

Who was the officer who took the boys for a joy-ride one dusty Sunday afternoon, and then, when we were ready to go back to our billets, kept us waiting. Well, you know, it was a pretty dusty and dry ride, but what about the poor sapper?

We heard a rumour the other day, that the Sergts. had been inoculated. Well, keep cool, calm, and collected. Let's hope the "dope" takes effect.

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Lieut. Brickenden's Company.

Capt. Boswell has left us, we understand, for promotion in a new sphere of work, and we wish him every continued success.

Lieut. Brickenden, who was our Adjutant, takes over the command. Having been with us for a considerable time, he is well acquainted with our work and routine, and shows a keen interest in the welfare of his Company.

This month has been out of the ordinary, for, besides the O.C. going, we had Lieuts. McCurdy and Ryrie leave us to join other units as Captains; also fourteen other ranks. Most of them had been with us the greater part of the time out here.

Two of these we hope to meet again as C.E. Officers, for Corpl. Templeton and L/Cpl. Bradford left for the Depot, aspiring to attain the coveted pips. Both first knew the Company when it was formed back at Ottawa.

The other twelve we figure as being lucky. Our loss is their gain, and from now on we watch with added interest the work of the searchlights.

Although we miss them all, probably the most missed is 2/Corpl. Smith, whose work as a member of the Company Committee was worthy of the highest praise, and we are finding his place hard to fill.

One consolation: all has not been loss. Born to "Nan," on June 20th, a kid, which we shall call "Billy." Both are frisky.

A party was working in a sector that had been heavily shelled with gas the previous night. One asks the officer in charge: "Is it safe to dig here?" "Yes, if you keep to windward of your shovel."

"Jack" Dutton now wears two stripes, with a happy smile. He partakes of his rations, etc., amongst the elite.

There is quite a long list of appointments and promotions amongst the juniors, and sewing was popular of necessity, because these days bring decorations of all kinds.

An excellent supper was provided for the Section by No. 2, with their proceeds in prizes from the sports. Many exclamations of approval were heard as the supper proceeded, and after songs and speeches, the evening was unanimously agreed a huge success, and more of it was asked.

We hear Sergt. Boyd gets the Meritorious Service Medal. Congratulations, Maurice, but don't get into any argument about it.

It is said that one of our sappers is so lazy that he would have been dead long ago, only he is too lazy to draw his last breath.

We note that C.S.M. Meyrick and Q.M.S. Scott have put up the crowns, and judge they are no longer "acting."

Captain McCuaig's A.T. Company.

[Received too late for June issue.]

On June 10th, we celebrated the second anniversary of our arrival in France. This second year has been a busy one, much construction and maintenance work having been carried out, and, as in the case of all active units in France, there has been a considerable change in the personnel, due to casualties, promotions, and, for organization purposes, transfers to other units. From these different causes, over sixty N.C.O.s, sappers, and drivers have been struck off strength, and only recently we have lost four of our most efficient and popular officers, Lieut. Melville going as Adjutant to Corps Troops, Lieuts. Simson and Riddell to Engineer Battalions, and Lieut. New to an A.T. Company. We understand that three of these officers are to be congratulated as being directly in line for promotion.

New officers and men have joined our ranks, and we must not forget the latest arrivals—two young goslings. These birds naturally take to water, so they knew where they were coming when they came to a Water Supply Company. Next Christmas we hope to be able to properly express our appreciation of their joining our ranks.

After a severe epidemic of bagpipes, we are enjoying a little brass music for a change. The Company bugler, we notice, is assisting, having lots of spare wind since he lost his job.

For pecuniary reasons, we are anxious to know if there will be a Parliamentary election in the near future.

We hear that Jack is going to sue the Hun for damages, if he does not keep his H.E. a little farther away from the potato patch.

Lieut. Savage and Sergt. Dagley are spending their summer vacation at the Corps School. We hear they are hitting the pace, about 180 to the minute.

"When is an entrenching tool not an entrenching tool?" Jack says, "When it's a hoe."

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Lieut. J. Oliver's Company.

Major Vince, who organized and brought the Company to France, has left us, and is now wearing the old red patch. Good luck, Major.

Lieut. Stanley, another of the old guard, has been also caught up in the whirl of re-organization, and reposted to Capt. Fellow's Company.

It is a notable fact that the artillery is regarded by the majority as an increasingly dangerous branch of the service to be in. Nevertheless, the C.S.M. has lately displayed a decided penchant for a certain battery of the R.G.A. A committee has been appointed to investigate and report upon the matter.

As might be expected, No. 1 Section's billet fairly crackles with Hyde Park orations. Nightly, polished speakers like Walter Watson (late of the R.H.C.) are to be heard in prolixity on such stimulating topics and fermented questions as politics and leave to Canada.

The recipient of many congratulatory effusions, Lieut. Bunting is proud of the fact that he has been blessed with a son and heir. Bravo, Daddy. We are reminded of the nursery rhyme, which says:—

"Father's gone a-hunting,
To fetch us home a rabbit skin,
To wrap the baby bunting in."