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PIPE BAUN SIRAICHS

Here we go coming back, and it would take reams of paper to hold all that might be written of the Pipe Baun and its recent doings. Most notorious, and first in the list of pipers with their escapades comes our valiant "nervy" Pipe Major.

Our leave is over, and all the pipers are back from Scotland, with the exception of "Reekie" Chalmers, whose father died lately, and Geordie Leslie, who is in hospital at Frensham.

The Pipe Major spent his leave in London, Glasgow and Aberdeen. If a man's antics vary directly with the size of the city he is in, the Pipe Major must have been an immense whirlwind in London, if we can judge of what we saw of him in Aberdeen. He had the time of his life in the New Market there, where the girls attending the different stalls threw their arms about him, saying "Oh, Bill! buy a handky; buy a brooch!" Some of this may have been owing to Piper Jack Brown, who paraded a little ahead of "Bill," announcing his coming, after the manner of an advance agent for some touring theatrical star. "Bill," a star in himself, accepted his reception with his inimitable dignity, interrupting the gravity of his deportment with an occasional shake of the fist in the direction of Brown.

Brown seemed to spend most of his time cruising about Union Street and Rosemount district in the company of old friends in the City Police Force.

Like Brown, we spent our own leave entirely in Aberdeen, staying with our late teacher of pipe music, Peter Ewing, who is not a "piper," but an artist in the world of piping at its very best.

One day we met Sergeant-Drummer Sims with a Fraserburgh lady, who seemed to be all the universe to Charlie, and, who knows, maybe our next leave will see the whole band in Fraserburgh, celebrating Charlie's wedding, and gorging themselves with herring, oatcakes, kale, etc., not to mention many things good to drink. Of course, the Pipe Major, being teetotal, would content himself with "penny wabble fae Fite the baker's."

By the way, Sergeant Sims, where does Victoria fit in in your recent amorous doings?

We must say Aberdeenshire is ahead of any place on the map in the matter of beautiful girls, although, when it is a matter of where the most beautiful individual lady may be found—why!—Victoria for ours.

For the benefit of those who were told the Pipe Major would require an interpreter in Scotland, we publish the following:—

Scene: The New Market, Aberdeen.

Dramatis Personæ:

Wully.....A Canadian Pipe Major.

Muggy.....A stall-girl in the "market."

Wully: "Hello, Muggy, foo are ye?"

Muggy: "Oh! Brawly, brawly. Are ye fee't or are ye bidin'?"

Wully: "Na, na. A'm nae fee't nor bidin', neen o' the twa."

Muggy: "Oh! A's warran' ye jist cam' in fae the country tae 'list' intae the sodgers."

Wully: "Diel a fear o't, Muggy. I jist cam' ower fae Caunada. A've bin awa' for twal' 'eer."

Muggy: "Ha, ha! He, he, he, he! You! You in Caunada! Ha, ha, ha, ha! He, he, he, he, he!"

New pipes and cross-belts have been ordered for the pipers, and pretty soon our pipe band will be a real adornment to the Battalion. Pipers are all proud, and the "67th" pipers are no exception, believing as they do that no piper holds a prouder position than the piper who comes from the setting sun with the finest battalion ever mobilized in B.C.

While in Aberdeen we took notice of the stately ceremony of "Retreat," as it is performed by the pipe band of the Depôt, Gordon Highlanders. We have an eager desire to introduce in our band all the finest kind of work, and our new "Retreat" is a sample of what can be done in a regiment as young as our own. We would like to see the latest frills on the best bands of the Imperial Army, because we are ambitious to learn more every day, and anything can be acquired with hard work.

Every morning we have a very thorough chanter practice, during which every individual piper is put to the test and hauled over the coals for his musical shortcomings, and at the same time the drummers have practice next door. It is to be hoped that nothing will happen to interrupt these practices since we need them, and piping is a piper's first duty. The afternoon usually finds us playing out with companies.

During his leave Piper Chisholm had the misfortune to put his money, railroad ticket, and his pass into the bottomless pit of a torn pocket, losing the "whole works."

The mail-box which the pioneers are to make in the next few days is not for the orderly room, but for the reception of Piper Dunc. Campbell's love letters.

Jamie Wallace insists that the orderly tune played at the second mess call has its title changed from "Brose and Butter" to "Dough and Margarine."

CRUNLUATH MACH.

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67th MILITARY BAND

Yes, we are still alive and kicking; but, owing to the band taking their leave in a body last week, and this week having been occupied with the strenuous work of bayonet and rifle practice, not to say anything of physical jerks thrown in here and there to fill in odd minutes, our time has been pretty well occupied. We hope, however, to make ourselves heard more frequently from now on.

A soldier's life is an easy one, so thought most of our little circle until we shouldered our rifles and proceeded to the parade ground for a little diversion under Sergeant Tait.

Most of the boys spent their leave in London town (arf the blooming world), and from the variety of remarks passed on their return the majority were highly pleased with their trip. So far the only remark to the contrary heard is from a certain bandsman who spent three days looking for the bridge over which seven thousand trains cross every twenty-four hours. He is now saving up for the next week-end to continue his search.