



Our little effort in wiring brought congratulations from Brigade. 13000 yards in 26 hours working time is not so bad for 100 men.

One would almost like to be a bed roll these days, judging from the welcoming smiles some we know were greeted with after a few days absence, but open warfare is the only game. There's nothing like it for hardening a fellow. Eh, what?

In conclusion, may our next hike, if there is to be one, be done in ENGLISH MILES. These kilometres are too elastic for us.

**"C" Company.**

Congratulations to our O.C., Major Keith, on his recent promotion. Also Mr. Casement and Mr. Carscallen, to that of a Captaincy.

S.R.D. (seldom reaches destination). If you are in doubt, ask "C" Company Headquarters Section. They may throw a little light on the subject.

Who was the sapper who, when his bivvy failed to keep out the rain, threw out an S.O.S. for the Navy? Speak up, Corpl. Leedham.

What with his promotion and the lilt of the bagpipes, C.S.M. Riddock is highly elated these days.

**Capt. Bennet's Company.**

Well, like Charlie's aunt, we are still running. And Capt. Bennet's "pips" now dazzle all beholders.

Lieut. Pain's experiences with the motor-cycle have consisted of burning up the roads and, incidentally, gasoline. Rumour has it that he intends entering for the Grand Prix.

Our friend "Sam the Scout" is still the greatest little spotter of Y.M.C.A.'s we know.

The writer was grieved to see one of our members sporting a misplaced eyebrow on his lip. He indignantly refutes the accusation that he understudied the bearded lady before the war.

Some of the boys have been encountering the wily Hun that creepeth upon thee behind a cloud. All satisfied, thank you.

We hear that the Iron Cross is to be pinned on Sapper Bill for his excellent camouflaging of Mr. Maconochie's products. By the way, we would be delighted to meet that esteemed gentleman some day.

**Captain McCuaig's Company.**

[Received too late for August Issue.]

The O.C. is away in Blighty, putting in a hard earned fourteen days. He intended touring Scotland, but there are grave doubts as to his power to break through London's latest "barrage."

During the last month, two new "Chevrons to Stars" specialists—Lieuts. Blaythwait and Beasley—have been taken on the strength.

It is rumoured that Lieut. Winslow and Sergt. Dagby are to give a little talk on "Pipe Pushers" and how to use them.

We have been located by Fritz's "Rubber Gun" and a few Gothas, consequently there are no fatigue men available. We are building a dugout, and hope to sleep 40 below one of these nights.

We had a visitor one night last week. It was during a "straff," and he evidently thought the camp deserted,