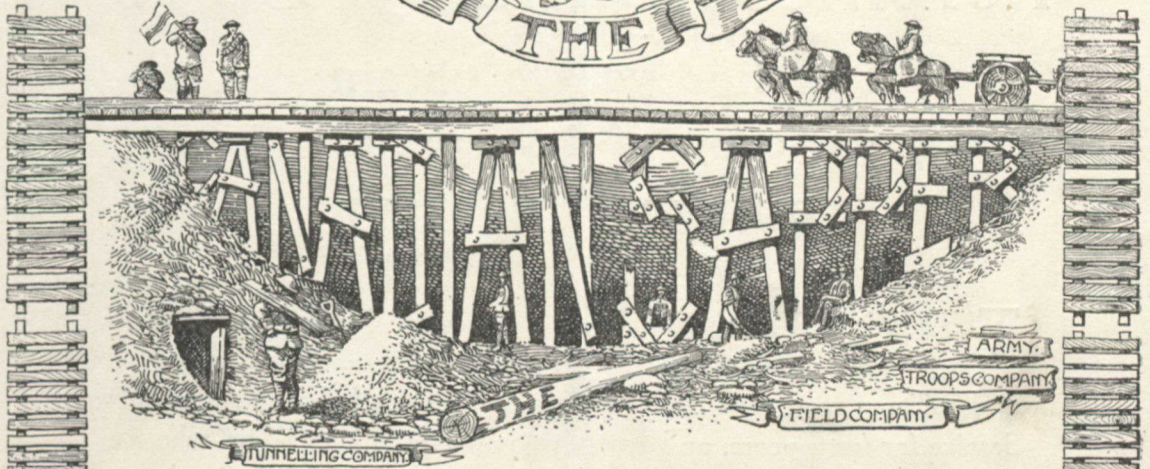
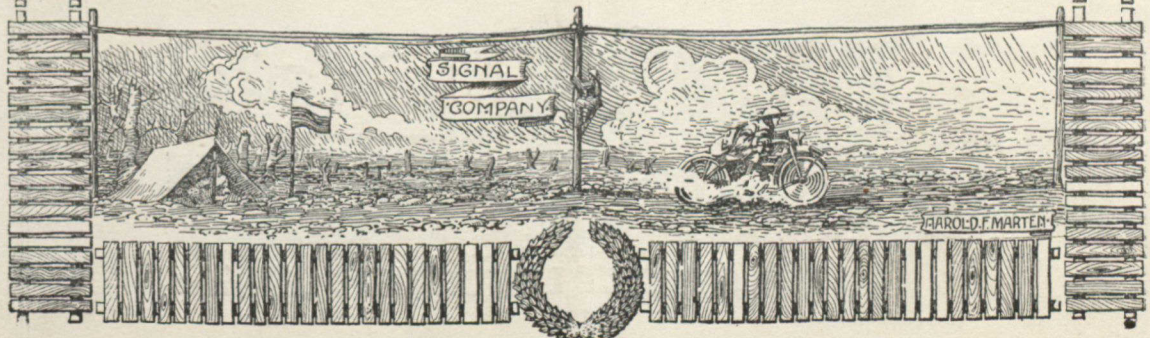


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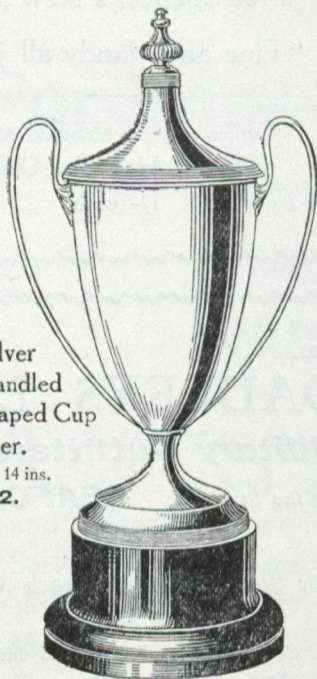
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VOL. II. No. 7.

AUGUST, 1918.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Editorial.

Berlin fashion notes:—The Marne pocket is no longer popular in the best circles.

✻ ✻ ✻

Popular tune for the Foch's Trot:—"Down the Vesle."

✻ ✻ ✻

This number of THE SAPPER commences the second volume. We are very happy to say that we have reached a very gratifying position as a Regimental Journal. Kicks and criticisms have been so few as to be really negligible, and compliments are continually reaching us in spite of the paper shortage.

We have not, however, got a swelled head; it's too hard to swell.

✻ ✻ ✻

We are especially pleased that the boys in France appreciate our work, as is evidenced by the fact that more copies of THE SAPPER go "over there" than are disposed of in the Depot; and still more are demanded. Here is a sample of the letters we receive:—

"——— and please note that in future this Battalion will require 150 copies instead of the 50 you sent us this time."

This kind of thing is encouraging—even if we are unable to give them all they want.

✻ ✻ ✻

The increasing acuteness of the paper shortage makes it more than ever necessary for you to make sure of your SAPPER by ordering it in advance. A six month's subscription of 3/9 will bring it, post free, to you wherever you are. The recent enactments make it illegal for papers to be sent out to newsagents on sale or return.

✻ ✻ ✻

Two of our illustrations this month are from pictures by Mina Whiting, the photographic artist, of Seaford.

Miss Whiting is more than a photographer—she is a true artist; she combines feeling and the right instinct about pictures with a technical knowledge that is the result of great experience, and is thus enabled to put your mind and character in the picture as well as the beautiful cut of your new tunic.

✻ ✻ ✻

It is important in a journal of this description that there should be a perpetual supply of good class material pouring into the office. We want new contributors all the time, and we want good stuff. We want these things in order to maintain the high place that we have already taken among Army magazines, and it's up to the boys to help us.

In another column we offer a few tips and pointers on the kind of thing we mean. Fly right at it.

✻ ✻ ✻

Particulars of a new competition will be announced in an early issue. We have to find something of a more exciting nature than our last one, because we had to keep that open for six months, and in the whole course of that time we only received four replies.

We also remind our readers that our weekly prizes of 5/- and 2/6 for the best two stories for the "Lights Out" column are still open every month, and we should like to see more good stories come in.

✻ ✻ ✻

We understand that our friend "Sinbad" has been located in a V.A.D. Home for War-worn Soldiers, somewhere in London. We have received a belated communication from France which bears all the earmarks of having been written by him before he left for these hospitable shores, and we print it with all due reserve.

SINBAD THE SAPPER.

No. 4 of a Series of Letters to his friend, Horace, in Canada.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—We are inclined to believe this is not the real Sinbad—but a spurious imitation.]

France, July, 1918.

DEAR HORACE—

It has been some time since i had a chanct to rite, as i have had the Spanish Flue. Gee, Horace, i thought i was a "has been," but the A.D.M.S. told me that Owing to my strong constitution i would be alrite in 3 days.

The last time i rote we was out in rest but we are in the line now. Holy cats Horace but you would give about i6/6 of your hard earned cash to see a bunch of airypplanes scraping up about a 1,000,000 feet. The other nite i was up near the front line burring cable and of course we had to go up early to get everything doped out for the infantry, they do the digging and the cursing, they are pretty slick at both. Well we was laying out the tape wen some guy blows a whistle 3 times, just as if he was sure hurt. All the rest of our bunch layed down flat as hell, just as if they was trying to dodge the skipper. Well i didnt know just what they was trying to pull on me, but i was taking no chances so down i goes, just as if jess willard threw his paw around my ration trap. After i was down doing the pancake stunt i hallored to one of the bunch and asked him wat the comedy was. He said you boob dont be so ignorant and watch the scrape, what scrape says i. And he said there is a scrape on rite over your head. Of course i takes a glimmer up and gee wizz Horace there Was a canadian Plane sailing along and up away over fritzes line there was about seven little fast fritzes coming for our guy just as hard as they could shove on there joy sticks and the thing that fooled me most was that our old slow guy stuck around just as if he were Waiting for the Trumpeter to sound the pay parade call. then i thought that perhaps he might not be wise to the bunch of huns coming for him. Gee i wanted to shout at him and put him wise but as i had pulled 1 bone already i thought I would just stick around and see what he was going to do. You see it might have been Maj. Bishop V.C. or some guy like that and if i was to shout out at him he would most likely heave a bom at me.

Well by this time the huns was rite behind him And all at once the first fritz takes a header at our fellow and opens up with his "emma gee." Well our fellow just kind of pulled hisself together and all of a sudden he makes a sudden kind of flip and befor i knew what was happening our fellow was going after those fritzes just as if they had pinched his best girl, or his iron rations. I'm dead sure that those fritzes are going yet cause they sure had a fine start, and after our fellow chased them about 1½ miles he sails back to where he was before and i bet he was saying to hisself "i wish some people would mind there own biz—they should know by this time that the canadians dont let no huns stick around on their side of the hun front line."

Just then our bunch began to argue about whether a certain tree we could see in front of us was in no mans land or not, and some of the bunch was getting kind of sore when suddenly a guy comes out of a dug-out and says to us what in hell are you fellows making all the noise about and we starts to tell him about the tree we was scraping about. And he kind of snickered and said you poor boobs you are all wrong and we said well if you know so much about it would you be to much put out to let us fellows know if that tree is behind Fritzs line, And he said "Dont get so peaved, but that there tree isnt behind the hun front line at all."

Well, we says, "it must be in no mans land," but he says "no it aint, dont you fellows know yet there is no such thing as no mans land on the canadian front." well Horace we sure was selling cheaply just then, about 13 cents per dozen I guess.

Holy cats I nearly forgot to tell you what our company did to the corps signals a little while back in baseball. You see we wanted to have a game with those guys down there and they would always say that they were booked up but they would give us a date in a couple of weeks or so. finally one morning they rang us up on the phone and says "We will play you poor boobs today, and beat you, so that you will keep quiet."

Well one of our fellows went around the lines and said to every fellow he met "Can you play ball" and one fellow says yes but i got to go and get a bath and so other fellow says Alrite there is lots of fellows around that can play ball and you sure dont want to miss a chance to have a bath. Other fellow says "thats good cause I kind of got into the habit of having a bath once a year whether I need it or not."

So we managed to scare a team together and the fellow who was going to pitch for us went down to A.D.M.S. and was inoculated.

Well that afternoon about 2.00 p.m. they arrive in lorries and cars. We started out for the field and chewed the rag with them all the way down. They brought down a bunch of officers with them and they was very anxious to get some money up on the game but our officers had a kind of a hunch we was something like our football team which was some expensive for them. And so they would not put up any of the cash they got off the paymaster in bridge.

Well when they got down on the field they started to put on there uniforms which was old Frenchmens pajamas tucked in at the knees. Our fellows sure got there goat about them uniforms. But they soon got tired of that when they discovered that the corps catcher had a voice just like a girl,—kind of away up in "q" sharp.

The game went along pretty good our fellows got a good lead in the first few innings and then just kind of kidded them along. Sure it was a picnic to see them shifting there pitchers around but our fellows had the drop on them and they was getting kind of sore

and said that most of their good players had the flue, but we told them that our pitcher was inoculated that morning but they didn't seem to be able to touch him except their pitcher who was trying to hit him every time our pitcher was at bat. I just forget what the score was but it was something like 9-7.

We had quite a fair team this year but a little while ago the C.C.R.C. beat us by quite a big score. There was quite a bunch of the corps signals up to see the game they was shouting for the C.C.R.C.

Well Horace try and get over here as soon as you can as we are having a great time except that it is sure some cold with only one blanket these nights.

Remember me to Mary Smith and tell her that I am a real soldier now and I have put in for special leave to get married (perpet). I bet you don't know what that means.

Your old sidekick,

SINBAD.

Letters of a Green Soldier.

No. 1.

2ND PRIZE WINNER IN MAJOR LAWSON'S COMPETITION.

MY DEAR UNCLE—

At last, I am able to write you a fuller description of my doings in France. Well, in the first place, I consider that a lot of valuable time in instruction is wasted at the training schools in England. All the time I was at the C.C.R.C. (which you know is the reinforcement camp), I daily expected to be called up by the Divisional Signal Company, as my training had been very thorough, and without blowing, I felt that I was a really first class man on signalling.

Well, in company with numerous others—most of them very indifferent signallers—I reached the Divisional Signal Company.

On my first parade, the Sergeant-Major (whom I must say seems a very decent sort of fellow for a senior N.C.O.) asked me some questions, but did not seem particularly interested in my qualifications; and would you believe it, I was told to report to the N.C.O. in charge of the cookhouse! I repeat, I—an operator—(though the only ones who appear to be called operators are those who work on railroads)—working in the cookhouse—fierce I call it—I'll bet they don't do that in the German Army! Good heavens! think of it! me, after my training—scrubbing greasy pans! Am generally as dirty as a sweep, and to hear what the fellows say when they come for meals—some of them must think we eat all the bacon ourselves—oh, I get mad at times, and to think of all those cold-footed pikers back home!

Well, I put your letter away for a day or two, and will now add to it. I must tell you this, I was doing pretty good work in the cookhouse, and as often as possible offering suggestions as to how things should be done; the last time, I nearly had a fight with the Corporal of the cookhouse—a mighty good job for him he was an N.C.O.!

Well, as luck would have it, they took me out of the cookhouse, and sent me out to a Brigade to run a telephone exchange—my chance at last, but I was doomed again to be treated very shabbily—I tell you some of the officers have very little patience, and won't give a man a chance—anyway, I didn't like the Sergeant, and the fellows who worked there were all the

time talking of their leave to Paris—never a thought of the war, and some of them have been in France a long time.

Well, this evening, the Sergeant told me to "get my junk together," and report back to Headquarters. This is good news—Headquarters at last! I am coming into my own—training counts—I was wrong to think otherwise—a man must be tried out, I suppose.

Will add to this letter to-morrow or the next day.

Well, I am feeling pretty mad about it all—do you know, after walking with all my "junk," as the Sergeant called it, down to Headquarters—the Sergeant there told me I had better report to the Sergeant-Major, as he knew nothing about work for me. Well, I found the Sergeant-Major at the horse lines, and asked him when my work in the office could commence, and he said, "Well, for the present, you will work here!" Fancy—in the horse lines! I had a mind to speak to the O.C. about it—only I would not like to get the S.M. into trouble.

Well, after putting my blankets and kit in an old shack where there was not any too much room—a Sergeant called me, and told me to help another man clean a cable wagon. Now, you know, any one could clean a cable wagon; and why have trained men wasting their time on such work?

Some of the fellows who work here seem content—in fact, very happy; I was talking to one chap, and he laughed when I asked him how long it would be before I was used as an operator. He asked me if I worked for the P.C.; at first I did not understand him. I put in three months with a buzzer class, and can do fifteen a minute on the sounder, I am sure. One beggar called me a conscript—I sure was mad, but said nothing. Well, I must finish my letter; you will readily understand my position.

Do you know, I have to help clean up the stables in the morning—it's awful; and then clean the limbers and cable wagons—they always clean anyway. In the afternoon, I help a driver swing chains in a sack—they call it "putting on the queer glitter."

One chap who seems pretty decent told me I should ask the Sergeant-Major for a job as a batman—you know, looking after an officer. I will think about it.

Hoping this War will end soon,

Your affectionate nephew,

SAPPER P. GREEN.

P.S. (1) Another fellow told me I might get sent to a Battalion, but they can't do that—I did not enlist as an ordinary soldier.

(2) I'll put this in a green envelope, as I don't want the officers to know my opinion of the Army.

"Cherchez la Femme."

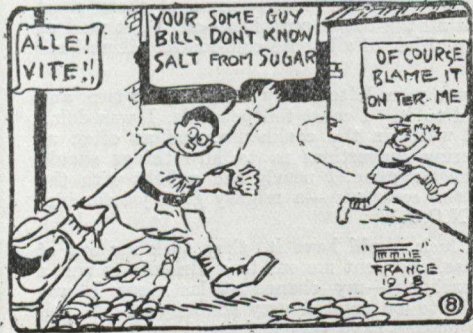
We have received a mysterious communication from France.

It is in the pointed handwriting of a French lady; it has escaped the censor, and was posted in an Army post office with a civil stamp.

It tells a touching and pathetic story of how a watch was nearly lost in a Paris jeweller's and then, by a miracle, recovered.

We would like to have some further information about this. Parisian papers, please copy.

The Adventures of Funk-hole Joe and Dug-out Bill "Somewhere in France."





Major Rolston's Battalion.

The Engineers have absorbed the Pioneers. Well don't worry Pioneers. You can't keep a good man down, as the whale said when he coughed up Jonah and the cannibal moaned after swallowing the missionary.

Our favourite song these days, is "Oh, where is my wandering Joe to-night?" Did anybody say "Blighty?"

SAPIENT POETRY FROM A SAPPER.

A word to the wise is sufficient,
When you've scrubbed your web equipment white,
When you've the brass shining bright,
Comes the order late at night,
Turn it in "toute suite," and draw a leather fright.

Once a Pioneer: "I heard that the Editor of THE SAPPER had literally lost his wits."

Sapper: "How's that?"

Now a Sapper: "All the writers of his funny page have resigned."

I once knew a sober-minded young man. He was the coach of his Company team, which was a credit to the unit. One sad day the team lost, and now that young man has shaved off his moustache, is smoking cigarettes, chewing tobacco, and above all, his team has gone to the dogs. Cheer up, Mac.

The natives have been complaining of losing their chicken lately. By the way, Chief, where did you get all those feathers?

Say, Lawrie, old chappie, tell us what happened to "C" Company concert party.

Where did "D" Company get all that beef from? Miners, eh!

And now the Engineers have absorbed the Tunnelers. The boa-constrictor has nothing on them as swallowers. Eh, what!

Congratulations to former R.Q.M.S. Waugh, upon obtaining his commission. Trust the Engineers to recognise and utilise good material. We are sorry to lose Lieut. Waugh, but our loss is another battalion's gain.

We are glad to welcome Lieut. Botting, also a recent graduate from the ranks. Buck up, Sappers, remember that Field Marshal's baton in your haversack. The trouble is you have to wade through bully and hard tack to get it.

Talking about rations, when is our cook to get his M.M.? A man who preserves the health, and thereby the lives of our troops deserves recognition, as well as the chaps who kill the enemy. Good cooking is essential to good health, and the latter to life. So step up Sergt. Sansbury, M.M.

Cheer up, boys, though the clouds hang low and heavy everywhere else, we have always "a clear sky" with us.

Foch need not carry so much side, because he commands the armies of several nations. Our big Chief bosses six nations as a side show while helping Foch to handle his job. Some big Injun? Note: Corporal Clear Sky of this unit, is the duly elected chief of the Six Nations Indians.

This explanation is given for the benefit of our Scotch readers. One has said that the Jocks cannot see a joke without a pair of binoculars, or find one without the map location. What do you say to that, Capt. Baird?

Major Pepler's Battalion.

Re-organisation. Disorganisation. Organisation.

I know of a Colonel who prefers to call it "re-forming."

Anyone says "pep." I should say so; come and see.

"Remember, now, on the last sound of the bugle, take one step forward, head-an-nise to the right, and remain steady. At the same "G" turn your head to the front. Now we will try that once more."

All aboard for the ball game. I think the officers want a new "manager"; how about making an offer to the "Skinners" for theirs?

Time 1 Ack Emma; place, well forward. An officer who went forward in a Ford, inspecting dumps, returned to where he left the car after a "Battery Fire 5 seconds" had just arrived. "Oh, Corporal, have you seen a car." "No, sir, but I saw a streak of tin go by just now."

An interesting parade of Col. MacPhail's Engineer Brigade took place on July 10th, 1918, when the ribbon of the decorations won by the following members of this Battalion were presented by Major A. C. MacDonnell, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.:-

Military Cross.—Capt. C. A. Bell, Lieut. S. M. Sproule, Lieut. J. A. Langford.

Distinguished Conduct Medal.—45024 A/R.S.M. Ward, C., 45226 C.S.M. Woolley, T.W.

Military Medal—45203 C.Q.M.S. Simson, J.; 436527 Corpl. Jones, J. T.; 45216 Corpl. Veary, G. T.; 216065 Sapper O'Malley, R. K.; 45057 A/Sergt. Bird, A.; 718185 A/Corpl. Greenway, H. W.; 2131 A/2/Cpl. Wright, L. A.; 718812 Sapper Rieves, D. W.

Meritorious Service Medal.—45052 Sergt. Anderson, J.; 718094 Sergt. Tamblin, S.

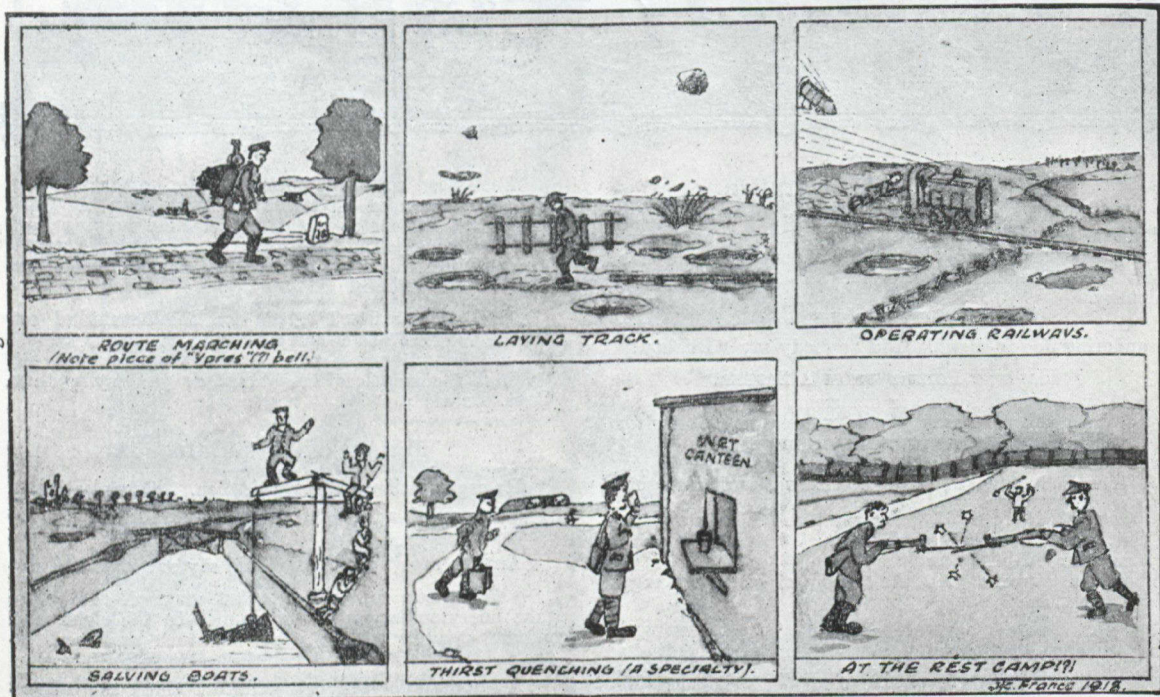
Well, "The Moles" have joined us and a "D" good job too.

Officers riding motor bikes are requested to forward to the M.O. a list of spare parts of their anatomy they may require during the coming month.

Motor motto for the month: "Good lor! I don't see how I could have done that."

The Tramway Versatiles.

A few accomplishments of these famous performers, now touring France.



SAYINGS HEARD JUST NOW IN THE BATTALION:

Everyone.—Is the car wanted just now?
 Stenographer.—To all Companies, I suppose, sir?
 Adjutant (12 m/n).—Is the last runner in yet?
 Orderly Room Clerk (1 a.m.).—Is that all this evening sir?
 Engineer Clerk.—That is just 60 per cent., sir.
 Paymaster.—It's a hell of a life, said the —
 Lieut. Bennet.—It's service we want, etc.
 Capt. Bell, M.C.—How about those two men, White and Green?
 "Quarter."—Can I have a box car at 8 a.m.?

Mtd. Sergeant: "Put that light out."
 Voice inside: "There's no light, sir."
 Mtd. Sergeant: "What's that glare?"
 Voice inside: "The shine on Corpl. Neale's spurs."
 Well done, Corporal, win them again.

Col. Allen's Battalion.

Well, here we are again. Not quite on time, I fear, for we were unable, in spite of all our efforts, to get the war stopped long enough to write earlier. So here goes, anyhow.

Sorry to lose Capt. Davis. His successor, Lieut. Simson, looks like the right sort. Good luck to him.

Lieut. Urie is also here from the Base, and is taking over Lieut. Gouinlock's Section while the latter is away on a M.G. Course.

Lieut. Hunter took a two days' course on motor cycles last week, and is now using up petrol and French

roads at a most alarming rate. Casualty returns to follow by the usual channels.

Lieut. Menzies is back from the Army Musketry School, and at the old job again. The faithful Dot has returned with him.

Desmarris and Anderson have just been enjoying the sea breezes and other breezy things that pertain to a fortnight at the Army Rest Camp. Prevost is doing gay Patee in his usual debonair and insouciant manner. He went "Sans Souci" and will doubtless return "Sans Si Sou," and say, "When does Blighty leave open up?"

Overheard while passing "B" Company's billet: "Say, Staff, you should get some of that hair dope quick. It will make the bristles sprout as thick as the whiskers inside Mac's rifle barrel."

MINENWERFER.

Major Trotter's Battalion.

We are afraid that our best contributors have lost heart owing to some of our "dope" having gone astray last month. "C'est la guerre." Better luck next time.

Basketball became a very popular game after Lieut. Ferguson broke his ankle, but none of the rest of us seem to have any luck. We are now looking to the motor bike to help us out. (Ask the Major).

Some of our friends, when ordering material, should furnish Headquarters with an interpreter, or a Scotch-English dictionary, as we are not very proficient in foreign languages.

Who was the officer in one of our battalions who tried to climb the bank in front of our billets on his motor cycle? This cycle must have been running on squirrel whisky.

We are glad to welcome Capt. Garrow and Lieut. Durham into our midst.

The officers' volleyball team, captained by "Ingie," turn out to practise every evening in spite of the odd bits of hardware flying about. You ought to see the 2nd I.C. jumping the ditches after the ball.

Major Robertson's Company.

The C.O. has only two of his original officers of two years ago remaining with him—Lieut. West, popularly known among the boys of his one time Section as "Our Bill" and Lieut. Walley, generally referred to as "Big" Walley.

The departure for the Cadet School C.E.T.C. of Sergeant-Major Huntly and Corpl. Hill, deprives us of two of our most popular N.C.O.'s, the former an original, and the other an old timer with the Company, and one time with the old ("Tobin's Tigers"). The best wishes of the boys go with "Al" and Frank, who are of the right stuff.

"A" Company is fortunate in the possession of Sapper Goulah, the "prima donna" of the Battalion, formerly of the Orpheum and Pantage's Circuits. His services are frequently requisitioned by the Y.M.C.A. at their popular concerts.

A well known and esteemed Sapper in "A" Company has created a record. Old "Steve" actually had to be persuaded by his Sergeant-Major and comrades to go to Paris as representative of the Battalion on France's Day. He had a memorable two days when he got there and returned with a naughty little twinkle in his eye.

Lieut. Bennet's Company.

Our Company is now on its way to glory and fame, being well represented from all the C.E. units, and even includes a former member of THE CANADIAN SAPPER staff.

Staff Sergt. McMillan has been mentioned in despatches for his good work with his former unit.

Lieuts. Radley and DeBuligny have both been fortunate, and drawn leave allotments.

The Company's best wishes are with Corpl. Smith, the first to join the Cadet School at the C.E.T.C.

"Aeroplane Dick" still argues that a man can have a cigarette in his hand and not be smoking it.

Leave is still a topic for conversation only.

It is rumoured that we are to get some baseball and sporting goods—also a canteen.

Col. Kingsmill's Battalion.

Col. Kingsmill's Battalion is a great success in every way. We find in our C.O. a good soldier and thorough sportsman; his chief pride is the baseball team, who proved themselves worthy of his confidence by capturing this season's honours.

The reorganisation was fittingly celebrated at a minstrel show, dinner and smoker, held by "C" Company. The evening proved a decided success. Our minstrels, composed of Sergts. Durham and Hockady, L/Corpl. Harrington, Sappers Anderson, Ball, Dungey, Gourley, Foley, Jones, Mayes, Warrilow, Chamberlain, Jepson and Ainsworth, who proved himself an able

accompanist, presented the boys an enjoyable programme of songs and jokes.

The dinner was thoroughly enjoyed and reflected great credit on our Mulligan Battery, commanded by Halsey and McDonald. Corpls. Brad, West, and Sapper Wicks deserve special mention for the rendering of songs which called for encores every time.

Col. Kingsmill, Major Stuart, and Capt. Worsley, gave a few brief remarks, all greatly enjoyed by the boys.

Corpl. McC., of No. 9, tried to solve the ration problem by annexing the officers' rations. To err is human, but Steve's an awful man to reason with, isn't he, Mac?

Our officers claim the baseball team was paying. No wonder!

S.M. Rolph has left us for the Bridging Train. "Dusty" says he used to be a crackerjack at Pontoon.

We lost three old veterans in S.M. Ambrose, Q.M. Solliggins, and Geater. The boys wish them all sorts of luck.

Lieut. Thomson was Acting Battalion Adjutant on departure of Major Northcote, but he's back again, thank goodness. We missed his big genial smile.

We got a new S.M. in Sergt. Lansdowne; good head, and plays the game; at least, some in the Mess claim he seems to catch every time. New job, Armourer Corporal, great stunt; has to clean the boys' rifles; pretty decent of "John," isn't it, boys?

Company tailor busy again. More promotions, but don't be afraid of putting them up, boys; you had our sympathy long ago.

At a horse show held recently by an Imperial Corps stationed near our forces in France, Col. Kingsmill's Battalion won first place for the Engineers' entries, which consisted of—4 tool carts, 2 limbered wagons, 1 trestle wagon, 1 pontoon wagon.

Major Cline's Company.

Our first effort. What!

Of course, we would rather "Sergeant Jones" did it, but "Orders is orders." With the assistance of St. Dunstan (ever hear of him), we start.

Name of the officer who has invented a fire extinguisher, and name of the officer whose kit it was tried on.

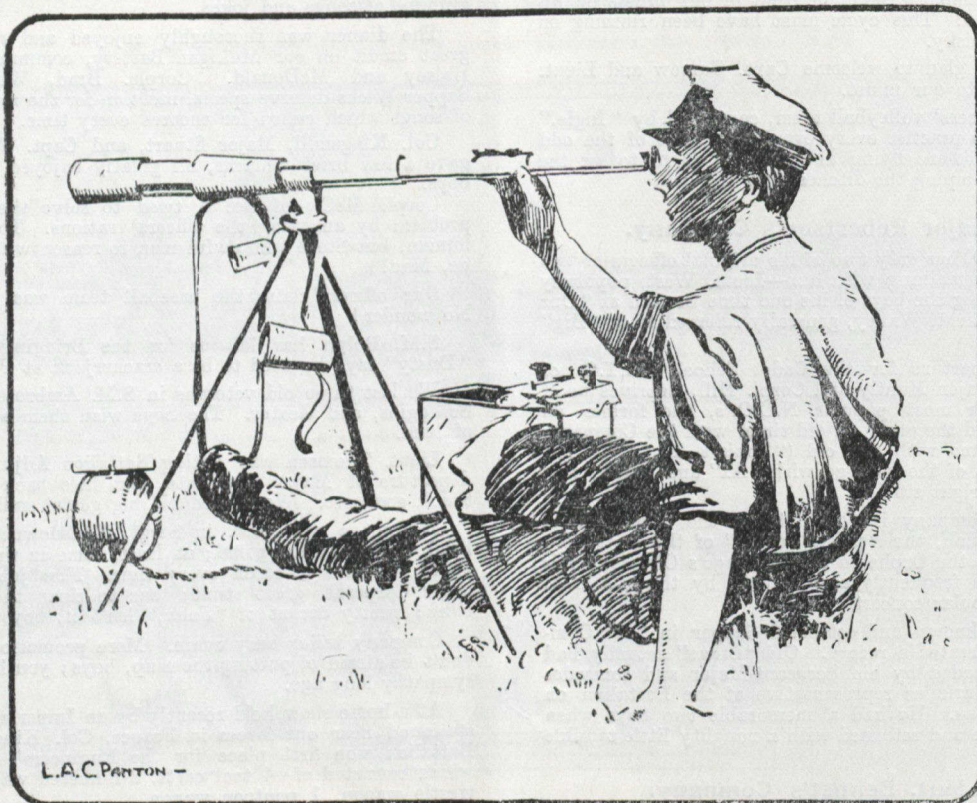
Just heard that Motor Air Line are sending a party to dig up potatoes they planted at one of their old camps early in Spring.

Don't blame the M.A.L., O.C. steering clear of that "bronco" bike. Look what it did to Sergt. Mac.

In the Sport world, things have been quiet lately: just two ball games last month—a win in both cases for us. The latter game with C.Y.A., when our pitcher (who by the way, apparently crawled through that net), put it all over 'em. Score, 7 innings, 14—2. It was a shame to *take* the money. St. Swithin has put the lid on further games for the present.

O.C. concert party is putting in a lot of spade work, and they should be in good shape soon, now that he and the "leading lady" have returned from London, where I am informed, "lingerie" is frightfully expensive, don't you know.

Just a word to Section correspondents, the response from the majority of whom left a lot to be desired. Get your notes in early (and often). Send along any item of interest.



“Toujours Pret.”

Lieut. Booker's Company.

We are all sorry to lose Sapper L. Todd, an old original, but we are glad to hear he has made Blighty and is doing well.

It's too bad that our three rabbit experts—Corpl. Ramsey, Sappers Cameron and Johnson—should have spent so long hunting a “Monsieur” rabbit as a mate for their pet, only to discover that what they wanted was a “Mademoiselle.”

We all know it was tough luck leaving our old billets, but that's no reason why Corpl. W. D. should carry a grouch around so long. There are others who had to say “good-bye” to Olive and Blanche besides him.

Please explain why a man, otherwise sane, prefers to flop behind boxes of guncotton when Fritzie is shelling.

Rehearsals for an alleged concert are being held in secret every night. The songsters are putting lots of snap into their work, as an eavesdropper had to retire after hearing the following three songs: “Sister's sewing soft silk shirts for Shorty,” by Sapper McLean; “Let me 'old yer 'orse, Driver dear,” by Corpl. Mc. and Pte. Finch; “March chorus,” by No. 2 Section.

We are sorry to hear of Sapper A. L.'s calamity, while on command. If he had organised a proper

search party at the time, they might have been found amongst the straw. But the rats will always find a few extra teeth handy.

Lieut. Brickenden's Company.

Our hearty welcome to Lieuts. Stewart and Stirling. Perhaps it is a little early to predict, but the sports committee are expecting to acquire their assistance. If this is so, they are doubly welcome.

Sergt. Boyd, M.S.M., left us to join the R.A.F., and although we regret losing him, we wish him every success. That characteristic “squeak” which was his special feature in times of stress, and his “love taps” will hardly get full appreciation now; and a wish was voiced at the volley ball grandstand, “If Boyd was here, he would have had some rare fun,” which proves he would have been in it, as he was in everything else, both work and play.

We have had as visitors two old timers in Lieuts. McKenzie and Mitchell, the latter at one time our Sergeant. He received quite an ovation, and both spent an interesting and instructive (for us) time with the old crowd.

Jock! what is wrong with the horses? Have you too many drivers? Their latest victim is Dvr. McRae, with a fractured leg. Rather a pity you couldn't get

into the Sappers, you would still have had a chance of getting Milly's goat!

No. 1 Section expect to lose Young Gilly, who is away trying his abilities in a new sphere. Of a happy disposition, always out for a square deal, we are sorry to lose him, but congratulate him on the move he has made.

Lieut. Oliver's Company.

It would be interesting to know just what John T. Brown said when after covering many miles in a vain search for a friend, he discovered that the object of his search lived but 100 yards away.

One of the pleasantest little episodes of a long time was the renewal, on a working party, of our acquaintance with Capt. Kail Weatherbee, M.C.

Sapper Ludford is the latest victim of Cupid's dart. After weathering many vicissitudes, this doughty warrior finally succeeded in enlisting in the ranks of the Benedicts on July 10th.

Dvr. Wilson and "Gentleman Joe" having returned from Paris, must needs give a discourse on the charms of that city and all contained therein. Hence the disturbance in the feed room.

Considerable comment has been caused round the Company by the C.S.M.'s apparent neglect of both the R.G.A. and the Pontoon Park (?)

The cause of Sergt. Sykes' recent indisposition has now been made public. It appears that he saw Sapper Rogers actually working.

The gallant Major in charge of a working party reporting to Lieut. Bunting recently, requested that a task be set them, and in so doing proudly declared his men had never yet been set a task that they did not complete within three hours. The task "Bun" set them was still unfinished at the end of six hours. On leaving, the party gave three rousing cheers and a hearty tiger for the Engineers.

Sergt. Rennington showed up in a new role the other day. The homily he delivered to the unfortunate member of his working party who endeavoured to evade a task, was a masterpiece of its kind.

Lieuts. E. I. Davidson and C. F. Holmes are the Company's latest recruits. We are glad to see them, and their ready adaptation to the work in hand reflects infinite credit on Capt. E. J. Young, M.C., and his able assistants at the C.S.M.E.

Capt. Young, by the way, recently visited our stamping ground, and we were pleased to be able to show him the very latest in scientific warfare. After the inspection the "Skipper" delivered a panegyric that actually made us blush—a thing we had never done before.

AK TOK.

Major Earnshaw's Company.

The O.C. (Major P. Earnshaw, M.C.), the Paymaster, Capt. L. Carson, and Lieut. W. G. Dix, are all on leave to England.

Sergt. H. J. Faulkner, M.M., returned from a ten weeks' course at Dunstable, and his accounts of the good times he had there filled us all with envy.

In spite of the fact that Sergt. Fullerton prefers to be back with the Company, than to remain at the C.E.R.D., there are, we believe, plenty here who would exchange with the Staff of the Depot, simply for a change of scene.

Perhaps the Editor of THE SAPPER will start an advertisement column in this paper. Something after the style of the following should bring numerous replies:—

"N.C.O., 3½ years in France; Battalion, Brigade, and Division experience; expert cable wagon, buried cable, horse lines; A1 certificate Signalling. At present employed buried cable, would exchange with Instructor at C.E.R.D. for small consideration. Applications to X.Y.Z. Care Editor."

The authorities are apparently beginning to recognise our war-weariness, judging by the fact that we have sent 10 O.R.s to the Army Rest Camp. Happy days by the sea!

Haven't heard any complaints lately *re* the grub, and conclude that the splendid cookhouse inherited from our predecessors has spurred the cooks to special efforts. In the course of our news-gathering, we interviewed them the other day, and in addition to being highly amused by their original line of conversation, we were entertained to a "classy" dinner. We are going there again!

Another surprise! We have heard complimentary remarks of late, *re* the Company canteen. Credit for the improvement is entirely due to the canteen man, Sapper Callery, who has worked hard gathering stock from various quarters. The committee appreciate appreciation, but do not wish to claim credit that should be given to another.

We lose a deservedly popular N.C.O. in Sergt. "Les" Creighton, M.M., who has transferred to the 2nd Motor Machine Brigade. We wish him the best of luck whether at "shooting" trouble or the other things.

Major Leavitt's Company.

We find our sports practically nil; can only record four Company games during past month. Footballers won two, and considering the opposing class, all tails are up over the results.

Our ball team have only had a few workouts, but have won two out of the three played. Among the victims was a Yankee unit, "Stuffem to givem."

Au revoir, limejuice. Hello, winter time (aussi les Rhum). Bon?

Who bought the Y.M.C.A. out of custard powder, then expected the farmers to supply the milk free. Whasmatter, Monte?

Who stole the rubber boots from the water cart? Descriptions, viz.: Black, long, full of dirty socks, slightly worn at toes (too much kicking), bearing Army stamp, thought to be once stolen from Ordnance stores. A.P.M. please note.

Twilight has been superseded by midnight cleanups. Thataboy never miss such chances. Howdy, Howdy, Joe Gan's (beer E).

The Circus is growing and showing as usual, when are you getting someone's goat? Good addition.

Just because the fruit season is opening up, it doesn't justify anyone from pulling raw ones. Watch your pickins.

Why did No. 1 Section fail to accept challenge for game of baseball with No. 2 Section. Wind up, eh?

Things were certainly humming for a few days around here, mostly in the office, but owing to close attention and some daring work, the situation is again

normal. The bees' nest was raided and destroyed; our casualties were light; position held.

Tobogganing in France.—Get your tickets for the next ride:—

Punch and Judy came down a hill
After dark with a limber;
Hill was steep, MOKES asleep,
And the drivers went tumbling under.

The following Order from G.H.Q. Order 1919. Routine Order 94261 is cancelled and the following substituted:—Detail for forming fours: On the command form fours, take a step to the rear with the rear foot, and a step to the side with the side foot.



Unruffled Soliloquies

1 In the Stores.

"Momin' Sergeant,
looks like rain today.
Whats that? ME lookin'
thin?? No Wonder, Sir,
the way these goddam
rations have been
falling off - why I had
to move three buttons
yesterday, I'm fadin'
away so fast!"

But if there's one thing I CAN congratulate myself on, its my 'air, its coming up just like the snowdrops in springtime You What? - You want some HACKSAW blades!! and this only June, why, you got three last February - Well, where's your order What?! NO Order? Can't let you have them not at all, nohow, NO. You must be going, you say? Well, good day, Sergeant, sorry to have to disoblige Um - Wonder if its dinner time yet - Um - Tuesday, should be 'am for dinner today, opes I gets the bone. If ever I gets back to my place in B.C. I'll show 'em 'ow to conserve food. the best way is to put it inside of you what little I eats 'ere just keeps me alive Hello! there's the dinner bell - Ta, Ta!

"A Runaway Ball Game."

Staged in our area recently. Lovely evening, crowds gathering, amusing badinage from rooters' benches, perhaps with idea of creating balloon ascension (opposing side). Game about to start. "Balloons up," someone shouted. "We should worry," was the reply. Lieut. F. O. Pip, umpire. Home team take the field. Well, the other side got away with the drop of the gun and clicked with a roaring bingle, immediately followed by a screaming drive which landed about fifty yards from first scratch hit. Our left fielder didn't see it, although a good all-round man, but was heard to say, "Get out of my way, it may be for me." But it (he) fell safe. Of course, the spectators argued that it was a foul (play), but game continued, as it was considered fifty-fifty (easily that many). We sh(ell) do the same to their field, and with one voice all exclaimed "Stewmuch." Consequently game was called (by us)? Yes: atmospheric reasons, smoke, dust, loose real estate and generally cloudy. B.S., meaning box score; Gunners (Boche) 8 seven hits (direct.) Sigs. (us) 0, signifies wash-out (found necessary). Batteries: Krupp and crump for winners; hike and flop for losers. Hit by pitched — S: none. Walked: nobody. Time of game: 1 min. and 28 secs. Feature: speed of opposing battery and good work of ump's.

F.S.—At a meeting in "Dugout Hall" (all present) it was moved and seconded that future games with mentioned team on same field be cancelled. Meeting concluded by singing: "Hail, hail, the gang's all here, what the hail do we care now?" (Brave still in dugout),

An actual happening.

Major Mallock's Company.

We all join in wishing the best of luck to Major Lawson, M.C., who left us recently to take an important appointment in England. He had been O.C. of this Company since its inception, and his ready encouragement of sport, and, in fact, anything connected with the welfare of the men, will not soon be forgotten. We are fortunate in having as Major Lawson's successor Major Mallock, M.C., who is not a stranger to this Company, as he was once our second in command.

Everyone is sorry to lose Sergeant-Major Allen, who is now in England on a Cadet Course. This N.C.O. possesses that rare quality, the ability to handle men successfully without losing their respect. He was well liked by everybody, and we wish him every success in his new sphere.

Our best wishes to Sapper S. Baird on his transfer to Corps Wireless, from those who worked with him and knew him.

Sergt S.: Pretty red nose you've got this morning, Corporal.

Corpl.: Yes, judging by the hot air you're shooting, no wonder its red.

The O.C. "H" Company recently had a written communication from the "better half" of one of his men, whose home is in the Emerald Isle, and was addressed as "Gallant Sir." He has puffed out his chest at least 2in. in consequence, but not having kissed the Blarney Stone, is unable quite to swallow the dope.

A Jew walked into a recruiting office in New York, and being of the "clean cut" type, was asked: "Would you like a commission?" He replied, however, "No, tanks, I want straight salary."

Roll of Honour.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

Officer Killed.

Lieut. J. Spouse

Officer Died.

Lieut. L. B. Adams

Officer Wounded.

Lieut. L. B. McCurdy

Other Ranks—[All Sappers unless otherwise notified.]

Killed.

2339 Irwin, W. L. 3467 Madden, J. J.

Died of Wounds.

502608 D'Aeth, W. L. 16646 Rutter, G. H.
862559 Pearsall, H. W. 166161 Q.M.S. Simpson, H.

Died.

505046 Buist, K. W. 733096 Heffernan, F.
506035 Corbett, E. 200467 McLeod, J. J.
59318 Ferrier, W. 415224 McPhee, G.
75085 Cpl Harrison, C.D. 2006097 Muirden, H. P.
409768 L/Cpl Montgomery 755173 Murphy, E. G.
W. E. 754690 Nicholls, T.

Wounded.

755124 Ainslie, R. 505249 Mathews, F.
102723 Burke, H. M. 200467 McLeod, J. J.
782292 Campbell, J. W. 415224 McPhee, G.
68012 Chiasson, A. 2006097 Muirden, H. P.
2005932 Clancy, J. A. 755173 Murphy, E. G.
400947 Clare, C. 754690 Nicholls, T.
504443 Cockburn, E. A. 192816 Owen, G.
430051 Cooper, T. C. 755144 Peasant, P.
760440 Corning, W. H. 166400 Perryman, E. E.
75408 Cullford, J. F. 838565 Pierce, P. W. J.
428158 Duthie, D. 1033211 Pratt, G.
343989 Eastman, I. D. 189324 Pratt, J. F.
192212 L/Cpl Edwards, J. J. 2006933 Rivard, R. E.
2035424 Fawcett, P. 755639 Robinson, J. A.
200398 Finniston, G. F. 445031 Robinson, J. M.
2005827 Foster, H. A. 45330 Ruffel, A.
844457 Garrett, J. R. 643958 Sciever, L. E.
400285 Cpl Gittins, A. H. 103061 Cpl Shearmar, W.
2005187 Gordon, R. W. J.
96061 Hall, A. M. 600056 Sinclair, T.
836199 Cpl Harker, H. 451935 Smith, R. W.
114406 Hayward, P. M. 487755 White, J. J.
887053 Heap, L. 444724 Whitehead, T.
482046 Keeling, G. 226672 Williams, J. G. R.
445272 King, G. 453855 L/Cpl Wishart, R.
755063 Larcuiche, J. J. 198959 Wolfrom, W. R.
409737 Lewis, L. 103115 Staff-Sgt. Worth,
754658 Masson, J. S. J.

Deeds of Conspicuous Gallantry.

Description of deeds for which Honours were awarded in *The Gazette* of Feb. 4th, 1918.

Military Cross.

Lieut. (Temp. Capt.) Maurice Arthur Pope (Ottawa)

—He was in charge of an advanced report centre under intense bombardments of gas and other shells, which inflicted very heavy casualties on his staff. Though he was suffering from the effects of gas, he carried on his work with the greatest determination, and sent back accurate information of every threatened counter-attack.

Lieut. Vivian Stewart Cass McClenaghan (Toronto)

—He was in charge of a party constructing an important track in a forward area in full view of the enemy. The track was heavily shelled and bombed, but by his determination and courage he kept the men at work and completed his task, though he was twice buried by shell fire.

Lieut. George Hendry Ferguson (Ottawa)

—He constructed a duckboard track in preparation for an attack though his party was heavily shelled and several times driven off the work. He reassembled them each time and completed 800 yards of track.

Lieut. Herbert Read Christie

—He carried out a daylight reconnaissance, marked out an infantry track, and worked at night to make the track passable. He also repaired broken bridges, and constructed a track, though his party was several times scattered by the heavy shelling.

Lieut. Hector John Roderick Jackson

—For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in marking out and digging a trench under heavy fire. Having completed the work, he made a reconnaissance, with two sappers, to look for wounded, and finding two brought them five miles to the dressing station.

Lieut. Wilford Edward Bull (Winnipeg)

—For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty when in charge of working parties. On two occasions his parties were heavily shelled while at work, but by his coolness and example he kept his men at work and completed his task.



Military Medal.

1134862 2/Corpl O. Pettit

Belgian Croix de Guerre.

Maj. Richard Stephenson 180 Sgt. T. Dixon.
Smith 202 Sgt. J. E. Mercier
Lieut. H. C. Haryett 438971 A/Cpl J. D. Morrison
Lieut. J. A. Young son
531809 Sgt. W. Bartlette 541649 A/Cpl T. W. Ruth-
505473 Sgt. J. T. Bougue eford
502994 Sgt. T. H. Burrows 104712 Pte G. W. Salmond
A/10275 Sgt. F. L. Collins 5217 Sgt. T. G. Terriss
500542 Sgt. J. W. Johnston 476051 Cpl N. T. Turnour



Commissions and Appointments, Etc.

Temp. Lieut. J. E. Genet, M.C., relinquishes the acting rank of Capt. Temp. Lieut. E. H. Pense, from E. Ont. Regt. to be Temp. Lieut. To be Temp. Lieuts. (June 29th, 1918): 766413 Sergt. H. Kelso; 430118 A/Sergt. D. McDougall; 166943 Sergt. G. C. Annan; 430675 A/Sergt. H. E. Hill, M.M.

Temp. Lieuts. to be Temp. Lieuts: J. H. Mainville, from Western Ont. Regt., with seniority from July 1st, 1917; W. H. Stevens, from Manitoba Regt., with seniority from Sept. 2nd, 1917. Temp. Lieut. B. McL. Hay to be Temp. Capt. Temp. Lieut. R. Knowles is seconded for duty with the War Office (June 8th, 1918).

Temp. Lieut. H. V. Doudy, from C.M.G.C., to be Temp. Lieut.

Temp. Lieut. H. L. Nixon ceases to be seconded for duty with the R.E. (Feb. 24th 1918). 742234 A/Sgt H. M. Armstrong to be Temp. Lieut.

Temp. Capt. B. L. Sawers, M.C., from R.E., to be Temp. Captain.

Temp. Lieut. C. N. Mitchell, M.C., to be A/Captain.

Temp. Lieuts. to be Temp. Lieuts.: C. F. Szammers, from W. Ont. Regt.; F. S. Williams, from C. Ont. Regt.; C. W. West, from C. Ont. Regt.; R. M. Anderson, from C. Ont. Regt.; L. F. Beesley, from C. Ont. Regt.; G. F. Crowe, from Quebec Regt.; W. A. Albert, from Man. Regt.; R. S. Kirkup, from Sask. Regt.; M. Gray, M.M., from N.S. Regt.; A. S. Redford, from Sask. Regt.; F. E. Collinson, from Man. Regt.; F. S. Dupuy, from W. Ont. Regt.; B. A. C. Craig, from B.C. Regt.; T. D. Ruggles, from B.C. Regt.; W. H. Dingwall, from Sask. Regt.; A. E. J. Rose, from Sask. Regt.; V. A. E. Steel, from Rly. Servs.; H. A. Dixon, from Man. Regt.

Temp. Lieuts. seconded for duty with the War Office: C. W. Nicholson, W. M. Bell-Macdonald (July 5th).



Correspondence.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN SAPPER.

SIR,—Having read the advertisement in the July issue of your paper *re* the loss of one, Sinbad, we feel that we should do what is in our power to assist you.

We believe we have discovered the identity of the said Sinbad, and from our careful observations of the object of our suspicions we send you the following:—

'Twas in a "billet classroom" that the nautical gentleman was heard to remark: "The O.C. prefers 'flags,' but, personally, I favour 'flappers.'" I suppose all you chaps have the same feeling towards 'flappers' as I have. God bless 'em."

These sentiments, combined with his strenuous efforts to master the French language, lead us to remark that he may have fallen a victim to the attractions of the beautiful French "flapper," in which case his literary silence is understandable. . .

We accepted Sinbad's advice with the respect due to a traveller of such renown, and we reverently quote the following:—

"Read your map—have confidence in your map—have confidence in your reading, and don't go and ask some chap, 'How far is this . . . place anyway?'"

"That dejected looking thing is a map. France is the only country whose maps show roads that lead to 'nowhere.'"

We now wonder whether Sinbad "read his map with confidence in it . . . and in himself," and whether his confidence was misplaced.

Is that "dejected looking thing" responsible for his disappearance, and did he "sail" down a road and discover "Nowhere"?

Shades of Sinbad! How far is this . . . place anyway?

That he will "come back" we do not doubt, and we eagerly anticipate the vivid experiences that will be chronicled in future issues of THE SAPPER.

We long to read of "Sinbad sur Mer," "Sinbad à Paris," etc., but most particularly do we desire "Sinbad's adventures in 'Nowhere.'"

CYA.

P.S.—The reward may be given to charity.

Our Portrait Gallery.

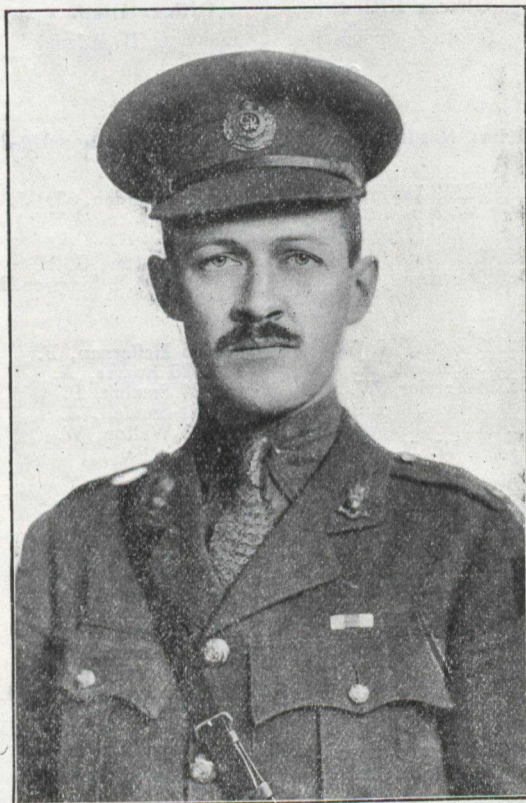


Photo by F. A. Swaine, New Bond Street, W.

LIEUT.-COL. H. F. H. HERTZBERG, D.S.O., M.C.

Arrived in France, February 12th, 1915. Wounded, April 24th, 1915. Mentioned in Despatches, June 24th, 1915. M.C., June 24th, 1915. Captain, 2nd F.C.C.E., September 25th, 1915. Assistant Adjutant, Oct. 1915 to February, 1916. Adjutant, February, 1916, to July, 1916. Major 3rd F.C.C.E., March 7th, 1916. Major 2nd F.C.C.E., June, 1916. Major 1st F.C.C.E., July, 1916. A/Lieut.-Colonel, C.R.E., 1st Canadian Div., January 1st, 1918. Mentioned in Despatches, January 1st, 1918. D.S.O., January 1st, 1918.



Personal.

Lieut. W. Alderson Winter, who was for over a year with Capt. Worsley's A.T. Company, is now attached to the R.A.F. Lieut. Winter passed his examinations for the Air Service in a remarkably short time, and we hear great accounts of him since he returned to France in April.

C. J. BARBER, *MILITARY AND ATHLETIC* *OUTFITTER,* 34, BROAD STREET, SEAFORD.



The Famous "Meridian" Underwear, soft to the skin, like silk, in Union Suits, Pants, Vests, and Knee Drawers.

Sole Agent in the district for the **"Aertex" Cellular Underwear**, Union Suits, Pants, Vests, and Knee Drawers.

English "Balbriggan" Underwear, Pants, Vests, & Knee Drawers. From 2/6 per Garment.

Gent's Khaki Shirts in best makes, 5/6 & 6/6. Also in fine Wool Taffetas, 9/6 & 11/6

Gent's Grey Flannel Trousers, for physical training, 13/6, 15/6, 17/6

White "Wool" Sweaters, 12/6 and 14/6

Smart Tweed Sports Coats, from 27/6

All sizes in Swimming Costumes, from 2/-

3 Splendid Lines in Rank-and-File Soft Service Caps, at 4/6, 4/11 & 5/6. The last two lined Silk and very light in weight.

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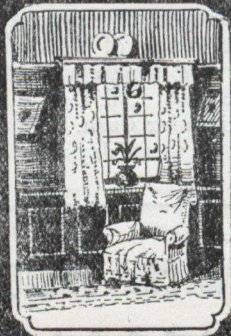
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Published by the Canadian Engineer Training Centre.

President and Manager—**LIEUT. G. H. CLIFF, C.E.**
Editor—**DRIVER J. BUTTERFIELD.**

- ☞ "The Canadian Sapper" is published monthly, price 6d., with the idea of keeping the several units of the Corps in touch as to their social and sporting events, and entertainments, together with illustrations, articles, and items of general interest to the Engineers.
- ☞ Articles, photographs, and correspondence of general interest to the Canadian Engineers are invited from all members of the Corps, at home or abroad.
- ☞ All copy and photographs, etc., will be returned if requested.
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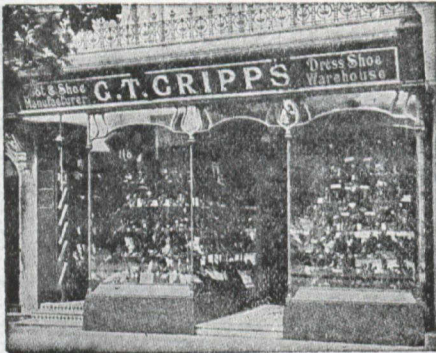
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ROUND THE DEPOT.



[Mina Whiting]

[Seaford]

R.S.M. C. O. CARPENTER.

The R.S.M. is an Englishman, who proceeded to Canada in April, 1912, after eight years' service with the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. Joined the Signallers in Toronto, August 11th, 1914. Proceeded to France, Feb. 9th, 1915, with the 1st Divisional Signal Company, and became Sergeant-in-charge of D.Rs. Was called from France to take up instructional duties, April, 1916. Promoted C.S.M. of Signal Company C.E.T.D., December 19th, 1916. 1st Class Warrant Officer, Feb. 14th, 1917. Appointed Depot Sergeant-Major, December, 1917.



This month we are able to make a good start by congratulating Col. T. V. Anderson, D.S.O., and Capt. L. A. Kennedy, M.C., on their promotions. We are also very pleased to see our officers wearing the red tabs and hat bands.

Col. Anderson left us for— (deleted by Censor) in a hurry. The next day we received splendid news from the Western Front, so now we know why he went. It is not likely the Colonel will be back before this number is published, otherwise we may have had a few notes from him on the re-organisation over there. We intend to ask the Colonel, on his return, for a few notes for next month.

While we think of it, we are told by a certain Staff Sergeant that the difference between going "over the top" and going "over a brick wall" is: One is having an objective; the other is being ejected.

For the information of some of our staff, K.B.O. says: "The hair of the head will be kept short." It does not mention anything about an issue of hair pins.

Band.

The Band have just returned from a well-earned leave. We hope they enjoyed themselves in London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other places of speed.

The Band played at Princess Patricia V.A.D. Hospital, at Cooden Beach, for a week early in July. Besides playing two programmes each day for the patients, they gave two splendid concerts for the public, and were enthusiastically received by very appreciative audiences. Everybody at Cooden Beach who heard our Band is full of praise for them.

The boys of the Band are still talking of the splendid way in which both officers and staff of the Hospital looked after their welfare.

We hear that there is to be a Band contest in the arena some time in September. Now, Mr. Gorse (as George Formby would say) "get your men together."
PEN.

N.C.O. Notes.

"Hello! Yes, we are the new column! Is this the barber shop? No, you — fool; this is the Sergeants' hut; so you know who we are."

Congratulations, Harvey, on your promotion. You certainly look more like a Xmas tree every day. Then Bill Trueman, formerly a ground hog, a new addition, comes next.

If Keowne and Mac came back "looking thin" from Chelsea, what will Doncaster look like?

A trip to Glasgow, then another to Farnham. Say, how do you wangle it, Darling?

Bailey and Dave complain of heavy work. Say, boys, play the game. Going to Winchester and Eastbourne isn't very heavy, except on fiances.

One doesn't mind an occasional murmur from an odd sleeping beauty, but when Patterson does squad drill in his sleep, I advise the cessation of these cycle trips.

Lizzie Snider has returned from the C.S.M.E. Several more would like to follow.

The R.S.M. was in luck's way when the £8 belt turned up. Lose it again, Fred, as those feeds were enjoyed, etc., etc.

NUF SED.

"Flu."

If you feel on the bum,
And your head's like a drum,
Everything that you look at turns blue,
Beat it right off to bed,
With some ice on your head,
It's a positive cert you've THE FLU.

Then the M.O. comes in,
And he says, with a grin,
That your temperature's one ninety-nine;
He says you must rest,
Eat grub of the best,
And take Ten of these 'ere NUMBER NINES.



A great many things have taken place since last we stood before the footlights of this gallant magazine.

Major A. G. Lawson has taken up his place with us, and one and all are glad to welcome him here. Those officers and cadets who have been privileged to listen to his lectures on "Communications in the Field" must have been not only interested, but impressed with the up-to-date information, backed up by hot illustrations, which comprised his talks to us.

It is with a certain amount of conceit that we learn of some very flattering remarks passed by eminent visitors to the camp recently, that the 1st C.E.R.B. lines are by far the neatest in the area. The "Skipper" has undoubtedly gone to some trouble to make us hit the top notch, and if it had not been for him we should hardly have deserved these honours.

Lieuts. Burgess and Findley have packed up their kits and sallied forth up the line to splash their little splashes of mud on Kaiser Bill's disappointed dial. In the meantime the flags are at half-mast in the sorrowful town of Brighton, for one of these warriors had made friends there.

Lieut. Sutherland has taken up the work of signals at Bramshott, which has been the home of Lieut. Burgess, and we wish him success in his new capacity.

Lieuts. Burden, McVean, and Griffen, are attending a refresher course at Dunstable, where they will glean some up-to-date pointers on Signals, and will doubtless return to us brimming over with some great ideas from that quarter.

As a fitting close to the Gymkhana the Mounted Company held a dance in the No. 2 Lines Canteen on the night of August 7th. The gathering more than maintained the reputation of the Company for successful dances. The floor was in apple-pie order: there were lots of girls, the music was good, and everyone enjoyed themselves.

The committee are to be congratulated on the efficient manner in which everything was carried out.

During the supper interval, Pte. Byatt and Pte. Tittle, of the 18th Reserve, rendered several of their well-known Pierrot turns. As a female impersonator, Pte. Byatt is hard to beat, and he dances as well as he sings, and looks fascinating all the time.

We understand that a new system of weekly dances is to be inaugurated in this Battalion. Starting with "A" Company, each Company will take turn about in

the management of the Wednesday night function. Each Company will have its committee and issue its own invitations.

"A" Company.

The Company desires to express the deep feeling of regret among all ranks caused by the death of Sapper Buist, who was killed as the result of a mishap to his machine while in the execution of his duties as a despatch rider.

Sapper Buist was very popular with all who knew him. A number of wreaths were subscribed for to his memory, including one from the canteen ladies.

Lieut. Wolsey, the Adjutant, is away on conducting duty. Lieut. Hyam is the acting Adjutant in the meantime.

The S.M. still insists on marching victims to the slaughter with their hats on.

A draft of the Wireless Section proceeded overseas during the month from this Company.

Referring to our note of last month, we are now happy to say that the Orderly Room Sergeants of "A," and "B" Companies have at last clicked.

"B" Company.

Considerable speculation has been rife as to the cause of the wet trail between here and the South Camp. Careful detective work has elicited the fact that it is due to the perspiration from Sergt. Coates.

Wonderful sayings by wonderful men: "Call me early," R.S.M.

"B" Company Sleuth never told us he was married, and had a perambulator to go shopping with. He was observed, however.

"C" Company.

The C.S.M.'s "At Homes" appear to be very popular between five and six a.m.; his conversation at that hour is very brilliant.

All the drivers will pay a lasting tribute to the music rendered at the dance in the Officers' Mess on "Gymkhana Night."

Winning the "Turn-out" nearly turned some of the N.C.O.'s; even the Orderly Sergeant became infected.

We are still looking for the typewriter ribbon that we were promised from London.

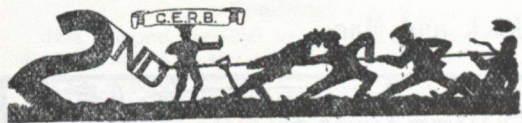
Order will be restored now in the Q.M. Stores. The new Corporal is right on to his job.

Will the gent who left a lady's pale blue garter in this office kindly fetch it away, as it has led to misunderstandings.

Is it true that Dvr. Graham is about to enter the bonds of holy matrimony? And if so, what does his returned soldier brother think of the girl?

Why didn't some of the Sergeants show more "pep" and let some of the ladies get under shelter when it was raining at the gymkhana.

We are having much less trouble these days with officers after horses, since the time that our esteemed friend, Lieut. Gilley, got on No. 8 and gave us an exhibition of broncho busting. Also, a certain Q.M., who, after telling us he could ride anything in horse-flesh, got as far as the Sergeants' Mess and was brought back, much against his will, to the stables.



What, ho! Our Staff has increased, but sad to relate, will become normal in the future, as the 3rd C.E.R.B. is being formed.

We understand some of the old Staff are to leave. We are sorry to lose them, and wish them good luck.

Lieut. Love takes the place of Lieut. Brown as Assistant Adjutant. Moodie goes too; Armstrong will be through also, and perhaps others.

What is the attraction in Lewes? We know of a hospital and a jail. The Marten could tell, I think.

Very pleased to see Capt. McPhail in our midst once more, and congratulate him on securing the Adjutancy of the 3rd C.E.R.B.

Our Mann is now hitting the high spots at Black-pool. Will he be Barr-ed?

Who said we're not all right? Only last week Records gave us the praise for Engineers.

"G" Company.

Many and varied changes have taken place in our midst since our last appearance in print, the most notable being the loss of our old skipper—Major J. D. Gunn. During the anxious week that followed, we went about on our "lawful occasions" in perturbation under the eagle eye of our new chief—Capt. H. B. Boswell—and just as we had made up our minds that we liked him he was swept from us to join his predecessor in the embryonic new Battalion. While regretting their loss, we wish them good fortune in their new endeavour.

In the meantime, our executive chair stands vacant, and we stand prepared to welcome the new chief, wherever he may be.

Our good wishes also follow our late C.S.M.—F. J. Edgar—who has also been appointed to a Company in the new unit.

It is also rumoured that "Walrus" is deserting us for the new Battalion. Our sympathies are extended to the new chums across at the "Seg"—may they pull his tusks.

"Taffy, one day, when his life pegs out,
Will ascend in a flaming chariot,
Seated in state on a fizzling hot plate
Between Pilate and Judas Iscariot.
Ananias that day to Satan will say:
'My claim to precedence fails—
Put me up higher away from the fire,
And make room for that blighter from Wales.'"

"H" Company.

We wish to bring it to the notice of one of our beloved N.C.Os. that the Q.M. Stores is not a hair-dresser's shop. This N.C.O. need not be told of the difference of effect between liquid furniture cream and hair tonic; fortunately for him, he applied it externally instead of internally, otherwise he might have had his furniture removed.

Now that our huts are nice and clean, and we have shown what we can do in that line, even the S.M. can get a leave.

A good example has been set to the single N.C.Os of our Company by Sammy, who mildly came forward with his application and submitted his intended wife's name and address.



The new Battalion is now an accomplished fact: its birth pangs are over, and the infant is doing well.

We have not yet had time or opportunity to appoint correspondents for the individual Companies—or even for Battalion Headquarters, but we offer a few preliminary notes as a proof of our existence.

On the next appearance of THE SAPPER, we shall hope to come before the world in proper literary style with a flourish.

We were officially created in D.O. C.E.T.C., 5/8/18, to take effect from 6/8/18: and here we are.

Major J. B. Gunn is our O.C., and Capt. McPhail, Adjutant. Lieut. J. C. Brown is Assistant Adjutant, and Lieut. J. Keyes, Quartermaster, with Lieut. W. B. Donoghue as Messing Officer.

Our Company Commanders for the Companies, "A" to "F," are Lieut. E. R. Woodward, M.C., Lieut. W. F. Lees, Major R. F. B. Wood, Capt. H. B. Boswell, Lieut. J. H. Munro, and Lieut. J. B. Mason.

Now that we are constituted and organised, we shall do our best to take a proper place in all Depot activities in the sporting and other lines.

Our first Orderly Room consisted of a telephone pole with an instrument box on it, and the Adjutant luxuriously seated on the grass beneath its shade. Now, however, we have risen to the dignity of a marquee for the administration of justice and routine.



P. T. and B. F.

Sergt. Alexander and Corpl. Goodson are booked to fight at Liverpool on August 15th. They are both in excellent training, and as hard as nails.

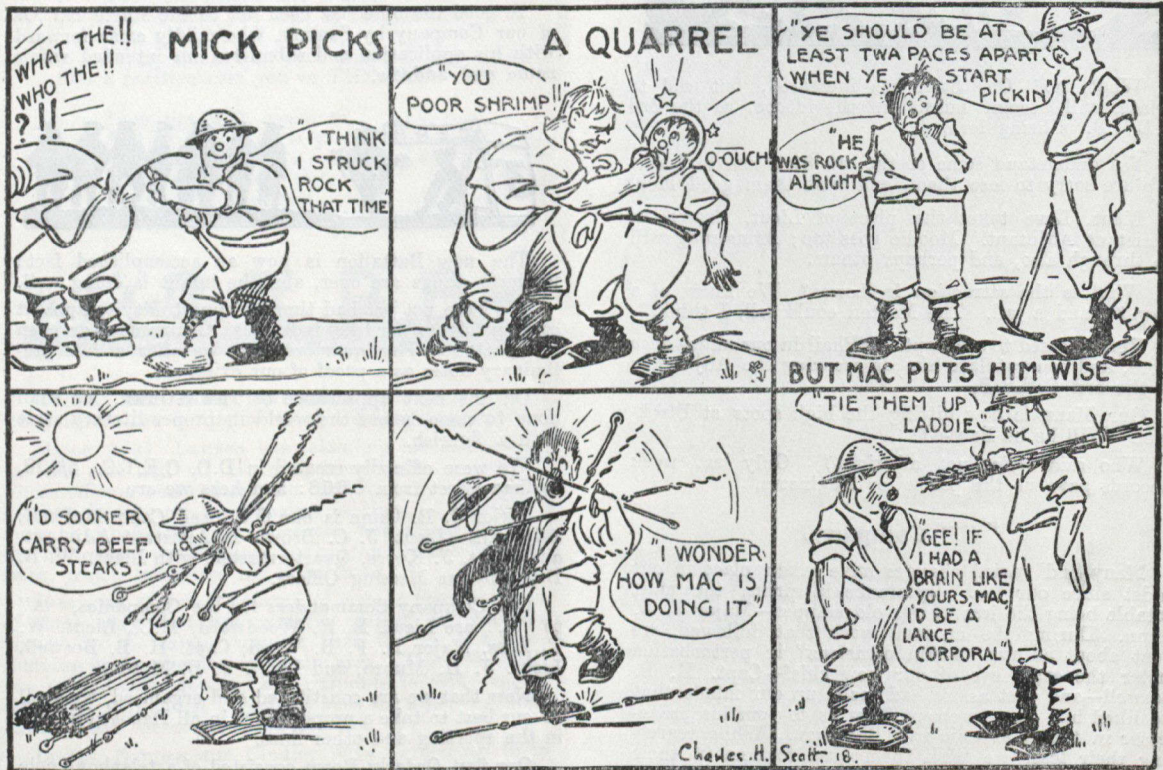
The P.T. Staff evidently count a high order of morality among their accomplishments: they made very handsome and efficient programme sellers at the Gymkhana.

Corpl. Saunders is to take the "big plunge" on September 15th. The boys all wish him the best of luck along the matrimonial highway.

Sergts. Naylor and Pulham have returned from Aldershot, after having a month's hard grind at the Headquarters gym. Kept up the rep, too.

Sergt.-Major Pryke and Sergt. Moir had a trip to London and took part in a display for the Yanks at the Palace Theatre. Some boys, 'US!

Further Adventures of Mick and Mac.



The boss has been away and we have had another officer in charge. Seems like a good head, too; likely to stay with us.

Since last issue, Corpl. Mason has got quite bald. Had the cheek to get married August 8th. Never told the boys; but good luck and best of wishes are extended from all.

Sergt. Moir must be getting his back up. That pint of blood he gave away in June does not seem to stop him from representing the Depot at Stamford Bridge in the "putting the shot" event on August 14th.

Musketry.

C.S.M.: "Now, you fellows, you want to wake up."

Is it true that Rip was asleep for twenty years? Well! he has certainly come out of his shell, and is making up for lost time; at least, his staff think so.

Musketry Instructor, to class of raw recruits: "Now, fellows, don't forget that the rifle is absolutely your best friend."

"But, sir," said one of the new 'uns, "the Gas Instructor said that the respirator was our best."

Musketry Instructor, disdainfully: "Say, bo; this ain't no sniffing bee; this is a war. You can't kill a Fritz by smelling 'im."

P.T. Instructor, to recruits: "G-r-r-ound arms!" (silence). "G-round arms." (painful silence). "Say! for the third and last time, G-R-R-OUND ARMS." (Nothing stirring).

Instructor (red in the face): "Throw the damn things on the ground."

We sincerely hope that this P.T. guy will bear in mind that his last order is revolutionary to our pet subject, "Care of Arms."

"On your mark"—bang! "Say, who is that long streak that has just flashed by?"

"Why, that's Bingham, of the Musketry Staff."

"Some runner. Bing, old scout, the Staff is proud of you and your prowess, and deem it a privilege to be permitted to wish you all kinds of luck for the future. It's rather a shame, however, to leave the burden of athletics on the shoulders of one man. Come on, fellows; be sports, take a chance.

Congratulations, Sergeant Abrahams, better man than we thought you were. *Keep up the good work.* Be reasonable, however.

Come to Brighton and make your fortune. Get-rich-quick Society (Cpl. Wood, Gas Staff), President.

Make hay while the sun shines. Have to move a little faster, Johnny boy. Morning parade is at 8.40 a.m. sharp.

OCCASIONAL SHOTS.

Bombing.

Just imagine Corporal Appleby in an aeroplane; it sure will have a deleterious effect on his freckles.

When is Sergt. Rutherford going to place the marks on parade again? The I.D. Staff want to know.

C.S.M. of the bombers to orderly of the coal yard: "Have you any white-wash pails?"

Orderly: "No, Bud" (distinct pause).

Exit orderly before the gathering storm. Exit C.S.M. and hirelings, the latter visibly brightened.

What ho! The all red route between Seaford and Twickenham will soon be opened. It sure is a long way, George. Nevertheless, these long distance love affairs are quite the thing now.

Cheer up, Fox, old scout. Why that faraway look in your eyes? Quite noticeable of late. Remember, this is only the beginning, and you have still that long, long fight before you.

Are Newfoundland Irishmen really foreigners? The new draft want to know.

Questions shot at the Bombers by the new boys: "When do we get paid? When do we get our leave? How long is a man in France before he gets a medal? When will the war be over? Have you been a soldier long, sir?"

Fieldworks Wing.

Capt. Young, M.C., is just back from a two weeks' tour in France, which he made in company with Col. T. V. Anderson, D.S.O.

He visited all the Divisional Headquarters and Battalions, and a number of Company Headquarters, also Army Troop Companies and Tramway Corps; says everybody is full of pep, ginger, re-organisation, promotion, and so on.

The object of the trip was to get the latest data on Field Engineering, and to bring about a closer co-operation by keeping the Fieldworks training up to date and adapted to the requirements of the units in the field.

Lieut. Shackell is on a four weeks' course at the S.M.E., Chatham. The course is to be a conference with representatives from all the Engineer Schools in the United Kingdom. He took along some of our lecture plates, and says they won approval.

Lieut. Balfour is on a ten days' camouflage course in Hyde Park. It sounds like a good place for such a course. Artistic qualifications are required. His mere "One year's practice of the art of camouflage with a Field Company in France!"

Lieut. Ritchie is the only Tunneller instructor who has shown up so far in place of Lieuts. Morris, Hanna, and Lowman. We wonder who and where the rest are?

R.S.M. Ridgewell and two sergeant instructors are on detached duty, carrying out a work of national importance. D.O.R.A. will not permit us to tell you what it is.

C.S.M. Anderson is now R.S.M. of 3rd C.E.R.B. here.

Sergt. Davis, from 6th Field Company, R.E., has joined the Fieldworks wing.

The C.S.M.E. has added printing to its activities. The press is a genuine antique vintage of 1863, very much a hand press. But it prints.

A young soldiers' (i.e., minors) class has been started. Some of them are training as carpenters, others as bricklayers and concrete workers.

Query: How many of the officers' bridging class fell into the Cuckmere?

Officers and cadets are being trained in quantities. No. 1 Class has all gone to France, except a few retained for duty here. No. 2 Class, nearly 100 strong, will soon be there. No. 3 Class, of about eighty cadets, is under training; and likewise No. 4 Class of 130 officers and cadets. In addition, there are twelve or so on a modified course.

FIELDWORKS QUESTION BOX.—Questions on military engineering subjects will be answered by the Fieldworks Wing, C.S.M.E. All questions should be of an interesting or instructive character, and addressed to "The Editor, THE CANADIAN SAPPER." All answers are subject to censorship.

The Poet's Corner.

Our Cooks.

CONTRIBUTED FROM FRANCE.

Don't be rough on the cooks, boys—
They are human just like you;
Don't say things that sound tough, boys,
Just smile and pass on through.

Just think of their tiresome work, boys,
Cut off from shine and air,
And the burning heat of the brow, boys,
Most more than they can bear.

They're Sappers just like you, boys,
It takes more than a dub
To camouflage this canned stuff,
And make it look like grub.

SAPPER J. H. HOUSEGO.

The Point of View.

Me an' boss-eyed Bill an' Jake
Was swabbing out a shack;
We swabbed the mud from end to end,
An' then we swabbed it back.

We had two buckets full o' slush
A standin' on the floor;
One against the fireplace,
An' one just by the door.

A Sarjint an' a Adjutant
Comes walkin' round to see
The kind of job that we puts up—
Old Jake an' Bill an' me.

The Sarjint, 'e goes nosin' round,
A screwin' up 'is face,
An' falls into the bucket
Against the fireplace.

The Adjutant 'e sees the joke:
"That's one on you, my friend;"
An' me, an' Jake, an' boss-eyed Bill,
We laughs away no end.

But presently the Adjutant,
A comin' to the door,
Flops right into the other one,
An' swore, an' swore, an' swore.

Then me, an' boss-eyed Bill, and Jake,
We nearly busts with glee,
But goes on swabbin' out the shack
As quiet as could be.

O. O.

Our Competition Results.

The prize of half-a-guinea offered for the best humorous article on the training of an Engineer has been awarded to Driver Rowatt, of the 1st C.E.R.B., for the following lucubration.

Driver Rowatt possesses a pleasing sub-acid humour all his own, and a fine working acquaintance with the English dictionary that is unsurpassed in these islands.

The saving grace of the humorist, however, is restraint, and we would urge the cultivation of this quality on our prize winner.

The Training of a Driver.

Before I joined the Army I thought all soldiers were ethereal beings, and should be crowned with an aureole.

My detractors tell me now that my estimate might be slightly modified.

Nevertheless, I consider that quite angelic virtues are the necessary equipment of a driver.

The one essential mental propensity in this distinguished representative of a distinctive branch of the Army is a "stable" mind. Some of our critics say also a "horse" intellect, but that, of course, only serves as a study in jealousy and envy.

The training and routine of a driver is a course of mental and physical gymnastics of a very Spartan nature.

Arising from your tranquil slumbers when every other self-respecting soldier is in somniferous oblivion, you grope your way to the parade ground and sort yourself out.

Of course, before the war I had heard of people who had got up at five o'clock, but only remember meeting one celebrity with this record, and immediately fell on my knees in awe and admiration.

The first duty is termed "Early morning stables"—why it has this designation I have always been at a loss to understand, for to my knowledge there is no such thing as midnight stables, or Tuesday twilight stables, or any other such horological definition.

While here, you—with about 120 others—administer to the comfort and contentment of about 30 horses.

One of the amenities you bestow on these quadrupeds is called "grooming." This consists in a delicate knowledge of tonsorial artistry as applied to the domesticated horse. No pomade is permitted to be used in the process apart from a judicious use of paraffin oil immediately before inspection by the N.C.O. or officer.

Strict silence must be observed while the operation is in progress, and no driver must speak to his charge.

This appears to me as rather an unnecessary enforcement, as after considerable experience I have never known a horse break out into an academic disputation with his driver over the Fiscal Policy of Brazil or any other controversial subject.

"Early morning stables" being over, you return to your hut and regale yourself with a sumptuous breakfast.

This torture finished, you prepare for parade by making yourself as much like a brass buttoned baronet as possible.

Arriving at the stables again, and entangling yourself and the pony in an inextricable network of leather strings, you spend the succeeding three hours in amusing your protegee in what is familiarly called the "Bull Ring." Under the instruction accorded here, you are forced to the recognition, by the pertinent remarks of your tutor, of your own mental ineptitude and the extraordinary sagacity of your mount. The tuition is not without attraction, however, as you generally get entertained by a repertoire of stock witticisms and musty jokes dating back to the dynasties of the Egyptians, and given a novel second run.

This, however, often loses its charm by being of a very pointed and intimate nature.

About the third hour you become persuaded that because the Instructor can ride, hence you should be able to, and nothing but mental deficiency prevents you.

From close analysis you will deduce that your equine playmate has a latent wish to wipe you off against the nearest fence or wall, and you, on the other hand, seem to lend him every encouragement by always pulling the wrong string.

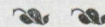
On the termination of this affliction you return to the stables and water your steed. This implies using yourself as a drag weight and being precipitously dashed against the trough.

By this time certain unmistakable portents of a malady confined to the muscles and joints manifest themselves, and for a few days you studiously avoid your witty pals and beg your chum not to be humorous.

The afternoon is devoted to the cleaning of harness. The harness room has the venerable atmosphere of a temple, and the cleaning is a sacerdotal duty.

The aim is to finish it like a piece of jewellery. To the serious driver it becomes a religion. To the other, a fetish. Drivers have been known to bring candles and worship as at a shrine, and fall prostrate before the sight of a resplendent galaxy of glittering harness.

The period of incubation for a driver to emerge fully fledged is about six months, and on arriving in France he discovers his varied and chequered career to be invaluable.



How to Write for *The Sapper*.

BY THE EDITOR.

We are not establishing a school for young journalists (they are born, not made), but we want to see a steady and uninterrupted flow of good printable articles into this office, and we do not mind giving away a little of the profound knowledge which has cost twenty years of incessant toil to acquire, on how to write an article.

The first move is to disentangle one definite and luminous idea from the mass of ideas simmering in your brain.

If you have not got an idea, get one: do not ask anyone else for it, because that will start him thinking, and if he thinks, he will become dull.

Just sit quiet and listen to two or three fellows talking for five minutes, and you'll get ideas all the time.

Your next point is to size up your audience—in this case you will be writing for soldiers, a mixed bunch. Some in France, some back from France, and some fresh from Canada—you have to write so that all these classes and their variants will appreciate you.

You must be brief.

You must be snappy.

You must tell the truth, but tell it lightly and gently—as if you love it, but don't take it too seriously.

You must have a "punch"; start off with a telling and arresting sentence, and then start a new paragraph.

Have another arresting phrase about the middle, and finish up with a definite fact.

Never use one superfluous word: repetition is not emphasis.

Don't be too humorous about matrimony—because some of us are married.

Don't write about Mother-in-law, because we don't like to have it rubbed in.

And don't write controversial matter about military or disciplinary affairs, because we won't print it.

If you keep your eye on these few points you will find that military life is capable of providing you with an unlimited amount of copy—you can write about anything from the Sergeant-Major's boots to the brass on the General's hat, provided you do it in the right spirit.



Pickled Fillums.

"Beans" (in Five Particles).

[We suggest that it is not the Film that is pickled but the Author.]

PART I.

Scene: Somewhere in Canada.

Kate, daughter of a Jerusalem pork packer who was pushed out of his job when the Jews left the Holy Land, is in love with Percy. She is pursued by the loathsome attentions of Dashman, a wealthy and unprincipled Sergeant in the Home (Railway) Guards.

Percy enlists, marries Kate, and goes off to the Front—(after taking a month's seedling leave to put his crops in). Moonlight farewell to soft music, Kate says, "I will always be true—even if you are away years."

PART II.

A year elapses.

Percy, now in the Engineers, somewhere in France, seated on side of trench, pulls out a fat wad of feminine photos, selects that of his wife, kisses it and sighs. He then picks out a smaller one and sighs again. "My dear little son," he says, "some day I shall see you."

(In the meantime)

The wicked, wealthy Sergeant pursues the young mother with his attentions in the absence of Percy—but she says very terse things to him, and he goes out grinding his Army teeth. The mother goes in and hears the little boy say his prayers, gives him his daddy's picture to kiss, and tucks him up.

Midnight: Very slow music, the window opens and the Sergeant sneaks in, rolls the screaming child in a blanket, and beats it with a loud "Ha ha!" of triumph.

PART III.

(Caught in the act of following immediately.)

Percy—by some mischance—actually gets into a strafe and gets hit on the bean with a potato-masher

handle, loses his memory, and gets taken prisoner and shoved into Professor Kuhschat's laboratory as a batman. He is fed on a new food—gas the Professor invented owing to the growing scarcity of solid food. It has the faculty of preserving the features and person for years in the same shape.

Kate refuses to give up hope, and takes in THE CANADIAN SAPPER in the hopes of hearing something of him—but the SAPPER is now only a quarter its old size because of the scarcity of paper, and no illustrations are allowed.

Ten years pass.

Then seven more.

PART IV.

Young Percy, now grown up, is at the Front—in his daddy's old Field Company. We don't see much of him because he got a good education and stays underground.

(In the meantime)

Professor Kuhschat invents a new substitute for paper to be made out of the beans soldiers don't eat and the richer portions of frozen fish. Percy, who still forgets who he is, steals the formula and shoots it over to the Canadian Corps with a catapult.

A factory is built and paper made in larger quantities than ever.

The CANADIAN SAPPER blossoms out again to three times its original size, and is filled with pictures of exchanged prisoners.

Young Percy sees them and recognises his father from the old picture he kissed when he was a boy. He gets leave and goes to find the old man.

They meet. Percy embraces son and regains his memory; gets marked E 179, and beats it for Canada, taking the boy with him on compassionate grounds.

PART V.

In a lonely shack Kate takes in washing, because her separation allowance is stopped. And the Sergeant still pursues her.

"You wait till my Percy comes home, he won't half tell you off, he won't, I give you my word."

Percy and the boy rush in, the baffled Sergeant recoils. "Ha," says Percy, "eighteen long years you have guarded bridges, now, ha ha, you are going to France, to France, I say, villain."

"Never," says the Sergeant, and falls dead. "And to think," says Percy, "that it was all done by those bean rations and a picture in the SAPPER."

THE END.

Next week: "How to become a Bombardier without polishing brass."

[No, sir; once is enough.—EDITOR.]



Two soldiers were walking down the street behind a young woman who was holding her skirt rather high. After an argument as to the merits of the case, one of the soldiers stepped forward and said, "Pardon me, miss, but aren't you holding your skirt rather high?"

"Haven't I a perfect right?" she snapped.

"You certainly have, and a peach of a left, miss," he replied.

After "Lights Out."

A certain Society lady at Newport went to a "Song Tea" with a label fixed to her dress with this notice on it: "Married four years. No family." There was a great deal of speculation as to what the name of her song could be, and finally, when no one had been able to guess it, the hostess approached her and asked her to satisfy the curiosity of the assembled company by telling them the name of the song. "Certainly," she said, "What's the matter with father?" Wow! [5s. Prize.]

HOW TO DO IT.

A certain other rank recently had the misfortune to be rather harshly spoken to on parade by the S.M.

By way of squaring accounts he drew up an application for transfer.

Being paraded to the O.C., and asked his reasons for this move, he turned on the following record:

"I desire a transfer, sir, in order to obviate the possibility of a recurrence of the humiliating and disgusting scene that occurred on the parade ground this morning!"

Now the S.M. speaks to him louder than ever.

Sapper: "Oh! o-o-o!"

Medical Sergt.: "Well, what's the matter with you?"

Sapper: "Oh, o-o, Sergeant, I've got an awful pain in my anatomy."

Med. Sergt.: "Your anatomy, is it. Get out o' this; only officers has anatomies." [2s. 6d. Prize.]

S.M.: "What, 'aven't you mopped this place yet?"

Sapper: "No."

S.M.: "No what?"

Sapper: "No mop."

An Irishman in a rural district was moving into a new shack.

The priest passed one day and saw Pat whitewashing the house.

"An' what are ye doin' that for, Pat?" he said.

"Sure, sor," says Pat, "the last couple lived here had twins, an' I'm just disinfectin' the place."

A SURE SIGN.

Two young kindergarten teachers, intelligent and attractive, while riding downtown in a street car, were engaged in an animated discussion. In the seat behind them sat a goodnatured, fatherly looking Irishman enjoying a nap. Finally one kindergartner inquired of the other:

"How many children have you?"

"Twenty-two," she replied. "And how many have you?"

"Oh, I have only nineteen," replied the first.

At this point the Irishman, now wide awake with astonishment, leaned forward in his seat and, without any formality, inquired in a loud voice:

"What part of Ireland did youse come from?"

The "Whys" Men's Column.

SAY, TELL US, NOW!

Who was the ginger-headed guy who swiped a duck at a back door and sold it to its owner at the front door for five francs?

Maybe the guy who sold the bag of rice, for sugar, to the anxious Frenchman, can tell us!

Is the inventor of Brasso in the Army? If so, send him along to this outfit "tout de suite," he may as well die our way as any other.

Why isn't that very wise saying, "Children should be seen and not heard" more strictly adhered to in the Army?

Who is the "gink" with the great future behind him? I'll bet he knows Quebec.

Who are the fellows who are sleeping in "girls' nighties," and why?

Who had a cobweb in his rifle barrel one morning?

Who is it that is commonly known as "Laundry"?

Who is it that "don't want no argument but come on the Fuller"?

Who suffers from boils, bedsores, headaches, heartburn, and general tiredness from resting in bed too much?

If the powers that be still realise that our main object in leaving Canada was to defeat the Hun and not to look pretty?

Haven't the various branches of the Medical Services yet found out a real, effective and permanent cure for this "Polish" Fever—not Spanish Fever?

Who bought Jimmy his new D.C.M. ribbon, and did he have the old one framed?

Who rung up the Q.M.S. on Sunday and told him to have the fish cooked on Saturday for Monday's consumption?

Who was the Corporal who told the Guard: "To your bedrooms, dismiss"?

Who was the Sergeant who had to wade out of the cave and carry the maiden because he didn't watch the tide?

Who had his "choke-bore" pants taken in so tight that it took eight men to pull 'em off?

Who were the two Sappers who asked to have their leave "sanctified" for the same day because they were cousins?

Who was the Sapper who received £5 pay, gave a very smart salute to the Pay Sergeant, and said, "Thanks, Sergeant Lines"? O day of gladness.

If the right hand salute for all other ranks will increase the practice of ear scratching.

Orderly Officer: "Ha! ha! no shave."

Sentry: "He! he! no razor."

O.C.: "Ho! ho! seven days' C.B."

If it is true that the bandmaster was carried out of a hotel at Cooden Beach on a stretcher, and if it really was the "flu."

Who was the Orderly Officer who sent over to the cook-house from the men's mess for more milk to put in the cocoa?

SPORTS NEWS.

Seaford Area Gymkhana.

Committee:—Col. S. D. Gardner, C.M.G., M.C., Hon. President; Col. T. V. Anderson, D.S.O., Hon. Vice-President; Lieut.-Col. H. C. Greer, President; Lieut. S. H. Grant, Secretary; Lieut.-Col. J. B. P. Dunbar, Major D. H. Barnett, Capt. H. T. May, M.C., Capt. F. Duckworth, Lieut. W. W. Cooper, Lieut. F. W. Camp, Major A. MacArthur, Major C. Shergold, M.C., D.C.M., Capt. W. J. Forbes Mitchell, Lieut. E. J. Masters, Lieut. J. B. Jordan, Lieut. D. E. C. Campbell; Lieut. E. R. Gilley, Track Recorder; Sergt.-Major T. Barnetson and Sergt. M. G. Coates, Announcers.

Judges:—Lieut.-Col. C. L. Bott, Lieut.-Col. P. J. Daly, C.M.G., D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. W. M. Balfour, D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. C. B. Worsnop, D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. K. C. Bedson, Lieut.-Col. A. G. Turner, M.C., Lieut.-Col. W. F. Kemp, D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. T. R. Caldwell, Lieut.-Col. J. P. Fell, Major P. Ward, Major A. L. Farrant, Major R. G. Hargreaves, Major C. E. Bush, Major A. G. Lawson, M.C., Capt. E. Bowler, D.C.M.

Entertainment Committee:—Major J. Hope, Major L. H. McKenzie, Capt. E. Hudgin, Capt. C. F. C. Porteous, Capt. A. Wrightson, Lieut. C. F. Day, Lieut. R. C. Hayes, Major H. E. Smith, Major A. M. Stroud, Capt. S. W. Hobart, Capt. J. Dunlop, Lieut. A. H. Weston, Lieut. S. Woodward, Lieut. W. Marsh.

The first Gymkhana held by the Canadian troops in the Seaford area (by kind permission of Col. C. D. Gardner, C.M.G., M.C., etc.), took place on Monday, August 5th, and Wednesday, August 7th.

After a portion of the programme had been carried through on the first day in circumstances rendered very distressing by the numerous vagaries of the weather clerk, the meeting was postponed till Wednesday.

On both days the event, which had been widely announced, drew record crowds; the gathering was estimated at between seven and eight thousand of all ranks; a very large number of gentlemen in civil life also attended.

We are unable—nor have we the space—to give a list of all the distinguished people present, but the meeting on the first day would have been notable not only as a sporting event, but as a social success had the weather only been propitious.

Although this gymkhana was a headquarters fixture and open to all units of H.M. Forces, it became in reality a Canadian Engineer triumph, as the 1st Canadian Engineer Reserve Battalion took no less than nineteen prizes—seventeen of these going to "C" Coy.

As is only natural, a very great share of the work of preparation and organisation fell upon the shoulders of "C" Company of this Battalion, and it was very ably carried out.

Lieut. Grant, as secretary, was indefatigable, working practically day and night for a week before the event, getting things in shape. On the ground he took charge of everything, and carried it to a successful conclusion.

Unfortunately, officers from the C.M.G. at Maresfield, who were present on Monday, were unable to attend the postponed meeting on Wednesday.

The ground was in perfect condition and the horsemanship of a very high order. The competitions in tent-pegging, tilting the ring, and the officers' jumping event provided style unsurpassed in the area and seldom surpassed out of it.

A fine collection of prizes was offered for competition, and a special cup for the officers' jumping, presented by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company. This was won by Capt. H. T. May, of the 1st Canadian Engineer Battalion, in such good style that the Captain was asked to give another exhibition round.

A humorous touch was given to this part of the programme by Dvr. Hodges, who followed the officers over the jumps in a clown's costume and mounted on a bare-backed cart horse—taking every jump.

Music was provided by the Bands of the Canadian Engineers Training Centre and the Canadian Machine Gun Depot, by kind permission of Col. T. V. Anderson, D.S.O., C.E.T.C., and Lieut.-Col. W. M. Balfour, D.S.O., C.M.G.D., Bandmasters F. G. Gorse, C.E.T.C., and L. F. Addison, C.M.G.D., officiating with the baton.

The excellent arrangements of the Entertainment Committee enabled the large number of ladies and gentlemen present to obtain refreshment on pleasantly decorated lawns situated behind the stands, where the gay dresses of the ladies and the uniforms of the gentlemen made a kaleidoscopic medley of colour reminiscent of the old days of military fetes.

The prizes were graciously presented by Mrs. Gardner, supported by Col. S. D. Gardner, C.M.G., M.C., and Staff.

In the various events there is not a great deal to be noted save the results.

The 1st C.E.R.B. pontoon wagon and team was a triumph of polish, paint and perseverance.

The officers' tent-pegging went very deservedly to Capt. Joslin, of the Machine Gun Depot at Maresfield. Capt. Joslin showed remarkably fine style in the face of wet ground and a heavy rain.

There was no fighting for the Balaclava Melée, as this went to the 1st C.E.R.B. by default. On the second day, however, an exhibition fight was rendered for the benefit of spectators.

Both the 1st C.E.R.B. Cable Detachment and the Machine Gun Detachment of the C.M.G.D. gave very spirited and efficient displays of the work in their departments—the machine gunners especially being very realistic.

The officers' cigar and umbrella race was the last event attempted in the wet on the first day, and lost thereby a good deal of the fun that properly attaches to such a race. In the officers' bending race, Capt. May had the misfortune to dislodge one of the poles and so lost a race that was otherwise right in his pocket.

The N.C.O. and men's tent pegging was very keenly contested—Sergt. McNutt and C.S.M. Ward being left in the final and running off twice for a decision: Sergt. McNutt finally winning by a chip with the peg set on edge.

The Clowns' Mule Race literally "brought the house down;" the combined exertions of the mules and the clowns in their attempt to do things the wrong way, giving rise to a lot of fun, especially when the clown had to "bob" for a potato while his mount "bobbed" for a carrot.

In winning the officers' "tilting the ring," Major Shergold, M.C., D.C.M., made a very clean and dashing run.

Votes were taken for the best turned out clown, and the decision fell to Pte Shea, of the Machine Gun Depot, for his caricature of an exaggerated staff officer, or super-general (General Nuisance). Prizes were also awarded to Dvr. McEachern and Pte McCoughey for being naturally funny.

The meeting was interesting from start to finish, both socially and as a fine display of Canadian horsemanship.

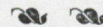
Results were as follows:—

- Best Turned-out 2, 4 or 6 Horse Team, to consist of Wagon and Equipment. 1st prize—1st C.E.R.B. Pontoon Wagon; Corpl. Henson, Drivers E. D. Lester, J. Forristel, J. H. McKeown. 2nd prize—C.A.S.C. G.S. Wagon: Corpl Stephen, Driver A. Dutton.
- Potato Race—Dvr. Nixon, 1st C.E.R.B.; Dvr. Hamer, 1st C.E.R.B.; Dvr. Lock, C.A.S.C.
- Wrestling on Horseback—1st, 1st Reserve Battalion; 2nd, 1st C.E.R.B.
- Officers' Tent Pegging—Capt. Joslin, M.G. Depot, Maresfield.
- Aunt Sally Race—1, Sergt. Saunders, 1st C.E.R.B.; 2, Corpl. Voysey.
- Balaclava Melée—1st C.E.R.B.
- Roman Race—1, Dvr. Harvey, 1st C.E.R.B.; 2, Dvr. Goodfellow, 18th Rev. Battn.; 3, Pte. Robertson, C.M.G.D.
- Umbrella and Cigar Race—1, Lieut. Beesley and Miss —, C.M.G., C.T.C.; 2, Lieut. Hicks and Miss Donely.
- Tilting the Bucket—Sapper Graham, 1st C.E.R.B.
- Tug of War—C.M.G.D. team.
- Musical Chairs—1, Dvr. Lock, C.A.S.C.; 2, C.Q.M.S. Stern, 1st C.E.R.B.
- Bending Race (Officers)—Lieut.-Col. F. W. Kemp, 3rd C.C.D.
- Tent Pegging (N.C.Os. and Men)—1, Sergt McNutt; 2, C.S.M. Ward, D.C.M.
- Clowns' Mule Race—1, Sergt. Suttles, as "Uncle Sam," 6th Reserve; 2, Pte McCoughey, as "Casey."
- Tilting the Ring (Officers)—1, Major C. Shergold, M.C., D.C.M., 1st C.E.R.B.
- Tilting the Ring (N.C.Os and Men)—1, C.S.M. Ward, D.C.M., 1st C.E.R.B.; 2, C.Q.M.S. Stern, 1st C.E.R.B.
- Potato Bobbing Race—1, Sapper Graham, 1st C.E.R.B.; 2, Dvr. Tays, 1st C.E.R.B.; 3, Dvr. Nixon, 1st C.E.R.B.

Best Turned-out Clown—1, Pte Shea, C.M.G.D.; 2, Sapper McEachern, 1st C.E.R.B.; 3, Pte McCoughey, 1st Reserve.

Special Cup (Officers' Jumping), presented by Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Co.—Capt. H. T. May, 1st C.E.R.B.

Grand Aggregate Prize—Sergt. Saunders, 1st C.E.R.B.



Major Robertson's Company.

The Battalion is fortunate in including among its officers two keen sportsmen in Lieuts. Sproule and Baldock, the latter of whom acted as starter at the Divisional Sports.

"Bill Baker," the Battalion big pitcher, has no connection with the notable bar of that name in Paris, which does not mean to say that he has never been connected with a bar. He hails from the "Peg."

Baker, Mucklestone, Shepherd, and Frank Johnson, the Battalion baseball stars, have seldom shown better form than this season.

It is regarded as rather appropriate that "Shep" should be the Police Corporal. He developed his well known fistic abilities in the gentle atmosphere of Naimo, on the Pacific coast, where, it is said, a win, tie, or a wrangle is the termination of every sporting encounter!

Percy Sellim is the star runner of the Battalion, and the Division. He swept everything before him at the Divisional Sports, but youth came into its own at the Corps Sports. Percy is verging on 40 but is wonderfully well preserved. He combines with sprinting an expert knowledge of latrine construction.

Major Earnshaw's Company.

There are no sporting notes this month, but we have to acknowledge that the Corps Signals took a thorough revenge in the second baseball game. The rain spoilt the game. It did not drown the ardour of the numerous supporters, although it most certainly "damped" it. We lost count of the score after the Corps had reached 10.

Lieut. Brickenden's Company.

Baseball is dying a natural death with us. Sergt. Boyd and Dvr. McRae, two of our stalwarts gone, cause vacancies hard to fill. Who will be the next hero?

Volley ball is the rage; anybody, anyway and anytime is the order, and there is every indication that it is thoroughly enjoyed. It is a forlorn hope that we may eventually introduce science, but for the present: "let her rip."

A challenge came to the office for a game of cricket, so we accepted, and although beaten, we had a pleasant game, lack of practice again showing itself. Since, we have been a little more active and hope to do better.

After being disappointed three times, stripped ready for the game, we at last managed a game of football. We finished on the short end of a 2 to 1 score, but the game was full of features, fast and interesting. Two more games, which were slow and lacked the dash, we managed to win. Opportunity was taken to try new blood, but it needs a lot of polish before we can attain the class of the good old days.

1st C.E.R.B.

The 1st C.E.R.B. always takes a very active interest in the C.E.T.C. programme every Wednesday afternoon in track, baseball and hockey. In the track, Sapper Mercer has shown that he has no superior in the C.E.T.C. for running, and is to represent the area at Stamford Bridge on August 14th.

Baseball has had to be curtailed to some extent because of the lack of baseballs; but some very good games have been played with the other teams in the C.E.T.C. Sappers Hicks and Breeze make up a very good battery for the Battalion.

It has been a bit difficult to get the hockey going properly, but it is coming along fine under Cpl. Renton and the others interested.

It is regretted that better tennis accommodation has not been available, because the 1st C.E.R.B. has a number of excellent players.

Football will soon be in full swing, and from present indications this Battalion will have a team which will give a good account of itself.

2nd C.E.R.B.

On Wednesday, August 7th, at the Battalion Sports, the pushball season was inaugurated with an inter-Company tournament, a team of sixty men being entered by each Company in the Battalion.

The games were all a little one-sided, as the score in each case contained a cypher on one side of the account.

A considerable amount of enthusiasm was displayed, and a good deal of spirit shown.

As training in team work, this game should be very valuable, as individual play is almost impossible, and a study of the score sheet will enforce the truth of Napoleon's dictum, that "God is on the side of the big battalions."

In the first round, "A" Company beat "B" Company 1-0; "C" beat "D" 5-0; "E" beat "F" 7-0; "G" took a bye.

In the second round, "A" Company beat "G" Company 10-0; "C" beat "E" 1-0.

In the final, "A" Company beat "C" Company 4-0.

The points scored are: Four for a goal, and one for taking the ball over the goal line.

Space prevents us from giving the names of the 420 men engaged in the game; it would make this page look too much like a muster roll.



BASEBALL.

Depot baseball fans during the past month have had rather a disappointing time.

Out of ten games arranged in the Second Group League, only four have been played up to the moment of writing; the other six were called off or postponed from a variety of causes, not the least of which we must suppose to have been the weather.

In the four games, however, that did actually mature, our boys managed to keep up their fine reputation by carrying everything before them.

On July 10th, the 3rd C.C.D. stepped out and were severely handled to the tune of 11-4, while the C.M.G.D., on the 14th, fared little better, retiring with

a score of 5-3 against them. On July 24th, the 18th Reserve undertook the improbable, and allowed us to pile up a score that looked more like cricket than baseball, the score being 29-7.

No other match was played until Saturday, August 10th, when we played the 1st Reserve and accounted for them with a score of 9-7.

The game was not remarkable for brilliant play, and the victory may be regarded as almost fortuitous.

Devine pitched a good steady game. Procter muffed some third strikes and threw the pill all over the lot on one or two occasions. Godfrey, centre field, maintained his rep as a slugger, and Wooley's play at short stop had the negative brilliance which may be drawn from having no hits come his way. Watson, Rankin, Duncan, and Gardner, all played fair ball. Dad Stewart retrieved his old form, and made several good plays during the course of the game.

Results for the month: July 10th, C.E.T.C. v. 3rd C.C.D., 11-4; July 13th, C.E.T.C. v. C.M.G.D., 5-3; July 24th, C.E.T.C. v. 18th Reserve Battalion, 29-7; August 10th, C.E.T.C. v. 1st Reserve Battalion, 9-7.

Forthcoming games: August 14th, C.E.T.C. v. 11th R.B.; August 17th, C.E.T.C. v. 16th R.B.

Col. Kingsmill's Battalion v. —st D.A.C.

Col. Kingsmill's Battalion.

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Anderson, 2nd B.	5	1	4	2	3	1
Mucklestone, R. F. ...	3	0	0	1	0	0
Eagleson, S.S.	4	1	2	4	4	1
Bakewell, P.	4	0	1	1	3	0
Mines, C.	4	0	0	12	1	0
Wineberg, 3rd B.	4	0	0	1	1	1
Picton 1st B.	4	0	1	9	1	1
Fynn, C.F.	4	1	1	2	0	0
Elwood, L.F.	0	0	0	0	0	1
Johnson, L.F.	2	0	0	1	0	0
Total	34	3	9	33	13	5

Two Base Hits—Eagleson, Bakewell, Picton, and Stevenson. Sacrifice Hits—Mucklestone and Johnson. Stolen Bases—Anderson, Steele, Tait and Fleming. Double Plays—Eagleson to Anderson to Picton; Anderson to Eagleson to Picton; Baird to Fleming. Base on Balls—Bakewell 4; Maxwell 1. Struck Out—Bakewell 12; Maxwell 12. Hit by Pitcher Tait. One out when winning run scored.

—st D.A.C.

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Laur, C.F.	6	0	0	0	0	0
Tait, L.F.	5	0	2	1	0	1
Gough, 3rd B.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Steele, S.S.	5	0	0	0	5	0
Fleming, 2nd B.	3	2	1	4	0	1
Mason, 1st B.	4	0	1	10	0	0
Stevenson, C.	5	0	1	13	3	0
Maxwell, P.	4	0	2	0	5	0
Baird, R.F.	5	0	0	2	1	0
Total	41	2	7	31	14	2

Score by Innings—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	R	H	E
C.E.B.N.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	9	5
D.A.C.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	2	7	2

Umpires:—Lieut.-Col. Malcolm and Lieut. Poupore.

CRICKET.

Lieut. Oliver's Company.

Lately, the traditional exigencies of the Service have interferred to some extent with athletics. After a considerable amount of persuasion, the bunch accepted the challenge of a Pontoon Park R.E. to a cricket match. Our boys, ignorant of each other's abilities, and never before having played together, felt dubious as to the result of the encounter. Once in action, all doubts were readily dispelled, and thanks to the brilliant bowling of Lieut. Bunting, and the faultless fielding of Corpl. Cox, the veteran R.E.'s were defeated, the score being in plain language, 54—20.

C.E.T.C.

Since our last issue, the C.E.T.C. cricket team has played six matches, winning three and losing three.

July 17th, v. 18th Reserve (Seaford Area League), lost by 19 runs; July 24th, v. 3rd C.C.D. (S.A.L.), won by 48 runs; July 27th, v. 11th Reserve (S.A.L.), lost by 56 runs; July 31st, v. C.M.G.D. (S.A.L.), lost; Aug. 3rd, v. Army Ordnance Dept., Newhaven, won by 2 runs; Aug. 7th, v. 2nd C.C.D., Bramshott, won by 69 runs.

Amongst the bowlers, Bandsman May, R.S.M. Ridgwell, Sapper Garnett, Lieut. Weir, Major Ellis, and Sapper Baker, have been most successful. The bowling analysis of the last named in the match v. 2nd C.C.D. Bramshott, is worthy of record: 9 overs, 6 maidens, 4 runs, 5 wickets, average 0.80.

The batting has been very uneven, but May, Ridgwell, Sgt. Smith, Sapper Parr, Lieut. Wookey and Lieut. Weir, have done good service.

The club is greatly indebted to Sapper Whitehead for the care taken in the preparation of wickets and his assiduous attention to every need, while he has rendered good service with the bat, and has been especially keen in the field.

The following matches are on the month's programme:—

- August 14th, v. Cadet School Instructors, R.A.F. Hastings, at Hastings.
- „ 17th, v. 2nd C.C.D., Bramshott, at Bramshott.
- „ 21st, v. R.A.F., Eastbourne, at Seaford.
- „ 24th, v. Australian I.F., Lewes, at Lewes
- „ 28th, v. 1st Reserve (League Match), at Blatchington.
- „ 31st, v. Newhaven, at Newhaven.
- Sept. 11th, v. 18th Reserve (League Match), at Blatchington.

Up to date, the record runs: Matches played, 13; won, 6; lost, 7.



Potted Prose.

The story of the Hun and the Nun. (Complete in this issue)

- Chapter 1.....Hun
Nun.
- „ 2.....Hun.
Nun.
Hun.
- „ 3.....Jocks.
“Socks”
Gun, fun
Hun. None.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

C.E.T.C Pierrottes.

Nothing doing in the past month, principally because Doncaster is at Chelsea.

Our new costumes have arrived—thanks to Lieut. Grant for his “pull” in getting them for us—they certainly have an Engineer appearance about them.

Holder never went to France after all—but Goldenburg left with the Spark Section on a rush.

Several new members in the musical line, so everyone should be on the outlook for a good show—SOON.

Our comedians, Butler and Rylance, have been entertaining on this side, and their appearance helped things along at the Gymkhana tremendously.

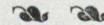
Has anyone seen Darling lately? He has just been on a jaunt to Farnham—great to have pull.

Cadet Harris, our able pianist, is back again, and thanks are due to him for his hard work in bringing the troupe up to their present state of efficiency.

NUN SED.

Y.M.C.A. Hut 4.

- Aug. 22nd—Lecture by Henry C. Mahoney.
- „ 23rd—London Concert Party.
- „ 27th—Madame Welling Party.
- „ 29th—Lecture.
- „ 30th—London Concert Party.
- „ 31st—George Morris Party.
- Sept. 5th—Lecture.
- „ 6th—London Concert Party.
- „ 10th—Madame Welling Party.
- „ 12th—Lecture.
- „ 13th—London Concert Party.
- „ 16th—Nellie Moor Party.
- „ 19th—Lecture.
- „ 20th—London Concert Party.
- „ 26th—Lecture.
- „ 27th—London Concert Party.
- „ 28th—Madame Welling Party.



Why is Sergt. Coates (1st) never to be found? Ask Mr. Gilley.



We understand the favourite song of the Signal boys is now “When the roll is called up yonder I’ll be there.”

“What did you do in the great war, daddy?”

Signal N.C.O.: “My boy, I called the roll.”



New Corporal (mounted section): “What are those ornaments for that you stick up alongside the driver on a G.S. wagon?”



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At church parade. C.S.M., to men when sorting religions:—“Come on, you men, get in your proper church parade. You can’t change your religion without permission of your O.C.”

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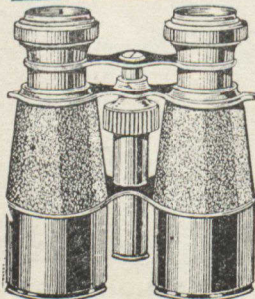
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