

The Western Scot

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THE 67th BATT., "WESTERN SCOTS," OF CANADA, C.E.F.

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OUR ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND

Since the "Boat" Edition of the "Scot" was published, the 67th Battalion, Western Scots of Canada, have arrived in England, and have begun their final training preparatory to taking their place in the field, already adorned by their brother Scots from Canada.

been otherwise, and until the vessel began to traverse the outer edge of the danger area impromptu cork-jacket dances were very popular. It was also discovered that by raising the lower section of the cork jacket an excellent individual tea-table could be had. On the whole, what at first gave promise of being an irksome duty developed into a useful and rather smart garment, and many of our officers laid their cork jackets away with regret.

When it is considered that the total of those on board was equal to the total population of many big towns in Canada, something of the magnitude of the task presented by the voyage may be appreciated.

Owing to the fact that so many officers of different units were on board, it may be imagined that the scene at mess was a lively one. The orchestra of the Western Scots won the applause of everybody with the excellent programmes they rendered at dinner mess each evening. Bandmaster Turner, for the first time, was able to give his undivided attention to the orchestra and brass band, and the improvement shown was most marked.

On the evening of Saturday, the 8th inst., a grand concert was held in the dining saloon, when a really excellent



THE WELLINGTON STATUE, ALDERSHOT

This statue of the great Duke of Wellington formerly stood at Hyde Park Corner, and was many years ago removed to Aldershot, where it stands overlooking the Long Valley.

To continue where we left off on board ship, H.M. Transport 2810 soon passed out of the fog into glorious weather, which continued without a break till we reached port.

The time on board passed quickly with the daily routine—already outlined—varied at times by route marches around the broad decks of the big vessel, $4\frac{1}{2}$ laps constituting a mile. At this stage of the voyage imperative orders were issued to the effect that cork jackets must be worn at all times by all ranks; and, until one became used to it, the picture of thousands of khaki-clad figures, from colonels to drummer-boys, adorned with unwieldy-looking lifebelts, was distinctly odd. Of course, one did not sleep in a cork jacket, but even during the hours of slumber these bulky appurtenances stayed close by one's side. Needless to say, some of our members who inclined to embonpoint found the extraordinary bulk a trifle disconcerting at times, until the benign power which shaped our ends on board took pity on them, and in lieu of sawing a portion out of the dining table, permitted the jackets to be laid at the feet during meals.

The presence of a large number of nurses rendered the voyage much more pleasant socially than it would have

programme, including, as it did, numbers from representatives from almost every unit on board, was given. The credit for the organization of this pleasurable affair fell due to Major C. C. Harbottle, of the 67th. Following the concert, dancing was indulged in until midnight.

As the great transport proceeded into the active submarine zone the natural anxiety of those on board became more marked. Orders respecting the showing of any gleam of light became even more strict, and it was with frank relief that the ship's company beheld the arrival on the 10th inst. of an escort from that wonderful organization—the British Navy.

The night of the 10th found us in the very heart of that vast expanse of water that has been the hunting ground of the mechanical sharks since our enemies adopted their infamous submarine tactics. The knowledge that we were passing near the last resting place of the brave "Lusitania" put a renewal of purpose into the hearts of all of us, but it is not unjust to say that when the skilful master of the transport had threaded his way successfully and safely through the dangerous maze and had entered the mouth of the Mersey, no one on board regretted the ending of that last leg of the voyage. The morning of the 11th broke bright and cold to