

67th BATTALION MILITARY BAND

The Military Band, with the kind permission of the O.C. and officers of the Battalion, are giving a grand ball in the Connaught Hall on Friday, February 4th. The band and our own 15-piece orchestra will furnish the music. A buffet supper will be served, and a good time for all is anticipated. Tickets, of which only a limited number will be issued, will be sold to men of the 67th Battalion at a reduced rate, full particulars of which will be posted this week.

We have just received a monster Helicin B.B. Bass for use in the band, and Bandmaster Ferguson will from now on perform on this powerful instrument. He has already petitioned to the powers that be for an extra meal per diem to enable him to stand up under the strain. His latest request is for fifteen minutes extra time before and after parade to enable him to wrap and unwrap himself to and from the instrument aforesaid.

The band orchestra discoursed sweet music at the Officers' Mess on Friday night.

We are pleased to welcome an addition to our ranks in the person of Pte. C. Hanks, a first-class cornetist, late of Kirkland, Wash. All we now want to make our band the finest of the overseas is two trombones and a bass drummer, and we enlist the kind help of the Battalion in procuring these much needed men.

Owing to the enormous capacity of his inner man, Bandsman McAulay has now permission to enter the dining room with the mess waiters and stay with it until the last crumb is swept from the floor.

A few of the questions and queries attended to by the Band Corporal on an off duty day:

Friday, 8.30 a.m.:

Where is the Parade Slate?

Fall the Band in; get out the music."

Collect the music in. More music.

Have you got my soap?

Some son of a gun has swiped my sweater.

Could you lend me four bits? Can I have a pass?

Have you a spare mouthpiece?

Where is the list of music we never possessed?

We want a jug for tea.

Some of these guys are leaving their plates for us to wash. Stop it.

Can I see the Adjutant? I want a new set of teeth.

I want separation allowance for my grandmother.

How do you play this?

How, what, etc., etc. Oh H——! I'm off. Voice floating down stairs: "Don't forget to call for the badges."

—And then they say the Corporal never smiles.

Through the medium of this valuable paper we beg to announce that the 67th Battalion Western Scots, C.E.F., possesses two bands, viz., the Pipe Band and the Military Band. The Brass Band has been ditched.

PIPE BAUN SKRACHS

We offer sincere thanks for the editorial of last week's "Western Scot" dealing with the Pipe Band, and it is most gratifying and encouraging to know there are men in our Battalion who are so willing to uphold the history-making traditions which are interwoven with pipe music, regimental and otherwise. To anyone who was hurt in feeling by our item on the same subject we should like to explain that any such tirade coming from the "baun" is directed, not against any man as a man, but against a principle most unbecoming to our regiment.

Lauchie still acts as chaperone to the band, but it is some time since Sergt. Roxburghe graced our abode with his presence. Come around again, Bob. Pat is getting weary of chewing the rag with the band, and we cannot afford to let him get stale.

Our Sergeant-Drummer has some "mush." His starting out for the route march for Colwood might be described as follows: "Rolls, Quick March—!" ! means nine dollars for a new drumhead.

Just at this instant Piper Brown, seeing the news in course of preparation, remarks: "By gosh, they can't put anything in about me; I've been in all the week."

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