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C. A. S. C.



NEWS

DWATTS.

No 3. February, 1st, 1917.]

SHORNCLIFFE.

[PRICE FOURPENCE

Full of Breezy Bits.

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What the Boys Think, Say and Do.

Published Monthly at Napier Barracks, Shorncliffe.
Editor Lieut. N. A. Fairhead.
Sec.-Treasurer The Hon. Capt. J. Tully.

*Sensible Tommies learn to laugh at themselves,
Mediocre Soldiers to laugh at others,
Whilst stupid Sons of the Empire learn nothing,
Because they do not read the C.A.S.C. News.*

No. 3, Feb. 1st, 1917.

SHORNCLIFFE.

Price Fourpence.

EDITORIAL.

Competitors as Editors
We cannot find a man,
So like a nob I took the job
To do the best I can.
To pick and choose the airy news
That floats in from our depot,
I can't annul, discard or cull,
Because there's none to veto.
So listen all and hear the call,
And send in news and dope,
Let's scare the blues from next
month's 'News,'
You all will help I hope.

It is with sincere regret that we record the transfer of Major L. D. M. Baxter from this Unit to London. At the same time we are glad of having this means and opportunity of expressing the appreciation of the entire Unit of the untiring efforts of Major Baxter in the bringing up of the Unit in its present state of efficiency, and his most personal interest in the comfort and welfare of all the men under his Command.

We are most fortunate in having Major Adams from the 1st Reserve Park to take over from Major Baxter, and he is assured of the hearty co-operation of all those whom he now has under his Command.

We regret sincerely that Pte. Jolly has resigned in his capacity as Editor. He is

certainly entitled to our deep thanks, and great credit is due to him for his energy and ability in the publication in the past. After soaring to heights in the literary line we hope his ambitions to jump from the Ethical to the Practical will be realised, and he will continue to soar serenely in the Flying Corps. May there be no sudden drop for him from the Ethereal to the Concrete.

The paper also feels the loss of our Cartoonist, Pte. Rutherford, who has left for Canada. We wish him every success. His post is a hard one to fill, but the opening offers a splendid opportunity for some artistic temperament to step into.

We thank the various contributors from the different sections for their work. It is certainly too bad that more interest is not taken in our little "Mag" by the literary talent that must be in our midst. Come along, men, get your brains and pens working. There are hundreds of interesting things happening every day we would like to hear about.

Before the next number is issued our staff will be re-organised, and I hope a permanent Editor will volunteer to carry on the good work. Let us all get together and make our own Regimental Magazine a success.

The Editor.

JITNEY JOLTS.

Laughs from The Light Car Section.

Who is the driver that lost his "Tin Lizzie" at Christmas time?

Hartness has taken a violent dislike to ladies' muffs since his recent unpleasant experience. A miss is as good as a mile, Harold.

Grainger looks the other way now when passing ownerless property lying in the roadway. Safety First.

Who is the Reo driver that has a penchant for discovering German Spies in our midst? Sometimes they hide behind bushes.

Our genial friend McLeod is practising for the role of Public Speaker on his return to private life. "Shorty" Seward ably assists him in his morning address.

How did Halliday obtain the decorations to his nasal organ?

Mulligan seems to be bursting with happiness these days, and has a kindly greeting for everyone. Can it be that he has at last found a home away from home?

Cpl. Alker, otherwise our Millionaire Non-Com., was greatly perturbed the other morning when he nearly lost £50 in real money. "Put two men on the door," was his cry to his colleague, Cpl. Lindsay.

Birch wishes us to announce that he is prepared to give instruction in the art of playing the mouth organ for the nominal fee of half a cigarette. Now, then, all you musical stars, here's your opportunity to secure fame.

Who is the man that was ten hours overdue on his last leave, and how did he like doing fatigues after feeding out of the lap of luxury up in "The Smoke?"

Has "Dad" Delorme found out who wrote the anonymous note making an appointment outside the Victoria Hotel, and is it true it cost Dad 1s. 6d. to kill his disappointment at the party in question not showing up?

There's an honest man in the section, Admiral Day ex-Commander of the Famous Vulcan Fleet. May his efforts be suitably rewarded.

Our old friend "Finny," better known as Cpl. Finmark, is back again at Napier. "How to Change Guard" is his hobby now.

Our sympathies go out to Cpl. Malcolm on his recent indisposition. Beauty Spots on the back of the neck are certainly annoying. We bet he will boil when he reads this.

LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED.

A reward is offered for the recovery of one Ford, alias Jitney. Last seen disappearing around the corner of the B. D. Workshops. A description of the mechanism has been censored. Finder will have to resort to his own imagination. Any parts returned will be appreciated.

Oh where oh where has my little Jit gone,
Oh where oh where can it be,
With its tires blown out, and its engine
the gout,
Oh bring back my Jitney to me,

JUST KIDS—History in a Nutshell.

—By Ad Carter

JIMINY CRISSMUS GRAMPA!
NEVER THOUGHT AFORE 'BOUT
WHAT A LITTLE NOACCOUNT
SCRAP THE CIVIL WAR WUZ



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HINTS TO OUR NEW CHUMS.

The following hints are compiled for the benefit of recruits just entering the Army, and who will probably find everything strange. A full explanation of the terms and abbreviations they are liable to meet every day is also given.

M.O.—This is not a Money Order as in the Post Office, but often a ferocious old gentleman, who insists on your taking small pellets called "Number Nines." Go to him if you feel disinclined to go on parades—razor dull, and you don't feel like shaving—or if you require castor oil to polish your buttons with. You will always be able to obtain a ration of Nelson's Blood or Rum from this Officer, and if he refuses demand it as per K.R.O. 25899.

SERGEANTS' MESS.—This is a place where they dish out better grub than at the Men's Mess. Always dine here if fond of delicacies. It is advisable, however, to put three chevrons on your arm before entering.

QUARTERMASTER'S STORES.—Here you can get silver cigarette cases, riding whips, tobacco, etc., free of charge.

SERGEANT MAJOR.—Gentleman usually very expensively dressed. Often very rude to you on parades. A good plan is to answer him back, as repartee is appreciated on regimental parades.

PROVOST SERGEANT.—Go to him if you have no watch to ask the time as being a Policeman he always carries one.

REVEILLE CALL.—A most objectionable call sounded on the bugle very early in the morning, which will probably be followed by the Sergeant or Corporal digging you in the ribs, and shouting, "COME ON OUT OF IT!" If sleepy take absolutely no notice of this, and if reported to the S.M. or your Company Officer, just tell him that you didn't feel like getting up early, and it will be perfectly all right.

M.F.P.—Greek. "Mother's Fire-side Pets." You will notice them around bar rooms at closing time, and towards 9.30 p.m. they give a plaintive note which sounds like,—"Have you got a pass?" Called in the Army, "Military Foot Police."

BARRACK ROOM DAMAGES.—Fines imposed monthly to provide cigars for the Sergeant-Major.

GUARD ROOM.—Vulgarly called "The Clink." You'll always find warm, comfortable beds in these rest houses.

DUTIES.—It is superfluous to explain this as the Recruit will arrive here automatically in due course. When told off for guard duty, take a base ball with you, as the stock of a rifle makes an excellent bat, and you can while away the tedious hours. When the O.C. or Orderly Officer approaches your post, it is wise to adopt an aggressive attitude, thereby showing your esprit de corps.

RIFLE.—A disagreeable heavy instrument which you should throw away at the earliest opportunity. Carve your initials on the stock. The leather sling makes a good razor strop if cut in half.

TUNIC.—The same as a coat in civilian life. Cut the buttons off as souvenirs. Badges are useful to decorate body belts.

MUSTER AND SICK PARADES.—It is optional to attend the former. The latter is useful if you wish to avoid fatigues, guards, and swing the lead.

ORDERLY OFFICER.—To be found prowling around at meal times with a very officious sergeant. Rushes into your hut or tent, and bawls at the top of his voice, "ANY COMPLAINTS," followed by "CARRY ON," slams the door apparently in a violent rage and departs. A good plan is to ask him for a cigarette.

ORDERLY SERGEANT.—(See Orderly Officer). Generally in a great hurry. You will recognise him by his quaint call, which sounds like, "ORDERLY OFFICER, SHUN!"

PAYBOOK.—Very useful for writing short notes in, pressing leaves in, drawing sketches, and making spills to light your pipe with. If you lose your own borrow somebody else's.

Harold King, C.A.S.C.

BAKERY BULLETS.

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

In accordance with the resolution passed by our "Knuts" after a Y.M.C.A. Concert, the other night, I have to extend a hearty vote of thanks to Pte. Rip for his excellent contribution. He is an artist of the first water (dirty water at that), but say, to see his Scotch (two double headers) sword dance over the crossed fire shovel and poker is a revelation. Among his many other accomplishments, he is said to be studying for the job of stoker on an aeroplane. He very modestly refers to the applause he received as nothing, and remarks that he has been used to performing before nine to ten thousand people. Anyway, this has nothing at all to do with the loss of a can of tomatoes which was devoured the other night. No one appears to be guilty of actually appropriating it, and we are inclined to agree with someone who said, "Well, that 'Betts' all." Yes, Brutus was an honourable man.

The call for railroad men which made itself heard a little while ago has again proved to us how very easy it is to be mistaken, for we now know that some of our "Dough Artists" are in reality those men whose chief duty was to cry "All Aboard" at the stations anywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We hope

there will never be a call for shoe-shiners, or perhaps we will unexpectedly unearth a Greek Settlement. Na Poo.

There was once a Sergeant named Glass, Who taught in a Sunday School class, When this dough(t)y baker, Was called by his Maker, He was sure out of luck—no pass.

Did Wilson sleep on the wedding cake? And did he dream of "Belle's?" And is not Belle the name of a racehorse?

Isn't Ferguson the best Hut Orderly what is?

We wonder what Quarter Allen said when Staff Davidson picked up the ten shilling note that he had been standing on for about five minutes?

Regret to hear the occupants of Hut 16 are suffering from insomnia, and hope that Shoesmith's cigars are not to blame?

Stewart and Bett's Information Bureau now open. Specialists on Submarines, Reapers and Binders, K.R. and O., also Torpedo Boats. All opposition whacked to a frazzle.

We would also like to know if it was the rats that made the hole in the Butcher's chopping block?

SUPPLY T.D.

Who is the Officer who continually visits the Hospitals in the vicinity? Are these visits always official or sometimes pleasure?

Who is the N.C.O. who went to London on Conducting Duty, and did not return for two days? Was duty or pleasure the direct cause of the delay? (A married man, too).

Who is the N.C.O. who loaned his Camera to some friends in Folkestone, and if it is a fact that he is scared to call for it? Perhaps one of the Section Officers could tell us why?

Who is the Pte. that almost convinced the Officer in Command that he should be promoted? Did the same man ever work in a Brigade Headquarters in France, or has he really got "Chilled Feet?"

Who is responsible for the marked change in the messing of the T.D. Ser-

geants' Mess?—Is the change for the better?

Who is the Officer in the Depot who went on six days' leave some little time back, and returned 4 days ahead of time? Was it really a case of sickness, or could some Local Lady answer the question?

How the Officers on the recent Supply Course enjoyed the Gas Drill. If they did not appear quite a smart bunch—with their Gas Helmets on?

Who is the N.C.O. who visits the Local Temperance Society Dances regularly—with a "Wee Flask" on the "hip?"

If the T.D. are out of the running for any jobs on new units that "may" proceed overseas?

What is going to happen on the night of February 15th at the Leas Pavilion? Wait and see ???

Owing to the Train Service being curtailed, will the 5 o'clock Train ever leave the siding?

Tommies Tommyrotting Ossifers Ossifying and Non-Coms as Non-Competent as Ever.

We hear that the Kaiser is betting that the War will be over in August. We hope he dosen't miss the "mark."

The other night a labour section Tommy who, having looked on the wine when it was crimson and rather over imbibed with ambrosial nectar, wandered through the Officers' Mess around midnight looking for a vacant bed and congenial companions. He was cruelly ejected by the R.T.O., and the Q.M. stood by and took a list of his clothing.

While discussing the topic of revolvers for the front the following tale was spun:—It was in the mountains of Carolinay and it was a weddin'. There they was the family and all the friends. The parson was just putting on the last touches, and he says, "They as the Lord has put together let no man put asunder." "Parson," says the bridegroom, "I rises to question your grammar in that there sentence. I want this weddin' done right." When the smoke clears away the bride she looks around and sees a dead Parson, a dead bridegroom, a dead brother, two dead uncles, and five dead weddin' guests. She heaves a mighty strong sigh and says, "Them new fangled self-cockin' revolvers sure have played hell with my prospects."

A man to be successful should have the patience of Job, the thrift of Harry Lauder, the nerve of John W. Gates, the tact of Taft, the watchfulness of Wilson,

the industry of Edison, the vocabulary of Billy Sunday, and (last but not least) a wife who will keep him in at nights.

Mrs. Newlywed:—"I've decided to change our Iceman, My Dear."

Mr. Newlywed:—"Whv what on earth for?"

Mrs.N.:—"Oh! he says he can supply much colder ice for the same money."

Sentry on duty for the first time:—"Halt! Who goes there?"—

"Friend."

Sentry:—"Advance, friend, and give the countersign Waterloo."

Orderly Officer:—"Any complaints, men?"

Private:—"Yes, sir, smell this meat!"

O.O.:—"Well, I believe this meat is on the turn."

Private (Ex Jockey):—"On the turn, Sir? I think it's half way up the stretch."

Sergeant (to pal meeting him at Station):—"I've had an awful accident.

Pal: "What on earth is up, Bill?"

Sergt.:—"I lost all my baggage, the cork came out."

Tommy (learning to drive):—"Take it, Sergeant, take it quick, here comes a ditch."

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HUNS' FATAL ERROR.

It has been said that this is a war of ideas. Germany stands for the idea that Might is Right. The God of Germany to-day is a fierce, savage, tribal war lord, whose attributes are rage, revenge, and lust, and not the God revealed in Christ. The ethics of the sermon on the mount are openly scorned as the sayings of a sickly sentimentalist; not "Blessed are the meek" but "Blessed are the Mighty" not "Blessed are the peacemakers" but "Blessed are

the Warmakers." Hence Germany challenges the very principles upon which all Christian civilization is built, and England stands for, and fights for, the principle that Right is Might, we shall certainly win.

"For right is right, since God is God"
 "And right the day must win";
 "To doubt would be disloyalty,"
 "To falter would be Sin."

Extract from Rovelles Camp Magazine.

A LITTLE CHAT FROM CAPT. TULLY.

In the army, if you are so fortunate as to be able to write out a cheque or pass over a treasury note, it will not fail to surprise you how fast your bank account is dissolved in the stream of requirements because the rapidity with which it vanishes is constantly on the increase. Past records in prices are being broken every day. You do not ask any more why you must pay thirty-eight shillings for a pair of boots where the price was formerly only sixteen shillings, or why the bus fare is two and a halfpence instead of two pennies. You do not ask because the answer is always the same. "It is because of the war."

So when habits of life change and change for the worse, when control of self seems slipping away and some one says, "Jack, you are not the fellow you once were," what is the matter with you? The answer comes in the same

familiar way, "It is the war, the life in the army is to blame, it would ruin any man." The price of character has advanced, and as the war continues, the price becomes higher and higher. When we find that the cost of boots is higher we may complain, but we pay the price. So when the price of character advances what are we to do but pay the price? We must spend more time in self examination to see if there are any resources that have not been called up. Also spend more in examining into the conditions with which we are surrounded that we may better know how to meet them. We have to spend more in the estimation of the value of our true worth and not throw it away for the pleasure of an hour. Spend more on the control of every faculty. Then we shall find that not because of the war, but in spite of the war we retain man's most priceless treasure.

A GRAVE SUBJECT.

Here lies the Kaiser's eldest son,
 He lied in life, he is lying still.
 Here lies Great Wilhelm, friend of God,
 It grieves our heart
 To think of friends now forced to dwell
 So far apart.
 Here lies William, King of Prussia,
 He died of England, France, and Russia.
 Here lies the Kaiser, oh mark you well,
 Made mock of God, of earth made Hell,
 His nation mourn their ruler's fate,
 Not that he died, but died too late.

FIRESIDE REFLECTIONS.

It was the evening of December twentieth. Private Dick Bedford sat in the hut on a form drawn up before he blazing fire. Supper was just over and the thirty boys who shared the room were busy in different ways, most of them in various stages of shining up their buttons, shoes and faces for a trip down town. Some were lying down taking life easy, others sat at the tables playing cards and a few were writing home, trying painfully to describe the big time they were going to have on Christmas day so that the folks back there should not guess how black and heavy was the cloud of nostalgia that hung over them. Bedford sat immovable, oblivious of his surroundings, watching the leaping flames and the tiny spurts of fire that hissed from the crevices in the coal like flaming adder tongues. Few men can sit alone gazing into an open fire and not see visions and dream dreams. Private Bedford was gifted above his fellows with imagination—"the witch," as somebody had said, "who takes the dry staw of fact and, with a touch, weaves out of it the silver thread of romance." He had been reading the papers sedulously for a week. It had been a custom of his for some years to read the best newspapers he could get, especially the editorials. Now, after following for a week the columns upon columns of discussion started by the hurling from the German camp of the one word "Peace," his mind had become abessed by its potentialities. Hence the visions.

He knew that there was nothing to it—that it was just one more move in the wily game of statecraft—but, seeing it printed in staring headlines and repeated at three-line intervals in every paper he picked up, had the effect of sending through his being little tremors of joy. At first the feeling had been merely subconscious but now as he sat musing he had analysed it. Above all there was the anticipation of his homecoming next Christmas, for surely, the way things were going we could finish the business by that time. Gathered around the fire in the little home back there he could see each member of the family, the light of love in every eye, as he told them stories of the war. Then he saw that other home where the welcome would be no less sincere; vividly he saw the father of the house, dozing behind a paper in his big chair in the corner and mother peacefully crocheting before the fire while he shared the corner in the background with a little girl who had fluffy hair the color of an amber sunset and eyes of cerulean blue that seemed to hold within their limpid depths the mysteries of the ages. What fun it would be to spend the rest of his life taking care of her.

Then there came a few moments of retrospection. At college he had never bent himself seriously to work, deeming it sufficient if he managed to get through with a pass. But in his final year he had had an awakening and he pondered now on the curious way it had started. Somebody had one day said: "Who owns Egypt?" He was unable to answer. In his fourth year at college he didn't know whether Egypt was governed from Downing Street or the Grand Vizier's Palace at Constantinople. He determined to find out. Going to the public library he got two large volumes on Egypt by Lord Cromer and, after reading them through, he felt he could give points on the government of that country to his history professor. He had learned a lesson in relative values. A university was a fine place for a man who was willing to round out his studies with books that were not in the calendar; for the

other fellow it was four years wasted that might better have been replaced by sporadic excursions to the public library. The winning of a degree was merely an ironical discovery of the distance one would have to travel before becoming truly a Master of Arts.

A disturbance at the table behind him aroused Private Bedford to his surroundings and he noticed that the paper in which he had been reading Lloyd George's speech of the day before had dropped to the floor. Picking it up he found his place and read these comments on Germany's relations with the other Powers: "She has always been an unpleasant, disagreeable neighbour to all. She got thoroughly on the nerves of Europe, and there was no peace near where she dwelt. . . . Several times there were threats—there were two in the lifetime of our generation which presented the alternative of war or humiliation." At once his thoughts soared back over the works of current history he had read, and, focussing their salient points in his mind, the connotation of those sentences of Britain's popular tribune became clear. Africa throughout the nineteenth century had been a fertile field for the rivalry of the European Powers. Along in the eighties Germany awakened to the fact that France, Britain and even Belgium had acquired large, well-defined spheres, that she was herself but poorly represented and that, moreover, the available colonising territory was rapidly being taken up. At this time she possessed on the west coast only a cluster of buildings erected by an enthusiastic missionary and a few miles of foreshore. She looked inland at the vast stretch of rich country through which British traders had roamed for years but which Gladstone's laissezfaire government had never proclaimed a British sphere and she decided on drastic action. A huge square was accordingly marked off extending in three directions to meet the nearest acknowledged spheres and a pronunciamiento issued defining its boundaries in detail and declaring it to be German territory. Thus Germany placed her West African colony on the map and at the same time made her debut in Welt Politik. From now on she was to reveal herself the bully of the international school.

During these years France and England were not the best of friends. They found many differences cropping up in the international game of chess which they were playing in Africa. The Fashoda incident marked, of course, the point of greatest strain, when Kitchener, marching south, in 1898, found General Marchand established at Fashoda and the French flag flying over the town. But during this crisis and the earlier stress, both powers had managed to follow the approved dictates of international conduct and convention. Their difficulties were increased by the fact that they had been obliged to take over the administration of Egypt, as joint creditors and co-assignees of a bankrupt Government. That they did not come to blows was largely due to the statesmanship of Lord Cromer, who represented Britain in Egypt for nearly half a century and who possessed that fine quality of a statesman, the power to think more than twice before acting. Out of the constant association and action and re-action upon each other of the two people, there naturally grew a better understanding. But there was something else that caused the two nations to draw together, and that something was the blustering attitude of Germany in international politics. They had seen the Kaiser's royal envoy assume the name of "The Mailed Fist" and depart for China to open there a door for Germany.

FIRESIDE REFLECTIONS—continued.

Neither could tell how soon a pretext might be found of hurling the same gauntlet in their faces. It therefore behoved them to be friends and out of this feeling grew the settlement of 1904, by which France recognised the superior rights of Britain in Egypt and received in exchange the recognition of her rights in Morocco. The Triple Entente had become a fact. Germany must have been quite self-satisfied at the time for she made no complaint, Von Buelow declaring that Germany's interests in Morocco, were purely economic within a year Germany had changed her mind. The reason was not far to seek. The Prussian war-lords had viewed with complacency the formation of the Dual Entente between France and Russia. Now the efforts of M. De-casse, France's Foreign Minister, had included Britain in the compact. Such a union must be broken at all costs. No time was lost in seeking a pretext.

The Kaiser in 1905 paid a dramatic visit to Algiers, secured the ear of the Sultan and promised him support in his refusal to accept the reforms which France had planned for his country. M. De-casse objected so strenuously to the German Emperor's intrusion in Morocco that war must have ensued had not the French Cabinet agreed to the admission of Germany to a joint conference to settle the dispute. No greater insult could have been offered a civilized nation, and no greater humiliation suffered than by accepting it. The French Foreign Minister resigned, virtually thrust from office by the "mailed list." With the results of the crisis Germany was apparently satisfied.

But it was not long before Germany found a new field in which to exploit her diplomatic methods. In 1908 the world awakened one day to find that Austria, who had charitably undertaken to promote certain reforms in the Turkish Provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, had declared the annexation of her proteges. Russia, always a friend of her small Slav sisters in the Balkans, protested vigorously. But before matters had gone very far, Germany stepped in with the declaration that if Russia did not immediately waive her protests, she (Germany) would mobilize. She was well aware that Russia, having just emerged from her war with Japan, was in no position to assume the burden of a second struggle. Here was the first overt threat to which Lloyd George referred. The second was equally dramatic.

Russia having been cowed, it now became all the more necessary for Germany to break up the Triple Entente if she was to achieve her ambition of arbiter of the destinies of Europe. Britain, France and Russia were aware that Germany's attitude arose largely from a fear that the new Entente aimed to hedge her in and throttle what she considers her legitimate growth. To disabuse the Prussian mind Britain sent Lord Haldane to Berlin in 1911, commissioned to do his best to uproot the spreading weeds of enmity. The mission failed. A few months later the *causa pro quod* of this rebuff became plain. All the nations were busy with their own housekeeping, outwardly all was calm, when, one day in July, across the blue harbor of Agadir appeared a German gun-boat. The same day announcements from Berlin explained that it was there to protect German lives and property in the town. As was expected Germany's latest method of addressing the Powers from the gun turrets of the Panther, immediately precipitated a crisis and, on interchange of notes,

it was found that the Germans claims were much more elaborate than at first appeared. Ignoring the Act of Algeiras, and the later Franco-German Agreement of 1909, they now demanded the reopening of the entire Moroccan question, insisting upon either a partition of the country or the exchange of a large portion of French Congo, for a release of German "rights" in Morocco. For three months the tension was at the breaking point and war was daily imminent. During this period the discussion centred mainly around questions of power (*Machtfrage*) and the coolness of French diplomacy was tested by the knowledge that German gun-boats continued to "protect" the closed port of Agadir in which not a single German citizen dwelt. Finally the discussion narrowed down to the issue at stake, and was carried on with more reserve on the part of Germany. Sufficient time had elapsed to prove to Prussia's arrogant ruler that his attitude was merely wedding the Entente into a strong defensive alliance. His coup had failed in its object, and a settlement closing the incident was soon effected, which made rectifications in the boundaries of German and French colonies in Africa, to the benefit of both countries.

Germany could now only mark time and await a better opportunity of converting the nations by force to her doctrine of "Kultur." In July, 1914, she deemed the time ripe. The comparatively minor incident of Sarajevo appeared to be on the verge of settlement despite Austria's extraordinary demands, when the German War Lords willed that it should serve as a pretext for hurling the nations into war. Now after two years and a half of the most sanguinary fighting, the world has ever seen, comes the cry of Peace from Germany. Will she have Peace? Yes, but only when the Entente powers, and their Allies have seen to it that her "Swashbuckling through the streets of Europe to the disturbance of all harmless and peaceful citizens, has been dealt with as an offence against the law of nations." It is just a little over one hundred years ago since Napoleon's attempt to build by force a French hegemony in Europe was frustrated. In the midst of his efforts, a premature peace was signed at Amiens, which did little more than give him time to reorganise for further conquest.—It needed the decisive victory of Waterloo to establish a permanent peace. Should peace be made to-morrow, history would but repeat itself. This coming year the Allies' swords will carve a road to victory, but it will have been in vain if there is not found the pen of wisdom to write a lasting peace. The pen is mightier than the sword, but only when guided by the hand of equity and righteousness. We have no reason to doubt the outcome. The eyes of the Allied peoples are open to facts which have been obscured for years, and in their various countries, the crisis of war has brought out leaders whom the people can trust. For the rest of the war our motto must be the altered Machiavellian proverb: *si vis pacem face bellum*—if you desire peace make war.

Private Dick Bedford rose, stretched his six feet of brawny manhood, looked at his watch, and decided to roll in for the night. After undressing, gingerly he propelled himself caterpillar-fashion into his envelope of blankets, turned over, and went to sleep, to dream of the little girl who had fluffy hair the colour of an amber sunset and eyes of cerulean blue that seemed to hold within their depths the mysteries of the ages.

"SARGE."

WORKSHOP WRINKLES.

Humour from the Base Depot Workshop

If the file in a rasping tone should call the auger a bore, and the monkey wrench a nut from the vice, would the plane smooth things o'er?

Pace is still going the pace. Rumour has it that it is a Ford he is driving. Keep smiling, Bill.

Who trained that dog you sometimes see around the Tinshop? Perhaps Tom did the Spadework. It seems pretty Wise, anyhow.

Us is back in the shops. It is said that he did not like carrying coal. When asked for his reason in quitting his orderly job, he replied with a knowing wink that we already had "Coles" in the shops.

Who is the Corporal in the Light Car Office that made out a work order to the effect that a Vulcan Car required its self-starting system overhauling. It's a Laing way to Tipperary.

Poor old Pat. His feet were cold, his hands were blue, and his nose red (or is it his hair?). Yet the other clerks in our office objected when he made a fire in the waste paper basket. Pen said that the outlook began to get "Black." By the way, Pat doubled out of the office carrying the waste paper basket fire with him. He is some "Walker."

Of course everybody knows about the man in this section who has no feeling as far as his skin is concerned. That has its disadvantages as well as otherwise. This man split his breeches the other day right across his knee, so like the handy man he is, he got a needle and thread and proceeded to neatly repair the damage. It was certainly unfortunate that after the work was finished he discovered that he had sewn his pants to his leg. He who sews in the flesh, etc

There has been a lot of speculation as to why one of our N.C.O.'s has not had a pass lately, although it is only two weeks since he was last on leave.

Have you noticed how subdued everyone has been lately in this section? It is only fitting that this should be so. After losing most intimate friends, who were amongst us day by day, it naturally causes pain to see them go. However, cheer up, comrades, we feel that we did our duty by you to the very last. Cpl. Kitchen undoubtedly tended to their needs during their journey to London by road, and showed them the sympathy due them, and in saying good-bye spoke to them with all the eloquence and feeling of which he is capable. We are sure our friends in the Truck Section feel with us in our mutual bereavement.

How spick and span our boys looked the other day in their clean overalls. The word "Over-All" does not seem to us quite applicable, as we noticed a man with a 42in. waist and a 36in. leg, trying to get into a pair issued out to him, which was 32in. round the waist and a 32in. leg. He remarked in most forcible language that it was a waste of time. We can certainly swear they were only over part, and it is also undoubtedly true that a certain workshop overhauls cars in a corresponding manner.

We certainly have always had great faith in the creative ability of our boys, now we have to furnish the cook for the Sergts.' Mess, and they assure us that he is a genius.

Please note that in future our Briscoe expert will be known as Brisk Oh.

We fail to see the reason why our partridge shouldn't fly,
Or why Pickles should get pickled, or a soldier do or die
If Wright is right and Clarke is wrong,
and Wise does never fail,
How is it Tommy Spadesman always falls in with a pail.

Did you see Smillie smile the other day after the medical board.

Henry is smiling once more since he had Lizzy fixed up. He says that there is life in the old dog yet.

H. T. BITS.

Funny Bits about our B. D. Horse Transport.

Is Corpl. Burgess pleased to give up his strenuous duties as Orderly Corporal?

We wonder if our American Sergt. is "tickled to death" at being re-classified as "D." Our cousins can fight, but people say they are proud.

About that "Fifth Train" every one wants to go, but, according to the way that the Government is cutting down the traffic on the railways, we fear that many of us may not be allowed to ride on this train. In fact it may never leave the siding.

We are told by Sandling boys about a would-be C.S.M. Who is he?

Everyone was sorry to see the heroes of the "Too old to fight" bunch go to Bramshott. Some of them had found real homes here, and we feel sure that there will be lots of broken-hearted friends in this area.

Does our Vancouver Corporal wear a smile these days after being used to his office in the requisition stable.

Where is Kidney? We should like to know how he gets away with it. We can't get a pass even when a long-lost brother comes back from France.

Say, bots, more dubbin. Why not clean harness every night a week before pay day. We're broke, anyway.

The whole B.D. is talking of promotions these days, but the tailor doesn't seem overworked sewing on chevrons.

Just imagine Sergt. Turner having German measles.

Our old friend Simpson remains as "feedman." Surely if he can feed horses so well he should be able to cater to sergeants.

Skating is good. Let us suggest a Saturday afternoon for it to Headquarters.

Shows what good condition our riding horses are in when one tried to lift a three-ton Kelly Truck over a hedge. The truck resisted, in fact, counter attacked. The H.T. were crushed entirely and lost one killed.

One of our Corporals who takes convoys to Ashford is endeavouring to grow something. Please assist our eyesight.

Does our trumpeter possess a German watch, as his "Lights Out" will eventually get his light being put out?

Does our C.Q.M.S. think that he has really found a home at last?

How often does our friend of "large feet" and "flat chest" sleep in Barracks?

What a pity the Railway Authorities do not arrange their time-tables to suit the convenience of farriers.

Do our Orderly Room Staff like their new quarters? Why didn't they take the "Dock?" They seem very worried and overworked lately. Why not increase the staff 500 per cent.? Lots of boys are looking for warm jobs.



TRUCK TALES.

Oh what a sad convoy of crocks left our yard the other day. Only four and a half trucks in working trim out of the twelve in the procession. I say four and a half because whilst one had its engine running it still had to be towed. One had to tow the other down hill because it had no brakes. There were a good many who wished the convoy a bon voyage with a slight smile, but they made a remarkable trip.

L. 145 towed L. 43 on the convoy, and yet L. 43 was heard to remark, "'Tis better to be a good old has been than a never was."

We wonder what was wrong with L. 32 when Bro. Vandrick met the convoy of old timers.

It is with regret that we hear of the three big Cpls. in room 10 picking on Tiny (Cpl. Stafford), but we hear that he has gone into training, and we expect that the tables will be turned shortly.

Did any see Bro. Clement shed a tear on parting from his old friend L. 2.

No 1 Section left their old quarters with regret, but seem to have found the new ones quite agreeable.

We take our hats off to Pte. Palfrey for the smart business-like manner in which he started with old L. 40 on the Last Long Trail. Alas, poor L. 40, we knew her well (too well).

One of the drivers was advancing the spark on a Kelly, and in doing so moved the mag. enough to start the motor, the points being about to break at that time.

Who was the truck driver who had a pipe dream and thought that he was a Tank, much to the disfigurement of a fence near Dibgate.

THE MUSINGS OF A TRUCK DRIVER.

We had a truck, a real, good truck,
'Twas Kelly Seventy-six,
It travelled down to Hythe workshops,
And stopped there several weeks.

They sent us back our truck one day,
We needed it worst way,
But when we tried to run the thing,
It spluttered, "Not to-day."

"Staff" sent her down to Hythe once
more,
To clear the gas line out,
That happened just two weeks ago,
It's finished, we've no doubt.

But why she don't come back to us,
Is something we don't know,
We hear there is a war still on,
Will someone tell Hythe so.

WE WANT TO KNOW

When Hank Ford is coming back to finish the war?

Why Capt. Tully wears the Iron Cross?

Who is the N.C.O. who is learning to dance with his two-step sisters?

Why a certain Officer was nicknamed "Peter" a short while ago?

If the C.A.S.C. Orchestra ever practices any other night but Thursday?

Who is the Officer that is toiling in France where the shells are thickest? (In an ammunition wagon).

How the Re-Payment Officer likes making out requisitions for Jitneys?

What the R.T.O.'s do in their spare time?

Why visiting the sick in Hospital has

become so popular among Section Officers?

If it is true there were only two men in the M.T.T.D. who did not apply for commissions. A "Sam Brown" seems to be more popular than collecting auto-graphs these days.

Who was the fellow that works in our Post Office, and is a R.C., and on Xmas Night went into a Baptist Church in Folkestone in an elated state, and spoke to an interested congregation for an hour before he came to his senses?

And also who is the Great Lion Tamer that works in the same department?

Who is the O.C. "Rumours."

Who is the Cpl. in the Light Car Section who poses as a bachelor and writes letters as a benedict?

Congratulations to Pte. Hartness on his promotion to the rank of Corporal.

Pte. Bone's "Famous Shoeshine" seems to outshine all other makes of shoeshine in this camp. Even the Officers are interested in its excellent effects, and a private was noticed the

other day using his polished boots as a mirror.

We hear that Despatch Rider Houston will shortly enter the Order of Benedicts. That he will enjoy connubial bliss is our earnest wish. The best of luck, old top!

HINTS ON COOKING.

We feel that a few receipts for substantial little dishes should be printed for the boys proceeding overseas.

PRUSSIAN PUDDING.—Take two rolls of finely minced barbwire sift in half a peck of clear white sand, to which one pint of rifle oil has been added, roll same into paste, boil over a candle for two hours, and allow to cool. Add the juice of two periscopes and shake the whole until it shows signs of fatigue. Serve in bulk, add hardtach to taste.

DISCIPLINE SOUP.—Take two quarts of water from the nearest bath mat, remove all foreign matter by straining through a rifle barrel. Catch two eggs and tie them to the Listening

Post, beat them unmercifully, and throw them in a knapsack with a can of condensed milk. Bring gently to a boil, adding the stained water, sprinkle with pieces of shredded blanket and serve in an old hat.

C.A.S.C. SALAD.—Take one pair of cow's horns, chop same into fine powder, and mix with four oz. best dubbin. To this add one pint of red ink and indent for six pounds of chopped ice. Serve in powdered ice garnished with horse radish and the breast of two water melons.

McCOOL'S PETS.

There is at large a man in charge,
Of boys who do the work,
'Tis Mac McCool, who's golden rule,
Is seeing no men shirk;

Repayments call was far too small,
New charges now he gets,
So cease to roast, and drink a toast
To Mac McCool's Pets,

PRIVATE CLARKE'S FIRST LETTER HOME.

Being a succession of rather strong statements calculated to make those at home believe that he is a regular hero already, and written with the hope that it will be reproduced in the columns of the town paper. Many Tommies, when writing home, disregard the truth absolutely in their efforts to make big fellows of themselves.

2313711 Pte. Clarke, G.,
C.A.S.C.T.D., Shorncliffe.

My Dear Mother and Dad,

Well, I am in England at last, and I am mighty glad, too, for we had some exciting experiences while aboard ship. We were chased by four different submarines, and only missed being sunk by the great speed of our boat, the "Gram-pion," which is capable of travelling thirty-five knots per hour. I was the only one on board the whole ship who wasn't sick. But I expected that. We passed many boats coming over, some so close that we exchanged greetings with those aboard them. By the way, I'm broke, and could do with about five pounds. That's what they say over here; in Canada it is about twenty-five dollars.

Since arriving in England I have had some exciting times. Last night some German Zepps visited Shorncliffe. They dropped a bomb right outside our tent, which luckily did not explode. If I get that five pounds I will express it to you as a souvenir. Zeppelins are great big affairs. They look like aeroplanes, but have two planes instead of one. Every evening several are located in the sky by our searchlights over here, and they are generally brought down by our aircraft. I have not a cigarette left, would you mind sending me some.

On a clear day you can see France plainly from here, and you can hear the guns roaring at all times just like thunder. The first day I was here I saw a balloon rising in France. Yesterday I

was offered Corporal's Stripes, but didn't take them, I prefer staying in the ranks with my chums. We need leg-gings over here; would you kindly send me a pair. Privates and Officers dress alike over here.

England is a great country; I like it so much. Shorncliffe is in the county of Kent, so is Folkestone, a city of about 150,000 people, about three miles from here. I'm going to visit it when I get that five pounds. The English money is hard to get on to at first, but I have mastered it now; a penny is equal to two cents, and so on. A lot of the boys have those long knee boots over here. I would like a pair, but can't afford them.

I nearly forgot to tell you about the naval fight I saw in the Channel yesterday. One of our super-submarines engaged an enemy's light dreadnought, and there was some fun for a while. I yelled with excitement. After a lengthy struggle our craft of course won. It lodged an eighteen pounder shell in the German boat right below her bread line. She made an heroic effort to reach land, but sank after about six or eight hours. It was some fight. Any time father wants to he can cable me money. They shoot it across under the ocean in a little tube called a cable; it costs a bob a word. How foolish I am, you don't know what a bob is, do you; well, it's—let me see, I've got a bob and a quid mixed. Anyway, it's English money.

How is everybody at home? I wish that Freddie were over here, and I'd show him around England. It resembles Canada somewhat. There are horses and cows and everything just like at home. I am well, but need money. Will try to keep away from France as long as possible. I'm not a bit afraid, but I don't want to worry you. Will write often.

Lovingly your son,

GEORGE.

P.S.—If Father is going to send me that five pounds, he can use the address at the top of the letter.

D. D. MORRIS,

HYTHE HUNKS.

It is understood that a certain N.C.O. has sworn off Sausage since Xmas.

Our old friend Ganney stopped a Taxi Tuesday night, but not without getting badly mauled and sustaining a fractured leg.

Groom, our specialist from the Beehive Restaurant, was right on the spot and rendered first aid. We wonder which of the five ports Ganney was returning from?

Overheard in the Machine Shop:—
"What that Chinese Bo-Hunk of a Lanchester back again!" May be, our Lanchester Expert will find the missing link this time.

The boys who left for Crowboro' are apparently not in love with the place, and wish they were back in Hythe.

We wonder why parcels sent us from Canada have not reached their destination? No doubt it is on account of an overworked and underpaid staff at the A.P.O.

Pte. Lorimer is suffering from a sprained wrist, the result of being kicked by a Kelly at Crowboro'.

That a certain private, not a tailor by profession, took a lady friend home

and returned with a nice mince pie. The boys in the room know the pie was good, though the said private turned his back whilst eating it.

Our congratulations to S.-Sgt. Pounsett on his promotion to A.C.S.M.

A lending library has been opened for the use of the Boys. We thank all those who have given the books. Further gifts or loans will be greatly appreciated.

The car waits without, sir,
Without what, orderly,
Without the left-hand running board,
Without a good chauffeur,
Without a drop of gasoline,
Ten nuts the can of oil,
The outer coat of Army Green
Two sparks plugs and the coil,
Without the brake, the horn, the clutch,
Without the running gear.
One cylinder it beats the Dutch,
How much there isn't here,
The car has been repaired in fact,
And you, sir, should be glad,
To find that this much is intact,
Of what before you had.
The workshop sent it back, sir.
In perfect shape throughout.
So you will understand, sir,
Your car, sir, waits without.

THE HEROINE.

It was on a cold and dreary night that it happened, one of the many that had prevailed for the past month. But it was the "Night of all Nights." Great things happen daily, almost hourly, but no event was ever more keenly anticipated than that for which the "Blankshires" were now waiting. Never did any troops in Flanders or Belgium look forward with such eagerness or screw their nerves to higher tension. At last here was the Great moment looked forward to, from the Colonel down to the lowliest Private. Word had been passed along "Steady, Boys," the great moment is at hand.

Bets were made as to the issue. Five Franc notes had changed hands or been ticked up against the Gamblers pay. Dead silence reigned in the "Blankshires" Trenches. It seemed as if the very elements understood the happenings of that particular night, for not

a breath of wind was felt. The moon in sympathy had partially hidden its radiance behind a misty bank of cloud. Even the rats were sympathetic, for not a one disturbed the stillness of the night.

Ah! a shrill whistle sounded on the still night. With a bound every man got to his firing position. A voice broke the silence, said one word, and then:—
Cheers have been given from the beginning of the world, but never such a cheer as left the throats of that gallant band of men. It lifted to the sky and rolled like the tune of a thousand guns. Star shells appeared by the dozens and shells began to fall around that gallant band of men, but still that fervent cheer continued to sound. The tension had at last relaxed and relief would have its course.

The Regiment's Pet Cat had presented 3 Kittens.

By L.-Cpl. Ellis, 4th Battn.
Canadians.

EXTRACTS FROM WOODROW'S DIARY.

(In Stephen Leacock's newest book, "Further Foolishness," there appears an amusing chapter, entitled "The White House from Within Out," purporting to contain "Extracts from the Diary of a President of the United States. From these Extracts we make the following extractions.) :—

MONDAY.

Rose early. Swept out the White House. Prayers. Sat in the garden reading my book on Congressional Government. Certainly a lovely morning. Sat for some time thinking how beautiful the world is. I defy anyone to make a better. Afterwards determined to utter this defiance publicly and fearlessly.

9.30 a.m.—Bad news. British ship *Torpid* torpedoed by a torpedo. Tense atmosphere all over Washington. Retreated instantly to the pigeon-house and shut the door. I must think, at all costs, and no one shall hurry me.

10 a.m.—Have thought. Came out of pigeon-house. It is all right. I wonder I didn't think of it sooner. The point is perfectly simple. If Admiral Tirpitz torpedoed the *Torpid* with a torpedo, where's the torpedo Admiral Tirpitz torped? In other words, how do they know it's a torpedo? The idea seems absolutely overwhelming. Wrote notes at one to England and to Germany.

TUESDAY.

A lovely day. Rose early. Put flowers in all the vases. Cabinet to prayers and breakfast. Prayed for better guidance.

10 a.m.—British Admiralty communication. To pigeon-house at once. They offer to send piece of torpedo, fragment of ship, and selected portions of dead American citizens.

Have come out of pigeon-house. Have cabled back: How do they know it is a torpedo, how do they know it is a

fragment, how do they know he was an American who said he was dead?

My answer has helped. Feeling in Washington easier at once. General buoyancy. Loans and discounts doubled.

As I expected—a note from Germany. Chancellor very explicit. Says not only did they not torpedo the *Torpid*, but on the day (whenever it was), that the steamer was torpedoed, they had no submarines at sea, no torpedoes in their submarines, and nothing really explosive in their torpedoes. Offers, very kindly, to fill in the date of his sworn statement as soon as we furnish accurate date of incident. Adds that his own theory is that the *Torpid* was sunk by somebody throwing rocks at it from the shore. Wish somehow that he had not added this argument.

WEDNESDAY.

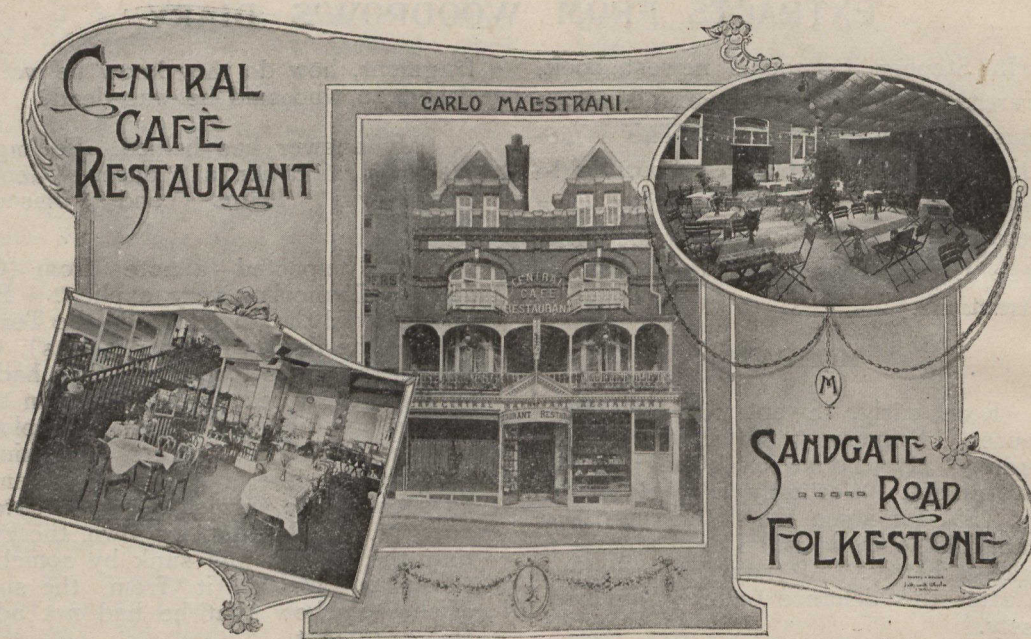
Cabled British Admiralty that the *Torpid* incident is now closed, and that I stand where I stood, and that I am what I am. The situation in Washington relieved at once. General feeling that I shall not make war.

Cables from Germany. Chancellor now positive as to *Torpid*. Sworn evidence that she was sunk by someone throwing a rock. Sample of rock to follow. Draws attention to fact that all of the crews who were not drowned were saved. An important point.—Assures this government that everything ascertainable will be ascertained, but that pending judicial verification any Imperial exculpation must be held categorically allegorical. How well these Germans write!

SATURDAY.

British Admiralty sending shipload of fragments. German Admiralty sending shipload of affidavits. Feeling in Washington depressed to the lowest depths. Sterling sinking. Marks falling. Exports dwindling.

An idea—Is this job worth while? I wonder if Billy Sunday would take it?



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