



Vol. 2. No. 4.

St. Johns, P.Q., Saturday, November 23rd, 1918.

5 Cents The Copy
\$2.60 By The Year

Founded Oct. 1917

Advertising Rates
— On Request —

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“LEST WE FORGET”

Now that demobilization is beginning and the return to civil life once more is at hand, let us put to practical use that which we have learned in the Army. First, we have learned obedience. That, perhaps was, and is, the hardest lesson that the Canadian soldier had to learn, the free and open life that abounds in Canada had made us rather wilful and headstrong consequently we were prone to argue and chafed at restraint. But with that ready ability that seems to be our natural heritage the boys soon adapted themselves to the changed conditions and the new life, pride of race soon held them. They were quick to obey and having learned how to school themselves in obedience, they were soon fitted to command. Secondly, we have learned discipline. To see the raw material arrive in the various regimental Depots and watch the gradual evolution from the slouching gait, with back bent and hand in pocket, to the smart upstanding soldier whom Canada sent overseas, was a delight to the painstaking instructor. The Canadian soldier overseas was proud of the fact that he belonged to the Canadian Corps and they showed that pride in their walk, their general bearing, their dress and their drill. Every movement was done with a click, their work was done on time and to time. They paid the proper compliments to all officers, senior or junior with a smartness that was always referred to by the British Officers in complimentary terms.

I remember upon one occasion in the Strand, London, seeing an old service British Brigadier-General check up some Australian soldiers for not saluting. Just then a Canadian passed on the opposite side of the road and he promptly saluted the General who suggested to the Australians that they would do well to take as an example the clean and smart Canadian soldiers they saw around them. This, to those of us who had stood the fire of adverse criticism on Salisbury Plain was balm to our wounded pride.

Let us not forget these lessons but take them back with us to our homes throughout the Dominion. Let us make our homes, our workshops, factories and offices hives of obedience and discipline to the dictates and desires of our country, ready to answer with the promptness we have learned in the Army, any and every call of the country.

We have been true to each other in the face of the enemy standing shoulder to shoulder to repel all assaults and having fought our fight for freedom let us use the same discipline at home. **Stand together, work together** so that the freedom and justice you fought for may not be withheld. It is just as well, at times, to ‘look backward’ and review the treatment of the soldier in past wars. That treatment stands as an everlasting monument of the ingratitude of a great race to its soldier sons. By uniting together and keeping in touch with one another we can prevent the repetition of such treatment in future.

OUR E. T. D. ALPHABET.

Armstrong, an Adjutant active and true,
Bartlett's a Captain who's taller than you,
Creighton is anxious the girls' hearts to win,
Daubney the Ae Ae, Oh! where have you been?
Edgar drives a rig the size of a Ford,
Ferguson struts round the Square like a Lord.
Gerrard is bashful (?) that's easy to see,
Horsey's delight is the Pickle Factree,
Invincible Roy, chieftain of College,
Jovial Milne is chockfull of knowledge.
Keefer's "iron cockroach" requires new paint,
Laurent's a "lieut." camouflaged as a saint,
Melville our chief is inclined to be stout,
Nelson's a sweet thing and boasts of a pout,
Orr helps Petty our lives to make happy,
Powell plays the soINETTE, instrument snappy,
Quartermaster Manville with sunny smile,
Rust is master of captivating style.
Sifton loves ladies, for him socks they knit,
Tubman an athlete thinks himself quite fit,
Urging Pickles onward is Len Smith's care,
Vinegar Barracks, home beyond compare,
Wright, good old scout, does not belie his name,
Xcellent Trow is worthy of his fame,
Young Adney's an artist, and loves to talk,
Zero's the price this "pome" would bring in hock.

Ima Pickle.

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THANKSGIVING SUPPER.

In order to celebrate the Victory of the Allied Forces in a pleasant and reasonable manner, the ladies of the Methodist Church have decided to give a Supper on Tuesday evening, 26th inst., in the Victoria Hall. It is to be hoped that the men of the Depot will do their best to be present. A programme of clever musical items will follow the supper, and the occasion should be one to be long remembered. Most of us will soon go our way to follow the ordinary course of our lives in different parts of the continent, but we hope to take back with us some pleasant memories. Let this Supper be one.

THE MESS HALL QUESTIONNAIRE.

(Compiled for the Memory of the Saints and Martyrs of St. Johns.)

Q.—What is Mulligan?

A.—Mulligan is a flavored deposit extracted from the lower strata of the River Richelieu inflicted on the vitals of soldiers sojourning at St. Johns, P.Q. This delightful (?) and carefully camouflaged preparation has done much towards promoting a sporting instinct and a popular amusement is to lay odds on the proportion of flesh which will be doled out to every comer. Mulligan is the mainstay of the M.O.'s office giving those in charge a large field of experience in dealing with digestive disturbances.

Q.—What is Meal Parade?

A.—Meal Parade is a joyful gambol participated in thrice daily by some hundreds of khaki clad males. Originating with the days of the Spanish Inquisition Meal Parade was tabooed by the Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. As a new form of P.T. meal parade has in the opinion of many the standardized version out-classed. Meal parade is most enjoyable at 6.45 a.m. when it is pouring with rain. Ample opportunity is given the hungry Sapper to enrich his vocabulary, especially does this refer to the marker end when Sergeant Horrocks has the parade in hand.

Q.—What is mess house bread?

A.—Mess House bread has never been traced to a definite source. It is currently believed that the substance found on the inverted tin cup supplied the Lilliputians with grave stones or paving slabs though the Quartermaster denies this most vigorously.

Q.—What is Mess House Tea.

A.—Mess House tea is really coffee and Mess House coffee, according to the reductio ad absurdum theory, is tea. This remarkable beverage has been frequently selected by members of the suicide club as a means of painless death but it has been a vain wish, in fact the men of the E. T. D. thrive on it. A delightful amusement is guessing what it really is.

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EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY.

What about that mock court martial on Richelieu Street when S. T. was sentenced to be hanged? Oh when we get out civvy suits on.