

POSTINGS FROM THE RECORD OFFICE

Is it a fact that a certain member of the Record Office Staff lost 14lbs. 7ozs. within the short space of 9 days, and was it due to overwork? Still, we suppose allowances have to be made for the great number of recent drafts, the departure of which they look upon with longing eyes, consoled (?) by the thought that "He also serves, who only stands and waits."

We have a new M.O. at the Record Office now.

Who was the Private that on the last day of his pass wired in for a day's extension to enable him to return to Camp within the "prescribed time," when it actually took two days to return from the point at which he wired. Some bone-head, eh, what!

We shall now have a few prayers for Cpl. W. A. I. Wallace, our late Stenographer in Chief, and Pte. R. B. Whitaker, of Part One Orders fame, who have left to fight the Huns. You know, them fellows has nerves, by ginks, they has.

Quite a stir was evident at the Office yesterday when a certain party here received a personal message from the War Office, I believe (?), stating that the War was over. He further stated (for publication) that the general public knew nothing about it, and would not be told. He also stated that the Censors would not pass the news for fear that the Kaiser and his H.....Legions would discover it.

Sgt. Laird, who has been a member of our Staff for the past two months, recently left us to train for a Commission in the Royal Flying Corps. Good luck, Wally!

Why do certain members of the Staff persist in taking their dirty washing to the Laundry at Cheriton after instructions have been issued that all laundry must be turned in to the C.Q.M.S. i/c of Laundry Cricket Field. We also notice that it is never finished the first time they call for it, we wonder if they are aware of the fact that it takes several days to complete the work required. Really, one would almost think that there is some attraction at the Laundry.

The "A" members of the staff are still anxiously waiting for their "B. and C." understudies. Will they ever materialize?

'CASEY AT THE BAT.'

It is only right and proper that at such a distinguished gathering as a meeting of Sergeants, questions of national importance should occupy the minds of the dignitaries there assembled. And it should not occasion great surprise when, in championing some worthy cause, or inspired by a fond gaze "on the cup that cheers—and sometimes inebriates,"—some hitherto mute inglorious Milton is discovered in a flow of oratory which at once lifts him from dark obscurity into the dazzling light of fame.

At the monthly meeting of the T.D. Sergeants' Mess on 9th March, no less a personage than the renowned and sometimes notorious Casey held the boards while his audience held its sides. He discoursed on the vital subject of "Eats." Some precious speakers were of opinion that the tables would not break down under the additional strain of a slightly more lavish and varied display of viands. One after another, hungry, emancipated sergeants spoke sorrowfully of their several favourite examples of the culinary art; and the discussion which resulted might have culminated in a miniature insurrection, but for the commendable diplomacy of Sergt. Casey, who arose at the critical moment to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"Gentlemen," says he, "heaven sends our food, but the devil sends the cooks." (Hear! hear!) Maybe we could feed better here; maybe we couldn't, but at all events we are soldiers, and we're going to do our best to 'carry on' with what has to be done, and try to live up to the spirit of the appeal made by 'Old Davenport,' the Food Controller.

"Why shouldn't this mess put itself voluntarily on short rations, the same as the women and children of this country are doing cheerfully; and so be content even with the somewhat meagre fare doled out in this mess, in order that the brave lads fighting on the battlefields of Europe may not go slack. I appeal to your patriotism, gentlemen. Deny yourselves now, and you will aid materially in shortening the conflict, and in bringing about the consummation of your own desires—to return speedily to the festive boards of your own homes, where short rations and Hunnish enemies alike will soon be relegated to the shades of oblivion." (Prolonged cheers and thunders of applause.)