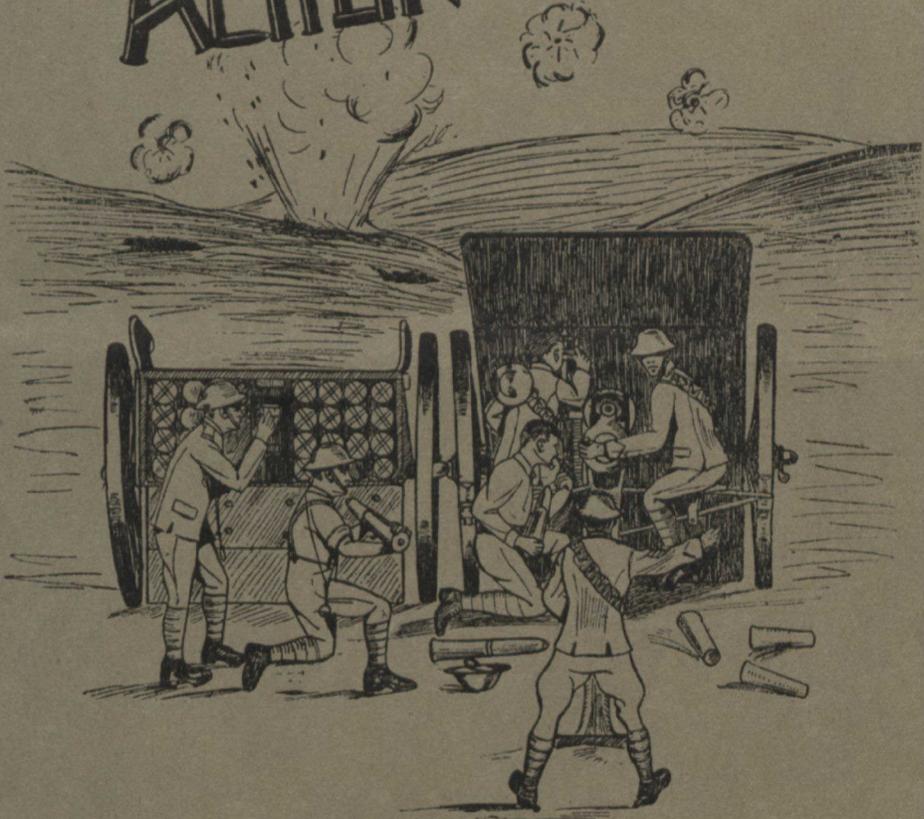


MAY, 1917.

"Action Front!"



Magazine of the

53rd Battery, C.F.A., C.E.F.

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WITLEY CAMP, MILFORD, SURREY.

"Action Front!"

MAY, 1917.



EDITORIAL.

THERE is a lot lacking in this publication, "Action Front!" It is essentially crude in its workmanship, both as regards the sample of the English tongue it presents and its artistic—or, rather, inartistic—features. It is amateurish, awkward, and unfinished.

We concede all these faults, but we offer no apology for them. If we had an apology to offer we would not have allowed this perpetration to go to print. And despite all these discrepancies, artistic and epistolary, we plead guilty to a slight feeling of pride in the cumulative result.

"Action Front!" is, directly, the work of some half a dozen men of this battery. Indirectly it is the work of the entire battery, for in its pages the men directly responsible for it have tried to embrace something of the pessimism, the crabbing, the humour, and the human interest that are the inevitable concomitants of all military units.

It was produced—inasmuch as most of the contributors are concerned—under awkward circumstances.

It is offered to its readers diffidently, as becomes modest men, and yet with the hope that its faults will be overlooked and that it will be accepted for just what it is—a paper for soldiers by soldiers.

VALE!

The Romans, incomparable warriors as we learned not without tears in our schooldays—though since then we have made the discovery that they had nothing on our own infantry and the French—the Romans, like the Highland Scotch, had a refreshingly trenchant way of investing one word with a wealth of meaning, and so it was that when Roman said farewell to Roman on the eve of a battle or some gladiatorial show, he spoke his all in two syllables at the parting of the ways: "Vale," he said, and gripped his comrade's hand, which, being interpreted, means "Prevail." In other words, "Good luck, and God speed."

It was far more effective and meant quite as much as if he had wept on his friend's neck and cried "Kamerad," "Auf Wiedersehn!" "Romeland über alles!" "Hoch der Cæsar!" "Unter der Linden," and "'Unt and damn London," "Gott strafe England," and "Hoch der Tag," or any other inflammatory and melodramatic exhortation, such as come so readily to the lips of the Kamerad tribe.

The Roman marked his departure with one word.

Similarly this first (and probably last) issue of the 53rd Battery magazine has been produced as a form of farewell to our countless friends and relations in Canada and elsewhere who have taken so kind an interest in all the movements of the battery since it was first formed, more than a year ago, up to this present month of April, 1917, which we sincerely hope will end the first long grade of training and land us on another grade, steeper and more perilous, but yet the goal towards which the eyes of every man in the battery have been turned through weary months of camp and training life.

And as the Roman bade farewell in one word before plunging into the Unknown, so we, hoping against hope that we are at last at the parting of the ways, wish to bid farewell in one issue of our magazine, and so say "Vale" to the friends we left, and leave, behind.

ARE WE SORRY WE ENLISTED?

Fourteen months have elapsed since we discarded the garments and conventions of civilian life and "donned the khaki," with all the rules, the restrictions and the limitations that phrase signifies.

Those fourteen months have been months of trial, morally and physically. They have been months of disillusionment, of changed attitudes toward one's work and one's fellow-men, and, for some of us, months when there were many moments of regret that circumstances had been placed round us which compelled the great step.

Possibly if our progress toward that for which we have been working so long—active service—had been more rapid, things would have been a little more pleasant. Because we have been at it a long time—and too much of anything, no matter what it is, is not good. Also some of us have made individual progress and others haven't. This cannot but have led to jealousy, to strained relations and to loss of self-confidence.

But despite all these unpleasant aspects of our experience in the Army, are we really sorry we "joined up"? At this advanced period of our training are we not conscious of a certain pride and satisfaction in what we have done?

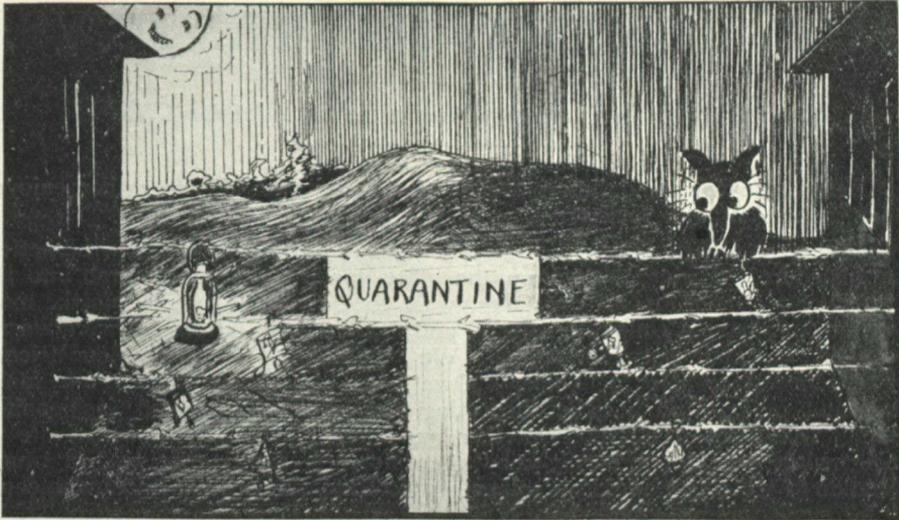
I think we are, or, at any rate, that those of us that think of and look into the future are. In those fourteen months we have learned that there is something more in life than physical luxury, customs and names; that influence may give material progress, but does not inspire respect in the breasts of one's fellows. Also we have gained health in greater measure than was ours in pre-war times.

And lastly, we are the possessors of that one great prerogative of the real chap—the right to go back home with the consciousness that we have done the right thing.

OUR O.C.'s PROMOTION.

There has been nothing in the columns of the London "Times" of late so interesting to the men of the 53rd Battery as the announcement that Captain V. H. de B. Powell, M.C., has been gazetted major.

The men of the battery extend their congratulations to Major Powell, M.C., upon what is obviously a well-earned promotion.



THE LONELY VIGIL.

THEY SAY WE'RE TO GET LEAVE—

When the sea gives up its dead.
When the shade of Carrie Nation orders a drink.
When London is occupied by the Bulgarians and Ottawa by the Germans.
When Sam Hughes ceases making speeches.
When Jim Christie makes a bull's-eye.
When the electric lamps in the huts flash out again.
When "D" sub. gets over producing cases of mumps.
When the Atlantic freezes over.
When they can grow strawberries at the North Pole.
When they get whistles on English locomotives.
When the war's over.
When "F" sub. signs the pledge.
When Bill Hird takes his.

We used to say "leave of absence"; now it is absence of leave.

OUR REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

(Inspired by the 'steenth inspection of the 5th Division C.E.F.)

Before the war, and before we donned khaki, we always rather enjoyed military inspections and reviews.

If they took place on a Saturday or holiday afternoon so much the better. Then, instead of viewing them from the office window, we could climb into the suit in which we most fancied ourselves, walk to University Avenue *via* the most convenient bar, have a couple of snorts, and finally, if the afternoon were warm, witness the spectacle between drinks. We would likely remark to our friends that we expected to join the Queen's Own some day soon, learn a few fancy tactics, and perhaps do a little inspecting ourselves. It seemed fashionable. We don't remember mentioning whether we contemplated joining as private or colonel, mainly because we hardly knew the difference, except that we had a hazy recollection of meeting a Mexican colonel in the King Edward bar once, who could drink far more than we could—but, as Kipling says, "That's another story."

Had anyone asked our views upon the preparations made, we would have ventured the opinion that the so-called privates, who appeared to be the ones inspected, just washed up a bit, strolled down town, lined up, waited until the general passed, and then broke off to the sergeants' mess.

We heard a lot about this "Sergeant's Mess," and the details sounded so good that at one time we almost made up our mind to join as a sergeant. Good beer after hours at ten cents a bottle appeared strongly to our taste, and, incidentally, to our finances. We thought the life a maelstrom of splendour and glory. But not so, gentle reader.

We shall try to give the history of the average inspection:—

From General Crabbs, K.C.B., B.S.,
Military Headquarters,

To I. M. Important, Esq., M.P.,
Ottawa.

MY DEAR MR. IMPORTANT,

Knowing that it is your intention to visit the neighbourhood of _____ in the near future, the thought has occurred to me that possibly you might like to inspect a brigade of artillery in my division which happens to be located there. One of their sentries failed to pay me the proper compliment recently, so I think an inspection necessary. I shall endeavour to be present myself, but in any case shall give you a letter to Colonel

Goozelum—whose man, by the way, can mix anything you want—and he will arrange the necessary details. A good band will be there, and if you have a few shots before starting, think you would enjoy it.

Yours sincerely,

A. B. CRABBS.

The invitation accepted, the Colonel issues his orders. We have only two weeks in which to prepare, so night work is necessary.

The poor horses get excited. They don't understand why they are shampooed from head to tail three times each day. They don't understand why their teeth are brushed, their toe-nails clipped, and their hair parted. They kick and snort—they don't want to be inspected. Days are spent in cleaning harness, vehicles and stables. Hours are spent in debating whether great-coats shall be worn or not, and every phase of this case is discussed, excepting the weather. The colonel is consulted as to whether red or tan polish shall be used on our shoes, and his decision is awaited with excitement.

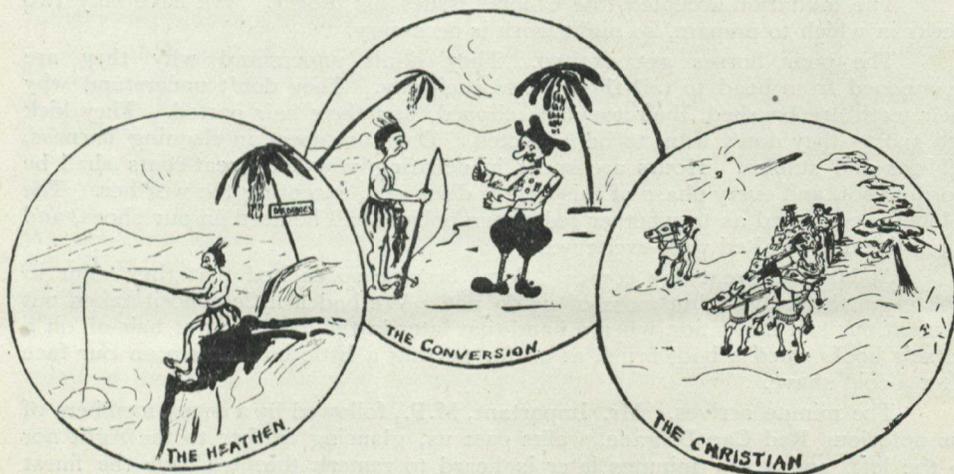
At last the great day comes. Some become so excited that they want to look clean themselves, but most of us do not. We had a little conceit taken out of us at our last inspection when a hand that later in the morning put hair-oil on a horse's hoofs shied a boot brush at us for putting a little cold cream on our face after a cold shave.

The minute arrives. Mr. Important, M.P., followed by a dozen members of the notorious Red Cap Brigade, walks past us, glancing neither to the right nor to the left, and a few minutes later is heard to remark that we have the finest turn-out of Red Cross ambulances he had seen for some time.

ENGLISH UNDERSTANDING.

I've lived six months in England,
Despite the rain and the sleet;
And that which impresses me most is this—
It's the Land of Colossal Feet.
Now there's a girl that's pretty,
But she ploughs along the street
Like a Hercules out for a canter;
Good Lord, boys! Look at those feet!
They tell me it's due to the walking
Of these girls indescribably sweet;
If so, I suggest that they ride for a while
And tame those English feet.

They may be built for comfort;
 They're certainly built for speed;
 But I'll leave it to you,
 Don't they look like hell—
 Those feet of English breed?

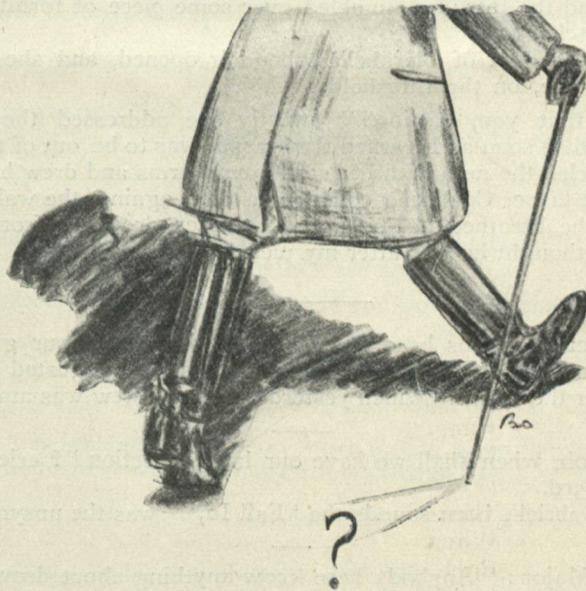


(THE CONVERSION OF THADDEUS NATHANIEL.)

WHY?

Why all this procrastinating,
 Killing time, vexatious waiting,
 Hanging round and vacillating,
 Dreary work predominating?
 Why this danged inoculating,
 This confounded vaccinating?
 Why not start decapitating,
 Either that or amputating—
 Or the Huns eradicating?
 'George Rex knows it's humiliating
 And horribly exasperating;
 Why doesn't he get us over?

AT MIDNIGHT IN 1937



AT MIDNIGHT IN 1957.

"Clarabella will be surprised to have me home to-night," mused Jasper Canterling, once driver in the Canadian artillery, but now affluent and corpulent as manufacturer of Canterling's Colic Cure and as secretary of the Honourable Association of Army Grooms.

He stepped into the shadow of a pillar as a muffled footfall sounded suddenly on the gravel path.

After an instant's waiting a dark form bounded up the steps, fumbled for a pause at the door lock, and then entered the dark, silent Canterling mansion.

Jasper Canterling drew a large handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his damp forehead; then an expression of anger replaced the fright in his eyes and with clenched fists he quickly followed.

In the hall he stopped to take his revolver from a cabinet, then hurried on into the darkness, an unreasoning, blind rage suffocating him.

"I'll kill him," he muttered, as he stalked his prey through the darkness. "He evidently didn't expect my return to-night."

Close ahead the intruder stumbled over some piece of furniture and cursed as he picked himself up.

Instantly the door of Clarabella's boudoir opened, and she stood, clad in a becoming negligée, on the threshold.

"Oh, is that you, darling?" sweetly she addressed the strange man. "I sent you word as soon as I learned that Jasper was to be out of the city another night." She circled the man with her soft, round arms and drew him to her.

In the hall Jasper Canterling collapsed weakly against the wall.

"God!" he breathed hoarsely, the revolver dropping from his nerveless fingers. "I—I thought he was after my nickel stirrup irons."

Much speculation has been offered as to the reason our gas masks were issued so many months prior to our departure. It is suggested that it was to enable us to enter the room in which yesterday's curry stew was ambushed.

"When, oh, when shall we have our last inspection" cried a diminutive corporal of the 53rd.

"When Gabriel's horn sounds the 'Fall In,'" was the unsympathetic reply.

Sergeant-Major: "Anybody here know anything about drawing?"

Dave (with vision of soft job): "Yes; I was a fashion artist before I enlisted."

Sergeant-Major: "Well—a—hum—double down and draw a bucket of coal for the orderly office."



HEARD AROUND THE STABLES.

How many, oh, how many victims of habit in our dear battery walked unnecessary miles before remembering that our stables had been moved!

And who was the N.C.O. of the picquet who, on returning from a brief visit to a damp canteen, slept throughout the night in the feed-room of the old stables?

Headquarters' sergeant (while issuing new head-chains): "And I want you fellows to keep these chains the colour they are now."

Small Voice: "Please sergeant, have you got a nice rusty one?"

HEARD WHILE SHAKING CHAINS.

"A man's neighbours don't show much feeling when they insist that one put his feet under the blanket while taking off one's socks."

Hors de combat: Old Wall-Eye in "B" Sub.

A certain sergeant (during stables): "Get after them 'ocks and 'eels! Them as 'asn't brushes use their 'ands."

HEADQUARTERS.

H'oats.
 'Ay.
 H'ile.
 H'eyes right!
 H'innes.

'Olmes.
 H'Alexander.
 'Enderson.
 H'Irving.

SOME MORE H'ENGLISH.

Sergeant: "Them as 'ave names from h'ay to h'ell and as 'asn't 'ad musketry h'instruction, fall h'out!"

Much as we belittle our drivers, let it be said to their credit that if one is offered a piece of lump sugar he will take three or four, put them in his pocket, remarking that his horses will enjoy them, and refrain from eating them until your back is turned.

Perspiring driver (engaged in cleaning out stables: "The next time I join this danged Army you can bet it'll be as a bloomin' colonel or king.")

THE CLOTHING BOARD.

Driver Bertie: "These boots are worn out, quarter."

Quarter: "Do your bare feet drag in the mud?"

Driver Bertie: "No."

Quarter: "Then your boots aren't worn out."

SOME IMAGINATION.

The driver who had overstayed his leave was up for office.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" demanded the O.C.

"Well, sir, I got down to the station all right. But as I was standing on the platform waiting for my train another train come in with such a rush that the draught blew me clean into a compartment of an out-going special, and it carried me to Edinburgh without a stop."

HELP!

Curry : "Hear the latest?"

Comb : "No; what is it?"

Curry : "Everybody's expecting leaves."

Comb : "How's that?"

Curry : "Spring is here."



That we're the best battery in the division.

That we're the rottenest battery in the division.

That we were going to Jamaica to do garrison duty.

That we were going to Ireland to help put down the Sinn Feiners' uprising.

That we were going to remain in Canada to guard against a German-American invasion.

That we were going to Mesopotamia.

That we were going to Salonica.

That, according to the *Saddler's Gazette*, we were going to Grimsby for the fishing season.

That in England gunners do not groom horses.

That a pair of ready-made issue boots large enough to fit Sergeant John has been found in the Q.M. stores.

That Pierre Milne took a bath last Monday.

That as a trumpeter, Pete McCormack would make a good blacksmith.

That we are to be granted a six-day leave at Christmas.

IS A SPADE A SPADE?

In pre-bellum days it was quite the usual thing to call a spade a spade. But those days are gone. With the advent of the war everything from the proverbial spade to the capital of Russia has become known by other designations.

No longer is the spade reminded of its birth in the isle beyond the Irish Sea. It has been rechristened with no less dignified a cognomen than "Implement Intrenching Shovel, General Service, Mark 11, with helve curved 32 inches."

We no longer relax our sylph-like forms into office chairs or Morris chairs or kitchen chairs, as we were wont to do in the old days. In those small, sweet hours we get between parades, when the moon is at full-tide, we sit on "Forms, Soldier, 6 feet," "Stools, Sergeant," or "Chairs Arm, Married Soldier."

And when we start the Herculean task of endeavouring to lay bare the wood that must lie beneath the dust on the floors of our huts we don't employ such home-sweet-home things as mops or scrubbing brushes. "Brushes, Scrubbing, Hand or Long," are now used exclusively.

It's the same down in the stables. Back home, when we wanted to drive up to town and buy some shingle nails for the new chicken coop all we had to do was to throw a bridle, collar and breeching on old Dobbin and away we went. We can't do that in the Army. Not by a long shot. Here we fit our steed's head with a "Bit Portsmouth Reversible Large Head Bridle," put on a "Collar Breast Mark III," fit on a couple of "Traces Wire Long Adjustable," and a lot of other things. If there is anything broken we don't look for a piece of string; we search for a piece of "Cordage tarred, Spun Yarn Hemp Thread."

But that is nothing beside what we put up with at the gun park. In civilian life it would be a water cart that's kept up there, just back of the guns. Ask the Q.M.S. and he'll tell you that it's a "Filtering, Water Tank, Mark IV. and V." On it is rigged a little tin box, about the size of a mustard box, that is called a "Box, Tin, Packing Pump Deferential, Cart Water Tank." A plug is prevented from losing itself by a chain, something like a watch chain, "Chain, Plug, Pipe, Connecting Filter to Tank." And up on top of the tank there is a cute little rubber washer that struggles along under the euphonious appellation, "Washer Cylinder Cover Clarifying Filter."

But when we get up in the morning—or, rather, in the middle of the night. We drag our reluctant limbs from "Blankets, Soldier Sleeping," and array

ourselves in “Breeches, Drab Cloth,” in “Shirts Winter,” and “Shirts Flannel,” climb into a pair of “Boots Ankle,” put on a “Cap Forage,” and as we start for the door we frantically wriggle into a tunic.

Only it isn't a tunic we find we've got into; it's a “Jacket, Serge Drab, with Shoulder Straps.”

LOST : COMB, SMALL TOOTH, MARK II.

At a kit inspection of the right section a driver who never combs his hair was recorded as being short of a comb in his equipment.

Two months elapsed; then he was hailed to the lair of the Quarter-Master Sergeant, where he signed four voluminous sheets and was handed a small comb. Later it was deducted from his pay.

The history of the transaction was something like this :—

Original cost to Government	1d.
Four foolscap sheets signed by recipient	4d.
Clerical cost in Q.M. stores	$\frac{1}{2}$ d.
Entering deduction in man's pay-book	$\frac{1}{2}$ d.
Forwarding copies to London and Ottawa	$\frac{1}{2}$ d.
Man's time used displaying kit (half-day)	2s.	4d.
Officer's time	(valueless)
<hr/>				
Total cost to Government	2s.	$10\frac{1}{2}$ d.
Amount realised from purchaser	2d.
<hr/>				
Net loss to Government	2s.	$8\frac{1}{2}$ d.

Or 1,650 per cent.

No wonder the war costs thirty millions a day.

THE BATTLE of the MONSTERS.

Do you know that you, the average soldier of one year's standing, who is appalled at the thought of a paltry few million deaths, are in yourself the cemetery in which are interred exactly 4,000,000,000 bodies? Not human bodies, of course, but bodies of typhoid and paratyphoid (alpha and beta) vaccine germs.

Furthermore, are you aware that the funerals of the entire 3,200,000,000,000 germs interred in the 13th brigade were successfully conducted by three undertakers, namely, Drs. Bell, McKinnon and Campbell?

At the time of writing our systems are combating—we hope successfully—exactly 999,999,994 of the monsters, the other six having trickled down our arm. We were legally entitled to 1,000,000,000.



When we enlisted the corpuscles we read about at school were not, like ourselves, quite so hungry as they are to-day. Then they could kill and devour but a paltry 500,000,000 of these typhoid and paratyphoid (alpha and beta) vaccine germs. To-day

they can devour just twice that number.

Owing to this increased appetite our ration of germs, unlike our ration of food, has been doubled; hence the additional 500,000,000.

But to become serious. It may be of interest to some to know that our first and second inoculations consisted of 500,000,000 of these germs, and that the third, fourth and fifth consisted of double that number.

A case of fact has come to our knowledge concerning the effects of inoculations during the present war. On a certain portion of the Somme frontier occupied by the French 8,000 cases of typhoid developed, about 4,000 resulting fatally. The French vacated and the typhoid-ridden area was at once occupied by almost a similar number of British troops. They are there yet, and but twelve cases have been reported, only one of which has been fatal, and in this isolated case the diagnosis was doubtful.

To come closer to home. There has not yet been one single case of smallpox or typhoid discovered in this division since forming at Petawawa last Spring.

IN APPRECIATION.

An Open Letter to 53rd Battery Auxiliary.

When the birth of this little paper was planned it was with a feeling of profound pleasure that we realised that at last there was to be a really select medium through which we could publicly express our appreciation of all that has been done for us by the mothers and sisters comprising the Women's Auxiliary of the 53rd Battery.

We have heard of all sorts of auxiliaries—auxiliary engines, auxiliary harness, auxiliary verbs, and Y.M.C.A. auxiliaries—in fact, in our puppy days it was more or less a disgrace to have a mother or sister belonging to one.

But the auxiliary of our dreams has now materialised; and we apologise for anything we may ever have said against such organisations. We look upon our auxiliary as children would look upon a fairy godmother—we never know what kind sentiments or deeds might emanate from that room in Yonge Street where our blessed mothers and sisters gather to plan for our welfare and comfort.

And, by the way, the "hand" that pens these lines is now chewing Girls' Auxiliary Gum.

Sincerely,

THE BATTERY.

P.S.—A wit, whose name we forget, once remarked that the only two individuals who might correctly use the plural "we" were an editor and a man with a tapeworm. It is apparent that we are not the former, so let it be clear that we are not the latter.

THAT GUM.

It was at stable parade on the day following the receipt of that gum from the Girls' Department of the 53rd Auxiliary. The hawk-like eye of the Sergeant-Major had noticed the jaws of a driver working spasmodically.

"That man chewing gum there," he ordered, "step out!"

Half the parade fell out.

THE LYRIC OF THE SHUNNER.

Could I but shun the evils of this wicked world as much
 As I have 'shunned on all our darned parades,
 I think I'd be the biggest saint that khaki ever touched,
 The essence of all good, that never fades.

Could I but shun those awful nights of semi-sleep and moans—
 The outcome of those Army suppers rare;
 That palliasse of straw on which I dump my aching bones
 Would fill the thoughts of all the next day's care.

Could I but shun those all-day rides, through fog and mist and rain,
 With a dixie full of stew so's not to starve;
 Just to keep the nags in trim, have the harness cleaned again
 A thousand times before we get to Havre.

Could I but shun the shaking of those horrid bags of chains
 That forms my "hobby" after work is through,
 The clipping of the horses, and the hogging of their manes,
 With bliss sublime, I'd "hog" through life anew.

I've 'shunned, and 'shunned and stood at ease;
 Of shuns there's been no dearth,
 Just say the war's no more, and let me shun the Army please,
 Or soon I think I'll "shun" this blooming earth.

Wanted: An ordinary Canadian bricklayer; the breed that could rebuild a burnt-out 10-h.p. power house and have it in running order again in not more than three weeks.

It is requested that Trumpeter Jenkisson blow "Gas Alert" before the cook is permitted to serve any more Hamburger steak.

GRIP WITH YOUR KNEES!

Perhaps it is because each recruit thinks he looks just a little more graceful on horseback than does his fellow, or perhaps it is because he attempts to take some consolation by contemplating the distress of others, as did Philintus when considering the misfortunes of Abilard, but it is a fact that all beginners, as well as the more experienced, take a fiendish delight in watching the queer antics displayed by the unfortunate performers in a *manège*.

Many are the unpleasant experiences anticipated when joining the artillery, but the outstanding pleasure that offsets them all is riding. Unfortunately, when the recruit builds upon the joys of frisking around on a frolicsome charger he reckons without his host; he overlooks that ordeal through which we all pass—the first ride.

A lot can be learned from the first ride. I learned of a dozen bones where I met the saddle, the existence of which I had never dreamed; I learned I was not so well balanced as I thought, or at least that I could not balance myself so well. Upon dismounting I learned that my legs had a dozen joints, and that I was weak in every one. "Grip with your knees," came the order; but I found my horse a contortionist—his withers struck me in a score of spots, and his hide was as loose as a hungry grizzly's. He could twist and squirm like a fish worm.

The saddest case I have met was that of a man named Green. Poor Green. I call him Green, firstly, because there is no such name on our rolls, and secondly, because he was green, very green. Part of what I relate was told me by others, the rest confided in me by the victim himself.

Apparently he believed that horsemastership was to be gained in an hour—and, incidentally, before my first ride, I did, too. Disillusionment came one bright afternoon when volunteers were called for an "instructional" ride. Green's system had benefited by two inoculations, and he had worn spurs. He volunteered.

Being green, he did not make a dash for the nearest stall, but walked up and down till but one horse was left. It was a typical "last horse," and required some saddling. Finally he led out.

After mounting in that manner peculiar to beginners, alighting half-way between saddle and ears, and nearly splitting his crotch, the command "Walk March"

made riding pleasant. It was easy. The horse seemed to know just where to go and was easily managed—Green thought—by a determined spirit like Green's.

At last they reached the *manège*; still all went smoothly.

Suddenly the officer began to sing, the horses broke into a "walking canter," and his vision of good horsemanship was shattered. Weeks later he learned that the "song" was the newly baked R.S.A. officers' rendition of the command "tr-r-r-o-o-t," and the pace a slow one.

Up and down he went, side to side he leered. The bit fell out of his charger's mouth, and the blanket from beneath the saddle. How he prayed that the ride would end—how he wished he had been kinder to his little sister—how he wished he hadn't let his mother know he smoked; these were emotions he joked about—later.

The next day volunteers were called for another ride.

Green volunteered for kitchen fatigue.

DEAR MOTHER.

DEER MUTHER,

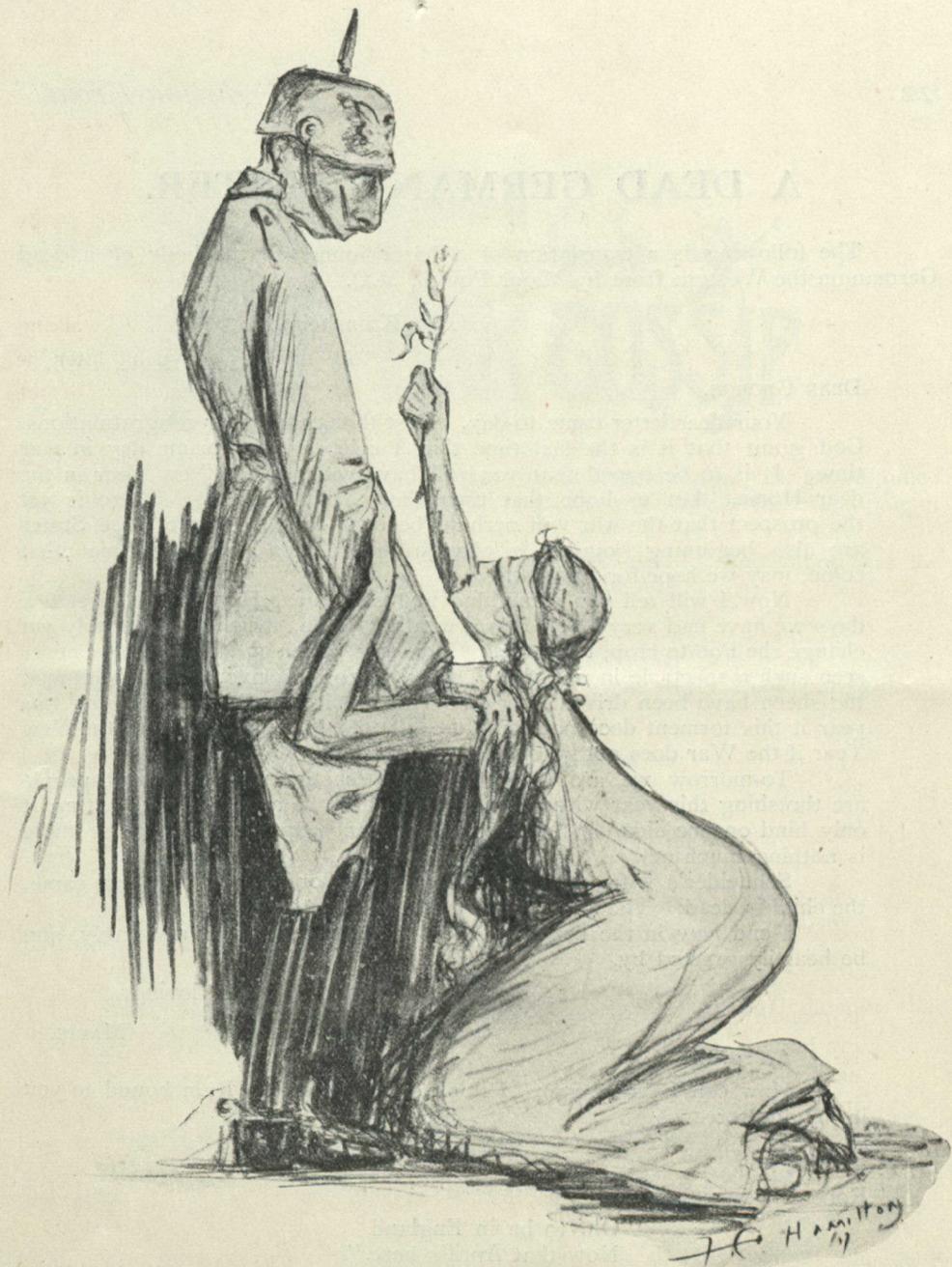
I rote you sevrul times giving you the latist nuze as to the meels we get and beeng broke all the wile and I am in urjent nead of it I can tell you for my hare lapps over my coller and I was horled up to Offise for it yesterday and its pritty roton to have the boize treeting me to meels and shoze all the wile wile I can nevver even treet miself. Wot I want is money. My pay was stopped a few daze ago for having no gleem on my buttens on Chirch Parade and menny other trubbles. I wish you wood send me five pounds right away, Now pleeze do not forget but send the money rite away.

P.S.—Don't forget that money.

Your loving Son,

Lou.

P.P.S.—I received all your letters with the money every week all rite, but I cood not reply having no stamps, but send the monev rite away.



"I WILL CONSIDER PEACE"

A DEAD GERMAN'S LETTER.

The following is a translation of a letter found on the body of a dead German on the Western front by Major Powell, M.C.

Krensheim,

10th Sept., 1916.

DEAR GEORGE,

Your dear letter came to-day. Best thanks for your congratulations. God grant that it is the last time that I celebrate my Name day in war time. It is to be hoped that you will have yours in the New Year in the dear Home. Let us hope that then there will be Peace. There is yet the prospect that the war will perhaps be over earlier. Since these States are also beginning (joining) a change must follow, but let come what come, may we hope for the best.

Now I will tell you something about the dear Home. The last few days we have had very lovely warm weather again, which will probably yet change the Potato crop, for the mice have eaten them entirely. I have never seen such a spectacle in my life. The third crop of clover cannot be mown, the sheep have been driven over it. The people cannot possibly sow this year if this torment does not come to an end. It will be right at the New Year if the War does not go on (?).

To-morrow we are to have the threshing machine. Most people are threshing this year without the binder, and we are taking it, letting it only bind on one side (?), because twine is too expensive, otherwise there is nothing much new.

Schneider's wife nearly died. A Professor from Würzburg came, the child is dead. The man has really no luck in the world.

I end now in the hope that these lines find you well and lively, and be heartily greeted by,

Your loving,

MARIE.

Au revoir.

How can I forget you. I think of you always. I am bound to you in joy and sorrow.

Robert Browning wrote:

"Oh, to be in England
Now that April's here."

Was Robert a heavy drinker?



The limber gunner was irate when the N.C.O. of the gun park guard pulled him out of his blankets to take the place of the sick sentry. His overalls and jumper hadn't saved him.

"You've no kick coming," the N.C.O. told him. "Remember that the B.S.M. thinks you're a fireman and must answer all calls."

They do say that the only trumpet-call Bombardier Pete doesn't know is "Lights Out," and that the one he likes best is "Come to the Cookhouse Door."

Fifty-third Battery War-cry : You're up for office !

The Bombardier was sending a cable home to his mother.

"Please send ten pounds, love," he wrote.

Then he changed it.

"Please send ten pounds, rush !"

Who was the bombardier that informed the young lady in Godalming that white lanyards could be worn only by qualified layers?

IT'S A BOLD, BAD TOWN.

First Gunner : "Well, what'd you think of London?"

Second Gunner (back from leave) : "Ought to be a good town when it's finished."

No, there has been no death in "A" Sub. ; the silence is simply the result of McCuaig's cold playing havoc with his voice.

ANY OLD DAY.

The Reveille—in the middle of the night.
 The smothered words.
 The sock you can't find.
 The shivery parade ground.
 The stables.
 The grooming.
 The welcome "Turn Out."
 The bed making.
 The breakfast.
 The shave—water somewhat below zero.
 The million or so buttons to shine.
 The morning parade.
 The gun park.
 The snow.
 The rain.
 The mud.
 The gun drill and laying.
 The stables again.
 The noon.
 The dinner.
 The not being able to buy anything to help out the dinner.
 The afternoon parade.
 The stables.
 The exercise ride—bare back.
 The harness—oh, Lord!
 The stables, for the 'steenth time.
 The supper which we don't wait for.
 The date.
 The moon.
 The osculatory gymnastics.
 The walk home.
 The forlorn hope that the B.S.M. is suffering from a lapse of memory.
 The look at to-morrow's orders to see if it can be true.
 The horrible truth.
 The bed making.
 The knowledge that you'll most likely be doing the same damned things
 to-morrow!

We are beginning to think that after one more inspection the Duke of Connaught should be in a position to address us by name.

SPORTS.

OUR LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION.

The 53rd's reputation as an athletic battery of no mean merit was upheld by Driver George Bolduc recently winning the silver medal, proclaiming him the lightweight champion of the 5th Division.

Bolduc won his title by clean, skilful boxing, good headwork and excellent staying powers.

BASEBALL.

Petawawa, with all its faults, served us one good purpose—it showed us wherein our good baseball qualities lay. Our practice there enabled us to produce this Spring, with almost no training, a team that won for us the first game of the season, namely, that against the 55th, score 8—0. The line-up was as follows :—

Slater, c.	Duncan, 3rd b.
Griffin, p.	McBurnie, r.f.
Reid, P. C. H., ss.	MacDonnell, c.f.
Crilly, 1st b.	Ross, l.f.
Hobbs, 2nd b.	

As was expected, Griffin pitched a fine game, and was nicely supported; the result was that our opponents were shut out without a run.

The outfield did some fine work, McBurnie making one hard catch, and "Hogey" Ross was even faster than last year.

We have some fine material and we think that, under Crilly's good leadership, the 53rd have a good chance of cleaning up the Division.

WRESTLING.

Few occasions offer a battery so conspicuous an opportunity of displaying its spirit as does a divisional sporting event, and in view of our months of monotonous training it was very gratifying to learn that the six contestants entered by the 5th Divisional Artillery in the recent wrestling tournaments were furnished by the 13th Brigade, and of the six, five were members of the 53rd Battery. Even more gratifying were the results.

In the lightweight, after a close tussle and overtime, Gord Smellie threw Kennedy. Wallace threw his man in less than two minutes, and Jenkisson, our young trumpeter, was pronounced victor in even less time.

In the middleweight Bombardier Freeman drew a tie.

In the finals the struggles were anything but one-sided, but finally Bob Wallace threw Kennedy. Bombardier Freeman lost out in the middleweight, but deserves great credit for the fight he put up.

Considering the slight opportunity for training offered these men, we should feel deeply indebted to them for what they have done to keep up the name of the 53rd as an athletic battery.

RUNNING.

Ever since our baby days at Kingston we have prided ourselves upon our running, almost more than upon any other sport, although prior to the recent events the sceptical had been heard to remark that lack of training had lost for us some of our Kingstonian speed.

The results, however, would undoubtedly draw praise even from our one-time coach and tormentor, Captain Grierson. In the 15-mile relay, won by the 13th Brigade, we contributed five runners, namely, Bombardier Andy Grant, Gunners Duncan and Hobbs, and Drivers Goddard and Ellis. The race was a big event, and the result did much to bring the old 13th to the front—not *the* Front. In the 10-mile we came second, while the 3-mile was won by our brigade trainer, Sergeant Thorpe.

The entire 5th Division competed, so our triumph was no mean one.

BASKET-BALL.

The 53rd made its first venture in basket-ball on the night of April 17th and showed considerable promise in a hitherto untried branch of sport so far as the battery is concerned.

We defeated the 55th Battery in an exciting game by a score of 14 to 12.

THE ROAD TO INDIGESTION.

*In the days when we were civies,
Simple Johns and James and Lizzies,
We thought we knew when we had had enough.
But since then our tastes have vanished,
Ideals gone, ambition banished;
Because rations—well, just try and read this stuff.*

'Twas just six by the clock
As at "A" Sub. I knocked;
 My intention was prayers at the "Y."
But would you believe it?
Can your hard nut conceive it?—
 Not a sound could I hear in reply.

'Till in a far corner
From his bunk rose young Warner,
 Of the glistening, unruffled mop,
Of capillary growth splendid
And with such great care tended
 That not a hair ever strayed on the top.

This toiler I questioned
(No thought of digestion)
 On the whereabouts of the inmates.
But a long time it took him,
Though I badgered and shook him,
 To tell where they'd all been of late.

Now where in this camp
Is that square-headed scamp,
 Commonly known to his intimates as Clare?
And where might I see
Art or Thad, Small Frankie;
 Are they here or are they—well, there?

Or Ed, Titian blond,
Or Don, muscle-bound,
 Or the Smiths in initials confusing?
Surely one night a week
One need not far to seek—
 Halt! A thought: Are they at a pub, boozing?

No? Well, where's Howitzer, 4.5,
Who on sawdust would thrive
 And whose weight makes wheel-teams shrink with shame;
And whose smile, wide as fate,
Often wide as a gate,
 Would make Rooseveltian grimaces seem tame?

Or big Sid, wide as high,
 And methinks thick as long,
 With a passion for gun-park guard,
 What, even he, of the physique so shocking,
 Who, when out exercising, has all traffic stopping,
 Did you not Sid attempt to retard?

What, of this whole crowd,
 Of whom I've hollered so loud,
 Not one's to-night in his hut-domicile!
 Not one, not even Bobbie,
 The good-natured Bobbie,
 Of the angelic, cherubic smile!

Well, sooner or later,
 I suppose I shall cater,
 For definite news of old "A" Sub.
 Now—I hate to insinuate—
 But it surely is growing late—
 Are they out again grubbing for grub?

Good Lord! You can't mean it,
 You simply can't mean it,
 That men with such ten-acre minds,
 Have again, quite wantonly,
 Deliberately and criminally,
 Gone to shoot in their coin at the Pines—

That beanery on the side road
 Where stomachs they overload,
 With pancakes, with beef steak and ham;
 With poached eggs and 'taters,
 Canned lobster, termaters,
 Corned beef and the inevitable jam?

Well, the truth must come out,
 Though the wisdom I doubt,
 Of this endless gastronomical lust.
 But unless they soon curtail
 They're appetites, then without fail
 They'll simply expand 'til they bust.

ONE THOUSAND MANSIONS VACANT.

Former Tenants Immigrating.

OWN A CHICKEN FARM.

For Sale.—At a Sacrifice, about 1,000 villas, modern construction, of wood and asbestos plaster, neatly located somewhere in beautiful Surrey (ten minutes to nearest pub and church). Admirable chance for party of small means to place his money to good advantage and at same time render valuable national service by engaging in business of chicken raising. Villas admirably suited to this; fowls simply cannot help thriving in these comfortable quarters. Hardwood floors, numerous windows; other means of ventilation; well heated, aired and creosoted. No chickens ever housed there before.

The Department of Agriculture will supply all information regarding properties and their utilisation for above lucrative purpose.

If France is really out of bounds, why not send us to Mexico?

Before starting on these all-day rides, why not fill the water waggon with rum?

OUR BELATED DEPARTURE.

Pessimist: "I've been in this bleedin' Army fifteen months now and the only scars of honour I can show are inoculation and vaccination marks."

ON THE INOCULATION PARADE.

Much-tattooed One (absent-mindedly) to Doctor: "I ain't fussy as to the design this time, but as this "Hands Across the Sea" one hasn't brought me much luck, I guess you'd better make it "snakes and ladders."

Orderly Sergeant (making out morning Sick Report): "What's your religious persuasion?"

N. R. (huskily): "Oh, just put down 'canteen.'"

A DEFINITION.

England is a city by the name of London, surrounded on four sides by land owned by people living in the West End.

For Sale.—One R.C.D. horse, sound, good worker and trained for polo. Apply: Driver Dobson.

NOTICE.

Any N.C.O. or man discovered in a horizontal position between "Lights Out" and "Reveille" during the mobilisation scare now existing, will be severely dealt with.

THE 53rd BATTERY, C. F. A., C. E. F.

The 53rd Battery, C.F.A., may be looked upon as a battery that is about as thoroughly Canadian in every respect as any military unit that has left the shores of Canada since the outbreak of the world war.

Unlike the battalions and batteries of the first and second divisions, its men are almost entirely Canadian-born. In their work, in their fun, in their sympathies, and in their ideals they are men, not of the Old World, but of the New. Whatever may have been the virtues and shortcomings of the first Canadian troops, they could not have been the same as those of this battery, for in the first troops sent out there was the old training, the old standards of the Imperial Army to live up to; in the 53rd these, of course, have had, in a certain degree, to be adhered to, but not all the disciplinary measures and traditions in the world could make men born in Canada forget that they come from a land which aims at the very essence of democracy.

The battery at this writing is on the eve of its departure for the firing line after some fifteen months' training. During that abnormally long period of preparation the unit, although not as yet having seen active service, has experienced many changes, many vicissitudes. It commenced as a depot battery, later was recorded as a four-gun battery, and is now a fully-trained artillery unit of six guns and 200 men.

What originally served as the nucleus of the 53rd Battery were men who, after being recruited for the 34th Battery, were left behind in Kingston when the 34th left for overseas to serve as an ammunition column.

The 34th was largely composed of men particularly interested in aquatic sports, so it was inevitable that the same class of men should be drawn toward the 53rd. At the time the battery departed for England its roll contained the names of athletes representing practically every aquatic club of note in Toronto.

The battery spent four months in barracks in Kingston under the command of Captain Frank Grierson, of Ottawa. It was then removed to Petawawa Camp, on the Upper Ottawa, where it became part of the 4th Divisional Artillery as one of the four batteries constituting the 13th Brigade, C.F.A. During its stay in

camp in Canada the command was assumed by Captain M. McDougall, also of Ottawa.

On September 15 the battery left Petawawa for Halifax and four days later, on the Olympic, it sailed for England, arriving at Liverpool September 26.

The most radical change that has been made in the battery since its arrival in England has been to increase its strength from four guns to six. To bring the batteries of the division up to this strength it was necessary to break up certain units. Whether fortunately or not for the battery broken up, the 53rd fortunately was increased in size by the addition of a section of the 50th (Queen's) Battery, a unit made up of men much similar to the rank and file of the 53rd—men of sound education and good tastes.

Just prior to the general reorganisation the command of the battery was taken by Major V. H. de B. Powell, who had previously seen much service at the front with the 13th Battery, C.F.A. It might be interesting to note at this point that of the officers that left Kingston with the battery in the Spring of 1916 but one remains with this unit, Lieut. W. J. Boyd.

One other fact in connection with the 53rd is of interest. The attestation papers of the battery would indicate that the average age of the personnel is 20 years.

The fact that the battery, despite its connection with a brigade formed in the Kingston military district, is made up almost wholly of men having their homes in Toronto, has led to its being made the recipient of two civic grants from that city. In May, 1916, Mayor Church sent the battery a cheque for \$250 "to provide comforts for the men," and in August a further cheque for \$200.

SANITATION WARNING.

It has come to the knowledge of H.M. the King that on some date between September 29, 1916, and March 18, 1917, some vile refractor of Military Routine Order No. 10,376, in his endeavour to devour an orange between "Retreat" and "Lights Out," carelessly and wantonly allowed some of the juice of this fruit to fall to the ground in Witley Camp, thus polluting the camp. This practice must forthwith cease, and in future any offender in this respect will not be issued with oranges.

NOMINAL ROLL.

Unit : 53rd BATTERY, 13th BRIGADE C.F.A.

Headquarters : WITLEY.

Officers—

MAJOR :—POWELL, VERNON HARCOURT DE BUTTS.
LIEUT. :—HAMILTON, FRANCIS CAMPBELL.
.. INGRAM, HENRY KENNETH.

CAPTAIN :—ANGLIN, DOUGLAS GOULD.
LIEUT. :—BOYD, WILLIAM JAMES.
.. MATHEWSON, CHESTER HENRY.

Armitage, Leslie Stuart
Lane, Robert Wallace
Booz, Frederick Bernard
Donaldson, George Shaw
Duke, Ernest
Foster, William Frederick Thomas
Higgs, Charles Thomas
Ostrom, Harold
Robinson, John Robertson
Slade, Benjamin
Wood, John Arthur
Colquhoun, McLeod Munroe
Couse, Clarence Medd
Evans, Harry Edgar
Foster, Robert Henry
Kincaid, John
Kirby, Robert William
Ross, Kenneth Martin
Willison, Oswald Harry
Anderson, Herbert Dunn
Cobban, Arthur Doyle
Crawford, John Stuart
Crysdale, John Percy
Freeman, Harold Harry
Gardner, Russel Thomas
Goldstraw, Ernest
Grant, George Anderson
Grant, Thomas
Joyce, Charles Dwight
Kemp, George Taylor
Lloyd, Frank Stanley
Mills, William Ward
Milne, Peter Morrison
Moore, Richard Herbert
McNevin, James Edward
Paul, Archibald Scott
Russell, Alexander
Smith, Andrew James
Thomas, Albert Piercy
Adams, Howard William
Alexander, Arthur Ronald
Allison, Connor
Anderson, Eric Munro
Andrew, Tresh Alfred
Armstrong, Arthur Reginald
Atkinson, Frank Percy
Belfry, Edgar Hiram
Berry, Henry Trueman
Best, Russell Maxwell
Billinghurst, Robert Henry
Black, James Stewart
Bolduc, George
Brace, Llewellyn
Browne, Archibald Mowbray
Brownlow, John Patterson
Burt, George Aaron
Carnwith, James Fleming
Christie, Thomas James
Clark, Andrew Fordyce
Cloutier, Edgar Joseph
Collins, Charles Richard
Copp, Clarence Arthur
Conlon, Francis Edward
Conover, William Nelson
Coutie, David
Crilly, John
Croft, Gordon Corbett
Dagenais, Peter
DeMorest, Harrison George

DeMorest, Rinaldo Vernon
Dick, Joseph
Dickson, Duncan McIntyre
Dobney, Charles Henry Fred
Dobson, Donald Fraser
Doty, Frank Smith
Drew, Harry
Drost, Roland Grant
Duncan, Gordon George
Dunn, John Clarence
Ellis, Herbert Edmond
Enlaw, Harold
Erwin, John Howard
Ferriman, Frederick Louis
Fielding, Lynn Hoefner
Ford, Robert
Funk, William
Gale, Norman Carlyle
Gallagher, William Henry
Gallant, Leslie George
Gardner, Arthur Francis
Gerken, Ernest
Gerrie, Morton
Giguere, Cleophas John Bernard
Gilchrist, John
Goddard, Alexander
Gray, Francis Howard
Griffin, Cecil
Guthrie, William Thomas
Hamby, Ernest Elwood
Harvey, Lancelot William Noel
Helferty, Hugh Jerome
Henderson, Raymond Fraser
Hicks, Alfred
Hilker, Alexander Grant
Hird, William John
Hobbs, Harry Elmer
Holden, Allan
Holmes, Thomas Carlyle
Hudson, William Crockatt
Innes, Lorne Ritchie
Irving, Sydney Roy
Jeffers, Albert Charles
Jeffers, Norman Wilbert
Jenkinson, Clarence Geoffrey
Johnson, Charles Daniel
Jones, Bertram Guy
Jones, Thaddeus Nathaniel
Jones, Vernon Chester
Jordan, James Cornelius
Kay, Norman
Kennedy, Albert Edgar
Lawson, Thomas Alexander
Lock, John Marshall
Lomax, John
Majury, James
Meng, Louis Herman
Milton, Alexander Vernon
Morris, Frank Milton
Moxley, Frederick George
Mulvihill, Cornelius Anthony
Murdoch, Harry Tindale
Murphy, Edgar Lawrence
McAfee, Weldon Robert
McArthur, Willard Riggins
McBurnie, Charles Stuart
McBurnie, William Millar
McCormack, Lawrence Scott

McCuag, Charles Norman
McGeer, Dudley
McCullough, John Francis
McLaren, Cecil
MacCallum, Gordon
Macdonell, Moylan James
Macdougall, Alexander Leonard
Macfarlane, Walter James
Macphadyen, Kenneth Allan
Naden, Camille
Noden, Edgar Douglas
Norman, George
Ockenden, Arthur
Ostrom, Clarence
Paine, Charles Raymond
Parsons, Clarence Arthur
Passmore, Andrew Melbourne
Paxton, Robert John
Perry, John
Proctor, Frederick George
Putman, Cecil Eugene
Qua, Wyland Harvey
Reid, Alexander
Reid, Percival Cleverton Herbert
Riddle, Frank Overton
Risteen, George Nevers
Roserson, Alexander Munsey
Rook, William Arthur
Ross, Norman William
Roulston, George Gilmour
Scott, Frank Edgar
Simpson, Edgar Henry
Slater, Howard William
Sloan, Ambrose Victor
Smellie, Gordon
Smith, Gordon Charles
Smith, Sydney Mortin
Sparling, Richard Clarence
Sprott, Clarence Edwin
Strain, John
Straiton, James Alexander
Switzer, Norman Floyd
Theftord, John
Thompson, George Ewart
Thompson, Richard Lawrence
Thomson, Leland Wells
Thomson, William James
Thurgarland, Harry Howey
Tod, Henry Wilkie
Torrance, Lyal Adam
Torrance, Robert Arthur
Trimble, John
Upton, George Ernest
Upton, Jack Roland
Wagner, Victor Thomas Kenneth
Wallace, Howard Colin
Wallace, Robert Franklin
Walsh, Dickson Alexander
Warner, Harold Harbor
Watson, Chauncey
White, Frederick
Wigmore, Percy Nordgist
Willette, Midy
Williams, Robert Hara
Wilson, Charles Ethelbert
Woodwards, George
Young, Thomas Harold
Yule, William Lloyd

