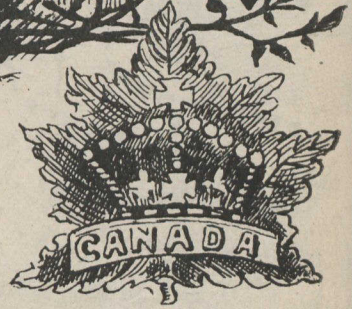


THE LISTENING POST



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Lieut.-Col. W. F. GILSON.



Editor:
Major D. Philpot, D.S.O.

Censored by Chief Censor.

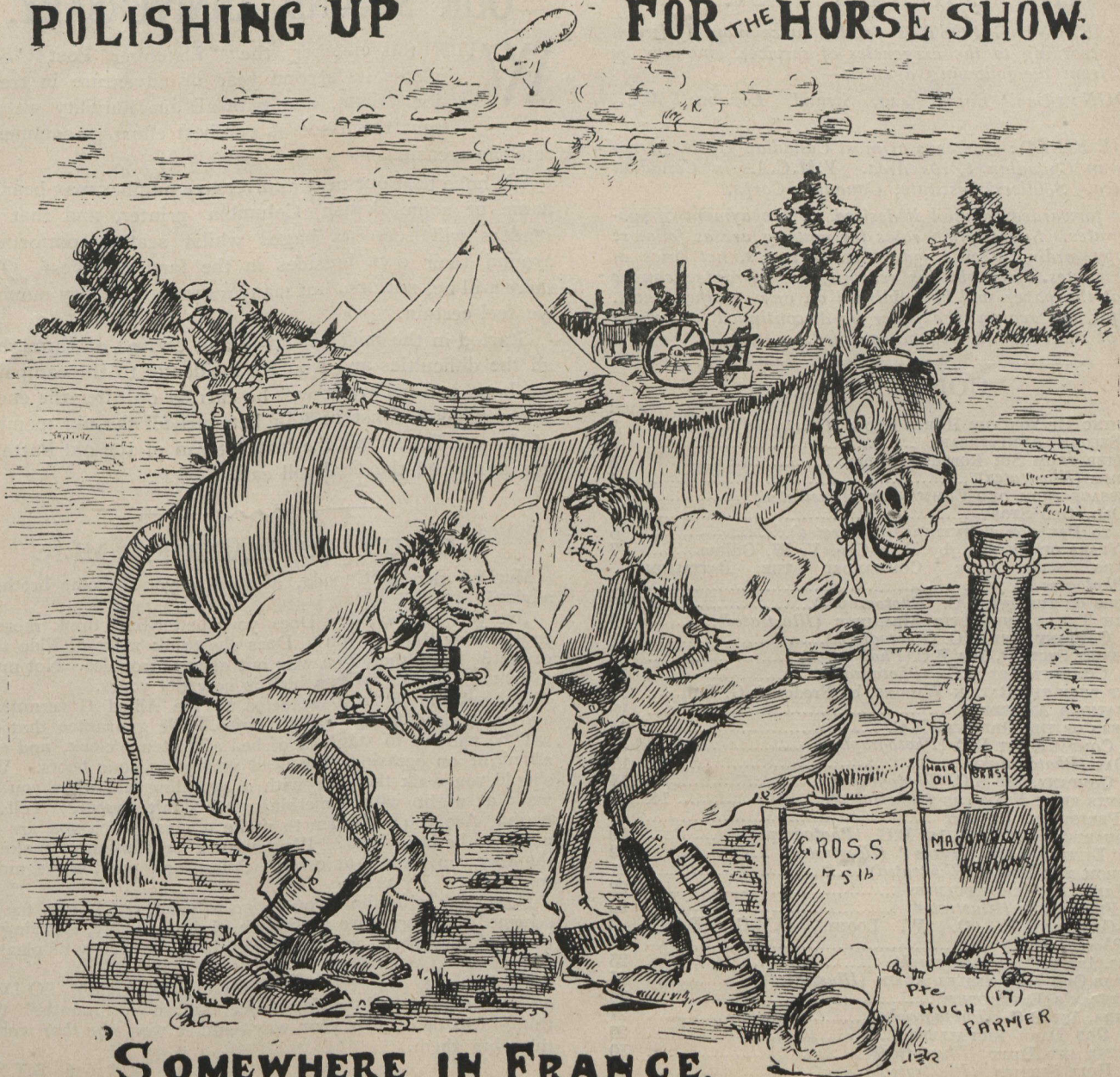
News Editor:
Sgt. J. W. Campbell.

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Price fr.1-50

POLISHING UP FOR THE HORSE SHOW.



SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

T.O.: "Shines like a heliograph!"

PERSPIRING PAT: "H-l-of-a-graft is right."

GETTING CLOSE TO NATURE



THE LISTENING POST.

THE LISTENING POST is printed twice monthly (when possible, according to the exigencies of service), and may be procured from the following agents:—

LONDON: Geo. Burch, 420, Strand, London, W.C., England.

IN THE FIELD: Canteens of most Canadian Units. Army Canteens in Canadian Corps Area. Y.M.C.A.s in Canadian Corps Area. Soldiers' Institute, Canadian Corps.

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OUR SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

WITH this number the "Listening Post" completes its second year of adventure in trench journalism, and with all due humility we present this issue as our best effort to commemorate the occasion.

We hope that our next anniversary number may bear the name of some British Columbia printer, and that our readers will scan its pages whilst seated comfortably around their own firesides in the farthest West. That there will be, not one, but many more anniversary numbers we feel certain.

Started in the midst of strife and carried on throughout all the difficulties and troubles incidental to the campaign, we hope and believe it will be carried on after the end of the war, as a constant link between all the old members of the 1st B.C. until the last veteran of the old Battalion has answered the final roll call.

ADVICE TO MARRIED MEN.

Married men of Canada, a word to you! Some brotherly advice!

Are you henpecked? Does your better-half think more of your money than of you? Does she think more of Fido than of you? If so, there is a way out of your troubles. Not much to risk—only your body, which is now not yours.

Our scheme is fully protected by the Allied Governments, and recognised by neutral countries. We guarantee that you will be allowed to stay out of bed after ten o'clock, and even all night on occasion, nor need you wipe your boots. Why should you walk the floor with a squealing kid when you can walk at night with something that don't squeal? Tell the truth! Are you forbidden to make a noise when you are disposed to be boisterous? We give you permission to make all the row you please—at certain times—and provide the means to do it.

Does your wife allow you to go to parties? If not, try our scheme! We organise parties by night and day, carrying all the food they need, and the materials for a variety of pleasant pastimes.

Do it now! Don't delay! JOIN THE ARMY TO-DAY, and we give a written guarantee that in six months' time things will be coming your way—and it won't be that woman throwing them.

16264 S.T.S.

A LETTER FROM SIR ROBERT BORDEN.



Ottawa, May 28, 1917.

My dear Sir,-

Permit me to congratulate you on the second anniversary of the "Listening Post". From time to time I have had the privilege and pleasure of reading this very interesting paper established and conducted under such novel and remarkable conditions, and I have been much struck by the ability and wit displayed by the contributors. To the men at the front it must be a great source of interest and diversion; to those at home in Canada it is in itself a message telling of the splendid cheerfulness and indifference to hardship with which our gallant men are defending our institutions and our liberties. I should like to convey to the members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force my grateful appreciation of all they have done, and my best wishes for the future in the arduous task that lies before them.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

Major D. Philpot,
Editor, "Listening Post".
th Battalion, Canadian Infantry,
B. E. F.,
France.

A DREAM.

By "Wireless."

I had such a wonderful dream the other night. I dreamt that I was "napoed," and up I went to the Pearly Gates. St. Peter was standing by the door, and when he saw me he said:—

"Come right in, Wireless. How's she loggin'? I won't ask you for a pass, as I know you wouldn't absent yourself without leave. Take the first dug-out on the right, and see the Quartermaster, and get your wings issued. I suppose you're glad to get rid of that smoke-helmet, gas-mask, and steel helmet. Nothing to bother you up here. Of course, a comet goes by now and then, but what's that compared to what you've been used to? What did you say? That noise? Oh, that! Why, that's our Harp and Trumpet Orchestra. You



ST PETER:
"THAT NOISE? OH THAT! WHY, THAT'S
OUR HARP AND TRUMPET BAND!"

can have a harp, if you like. Oh, you thought it was the 1st. B.C. Fifes and Drums? Decidedly not! You'll find them down in the Tunnelling Company, playing the grand march past for Wilhelm der Twice. Well, Wireless, hurry up and step in. Roll-call at 9 p.m. Reveille at 4 a.m. No rations for to-morrow. Working party to-night. Leave cancelled. No clean clothes. What did you say? RUM!! Goodness gracious, certainly not! We use nothing stronger than lime-juice. What's that? A fellow in the Band owes you five francs and you want to go down to collect it? Well, I'm sorry!"

I returned, and, passing the earth, was glad the Anti-Aircraft did not see me. I went clean through the earth, and at last arrived at the headquarters of the Tunnelling Company. I will not mention who was taking tickets at the door. I was surprised to see him there—my old side kicker on the Water Detail.

"Gosh! Wireless!" said he, "you here; but then I knew it would be so sooner or later. Say, I want to tell you that Wilhelm is O.C. here. Poor Old Nick didn't have a show when

Wilhelm arrived. What's that? All the Water Details down here? Oh, no. There's all kinds of lime down here. This is the real place for chloride, but it could never be as offensive as you made it. Yes, you're right. That's our good old Band. Yes, nearly all of them. A couple more to come. Poker, Crown and Anchor, and Black Jack are all the amusements we have. Here comes the O.C. Look out! I happened to tell him that the 1st B.C. Water Detail would chlorinate the water some day, and he said he wouldn't have them in the Tunnelling Company. 'Necessity knows no law. Out they go.'"

THE PACIFISTS.

They clamour for peace, while living at ease,
In their homes in our sea-girt Isle;
While our men at sea keep their children free—
And, oh, how the Hun must smile!

Not for them the nerve-wrecking shrapnel's scream,
Nor the hellish gas-shell's breath;
They never yet have gone over the top
With the lads who flirt with death.

They never have heard "Stand to!" in a trench,
Nor for a week denied their sleep;
Nor seen the poor mangled bodies lie
In a ghastly, bloody heap.

To them No Man's Land is but a vague,
Far off, and unimagined spot;
They never worked there 'neath the spying flare,
'Mid craters where dead men rot.

Is it all in vain, the toil and pain,
And the countless young lives lost?
Shall we list' to the scum, and then be dumb
As we try to forget the cost?

If so, may hell break loose at once,
And plunge beneath the sea
The land untrue to the men who knew
They bled to keep her free!

But the Empire's voice shall drown their whine,
And the soulless fools shall know,
That the lads at the front who bear the brunt
Fling back the contemptuous "No!"

PRIVATE G. J. WALKER.
No. 3 Company.

REMARKABLE DOCUMENT.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following extraordinary fragment of Regimental Orders was found in the possession of one of a group of German prisoners taken in the course of our recent offensive. The items point to a strange laxity of military discipline, and add further proof of the straits to which our enemies are reduced for the lack of raw material.]

ORDERS BY OBERST KREPP,

COMMANDING 21991ST SAUERKRAUT U. WITTERN.

Discipline.—Private Johann Betaubungsmittel has been awarded 30 days on the regimental potato patch for failing to comply with Order No. 23, R.S.V.P., M.O. and S.V.P., which distinctly states that "No shirt, or wearing apparel whatsoever, is to be sent to the laundry without first having been transmitted to the Corpse Conversion Utilisation Plant for the rendering down of 'small life.'"

Private Albrecht Auswurf was awarded 10 days' extra ration-carrying for having broken Order P.T.O. No. 1 F.P., which states that "No person is entitled to more than one wash per month, unless able to prove, by producing his birth certificate, that the day of application is his birthday. The present serious shortage of soap permits no exceptions being made to this rule.

Private Rudolph Lungenentzündung, accused of the crime of "slapping his annual butter ration in his O.C.'s face," was dismissed on account of extenuating circumstances, he having lost six brothers lately, since when he has developed an utter aversion to grease or oil of any description.

16264 S. G. S.

A MESSAGE FROM OUR COMMANDER

[The following letter from Major-General Sir Arthur W. Currie, K.C.M.G., C.B., Commanding Canadian Corps, has been very kindly forwarded for publication in the "Listening Post" by Brigadier-General F. O. W. Loomis, C.M.G., D.S.O., Commanding a Western Infantry Brigade.]

CANADIAN CORPS HEADQUARTERS,
13th July, 1917.

DEAR LOOMIS,

On this, the second anniversary of the "Listening Post," may I be permitted to offer my congratulations on the success achieved by this, the pioneer regimental journal in the Canadian Corps?

But it was bound to succeed, for I have never yet known any undertaking begun by the 1st "British Columbian" Regiment, and continued under the auspices of the Western Canadian Infantry Brigade, to be a failure. How proud I am that I can make such a statement—proud that the privilege has been mine to serve very intimately with a unit for three years, over thirty months of which have been spent on the battlefields of France and Flanders, and to know that the unit has never yet failed.

It would be interesting to examine the factors chiefly contributing to such a record. It seems to me, Loomis, that it is because you started right. From the beginning a high standard of discipline was set, and has been maintained; a determination to thoroughly master all the details of your training, not forgetting the lessons of the War has ever been present in all ranks; an appreciation of their responsibilities by the leaders (the Officers and Non-

commissioned Officers) has ever been most marked—the cheerful devotion to duty on every occasion, a pride in the glorious traditions of your Brigade, a high ideal always kept in view, a valour always irresistible—these, Loomis, are the factors that have made your record possible. The Western Brigade cannot—must not—fail. Why? Because it is the Western Brigade.

Like thousands of others, I have enjoyed reading the successive numbers of the "Listening Post," and profited very much thereby. I well remember when the first one appeared in the summer of 1915, shortly after we took over the Line near Messines. We considered ourselves war veterans then, didn't we? Ypres, Festubert, and Givenchy had come and gone. The old Brigade had lost many of its best, but it had won an honoured name amongst the best fighting units of the Army. Following our long stay at Messines, ever memorable for the raids of November, 1915, and where we filled up with just as good fellows as we had lost, came our five months at Ypres once more. The strenuous but glorious month of June last year stands out in that period. Many times the Brigade was sorely tried, but most nobly responded to every call. Mount Sorrel, Hill 60, the Bean and Pollock, and the Bluff, are more than mere names to you.

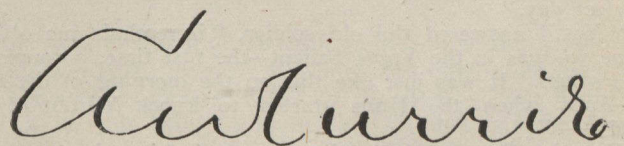
In August, as you know, we went to the Somme. Today I rode from Bapaume to Albert, past Destremont Farm, Courcellette, the Sunken Road, with the Zollern Graben, the Hessian Trench, and the Regina Trench in the distance, past Pozieres Ridge, the cemetery, and the quarries. Nature, as if ashamed of the madness of man, is fast changing the appearance of the battlefield. The ragged, shell-torn landscape is now covered by green grass and poppies, and nothing seems to indicate that it was

once a battlefield except the battered villages, the up-turned tanks, and the wooden crosses which mark the resting places of our gallant dead. Dead they are, but not forgotten. Gone, but with their spirit still remaining, and some time, Loomis, before returning to our beloved Canada, the Canadian Corps must there erect a monument to their memory. To us those places will ever remain hallowed ground, and as I rode along I breathed a prayer to the Great Ruler of the Universe for guidance, a prayer that we, the survivors and the successors, would ever hold inviolate the great trust bequeathed to us. From the Somme we came to Vimy. Of our successes here I shall say nothing in this letter. The story is still fresh in the minds of all, but with pardonable pride the Canadians can say that the splendid reputation already enjoyed has not only been maintained, but greatly enhanced. Do you ever tell the story to your men? You have been through it all, and no one knows it better. Tell it often,

for it is a proud story, and men will be better men for hearing it.

Throughout all these varied successes and for over two years the "Listening Post," full of piquant satire and wholesome humour, has regularly appeared, and has done much to drive away dull care. Its influence for good has been truly great. Long may it live and prosper.

Ever yours faithfully,



BRIG.-GENERAL F. O. W. LOOMIS,
C.M.G., D.S.O.,

Commanding —nd Canadian
Infantry Brigade.



Photo]

[Elliott and Fry, Lbi.

Major-General Sir ARTHUR W. CURRIE, K.C.M.G., C.B.

The Old, Old Story.

*Old soldiers never die,
Never die, never die;
Old soldiers never die;
They d—d well fade away.*

It was a glorious morning in early summer, and the callow youth—not long away from the Old Country—swinging up the communication trench, warbling out his little ditty and gazing up at the blue sky, failed to notice the rifle thrust out from a "bivvy" between his legs. Next moment the song ended suddenly, and there was a gasp of dismay and vain clutchings at the dirt sides, as he sprawled full length along the "bath-mats." There followed a weak flow of profanity as he raised himself to his knees.

"Wot the 'ell you want to do that for?" he demanded of the black visaged, unshaven soldier sitting in the bivvy. "I ain't done nothin' to you."

"Sorry, kid," and Private Watkins tried manfully to assume a contrite look. "It was my fault for havin' left my gun lyin' out there. Come inside an' have a cigarette, an' I'll give you a little old soldier's advice to help yer out in the trenches."

Mollified by the old man's friendly tone, the youth crawled into his two by twice funk-hole, and accepted the proffered "Woodbine." He was just reaching across for the candle when the old soldier spoke:

"This funk-hole reminds me of a couple o' years ago—the first time we was in the Ypres Salient. We 'ad —"

"Aw, Gawd!" gasped the youth. "I gotta quit; I gotta quit. Here's your fag. I should a been on a workin' party a nour ago."

"Funny!" remarked old Watkins, as he picked up the hastily dropped fag, and restored it to his pocket. "Funny how he should remember so suddenly what he was supposed to be on."

These dots represent the lapse of some hours. Private Watkins was on duty as a "gas sentry" in the communication trench, when a Staff Officer approached him.

"What are you supposed to be doing here, my man? Oh, yes, gas sentry; just so. And do you know the value of a gas sentry to prevent your comrades being caught by the deadly fumes? And do you realise the vital necessity of keeping alert, and watching keenly?" And so he rambled on for about five minutes, finishing up with the remark: "It is an ideal day for gas to-day."

Private Watkins gazed at him for a few seconds, then answered:—

"It sure is, sir. It reminds me of the 22nd of April a couple of years ago. It was a day like this when we was up in the Ypres Salient, and Fritz put over the gas for the first —"

"Quite so, quite so, my man," hastily interrupted the officer. "Which way did you say I take for the —nth Battalion H.Q.? Good morning, sentry!" And Private Watkins, gazing with puzzled eyes at the fast disappearing figure, remarked to the wide world:

"That's funny! It's the fust time I seen one of them 'brass-hats' in a hurry to get INTO the front line!"

Imagine, dear reader, that this line of dots represents the flight of time to the next morning, and that "rum-issue" is just over.

Standing on the fire-step, watching the sun just appearing over a cloudless horizon, is Private Watkins, and next to him in the "bay" stands Lance-Corporal Algernon Reginald Meredith-Smythe.

"And the magic sun in blood-red blaze of glory
Leaps o'er the hills through silken morning mist,
And elfin sunbeams gambol like some fairy story
By twinkling dew-drops kissed,"

quotes the Corporal from some long-forgotten issue of the LISTENING POST. "It is worth a year of one's life to stand here at the break of dawn, and witness the birth of such a perfect day."

"Yes," answered the old soldier, "it reminds me o' the time we was in the Ypres Salient—the fust time, a couple o' years ago. It was just like this on the morning of the 24th of April when the Huns started to knock 'ell out of us, and —"

But the Corporal had fainted, and, looking down at the prostrate form, Private Watkins said musingly:

"It's funny 'ow these 'ere toffs always seem to go off sudden like w'en they gets down to 'ard work in the trenches."

It is evening again, and Private Watkins—his tour of duty

over for the day—is back in his little funk-hole, rolling himself into his great-coat, and muttering the while:

"It's funny that we never thought o' digging 'oles like this in the Ypres Salient two years ago—didn't 'ave no great-coats them days, neither; if we'd 'ad we might 'ave slept warmer some o' them —" But the voice trails off into space, and a succession of snores proclaims the fact that the old soldier is asleep—to dream, no doubt, of the battles they had in the Ypres Salient two years ago.

IDDY-UMPTY.

What to Pay for Souvenirs.

THERE has been much agitation lately about the present high cost of souvenirs, and it is the opinion of well-informed observers that profiteering has thrust its hydra head over the parapets of the trench zone. It is even believed that a Souvenir Combine is in process of formation, a coalition which can have no other object than to raise the already ruinous cost of *objets d'art* from the dug-out district. We have long agitated for a standard schedule of prices, to govern souvenir trading, and append herewith a list which seems to us eminently calculated to aid the producer, protect the consumer, and prevent the depredations of the middleman.

	Frs.
Hun Helmets, dress, "God Mit Uns" decoration, in good order	50.00
Hun Helmets, dress, "Gott Mit Uns" decoration, shrapnel dented	40.00
Hun Rifles, Mauser pattern, only slightly rusted	20.00
Hun Rifles, Mauser pattern, badly rusted	15.00
Hun Bayonets, saw edge	10.00
Hun Bayonets, plain, American make	8.00
Hun Pistols, 10-shot automatic, .32 calibre, Luger make	60.00
Hun Pistols, 10-shot automatic, .32 calibre, Mauser make	60.00



CANADIAN.

WELL I SUPPOSE YOU HAD LOTS OF EGGS AT EASTER, FRITZ.

FRITZ (WITH VIVID RECOLLECTION) "GOTT" NODDING'S BUT SHELLS (OF EASTER MONDAY)

Hun Field Glasses, Zeiss pattern	30.00
Holsters for above in imitation civilian hide	10.00
Hun Bayonet Tassels, plain10
Hun Bayonet Tassels, coloured20
Hun Dirks, Solingen steel, unused	25.00
Hun Dirks, Solingen steel, used	27.50
Sheaths for above	5.00
Hun watches, going	5.00
Hun Watches, gone	2.00
Hun Bonnets, field-grey N.C.O.'s,	5.00
Hun Bonnets, common, Kamerad pattern	3.00
Extra rosettes for above50
Hun Shoulder-straps, embroidered ... per pair	1.00
Hun Ground-sheets, very superior	5.00
Hun Mess-tins, complete	1.00
Hun Razors, Sheffield make	1.00
Hun Money, paper	not quoted
Hun Money, war metal	See Swiss Exchange
Hun Belts, leather, "In Treue Fest" buckle	5.00
Hun Belts, leather, "Gott Mit Uns" buckle	5.00

[Please note.—Special quotations on trophy guns, either howitzer or field, on application to D.A.C.'s, C.E.'s., and Div. Trains.]

TWO YEARS OF CHANGE : By BRIG.-GEN. V. W. ODLUM. C.M.G., D.S.O.

WHEN Major Philpot, now Editor of the "Listening Post," asked me to write a short article for the second anniversary number of the paper, it made me think at once of the striking changes which have occurred during the life of this unique little trench journal. The "Listening Post" was established to help create the "British Columbia spirit," of which we are all so proud, and which is such a notable feature of the life of the old battalion. Incidentally, however, it gave scope for the play of a pen which has since become somewhat famous as the author of "Maple Leaves in Flanders Fields." The first editor was Capt. Geo. Gibson, then battalion M.O., now assistant to the D.D.M.S. at Corps Headquarters. It was Capt. Gibson's genius which stamped on the paper the character which has since endured. He made it a journal of broad interest instead of restricting it to purely local news. The fun of the "Listening Post" has always been so true to the realities of trench life that it has appealed with almost equal force to those outside of its parent battalion as to those inside. Its one time circulation of nearly 20,000 copies (a circulation disturbed by the little troubles on the Somme) is indicative of the truth of this statement. It is a fact that I had to use certain restraining influences at the beginning, for, had I not, I fear that the tone would have been too emphatically Scotch.

Captain Gibson was aided and abetted in his Gaelic leanings by the then Q.M., Captain J. M. McMillan, now a Lieut.-Colonel charged with responsible transport duties in England. In those days Lieut. W. F. Gilson was Adjutant, having succeeded Captain S. D. Gardner, who had been seriously wounded at Festubert. The then Lieut. Gilson is now Lieut.-Colonel Gilson. He succeeded Lieut.-Col. Gardner in command of the battalion just as he had previously succeeded him as Adjutant. The change came when Col. Gardner went to England to command a training centre because his wounds would not let him stay in France through another winter's campaign. Lieut.-Col. Gilson came to the front with the original Canadian Expeditionary Force, being then a C.S.M. in the battalion which he now leads.

About the time the paper saw its birth, Major R. C. Cooper, who had been acting as second-in-command, was invalided to England, and was replaced by Major L. E. Haines, who had, like Captain Gardner, been wounded at Festubert. Major Haines was with the battalion until a year later, when he went to assume the instructional duties under the Second Army, which he is still continuing. He, too, had won the rank of Lieut.-Colonel.

Captain J. V. N. Spencer was battalion transport officer in the summer of 1915, having taken over from Captain O. F. Brothers, who had gone to Brigade as bombing officer. To-day Captain Spencer is Lieut.-Col. Spencer, A.Q.M.G. at Canadian Headquarters in London, while Captain Brothers is also a Lieut.-Colonel, and is on the General Staff at the same place. Captain B. M. Humble commanded a company then; he has since passed through Staff work in France and is to-day a Lieut.-Colonel commanding the Canadian Railway Troops Depot.

One could run along in this way indefinitely, for every name referred to brings memories of a hundred connected incidents and of many more linked names. But this is no

place for a history of the battalion. There are, however, one or two other points to which I wish to refer.

During the summer that saw the initial issue of the "Listening Post" the first British Columbia battalion was still composed of its original elements. Only a few small drafts had been received from its reinforcing battalion. The Fall, however, saw the first big drafts arrive. Since then many new names have appeared on the nominal roll of the battalion. But I believe there are some of the originals left, and I have asked the editor to secure and publish a list of those who are still serving in France. It should be of very great interest. Major W. L. Ford is the only one of the original officers now with the unit; but even he was away for a considerable period, having been wounded at Ypres. Amongst the present officers, it is true, are many like the present C.O. and second-in-command, who were with the battalion when it first came to France, but they did not then have commissions.

I remember that "Brigadier-General" A. W. Currie commanded the Brigade at that time. Later he went to the First Division, and was succeeded by Brig.-Gen. L. J. Lipsett. General Currie now commands the Corps, and is "Sir Arthur" Currie, while General Lipsett commands a division of his own. Both have earned a string of honours. Brigadier-General F. O. W. Loomis, the centre figure of the fight around St. Julien in the spring of 1915, is the present Brigadier.

A glance at the commanders of the other three battalions shows what great changes time makes. The "Western Cavalry" was then led by Lieut.-Colonel, now Brigadier-General, G. S. Tuxford, who, on promotion, gave place to that veteran, Lieut.-Colonel H. Dyer. Lieut.-Colonel L. J. Lipsett had the "Little Black Devils"; he went on to a brigade, and later to a division, handing over his authority to Lieut.-Colonel H. H. Mathews (wounded on Mt. Sorrel stirring memories), who was succeeded in turn by Lieut.-Colonel Prower. Lieut.-Colonel J. G. Rattray had the remaining battalion. He is now commanding a Brigade in England, while his place has been taken by Lieut.-Colonel D. Ormond, a Ypres fighter, who still bears marks of the struggle out in the salient.

While men have thus been changing, the situation has been changing, too. In those days the enemy dominated us in almost every way. He looked down on us for a long period, from commanding and well-organised heights. Had he been more enterprising, he could have caused us more casualties than he did. But the Hun is a stupid fighter in many ways—and he did not take advantage of his opportunities. He had the weight in artillery, in munitions, in men. And he had position. All we had was determination. To-day we have the same determination, but we have added to it numbers, guns, munitions, aeroplanes, experience and a leadership that is unquestioned. And we have taken Vimy, and the Messines-Wytschaete Ridge (that old bugbear that faced us so long as we sat on 63 and Kemmel); and we took them when and how we wished.

This far-reaching change may be summed up in a terse expression: Then we were *hanging on*; now we are *driving on*.

But with changes all around, there is one thing I notice which does not change. Men may come and men may go, but the spirit of the 1st B.C.'s. is the same. I see it everywhere, in little things and in big. And it is a source of immense pride and keen gratification to me. I am seconded from the battalion for other duties; but I count myself still a 1st B.C., and I wish to continue so to the end.

V. W. ODLUM,
Brigadier-General.

OFFICERS WHO HAVE COMMANDED THE BATTALION.



[Photo] [Speaight.
BRIG.-GEN. V. W. ODLUM, C.M.G., D.S.O.



[Photo] [Elliott & Fry.
THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. W. HART MCHARG.



[Photo] [Bassano.
COL. S. D. GARDNER, M.C.

OFFICERS OF THE 1st B.C.



MAJOR D. PHILPOT, D.S.O.,
2nd in Command.



LIEUT.-COL. W. F. GILSON,
Officer Commanding



CAPT. A. H. LOUGHTON,
Adjutant.

OFFICERS OF THE 1st B.C.



MAJOR J. E. MATHEWS, M.C.
O.C. No. 3 Company.



CAPT. C. C. TENNENT.
A-d-C. to Corps Commander.



CAPT. J. L. SCLATER.
O.C. No. 1 Company.



LIEUT.-COL. J. W. WARDEN, D.S.O.
(NOW COMMANDING A NORTHERN B.C. BATTALION).



MAJOR W. L. FORD.
O.C. No. 4 Company.



MAJOR A. C. NATION, M.C.
O.C. No. 2 Company.



LIEUT. W. C. MERSTON, M.C.



TRENCH TERMS AND THEIR MEANINGS.



TRENCH slang is a language all its own. No dictionary will give you the meaning of half its words. For the benefit of our young Canadians who are preparing for the great struggle, and also for our American cousins who will soon be with us in the land of mud and cheap (but nasty) beer, we publish a short selection of terms in common use in the trenches, with an explanation of their meaning. Study this list thoroughly, and when you arrive in the trenches you will be able to greet the old soldier in his own language, whilst the shrapnel bursts around and the machine-gun beats its devil's tattoo in your ears—that is, of course, if the old soldier hasn't disappeared into the deepest dug-out on the first whisper of the approaching storm. There are some things we cannot teach you by mail!

"Archies."—This is the name given to a rapid-firing gun that is used to prevent our men looking up at enemy aeroplanes, and thus giving their position away. On an enemy aeroplane appearing, our Archies immediately commence to fire into the air at a great rate. The shells, bursting high, scatter fragments of old iron in all directions, and our troops at once beat it for cover. The enemy plane passing over thus fails to discover them. Should the guns accidentally hit one of Fritz's planes, a note of apology is immediately sent to the Kaiser, in conformity with the usual diplomatic custom.

"Bango."—This is a term usually applied to a violent upheaval of the earth in many places, coupled with queer noises and deafening crashes. If this appears to be on our side of No Man's Land, duck for cover. If it appears to be taking place on Fritz's side—duck just the same, as it will be our turn next probably.

"Barrage."—A name invented by the artillery to describe their efforts to hit an imaginary line in the atmosphere with an unlimited number of shells at the same time. We generally move this imaginary line forwards, and Fritz moves his backwards, "according to pre-arranged plan." A good motto is "Never look a gift barrage in the face." It is much healthier to chase it up from behind.

"Big Bug."—Not a variety of beetle, but a kind of superior "Brass Hat," who periodically descends upon us in a Rolls-Royce car, and demands that we produce our horses and our mules, our equipment and our arms, and lay bare our innermost souls for his inspection and edification. Inspires a kind of paralytic terror in everyone.

"Bath-Mat."—A kind of raft designed by the Engineers for the purpose of navigating communication trenches. Should the water in these trenches subside, they are then used as a sidewalk, and industrious sappers are sent to remove occasional slats, so that infantry will learn to watch where they are treading after falling through the holes so made.

"Brass-Hats."—These are normal human beings in civil life, who, after enlisting, are dressed up in the clothing of an officer, but with the addition of scarlet-coloured bands around the hat and various parts of the clothing, and the addition of gold leaves on the peak of the hat. The junior of these individuals are usually employed on the game of "Passed to you, please." This consists of sending a page of meaningless typewritten symbols to some other "Brass-Hat," who scrawls something illegible on it, and passes it to another "Brass-Hat," or returns it. Should any "Brass-Hat" forget it, or keep it too long, the sender immediately follows it up with a "chaser." The "Brass-Hat" who gets out the largest number of chasers in a given time is deemed to be the most brilliant, and is awarded the Military Cross.

There are cases recorded of "Brass-Hats" having been seen in the trenches.

"Bunk."—An appliance that has been handed down from the Spanish Inquisition, used for torturing individuals. It is constructed of wood, chicken wire, and holes, and is supposed to serve as a bed. Batmen strongly recommend their use to officers for sleeping purposes, as no officer has ever been known to hesitate a second in getting out of one, however early he may have been awakened.

"Bivvy."—Generally an edifice erected by the private soldier from scraps of old corrugated iron, empty petrol tins, mail-sacks, sandbags, and a few pieces of stolen timber. When completed it looks like something between a battle-cruiser, Indian's wigwam, and a mansion in the Tudor style. The doors of these edifices are never closed, for the simple reason "there ain't no doors."

"Blighty."—A moderately painful, moderately severe wound that will allow the proud owner the privilege of hitting it across country at a fair pace, and yet guarantee his passage to England.

— Also a name given to an imaginary (to most of us) country across the Channel, where you immediately become a hero, instead of a d—d nuisance, and where pretty girls take you out in limousines for joy-rides in the country (maybe). A most desirable place.

"Belgique."—A kind of non-transferable ticket entitling one to a journey through aerial spaces with the prospect of becoming an angel, should one's Field Conduct Sheet be sufficiently spotless. Often acquired by people desiring a Blighty. Most men would prefer not to take a chance.

"Communication-Trench."—A ghastly gash in the earth's surface designed by the Engineers as an excuse for demanding infantry working parties. Generally wanders at will around the country with the object of landing the traveller back where he started. Non-swimmers should always travel over the top.

"Ducking."—Not being immersed in the village pond, or anything like that. Simply the gentle art of bending the upper part of one's body over until parallel with the lower portions. To be effective this movement should be done in the umpteenth part of a second, without waiting for the word "two." Is closely allied to the word "snipe." Fritzie snipes, you duck. You snipe, Fritzie ducks. Care should be taken

"PARTING WORDS"



JANE: "Bill, dear, don't bother about V.C.'s or D.C.M.'s, and if you see a whizz-bang coming get out of its way."

not to practise this movement should an auto tyre burst behind one when on leave.

"Dug-Outs."—Deep holes in the ground, designed for the purpose of keeping out sun and rain, and occasionally shells. The accommodation is usually divided equally between the troops and trench rats. Baby dug-outs are commonly known as "funk-holes."

"Fritzie."—A name given by our troops to a mildly-offensive, undesirably-dirty, highly-kultured—likewise smelling—but otherwise perfectly good citizen of the Germanic Empire, who lives in a little cave across the street from us. Doesn't come and play in our back-yard any more. Is of a very retiring disposition, and withdraws immediately a brawl starts.

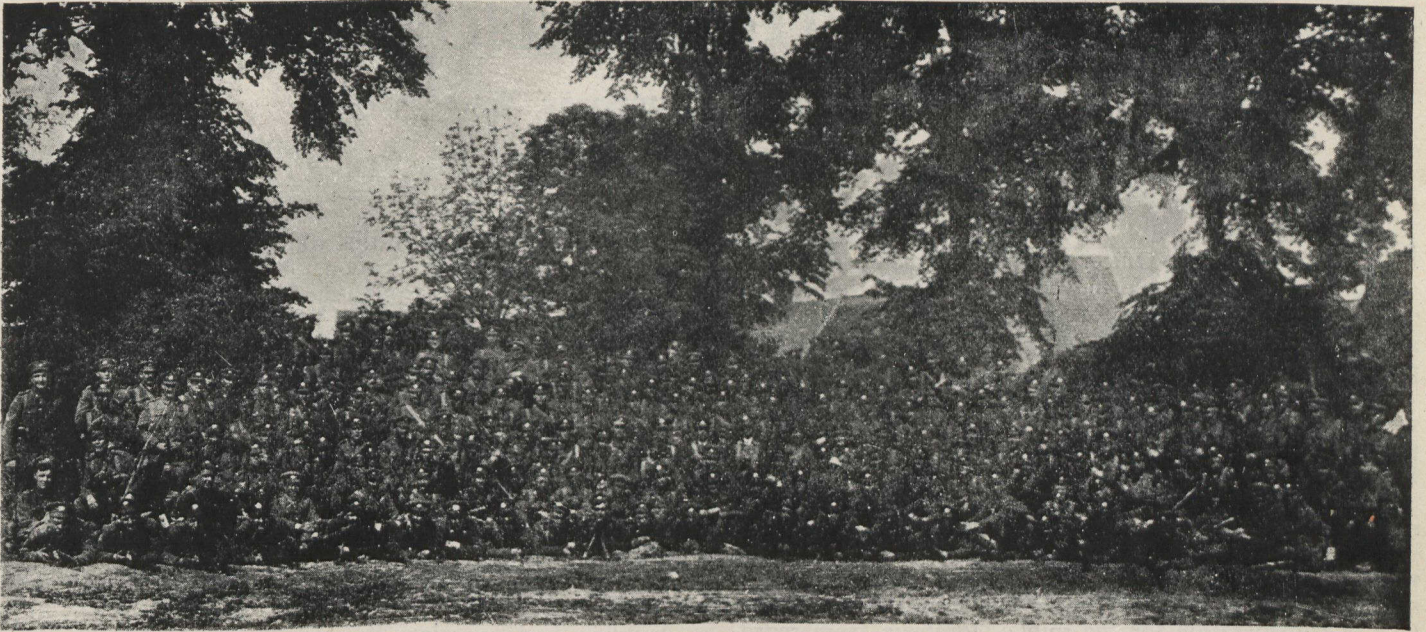
"Front Line."—A collection of holes in the ground, old junk, sacks, tins, bottles, rum-jars, dug-outs, etc., and inhabited by profane soldiers in dirty uniforms, who haven't had the luck to get a soft job. Is usually within speaking (and smelling) distance of Fritzie, so that his artillery will have something definite to shoot at. A most desirable residential district. No estaminets.

"In."—The brief, but all-embracing term applied to the period of residence in the front line—"pessimistic period."

"Out."—Covers any period of time that you spend anywhere except the front line—"optimistic period."

IDDY-UMPTY.

(To be continued.)



No. 1 COMPANY 1ST B.C.



TRANSPORT SECTION 1ST B.C.



No. 2 COMPANY 1ST B.C.

A TRIP WITH THE RATION WAGONS.

By Frederick G. Bull (American News Service).

“GET mounted! Walk—march!” shouted the Transport Officer, a trim, helmeted figure, as the cavalcade moved off through the scented dusk, redolent of growing things, and petrol, and the fine, flying dust of a great, sun-baked plain populous with life.

We rode side by side in silence for a time, the T.O. busy with his thoughts, and I eagerly scanning the tent-dotted terrain, humming with the industry of many races of an Empire at war.

As we slipped from the smooth surface of the beaten earth road on to the clattering animation of the great highway bordered by shadowy trees, I awoke from contemplation of the vast machinery of modern warfare as a kilted warrior on a dilapidated bicycle collided with my steed. Out of consideration for the public, I refrain from reproducing the exact phrasing of his disapproval, but I noticed with surprise that his accent and his selection of profanity hinted more of the water-front of Montreal than the wind-swept hills of Scotland. Indeed, his appearance was not what I have been led to suppose is that of a typical Highlander; and picturesque as the kilt may be, it is hardly adapted to bicycle riding.

By the wayside we passed a tent, noisy with song, bearing the familiar sign of the Y.M.C.A. A soldier song was in progress, “Stock All Your Rations in Your Haversack,” and the triumphant roll of the strong, manly voices augured ill for the artillery-buffeted sons of Germania across the way.

We rumbled through a rubble heap where once a populous village stood, and angled off up the sloping ridge. I had a momentary glimpse of a gun-pit housing a gleaming metal monster, a beautiful, sinister machine of shining steel, with grim-faced gunners grouped about in a silent knot.

“Eight-inch ‘how.’,” remarked the T.O. with the nonchalance of long usage.

As we rounded the swell of the ridge a scene of desolation, such as no human imagination could picture, shocked the sight. Even in the fast fading light which softened its rough contours the earth looked as though it had been tossed about at the whim of some irresponsible monster. The chalky subsoil heaping the jumbled waste seemed like the foam of a storm-driven sea. Trees lay uprooted or, broken and lifeless, protruded naked arms through the ruined ground. Over it all the road ran straight and true, its smooth surface a tribute to the incessant industry of the construction gangs.

In an offshoot of the main thoroughfare we halted to allow a string of ammunition limbers to pass—the courtesy of necessity. Then, with all cigarettes extinguished, continued on our way.

The stars were showing faintly in a mild summer sky as we dipped down the slope towards the firing line. Far in front German flares winked and glowed as they curved in a stately arc over the heaps of battered mud where Briton struggled with German for the mastery. Momentarily the intolerable blast of a heavy gun made one wince, the ear, after the initial deafness, catching the soft rush of the missile cleaving the strata of the upper air, to burst with a dull detonation far over the enemy lines. Here and there the sudden, wicked glow of German shell flamed in the sky a moment before the heart-shaking scream of its passage gave warning of its approach. Far over on the right the steady “Wump—wump—wump” of a heavy artillery action, and the flickering lightnings of innumerable batteries drew the remark from the T.O.:—“Something doing on the right!”

At a cross-roads beside the relics of a broken shrine stood a solitary figure, challenging all foot passengers—

one of that chain of sentries which forever keeps watch on all the lines of communication. There we swung off to the left, taking a track through the maze of shell holes.

We passed several parties of soldiers, “work parties,” the T.O. called them, men whose office is to do a little light spade work for a short period occasionally. Oddly enough this duty seems to be almost universally unpopular with the troops, although, personally, I feel certain I should enjoy a little pleasant exercise of that nature in the balmy evening air.

We rumbled over a wooden bridge crossing an occupied reserve trench, and so to the skeleton of a house, the “ration dump.” This place was called “The Castle in the Air,” after the humorous style of these soldiers. Undoubtedly the name was very apt. The greater part of the building had gone into the air. A number of men were waiting in the lee of this edifice, ready to carry their food to the forward positions. As soon as the wagons drew up the soldiers received their rations in bags and boxes, and filed away into the night.

“Any of the good stuff?” asked a shadowy figure of one of the quartermaster-sergeants.

“Yes, two—of lime-juice,” he answered.

I heard a groan of mortal agony, so limitless, so despairing, it froze the blood within my veins. Thinking he had been stricken down by one of the hissing messengers of death which were even now cracking and spitting against the farther wall, I jumped from my horse and asked him where he was hit.

“In the head, the throat and the stomach,” he replied, but although I asked for the privilege of looking to his wounds, he refused, and carried on distributing rations as though nothing had happened. A true hero, and deserving of the V.C. if ever man was! Afterwards, when I mentioned the incident to the T.O., he looked at me with a curious smile, laughed shortly, and said:—

“The men are all like that.”

But beneath his British stolidity I could read a limitless pride in the soldiers who could be wounded severely, perhaps even fatally, in three places, and yet continue at their duty. Truly a wonderful case of silent heroism!

Shortly after the Germans began to shell us, many of the missiles falling as closely as within five hundred yards of where we stood. At once I took cover in the cellar of the building, not that I had any fear for my own sake, but lest the public should be denied the enlightenment of my experience. I found another person crouching there in the dark. After a time I asked him for a drink of water. I think he must have misunderstood me, for, handing me his water bottle, he said, with rough generosity:—

“Here, take a sniff of the smelling-salts!”

I removed the stopper and did as I was bid. The odour was pungent, but not displeasing, reminding me of some rum punch I once smelt at a Press dinner. I inhaled deeply once or twice and returned the bottle to its owner.

“Wish I was your batman,” he replied, with a compliment in his tone.

“A most refreshing scent,” I answered, for the sake of conversation.

“Very!” he replied, with difficulty, his speech being followed by a curious gurgling sound, the origin of which I could not trace in the dark.

By this time the shelling had ceased, so I clambered out of the cellar and remounted my horse.

“Walk—march!” came the order, and we started back on our homeward trip over the rough, shell-torn track to the billets. As we plodded along through the soft night air I realised that only by personal exposure to danger are the intimate aspects of warfare revealed to one, and the uncomplaining heroisms of the modern soldier made plain

DECORATIONS AWARDED TO THE 1st B.C. SINCE ARRIVAL IN FRANCE.

Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Lieut.-Col. (T/Brig.-Gen.) V. W. Odlum.

Distinguished Service Order.

Lieut.-Col. (T/Brig.-Gen.) V. W. Odlum
 Major (now Lt.-Col.) L. E. Haines
 Major (now Lt.-Col.) B. M. Humble
 " D. Philpot
 Capt. W. D. Holmes (killed in action)
 Lieut. J. R. McIlree

Military Cross.

Capt. (now Col.) S. D. Gardner
 " (now Lt.-Col.) R. P. Clark
 " (A/Major) A. L. W. Saunders
 " (A/Major) A. C. Nation
 " W. D. Holmes (killed in action)
 " G. Paterson
 " (A/Major) J. E. Mathews
 " F. W. Lees (C.A.M.C. Attached)
 Lieut. G. A. Allan
 " L. J. Bertrand
 " J. H. Blackman
 " A. N. Daykin
 " W. A. Dawe
 " F. A. Fraser
 " A. L. Levy
 " J. A. McDonald
 " A. T. H. Wrightson
 " W. C. Merston

Distinguished Conduct Medal.

16269 C.S.M. Robinson, J.
 16371 " Ward, W.
 77183 " Tinker, G. P.
 16411 C.Q.M.S. Carlisle, J.
 16858 Sgt. Ashby, H.
 16395 " Babcock, A. L.
 77355 " Brown, W. M.
 16297 " Curry, A. K. (killed in action)
 77919 " Dawson, C. F.
 23348 " Holland, J.
 16799 Sgt. (now Lieut.) Merston, W.C.
 77902 Sgt. (now Lieut.) Paterson, W.
 77060 Sgt. Pinsen, J. G.
 16426 " Peerless, H. M. (killed in action)
 17163 Sgt. (now Lieut.) Robertson, R.
 16958 Sgt. Swindells, W.
 77848 Cpl. Berry, J. E.
 16420 " Dryden, W. H. (killed in action)
 16679 " Odlum, H.
 16576 L/Cpl. Mullins, G.
 21747 " Preston, L.
 429729 " Weir, K.
 16922 Pte. McQueen, W. A.

Military Medal.

77006 C.S.M. (now Lt.) Fyles, J. J.
 77048 C.S.M. Lane, E.
 16411 C.Q.M.S. Carlisle, J.
 16619 Sgt. Allison, R. M.
 16856 " Ashby, H.
 428180 " Blair, J.
 17025 " Bunting, A.
 429170 " Brooks, C.
 16286 " Brown J.
 21137 " Chamberlain, A. (killed in action)
 16877 " Currell, W.
 428159 Sgt. (now Lt.) Dawe, W. A.
 428163 A/Sgt. Donaldson, R. H.
 428007 Sgt. (now Lt.) Griffin, G. S.
 16215 Sgt. Gracey, T.
 428779 Sgt. (now Lt.) Hamm, C. B.

Military Medal (continued).

23396 Sgt. Hall, A. E.
 116142 " Jackson, G. A.
 77781 " Lane, R.
 16255 " MacDowell, S. (killed in action)
 442156 " McInnes, M. J.
 446424 " Musgrave, R.
 16675 " O'Brien, J. M.
 428752 " Patterson, P. J.
 428077 Sgt. (now Lt.) Ross, D. N.
 16241 Sgt. (now Lt.) Robins, W. C. F.
 16467 Sgt. (now Lt.) Weeks, H. H.
 437248 Cpl. Goddard, F.
 446675 Cpl. (now Lt.) Stockwell, T. H.
 429525 L/Cpl. Bailey, B. J.
 442017 " Boothe, R. L.
 16305 " Faris, A. Y.
 429729 " Weir, K. (died of wounds)
 760339 Pte. Archibald, W. A.
 602805 " Bushnall, A. W. (killed in action)
 760551 " Ede, H. H.
 181180 " Freeman, S.
 437876 " Gorrie, C. W.
 428625 " Graham, F.
 23387 " Griffiths, R. A.
 21301 " Groves, V.
 442170 " Hillier, A. E.
 428660 " McDiarmid, A. H. (killed in action)
 428545 " O'Rourke, M. J.
 183293 " Patterson, A. B.
 442801 " Thompson, J. H.

Bar to the Military Medal.

21301 Pte. Groves, V.

Mentioned in Despatches.

Lieut.-Col. W. Hart McHarg (killed in action)
 Lieut.-Col. (T/Brig.-Gen.) V. W. Odlum
 Capt. (now Col.) S. D. Gardner
 Lieut.-Col. W. F. Gilson
 Major (now Lt.-Col.) L. E. Haines
 Major (now Lt.-Col.) B. M. Humble
 Major (now Lt.-Col.) A. F. Brothers
 Major A. Brooks
 Capt. W. D. Holmes (killed in action)
 Capt. A. H. Loughton
 Lieut. (now A/Major) J. E. Mathews
 Lieut. H. H. Owen (killed in action)
 Lieut. J. R. McIlree
 Lieut. H. C. R. Clarke
 Lieut. A. E. Collins

77006 Sgt. (now Lt.) Fyles, J. J.
 77183 C.S.M. Tinker, G. P.
 16371 Sgt. (now C.S.M.) Ward, W.
 16450 C.Q.M.S. Moran, T.
 23296 Sgt. Hall, A. E.
 16619 Sgt. Allison, H. M.
 16680 Cpl. Odlum, J. W. (killed in action)
 16922 Pte. McQueen, W.
 428102 Pte. Laverseur, B. (killed in action)

Legion d'Honneur (French).

Capt. (now Col.) S. D. Gardner

Medaille Militaire (French).

16371 Sgt. (now C.S.M.) Ward, W.

Croix de Geurre (French).

Capt. (now Major) G. Gibson

Medal of St. George, 4th Class (Russian).

16241 Sgt. (now Lt.) Weeks, H. H.

16425 Pte. Farmer, J.

The Order of Danilo, 3rd Class (Montenegrin).

Lieut.-Col. (T/Brig.-Gen.) V. W. Odlum

Members of the original 1st B.C. who came out with the Battalion, and are still on the Strength of the Battalion serving in France.

Brig.-Gen.	V. W. Odlum, C.M.G., D.S.O. (Inf. Bde. Cmndr.)	16229	Pte.	Brazier, A.
		16627	"	Burchall, W.
		16954	"	Clarke, P.
Lieut.Col.	W. F. Gilson	16537	"	Cramp, J.
		23380	"	Dunbar, W.
Major	D. Philpot, D.S.O.	16587	"	Duffy, A.
" (now Lt.Col.)	L. E. Haines, D.S.O. (Seconded)	21991	"	Deane, M. R.
"	A. Brooks (Seconded)	17214	"	Denton, D.
"	W. L. Ford	16424	"	Farley, H. W.
"	A. C. Nation, M.C.	16765	"	Farquharson, A. R.
		17118	"	Finnie, F.
Capt.	A. H. Loughton	17302	"	Freeland, H. A.
"	A. Grindell	17005	"	Fulton, A. Y.
		16769	"	Foster, L.A.
		17224	"	Ford, C. M.
Lieut.	A. H. Wheeler	17117	"	Featherstone, G.
"	H. C. R. Clarke	16307	"	Fox, D. C.
"	E. E. Guille	16224	"	Gilchrist, J.
"	W. C. Merston, M.C.	16312	"	Gower, G.
"	G. Still	17124	"	Gardiner, J. A.
"	J. H. Blackman, M.C.	16646	"	Gordon, R.
"	A. D. May	17008	"	Goulet, A.
"	L. J. Bertrand, M.C.	16434	"	Hill, L. G.
"	H. Carter	16781	"	Holroyd, H.
"	N. D. Theobald	16440	"	Hutchinson, H. H.
"	A. Kennedy	16656	"	Hunter, J.
"	W. C. F. Robins	16897	"	Hanham, A. S.
		16899	"	Helmor, A.
16480	R.Q.M.S. Turner, W. H.	16319	"	Hoffman, L. E.
16371	C.S.M. Ward, W.	17134	"	Jones, R. E.
16829	C.S.M. Webb, W. H.	21624	"	Kierman, M. C.
23396	A/C.S.M. Hall, A. E.	16662	"	Lapsansky, J.
16411	C.Q.M.S. Carlisle, J.	16445	"	Long, G. T.
23349	C.Q.M.S. Jones, C. P.	17262	"	McKenzie, N.
		17257	"	McDonnell, L.
16203	Sgt. Keatinge, W. H.	17033	"	McConnel, A.
16858	" Ashby, H.	16798	"	McFagan, W. E. G.
17101	" Darke, C. R.	16924	"	McVie, J.
16215	" Gracey, T.	16334	"	Mehan, F. E.
16852	" Lahiff, R. D.	16673	"	Newcombe, L. R.
16696	" Svendsen, C.	17042	"	Newton, S. T.
16833	" Williams, T.	23474	"	Nicholas, R.
16974	" Allwood, E.	17266	"	Noble, E. A.
16422	" Ensor, E.	16231	"	Nott, C.
16395	" Babcock, E. D.	17187	"	Mortison, W. F.
17252	" McArthur, H.	17149	"	Monk, E. J.
17030	" Maundrell, F. E.	17247	"	Martin, F. D.
		16679	"	Odlum, H.
16517	A/Sgt. Ball, F. J.	16678	"	Overs, F.
16456	" McKinnell, S. C.	16226	"	Parry, F.
16351	" Reed, G. A.	17293	"	Pearce, P.
23453	" Taylor, P. E.	16464	"	Peters, W.
		17159	"	Pitts, G. C.
17218	L/Sgt. Douglas, G.	17156	"	Patten, F.
		17045	"	Pendergrast, J.
13354	Cpl. Archibald, G. C.	16461	"	Paton, D.
16522	" Burchall, A. E.	16807	"	Parkinson, F.
16303	" Esson, W.	17273	"	Reber, G.
16308	" Gates, J.	17190	"	Regan, J. F.
17012	" Halley, A. P.	16667	"	Ronahan, W.
16333	" Maynard, D.	15232	"	Rostron, W.
16407	" Burnett, A.	21199	"	Scott, M. V.
		16357	"	Seely, W.
17016	A/Cpl. Howson, J. H.	16264	"	Smith, S. J.
23387	" Griffiths, R. A.	16699	"	Squirrel, E.
16998	" Edgar, J.	16820	"	Stevens, C. G.
		15507	"	Stilt, D.
16305	L/Cpl. Faris, A. Y.	21207	"	Sudds, F. S.
21359	" Brown, C. A.	16693	"	Scott, A.
16659	" Knudson, P.	17062	"	Tapner, G. J.
16346	" Parry, R. B.	17064	"	Taylor, A. G.
16606	" Wilson, T. H.	16712	"	Valentine, A.
17152	" O'Connor, L. A.	16943	"	Walker, G.
23421	" MacLean, A.	17070	"	Watson, C. G.
		16836	"	Weston, A.
23440	Pte. Rakovich, R. R.	17071	"	Wilkey, W. J.
16219	" Andrews, C. L.	16835	"	Woodman, S.
16972	" Atkins, J.	16490	"	Woods, W. H.
16625	" Barnes, E. G.	23455	"	Wyatt, A. E.
16330	" Beaton, M.	17097	"	Brown, H. G.
16510	" Boughton, E.	33337	"	Skenek, J.
16982	" Bramwell, W.			



NO. 3 COMPANY 1ST B.C.

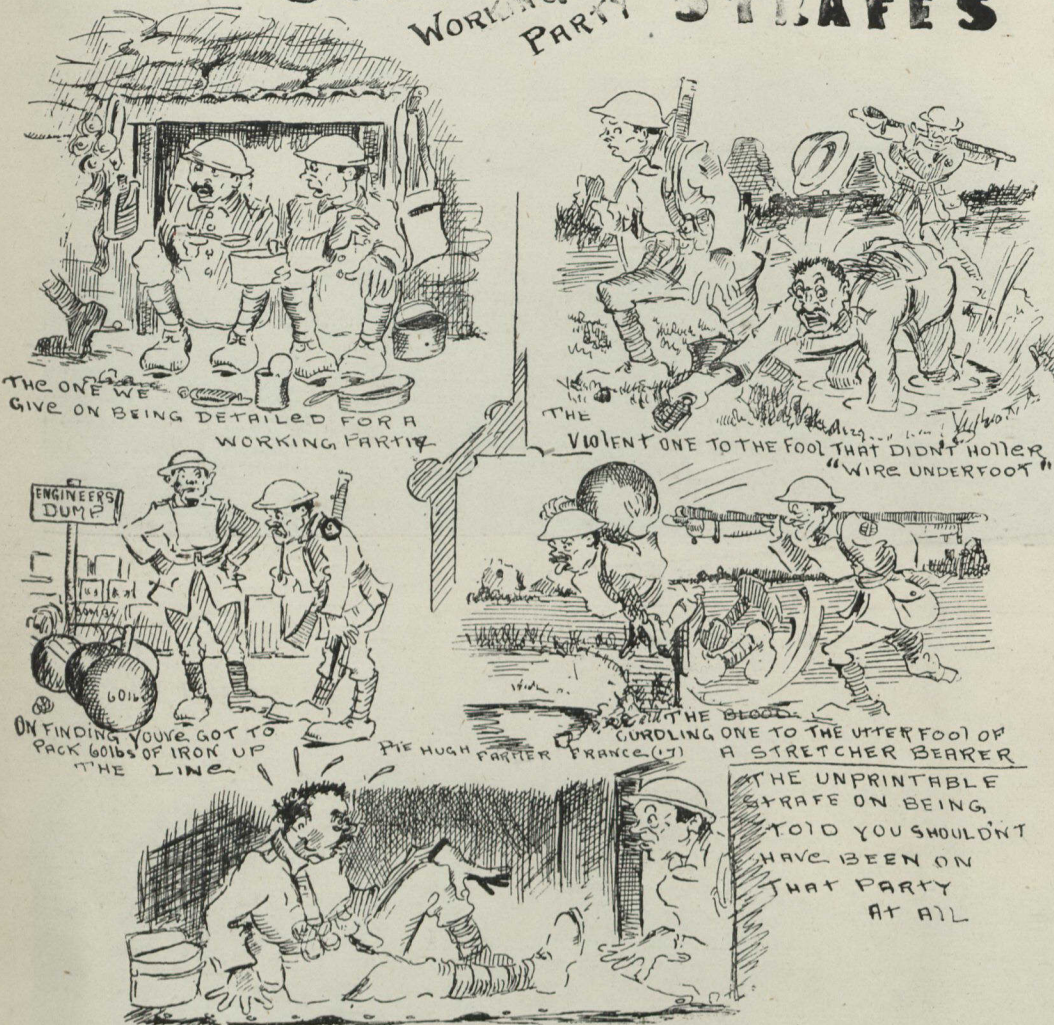


PAY DAY : SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.



NO. 4 COMPANY 1ST B.C.

SOME WORKING PARTY STRAFES



Figments from Flanders.

MORE FRIGHTFULNESS



FRITZ SHARPENS THE BARBS ON HIS WIRE

BEHIND THE HINDENBURG LINE.

THE MEANING OF "UP THE LINE AND THE BEST OF LUCK"

"GEE! IM GLAD THATS A DUD!"



"Some Guys Have All the Luck!"



CANADIAN TO PRISONER CAPTURED ON HIS FIRST TRIP IN THE TRENCHES "WHAT! MADE ONE TRIP UP THE LINE AND HERE YOU ARE BOMPROOF ALLREADY."



OVER THE TOP.

A tense moment in the German front line when the Silesian Unterwehr get the order to fix bayonets and charge the Canadians!



THE ESSENCE OF KULTUR.

FRITZ (receiving butter ration): "Alas my poor brother!"

OUR PERIODICAL PLAYLET.

On the Somme, A.D. 1415.

Dramatis Personæ:

Billikin A Spearman.
Dickon A Bowman.
Giles An Arbalaster.
Sir Percival Brassbound A Captain.
Madame Brigande An Inn-keeper.

Scene: Interior of "Fleur de Lys" Inn.

(Dickon and Billikin are seen seated on a bench by the fire.)

DICKON: "Ods fish! 'Tis a weary life, this, Billikin. Twice have I been to ye Keeper of ye Purse with a piteous tale, but not a groat would he give me. Nay, no longer ago than yesterday he bade me begone, with blows and revilings, so that I am come here athirst for even ye weak and watery ale of this accursed country, yet with no means wherewithal to purchase it."

BILLIKIN: "I, too, am in a like case. With what joy could not I lower ye tide in a butt of Canterbury ale. Methinks I shall have to sell ye casque of ye French Knight which I took from off his head on ye battle ground at grave personal riske."

(Enter GILES.)

GILES: "Godden to ye, sirs, and wherefore look ye so glum? Wilt join me in a measure o' stoot?"

BOTH *(instantly)*: "Of a surety!"

GILES *(to Madame Brigande)*: "Thrice on ye stoot, an it please ye, Madame Brigande."

MME. BRIGANDE: "Tout de suite, m'sieu."

Mme. Brigande lifts a leathern bottle from the shelf, descends into the lower regions, and re-appears some half-hour later with the liquor, which she pours out and gives to the three soldiers.

DICKON: "Hale and merry, sirs."

BILLIKIN: "May ye never be broke."

GILES: "Drink deeply, comrades."

(They drink.)

GILES: "Marry, an' 'twas by Fortune's favour that I am enabled to purchase ye refreshment we all crave. Not a coin had I, when I bethought me of ye vestments of clothe of golde which I did remove from ye person of a right riche and valiant Frenchman after ye battle. These took I to one who trafficks in merchandise, and of him received much silver. *(Jingles the coins in his jerkin.)*

DICKON: "Billikin, here, hath the casque of a knight whom he slew on ye battle ground. Lucke is ever with ye Infantrye."

BILLIKIN: "Lucke with ye Infantrye! Bully-beef o' mine! I tell ye, I adventure no more into warfare, except I be joined to ye bombe-proofes, ye Artillerie."

DICKON: "Bombe-proofes! Ye Royal Field Bowmen! Marry, 'tis an untruth. Mayhap ye Arbalasters, ye 'heavies,' be bombe-prooffe, but never ye Bowmen."

GILES: "Ye are jealous that we who man ye Arbalast be a fulle furlong behind ye line. Yet, be it known, ye would not be so free of speech were ye forced to stay by ye Arbalast under a verie haile of stone. Sling-shots I fear not, arrows can I stand, but ye mighty roare of ye twenty-pounde rocke congealeth ye bloode within me. Bombe-prooffe!"

(Enter Sir Percival Brassbound.)

SIR PERCIVAL: "What ho! varlets."

ALL: "What ho! Sir Percival."

DICKON *(aside)*: "Perchance ye noble knight will purchase ye casque of steel."

BILLIKIN *(aside)*: "Twere well thought on. *(Addressing himself to Sir Percival)*: "An it please ye, Sir Percival, I have here a casque of steele which I did remove from ye valiant brow of a most puissant Frenchman at much riske."

SIR PERCIVAL: "Produce ye goodes!"

(Billikin uncovers a large object which proves to be the helmet of a knight.)

BILLIKIN: "Fifty francs, an it please ye, Sir Percival."

SIR PERCIVAL: "Ha-ha! Likewise haw-haw! What have we here but mine own dresse parade casque, which was stolen from my tente on ye Somme most feloniously. O cursed villain! Behold mine initials worked on ye sweate-bande thereof by ye faire handes of ye Ladye Ermyntrude!"

DICKON AND GILES: "'Tis even so!"

SIR PERCIVAL: "For this acte so dreadful I decree that ye be condemned to bathe in ye colde water for ye purging of ye bodie and ye purifying of ye soule, and, furthermore, that ye be sentenced to have ye haire of ye face and heade shaven."

BILLIKIN: "Mercy! Sir Percival, not ye bathe!"

SIR PERCIVAL: "Let it be as I have spoken." *(To DICKON and GILES)*: "Convey ye prisoner, under close arreste, to ye tente of ye Provost-Marshal, there to await ye expiation of hys crime."

(Exeunt—DICKON and GILES on either side of BILLIKIN.)

SIR PERCIVAL *(to Mme. Brigande)*: "By my sande-glasse 'tis now ten grains after ye eighth hour, and I bid ye, Mme. Brigande, serve no more drinke, else will ye inne be placed oute of boundes!"

(Exit.)

MME. BRIGANDE *(shrugging)*: "C'est la guerre!"

(Curtain.)

THE PERMANENT SERGEANT-MAJOR.

Sergeant-Major Richard Tubbs, known to his familiars as "Tubby Dick," was much upset—wrought to a purple passion, indeed. His speech was of much the same hue—and here let it be said, when Tubby Dick "took the brake off" he had a resourceful flow, at once the delight and despair of the entire battalion. Long years in the Imperial Service, and a working knowledge of vituperative and insult in many native dialects, joined to an inborn knack of expression, brought his finer flights to the point of genius. Unfortunately, much of his talk was quite—oh, quite—unprintable!

It was at the Divisional Baths that he suffered the indignity of his career. When Sergeant-Major Tubbs disrobed he was not exactly the ideal of symmetry. Far from it. He bulged where he ought to have receded, and retreated where he should have advanced. Even a moustache of heroic latitude, and waxed withal, failed to distinguish him from the common herd. Thus it came about that the bath attendant, unaware of the exalted status of the person whom he addressed, shouted to him with that air of off-handed authority which all bath attendants acquire:—

"Come on, Fatty. Get that soap off!"

Sergeant-Major Tubbs swallowed about a pint of soapsuds before his lower jaw resumed the normal, and, before he could

unbosom himself to the attendant, the latter had become so busy refusing clean towels to the troops that he was unable to pay proper attention.

That afternoon the Sergeant-Major detailed the seemingly trivial circumstances of this incident with much heat to his particular friend, the R.Q.M.S.

"The trouble is," he stated, "when a fellow's undressed these doubtfully-descended relics of unmentionable parentage who work in the baths don't know a sergeant-major when they see one."

"You ought to have your crowns tattooed on your arms," suggested the R.Q.M.S., who suffered from occasional brain-movements.

"D—d good idea!" Tubby Dick agreed, after a pause.

That very afternoon he called in the services of a local artist, and had two large blue crowns worked on his forearms.

A short while afterwards he made a slight slip, which resulted in an F.G.C.M., and ultimate reduction to the ranks. Nevertheless, every two weeks Private Richard Tubbs enjoyed special attention and the finest underclothing in the Divisional Baths, through the silent command of the emblems on his forearms. As he said himself, although he might be broken, he would always be a sergeant-major.

HEADQUARTERS OFFICERS 1st B.C.



LIEUT. A. H. WHEELER.
Transport Officer



CAPT. F. W. LEES, M.C.
(C.A.M.C. attached) Battalion Medical Officer



LIEUT. N. J. THEOBALD.
Bombing Officer.



CAPT. A. GRINDELL.
Quartermaster.



CAPT. THE REV. FATHER MADDEN, M.C.
R.C. Chaplain



CAPT. P. M. FERRIS.
Paymaster.



LIEUT. A. C. POLLARD.
Signalling Officer.



REG. SERGT.-MAJOR C. S. MULLENS (W.O.I.).



LIEUT. F. A. FRASER, M.C.
Intelligence Officer.

THE "LITTLE BLACK DEVILS" PAGE.

ICHABOD

(Dedicated to the "Little Black Devils.")

(*Hosti acie nominati—shovels.*)

(*O tempora! O mores!*)

When earth was young in days of old,
And pomp and chivalry held sway,
Sir Galahad, like burnished gold,
Gleamed in his armour, so they say.

And each brave Spartan mother then
Rigged out with care her first-born dear,
And polished till it shone again
His sword, his javelin, and his spear,

And sent him forth in proud array
All glorious for the battle-field,
Bidding him at the close of day
Return upon, or with, his shield.

But times have changed since then, worse luck,
We've fallen upon evil days.
And pomp and splendour's run amok,
In saps and traverses and bays.



A "LITTLE BLACK DEVIL."

No longer now the gallant knight
With glittering spear and gleaming blade,
But in their stead—O, woeful sight!—
A pick, a shovel, and a spade.

And as the wife now buckles on
Her husband's old entrenching tool,
She says, "When bullets whistle, John,
Dig in at once—don't be a fool!"

And every mother warns her son,
When clapping on his old tin hat,
"Now, darling, when the battle's done,
Bring back our spade—remember that!"

And each fond sweetheart in his ear
Breathes, as she bids her knight farewell,
"You have your trusty shovel, dear,
And if Fritz strafes you, dig like—well!"

You know that times have changed, worse luck.
We've fallen upon evil days.
For pomp and splendour now must duck
In saps and traverses and bays.

E. J. THOMAS.

THE VOYAGE OF THE DEUTSCHLAND.

READ recently somewhere a statement to the effect that for a number of years Germany has been simply feeding her people on a war literature—books inculcating a military spirit being turned out at the rate of several hundred annually; in contrast, for example, to, perhaps, some half-dozen similar works appearing each year in Great Britain. With such leaven has our arch-enemy—the arch-enemy of the democracies and the liberties of the world—worked herself up into such a martial frenzy, that every sane man must feel as the many hundreds of thousands in khaki, that the only argument Germany at present can appreciate or understand is the argument of the man behind the loaded gun. And she seems still to be continuing her policy with respect to the soldiers in the trenches, for of two books which I have noticed—brought back by our boys from German dug-outs on the Vimy Ridge as souvenirs of their April advance—one is a military romance of a dashing young cavalry captain—a regular swashbuckler of the most approved Prussian style—and the other a very glowing account of the victorious voyage of the *Deutschland*, modestly penned by the captain of that vessel, Paul König, with a short preface poem dedicated to him by Henry, Prince of Prussia. The book is cheaply gotten up, sells for one mark, was published in 1916, and the edition is stated to be from 370,000 to 400,000, showing that it has been distributed broadcast throughout Germany. As the book is accessible in English, it may be sufficient to remark that the voyage of the *Deutschland* is heralded as one of the seven wonders of the world, marking an absolutely new epoch in navigation and overseas commerce, and settling once and for all England's claim to ocean supremacy. It ends as it begins, in poetry (the exploit transcends the limits of plain, ordinary prose), and the second poem—handed to him, the captain asserts, on his return to Bremen by a simple seaman—reviews, in a paean of victory, the whole undertaking. This effusion, which was doubtless "made to order," illustrates very accurately the "*Deutschland über alles*" spirit of the entire narrative, and on this account a fairly literal translation may perhaps not be without interest, even to "treacherous" Britons—especially since the *Deutschland* and her sister ships have hardly succeeded in establishing a regular service between Bremen and Baltimore, and if they are "safe home again" they are very carefully staying there.

The writer is well aware that the diction of the following verses is not exactly Shakespearian, but then the original, it must be remembered, was hardly in Goethe's best style, or Schiller's:—

"U DEUTSCHLAND."

What a jubilee from shore to shore!
A German U-boat in Baltimore,
A German U-boat with flag unfurled,
Carries Germany's products from world to world.
Let the treacherous Briton lie as he will,
Revile him his utmost and curse him his fill,
Ye proud, flutter the flags and the banners galore,
Of the first German U-boat in old Baltimore.



"Oh! Good day, mein Herr Kaptan! Whence from over the sea?"

"Why, from Bremen, my good sir! Staunch Germans are we."

"From Germany, Captain! You don't mean to say
And did England allow you to come on your way?"
"What care we for the vain boast of England and France,
When we rode fathoms deep could they bar our advance?
When we sailed with salt water well over our tower,
Loud we laughed at the fiction of England's sea-power.
So here we are, Yankee! loyal, friendly, and true,
And now can we drive a good bargain with you?
For we've many a thing stored away in our hold
That you can't obtain elsewhere for silver or gold."
"Well, now, that is great! And of course I'll agree.
For business endures still as business, I see."



Then a business-like bustle arose on the quay,
And huge cranes plied in action groaned and creaked mightily,
As they lowered away to the vessel's deep hold,
To search in its depths for its treasures untold,

THE "LITTLE BLACK DEVILS" PAGE.

"U DEUTSCHLAND" (continued).

Which bold German genius—alert, unafraid—
Had over—and under—the ocean conveyed.
What a hubbub was there, what a boisterous din
In berth and compartment, in bunker and bin!
While on wharf and on pierhead, a dense human wall,
Crowds of Yankees stood gaping, amazed at it all.



Empty the hold to the innermost span,
Now the new task of reloading began
And goods which we've wanted for many a day
Are ready to hand, and are soon stowed away.



Thus bartered the German in old Baltimore
With French, Russians, Englishmen, lining the shore,
Mad with envy, and swearing by heaven and earth,
We would never return to the land of our birth.
"Ours—only ours—are the seas of the world,
Then away with each ship where a strange flag's unfurled."
So they hemmed in the harbour with many a snare,
"Now let your old *Deutschland* return if she dare"
Their cruisers waylaid us by day and by night,
Feeling sure that we never could challenge their might,
And one thought—only one—filled these proud Englishmen—
"The *Deutschland* will never see Bremen again."

So the time glided by, and day followed day,
Till one morning the *Deutschland* was up and away;
Away to her homeland! Away to her death!
Could she run the hard gauntlet? The world held its breath.
Soon our enemies all—for one thinks as one feels—
Flashed abroad the glad tidings, full close on our heels—
"Your much vaunted U-boat won't dock by her quay,
For she lies a poor wreck in the depths of the sea."



Yet the *Deutschland* ploughed on, despite their dismay,
And their threats and their cursings cast aside as the spray;
The *Deutschland* ploughed on, and no frail human might
Could do aught to impede the good ship in her flight.
Full many a time rose the sun in the east,
And, as days grew to weeks, fear and sorrow increased,
And full many a heart in the dear Fatherland
Wondered when she would moor on her own native strand.

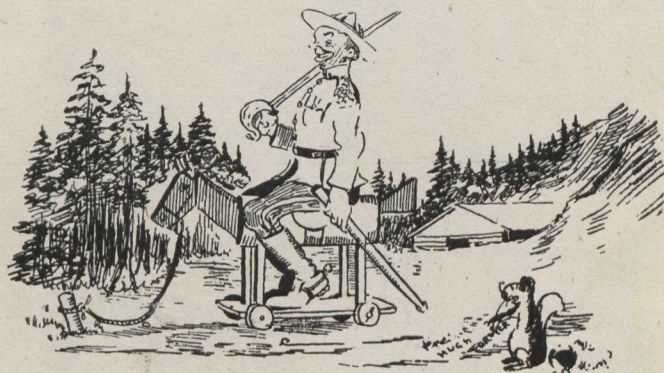


But at last came the day when the great deed was done,
And millions of throats caught the news up as one;
Caught the news up, and shouted with might and with main—
"U *Deutschland*, U *Deutschland* is safe home again!"

Translated by E. J. THOMAS.



A "WESTERN CANADIAN."



A "WESTERN" CAVALRYMAN.

Fun from the Front.

YOU WOULD.

"How do the Engineers set off duds?"
"Just hit them on the nose with a hammer and beat it."

FAMILIAR SOUNDS AT THE FRONT.

z-z-z-z-z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z Cr-r-ump Cr-r-ump!
Cr-r-ump!
Pluck—woy—woy—y—woy—y—y—Bang!
Dada—da—da—da—dada—dada—da—dap—dap—dap—
dada—da—da. Whizz; Whee! Whang!
"Stretcher-bearers on the double!"

FOOD PROFITEERING AT THE FRONT.

A CASE FOR LORD RHONDDA.

Beer is now up to two francs a mess-tin at some canteens.

TO ———.

Oh, Adorable! clothed in snowy white,
Thou art close beside me e'en as I write.
My lips thy lips would fain caress,
While whispering words of tenderness.

My caress thou never wilt return,
Thy heart for mine can never yearn;
Yet knowing all, I love thee yet,
I cannot live without thee, Cigarette!

E. W. T.

The runner entered in perspiring haste, tore several officers' packs apart, and exclaimed profanely.

"What have you been sent for?" he was asked.

"Smelling salts for the Company Commander," he wheezed, quite truthfully.

And this is war!

Just wait until the Fresno Fusiliers, the Oshkosh Rifles, the Kalispell Light Infantry, and the Minnesota Zouaves arrive in France. We'll have some ball games then!

HEARD ON THE 'PHONE.

(Hun H.Q.).

"What did you say? Die Canadian Truppen have made a raid, and left a note saying:—

"Dear Fritz.—It is with great reluctance that we have to do this, but we have no other means of getting information. We are only going to take two prisoners, and to compensate you for the loss of so much invaluable fat, we leave herewith, in exchange, two tins of Maypole Margarine.

"(Signed) —TH CANADIANS.

"Wohl! What do you know about that? Schmutzig, sterbend alt Kristopher Kolumbus!! Was hoflichkeit!!! — (remainder deleted by Censor).

16264 S. J. S.

Soldier (addressing aeroplane overhead as it circles around preparatory to making a landing):—

"Come on, now. Let's have one of those dirty old flops. What d'you think you're paid for?"

**THE LIMIT OF FRIGHTFULNESS,
A.D. 1967.**

'Shrapnel Bill' recoiled from the parapet with a cry of pain.

"The barbarous blankety-blanks," he groaned, pulling his long, white beard. "The inhuman fiends! What will these square-headed swine be up to next? I've never seen the like of it in the whole of my fifty years' trench experience." He stamped with rage until his wooden leg caught in a "bath-mat" and tipped him over into the corner of the bay.

Just then, No. 401691832 Pte. Vimy Ypres Brown, turning the traverse sharply, almost fell over the aged warrior.

"Good heavens! Grandad," he cried, "What's the matter? Are you hit? Let me help you up." But all he could get from his recumbent relative was a stream of invective mingled with threats of what he would do to the next Hun he "caught bending."

Deeply concerned, the young fellow raised him gently to



TO A FLARE-LIGHT.

Oh, fluttering, sparkling ball of light,
That guides me on my way,
But for the help of you at night
How often might I stray,
Perchance across that treacherous land
Where Death alone holds sway!

S. SHARP.

his feet and examined him carefully for signs of bleeding, but could see nothing amiss. So, leaning his burden against the parapet, he disappeared, returning shortly after with a tot of rum which he gave to the old man.

No sooner had "Shrapnel" swallowed the liquid than he made a feeble attempt to climb over the parapet, and was only caught in time.

"Let me get at them," he moaned. "I'm going over the top. I've made it across no-man's-land a hundred and three times, and I don't care whether they get me this time or not."

Quickly the lad unstrapped his grandfather's wooden leg, leaving him helpless.

"You can't go now," he cried triumphantly. "Grandma told me to look after you and see that you didn't get hurt."

"Well, you dodgasted, interfering imp," quavered the old soldier, "this is just about the limit. I've had enough of German infamy."

"Tell me! What's the matter?" asked his grandson.

"I was fixing up a bivvy for myself," said 'Shrapnel Bill,' "and had laid my haversack on the parapet, when some fool of a German sniper sent a bullet through it, smashing my last bottle of cough mixture, and I won't be able to get any more until we get back to reserve where the canteen is."

16264.

OUR GIRLS OF TO-DAY.

He didn't say to her: "Farewell, dear heart! I go to defend you from the menace of a barbarous foe; and if it is to be that I am called upon to give up all that is dear to me—yea, even life itself—I shall do so gladly, knowing that there is still one under the twinkling stars who thinks of me!"

Nor did she say to him: "Oh, my loved one, you may be killed. I cannot let you go. F-forgive a poor, weak woman, heart-wrung beyond endurance. I know it is my duty to my country, but it is hard—hard! Since you must go—and I will not stand between you and Duty—I shall enter a hospital in the hope that I may be privileged to nurse you back to health and a woman's lu-huve!"

What she did say was: "So long, Kid. Don't forget to write a whizz-bang occasionally. I'll keep the home fires burning till after the war."

And what he really replied was: "Have a little sense. With fuel at the present price!"

S. J. S. 16264

HOW WE WIN THE WAR.

The night was dark, stormy, and of every other description required by modern newspaper correspondents as a war-setting. Stealthily through the long, damp grass creep Fritzes; many Fritzes, and large, and hung around with their stick tin-can bombs—contemptuously termed "potato-mashers" by our troops. Still they creep, and as they near our bombing post a rustle breaks upon the strained ear of the sentry, and there are more creeps—the kind that start at your toes and creep insidiously up your spine—and with a voice shaking with emotion, or cold, or something like that, the sentry utters that time-honoured formula "Who's there?" Six left hands convulsively pull six strings at once, and six "potato-mashers" sail over into the wide, wide world. What matter that they drop nowhere where they can do any material damage? "Is it not the essence of frightfulness that one should intimidate one's enemies by the making of loud noises, so that mayhap they may die of heart-failure?"—and six well satisfied Fritzes scutter back to the safety of their trenches.

In the bombing post for a moment all is confusion. Has Fritzie really scored a point over us? But no! The Corporal grips himself with a mighty effort, and, in a voice that can only be compared to Nelson's Trafalgar "England expects," yells: "Heave over the Millses," and ten of the best bombs ever turned out by a Birmingham brunette are stripped of their safety-pins and hurled out into No Man's Land, and ten loud "bangoes" prove that our pretty munitionettes are still doing noble work.

(Extract from German wireless, next day.)

"At XZ 23, 41/2, a detachment of our brave Sturmtruppen attacked and penetrated the enemy positions, bombing and killing the garrison, and, according to plan, retired in good order to our lines without losses."

(Extract from Patrol Report of 1st B.C.)

"At 1.15 a.m. a patrol of the enemy approached our left bombing post and threw six bombs. We immediately retaliated with ten bombs. It is believed that we inflicted many casualties on the enemy as cries and groans were afterwards heard. Our casualties—nil."

Score.—Canucks 10.

Fritzes 6.

Four points to us!

Thus we are winning the war and upholding the fair name of Canada.

IDDY-UMPTY.



Brig.-General F. O. W. LOOMIS, C.M.G., D.S.O.,
Commanding a Western Brigade.



DRUMS. 1st B.C.



INTERPRETER: "Madame says that she will have Suzette and her family moved to make room for us."
 Q. M.: "Oh no, I couldn't think of causing her so much inconvenience."
 INTERPRETER: "But Suzette is the sow!"

AFTER THE WAR.

"Oh, Wireless! come into the house at once. You'll catch your death of cold sitting out in that draught. Gracious me! Your feet are damp! I'll get you a warm foot-bath at once, and have a fire lit in your bedroom. Take your shoes off at once, or you'll be ill. Why did you go without your breakfast this morning? Do you want to become so weak you can't work. And I didn't like to say so before, but I wish you would give up the idea of living in that stuffy dug-out you've built. Don't you like this sliced corned beef? You must be ill. You've lost your appetite. Can't you answer me without using all those horrible expressions 'très bon,' 'toute suite,' 'ma chère,' and 'encore.' I don't know what our Government was doing when they let my boy get such ideas into his head. I won't have you refer to your father as the O.C. and your brothers as the rank and file"—Oh, fellows, gimme 'nother war!

"WIRELESS."

BILL KAISER.

TUNE:—"Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?"

"Won't you go home, Bill Kaiser,
 Won't you go home?"
 We moan the whole day long.
 We're sick of digging trenches;
 We want to see our wenches,
 'Cause we cant parlez the ding-dong.
 Remember the stormy days
 When we turned you out
 Of Arras, Messines and the Somme.
 You know you're to blame
 For this cursed game,
 Bill Kaiser, won't you please go home?

MAXIMS FOR MUD HOLES.

A funk-hole in time saves R.I.P.
 Look not upon the wine when it is red, lest thou gazest in the morn upon the face of thine O.C. when it is flushed with anger.
 Better a corner in the meanest hovel in the trench than high life on the parapet when the M.G. trills out its song.
 Do unto Fritz as you know he is going to do unto you—only do it first.
 "Obey that impulse" when the first whizz-bang shrieks its warning in thine ear. Thus will thy days be long in the trenches—and full of an astounding misery.

A JULY DREAM.

Dreaming, I go back again,
 Down a logging-road I know,
 Where the nesting partridge runs
 And the tall brakes grow.

Dreaming, I am there again,
 Where, the leafy walls between,
 All the air is like a tide
 Quiv'ring cool and green.

Dreaming, I go down again,
 Through the shadow and the gleam,
 To the bright trout lying still
 In the amber stream.

Waking—No, 'tis best to dream—
 Dream, and know the peace for ever
 Of my green-leafed logging-road
 And my hidden river.

T. G. R.

"AND THE OLD MAN SMILES AGAIN."



JOHN BULL (as Wilhelm keeps doubling his bets): "You're out of luck, Bill. Why not try the other side of the board?"

HOW HUNS HOLD OUT DESPITE CATACLYSMIC CONCENTRATION OF GUNS.

Wilhelm's Wiles Postpone Day of Disaster.

Another tacit admission of Germany's desperate plight, and a fresh proof of her determination to use every means to stave off the Hour of Reckoning, are furnished by a report just received from our correspondent in Mission City, B.C.

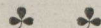
He has it from the lips of returned veterans of that city, that where the German lines of communication are rendered impassable by our bombardment—the violence of which changes the very form and appearance of the earth's surface from hour to hour—supplies reach the advanced positions packed in shells fired from a new type of gun—"Grubshutzen," as they are officially named. These missiles contain highly-concentrated foods and liquids to nourish the bodies and maintain the morale of the German troops in the area bombarded.

In corroboration of this remarkable statement, repeated cases of "Goulash scald"—as it is named by the British medical authorities—have been observed on the bodies of captured Huns. These painful injuries are undoubtedly due to the bursting of defective shells containing the hot stew beloved of the German soldiery.

[Editor's Note.—We assume no responsibility for the truth of this statement, but merely give it for what it is worth.]

GOING SOME.

When Fritz got sore and started to shell,
Green got his wind up and went like—well,
He went so fast he beat all time
Till he found himself in our front line.
The sentry said: "And who are you?"
"I'm carrying rations for Number Two."
"You've come too far. But what's your name?"
"I'll put it on the Scroll of Fame."
"My first name's Green, my second's 'Speed'
—The second one's the one I heed—
A handy name when they holler 'Rum,'
'Whizz-bang,' or 'Shrapnel.' Then I'm going some."



"You went so fast that probably
You've passed yourself along the way;
Now, if you turn and trace your track,
You'll meet yourself a-coming back.
You never saw that sunken road,
Although you had a heavy load.
You passed Headquarters like a flash.
Green, you're the winner of the funk-hole dash.
You've beat all records that I recall,
You've done a mile in no time at all.
If Fritzie beats you he'll have to hum,
For when I stopped you, Green, you were going some."

C. MILLS.

A Veteran's Experiences.]

(From the "Daily Mail" of June 26th, 1965.)

SEVERAL unusual sidelights were thrown on the early conduct of the present war, when, on the arrival of the 10.15 Channel Tunnel Express, A/Pte. John Dimp limped off the train with the aid of his crutches.

As the cool breeze swept through the veteran's flowing beard he looked around with bewilderment and grief. Picture the sorrow and chagrin of a native of these islands arriving on his natal shores, only to find the speech of his own country unintelligible, and its customs a closed book!

A French estaminet keeper, an aged man who had attained riches in important war work, and who chanced to be travelling by the same train, offered his services as interpreter, and John Dimp was thus enabled to give his story to our special reporter.

"I was born in England," said the ancient warrior, "but at an early age was taken by my parents to Canada, in which country I enlisted at the beginning of the war.

"I have been so long on the Continent that I have forgotten my native speech entirely, although I could readily give my simple autobiography in either French, Flemish, German, or one of a score of Slav dialects.

"I was probably the most surprised person on the western front when a grateful Government ordered me home. My leave was not really due until 1980, so, although I had been parading sick with senile decay for the last ten years, I was utterly taken aback when my warrant came through. There was much heart-burning among the octogenarians when it became known that I was to go out of my turn. I feel sorry for the disappointed ones, of course, but to refuse was obviously out of the question. What makes me especially pleased is that I shall have an opportunity to go to the Pensions Department to arrange to have my old age pension paid into our grand, last, and final Victory War Loan. After that I intend to get a smart regimental beard-cut, and go to see my grand-nephews at Tooting. I propose to spend the remainder of my leave in bed.

"I hope to return to the trenches in time to see the last of this wonderful war, as I am confident it cannot continue for more than two weeks. The Germans are running short of food, on the verge of famine, indeed; the Kaiser grows increasingly decrepit, and the day cannot be far distant when the Huns will be unable to withstand our heroes in khaki dressing-gowns."

When asked by our reporter for a few reminiscences of the earlier days of the Titanic struggle, the venerable Tommy replied:—

"My memory is not what it used to be. Much of the first fighting appears to me as a hazy dream of artillery actions at the absurdly short range of five miles. Imagine that—five miles! Nowadays, when we engage in actions at a minimum distance of one hundred and fifty miles, such a statement must sound like falsehood of the boldest sort.

"Our first tanks were laughably crude—although we thought them wonderful in those days. I well recall my astonishment on seeing the first ration tank brought up for the purpose of conveying supplies to our patrols on the near edge of the vast No Man's Land. It was not, however, until Professor Imalire perfected his now famous individual, portable tank that we had anything resembling our present armoured runabout.

"In the old days our equipment was impossibly crude and unhandy. We carried a large assortment of obsolete tools and contrivances, such as wire-cutters, gas-masks, and trenching-tools, which, while useful in billets, were at a discount in action. Now that electricity supersedes every other force of destruction used in modern warfare, the clumsy and dangerous weapons formerly employed seem fabulously ineffective. The soldier carried an intolerable burden of equipment in those times. Indeed, now that our infantry carry only spare rubber gloves and unbreakable milk bottles, we feel the deepest commiseration for our forerunners of the retreat from Mons.

"Our rations, too, were absurdly bulky and ridiculously lavish. Now that all troops are compelled to 'Fletcherise' by numbers, and our mainstays are barley water and biscuit pap, the work of the Q.M. department has been practically obliterated.

"To-night," said the senile soldier, his wizened old face wrinkling in a toothless imitation of the cheerful grin which has ever distinguished our troops, "I feel that I should like to be gay, to sing some of the old trench songs, and to dance our antiquated dances. I daresay you have never heard of the 'Tank trot,' the 'Whizz-bang waltz,' the 'Minenwerfer move,' the 'Rum-jar romp,' or the 'Stokes squirm,' but, if my rheumatism permits, I shall try them all."

As the old man's quavering voice faltered and ceased, I hailed a passing taxiplane, and saw him safely on his way to the Pensions Department.

16264 S. J. S.

Doctors Less Courteous than in Pre-War Days.

"PROFESSIONAL MANNER" DEAD.

Before the war, when one went to a doctor, was it his custom to belittle one's ailments, to deprecate one's symptoms, to smile cynically at the monologue of one's aches and pains? It was not! Since the beginning of the war there has been a deplorable falling off in the traditional courtesy of the medical profession.

In former times, if one went to him with a persistent pain in the side, a slight feeling of lassitude, and mild insomnia, the verdict was rarely ever anything less than appendicitis. Nowadays such a complaint would be received coldly, even scornfully. How sad that one can no longer become ill! Oh, the delights of those diseaseful days! Then microbes lurked in every corner, bacteria lay in wait momentarily, germs worked overtime. But now, the acquisition of any really dangerous ailment seems impossible. Perhaps the introductory scowl of the battalion medical officer checks its growth. Perhaps the brusqueness of his greeting chills its budding activity. What tender little germ, with all the potentialities of typhoid, say, could endure the shame of being classed "Bowels—No. 9"? No, the ignominy is too great. It would simply refuse to develop.

Before enlisting one was the happy prey of imminent, stealthy disease. Now one is proof against even the most trivial illness.

There is just one consolation left. When one goes sick with any complaint, from leprosy to cauliflower ear, no longer does one have to say: "Aw, Doc, have a heart! I'm a poor man. I can't afford an operation!"

"WIRELESS."

NOW—AND THEN.

I wish I were one of those old boys
Of 1860 or so,
With a patch of fuzz on either cheek,
And a "pill-box," or shako;

A tunic of red and pants of blue,
A yellow stripe down the sides:
A shilling a day and free pipe-clay,
And licence to loot besides.

Those were the days! There were no Huns then
To trouble and astound us
With the barbarities of Kultur,
And twelve-inch guns to pound us.

The whizz-bang's voice was then unheard,
The Krupp spoke not at all,
Nor from the realm of musketry
Had cartridge ousted ball.

Inoculation was unknown,
The gas-mask ne'er was seen,
Nor had the flammen-werfer
In action ever been.

The coffee, cocoa, or the tea—
Our constant ration here—
Were rarely used. They drank instead
Just honest English beer.

And when on active service
Across the sea they hied,
A little fancy marksmanship
Was all that term implied;

A brush with heathen nations brave,
Yellow, or black, or brown;
A punitive expedition,
The taking of a town.

I sigh, I pine, I languish for
A foeman of renown,
A civilised barbarian—
Yellow, or black, or brown.

J. W. C.

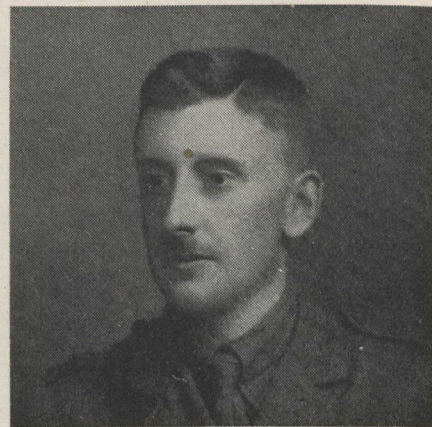
OFFICERS: 1st B.C.



LIEUT. H. D. HENRY.



LIEUT. L. J. BERTRAND, M.C.



LIEUT. H. C. R. CLARKE.



LIEUT. J. L. MACFARLANE.



LIEUT. A. P. MORKILL.



LIEUT. G. STILL.



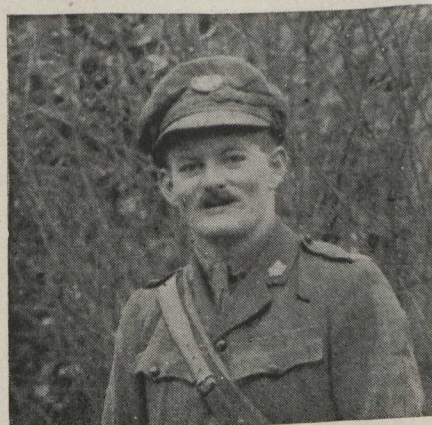
LIEUT. G. CARMICHAEL.



LIEUT. T. A. SARGOOD.



LIEUT. A. E. COLLINS.



LIEUT. J. D. MCLEAN.



LIEUT. F. E. BERGH.



SERGT. W. CAMPFELL
News Editor: The "Listening Post."

THE HIDDEN HOARD.

It was Micky who first saw the old French civilian raking over the rubble heap where once a cottage had stood, and it was Micky's newspaper-fed imagination which immediately jumped to the conclusion that somewhere beneath the wreck of the roof-tree lay a hidden hoard.

Along with his pal, "Red" McDougal, he had been exploring the heaped-up *débris*—all that was left of a once prosperous village, a village which had figured time and again in the earlier communiqués of the war as the scene of desperate fighting, and which the receding tide of battle had left broken and derelict.

Shell-fire, sudden death and all the dreary precocity that comes to the youth of a country at war, had not sufficed to quench the restless curiosity of the two boys—for they were little more. They had been wandering over the shell-pitted mounds of brick and mortar, gleaning here and there an odd article with which to furnish their dug-out, when Micky spied the old man picking with palsied eagerness at the ruins of a building.

"Oh, Red!" whispered Micky, hoarsely. "Here a minute."

Red dropped the rusty bed-spring which he had been trying to disentangle from the surrounding rubbish and came at once.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Keep down!" commanded Micky. "See that old guy? Well, I'll just bet he's huntin' for the old stockin' with the savin's of a lifetime in it, stuck away behind the kitchen chimney."

The ruined hamlet was still near enough to the firing-line to make the presence of civilians unusual, and there was a furtiveness about the old man's movements—or so it seemed to the boys—that lent colour to Micky's assertion.

Crouched down behind a fragment of wall, they breathlessly watched the aged Frenchman as he painfully moved the mass of material in front of him. At last, with two simultaneous gulps of excitement, they saw him stop suddenly, and noticed the weather-wizened features wrinkle in a smile of satisfaction.

"He's found it all right," gasped Micky.

Red could only nod.

To their surprise, the old civilian straightened up, and hobbled slowly away, muttering to himself.

No sooner had he gained the high road running arrow-straight through the tumbled wreckage than the two boys scrambled over to the place where the villager had stood. There were no signs of the hearthstone both had expected to see. Instead, in front of them lay a mass of masonry sandwiching broken rafters, rusted iron-ware, and shards of pulverised pottery.

"I don't see no signs of the stockin'," said Red, doubtfully.

"Why, you chump," cried Micky, with heat, "d'you think the old man 'ud leave it here if it was in sight?"

Inspired by his enthusiasm, Red attacked the pile, and soon the two were raising clouds of mortar dust with the vigour of their efforts. They pierced through the strata of broken brick, encountering a layer of empty tins welded with the straw of an old paliasse, and, below that again, relics of a bygone husbandry, but never a sign of the object they sought.

At last, tired and dirty, they stopped, and tramped back to their quarters for supper.

Reinvigorated, they returned, and darkness found them still at it, and still unsuccessful.

"The old civvy's bound to come back," said Micky, as he rubbed his scratched and tender finger-tips.

"Hope so," responded Red, whose faith was beginning to wane.

That night the two agreed to keep watch on the place, in case the old man should return, but nothing happened until after breakfast next morning, when they saw the old civilian driving along the road a ponderous horse attached to a rickety old cart, and with him a strong-looking French soldier—a "missionnaire," evidently.

With beating hearts the two boys watched the conveyance stop by the roadside, and the two men reach the scene of their labours.

The old man looked puzzled for a moment, and then spoke a word or two in rapid French. With a couple of quick wrenches the soldier dragged an old, rusty plough from the ruins, and, with the help of the older man, loaded it on the wagon and drove away.

The two boys stared at one another for a moment, and then clinched in combat.

J. W. C.

Advice to Correspondents

By "Sister Smiff."

ADDENUF.

Ques.—"Please tell me the easiest way to make Blighty?"

Ans.—Take the second, twelfth, ninth, seventh, eighth, nineteenth and twenty-fifth letters of the alphabet respectively, and your question is answered.

SOUVENIR.

Ques.—"I have a souvenir bomb, and in the end of it is a little tube painted red. I tried to take it out with a pin, but failed. How can I remove it, as I should like to make something out of it?"

Ans.—Hit it with an entrenching tool, or jab it with a spike, and you should have no trouble in making a blighty out of it.

FUMER.

Ques.—"Why don't we get as many cigarettes as we used to?"

Ans.—On account of running short of names to call the different brands.

BLIGHTY.

Ques.—"What is the meaning of the expression of 'Up the line with the best of luck?'"

Ans.—All the answers I have heard are quite unprintable.

INFORMED.

Ques.—"What do you think of the Zeppelins? Aren't they a wonderful invention?"

Ans.—Yes, they're certainly getting them "down fine."

UNO.

Ques.—"Why is a gun always spoken of as 'she' and 'her'?"

Ans.—How-its-her, I couldn't say.

DIMPLES.

Ques.—"Are you aware that a 5.9 shell distributes more blighties than a 13.5?"

Ans.—It never struck me before.

SMOKIE.

Ques.—"What is the best remedy for a smoky dug-out?"

Ans.—Put the fire out.

SERUM.

Ques.—"Do you think the dope the M.O. puts in a man's arm saves life?"

Ans.—Certainly not. A friend of mine was napooed a week after having been vaccinated.

BLIGHTLET.

Ques.—"A chum of mine was hit by a piece of shrapnel which pierced his helmet and struck him just above the brain. He was so astonished. He didn't even faint. Why?"

Ans.—Because such a thing never entered his head before.

WILHELM'S LAMENT.

Come, mein childer, draw you near
Und von story you shall hear:
It was on der western field of war
I rode mein horse so white.
Der British run mit horse und gun
So fast dey fool me quite.
Hoch, see! Dey run der wrong dam way.
—Just den I woke und it was day—
Mein soldiers, dot I t'ought immune
From fear, dey beat it soon;
Und Little Willie, mein tear son,
Win nix a victory at Verdun.
Von million of mein men he lose,
Und his poor brain get much confuse.
(I tink he hog der champagne booze)
Mein Navy, once so goot and grand,
Goes no more from der Vaterland.
Der Gott-straft Yank he now make war
—Und soon, I tink, he strafe mein shore.
Der Belgiums yet, dey ain'd half done.
Oh, vy dis war was it begun!

HIS SCALP!



1st INNOCENT: (Labour Battalion): "Why do they take his cap off?"
 2nd ditto : "I suppose the Colonel wants a lock of his hair!"

APRIL 9th.

The Hun on Vimy Ridge maintained his hold,
 And, Hun-like, in a brazen voice and bold,
 Boasted he could not from that place be hurled
 By all the legions of the Western world.
 But in the hearts of Canada's bold sons
 Was deep contempt for all the race of Huns;
 And at the grim appointed day and hour
 Made fierce assault upon that vaunted power,
 The valour and the freedom of the West
 Surged like a tidal wave o'er Vimy's crest.

Dull was the dawn upon that famous day,
 Close were we massed, and eager for the fray;
 Men from the land of mighty timbered wold,
 Men from the land where rivers gleam with gold;
 Where lofty mountains pierce the azure clear,
 And softly mirrored in the lakes appear,
 Whose rugged heights we oft were wont to climb,
 And drink deep draughts of fragrant air sublime;
 The breath of balsam, cedar, pine, and firs
 With memories fancy still our senses stirs.

Five minutes more; we press our comrade's hand,
 Wish him soft "blighty" to the dear Old Land.
 Then a swift thought on that great, mystic Power,
 Which holds us calmly till the "zero hour."
 A whistle sounds—the signal loud and clear
 Reaches at last our strained, expectant ear;
 And, as we rise that signal to obey,
 All heaven and earth is rocked beneath the sway
 Of mighty guns, belching their thunderous doom,
 Blasting the foe within his self-dug tomb.

Forward, then, beneath the protecting flight
 Of myriad shells, steered by the God of Right;
 That soaring, seething, blazing wall of flame
 Beckons us on to victory and fame.
 While on the further side of No Man's Land
 There flare to heaven, by anxious gunners scanned,
 Signals of sorts and preconcerted signs
 To Bosch artillery in distant lines;
 Guns which shall soon become our property—
 Silenced and broken guns, trophies of victory.

C. M.

THEM GOL DURN SIGNALLERS!

When a working party's wanted
 For to help build up the line,
 When the comp'ny men are hiding,
 Gee whizz! don't it just sound fine
 For to hear the Sergeant-Major
 In a voice that booms and burrs
 Come hollering down the trenches:
 "Where's them gol durn signallers?"

When you're straffed like old blue blazes,
 Till the chill creeps up your spine,
 As you dangle round the trenches,
 Patching up the broken line,
 Then the sentry, as you pass him,
 Has to throw his little slurs:
 "Halt! Who goes there? All right, pass on,
 You gol durn signallers!"

When the ration rum is issued,
 And there's battle in each eye,
 When the Sergeant shakes the bottle
 And find it's clean run dry,
 It's the same old war-time story
 Everlastingly occurs,
 The detail that must go without
 Is them gol durn signallers.

Oh, it's a Jake to have a dug-out
 Where it's nice and dry and fine!
 But when one lands hard and heavy,
 And you take an "up incline,"
 When the smoke has kind of lifted
 One naturally infers,
 By the casual way it's mentioned,
 It's them gol durn signallers.

But, never mind, for some day soon
 We will follow up a line
 In a place where all is roses
 And the rations superfine;
 But when work parties are called on
 For to sweep those golden stairs,
 I know who'll have to do it—
 Them gol durn signallers.

MEDICINE AND DUTY



M.O. (after listening to "Bath Mat's" horrible list of ailments): "Yes, my lad, you're suffering from a bad attack of Swingtheleaditous."
 BATH MAT: "Yus, sir; and it seems to be getting worse instead of better."
 M.O.: "I quite believe you."

In the Days of the Cigarette Famine.

When Mac "stuck his shingle out" announcing that the "B.C. Cash Store, 23, Rue de Sunken Road, invites the patronage of soldiers and Canadians," his cup of satisfaction overflowed.

"We'll do well here," he said. "There ain't much competition and the troops are going to be paid. Looks to me like a good chance to scare up a few shekels for the regimental fund."

I looked at the spot selected for the canteen with disfavour and said nothing. The Hun had owned it at one time, and, like the unsatisfactory tenant he usually is, had left *débris* of many kinds scattered over the shell-pitted earth. The site was maladorous and evil looking; the view consisting chiefly of crump-holes, broken trees and shell-bursts, altogether rather a discouraging place for a commercial venture—and I never had much faith in a tarpaulin roof as protection from the black smoke stuff.

There was no denying we did well. The troops were paid and the troops shopped. They bought us out half-a-dozen times. I believe they would even have bought the "War Cry" had it been procurable. As it was we sold all the old-lapsed stock that had lain on our shelves for months. At intervals fresh supplies came up, and these, too, soon went.

It was towards the end of our stay there that the Hun gave us notice to quit—a hoarse, crescendo whistle terminating in a thunder-clap overhead—and when I took my head out of the sardine case I saw Mac ruefully regarding a tin of apricots whence the life blood flowed in a syrupy stream.

"If this sort of thing keeps up it'll take all the gilt off the ginger-bread," said Mac, conning the sauce bottles over with an anxious eye.

"It does," I agreed, thinking less of sauce than of safety. "We're only selling at a skin profit as it is," he continued, "and our loss by breakage is far too high this month already."

"Far too much," I echoed, fervently. "We can't afford to take risks. Hadn't we better move to that deep dug-out over—"

Just then one of our fellows stuck his head over the counter whistling softly under his breath (I wish people wouldn't whistle under their breath when I'm waiting for the next shell, it gives me the jumps), and I collided with the canned corn in my anxiety to give a life-like imitation of nothing at all.

"A franc's worth of chocolate," said the whistling one. "Any cigarettes?"

"Ain't made now," said Mac. "No bon for the troops. Guess the blockade must be on."

The whistling one departed, muttering bitterly and profanely about the incompetence of canteen men and the general unsatisfactoriness of our army organisation.

In due course the next shell arrived, wrecking the reserve stock of packet biscuits, giving me just the impetus required for a fine flying start for the deep dug-out, and leaving Mac doing rapid mental arithmetic over the biscuits.

"We'll have to move," Mac announced, as he joined me in the dug-out with the cash-box under his arm. "We can't stand that."

"I can't," said I, with emphasis.

"We'd better begin packing the stock across," said Mac a moment later. We did so, pausing under shelter whenever a gust of explosive sent the chalky subsoil flying.

It was during one such "rest" that I saw Mac craning out of the dug-out door.

"What fools!" he muttered. "What fools!"

I looked over his shoulder and saw a line of men worming their way towards our late quarters.

"Hey! what you doin' there?" shouted Mac.

"Got any 'Players'?" filtered back through the noise, and for once I was glad we hadn't.

FUNK HOLE STORIES : By C. MILLS

First Funk Hole Gopher: "I hear that the Kaiser has ordered fifty million tooth-picks with these words printed on them, 'William, Emperor of Germany and Conqueror of the World,' to be distributed free to all cafés."

Second Funk Hole Gopher: "Why, what's the idea?"

First Funk Hole Gopher: "So that his name will be in everybody's mouth."

Machine-gun Instructor (after explaining the various parts of the gun, turns round and finds Pte. Perry laughing and talking and paying no attention): "Now, Mr. Smarty, what's a number one stoppage?"

Pte. Perry: "A minnen werfer."

Extract from the "Berlin Wiener Wurst."

"It is a public scandal in these times of peril for the Fatherland that there are still young men eligible for military service who show no sense of responsibility or impulse of patriotism. Recently, a young man of seventy years was bound over to keep the peace for six months for throwing stones at his grandfather."

Veteran (explaining to one of a new draft how to circumvent German artillery): "When you hear a shell coming don't turn

coffin down that narrow staircase. Well, Bill, I must be going now. I thought I'd just drop in to cheer you up, and if I don't see you again I'll take a day off for the funeral."

French as She is Spoke.

Pte. Armstrong, who has lately joined 11 Platoon, has been very busy learning French. One day while on fatigue he wanted something to shift a pile of rubbish with, so to try out his French he accosted the owner of the billet as follows:

"Parlez vous français?"

"Ah, oui, M'sieu."

"Well, how's chances to borrow your wheel-barrow?"

Sergeant: "Fall out, Pte. Murphy!"

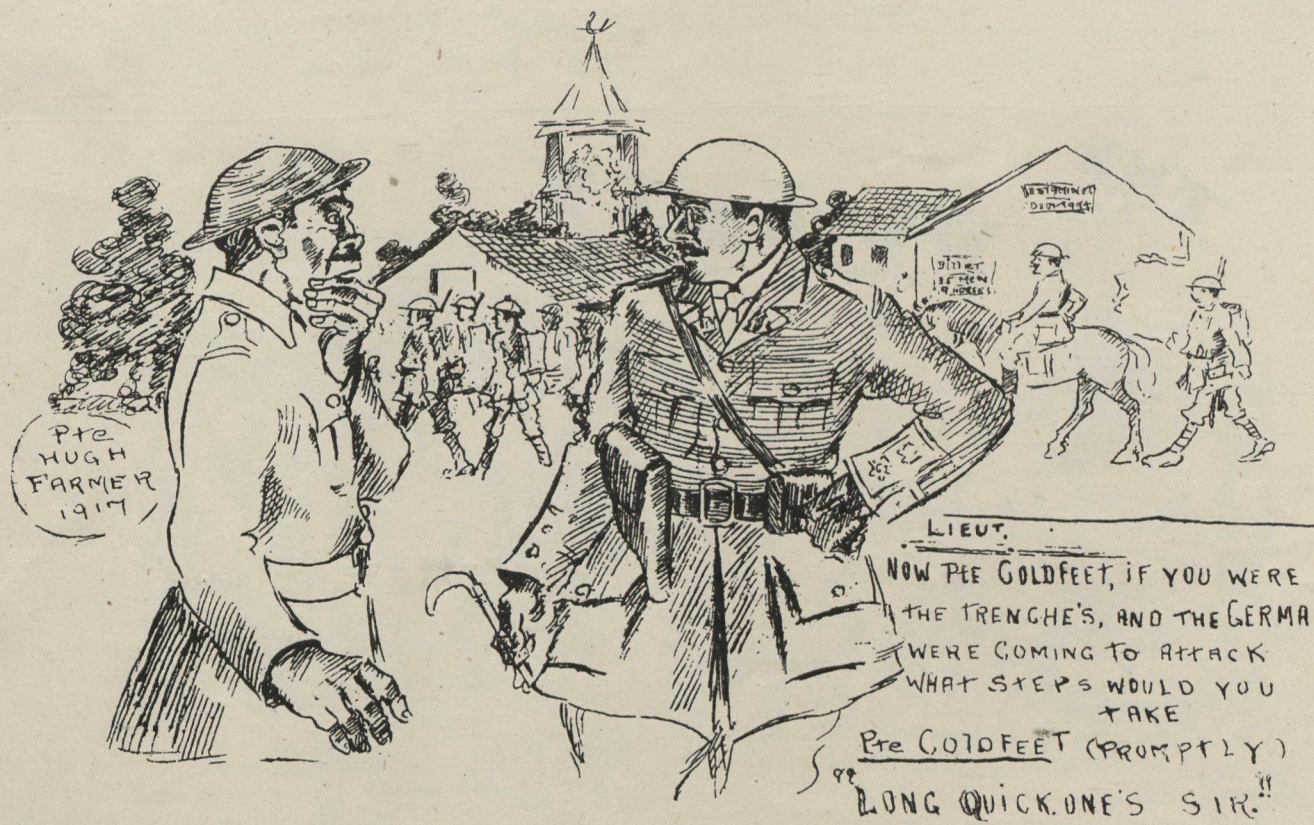
Corporal: "Not here, sergeant."

Sergeant: "Next man to him, fall out!"

Instructor (after running over the details of musketry with a squad just out of the trenches): "Now, Pte. Jones, can you explain what a fine sight is?"

Pte. Jones: "Yes, sir, the open door of an estaminet."

Pte. Rowe has quit the machine-gun section to go cooking. He has promised to put up some dainty dishes, for delicatessen



your face or back to it, or you're liable to be napooed. Turn sideways to it and you stand a good chance of getting off with a blighty in the arm or leg."

Old lady, visiting a Canadian hospital ward in Blighty, stops at the cot of a soldier wrapped in bandages.

Old Lady: "Tell me, my good man, how and where you got hurt?"

Wounded Soldier: "Well, I got buried by a shell, was hit six times by machine-gun bullets, stopped an egg bomb, and was run over by a tank on the ninth of April."

Old Lady: "Oh, that's different! When I first saw you I thought you were one of those wounded heroes from Vimy Ridge."

CONSOLING.

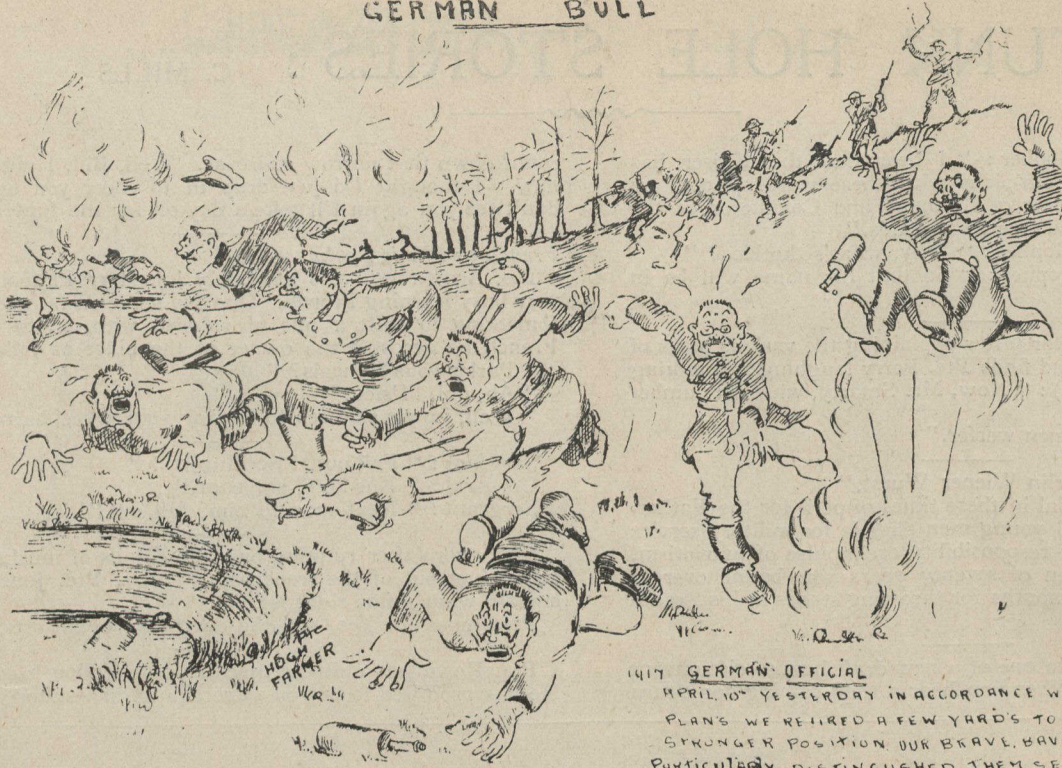
Friend (visiting sick chum): "Well, Bill, I just dropped in to cheer you up a little. Good heavens! How thin you've grown! You certainly do look tough! You're as white as a ghost. I believe you're going to die. I was just thinking as I came up the stairs what a hard job they'd have getting the

is Walter's middle name. He used to cook for the Waldorf-Astoria, and claims the distinction of having prepared food for the late Jim Hill shortly before he died.

Who was the machine-gunner in 11 Platoon who nearly gave the position away? Someone just warned him in time to put his hat on.

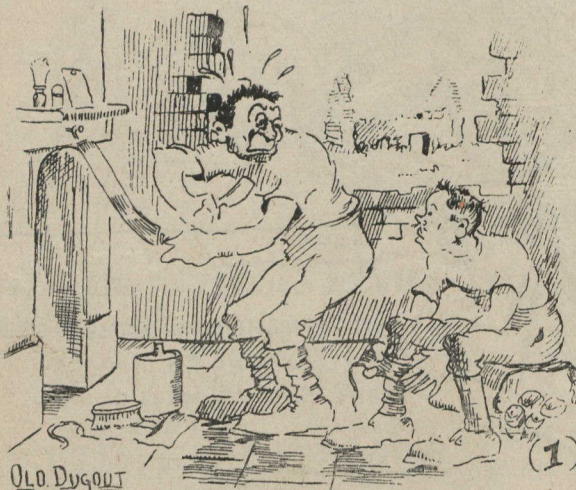
"I made fifty Germans run alone, once," said Pte. B. S. Smith to the group sitting around the canteen. When the exclamations of incredulity had died down a little he continued: "It was down on the Somme. Fritz was making an attack, and in the dark I got cut off from the rest of my company. I jumped up on to the firing step to get my bearings, and, just then, by the light of a German flare I saw fifty bloodthirsty Huns coming towards me through our wire. Taking the situation in at a glance I grabbed my bag of bombs, and released my safety catch. Yes, boys, I made those fifty Huns run alone. Did they catch me? Not on your life!"

GERMAN BULL



1417 GERMAN OFFICIAL
 APRIL 10th YESTERDAY IN ACCORDANCE WITH OUR
 PLANS WE REIRED A FEW YARDS TO A
 STRONGER POSITION OUR BRAVE BAVARIANS
 PARTICULARLY DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES
 AGAINST THE CANADIANS

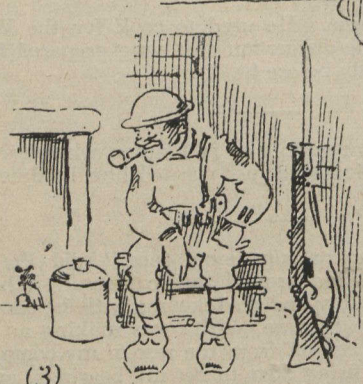
THE BLIGHTY



(1)
 OLD DUGOUT
 "HUH! 45 DAYS IN FRANCE AND WANT A
 LEAVE TO BLIGHTY. SAY, KID, YOU SURE
 BROUGHT YOUR NERVE ALONG."



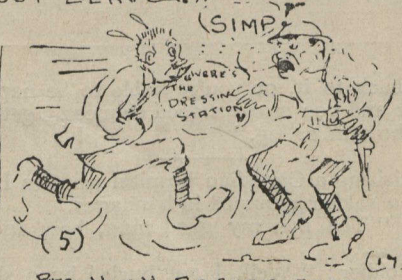
(2)
 DUGOUT
 "WELL, CHEERO, SIMP, THE FIRST
 12 MONTHS THE WORST. THEN YOU CAN
 THINK ABOUT LEAVE."



(3)
 DUGOUT
 "DUNNO. SOME OF THESE
 GINKS GET ME. 40 DAYS IN
 FRANCE WHAT DO YA KNOW
 ABOUT THAT!"

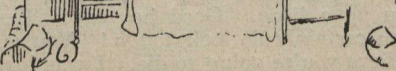


(4)
 DUGOUT
 "HELLO! SOME ONES
 GOT THEIRS."



(5)
 PTE HUGH FARMER FRANCE

Dear Dugout: I made 13 big boys all right.
 I am doing fine
 hoping you are
 enjoying the
 wireless parties
 Simp.



(6)
 DUGOUT'S SOUVENIR