

"A" COMPANY NOTES.

DEAR TOM,—Since my last old friends have turned up in the 88th and the 102nd, good luck to them. Routine work this week: We have been improving the trenches and they are fine, what with bomber's holes, and slits, dug-outs, machine gun chambers, communication trenches, shelters for the wounded and such like, they are nearly complete. I was sent back after the men had left to get a shovel, I wandered about, up and down, in and out, backwards and forwards, but couldn't locate the right spot, after trying desperately for sometime I reckoned I should lose my dinner if I didn't look sharp, so doubled up and through the maze I went once more, but did not succeed in my quest. Fearing I was lost I sat down to consider. What if I didn't get out? I was pretty hungry and tired, but off I went again, and after passing the same place about a dozen times succeeded in getting to the main communication trenches. Just then the bugle went for dinner so on I went heading toward the cheerful sound. I got back in time thank goodness. The Sergt. asked me where I had been. I told him what happened. He called me something and then asked why I didn't climb out and cut across country. I told him that was not playing the game, and one had to practice *real* warfare. He called me something else, but I am sure my method was right, and he was impressed at my being so particular, but to tell you the truth I never thought about climbing out! This will give you some idea how extensive our works are, I think at the front they build them like that so if the Germans do get in, they get very tired running about and so confused rushing into each other, that they are easily captured. We are starting bombing now, the weather is what one might call "sample" weather, that is a little bit of all sorts or nothing much of any. Bombs are destructive missiles hurled into trenches, buildings, or places occupied by the enemy. We practice with dummy ones first, the bomb is very deadly, far more effective than a bayonet, because if a dozen of the enemy are in a room say, one man can throw a bomb amongst them and leave that to finish them off quickly, whereas if he had to clear them out with the bayonet it would mean more work for him, and would take longer to do it. Some bombs go off by percussion on concussion (look these terms up), others are set to go off in a certain time, generally a few seconds. It makes one feel jumpy to hold a thing in your hand which you know is going off in five seconds. It makes you want to get rid of it! Jam tin and glass bottle bombs are now out of date, and we have real nice looking ones, I think it would be rotten to be killed with a jam tin one! We expect an engineering course soon, and a machine gun course too, when we have finished all these things our knowledge will be immense, and after the war no doubt we can take up lucrative positions as engineers, civil or otherwise, skilled mechanics or military instructors.

I hear we are going away soon, but I expect they will put it off till we learn some more things.

"Lights out" now so I must conclude.

"B" COMPANY NOTES.

The boys of 7th platoon would like to know why Pte. T. made his bed down at 5 p.m. on Thursday 13th? Any answers will be considered by them.

We would like to know what machine the Speed King uses when going 60 miles an hour, and some say that he can go 60 miles in 45 minutes if the Major-General wishes.

What brand does a certain stretcher bearer from 6 platoon drink when in London? If two glasses of beer makes a man want to fight six, what will two glasses of whisky do?

Will Pte. Fletcher please tell us why Pte. Douglas hides his boots away on pay nights.

"B" Company boys are sure wet-weather-pick-and-shovel artists by their appearance the morning following night work.

"C" COMPANY NOTES.

Beans, so they claim, are twenty times more nourishing than beef. Well, without stating an untruth, the Western Scots, should be one of the best nourished Battalions in England to-day.

The boys of 19 Hut are wondering if Pte. Hazel and Bugler Mc Glauchlin have a bet on, regarding who can hold down the "hay," the longest after Revielle. At present they are about a tie, much interest is being showed in this competition.

Pte. Cathcart may not be a very good baseball player, but he can certainly hurl a boot in good style, *i.e.* a mute testimony of his aim can be shown upon application to Bugler McGlauchlin.

"D" COMPANY NOTES.

Everybody in 15th Platoon seemed to be very happy last week. A number of the boys had a "week-end" to London. Among them being "Vic" Graham who must have enjoyed himself. "Dan" Livingston was their mess orderly and kept them well-fed. A good cause for good humour!

We take the privilege of thanking our Pipe Band for the good time they gave us last week in their hut.

We are sorry to have to record the sickness of Ptes. Vipend and Sloan of 13th Platoon. They were removed to hospital, and we hope they will be back among us again soon.

The 67th and 73rd had a good game of lacrosse last Thursday. We are sorry that the 73rd did not field a stronger team. The most noticeable player on the field was Pte. Kenney who scored 7 of our goals. The 67th team looks very strong and can make it interesting for any other. We are always ready and willing to accept and give challenges to any team, so let all come along.

At our "Y." tea the other night we met Captain Forgie who left with the first contingent and went through the first few months of the war with the 16th. Battalion, our Colonel's old Battalion. He was full of pep and enjoyed himself as much as ourselves.

THE WAIL OF THE SCOUT.

Full many a gem of intellect serene
The Rank and File of Companies now bear;
Full many a tear will gently drop unseen,
To think that we should waste and languish there.

And maybe in the future, when I sit
By that new grave with flowers round about,
I'll sadly pore upon the day 'fore it
Received my last fond hopes to be a Scout.

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