

The Western Scot

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POT POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

The conclusion of the papering job in the ante-room is a great success. Sure enough, we lost all our pet draughts and the paper goes ill with our "pash" curtains; but oh, you home sweet home!

Terrible as it appeared in anticipation, the inspection on Wednesday last passed off without any casualties and with none reported missing.

It would hardly be possible to imagine a more genial, and at the same time thoroughly efficient investigator, than the Inspector-General for the West.

The attendance of officers at mess dinner of late has been noticeably better.

Who is the officer that remarked when told that prohibition was suggested for Scotland, that raising the price of booze would have the same effect.

General Montgomery, lately in command of the Forces on James Island, having returned to the mess, the bill at the Pantages may be expected to improve.

NO. 1 COMPANY

The strength of the Company has been increased by the arrival of six more men from the Cariboo. They appear to measure up to the Cariboo standard alright.

Wonders will never cease. Another stove has made its appearance. Like Lloyd George, we whisper "too late," as of course in Victoria it is never cold after the middle of January. We don't think.

One of our most aristocratic members, to wit, Sergt. Morden, has left us for the purpose of going to a training college for officers in England. To see Harty in civilians' is a sight for sore eyes, and he appears (see social and personal columns), to have left Victoria in a blaze of glory. We wonder if Harty will tell those simple folks across the water that he was a sergeant in Canada, don't you know!

No. 2 Platoon wants to know when the members of the Brass Band will emerge from their spasmodic hibernation. We use the word spasmodic as they do come out of their winter quarters once in a while. We noticed in last week's issue their spokesman apologized for their seclusion, and we hope that No. 2 Platoon, aforesaid, will accept this apology in the spirit in which it is tendered.

Pte. William Fawcett, of No. 3 Platoon, was married last Sunday to Miss Irene Carter, of this city. The ceremony took place at Christ Church Cathedral, and Cpl. Fortner performed in a highly creditable manner the arduous and important duties of best man. The many friends of the happy couple wish them both the best of luck.

What's the matter with the coffee? To use a military simile, it has a double pull—a steady pressure down and a squeeze-up. In all due humility we advise the fire-leaders in the kitchen to use combined sights—fresh coffee and fresh water.

Heard at the inspection the other day. Where were you born? In Bolton, sir. Ah, in England. No, Lancashire.

Another Irishman. Where were you born? California, sir. How long have you lived in Canada? All my life, sir.

Extract from Daily Colonist, January 15th, 1916: "Among those noticed at the ball given by the sergeants of the 67th Battalion, were Sergt. Morden and many others."

The Canteen Committee have blown themselves by buying seats for the whole battalion at the afternoon performance of the "Birth of a Nation" on Tuesday. This was greatly appreciated, and as it would appear that we have a large reserve, doubtless further treats are in store for us. We would suggest prizes being offered for the best ideas. Of course that of building a new canteen would never suggest itself to anyone.

Tom Hood and Artemus Ward only take second place to Sergt. Brice on physical drill days.

NO. 2 COMPANY

Sunday and no wood; so a call came for a Volunteer Wood Parade, one not very acceptable to the men, even though the weather was snappy, but they got there just the same, bringing in their sheaves of wood to carry the Company over until Monday, when it paraded in force, piling up enough wood to last the week. Some parade, eh, boys? and something like heavy marching order with no shirkers.

Tuesday—Fall in at 9 for route march and some route march it was, over slippery roads and around snow banks at 128 to the minute; yet none fell by the wayside. Is the O.C. training us for the Highland Light Infantry? we are wondering. Yet it brings results. Did everyone enjoy "The Birth of a Nation" that same afternoon? I did for one, but strange to say, most of the men I have talked with about it, like myself, enjoyed the second part the best. The Ku Klux Clan was good, but the cleaning out of the bar-room was some stunt. That it gripped some of the men, there is no doubt, for, when the white man was in the bar talking with the nigger, one of our men behind me said somewhat disgustedly: "Why don't he swat him?" When he did get busy there was something doing.

That the 67th made a good impression on the Inspector-General, there can be no doubt, and No. 2 is to be complimented on the way they carried on. No slackness or delay by officers or men in giving or executing commands. The Company showed an esprit de corps which could not fail to satisfy the Inspector-General, who seemed pleased at the way the men carried on, especially when at the commands of C.S.M. Johnson, the Company doubled to make way for No. 3.

That the men of the 67th can make themselves comfortable under trying circumstances was plainly proved on Thursday's route march by the number of fires that were soon blazing, the men sitting around them singing, etc., to pass the time till tea was ready. By the time it was ready the rations had disappeared, and from remarks overheard more sandwiches would have been welcome. It wasn't a long march, but a trying one in every way, and it speaks well for the physical condition of the men that they stood it so well.

What luck! No. 2 bathing and swimming parade cancelled for the second time! Where is the Jinx? Can't some of you dig him out?

It was a pleasure for the officers present at the R.A.M.C. lecture to notice the earnest attention the men paid to it and the demonstration of bandaging given by our genial instructor.

By the way, has anyone followed the directions so plainly and clearly given as to how to cut one's throat? If so, I have not heard of it yet.

Stick to it boys, absorb all information and learn all you possibly can on this subject, for it is one every man going to the firing line should know, and knowing how and what to do at the right time may mean saving the life of your best friend, or perhaps your own. From experience I know how invaluable first aid knowledge is on the firing line, how the lack of it has meant the death of many good men whose life could no doubt have been saved by knowledge of first aid. So stick to it and get busy with your bandages.

Good work, boys; go to it. I heard you last night and this morning A.B.C.D. Semaphore signals. Kep it up! It may get some of us out of a tight place some day.

NO. 3 COMPANY

Can anyone give an estimate of the length of stride of a certain very tall lieutenant, when he leads No. 3 Company, and why it is that he keeps step entirely with himself?