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G. A. S. C. NEWS

D. WATTS.

Vol I. December, 1, 1916.] SHORNCLIFFE. [PRICE FOURPENCE

Full of Bright Bull *and Interesting Items.*

CONTENTS :

We Wonder ? ? ? ?
Headquarter's Happenings.
Topics of the Day.
T. D. Diversions.
We Salute ! ! !
Bakehouse Bullets.
Our Absent Chums.
Truck Tales.
Workshop Wrinkles.
Jitney Jolts.
Special Articles.
Hythe Hunks.
Sketches by "Canada's Coming Cartoonist."
H. T. Bits.
Supply Stunts.
Unexpressed Opinions.
Miscellaneous Items.

Buy a Copy To-day. — On Sale Everywhere
Read what it says about Yourself.
Show it to Your Pals. — Send it Home.

CENSURED BUT NOT CENSORED.

A few unexpressed opinions about "THE C.A.S.C. NEWS."

Everybody says:—"Awfully Jolly, By Jove!"

The "Times," in an editorial, says:—"We must congratulate our new contemporary, the 'C.A.S.C. News' on its up-to-date war news. It is full of inside information."

The Editor of "Punch" 'phones:—"Quite a literary cocktail."

John Ox Weekly writes:—"Since the advent of the 'C.A.S.C. News' to the literary world, our staff believes we had better improve our publication, or stop it."

The "Daily Mail" remarks:—"The C.A.S.C. News' cartoons are even more popular with the boys than ours of stage stars, and our subscriptions are falling off."

Jack Cantuck writes:—"The worthy contemporary of all present day yellow journals."

The Kaiser sends a wireless:—"Ach, Himmel! Strafe das staff! Das der last straw ist!"

President Wilson sends a Note:—"Am glad to say I am not too proud to read the 'C.A.S.C. News.'"

T.R. shouts across the Atlantic:—"Your Bright Bull must be a relative of Bull Moose."

Justice Hughes in a recent election speech said:—"Had I been President, the Lusitania, the 'C.A.S.C. News,' and other horrors would not have been perpetrated."

Another Hughes cables:—"I must review the 'C.A.S.C. News.'"

President Poincaire wires:—"Vive le News."

A Private says to a Chum:—"I sure would have been out of luck had I taken my discharge. Look what I would have missed!"

THE C.A.S.C. NEWS.

What the Boys Think, Say and Do.

Published Monthly at Hut No. 3, Napier Barracks, Shorncliffe.
Editor Pte. G. D. Jolly.
Asst. Editor Cpl. R. T. Lindsay.
Sec.-Treasurer The Hon. Capt. J. Tully.
Cartoonist: Pte. C. Rutherford.

No. 1 Dec. 1st, 1916.

SHORNCLIFFE.

Price Fourpence.

WE WONDER.

When the next canteen raid will be?

Who saluted a washerwoman in Cheriton last pay night, and inquired in very indistinct accents the way to Napier Barracks?

If Noah caught the fish we had last Friday?

What we would do without our Horse Transport? It only took two days to move a barrel of oil to Sandgate?

Why Sgt. Ezard swore off Wine, Women, and the Weed?

Who the individual was that strolled into the Post Office some few days ago, and said:—"Sure, that telegram's for me! Do you think I don't know my own mother's handwriting on the envelope?"

Who won the World's Series back in the U.S.A.?

What Orderly Officer promised to appoint a committee to look into the way the hogs were fed, when a certain Corporal complained that the bacon was too fat?

Who's going with our best girl way back home?

If it is correct that the authorities are going to give all Ford Drivers a red stripe for every smash they have? We know several who hold excellent qualifications!

When the Xmas Turkey will arrive?

Who the newly appointed officers were that appeared on parade the other morning, one of them having his spurs upside down, and the other minus his "Sam Brown?"

If the Sergeants who patronise the B.D. Mess like fish?

What Corporal in the Horse Transport is always given such a warm welcome at a certain Sandgate restaurant?

When the M.T. Draft will blow away?

Who the Scotchman was that came in happy the other night and started to count all the beds in the room, in order to find his own? More Scotch Mist-ery!

If Folkestone will ever go dry?

If it is true that the C.A.S.C. men at this depot are shortly going to wear kilts, owing to the lack of breeches in the Stores? What a pleasing picture they would make in a strong wind!

Who in h——l started the ham and eggs craze?

How long our teeth will last on bully beef and "hard tack?"

What the "midnight sons" thought about 9.30 p.m. roll call?

How many millionaire shopkeepers there will be in Folkestone after the War?

If any of the C.A.S.C. ever won a D.C.M.?

If anyone can suggest the reason why the Pay Office always "Tote the Swell Chicken?"

If it is true that some of the Horse Transport men sleep in their rubber boots?

Who fell off a Horse Transport Wagon and got six days pass some time ago, and then wired for three days extension?

Who is the Corporal that practices "buck-jumping" stunts upon black horses, and was it necessary for him to clean his boots after a certain funeral?

HEADQUARTERS' HAPPENINGS.

The latest gossip from Headquarters' Section.

Sounds good from what we have heard of it. Right here, let us say that the success of the "NEWS" depends on the interest of each individual, and we intend to take interest, and then "some." You do the same. Items of interest concerning Headquarters' Section should be submitted to C.Q.M.S. Davidson, at any time of the day or night.

We were glad to be able to extend the glad hand to our old friend S.M. (W.O.) "Bob" Shaw, who blew into the Depot this week. "Bob" has spent most of his time on illustrated lectures on "How to build open fireplaces in tents with stolen petrol cans." Any men living in tents would benefit from an interview with "Bob."

We take this opportunity to congratulate Lieut. J. Wylie on his appointment to be Asst. Adjt., and wish him every success in his new position.

A certain N.C.O. proceeded to London

to purchase "drum-sticks" for the Band. The purchase was made, but the purchaser forgot to carry them away with him. However, the sticks arrived a week or so later.

Sergt. Rammell, better known as "Pills," is a busy man these days, as with his regular duty he is also O.C. Quarantine Hospital. The M.O. should see that "Pills" gets at least an "Iron Cross."

Corpl. Hughie Morgan, we are told, holds the World's War Record for rapid dressing and shaving, but we are of the opinion that if "Slim" Grainger were not handicapped by length of territory to cover, he would be able to win the Cup.

Staff Sergeant Tom Telford went on a flying visit to Newcastle for the purpose of being best man at a wedding, but in our opinion the other fellow was best man, 'cause Tommy was all in on his return.

T. D. DIVERSIONS.

News from the Mechanical Transport Training Depot.

It has been unofficially proposed that one hundred more men be put in the M.T. Hut to fill up the surplus space.

After having occupied its last quarters for twelve minutes, the M.T.T.D Orderly Room is now making extensive preparations for a stop of a few days!

Pte. Layland has decided to continue his daily course of instruction in all matters political for the present.

Hasn't Corporal H— had troubles enough as Orderly Corporal, without getting ready to face the usual result of matrimonial measures?

Pte. Bone, of "Bone Boot Polish Fame," is now working on a polish to turn light shoes dark.

Some fellows don't seem to realise they are trying to soldier. Why then

grouch when some second hand boots get mixed up in the new issue?

Why isn't Kean so keen on kicking since his last Orderly Room visit?

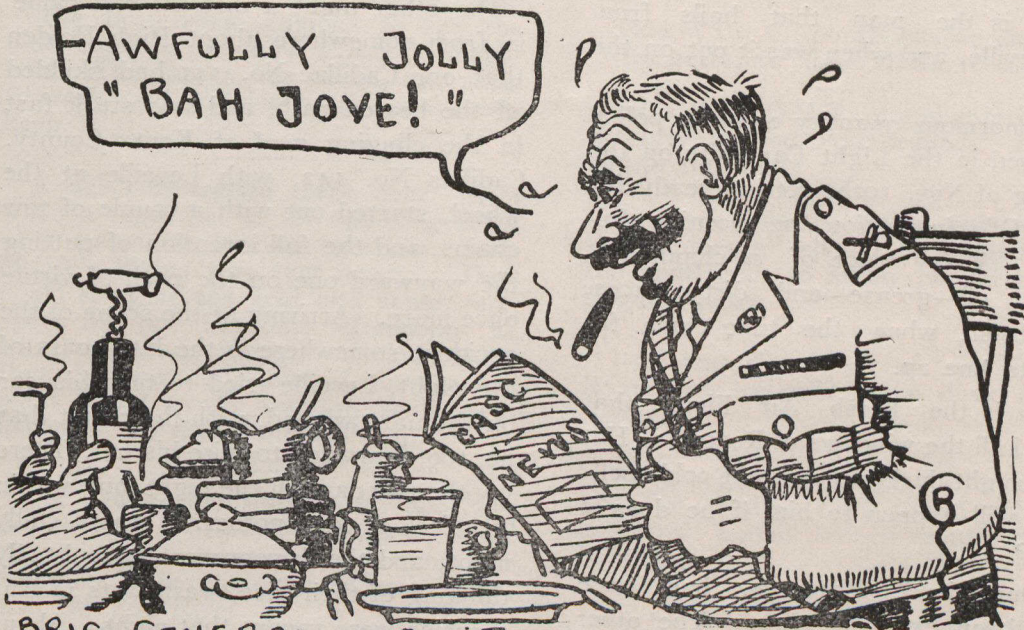
Did anyone see Sgt. K— on the Sunday of Nov. 20th?

Which would the M.T.T.D. rather do— Guard, Picket, Fatigue, or Guard?

Didn't the eggs issued last Sunday prove that eggs should be roasted and not fried?

What could have been more artistic than the array of swagger sticks found by the M.T.T.D. for parade on or about Nov. 17th?

We wonder if No. 8 Draft is still worrying about that six days' landing leave?



BRIG. GENERAL NEGLECTS HIS DINNER IN HIS INTEREST



GREEN CANADIAN FIGURING OUT HIS CHANGE

JITNEY JOLTS.

News from the Light Car Section.

Who is the man that hails from Orangeville, and when was it put on the map?

An enormous quantity of brass polish was used in the Light Car Huts on the evening of Nov. 19th, getting ready for the O.C.'s inspection the morning following. Every trace of a chauffeurs' calling, oil—grease—and dirty faces, was absent when the time came for them to line up.

Who is the Fresh Air Fiend that opened all the windows of Room 2 in Hut 3 one night during the recent cold spell? What will happen to him if he does it again?

Our friend, Hartness, has once more been experimenting. The other afternoon he turned his brain towards starting up a Buick. After tiring out a dozen fatigue men, who did their level best to play a tune on the crank handle, he decided that the old bus would not start without some other kind of help. He then brought into action a Ford. The Yiddisher Packhard he placed beside the Buick, and hitched up the Ford coils through mysterious channels, known only to himself, to the spark plugs of the patient Buick. For some unknown reason the trick wouldn't work. Poor Hartness looked bewildered! However, he abandoned the attempt and unhitched the Ford. The last thing Hartness was seen to do that afternoon was to reverently hang a crepe on the patient Buick's radiator.

We wonder how many drivers have qualified recently for Chelsea?

There are rumours that the Light Car Section is about to start an orchestra.

The other night a distress call came in from somewhere about High Holden that our Cadillac No. 141 had skidded off the beaten path, and was stuck fast in the clinging mud of Kent County. Cadillac No. 142, with Leveille at the wheel, started out with a couple of tow chains, and the full intention of putting the wayward one on the path of virtue once more. Arriving at the scene of the accident somewhere in the late hours of the night, Leveille tried to turn his car on the narrow road, with the result that he, too, managed to mire his car. There lay the two cars all the night long within fifty feet of one another. It was a chilly night, and the drivers were undoubtedly thinking of their nice, warm cots in Hut 3, which were vacant that night. About 11 o'clock the next morning a heavy truck from the B.D. came up and assisted the wayward ones to solid ground again. Cpl. Lindsay started for the scene of the double mishap, but feeling hungry on the road, he tarried in Ashford for dinner, and arrived at the mudhole only to view the ploughed-up mire left by the Cadillacs.

Sgt. Smith has just returned from a week-end pass to London. On being questioned as to his trip he very firmly stated that he had sworn off Booze, Smokes, and the Janes. We will have to make a trip to London ourselves to find out why these fellows swear off everything on their return.

Our Big Game Hunter Fisher had a fine bag a few nights ago. With the aid of a candle he strafed twenty grey-backed seam squirrels.

No matter how much they feed us we shall always be M.T. Get it?

H. T. BITS.

Funny Bits about our B. D. Horse Transport.

The Boys seem anxious to see the first copy of the new C.A.S.C. magazine. They are a fine bunch, and seem to work hard, judging by the hours they keep.

A delicious feeling crept over them when a typed list of the opposing team at a game of football on Sir John Moore's Plains was sent down. They could imagine the field and some good sport for one Saturday afternoon at least! Second thoughts decided them that the pressing needs of our Government would hardly warrant such frivolousness, so they "hitched" up.

Our new remount stable for poor old skates from Battalion Transport is an open-air affair, and should remind our Sergeant of his dear old Alberta home, near the Bow River.

When requisitioning Horse Transport don't trouble about a fatigue party. We can turn up to-morrow as well, so you can get time to collect your thoughts.

One of the Corporals has an idea that "'tis better to 'drive' than to coax."

Does the B.D.H.T. intend entering the recently arrived "quadrupeds" for the Grand National?

Someone has whispered that one of the "ancients" should be named after the gentleman so highly placed in Trafalgar Square.

Is it true that part of our Orderly Room now resembles the dock at Old Bailey?

We are glad to see the ever cheery Lce.-Cpl. Phillips back again after his accident. Circus horses require careful handling.

Do the B.D. Glee (?) Singers intend to inflict anything upon the Section during the Festive Season?

Evidently the "Powers" that be are going to London.

HYTHE HUNKS.

What the Boys at Hy the Shops are doing.

The Hythe Boys are reforming. Church Parade every Sunday morning. According to the latest census only one Corporal remains outside the fold. He claims to be a "Conscientious Objector!"

Lieut. Thompson has left us this week for a larger sphere of action. We are sorry to lose him, and we wish him every success in his new appointment.

All ranks had great pleasure in welcoming S-Sgt. Ponsett back from Hospital. He looks fit, but the leg is not quite strong yet.

The Dental Parade will be larger now that we are being issued with "Active Service Rations." Well, it's something more to grouch about. Anyway, every cloud has it's silver lining!

The Big Push is over at Hythe Shops, even if it is still at its greatest intensity on the Somme.

The new Messing Schedule is a Peach!

When will they get a real chauffeur at the Base Depot? When they do, L-40 will not come to Hythe so often.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The great question of the day:—"Any mail for me?"

Another Army Service man killed at the Front. Transfer at once to the Postal Corps before it is too late!

Owing to the alleged arrival of a number of lady stenographers, all the single inhabitants of the Record Office have taken a sudden new interest in life.

Great consternation was evident among the "Bhoys" the other afternoon when it was noticed that the Paymaster's Office was being moved to regions unknown.

The Dental Clinic has returned to our Depot. We know this from two facts. First from the agonizing yelps that escape from their quarters, and then, too, from the fact that the Section with a capital "H," had to vacate their Orderly Room in favour of the men with the picks and grinders.

Evidently the Q.M. believes in ye old adage, "The early bird catches the worm." Why the parade for Q.M. Sergeants at 7.0 a.m.?

We wish to announce that there is for sale a large quantity of Army Biscuits (supposed to be eaten with bully beef). These biscuits, we understand, are in excellent condition, guaranteed unbreakable, and will last a lifetime. Carry one of these in your breast pocket when you go up the line. It may save your life. Apply at once to any Mess Room!

The other day our worthy Cartoonist, Clyde Rutherford, was so interested in thinking of an idea for a cartoon that he fell asleep across two beds in Hut 3. After snoring peacefully for a while he gently rolled off the bed, and dropped with a heavy thud to the floor. The expression on his face when he awoke reminded us of one of his own pet cartoons.

The Shoemakers are settled in their new shops, and appear to be well supplied with shoes for repairs; but Sgt. Glennie tells us that shoes don't last long in the Army.

It is rumoured that one of our new "Tanks" got full recently, and was immediately placed under arrest. A party (not named) bailed it out. (By Our Special Aviation Service).

We heard that a prize was won by one of our boys in a Beauty Contest for Canadian Soldiers in Folkestone. (Canadian papers please copy).

Cpl. "Buck" was inoculated twice and vaccinated once the other day, and was observed to be walking with a slight squint afterwards. It wasn't the same step which he sometimes adopts on pay nights.

A Council of War was called the other day in the Bread Room to go into ways and means to formulate an application for good conduct stripes. President Wilson and Vice-President Henshall were unanimous in everything, and the meeting dispersed quietly—both of them. Business done.

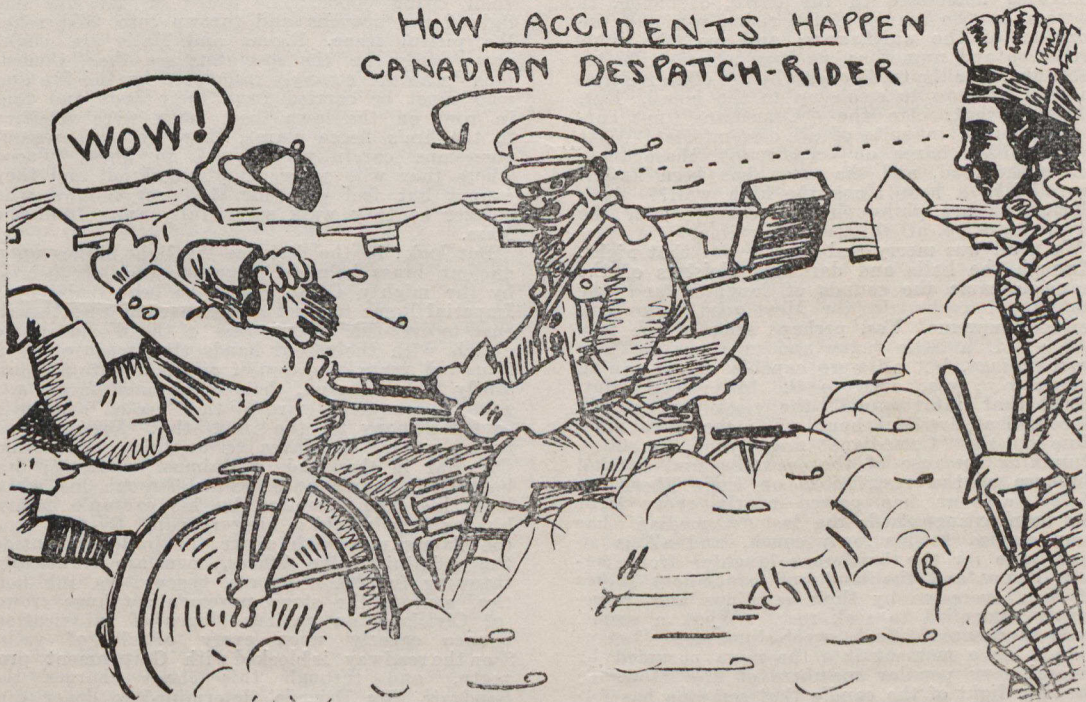


CHOCOLATE SOLDIER
ON ARRIVAL AND AFTER THREE MONTHS IN



TOUGH GUY
SHORNCLIFFE.

HOW ACCIDENTS HAPPEN
CANADIAN DESPATCH-RIDER



SPECIAL ARTICLES.

"What we did in the Great War."

By Lieut. A. J. Smith.

List, to a tale of Arcadie—Harken ye, and picture to thyself the ancient town of Sandgate on a certain night in May.

Stroll in imagination down the single street that runs parallel with the English Channel that passes by the "Norfolk" (a Pub), the "Kent" (another Pub) and the Bucket of Blood" (still another Pub), and that finally, stretches its dusty length past the palatial abode of the celebrated "Overseas Comedians." There just opposite the wreck on the seashore, stands a large mansion, once the property of a wealthy family but now sadly fallen into ruin and decay, and therefore used to house the aforesaid "Comedians." It stands well back from the side-walk, as if its occupants should be withdrawn from all contact with the natives, and is surrounded by a high wall and inside that wall are grounds that testify eloquently to the former care of a skillful gardener. Wreathed in ivy, spacious and wide, it might well have been reserved for a better fate in its old age. We all admit that the single entrance to the house is narrow—and has been passed several times by "Comedians" returning homeward in the dawn, overcome, as it were, by the beauty of the rising sun and the perfume of the wallflowers; and too, the steps are steep and numerous, perhaps a wee trifle inconvenient for the tardy ones who are often reduced to vain attempts to swim up to the house. But, what of that? Are the "Comedians" not curiously happy, in spite of all discomforts? What if the pillar boxes do occasionally chase them across the road, and the moon has been known to roll like a hoop along the high wall? Such phenomena are philosophically accepted; in the Army, know ye, all things are possible.

Well, all was merry and cheery on that night. Through the halls and darkened cloisters of the mansion came the sounds of laughter and the popping of corks. In the Mess good fellowship reigned supreme. Yes, perhaps some of the lads were—well, a little vague and misty as to their surroundings, but all were capable of continuing indefinitely; yea, even to the bitter end. But, hark, that fatal sound! the clock has struck eleven, that dreadful hour when the Mess must close and the "Comedians" must climb the stairs, stumbling (because of the darkness) and cursing (because of the restrictions on their liberties). Half an hour has passed—nearly every light has been extinguished; the last "Comedian" has been carried to his lowly couch, and all is silent, save for the boisterous laughter from certain Rooms and the loud and continuous snores of men overcome by their emotions and reluctantly compelled to seek rest. What a scene! Such innocence! Such sweet slumbers! Let us glance for a moment into the room occupied by several very popular members of the Staff. In the dim light of the candle that someone has forgotten to blow out, behold a row of red noses thrust above grey and black blankets, drawing in thousands of cubit yards of the alcohol laden air, and exhaling it with a sound that curiously resembles a saw mill in full swing, or a train running through a boiler factory. Around and

about are scattered articles of clothing, dropped there as if from an airship, and from the walls come the sounds peculiar to rodents endeavouring to make their way through solid planks. Here and there the eye is delighted by the sight of playing cards (alas too often marked) a bottle or two (many of the boys spend all their money on Cod liver oil and other bottled tonics) cigarette ends, burnt matches, and all things that contribute towards a peaceful life in the Army and are certainly indispensable.

But listen! whose heavy feet are those stumbling up the passage and whose well modulated tones are those that cry FIRE, FIRE? In a moment all is confusion and noise. Men work frantically to save their most precious belongings carrying the bottles as far into the gardens as possible; others run about and ask each other in thick accents, if the Mess servants are safe and if they had better not go into the Mess and attempt a rescue, others try to arouse the numerous "Comedians" who have been long in the Army, and who lie in bed thankful that at last the end has come, and that there is no danger of their dying sober. The glare of the fire has lighted the heavens and thrown into bold relief the pitiful scene. Rooms and Halls are alight now; easily can the spectators see the "Comedians" who are strangely influenced by the fire and who must be carried from their beds and laid in rows on the lawn (how many were sensitive to the fire's fierce glare); they see our precious possessions carefully wrapped in glass, placed where they will never tempt mankind, and they cannot but feel pity for the poor fellows who stagger as they walk sorrowfully away from the Mess.

But look! in the distance the light shines upon ancient brass helmets forgotten and left behind by the mighty Cæsar, when he beat it back to Imperial Rome to meet the barbarians who threatened to over-run the Mistress of the World and to clutch with their foul hands the treasures of a thousand years of conquest and domination. Gallantly they come on, their determined faces, set, grim, unconquered (save by the "Scotch") magnificent testimony to the fact that Britons will never, never, be slaves to anything but drink. One, far in the lead, is almost running; his benevolent countenance beams through his whisks, his men, inspired by his example follow him as they would a brewery van. By this time the flames roar high above the building; inside the Administrative Offices, men are frantically throwing furniture, papers, typewriters, ink bottles, etc., to the stone pavement; a huge crowd of Civilians, in various stages of intoxication pounce eagerly upon every article of value. Soon the roadway is blocked with Government property, and through this chaos charges the Sandgate Fire Brigade, determined to do or die.

With incredible speed a hose is passed to the building and before anyone realises it the gallant Fire-fighters find that they have forgotten the nozzle. A yell of delight, fiendish in its intensity, arises from the half dressed "Comedians," higher and higher the flames burst, and frag-

WHAT WE DID IN THE GREAT WAR—continued.

ments of falling rafters fall with terrible crashes and send showers of sparks away over the town. A weaker man than the Sandgate Chief would have quailed before the prospect. What can be done? The building is half consumed; the fire every moment grows stronger; thousands of eyes are upon him; the crowd roars its appreciation; valiantly a little group of Comedians strive to guard the liquor stores that have been carried out into the road; bravely they fight against an overwhelming number of drunken civilians bent upon the consumption of that liquor, until they are swept aside and the liquor—oh, sorrow of sorrows—all that remained of it could with ease have been carried away in a thimble. In the midst of this turmoil and confusion Sandgate's fire expert has never for a moment lost control of those splendid mental faculties that are the awe and envy of the village. Someone must go into Folkestone, he announced, and borrow a nozzle there. It is but an hour's walk. He calls for volunteers and a score of soldiers leap forward. With a glance of contempt at the civilians whose drunken condition cannot fail to arouse the disgust of any decent man, the Chief selects a Comedian, and he reels away in the wrong direction amid the excited cheers of the crowd.

Time passes—the fire has now almost consumed the building, the crowd is surging through the roadway; great clouds of sparks ascend from the crashing beams, the roof has fallen in, and still the brave messenger has not returned. What can have happened to the courageous Comedian? Has he found a bottle en route? Anxious whispers go round the crowd, but suddenly a shriek of joy rends the night. A nozzle has been discovered high up on the roof, hidden cunningly away. Down it comes into the crowd, quickly the firemen attach it to the hose and a wild yell goes up as they scatter in all directions to search for the hydrant. The joyful shrieks are redoubled—no sign of a hydrant can be found; but is the Sandgate Fire Brigade daunted? Are they down-hearted? You know them not nor their mighty chieftain. Like a flash an inspiration strikes his Napoleonic brain. "Place an end of that hose in the drain channel, and when the tide comes up we will have a splendid pressure," he yells. The crowd stand appalled—mediocrity and stupidity paying humble tribute to genius, and his hirelings spring to do his bidding. But in a moment comes a frantic shout—one that "shivered to the stars," as Virgil remarked a few years before his death. A fireman had fallen over the hydrant in another and less frequented road where he and an intoxicated civilian were consuming a little Mineral Water, and all was well! What if, in the meantime, the roof and walls of the building had fallen in, and interior was but a heap of smouldering ashes and twisted iron? With a rush the Brigade tottered across to the ruins and directed a stream of water over the crowd. Two of the Canadians gallantly undertook to help, although they were owing to the lateness of the hour, a trifle uncertain as to the exact location of the fire, and, chiefly through their efforts, very little of the colourless fluid struck the cinders. For the first time since their early childhood those heroes tasted water—it flew at them from all directions—friends in the crowd who cheered them on were drenched through and through for their pains; a fireman

who had climbed over their heads and was appealing to them to hand him up the hose, received a gusher that brought him tumbling down again; madly the Comedians who could stand cheered the efforts their two gallant friends were making to help the fire along. And then sharply outlined against the sky, the figures of three firemen appeared on an adjoining roof. They were signalling frantically for something. What? Their arms waved wildly above their heads—they gesticulated, they howled, they danced in the moonlight. Still none could understand their distress. One Comedian, through whose brain surged confused memories of a former career before the mast—under the impression that he was taking part in a shipwreck—ran up and down the road, begging some person to throw a life belt to the poor fellows—then a great light burst upon us. They had forgotten their hose in their eagerness to serve! Again and again they signalled, then drew together in a little group and finally one of their number came down—cheered to the echo by the crowd, and began to draw up the hose. In this they were aided by the Comedians who did all in their power to tie the hose into a hopeless series of knots or drag it apart, in fact to do anything to help. At length another stream was playing on the blackened ashes and bricks and gradually the fire having consumed everything consumable, gave up the ghost and departed this life.

But what of the gallant messenger who long ago had left for Folkestone? What sad fate was his? Let us follow him. Blindly he hurried on—the cheers of his comrades ringing in his ears, a vision of immortal fame leading him down the long road like a will-o-the-wisp, fatal, alluring, irresistible; ever before him the thought that all might depend upon his efforts—that thousands waited anxiously his return; past rows of houses he hurried none of which he knew, and a few public houses which he did know. Into these he turned mechanically only to bang against the locked doors and hasten on and ever on, spurred by the tale he had once heard—a vile and actionable slander, which insisted that one could always get a drink from the Folkestone firemen at any hour of the day or night. Once or twice he almost despaired and only that unspeakable libel urged him to his duty. How often in the world's history have men trodden the paths of glory with a less compelling motive driving them to fame or death! Finally he reached a building, official and pretentious, and in he rushed. Throwing open a door he dashed into a blue uniformed man and gasped out his story. Had they a nozzle? Yes. Would they lend it to the Sandgate Fire Brigade? No. What—why not? Well it's a Sandgate fire. You fellows put is out yourselves and good luck to you. Overcome by his exertions, his amazement, his disappointment, and his rapidly fading dream of glory, he sank down to the floor beaten, abject, miserable, and only recovered sufficiently to accept the hospitable glasses that were offered him. Later he came home in a taxi—and men passing to their work on one side of the street stood still to watch a taxi go past with a pair of large feet emerging from the window, while those on the other side betrayed actual surprise when they beheld a rubicund countenance ornamented by a broad satisfied drunken smile thrust helplessly through the other aperture.

WE SALUTE.

Our Officer Commanding, Major L. D. M. Baxter, for the kind interest he has taken in this new publication!

All those who have helped make it a success!

The Captain who gave the M.T.B.D. a lecture on Sunday afternoon, November 20th! General opinion says it was about the best of its kind heard around here to date.

The first person who can predict the correct date of PEACE!

S.M. McCaskill for the way he looks after the boys of the Horse Transport!

Pte. G. S. Ferguson on his promotion to the rank of Sergeant!

The cooks on the way they can fry eggs!

Pte. "Sid" Holmes for receiving three stripes!

Cpl. H——, of the M.T.T.D., on his venture into matrimony.

The Paymaster! May the supply of coin never run short.

A certain workshop that turned out home-made wooden pilot jets in their Zenith carburettors!

Pte. Fair for enforcing the Lighting Regulations by removing a lamp-post in Cheriton with his Jitney Bus the other morning!

The Orderly Officer! May he always go home to a good dinner!

All our correspondents for their untiring efforts to gather in news!

The Medical Staff for their kind attention to our good health!

All our chums at the Front!

The Field Bakers for the manner in which they stuck to it on Pond Hill during the inclement weather some time ago!

SUPPLIES STUNTS.

Jokes from the Supplies' Section.

Who was the Section Lieutenant that was "souvenir" crazy, and paid good French money for English shell nose caps, thinking they were German? Now, then, Mr. R.T.O.!

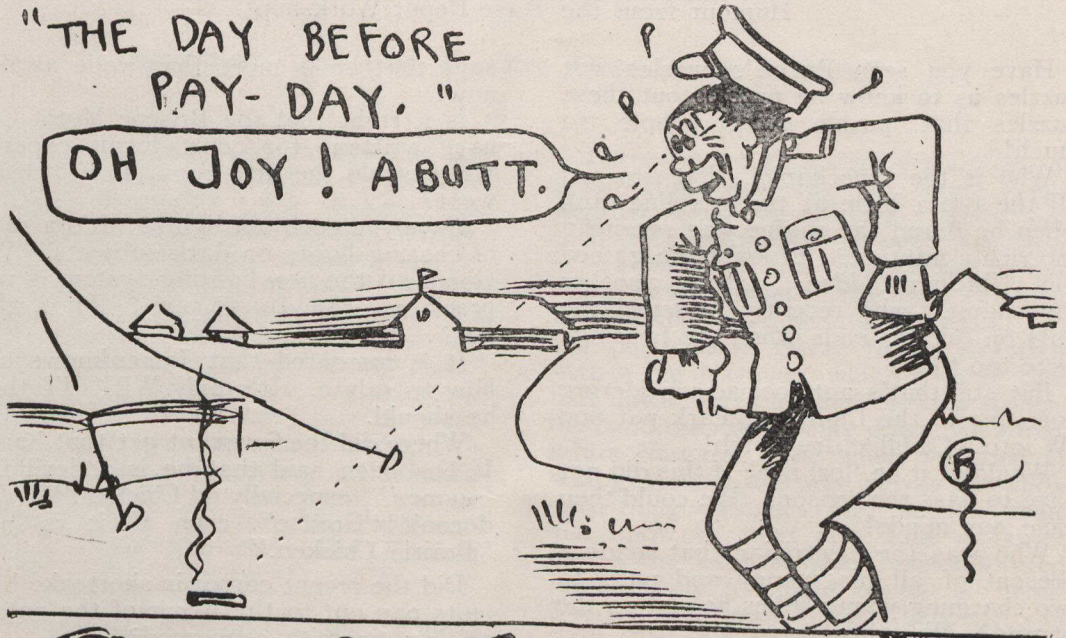
Who was the chap at Shorncliffe when reading the Somme News regarding the continual deluge of rain, said:—"Those 'Tanks' must be pretty near run dry?"

Why do the A.S.C. go through a course of musketry, when all the shooting they will ever do in France is shooting "Coffee Rums?"

Who is the Sergeant that is waiting for his commission? Does he expect 10 per cent. and 5 per cent. cash, or 28 days?

BLIGHTY:—

Ben
Likes
It
Good.
Here's
To
You.



WORKSHOP WRINKLES.

Humour from the Base Depot Workshop

Have you seen Parkie's puzzles? It puzzles us to know he puzzles out these puzzles that puzzle other people so much!

Who is the "mechanic" that turned off the tap a little at the gasoline tank when he found the engine was receiving too rich a mixture? Probably he gained this brilliant idea from another "mechanic" who recently loosened the nuts on his big ends when the bearings were too tight?

But still that's not too bad considering someone in the Light Car Park put 600 W into a Cadillac dry clutch!

Wouldn't it be "orl rite" if this did not have to pass the censor? We could then ease our minds!

Who was the electrician that made a present of all his money and pass to two charming young ladies he met on the Strand? Will they frame the pass and keep it as a souvenir? We guess that with them it is already a thing of the past.

It is rumoured that Melse came to his rescue financially. Did he borrow the money off Dave?

Is it true that someone got entangled with a live wire recently and sparks came off his heel plates? Perhaps he needed a shaking up, for Dame Rumour

says that he is more than wide awake now!

Is it right that the Briscoe Motor Co. have written for our local expert? What would the little room do if "Dad" went?

Have you seen our lights? It's a case of casting lights on dark subjects. We wonder if the new lighting system is appreciated around 4.30 p.m.? If not, why not?

It is rumoured that James knows just how to salute. It's only WRIGHT that he should.

Where did the Sergeant get that hare? It has been said that he is a devil for "game," especially "Chicken." He doesn't "Grouse" even if it is not "Prairie Chicken."

Did the recent corner in shortcake biscuits pan out to the liking of the enterprising tinsmith concerned?

Coming events cast their shadows before. Have you noticed how supremely at peace Sergt. Watts has been lately? May his new life be a happy one. Best of luck, Sergeant. Drink hearty! We hope you will have a tip-top wedding.

Did the boys enjoy their ride out Ashford way, and was the air not rather dry that evening?

TRUCK TALES.

Amusing Anecdotes from the Heavy Truck Section.

Our "Barney" Oldfield, otherwise Driver Gaukel, of South Burlap, Indiana, was out of luck a few days ago, when he mistook the road past the Transport Office for the Indianapolis Speedway.

We wonder what the Hythe Repair Shops think a transmission gear case is used for?

Who pinched the tail light off Lorry No. 6 and put a broken one on in its place; but forget to see if it had a number on it?

We hope that our Officer in charge, Lieut. Fairhead, will be careful of his

new motor cycle and side-car, and not break any bicycles—glass—or ribs with it.

We wonder if Q.M.S. Mackie likes the way the rain comes in through the roof of his quarters?

We saw Sweezie the other day and asked him how he liked driving a truck. He replied that he liked driving a truck all right, but he didn't like driving "truck."

We wonder how some of the drivers who paraded to get on the draft would like to shovel some coal for a change?

BAKEHOUSE BULLETS.

Interesting Items from the Men who raise the "dough."

It is with some nervousness that we offer our initial contribution to the new C.A.S.C. Magazine, for Bakers are naturally of a shy and retiring nature. In fact, we can only remember one instance which is an exception to this general rule, and that was the case of a baker who was beheaded by Pharaoh or some other of those "Brass Hats" mentioned in early history. We believe it was Pharaoh, but wouldn't care to swear to that, and after canvassing the N.C.O.'s of the Section and getting no satisfaction from them on the point, we are bound to admit that their Biblical knowledge is worse than ours. (The Chaplain has a strong case here!)

This is our tale, however, and we mean to stick to it, which calls to mind the yarn of a certain someone named "Brown," who arrived home one night a little more than "half-shot." His wife, who was waiting patiently for him, asked: "Where have you been to?" With an effort he replied: "I have been out—hic—with—hic—Mr. Smith." He certainly made a poor selection of an excuse, for his wife almost screamed: "How dare you say such things? Mr. and Mrs. Smith have been here all the evening." With a fine attempt at gravity he replied: "Well, that's my tale, and I mean to stick to it."

Our Field Bakers deserve no little praise for the manner in which they stuck to it during that unpleasant weather a few weeks ago, when the wind was coming up Pond Hill at a thirty mile an hour clip, and the rain putting the fires on the "hummer" all the time. Some Equinoctial Gales. Believe muh!

That's all a memory now, for we are snugly housed in the Grocery Barn near the Sergeant's Mess, with a couple of ovens, and you can get all the bread your indents call for whenever you like to call.

There was undoubted discomfort at Pond Hill, especially in that rough weather when the elements finally succeeded in flattening us out, but there is humour in it, and some of the scenes would have gladdened the heart of Bruce Bairnsfather and his merry pencil. It's not particularly funny to be wrestling with a big marquee, which is more than half down, and the wind blowing to beat the band, the rain coming down like a miniature Niagara. Then when well tied up with guy ropes and wet canvas the whole darn thing collapses, and the next thing you know is that your face is buried up to the ears in pure, unadulterated mud. Quite a weight on one's mind? No, it's not funny till you happen to be a "looker-on," and then—why, it would make a Cabinet Minister smile!

Many familiar faces are around the depot again, quite a number hailing from the Second Field Bakery, France, where they have been doing duty for some months.

Sergt. Horne, late of "Winnipeg Black Devils," is in for a commission. His second name is "Rough-house," so we are expecting great things from him.

There is a Sergeant who has grown decidedly thinner since a certain "someone" went back home to Exeter. By Gum! Never mind, Christmas leave soon!

Say, did you know there is a B.O.D. down town? Oh, you eighteens!

Who is the party that wrote an N.C.O.'s name thus:—"S.S.—sunk by a sunbarine." Some torpedo Mac!

We are glad to see T. W. Earl back from Hospital. Shrapnel in the shoulder had been troubling for some time.

Sick parade is rather early these days, but it's the early bird that catches the No. 9.

OUR ABSENT CHUMS.

The Boys of the C.A.S.C. Workshop send greetings to all chums who have left, and who are now Overseas. Should this come before the eyes of "Red," we suggest that the next time he wants his "blighty" not to get it through cranking a "Tin Lizzie" with the spark advanced or someone might get wise!

Pte. Mulligan, of "Jitney Fame," who has a great fondness for stews, has just returned from six days' leave, and tells us that he never had a decent meal all the time he was away, and is mighty glad to get back again! When the Cooks of the B.D. read this we can see stew on the menu every day, then Heaven help Mulligan!

Pte. Dallimore, pardon, Sergt. Dallimore, has gone to Brighton. His boss went with him. 'Nuff said!

Sergt. McKinnon has also migrated to Brighton. "Mac" took great care of his Ford, and at last it grew into a "Cadillac Eight." We trust his one-lung velocipede is still able to look a decent motorcycle in the face.

Pte. Eld has shifted his quarters to West Sandling. Eld had great trouble in waking up in the mornings; but now that he is working 24 hours per day we believe he will have no trouble at all.

Pte. Galbraith has left us for Ramsgate. It didn't take Galbraith long to get his eyes open to a good command job, once he landed in England.

You have probably heard of the good job Heasman landed in London? Well, we have heard unofficially that he is taking up farm work in his spare time. We expect an interesting letter from him very soon.

Our Lady Killer, Pte. McMurray has gone on command to London. There will be plenty of scope for his talents in that great metropolis.

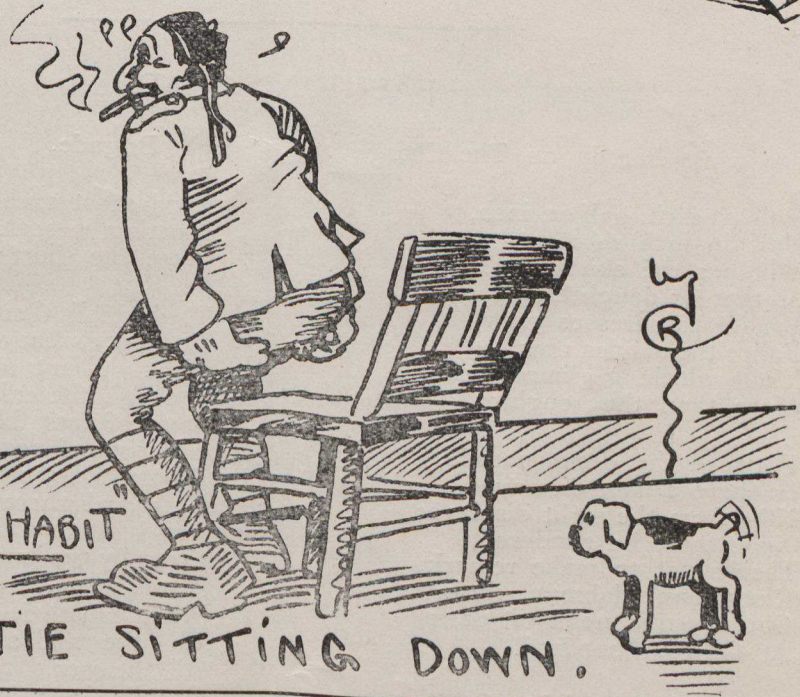
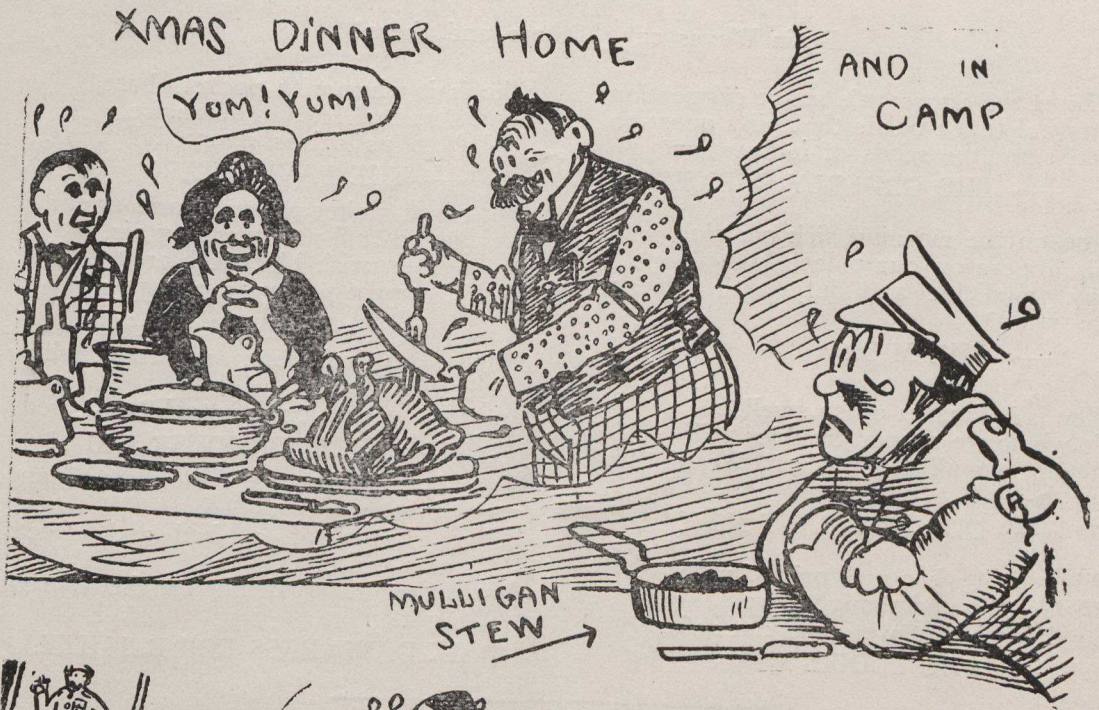
We are glad to see Corpl. Allbutt's smiling face again; but we hate to think what he will do if anyone treads on his corns.

Pte. McLachrie has taken his motor cycle and side-car to Brighton. He writes us to say that he now has white linen on his bed. What laundry did he visit?

Our Old Friend Cpl. Longdon, known as the "Korporal-de-Jitneys," has left us for Brighton. We look to him for some breezy bits of news about "London-by-the-Sea."

Pte. Armstrong has gone on command at Crowborough. He will be greatly missed by his many friends at West Cliff Hospital.

Pte. Nelson is another of the boys who has left us for Epsom. We wonder if he took his pyjamas along with him?



MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Brain Waves caught here and there!

Who at the Sergeant's suave suggestion,
At meal times bawls that silly question,
And sows the seeds of indigestion?

— THE ORDERLY OFFICER!

Who on the morning sick parade,
His fingers on our pulses laid,
Says medicine and duty with voice so
staid?

— THE M.O.!

Who is it dresses up so swell,
To whom we all our troubles tell,
Whom we all love? Yes! We do like
h—!

— OUR SERGEANT MAJOR!

Where is it when well primed with booze,
With chastened thoughts we sadly muse
On drinks, that we could not refuse?

— THE CLINK!

Who is it when with pockets bare,
Makes us feel like a millionaire,
And from us drives away dull care?

— THE PAYMASTER!

What is it makes us curse and swear,
And in the chill and morning air,
Arouses us with blatant blare?

— THE REVEILLE CALL!

What is it after a long day's ride,
When you feel done up and hollow
inside,
Brings to you visions of steak, well fried?

— THE COOKHOUSE CALL!

What is it makes us feel merry and
bright,
Brings visions of a bed and sheets
snow-white,
And makes us buy drinks for the boys all
night?

A SIX DAYS' PASS FOR BLIGHTY.

FASHION'S FAD.

Parody on The Charge of The Light Brigade.

Half an inch, half an inch,
Half an inch shorter—
Whether the skirts are for
Mother or daughter,
Briefer the dresses grow,
Fuller the ripples now,
While whisking glimpses show,
More than they oughter.

Forward the dress parade,
Is there a man dismayed,
NO—from the sight displayed
None could be sundered,
Their's not to make remark,
Clergyman, clubman, clerk,
Gaping from noon till dark
At the four hundred.

Short skirts to right of them—
Shorter to left of them,
Shortest in front of them,
Flaunted and flirted—
In hose of stripe and plaid,

Hued most exceeding glad,
Sporting in spats run mad,
Come the short skirted.

Flashed all their ankles there,
Flashed as they turned in air—
What will not women dare?
(Though the exhibits show
Some of them blundered)
All sorts of pegs,
Broomsticks, piano legs;
Here and there fairy shapes;
Just built to walk on eggs,
Come by the hundred.

When can their glory fade
Oh—the wild show they made,
All the world wondered,
Grande dame, and demoiselle,
Shop girl and Bowery Belle—
Four hundred H'm—oh, well,
Any old hundred.

A.C.W.R.B.



LIGHTS OUT.

