

THE REST TOUR

On Saturday 14th April we withdrew from the firing line for a rest. A rest in the Army means a change of work, and generally the change is of the proverbial brick-juggling variety.

The Brigade assembled at where those who had been with the guns renewed their acquaintance with morning stables, and also with steak and chips on top of fried eggs. We were on the road early next morning and glad to be together again: the same old Brigade, though here and there the gaps which we noted with a tinge of regret.

Passing through we camped for the night at As far as the eye could reach, between the tall trees on either side of the road, could be seen horses, guns and wagons. Next days trek was made less agreeable by hail, rain and snow, but towards evening weather improved. We bivouacked at a small village called from which we visited the town of several kilometers distant.

On the afternoon of April 18th, we took our saddles off at and in no time had bought the small village out of biscuits, chocolate, bread butter and everything eatable. We moved next day to vicinity of small villages a few kilos away. These villages situated in a picturesque rural valley, where creeks of transparent water ran through a network of fresh leafed hedges which bordered small farms of newly sown crops and verdant pasture. On every hand were the quadrangled farm buildings, with manure dump in centre, in which pigs and poultry rooted and scratched for their daily sustenance. At the rear of one of the buildings was the inevitable 10ft trackwheel, along the inner circumference of which a large sized poodle plodded through his morning work of turning the separator. How we appreciated the rural tranquility of the beautiful valley after the roar of guns and rushing of shells. By the side of one of the surrounding hills, in a distant corner of the valley, rose the tall chimneys of of

During our 12 days stay in the locality we had one all day turnout for manoeuvres, but on the whole our duties were not arduous. Some of the more fortunate troops came by a trip to Boulogne. A general rush was made for the coast to have a look at Blighty.

On 1st May, we took to the trail, heading towards the firing line. One of the Battery Staffs, being unable to carry sufficient gear on their saddles, armed themselves with wire-cutters, picks, shovels, jack-knives, rope, also cart horse and harness. After twilight, many kilos from camp, they commandeered a likely looking cart, after surmounting indescribable difficulties, such as hedges, dogs, ditches, etc. etc.. Next morning to their chagrin, the ordinary looking vehicle turned out to be a tip-dray with gigantic wheels and painted a bright blue - once seen, never to be forgotten. Black kiwi altered the color, and nothing daunted the adventurers got away well in advance of the Battery. The turnout was laughable in the incongruity of military mode and vehicular antiquity. 30 kilos distant the Jehus drew rein and joined camp with the Battery. That evening a platoon of French cookies, numerous interpreters, police, H.Q. Staff, etc. arrived. After much jabbering it was compreed that the Froggies weren't going home without the cart, and the staff then realised that they had come a "Guttzyr". Damages 40 francs.

Next night we bivouacked near but no leave to look round the town was granted. Like other French towns we have encountered, it has the cobbled square and Hotel de Ville in centre, with little other pretence at design.

We are back at our shooting job again and hoping to see the completion of it this year.

HOBBIES AND PASTIMES

Lieut. Greenshields (107) Gasing the men
Gnr. Harcourt (25) To be there early
Edr. Hayward (26) Embracing cow bails
Gnr. Duckworth (26) killing horses
B.S.M. Allan (107) Nickel bits
Sgt. McMahon (H.Q.) Gas shell duds
Edr. Fitzgerald (25) Long walks
Mon'r Maison (H.Q.) Crippling horses
Dvr Leath (25) Mastication
Gnr. Manning (25) Laying sandbags

THEY SAY

That the Officers of 107th would never make a poultry farm pay. 6 birds at 4 francs apiece killed in action the day of the deal.

* * *
That Gnr. Harold Reid's visions of a feather bed at St. Omer were shattered. 2 blankets and a hard board.

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That Lieut. Moriarty ran late by 4 hours from Boulogne.

STOP PRESS NEWS. An OOLOGIST is one who collects BIRDS EGGS ONLY. But as act of grace GNR ERIC HARDING (The BEUP KING) is allowed the use of this