

The Western Scot

Vol. I.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., NOVEMBER 20th, 1915

No. 7

AT THE CAMP

The arrival from Vernon on Saturday forenoon of Squadrons "A" and "C," of the 11th C.M.R., under Lieut.-Col. Kirkpatrick, was the most important "local" at the Willows during the past week, and the "Western Scot" extends a hearty welcome to the new arrivals. The men of this mounted corps are a particularly fine lot, soldierly looking and fit in every respect, and reflect infinite credit on their commanding officer and his subordinates. The pity is that such an efficient body of trained men should be so long delayed in attaining their hearts' desire and getting across the water. The business-like way in which the corps settled down and built their own huts for the accommodation of over 400 men was most creditable. Colonel Kirkpatrick and his officers certainly have reason to be proud of their command.

The advent of the C.M.R. has necessitated the removal of Lieut.-Col. Forsythe and the 50th Gordons to quarters in the old Drill Hall on Menzies Street.

To the impatient who are eating their hearts out at the delay in getting to the front the statement of Hon. R. Rogers, made to an officer Tuesday evening is commended. The honorable gentleman stated explicitly what has appeared in the newspaper reports, viz.: that every movement of Canadian troops was made on direct orders and sanction of Lord Kitchener and the British War Office, and it was assumed that these authorities knew what they were doing.

Concerning Monday night's fire—it all depends whose ox is gored as to what explanation is offered for the accidental burning of a tent. "The acts of God or the king's enemies" is the usual legal covenant, and if the tent belongs to Y.M.C.A. young men, of course the fire was an act of God, but if the owners are of the "Cleaners' Club" persuasion the malevolent influences would be classed as "the king's enemies." In the present instance the latter theory is untenable.

"The field work is being conducted by Q.M.S.-Instructor A. Youngman and Instructor Cadre of the Royal Canadian Regiment."—vide Wednesday's Colonist. We would respectfully refer this item to the instructional cadre of the R.C.R.

NO. 1 COMPANY

On the recent visit of No. 1 Company to the ranges two men in file were carrying the ammunition. The men were of very different height, the shorter being in front. The leading man wiped his perspiring brow and remarked, "It's warm work carrying this." The attenuated gentleman in the rear exclaimed in astonishment: "Cairry? Do you cairry? I lean!"

No. 3 Platoon wishes it known that Sergt. Fernie beat Private Lauchie Macmillan by 10 points in grouping at the ranges.

No. 1 Company on its visit to the trenches on Tuesday, did its cooking as on active service. Raw rations were issued to each man, and were cooked on improvised braziers. Some men were seen trying to emulate the dishes prepared by the Canadians in the trenches in Flanders, as described by our O.C.

It seems curious that so many men in the battalion support the Greek stores outside the camp gates, when a Canadian is carrying on the same class of business right alongside.

If the man who took the fountain pen from Q.M. stores will call back, we shall give him the box and filler.

One day recently several large packing cases full of mess-tins arrived for this battalion. One man asked what the boxes contained, and was jocularly told "sun-helmets." Next day the whole regiment knew for certain that we were going to the Bermudas, as the sun-helmets had arrived.

For the happiness of all concerned, we trust the brass band will reconsider its decision to have a party tune as the regimental march-past.

We extend to Lieut. P. Mackintosh, of No. 3 Company and "McNamara Band" fame, our hearty congratulations on his promotion.

NO. 3 COMPANY

The officers, N.C.O.'s and men of No. 3 Company offer their congratulations to Mr. McIntosh on his receiving a commission in this battalion. As company-sergeant-major he had made himself so well liked that it was very gratifying to hear that his promotion did not necessitate his removal from the Company. On Tuesday evening No. 11 Platoon, his new charge, presented Mr. McIntosh with a belt and stick as a concrete expression of its pleasure at his appointment. Another venture into conditions as they exist at the front was made this week, when No. 3 Company spent the morning in the neighborhood of the trenches, the men themselves preparing their mid-day meal. Apart from a small shortage of bread, everything went off well. The fresh air and unaccustomed surroundings lent a zest and enjoyment to the meal that was a welcome contrast to the usual wolfish clamor that seems to govern conditions in the big hall.

The fire alarm on Monday night came at a most opportune moment, as the Cariboobers were returning from their temperance banquet. Of the two, the alarm seems the gentler way of arousing the sleepers in the lines.

Only two absentees from tattoo on pay day is not so bad, is it? It certainly stacks up well against the 25 or 30 of another Company.

No. 3 Company shows such excellent discipline in responding to the fire alarm that table-waiters are falling in fifteen seconds ahead of the rest.

What do you think of our cartoonist? Pte. Moore had contributed several times to the pages of "Judge," and it is fitting that his first cartoon on the war should appear in the paper of his own unit.

ZEPHYRS FROM THE DRAFT (CO. 5)

We hear that Private "Paddy" is still getting into every fight and "courtship" competition, although he has only three legs to do it with, having got his front left in Chancery with the old "bull" sport.

Private Elred has returned from his honeymoon. "Nuff ced."

Corpl. Kavanagh's morning greeting to his men is of a strictly family nature.

The "Heavenly Twins" have disappeared. Their elation at losing their stripes was too exuberant for the said members of this Company.

The next time Private Quinn has business at the bank he will attend strictly to it, and not be tempted into the "show" line. But we have our doubts.

Private Ryan's shoulder is mending well and he thinks another trip to Vancouver might cure it.

A steam shovel has been chartered to dig trenches in future, owing to Quartermaster Jones' desire to join the boys in night attacks.

A hygienic marriage has been arranged for this same "quartermaster" with the heavyweight lady of the two girls with "funny figures."

Lord K. of K. has an efficient understudy in the person of a corporal in No. 4 Platoon. Eleven men of No. 4 Platoon played eleven men and Lieut. Wooler of No. 3 Platoon, and were lucky, considering the odds, to draw, 1 each.

Corpl. Wallack (beg pardon, we mean "Private") is still unattached.

Private Dunn has retired from the roped arena and taken to "cribbage."

Private Burton has returned invigorated from Vancouver, but missed his "fags." He is not suspecting any one, but our famous "snipe shooter" of No. 4 Platoon, wears a worried look.

Private Ashton has retired from the "clay" pigeon shooting contest.

The "C.B." who ordered Platoons 3 and 4 to leave part of the Oval, has given them leave to play in Alaska.