

Still they come. Another inoculation. Twisting, turning and groaning in bed, with a splitting headache, and calling down maledictions on the head of the man who invented such things. A suggested epitaph:—

Here lies an inventor,
The curse of a nation.
He invented and died
Of Inoculation.

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We wonder hoo Wullie got on on the occasion o' his veesit tae the Chief o' the Hebrides. So far, he has failed to report, but we expect that he will soon emerge from retirement to head the band again. It doesn't seem natural to be marching along without Wullie in front peering at all the fair damsels by the wayside. He mun hae slipped on the Hielan Dew and sprained his ankle.

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The Glasca quartet in the rear o' the baun hae been making their presence felt lately. According to some o' the pipers there is no armour plate made that could withstand the force o' their remarks. However, they are awfu' guid-natured, and it taks an awfu' lot tae knock the hart oot of them. Who said the pipers were thin skinned?

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Caps off to the Brass Band Boys. They are certainly there with the goods, and the new revue numbers contained in their repertoire are delivered in a style worthy of the famous Coldstream Guards or Northumberland Huzzars. Here's tae them! More power to their elbows!

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General Alderson seemed to be very well pleased with the concert the other night, and highly complimented both bands. We hope the boys are proud of the musicians now. He seemed to think quite a lot of our regiment. That's the style, boys. We, sure, are proud to belong to the best regiment in the Division.

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We have heard of some good excuses for being late returning from leave, but the periscope one is the best so far. Sergt. Lister will give the necessary explanation to any curious person.

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The nigger minstrel concert was all right, but what a curious finish. For originality it was hard to beat; but—'nuf sed.

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Billie Orr's eyes nearly popped out of his head when the bottle was passed round the other night at the officers' mess. He was singing "Come, Come, Come to Me," but, fortunately, it was only delayed, it came—later, and a seraphic smile spread over his face. Don't get down in the spirits, Bill.

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The officers seem to spend a lot of time studying first-aid. At least, we should judge so from the numerous visits to the Hospital.

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The Machine Gun Section and the Signallers sure have some nice route marches. We like them. There is always a chateau at the end, and — (Ring off, please.—ED.).

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Wee Airthur is progressing very favourably. We observed him the other evening with the whole family out for a walk. Some stand in.

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Wyoming Brown and Geordie Leslie. How's that for a team! They are spending a lot of time in the vicinity of the Beacon Hotel, Hindhead. Geordie is certainly getting back to his old form again.

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We would like to remind some officers that it is against military rules and regulations to break through the ranks of the baun. They seem to ignore our existence altogether.

THE CHIPPENDALE TWINS.

SOME OPINIONS OF THE PIPE BAUN CORN KISTER.

C. L. A.	...	...	...	Reminds me of No. 1 Train Party.
A. E. C.	...	...	...	"Some Night."
W. J. W.	...	...	...	A babi doyer.
T. F. M.	...	...	...	Most enjoyable.
JAMIE WALLACE	...	...	...	Just like the days of '78.
DRUMMER ALLAN	...	...	...	Haud yer tongue, mon.
O'KEY	...	...	...	To-night's the Night.
JIM FALKNER	...	...	...	Queen's day once more.
THE MAN IN THE NEXT HUT.	...	...	...	A h—l of a row.
CHARLIE SIMS	...	...	...	Wish the wife were here.

POT POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS.

It would be interesting to know *exactly* what a certain over-worked Staff Captain said on one occasion in the early days of the war when an orderly informed him that seventeen little colonels, each with a little adjutant and four little orderly-room clerks, had arrived to command seventeen little bases—which didn't exist.

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Lieut.-Col. Tobin was a recent visitor at the Mess, and a most welcome one.

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It is to be regretted that one of our most popular comrades and one of our most efficient officers, Mr. M. M. Marsden, is still too ill to be with us. His name is mentioned daily, and we wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

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The lecture on transport last week was appreciated by every officer who heard it, but "Howey" was seen to lose some of his interest when he learned that none but the crew might ride on any waggon.

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Someone is always sure to start a rumour calculated to cause a flock of glooms to gather around. Last week, a report was circulated to the effect that the war would be over in three months!

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In the interests of the spectators, it is requested that Capt. Nicholson wear running shorts when practising for the Divisional Olympic Games.

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Pittenweem Alec has gone to Longmoor, accompanied by his expert wholesale carnage crew and four landlords. Rab has gone along to see that the rent is duly collected.

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"Red" says he will make an equestrian out of Alec yet—if the war lasts long enough.

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The weather hasn't been so nice for the war lately; rather too warm for comfort on a 15-mile hike.

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Which makes one wonder why Okey organized a fitba' match on Thursday afternoon.

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It's a good thing in a way that Pether's wedding anniversary doesn't come around more than once a year.

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Had the reported unusual barometric pressure in the Big Smoke last week anything to do with the fact that Jophakus and Sidney D. were off on long leave together?

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The C.O. says he intended to pitch a few classy spit balls in last week's game, but found himself too dry!

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Q.M. and Pay both came home from leave last week, but neither looks either thinner or stouter.

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Two of our officers returned from London recently and reported having seen eighteen varieties of snakes. There is nothing unusual in this, of course, but they say they also saw a 250lb. turtle. Shades of purple rabbits, that's a new one!