

# The Western Scot

Vol. 1.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., FEBRUARY 9th, 1916

No. 18

## POT POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

"In the Days of the Great Snow, or the Second Defence of Buffer's Drift," will be the title of a novel to be published shortly by Mr. A. B. Carey, it is understood.

Among those who munched into camp in time for breakfast on Wednesday morning last, was Major H. Meredith-Jones. At one spot he got lost in a snowdrift, which refutes the asseveration that the drifts in Oak Bay were small and genteel.

There was an especially big drift blocking the right-of-way in front of the Pacific Club, judging by the number of young subaltern gentlemen collected there. It was possible for one to get as far as the club, but beyond that the road was impassable.

Lieut. Sutton was sound asleep on Wednesday night, when, with a snapping of guy ropes, the tent came down on him. The sleeper awoke, took one look about—and went to sleep again. After all it was quite as roomy as a trench dug-out!

What might have proved a serious accident (in the style of the country newspaper), almost occurred early on Wednesday morning last. A faithful batman was laboring manfully with a shovel to dig out a smothered tent in the officers' lines, when, after a particularly snappy blow of the shovel, a voice cried out in agony from beneath the canvass; "Hey!" cried the batman, excitedly, to a brother batty, "Come quick; there's an officer dying under this tent!" After several minutes' brisk work the batman called out again: "Hold tight, sir; we'll get you out!" when a very cheerful voice from below replied: "That's all right; take your time, but for goodness sake keep your shovel out of my tummy!"

It is quite in order now to spring that old one about the Nut, who, on arriving in Victoria from Overseas during the great snow, inquired of a brother Nut: "I say, old boy; what footwear do you advise for this weather; snow-shoes or mocass-ins?"

One is permitted a certain elasticity of imagination (when one has "fought and died" for one's country), in recounting stories of the field; but it must be adjudged as "coming it a bit strong," when an officer assures the mess that a certain engineer instructor, during the training of a Canadian Battalion in England, caused the men to transport earth in barrows from a distance and then had them heap it into a mound and dig a trench in the mound.

Said the M.O.: "Your jaws, sir, are lumpy;  
"They look most engagingly mumpy.  
"I seldom have seen  
"A more mumpified bean!"  
And the victim went off very grumpy.

No. 1 Co. Pte.: "What do you think is the matter with my face, sir?"

Capt. McK.: "Desiring to retain your friendship, I must decline to express an opinion!"

No. 1 Co. Pte.: "I mean the swelling on my neck, sir."

Capt. McK.: "That is a suppurated expansion of the parotid glands."

No. 1 Co. Pte.: "Gee, that's a relief; I was afraid of mumps!"

### Wednesday Morn

Silently the snow came down  
Covering the town,  
Through the chink and crack it sifted,  
In the streets it piled and drifted,  
Lying mound on mound;  
Growing without sound.

Noisily the Sub. reposed,  
Shattering the air.  
Call on call he disregarded  
Till a knock his bliss retarded.  
Late, he rushed below;  
Shouted: "Saved! the snow!"

In spite of trials and tribulations that are many we have some joys. For instance, the town piquet has been removed for the time being.

## PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM

Major Harbottle was the deus ex machina during the time of stress. Cool and collected, he arranged for everything. All troubles were straightened out and every obstacle surmounted in a way that brought commendation and admiration from everyone. He certainly has a way with him has our Junior Major, and obstacles and difficulties only serve to bring out his high qualities of leadership and organization.

On the march down town on Tuesday, our Assistant Adjutant was right at the head of the party, along with Major Meredith-Jones, and both officers stayed there breaking trail, going and coming. It is qualities such as these that tend to make the latest recruit to our Headquarters Staff so deservedly popular.

The space vacated by the Pay Department is now ably filled by Lieuts. Armstrong and Gray. We welcome their presence, however, most heartily, and trust that the literary atmosphere of the Orderly Room (for, like Westminster Abbey, we now have a Poet's Corner of our own) may inspire them to produce a paper even more brainy and brilliant than the "Western Scot" has been in the past.

The Orderly Room looked like the desert of Sahara last Tuesday. Q.M.-Sergeant Nicholls and Sergeant Young braved the elements and arrived safely after a strenuous two hours' mush. The rest of the Staff were conspicuous by their absence. We hope they won't behave in a similar way later on.

Many thanks, B.S.M., for the impromptu lunch. It was some pleasure for us to sit around the festive board and partake of the good things that you had foraged for us, under such strenuous circumstances. We appreciate it. These kindly actions help to make life worth living.

Judging by the phone calls received in the Orderly Room last week, half the Battalion was taken sick down town at the same time as the cars stopped. Great coincidence!

We have noticed on many occasions lately that sundry of the Empire's warriors have got black marks on their crime sheets. They then become disgusted at having to serve in a unit where they are thus branded, and promptly transfer, but the unit transferred to is invariably one of very recent formation. This epidemic extends from the Privates even up to Warrant Officers.

## SERGEANTS' MESS

No more can we sit of an evening in a comfortable arm-chair, telling lies and our real names, and explaining how this war should be run; no more shall we have to listen to the awful snoring of "Masty;" no more shall we join in the chorus of "Oh Solomon Levi," or refuse to bet with Sergt. Burton on anything, at any odds, any price, win or lose, for lo and behold, the Sergeants' Mess is no more. First of all we got burned out, spoiling most of our furniture and the piano; now the whole blamed thing has caved in. Luckily, everyone got out safely, and saved a few dishes and utensils. Even if we have nothing much left, some of us, especially Sergeants N——d and "Masty," can say that we had our money's worth of the furniture anyway. It is the general opinion that our few remaining chairs would not have lasted much longer anyway, as they were not intended to be used as a gymnasium, but, however, its no use to cry over "spilt milk," or shall we say "spilt snow."—Just when we had a good cook, too. (This was an afterthought).

C.Q.M.S. Stewart has returned to duty after being absent for a few days with an attack of "la grippe." Glad to see you back, Q.M. We need you these strenuous days.

We think its about time that "much transferred" Sergt. Haines, had a try at the Sergt. Cook's job, as that is about

# FRY'S PURE BREAKFAST COCOAS AND CHOCOLATE