

The rumour that during some recent manœuvres the sappers were praying for rain is entirely without foundation.

Say, boys, ain't it just H— how this old war keeps up? Getting to be a blooming habit.

Remember when you were just so high, how you used to feel when you read "Grimm's Fairy Tales"? Well, that is just how the sappers feel when they start on the pathetic stuff in the corner estaminet, often five or six glasses of voice culture. And just take it from me, that French beer is about as sad as the hind wheel on a hearse.

The umpty umpties have joined us, and will be on the job to help to spill the beans for "Wilhelm."

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Major Wilgar's Company.

Congratulations to the O.C., to the Second in Command, to the Adjutant, and to other senior officers of the "old Major's" Company, on their promotion. Congratulations also to this unit on the retention of the O.C. and so many of his former staff.

Few, even of the old Company, know that in the unassuming person of Sergt. Clark, medical orderly (who got his third stripe the other day) the Battalion is harbouring a V.C. His bravery in the S.A. war won him that decoration, to which he last year added the M.M. The M.O. is as Irish as his senior N.C.O. is Scotch, but they get along very amicably nevertheless. They share a deep and permanent hatred of dirty mess tins, which must be buried at least six feet deep in hard ground to avoid detection during the daily medical circuit of the billets.

"Teddy" Edmonds, who used to conjure up delectable dainties for the men of his section, is now Battalion Sergt. Caterer, and looks after the meals for nearly a score of men. But that doesn't give the boys of the old section back their plum duff or their custard.

Many reinforcements are renewing friendship with other ranks of Lieut.-Colonel McPhail's former Divisional Engineers, the breaking up of which has brought a number of them to this Brigade. As comrades in distress, men who never heard of one another the day before yesterday, are now taking a pace of 30 inches to the rear, and 27 inches to the right, during the day, and as "Amis en joie" are spending their evenings hunting ha'penny French beers, with accessories. Included in the MacPhail contingent is Sergt. "Pete" Greer, one of the Canadian Contemptibles, who was wounded at Ypres.

Mr. Klingner, the Company's prodigal son, who went to the C.R.E. Staff last summer, has been welcomed back into the fold again. We also have the former Brigade Paymaster, a man much sought after at the time of writing, and the former Brigade M.O.

Together with sundry articles of stores, and some transport, the strength of the Battalion has been augmented by a goat, about a dozen so-called dogs of French parentage, and an enormous army of smaller animals, of enemy sympathies, and harder to get rid of than pontoons.

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Capt. Worsley's A.T. Company.

Congratulations to Sergts. Lee and Hares, and Sapper J. Johnson, who were married during their last leave. We wish them all the luck going (also sympathy) with

their new enterprise. It was noticeable, however, that the latter two pulled through it O.K., while the former, poor boy, was forced to go to the hospital for a month.

We wish our new Q.M.S., formerly Sergt. Hobbill, the best of luck and success, and hope he will live up to his good reputation of looking after the boys. At the same time, we hope no more spare clothing raids will be pulled off, if only for the sake of keeping the stores in a tidy condition. By the way, wasn't he lucky to escape that raid?

Our alleged canteen committee had a rich one put over them a little while ago. A "stand to" being on, they sold the few barrels of beer that were in the canteen, and a couple of days later, when everything had quieted down, they went to get the empties back. But as luck would have it the buyers had re-sold them, and had a champagne supper with the proceeds. Such is life in the Army.

Now the estaminets have been re-opened, the old rivalry between Madame Blanghe's Olive and Darkey is as strong as ever. Sapper J. A. McN. is offering three to one on Darkey, so buck up W.H.

So Mr. B. thinks he has the A.I. section of the Company with him. It is a shame that old Bill cannot understand the praise he gets, but putting all jokes aside, we would like to know on what Mr. B. bases his information.

We must offer our thanks to someone unknown for the way in which cigarettes, chocolates, etc., were distributed after a certain incident in our canteen.

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Captain Boswell's Company.

Like the guy who slept until quitting time, we haven't done much this day (month) but we will give it socks to-morrow (next month).

Several of our candidates for "pips" have received a long promised incentive to their hopes of attaining the first definite move, and we are expecting to lose some of the best at an early date. It only needs these going to set the ball rolling, as ambition is strong, principally in the high flying.

Claude Pidgeon, the man you must have met, made Blighty with a fractured arm, and conjecture is rife on the extent of his knowledge in the new sphere of operations.

That canny Scot, Jim Kelso, says "Yes! we lost the trench, but we took it back, only put it in a much better place."

It was pleasing and interesting to hear of the promotion of our old friend Corpl. J. Wareing to Sergt.-Instructor, but we take no credit for the knowledge he has acquired. It must be that he has dropped into his proper vocation.

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Captain McCuaig's A.T. Company.

Owing to the transfer of C.S.M. Low and Sergt. Craig to England to receive commissions in the C.E.'s, and the evacuation of Sergt. Johnston and Sergt. Archibald on account of illness, there has been a strong demand for N.C.O. talent in the Company. The new N.C.O.'s under C.S.M. "Tiny" Godwin seem to be a happy family.

Those of you who know us, and have not been with us for some time, will be interested to know that