

"H" Company.

We understand there is a Company-Sergeant-Major who wakes up each morning fully dressed for parade, with belt, side arms, and stick.

Things happen in our lines: When do we get some dough? How about leave, and do we get into huts soon? The answer is: Soon.

Sergeant, to candidate for Orderly Room: "Say, Bo, the O.C. is going to hang you this morning." New arrival: "Well, he'll have to go some. With the grub I'm getting I don't weigh enough to tighten the rope." Bright boy.

This is a new Company, under the command of Lieut. F. L. Mitchell, and from what we can see at present it promises to shape well. We hope to have more news by next issue of THE SAPPER.



Fieldworks Wing.

The Fieldworks Staff received a rude jolt from the O.T.C. Wing last month, when it grabbed Sergts. Pearson, Allan, Gosling, Slater, and Cummings. The best of luck to them, and may they get their stars before Heinie hauls down his colours.

Sergt. Bill Lea is very optimistic as to the duration of the war, and has even gone so far as to decide on the colour and price of his civvy suit. His hopes are not very high, however, of collecting the five spot from Cadet Allen.

Capt. Young, M.C., has returned from a week's leave, which he spent in Scotland and London.

What is the attraction at Lewes? Perhaps one of the W.O.'s will enlighten us.

R.S.M. Ridgwell rises to remark that every Sergeant-Instructor on the Fieldworks Staff appears to have several brothers serving in France. Applications for leave (brother home on leave) have been coming through pretty freely of late. No objections, as long as the boys produce the documents.

Who was the Sergeant who, while waiting with a pal for a couple of the gentler sex, picks up a lone one on the street, and leaves his chum with a pair on his hands?

And again, one wonders what the clerk of the C.S.M.E. thinks of the golden haired girl at Litlington? The paper restrictions would be well lived up to when writing her opinion of him rapping on the door of the house one Sunday afternoon. "Slim" was lucky to get clear of the "old man."

Sergt. Joe Morris is coming to the conclusion that he is growing old. After pushing a bike as far as Tunbridge Wells, Joe decided the train service was far easier.

O.T.C. Wing.

No. 2 Company says, "Oh, gee, hully gee, and gee-gee also," now the equitation course is over, and they are beginning to feel their feet again, and walk upright, but the memory of the last two weeks is indelibly printed on their memories.

However, everything went swimmingly. It rained every day, and everyone is agreed that Capt. Birbeck and his staff are thorough good fellows.

We hope, for the sake of their conscience, that none of them are members of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

The remark of one sorely-tried Cadet is well worth recording, for the sake of those who will follow us: "That man who is reported to have said, 'A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse,' was most certainly nuts. Give me a Ford, any day."

No. 3 Company's initiation course is coming to an end, I suppose, as we notice the nucleus of No. 4 forming round among us, feverishly cleaning brass in readiness to attack the now famous line of the river Cuckmere.

The parsimonious use of ink in the Orderly Room duplicator is regrettable, as it often happens in the daily orders that we are unable to discover if Sapper So-and-So was admitted to hospital, suffering from bursitis or enteritis, two widely divergent ailments, I imagine.

Cadets F. A. Ashford, J. A. Craige, R. H. Miller, J. M. Mills, and R. A. B. Rutherford, have been granted their commissions, after a ten weeks' course, and will proceed to France forthwith. We extend to them our best wishes for good luck.

Cadets R. F. Allen, H. M. Bennett, T. D. Lee, N. B. McCausland, and V. Rayment are also nearing their stars now, and expect seven glorious days' leave any time. Still one candidate for stars in the signal service remains with us, being needed by the ladies of a certain concert party down town. He may be old, but he's got young ideas, as the song says. We shall miss the sunshine of his smile when he leaves, no kidding.

On the 18th, the Cadet Tug-of-War Team journeyed to Maresfield Park, to compete in the Machine Gun Sports there. On their return they had much to say about the beautiful Park, the spacious and comfortable Cadet quarters there, the white gloved swordsman Cadet sentries on guard, etc., etc., but very little about the tug-of-war. Cadet Berry did better, winning second place in a thoroughly well named obstacle race. It was a good day's work, anyhow, and they missed that Company drill.

"Gala" nights are frequent now. After the "astronomer's" farewell to "You concert party," we had the opening of the new Cadet Club in Seaford, a full account of which appears in this number under "Entertainments." The next, we hope, will be a house warming somewhere in Blatchington, when we move our quarters.

Heard while the Cadets were Learning to Ride.

You ride like a monkey in a barrel.
Don't chirrup to that horse, it's not a canary.
I told you to trot that horse, not to kiss him.
You're like an old woman over a washtub.
Don't look that horse in the face, no wonder he won't lead.

Quit your stirrups. (Six Cadets fainted).
What's the matter with the man on Mary?

Troubles of the Adjutant.

Telephone query?

Somebody wants to know how many poles somebody else signed for from somebody in "C" Company. An unknown Corporal reports that somebody from C.S.M.E. wants to know how many should have been signed for?

The answer is: "Sixteen, which are now lying in the yard somewhere."

One shudders to think of the time the Sergeants' Mess caterer will have booking engagements on the billiard table that the C.S.M.E. have their eyes on.