

**DRAFT 74 EN ROUTE.**

July 29th, 1918.

**Coaling At An Atlantic Port.**

About 24 hours before taking wings unto ourselves we received orders to supply 500 men for coaling ship. It was a sight for sore eyes to see the way the boys grubbed in among the black diamonds. The boys coaled for 16 hours straight with different shifts, carting up the foresaid diamonds in shallow basket trays during which one or two amusing incidents occurred which are best explained by sketches attached.

McCaul was detailed on this coal shovelling stuff, and as it was an all night job, the boys began to chaff him about it being dangerous; thereupon McCaul hunted high and low for a shooting iron, finally borrowed one from the chief officer, who warned him not to cut himself with it. Mac sure was a busy man chasing around like that cat on the marble floor and it was too bad that he had a tray full of coal dropped on him.

**Notes In General.**

Our two Nursing Sisters from our own Depot are more than holding their own with the bevy of Nursing Sisters and V.A.D.'s ("very adorable darlings"). It is really wonderful to see Chrysanthenum "N. S. Pollard" holding court on boat deck with never less than half a dozen sapper officers sitting at her feet, open mouthed, drinking in the Gilbertian remarks as they fall from her coral lips. It really is the funniest sight in the world to see her knitting those everlasting socks with her life preserver on. We know who was to be the recipient of those pedal coverings but would dearly like to know to how many other people she has promised them. We have heard that she has promised them to five different men between St. Johns and Montreal and to fifteen languishing swains between there and Halifax. There is always the morning excitement which generally sees five or six Engineer Officers frantically trying to unravel dear sister's wool. Baby Doane, as she affectionately calls him, is becoming quite an adept. She is getting along very nicely, thank you, though we usually notice a wistful far away look in her eyes when Lieut. H— with brown 'orbes' is not present. Our other little sister "N. S. Perry", "Bless her", is not quite so loquacious as Chrysanthenum but she is just as successful in

having as good a time and getting in lots of good work quietly. We wonder why she always takes that little trip to cabin 15 every morning at 11 a.m. We know the sea is not rough every day but we guess prevention is better than the cure.

One V. A. D., "Miss Roanes", seems to have got the angora of several of the nursing sisters. We do not know what it is but she got at least 20 of our susceptible males absolutely eating out of her hand. Little "N. S. Ada" was sitting with her latest capture—"such a lovely artillery man"—when up comes Miss R—. Tips him the 'high sign' and away goes the gunner. Ada has confided her views to us on the question. Evidently it is not jealousy but it must be a microbe of even greater ferocity. Miss R— is now showing Lieut. G— around who by the way has evidently forgotten all he ever promised his loving and trusting wife. Ada has bucked up quite some this morning and to hold him down is manicuring his nails. Quite a cute kid, Ada from M. D. No. 4.

**Disembarkation.**

We reached our boat destination at 4 p.m. and disembarked in a rain storm of some intensity. We boarded a train and started across country, receiving cheers and welcomes from all sides. Our last train arrived in camp about 12.30 and after a light refreshment we were allotted our blankets and slept in the large Y. M. C. A. tent for the remainder of the night. Our camp is well situated and we are now living in our tents enjoying real camp life. The weather has been favorable with the exception of a fierce electric storm accompanied by hail. Unfortunately one of our men was struck by lightning and instantly killed, making the second casualty in our convoy.

Yesterday we had a long route march which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, giving us an opportunity to get rid of our sea legs. At the time of writing we are expecting to be released from our ten day quarantine and given our landing leave, which will furnish material for another edition.

**WANTED.**—An interpreter for the Band. ("Knots and Lashings".)

A mere Sapper offers the suggestion that this is a most unkind thing to say about the Band. Why not try one for the listeners? Tell your head writer, Mr. Editor, to be less reckless with his talent.



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