

THE NEW O. C.

"Guard! turn out!!"

The dread alarm rang out sharp and clear. And out they came,—the whelps of the old Lion,—one after another. After a reasonable time, they were all out. What verve! What élan!! What esprit de corps!!!

Standing thus,—more or less grim and silent,—they reminded one, with shocking suddenness, that,—“When the Motherland is at war, Canada is at war!”

And then there frisked through the gate,—the genial bone doctor. Smartly the Corp. came to the salute; smartly he “cut away” his right hand to his side. And smartly, and without batting an eye, Doc. Simpson returned the salute.

Of course it was a case of mistaken identity though we must admit that there is somewhat of a resemblance between the O. C. and the Doc. at their equatorial meridians.

(During the past few days we had observed, with more or less apprehension, the increasing chest measure of Cap. Simpson. There has been an intangible something,—a distant reserve, that has impressed even the most casual observer. The above incident, which has just come to our notice, probably furnishes the key to the mystery.)

THE W. O. R. STILL GOING STRONG.

The many friends of the under-mentioned Senior N.C.O.'s in St. Johns, will be interested to know what happened to them since the W. O. R. pulled out from the Vinegar Barracks.

Sergt. Major Lew Bowen, has been promoted to B.S.M. of the Depot Garrison Battn., C.E.F., M. D. No. 1, at London, Ont.

C. Sergt. Major L. W. Carpenter, has been appointed Asst. B.S.M. of the W. O. R. Since leaving St. Johns, this N.C.O. has taken with himself a wife.

A/C.S.M. W. S. Hill has been promoted C.S.M. of “A” Coy., W.O.R.

Sergt. Major Harry Edwards proceeded overseas with the Colored Battn., (No. 2 Constr. Bn. C.E.F.), as Senior N.C.O., for the purpose of getting to France without any delay in England.

The W.O.R. “A” Catagory N.C.O.'s and men who were at the Vinegar Barracks, have arrived safely in England. Major King, O.C., and Lieut. Gaudier, accompanied them, and S. M. H. Edwards was conducting N.C.O. to

AWAITING HIS MOMENT.



The Matador (Foch)—“My brave Picadors have nearly completed their task.”
—“Passing Show”.

Halifax. All join in sending greeting to our good friends in St. Johns.

(The memory of the visit of the W.O.R. Detachment to St. Johns, is still fresh in the minds of many of us. We were truly glad to have them come; we were truly sorry to see them go. Good soldiers and good sports, they were a credit to the Depot from which they came.)

SOME REFLECTIONS OF A COMPANY “SUPE”.

The questions I am asked to answer, are many and varied. Enlightenment is sought on all sorts of subjects, some sombre and tearful, some highly colored to suit the exigencies of the situation, and hall-marked with all the “wiles of the devil”. These last happily are few. The greatest number of enquiries, I am sure, are prompted by some honest and rock-bottom wants. Young at the game, and still, being sympathetic; I try to think, as my young embryo “Hunchasers” pester the life out of me with their homely questions about mail estroyed or say, the postage on a copy of “Knots and Lashings”, that these things are quite as vital to the Sapper “doing his bit”, as to the newest Orderly Offi-

cer’s “pup”. For instance, I am approached with,—“Sir, can you tell me how I can get permission to be married,” or, “My girl sent me a box of fudge and a safety-razor,—please, sir, it had a special delivery stamp on it and it’s got lost.” (I have lately seen more than one “puppy” stealthily pursuing the “Permission to marry”, and remember one raising Cain about the safety-razor that *did* come!) It is just the same to our men and quite as vital. The keenness of the men to be drafted overseas, gives rise to an abundant crop of anxious queries. “Sir, the Sergt. Major never called my name; do please arrange that I can go.” “Was my name added, Sir?” “Wont you arrange it, Sir,—we came down together and are chums and are anxious.” (Did anyone notice the satisfaction with which a chum was received into a new formed platoon at Saturday’s muster-parade?) Everything that must be done before a draft can proceed overseas, brings its “posers”. The melancholy task of making one’s last “Will and Testament”, is welcome, as is also that nerve-racking dental experience at the hands of Captain Simpson. Even Captain Campbell’s “forward bend” and other P.T.’s,

would not be missed for the world. They mean “going over” and bringing aid to the boys. It is hard to go without a last leave, but, the Sapper who said,—“Don’t you know what the Huns advanced 26 miles in 4 days and that’s why’s the hurry,” had the right idea.

Questions about “Pay” are as legion as the demands for army razors in this Depot. (Now Captain Wright, imagine anyone demanding an army razor!) As I listen and try to advise to which girl some sapper should assign his pay, I long for a *loving* disposition like that of our worthy Paymaster so I can always *smile* and never *cuss*. There are many questions on “Sports” to answer, but space is valuable in “Knots and Lashings” and prevents their elucidation. When I am stuck for the answer to any particular question, I have my sport of “passing the buck”. “Be paraded in and see your O.C.,” I say, and watch through the window as he struggles with something like this,—“Sir, I was two weeks in San Francisco; I came from there to Vancouver and enlisted in Winnipeg; please, Sir, can you get my mail for me.” Poor old O.C.!

Lg.

MORE PASSING THE BUCK.

The progressive stages of the war, have, more and more, developed an acute situation. The young Sub. who, months ago, found a knowledge of squad and company drill more or less sufficient for his daily needs, is now called upon to solve the most baffling and mysterious problems, and must combine, with his ideas on military strategy, an almost supernatural sixth sense.

Thus, a brave young Sapper came into the Orderly Room the other day with the following con-

drum,—“Sir, I took my laundry to a Chink some three weeks ago, but don’t remember which Chink it was. Will you please tell me how I can get it?”

But the young Sub. had presence of mind. Said he,—“You’ll have to see the Coy. O. C. about that.”

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

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