

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?