

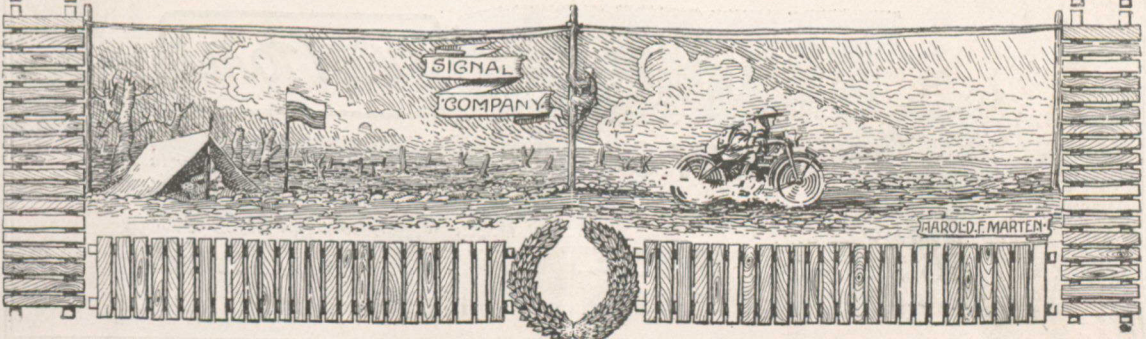
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The Baseball  
Championship  
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# OFFICIAL MAGAZINE of the CANADIAN ENGINEERS



October 1918.

Vol. 2.—No. 9

Price 6d.

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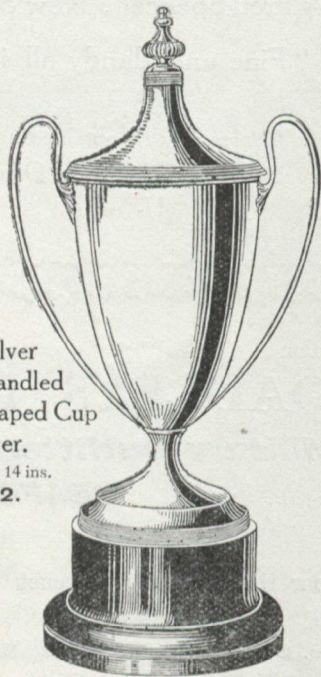
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# THE CANADIAN SAPPER

VOL. II. No. 9.

OCTOBER, 1918.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

## Editorial.

This is the Baseball number.

\* \* \*

We are now in a position to let out that howl of triumph we promised last month.

\* \* \*

We may, perhaps, be excused a little boasting on the subject of the Ball Championship in this Journal, as we have noticed that throughout the

whole of a very successful season, all the Canadian papers and magazines have denied us that small meed of praise and advertisement which we feel we deserve. We are unable to understand this attitude, but we feel that the achievement of our team is all the more creditable

in view of the fact that they have carried all before them in spite of it.

\* \* \*

We do not like to encroach on "John Bull's" privilege of announcing when the war will stop, but we are told that next year's championships will be played in New York.

\* \* \*

We offer no apology for printing the little picture that appears on this page. The inherent beauty of the thing speaks for itself, and it is published "by request." It shews the executive and administrative staff of this Journal in their

working clothes, and standing outside their workshop.

\* \* \*

Don't forget the new Cadets' "Y" Club on the Front.

\* \* \*

Have you noticed the red and blue bands of the Instructional Staff of the C.S.M.E.? Are they also part of the walking-out dress of the said Staff; or was it an accident we saw some in town?

\* \* \*



It is with a feeling of almost personal loss that we record the death of Col. S. D. Gardner, M.C., until recently commanding the Canadian Troops in the Seaford Area. He came overseas as Adjutant of the 7th Batt. (B.C. Regt.), and went through the second Battle of Ypres, and

Festubert, sustaining a lung wound at the latter. This kept him away from the fighting for about a year. He returned to the firing line in June, 1916, and promotion came rapidly. He received his Majority the same month, and his Lieut. Colonelcy in July. His old injury re-asserting itself, he was evacuated to England, and subsequently held important commands at Shoreham and Hastings. On the re-organisation of the Canadian Home Command he came to the Seaford Area as G.O.C., succeeding Brig.-General Landry. Besides the Military Cross, he held the Legion of Honour (Chevalier), and was mentioned in despatches in 1916.

## The Ways of the Army.

The young soldier, probably free of his home influences for the first time, finds his introduction to His Majesty's Forces far from pleasing or profitable. His life seems to be hemmed in with a hedge of "Don'ts" which are unusual, and, to the young man of action, far from understandable. Unfortunately, too many of these "Don'ts" always remain so, owing to lack of explanation, and in these times, when training is hurried, the opportunity to explain, for those who know, rarely occurs. The result is, therefore, that if the young soldier is healthy, he develops a "grouch." Just what his complaint is he does not know, but anyway, its "agin the Government." The hard fact will always remain, however, that although the Government is abusing his health by hiring men with stripes on to pull him out of bed with the crows, and subject him to other forms of brutality, such as physical training, yet he feels fit. Of course, that is his fault, not the Government's. Then, again, he doesn't get enough to eat, yet he is getting fatter. That's where he fools the Government. What's the use, however? Everybody is going through it in these days, but wait until we get home again." Wait until we meet that big Corporal, and we will "hand it to him." Quite right, we will, and we will ask him to "Drink up and have another." You think not? Well, wait and see. The whole secret lies in the fact that "he is one of ours, and was over there."

It is the same old tale, oft repeated. Every soldier has been through it, and has made the same dire threats, but when the day for casting his "Regimentals" comes, he does so with an inward sigh, and with an unreal outer joy. He may fool himself on that one day, but he will do a lot of thinking on the next and the next. Every soldier has denied this fact, and every soldier goes forth to demonstrate the truth of the statement.

Where is the attraction, then? The attraction is in the greatest asset in human life, real chums. They are the real attraction. Which ones? Everyone of them. The fellow who stole your soap; the man who sent you to whitewash the "last post"; the man who listened to your woes, and then told you his. They all are the attractions which draw you back to the barracks. What of the surroundings? No more bed boards; no more "mulligan"; no more P.T.; but instead, what? A soft bed to sleep in, which you don't enjoy, because you get into it too late, and leave it too early. No appetite for breakfast, and probably no time to eat it if you had. No sergt. to knock the grouch out of you inside three minutes, and so you carry it around all day. What about your liberty? Well, it is very nice to talk about, but the foreman or manager kicks like a steer because you were late. You don't mind that, because you would chuck the job if he got too fresh, but he probably fires you first, and spoils the show. You go around to the quick lunch to get your dinner. Fine dinner that, but why the deuce don't they get something fresh on the menu; they have had the same thing on for the least six months? What is wrong with it, anyway? Nothing. It is you that is wrong. You have not got the appetite, you don't feel as good, and it may be better than the Army, but it does not go as well.

No, we must give it up and admit that if we had a little more money and more leave to spend it, the Army would be first rate, but if we remodelled it to our tastes, we know we should spoil it. Of course, we do not tell the Sergeant-Major that, but we know it all the same.

What has this got to do with the unexplained "Don'ts"? It has everything to do with it, because they are the medical pellets which make the good things of the past seem dull and insipid when you go back.

The first thing you get when you join is an order to "Get your hair cut." That does not hurt; it is easier to wash your head, anyway. Then you are told to "Stand steady." That is not so easy to understand. You are not going to "stand steady" over there, you are going to kill Huns. Yes, but when whizz bangs are buzzing around, you find it easier to teach your shaky knees to "stand steady," if you have been taught to control your nerves on a parade ground. They are always fussing you about on parade for having dirty brass, etc., but you know that when you have got it all cleaned you stick your chest out and show it off. For the first few weeks you don't know how, but wait until you get down town. What does it mean? You begin to feel that it is no good cleaning brass unless you show it off. Your drill shows itself. You stick your head up, elevate your chin, swing your arms, and begin to feel like "the real thing." To sum it up, you take a pride in yourself. You do not appreciate it until the next recruit blows in, and then you see what he looks like. Do you tell him, how, what and when. Oh, no!!! You speedily tell him that he is a disgrace to the unit, etc., etc., and then you show him how it is done. Why do you do it? First, because you do not like the reflection of your former self. Secondly, because you appreciate your own improvement. Thirdly, because you feel a pride in your unit. It all comes unconsciously, and you do not see it grow until it is a healthy plant. It is the same with the whole daily routine. You get enough to eat, but you always feel fit for more, which would mean that you would not relish the next meal. Your meals are regulated, and you cannot abuse your health. You go to bed when you are told, and you get up better, because you had the right amount of sleep. You shake the grouch out of you before you are hardly awake, and then you take a pride in turning out on parade, determined to get off inspection without a check, first, because you have to, but later, because you like to. You feel proud when you succeed; proud of yourself, proud of your unit, and disgusted with the man who "spoiled the outfit." The men who made you what you are, cease to be enemies, and become friends. No? Well, why do you go to them for advice—because you know you do?

It is no use, you will not deceive those who know, and they are the only ones who will count "apres le guerre." You have learned several great lessons since you joined, and they are: How to take care of yourself; how to live on rational requirements; to control yourself; to respect authority; to make your life a part of the universe, and not a mere existence; you have learned of the world and its ways; you have realized that there are others beside yourself; that there are other places beside the little two by four area, which seemed to be the whole world; and over and above it all, you find yourself fit and healthy. You have confidence in yourself, and respect for others. You have brought out the best that is in you.

Will you acknowledge all this? No!!! Why? Because it is not the way of the Army; but all the same, you know it is true, and in your heart you respect those little "Don'ts" that taught you all this. Even if you do not get the explanations, you can at least judge the results. Will you stop grouching? Oh, dear no!!! Keep it up—it is part of your health. It is the safety valve that lets off the extra pressure.

It is no use being a flumbug, and saying you do not enjoy it, because you know it and feel it. Why, you

cannot play a game of football without hedging yourselves with a lot of "Don'ts," and you know that you howl your head off at the man who breaks the rules of the game.

Discipline is good for us, but we don't apply it to ourselves, if we think it interferes with our pleasures, although the latter may leave the bad taste in the mouth and the nasty head with which we bluff ourselves that we "had a good time."

When the next war comes we shall all be there, ready to start our grousing and grumbling, but chuckling inwardly to be "back in the Army again."

So, here's luck to the "Army don'ts." They tickle but don't hurt, and after a while we find that the tickling is good for the circulation.

"I've eaten your bread and salt,  
I've drunk of your water and wine;  
The deaths ye died, I've sat beside,  
And the lives ye led were mine.  
I've written the tale of our life,  
For a sheltered people's worth,  
In jesting guise, but ye are wise,  
And know what the jest is worth."

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

## The Latest in Gas.

"— sappers of the —th Battalion C.E. were gassed with mustard gas while cleaning out an old trench. They all complained that they were not aware of the peculiar properties of mustard gas."

The above is an extract from an official letter received recently. The number of sappers referred to was large.

The great trouble in anti-gas training is to keep up to the enemy's latest moves. For in no branch is he showing such devilish ingenuity and feverish determination to beat us as in this. Every week brings a letter giving details of some fresh gas or fresh method of using old gases.

In this article I want to say a little about mustard gas, most of it old, but some of it new. But first, to bring home the Hun's unrelenting efforts, the following dates and ranges (approximate only) are peculiarly applicable.

In January, 1918, the range of German gas shells was 12,000 yards.

In April, 1918, the range of German gas shells was 20,000 yards.

In June, 1918, the range of German gas shells was 25,000 yards.

These figures speak for themselves.

Now for mustard gas.

This gas was first used in July, 1917, and for a while caused heavy casualties, as its strange properties were not immediately recognised. These properties are:—

First: It does not usually affect a man directly he breathes it, some five or six hours elapsing before serious symptoms set in.

Second: It is very persistent, hanging in shell holes, etc., for days in dangerous quantities.

Third: It can be carried into dugouts on clothing or muddy boots, in sufficient quantities to gas the dugouts.

No. 1 is due to its curious chemical properties; 2 and 3 are due to the fact that at ordinary temperatures mustard gas is a liquid.

Until quite recently the enemy always sent mustard gas over in shells. Sufficient heat was generated by

friction and by the expulsion to boil the liquid, forming clouds of vapour or gas. As, however, the shells burst after impact with the ground, a considerable percentage of the liquid would be soaked up by the soil. This portion would remain dormant in the shell holes in cold weather, at night particularly. But in warm or sunny weather it would slowly evaporate, so that every mustard gas shell-hole became a death trap to the unwary. It was ignorance or forgetfulness of this that caused the sappers referred to above to become casualties.

The greatest danger is due to the amount of gas given off from any shell hole being naturally small, and therefore difficult to detect. Unless all troops are thoroughly aware of the danger of all shell holes, and unless they realise that the smallest amount of any gas is highly dangerous, casualties are bound to occur.

This state of affairs was bad enough, but we could remedy it to a certain extent. Dangerous shell holes could be rendered harmless by sprinkling them with a good layer of fresh earth. Recently large quantities of chloride of lime have been issued for this purpose, as being more effective than earth. This was a big enough job; still, the most annoying shell holes, *i.e.*, those near dugouts, working parties, etc., could be readily handled this way. This naturally did not suit Fritz, hence his latest move.

He now sends over mustard gas by means of heavy trench mortars, the projectiles or drums being timed to burst a few feet above the ground. The result is that a good percentage of the liquid in the drums, not being fully vapourised, drops to the ground as a fine rain, contaminating the soil for yards around, and impregnating the clothing of anyone near by.

The difficulties initiated by this new dodge of his are obvious. There is no shell hole or mark of any description to indicate that the soil may be impregnated with gas. At present all that can be done to offset this new condition is to warn everyone of his methods, and to warn them to be constantly on the alert for contaminated ground. The least suspicion of a strange smell or taste in the air, or the appearance of a slight haze or mist not easily accounted for, or an undue tendency to cough or sneeze, means gas. Get into your "best friend" first, and then consider what can be done next. "Call it a night and go home" ought to be a good plan.

I understand that THE SAPPER is highly popular in France, and I have no doubt this article will be duly scorned and scoffed at on arrival in that delectable country, but the extract quoted at the beginning is my vindication.

R. A. POOK,

Lieut. C.S.M.E.

## The Stone Angel of Arras.

Whilst coughed the guns, I rambled through the town

And saw the ruin war had lately wrought—

The shell-holed walls, the buildings tottering down,

The havoc made where battery battery sought.

I passed beneath the shelled cathedral's dome,

And paced the ancient marble pillared aisle,

'Neath broken arches now the jackdaws' home,

Where rubbish heaps marked that still noble pile.

And nought was there in chancel, aisle, but gave

Of Hun-wrought sacrilege some tangent trace,

Save just one sculptured angel in the nave

That looked from out her niche with hallowed grace

Unscathed, alone with ruins round the base,

In stern denouncement of a vandal race.

SAPPER ROCKE SAVAGE.

## THE BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE BRITISH ISLES.



### The C.E.T.C. Baseball Team (Champions of the British Isles).

**Top Row:** Spr. Rankin (P.), L/Cpl. Glover (P.), L/Cpl. Devine (P.), Lieut. Proctor (R.F.), Cpl. Garduer (L.F.), Sergt. Riley (3rd B.), Spr. Dobson (C.), Spr. McDougall (C.), Spr. Godfrey (C.F.)

**Bottom Row:** Spr. Willy (2nd B.) Lieut. Stewart, captain (1st B.), Lieut. Huyck (Manager), Lt-Col. J. P. Fell, Lieut. Patterson (Secretary C.S.A.A.), Spr. Duncan (S.S.), Spr. Watson (L.F.)

[Photo by the Central News, Ltd., London.]

### How It Looks to an Outsider.

As a casuist and a philosopher, I used to think that I should never be able to work up any excitement or enthusiasm over a game of baseball; but now I know I was wrong, after seeing the game at Queen's Club between our boys and the Americans.

Whew! Why I hadn't been there for more than half-an-hour, when I found myself standing on one leg and howling like a maniac. I threw my hat up in the air, and even got so I could talk out loud to the pitcher—the American pitcher, I mean; our star didn't need talking to.

I think I must have done all these things as a direct result of being in close proximity to S.M. Harry Taylor and Corpl. Freddy Cowan, because they were real worked up. There is even a well founded rumour that

Freddy fell on the manager's neck and kissed him when the game was over. I wouldn't doubt it a bit.

We seemed to have the Yanks' number right from the start, although when they went off with two runs in the first innings, it certainly needed a great deal of optimism for an outsider to keep his hopes up to scratch.

That was really what made it so exciting, the feeling of uncertainty that pervaded the crowd until our man began to get his good work in.

The crowd made a very interesting study. Canadians were in the majority, but there was a very good proportion of American supporters, and civilians, most of whom, by the way, rooted for the Americans.

There was one English girl, however, who was wildly Canadian, and she amused me very much by some of her quaint remarks about the Yanks' pitcher. It appeared that she didn't like the shape of his legs, and his



peculiar style of wind-up seemed to annoy her; while his face roused her to such a pitch of anger that she even went so far as to mention it to him. An American officer who was standing close by said, to no one in particular: "By Gol! these English people are getting so they take an almost intelligent interest in a ball game; why, they've got so they can shout at the players pretty near like white men."

## Champions of British Isles.

Canadians, 6; Americans, 2.

The C.E.T.C. closed their victorious baseball season in a blaze of glory on Saturday, September 28th, when, in their capacity of Canadian Champions of England, they defeated the American Champions of England at



**Baseball at Queen's Club: The Canadian Engineers beat the American Army.**

Wylie Devine (Canadian "Star") being carried off the field. Devine struck out fifteen men, and gave no bases on balls. The cup seen is one won by the Canadian Engineers on a previous occasion.

[Photo by The Central News, Ltd., London.]

"Thank you," I said, in my silly little way. "Sure they do," he went on. "They haven't quite got so they'll throw a pop bottle at the umpire, but they will—it's coming."

And although I didn't quite like his way of putting it, I'm bound to agree with him on the main point.

The ball game has come to England to stay. It will never oust cricket from its lofty place in the English sporting heart, but there is a certain element in this country of a younger and more gingery generation, to whom the speed and motion of the ball game appeals very strongly; and I am proud to reflect that this desirable end is being achieved, largely, by the efforts of the Canadian Engineers in this country to put up good ball.

the Queen's Club, London, by a score of six to two, in a game which decided the Championship of the British Isles.

A large and enthusiastic crowd was in attendance, made up very largely by the contingent which left Seaford by the special train on Saturday morning. A very fair attendance of the civilian public, who are beginning to take a real sporting interest in our national game, filled the stands, and a record number of ladies added a touch of brightness to the scene.

The ground was in perfect condition, and the weather perfect. Both teams were in the pink of condition, after a hard season's ball playing, and all the necessary concomitants of a good afternoon's sport joined to make the event a red letter day in the sporting season.

The game was a keen contest from the first innings, and the enthusiasm of our supporters ran very high both during and after the game.

Devine added fresh laurels to his summer's work by pitching wonderful ball, and had the Yanks eating out of his hand at all stages of the game after the first innings. Bishop, for the Americans, also pitched good ball, but received poor support at critical stages of the game. The well timed and scientific hitting of the Engineers in the 6th and 7th innings was the cause of his downfall.

The score is a very just indication of the play, and the superiority of our team over the Yanks was quite in that proportion.

Altogether, we are able to say that the result of this game is a very proper and fitting close to a season's hard work. We walked through the Canadian Championship, and now we have beaten the Americans at their own national game.

**The Game.**

The Americans won the toss, and took the field.

1st Innings.—Proctor leading off for the C.E.T.C. struck out. Willy hit to Clarkson, and was thrown out at first. Riley beat out a short hit, and stole second on the first ball pitched. Stewart hit to Bishop and was thrown out. R.0 H.1 E.0.

Conway was out Riley to Stewart. Caswell hit over second, advanced to second on Clarkson's short hit to right field. Cusack hit a short one over Duncan's head, filling the bases. Caswell and Clarkson scored on Casey's hit over second. White and Davis struck out. R.2 H.4 E.0.

2nd Innings.—Godfrey popped a fly to Casey. Duncan walked, and was out stealing second. Watson out, Conway to Dehaven. R.0 H.0 E.0.

Bishop popped out to Duncan. Dehaven singled over first. Conway struck out. Caswell out to Riley. R.0 H.1 E.0.

3rd Innings.—McDougall out Bishop to Dehaven. Devine singled. Proctor's infield hit forced Devine out at second. Willy was hit by a pitched ball. Riley smashed out a two bagger, scoring Proctor. Willy held up at third, and was caught napping, Bishop to Casey. R.1 H.2 E.0.

Clarkson out, Riley to Stewart. Cusack out, McDougall to Stewart. Casey out, Willy to Stewart. R.0 H.0 E.0.

4th Innings.—Stewart smashed out a three bagger to right field. Godfrey was safe at first on Bishop's fumble, and stole second on first ball pitch. Bishop pulled himself out of a bad hole by striking out Duncan, Watson and McDougall in a row. Stewart and Godfrey dying at 3rd and 2nd. R.0 H.1 E.0.

White popped out to Willy. Davis struck out. Bishop out, McDougall to Stewart. R.0 H.0 E.2.

5th Innings. Devine smashed a beauty to centre field, White making a difficult running catch. Proctor hit a clean two bagger. Willy was again hit by a pitched ball. Riley beat out a slow roller along third base line, advancing Proctor and Willy. Bases full. Stewart hit to Conway, forcing Proctor out at the plate, Conway to Cusack. Bases still full. Godfrey busted it for two bases, scoring Willy and Riley. Duncan struck out. R.2 H.4 E.1.

Dehaven out, Devine to Stewart. Conway struck out. Caswell was safe at first on Riley's error, and was run down stealing second, Devine to Stewart, to Willy,

to Stewart, to Duncan, who tagged the man. R.0 H.0 E.1.

6th Innings.—Watson popped a high one to Bishop. McDougall hit a clean two bagger. Devine beat out his bunt along first base line advancing McDougall to third. McDougall scored on a passed ball, Devine taking second. Proctor singled. Willy singled, scoring Devine, who made a perfect slide at the plate. Riley hit to Bishop, who held up trying to catch Proctor off third. All safe, bases full. Stewart struck out. Godfrey walked, forcing Proctor in for a score. Duncan struck out. R.3 H.5 E.0.

Clarkson struck out. Cusack popped out to Duncan. Casey was safe on a close decision at first, and stole second on first ball pitched. White struck out. R.0 H.1 E.0.

7th Innings.—Watson popped out to Dehaven. McDougall out, Bishop to Dehaven. Devine out, Bishop to Dehaven. R.0 H.0 E.0.

Davis struck out. Bishop struck out. Dehaven singled. Conway struck out. R.0 H.1 E.0.

8th Innings.—Proctor out, Conway to Dehaven. Willy walked. Riley popped out to Clarkson. Stewart struck out. R.0 H.0 E.0.

Caswell popped out to Duncan. Clarkson went to first, the third strike going through McDougall at cover. Cusack struck out. Casey out, McDougall to Stewart. R.0 H.0 E.1.

9th Innings.—Godfrey singled and stole second. Duncan struck out. Watson out, Clarkson to Dehaven. McDougall popped out to Casey. R.0 H.1 E.0.

White struck out. Davis struck out. Bishop flew out to Proctor. R.0 H.0 E.1.

CANADIANS.

|                      | A.B. | R. | H. | P.O. | A. | E. |
|----------------------|------|----|----|------|----|----|
| Proctor, R.F. ....   | 5    | 2  | 2  | 1    | 0  | 0  |
| Willy, 2nd B. ....   | 2    | 1  | 1  | 1    | 2  | 0  |
| Riley, 3rd B. ....   | 5    | 1  | 4  | 1    | 2  | 1  |
| Stewart, 1st B. .... | 5    | 0  | 1  | 5    | 1  | 0  |
| Godfrey, C.F. ....   | 4    | 0  | 2  | 0    | 0  | 0  |
| Duncan, S.S. ....    | 4    | 0  | 0  | 4    | 0  | 0  |
| Watson, L.F. ....    | 5    | 0  | 0  | 0    | 0  | 0  |
| McDougall, C. ....   | 5    | 1  | 1  | 15   | 1  | 1  |
| Devine, P. ....      | 4    | 1  | 2  | 0    | 2  | 0  |
| Total .....          | 39   | 6  | 13 | 27   | 8  | 2  |

AMERICANS.

|                       | A.B. | R. | H. | P.O. | A. | E. |
|-----------------------|------|----|----|------|----|----|
| Conway, S.S. ....     | 4    | 0  | 0  | 0    | 4  | 0  |
| Caswell, L.F. ....    | 4    | 1  | 1  | 0    | 0  | 0  |
| Clarkson, 2nd B. .... | 4    | 1  | 1  | 3    | 2  | 0  |
| Cusack, C. ....       | 4    | 0  | 1  | 10   | 1  | 1  |
| Casey, 3rd B. ....    | 4    | 0  | 2  | 3    | 0  | 0  |
| White, C.F. ....      | 4    | 0  | 0  | 1    | 0  | 1  |
| Davis, R.F. ....      | 4    | 0  | 0  | 0    | 0  | 0  |
| Bishop, P. ....       | 4    | 0  | 0  | 1    | 5  | 1  |
| Dehaven, 1st B. ....  | 3    | 0  | 2  | 9    | 0  | 0  |
| Total .....           | 35   | 2  | 7  | 27   | 12 | 3  |

Score by Innings:—

|               | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | R | H  | E |
|---------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|---|
| Canadians ... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 13 | 2 |
| Americans ... | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 7  | 3 |

### Canadian Championship of England.

The C.E.T.C. baseball team brought their brilliant series of games in the Canadian Championship to a successful close by defeating Epsom in the final game played at Guildford on Wednesday, September 11th, 1918, by a score of 2-0.

In the semi-finals played at Witley the week previous, the C.E.T.C. representing the Seaford area defeated the 21st Reserve Battalion representing Bramshott by a score of 14-2. On the same day Epsom defeated the C.T.S. from Bexhill by a score of 8-1.

In the second round of the semi-finals the S.C.D. of Shorncliffe representing that area were beaten by the C.E.T.C., 9-0, Epsom defeating the 8th Reserve of Witley by a score of 5-3, thus leaving the C.E.T.C. and Epsom to play in the final.

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

|                      | A.B. | R. | H. | P.O. | A. | E. |
|----------------------|------|----|----|------|----|----|
| Proctor, R.F. ....   | 3    | 1  | 2  | 0    | 0  | 0  |
| Willy, 2nd B. ....   | 3    | 0  | 0  | 2    | 4  | 0  |
| Riley, 3rd B. ....   | 3    | 0  | 2  | 0    | 3  | 0  |
| Stewart, 1st B. .... | 4    | 0  | 1  | 12   | 2  | 0  |
| Gardner, L.F. ....   | 4    | 0  | 1  | 0    | 0  | 0  |
| Godfrey, C.F. ....   | 3    | 1  | 0  | 1    | 0  | 0  |
| McDougall, C. ....   | 3    | 0  | 1  | 8    | 1  | 0  |
| Duncan, S.S. ....    | 3    | 0  | 2  | 3    | 4  | 0  |
| Devine, P. ....      | 3    | 0  | 0  | 1    | 4  | 0  |
| Total .....          | 30   | 2  | 9  | 27   | 18 | 0  |

#### EPSOM.

|                        | A.B. | R. | H. | P.O. | A. | E. |
|------------------------|------|----|----|------|----|----|
| Burrows, 2nd B. ....   | 1    | 0  | 0  | 0    | 1  | 0  |
| Banns, L.F. ....       | 2    | 0  | 0  | 1    | 0  | 0  |
| Eagle, L.F. ....       | 1    | 0  | 0  | 0    | 1  | 0  |
| Masters, 1st B. ....   | 3    | 0  | 0  | 10   | 0  | 0  |
| Robinson, C.F. ....    | 3    | 0  | 0  | 1    | 0  | 0  |
| Green, R.F. ....       | 2    | 0  | 0  | 2    | 0  | 0  |
| Dutton, C. ....        | 3    | 0  | 1  | 4    | 2  | 0  |
| Thoreston, 3rd B. .... | 3    | 0  | 0  | 3    | 0  | 0  |
| Chalmers, S.S. ....    | 3    | 0  | 0  | 6    | 2  | 1  |
| Raferty, P. ....       | 3    | 0  | 0  | 0    | 7  | 0  |
| Total .....            | 24   | 0  | 1  | 27   | 13 | 1  |

Eagle replaced Banns in sixth.

Score by Innings:—

|               | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | R | H | E |
|---------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C.E.T.C. .... | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 9 | 0 |
| Epsom .....   | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 |

#### Notes on the Game.

The pitching of Devine was a feature throughout the game. He struck out eight men, and only allowed one hit, passing three men to bases on balls, and hitting one man. Just wild enough to be very good.

The fielding of Riley, Duncan, and Willy, and, in fact, the whole team, was good enough for Class A ball.

Duncan came through with the hit that sewed the game up in the fourth innings. Riley's pegging from third was exceptionally good. At one time he threw a man out at first from about 8 yds. behind third, as pretty throwing as has been seen for years.

Proctor's running of bases was very good. Godfrey didn't get his usual hit, but his base on balls resulted in the second run for us.

Gordon was most prominent on the coaching lines: his coaching would get any player's goat. He also hit well.

Godfrey went very deep in centre for Master's long fly, and saved what would have been a run for Epsom.

Proctor may have had a chance to throw Dutton out at first on his hit. The play would have been close.

Devine fielded his position like a veteran.

Hughie Jennings says:—"A pitcher to be in real good form the following day, should sleep on the floor of the club house." I'll say so.

"Dad" Stewart was on his toes all the time. His steadiness and pep, which has carried the team through a brilliant season, was always in evidence.

McDougall caught a splendid game, and worked his batters well.

"Cap" was also there with the moral support.

"FAN."

### Personal.

Capt. Ben Bate, M.C., D.C.M., is attached to 1st Brigade, Lieut. Emery, M.C., is attached to 2nd Brigade, Capt. Harvey, M.C., is attached to 3rd Brigade—each as Staff Captain.

### Commissions, Promotions, Etc.

Temp. Capts., from W. Ont. Regt., to be Temp. Capts.—C. P. Coatsworth, M.C., W. W. Davis, W. G. McGhie, M.C.

Temp. Capt. C. H. Rogers, from C.A.S.C., to be Temp. Capt.

Temp. Lieut. F. A. Ritchie, M.C., to be Temp. Capt. 500107 Sergt. W. C. Bruce to be Temp. Lieut.

## The "Whys" Men's Corner.

SAY, TELL US, NOW!

Why are men so selfish? Every time Heine comes over, we all think he has got a bomb for our special benefit?

Why is it that the sappers recollect that they have a soldier's Testament when they hear the drone of a plane? Who were the two linemen who captured 26 prisoners? And what did they do with them?

Who is the Sergeant who is looking for the man who takes the biscuit? And will he do the cake walk when found?

Who is the Sergeant who said, "The reason Fritz throws over a few shells each night is to destroy the morals of our troops"?

Is it a fact that one of the Divisional Signallers recently warned the Sergt.-Major of Major Weatherbee's Company that the shine on his boots was liable to be mistaken for the rays of a heliograph?

What is the charge for hanging washing on the 1st Battalion clothes line?

If the R.S.M.s get saluted more often, now that they have their £20?

Who is it, in Headquarters, that is known by the fair ladies as "Baby"?

If the Cinema bank book is any bigger now that the N.C.O. i/c Accounts takes "cheques" at the door?

If Denny O'Day enjoys his afternoon issue?

Who is the officer, now taking the Cadet Course, who gives words of command with his right hand?

If the P.T. Instructors, during bad weather, could not halt their squads at other places on the road, than in front of houses? We know they think they are the whole "cheese," but why advertise it to the civilian population?



There is a very good story going the rounds in France, concerning an adventure of the Chief Engineer.

It appears that the General was walking one morning in the direction of the front line, when he met a German, fully armed and equipped, marching down the road. The Hun stopped, and, saluting smartly, asked: "Am I going the right way, sir"?

"Yes, my man," replied the Chief; "keep straight on—they are expecting you."

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

Owing to the boys being so busy chasing Huns, there has been no material come in for THE SAPPER. It is hard even to find time to write to one's best girl.

Our sympathies go out to Capt. Carscallen, who has lost a leg. The other officer casualties were of the cushy variety.

The C.O. has his leave warrant in his pocket. He still doesn't believe he's going, after his numerous disappointments.

It's a funny thing that, every time, anyone returning from leave these days reports "A quiet time," even the C.R.E. This is all the information we can get out of anyone.

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

The members of the old Company particularly appreciated the compliment paid the C.O. in the bestowal upon him of the rank of Lieut.-Col., as well as the D.S.O., and they take these honours as an indirect compliment to themselves also. There have been other well earned promotions, including those of:—

Capt. D. J. Miller, to be Major.

Capt. A. H. MacDonald, M.C., to be Major.

Lieut. C. M. Steeves, to be Capt. and Adjutant.

Lieuts. A. M. West, M.C., F. Jones, W. C. Murdo, C. S. Wally, M.C., Chittenden, Ferguson, and Hanna, to be Captains.

The Battalion has had some losses lately, and one, that of "Scottie" McAlpin, was especially regretted, as he was not only a good engineer, but also a Scotsman of the Harry Lauder type, who always helped to keep his comrades entertained.

Sergt. J. J. Coyle, one of the originals, who has been wounded, will be greatly missed. A "Son of the sea," from Vancouver, he was the life and soul of any bunch of the fellows among whom his lot was thrown.

Other originals who have made "Blighty" are Corps. Heasley and J. C. Coles (the Deacon), both popular N.C.O.s, and we hope that neither of them is seriously injured.

The Battalion welcomes Major Tate (late of the 2nd Pioneers) as its new Second-in-Command. His is a genial personality.

Among the recent additions to the strength of the Battalion is an officer well known in British Columbian politics and municipal affairs. Lieut. Hanes, formerly Mayor of North Vancouver for two years, and still a

member of the B.C. Legislature, came out immediately following a big and successful fight against vested interests.

#### Col. Kingsmill's Battalion.

##### "C" Company.

The "Tokio" Field Company, No. 9 sub-section, is getting more like a benevolent society every day. They have a coat of arms now—a long mule track dotted here and there with shell holes in a field of azure green; in the distance is seen a motor cycle; no motto yet.

Corpl. Brad has another suggestion; he says the re-organization isn't complete until each Company has an estaminet attached. Quite right, Corpl.

It is very strange what a bicycle can do in the way of getting a fellow into trouble, isn't it, "Tosh"? If it don't follow the wrong Battalion, the d— thing refuses to go at all. Is it true that you wanted a sub-section to unload it at the last resting place, old sport?

No. 9 section sings: "There aint an officer in the whole, whole land, what we'd swap for our dear old Hutch."

The Company have experienced a loss not very easy to replace, in the death of Sapper J. Buntain, killed in action recently. His cheerful disposition won him friends everywhere.

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

Heard from one of the B.O. Room staff, about 9.10 each morning: "Is breakfast over yet?" "Yes, hours ago." "Well, I was up till about two this morning."

It is strange where all those new words come from when "Pep" loses his pet pen.

George: Friday, that run is ready.

Friday: I don't see how I get this late run every night.

O.R. Clerk: Have all the reports gone in?

Clerk: All but the fireworks. It is "Nil," anyway.

##### "B" Company.

The Headquarters Staff want to know when you are going to wet them, Wess?

"Beer" Company send their deepest sympathy to Sapper Mooney, and sincerely hope that Tom, dear boy, will speedily recover from his wounds received in the battle of Gaguy. Poor fellow, you sure must be suffering terrible from that gassing you got.

During an inspection of the Guard, the Big Boss put his finger into a small hole in the tunic of the sapper on the right flank, with the remark:—"Don't you wear a shirt, my man?" Guard dismissed, delinquent raised a kick to the Sergt.:—"Say, Sergt., this is some Army. No one warned me shirts would be worn on Guard."

Please note. Pay days being at long intervals, it is brought to your notice that they are only a privilege, and not a right.

Rumours are afloat that "B" Company is on the water wagon. Ask the water officer.

Hats off to the Captain, we welcome him back,  
 Here's hoping that the course he took  
 Is all down pat in his little red book:  
 How to construct, how to destroy,  
 How to make Heine's work look like a toy.

**"C" Company.**

Say, Frankie, how many shots for a dime? Who  
 A runner? Sure, we've got a runner, one who can  
 shot the balloon, and what does the cook think about it?  
 lick spots off Tom Longboat. He beat a Fritzie pip-  
 squeak shell into his dugout the other night, and was in  
 bed and asleep when it landed.

Omni Vatsich is back again. When will he swim  
 next? I wonder if the petite bijou—petite chienne is  
 gassed!

Commanding Officer at the time of disbandment in May  
 last.

Lieut.-Col. J. L. H. Bogart reported from Corps to  
 assume command of the 7th. Colonel Bogart joined the  
 Overseas Forces in 1914, and is an old R.C.E. Officer.

Major Stuart is now back in his old position as  
 Second-in-Command, which carries with it much of the  
 general as well as the detail responsibility for the  
 engineering work done by the Battalion. While in  
 command of the Battalion, he never lost his hold upon  
 the purely engineering end of the work.

**Killed in Action.**

Within about a month the Battalion has lost three  
 of its officers by enemy action.

The first—Lieut. J. Spouse—was instantly killed by



We are wondering how the spud crops are this year  
 back of the line. We knew something ourselves last  
 year, but this year, well. . . . .

Poor old Fritz, in his dugout deep,  
 His glasses he can't find 'em.  
 When in we steal he'll run and squeal,  
 Leaving his "Lens" behind him.

What did Ham say when the Company Doc had him  
 up for three days?

**Colonel Bogart's Battalion.**

[Received too late for September Issue.]

**Change in Command.**

Since our last regular contribution appeared, the  
 7th C.E. Battalion has changed its command.

Lieut. W. B. Kingsmill, D.S.O., left the Battalion  
 on 30th July, and is now at his home in Canada, enjoy-  
 ing a whole-hearted family welcome from relatives and  
 friends.

Colonel Kingsmill brought the 123rd Canadian  
 Pioneer Battalion from Canada to England, and was its

a shell at Headquarters, when we were on the Neuville-  
 Vitasse sector. Mr. Spouse joined us when the Bat-  
 talion was out on rest, about six weeks previous to his  
 death, and was carrying on as Works Officer in Major  
 Stuart's absence on leave. He was a most likeable  
 officer, and had greatly endeared himself during the  
 short time he had been with us.

Lieut. R. M. Knowles was killed by a bomb from an  
 enemy plane on the night of 9th August. He came over  
 to France with the 123rd Canadian Pioneer Battalion  
 in March last year, and his death was keenly felt by his  
 old friends.

The third officer to pay the supreme price was Lieut.  
 D. M. Ewart. Having gained his commission in the  
 field in 1916, won the M.C., and authority for his  
 appointment to a captaincy, received just after his  
 death, one cannot but think that a bright and promising  
 career has had a tragic and pathetic ending.

**On the Heels of "Heine."**

The work the Battalion had to do during the month  
 of August has made everyone realise that the Corps is  
 now paying the full price of that long rest, when the

Canadians were so little heard of. But when the record of the last six weeks' work comes to be written, it will be a record of achievement to be proud of; more crowded with incident and real accomplishment than in any corresponding period since the Canadians have been in France. Even the third battle of Ypres will have to take a back seat with the smashing of the famous Wotan barrier, Hindenburg's insurmountable switch.

Yes, we're "making it fast" these days. Two battles on two different fronts fought and won in one month, including transport from one sector to another, 20,000 prisoners, hundreds of guns of all calibres—and souvenirs, what?

The Engineers have done their share, and done it well. The beautiful weather has made it easier for everybody, and considering the immensity of the operations, and that the 7th Battalion in the offensive south of Amiens were working forward in touch with the infantry, the Battalion in that fight were extremely lucky. The majority of our casualties have occurred on the new front.

#### Battalion Cossip.

There is a big grumble on just now as to who is doing the least work in the Battalion. The Companies think that the bombproofers on a test will meet the rest of the Battalion and win out in a canter. It is believed, however, by the bombproofers, that there are one or two dark horses in the Companies—no tips at present.

The Band have left us—temporarily—and joined a higher formation. The last we heard of them, they were entertaining Brigade Staff by selections from "Tannhauser" while at dinner. Our best wishes go with them. We feel their loss, not only because of their musical accomplishments, but also because we cannot now enjoy their arguments (sic). Should a band be called upon to use a shovel occasionally, or be left to discuss the latest operas while others labour in the rain? Nevertheless, we shall be glad to see them back again sometimes, even if it is just to play a few bars of the "Regimental."

Before closing our little grouch for the month, we won't omit to mention that several of our officers have changed their rank badges during the past few days. Those we have noticed are:—

- Capt. K. P. Macpherson, to rank of Major.
- Capt. R. S. Worsley, M.C., to rank of Major.
- Capt. R. A. Spencer, M.C., to rank of Major.
- Lieut. F. M. Pratt, M.C., to rank of Captain.
- Lieut. H. Kennedy, M.C., to rank of Captain.
- Lieut. C. H. Hopkins, to rank of Captain.
- Lieut. (A/Capt.) H. M. Steven, to rank of Captain.
- Lieut. G. D. Sharpe, to rank of Captain.
- Lieut. H. R. Banks, to rank of Captain.
- Lieut. G. M. Hamilton, to rank of Captain.

#### Headquarters.

Since the last notes were sent in, things have been quieter with us. That is to say, the "troops" hereabouts have been holding on to what they've got in true British style, and are just waiting the opportunity of taking another bite. We had been looking to go back and take a rest, but the Division has honoured our Battalion by allowing us to remain forward, and improve the shining hours by making light railways.

The weather is fitful and chill in this part of France. Nevertheless, the C.R.E., Col. H. F. H. Hertzberg, has selected this quasi-rest period for his leave, and the C.O. of this unit—Lieut.-Col. J. L. H. Bogart—is Acting Brigadier for the time being. Following up the changes, Major K. Stuart is in command of the Battalion.

During the month, Major-General J. Lipsett paid us a farewell visit, and spoke a few words to the men before taking up his new duties with an Imperial Division. A hearty well-meant series of cheers sent the G.O.C. away smiling, and looking happy, although he said he was very sorry to leave us all. General Lipsett's sympathetic interest in the welfare of all ranks has made him very popular during the 2½ years he has been with this Division. When at Passchendael last year, the General spoke to some of the boys who were working on the forward roads, and told them what darned good work they were doing, and how they were paving the roads to success. Perhaps it was just such little words of encouragement that accounted for so many of all ranks in the Division knowing him not only by name, but by some incident of generosity and thoughtfulness.

Amiens seems a long way off at the moment, but we are pleased to say that the work done by the Battalion on the morning of the 8th August did not go unrecognised. Major Worsley's boys came off with honours, and they certainly deserved it for the way they bridged the River Luce at Hangard. The following awards have come through orders:—

- 401803 Sergt. S. H. Lee, bar to M.M.
- 192614 Sergt. D. F. Wayman, M.M.
- 138602 Corpl. F. Hilton, M.M.
- 438880 2/Corpl. J. A. West, M.M.

Sergt. Inglis, of "B" Company, we are pleased to note, was awarded the Croix de Guerre, in connection with work on the Amiens front, and previously.

There was plenty of the same kind of good work done on the Arras front, if not more of it, and we would like to see some recognition coming along.

#### "B" Company.

##### WHISPERINGS FROM "VILLAGE DE CRUMP."

The boys are hot after souvenirs, but our transport absolutely refuses to carry Fritzie wash-boilers. Aqua is scarce, you know.

The "Prussian Guard" has returned to our midst, after a recent attack of "dumpitis." The M.O. states that this ailment is perfectly safe. We all agree. Don't you?

The venerable tool cart chambermaid has fallen in cupid's battle, and desires a side kicker for life.

Don't catch this disease, boys, otherwise we won't have a single man to take back on our steamer next year. Fritz says it will be a pontoon!

"Dad" Thacker is taking lessons from the "General" in handling a peculiar article known as the "Muck Stick." Tutoring will do it.

Fitz has returned to the water wagon, so now indulges in a daily wash, instead of the former semi-annual practice. He calls it working on the allotment.

"Duggy," our camp-fire tactician, has issued orders to prepare our baggage, as the war is due to finish to-morrow. Duggy knows, so don't hesitate a moment.

Can you tell us when to expect the next attack on the "Hawsers" by Spud?

Keep away from the barrage, Spud!

Congratulations to our warriors on gaining the following honours:—

- Sergt. W. W. Inglis, French Croix de Guerre, with silver star.
- Corpl. J. A. Grant, M.M.
- L/Corpl. J. McCarroll, M.M.

Abeys spends his time sprinkling the fields with a leaky pipe line at present, but — (?) swears that he refuses to be a "clover kicker" apres le guerre.

Our "Tactical Expert" would have a better name if he changed the first letter. Get busy, old chap.

### Major Weatherbee's Company.

While every member of this Company sincerely regrets the loss of Sergt. Abrams, who died of wounds received on August 8th, everyone is pleased to hear that his bravery has been officially recognised by the posthumous award of the Meritorious Service Medal.

A'l extend a hearty welcome to Lieut. Airey, who has just reported back to the Company from Battalion Headquarters.

Should L/Corpl. Clarken read these notes, he may rest assured that every member of the Company wishes him a speedy recovery from the effects of his wounds.

Since Sapper Jerry Paigie added the rôle of mail man to his other duties, he has easily become the most sought-after man in the Company.

This is the comment of one of our officers on the fact that one of our number recently obtained a transfer to the Cavalry:—"Well, it just goes to prove my repeated assertion that the Canadian Engineers are the most versatile aggregation of personalities ever assembled for the prosecution of scientific warfare."

### —nd Divisional Signal Company.

Once more the Angel of Death has laid hands on three of our Company. Somehow, it always seems as if the best go first.

Lieut. Christie had not long been with us, but his pleasant personality and unflinching good humour readily endeared him to everyone.

Sergt. Buck, somewhat isolated in a Brigade section, was not so generally known, although from all accounts he was very much liked.

Most of all, we feel the passing away of W. Barrett. "Si," with his charming frankness, his dry humour, and his fund of queer sayings, was always the same, so dependable, and such a true chum.

Gay Patee seems to have a wonderful fascination for some of our fellows, it almost makes one wish one was younger—what? (but 'sh, don't let the missus know).

If the Army rations are to be cut down, won't General \_\_\_\_\_ require a new tunic?

Hindy has been calling down the Germans for not feeling good. What could he expect when the poor things have got the Willies?

### Captain Booker's Company.

Congratulations, Capt. Booker, on being able to put up that extra "pip." At the same time, we hold out our hands to L/Corpl. Leach upon being awarded the M.M., during the Amiens affair. It was well earned and well placed, Frank, so may continued success be yours.

During the past month, two of the old boys—Burton and Roberts—have rejoined the Company, after a spell in Blighty. Up till now, Dudley has forgotten that old "Haw-Haw" laugh.

It was a Contay affair all over again. By the way, McN. certainly knows how to draw a bung-plug. But it is d— expensive, having a shower bath in that dope.

There was nothing slow in the way that push-truck and cargo travelled down the narrow gauge. As Tom remarked, it looked like a "through C.P.R. passenger."

Lost—the Town Major of Douai. Anyone knowing of his whereabouts, kindly forward the same information to John the Baptiste, c/o this Company, and receive reward.

"What did you do in the Great War, daddy?" Well! Dwight, if it's a girl, you can answer it O.K., but if it's a boy, it will be more difficult. Expectations are great in married life, eh what?

One day, during the past month, a commotion appeared around the billets. It was all through E. R. J. seeing the S.M. wearing riding breeches.

Rabbit—Born to Mr. and Mme. Rabbit, on Monday, September 16th, at Ramsay's Nursing Home for Rabbits, 10 rarebits. All doing well.

Slang expressions of the different countries are somewhat misleading in their meanings; they are to McN. anyway. Specially when once he was feeling good, and a South African said he wished he was half as "dopey" as McN. looked.

Memories of old—How many times has D. L. wished he had that bottle of J. W. which he threw out of the train window, while proceeding to Ottawa?

Found—Feminine articles in a cement shed. Owner can have same by applying to W. H., and by paying for this advt.

At last we have found the person responsible for putting the "can" in canteen. Colonel \_\_\_\_\_, when he only had a can of sardines in his canteen.

Isn't it about time a driver quit putting S.W.A.K. on his letters? The postman was seen to kiss one, one day. But surely, Frank, you must know, that was not intended for you, but for some fair queen.

Shorty received a parcel from home; that meant a feed up in the old dugout. Cocoa or coffee, boys? So far so good, but after he had spent the best part of the night making the dope, he had to go and put his socky foot in the dixie. Then he had the nervé to laugh.

Wanted, person or persons, who can inform our canteen man where to procure beer, smoking tobacco, canned fruit, tooth paste, Canadian biscuits, etc.

### Captain Brickenden's Company.

Congratulations to our O/C, who is now wearing the three pips.

All excitement is centred on the leave problems, more important than all other matters, to judge from the conversation it causes. All kinds of changes can be traced to its renewal, the most notable being the change of opinion on the merits of a visit to Blighty, or a leave in France, and the hymeneal fever prevailing. Up to date, reports show six showing symptoms, and already we have two with the authority, who have been posted in orders—"Tommy," the popular mail corporal, and "Sam," the speed artist.

Thus we get:—

- Arthur's realization,
- Broom's participation,
- Cyril's intonation.
- Only satisfaction,
- Freddy's rumination.
- Leave examination,
- Errors agglomeration,
- Actors' resignation,
- Various jubilation,
- Ends all opposition.

Our N.C.O. in charge of the defences, Sergt. "Jock" Malcolm, left us for England, aspiring for pips in the M.G.C. Good luck to you, "Jock."

One of Freddy's: "Ya! his mither says he is a guid fighter, he 'es been at the waar for ower three years, and isna been kilt yet."

Back to strength, we have had our depleted ranks refilled, and amongst them were our old friends, L/Corpls G. King and Sapper G. Griffiths. Welcome back.

The Company, on the whole, appears to have climbed on the water wagon, appropriate when we supply it: yet we hear of a burst of frivolity which nearly proved disastrous for the parties concerned, and certainly did for those who would have emulated their example.

### Major Earnshaw's Company.

We are still wondering—no, it's not pay nor leave, though they are important—how we shall camouflage all these souvenirs at the next kit inspection; also if all the cooks will want a turn on lines now.

Lieut. S. R. Parker, M.C., and Corpl. H. Davidson have left us for a while to take up instructional work at the Depot. We know they will enjoy a respite from their labours amid shell holes.

Lieut. L. A. B. Hutton has arrived from England. Welcome to our Company, sir.

Is it the mud here or the uniform there that is responsible for so many applications for the R.A.F.? Anyway, we wish 2/Corpl. H. W. Bagg, M.M., good luck, and good hunting in his new element.

Congratulations to the following, whose services in the recent fighting have not gone by unnoticed:—

Lieut. J. A. M. Young, on his bar to the M.C.

Lieuts. C. O. Fellows and F. S. Merry, on their M.C.'s.

Serpts. H. J. Faulkner, M.M., and W. Fullerton, M.M., on their D.C.M.'s.

L/Corpl. F. Lawson, on his second bar to the M.M.

Serpt. C. Glaspher, on his bar to M.M.

Corpls. B. K. Smith, W. H. Jones, J. F. Jones, and O. W. Baker; L/Corpls. J. W. Moran, E. Phillips, and E. J. Tapping; and Sappers P. A. Green, W. B. Ryrie, J. P. Cheatly, J. G. Bethune, C. M. Sprague, E. Simpson, G. E. Bernuy, W. H. Balsdon, and H. Southern, on their M.M.'s.

We are pleased to see Corpls. B. K. Smith and W. H. Jones wearing their wounded stripes and M.M. ribbon earned down south.

Lieut. J. A. M. Young, M.C., has been evacuated to hospital through illness. We hope for his speedy recovery.

We regret to state that L/Corpl. R. E. Leavitt has been killed in action.

Highly esteemed by all, a true friend, and very efficient in his work, we miss him, and his section especially will feel his loss.

### Major Lindsay's Company.

This is a new unit in the Canadian Engineers, which is welcomed with open arms by all C.E.s in France.

They are the Canadian Engineer Mechanical Transport Company, which was formed on the re-organization of the Corps.

The personnel is from the C.A.S.C., and the Company is commanded by Major Norman Lindsay, of Winnipeg, who is well known in the Canadian Corps. Capt. G. M. Barber is the Workshop Officer, Capt. P. W. Whittome Adjutant, with Lieuts. R. E. MacHaffie, E. W. Thompson, H. P. Carper, A. C. Vaughan, L. G. Eastman, and A. Heatherwick, in charge of the Divisional Lorry Section.

The workshops and store lorries are excellently equipped and handled, and although they have at times to work under difficulties, the repairs are handled most efficiently. C.S.M. Creswick is the N.C.O. in charge of the workshops.

R.S.M. Wood is very well known in the M.T. world, and a large proportion of the good results and easy working of the unit is due to his hard work.

Driver Bissett, M.M., and Driver Dunn, M.M., have been awarded the decorations indicated, for conspicuous gallantry in conveying tools, under heavy shell fire and in full view of the enemy, to the infantry.

Our first appearance in print.

Major Lindsay was welcomed back to-day, after his well earned leave. He reports London is in the same

place as in 1917, although some of the glassware has suffered in the interval from excessive usage.

Capt. Parker also returned from his leave last week, and is now busy on his manuscript entitled, "The Beauties of London Town."

As several of our officers in their younger days were greatly taken up with the excitement of the travelling circus when visiting their village, and the advent of the war nipped in the bud their craving for a career as a "bare back rider," trapeze artist, etc., we now find them getting ready for an occupation after the war is over, and we may expect a combination to tour Canada with a well trained animal show. It would include Capt. Whittome with his "Flying Leopard," which he now has under control; Capt. Parker as the great and only "Lion Tamer"; Lieut. MacHaffie as a controller of "Spirits"; while Lieuts. Eastman and Vaughan have finally made arrangements to operate their wonderful "Casino" as a side show.

The quartette are still working on the chorus of their favourite song, and in a few months expect to know the words of it. Then much practice will be given to the first verse.

In course of preparation, "What I have acquired," by Lieut. Heatherwick. Copies may be had shortly at the canteen.

Lieut. Carper had a good day on his motor bike. Only fell off twice. The Serpt. Major says the reason was because he was only on it twice.

C.S.M. Robinson is enjoying himself on leave, and Serpt. Gregg is filling his duties in the meantime.

Lieut. Thompson still maintains the title of "The Champion Indoor Long Distance Parcel Getter" of the unit. On account of this fact, the mess will soon declare a dividend.

### Under Oath.

A good patriot, somewhere in Nebraska, went to enlist, and passed. When returning home from the final leave, they asked all about it, and this is way "Hy. Henry" described the ordeal:—

"Wats your name?"

"Where, when, and why wuz you born, as near as you kind kalkerlate?"

"Air you single or bawld-heded?"

"Wats your meshur or do you drink rite out of the bottul?"

"Wats yer surkilashun?"

"Wat part of the town, and wat resorts do you surkilate in?"

"Ever been vaxinated?"

"If so, who delt the cards?"

"Ever delt or meddled with intoxicatin lickens?"

"Air you henpecked or being growned down with any other kind of monoporly kalklated 2 shorten your life?"

"Is your teeth home grone or artyfishel?"

"Tung ever fel like a dore mat?"

"Eny buzzin in your hed or sinking spels?"

"Ever hev gloomy 4bodins acumpanied by spots before the ize such as 2-spots, 5-spots, or 9-spots?"

"Wats your family record, if any?"

"Is your nose blew, purple, crushed strawbury, or old gold? (for identyficashun)."

Corpl. Sammy: Say, John, which would you sooner do—wait for leave to open, or wait for the end of the war?

Old Contemptible, 14 months without leave: Wait for the blooming war to end, of course; it's more certain than the other.



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## ROUND THE DEPOT.

### Memorial Service for Lieut.-Col. S. D. Gardner, C.M.G., M.C.

The news which reached Headquarters, Seaford Area, on Monday, September 30th, that Col. Gardner (our former G.O.C.) was dead, came as a shock to everyone who had served with and under him in France and England. As a tribute of respect to his memory, a memorial service was held in St. Leonard's Parish Church, Seaford, on Sunday afternoon, October 6th, at 3.30, by kind permission of the Vicar, Canon F. D. Cremer.

Detachments of officers and men from every unit in the Area paraded at the Oval, South Camp, at 3, and marched to the Church, which was densely packed with troops and many civilians. The service, which was conducted by Capt. (Rev.) E. R. J. Biggs, B.D. (the Lesson being read by Major A. D. Cornett, Senior Chaplain of the Area) was as follows:—

Voluntary, "Funeral March" (Chopin); hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee"; opening sentences; Psalms, xxiii., "Dominus regit me," and xlvi., "Deus noster refugium"; solo, "Land of Hope and Glory" (Elgar), by Mdme. Edith Welling; Lesson, Wisdom iii. 1-6, and Revelation xxi., 1-5; hymn, "The Son of God goes forth to war"; prayers; hymn, "For all the saints who from their labours rest"; Benediction; "Dead March" in Saul; Last Post.

The service, which was very much appreciated by Headquarters Staff, was very impressive throughout, and, as a last tribute to a much loved officer, will not be readily effaced from the minds of all those who were present.



Although our address will remain the same, we are in hopes of moving to a new location by the time this number is published. Some of the boys say it would be nice to get somewhere where there is a little more light and less of the prison-like surroundings, not to say that some of them ought not to be in prison. Take, for instance, the man who is always going to Lewes in pretence of obtaining rubber stamps; or the other man we know who has sent an ultimatum to a certain Naval Officer on account of A LADY. Have faith in Pelman, Reggie, you'll be bound to win.

We hear the R.S.M. was held up by the railway strike while on leave. In reply to his wire for instructions, he was told to walk, and advise progress, giving locations. He started to carry out his instructions, but his progress was so good he arrived before his wire of location was received.

We hope that Stan was not annoyed when he sent the attendant to find his fair lady, and she had gone.

Everybody's attention has been drawn to the Continental system of time, which is to be adopted in the future. We noticed in the 3rd C.E.R.B. Orders of the 4th inst., instructions with examples of time. These

were followed by church parades, 7.30 a.m., 7.45 a.m., etc. A request for a fatigue party to work from 1918 to 2018; this evidently was intended for two hours, but looks more like 200 years.

PEN.



### "A" Company.

That was a swift sapper who showed such a fine turn of speed when chased by the Orderly Officer and his attendant Sergeant.

There is a diminutive C.S.M.E. Sergeant who pads his legs before proceeding to our Company dances, and he has a sweet voice like a canary. Can anyone identify him?

Pete is coming back off leave, and we hope he will bring a tame pie with him, as his muster roll pie was a trifle wild.

We wonder what kind of line "Gordon" spun up in Glasgow? And, say, where does he get his pull?

Why does Coates carry cigarettes? Do the girls chew them?

Did Pete have any use for the certificate we gave him?

This Company held a very successful dance on Wednesday, October 2nd. We would like to ask men of "A" Company to support these dances, and to bring more ladies.

The O.C. got a "D" at the revolver range. We wonder, would he get a "D" shooting the bull?

### "B" Company.

We know a sapper who tried to steal another fellow's Jane in the London-Brighton express.

We commiserate the L/Corpl. who has taken to climbing three flights of stairs after the Eastbourne girls—and coming down on the double.

What about the sapper who makes a weekly trip to Brighton, and on being asked if he had a good time, always says it was much too short?

"B" Company mascot has patented a new idea in photography: The new background.

We deeply regret losing one of the old timers, Corpl. M. E. Race, but we are glad to know that Virginia has taken him under her wing.

We regret the loss of our "millionaire tailor," who has crossed the creek. He will be collecting francs now instead of bobs.

Has Sergt. Keown given up his Eastbourne friend for a new home in Brighton?

### "C" Company.

We all regret the departure of Lieut. E. I. Bolton to the 3rd Battalion. Good luck, sir.

Since our last issue, a well-known figure in the Company has left us for the shores of sunny France. O.R.S. P. T. McNutt proceeded to the C.E. pool with the last draft.

His place has been taken by our genial young friend, Corpl. F. Gallagher.

With the approach of the colder weather, the C.S.M.'s "At homes" are again becoming popular. Callers are again reminded that his hours are not 5 a.m.

The O.C. recently had a good time examining a number of men from other Battalions who wanted to be drivers. He got some quaint replies to some of his questions.

"Step out any men who are saddlers." One small fellow, about 19 years old, took a pace forward.

"What experience have you had?"

"I always used to saddle the horses in father's livery barn, sir."

Another: "What do you weigh?" "208 lbs., sir." "Thank you."



Congratulations, Captain Munro.

There have been many wild rumours about as to where the 3rd C.E.R.B. would take up their winter quarters, Hyde Park being amongst the many places mentioned; but now it seems that their destination has been fixed, and we expect to be settled down soon for the winter.

Why was the O.R.S. so affected when he could not get his week end leave at the end of last month? Cheer up, it was not your fault, and she will forgive you.

This Battalion has sent its second large draft to France, and also transferred 50 other ranks to the 2nd C.E.R.B. to make up one of their drafts.

### "A" Company.

Things are looking up in "A" Company now, with its new staff of budding N.C.O.s. Good luck to our new O.R.S., but don't like to see him look so worried. Turgie is rising fast these days. Good luck to you, old man, you deserve all you get.

Someone said the O.C. of "A" Company smiled the night the draft went away.

### "B" Company.

Having lost our two senior N.C.O.s, the humorous element is lacking in this budget. The present ones do their kissing at home.

Overheard on dental parade. The tall one: "Well, you needn't look so peevish, he couldn't have hurt you so very much."

The fat one: "It wasn't that so much—although he did hurt. Imagine a guy who was fired for being too rough shoeing horses back home, going in for dentistry, and putting his hand in my mouth."

The old timers had to listen with a sad smile to the reading of Articles 4 to 44. It brought back memories of their youth, and a tendency to sleep.

### "C" Company.

What attraction has Sergt. Fernie found in Seaford? and did he enjoy the show the other night?

Congratulations to Corpl. Devlin on his victory at the Arena, and may it be followed by many more.

We don't want to blow our horn too much, but we must say we did very well in the Battalion Sports. We have Corpl. Devlin's cross country team to be heard

from. We would like to challenge any other team or teams in the Centre.

We are very sorry indeed to lose Sergt. Golding, and wish him every success in his new outfit.

Who is the Corporal who is very fond of the expression, "Sure! sure!" when detailed for anything? And what part of Scotland does he hail from?

What C.Q.M.S. Amiot said when he turned down a week end pass on account of pressure of business.

If Sapper Courage enjoyed his leave to Scotland? And why he looked so thin on his return? And if he doesn't find that Army rations suit him better?

### "D" Company.

Will someone tell the young lady who has made a habit of studying voice culture during the late hours, that réveille comes round pretty early?

We hear that Capt. Boswell, one time O.C. of this Company, has turned up in France. We wonder where he lodges his war horse?

We are pleased to note that "D" Company carried away a large number of the prizes last sports day. We're going to take them all next time.

### "E" Company.

The troubles of a drafting period being nearly over, our O.C. resumes his winning smile.

The Company is so compact now that even the C.S.M. can boast a roll call that embraces everybody.

We can understand now why Sergt. Steer looked so glum. He received a telegram to meet his girl two days after she had arrived.

What do you think of our new C.S.M.? Our late one, "Jump about Johnson," jumped off to "D" Company. We await the return of "Big Edgar" with interest.

Blackie, the autocrat of the Orderly Room, switched off to "G" Company, and left his old comrade "Corner" to face the worries of the draft alone. No wonder the poor fellow gets thinner.

### "F" Company.

The whole air is full of our peerless Assistant Adjutant, and so we took refuge in a secluded Orderly Room. Three of the "has beens," of whom the writer was one, were holding a heated discussion on things in general, when the ASST. ADJT. entered like a flame, and requested that something be written for THE SAPPER. He suggested a number of subjects, from the weather to binoculars. But we were as much without news when he had finished as when he started.

### "G" Company.

"G" Company opened up for business a few days ago, with Major O. M. Wright (late of the 11th C.E. Battalion, France) in command, and Lieut. Sutherland Second-in-Command. Lieut. Sutherland was in charge of the first draft from the 3rd.

Sergt.-Major McNaughton, formerly with "A" Company, is our C.S.M.

Among the new faces at the Sergeants' Mess representing "G" Company, are Sergt. Bland, Corples. Lee, Lavelley, and Lighthall.

The whole topic of conversation in lines this week is the contemplated move. We will all welcome a change from canvas, and won't be sorry to hear that it comes soon.

Who is the N.C.O. who announced to the Company Commander that a "couple of gentlemen" wished to have a few words with him, and then produced two full sappers?

### "H" Company.

We understand there is a Company-Sergeant-Major who wakes up each morning fully dressed for parade, with belt, side arms, and stick.

Things heard in our lines: When do we get some dough? How about leave, and do we get into huts soon? The answer is: Soon.

Sergeant, to candidate for Orderly Room: "Say, Bo, the O.C. is going to hang you this morning." New arrival: "Well, he'll have to go some. With the grub I'm getting I don't weigh enough to tighten the rope." Bright boy.

This is a new Company, under the command of Lieut. F. L. Mitchell, and from what we can see at present it promises to shape well. We hope to have more news by next issue of THE SAPPER.



Fieldworks Wing.

The Fieldworks Staff received a rude jolt from the O.T.C. Wing last month, when it grabbed Sergts. Pearson, Allan, Gosling, Slater, and Cummings. The best of luck to them, and may they get their stars before Heinie hauls down his colours.

Sergt. Bill Lea is very optimistic as to the duration of the war, and has even gone so far as to decide on the colour and price of his civvy suit. His hopes are not very high, however, of collecting the five spot from Cadet Allen.

Capt. Young, M.C., has returned from a week's leave, which he spent in Scotland and London.

What is the attraction at Lewes? Perhaps one of the W.O.'s will enlighten us.

R.S.M. Ridgwell rises to remark that every Sergeant-Instructor on the Fieldworks Staff appears to have several brothers serving in France. Applications for leave (brother home on leave) have been coming through pretty freely of late. No objections, as long as the boys produce the documents.

Who was the Sergeant who, while waiting with a pal for a couple of the gentler sex, picks up a lone one on the street, and leaves his chum with a pair on his hands?

And again, one wonders what the clerk of the C.S.M.E. thinks of the golden haired girl at Litlington? The paper restrictions would be well lived up to when writing her opinion of him rapping on the door of the house one Sunday afternoon. "Slim" was lucky to get clear of the "old man."

Sergt. Joe Morris is coming to the conclusion that he is growing old. After pushing a bike as far as Tunbridge Wells, Joe decided the train service was far easier.

### O.T.C. Wing.

No. 2 Company says, "Oh, gee, hully gee, and gee-gee also," now the equitation course is over, and they are beginning to feel their feet again, and walk upright, but the memory of the last two weeks is indelibly printed on their . . . . . memories.

However, everything went swimmingly. It rained every day, and everyone is agreed that Capt. Birbeck and his staff are thorough good fellows.

We hope, for the sake of their conscience, that none of them are members of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

The remark of one sorely-trying Cadet is well worth recording, for the sake of those who will follow us: "That man who is reported to have said, 'A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse,' was most certainly nuts. Give me a Ford, any day."

No. 3 Company's initiation course is coming to an end, I suppose, as we notice the nucleus of No. 4 forming round among us, feverishly cleaning brass in readiness to attack the now famous line of the river Cuckmere.

The parsimonious use of ink in the Orderly Room duplicator is regrettable, as it often happens in the daily orders that we are unable to discover if Sapper So-and-So was admitted to hospital, suffering from bursitis or enteritis, two widely divergent ailments, I imagine.

Cadets F. A. Ashford, J. A. Craige, R. H. Miller, J. M. Mills, and R. A. B. Rutherford, have been granted their commissions, after a ten weeks' course, and will proceed to France forthwith. We extend to them our best wishes for good luck.

Cadets R. F. Allen, H. M. Bennett, T. D. Lee, N. B. McCausland, and V. Rayment are also nearing their stars now, and expect seven glorious days' leave any time. Still one candidate for stars in the signal service remains with us, being needed by the ladies of a certain concert party down town. He may be old, but he's got young ideas, as the song says. We shall miss the sunshine of his smile when he leaves, no kidding.

On the 18th, the Cadet Tug-of-War Team journeyed to Maresfield Park, to compete in the Machine Gun Sports there. On their return they had much to say about the beautiful Park, the spacious and comfortable Cadet quarters there, the white gloved swordsman Cadet sentries on guard, etc., etc., but very little about the tug-of-war. Cadet Berry did better, winning second place in a thoroughly well named obstacle race. It was a good day's work, anyhow, and they missed that Company drill.

"Gala" nights are frequent now. After the "astronomer's" farewell to "You concert party," we had the opening of the new Cadet Club in Seaford, a full account of which appears in this number under "Entertainments." The next, we hope, will be a house warming somewhere in Blatchington, when we move our quarters.

### Heard while the Cadets were Learning to Ride.

You ride like a monkey in a barrel.  
Don't chirrup to that horse, it's not a canary.  
I told you to trot that horse, not to kiss him.  
You're like an old woman over a washtub.  
Don't look that horse in the face, no wonder he won't lead.

Quit your stirrups. (Six Cadets fainted).  
What's the matter with the man on Mary?

### Troubles of the Adjutant.

Telephone query?  
Somebody wants to know how many poles somebody else signed for from somebody in "C" Company. An unknown Corporal reports that somebody from C.S.M.E. wants to know how many should have been signed for?  
The answer is: "Sixteen, which are now lying in the yard somewhere."

One shudders to think of the time the Sergeants' Mess caterer will have booking engagements on the billiard table that the C.S.M.E. have their eyes on.

## Bramshott Signal Detachment.

Now that the winter is approaching, and the weather is not so favourable for spending "off duty" hours in the surrounding district, the work of supplying notes from this Detachment may be somewhat less of a task for one or two men.

We feel sure that there are several of the boys who could supply very interesting items, such as a short description of "The Punch Bowl by Moonlight," "Things I have seen on my Solitary Travels," or "Why Grayshott is so popular in the mornings." Someone oblige please.

It is a good opportunity now that the camp is quarantined, and those who proudly possess clear "crime sheets," can understand some of the mysteries of C.B., which is almost an unknown quantity in this detachment.

Funny how some people do not mind expenses, and use the G.P.O. telegraphs to keep up communication with the outside world, such as Liphook, etc.

Sappers Snarr and Winter have left for Seaford, on their way to become exponents of the higher art in the R.A.F. Since their departure, there have been no more cases of the "Flying Fever."

Better look after that horseshoe or rabbit's foot that you are carrying with you, Jerry. Someone is vowing to take it from you.

Judging by the number of parcels arriving from Canada for a late member of the Detachment, we seem to have made a grave error in allowing him to return to Seaford, as our food supply has been seriously affected.

## The Horse.

FOR THE INFORMATION OF THE MOUNTED BATTALION.

The horse is a very noble quadruped, but when he is angry he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal cord by the bridle, and sadly the driver places his foot on the stirrup and divides his lower limbs across the saddle, and drives his animal to the meadow.

He has a long mouth, and his head is attached to the trunk by an elongated protuberance known as the neck. He has four legs: two are in the front side and two are afterwards. These are the weapons on which he runs, and also defends himself by extending those in the rear in a parallel direction towards the foe. But this he only does when in a vexatious mood.

His food is generally grasses and grains. He is also useful to take on the back a man or woman as well as some cargo. He has power to run as fast as he could. He has got no sleep at night, but always standing awake.

Also, there are horses of short sizes. They do the same as the others are generally doing. There is no animal like the horse. No sooner they see their master they are always crying for feeding, but it is always at the morning time. They have got tails, but not so long as the cow and other such like animals.

The horse's wife is the mare.

## Overheard in the Officers' Mess.

First Subaltern: "I heard a queer bugle call this morning before daylight. Was it an alarm or something?"

Second Subaltern: "Like this?" (humming). (Nod from No. 1). "Why! that was *revéille*! Have you never heard that before?" (Exit 1st Sub.)

## "The Scribe" Says—

### A Little Bit of Heaven—and They Called it Seaford.

From the *St. Mary's Journal* of August 22nd, I clipped an interesting epistle, from which I permit you to scan these excerpts. By the way, this letter is signed and dated from Seaford:—

" . . . . . If the whole of England is as pretty as 'Dear old Sussex by the Sea,' why then it is good enough for me. A route march here is looked forward to with great delight, because tramping around the hills and among the quaint little villages is more like a pleasure trip than work."

Here's another little tit-bit:—

" . . . . . The best of returned men are provided for instructors, and as a matter of fact they had to spend the first four days in getting us wakened up."

Two things, at least, I notice the budding enthusiast forgot to enumerate: That luscious Friday fish repast of "Sam Hughes" fame, and memories of our once per week journeyings to the pleasant shores of sunny Seaford, where we disported ourselves in all the abandon of youth in the glorious silver-crested waters of the deep.

### Après la Guerre.

"Scribe, old man, do you know what I'm going to do 'après la guerre'?"

I hesitated to hazard a reply.

"Well, I'll tell you," declared Avie, making himself comfortable on my kit-bag. "You see these 'Kitcheners'?"

I looked at the encasings of my friend's pedal extremities, but refrained from making any sarcastic reply.

"After the war," continued Avie, "I'm going out in the backyard and I'm going to make a mud puddle—the kind we made when we were kids, only a bit more gluey. Then I'll take these 'Kitcheners' of mine and I'll splash 'em, I'll souse 'em, I'll drag them through that mud till they're good and dirty. Next thing I'll do will be to go down town and get a good-size glass case. In the centre, behold my 'Kitcheners,' all muddied up, and in the collection you'll see my bandolier and tunic, with the brass so tarnished they'd turn mildew green with envy. And at the bottom there's going to be a separate little frame with my discharge in it, and above I'll get you to letter me a design:

### 'Not Damwell Coodnuff.'

I smiled in silent approbation.

"But the best of all, old Scribe, will be every morning when I get up. I'll come downstairs and look at my old regalia, then I'll take a squint at my discharge paper—just to make sure, you know—and then I'll just take one good look at that notice and pass—a suitable remark."

"Say," said Avie, with a sigh, "won't that be heavenly?"

### More About "Kitcheners."

Ole Si Getch says: "When I get back I'm going to make my 'Kitchener's' keep on working for me. I'm going to hang 'em behind the barn door, as a weight to help keep the door shut."

And a very creditable idea too, Si, says we.

### Hot Subject for Discussion on 6 a.m. Parade:

"Siberian Draft Rumors."

October, 1918.

THE SCRIBE.



## Roll of Honour.

*" Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori "*

### Officers Killed.

Lieut. D. M. Ewart, M.C., Lieut. E. P. Elliott, Lieut. G. W. Suter, and Lieut. V. H. McElroy, attached to R.A.F.

### Died of Wounds.

Major R. H. Winslow.

### Wounded.

Major E. P. Brown, Major A. R. Sprenger, Capt. W. G. McGhie, M.C., Major G. A. Keith, Lieut. W. P. Blathwayt, Lieut. V. H. Emery, Lieut. R. H. Carscallen, Lieut. W. W. Hammond, Lieut. W. J. Pearse, Lieut. A. C. McLean, Lieut. E. A. Young, Lieut. N. H. Clemes, Lieut. S. A. Cunliffe, Lieut. A. Wood, Lieut. J. A. McKinnon, M.C., Lieut. L. V. Smith, and Lieut. S. M. Sproule, M.C.

### N.C.O.s and Men Killed.

646025 Sapper G. E. Birch, 193002 Sapper H. E. Brain, 138509 L/Corpl G. A. Clark, 862839 Sapper W. Davidson, 138468 Sapper V. A. Keogh, 2378341 Sapper J. L. Knox, 648611 Sapper H. MacDonald, 166366 Acting/Sergt. T. J. Marsh, 911431 2/Corpl A. P. Moorhouse, 754697 Sapper T. Niganiwina, 445539 Sapper J. E. Parks, 166628 L/Corpl. P. Plourde, 488250 Sapper J. Reid, 438991 Sapper J. Buntain.

506075 Sapper J. Bevan, 2006552 Sapper C. C. Bunton, 883171 Sapper C. Fincham, 841963 Sapper H. W. Fletcher, 5399 Sapper M. H. Jervis, 252490 Sapper J. Miller, 294029 Sapper C. Rasmussen, 469439 Sapper A. Stonier, 503145 Sapper M. J. Sutherland, 760941 Sapper A. Thomas.

1078439 Sapper G. R. Barnes, 506495 Sapper W. Hargraves, 625031 Sapper J. R. Kinsey, jun.; 649303 Sapper G. E. Stuckey, 829797 Sapper R. Taylor; 838442 Sapper W. H. Waltenburgh.

541756 Sapper G. A. Peters, 240219 Sapper W. J. Wild. 401772 Corpl. D. Cusson, 152670 Sapper E. C. Silverwood.

### Died of Wounds.

898002 Sapper M. Godas, 2005689 Sapper J. Walker, 73985 Sapper L. Wilson.

1009121 Sapper G. T. Smedley, 163173 Sapper F. Hennessy.

700687 2/Corpl. J. Sloan, 110226 Sapper J. Harris, 2005740 Sapper T. L. Briggs.

262 Sapper L. O. Campernolle.

898114 Sergt. R. E. Mitchell.

### Wounded.

2007199 Sapper D. R. Alldread, 502648 Sapper R. C. Baird, 2005658 Sapper D. W. Barr, 1001124 2/Corpl. G. Bowdrey, 5070 Sapper T. Carling, 503421 Sapper C. H. Cleaver, 1078634 Sapper J. Duffy, 288731 Sapper W. E. Harrity, 770097 Sapper H. A. Jess, 2005748 Sapper E. M. Morrisette, 2005247 Sapper J. Reeve, 2193316 Sapper S. H. Salter, 478556 Sapper E. Smith.

678265 Sapper G. Atkins, 506310 Sapper H. Barker, 102593 Sapper H. Bell, 15 Sapper W. Bell, 166311

Sergt. J. J. Coulis, 489201 Sapper W. Davies, 730075 Sapper R. Doggett, 678832 Sapper J. S. Hadden, 739119 Sergt. J. Hannah, 2005977 Sapper P. D. Jamieson, 430004 Sapper D. M. MacDonald, 2206632 Sapper H. McGinnis, 796558 L/Corpl. J. E. Muth, 2005848 Sapper E. B. Steen, 166665 Sapper N. Stoneburg, 651603 Sapper L. E. Weatherhead, 669470 Sapper W. F. Wingrove, 679213 Sapper A. L. G. Wood.

898244 Sapper W. Beddington, 2005769 Sapper E. G. Burt, 55814 Sapper R. Clegg, 66193 Sapper O. W. Gurney, 3461 Sapper A. D. McGillivray, 469464 Sapper W. Walsh, 417982 Sapper J. Wilson.

490 A/2/Corpl. F. R. Brown, 502793 A/L/Corpl. E. N. Buckley, 72151 Sapper W. Connolly, 2007049 Sapper T. Cullen, 417728 2/Corpl. A. Dumont, 2006650 Sapper E. R. Ferguson, 506153 Sapper L. E. Ford, 431111 Sapper G. W. Geary, 862305 Corpl. W. Houston, 110276 Sapper R. Johnson, 500657 Sapper W. A. Lea, 767149 Sergt. R. J. McLean, 217114 Sapper M. R. Margerison, 1078084 Sapper H. G. Meadowcroft, 898114 Sergt. R. E. Mitchell, 148438 Sapper R. Owen, 405 Sapper O. Patenaude, 754772 Sapper E. Roy, 898172 Sapper G. Smith, 180562 Sapper W. Smith, 502610 Sapper W. Sterry, 506791 Sapper W. Sumner, 2006668 Sapper J. W. Taylor, 166680 Sapper C. Warner, 429722 Corpl. J. Wilkinson.

506655 Sapper T. G. Chambers, 87 Sapper C. Hall, 163361 Sapper E. F. Haslam, 862293 Sapper J. H. Leicester, 165 2/Corpl. E. W. Ogilvie, 2005325 Sapper T. G. Richmond.

469270 Sapper W. Almon, 2005376 Sapper F. H. Aulford, 718580 Sapper J. A. Blue, 781428 Sapper A. E. Crone, 8 Sapper F. Francis, 500772 Sapper A. Gibson, 2007256 Sapper A. Lambdin, 500050 Driver J. M. Lang, 2007002 Sapper D. Lewis, 712290 Sapper N. MacLeod, 862752 Sapper G. J. Parkinson, 503288 Sergt. J. C. Roberts, 2006736 Sapper E. J. Roy, 166263 Sapper R. J. G. Russell, 2006454 Sapper W. J. Shafer, 506332 Sapper C. M. G. Thomas, 687742 Sapper E. Thomas, 718914 Corpl. S. J. Westcott, 216482 Sapper J. H. White, 636445 Sapper W. Wightman.

2005837 Sapper R. Brooks, 751400 Sapper D. Hughes, 510733 Sapper R. A. Lawe, 2265719 Sapper W. S. R. Moliere.

216113 Sapper J. M. Dresner, 299232 Sapper D. Farlow, 101746 Corpl. L. A. McGillivray, 2006221 Sapper C. W. Stephens, 503006 Sapper R. F. Voakes.

89506 Corpl. W. Brown, 506428 Sapper L. A. Burman, 204461 Sapper J. Jennings, 503484 Sapper W. King, 451862 Corpl. A. Hunter, 715942 Sapper C. McKenzie, 401625 L/Corpl. J. A. Scamen, 754757 Sapper T. A. Peltier, 139172 Sapper D. Ruelens, 154143 Sapper W. Pace, 46080 Sapper R. Winslow.

216777 Sapper A. R. Barber, 101337 Sapper R. Brockway, 445695 Sapper E. E. Crowley, 234960 L/Corpl. G. Desjarlais, 766592 L/Corpl. R. Hamilton, 5590 Corpl. W. High, 478872 Corpl. D. R. McDonald, 712179 Sapper B. McIsaac; 126494 Sapper W. G. H. Middleton, 503511 Sergt. A. Miller, 769442 Sergt. A. T. Millward, 718683 Sapper T. A. Quigley, 274091 Sapper J. Scott, 75651 Sapper R. Smith, 504858 Sapper F. W. Taylor.

45051 Corpl. J. Bayne, 839017 Sapper A. S. Eagles, 464101 Sapper W. T. Jago, 148728 Sapper R. E. Jolley, 657462 Sapper E. F. Lalonde, 678517 Sapper F. C. Lefevre, 799699 Sapper D. McPhie, 255219

Sapper J. Reynolds, 415230 Sapper T. T. Stephenson, 713227 Sapper T. Wilson, 2352 Sergt W. R. Wright.

675570 Sapper F. E. Allin, 1060029 Sapper W. Barry, 751172 Sapper W. Bates, 766023 Sapper G. W. Beecroft, 471093 Sapper M. Bishuk, 710166 Sapper R. W. Bragdon, 652191 Sapper C. A. Campbell, 504025 2/Corpl. J. C. Coles, 140058 Sapper P. Dean, 766571 L/Corpl. W. G. Dytor, 505679 Sapper J. R. Eakins, 2005386 Sapper R. Evans, 166525 Sergt. J. H. Fox, 288688 Sapper C. B. Freeman, 789216 Sapper P. Gilmore, 505002 Sapper J. Gladu, 862487 Sapper R. W. Goodison, 709994 Sapper J. L. Harris, 45379 Sapper J. Hyslop, 115494 Sapper M. E. Johnson, 922088 Sapper A. E. King, 769019 Sergt. J. Love, 871811 Sapper W. McEwan, 503792 Corpl. C. A. McGillivray, 709263 Sapper D. McKenzie, 2006357 Sapper E. A. McSweany, 766890 Sergt. A. F. Mills, 438971 Sergt. J. D. Morrison, 467396 Sergt. R. Patterson, 624650 Sapper R. M. Roberts, 2503177 Sapper C. Rodden, 294576 Sapper E. E. Rothwell, 766924 Sapper H. Salt, 2005327 Sapper G. O. Sedgwick, 2006806 Sapper G. C. Sholander, 719013 Sapper H. T. Smith, 648856 Sapper W. B. Stark, 430615 Sapper F. W. Teague, 1078217 Sapper E. Todd, 784771 Sapper W. H. Walker, 504648 Sapper G. E. Westman, 862320 Sapper C. Wilson, 502639 L/Corpl. T. D. Winter.

1078378 Sapper T. Barrett, 2265856 Sapper J. A. Baughman, 922043 Sapper E. A. Beasley, 27 2/Cpl W. C. Bilsborough, 1078692 Sapper F. S. Brooks, 415027 Sapper A. Campbell, 2226 Sapper J. A. Card, 669073 L/Corpl. C. H. Claringbold, 288416 L/Corpl. G. J. Cragg, 823861 Sapper W. Dawson, 216006 Sapper A. Doherty, 649199 Sapper W. E. Dungey, 506207 Driver W. B. Hyland, 294664 Sapper V. Karkos, 166357 Sapper G. A. Kennedy, 67633 Sergt. G. Gardner, 45104 Driver A. E. Gregory, 294418 Sapper V. Grinson, 838833 Sapper H. H. Haynes, 323 L/Corpl. F. R. Henson, 766869 Sapper W. Longrigg, 2005612 Sapper W. McCafferty, 45483 Sapper J. Mills, 541616 Sapper E. M. Morris, 541840 Sapper H. Mullock, 2006379 Sapper A. F. Pease, 850477 Sapper J. T. Price, 506451 Sapper L. A. Shellito, 506213 Corpl. F. W. Skirrow, 718713 Sapper W. T. B. Smart, 329878 Sapper T. G. Starmer, 2005737 Sapper J. W. Stevens, 294052 Sapper W. Stevenson, 913741 Sapper S. Vunich, 447574 Sapper J. C. Watson, 2005521 Sapper C. S. Wheatley.

183814 L/Corpl. R. Akrigg, 669002 Sapper J. Alexander, 477019 Sapper H. Ashcroft, 892641 Sapper A. R. Blackburn, 506287 Sapper A. W. Cameron, 718842 Sapper A. Canada, 853222 Sapper W. E. Clements, 2006707 Sapper E. F. Cohoe, 757890 Sapper G. E. Connor, 63267 Sapper C. C. Dampier, 2006196 Sapper J. Douglas, 718991 Sapper J. Ducharme, 651200 2/Corpl. W. H. Eidt, 862888 Sapper T. Elson, 922767 Sapper R. A. Glew; 102911 Sergt J. E. Graham, 922583 Sapper J. C. Greenizan, 504492 Sapper C. F. Harrison, 739220 Sapper J. Hill, 294346 Sapper A. Hoyem, 106 Sapper J. Hughes, 294133 Sapper E. Jonsson, 294946 Sapper F. Klepal, 2393355 Sapper H. E. Lundy, 657364 Sapper J. E. McConaghy, 500059 Corpl. E. Murray, 6371 A/L/Cpl. G. R. C. Pike, 766283 Sapper L. Richardson, 766690 Sapper J. A. Roland, 718999 Sapper C. A. Rosset, 928025 Sapper A. Rudman, 710010 A/Corpl. W. J. Sansom, 721912 Sapper J. Sigurdson, 675775 Sapper R. Smith, 718140 Sapper G. Soller, 2006118 Sapper M. U. Treleaven, 294848 Sapper J. Virgl, 2005710 Sapper R. White, 2007114 Sapper N. Wiley, 2006842 Sapper J. Woolford, 171715 Sapper G. Young.

## Notes on Dugouts.

These notes and plates are meant to illustrate ordinary dugout construction in average dry ground.

### To Start Work.

At each entrance provide a good space for storage of timber and sandbags full of spoil. Before making any underground excavation, have the timber ready on the spot to prop it up; if ground begins to slide it is very hard to handle, and makes dugout weaker. Make excavation only large enough to fit the timber. The tendency is to make excavation too large, and to push it too far ahead of timber that is already in. Provide, if possible, for concealment of spoil, and conceal entrance by using a curtain over it or a flying traverse across the trench.

### Entrances.

Make entrance such that water from trench or sunken road cannot drain into it. (Figs. 1 and 3, Plate 1).

### Vertical Setts. (Figs. 1 and 2, Plate 1).

Must be close timbered. Easiest way for inexperienced men. Sett consists of cap, sill, and two legs, size usually 3 ft. by 6 ft. inside measurements. Place sill first. Next lagging for fisers, top and bottom. Fit legs and then cap, and strap temporarily to last sett. Drop of each sett is equal to its width, 9 ft. timber 9 ft. drop.

### Sett at Right Angles to Dip. (Figs. 3 and 4, Plate 1).

Size usually 3 ft. by 3 ft., if dip is 45 degrees. If dip is flatter, legs must be longer. May be close timbered, or with close setts and lagging as shown.

Solid strapping with diagonals and gas curtains, put in as shown.

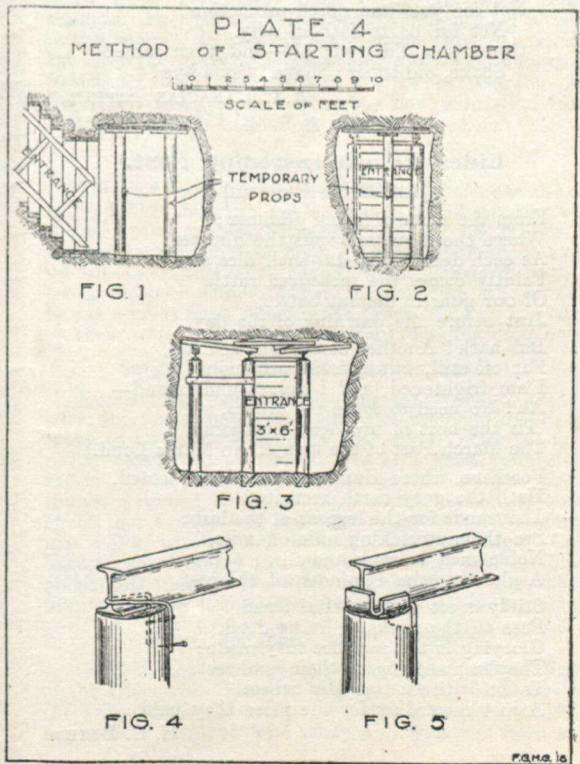
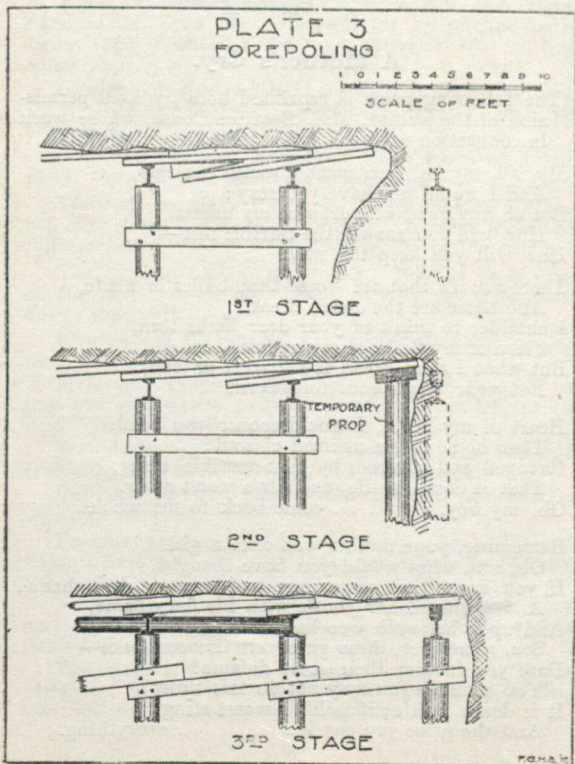
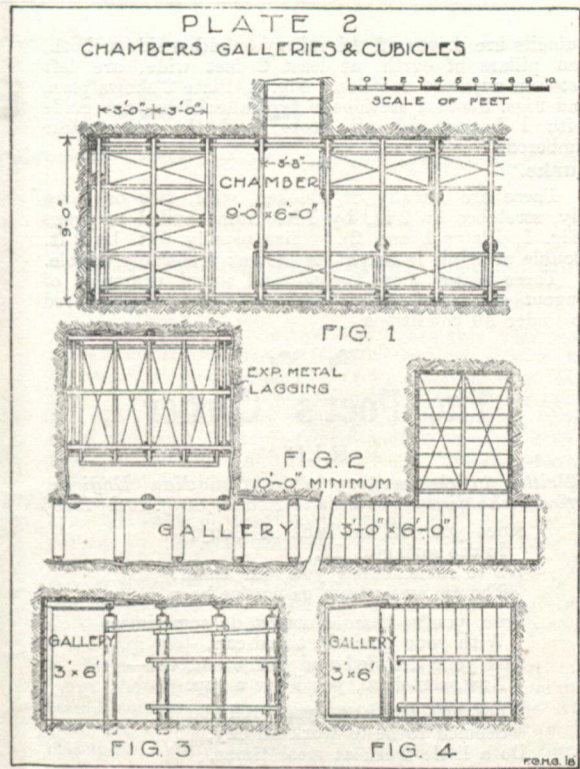
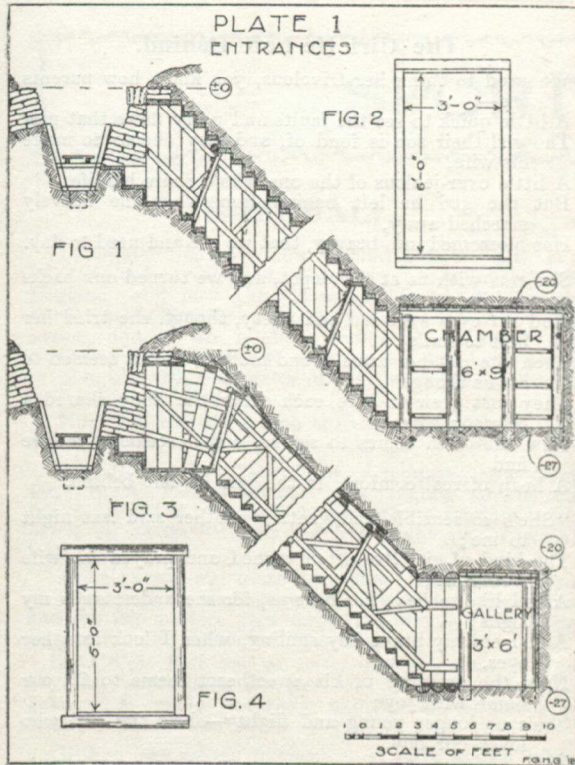
### Chamber.

Commonly 9 ft. wide, using standard I beams and pit props (Plan Fig. 1, Plate 2). Method of getting in first two I beams by use of temporary props (Plate 4). Four foot lagging is put in at the bottom of entrance across the direction in which you are driving, and 8 in. above the last entrance sett, to allow for depth of the I beam and blocks (Fig. 1). Temporary props hold up this lagging (Fig. 1 and 2) until the I beams with short 3 in. block on top are placed (Figs. 2 and 3), after driving 9 ft. across. Then temporary props can be removed, and driving along the chamber started, first one way and then the other (Fig. 3). Lagging is longer than span between I beams.

In driving gallery, forepoling method (Plate 3) is absolutely necessary unless experienced miners are doing the work, in unusually solid ground. Lagging is driven up to the face, one piece at a time, as fast as excavation is made. To secure I beams to pit props use "beam anchors," or shoes as in Figs. 4 and 5, Plate 4. That in Fig. 4 is made from strap iron, or a screw stake, and the one in Fig. 5 from wrought iron. Sprogging (distance pieces) to be driven in solidly between I beams (3rd stage, Plate 3). Sink pit props 6 in. or more into ground at bottom. Side lagging of wood, corrugated iron, expanded metal or chicken wire, may be necessary (Figs. 1 and 2, Plate 2).

### Gallery and Cubicles.

If it is necessary to turn off at right angles at bottom of incline, use two extra strong setts, one either side of opening at the side (Fig. 3, Plate 1). Gallery either close timbered or with setts and lagging (Fig. 2, Plate 2). If latter, forepoling method must be used (Plate 3)



Plans for the Construction of Dugouts.

Cubicles are driven off the gallery on either side or both, and pillars of earth, at least 2 feet wide, are left between adjacent cubicles. Fig. 2, Plate 2 shows plan, and Figs. 3 and 4 sections of typical cubicles, one made with I beams and pit props, and the other close timbered.

#### Bunks.

These are usually of chicken wire, two or three ply, stretched on 2 in. by 3 in. frame nailed to props (Fig. 1, Plates 1 and 2). Size usually 6 ft. by 2 ft. Double or triple in height as shown: preferably double.

These plates show typical and sound examples of dugout construction, but are not necessarily adhered to under all conditions.

## The Poet's Corner.

R.I.P.

*(Written to the memory of a Canadian Engineer Officer, who died of wounds in France, Aug. 16th, 1918)*

Since you left us, back at Gouy,  
In the spring of '17,  
We've remembered you, old timer,  
Though away from us you've been.  
True, you've come amongst us sometimes,  
With your quaintly tilted cap,  
And your drawled and pithy sentence—  
Now, somehow, you leave a gap.  
Work you lived on—your religion  
Seemed to be to work all day,  
Do a little work at meal times,  
And then work the night away.  
Not for you was quick promotion;  
Not for us to fathom why.  
Guess you did your bit—and then some!  
Shake, old timer! Shake! Good-bye!

A.T. CANADIAN SAPPER.

✻ ✻ ✻

### Lines from a Listening Post.

[All Rights Reserved!]

From the moon a feeble glimmer;  
Where the dimness seems the dimmer  
As each descending star-shell dies away,  
Faintly comes the measured rattle  
Of our guns in distant battle,  
Just before the dawning of the day.  
But hark! Another sound I'm hearing,  
Far off still, but quickly nearing;  
I am frightened, and I cannot understand—  
Ah! No need to rouse the others,  
'Tis the host of my dead brothers,  
The March Past of the men of No Man's Land.  
For here, where Hun has burned and looted,  
Hath the gory earth recruited  
Thousands for the legions of the lost:  
See them stretching mile on mile,  
Noble men in rank and file,  
A ghastly grim reminder of the cost.  
Stiffly erect with martial tread,  
Pass on the ranks of living dead,  
Glorying in the sacrifice they made;  
They're marching to their final rest,  
To be with God at His behest,  
A just rewarding for the price they paid.

H. C. BATE.

### The Girl He Left Behind.

We used to think her frivolous, you know how parents  
are—  
A little quick to see the faults and petty flaws that mar  
The girl their son is fond of, and may choose to make  
his wife,  
A little over-jealous of the one who'd share his life.  
But the girl he left behind him when he bravely  
marched away,  
Has blossomed into beauty, that we see and need to-day.  
She was with us at the depot, and we turned our backs  
awhile,  
And her eyes were sad and misty, though she tried her  
best to smile;  
Then she put her arms round mother, and it seemed to  
me as though  
They just grew to love each other, for they shared a  
common woe.  
Now she often comes to see us, and it seems to me we  
find  
A heap of real comfort, in the girl he left behind.  
"She's so sensible and gentle," mother said last night  
to me;  
The kind of girl I've often wished and prayed his wife  
would be;  
And I like to have her near us, for she understands my  
sighs;  
And I see my brave boy smiling, when I look into her  
eyes.  
Now the presence of his sweetheart seems to fill our  
home with joy;  
She's no longer young and flighty—she's the girl who  
loves our boy.

R.M., 1st C.E.R.B.

✻ ✻ ✻

### A Mother's Cry.

*(The following poem is reprinted here by kind permission of the author, Miss Beatrice Chase, whose work in connection with the war is well known to all.)*

My lad, my lad, you must go with the rest,  
And I would not have you stay;  
But oh, my own, who drew at my breast,  
How will you answer the terrible test—  
How will you keep the way?  
There are ills that are worse than bullet or blade,  
And those are the ones I dread.  
I shudder to think of your dear limbs torn,  
Flesh of my flesh, of my agonies born;  
But what I most dread is not steel or lead,  
But your virgin soul foresworn.

Heart of my heart, I would sooner you dead,  
Than home to me maimed of soul:  
Ravaged and marred by that terrible thing,  
That is death in life, and life's worst sting.  
Oh, my boy. . . . . come back to me whole.

Remember, your mother was once a girl.  
Oh, son, what would you have thought,  
If you knew that some man had wrought her shame,  
And withered her youth with his fiery flame,  
And upon her such woe had brought?  
Son, remember, these girls were innocent once—  
Dare you further their souls defame?  
You cannot—you may not do this thing!  
It is death in life; it is life's worst sting;  
And the price you pay is . . . . . everything.

## SPORTS NEWS.

### BASEBALL.

Championships have now become a habit with us: 1st, Seaford Area; 2nd, Canadian Championship of England; and now the Championship of the British Isles. Aside from boasting, that is some record for one season, and we are mightily proud of ourselves. To close the season properly, a suggestion has been made to play off with our mates of the Corps Championship in France, say Paris.

Now that the ball season is over, we can again turn our attention to the war.

They do say that "Dad" has a tempting offer from the C.E.T.C. Pierrot Troupe. His juggling turn in the 6th is worthy of note, and should make a top line turn. We'll all be on hand at the first night performance, "Dad."

Riley's error was quite excusable. The runner died on first, and no damage was done. Those four hits and the two perfect pegs across the diamond tell their own story. No apologies required, Jim.

Lieut.-Col. Fell was an interested spectator. The boys all appreciated his generous donation after the game. It made Saturday night's entertainment a success. Many thanks, sir.

Bishop (the enemy pitcher) must have known what was going to happen when he found that he was tossing to eight left-handed batters. Willy, our only right hand hitter, drew one walk, was hit by pitched balls twice, and connected for one splendid hit in five times up.

Gardner worked as hard as any of them on that third base coach line. Doesn't he dearly love an argument?

Godfrey, Gardner, and their close harmony Company, were on tour again on Sunday night.

We'll all be Mary Pickfords if this moving picture machine sticks around long enough. Wonder what the folks at home will say when they see us in the movies?

The outfield had an easy day. Proctor took care of the only outfield fly, and that was the third man out in the ninth.

Duncan and Watson did not have their usual hitting eye. We all have our off days.

McDougall caught a splendid game. His pegging to first and second was perfect. It takes a big leaguer to hold "Wylie" when he is twisting 'em. ♀

We deny the statement regarding the Rabbit trimming a London "Bobby" in the Strand.

Gardner, Rankin, Glover and Dodson, our spares, were not required.

Famous sayings, "The old dissy doe, Wiley," "Don't hurt anybody with that tremendous speed," by "Dad."

"Cap" had a busy afternoon. Keeping a box score and explaining the fine points of the game to a fair damsel at the same time takes a bit of doing.

We noticed our old friend and supporter, Major McQuaig, of the Forestry Corps at Tunbridge Wells, was well to the fore on the side lines.

"CAP."

### BOXING.

#### C.E.T.C. Tournament—Arena, North Camp.

Wednesday Afternoon, September 26th.

What proved to be the best fights this year were staged by the Centre in the Arena, on Wednesday afternoon, September 26th, before a crowd of over 5000, every square inch inside this amphitheatre being taken up. The weather man, who up till the morning of the show had been nobody's friend, kicked through with a bunch of sunshine, and all was well. The crowd commenced to line up outside the various entrances as early as 12.30, and before the gates were opened at 1.30, queues some 400 yards in length had formed. Col. Fell, accompanied by the referees, Mr. Eugene Corri, editor of "Boxing," and Col. Mayes, C.A.G.S., entered the Arena sharp at 2 o'clock, amid howls of delight from the impatient crowd. The "good old band" was right on the job too, and during the intervals served up some real raggy airs.

Sergt. Alexander, our own hefty middleweight, met Sergt. Ponsford, the Marine (Aldershot) in a 15 2-minute round contest for the headliner, with Sergt. Joe Attwood and Gunner Russell, C.F.A., Witley, welterweight champion, Western Canada—a protégé of Tommy Burns—next in a 10 3-minute round go. Corpl. Goodson, our other nifty performer, went 10 rounds with Sergt. Stanton, 1st Canadian Reserve, which proved a very pretty set-to. In the six-round bouts Pte. Knox, the 1st Reserve heavy, hooked up with Pte. Clarkson, C.M.G.D., in a return scrap, and Sapper Gordon, 1st C.E.R.B., met Corpl. Devlin, the new whirlwind from Pennsylvania, 3rd C.E.R.B.

#### Sergt. Alexander—Sergt. Ponsford.

The pair were quickly at work, but Alexander clearly showed that his left ankle, which had been put out during training, was bothering him, by his failure to use his dangerous right hook. Things were about even up till about the tenth round, when Ponsford, with a punch in both hands, began to look like the winner. It was a great fight, keeping the crowd right on the edge of their seats throughout, Ponsford winning on points.

#### Sergt. Joe Attwood—Gunner Russell.

Russell, who had been looking for a chance at the wily Joe for a long time, and who was considered by many to be more or less of a dark horse, after the first round never had a chance. He is a good youngster, rather clever, but lacks a real punch. In the third round, Attwood, who had been using his left to good effect, got a couple in with his right to the Artilleryman's jaw, after which he commenced holding. Col. Mayes, who handled this go, warned him several times about this, and in the fifth was obliged to disqualify him, awarding the fight to the Machine Gunner.

#### Corpl. Goodson—Sergt. Stanton.

Goodson beat Stanton on points in the prettiest fight of the afternoon. Stanton, who was much the heftier of the two, started to rush the fighting about the fifth, but several straight lefts made him behave. Both the

contestants maintained a wonderful defence, but in the last two rounds Goodson scored time after time with his lightning-like right hook. The winner showed very clearly that he had class, and while more of a boxer than a fighter, should figure well to the fore in the autumn fixtures.

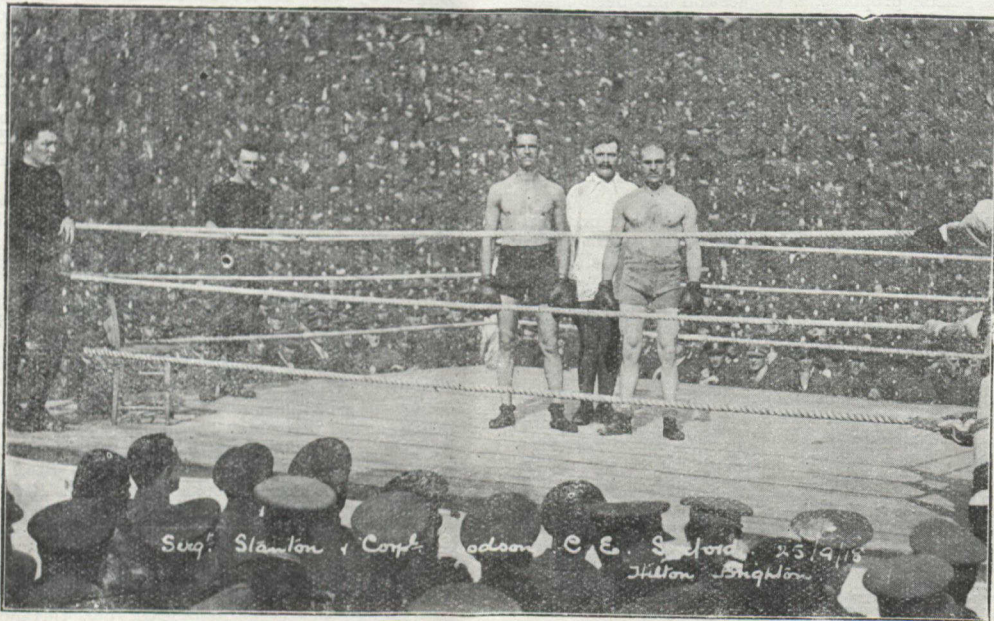
#### Six-Round Contests.

In the heavyweight go, Pte. Knox (1st Reserve) won from Pte. Clarkson (C.M.G.D.). In the opening rounds, Clarkson, who knew his man, kept away from Knox, using his left to good advantage, getting in at the face, but as the fight proceeded it became apparent, or at least it looked like it, that he was afraid of the big fellow. The crowd was all for Clarkson, and the

It was amusing how, no matter how badly the M.C. got tangled up during his spiels, he always got away with it.

Several of the more ambitious spectators, in order to ensure a good view of the ring, had climbed one of the trees, but when the branches started cracking under the weight, it was wonderful what a quick descent they made.

Lieut. Scrivens, the P.T. Officer, and his strong arm squad, are to be congratulated on the wonderful show, and the excellent manner in which the immense crowd was handled. He told me a week before the tournament that he was out to advertise the unit, and we'll say he gained his objective.



Sergt. Stanton, 1st. Reserves (on the left) and Corpl. Goodson, C.E.T.C. (winner).

Photographed, prior to their ten-round battle, with Sergt. Kirtland, the M.C.

referee's decision awarding the fight to Knox was by no means a popular one. Clarkson, who fought in the Machine Gun show a month previously, showed wonderful improvement in form, but undoubtedly the winner is the better fighter.

Sapper Gordon (1st C.E.R.B.), who, you will remember, won the Welterweight Championship of the Area this spring, was beaten by Corpl. Devlin (3rd C.E.R.B.) on points. This bout opened up fast, and was a strenuous battle indeed. The first two rounds were pretty well even, but the new man, Devlin, with his straight left, scored well in the third, and in the fourth put his man to the mat. Devlin, who hails from Pennsylvania, U.S.A., showed himself to have a much better knowledge of ringcraft than his opponent, and is indeed a discovery.

#### Notes.

The famous Eugene, with his pearl grey topper and the odd stogey, on entering the referee's box received a great ovation from the crowd, and certainly did handle the fights well.

Capt. Canty and about 40 officers from the Officers' Command Depot, Eastbourne, came up to see the show, and were tickled to death with the programme.

Lieut. Scott, Sports Officer, 2nd C.E.R.B., handled the ring manager's job to perfection. Just as soon as one bout was finished, the contestants for the next one were all ready to hop into the ring.

It was unfortunate that Alexander's ankle was bad, but he claims that he will beat Ponsford when he is right.

Sapper Ryan, 3rd C.E.R.B., who was matched to fight Knox, is no less than the one and only Jim Flynn, the Pueblo fireman, who fought Munroe, the White Hope, several years ago, when every promoter in California was trying to find a man to beat Johnson.

Col. Fell's face was wreathed in smiles throughout. There is nothing he enjoys better than a good clean boxing tourney.

The net proceeds will be divided between the three Battalions in aid of their sports and recreation funds.

## SOCCER.

The soccer team are going strong after the pig skin, and have a big line up on practices. So far, only two matches have been played.

The 6th Reserve got the better of a 70-minute match, 3-1. However, after a week's consistent practice, the 1st Reserve were beaten by a score of 4-2.

We miss the players from No. 1 Class, but there is plenty of good material left, and we expect to have a winning time.

## RUGBY AND BASKET-BALL.

The rugby and basketball teams are doing their bit in getting into shape, and there should be some good games in store for the followers of these branches of sport.

## TENNIS.

In spite of unfavourable weather, the Tennis Tournament, which has been in progress for six weeks, was brought to a successful conclusion on Saturday, September 28th.

Although the courts were in poor condition, the large crowd gathered to witness the finals, saw some really good play.

The O.T.C. captured the plate in the men's singles and doubles, Cadet Buckingham being the winner of the singles, and Cadets Hotchkiss and Buckingham of the doubles.

## 3rd C.E.R.B. SPORTS.

The weather was fine for our first field sports day on September 19th. Owing to the co-operation of the O.C. and all other ranks concerned, the entire programme, including the presentation of prizes, was concluded in less than three hours.

Every event was keenly contested in the most sportsmanlike way. The puttee race and the obstacle race provided a good deal of amusement, as well as exciting considerable admiration.

There were five heats and a final in the 100 yards dash, and two heats and a final in the 220 dash.

The pleasure of the afternoon was enhanced by the presence on the ground of Mrs. Gunn, and by her happy manner in presenting the prizes at the conclusion of the events.

The following are the winners and officials:—

100 Yards Dash.—A. F. Spooner, V. C. Smith, H. J. Dillon.

Half-Mile Run.—L. R. Stubberfield, A. F. Proser, A. Snedden.

Standing Broad Jump.—A. F. Spooner, H. K. Waldick, H. J. Dillon.

220 Yards Dash.—E. Olsen, A. F. Spooner, Seguin.

One Mile Run.—H. A. Head, R. D. Day, S. K. Ingles.

Running Broad Jump.—W. A. Forsyth, E. Olsen, A. F. Spooner.

Puttee Race.—G. G. Jackson, H. B. Poree, W. Laube.

Quarter-Mile Run.—Lancaster, Stubberfield, King.

Putting the Shot.—Logan, Forsyth, Stoliker.

Officers' Race.—Lieut. Rankin, Captain Dykes.

Obstacle Race.—Oliver, Topley, King.

Three-Legged Race.—Moulding Bros., Mills and Myers.

Relay Race.—"E" Company, Spooner, Smith, Sedden, and Warren.

Tug-of-War.—"E" Company, 10 men.

Individual Championship.—A. F. Spooner.

Judges: Major J. D. Gunn, Lieut. Reynolds, Lieut. Clarke. Starter, Lieut. McNeil. Measurer, Lieut. Woodward. Recorder, Lieut. Creeth. Scorer, Lieut. Lees. Announcer, Sergt.-Major Keen.

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By "WAG."

### Masquerade Dance.

On the 18th of last month "C" Company 1st C.E.R.B. held a very successful fancy dress ball in No. 2 Canteen. The floor was in perfect condition, and the decorations of the hall and "conservatory" spoke volumes for the energy and foresight of the Committee.

Lieut.-Col. A. G. Lawson, M.C., 1st C.E.R.B., Major Stroud, C.S.S., and Capt. H. T. May, M.C., of "C" Company, were present, and stayed till the close.

The ladies made a wonderful show of fancy dresses, and a great deal of ingenuity was shown by many of them in the conception and design of unusual costumes. Graceful courtiers of the Georgian period rubbed shoulders with pretty little tea girls from Japan, while Cow Girls, Red Riding Hoods, Romney Shepherdesses, Flames, Cigar Boxes, Greek Slaves, and every other kind of girl, mixed up to make a whirling chiroscura of changing colours that reminded one of the palmy days of Covent Garden.

The mere male element did not come out so strong on fancy costume as the ladies, but still a fair showing was made by the boys.

The costumes were judged by Col. Lawson and Major Stroud, whose award was as follows:—

Ladies.—1st, Miss Galloway, Seaford, as a Mexican Girl; 2nd, Miss Hill, N.A.C.B., as "Hell"; 3rd, Miss Teakley, N.A.C.B., as a Lady of the Court of George III.

Gentlemen.—1st, Sergt. Burgess, C.S.M.E., Georgian Beau; 2nd, Pte Stanley, C.A.S.C., as a Gondolier; 3rd, Sapper Beveridge, as a Flower Girl.

### C.E.T.C. Pierrot Troupe.

"Cheero, the Pierrot Parade." That's the opening chorus—call the roll. The rest of the programme is, as the "Imps" at Newhaven said after the show there, top hole.

Since we last went on record, the Troupe has been as busy as the proverbial cat, but with far more success. Every concert went off with a bang. Probably the most successful effort was the show at the Kitchener Hospital in Brighton on October 5th. The hall was crowded, and the popular opinion was that it was the best show they had seen for a long time. The ragtime instrumental number is good, with Mayo promenading the keyboard, Pillington and Have strumming banjos, and Halden sawing on the Stradivarius.

As far as is known the Hawaiian instrumental number is the only one of its kind appearing in concert work in England. With Smythe and Atkinson playing guitars a la Hawaii, this is a very pleasing number.

Lieut. Grant's songs are going over the plate with speed, and the audience calls "strike" every time. His latest, "Just keep marching along," is an absolutely new song, and is a great success.

Doneau and Bently have returned from their course, and are once more in line. Denny secured a couple of good songs while up in the "smoke," which he

is putting over in old time style. Bently's rich baritone is still heard in well selected songs.

Smythe is a baritone of considerable feeling, and his songs, "At midnight in Japan," and "Di-Dang" are well rendered numbers.

Sergt. Smale has a good number entitled, "I want to go to bye-bye," which is well sung, and carries a nice chorus.

John Halden is still singing the "Wild, wild women," and they are pretty wild when he finishes with them.

Sergt. Doncaster's new song is "I'm Norman the Mormon," and he is better than usual in his new monologue, "A man of superior parts."

That is everyone but Wilson. He is a man of mystery. Watch your currency while his act is in progress. He's a great spoofeer.

Shows were given during the month at the Officers' Club, North Camp, where Lieuts. Stenhouse and Ferguson assisted the Troupe with vocal numbers; at the Sunbeam Hut, Newhaven, Kitchener Hospital, Brighton, and the Y.M.C.A. in the 11th Reserve Lines, South Camp.

We understand the Troupe is booked up till the end of the year.

### New Y.M.C.A. Cadets' Club. Seaford.

Another new move in a good direction has been made by the Y.M.C.A. authorities at Seaford, in the formation and opening of a Cadets' Club in the grounds of the Seaside "Y" at Telsemaure House.

The idea originated, we believe, with Major Collins, of the C.S.M.E., and was taken up and brought to fruition by the "Y."

A very elegantly furnished and decorated room has been provided, and a small canteen to cater for the wants of the inner man is run by the voluntary help of the ladies of the district.

The opening ceremony was held on the 2nd of this month, when it was arranged that the G.O.C. of the area was to declare the club open. In the unavoidable absence, however, of this officer, that pleasing duty fell to Col. T. V. Anderson, D.S.O.

In the course of a short and well chosen speech, Col. Anderson said:—"It is a great pleasure to me to be here to-day, as I have myself often thought that something of this kind would be a very acceptable improvement in the life of a Cadet. He is usually left out of everything, he is betwixt and between; he very often has no mess or canteen of his own, and cannot use the men's clubs.

"The Y.M. have, as usual, stepped into this breach, and have provided the necessary accommodation.

"Cadets are an innovation in this area, and we have not at present the facilities at our disposal for their comfort that obtain in older centres. For the benefit of my own Engineer Cadets I may say that I think—mind, I don't promise—but I think they are shortly to have a mess of their own (cheers).



"On behalf of Mrs. Anderson and myself, I wish to thank the Committee very heartily for the fine bouquet of flowers with which they have presented us.

"I now formally declare the Club open."

A very fine musical programme was presented by the band of the C.E.T.C., under the able baton of Bandmaster Gorse. During the afternoon tea and refreshments were served in the marquee, and in the Club House.

A well attended dance in the Club House brought this very pleasing function to a close.

### Smoking Concert.

At eight o'clock on Saturday evening, Oct. 5th, the members of the 2nd C.E.R.B. entertained the victorious ball team, winners of the Canadian Baseball Championship.

The Henry Clay Minstrel Troupe, with Sapper O. C. Pritchard officiating at the piano, were in charge of the entertainment. The opening number, "The Minstrel March," composed by Sapper O. C. Pritchard, was very well rendered, and started one of the best entertainments seen in the camp. The management is to be congratulated. The following is the caste:—

Sapper E. Collins, Interlocutor; Sapper H. O. Bourke, Eight Ball; Sapper J. J. McCoughey, Tambo; Sergt. Enson, Pansy; Sapper H. Rountree, Snowball; Sapper E. Gibbons, Rastus; C.S.M. Woods, Sambo; Sapper D. McDonald, Bones; Sapper H. Rondeau, Old Feet; Sapper S. Rodein, Angel Face; Sapper H. Almond, Alex.

As an opening number, Snowball sang "Ka-Ka-a-Tie," in a most creditable manner, the stuttering effect being most realistic. Sambo's rendition of "King George is feeding you," brought the house down. Sambo says that when you are on the home stretch with that plate of mulligan, remember that it's not your ma, but King George that is feeding you. Tambo, in his "Happy, that's all," was much appreciated by all present. "Mother Machree" and "The Trumpeter" were very well sung by Angel Face, and were much enjoyed. Angel Face is a very fine tenor, and we hope to hear more from him in the near future. "Walking the dog," one of those slow, tantalizing, draggy things, was well executed by Alex. (Notes on juggler).

Snowball again favoured us with one of the late Yankee war songs, "Dixie Volunteers." He had us all singing. Old Feet did some queer shuffling for the next five minutes. We feel sure that had the stage been larger, he would absolutely throw himself away. Sambo sang the hit of the evening, "Mason Dixie Line." It was one of those songs you couldn't help singing. Everybody joined in the chorus. The real feature of the night was the presentation of the cup by Col. Anderson, who said it gave him great pleasure to present the Cup to the C.E.T.C. Baseball Team, and hoped that it would be retained here. He congratulated the manager, the captain, and the team.

Lieut. Huyck received the cup on behalf of the team. In handing over the cup to Lieut. Stewart (Dad) he claimed no praise for himself, for the success of the team, and said that it was only the untiring efforts of the players themselves that brought the cup to the C.E.T.C. Lieut. Stewart responded for the team. He thanked them for the support they gave him.

At the conclusion of the speeches, the cup was filled, and passed around, and we drank the health of the greatest baseball aggregation in England. R.S.M. Parker had the chair. He and his staff are to be congratulated on the manner in which the entertainment was conducted.

Among those present were Col. T. V. Anderson, D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. Fell, Major P. Ward, and several Staff Officers.

## After "Lights Out."

OVERHEARD AT THE CANTEN DANCE.

M.P.: "Nah, then, you go off to yer 'ut."

O.R. (member of intellectual aristocracy): "I resent your interference; my appearance here is in absolute decorum and my conduct impeccable."

M.P.: "Nah then, beat it, and none of yer lip."

O.R.: "I consider you are trespassing beyond the circumscribed limits of your authority, and your action might be described as punctilious to the verge of supererogation."

M.P.: "Nah then, 'ook it, 'fore I takes yer name for using bad language."

Exit the Other Rank in lofty resignation.

♦ ♦ ♦

The R.S.M. had been instructing some of the last draft on the duties of a sentry.

After explaining to the squad for about an hour that the sentry must turn out the guard at reveille, retreat, and tattoo, to the O.C. once by day, to the Orderly Officer when requested, etc. "Now," said the Sergt.-Major to a bright looking recruit, "Who will you turn the guard out to?" Recruit, after a moment's meditation, "Reveille, retreat," then, after a long pause, "There's another fellow, but I've forgotten his name."

♦ ♦ ♦

A druggist, being called from the store for a few moments, left his small son in charge, and on his return was told that a customer had been in and purchased a bottle of hair restorer, whereupon the druggist complimented the young hopeful on his interest in the business.

But a few days later the customer came back, and in an angry voice demanded an explanation of the many little lumps which had been raised on his head by the use of the preparation. Many explanations and apologies on the chemist's part followed, and when the customer, now reconciled, had departed, he called his young son to his side and said: "Edward, in future; you will have to be more careful. You sold that gentleman bust developer."

♦ ♦ ♦

One of our corporals received more than his ration the other day, in the form of an identity disc, which he found in the hash. Fishing it out of the camouflaged concoction, he asked, "Where is the man who belongs to this?" He was greeted with a chorus of replies, "In the hash, of course!"

♦ ♦ ♦

Lady (to wounded soldier): How did you get wounded, my man?

Soldier: I was leaning up against the barrage when it lifted.

♦ ♦ ♦

Recruit (to Instructor): What do you call that movement when you are walking, standing still?

Instructor: You mean marking time all the way home.

♦ ♦ ♦

Two lovers were sitting side by side in Battery Park, New York, one evening. "I wonder," he whispered, as he glanced out across the beautiful bay and saw the Statue of Liberty in the shadowy gloom, "why they have its light so small."

"Perhaps," replied the girl as she blushed and tried to slip from his embrace, "the smaller the light the greater the liberty."

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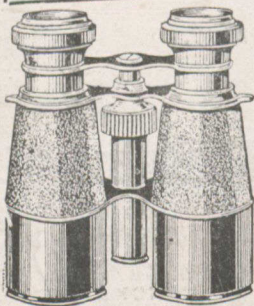
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