

The Western Scot.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY
IN THE INTERESTS OF

THE 67th PIONEER BATTALION "WESTERN SCOTS," OF CANADA,

4th Canadian Division, B.E.F.

(By kind permission of Lt.-Col. Lorne Ross, C.O.)

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 31st, 1916.

IMPORTANT INSTRUCTIONS.

Whilst it has, from the beginning, been assumed that no officer or man in the King's uniform would permit himself to be indiscreet in the dissemination of military information, the general knowledge of which might be valuable to the enemy, the headquarters authorities recently issued special notification placing all ranks now in training on their honour in this respect and warning them against mentioning in letters or in conversation even the most trivial matters respecting military affairs.

From time to time henceforward it is likely that we all will become aware of more or less important facts affecting the movement of troops, etc. What appears to us a very harmless conveyance of news to those at home may quite readily, by unexpected channels, reach a quarter where it will be used to our own and our comrades' disadvantage.

The safe way is to say *nothing to anyone* about military movements of any kind. We trust that the 67th will never be guilty, anyway.

We have had the good fortune to meet the gentlemen at the head of the editorial and business staff of "Fall In." This excellent paper is very thoroughly what it professes to be, "A magazine produced by soldiers for soldiers." We have made arrangements to have a copy sent to our reading room, and members of this battalion will find it very interesting reading. The editor has kindly promised to give us an article shortly for our paper on the aims and doings of "The Brotherhood of Khaki," an institution which is doing great things for soldiers.

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM.

May the 23rd saw our long-expected move from Bordon to Bramshott. We had grown to like Bordon very much, and in many ways were sorry to leave, but the all-important fact remains that every move we make brings us a little nearer to the final one for which we have been preparing since September last year.

We enjoyed the march over, not least the long interval for lunch. Some of us also enjoyed the refreshment purveyed at a charming country hostelry—at least, we did until the house went dry.

Our Orderly Room is not quite so commodious as it was at Bordon, but we have now got settled down to business in the same old way, and being so close to headquarters has many advantages.

The best often comes last. Four Orderly Room Sergeants brought up the rear of the column on the march over.

Frank Slavin had the pleasure of being on the bill at the Oxford at the same time as Marie Lloyd. Some una-"Lloyd" pleasure for Frank!

Do the authorities consider it fair to treat our wives and assignees of pay as they are doing? Every mail brings the same story, "No separation allowance since you left." We can do without the talk about our "patriotism and duty to our country," if our country will do its duty in return.

The last issue of the "Hants Journal," Windsor, Nova Scotia, contained an interesting short article on the doings and experiences of our "Paddy" en route to Halifax. The information given by the paper states that he has lost the collar which was purchased for him by "The Draft" of sacred memory. "Paddy," on last news, was in the safe hands of Mr. J. P. Graham at Windsor, but we hope he will soon be with us again.

We are sorry to lose "Fitz" from the Orderly Room staff, but he would insist on getting a rifle on his shoulder once more. Good luck to you, boy!

One of the boys received a letter from Victoria the other day expressing sympathy with the battalion on being quarantined at Bordon on account of scarlet fever. How *do* they start these rumours?

We had a bunch of thumb tacks at our original headquarters in Victoria, corner of Fort Linden. With us they moved to the Willows, where they adorned walls and tables. We took them down, and they were used on boat and train, then at Bordon, and now at Bramshott. Not all the originals are left, but we are carefully preserving the remainder to take to France, some to stick into "Bill" and some to pin up his death warrant with.

Why is it that if by any mischance we run out of anything every company and detail promptly runs out of the same thing on the same day?

We have all drawn rifles in the Orderly Room, and are now prepared for any emergency.

Several of our friends in the 72nd have paid us visits—and vice versa—during the past week. It's like old times to see them all again, and we hope we shall be side by side with them in the strenuous days to come.

He said "Gor bli'me" and 'e calls 'isself a hoffer! Who did?

B.S.M. 'Aines 'as returned from command. 'Ooray!

Those of us who repose in tents did a little kicking the first night—the ground *was* hard—but now that we have got some home comforts we like our little nook and wouldn't change it for any of the huts—not even the cubicked mansion of Sergeant-Majors.

FRY'S

Pure Breakfast Cocoa and Chocolate