



Major Mieville's Company.

You may or may not be anxious about the grain crop. Sergt. Wilson says his corn crop has not been a failure since he came to France.

Since Carroll and Berton left the M.G. section, Hiene has been over several times. Wake up, Chudleigh; we do not hire all these high-priced specialists for ornament.

The rumour of a shortage in bully and Maconochie may be premature; we should not attach undue importance to the fact that Mulloch is trapping rats, and that the Q.M.S. is calling in all our leather jerkins and top boots.

L/Cpl. Duncan Campbell went over the top on a one man raid on the 24th ult. He made his objective, and brought back a wounded prisoner.

The mounted section have been making some interesting discoveries lately. (1) Horses cannot eat grass properly unless in heavy marching order; (2) Drivers cannot groom their horses properly, except they wear gas masks (the drivers, not the horses); (3) French beer, properly applied, makes an excellent polishing agent.

The boys are beginning to observe "matchless" days as well as "eggless" days. But then, the days out here are hard to match. What?

No. 1 kitchen staff are learning to ride the bike. They are inclined to back Whitlock as fancy performer, but Bud cuts a wider swathe with Mamzelle at the farmhouse.

Say, boys, who was the officer whom Billy Burnell assured that his particular style of beauty was greatly improved by a gas mask.

Since summer has officially arrived and been duly posted in orders, we are making shift to do without cardigans and to shiver ourselves warm in one blanket.

MINENWERFER.

Major Harrison's Company.

Word has just come to hand that Lieut. D. J. Emery, M.M., has been awarded the Military Cross. Heartiest congratulations, Bill!

Lieut. Adam, M.C., has lately returned to the fold after a fortnight's wrestling with the intricacies of the sand dunes.

Young Calgary manages by odd questions to absorb a lot of useful information that the average wayfarer would miss. Incidentally, he is now in the throes of the "nose cap period." Not long since his duties carried him along a highway skirting a beautiful French river where a gang of men were working. After watching some of these chuck mud from the roadside into the river bed, one shovelful per two minutes, with a rest at

intervals, he asked the nearest N.C.O. what they were doing. That dignitary informed him that he was not sure, but he figured "they were covering up the dirt in the river."

This open warfare we read of in the press would appear to increase rather than decrease the severity of our martinets. We deduce this from the fact that one of the elder members of a squad was recently told by his N.C.O. to "get those wrinkles out of his face before the next parade."

Home life in a Field Company is so compact that one keeps more closely in touch with the doings and sayings of one's comrades than could be the case in a larger community. Hence, little expressions become so characteristic of the users that even on the darkest nights one realises from the spoken word the identity of the passer by. For instance, if one should hear "Gawds-trooth, but we 'ave gone out of our wye," one would at once register the "Bronco"; while a still small voice querulously poaching on the padre's preserves, somehow impels one's fancy to the home of the sugar-cane.

A catch phrase, "Orders are orders—pass the salt," has of late obtained a vogue, and proves by its instant popularity that language need not convey sense so long as it portrays a state of mind.

There has been an unusual amount of activity in the transport section since Capt. Weatherbe and Sergt. Ormiston have taken hold of salving as a side line. We have a nice supply of tarps, ploughs, dump carts, and extra harness on hand at present, and are waiting orders at this moment for another consignment, as Clough has taken advantage of the low ground mist and is on the trail once more. Hope he does not locate any more harness. As Hec says, he refuses absolutely to carry any more sand.

S.M. Rashley will no doubt be pleased to hear that Lassie, his favourite charger, has recovered from her recent illness. Shoey had the right dope alright, although he is now looking for a hair restorer.

Two of our youngest drivers, Art. Ward and Bill Revelle, have applications in for the Flying Corps. We wish them success in their new undertaking.

SUNNY JIM.

Major Manhard's Company.

Say, how about souvenirs, have you seen any of our own make? Every make and description, new and otherwise, our fame for their manufacture and exportation is known throughout the Empire. Connect with 2nd Corpl. Robinson in the field, or Mr. H. R. Christie in Blighty.

What are the names of the sappers who tried to prove their suitability for the Navy by submerging in a collapsible boat.