

Cadet Notes.

On May 25th, at a general parade of the Depot, Cadet Bridgewater was presented with the D.C.M. and M.M.

A strange malady has broken out in the O.T.C. We have, however, to extend our congratulations to Cadets Simms, Morrison, and Ralph, who have joined the ranks of the benedicts. May all joy, health, and prosperity come their way.

In last month's Cadet news we mentioned that a sports offensive was to be started. It has, and all our first objectives were carried. On Empire Day the Cadets had 17 entries in at the sports held at the Brigade oval. They made a good showing. We had nearly as many as the whole Depot. Wake up, Engineers.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 29th May, at the new Depot sports afternoon, the Cadets walked away with almost all the events. We intend to go right after anything in the Depot, and the area too.

On Wednesday our hockey team played a team of the Depot officers. Score: Cadets, 5; Officers, 2.

Heard in the Cadets quarters on parade:—11 p.m. (when shining brass): How long before reveille. All day: Quicken up the pace—don't go to sleep—and on these hot days. Steady, you are not on hot bricks.

We want to know why so many Cadets go to Eastbourne and Brighton for the week ends. Perhaps Cupid has shot a few more darts into the Company.

Swing those arms. That's what they're for.

Just before re-organization of Depot, Major G. R. N. Collins has taken over command of the O.T.C. wing.

Green Stuff.

There are two kinds of green stuff—the sort you eat and the sort that walks about looking foolish.

We were afflicted with curiosity a few days ago as to the origin of all the potatoes growing between the huts, and the flourishing condition of the side hill above and between Nos. 1 and 2 Canteens.

So we sent our special correspondent to find out.

His inquiries elicited the information that there are in the Depot over nine acres of good land under cultivation—and all filled with green stuff, garden truck, vegetables, or whatever is the local name for it.

There are cabbages, millions of them, ready to plant out; there are broad beans already in flower, peas ready for sticks; lots of lettuces, beets, parsnips, carrots, and every kind of green food in a far more advanced state of growth than in many gardens tended by professionals in civil walks of life.

Whatever happens to the beef output, the troops are well fixed for vegetables.

This satisfactory state of affairs, we understand, is due to the labours of the Depot Agricultural Committee, represented by Capt. Stocker, who is now proceeding to France. His place in this connection is to be taken by Lieut. O. E. Leger. For the fine condition of the actual work, great credit is due to the labours of Sapper Hogg, the Depot gardener. Sapper Hogg is a professional gardener of long and varied experience, both in England and Canada, and is able to bring a keen and up-to-date knowledge of the best methods to his aid.

We trust that the harvest will repay the long and careful work that has been expended on our gardens.

Bramshott Signal Detachment

Scene: Baseball game between Headquarters and Saskatchewan Regiment.

Headquarters to bat, shortstop with military haircut knocks home run. Spectators shout "Good old kid."

Headquarters in field, same shortstop stops hot grounder, rolls over, and cap falls off. Spectators: "Kid be ——— he's bald-headed."

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Since our first contribution has escaped the Editor's scrap heap, it is up to the boys to keep up our reputation, and keep our allotted space full. So come on, boys, and do not leave the work of sending contributions to one or two, as their lives will not be worth much if their names get into circulation.

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Some of our aspiring athletes have managed to secure places in the Headquarters baseball team, and in one of the recent games our "Cherub" distinguished himself by his lusty batting, which helped to break up the game. Someone has whispered that it would do no harm to put some of the other members of the team on mess orderly for a week, as there seems to be no shortage of rations on the job, and the results were very much in evidence by the "Cherub's" work at the bat. He certainly "biffed" them. But what about M.E.M.?

We understand someone has ordered an extra set of bed boards, so that he will be able to sleep in comfort after his week of slinging hash is over.

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We were all sorry to lose the genial "Jerry," who has been in hospital for a while; but we understand he will soon be back with us again, and all the boys wish him a speedy return.

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Still another of our D.R.'s has gone to join the majority of our old D.R.'s to try for his wings. No, not in heaven, but to the R.A.F. Cadet Centre at Hastings. We wish Sapper Cherry all success in his efforts to imitate Icarus, only we trust that he will not meet the same fate.

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As all Engineer Instructors have gone back to Seaford, we are the only representatives of the Canadian Engineers left, and we have our own orderly room, with Sergt. McKay pounding the typewriter keys, instead of the brass, while Sergt. MacArthur and Corpl. Stephens are looking after the operating room.

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One of our Corporals is carrying around with him two eyes of a motley hue, and if it were not for numerous witnesses, we would be inclined to disbelieve his story about a baseball hitting him when he was not looking.

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A man is known by the company he keeps, and is equally liable to be judged by the cigar he smokes. You can obtain delightfully pure Havana cigars at a fair price from R. Whiteside, 6, Clinton Place, Seaford.

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Watch the playbill at the Queen's Hall. Always something new and attractive.