



Col. Malcolm's Depot.

Lieut.-Col. Malcolm, the Officer Commanding, is the busiest man in camp. He has run the "Flivver" to death, chasing around the various divisional wings, superintending the construction of camps.

The men in the C.E.R.D. think him the "best out," after the way he fixed things at Christmas. It was the merriest little Christmas we have spent for a long time.

Lieut. Tom Rutherford is probably the next busiest man in camp. He is O.C. Concert Party, and a real star turn on the boards. He burns so many candles these nights, getting out new stunts, that Mike O'Leary, the Q.M., has cut the issue. Lieuts. Gallacher, Medlen, Linklater, and Melville, all keep a boot handy each night, so we think things will take a turn for the better soon.

Lieuts. Wilkes and MacLoughlin are sweating blood getting in returns in connection with demobilization. Mack. thinks he has put one over the other chap, after a certain little incident which happened on Christmas Day.

We learn with regret of the death, at a Base Hospital, from pneumonia, of Corpl. A. Allen, who was engaged on construction work at the Depot.

Several N.C.O.s have been unable to reach their units when returning from Blighty, chiefly owing to the movement of the Corps into German territory. We notice C.S.M. Reid, C.S.M. Pringle, Sergts. Gliddon, Potter, and Margaron amongst the crowd. Still, they have had a fairly sociable time.

CAMP CONDITIONS.—We have had our battles in the building up of this camp, in order to accommodate the large drafts arriving from Blighty. With weeks of rainy weather we have the usual mud and water, thick and deep, to contend with. However, to a considerable extent, we have mastered it. We have now an electric plant installed and running.

CONCERT PARTY.—On the night of December 22nd, our Concert Party, "The Mudlarks" (no reflection on the camp) gave an entertainment to a crowded house, under the direction of C.S.M. Scott. Included in the programme were Lieut. Rutherford, Sappers Lymburner and Towsley, who, in particular, kept the crowd intensely amused by their comic stunts and sayings.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Practically all the huts were decorated inside and out for the festive season. Encouragement was given in every way by the staff, and the Commanding Officer's prize for the best decorated hut was divided between a tastefully decorated hut in Lieut. Gallacher's Company, and the drivers in Lieut. Melville's Company. If Major Shergold, from Seaford, had seen the drivers' hut, he would have been tickled to death.

After disposing of a swell Christmas dinner, we held an old time amateur concert. There was "Big Chief," the Indian, in his war paint, who won second prize.

L/Corpl Branch put over two comic songs, which brought down the house, and also brought him first prize. Corpl. Torrest, the juggler, won third prize. Corpl. Goodson and Sapper Carphin put on a 3-round boxing bout, which was a scorcher from start to finish. Lieuts. Rutherford and Melville also told stories, etc.

The audience decided on the prize winners by shouting and cheering as the competitors walked across the stage. Each competitor sure got a good handout of noise.

The concert over, the Colonel and Staff joined the N.C.O.s at Christmas dinner in the N.C.O.s Mess.

BOXING DAY.—On Boxing night, C.S.M. Scott swapped concert parties with the Machine Gun Depot, with splendid results to both Depots.

SHOOTING.—A shooting competition is in progress at the time of writing.

SPORT.—The weather lately has been completely against sport, but the football team has managed to play a few games. We have a real good team of old Seaford men, including McIlveney, Kelly, Lynch, Keeb'e, Sadler, Boore, Sellars, and Lieut. Melville.

When the weather settles a bit an inter-Company soccer league will be decided; also an inter-Company basket ball league, so the boys shouldn't be stale for the want of sport.

A boxing tournament will be decided early in the New Year. A large supply of medals have been ordered, so the mitt swingers with the big punch will have something to take back to Canada, to show that they could deliver the goods.

Sergt.-Major Godby, Corpl. Goodson, and Sapper Carphin will handle the arrangements.

Major Lawson's Company.

"Der (Signals) Tag."

The air is tense, six hours hence
Is "the day" for which we've waited.
We're sure to dine across the Rhine,
Though very much belated.

The linemen rush so the juice will gush
Along the proper lines.
Though dangerous work, they never shirk,
And the short he always finds.

The sounders click, and extra quick,
For the operators know
That no delay must be to-day,
If we wish to beat the foe.

For lives and lands are in our hands,
We're trusted by civilians,
To smash the Huns, and with our guns
Eradicate their millions.