

The Western Scot

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POT POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

A memory—but what a memory!—the Sergeants' Ball. Some of our most jovial members danced themselves into such a state as to be fairly intoxicated—with joy; and it was not confined to subs. either!

Attention is directed to the operations of the Pioneers in the mess ante-room. On Saturday forenoon a party of them engaged in much hammering and sawing, and, while we are not prepared to go on oath, we will say that it appeared very much as though they were deliberately trying to shut out all our pet draughts. If this proves to be the case, something should be done about it. After knowing old Daddy Draught, whose home was in the northwest corner, and little Johnny Draught, who playfully shot forth from a spot above the north doorway, and all the other little draughts so endeared to us by long acquaintance, it will come hard to part with them.

WANTED! The identity of the officer who, upon being ordered home from the Sergeants' Ball at 3 a.m. by his wife, promised, in a stage whisper, to "come back." He didn't! Like Jack Johnson, they never do!

The lectures now in force by Capt. St. Clair in bayonet and sword work are much appreciated by those members of the Mess fortunate enough to be detailed for instruction. Capt. St. Clair is a master, and the "haymaker" and "thrust-over," as exemplified by him, should bring home the bacon.

It is fitting that another series of lectures should be in force at the same time, under the capable direction of Sergt.-Major Brogan, on the important topic of "First Aid." While Capt. St. Clair shows us how to inflict a wound, Sergt.-Major Brogan teaches us how to cure it.

It is unfortunate that the weather man upset our series of field days, but those we had were decidedly productive of ideas that should prove most beneficial in the hot times ahead.

NO. 1 COMPANY

Congratulations to our new Sergeant-Major. The appointment is universally popular. We now know where we are at and we are not disturbed every few minutes by the shrill blasts of a whistle.

One of our contemporaries, in its account of the route march on Tuesday, remarked that the officers and men seemed to regard the whole affair as a merry romp. Speaking for the men we might add that the romp continued merrily throughout the night, and Private W. G. Fraser is quite certain he covered more ground after than before dark. Some night.

Thanks, Brass Band, for your concert in our building on Sunday. Come again, for you will always be welcome as the flowers in spring—or pea soup after an 18-mile march. Besides, we like to see Sergeant Jones doing his terpsichorean stunts, also, Lce.-Cpl. Railton must learn the fox trot before the Sergeants' Ball, and no one will teach him, poor fellow.

The stove sure acts on the chronic grouchers like a magnet on steel. Why don't they give the other old soldiers a chance.

Great interest is being taken in the First Aid lectures given by Quartermaster-Sergeant Brogan, of Work Point. We can't have too many of them, and they are just the thing for wet days.

By the bye, does No. 1 Company ever march to "shun"?

As we go to press Sergeant Brice is delivering one of those delightful little lectures for which he is so justly famous.

NO. 2 COMPANY

At last we have a new flag proudly waving over the main gate.

Lt. Falkner met with a painful accident during the hockey match between the City Amateurs and the 67th Battalion, sus-

taining a broken nose, necessitating his absence from duty for a few days. We are glad to see him back again with us.

During C.S.-Major Johnstone's absence as Acting Battn. Sgt.-Major, Sgt. Crosswaite has been Acting C.S.-Major. We bet the little girl thinks you're the only thing now, eh Sergeant?

Another one on the casualty list: We are sorry to hear of the illness of Private F. Wood, who is laid up at home with bronchitis.

"Tubby" Barr got mad the other day when he had been promised a good supper after the route march, and only got a little "pea-soup." "Tubby" maintains that he is no Frenchman. He is thinking of transferring himself to the "Bantams," though we have our doubts if he can get in if they take the weight of the applicant into consideration. Pea-soup or no pea-soup, you are looking in good health anyhow, "Tubby." "Carry on!"

Hurrah! We got a load of wood. How we got it is not the burning question at present, but we got it anyway.

Kilts may be warm, as we are informed by some, but don't you notice the Pipe-Major wearing "breeks" these cold days, or is it his natural modesty (?) that makes him cover his manly knees up?

Talking of "modesty," ask any of the Empress Hotel officials if he is so, or attend a Sergeants' Mess meeting when he is making a speech, and you'll find out.

The devil sat by the lake of fire, on a pile of sulphur kegs; His head was bowed upon his breast, his tail between his legs. A look of shame was on his face, the sparks dripped from his eyes;

He had sent his resignation to the throne up in the skies. "I'm down and out," the devil said; he said it with a nod. "There are others who outclass me, and I want to quit my job. Hell isn't in it with the land that lies along the Rhine; I'm old and out of date, and therefore, I resign. One Krupp-Munition maker, with bloody shot and shell, Knows more about damnation than all the imps of hell; Give my job to Kaiser Bill, or Ferdinand the Czar, Or to Sultan Abdul Hamid, or some other man of war. I hate to leave the old home, the spot I love so well, But I feel I'm not up to date in the art of running hell." And the devil spat a spurt of steam at a brimstone bumble-bee, And muttered: "I'm outclassed by Hohenzollern deviltry."

Maybe we are training for campaigning in the Far North, as it is said that the Kaiser is "up the Pole."

Capt. Bullen, Lieutenants McDiarmid, Falkner and Wooler, all the sergeants and a number of the men of No. 2 Company attended the ball at the Empress Hotel on Friday night.

Some dance!!

Pay day,
Big day,
Grouch gone,
Hurrah!!

NO. 4 COMPANY

We saw Pte. Higgins, of the band, having an automobile ride the other night. It's true he did not seem any too keen about participating in it, but no doubt he enjoyed himself after he got going.

The ball on Friday night at the Empress was voted a huge success. Perhaps it will help to show that the Western Scots are not quite so "tough" as they are painted.

We trust No. 3 Company enjoyed the meal we gave them at Colwood. We are, of course, always delighted to sacrifice our meals to any company which comes along in the nice gentlemanly way No. 3 did.