

### "F" Company.

We think that special credit is due to "F" Company for leading the way in artistic camp decorations. By laying out the plot next to the Orderly Room in a design displaying the regimental badge worked out in chalk, "F" Company evidently gave the incentive required by the rest of the Battalion, with the result that the entire camp has been considerably brightened up.

The model tent has been discovered in "F" Company lines. Let us hope net results will be equally good.

While speaking of "F" Company we might draw to the attention of Canadian Contemptibles that their old friend and comrade, Hughie Dey, is one of the leading lights of the Company, and may be seen packing two stripes with the air of an R.S.M. We are looking for great things from Hughie.



How unkind "fate" was to allow our worthy paper waster's eyebrow to misplace itself on his lip.

Congratulations to Sergt. Saunders on his other stripe and coming marriage. We wish him the best of luck, and that his first three come together and are different colours.

We offer our deepest sympathy to the N.C.O. who has been banished from No. 2 Canteen, and we would like to remind him that "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

We would like to know if Corpl Rymer serenades the cook in the Canteen? or is it the cheap hand-out he's after?

We offer our deepest sympathy to Corpl Brow, whose wife left after a brief visit, and we would advise him not to get so excited next time she comes, or he will lose his toy again.

Is it true that the "High Sign" was given to our dashing and virtuous McNair by a local bird? and, is it true that a little street urchin shambles up to him and says "Are you my daddy?"

One C.I. was heard to say to another that the P.T. Staff are the only fellows who can put any life into this Company. Our modesty prevents us from saying anything more—but isn't it good?

Will the Sergeant who is playing the rôle of Sherlock Holmes please change his blue pants for slacks, because the wary eyes of his would-be victims can see him coming. We might also suggest that with his face it would be better and easier for him to play Pedro.

### Bombing.

It is rumoured that the P.T. Staff is anxious to learn a few of Sergt. Rutherford's improvised infantry drill movements.

These last few days the bombers have been working at a terrific pace, in order that the drafts may be in time for the grand finale of the drama called "Exit Wilhelm." Still, these superhuman efforts are increased tenfold when those well worn words come floating o'er the breeze: "More speed, you fellows."

I say, George, how about Twickenham? Don't you think your friend there deserves some consideration? These clandestine meetings on the King's highway between Seaford and Eastbourne would not stand investigation.

### Whispers from Bourley Segregation Area.

Much dissatisfaction is being caused in Anzac circles at Aldershot by the advent of the C.S.M.E. representatives, owing to the preferential treatment accorded these dashing specialists by the fair sex as represented by the local W.A.A.C.'s.

It is rumoured that the Anzacs are holding a council of war in the near future, and local operations are expected to commence shortly.

A flanking movement carried out by the aforementioned troops in the vicinity of the canal bank yesterday was repulsed with sanguinary losses by our bombing wing.

### Gas Notes.

Is there a secret graft between the Gas Staff and the tonsorial artists of the C.E.T.C.? Because lately there have been some big "air raids" made on our new "shock-truppen."

Gas Instructor: "Now boys, you know that the only way to win the war is by working together. — Now altogether—*Clean—right—eye—pieces.*"

Some questions asked:—

Say, sah, can you smell gas in de dark, same as in de daytime?

What would you do if you had both hands blown off?

Do we have to take our respirators to France with us?

From a casualty:—Do I have to go through the chamber AGAIN? (Yes, dear friend, you do.)

If you were smoking a cigarette when the gas cloud came over, would there be an explosion?

Our Hailsham hero is busily employed evenings just now scraping and painting up his iron steed. Another big push may be expected soon.

What price East Dean for picnics? Ask the Simple Life Quartette, G., S., W., and Z.

Our popular S.M. is going on leave this week to the Emerald Isle.

### O.T.C. Wing.

We have already wished one of the boys "Bon voyage" to France. Lieut. Bruce left us to-day.

Eight weeks "on the square" have brought out some of that latent talent in I. D. amongst us. What a good job it is our drill examiner is a humorist. We finished with him to-day, I mean with his exams. He is still alive, according to latest bulletins.

If it gets much darker in the mornings the tug-of-war team won't need their "coffee and" before 8 a.m. I believe they have bent all the trees around here pulling against them, but the 2nd C.E.R.B. still keep studiously out of their way.

Equitation commences next week. Cadets are not to supplement their rations by stealing their horse's rations.

They say our Instructor in this noble art is also a humorist. Let's hope so.

We are going to subscribe and buy our P.T. Instructor a new whistle, or a pea to put in his old one.

The C.O. had us all on parade to see Cadet Butterfield receive the M.S.M. Some say "Good old Butterfield."

We are all going on leave this "Long week end" in our new clothes. My, what a bunch of white halos there will be on the front at Brighton. However, enough of leave, or we shall have everyone in France coming to Blighty to take our course.

Scene: Ceremonial Parade. Platoon with fixed bayonets.

Leading Man: H. O. Jonnell Cones.

"For inspection, port arms." "Examine arms" —

A voice from the gallery: "Say, Cones, old man, take those little knives off the ends of the guns before you look down the holes."