

THE WESTERN SCOT

The general then spoke of the battalion's work in the trenches in very warm terms. He said that the record the battalion had made was second to none in the Canadian Army and reflected great credit on the character of the men and the discipline of the corps. He affirmed the great necessity of discipline. The morale of a corps was determined in passivity rather than in action. He was proud of the battalion and felt that he could depend upon it whatever should come.

Major Harbottle had a letter the other day from Bob Dunn of the Victoria Colonist. The 50th, Gordons is the only battalion at The Willows now. The Banties are at Sidney along with several other units.

Word from Bramshott is to the effect that Capt. Okell is improving slowly. Mr. Marsden has won a hard fight and is able to be up and about, though very weak yet.

It was our first day and one of the Pipe-Baun who shall be nameless was doing his best to open conversation with a charming young French lassie. He got as far as: "Sher Madame-Oisell—" when she checked him in liquid Gallie with "I am not Madame I am too young! After that he employed Hector and the difficulty was abridged.

"Where did you come from, Fritzzy dear?"

"From der dug-oid, mein Herr, und into here!"

"What then has blackened each dear little eye?"

"Dear fizz-bing kersplosed me as I vent py!"

For the benefit of all ranks it is explained once and for all that the water in this country is dangerous and the reason the medical authorities put bleaching powder in it is to discourage the use of it as far as possible.

Swaddy: "How did the chief handle the Hun prisoner?"

Buck: "Oh he gave him beans until he was properly cowed and then balled him a little."

It was a rare treat some time ago to have a band concert and to hear the pipe-band play "retreat" once more. Bandmaster Turners' lot have improved even on their former fine ability which is saying a great deal and their efforts were greatly appreciated. As for Wullies pipe baun, it was simply inspiring to listen to and see their performance. And the incidental interpolations were surely extraordinary how unusual to listen to "You Called me Baby Doll A Year Ago," with the deep roar of artillery punctuating every bar!

Recently we had the pleasure of entertaining in the mess Lieut.-Col. Fewtrell and Mr. Cooke, adjutant, of the Anzac pioneers. A comparison of experiences with our gallant brother Colonials was most interesting.

Advertisement in popular publication prepared, palpably, by one who has not seen the Trenches; "I say old man just look at that Hun sniper through my..... periscope."

"By Gad the definition is topping!"

Rather decent of the Hun sniper to expose himself that way for experimental purposes, don't you think?