

# The Western Scot

Vol. I.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., JANUARY 5th, 1916

No. 13

## NO. 1 COMPANY

Goloshes, otherwise known as overshoes, having been received for issue there is now no question about our leaving very shortly for garrison duty in Greenland—unless, of course, the arrival of pith helmets within the next week or two deflects us to Egypt.

The action fought between two forces from No. 1 Company on Tuesday afternoon on the slopes of Mount Tolmie resulted in a terrific fight at a rail fence where the opposing sides fired round after round point blank, and only the absence of bayonets prevented a very sanguinary conflict indeed.

One of No. 1's non-coms. during the battle of Lost Lake: "Are all you fellows here now? Any not here one pace step forward, march!"

A cheer awoke the echoes above Royal Oak. Was it a cheer for victory? No, it announced that Mr. Marsden's Scouts had located the chuck wagon.

## NO. 2 COMPANY

Here we all are again! Back from the holidays and festivities, sweethearts and wives, and from all indications everybody enjoyed themselves in the true "Western Scots" way, which is not in half doing anything. Now for a firm resolve and grim determination to settle down to business, play the game, and face the future with a light heart and happy mind.

Acting B.-Sgt.-Major Johnston was the victim of an unfortunate accident on Xmas Eve. Whilst acting as Santa Claus at a party, he was severely burnt on both hands and wrists. It will be several days before he has the use of his hands. We wish him a speedy recovery.

The following happened whilst Capt. Bullen was taking No. 2 Company out for a route march the other day, past a pond where some boys were skating, two of whom were leaning over a fence watching No. 2 go by. Capt. Bullen: "How's the skating, boys?" "Fine, sir, fine! Two fellows have just fallen in!"

Three men of No. 2 Company, the other evening, having met by chance down-town, during the course of their conversation, found that they had all three been educated at the same college in England, gone to the United States, one serving in the Artillery, one in the Infantry, and one in the Cavalry, and had joined the 67th and belong to the same Company. They had not known each other personally prior to their conversation.

All the men of No. 2 who were not on pass on New Year's Night were on parade to attend the concert given in the Victoria Theatre by the Misses Spencer. All had a good time and a most enjoyable evening was spent, and will long be remembered by us.

Corporal Isherwood was one of the happiest men alive when he got on the boat at Vancouver to return home after Xmas leave, but his happy mood soon shifted, and so did his dinner, when the boat started to roll and pitch. You may be a good soldier, Corporal, but you are no sailor.

As proof of the good fellowship that prevailed at the New Year night concert, one of the men asked a private (who was handing round the cake and acting as Mess Orderly) "Will the gentleman please pass the cake?" What a vast difference to asking a M.O. to pass anything in the barrack's mess room! If anyone asked a M.O. in that tone of voice and gentle manner in the mess room, he (the M.O.) would have a fit.

Say, boys, the cooks are pretty good fellows after all, eh? If any one had better cooked Xmas and New Year's dinners than the 67th we would like to know who it was. It can't be did. The season's best greetings to the cooks!

## NO. 3 COMPANY

No. 3 Company's boys are extremely grateful to Mrs. Nicholson for her thoughtful generosity. Mrs. Nicholson presented

every member of the Company with a beautifully designed pencil and calendar combined, just as the boys were going on their Xmas leave.

We certainly enjoyed Christmas at the Barracks, who wouldn't, when arrangements for the comfort of the men were so thoroughly carried out?

Did everyone notice the full moon smile on the Sergeant-Cook's face on Xmas day as he sucked at that fat cigar? Why so much happiness, Mac?

Can anyone tell us why Pte. Gillfillan's pockets were so full of raisins, and pieces of pudding the day after Xmas Day?

A private gave the definition of "Form fours" in this manner: S.M.: "Pte. H—, step out and tell the platoon how to form fours." Pte. H—: "In form—er—er—when you get the command, you step back two paces with the left foot, er—no, that's wrong, ahem—party, one to the left with the rear and —."

We could not help but admire our Captain's sleeping suit when he appeared at the window of his residence to see who was serenading him the morning of the 27th.

If anyone has a spare shoebrush will they please bring it to Cpl. Down, who has a canteen ticket that he will exchange for it. (Advt.)

We are all anxiously waiting to prove our worth at splitting wood, with the exception of Pte. Algy Bryan, who still has a few "blistahs on his hand, don'tch'know."

At last all speculations have come to an end, and all bets paid up for the much looked for event in No. 9 Platoon. Pte. Hardy changed his union suit. He was seen to liberate a few buttons and step solemnly out of his union suit, leaving it standing to attention, and when asked a few questions he said he would bet a nickel that he has changed it once since the war started. I hae ma doots.

Why was Pte. Harrison gazing so earnestly through the bars at the E. & N. Railway Depot on Monday night that he never took the slightest notice of a hearty slap on the back? Why, oh, why?

With regard to the statement in last week's "Scot" that there were no prisoners in the "clink" the day after pay day when one Company was in Sidney, we thought that either there was no general leave that night, or there were no checks cashed. Outside of that we would need somebody like Sherlock Holmes on the job.

About the little matter of the dog trying to retrieve the bomb at Sidney, we are unable to furnish any evidence.

One of the poultice wallopers has been carefully studying "dislocated shoulders and how to render first aid thereto" since he has noticed Scout-Sergeant Johnson's style of salute.

Lance-Cpl. Gillies has returned from the "other side," and his first duty was to settle an argument on the difference in size of a glass of beer, here and on the "other side." Why such an authority on such a matter, Lance-Cpl. Gillies?

No 3 Company takes this opportunity of wishing the rest of the Battalion a fighting and triumphant New Year.

Cpl. Gillies, who was on leave to Seattle, wishes to pay his compliments to Pte. H. McKennie, whom he met on his way to the boat. Pte. Mac whispered into the corporal's ear something like this: "Go and see my sister, and she will slip you five for me." True to his word he called on Mac's sister, but found in place of being slipped "five" he was slipped a few pairs of socks and two handkerchiefs, which he knows will be useful the first time Mac goes out.

Cpl. Gillies is willing to admit that he is going into the dairy business. He no doubt had the milk, but is willing to supply the milk free of charge to a certain private of No. 3 Company who had to apply to hospital for sick leave so that he could come back from Sidney in the train. Cpl. Gillies will be pleased to supply the pitcher to the private when he gives up the "milk" and goes on the water wagon.