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RUBBERS OF A RUBBERNECK IN THE WESTERN SCOTS.

How I love réveillé, particularly on days when we have to pack up all our belongings and move to another camp! I always get a pair of shoes left over after my kit bags are full. On this particular occasion it was my rubbers that caused all the trouble. Now, I had drawn those rubbers at a dear old spot called The Willows; and, while I have never worn them—and, for that matter, never expect to wear them—still I had a great fondness for them, seeing they had accompanied me all the way across Canada and the Atlantic. They might have saved my life had H.M. Transport 2810 ever been submarined, as I had rigged up a sail and two oars to go along with them. But I almost had to leave them behind when we moved from Bordon to Bramshott. The transports, however, were obliging enough to take our blankets, so I disguised them as an extra blanket, and over they went inside a waterproof sheet.

Men will tell you how sweet it is to walk along the country lanes, breathing deeply the sweet odours of the spring. We breathed deeply, true, but 'twas the dust of many feet and many A.S.C. motors. The colonel must have had a glorious inspiration when he halted us for lunch and let us rinse the dust from our systems.

Bramshott Camp looked all right to weary bodies till they led me, protesting, to a sickly looking tent and told me it was my new home. In vain I searched for a floor. Naught could I see but scraggy tree stumps. However, we spread our waterproof sheets and blankets, stuck our kit bags under our heads and wooed Morpheus. Morpheus, unfortunately, was not "having any." Having wound my weary limbs successfully around one stump, a tender portion of my anatomy promptly found another one, and, trying to escape that, other tender portions found yet other stumps. We certainly all enjoyed hearing the other fellows swear. We were assured it would be all right next time. It's wonderful what sympathy some of these officers have for you. Next night arrived, and nothing else but a little rain. Our tent had no ditch around, and the water was friendly and insisted on visiting us. We told it we were not "at home," but it would come in, and it would be friendly, delicately wrapping itself around our limbs and enveloping us in its chilly embrace. And then I had the inspiration—my rubbers! At last I was able to use them. Carefully I roped them together and tested their floating abilities. Joy of joys! they did not sink. I placed all my belongings in the left one, crawled into the right one, and at last I slept, warm, comfortable and happy.

A.A.C.

JEWELLERS



TO H.M. THE KING.

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