

**THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.**

The name of the officer who, not content with the acid character of his surroundings at the Vinegar Barracks, has lately become addicted to the use of lime juice as a beverage. Is he not afraid that so much sourness may affect his naturally sweet disposition? Be careful, Bob. Remember the motto of Canadian Headquarters at Argyll House, London, and the Pay Office in Millbank, "Safety First", and don't take too many chances, old top.

When is the good ship "Bucyrus" going to get under way again? Doesn't she realize that a craft of her weight leaves a great blank among the Poor Prunes when not anchored in their midst? Why not "trim ship", Fred, and we will present you with a new pin, beautifully enamelled in flesh colour.

Who is the blue-eyed Captain, somewhat short of hirsute adornment, who was recently assured by the C.O. that "we should worry" as "you can shave in any direction without going wrong."

When he was overseas did he ever attend a revue in London called "Tonight's the night", in which occurs the song "Naughty naughty one Gerrard"? Tut, tut, Mr. President!

Why is Big Chief "Almighty Voice" so quiet and subdued lately? Is it perchance due to the influence of his "better half", or is he afraid that, if he opens his mouth too frequently, some wandering "flu" germ (looking for "a better 'ole") may enter therein?

And, finally, is it true that the Laird of the Stables has composed the following battle-cry for his legions at the Vinegar Barracks,—

We are, we are,  
We are the Vinegar,  
We'll pick, we'll pick,  
We'll pickle any team,  
That dares, that dares,  
That dares to cross our path  
Ye ken, ye ken,  
Ye ken that verra weel.  
Inquisitor.

**CORRECTION.**

Owing to an official error Private C. E. Johnson 2130626 was reported dead in last week's Obituary Column. We congratulate Pte. Johnson that it was not true and hope he may live long.

**RESULT OF ORDERLY ROOM WALKING MATCH.**

The walking match which had been the cause of heated arguments in the Orderly Room for the past two weeks, was successfully pulled off last Sunday morning, and resulted in the team composed of Sappers J. M. Graham and MacFarlane defeating the contesting team made up by Corpl. MacPherson and Sapper Baird. The walk was from the Post Office to the top of Mount Johnson, the prize being a dinner to the winning team paid for by the losers.

However there were a number of bets on the side, as to who would be the first man to reach the top, and in these Corpl. MacPherson worthily upheld the prestige of the "Discharge" dept., by being the first man to reach the summit, his time being 1 hour 18 minutes.

"The Canny" Graham, head of the C. L. of A. team, was second being 6 minutes behind the leader. Rumor says that Graham lost heavily as he had stacked quite a few chips on his ability to beat the field of contestants and received quite a shock when Mac showed him the way to the "little ole top".

Besides the two teams, Sappers Couch and Murphy also "homed" into the race, and bet on themselves to give the teammates lessons in walking. They did—lessons in walking in the rear, Couch coming in fifth and "Irish" Murphy an easy last.

The distance from the Post Office to the foot of Mount Johnson is estimated about 7 miles, and the height of the mountain about 800 feet.

The time for the contestants follows:—

- Cpl. MacPherson . . . 1 hr. 18 mins.
- Spr. J. M. Graham . . . 1 hr. 24 mins.
- Spr. MacFarlane . . . 1 hr. 29 mins.
- Spr. Couch . . . . . 1 hr. 36 mins.
- Spr. Baird . . . . . 1 hr. 41 mins.
- Spr. Murphy . . . . . 1 hr. 45 mins.

Winning team:—Sprs. J. M. Graham and MacFarlane.

Watch out for next week's "Knots and Lashings". We want every man in the Depot to do his best to make it a success. There will be special pictures, special articles about the Depot, and other attractive features. We hope to run into a 16 page issue, full to the brim with interest. Send in your copy early. Make it something to "write home about".

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Last week's issue ran into 1,400 and sold out.

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