

T. D. DIVERSIONS

News from the Mechanical Transport Training Depot.

Why not appoint our friend Alf. Townsend to the new position of Government Food Controller. Certainly he is quite capable of seeing that no one gets more than their proper share, but did you ever notice how "Pop" Bailey slyly slips on an extra piece when Alf. has his head turned? 'Tis true the extra piece in most cases is not very large, but then it's an extra piece, and that helps some.

"Oui, McGregor!" Such were the words used by one of our French friends in the T.D. the other day when told by Sgt. McGregor to fix his kit properly.

What an honourable and responsible occupation this Gun Shed picquet! To think of wandering up and down for three solid hours on a rainy night keeping watch over a huge shed, the only occupants of which are an old Jeffery truck without an engine and two stripped chassis. Of course, somebody might want one of the chassis for a watch charm or something of that sort, or the dismantled Jeffery for a toy for his off-

spring. And then to think that the only person the picquet halted there the other night was the Orderly Officer, and he, only after flashing one of those beastly electric torches in the placid, restful face of the slumbering guardian of His Majesty's property. But, then, something must be found for the boys to do in their spare hours during the night.

Have you noticed how our mail man goes about holding his stomach these days? It is really annoying the number of Xmas parcels for the soldiers that are unclaimed. And then as many go astray in the Males!

These puns on the word draft are getting tiresome, but we cannot help but remark that there are a great deal more than two drafts in the drill hall.

Ham—Badham—Bacon—and Rhind. There is always Law in the M.T.T.D.

We wonder if the Sergeant with the wax moustache will be grey-haired before the draft goes away?

Crime Sheet Annie is still with us.

HYTHE HUNKS.

What the "Bhoys" at Hythe shops are doing.

They saw the N.C.O.'s are getting grey-haired. McGinnis and Ganney are back.

Pte. Gardiner swallowed half a cigarette and smoked the other half before the Medical Inspection, hence the result of A 1. France for your's, Gardie!

Pte. Green has got as far as Napier after several attempts.

Will a car run without a key in pinion of driveshaft? Ask the Butcher!

Grip is prevalent, and there are six sick men in our lines. Ptes. Pullen and Force are in Hospital. We wish them speedy recovery.

We wonder who the certain N.C.O. is who does not know degrees between cams on camshaft of a Cadillac, operating between two cylinders, and took two guesses to state whether it travels clockwise or anti-clockwise.

Ptes. Dunford, Chadwick, Rudd, and Alder have left us for London-by-the-Sea. We wish them the best of luck!

Room No. 1, Cranley Court will no longer be disturbed by Pte. D——'s Kitcheners or his midnight reveries. We'll miss you Chad, but we are not alone. Anyway, we will still keep an eye on the window.

Cpl. Ferguson, Ptes. Halhead and Edwardes have also left us. We understand they are driving Bull Tractors around Camp Bordon.

It's too bad, though Cpl. F—— did did not pay for the cake before he left. Make way there!

The Paint Shop is out of bounds due to a marriage epidemic. Cpl. Hoar will be mixing paint with wine and cake. The best of luck to you, Corp.!