



1st Battn. Grand Christmas Carnival Ball.

No. 4 Lines Canteen is, in all truth, a prosaic enough enough place at any time, serving its purpose, of course, admirably at all times, but I wish I could have transported every reader of *THE SAPPER* thence on Friday evening, December 27th, 1918, on the occasion of the Christmas carnival ball of the 1st Battalion.

The day bar had been transformed into a veritable fairyland, thanks to the untiring efforts of the charming manageress and her girl helpers. The finishing touches, comprising the lighting arrangements, stage, and stage effects, had been in the hands of Lieut. Stenhouse, "C" Company, and C.S.M. Stern and Corpl. Jones, "C" Company. The reading room had also undergone transformation—from the dull cheerless library into a comfortable buffet bar, furnished a la cabaret—with some party tables and basket lounge chairs galore.

The occasion was "Carnival Dress," and on the ladies' side generously responded to, so that at 9 p.m., to the strains of a dreamy waltz, charmingly rendered by the incomparable orchestra of the 1st Reserve Battalion, amid a wealth of leafy garlands and evergreen festoons, hung with Chinese lanterns, the boys of the Battalion with their Pierrot, Dutch Girl, Scotch Girl, Mexican, and other fascinatingly costumed partners, swung into the mazy glide of the first dance of the last ball of the year. The scene to the spectators looked, as it must have felt to the dancers, indeed a Victory Ball.

After the preliminary dances the boys' and girls' good spirits rose to a high degree, and laughter, fun, and seasonable handshaking, everyone wishing everyone else the best of everything, became the order of the evening. Col. Lawson, M.C., the O.C., arrived, and participated in nearly every dance on the programme.

The M.C., Corpl. Jones, D.C.M., "C" Company, was in his usual "dance" form, and in his inimitable way had the merry crowd singing during the "Just a song at twilight" three-step, a feature of his own, which, by the way, always seems to be thoroughly enjoyed.

Lieut. Stenhouse and C.S.M. Stern were indefatigable in their efforts to keep everything and everyone "going strong." Toe Trot, one-step waltz, and barn dance, were all too soon got through, and it was a hungry, laughing crowd that, after the supper waltz, gaily tripped into the buffet bar, where four busky Sergeants of the Battalion, assisted by the obliging Mrs. Holden, of the Canteen Staff, served up supper, consisting of tea, coffee, sausage rolls, ham sandwiches, cakes, fruit salads, blanc mange, custard, and every conceivable kind of jelly.

The second half of the programme was punctuated by a little speechmaking and the judging of costumes. The judging was carried out by Col. Lawson and Miss Gordon, niece of Col. Anderson, and the prizes awarded were as follows:—1, Miss Willett, Highland costume; 2, Miss Dofunny, Dutch Boy. First prize for men was decided by three Pierrot costumed boys flipping a coin. The speechmaking was by Corpl. Jones, when he asked

for a vote of thanks for Col. Lawson and Miss Gordon, for their efforts throughout the past season, in making every Battalion and Company dance a success. As the Corpl. put it:—Col. Lawson had been in every sense a great "sport" in helping along the sports and recreation of the men of the Battalion, and Miss Gordon no less a sport by gracing every occasion. The boys and girls evidently thought so too, according to the volume of cheering that went up, as, led by Corpl. Jones, the crowd "let loose." The Col. replied in a nice little speech, thanking everyone for their appreciation, and assuring them of his satisfaction that the dances had been a success, and finished up by humorously telling the assembly that he was going to give "this man 'Jones' 14 days for his verbosity—in London."

So time flew along, until the closing scene of the evening, when everyone, joining hands around the room, with great gusto sang the old refrain of "Auld Lang Syne," bringing to a close one of the most popular dances, and certainly one of the best evenings ever enjoyed by the boys and their lady friends.

THE JAY.

C.E.T.C. Concert Party.

The concert party was originally started in 1917, those responsible being R.S.M. Carpenter, Sergeants Doncaster and Darling.

After many disappointments, etc., the Troupe gave a ripper of an opening concert at the C.E.T.C. Cinema, at which Col. Anderson thanked the troupe for their efforts. From that time the party became a successful enterprise, playing successfully at Eastbourne, Shoreham, Brighton, Worthing, Basingstoke, Reading, London, and at the various local "Y's."

The main artists were "Chips" Carpenter, Doncaster, Darling, Gilbert, Hollis, Smale, Bentley, Armitage, and Garden, but R.S.M. Carpenter, owing to military duties, had to retire. Drafts then called some of the leading artists to play in a greater theatre—that of war, those being Armitage, Gilbert, Hollis, Garden, and later, our pianist, Lieut. Harris, whose talent is well-known to the boys.

Sergt. Darling, a hard worker for the Troupe, drifted away, but always remained interested in their welfare.

New artists joined, these being Howe, Deneau, Holden, Smythe, and Frenchie, also Wilson, who now form the main part of the Troupe.

Great praise goes to Sergt. Doncaster for the way he, with untiring work, energy, and talent brought the Troupe to the high standard of efficiency it has reached at the present.

The present party left for London, making their headquarters at the Beaver Hut, London, from where they will entertain our lads at the numerous London Y.M.C.A.'s for the next three months. Best luck.