

Speaking of plots and crops, have you noticed how young the padre looks these days? He'll never get by the sentry again as Chaplin until it grows once more.

Since the officers began to take PRYDE in this ball team, they haven't lost a game.

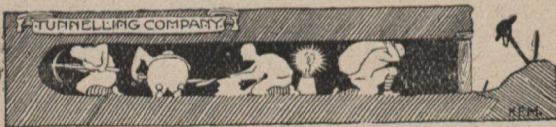
It has leaked out that the O.C. and his staff of experts are planning a great signalling offensive for a date in the near future. The whole army is to be supplied with communications. The objectives are not known, but it is probable that the line of the Cuckmere river will be pierced, and Alfriston captured, in which case, of course, it will be again accessible to all troops.

One of our mottoes has always been, "be modest," nevertheless when such a scrutinizing eye as General Turner carries round, picks our Mounted Section out for special commendation, we feel like bubbling over somehow. 'Tis true, "The Terrible One" keeps us plugging, but what matter when we capture all the honours.

An apology is due to Sapper Perry for the absence of his article in the Signal news, and which he generously curtailed to a space area fitted to the limited columns allotted to us. Owing to an unavoidable confusion with other items on file, this was overlooked. However, it will be recovered and, space permitting, published in the next issue.

Sergt. Fullerton has once more pulled the cords of the kit bag together and sallied forth to his place "up the line," where he will be greeted by those friends made during his former stay there. The sergeants' mess are sorry to see his vacant chair.

"LINEMAN."



Lieut. W. B. Donohue has returned to the Company after several months in hospital.

Lieut. Nicholson, who has not been with us since the Shoreham days, before Brighton was captured by the Israelites, is again in our midst, after having built numerous aerodromes for the B.G.

The strength of the Company has increased by some twenty officers of late. Among those who reported recently are Lt. A. W. Richardson, D.C.M., and Lt. W. Gowans, M.M. (French), original—st Tunnelling Company.

One of our Sergt.-Majors has a most remarkable brother. According to the S.M., in a recent examination the said brother received 9,999 marks out of a possible 10,000!

Officers returning from Bexhill report that the O.T.C. course is the "best in the world." It certainly has turned out some of the smartest officers of the war, bar none.

New puzzle—Find the C.S.M. of the bone-yard on a Friday night.

That's a bright 'un.

The other morning, the Orderly Sergeant of the Casualty Section ran to the phone when the alarm clock went off. His nerves must have been on "Edge."

A. DIGGER.



An escaped prisoner of war from Germany recently reported at the Regimental Depot, and required outfitting.

Adjutant, furious on seeing the man appear on the fourth day still in civilian clothes: "Why the —— has this man not been outfitted yet?"

C.Q.M.S.: "Sir, I paraded the man to the Q.M. this morning, and he refused to clothe him."

Adjutant, blazing: "Why?"

C.Q.M.S.: "Because he had not brought his D.O.S. 2 with him, sir."

And we want to know whether the Q.M. at Ruhleben would not like to change places.

"CROCK."



We hear that the cow which got in the way of the motor-cycle has since died.

We are given to understand that an officer is burning midnight oil, in trying to find out the possibility of two objects occupying the same place at the same time.

Now that our machines are turned in, we wonder what the mechanical repair branch of the C.A.S.C. will find to keep them busy. And by the way, we noticed that our sidecar is still in use.