

THE BRAZIER



A Trench Journal printed and published at the Front by The Canadian Scottish for the Brigade. Passed for Publication by Chief Censor.

No. 8

France, February 10, 1917

Price 2d.

The following conversation is reported to have taken place in a certain military hospital not a hundred miles from London, between a wounded soldier and a lady visitor who insisted on hearing thrilling war experiences in exchange for sundry smokes and fruit. While the gifts were much appreciated by the patients, they were modest enough to greatly dislike the other side of the exchange. One day, however, a new patient arrived in the hospital straight from the Somme front and the good lady was very curious to have first hand information about tanks.

A Trip to Berlin

"Tell you what the tanks are jike?" Tommy looked round the ward carefully and whispered to the lady, "We're not supposed to say anything about 'em; but, as you're anxious to know something about 'em I'll tell you about my trip to Berlin but you must not let it go any further, mind."

"No, mum, I'm not joking, but if you don't want to hear it, why— Very well then. Them tanks sure are wonderful things and can go through anything. Nothing can stop 'em once they get started and all the way through to Berlin the 'Uns did everything they could to stop us but we were booked for Berlin and back, so that settled it. When they put up barricades, why we just 'opped over 'em. Through villages an' towns we went an' they couldn't stop us. Just had to let us waltz right through. Some fine towns we passed too on the way. Nice places some on 'em but we didn't waste no time sight-seeing. Just kept plugging along till we got to Berlin. Took us eight days-it did, but it was worth the trouble to see the old Kaiser 'imself standing in the bread line waitin' for 'is ration o' rooty. 'E didn't 'alf look surprised when 'e saw us either! We'd 'a copped 'im too an' brought 'im back with us only 'e

hooked it the minute 'e saw who it was. After we'd 'ad a look round and wrecked a few street cars we turned an' came back. 'Ad to, you see. The grub was runnin' short. What's that mum? 'Ere Bill; just you tell this lady whether we went to Berlin in a tank or not."

"Sure thing," said Bill. "Best trip I ever 'ad in one. Berlin's a fine city, mum. We're goin' to 'ave a try for the Russian front when we get back. Thanks for the smokes, mum, an' goodbye!"

Are We Really Like This?



Ourselves as Bruce Bairnsfather sees us.

Now, while the lady still continues to bring gifts of comforts she is content to join in a strenuous game of Ludo instead of hearing war "experiences."

Good Luck, Joe!

Hats off to our Joe. You all know who we mean. A Military Medal with a Bar and a D.C.M. is a record in the C.E.F. to the best of our knowledge. Did you hear the story of Joe at the blowing up of the M— Crater? It was like this. Joe was on duty in the dressing station and even down in that deep hole the noise of machine guns rattling, artillery booming and the crump of these lady-like Minnies reached his ears, and it was too much for him. "The boys must need me," says he and out he pops and makes towards what he thinks will be hottest spot. He had only gone a short distance when one of our majors, who is noted for his straffing abilities, espied him and yelled out, "What the —— are you doing out there Labelle? Get to —— back to your dressing station." Being a good soldier Joe slinks back to his post much discomfited and cursing the day they gave him the job.

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Printed and published at the Front by the Canadian Scottish for the Brigade.

Contributions are invited.

Address all communications to

The Editor,

The Brazier,

The Canadian Scottish.

Editor and Manager—Piper Geo. Inglis.

As all copy intended for publication in The Brazier must previously be censored at Army Headquarters we would remind contributors that all contributions should reach us as early as possible. Whenever possible contributions should be sent in for the next number immediately the current number is published.

FEBRUARY 10, 1917.

IN the past year the units comprising the Brigade had many difficult tasks set them and many hardships to face. It was fitting, therefore, that the close of the year should be spent in well-earned rest and enjoyment. The festive season was marked by many festivities throughout the Brigade. There were numerous company and section dinners, concerts and similar entertainments, all of which were entered into with all the enthusiasm of the Canadian in Flanders. The Christmas mails were full of good cheer for everyone. The various organizations catering to the comfort of Canada's fighting men were untiring in their efforts to provide entertainment for all. Friends in Canada contributed greatly to the success of the festivities by sending handsome gifts of comforts to the different units. The closing days of 1916 and the advent of 1917 will, in future years, be full of pleasant memories to the present members of the Brigade.

MOST of us are familiar with Army journals of various types especially those reflecting the spirit of Tommy in the trenches. Some are "printed" on a typewriter, a few are printed at the Front, while others see the light of day in Blighty. Since our last issue we have received copies of several Naval journals which give abundant proof that Jack is not behind Tommy when it comes to journalism. The Fleet publications which we have been privileged to see are full of the rollicking humour of Jack, and are a credit to their publishers.

WE are a year old on the 15th of this month. The Brazier first saw the light on February 15, 1916, and February, 1917, finds us still going strong. We hope that this time next year we shall be a thing of past but, in the meantime, we congratulate ourselves on reaching the first anniversary of our birth as a trench journal.



Lt.-Col. C. E. BENT

OWING to the new regulations we are not permitted to publish names or numbers of units in The Brazier. This necessitates the regimental sections of the paper being suspended. We trust, however, that members of the Brigade will continue to give us their hearty support by contributing articles, stories, verse or sketches suitable for our columns. The success of the Brigade journal depends almost entirely on the individual support of the men in the Brigade who are able to contribute to the paper, so do not hesitate to send your contributions in. We'll be glad to hear from you.

As The Brazier is censored by the Army Censor before publication, copies of the paper can be mailed enclosed in an envelope. Send your copy home when you are through with it.

A Review of Other Journals

Prominent among recent war and trench publications is "Another Garland From the Front", published by the same battalion which was responsible for the publication of The Christmas Garland in 1915, which many will remember. The new Garland reflects the greatest credit on the editors, Captain F. B. Bradshaw and Sergeant R. M. Fassie. The price of admission to the contents is five francs, but it is well worth the outlay. Copies may be obtained at the Y.M.C.A. We have also received a copy of The Clansman, a weekly journal published by a reserve battalion in the interest of Highland battalions of Canada. We wish our contemporary in Blighty every success. The popular N.Y.D., the organ of the Field Ambulances of the Division, made its appearance in December after a long absence. The December number is well up to the high standard set by previous numbers. N.Y.D. (which means Not Yet Diagnosed, we understand, and not, as one might naturally suppose, Not Yet Dead) incorporates the Iodine Chronicle, The Splint Record and Now And Then. The combination is a happy one and provides an extremely interesting journal for our friends, "The Poullice Wallopers." Another Christmas number to hand is The Canadian Hospital News, printed and published by the patients of the Granville Canadian Special Hospital, Ramsgate. December also saw the re-appearance of our old friend, The Listening Post. The L.P. is still edited by Capt. Orr, but Corpl. Maylor, formerly News Editor, has taken the Blighty trip and Sergt. J. W. Campbell now fills the news-editorial chair, or its equivalent. The Switchboard is another bright little journal, copies of which we have received. What the illustrations lack in technique they more than make up for in humour. We have also received copies of The Kia-Ora, published by the men of H.M.S. New Zealand, and The Erin Echo, published by the men of H.M.S. Erin. Both these breezy little journals are full of bright humour and are as refreshing as the salt breezes from the sea. Le Battaillon, of the 74th Regiment, and L'Echo des Guitounes, of the 144th Regiment, are two French Army journals which we hope to enjoy with the aid of a dictionary when time permits.

Dear Old Buck,—

Here I am tucked away in the hay enjoying all the privileges of a single stall in Lady Billicoo's hospital in dear old Lunnon, with what they call a blighty. How I came to connect with it was like this. My O.C. saw me heaving baseball in the company's nine and doped it out that I could deliver the goods as a bombthrower, and right there and then I joined up as a brand new member of the Suicide Club, but now I'd be about as much good on a ball team as a wooden legged man in a tango class as my left wing is chopped off just below the elbow.

It's a long time since I handed you any first hand information about the war game, but I've told you before how Fritz had the home team locoed and had stuff on the ball all the time. He had everything, speed and curves till further orders and he mixed 'em well, but that was his innings and it's a long lane that ain't got no tomato cans in it. I can't sav just where we was when I got mine, but it sure was SOMME place, and one thing about it we sure had the Bosches' Angora all the time. Livin' so long on the prairie I suppose you don't know nothin' about waves, but that's the way we went to it, and the bombers were the real white caps on the first wave. We got to a trench, and I sees a big fat Hun; he throws his gun down on me, but he's wild and I heaves a little old Mill's grenade with my trusty south paw, a nice in-shoot cuts the pan and he's out; then I sees a big dub with his hands up shouting "Kamarade", and he hands me his ticker (which I still have), so I gives him a pass. Up to here my control is good and I starts minin' 'em and soon we has the diamond to ourselves. I guess the Hun was raisin' a row with the Umps somewhere; he always squeals when the decision ain't his way. Then we waits about ten minutes awatchin' this barrage business, and say, Buck, it beats any bunch of rooters at a ball game you ever heard for noise. Soon the O.C. says "play ball" and we breaks into the wave stunt again—over we goes tickled to death with ourselves. I figgered I fanned two of 'em and was winding up for a strike-out—then krump, in lands a coal box and when I come to they was getting me out on a stretcher, and so I made the plate damaged, but as they says here, "Cheery, O." They must have known I was a ball player cos they gives me a try out in it seemed like every hospital in France, and I

MAPLE CREEK JOE

He gets a "Blighty" and writes to his old pal, Buck Jones

days 'fore it came over me and the O.C. Doc. must have given 'em the say so and they whiffs her, but it's about two that I'd really lost my little old south paw.

I'll be stopping this yap right now, Buck, as Nursey is slippin' along and wants to have a look at the baby. Here's how for the present, I'll be seeing you in the land of the sage brush dinged soon, and as for ball games—well, I'll look jake on the bleachers, alright, alright.

F.B.B. in *The Garland*.



MORE FRIGHTFULNESS

There was a fat Hun at the Somme
Whose pants were "na-pood" by a bomb,
In a fit of the blues
He discarded his trows;
But where did his kilt come from?

—R.M.E.

"Iron Horse" I am more happily situated than many, 'cos I get his triplicates. Some poor fellows here have been compelled to wear their own clothes all the while, notwithstanding the busy times in the "Sister Susie" and Last Chance Circles. Another friend, in a quiet manner, at barracks tells me he managed to make two mats from

(Continued on Page 7)

A Sailor's Uncensored Letter

H.M.S. "Bumpalong."

Dear Madam,—

I am in receipt of a pair of garments of great warmth, many inches, and of considerable utility. Attached thereunto was a card bearing your name and address, so I take this opportunity of thanking you for same, which you may expect me to do. Having been in the war zone a matter of two years without much luck in the way of spare mines, gash torpedoes, or superfluous shells, I ain't seen much of the land, which provides me with damp board, bleak lodgings, and 1s. 10d. per diem. It was therefore surprising to receive your woolly hint that twenty-four months had not dimmed the country's memory of their only piece of ail British, the Grand Fleet in general, this ship accidentally, and your humble in particular. Me having been a choir boy once at the little Tin Church, I suppose I caught up the last boat. The method of delivery, however, puts even that hope out of mess however, for I observe these comforts have come through service channels, and not the Local Whatnames. How these lovely hand-knitted wearabouts reached a ship decorated with a common mast-head pennant I am at a loss to understand, dear madam. Having a friend in the

JANUARY—The year 1917 commences this month, and Christmas will seem a long way off. Warm weather need not be expected during January. We are pretty sure to receive our Christmas mail towards the end of this month.

FEBRUARY—A short month as usual. Bad weather may be looked for. Original members of the Division will hear many rumours of a long holiday back in Canada, but will be well advised not to commence shining up their buttons on the strength of these rumours. The month will come to a sudden stop on the 28th.

MARCH—Germany will call up her 1923 recruits this month, ten men in all. These will be distributed equally among the various fronts. Iron Crosses will be discontinued in the German Army. Heroes will be awarded bread tickets instead, which may be sent to their homes as evidence of their doughty deeds. There will be more bad weather this month.

APRIL—THE Big Push will start in April. Paymasters will be issued with tanks in order to follow up their units and pay them without interfering with operations. Men being paid will hop onto the back step in turn and receive their money through the pantry window. Letters to be censored will be inserted through the periscope. If the war does not finish this month it is pretty certain to last well into the month following. Kilts will become fashionable once more.

MAY—The war, not having finished the previous month, will be in full swing. A fall of snow may be looked for during the first part of the month. Towards the end of May President Wilson will send his final note to Germany apologizing for having troubled them about that little Lusitania affair.

JUNE—The Fall of Berlin will be expected daily. Whether it will fall to the Russians or to the French and British troops is difficult to foresee. Should Berlin be

The Brazier Almanac for 1917

taken the United States will express a strong desire to come into the war in the interests of Humanity and Liberty. More bad weather.

JULY—The Fall of Berlin will still be expected daily. The warm weather will commence and finish this month. There will be great consternation at Corps Headquarters among N.C.O.s and men on their tenth leave being stopped.

The war will be much nearer an end than it was last year at this time.

AUGUST—Commencement of the 4th year of war. This month will be full of tragedy for cartoonists as the Kaiser will shave off his celebrated moustache in order to prepare for flight should hostilities suddenly cease. Berlin not having yet fallen the United States will continue to observe a strict neutrality and the war will in all likelihood continue into the following month. More weather this month.

SEPTEMBER—Winter will begin during the month of September. If peace is not declared this month the war will probably continue as before. The Central Powers will be starved out for the empty-umph time. The Fall of Berlin may occur during the month—then again it may not. In any event preparations will be made for another winter campaign.

OCTOBER—A month very popular with the "end-of-the-war" prophets. The war should end this month but probably won't. Owing to the bad weather the Fall of Berlin may be postponed to a future date. It is expected that the Kaiser will once more allow his moustache to grow. The weather will be something to write home about.

NOVEMBER—The Declaration of Peace, Conscription for Canada and Ireland, the entry of the United States into the war, and Prohibition in Poperhinghe are events which may or may not happen in the month of November. The weather will be nothing to write home about.



Memories of Christmas

Humours of Rumours of War

Rumour has it that we are going to have a rest. When is it likely to begin? After three weeks of strenuous training and the infinite variety of squad drill we are reduced to the verge of nervous prostration and anxious enquiries may be heard as to when we shall be returning to the Line.

Perhaps, by the time this appears in the mis-spelt print form common to Regimental newspapers, we shall find ourselves in those quiet, home-from-home trenches promised us for the last two years.

By the way, the following are a few facts gleaned from the usual sources (just at present particularly deep and commodious) regarding the latest ground we are leasing from the French.

One informant (who has been there and knows all about it and a good deal more besides) states that the communication trenches line the main street of a large flourishing city.

Street cars stop at the trench head to enable tired and thirsty sentries to run into town for refreshments.

A burning coal mine most obligingly provides the entire system of trenches with steam heat. Food can be kept warm by placing mess tins over the fissures in the ground.

Mud is a thing unknown in this Arcady. Indeed it has been said that the trenches are so warm and dry that a Tank, crippled in the Somme for more serious work, strolls through the lines twice a day spraying water and laying dust.

It is quite the usual thing for the town belles to take their evening promenade in the trenches, when Angelus is ringing, to watch the war and exchange conversation and souvenirs with the bored but contented soldiers.

Pea-nuts, pop-corn and chewing gum are sold at reasonable prices by the ubiquitous French children who, however, are forbidden to swear in these parts in order that nothing may mar the peace of the surroundings.

This is, of course, according to rumours of the more optimistic variety.

Now we come to a new series of rumours altogether. We are not

going back to the trenches at all. In fact, for some reason or another, we will never see the line again. This hopeful lie is said to have engendered from a mysterious but evidently well-meaning artillery officer.

Also, Knick Carter, one of the defectives of "A" Company, states as a positive fact that we are immediately going on the lines of communication somewhere in Havre, or Boulogne, to guard rations, railways, bridges, beer, German prisoners, generals and other details for the duration of the war; i.e., the next 22 years.

Rumours prove the exception to rule that "Truth" is stranger than fiction, and an Army Rumour is indeed a very lying jade.



Regt.-Sergt.-Major J. Kay, D.C.M.

With a Belgian Posy to Canada

Just beyond the stricken streets,
The riven walls and towers,
That yet remains of Ypres,
Blew these familiar flowers.
Violet and Forget-me-not,
Modest both and sweet,
With a wee spray of early "May",
My posy to complete.

Frail, yet bold of heart, they graced
Those livid lanes of death,
Where weary warriors smiled to note
The fragrance of their breath;
And all around, rough sepulchred,
Canadian heroes lie—
Immortal seed in glorious soil,
To raise and bloom on high.

—W.D.D.

"Plum" Again

We fellows in Flanders today,
The ration supply cannot slam,
For with "eats" that are almost O.K.
Our skins we contentedly cram;
One fly in the ointment—
Our one disappointment:
PLUM JAM.

I'm not a fastidious stickler
For epicurean compote,
But why should Maconochie; Tickler;
Pink; Chivers, and others, devote
To Tommy the "Plum"?
Which, ad libitum,
Gets his goat.

There may be some nebulous reason
Why "Plum" is so painfully stable;
Perchance a slim strawberry season,
With currants the same, red and sable;
And, Oh, how we gasp
At the sight of a Rasp-
Berry label.

But having delivered my soul
With more or less obvious gall,
I'll quit the ungenerous role—
This is War, and my doggerel scrawl
Is plainly de trop:
What if we had no
Jam at all?

W.D.D.

The Chaplain Comes Back

At a recent concert one of the artists undertook to make up topical verses at the expense of members of the audience and the chaplain, who had previously given a humorous skit with a lighted candle, was one of the victims, hence the following verses.

A certain young soldier named Kane
Sang songs that were never profane,
And when he sharpened his wits
He could make clever "skits",
And the boys called him on once again.

He once made a skit at a show
On a parson who sat down below,
Who had sung just before
And had given an encore,
With a candle he couldn't out-blow.

Well, Kane looked about and about,
And soon had the Parson picked out.
He said, "Boys, do you know
Why the light wouldn't go?
'Cause the Parson just blew down his
snout.

—The Chaplain.

One thing about trench mud
Seems hardly quite right.
It makes white spots on black things
And black spots on white.

BILLETS

"Tis but a tent, where takes his one night's rest,

A sultan to the realms of death address;
The Sultan rises—and the dark Ferrash
Strikes—and prepares it for another
guest."

—Omar. K.

Billets naturally divide themselves into two classes:

1. The objectionable.
2. The still more objectionable.

If it is not objectionable, it is not a billet—and thereby hangs a tale. The word "Billet" is derived from the two curiously obsolete and obscure words, "Bill" and "Et"; "Bill" being the general term for the ordinary, everyday, God-fearing private, and "Et" being the ignoble way of expressing the past tense of the verb "to eat". Thus the original word was "the place where Bill et" or rather "ate". Of course, when the growth of scientific war pointed out the futility and folly of the troops eating, (except on very rare occasions) the "et" became meaningless and is merely retained out of deference to its antiquity. Selah.

Great care and judgment has to be exercised in the selection of billets. For instance, there are cases where a satisfactorily damp floor is found with walls suitably punctured with holes to offer as little resistance to the wind as possible—and yet the roof is fairly water-tight. Such a billet is, of course, useless, and a number of tiles must be removed from the roof to make it habitable. On the other hand, a perfectly satisfactory billet may be discovered whose roof does not arrest the raindrops and whose walls allow the fitful breeze to pass merrily thru' them—and yet the billet may not be close enough to the proverbial and eternal garbage pile that lingers at the front of every properly constructed farm house.

Billets are warmed in a rather curious way. A number of logs having no particular utility in the earth below, the Heaven above, or the waters under the earth, are placed in one corner of the billet. By the subtle power of suggestion the occupants think of wood, hence fire, and finally the state of being warm. This is supposed to suffuse heat into the imaginative soldiers' limbs and warm the ruby drops that visit his sad heart—or words to that effect. However, should he proceed to follow out this line of

thought by kindling a fire, he will soon be convinced of the error of his ways. The owner will point out in his faultless French and inimitable calisthenics how said logs are the uncarved legs of some futurist grand piano or perchance the petrified remains of some of his esteemed ancestors. In any case the chorus is the same and invariably winds up in the same old refrain of many, many francs. 'Tis then that one reflects on the superior properties of a Mills bomb.

It is a curious fact that a billet is invariably left perfectly clean and is just as invariably found dirty by the incoming troops. The latter profanely wonder if a troop of South Sea Islanders were having a cannibalistic war-dance or whether the billet had merely been selected as a city dump.

Like all poisons, billets are labelled thusly: 1 Bed--26 men. The one bed in the label is merely the overflowing of the billeting party's humour and like many other things mentioned in labels, is merely a literary flourish. Twenty-six men in the label means that with great difficulty 13 men may be crowded in if they remain in a vertical position. And with these few words we will subside.

—D.F.M.

The Psalm of the Ford

The Ford is my car; I shall not want another.

It maketh me lie down (beneath it);
It seareth my soul.

It leadeth me into paths of ridicule
(for its name sake).

Yea, though I ride in the valleys, I
am towed up the hills.

I fear much evil when it is with me.

It prepareth breakdowns for me in
the presence of mine enemies.

It disjointeth my limbs with toil.

My carburetor runneth over

Surely if it follow me all the days of
my life I shall dwell in the house
of the insane forever.

SELAH.

The sparkling frost lay on the grass,
It covered, too, the trees;
And through my periscopic glass
I watched the Fritzes freeze.

—The Chaplain.

DECORATIONS

Order of Danilo, 4th Class (Montenegro)

Major P. F. Villiers.

D.S.O.

Lt.-Col. G. E. McCuaig, Major W. F. Kemp, Major P. F. Villiers.

Military Cross

Capt. W. M. Hart, Capt. R. M. Luton,
Capt. H. McL. Urquhart, Lieut. E. Gowen.

D.C.M.

C.S.M. W. D. Mackie.

Military Medal

Corpl. T. Eaton, Lce.-Corpl. J. Magneison, Lce.-Corpl. J. E. King; Ptes. T. G. Lrossley, A. Carter, W. Allard, J. R. Shaw, W. Gordon, F. C. French, C. Sheppard, F. Shirley, D. Robertson, G. North, A. Fraser.

Mentioned in Despatches

Major P. F. Villiers, Major H. F. MacDonald, Lieut. F. M. Bressy.

Lt.-Col. V. C. Buchanan, D.S.O. (killed in action), Major G. E. McCuaig, D.S.O., Major K. M. Perry, D.S.O., Capt. W. F. Peterman, Lieut. J. J. Richardson, Sergt. L. F. Bell, Lce.-Corpl. R. Bell.

Lt.-Col. R. P. Clark, M.C., Major G. McCombe, Capt. F. Higginson, Capt. W. M. Pearce, Sergt. H. B. Symonds, Sergt. J. W. Yates.

Lt.-Col. C. E. Bent, Major G. G. Archibald, Major J. W. Forbes, Major W. P. Malone, Sergt. C. S. Jones, Lce.-Corpl. H. F. A. Ellins.

Lt.-Col. J. E. Leckie, D.S.O., Major C. W. Peck, Major W. F. Kemp, Major S. H. Goodall (killed in action), R.Q.-M.S. D. McN. Johnston, C.S.M. G. F. Palmer, Sergt. F. Douglas, A.-Sergt. H. A. Morley, Pte. G. A. N. McLeod.

Behind the Times

It had poured all day and the Sub. emerging from his dug-out, remarked to his batman that it looked like the Flood.

"The what, sir?" enquired the batman.

"The Flood, I said. Haven't you read of the Great Flood and Noah and the Ark?" the Sub asked him.

"No, sir. I haven't seen a paper for three days."

Apart he sits, aloft from every joy.

His comrades pass without a word or sally.

What is his crime? Why, he's the bugler boy

Who blew "fall in" before he blew "reveille."

ODES TO TRIFLES

To the Disc-Identity

When I was born I got the name
Of Smith, Augustus John,
And when a soldier I became
And put my khaki on.
I felt as proud as Punch could be
When some old sergeant said to me,
"You're now a separate entity,
And here's your DISC-identity."

When on a list he entered me,
My bosom swelled with pride.
"You're twenty-two, six, seven three."
"Yes, Sergeant," I replied.
"When you become a casualtee,
You mustn't get mislaid, you see."
In order to prevent it, he
Numbered my DISC-identity.

He asked me if my Kirk was old,
Or if I was R.C.,
I answered like a soldier bold,
That I was C. of E.
"I've got to know, my lad," said he,
"In case you have to be buried."
And just to show he meant it, he
Endorsed my DISC-identity.

And then I put it on a string,
And took it to my breast,
"Now stick to it like anything,"
The Sergeant made behest;
"A prisoner immediatelee
Is shot on sight unless," said he,
"When called on to present it, he
Can show his DISC-identity."

And here in my dug-out I am
Enjoying M. & V.
And biscuits Army, Damson Jam,
And tea with S.R.D.
How sick those chaps at home must be,
Why couldn't they be brave like me?
A fellow's a nonentity
Without a DISC-identity.

R.M.E.

A Tiff With the O.C.

Not so long ago, in one of the
"groups" called up was a most
foppish young man—a regular
"nut." He rather detested the
coarse Army shirts and preferred to
wear his own elaborate white ones.
He did so and was spotted one day
by the colonel. "Look here, my
man," he said; "You are in the
Army now and we don't allow white
shirts to be worn, so don't forget
that to-morrow I want to see you
with a regulation shirt on."

The Nut looked very crestfallen
and some few hours later he had
occasion to pass the colonel which
he did without the customary salute.

"Come here," said the O.C. "Why
did you not salute me just now?"

"Well, ah," said the Nut, "I, ah,
thought you were still cross with
me."

Things We'd Like to Know

Who was the genius who buried
some superfluous coke near a shell
hole under a notice of "Foul
Earth"?

Is it true that since then certain
cooks from the . . . have discover-
ed other kinds of "Foul Earth"
whilst hunting for another cache?

Would it have been termed a foul
trick?

Brazierettes

When you get to be a Brigadier, a
batman don't count for a hell of a
lot.

Keep your head down and you'll
be able to call "stretcher bearers"
for the other fellow.

Old-timer writing home: Certain
of the new draft show great keen-
ness. The other evening I came
across one of them trying to blow
out a German flare that had alighted
behind our trench.

A franc in the hand is worth two
in the pot.—(Poker Proverb.)

Number Nine—The pill that made
Williams turn pale.

A Rum Issue—The irreducible
minimum.

If anyone tells you that the orig-
inal men of the division still in
France are to be sent back to Can-
ada after February, don't believe it.
It's only a buzz.

A pessimist says, "Is there any
milk in that jug?" whereas the op-
timist says, "Pass the cream
please."

Sergeant-Major, at Church Parade
—"C. of E. fall in on the right.
R.C. on the left. Fancy religions
fall in behind."

Who wrote home, on receiving a
nice, soft "Blighty", that he was
"safely wounded"?

"There is much uneasiness in the
German interior over the food short-
age," says a daily paper. We've had
the same "sinking feeling" in our
"interior" when the rations were
late.

Shock For Sister Sue

A lady in Canada received the
following from the front recently:

Socks received, Lady. "Some" fit!
I use one for a helmet, one for a mitt.
I'd like to meet you when I've down
my bit;

But where in all H—! did you learn
to knit?

His First Letter Back Home

Dearest Sophronia,—

Just a line to say I am still
in the land of the living, and hope
this finds you as well as it leaves
me. I am feeling rotten. We have
not gone into the trenches yet, but
they tell me we go in for sixteen
days and then march back to Le
Havre for a day's rest and then go
in for another sixteen days. The
old ones say it is not so bad except
that you don't get any sleep and
when there is any shelling you don't
get anything to eat for a few days.
The battalion gets wiped out on the
average every month from what they
say, but there is one man who has
been here three months and never
got a scratch.

They have little places called
Estaminets with lady bartenders.
One of them spoke French to me
and I could not understand, but
another man translated it that I had
to buy a drink for everybody be-
cause I had just come from Eng-
land. He said she said it is the law
here. The laws in this country are
rotten.

ALGERNON.

P.S.—XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX.

A SAILOR'S UNCENSORED LETTER

(Continued from Page 3)

the fourteen mufflers and twenty-
two pairs of socks he got last month.
Is it true your Society is provid-
ing gold-mounted Jew's Harps for
heroes? This being so, I would like
to recommend our Chief Cook, he
having stimulated the crew of the
13.5 guns by an extra good drop
of Pea Doo on the day of Jut-
land. Should he not have a dia-
mond studded duff harpoon or a
gold-tringed dish-cloth? But I am
wandering from the subject, Dear
Madam. I do most heartily thank
you. Thank you brand of goods are
my favorites by the way, in either
woollies, eatables, or entertain-
ments. I would like to point out
that I wouldn't like a photo, neither
am I lonely, an orphan or an infant.
Yours with one young lady, many
letters, bags of friends, mother,
father and sisters, twenty-nine years
of age, two badges, and a set of
whiskers.

HERBERT WRIGHT.

—The Erin Echo.

Some Canadian weather we've
been having lately.

THE WAIL OF THE WALRUS

BY A BRIGADE MACHINE GUNNER

Sure lads, you're always welcome, I'll always treat you well.
I'm too old now to shoulder arms but a story I will tell.
I don't care if I do have one; it sure looks good to me.
Yes, it's Jake and no mistake but give me the S.R.D.
Well, as I sat in my cabin one afternoon in May,
The year was twenty hundred, sublime had been the day,
And as the sun was sinking in the golden glorious west
I was dozing, musing, thinking of the past when this request
Was shyly put before me: "Won't you come and see the sight?"
So I turned my old and wrinkled dial to see what mad new

plight
The rising generation had for my footsteps sore;
But there before me stood a lass, a maiden, nothing more.
You've been a youth yourself lad, you've known the joy of love.
But have you ever seen a damsel whose home was heaven
above?

My God! such eyes as hers, Bo, a smile the world to win:
A mass of golden wavy curls, a stranger, too, to sin:
As from a dream she woke me: "Come, Dad," she kindly said,
"Come take a walk with me today. Come on, we'll paint things
red."

"Well I reckon, Kid, I got to go and paint things red some day,
So I might as well go 'long w' you. Go slow, I'm old and grey."
So I reached my right claw for my stick, 't'ad faded out o' sight,
Stiff joints had gone and youth returned, say child, my heart
felt light.

I was a young man once again, a lad in khaki clad.
"We'll go this way," the maiden said, "across the fields, eh
Dad?"

Did I follow on and on? Will a fish swim in the sea?
Say, Bo, I'd follow her through hell and that for eternity.
At last we came to a golden wall and then to a pearly gate.
With a golden key she opened it and there as sure as fate
Was the whole wide world before me. I stood with tear-
dimmed eyes,
And she let me gaze, that sweet one did.—Shut up, you don't
realize

How sacred the memory is of things clad in heavenly light.
No, I ain't losing my temper. No, I'll drink no more tonight—
"Now, whom do you wish to see, Dad?" kindly the damsel
asked.

"I don't know, sweetheart, I cannot say I was thinking of the
past."

"Now, Dad, don't be reminiscent, there is no past in here.
Come over a little closer. Don't you hear the music, dear?
Ah yes, that's better now," she said, "I thought there was
something wrong.

We'll almost shut the gate up tight—make life one grand sweet
song.

I know a place that you want to see and boys you want to know.
Just over that hill lies Flanders and France and the Somme.
Let's go."

Hand in hand as the lovers go, hand in hand went we.
Say, you think you're a wise guy, youngster, but by the powers
that be—

That's good! I'm thankful to you, lads, I'm glad you threw
him out.

No good to himself or no one else; can do nothing but brawl
and shout.

Yes, pour me another small one. Whoa, lad, that's twice too
much.

Well, since it's there, I'll take it all, 'twill give me the talking
touch.

Well now, as I was saying, me and my angel love
Started up over the hillside, serene were the heavens above.
There, when we got to the crest of it, was Villiers au Bois.
But the year was nineteen sixteen, 'twas fall and the weather
raw.

Hand in hand down the street we walked, down to the mayor's
place,
Into the cookhouse to see the cook. Man, we're an awful race!

Rodgers was cooking mulligan, mulligan mixed with rice,
And he and Sandbag over the dixies crumbing their shirts for
lice,

Angel-eyes looked at me and smiled and gave a tug at my coat.
"Come," she said, "and we'll walk along. They really get my
goat."

Round we strolled to the other side, the air smelled of mig-
nonette.

Wilson saw me, jumped up and said, "Say, gimme a cigarette."
Duffy sat on his cobbler's stool, pegging away like sin,
"Get out o' me light," he hollered, "or Oil dinge that dome o'
yours in."

Mrs. Connor's gift to the Empire sat back and pulled a long
face,

And like Postum, he'd had "a reason," for say, talk of disgrace.
That Jare-devil Dick was a punk one, fell away below the mark
"Could do better than that meself," he said, "and write it in
the dark."

Patton sat on the other side and as he sat he ploughed
The whole of the land of Saskatchewan. Oh man, but that lad
was proud

Of the old homestead he batched on, far across the western main.
Talked of cattle, he talked of mules, and he smiled at the ripen-
ing grain.

There was Von Kluck in the corner, quiet and staid and forlorn,
Minding no business but his own, poor cow with his crumpled
horn.

Then to our ears came the rattle of hoofs on the road outside.
Into the yard drove Q.M. Flood, precise as the flowing tide,
Into the yard with a holler, "We're down to brass tacks," said
he.

Bully and biscuits was all he had, 'cept a case of S.R.D.
"Let's meander along the road," my sweet spectre said to me.
"Meanders' the word," I answered. "It's a pleasure to follow
thee

Up through Carency town we walked, past Hospital Corner too.
There in the mud was Paddy Walsh and Peter. Say, if you
knew

The friendship that stood between them, the love of a man for
the dumb.

"Get up you lousy son of a gun," were the general terms, then
some,

Through Alley One Hundred Thirty, Kent Walk a farther
step on.

Yes, give me another mouthful. That's good! That's good,
boy!! Tres bon!

No doubt you have all had nightmares, the mad kind, the kind
that bores.

Such is the song of the Walrus, imitations of lions' roars.
Up on the parapet, bold and brave. Breast to the cowardly
Hun.

Fearing naught for aught. "Don't you hear me," he said,
"mount the gun."

"Awful," my Angel-mate said to me, "Dreadful; let's make a
move."

"Yes, show me McNulty, Smith, McKeown, Hughes and the
looneys, my love."

I turned to look towards my spectre, my friend of the other
world.

Vanished from earth! She had left me, sighing, with wings
unfurled.

Yes, lads, I was back in this shack, back to the world and regret.
And the only thing that scared her was mount gun drill on the
parapet.

I've sat and mused in the sunshine. I've wished her to come
again;

But my prayers have yet been unanswered. I sigh and I wait
in vain.

What, lads, say you must be going? Yes, I don't care if I do.
No, sure as God is above me, that spectre story is true.

The Front Line

In front, a ragged shell-torn waste, barbed wire and noisome weeds;
 The grave of many a gallant man who died for his country's needs;
 The bar between two mighty foes, alert, watchful and still,
 Like savage beasts as they pause and wait, 'ere they spring to rend and kill.

The rattle of the machine guns spraying death along the line;
 The boom of a distant field gun, then a shrill increasing whine.
 A crash—an acrid blinding smoke, a shower of stones and dirt—
 Then casually someone asks, "Is anybody hurt?"

A dazzling streak of light shoots up and bursts, a pretty sight,
 Transforming No Man's Land into a fairy-land of light;
 'Tis hard to think a thing so fair is but a means of death,
 Yet as each "star-shell" shoots aloft we crouch and hold our breath.

And then a low-voiced call comes down for "stretcher bearers here."

Men hurry by and soon a moan falls on the listening ear.
 "Somebody hit," you merely think and no one stops at all,
 Because out here one soon gets used to seeing comrades fall.

Inside the dug-out, damp and foul, a candle's flickering light
 Shows sleeping forms oblivious of the ever ceaseless fight;
 Their pillow just a haversack, their bed is only mud:
 Maybe a cast-off overcoat, damp with a comrade's blood.

Day after day, night alter night, the same grim, wearing strife:
 Men come and go—some stay; those who for right gave up their life:

For yes, we know the right is ours, our cause is just and true,
 And so we care not what we bear or what we have to do.

No matter what our task may be, what sacrifice we make
 For Honour, our Religion and our Liberty's at stake.
 Our comrades too, both dead and maimed, also demand that we
 Fight on until the very end, to Death or Victory.

—R.E.B.

They Still Want More

Ten smart men from Montreal, went to toe the line.
 One joined the Princess Pats, then there were nine.

Nine plucky men from Montreal knew Huns were at the gate,
 One joined the Highlanders then there were eight.

Eight athletic Montreal men would not wait till driven.
 One joined the Grenadiers then their were seven.

Seven lads from Montreal, enraged by enemy tricks,
 One joined the 24th, then there were six.

Six sturdy men from Montreal, to help did nobly strive.
 One joined the 60th, then there were five.

Five nimble Montreal men, patriots to the core.
 One joined the artillery, then their were four.

Four husky Montreal men, saw how things would be.
 One joined the 73rd, then there were three.

Three manly Montreal men, knew what they could do.
 One the Mounted Rifles joined, then there were two.

Two lonely Montreal lads, would not be outclassed.
 Went and had their papers fixed, and soon the doctor passed.

Now these ten brave Montreal men, gone proudly to the war,
 Send this message to their chums, "Come boys, they still want more."

A Suggestion For a Field Post Card

Why not introduce a series of Field Post Cards and thus reduce letter writing to a minimum? A series of cards along similar lines to the following would be welcomed by most of us. Even the wants of the Lonely Soldier and the lovesick lover could be catered to a similar way.

<p>We { are having have had expect to have } a { rotten lively fair good } time</p> <p>I am { in the pink short of cash expecting leave next } { week month year }</p> <p>Been on working party { last night every night for a } { week month }</p> <p>Have just finished doing.....days Field Punishment No.....</p> <p>Please send some { cash (.....)* Cigarettes Tobacco }</p> <p>* Fill in the amount in writing.</p> <p>Have been { promoted reduced } { to..... }</p> <p>Have been { awarded the } { V.C. D.S.O. M.C. D.C.M. M.M. }</p> <p>Remember me to { }</p> <p>Love to { } From your { Loving Son " Bro. }</p> <p>Date.....1917 Signature.....</p>	
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THE BRAZIER ALMANAC
 Continued from Page 4

DECEMBER—More weather this month. Should the war not come to an end this month, hostilities are certain to continue into the year 1918. Christmas may be expected to fall on the 26th as usual. The end of the year may be looked for on the 31st of this month.

Bits From Our Contemporaries

Trench Theology

New Arrival—"And where do you go when this shelling business starts?"

Sandy (late of the "Wee Kirk")—"Laddie, that a' depends on your reelegious opeenions."

—*Blighty.*

"Another Blighty"

A wounded soldier in a crowded omnibus rose to give up his seat to a lady. "No thank you," she replied, "I should not take your seat if you have been wounded."

"Madame," he answered, "I have been wounded three times but I would be wounded a fourth if you didn't take it."

—*Canadian Hospital News.*

A Cure for Insomnia

"Sergeant, I can't sleep at night," said the private piteously.

"Just the man I want for guard," replied the unfeeling non-com.

—*The Listening Post.*

The Rum Again

"Do you know the first duty of a soldier?"

"Yes, sir. He must never miss his Rum Ration."

—*Canadian Hospital News.*

Related

The chaps who tinker with bombs about which they know nothing are first cousins to the gink who used to rock the boat in piping times of peace.

—*N.Y.D.*

The Ties That Bind

Know the latest cure for homesickness? Walk along the railway track and kid yourself you're counting the ties on the good old C.P.R. once more.

—*N.Y.D.*

For the Monied Class Only

"What is the subscription price of your paper?" asked the stranger, entering the "E.E." editorial sanctum.

"Three shillings a year," replied our Editor briskly.

"Do you cater for any particular class of reader?"

"Yes, to those who have the three shillings."

—*The Erin Echo.*

A Fable

The following, if not true, ought to be. A soldier brought before the last-joined subaltern was charged with being absent for two days without leave. "Twenty eight days cells," said the young officer. The sergeant-major whispered in an anxious undertone, "You can't give him that, sir." "Ah," corrected the sub, "Fourteen days cells." "You can't give him that, sir." "Well," demanded the officer, "What the dickens can I give him?" "Two days' pay, sir," suggested the sergeant-major, meaning, of course a fine to be imposed. "H'm," grunted the sub, fishing for the amount in his pocket, "Here's two days' pay for you, but if it occurs again I shall give you nothing at all."

—*Financial Mail.*

What the King Said

The newest rookie had seen the King, and he was writing home to tell his parents as much about it as the Censor would allow. The King in his speech had said words to the effect that, by the grace of God, the war would not be unduly prolonged. The rookie's letter reported events thus: "I saw the King. He said that he wished to God the war was over."

—*The Erin Echo.*

Or Using an Entrenching Tool

Fresh from the trenches, an English Tommy had just arrived in London for a few days leave. As is usually the case, almost the first place visited was a barber's shop.

The barber, after scraping away industriously for a while, made the usual inquiry:

"Razor all right, sir?"

"My good man, if you hadn't mentioned it I should never have known there was a razor on my face."

"Thank you, sir," he said.

"No," added the soldier, reflectively, "I should have thought you were bayoneting the whiskers off."

—*The Switchboard.*

Things We'd Like to See After The War

Some of the boys from "away back" sitting on that cracker box in the general store, and holding forth to the assembled delegates on "How the war was won and who done it."

Contortions of some of the boys when getting into those 3-inch collars once again.

Ourselves diving into one big Ice Cream Soda.

—*The Iodine Chronicle.*

Jack Johnsons

Two old men of the battalion were talking about the slowness of the "Jack Johnsons" when one of the last draft joined them. So the two old-timers started in to get his goat. Said the first old-timer, "'Member the time last year at Ypres when a Jack Johnson would pass over the front line on its way to the town, the boys in the trenches would 'phone in and warn the people of its direction?" "Yep," said the other, "and often when the wires were down the boys up in the front would take note of the time and direction of each big shell that passed over during the day and send word back with the teamsters who took up the rations at night."

But this last was too much for the new draft. The stuff was off and the goat escaped.

—*The Garland.*

The M.O.'s Little Joke

Somewhere in Flanders a young soldier had been on the sick-list for some time, and now, after a few days' rest, looked very fit for service.

However, he was once more on the sick-list the day his battalion was to go into the trenches.

"Can you write, my lad?" asked the medical officer.

"Yes, sir, I can. I was a clerk before I enlisted" he answered emphatically as the bright prospect of a nice clerical job in a "cushy" place seemed to open up before him.

"Very well, then, you just write a nice letter to your best girl and tell her you are going into the trenches tonight."

—*Canadian Hospital News.*

There's many a true word spoken in France.