

The Editor's Page of News Notes and Personal Observations

The Troubles and Pleasures of a Canadian Highlander in Scotland—the new title of our sports editor's writings, which we hope to run in serial form. It will be accompanied by Brilliant Biographies of the Bounding Beauties, by Sergt. Sparrow, and Sleeping Serenely in the Sunlight, by Corp'l Quigley. Other features we hope to have at an early date will include Snipe Shooting, by the band between pay days, and O Death Where is Thy Sting, by the orderly sergeant of the regimental employee company. Getting Even With the Editor, a beautiful little poem without words, has already been presented and will be published when the music has been finished by the orderly room force. One strain has been submitted, but it was a plain infringement on How Dry I Am, and we have asked them to re-write the note.

We are a day late with the paper again this week. We reported sick Monday morning and the assistant to the M. O. presented us with a tumbler of white powder. We did not get to work until the following day and even then our ambition to stick steadily on the job was not very strong. One of the advantages (?) of working alone.

A rumor is current to the effect that C. S. M. Candaline, during his stay at Glasgow, mailed a friend a card. Nothing so unusual in that—but as he was coming home on the same train which brought the card, why could he have not been Scotch just once and saved the postage?

The pipe band is all Scotch; we doubt that not. But why so many interpretations to the battalion motto?

Something doing around the battalion orderly room this week. Sergt. Rhind told the bunch about his adventures on the escort trip and the whole force has been working over time planning how to get on a similar trip. It has been suggested that Sergt. Moore be persuaded to steal a Woodbine from Sgt. Holland and when the latter is sent to clink Sgt. Whynacht be sent for escort. The plan suits everyone, but Charlie who fails to see why he should lose a Woodbine to get Whynacht a free trip.

Sergt. Rainford's mail arrived again

this week and the postal force has been working over time for several days.

Greatest excitement in Hades. Rumor stated Corporal Phillips was about to report sick. His Satanic Majesty has long needed a first assistant and would welcome the corporal, who, it is thought, would be able to create a new form of punishment by holding out false hopes for mail.

Entertainment extraordinary. Corporal Stubble, at one time a member of the band but now employed as the official sleeping beauty of his company orderly room, has taken up gymnastic training in the hope of becoming a bass drum soloist. His proficiency has reached the stage where he can remain awake for ten minutes at a time and can strike more blows at one sitting than a whole flock of ordinary drummers can in a month.

Relief wanted — Bandsman George Mitchell has entered the larger sphere of the musical world and has taken up the study of the clarinet. For ten minutes at a time he may be seen and heard with the business end of the instrument in the opening through which he absorbs food. By that time his comrades can stand it no longer and the enterprising soloist has to fade. Who ever invented the gob-stick, anyway?

We have been wondering what would happen if Mitchell and Stubble should try practicing together.

M O N K ' S
Candy Store
Chocolate and Toffees
a Speciality
TOBACCOS, CIGARS
and
:: :: CIGARETTES :: ::
: Wey Hill, Haslemere :
OPPOSITE CINEMA