



There is a very good story going the rounds in France, concerning an adventure of the Chief Engineer.

It appears that the General was walking one morning in the direction of the front line, when he met a German, fully armed and equipped, marching down the road. The Hun stopped, and, saluting smartly, asked: "Am I going the right way, sir?"

"Yes, my man," replied the Chief; "keep straight on—they are expecting you."

Lieut.-Col. Trotter's Battalion.

Owing to the boys being so busy chasing Huns, there has been no material come in for THE SAPPER. It is hard even to find time to write to one's best girl.

Our sympathies go out to Capt. Carscallen, who has lost a leg. The other officer casualties were of the cushy variety.

The C.O. has his leave warrant in his pocket. He still doesn't believe he's going, after his numerous disappointments.

It's a funny thing that, every time, anyone returning from leave these days reports "A quiet time," even the C.R.E. This is all the information we can get out of anyone.

Lieut.-Col. Robertson's Battalion.

The members of the old Company particularly appreciated the compliment paid the C.O. in the bestowal upon him of the rank of Lieut.-Col., as well as the D.S.O., and they take these honours as an indirect compliment to themselves also. There have been other well earned promotions, including those of:—

Capt. D. J. Miller, to be Major.

Capt. A. H. MacDonald, M.C., to be Major.

Lieut. C. M. Steeves, to be Capt. and Adjutant.

Lieuts. A. M. West, M.C., F. Jones, W. C. Murdo,

C. S. Wally, M.C., Chittenden, Ferguson, and Hanna, to be Captains.

The Battalion has had some losses lately, and one, that of "Scottie" McAlpin, was especially regretted, as he was not only a good engineer, but also a Scotsman of the Harry Lauder type, who always helped to keep his comrades entertained.

Sergt. J. J. Coyle, one of the originals, who has been wounded, will be greatly missed. A "Son of the sea," from Vancouver, he was the life and soul of any bunch of the fellows among whom his lot was thrown.

Other originals who have made "Blighty" are Corporals Heasley and J. C. Coles (the Deacon), both popular N.C.O.s, and we hope that neither of them is seriously injured.

The Battalion welcomes Major Tate (late of the 2nd Pioneers) as its new Second-in-Command. His is a genial personality.

Among the recent additions to the strength of the Battalion is an officer well known in British Columbian politics and municipal affairs. Lieut. Hanes, formerly Mayor of North Vancouver for two years, and still a

member of the B.C. Legislature, came out immediately following a big and successful fight against vested interests.

Col. Kingsmill's Battalion.

"C" Company.

The "Tokio" Field Company, No. 9 sub-section, is getting more like a benevolent society every day. They have a coat of arms now—a long mule track dotted here and there with shell holes in a field of azure green; in the distance is seen a motor cycle; no motto yet.

Corpl. Brad has another suggestion; he says the re-organization isn't complete until each Company has an estaminet attached. Quite right, Corpl.

It is very strange what a bicycle can do in the way of getting a fellow into trouble, isn't it, "Tosh"? If it don't follow the wrong Battalion, the d— thing refuses to go at all. Is it true that you wanted a sub-section to unload it at the last resting place, old sport?

No. 9 section sings: "There aint an officer in the whole, whole land, what we'd swap for our dear old Hutch."

The Company have experienced a loss not very easy to replace, in the death of Sapper J. Buntain, killed in action recently. His cheerful disposition won him friends everywhere.

Lieut.-Col. Rolston's Battalion.

Heard from one of the B.O. Room staff, about 9.10 each morning: "Is breakfast over yet?" "Yes, hours ago." "Well, I was up till about two this morning."

It is strange where all those new words come from when "Pep" loses his pet pen.

George: Friday, that run is ready.

Friday: I don't see how I get this late run every night.

O.R. Clerk: Have all the reports gone in?

Clerk: All but the fireworks. It is "Nil," anyway.

"B" Company.

The Headquarters Staff want to know when you are going to wet them, Wess?

"Beer" Company send their deepest sympathy to Sapper Mooney, and sincerely hope that Tom, dear boy, will speedily recover from his wounds received in the battle of Gaguy. Poor fellow, you sure must be suffering terrible from that gassing you got.

During an inspection of the Guard, the Big Boss put his finger into a small hole in the tunic of the sapper on the right flank, with the remark:—"Don't you wear a shirt, my man?" Guard dismissed, delinquent raised a kick to the Sergt.:—"Say, Sergt., this is some Army. No one warned me shirts would be worn on Guard."

Please note. Pay days being at long intervals, it is brought to your notice that they are only a privilege, and not a right.

Rumours are afloat that "B" Company is on the water wagon. Ask the water officer.