

WORKSHOP WRINKLES.

Humour from the Base Depot Workshop

If the file in a rasping tone should call the auger a bore, and the monkey wrench a nut from the vice, would the plane smooth things o'er?

Pace is still going the pace. Rumour has it that it is a Ford he is driving. Keep smiling, Bill.

Who trained that dog you sometimes see around the Tinshop? Perhaps Tom did the Spadework. It seems pretty Wise, anyhow.

Us is back in the shops. It is said that he did not like carrying coal. When asked for his reason in quitting his orderly job, he replied with a knowing wink that we already had "Coles" in the shops.

Who is the Corporal in the Light Car Office that made out a work order to the effect that a Vulcan Car required its self-starting system overhauling. It's a Laing way to Tipperary.

Poor old Pat. His feet were cold, his hands were blue, and his nose red (or is it his hair?). Yet the other clerks in our office objected when he made a fire in the waste paper basket. Pen said that the outlook began to get "Black." By the way, Pat doubled out of the office carrying the waste paper basket fire with him. He is some "Walker."

Of course everybody knows about the man in this section who has no feeling as far as his skin is concerned. That has its disadvantages as well as otherwise. This man split his breeches the other day right across his knee, so like the handy man he is, he got a needle and thread and proceeded to neatly repair the damage. It was certainly unfortunate that after the work was finished he discovered that he had sewn his pants to his leg. He who sews in the flesh, etc

There has been a lot of speculation as to why one of our N.C.O.'s has not had a pass lately, although it is only two weeks since he was last on leave.

Have you noticed how subdued everyone has been lately in this section? It is only fitting that this should be so. After losing most intimate friends, who were amongst us day by day, it naturally causes pain to see them go. However, cheer up, comrades, we feel that we did our duty by you to the very last. Cpl. Kitchen undoubtedly tended to their needs during their journey to London by road, and showed them the sympathy due them, and in saying good-bye spoke to them with all the eloquence and feeling of which he is capable. We are sure our friends in the Truck Section feel with us in our mutual bereavement.

How spick and span our boys looked the other day in their clean overalls. The word "Over-All" does not seem to us quite applicable, as we noticed a man with a 42in. waist and a 36in. leg, trying to get into a pair issued out to him, which was 32in. round the waist and a 32in. leg. He remarked in most forcible language that it was a waste of time. We can certainly swear they were only over part, and it is also undoubtedly true that a certain workshop overhauls cars in a corresponding manner.

We certainly have always had great faith in the creative ability of our boys, now we have to furnish the cook for the Serpts.' Mess, and they assure us that he is a genius.

Please note that in future our Briscoe expert will be known as Brisk Oh.

We fail to see the reason why our part-ridge shouldn't fly,
Or why Pickles should get pickled, or a soldier do or die
If Wright is right and Clarke is wrong,
and Wise does never fail,
How is it Tommy Spadesman always falls in with a pail.

Did you see Smillie smile the other day after the medical board.

Henry is smiling once more since he had Lizzy fixed up. He says that there is life in the old dog yet.