

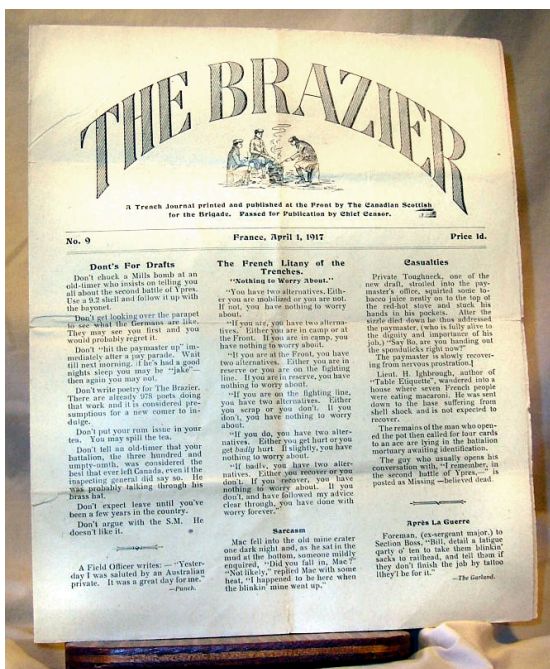
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THE BRAZIER

A Trench Journal printed and published at the front by The Canadian Scottish for the Brigade - 1 April 1917

CA0248

To view the contents of this CD we recommend the use of Adobe® Acrobat Reader™.



When our good friend, Chris Wight, offered to allow us to make a copy of this trench newspaper we were uncertain what we could do with it. It does not contain significant information on either genealogy or history and yet - in its own way - it is one of the most historically important documents we have had the opportunity to republish. You see, in sponsoring the publication of this simple newspaper the Canadian military command is demonstrating that it is understanding the importance of the “moral” of the ordinary fighting man. We hear so many stories of troops being regarded as “cannon fodder” in the Great War, and read again and again of the horrifying losses. Yet here stands proof that at least some part of the command structure regarded these troops as human beings having ordinary hopes and fears. This simple publication may be one of the first outward marks of a radical, and important, shift in military thinking.

With Chris’ agreement we are making this document freely available*, within the terms of the attached licence and dedicate it to the work that Chris and his colleague Marc Leroux are doing in building their Canadian Great War Project commemorative web site, www.CanadianGreatWarProject.com We invite you to visit their site and join them in their labor of love.

* We have also made the document available on a CD, at a nominal charge to cover administration costs.

The information contained in this Journal is such that it is unlikely that anyone would need to, or indeed want to, search for specific terms. Never the less, simply because it is our standard procedure, you will find the text of the publication is searchable. As always, our OCR software has provided a high degree of accuracy, however it is not 100% accurate. Do not rely on computer searches only. There is no substitute for human reading.

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THE BRAZIER



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

No. 9

France, April 1, 1917

Price 1d.

Dont's For Drafts

Don't chuck a Mills bomb at an old-timer who insists on telling you all about the second battle of Ypres. Use a 9.2 shell and follow it up with the bayonet.

Don't get looking over the parapet to see what the Germans are like. They may see you first and you would probably regret it.

Don't "hit the paymaster up" immediately after a pay parade. Wait till next morning. If he's had a good night's sleep you may be "jake"—then again you may not.

Don't write poetry for The Brazier. There are already 978 poets doing that work and it is considered presumptuous for a new comer to indulge.

Don't put your rum issue in your tea. You may spill the tea.

Don't tell an old-timer that your battalion, the three hundred and umpty-umth, was considered the best that ever left Canada, even if the inspecting general did say so. He was probably talking through his brass hat.

Don't expect leave until you've been a few years in the country.

Don't argue with the S.M. He doesn't like it.

The French Litany of the Trenches.

"Nothing to Worry About."

"You have two alternatives. Either you are mobilized or you are not. If not, you have nothing to worry about.

"If you are, you have two alternatives. Either you are in camp or at the Front. If you are in camp, you have nothing to worry about.

"If you are at the Front, you have two alternatives. Either you are in reserve or you are on the fighting line. If you are in reserve, you have nothing to worry about.

"If you are on the fighting line, you have two alternatives. Either you scrap or you don't. If you don't, you have nothing to worry about.

"If you do, you have two alternatives. Either you get hurt or you get *badly* hurt. If slightly, you have nothing to worry about.

"If *badly*, you have two alternatives. Either you recover or you don't. If you recover, you have nothing to worry about. If you don't, and have followed my advice clear through, you have done with worry forever."

Sarcasm

Mac fell into the old mine crater one dark night and, as he sat in the mud at the bottom, someone mildly enquired, "Did you fall in, Mac?" "Not likely," replied Mac with some heat, "I happened to be here when the blinkin' mine went up."

Casualties

Private Toughneck, one of the new draft, strolled into the paymaster's office, squirted some tobacco juice neatly on to the top of the red-hot stove and stuck his hands in his pockets. After the sizzle died down he thus addressed the paymaster, (who is fully alive to the dignity and importance of his job,) "Say Bo, are you handing out the spondulicks right now?"

The paymaster is slowly recovering from nervous prostration.!

Lieut. H. Ighbrough, author of "Table Etiquette", wandered into a house where seven French people were eating macaroni. He was sent down to the base suffering from shell shock and is not expected to recover.

The remains of the man who opened the pot then called for four cards to an ace are lying in the battalion mortuary awaiting identification.

The guy who usually opens his conversation with, "I remember, in the second battle of Ypres,—," is posted as Missing—believed dead.

Après La Guerre

Foreman, (ex-sergeant major.) to Section Boss, "Bill, detail a fatigue party o' ten to take them blinkin' sacks to railhead, and tell them if they don't finish the job by tattoo lthey'l be for it."

—The Garland.

A Field Officer writes: — "Yesterday I was saluted by an Australian private. It was a great day for me."

—Punch.

The Brazier

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

Contributions are invited.

Address all communications to

The Editor,

The Brazier,

The Canadian Scottish.

Editor and Manager—Piper Geo. Inglis.

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

APRIL 1, 1917.

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

WE are indebted to the publishers of "Another Garland From The Front" for several of our illustrations this month. "The Garland" is full of bright reading and the illustrations include contributions from such well known artists as John Hassall and Heath Robinson. It is a splendid magazine to send to the folks at home and Messrs. Geo. Pulman & Sons, Ltd., 27 Thayer Street, Manchester Square, London, will mail a copy to any address on receipt of five francs.

WE have received a copy of the latest Canadian trench journal, "Shell Hole Advance". The initial number gives promise of its taking a prominent place among the ranks of the Canadian trench papers and we extend every good wish to our new contemporary.

FIGURES published recently by the postal authorities give ample proof that the Canadian soldier in France writes home frequently. They also prove that the folks at home are mindful of the boys at the Front. During the month of December 11,440 bags containing 221 tons of mail were despatched from the Canadian Corps. The approximate number of letters mailed during the month was 3,693,816, a daily average of close on 120,000. Naturally the figures showing the amount of mail arriving in France are considerably larger. Approximately 1,621 tons of mail were received by the Corps throughout the month, the number of bags being 82,592, a daily average of over 2,650 bags.

THE second volume of the official contemporary history of the Canadian Forces, "Canada in Flanders" has just been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The work is compiled by Lord Beaverbrook, (Sir Max Aitken), and the staff of the Historical Section of the Canadian Record Office. The first volume dealt with the fortunes of the Canadians up to the time of the activities at Festubert in May 1915 and the second volume just published covers the period from that date to the battle of The Somme.

COMMENCING with this issue, The Brazier will be reduced in price to one penny instead of two pence as formerly, and will contain eight pages instead of ten. The paper does not exist for the purpose of making profits and our circulation has increased to such an extent as to make the reduction in price possible without any financial loss being incurred. At the same time, the present high price of paper forbids us continuing a ten page paper at half the former price but we hope to overcome that deficiency by publishing regularly every month. We wish to thank our contributors and others who have, by giving their hearty support, enabled us to put the paper on its present satisfactory basis.

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

Correspondence

Dear Mr. Editor,

Your issue of The Brazier for February 10th has just reported present and correct, but a certain item in your Kalendar, (notice the American spelling. The U.S.A. is already making itself felt in this "wore") says "Christmas may be expected to fall on the 26th as usual". May I point out that though your prophecy may prove correct, there was an exception in 1916 as Christmas turned up on the 25th? The fault may have been with the Q.M. stores although they have never been known to make a mistake before; occasionally we get real meat and orange marmalade, but such trifling "decrepencies" (more "American" spelling?—Ed.) do not count.

What I wish to impress on you is, that one exception occurred in 1916, (the only one I can swear to) as next day the evidence read, "Sir, on the night of the 26th I found accused by the side of the road talking to a plough," which makes your term "as usual" incorrect.

Q.E.D.

We stand corrected and when our Tame Prophet comes round next year we will point out his error. But perhaps he meant it for a joke or, on the other hand, he may have been the party referred to as having been found conversing with a plough on the night of 26th December last. We now wish to inform our several million readers that we take back what we said about Christmas falling on the 26th.

DECORATIONS

Croix De Guerre

Captain (Act. Major) J. P. Girvan

Medaille Militaire

Sergt. W. C. Pearce.

Italian Bronze Medal For Military Valour

C.S.M. (now Lieut.) G. F. Palmer.

Military Medal

Corpl. J. H. Hurst.
Corpl. G. B. McKean.

Sergt. F. A. Smith.
Lce. Sergt. J. T. Wright.
Lce. Corpl. J. T. Mosley.
Pte. F. Thonber.

Perhaps one of the oldest branches of the Army is that in which the pigeon is incriminated. The pigeon branch naturally divides itself into two parts thusly :

1. The Carrier Pigeon which is an animated mono-planed animal of the aviator type with a strong tendency to travel the shortest distance between two points in the shortest possible time.

2. The Pigeon Carrier which is not infrequently a rational human being.

The first date in which these birds were used for anything other than culinary purposes was in the "rain" of Noah. At that date, we are informed, the entire surface of the earth was covered with water — a curious liquid not unlike French beer but more intoxicating. Mr Noah after wandering aimlessly over the face of the deep, guided by a prismatic compass, a round ruler and a strong sense of smell, conceived the idea of sending out scouts for the purpose of locating a suitable jumping-off trench for his menagerie. As we are told in Holy Writ, the pigeon carried this out in a perfectly satisfactory manner, returning with the lid of an olive tree as a sample copy. Since that date the pigeons have been permanently attached to the Army and are as integral a part thereof as sergeant-majors, field punishments or Bully Beef tins.

The following technical information has been secured regardless of cost from a large number of (hot) air experts — and is probably the most accurate ever exposed to the general public.

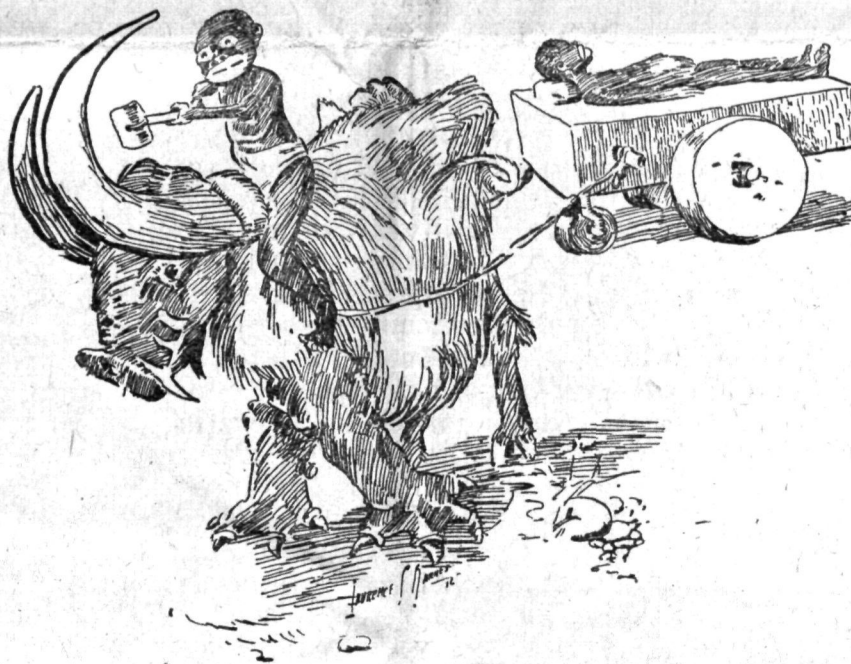
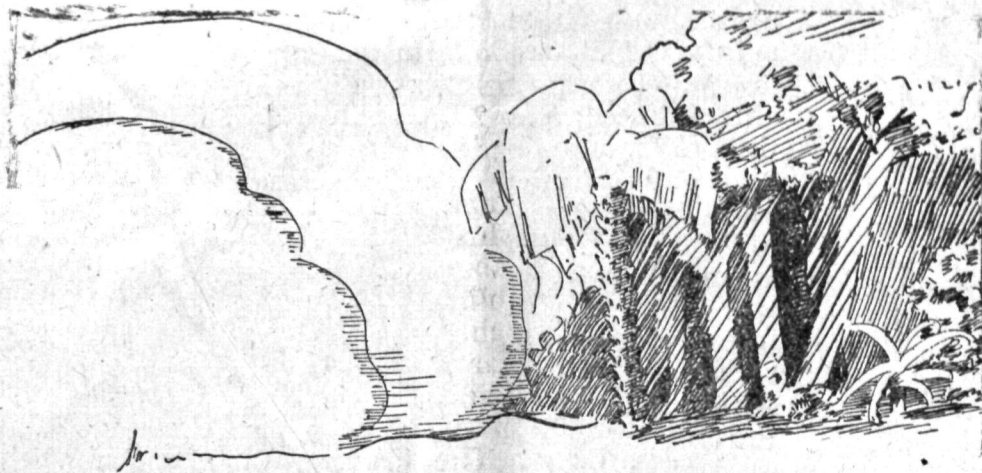
When the pigeons are very young (say ten or fifteen minutes) they are fed on powdered gramophone records. In the course of time, these record-granules gradually come together again and form a record which revolves rapidly within the bird due to the resultant of a large number of forces of which we have little or no data.

When a very important message has to be got thru, the bird is taken to a quiet secluded spot and the message is

Feathered Telegrams

would be reversed when it arrived at its destination. Thus if the message read "We are short of ammunition send us some bully beef tins," — if the right ear were used the receiving station would receive it "We are short of bully beef — send us some ammunition". This frequently causes confusion. After the message has been firmly ingrained on the cylinder, the bird is wound up. This is done by twisting the head counter-clockwise. If wound the other way the bird travels backwards which greatly impedes its speed. A small sighting vane is mounted on

the bird's head by means of which one aims at the distant station. When the pigeon is wound and sighted the tail is given a slight twist which releases the pressel switch and the bird starts off at immense speed. While in transit the motion in the air affects the rotary motion of the cylinder and forces it into its throat. On arrival the bird gives a sharp sneeze and the record is ejected and can easily be read by means of a small periscope and a hand microphone.



—The Garland.

The First Field Ambulance

particular portion of space mentioned in the menu card. When he is released he loses no time in reaching such a desirable haven of eatables.

In this manner the righteous are deceived and thus does man prey upon the foibles of the feathered folk in order to reach his own ulterior and ignoble ends.

—D.F.M.

The Work of the Y.M.C.A.

In the recent report of the work of the Canadian Y.M.C.A. in the field there is much of interest both to the soldier and to the folks at home. Though the report gives only a brief outline of the work accomplished, it shows to what extent the Y.M.C.A. has overcome the many difficulties and obstacles met with in the course of their activities, and it speaks volumes for the initiative and energy of the officers and men comprising the staff of the organization in France and their ability to make the best of the least likely conditions.

The canteen service takes a prominent place among the different branches of the activities of the Association and this service is especially convenient when, owing to movements, the battalions and other units are unable to obtain supplies for their own canteens. During the period the Canadian Corps was engaged at the Somme the Y.M.C.A. and the Chaplains' Service canteens were practically the only places where soldiers could obtain anything at a reasonable price. Many of the canteens were operated twenty-four hours a day in order to keep up with the continual demand for cigarettes, chocolate, biscuits, tinned goods, etc. The policy of giving away free hot drinks and biscuits in the "forward dug-outs" was highly appreciated by thousands of soldiers returning from the front line. One incident, among others of a similar nature, may be mentioned here to illustrate the difficulties under which the work was carried on. A sufficient supply of water to meet the demand for hot drinks was at all times difficult to obtain. One night, when it was known that there would be a considerable number of troops returning from the front line early next morning after some heavy fighting, three of the officers themselves carried water a distance of three hundred yards in the pouring rain and through the sticky mud for four hours until they had a sufficient supply in to serve the men with hot drinks as they returned from the trenches in the morning. The extent of this section of the work may be realised by the fact that supplies to the value of 25,000 francs were distributed free to the troops while the Corps was at the Somme.

While the canteen service occupies such a predominant place in the work of the Y.M.C.A. the entertainment of

the troops is never neglected despite the difficulties which have at times to be overcome. On one occasion a village hall was secured as a place of entertainment, but of seating accommodation there was none, the hall being bare of furnishings of any kind. Transport was not available from the military authorities and the farmers in the vicinity were all busy hauling their grain. Finally, several farmers were induced, at a price, to hire their waggons in the early morning before the dew had dried in the fields, thus disposing of the transport difficulties. The seating problem was overcome by borrowing a number of empty petrol cases from a near by dump. Later, a moving-picture machine and engine were installed and the "Y" was once more able to provide entertainment for the soldiers and enable them to forget, for a time at least, the weariness of war. Many special concert parties are organized from time to time and, in addition, frequent impromptu concerts are arranged at the different centres, of which there are no less than forty in the area at present occupied by the Corps. Truly may it be said that, were it not for the activity and energy displayed by the Y.M.C.A., life in rest billets would be doubly monotonous for Canada's fighting men. In spite of the lack of any permanent establishment of transport or of men, the Canadian Y.M.C.A. has kept pace with the growth of the Canadian Army in the field until now it is a huge organization doing a work well worthy of the best traditions of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Our own brigade is especially fortunate in having such an energetic officer as Captain Fingland. Ever ready to lend a hand and of an exceptionally genial disposition, he makes friends everywhere. Captain Fingland succeeded Captain Forgie who is now senior Y.M.C.A. officer in another division.

From an Advertisement

"Compressed Tea Tablets for the trenches. Most convenient for our soldiers at the Front. To make a delicious cup of tea simply pour boiling water on two of the tablets and add sugar and milk to taste."

Very convenient and marvellously simple till you reach the point where you require to pour the boiling water and add the sugar and milk to taste.

An Awful 'Eggsample'

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through a narrow trench there
passed,
A youth, who muttered, sad and sore,
"Eight eggs, O Lor'."

"That hen-fruit sure did look a treat,
Surrounded by fried potatoes sweet.
I'd have been all right if I'd stopped at
four.
"Eight eggs, O Lor'."

For days passed in the Front Line drear,
He'd thought of eggs with vision clear,
Of the splendid feed he'd have, encore.
"Eight eggs O Lor'."

But now before he goes to dine,
He'll have to take a number nine.
No more you'll hear him asking for,
"Eight eggs, O Lor'."

A moral then I wish to point.
If your "Tummy" you would not dis-
joint,
Don't hanker for a dozen, or
"Eight eggs, O Lor'."

— B.H.E.

The Last Straw

A new recruit for the Navy was brought before the commander of the naval barracks on a charge of insubordination. The Petty Officer explained that the man had resisted when they took him to the swimming baths for the first lesson in the art of natation.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" enquired the Commandant. "Well, sir, it's like this 'ere. I've only been in the Navy for three days. The first day the doctor drew six of my teeth out, the second day I was inoculated, an' this morning the Petty Officer comes along to me an' he says: "Come on, you pup, we're a-goin' ter drown yer."

DECORATIONS

The following list of decorations should have been included in the list on page 2.

Military Cross

Lieut. H. N. Pitche.
Lieut. S. J. Reeves.
Lieut. M. P. Neilly.

D. C. M.

Sergt. A. R. Snow.



"Rations"

WHEN it's dark enough to do it, there's a duty to be done,
It's called "going out for rations", and we sneak out one by one;

When the night is wet or foggy there is nothing much to fear;
But there's just a spice of danger when it's moonlighty and clear.
With six paces fair between us we hop out in single file,
(The blessed exercise alone soon makes the job worth while.)
And we're told to think that to the Huns we look like silhouettes,
And the order comes "no talking" and "put out the cigarettes!"
There are trenches that communicate and twist and turn for miles,

But a self-respecting ration party looks at them and smiles;
There are duck-walks to protect your little tootsies from the slime,

But they're inches under water for three-quarters of the time.
So we make a bee-line overland—the shortest cut for us—
We know it's not in orders—we're the goats if there's a fuss!
But it's safe if we remember we're not strolling down the Strand,
And taking mild precautions doesn't mean you've got no sand.
We're to reckon they've machine-guns trained upon us all the way,

And when they shoot a star-shell up, they spot us clear as day;
Tho' no one minds the noises—the plock, verrump and zip!
Yet to halt beneath a sizzling flare is quite a useful tip.
The transport dumps the grub down at some muddy spot behind,
Which is either near or far away, just as they feel inclined;
And when it's raining cats and dogs they're certain to be late;
And the ground's too wet to sit on, so we stamp, and smoke, and wait!

Then the way they divvy up the load's a regimental joke;
One parcel is ten pounds of tea, one half a ton of coke.
And Tom will swear he's fixed to lump just twice as much as Tim;
And Dick declares the biscuit-tins are always shoved on him!
It takes about an hour or so to straighten out the packs,
Just so as the allotment's fair upon the fellows backs;
But two men never grouse a word; they're happy and they're dumb;

The man that gets the mail-bag, and, the guy that gets the Rum!
Then it's "Home, my noble sportsmen." And we hit the trail again.

(D'you 'member Hyde Park Corner and the journey down Mud Lane?)

Oh, sixty pound is nothing on a hard and level road,
But sliding, skidding, wading with it makes it feel "some" load!
Soon it's "Pass on, Ration Party" — and we haven't lost a pound,
And in reply to yours — the S.R.D. is safe and sound.
But I really think the fellows that go out and get it in
Should draw an extra mouthful when they're holding out their tin!
— R.M.E.



Ve Messe of Sergeants

The Sergeants' Mess of the —th battalion was born in a barn last happy Christmastide and in spite of wind and weather waxeth strong and mighty. The barn it is a high one the outside, as usual in France, old and mean, but everything within that barn, thanks to our energetic and hard working committee, is wondrous neat and clean. Here it is that at certain set periods of the day those who graciously and modestly wear crowns, three stripes, crossed swords and other things upon their arms, assemble together to discuss the why and wherefore of the war, the right and wrong words of command, the vagaries of their platoons, or the ever important leave question. Over Prince's Hash and Bellamy's Meat Balls may be heard earnest debates regarding the various breaches of etiquette committed on the parade ground, the sense (or otherwise) of battalion and company orders, the whimsicalities of our officers and all the trials and tribulations laid down by K. R. and O.

Two braziers do their poor best to emit heat and, if you are lucky enough, or strong and pushful enough, to get near one, you find yourself thawing out towards the world in general and feeling that there are times when the war is not such a bad old war after all. Music provided by Sergeant Slater on the gramophone, the moods of which he alone understands, causes us occasionally to burst into song and dance, while, in their thrilling drama entitled, "Napoleon at Waterloo", tragedy is sometimes provided by C.S.M. Morrison and Sergeant Overland. It is to be regretted that it has been necessary to hold a Court Martial on a certain member connected with the post-office. Ninety-three charges were preferred against him to all of which the hopeless miscreant pleaded guilty. After having been sentenced to a horrible death it was committed to "Drinks All Round", of which the unhappy prisoner, prosecutors, and defenders cheerfully partook, and it is generally voted that a pleasant time was spent by all.

We all combine in wishing the new institution a long and lively life and may its members never grow less.

Seven people can sit in a Ford car —if they're well acquainted.

Found Wanting

He was a candidate for the "A.H. O.B." (Ancient and Honourable Order of Batmen.)

"Character?" queried the officer.

"No entries, sir."

"Service?"

"First contingent, man, sir."

"Qualifications?"

"Stovemaker, carpenter, housemaid, errand-boy, coal miner, cook, boot black, grave digger, (equally good at dug-outs,) wood cutter, tailor, waiter, laundryman, linguist, with five years experience at each. Can also manufacture stove-pipe out of nothing, can find any article of household furniture at a moment's notice irrespective of locality, can rise at any hour, can serve up dinner, with equal readiness for twenty as for two, with nothing but one tin of Libby's best, and a box of matches. Can also stand an unlimited amount of verbal strafing, whether I deserve it or not and my chief aim in life is to discover kindling wood."

"Humph, — er, yes. I almost think you will do. By the way do you drink Scotch?"

A few minutes later the applicant was sadly wending his way to his company's billet.

—R.E.B.

Things We'd Like to Know

Who was the "staff" man who started down the communication trench after the recent thaw and arrived at his destination with his boots in his hand?

Did he want to save the wear and tear on his boots or was the idea simply to air his socks?

Did he really mean all he said about the war?

After a German machine-gunner had run off an exceptionally long "rat-a-tat" which was immediately followed by a "whizz-bang", who was the new draft man who remarked to a comrade "Gawd, he's bust the barrel"?

Old "Windybird", the German Army Chief, has declared that the British Army is defeated on the Western Front. Some Germans gathered in on a recent raid seemed to be quite sore that they had not been officially notified of the fact.

What the Censor Sees

Dear Old Bill,

This sure is a great war. The very first day I arrived in France I had a wonderful experience. It was at Havre. The Germans were shelling the town with their long range guns that morning. To read the papers you would never think that Havre was shelled but I guess the censor guy don't allow everything to get into the papers. Anyway, while the bombardment was going on, I was strolling down the main street and feeling in need of a refresher, I steps up to a cafe. Just as I was opening the door a big shell struck the building and, would you believe it, Bill, I was left standing with nothing but the door knob in my hand. There was nothing left of the building. It sure startled me just for a second. We are going into the trenches tonight and the colonel tells me we have some dirty work to do our first trip in so I guess your humble will be making history before long. I'll have lots to tell you in my next letter.

Your old pal,

Josh.

P.S. I'm sending you the door knob as a souvenir.

Dear Emily,

Your very welcome letter to hand. The weather is rotten but your gift to the Empire, meaning me, is in the pink, as usual. I've been very economical lately and have managed to save two pounds. I'll send the money to you as I'm sure you can be doing with a new hat or something. I'll send it next week. Now, Emily, there ain't much to grouse about so I will close. I hope you are well and the kids behaving.

Love from your loving hubby,
Bill.

P.S. Saving the two pounds has run me rather short. Can you send me a pound to be going on with?

Extract from a private's letter:

"The rats in the trenches are very tame. We get quite friendly with them after a while and, though you have to keep an eye on your rations, they will do anything for you. The other night I was feeling somewhat seedy when it came my turn for sentry and I got one of them to put on my greatcoat and stand up at the parapet, and he even fired my rifle now and then. Nobody was any the wiser."

The Nervy Nine

There were eight with me at Valcartier,
 Nine of us all in a tent.
 I could tell you the name of ev'ry one;
 Of every single son of a gun.
 (And they've all gone somehow one by one
 Like the ten little nigger boys went.)
 But *you* wouldn't know Big Ben from Jim,
 Or "Shorty" from Sam, or "Red" from "Slim"
 And even Long Alec, you wouldn't know *him*,
 So my breath would be miss-spent.

There were nine of us camped at West Down South,
 And nine of us crossed to France;
 And we grew to savvy each other's gaits
 When all of a sudden we fouled the Fates,
 And the only one left of all my mates
 Is me by the grace of Chance.
 In one short week there were four went West,
 Four of the whitest, four of the best.
 Pushing up daisies with all of the rest
 That fell in the big advance.

Then Alec got his in a bomb attack
 And he'll never scrap again.
 He's over in Blighty merry and bright,
 Lucky, poor chap, it wasn't his right;
 We simply could *not* get him in that night,
 As he lay out there in the rain.
 Then "Red" bobs up and gets himself hit,
 And tough as he is, I was scared a bit;
 But we'll see him again when they pass him fit
 For the reinforcement train.

Then Ben and "Slim" went for officer's jobs,
 (How they love a Sam Browne belt!)
 Now I guess I could beat 'em both out of sight
 In holding my men in the thick of a fight;
 But I only just know how to read and write
 And I 'm damned if I ever spelt.
 But Ben has dropped an "h" in his life,
 And I've seen him eat his peas with a knife,
 And the other guy, "Slim", has *some* kind of a wife,
 And *that's* where the pinch is felt!

And so I am left alone of the bunch.
 (They called us the Nervy Nine.)
 If I have my eye on an old Blighty now,
 Do you blame me boys, if I feel somehow
 A trifle fed up, and sick of the row
 And the fag of the firing line?
 Ah, if they could only come back again,
 The men that I knew on Salisbury Plain!
 But they won't, so I guess I must stand the strain
 Till the Germans give me mine.

—R.M.E.

Trench Nursery Rhymes

Private Horner, found in a corner,
 A box labelled S.R.D.
 But he said, — (yes, he did)
 When he lifted the lid,
 And found it contained M.&V.

Captain Muldoon has lost his platoon,
 And doesn't know where to find 'em;
 But leave 'em alone, and they'll come
 home,
 When the estaminets close behind 'em.

Private Horner, sat in a corner,
 Handling a Mills Grenade.
 With a silly old grin,
 He pulled out the pin —
 He was absent from next parade.

Popular Parodies

Air: "Bring back my Bonnie to me"

To the soldier there's only one "Blighty",
 It lies just across the blue sea;
 It may neither be massive or mighty,
 But 'tis home and 'tis Blighty to me.

Refrain: Bring back, bring back.
 Oh bring back Blighty to me.

My diet of cheese, stew, and Bully;
 O! Tickler's plum jam and weak tea,
 Assists me to realize fully
 The meaning of Blighty to me.

Last night as I lay in my dug-out.
 My corporal affectionately
 Tucked in my old blankets and kissed me.
 And oh, 'twas like Blighty to me.

How often I've longed for old Blighty,
 When unable to get a night's rest,
 For the "Itchy Cou" under my "nighty"
 A-holding parades on my chest.

At three on a wild wintry morning,
 When it's wet and so dark you can't see.
 As to Blighty in dreams I'm returning,
 Reveille sounds rotten to me.

Having mopped up the floor with my sergeant
 And "strafed" good and hard my O.C.,
 To hear the "Court" say, "Shot at Sunrise",
 Makes Blighty look distant to me.

When shells all round me are dropping,
 And chunks of cast iron go free,
 With machine guns and rifles a-popping,
 It looks like a Blighty for me.

Then roll on the day when to Blighty,
 We're speeding across the blue sea,
 Having strung up the Kaiser so tight he
 Will never more cut himself free.

—W.D.D.

The Twa Dogs (Not Burns' Twa)

Lines written on the occasion of two dogs invading a barn,
 temporarily being used as a church through lack of a more
 suitable place, during church service.

Ye blastit curs, hae ye nae grace,
 Tae caper sae i' the sacred place;
 Dae ye nae ken the man o' God,
 Tae Heaven showin' us the road?
 Puir beasties, nae, your canine souls,
 Pant in skins as black as coals,
 Canna thole that this auld shed,
 Whaur likely ye were born an' bred,
 An' whaur ye chassit ni'mle rats,
 Or supped, (I dinna think,) on Spratts,
 Is noo the temple o' the sodgers,
 An' ither purgatory dodgers.

And wad ye desecrate the legs
 O' him wha Heaven's blessing begs.
 Wha feels ye scrub agen his shanks,
 An' slyly kicks yer flittin' flanks.
 Ye'll slip—I'll wager mony dollars—
 Yon hauns ootstretched tae grup yer collars;
 The deil's within ye baith I trow,
 Ye gaur the padre mop his brow.

Ay, noo yer catchit, graceless pair,
 This night ye'll trouble us nae mair:
 The temple money-changer's fate
 Is yours, ootside ye noo maun wait.

—W.D.D.

Bits From Our Contemporaries

Après La Guerre

Scene: In a saloon.

1st Veteran. "Say, Bo, do you think you could keep one down?"

2nd Veteran. "Sure, Mike."

(They adjourn to the shades)

1st Veteran. "Two tots of S.R.D., please."

Bartender. "Na poo, mate. This is B.C."

—The Garland.

Why He Ran

The bombing sergeant was accused of cowardice, but he was acquitted without a slur when he had told his story; here it is:—

"I am the bombing instructor, sir, and have always taught my men to count one, two, three, before throwing their bombs. During this particular engagement I pressed a young fellow into service, handed him a bomb and told him to count three after pulling the pin. He drew it and started to count, wu-wu-wu— and I ran, sir."

—Canadian Hospital News.

Getting Careless

"Does my practising make you nervous, old timer?" asked the Scotsman at the Granville who is learning to play the bagpipes. "It did when I first heard the other boys talking about it," replied the shell-shock patient, "but now I'm getting so that I don't care what happens to you."

—Canadian Hospital News.

After the Operation

"Nurse, did I say anything?" "Oh no, nothing—that is, nothing that I could repeat."

The Dears Understood

A certain sergeant was so much given to using bad language that the S.M. made a bet with him that he could not go without swearing for one day. All went well for the first few hours in the trenches until several members of a recent draft began "getting the wind up" at a few shells dropping short. The sergeant stood it as long as he could, and then, springing forward in a towering rage, he hissed:

"Bless you my pretty dears; you know what I mean."

—The Switchboard.



—The Garland.

There was a fat girl called Matilde
Who fell in a ditch that was filled,
But a smart old pip emma,
Who saw her dilemma,
Just saved her in spite of her build!

—R.M.E.

What He Would Do

"What are you here for?" asked the officer. "To report anything unusual, sir," was the reply. "And what would you call unusual?" "I dunno exactly, sir." "What would you do if you saw five battleships steam across this field?" "Sign the pledge, sir."

—The Erin Echo.

Taken at Face Value

"When I enlisted," said the 47th man, "I had to pass seven doctors before I was able to join the battalion."

"That's nothing," replied the old 7th private. "A pal of mine in Valcartier, a man of good physique, was turned down by the medical authorities because he was ugly."

—The Listening Post.

What's A Picture Between Friends

In the early days of the ravaging of Belgium, an American photographer correspondent, at Louvain, asked the German lieutenant acting as his guide if he might take any pictures.

"Certainly," replied the officer.

"You'll find one or two good ones left in that house over there."

—Life.

The New Draft Again

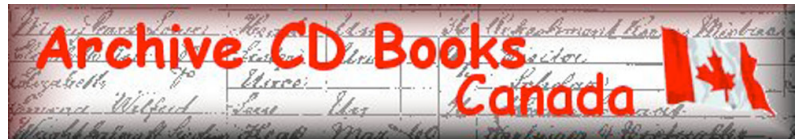
"C" Company received a new draft the other day while they were in the reserve trenches. When they were all nicely settled and allotted to platoons, one of them went to the S.M. and said: "Hey, what time do we need to come in at night?"

—Shell Hole Advance

1st Box Car Passenger, as train slows down near a station: "Do we get off here?"

2nd ditto: "Certainly not, it isn't raining."

—The Listening Post.



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