

BASEBALL.

The best game of the season was played last Monday night, the 17th, when we met for the first time the team of the 44th Battalion. The game throughout the whole nine innings was of the best brand. A large number of spectators were present, who were all satisfied with the game. "Yammy" McGregor pitched the whole game for us, and his work in the box was the best witnessed for a long time. He struck out 14 men, walked only 1, and shut them out six innings, allowing only a few scattered hits. He always pulled out of a tight corner. Behind the bat Richards played first-class ball, and at bat he donated a home-run, a two bagger, and a single, besides cutting off two runners out of three who attempted to steal second. Nothing could pass Kenny at first, taking the difficult ones as easily as the good ones, and his work helped considerably in our win. James came through with many brilliant plays at second, and covered the sack well. Traylong was always in the game on third, and Scott played big-league ball at short, pulling off the stop of the game in the sixth. Neave, Woods and McIlvride in the field were good, and for two of them, this was their first game. The team lined up as follows: (C) Richard, (P) McGregor (1st B.) Kenny, (2nd B.) James, (3rd B.) Trayling, (S.S.) Scott, (L.F.) Neave, (C.F.) Woods, (R.F.) McIlvride. The score by innings:—

67th W.S. 1 2 0 1 0 1 0 1 3—9.
44th Batt. 2 0 0 0 2 0 0 1 0—5.

Gleanings from the Game.

With three players just inoculated, and three substitutes, we were still able to prove a surprise packet to the 44th.

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Oh! You "Yammy," you had their number all right.

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"Some" hit, Richards, but look out for the hospital windows.

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Our C.O. was as excited as any of the spectators.

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Our infield worked together, like Connie Mack's.

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A second game of ball was played last week, against the 72nd. It was the most hotly-contested match of the two, taking 11 innings to decide it. The score being tied in the ninth, 3 all. Throughout the game it was a pitcher's battle, between McGregor and McWhinny.

"Yammy" pitched the battle of his life, and only rough luck lost him the game. McIlvride played well behind the bat. The game ended 4—3 in favour of the 72nd. Here is the score by innings

67th W.S. 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 0—3.
72nd Batt. 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0—4.

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Seeing that baseball has such a hold in the battalion, a little more interest in the team would not be misplaced. At present the team is badly in need of running shoes, the majority of the fellows playing every game in their heavy army boots. Also at the next meeting of the sport's committee, it would be a good move on their part to put someone who knows the game at the head of the team. The players have to arrange everything themselves just now, and it makes it very inconvenient for them. Another word, do not forget the shoe question.

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OFFICERS v. SERGEANTS.

It is a question which suffered the most—the ozone or the ball—in the baseball game played between our officers and sergeants a week ago last Tuesday. This cannot altogether be put down to the skill of the pitchers, although Lieut.-Colonel Ross, Lieut. Baker and Lieut. McDiarmid for the officers, and Sgt. Joe Dakers for the sergeants, worked with commendable enthusiasm. Colonel Ross on going into the box received a great hand, and in order not to disappoint his supporters managed to keep the sergeants scoreless in the first innings. He also made an excellent showing in the second and then retired on his laurels, being replaced by Lieut. Baker. "Ski" had all the earmarks and showed up well at first. His arm, however, tired

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rapidly, and the ubiquitous Lieut. McDiarmid was rushed into the breach. His pitching was an outstanding feature of the game.

Joe Dakers was undismayed by these changes and continued to pitch a stellar game.

One of the most notable performances in a game replete with surprises was the work of the two 42-centimeter batsmen of the officers' team, Lieut. Armstrong and Capt. Hawcroft. The old pill was kept soaring when this sterling pair came up, and the only thing that marred a perfect afternoon for the officers in question was the fact that it was necessary for them to run round the bases after they hit the ball.

Lieut. Baker, Armstrong, Gary, and McDiarmid were the stars for the officers, while for the sergeants Joe Dakers and Cunningham shone. As an afterthought we may say that the score was 13 to 10 in favour of the officers.

STRETCHER-BEARERS' SECTION.

ONE MORE SHOT IN THE ARM.

A common expression to be heard any place in camp: "Mind my arm!"

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At last we are getting equipped for the front. We have now a full stretcher-bearer section, a water detail with two test outfits, and a sanitary police squad. With two water carts and a medical officer's cart, our little army is certainly going to be some class. Some M.O.'s cart, too!

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Soon we will have new field panniers and plenty of dressings, and, with new trench stretchers, we hope to do great work when we go on our mission to France.

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Our highly esteemed M.O. would like to know if it is a horse or a jenny he will have to draw his wonderful one-hoss-shay.

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Does the M.O. get any overtime?