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TO THE NEW RECRUIT AT THE DEPOT.

After the preliminaries of drawing kit, stuffing your palliase and getting settled to the best of your ability in your bunk-room you begin to look around to find out where you are. True you've probably arrived here in company with others, with whom you've chummed up on the way down, but you are all strangers in a strange land and new soldiers at that. Everything is strange to you and you feel lost.

The officers and non-commissioned officers fully appreciate the situation a man feels himself to be in at this time. They have been through the period themselves, and the new recruit newly arrived at the depot will soon find out that if he is prepared to behave himself as a soldier should, the barracks is not such an awful place after all.

The usual method of recruiting for the depot is to gather at points such as London, Winnipeg, Vancouver a draft of men and as soon as orders come along so many men are forwarded to the depot here. These men arrive and are quartered and trained awaiting the call overseas.

It has been noticed that recent drafts coming on from the recruiting stations have lacked in some way the regimental pride—the esprit de corps—that one needs in the proper makeup of the soldier.

Any man joining up in the Canadian Engineers should indeed be proud of his regiment. He has very good reason to be. The Canadian Engineers have a tradition in this war which is second to none and when the new man joins up he is entitled to all this traditional pride. As soon as he puts on his uniform, with Engineer badges on, he is one of the Canadian Engineers who have served so gallantly at Ypres, Fleurbaix, Somme, Vimy, etc., etc.

To the recruit then we would say. Don't forget 'sonny' you now belong to a splendid corps—show that you are worthy to wear the badges of that corps. Come in and join the barracks socially too. Make this your home for the time being and remember this is the "Home of the Canadian Engineers".

"Knots and Lashings" extends the welcome of its columns to you. Write for your paper.

R.S.M. JOHNSTONE

GETS SPLICED

"Knots and Lashings" extends its hearty congratulations and wishes R.S.M. and Mrs. Johnstone all they wish themselves.

Such would be our usual treatment of an affair of this kind; but

this is the second offense of this nature, hence we extend our heartfelt sympathies.

Why the piper doesn't sometimes play 'Rule Britannia' or 'Soldiers of the King'. We all like the tune 'Over there' but!—

St. George of blessed memory here, hauls off from Albion

DRAFT 27 AT ENGLISH CAMP

Seaford, Sussex,
20th Feb. 1918.

Dear Mr. Knight:—

Only God knows how much of this story will get to you—as of course the censor has his instructions and will chisel away the parts of this historic manumnt that are not in accordance with the design suggested by the architects of the D. O. R. Act.

But our only orders were to keep mum for 4 days as to the pertinent details of the trip—and those 4 days now belong to the dead, dead past.

So I'm going to shoot, and can only hope the charge of buck-shot lands on the target without scattering all over the 2 waste-baskets—the Censor's and yours.

Leaving the E. T. D. at the time you know, we arrived in St. Johns, N.B., the next day at noon—after a journey that was conspicuous only by the cold. Food on the train wasn't half bad—but nearly. No drunkenness; no disorder.

From the train we were marched almost directly on to the "Missanabie", and received quarters in the 2d and 3d class divisions. As the "Missanabie" was built since the war began, and never converted into a troopship, she was quite comfortable. Men were 2 or 4 to a small cabin. Sergeants occupied 1st class cabins, and messed in the saloon, Corporals and men dined 2d class.

Saturday morning we weighed anchor and left for Halifax—arriving Sunday forenoon, early—and met Lieuts. Stewart and Rutherford, and many of our boys stationed there. They were much disturbed at not being with us, but said they too expected to leave on the 15th February.

Not much of the damage was visible from the ship, and of course no one was allowed ashore. The Imo was beached in plain sight, and we could see where repairs to windows and doors on the waterfront had been made. That was all.

On Tuesday afternoon we quietly slipped out into the troubled waters of the Atlantic and steamed for Albion. On the "Missanabie" there were the Engineers, many C.A.M.C. recruits, a few B.E.F. men, plenty of Artillery (Siege; F.A., and Heavy)—and some 400

Saliers and Marines from Mesopotamia, Egypt and Oriental ports, going home on leave.

Food on shipboard was pretty bum. The C.P.R. (as usual) would tease us with one fair meal, and then hand out three poor ones to get even. We had plenty of fish during the 10 days, I assure you. The kippers were good always: the bloaters stank to high heaven; the haddock usually poor or not well cooked. Rice was always musty. "Hotpot"—or "jumbo stew"—was rotten. Oleo instead of butter. Cheese, pickles, bread and oleo, jam and tea—constituted our best supper. Pork, potatoes, peas, bread—our best dinner. Mush, herring, bread and oleo, cereal coffee—our best breakfast.

In the grafting line pies (apple or jam) could be bought at 25c and 50c respectively; roast duck quoted at \$1 and \$1.25, with few takers; beefsteak steady at 2/6; other grafted foods were for sale at various and fluctuating prices.

Not until the 9th day did the O.C. of the ship issue an order against "trafficking with the crew". Crew much upset.

Four sittings at each meal. Every man had card showing his sitting, table and seat. (I forgot to say that each man, upon boarding the boat, was handed a ticket showing cabin and berth.)

Another card was issued, showing each man's life-boat station. Each daily parade (morning) was according to this station, instead of by usual section.

During the first several days a guard of 54 men had 16 posts of duty. Except when the Engineers did this duty, on the first day, being detailed for guard was like receiving permission to conduct a vaudeville show, cockfight, boxing match and a guerilla skirmish all at once.

When we reached the danger zone, and were joined by some sturdy, bulldoggy T.B.D.'s, everyone had to wear a lifebelt every minute except when actually in his bunk—and the Engineers mounted an "armed submarine watch" at 12 boat stations on deck.

No lights from sunset to sunrise; no smoking on deck during the same hours: no recreation except standing around on deck, or walking the deck early in the morning or late in the evening when most men were below: parade