

That some of our equipment is, even now, being loaded on the ship.

That we are as good as in England, if not already there.

That we are all "bughouse" and know it.

That one of the privates had a dream and it came true.

That he dreamt he got "orderly room" for not being on parade.

That he would have been on parade if he hadn't had such a long dream.

That a S. M. and several sergeants climbed to the top of Mt. Hortiac, while a party of less ambitious men spent an hour or two at Lake Langanza one day last week.

That, not to be outdone, the staff of the Convoy Call plans a jaunt to Constantinople on its next afternoon off.

That the aerial evolutions of our friend, the French aviator, are hugely enjoyed, but that we would rather he didn't do the corkscrew right above our heads.

That Charlie Chaplin rises to remark that his performance is a "baffler."

That the S. M. of the Seaforths doesn't yet know whether it was football game or a "sacrifice of innocents" which his team participated in last week.

That this was No 5's answer to his query as to whether they had a team worthy of the mettle of the Scotsmen.

That an 8 to 1 thrashing ought to convince even a Scotchman.

That he plans a deadly revenge which will, however, work a hard-

ship on his already over-worked pipers.

CORRESPONDENCE

To The Editor

There is nothing I enjoy more than music and more than once have I spent a pleasant hour or so listening to "Hoppy's" performance. But while music may have charms to do lots of other things—to cause, for instance, one of our quietest young men to throw himself about in a veritable ecstasy of joy—it does not get us any heat, unless we follow the forementioned Y. M.'s violent example and do physical jerks to its syncopating measure. I would propose two things—a stove in the Recreation Hut and a change in the present musical entertainment, which, in my opinion, has run itself out here and is about due for a tour around the provinces.

"Pai Froid."

To The Editor:

With regard to a change of position for the men's mess tent, mentioned in the correspondence column of the last issue of the "Convoy Call," I beg to suggest that the tent in question be moved entirely from its present stand and re-erected alongside those of the Sergeants' Mess. We would then get the benefit of the Sgts.' gramophone, and when the wind blows favorably to us, perchance our mess would be visited by the fairy dances of the Spirits emanating from the mess of our neighbors.

If the above suggestion does not meet with the approval of the majority then one, and only one other exit from the difficulty remains. The sergeants have a monopoly on the construction boxes, so I propose we build a substantial mess room with the empty beer barrels; bung holes facing inwards, and unobstructed.

"Ad Finem"