

Warren Porter have become bunkies at the training station. Hard to say which is teaching the other the things they should not learn.

Lieut. McKenzie likes *The Clansman*. He bought himself immunity from editorial attacks by purchasing a number of extra copies of last issue.

We ran across Dave Slicer again the other day—and he again tried to touch us for some of the filthy lucre. Sorry we did not have it, Dave.

Sergeant Crow has apparently lost his good humour since coming back from France. He has not smiled since his last conversation with the paymaster.

The battalion barbers attended a dance at Folkestone one night last week. Would like to tell the story, but it would not do any good as neither of them reads *The Clansman*.

Sergt. Billy Weston, posing as the eight stone four champion has been training steadily of late. He told us all about it Thursday night, and we will bet dollars to doughnuts he cannot recall the conversation.

Thanks to the Y.M.C.A. for the interest they are taking in *The Clansman*.

Sergt. Archie Thomson is back from France—minus the gold stripe. Says he only saw one bullet and he passed that on his way home.

A certain Sergeant is said to have attempted browning his knee by the liberal use of tobacco juice. Kick through with that subscription, Sergeant, and we will not mention your name.

Now that Corpl. Jack is travelling by hydraulic vehicle, it is expected that the demand for beer will no longer exceed the supply, and that the necessary half-penny raise can now be cancelled.

Pte. A. Wren received a letter from home Sunday, the back of which was liberally covered with crosses usually used to indicate kisses. Do you love the girl, Wren?

Pte. Tompkins, to judge from the present indications, is soon to be the chief mourner at a wedding. And we always thought he was such an innocent cuss.

Congratulations to both the Cochran Brothers, who went from here to the front some time ago. Both have been awarded the D.C.M., and their friends here extend hearty congratulations through *The Clansman*.

Some of the N.C.O.'s still take no interest in the paper. Guess we will have to get their goats and make them bark like foxes.

Pte. Skelhorne is the victim of a severe cold—probably due to the chilly reception he got when he showed his collection of post cards to his little friend.

The drafting office is a cool place for editors. Lieut. Playfair has always managed to be absent when we called and some of the employees are about as civil as a wooden Indian cigar sign and as funny as a crutch.

We dropped into the Sergeants' Mess kitchen Sunday morning and were delighted to find that Pte. Haffern is back on his old job of slinging soup. The rest of the bunch are jolly good fellows, too!

We are duty battalion again this week, and the way the R.S.M. has been dealing out agony to Orderly Sergeant would be a source of envy to the first assistant of Satan.

What a pity that "Slats" Neil was not kept in camp until after the issue of Kilts. Those shin bones of his sure would pop.

Rather sorry the adjutant is the censor for *The Clansman*. There are lots of things we would like to say, but we daren't.

Captain Williamson was in town last week-end. He was seen making his way to the station with a smile on his face and the little black bag in his hand.

Captain Herchmen and Captain Macnally have also been on leave. Mac says he doesn't want any more suggestion from the Adjutant—it is too expensive.

The goat has picked up wonderfully these last few days.—We wonder why?

### THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Why Lieut. Allen's face turned the colour of a well-cooked beet when he saw "Who is Mamie?" in the last issue of *The Clansman*?

Why some of the privates who find occasion to visit Ashford want the cinder walk widened between here and the Junction?

What has been the reason for the numerous and protracted trips Captain Anderson has made to the Hythe Bank. Is it true there are other attractions besides cash there?

Why has Major Jamieson looked so seedy lately.—Those constant trips down town, Major?

Why were all the stray dogs in Camp following Captain Weger-Williams on Monday morning?

Who is the C.S.M. who borrowed the kilt apron from the Orderly Sergeant? and what happened to the apron?

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