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GENERAL ALDERSON'S INSPECTION.

What we hope was our last review parade took place before Lieut.-General Sir E. A. H. Alderson, K.C.B., Inspector-General of Canadian Forces in England, a week ago last Monday.

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The battalion formed up opposite the Cinema, and received the inspecting officer with the "general salute." A most unusually thorough inspection then took place. Nothing seemed to escape General Alderson's quick eye, and the fact that a few men needed hair-cuts was commented upon.

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After the inspection a change into working kit took place, and some wiring work was carried out on our own parade ground.

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Excellent time was made in the erection of the entanglements, and General Alderson, in addressing the men, said that he was very favourably impressed.

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The men, both in their work on the inspection and in doing the wiring, worked exceedingly well, and made a noticeable impression on the man who commanded the 1st Canadian Division, and who has had over 40 years of military experience.

A LETTER HOME.

BRAMSHOTT CAMP,
July 25, 1916.

MY DEAR EVA,—Wonders will never cease. That is what you will think, no doubt. I have not forgotten you and sister, although I suppose I deserve all the "strafing" you like to "strafe" at me for not writing before. Still, here I am, better late than never.

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I suppose I am now what you might call a seasoned warrior, after three months of strenuous work—bayonet fighting, rifle exercise, trench digging, wire entanglements, and the thousand and one things the Department of M. and D. jam into us to fog our brains and make us generally useful or useless, as the case might be.

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I have been inoculated and vaccinated (not to mention fumigated) so many times, that if ever I get wounded no blood will flow. I shall just spill germs suitable for the prevention of every disease and ailment that up to the present the doctors have found a name for. Still, I am in good health; but whether it is due to the aforesaid inoculations, etc., or the splendid food we get—including fish from the aftermath of the Jutland battle and margarine—I am unable to state. I believe fresh air has a lot to do with it, of which commodity we get abundance both day and night. Personally, I believe it is more filling than fattening; but who knows? I don't, and certainly care less so long as I get full of something—if only canteen beer, of which beer I shall, from personal experience and general observation, some day write an article dealing with its physical, moral and spiritual effect on the human system, and forward it to the Department of Education for their consideration.

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While writing of food, last week we had some really splendid English ham for supper, and when it arrived on

the table our hearts and appetites went up sky-high: only on tasting the said ham, we found the cooks ——— [Deleted by Censor.]

Oh, yes; we have been in the trenches—in fact, spent a day and night there, and fed on bully-beef and tea, with a liberal supply of sand mixed therein. You know, dear, this is a very sandy country, and, in fact, my teeth have become so sharp from grinding sand that if I could take them out I should attempt to shave with them, as I firmly believe they are sharp enough.

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You asked me in your last letter what I meant by a "Mess Waiter." I hardly know myself, but I should think a mess waiter is a human being who is always in a ——— [Deleted by Censor]—or one who is always rushing round with tins full of ——— [Deleted by Censor.] However, I will make enquiries, and give you more details next letter.

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Give my etc. to etc.

Yours,
D. I. C. K.

TROUBLES AND TRIALS OF AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.

BY THE PROFESSOR.

My friend MacSporran, an enthusiastic amateur, used to dilate so much on his hobby that he eventually infected me so much with his enthusiasm that I decided to take it up myself, so I hied me down town to a photographic supply store to purchase an outfit.

I was so verdant that I left the place loaded to the hilt with lots of stuff, which I now realize was of absolutely no use to me.

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Proudly I proceeded to make use of my outfit, and my first experiences were many and varied. On the principle of trying things out on your friends, I proceeded to take pictures of my chum and his sweetheart, my father, our organ, my brother in clog dancing costume, and a literary friend. I rushed home to develop them, taking my brother into the dark room with me.

The scene that followed will always be impressed on my memory: the ruby lamp shedding its subdued light on our strained and anxious countenances as, with beating hearts, we put the film through the various processes of development.

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The first one to show up was that of my chum and his sweetheart. There they were in fine shape; but, horror of horrors, what was that behind him? An impudent youth with his thumb in juxtaposition to a diminutive snub nose. Anxiously I looked at the rest. There they were. The organ, with my friend emerging from its interior like Hamlet's father's ghost. My father, with my brother doing a clog dance on his chest. Shriek after shriek of laughter came from my brother's lips. The family came running to see what was the matter, and they in turn burst into shrieks of laughter. I turned in a rage, but the humour of the situation struck me, and I had to join in the chorus.

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However, I persevered, becoming fairly proficient in the art, and am thankful that my friend introduced me to such a satisfying hobby.