

DECORATION NUMBER.

The Forty-Niner.



THE FIRST V.C. FORTY-NINER.

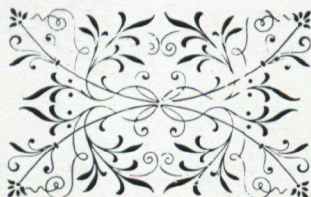


PRIVATE J. C. KERR.



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"In this world where much is to be done, and little is to be known, help us to play the man. Give us to go blithely about our daily task, eager to be happy if happiness is to be our lot; or, if the day be marked with sorrow, strong to endure."



MAJOR JUSTUS WILLSON,
A Company Commander in the Original Battalion.

The Forty-Niner

Published in the Field.

Vol. I.

No. 6.

MORE DECORATIONS ARE WON BY FORTY-NINERS FOR HEROISM AND SERVICE.

List of honours conferred on members of the Edmonton Regiment since the last issue of this magazine, together with the brief narratives of the exploits for which the decorations were awarded. The cold official descriptions of the heroic deeds of these men leave much to the imagination.

VICTORIA CROSS.

Private J. C. KERR, Reg. No. 101465, who, at —, France, on the 16th day of September, 1916, during a bombing attack, while acting as first bayonet man, when he knew that bombs were running short, and while the enemy were resisting vigorously—although one of his fingers had been blown off at the second joint by a German bomb—jumped out of the trench and ran along the parapet a considerable distance and came into close contact with the enemy, firing at point-blank range and killing and wounding many of them, whereupon, the enemy believing themselves to be cut off, desisted from the fight and surrendered, and 62 prisoners were taken. The action of this man at this juncture undoubtedly resulted in the capture of the 62 prisoners above mentioned and in the taking of 250 yards of enemy trench, thereby making it possible for this battalion to occupy and hold the ground gained in the general attack. Private Kerr then, with two other men, escorted the prisoners across open ground and under heavy fire to a support trench and returned and reported himself for duty to his company commander before his wounds had been dressed.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER.

Major G. W. MACLEOD, who, at —, France, on the 15th day of September, 1916,

while acting as Second-in-Command of the Edmonton Regiment, went forward into the fight and selected the ground to be consolidated and directed the consolidation of the whole line gained by the battalion, and who, although severely wounded, made his way to Battalion Headquarters and made a complete report on the situation, and thereafter proceeded to Brigade Headquarters and rendered a full report and statement on the situation to the G.O.C., being all the time in open and unknown ground, in the darkness, and under heavy fire from the enemy's artillery, machine-guns, and rifles, and by his coolness, courage, and energy, was a splendid example to officers and other ranks. This officer has distinguished himself on a number of other occasions.

Major J. B. HARSTONE, who, at —, France, between the 15th and 17th days of September, 1916, led his company with coolness and great courage in the attack, and, while out of touch with his Battalion Commander, carried on in seizing points of vantage and in organising and consolidating same, and thereafter assumed command of elements of other units and organised them for the attack, and captured further ground, consolidating and organising the same, the whole time being in open ground and under heavy fire, and by his coolness, energy, and determination inspiring all ranks in the performance of their duty.

MILITARY CROSS.

Lieutenant S. J. DAVIES, who at —, France, on the 16th day of September, 1916, organised an attack of 15 other ranks, including bombers, and bombed down 200

yards of enemy trench, killing and wounding large numbers of the enemy and capturing 50 prisoners. In the performance of this duty this officer showed courage, coolness, determination, aggressiveness, and a proper appreciation of the action to be taken in a difficult situation.

Lieutenant M. L. BOYLE, who, at —, France, on the 8th day of October, 1916, handled his company with energy, coolness, and good judgment, and who, although wounded, continued in the performance of his duty, and made his way across open ground and under heavy fire to Battalion Headquarters for the purpose of reporting upon the situation in the front line.

The conduct of this officer has been brought to notice on other occasions, notably while acting as Trench Mortar Officer on the 2nd-4th June, he maintained fire with his gun until the last moment, and then carried the gun away with him, thereby preventing it from falling into the hands of the enemy.

Regimental Sergeant-Major N. WALSH, Reg. No. 432178 (died of wounds), who, at —, France, on the 15th and 16th days of September, 1916, acted as adjutant, and assisted the Commanding Officer with coolness, courage, and efficiency, and who, while crossing open ground, and under heavy fire, was seriously wounded, having both legs and both arms broken, and having sustained other grievous injuries, nevertheless completed the task on which he was engaged, inspiring all ranks in the performance of their duty.

DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL.

Private R. GWYNN, Reg. No. 434772 (Stretcher Bearer), who, at —, France, on the 16th day of September, 1916, went out in front of our positions and dressed the wounded in the advanced posts, and thereafter conducted bearer parties to those places and superintended the removal of the wounded, and continued in the performance of this duty without rest for 60 hours in open ground, and at all times under heavy fire.

MILITARY MEDAL.

Lance-Corporal L. E. RAWLINSON, Reg. No. 432171 (Scout), who, near —, on the night 14th-15th July, 1916, boldly and efficiently reconnoitred "No Man's Land,"

and subsequently guided a combat patrol with coolness and great gallantry, and participated in a rush made by the patrol on an enemy patrol, which was quite successful.

The conduct of this man has been brought to attention on previous occasions.

Private A. E. NASH, Reg. No. 101456 (Stretcher Bearer), who, at —, France, from the 15th to the 17th September, 1916, being the only stretcher bearer in his company not a casualty, continued in the performance of his duty as a stretcher bearer, dressing and attending to the wounded, and bringing wounded men to shelter across open ground under heavy fire.

During this period this man was not observed to take any rest whatever, and was continuously engaged in the performance of his duty.

Private P. BARRON, Reg. No. 432584, who, at —, France, on the 16th September, 1916, across open ground, and under heavy fire, went forward from the Battalion Machine-gun position and traversed the entire front with a view to securing definite information as to our positions, for the information of our machine guns, and while engaged in this task carried messages from company commanders in the front line to each other and back to Headquarters, and upon this and a number of previous occasions displayed courage, energy, and coolness, and inspired and encouraged all ranks by his coolness.

Lance-Corporal A. V. KIDSTON, Reg. No. 432467, who, at —, France, on the 16th and 17th September, 1916, volunteered to carry messages to detached posts on several occasions, for that purpose going across open ground under heavy machine-gun fire, and assisted in bringing up the rations and supplies, and upon this and other occasions conducted himself with courage, coolness and energy.

Sergeant WILLIAM HUNTER, Reg. No. 432173, who, at —, France, between the 15th and 18th days of September, 1916, as Sergeant of the Bombing Section, after his officer had become a casualty, moved up and down through the front line and over the front, directing the Battalion bombers in their work, and, as casualties occurred in the bombers, reorganised sections and sub-sections. This N.C.O. was alert, vigorous, cool, and courageous, and his conduct inspired

all ranks in the performance of their duties. The conduct of this N.C.O. has been brought to notice on several previous occasions.

Corporal R. V. PATTERSON, Reg. No. 432402, who, at —, France, on the 16th September, acting as N.C.O. in charge of a bombing section, in clearing a trench, handled his men with coolness, courage, and decision, and pressed the attack until 50 of the enemy surrendered and 20 of the enemy had been killed or wounded.

Private J. LAZIER, Reg. No. 100792, who, at —, France, on the 17th September, 1916, assisted Reg. No. 101553 Acting-Corporal S. Hateley to bring in a wounded officer, for that purpose going across open ground and under very heavy fire a distance of 200 yards, succeeding after several attempts had been made.

Private JAMES BAILLIE, Reg. No. 432745 (Bn. Scout), who, at —, France, on the 15th September, 1916, scouted in front of the battalion, going across open ground and under heavy fire for the purpose, and brought in valuable information, and who, although severely wounded, continued in the performance of his duty until the morning of the 17th inst., and was energetic and diligent in the discharge of his duties, and carried messages throughout the front line and back to Battalion Headquarters during that time without rest or sleep.

Corporal GEORGE SOUTER, Reg. No. 432737, who, at —, France, on the 15th day of September, 1916, while in charge of a detached bombing post on our left front, covering men who were digging in, carried out a reconnaissance of the enemy's front, and, having secured valuable information as to the enemy, and who, although being severely wounded, crawled to his Company commander, a distance of 200 yards, and gave valuable information, for this purpose going across open ground and under heavy machine gun fire.

Private J. McIVOR, Reg. No. 433161 (Stretcher Bearer), who, at —, France, from the 15th to the 18th September, 1916, as a stretcher bearer, attended to the wounded everywhere with great courage and coolness. On several occasions he went out to the front, across open ground, and up towards the enemy trenches, and dressed wounded men lying there, and carried others

in, and assisted in the removal of wounded in open ground and under heavy fire.

Private P. M. LIVINGSTONE, Reg. No. 432825, who, at —, France, between the 15th and 17th September, 1916, acting as a runner, carried messages throughout the front line to Battalion Headquarters, and during that time was always eager and keen to undertake new and dangerous work, and at all times across open ground and under heavy rifle and machine-gun fire.

Corporal J. H. PARKER, Reg. No. 447175, who, at —, France, on the 8th day of October, 1916, when all bombers had become casualties, volunteered to throw bombs and to occupy important positions in a trench, alone for a part of the time; and subsequently, assisted by an officer, this man held a section of trench up which the enemy were endeavouring to advance, and continued in the discharge of this duty until reserves could be brought up, thereby preventing the enemy from advancing and enabling our troops to make suitable arrangements in his rear for the holding of the trench in question.

The action of this N.C.O. at such a critical stage of the fight was of the utmost value to our troops.

Sergeant H. L. HOLLOWAY, Reg. No. 432992, who, at —, France, on the 8th day of October, 1916, acting as Scout Sergeant, patrolled the enemy's wire on the frontage of the battalion, under heavy fire and across open ground, and examined the enemy's wire, and made arrangements for preventing the enemy repairing his wire and thereafter during the action of the day, visited all portions of the position and intelligently reported upon same to his Battalion Commander, and thereafter, on the night of October the 8th, crawled along the enemy's wire and located and brought eight wounded men to positions of safety, and throughout this action was of the utmost service in carrying messages, reconnoitring the position of the enemy, and of our own troops, and reporting upon same, being at all times under heavy fire and in exposed positions. The conduct of this N.C.O. has been brought to attention upon several other occasions.

Private J. CARMICHAEL, Reg. No. 101432, who, at —, France, on the 8th day of October, 1916, went across open ground,

and under heavy fire, to a severely wounded officer lying in a shell hole, and bound up his wounds and covered him up, two other men having previously been killed in attempting to do the same thing. The officer in question was subsequently brought in, and it then transpired that the attention he had received from Private Carmichael had saved his life.

Private CHARLES DEVANEY, Reg. No. 432442, who, at —, France, on the 8th day of October, 1916, while acting as a stretcher bearer, moved across open ground, and, under heavy fire, dressing the wounded who had fallen in the attack, with great courage, coolness, and skill, and thereafter volunteered to carry an important message from an isolated position to Battalion Headquarters, and did so, and returned to the isolated position with a reply.

Private A. MOROZ, Reg. No. 121656, who, at —, France, on the 8th day of October, 1916, while acting as stretcher bearer, went across open ground and under heavy fire, and within forty yards of the enemy's trench, and dressed the wounds of eight men who had fallen in the attack, and dragged them into shell holes for safety. This man's conduct was noticeable throughout the day for his courage, coolness, and skill.

Private S. A. FRASER, Reg. No. 436776, who, at —, France, on the 8th of October, 1916, on two occasions led patrols across open ground and under heavy fire, to establish contact with troops on the left of his detached post, and thereafter crawled to wounded men lying in shell holes in close proximity to the enemy's trench, and bound up their wounds, and thereafter made his way to other wounded men lying in exposed positions and dragged them into the shelter of shell holes, and throughout the day, by his energy, coolness, courage, and cheerful demeanour, inspired all ranks in the performance of their duty.

Private R. BAIL, Reg. No. 101211, who, at —, France, on the 8th day of October, 1916, crawled across open ground, and under heavy fire, to the assistance of a wounded officer, and bound up his wounds and covered him up, and otherwise assisted Reg. No. 101432 Private J. Carmichael in rendering assistance to a wounded officer. The conduct of this man has been brought to notice on previous occasions.



CHARACTER STUDY OF A FORTY-NINER.

No. 3.

Our Battalion Bombers entertained Messrs. Minnenwerfer and Lagerberger to a grenade contest on the afternoon of the —. Bob Dean made the top score, but the game was called a draw. A replay to be arranged at a later date.

EDMONTON PROUD OF RECORD MADE BY HER REGIMENT—THE —

The following resolution has been received from the Edmonton Canadian Club, and signed by seventy odd members:—

DELETED BY CENSOR.

We congratulate our gallant ex-President on the magnificent record which he and his brave "Forty-Niners" have made for themselves in this war—made, not for themselves alone, but for the city whose name they proudly bear—a record which brings honour to all Canada and is worthy of the great cause for which they fight.

We join with him in devout thankfulness to Almighty God for the signal deliverance from imminent danger so recently vouchsafed to him.

We follow him and his grand Regiment with our best wishes throughout the war, and when it is over we promise him, and them, a welcome home which shall make them realise how deep is our interest in them.

THE COLONEL'S REPLY.

DELETED BY CENSOR.

Mr. President,—

I am in receipt of your resolution of October 30. I am very grateful to you for the very generous and may I, at the same time, say the very just praise and appreciation set forth in your address of the gallant Regiment which I have the honour to command.

I am also very grateful to the members of the Club for what they have had to say about myself.

The Edmonton Regiment has done, and will continue to do, its best to earn and retain the appreciation and sympathetic interest of the people of Ed-

monton, and I think I may say that at the conclusion of the war no unnecessary time will be lost by any member of this Regiment in getting back to Edmonton as rapidly as the situation will permit.

With kind regards and best wishes, and with the Compliments of the Season to all Members,

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

DELETED BY CENSOR.

" FORTY - NINER " SOCIETY.

We understand that steps are being taken in Edmonton with a view to the organisation of a society which should be of particular interest to our battalion.

The main objects of this Society are as follows:—

- (a) To welcome returned members of this Regiment to Edmonton.
- (b) To advise returned members in all matters pertaining to pension, pay, etc.
- (c) To render such assistance to returned members as may be possible or desirable.

The Society is to be continuous and permanent, and when the regiment finally returns from overseas all officers, N.C.O.'s, and men who have served in the battalion, including those who have enlisted from other regiments, but have been drafted to, and have served with the regiment, will remain members. In this way, better than any other, the old spirit and associations that have now become such a marked feature in this regiment will be maintained and continued.

It is desired that the membership should also be extended to all "Forty-niners" who have returned to Edmonton incapacitated from sickness or wounds or otherwise honourably discharged.

A feature of the Society is that every honour should be given to the wives, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts of those who have fallen on the field of battle, and generally, all relatives and friends, both men and women, of any members of the regiment should become associated with the organisation.

We understand that an organisation committee, consisting of prominent Edmontonians, have the matter well in hand, and we hope soon to hear that their efforts will meet with the encouragement and success that so worthy an object deserves.

SICK PARADE.

The Sick Parade on the day following Christmas Day, or Boxing Day, as it is known among the English, is one of the bright spots in the conduct of the war. The varied complaints are subject only to the limitations of the mental ingenuity of the men. The day before had been one of varied delights, also refreshments, and the natural inclination of the men is to avoid in every way the duties pertaining to their positions.

Can you imagine listening to the wails of the Staff Sergeants, as they parade before the M.O.?

Pay says: "Sir, I have been working overtime lately owing to the many remittances being sent away, and my brain feels as though someone had it in a vice and was hitting it with a trip hammer."

The Pioneer reports that he has been busy digging a dug-out, and thinks that the air must have been foul, as his head feels heavy and he feels dizzy and incapable of lifting his hand.

Can you form an opinion of what ails these men; what particular microbe has attacked them and many others? What is it gives them all the disinclination for work?

People have an idea, if one may judge from the articles in newspapers, that Christmas with the Overseas Force is much like a celebration in a workhouse, when suet pudding has been substituted for plum and their beer ration cut to practically nothing.

No, no, my dear brother, such is not the case. The month before Christmas shows an activity marvellous, and an aptitude for

acquiring things sublime. Every man's efforts are directed to storing up supplies in sufficiently varied form to assure him of a good time, and the efforts of the men are ably seconded by those of the officers, so that on Christmas Day everyone is filled to capacity, and then some.

Looking at it from this view-point, can one be surprised at the size of the Sick Parade the day following? Can one wonder at the varied complaints or the language used in explaining the various causes that lead up to them? Does any Hero walk in, and, addressing the M.O., say: "Sir, I have sinned against all rules of diet and am unfit for duty"?

No, gentle reader, there is no such person on parade. The M.O. and his assistants, plucking aside the veil of excuses and explanations, resort to old-time methods of treatment. No Homœopathic doses are given, but with the curt order, two "number nines," the patient is permitted to depart, taking with him his head and his excuses, and leaving behind him an almost inaudible résumé of his opinion of the M.O., the assistants, and everything connected with them.

So does Sick Parade on Boxing Day pass, and matters gradually resolve themselves into the old routine, with but an occasional reference to "Say, do you remember, etc., etc.," and so life in the battalion once more resumes its even course.

"A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

The story is old, but possibly new to some of our readers. A very young subaltern had been drilling his platoon, composed mostly of old hands. During the afternoon hours, and in the course of the drill, he heard somewhat sarcastic remarks to the effect that "a little child shall lead us." At the conclusion of the parade, before dismissing his platoon, the very young subaltern announced in his mildest tones that there would be a ten-mile route march with full kit that evening at 8 o'clock, and that "a little child would lead them—on horseback."

If the ancient blind poet of Greece, Homer, could return to his native shores any of these days he would get such a shock as would probably return him his sight.

THE COLONEL MISSING — A STORY FROM THE SOMME BATTLEFIELD.

It was after the big attack. The Canadians had beaten the Germans back for over a mile when we got the order to retire fifty yards to an old enemy trench, so that our lines would conform with those of the battalions on our flanks. We had to reverse the parapet and generally consolidate our position during the night. Patrols were sent out, and we all got busy in the digging, some of us throwing off our harness and gas helmets so as to work more freely.

My three pals and myself had got our section of the trench in pretty good shape and were taking a breather and discussing the prospects of a rum issue when the news came along the line that the Colonel was missing.

"The Colonel missing, good gawd!" said Ginger Smith.

We all stood dumb for a minute or two, as the significance of the news dawned on us. Shorty Long was the first to break the silence. "How the devil are we going to win this war now that the sausage-eaters have Billy and Kitchener out of the way?"

"The last time I saw the Colonel," said I, "was when he told us to buck up and dig ourselves in here."

"Yep, I remember the very spot," broke in Ginger. "He may have got hit right there."

"I ken it fine," said Scotty Kerr, who had just recovered his speech, "and he nicht belying oot there wounded, waiting for us to gang and fetch him in. Is there a man amang ye who'll gang oot wi' me tae rescue the Colonel? He gaed me seven days first field for getting drunk and absent without leave, but I dinna see hoo there is going to be an 'issue' the nicht if the Colonel's no here."

"Sure, I'll go," said Ginger.

So Scotty and Ginger slipped into their harness, took their rifles and a couple of bombs each, and hopped over the little bit of a parapet we had made.

"Better take your gas helmets," I shouted after them, as I noticed them lying behind the trench.

"Oh, we won't need them," replied Ginger, and they kept on their way.

This was about 2 a.m., and the moon was giving a fair amount of light. They crawled out carefully for about fifty yards, when suddenly Scotty gripped Ginger by the arm.

"Wheesht; whit's that?"

"Somebody's talking; I bet it's some of those blessed Bosches coming over to sling a few bombs in the trench. Look, Scotty, there are a couple of heads sticking up; let's take one apiece."

"No, don't shoot, Ginger, we'll manoeuvre roon aboot them and capture the lot. We'll get the D.C.M. for that, and if we get the Colonel furst, and he sees us doing it, it will be the V.C. for sure, and maybe a comeeshun."

"I don't want their d—n commissions."

"Aye, but it will improve your social position when you get back tae Edmonton, and ye'll be able to hobnob wi' the Lieutenant-Governor, the Mayor, Joe Clark, and the other nobeility."

They decided to move half right, so as to get round the position where they saw the two heads. They had proceeded twenty yards when Ginger stumbled and fell on top of something soft. Then something hard met him on the jaw.

"Where the sam hill do you think you're going, you blind bat?"

Scotty, who had been fingering the pin of a Mills bomb, recognised the voice. It belonged to the Sergeant of the patrol.

"It's a'richt, Sergeant; that's Smith, and I'm Kerr. We've been sent out to look for the Colonel; he's missing."

"Good heavens! All right, hurry up, Scotty, and report to me when you come back," and the Sergeant passed the word to his men not to shoot till the two got back.

Scotty and Ginger got going again, the latter swearing an everlasting vengeance on the Sergeant as he rubbed his jaw.

They finally arrived at the place where they had last seen the Colonel, but could find no trace of him. They hunted around for over an hour, but all they could find was the bodies of a few dead Germans. After

Scotty had looked after their exchequers and Ginger secured a few souvenirs, they came to the conclusion that their search for the Colonel was in vain.

"Well, Scotty, we're out of luck, and day is beginning to break; I guess we'd better soon get back. They must have taken the Colonel prisoner, and we'll be with him soon if we don't get out of here quick."

"Aye, it's a peety, he's got such a nice wife tae, and I doot we'll get a medal noo."

They began crawling back with heavy hearts, and were picturing to themselves how disappointed we should look when we heard of their failure, when Scotty broke the silence with an oath. "Drat the barb wire; here, Ginger, help me to get it oot o' me pants."

"Lend me your knife, and I'll soon get you cut off."

"You'll dae naethin' of the sort. Dae ye no ken I paid five francs for them to an artilleryman, and I'm going on pass next week?"

Ginger eventually got him set free, and as they approached the trench they could hear the Sergeant shouting "Stand to."

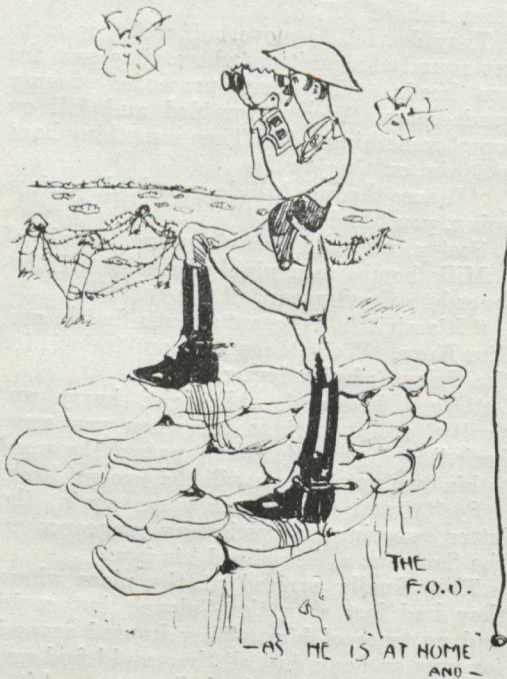
As soon as I saw their heads appear over the parapet I said: "Come on, boys, grab your rifles; the officer is in the next bay." Just then he appeared, and the first thing he seemed to notice was the two gas helmets lying on the parados. "Whom do these belong to," he demanded. Scotty and Ginger, of course, had to admit they were theirs: "Bring them up, Sergeant."

When he disappeared we broke the news to Scotty and Ginger that the Colonel was not missing, but had gone to report to the Brigadier. I don't know whether they were pleased or sorry.

They appeared before the Colonel, who offered them a D.C.M. They naturally refused, preferring to take his punishment to a District Court Martial.

A. M. M.

Marvellous are the hairbreadth escapes of some men in this great European Catch-as-catch-can. But the story of the R.C.R. runner who "dodged the shell" whilst he crossed a ridge on the Somme after delivering a message to the 49th caps them all.



THINGS AS THEY ARE

BY THE CHAPLAIN OF THE REGIMENT.

A short time ago I was asked to write a Christmas Story for our Battalion Magazine, THE FORTY-NINER. It occurred to me that perhaps the most appropriate material for our perusal at present is the story of Things As They Are.

The whole world paused in genuine apprehension when the Declaration of War was made. Perhaps the first thing that dawned upon us was the stealthy, subtle, systematic means by which the enemy has succeeded in preparing himself for this unparalleled world-struggle, and the next, a sinking sensation resulting from a growing realisation of our own unpreparedness. This, in turn, was followed by a keen and increasing sense of indignation and scorn for the people who, under the cloak of friendship, could be capable of such utter falsity. I have stood on the spot in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where the Kaiser stood at the funeral of King Edward VII., and professed unbounded loyalty and friendship for England. Everyone knows now the insincerity of his words, and that, behind the mask of friendship, and assisted by the cordial attitude of the British Leaders, he and his General Staff were secretly and swiftly preparing night and day to spring at the nation's throat.

Then, with grim determination, we settled ourselves to the task before us—the task of meeting on a fair field and by fair methods a foe the most unscrupulous, the most diabolical known to history. Heine, the German poet, said some years ago that the day would come when, in his own nation, the cruel qualities of Odin and Thor would recur; the restraints of Christianity would be cast aside; churches would be battered down, and kultur give place to carnage. That day came sooner, perhaps, than he anticipated. By education and active leadership the new Gospel of Force was enunciated. The Bismarckian policy of blood and iron was swiftly and universally adopted. Our task of contending with such a nation, a nation that openly flung all moral considerations and obligations to the winds, was one too great and too terrible to

be realised even by those engaged in its prosecution. The result, after twenty-seven months, is a world in mourning. Not only have millions of the very flower of manhood from all the contending nations been destroyed, with all the anguish of heart and home which that slaughter entails, but in the neutral nations there are also interests and ties related in the most intimate way with these events.

The crisis is over, the menace to all that Christian civilisation holds precious has been met and averted. The modern Attila, in his attempt to sweep away the liberties of the race so hardly won in the long day of its upward struggle, has been effectually stopped. It only remains to complete the task; to render impossible the recurrence or such an unparalleled outrage on humanity.

This brings us face to face with things as they are, present conditions, duties, and prospects. People are constantly asking, "When will the war be over?" The question is usually put with the eager anticipation of the day when this flow of blood shall be stanchd and the carnage of these brutal battlefields be stopped. Myriads of anxious parents throughout the nations concerned are saying the same thing, "Why cannot this wholesale slaughter of the best blood of the world be terminated?" Our sorely-tried opponents are urging the neutral nations to content themselves no longer with the rôle of awed onlookers. Now, the time for these kindly souls to have stopped all this bloodshed and disaster was before it began. They were impelled to begin this most terrible of all human wars, and we are compelled to finish it. Whether on our part we are "only starting to fight," or whether "we are in the third stage of the war," to use the words of Sir Wm. Robertson, to my mind matters little. We have our work to do, and it is a task which should be measured not by time, but by thoroughness. We owe it not only to ourselves and our Allies, but to the world, to finish our task. We shall fail in loyalty to our precious dead if we sheathe the sword before this arch-enemy of the liberties and sanctities of the

race is utterly defeated. To accomplish this, as I have said, we have to consider conditions, duties, prospects. The conditions, as might be expected in such a titanic struggle, are of the most trying character that it is possible for human nature to endure. Guns and munitions, in number, size, power, and cost, almost incredible, are employed on both sides and on all fronts. Destruction and death reign supreme: towns and villages are razed to the ground; miles of country present the spectacle of being literally pulverised. To know the meaning of modern warfare one has only to witness the sites where Ypres, Courcellette, Pozières, and Verdun once stood. Miss Emily Hobhouse, who visited Germany recently, and found friends there, returned to give us an entirely new version of the Hun terrorism of "our friend the enemy." She found herself agreeably surprised at the conditions which prevail in the parts of France and Belgium held by the Germans; she saw no such signs of vandalism as she had been led to expect. One is apt to wonder what localities were visited by the lady. Did she linger at the now world-famous places where churches and libraries were wrecked, children crucified, and maidens torn from their homes? Possibly her impressions were gained within the city of Berlin.

Winter is here, and with it all the wet, cold, and mud with which our splendid men have grown familiar in the present trench warfare. Our noble comrades who have made the great sacrifice were heroes, the men who wear upon their breasts the decorations of their country are heroes, but so are the men who are enduring the privations and discomforts of the winter campaign. This, let me say, is where true manhood is found. Someone has said that the closer you come to the firing-line the nearer you are to true nobility, and that is true. War creates myriads of parasites; creatures for whom the misery, suffering, and death of others is transformed into the very sunshine of their existence. But it is at the front, on the firing-line, that life is stripped of selfishness and self-interest, and true manhood is revealed. Here men reckon nothing of danger as they bravely "go over the top." Here life itself is not considered as they stop to stanch the wound of a comrade, or calmly carry him to safety through a storm of shot and shell.

On all hands our own Battalion is spoken of in the highest terms, and we are modestly inclined to believe that what everybody says in praise of our gallant boys must be true. We now have a V.C. of our own, and we no longer sing the glories of "Private Michael Cassidy, V.C.," but substitute the name of Private Johnny Kerr, V.C. Let no men suppose that these heroic souls are oblivious to danger of their surroundings. They know full well that their turn may come at any instant. But to my own certain knowledge many of these careless, cheerful lads are consciously reliant upon a higher Power, and like Lord Kitchener, who said "Prayer means victory," they believe in the presence and power of the Living God. Since the day when this devastating conflict began, the enemies of Christianity—the religion of truth, purity, and goodness—have never ceased to point out what they are pleased to call the failure of Christianity. If such critics could spend a while in the front line trenches, and participate in some of the deeds there performed, they would, I believe, learn not to blaspheme.

The lesson of the war is not that Christianity has failed, but that we have failed miserably in our application of it to the problems of life. In time, please God, we shall learn, even though it be through hard and bitter experience, that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and that the only remedy for war and all other ills of human society is to accept the principles and follow the teachings of Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace. Into the midst of all this turmoil and bloodshed there comes for the third time the message of Christmas, with its angelic song, "Peace on Earth, goodwill towards men." What a strange song, and how seemingly out of keeping with this sad time and place. What a contrast is brought to mind as we think of God's love and man's hatred; of God's peace, and man's conflict; of life eternal beyond the present time of discipline and death. Notwithstanding the character of the conflict in which we are engaged, and the conditions under which we are striving to perform our duty, the writer ventures cordially to wish the readers of the Battalion Magazine the true joys and blessings of Christmas. After all, we fight and serve, not merely to achieve a present victory, but to ensure a happy future, a future in which a man shall be to his brother man

"As a hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," a future in which the real values of life shall be known, and the higher service regarded, when only the "Well done" of the Master shall be sought. In the words of Kipling:—

And only the Master shall praise us,
 And only the Master shall blame,
 And no one shall work for money,
 And no one shall work for fame.
 But each for the joy of the working,
 And each in his separate star,
 Shall draw the thing as he sees it,
 For the God of things as they are.

—Written from the trenches, France,
 November 23, 1916.

WOMEN OF BRITAIN.

The regimental Quartermaster has received an autographed copy of the following verses, composed by Richard Gordon Holme, a member of one of the first Canadian Division units, during his period of convalescence in hospital in England. Pte. Holme lost both legs by the explosion of a grenade:—

You have fought a far harder fight
 Than any the trenches have seen
 In the lonely vigils of the night
 When your eyes dimmed with crying have
 been.

But morning finds you at your post
 With purpose still steadfast and true.
 And again you are giving the most
 And the best that God put into you.

Oh, woman, your all you have given,
 And yet you have still more to give;
 Through you we get glimpses of heaven
 That make us feel glad that we live.

You have given far more than your life
 When your country has sounded the call,
 And have suffered, oh! Mother and Wife,
 Far more than your boy who may fall.

May God give you strength to keep striving,
 And help you your battles to win.
 For your smiles and your help are reviving
 Sad hearts torn by grim battle's din.

TRANSPORT NOTES.

The transport have concluded that there are still some billet-finders who display human intelligence, and expect great things of the Officer who located our present lines.

Why is it that the Transport cannot get breeches? The fellow who raised the row sore needed them, as his were worn at the knees?

Who was the batman that, on the order of the Sergeant, carried hot water for his Officer's feet, and what instruction did the Officer give to his Sergeant?

The Q.M. accuses us of stealing souvenirs from the prisoners. Eh! Well, whose prisoners were they, anyway?

Now that Corporal Dave has returned from his course we shall have some more newfangled methods of cleaning things in general

What with a new Q.M. Sergeant, and a cook who steals bones from the companies, there's class to the Transport's grub now.

We can even sport decorations now. Didn't our packers return with a Q.M.S. and a D.C.M.?

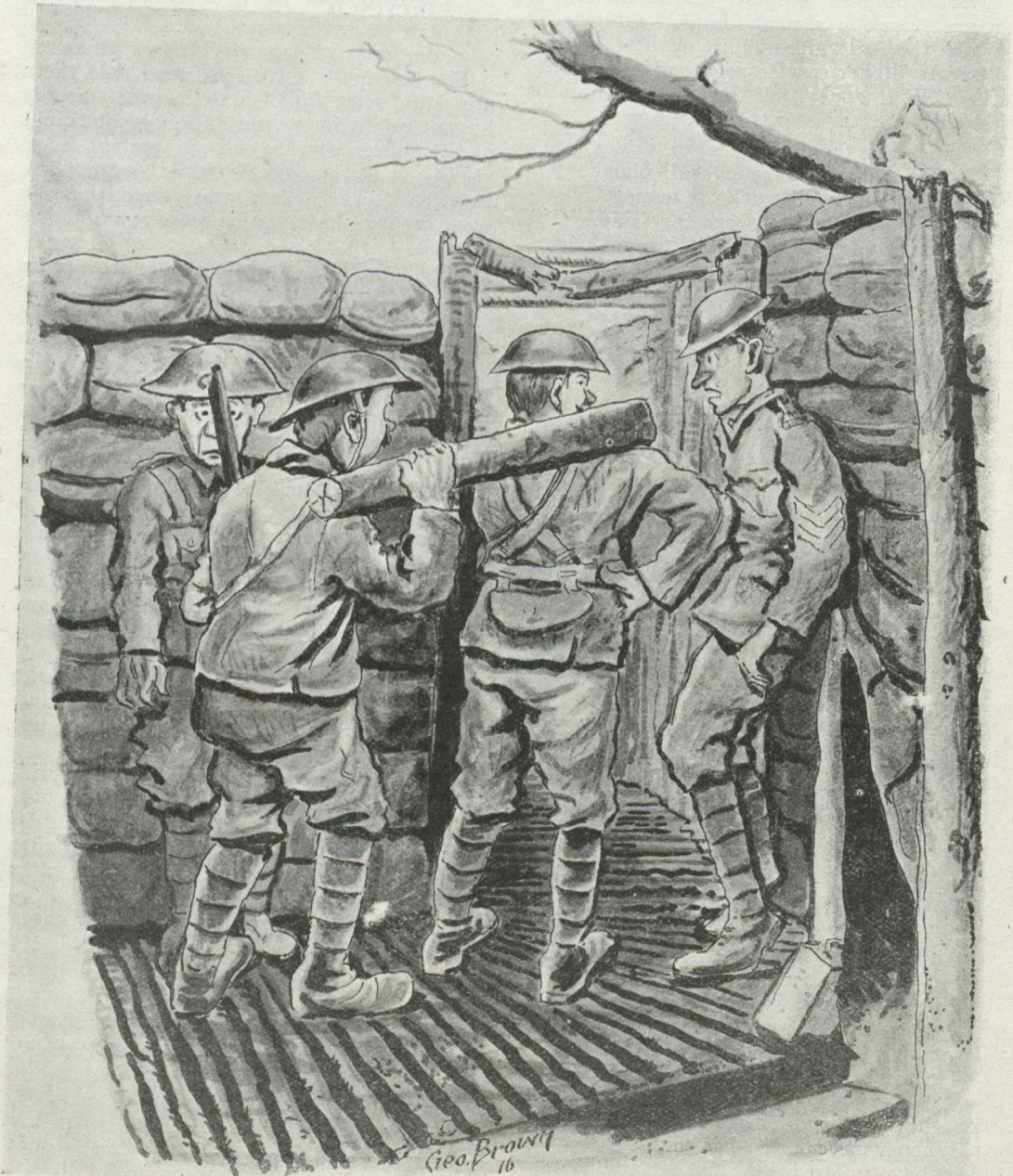
Many thanks to the C.Q.M.S., who turned back the rum thinking it was lime juice. Nothing was said at the time, but did we have another issue?

Wit and wisdom has always been the guiding star of the transport, but the most outstanding example of this we have seen demonstrated for some time was when that N.C.O. who wasn't an N.C.O. got an extra ten from the pay office.

Our congratulations to Captain Hudson on his third star.

"MOUQUET FARM."

(Sung to the tune of "Sunnybrook Farm.")
 When you are going to the farm,
 With your rifle on your arm,
 Take it from me
 You'd better watch Old Fritz, or he
 Will send a whizz bang there
 Stealing softly thro' the air.
 The memory haunts you, the lobster wants
 you.
 Keep away from Mouquet, dear old
 Mouquet, away from Mouquet Farm.



N.C.O.—“What is this?”
FIRST SOLDIER.—“Bli’me, guv’nor, this is the Great Push acomin’.”

LIEUT.-COLONEL GRIESBACH'S MESSAGE TO THE MEN OF HIS REGIMENT.

Once again the Editor of the FORTY-NINER has insisted that I shall write something for the Magazine. I confess that I find it difficult; there is so much that I might say and so little of it that the Censor would pass, that to write anything of interest is a large task.

Since the last issue of the Magazine we have participated in the greatest battle recorded in history. How well we have performed the tasks from time to time allotted us is evidenced, at least in part, by the Honours and Awards which have been conferred upon members of the regiment. Particularly are we very proud of the Victoria Cross conferred upon Private J. C. Kerr.

I classify Honours and Awards into two sub-divisions; firstly, cases in which men render succour to wounded comrades, carry water, ammunition, etc., under fire; and secondly, cases where men perform acts of courage and gallantry which are, strictly speaking, offensive and bring about decisive results. Private Kerr's case is in the latter class. Quite off his own bat he did the proper thing at the right time, and it produced splendid results—sixty-two prisoners and a captured trench.

On September 15, 1916, we took one 5.9 howitzer and three trench mortars. The latter were turned against the enemy. We took two hundred prisoners and some thousands of yards of enemy trenches. I have a letter from Major Justus Willson, in which he says we have gained a place in history. I would say that at least we have gained a great place in the history of Northern Alberta, and that in years to come it will be a very proud thing for any man to say that he served in this battalion.

Once again we are confronted with the task of assimilating a large number of new men. We have to make them "Forty-Niners," with all that that means, with the least possible delay. You will remember that before we left Shorncliffe I urged upon you the importance of maintaining our discipline. Discipline means regularity, promptitude, justice, fairness, and efficiency in all manner of movements, operations, supplies of rations, clothing, etc. Indiscipline means injustice, unfairness, lack of efficiency, insufficient supplies of rations, clothing, etc., lack of promptitude, and every evil from which troops can suffer. Every officer and man in this battalion has an interest in the maintenance of discipline. There must, in the first place, be brains in the management, but discipline is gained by Drill and Training founded upon the willingness of all ranks to co-ordinate their efforts. The outward and visible sign of that inward and spiritual grace is our old friend the "Salute." In military organisations where juniors do not salute their seniors and where seniors do not promptly acknowledge such salute there is no discipline, and I can assure you that such organisations suffer all the evils outlined above, and that when the testing time comes that organisation will crack. New men coming out to us will conform to the situation which they find existing, and it is up to the old hands to give the new men a lead and an example.

DELETED BY CENSOR.



MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

Capt. CHATTELL, A. P.
 Capt. HUNT, G. D.
 Lieut. NOLAN, H. G.
 Lieut. DOWNTON, J. G.
 Sergt. DORWAY, R. G.
 Pte. BROWN, G.

The Forty - Niner.

PUBLISHED IN THE FIELD
 EVERY SO OFTEN.

Vol. 1. DECEMBER, 1916. No. 6.

It is with pardonable pride that the "Forty-Niner," with the approval of the Censor, publishes in this number the list of honours won since the last issue of the magazine. Twenty-six names have been added to the roll of fame of the regiment, making a total of 55 since the regiment took the field in October, 1915. It cannot be gainsaid that this is a formidable list, and a record that places the regiment in the forefront of the British units.

The winning of official recognition of outstanding heroism is not an easy matter in this war, in which deeds of valour are of daily occurrence, and which in other wars would have won warm praise and formal recognition, but which in this will go unrecorded in the historical documents of the Empire.

The men who have won richly-deserved fame for their individual deeds of heroism and devotion to duty, have not only brought credit to themselves, their families, their city, and their race, but to their regiment. It is an unquestioned fact that the inspiration of a regiment with a name for gallantry in action is the big driving power behind men in performing deeds of bravery in the

field, which lead to the success of their unit in the execution of the task set it.

Every man speaks with pride of his regiment, and takes full measure of the glory reflected on him by the work of the regiment as a whole, and by the exploits of individual men which gain official recognition. But in this, as in other wars, there is the knowledge that for every deed which comes under official notice a thousand go unnoticed and unrewarded. But this does not matter. The men of the regiment are upheld in the performance of their duty, not by the hope of winning decorations, but by their determination to maintain the best traditions of the regiment, come what may. In this connection it is but right and proper to recognise the fact that it is not only the men who have gained medals to whom credit is due; it is due also to men who have performed equally well, but have not come under special notice. Only an insignificant percentage of men who have done V.C. work can be officially recognised in a conflict of such gigantic proportions as this.

"KEEP THE HUNS RETIRING."

(Sung to the tune of "Keep the Home Fires Burning.")

Keep the Huns retiring,
 Keep our guns a'firing,
 Keep our rifles cracking
 Till the Huns are done.
 Keep our bayonets flashing,
 Keep our boys a'dashing,
 Turn the Germans inside out
 Then we'll all go home.

It is with pleasure we hear that Major G. W. MacLeod has been granted two months' leave to Canada. He has been through the thick of it, and more than deserves his well-earned rest.

Officer newly arrived seeing bully on the table for the third time: "Is bully an issue at the front?"

We wish to remember Miss Asker and Miss Hart, who were with the Lord Roberts' Club, and who did so much for us while we were in Shorncliffe. Their continued kindness is much appreciated by the boys.



MAJOR L. C. HARRIS,
Medical Officer with the Original Battalion.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Who was the Sergeant-Major who considered that a drill with the new box respirators was essential to the welfare of his men, and particularly to the officers of his company? And was it not an unkindly hour to call such a parade?

Was the canned lobster on which he supped that night peculiarly indigestible?

"Many a true word spoken in jest."

"How do you relieve trenches now that the bad weather is on?" asked the old hand.

"We stand on the parapet and pull the pore blighters out with ropes," was the reply.

The opinion of some of our Staff Sergeants on "a night in the front line."

How did they find the "Other Lodgers"?

What is the latest method a certain young lady has of informing her Forty-niner that he has missed his weekly letter?

What do the Forty-niners call the tanks?

Is it correct to say Crater or Creator Line?

Who supplies the refreshments at Magazine Committee meetings?

Who is to be the O.C. Scouts for chickens this year?

What did Tiny say when that piece of shrapnel hit him?

What the Colonel thought of the guy who tried to arrest him?

What does the Transport think about the Q.M. prisoners?

Who was the Private who told the Colonel he thought the chicken was an owl, and thereby got six days No. 1?

Who is next for pass?

The good lady in Edmonton, who, owing to approaching prohibition, had stored by a stock of "the best" against her husband's return, but who opened the same upon the arrival of two officers "of ours" from France?

Who were the three Sergeants with permission to open parcels coming to a fourth, who was on leave? Also which one got up in the middle of the night and picked the chicken bones?

Who was too long for the dug-out, and what did the S.M. think of his appetite?

Who was the Bully Beef King?

Who was the Forty Twa' Sergeant that loaned his Balmoral to the soloist who sang about "Ikey"?

Who's dug-out did the "dud" strike, and what was the relative difference in the speed of the shell coming in and the Sergeant going out?

Who was the Lance-Corporal who went fishing in — Lake and brought back a tin of sardines?

Who was the D.R. from Division who woke up the General one night to find the Brigade Office, and went briskly on his way without knowing to whom he was indebted?

Who started the rumour that the Admiralty were taking over this part of the line?

Who was the Censor that passed the letter ending "From your loving turnover"?

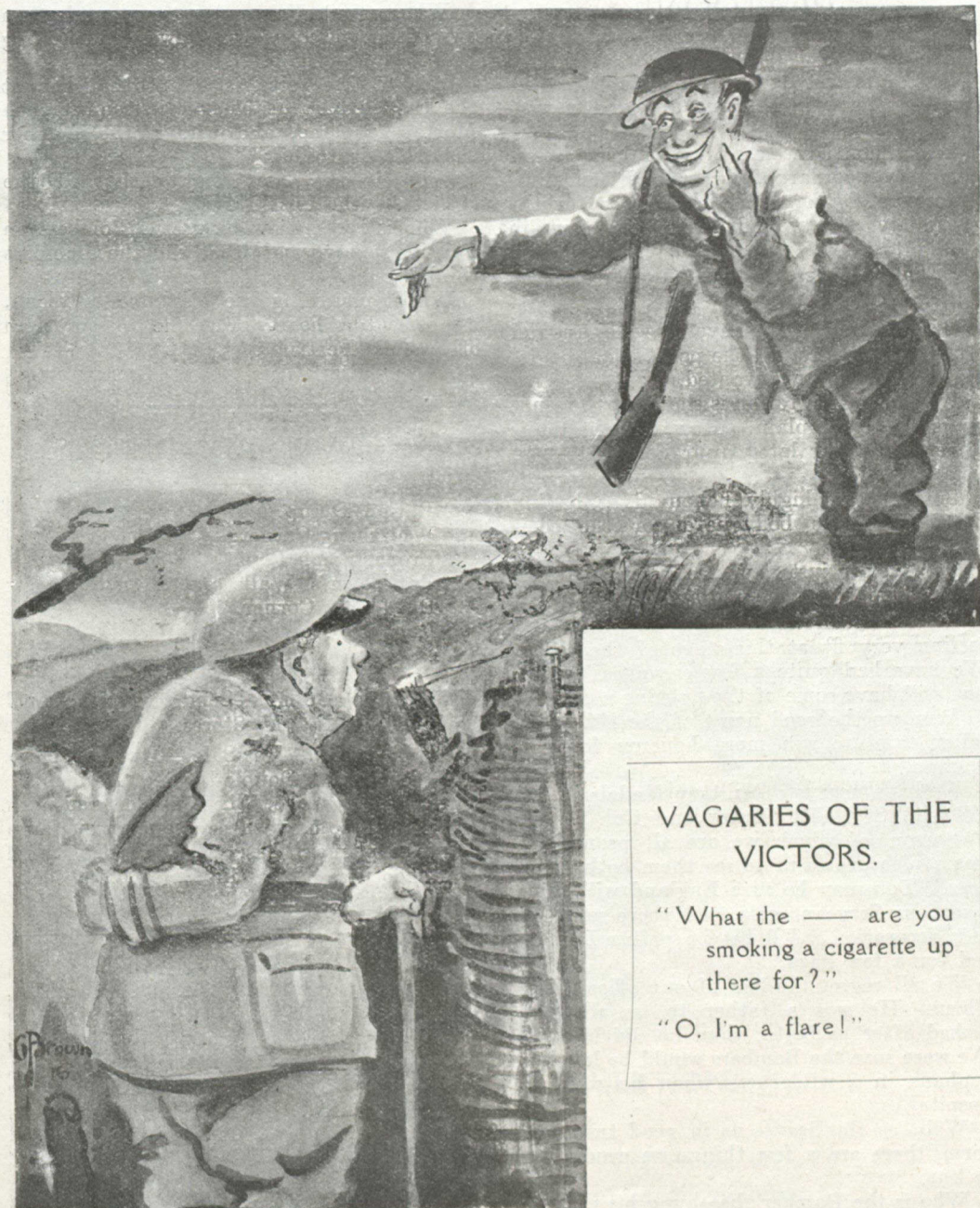
Who the Officer is who wants to run a 58-inch battery in the next war?

FOR PRISONERS IN GERMANY.

MRS. GRIESBACH INTERESTS HERSELF IN THEIR BEHALF.

The officers, N.C.O.'s, and men of the regiment were not unmindful during the Christmas season of the plight of the few men of the regiment who when wounded fell into the hands of the enemy and are now prisoners in Germany. To brighten in a measure the Yule-tide for these unfortunate men a voluntary subscription was made, and approximately £75 collected. This sum was forwarded to Mrs. W. A. Griesbach at London, who very cheerfully undertook the arduous task of making the purchases and forwarding the parcels through the Canadian Red Cross Prisoners-of-War Department.

In a letter to the Officer Commanding the regiment Mrs. Griesbach states that, besides the Christmas parcel, there are sufficient funds to send at least five more parcels to each of the prisoners.



VAGARIES OF THE
VICTORS.

"What the — are you
smoking a cigarette up
there for?"

"O. I'm a flare!"

THE GRENADE PLATOON,

Since the last issue of this Magazine the Bombers have had many ups and downs, mostly downs.

They mourn the loss of several comrades. Our very popular officer, Mr. Floen, was, unfortunately for himself and also for the boys, severely wounded. He is now in "Blighty."

From what we can make out, here are the duties of the Bombers:—

On relieving, they have to walk up and down the trench until the powers that be decide where they are wanted.

When the rum ration is short they are not supposed to complain. However, the tot is somewhat larger lately (our Sergeant is on pass).

Bombers are highly honoured at having been chosen as bodyguard for the companies.

Our cook is just as fat as ever, thanks to a wee drap of cognac noo and then.

As a Platoon we are all doing well, and feeling very fit at this stage of the game. We have had quite a few casualties lately, but still have some of the fighting stock left to keep up the good name of the 49th Battalion, and to win more honours for Edmonton.

We have now two Military Medals in the Platoon, Sgt. W. Hunter and Cpl. R. V. Patterson, of whom we are all proud. It was a pleasure to us to see them both go on pass. You may be sure England will shine when our Sergeant gets over there with his new decoration. I'll bet he paints London red for a few days.

We all regret the loss of our officer, Mr. Floen. He was a father to us all, and looked after us better than he did himself. We were sure the Bombers would be left like orphans in a wilderness when he went to hospital.

Well, as this leaves us in good trim and form, there are a few things we would like to know.

Who is the Bomber that hung his coat up in a chateau thinking he was home again?

Who is the man that was playing Uncle Sam sending notes in the Somme?

Who is the Corporal Bomber that sold the ornament of a bedstead as a Prussian Guard hat badge?

Who asked Fritz the time, and then swiped his watch, walking away and leaving him half the chain?

Who is the certain Q.M.S. that bought the British flare pistol as a German Trench Mortar Machine, and who is the Bomber that sold it to him?

Who is the man that christened the "Tanks" the Irish Navy?

Who is the man who put the Bombers on working party, and what did the Bombers think?

Whilst mourning the loss of Mr. Floen, we extend a hearty welcome to our new officer, Mr. Ferris.

GRENADINE.

— WANT AD. DEPOTS.

Ration Dump.
Whizzbang Corner.
Frenchman's Post.
Cr. Lover's Walk and Piccadilly.
Dead Cow Corner.
Robbers' Roost.

WE BUY BULLY.—Send samples, and apply to — R.Q.M. Stores.

WAR BARGAIN.—For Sale.—Dug-out, close to Boscheland. Double-fronted Residence, approached by moat. Six bedrooms and parlour. Bathroom, with constant water supply. Telephone. Gas. Good canoeing and snipe shooting. Price, including Live Stock, on application.—Box 303.





A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

FORTY-NINER.—“Hi, tanks!”

VOICE FROM THE TANK.—“What do you want?”

FORTY-NINER.—“Have you got an Estaminet aboard?”

THE MOTHER OF THE REGIMENT.

Every man of the original battalion knows this dear old lady, Mrs. Givins, and loves her. But for the benefit of the men who have joined the regiment from other battalions recruited in Edmonton and are filling the places of those earlier in the field, many of



MRS. PAGET GIVINS

Among her Flowers at her Home at Fairmead,
Blackhorse Hill, Hythe, Kent.

whom have laid down their lives, while others are now unfit for service, the story of her adoption of the regiment should be interesting.

When the first battalion of the regiment was in training at — in September, 1915, musketry instruction was taken at the butts at Hythe. On the first morning the battalion marched along the road which passes

in front of Mrs. Givins' home, she stood on the steps and waved them past. The next morning Major Justus Willson, appreciating the kindly sentiment which actuated the sweet-faced old lady in her cheery greeting of the battalion, ordered an "Eyes Left," and himself brought his hand smartly to the salute.

This compliment was carried on by all the other companies, and during the succeeding days a genuine friendship between the old lady and the battalion had its birth. Soon every man in the battalion got to know her, and the lasting quality of the friendship then made is indicated by the fact that few if any of the originals going on leave to England have failed to call on Mrs. Givins to pay their respects.

It was on the second or third day that some happy-minded man in the line gave her the name of "Mother," and "Mother" she has remained ever since.

It is with regret that we learn from recent letters to men in the regiment that she is ill.

The following lines were penned by her some weeks ago. They indicate the real affection she feels for the men of the regiment:—

Though the clouds seem moving slowly,
Behind, the dawn is rising boldly.
Victory ere long will ring
With the bullets' glorious ping.

My splendid —,
Your Gallant Colonel leads the way.
A heavy debt the foemen pay
When they meet you in the fray.

With a rush and crash
The German lines you smash.
Our Canadian sons so grand
Have helped to save the dear Homeland.

We Britons love them well,
For fighting through that hell,
With a love that lasts forever,
Not even death can sever.

C. PAGET GIVINS.

A very enjoyable card party was given by the signallers to "D" Company's batmen one evening of last week. We hear Terry was primed to the tune of thirty francs, but he won't admit it. But a pleasant time was spent, and we notice that Terry is making inquiries as to when the next pay day is.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR. By "Sandbag."

At last I found myself near the front line. I was handed over to the tender mercies of a Canadian Battalion, the one from Edmonton. When they learned I had at one time been a correspondent of the "Daylight Mail" I was taken before the editorial staff of the "Forty-niner" and as good as ordered to write my impressions at the front.

This was quite to my taste, and I grew eager to get material. The Sergeant in charge of me smiled, and said he guessed I would soon get more material than I d—d well cared for. The men seemed greatly amused at something, and though, as I gathered, they were going on a dangerous expedition, there was no hint of it in their behaviour.

The night was so dark—you couldn't distinguish the sandbags from the clouds. I was often lost; often I fell off the narrow and crooked trench mats. Once I found myself walking aimlessly on the top of the parapet, stumbling over sandbags and empty cans. A big, brawny Canadian leapt up after me and shouted:

"Na, na, sonny, nane o' yer tricks here."

"What tricks?" I demanded, with a voice which, I am afraid, was a poor similitude of injured innocence.

"Tryin' tae licht yer pipe at a flare," he replied.

When he learned who I was he put me on my way with a tenderness which was touching.

Again I was with my party. The noise of the guns was terrific. We travelled on for hours. On, on, we went, slipping, slipping, splashing, spluttering. Though my knuckles were badly bruised I held on tightly to my staff. Alas, it got wedged in the woodwork underneath, and a party of men filed past me. Their backs were bent, their arms extended, as they carried or tugged their loads of deadly war material past me. I cautioned them about my cane, but every man banged into it, and went staggering through the blackness, muttering the most terrible curses imaginable. All the time they passed I was being crushed, mangled, ironed. I felt stunned and ex-

hausted, and, worse than all—I knew I was lost again. I didn't mind so much the rifles hitting my ribs, nor sandbags being stuffed into my mouth, nor tripods and bomb and ammunition boxes grazing my face. The physical pain was secondary to the mental anguish. Yet it was a relief when the last man kicked past me. I straightened my helmet, sorted my roll of manuscript, and proceeded to wrench at my recalcitrant staff. With a superhuman tug I released it, and it jabbed me full on the left eye.

The bombardment raged furiously, and the sides of the trenches rocked to and fro. I ran on blindly, twisting out and in through an interminable maze. Information, I found, is very scarce for the man who is lost in these basket-worked and sand-bagged alleys.

It was the editor, I believe, who came to my rescue. The air was electrified with excitement.

Hints of great deeds about to be enacted reached me. Phrases such as "when the guns lift," "leaping the parapet," with allusions to the landships "Creme de Menthe," the mysterious "tanks," were common.

With somewhat mixed feelings I tried to survey the situation.

I felt I was sinking into the vortex of the "Great Push." When the Editor told me that the real business of the night was about to commence my worst fears were confirmed. My questions were ignored. I was borne along helplessly 'midst a flood of men.

Above the roar of guns I could distinguish the palpitation of a powerful motor.

Was it the approach of the fateful "tanks"? I conjured up the vision of Modern Furies embodied in steel. I saw the Herald of Victory poised aloft.

All the waterspouts of the heavens seemed opened, quenching every light, save the momentary dazzling glow from a star-shell. The monster came to a standstill, but it continued to make the most weird and uncanny noises. Pandemonium seemed let loose.

men were shouting to each other with a total disregard of giving away information to the enemy. I got a glimpse of one man on the top of the engine who seemed to control the situation. He was like a Roman Gladiator handling his high-mettled steeds with a mastery to be envied.

My mind detached itself from the struggling, seething mass, and I made a mental mould of a brilliant article which would send war correspondents shell-shocked with envy. All war material lay before my mental eye in massed formation. I had fashioned an essay which would make the "Forty-niner" a world classic at a bound. The rain and discomforts of the night were forgotten. I was elevated, I was caught—on the chin with the edge of a box, and I sank to the ground. As I raised myself a large sack was placed on my back and I was told to "beat it to 'C' Company Headquarters."

It was only a Ration Party. My lord of the "Tank" was the R.S.M.

SANDBAG.

(To be continued.)

DO YOUR BEST.

The following stanzas, submitted to THE FORTY-NINER for publication by Miss Hart and Miss Asker, two members of the Lord Roberts Club who endeared themselves in many ways to the men when the battalion was at Shorncliffe, are printed with pleasure:—

There is something high and noble
For a soul like yours to do;
There are conquests, glories, trophies,
To be won by such as you.
Let your eye be ever looking
On your Mighty Leader's crest,
Follow Him. Obey His Orders,
Go ahead and do your best.

Never fear what foe assails you,
Never dread the roar of fight.
Hold it true. You can't be beaten
In the struggle for the Right.
Stand your ground in hottest fire storm,
With your comrades march abreast,
Swing the sword of God around you,
Go ahead and do your best.

WITH THE BAND.

"Good old band." Here we are again. Since our last issue five members of the Band have left us. Three are invalided to England, and two transferred to the Bombers. We hope to have the invalids back with us again in the near future.

Bill must have been a long time getting to the Base. He was fifty-two years of age when he left us, and fifty-four when he arrived there.

We were all pleased to hear that Bill Jack has had a successful operation, and hope to have him with us again as soon as he is fit.

"Japs" has been "off his lease" ever since he held the Battalion up with his tin of sardines.

"Puff" didn't make "Blighty" after all, so J. T. won't get his pork pies just yet.

We are proud of the fact that during our recent long marches not one Bandsman fell out.

Perhaps it was the thoughts of the comfortable billets at the end of the day's march that kept us going.

Sergt. B. is sure some billetter.

Bill G. is looking fit again, but thinks that the war will last another three years.

Leave is a much discussed thing these days with the Band. The pessimists are certain that we will never get a pass, while the optimist thinks that we shall get our leave at Christmas.

Some of the boys are already figuring on what estaminet to put up at in London, the Cecil or Carlton.

What was the language used by the six Bandsmen who waited five hours for the kits that didn't turn up?

By the time this appears in print the festive season will have passed. Last year we had our Christmas dinner with "D" Company. "Good old D." Next year we hope to be at home for the "Spread."

AT THE SCHOOL.

Officer throwing dummy bombs is scattering them all over the field instead of putting them between the sandbags.

Voice from behind: "What's this you are putting up, Pat; a barrage?"



THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

THAT FIFTY FRANC PAY.

To the Civilian, and otherwise uninitiated, I shall have to explain what is meant by what is known as "That Fifty Franc Pay." Each year, just before Christmas—it's an established thing now—a paternal Government allow the overworked front-liner an extra pay of fifty francs, in order that he may purchase sundry articles to send home.

Considering that one has to purchase at least three or four articles, and has no conception of what to buy when starting out, the way some fellows handle that fifty francs and get the goods would make a careful housewife back home look like a spendthrift.

Last Christmas we were up round that little burg Bailleul, where lace shops and estaminets abound. So one bright morning, when the Paymaster had been obliging enough to come through, Mac and I, after much hard thinking, decided that we would go to the big town and get some lace. We packed our fifties and an all-day pass along with that same feeling a youngster has on fair day in his home town.

Mac thought the day was fine enough to warrant walking, but my calmer judgment came to the rescue, and I decided that if there was any walking to be done it would be on my way back, so we climbed on a lorry at Locre, which in due course landed us in the square at Bailleul.

Our first duty was to get our fifties spent, so we entered the nearest lace store, and Mac stepped up bravely and said: "Je désire du lace, madam, s'ils vous plait." Madame gave him a tired look for a minute, and then said: "Certainly, sir. This is all hand made," and proceeded to array the counter with all sorts of lace things that no one could name. Mac, slightly shell-shocked at the way she took his best French, stuck to his "seventy-fives" and says, "Combien, madam?" I was getting a bit nervous, so started edging to the door, and when I heard Mac say: "Holy smoke! sixty francs," I got out. Pretty soon he joined me on the corner, looking so thoughtful that he'd forgotten to salute a Redcap. "Say," he said, "I'll match you whether I get your fifty or give you mine."

"Nothing doing," I declared. "Follow me and see what happens."

I'd spotted a little place with some lace in the window, and in we went.

"Bon jour, madam," I opened. "I want some lace." She looked at me a minute, and then said, "Non compris," and shook her head, as though it was all my fault. Mac smiled out loud, and, as I have a reputation, I started to reason with her. "Donnez-moi this," and I picked up the smallest thing I could see. I must have touched the spring that set her going, for what followed is worse than a whizz-bang. I got the "oui, oui," at the start, but after that couldn't follow fast enough. Still, I couldn't let Mac see I was beaten. So, looking as though I knew all about it, I pulled out ten francs. The lady only stopped long enough to take the money, so I gave her another five, but even that only caused a momentary lull, and I handed over another with that sort of peace-at-any-price feeling. However, she stopped talking to me and began to question herself low and soft for a while, rolled up the parcel, and started to figure on about three yards of paper. I was getting anxious, and trying to make sure that I had fifty to start with when the lady smiled and handed me a half franc. Knowing the worst, though not my purchase, I turned to Mac, and advised him to carry on with a little of the old life stuff, but Mac was wise to something, for he left me looking through the window of an estaminet while he went to the corner to talk to one of those fellows with the band on his arm who waves a flag when he wants you to stop. I wouldn't condescend to go over, but watched him by the reflection in the window. After pointing all over the compass for a while Mac came back and said that he knew a good place to eat, so I let him lead the way to a place where we did get pretty good grub, at least the waitress was cheerful, anyway, and she would take all kinds of time to smile at me while taking the order. After I had finished my eighth egg Mac stuck me for the dinner, and then said to follow him to a place where they could understand a Canadian.

Mac, who once lived in Aberdeen, bought about six different pieces, and then had a few francs left, so I stepped up to get mine. Say, that little Mademoiselle sure missed her calling. She would have made her for-

tune in real estate back home, and she was pretty too. She showed me a piece of lace, and, though I didn't know what it was for, I was pretty certain that it wasn't hand made. Even though she said it was. Still, she smiled at me, so I took it, and she soaked me forty francs too, taking all the money, and Mac had to pay up. Mac wanted to stop awhile and see the sights, but I figured the safest place for us was around the trenches, so we started back home to mail our lace. It didn't take me very long, either, and I was a bit worried for a while, for I knew all my uncles and aunts would have to go short, and they might not send me anything next Christmas. But a month or so later along came a letter, saying it was very much appreciated, etc., etc. So I guess it was money well spent after all, even if I didn't know what I bought.

R. G. D.

"LET YOUR MOUSTACHE GROW."

(Sung to the tune of "Never Let the Old Flag Fall.")

You've got to let your moustache grow,
For it's out on the orders, you know.
You mustn't shave your upper lip, you see,
For if you do you'll get F.P.
Some look bad and some look swell,
But the most of us we look like—Well,
The orders say you must obey,
You've got to let your moustache grow.

New member of the Committee: "How often is THE FORTY-NINER published?"

Old Timer: "About as regularly as the 'Calgary Eye-Opener.'"

The old-timers of "D" Company will remember a good story on our old friend Major Willson. It was back in the Edmonton days, and we were doing battalion drill. The Colonel was in fine fettle, and was slamming orders right and left, and a bit too fast for the Major. He missed one, and hearing the Colonel shouting: "Where are you going to, Major Willson?" gave the command, "D Company, form, fours, left." Everyone turned to the right by a tip from the Platoon Commanders. The Colonel then wanted to know why he gave the order "left" when it should have been "right." The old Major, drawing himself up to his full height, saluted, and said: "It's the way I have them trained, sir."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ISSUE IS THE SAME.

All of us remember President Lincoln, of the U.S.A., and I think that I can say that all of us admire him and his work, and those who have made a study of his life may recall the time when certain peace agitators coming to him received the following reply:—"The issue before us is distinct, simple, and inflexible. It is an issue that can only be tried by war and settled by victory. The war will cease on the part of this Government whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it. We accepted war rather than let the nation perish. With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are on and to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among nations."

Readers of the Magazine may remember an article which appeared, entitled "Mother," and I have been asked to write another small article in the same strain, and in trying to do so I would quote Lincoln as an inspiration to one and all, be their rank what it may. The matter we have in hand must have the co-operation of all ranks to bring it to a successful conclusion, and to achieve that object which at the outset of the war we took as the main issue.

The third Christmas since activities commenced has passed over the heads of the fighting men of all nations, and the issue at stake is still the same and will remain the same until such time as our arms have the supremacy and victory lies at our feet. But before this can happen many are the boys who will make the supreme sacrifice; many are the hearts on the other side that will be torn with grief, and it behoves each one of us, whether in the firing-line or in the lines behind, each doing his bit in his own little detailed way, to make this season as bright and cheerful as possible, to do all in his power to use those gifts that have been given to him in the most acceptable way for the good of all. Remember those at home waiting for any small tidings of our welfare. Don't let this season pass without some small remembrances from those doing their little bit in the war zone.

And the friends on this side? Some very true and lasting friendships have been made. When we meet these friends at this season, let us do our best to make them conscious of the fact that the "pal" we are chummy with is more than a pal.

And as a final word, let the message of the greatest of all United States' Presidents be before you, and the outcome of this strife in your keeping.

JUNIUS.

THRILLS.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

I feel thoroughly ashamed of myself. I have been very rude. Miss Longtooth told me that, supposing she was a man, she would love to go and fight. She said that it must be too splendid for words in the trenches, that shells falling must be too thrilling, and that the ruined houses must be delightfully picturesque.

Instead of agreeing with her, I replied, "Supposing I was an elephant, I should love to live at the Zoo. Catching buns and taking the children out for a ride must be too thrilling for words."—Captain GEOFREY H. GILBEY.

IS KIPLING A "FORTY-NINER"?

The company had been asked to furnish some poetry for our Magazine. A few of the boys were reading and writing, and a poker game was in progress. One who read a newspaper announced, "I see that Kipling is writing a poem on poker." It must have been a poetical aspirant, who, scenting a competitor in the ranks, exclaimed from a corner of the barn, "What platoon is Kipling in?"

DIFFERENT TO YPRES.

He invariably used a high-explosive vocabulary, and even took the liberty of transcending genius to coin new words. "No," he said, "I don't think Fritz has such a consecrated fire on the Somme as at Ypres. Neither is his garage of fire so intense."

HOW IT STARTED.

Not long ago the Crown Prince was having a nice little chat with his father, the Butcher of Potsdam, and apropos of nothing, said: "Father, who started this war?"

"I know," said his father, playfully, "but I won't tell."

"Did cousin George start it?" persisted the youth without a chin.

"No," said father.

"Did cousin Nicholas?"

"No."

"Did Francis-Joseph?"

"No."

"Well, who did then?"

"I'll tell you, son. You remember Teddy Roosevelt came out of Central Africa and called on us several years ago, and I showed him our magnificent army; I showed him our great and glorious navy; I showed him the Zepps, and the submarines, and the gas bags, and Teddy, greatly impressed, slapped me on the back, and said: 'Bill, my boy, you can lick the world,' and I believed him." —"Beck's Weekly."

OVERHEARD IN THE FRONT LINE.

After twelve hours' all-night duty: "No more Bully, boys. They are going to give us a ration of gasoline and run us all the time."

Our congratulations to Captain Pinder, of "Ours," on his promotion to the ranks of the Benedicts. We wish him the happiness he well deserves after his good work with the Battalion in France.

THE FORTY-NINER is pleased to acknowledge receipt of a copy of the "Canadian Hospital News," the official organ of the Granville Canadian Special Hospital, Ramsgate, Kent. The battalion has heard much of this hospital through the medium of the wounded who have been so well treated there. THE FORTY-NINER extends the Season's Greetings.

An amusing incident occurred while we were "Resting" at one of our old familiar spots. Ours and D.A.P. base-ball teams were playing for a free supper. Our old friends the "Forty-Twa's" were backing our boys very strenuously with the exception of one fellow, who was apparently a new arrival, and he was yelling D.A.P. He was suddenly missed somewhere about the fifth inning, and after the game asked for our manager, and saluting, said: "I beg your pardon, but I didn't know."

CHRISTMAS DINNER OF OFFICERS' MESS.

An event of interest, not only to the officers themselves but to their friends in Canada, was a dinner gathering in rest billets during the week preceding Christmas, at which all the officers of the regiment, not on leave or in training, were present. An excellent dinner was served, and there were no toasts save "The King" and no speeches. At the front action takes the place of speech-making. The finest feeling of comradeship obtained at the dinner. The old-timers had many intensely interesting stories to tell of engagements in which the battalion had taken part and in which it made its reputation, a reputation which is a source of pride to every officer,

non-commissioned officer, and man connected with the unit, and the newer officers were more than content to sit and listen.

The guests present were:—

Lieut.-Colonel Griesbach, D.S.O., Acting Brigadier, and his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Harold Wallis, and Lieut.-Colonel A. K. Hobbins, D.S.O., formerly Adjutant of the regiment.

The officers on the strength of the battalion and attached present were:—

Major R. H. Palmer.
Major C. Y. Weaver.
Captain W. L. Taylor.
Captain G. E. Le R. Hudson.
Captain B. H. Tayler.
Captain A. P. Chattell, Adjutant.
Captain M. L. Boyle, M.C.
Captain F. S. Winsler.



KAISER.—"Who oppose us on this front, Hindenburg?"
HINDENBURG.—"The Seventh Brigade, Canadians, Sir."
KAISER.—"Home, James!"

Captain Jas. McQueen.
 Lieutenant A. W. Owen.
 Lieutenant L. G. Jellett.
 Lieutenant W. Marsh.
 Lieutenant A. A. Murray.
 Lieutenant F. R. Henry.
 Lieutenant J. R. Ferris.
 Captain MacNamara, Chaplain.
 Captain Wallace, Medical Officer.
 Captain Oliver Travers, Quartermaster.
 Captain R. H. Alexander, Paymaster.
 Lieutenant F. L. Bradburn.
 Lieutenant O. P. Arkless.
 Lieutenant R. G. Ames.
 Lieutenant L. G. Forhan.
 Lieutenant W. G. B. Martin.
 Lieutenant C. A. Martin.
 Lieutenant I. Mooney.
 Lieutenant W. G. Williams.
 Lieutenant G. C. Mead.
 Lieutenant A. E. McKay.
 Lieutenant H. G. Nolan.

Lieutenant J. H. M. Emsley.
 Lieutenant G. Patterson.
 Lieutenant A. B. Anderson.
 Lieutenant A. R. Mercer.
 Lieutenant W. W. Lowery.
 Lieutenant N. A. Campbell.
 Lieutenant W. J. Hutchens.
 Lieutenant A. A. Rollitt.
 Lieutenant C. F. Lyall.
 Lieutenant S. J. Davies, M.C.
 Captain G. D. Hunt.
 Lieutenant L. D. Foster.
 Lieutenant R. H. Louis.
 Lieutenant A. B. Anderson.
 Lieutenant J. G. Downton.
 Captain R. W. Hale.
 Lieutenant F. W. Hamer.
 Lieutenant J. M. Scott.
 Lieutenant G. G. Trimble.
 Lieutenant J. L. Irwin.
 Lieutenant W. T. McCrum.
 G. Fisher, Interpreter.

CAN YOU SKETCH?

My Beginner's Course is divided into 49 Platoons. More than nine-tenths of my Pupils are in the Army, and while they are not busy picking—shrapnel or bullets out of their helmets, or giving Fritz a free-hand course of rapid Brush-work, they spend their golden moments on this delightful Pastime.



HOW TO DRAW FIRE

A private of the J.B.B. sends the accompanying sketch after completing his Second Lesson.

You can do the same. Start now.

Hundreds of my Pupils are regular contributors to such famous Journals as "The Fortyniner," "The Listening Post," "Dead Horse Corner," "The Pushing Show," "The Baystander," etc., etc.

Three Illustrated Prospectuses Free. Send a whizzbang for them. They describe my rapid Communication Course of Drawing for the beginner, and two for the Advanced Post Student, entitled, "How to Draw Fritz" and "How to Draw Fire."

I have Students in all ranks. Famous Airmen take up my rapid Observation Course. Two Major-Generals are studying my quick-change Map Course now. I have two Company Cooks studying my Black-and-Blue Course with amazing results.

You can study anyt me, anywhere. Fees are paid by instalments, and there are no blinding causes. Moreover, you can cease at anytime without completing lessons.

Send a copy of above sketch, or an original is better, and I will post you a helpful criticism as well as my three prospectuses free.

Address me personally—

Pte. O. SCARTOONIST, Principal.

(Phone 44449) Sandbag Lane,

Chalkville, France,

Say you saw it in the "Forty-Niner."

:: REGIMENTAL FUND. ::

Statement of Bank Account, Edmonton Regiment.

Dec. 1st, 1916.

Bank balance, as shown by previous statement in THE FORTY-NINER Magazine		£301 9 10
<p style="margin-left: 40px;">(Note.—This balance allowed for the deduction of a cheque for £1 10s. 5d. to the O.C. "B" Company, but this has not yet been through pass-book, so it is credited hereunder in order to strike a balance.)</p>		
Cheque to O.C. "B" Company as above		1 10 5
<i>Cheques:—</i>		
N. Murray (Primus Stoves)	£3 12 0	
H. and G. Simonds, Ltd. (Officers and Sergts. Mess Old A/cs)	9 9 1	
Capt. J. B. Harstone (Loan to "C" Co.)	5 7 11	
Capt. Carrie, Y.M.C.A. (Teas supplied) (shoes)...	4 9 0	
American Writing Machine Co. (Typewriter).....	9 9 0	
Capt. W. L. Taylor (Stamps)	0 14 4	
Lieut. H. H. Griesbach (Cloth purchased for Disting. Marks)	1 7 6	
Messrs. Hicks and Sons (Shoulder Patches)	35 16 6	
Wm. Shillcock (Football Outfits)	13 2 2	
Officer i/c Surplus Baggage, Shorncliffe (Storage)	0 4 8	
W. Hopley (Refund of working pay as cook).....	7 10 0	
	£91 2 2	
Balance in bank	211 18 1	
	£303 0 3	£303 0 3

Balance in Canteen Fund 2,460 ft.

A. P. CHATTELL,
Capt. and Adjt.

Statement, Christmas Card Account, Edmonton Regiment, February 21st, 1917.

	Frs.
<i>Credit:—</i>	
By Sales	1,780.00
„ Cards sent to friends of Battalion, charged to Battalion Fund Account	24.00
	<hr/>
Cards disposed of.....	1,804.00
By Credit Note, Gale and Polden for cards short shipped, 8s. 4d.....	11.00
	<hr/>
	1,815.00
<i>Debit:—</i>	
To Gale and Polden invoice, £45 10s. 8d.	1,261.00
„ Badge furnished Gale and Polden, as sample	5.50
„ Major R. H. Palmer, amount paid for cables <i>re</i> cards	9.00
	<hr/>
	1,275.50
„ Profit on cards, credited to Battalion Fund Account	539.50
	<hr/>
	1,815.00
Total cards charged for by Gale and Polden	5,414
Amount received as above, 1,804.00 francs, cards sold at 3 for 1 franc...	5,412
	<hr/>
Lost cards	2
	<hr/> <hr/>

Audited and found correct,

C. Y. WEAVER,

Major.

W. T. McCrum,

Lieut.,

Secretary, Battalion Fund.