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The *Kit-Bag* of the O.T.C.

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No. 2.

Done into type by them, with commendable regularity, as often as twice a month.

THIS ISSUE CONTAINS

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a splendid record.
"For They Are Jolly Good Fellows" -
the 13th Draft on it's way.
The Siberian Expedition - O. T. C.
sends a draft.
"Play THE Game" - an appeal.
"Form Fours" - a poem, from "Poems
of the Great War".
The Pull-Through Page - much ado
about everything.
"Flakes of Corn" - a complete
cereal story.
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INITIATIVE!

INITIATIVE is Doing the Right Thing without being told.

INITIATIVE does NOT wait for Opportunity to Knock on the Door.

INITIATIVE goes out and meets It coming around the corner.

INITIATIVE will bring to you the Best Things in Life.

BECAUSE It will carry You to Them.

INITIATIVE, tempered by Common Sense, is to be found in the Well-Balanced Man.

INITIATIVE brought You into the Unit.

YOU must have IT, or You would not be Here.

THE Germ of Initiative is in Every One of Us.

BUT We fall Victims of Arrested Development.

YOU must NOT let that Happen to YOU.

BE a Live Wire and You Won't get Stept On.

IT'S only the DEAD Ones they Use for Doormats.

GET OUT OF YOUR GROOVE !

WHAT THE COMPANY HAS DONE

A Splendid Record.

Since the Overseas Training Company, of the University of Toronto - Canadian Officers Training Corps, began recruiting in April of Nineteen Sixteen, it has accomplished remarkable results. Over eight hundred men have passed thru the Company and they have all been most enthusiastic about the opportunities which have been opened up to them.

The following statistics indicate the various branches of service entered:-

| | | | |
|--|---|---|-----|
| Imperial Commissions from C. O. T. C. | - | - | 85 |
| " " " O. T. C., | | | |
| U. of T., C. O. T. C. | - | | 307 |
| Commissions in R. F. C. | - | - | 76 |
| Commissions in R. N. A. S., and miscellaneous | - | | 43 |
| Commissions in C. E. F. | - | - | 73 |
| Transferred as privates to the University of Toronto Company, 1st Canadian Tank Battn- | | | 201 |
| Transferred as privates to other C. E. F. units | - | | 29 |
| Transferred as N. C. O's to other C. E. F. units | - | | 17 |
| Discharged as medically unfit | - | - | 28 |
| Deceased | - | - | 1 |

A little ignorance is not a dangerous thing - - !

FOR THEY ARE JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS"

Thirteenth Imperial Draft leave
for England in a hurricane of hurrahs.

Saturday night, September seventh,
Nineteen Hundred Eighteen, is a night that the
Thirteenth Imperial Draft will always remember.

Hearty handshakes, fond embraces,
cheery goodbyes, genial raillery, mingled with
a confusion of streamers, confetti, blowing of
horns, lively songs, and a rataplan of drums,
made their departure a great and glorious event.

How the spirit of comradeship and
good feeling does rise to an occasion to tinge
the tender farewells and soft goodbyes with a
multitude of cheery smiles and happy faces.
Prim conventionality never had a look in. Everyone
sang until he was positively tired. And let us
pause to remark that the fellow who does not relax
and hoot a few hoots occasionally is in danger of
hooting hoots later on for the enjoyment of the
pathologist and trained nurse. So loosen up
once in a while. It's a tonic.

We miss those boys. What a snappy
set of chaps they were. Full o' pep! In on
everything. Up and doing all the time. While
they were with us they never lost an opportunity
to boost; to build; to solidify O. T. C. spirit.
And just here we wish to tender a word of thanks
to our pal, Walter Russell Theodoric Howard, for
his assistance on the last issue.

They have gone but we do not forget
the example they have set for us to follow.

It is UP TO EACH AND EVERY ONE OF US to carry on in the same splendid way. Enthusiastic. Cheery. Optimistic. Bright eyes. Clear laughter. The heritage of Clean Minds and Healthy Bodies. Here are their names:-

Ballard, G. B. R.
Beasley, B. C.
Bellisle, T. F.
Braham, H. H.
Brooks, H. L.
Carew, A. W.
Congdon, G. G.
Darch, F. C.
Dodge, C. M.
Duggan, S. F.
Ferris, J. G.
Francis, H. C.
Fry, H.
Gawley, R. J.
Griffis, T. E.
Higgerty, F. E.
Hossack, J. E.
Howard, W. R. T.
Hunter, N. W. S.
Jones, J. H.
Kelly, D. P. J.
Laurie, R. McL.
Loggie, J. H.
MacDonald, N.
MacFarlane, R. G.

Mason, T. J.
McConnell, C. A.
McKinnon, A. B.
McLean, H. M.
McMurray, N. A.
McSweeney, J. L.
Meldrum, N. G.
Orr, W. H.
Pinkett, G. E.
Purdy, F. W.
Rankin, C. H.
Rankin, T. R.
Robinson, W. N.
Scott, A. G.
Scott, J. H.
Sellery, H. R.
Satterington, H. B.
Simmonds, C. L.
Slyne, W. P.
Stainton, H. A.
Stewart, A. G.
Sullivan, F. J.
Vanston, F. H.
Walmsley, G. T.
Wilson, R. T.

A real fellow never dodges: his eyes look straight forward, and he assures you, first of all, that you have been met!

THE SIBERIAN EXPEDITION

A New Field of Action for
O. T. C. Men.

"Go West, young man," is an old slogan with a new interpretation for twenty-five of our adventurous comrades.

In the search for men of special calibre and initiative to accompany the Machine Gun Corps of the Canadian Siberian Expeditionary Force, Headquarters has asked the O. T. C. to supply twenty-five men.

They have been chosen and they are to be earnestly and sincerely congratulated.

It will be their privilege to cross our own fair land, to mobilize at Victoria, one of the fairest cities in the Dominion, to sail westward over the mightiest of oceans, and to come in close personal contact with that wonderful nation in the Land of the Rising Sun.

They are going in an Expedition that will be the sole representative of the British Empire in Siberia; to take their stand by the side of the representatives of all the other Allied Nations.

It is a new sphere of activity for men of this Unit. O. T. C. is now represented in all parts of Britain's endless battle line. The Western front has claimed the majority of our men, but they are also to be found in Egypt, Italy, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Salonika; and now comes the call to Siberia.

Siberia, the so-called Land of Exile. A land of millions of acres of golden grain and waving wheat fields, leagues upon leagues of fruit lands and

apple orchards; a land where the brightest minds of a democratic Russia are rendered impotent; a land of vaster agricultural possibilities than even our own Western Canada.

Our men are accompanying an Expedition that may well be epoch-making in the history of the Far East.

The avenues of advancement and development, that for centuries have been barred and double-barr'd, will be opened and it is to be hoped that the Expedition will play an important part; not alone in the reorganization of that land of potential wealth; not alone in the development of the stupendous natural resources, but that by it's aid the surging tides of Russian mental unrest, dammed by an autocratic government, will sweep forward in streams of living progress.

"Oh, East is East, and West is West;
And never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently
At God's great Judgment Seat.

"But there is neither East nor West,
Border nor Breed nor Birth,
When 'Varsity men stand side by side
At the far-flung ends of the Earth."

One needs to paraphrase the genius of a Kipling to do justice to the glorious adventure before the members of the Canadian Siberian Expeditionary Force.

- - -

PLAY THE GAME!

There is something in the make-up of every fellow of normal build that urges him to "play the game" for every ounce that's in him.

It's Pluck. It's Gameness. It's Determination. It's the birthright of manhood.

Don't you love the fellow that can grin when he's getting bumped? That can gather a new lease of pep and punch from adversity? You betcha. He's got what we all want - GRIT!

Fellows, there's a game that'll bring out these qualities quicker than any other game we know of.

FOOTBALL is considered from a military standpoint one of the very finest sports to develop endurance, quick thinking, team work, and control.

If the ball gets loose the snappy fellow is right on top of it. That's quick thinking. If it's a tough game he's got to stick till his nerves are on the thin, thin edge. That's endurance. If the game is going against him he's got to stick for the sake of his pals. That's team work. And if the game is raw he's got to be square and "play the game". That's control.

YOU get out there and make one of the teams. The game needs You. And you need the game!

- - -

"FORM FOURS"
(A Volunteer's Nightmare)

If you're Volunteer Artist or Athlete, or if you
defend the Home,
You sacrifice "Ease" for "Attention", and march
like a metronome;
But of all elementary movements you learn in your
Volunteer Corps
The one that is really perplexing is known as the
Forming of Fours.

Imagine us numbered off from the right -- the
Sergeant faces the squad,
And says that the odd files do not move -- I
never seem to be odd!
And then his instructions run like this (very
simple in black and white) --
"A pace to the rear with the left foot, and one
to the right with the right."

Of course if you don't think deeply, you do it
without a hitch;
You have only to know your right and left, and
remember which is which;
But as soon as you try to be careful, you get in
the deuce of a plight,
With "a pace to the right with the left foot,
and one to the rear with the right!"

In my dreams the Sergeant, the Kaiser, and
Kipling mix my feet,
Saying "East is left, and Right is Might, and
never the twain shall meet!"
In my nightmare squad all files are odd, and their
Fours are horribly queer,
With "a pace to the left with the front foot, and
one to the right with the rear!"

THE PULL-THROUGH PAGE

We learn that Brother Neal absolutely ignored the agricultural exhibits at the Fair in favor of one "Stella". He swears that she quivered.

- - -

"A young man who was bound for Siberia,
Said to his girl, 'Now, dearia,
Though I'm going away,
I'll come back some day,
With whiskers 'way down to hereia!"

- - -

Sammy - "Butch, have you heard about the new gas they're using on the Western front?"

Butch - "No."

Sammy - "It's awful stuff. Penetrates a man's tunic, gets into his pay book and kills his next of kin".

- - -

The siberious question is what shall we wear in Siberia. (Quick, Watson, the needle!)

- - -

Gordie Firstbrook - "Au revoir, Gus, au revoir!"

'Gus - - - "Bolsheviki, Gord, bolsheviki!"

- - -

A sandwich in the mess-tin is worth two on the ground.

- - -

FLAKES OF CORN.

(A Cereal Story)

HE sat opposite me.
AT the breakfast table.
AND I could tell.
BY the face untanned.
BY sun or wind.
THAT he was.
A New One.
OR.
IF I wanted further.
PROOF his actions.
WOULD have supplied.
SAME because.
HE waited.
FOR the butter.
AND he passed.
THE milk.
OR failing.
ALL this.
THE space where.
HIS bowl of Cornflakes.
SHOULD have been.
WAS a dead giveaway.
AND I felt sorry.
FOR him because.
BY this time the.
MILK was all.
GONE and I knew.
VERY well what had.
HAPPENED so I.

LOOKED down the.
TABLE and surenuff.
THERE was his.
BOWL of Cornflakes.
SIDE-tracked in front.
OF one of those.
Fellows that do.
HAPPEN now and.
AGAIN.
AND right there I.
THOUGHT of what.
BRET Harte said.
ABOUT the heathen.
CHINEE and his.
WAYS peculiar and.
I'LL say that.
NO Wun Lung that.
EVER manicured a.
SHIRT in a Hand.
LAUNDRY is more.
PECULIAR than the.
BIRD who takes.
TWO bowls of.
WHAT ever it may be.
AND lets the other.
FELLOW go.
WITHOUT.

I thank you!

A BOQUET AND

A BRICKBAT.

We have kept faith. The second edition of the KIT-BAG is a signal step forward. You see there is a printed cover and an increase of four pages over the previous issue.

Our ambition to make the magazine-let count for something in the Company is keener than ever. But we need your help. Give some of your ideas a chance to grow. Be a creator, not merely a consumer.

You'll be suprised at the thoughts and ideas that come to you if you'll give your enthusiasm and inspiration a chance. And anyway, as Edison has said, it's about five per cent. inspiration and ninety-five per cent. perspiration, that brings a latent idea into a living thought.

WE HAVE a large surprise for you in the next issue which will appear on the first of October.

- - -
All things exist in the man
tinged with the manners of his soul.
- - -