

Vol. I., No. 5

'Tchun!



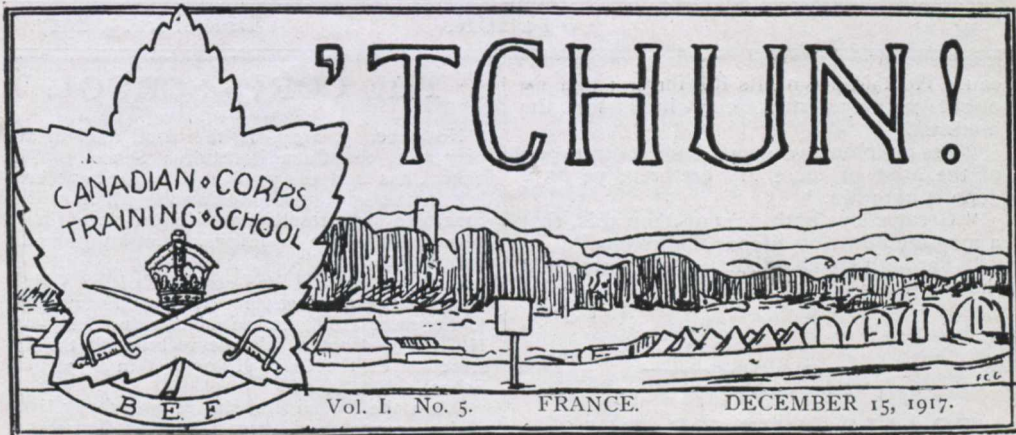
PUBLISHED BY

THE CANADIAN CORPS TRAINING SCHOOL

December, 1917.

B.E.F., FRANCE

The
Commandant and Staff
of the
Canadian Corps School
Wish You
A Happy Xmas
and The Best of Luck
for the New Year.



A CHRISTMAS PARABLE.

ONCE upon a time a Big Family lived on a Small Island. There were so many Children that the old Home could not hold them. So they built cells on the cottage, until these, too, were crowded out, and some of the Boys had to move off the Island. They set up homes in new lands, and for a time had a hard struggle. But the Old Gentleman helped them liberally and shielded them from all danger. In the course of a generation or two the Inhabitants of the New Countries learned to respect the Sons, and sought adoption in the Family. So it came to pass that many races and creeds found refuge and content under their new Father. Great Prosperity came to all the members of the Larger Family, and with it came all the ills of Wealth. Independence and Selfishness were everywhere manifested. The Boys became arrogant and self-assertive, the Daughters clamoured for a full share of privileges with their Brothers. In the Old Home there was much discontent and faction. Some of the Sons entered Politics, and became corrupt and partisan—others entered Business and rolled up huge Fortunes. Many of the younger lads lived a life of utter Idleness, concerned only with Sport and Pleasure. A few desired to become Soldiers, but were told that an Army was unnecessary, as the Old Man in his pride believed that no one would dare attack his Home. Matters went from bad to worse, until Ease and Luxury had eaten the Strength out of the Family, and its dismemberment seemed a certainty. Cliques and parties sprang up everywhere, and discordant cries were heard on all sides. Prophets of gloom were ready to write "Ichabod" over the Old Home!

One Midsummer Night the shrill cry of a

Child came piercing across the waters, and fell upon the ears of the complacent Old Gentleman. He immediately leaped to his feet and went to the Rescue. He found a Monster Giant strangling the Child to death, so he cried to his Boys for assistance. And then a Miracle was wrought in the Family! Every cry of dissension was silenced, luxury was banished, ease fled away, and all the Household rose like a Mighty Host and went forth to battle. Sons came from afar, bringing with them their adopted brethren, eager to go against this Cruel Wrong. They had all become obedient Children again, anxious only to serve the Cause of Right. Wealthy Sons poured out all their Treasure, Daughters of refinement gave their hands to unaccustomed tasks, the Sports of the Family dropped their cricket bats and shouldered a rifle! There was more of Unity, Fraternity, and Charity than in the piping times of peace. No self-seeking marred the common effort—every member vied with his brother in deeds of unselfish service. The pain of their fight was but the birth-pangs which brought the Child-Spirit unto the Family again. Love, Brotherhood, Sacrifice, and Trust were incarnated in the Boys and Girls of this remarkable House.

When the Feast of the Christ-Child came round, the Old Gentleman hung these texts upon the Walls of the Room where his Children had played long years ago, for they represented the Great Truths of Christmas and were re-interpreted by the gallant deeds of his Sons and Daughters:—

"A little child shall lead them."

"Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Hereby perceive we the love of God, be-

cause He laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

"Through much tribulation we enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

A. P. S.

TO ALL OUR READERS.



BY the time this issue of 'TCHUN emerges from the press the Christmas of 1917 will be near at hand. We take this opportunity of wishing you all "The compliments of the season." May you live long and prosper, and may your shadows never grow less.

It is a long, long trail from this war-racked land of France to that fair Canada of ours—the grandest land on God's green earth, flooded with sunshine and all a-sparkle with frost and snow, wrapped in peace just as though war were but the shadow of an ugly dream. Those of us who are out here and must "stay on the job" look with longing eyes across the ocean to the broad lands, and those that dwell thereon, that we have left behind. And the best Christmas wish of all is that before another Christmas comes round again we may be marching home with Victory on our standards, and peace over all the world.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of "TCHUN."

SIR,—May I trespass on your valuable space to draw attention to a matter which, I think, is worthy of note.

During the recent Rifle Meet of the Canadian corps held at the Corps School, some 1,800 other ranks were gathered together, most of whom were billeted in the town in batches of from 10 to 20 in a billet, and in many cases not even under the control of an N.C.O. Not one single case of crime of any sort was reported during the whole 5 days of the Meet.

Comment is superfluous.

Thanking you, Sir,

TRENCH MORTAR.

THE CORPS SCHOOL.

November 3, 1917, is the first anniversary proper of the Canadian Corps School. The School has had the good fortune to have been left in the same place during the whole of this time, and, as a result, many improvements have been made to the buildings, training grounds, ranges, etc.

In November the Staff consisted of five Officer Instructors and seven N.C.O. Instructors; to-day there are seventeen Officers and forty-two N.C.O. Instructors. These include all the Instructors of the four different Wings of the School.

When the School first started everybody lived under canvas, and those who took Courses at the School in the early days can well remember the discomforts of the leaky tents in which they had to live, and also the lack of recreation and mess rooms.

This is now all changed, and every Officer and N.C.O. lives in a hut, proper recreation and mess rooms have been provided, in addition to a drill shed for use in wet weather. In fact, as one Officer said, who visited the School recently, "It all looks so beastly permanent."

Since December, 1916, two additional branches have been added to the School, and the number of Officers and N.C.O.s attending each Course has increased 300 per cent.

Notwithstanding the fact that of necessity a great many subjects must be taught at the School, the importance of close order drill and ceremonial is never lost sight of as a means of inculcating discipline and leadership. Great attention has been paid to teaching the tactical employment and handling of a platoon in the offensive, including situations arising in trench to trench, semi-open, or open warfare.

The 15th Course closed its shutters on October 27, and the 16th Course opened upon the 29th. On the Wednesday previous to the break-up a paper-chase was participated in by the whole School over a ten-mile course. The Chief Instructor and the Adjutant were two of the hares, and Lieutenants Heaslip and Green completed the quartet. They all finished with their tails in the air, although the Chief Instructor had a slight attack of the Heaves, while the Adjutant developed "Blind Staggers." No serious results are apprehended.

SOME RECENT VISITORS.

Among the visitors at the School during the last month were:—Army Commander; Corps Commander; Major-General A. C. MacDonnell, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.; Brigadier-General P. De B. Radcliff, D.S.O.; Brigadier-General Portal, D.S.O.; General White, U.S.A. Army; Lieut.-Colonel MacKenzie, D.S.O.; Lieut.-Colonel Hayter, D.S.O.; Lieut.-Colonel Warden, D.S.O.; Lieut.-Colonel Kemmis Betty, D.S.O.; Lieut.-Colonel Millen; Major Morrissey, D.S.O.; Major Betts, M.V.O. D.S.O.; Major Anderson; Major Hannay, D.S.O.

Canadian Corps Rifle Meeting.

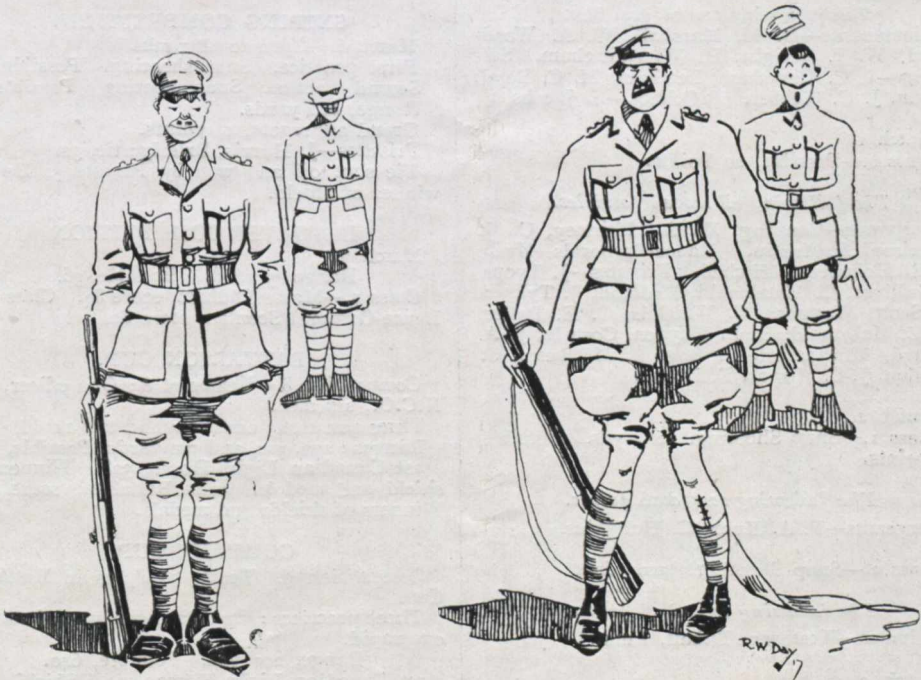
Held September 22nd to 25th, 1917, on the Canadian Corps School Rifle Ranges.

The Committee consisted of the Divisional Commanders and the Heads of the different Departments of the Corps Headquarters.

IN order to stimulate an interest in musketry and impress upon all ranks the immense value of the rifle in the hands of men properly trained in its use, a rifle meeting was held at the Canadian Corps School, where there are excellent ranges up to 500 yards.

Every unit in the Canadian Corps was represented (except artillery). Entries poured in, in-

small cost; and arrangements were made with the E.F.C., who erected three large marquees, one for the committee and two for officers, N.C.O.'s, and men competing, and their friends. The food supplied would have tempted the greatest epicure. The liquid refreshments, cigars, and cigarettes left nothing to be desired. The weather throughout the meeting was per-



OUR FEELINGS.

(1) Before the C.O.'s Inspection.

(2) After the C.O.'s Inspection.

volving a prodigious amount of clerical work, particularly at the eleventh hour, when hundreds of substitutions were made on account of casualties and other causes.

In all some 1,800 officers, N.C.O.'s, and men reported at the appointed time, and were billeted in the school and throughout the town. The billeting and messing arrangements were in the hands of Capt. McNeill, Adjutant of the School, and were in every way satisfactory.

For the sake of convenience it was considered advisable to provide lunch on the range at a

fect; bright sunshine, hot, and without a breath of wind stirring. Conditions for accurate shooting were unsurpassed. It would have been impossible to select four better days had one been given the choice.

All competitions were watched with keen interest, particularly the Platoon Cup, Falling Plate, and Sniping Tests.

Possibly the Platoon Cup created the greatest rivalry; the lessons to be learnt from this competition alone made the meeting worth while. It demonstrated to a marked degree the value of

covering fire during an advance; and to a greater extent, the volume of well directed fire possible to be produced by 30 men well trained in the use of the rifle.

Notably it demonstrated the value and tactics of the Lewis gun.

The meet was undoubtedly a very great success; and nearly everyone expressed regret when it came to an end on Tuesday afternoon, September 25th.

After a closing speech, prizes were presented to the successful competitors.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Match 1.

Class 1.—Snap Shooting, 200 yds. Possible, 20 Points.

The following scored possibles.

Lieutenants—D. M. Marshall, W. A. Woodward, W. J. Wright, H. W. Allingham. Sergeants—J. C. Chambers, Leatham, M. C. Boyd, Sisson, J. C. Webber. R.Q.M.S.—S. Jacobs.

Match 1.

Class 2.—Possible, 20 Points.

The following all scored possibles.

Corporals—Canning, W. L. Phinney, C. J. Morrison, A. Martin. Lance-Corporals—Nash, C. R. Holmberg, Mitchell. Privates—J. Lyons, J. Gulliver, C. Macdonald, Hedland, J. Tyllyer, N. Scott, Westover, C. W. Gale, C. E. Potter, M. C. McDonald, E. F. Hayden, Costello, J. A. Legard, McClymont, F. Roy, P. Matthews, C. Skeldon, J. C. Mowat, E. Lefort.

Match 2.

Class 1.—Snap Shooting. 200 yds. Possible, 20 points.

The following scored 16 points.

Sergeants—F. A. Knox, C. Hodgkins.

Class 2.—Snap Shooting. 200 yds.

The following scored 16 points.

Privates—Westover, Titball, Lunn.

Match 3.

Class 1.—Snap Shooting. 300 yds. Possible, 20 points.

The following scored 18 points.

Sergeants Faulkner, Cave.

Class 2.

The following scored 18 points.

Corporals—Lee, Throp. Sapper Robinson. Private Delmore.

Match 4.

Class 1.—Rapid. 300 yds. Possible, 60 points.

The following scored 41 points.

Sergeant Wright.

Class 2.

The following scored 41 points.

Private Craven.

Match 5.

Aggregate Shields.

Class 1 and 2. For best aggregate scores made in each class, matches 1 to 4.

Class 1. Possible, 120 points.

Major W. O. Morris. Score 81. Winner of shield.

Class 2.

Private G. J. Morrison. Score 73. Winner of shield. Class 1.—Open to officers, W.O.'s, N.C.O.'s, down to rank of sergeant inclusive. Class 2.—Open to corporals, lance-corporals, and privates.

SNIPING COMPETITION.

Match 6.—Open to all ranks.

First practice. Snap shooting. Possible, 20.

Second practice. Snap shooting. Possible, 24.

Range, 200 yards.

Grand aggregate, 44 points.

Privates—J. Harris, Brierly; tie, 32.

Tie shot off and won by Private J. Harris, winner of shield.

REVOLVER COMPETITION.

Match 7.

Range 25 yards. Possible, 96.

Class 1.—Major Oldham, score 89. Class 2.—Lance-Corporal Scanlan, score 80.

BATTALION CUP.

Competition 8.—Teams of 8: One officer, one N.C.O., six men.

Three practices, one slow and two rapid.

Ranges: 200, 300, and 500 yards. Possible, 720.

1st Canadian Light Horse, 328. Winners of shield and medals. 49th Battalion, score 296. Winners of shields and medals.

COMPANY CUP.

Competition 9. Teams of 8, as in Battalion Cup.

Three practices: One slow, one snap shooting, one rapid.

Range, 200 yds. Possible, 640.

1st Canadian Light Horse, 444. Shield and medals. A Company, 75th Battalion, 438. Medals.

PLATOON CUP.

Competition 10.

Platoon to consist of Platoon Commander (Lieutenant or sergeant), and twenty-eight other ranks made up into four sections. Lewis Gun Section, to consist of one N.C.O. and six privates.

Objects of Competition.

(1) Demonstrate power of surprise effect.

(2) Demonstrate value of covering fire during an advance.

1st Battalion.—Points, 630. Winners of shield and medals. 2nd Battalion.—Points, 452. Winners of medals.

FALLING PLATES.

Competition 11.

Teams of 7 : One leader and six others from any one Platoon.

Targets : Seven iron plates representing one of the opposing team.

Range : Between 150 and 250.

1st.—75th Battalion. Winner of shield and medals. 2nd.—21st Battalion. Winner of medals. 3rd.—5th Canadian Mounted Rifles

MACHINE GUN COMPETITION.

Match 12.

Gun team to consist of one N.C.O. and four men.

Possible points, 300.

1st.—1st C.M.M.G. Bde. Points, 178. Winner of shield. 2nd.—4th Division. Points, 139½. Winner of medals.

RIFLE GRENADIERS COMPETITION.

Match 13.

Open to teams of four from any one Platoon.

Possible : 180 points.

1st.—42nd Battalion. Points, 44. Winners of shield and medals.

2nd.—75th Battalion. Points, 37. Winners of medals.

Chief Range Officer. — Captain N. A. D. Armstrong.

Range Officers.—Captain Philps — A Range. Lieutenant Harvie—B. Range.

Bulls Officers. Major Durrand, Captain Richardson.

The British Officer will live on anything—even down to acorns and blackbeetles, should the occasion demand it. But, gentlemen, the occasion has not yet called for such sacrifice on our part, and until it does, I say live well, and in the Mess Regulations of your regiment let the following formulæ occupy a very prominent position :—

Bully Beef	} Produce (partaken in silence)	} Stomach Ache		
Hard Biscuit			} Indigestion	
Plum and Apple Jam				} Irritation of Mind
Tea and Virginia Cigarettes				
	} Pessimism and Weak Moral			

A BAD SHOW.

Whereas—

Consomme	} Produce (to the strains of the Battalion Orchestra)	} Contentment of Mind					
Saumon Mayonnaise			} Peace with all Men except the Huns				
Filet de Boeuf aux Champignons				} Bonnes Histoires			
Pêche Melba					} Mirth		
Sardines au Croute						} Laughter	
Heidseck, 1906							} Optimism and Strong Moral
A Glass of Old Brandy & a Corona							

A GOOD SHOW.

The above extract from the published lectures of a well-known Military Expert, is reproduced for the benefit of those who have not had the opportunity of hearing or reading the lectures.

THE SERGEANT.

Who, when Reveille's hateful blare
Unknits my ravelled sleeve of care,
Growls at me like a wounded bear?

The Sergeant.

When down at full knees bend I strain
And upward stretch, who mocks my pain
And makes me do the thing again?

The Sergeant.

Who sees that all my buttons shine,
That I preserve a rigid spine,
And go to bed at half-past nine?

The Sergeant.

Who watches while I clean the swill,
Parades me when I need a pill,
And takes my name for extra drill?

The Sergeant.



Minor Heroes of the War.

Who as I tread my sentry beat
Beseeches me to "Lift those feet,"
And calls me names I can't repeat?

The Sergeant.

Who always harshly with me dealt,
And all around my bayonet felt,
Then looked for spots upon my belt?

The Sergeant.

Who made me with the bayonet skip,
And shouted, "Squad, around me nip,"
Until I got the bloomin' "pip"?

The Sergeant.

And when the pearly gates I spy,
And try to pass St. Peter by,
Who'll shout "'Bout turn, leff ri,
leff ri?"

The Sergeant.

An Episode of the Great War.

WITH INTERRUPTIONS.

THE beautiful Georgette, the old Vicomte's daughter, sat alone in her boudoir. The door was locked—the windows barred, while the stern old aristocrat sat without. Rumours had reached the Lord of Spiffumspoffum—rumours concerning the love affairs of his lovely daughter. From the camp near by echoed the martial strains of "The British Grenadiers." "Ha," mused his lordship, "all is well." Reginald Rummyhead, Acting-Lance-Corporal (without pay) was with his company in parade, and the lovely girl was secure from his amorous attentions.

Only the night before the Vicomte had heard, while a guest at the officers' mess [Ed.: Slo-ho march. Author: 'Sall ri; these are Canadians] of D. Company's latest prodigy, and had laughed heartily over the mess version of Reginald's escapades; but now, all was changed. For this very night Georgette had confessed to him her love for the gallant Acting Lance-Corporal (without pay) whom she was even now expecting.

Sh! It is close on nine o'clock, the time of the tryst. Georgette, lovely and lovesick, sits and sighs. Hark! Listen! Footsteps on the cobble-stones. He comes! He comes! Clutching her lovely bosom with her slim left hand, while the right toys absently with the sugar-tongs, Georgette starts up like a shy gazelle, her breath coming and going in short, sharp pants; closer and closer came the footsteps, and shorter and shorter grew her pants.

[Ed.: Here, I say. What the—why the— Author: I don't mean what you mean.]

He is nearly here. Oh, joy! Oh, bliss! He comes. A knock; two knocks; a silence that could be felt. Then gradually and inwardly opened the French window, and there, on the threshold, grim and gaunt, appears—not her eager lover, but the dread, stern figure of the Provost-Sergeant. Like a phantom he advances—his bony hand outstretched and pointing like a bayonet at the shrinking maiden, while his moustachios, spiked and glistening like armour-piercing bullets, twitch spasmodically on either side of his strongly moulded nose. He rapped out the fateful words:—

"Acting Lance-Corporal Rummyhead is in the clink. His letters to you have been discovered." With a choking cry the grief-stricken girl tottered and fell to her knees, her slim, fluttering hands clutching at her swan-like throat and pearl-white bosom beneath. Her cloak, disarranged with the violence of her anguish, fell from her shapely shoulders revealing [Ed.: For heaven's sake go easy, you give me the diderums. Author: Don't worry, it's passed by the censor] her evening dress beneath.

"Tell me," she sobbed, the lovely tear-drops pattering on the blue-tiled floor, "what is the charge?"

"That," gruffly replied the officer, "is of

such a confidential nature that it must not be communicated to anyone outside of His Majesty's Forces."

"Cruel monster," murmured the lovely damsel, her breath torn and heaving with [Ed.: Look here, this is no vivisection hospital. Author: You make me tired]—with suppressed emotion, as she staggered over to the window, through which she gazed with piteous, streaming eyes.

Suddenly her sinuous figure shot up to its full height, as turning like a panther on the dumb-founded Non-Com. Officer, these scathing words tumbled pell-mell from the cupid lips:—

"Sneeze kid, your brains are dusty," and, laughing rapturously in sheer delight, she stretched [Ed.: You can cut out the physical jerks. Author: You're extremely rude. I'll never write another line for your beastly old rag. Ed.: Thank God] her eager hands towards a rapidly approaching but slightly dishevelled figure. It was the Acting Lance-Corporal, released under suspended sentence, owing to the kind-hearted and ceaseless efforts of the Adjutant, whose sympathies were entirely with him. And

Never a word said the Provost Sarge,

Never a word said he;

But he looked, and his look was a whole barrage

Directed against the demoiselle sage,

And gnashing his teeth in terrible rage (ahem),

Out of the house *partit*,

Too—ral—lal.

Enter the fairies.

(Curtain.)

SCENE.—Orderly room.

PRISONER (charged with direct disobedience of a lawful order).

COLONEL (with ominous frown corrugating his brow) to prisoner: Well, what have you got to say?

PRISONER: Sir, I was fortunate to have the opportunity and privilege of listening to your recent lecture on "Discipline," and your admirably-expressed distinction between implicit obedience and intelligent obedience impressed me very strongly. When the circumstances arose of which this charge is the outcome, your remarks, sir, fresh in my mind, unhesitatingly decided me in acting in the manner I did. Unfortunately this had the appearance of disobedience to the order, but was, sir, in reality merely the intelligent carrying out of the same.

COLONEL (somewhat dazed from the exuberance of this verbosity, but obviously gratified at the careful attention given to his remarks): Ha-er-hum—Yes. Quite so. Well-er, don't let it occur again, and er—. Oh, get to h—l out of here.

Sgt. MAJOR: Ri-tun. Qui-mar. Lef-ri, lef-ri.

AUTUMN.

Down in the garden
The first frosts harden,
Crying a pardon
The late birds call :
On lilies and roses
The long night closes ;
All the poor posies
Must faint and fall.

Oh, how the flowers
Remember the hours
Of perfumed bowers
Under the moon—
Large and yellow,
And hark! the 'cello,
The flute so mellow,
The rich bassoon.

Violins playing,
Dancers swaying,
Voices straying
Over the lawn,
Silks a-shimmer
Till stars grow dimmer,
And so the glimmer
Of rosy dawn.

The vision is ended
Of summer splendid,
Broken and bended,
They hear the knell :
Vain to linger
When Death's cold finger
Becks, and the ringer
Is plucking the bell.

Down, couch lower,
O grass and flower ;
The dark leaves shower
To shroud you round :
The red rose petal
Is one with the nettle
To sink and settle
Into the ground.

But lean and listen
Where hoar frosts glisten
And snow flakes thristen
The sleeping earth :
Here awhile dreaming,
Spring comes a-gleaming :
Death is but seeming,
Not Death, but Birth.

D. G.

The conjurer in the village school-room had invited any gentleman from the audience to step upon the platform, and a rustic in velveteen coat responded. "I suppose you consider it a matter of impossibility for me to make that rabbit in the box on the table pass into your coat-tail



At the Local Tea Shop:

"Parlez-vous Francais, M'selle?"

"Oui, M'sieur!"

"Well, how's chances of getting some tea and cake at this joint?"

pocket?" "I dunno about the impossible," came the reply, "but I wouldn't do it if I were you, sir." "Oh, you'll be in no danger, I can assure you," smiled the sleight-of-hand man airily. "I worn' thinkin' about myself," the rustic answered. "I was studying the rabbit. I've got a couple of ferrets in that there pocket."

THE STAFF.



Lieut. G. E. ASKWITH,
Asst. Lewis Gun Instructor.

Capt. N. A. D. ARMSTRONG,
Chief Sniping Instructor

Lt.-Col. A. D. CAMERON, M.C.,
Commandant

Major J. D. MACPHERSON, M.C.,
Chief Instructor, Infantry, and
2nd in Command.

Lieut. A. K. HARVEY,
Asst. Sniping Instructor.

STAGE NOTES.

"A Crowded Day," an up-to-date revue, was presented to packed houses on two evenings during the last week of the 5th Course. Lieut. R. W. Day was author and manager, and also took a prominent part in the performance, being supported by a well-balanced company from the School Staff.

MUSICAL NUMBERS.

1. Opening Chorus(Pierrots' Parade, "It's going to be a night to-night.") (PIERROTS.)
2. Duet ...("Twas only an Irishman's Dream.") (CAPT. AND WIDOW MCGEE.)
3. Song "A Bachelor Gay." (SGT. WHITESIDES AND CHORUS.)

(Grand musical Finale under the direction of Mr. Meads.)

CANADIAN CORPS SCHOOL, FRANCE.

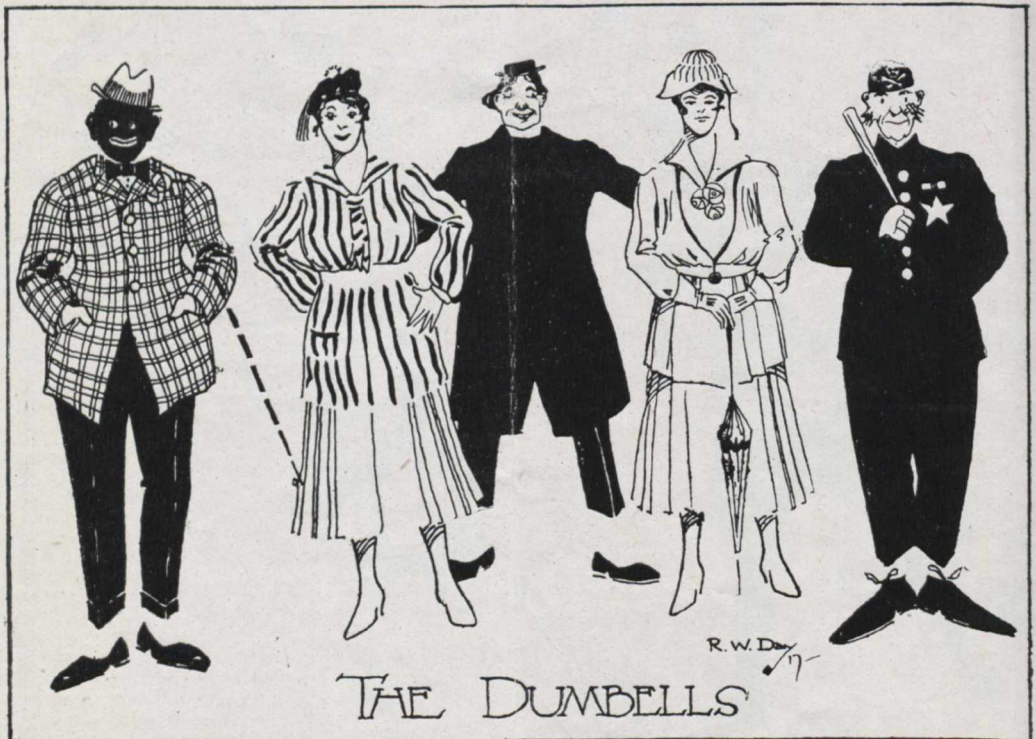
16th COURSE,

"ONE CROWDED DAY."

A galaxy of fun, music, and songs chiefly noted for the entire absence of anything appertaining to "The Soldiering Business."

The cast was as follows:

Capt. Patrick Hennessy (a retired skipper) Sgt. Littlejohn
George Henry Washington Johnson ... Sgt. Ellis



THE DUMBELLS

4. Duet "Wonderful Boy, Wonderful Girl." (MARY, MAURICE, AND CHORUS.)
5. Duet "Sometimes you get a good one." (CAPT. AND WIDOW MCGEE.)
6. Quartet.
"Some Girls Do, and Some Girls Don't." (MARY, MAURICE, DICK, AND DENISE.)
7. Song...
"He may be old, but he's got young Ideas." (MAURICE.)
8. Duet "Down Honolulu Way." (DICK AND DENISE.)

Mary (daughter of Capt. Hennessy) Sgt. Tweedic
Maurice (a young blood) Sgt. Galbraith
Dick (ditto) Lieut. R. W. Day
Denise (friend of Mary) Sgt. Whitehead
Danny (son of Widow McGee)
Policeman Sgt. Westacott
Widow McGee Sgt. Hall

Chorus of pierrots, Hawaiians, instrumentalists.

Time.—Those remote ages before the war.

Scene 1.—Modern room of the Hotel Doyouif-theycan.

Special scene.—Mrs. Jarley's Wax-works (up to date).

Scene 2.—A street

Sgt. Hall made a delightfully vulgar old wash-lady, and Sgt. Littlejohn, as the Captain of H.M.S. *Bath-Mat*, was a most amusing old salt. The two young ladies were very fascinating, notwithstanding the size of their feet. The duet, "Down Honolulu Way," by Lieut. Day and Sgt. Whitehead, was vociferously encored on each occasion, and deservedly so, while Sgt. Whitehead's rendering of "The Bachelor Gay" was much appreciated. A series of living statues, superintended by Sgt. Littlejohn, were most excellent, and the whole performance, with

able name. The Chief Instructor rather favoured "The Coliseum," and the Adjutant suggested the "Empire"—(stand steady in the rear ranks)—while the Sniping man rather diffidently proposed "The Alhambra," but, noticing the looks of pained astonishment around him, hurriedly remarked that he meant "Exeter Hall." "The Palace," "Pleasure Garden," "Hippodrome," "Gaiety," and "Variety" were all in turn suggested and discarded, till finally "The Pavillion" seemed to hit the right spot—so "The Pavillion" it is.

An impromptu concert opened it on October 16. Excellent selections by the band, songs by Lieut. Skinner, Sgt. Littlejohn, Cpl. Callway, S. M. Briggs, Sgt. Westacott, and Cpl. Turner; an accordion solo by Pte



the valuable assistance of the band, was most enjoyable. Hold on, dar guy, we're quite forgetting the handsome physiognomy of Brudder Johnson. It's a pippin.

THE PAVILLION.

Thirty by ninety, with a stage thirty by fifteen. Such are the feet dimensions of the new Lecture and Social Hut just completed at the Corps School under the supervision of Sgt.-Major Hughson. Behind the stage a Nissen bow hut is connected for a dressing-room; to the side near the entrance a lean-to canteen has been attached, and over the entrance doors a room projects in which a cinema machine will be installed.

Many suggestions were received as to a suit-

Young; a selection on the violin by L.-Cpl. Rennie, and recitations by L.-Cpl. Pettit and Sgt. N. Hall, combined to make a very enjoyable programme. The stage was a revelation to those who had not seen it before, with its handsome proscenium and drop curtain.

The Dumbells, the 3rd Div. Concert Party, one might say, officially opened the Hall on October 17. They gave a first-class show. Margorie and Tootsie were amazingly girlish, and it was difficult to realise that they were not the real thing. Old Si Usetobe is a whole show in himself, while Tennant's rendering of the cobbler's song from "Chu Chin Chow" was most delightful. One will travel a long way before one meets a better all-round troupe.

On October 18 "The Rouge et Noir" Concert Party of the First Army made a hurried trip at considerable personal inconvenience, and gave a first-rate show to a packed audience.



Band of the Canadian Corps (Bandmaster Sgt. J. Meads, W.O.).

SNIPERS' HONOUR ROLL.

The following is a list of the Snipers who have gained distinction at the respective courses. It will be noted that there is no record of the first course.

2nd Course—

Lieut. H. Gemmel.
Pte. A. K. Mackie.

3rd Course—

Lieut. A. K. Harvie.
Cpl. F. Le Palm.

4th Course—

Lieut. K. C. McGowan.
Pte. S. McNitch.

5th Course—

Lieut. H. L. Brodie.
Cpl. Montgomery.

6th Course—

Cpl. A. Wylie.
Cpl. P. Dague.

7th Course—

Lieut. A. H. Cowie.
Sgt. J. E. Morris.

8th Course—

Lieut. J. McNeill.
Cpl. L. Skilton.

9th Course—

Lieut. H. B. Trout.
Cpl. L. E. Hunt.
A/Cpl. C. H. Roy.

10th Course—

Lieut. Gouldsmith.
Pte. E. Bust.
Pte. E. Gibson.

11th Course—

L/Cpl. Fennel
Lieut. H. W. Clarke, M.C.

It is seriously being considered adding to the School establishment a flock of pigs, and a cow or two, and these, in combination with the twenty-six turkeys already on hand, should be able to give a good account of the swill barrels, at present practically given away. It would only require a bunch of hens to complete the ideal barn-yard; and then fresh eggs on tap, so to speak—a pleasant change, for as it is, why

"Sometimes you get a good one
And sometimes you don't."



R.W. Day,
with apologies
to —
Bruce
Bairnsfather.

If "Old Bill" and "Bert" attended the C.C.S.

Old Bill: "Bert, I really think it is safer in the trenches!"

CORPS-DITE.

"Bottoms up" is the selected slogan of the 5th Platoon in the 15th Course. Don't let there be any misunderstanding as to its meaning. It is merely the 5th Platoon's way of saying "No heel taps."

Eve's dress was made of leaves.

Adam had none at all;

But he knew he'd see Eve's finish

When the leaves began to fall.

The Regimental Sergeant-Major returned recently from taking a month's course at the Guards Training School, Tadworth, England. There never was anything particularly lady-like about his voice that was noticeable, but now—Holy Ginger!

Who is the fair-weather kiltie Officer on the Staff who, with wise caution, assumes the breeks on doubtful days?

RATS!

Or, How Algernon Ashpitt Nearly Won the V.C.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The following story is contributed by our tame lady novelist. We feel sure that our readers will pardon any slight technical inaccuracies in view of the undoubted tout ensemble and je ne sais quoi of our contributor.*]

THE trumpet call of war did not find Algernon Ashpitt—*younger son of Sir Milldew Ashpitt, of Moulders Hall—unresponsive.* Notwithstanding the fact that, after an exile of only ten years in British Columbia, he had already attained the highly responsible position of chore boy in chief on the Four Flush Ranch, he did not hesitate to throw up his comfortable position at the call of King and Country. "High, Low, Jack and the Game," he muttered grimly; and in a short time, as Deputy-Assistant Cigar Sampler of the Shawnigan Swashbucklers, he found himself swearing horribly in Flanders.

The dangers of his calling as D.A.C.S. were great enough, but his soul yearned for further adventure. The daily routine of the trenches began to pall on his highly-strung imaginative nature. In such a mood, he naturally accosted his Colonel, to tell him of his troubles.

"Algernon, my boy," said the kind old Colonel, "what is making you look so pale? Is it the new Cabbagio Colorados, or the Old Awful Whiskey?"

"Neither of these, Mon Colonel," replied Algernon, whose knowledge of the French language had made rapid strides; "it is that I long for la gloire; I burn to distinguish myself."

The Colonel thought deeply for some minutes. "My boy," he said at length, "there is an enterprise I have in mind that calls for the most consummate coolness and courage. You, in your capacity of D.A.C.S., may be able to accomplish it. Tell me, boy, have you ever heard of the dreaded Pip Squeak?"

Even the intrepid Algernon blanched. Nevertheless, he answered bravely enough: "You employ, Sir, the slang or argot term denoting the trench rat?"

"I do, Sir," said the Colonel sternly. Then his harsh features softened. "Algy," he said, "you know the danger. You know how, night after night, our gallant lads get their toes bitten by these accursed vermin. You ask for glory, for personal distinction. Here is your chance. Rid me of these wretches, eradicate the rats; erase these relentless rodents. Do this, and the V.C.; the D.S.O., the Military Cross, the Iron Cross, the Ivory Cross, the Albert Medal, and the A.P.M. are yours for the asking. You might almost be made an 'M.V.O.'"

This stirring speech of his Colonel's was not without its effect. Algernon felt both his resolu-

tion and the camouflage on his upper lip stiffen.

"Consider it done, Sir," he said curtly. The Colonel bowed gravely, saluted with both hands as a mark of special respect, and disappeared into the canteen.

The night was dark and stormy. Stark and dormy, with two holes to go, lay Algernon, one of the mess cigars clenched between his teeth. Hole after hole he had visited, blowing the poisonous vapour, deadlier than any gas, into the secret retreats of the rodents. Now only two holes remained, but his magnificent frame was well-nigh exhausted. His heart was doing r.p.m., and his lungs back-firing badly. Feebly he thrust his cigar butt up the next hole. Dormy one. But he could smoke no more. He reached for another cigar, stretched, and missed it. Meanwhile a gigantic rat, in countenance closely resembling the Crown Prince, was not lying dead at the last hole. On the contrary, it was preparing to spring at him. What was to be done? Quick as thought he snatched up a nine-inch howitzer and sniped the rat through the head. Still his task was not complete. Some of the foul brood might yet be lurking in the recesses of their dug-outs. Stumbling along on hands and knees, he thrust great handfuls of Trench Mortar into the rat holes, finally and hermetically sealing them.

It was a week later. The regiment was assembled in hollow square, the Colonel in the hollow part of it. Presently a small party was seen approaching. It was Algernon. In silence he advanced and grasped the Colonel by the hand.

Tears were in the eyes of the gallant old warrior, tears of mingled whiskey and emotion. Nevertheless, he knew his duty.

"Men of the Shawnigan Swashbucklers," he said, "Dismiss Damyer."

Algernon fainted. It was the end.
(And time enough, too.—EDITOR.)

SPORT.

No. 9 Platoon, 15th Course, had the best indoor ball-team seen at the School for many a day. They spent their tea period from 4 to 5 p.m. cleaning up one platoon after the other, and finally they demolished the Staff, who fell to the tune of 29 to 6.

The team was:—Vermer, Bonner, Clarke, Montgomery, Smith, Thompson, Sclater, Noble "Old Bill," and MacDonald.

They were arguing about the draft, and one declared emphatically he would never fight for Uncle Sam. The champion of the cause of democracy thereupon clinched his side of the argument with this: "You're is mistaken. Uncle Sam don't make you fight. He jes takes you to where de foghtin' is, and then you use your own judgment."

THE CHINESE GANGSTER.

[It may be explained, for the benefit of those not very well informed on the establishments of Chinese Labour Companies, that "Gangers" are their native N.C.O.'s—ED.]

IT was a first-class road in the forward area, and it ran more or less parallel with the front line trenches, some 10 or 15 kilometres back of them. To say that it was a busy road is hardly a fit description, for it was fairly jammed with traffic—lorries, marching men, puffing Billies, trekking guns, supply column, motor-cars of all sizes, shapes, and makes, and the countless accessories which throng the lines of communication in an area occupied by a modern British Army.

The two pillars that stood at the porch or entrance of King Solomon's Temple could have been no more immovable than he was—that Chinese ganger standing, childlike and bland, at the gateway of the compound in which, for the time being, His Majesty's umpteenth Chinese Labour Company was making its home.

Over some twenty camouflaged bell tents, around which a five-foot barbed wire fence had been erected, this heathen warrior kept watch and ward, a sort of combination hall-porter

and car checker. I suppose he was thinking of *something* as he stood and watched the ever-changing procession passing in front of him, but in so far as one could see it made no more impression upon him than it did on the painted image of the crucified Christ erect on its wooden cross a few yards farther along the road, one of those numerous wayside sanctuaries which abound along the French highways. Spectators, both Orient and Occident—side by side—and in a way oddly alike; the Chinaman, alive, yet seemingly lifeless; the Cross, without life, yet symbol of the living Christian God.

Round the bend in the road comes a shuffling band, worn and weary Huns: captured samples of the vaunted Prussian Guards, prisoners from beyond the Ridge and fresh from the Corps Cage.

Past the sightless eyes of the figure on the Cross, and slowly onward past the ganger on guard, wound the procession. Nothing in the ganger's face indicated that he was in any way interested in that stumbling, dusty band,



BIG GAME-HUNTING - STALKING THE WILY CAMOUFLAGE

Relf Sheldon Williams
28.7.17 L.C.W. 10th M.G.

recent passengers through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Indeed, it might have seemed that he had been gazing on shuffling bands of Bosche prisoners all his life, so unconcerned did he appear.

Lorries rumbled by—dozens of them—side-cars rattled, and ambulances rushed, while the rhythmic tramp of a thousand men marching to relief shook everything but the ganger. In the distance the staccato ping of a Vickers gun split the atmosphere. Behind the marching troops a supply column rattled and banged. Overhead the roaring exhausts of several tri-planes completed a panorama which should have appealed to anyone.

Not, however, until the pungent odour of cooked catfish made itself sensible from the open door of a near-by mess-hut did the ganger give any sign that he was something more than a human obelisk in faded blue dungaree. As the smell hit him he carried out a rapid strategical movement to the rear; and the last I saw of him he was disappearing through the cook-house door, beating a military tattoo with his chop-sticks on his tummy.

R. G. M.

What's the difference between the Regimental Sgt.-Major and a South African lion?—Nothing to speak of. One roars by day and the other by night. (Hooroar.)

How did the wee Officer of the 20th cultivate his roar of command?

How does Gyp-the-Blood like assisting C.-S.M. Smith in jiu-jitsu demonstrations?

What did the Chief Instructor say when the Officer in command of No. 1 Platoon shouted, "As on sentry go, dismiss"? (Answer deleted by Censor.)

Marriage, according to Bob Edwards in a recent copy of the *Calgary Eye Opener* (good old Bob!) is a corporation of two persons with power to add to their number. (What might perhaps be described as a close corporation.)

"Be careful, there," softly cooed the Regimental to a certain N.C.O., "or you'll hit that precious head of yours with your rifle, and there'll be splinters flying, and they won't be from the rifle, either." *Wooden't* that jar you?

The Equitation Course is off for the nonce—(well, what are you gauping at? I said "nonce")—the gee-gees having gone to the war. This practically reduces the School means of transportation to two G.S. wagons and one rather doubtful side-car. Well, we should worry. "Floreat petrolea."



THE MARCH OF THE "CAMERON" MEN

Rail Squadron Williams
1917
1917
1917

GINGER.

An Appreciation.

By One Who Knows Him.

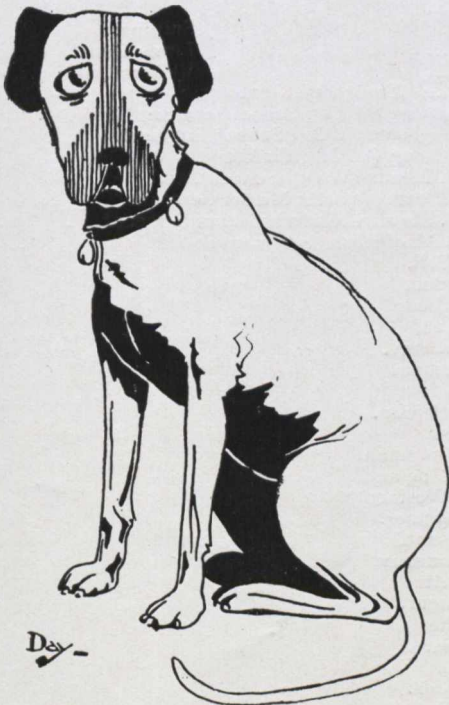
Name—Ginger.

Colour—Ginger.

Temperament.—Pepper, and Red at that.

Breed—Nothing particular; just dawg—French dawg.

WHERE he came from, not even the adjutant who saved him from imminent death and adopted him, knows. But the fact remains



Ginger.

that this rat-tailed, under-shot, diminutive cur trips airily from hut to cook-house and back again with all the assurance of a C.A.G.S. instructor—dignity and impudence combined.

He enjoys his matutinal cup of coffee with the rest of the Staff before the 6.45 P.T. parade, and he likes it hot and sweet; but he particularly does himself well at dinner, topping off a finished performance with a chunk of the cheese which, in the Staff Mess enjoys the ominous name of the "Creeping Barrage."

He's as supercilious as a London taxi-driver, and as cranky as a bear with a sore head. As

for sleeping quarters, he distributes his favours impartially; all beds look alike to him, provided they are warm.

His pet amusements seem to be (1) chasing his own tail, (2) skilfully conducting a ceaseless and furious warfare with the Commandant's feet, or rather the boots which encase them, and (3) jumping up on the Chief Instructor's tartan trews, to their great deterioration. In a word he's a parcel of Ginger Snaps and Red Pepper brought up on Chile Vinegar.

O, Ginger, in your hour of ease,
Licentious, coy, and hard to please,
With taste depraved for rotten cheese.
Stop jumping on the Major's knees,

You tripe-absorbing hound!
Still, when the Colonel jars your nerves,
And you fly round in rapid curves,
Do not forget, in your wild swerves,
His boots are really not "hors-d'œuvres,"
But solid leather bound.

Try and restrain your shrieking yaps,
Be dignified, and then, perhaps,
We'll quite forget your frequent lapse
From decent, proper doggy acts,
And overlook your past.
Eschew the siren when she calls,
Avoid unseemly, pup-like brawls,
Or if you can't, cut out the crawls
Such degredating conduct galls
The Military Caste.

And when we've won this ghastly fight—
As win we shall, with God and Right
Assisting our great Empire's might
In burying deep the German blight
Beyond all resurrection—
Why, then, we'll leave this bloody land,
We'll take you with us, Ginger, and,
Unless you sin to beat the band,
You shall go to our Glorious land
And file your quarter-section.

R. G. M

A young gentleman of the coloured persuasion had promised his girl a pair of white gloves for a New Year's gift. Entering a large department store he at last found the counter where these goods were displayed, and, approaching rather hesitatingly, remarked:

"Ah want a pair ob gloves."

"How long do you want them?" inquired the business-like clerk.

"Ah doesn't want foh to rent 'em; ah wants foh to buy 'em," replied the other indignantly.

Canadian Corps School.

THE STAFF.

Lieut.-Colonel A. Douglas Cameron, M.C.	Commandant.
Major J. D. MacPherson, M.C.	Chief Instructor, Infantry, and Second in Command.
Captain N. A. D. Armstrong	Chief Instructor Sniping.
Captain J. Burgoyne	Chief Instructor Lewis Guns.
Captain M. Levey	Chief Instructor Vickers Guns.
Captain A. D. McNeill	Adjutant and Quarter Master.
Captain R. G. Mathews	Paymaster.
Captain L. A. Houghton	Medical Officer.
Captain A. L. Philps	Musketry Instructor.
Captain J. S. Wilson	Assistant Instructor Infantry.
Captain G. C. Patterson, M.C.	" " "
Lieut. H. A. Green	" " "
Lieut. R. W. Day	" " "
Lieut. A. K. Harvey	" " Sniping.
Lieut. G. E. Askwith	" " Lewis Guns.
Lieut. R. E. Heaslip	" " Vickers Guns.
Lieut. S. C. West	Engineer Instructor.
School Sub Staff	R.S.M. W. G. Gosse (W.O.), School Sergeant Major. R.S.M. W. Houghson (W.O.), School Engineer. R.S.M. W. H. Long (W.O.), Musketry. Bandmaster S. Meads (W.O.), School Band Q.M.S. D. Endacott, Quarter Master Sergeant. C.Q.M.S. G. T. Stewart, Orderly Room Sergeant. Sergt. J. A. S. MacIntosh, Sergeant Cook.
Instructors—Infantry	C.S.M. A. T. Bell, " H. Gordon. " D. C. Gloag. " A. Smith. " F. Newberry. " H. Burrows. " Wilson. Sergt. W. Littlejohn, " H. Ellis. " J. C. Chapman. " W. H. England. " F. W. Westacott. " S. M. Palmer. " R. Bessant.
Sniping	C.S.M. T. Journeaux. " W. Smith. Sergt. A. Lesueur. " A. Wylie " W. Lees. " N. Hall. " W. Woods. " J. N. Moffatt. " J. H. Whitehead.
Musketry	C.S.M. A. W. Henderson. Sergt. R. Sowden. " D. Phillips. " Andrews. " J. Bishop. " M. E. Bishop. " Cartshore. " Sweetman. " S. E. Judge. " T. J. Davis. " Waldie, F.
Lewis Gun	" J. A. Tweedie. " W. H. Lascelles.
Vickers Gun	" G. Mace.
Engineering	