

**"A" Company.**

Very sorry we are late this month with our correspondence, but only one job at a time, and that's "demob."

The Company is sorry to be losing some of its old permanent cadre N.C.O.s. Sergt. Lawseth has just left for Canada and his sweetheart in Vancouver. Sergt. W. R. Bagnall, better known as the D.O.S. King, at the time of writing, is anticipating his early greeting of a Winnipeg girl. Good luck, Wilf—what's Brighton's loss is Winnipeg's gain. Glad to hear you are investing your gratuity in "The Home Investment Company." It sounds good.

Who are the corporal and hut orderly who answer canteen defaulters every night. It must be great to have a Rose and a Doll.

Any person wishing to lead a quiet life when going to Brighton should enquire at our Q.M.'s stores, and ask for Pugh. Get all your documents prepared, old timer, for there's sure to be a rush.

Every person is asking why Stanley washes three times a day, shaves (only once so far), and creases his slacks four or five times a week. Tell us, Stanley, is it the attraction at the canteen?

One of our tall and massive clerks proceeded on leave to Scotland recently, and after being away a few days sent a telegram asking for an extension, stating "Am having a good time, please grant extension." Who could refuse such a pathetic appeal?

Well, our former orderly corporal is sure becoming famous. An account of his first great race was published in last month's SAPPER. He applied for a pass to go to Buxton (not for return to Canada) and started the same day to shine his buttons on his "going away turn," as he calls it, and when the morning to go came around what a noise—Norman was ready to proceed about daylight. He took all the morning to doll up, and after the train was due to pull out, lo and behold, there was his pass lying on his bed. Take the advice of an old man like Bingham, and leave your love sickness until you get home. Isn't that right, Willie?

Who is the N.A.C.B. girl that the aforementioned Stanley and an Orderly Room Corporal are having a lively competition over? And do they wear the same pair of slacks on their respective calling nights?

**"B" Company.**

A short time ago we were issued with the famous Handbook No. 2, in which was outlined the necessary procedure in procuring land under the Soldier's Land Settlement Scheme. One enterprising young other rank answered the blank question form as follows.—

- 1 Name in full: Geraldine Joseph Youngster.
- 2 Clink Number: B9x, C8r.
- 3 Rank: Confirmed Kipperal.
- 4 Regiment: 3rd Canadian Ginger Beer Reserve Battalion.
- 5 Where Served: In a Restaurant.
- 6 Canadian Address: Seaford, Sussex, Hingland.
- 7 Married or Single: Part ii. Married at times.
- 8 No. of Children, Sex and Age: Four illegally, Sex and Age unknown.
- 9 Previous Occupation: Four fine nights of Matrimony.
- 10 Farming experience, whether as Owner, Renter, or Labourer: Master in my own house for several days at a stretch.
- 11 Province you wish to settle in: Franklin District.
- 12 Land Option you prefer: The land of the Bonnie Frozen Heather.

- 13 Amount of capital at hand to invest: I.O.U. and Two Pence.
- 14 When you wish to settle on land: Immediately after Demoralization.

This information is considered confidential.

Say, talk about feet ball. Well, it is hard lines on the Corpl. i/c Sanitary Fatigue when he takes his men from their work, goes out on the field, beats the other team, and then has to forfeit the game for being late on parade. Then, when we were to play them indoor baseball, they didn't even show up.

Big Pete? Poor Pete?

The boy that won the prize for feet.

Now, if he'd chanced a girl to meet,

He couldn't get near.

Let's all compete.

(I mean co-operate).

**"C" Company.**

Our O.C. is enjoying a two weeks' leave at a golfing tournament. Hope he brings back the bacon.

We would like to have it distinctly understood that the C.S.M. was not sick on the 3rd—far from it. He walked off. Ham and eggs and duty, it seems, do not mix very well. However, the ham and . . . . . have been eliminated.

Does anybody want to buy Dave's flat iron? It seems to have caused the owner many anxious moments, and only recently was he able to escape bloody combat over it by diplomacy.

**Sports.**

Good ol' "C" is winning quite a lot of fame on the sporting field. Besides having a team that speaks for itself in every line of sport agoing in the camp, we are providing the bulk of the stars in the different Battalion teams.

Yes, we have a football team, and have been beaten but twice. What's that? Only played two games? Anyhow, practice makes perfect, and we haven't had any practice yet. Well, we have a great future, and it's up to Capt. Devlin to get busy.

The baseball team is maturing. So far they have been excused fatigues. But don't stop there, boys. By the time this is in print our record will be standing at the top of the ladder, and we'll be cleaning up everything around here, including the Battalion Orderly Room, if they have a team.

Speaking of sports, athletics, etc., we wish to give the feats of Sergt. Dim. special mention. Sergt. Dim. in some all-round athlete. In the big game at English rugby on Thursday, the 3rd, with the South Africans, Dim. was the stone wall of the team. Did you see that long field run? End runs, flying tackles, bucks and field kicks are all in Dim's line, and his speciality. The fact that the game was just lost was not his fault—no support is the reason.

Mack, who came to this Company very quietly and secretly, is no other than the famous Mobile College coach, and later the chief training advisor of the famous Olympic Club of America to the world's athletic meet at Rome in 1933, B.C. His chief, in fact, only, understudy is Dimmie. The training is certainly strict in every way, and Dim. never looked finer or more in the pink now that Mac. has taken hold of him, making him the "all round" one in Battalion and Canadian Army sports.