

The Khaki College.

The Khaki College, which has been in operation since November, has attracted considerable attention, as articles in *The Times*, *The Illustrated Graphic*, and *World's Work*, etc. testify. The British Army has recently studied its operations with a view to adopting the idea. That it should have proved successful in spite of the great and manifold difficulties, such as changing personnel of instructors and students, lack of accommodation and equipment, poor light, cold, etc., is due entirely to the zeal of the instructors and students. The boys want to improve themselves, and those who can help them devote themselves whole-heartedly to the task. The College at Seaford has had over twelve hundred students and over one hundred instructors. A staff of sixty instructors is required to carry on the programme of work now offered.

If interest in the College is a fair test of the education and intelligence of a unit, and surely it is, the Canadian Engineers have reason to be proud of the share they have taken in making the success of the College. They have furnished 54% of the instructors and 32% of the students. (The Signal Company has furnished the highest percentage among the Engineers. The First Reserve ranks second with about 17% of each.) The Engineers are responsible for the Engineering Faculty, of which Major A. W. Davis, D.S.O., is Dean. The Engineers also furnish many instructors for the academic subjects.

The most tangible evidence of what can be accomplished has been furnished by Sergt. Snider with his class in Wireless. In less than four months, five of his pupils—Sappers Gardiner, Allen, McSpadden, Smith, and Redgate—were able to pass the Admiralty examinations in the subject, qualifying them for government or naval posts. The course in the ordinary Telegraph College is eighteen months.

The application shown by the students is admirable, exceeded only by the devotion of the instructors, who voluntarily give up their spare time to preparation for and holding classes that may be of some use to their comrades.

Will any habitual "lead swinger" (for a small price) kindly initiate advertiser in the ways and means which will enable him to avoid six weeks' training, and the risk of being sent to France, Address "Sucker," care of THE CANADIAN SAPPER.

"S."

In this age of heroes, after three years of Titanic conflict, when gallant deed is capped by still more valiant feats of arms, there has arisen a super-hero.

Like the Navy, he "doesn't advertise," content to accomplish great things "unhonoured and unsung." So modest is he that it is more than doubtful whether his name is known to more than a dozen people in the British Empire; indeed, his identity is coyly camouflaged by the simple letter "S." Yet millions of British soldiers in camp or depot, in the trenches or in "rest" (comic term used by the authorities—in reality a period of buff-stick and back-aching bustle), have blessed the man who has accomplished the impossible by revolutionizing "hard tack," so as to produce a biscuit that can be eaten and enjoyed, even—impossible as it may seem—digested.

For many weary months our "little Mary's" groaning under the awful strain of intermittent hard tack have signalled insistent "S.O.S.," i.e. "Save our stummicks" calls—appeals that were ignored by the Military Commissariat whose heart is "set as a flint," harder than the original Army biscuit.

The praises of Parliament, the "puffs" of the Press, and the plaudits of the people, may be withheld, but we, out of the fullness of our hearts, would offer some token of respectful gratitude; and surely no more delicately than by presenting him with the biscuit of his own make.

A. B. LONGMAN.

Mary and her little lamb,
Tramping through the mud,
Came across a little shell,
Thought it was a dud.
Mary hit it with a stick—
Hit it hard and well.
Mary's up in heaven now,
The lamb has gone to ———

(See the M.O. about it.)

P.T. Instructor, to squad lying on their backs: "I want every man to raise his legs and go through the movements of riding a bicycle." After a short time one man stops. "What do you mean," roars the Instructor. "Please, sir, I am coasting," was the reply.