

# The Western Scot

Vol. I.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., DECEMBER 11th, 1915

No. 10

## NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT

Practices have started for the Naval and Military Tournament to be held on December 16 and 17 in the Horse Show Building. Teams have been entered by the Battalion in the centipede race, tug-of-war and blindfolded squad drill, and, in addition, a team of twenty-four men, under Major H. D. Meredith-Jones will put on an exhibition of escalading or wall scaling.

The escalading is always interesting, and promises to vie with the musical ride of the 11th C.M.R. and the naval gun display as the most popular item on the programme. The impression seems to prevail that escalading is an obstacle race. This is wrong. Escalading consists of approaching a wall in attack formation and going through a regular sham battle before the wall is reached. When the men get to the wall, which will be twelve feet high, they will scale it—not an easy matter—in a most interesting manner. How it is done you will have to attend the tournament to see.

Two other items that are sure to appeal to all spectators will be the musical ride of the 11th Canadian Mounted Rifles and the naval field gun display by the R.N.C.V.R. The cavalry have been practicing for the musical ride for some time and are now as near perfection as anybody could be. The work of the Naval Volunteers from Esquimalt in gun drill is considered as good as that done by any ship in the senior service.

It has been decided that the funds will go to the Convalescent Hospital for Returned Wounded Soldiers, and it is hoped that the men of the camp will turn out in large numbers on both nights to help a cause that must be very near to their hearts. The admission prices have been made as low as possible so that no man will be debarred from enjoying what promises to be an excellent show.

## NO. 1 COMPANY

We are glad to have the men who left us to go to No. 5 Co. back with us.

Have you noticed the happy look on the bears' faces? Pte. Fallon is back from Alberta. Go and see him in the cage with his bears. You will easily distinguish him, because he wears a Glengarry.

Can anyone tell us the meaning of the red badge on a certain sergeant's arm? We thought at first it was a dollar sign, so we at once enquired if he was employed in the Paymaster's department, but we drew a blank there. Someone suggested it might mean "servant," but on enquiry we found he was not Sergeant Batman. The Pipe-Major assures us that the said sergeant is not in the pipe band, so it can't mean that he is the official snake-charmer; nor yet is it an inoculation danger signal, for he was inoculated on the left arm. The suggestion of one of the other sergeants that, if the idea is to provide an easily distinguishable mark by day and night, a bicycle lamp, to be lighted at retreat and extinguished at reveille, should be substituted, appears to be in order. The badge idea is becoming a craze, and we have indented for some of our line orderlies. We might as well all wear something, for evidently our bluff won't be called. Pte. Lauchie Macmillan, for instance, might hoist cross haystacks or cross barn doors. The cooks could wear cross ladles. The sergeant assisting the Musketry Instructor has solved the problem by hoisting cross nine-point-tuos. Provost Sergeant Howard, since he is always on the scent, might wear cross eau-de-Cologne bottles, and the Transport Sergeant cross horses, surmounted by a set of harness. Just send in your name with the badge you wish, and we shall try to get it for you. The badge the sergeant referred to wears is described as follows: Snake rampant et in deliris tremante en gules rouge. Size 4 ft. by 2 ft. The right sleeve is fastened on to it. Motto: Bluff it anyway.

An additional nine men from White Horse reached the camp on Tuesday and were posted to No. 1 Co. Judging by the

previous contingent from the same district, we consider ourselves lucky to have them posted to our Company.

We had almost recovered from our second inoculation, so they gave us a third one on Tuesday.

## NO. 2 COMPANY

No. 2 Co. is now comfortably quartered in their new home, and it was a treat to watch the boys at work getting things fixed up. We were very short of hammers and saws, but what we had we used to advantage. With a full company, good officers, and our own quarters, there is nothing to stop us now from going ahead with a vim.

Did you ever notice how quickly some fellows are up and fully dressed when the fire alarm goes. They are either experts at dressing quickly, or they are darned slow at undressing.

It is reported that the following incident took place during a cavalry charge at the front. One of the troopers, who was noted for having a very sharp sabre, cut off a German's head so neatly that the head stayed in its place and the German did not even notice it, but thinking to take a fall out of the trooper remarked: "Ah ha! Missed me that time, eh!" "Missed you! Missed you!" said the trooper; "you shake your blankety blank head, and you'll see if I did or not."

What's the reason Pte. Collins has purchased one of the new swagger canes, had his hair cut, and is cleaning his teeth every morning? Must be something doing!

With reference to a recent order telling troops going down town on the march to take the back streets so that they won't delay the street cars a few seconds, we wonder if a poor common soldier will be allowed the privilege of walking on the sidewalk much longer!

"Paddy," our dog, must be a Presbyterian, as he accompanied the boys to that church last Sunday.

We'll soon need a boat to go and visit our "Mascots" with.

Sergeant Crosswaite took his girl a duck Monday evening. Sergeant, you must be fond of poultry—especially duck and chicken.

If anyone enjoyed the Pipers' Dance better than C.S.M. Johnstone we would like to know it. Gee, boys, it was great to see him do the Highland Fling.

That misprint last week about Lieut. McDiarmid was rather unfortunate, but, however, the Lieut. was sport enough to see the funny side of it.

I wish someone else had this job.

We have no joke about "Tubby" Barr this week. "Tubby" is no joke, we assure you.

Oh, for the days when we used to cut poles and pack brush for the trenches.

That was some game between the Sergeants and the Battalion. One of the main features was the number of defaulters lined up round the Sergeants' goal, where they could hoot at and deride the "Provoke" Sergeant with impunity. We noted that another man put a sergeant in a puddle rather forcibly, and on account of him being driven into the mud so far it took three men to pull him out. During the course of the match the "Provoke" Sergeant, having stopped a ball, placed it in front of him on the ground and backed up two or three feet in order to get a good kick at it. In the meantime a very impolite forward rushed ahead and kicked it through the goal, much to the surprise and indignation of the "Provoke" Sergeant, who exclaimed: "Damn it all, old chap, that was a bally nuisance, as I had really intended to propel the ball myself in the other direction, by the aid of my bally foot, don't ye know! Dooced inconvenient! and bally rude of you," and all that sort of thing.

We are pleased to welcome back the members of the Draft that left No. 2 Co. during the time the Draft was being formed.