

ANIMAL MATTER.

A number of Class 37 wants to know what it is that:—

Gets his goat, makes him feel like an ass, act like a monkey, look like a whipped dog; shake like a jelly fish, hug like a bear, sweat like a horse and takes all the bull out of him.

(Three guesses to this riddle allowed with every copy of "Knots and Lashings". Sgt. Major Simms not allowed to compete.)

THE PESSIMIST OF CLASS 38.

At least one member of that aggregation of coming strategists known officially as Class 38, has,—well, a peculiarly grim sense of humor. Recently, on observing Lieut. Foley, late of the R. F. C. and now temporarily a member of the Crutch Corps, he inquired apprehensively, "And is Lieut. Foley a member of the Equitation Class?"

HOOT, MON, HOOT!

THE McNeil had looped the loops, bumped the bumps, done the over and under,—yes, several times. Finally, climbing back via the charger's tail, he adjusted himself, more or less, amidships. And then one of the 'gallery' rose to remark: "What a mercy the Lairds in the Canadian Service don't wear kilts when equitating."

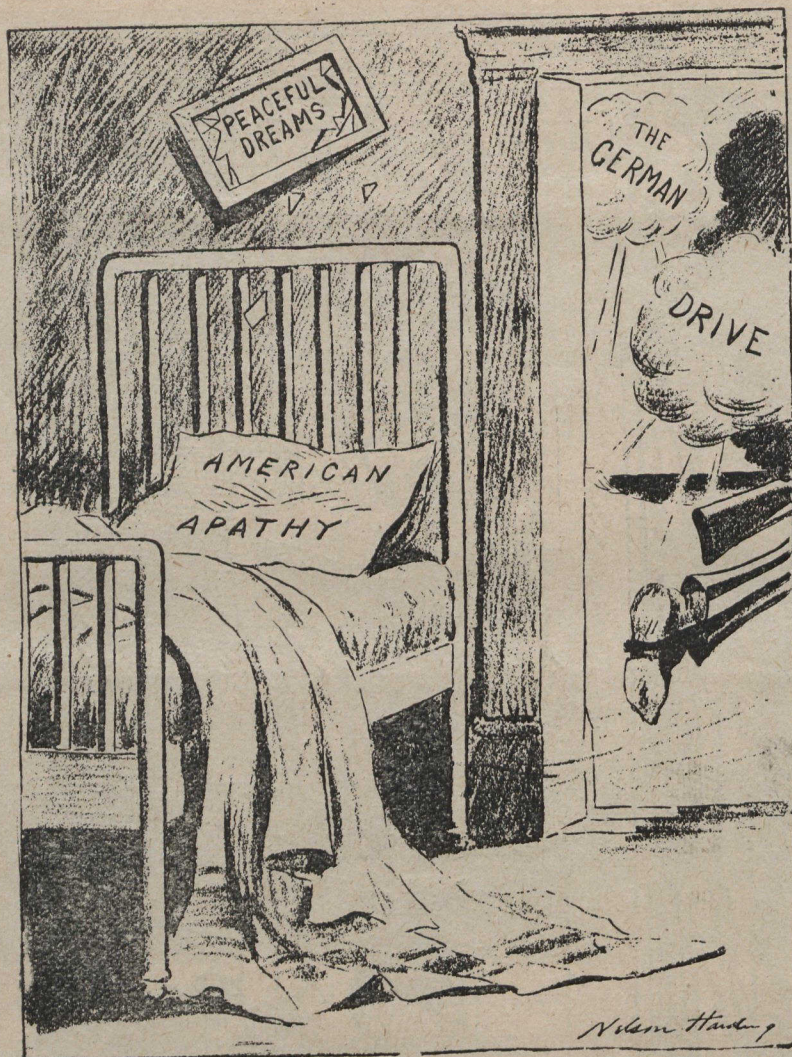
MORE OF THE SAME.
ENGINEERS AND MACHINE
GUNNERS—SHUN!!

When the 2nd C.O.R. Detachment arrived in St. Johns, they met with a volley of challenges to meet the Engineers or Machine Gunners in contests of Skill or Brawn. Immediately, the 2nd C.O.R., with that sportsmanship for which they are noted, took up the challenge, and through the columns of "Knots and Lashings", accepted some of the defis.

Now, we tell it to the world, and particularly to the C.E.'s and M.G.'s, that we still have the chip on our shoulder, and all we ask is someone to try and knock it off.

We are open to all comers in Baseball, Football, Bowling, Pool, (straight, Boston, or any game you think you can play,) Roller Skating, Foot Racing, and Boxing (145 lbs).

We are not Laggards or Henchmen, and if your time is so valuable that you cannot spend it for the



America Awakes!

(Courtesy of the World Wide.)

sake of the Sport, why, a side bet can be arranged. How about it? Phone, write or call on Sgt. Black, 2nd C.O.R., College Barracks.

(Speaking quite impersonally, of course, we think it about time we got some action. Mere words are getting a bit wearisome. Capt. Powell, or the Editor of "Knots and Lashings", will be delighted to act as "intermediary", and make any necessary arrangements which may result in a show down by all concerned. This long distance stuff begins to pall.)

NEW OFFICERS, SHUN!!

It has been our pleasure and our privilege, during the past three months, to welcome many new officers to the Engineers Training Depot, at St. Johns. Class 34, the first to be attached to the Depot since the spring of 1917, established an all round record, of which they need not be ashamed. Quite apart from the ability which they developed in the pursuit of their purely military duties, they also found time for other diversions. They established Indoor Baseball at the Depot on an organized basis, and played a number of matches; they

put a hockey team on the ice, and, as the result of the sensational matches with the N.C.O.'s of the Depot, copped the title of Depot Champions. They organized a dance which is still a topic of conversation. And they worked for, and supported loyally, "Knots and Lashings". Already, practically all of the men of Class 34, have been assigned responsible work as subalterns.

Of Classes 35, 36 and 37 we have already spoken in former issues. The majority of them are still here to speak for themselves.

But Class 38 has a clean sheet, and every thing in their favor to help them make for themselves a name that will be remembered at the Depot. Naturally, military studies and work should come first. But there are other things hardly less important. Among them, Athletics probably stands first. We hope the new men will not only organize baseball and football, but that they will get into the game themselves, and play it for all they are worth. The season for aquatic sports will soon be here. Let them prepare for that.

And let them remember that "Knots and Lashings" is the official newspaper of the Depot, managed and supported by the men of the E. T. D. We are well aware

that in the pages of "Knots and Lashings", room for improvement exists, and are satisfied that, with the aid of the newer men, our paper will continue to grow and improve. Send us your contributions in prose or verse, and remember that "social doin's", "Hoof marks from the Riding School" and "Heard on the Parade Ground" are among our specialties.

To the following officers of Class 38, we extend a cordial greeting. To them, individually and collectively, we simply say,— "Get into the game;—and play it."

A. C. Anderson
M. D. Boyd
C. N. Candee
R. G. Matthews
R. G. McAndrew
B. A. McCrodon
W. L. McFaul
W. E. Milligan
F. L. Mills
W. B. Riddell
C. A. Robbins
H. A. Washington
J. A. Tapley
A. R. Whittier
N. J. Goebel
S. A. Cummingford
W. K. Greatrex
G. A. Tobias
J. L. Kingston
E. A. Lockhart
A. J. Legault
F. R. Brooks
E. D. Quantz
G. C. Gibson
E. L. Cavana
W. B. Dunbar
R. C. Mitchell
J. G. Shepley
F. C. Snowdon
W. L. Sagar
F. S. Williamson
G. A. Macdonal
J. J. Keon
C. A. Buck
H. A. Hawley
G. C. Monture
A. S. Poe
J. H. Bradley
J. E. O'Brien
J. H. Lea
T. E. Guest
M. C. Allin
W. L. McKenzie
W. F. M. Bryce
H. R. Welch
I. F. Kinnard
J. M. Bishop
G. Lynch
N. G. Keefer
W. W. King
W. A. Smelser
B. Geldzaeler
G. S. Wrong
A. G. Bennett
M. J. C. Baker
B. R. Hooper
W. C. Miller
T. J. C. Heeney
L. J. Smith

THAT CRYPTIC "LAIRD".

One of the 'Phenoms' of Class 37 had been studying the weather. Feeling the need of an authoritative opinion on the subject, he respectfully asked of the "dour Laird",—"What do you think about the weather, Sir?"

To which the said Laird replied in a ruminating fashion, and not unkindly:—"Reins over".