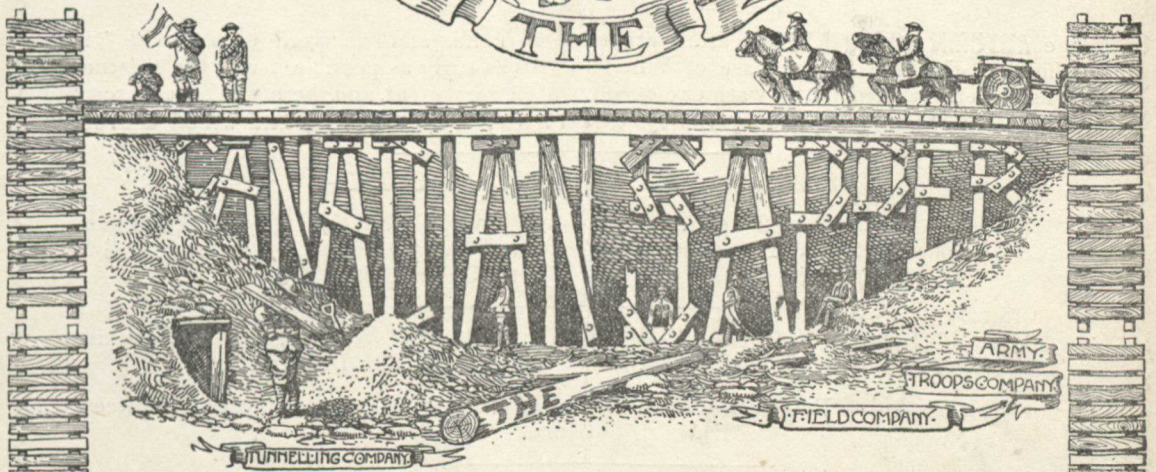
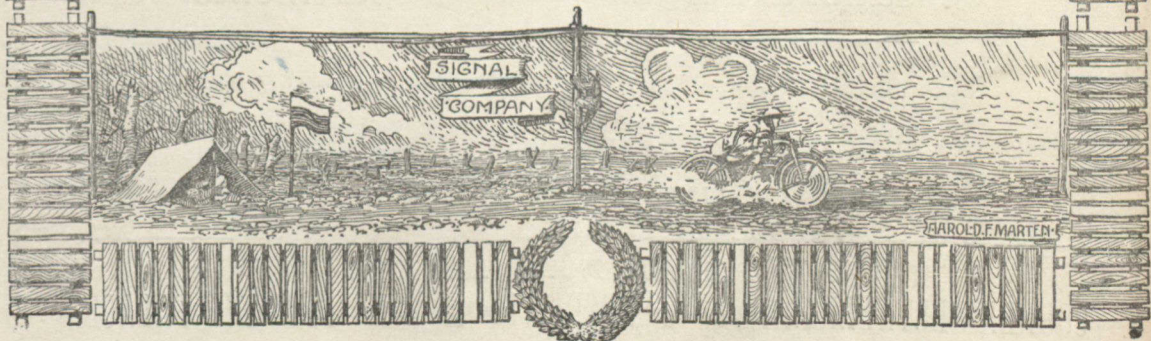


January
1919

Price
Sixpence



OFFICIAL MAGAZINE of the CANADIAN ENGINEERS



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

The **AUTUMN and WINTER** Seasons are close at hand, and "a word to the wise" is sufficient. Make your purchase of Winter Goods as early as possible, for as the weather turns colder, the demand for warmer clothing will be very great, and there will be a scarcity of wearing apparel, **especially Heavy Underwear, Winter Socks, and Lined Gloves.**

SPECIAL VALUE OF GOODS IN STOCK—

Heather Ribbed Socks from 2/- pair. "All Wool" Khaki Ribbed Socks, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6 pair. Natural Colour Vests and Pants, from 4/6 per garment. "All Wool" ditto from 12/6 to 20/- per garment. Natural Colour Union Suits, 15/6

Agent for the **Famous "Meridian" Underwear**, in **Winter** Weights, soft to the skin, like silk, in Union Suits, Vests, Pants, and Trunk Drawers.

Agent for Fox's Spiral Puttees, dark and light shades. Try the Khaki "Imperial" Puttees, "All Wool," Woven, 6/11 pair.

JUST RECEIVED.—Genuine "Bedford Cord" Breeches, with Real Buckskin Strappings, **Tailor-made**, and latest U.S.A. Cut, 60/- pair.

SPECIAL PURCHASE—100 pairs Smart Breeches, Leather Strappings, 40/- per pair. Just the thing to wear on leave, and to take back to Canada. **ASK TO SEE THEM!**

Leather Wallets, from 1/6 to 15/6 each. Good Value for Cash Prices.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

LOOK OUT FOR

SPECIAL PEACE SALE

IN A WEEK OR TWO'S TIME.

Sensational Bargains in all Departments.

Large Stock of Tea and Pantry Cloths, also Towels, from 1/3 each.

A large assortment of Travelling Trunks and Suit Cases. As there will be a big rise in the price of these, make your purchase at once.

MY PRICES ARE RIGHT, AND THE GOODS are "JAQUE."

N.B.—PLEASE NOTE ADDRESS—
CORNER ESTABLISHMENT, 3 DOORS FROM THE PICTURE PALACE.



QUEEN'S HALL SEAFORD.

Twice Nightly at 6.30 & 8.30.



Buy

Fred Spencer's New Song,
"Fine and dandy all jake."

Copies may be obtained at the
Queen's Hall Box Office,
1/- each.

Two Popular Hotels in Central London

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Thackeray Hotel

GREAT RUSSELL ST., LONDON, W.C. 1.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Kingsley Hotel

HART STREET, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE
LONDON, W.C. 1.

These well-appointed and commodious Temperance Hotels will, it is believed, meet the requirements, at moderate charges, of those who desire all the conveniences and advantages of the larger modern Licensed Hotels.

These Hotels have Passenger Lifts, Bathrooms on every floor, Lounges and Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard, and Smoking Rooms, Fireproof Floors, Perfect Sanitation, Telephone, and Night Porters.

**BEDROOM, BREAKFAST, and ATTEND-
ANCE, per Night, per Person ... from } 6/6**

Telegraphic Addresses:

Thackeray Hotel— "Thackeray, Westcent, London." Telephone: Museum 1230 (2 lines).	Kingsley Hotel— "Bookcraft, Westcent, London." Telephone: Museum 1232 (2 lines).
---	--

Tele. 128.

HOADLEYS Ltd.

Military Outfitters,

Facing the Station. **SEAFORD.**

Try our Noted Swallow Trench Coats.

Always in Stock—

Ties, Caps, Collars, Socks, Kid Gloves,
Underwear, Field Boots,
Dreaches, Fox's Puttees.

*A large Selection of Men's, Ladies' and
Children's Boots.*

Real Good Value and a large Selection.

Wolseley Valises, Kapok Valises,
Kapok Interiors, Folding Beds, Pillows,
Haversacks, Buckets, etc.

DELIVERIES DAILY.

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

BROAD STREET, SEAFORD.

Foreign Business Transacted.

Hours: 10 to 3.
Saturdays, 9.30 to 12.30.

WILLIAM OXLEY,

Confectioner,

LUNCHEON & TEA ROOMS.

4, Clinton Place, Seaford,

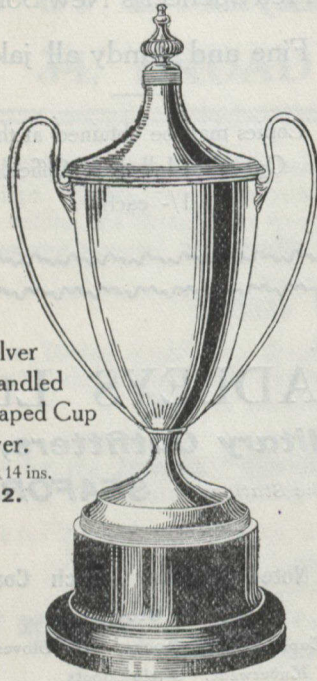
and

3, Chapel Street, Newhaven.

When ordering Goods, please mention "The Canadian Sapper."

JEWELLERS

TO H.M. THE KING.



Solid Silver
Two-Handled
Vase-shaped Cup
and Cover.

Height 14 ins.
£12.

Sports Trophies & Prizes

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company's collection of Cups, Bowls, and other articles suitable for Sports Trophies and Prizes are most comprehensive, and the prices are most moderate. Complete selections suitable to all occasions will be sent carriage paid, at the Company's risk, or a representative can call if desired.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have no branch establishments in Regent St., Oxford St., or elsewhere—in London or abroad—only one address—112, Regent Street, London, W.1.

THE
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS
COMPANY LTD with which is incorporated
The Golden Age Alliance Est. 1781.

112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. 1

AMERICAN PLATELESS DENTISTRY.

Highly Recommended by the Profession.

Special arrangements made for supplying or repairing Artificial Teeth in a few hours to Members of H.M. Forces on short leave or Country Visitors.

Treatment Painless. Consultations Free.
Hours 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Moderate Charges.

Mr. G. MURRAY BARKER,
10, Duke Street,
Manchester Square, W. 1.

(Near Selfridge's)

TELE. MAYFAIR 1959.

CANA **GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY** DIAN

Expeditionary Force!
CONSULT US.

REDUCED Rail and Ocean Fares!
WHEN going on Leave!
WIVES and dependents at Special Low Rates!
ASSISTANCE with Passports.

PATRONIZE

Canadian Govt. Railways

(Your own Line.)

TRAVEL BY GRAND TRUNK AND
GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAYS

via PRINCE RUPERT to

VANCOUVER and VICTORIA, B.C.
COSTS NO MORE!

Learn and see new parts of Canada.

EUROPEAN TRAFFIC OFFICES:

LONDON, S.W.1—17/19, Cockspur St. (Trafalgar Square)
LONDON, E.C.3—44/46, Leadenhall Street.
LIVERPOOL—20, Water St. GLASGOW—75, Union St.

FRED. C. SALTER, European Traffic Manager.



VOL. II. No. 12.

JANUARY, 1919.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

The End. By Major G. R. N. Collins.

At last the struggle of four years has resulted in the complete overthrow of that enemy who aimed to rule the world. The end came with a suddenness that left the whole universe speechless with wonder at the change in a few short months. The apparent defeat of the Allied Forces in the middle months of 1918 proved to be a sign of strength, and not weakness, for it meant that the Allies were prepared to accept battle in the open. It was the transition from trench warfare to the war of manœuvre and decision. History has asserted the right to repeat itself, and this great war has ended as all wars must end, in a fight between the nations, and not between machines. Many contributory causes compelled Germany to make a dying effort. There can be no doubt that her trained soldiers knew the risk of waiting longer, and at best merely hoped for a stroke of luck to give a chance of the victory which was lost in 1914, but which was equally unattainable in 1918. Germany saw the future that confronted her, if the Allied effort had been allowed to develop its full striking power, and wisely decided to cut her losses. The suddenness of the debacle has obscured the real facts of the Allied victory. Germany has made many attempts to break the Allied lines, using many divisions in her efforts. Her assaults against Ypres, Verdun, Champagne, and Amiens, had been productive of few tangible results, but were the cause of heavy losses, which she found it difficult to replace. The growth of the British Army had been such as to change the balance of power, and she found herself held by a force superior in morale and equipment, which more than counterbalanced any numerical weakness. The entry of the United States, and more particularly the rapid assembly in France of the American Army, gave the Allied Forces power to strike when and where they pleased. Germany saw her danger, and struck her blow for victory in an attempt to split the Anglo-French Armies. This movement was strategically sound, in so far as it was the only hope for the German High Command. To pierce the line elsewhere would have meant merely another salient, which would have been gradually closed. To sever two forces, speaking different languages, and particularly to force them away from their lines of communication, as she hoped to do, would have enabled her to deal with the weakest part—in this case, the French Army—before turning her concentrated force against the larger part. She failed in her purpose, however, and having spent her last energy to no effect, she gave up the struggle under the most humiliating conditions that any nation has ever accepted.

It may be well to turn to the other side, and see whether this was merely accident or design. It was a matter very much in doubt in almost every mind during the black months of June-September, but we know now that it was design on the part of Marshal Foch. Much has been said regarding a unified command, although it is one of the elementary rules of war that the command must be vested in one man. As soon as the Allied powers had gained sufficient strength to attempt to force a decision, Marshal Foch was placed in command, and a plan, previously considered and carefully examined, was put into effect. It is no discredit to Marshal Foch to say that the plan was the joint production of the best of the Allied military brains. Plans of such huge dimensions as those entailed by the employment of millions of men, necessitating the supply of all material needs under changing conditions, are not the result of a moment's brilliant inspiration, but the product of a council of soldiers occupying appointments of administrative, as well as combative nature. The execution of those plans required a genius who could calmly gauge the situation and decide when each move should be made. We were fortunate in having one of the most brilliant tacticians and strategists as our leader, who was supported loyally by a staff of efficient generals but little inferior to himself. That he would fulfil all that was expected of him was certain to all who had studied or followed his great work as Chief of the "Ecole de Guerre" (School of War) in France.

To come back to the situation. We had arrived at the stage when we could confront the enemy with a highly trained and equipped army, sufficient to justify a decisive battle being forced. How was that decision to be forced? There were two methods: the first by smashing our way through a serried line of entrenchments, and the second by accepting battle in the open and manœuvring for position. The first entailed a costly and slow method of attack, which could be met by enemy resistance from the heavy fortifications which he had prepared. Many fondly imagined that the fortifications constructed on both sides were impregnable, and that the war must end in stalemate. To reflect for one moment seriously, one would at once recognize that constructive machinery had never obtained any but a temporary supremacy over destructive machinery. As the engineer developed his resources, the artillerist developed his destructive weapon, so that it resolved itself into a mathematical problem as to the amount of the one that would negative the other. The loss that must occur from retaliation, however, would always leave the attacker at a disadvantage, since much

of the strength of the defender could be hidden until the decisive moment arrived.

The first plan was, therefore, considered too costly. To accomplish the other, it was necessary to either advance through the enemy lines or allow him to advance through ours. The latter was decided upon. One trained soldier, reading the dilemma of the other, saw that he was looking for an opening, and it was decided to give that opening on the Soissons-Rheims front. Marshal Foch, therefore, drew his enemy to that front by skilful and ostentatious manoeuvre, and then gave instructions to certain units to evacuate their front before the advancing enemy. This completely upset the enemy's plans, and he found that where he had struck with the greatest energy, his blows fell on space, whilst where he had prepared for light resistance, he encountered heavy forces. The result was that his plans fell into a chaotic state. He would have withdrawn if he could, but as soon as he attempted to do so he found his enemy attacking him, and he was compelled to again engage. He then began to look for relief, and struck his blow at Amiens. All that happened there it is impossible to say now, but for a time he met with success, but so well was the local situation handled that a temporary reverse on our side was speedily adjusted, and the enemy now found himself engaged on two fronts, and unable to gain a decision. He then launched his third attack in the north, but again he met with failure. People who had begun to view the war from a particular village, having a personal interest, began to doubt the result, but the enemy had at last been dragged into the open. His losses were terrible, and division after division was drawn from his reserve, but *not a single division was drawn from the Allied strategic reserve*, until the Allied forces had arrived at ground suitable to their Commanders. This aspect is hard to accept, when one thinks of the heroic stand of our glorious Armies in the line, but it was their duty to exhaust the enemy, and bravely they did their task, suffering heavily in the performance. Their heroism, however, left our reserve forces intact, properly organized and equipped, and ready for that advance which soon commenced.

The enemy at this stage saw that he was out-maneuvred, and began to look to his rear. He saw his lines behind him, but now found it impossible to garrison the old line. He had to shorten his line to gain a reserve of man power. In the presence of an unbeaten enemy, he began that most difficult of operations—a rear guard action. He used every artifice to shake his enemy off, but before he could establish himself firmly, he found his positions turned. Using the fortified areas of pre-war days (fortified because nature and commercial development made them naturally strong positions), as pivots around which to manoeuvre his force, he skilfully withdrew his troops, sector by sector, rallying them on these natural positions; but always that relentless pursuit, which Marshal Foch had so often taught in his lectures, followed.

The enemy successfully withdrew over a portion of his journey, back to the Antwerp-Metz line, which would have given him a reserve of men behind a strong position, but he had arrived at a stage where further retirement meant a temporary lengthening of his line, and he could not free it. General Ludendorf retired at this time, and it is the opinion of the writer that it was because he refused to undertake any further responsibility, since he considered the movement dangerous, that that retirement took place. He would have seen another great danger in the south, where a great French

and American Army was assembled, ready to break through Lorraine into German territory. This would have meant a gradual penning up of the German Army in the north, with one main railway only, leading into Germany. It meant complete and hopeless defeat, and the unconditional surrender of the whole German Army. Military defeat!!! Germany chose to avoid that by negotiation. The other fronts showed equal activity, but the Western Front showed the fall of the master mind of the Central Powers, and economic conditions had made her Allies negligible quantities, anxious to save what they could from the wreck. With the collapse of Germany, the whole fabric collapsed. The surrender is of too recent date to require recapitulation, but one element stands out quite plainly: *Germany has not yet realized defeat*. That lesson must be brought home to her. Has she some motive behind her arrogance?

What of the future? Germany undoubtedly does not consider herself beaten. Her talk; her surrender of a fleet "for a while"; her plans for immediate resumption of business. Are these merely the results of the peculiar psychology of the German mind, or do they contemplate re-establishing their position? It is no idle conjecture to assume that the Germans hope to reap some future benefit from possible disruption in the Allied countries, either from a conflict of interests or from internal revolution. German agents are to be found everywhere, and naturally enough, they bear no label of identity. Whilst Germany has trouble with Bolshevism, as compared with her eastern neighbours, her revolution has been of a most orderly nature. Organization of her forces still seems possible, whilst administrative matters seem to be directed by skilled hands, hardly consistent with a revolution in a country which has always been subject to a central governing body, with an extensive machinery covering the whole of its territory. Will the Kaiser come back? He will not come back if the Allied peoples retain their heads, and support the nation, but if there is any sign of weakness or division of authority, he will come back, and quickly confront us with a new German Army. We have the right men to lead us, and all we want to do to get the full benefit of our victory, is to "Carry on" with "Business as usual." Unfortunately, it was necessary to mislead the enemy in regard to our Government leaders and political conditions, but it has had an effect upon our own people. The Army knows what has been done; it has seen the wonderful effort of the Empire; it has heard the plaudits of our Allies, and is, therefore, the factor which should leaven the masses as a whole. It is the duty of the soldier to support the Empire that won the war. The old sleepy Britain that became the greatest and strongest commercial and financial nation, and which has won the war for the world, does not need any changes in its system of Government. It gives us all the right to live in absolute freedom; we are masters of our own faith; we can claim the full value of our services, and refuse them to those who will not pay the price; but we only harm ourselves when we claim that which we have not earned, or a value which we have not produced. When you hear a man or woman grousing about "being kept down," you will invariably find that that person has neither ambition nor industry in his or her making. That person would scorn to bear the name of "Bolshevik," and yet the title is correct, in so far as it is from that seed that the plant grows. There is far too great a tendency nowadays to demand the maximum wage for the minimum labour, with the inevitable result that the cost of goods must increase, whilst the commercial prestige of the country must suffer with resultant loss to all concerned. The

Bolshevik demands the removal of the man who creates industry, and the substitution of clever agitators, who care only for personal gain, and who neither offer nor institute benefits to the country which gave it. Bolshevism is Germany's hope of restoring the "anti status quo." By instilling it in other countries, she hopes to break their co-ordinated effort. The British Empire stands for all we hold dear, and means liberty and justice for all, with just reward for honest efforts by the individual. Crush the agitator and grouser, and stick your chin up, and tell the world at large that your proudest boast will always be that you were privileged to be—a British soldier in the campaign which gave freedom to the whole universe.

Imaginary Men.

The Sergeant-Major didn't approve of the way the corporal paraded his guard—three men.

"Let 'em know you're about!" he roared. "Talk to them—dress 'em as if they were in a Brigade!"

Then the Corporal, in stentorian tones, commenced thusly:—

"Guard—'shun! Right dress! Up one a little! Back a little, two! Up three a little! Carry that on to the left of the line! Up! Up! Up! Back, two, a little! Back a little the left half Battalion. Ey-ey-ses—"

But at this stage the guard arrested the corporal.



Apparition from dug-out : "What d'you want ?"

New Orderly Room Clerk : "I've come to pay you fellows. (Confidentially) Say, you'd better get that beard shaved off; the Officer will be around here soon."

Apparition : "Well, have you got any money for me ?"

O.R.C. : "Don't know. What's your name ?"

Apparition : "Tuckham" (Lieut. R.E., Officer i/c Advanced Dump.)



Col. Malcolm's Depot.

Lieut.-Col. Malcolm, the Officer Commanding, is the busiest man in camp. He has run the "Flivver" to death, chasing around the various divisional wings, superintending the construction of camps.

The men in the C.E.R.D. think him the "best out," after the way he fixed things at Christmas. It was the merriest little Christmas we have spent for a long time.

Lieut. Tom Rutherford is probably the next busiest man in camp. He is O.C. Concert Party, and a real star turn on the boards. He burns so many candles these nights, getting out new stunts, that Mike O'Leary, the Q.M., has cut the issue. Lieuts. Gallacher, Medlen, Linklater, and Melville, all keep a boot handy each night, so we think things will take a turn for the better soon.

Lieuts. Wilkes and MacLoughlin are sweating blood getting in returns in connection with demobilization. Mack. thinks he has put one over the other chap, after a certain little incident which happened on Christmas Day.

We learn with regret of the death, at a Base Hospital, from pneumonia, of Corpl. A. Allen, who was engaged on construction work at the Depot.

Several N.C.O.s have been unable to reach their units when returning from Blighty, chiefly owing to the movement of the Corps into German territory. We notice C.S.M. Reid, C.S.M. Pringle, Sergts. Gliddon, Potter, and Margaron amongst the crowd. Still, they have had a fairly sociable time.

CAMP CONDITIONS.—We have had our battles in the building up of this camp, in order to accommodate the large drafts arriving from Blighty. With weeks of rainy weather we have the usual mud and water, thick and deep, to contend with. However, to a considerable extent, we have mastered it. We have now an electric plant installed and running.

CONCERT PARTY.—On the night of December 22nd, our Concert Party, "The Mudlarks" (no reflection on the camp) gave an entertainment to a crowded house, under the direction of C.S.M. Scott. Included in the programme were Lieut. Rutherford, Sappers Lymburner and Towsley, who, in particular, kept the crowd intensely amused by their comic stunts and sayings.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Practically all the huts were decorated inside and out for the festive season. Encouragement was given in every way by the staff, and the Commanding Officer's prize for the best decorated hut was divided between a tastefully decorated hut in Lieut. Gallacher's Company, and the drivers in Lieut. Melville's Company. If Major Shergold, from Seaford, had seen the drivers' hut, he would have been tickled to death.

After disposing of a swell Christmas dinner, we held an old time amateur concert. There was "Big Chief," the Indian, in his war paint, who won second prize.

L/Corpl Branch put over two comic songs, which brought down the house, and also brought him first prize. Corpl. Torrest, the juggler, won third prize. Corpl. Goodson and Sapper Carphin put on a 3-round boxing bout, which was a scorcher from start to finish. Lieuts. Rutherford and Melville also told stories, etc.

The audience decided on the prize winners by shouting and cheering as the competitors walked across the stage. Each competitor sure got a good handout of noise.

The concert over, the Colonel and Staff joined the N.C.O.s at Christmas dinner in the N.C.O.s Mess.

BOXING DAY.—On Boxing night, C.S.M. Scott swapped concert parties with the Machine Gun Depot, with splendid results to both Depots.

SHOOTING.—A shooting competition is in progress at the time of writing.

SPORT.—The weather lately has been completely against sport, but the football team has managed to play a few games. We have a real good team of old Seaford men, including McIlveney, Kelly, Lynch, Keeb'e, Sadler, Boore, Sellars, and Lieut. Melville.

When the weather settles a bit an inter-Company soccer league will be decided; also an inter-Company basket ball league, so the boys shouldn't be stale for the want of sport.

A boxing tournament will be decided early in the New Year. A large supply of medals have been ordered, so the mitt swingers with the big punch will have something to take back to Canada, to show that they could deliver the goods.

Sergt.-Major Godby, Corpl. Goodson, and Sapper Carphin will handle the arrangements.

Major Lawson's Company.

"Der (Signals) Tag."

The air is tense, six hours hence
Is "the day" for which we've waited.
We're sure to dine across the Rhine,
Though very much belated.

The linemen rush so the juice will gush
Along the proper lines.
Though dangerous work, they never shirk,
And the short he always finds.

The sounders click, and extra quick,
For the operators know
That no delay must be to-day,
If we wish to beat the foe.

For lives and lands are in our hands,
We're trusted by civilians,
To smash the Huns, and with our guns
Eradicate their millions.



“We don't get much money, but we do see LIFE!”

With a swish and chug and a grimy mug,
 You see the D.R.'s pass;
 They do and dare, go everywhere,
 Through darkness, rain, and gas.

The 'phone men's jobs, good nature robs,
 To swear it makes them prone;
 Yet always have to spread the salve,
 And others' faults condone.

Hello four nine, say, watch your line,
 You're safe down in the dug-out;
 Your party's gone, I'll call anon;
 And then he jerks the plug out.

Then business doubles, as well as troubles,
 It almost has him bested;
 He pulls a bone, then, to atone,
 Says, "Jake, your line is tested."

Then swiftly dart the cable carts,
 With fifteen miles of wire.
 On the lonesome pine they string the line,
 Regardless of the fire.

For speed, I'll bet you've never met
 A circus rider swifter;
 I've seen it whirl at sixty per,
 Till a fifteen incher biffed her.

The O.C. Lines then quickly finds,
 The line is somewhere dis.
 He can't find where, so tears his hair,
 For something's gone amiss.

"By Gum," he cries, unto the skies,
 "We've lost the bloomin' war;
 We can't get through, we're up the flue,"
 So he hunts for human gore.

It looks as though, in arf a mo'
 We've lost our reputation,
 When our General bold, to the Major strolled,
 And saved the situation.

Says he, with a smile, "I'd give a pile,
 To lick that Hunnish lot;
 But now I see it cannot be,
 There's something I forgot."

At half-past four, with a team from Corps,
 A game of ball we play.
 So let the drive, instead of five,
 Be held another day.

From threatened grief 'twas a great relief,
 So the O.C. laughs with glee.
 And he says in jest, "I think it's best,
 Amen, so let it be."

W. G. STOREY.

The Smart Draftee.

(Reprinted from *The Veteran*).

In submitting to his returned brothers-in-arms this little satire upon married life *v.* death, the author wishes to make a few explanations:—

Firstly, "R.D.G." stands for Regimental Depot Group, where the casualties, such of them as are able to walk, are sent to be allocated to "jobs" in England, or for return to Canada, according to the nature and extent of their injuries.

Secondly, the draftees like to make use of the "old timers'" canteen, because they learn a lot about the front line, and get divers stories related to them, which raises in them a spirit of emulation.

Some home-tie usually develops between men who have never seen each other, but have known someone who knew someone else who was married to so-and-so who was a first cousin of Bill Smith's of Canned Meat Corners, Ontario, or elsewhere. However flimsy the pretext of friendship, photos are freely shown of the girl, or the missus and kids ("Gee, aren't the kids fat?" etc.). Then the draftee, becoming fully trained, is ordered to France, and sorrowfully takes leave of his "old timer" friend. The "old timer," knowing what the poor draftee has got to face, wishes he could take his place. These, then, are the facts that led to the following verses being written by an "old timer," who contributes, when he has time, soldier stories, etc., to *The Veteran*.

Two soldier lads in the canteen sat,
And the beer was flowing free.
And the question arose in their friendly chat,
As to what they would rather be.
For one was a war-worn R.D.G.,
The other a young and smart draftee.

Now the draftee lad had the most to say
(I've noticed draftees are built that way),
And he spoke of his horses, his grain, his farm,
And he told of his girl and her infinite charm,
And a photo he showed to the R.D.G.
Of the maiden who loved this smart draftee.

But the R.D.G. didn't care one jot
For the farm, or the grain, or the girl he'd got.
"When I volunteered," he remarked, "my friend,
I had money to spend and money to lend;
But the years are long—I've been serving three!"
"Then more fool you," said the smart draftee.

"I'm a pauper now," said the R.D.G.,
"But I've done my 'bit,' and I plainly see,
That I'll never be rich in this world again;
I've been paid with sorrow and scars and pain.
Still, I've got no right to grouse, you see,
I'm alive!"—"So am I," said the smart draftee.

"Well, well I remember near Ypres town,
When the Fritzies shells were a-thundering down—"
"Oh! To hell with the war," said the draftee smart,
"What price leaving home and a nice sweetheart?"
"Well, I did that too," said the R.D.G.
"And I had to come," said the smart draftee.

The talk swayed this way and then swayed that
As the soldier lads in the canteen sat,
One nursing his wounds and the fights he'd fought,
The other the loss of his fun and sport.
But before they left they were chums, you see,
For the R.D.G. liked the smart draftee.

The moon shone pale on a summer night,
And the band played cheerfully,
For a draft was leaving to join the fight,
And solemnly sad was the R.D.G.
As a hand he shook, he wished 'twas he
Going back in the place of the smart draftee.

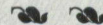
Oh! we all have heard of the Hun advance,
How our boys retired o'er the fields of France,
How they fought to the last in the o'erwhelming sweep.
Well—one who is sleeping his last long sleep
Is the kid who was chums with the R.D.G.
With his face to the foe fell the young draftee.

A Canadian town was ablaze with flags,
While the town band murdered the latest "rags,"
'Twas a welcome home from the land o'er-seas,
Of the wounded and war-worn R.D.G.
And to meet him there came with expectancy
The sweetheart who once loved the smart draftee.

Nowadays on a farm where the cattle roam,
Where the grain grows high round a prosperous home,
The R.D.G. in the evening breeze,
Sits and indulges in memories.
An aged and care-worn man is he,
This friend of a long dead smart draftee.

The sun sinks low in the western sky,
The birds to their nests in the green trees fly,
The voice of the shrew comes from out of the shack,
"Hey, Bill, come in or I'll break your neck";
And Bill obeys, with a wish that he
Could exchange once more with the smart draftee.

H. MACKNIGHT.



Those Civvy Clothes.

We all have our eyes on those civvy clothes, and look forward to the day when we shall don them and walk into the office of the patriotic employ, and "demand" a job as one of the boys. In theory he should at once hand you a billet, but what about the financial side of the transaction? Sentiment will neither fill your stomach nor pay dividends. Can you offer a return in services which will justify your claim to a job? If you cannot, it is time to start thinking about it, and get bushed up in your job. By the way, have you reached your ambition yet? Do you want to get a better job? If you do, you must "produce the goods," or there will be nothing doing. Khaki College offers you a chance to learn anything of use to you, either in farm, factory, or office, and it costs nothing. Come and see what others are doing. There is a splendid reference library, open day and evening, at Sutton Place. Look it over, and see if there is something useful, and whilst there look the class list over. You will find something there that just fits your job. Remember it costs nothing, the Government pays whilst you learn. Join when you like, and leave when you like. There is no compulsion. Ask the Officer i/c Education in your unit to tell you all about it. The Khaki College is the place where the men who are going to make money assemble and spend their time getting ready to put on better civvy clothes and earn bigger salaries. The ladder of success has rungs made up of study and industry, and Khaki College has a lease of them all, but they are free to you.



Canadian Official Photograph

Canadian Engineers trying to stop the fires spreading at St. Quentin, which were started by the Germans before they left the town.

War Service Gratuities.

Scale of Rates.

The policy adopted by the Canadian Government with reference to the amount to be paid all ranks of the Canadian Forces on discharge, is now announced.

The scheme adopted authorises the grant of a "War Service Gratuity" in place of what hitherto has been termed "Post Discharge Pay." The amount is graduated up to six months' pay and allowances, exclusive of subsistence allowance, allowance in lieu of rations and quarters, and messing allowance, and is determined according to length and nature of service.

SERVICE OVERSEAS.

For service overseas the following regulations apply:

All ranks who have served at any time overseas—which means on the strength for pay and allowance of some recognised overseas establishment—who were on active service at the date of the Armistice, the gratuity is:—

For three years' service or over.—183 days' pay and allowances.

For two years' service and under three years.—153 days' pay and allowances.

For one year's service and under two years.—122 days' pay and allowances.

For less than one year.—92 days' pay and allowances.

If 31 days' pay and allowances is less than \$100 where separation allowance is issuable, then \$100 will be paid in place of every payment of one month's pay and allowances.

If 31 days' pay and allowances is less than \$70 in the case of a man without dependants eligible to receive separation allowance, \$70 will be paid in place of every payment of one month's pay and allowances.

For those who served at the Front in any actual theatre of war, and were discharged prior to the adoption of this gratuity scheme, its provisions are made retro-active to the beginning of the war.

SERVICE IN CANADA.

The regulations applicable to service in Canada are:

All ranks of the land forces on the strength on the date of the Armistice who have not served overseas receive:—

For three years' service or over.—92 days' pay and allowances.

For two years' service and under three years.—61 days' pay and allowances.

For one year's service and under two years.—31 days' pay and allowances.

Service of less than one year does not draw any gratuity.

The same provisions will apply to service in the Canadian Naval Forces.

Any "Post-Discharge Pay" paid under previous plans will be deducted from the amount of the "War Service Gratuity."

As the official announcement makes no discrimination, presumably the gratuity is payable on discharge in England as well as Canada. The text of the Order-in-Council has not yet, however, been received from Ottawa. No official decision has been come to as to which members of the O.M.F.C. may receive discharge in this country.

GREAT WAR VETERANS' ASSOCIATION SATISFIED.

Mr. R. M. Stewart, Dominion Secretary-Treasurer of the Great War Veterans' Association, in a statement published in Canada regarding the war gratuities, says (according to the *Daily Record*) that the Government is to be congratulated upon having taken such generous action, which means that the men returning from the Army overseas will be placed in an independent position for a sufficient length of time after their discharge, to enable them to find employment for which they are most suited.

Therefore, without taking into account the considerable balance of deferred pay which the majority of returning men have to their credit, it can safely be said that no returned man who is willing and able to work will suffer any hardship whatever when he comes back to Canada. He will not be a suppliant for labour and forced to accept unsuitable employment at low wages, in order to ward off starvation. He will be able to choose employment where the remuneration will be commensurate with his ability, and the service performed.

In this matter, Canada has treated her soldiers and sailors more generously than any other nation, and nobody can complain of unfairness. The allowance, in fact, is much more generous than we anticipated.

Demobilisation Arrangements.

CORPS TROOPS TO GO HOME AS UNITS.

Sir Edward Kemp, Minister Overseas Military Forces of Canada, states that plans have now been made and approved providing for the demobilisation of the Canadian Corps by units.

Every unit of the Corps will be allotted to a dispersal area in Canada. *Personnel* of existing units will be re-distributed to units of their own arm of the Service,

in accordance with the dispersal area to which they desire to be returned.

The remainder of the Canadian Overseas Forces, such as the lines of communication units in France, and the units in England, will be returned home on the draft system in accordance with the system of priorities laid down in the general scheme of the Demobilisation Committee. As many of these drafts as possible will be sent back at the present time during the progress of the Armistice. The remainder will be returned concurrently with units of the Canadian Corps in due proportion, the lines of communication troops being brought over in drafts according to their groups to the concentration camp in England, and despatched to Canada along with *personnel* of similar groups from this country.

Officers with the Canadian Corps will be permitted to return with units with which they are serving.

CANADIANS IN IMPERIAL FORCES.

The following important statement of policy has been received from the Demobilisation and Resettlement Department of the Ministry of Labour (8, Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, London, S.W.1), in reply to an enquiry from *Canada*, with regard to the demobilisation of Canadian officers serving in the Imperial Forces:—

"The Department is prepared to take special steps to secure the early demobilisation of such men, provided there is reasonable ground for believing that employment is waiting for the men concerned. No special form of application has been designed to meet such cases, but the Department will give careful and sympathetic consideration to any applications received, whether from the officers themselves, or from persons interested in them, provided that the applications in question are vouched for by the Agent-General [High Commissioner] for the Dominion of Canada, or by other responsible parties who are in a position to verify the facts of the case as stated.

All applications for passages for ex-officers and other ranks who have proceeded from abroad and joined the British Army, and who have terminated their service, and are entitled to conveyance to the place whence they came, should (says an Army Council Instruction) be submitted in writing direct to the Officer i/c Repatriation Record Office, Winchester, as from January 1st, instead of to the War Office or Record Office concerned.

GEN. CURRIE PLACED IN CHARGE FOR FORCES IN FRANCE

Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. W. Currie has been placed in charge of all demobilisation arrangements for the entire Canadian Forces in France, which include, in addition to the Canadian Corps, the Canadian Railway Troops, the Canadian Forestry units, lines of communication troops, hospital units, etc.

In this duty General Currie will have as his assistant Brig.-Gen. J. L. Embury, G.O.C. Canadian Section, G.H.Q.

Plans are now in progress for the demobilisation of the various Divisions of the Canadian Corps, which at the moment are somewhat widely separated between Brussels and Bonn in Germany, in an area about midway between Boulogne and the Rhine.



Canadian Official Photograph

Dangerous work : Canadian Engineers looking for mines in Cambrai, outside barracks used by the Germans. Note the German sentry box on the right.

The Canadian War Pictures.

The two exhibitions of Canadian war pictures are attracting a great deal of attention in London, both on the part of the public and on that of the Press. The amount of space devoted to them by the latter is an index of the importance of the exhibitions, and the degree of appreciation and criticism aroused is a tribute to the boldness of the Committee of the Canadian War Memorials Fund in selecting artists of such high standing and such varied styles.

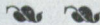
In conception and in variety of execution the exhibition at the Royal Academy is unique. While, of course, of high artistic importance, its primary object is historical presentation. Therein lies the difficulty, and the snare of the art critics. They either forget or fail to appreciate the exhibition at its historical value, and spend their ink in criticising the pictures merely from the conventional art standard, as if it were one of the Burlington House annual summer exhibitions, and in so doing they seem to us to have missed the main

significance of the collection. Canadians will see in it a wonderful tribute to the tenacity and sacrifices of their soldiers, and a priceless national collection, for which they are indebted—as for so many things—to the foresight and energy of Lord Beaverbrook, Officer i/c Canadian War Records.

It is hardly to be expected that all of these pictures will find a place in the National Pantheon which will be erected at Ottawa. Commissions have been given to painters, in the hope that some aspect or incident of the war in which Canadians were engaged might, when treated in their particular style, prove worthy of a place, and thus preserve for future generations specimens of the various schools of art in the Mother Country in the days of the great war. That the pictures were painted during the progress of the war adds enormously to the value of the collection, and much credit must be given to Officer i/c Canadian War Records for this. He accepted the responsibility, and found the means through the earnings of his department. It was, perhaps, a natural step to the man who, in spite of many obstacles, sent Canadian cinematograph

operators to the Front, and proved the great value of photographic propaganda. The wonderful use of colour photography made by his department is to be seen at the Grafton Galleries. Here the men themselves and their descendants for generations can gaze upon the actors in the great war. These wonderful photographic enlargements will be among the most popular and treasured pictures in the Canadian Pantheon.

It is to be hoped that an exhibition of the best specimens of arms and trophies captured by the Canadian Corps will be seen in London before they are shipped to Ottawa, and the people of the Old Country will then have seen most of the chief exhibits which will furnish the Pantheon at Ottawa.



The Design of Beams, Joists and Posts,

as used in ordinary buildings, simply explained.

The purpose of this article is to explain in simple language (without going into mathematical formulæ) the methods used by Designing Engineers in arriving at the sizes of the common timbers used in building construction.

This introduction to the subject is very elementary, and has been written with a view to encouraging the ordinary tradesman to look a little below the surface of the materials he is handling, and with a little further investigation he will soon be able to use his materials economically and with greater confidence, thus allowing him to act for himself when anything unusual turns up.

The writer will be pleased to answer any enquiries that may be made on this subject, and all communications should be addressed to "The Editor, THE CANADIAN SAPPER."

Design of Single Beams and Joists.

The design of beams is always carried on with reference to the extreme fibre stress (referred to in text books as E.F.S.)

This stress may be taken at 1500 pounds per square inch when using Douglas fir, and 1000 pounds per square inch for cedar.

The joists and beams of dwelling-houses are commonly designed for a live load (moving load such as people moving about, shifting furniture, etc.) of 50 pounds per square foot, in addition to the weight of the floor and plaster as dead load. Partitions resting on a floor which are not supported by posts below must have their effect calculated and allowed for in the dead load.

It is probably near enough for most designs in dwelling-houses to take the total load as 100 pounds per square foot, made up as follows:—Live load, 50 pounds per square foot; weight of floor and plaster, 14 pounds per square foot; allowance for live load impact, 36 pounds per square foot; total, 100 pounds per square foot.

The length of a beam or joist is to be taken from centre to centre of the walls on which it rests.

The width of the loaded floor strip, which is carried by each joist, is the same as the spacing of the joists.

The load on the joist per foot run will then be 100 pounds, multiplied by the joist spacing divided by 12 inches.

Example.

Assume joists to be at 16 in. centres
∴ load per foot run = $\frac{100 \times 16 \text{ in.}}{12 \text{ in.}}$ = say 133 pounds.

The greatest bending moment for a floor joist supported at the ends and loaded uniformly will occur at the middle, and will be:—

Load in pounds per foot run \times square of length in feet $\times 1.5$ inch-pounds.

Example.

Joist 13 feet long between centres of bearing walls and placed at 16 in. centres, loading as for dwelling-houses.

Bending moment in centre = $\frac{133 \times \text{span of joist squared} \times 1.5}{2} = \frac{133 \times 13 \times 13 \times 3}{2} = 33715$ inch-pounds.

Section Modulus.

Having found the greatest bending moment in the beam or joist, divide same by the extreme fibre stress which is allowed. The quotient will be the necessary section modulus of the joist or beam you must use.

For a common timber beam the section modulus is $\frac{bd^2}{6}$ or breadth \times square of depth $\div 6$.

6

Example.

The modulus of a 2 in. \times 6 in. joist is $\frac{2 \times 6 \times 6}{6} = 12$.

The following gives the modulus of the more common scantlings of timbers used in buildings:—2 in. by 4 in. joists is $5\frac{1}{3}$; 2 in. by 6 in. joist is 12; 2 in. by 8 in. joist is $21\frac{1}{3}$; 2 in. by 10 in. joist is $33\frac{1}{3}$; 3 in. by 12 in. joist is 72; 4 in. by 6 in. joist is 24; 6 in. by 6 in. joist is 36; 6 in. by 8 in. joist is 64; 8 in. by 8 in. joist is $85\frac{1}{3}$; 8 in. by 10 in. joist is $133\frac{1}{3}$; 10 in. by 10 in. joist is 166 $\frac{2}{3}$; 10 in. by 12 in. joist is 240; 12 in. by 12 in. joist is 288.

It must be noted that the section modulus will vary if the beam is turned so as to lie on another face.

Thus, if a 4 in. \times 6 in. beam is turned so as to lie on its broad face, the modulus will no longer be 24, but only $\frac{6 \times 4 \times 4}{6} = 16$.

6

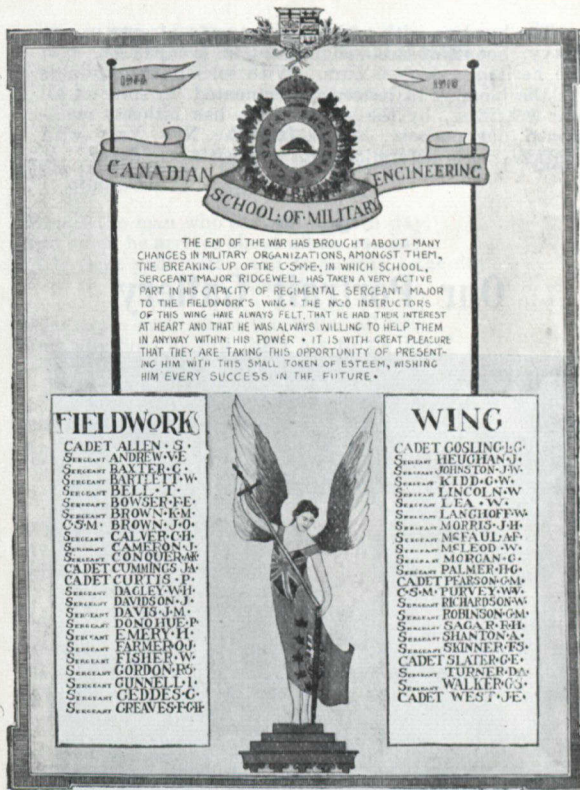
If we now take the case of a 2 in. by 8 in. fir joist resting on walls 13 feet apart, centre to centre, and carrying the usual load for a dwelling-house, we have for the greatest bending moment in the joist

$$\frac{133 \times 13 \times 13 \times 3}{2} = 33715 \text{ inch-pounds.}$$

Dividing this by the section modulus of a 2 in. by 8 in. joist, which is $21\frac{1}{3}$, we find we get 1580 pounds per square inch for the extreme fibre stress, which is going too far. For safety we would use a 2 in. by 10 in.

In the next issue we hope to publish a further article dealing with the deflection of beams, and give some details regarding the design of simple posts, etc.

LIEUT. W. B. YOUNG, C.E.,
"D" Company 2nd C.E.R.B.



Facsimile of a Testimonial to R.S.M. Ridgewell .

Swinging the Lead.

The primal object of the not too ambitious soldier, as every military victim knows, is to "make hospital."

Secondary tactics include, of course, staying there as long as possible. This, I am aware, is merely stating commonplaces and universally accepted homilies. Nevertheless, they lead us to the debateable ground of the application of principles.

There are several approved and fairly reliable methods, but it must be conceded that this worthy field of human ingenuity has been imperfectly recognized.

The final plane of eminence is reached (in this process of applied charlatanism) when you effect your discharge. To accomplish this is to be the oracle of your kind. This, however, is not always attainable, as some doctors are notoriously unreasonable.

The chief mental essential apparently is a supreme contempt for the dignities and obeisances that the medical world arrogantly claim for themselves.

One very successful hospital profiteer of my circle, for instance, assured me that medical science comprised little else than a motley collection of crocodile lettering, dogs-ear hieroglyphics, mystery bottle worship, and parchment skin verbiage. This, perhaps, was a slight overstatement of the case, but nevertheless, it formed the touchstone of his brilliant career.

Then I recall another singular case of a man who, by cleverly introducing foreign matter into a wound, delayed the healing considerably, and to the envy of every other occupant of the ward. Buttonholing me, he pungently remarked that expelling germs followed along the same lines as driving black beetles from a barn.

Another informant on this rather abstruse science (popularised as "lead-swinging"), in a scathing invective on the medical profession at large, illustrated to me how its more troublesome enemies were those who were most informed members of their profession. This failing alone saved them from admirably planned impositions.

This was exemplified in a case where a masterful scheme was frustrated within measurable reach of success. A soldier, an impeccable character, exasperated with his Sergeant-Major, and wishing to avoid an impending impeachment at the Orderly Room, "paraded sick" with a stiff knee. It got to a board; two doctors had just diagnosed it "Compression on the timpheneal," when another asinine fool kicked it from behind and exposed its meretricious nature.

A luminous guide on the eternal enemies to the advancement of human progress and knowledge!

But doctors, it appears, taken on the whole, are easy fry.

Certainly, their vocation cannot boast the individual courage and skilful subtlety needed in successful "lead swinging." Another very cherished acquaintance of mine secured a B2 category by admirable means.

Parading sick in the usual manner, he was ushered in by the irritated Sergeant to the human analyst, and the following duel in dialectics took place:—

"What's the matter with you?"
 "Can't walk, sir."
 "Why can't you walk?"
 "My feet pain me, sir."
 "What's the matter with your feet?"
 "That's what I have come here to learn, sir."
 "Oh! Show them to me. Don't see anything wrong."

"Nor do I, sir. But I can't walk."
 "Well, show me something, man; everyone has pain in their feet."

"Don't see how that affects me, sir. I haven't got anything to show you, sir, but I can't walk."

This meant a Board. Now, mark the sequence, and the delicacies of the study put into practice.

One very learned doctor in the circle suddenly remembered having read or heard about the vagaries of "Trench fever" leaving it occasionally in the direction of the pedal extremities, and all that remained to be done was to call it a long name, regain dignity, and mark the supplicant B2!

Experts in this art of duping doctors evince a lofty contempt for the unimaginative addeplate who resorts to those obvious and exploded deceptions such as soap and cordite, etc.

I have even heard them declare that in scabies and dental treatment there was something petty and ignoble. Insufferable trifles will creep in, and one fly often spoils a lot of ointment.

While paying a high compliment to the *personnel* of this distinguished society, I must admit its precarious rules, for there often happens a "rift within the lute."

A poignant example was furnished by a dear friend of mine, who reported for spinal trouble, and got put in plaster of Paris for six months.

This was a regrettable loss to the Royal Society of Lead Swingers.

J. HADDON ROWAT.

Sir Robert Borden's New Year Message

TO THE PEOPLE OF CANADA.

We enter the New Year upon the morrow of the most startling and significant events ever chronicled in the history of humanity. During the past two months great empires have been disintegrated, Governments founded in absolutism have crashed, nationalities long held in bondage have been emancipated, new nations and with them untried international relationships have sprung into existence.

The victory which has been won by the forces of liberty and justice, makes possible a higher and more enduring victory, which will secure to a war-desolated world the solemn and certain assurance of lasting peace. Unless that assurance can be given and fulfilled, our present civilisation rests upon unstable foundations. Centuries of slow and painful progress have culminated in a world-wide struggle, rendered infinitely more terrible by the advancement of science, and by increased control over the forces which nature has placed at the disposal of mankind.

The approaching Peace Conference must, in the first place, address itself to the establishment of a new world order of peace. That proposal is confronted by difficulties and complexities, which it is almost impossible to over-estimate. So to control the material and territorial ambitions and jealousies of nations, that their power and influence shall be held in trust for the common purpose of maintaining the world's peace, and of punishing lawlessness or aggression by any recalcitrant State, is a task of almost incredible difficulty. Yet the sacrifice, the suffering, and the sorrow through which humanity has passed, imperatively demand that this nobler victory shall be won.

Attendant upon the task are a score of questions not easy of solution, and involving economic, financial and territorial considerations, each of sufficient magnitude and intricacy to engage the full attention of the approaching council of nations.

The deliberations of the Peace Conference will touch closely the present and future interests of Canada at almost every point. For that reason, and because it was urged upon me by the highest authority that terms of peace were already under consideration, I arrived in England more than a month ago. Since then I have been closely occupied with my colleagues in deliberations respecting the conditions of peace, and in preparation for the approaching Peace Conference. Four years ago our country, absorbed as it was in internal problems of development, was inevitably brought into a conflict which vitally affected the destiny of the Britannic States. The deliberations now in progress for assuring the world's peace are thus of infinite concern to us as to all nations. I realise that my duty as Prime Minister demands my close attention to the internal affairs of the people, who more than a year ago entrusted me with so high a mandate; but I am convinced that during these deliberations, or at least until definite conclusions shall have been reached, my first duty to my country demands my presence here. As Canada has worthily and unselfishly taken a proud part in the struggle now happily ended, so must she take a not less worthy and conspicuous part in achieving the results without which her sacrifice, and that of all the nations, would be meaningless.

The burdens with which the future confronts us are heavy, but they are insignificant in comparison with the heritage which is ours. With solemn thankfulness for the blessing of peace, and animated, in spite of all war-weariness, by the spirit which has hitherto maintained our purpose, let us face the New Year with courage, with determination, and with confidence.

—Canada.



Our Portrait Gallery.



Photo

[Swaine

COLONEL DUNBAR.

Graduated from R.M.C., June, 1909; honours in French. Granted commission in R.C.E., June, 1909. Attended Young Officers' Course, S.M.E., Chatham, 1910-11. Attached "A" Signal Co., R.E., Aldershot, Dec. 1911—Feb. 1912. Instructional duty, Canada, Mar.-Dec., 1912. Assistant C.R.E., 3rd Div. Area, Kingston, Dec. 1912—Aug. 1914. Acting Adjutant, 1st Div. Engineers, Valcartier Camp, Aug.-Sept. 1914. Proceeded to England as Assist. Adjutant, 1st Can. Div. Engineers, Sept. 22nd, 1914. Proceeded to France, ditto, Feb. 1914. Adjutant, 1st C.D.E., Nov. 1915—Feb. 1916. O.C. 7th Field Co., C.E., Feb.-Oct., 1916. Adjutant, 3rd C.D.E., Nov. 1916, to Dec. 1917. Returned to England, Dec. 1917. O.C. 13th Field Co., C.E., Dec. 1917—Mar. 1918, then posted C.E.T.D. as Acting Chief Instructor, C.D.E., May 4th, 1918, until Nov. 1918, when posted O.C. 3rd C.E.R.B. Mentioned in despatches, Jan. 1917.

The Poet's Column.

About Me!

(This drifted in from Headquarters, but I can stand it.—Ed.)

Who is the man who calls on us each day,
And when he arrives about all he can say:
"I haven't your notes, and to-morrow's the day?"
OUR EDITOR.

Who is the man whom the ladies all love,
And why does he call them his turtle dove?
If there's hot air in Paradise, he'll sure go above,
OUR EDITOR.

Who is the man who drinks so much beer,
And chases with whisky when whisky's so dear?
We're really not sure, but we have some idea(r)
It's OUR EDITOR.

Who is it dashes to Brighton each night,
And returns in the morning before it is light,
And will spin you a yarn which no doubt sounds
all right?
OUR EDITOR.

Who is it longs to be home once more,
To see his dear wife, and his kids at the door?
Will he think of the flappers he knew by the score?
OUR EDITOR.

So long, Mr. Editor, you've sure done your bit,
THE CANADIAN SAPPER has made a big hit,
You've promised and kept it, and shown splendid wit.
ONE WHO KNOWS.

✻ ✻ ✻

A Perfect Day.

The soldier's dream of a perfect day,
Is a day when the guns grow hot;
As the valiant doughboys blaze away,
In the joy that the day has brought.

When the barrage lifts, in blank dismay,
The vanquished foeman runs,
With the steel at the end of a perfect day,
In the hearts of a thousand Huns.

The sailor's dream of a perfect day,
Is the day of a U-boat's doom;
When children, no longer the pirates' play,
Are safe from a watery tomb.

When the ships of the Allies put to flight
The German Navy's drones,
To rest at the end of a perfect day,
In the locker of David Jones.

The free man's dream of a perfect day,
Is the day when the foeman yields;
When the Belgian orphans romp and play,
In the peaceful Belgian fields:

When the Zeppelin raids for ever stop,
As the Huns give up all hope,
And the Kaiser takes a six-foot drop,
At the end of a perfect rope.

Apres la Guerre.

When the last red bully is opened, by a man with an iron nerve;
When the biscuits, hard as the stones in the yard, no more unto us they serve;
When the last rum comes for issue, and the war-worn veterans smile,
'Tis the nectar that makes you wish you could fly to that distant Isle.
That far off Isle of the Summer Seas, where no rushing whizz-bang screams,
Where there's no more jam, and no more cheese, but the rum flows down in streams.

When the last work party's finished, and the last poor sapper cursed;
When your N.C.O. is consigned below, for a grievance you long have nursed;
When the last bathmat is carried, and the last long stake is driven;
Your girl back in B.C. married, your best chum gone to heaven;
When the last shot has been fired, you may clean your battered gun,
Old Fritz will be dead, or retired, and you'll know that the job is done.

When they send us back, when the game is played, there'll be many left behind;
Where they lie at rest, on the green hill's breast, sweet flowers are there entwined.
Weep not for these, who have answered the call,
Who went with a smile so blythe.
But a handful of days, and then we all
Must bow to the Reaper's scythe:
Weep not for these, though so young to die, cut down by the iron breath,
Though far from their clear Canadian sky, they were faithful, aye, unto death!

When they take us back to our broad, clean land, for the years that may yet remain,
Far away from the mud, and scenes of blood, of the war-scarred Flanders' plain,
Let us live our lives till the set of sun, and the twilight hour shall come;
Forgotten the sound of the crashing gun, the roll of the martial drum.
But not forgotten these comrades grand, who have only gone before,
Who will meet and clasp us by the hand, far on the other Shore.

✻ ✻ ✻

That Beer!

Up to the knees in it,
Take a good drink of it,
Glorious, glorious Hun beer.

Why did he leave it,
If not to partake of it,
Honestly, honestly, real good cheer.

We all had a fill of it,
Even got sick of it,
Agreed, agreed: Perfect beer

Yarns galore came from it,
But music a misfit.
Curious, curious Hun beer.

A Worse Trouble.

Oh, dear, go away, with your wars and things,
Why come telling me of your Kaiser and Kings?
Your Bolos and Bolsheviks, Trotskys, and sich
Are nothing to me; I don't know which is which.
I mean no affront, but alas and alack!
I am lying in bed with a pain in my back.

Conscript all the wealth, it is nothing to me;
Conscript all the universe, corner the sea!
If people are starving, and coming to harm,
A big mustard plaster is keeping me warm.
Why grouse and declare that the day's looking black,
To a fellow in bed with a pain in his back.

Don't tell me the number and weight of our guns,
Nor how soon the Yankees will doodle the Huns;
The number of men they have mustered and how—
I'm mustard enough, and it's biting me now;
The blow de la-knock-out has come with a crack,
I'm lying in bed with a pain in my back.



The Canadian Sapper.

He may have been a rancher in the wild and woody
West,
With a bunch of yearling heifers of his own,
Or maybe just a "Puncher," breaking bronchos with
the rest,
Where it took a week to send a letter home.

He may have been a "Knut," holding down some city
job,
In a "hard-boiled" shirt, a "swagger," and a ring;
Or he may have been a "Bum," who had never earned
a "bob,"
Who could soak up gin and whisky like a king.

He may have been a "skidder," in the timbers on a
"skidway,"
With a belly full of hot fat pork and beans;
Or he may have been a showman, with a "line of bull"
down "Midway,"
With a troupe of laughing, dancing "fairy queens."

He may have been a barber—a Union man, too—
Who would talk "war" while he filled your mouth
with soap;
Or he may have been a deckhand on a "lugger" on the
"Soo,"
Who could make a Chinese puzzle with a rope.

He may have been a "flunky" in some "swagger" up
town "pub,"
Juggling plates and dishes for his tips;
Or he might have been in real estate, selling "good"
land in the "scrub,"
Making fools of other people by his wits.

He may have been a preacher, with his "trials and
tribulations,"
Who found it very hard to make ends meet;
Or he might have been a "cop," tired of perambulation,
And of standing like a dummy on the street.

He may have been a "Drummer," highly gifted with
the "gab,"
Who used to sell sugar by the ton;
Or he may have been a driver of a Ford taxi cab,
When petrol sold for twelve "beans" a drum.

He may have been a porter in a "sleeper" on the
"Trunk,"
An "Information Bureau" for the swells;
Or maybe just a "chucker out" of "inebriated drunks,"
In the bar rooms of the down-town hotels.

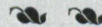
He may have been a miner, with a lust for hoarding
gold,
Who had worked his "Klondike" claim and failed;
Or he may have been a "stevedore" in an ocean
tramp's hold,
In some West Atlantic port before she sailed.

He may have been a trapper, who could stalk a cariboo,
Or could "call" a moose up to him in the dark;
Or perhaps he was a sweeper, or a keeper at the Zoo,
In some ornamental recreation park.

But they've dressed him up in khaki, and with British
made red tape,
They dill him out each month his 30 "greens."
They've put him on the grindstone, and ground him
into shape,
And fed him up on "Mulligan and beans."

And now he's out in France, in the mud way up the
line,
Making roads where angels fear to tread;
Building trestle bridges out of spars just lashed with
twine,
While the bullets sing and whistle overhead.

HAROLD F. MARTEN.



The "Whys" Men's Corner.

SAY, TELL US, NOW!

Why is the telephone always out of order when Capt.
Mason wants to use it? (D— this telephone).

If being employed in the Ross rifle factory is con-
sidered national service?

Who was the man who apologized to an officer when
asked why he did not salute, and said "I saw you had
a stick in one hand, and your coat in the other, so I
didn't want to bother you to salute me"?

If S.Q.M.S. Douglas has accepted the good job
offered him by the old farmer at one hundred dollars
a month? We understand this job had something to do
with camouflaging cows.

Who is the Staff Officer who must have been a great
chess player? (check) or is he thinking of the kind of
suit he will wear in civil life?

Where are all the rabbits that S.M. Carpenter was
going to bring back from Billericay? He certainly did
some shooting, but we think it was only the "bull."

Why was Sergt. Quinn so mad when Lambden was
sent to London instead of him? Why didn't the latter
spend the night in London? We know he is bashful.

If McKibbin fell in love with Hilda Glider when he
heard her song "Oh, Jimmy" at the Hip?

—❧— **ROUND THE DEPOT.** ❧—



MAJOR J. D. GUNN, 2nd i/c 3rd C.E.R.B.

If K.R. & O. (which prides itself upon its deep-rooted objection to words complimentary) raises no finger of warning, we will start this by saying that Major J. D. Gunn is one of the most popular officers among those who know him in the Camp. He came to the Engineers last Spring, and has been with the 3rd C.E.R.B. since the Battalion's formation, and was Acting O.C. from the first and during those often trying times when the unit was under canvas.

Major Gunn was born in 1880, and was raised a Westerner. In 1910 he became actively associated with military matters by accepting a commission in the 29th Light Horse, advancing to the command of "A" Squadron in 1911.

Early in the war he joined the Infantry, and in Aug., 1915, was appointed Second-in-Command of the 65th Battalion, and came to England with that unit in June, 1916. On the 65th being broken up, Major Gunn was

transferred to the 67th Battalion, with which he went to France in August of the same year. He remained with the 67th until April, 1917, when, on Vimy Ridge, he was wounded.

After spending three months in hospital as a result of his wound, the Major was given the position of senior instructor at the Canadian Pioneer School. Upon the absorption of the Pioneers by the Engineers, Major Gunn was transferred to the latter.

With the formation of the 3rd C.E.R.B. on Aug. 6th, 1918, he was appointed Second-in-Command and Acting O.C., which position he held until November 30th, when Lieut.-Col. J. P. B. Dunbar took over command of the Battalion.

In civil life Major Gunn is manager of the Saskatoon office of the National Trust Company, one of Canada's foremost financial institutions.



Headquarters.

We are wondering how many people have made New Year resolutions. No doubt it would be very interesting to read a few, if they were published in THE SAPPER. We found the following resolutions in the waste paper basket. Whether the person who made them intends to carry them out or not, we dare not say:

- 1 To do everybody, and, with a bit of luck, not to get caught.
- 2 To get a six days' leave with four days' extension every month. If not sanctioned, take it.
- 3 Hit up the paymaster every pay day for a little extra.
- 4 Get in on both sittings at every meal, and drop in occasionally at the cook house for a little Sergeant-Major's tea.
- 5 Go to Brighton as often as funds will allow.
- 6 Get back to Canada as soon as possible, or sooner.
- 7 Polish my brass twice a day (perhaps).
- 8 To wear red tabs in the next war.
- 9 Start work at 12 noon, knock off at 13.00 o'clock, with one hour for dinner.
- 10 If I get my discharge this year, which is doubtful, I intend to be summoned to my meals by bugle (a new job for the wife).

All we can say is, we hope the person who made these resolutions, will carry them out.

Most of us, after getting back from our Christmas and New Year's leave, feel very satisfied, but regret that the extensions are not twice as long as the leave. Some said the R.S.M. would never return, but he did, and full of the experiences of his well enjoyed leave.

We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of L/Cpl. Stenhouse, Sappers Abbott and Markey, who are now on leave, having fallen victims to the archery of Cupid.

Two of our tank drivers, Mac and Brownie, say they had a whale of a time in Scotland, although there is a very suspicious yarn about a lady's hand bag and a dinner. For further particulars, apply to Brownie, and prepare for a black eye, or return him four shillings, which he paid for the lady's dinner, who told the cashier she was his wife. The hand bag may be procured upon identification.

S/Q.M.S. Douglas is the only one left to go on leave. He has stayed with the job through Christmas and the New Year, and is now going on a well deserved leave. We hope he will enjoy himself, as we all have done, and no doubt there is still a little good whiskey left in Scotland for him.

We are sorry we are unable to print the latest photos of some of our staff, who, since returning from leave, have a longing for the kilt. By degrees they have secured the various parts of clothing, which go to make a Scotchman. We hope that some day we may reproduce a photo of Jock Cawthorne, doing the Highland Fling.

The band have had a pretty strenuous time during the holidays, and have, therefore, been unable to go on leave during the festive season. They will be going on leave towards the end of the month, and we hope they will have a jolly good time, which they thoroughly deserve. We hope Dolly Gray will not return before his leave is up, on account of financial difficulties. If there is a possibility of this happening, we will be only too willing to pass the hat around for him, or as an alternative, give him a few tips as to where to go and what to do.

Red, white and blue seems to be the colour to wear around the Depot these days. Seems quite good to see so many of the old boys still hanging on. We are sure they are very proud of their ribbon, and have been walking about on leave with their left shoulders well up.

Bill Hawkes has an application in to get married. The Sergeant-Major says that now so many men are getting married, he is going to start an institution for instruction on the duties of married life. The first subject to be dealt with is: What to do with the platonic friends which so many soldiers possess in various centres. The next subject is the various excuses which can be made and accepted when arriving home at indecent hours. A synopsis of the course may be had on application to the Stenographer's Office, C.E.T.C., enclosing 10s. as evidence of good faith. This course is said to be (by one who has taken it) the last word in matrimonial studies, and is guaranteed to beat Pelman, Christian Science, Mormonism, Smith Piggottism, or Beecham's Pills.

A large consignment of Christmas gifts from the citizens of Ontario was received about the 20th of December, and distributed among the various Battalions. Parcels consisted of cigarettes, tobacco, writing pad, and Christmas card. The gift was appreciated by all, and not only did we drink the health of Canada, but were able to smoke it with Canadian cigarettes and tobacco.

Our golf experts are still going strong, in spite of the rough weather. A great number of people think the idea of golf is to hit a ball with all your might, and if you find it the same day you have won the game. This is quite wrong, at least, so we are informed. On the other hand, it is said to be one of the most fascinat-

ing games. Although you are likely to get wet through occasionally, this does not take away from the pleasure, but, on the other hand, has a tendency to add to it.

The other day we heard a man saying that he didn't think he would care to play golf, as this was not the weather for having tea outside. He evidently didn't understand that the "tee" used in golf is not made in a pot, although they use a spoon.



Headquarters.

"Jimmy Stark" still persists in wiping his eyes, and again migrates to Londres, with a view of obtaining relief (?)

The R.S.M. is away recuperating, and Dimps Fullerton is occupying that seat of importance.

Quite a lot of stripes have been flying around, and Norton and Race grabbed one, completing their trio, while Crook and Baron and Jimmy also competed successfully in the scramble.

Lieut. McVean has left as manager for the C.E.T.C. Concert Party. Some hot hustler.

Several boxes of plum puddings arrived a few days ago, but so far have never put in an appearance at the Mess. Can we demand a court of enquiry?

The case of bilious attacktus that Ermu Sluggett had, was due to his negligence; and is therefore not entitled to a pension.

Lieut. Baxter has left to spin a line for the Canadian War Records. As he is past master in the Ancient Order of the Bull, we are earnestly assured of his success.

The R.S.M.'s clerk, Corpl. Gadesby, won the box of apples for his hut. Dirty work somewhere.

"A" Company.

The changes of late have been pretty big, and no one knows who's who.

The Pierrots, who are mostly all in "A" Company, gave a musical evening in No. 3 Canteen on Sunday, January 12th, Deneau, Smythe, and Smale obliging with songs, with Mayo, Holden, Howe, and Frenchie at the musical apparatus.

So Mac's a benedict—bless him.

Harvey Bonner (not a holder of the Mons riband) is now i/c meal parade. A fit job for a fit man.

Promotion is a great item nowadays, especially when 226509990 Sapper Jack Canuck awakes to find himself an Acting L/Cpl. without pay. Then he writes home:—

Dere Mother—I am now a lance korporel, and will soon be a general (nuisance).

Chevrons.

My, but the place seems quiet, with Doncaster and Smale away.

Lizzie Snider, our late wireless lizard, and "Old Bill" Trueman left for God's country on the 13th

How is married life suiting you, Mac?

What happened to "Ernie" at Cardiff? Had he a Jazz or a Jag—ask Race.

[Continued on column 2, next page]



LIEUT. CLIFF, "One of the Best."

For the second time in the history of this journal we have to record the retirement of the Officer in Charge. Lieut. G. H. Cliff, whose most recent portrait appears above, became Manager of *THE SAPPER* in June last, on Capt. Chetwynd's return to France. Lieut. Cliff was very well known in France as Sergeant-Major of the old 10th Field Company, and returned to England for his commission in the latter part of 1917. During most of the past year he has acted as Adjutant to "C" Company, 1st C.E.R.B. He proceeded to Canada *via* Panama on January 2nd, 1919.

"Buffy," as he was known to his intimates, had the great and rare capacity of making friends. His smile was slow in arriving, but it was infectious and human. He preserved an open mind, and welcomed all new experiences.

An Ontario boy, son of Ontario parents, he found himself in England without relations or family connections, and set himself to find out what was good in this historical island. He did not set up a definite standard of Western perfection and test English customs by it, but he tried to understand and appreciate them on their own merits, with the consequence that he left very many friends in this country who will miss him very much. As an officer he was efficient and thorough; in all matters calling for a decision his decisions were just. He leaves a very great blank in the office of this journal.—B.

Grace Darling is in our midst, and a new indent for A.F.B.252 has gone in. What for?

Does conducting duty entitle one old soldier to the 14-15 ribbon? Ask Harvey.

Fruit salts, Eno's.

Does anyone want a few chevrons, service or rank. Enquiries to Dimps, at Hut 32.

"C" Company.

The vitiating influences of gradual demobilisation continue to erode the vitals of "Cork" Company.

Most of the horses are gone; many of the officers, and most of the old N.C.O.s are among the missing—not lost, but gone before.

Notable among our losses is Lieut. G. H. Cliff, our genial and efficient Adjutant. With his characteristic gift of thoroughness, he has decided, after seeing England, to have a good look at Canada, where he has returned *via* Panama and Vancouver, to his home in Ontario. Good-bye, and good luck, sir!

Other chaps include the removal of such well-known figures as "Tiny" Shead, Sergt. Dickson, and our little mail clerk, Driver Ferrier.

As President Wilson says: "Thank heaven we've got a Fire Brigade—the Army's all gone to pot."

It is understood that Sergt. Gallagher (of Orderly Room fame) will, on his return to Canada, inaugurate a school for classical dancing. Those who have been privileged to witness his evening performances in the Orderly Room—especially when he is supported by the Editor of this magazine—will admit that his capacity in this direction is as boundless as his energy.

We would suggest to Corpl. Bell that Marcel waving is a thing that must be kept in good repair, and not allowed to deteriorate.

Why has the Orderly Sergt. suddenly changed his hunting grounds from Brighton to Lewes?

The O.C. appears to have had an exciting week end, and lost his moustache in the struggle.

BICYCLE for sale, perfect condition Apply Office of THE CANADIAN SAPPER.—Advt.



"F" Company.

We are to be the "Rah! Rah!" boys of our Battalion as we have the honour to be organized into the College Company of the 2nd C.E.R.B. When "F" Company was made the Khaki University Company, Major Collins, executive head of the Khaki University at Seaford, whose theory is that practically every man, if given an equal opportunity, would reach as great success as another, and that there are no men who cannot better their present conditions, if given the opportunity, and it was his keen judgment and ability to select proper men in each Battalion to be educational officers, it was the good fortune of the "educated F" of the 2nd C.E.R.B., that Lieut. J. W. Houghton was selected as Commanding Officer.

Realizing the importance of his responsibility, Lieut. Houghton immediately started to work. He is the right man in the right place—a man of unswerving integrity—if he says a thing he means it is so; if he promises, his promises will be fulfilled to the letter, and to the spirit. Another of his chief characteristics is his great power of concentration; he concentrates on everything he does. He is also a ceaseless worker, full of "pep" and "snap," and his enthusiasm is a thing to be reckoned with.

In a heart-to-heart talk to the boys, he made every one of us realize the responsibility placed upon us; that boys of "educated F" are determined not only to be the "pride" of the 2nd C.E.R.B., but of all Canadian troops in England.

The O.C. has filled us with the "do or die spirit," and through his actions we fully comprehend what we do in our college careers at Seaford is for our own individual benefit; that beating classes, indifference with our class work, continual tardiness at parades, means that we are to be dropped from the "educated F" Company; and the boys realize that it is a special privilege to belong to this Company. And, worst of all, we are to be returned to do "fatigues."

The Khaki Boys of the 2nd C.E.R.B. are determined to make "F" Company the Company of Seaford Camp, and prove our loyalty not only to the country and ourselves, but also to those who have gone to mother earth in this great struggle—by making Canada as great in peace as in war—and also to repay the debt of gratitude we owe to Major Collins, Lieut. Houghton, the executive staff and instructors of Khaki College, by applying themselves to the utmost with their studies, and when they return to their "civies," they will be more efficient than ever in their respective vocations.

Lieut. J. A. Tapley, Adjutant of the Company, though of a quiet unassuming disposition, is also on the job all the time, and is very courteous, has left nothing undone in his efforts to give the boys an opportunity to show what is in them, and he is confident that every one of them will make good. C.S.M. Bayliss and Corpl. R. E. Taylor also have done their share to make "F" Company's future one that will be recalled, both with pride and pleasure, when we return more efficient than ever to do our part in the reconstruction of the Great Dominion of Canada.

Capt. Cumming, former O.C., who enlisted in 1915, has returned to Canada to take up his work as Dominion Land Surveyor in the Peace River country. We regret his departure, as he was very popular, and an efficient officer. The Khaki Boys wish him the best of luck and success.



Headquarters.

The correspondent for this department last month wrote in lightsome vein of demobilisation. That is herewith cancelled.

Even so, the venerable breeze about life not being without its compensations, continues to hold good. The Headquarters Staff participated in an epochal event early in the month. 'Twas a clothing parade. New socks and jackets, S.D. and suspenders, and white ducks for *viâ* Panama, and—but the old underwood is rambling.

Scene: An old "Contemptible" on leave in London, meeting an American recruit.

Old "Contemptible": "Gor blime, what may you belong to, the Y.M.C.A.?"

Yankee: "Naw! The Salvation Army."

The concert arranged by the O.C. for the men of the Battalion, the other Friday evening, provided several hours of thorough enjoyment. The Tea Hut in No. 5 lines was comfortably arranged for the occasion, and was filled to the limit.

As for the quality of the performance (with proper regard for the attractiveness of the performers) nuff sed, with the simple record of the fact that officers who attended on Friday evening demanded early admission to the Saturday performance in the Officers' Club.

There is some talk going around of the gallantry of the Assistant Adjutant on Friday evening. Such things, though, we take for granted. It was a rotten night, if you will excuse our expressiveness, and ladies wear such frail shoes.

Another yarn. It concerns the allegation, or alleged allegation, of Lieut. E. I. Bolton, to the effect that Capt. W. Gathorne Hardy did, by illegitimate acquisitiveness, possess himself of a book of mess tickets, the property of the alligator, so to speak. It is further alleged that the aforementioned Capt. W. Gathorne Hardy did exchange or barter said tickets at the mess buffet for lemonade, which was distributed amongst non-dissenting witnesses, without regard to the claim or claims of the said alligator. But, as we have said before, such things are to be taken for granted. Anyhow, Capt. Hardy is off to Canada, and unavailable for interview.

Major E. S. Hill, regular of the R.C.E., and one of the most widely known officers of the Canadian Engineers overseas forces, is now on the strength of the 3rd Battalion. Of late he has been with the Air Board.

A large party from the Battalion had a realistic impression of life on a U-Boat on Saturday, the 4th inst. They marched to Newhaven to see the "sub" tethered there. Carrying no greatcoats, they imagined themselves submerged in the downpour that attended them *en route*.

No complaints from the Christmas dinner that the M.O. couldn't remedy.

The versatilities of Sergt. Bentley have been transferred from the B.O.R. to No. 4 Y.M.C.A.

Conscientious adherence to the well directed paths of duty and precedent compels us to insert a word with reference to leave. We refer, of course, to the Merry Christmases and Happy New Years, and all that sort of thing, you know, abroad, among friends and others. We wish to assure anxious readers that all report having had a good time, including the O.R.S., to whom one small special paragraph is allotted, thus:

After all, there is not so much out of the way—unless it be the place to which he was going—and that was so much out of the way, we understand, he did not reach it. However warm the hearts of folk top o' the land o' the heather, he suggests that the seas among the islands there are sadly lacking in composure, though grateful that the boat which he accompanied touched land while still above water.

Reverting to demobilis(z)ation. Discussion arises as to whether it should be spelled with "zee," "zed," or "esses." Correspondence invited—penny-ha'penny stamps enclosed.



Ill-conditioned chap, awaiting return to Canada, submits following somewhat censorious lines:—

Speak of the "Law's delays!"
 Ye gods—for the sear and yellow,
 Commend to me the ways
 Of the military fellow.

The office poet having gone out to raise the price of a haircut, we pass the foregoing with silent hauteur.

The permanent benefits to be derived from attendance at the Khaki College are strongly impressed upon men of the Battalion in an address given a few days ago by Major Collins, who is taking a deep interest in this somewhat unique branch of the military service. It will not be many months before the Canadian Overseas Army is disbanded, and its members returned to the problems of civil life, and, while to many these problems may not be strange, nor present serious obstacles, there can be none who actually ignore the advantages which come to those who show ambition and industry enough

to use all means to further their knowledge of whatever trade or profession in which they will become engaged. The Khaki College holds out an opportunity denied to many in civil life, not to speak of the valuable employment of time. It surely is a proposition worth considering by every man in the unit.

The subject is rather a painful one, therefore we will not refer at all to the case of the Orderly Room Clerk, who went to London on duty on Sunday, the 5th, and, having only a railway warrant for a pass, fell foul of the military police. Likewise, we will tenderly refrain from mentioning that he spent the night in custody. The staff were lighting their cigarettes on the remarks this clerk emitted from time to time the following day.

Let not these remarks close without reference to the fact that the Adjutant went on leave up to Scotland, a land of which he has had previous acquaintance (Auth.: Note accent) and spent Christmas there. For the benefit of all ranks, we lay emphasis upon the fact that he was back sharply on time.

"A" Company.

We are sorry to lose Lieut. N. A. Creeth from the Company, as we all have the best regards for him. Here's success to the late popular officer of "H" Company, when he returns to "civie" life in Canada.

What is the reason two N.C.O.s, late of "F" Company, now on draft for Canada, are buying oil of cedar?

Who is the new N.C.O. in "A" Company who likes to give P.T. in the early hours of the morning?

If C.S.M. Davis, of "F" Company, established the record for Orderly Room cases? And if he had only paid a visit to Hut 28, would he not have found sufficient cases to last until "Bob" Anderson came back? Duty and girls do not mix. Good old Jackie!

Sorry we have no more contributions for THE SAPPER. We have all our time taken up with preparing drafts for Canada. Just now, "A" Company is a great Company to belong to.

"B" Company.

"B" Company is bereft of news for this issue, conscientiously attributing the paucity to the fact that our correspondent is sojourning on leave in the Highlands of Scotland. We hope to have plenty of 'script for next issue.

We might add that we may also be able to announce that the Quartermaster had opened his heart and given this Company a "once over" through the "stores."

"C" Company.

We extend a hearty welcome to C.S.M. Bailey and the N.C.O.s from the C.S.M.E., who have taken over the Company.

Here's congratulations to Jimmy Reay on his recent marriage. May all his troubles be little ones.

The New Year's leave party has left us, and C.Q.M.S. Amyott was looking his best. One ticket for two, please. And, does it ever rain in Manchester, Joe?

There is a strong Scottish accent missing from the Orderly Room of late, but the Company is carrying on just the same. Whoever would have thought it, Charlie?

Who was the 6-foot N.C.O. who lost three feet of prisoner at Eastbourne recently? And did we hear the real reason?

Is it true that a certain N.C.O. was so soundly asleep in the Orderly Room at a comparatively early hour on Christmas Eve, that a combined effort failed to arouse him? Or is that not the "case"?

Apropos of marriage. A white minister had just married a coloured couple, and in a facetious way remarked:—

It is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we will omit it."

The groom was quite equal to the occasion, and replied:—

"It is customary for the groom to give the minister a five dollar bill, but in this case we will omit it."

Since when has the Bandmaster been entitled to a salute?

"D" Company.

Who will take over the duties of O.C. flagstaff when the sports officer goes home, and the "Y" Club is closed?

Did he have his key on a string at the Grand on New Year's Eve, or what did happen, really?

"E" Company.

The Company is going strong for marriage this month. Good luck to all.

Bugler Anderson, we understand, brought his young bride to Seaford on the 5th inst.

We wonder how the Major is going to get his other 95 per cent., and what football team he is going to play for in England?

Most of the Company are on leave, so there is not much that can be said until the next issue.

"G" Company.

We extend to all, wishes for a prosperous New Year.

What is the great attraction that our Orderly Room Corpl. finds in Edinburgh? Also our Orderly Corpl.? 'Ware, boys!

There is a certain N.C.O. whose name very much applies to that favourite song, "Grousing." Life is too short to be a grouse.

Congratulations to L/Cpl. Lorimer, who has recently entered into the matrimonial state. We wish him well, and the best of luck.

We offer our best wishes to a certain N.C.O. who recently became engaged, we understand, to a young lady at Croydon.

Who is the sapper who lost his heart to a fair young lady in Yorkshire? Now comes the news that it is all off. He is reading love stories at present, to pass away his lonely hours.

Our best wishes to Sergt. Kline and Corpl. Lighthall, who have returned to Canada.

Congratulations to our Orderly Corpl. who, upon his return to Canada, will have a fine daughter to welcome him.

We have an N.C.O. who is quite an expert tailor, making "new ones" out of "old ones."

Matrimony is becoming quite a serious thing among the boys. "Watch your step!" It is a long road home.

We would like to know why so many sappers take their leave to Scotland? Many rumours are afloat.

Who is the N.C.O. who cannot sleep at night for fear that that he will miss an A.W.L. "Go to sleep, my baby." Watch Night service is over.

We hope our Orderly Corpl. will issue invitations to the boys when he returns to Rochester. There should be "some" time.

"H" Company.

Does anyone know why the C.S.M. wears plaster over his eye? Is it a boil?

What did E—— say to the Imperial One-Star-Wonder, who checked him for not saluting? Was it fit for publication? And what did the girl think?

It must have been a clever girl who rolled —— for £5. He certainly should be able to instruct young soldiers on how to behave in town.

Our congratulations to Smithy. And in these hard times, too—with living so high. Name, please.

If someone does not find a job for Mr. Woollam, he will probably get that motor-cycle fixed up soon.

The runner wants to know where he can find Mr. McN. Can anyone furnish information as to his address or whereabouts?

Is the pump—not the beer pump—working at the Buckle Inn?

Surely some gold stripes should be coming to those men who were wounded in the battle of Seaford on New Year's Eve. Black eyes are poor substitutes.

At last that crown has come through! Now he wants to go to Canada. Who's greedy?

We have lost Lieut. F. L. Mitchell, our Second-in-Command, and our Adjutant, Lieut. R. L. Meek, but they passed out happily. Both are *en route* to Canada.

Corpl. at Brighton: "What do you want, the railway station?"

The cheerful Sergt.: "No, I've got all that I can carry."

It is rumoured that "H" Company is to be demobilised, and that it will become the Khaki College Company. Is the uniform to be caps and gowns? And, by the way, when will the C.S.M. wear his crown—the new one?



Suspended.

Some time ago, while stationed at a sports enclosure in the East of Scotland, I heard rather a witty retort on the football field, which was enclosed in the ground. By the side of the field a number of those dummies were strung up which are used for bayonet practice. A match had been arranged, and one of the sides had some difficulty in getting a team together, and appeared on the field a man short. One of the members of the opposing side said: "Take one of those men," pointing over to where the dummies were. Back came the reply: "Oh, we can't take one of those; don't you see they're all 'suspended'?"

The Trials and Observations of a Hut Orderly.

COMPETITIONS.

Most everyone at some time in his life has been induced to enter into a competition of some kind. Since time immemorial it has been the ambition of normal humans, to be top-dog in some line of endeavour. This tendency inherent in us was undoubtedly the cause of the introduction of competitions in umpteen years B.C. for the sole purpose of finding out who's who and why. Now, there are competitions and competitions, spectacular, as a rule, but in some cases, nauseating as in a beer-drinking contest. It is not my intention to tire my gentle reader with a treatise on the relative values of these nerve-racking ordeals, but to relate as correctly as I can, how Hut 22 won the cleanest hut competition.

Hut 22 stands in one of the finest residential districts of the North Camp. Being just two doors removed from the Tunnelling Company's Headquarters, and placed on the brow of the hill as it is, a commanding view can be obtained, both down the hill, and a good tract of the main road also. An ideal spot for parade-dodgers, etc. I think it is safe to say there has never been one caught while I have been Hut Orderly of said Hut. Where do I get my pull to get the job, did you ask? Ha! that's the point, but you can have it if you like—the job I mean.

When I took charge (sounds good, don't it) of this particular rampasture, I was elated, fair bursting with pride, the job being given me in consideration of my meritorious conduct during the campaign. But unhappy lies the head that wields the broom; sad times were in store for me, and, in my innocence, I couldn't see it. Now, I'm not partial to secrets, but, when the Orderly Sergt. came to interview me at my house-warming, entering most dramatically, in approved conspirators' style, with index finger raised in a beckoning attitude, reminding me somewhat of a cross-eyed kid looking at a half-sucked sugarstick, he managed to hypnotize me into one corner of the hut, and whispered this astounding information into my far too susceptible ear. Says he, "I'm not supposed to say a word, but I want to tell you that a prize has been decided on for the cleanest hut in the Lines for a week, and I would like to see you get it, as I have inside information that the prize to be given is 10s. and a pass." This was interesting. Would I try for it. Oh joy! I smacked my lips in the ecstasy of expectation, and with tears of gratitude dimming my eyes I wrung the hand of my benefactor, thanking him most effusively for his timely and kindly hint.

The ball was set rolling, and the beginning of the most agonising week I have ever experienced was opened up to me. The coaxing, the threats, and execrations delivered by me to the astonished inmates, in the effort to get them to leave their belongings *just so*, left me nearly prostrate.

Say, did you ever try driving a hog into a pen, and see him go any way but the way you wanted him to go? Then you will have a kind of an inkling of the job I had in hand. Is it any wonder a hut orderly wears that worried look peculiar to his kind. Would I succeed? Would Hut 22 carry off the honours? The suspense of that week was terrible. Far into the night I would lay awake in my little corner bunk, thinking and planning of the things I would do on the morrow, the

different types of men I should have to lick into shape, in order to rake in the mazuma, and always with that slip of a pass dancing before my eyes.

The pride I should feel within my manly bosom when at the appointed time I should be paraded in front of the entire Company, and after a speech full of heartfelt thankfulness by the O.C., be proclaimed the winner, and amid the resounding applause of my compatriot ground-hogs, be presented with my justly earned reward. From this point my thoughts would wander to the time I would have on leave, the girls I'd kiss, and the ones I wouldn't, and those who wouldn't let me get within a mile of them, however much I wanted to.

Ruminating this way, I would begin to slumber about two or three o'clock in the morning. Is it any wonder I'm a physical wreck? A whole week of this, and then Saturday, thou day of disillusionment, shall I ever forget thee? No! not though the heavens fall, or the troops get real butter in the place of margarine.

Revéille sounded at last on that eventful day. I can't remember when I've heard our bugler play such clear steady notes as he did that morning. I'm afraid I can't say as much for his efforts at "Lights out" that evening, but that is quite excusable, for none of us can be expected to be at our best on a Saturday night, though we may be feeling a bit all right.

But to get on with my story. I know you are anxious to know just how the competition came out, but not nearly as anxious as I was to know what would be the final result. Everything hung on the verdict of the Orderly Officer of the day. Would he consider my hut the cleanest, most bestest hut he had ever clapped eyes on; or would I have to take a back seat in the van of glory? That was the ever-present question uppermost in my befuddled thoughts. How it all came out you shall hear.

At the first note of the bugle I bestirred myself (a very unusual thing for me to do, I might add) and not wishing to hog all the joys of the "great red dawn" to myself, I proceeded to invite everyone else to rise and share it with me, being rewarded with very little thanks for my pains. I'll say one thing, though, when I did get those boys standing on their normal end, there was a generous response to my entreaties, and at the time of going on parade, everything was in its correct place, as old Hindenburg is fond of saying, all according to plan.

I was as conceited as a father of triplets, though not half so much worried. So when the Orderly Officer walked in, wearing an approving grin, I tried to remain as cool and unconcerned as possible, implying thereby that it was quite a usual thing for Hut 22 to be in such a state of perfection.

A sight for sore eyes it was, though "his nibs" never made any encouraging remarks to that effect; in fact, he hardly said a word, quite an unusual thing for an Orderly Officer, so deep down in my heart I knew I had won the day, and that fame and fortune were within my grasp. It was no surprise, then, to me when the hut was warned to parade in the lecture room after dinner, and, believe me, I lost no time in getting round there, arriving as I did, full of anticipation and Army mulligan.

What a sight met my gaze. A table with the customary blanket spread over it, draping itself neatly on the floor on one side, and with only about three inches hanging over the other, a tantalizing thing, it always makes me feel as if I would like to finish the job and help the other side over. But what is that lying on the table? You'll hardly believe it, but there was more real money spread on that little old table than I

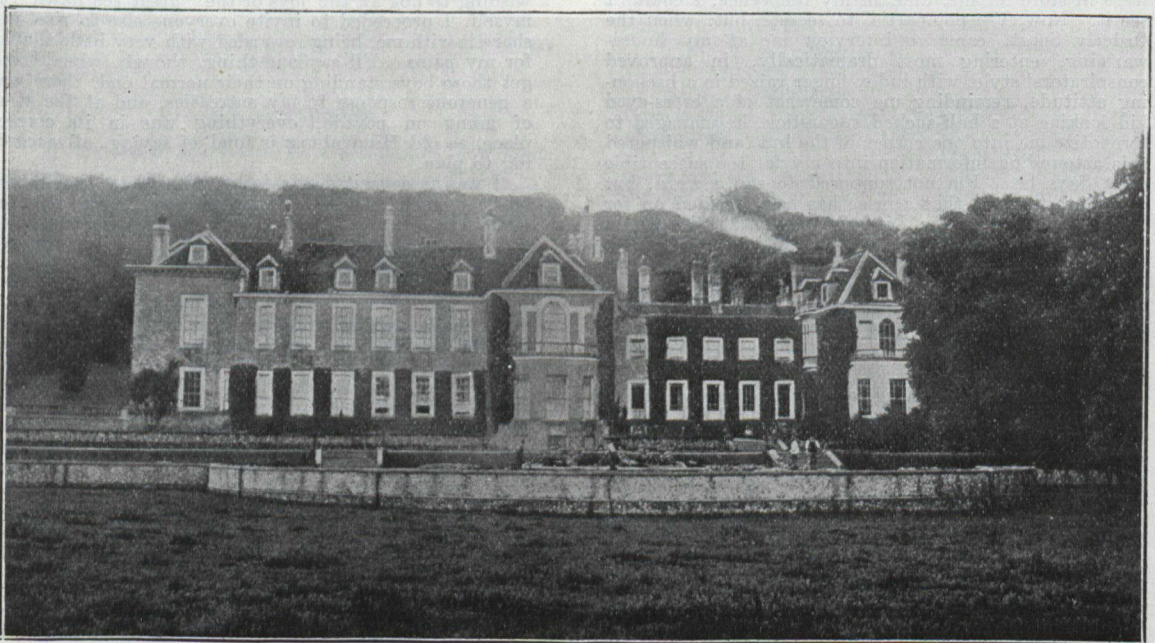
Continued on page 148

Bits of "The Little Old Island" Round the Camp.



"CHYNGTON," SEAFORD.

A building dating back to mediæval times, and believed to have formed part of a monastic grange in connection with Michleham Priory.

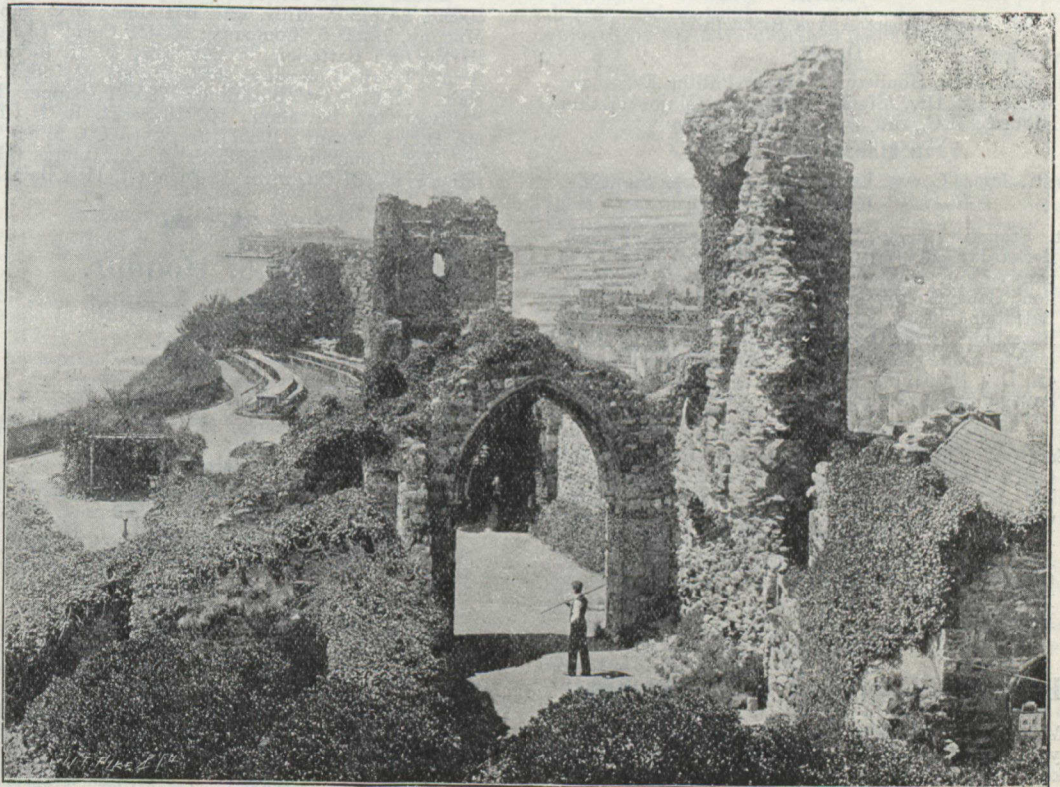


FIRLE PLACE, near Lewes, the Seat of the Right Hon. Viscount Gage.



THE AQUARIUM AND KING'S CLIFF, BRIGHTON.

"The rendezvous of the Fair and the Brave."



THE RUINS OF HASTINGS CASTLE.

ever saw on a crown and anchor board, and behind that again sat one of the cutest little officers you can imagine, at least, I thought so then. But I was left with very little time to feast my eyes on this wonderful sight, for before I knew where I was, half of the bunch were paid, and the other half were taking theirs, returning the regulation military salute, and while you wink, I was left standing alone.

"Name, please!" The time had come. What was it to be? Walking up to the table, I gave my best salute, supplying at the same time the required information. You can imagine how I felt when I was handed, what do you think? The large sum of tenpence, and up to date I've heard nothing further of the pass. Can you wonder that my faith in Orderly Sergeants is shattered? I haven't decided yet whether I shall cut my throat, or go and drown myself in the wet canteen.

SAPPER R. GRACIE.



New Year Honours for Engineers.

Companion of the Bath.

Brig.-Gen. Charles Johnstone Armstrong, C.M.G.

C.M.G.

Col. Alexander McPhail, D.S.O.; Major and Bt.-Lieut.-Col. William Beaumont Anderson, D.S.O.; Lieut.-Col. Stratton Harry Osler, D.S.O.

O.B.E.

Capt. Albert Angus Richardson.

D.S.O.

Lieut.-Col. John Houliston; Major Phillip Earnshaw, M.C., 1st Div. Signal Company; Major Arthur Hibbert, M.C., 3rd Tunnelling Company.

Bar to M.C.

Lieut. James Cowan Franklin, M.C., Corps Signals.

M.C.

Capt. Francis Murray Dawson, 8th Battalion; Capt. Bernard Cecil Hall, M.M., 3rd Tunnelling Company; Capt. Stanley Horace Hawkins, 10th Battalion; Capt. Arthur McIntyre Morrison, D.C.M., 6th Battalion; Capt. Anthony Meredith Reid, 2nd Battalion; Capt. Reginald George Saunders, Headquarters, 2nd Brigade; Capt. Stanley Morse Smith, 4th Div. Signalling Company; Lieut. Ezra William Savage, 3rd A.T. Company.

D.C.M.

71 Sergt. W. Fettus, M.M., 4th Battalion; 300623 2/Cpl G. D. Fielding, 2nd Div. Signallers; 115140 Driver W. R. Flinn, 4th Pontoon Brigade; 167046 C.Q.M.S. E. R. Goucher, 5th Battalion; 5405 Sergt. D. Kerr, 2nd Battalion; 14999 A/Cpl K. G. MacDonald, attached 3rd Brigade C.G.A.; 5757 C.Q.M.S. J. G. Waterfield, 1st Div. Signallers; 19480 Corpl. J. Winters, attached Canadian Cavalry Brigade.



Engineers Mentioned in Despatches.

Major A. A. Anderson, D.S.O., 2nd C.D.S. Company; Capt. J. E. Bell, 12th Battalion; Major E. H. Birkett, 2nd Battalion; Capt. G. W. G. Booker, 1st Army Troops Company; Major E. P. Brown, 9th Battalion; Capt. J. A. Creasor, M.C., attached H.Q., 3rd Brigade; Capt. P. B. Duff, 5th Battalion; Lieut. R. R.

Duffy, 11th Battalion; Major P. Earnshaw, M.C., 1st C.D.S. Company; Lieut. G. E. Full, 8th Battalion; Lieut. A. H. Garland, 4th C.D.S. Company; Major A. Hibbert, M.C., 3rd Tunnelling Company; Major F. O. Hodgins; Major N. J. Lindsay, attached M.T. Company, C.A.S.C.

Col. A. MacPhail, D.S.O., H.Q., 1st Brigade; Lieut. W. McD. Maxey, 3rd C.D.S. Company; Capt. W. T. May, 3rd Tunnelling Company; Lieut. T. C. McGill, 3rd C.D.S. Company; Major H. D. MacLaren, 3rd Battalion; Lieut. G. A. McPhillips, 1st Battalion; Lieut.-Col. S. H. Osler, D.S.O., H.Q., 2nd Brigade; Capt. F. M. Pratt, M.C., 7th Battalion; Capt. V. W. Price, 4th Battalion; Capt. A. A. Richardson, 2nd Training Company; Capt. H. L. Roblin, 5th Battalion; Lieut. F. S. Routley; Major K. Stuart, M.C., 7th Battalion; Lieut. D. A. Sutherland, 7th Battalion; Major K. Weatherbe, M.C., 6th Battalion; Capt. N. R. Wright, 10th Battalion; Lieut. J. A. Young, M.C., 1st D.S. Company.

2125 C.S.M. A. Bainbridge, 8th Battalion; 500110 R.S.M. W. F. Crowley, C. Corps Signal Company; 500112 L/Cpl. M. Davies, 2nd C.D.S. Company; 294 Corpl. B. Fletcher, 5th Battalion; 5118 Sapper (A/Sgt.) E. T. Hardy, attached H.Q. 1st Brigade; 45125 C.Q.M.S. F. S. Heys, 1st Pontoon Bridging Trans. Unit; 503512 Sergt. G. R. Hunter, 9th Battalion; 153 Sergt. R. R. Hutchison, M.M., 2nd C.D.S. Company; 104682 Sergt. J. Kinloch, 2nd Tram. Company; 19239 L/Cpl. F. J. Kyle, C. Corps, Signal Company; 45143 Sergt. A. F. Luck, H.Q., 1st Brigade.

629908 Corpl. J. McDonald, 4th D.S. Company; 504501 2/Cpl. P. Mills, 12th Battalion; 5711 Sapper J. Murphy, 1st D.S. Company; 503438 Corpl. (A/Sgt.) J. Parks, 10th Battalion; 500246 Sergt. F. H. Rayner, 1st Army Troops Company; 45200 Sergt. (A/C.S.M.) Sinclair, M.M., 1st Battalion; 793571 Sapper R. G. Sullivan, 6th Battalion; 500718 Sergt. R. H. Taylor, 4th D.S. Company; 108577 Sergt. (A/C.Q.M.S.) Telfer, 3rd D.S. Company; 76243 Sergt. A. Tolmie, 6th Battalion; 183881 C.Q.M.S. J. Turnbull, 11th Battalion.



Roll of Honour.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

[All Sappers unless otherwise notified.]

Died of Wounds.

504194 E. H. Williams, 3084349 W. J. Donaldson.

Died.

2006723 J. T. Sherlock, 255980 C. L. Cashmore, 264508 N. Russel, 2011685 H. E. Thompson, 3132339 T. H. Ilse, 636858 E. Boyce, 506773 J. Barron, 642203 M. J. Garlow, 153206 E. Johnson.

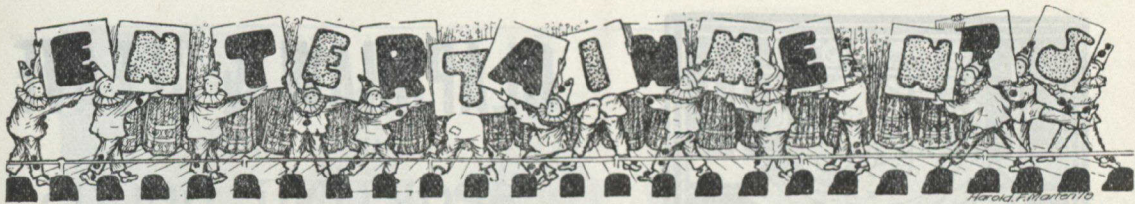
Wounded.

718770 T. Murray.

Back from Germany.

Lieut. S. A. Hustwitt.

503423 C. V. Harper, 503376 S. Carrol, 503313 T. Blakey, 2005552 P. Goguen, 503492 J. Miles, 503306 A. Paxton, 503430 W. Ross, 503296 W. Humes, 503219 T. Jackson, 503290 C. C. Miller, 503447 C. W. Sutherland, 503285 P. Anderson, 503317 J. Lundy, 503318 A. Kendall.



1st Battn. Grand Christmas Carnival Ball.

No. 4 Lines Canteen is, in all truth, a prosaic enough enough place at any time, serving its purpose, of course, admirably at all times, but I wish I could have transported every reader of *THE SAPPER* thence on Friday evening, December 27th, 1918, on the occasion of the Christmas carnival ball of the 1st Battalion.

The day bar had been transformed into a veritable fairyland, thanks to the untiring efforts of the charming manageress and her girl helpers. The finishing touches, comprising the lighting arrangements, stage, and stage effects, had been in the hands of Lieut. Stenhouse, "C" Company, and C.S.M. Stern and Corpl. Jones, "C" Company. The reading room had also undergone transformation—from the dull cheerless library into a comfortable buffet bar, furnished a la cabaret—with some party tables and basket lounge chairs galore.

The occasion was "Carnival Dress," and on the ladies' side generously responded to, so that at 9 p.m., to the strains of a dreamy waltz, charmingly rendered by the incomparable orchestra of the 1st Reserve Battalion, amid a wealth of leafy garlands and evergreen festoons, hung with Chinese lanterns, the boys of the Battalion with their Pierrot, Dutch Girl, Scotch Girl, Mexican, and other fascinatingly costumed partners, swung into the mazy glide of the first dance of the last ball of the year. The scene to the spectators looked, as it must have felt to the dancers, indeed a Victory Ball.

After the preliminary dances the boys' and girls' good spirits rose to a high degree, and laughter, fun, and seasonable handshaking, everyone wishing everyone else the best of everything, became the order of the evening. Col. Lawson, M.C., the O.C., arrived, and participated in nearly every dance on the programme.

The M.C., Corpl. Jones, D.C.M., "C" Company, was in his usual "dance" form, and in his inimitable way had the merry crowd singing during the "Just a song at twilight" three-step, a feature of his own, which, by the way, always seems to be thoroughly enjoyed.

Lieut. Stenhouse and C.S.M. Stern were indefatigable in their efforts to keep everything and everyone "going strong." Toe Trot, one-step waltz, and barn dance, were all too soon got through, and it was a hungry, laughing crowd that, after the supper waltz, gaily tripped into the buffet bar, where four busky Sergeants of the Battalion, assisted by the obliging Mrs. Holden, of the Canteen Staff, served up supper, consisting of tea, coffee, sausage rolls, ham sandwiches, cakes, fruit salads, blanc mange, custard, and every conceivable kind of jelly.

The second half of the programme was punctuated by a little speechmaking and the judging of costumes. The judging was carried out by Col. Lawson and Miss Gordon, niece of Col. Anderson, and the prizes awarded were as follows:—1, Miss Willett, Highland costume; 2, Miss Dofunny, Dutch Boy. First prize for men was decided by three Pierrot costumed boys flipping a coin. The speechmaking was by Corpl. Jones, when he asked

for a vote of thanks for Col. Lawson and Miss Gordon, for their efforts throughout the past season, in making every Battalion and Company dance a success. As the Corpl. put it:—Col. Lawson had been in every sense a great "sport" in helping along the sports and recreation of the men of the Battalion, and Miss Gordon no less a sport by gracing every occasion. The boys and girls evidently thought so too, according to the volume of cheering that went up, as, led by Corpl. Jones, the crowd "let loose." The Col. replied in a nice little speech, thanking everyone for their appreciation, and assuring them of his satisfaction that the dances had been a success, and finished up by humorously telling the assembly that he was going to give "this man 'Jones' 14 days for his verbosity—in London."

So time flew along, until the closing scene of the evening, when everyone, joining hands around the room, with great gusto sang the old refrain of "Auld Lang Syne," bringing to a close one of the most popular dances, and certainly one of the best evenings ever enjoyed by the boys and their lady friends.

THE JAY.

C.E.T.C. Concert Party.

The concert party was originally started in 1917, those responsible being R.S.M. Carpenter, Sergeants Doncaster and Darling.

After many disappointments, etc., the Troupe gave a ripper of an opening concert at the C.E.T.C. Cinema, at which Col. Anderson thanked the troupe for their efforts. From that time the party became a successful enterprise, playing successfully at Eastbourne, Shoreham, Brighton, Worthing, Basingstoke, Reading, London, and at the various local "Y's."


The main artists were "Chips" Carpenter, Doncaster, Darling, Gilbert, Hollis, Smale, Bentley, Armitage, and Garden, but R.S.M. Carpenter, owing to military duties, had to retire. Drafts then called some of the leading artists to play in a greater theatre—that of war, those being Armitage, Gilbert, Hollis, Garden, and later, our pianist, Lieut. Harris, whose talent is well-known to the boys.

Sergt. Darling, a hard worker for the Troupe, drifted away, but always remained interested in their welfare.

New artists joined, these being Howe, Deneau, Holden, Smythe, and Frenchie, also Wilson, who now form the main part of the Troupe.

Great praise goes to Sergt. Doncaster for the way he, with untiring work, energy, and talent brought the Troupe to the high standard of efficiency it has reached at the present.

The present party left for London, making their headquarters at the Beaver Hut, London, from where they will entertain our lads at the numerous London Y.M.C.A.'s for the next three months. Best luck.



And a good Judge,
too!

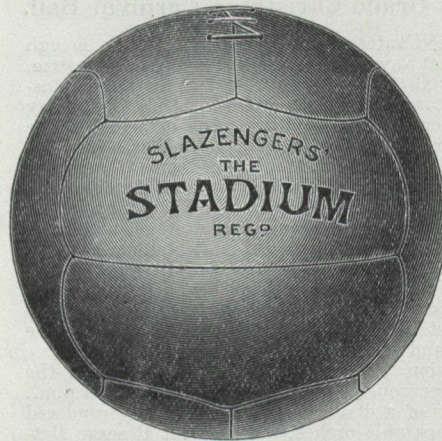
WHEN IN EASTBOURNE
I GO TO
**BERRY'S
RESTAURANT,**
Next to Hippodrome,
SEASIDE ROAD.

CLAPSHAW & CLEAVE

MANUFACTURERS OF

SPORTING GOODS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.



Tele.
103y Brighton

- Footballs
- Jerseys
- Boots
- Knickers
- Pads
- Goal Posts

3, Queen's Road, Brighton.

**PORTSMOUTH AND FREEMAN,
LADIES' OUTFITTERS,
MAISON NOUVELLE, SEAFORD.**

[ESTABLISHED 1812.]

LOWDELL, COOPER & Co.

Phone—
15 LEWES.

61 & 62, HIGH STREET, LEWES.

Telegrams—
"LOWDELL, LEWES."

All kinds of **HARDWARE. GARDEN TOOLS.**
* **CUTLERY. GENERAL STORES.**



C.E.T.C. Pierrots.

Back Row—Sergt. H. C. Smale, Spr. C. J. Wilson, Spr. A. J. Deneau, Spr. A. F. Bentley.

Sitting—Sprs. W. C. Atkinson, J. Howe, Sgt. H. Doncaster, Lt. S. H. Grant, Sprs. C. C. Pillington, H. W. Smythe, Spr. J. Holden.

C.E.T.C. Band.

Early in 1916, when the Engineers' Training Depot was stationed at Shorncliffe, Kent, its growth became very rapid. Large drafts were arriving from Canada, and the need for a band became apparent. Eventually negotiations were completed with Lieut.-Col. Towers, Officer Commanding 70th Battalion, for the transfer of *personnel* and equipment of the band of that unit. In July, 1916, the following N.C.O.s and men were transferred to the C.E.T.D. :—

Bandmaster J. G. Knipper, Corpl. J. Reading, Ptes. G. Bell, J. Cumming, W. Chisholm, G. Coleman, F. Grey, W. Hammett, P. A. Hanson, G. Jackson, P. Jeacock, T. H. Jones, J. May, F. Midgley, W. Marley, W. H. Perryman, P. Pinkham, E. Pendry, O. Ripley, L. Rydealgh, V. Sainsbury, R. Sargent, H. Toovey, L. E. Turney, W. Venneer, and G. E. Walker.

It was due to the efforts of Lieut.-Col. Harrison, Major Kilburn, and Lieut. Grant that the Depot was placed in possession of this talented organization of musicians. The first Band Committee was composed of Major Kilburn, Lieut. C. S. Osborne, and Lieut. A. E. Gregory. By agreement with Lieut.-Col. Towers the instruments were purchased outright for a sum of £200.

A Band Fund was organized, to which each officer in the Depot subscribed 4s. per month, and it was out of this fund that the instruments were purchased. Lieut. S. H. Grant had charge of the Band Fund until

he went to France, when the position was taken over by Lieut. F. J. Arrey.

That the acquisition of the band had filled a long felt want was apparent from the outset. The calls upon it were many, and as the Depot grew in size, that much did the work and usefulness of the band increase.

In July, 1917, a week's engagement was filled at the West Pier, Brighton. Large audiences gave an enthusiastic reception at each performance. Additional offers were made for further concerts, but just at this time orders were issued from London that in future bands of the C.E.F. would not accept private engagements except at Hospitals.

In November, 1917, the following members were selected to take part in the band representing the Crowborough Area, at the Lord Mayor's Show in London :—

Sergt. Reading, Ptes. F. G. Gray, R. Rounsefell, T. H. Jones, R. Moore, J. Ritchie.

Numerous concerts have been given at the various Hospitals in Brighton, Eastbourne, and Hastings; also at various military entertainments in the areas which the Depot has at different times been situated. That these concerts have always been deeply appreciated, whether by wounded men or men in training, is testified by the number of letters of thanks that have been received at Headquarters.

In November, 1917, Bandmaster Knipper returned to Canada. Bandmaster Gorse then took charge.

Coming as a casualty from the 1st Canadian Division, his wide experience in military bands, gained while in the Staffords and Duke of Connaught Rifles, made him a valuable acquisition. Sergt. Reading was an original of the 70th Battalion. Corpl. Griffin transferred from the 88th Battalion. Mention must be made of Sapper Cray, F.C., cornet soloist, whose splendid playing has always been well received. He has had a vast experience, having played in a U.S. Navy Band and in orchestras throughout the States.

Like most military bands, it has had many changes in its *personnel*, and it is due to the untiring energy of the N.C.O.s in charge that its efficiency has not only been maintained, but improved. The following became members since it was first transferred to the C.E.T.D.:

Corpl. A. G. Griffin, Sappers W. C. Aston, W. Cant, J. Chappell, A. A. De Jausserand, P. E. Gottlieb, R. C. Jary, H. McDonnell, R. Moore, H. Orr, S. B. Pascoe, P. Rounsefell, H. J. Russell, D. Sherett, T. J. Sullivan, and T. H. White.

At all hours of the day or night calls have been made upon the band to escort drafts and parties, to play for concerts or funerals, and that they have always been willing and eager to respond, and cheerful in the fulfilment of their duty, is the reason for the high esteem in which they have always been held by officers and men of the C.E.T.C.



The favourite question nowadays is: What is the trade to get back to Canada the quickest?



Rabbits.

BY THE R.S.M.

To preclude any possible misconceptions on the subject, let me here state very clearly that the rabbit is a very coy bird.

He (or she, as the case may be) inhabits holes known to the intrepid huntsman as "earths"—this is to prevent misunderstanding of a zoological nature.

These "earths" are variously shaped, and have a considerable range in sizes. Thus, providing one hole for ingress and one for egress, and the multiplicity of the underground ramifications of these earths, is almost beyond comprehension.

To such an extent is this true, that there is only one reliable method known to science for inducing one particular rabbit to emerge from one particular hole.

This is done by stopping up all the others, and introducing a jolly little fellow called a ferret to chase bunny out.

Ferrets are very funny creatures, sharing, in some respects, the characteristics of Sergeant-Majors. They will work if they have to, or if they are hungry, but they will hide and go to sleep if they get a chance.

The idea is to put in a hungry ferret with a great desire to dabble in rabbit blood (a nice warm, sticky, fluid) and he will chase the game out. It is always wise to have a gun with lots of shells loaded with No. 4 bird shot, in case you miss him with the nobby stick.

If you should actually fire at the rabbit this will probably have the effect of scaring him, and he will

promptly pour himself into another hole—presumably a "better 'ole."

You now adopt a new line of tactics.

You start by sending your ferret in, attached to a fairly long lanyard, where he will nose around till he finds the recalcitrant game.

He will then take a preliminary nibble at the rabbit, and you then pull him out and look at his feet and nose for rabbit tracks. If found, put him in again, and watch where the string goes to. It is then an easy matter to fall in a fatigue party and dig him out.

This method is messy, but sound and interesting, as it usually takes several hours. It usually has an exciting finish, as you cannot dig with your gun in your hand. You put it against a tree and man your shovel, with the result that Mr. Rabbit makes a sudden jump through your boots, while you make a jump at the gun—but you are too late, the only thing is to dig, so that your last stroke with the shovel cuts his head off, and thus makes sure of him.

It will be noticed by experienced sportsmen that the average rabbit has a white behind. This is merely a trick of nature, to enable all rabbits in a family to find the way home, the last in always sitting near the entrance as a guide to the next.

Without this beneficent provision of nature it would be almost impossible to attack these cunning animals in open warfare.

The Canadian Sapper

THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE of the CANADIAN ENGINEERS

Published by the Canadian Engineer Training Centre.

President and Manager—LIEUT. G. H. CLIFF, C.E.

Editor—DRIVER J. BUTTERFIELD.

Advertising Manager—DRIVER F. TUCKER.

- ☞ "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.
- ☞ Correspondents are requested to use one side of the paper only, and to post copy to reach Editor not later than the 6th of each month.
- ☞ Advertising rates can be obtained from the Office of the Magazine.
- ☞ Communications to be addressed to The Editor, "The Canadian Sapper," C.E.T.C., Seaford, Sussex, England.

George Brown & Co. Ltd.

TAILORS & OUTFITTERS

Regent House Eastbourne
Telephone 47

The GREEN TEA ROOMS PELHAM ROAD, SEAFORD.

*Coffee. Light Luncheons and Suppers.
Home Made Cakes a Speciality.*

Open—9 a.m. to 9.30 p.m.

CLINTON HAND LAUNDRY

5, CLINTON LANE, SEAFORD.

Soldiers' requirements specially undertaken.

Proprietor—C. JUPP.

W. BEAL,

26 & 28, HIGH STREET,
SEAFORD,

General Draper, Boys' and Gent's
Outfitter, and Military Stores.

SERVICE CAPS. SCOTCH WOOLLEN GOODS

Agent for "Meridian" Interlock Underwear

A Perfect Fabric for Sensitive Skins.

FOX'S PUTTEES. RUNNING SHOES.
KHAKI SHIRTS.

OFFICERS' HOSIERY.

AGENT FOR

THOMPSON'S, PERTH, HIGH-CLASS CLEANERS & DYERS.

Established 1887.

THE OLD FIRM.

CHAS R. A. WADE, 144, NORTH COTERD.
LONDON S.W. 11.

Photographer,

In North Camp, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.
Groups and individual pictures taken.

Post card size, 5/- per dozen, 3/- half dozen.

PHRENOLOGY. PROFESSOR and MRS.
SEVERN.

Daily at 68, West Street, and West Pier, Brighton.

Your talents, mental capacities, matrimonial adaptability,
right occupation, profession, etc. told.

25 years' practical experience.

The SUSSEX HOTEL

Cornfield Terrace,
EASTBOURNE.

Old Established First Class Family Hotel.
centrally situated.

Near Devonshire Park, Theatre, Sea,
Baths, etc.

The Hotel is well furnished, comprising a
good Coffee Room, Drawing, Billiard and
Smoke Rooms, and a well-appointed Res-
taurant open to non-residents.

THE CUISINE IS EXCELLENT.

For Terms apply MANAGERESS. Special
Terms for Officers.

Tele. 362.

Also GREYHOUND HOTEL, CROYDON.

Stationery . . .
 . . . **Books** . . .
 . . . **Printing** . . .
Fountain Pens . . .
Fancy Leather Goods

Sole Agents for—
 "IDEAL" LOOSE LEAF LECTURE NOTE BOOKS.
 Used by Officers, Instructors and Students. Re-fills for same.

—
H. & E. PORTSMOUTH,
BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS,
36, Church Road, SEAFORD.
 Opposite Station.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

GEO. PRITCHARD

AND SON,

56, EAST STREET,
 BRIGHTON,

Civil & Military Tailors
Expert Breeches Makers

—
Officers' Outfits at Shortest Notice.

Telephone P.O. 856.

Seaford Tea Gardens

BROAD STREET, SEAFORD

(Next door to General Post Office)

DINNERS. TEAS. SUPPERS.
 SPACIOUS DINING ROOMS
 (UPSTAIRS)
 CIGARS AND CIGARETTES.
 OXO AND MINERALS.

—
 Meals served on the Lawn
 in Summer-time.

Home Cooking at Reasonable Charges.

—
NOTE THE ADDRESS.

CANADIAN ENGINEERS BADGES,
ETC.

Cap Badges (Bright or Brown) 1/- each; Collar Badges to match 1/6 pair; Shoulder Titles, Brass, 9d. pair, Woollen, 1/2 in. or 3/4 in., 6d. pair; Gilt Enamelled Brooches, 2/- each; Brass Buttons, oat, 1 1/2 d. each, Jacket, 1/4 d. each; Officers' Buttons, 2/9 set post free; Officers' Grenades, 3/- pair.

Special Prices to Canteens for quantities.

HEMSLEYS (MONTREAL) 178, Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2.

THE CANADIAN SAPPER on sale each month.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Copies of THE CANADIAN SAPPER will be sent, securely wrapped, to any home, colonial, or foreign address, post free, at the following rates per copy:—

1 issue	England 7 1/2 d.	Canada 15 cents	France 85 cts
3 months	.. 1/10 1/2	.. 45 "	.. 2.50 fs
6 "	.. 3/9	.. 90 "	.. 5.00 "

P.O.s and cheques should be made payable to "The Editor, THE CANADIAN SAPPER."

CANADIAN PACIFIC

THE EMPIRE'S GREATEST HIGHWAY.

Operating over 18,000 miles of Railway, the Canadian Pacific has the most complete and far-reaching service, not only in Canada itself, but also for the United States of America and Alaska.

Return Rail Tickets at Single Fare issued to Canadian Officers and men returning to Canada on leave. Canadian Pacific Hotels are to be found in the chief commercial and tourist centres. Lands in Western Canada & British Columbia for sale at moderate prices. Money Orders issued and Parcels forwarded by Dominion Express to Canada and U.S.A.

Through Tickets at Lowest Rates to all points in Canada, United States, Alaska, Japan, Manila, China, New Zealand, Australia, and round the World.

Apply—

Canadian Pacific Railway

- 62-65, Charing Cross, London, S.W. 1.
- 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 4.
- 6, Water Street, LIVERPOOL.
- 1, Mount Street, MANCHESTER.
- 4, Victoria Square, BIRMINGHAM.
- 18, St. Augustine's Parade, BRISTOL.
- 120, St. Vincent Street, GLASGOW.
- 41, Victoria Street, BELFAST.

Or Local Agents everywhere.

CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES Ld.

REGULAR SERVICES

PASSENGER & FREIGHT STEAMERS

From LIVERPOOL, LONDON, GLASGOW, and BRISTOL, to CANADA and UNITED STATES.

From VANCOUVER to JAPAN, MANILA & CHINA

For Sailings, Freights, or Passage, apply—

CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES, LTD.

Managers and Agents:—

- 14, Cockspur Street, LONDON, S.W. 1.
- 103, Leadenhall Street, LONDON, E.C. 3.
- Royal Liver Building, LIVERPOOL.
- 18, St. Augustine's Parade, BRISTOL.
- 25, Bothwell Street, GLASGOW.
- 88, Commercial Street, DUNDEE.
- 50, Foyle Street, LONDONDERRY.

Or Local Agents everywhere.

BOBBY & CO., LTD.

Naval & Military Tailors.

Agents for DEXTER and BURBERRY Specialities.

We hold a large assortment of Military Kit of all descriptions.

Military Service Kit made at short notice.

**92 & 106, TERMINUS ROAD,
EASTBOURNE.**

TELEPHONE 867.



GAMAGES

The "Service" Man's Emporium.

Energy and Enterprise have given us the forefront position as Military Outfitters.

Quality and full value for money have kept us there.

➔ Made from a specially prepared Fabric scientifically treated by an entirely new process. Rainproof to a degree hitherto unattainable. Lined same material as outside and interlined Oilskin. Light in weight, but warm and comfortable.

Post Free U.K.

Price **70/-**

With detachable Fleece Lining, Price **95/-**

CHAMOIS LEATHER WAISTCOAT.

With long sleeves and back of same leather. Very warm and comfortable. Does not take up much room under jacket. (Post Free U.K.) In Brown Cham-
ois ... **35/-**
Superior quality extra long, Brown-
or Grey ... **50/-**



UNIFORMS
to Measure
in 24
Hours.



THE "FLANDERS" SERVICE WAISTCOAT.

Special Offer. Tan Leather Back & Front. Sleeves of Soft Mole-skin. Absolutely wind-proof. Lined Warm Fleece. Price **42/-**
Post Free U.K.
All sizes in Stock.

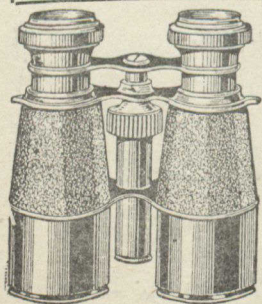
The "ARRAS" Improved SERVICE TRENCH COAT ➔

Made from our Special Proofed Cloth. Lined same material as outside, interlined Oiled Cambric. Far ahead in value and practicality of any Trench Coat yet placed on the Market.

All sizes in Stock.

Post Free U.K.

Price **84/-**



POWERFUL FIELD GLASSES.

Strong Service Glasses, for hard wear. Dull Black finish. Gives brilliant definition, fitted with shades to objectives. With stout Brown Leather Sling Case.

Post Free U.K. Price **52 6**

Military List Post Free.



HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1