

We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of L/Cpl. Stenhouse, Sappers Abbott and Markey, who are now on leave, having fallen victims to the archery of Cupid.

Two of our tank drivers, Mac. and Brownie, say they had a whale of a time in Scotland, although there is a very suspicious yarn about a lady's hand bag and a dinner. For further particulars, apply to Brownie, and prepare for a black eye, or return him four shillings, which he paid for the lady's dinner, who told the cashier she was his wife. The hand bag may be procured upon identification.

S/Q.M.S. Douglas is the only one left to go on leave. He has stayed with the job through Christmas and the New Year, and is now going on a well deserved leave. We hope he will enjoy himself, as we all have done, and no doubt there is still a little good whiskey left in Scotland for him.

We are sorry we are unable to print the latest photos of some of our staff, who, since returning from leave, have a longing for the kilt. By degrees they have secured the various parts of clothing, which go to make a Scotchman. We hope that some day we may reproduce a photo of Jock Cawthorne, doing the Highland Fling.

The band have had a pretty strenuous time during the holidays, and have, therefore, been unable to go on leave during the festive season. They will be going on leave towards the end of the month, and we hope they will have a jolly good time, which they thoroughly deserve. We hope Dolly Gray will not return before his leave is up, on account of financial difficulties. If there is a possibility of this happening, we will be only too willing to pass the hat around for him, or as an alternative, give him a few tips as to where to go and what to do.

Red, white and blue seems to be the colour to wear around the Depot these days. Seems quite good to see so many of the old boys still hanging on. We are sure they are very proud of their ribbon, and have been walking about on leave with their left shoulders well up.

Bill Hawkes has an application in to get married. The Sergeant-Major says that now so many men are getting married, he is going to start an institution for instruction on the duties of married life. The first subject to be dealt with is: What to do with the platonic friends which so many soldiers possess in various centres. The next subject is the various excuses which can be made and accepted when arriving home at indecent hours. A synopsis of the course may be had on application to the Stenographer's Office, C.E.T.C., enclosing 10s. as evidence of good faith. This course is said to be (by one who has taken it) the last word in matrimonial studies, and is guaranteed to beat Pelman, Christian Science, Mormonism, Smith Piggottism, or Beecham's Pills.

A large consignment of Christmas gifts from the citizens of Ontario was received about the 20th of December, and distributed among the various Battalions. Parcels consisted of cigarettes, tobacco, writing pad, and Christmas card. The gift was appreciated by all, and not only did we drink the health of Canada, but were able to smoke it with Canadian cigarettes and tobacco.

Our golf experts are still going strong, in spite of the rough weather. A great number of people think the idea of golf is to hit a ball with all your might, and if you find it the same day you have won the game. This is quite wrong, at least, so we are informed. On the other hand, it is said to be one of the most fascinat-

ing games. Although you are likely to get wet through occasionally, this does not take away from the pleasure, but, on the other hand, has a tendency to add to it.

The other day we heard a man saying that he didn't think he would care to play golf, as this was not the weather for having tea outside. He evidently didn't understand that the "tee" used in golf is not made in a pot, although they use a spoon.



### Headquarters.

"Jimmy Stark" still persists in wiping his eyes, and again migrates to Londres, with a view of obtaining relief (?)

The R.S.M. is away recuperating, and Dimps Fullerton is occupying that seat of importance.

Quite a lot of stripes have been flying around, and Norton and Race grabbed one, completing their trio, while Crook and Baron and Jimmy also competed successfully in the scramble.

Lieut. McVean has left as manager for the C.E.T.C. Concert Party. Some hot hustler.

Several boxes of plum puddings arrived a few days ago, but so far have never put in an appearance at the Mess. Can we demand a court of enquiry?

The case of bilious attacktus that Ermu Sluggett had, was due to his negligence; and is therefore not entitled to a pension.

Lieut. Baxter has left to spin a line for the Canadian War Records. As he is past master in the Ancient Order of the Bull, we are earnestly assured of his success.

The R.S.M.'s clerk, Corpl. Gadesby, won the box of apples for his hut. Dirty work somewhere.

### "A" Company.

The changes of late have been pretty big, and no one knows who's who.

The Pierrots, who are mostly all in "A" Company, gave a musical evening in No. 3 Canteen on Sunday, January 12th, Deneau, Smythe, and Smale obliging with songs, with Mayo, Holden, Howe, and Frenchie at the musical apparatus.

So Mac's a benedict—bless him.

Harvey Bonner (not a holder of the Mons riband) is now i/c meal parade. A fit job for a fit man.

Promotion is a great item nowadays, especially when 226509990 Sapper Jack Canuck awakes to find himself an Acting L/Cpl. without pay. Then he writes home:—

Dere Mother—I am now a lance korporel, and will soon be a general (nuisance).

### Chevrons.

My, but the place seems quiet, with Doncaster and Smale away.

Lizzie Snider, our late wireless lizard, and "Old Bill" Trueman left for God's country on the 13th.

How is married life suiting you, Mac?

What happened to "Ernie" at Cardiff? Had he a Jazz or a Jag—ask Race.

[Continued on column 2, next page]