

THE WESTERN SCOT

and here we were transferred to the Grand Trunk Pacific tracks. We drew into Montreal at Turcot, in St. Henri, at 6.30, completing a tiresome seven hour journey that ordinarily occupies three hours.

On the morning of the 31st. we were detrained for a march at Mont Joli and at 5.40 p.m. we again detrained at Campbellton N. B. where we had a route march and received a very good reception.

Forenoon of the 1st. of April found us at Belmont N. S. where we had more time for exercise. Truro, N. S. was reached at 10.25 a. m. and we had a half hours route march. From Truro on we moved very slowly to Windsor Junction where we arrived at 2 o'clock to learn that the line ahead was blocked with troop trains. Here we waited four hours and then proceeded to Halifax, which we reached at 7.30. No. 1 train pulled into the docks at 9 o'clock and half an hour later we began to embark on H. M. Transport No. 2810 formerly of the White Star Line, one of the largest, finest ships in the world.

As the men filed on board they were met by ship guides and taken below to quarters. Coal lighters came along side and the big transport lay to until the morning of the 5 inst. At exactly 9.20 a. m. while the 67th. battalion was engaged in "physical jerks" on deck, the huge vessel got under way. There was no sound and no vibration to tell of her movement. But within an hour the shores of Nova Scotia had faded into the grey fog and the 67th. had left Canada behind.

Life on shipboard has been exceptionally pleasant. The daily routine consists of reveille at 6, breakfast for the men at 7.45, officers breakfast at 8.15, parade 8.45 until 9.35, lunch 1 o'clock, parade 1.45 o 2.35, mens' dinner 5 o'clock,

officers' dinner 7.15, lights out 9 o'clock. Owing to the large number of troops on board the decks are filled all day with men of the various units being exercised.

All ranks agree that the food supplied is plentiful and excellent and it says a great deal for the organization that such a large body of men is fed with such celerity.

Shortly after getting under way, the crew of the ship began getting the life boats swung out and overhauled and at the time of going to press, the boats are swung in readiness.

We have all had our alarms for practice and the various units can now take up their posts very smartly. All portholes are of course painted black and at night not a light shows. All ranks must at all times wear their life-belts, except when in bed, when the belts must be placed near the head.

For the first two days of the trip we were passing through dense fog, and we had little opportunity of seeing what the ship really could do.

The ship is in command of Captain Hayes, R. N. R., one of the most efficient masters afloat. His very presence inspires confidence. The various close calls of the ship on previous trooping expeditions are exciting. She seems to have had every kind of experience from being fired on by submarines to being bombarded by aeroplanes and from all of them she has emerged scathless.

In the Train Edition of The Scot reference was made to a dining car waiters allusion to the station of "Schreiber" as bearing a German name. In deference to one of our most respected officers we wish to say the name, so far as he is concerned at least goes back for several centuries in the County of Cork in that Little Bit of Heaven called Ireland.