

SCOUT AND SNIPER SECTION.

After vicissitudes many and various, the S. and S. Section is once more re-united at Bramshott Camp.

Our boys did well at the ranges: the majority graded as, at least, first-class shots.

Mr. Marsden, fresh from laurels gained at the Aldershot course, has the Section all keyed up to concert pitch, digging sniper lairs, taking bearings, finding ranges, etc., etc.

Now that we have such a large assortment of instruments, the instruction now being given by our O.C. is very much more varied than it was possible to obtain on the other side—the many different subjects giving that change which is essential to the holding of the interest of the men.

Scout J. J. Donnelly was welcomed back with open arms on his return from adventures amongst the Sinn Feiners in Ireland.

An amusing little episode happened—as the old papers have it—not a hundred miles from Grayshott recently. Corpl. D. Hughes was accosted as follows:—

SMALL BOY: "Give me a ha'penny, soldier, it'll bring yer luck."

CORPL. HUGHES: "My dear boy, I havn't any change."

SMALL BOY: "Well, I hopes yer get blown to pieces when yer goes to France!"

During a recent field day, Sergt. Copping and Shorty Smith bombed a machine gun; the same was put out of action by an umpire. After the latter's departure, the casualties mysteriously came to life, and caused their assassins to beat a hasty retreat under a perfect fusillade of well-directed bombs, the same consisting of large clods of Ludshott real estate. Poor Shorty, as usual, got it in the neck, and Sergt. "C. C. C." of the "S. S. S." did not get off scot free either.

We wonder who the scout was, who, on being instructed to make a sketch plan of the enemy's trenches at about 11 a.m. last Wednesday, during the "presumed night" operations, replied that he couldn't see to do it as it was "night-time."

It's an open secret that the Section anticipates lifting the prizes for the "Digging-in under fire" and "Sniping" contests at the Aldershot Command Sports, to be held on the 1st proximo.

The sniping lairs that our boys have dug in the vicinity of the Officers' Mess cannot be too highly praised, and the Section was "At Home" to a large number of visitors from the different companies during the construction of the same.

[NOTE.—Frightfully inconvenient for officers returning from Haslemere late and lit. Good thing our mess is wholly T.T.—EDITOR.]

THE SHADOW OF A COMING EVENT ?

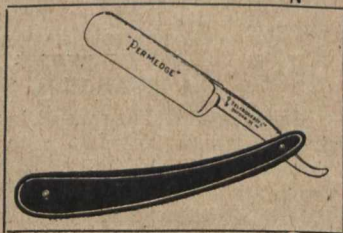
Congratulations were showered upon the Adjutant when he arrived in camp last Tuesday from an extensive tour in England and Scotland. It was not quite clear what the congratulations were for; but inasmuch as several were heard to wish "both" a long and happy life, the inference is left open.

If our deduction is correct the Lady is also to be congratulated.

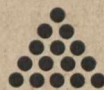
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