

Oh! while we remember it, at the time of writing this, the pipers are still wearing old tunics and another band not far away has new ones in spite of its moaning.

It's better to be happy in rags than grouchy in anything, but some folks grudge us even our happiness.

Did anyone in the Brass Band ever hear a wise saying which runs as follows—"Never count your chickens before they are hatched"?

The comfort and hygienic properties of the kilt are more than ever beyond doubt, for Dr. Campbell hangs to the ancient dress with a tenacity which is dear to behold.

We wonder if the M.O. bears much resemblance in nature to either of the two Campbells in the baun, if he is like "oor Dunkie" or Colin. One is a teetotaller, and the other is a teetotaller—an'-I-don't-think. One man in the battalion, Wullie by name, resembles both at once.

This sounds like a paradox, but it isn't. We remember one time Wullie went plum on the wagon, for good, and he and our humble teetotal self signed the double pledge that very night in the middle of Foul Bay Road. The ceremony took place under an unceasing shower of wet snow and lasted, it is supposed, from 11 p.m. until 3 a.m., next morning. The conversation was happy and uninterrupted until I bade farewell to Wullie and the O.O. (Not Orderly Officer.)

CRUNLUATH MACH.

"A" COMPANY NOTES.

Congratulations to Pte. H. C. Pimm, "A" Company, who on June 20 took unto himself a wife and journeyed into a far country, pitching his tent in Royal Tunbridge Wells. What we would like, however, is a little information on the episode of the journey in the wrong train *before* the ceremony. And was he very nervous when the parson forgot to turn up?

DEAR TOM,—Just returned from the trenches somewhere in England. We had a grand scrap to-day, and another during the week. I came out of both pretty well. In the first, though an enemy came up the communicating trench, and although I shot him at close range, instead of dying gracefully, he threw a bomb and hit me behind the ear, which wasn't fair. By the way, I must remember you know nothing about military terms, so I must explain as I go. A communication trench is not a place to send messages or things of that sort, nor can you get any information in it, as the name might suggest, but it is a trench joining one firing trench to another in order to let the men proceed to either one as desired. I think it a splendid idea, for if you had to jump out of one trench and run up to the other it would be quite dangerous. We were late one morning and took a short cut. Part of the short cut stands up in the air, someone told me at a grade of 3 in 1. I haven't worked it out, but I don't think it was quite so steep as that. That day we dug some of those trenches I mentioned above and did an awful lot of work. The Colonel of the Staff said we took longer than some other fellows; but they were ordinary infantry, *we are Pioneers*. He said other things, and also that for one month he would work us hard, and hinted that then we would be perfect. The hint wasn't very strong, but I think that is what he meant. Then we will be really Pioneers, and I am glad to say they get extra pay. I shall save mine up for Christmas. Then, too, I expect we shall get some more badges. We've had two more on plaid for the shoulders, and the N.C.O.'s have stripes on *both* arms now, and soon, no doubt, we shall have some symbolical mark to wear to show what our speciality is—perhaps a spade and pickaxe crossed, or a section of a trench with barbed wire entanglements in front, or maybe a mule standing on some bridge timbers. If we get many more decorations we shall look like Christmas trees. If the B.S.M. only had a pair of earrings it would give quite a finished appearance. By

the way, a mule the other day foolishly argued with a rope tied to its neck and also to a tree. The rope got the best of the argument, and the mule became a casualty—that means it died. The next day we had Mulligan. I got a hard square piece of material in the soup, and one fellow told me it was a bit of harness; but I think he was not telling the truth, because they would have taken the harness off the mule before they cooked it, wouldn't they? Another experience we had last week was: we went to a fumigating and disinfecting parade. Our clothes were put into a super-heated steam chamber. This process was calculated to destroy any inhabitants of the said clothes, and we bathed and got off some more of that dirt we got in the ranges. The blankets were disinfected too, so we may not be really perfect Pioneers, but we are clean. Next week we are on construction work in the field, and I hope to continue my account then.

Advice: If you are going to *miss* a train, see that the telegram announcing your misfortune arrives *after* the train has left.

Many changes in personnel. We welcome Capt. Okell as second in command, and hope to benefit by his appointment. The 4th Platoon is "transported" by having Mr. Perks as commander.

Since there are now five mules attached to the Battalion for "duty, discipline and rations," we would suggest that they be called upon to help devour the seemingly everlasting supply of beans served up in the men's mess.

In connection with the said beans, rumour hath it that two ship's cargoes of beans were captured; but that is no reason why they should be dumped on the 67th. The Battalion will presently earn the soubriquet of "Has been."

Corpl. Bardsley, reading the paragraphs in battalion orders pertaining to the hospital, came to the conclusion that the sign N.Y.D. meant "Not yet dead." As a well-known scout sergeant said at Longmoor, "Excuse is no ignorance."

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