

BAKEHOUSE BULLETS.

Interesting Items from the Men who raise the "dough."

It is with some nervousness that we offer our initial contribution to the new C.A.S.C. Magazine, for Bakers are naturally of a shy and retiring nature. In fact, we can only remember one instance which is an exception to this general rule, and that was the case of a baker who was beheaded by Pharaoh or some other of those "Brass Hats" mentioned in early history. We believe it was Pharaoh, but wouldn't care to swear to that, and after canvassing the N.C.O.'s of the Section and getting no satisfaction from them on the point, we are bound to admit that their Biblical knowledge is worse than ours. (The Chaplain has a strong case here!)

This is our tale, however, and we mean to stick to it, which calls to mind the yarn of a certain someone named "Brown," who arrived home one night a little more than "half-shot." His wife, who was waiting patiently for him, asked: "Where have you been to?" With an effort he replied: "I have been out—hic—with—hic—Mr. Smith." He certainly made a poor selection of an excuse, for his wife almost screamed: "How dare you say such things? Mr. and Mrs. Smith have been here all the evening." With a fine attempt at gravity he replied: "Well, that's my tale, and I mean to stick to it."

Our Field Bakers deserve no little praise for the manner in which they stuck to it during that unpleasant weather a few weeks ago, when the wind was coming up Pond Hill at a thirty mile an hour clip, and the rain putting the fires on the "hummer" all the time. Some Equinoctial Gales. Believe muh!

That's all a memory now, for we are snugly housed in the Grocery Barn near the Sergeant's Mess, with a couple of ovens, and you can get all the bread your indents call for whenever you like to call.

There was undoubted discomfort at Pond Hill, especially in that rough weather when the elements finally succeeded in flattening us out, but there is humour in it, and some of the scenes would have gladdened the heart of Bruce Bairnsfather and his merry pencil. It's not particularly funny to be wrestling with a big marquee, which is more than half down, and the wind blowing to beat the band, the rain coming down like a miniature Niagara. Then when well tied up with guy ropes and wet canvas the whole darn thing collapses, and the next thing you know is that your face is buried up to the ears in pure, unadulterated mud. Quite a weight on one's mind? No, it's not funny till you happen to be a "looker-on," and then—why, it would make a Cabinet Minister smile!

Many familiar faces are around the depot again, quite a number hailing from the Second Field Bakery, France, where they have been doing duty for some months.

Sergt. Horne, late of "Winnipeg Black Devils," is in for a commission. His second name is "Rough-house," so we are expecting great things from him.

There is a Sergeant who has grown decidedly thinner since a certain "someone" went back home to Exeter. By Gum! Never mind, Christmas leave soon!

Say, did you know there is a B.O.D. down town? Oh, you eighteens!

Who is the party that wrote an N.C.O.'s name thus:—"S.S.—sunk by a sunbarine." Some torpedo Mac!

We are glad to see T. W. Earl back from Hospital. Shrapnel in the shoulder had been troubling for some time.

Sick parade is rather early these days, but it's the early bird that catches the No. 9.