

The Western Scot

Vol. I.

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No. 4

SPOKES FROM THE WHEEL

The new collar badges have arrived and will be issued to the Battalion early in the week.

We welcome the return of the Cleaners Club from Ottawa School of Musketry. Glad to hear it was a financial as well as military success.

The Brass Band is now organized, thanks to the generous response of the rank and file, without whose assistance it would have been impossible to indulge in this very necessary luxury. The Band Committee promises immediate satisfactory results.

Our officers' chargers have all complied with B.O.'s and undergone the monthly hair-cut. A decided improvement to beast as well as man.

Has the Pipe-Major shaken hands with the new Band-master yet?

We are all real proud of our soccer team, win or lose.

The O.C. appeared more pleased throughout the game than during any other parade.

The music from the Machine Gun Corporal's SQUAD was too disconcerting for the neighbors. It shouldn't be allowed, James. Come back a good deal stronger next time or they will put one over on you.

Twelve hardy men of the North arrived on Thursday from White Horse and were posted to No. 1 Company. No limit to our recruiting area.

The Pipe Band proved themselves thorough soldiers of parade when they asked to be allowed to put away their beloved pipes and form a half platoon for battalion drill. Did they figure on physical stunts also?

No. 1 COMPANY.

One obliging recruit, whose name we will not reveal, on being asked his religion, was accommodating enough to enquire what we were short of.

No. 3 Company talks airily of the other companies' crime sheets. Personally we think it is more than a coincidence that the cessation of compliments in orders to No. 3 Company synchronized with the careful supervision of the tattoo reports.

We observe from last week's issue that the Stretcher Bearers imagine that S.B. means "Singing Bunch." If any other company wishes to keep these cute little warblers in their quarters, No. 1 Company will not object. Sergt. Burton the other night rushed out to see who was ill-treating his cat, but found it was only the S.B.'s making merry.

We shall publish a special paper shortly containing all the comments we have received relating to Corporal Higgins. The present size of the "Western Scot" is inadequate.

No. 1 Company gave its concert on Tuesday night, a full report of which will be found in another part of the paper. Since No. 1 Company was conducting the proceedings it is superfluous to add that it was a huge success.

No. 3 Platoon has been greatly exercised recently as to the reason for Lauchie McMillan disappearing at nights. Lauchie, however, has told us in confidence that he is "court-ing." Rumor hath it that so great has been the fair one's influence that she actually inveigled Lauchie into going to church. Lauchie, moreover, states that his progress towards a successful match is greatly hampered by the continuous presence of the charmer's five sisters. Will anyone volunteer to aid him?

Any man who after this warning appears at the orderly room to give the information that the reason that the men of No. 5 Company all have colds is because they have been so long in the "draft," will be put "on the peg."

Instructor: Form fours! As you were! Form fours! As you were. How often have I got to tell you that the even

files move? Form fours! As you were. (Exasperated, to offending recruit): What's your number? Recruit: Seymour 2693. (Collapse of instructor.)

There may be something in the contention of the other companies that it is not right that we should have all the best officers, as we have in any case got in our company the best men in the battalion. Still we are happy.

O.C. (in orderly room): Corporal Higgins, what sort of record has the prisoner?

Corporal Higgins: Sir, ever since he came into the bloomin' regiment he 'as been a regular pest. 'E goes hout when he likes, comes in when he likes, and uses language something hawful. In fact, from the way 'e carries on you would think he was a hofferer.

No. 2 COMPANY.

Do you notice the worried and wearied look on Q.M.S. Stewart's handsome face? If you want to know the reason for it, ask Sgt. W. Johnston, who lays flat on his back in bed trying to play the cornet, and Corporal 'iggins, who pounds hell out of the drum in the room adjoining Q.M.S. Stewart's large office. Ye gods?

We claim that a soldier coming in late at night and can say to the sergeant of the guard: "If a Hottentot taught a Hottentot to tot ere the tot could totter, why should a Hottentot tutor get hot because the tot should hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?" is not drunk. Q.E.D.

Why did Co.-Sgt.-Major Johnston slip on parade? Mud? No! He stepped on his moustache.

Oh, yes, Gladys, we used to use the bayonets all the time in South Africa—to open bully-beef cans with.

Don't be too hard on that boy who is a little green and timid now. Maybe someday in the trenches you may need him for your friend.

In answer to No. 3 Company's correspondent's inquiry as to why they were the only company to contribute to the "Western Scot" so far, we wish to say that after reading some of the aforesaid correspondent's rotten trash in the first two issues we have been sick. Really we feel it fatal to our dignity to take notice of such babblings, and yet it is an interesting study in human nature to watch such people loose with ordinary sane people and getting away with it. As to publishing our crime sheets, we venture to say that there would be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in No. 3 Company if their crime sheets were compared to our very small one. Only modesty keeps us from telling the whole world what a well-behaved company No. 2 is. However, let us advise No. 3 Company correspondent to take to the pick and shovel instead of the pen, and pick rocks, not reputations, and in the meantime, thou Pharisee, if you want to sling mud, go to it, we are game!

By the way, can someone think of a joke about a black horse?

Don't forget to write home tomorrow!

Did you ever notice the small sick parades on Saturdays and Sundays?

Who said the Signalling Section swiped the B.C. Horse's firewood?

"If ye would view the B.C. Horse's woodpile aright
Go, visit it by the pale moonlight."

Where is Sgt. Lister? Over at the ——. Oh, never mind.

Why not get up a regimental concert? Suggestions for a few items on the programme: Song, "The Sick Parade," by Cpl. Kirk; song, "When I Came Over the Hill," Cpl. Kirk; song, "Nobody Loves a Fat Man," Cpl. Kirk; more songs by Cpl. Kirk. It will cost the committee about \$3.95 to get Cpl. Kirk wound up, but then look at the fun we would have.