

Watch for some "Purple Patches" from our literary officer, and perhaps Lieut. _____ will hold forth in his inimitable Rabelaisian vein.

"G" Company.

The O.C. is away on a Musketry Course at Mytchett. The entire Company regret his absence, and wish him the best of luck, and a successful completion of his course.

The whereabouts of the missing "bike" is still a matter of lively conjecture. A whispered comment was overheard in one of the huts last night to the effect that "the pur wee thing had been ridden to daith, and was muckle tired, and must hae ganged offen on a tout." We sincerely trust that the wee thing will shortly return hame, and that it's "toot" will be louder than ever.

Is there any truth in the rumour that one of our Corples had the misfortune to lose his heart? It is to be hoped that the lady who was seen to pick it up was careful to remove the many disfiguring corruscations adhering to its surface, before deciding to place it in her "Secretaire des Souvenirs" amongst a hundred or more others.

Who was the smart "Cousin" who recently paid for a 1/- meal in a café in Seaford with a Confederate five dollar bill, and returned to camp with 19/- in change?

A certain sapper is looking for a "buckshee" pair of riding breeches of a smart pattern. Will someone kindly oblige this gentleman, by leaving a pair of this description hanging up on the drying line outside Hut 22, and remain away from its immediate vicinity for a matter of just five minutes?



Bombing.

Well, Fox, old kid, after taking one chance, it appears you are going to take another without crossing the water. Chances taken in both cases are great. The difference between the two being, in the first case, when you were in France, you did stand a *small* chance of coming out alive, but in this case it will be one long fight until death.

It is suggested by the staff that married men's quarters be built within the camp lines as it is very fatiguing to have to walk from town every morning, especially Sunday. Take note, W.C. 34.

Cheer up, George! There are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. Anyway, Ashford was too far to cycle.

Is the nut factory at Hellingly closed? Langly is quite a change from Ripe. What say you, Dolly?

Just mention spending a week-end in Seaford to Sergt. Rutherford, then duck. Cheero, Sergt., you will feel all the better for it.

Fieldworks Wing.

The cartoon showing the adventure of Mick and the dud is the first of a series. Watch for them in future.

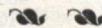
Four officers of the Fieldworks Wing returned to France last month: Lieuts. Casement, Hanna, Lowman and Morris. Good luck to them, and may they send their addresses, for their parcels' sakes.

Lieut. R. Hill (the original Bob) joined us last month. He came from the —th Battalion Engineers, in exchange with Lieut. Casement. Also, it was a foggy evening, and there may be still an argument about the horse.

There is a camouflage course at Kensington Gardens. Lieut. Balfour says they can fake nature to a standstill. Make a field of buckwheat look like a stack of "hots" with maple syrup. Sounds good!!

Lieut. W. W. Ritchie has just arrived from the — Tunnelling Company, in exchange with Lieut. Morris. He plans to spend his leave in Scotland.

The following N.C.O.s have joined the Fieldworks Staff during the past month:—C.S.M. A. W. Richardson, June; Sergt. R. H. Sagar, M.M., May; Corpl. W. L. Lea, M.M.; Sergt. G. W. Kidd.



Bramshott Signal Detachment

We have had another change of personnel, Mr. Burgess relieving Mr. Baker, who has returned to Seaford for draft.

This detachment wishes Mr. Baker the best of luck, and we are sorry that his stay in this station was not of longer duration, but the powers that be have decreed otherwise.

The boys just get accustomed to the O.C.'s style of inspection, such as, whether he will lift the flaps of the bandolier pouches, or look inside the mess tins, when a new officer arrives, and all calculations are thrown out.

There has been much discussion as to how our senior N.C.O. spent the five bob he obtained for the first prize joke in last month's SAPPER, and as to where he obtained the joke.

Our strength has been increased by the arrival of Sappers Warwick and Payton from the 1st Reserve Battalion, while Corpl. Fryer has returned to the C.E.R.D.

It is rumoured that some of the members of the detachment have a fondness for the infantry style of dress.

We leave it to your imagination as to the reason why, but we have our own opinions on the matter. There are times when bandoliers are not very comfortable, as some of the boys can tell you.

We thought the Signals were not quite so green as the man who, when he spilled ink on one side of his bed boards, and asked why he covered the stains with his bed, instead of turning the boards over, said, "Well, you see, Sergt., it is like this, I never thought of that."

No wonder our N.C.O.s get peeved at times.

Judging from the number of recruits for the R.A.F. who have gone from this detachment, and the number of applications now awaiting reply, there must be something in the air of this camp that fills those who are fortunate (or unfortunate) to be sent here with a desire to live in a higher atmosphere. One man has gone so far as to talk of moving his bunk into the rafters to get used to the higher conditions.

The way our boys hit for Scotland on their leave makes us wonder if they have a great love for things Scotch, but then, everything is real Scotch there.

No wonder there are so many applications for leave to cover the first week in July. The various tests in signalling do not seem to appeal to the majority.