

The Mess Orderly of "32" loves to walk over the hills to Eastbourne, but then, look at what he gets besides the exercise. (M.S.A. papers please do not copy).

One of our Company runners is on a well earned leave, with much money and an address furnished by the C.S.M. in the cutlery city. We expect him to be much sharper on his return.

Corpl. Case is on leave, too. 'Nuff said. Pays to be sick once in a while.

All six "lucky hooks" must have come up the day that tall sergeant was born.

Do any men of the Company want a clothing parade? Look out, you will get trampled to death. One man in Hut 28 says if it wasn't for his buttons he'd be naked. How about Corpl. Aiken's cap, isn't it a dandy?

April has been a very quiet month. We have nothing to report from the Quartermaster's this time, nothing of personal interest of the chief, we mean.

Dave, our worthy southern gentleman, has stopped all communications and thoughts of Portsmouth and its fair queen. We wonder why. Please forward an explanation.

All aboard for Canada. "C" Company not yet. Didn't know there was a war on till 1918. I want to get home to my mummy.—D.H.C.

Brighton is getting a chance to recuperate and return to something like its pre-war days, since a number of our N.C.O.s are returning to Canada.

"My Merry Mary—I'm off to Canada at last. I hate the idea of leaving you, and think the pleasant times we have had are at an end, but I must leave you. I shall dearly hold in memory for ever all these little times that have been the sunlight of my sojourn over here. Good-bye-e-e."

The Company certainly suffered a distinct loss in the going of Corpl. Tyler, who is now in Canada. Frank sure was a good friend and a live wire.

We almost forgot this. Our worthy neighbour has certainly done himself credit in remodelling his office into such a cosy businesslike place. Have you visited it lately? Some big ideas, but the architect forgot a big electric sign outside and an outer department as an information bureau. "D" Company helps us in this, so that is all fixed. Demobilization is their business, so no wonder they want to be all closed up by themselves.

WANTED—Somebody, an essayist or poet, with good ideas, to make our next contribution a hummer. Make a start, you Shakespearians. All contributions are gladly received by the Company pen artists.

"D" Company.

Parades.
Regimental details.
Receiving.
Despatching.
Matrimony.
Separation Allowances.
Leave.
Medical Boards.

What next? No wonder we are compared to a certain successful London production, entitled "The Chinese Puzzle." "Oh, Joy," or "Joy Bells." Keep a stiff upper lip, Mr. Hill—new N.C.O.s will be made in the next war.

'Tis better to have been buck sapper wearing one stripe, than never to have had a stripe at all.

Our Company promises well to rival a Battalion in strength. What with those desiring discharge in England, those wishing to return with their dependants to Canada, others desiring both, some as yet undecided, and yet others contemplating matrimony, we should certainly take off our hat to Mr. Brownlee, and the untiring cool and collected manner in which he patiently deals with each individual case, and credit should be paid to his sense of humour.

The "flu" seems to be drifting into oblivion, and in its wake follows a more disturbing and serious, as yet not diagnosed disease, which is infecting the Company. Until investigated it is known as "Indefinite-leavitis." The M.O. has not yet sanctioned such cases appearing on sick parade.

We wonder if the new leave regulations have made the appearance of Engineers' badges any less in Brighton.

We have heard a good deal of talk on the part of certain of our N.C.O.s as to their merits as football players. Their appearance on the field would be interesting and, let us hope, welcome, for if talk could make a team we should certainly have one of international quality.

Born, April 4th, 1919, to "D" Company, a snappy baseball team. May we suggest an inspection of same by the Sports Officer?

"E" Company.

"E" Company, 'shun. Welcome to our new O.C. At the same time, Captain, you have our sympathy. What do you say, Mac?

We wonder what was the attraction for our genial Second-in-Command in Seaford last week? And, also, are the "Gypsies" in Brighton this week? because someone has gone on week end.

Who will give our little clerk a horse to match his bandolier and spurs when he goes on leave?

Welcome to our new C.S.M. We wonder what is the attraction down at Newhaven?

When is Corpl. Merkle going to Basingstoke again? Why not marry the girl, Merk?

If Mississippi gave to Missouri a New Jersey, what would Delaware in Alaska?

Say, Pag, I think that girl looks like Helen White.

"E" Company sapper on sick parade.

M.O.: What is your trouble, my man?

Sapper: I have a sore heart, sir.

M.O.: All right, take off your shirt, and let me see it.

Demobilization questions usually asked in chorus: "When do I get a medical board?" "How do I get married?" "Can I take my wife with me?" "Can I get an extension of leave?" "My grandmother has the toothache." "Are my papers here?" "Can I see the M.O.?" "Was my name called to-day?" "C.I. parade to the O.C.?" No wonder we get short tempered. Still, we are handing them to "A" Company now at a good rate.

Who is the sapper who wears the Seymour (see more) overcoat to make aeroplane trips to Newhaven?

Who is the guy of "E" Company hash slingers, who, in carrying grub to the clink, gets all the inside dope on demobilization questions and peddles same to his co-workers?

Who is the corporal from Peace River in No. 12 hut who says all good ball players chew tobacco, and why do all his team wear ground sheets when he details instructions to them?