

The "Whys" Men's Columns.

SAY, TELL US, NOW!

When the war will be over?

Where Corpl. Middleton acquired his reputation as a connoisseur of beer? If he is not feeling bucked about those two stripes?

If "Home, Sweet Home" is Corpl. Pennington's favourite song?

When L/Cpl. Wilton's luck is going to turn?

Where Edwards finds time to make so many souvenirs?

Where Bud Harris got that new tunic? And what has become of his friend the Brig.-General?

Now that Bud Fisher has sidetracked art for artillery, are we to experience the horrors of a Mutt and Jeff queue?

Wouldn't the cons—pardon, "draftees"—consider "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria morari*" a suitable motto?

And talking about drafts, wouldn't "chinooks," since they certainly possess an abundance of "hot air"?

"Constant Reader" wishes to know, "whether, in view of the prominence given to stars and such, the title of this journal should not be 'The Officer'?"

Who was the new arrival who wanted to know if liaison officers handled divorcees?

Whether our local talent isn't "dodging" the (Sapper) column?

Who was the Sergt.-Instructor in the C.S.S. who, on hearing the warning "Gas," suddenly remembered his B.R. was still tied on his bicycle?

Who was the S.I. who dived round the corner when the Gas Instructor threw a smoke bomb?

What is the attraction in Lewes for a member of the Signal School staff?

Who was the officer in the C.S.S. who was disappointed over the poached egg supper?

Will a certain Cook-house Sergt. ever find out what became of the dates he set aside for a special dish of his own making? Did the salmon salad taste as good as he expected, or did the washing soda, put in by mistake, spoil it?

Is the R.S.M. a drummer for some metal polish outfit? Answers can be forwarded to Corpl. Bates.

Is it true that the C.S.M. goes around singing, "Will there be any stars in my crown?"

Since the Germans have gained temporary occupation of Kemmel and some Flemish villages, we have had very heated arguments as to whether the Germans would find the pump handles that always vanished when the Canucks were billeted there.

We would like to know if our old friend "Aeroplane Lizzie" got safely out of Bailleul. Did the S.M. of the —rd Tunnelling Company offer his help?

Would it help the Germans if they knew how many tins of bully and Maconochie we buried near our laundry?

Does Mr. Lee still prefer a horse that is skittish?

How many times has the war been lost and won in the N.C.O.'s mess?

Who is the fellow who spent an afternoon in Glasgow, and on awakening found himself in London? Spirits of joy. What!

Who is "Ivan," and why is he "terrible"?

Who is the officer who buries cable 140 feet deep?

Who killed Scott's faithful dog "Alberta," and whether such bloodthirstiness is not wasted outside the front line?

Whether "Pat" O'Connor—who has made Blighty—on the way to a commission, would be willing to give an interview on "My depressions of the war"?

Whether members of the Corps were concerned less over the menace to the Channel ports, than over the safety of the various damsels in shops, estaminets, etc., in the vicinity.

The age of C.S.M. Samway's cap badge?

Whether Corpl. Wakeman thinks the best way to clip a mule is to sit on his back?

Why Sapper Storey did not limp for a week anyway?

What Sergt. Scobie would like to say about bicycles, and what he did say?

If Q.M.S. Murray thinks it safe to ride that horse?

If "Pop" Serson really believes it was "Battle Axe" tobacco that made him feel that way?

And—who in h—— wants to know all this anyway?