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MANAGER:—Lieut. C. A. Davidson

A VERY SHORT STORY,—WITH A MORAL.

One of the men had been classed B-2 by the Medical Board and was to be transferred to the infantry. In speaking to a comrade, of his coming transfer, he said: "I am certainly sorry to leave. I never met a finer bunch of fellows in my life: full of life and pep. and willing to stand back of a pal. I hate to go but I guess I'll have to. I wonder what the fellows in my new outfit will be like." The friend replied: "Oh! you'll find them about the same as those you are leaving."

Another man was transferring for the same reason. He remarked to the same friend: "Gee, I'm glad to get out of this outfit. Of all the rotten crepe-hangers, this bunch is the rottenest. There's not a good sport amongst them; every man has a grouch, and airs it all the time. I'm glad to see the last of them. I wonder what the fellows in my new outfit will be like." The friend replied: "Oh, you'll find them about the same as those you are leaving."

These fellows will find the same conditions wherever they go. Their own dispositions are reflected in their opinions of their comrades. You can make your army life what you will. Be a sport and you are in an outfit of sports. Be a grouch, and you are in an outfit of grouches.

Many of you men of the St. Johns Garrison, are at the beginning of your military careers. Many of you will doubtless be connected with various units before you lay aside the khaki. To you we would simply say:

"Get wise."

GOOD BYE AND GOOD LUCK.

During the past week, we reluctantly, — very reluctantly, — said "au revoir", to our friends of the Machine Gun Corps, Western Ontario Regiment and Central Ontario Regiment. These words are not perfunctory; they are sincere.

During the short stay of the above Corps in St. Johns, officers, non-commissioned officers and men made their presence felt in a manner that was appreciated by all with whom they came in contact. Especially in the matter of

Athletics, was the presence of the visitors noticeable, and the joint boxing bouts, pulled off by the various units of the St. Johns Garrison, will long be remembered. Baseball and football also got away to a good start, and there was every indication of an enthusiastic and successful season.

Well, the M.G.C., W.O.R., and C.O.R., are gone. And what are the Engineers going to do about it?

We are of the opinion, that there is just as much sporting blood, just as much pep and enthusiasm,

among the Engineers as among any Corps in Canada. So let's get busy. Let's get the teams organized, the matches arranged, the committees appointed. Let's all "get into the game", whether it's baseball, soccer, boxing or anything else. In a few weeks, aquatic events will be possible on the river. Meanwhile, let's make the most of the Parade Ground and the Playing Field.

Capt. Powell will be glad to assist in every way possible, in promoting and facilitating the organizing and 'running off' of athletic events.

DAILY ORDERS. PART 2.

April 29, 1918.

"No. 3. Permission to marry; Lieut. R. H. Rice, has been granted permission to marry. (Authority M. D. 4, 11-P-209)."

On Monday, April 29th, the above succinct "personal" appeared in that delightfully newsy compendium of "social doin's" at the E.T.D., known as "Daily Orders". Of recent months, these charming pages of local gossip about "people we know", have come to enjoy a wide vogue among many who had heretofore affected indifference toward its spicely paragraphs. Had the heading, "Cosey Corner", been permissible, we have no doubt that the A/Adjt. would have made use of it. Under the circumstances, he did the next best thing and ran it in among "Attachments", "Strength Increase" and "Transfers to Command".

For a very considerable period of time we have watched with interest,—and no small pardonable pride,—the rapid rise of Mr. Rice in the military world, as represented at the Engineer Training Depot, St. Johns, P.Q. Beginning his career as a brave young Sapper almost a year ago, by his spectacular work on the thumb and granny, he soon graduated from the ranks of the proud "Lancers", and was gazetted a full Lance Jack. But he did not stop there. Almost before the furose caused by his promotion had subsided, it was whispered about in Military Circles, that he was about to be raised to the elevation of Second Corporal. In his new rank and with his now broad sphere of influence, the "Little Corporal", as he was affectionately called, at once made himself felt. With what dash he marched his company, right or left incline, across the Parade Ground! with what élan he called the roll! with what verve he 'dressed' and

'shunned' the troops!!

When Red became a "Sergint", folks said "I told you so." But the Great General Staff thought otherwise. And so one bright young morning, the military world awoke to the fact that the late Sgt. Rice had, by Act of Parliament, become "an officer and a gentleman"!

After that there was nothing to it at all, at all. As the terrible "Sorrel Topped Centaur", Lieut. Rice at once made his mark,—several marks in fact,—in the tank ring. Soon after, at the twin battles of St. Roch and The Frontenac, he won his spurs and took his place as a "strategist" along side our old friend "Jimmy" Wolfe. His work at Quebec was subsequently and fittingly recognized, by one of the highest military decorations available at the time.

And now, the greatest achievement of all, is referred to in current Daily Orders. To our 'late' comrade, and his new O.C. and 'best half', we take pleasure in extending our heartiest congratulations and good wishes.

THE REASON.

I've puzzled for the longest time, I've done my best to try and find The reason we're so lonesome in this little barracks town. It shouldn't be so lonely here, Because there's booze, and ale, and beer, And tho it's pretty rotten, you forget it when it's down.

We have the whole Machine Gun Corps, The Engineers and C.O.R. We have the "Knots & Lashings", and a band with music too. But still there's something wanting, Your heart it keeps a haunting, And altho you won't admit it, you're always feeling blue.

Tho it isn't regimental To admit you're sentimental, Still if you think it over, this answer you will find, The thing that's been a missing Is the loving and the kissing, And the little girl, so pretty, you had to leave behind.

"ALI BABA".

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

Get a copy of "Knots and Lashings" to send to the folks back home. You may be sure they will be glad to get it. The postage is one cent.