entertaining of visiting officers and newly-arrived messes. From their courteous Commanding Officer, Major Davies, to the youngest subaltern, they appear to have only one idea to make the stranger welcome.

Incidentally, let us also take off our hats to the mess of the 44th Battalion. Some live, entertaining bunch of real fellows, those! An evening with them is enjoyable in the most complete sense.

The good old Seventy-Twos, frae and Vancouver, landed at Bramshott last week, and their bonnie tartan adds life to the khaki-clad camp. We are mighty glad they've come, and we'll be fine and pleased to be alongside them soon.

Someone suggested recently that that pipers should speak only the Gaelic. Leave them alone, man, it's hard enough to understand them now!

We should not worry about the duration of the war, according to one of the imperial sergeant-instructors at Aldershot. He says the first seven years are always the worst.

Hoots, bit disna Saundy MacSchrieber mak' a braw show in his new kilt? An' sic legs, man! Saundy, ye're fine!"



