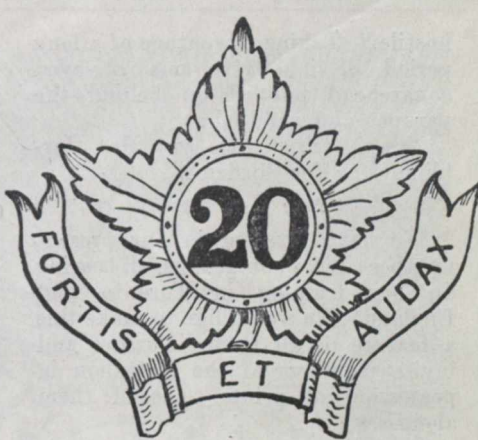


1079.

# The Twentieth Gazette



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

Editors: SERGT. W. W. MURRAY, PTE. R. WILLIAMS. On Active Service.  
All communications to be addressed to THE EDITORS, TWENTIETH GAZETTE, Battalion Headquarters, 20th Canadians, 4th Brigade, B.E.F., France.

VOL. I, No. 9 FLANDERS (TRENCH EDITION) MARCH, 1916. Price, 25 Centimes, 5 Cents

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

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

## Editorial.

The *Gazette* has now been an accomplished fact for the long space of one year, and the Editors have therefore decided to close Volume I with this issue. In spite of our every effort we have been unable to produce an issue every month. We have tried, but the task proved more than we could accomplish. At any rate we are now one year old and we think that a fit way to celebrate our birthday is by saying good-bye to Volume No. 1 and aiding Volume No. 2 on its entry into this world of mud and strife which we are now enduring.

The original *Gazette* was a small, unpretentious thing, written in ink on two sheets of foolscap and a few odd scraps of paper which the fireman in the old Women's Building in Toronto had neglected to sweep up. It contained a few stale jokes and some horribly personal things written against very highly respectable members of the regiment.

These were passed around; laughed over, and enjoyed until finally they found their way to the Orderly Room—where, be it confessed, the "editor" feared he would find himself on their account. The awful cloud passed off, however, when our own secret service agents reported that the Mysterious Powers that reign over Parade States actually smiled and suggested that they "weren't too — bad."

The — decided us.

With trumpets and shawms and the sounding of the loud timbrel a manuscript was sent to a publisher and in due course the *Twentieth Gazette* made its appearance.

Our readers will remember the sleepless nights experienced by the Battalion when the Toronto papers made a point of insisting upon every thing worthy of praise being ascribed to the 19th Battalion. The indignation meetings held in the Horticultural Building, the outburst of frightfulness against the unfortunate *Star* reporter when our Battalion Guard was attributed to the sister regiment, when our Band was referred

Our arrival in France last year, accompanied by all the thousand and one things that occupy a battalion *ex itinere*, obliged us to hold back the *Gazette* for an indefinite period. In December last, however, the editors, pursuing their self-appointed *métier* issued the first trench edition in a duly apologetic manner.

Followed then our Christmas Number, with another unfortunate blank in the first two months of the year. Our February number was not issued until the Middle of March, followed rapidly by the present one—the end of Volume No. 1.

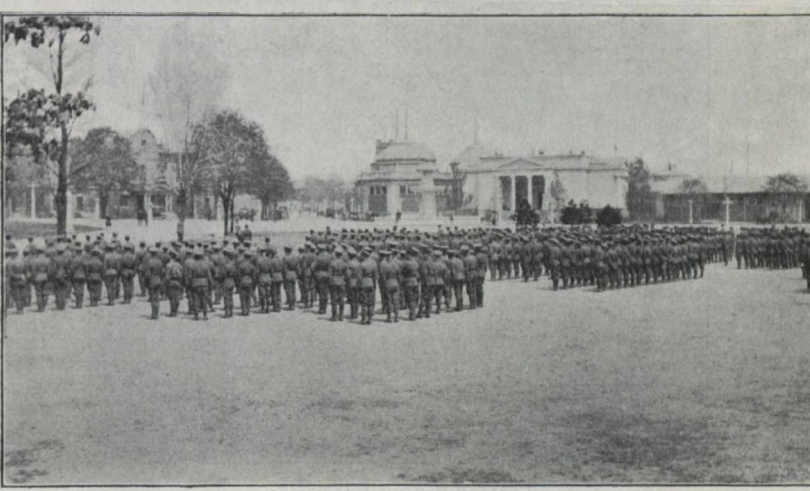
The editors feel that, since coming over to the Front, the Battalion has given us its most enthusiastic support and the success of our little paper has been ensured by the tremendous interest and expectancy with which each succeeding number is awaited.

The *Twentieth Gazette* is the history of the 20th Battalion—grotesquely represented, perhaps, but nevertheless real. Our efforts may appear to some to be amateurish,

we admit that; to others incomplete, we are sorry; to a few successful, we are tickled.

In any case, our readers realise the difficulties we experience each time we get back to billets, for it is the editors' pride that at no time has the work of the *Gazette* interfered with the military duties of those responsible for it. On one happy occasion, we were excused a short route-march. That is one of the sweet memories of a glorious past, and was a concession which made our last number possible.

On four occasions the *Gazette* was used in recruiting meetings in Ontario, and, we are told, was instrumental in gathering in a not



BATTALION ON PARADE AT TORONTO.

to as belonging to the 19th, all the grievances which this Battalion held against the Toronto press gave the *Gazette* its opportunity.

It devoted itself entirely to commenting on the doings of the 20th and incidentally straffed vigorously the "lack of intellectuality" displayed by Melinda Street reporters.

Four numbers were issued in Canada, and the popularity of the *Gazette* increased. A large gap followed until, in August, a belated issue was sent forth in Sandling announcing to the Battalion that notwithstanding the days of strenuous training, and long route-marches, the editors were still alive.

inconsiderable number of recruits to the colours.

With the end of the volume, we say "Good-bye" to the three great epochs of our training, Toronto, Sandling, Flanders. In our next issue we will welcome in Volume No. 2.

#### Battalion Notes.

The congratulations of the whole Battalion will be extended to Lt.-Col. McPhee, our late paymaster, on his appointment to the command of the 2nd Simcoe Foresters. It was characteristic of the Colonel that he tramped up from Battalion Headquarters on a dreary wet night to the front line, to say "Good-bye!" to the "boys" before he went. Our best wishes to him and to his battalion!

Upon Capt. McLaughlin the mantle of Midas has fallen, and he handles the crisp and crackling five-spots like a regular Scotsman.

Friends of Captain Tom Flannigan, in the Battalion, will be pleased to hear of his appointment of Director of Physical Training to the Canadian Overseas Troops.

The Gifts from the War Contingent Association, etc., roll in with clockwork regularity. The socks, mufflers, balaclavas and cholera-belts come in useful these cold nights in the front line, and are highly appreciated.

The Huntsville contingent thank the Ladies' Patriotic Committee for their gifts of comforts.

"Got your iron-rations?"

Artists in the Battalion are invited to roll up and lend us their aid. Some of them are pretty good at drawing the enemy's fire—we'll provide the paper.

It has been suggested to us that we make a "Grouser's Number" of the *Gazette*. We would dearly like to do so, but being young and susceptible to extraneous influences we fear that such a thing would demoralise us.

Besides, "It ain't a bad old war!"

The Battalion on our left were considerably amused the other night. After the relief had been accomplished Fritz noted the change of attitude which had become "less

hostile." Taking advantage of a long period of inactivity one big-eyed squarehead popped up behind the parapet and shouted:

"Say, British, are you der Gorblimeys or der Gordems."

We have inserted in our present number a few photographs, all bearing on our training in Toronto and England. We would like to make this a feature of all future *Gazettes* and invite members of the Battalion in possession of prints to send them along.

After all, we used to be the "Photographer's Own," didn't we?

Promotion is a ladder upon which many prefer to climb from an airship.



SIX-FOUR AND FOUR-SIX.

The O.C. commanding No. 16 Platoon's jam announces that anyone partaking of jam more than three times a day will be severely dealt with. This, we understand, is a real Tickler.

Don't wait for pull—be a self-starter.

Oh, to have some winter now that spring is here. Approximate temperature by our weather expert, Christmas Day, — 93° Fahr., March 9th, 25° Fahr. We may therefore expect a cheerful warmth of about 153° below zero sometime in June.

"We're winnin' the war—easy!"

#### Humor

(or an imitation of it).

Corporal (reading letter from home): "Your battalion is pretty well off; I don't see any casualties in the papers this week."

Cynic: "Well, we'll take out a couple of men to-morrow and shoot 'em. Got to keep our end up somehow."

Private Canuck: "Say, 'eres a photo in this 'ere paper of 'a group of cheerful Canadian soldiers.'"

Grouser: "Where was it took?"

Private Canuck: "In Vancouver, B.C."

Grouser (bitterly): "No wonder the blighters are cheerful."

The C.O. met the surgeon one morning, and the latter, knowing his superior's strong weakness for H<sub>2</sub>O diluted with Scotch, propounded the following conundrum:—

"Say, Colonel, can you tell me this, 'How are you like a Zeppelin?'"

The C.O. pondered long and silently.

"Demme if I know, Major, what's the answer?"

"Why, the more you consume, the lighter you get."

This was very good, and bubbling over with humor, the commanding officer sprung it on the mess after dinner.

"Gentlemen, just heard a demgood conundrum 'smorning, here it is, 'How am I like a Zeppelin?'"

Mr. de Bridoon, the junior subaltern screwed his monocle up, and gazing blankly at the Colonel, said:

"Beg pawdon, sir?"

"How am I, Mr. de Bridoon, like a Zeppelin?"

"Why, I s'pose, sir, because you are so full of hot air!"

#### My First Visit to the Trenches.

By H.M.N.

With chattering teeth and shaking limbs I drag myself

Unto that maze of cloven earth they call the trench.

The others forward march, I tend to lag, myself,

Then saying "au revoir!" to all the world, I wrench

Myself away from it, and with one last long gaze

At that fair scene I leave behind, I take the leap:



H. Vucksch  
2-16-Belgium.

TO A SOGER'S LOUSE.

When through the shirt of Sister Sue  
I search maist carefully for you,  
I smile to think the busy wench  
Nair dreams her seams mak' sic a trench  
Tae gie ye cover.

What Labyrinthine dugouts, too,  
Ye're makin' in oor kilts the noo!  
Ye're reinforcements take the bun,  
Encouraged by the Flanders sun,  
Tae keep us lively.

Wee scampering, irritatin' scunner,  
Hoo dare ye worry me, I wunner;  
As if I hadna lots to dae  
Blockin' the road to auld Calais  
Without ye.

Ye hardly let me hae a doze,  
For ye're paradin' richt across  
Ma back, ma neck, an' doon my spine,  
Thinkin', na doot, ye're dain' fine,  
Sookin' ma bluid.

When at ma country's ca' I came  
Tae fecht for Beauty, King an' hame,  
I read ma Yellow Form twice—  
But it said naught about fechtin' lice,  
Or I'd hae gibbered.

When "Little Willies" skif ma heid,  
An' me about tae draw a bead,  
I fain would stop tae scart ma back  
Tae shift ye aff the bitten track  
Afore I fire.

Gott straffe ye, little kittlin' beast,  
Ye maybe think ye'll mak a feast  
O' me; but no, ye'll get a "had"  
When next ye try to promenade  
Across ma kist.

The mixture in the bottle here  
Is bound tae mak' ye disappear.  
Nae mair I'll need tae mak' ye click!;  
Ain dose, they say, will dae the trick  
As share as death.

A Member of the 9th R.S.

Into my mind there comes the  
thought as through a haze,  
"The folks at home will think I  
did no glory reap;  
But they will also know that I died  
game, at least."  
And with these words of comfort  
in my mind, I try  
To walk erect, and not to crawl like  
frightened beast.  
O'erhead the anti-aircraft shells be-  
deck the sky  
With small festoons of pure, white  
smoke against the blue.  
Behind six-inchers bark defiance at  
the foe;  
Ahead a rifle spits; I shake with  
fear anew.  
"Hah! What was that? Five feet  
away or so?  
A bullet? (Well; it made me lose  
my metre!  
I'm scared, and think that we had  
better go  
Back to where we came from, by  
Saint Peter!)  
But no, I must go on, and see this  
through;  
So on I go, as sheep led to the  
slaughter,  
Devoid of thought and sense and  
feeling too,  
Now walking high and dry, now  
waist deep in water.

And so, with many twists and turns,  
we come at last  
To that great land of sand-bags,  
dug-outs, bombs and guns,  
And breathe more easily than in the  
past,  
And squint through periscopes in  
hope of seeing Huns.

Alas! My eyes are greeted by a line  
of mud,  
That marks their trenches, where  
they live and die;  
But presently things brighten, as,  
with deafning thud,  
One of our shells sends everything  
sky-high.  
I hurry on. (This is no place for me!  
I must get back)  
And so along the trench I wend my  
devious way;  
On bricks, through mud, o'er slats,  
I make a hasty track,  
And soon forget my fears, take  
hope and cease to pray.  
At last, I walk upon the ground, not  
through it; then  
I take one long, deep breath, and  
look around and strive  
To analyse my luck, most fortunate  
of men,  
I've visited the trenches and, my  
word! I'm still alive!

The Souvenir.

The sun was peeping cautiously  
from time to time from behind his  
parapets of clouds, stealing stealthy  
glimpses at the city of the dead,  
noticing also a small group of  
soldiers who had eluded the vigilance  
of the military police. They were  
bent on plunder.

Looking indifferently upon the  
magnificent ruins they confined their  
efforts to the less pretentious houses  
in the streets. They ransacked attics,  
dived into smelly, darksome base-  
ments, and, in hopes of hidden  
treasure, even pulled up floor boards  
and looked up chimneys.

Their energies were useless.

Little there was worth taking  
away. Pinkie found a small wine  
glass; the others were unsuccessful  
and disgusted. Suddenly, an elated  
voice, from the depths of a cellar,  
made the hunters hurry down, and  
there they came upon Bud.

What a find! A gold ring! What  
stories they could build round it for  
the edification and envy of the  
fellows back in the shack! It had  
a history—at least it might have;  
it ought to have.

With their right hands to the  
heavens, they swore it would not be  
their faults if it did not.

Bud's oath was particularly im-  
pressive; he swore by all the deities  
past, present and to come,

"If I don't sling a line round this  
here ring may me gol-darn eyes roll  
on the ground an' stare me in the  
face."

They hurried back leaving a string  
of M.P.s and Battery Majors shaking  
their fists in impotent rage, and  
bursting upon a rum-jar jamboree  
started to relate their trials and final  
victory.

With a world of self-conscious  
pride—Behold Babylon, which I  
have built!—Bud drew from the  
string of his identification disc his  
precious trophy. The boys were  
interested. They were amazed. As  
the story grew in gruesomeness, in  
frightfulness, they became horrified.

Bud was tickled. This was his  
day; the glory of the rear-ranker's  
life.

The senior corporal, particularly,  
examined the prize, went to the door,  
unpinned a notice and handed it to  
Bud.

With an agonised look, Bud read the "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin!" "Lost. Gold signet ring. Finder please return to Corporal X."

The latest bulletin announces that Bud is once more returned to duty, but has borrowed a Gat. wherewith to draw upon whosoever mentions "Ring!" to him. His opinion is that those who go souvenir hunting lack taste. R. H.

### Notes on "Bird Life."

No. 4.

#### THE WOOD-PECKER OR STRAFE-BIRD

[Classical Name: *Junco Machinus Morkillus.*]

When pursuing this bird the first point to impress upon the ornithologist is to gain familiarity with its peculiar note. Having acquired this familiarity, when its note is heard, the eager student is urgently warned to duck, to duck quickly and to stay ducked until its song has ceased. Great care should be exercised by beginners as it is a common practice with the bird to stop its song for a time and then to start up again at the very moment when it is least expected. The reason for this caution is that when the bird sings or strafes it showers over the surrounding country small but very deadly pellets. These may cause very serious injury or may result in a mere blightie, but it is not worth while risking the former in the hope of gaining one of the latter. A favourite variation of its usual clattering note is often heard by observers in these parts and this variation may be roughly represented as "Um tiddly um tum - - pop, pop." For no apparent reason this is known as the XVIIIth variation. At one time this was confined to a single specimen on our right, but we notice that of late it is becoming a popular form of greeting between these birds; some even giving the first part and waiting for another in the vicinity to end off with the inevitable "pop, pop."

The peculiar nests they frequent are known as emplacements, but beyond stating that they are extremely uncomfortable and very strongly built, I am unable owing to the military regulations to give further particulars. The species is very common and at times they make night hideous with their continuous song.

Their food is composed largely of lead, and they are very voracious eaters. Indeed they have to take in large quantities of food in order to enable them to send out the pellets previously referred to. There are a few captive specimens in the neighbourhood which are, so far as our readers are concerned, perfectly harmless, but there are also large numbers of untamed birds about. Should there be any doubt as to whether it is a tame or unfriendly specimen whose song is heard, we can only emphasise our previous advice about

ducking and we would mention that at all times "Safety first" is a good motto.

In appearance they are unusual, being possessed of three stout legs, no wings, a long thin body and a strange sight. When they see or are seeking for their prey, they strafe loudly and it is this noise which affords the one protection to the unwary. At best they are evil creatures which may by means of careful handling be turned to a useful career. At worst, they are the most disagreeable birds which we have yet had cause to mention in these small Nature Studies.

THE END.

### Our Strafe Column.

By the Strafer-in-Chief.

There was a young man of La Clytte,  
Who at drinking could never be bytte.

He licked up the ale,

By the jug and the pail;

But he rarely, if ever, touched mytte.

\* \* \*

Considerable excitement was occasioned during our last tour in the trenches by a rumor, carelessly set afoot by one of "B" Company's cooks, to the effect that he had been issued with a bag of charcoal which actually burned. It is not too much to say that this was the best news that had come to the front line since the second battle of Ypres, and that the men understood the full import of it goes without saying.

In every dug-out and fire-trench, at every ration-dump and strong-point, the joyful news was discussed. Happy smiles wreathed the faces of all ranks; officers, bubbling over with merriment, between their rippling laughs forgot to give the detail to carry-on; Sergeants, tripping gaily along with the rum, celebrated the happy occasion by going fifty-fifty on every tot.

Even the Orderly-room Sergeant smiled. Happy man!

Alas, that falsehood travels half way round the world before truth has time to get his boots on!

The Board of Officers called to sit upon the phenomenal bag of charcoal investigated the circumstances thoroughly. Their report has not yet been made public, but it is understood to be very exhaustive, taking up fourteen sheets of foolscap, two pages of Army Book 153, one Signalling Message Form and the back of a postage stamp. Generally, the finding of the Board is as follows:

(a) A bag of charcoal was issued to "B" Company.

(b) It was the usual un-inflammable stuff.

(c) That, since a contradiction of the rumor would have a demoralising effect on the Canadian Army Corps, it is suggested that no more be said about it.

(d) That the Regimental Quarter-Master be warned that all charcoal issued in future must not be able to burn.

\* \* \*

The Rats (in chorus): "Hang it all! We don't mind privates and dogs, but when it comes to Colonels, Adjutants, Sergeant-majors and ferrets . . . well! It's No Man's Land for ours."

\* \* \*

We believe that it was a private of "A" Company who hit upon the happy phrase about "fiddling while Rum burns."

\* \* \*

Casualty. We regret to say that during the recent heavy bombardment the dog, belonging to the Grenade Platoon, became a casualty. Basking in the sun behind the lines he was rudely disturbed by an H.E. which lit about twenty feet from him. Having ki-yi-ed fifteen times round the shell hole the terrier made a bee-line for the dug-outs where he now rests—a nervous wreck, and another testimony to Hunnish frightfulness.

### The Rivals.

We received the first of the following from a correspondent before the edition of *New York Life*, in which the second item appears, was in print. We therefore append both.

Said a soldier, "When we were in (censored)

We gave Fritz (unfit for publication),  
When we made the attack

All we saw was the back

Of the German who beat it for (a  
manufacturing town on the eastern bank of the Rhine)."

\* \* \*

There was a young man of (deleted),  
Who went to enlist at (name censored)

He shouldered his gun

Went forth on the run

And was wounded three times at (a  
certain place in northern France).

New York *Life*.

\* \* \*

Catch of the Season. Greatest sensation of the year. . . .

Who lost the watch?

For solution see R. S. T. Orderly Room.

### Of interest to the Battalion.

"Major W. H. Hedges lately in command of the Bradford Company in the 36th Regiment (South Simcoe) who returned injured from the front, has been appointed Junior Major of the 157th Battalion. While at the front he was in the 20th Battalion, in which Colonel McPhee and Major Preece are serving. Major Hedges is a popular and efficient officer, and his experience at the front will be of great value to the Overseas Simcoe Foresters."—*Orillia Packet*.



THE RANK . . . .

**There is no heading to this.**

By an unknown Contributor.

"We are cold, Captain Bunkum,  
the private groans,  
"And we slept in wet blankets  
last night,

Yet we stand on parade till we're  
chilled to the bone,  
Do you think that is treating us  
right?"

"The Canadian Contingent," the  
Captain replied,

"Is tough as you'll see in the news,  
And will flinch from no hardships,  
however they're tried  
If you don't believe me, ask Sam  
Hughes."

"We drill every day in the wet,  
Captain 'B,'  
And the clothes we put on remain  
damp.

This tells on one's stock of endurance  
you see,  
Say, why don't we shift from this  
Camp?"

"The huts are not ready yet," came  
the reply.

"And we'll miss a parade if we  
move,  
Be patient, take hardships, as soldiers  
and I,  
By next Spring things ought to  
improve."

"If the cooks, Captain Bunkum,  
should vary our meals,  
With Hamburg Steak, Sausage and  
such,

An occasional spud or two boiled  
without peels,  
Would the Government mind very  
much?"

"To grumble at rations with your  
scale of pay,  
Seems to me, my man, quite  
idiotic,

You can buy extra chuck with your  
dollar a day,  
Besides, Hamburg steak's un-  
patriotic."

"Just one moment, Captain," the  
private called out,

"I've one problem more, then  
I'll quit,  
If we're fit for the front as is rumored  
about,  
Are our officers equally fit?"

"I've answered three questions and  
that is enough,"

The Captain with energy roars.  
"Do you think, by the Lord, we are  
throwing a bluff?  
DISMISS, or I'll make you form  
fours."

"Rachelle."

"Who is Rachelle, what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?"

In a little house in Belgium, by  
the roadside, not far from the village  
of — lives the fair owner of the  
above appellation. To give the  
reader a reason for the distortion of  
some of the Great Bard's lines, a  
little explanation of the misquotation  
will be necessary.

Please do not think of her as  
"Ray-chel," as the Anglo-Saxon  
tongue hath it. No, rather as "Rah-  
shell" or "Rash-elle." Perhaps the  
latter is the best pronunciation of the  
three, for I once heard that "elle"  
in French means "she," or "it."  
Rachelle is, or was, certainly rash,  
and just as certainly is she a "she."  
If you don't believe me, examine  
the secret diaries of at least half the  
members of the 20th, aye, and one of  
that number is an S.-M., to say  
nothing of three sergeants and five  
corporals, besides a sprinkling of  
lance-jacks. In mentioning this I  
have no desire to cast a slur on the  
qualities of any of our N.C.O.'s, who  
are, on the whole, an excellent bunch.

Besides, how can I say that I am  
maligning the said N.C.O.'s, when I  
state that they have worshipped the

adorable Rachelle from afar. Who  
blames them? I don't, for I was  
just as deeply enmeshed in the toils  
of her fascinations as anyone. Hence  
this outburst.

Ah, well do I remember the  
first afternoon I saw her! Such  
gleams of iridescent sweetness sparkled  
from her glorious eyes—such vague  
yearnings arose in my soul, that my  
whole being was filled with delight  
at being near her. When I tendered  
my modest "deux sous" for the  
privilege of sipping some of Rachelle's  
"cafe au lait," she actually smiled  
at me. Me, who am but a simple  
private with a number preceding my  
name, and a conduct sheet behind it.  
Such was my delight, that I had  
another cup, and still another, hoping  
to catch just one more smile from the  
adored one's eyes, and lingering in  
that hope. My patience was re-  
warded, thereby causing me to be  
crimed. "Late on parade" and  
"Orderly Room" were mentioned by  
my platoon sergeant, and next morn-  
ing, the aforesaid conduct sheet was  
materially added to.

As the sergeant was also one of  
Rachelle's admirers, and had seen me  
talking to her, this action of his did  
not surprise me in the least. In fact,  
I felt rather a hero.

Two days ago I learned that  
Rachelle is married, and has been for  
seven years. Hubby is at the front.  
I would not believe my informant  
until he pointed out to me three  
healthy youngsters playing around  
Rachelle's doorstep.

I felt crushed. Need I say more?  
R. B.

**Nursery Rhymes for Grown-ups.**

No. 1.

BO-PEEP.

As it *might* have been written by  
Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

I.

I sow not the seeds of heroic deeds,  
Nor sing I the glories of war.  
In a medley of song I sing to the  
throng,

'Neath the pale of the Eastern star,  
For the moon shall wane over moun-  
tain and plain,

And the Dome of the Universe fall,  
Ere the tale of the sheep and the  
little Bo-Peep

Respond to the great Recall.



AND FILE.

2.

It may be they rove in the sacred  
grove  
Where the thunder of morning  
swells  
To a thousand abodes of the heathen  
gods,  
Mid the tinkle of temple bells,  
Where the wise ones teach neath the  
bloom of the peach,  
By the tombs of the holy dead,  
And sweeter the rose to the lotus blows  
Where the lily uprears her head.

3.

Mayhap in the deeps where the Sutlej  
leaps  
Through the gorges of wild Hyma-  
lay,  
O'er the snow clad peaks the shep-  
herdess seeks  
The sheep that have gone astray.  
The harrowing tale, and a mourning  
wail  
Arise from the searcher sad,  
Resounding afar from fair Srinigar  
To the waters of Moorshedabad.

4.

Perchance the Bazaar of Old Kashgar  
Where the winds of the desert  
sweep  
O'er the burning sand of far Khokand  
Are the paths of the wandered  
sheep.  
By the shrines of the slain of Tambur-  
laine;  
By the cities of Khubla-Khan;  
By the inland seas; and the shading  
trees  
In the Gardens of Khorassan.

5.

Where the Indus laves with sparkling  
waves  
The lands of the wild Punjab,  
A muezzin calls from the sacred walls  
Near the palms of the Great Nabob;  
Those tender sheep of the little Bo-  
Peep  
Have strayed in the jungle cold.  
Ah! leave them alone and they'll  
come home,  
But if they don't the probability is  
they'll get chewed up by tigers,  
leopards, cobras and other horrible  
things, but in any case we refuse to  
accept any further responsibility for  
them whatever!

W. W. M.

### Who? and What?

Who was the individual who was  
recommended by the M.O. to apply  
to the Q.M.S. stores for a job in  
which he could be employed to keep  
his feet in a refrigerator and thus  
help keep the meat fresh?

\* \* \*

Can anyone identify the ginger-  
headed sergeant of "D" Company  
who blushed purple when the girl in  
the *estaminet* chucked him under the  
chin and said "Nice boy"!

\* \* \*

Who were the officer and sergeant  
who went fifty-fifty on the trench  
mats and in the drink when coming  
over the swamp to the reserves?

What corporal in No. 16 Platoon  
has been forbidden to dive any more  
for submarines?

\* \* \*

Who is the original "Dixie Kid"?  
Do the Scouts' cooks know any-  
thing about him?

### The Fire.

The first thing I knew about it  
was when I saw a salvo of red lights  
fly skywards. Being an observer,  
I at once thought of German signals.  
As these were quickly followed by  
twenty or thirty white lights and  
these succeeded in their turn by an  
equal number of green ones, I changed  
my mind and concluded that some-  
body had gone mad. While watching  
the spectacle of red, green and white  
lights careering madly upwards, these  
magic words reached my horrified  
ears. "Save the rum! for 'eavens  
sake! for my sake! save the rum!  
Never mind the Major! but save, oh,  
save that — — rum!" Then  
I realised that something serious was  
happening. And it was. The official  
trench residence of A Company's  
gallant O.C. was fast perishing in an  
all-consuming holocaust, and amid the  
wholesale destruction of His Majesty's  
trench stores, "A" Company stood  
in grave danger of losing their  
morning rum ration. With the edito-  
rial instinct hot within me, I  
dashed to the scene of the tragedy.  
And what a scene! The whole of "A"  
Company forgetting the imminent dan-  
ger of their Major were "standing  
to" without orders, witnessing their  
"only pleasure" vanishing in a  
small bright flame and a great black  
smoke. Tears streamed unheeded  
down unshaven cheeks and big men  
sobbed again. It was too late to  
save the rum, and as to the rest . . .  
in the words of the now famous song,  
"What the — did they care!"  
Suddenly the situation was changed.  
The Major was rescued from the ruins  
of his stricken home by members of  
his now loving and beloved Company,  
and conveyed to a place of safety, but  
the rum had gone and only two  
broken jars stood as silent witnesses  
of the joy they had once contained.  
But why the change in the attitude  
of the men? I asked the question  
again and again, only to be met with  
nods and knowing winks, till someone  
sidling up to me in the dark whispered  
"Its all right now, someone's stolen  
"C" Company's ration for us!"  
and still the bombardment went on  
with unabated vigour and "C"  
Company "stood to" in happy  
ignorance. The sun rose redly in the  
east and I silently left the spot,  
fearing awful things to come.

### Our Contemporaries.

The *Brazier*.

We are glad to have received a  
copy, No. 1 issue of The *Brazier*,  
"A Journal printed at the Front by  
the 16th Battalion, Canadian Scot-  
tish."

The issue runs to eight pages and is  
illustrated. Its management is en-  
trusted to Pte. Percy F. Godenrath  
with Drummer A. R. McCreadie and  
Piper Geo. Inglis as mechanical staff.  
As Lt.-Col. J. Edwards Leckie puts it  
in a Foreword written by himself,  
"It is primarily issued as a vehicle  
for regimental news and anecdote,  
and contributions of verse, story,  
joke or sketch, will be appreciated."  
Regimental news fills a large part of  
the issue. There is an interesting  
Editorial, and from the "funny bits"  
we borrow the following:—

"What we want to know.

Who was the frivolous youth who  
discovered that four pieces compose  
one chunk? Did he, or did he not,  
discover this astounding fact while  
on leave?"

"Sergt. Anderson is now running  
in double harness. May his troubles  
be only little ones."

"Reprinted in the *Brazier* from the  
*Listening Post* :—

WANTED.—Work wanted for  
several hundred able-bodied men. At  
present employed only twenty hours  
each day. Would like profitable  
employment for remaining four hours.  
Digging or carrying preferred. Apply  
7th Battalion."

The *Brazier* is an excellent two  
pennyworth, and considering the  
work of editing and printing should be  
worth considerably more to its  
readers.

### Assistance to Men going on leave.

(Continued).

The leave man is met at Victoria  
by several elderly gentlemen in  
slate-grey uniforms and red armlets,  
upon which is sewn the mystic  
formula, "G.R."

"G.R." may mean "Great  
Rufus!" or "Gee-Rusalem!!" As  
it is, however, it simply means  
"General Reserve." The first ques-  
tion asked is:—

Q.—"Can I be of any assistance?"

A.—(1) "Yes."

(2) "Sure thing!"

Note 1.—The first answer is usually  
affected by the English Tommies.  
Canadians would convey a great deal  
of local color by expressing themselves  
in the second manner.

Q. 2.—"Where d'you want to go?"

A.—Anywhere.

Q. 3.—"Are you staying in London  
overnight?"

A.—(1) I don't know.

(2) Search me!

Note.—For explanation of the  
second irrelevant answer, see Q. 1,  
Note 1.

Q. 4.—"Have you come from the  
Front?"

A.—! ! ? ? \* ! ?

(To be continued).

**Our Diary.**

Officially compiled from perfectly reliable sources. Readers will understand that owing to our tremendous organization and to the fact that we spare no expense in obtaining the latest information, we are in an unique position and can guarantee all facts (if any) appearing below.

April 1st.—Usual Annual Parade of Anti-aircraft guns, with decorated aeroplanes displaying motto "Fooled again."

April 2nd.—Battalion goes out to rest to Paris. Moulin Rouge and Rat Mort re-open doors in expectation of abnormal business.

April 3rd.—Moulin Rouge and Rat Mort close doors. Battalion goes into trenches—evidently a mistake somewhere. Staff of the Morgue doubled in certainty of busy times ahead. Sergeants dream of parade grounds, and privates apply for extra issue of cigarettes.

April 4th.—Beer barred in billets. Corporals go on strike, feebly imitated by Lance-Jacks. Privates place great reliance on continued stout, and officers thank a merciful providence for Champagne.

April 5th.—Battalion goes to Rest Camp at B. .l. .l. Adjutant telegraphs ahead to secure first option on all available ferrets. Local rats send deputation to Pied Piper of Hamelin. Request refused on the plea that officers must not be deprived of their pleasures. C.O. wires to England for a case of whisky and a stick with a large and heavy knob. Adjutant still relies on ferrets, and Sergeant-major is seen industriously polishing German bayonet.

April 6th.—Battalion still in trenches. Expectations of rest very high. Two privates are observed shaving. Regimental barbers in great request.

April 7th.—Billets; the same old billets! the same d—d old billets!! Also the same beer and mud. Corporals unstrike and Lance-Jacks draw pay.

April 8th.—General inspection of canteens and stolen periscopes (now used as shaving mirrors) by two Brigadiers, three full-blown Generals and a Staff Officer. Enthusiastic praise given to whole Battalion on account of efficient state of canteens, by one Brigadier seconded by one General. Pessimistic address by another General seconded by the rest of the bunch

(excepting the Staff-Officer) owing to the inefficient state of the canteens. Staff-Officer tells senior Major in strict confidence that Battalions shortly going for a rest. Tremendous enthusiasm. N.C.O.'s and men bid tender farewells to local bar-maidens.

April 9th.—Enormous fatigue for whole Battalion, including Subalterns, but excluding Sanitary Police.

April 10th.—Church parade and farewell sermon by Chaplain, who announces that he has just been informed (in strict confidence) that we are going for a rest.

April 11th.—Order issued for parade in full marching order with rifles, gaspirators, and one day's rations. At last we are going to rest.

April 12th.—Battalion back in trenches. Editors start on new issue of *Gazette*. Dismiss whole staff of paper. Double the price of the next issue, and settle down for

another three years of trench we still maintain that his intentions were strictly honourable.

♦ ♦ ♦

Perplexed ("C" Company) writes: "I am a married man, but, I admit, a trifle indiscreet. When the regiment was in Sandling I became acquainted with a waitress and in a fit of intoxication promised to marry her. This has come to the ears of my wife in Toronto, and has not pleased her at all; What do you make of it?"

A.—Trouble

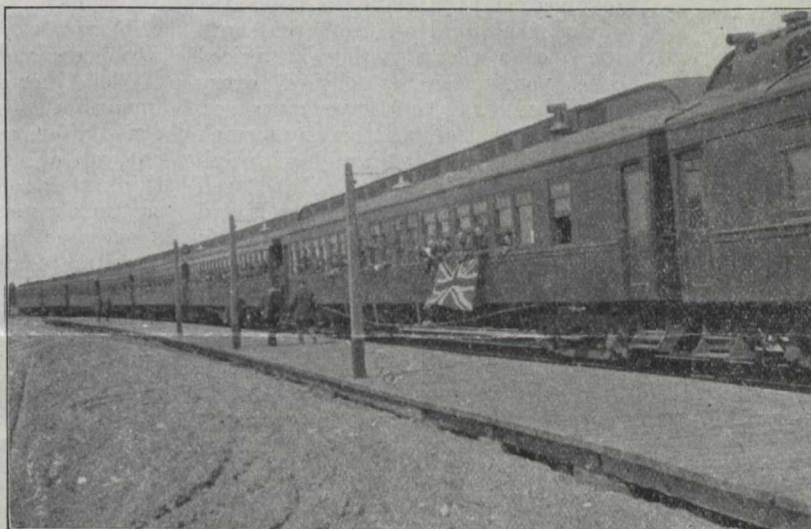
♦ ♦ ♦

Phyllis (Selfridge's, London)—You say the officer blushed to the roots of his hair. Well, pet, who wouldn't? Asking for ferrets, he received a hedge-hog.

♦ ♦ ♦

Jilted ("A" Company) writes:—"My girl in Toronto has, according to a letter written me by a pal,

paid frequent visits to the Exhibition Grounds, where the Umty-Umties are training, and is walking out regularly with a sergeant. Should I write her and request her not to do so?"  
A.—Please yourself.



THE JOY TRAIN.  
Passing through Smith's Falls, Ont

warfare. Snipers Barn repaired and Jarvis Street drained. Staff Officer informs Scout Officer (in strictest confidence) that we are going for a rest.

April 13th.—Staff Officer shot by Sniper Street and buried amidst great rejoicings.

*Latest News.*—The 20th Battalion will, it is reported, shortly leave the firing line for a well-earned rest.

ED.

**Aunt Jane's Corner.**

Love-knots untied by an Expert. Tottle (Bootle) and Boots (— Hotel, London)—Yes, the private of the Iddy-Unty Club swears that the lady was his wife. Whether we believe the statement or not is, of course, really no concern of yours.

♦ ♦ ♦

Daisy (Brighty)—The sergeant in question is a man whose morals make the Committee of Forty look like back-rankers. Even if the milkman did butt-in that morning

dug-out, and after rum had been dispensed, the whole party moved off in great style bent on spending the day on the Sport of Kings. A sharp canter brought the huntsmen to the vicinity of the headquarters, where the ferrets scenting a pernicious rodent dived into the excavation. Excitement became intense when one emaciated rat shot out through the hole to be pinned underneath the expansive foot of the Pay-sergeant. Raising his knob-kerry high in the air, the gallant non-com. brought it down with a terrific thud on his toe.

With a delighted chuckle, the rat winked at him rudely, and after having re-arranged his fur, walked leisurely home.

This *contretemps* served only to add to the sport, for nothing is more enjoyable than to see the other fellow strafing himself.

Tremendous excitement was caused by a plaintive squeak heard to come from the left-hand bottom corner of the C.O.'s window. The mystery was elucidated by the Master of the Hunt, who explained that the ferret

**Hunting Notes.**

By Nimrod.

An interesting meet was arranged on Friday last by the Master of the Hunt, Mr. Nobby Clark, Pioneer Section. The *elite* of the Battalion met outside the R.S.-M.'s

had caught a rat. The gallant huntsmen stood for sixteen hours waiting for the ferret to re-appear, but finally the parade was dismissed.

An officers-guard was mounted over the rat-hole overnight and the spoils of the day were counted. A good bag was had, one rat having become a nervous wreck, and another having been slightly scratched in the fight with the pay-sergeant, who, we understand, is to receive another bar to his medal on this account.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

Artilleryman (Flanders)—Sorry we are so unpopular with your branch of the service. The signallers tell us that they did not salvage one of your lines in mistake for a disused one of their own. They add that they wouldn't know your line if they saw it, that they didn't see it, and that it was a misty morning anyhow.

\* \* \*

Water-squad (Headquarters) — The Scotsman, you say, made the discovery after forty years that he was an Irishman, and you suggest that the extra day's leave to Ireland had something to do with it. Perhaps he was thinking on St. Patrick's Day and the early closing Act.

\* \* \*

Anxious (Lancashire)—No! We are glad to say Harry did *not* get it in the neck. Yes! it really was stupid of the dear boy trying to catch the whiz-bang.

\* \* \*

Fatigue ("D" Company)—No, it was not "D" Company that paraded for fatigue; it was only the Field Punishment men.

#### Iddy-Umpty.

##### THE POOR TELEPHONE MAN.

"Hello, who's speaking?"  
 "This is the operator speaking."  
 "Will say this is the Editor of the 20th Gazette . . ."  
 "Shake your transformer."  
 "Hello, is that better?"  
 "Yes, that's fine, now."  
 "Well, say we'd like to have some news from you fellows for our next issue, if you are not too busy."

"Well, there is nothing doing on the line just now, so if you're got a pencil and a piece of paper handy, I'll just make a few more or less inconsequential remarks. Are you ready?"

"Yes! Shoot!"—and thus he spake:—

"We are not given to calling ourselves names. Some spring poet, however, in a heated moment wrote an alleged poem on the trials and tribulations of a linesman and we suppose after much acute thinking for a suitable title the above was evolved, and thus were we designated to all the world on the seventeenth page of a cheap publication priced one penny, and published every Wednesday. You have given us, or rather, asked us to occupy a small space of the *Gazette*, and with full realisation of the fact that "self praise is no recommendation," and that a man is a poor historian of his own actions, still we are going to assert our ego and occupy our space as becometh us.

As with other things besides the telephone system, "men may come, and men may go, but we go on for ever." Not for ever, of course, but for the duration of the war, and we can honestly say that "our communication we have always with us," and that "where two or three are gathered together there do we set a little telephone in the midst of them." We may be poor damned telephone men, but our thin little

wires run along in the heavens above sometimes, in the earth beneath sometimes, and sometimes in the waters under the earth, and from almost any place in our trench settlements we can give any desired and reasonable communication. And just 'en passant,' don't forget to have quite a decent respect for a telephone wire. In a lecture at Sandling we were told to fondle our rifles. Well, of course, we do that, but if ever you see a telephone wire in a dangerous place, put it out of danger if you can, and never break one.

Wiring parties are popular these days, and when wire is mentioned, barbed wire is usually inferred. Naturally we remind you of the existence of another kind of wire. A short time ago there was a little scrap on our left and the report that came through said: "Our wires have all been cut and the situation is therefore unknown." We have never been in that predicament ourselves and would hate ever to be caught like that.

By-the-way, hasn't the old custom of 'if you want to know the time, ask a policeman,' changed somewhat?

Well, heres one or two more important messages coming through, Mr. Editor, so I guess I'll have to cut you off. By-the-way don't you think that song could be altered to suit us, something like this—'He's a message picker, message picker, message picking man. All day long on the buzzer key he picks away, For he's a message picker — — — and — — — — —.' Goodbye."

*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*

57112 Sgt. C. J. Gilham.

57731 Pte. C. F. Swait.

57457 ,, R. McJarrow.