bullets sang past overhead with deadly precision.

Our Hero was drenched to the skin, dead tired from the weight of his heavy pack, rendered heavier, if that were possible, by the water from the creek, and felt strongly inclined to make the shell-hole his Front-Line Trenches for the night. He glanced around the huge hole for a dry spot but suddenly became aware of the presence of some one opposite.

Billy's first impulse was to ask the advice of the stranger, but, on second thoughts, decided to first prove whether he was friend or foe.

« Who goes there ? »

The dark figure neither answered nor moved, but gazed steadily into Billy's face.

« Answer or I fire ». Billy had his strange companion well covered. Breathlessly he awaited the fraction of a minute for the answer which never came, so then steadily aiming at the man's heart, he fired.

It was an every day occurrence with Bill to « Snipe », but somehow he felt disturbed about this affair.

Were it possible that at range of 20 feet only, he could have missed his mark ? The creature never budged.

This time Billy fired 3 rapids, then dropped to the ground. His knees knocked together, his legs refused to hold him and his hair stood up on end « Like quills upon the fretful porcupine ». He was paralyzed with deadly fear.

The object of his terror had calmly reached out his right hand when the three rapids were fired and with consummate skill caught the three pieces of flying lead between his thumb and index finger; then he silently arose and walked over to the now prostrate Billy.

There was no doubt in our Hero's mind now ; plainly he saw the long tail, cloven feet and horns, and Billy knew he was face to face with His Satanic Majesty — THE DEVIL.

Awakening to his senses by the fiery breath of the Devil scorching his pale cheeks, Billy gasped at this weird spectre of Inferno for a moment, then in feeble tones asked :

« Am I in Hell, Sir ? »

A terrible mingled expression of hatred, envy, murder, malice, vice and jealousy encircled the grotesque features of Old Nic as he glanced nervously around at the debris and ruins about him.

Hell ? No, Canada, this is not Hell ; this has Hell skinned a mile. My Kingdom, a supreme one since man was first created out of mother earth, has fallen in its Majesty, and I, the Devil of all Ages, supreme and mighty, have been forced to leave my fiery abode, neglect my branded souls, and ascend to this miserable little world to defend my mighty Kingdom and to wage a war against an Arch-Fiend, my contemporary « Monarch of Hades ».

His frame shook with deepest emotion, from his eyes flashed flames of Hell, his words gushed from his mouth like the red-hot lava from Vesuvius in eruption, and his bosom rose and fell like the turbulent crests upon an angry sea.

Billy sat in amazement at this wonderful creature, not knowing exactly what to do or say.

« Who would dare rob me of my might and power ? Who would dare conspire to dethrone Hell of its eternal Monarch ? » demanded the Devil in bitter tones.

Not grasping his true meaning, Billy remained silent.

« Answer vile shrimp of a viler earth, or by the Gods of War, whom you worship, I shall direct a shell from yon German Battery to blow thee down into my Bottomless pit sooner than tis predestined. »

« Predestined » gasped Billy, « Am I predestined to Hell, Your Majesty ? »

« Call me not Your Majesty, oh Soldier of fair Canada, for my Throne has been usurped and my Kingdom is tottering to its fall. »

« But, Sir, » said Billy, picking up courage, « Who has usurped... »

A crash and a fast travelling sound like a No. 4 Tram (*Je ne pense pas*), warned Billy that a « J.J » was coming and his trained ear told him it was going to strike him sure. He flopped flat into the mud and nervously awaited his doom.

The Huns had spotted the fire which the Devil omitted, and, presuming it to signify the movement of troops, directed a Shell towards the spot.

The Devil never moved from his upright position, and seeing his calmness Billy appealed to him for help. He partly raised his body from the mud, and, with an expression of fear and horror, exclaimed ;

« Spare me, Sir Satan, I pray Thee. »

« Ah ha », replied Old Nic, with exultant joy, « I am still revered by mortal man. It is good, bon ».

With one mighty blast of his fiery breath he blew the approaching shell far backwards into the oblivion beyond ; Billy was saved.

« Go now », said Satan, pointing to the irregular line of sand-bags and communication trenches head, dimly outlined on the horizon by the dying glimmer of a distant star-shell, « Go, and like a good Canadian as thou art, KILL ».

« But, Sir, » said Billy, perplexed, « Why did you spare my life just now seeing I am doomed to Hel — ah — to be one of your Subjects ? »

« Oh thou impossible Canadian, so impudent, so persistent so daring : yet I love thee for it. Knowest that thou chewest the fat with the King of Darkness, the Mighty Monarch of the Bottomless-Pit ? Avaunt ye, and quit my sight : get thee at the foul GERMHUNS — those vile robbers of Hell's Majesty — and KILL, KILL, KILL. Go ; » He pointed a long

fiery finger in the direction of the trenches and, as if by magic, Bill distinctly saw the boys of his platoon « Standing to ».

« But Satan », Billy persisted, realizing that he was predestined to doom whether he displeased the devil or not, « Who has usurped your Majesty's undisputed Kingdom ? »

« Oh you poor, misguided, fair-minded Britons. After all these generations I have laboured to make ye my subjects and instill into your hardened hearts the worthy doctrine of « An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth ». I find I have failed miserably. Rather would ye Britons, in your supreme blindness, turn your other cheek to be smitten than play dirty. You are men every inch ; you play the game square while the Huns poison you with vile gasses, starve your prisoners of War, bombard your undefended villages and towns, drop bombs on your infants in their cradles, dishonour your wives and daughters, dismember your old men, crucify your soldiers, and by trickery art, science, religion and every super-diabolical device UNKNOWN TO HELL ITSELF, combine to overthrow the British Nation and her worthy Allies and rule the world by force of slavery. Yet you play fair, you act the man and you call upon your God. Thus I have not only lost you for my future subjects, but the Kaiser has usurped my throne and has established a vaster Empire of Hell upon this miserable earth than I, in my blind folly, ever dreamed of. Since creation I slumbered in the lap of luxury, little dreaming that any mere man dared to overthrow Hell's supremacy, but, to my horror, I find, for 40 years a super-fiend, posing as a man, who by every art has beaten me at my own game and won.

The Devil hesitated a moment, a man broken in spirit, and wiped the red-hot tears from his flaming eyes.

« And now », he continued, « The Kaiser has outknighted the Devil who for all time has reigned unchallenged ».

« But why, Satan » ? asked Billy, deeply interested.

« Why, why ? Oh fool, were I ever capable of inventing such super-fiendish devices as poisonous-gases ? Could I dismember innocent babes in their cradles ? Ever since my failure of this World's domination at Jerusalem have I been forced to bow to the CROSS, yet this Arch-fiend Kaiser crucified one of your own Canadian Sergeants, thus defying the very symbol of Immortality upon which your Christian Religion depends. Could I, in cold blood, shoot a sainted Sister of Mercy to foe and friend alike ? Could I sink helpless ships in Mid-ocean and shoot at the drowning

women as they prayed for mercy ? I say Canada, could I ever conceive of all this ? Never, never, never, I am undone, I am undone » He smote his breast in a terrible storm of rage. « But go, fair Canada. go and KILL ; if you Britons are not to be subjects of mine, at least help me to conquer a worse fiend than HIS SATANIC MAJESTY, GO.

Billy lifted himself out of the shell-hole just as a « Whizz-Bang » exploded on the spot where he and the Devil were standing. His Majesty disappeared in the smoke and debris which followed the explosion.

Stunned by the concussion and after lying unconscious for several minutes, Billy became aware of what at first sounded like beautiful music or sweet chimes. « I have died and gone to Heaven », Billy mused : but the joys of Heaven soon passed away, the Bells assumed a sterner note, and in his heart Billy cursed the infernal alarm-clock which so persistently warned him to

« SHOW A LEG »

\* \* \*

Gentle Reader :

It will be observed that one hour after the encounter related above, our Hero was to be seen seriously occupied with the mysteries of a « Speak File », and was rather pleased that the papers therein, (Marked « 1 A and 2 B) referred to the « Marginally noted man » and not to « The Demon of Wypers ».

ED.

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## *Who Am I.*

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I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world.  
 I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the nations.  
 I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest  
 of siege guns.  
 I steal, in the United Kingdom alone over 60,000,000 pounds each year.  
 I spare no one, and I find my victims among the rich and poor alike, the young  
 and old, the strong and weak. Widows and orphans know me.  
 I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor  
 from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every railroad train.  
 I massacre thousands of wage earners in a year.  
 I lurk in unseen places, and do most of my work silently. You are warned  
 against me, but you heed not.  
 I am relentless.  
 I am every where — in the home, on the streets, in the factory, at railroad  
 crossings and on the sea.  
 I bring sickness, degradation and death, and yet few seek to avoid me.  
 I destroy, crush or maim; I give nothing, but take all.  
 I am your worst enemy.  
 I am *Carelessness*.

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## *We should worry.*

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You have two alternatives. Either you are mobilized or not.  
 If not, you have nothing to worry about.  
 If you are, you have two alternatives. Either you are in Camp or you are at  
 the front. If in Camp, you have nothing to worry about.  
 If you are at the front you have two alternatives. Either you are in the  
 Reserve or you are in the Fighting Line. If you are in the Reserve, you have  
 nothing to worry about.  
 If you are in the Fighting Line you have two alternatives. Either you scrap  
 or you don't. If you don't you have nothing to worry about.  
 If you do scrap you have two alternatives. Either you get slightly wounded  
 or you get badly wounded. If you get slightly wounded you have nothing to  
 worry about.  
 If you get badly wounded you have two alternatives. Either you recover or  
 you don't. If you recover you have nothing to worry about.  
 If you don't recover and have followed this advice clear through you have  
 done with worry forever.

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=====  
 Treaties not guaranteed. =====

CHILDREN IN ARMS NOT RESPECTED.

Week Commencing 2nd. August. 1914.

Farewell visit before going to St. Helena.

## ULTIMATUM WILLIE

The Greatest Comedian the World has ever known in all his latest successes.

including :

MY HOPES ARGONNE.	HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN CALAIS.
MY AISNE KIND DEARIE O.	ALSACE WHERE ART THOU.
OH LOR RAINE AGAIN.	DON'T BE HUN-HAPPY.

## HERR GULLEN

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WHY I LEFT AUSTRIA-HUNGRY.	WE ALL LOVE SOPHIA.
TA TA BEL-GRADE.	SERVIA RIGHT, SERVIA RIGHT.

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In a screaming farce "The Sham Pain Shifters" and episode in the partnechnicon  
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On a Flying Visit to the Great Absurdity

"CAN WE SEA-PLANE OR BERLIN ON THE SPREE"

## ADMIRAL VON TRIPIT AND THE HOPPIT & COY

In a stirring Naval Drama

"Der Tag" or the "Luggage Label" — in Four Acts.

- ACT. 1.** Headquarters of German Navy at Williamshaven.  
Von Tripit and his Gallant Men at their daily toast  
"Der Tag".
- ACT. 2.** The Same.
- ACT. 3.** The Same Again Please.
- ACT. 4.** The North Sea, Sunday Jan 24 th, 1915 "Der Tag".

**ENTER** Admiral Beatty — **EXIT** German Flett.

"Gott Mit HUNS"

## THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

Who the N. C. O. was that appeared on parade one damp morning in a new overcoat with his stripe sewn on upside down ?

When is our leave commencing ?

What will the orderlies do when the leaves have all been gathered in ?

Who invented « Extractions » ?

If the « Glee Club » cannot find more suitable quarters in which to conduct their daily practices, as it is considered that the locality chosen is not conducive to harmony.

Who was the « Sergeant » who honestly thought he was « being done » when he was told that « La Vie Canadienne » was not being given away « gratis ».

What Webster would say if we asked him the meaning of « SPK ».

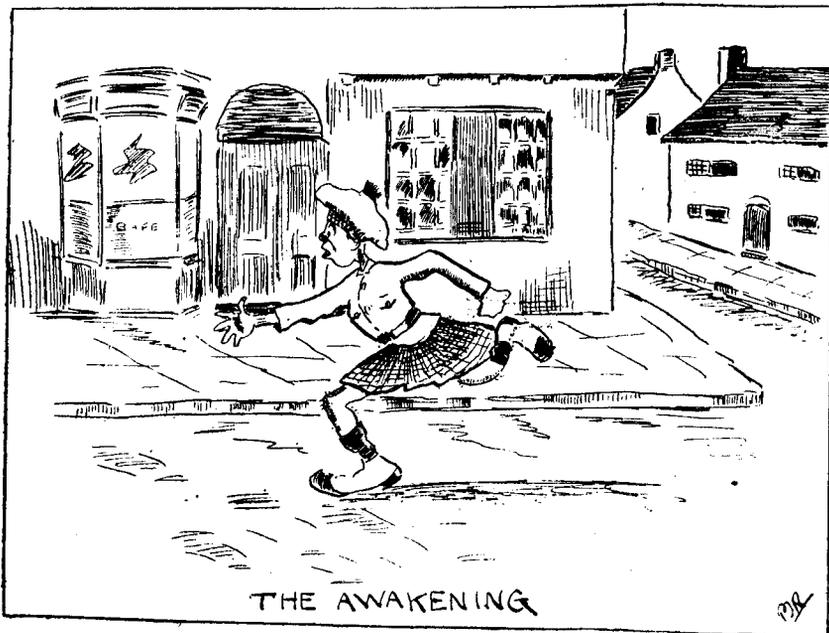
Why all the long faces when the rumor broke out about no more private billets ?

When the war will end.

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## WHEN THE WAR WILL END

*Of actual evidence we have none,  
But my officer's batman's landlady's son,  
Heard a coldfoot policeman pacing his beat,  
Say to a soldier passing down the street  
That he had a friend, who had a friend,  
Who knew when the war was going to end.*



THE AWAKENING  
CALL THE ROLL

DBR

## *Development of the Aeroplane in modern War*

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In the days before the conquest of the air by man, the horse-soldier was the eyes of the Army. On him the leader relied for information regarding the enemy's movements and whereabouts.

To-day the aeroplane has almost entirely usurped these functions, and with its greater powers for observation, and greater speed, is able, weather permitting, to constantly supply the Army Commander with far more reliable information than was possible when reliance for such information had to be placed on the cavalry.

At the beginning of the War little really was known about the scouting capabilities of the aeroplane, and still less about its fighting powers. As time went on, however, the Air Service acquired knowledge in the rough practical school of War, and turning this knowledge to account abandoned many of the theories previously conceived from want of experience, and finally evolved the scouting and fighting plane of the present day.

During this period of evolution and experiment it was found that different types of planes were better suited for different kinds of work, such as bombing, patrolling, photography, ranging artillery and fighting. From these experiments there eventually emerged the Scout and the Battleplane, the two principal classes of machines in common use on our front to-day.

The former is either a Monoplane or a small fast Biplane.

There are naturally many different types of Planes used for both scouting and fighting in which the construction varies in detail, but the principle is the same throughout, namely-Great speed for the Scout, and carrying power combined with speed for the Battleplane.

These types of machines are commonly used by both the Allies and the Central Powers, but the only enemy Monoplane seen on the Western front is the much vaunted « Fokker », while the Monoplane used most extensively by the Allies is the Morane.

The Fokker is a single seated fast machine and is used entirely for fighting purposes. For this reason it is forbidden to cross the enemy's lines and only does so if engaged in a fight with an enemy Plane and returns immediately the combat is broken off.

In appearance it resembles a Morane and at a height of 2,000 feet,

unless the black crosses under the Plane are visible, is most difficult to distinguish from that machine. As the Fokker is purely a fighting machine and is rarely used by the enemy for other purposes, it is safe to say that any Monoplane seen patrolling for any length of time on the Allies' side of the line is either a British or French Plane. The Germans on the Western Front employ various types of Biplane, which are all very similiar in appearance. These are the machines which are used for bombing, patrolling and ranging for artillery.

It is extremely difficult to identify areoplanes at a working height by appearance only, and unless their position and movements are studied it is almost impossible to state accurately to which side they belong. In order therefore to obtain the necessary knowledge which will enable a fairly accurate statement to be made as to the identity of a machine, it is necessary to have a knowledge of the methods by which the machines carry out their various duties. The movements of German machines which are fitted with wireless apparatus, depend upon the work which is to be performed.

For instance, when ranging on trenches and targets which are in close proximity to the front line, the areoplane will patrol just in rear of the German lines and at a low altitude keeping parallel to the lines without crossing them.

This maneuvre enables the observer to see his target, while at the same time the Plane is fairly immune from rifle and machine gun fire, and is below the angle of fire from antiaircraft guns.

When, however, ranging on Battery positions and targets further behind the lines is the object of the airman, the altitude considered necessary is considerable, and is generally at least 10,000 feet and often more.

He patrols behind his own lines and parallel with them; and makes dashes across the line to his target as each round is fired in order to observe more accurately the result of the shot. Having done so, he immediately returns to his original position. When reconnoitering or bombing, two, three or more Planes cross the enemy's lines in convoy formation at the great height of 10,000 to 15,000 feet and steer a direct course to the objective.

Photography is one of the dangerous duties the aviator has to perform for it can only be successfully carried out when the Plane is directly over the object and flying at a fairly low altitude.

Most of the enemy's activity in taking photographs is confined to the area in rear of the front line in which our gun positions and defensive works are situated.

It is, therefore, safe to surmise that an enemy Plane when seen in this area, (which rarely exceeds six miles in depth), flying in an erratic manner from place to place and at a low altitude, is engaged in taking photographs.

It is quite erroneous to think that it is easy to observe objects on the earth's surface from an areoplane. On the contrary it is only by the utmost concentration on one definite object to the elimination of all surrounding objects, that any definite observation can be made.

For instance, individuals and working parties are not visible from an altitude of 5,000 feet below which height no Plane crosses the front line.

From a height of ten thousand feet it is even doubtful if a trained observer, with powerful field glasses, would be able to pick out a company marching in column of fours on a road, unless he were to concentrate his attention on some selected spot on the road, across which spot the company afterwards marched, and he was anticipating such a movement.

From a height of 2,000 feet it is impossible to observe troops in the trench, or to state that trenches are occupied. Distances and heights in the air are very deceptive and difficult to judge from the ground, and the want of knowledge that this is so, often leads to most erroneous conclusions.

For example, from the ground, an Allied machine may appear to fly straight past and in close proximity to an enemy Plane without firing at it, or may even turn away from the enemy Plane and make off into the distance, giving the impression that a fight was deliberately avoided. This conclusion is quite wrong, for, as a matter of fact the difference in altitude between the Planes is probably about 3,000 feet a distance which will take our Plane quite ten minutes to climb, supposing the enemy to be flying at the higher altitude, which he most probably would be if on our side of the line. In that time he could travel quite ten miles back towards his own lines and so before our Plane could gain the same altitude he would be safely away.

To fight with any degree of success a Plane has to be either at the same altitude as the enemy, or better still above him; for then a nose dive can be made at the enemy, who quite possible is unaware of the proximity of a hostile Plane, as his view upwards and backwards is limited.

The main object is to get within two hundred yards of the enemy Plane before opening fire, as it is futile for aeroplanes to engage one another at a greater distance.

When this has been accomplished the object is to hit the pilot or so riddle the vital parts of the machine that it will be forced down from want of control or loss of power.

A lot has been written about the so-called supremacy of the air, which is a very misleading term and has no real meaning. This is most clearly demonstrated in the notes referred to in the heading of this article as follows : « The side which has more air-craft, can carry out more enterprises, more photography range more Batteries and drop more bombs, and, if added to this, it has better machines, these tasks can be carried out with more safety and more regularity ; but if we only possessed one aeroplane on this front and the enemy one hundred they could not prevent our one machine crossing the line and carrying out some work.

They would, however, hinder it considerably, and it would be forced to wait for opportunities, and run very great risks, but it would not definitely be stopped.

Supremacy of the Air would seem to inform the power to sweep the skies of all enemy machine, which inference is out of all proportion to the facts. »

With all due deference to the writer of these notes, which were written before the Somme offensive, it would seem that this offensive has conclusively proved that we have established a supremacy in the air and that this supremacy is admitted by the Germans themselves in their complaints with regard to the poor work of their airmen. The fact remains, whether there is a supremacy of the air or not, that our aviators are doing pretty much what they like in the air and are taking risks with apparent impunity which a year ago they would not even have dreamt of.

Granted we undoubtedly have more machines than the Bosch, but this does not detract from the fact that we also have established a moral superiority which enables one of our machines to attack three of their's and come off victorious, to swoop down and engage their Infantry, to bomb their troop trains, and even their « Archies », at close range, and best of all to do these things in most cases with little loss, showing that, whatever you like to call it, we are « top bitd » in the air, just as we are « top dog » in « the tank » on the ground.

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THE HAVEN OF REST.

### *An ode to the trenches*

There's mud in the trenches and water as well, and shrapnel and bullets, « Say, isn't it Hell? » The mud holds you fast whilst the water will ooze, through the seams of your boots, to your ration of booze. With an oath you get free then a cannon's dull thud, will cause you to flop into three feet of mud. Your cold and you're wet yet you mustn't go sick, You've got to get busy with shovel and pick. The parapet's down so look out for your « bean », Fritz in the same plight has cause to feel mean. The sooner you finish the sooner you're through, So you

work like a nigger, get sweated up too. You wade to your dug-out to snatch an hour's rest, and dream of your home, far away in the West. But when you arrive at your sand-bag abode, your heart will cease beating, your blood will corrode. What you've been expecting at last occurred, Your dug-out's collapsed, your curses are hard. But not a man will pay heed to your cursing, his heart is too full, his own trouble's nursing. So you sit on the firing step and manage to doze, tho' you're wet to the skin and your feet are half froze. You dream of a land without unpleasant smells, without sand-bags and trenches, sans bullets and shells, You dream of a maiden you loved long ago. Perhaps she is flirting with some civie beau. You dream of your home and the steaming hot tub, of the clothes you once wore and the mother-cooked grub. You've only just dozed when a Sergeant prods you and politely asks you « Awake and Stand To ». Then you fully realize as you wake in a minute, there's a war on in Flanders and that you are in it.

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The Austrians are slightly perturbed to find that the Russians are getting Hungary.

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When you see the Editor pass his hand across his forehead, it may not indicate « inspiration » but « perspiration ».

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One of the men who recently joined the Canadian Section was entirely ignorant of the existing orders regarding advertisements in the French News papers and put an advertisement in for a room.

This is the reply received :-

MASTER,                   •

I can let to you, a comfortable bed-room, exposite at sun ; electric light. The bed-room is at the first floor of the home.

The street Lemire is behind the place Carnot, between the street Lafayette, and the street St-Sever near the two bridges ; and at five minutes of the theater of the Arts ; and street Grand Pont.

You see my house is in the center of town ; I hope it can to please yourself.

For to visit, you can to come at home to day all the afternoon ; Monday and Tuesday since ten hours until twelve and since five, until seven « On Sunday I am no at home ».

Received my sincere salutations.

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## SAFE

A soldier was one night stopped by an Military Policeman, who promptly asked for a sight of his pass. Our soldier, knowing that he had made a big break by being on the street without a pass, decided he could travel a little faster than the big booted Military Policeman, and started in for home at record breaking gait.

The Policeman not to be robbed his prey pressed rather hotly for our soldier, who decided « ducking » to be the best way out of it. This he promptly did, and made for a well known, well lighted building not far away.

Entering, still at his record breaking pace, he asked rather breathlessly of the astonished orderly on deck, « Say partner, where can I hide, there's a big booted Military Policeman, close behind, and I've got to get busy to dodge him ».

The orderly, in the usual Orderly manner, replied « Well I guess a good place here would be the Central Registry, nobody can find anything there. »

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## THE TANK

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It was a crisis. The liberty of the Empire and Issues of the War were at stake and Reinforcements simply shuddered,

Staff-Captains tore their hair and swore, the Quarter-bloke sat in his chair, wept softly, and threatened to resign, while the Victim fervently prayed for a swift termination of hostilities.

Personally, I believe the Unit was acting within its rights in making application for a Shoeing-Smith, and the Victim had done his duty in noting aforementioned application, and forwarding same through the Proper Channels for Necessary Action.

Six days later the Victim received notification of the despatch from « Blighty » of I Shoeing-Smith in response to his demand.

Apparently everything was proceeding smoothly. The Quarter snoozed on and dreamt of *fyles* and Fishing. Oncoming events had as yet cast no shadow before, - but fate was on the job and working overtime.

In due course the victim received the Base Returns, and on perusal, was horrified to discover that the Shoeing-Smith had landed, but was now *Shoe-maker*. There it was, quite plain, *Shoe-maker*. Perhaps it was a disguise to hoodwink the enemy. It couldn't very well be attributed to the vagaries of the Channel.

After considerable heavy thinking on the part of the Quarters and the Victim, it was decided to wire the Base for information regarding the correct qualifications of this human Chameleon.

The reply came quickly - « Private T. C. Smith is neither a Shoeing-Smith nor a Shoe-maker, but is a Black-smith's help. »

The Office subsided helpless.

The following day the Victim received another wire « N°... Pte. T. C. Smith is a trained Machine Gunner. »

The harassed Victim has just returned from Hospital. N°... Pte. T. C. Smith has « Gone up Since », I believe in the capacity of *Batman*, but since reading the recent *Daily Mail* « Special Communiques » by my fellow Journalist, M. Peach George, I have come to the conclusion that this new invention which has terrified the enemy by its wonderful adaptive abilities, may be our friend N°... Pte. T. C. Smith.



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## FOOTBALL

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The Football season is now in full swing and the present one promises even to eclipse the brilliancy of the past season in the Football annals of the Section.

The Players had many valuable practices games before the season commenced, and in these games quite a few « Dark Horses » were discovered, in fact so many that we are now able to run two teams instead of one as in the past.

Already there is keen competition for places in several positions on the league team, owing to the talent unearthed thus early, and this fact appears to have had the desired effect in increasing the enthusiasm amongst the players, which will be for the good of the game so far as we are concerned.

Thus far the results have been good, each team having lost only one game, the 1st Team losing by one goal in their first game against the Anzac Section, which defeat has already been wiped out, whereas the 2nd Team ran up against hot stuff in the persons of an A. S. C. team at Amfreville the other Sunday and paid the full penalty, but like good sports they acknowledged the superiority of their opponents and are looking forward to a reprisal in the near future. A more enthusiastic bunch than the « Cubs » would be hard to find and good results from them during the season, providing too many calls for reinforcements are not made from the league team, are assured.

Sunday, October 1st, was a red letter day in the Section Football circles, when we met the Anzacs again. To mark the opening of our new ground, Major Archibald, D. A. A. G., kindly consented to kick off, and if the initial « touch » is any criterion of the future doings of the club, there should be no reason for misapprehensions, for if the Anzacs forwards could have travelled so far and so fast as that first punt we should have been a goal down ere we were properly set, but happily, Collier got his boot on the ball and returned it to the other end, our

boys immediately taking up the running and only clever play on the part of Holmes, the Anzac centre-half, kept us from registering. During the early period of the game we had slightly the better of the play but could not get the ball between the posts of our Colonial friends, thanks to the good play of their goalkeeper and the indifferent shooting of our forwards. It was left to Williams to open the scoring, the popular outside left scoring the first official goal on the new field. Play quickened quite a bit after this but we held the goal lead until half time was called.

The second half was a repetition of the first in so far as our superiority was concerned, and we could do everything but score, and evidently Holmes thought he would demonstrate how it should be done, which demonstration came off very successfully, greatly to the delight of the Anzac supporters, who appeared now to have visions of a victory. The effort certainly was worthy of all the enthusiasm it caused, Holmes sending in a lovely shot from about forty yards which didnt give Steele the slightest chance.

Our boys appeared to fall away for about ten minutes after this reverse, and didn't wake up until Williams, from a cross by Curtis, placed the ball completely out of the reach of the opposing goalie. For many reasons this success was received with great eclat and « Willie's » popularity increased about one hundred per cent. The Canucks never appeared like losing after this, and only once did we hold our breath and that was when our opponents' left half let drive a beauty from far out which luckily had too much elevation. The game thus ended in our favour by two goals to one, after one of the most interesting and exciting games that we have yet taken part in, and taking a line through this game there sure will be some game when the two meet in the league competition.

The game was ably handled by Sergt-Major Rowe of the A. S. C., and his task was rendered easy by the clean play and good feeling shown between the Overseas cousins.

The players who took the eye most were :— for the Canadians :— Steele, Collier, Prettyman, Park, Mc Lean and Williams. — For the Anzacs :— The Goalkeeper, Centre-half, left-half, outside right and centre forward.

One distinguishing feature of the game was the presence of so many Australians and Canadian Officers, who followed the game with great interest, this fact being greatly appreciated by both clubs.

Our league fixtures have now come to hand and are as follows :—

OPPONENTS.	HOME OR AWAY.	DATE
No. 32C Co. A. S. C., M.T.....	Away	8.10.16 Sunday
No. 1 Base M. T. Depot.....	Home	15.10.16 —
« L » Signal Coy.....	Away	22.10.16 —
No. 8 General Hosp.....	Away	29.10.16 —
Bye .....		5.11.16 —
Severn Cadet corps.....	Home	12.11.16 —
No. 1 Aux. Horse Co.....	Away	19.11.16 —
R. A. T. S.....	Home	26.11.16 —
No. 3 Sty. Hosp.....	Away	3.12.16 —
A. O. D.....	Home	10.12.16 —