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# LA VIE



# CANADIENNE

Canadian Section.

General Headquarters, 3<sup>rd</sup> Echelon



# La Vie Canadienne

Vol. 1.

ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

No. 12

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THE EDITOR

« LA VIE CANADIENNE »

CANADIAN SECTION,

G. H. Q., 3rd ECHELON



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# From the EDITOR'S CHAIR



It was thought a remote possibility, considered as an ill-omened dream that the War would have lasted thus long. The wish farthest away from our desire was the publication of this anniversary number — a humble commemoration of the third anniversary of the landing of the Canadians in France.

What has happened at the Front during these years is well known. Canada now means something more than vast acres of lands thinly populated by mixed races; it means a land where MEN are bred. And this breed will yet win further victories, will endure until the end, when, triumphant and the task over, they will return once more to the old pursuits of the old days in that vast expanse of earth, 'supremely blest', Canada, their home!

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What has happened here in the Section is told by « Pathé » in his article « Reminiscences ».

There have been changes of abode, and changes of personel. Several have gone from the Section, and have paid the supreme sacrifice, among whom, there are still many of us here who cherish the memory of a friend.

There are others who are scattered in several parts of the globe. It has been our endeavour to get in touch with them, but we have found it a difficult task without your help. Again we ask you to help us make the pages of our Section News more interesting by giving us news of your own particular chum.

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We would like to continue as a feature of each issue « Our monthly interview ». We feel that this re-awakening of an old acquaintance adds special interest to the magazine, an interest that will be the more accentuated as the years roll by. Unfortunately it is not always within the possibility of the staff of « La Vie » to get in touch with those who have left the Section. We ask you, if, when on leave, you come across one of the Old Boys, that you take it upon yourself to act as a special correspondent for your own magazine.

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It is always our first idea to make the magazine of special interest to you. By the introduction of the personal element we have partly succeeded; but to make the magazine the success that it should be and can be, it is essential that we attempt a record of various incidents that occur in the daily round of our routine existence. Incidents of general interest are few and far between, but they do exist, and some of you have the pleasure or displeasure of meeting with them. Don't forget that when something exciting does happen to you, the pages of « La Vie » are at your disposal to permit such happenings to be related to the rest of the Boys.

We want to impress upon you that « La Vie » is your magazine, that, for its existence, it depends solely on you.

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We would like to draw your attention to the French Classes which are being held in this town under the auspices of the Comité du Livre. The aim of this society is the propaganda of French literature among the Allied Nations, and to those really desirous of learning the language, practical help is extended.

The classes are divided into two sections, the first for beginners, and the second for those more advanced : both are under the supervision of an English-speaking professor.

As these classes are absolutely free to all soldiers, you cannot do better than to avail yourself of this splendid opportunity of learning this language under such attractive conditions.



## THE CANADIAN WAR MEMORIAL.

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Nothing of recent years has more gratified the World of Art than the catholicity of taste with which the Canadian committee has placed its commissions for the Great War memorial. Too often, alas, national memorials have proved failures from an artistic point of view because of the stamp of officialdom which has blighted everything connected with them, from the committee to the Academician who has carried out the contract.

With the great spirit that is characteristic of the Dominions, this committee has recognised that a truly national memorial must embrace all phases of thought, and so they have not delegated any official body to carry out this great trust for them.

It is remarkable in looking at the list of commissions that have been offered and accepted, to note that no school of painting has been overlooked. Every phase from the ultra-academic to the ultra-revolutionary is represented. This is surely as it should be, shewing the true democratic spirit, embracing all, but especially noticeable in its recognition of those who have broken away from all the old traditions so dear to conservative officialdom. By so doing the Canadian Government has created a glorious precedent in public work for the advancement of the modern idea (generally ignored until a future generation acclaims it).

When completed, the Canadian war memorial will be the most comprehensive and emphatic expression of the national spirit that exists. All honour should be paid to those broad-minded and far-seeing men who have made memorable their action by the obliteration of Red Tape, and so secured for posterity this incomparable historical memorial of Armageddon.

W. S.



## REMINISCENCES.

## Moving and other things.

Times have certainly changed since the great William Shakespeare made reference to the « Tommy » in his « Seven ages of Man » as being « full of strange oaths and bearded like a bard ».

« Seeking a bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth », and one feels justified in cutting out the « bearded » and « cannon's mouth » portion in so far as the co-workers of the Canadian Section are concerned ; then as an act of grace forgive the « strange oaths », for after all we are human — very human. To move the Section with the minimum of interruption to work has its problems. The safety valve of a problem necessarily changes according to the temperament of the person concerned. We, however, venture to assert that strange oaths ever remain with us in our troubles — and the advice of old Omar Khayyam is a « wash-out » in these hard times.

As a Section we have done a bit of moving and the changes have for a number of us incidents and bring back associations which when we look back cause silent mirth and we regret that we cannot bother the censor with the trouble of deleting them. We will, therefore, « carry-on » and endeavour to give away as few « secrets of military importance » as possible.

Our first « home » ; and one where a small but happy band congregated was in the Archevêché, and it was there I « hied » in company with the Battalion records, more or less securely packed in a « bully beef » box. At that time we had a very faint idea of what an Echelon was or meant. We were not very long in ignorance, however, as to what it meant to us — and others.

The Section was allotted two rooms with a few tables and there it was our troubles began. Work was not too burdensome for a short time and the new arrivals fitted in very well.

We ate in a « cloistered hall » and many a « dixie » of shackles was upset on the sacred stone floor. We venture to suggest that the old monks and good men who once trod the clerical edifice in silent prayer must

have turned in their graves on hearing a « Tommy » consign a hunk of fat meat to a place where skating is unknown.

Our sleeping accommodation was in the Rue des Emmurees and consisted of the attic flat and a room or two downstairs. Although we slept on the floor we were a very comfortable party in those days.

Things were altogether too good to last and with the advent of a few more from the line we were slightly crowded, hence we moved. At that time there was nothing very terrible in moving for each O. R. S. moved with his documents under his arm to the new « cage ».

Rue de l'Hopital, our second home, was situated some five minutes from the Archevêché and it was there we became acquainted with a certain « bell » which led to the undoing of many.

We were hardly ever in the right spot at this new place and we shifted five times in one day from one room to another, finally arriving at the first room to which we were detailed. During the changing round William Shakespeare's soldier would have looked pretty sick at what he heard. Our first association with the « skaliwag board » and « Creasy » together with a multitude of other characters of a similar nature took place here. There was another bell which rang out each half hour and to the tune of which we did our « physical jerks » and route marches. For the latter performance we instituted the « musical notes » of a band, comprising two mouth organs and two tin whistles. With many regrets on our part this was austerey banned and so, thereafter, we took our punishment in silence.

Our sacrifices were evidently not in vain, for does not the Section now boast of a real orchestra, the « brain child » of the musical infant interred in the Rue de l'Hôpital ?

And we still grew. If not in wisdom certainly numerically. The Powers that Were realized that they could not possibly stand the enquiry into what appeared to be certain suffocation of the inhabitants. They took counsel and found another office wherein to place the Infantry and such like records; the Seats of the Mighty continued at Rue de l'Hôpital.

*We moved again* — this time to the Rue de la République and were for the time being comfortably situated. The particular Division of Infantry with which I was connected had an excellent « outlook » on all who sought admittance and thus crime was to an extent reduced. We had a bit of a « fire » here also which caused a great deal of excitement among the natives and a great deal of « cursing » by a certain O. R. C.



who had to balance his seat on the rafters which may have been a little precarious.

During this time our Daily Route Marches continued (weather permitting) and Boisguillaume was the usual trudge — changed sometimes to a stroll through the down-town portions of the City — much to the amusement of small French folk and Imperials whom we met, and, needless to say, much to our disgust. But we were by this time pretty « tame birds ».

The Section was continually being augmented and our quarters were getting more and more cramped so Artillery and A. S. C. Records — they moved — yes, packed their duds and hied them to Rue de Crosne. Here the Artillery guys having found new pastures, so to speak, found also new friends and quietude. The inhabitants of this Section tried to vie with the Great Fire in pulling off a similar stunt on a smaller scale — many will recollect the incident and chuckle inwardly — the Great Flood.

Speaking to one of the boys who worked in this Section of Rue de Crosne the other day I touched upon the subject now under review. His countenance fell as he recounted what sorrow he felt on leaving the vicinity of the Old Fish Market. However, Ambition and Common Sense tended towards Progress and eventually all moved — i. e., the three Offices, en bloc. Some move it was, too, and done in style. And here we are at Rue Dufay where work goes on the round of the clock.

This Home, too, will have its reminiscences for many, good, bad or indifferent they may be, but, nevertheless as the Staff has increased the personal incidents have resolved themselves into little parties, but the writer, having the savour of a veteran, may be forgiven if the detail and incidents lack the interest of the first few paragraphs.

Associations of the Canadian Section will not, however, pass with the end of the war. Many a friendship has been created, and although a large number of men have passed from here, many having paid the highest price of Patriotism, they are not forgotten; and should this catch the eye of any old « Sectionites » we hope a card will be dropped to the Editor and so link up the thread of communication and comradeship once again.

For we're here because we're here.

PATHE.



## THE BULL RING.

---

There's a place they call the " Bull Ring ", you'll find it at the Base,  
Where they polish off your trainin' at a fast and furious pace;  
Where the Staff inspect you daily with a cold and caustic eye,  
(You may have learned to *jump*, but they'll teach you how to *fly*)  
They'll instil you with the spirit of the bullet and the steel :  
Dublin' round and round the Bull Ring, until your senses reel.

Slopin' arms by numbers in the siftin', shiftin' sand :  
Drippin' sweat by bucketfuls --- arms and faces tanned ;  
Hoofin' it in quick time, like a racehorse down the track,  
Round and round the Bull Ring, with a rifle and a pack.  
Mutterin' curses hoarsely with a parched and perished throat ---  
Oh! the Bull Ring, the Bull Ring will get your blinkin' goat.

They'll put you in a gas mask and double you for miles ;  
Then blind you with tear gas, to show you how it riles :  
They'll make you charge the dummies and laugh to hear you growl,  
Make you play that you're a wolf, that it's your night to howl :  
« *Put more ginger into it* » --- it's all you'll hear them say,  
When you're charging down the Bull Ring, all the long and stiflin' day.

They'll make you jump the hurdles, they'll make you scale the wall,  
(And may God have mercy on your soul, if you should chance to fall)  
They'll give you such a callin' down, you'll blush through all your grime,  
For in the blinkin' Bull Ring, hard luck counts a crime.  
Oh! learnin' wire is child's play, and throwin' bombs is fun,  
But you'll live to curse the Bull Ring, before you're half way done.

You'll swallow dust and gravel, 'till you can hardly spit,  
No odds if pluck is lackin', you'll have lots of sand and grit.  
They're out to make you savage, they're out to make you tough,  
And by the gory gods of war, they'll do it sure enough.  
For you'll throw away your bully, and you'll eat the blinkin' tins,  
If you once get through the Bull Ring without breakin' all your limbs.

K. E.



## WHO'S WHO.

Major G. G. ARCHIBALD, D. A. A. G.



Major Archibald was born at Truro, Nova Scotia, May 10, 1877. He was educated at Colchester Academy and Dalhousie College and graduated B. A. from Queen's University, Kingston, in 1903. After that he was for sometime Mathematical Master at New Glasgow High School and Colchester Academy.

From December, 1912, until the outbreak of war he was Canadian Government Agent at Aberdeen, Scotland. He joined the 17th Nova Scotia Battalion on their arrival in England, November 1, 1914, with the rank of Captain. He had previously served with that rank in the Canadian Militia.

He landed in France on the 7th April 1915, and was attached for duty to the 3rd Echelon, G. H. Q., Canadian Section, on the 18th August of that year. Subsequent promo-

tions, appointments and honours were as follows ;

Appointed Staff-Captain 27-10-15.

Promoted Major 31-12-15.

Appointed D. A. A. G. 14-6-16.

Mentioned in Despatches 13-11-16.

Major Archibald in his school and college days took a great interest in athletics, excelling especially in rugby football, lacrosse, and hockey, where afterwards his services as referee were greatly in demand.

Major Archibald has for many years taken a keen interest in Freemasonry and became one of the founders of « Jeanne d'Arc Loge » at Rouen in 1916. He has recently been honoured by the members of the Lodge in being selected as Master for the current year.





## HONOURS AND AWARDS.

“LA VIE” extends its congratulations to the following recipients of New Year’s honours which have been won by the Canadian Section :

Lieut. Col. A. L. HAMILTON, A. A. G., Cdn. Section, Mentioned in Despatches.

Captain C. K. C. MARTIN, D. A. A. G., Cdn. Section, awarded Distinguished Service Order.

Major F. W. UTTON and Captain D. C. SKINNER, Quebec Regiment; Captain B. J. JOHNSTON, Alberta Regiment; and Lieut. C. B. MAXWELL, General List, Mentioned in Despatches.

Sgt. Major E. B. DAVIES, Sgt. Major P. G. FAIRBROTHER, and Sgt. H. H. GOODALL, awarded Meritorious Service Medals.

Sgt. Major G. W. STEELE, Manitoba Regiment; Sgt. Major A. R. ROSS, Canadian Engineers; Sgt. Major HODSMAN, J. E., Saskatchewan Regiment, and Sgt. C. F. MacLEAN, Manitoba Regiment, Mentioned in Despatches.

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## IN MEMORIAM.

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of Sgt. P. McNis of the 27th Wpg. Battn, who died in No. 8 General hospital of pneumonia, Dec. 1917. A well-known figure in Football circles, he has done much for the game, and his loss is greatly felt by the Club.

A genial, very popular fellow he made friends with all those with whom he came in contact, and gained the esteem of all who knew him. “Pete” was a welcome intruder into any friendly gathering.

Sincere sympathy, on behalf of his numerous friends, is extended to his parents in their sad loss.

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## GOOD LUCK.

The Section lost one of its leading comedians, when Pte. Curtis left to take a commission in the R. N. A. S. We understand he is getting along famously. He recently described himself as being rigged out “in a blue suit, a collar, and his neck washed”, and asked us “Can you imagine it? If we did not happen to know him so well, we might find it hard to imagine it, but knowing that he can

rig himself out in anything and still maintain his personality, we *can* imagine it. Who would ever have imagined before July 1st of last year what a perfect coon he could make of himself?

He has a ready wit, and can fit into most circumstances of life. We would suggest that, if by any chance he finds himself up against a tough opponent when he succeeds in getting his pilot's certificate, he should not trust to the efficacy of his machine gun, but to his golden smile.

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Pte McTaggart has also taken a commission in the R. N. A. S. We hope that this enthusiastic Baseball player, will remember some of the fine points of the game when chasing Hun airmen, and will avoid "foul flies".

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There are still many who are suffering from the "flyingitis" disease. Every week has its complement of applications for commissions in the R. F. C. We were almost adopting a paraphrase of Bairnsfather's famous saying "If you know of a better ole, go to it", when we realized that there are no such things as shell holes in the Heavens, so we must search for a more appropriate wish. So dear departed friends and those who are about to depart, we earnestly hope that in this uplifting occupation, you may never be uplifted higher than you would wish by the fragments of a Boche shell, nor ever crash to earth too suddenly. And when you are near the Heavens far from this toil of books and files, may you remember those of your friends left here on earth, and send to «La Vie» an article on your experiences in the finest branch of the service — the R. F. C.!

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Recent departures include Ptes Burbridge, Hall, Brankin, and Wade. Ptes Robinson, Mc Intosh and Butler expect to go shortly.

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## THE CANADIAN MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The first concert of this new organization took place in December in the gymnasium of the Athletic Club.

The audience was small but most select, — the Colonel, some of the officers and ourselves being there, I believe there were some of the boys also.

The Colonel's speech was a feature of the evening, a kindly little address full of encouragement, and promises that have since been fulfilled by the allotment to the club of a room in the new Convent Annex for practice purposes.

Pte. Palmer, to whom is due all credit for the organization and training, is an indefatigable worker. Full of boundless energy and unfailing patience, he has given unselfishly of his professional skill and his spare time, which by the way is almost wholly taken up with music.

The Glee Club's song, — "Who sails with Drake" was especially good.

With conscientious practice and hard work, a bright future lies before this wholly Canadian Organization, which certainly is deserving of the utmost support.

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## L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.

Dvr. H. S. Herman, the well-known member of K. R. has joined the ranks of the Benedicts. The happy driver braved the barrage and drove right into the Bonds of Holy Matrimony during the Christmas season, accompanied by one of the prettiest young ladies in Rouen.

We extend to Dvr. and Mrs Herman our heartiest congratulations and good wishes for a long and successful married life.

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## K. R. DINNER.

The Hotel de France was again the scene of a happy gathering on the evening of the 29th. December, when the members of Reinforcements seated themselves around the festive board. (The expression is purely figurative. We live in times of restrictions.)

Many of the faces which smiled on last year's dinner again smiled on this one, yet it was evident that the year which has passed has wrought great changes in the Staff of K. R. Among the pleasant smiles we missed were those of Capt. F. J. Pue, now in Canada; Dave Wilson, now at the Front; Corpl. 'Jimmy' James, now in England; S/Sgt. F. W. G. Hilton, now with the Canadian Forestry Corps. These good fellows and the others who have left us have our very best wishes.

The dinner was a great success both from the gastronomical and the oratorical points of view. Capt. Walters and Lieut. Knowlton proved themselves to be past-masters in the art of dinner-table speech-making. Bombardier 'Tommy' Tuthill proposed the Toast to 'The Folks at Home' and although we were surprised to discover this hitherto unsuspected fluency in Tommy, his little speech was keenly appreciated.

The Sapper's sparkling flashes of wit were up to their usual excellent standard, and Bill Hustwick as an entertainer was really incomparable.

Thanks are again due to Q. M. S. Medland for the capable manner in which the dinner was arranged and carried out. This, however, is not the first occasion on which we have been privileged to enjoy the benefits of the « Quarter's » efficient organization. Unfortunately, owing to the aforesaid restrictions the dinner-party had to be broken up at 9 pm. Much too early, of course, but still — Restrictions are Restrictions.

We take this opportunity of suggesting to the « Powers that Be » that a time extension of one hour, if granted on the occasion of any social gathering like the above, would make all the difference in the world to the success of the feast and would be greatly appreciated by all.

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## WELCOME.

« LA VIE » has great pleasure in welcoming our new Padre, Capt. Reid, who has recently come to the Section as successor to Capt. Dix. Capt. Reid has shown by his earnest nature and keen interest in the men of the Section that he will

prove a worthy successor to our former Chaplain. He has had a wide experience of countries and men, and shows that sympathy which we are sure will make him a friend of us all.

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### LUCKY BOYS!

The few married men of the Section, belonging to the 1st Cdn Contingent, have been granted three months' leave to Canada.

The lucky ones are Cpl. Mc Arthur, Cpl. Mc Kellar, Pte. Dahlmann, and Pte. Goodrige.

Pte. Dahlmann stated in conversation that when he gets to Canada, he'll get them thinking that the Canadian Section, G. H. Q. is situated in « No Man's Land », and that casualties are reported by the O. R. C. obtaining information by going among the wounded with his B 103 box under his arm. He will explain that the reason why this is done is to obtain accurate reports first hand. We hope they will believe him, for his sake.

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### NEXT SPORTS DAY.

We are on the threshold of spring, which, before we realize it, will have ushered in summer; with which season comes the Section's Sports, on July 1st. Last year's undertaking was a great success, but in an enterprise of this description there is no acme of success. There is always a wide field for improvement. It is certain the Section will have benefited from the experience of a first attempt; and will be able to arrange a Sports Day, which, for interest and organization will prove a record for the people of Rouen.

The success of the day, however, depends on you. Make it a point to help in every way you can; and if you were at one time an athlete but doubt your ability to aspire to that category now, remember there are several months ahead in which to make a « come-back » to your old time prowess; also remember the Section expects this of you. It is impossible to begin training too early, so get busy and « do it now ».

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### HERE AND THERE.

Capt. S. H. Elliott (late Canadian Section) has left the Board of Pension Commissioners on receiving promotion to the Canadian Investigation Branch. He is at present on his way to Eastern Canada, on a return journey from the coast, where he has been on a tour of inspection.

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Pte. F. Bowley-Turner is now R. Q. M. S. at the Alberta Regimental Depot, Bramshott.

Pte. C. W. Ford is employed in the Q. M. stores at Bramshott. He is with the 21st Res. Battn.



## FRITZ MIT DANKS.

That Fritz has a holy horror of the playful Tank is shown by the following statement from a captured German Army Order :

« Anti-tank tactics must be discussed and practiced; tanks will then lose their terror ».

*Gott mit uns when Danks is near  
Not zoes dat holds der Munich beer  
But zoes dat holds der Engliche Schwein.  
Dis brayer I say, and den I swear  
I vill not schtop ven Danks is near.*

*Upon de Zomme mit rising zun,  
Ve virst discovered vot vas done,  
At uns it vobbled in der mist,  
While all around der bullets hissed,  
Ve vas not know, ve simple Huns  
It vas a machine full of guns.*

*Ve thought it vas der Teufel-mans  
Vot gone to catch der gentle Huns  
Ve drembled in uns muddy boots  
An vas forqets at hims to shoots  
I vilil der Hauptman swears him black  
An kick mit feets uns lower back.*

*But zen it vas too lales to shoots  
Zo zoes dat lives dey tann vell scoots  
An lewes der Hauptman swearing der  
Mit awful oaths an dearing hair  
He vas not missed much by der ranks  
Who hopes him scotched by Teufel Danks.*

*At Cambrai ve vas lives at ease  
Der vas no ruud up to uns knees  
But der vas concrete thick an white  
An miles of vire strong an tight  
Ve vas not dink der Engliche-mans  
Vould dare addack der cunning Hans.*

*But all at vonce vidout der guns.  
At daybreak lights, der Danks dey comes  
In herds; der vire quickly smashed,  
By terror ve away vas dashed  
An vas not cease dill Canal banks  
Vas der to schtop der Teufel Danks.*

*But now venever ve must eights,  
In muddy trench mit rainy nights,  
Ve always brays der Engliche Schwein  
Vill stick to bombs an also mines  
An vill not blay such Schweinhunde branks  
As kill boor Fritz mit Teufel Danks.*

G. P. P.  
28.12.17.





## WAR ! A COMPARISON.

---

It is spring in the great forest; the birds, which have just come from the south and are singing as they fly from bough to bough, testify to it. The paths are bordered with ferns, the odour of wild flowers is strong in one's nostrils; the sun, just perceptible on the horizon, is rising, a big red ball of fire, warming everyone and everything which comes under its cheerful glow. The big brown bear has left his lair to go to water; the grey wolf is out for the day's hunt; there is a hurry and bustle in the insect world; the trees have all assumed their green coats; and the pines, tall, straight, and slender, rearing themselves majestically towards the dome of the skies, seem to be the nobility of the forest.

From within the gamekeeper's quaint little hut, comes the faint sound of a voice singing folk-songs. Little four-year-old Ninette, curly headed, rosy cheeked, the picture of health, is helping her mother wash up the breakfast dishes, she is chattering and pattering about; both spirits, in unison with all their world, are unconsciously rendering homage to the Creator for such a splendid day. P'tit père has gone to look for the little animals in the woods. Later in the day Ninette goes out in the sunshine to play with her doll, the one which Grand-mère gave her last New Year's day, poor Grand-mère, Ninette cannot see her any more but maman says that she is very happy so all must be well. In the afternoon « p'tit père » comes home, Ninette and maman, who have heard him whistling at a distance, go to meet him, and together (Ninette on p'tit père's back), they come home. After tea maman reads a few stories to her and then gets her ready for bed; the angelus rings, they all kneel down to thank « Le Bon Dieu » for the finishing day, then Ninette, after having been rocked to sleep, is put to bed by maman and in the gloaming, seated side by side, happy in the possession of each other, and at peace with all the world, the gamekeeper and his wife watch the sinking sun, the cry of the lark is heard, the night wind

sighs through the tree tops, there is a faint note of sadness in it, but the three within the hut do not hear.

It is autumn in the great forest. The sun, a mere hint of its former splendour, is sinking in a dull grey sky. With the exception of the pines, the trees are bare. The paths are carpeted with dried leaves and here and there, as if in defiance of nature, a small summer flower is to be seen. The small birds have migrated south, now and again, high on bough, the raucous cry of the carrion crow may be heard. The big brown bear has crept into his lair for his winter's sleep. The wolf, lean of flank, fierce of eye, is stalking his prey. Inside the gamekeeper's quaint little hut is Ninette, she is laying the table for two only, for « p'tit père » has gone away to fight France's enemies; she hates those enemies who have taken her father away. There are not many dishes, they have been broken by those strange, ugly men who have been staying there for some time, but they left early this morning, so now all is well. There is not much food, to be sure, but maman will soon find some, but what is maman doing? She has been lying on her bed all day, she looks pretty as she is, her face and hands are so nice and white, she will surely be getting up soon, to get her little Ninette some food and to put her to bed. The table is laid, there is nothing more to do, Ninette sits near the fireplace. the tattered remnants of a doll in her arms, her own garments are torn, her face is dirty, there is no fire but maman will surely make one soon. The Angelus rings, surely maman must get up to pray to the « Bon Dieu ». Why does she not get up? What is that great red stain on her bodice? She takes her doll and goes back to the fire place, she wants maman to put her to bed, she is lonesome. The cry of the hungry wolf is heard. To the heart-rending sobs of the little form by the fireplace is added the gentle wailing of the night wind sighing through the tree-tops, there is a note of sadness in it but the two occupants of the hut do not hear.

H. BIGNELL.





## SUB-EDITORIAL.

This has been a very barren month for « La Vie » in general and « Tear-Shells » in particular.

Some of our one-time contributors have failed us, the Editor is still suffering from the after-effects of his Christmas dinner, — a very general complaint, — and those scintillating solecisms of wit and humour which in happier days graced the pages of « La Vie » are this month conspicuous by their absence.

We have strong hopes of further contributions from Pathé, — (keep up the good work, Pathé, we appreciate it) and we earnestly request our friends and readers (note the distinction ?) to do their best and to make New Year's resolutions to buy « La Vie », to contribute to « La Vie », to send « La Vie » to their friends, — and if they can stand the strain, — to find time to read, criticize and improve « La Vie ».

Really we have been so hard up for copy for « Tear-Shells », that we made copious and plagiaristic extracts from Section Orders and Section A. F. B. 2069's, and were even making covetous attempts on the Notice Board downstairs, and *K. R. & U.*, but were held back and sternly rebuked by the « La Vie » censor, who explained that the aforesaid publications were *not* intended to be humorous.

Once more, let us repeat, — contributions to « La Vie » are not only gratefully received, but urgently needed.

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## OFFICE ROUTINE.

### Extracts from Landing Returns.

**L. R. no. 1.** — 1 officer, 2 nursing sisters, no O. R. s.

Admiral Noah.

N/S Miss A. Noah

N/S Miss B. Noah

transport details field kitchen, horses, mules, etc. Embarked.

H. M. Transport « *Ark* » 2000 B. C.

Disembarked

*Mt. Ararat*, date illegible from water.

Signed by :

MISS. NOAH for M. L. O.

**L. R. 2.** — 24 officers, 2000 OR's, 40 N. C. O's.

N. C. O's, to conduct and return.

Brig.-Gen. J. Caesar; Col. Quintus Curtius; Lt. Col. Darius;  
Major Laeccus, et al.

Names of others obliterated.

Embarked S. S. « *Pax* ».

Disembarked 55 B. C.

Certified correct.

*England.*

Signed by : JOHN BULL.

A. M. L. O. (against his will.)

Monday is a meatless day,  
Tuesday is a wheatless day,  
I'm growing lean and wiser.  
Wednesday is a sweetless day,  
Everyday's a heatless day,  
The devil take the Kaiser.

Two ORCS strolled out of the circus and took their places on the News Exchange, and the following conversation ensued : — — —

« Well what's the news ? »

« New department formed upstairs. »

« What's it called ? »

« K. W. »

« What does that stand for ? »

« Trouble mostly, — I dont know what they do, even the Official Auditor couldn't make head or tail out of their books. »

« Who's running it ? »

« Sandy Aiken. »

« Sounds Scotch, eh ? »

« Whole darn department is Scotch, — those that aren't Scotch by extraction are Scotch by absorption. And their steno. is a close second being Hebrew. »

« Here, hold on, the Scotch are all right. »

« Why sure they are, don't I know it, but they are a « canny » lot, aren't they ? »

« Awfu' canny, why the whole (deleted) th. Winnipeg Battn have all got jobs here at the Echelon. »

« Well good luck to them, I'm going in now, see you at mother's Café at noon. »

(K. R.)

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## OVERHEARD IN K. R.

WISE GUY. — « Say, do you know Lt. Sippi ? »

Hard-Working Ledger Clerk. « Yep. »

W. G. — « Dont happen to know his wife, do you ? »

H. W. L. C. — « No, who is she ? »

W. G. — « Mississipi. »

(Ed. Hand me the heavy ruler, *please*.)

Pte. X. to Corp. Sandy A---n, who has a fine brush-cut, —

« Do you use French Wax, Corp. ? »

« No, — I use English wax (W. A. A. Cs). »

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## « HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE. »

It was a little lawyer man,

Who gently blushed as he began,

Her poor dead husband's will to scan.

He smiled while thinking of his fee,

And said to her so tenderly,

« You have a nice fat legacy ».

And when next day he lay in bed,

With bandages around his head,

He wondered what in ---- he'd said.

(K. A.)

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The following appeared in the Toronto World dated 19-8-17.

« RETURNED SOLDIER (refined) wishes to meet young lady, view company and marriage. No objection to widow. Fullest particulars only, answered.

Box 18 World Office. »

For the first time we have had the pleasure of reading of the Army in the role of a « refinery ». We would observe however, for the benefit of the new arrivals, that we have opinions of our own, regarding the efficacy of the refining process in vogue at the base.

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Corp. Malcolm, formerly of this section, now Can. Pay Office, Wimereux, sends greetings, — and this little contribution. —

W. A. A. C. to her officer who has given her two days C. B.

« Oh, but I *can't* do C. B. tomorrow, it will interfere with my arrangements »  
Officer. « Oh, — *very well*, — *then do it on Tuesday.* »

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*Extract from a German paper.*

Owing to the recent scarcity of razors, the English are employing women in their army.

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## A MODERN CLARENCE.

(but it wasn't Malmsey.)

In a recent number of the « Canadian Daily Record » an account was given of a man having been drowned in a vat of beer at Molsons Brewery, Montreal. The case seems to have been a most sad and unfortunate one, and we were very surprised to hear an Extraction man say « What a glorious death » !

Far be it from us to hold such ignoble sentiments as these, rather would we murmur with a pensive air, « Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. » Though at the same time we can't help thinking that « It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good » for we have often heard men complain that the beer in Canada did not seem to have much body to it.

(K. R.)

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Extract of letter received from the Base : —

« The few days' delay is caused by Troops having to be *gassed*, and arranging train accomodation. »

Now we know why some fellows don't want to go to the Base.

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From A B. 213 : —

« 1 Cook (Private) wanted.

This replacement urgently required to avoid using semi-skilled labour for cooking duties. »

Even a *semi-skilled* labourer can make better things than Mulligan — apparently.

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## TO MY STOVE.

I have a stove, an ordinary stove, or so it seemed at first. — But that small stove (it's quite an ordinary stove to look at), so full of coal and air and ashes, chiefly ashes, — is itself quite the very devil. It loves the sun, — and so, — warms to it on a sunny day. — Then my room assures me of its nature : but when it rains and freezes, — that very ordinary stove, — (or so it seemed) goes out, not out into the chilly atmosphere, — ah, — no, too wise it is to give itself discomfort. It goes out, — up the flue. It also has a chimney, as all stoves have, — perhaps you'll say, — « I hope not like *that* chimney ». For in that chimney, there was a crack, — till Littolf, — patched it up with putty and through that crack it shed its light about us, — it's light and dingy soot, I mean, for many moons.

(K. R.)

## THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

If the population of Shepherds Bush is 20,000, what is the strength of Shepherd's Pool, and how many fish are in it, and if any birds are attached?

### L. P. B. (The marginally noted man).

Reference the marginally noted man  
 Try and keep him if you can;  
 Recommended for Forestry Work,  
 Having failed as an O. R. Clerk  
 No bad habits except a thirst  
 Claims to be an original « First »  
 No. 229998989's records are not on file  
 So cannot verify yet awhile,  
 He once was shell shocked by a « Crump »  
 When attached for duty to a Munition Dump  
 Severely wounded at Rouen, as he  
 Became attached to a Base M. T.  
 Over the top umpteen times  
 On working Parties behind these lines  
 He's a useful man most anywhere  
 So keep him if you've a place to spare  
 Having travelled 10,000,000 kilos. by rail  
 He should be fit enough to sort your mail.  
 His journey has sure been some length,  
 So kindly keep him on your strength.

E. W. C.

## BUTTONS.

I am in the British Army.  
 I have more years of service than the oldest soldier.  
 I am more heartily hated by my comrades than even the Hun.  
 I am cursed more frequently than anything else in the Army.  
 I fulfil no purpose other than keeping « Tommy » busy when he is off parade.  
 I waste more of his time than anything else in the Service.  
 I consist of 104 separate parts and need the constant attention of the soldier in whose charge I am placed.  
 I cause him more punishment than does strong drink.  
 I am an important factor in the conduct of the war when employed in a common-sense manner, though.  
 I cost the taxpayers enough money to build countless aeroplanes.  
 I am not to be found in the business-like U. S. or practical German armies, consequently,  
 I am not cursed by those soldiers, neither do I cause them punishment, neither do I waste their time or their taxpayers' money.  
 I am an excellent target in the sun and am often the first part of the soldier to attract the attention of the Hun sniper.

I am very useful, yea, indispensable, to our enemy and am eagerly collected and sent to Krupp munition plants when I fall into his hands.

I am not so plentiful now as formerly, and resent being thrown away in this manner when I could perform a truly useful service.

I am one of the few remaining relics of the old pre-war days, when tradition outranked expedition in the Army.

I am wondering how long I am going to hold my present job, for I know I am not « doing my bit ».

I am the *unnecessary* brass on the King's uniform and equipment.

(Daily Mail.)

PAUL HAYES.

## TRIFLES FROM THE FOOD CONTROLLER.

### The F. C. and the Titled Ladies.

The Food Controller has recently issued an order that no butter or meat, etc., is to be ordered beforehand. This has greatly perturbed a certain well-known West London tradesman with a considerable number of titled clients.

A certain tradesman kept a shop  
Of credit and renown.  
He'd titled ladies on his books,  
Who lived in London town.

Now all went well until alas,  
There came an awful war,  
When all men were by law forbid  
To order goods before.

But each and all within the queue  
To buy their goods must stand,  
Both rich and poor before his door  
Must join the waiting band.

So he wrote to the Controller  
To ask what he should do  
With his fifty titled ladies dear  
Anent this order new.

The Food Controller answered back  
« Anent this order new  
Your fifty titled ladies dear  
Must end your waiting queue. »

C. P. P.

*Question* : What is the difference between a poor and a rich man buying tea ?

*Answer* : The poor man gets his tea in the « Tea Queue », and the rich man gets it on the « Q. T. »

QUIZ.



## OUR MONTHLY INTERVIEW.

### SERGT. BOWLEY-TURNER.

(By our Special Correspondent).

There are many more expensive pleasures in this world, but I venture to state, none more pleasing than encountering after the lapse of some considerable period, the person of an old acquaintance and one — to use the common expression — « who has made good ».

Having cause to pass through the Base a short time ago, I decided — if at all possible — to get into parlance with one or two famous ex-Sectionites of the past decade — several having by all accounts landed on a « Bed of Roses ». After wandering in the environs of Tipperary Road in the small hours of the morning — two or three of the party, myself included, ventured into a certain Medical Hut. There in a space, partitioned from the gaze of the curious we saw the recumbent form of T-B., famous heretofore for his « 8.30 p.m. bed stunt », and also his realistic « accidentally cut face » — attributed generally to a certain marble-top dressing table, situated in a room not very far from the Rue de Cauville. He was not on a bed of roses, but on a stretcher. T-B. was always noted for his preparedness. Our arrival, however, was a little too precipitate even for him, and he surely must have dreamed of a certain 7.50 a.m. parade on viewing us. He awoke out of his torpor, sat up, eyeing us anon with his far-distant gaze, commenced to cough that « sentimental, emotional, charitable » cough of olden times and then greeted us in his inimitable rapid fire way : —

« My, but I am glad to see you, Boys — and you even haven't changed a little bit ».

On noticing that we were scanning his boudoir, he explained by way of excuse that « he was Med. Sergt., and ran the Joint ». « Now if you fellows don't mind waiting a little bit until I have cleansed myself — Sick Parade won't take more than ten minutes — I'll fix you up for breakfast. »

We assented to this last remark, so T-B. got out of his earthly tomb and commenced to clothe himself. Unfortunately the water bowl had overflowed into one of his boots the preceding night whilst he was attempting to cool his « fevered brow ». The evening before, he added was a « topping time ». He then put on his house shoes — lighted a cigarette — took a swig at a bottle with evident approval, (the bottle formerly contained Alcohol) coughed his apologies that there was hardly enough to go round, and then proceeded to give the « once over » to his clients.

Seated on the stretcher lately occupied by T-B., I gazed instinctively at the phials, bottles, packets, and bandages, with « dope » all over the « lot » and inwardly mused on the opinion of the Section as a whole as

to the well-known « mixing » abilities of T-B. What a hope for the Troops? To see T-B. there, created a sense of wonderment. He was advising one what one had to take or do, giving all sorts of No. Nines to the leadswingers with that precious negro smile, ticking off Privates for not standing at attention when they addressed the M. O., figuring out the thermometer in his mathematical way, giving his Corporal six jobs to do at once : he was, in fact, the hall-mark of an Army martinet..

After the M. O. had departed, T-B. gave one or two more orders and then lapsed once again into the Bowley-Turner we used to know.

He is certainly some actor and should appear with great advantage in such heavy stuff as the « Lights 'o London ». However, when he was at last fixed up — boots on this time — we adjourned to the dining room, where I ventured to suggest to him that, although being a first class « pill doper » he did not seem to be able to treat his own complaint with any success.

« No, said T-B., it's that « rummy knee » which has developed into « B-e-ritis », and the waters here aren't any good, my breath being very bad at times. This one could readily appreciate. You know I've only to go « malade » myself to get a « blighty ».

« Now generally speaking how do you find life agrees with you here? » I questioned.

« Jake — Jake my boy — and I wouldn't go back to the Section for all the « Louisettes » in the world. There are quite a number of the old gang down here of the same opinion as myself ».

After Breakfast Sergt. T-B. conducted us by devious ways to the station and assisted us to turn our « Box Car » into a « Coach » on the passenger train. He certainly seems to have become indispensable around that « burg ». His courtesy and politeness made him a shining light when with the Section, and his flow of language — well.

All pleasant times come to an end, and we left him after having recorded the best part of six hours of genuine hospitality such as has become proverbial when an ex-sectionite meets another.

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Many fresh faces have come and gone, Bowley, since you were with us but you still remain as one of our « Characters » who courted fate, defied nature and many of the K. R. & Os. You have passed to a place where your talents could not but find an outlet, but you are still with us in memory — that great connecting whole of each man's life — as one whose faculties may have been brilliant but were smothered here by your natural animosity ever to be anything else than « one of the Boys » and so good luck to you !

PATRÉ.



## SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE W. A. A. C.

By *One of them.*

There is a strain of the blood of the wanderer after adventure running in the veins of the majority of the « Waacs ». France presented itself as a land of wild romance — a picture that each one painted in her own colours to suit her own tastes. And now — well the picture is forgotten, and we have fitted into the reality. One day is very much the same as another, and the week is marked chiefly by such common-place events as washing morning, pay-day, drill morning, and a weekly or fortnightly half holiday. The first mentioned term, by the way, is apt to be misleading. All that is meant thereby is the making up of the various parcels for the laundress who deigns to honour the « Waacs » with her services.

Our unlucky day is Monday — Monday morning is a dread time for many « Waacs », for t'is a peculiar habit of Sergeant-Majors (who are too well acquainted with the failings of human nature) to choose this particular morning for investigations as to the late-comers. Thus do some come to grief. It is on record that a certain « Waac » when summoned to account for a distinctly tardy arrival at duty quavered forth the mournful explanation that she had « got up late », only to be told that she must not get up late in future.

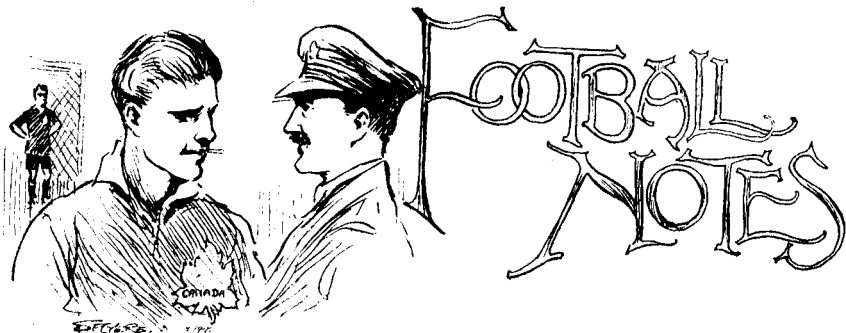
Another of the minor trials of Army life is drill morning. The real purpose of this institution remains a dark mystery to all concerned — unless, indeed it be to provide amusement to a crowd of interested bystanders who thoroughly enjoy the proceedings and make various disconcerting remarks thereon from time to time. For them, the « Waacs' » drill would appear to be one of the events of the week. We only wish the victims could share their amusement! Operations commence at 8. 15 a.m. an arrangement which necessitates the loss of the last precious half hour in bed. This in itself would be calculated to cause dismay in the heart of any ordinary mortal, for who does not value as priceless those moments of heavenly bliss which immediately precede the painful process of getting up? But there are escapes from drill. « Waacs » who have been working late the previous evening are excused attendance, but unfortunately or fortunately this does not happen frequently to most of us. Our main hope is the weather clerk, but he has an awkward habit of changing his mind at the wrong moment, and upsetting calculations. Such was the bitter experience of certain hapless « Waacs » some time ago. At 7.00 a.m. each

maiden popped up her head to find to her joy that it was raining, so each little « Waac » cuddled down again with a sigh of relief to enjoy another blissful half hour of peace. So did 7.30, yea 7.40 a.m. find the weary ones wrapt in deep slumber, oblivious to the trials and troubles of life in the Army. What was their dismay to find, on awakening suddenly, that the sun was shining merrily! Words are quite inadequate to describe the scene that followed. Each « Waac » leapt out of bed with more agility than grace and proceeded to perform a most hurried toilet to the accompaniment of a variety of remarks, which it is best to refrain from any attempt at repeating. Efforts to put in an appearance at the stated time were in many cases futile, and all were severely reprimanded for unpunctuality.

Ofcourse it is or was the secret wish of the majority of the « Waacs » to be initiated into the mysteries of the French language, but their enthusiasm has been somewhat damped in the course of time by the discovery that their truly herculean efforts to express themselves prove to be in many cases superfluous, for often the reply comes, soft and low, in fairly good English « What can I do for you, Madame ? » and it is humiliating to feel that one has made a fool of oneself unnecessarily. As a result of such painful experiences we have learnt to enquire carefully if English is spoken before attempting any very elaborate explanations. Now it may possibly happen that one is unlucky and may be forced to have recourse to a more or less limited knowledge of French — with varying success. One « Waac » who, very anxious to make herself understood, invariably used to adopt the principle of working up, by means of a gradual crescendo, to a veritable shout, until her listener grasped her desires. Another maiden of the North, whose thirst for knowledge is unsurpassed, and who had succeeded, after strenuous efforts in mastering a few stock phrases, electrified a shopman by announcing in the excitement of the moment « Je ne parle pas *anglais*, je parle français ! »

The « Waacs », be it known then, have their trials and troubles, which vary from attacks of that contagious disease, commonly known as the « blues » to the hundred and one little hardships included under the general category of « roughing it ». Nevertheless they contrive, in a multitude of ways to have many jolly times, such as they will delight to recall in days to come. Above all, their experience of « life in the Army » has taught them to make the best of everything at all costs. And what more valuable lesson than this could one desire to learn ?

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### Canadian Section v No. 4 Inf. Section. 18-11-17.

In the 7th game of the Season we took the field smarting under the reverse suffered at the hands of the R. E.s. This acted as a tonic. Losing the toss we kicked off in ideal football weather and our forwards were early on the move, the opposing goalkeeper having to deal with some hard shots. After 10 minutes play these efforts were rewarded Davis registering the first goal with a shot of the « unsaveable » order. Our men continued to press strongly and further goals were scored by Mc Lean (2) and Davis. Our opponents, however, struggled hard and were rewarded in one of their rushes by notching their one and only goal of the match. Later, Collier added 2 goals, from the unaccustomed position of inside-right, the game ending in a 6 to 1 win in our favour.

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On 25-11-17 there was no game, our opponents failing to appear and we were awarded full points.

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### Canadian Section v No. 6 Inf. Section. 2-12-17.

Played on our ground in splendid weather. Like the last match, this proved an easy thing for us. All through it was a question of our forwards against the opposing defence, who had rather more to do than they could manage. Right from the kick-off, the Canadian « stormers » took the game in hand and scored goals. Four of these were credited to Collier, who played a characteristic dashing game. Davis and Prettyman also added points and a one-sided game ended in a 6-0 win for us.

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### Canadians v Casualties. 9-12-17.

Right from the start this game was played on even lines each set of forwards coming within an ace of scoring. Casualties were proving a good lot, especially in defence, and as the game progressed it looked as if it was going to be a goalless draw. However, Barrie came to the rescue and with a drive from close in, managed to pull the match out of the fire and incidentally add two more points to our total.

A hard game ended with the score of 1-0 in our favour.

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### Canadians v No. 2 R. A. Section. 16-12-17.

POSTPONED.

### Canadians v R. A. M. C. 6-1-18.

We opened our New Year in the League connection on our ground which was in bad condition for Football, the frost having put « lots of bone » into it. Bennett, our latest recruit, made his debut in this game at centre forward. Winning the toss our opponents elected to play downhill, but this advantage did not bring them much as our forwards were soon on the move and gave the opposition plenty of running about. The pressure soon told and it was not long before we found the net, Bennett accepting a pass from the left and scoring from close in. The fast ground made it difficult for the players to control the ball and open play was the order of the day. The R. A. M. C. proved a very weak match for us and goals came for little asking, the forwards vying with each other for the honour of scoring. Prettyman was in deadly shooting form and had three to his credit, with Park, Barrie and Stoker next with one each, the whistle sounding with the score of 7-1 in our favour.

### Canadians v Regular Infantry 1 & 2. 13-1-18.

Played on our opponents ground in dull weather and on a soft pitch. Right from the kick-off we set out towards our opponents' goal, Stoker soon had the goalkeeper guessing and after 5 minutes we were two goals up, thanks to Bennett and Stoker, the latter putting on the finishing touch. Corners fell in quick succession and it was largely due to the smart clearing by the opposing goalkeeper that more goals did not accrue. The game then took a turn in our opponents' favour and they were rewarded by a goal which gave Steele little chance. This success seemed to buck them up and it was some time before our forwards got going. However, the game soon swung back to our opponents' goal and Bennett and Prettyman, Curtis and Stoker each had a hand in the scoring. The game continued very one-sided and we ran out easy winners by 8 goals to 1.

### Canadians v Territorial Northern Section. 20-1-18.

This interesting game was played on our ground in windy weather. Losing the toss we were forced to play uphill and against the wind which proved a troublesome factor. Our defence was hard put to keep out an eager set of forwards and Steele brought off some brilliant saves in quick succession. Our forwards had a few breakaways but the wind usually carried the ball into touch, many passes meant for the wings going astray in this fashion. However, from one of these rushes Prettyman carried the ball well up and crossing well had the satisfaction of seeing Curtis scoring. This was an unexpected turn in our favour and at half time we were lucky to be leading by 1-0. Playing with the wind in the second half we had a little more of the game, this half proving a ding-dong struggle. We held on to our lead and ran out lucky winners by 1-0.

### Canadians v A. S. C. Section. 27-1-18.

This return game was played on our ground in perfect weather. Collier winning the toss elected to play up-hill with the sun behind us. Our forwards were some little time in settling down and when they did test the opposing goalkeeper they found him on the spot though a trifle lucky. However, the pressure was bound to tell and after 10 minutes play Barrie deflected a perfect centre from Prettyman which gave the goalkeeper no chance. Having tasted blood our forwards were eager for more and Stoker picking up a pass from Bennett, who was playing a most unselfish game, scored from 15 yards range. This seemed to upset the A. S. C. and the play suffered in consequence. Keeping up the pressure first Curtis, then Prettyman, centred some good balls and from one of these Stoker added a third goal. Kicking downhill in the second half we had the bulk of the play and our forwards, well backed by the defence, continually kept the A. S. C. confined to their own half. Goals were added by Stoker (1), Bennett (2) and Barrie (1). Another very one-sided game ended 7-0 in our favour.

### Canadians v Machine Gun Section. 3-2-18.

This important return League game was played on the ground of our opponents in dull weather. The previous game ended in a win for us by 2 goals to 1 and in view of this a keen tussle was expected. Losing the toss Bennett kicked off against a slight wind. Midfield play marked the first five minutes. Canadians gradually worked the ball to the other goal and the ball went past. Immediately following this our forwards came into the picture with some nice combination which Barrie finished off by driving in a grounder which the goalkeeper failed to clear and Bennett dashing up opened the scoring. This early success put the team on good terms with themselves and playing a good open game they looked dangerous. Half time arrived with the score 1-0 in our favour. Canadians pressed early in the second half and scored, but offside was given. The game was being played on fast lines, each side getting within shooting distance, with the Canadians the more dangerous. Following a corner to Canadians Bennett scored a second goal from close in and the same player three minutes later scored another. This put the issue out of doubt and the whistle blew with Canadians pressing. Result was 3-0 in our favour. The green shirts played a good game, Park being conspicuous at centre half. The forwards did good work, but spoilt many chances by getting off-side, a fault which should be corrected.

### Record up to date. 3-2-18.

<u>Played.</u>	<u>Won.</u>	<u>Lost.</u>	<u>Drawn.</u>	<u>Goals for.</u>	<u>Goals against.</u>	<u>Points.</u>
15.	13.	1.	1.	60.	7.	27.

SIDELINES.



## OUR MAIL BAG

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To : -

The Editor

*La Vie Canadienne*

—:—

SIR,

It was with great interest that we learned from an announcement in a recent issue of the Continental Daily Mail that certain facilities for education are being granted to Troops behind « the lines ».

There are many engaged here at the Echelon who would be only too glad of the opportunity, say of collective study or resumé, or to take up Civil Service subjects. There are of course many who are optimistic as to the future (providing they survive) in regard to Farming propositions as offered by the Federal Government and Provincial Governments, whilst there are many, who being physically handicapped would be better adapted in following mental pursuits; thus were it possible to obtain tuition, and examinations held from time to time under Government direction, a big step would, without doubt, be made to direct casual « after the war » employees into staple positions with recurring benefit to the men, many of whom have lost three years clerical experience of their respective vocations.

We feel sure that were this subject given the publicity it merits the « Powers that be » might be induced to reach out and give the necessary encouragement at this Base also.

31-1-1918.

PATHÉ.

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To : -

The Editor

*La Vie Canadienne*

—:—

SIR,

On this the occasion of your anniversary I cannot refrain from trespassing on the hospitality of your valuable columns, in order to offer you my heartiest congratulations on your past efforts and my best wishes for, I won't, for certain obvious reasons, say a long life, but, at any rate, for the rest of your career, that measure of prosperity which has always been yours in days gone by. « Floreat antiquus papyrus! » That is a sentiment which perhaps I, who have known you since the days of your incubation, have more right to offer and to feel than any other. I am moved to the very depths of my being when I look back on those times and review in the mind's eye the events which had to come to pass



before you could be dreamed of. There was that momentous day when the desire to create first took concrete form in mortal brain — the brain of your creator. Ah Sir, what a brain was his, what a commanding personality, what a creative genius, what a superman! Who was he, you will ask, « A Colonel? » « A General? » Alas, stricter than the seal of the confessional is the ban laid on my lips. I may not speak. Suffice it to say that no high rank nor command was his; he was as one who serveth amongst you, whose daily task was to delve deep in the archives in search of minutes which had never been sent and letters which had never been received. And yet he found them, impossible though it sounds. Yet one apparent claim to greatness was his — his initials were the same as those of a certain supreme war lord and by means of a studied manner of inscribing them great was the terror which he could instil into recalcitrant spirits by a mere stroke of the pen. Perhaps this innocent peculiarity assisted the infantile struggles of « La Vie ».

That those struggles were very real you may judge from the premature grey hairs of your founder as I see him to-day sitting bowed beneath his weight of cares. « Finis coronat opus », or the game was worth the candle. Yea, verily, the pen is mightier than the sword and great is your power to honour or abase, Mr Editor. My mind recalls the time when the respective calls of « La Vie » and the physical drill expert unduly clashed one day. The Editor performed the necessary rising on the toes and bending from the waist but his open letter to that unhappy sergeant nearly hurried « La Vie » into an untimely grave.

That the vicissitudes of your early youth have only served to sweeten rather than to sour your temperament is perhaps the greatest offering which you can make to your founder. Like good wine the increasing weight of years adds to the mellowness of your flavour and when, in years to come, the feeble hand of old age picks you up from your resting place among the cobwebs, the light of youth and strength and good comradeship will shine in the eyes that read and once again that spirit which has united the men of Vancouver and Montreal with those from John o' Groats to Land's End will descend to gladden the heart and strengthen the arm. If you can achieve this ideal you will indeed have lived.

Believe me to be, Sir,  
Your firm friend.

G. H.

