

POAM

A PASSING DRAUGHT

It was the time for Comp'ny drill,
The snow was piled deep in the square;
And Sergeant Boyd took the Engineer's draft
And lined them up in the cold, cold, air.

I trow they did not meet in jest—
Engineers picked for service, they!
Out to do their very best,
And rub it into those who stay.

Then out in front stepped Sergeant Boyd,
And formed them up in comp'ny line;
The boys are right up on their toes
And picked their dressing up, right fine!

He put the "Tallest On The Right"—
The "Shortest On The Left" were placed;
In one long line, each side by side,
According to their size they raced.

The whole then numbered from the right,
And into two ranks stepped apart;
The front rank faced towards number one
The rear turned left and off they start.

They formed up on the standing man—
A company of well sized men:—
He split them up in sections
Then, by sections, numbered them again.

"Sections, Right Form!" the clarion call,
Went sharp and clear across the square;
It struck against the center wing
And I believe it still is there!

In "Comp'ny Column" they moved off
To tramp the snow beneath their feet:
They changed direction right and turned
And trod down more snow, flat and neat!

Whats this? They're forming into fours!
And moving to the right, are gone!
"Left Section To The Front" moves off—
The rest "Left Wheel" and follow on!—

"Comp'ny, Right Wheel!" the order comes—
Loud and clear so all may hear;
They miss the south wing narrowly
And leave the canteen to the rear!

"Company Column On Leading Section:
"The Remainder, Left Incline!"
Two, three, and four each turned half right
And doubled into line.

"Sections Right Wheel", the sergeant said:
Which formed them into "Column Of Route".
"Company Right Wheel!" yelled out the head,
And watched the move of each to boot!

They're going east: "Right Wheel" again—
The column's headed south.
"Form Columns Of Half Companies!"—
Came from that silvery mouth.

"Form Company Column!" next he called,
"Remainder, Right Turn!" followed fast.
They have advanced too far to clear—
He turns them round and they march past.

Again they turn, and "Carry On",
Still treading down the frozen rain:—

Build "Columns", "lines", and "Companies"—
And pull them all apart again!

It seems a bally waste of time,
With naught to show for what they've done:—
Yet here upon the fair white snow
They train to trample down the Hun.

This is the burden of my song—
The reason for this wild nightmare:—
To wish the boys who are leaving us
The Best of Luck when they get "THERE".

Author X His Mark.

My Creed

To live as nobly as I can. To be, no matter where, a MAN.
To take what comes of good or ill. And cling to faith and honor still.
To have no secret place wherein I stoop unseen to shame or sin;
To be the same when I'm alone as when my every deed is known;
To live undaunted, unafraid of any step that I have made;
To be without pretense or sham, Exactly what men think I am.

SOCIETY NOTES

Altho it did not appear on Depot Orders, nevertheless it is a well known fact, and one that has caused much discussion and comment—in fact, has completely upset the well-being of the E.T.D.—that Rebel Hill, of the Post-office, was prevented from going on the Engineer Draft by the Powers That Be in London and Ottawa.

It's quite too bad—and caused Rebel to leave on the 16th for Ottawa, where he will remain until the end of the war.

Then he probably will leap, with a joyful bark and much nuzzling, into the arms of his master, Sergt. Sammie Hill, who IS going on the draft.

Too bad they won't allow pets on troopships—as Rebel is SOME dog and is very well liked.

"OFFICERS' PAGE" HERE
FOR NEXT WEEK

Page Five, next issue, will contain sparkling squibs, pretty pomes (but not many, nor long!), brilliant brevities, authoritative anecdotes, technical treatises, refulgent remarks, copied camouflage, military missiles, naughty notes and scintillant sarcasm—all furnished, under nom de guerre or otherwise, by the Officers of the Depot.

This is especially timely on account of the recent coming of 12 juniors to the Depot—men whose facile pens have recorded wild and wicked, grand and glorious, chaste and charming, mild and mellifluous (whatever that is!) effusions for the magazines and periodicals in lands around the Seven Seas.

Officers—kindly let us have the rest of the manuscripts by MONDAY NOON, please.

To the Ladies of S' Johns.

How soon we'll leave the E.T.D.—
And join our comrades oversea—
We do not know! 'tis hard to tell—
But 'e'er we go we might as well
—Thank the Ladies!

Our sojourn here has been made bright
By seeing them on whist drive night.
And for the happy times that we
Have spent OUTSIDE the E.T.D.
—We thank the Ladies!

And when we're gone we know they'll miss
The passing smile, the stolen kiss.
"We will be true"—be this our boast!—
And from our hearts we drink this toast
—"To the Ladies!"

So fare you well, sweet ladies all!—
We go to answer duty's call:
But in our thoughts we'd have you know
We hold you dear where 'ere we go.
—S' Johns Ladies.

PAT.