

**SUGGESTED EXAMINATION  
FOR CLASS 35.**

- 1—Is it necessary to take a spare puckering string to the Riding School?
- 2—If so, why?
- 3—In what manner does the Senior Officer of the Class take farewell of the Colonel?
- 4—In the event of it being done in the French fashion, is it compulsory or merely a matter of courtesy to apologise?
- 5—By what method is it decided which officer, if any, shall wear slacks on parade?
- 6—What is the correct procedure in order to obtain permission to marry?
- 7—Describe a method for testing the water proof qualities of gum boots without wetting the outside?
- 8—State a method of despatching and stopping trains at Belleville?
- 9—In this connection what power if any has C.P.R. with G.T.R.?
- 10—What length of hair is allowable on an officer?
- 11—What length of service with the munitions board does it require to make an acrobat?
- 12—Give distance in horse lengths between soft spots in the riding school.
- 13—Does a Troop horse bite?
- 14—Do good looks alone qualify an officer to be second in command of a class?

**THE M. S. A. ARMY.**

(The following original poem has been received from Sgt. Lead-bitter, 'D' Co. 2nd C.O.R. We had already heard of Sgt. Leadbitter as a soldier. We now take pleasure in posting his name in "Knots and Lashings" Hall of Fame.)

Some mothers' sons were called to war,  
I hate to have to say,  
That these young men had been called up  
Under the M. S. A.

In civvie clothes they looked so fine,  
Were loved by all the ladies,  
But when they struck the C.E.F.  
They thought they were in Hades.

They were all farmers from their birth,  
And experts at their chores,  
But they were no damn good at all,  
When it came to forming fours.

They used to go to bed at night,  
And dream of beets and spuds,  
And could not take a liking to  
Their regimental duds.

The letters pour in every day,  
And make these hayseeds glad,  
Maw says the cow is doing fine,  
But never mentions Dad.

They're given lectures every week,  
To which they pay no heed,  
They wish the Subs, would talk of spuds  
And how to raise the seed.

These boys got homesick every week,  
But they are pretty slick,  
They get their Pa to send a wire  
To say that Maw is sick.

One day a notice came around,  
That called for sons of toil,  
To go right back and work a farm,  
And cultivate the soil.

When this notice they had read,  
They were all wild with joy,  
Each chauffeur, pastry-cook or clerk  
Had been a farmer's boy.

But when it came to sorting out  
The farmers staunch and true,  
Out of about two hundred,  
There were a gol darned few.

One said he worked out on a farm,  
At farming he was able,  
But in the end it came to light,  
He had kept a livery stable.

Most of these men spoke up and said  
They'd rather farm than fight,  
If I told you what was thought of them,  
It wouldn't sound polite.

As all these men would sooner farm,  
I think it would be grand,  
To set them all to planting spuds  
And beets in No Man's Land.

**CONGRATULATIONS TO  
LIEUT. YUILL.**

"Knots and Lashings" takes genuine pleasure in extending to Lieut. R. Yuill, that indomitable rough rider and herring hunter of Class 35, all good wishes on the occasion of his approaching marriage. During his short stay at the E. T. D. Mr. Yuill has made himself deservedly popular with officers, men,—and horses. It now appears that he had also previously established a claim to popularity elsewhere.

It is said that our 'late comrade' will be sentenced,—beg pardon, spliced,—under crossed riding crops and that a bugler will sound the 'call'.



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