

at night and a few cheap chippendale articles of furniture, also more courses, and a plate of icecream added to our lunch; and—for the benefit of the Battalion as a whole—a jitney service to Liphook and Hazlemere, to be free, say, for the twelve days preceding pay day! However, we refrain from pressing these points. In fact, so far are we from encouraging any extra outlay, that we are practising the most rigid economy in our medical arrangements. Our M.O. actually sleeps among his drugs and papers—and wakes up among his patients. Oh! You ante-breakfast sick parade! We have been developing that most valuable bump to a first-aid man, the bump of improvising to a remarkable degree. Tables, chairs, utensils, etc., are being improvised as required. Even the Sick Parades have caught the infection—thank goodness, it does not call for quarantine—and have become quite adept at improvising ailments.

Well, to come back to Bramshott and plain English, we think we could not have a more healthfully situated, bracing summer camp.

MILITARY BAND.

Who is the N.C.O. in the Band who is continually crying out for "Dorothy" during his disturbed slumbers?

It is said "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Such being the case, we attach hereto for publication a short "ode" to that fair lady "Margarine"—all rights reserved.

We are glad to know that the N.Y.D. attached to Bandsman A. P. Gaiger's sick report has changed to W.K.N. He is in Frensham Hospital suffering from rheumatism, and is progressing favourably. We all wish him a speedy recovery.

Vide "Paragraphs from the Orderly Room" of May 17, concerning the men of this Battalion and the Bordon variety of the fair sex: "We, the young and good-looking men of the Band, want to know why and

how the 'old, tried and true' bandsmen manage to corral all the young ones and leave us to carry home the washing."

Six and seven might make thirteen, but we fail to see how our genial Sergt. Cook figures out twelve peas and one spud to be a square meal for a hungry bandsman!

SCOUT AND SNIPER SECTION.

As is usually the case when something has to be done for which a reliable body of men is required, the Scouts and Snipers were detailed to do the marking for the 51st and 53rd Battalions during their musketry course at Longmoor. The 64 N.C.O.'s and men who form the section were not sufficient for the purpose, so four officers and the necessary number of other ranks were detailed from the different companies to make up the number of the marking party to a total strength of ninety of all ranks, the whole being under the command of the Scout Officer, Lieut. Marsden.

Some of the men thought it a pity that we should be taken away from the physical jerks and the smart, staccato commands of Physical Instructors C.S.M. Duffet and Sergeants Clark and Craddock. Anyone, however, who thought he would suffer from lack of exercise during this marking proposition was very quickly disabused. Packing No. 1 first-class targets around and working the frames up and down during a snap-shooting practice is quite a strenuous job; in fact, some of the boys say they have brought muscles into play not previously discovered even whilst under the supervision of the physical instructors aforementioned in these notes.

The whole marking party got down to the job on hand from the very start, and on the second day Lieut. Marsden was personally complimented by the Musketry Staff Officer on the showing of his men. The next afternoon a distinguished General was on the firing point, and expressed admiration at the way the marking was done.

Scout "Shorty" Smith distinguished himself as Lieut. Marsden's "galloper." On reporting a telephone message once to the O.C., he said: "I could not quite get what they sent. It was either 'The Brigadier-General is coming down' or 'There is a dog on the parapet.'" One of the "hits" of the course was a procession from one end of the butts to the other, Lieut. Marsden leading, long Boscowitz in the centre carrying the flag aloft, and "Shorty" Smith bringing up the rear.

Scout W. K. Gardner is evidently philosophically inclined. There was a mix-up over rations the first day we were here, and he was heard to remark: "Well, there's one thing I like about this place: a fellow don't have to wash his mess tin."

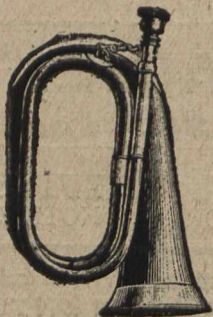
During our stay at Longmoor we have found the 51st and 53rd Battalions to be a good bunch of fellows—quite the nicest regiments we have so far met with. As we are brigaded with the first-named, we shall have the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance with them when, in our capacity as pioneers, we "dig them in" in France.

When Mr. Richard Merritt, Dominion Road, Victoria, who is too old to go into khaki, was thrown out of employment, he went to work without wages to fix up lawns and flower gardens for wounded Tommies, at the Esquimalt Convalescent Home. He wants to do his bit.

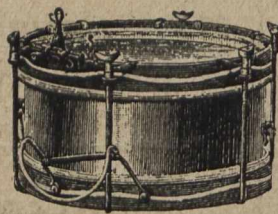


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