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BASE DEPOT



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CANADIAN GENERAL BASE DEPOT MAGAZINE

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CANADIAN BASE DEPOT
MAGAZINE.

EDITORIAL.

SINCE our last issue, many changes have taken place in our camp, and the Magazine has, like ourselves, been transplanted, but it is to be hoped that with the co-operation of our many friends and subscribers it will become firmly rooted for the duration of the War.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking contributors for their assistance in publishing Volume 4. At the same time we would like to point out the necessity of still further co-operation of all ranks of the various units in camp, and appeal to everyone to send in articles, sketches, or anything they may fancy to write. Anything of interest will be appreciated not only in France, but in the hundreds of homes in Canada which will be reached by the future numbers of this little Magazine. We extend an especially cordial invitation to prose writers. It is most extraordinary how, over here in France, the mind of the average contributor seems to turn to poetry. No one but an editor knows how many poetic minds spend laborious days in unromantic military routine. This little paper will serve in days to come to remind Canadians of the spirit which inspired our men in the Great Adventure. It may be that in after years a faded copy of these pages may bring back memories of youth, associated with chalk, dust, scarlet poppies, and perhaps other things.

"Forsan et pace olim meminisse juvabit."

"O CANADA."

Another deeper chord is struck,
"O Canada" they play.
Dear country—land of all their dreams
Their hearts are yours to-day—
They march to keep your Empire place,
Your honour and your pride—
To answer Duty's call and God's,
Too strong to be denied.
O Canada. Beloved land—
They march to keep you free,
Nor life nor death shall daunt thy sons
Who stand on guard for thee.

From "The Passing of the Band," by Minnie Hallowell Bowen, Sherbrooke, Quebec

THE BIVOUCAC OF THE DEAD.

An Impression.—By R. J. RENISON, C.F.

“THE Canadian Graveyard in Flanders (and France) is large, 'tis very large. Those that lie there have left their bodies on an alien soil, but to Canada they have bequeathed their memory and their Glory.

“On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
While Glory guards with solemn round
The Bivouac of the Dead.”

(“Canada in Flanders,” Vol. I.)

Dominion Day was celebrated this year by the Canadians in France with an exuberance and intensity which is only possible to the exile. Nothing was wanting, from the presence of the Prime Minister, to the fireworks in the evening. The enthusiasm is partly due to the fact that we are so far from home, and the lamp in the shrine of memory casts a glamour over everything with the Maple Leaf trade mark, whether it be tobacco, bacon, nurses or holidays. But chiefly because of the growing conviction that Canada is making, and will make in yet larger measure, her own indefinable gift to the Empire and the world. We can see in dim outline the living soul of our country. The eve of such a festival ought to be a vigil. It was altogether fitting that the chaplains, with the hearty support of the commanding officers, should set apart Sunday, June 30th, for a service of memorial for our dead and the decoration of the graves (where possible) in every cemetery in France.

There is a sandy hill overlooking the sea in old Normandy where a field of wooden crosses marks the resting place of seven hundred Canadians, who sleep side by side with their brothers from every continent where Britons dwell. There is no grass, but the clean sand is weeded by a company of blue-eyed English girls, clad in khaki, with yellow boots, and with the initials W.A.A.C. upon their uniforms. They have already planted the paths with petunias and the ubiquitous scarlet poppies of “Flanders Fields.” I hope the day is not far distant when this holy acre will be lined with Canadian maples and the hedges blazoned with tiger lilies from Ontario woods.

In the centre of the ground there is a circle to which all the paths converge. Here a platform has been erected and covered with Union Jacks, while in front of the table there is a glorious wreath of red roses.

Early in the morning a “fatigue party” (a misnomer in this case) placed a bough of evergreens, a bunch of wild flowers, and a rose upon every grave. This labour of love was a lesson in Canadian

geography, for upon every cross there is a metal plate with complete identification. There were representatives from every city and province in the Dominion.

It was a glorious summer morning, and at a quarter to ten the band was heard at the head of the approaching column in a cloud of chalk dust. Before the hour the paths were filled with thousands of soldiers all facing inwards towards the platform.

The band was behind the dais, and in front were gathered the Officers, with representatives from the Imperial Staff, the Americans and Australians. The nurses lined the inner circle holding sheaves of flowers in their arms, their bright uniforms making a pleasant contrast with the sea of brown.

The service began with one verse of "O Canada," and the multitude of various elements seemed at once united in purpose and spirit. The great memorial hymn which followed seemed to widen the congregation. We only occupied the ground floor of the temple whose galleries looked down upon the scene.

For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blest—

Alleluia.

O blest communion, fellowship divine,
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet, all are one in Thee, for all are Thine—

Alleluia.

The lesson was from the vision of the exile on the Ægean Isle in the days when the monster Domitian ruled the civilised world. I was standing at the gate, sixty yards away, and I distinctly heard the words:—

"These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. . . . They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat . . . for God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Then followed the Lord's Prayer and a short prayer of dedication and one for the peace of the world.

The memorial address was given by Major G. O. Fallis, Assistant Director of the Chaplain Service. He is a Methodist clergyman in civilian life, but he was surrounded by four other churches as he spoke for the Christian hope of the Canadian Army.

"In My Father's house are many mansions." There was only one subject for such an occasion—the men who slept at our feet and the cause for which they died. This is not a literal history.

The greatest tribute one can pay to the address is that it had sympathy and suggestiveness. Men were thinking beyond the actual words of the preacher as he spoke of immortality under that perfect sky.

The drone of distant aeroplanes gave reality to the scene. Along the road a stream of lorries and motors hurried by. The occupants coming without warning past the open gate, saluted instinctively as they sped.

The Immortal Hope—how near it has come. How strange that mortals in mud-coloured woollens and leather boots should have stumbled upon such a thought.

There was a time when the other world seemed inhabited by the old, the weak and unfortunate who, for various reasons, had either completed this life, or were better away. But as I looked on that field, it was the youngest, the bravest, and the best spirits of our age who seemed to be there. Immortality is nearer and more real than ever.

Then one thought of the dynamic of a Great Ideal. It has come to pass that the name of liberty has been made holy for our generation. Let them who, by kneeling at the devil's feet, thought to win the world, weep—ay, let them weep!

“But we

With eyes undimmed march on, our morning robes
Bejewelled by the deeds of those that die,
Lustre on lustre, till no sable patch
Peeps through their brilliance.”

After the address, the nurses turned to the right and left among the graves, and scattered their flowers as they went.

Then came the most thrilling moment of the day. The trumpeters stepped forward and the “Last Post” rang out over the hills and sea.

There were three instruments of different tone which blended with perfect harmony. The first was high and clear like the spirit of the Rocky Mountains. The second was sweet and gentle, like the genius of our rivers; and the third was the sound of a storm over a northern forest. Together it was the voice of Canada, in mingled anguish and pride, lamenting her sons.

The benediction was pronounced by the British Deputy Chaplain General, and so one of the most interesting services I ever witnessed came to an end.

“God Save the King” came almost as a relief. It brought us down to earth again and reminded us that the vision moments of life are not held by dreaming of them, but by standing to “Attention,” moving to the right in fours, and carrying on.

VIMY RIDGE.

By prairie homestead, by mountain peak,
Where'er they honour and glory seek,
With awe and reverence men will speak
Of Vimy Ridge.

— There sons of the maple leaf, side by side,
Met thrust by thrust with nations' pride;
They laughed at death, and glorious died
On Vimy Ridge.

What though a rude cross may mark their grave,
Not tablet in a cloistered nave,
If for their land their all they gave
By Vimy Ridge?

Ye Canadian people, do not weep—
These are not dead, but only sleep;
Though Flanders' clay their bones may keep
At Vimy Ridge.

— Think ye that mortal flesh and blood
Could bind such souls to earth for good?
They fly to Heaven as heroes should,
From Vimy Ridge.

Throughout Canada their names will roll,
Will stir to the depths the Empire's soul,
While bells in Heaven their requiem toll
O'er Vimy Ridge.

H. KING, C.A.S.C.

SICK PARADE AT YPRES.

WE were on advanced duty and about thirty patients had gathered from the various units around, on sick parade. The Orderly Officer was a well-known personage, very blunt in his questions and remarks, which very often contained a great amount of unconscious humour. The patients were all sitting on the form in the barn, which was doing duty as the admitting room, awaiting the coming of the M.O. In half an hour or so he appeared, cigarette between his lips and making gestures around various parts of his anatomy very similar to those of a man suffering from the too marked attentions of those parasites which seem to be a necessary part of a soldier's equipment out here. The sick reports he picked up

from the table, and after scanning them shortly, he called out the first name—"Pte. Smith!" Smith hobbled over to the table looking as if the rest of his days were numbered.

M.O. :—"Well, Smith, what's up with you?"

Smith :—"Very weak, sir; have headaches and a bad cough, and haven't had any sleep for five nights, sir."

M.O. :—"Gee! all that! You're still alive, though."

Smith :—"Why y-e-ess, sir."

M.O. :—"Pain in your back, eh? When did your bowels move last?"

Smith :—"To-day, sir. The pain in my back is the worst."

M.O. :—"All right, belladonna plaster on his back, SOME opening medicine, SOME tonic pills, and SOME aspirin."

"Pte. Jones!"

Jones hops to the table and salutes smartly.

M.O. :—"What you got, Jones?"

Jones :—"Cut my hand, sir; getting it dressed here every day, sir."

M.O. :—"All right, go into the dressing-room."

"Pte. Jenkins!"

Jenkins steps mildly over.

M.O. :—"Well, what's the matter?"

Jenkins :—"I think it's my nerves, sir; I am not feeling good, sir."

M.O. :—"You belong to the Artillery, eh?"

Jenkins :—"Yes, sir; 6 Naval—and the noise of the guns sets me all off, sir."

M.O. :—"Where's your battery?"

Jenkins :—"Just up the _____ Road, sir; about fifteen minutes' walk from here."

M.O. :—"Have you any shell noses up there you can get me as souvenirs?"

Jenkins :—"Well, sir! Yes, sir! There is a German 4.2 dud up there, sir, I think you can have."

M.O. :—"You haven't got your kit with you, eh? All right, slide along and get your kit and bring some shell noses and that dud, and I'll send you down to the rest station for four or five days."

"Pte. McDonald!"

McDonald belongs to the Tunnelling Co. and from his name one would think he was a Scotsman. The Tunnelling Co., led by Corporal Scotty, formed a large part of the sick parade every day.

M.O. :—"What's wrong with you, McDonald?"

McDonald :—“Last night, sir, I wis gaun up tae the trenches an’ I fell aff the tail-board o’ the waggon. I landed right there, sir, and it hurts me tae sit doon. It’s gey sair, an’ I wid jist like tae git something tae rub it wi’.”

M.O. :—“All right; give Scotty some liniment to rub himself.”
“Pte. Wall!”

Wall is a tough-looking Australian attached to the Tunnelling Company.

M.O. :—“Australian, eh! And what’s your trouble?”

Wall :—“I’ve had severe diarrhoea for four or five days now, sir, and though I’ve taken quite a few of those little brown pills, they did not do me any good.”

M.O. :—“The pills didn’t do you any good, eh! What work are you doing now?”

Wall :—“Well, sir, I have been—I have been working on the supply dump lately.”

M.O. :—“When are you going up the line?”

Wall :—“In about a week, sir, I think.”

M.O. :—“Well, say! Can you get hold of any souvenirs for me when you go up?”

Wall :—“Why yes, sir, I think I can. In fact, I have a pretty nice German shell nose now.”

M.O. :—“Well you don’t want that, you can’t carry it around with you. Bring it along. Brandy and port wine for this man. I will excuse you duty for the next three days.” (Wall returned the next day on sick parade with the empty bottle ready for a further supply and also the shell nose.)

“Pte. Green!”

Green seemed very stiff and weary.

M.O. :—“What’s wrong with you?”

Green :—“All in, sir.”

M.O. :—“All in! How d’ye mean?”

Green :—“Well I’m very sore all over, sir, and have headaches and don’t feel fit for anything.”

M.O. :—“Take this man’s temperature.”

The temperature was taken and indicated 99.5.

M.O. :—“All right. SOME opening medicine, SOME tonic pills, and SCME aspirin.”

Just at this juncture the unmistakable whistle of a German shell was heard, followed closely by the bang of the explosion. From the door of the main building a voice was heard energetically calling “Inside! Inside! Come along! Move smartly! Double up there! Inside! Inside!” Everyone was finally got inside the main building,

which, from the nature of its structure and the thickness of its walls, affords splendid shelter. It sounded like a hive of bees or the Tower of Babel, everyone talking at once. A few remarks, however, could be picked up amidst the din, some humorous, some otherwise. A prominent member of C section was heard to remark:—"This is a H— of a outfit. Get the wind up at the least d— thing and have to beat it 'inside,' 'inside,' every time a shell comes over. I would rather be up the sanguinary line."

Fritz did not pay us too much attention, but just merely let us know he was still on the job and, after throwing over half a dozen shells, he quit.

The M.O. returned to his sick parade and again began to dispose of all the many ailments which soldiers are heir to. Opening medicine, tonic pills, and aspirin were the magic cures for most cases. The parade was nearly over when there arrived a couple of stretcher cases from the battery near by. They were both pretty bad cases, but one of them, a real Irishman, was very talkative. He was in great pain, but proved a cheery customer. "Doctor," says he, "I'm all right, but the pain uv my arm is a howly terror. Shure, an' a drap uv spirits wud hilp me." He got a tot of brandy, and "Shure, now, an' its meself I am now," he says.

It took some little time to dress him and fix him up, and one of the orderlies remarked, just as he was putting the last blanket on him: "There you are, Pat, you're on your way to Blighty now, all right, and you'll soon be having a holiday in Old Ireland again."

"I don't want to go to Oireland. There's too much foighting there for me. Thim damned rebels, they're not Oirish—just rebels, damn them."

Pat was carried out and placed in the motor ambulance along with the other chap, and the last remark we heard as we lifted him up to the top carrier was: "Holy Mother, and it's away up to Hivvin I am, away up to Hivvin, shure."

Again the M.O. went back to the remnants of his sick parade and, with the aid of more opening medicine, tonic pills, and aspirin, got the whole lot disposed of. His duties for the time being finished, he got hold of his batman and a couple of shovels and disappeared in the direction of where the shells dropped, there to indulge in his favourite pastime of digging souvenirs.

G. S. G. (A.I.D. Canadians' Staff.)

MUSTARD GAS AND DUDS.

"It's coming over, boys, duck."

* * * *

Though it's hot, it's not the shell variety; it will get you all right but you'll enjoy the sensation. Wait for it.

* * * *

Unnecessary words are not required when a Tommy invites a "Wack" to visit. The following conversation was overheard when they met on Tipperary Ave. last Sunday afternoon:—

Tommy: "Shallus?"

Jennie: "Lets."

* * * *

While the "Hard-Tack" is Tommy's favourite(?) biscuit, Fritz usually offers "Mene-wafers" to any visitors in the front line trenches.

* * * *

"—————" is the regimental call of the Canadian Labour Pool. Does this mean that the men attached to that unit are hopeful of an early ending of the war?

* * * *

Heard at the Canadian Medical Board some time ago:—

M.O. (much annoyed): "If you were in civilian life would you think of coming to me with such a complaint as that?"

Private: "No, sir; I would go to a doctor."

* * * *

Speaking of dogs of war, presumably the submarine sailor is the under-dog.

* * * *

A Canadian Forestry Corps in England has started a "piggery." By remaining in Blighty they figure to save their bacon, of course.

* * * *

A New York vaudeville house is featuring "Hitchy-Koo." You don't need to tell the average Tommy anything about "Itchy-Coo," as he is very well posted on the subject.

* * * *

Officer: "Define camouflage."

Private (who came over with the first contingent): "Canada leave for three months."

Flowers from France.

Our Garden of Poesy.

BY AMATEUR GARDENERS.

“Now God be thanked, Who has watched us with His love,
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping;
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping.”

RUPERT BROOKE.

THE QUITTER.

(By Request.)

WHEN, you're lost in the wild, and you're scared as a child,
And death looks you bang in the eye,
And you're sore as a boil, it's according to Hoyle
To cock your revolver and . . . die;
But the code of a man says "Fight all you can,"
And self-dissolution is barred;
In hunger and woe, Oh, it's easy to blow—
It's the Hell-served-for-breakfast that's hard.

You're sick of the game? Well, now, that's a shame;
You're young and you're brave and you're bright;
You've had a raw deal, I know, but don't squeal —
Buck up, do your damndest and fight.
It's the plugging away that will win you the day,
So don't be a piker, old pard;
Just draw on your grit—it's easy to quit;
It's the keeping your chin up that's hard.

It's easy to cry that you're beaten, and die;
It's easy to crawl and crawl;
But to fight, and to fight when hope's out of sight,
Why, that's the best game of all.
And though you come out of each gruelling bout,
All broken and beat and scarred,
Just have one more try—it's dead easy to die,
It's the keeping-on-living that's hard.

THE MACHINE GUNNER'S YARN.

YES, I'm from the battlefield, where I lead
A crew as brave and bold as
Any in France, and it's luck that my head's
Still firmly fixed on my shoulders.

To the German helmet you all behold
From my trusty sword suspended,
There's a tale attached, which I'll now unfold,
Though to do so I hadn't intended.

The night air sizzled with shot and shell,
Which burst with terrific crashes,
And many a face in that hole of hell
Went yellow and green—in patches.

The fact that a German eye could spot
Of our guns but a sign or trace, meant
That in less than a jiffy he'd plant a shot
Right plump in that gun emplacement.

Now, when this happens too often, my friends,
It is apt to become vexatious;
It rattles a man, and frequently tends
To get him darned pugnacious.

When for the twelfth or thirteenth time
My guns went soaring sky-ward,
I was livid with rage—didn't care a dime
What happened, I give you my word.

So I hoisted a gun on my shoulder-blade,
Its side with my neck caressing,
And I marched to the front, as though on parade,
My finger the trigger pressing.

I made for a point where a burst of flame
Belched forth in a stream unbroken—
That I courted death or a V.C.'s fame;
This arm in a sling's the token.

The fire died down as I onward pressed,
For my advent they none of them waited;
When I reached their trench, as I might have guessed,
I found it already vacated.

But thanks to their eagerness out to clear
From the threat of my onslaught furious,
They left this elegant souvenir
Which I'm happy to show to the curious.

Thus spake our hero, but from what I hear,
He spake with his tongue in his cheek, sirs;
For he paid for that helmet a gallon of beer,
To which fact I can certainly speak, sirs.

And as to the arm in a sling, from all
The facts I've been able to garner,
The mishap was caused by a slip and a fall
On the skin of a ripe banana.

H. D. COLES, R.C.D.

A BIOGRAPHICAL BALLAD.

At the Canadian General Base,
Where the drafts do come and go,
A pipe band there does duty,
As I suppose you all well know.

We often play at hospitals,
And also for the W.A.A.C.'s;
We have played for Tommies and the French,
And also the Anzacs.

Our Pipey's name is Eden,
Who is Johnny on the spot;
His second in command is
A windy chap named Scott.

Piper Symons and McDonald
Are tall and strongly made,
And when big Mac plays "Donald Dhu"
The rest are in the shade.

McMurrick is a dancer
Of very high degree;
The sword dance and the Highland fling
Sure is a treat to see.

We have a piper Welsh, a veteran of
Wars fought in a foreign land;
He was piping at the I.B.D.
Before he joined our band.

Our leading drummer is Hewlett—
And a mighty good one too;
He stands in well with all French Janes,
For he sure can "parlez-vous."

Drummer Vautier is a Jersey man—
The land of peace and plenty;
This war, he says, will never end
Till the year of nineteen twenty.

A poodle pup was given him,
Which he thinks is rather cute;
But there's nothing nice that I can see
In the homely little brute.

Colonel Worthington one day gave us
A piece of land to till,
And garden tools of all designs,
So we set to work with will.

Our garden soon was planted
With different kinds of seeds,
And any time you care to look,
You'll find it clear of weeds.

Montgomery was a farmer
In civil life they say,
And he very quickly showed them how
To make the garden pay.

Major Mills, our worthy Adjutant,
Unto our garden came,
Told Pipey that from henceforth
This land would bear his name.

"The Garden of Eden" it then was called,
Although the fruit was missing;
No finer garden can be found
If in it there's no kissing.

I think I have given you all the facts
Of our famous band to date;
We are now transferred to the I.B.D.,
And like the place first rate.

PIPER GEO. D. MONTGOMERY.

THE CALL.

LISTEN! Do you hear it calling?
The insistent call of the wild—
And when old mother Nature calls me
I am but an obedient child.

I was born and bred in the city,
With instinctive love for a life
Unfettered by social conventions
Away from all bick'ring and strife.

And so I am leaving to-morrow—
I don't know just where I'll go—
But I am leaving this life of slow poison,
For a life where a man's mind can grow.

A life in the wild open places,
Where a man is away from the strain
Of always scheming and plotting
For some paltry, moneyed gain.

I suppose you will say I am crazy
To leave the glare and the lights,
But to me everything here is as tinsel,
And I want to get away from the vice.
Thank God for this new lease of life.

So it's good-bye to this mode of existence,
Farewell to this mean, petty strife,
Hurrah! for the future awaiting,

SERGT. E. L. ROGERS, *Canadians*.

A SPLASH FROM THE LABOUR POOL.

THE Labour Pool's a wonderful pool,
And works just like a charm,
Just like a happy family,
In it there is no harm.
The heroes that compose it,
Have done their little bit;
They all deserve a medal,
For all of them have grit.

They all get up in the morning—
Of course there's some who don't;
They've stiffened up with rheumatism—
And there are those who won't.
Some limp around and swing the lead—
At least, that's what they say;
But still they've for their country bled;
Alas, they've had their day.

They call them crocks, and well they may—
They're all used up, you see,
By slaving in the trenches,
And keeping Fritz at bay;
But now they're used for anything,
A "Jet and Flotsam" lot;
They're good for this, and good for that,
Until at last they drop.

The management of this queer pool,
Runs as smooth as any lake;
Just look upon the happy face
Of Sergeant-Major Drake.
He finds a lot of pleasure,
And heaps of time to spare;
That's when the pool is sleeping,
It's then he takes the air.

So come along, ye veterans,
And swell the happy pool;
Some day you might get "Blighty,"
If you're a knave or fool;
But don't be in a hurry,
Or you may go up the line;
One day you may get CANADA—
Now wouldn't that be fine!

(B)OBSERVER.

THE NEW MATERNITY CLINIC.

By J. WHISTLEWINGS HUSTLER, M.D.C.M., D.D.M.S.

THE Deputy Director of Maternity Services of the Minneapolis Area announces:—

“A branch of the Minneapolis Maternity Hospital was opened on the 23rd of May, 1918, at the Canadian General Base Depot, Medical Hut, with the renowned obstetrician, Professor M. U. De Val, of Ottawa, Minneapolis and Ypres in charge.

Professor W. G. Blair, of the Lanark County Women's Hospital, has been attached to the staff as consultant.

This clinic is held in a beautiful and well equipped building which ensures absolute privacy. Absolute asepsis and a plentiful supply of oxygen is guaranteed, no dogs being allowed on the premises—WHAT!

The word “beautiful” in connection with the building is used advisedly, witness the decorative tin cans filled with luxuriant spinach and lettuce.

The slight inconvenience which was formerly experienced on account of the parcel-stealers of the Post Office Department and their hangers-on will no longer bother our patrons; we have had legislation passed forcing them to build a separate entrance.

The first case came in within a few minutes of the clinic being opened, showing the necessity of taking up this branch of medical work at this particular time.

The chief obstetrician, in less than fifteen minutes, made his diagnosis. The consultant was able to confirm the diagnosis.

Then, by the skilful manipulations of the two obstetricians a new recruit for the French Army arrived.

This was no puny conscientious objector, but a lusty young soldier, who shouted with his first breath, “Vive la Classe de 1938”; but the trained mind of Professor M. U. De Val immediately noted the marked English accent with which the child spoke French, and he enquired of the mother if there had not been some English soldiers billeted in the vicinity about August, 1917. The mother's answer in the affirmative drew forth the Professor's well-known comment, “I thought so. Ah-ha. Souvenir, eh? Comprenez souvenir?”

The two doctors then proceeded to hold a consultation as to what to do next. While the consultation was in progress a stalwart young major with blushing, but nevertheless smiling face, entered.

Both medicos offered their congratulations, announcing that it was a boy. “Congratulations be hanged,” said the major. “I'm

not its father, I'm the Adjutant." The doctors, remembering the wide experience and versatility of the Adjutant, decided to ask him if he had any suggestions to make to help them out of their difficulties. His first suggestion was that the child was suffering from bronchitis and asthma, because it was the same colour as "Dad" Hough when he has a coughing spell.

Then a brilliant idea occurred to the Adjutant. "Call the Quartermaster," said he, "the young sinner has lost his kit." The doctors thereupon decided to lose no time in making a complete search so that they could have the young rascal up in the Orderly Room—losing kit was just as good to them as any other charge, so long as the guard room was kept full.

As the child's father was away fighting the battles of his country, arrangements were made for his immediate future.

Finally the question arose, how to get rid of the mother and kid. At last, after many weary hours of saying "Hello!" much fusing of the wires and muttered curses on the magnificent English system of telephony which the R.E.'s have installed, an ambulance, with special permission of the War Office, arrived, and we were relieved of our two visitors. NEXT!

HINTS TO RECRUITS ON JOINING THE ARMY.

BY H. KING, C.A.S.C.

Hints to Recruits on joining the Army, with explanations of terms and abbreviations used there.

M.O.—This is not a money order as in the Post Office, but often a gentleman who insists on dosing you with small pellets called "Number Nines."

Go to him if:—

- (1) You feel disinclined to go on parades.
- (2) Razor dull and you don't feel like shaving.
- (3) If you require castor oil to polish your buttons.

N.B.—The recruit will always be able to get a ration of Nelson's blood, or rum, by going before this officer and, if refused, demand it as per K.R.R. 2569½.

COOK HOUSE.—(1) Place where they try to poison you with a vile concoction called "Mulligan."

(2) Enquire here for the meaning of "Bully." "Murphies"—Irish for potatoes. "Mush"—Scotch for porridge.

SERGEANTS' MESS.—Place where they dish out better grub than the men's mess. Always dine here if fond of delicacies. It is advisable to put three chevrons on your arm before entering.

QUARTERMASTER'S STORES.—Place where you can get silver cigarette cases, riding whips, tobacco, etc., without charge (?)

SERGEANT MAJOR.—Gentleman as a rule very expensively dressed. Often very rude to you on parades. A good plan is to answer him back, as repartee is appreciated on regimental parades.

PROVOST SERGEANT.—Go to him if you have no watch, to ask the time, as, being a policeman, he always carries one.

REVEILLE CALL.—A most objectionable call sounded on the bugle very early in the morning, which will be probably followed by the sergeant, or corporal in charge of your hut digging you in the ribs and ordering you to show a "leg."

N.B.—If sleepy, take absolutely no notice of this, and if reported to the Sergeant Major, just tell him that you didn't feel like getting up so early, and it will be perfectly all right.

A.S.C.—"Army Safety Corps." So called from the fact that the British Authorities thought it safer for them to be at the bases than in the trenches.

BARRACK ROOM DAMAGE FEES.—Fines imposed monthly to provide cigars for the Sergeant Major.

GUARD, GUARD ROOM DUTIES, ETC. (Vulgarly called the "clink.")—It is superfluous to explain this as the recruit will arrive here automatically in due course. When told off for guard duty, always take a cricket ball with you as the stock of the rifle makes a good bat, and you can while away the tedious hours on duty. When the C.O. or orderly officer approaches your post, it is a good plan to adopt an aggressive attitude thereby showing your *esprit de corps*.

RIFLE.—A disagreeable, heavy instrument which it is a good plan to throw away at the earliest opportunity. A good plan is to carve your initials on the stock. The leather rifle sling makes a good razor strop if cut in half.

TUNIC.—Same as coat in civilian life. If too tight, a good plan is to wear it unbuttoned. Cut buttons off as souvenirs. Badges are useful to decorate body belt.

PARADES. MUSTER PARADES. SICK PARADES.—It is optional to attend the former. The latter is useful if you wish to avoid fatigues, guards, etc.

WET CANTEEN.—Place where they sell beer. If not open, bang on the door, or prise open with an axe. If there is more than one soldier, or recruit present, a good plan is to sing one verse of "How dry I am" and then use violence as laid down in K.R.R. 496½.

INOCULATION AGAINST TYPHOID.—Operation generally performed by an M.O. who endeavours to pass a needle from your right breast through the small of your back without severing the carotid artery.

N.B.—The Sergeant Major will inform you that only 15 per cent. of the men undergoing this operation have succumbed to it.

ORDERLY SERGEANT.—Generally in a great hurry. You will recognise him by his quaint call, which sounds like "Orderly Officer 'shun."

N.B.—If you are dissatisfied with the food, this man will give you a note to take your meals at the Sergeants' Mess.

VACCINATION.—(See inoculation against typhoid). Percentage of deaths from this is lower since first-class butchers have been employed on the operation.

PAYBOOK.—Very useful for writing short notes in, drawing sketches and pressing leaves in, or making spills to light your pipe with.

N.B.—If you lose this it is a good plan to steal somebody else's.

BATMAN.—Officer's servant. Duties very light. Looking after officer's effects.

N.B.—Good plan is to take any change you may find in the pockets, also help yourself to his whiskey, as he likes you to be matey. If you don't like your infantry trousers, a good plan is to borrow a pair of his. See K.R.R. 4956¾ for authority.

PAYMASTER.—Usually a very popular man. Go to him if:—(1) In debt. (2) Short of money. (3) Wish to take a girl to a theatre and are temporarily financially embarrassed. (4) Want to back a horse, as he will put the money on for you and deduct it in your pay book.

PUTTEES, BELTS, HAVERSACKS.—Articles of clothing. Very useful when temporarily embarrassed, for raising money on. Appended value at pawnshop: belt 2/6, puttees 1/6, haversacks 2/-.

AFTERWARDS.

SOME DREAMS FROM FRANCE.

“A SOUTH Sea island,” said the man in bed—and he said it reflectively, as if he saw his spot—“a South Sea island for me afterwards. Silver sands, blue lagoons—the whole short story—and peace, absolute peace.”

The V.A.D. shifted the angle of the large Japanese umbrella that shielded him from the sun, while she told him of the tea-shop of her dreams.

“Sorry I shan’t be there,” remarked a listener lying on the grass. “I’ll be sailing again up the muddy old Yangtse, watching the sunset from a hammock slung up on the mast.” He puffed his pipe contentedly.

“I know five kids, the jolliest crowd you ever met,” said another dreamer, a white-faced dreamer with a gollywog head of hair, “and these five youngsters and I are going to have the biggest ramp going when this business fizzles out. For one summer at least we’re going to live wild on a beach I know. And then,” he added, “I think I’ll get doorkeeper to an orphan asylum, or something—I’m tired of living with grown-ups.”

One dream invited another to make its bow. The “Waac” Administrator wanted a herb garden—she knew nothing about herbs, but that garden was all planned out in her mind, with cottage complete.

An engineer wanted to farm watercress, long green lanes of it, winding through clear running water. He knew nothing about watercress.

Listening to him was a canteen-worker whose dream was a sun-kissed village on the coast of Sicily, which she first heard of in a cellar during an air raid.

Another man, minus a leg, wanted to go fishing . . . for months, and months.

And he had never fished previously. His companion, a delightful, impecunious optimist, was planning to walk around the globe and to take ten years doing it.

* * * *

Dreams flourish in the swift life of to-day. That half of them will never come true matters not to the host who cherish them.

“Afterwards” is the pass word to dreamland—it visions impossible bits of brightness, it lets the maddest, most fantastical fancies live, it gilds the commonplace with glory.

The dreams have queer neighbours. By the side of those who dream of crossing new seas and new countries are those who desire only to hide themselves away on a familiar hillside, or seashore, or to lose themselves again in the city millions. Some want to fly, to farm, to grow roses, to start newspapers, to missionary the Chinese, to chase whales, collect butterflies, to roam, to sleep, to do great things, to do nothing—watering a backyard at twilight would be the dream come true of many.

Odd and beautiful, ordinary and extraordinary, pathetic and humorous, are the dreams of to-day. Many are too precious to be voiced, others so airy that even the dreamers smile at them while they hug them, but each dream is something dear and precious to the owner—a bright will o' the wisp that shines beyond the dark to-day.

And the dreams of the women—who shall tell them?

HILDA M. LOVE.

“THE NOBLE HUN?”

He does his bit and then **SOME**.

WHAT a noble thing is patriotism. To serve one's country, to strafe the enemy, and sing the Hymn of Hate, to be decorated with the Iron Cross, and to die, and after death to know that one's "bit" is not yet done.

That in the form of sausage, after a tour of the corpse conversion factory, and the digestive organs of a swine, one again appears! Transformed and reincarnated, a useful acquisition to the hungry Hun's ration.

An endless chain of usefulness. And another thought strikes me: verily I am not yet finished. "Oh, Brother Ignat." Is not glycerine one of the products of this militaristic super-army efficiency factory, and is not glycerine mixed with nitric acid the main ingredient that goes into the make-up of "Whiz bangs" and "five-nines"? What a noble thing to know, that after death also in the form of high explosives one can still strafe the enemy. And maybe the name and number of the contributor of the glycerine is engraved on the shell of which he is a part, and in battalion orders it is read out thusly: "Pte. Fritz Gögenslosher, Number Umpty-umpty, has been awarded the tin 'Gee Gaw' for final post mortem services rendered, inasmuch that one 'five-nine' containing the extracted necessary of

the recipient's corpse had exploded on one of Britain's ration dumps, destroying four cases of bully beef and two tins of biscuits."

Imagine the joy of said Hun's family upon receiving this coveted medal proving that Fritz served his fatherland until the bitter end! Can you not imagine it? The family sitting down to breakfast, the sausage fried to that appetising brown finish, and the folks reading in the morning paper about the honour conferred on one of the family! And who knows, O Ignatius, perhaps the "make-up" of the aforementioned sausage contained remnants of their dearly departed. What glory! What a wonderful "Bit"! What kultur! has never before been seen in the skies above, nor the seas below, nor yet on the face of the earth.

O gentle Hun, I a humble Canadian in King George's Army, pay you tribute for your patriotism.

Pte. HAL. B. DONNELLY, C.M.R.

Oh where, oh where is my poor Fritz gone?
He was dead when last he was seen;
But I know my Fritz will come back to me—
In sausage or glycerine.

A RECRUIT'S IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

Contributed by R. J. RENISON.

THE voyage was a quick and stormy one, and long before we reached the shores of England we had abundant reason to know that England's flag still flies in pride upon the ocean.

The fleet of great ships hurried through the danger zone like a herd of cows with the destroyers snapping like terriers at their heels. It made the heart beat high to see these glorious little ships throbbing with confidence and, sublimely daring, sweeping the blue waters for miles for sight of the serpent's head.

Even in war time the English railroads do not need any lessons from the C.P.R. Our train ran like a sewing machine at fifty miles an hour to London, and a stout old gentleman spoke of writing to the *Times* because the windows were not kept polished as in pre-war times.

The spirit of this country is wonderful. But you cannot get any Englishman to admit it. They are not proud of being efficient or heroic.

I was misguided enough to ask a sailor who had fought his gun magnificently through the Battle of Jutland, what was the most dangerous moment he ever experienced. Without a moment's hesitation he plunged into the following appalling yarn:—

"It was in South America, and we were lying in port not thinking of any danger, when the President of the country was invited to come on board with his wife. I was told off to show her the guns, so I opened the breech while she was looking through the muzzle. Of course the compressed air went off like a hurricane. All at once I heard a screech and yelling on the deck, and an awful row. The lieutenant came running up to me and said, said he, 'They've picked that lady off the deck, they've picked her hair off the rail and they've fished her Paris hat out of the sea with a boat hook, and I'm sorry for you.'

"And the Captain sent for me and said, 'All you have done this morning is to start a war between this here republic and the British Empire. That's all you have done,' he said. 'You may go'"—and this from a man who was recommended for the Victoria Cross.

"London," means to take all the people in Canada and put them together between Hamilton and Grimsby and let them express their ideals for a thousand years.

I went to Westminster Abbey, where a venerable verger for a small fee showed us the Valhalla of English history in half-an-hour, with sixpence extra for a sight of the wax figures of the ancient kings.

He told the epic of the Anglo-Saxon race like the man at the Union Station calls off the trains: "This is the tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots, who used to be most h'attractive to men, she died bravely, the sand bags are for air raids."

At the door of the Abbey is the heroic figure of Pitt, Earl of Chatham, who stands to-day with eagle face, and hand outstretched, bidding England be of good cheer; his face and attitude may well symbolise the Britain of to-day.

I was in Parliament on a great day recently, the great battle was in progress. The spirit of the House is admirable. I do not think that England was ever more dangerous than at the present hour.

The Overseas troops have taken possession of central London, probably because they have no homes in England. The Australians and South Africans are in evidence, but Canada is everywhere. I have no doubt that our men in France have done great things; it is no mere figure of speech to say so. History will declare it, and yet with all the love of the Old Land, it is beautiful to see how the heart turns to the Canadian home.

I was going through some Surrey lanes the other day and pointed out the glory of the scene, the flowering shrubs, the ancient firs, and the Norman church. One fellow said, "Ah, give me old Queen's Park."

St. Louis of France married Margaret of Provence, and had a ring all his life upon which these words were written, "God—France—Margaret." Somehow I feel as never before that these words sum up the best influences in the life of the Canadian soldier four thousand miles from home. The unspoken sense of the Divine. The magic of native land more dear than ever, and Margaret—whatever her other name may be.

"MY BIVVY."

It's only some rags and canvas nailed to a blooming tree,
There ain't no name on the fanlight, 'cos there ain't no fanlight, see,
It's a shanty knocked up quickly, with wire and bits of string.
It ain't no Buckingham Palace; "The Limit" I call the thing.

For my bed, an old, torn oil-sheet, one blanket to roll around,
While the insects, ants and beetles find a happy hunting ground:
On the floor fag ends are lying, to waste them would be a sin,
To-morrow I'll have to smoke them with the aid of a blooming pin.

When the boys march past, "Oh, Crikey, that takes it!" you hear
them say,

But to me it's a dear old "Bivvy," where I wait for sleep and pray.
And I'm fond of my dear old "Bivvy," for what the walls contain,
They're just chock full of photos of those I would see again.

C. L.

Found on the Orderly Sergeant's Notice Board.

Some folks come here to chew the rag,
This ain't no Ingle Nook:
Just say your bit, then light your fag,
And sling your blooming hook!

HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

TAKING COVER.—Taking cover is an act of courtesy on the part of soldiers in action, i.e., paying proper respect to bullets, shrapnel, etc., by making themselves as inconspicuous as possible, to allow the aforementioned carnivorous objects more room to pass by. The fine art of taking cover is the ability to dig a hole, get into it and pull the hole in after you. Kissing the trench mat is a ritual practised by well-trained soldiers, and is also a form of taking cover.

WORKING PARTIES.—A form of occupation kindly provided for tired infantrymen undergoing the rest cure. A convenient army form, properly filled in, provides a working party, who then, with the aid of picks, shovels and profanity, assault the surface of the earth, removing the earth thus dislodged, forming an excavation or trench.

Working parties are sometimes used as pack mules. The dress for working parties varies according to the part of the world in which the work is being done. However, a rifle, bandolier, gas helmet, iron ration and a pair of bathing slippers will always be carried.

A BROKEN MELODY.

Overheard in Officers' de Luxe Bath House.

Windy Smith (continuing): "Well, you see, Mr. Edwards, after the old woman went west, I lit out to Idaho for a job, but got kind of lonesome. My wife's sister was looking after the kids, and I had an idea of getting hitched up to her. I had never see her, but we had some correspondence with a view to travelling together, so I went back—"

Mr. Edwards (the manager): "And say, Mr. Smith, did you marry her?"

Windy Smith: "Napoo, I looked her over, and bought her a gold wrist watch instead."

* * * *

Corporal (to men in tent): "How many men are there inside?"

Voice inside: "Five!"

Corporal: Come out the half of ye!"

Scene : The Central Training Camp.

Imperial officer, after lecturing strenuously for one hour and fifty minutes to 200 Canadians :

"Now, men, is there anyone here who would like to ask any questions? If there is any point that you don't quite understand, please speak up!" (No response.)

"Surely men, there must be some among you who take sufficient interest in this subject to ask questions. Come, come, speak up."

After a long pause a man gets up : "Please, sir, these men are all French Canadians. I am the only English-speaking Canadian here."

Collapse of Imperial officer!

* * * *

A new but painful idea to get a good swerve on when pitching is to have a finger broken. For particulars enquire of the R.S.M.

* * * *

Any V.A.D. or W.A.A.C. desirous of taking a course of golf can find a tutor at the Canadian General Base Depot who is not a bogey man.

THE GREAT EVENT.

Last Saturday great excitement prevailed in the orderly room, work was practically at a standstill. The staff, white faced and trembling, sat at their desks, or walked around quietly, talking in whispers. Even the orderlies were quiet, which in itself is a remarkable occurrence.

The whole hut seemed to vibrate with the tension, even those passing by on the road seemed to sense it and cast enquiring glances at the door. Each time a figure appeared in the door-way the tension would increase, only to subside again. New arrivals caught the infection and wondered. "What was the matter?" they asked. Were the enemy nearing the coast? Was the war over? Had one of the orderlies received a registered letter? Had the cheese broke away from its chains at the ration stores and was it roaming at large? Had "Gus" won another half-crown?

Suddenly, every one seemed for a moment to stop breathing and all eyes turned to the door. At last! The tension was relieved. Strained faces broke into smiles and laughter once more. "The 'Fag' issue had arrived."

W. C. BROOKES.

A Y.M.C.A. HUT SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

BY AN OBSERVER.

TEN-TWENTY a.m., and the men smoking outside in the sunshine look through the open windows into the big hut, watching with interest and an occasional smile and nod of recognition the few workers, especially the ladies in their blue overalls, as they hurry to and fro, opening up counters or bringing in those gay bunches of flowers, poppies, lilies, tall blue campanulas, grasses, and wild things of the fields and woods, so good to see on coming in from the glare and dust of the camp into the welcome cool of the hut.

10.30, and in come the men with a cheerful rush, the supreme excitement for the time being who can be first at the billiard tables, at the tea-urns, at the tobacco counter, or the library.

Even the hut workers feel the contagion and recognise the vital importance of the moment, serving with all possible promptitude and with a willingness that stands by them to the end of the dusty day.

A blue-overalled lady may be a bit too doubtful of the Tommy who wants unlimited boxes of matches for imaginary "chums over there" (with a jerk of the thumb over his shoulder), but I fancy she is a bit sorry for the hot, perspiring fellow who comes in for a cup o'tea, and is forthwith sent by a cruel fate down the length of the hall for the indispensable 1d. ticket. Those tickets! Yes, life is not a bed of roses, even in a Y.M.C.A. hut, but I fancy there's little if any cause to quarrel with the good folks serving under the aegis of these four well-known letters. They are out to give such help and cheer as they can, and they both "can" and "do," and leave no path untried.

Is it books or papers to read that you want? Or a quiet place in which to write to someone at home? Or a game of billiards, chess or chequers? Or something to eat, drink, buy, or smoke? Or do you want something in the educational line, French, English literature, shorthand? Or, by way of a change, a lecture, a cinema, an entertainment? Or is it perhaps something in the more serious line? Then come along. All sorts come. There's "Jock," there's "Canada," there's the boy from the north, from the south, from the east and the far west. Even "Chinky" has a way of blowing in, to the amusement of all, and with his infectious grin, and in spite of all rules and of his ignorance of the English tongue, he emerges

triumphant with his dixey full to overflowing and his hands likewise, with an unwarrantable supply of smokes.

A word in conclusion as to the "something more serious" I have already hinted at; without this, any telling of the Y.M.C.A. hut doings would be lamentably incomplete—a body without a soul—and Y.M.C.A. work aims at ministering not only to men's minds and bodies, but to their souls also, if they so will.

There is, of course, absolutely no constraint, or pressure in this direction, or in any other, but church privileges are to be had by those who wish for and value them, and in hall, or chapel, with few men, or many, the good old prayers are prayed and the good old hymns sung. (Choose your favourites and sing them with a will.) Among the many useful moments of the busy day, who will say that those few moments are not the best of all when, as the evening draws to a close, the trampling of feet and the hum of voices are hushed, the tap of the billiard balls ceases and business is suspended while the quiet words sound "God bless all in this hut and in this camp to-night, all for whom we pray and who pray for us." Doubtless the blessing comes and comes to stay, though "business as usual" is resumed till the time for closing the counters, a process delayed over and over again by final pressing demands of the customers who seem loth to leave the place.

Then, amid mutual "Good nights," the blue-overalled ladies are borne off in coal lorry or what not, and the hut closes, to take its rest till the morning, though what may still remain to be done by a devoted hut leader and his colleagues living at the hut, through the hours of darkness, we dare not enquire.

I am sure that the ladies who have left home to work here can have no conception of the influence of their gracious presence upon the men who find within these walls a touch of all that is best at home.

An orderly room sergeant is developing a muscle like whipcord. He evidently anticipates a challenge from a W.A.A.C. team.

* * * *

Canadian cricket will greatly miss a certain L.S.H. officer this season (P. P. B.). A heavy scorer and a good all-round sportsman; we hope he is keeping his end up wherever he may be.

TO GLADYS.

WHEN rain drops fall and grey clouds fill the sky,
The blood runs slow, one's spirits are not high;
And if beyond the smile of some true friend,
On memory we assuredly depend.

The clammy wet, the sodden, windy way,
Hold forth no interest and suggest decay;
The thing to do is nestle to the fire,
Forget the week and so forget the mire;
To exercise the mind in channels bright,
And this is, what I do upon this night.

I stretch the tentacles of thought through space—
They feel, they test, they nestle on your face;
And so the mind, obedient to the call,
Responds and pierces through the murky pall.

Again I stand to take my leave for France,
To do my bit as Fate shall lay the chance;
And, grasping your true hand, look in your eye—
I know why men go forth to do or die.

The evening's play, the play of wit,
The crowded way through which the motors flit,
The passing things, the rush of hurrying feet,
The whistled call, the policeman on his beat;
It is my last—the morrow's earliest dawn
Will see my freedom gone—once more a pawn.

You stood resplendent in your womanhood—
Demure, contained and modest, as you should;
Your graceful shoulders, rounded neck and arms,
Your soft complexion and your thousand charms;
You pictured in my mind Britannia's grace,
That which inspires and stimulates our race.

And now I wonder, as I turn away,
How did your thoughts, how did your fancy play?
Were you as cold—did not your heart respond
To some dear thoughts—as I passed out—beyond?

No. 1262252.

THE INFANTRY-MAN.

BY PTE. W. E. BRYANT.

THIS is the song of the Infantry-Man,
Of the Infantry-Man—the real fighting man;
With his kit and his pack, and his rifle in hand,
He's ready for action, is the Infantry-Man.

But 'tis hard, after all, how these men have to die—
If you'd seen them as I have, 'twould your soul surely try;
With a smile and a jest for the business in hand
He will go to his death, will the Infantry-Man.

Now of all the heroes who have fought for our land,
Let us mention especially the Infantry-Man;
Oft he eats and he sleeps on the march where he can;
Doubly hard is the lot of the Infantry-Man.

He is rough, but he's ready, is the Infantry-Man;
He will grouse, he will growl, he will curse when he can,
But he's game to the core, tho' he's pinned to the floor—
God bless him, *our friend, the brave Infantry-Man.*

DOMINION DAY SPORTS.

BY LIEUT. W. J. GOW.

THE celebration of the fifty-first anniversary of Confederation was held at the polo ground, which was kindly loaned for the occasion by the owner, Mr. Allen Stoneham.

Our own Colonel E. B. Worthington, C.M.G., whom every man in the Canadian Army knows and is proud to have trained under, was present and welcomed the guests in his own inimitable manner.

The Committee in charge of the sports were:—

Capt. A. W. Rose, Y.M.C.A. (President).
Capt. E. B. Burwash, Infantry Base (Treasurer).
Capt. James, No. — Can. Gen. Hospital.
Capt. Claxton, No. — Can. Gen. Hospital.
Lieut. H. S. Clark, Canadian General Base Depot.
Lieut. W. J. Gow, Canadian General Base Depot.
Sergt.-Major Brown, Canadian Forestry Corps.
S/Sergt. W. K. Graveley, Canadian Forestry Corps.

TIMEKEEPERS.

Capt. A. Strachan, V.C., M.C., Fort Garry Horse.
Capt. J. P. Hooper, M.C., — Canadian Siege Battery.

JUDGES OF COMEDY TURNS.

N/Sister V. Hambly, No. — Canadian General Hospital.
N/Sister S. Baulby, No. — Canadian General Hospital.

ANNOUNCER.

Reg. Sergt. Major Pelky, No. — Canadian General Hospital.

PROGRAMME OF EVENTS AND WINNERS.

1. 100 yards Dash.—Cpl. L. S. Armstrong, C.G.B.D., 1; Pte. H. Chapman, No. — Canadian General Hospital, 2.
2. 16lbs Shot Put.—Pte. D. J. Cable, 1; Capt. MacKinnon, 2.
3. 440 Yards Race.—De Johns, 1; Pte. Garnett, 2.
4. Running Broad Jump.—Cpl. Armstrong, 1; Chapman, 2.
5. Pick-a-back Wrestling.—Webb and Connell, 1; Richards and Chapman, 2.
6. 220 Yards Dash.—Cpl. Armstrong, 1; Chapman, 2.
7. Running High Jump.—Cpl. Armstrong, 1; Pte. Edgehill, 2.
8. Throwing the Base Ball.—Pte. Dunlop, 1; Pte. F. Lawrie, 2.
9. Half-mile Relay Race (4 mentteams).—C.G.B.D., 1; No. — Con. Depot, 2.
10. Pole Vaulting.—Cpl. Crang, 1; Pte. Edgehill, 2.
11. Band Race.—(220 yards).—Drummer Craston, 1; Pte. Watson, 2.
12. Obstacle Race (220 yards).—Pte. Brown, 1; Pte. Allen, 2.
13. Half-mile Race.—Pte. MacLeod, 1; Pte. Pearson, 2.
14. Tug-of-War (Teams from each Unit).—Machine Gunners, 1; C.G.B.D., 2.
15. Sack Race (50 yards).—Pte. Merritt, 1; Pte. Mann, 2.
16. One Mile Race.—Pte. Pearson, 1; Pte. Thomas, 2.
17. Clown Competition.—Sergt. Smith, 1; Sergt. Fitzsimmons, 2.

* * * *

In the afternoon there was a double-header game of ball. In the first spasm, No. — Can. Gen. Hospital *versus* Can. Gen. Base, Cpl. Murray, of the General Base, had collected a bunch of artists who took the measure of the Hospital boys in a seven innings game, to the tune of seven to three.

The second game, between No. — Can. Gen. Hospital and No. — Con. Depot, went to the Hospital boys by a score of four to three. Both games were full of "pep" and very interesting to the spectators. Lieut. Clark and Lieut. Gow were kept very busy explaining the fine points of the game to their Y.M.C.A. friends. (Overheard in the grand-stand, during a batting rally :—Lady : "Captain, what a wonderful eye your pitcher has, he hits the bat every time!")

The special features of the day were the sprints by Cpl. Armstrong, who easily won first place in the aggregate, and Cpl. Crang in the pole vault.

The Y.M.C.A. was to the front and distributed to all on the ground, free of charge, buns, cigarettes, soft-drinks and biscuits. Capt. Ross and his staff, who were ably assisted by Sergt-Major Brown and the ladies in khaki, were kept as busy as the Quartermaster handing out the rum rations before an offensive.

The ideal weather and the natural amphitheatre in which the sports were held, contributed in no small degree to the enjoyment of all. Next to these, we must give credit to some of the members of the committee who spent considerable time in arranging the programme and having the grounds put into shape. Lieut. H. S. Clark was a whole fatigue party in himself, getting the contestants ready for each event so that there were no delays, keeping the water waggon supplied, and also in entertaining the ladies. He was always on the job with the smile that refuses to come off, no matter what happened.

S/Sergt. W. K. Gravely, the starter, gave entire satisfaction, although he had to work with one eye on a certain orderly room staff-sergeant in the grand stand.

The time-keepers were admirable so far as keeping record of all the events is concerned, and then had some few moments to devote to the fair sex.

We are indebted to our charming sisters of No. — General who denied themselves the greater pleasure of attending the Corps Sports in order to come and judge our comedy turns. They kept the entertainers on the *qui-vive* all day as to which would find favour in their eyes.

The music was provided by our own Canadian Band, who more than lived up to their reputation of artists of the first class, under the able leadership of Bandmaster Stelges whom it is a pleasure to meet and converse with when you have a fit of the blues.

The success of the men's meals on the grounds was due to the efforts of Q.M.S. Mackie and his able henchman, PADDY.

Sergt. Goodbold and his *cuisiniers* served lunch and tea to all officers and their guests; since that date numerous applications have been received by the committee from those who were fortunate enough to have enjoyed their hospitality, to become members of the Officers' Mess.