

## ROUND THE DEPOT.



### Headquarters.

We must congratulate the following on their promotions:—Steve Rutherford, McArthur, Taffy Hughes, MacRitis, Brownie, Mutch and Green. The question now arises, what is the difference between a Ford car and two stripes? No, you're wrong, the answer has changed since the war; Fords are not so easily gotten as they used to be.

We congratulate Col. and Mrs. Anderson on the birth of a daughter.

The 1st of April came as usual this year. Of course, the people who had kept awake all the night before, were right on the job in the morning, trying the old gag. Even some of them were caught at their own tricks. Ask Brownie.

Sergt. Pain, since winning a bit on the Lincoln, has jumped on a wonderful idea of making money. He intends to raffle a £1 note, for which he requires 25 entrants. Splendid idea, we assure you Pain, but the war has taught us something, you know, even though we don't look the part.

It seems a pity that some of our gang did not join a Kiltie regiment, as we have seen several photos of some of them in kilts. One in particular is very noticeable. It looks like Brutus defying his mother-in-law, but in reality it is MacArthur after a hard day's work on returns.

Lieut. Mandley, who is taking his discharge in England, expects to leave us immediately. Our best wishes go with him for a happy and prosperous future.

We offer our heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Abbott and relations of Bandsman Abbott, who died on March 18th. The 18th Reserve Battalion Band offered their services at the funeral. Among the wreaths, etc., was a harp with a broken string from the bereaved widow, a wreath from the Officers of Headquarters C.E.T.C., and a wreath from the Sub-Staff Headquarters C.E.T.C. The members of the C.E.T.C. Band gave an everlasting wreath.

Why do the telephone operators, when putting a call through, say "Speak on the phone"? Do they expect you to use the receiver as a drinking cup, and the transmitter as a looking glass. However, this is easily understood, when you hear a certain member of our staff on the phone, who will insist on saying, "Look." Those kind of phones are not perfected yet, Doug.

Dusty they call me, I'll tell you for why, I could look quite smart, if I only would try, But I won't, so why worry, it's none of your biz, Get your hair cut yourself, wash your own dirty fiz.

### R.S.M. Carpenter.

"Chips" has left us!

He has left the Army and donned the "solemn suit of customary black"—or its modern business equivalent; he has beaten his sword into a ploughshare, or

his spurs into a pen—I am not quite sure which—and hurled himself into the greater battle of life, the battle in which one man fights the world, instead an army fighting an army.

It is a big move, it wants nerve, it wants brains, and it demands an unceasing concentration of mind.

I am sure, however, that the personality and humanity of our late Sergeant-Major will carry him in time to just as commanding a position in civil life as he so justly occupied while he was amongst us here.

I was conscious of a sense of great personal loss on having the news suddenly fired at me two weeks ago, when I went up as usual to have a chat with him in his office, and found another seated in his place.

He was a very great help to us all in the compilation of this journal month by month. He had a peculiarly virile and active mind; a point occurred to him, and he pursued it along definite lines until he had made what he wanted out of it.

His mind did not travel in self-involved circles, but in straight lines from the centre outwards, with the consequence that it reached most points of the compass.

"Chips" was a man who had the rare quality of getting along well with people of all classes and all types of mind, without in any way involving or compromising his own principles and opinions.

As a Regimental Sergt.-Major he had a very difficult course to steer, as a man who would fearlessly do his duty and also remain popular.

He did this.

On behalf of the staff of this journal, I wish him a long life, material success, and happiness in his new venture.

### Signal Staff.

A few dots and dashes from the Headquarters Signal Staff.

Enter Signallers: Buzzers at the high-port, switchboards rolled bandolier fashion.

Ladies, gentlemen, and sappers, let me introduce the nerves of our Area—plug-jugglers and brass pounders.

Our little office, as well as what we do there, is not very generally known throughout the Area. It is even known to be the opinion of some that we "don't do anything," or, in other words, that we are a bunch of loafers always to be found loafing round the old hut stove. This terrible opinion may be especially noted struggling for existence in the rather flimsy grey matter under the cap of the O.R.S. to whose Company, not altogether to our good fortune, we happen to be attached for pay, discipline and rations. And I might add that the forthcoming of the latter is largely a dubious affair. And I might also add that we are, greatly to our sorrow, very well known at the cook house.

We don't wish to convince these persons that if it were not for us the O.M.F.C. would be a failure. But we think a trip to our little office, which is humming day and night, would at least convince them that we earn our rations, and would show them how this little staff is not only the means of Area inter-communication, but also with practically any part of the British Isles, by means of our telephone, telegraph, and D.R.L.S. service.