

The Western Scot

Vol. I.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., MARCH 15th, 1916

No. 23

POT POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

We hate to do it, but after reading one in "The Kilt," of the Seventy-Twa recently we cannot refrain. Yes, this is true, and it happened in our West Gate guard room (Heaven forgive us!).

Sergeant: "Pte. Doherty, what would you regard as an 'unusual occurrence'?"

"Such as a sentry box marking time, Sir!"

Overheard in the lines on publication day: "I don't see much in this here pot poor-i!" "Neither do we, but we have to do it. It's a punishment, just like pack drill!"

Our esteemed friend The Victoria Times intimated editorially on Friday evening that the Germans are contemplating remodelling their navy for land fighting. The editorial stated that the Hun navy would have to fight "on ground of England's choosing."

Lieut. Baker is strong for carrying out orders. "The Book" says that one of a soldier's first duties when under fire is to take cover. When Fred came under fire at our first mess meeting quizz, he did! But the C.O. is an officer of experience!

Officers miss much of the fun enjoyed by other ranks. For instance, we often wonder why, when the 'phone in No. 1 Company's orderly room rings, there are loud cries of: "Thomas! Thomas!!"

This is the umpty-umpth day of the war and the 'steenth day of our loiter "on the eve of departure." Oh, well—tarry on!

Good-bye, 62nd, and good luck! Our prayers go with you. Reserve us a box for the Big Show!

Officer in orderly room to witness: "Describe what passed between the prisoner and Pte. Brown." Witness: "It was a regular issue canteen, sir, without any handle!"

Our billets lie over the ocean,

Our billets lie over the sea,

Our billets lie over the ocean,

And that's where we all long to be.

According to The Times' line-up for Saturday's football match we have another hyphenated member of the mess—Capt. Okellor-Fenton.

Also, what does Wullie-o'-the-Pipes ken of machine guns? Why did the programme of the Military Band concert announce the machine gun demonstration as directed by Capt. Okell "under Pipe-Major Wishart"?

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM

An occasional gleam of humor relieves the otherwise steady grind in the Orderly Room. We had one the other day when a lady 'phoned up and asked if she might register a complaint. On being informed that she might certainly do so, she requested that the Pipe-Major be asked if he would kindly see that the pipers didn't make quite so much noise going around the Willows corner, as they woke up all the babies in the neighborhood.

We extend a hearty welcome to our new Medical Officer and Paymaster, and hope they will be with us to the finish.

With all the extra work thrown on the Orderly Room Staff lately, there is considerable head-scratching as to when they will find time to polish up the new equipment, and study the mechanism of the animal. It looks no easy job.

The Staff wishes to extend its hearty thanks to the Staff of the 50th Gordons for their hospitality at lunch recently.

A number of photos have been received this week for the Regimental album, for which we are duly thankful, but like Oliver Twist, we still want more. A special word of thanks to Sergeant Pugh, who brought in a large number of very interesting snapshots.

Stan. Young, the genial secretary of the Y.M.C.A. at the Willows, has at last attained a much desired wish and been

sworn in as a member of the 67th. We are glad to have him with us.

SALLIES FROM THE SERGEANTS

Sergt. Haines, our champion transferee, is still living up to his reputation of being the most versatile man in the Battalion. He is now acting as B.S.M. As far as we know, he has had no experience as an aeronaut, but should we start a Flying Section in the Battalion, we have no doubt he would be able to rise to the occasion and take charge of it. We say this irrespective of the fact that we have never seen him go "up in the air" whilst handling any of his other jobs.

Our one real distingue member, Bandmaster Turner, was much to the fore at the last of our "Last Farewell Concerts." The concert was billed as being given by the Brass—beg pardon—Military Band, but 'as a matter of fact, the only items we particularly noticed were: 1st, Bandmaster Turner; 2nd, Sergt. Turner; 3rd, Prof. Turner; 4th, Louis Turner; 5th, Mr. Turner.

We were not aware that Nicholls was a Scots name, but from the enthusiastic manner in which Staff Sergt.-Major Nicholls (since he put the "crown" up we are rather chary of referring to him as "Nick") applauded the efforts of the Pipe Band, "under Pipe-Major Wishart," we are inclined to think that, if not a Scotsman, there must at any rate be a little Scotch in him.

One of the sergeants sends this one in from the West Gate Guard:

Sergeant: "You must learn your orders off by heart. Be able to spit 'em out smartly. You'll be on sentry-go when Visiting Rounds comes along and if you get your "orders" off correctly the officer will go away with the impression you are a good soldier."

Sentry: "Yes, and put me on guard again!"

We congratulate Sergt. Paul on his promotion. There are others also who have joined us recently to whom we extend congratulations, but we mention Paul in particular as we have a good story to tell about him:

He was going home one night when he was accosted by a gentleman who was in what the classical would call an ebrious condition, but, to save misunderstanding, we will say the man was soused. He requested Paul to help him home, which he did. On reaching his front door he wished Paul good night, only to call him back after he had gone about ten paces. "Well, sir, what do you want?" says Paul. "I can't find my door key." This being found, Paul turned to go, but was again called back. Getting a little impatient, he rather curtly enquired what was now wanted. "I can't open my door." Paul opened the door and felt assured he was through with his troublesome friend. He had barely started to proceed to his own home when he was again called for.

"What the dickens do you want now?"

"I just wanted to know the name of the gentleman to whom I am indebted."

"My name is Paul."

"Good night, Mr. Paul; good night, thank you, Mr. Paul."

Paul hurried away, but was halted by the insistent cry of "Mr. Paul, Mr. Paul, Mr. Paul."

Paul was now thoroughly exasperated. "I've brought you home, found your door key, opened your door, and told you my name; what on earth do you want now?"

Oh, Mr. Paul, I just wanted to ask you did you (hic) ever get an answer to that very long letter you wrote to the Ephesians?"

NO. 1 COMPANY

"Somewhere the sun is shining!
Somewhere the sky is blue!!"

Perhaps. For the past few days have not been without sadly solemn moments when our recently established faith in

FRY'S PURE BREAKFAST COCOAS AND CHOCOLATE