

SOCIAL JOTTINGS FROM THE VINEGAR FACTORY

By "Beatrice"

Little sips of red-eye,
Little sips of Bass,
Take away the senses,
And make a man an ass.

The C.O.R. were missed by the W.O.R. at the Vinegar Barracks after they left for the College Barracks to be on their own. The Guard Room was like the tomb.

The concensus of opinion is that the W.O.R. are: Lookin' fine, Doin' fine, Batin' fine, Workin' fine and behaving better than that.

Who was the fussy N.C.O. who went under the shower at the Vinegar Barracks, and thought the water was warm when it wasn't? B'r'r'r'r.

If you ever paid to see a sleight-of-hand performance, don't ever do it again. Just come up and see a blanket parade of the W.O.R. Now you see it; (the blanket) now you don't.

Sergt. Major Carpenter was making a great hit as a soloist the other evening, but when he started to sing: "Down by the River side I strayed," some rude lance private shouted: "Pity someone didn't shove yer in!" and took all the joy out of poor Kenny's life.

The Gaelic Gentleman who said that "The best laid schemes of men and mice, they aeften gang agley" was sure tootin' some, and if you don't believe it, ask the poor fish with the arctic hoofs who thought he was off to Quebec on a picnic, but has to go over with the draft. Excuse our Haw! Haw!

We're not nibby by any means, still, we would like to know if it was the same N.C.O. who made a charge of "not saluting" against a private, and who had to be told to stand to "attention" when the national anthem was sung in church last Sabbath.

We have been taught from our infancy, that Columbus discovered America, but what the W.O.R. want to know just now is: "Who the Sam Hill discovered St. Johns, P.Q.?"

The W.O.R. Comb Band is some aggregation. They can get some sure enough music out of those bug-removers.

Sergt. Herb. Poultney of the W.O.R., is as mad as a wet hen.

He got one of those French calenders down town and made a mistake in the dates so bad that he took his usual half yearly bath two weeks ahead of schedule.

There is always safety in numbers, but what we was going to say was that the sergeant cook of the Worst-in-Ontario Regiment, beg pardon, we mean Western Ontario, cannot figure out how about five hundred men got away with fifteen hundred dinners. He has bought a ready reckoner and is working overtime on it.

Talking about ready reckoners, there is a Scotchman named Israel Isaacstein in the W.O.R. Draft, who is always willing to combine a little sideline of buying and selling among his "bunkies". He sold quite a little collection of odds and ends to a poor guy last week and made a slight error in adding the amount to be paid. The poor victim had a suspicion that he had been overcharged, and bought one of those ready reckoners. His suspicions were only too well founded. He went to the gentleman with the curly nose and cried. "Let me haf a look at dat reaty-reckoner. Ah, ah, just like I suppose, dat is last year's book, you bloomin' jassax."

Listen men! If you ever receive an invitation from R.S.M. Len Bowen to go to Chatham, take your gas mask along with you. Nuf sed.

Of course we know you have seen him, that cute little C.S.M. Small Mountain of the W.O.R. Don't he look the outest in that little cap though. Notice the beautiful angle that it hangs by over his listener. Harold had defied that whole Canadian army to take away that cute little thatch cover.

Four additions to the strength of the W.O.R. are reported. All of them are "toms" and have their eyes open for two days past. Q.M.S. Wood and the R.S.M. are on the "outs" owing to the fact that they cannot decide who shall be god-father to the little darlings.

Fair play for the W.O.R. Q.M.S. How was he to know that those chocolates and apples were for the guy that peddles such stuff on trains. Anyhow, the boys soon got outside of the goods and there was no use asking for a "refund".

There are many things predicted in the Good Book that are actually coming to pass right now. Frinstance, the W.O.R. had more eats that they could possibly wrap themselves round when coming down by

train. The C.O.R. did not. To them that have, more shall be given. To those who have not, even that which they have shall be taken away. The W.O.R. were a train ahead of the C.O.R. I wonder if by any possible chance —? But those special lunches were certainly "jake".

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

Get a copy of "Knots and Lashings" to send to the folks back home. You may be sure they will be glad to get it. The postage is one cent.

"ALI BABA" APPARENTLY NEEDS A No. 9.

(The following correspondence has been held up by the Censor. Speaking confidently, we always had a lingering suspicion regarding the Machine Gun Corps. Ali Baba has now confirmed it.)

By Ali Baba (Lake)

St. John's P.D.Q.

Dear Steve,
32 Tremont Row,
Boston.

I take my pen in my hand to let you know that I am feeling kinda rotten and hope this finds you the same.

Honest Steve, it's furee the way they shove you around in this Army. It would be alright for a guy who was still playing one night stands, but for a fella like me, who, you know, I was a head liner now for years, and you know Steve, Chas. Froman said I was playing a mean trick on the public when I joined the Army, and he was right, and I guess they was laying for me alright.

The officers treat you worse than Harry Myers, he wouldn't try to pull the stuff some of these guys do. They make you salute and say Sir and stand stiff like Frankie Crane the flunky on Filenis doors.

They try to cover themselves by a line about you aint saluting them but only a comishun they get, but Steve, believe me if they knowed the salary and comishun I was pullin down before I jumped offen the dok, they'd be straining their bowling arm a salutin of me.

We was sent down here to protect some Engineers, and believe me pal, they aint one of them as ever even seen a railroad, let alone run a ingine. They might make the Officers believe it, cause they don't know so much, but they aint foolin me, not for a minute.

All they does 'is blow a horn here. And I never heard such rotten music in my life. They make

you listen to their music before you eat and then when you jist reddy to dig in, they blows a rotten note on their horn and then good night appetite. What I say is if they dont want you to eat, why dont they tell you like a man.

On the level Steve, if you seen this town it would make you sick. The chickens herd with a bunch of guys what dont want to fight, and a soldier is about as welcome as so much dirt. They act like a bunch of small town sports, and a regular guy aint got no chance, what I wish is we could let them give Timis Sq. the O.O. and then we would see where they get off.

They sell a line of wet goods here
(Continued on next page)

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