

ROUND THE CAMP

We are peeved.
It happened this way.
We wanted to go to No. 1's concert
And couldn't get in.
And it rained outside
And we got good and wet
And now we have a cold
War is hell.

Three cheers
And a tiger
We won our game
On Saturday
And we hope to win again
Next Saturday.
The rooters were great
And there should be more
So come on boys and get in
And make lots of noise
And help the team as we need the victory.

Did you hear,
No. 1 Company pulled a bone
The C.O. gave "Eyes Right"
Instead of "Eyes Left"
Going through the gate.
Ha-ha.
Pretty good for the
Right of the Line
Oh well
It might have been worse.
He might not have remembered to say anything.

They do say
That we are going trenching.
Help.
We hope the rain holds off
As trenches
Are wet
Especially when it rains.
We expect to get all blistered up
And our girl will kick
'Cause our hands are rough
And it hurts their hands
When we hold them
At the movies
Why did we join the army?

We were in the orderly room
Last week
And we saw
The Paymaster
Making up pay lists.
Hurrah.
We get some money
And get—no we won't either
Because we feel that
It is not fair
To our Company Officers.
Aren't we good boys?
Yes
We are
Not.

ONLOOKER.

PIPE BAUN SKRACHS

The Pipe Band admits its inability to keep step with No. 4 Co., but hopes to improve with time. Already it has played at two football matches, and after it plays to a few three-legged races we imagine No. 4 will find the step highly satisfactory. We make no mention of the Scouts as rivals to No. 4.

We propose to discard "Hey, Johnny Cope, Are Ye Wauken Yet?" as a reveille tune, and intend using it on occasions of two kinds. One is when No. 4 Co. takes its place behind the band, as on Tuesday last, and the other is when a neighboring football team plays a match against any other team.

Famous Friendships: David and Jonathan; Damon and Pythias; Jimmy and Lauchie; "Bob" Roxburghe and the Pipe Band.

Leaving aside entirely the difficulty we have in keeping other companies up to our own lofty ideals and morals, we must say last Saturday's football game was a credit to the

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Battalion and the Band. Of course, we knew perfectly well what would happen with Geordie and Pat in the team. Lack of confidence is unknown in the "Baun."

It was in the officers' mess a week ago, and the pipers were admiring the rustic chairs between tunes, when the following advice, in a decided Fraserburgh accent, passed into the ear of the piper on the piano stool: "Oh! Play that tune they ca' 'How Dry I Am.'"

Pat is guaranteed to beat anything from a drum to a goalkeeper.

Questioned by an officer regarding the smell of a bagpipe, our worthy pipe-major insisted that the band was T.T., whereupon the officer desired to know what had become of "Jock" Low.

Any homesick Scotchman from Buchan district should have heard the conversation of a certain budding piper as he gave the following description of a broken down bothy he once slept in: "Ye spik aboot saunit'ry inspectors and a' that. Gweed G—d, min, there wiz a rottin hid kittlins in the kaff bed."

CRUNLUATH MACH.

HOT STUFF FROM THE COOK-HOUSE

Cook's Staff

Well, here we are at last!

Talk about Cyclone Scott training. You ought to see Corporal Turner training his moustache. The only thing that worries him now is whether it is going to be a blonde or a brunette.

He is a cook: It is liable to be Pie-bald.

Private Harper, alias Charlie Chaplin, would like to know the proper way to "Left turn" while standing on someone else's foot.

Cook Jones, of No. 1 kitchen, is having trouble with the Draft. No! not the Draft of this Battalion, the draught of his stove.

"A little sand well laid
By Cookies Troughton and Boyd,
And after that, dear Jonesy,
Your troubles would be void."

Next comes Kitchen Number Two
With endless chain of pans,
And everlasting opening
Of numerous tin cans.

Cook Haggerty is on the job, with helpers Wild and Durham.

Note—Haggerty is not wild, although sometimes Mess Orderlies claim that cooks are all wild. However, we have a corporal who is a good "trainer." Enough said.

Then there's Kitchen Number Three,
The last one in the row,
Who can turn out almost anything
If they only had a show.

Cook Williams, with James and Buckingham, are the batteries for Number Three.