



Telephone Conversation.

EDITOR: Give me No. 5, please.

VOICE OF CORRESPONDENT: "A" Company speaking.

EDITOR: Have you got any Notes for the SAPPER this month?

V. OF C.: No sir!

EDITOR: Thank you!!



"B" Company extends its felicitations and good wishes to the Adjutant, Lieut. A. Love, who has returned from leave, after having exchanged the care-free and irresponsible life of the bachelor for the duties and responsibilities of the benedict.

We understand that the Company barber and the Depot gardener are shortly to pull off a long distance bicycle match on the Brighton road. The barber is in constant training for the big event.

In another column we notice the "B" Company Sergeants' Mess concert. Are these functions a success? Ask the O.R.S.

Who is going to do the right thing by the Orderly Room cat?

We regret to announce that "B" Company is losing the services of Sapper Pitman, who has laboured long and indefatigably at the arrangement and execution of Company and Depot entertainments. He has gone to Signals, and will, for the time being, exchange the piano keys for the buzzer key.

Who built all the new aeroplanes and all the new ships? Wally will tell you.

When the Prince Regent founded Brighton, and stamped his own character on the place, he certainly must have had a prophetic notion that the C.E.T.D. would some day want to use it for the same purpose as he did himself. (Historical allusion. See almost any 18th century memoirs)

What shall we do with the Company cook?

Anvil chorus:—

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An officer, inspecting the lines a few days ago, came to a hut where a chequer board had been inked on the table in indelible pencil. The hut was in perfect order, all the windows open, floor scrupulously clean, beds neat, and kits properly arranged.

The great one glared vindictively at all this perfection for a moment, and with all the pent up forces of his martial soul seeking an outlet or safety valve, his eye encountered the ill-fated chequer board. Black despair was turned to triumph. "Put that chequer board on the shelf," he roared, and went out seeking fresh fields to conquer. And still the war drags on.

It was a very cheerful optimist who sailed gaily up to the Depot carpenter the other day, and asked him if he could build him a really air-tight box *with a row of holes in it*.

Corpl. Tomasson asked the Adjutant if there was any difference.

"Of course there's a difference," said the Adjutant.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the Corpl.; "but, you see, I never had either, so I don't know."

"PLUG."



Brought forward 148.

One of our sergeants who went to France with another unit should make quite a gash in the front line.

Whiskey and polo go good together. Don't they, "Bud"? So say we all, but we're not fussy about polo.

Places familiar to us all:—Lewes, Sunderland, Bridgewater, Eastbourne.

O.C.: Why are you holding the paper in front of the horse?

Sub.: Want him to know that I got this riding certificate at Aldershot.

One of our corporals tells his section, when detailing "Dismount," to take the right foot out of the right stirrup. He might have added that