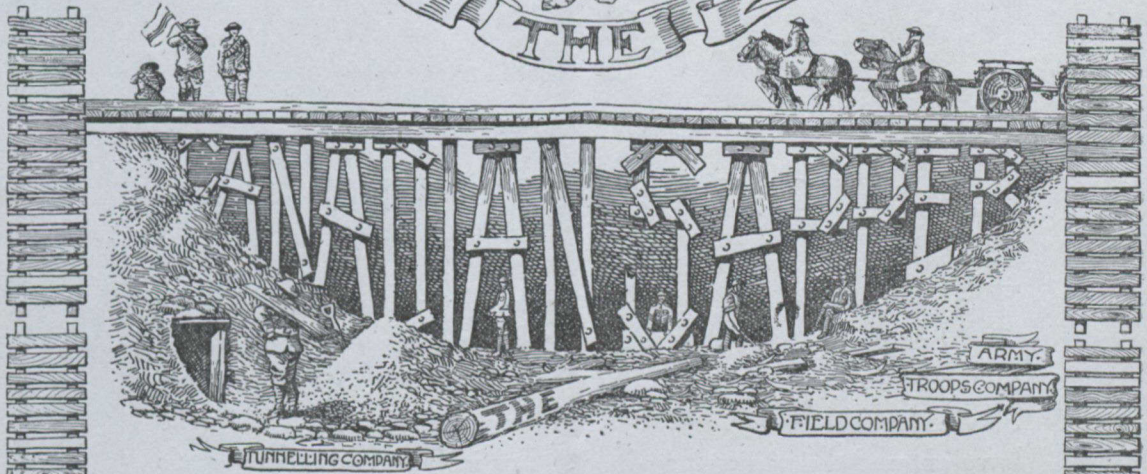
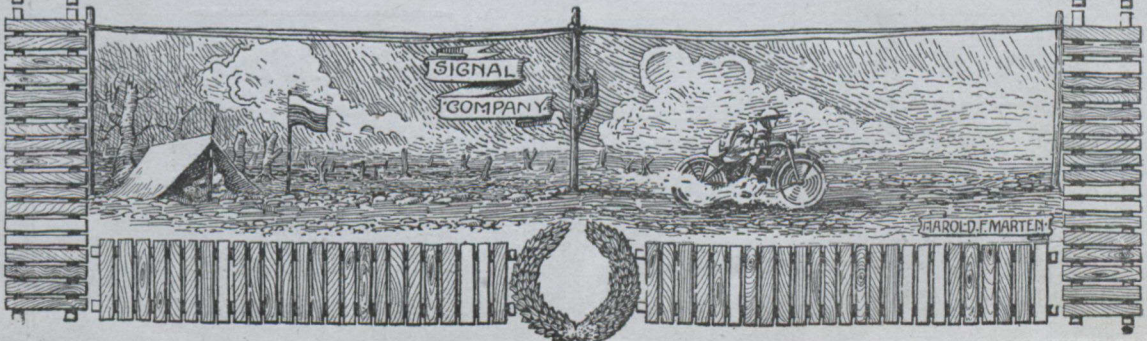


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Vol. 2.—No. 8

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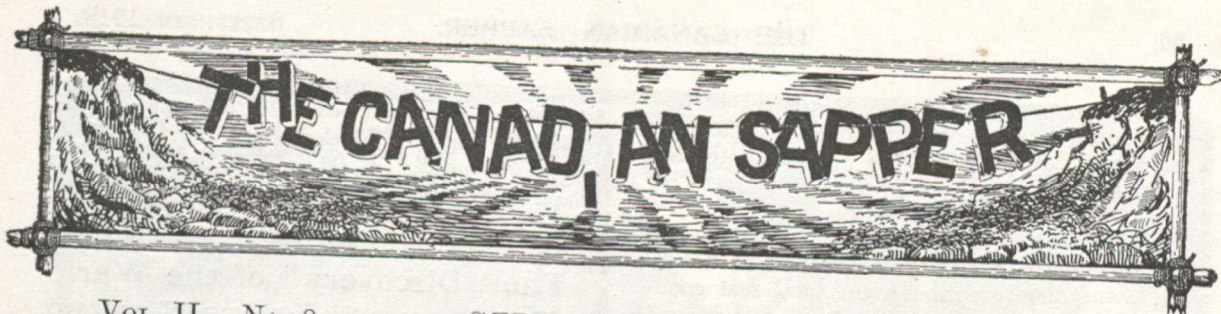
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VOL. II. No. 8.

SEPTEMBER, 1918.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

## Editorial.

The shining sword seems to be losing a little of its lustre. It must be the weather.

✻ ✻ ✻

It will be noticed that we have very little news this month from units at the Front. This is understood to be a very good sign. The boys are too busy advancing to bother about writing notes.

You can't spend 24 hours a day in shoving Fritz about, and then go home and write bright little communications to the Depot Paper.

✻ ✻ ✻

We note that our martial contemporary, the "Machine Gunner," has been obliged by the high cost of living to raise its price to 9d., and fears have been expressed that THE SAPPER would follow suit.

We beg to assure our readers and our advertisers, however, that the price of this journal will remain the same, in spite of "H— and high water," until the victorious forces of the Allies have made it possible to lower the price to 3d.

✻ ✻ ✻

The casualty lists for the past month have been necessarily heavy, in comparison with other months of the current year. We note in the lists the names of several fellows who were well-known in the Depot during the past winter.

✻ ✻ ✻

In the realms of sport the C.E.T.C. have now placed the Baseball Championship of the area to their credit with 19 wins and only 4 defeats in the season's play, thus securing the 14 gold medals and the pennant.

It is hard for a mere onlooker to appreciate the appalling amount of hard work that has been necessary to achieve this result. The mere business of keeping the team together and arranging practice games was no light task, and

all possible credit must be given to "Dad" Stewart and Lieut. Huyck for their strenuous labours in that connection.

The main tug-of-war, however, comes on Wednesday, 18th September, when the C.E.T.C. play Epsom in a knock-out game for the Canadian Championship of England, at Guildford. As we go to press before the result of that game will be known, our howl of triumph (or our careful explanation) must be deferred till next month.

✻ ✻ ✻

The football season is now opened, and an Area League schedule will be shortly drawn up.

In the Depot each Battalion will probably stand independently. The C.S.M.E. and the O.T.C. have combined their forces, and seem to have included most of the old stand-byes in the Depot. But, possibly, new and unsuspected talent will be discovered in the Battalions to equalise the chances.

✻ ✻ ✻

We publish this month in "Our Portrait Gallery" a photo of Major Collins of the C.S.M.E.

Major Collins is a South African veteran. He was responsible for the organization of the St. John Ambulance Brigade in Canada, and proceeded to France at the first sound of war.

He is an authority on military law and organization, and has published several books on these subjects.

We hope to print an article from his pen in a forthcoming issue.

✻ ✻ ✻

We regret that our old friend Sinbad has deserted us. We have lost all trace of the elusive being. He may turn up some day.

In the meantime we have enlisted the services of a new humorist—whose identity will be found as hard to discover as that of the Old Sailor. His article on "Being Fed Up," must

not be taken as an actual true statement of his condition, because we venture to think it is only a camouf—. There! We nearly wrote the forbidden word.

✻ ✻ ✻

Don't forget the Seaside Y. It is not an ordinary Y; it is really a comfortable club house with lawns and reception rooms, and real good cake like mother makes. You will find a description of it in our Entertainment column. Go and look-it over.

❧ ❧

## The Sapper.

My ideas concerning the duties of a sapper were very vague, that is they were before I became a member of that important unit known as C.E. For the benefit of the layman, I may say that C.E. in this case does not stand for Christian Endeavour, nor yet for Church of England, and being qualified for one does not necessarily entitle you to membership in the other. However, to go back to what I intended to say. I had a sort of confused idea that a sapper was one who "sapped," but have found that this idea is entirely erroneous. In fact, I have seen sappers engaged in almost every conceivable work but sapping. Mind you, I do not say positively that a sapper never saps. I will not swear to it (as a self-respecting sapper I am not much given to swearing), but we of the Signal Branch prefer to forget the fact, if it is so. To our mind, there is something degrading about sapping. It cannot be denied that the work is lowering. Yes, decidedly lowering.

Now, there is the ordinary (I use ordinary in the broadest sense) signaller, Battalion signaller, I mean. Doubtless he has his uses, but we are inclined to regard him much in the same light as a lance-jack regards a private. You know the attitude. We can hardly be blamed for this. Do we not daily hold sweet converse with Brigadiers, Staff Captains, not to mention an occasional Sub-Lieutenant or an honest Q.M.S. True, some of the aforesaid conversations leave much to be desired from our point of view, but our knowledge of English is greatly increased, and we also learn many words which I feel sure Webster never dreamed of.

There is a general impression at the Front that a sapper is another name for "bomb-proof." I hasten to correct this mistaken idea. No later than yesterday I saw Sapper So-and-So, sending "esses-beers" and "emmas" under a most terrific barrage of shrapnel and other things. I certainly did admire the man's courage. Says I to myself, says I, "This is the indomitable spirit which is described at such length by PHILIP GIBBS." I repeat, Sapper What's-His-Name, I mean, So-and-So, was working directly under the falling shells. To be exact, he was about thirty feet under . . . . . the ground.

I should like to add a word about the linemen. They tell me they make frequent visits to the front trenches. I do not doubt their veracity, but I will not guarantee the statement, having never met them there myself. That is not their fault of course. Occasionally a lineman is given an "emma-emma," but why a man should be given a medal for joining two pieces of wire is more than I can say. I have frequently fixed wires . . . . . at home.

I will not describe in detail the various duties of the sapper in the field. We try to avoid publicity, and anyway, to the ordinary sapper, the work in the field is of secondary importance. It is on a fourteen day

leave that we shine—buttons, boots, and everything shineable. I have heard weird tales from sappers returning from Blighty, but why write of them? No doubt, dear Editor, you have done fourteen days yourself . . . . . leave, of course; what did you think I meant?

A. VIMYIST

❧ ❧

## The "Discovery" of the War.

Most old timers in this New Army will recall very easily the days when cheese and jam were rampant among the troops, especially in France.

Jam was carefully picked over, and only the superior brands tolerated, the rest being disposed of in the usual manner—mostly in the estaminets. Men got so fed up with the sight of cheese, that they often expressed the wish that the Government would call up all the cheese makers, and so put a stop to this nuisance.

The men, on the whole, were very keen, and worked hard, besides bearing all the strains of the campaign with fortitude. They went the whole hog in everything, as far as it was humanly possible to do so, but there was something lacking.

All of a sudden a great change came over everything—due to a startling announcement in all the leading daily papers—something had been promised the Canadian troops by Sir Sam Hughes.

Tongues started wagging, bets were made freely, and earnest discussions took place as to the pros. and cons. of this new announcement.

We had to wait a long time for the result—and we have all seen it for ourselves, in the recent brilliant work of the Canadians.

We had noticed for a long time how everything had been tuned up; men seemed to have boundless energy that they never possessed before; grouches gave way to cheerfulness, and everything went along merrily and well. The sappers put their backs into their fieldworks and other duties. Drivers groomed away at their horses, and polished their steel as it had never been before, and all seemed to have a new lease of life.

Most people put it down to the greater efficiency of the P.T. and B.F. Staff and other instructors, to whom, no doubt, a great deal of the credit is due. Our worthy Corps Commander told us all in his Special Army Order that it was due to discipline. This is all true enough, but there must be something more than the mere evolutions of man, something deeper than most of us imagined, so we decided to get right down to the root of the whole question.

After making a very exhaustive study, we are very pleased to be able to announce the result to our readers. It is the finest boon ever extended to the Canadian troops—FISH DIET.

BUM.

❧ ❧

## Winning the War.

(A SOB-FUL DRAMA IN ONE ACT.)

Dramatis Personae:—Lieut. E. G. Weeks, M.C., M.M., Inspecting Officer. Sapper M. Callery, Company barber, newly brought in from Report Centre.

Scene: Headquarters. Parade Ground. Time: The present.

(Curtain rises. Thirty war-weary soldiers discovered, making valiant but vain efforts to stand at attention.)

Enter Lieut. E. G. Weeks. Commences inspection. Reaches Callery.

Officer: Get your hair cut! No excuse! The barber's here now!

(Curtain falls, amid choking sobs.)



**The Canny Scot.**

Exasperated Sergt. : (to Tiny Private who has given up struggling with water pipe)  
"Do ye say ye wilna carry the pipe?"

Tiny Private : "Na! na! I didna say I wilna : I said I canna."



### Colonel MacPhail's Brigade.

The sad death of Capt. P. V. Binns, M.C., killed in action during the last operations on the 28th August, has been deeply felt by all ranks here.

Colonel MacPhail was on leave, but owing to the operations it was curtailed.

A rather serious question has arisen. "A & Q2" is trying to find out the link between 30 gas casualties and 30 yards of gas cloth. We cannot see the "Union."

Capt. G. R. Chetwynd has assumed the duties of Staff-Captain S. and T.

Capt. O'Sullivan, C.F., has joined the Brigade as Chaplain.

### Col. Allen's Battalion.

Yes, boys, we are seeing France; a great deal more of it than we would have chosen to see in so short a time. Well, anyhow, we're winning—even "Cas" admits that, and Cas is always about 90 per cent. below the official communicque. Let the good work go on.

What do you think? Blighty leave is opened up. At the present rate we figure on getting over somewhere about the summer of 1921.

However, Sapper Jouvenat is doing Gay Paree (and being done). Sapper Thomas is looking better for his fortnight among the moutons, mountains, and maidens of dear old Wales.

Lieut. Hunter, who has been enjoying himself after his own methods somewhere in Great Britain, is back again at the war.

Corpl McCready is back from the Lewis Gun School and will, we hope, soon get a big bag of Gothas, for the pesky things are interrupting our slumbers too much of late. By the way, does Captain Whitman's M.G. need greasing, or what?

What do you think? Since last budget we have been paid. What an influence THE CANADIAN SAPPER must have with the powers that be.

The order of the day: Battle Order.

Lieut. Simpson has taken to the timbers (the plank road).

Have you seen our two scions of the aristocracy (the count and the nobleman) out on the gasoline trail?

Jackson and Laud are back from the camouflage factory. The art of camouflage is a most useful one, but to get real practical points a close observation of the boys when a fatigue is called beats Abbeville all hollow.

### Major Mieville's Battalion.

The old Battalion has been sadly neglected in the last two editions of THE SAPPER, but they have not gone under by any means.

Sergt. Ormiston has lost his old partner in arms, "The Duke," and has now taken on painting as a speciality. He is somewhat handicapped at present, as the salvage people do not carry the right hues; nevertheless, the P.P.s have to be put in the limelight at any price. Our O.C. says he has seven hundred men that he can throw into the transport struggle at any moment.

"Swat the fly" is now the drivers' password. A well-known expert on horseflesh told the boys recently that a fly would not light on a well-groomed horse. Now comes the problem: Old Joe, our Q.M., cannot keep the skimmers supplied with swatters.

The O.C. of "A" Company is a happy youth these days. He has a motor-cycle all his own. Road blockades are nothing to him when there are any narrow gauges at hand.

Several hundred of our sappers are now engaged on the completion of a new saddle patented by one of the officers. This saddle is equipped with flanges to fit different kinds of horses.

Erbert Stot says it is not the ard usage wot urts the orses oofs, it is the ammer, ammer, ammer of the orses oofs on the ard ighways.

Who is the sapper who lost his eyesight, and painted the muddy wheel?

SUNNY JIM.

### Lieut.-Col. Trotter's Battalion.

Some little cup the C.R.E. presented us with for the best Battalion on parade. After we win it the next couple of times we will be able to keep it. So shine up, boys, next time we go out for a rest.

Since our last contribution, Lieuts. Burland and Blackwell have joined us.

August 4th, at Twyford, near Winchester, a son to Mrs. Thexton, wife of Capt. R. D. Thexton, C.E.

Owing to all the extra crowns and pips that are floating around, we expect to report great doings in the social column next month, under the heading of "BANQUETS."

### "A" Company.

Capt. Thexton joined us, after trying his hand at instructing at Bexhill. This was at engineering. He now instructs us in general knowledge.

Our genial (though fierce when he talks of Huns) Company Commander has got his majority. Congrats.

The boys had been wearing their gas masks, having been rudely awakened from their sleep by the rattle of the gas sentry. "Say," yelled the Sergeant, "Is the gas still about?" "I haven't smelt any yet," was the sentry's bland reply.

The Engineers certainly did some deadly work: the smell of the dead horses was killing.

### Major Gordon's Company.

In view of the abundance of literary talent known to exist in the Company, it is only with the greatest reluctance we pen these few notes, hoping that later on others will overcome their natural modesty and continue the good work.

Congratulations to the O.C. Battalion on his promotion, and may good health and good fortune stay with him.

The heavenly twins, BRASSO and SILVO, are not so much in evidence as formerly, but, strange to say, have been very little missed.





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

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

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

**"C" Company.**

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

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

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

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

**Capt. Bennet's Company.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Captain McCuaig's Company.**

[Received too late for August Issue.]

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

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

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

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

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

so he made himself at home in the officers' quarters. We are still wondering when he will return the watches, fountain pens, etc., that he borrowed.

Thank heaven he left the O.C.'s favourite pipe.

### Lieut. Booker's Company.

Welcome to our new officers, Lieuts. Harvey, Smith, and Buckham.

We were sorry to hear of Lieut. Knowles having to go down to the Base, but hope it is nothing serious, and that he will be back amongst us soon.

The talk of the camp: The when, why, and who on LEAVE?

Will wonders never cease? We realised 10 francs per man from the Canteen.

Secret developments of our Pelmanism Class: Sappers Howell and Dunstan were heard giving a lecture on "How I took Regina Trench" and "Why I am a Scotsman." But why not give that lecture in one of the huts a day or two before pay day, so we could all applaud.

If Ramsay's rabbits don't hurry up and get busy the old goat will beat them to it. A suggestion: Why not get a buck from Paris?

Hereafter the howlers, grouzers and kickers league will hold their meetings every Wednesday and Saturday, from 6 to 8 p.m., instead of daily from 12 to 1 p.m.

A stranger going by the Q.M. Stores was heard to ask if a kit inspection was on. A sapper's reply was: "Oh no, that's only the daily recurrence of the tool cart men."

I wonder if Jerry knows what mishaps to small objects his shelling causes? The other night a shell knocked Shorty out of his bunk. He just turned over and whispered "dam." This war has certainly changed our ways.

What's the matter with the old water and mess tin parades?

### Lieut. Brickenden's Company.

"All hands to the pump"  
Is the order of the day;  
Pressure, plumbers, promptness,  
Obstruct our usual way.  
We work for amalgamation,  
But can't see how it pays.  
Yet its water, more water,  
And prose in future days.

We have another high flyer in Sergt. Rowles, who left us to join the R.A.F. Good luck to you, "Stan."

Corpl. Low takes over the Orderly Room: "Any warrants in, Harry?" "No." "Well, I'll go to ——— (work).

Is Vic a cook or a chef? We think he is listed as a plumber. Y worry? The old square peg in the round hole has often to be whittled.

### Lieut. Oliver's Company.

We have it from a confidential source that the war is now nearer its conclusion than it was two months ago.

Driver Caruthers is seriously thinking of joining the staff ——— of Messrs. Cook and Son. His recent tour round a well known city left nothing to be desired, except his objective.

Lieut. Dougherty continues to display a proclivity for the Gordon Highlanders. We understand the affection is reciprocal.

The Company cooks are anxious to know how old Hindenburg likes the brand of "Currie" that Marshal Foch is at present feeding him with?

Disbelievers in the "Angels of Mons" legend should have seen Sappers Dandurand and Pothier operating our Lewis gun. Seeing is believing.

The C.S.M. has contributed the following:—A bunch of the boys were gossiping in front of an estaminet when Sergt. Turner invited the C.Q.M.S. within to quench his thirst. The Quarter accepted with alacrity, and followed his host inside. The bunch, thinking they were included in the invitation, did likewise. The bill being presented, Sergt. Turner found himself financially embarrassed, and passed the bill on to the Quarter, who, having paid it, exclaimed: "Be Jasus, remember I'm only lending you this."

Talk about love's labour lost, listen to this:—Having spent the best part of a day building a table for his dug-out, Corpl. Smith discovered that he could not get it into that inviolable sanctuary.

That the punishment should fit the crime is universally acknowledged. Sergt. McKee thinks so, too, ever since that church descended on him *en masse*.

Corpl. Green was depressed the other day. It was not because he had just been paid; he was merely wondering when his next Paris leave would come.

The lengths to which some men go to to obtain leave are amazing. One stalwart driver applied for special leave in order to get married.

### Major Earnshaw's Company.

#### The Chronicles of Shawdom.

*The Episode of the Inspection of Arty. Signals.*

And it was so that on a certain day, did the Lord of all the Artillery say, "Let there be an inspection of the Signals on the 13th day of the month." And, lo and behold, did his underlords rejoice, saying, "Now will my warriors shine more on this day than the hosts of my neighbours." And there was much rushing of feet, and the orders which they did give to their men were many, and Brasso flowed even like unto the mighty waters of Jordan. The chariots were taken apart, and they were cleaned to excess, as if with love for the work for the Lord of All. And they did work and labour unceasingly night and day, until the day set apart for the sacred ceremony.

Very early this day did the warriors of Shawdom rise and shine, and the gods rejoiced greatly over them, for the steel was as silver and the brass as burnished gold. Then they departed thence to the field before the house of the Lord of All. And there were gathered together also in that same place the men of Lottsdom and Genetopolis. And when they had assembled, behold it was as a field of glittering stars and of many rising suns. And he that is the Lord of All did come, after much waiting, to feast his eyes upon the host of his underlords. He looked, yea, even with the eye of an eagle, at every part of the horses, chariots and men, and when he did cast about upon the whole spectacle his joy was exceeding great, for was not this even as the glories of sunset upon Mount Gilead, and of a surety he did swear that the hosts of Shawdom were the finest, inasmuch that their chariots and equipment thereof, even unto every shooting-iron of the horsemen were without blemish. For even the strings of their foot apparel were laced after the manner and order of the Lord of All himself, and not like unto the outcasts and many of the men of Lottsdom and the Genetites.

And the underlord, who ruleth over Shawdom, rejoiced exceedingly, and when they returned to their resting place, he presented them with all manner of boxes of Playertopian, myrrh from a far country—yea, even from the land of Blighty.

And the day ended well, for that other host of Genetopolis did also contest with them in public games, and the captain of the games from Shawdom took his warriors over that self-same day at even time to combat them. And they contested as those possessed of evil spirits, and they smote the Genetites hip and thigh, and defeated them utterly. So yet a second time that day were they victorious, and the defeated ones were sore stricken. There was much rejoicing among the visitors, and they cherished themselves with an abundance of wine, inasmuch that when they returned again to their abode of rest in one of the ungarnished chariots, they were right joyful and merry.

**Captain Campbell's Company.**

*(Late Major Leavitt's.)*

Our esteemed O.C. became a casualty on the eve of the commencement of the Canadians' great success. Major Leavitt and Lieut. E. W. Auld were proceeding beyond the barrier just before dusk, leading a party to

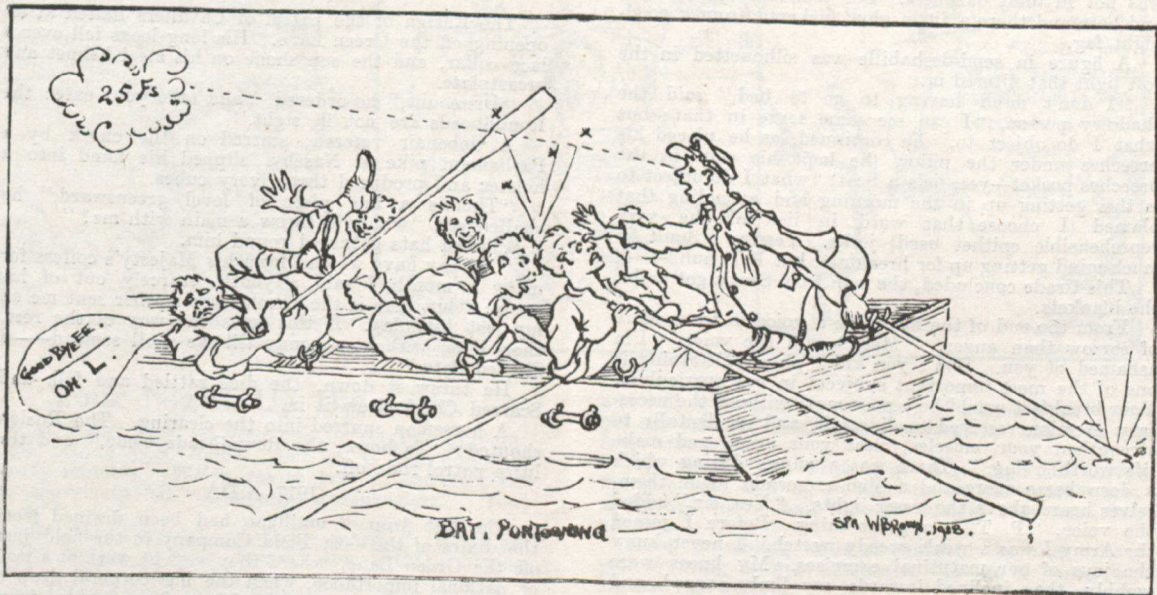
Yes, peculiar names do confuse at times; what about changing yours, Gass.?

We learn the G.W.N.A. is offering a prize of 200 francs, and a new CROWN AND ANCHOR board, for the genius that can invent a camouflage, suitable for counter-action of the moonlight night trouble, yumm-yumm-yumm, kerflop, kerflop, kerflop (tail boards opened) no bon, eh?

Next most important question after the usual, "say, where are we going?" and "when do we get paid?," comes, "what's my number on the leave list?" eh? you don't know. What the h— do you know? truth, nothing.

Expect to open our new canteen soon. If we can't get food supplies and smokes to sell, well, Stein Bros. will put on their new collection of souvenirs. Watch future advertisements.

Cut down your kit, cut down your kit. Still a rooky asked to be paraded to the O.C. to report the loss of four blankets, thief only leaving him with two. Do you want us to lose the war?



the Divisional Battle Headquarters, to make final preparations for communications for the show on the following day.

The enemy dropped two H.E.'s in the vicinity, one of which unfortunately killed Lieut. Auld instantly, and wounded our O.C.

Capt. Campbell took over the command.

We wish him much success as O.C. this Company.

Who said cable waggons were out of date?

Who has some bright ideas for laying cable at night? Suggestions must be brief and to point (No. 1 Detach, barred).

Contributions must not exceed 1000 words, and be written in plain English, absolutely printable.

Which one of the party was nearly run over by a retreating MOKE skinner, shouting, "Run for your lives, they are after us."

**Wireless Whispers.**

Once again the insatiable sword of Mars has claimed its toll from this Company, Rex Taylor having passed along the long long trail.

A very efficient sapper, steady and cheery upon all occasions, a true pal—in short, a man. We all miss him.

I am so often reminded of the words used by a Belgian in my old Battalion. This youth, who had not been very long in Canada, had lost all his male relatives in the war. Perhaps because he sensed the surprise we felt at his stoic calmness (calmness, but not one felt instinctively, indifference), he said, "I miss them, but I cannot grieve."

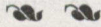
Sapper MacGillivray (we like everything about him but his name, which we cannot spell without tiresome reference to the nominal roll) has been wounded—severely, we fear. Sappers Lea and Graham have also

been wounded; here's wishing them a speedy recovery and a good time in Blighty.

Our correspondent deploras the paucity of local news, but what would you? These be moving times my masters.

By the way, isn't it rather up to the new chums to render a little literary assistance? After three and a half years spent in strenuously chasing the bow-wow around this old Western Front, one is naturally fed up, fatigued, and mentally paralysed, whereas the new comers are, or should be, full of pep.

Their impressions have not become stale; each new experience is vivid and clear cut, possessing all the charm of novelty, while as a contrast to training camp life, their present existence furnishes a blaze of interesting local colour.



### "Pic-Toc"—Before and After.

"Lights Out" had blown, and as this may attain some publicity, I hate to mention the fact that our hut was not in total darkness. For a moon was shining, and here and there a little glow flickered from a good-night flag.

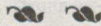
A figure in semi-deshabille was silhouetted in the soft light that filtered in.

"I don't mind having to go to bed," said the shadowy person, "I can see some sense in that; but what I do object to," he continued, as he placed his breeches under the pillow (he kept his coin in the breeches pocket—yes, he's a Scot) "what I do object to is this getting up in the morning and attending that blamed (I choose that word in lieu of the very reprehensible epithet used) jerks. Yessir, I don't so much mind getting up for breakfast, but P.T. huh!"

This tirade concluded, the man from Scotia got under the blankets.

From the end of the hut came a voice in tones more of sorrow than anger. "Mac," said the voice, "I'm ashamed of you. Don't you know physical training is one of the most important subjects in our curriculum. Your breakfast would be a poor meal without the necessary exertion received to digest it, and incidentally to strengthen your muscles, clear your mind, and make life worth living." There was a pause, during which a deep basso snore and a high crescendo made themselves heard above the lesser lights. "Yes, sir," added the voice, "P. T. is a great thing. Before I joined the Army I was a weak, weedy wretch. I never knew the joys of our matutinal exercises. My knees were wobbly, they inclined inwards, my limbs sagged, and my chest was yet to be discovered. My whole frame was decrepit, I could not think clearly, my brain was sluggish, my mental capacity weak. I was a poor dilapidated, miserable-looking specimen of humanity. Now look at the change—"

Mac raised on his elbow. "Wot change?" he queried. Then came a grunt from the far off corner, and the music of Morpheus reigned supreme.



### Good Old Mudhook.

The country folk call it the Green Lane, but on the maps where it runs between two historic English towns, as straight as a surveyor's chain, it appears as—Street; one of those great highways the Romans built across Britain, and succeeding generations cannot wear out, though the motor-lorries have latterly rutted it sorely. On some flat land adjoining it Canadian Engineers are now engaged at work on a task of national importance. Many armies have marched over it.

(100 A.D.)

The young centurion called a halt, and his small company of legionaries at once threw themselves down on the grass, where the axes of the captured Picts had made a small clearing in the bush. Otherwise the Green Lane ran wide and straight, between unbroken walls of British forest, much as a settlement road in the Clay Belt of Northern Ontario does to-day.

Hardly were they at ease when one of the soldiers produced a deer's-horn cup and some rough bone cubes. These latter he rattled in the cup and called to his comrades to come and take a chance.

They clustered round and the heavy copper coins changed hands. "My last denarius," said a tall young legionary. "By Jupiter, if I lose thee I go hungry till we reach Sarum, six days march from here, for the rations would not feed one of your starveling Picts.

The cubes rattled and the dice fell: the banker gathered in the coins, the centurion bade them "fall in" and the column resumed its march.

(1645 A.D.)

The Ensign of the patrol of Cavaliers halted at an opening off the Green Lane. His long locks fell over a lace collar, and the sun shone on his steel helmet and breastplate.

"Dismount," he ordered, "and take your ease: the Roundheads are not in sight."

A debonair veteran, scarred on the cheek by a Parliament pike at Naseby, slipped his hand into a holster and produced three ivory cubes.

"There's a fine piece of level greensward," he challenged; "who will throw a main with me?"

Plumed hats gathered round him.

"No pay have we had from his Majesty's coffers for many a month," said a youth, scarcely out of his teens; "but here is the Carolus my mother sent me on my last birthday. If this goes the way of the rest, then I am without a penny till we spoil some d—d Shaved Pate."

He threw it down, the dice rattled and fell, and Scarred Cheek drew it in.

A horseman spurred into the clearing. The Ensign shouted: "To horse, the Roundheads come," and the little patrol rode off.

(1917 A.D.)

The last drop of mulligan had been drained from the dixies of the —th Field Company in the field just off the Green Lane, where they were at work on a task of national importance, when the big corporal drew a piece of oilcloth, decorated with various figures, from his knapsack, and sat down on the grass.

"Come on, my lucky lads," chanted he, "the more you put down, the less you pick up—follow me and wear diamonds."

In a few moments a circle of Engineers cut off all view of the game from the road. The dice rattled and fell, the coins dropped on the cloth, and were lost or taken up.

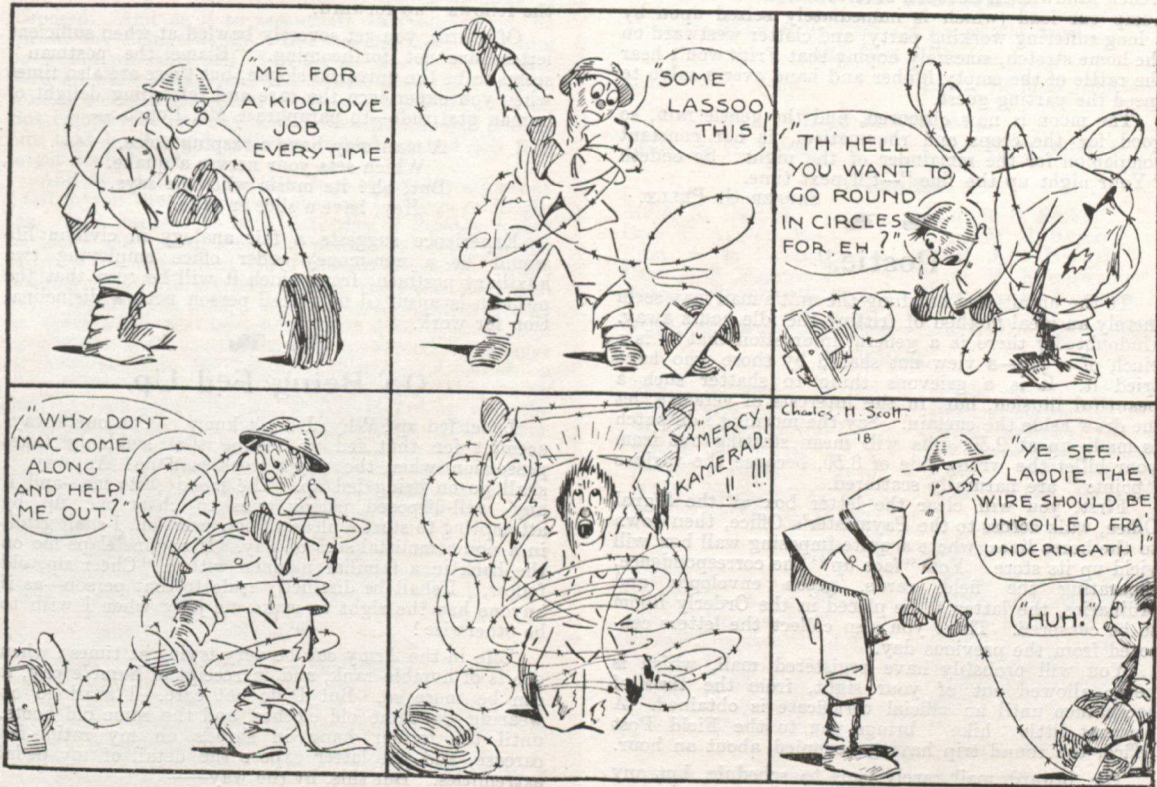
A slim driver from British Columbia threw down a Canadian bill. "A two-spot from the old home," said he. "Here she goes on the old sergeant-major."

"Murder on the old sergeant-major," chanted the corporal, and the dice rattled and fell.

"One old mudhook," he sang, as he gathered up the dice, "one little diamond and the name of the game. Come on my lucky lads," as he raked in the money off the board, "where you like and where you fancy."

"I'm broke," said the young driver. "When's next pay day?" And the bugle blew "Fall in" for the Engineers to resume work of national importance.

Mick Goes Wiring. Mac Helps Out.



Your Night Up the Line.

"All right, Jack, its your trip up the line to-night. Hitch into a G.S. limber, and be at the dump in twenty minutes. We've got to take a load of picks and shovels to "B" Company Headquarters. Tout sweet."

"But say, Corporal, what the—where." But I am talking to the evening breeze; the N.C.O., having given an order, has beaten it.

So I turn to in the semi-darkness of my bivvy to locate my saddle blanket, gasperator and tin lid, murmuring sweet nothings to myself the while, expressing the wish that twenty thousand blue-black devils might fly away with the entire universe. After having convinced myself that I have everything I need, I hurry across to the horse lines, where I proceed to harness up.

Why "the other fellow" puts his harness on top of mine; what causes tent guy ropes to acquire that unaccountable tendency to grow at night, so as to cross the path; and however the mischief our long eared friends can stretch their heads ten feet into the air when I try to put the bits into their hay destroyers, are minor problems.

"Come on! get a wiggle on, its time we started." Its our friend the Corporal, booted, spurred, and mounted, prepared to lead the way. I get on the required wiggle, also the near moke, and off we go. After having arrived at the dump and spent an hour, more or less, hunting for the man in charge (who was here a moment ago, but has just gone round the corner,

and will be back in "two shakes of a lamb's tail"), we get our load of "instruments of torture," and turn our faces trenchward.

The moon is now winking at us through rifts in the flying clouds, helping to light us on our ramble over shellpoxed roads, and through villages that were, but are not.

Bare, crumbling walls of chalk blocks and bricks, still towering as grave-stones to the age of peace, are all that now remain.

We see in imagination the things that were but a few short years ago, standing in such vivid contrast to that which is. Surely this is the "Damnation of Desolation." All about us the face of the earth has altered; only the same old moon gazing down on change and decay. What romance is here, what infinite—BANG!!—all our little world is filled with noise and light-blinding light. Our romantic meditations shot into the air, and our hearts into our mouths. The animals plunge and strain at the tugs. Might as well be killed as scared to death. But we soon come to earth, and realize that one of our "heavies" within a few yards of us has just coughed a nine-point-two across to Fritz.

We continue on our way, for the time more interested in our immediate surroundings than in the days that are dead.

The nightly "straff" has started, and guns are barking all along the line. A few Fritzie shells come over, screeching vindictively "Ohooco! got you." But that's where they are fooled. They haven't got you at all.

Having reached "B" Company's headquarters (a trench sandwiched between several similar trenches) we dump our load (which is immediately seized upon by a long suffering working party) and clatter westward on the home stretch, sincerely hoping that Fritz won't hear the rattle of the empty limber and hand over a salvo to speed the parting guest.

The moon is now obscured, and the gentle rain, so good for the crops and rheumatism, is our constant companion for the remainder of the night. So endeth "Your night up the line"—till next time.

SAPPER G. PELLY.

## "Postie."

To the uninitiated, handling the unit's mail may seem merely an ideal method of fritting the idle hours away. Undoubtedly there is a general impression that it is a kind of a job—a view not shared by those who have tried it. It is a grievous thing to shatter such a beautiful illusion, but, in the interests of veracity, let me draw aside the curtain. Say the morning's despatch is made up at 9.30, this will mean starting out from your billet the wrong side of 8.30, because the various "points" are naturally scattered.

First, you will clear the letter box at the Signal Office, walk across to the Paymaster's Office, then down to the horse lines, where a quite imposing wall box will yield up its store. You "face up" the correspondence, separating the field cards, green envelopes and ordinaries, the latter to be placed in the Orderly Room to be censored. There you also collect the letters censored from the previous day.

You will probably have registered mail, which is never allowed out of your sight, from the time of acceptance until an official certificate is obtained. A pleasant little "hike" brings you to the Field Post Office, the round trip having occupied about an hour.

The inward mail rarely runs to schedule, but any time from 9.30 onwards the mail truck may arrive.

The number of sacks of mail varies, six or seven being about the average, though a Canadian mail may run to eleven or occasionally more. It will take about an hour and a half to sort. Every bag, whether parcel or letter, is turned inside out to insure that nothing is left inside.

Usually, rather more than a third of the parcels and second class matter will have to be re-directed, the former being entered on "X" lists (I rather pride myself upon introducing this system out here), an excellent and very necessary check on returns.

Having disposed of the "direct" bags, you will get another bunch of assorted mail, which has been dealt with by the postal staff, and finally the registers, which must be carefully entered up in your receipt book. You are now ready to commence your morning's round.

After a hasty dinner (alas! how often overdue) you repeat your earlier performances, and despatch another mail.

From 3.30 to 4.30 the "cross country" mail is due. This will vary considerably in volume, generally speaking the greater the number of reinforcements arriving, the heavier the cross post mail.

There are many other little duties to fill in the time. Postal Orders to buy or cash, linemen going to outlandish stations necessitating careful investigation as to the best means of circulating their mail, keeping track of the men who are constantly going out or coming in from different sections.

The distribution of daily papers to the best advantage, too, is quite an art; one paper and one "record" being allotted per twenty-five men, some tall juggling

is necessary, considering the number of small parties involved, but whoever goes shy, be assured it will not be the fellows "up forward."

Of course, you get severely bawled at when sufficient letters are not forthcoming. "Blame the postman" seems to be the universal slogan, but there are also times when you experience the rare and refreshing delight of human gratitude—to paraphrase Mr. Punch:—

A man may have a rasping voice,  
Which sets your nerves a quake.  
But, oh! its music when he says,  
"Hey, have a slice er cake."

Experience suggests a fair analogy in civilian life would be a non-money order office employing two auxiliary postmen, from which it will be seen that the position is unsuited to a tired person with a disinclination for work.

## On Being Fed Up.

I feel fed up! Why, I don't know. Can one always account for that fed up feeling that suddenly takes possession when the day's work is done? Anyway, I shall go on being fed up. The mood suits me—and if any well-disposed person tries to cheer me up by attempting to start a pleasant conversation, I shall grunt in a non-committal sort of way. If anyone slaps me on the back in a familiar manner with a "Cheer up, old fellow," I shall be distinctly rude to that person—as if anyone has the right to make me jolly when I wish to be otherwise!

Life in the Army can be very trying at times: when one is of humble rank, and in receipt of humble pay, it can be more so. But I do not care. I shall go on wearing the same old clothes, and the same old boots, until the former hang in shreds on my ration-fed carcass, and the latter expose the detail of my pedal extremities. But this, by the way—

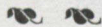
My work for the day is done. The intricacies and deceitfulness of my daily life in the Army leave me morose. I hie me to a local pierrot entertainment, but I refuse to be entertained, and endeavour to find fault with the artistes. They sit on the stage smiling at one another—but I *know* they are all fed up. They sing the same old songs, and say the same silly things night after night for weeks on end. But they smile at each other, because they are paid to do so—not because they like it. Inwardly they are sniggering at one another, and thinking how much better each could do the other's part, and I become almost cheerful as I reflect on this. And then the comedian for the thousandth time perpetrates the alleged joke, "Marry in Hastings, and repent at St. Leonards." Girlish giggles greet this remark—(especially from the comedian's accomplice on the stage)—and I become more depressed than ever. A corpulent contralto offers a sentimental song, accompanied by absurd movements, and I shiver. A thin soubrette sings rag-times—and I am quite ready to die. As I wander forth into the night I ask myself: "Why must these things be?"

On my way home from the show I am startled by a hideous noise proceeding from the direction of the railway station. Any fears I may entertain are dispelled, when I am told that it is only our band playing in a draft. Much relieved, but still fed up, I continue my way homeward, not forgetting to call at the club. I stroll in, and try to appear blasé, throwing myself into a chair with an air of utter abandon. I call for the solitary waiter—an untidy specimen of humanity with shock hair—and he, too, looks fed up. He bangs a

teapot down in front of me, as if to convey the idea that he does not have to serve me unless he feels so disposed. And as if to accentuate this suggestion, he throws my change at me. If I remonstrated with him he would probably tell me that he had been working hard all the evening, and was a little tired, and that he wouldn't care a something-or-other if I *did* report him. But I hope that one day some brave person will remind him that he is under military discipline, and tell him to get his hair cut.

And as I enter on the last stage of my day's journey I tell myself that to-morrow evening I will go to Brighton. If it happens to be a Saturday or Sunday I may be lucky enough to secure a permit to travel on the railway. In that event I will present the permit to the booking clerk with my fare, feeling like a schoolboy who has brought to his teacher a note requesting that he may be excused for the afternoon. The train journey will bore me—I shall see happy Hun prisoners at stations *en route*, and that will vex me still more. At Brighton the joyful optics of damsels dressed in witching finery will have no charm for me. I shall be fed up with the show, the dinner, and the foreign element. The return journey will be tiresome, the walk back to camp dreary . . . . . and so to bed. If I awake in similar mood in the morning my language will be of the dug-out variety, and it will be whispered "Hem—nasty liver this morning."

. . . . . And so I shall go on until our long overdue whisky permit is received, when my balance of mind will be restored accordingly.



**Canteen Ravings.**

Yes, sir, this here signal outfit has any three ring affair that Barnum and Bailey or Ringling Bros. ever staged walloped to a horse whisper.

Why! our cooks can stir a thunderstorm with a spoon and call it Mulligan. A disabled broom, a few fish bones, and a couple of spuds put through the mixer makes a fine synthetic breakfast food. A yard of sea water, some powdered chalk and sand makes a good morning beverage.

Our signallers can do stunts with heliographs, dictaphones, whattzigraphs, whoozanoolas, fullerphones and telegraphs that will go down in history along with that yarn of the Greeks who swindled the Trojans with a lumber horse loaded with roughnecks.

The Greeks may have slipped one over the Trojans with a carousel horse, but we are willing to bet our crime sheets against 14 days C.B. that no one could bilk our drivers on horseflesh. No, sirree, none of our drivers possess concrete domes. They are quick thinkers, and quick thinkers are what they want "Over There."

Why, every time those operators of ours start rattling their sounders they start a rainstorm, and any one who gets an earful of 'em rattles realizes that the horrors of war must be drawing 6 per cent. interest.

Why, we have officers so clever that they can carry on a conversation, and at the same time toss an eye on every man on parade.

With the German Army stacked up against an outfit like ours the Kaiser's howl that he has rocklike confidence in his "Field Greys" indicates that Billhelm's skull is merely a boulder with ears.

Yes, sirree, the Kaiser's confidence could only be of the rocklike kind.

Anyone who has ever seen Bill's skull piece knows that the craggy terrain between the imperial ears is one patch of armor plate, and would take the edge off our bayonets.

**Roll of Honour.**

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

**Officers Killed.**

Lieut. E. W. Auld. Lieut. L. McN. Sinclair.

**Died of Wounds.**

Lieut. R. H. Boulton. Lieut. L. M. Stitt, M.C.

**Wounded.**

Major A. Leavitt. Capt. R. S. Kirkup.  
 Capt. C. A. Bell, M.C. Lieut. M. R. Byron.  
 Capt. A. L. Cavanagh. Lieut. J. C. Dryden.  
 Capt. C. B. Handcock. Lieut. H. Kennedy.  
 Capt. R. L. Junkin, M.C. Lieut. A. L. Robinson.

**Other Ranks—[All Sappers unless otherwise notified.]**

**Killed.**

|                           |                         |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 283014 Anderson, W. L.    | 409257 Scott, S. F.     |
| 172350 Clarke, E.         | 796612 Sebring, C.      |
| 541531 Crawford, Cpl I.P. | 502943 Skeddom, M.      |
| 829389 Gaines, B.         | 769747 Swainson, Acting |
| 644692 Longlad, F. X.     | C.S.M. W. K.            |
| 506306 Macpherson.        | 79473 Webb, Sergt. J.   |
| 863058 McAlpine, D. G.    |                         |

**Died of Wounds.**

|                            |                          |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 408386 Abrams, H.          | 793708 Matchett, C. C.   |
| 507701 Bayly, M. F.        | 718701 McLeod, Sgt A.U.  |
| 506120 Brooks, F. W.       | 501111 Millar, H.        |
| 2184503 Chamberlain, B. C. | 507492 Simmins, S. E.    |
| 506086 Dalby, J. A.        | 503183 Woodward, R. C.   |
| 922575 Gordon, A.          | 45226 Woolley, Sgt T.W.  |
| 2007216 Harvey, G.         | 678961 Wyles, L/Cpl L.L. |
| 796025 Mackenzie, N. J.    |                          |

**Died.**

|                        |                  |
|------------------------|------------------|
| 500504 Bowton, J.      | 2013469 Toon, J. |
| 2010490 Sticker, T. C. |                  |

**Missing, Believed Drowned.**

669792 Bellamy, A. E.

**Wounded.**

|                            |                          |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 769628 Almond, Sgt. G.     | 651280 Galbraith, W. F.  |
| 757482 Baikie, M. A.       | 415300 Gallacher, D.     |
| 228167 Beckitt, A. V.      | 181109 Gallagher, G.     |
| 785080 Beddons, F.         | 503358 Gerard, J.        |
| 438896 Bell, 2/Cpl T.      | 417936 Giganovitch,      |
| 718658 Blue, Cpl. F. N.    | L/Sergt. K.              |
| 922796 Bobraskie, G.       | 201048 Griffiths, G. E.  |
| 675033 Boniface, W.        | 500653 Harper, H. N.     |
| 5013 Booth, A/Sgt L.C.     | 2006105 Harvey, C.       |
| 341217 Bowan, G.           | 1010265 Hawkins, F. W.   |
| 505048 Breen, J. M.        | 405292 Heatley, 2/Cpl J. |
| 45249 Broadrib, Sgt. S.    | 844532 Hershon, H.       |
| 922815 Brown, W.           | 100067 Hickey, C.        |
| 504021 Carter, W. L.       | 573444 Holdaway, Sgt. J. |
| 473067 Chapman, C. E.      | 657789 Hummerson, A.     |
| 502972 Chapman, S. J.      | 504433 Humphrey, Act-    |
| 1075001 Claskin, L. P.     | ing 2/Corpl F.           |
| 766553 Collins, W.         | 872049 Hyland, A. J.     |
| 502802 Coyle, Cpl. J. J.   | 501201 Jones, H.         |
| 414782 Cullins, Sgt. E.    | 5691 Jones, Corpl. W.    |
| 541546 Dawes, Sgt. C. B.   | 506616 Irving, E.        |
| 718720 Desjardins, Cpl. S. | 405324 Kendall, G.       |
| 167131 De Wolfe, C. R.     | 853475 King, J.          |
| 789141 Douling, G.         | 180869 Laird, Corpl. G.  |
| 929827 English, W. A.      | 793479 Laskey, C.        |
| 541554 Evans, M. G.        | 177891 Lenaghan, W. W.   |
| 416661 Fortune, D. M.      | 5139 Logue, 2/Cpl. R.    |

## Wounded (continued.)

|                                   |                                |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 154240 Matthews, J.               | 1078398 Rogers, R.             |
| 2005674 Maxwell, F. G.            | 770064 Routledge, N.           |
| 718375 McGuigan, Corpl.<br>J. N.  | 445197 Sampass, T.             |
| 248478 McVicar, A. K.             | 405412 Savin, G.               |
| 770066 Millington, Sgt. S.        | 1078391 Shaw, A/Sgt W. R.      |
| 505326 Moore, J. R.               | 216717 Sinclair, W. L.         |
| 2005271 Neil, R. J.               | 503082 Slingsby, L. B.         |
| 862378 O'Connor, J.               | 86051 Smith, Cpl. B. K.        |
| 845068 Oliver, F.                 | 922125 Smith, F.               |
| 541630 Olliver, H. G.             | 853087 Stubbings, E. G.        |
| 401501 Panby, J. W.               | 802092 Suance, F. R.           |
| 2005561 Parminter, A. B.<br>V.    | 416195 Taylor, J.              |
| 115289 Patterson, A. H.           | 166905 Thomas, C.S.M.<br>A. E. |
| 115281 Patterson, Corpl.<br>T. J. | 142516 Thomas, L. S.           |
| 1070031 Perry, H. R.              | 166912 Turner, A.              |
| 478752 Pettrie, 2/Cpl P.          | 719058 Utting, J. B.           |
| 652271 Pinkerton, G. L.           | 2005282 Viney, H. F.           |
| 718812 Reeves, D.                 | 2265567 Ward, C. J.            |
| 2006682 Ridgman, R. A.            | 103425 Webb, L/Cpl E. H.       |
| 713106 Robertson, C. A.           | 3130586 Wedge, J. A.           |
| 657442 Robertson, R. C.           | 1096057 Whyte, A. H.           |
| 216725 Robinson, W.               | 438473 Williams, D.            |
| 505652 Roche, C. M.               | 102754 Will, W.                |
|                                   | 838213 Woodward, C.            |
|                                   | 2007112 Yellowlees, J.         |



## Commissions and Appointments, Etc.

Temp Major A. G. Lawson, M.C., to be Acting Lieut.-Col. while commanding a Battalion.

Temp. Capts. to be Temp. Majors (May 24th)—J. D. Paterson, from Man. Regt.; H. B. Stuart and D. M. Collingwood, from W. Ont. Regt.; A. H. MacDonald, M.C., A. M. Wright, G. A. Keith, and (Acting Major) W. T. McFarlane, from C. Ont. Regt.

Temp. Capt. (Acting Major) P. Earnshaw, M.C., to be Temp. Major.

Temp. Capt. F. J. O'Leary, M.C., from B.C. Regt., to be Temp. Capt.

Temp. Capts. to be Temp. Capts. (May 24th)—A. L. Cavanagh, from Man. Regt.; J. L. Henderson and J. E. Bell, from C. Ont. Regt.

Temp. Lieut. (Acting Capt.) J. E. Genet, M.C., to be Temp. Capt.

Temp. Lieuts. (Acting Capts.) to be Temp. Capts. (May 24th)—P. W. Greene, D. G. Ferguson, and V. W. Price, from C. Ont. Regt.

Temp. Lieuts. to be Temp. Capts. (May 24th)—W. T. Curtis and P. B. Duff, from W. Ont. Regt.; W. H. Miller and H. R. Banks, from C. Ont. Regt.

Temp Lieut. C. S. Osborne to be Acting Capt. while employed as Adjutant.

Temp. Lieut. F. J. Nicholas to be Temp. Q.M., with hon. rank of Capt., while so employed.

Temp. Lieut. R. C. Croly, M.C., to be Acting Capt. while specially employed.

Temp. Lieut. A. L. Steele, from Man. Regt., to be Temp. Lieut.

To be Temp. Lieuts.—166004 C.S.M. G. Buffham, M.M.; 45244 C.Q.M.S. W. H. Blake; 166475 Sergt H. Bourne; 166146 Sergt. A. D. McLardy.

Temp. Lieut. M. H. Goslett, from West Ont. Regt., to be Temp. Lieut.

To be Temp. Q.M.'s, with hon. rank of Lieut.—541825 R.S.M. A. S. Hughson; 5412 C.Q.M.S. A. S. Lawrence.

Temp. Lieuts., from B.C. Regt., to be Temp. Lieuts.—F. S. Williams, R. M. Anderson, L. F. Beesley.

## Our Portrait Gallery.



Mina Whitins]

[Seaforth.]

## MAJOR G. R. N. COLLINS.

Born in London, England. Educated at Collegiate School, London. Graduated Medico-Psychological Association, England. Served with R.G.A. Imperial Army. Served in the South African War, 1899-1902, on special duty with Red Cross. Queen's Medal with 5 bars, King's Medal with 2 bars, Special Service Medal. Proceeded to Canada, 1902, and became Private Secretary to Sir H. M. Pellatt. Organized and commanded the St. John Ambulance Brigade in Canada. Took contingent to England, 1912, for review by H.M. the King. Awarded the Order of St. John in 1913, by H.M. the King. Secretary of the Canadian Infantry Association, and held various other appointments. Commanded Company in 36th Regiment. Won "Gowan" Trophy, 1914, for active service competition with Company composed of men all of whom had seen active service. In 1914 the whole Company volunteered for service and went to France. Was Company Commander with original 4th Battalion with 1st Division. Wounded at Ypres and rendered permanently unfit by internal injuries. Was Instructor and Lecturer successively, at Canadian Military School, Canadian Training School, and Canadian Pioneer School. Assumed command of O.T.C. Wing C.S.M.E., April, 1918. Author of books on "Military Law" and on "Military Organization and Administration." Responsible to date for the training of over 4,000 Cadets and 5,000 Officers.



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ROUND THE DEPOT.



No doubt everyone has noticed the infernal machine which heads our column every month. This is, of course, only the design, but the actual machine was completed on August 6th, 1918, when the last Battalion was formed. Much credit is due to the staff of this Battalion for the way they have trimmed off the rough edges.

Although the Coal Controller informs us of the shortage of fuel, we are going full steam ahead and stoking hard, in order to churn out the requirements for "Over There."

We are glad to have Colonel Anderson back with us, after his two weeks in hospital.

Captain Inderwick was called away on Sunday, August 25th, to visit his wife and a fine big baby boy. Congratulations from us all!

For the information of "C" Company, 1st C.E.R.B., we have with us a man known as "Lizzie," who can ride any horse you care to bring along. He has one "hover 'ome," which stands 28 hands high (size of hands not stated).

If you have noticed any of our boys on the beach counting the pebbles, do not worry them—they are taking a course in Pelmanism. They are getting so good at it that it is quite possible for them to remember what they had for dinner last Friday.

It has been suggested that Corpl. "Scottie" Hunter would make a fine delegate to discuss peace terms. We should then be certain of winning peace as well as the war.

There are arm bands, hat bands, cigar bands, string bands, Salvation Army bands, Bands of Hope, and lots of other bands. But ours is a military band. You ask "How do we know?" Because they can play "Over There."

PEN.



"A" Company.

O.R.S. Dave Gardiner has gone to hospital. The boys in "A" Company wish you the best of luck, Dave. Your understudy and his financial secretary are doing great work, interviewing customers for transportation to Brighton. Well, Dave, our deepest sympathies are with you and the dear little bit of fluff in Eastbourne.

We feel for the sapper who lost his leave bank roll on the old hook before proceeding to Dundee. We have suffered ourselves.

What N.C.O. does not like soup for dinner, when he is on guard? And why so fastidious?

Whose coat was the O.R.S. wearing on the 1.15 parade, 14/8/18?

Sapper Eastwood, lightning mess orderly, will run a race with a snail on the Oval, Saturday, September 21st, at 2.30 p.m.

Sapper Jock Burns wishes to challenge any somnambulist in the camp to a duration contest with or without blankets.

"B" Company.

Letters received:—

O.C. "B" Company.

Sir—I beg to report to you the theft of the following bicycle parts from my machine, while standing outside the D.R. shed, within the last 48 hours:—

- Rear wheel, free wheel hub.
- 28 by 1½ in. Pericles tyres.
- Chain, roller.
- Saddle, complete.

I am, etc.

O.C. "B" Company.

Sir—I beg to advise you that the rest of the bicycle that was referred to this morning as having been stolen is now missing.

I am, etc.

Oh Henry, do try to dance.

Who was the O.R.S. who had to catch the early train to Brighton, and then fell asleep on the promenade?

We very much deprecate the habit a certain sapper has got into of shouting out about midnight: "The old squire has been foully murdered, but never mind, here comes his lovely daughter."

Who was the sapper who walked to Eastbourne wearing a pair of nifty boots? And did he RACE back?

We like the style of the O.R.S. who, when a couple of ladies called on his chum, hid himself in a cell and acted as if two or three Bosche planes were over.

"C" Company.

Lieut. Bolton is very sorry he took R.S.M. Carpenter's tent pegging horse. He was under the impression that a man with the R.S.M.'s ability could peg on anything.

Why does Sergt. Saunders have to go out through the C.A.S.C. gate when he goes tent pegging? Surely he doesn't want all the ladies to see his lance.

"C" Company would like to know the name of the shoeing smith who went out blackberry picking on Saturday afternoon, and took two whiskey bottles full of water for the ladies to drink? He must be a "Darling" to think of the ladies like that.

We are glad to see that Acting L/Corpl. Cummings has at last had the decency to acknowledge the compliment that was paid him by his promotion, and is wearing the outward and visible sign of his undoubted rank.

We wonder whether the corporal who, when on leave, spent a night in a brewery, received any "Knox" as a result of the manoeuvre?

We would recommend a course in Pelmanism for the smart young N.C.O. who addressed the officer in the "Jock" tunic as "Mr. Bones."

## Some of the Staff of Instructors at the Khaki College, Seaford.



[Photo by Mina Whiting, Seaford.]



Capt. Osborne, Capt. Nicolas, congratulations. Congratulations to Capt. Nicolas on winning the bicycle race. Seems as though the Headquarters Staff can show the Companies something in the athletic line.

Who was the newly made Corpl. on the Headquarters Staff who was so highly elated on discovering that six from thirteen left seven?

We have been very busy lately sending off drafts, and it is very nice to know that our boys reflect great credit on the Battalion by the way they conduct themselves, both on inspections and at the station.

Another of the Battalion Orderly Room Staff, Sapper O. M. Mann, has departed for a fresh field of labour. He carries with him the best wishes of the "bhoys."

Rumour has it that another of the old gang will shortly enter the lists as a fighting man over yonder.

The first of a series of "At Homes" and whist drives was held in the Sergeants' Mess on Thursday, September 6th, and was a huge success. There were good numbers present, including many of the fairer

sex, and everyone enjoyed themselves to the limit. Whist and five hundred, interspersed with songs and recitals and refreshments, made the time pass very agreeably, and it is a foregone conclusion that those unhappy wights who were not present have by this time made up their minds not to miss the next one. The prizes were distributed by R.S.M. Dunleavy.

It has been noticed that the O.R.S. has not been paying his usual twice weekly visits to the "Jewish Citadel." What's the reason? Ask MICKEY.

The office missed the services of Corpl. Meunier, of baseball fame, during the past week. He has been talking RILEY ever since the Bramshott-Seaford game. And he knows. Does he still carry his rule book?

### "A" Company.

We take this opportunity to apologize to all SAPPER readers for the failure of this Company in not having an article in last month's edition, but we assure you all it was not neglect, just another case of "Duty called."

At a recent sports contest. Remarkd: "The great push ball rolling looks like the rising sun coming up over the horizon."

Who was the Corporal who, after being called to the 'phone and told that Major Ward wished to speak to him, thought that he was for it properly? Does he think that Major Ward has nothing better to do? We suggest

that he apologize to the Corporal at the other end of the wire.

One of our would-be's recently made an application for a transfer to the R.A.F., with the object of taking out a commission as an observer.

This is the reply he received: "How can a man be an efficient observer when he fails to observe when his pass expires?"

"We are living in a wonderful age." Yes, Mr. Gardner, we certainly are, but I wonder if we all realize this fact.

We do not like mentioning any names, but was "Mac" trapped into marrying "her" because she tempted him by sending packages of De Reske's cigarettes, like morsels of bread to a starving man. And if not, why is it he is now receiving Players instead?

But cheer up, Mac, old boy, some of us cannot even get Players, and may you be happy.

Here's a fellow that has done housework for a general. We suggest he be a general houseworker *à* apres la guerre.

Joe promised us all a while ago that he was going to receive "two and six" from home, and we have all been looking forward to the time when his documents would come through, showing the sale of his allotment.

He has not said so, but we are pretty sure that the money has come. Why, last night we were all "there" when he set them up.

### "C" Company.

What ho! The entire Company is on draft. At last we may venture to prophesy a speedy termination to this lovely war. What!

We all know Taffy, and some of us have even a nodding acquaintance with the "Land of the Leeks," but how our amiable Welshman intends to "do" Cardiff on £2 is utterly beyond us. May he yet live to bless the pay.

Wait till you see "Mac" in his new breeches. Then, and only then, will you visualise the "human form divine."

Rumour has it that our acting-assistant-quarter-bloke is soon to be married. We wish him the best of the contract.

We are greatly looking forward to the Battalion Sports, to be held sometime this month, and hope that they will be a howling success. We hope to take part in them, in spite of the fact that we are likely to be very busy getting ready to go across.

### "E" Company.

Good luck to our officers and men who are proceeding overseas to join in the chase for Huns. Judging from their broad smiles and the beaming faces of all ranks warned, they are eagerly and confidently looking forward to overtaking and dealing out grief to the Boche in his victorious (?) retreat.

Why is No. — bath-house noted for never having any hot water during the hours that men are allowed to bathe; whilst No. — bath-house always has hot water?

Who deprived the men of "E" Company of their breakfast before going on leave? And did not the officer who inspected them notice their hungry appearance?

### "H" Company.

The monthly "Roll of Honour" for conspicuous bravery in the sea of matrimony consists of one C.S.M., one Orderly Sergt., and one bartender sapper. We re-

frain from mentioning their names, as we have given our solemn oath to keep mum.

If it wasn't for the fact that we are on the water wagon, we might again try essence of vanilla in lieu of Worcester sauce. A repetition of this may lead to a disastrous spill, and furthermore is a detriment to the Temperance League.

Who was the person in the Battalion Q.M. Stores who narrowly escaped a broken neck whilst riding home from South Camp? It appears that the bicycle was one of the "Maud" kind, as it took a long time to find it after it had forcibly unseated its rider.

Our Orderly Room Corpl. has not been looking well of late, but reports from careful observers convince us that it is not a case for the M.O.



The Battalion has got into working order with exceptionally little trouble, and considerable credit is due to officers and other ranks connected with the organization.

The men are a very useful looking bunch, and the fact might well be taken note of that very few joined under the Military Service Act. A great many came from the States, and there are several who have been serving at sea. Those going on the prospective draft are lucky to have got such an early opportunity, and we look to them to make a reputation for the Battalion.

Some amusement is caused occasionally by the language difficulty, as witness the C.S.M. who spent an hour explaining the parts of the rifle to a backward student. At the end of this intensified instruction he asked the pupil if he understood—only to be nonplussed by the information: "I no compree Englese."

### "A" Company.

"A" Company is in dire need of reinforcements. At the time of going to press the Company consists of the O.C., the Second-in-Command, the Sergt.-Major, and three other N.C.O.'s.

It is true the Company Orderly Room can boast of extensive furniture, but in the absence of records to keep in the grand filing cabinet, the latter forms very effective camouflage for the staff during idle moments.

Cheer up "A" Company, you will have your hands full when the draft comes off leave, and then maybe you'll wish for a quiet life again.

### "B" Company.

"Fall in the men for Canada," an N.C.O. shouted outside as I am writing this. Why shouldn't he shout: "Fall in the men for Blighty"? This is a distinctly Canadian Company, with a sprinkling of Americans, and North America is Blighty enough for them.

Incidentally the "B" category men (I might have said "B" Company men) are very interested in the lists the Allocation Board sends out periodically.

A senior N.C.O. has had a weird experience on the links. He was in the act of imprinting a chaste kiss on the lips of his present love, when who should turn up but Mr. B— hunting a lost ball. There was no panic, he saluted, she smiled, and they both joined in the search for the elusive sphere. The lady found it, and was rewarded with another kiss, and Mr. B— continued his round, leaving the R.S.M. in charge.

## The O.T.C. Hockey Club.



**Front Row** (from left to right): Cadets Canzi, Bell, Fraser, Platts.  
**Second Row**: Cadets Carreras, Carroll, Christie, Medlen, O'Connor.  
**Back Row**: Cadets Barr, Woods, Simms.

## "C" Company.

Why is it Sergt. Golding forgets to wind his watch when he is in Brighton? And didn't he receive a shock when he saw Nellie?

Wasn't Corpl. Reay lucky to find the ten shilling note he dropped in a certain tobacconist's in Brighton? And what was it the English officer said when Reay stooped down and took it from under his foot, and said "Excuse me, but I dropped that nearly two hours ago."

Now the evenings are getting chilly, and indoor amusements are more popular, look out for a big noise from "C" Company's Troupe in the near future.

We would like to mention that we have a champion tug-of-war team ready to take on all comers. In fact, "C" Company expects to be well represented in all future sport meets.

Did C.S.M. Miller and R.S.M. Anderson enjoy their trip blackberrying last Sunday? And could they not have given a little more time to the berries, or did they think they had their hands full looking after the ladies?

Questions we would like answered.

What particular brand of chewing gum Lieut. Miller enjoys?

Whether Lieut. Reynolds is likely to ask his N.C.O.'s what the attractions are in Brighton? And if Lieut. Stewart is still in favour of Eastbourne?

## "D" Company.

Some say one thing, and others are of a different mind; but the fact remains that our C.S.M. and a certain Sergt. occupy the same tent.

We are poor but honest. We are not all prize winners, but we have an idea that we can take on any other Company at any branch of sport for money, peanuts or love.

Birkenhead did you say, Bobby?

Rumour has it that our worthy O.C. is getting thin. Work, worry, or both?

Yes, we hope to have our little garden plot finished before the Company runner has a shave.

Who said "Best tent"?

A great number of our draft appear to be of fickle mind, if one may judge by the number of addresses for leave that were changed before departure. What was the main idea? had she moved? You know the old saying about too many cooks.

## "E" Company.

Everything is sailing along smoothly in "E" Company. A large number of the boys are away on leave.

The Company's lines are getting to look quite artistic, and under the careful supervision of our special landscape gardeners, some very rare botanical specimens may be seen sprouting up in the near future.

The C.Q.M.S. is working overtime, and the din of the disc stamping expert can be heard in the small hours.

A new arrival in the Company is Lieut. Appleton.

Sorry we are unable to furnish much news, so we submit the following poem by a member of the Orderly Room Staff. (Next month.—Ed.)



**"F" Company.**

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Bombing.**

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

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

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

**Whispers from Bourley Segregation Area.**

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

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

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

**Gas Notes.**

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

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

Some questions asked:—  
Say, sah, can you smell gas in de dark, same as in de daytime?

What would you do if you had both hands blown off? Do we have to take our respirators to France with us?

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

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

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

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

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

**O.T.C. Wing.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Scene: Ceremonial Parade. Platoon with fixed bayonets.

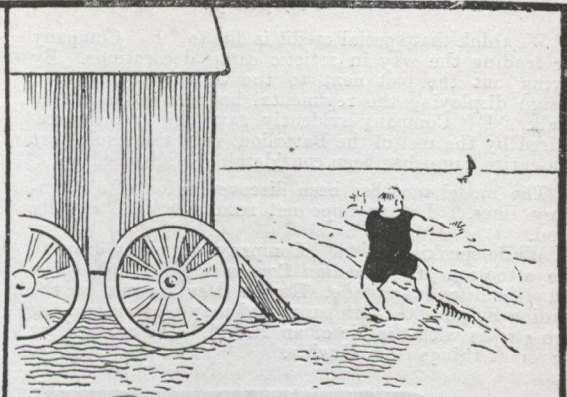
Leading Man: H. O. Jonnell Cones.

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

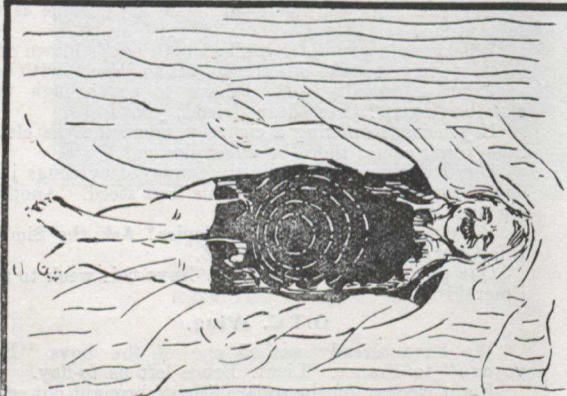
A voice from the gallery: "Say, Cones, old man, take those little knives off the ends of the guns before you look down the holes."



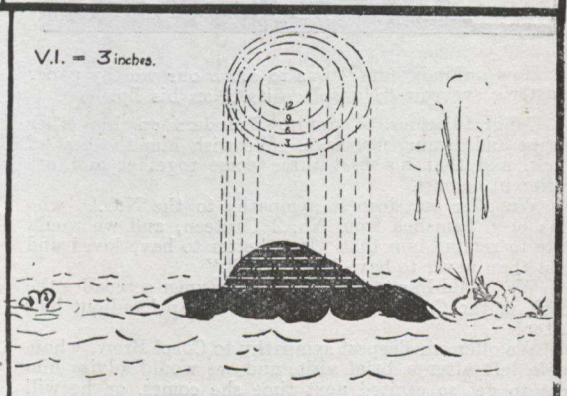
*This member of the Sergeants Mess*



*Who has some form you will confess*



*In teaching contours saves much fuss*



*Displaying his swell profile thus.*

COL C.S.M.E.

We don't like to boast, but have you heard about our tug-of-war team? During practice they got into trouble with the Signal Company through pulling out the telephone poles by the roots. There was some talk of moving the training quarters up to the New Forest, in order to get a tree large enough to hold them. They sure have "some pull." They have never been beaten; so far they have never had a match.

No. 1 Company O.T.C. completed their course on 31st August, and were gazetted with commissions to date from August 20th, 1918.

They have been posted as follows:—  
To 1st C.E.R.B.

Lieut. B. H. Anderson, Lieut. W. Barr, Lieut. N. J. Berridge, Lieut. E. J. Bridgewater, Lieut. W. M. Brock, Lieut. I. J. Cameron, Lieut. D. Darling, Lieut. G. G. Groig, Lieut. D. J. Hadley, Lieut. M. W. Hewett, Lieut. J. R. Miller, Lieut. J. A. O'Connor, Lieut. F. A. Pankhurst, Lieut. J. D. Ross, Lieut. M. M. Simms, Lieut. C. McD. Smyth, Lieut. H. L. Swan, Lieut. C. V. Wilkins, Lieut. A. L. Wilson.

To 2nd C.E.R.B.

Lieut. J. A. H. Christie, Lieut. A. Coulson, Lieut. T. Curtis, Lieut. P. Daniels, Lieut. J. S. Fraser, Lieut.

W. Johnson, Lieut. W. A. Linklater, Lieut. H. A. MacKenzie, Lieut. G. A. Markle, Lieut. E. M. Medlen, Lieut. A. Melville, Lieut. W. S. Milne, Lieut. F. H. Paget, Lieut. C. Platts, Lieut. R. C. Ralph, Lieut. J. E. Ratz, Lieut. N. C. Sutherland, Lieut. O. W. Titus, Lieut. H. G. J. Woods.

To 3rd C.E.R.B.

Lieut. E. C. Bramwell, Lieut. F. A. Canzi, Lieut. J. Carroll, Lieut. J. H. Dexter, Lieut. R. C. Fry, Lieut. H. C. Harris, Lieut. A. Jackson, Lieut. W. E. Lance, Lieut. P. J. Matheson, Lieut. D. Morrison, Lieut. A. C. Morris, Lieut. W. A. Murray, Lieut. G. D. O'Connor, Lieut. G. C. Reid, Lieut. N. B. Robinson, Lieut. H. Southworth, Lieut. W. Symmonds, Lieut. H. B. Titus, Lieut. T. Toon.

### Signal Wing.

On Tuesday, 3rd September, the Signal Wing of the C.S.M.E., together with the operators, cable and field air-line sections, and Brigade Section Pioneers of the 1st C.E.R.B. established a communication system in the area between Berwick and West Firth, south of the Lewes-Eastbourne road.

Billets were arranged for each station in farm-houses, barns and sheds, so that everybody was made comfortable.

It is planned to maintain the system for ten or twelve days.

We are glad to report that as a result of the recent fighting around Tilton, one of our youngest N.C.O.'s is recommended for a M.M., for gallant and persevering devotion to duty, in spite of the allurements of an alternative campaign at the "Barley Mow."

The Q.M. did his duty well, and if rations did run short occasionally—well, we saw one sergeant fall in for breakfast parade with a wash basin! Say, fellow!!

Who wore out the call button in the bar? And what did the sergeant say when the presiding goddess was too interested in watching the officers, to remember that it had been a thirsty job.

It must have been quite a shock for the N.C.O. who was ordered to replace black jumpers with green, "because it looked prettier."

It was a pity that the Q.M. could not arrange to issue some S.R.D., but if reports be true about certain N.C.O.'s, "they did not really need it."

Why did Joe stay at Bopeep all the time? We must go there ourselves next scheme.

Don't forget to bring your S.B.R. when visiting friends. The Colonel and A.P.M. expect it, and harness rooms are poor havens of refuge.

We envy the Visual and Wit—they have no line troubles anyway.

Why was a certain officer so diffident about wearing his S.B.R. in a certain outbuilding? And wherein lay the necessity?

When sharing a billet select your partner with discretion. When you 'phone a request to have the door opened, and arrive only to find it firmly closed, it is so exasperating. When you retrace your steps and 'phone again, and then arrive to find it still closed, it is more exasperating. We sympathize with the officer in question.

### Fieldworks Wing.

First of all come our sincere and hearty congratulations to Lieut. W. Goodwin and Lieut. J. W. A. Balfour, and to their respective brides. May they live happily and long.

Both married Scotch girls. Both seem highly pleased. Wherefore it may be that one suffering from bacheloretis would benefit by spending a leave in Scotland.

Two new instructors from France—Lieuts. T. R. Buchanan and L. J. Duthie joined the Fieldworks Wing on August 19th. Both were originally with Tunnelling Companies, and latterly with Engineer Battalions.

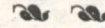
Not many days ago we bade a regretful good-bye to Lieut. G. C. S. Johnston (alphabetical), who was an instructor in the Mounted Duties Wing. He has returned to France, in exchange with Lieut. W. M. Boxon. May we foregather soon, Joe, somewhere on the way to Berlin.

Lieut. Shackell has just returned from the four weeks Instructors' Course at the S.M.E., Chatham. He says it was very good, particularly the bridging, and that every instructor should take it. In fact, he was so enthusiastic about it that he went back the first Sunday following his return. He wished to devote more attention to one subject.

Lieut. Balfour was also at a course recently—a two weeks camouflage course at a school near London. He learned much about texture, pattern, adaptation, simulation, alteration, and deception. It was shortly after his return from this course that he got married.

R.S.M. Ridgewell and the twelve instructors have returned from their command duty, and are on instructional work again.

Congratulations are given to the former members of No. 1 Company O.T.C. They have just completed (very creditably) their course of training, and are now wearing two pips each. They will be in France soon. Among them are former Fieldworks Instructors, Lieuts. Barr, Christie, Fraser, Johnson, Pankhurst, and Platt.



## Bramshott Signal Detachment.

We regret not having supplied any notes for the August issue, but the hot weather made our correspondent's brain softer than it is at present, and no inspirations were forthcoming.

There is a constant change of faces at this station, and as far as the O I oblique stroke C is concerned, it is another "Passing Show," but we have Mr. Sutherland in charge at present, and he is not so terrible as the sound of the name would suggest.

Stripes have been in the air for the last few weeks, and have finally lit on the tunics of Sappers Gosbee, Bryden, and Stephens, who are full corporals, and no one will grudge them their promotion.

Jerry's smile is broader than ever now, and threatens to ruin his handsome face—at least, so says Dame Rumour. There ought to be good business for the photographers for a while.

Notwithstanding the large percentage of parsons' sons in the hut, was not the air heavily charged one morning after blanket inspection, when all the nice tidy kits were found displaced? But the joke was on the man who tried to make two blankets look like one and was caught.

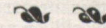
"The Call of the Wilds" seems to have struck the detachment, judging by the number of men who have suddenly found that they are due for six days' leave. A special department will be needed to cope with the applications, or else we will close up shop for a month and give everyone a holiday. Still, the Salvage Corps is smiling at the returns of waste paper. Just wait until the rain puts a damper on the holiday panic.

We congratulate Corporal (late Sapper, but not deceased) Bryden upon his high percentage in the signalling tests. Half a mark from perfect seems hard luck for Jerry, but we understand that Jerry is after someone's hide for putting down the wrong letter that lost him a perfect score.

### Overheard in the Lines.

First Sapper: Why do you always call me "Cabbage"?

Second Sapper: Because you have so many leaves.  
Exit of second sapper hurriedly.



Pants are made for men and not for women. Women are made for men and not for pants. When a man pants for a woman and a woman pants for a man, that makes a pair of pants. Pants are like molasses; they are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold weather. There has been much discussion as to whether pants is singular or plural. Seems to us that when men wear pants it is plural, and when they don't wear pants it is singular. If you want to make the pants last, make the coat first.



Read the advertisements and purchase your requirements from the advertisers in YOUR magazine.

## The Poet's Corner.

### A Soldier's Prayer.

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my rank to keep;  
Grant no soldier tries to take  
Shoes or socks before I wake.  
Watch o'er and guard my slumber,  
Keep my bunk and number;  
May no pole or guy rope break  
And smother me before I wake.  
Protect me in my dream,  
Make it butter, cheese, and cream;  
Let me dream of chocolate cake,  
Forgetting not the sirloin steak.  
Grant that time may fly on wheels,  
Till I get some decent meals.  
And that snowy feather bed,  
Where I long to lay my head,  
And those greasy half-baked beans,  
Take me back in my dream to-night,  
And forever more I'll be all right—  
Take me back to that land so true,  
Where they don't hike in mud all over your shoe,  
Where the rain storms cease, and no cold wind blows,  
Where the laundries wash and don't spoil your clothes.  
Lord, Thou knowest all my troubles,  
From grooming mules to pick and shovels:  
Lord, if Thou but take me home,  
I'll promise the world no more to roam,  
No more to leave the old fireside,  
Though war may wage on every side;  
I'll never swear, I'll never drink,  
Or at fair ladies cast a wink,  
But I'll settle down with a bonnie wife,  
To live contented all my life.  
Lord, grant this my earnest prayer:  
Just take me back to "Anywhere."

✱ ✱ ✱

### Munitions.

I'd love to hear the church bells ring,  
The way they crashed out years ago:  
The years another George was King,  
And warships came to Plymouth Hoe.  
But bells go by machinery now,  
They only ring for funerals;  
The long, low ships come silently  
To unknown, hidden, grey sea walls.

I'd love to see my own true love  
Come radiantly home to me.  
I ask no other treasure trove  
From all the world or any sea.  
But true loves do not come again,  
Now all the world is coloured grey,  
While only hope and dreams remain,  
Since our true men have sailed away.

Oh, I shall hear the church bells ring  
The way they crashed out years ago,  
When all the armies of the King  
Come sailing home by Plymouth Hoe.  
And I shall see my own true love  
That died in France far from my breast;  
He'll march unseen, but I shall see,  
And I shall cheer him with the rest.

J. B.

## The Sergeant-Major Instructor: His Smile

(CONTRIBUTED FROM CANADA.)

Through six short weeks we've blundered,  
And basked beneath his smile.  
Through troubled paths of brushwood  
He led us many a mile.  
Most of us cleared the hurdles,  
Superior and rough,  
We scaled the ditch and counter-scarp,  
And thought we'd called his bluff.

But when upon the crest we stood,  
All eager to revet,  
We saw him with a long fascine  
Balancing the parapet.  
Some would have crowned him then with sods,  
Some would have sand-bagged him,  
And some were waiting for relief,  
Some were for slaying him.

With a gabion for a halo,  
He smiled and sweetly said:  
"Now boys, we're on the downward grade,"  
Away we once more sped.  
He tied us into many knots—  
His smile seemed most intent—  
And with a fougasse drove us through  
Barbed wire entanglement.

From a machicoulis gallery,  
Through an egg-glass in the floor,  
We saw him doing tambour stunts,  
With tubes of bangalore.  
He thirty million thirsty men,  
And thrice as many horse,  
Had watered ere the sun was up,  
With one pump—lift and force.

And when we fondly hoped to pause,  
Beside a three-flagged stream—  
"To-day we build some brushwood huts,  
And dig a new latrine.  
Just place that village in defence,  
A gun epaulment there,  
And don't forget your 10 per cent."—  
He never turned a hair.

Midst spars and struts and transoms,  
And falls with C2 strain,  
He thrust a tamped BT2 charge  
Upon our aching brain.  
His figures and his formulæ  
Were getting past a joke.  
"In ten minutes time we carry on;  
Now break off for a smoke.

There's aparados behind you,  
I've traversed both your flanks;  
You know the angle of descent,  
High powers can't thin your ranks."  
Again his sweet smile cheered us,  
When a running guy brought word,  
Our one and only trestle bridge  
Lay gun-cottoned in the ford.

The unmeasured stream we needs must cross  
The final lap to win;  
But you can bet he boomed us o'er,  
On a unclosed biscuit tin.  
We've breasted the tapes, measuring,  
Can stand at ease awhile,  
And though his formula's forgot,  
We'll not forget his smile.

## After "Lights Out."

At dinner Mandy had heard a member of the family use the word "procrastinate," in the sense of "to put off."

That night, being her night out, Mandy asked the trolley car conductor to "procrastinate" her at Seventy Second Street.

He did. [5]- prize.]

◆ ◆ ◆  
"A CYCLING GROOM."

An officer receives word of a new man sent him to do groom duties. After questioning him somewhat, and giving him the once over, he asks for his horses, and to his great surprise the new groom brings him the saddle and remarks, "Here, sir, I don't just know how you like the saddle placed or arranged, so I thought you would like to put it on to suit yourself." The officer, eager to show his knowledge of saddling and horses in general, immediately does the necessary work, but still the groom looks on, while leaning with his elbow on a bale of hay.

"Well, I am ready, where is your horse?" Now, can you imagine the officer's expression on being told, "Sir, I am not much of a hand on horses, and if it is the same to you, I will follow you up on a bicycle."

"BULLYBEEFE."

◆ ◆ ◆

Chemist (to small boy left in charge during his absence): What did that man want who just left?

Small Boy: Something to cure a cough.

Chemist: What did you give him?

Small Boy: A stiff dose of Epsom salts, sir.

Chemist: What, salts for a cough?

Small boy (catching sight of the man leaning against a lamp post): Well, that was the right stuff, sir. Look at him, he's afraid to cough. [2]6 prize.]

◆ ◆ ◆  
PAT CASEY'S PRAYER.

*(This story comes from France via Chicago.)*

An Irish soldier, after ten months of hard, active service, applied for a furlough. His request was granted, and then it dawned on him that he had no money to take advantage of his holiday. He wanted \$100.00 to go to Paris.

He was at his wit's end, there being no time to be lost, when he recalled his mother's advice to apply to the good God above in time of trouble. So he wrote and posted his letter:—

"Dear Lord: Here I am, after fightin' ten months in mud up to me neck. The work is somewhat unpleasant, but you'll be glad to hear that I killed 50 Germans. Now, I'm a little tired, and I have me furlough all right, but I have no money left, having spent most of what I had for prayer books. Ask Fr. Tom McCarthy if you don't believe me. So, Lord, I ask you, in the name of all the saints, for the small sum of \$100.00. Sure, ye'll never miss it, and if ye send me the money I'll never forget ye in my prayers.—PAT CASEY."

In due course this appeal reached the censor's office, which happened in this particular locality to be housed in the Y.M.C.A. quarters. The letter was passed around, and aroused considerable attention and interest, as Casey was known to be a brave and cheerful fighter.

Contributions were sought, and finally the sum of \$50.00 was raised. This was sent to the applicant,

without comment, in a Y.M.C.A. envelope. The next day the following acknowledgement was received:—

"Dear Lord: I've received your \$50.00 as per application for furlough money, and I thank ye. May yer shadow never grow less. But I make so bold as to give ye a word of warnin'. Send the next money by the K. of C's. Ye sent the last by the Y.M.C.A. and they nipped half of it.—PAT CASEY."

## The "Whys" Men's Column.

SAY, TELL US, NOW!

Who is the N.C.O. of "E" Company 2nd C.E.R.B. who sent in his return of defaulters as follows:—No., nil; name, nil; disease, nil; from, nil; to, nil.

Where the hairpins came from that were found on Lieut. Clarke's table at Headquarters?

If the Y.M.C.A. and Sergeants' Mess in No. 1 Lines can be moved, to allow more room for officers of 1st C.E.R.B. undergoing the motor-cycle course?

Who is the P.T. Sergt. who has attached himself to the Canteen Staff? Is it the matches he goes after?

We would like to know how the P.T. Officer came to get a certain C.S.M.'s cigarette issue?

Is it true that Corp'l \_\_\_\_\_ goes to Brighton armed with a tin opener?

Who is the P.T. Sergt. who, given light duty by the M.O., wanders down town to do heavy duty?

Who was the gas instructor who pinched a comrade's "bit of fluff" from him, and then the following week borrowed the poor beggar's wheel to go and visit her?

Who was the S.M. who went to see the Paymaster (private business) on the night of the fifth, and landed a three hour pay parade job?

Who was the cadet at the drill examination who thought he was back on the farm at Varna, Ontario, when he tried to dress the squad back into line by telling them to "Back up, there." When told to move his squad on to their rifles in the shortest possible way, ordered "On your rifles! Fall in!" Good old Watty. Gave the order "The Platoon will retire. About turn." Not a man moved—not a budge. Wake up—come out of the blankets, Doc, they are standing at ease. Gave the order "For inspection, port arms, with bayonets fixed," nearly causing casualties. Good job he did not try to examine arms; but there, they don't use bayonets in the Transport Section of the old 12th Field. When trying to march the Platoon on to a marker, marched then right over the poor fellow. Good job he was "one of a good heart."

Who was the officer who was found gazing about a ten acre field with a bewildered air, and on being asked what he was looking for replied, "I put a battery in this field five minutes ago, and now the damned thing's disappeared?"

Who is the draft commander who was so highly indignant at hearing an irate instructor (I.D.) using uncomplimentary language to his platoon?

Who was the instructor?

Who are the "strangers in the vicinity" referred to in the W.A.A.C. lecture at Headquarters on Tuesday evening?

Was that the reason the C.S.M.E. was in great demand on Wednesday?

# SPORTS NEWS.

## BASEBALL.

With the championship game at Guildford on September 11th, between the C.E.T.C. and Epsom, we come to the close of a very successful season.

With fourteen wins and only four defeats in the area league, we are easy winners of the area pennant and the accompanying 14 gold medals.

In the semi-finals for the English Championship at Witley, we won from Bramshott 14-2, and from Shorncliffe 2-0.

In our next issue we shall give a resumé of the season's play, and a detailed account of the big game on Wednesday.

The Section Baseball League was well under way when, as before, Jerry called the games off. The left half and right half teams stacked up against each other for the opener, the game going to the left half by the score of 12-8. The right half went down to defeat again, the drivers putting it over them by 18-17. The right half then took new life, and beat the left 12-7, and also the drivers 22-20. The last game went to the drivers, against the left half, 18-17.

## Briefs on Sport.

Farmer, ex-driver, baseballer, etc., will lecture on "Ball one which struck."

No. 4 Section goalkeeper once said: "With one mighty swipe." The Headquarters and drivers have no kick coming for their defeat when Sapper Upjohn shed his blood for them.

## O.T.C. TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

The tennis tournament now in progress on the courts of the Blatchington Club, was, judged by the number of entries, the one thing needed to brighten the lines of the Officers and Cadets of the Seaford Area.

That the burst of enthusiasm displayed in entering was not extended to the equally important task of playing is to be regretted. This may have been due in part to the inevitable difficulties in arranging the time of matches to suit the spare time of the contestants.

The Engineers were well represented in the entry list, sending no fewer than forty-five names to the single handicap alone. Of these the O.T.C. Wing, C.S.M.E., was responsible for the greater part, and some of its entrants are still in the running.

In the next issue we hope to publish the final results in the different events.

## FOOTBALL.

With the coming of September the football season opens. The Brigade Area League will start up in about a couple of weeks, and the three C.E. Reserve Battalions will run their teams independently in the League. There will be one match per week on the Ladycross ground in a two months' series for a challenge cup and medals. So buck up and get into the game.

A meeting was called by the C.S.M.E. on Sunday last, when it was decided to combine with the O.T.C. to form a good team in the Brigade Area League, including a few of the good old players. With Lieut. Downing as President, Lieut. Weir as Captain (an old Newcastle man), Lieuts. Melville, Pankhurst, and

MacBeth, Sergt. Pryke, Bob, the old Boltonian, Nichol, Jardine, Halliwell, Staff S.M. Rogers and Bailey, and old Bayliss as manager, this combination should give a good account of itself.

## Lieut. Brickenden's Company.

Only three football games to represent our activity in sport, changes and work having made it difficult to get games going.

An Artillery Eleven made a hot pace for us, and in many ways showed splendid understanding, although lacking finish, where our dash and speed won the game, which was always closely contested.

In three games we have a draw 1-1, a win 2-1, and a loss 0-1, which proves that even though we are not the force of old, we can still demand respect from our opponents.

## Lieut. Booker's Company.

Football was going along at a great old clip when the unexpected happened, and everything came to a standstill, the Company team playing one game against a R.E. Railway Company, and coming out on top with a 2-0 score. A Section League was formed, and in all, three games were played. Numbers 2 and 4 Sections divided points with a 1 all draw. No. 3 Section defeated Headquarters and Drivers 3 to 1. Nos. 1 and 2 were having a battle royal when Jerry stepped in and called the game. No. 2 were leading by 1 goal.

## BOXING.

Boxing seems to be making quite a hit in the Centre, since the introduction of prizes for each individual bout. The show in the arena went off fine on Thursday, August 20th, and some fine bouts were witnessed, especially the midgets, who distinguished themselves, and are now out for blood.

Alex had to keep an eye on his title with the two heavies on the job. However, thanks to Alex, the boys are fine. We are sorry he damaged himself in his Liverpool scrap, but we are sure it was not his fault. Old sidekick Goodson went his fifteen three's in great shape, and lost by a very narrow margin of points. The next big meet at the arena is going to be by us, and we hope to stage some first-class stuff.

Thomas, of the 1st Reserve, was trying to get matched up with Alexander, but as he demanded weight from Alex they have been unable to come to terms. This demand is out of order, as he challenged Alex after the last fight.

Sergt Ponsford, middle weight champion of the R.M.L.I., will stage a fight with Alexander.

## ATTIWOOD IN FORM.

The boxing was keen and vigorous at the North Camp, Seaford, on Wednesday, August 21st, at a tournament held in aid of the Regimental Sports Fund. Lieut. Wm. Marsh had charge of the arrangements, which were most satisfactory, and he must be heartily congratulated upon the huge success which attended his effort to provide "Tommy" with the sport he loves best of all. Referee, Mr. Chas. Rose ("Boxing"); timekeeper, Capt. Stewart; M.C., Sergt. Kersley; ring-master, Lieut. Marsh. The hors d'œuvre was a 6-rounder between Pte. Knex and Pte. Clarkson, which

was won by the former by a k.o. in the first round. Then came Bert Day and Corpl. Goodson, who fought a hard draw. Sergt. Jack Simpson and Corpl. Tommy Moore followed in a 10-round bout, in which the whimsicalities of Moore kept the crowd roaring with laughter. If he had boxed throughout as well as he did in the first round, he would have beaten Simpson out of sight. As it was, he devoted far too much time to the amusement of the crowd, while Simpson scored points, and, in spite of a belated livening up in the last round on the part of Moore, the verdict went to Simpson.

The 15-rounds slam between Sergt. Joe Attwood and Stoker Keys was notable for the manner in which the stoker digested the soldier's left-handers—which were many. Keys was pluck personified, and kept running into jabs as he bored in, intent upon handing over the k.o. Attwood, however, was far too slippery, hence the stoker's rights were taken over the shoulder or neatly blocked. In the last round Attwood smashed a heavy right to Keys' face, which so badly damaged the stoker's nose as to cause his retirement. After Pat O'Keeffe and Nichol Simpson had sparred three rounds, Sergt. Jimmy Clarke and Stoker Sivers finished the afternoon's sport over a 10-rounds course. Sivers is suffering from an injury to his ribs, and was consequently taking no chances. Thus, as soon as Clarke got close he tied the Canadian up so securely that he could do nothing. At distance boxing he ran rings round Clarke, but apparently this was too much like hard work in the broiling sun, so he welcomed his opponent to close quarters, and scramble followed scramble. It seemed to amuse the spectators; therefore, rather than spoil sport by disqualifying the pair of them, the referee allowed them to box to the end, when his pre-determined verdict was a draw.

**C.E.T.C. BOXING TOURNAMENT.**

Sharp at 2 p.m. on Wednesday, September 25th, positively the best fights of the year, will get off to a start. The bill given below will make the fans sit up and take notice. Six excellent bouts are staged, and we are trying to get the redoubtable Jimmy Wilde to spar here. However, judge for yourself of the following programme:—

- First—Sergt Alexander, C.E.T.C., Champion Middle-weight, Canadian Army, v. Sergt. Ponsford, Middle-weight Champion, R.M.L.I. 15 3-minute rounds.
- Second—Sergt Joe Attwood, C.M.G.D., Welter Champion of Canadian and Australian Forces, v. Gunner Russell, C.F.A., Witley, Champion Welter-weight of Western Canada. 10 2-minute rounds.
- Third—Corpl Goodson, C.E.T.C., v. Sergt Stanton, 1st Reserve, Runner up Canadian Middle-weights, 1918. 10 2-minute rounds.
- Fourth—Sapper Gordon, 1st C.E.R.B., Welter-weight Champion, Seaford Area, 1918, v. Corpl. Devlin, 3rd C.E.R.B.
- Special Return Bout—Private Knox, 1st Reserve, v. Private Clarkson, 3rd C.C.D., Heavies.

The top liner is likely to prove a great bout, as these two are old hands in the ring. The second figures bring a Witley man, who has been asking for a slap at Joe for a long time, and is likely to make the candy kid go some. Next comes our man again in Goodson, who will, no doubt, put up some scrap; also Gordon, who is a likely lad fighting an unknown, who has a good reputation. The last, but not least, between Knox and Clarkson, will be good, as Clarkson is meaning to get his own back with a new guard. Taking it all round, it is likely to prove one of the best meetings yet.

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



By "WAG."

### 1st C.E.R.B. Dances.

The weekly dances of the Battalion, held in No. 2 Canteen, have become a very successful feature of camp life in this unit.

Each Wednesday "A," "B," and "C" Company in turn undertakes the management of the dance, and, of course, the preference in the distribution of the tickets is reserved by the Company in charge. As the number of tickets is limited to 50, in order to prevent overcrowding, there was naturally a little ill-feeling engendered at first among dancing experts in other Companies at being left out. When it was thoroughly understood, however, that their turn would come, this feeling disappeared.

A new turn will be given to the movement on Wednesday, September 18th, when the "C" Company dance will take the form of a masquerade.

Tickets will be issued first to those desiring to come in costume, and if there are any left after this they will be issued in the ordinary way.

### C.E.T.C Pierrottes.

It scarcely needed a prophet to predict that, with the advent of the new costumes the boys would place each individual turn on a par with them; and turn the show out as "pretty nifty" they certainly did. So that with the exception of one or two deficiencies in team work, the concert given by the Troupe in the Cinema was, as one or two admirers remarked, "pretty smooth."

From the opening chorus each individual turn was good. By dint of hard practice the instrumentalists have got nicely together, and the rendering of the respective musical numbers called for an encore every time, especially the Hawaiian number which, by the way, has been highly praised by a real native of Hawaii. So congratulations to Sappers Smyth and Pillington, also to Sapper Mayo at the piano.

Sapper Doneau was up to his usual form, and pleased the audience with his "Wild, Wild Women." Driver Butler was certainly the cause of some side yching among the ladies in the audience. His rendering of comic songs is above the average comedian stuff one finds around camp shows.

Doncaster still carries his audience with him, although in some opinions none of his new songs come up to "Jones of the Signals." Get wise, Don.

Mr. Grant's number, "Under the Cotton Moon" is great, and stands out as quite a feature in the show, enlisting as it does the aid of the chorus, the instrumentalists, and the clever dancing of Driver Harry Jones.

As regards scenic efforts, the Troupe has reason to admit lack of essentials. However, each show improves by additional effects, and no doubt in the near future the entertainment will stand in talent, dress and props.—second to none.

A concert was given at the 14th Canadian General Hospital, Eastbourne. Each individual item was well received, and an extra tone was given to the programme by the rendering of classic operatic numbers by Mr. Stenhouse. The boys had quite a little time along the beach Sunday morning before leaving, in the shape of an impromptu concert, and which pleased a big bunch of fair visitors.

Another concert was given at the large Y.M.C.A., South Camp, on the 30th August, to a crowded house, and the regular programme was run through and highly appreciated by the boys there. Afterwards an excellent supper was supplied the Troupe by the management.

THE TAY.

### The Seaside Y.M.C.A.

An entirely new thing. The Seaside Y. It occupies the premises of the old Soldiers' Club at Telsemaure, and although it is a part of the Y.M.C.A. organization it is as different from the ordinary Y as chalk from cheese.

The way it came about was that Mr. Fennell, the manager, was invalidated from the front, and when the doctor had done with him the "Y" people offered him an appointment. He accepted this, on the condition that he should have a free hand, so they said "Very well, here is this building, go ahead and do what you like with it."

He did, and with excellent results.

His idea was to run the place more on the lines of an officers' club. The rooms are well fitted up, and upholstered throughout in a good self-contained colour scheme. The easy chairs are really easy, there are linoleum and mats on the floor, the windows are clean.

There is a free wash room and free checking room for cloaks, etc., drawing room, reading rooms, and tea rooms; while, during the summer months, the beautiful lawns are fitted out with the necessary paraphernalia of an outdoor café, where you may take your lady friends and relations to tea.

There is a good billiard room and three canteen rooms, where a speciality is made of real home made cooking, as near cost price as working expenses will permit.

Every Saturday evening a London Concert Party performs in the outdoor theatre in the grounds, and on Sunday evenings there are frequent concerts by well-known people.

Everything that a soldier away from home wants to make him comfortable will be found here.

I almost forgot to mention one of the most important items in the scheme of this new departure, and that is that there is a professional entertainer always on the job in the person of Miss Kitchin.

### Cadets' "Y."

We have received word that a special Y.M.C.A. for cadets will shortly be opened in the assembly rooms in the grounds of the Seaside "Y," and hope to announce further particulars in our next issue.



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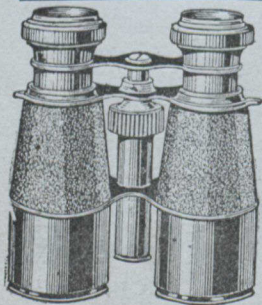
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