

I knew a man of the famous Black Watch regiment and saw a great deal of him. He impressed me more than anyone else I met among the British. His name was Jock, and he came from the little island of Rum in the north of Scotland. The burden of his song was "Fair play and fight." At the battle of Mons he saw a German medical officer stop to fix the wound of a Scotchman. Another Scotchman saw the German, too. His blood was up too high and he plunged his bayonet through the German. Jock saw the act and quick as a flash rushed at his brother Scot and gave him a taste of his bayonet. The act had been foul play and Jock would not see that; Jock had the word "fight" written all over his face. Nothing would get past him without his giving a good fight. In a friendly soccer game Jock saw a man do some dirty playing and before the game was over he had given the man such a thrashing with his stick that he had to be carried off the field. Jock was champion boxer of his company and cared not who might want to pick a scrap with him. He was more like a bulldog than anything else. He was always good and ready for a scrap.