

The "Baun" wishes to congratulate Piper Leslie on his approaching marriage in the Old Country. Jock Low is going to be best man, and there will be no duties for the pipers on the day following the wedding.

Duncan Campbell has made no announcement as yet, but he is quick to act, so that no one would feel much surprise if he committed matrimonial suicide in the very near future.

This is Leap Year, and "Battling Nelson" turns pale at the thought. Landing in the net is bad enough, but what worries Nelson is that Mrs. N. might insist on a clean shaven husband, which would eternally wreck all possibility of that "movie" job as Charlie Chaplin's double.

It's no use saying anything about Pea Hughie, the bird-stuffer. He never says anything, and won't quarrel. All we can say of him for certain is that he is one of our drummers.

News is rather scarce, and sometimes the censor gets busy. If the "Scot" went in for cartoons we might say much in a little space, but perhaps it is just as well as things are.

Geordie Leslie's gyaun tae be a meenister efter the waur, an' Sunny Logie says he's gyaun tae wear a lum hat an' be a beadle in Geordie's kirk. Tauckets 'll hae chairge o' the mithers' meetin's.

CRUNLUATH MACH.

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM

This is our "first offence" in "The Western Scot," and while we may have plenty of hard work to do framing up Battalion orders, we freely admit that in this, our first journalistic effort, we have had to cudgel our brains in order to turn out some notes which come up to the high standard set by the correspondents of the other departments of the Regiment. We think this will do by way of salutary.

There have been several remarks made with reference to the numerals which form the number of this Battalion. As Colonel Lorne Ross pointed out at the staff dinner, six and seven added together make thirteen, which is supposed to be an unlucky number. Some wag in another Regiment suggested that we are at sixes and sevens, but anyone who heard Major Sifton's (of General Hughes' Staff), eugolistic remarks anent the manner in which the executive work of the Battalion is handled, would throw the disorderly orderly room gag into the discard.

Whilst it may be to the prejudice of good order and military discipline to pass one's opinion of a superior officer directly, we take it that it is in order to express our pleasure at being privileged to work under one who seems likely to be as efficient as Adjutant as he was as Musketry Instructor—Lieut. Schreiber.

Ours is called the Athletes' Battalion, and in fact it is so. In every section and detail of the Regiment there are athletes. The orderly room, with a comparatively small staff, is ably represented in the athletic line by Sergt. "Billy" Young, in hockey (by the way, he says he will soon be back in the game again, now that his broken collar bone has knitted), and Pte. Sharpe, who is the star forward of the Battalion Rugby fifteen.

We understand that Major Harbottle made good use of his presentation binoculars during the recent field day.

Some of the things that happen in the room beneath the officers' mess are surely undreamed of by the rest of the Battalion. The other day a man came up to us and wanted a sick leave pass stamped in a hurry. On asking him why he was going on sick leave, he calmly informed us that he had the mumps. That pass was stamped quicker than any other we have previously handled. We hope the next time a man with mumps, smallpox or measles, wants a sick leave pass signed he will send it along by one of the stretcher bearers.

We sometimes wish the telephone was enclosed in a sound-proof department, like telephones are in some places, especially when certain persons are using it. Listening to another man's amitory conversation over the phone is far from being enjoyable, especially during office hours. Verb sap.

Out of a nominal roll of over one thousand Non-Commissioned Officers and men, it is a peculiar instance, that while there are about fifty-five names commencing with "Sm," they are all "Smiths," with no "Smalls," "Smarts," "Smeets," "Smooks," or "Smirks"—not even an aristocratic "Smyth." Maybe Pioneer Sergt. "Jimmie" Smith would like to supply the deficiency by changing his name to "Smyth."

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