

ROUND THE DEPOT.



MAJOR A. W. DAVIS, D.S.O.

Previous to the war he was mining engineering in British Columbia. Joined up, sailed with the 1st Division in 1914, and went to France in February, 1915, as a Corporal. He was granted a commission in the Royal Engineers, dated 4th May, 1915, and was attached to a Tunnelling Company R.E. On 21st December, 1915, he was re-transferred to the Canadian Engineers, and organized a Tunnelling Company C.E., remaining as O/C. until September, 1917. Mentioned in despatches 14th June, 1916, and 1st June, 1917. Awarded D.S.O. 13th February, 1917.

HEADQUARTERS.

Lieut.-Col. T. V. Anderson, D.S.O., received his decoration at the investiture by the King on April 20th, 1918.

Lieut. F. W. Jubb left us for the Tunnelling Company on May 6th. We think he will make an excellent Tunnelling officer, as there will be no danger of head-bumps going through tunnels.

O.R.S. Page and Crook Bros. left us to join the Penguins. Sid has, unfortunately, been returned as medically unfit.

Daniels and Dexter are now marking time on their own ground, two paces, whilst the even numbers get into their position—a la Chelsea.

Harry Grant has joined the crocks, and hopes soon to be in Canada.

We've heard a song by the Pierrot Troupe, "We been gassed," but we never thought we should be until the Adjutant spoke in a loud voice, saying, "All ye that have erred and deceived, come forth from the Orderly Rooms, Q.M. Stores, Pay Offices, and Post Office, and parade at 6 p.m. daily under the R.S.M., to the palace of unknown odours." There the Gas officer sayeth unto them: "All ye that are weary and heavy laden, come unto me, and I will give you gas."

Whilst being instructed in the use of the flapper fan, Sergt. Lewin wanted to know if the B.R. should be worn when clearing trenches and dug-outs of gas. Ye gods, hit him, somebody!

We understand that there is an Orderly Officer's report in the depot which has not been deciphered yet. A "Clarke" is required.

"DEXIEL PATER."

That Sunday Wind.

When a party meets the grand assault,
God alone knows—it's not for me to say—
If it's sheer misfortune, or their fault,
If they
Get the wind up.

But when Headquarters agreed to play
The Engineers at golf (we'd played before),
Who'd have thought they'd turn around and say:
Oh lor!

And get the wind.