

The Western Scot

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No. 5

NO. 1 COMPANY

No. 1 Company, under Capt. Armour, was out on a route march on Wednesday night. The march was partly cross-country, partly on roads, and mostly in mud. The scouts were also with us—sometimes. There was plenty of variety, occasioned by men falling into ditches and over ruts in the dark. The route was cross-country to Little Mount Tolmie, and home by Cedar Hill cross-road and Richmond Avenue. All commands were whispered from man to man, and the whole route march was conducted in silence, as if in the presence of the enemy. The company started out at 8 o'clock and got back to barracks about 10.

Sergt. Johnston says it is time there was a business Government in Canada, as the present one only makes clothes for children. The largest size of undervest issued is only 46.

NO. 2 COMPANY

In last week's issue of the "Western Scot" we were a little unkind in taking a crack at Pte. Johnson, who left us to go to the Fire Piquet, but since we witnessed the wonderful work he did at the fire the other night we take it all back.

Last Sunday as the 67th were marching through town to Church Parade, we heard a lady remark, "Here come the Wildcats!" You bet, we are wildcats when it comes to the fighting.

Which would you rather do, take a nice little stroll out in the country and cut a few poles, or be put through your paces on the "Oval"?

We have been trying to figure out why Pte. J. Donovan's hair is black and his moustache the color of a glass of—lemonade. Maybe if we could look into the dark mysteries of J. Donovan's past, we should find out that he used to



NO. 1 COMPANY, 67TH BATTALION, "WESTERN SCOTS"

PHOTO BY SHAW BROS.

Pte. Hedges wishes to enter his bears in the beauty contest. He thinks that with the present field they are sure winners.

Speculation is rife in No. 1 Company as to how Sergt.-Major Henderson got the suspicious-looking mark on his cheek while in Vancouver. He blames Sergt. Johnston—but we "hae oor doots."

Any member of the Battalion is invited to come to the steps of No. 1 building any morning at 8:15, and guess what part of the world Pipe-Major Wishart comes from. The only clue given will be the gallant Pipe-Major's pronunciation, "Baund, an' ready? Quick mairch!"

Lieut. Edmond has returned from Ottawa looking well—and right on time, as usual.

Pte. N. F. Turner is on the sick list with a badly slashed hand. "Cherchez la femme."

A gaudily arrayed individual, who gave his name as Sousa, was up at the Willows Camp this week looking for Corpl. Higgins as a side drummer for his band.

The sergeants are looking for new quarters, now that the brass band is practising in the mess hall.

drink a large number of glasses of—lemonade, which dyed his moustache that way. Eh, Jack!

Can someone invent a way to put on a khaki shirt by oneself? It usually takes seven or eight men and a carpenter to do the job.

We were asked one day by an ambitious recruit, "What were the qualifications necessary to make a good company Q.M.S.?" That was a hard one to answer, so we personally made a few observations, with this result: A good company Q.M.S. should first of all be a good penman, and be able to make an erasure that cannot be detected with a microscope. He should be able to make a 3 look like an 8 or vice versa to suit his own convenience. He should be an expert forger, for reasons that are obvious. He should have a fierce and commanding appearance, he should have a meek and mild appearance, to be used as occasions arise. He should have the virtues and good qualities of a Jew money-lender and a second-hand clothes-dealer. He should be a hypnotist, in order to make a poor unfortunate recruit take a uniform five sizes too small or large for him, according to circumstances. He should be able to steal, lie, murder, forge, bluff, beg, borrow and never pay back, swear, sing hymns, pray, and gamble. If he can turn in crooked