

weeks ago. Is that why Virginia has given him the go-by.

Why did a certain "B" Company Sergeant refuse to send last month's SAPPER to his wife?

Never mind, Tom, send this month's.

"Never mind, nurse, I'm coming." And I guess Henry went.

Lost, one mascot, answering to the name of "Pat." Finder will receive £1 reward for keeping same, by applying to "B" Company Orderly Room.

Owing to the inclement weather during the last month, there has been a slump in backgrounds.

In view of the Huns approaching Foch for armistice terms, we were wondering if that is where "Hindenberg" has been this week.

We are all sorry to lose our "wonderful" officer. Is it our "wonderful" training which makes other Companies desire our officers.

"C" Company.

Mounted Duties Instructor: I think this is a jolly good idea, not clipping the horse's legs!

Ex-Cavalry Sergeant: Why?

M.D.I.: Leaving the hair on the legs absorbs the sweat; whereas, if the legs were clipped, the sweat would run down into the feet and cause THRUSH!

Collapse of sergeant.

During the month, large drafts of drivers have left this Company for France. We wish them luck, and trust they will be in time for the grand entry into Berlin—or even Düsseldorf.

Lieut. Grant has been appointed to this Company. We welcome this energetic young officer, and trust he will make good in the mounted Company as he did with Signals. Lieut. Grant is also O.C. sports of the Battalion.

We trust that the embargo on "leave, week-end, one," will not embitter the naturally sweet temper of our C.S.M. We notice, however, that one side of his exquisitely chiselled mouth is beginning to droop.

Now that C. and A. has been put out of action, I notice that the old game of seven come eleven has come into force again. It seems impossible for the boys to resist the lure of the dice.

What is causing all these grain stacks to burn down lately? Is it kind of cold for our Brighton friends?

Get out on your horses. Who the h— stole my grooming kit?

All night passes to Brighton were becoming quite a habit in "C" Company until the Higher Command butted in. We suppose three blankets were not enough for them.

"Get off his neck, you're not handling pans in the mess room now."

I will have to put you up to the section. Sickness prevails in the troop.

Still alive, though we missed the last two editions, owing to the heavy pressure of military duties.

Fred seems to have clicked in the Smoke, while Coates is a good second.

We did have two new members, in the form of Sergts. Potter and Margeson, but they did not remain long in our midst, having been transferred to the 2nd Battalion in readiness to proceed overseas. Good luck.

"Grand Slam" Darling and "Spread Misere" Mac are still in the 500 game, but the latter needs coaching.

Jimmy Stark expects to go to the Smoke, also to have his EYES tested. This is getting interesting.

Electric Lizz ran off with the trumpeter's mouth-piece, and someone asks if he wanted it for a spark-gap.

Another addition to our abode is Sergt. Somerville, well-known to all the old bhoys.

Doncaster was around last week sometime, and we beg to announce that he will put in an appearance about the 15th of the month, providing that he is well.

Dusty Milla' comes from Texas, and is taking a course in Coates' Modern English.

The soccer artists, Smith and Darling, have left for a short trip across the Channel on a Cook's tour.

Dave and Bill are alive and well, but still are rather lazy inclined about reveille. Wake up, your brains are dusty, and, as Hank says, "It is daylight in the swamp."

LITTLE NEMO.

MARRIAGE.—We offer our congratulations to Sergt. North, of the 1st C.E.R.B. Pay Office, on the occasion of his marriage, which took place in London on the second of the month.

BIRTH.—We extend our hearty congratulations to Sergt. Illidge, of "C" Company, 1st C.E.R.B., on the birth of a daughter.



Unkind comments were received regarding our failure to donate to last month's issue, which goes to prove that the majority of subscribers look forward to something good from this Battalion, and emphasizes the old saying: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

However, events move in this Battalion, who's motto is "Second to none," with such rapidity, that it renders difficult a comprehensive review of the general situation.

One thing is apparent, and that is, "We are winning the war," and as far as our share in the above is concerned, well, just get into touch with the men who handle reinforcements, and you will discover that loss of sleep by these gentlemen is not caused by periodical visits to the Jewish citadel, but in preparing and dispatching good material overseas to beat "Jerry."

Rumours of changes in the personnel of the administrative staff of this Battalion's Headquarters will persist in making themselves heard, and are not viewed with satisfaction by the sub-staff, for they have long since realised that the present Heads of Affairs are not only entirely satisfactory, but hard to replace, and the present smooth running of the Battalion is, to a great extent, due to the fortunate possession of such good men.

The old adage, "There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught," might have some truth attached to it, but we don't like fish.

Still, if this is to be, and the man with the power in his elbow condescends, I guess we could recommend a good man or two.

Cities such as Brighton and Eastbourne, being in the prohibited area, have had peculiar effect on "men we know." For instance, we know of one man who has found time to write to his wife in Canada four times this week.

Others, more fortunately situated, are not inconvenienced by this order. Why, I know a Corporal who hasn't been out of camp for two weeks, and his only request was that "duck-boards" be laid from the Battalion Orderly Room to the "Beaver Hut," Y.M.C.A., during the muddy spell.

The above request has, of course, been forwarded through the usual channels.