

out the shack on Saturdays. Pat thinks MacAulay would make the best mop because he is always absorbent and dries up quickly. If the medical officer were to send a stretcher bearer to supervise the work, there would be some mopping.

The Brass Band is rash with its challenges.

It will be many a long day before the Pipe Baun needs the guard to help it to make a showing, and while the same "baun" may look like a musical deformity to the symmetrical ideas of its richly endowed partner in crime, still it can't be said that when we "move house" some of our players are sent ahead to wait for the rest of us near the finish. Every one of the pipers and drummers playing in the baun is there with the goods so long as a single man in the battalion is prepared to keep going.

An accommodating soldier, with a desire to err on the safe side, recently addressed the pipe major as "Sir," and narrowly escaped having his headlight shattered.

Duncan Campbell and Geordie Allan are going to London this week-end. The information was given to us by Geordie himself, along with the remark—"Don't say anything about me going there." It is hoped that the short stay in London won't spoil the complexion of our baby piper.

Colin, the one and only, was having an argument with Brown on the first night of our stay at Bramshott. We had just gone to bed in the straw which filled our hut. Brown had the odds in his favour most of the way, for the Campbell family history figured largely in the conversation until Colin delivered his "coup de grace," with the remark "Oh, well, I'm chust ass good ass you are, seeing we're both in a — hay barn now."

Colin is resourceful.

In the days of his guileless youth, before he learned such tricks as confiscating beer in the Canada Grill, he was some sort of factotum on a steamer plying around the Clyde. The mate at the wheel, with all of a mate's love for steering, gave the job to Colin, and went below. After a little the skipper mounted to the bridge and found Colin steering, and the steamer following a track like a communicating trench.

Colin was talked to in a severe, fatherly way, was ordered off the bridge, and told to send one of the other fellows to the wheel. This was adding insult to injury, so Colin hungered for revenge. He left the bridge and stood underneath it. After quite a while the mate found him there.

"Who's at the wheel, Colin?"

"A damn good man," said Colin, as he moved away towards safety.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Gray, who was Orderly Officer the first night we were in our new quarters here. He happened to put an ear to the door of our shack, and confided to the pipe major that some piper was going through the Bible from Genesis to Revelations.

Dyod aye, min, it wis an awfu' nicht fin we flittit ower tae this place an' fun' we hid tae byde in a byre. The hoose wis fair stappit wi' strae. We thocht if they saw the strae they wid cut doon the raushins, an' a' body wis ready tae lowe for neeps fin denner time cam', bit we're gettin' gey gweed kin' o' met noo, an' the strae's a' oot o' the hoose. Logie hid tae get a freen' tae tak' some o' the strae aff'n him i' the mornin'. He cwidna rax far aneuch 'imsel'.

CRUNLUATH MACH.

## ATHLETICS.

We cull the following, which we heartily endorse:—  
"PLAYING THE GAME."

Every good soldier is a good sportsman, and every good sportsman makes a first-class soldier.

Playing the game comes natural to the sportsman; it is part and parcel of his creed, and wise C.O.'s have ever done their best to encourage the men under their command in the pursuit of manly games.—*From FALL IN, May 20, 1916.*

If we were all as enthusiastic in sport as our Colonel we would be on top in every branch of athletics.

The Sports Committee of the Battalion is being thoroughly reorganised. Perhaps some new blood will do no harm.

Lieut. Meredith has been appointed to organise a cricket team.

Sergt. Fenton is training his boxers for the coming 47th bouts.

It is hoped all ball players will give Pte. Wallack every assistance possible, because as yet our team is not what it ought to be.

Who is going to take charge of the runners?

An out-door basket-ball court is being constructed. It is the intention that each platoon will have a team and a regular schedule played.

Since arrival in England our soccer team, of which we are all justly proud, has been kept pretty busy. They brought with them the Peden Cup, tucked neatly away in their vest pocket, emblematic of the Championship of Vancouver Island, and up to date have kept up their reputation in good style, having been beaten only once, that our first game on the first Saturday of our arrival in the tight little island, when the South African Scottish waltzed away victors by a margin of one goal. Since then the team has been kept constantly busy, some of their notable victories being against the 3rd South Africans, the 75th Canadians, and 47th Canadians.

The latter match was played on Saturday, the 20th, at Bordon Camp, and proved to be about the hardest tussle we have yet encountered and incidentally a splendid exhibition of Association football. The 47th came to us with a reputation of which any team might justly be proud, having been unbeaten for eighteen months; but it appeared to be decreed that, on meeting the "Western Scots," it was their turn to bite the dust. Still, it was a good game, and the score of 1—0 fairly represents the evenness of the two teams. We hope a return match will be arranged soon, as it will be well worth seeing.

An enjoyable little séance was held by the football team at Bordon after its victorious tilt with the 47th Batt. Major Harbottle was the originator of the idea of getting the team together for the evening, and many of our own officers, in addition to those of the South Africans and 75th Canadians, enjoyed the party. Corporal Fairnie, the efficient messman, wore a happy smile, and said that he had never had a better evening's business.

Captain Macdonell has his tug-of-war artistes out for at least half-an-hour's practice "every day."

Captain Okell has been delegated to go to London to buy lacrosse sticks and material, so the national game of Canada is not being lost sight of.

It is with pleasure we announce the active work being done by the Y.M.C.A. in an athletic way. Sergt. Stan Young has things well in hand, obtaining supplies such as baseballs, bats, footballs, basket-balls, etc. We'll soon be going strong in all summer games.

The match with the 46th on Friday, the 26th, was