

# The Officers Say: "Now We and You Will See Ourselves as Others See Us."

## TO DRAFT 27

What's that you say—a Draft? Hooray!  
I thought all drafts were con.  
Well I am sure my chance is poor  
I wonder if I'm on!  
You say I am, well Uncle Sam!  
Let loose a grateful cheer.  
Now tell me pray—what do they say?  
—"Where do we go from here?"

When England's shore is strange no more  
And Belgium looms in sight,  
When we reach France, we'll take a chance  
And settle down to fight  
Old Kaiser Bill and work until  
Friend Fritz is filled with fear  
Then let me see—what will it be?  
—"Where do we go from here?"

It may take time (So does this rhyme.)  
To finish what we start,  
But wait awhile, don't lose your smile,  
Be patient—Have a Heart!  
When we march in to old Berlin  
We'll bathe in lager beer  
You'll hear again, our old refrain,  
—"Where do we go from here?"

When "homeward bound" the bugles sound  
And sailing o'er the sea  
'Neath starlit dome, our thoughts of home  
And loved ones then will be.  
As home draws night, 'neath western sky  
The sight each heart will cheer  
Complete our task—No more will ask,  
—"Where do we go from here?"

—POET LOWRATE.

## OFFICER'S CLASS 34 WANTS TO KNOW

Why "On the right form section" doesn't always work out according to the drill book.

Why their class senior's instructions go over their heads.

Who is to buy cigars next.

How to get acquainted with the ladies of St. Johns.

Who this terrible "Sims" is.

Whether anyone else has ever

## Theatre Royal

SUNDAY AND MONDAY  
January 27th and 28th.

Don't forget to see

The greatest production

## The Warrior

in 7-parts.

Admission 15 and 25 cents.  
No War Tax.

Special Features for Tuesday and  
Wednesday, Jan. 29-30.

WATCH OUR BILLBOARDS

cut timber in this North America of ours.

Why N.C.O.'s and men smile at our mistakes? What Ells can we expect from Bul men?

Is it Wrong to Walklate on parade?

How many of the Class posed as officers at the Bal Masque.

Is the cigar habit natural, acquired or forced?

## WIT—(Camouflage)

"Employed Section, all present, sir."—That's CAMOUFLAGE.

"We have a midweek service. The Engineers are invited to attend. We always have a very enjoyable time."—CAMOUFLAGE.

"Requests six days' leave to visit relatives in Montreal."—Convenient CAMOUFLAGE.

"My train was late and I missed connections."—CAMOUFLAGE again.

PUNISHMENTS — 168 hours detention.—CAMOUFLAGE with toast and coffee.

Sick Parade on Monday morning.—Mostly CAMOUFLAGE.

"Sanitary" Corporal. — Oh, CAMOUFLAAGE!

Lance-Corporal's stripe.—CAMOUFLAGE "at no expense to the public".

Class 34 — "Officers" — Some CAMOUFLAGE.

SKILLED Railway Employees—A DRAFT.—Double CAMOUFLAGE.

Barber Shop—Hours: Reveille to 8 A.M., 1 P.M. to 2 P.M., 5 P.M. to 7 P.M.—Just CAMOUFLAGE.

"Any complaint?" "No, sir."—Real CAMOUFLAGE.

By a Camouflaged Soldier.

## "YOU NEVER CAN TELL!"

One of the new members of our Officers' Mess, who will always pride himself that he started his military career in the ranks, tells this against himself.

He was in a great city to see his sister (let us say) and incidentally on leave to secure his uniform. The young lady referred to, being naturally excited, had passed a very restless night in dreams.

Telling some of these, she narrated as follows:—

"Last night I dreamt I was out with you on Queen and Yonge. You had just settled with the "Semi-Ready" people and appear-

ed for the first time in an officer's uniform. Do you know, you appeared SO nervous!

"Well, anyway we passed many sappers (I was always crazy about sappers!) and not one saluted or paid any attention. You stood it for a while and at last stopped a "just lovely fellow" and said, 'Hi! there, mate, don't you know I've got a commission?'

"The man sprang to attention and solemnly saluted with;—'Glad you told me, sir; I'd never have known it!'

## ✓ OFFICERS! SHUN!!

GLAD NEWS FOR  
AILING OFFICERS!

No More Apoplexy, Gout, Obesity!

Deadly Menace of Sudden  
Seizures Forever Banished.

YOU MAY ESCAPE THE  
SURGEON'S KNIFE!

Full blooded officers, liable to the above dangerous and disfiguring maladies, will learn with relief that at last an infallible preventative has been evolved. This system, the result of enormous expenditure of time, money and profanity, is known as the "E.T.D. Treatment" (patents for France applied for).

Thousands of grateful patients daily bear witness to its astounding efficacy. NO DRUGS, NO OPERATIONS, NO TIME LOST FROM YOUR WORK. The only requirements are a suit of khaki and a short residence (inside the gates) at the E.T.D. The E.T.D. SYSTEM OF DIET AND EXERCISE will do the rest.

Ask any of our old veterans whether they have suffered from any or all of these distressing ailments during the last few years of their stay at St. Johns. The answer will be instant and indignant,— "Wot! on them rations?"

## THE "E.T.D. SYSTEM"

Safe! Sanitary!! Scientific!!  
Sure!!!

(Ed. Note.—The above contribution was received from a mysterious "medium" who writes over that simple yet thrilling "nom de guerre" of "Sapper". Speaking from information based on more or less first hand experience, we might venture the suggestion that our correspondent has, paragonically speaking, rather slipped off on a tangent. Should circumstances ever compel "Sapper" to

exchange the wholesome bounty of the "Men's Mess" for the simple and puritan frugality of the Officer's Mess, he may come to realize that antidotes for gout, obesity and apoplexy need not necessarily be considered as indispensable adjunct of an officer's haversack.)

## ✓ DEFINITIONS.

"D. & M."

One of the most regular habitues, one of the vintage of '76, of sick parades, pathetically defines "D. & M." as follows—(large irregular blotches mar his fair manuscript, which may be due to tears rung from a strong man's soul or,—well, to something more potent.)

"The total amount of tender sympathy (sic) handed out to brave suffering Sappers by our venerated "Pill-throwers" at that heartrending ceremonial known as the sick (?) parade. The "M" is usually administered in the form of generous doses of sarcastic advice on the question of "beating it" and not returning again. The "D" represents DUTY, which may stand for anything from peeling spuds in the Cook House to turning about in four movements without letting the feet touch the ground.

## "Lance-Corporal"

In reality the brains of the Army, but usually referred to as a "Lance-jack". Sports a dog's-leg on his right arm and is much more  
(Continued on Page 8)

## N.C.O.'s TO FORM FOURS HERE FOR NEXT ISSUE

As a unit, the N.C.O.'s of the Depot have not had a chance to hand bouquets to themselves, nor place the victor's laurel wreath on their own fair brows.

So Page 5 next week will be the market place for the literary wares of every N.C.O. not on Draft 27. We are told there are great geniuses, even genii, among them: we heard it whispered that ALL of the finest things that have appeared in "Knots and Lashings" were written (or cribbed) by N.C.O.'s.

Any way, every N.C.O., from Acting - Deputy - Assistant - Temporary - Company - Sergeant - Major up to a full-fledged Lance-Jack, is expected to furnish some readable and good dope for Page 5 next week.

Place your contribution in the Newsbox in Recreation Room—by MONDAY NOON, please.