

## ROUND THE DEPOT.



### Headquarters.

This time last year the Huns thought we were demoralised. This year we are hoping to be demobilised (note, 3rd cerb, we are using an S just for opposition). We have said good-bye to our Brigade Major, Capt. J. B. MacPhail. No doubt by now he is once more with the old folks at home. Capt. MacPhail was one of the first to answer the call. He went to France in the ranks with the 1st Field Company, afterwards to Corps Troops. He came back to England and took over Adjutant to 3rd C.E.R.B. when that unit was first formed, and finally was appointed Brigade Major, *vice* Colonel Ellis.

We are sorry Lieut. Mandley has had to be away, as we have spent a lot of time training a Bridge team, in which we had great hopes of beating any two of our Staff Officers, who, we understand, are experts. Capt. Inderwick is an authority on the game of patience, so we do not propose to join the Khaki College to be taught this game, when Capt. Inderwick will give us lessons on any of the 36 ways of playing patience for nothing.

We hope next time "I'm Here" comes to take photos, he will take his cigarette out of his mouth before he salutes the Colonel. It's a bad example to young soldiers.

Reading a daily paper the other day, the leading article was dealing with various favourite sayings. It left out one very important one: "If you can't fight, wear a big 'at.'" We wonder if the same applies to golf, as we notice horsey gloves and big coats seem the fashion these days. Of course, this may be the dress of a professional. We hope it brings you success, sir, you can rely on us for a cheer any old time.

If anybody would like to meet our old friend, "Nulli Secundus," we shall be pleased to give them an introduction. We admit he is a wonder of the age, but he has something to learn about love making, as we understand he has been corresponding with a lady for over twelve months, and at present she still commences her epistles with "Dear Mr.," and finishes with "Yours sincerely." Unless he can succeed in encouraging the ladies a little better than that, we recommend him to get an initiation in the Khaki College at once, where we have no doubt one of the teachers will be able to oblige him.

We sincerely hope the authorities will not come on us for barrack damages, owing to the neglect on the part of the side drummer of the Band. We hear on the occasion of a concert in No. 3 Y.M.C.A. that the drummer left his drum sticks behind. "Chairs, Windsor, one, soldier's, common" were soon brought on the scene, and pieces thereof made a good substitute.

Talking about breaking up barrack furniture, we heard a rumour of breaking heads. From what we hear it is quite unnecessary to go to London to see any

Beckett and Wells scrap, as a first class performance of the noble art was given quite recently in Headquarters hut. The result, we understand, was a draw-in-water.

It is quite possible that a couple of dark horses will show up when the cross-country race is run. Quite a few of the boys are in strict training, and two of our boys should get their places in the C.E.T.C. team.

Who was the clerk in Headquarters who, when making out railway warrants, made out one for a mule, and was he able to readjust the mistake by putting his own name on the warrant? Not MuTch.

Oh, Steve, why did you not put your full name and address when you wrote to the other fellow's girl. It would have been muTch nicer to have had her first love letter addressed to you, instead of having it inserted in a letter to her old flame.

We shall be very much obliged to the telephone operators if they will be a little more careful when slinging the plugs. It is not very comfortable to be blowing somebody up, and suddenly find you have been switched on to Headquarters, London.

The Band played at the Grafton Galleries for a week last month. They not only enjoyed the trip, but the Officer i/c was so pleased with their music, that an application was made for them to stay with the Exhibition in London until it was finished. However, as other bands had already been engaged, it was found impossible. The Officer i/c did not let it drop at that, but made another application for our Band to proceed to Scotland with the Exhibition. Unfortunately for the Band, it has been decided not to send any bands to Scotland.

We don't know what kind of a game the R.S.M. is playing, but we have noticed that at least three ladies called at his office in one week. Of course, he may be running a matrimonial agency.

Some speed to the Telegraph System, Seaford. Telegram handed in at — 09.38, received at Seaford 09.46, delivered to the addressee 18.00. Considering the text of this message was dealing with an appointment at 10.45, no wonder we were not there.

PEN.



### Headquarters.

Owing to the amalgamation, etc., our notes had to be temporarily cancelled, but for the future we expect to have them "up to the minute" every month.

We extend our congrats. to Sergt. C. B. Brown, who was married on the 25th ult. All good wishes, Brownie.

Did any of the Staff see Corpl. Branning on the night of — too much "Bon Santé" Sam?

Why is it so hard to gain access to half-fare vouchers or passes in the Battalion Orderly Room, now— Ask Wens.

Lieut. Low, our Assistant Adjutant, was looking very seedy and feeling "fed up" after a recent trip to the Smoke on biz.