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Canadian Section.

General Headquarters, 3rd Echelon



La Vie Canadienne

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Contributions are invited.

All Communications should be addressed : —

THE EDITOR

« LA VIE CANADIENNE »

CANADIAN SECTION,

G. H. Q., 3rd ECHELON

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From the EDITOR'S CHAIR



It is regretted that our late Editor Lieut. M. C. Cockshott has been called away to another sphere of activity. He has done much for the magazine, and he will be missed by us, yet with his old supporters he has left sufficient of his contagious enthusiasm to ensure the continued success of La Vie. We hope to build up on the foundations he has laid for us a work of which both he and we may be proud.

That good luck will follow him wherever he may go, is our sincere wish.

It is our intention to attempt to give you a more personal magazine, some souvenir that you may keep of your sojourn here in Rouen. If we can hold your interest sufficiently to the extent that you will keep your copies, so that, in a quiet moment of a future year, reading over them they may help you to recall old memories and old friends, then we shall have succeeded in our task of making La Vie a success.

You will notice that the management of the magazine has undergone a re-organisation. By dividing the labor entailed, amongst those whom we know to have taken a keen interest in the magazine in the past, we hope to alleviate the minor worries of an Editorship that, at its best, is not, nor ever will be, a calm haven of eternal rest, or in plain Canadian language, a « cinch ».

This is our Sporting number, not only because many of its pages are devoted to reports on various sporting events, but because we are taking a chance, a sporting chance with you. It has been found undesirable to request you to promise beforehand to take so many copies of an

issue, as you have done up to the present. We want you to please yourself. You can judge the issue on its merits ; your individual taste can approve or disapprove, as you so will. We really mean in this way to judge general feeling. The life or death of the magazine depends on you ; if you are unwilling to help us, it must necessarily die of those wounds that you will give it through your lack of financial and literary support.

In view of the appreciable increase in the cost of printing the magazine, and also to cover past losses, it has been decided to ask you to pay 75 centimes for your copy, which will include postage. Thus in so far as you are concerned the new postage regulations will not affect you.

You will continue to send your copies through in the usual way to the Despatch Office, and we will look after them.

We hope the small increase of price will meet with your approval.

We are going to take you completely into our confidence. You will know what we do with the money we may have, for we will publish a financial statement from time to time.

Criticisms, good and bad, have been heard on all sides in the past. It will always be a difficult task to please everyone, but we mean to try. We like to know what you think of the magazine, so don't be afraid to tell us. You will notice our « Mail Bag », the pages of which are reserved for you, so take a pen, and spare a moment to give us your ideas. It is very easy to generally express your opinion by classifying our effort as fairly good or no good. The latter classification we never hope to merit, but if there are any of you that feel we deserve this classification, we would urge you to come forward and shew us how to nullify it. This is a request that we hope you will take seriously.

In starting a « Section News » Dept, we have followed the old newspaper maxim that « names make good copy ».

This Dept. is in the hands of an experienced newspaper man, Sgt. F. Johnson, who will make a success of it, if you wish to help him. The fortunes of those who have left the Section are always known to a few of you. There should be no objection, on your part, to meeting our

request to hand over to us news of your chum which will be appreciated by many others in the Section who knew him.

And then there are daily occurrences of general interest which come before your notice, which we would request you to report to Sgt. Johnson. Thus we hope with your help, to make our « News Dept. » of sufficient general interest to merit the success of our fundamental idea, as already stated, that La Vie may be considered by you to be a souvenir worth while keeping, to enable you to recall « old memories and old friends. »

Reports have reached us that some of you have given up writing for the magazine, because, in the past, your efforts have not been published. The possibility of any future misunderstanding could be avoided if you would sign your manuscript, the majority of which are unsigned, and therefore make it possible for us to notify you what is found to be objectionable in your effort. We would like to go over the manuscript with you, and so let you feel that you are having that consideration to which you are entitled. It so happens that articles are sent to us, which, by the time they could appear in print, are hopelessly out of season. This is the fault of the poor printing facilities we have, and no fault of the writer.

So let us urge you again to rouse yourself from your lethargy, and though the pen may be a little rusty from being shelved too long, try to use it once more as a transmitter of the many ideas you will still be able to find, if you make even a passing search through the cells of memory.

Our apologies are due to Lieut. P. L. Stephens for having reported him in our last issue as « Killed in Action ». We are pleased to report that he is at present quite well, and is in England serving with the R. F. C.

EDITOR.



RÊVERIE

In Flanders as the sun sank low
I stood alone : I heard the slow,
Dull firing of the distant guns, which cry
Of death, and in the west the sunset sky
Mirrored in fire the blood-stained soil of France.

In Flanders as the shadows fell,
I prayed alone : I heard a bell
Slow toll a requiem for the passing day,
And night, swift curtaining the sun's last ray,
Gently enwrapped the sorrowing heart of France.

In Flanders then the peace of God
Came to me, as if angels trod
About my path, and as the lamps of night
Beaconed the sky, there shone the Star of Right
Constant and steadfast o'er the fields of France.

S. M. B.



WOMEN ARE DECEIVERS EVER.

A knowledge of the French language is a very useful asset to a British soldier on active service in France. Those of us who spoke nothing but English or Scotch when we came over here very soon picked up enough to rub along with. The inhabitants of these foreign parts, with the proverbial intelligence of the French, generally contrive to understand what we say, in spite of a pronunciation often original and startling.

During spells of repose from the trenches our billets are usually in villages and farms, the large barns of which make snug resting places after the muddy dug-outs. It is on these occasions that we need a few words of French, for this chance of buying those large, flat, round loaves, eggs, pommes frits and café, is not one lightly to be missed. Also it is pleasant to chat with the people of the district, who have many interesting tales to tell of the early days of the War, when the Huns swarmed over the land.

For my own part, I knew a little French when I first came out, for when a boy at school I was taught this language, not the whole of it, but some fragments, most of which I had forgotten. Many a time during the past two years have I regretted the fact that I had not been more diligent in this study. It is true that I nearly always managed to get what I wanted, almost the only instance of failure that I can recall being at E——s, when I wanted to buy some honey. Although I did everything I could think of to explain my requirements, by buzzing like a bee, sticking my nose into some flowers on the counter of the shop and by other signs which should clearly have indicated my requirements. But she could not get me and indeed she seemed intensely relieved when at length I retired, honeyless.

But it was later, when down at the Base, that I felt most keenly my lack of fluency. If only I could have said all I wanted to when I met Mad'selle J... This little adventure happened not long ago, when an old friend wrote to say he was employed at the X. Y. Z. Depot some 10 miles away. On receipt of his letter I put in an application for leave to go and see him. This application was initialled by my Sergt. Major, recommended by my Officer, sanctioned by the Adjutant, approved by the Officer Commanding, passed by some higher authority and finally granted by a higher authority still. I had been informed that there was a train at 10-30 a. m. and this permit gave me the privilege of travelling by the said train. Fortunately I discovered the day before, that the train would travel away from, instead of to, my friend and as a walk of 10 miles might have fatigued me and so impaired my efficiency for duty next day, which as a good soldier I did not wish, I borrowed a bicycle.

It was a cold, dry, winter's morning and after many months of work in a crowded building, the fresh country air smelt delicious and health giving. I pedalled along happily and presently came to a pretty riverside village, where a short rest seemed advisable. Having finished my bock, I again took the road, which a few hundred yards further on forked. Being doubtful which of the two roads to take I knocked at a door to make enquiries. It turned out to be one giving admittance to another Café Débit, so I was forced to buy another bock while obtaining directions.

Soon after noon I attained my objective, namely the Hotel where my friend was to meet me. Mine hostess said that déjeuner would be ready toute de suite. I entered the salle à manger and sat down. The room was deserted but I did not mind that. Madame bustled in and out with plates and dishes while I sat and looked out of the window at a pretty view of the river. Now when the soup was brought in, a very charming young person entered with it. Madame conducted her to my table and placed her opposite to me, saying « S'il ne vous derange pas, M'sieu » I said it would not derange me at all. Au contraire. The young person started on her soup. I did on mine and while waiting for the next course, feeling the silence irksome, I ventured to remark « Il fait beau temps, M'selle » and a silvery voice agreed. We then helped ourselves to the hors d'œuvre and I passed her the bread. I wanted to hear her sweet voice again and cast about for another opportunity. So I called for a bottle of Nolcay and when it came, enquired « s'il est permis de vous offrir un verre de vin. » She smiled charmingly and accepted the offer and I noticed that she had a delicious dimple when she smiled, also that her eyes were grey and very beautiful. It was maddening that I knew so little French. I so much wanted to talk to her. But as we proceeded with the repast somehow we did manage to fall into conversation; my halting sentences, no doubt full of weird mistakes, made her smile now and then, but she was as kind and considerate as possible and it was surprising how well we got on. The day was cold, so we drew our chairs to the fire to take coffee and cigarettes. What a dear charming creature she was. I liked her more and more every minute. She told me that her home was in the North, behind the Boche's lines, that one of her brothers had been killed and that her father and mother were suffering much hardship under the harsh treatment of the enemy. Her's was a sad story and moved me greatly. To see such a sweet young girl exiled from home filled me with rage against the Germans and with sympathy for her. I tried to tell her how sorry I was and my sympathy did not seem unacceptable to her. I stretched out my hand and took her's. What a dear, soft little hand it was, and how beautifully it seemed to nestle in mine. Shyly she permitted me to retain it, while my ardent gaze sought her eyes. The War seemed very far away, indeed, the world seemed to contain but the two of us, twin souls brought together at

last by some beneficent providence. This, truly, must be LOVE, thought I. My heart was full and, forgetting for the moment that my beloved was not English, I began to give vent to my feelings in my native tongue, and then, remembering, turned on to French, which very soon gave out. What a fool I had been to learn little but the French for eatables and drinkables. Several times I began a sentence, only to break off stammering. In the midst of this medley of incoherent phrases, the door suddenly opened and my forgotten friend Bill walked in most inopportunately. With an effort I came down to earth again and turned to greet him, none too warmly. A rude shock awaited me. Bill said « How d'ye do » to me and then spoke to Mademoiselle, who (I could scarcely believe my ears) replied in English. This astonished me, but when I found that she was fiancée to Bill and spoke as good English as myself, I was dumbfounded. Grabbing my hat I fled. Oh, the wicked jade!

H. H. G.

JIMMY *killed in action*

Horses he loved, and laughter, and the sun,
A song, wide spaces and the open air;
The trust of all dumb living things he won,
And never knew the luck too good to share,

His were the simple heart and open hand,
And honest faults he never strove to hide;
Problems of life he could not understand,
But as a man would wish to die, he died.

Now, though he will not ride with us again,
His merry spirit seems our comrade yet,
Freed from the power of weariness or pain,
Forbidding us to mourn — or to forget.

Punch. Aug. 1st. 1917.

THE SLACKERS PRAYER.

I thank Thee, O Lord, that I live in a country where conscription is not in force. Thou knowest, O Lord, that I am constitutionally opposed to anything that might bring discomfort, pain or inconvenience to myself. Thou knowest, O Lord, that I am fifty percent, selfishness and fifty percent cowardice, and that there are so many others who would make better soldiers than I would. Therefore O Lord, I ask Thee to light the divine fire of patriotism in the hearts of my fellow workers in the shop and office, that they may see their way clear to do their bit, and incidently that I may get advanced to their position when they go. Thou knowest O Lord, that I am doing my bit for King and country my own way; that I am making sacrifices; that I put on one side one percent of my pay for patriotic purposes, when I dont forget it; that I go to the patriotic meetings and shout with the loudest to encourage the other fellow to join; that it was only last week I got up one hour earlier to see several of my old chums leave for the front, standing in the cold all the time so that I might give them a hand shake when they left. That is all I did give them. I had meant to give them a little keepsake, but found I would not be able to take in the hockey match if I did so. Thou knowest O Lord, how my heart bleeds when I see these fine fellows who have returned from the front minus arms, legs and sight. I feel this so much that I have to sneak round back ways to my boarding house, because I cannot stand the sight of such suffering. And in conclusion O Lord, some must stay to welcome those that return, and I want to be one of them to stand in front of the crowd and wave the OLD FLAG, and I hope, O Lord, you will watch over and protect me and my job; and that you will not put it into the hearts of my employer to fire me to make room for some returned Hero, just because I am a slacker.

SELECTED.

WHO IS THE N. C. O. ?

Someone in K. A. took the name of the Hospital Ship for the Patient's disease, and wanted to know why he ~~was~~ not quarantined.



WELCOME.

And it came to pass on the last month of the third year of the Great War that a Chaplain was attached to the 3rd Echelon.

We cannot preach a sermon on this text, much as we would like to do so. Our lack of space and the fear of not doing justice to the personality of the Hon. Capt. G. Mc L. Dix prevents us. But we can express the hope that he may find us not beyond redemption, and can assure him that already he has won the esteem of all of us. That he will be popular is an idle prophecy, for he already is popular, but there is no doubt that, the better we get to know him, the greater will be his popularity.

NICK NEARLY NAILED.

The following is an extract from the Victoria Colonist dated June 9th. 1917 :
« Sgt. Maj. E. Nicholls, who went Overseas as Orderly room Sergeant with the 67th Battalion, Western Scots, under Lt. Col. Lorne Ross, D.S.O., was included in the list of those recently honoured by the receipt of the D.C.M. Sgt. Major Nicholls has been serving at the General Headquarters, Rouen, France, during the past few months, and his work has been time and again commended by those who have had the opportunity of watching his progress. »

We are in a position to deny this ugly rumour. Sgt. Nicholls was never awarded a D.C.M., although « those who had the opportunity of watching his progress » whilst here insist that he was thoroughly deserving of one.

Ed. « LA VIE. »

A GOOD INNINGS.

The Cricket Club lost a useful man when Pte. F. Bowley-Turner retired from the mat a few weeks ago and left for the Base where he is now sojourning. In his own picturesque language, — he had a long innings and batted well, but was caught out at slips after making a goodly number of hard runs.

THE TRUTH.

L/Cpl Sam Gothard P.U. preferring the dignity of his rank to all else, decided to leave us. We hope his degree may enable him to return to Canada, and

once more to take up the Editorship of the Vancouver Truth. His « Truth » was always his hobby. He could not forget « the truth, the whole truth, and nothing else but the truth ». Good luck to him.

SGT SYDENHAM RETIRES.

Sgt. Sydenham M. M. has found that nothing is more terrible than a « Hair Raid », and rather than risk another one, he has left to join his Unit. His long spell at the front caused him to scorn at taking sufficient cover, he trusted too much to his luck out in the open. It is hoped that, at the front, he will always take sufficient cover to protect himself from passing shells.

SGT. A. C. MILNE.

IN TRAINING FOR A COMMISSION.

Sgt. A. C. Milne, an old and appreciated member of K. R. is at present undergoing training with a view to obtaining a Commission. « Ainslie » should create an impression when adorned with two stars. His abnormal height fortunately forbids the passing throng from mistaking him for one of the advanced party of the War Babies Contingent. His friends wish him the best of luck.

SORE THROAT EPIDEMIC.

Sickness amongst us in the past has been at a wonderfully low ebb, but the present contagion of Sore Throat or Tonsillitis has claimed a higher percentage of victims than we are accustomed to see « admitted to Hospital ». Fortunately it is nothing serious, most of the victims only remaining in Hospital for a few days and then returning to duty.

Pte Connor being requested to state how he enjoyed himself, in his own inimitable way said :

« Aw, jake, Boy, jake ! But, blime, when a four-eyed article of a man jams a ram rod down your throat, and asks you to say « Ah », and like a fool you say it, and vomit your inside out-then, having pity on you, he gives you milk and rice. Well it ain't no bloomin' joke. »

CONGRATULATIONS.

Hearty congralutations are extended to Major, Sir. C. P. Piers and Major J. W. Logan on their recent promotion.

It is unofficially reported that Pte A. Bacon, 7th Battn, whilst at the Can Base Depot, was recommended for the Life Saving Medal for rescuing a man from drowning. This is the second time that he has snatched a victim from King Neptune, Vancouver being the scene of his first success. His numerous friends would delight to know that this act of his will receive official recognition. Bravo, Bert, and good luck to you.

A SURPRISE VISIT.

S/Sgt Jessop, who left the Section about a year ago to join his Unit, passed a few of the latter days of his Leave in the city. After renewing many old acquaintances, and impressing us with the glories of the life « up the line », he bade us farewell, leaving to rejoin his Unit on the 25th July.

CAPT. S. H. ELLIOTT ON THE BOARD OF THE PENSION COMMISSIONERS OF CANADA.

Capt S. H. Elliott, formerly well-known amongst us as Corporal Sam Elliott of the now defunct K. C. Dept, has been granted a Commission in the Canadian Militia, and is at present touring Canada, opening Branch offices of The Pension Board. As an organiser, his friends wish him every success. We know that what he does, he does well, for with his pen he was always ready to help along the interests of La Vie, and his efforts were keenly appreciated. We hope that The Board of The Pension Commissioners of Canada will be highly satisfied with him, and that it may be our pleasure to report his promotion to a higher rank in the near future.

GOOD LUCK !

It is with regret that we announce the departure of the Canadian Overseas Base Pay Office During their stay here they have been closely connected with the Section and have willingly aided in all undertakings. They will be most missed by the Sport Committees for many members took active interest in Baseball, Football, and Cricket. It is certain that we are voicing the sentiments of all when we wish them the best of good luck.

PTE. W. A. TURNBULL TAKES THE BIG PLUNGE.

On Wenesday Aug. 1st, Pte. W. A. Turnbull, 13th Battn, was married to Miss. Madeleine Lereverend. Amongst those present at the ceremony were Sgt Mc Innis, Cpl Moran, Pte Daley and Pte O'Rourke. His numerous friends congratulate Pte Turnbull and wish him many years of happiness.

CPL. P. A. HUGHES IN HOSPITAL IN ENGLAND.

Cpl P. A. Hughes, who was invalided to England a few weeks ago, has recently undergone an operation for appendicitis, and is progressing favorably. He is at the Military Hospital, Rusholme, Manchester.

PTE. C. W. FORD'S SAD LOSS.

Pte C. W. Ford has been compelled to leave us, owing to the death of his wife. He has been granted Leave of Absence for one month. Deep sympathy is felt for him by his numerous friends and fellow-workers.

OUR MONTHLY INTERVIEW

SGT. GRAVEL

(By our special Correspondent.)

At an improvised table in a broken-down barn, adjacent to a Cow shed and a manure heap, the fumes from which charged an already heavy atmosphere with a little more than « country-life » purity, was seated our old friend, Sgt Gravel. He was intently watching a small rat, which having lost its way, was endeavouring to locate which of the innumerable cracks in the wall led to home. Picking up a Mauser revolver, one time the property of a German missionary, who happened to find his way to the rear of our lines, « Frenchie » abstractedly wondered whether he could shoot the little wayfarer. Being somewhat uncertain of « Frenchie » as a crack shot, I was inclined to make for the rear of the barn, but catching sight of me, he reassured me, by calling, « It's all right, I forgot to unfasten the safety-catch ». Greatly relieved, I ventured inside.

« Well you certainly have'nt lost flesh », I suggested in my blunt way. What are you taking to keep in such shape, Mellins Food ? »

« No, he replied, it's an easy conscience and no goldurn worry. Why a man is free up here. I have'nt shaved for five days. Dis is der life. »

Recollecting that I had a dusty and heated look, our old friend enquired if I was thirsty. Replying in the affirmative, he told me « to have a drop of dis », and he poured out of an old petrol can into a condensed milk tin, his favorite kind of liquid.

His next enquiry was « And how's all de Boys ? Gee, they don't know what they are missing », and he heaved a sigh of sympathy for the ignorance and innocence that enshrouds many of his old colleagues.

I informed him that they were all fine.

« Bien. Now that you are here, I'll fix you up all right », he told me.

He did too !!

Occupied by business, that evening and the day following proved uneventful. However the following night, on my return to his « Chateau » I observed our old friend, seated as before with a candle stuck in

an empty health-salts bottle ; he was engaged in scrutinising his shirt (apparently for a tear). On interrogating him I found that my surmise was incorrect, and that he was really on the trail of some insects of the species known to delight to cause considerable inconvenience to Tommies.

« Yes, I don't care one sou for rats », he stated, « but this pastime is some change from poker. »

Our old friend complained of not being in too cheerful a state of health at the moment. He had perhaps partaken too much of the liquid in the petrol can, the night before.

« I do miss der Boys down dere. We used to have one big time, old Pierre McInnes, Learoyd, and Company. I often tink of S/M Davies and Baker. You bet when I get leave, I will come to Rouen. Dat's der town ! A man needs too much money to go to Paris. »

The impression given me by this, and subsequent conversations with our friend, and one he requested me to convey to you is :

« Not to grumble with your lot at the Base, but if you are not satisfied, get out and try your luck with the Boys. »

I pass it on for what it's worth, with pleasure.

PATHÉ.

CONVERSATIONS OVERHEARD AT THE SPORTS JULY, 1ST.

Yes -- that is the Officer who makes us double in the morning.

Didn't he run a splendid race ---- I hear that when we are able to run like that our morning hickey will be cut out.

No -- those clowns weren't imported from England for the day -- they are some of our own boys and they believe in the old saying « It pays to be funny ».

MILITARY DEGREES OF SUSPICION.

It is suspected that :

A Subaltern. — Knows nothing and does everything.

A Captain. — Knows everything and does nothing.

A Major. — Knows nothing and does nothing.

A Colonel. — Like Caeser's wife is above suspicion.

OLD SOLDIER.

THE RESURRECTION OF SUZANNE.

Augustus John Pickles of Wheatlands, Alberta, thrilled over the story of the battle of Ypres and the gallant actions of the men from the Dominion. Many of his erstwhile friends, some of whom, alas had « gone west » in that plucky fight against horrible odds, had been engaged.

« Look-a-here, you old son of a gun, you ain't got no business followin' four bronks on a plow just now, your place is in France », mused Augustus John.

The upshot of this little soliloquy was that he timidly approached his « old man » and told him he was going to fight. « And blamed near time you thought of that » said Pickles senior. The young fellow bade good-bye to his Dad, three sisters and the old homestead, tramped to town, took the train to Edmonton, and in three days time was in khaki.

A. J. Pickles, Junr was a fine specimen of Canadian youth. Loose-limbed, tall and possessing a face Apollo would have envied, he had one fault, if fault it might be termed, he was very bashful. He could scarcely speak to a member of the opposite sex without blushing, and his Dad and sisters had often chaffed him on the matter.

Naturally it was a very sore point with him. The Army, however, was a good place to cure this drawback, and Gussie, as he was known to his comrades, made rapid progress in overcoming this embarrassing habit. Shortly after his arrival in Folkestone he shocked the whole regiment by promenading down the Lees with a girl, and before he left for France it was an open secret that he had asked her to marry him, if he got through all right.

His stay at the Front was short. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind he poked his head a few inches over the parapet. An equally inquisitive Hun happened to be looking along the sight of a rifle at the time, and if the latter's aim had been a trifle finer Gussie would be now resting in eternal peace. As it was he was badly grazed. After a brief respite in Hospital he landed at the Canadian Base Depot and while there he was offered a position at one of the Headquarters and proceeded to take up the duties of a military Pen-pusher in a town in France known to a great many Canadians.

Our friend had seen little of women for the preceding three months and when he met Suzanne, it was little wonder that he fell in love.

Petite, plump but pretty, and shewing decidedly more hose below her short dress than should be seen outside a ladies-to-wear window, she had an ankle that made men's eyes stray and she was built « from the ground up ».

« That kid is world-beater » quothed Gussie, « and here's where I butt in and win a home ». Suzanne, sentimental and impressionable, took an immediate fancy to Gussie. They both fell desperately in love, with the result that they decided that when Peace came they would get married. Gussie told her of his beautiful farm in Canada, shewed her photos of the place and gave his address, which was scarcely a wise action on the part of A. J. Pickles.

Peace was declared and Augustus John felt that he was not so very much in love as he previously thought he was. He, like many of his confreres left a weeping « demoiselle » at the station, and as the train pulled out joined in the chorus :

« 'Après la guerre finie
Soldats Anglais partis », etc.

Back in Canada and on the farm once again, after a few months rest, Augustus John Pickles thought he wanted a wife, and decided that Polly Armstrong, the school « marm » would be just the one. He proposed and was accepted.

One night after a hard day's work he was telling Polly, his Dad, and his three sisters what he had done in the great war, when he was interrupted by the only taxi Wheatlands possesses, driving up to the door. He glanced up and nearly fainted. A petite, plumb but pretty girl jumped out, she was wearing a skirt that just reached to her kness and was decked out in a manner calculated to startle the easy-going populace who had never been in France. She rushed through the open door, flung her arms around Gussie's neck and murmured « I've come, Monsieur Peekles. Je suis tres content. »

« Well I'll be gol-darned » ejaculated A. J. Pickles, Sen.

Explanations were impossible and the young man made a clean breast of it to his Dad. Naturally the Senior Pickles was very indignant and asked what the dear dead mother would have thought of him. It was disgraceful and he would have to break his engagement with Polly Armstrong as a result. Gus had no other recourse than to acquiesce.

Suzanne was driven back to Wheatlands and got a position as waitress in the Hotel. Needless to say as a fashion novelty she made a great impression.

After this Gussie refused to go near the town, and anything that was wanted had to be obtained by the father. In the meantime Miss Armstrong forgave her sweetheart for having promised to marry Suzanne, and they were on the old footing once more, the Senior Pickles insisting, however that the marriage take place at once so that Suzanne would not be able still to exercise her charms and win out.

The night before the wedding, Gussie was waiting for his Dad to come home from the village. When he arrived he was very communicative.

« Gus, me boy » he said, Suzanne is a blamed nice little kid, but she would make no wife for you. You are young and inexperienced, whereas I am a man of 42 and know life, and by the way I'm going to marry Suzanne ! »

« Well I'll be gol-darned » ejaculated A. J. Pickles, Junr.

F. J.

LOOK PLEASANT.

We cannot of course all be handsome,
 And it's hard for us all to be good
 We are sure now and then to be lonesome,
 And we don't always do as we should.
 To be patient is not always easy
 To be cheerful is much harder still,
 But at least we can always be pleasant
 If we make up our mind that we will.
 And it pays every time to be kindly
 Although you feel worried and blue ;
 If you smile at the world and look cheerful
 The world will soon smile back at you.
 So try to brace up and look pleasant
 No matter how low you are down,
 Good humor is always contagious
 But you banish your friends when you frown

Thoughts on a Rouen Bridge.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO GRAY.)

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
The careless 'Sub' strolls past me on a spree ;
The scented cocotte wends her weary way
And leaves the bridge to darkness and to me.

Now fades the silvery river on the right,
And all the air a solemn silence holds
Save where the guns denote the stubborn fight,
And where the rumbling troop-train ever rolls.

Save that from yonder finely sculptured tower
The mellow organ doth to Heaven appeal,
To succour those who pass at this sad hour ;
Dying, Alas ; for home and country's weal.

Beneath a foreign soil in Rouen's shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap :
Each in his silent cell for ever laid,
The brave defenders of the Empire sleep.

The morning « strafe », the newly risen sun,
The comrade calling from some pine-built shed ;
The warning gas alarm, the bellowing gun
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For they no more to 'Blighty' shall return ;
No loving wife shall ply them with her care :
For them the home-fires now no longer burn,
No children rush the envied kiss to share.

Let not ambition overlook their fate,
They died that we might live, and peace might reign ;
Each one, they gave their lives unto the state.
And by their lives, a myriad lives they gain.

For you who lie thus under Heaven's vaults
Fond memory o'er your tomb will trophies raise ;
And blinding tears will wash away your faults
While pealing anthems swell the note of praise.

Far from the maddening scene of noble strife,
Cradled you lie in Mother Earth's embrace,
Calm with a calmness not of this world life,
Crowned with a glory which will not efface.

THIS CRUEL WAR.

The other day, in our Employment Bureau, we received the following heart-rending appeal from a Unit in the Field :

123456 Pte. Basher. O. L. We wish to make inquiries regarding the marginally noted man. As he is a very good machine-gunner, and the mainstay of our Base-ball team, we should like to have him back as soon as he is fit.

What could we do? We couldn't leave a paragon like this to languish in some Officers Mess at the Base, juggling fish-balls to keep his hand in.

So up he goes.

But this is a typical instance of the horrors of War from a Canadian standpoint.

If the style becomes popular, we shall probably be inundated with similar applications, for example :

To the D. A. G. Base.

Arcadia Villa,
Vimy Ridge.

Could it be arranged, please, to have No. 654321 Pte. Muggins U. C. returned direct to this address immediately on his release from Prison, instead of following the usual leisurely course through the various Base Depots.

Previous to his Court-Martial and conviction, Private Muggins was employed in the capacity of personal servant to myself. As a Batman he was incomparable. His unassuming manner and extensive knowledge of trench etiquette made him indispensable, his unerring instinct regarding the proximity of S. R. D., and his naive habit of attaching himself to other people's butter, sardines, fuel, etc., combined to make him an asset of considerable value.

Since his retirement I have lost forty pounds avoirdupois, and the Medical Officer assures me that if Pte Muggins is not forthcoming in the near future, a convalescent camp at Nice will be my address for the remainder of the duration of hostilities.

Trusting that this will receive your favorable consideration.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your Obedient Servant,

Geo. IVABEAN. Capt.

Or perhaps something like this :

- th. Inf. Bde. H Q.,
In the Field.

D. A. G. Base.

I regret to have to report the evacuation of No. 234567 S/Sgt. Nearlinutts. W. of this Unit.

During a recent bombardment, a six-inch shell exploded at the feet of this N. C. O., he then went up and has not since been heard of.

As this was the only N. C. O., in the Brigade who could concoct Oyster Patties and a Lobster Mayonnaise out of the same tin of Salmon, the General is very anxious to have him back.

Should he alight in your vicinity, you are requested, please, to expedite him to this office without further delay.

A. BONEHEAD, Capt.
Staff-Capt. for Brig-Gen.
Commanding.

FRANC.

THE TIME IS COMING.

Oh Mother, dear Mother, come home with me now,
The afternoon's passing quite fast;
You said you were coming right home from the Polls,
As soon as your Ballot was cast.
Poor father came home for his dinner at noon,
Not a morsel to eat could he find,
And the words which he used as he banged the front door,
Left a strong smell of brimstone behind.

PAY OFFICE FAREWELL DINNER.

Over fifty guests sat down at the farewell dinner given by the staff of the Canadian Base Pay Office on July 25th in the Hotel des Familles and the occasion proved to be a most enjoyable one.

The speakers included Lt. Col. Hamilton, A.A.G., Canadian Section, Lt. Col. E. Gagnon, Base Paymaster, Lt. Col. Vaux, C.A.M.C. Major J. W. Logan, Capt. C. W. Wiggs Capt. C. D. Horgan, Capt. L. A. Chown and Lt. V. B. Walters, M.C.

During the evening several excellent musical selections were rendered by members of the Pay Office Staff.

BETTER EARLY THAN LATE.

All good soldiers are expected to be models of certain virtues, and of these perhaps the most important are obedience, cleanliness, and punctuality. Of course there are many other qualities required of soldiers, but there will be more time to write about them when the War is over. (I hope this threat will not cause any prolongation of the War.)

Punctuality is almost the most important virtue of all. Before the War, in those far off happy days when I was a « civvy », I was always more or less punctual, but since, I have found it advisable to be « more » than « less » punctual. At the present time, the pains and penalties, (not, be it remarked, the *punishments*) consequent on being half a minute late are so severe that the dread of oversleeping becomes a nightmare, and in order to make sure of being on parade in good time, most of us are generally on the spot some ten minutes in advance.

Ten minutes seems to give a sufficient margin of safety, but there are some who do not cut it quite so fine. As a matter of fact, there are two full privates who, recently, arrived at the Rue Dufay twelve hours and some minutes before the fall-in.

Such zeal is no doubt highly commendable, but the margin of safety in this case would appear to be slightly excessive and is rarely equalled.

These two heroes had had a long and arduous Sunday morning's work. But everything has an end, and when the witching hour of noon arrived and the bugle sounded the welcome « No parade today » They did not linger but parti-ed tout-de-suite. To the observant eye they might have been singled out by their manly bearing and Sam Hughes look, and as they wended their way down the rue they discussed the week's work (perhaps) and other topics of interest. Possibly they also took something to lay the dust.

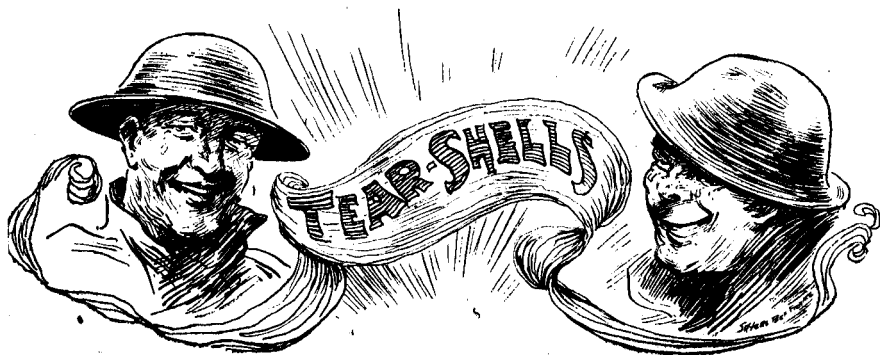
But to say the truth (and I can never say otherwise) their movements and actions for the next two or three hours are veiled in mystery. Suffice it to say that in the early afternoon they took to their beds, possibly feeling the need of a little repose after the strenuous morning's work.

. Who knows what pleasant dreams enlivened their slumber? Was it a dream or a nightmare that presently caused one of them to awake? A glance at the clock told him the hour was 7.20. Horrified, he with difficulty awoke his comrade and in a feverish hurry they pulled on their boots, visions of 'Up for Office' and 'Billets' floating before their eyes. A hurried brushing of buttons and boots, a cats wash, the burning question 'Hows the time' every few seconds on their lips, and out they rushed, Luckily a 'numero 5' tramcar was passing, and they jumped aboard, offering bribes to the 'Wattman' to exceed the speed limit. From St. Sever they accomplished the remainder of the journey on foot at record speed. Arrived at Rue Dufay they still had a few minutes to spare for breakfast, and rushed into 'Caps', ordering « Eggs and coffee for two, vite, vite. »

Strangely enough there was not the usual crowd of quick eggshif-
ters, but at an adjacent table a C. R. man was calmly munching. Accos-
ting our two friends he asked « What's *your* hurry? » to which they answered with full mouths that it was nearly time for the bugle to sound the 'Fall-in'. « What the devil are you guys raving about »? replied the C. R. man. « Why, » one answered, isn't it nearly five to eight. « Yes » was the reply, « but the bugle doesn't sound at eight on Sunday evening »!!!!

COLLAPSE OF THE TWO.

H. H. G. & J. E.



STOP PRESS NEWS.

'Orrible Hair Raid on Rue Dufay.

Many Casualties Feared.

Marvellous Hairbreadth Escapes.

Almost at the busiest hour of the day, and at a moment when Canadian Troops were massing for attack in the Army Form B. Sector of our Front, the enemy launched a determined Hair-Raid causing many casualties.

Cablegram. Amalgamated Mess
Leased Wire.

According to a report from our Special Correspondent on the West Front (side entrance) who chanced to be an eye-witness, many Overseas Soldiers were extremely badly cut and singed in today's Hair Raid.

Up to the time of going to Press, many admissions have taken place in the nearest Casualty Shearing Stations. There were several thrilling escapes, one man's life was saved by a toupee he wore at the time of the Raid. Doubtless a number owe their safety to the « bald » daylight.

To illustrate how unexpected was this fearful onslaught one man on being « brushed » by those who were trying to « comb » out a place of safety said... « It's a 'sham' »... « Poo » .. said another, I suppose mein herr will get me this time in spite of having been wounded on three occasions already, now this has « cropped » up.

Later. — Charlie Chaplin rules that reprisals are out of the question, but his remarks seem to be causing much « friction ».

JINGOISM UP TO DATE.

We dont like reprisals,
But by Jingo, if we do,
We've got the shells,
We've got the men ;
The « States » are right there, too.

FOUND IN A HUN DUG-OUT.

From : — Sub-registry No. 111123.,
Efficiency Department,
Berlin.

To : — Piggerie No. 8.
« Somewhere in Flanders ».

Sir,

According to records in this office, No. 5664289 Soldat Hermann Katzengugenhiemerplatz was admitted to the abattoir under your Command 'Dead'.

Please advise when we may expect to receive the soap extracted from his greasy carcass.

(Sgd.) Herr ELLSDELIGHT.

30/4/17.

O. C. Efficiency Department. Disposal of Dead.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

O. R. S. (of famous 1st. Div. Bn.). — « Yes Sir! when I was in our Orderly Room a shell burst and wrecked the whole works ».

LA VIE MAN. — « You dont say so ».

O. R. S. — « Believe me, for days after, every time I shaved myself I knocked chunks out of my razor on the steel splinters that were embedded in my face.

LA VIE MAN. — « Was that what wrecked it ».

Blow! blow! Bugler,
Dont let your notes get base
Or too high like the other guy
Who blew down to the Base.

« ANSWERS » WANTED.

Talk of the 'Tit Bits' in 'London Opinion', or the 'John Bull' in 'Jack Canuck', but we have not seen your contribution yet in the 'Morning Post' when going through our 'Daily Mail'.

Just make a habit of writing something or doing a 'Sketch' for each issue, thereby helping us to 'Punch' a little 'Life' into 'La Vie Canadienne'.

A « Snowball Effort » with a different Author
for each verse, ... Entitled
« WHAT A HOPE !! »

This is the song of the son of a gun
Who owes me fifty francs ;
O will he repay me when payday comes,
With his most grateful thanks :
WHAT A HOPE !

This is the song of the Interned Hun,
Living a life of ease ;
Drinking our beer to « The Day » to come,
With Britain on her knees :
WHAT A HOPE !

This is the song of the Lady Clerk,
Seen in the streets today ;
She has come overseas to do our work,
That we might join the fray :
WHAT A HOPE !

This is the song of the soldier's Leave ;
Who's been on the list for Duration,
Special turns and the Channels heave,
Leave him still in anticipation :
WHAT A HOPE !

This is the song of a long-lost file
That I've asked for in vain ;
The Registry Clerks search every pile,
Shall I ever see it again :
WHAT A HOPE !

This is the song of the Flying Man,
As he hovers over Berlin :
« If your Kaiser doesn't care a d ---
We'll keep on bombs a-hurling ».
WHAT A HOPE !

This is the song of every Hun,
Filing in succession :
« As a prisoner I'll get fat some,
If killed all goes to Essen. »
WHAT A HOPE !

SPEAKING OF FILES.

Files of the Dentist
 Make you jump ;
 Files in the Office
 Come in a lump.
 In the chair of the former,
 To speak is insane ;
 In the case of the latter
 It's a listening game.
 In either event
 It is wise not to shout,
 As each one in turn
 May be a washout.

PERSONAL PARS.

We understand that Sergt. who recently spent his vacation (and much hard-earned cash) in Paris, moved in the very best circles of Society. We regret that space does not permit of recording all his interesting experiences with « Me and the Consul-General », and « Me and the A. P. M. ». However, he had a splendid holiday, his only regret being that pressure of time did not enable him to say good-bye to the Vice-Consul and the Canadian Paymaster.

SURE THING.

Though most of the Provinces of Canada have gone 'dry', nothing on this earth will ever stop British Columbians from having their 'wet' spells.

Hats off to a certain sporting enthusiast who has been a founder member of every Club started at the Echelon (and the number is legion), but has never turned up again for a second committee meeting with one sole exception.

It is also rumoured that a high official of the Cricket Club took the wrong turning while en route for a Special League match recently and although not attaining his original objective (the Cricket Ground) proved a valuable fan at the Baseball match.

We always did admire an all-round sportsman.

Some Canadians say that they have never seen so much rain in all their lives as they have seen in France, but we are inclined to believe that they will find most of the Provinces of Canada quite 'dry' after the War. Who said 'Rainbow' ?

We understand that the King of Greece was permitted to choose his successor to the Throne, but so far the Army has not extended this privilege to N. C. Os. reverting to the Ranks at their own request.

(If the cap fits, wear it, but dont get *faché*. Ed.)

OBSERVER. — « Say ! But he's putting on flesh these days. »

PILOT. — « He sure is, and after losing his appointment as an Acting Lance Corporal and all. »

LE PREMIER. — « Why, there's Jock up for Office, I thought he went sick today. »

L'AUTRE. — « So he did. »

LE PREMIER. — « That's strange, now I think of it, he didn't seem to want to say what ailed him. »

L'AUTRE. — « Neither did the Medical Officer. »

JUST AS 'JUPE' PLEASE.

OFFICER. — « Are you a Highlander ? »

PRIVATE. — « I was, Sir. »

OFFICER. — « You were ! Well, what regiment did you enlist in ? »

PRIVATE. — « Canadian Irish Fusiliers, Sir. »

OFFICER. — « Then why come on Parade in a Glengarry and slacks ? »

PRIVATE. — « I was a reinforcement to the Canadian Scottish, Sir ! »

OFFICER. — « Then where is your kilt ? »

PRIVATE. — « I now belong to the G. H. Q. Sub-Staff, Sir. »

OFFICER. — « What nationality are you ? »

PRIVATE. — Franco-Yiddish-Canadian, Sir. »

LITTLE THINGS WORTH FORGETTING.

The number of Germans you stuck with your bayonet after you have been at the Base a few months.

The reason why you haven't any cigarettes or matches that makes it necessary to borrow both.

The reason why you haven't contributed to 'La Vie' recently.

The date of your last indent for a new tunic.

What you were worth when War broke out.

What a good cricketer you used to be.

Why you were unable to play for Chicago Red Sox.

How long it will be before Germany is starved out.

How many Hun Divisions there are still left in the Field.

What an ice-cream Sundae tastes like.

How many highballs go to a Severe Rep.

STINKERS.

- « Got a match ? »
 « Yep. Take one of these. »
 « I said a *match*, not an *allumette*. »
 « Well, ain't allumettes matches ? They do me fine. »
 « Jusso, but you've been through the gas test and I have'nt. »

SOME PULL.

(Overheard in the Circus, while flipping A. 36 s. Prior to July 1 st.)

« Gee, those Tug-of-War guys have sure got some Pull, they get off early these days. »

The R. E. Sergeant hung up the telephone, and turning to the half-dozen Other Ranks standing by, said, « Headquarters want an N. C. O. to report at once to repair the clock, Corporal Punch get ready right away. » Sapper Horloge chimed in with « Say, Sergeant, I'm a clockmaker by trade and this Corporal was a bartender, had'nt I better go ? » « No, certainly not, Headquarters ordered an N. C. O., and they're gonna get an N. C. O., and it dont matter to me if he was a blinkin hangman in civil life.

At the last elections in Western Canada one party stood for a huge scheme for building drydocks, while the other side made Prohibition and a dry Province their platform. It is said that the voters got so mixed up over the respective issues at stake that a new election is demanded. We hope to be able to drink to the success of the drydocks when we get back again.

AN INTERESTING CASE.

- 1st BATMAN. — « Cheer up, Bill, what's the trouble. »
 2nd DITTO. — « I've lost my pass. »
 1st — « You should worry. »
 2nd — « I shouldn't, only when that Red Cap stopped me for my pass, I made a bull, and gave him a signed order for a case of Corby's Rye for the Officer's Mess. »
 1st — « What did he say ? »
 2nd — « He said he'd just have to look into it. »

ANOTHER OLD SWEAT.

LADY. — « Oh, I do think it's cruel of you to keep that little dog tied up all the time. »

GARDENER. — Well Mum, that may be, but you see, the Boss is an old Army Camp Commandant, and every time the dog keeps him awake at night by barking, he sentences him to so many days Field Punishment No. 1. It's just a habit he's got, Mum. »

A SCOTCH POEM.

Mistress Mactavish's open air Lecture to her Husband.

Walk strecht, man, John, ye're as fu's an egg,
 An'jist as helpless as a wean ;
 Gin ye but saw yersel' the noo,
 I'm sure ye'd ne'er get fu' again ;
 Come, keep yer feet ; tuts man, stan up,
 Here tak' my arm, gang steady noo ;
 Oh dear ye're doon amang the glaur,
 Confoond ye fur a drunken soo.

Whit's that ye say ? Ye're as richt s the mail ?
 My certie, but ye're faur mista'en ;
 I wish I'd never seen yer face,
 Come see gin ye can rise yer lain,
 Ye're up at last. Whoa, steady noo,
 We hav'na verra faur tae gang,
 Wheest, dinna sing sae lood as that,
 There's nae yin asked ye fur a sang.

Ye're owre wi' glaur frae heid tae fit,
 Ye ocht tae think black burnin' shame ;
 Jist see the crood that's followin' us,
 I wish tae guidness we were hame.
 Ye want mair drink ? Lod whit a cheek,
 T'is when yer fu' ye blaw yer horn ;
 As sure as I'm yer lawfu' wife,
 I'll hae a sweet revenge the morn.

Mister Mactavish's excuse for Gettin' Fu' (The Next Day)

Oh Jenny woman, haud yer tongue,
 An' dinna glower sae soor at me ;
 My throbbin' heid is like tae split,
 I'm nearly at death's door ye see ;
 Ye needna paint me quite sae black,
 There's plenty waur than me, t'is true,
 At times a man maun droon his cares,
 There's nae great crime in gettin' fu'.

Oh dear, my heid's the size o'twa,
 I canna sleep a single wink ;
 The pain's eneuch tae ding me daft,
 Confoond it, haun me owre a drink ;
 Lod, woman, gie yer tongue a rest,
 T'is surely workin' over-time,
 Ye ocht tae sympathise wi' me,
 Instead o' bein' sae unkin'.

Oh Jenny woman, gin ye kent,
 The men some woman's buckl't tae ;
 Ye'd think puir me a perfect saint,
 An angry word ye'd ne'er say ;
 Sae haun me owre anither drink,
 An' let that awfu' flytin' cease.
 Ye've gien me plenty o'yer cheek,
 Noo change yer tune an' gie me peace.

SELECTED.



GOLF

The game of golf, called by some « gow », by others a ——— fool game, was first played by William the Corncurer, Nero, and Hindenberg. The implements needed for playing are a golf course (a necessity), comprised of a wilderness of bush, sand and mud holes with little green spaces at intervals, a bottle, a packet of sandwiches, another bottle, a check cap, a sports coat and a pair of « tackity » boots. A few clubs and some balls are also considered necessary.

On arriving at the club house the bottle should be reinforced before proceeding further. On reaching the first green, light your pipe and remove the paper from the balls, taking care to leave it lying about. Should there be another company in rear waiting for you to begin do not hurry and get flustered. Place a ball on a convenient bit of turf called by some a *tée* and proceed to address it by giving several fancy flourishes as if to send it far. Then having taken its measure, proceed to drive. If, as is probable, you miss the ball altogether or remove a few square feet of turf, you will address it again (in no uncertain language).

Having assumed that you have sent it on its way, be sure to note if there is anyone within range. If there is you will find that your ball is making a bee line for the nearest and probably the most irascible person on the links. At the moment of impact the correct thing to do is to shout « Fore » and look at your opponent trying by this means to convey to the stricken party that *you* are not to blame. In the event of a miss, you start out to hunt your ball which is probably carefully hiding itself in a hole.

On locating it you again proceed to address it in your home town language. If this has no effect, you get to work with an implement known as a « mashie », a cross between a bent spoon and an entrenching tool. After delving into the ground for some time you will with luck

induce your ball to come out of its cave looking the worse for wear. Before, in the words of the service, « carrying on », it is advisable to enter into consultation with your flask. The sandwiches you can throw away — you still have another bottle.

Starting off again you guide your ball by means of vicious strokes towards a small green oasis with a red flag denoting a hole, in the midst of the wilderness of bush and mud holes.

Having gained the vicinity of your objective the next thing is to take it by assault. Seizing an instrument called a « putter », with a determined air, you advance upon the unsuspecting ball from the rear, making feint attacks upon it the meanwhile. Having advanced to a strategical position you deliver the assault by means of slight taps on its outer defences in the direction of the hole. In about an hour, after many narrow escapes the innocent ball, by this time probably a shapeless, mass of rubber, is forcibly induced into the hole.

Voilà ! You have holed out at last in . . . How many please ?? Oh forget it . . . This performance, with the aid of your bottles and much addressing of balls and all concerned, is carried out over the eighteen holes. By this time you will have arrived back at the club house, a dishevelled but triumphant wreck considerably lightened as to balls and probably the mangled remains of a bag of clubs, but with the assurance of a big long drink to help you on your weary way home.

On reaching home you will transfer to your bedroom slippers and for the rest of the evening bore your long suffering but admiring family with an account of your prowess at « goff ».

ANON.



Dominion Day with the Canadian Forestry Corps

Dominion day was celebrated on July 2nd in this part of the world. As is usual around here it rained all day.

But this did not prevent the Sports being held, for which the Commanding Officer had kindly granted a day off, nor did it deter the local population from arriving by the early train with their lunch baskets.

In the morning a football match was played against a French team from Salins, who were beaten by our Boys.

At 2.00pm the Athletic meeting started. During the afternoon the weather cleared slightly and helped to enliven the proceedings. The Coon Band of the Construction Battn. did splendid work, never seeming to tire.

The events were well contested especially the Tug-of-War, and wrestling on horseback, which appealed to our French guests.

In the evening an impromptu concert was arranged and passed off very successfully.

At 11.00pm the celebrations ended, and the visitors departed homewards, well pleased with a day as guest of the Canadian Forestry Corps.

Official communique on the proceedings reads :—

Canteens did good work, with few casualties. Situation on the Coon front quiet.

M. C. C.



DOMINION DAY SPORTS.

A sunless sky, under which lowering clouds continuously hovered, threatening constantly to drench all and sundry who ventured out on the morning of July 1st, failed to damp the ardour, or shake the sturdy optimism of the Dominion Day Sports Committee — or indeed of any man of the Canadian Section. It was their day; and all appeared to be under the impression that nothing could possibly happen to mar the unqualified success that everyone intended the Sports should be. Small wonder that in the face of such a determined opposition, shortly before noon Mr. J. Pluvius slinked in to his « funk-hole » and there sulked for the remainder of the day.

Shortly before 12 o'clock the weather brightened up and even « Old Sol » made some feeble attempts to pierce through the chinks of armour-plated passing clouds. By 2 o'clock, the time for commencement, meteorological conditions were ideal for a Sports Meeting. It was not too hot for the contestants, neither was it chilly enough to prevent hundreds of charming French « dames » from sallying forth in their « glad-rags » of wonderful hue to add colour to probably the most animated scene ever witnessed in Rouen.

Every rank in the Army from that of General to the « humble buck » was represented and every branch of the Mother Country's family had some one there to add a picturesque touch. Australians rubbed shoulders with South Africans, New Zealanders fraternized with Canadians and India's swarthy sons showed their appreciation of the good time by expressive grins. Americans also were present and « guessed the show was darned good » while Frenchmen Belgians and even dusky warriors from the French Colonies got frantically excited over the close finishes. Surely a more varied gathering never participated in the commemoration of Canada's Day.

One great attraction was the comedians. In costumes that could only be described as admirable, they were never quiet a minute. By witticisms at the expense of the better known of those in attendance — Officers not excluded — and by antics that would turn professional clowns green with envy, they kept the spectators in roars of laughter. It would be difficult indeed to say which of the bunch showed up best, but without being invidious it is hard to refrain from giving special mention to Ptes. J. Hall, and R. Curtis, who, dressed as « coons » acted their parts to perfection and in their improvised bicycle act excelled themselves. The Section's own inimitable Charlie Chaplain, Pte. Tucker, was, of course, there « with bells » and as he always succeeds in doing attracted very considerable attention. The « ladies » of the party, Sgt. Mc Dermott and Pte. Mc Culloch were also wonderfully good and conducted themselves as perfect ladies should.

The real credit of the day belongs to the committee. Major Logan as president, Lieut. Maxwell as Secretary-Treasurer Sgt. Major Baker as vice president and Sgt. C. F. Maclean as Secretary along with eight other excellent assistants spared no pains in making complete arrangements. There were no delays, no tedious waits and every event was « run off » to the second.

Space does not permit of a detailed account of each item, but suffice to say that all were well contested. From the crack of the pistol until the tape was reached there was speculation as to the winner of each of the events ; and in the football contest — which by the way was one of the most appreciated attractions — the Canadians had exceptionally hard luck in not lifting the prizes — losing to the R. A. (Territorial) Section, by a corner.

At the conclusion the prizes were presented by Lt. Col. A. L. Hamilton, A. A. G., Canadian Section, under whose patronage the Meeting was held.

There were fully 3000 people in attendance, and nothing but con-

gratulations could be heard, which is not to be wondered at, for the committee's arrangements were beyond criticism. The proceeds went in aid of Rouen charities and a sum of 1390 francs was the result of the undertaking.

Following is list of winners :

Sack Race : 1st. L/Cpl H. Campbell. 2nd. Gnr. Pearce.

Three-Legged Race : 1st. S/Sgt Brown and Cpl. Moran.
2nd. Cpl Kellman and Pte Street.

100 Yards (Confined) ; 1st. Pte D. Mc Intosh. 2nd ; Sgt. J. W. Connell.

Officers Race : 1st. Major. F. W. Utton.
2nd Lieut. B. J. Johnstone.

Mop Fighting : 1st. Cpl. Moran and L/Cpl Campbell.
2nd. Pte W. R. York and Pte W. E. Curtis.

440 yds Race : 1st Pte D. Mc Intosh.
2nd Pte W. E. Curtis. Time 1 min. 6 secs.

100 Yds-Open : 1st Sgt. B. R. Willcox. Aust Gen Hosp.
2nd Pte B. Caisley. M. T D. Time 10 4/5 secs.

One Mile Race : 1st. Pte Granger. M. T. A. S. C.
2nd Pte Jones. —

Five-a-Side Football :

Royal Artillery beat Canadians in Final by registering a corner which counted one point.

Tug of War : Won by Cdn Forestry Corps.

Band Race : 1st Side Drummer,
2nd Trombone.

Prize for best Costume : Sgt Mc Dermott.

Obstacle Race : 1st Pte Newman.



CRICKET.

The Section Cricket Club has experienced both success and failure during June and July, and up to the time of writing five League games have been won and four lost. The batting has been uneven generally, but the bowling has met with a fair measure of success.

On June 17th we met Southern Section Territorial Infantry on our ground, and scored a fine win. Winning the toss we batted first, Goodall and Matthews opening the innings. The score was 61 before they were separated, Matthews being out for a neatly played 16. Goodall was bowled soon after having contributed 41. Parrott (21) and Capt Martin (15) were the only others to get going. The side was finally dismissed for a total of 106.

Our opponents failed on going in to bat, their score being 58. Fyvie was the most successful bowler, taking four wickets for twelve runs.

Against the R. E. Section on the 24th June, we had a hard struggle, the result of a memorable game being a win for us by the narrow margin of one run. The R. E. 's won the toss, and put us in on a wicket with some fire in it. We started badly and were all out for 50. The only stand was made by Parrott (17) and Matthews (11), who by excellent batting put on 24 for the 5th wicket. The R. E. 's opened fairly well, and had 44 on the board when the sixth wicket fell. However we managed to keep them from scoring many more. Requiring only one run to draw the game, and two wickets to fall, our chances looked slim, but the spirit of a win was in us, and we managed to hold them to a final score of 49. Goodall had the best bowling analysis, bowling nine overs and taking 4 wickets for 4 runs.

Owing to the Section Sports on July 1st, our match versus the R.A. Section had to be postponed until the evening of July 10th. Our opponents won the toss and so had the best of the light. We did not do badly to get a strong batting side out for 89. Strong by heady bowling capturing 3 wickets for 3 runs. Fox scored 40 of this total, playing freely and with a little luck. The less said about our innings, the better, for a bad start was never retrieved, and before darkness set in we had been routed for a total of 24.

The A. S. C. Section were encountered on their ground on July 15th. Once again we lost the toss, and the A. S. C. batted first, scoring 87. Strong had much the best bowling analysis, taking 6 wickets for 27 runs. We started our innings confidently and had 26 on the board when the second wicket fell. Goodall being out for 15 runs. Three wickets then fell rapidly, but Williams and Moran got together and it looked as if they would finish the game, but unfortunately Moran was dismissed after staying in sufficiently long to help Williams add 26 to the score. Williams played a fine forcing game, and was last man out, being unluckily stumped with the total at 76. He had scored a fine 36. We thus lost by 11 runs.

On July 2nd we met No 2 Infantry Section, one of the leading Teams in the Competition. Winning the toss, they put us in to bat, Goodall and Matthews opening the innings. The first wicket fell for 7. Runs then came freely, Williams and Matthews staying together for some time and bringing the total to 45 for 4 wickets, before Williams was out, having made a well-earned 26. Matthews who all along had been playing a careful game, now started to hit out, and brought his score up very rapidly to 46, before he was caught. We were finally all out 116. Our opponents collapsed against the bowling of Strong. They could do nothing with it, and were finally dismissed for a total of 38. Strong had them guessing all the time, and took 8 wickets for 19 runs.

2nd XI Matches.

On June 10th the 2nd XI of the Northern Section Terr Inf. were met on our ground. After scoring 134, to which Sgt. Douglas contributed 89, our opponents got us out for 36, Curtis being top scorer with 17.

A handsome win for the Canadians resulted from the match against the 2nd XI R. E. Section, who were all out for 16. Fyvie (6 wickets for 11) and Prettyman (4 wickets for 3) were our successful bowlers. Our score was 53, including 23 by Fyvie.

A return match against the 2nd XI R. E. Section on our ground on 8th July gave our opponents their revenge, with a score of 86 against 65.

Against the 2nd XI A. S. C. Section we met defeat, as after dismissing them for 45, we could only respond with 26.

An enjoyable friendly game was played on the evening of July 12th against the Hospital Ship « St George » who scored 63 against our 73. Parrott and Pickles were our most successful bowlers.

BASEBALL.

It is regretted that reports of the various games have not been sent in, in time for publication. The official reporter will have them ready for the next issue.



« THAT GAME ».

A person by the name of Tuthill wandered into the inner sanctity of K. R. (where all the high-brows and intelligence congregates) and announced in a raucous voice « Youse guys have to toin out to practise right away, because I have told Effects that we could lick them at Ball, and it is up to youse to see that we do it. »

And, gentle reader, that is where the agony started which is described in the space below. We may say in passing that this Tuthill person is very active in starting some kind of trouble, and you can judge for yourself where it ended.

The game was called for 5-30 p. m. The first to appear on the scene were Capt. Martin and Lieut. Knowlton, each of them wearing cute little caps of socialistic hue. The rest of the players straggled along in their wake, followed by all the General Staffs in Rouen. The grand stand was crowded with the fair sex in the latest Parisian fashions and when Umpire Tucker yelled « Play Ball » intense anxiety was manifested on every face.

It is not our intention to go into details about the game. When it is stated, however, that the score was 28 -- 28 it will be appreciated how closely contested it was.

As an unbiassed observer, we are strongly of the opinion that if it had not been for Umpire Tucker's absurd decisions K. R. would have won. This superb bunch of athletes outplayed and outclassed the miserable decoction that was slung together from Effects. They played a manly upright game, scorning to use the low methods that their opponents did in the way of trying to scare everybody. It is even said that they took the Umpire on one side and told him privately that if K. R. won there would be no more « tucker » for the Echelon in the morning. Probably that had a lot to do with the score being tied. Despite all these disad-

vantages the gifted youth of K. R. came back each time, so that even the underhand methods adopted could have no effect.

The game will have to be replayed until such time that a decision has been given so that each side will be satisfied.

Notes on the Game.

Etch, old boy, would have made a grand catch in centre field if he had not missed the ball. He thought he was playing cricket.

Capt. Martin ran around the bases three times and wanted to chalk three runs up. This was fairly disallowed by the Umpire.

Two English Officers who were watching the game saw Capt. Martin get struck with a pitched ball. All they said was « Bah, Jove, well bowled, old chap. »

Tuthill, the brawny Capt. of the team, is very proud of his team. He told us that all he wanted to make a very fast nine, was nine more men.

Lieut. Knowlton couldn't catch a balloon if he had a string on it. We suggest to Manager Tuthill that he get rid of this player. He does not necessarily have to cut off his meal ticket to do this.

Humphrys couldn't catch a fly, and a traction engine was a racing automobile alongside of him. He hit the air, and that was all. Outside of that he was all right.

Whoever put Norris on that team should be arrested for criminal negligence.

Sandy Aiken is *SOME* player. Some means *some* too, and even though he made a home run he couldn't help it. Sandy would be more at home playing cards — but for heaven's sake not baseball.

Bonehead Sparks came up to us on the stairs and started to make insinuations that he was a ball player. We walked away with dignity because we knew that he never would make a ball player, and we knew that he would be offended if we told him.

Davies and Anderson pitched good ball so far as the Umpire

would let them. Neither of them will ever set the heavens afire however.

Attaboy Jonesey is some pitcher. He gives promise some day of being a big leaguer — but only a very slim promise.

Big Bill Robson got all the money in the game, and as soon as it was handed over, he sent out and got a bottle of cider — price half a franc — to treat all the boys of the team. So generous is Bill.

It got so warm cheering that old Si Harris Plummer had to strip to his undershirt.

There was a red-headed Lieutenant that was the best fan on the side lines. Needless to say he was a good sport because he was cheering all the time for K. R.

Thompson, the K. R. pitcher, is some Kid. With promise and assiduous practice he will be able to make a dint in a piece of pie after a while.

While we don't want to knock anybody we believe that the first thing that each team should do is to fire their managers and get new ones.

THE TEAM

K. R.	Effects.
TUTHILL (Captain).	ANDERSON (Captain).
JONES.	COX.
THOMPSON.	ROY.
AIKEN.	DAVIES.
Lieut. KNOWLTON.	O'CONNOR.
Captain MARTIN.	DAY.
HUMPHRIES.	STRUTHERS.
ETCHES.	SPARKS.
NORRIS.	SIEGRIST.

THE SCORE

	RUNS.	HITS.	ERRORS.
K. R.....	28	0	496
Effects.....	28	0	1241

OUR MAIL BAG.

Noises of the Highways and Byways

To The Editor,
La Vie.

Dear Sir,

Must congratulate you and all that on Issue No. 8. but say, who's the fellow that wrote that catching refrain on « Street Noises of Rouen ». If he would call at No 76. Rue de Cauville around noon or 10. 00 p. m., he would certainly go into raptures over the musical efforts of the old « Jane » who gets « Haricots Vert » in about fifteen different keys off her chest. Am in the dark as to whether Dogs are included in the category of Street noises or Street nuisances. There's one a-pipin' anyway next door to our domicile-goes by the name of « Gee-Gee », and if by any chance the writer was condemned to eternal damnation, he'd expect to see « Gee-Gee » right there.

In conclusion there are several other noises which, no doubt, the author of the article under criticism would term « Oratorios », but which we of No. 76, are unanimous in declaring are the reverse of melody. If the aforesaid author will leave his address we will have great pleasure in sending the « old Woman » and the dog around out of sympathy for his musically inclined ears.

H. E. D. O.

The writer of the article « Rouen, Noises of the Highways and Byways » has read the above letter, and has been instructed to accept the offer of the « Old Jane » and the « Gee-Gee », and has promised to report his experiences for the next issue.

ED.

