

Bramshott Signal Detachment.

Now that the winter is approaching, and the weather is not so favourable for spending "off duty" hours in the surrounding district, the work of supplying notes from this Detachment may be somewhat less of a task for one or two men.

We feel sure that there are several of the boys who could supply very interesting items, such as a short description of "The Punch Bowl by Moonlight," "Things I have seen on my Solitary Travels," or "Why Grayshott is so popular in the mornings." Someone oblige please.

It is a good opportunity now that the camp is quarantined, and those who proudly possess clear "crime sheets," can understand some of the mysteries of C.B., which is almost an unknown quantity in this detachment.

Funny how some people do not mind expenses, and use the G.P.O. telegraphs to keep up communication with the outside world, such as Liphook, etc.

Sappers Snarr and Winter have left for Seaford, on their way to become exponents of the higher art in the R.A.F. Since their departure, there have been no more cases of the "Flying Fever."

Better look after that horseshoe or rabbit's foot that you are carrying with you, Jerry. Someone is vowing to take it from you.

Judging by the number of parcels arriving from Canada for a late member of the Detachment, we seem to have made a grave error in allowing him to return to Seaford, as our food supply has been seriously affected.

The Horse.

FOR THE INFORMATION OF THE MOUNTED BATTALION.

The horse is a very noble quadruped, but when he is angry he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal cord by the bridle, and sadly the driver places his foot on the stirrup and divides his lower limbs across the saddle, and drives his animal to the meadow.

He has a long mouth, and his head is attached to the trunk by an elongated protuberance known as the neck. He has four legs: two are in the front side and two are afterwards. These are the weapons on which he runs, and also defends himself by extending those in the rear in a parallel direction towards the foe. But this he only does when in a vexatious mood.

His food is generally grasses and grains. He is also useful to take on the back a man or woman as well as some cargo. He has power to run as fast as he could. He has got no sleep at night, but always standing awake.

Also, there are horses of short sizes. They do the same as the others are generally doing. There is no animal like the horse. No sooner they see their master they are always crying for feeding, but it is always at the morning time. They have got tails, but not so long as the cow and other such like animals.

The horse's wife is the mare.

Overheard in the Officers' Mess.

First Subaltern: "I heard a queer bugle call this morning before daylight. Was it an alarm or something?"

Second Subaltern: "Like this?" (humming). (Nod from No. 1). "Why! that was revêille! Have you never heard that before?" (Exit 1st Sub.)

"The Scribe" Says—

A Little Bit of Heaven—and They Called it Seaford.

From the *St. Mary's Journal* of August 22nd, I clipped an interesting epistle, from which I permit you to scan these excerpts. By the way, this letter is signed and dated from Seaford:—

"..... If the whole of England is as pretty as 'Dear old Sussex by the Sea,' why then it is good enough for me. A route march here is looked forward to with great delight, because tramping around the hills and among the quaint little villages is more like a pleasure trip than work."

Here's another little tit-bit:—

"..... The best of returned men are provided for instructors, and as a matter of fact they had to spend the first four days in getting us wakened up."

Two things, at least, I notice the budding enthusiast forgot to enumerate: That luscious Friday fish repast of of "Sam Hughes" fame, and memories of our once per week journeyings to the pleasant shores of sunny Seaford, where we disported ourselves in all the abandon of youth in the glorious silver-crested waters of the deep.

Après la Guerre.

"Scribe, old man, do you know what I'm going to do 'après la guerre'?"

I hesitated to hazard a reply.

"Well, I'll tell you," declared Avie, making himself comfortable on my kit-bag. "You see these 'Kitcheners'?"

I looked at the encasings of my friend's pedal extremities, but refrained from making any sarcastic reply.

"After the war," continued Avie, "I'm going out in the backyard and I'm going to make a mud puddle—the kind we made when we were kids, only a bit more gluey. Then I'll take these 'Kitcheners' of mine and I'll splash 'em, I'll souse 'em, I'll drag them through that mud till they're good and dirty. Next thing I'll do will be to go down town and get a good-size glass case. In the centre, behold my 'Kitcheners,' all muddied up, and in the collection you'll see my bandolier and tunic, with the brass so tarnished they'd turn mildew green with envy. And at the bottom there's going to be a separate little frame with my discharge in it, and above I'll get you to letter me a design:

'Not Damwell Coodnuff.'

I smiled in silent approbation.

"But the best of all, old Scribe, will be every morning when I get up. I'll come downstairs and look at my old regalia, then I'll take a squint at my discharge paper—just to make sure, you know—and then I'll just take one good look at that notice and pass—a suitable remark."

"Say," said Avie, with a sigh, "won't that be heavenly?"

More About "Kitcheners."

Ole Si Getch says: "When I get back I'm going to make my 'Kitcheners' keep on working for me. I'm going to hang 'em behind the barn door, as a weight to help keep the door shut."

And a very creditable idea too, Si, says we.

Hot Subject for Discussion on 6 a.m. Parade:

"Siberian Draft Rumors."

THE SCRIBE.

October, 1918.