

**THE
STRAFER**



F.C.

· DONE · INTO · PRINT · BY · THE ·
66TH BATTERY · C.F.A.

FOLDER 216

**THE HERO STUNT
IS GREAT STUFF
BUT
WE ARE A LONG
TIME DEAD.**

THE STRAFER

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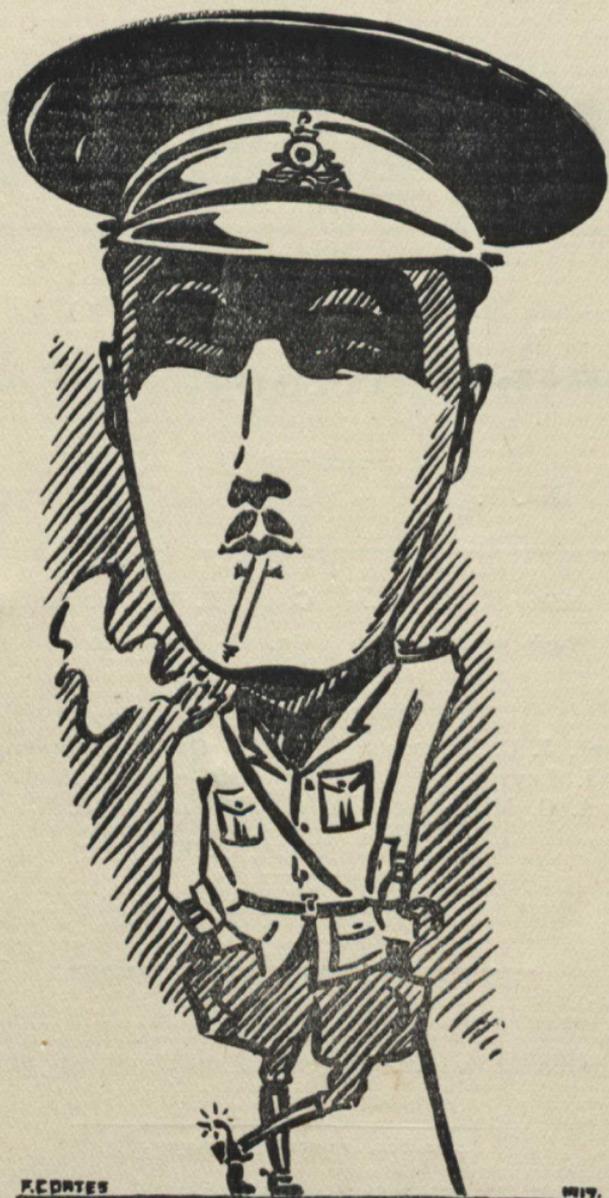
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"We speak the truth and the whole truth sohelpmehannah !
Not so much as we would, but as much as we dare."

CRADDOCK, PRINTER, GODALMING.



R. CRATES

1917.

Major S. C. OLAND

O. C. 66th Battery.

MOST Majors are pretty much alike except our Major—he's different. He stands over six feet; has fair hair and a cigarette is his favorite smoke. He knows his business, he knows men, he has the goods. He put the cool in coolness. He runs his Battery and fights his battles as unconsciously as he eats his breakfast. With him there is never a splash, never a jolt, never a bungle, never a frenzied mix-up.

He distinguishes between the humbug and the reality of military life. He has the strategical situation sized up and he hits his objective right in the solar-plexus. That is why we never resolve to tell him anything about Artillery. Major Oland was born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, June seventeenth, 1886. He started in the war-game as a private in 1900, in 82nd Regiment P.E.I. and 1903 found him a private in the P.E.I. Light Horse. The next year he became a Lieutenant in the 1st Canadian Garrison Artillery, Halifax, and then the fun began. In 1907 he acted as Gun Group Commander of the Canadian Coast Defence Artillery Team (6in. guns) which won the King's Cup from the English Artillery at Halifax. In 1911 he was on the Canadian Artillery team which toured England and participated in Field, Heavy and Coast Defence competitions. He acted as Captain of the Field Artillery team, and Gun Group Commander of the Coast Defence team, shooting at Salisbury Plain, Shoeburyness, Lydd and Portsmouth against various English teams. The Canadians returned to Canada with the cake and the crumbs too.

The outbreak of war in 1914 found him on active service in the Halifax forts until the spring of 1916 when he left the Garrison Artillery to command the 2nd section, 5th D.A.C. At Petawawa he was appointed to the command of the 66th Battery, C.F.A., receiving his Majority on the 22nd of January of this year.

* * * * *

We see him in the fight; a shell bursts beside him like the crack of doom; the machine-guns burr-r-r with a ceaseless roar; the enemy are coming down on the guns; but Major Oland calmly takes his match-box, lights a cigarette and sends back the "wiggins" for more ammunition.

◆◆◆

Editorial.

THIS is the first appearance of the "STRAFER". We come blundering into the literary world without wiping our feet on the doormat and knocking over the jardinier in the portal. Our learning is nil, our wisdom is starved, we smell of horses, we echo of the guns, we grit and shine and dig in the mud and sleep without pyjamas, we are the inevitable product of our environment, the nonentity of the endless passing forms in khaki. If you do not hate us then try and like us for was it not a little Canadian girl who thought that "Loving them could cure all Canadian Soldiers." Anyway, dear reader, we beg your tolerance, we mean well and we are going to try and show you a good time for thru'pence.

We are the 66th. We come from Montreal and other out of the way corners of the Globe. We have a conglomeration of humanity that reads like an army diet sheet. We have kid-glove students from McGill University, a bunch of sod-busting country yokels from the Ontario Agricultural College, pink-toed pen-wipers from Hamilton and down in the cage at the far end we have an Irishman, a Scotchman and a Jew. The original 66th was recruited in the Spring of 1916 in Montreal. Like other Batteries of the 5th Canadian Division it moved to Petawawa in June for the summer's training and in September came overseas to England. Since coming to England many changes have taken place. Formerly a four gun battery its strength was increased to six guns, the Left Section of the 56th supplying the reinforcements. Later on a subsection went to France, the Battery receiving in return a subsection from the 81st that came to them from the old 47th of Hamilton. Thus we have three subsections from the old 66th, two subsections from the 56th (O.A.C.) Battery and one subsection from the old 47th. Out of it all evolved the happy mixture of to-day—the present 66th Battery.

We are not the best Battery on earth but we do not stick around on the tail end of things. We have a considerable reputation, a remarkable store of pep and punch, and usually ring in for the hog's share of the prize-money. The god of Grit and Shine stalks among us with bleary eyes and limping gait. We cannot fall for his line of useless humbug. Glitter and red tape never killed a German. We could go on but as we are very modest we hate to mention all these things. We do have an enviable reputation as a fighting unit and are right in it from the drop of the hat. This we know that no man has ever called us a liar and got away with it—except Kaiser Bill and he is coming. We are living and hoping for the great day when our guns stand hub to hub, and wheel to wheel on those four walls of flaming steel on the Western Front. Then we'll let THEM talk for us.

Yep! Stranger we are the 66th.

The Bivouac,

FIRST the early reveille,
Then staggering down to stables with blankets and
equipment,
Dropping something every few feet and stopping to swear at it.
Hurrah! We're at the stables.
Phew! Throw down these damned things into the picquet stall.
And now for loading my saddle,
Rolling my blanket neatly in straw and cinders and sand
And across the stall
A driver swearing to himself softly and earnestly
Long limber oaths and short snappy ones
Aimed at the horse, the Captain, the Colonel and the Army.
"Hey you! look at your horse
He's stepped on my mess-tin."
The rat-tailed, flat-footed, raw-boned rhinoceros.
Then back for breakfast,
Burnt porridge and cocoa with no sugar in it,
And beans—My God! I almost forgot them.
A wash! A shave! and down again to the stables.
Chaos!! Inferno!!
Everybody re-detailed and no one has a complete outfit
And the Sergeant yapping instructions
For the tenth time—each different.
And the lead-driver, who has lost his feed-bag,
Calls on the gods to avenge him,
While the wheel-driver doubles back to his hut
For a bandolier. The fool!

Next in the gun-park.

The first battery in position and an hour to wait.

“ Dress up the Headquarters Party ! ”

“ Spit out that gum and down with your chin-straps ! ”

And the Sergeant-Major’s melodious bellow

Moves the gunners to action.

“ Prepare to mount—Mount ! ”

“ Prepare to dismount—Dismount — ”

O Hell! Why did I ever join the Army?

“ Column of route from the right. ”

We’re off.

Far ahead

Stretches the long dusty road.

We eat it, we breathe it, it fills our eyes and noses

And yet, for all that, we enjoy it,

Soaking in the sun and the beauty of Surrey,

It’s hedges and fields and the great stately oaks,

And the hills meeting away in the blue distance.

And here and there an old mossy brick cottage,

And perhaps a fair face at the window.

Somebody hang on to Jock Noad

And Jack Bird, the bar-maid’s Romeo,

They’ll stand some watching, both of ’em!

The long day

Strenuous and sweaty and full of disaster.

“ Get mounted—no, dismounted—no, mounted— ”

And the Section Commander
Flopping around like a magpie,
Waving his arms higher up than a kite,
Afraid of getting hell from the Major ;
And the Major, stamping about,
Afraid of getting hell from the Colonel ;
And the Colonel, stewing and raving,
Afraid of getting hell from the General ;
Let's draw the curtain
Spread our flops and roll into our blankets
But the mosquitoes,
They come and bite and spoil it.
Damn them! and the Army! and the War!
Good night.

What became of the Right Section on the bivouac S.O.S. ?

Some O.C's until by losing rendered sager,
Will back their own opinions with a wager.

Is it true that gunners are to be issued with roller skates now
that they are not allowed to ride on vehicles ?

Who is the A.S.C. officer that suggests making salad out of
fish-heads ?

Nellie's Colt.

NELLIE had a little colt,
Out on the prairies wild,
It was the pride of her dear heart,
She loved it like a child.

It was a bay with four white socks,
As frisky as could be,
She always mounted from a box
The steed tied to a tree.

The colt had speed she would assert,
Though we all thot 'twas blather,
Says she "Why it don't need no quirt"
That pony goes "H-l for leather."

But now a corporal's stripes she holds,
And things are somewhat changed,
No more she rides the wild eyed colt,
But an old, old, plug with mange.

She likes them rough and if they buck,
It makes her twice as gay,
But we all say she's sure in luck,
She'll hit the ground some day.

Be that however as it may,
She's harmless now as ever,
The Western Bull we always say,
Has war news stopped forever.

Bang Goes the Sixpence!

OUR biggest trouble is to get rid of our dollar ten a day. After we count out our assignment we sometimes have £2 10s. left. Well! we pay back the pound we borrowed from the Q.M.S., that leaves 30/-. We get our doll-clothes on, take a taxi to Guildford, 3/- shot, then hustle for the big Chop House and satisfy our innards. The waitress is so pretty and uses you so nice that it would look cheap not to leave a small tip so you put the odd shilling under the plate, buy a package of DeReszke's, and blow. On the street you meet the cutest baby-doll you ever cast a lamp on, she falls for your line after a little persuasion and you spend an enjoyable evening at the theatre. After the show you take her home, thru'pence more. You get back to camp late and dream about your big night but on Saturday you always wonder why you haven't enough to pay the washerwoman when she greets you with a smile.

Favourite sayings by our Limburger Gunners "All I did today was —." Ask "Airbrake" Collinson he knows.

With shell and guns we'll strafe the Huns
When we get there I wager;
But with our ink we'll strafe the gink
They call the Sergeant-Major.

Just Mokes.

THE Artillery Force you know of course
Is made up of horses and men ;
The horses come first though you're a long thirst
And been starving from one day to ten.
At daybreak you rise and rub your eyes,
And down to the stables you hurry,
You turn " heads about " then to water " lead out "
And get busy with brush and with curry.
Then you rub your arm sore for an hour or more,
But it seems like a decade indeed ;
And you start like a hare when danger is near,
When a voice from the gods orders " Feed ! "
When the schedule is laid for a Mounted Parade,
On this you can certainly count,
You barely get started when someone kind hearted
Commands that the " Gunners Dismount. "
You spend half your life through turmoil and strife,
Manicuring a dizzy old skate ;
When it comes to a pinch you find it no cinch,
For he can't carry half his own weight.
You fondle and pet him and maybe you get him
An extra large portion of hay,
But he in his gratitude extends you his latitude,
Unhappily you're in the way.

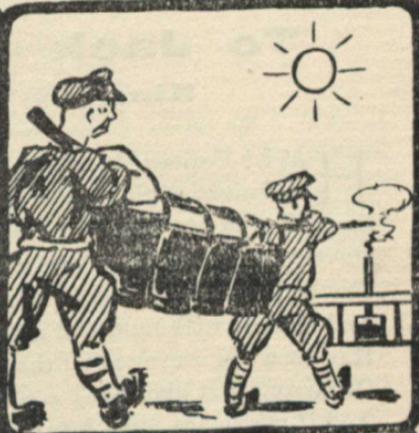
You musn't attack him and dont dare to whack him,
For you would regret it I think ;
He may break your head but six months in bed,
Is better than two in the clink.

He may bruise your skin but bear it and grin
It's obvious, so be content,
That a horse is expensive, costs fifty or so,
And a man doesn't cost a damn cent.

NO Phyllis, we cannot tell you how to make that "certain
gunner in the 66th" pop the question. Some fellows are
awfully slow, like an old hound, all they want is to be sure they
are on the right track. We might suggest, if one of this kind
is after you, that you make for a hole like a frightened bunny,
and if he doesn't commence to dig you out right away, you will
know he is only hunting for fun.

IT has been brought to the attention of the G.O.C. that several
members of the C.E.F., notably men undergoing F.P. No. 2
and kitchen fatigue have formed the habit of refraining from
washing during their tenure of office. O.C's units will see that
these "statues of filth" wash and shave whether they need it or
not, and in future all offenders will be severely dealt with.

WHAT · DID · YOU · DO



IN · THE · GREAT · WAR ?

To Jack Harrison, King of Grooms.

HAIL! Captain Jack. O! King of all the grooms,
Knight of the brush and prince of stable brooms,
How often in our hours of relaxation,
Have we enjoyed thy classic conversation.
Thy leanéd carcass clad in Khaki rags,
And scarred with mud and dust from Riley's nags.
Has been the source to all the drivers lazy,
Of many a jest and many a comment crazy,
And if perchance some future happy day
The wily Captain hands you out some pay.
We'll drink, while round us roar the tragic guns,
To death for Kaiser Bill and all his Huns,
And wish thee, Captain, many a happy day
To celebrate the death of those you slay.

Who is the sergeant who went out to get some bricks,
Went out to get some bricks, went out to get some bricks,
Who is the sergeant who went out to get some bricks,
And never got a gol darn one.

Whatever may be said of the battery as a whole we must
admit that the Major part of it is alright.

Extra.

IT is past ten and he is two miles from Camp on a country road. "If I can get around that corner on the Elstead road I can get by" he keeps repeating to himself. It is just dusk and he fervently curses Daylight Saving. The corner is in sight, "nobody on the road anyway." He steps out briskly. Will he make it? Where is the picquet? Only a few yards now. The Elstead road opens on his right. "Halt! your pass please?" Away he sprints for Elstead and freedom. One hundred yards; two hundred yards, and no pounding feet behind. A farmhouse with an "Out of Bounds" staring white in the half-light catches his eye. One leap and he is over the gate but crouches in the shadow for fear of the barking dog. No sound but his heavy breathing and pounding heart stirs the air. The traffic on the Godalming road is clamorous and insistent. He makes a stealthy reconnaissance and then starts a long stalk across the fields judging his direction by the Water Tower silhouetted against the pale sky. Buildings loom up ahead—the Officers' quarters. What's that? He stands rigid, every muscle tense. Only a dog chewing a bone. Another advance: his hut is just a hundred yards across the road, but no cover. There at last. Thank God. And just to think that a short forty minutes ago everything was at peace in a cheery living-room where he unravelled a tale of the summer moon on a Canadian lake to an admiring audience. Of how many? Well I'm not going so tell.

The English climate. Trumpeter blow "Punts and Paddles."

Who is the gunner in D Sub that walks off with the pianist of a certain cafe in Godalming while Sergeant-Majors are lined up outside waiting?

The shortage of chaff bags in the Brigade is likely due to the overworking of the 60th Jungle Corps.

Doc's Orderly to M.O.—"What can I give this man. He has a sprained ankle and he wont be able to run to-morrow?"

Doc.—"Two number nines!"

Who is the officer that has been worrying a great deal since the last Bivouac. He told the General how to clear the crest. We hear 'E li awake three nights after.

The tailor that pegged the Sergeant-Major's breeches must have been the composer of "They're wearing them higher in Hawaii!"

"Pop" Riley dishing out his famous Cobbler's Stew "That's the stuff to gie' the troops!"

Corporal Marson says another big push has begun but it wont win the war. You ought to know Corp!

What kind of training will our athletes take up now that the summer season is past. Joe O'Brien is considering vocal training again.

When you see a mob charging the canteen in the morning it is a sign we have fish for breakfast.

We have a gunner hailing from the land of the Bald-headed Eagle who is so attached to the Battery that he prefers staying with us rather than accepting an appointment on Pershing's staff.

Chesty's latest theory — Aerial trenches between captive balloons.

Rain or shine, Fatty Moy may be seen peddling an old bone rattler in the direction of Guildford. We wonder if he goes down to try his luck, or is there really someone there?

Why is a driver better than a gunner? Because he always has the rag out cleaning harness.

Writer (trying to think of superstitions)—“What do you call those people who believe in signs?”

Fathead (across the table with panoramic grin)—
“Signallers!”

Corporals are an unnecessary evil in a battery. They are too light for sergeants and too heavy for bombardiers. Thus they become soldiers of leisure, an expense to the public and a nuisance to the men.

(Big lie! Ed.)

WITH HUMBLE APOLOGIES TO THE SHADES OF
JOHN MILTON.

When I consider how our time is spent,
Eight hours a day among those stables dank,
And that one talent, which we once called "swank"
Dies hard within us, while our power of scent
Unhappily develops to a great extent
Oh heaven itself to get back to the Bank!!
Or once again to turn a motor crank;
Forgive if to my feelings I give vent
And speak of long-faced friends in "Hymns of Hate"
But when I think of service at the front
I cry aloud in protest of our fate.
Then Mother writes, my feeling to placate,
"They also serve who only groom a 'skate'."

To Capt. Jones, No. 4 Y.M.C.A. Hut:—"We wish to assure you that, on our departure from camp, the 66th Battery has no intentions of taking with them those eight front rows in the "Y" which they monopolized all winter."

Thank Heaven for the lone button that remains on those English issue breeches.

AB-SO-LUTELY.

You men should know like A.B.C.
It's down in black and white,
Just have a look at F.A.T.
You can't go wrong, you must go right
It's laid down ab-so-lutely.

It's simple enough if you'd only think
And your "F.S.Pip." tells plainly
How black's not green, and white's not pink;
It's up to you, think sanely.
It's laid down ab-so-lutely.

If a thing's fool-proof, like the "Gunner's rule,"
You'll find there's nothing to it,
It's up to you, don't be a fool,
In the "G.S. way" go to it;
For it's laid down ab-so-lutely.

Stan. Reid tells us he knows all about that fast town called Hamilton. He spent six weeks there one Saturday afternoon.

"Jonesy's gone !"

"Gone !!"

"Yep—took aeroplane poisoning. One drop killed him."

Our English Flapper.

O ! Dreamy dainty defty creature,
 In our Witley life you've been a feature,
 How well we loved, when off parade,
 Those jolly journeys through the shade !
 When hearts get rolled as pebbles do
 Which countless fingering wares pursue.
 Shall we forget thee ?—not a chance
 Till we push daisies out in France.

'TIS said that the author of "The Return of the Swallows"
 had army fish for breakfast. He sure took the right
 dose for inspiration.

A jolly artillery tough,
 Took it into his head to buff,
 A fuse-up in style,
 And after a while,
 They found his front teeth and a cuff.

You bet he likes boxes. And even if mother did make that
 cake he'll think it is yours. Put his name and number then
 66th Battery, Canadian Field Artillery, Army Post Office,
 London, England on the box This will always find him.

**YOU DON'T HAVE
TO BE STRONG
TO
SWING THE LEAD.**

*"Swinging the lead" — running a bluff
that you are sick —*

**IT'S A GREAT LIFE
IF YOU DON'T
WEAKEN.**