

# The Western Scot

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## OFFICERS' POT POURRI

Any man requiring physic should apply to Lieutenant Armstrong, who can supply Epsom Salts in large or small quantities.

The keenness and zest of Lieutenant Wooler is much to be admired. He did not allow the sea voyage to interfere with his physical training. He walked miles and miles daily round the deck.

Everyone knows that an escort as "pacer" is essential to really efficient training.

Several men are buying air cushions. We naturally supposed that they were to use them as pillows; but according to one of our wits there is some connection between these purchases and the persistence of the rumour that we are to wear kilts!

We have just read and enjoyed "The First Hundred Thousand," by Ian Hay. A certain piece of dialogue between Privates Ogg and Hogg reminded us that a certain big wig amongst our non-commissioned officers must be relieved that these two men are not in our battalion. For their sakes we would have to re-christen them Ogg I. and Ogg II., or Hogg I. and Hogg II.

It is untrue that one of our most respected subalterns was the cause of the seaman falling into the water at Liverpool.

We trust that good high railings will be put round the stairway leading to our new mess, for the protection of visiting officers.

Even the Colonel felt the wearisomeness of the last train journey from Liverpool to Camp in the tiny compartments. At Woking a private was imbibing a little fresh air through the open window, and the Colonel was similarly recuperating in the next compartment. The private was almost overcome when the Colonel said: "Weel, Bartlett, are you sleepin' or waukin'?"

Major Stuart Armour spent several days up in London visiting the second of his brothers to suffer wounds in the present war. All three brothers have now spilled blood in the field of battle.

A wet mess and a wet canteen at last! Now we have returned to the days of our youth, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land. How the dicky-burde would have enjoyed it all!

On a recent route march Sergeant Brice and Corporal Railton were having an argument as to which English county was the home of cricket. Sergeant Brice favoured Hampshire, and when Corporal Railton demanded the name of the first man, the ever-witty sergeant replied "Adam."

## A RECORD

Our "Train" Edition of the "Scot" has established a record. No other unit has ever attempted the feat, and it is one which we would not care to undertake again. We understand that the only other occasion on which a newspaper was published on a train was in America by an advertising convention, but on that occasion there was a specially-equipped car attached to the train.

## THANKS FROM THE STRETCHER BEARER SECTION

It would be difficult to express our deep sense of gratitude, on leaving Victoria, to those ministering angels of the V.A.D. and local Red Cross organization, who have so ungrudgingly contributed in time and material towards the comforts and necessities of our sick in hospital at the Willows. They'll be aye to memory dear. If any lady can be singled out for special thanks it is Mrs. Chas. Wilson, who has invariably taken the lead in these good works. Our all too inadequate thanks we beg to convey on behalf of the Western Scots.

## THE PLEASURES OF TRAVEL

After our twenty-day trip across continent and ocean we feel that we can add a chapter to the immortal work, "The Pleasures of Life." In spite of the wearisome nature of parts of the journey, we certainly found much pleasure in travelling. Quite apart from the interests and excitement of passing through the various large cities of Canada, and the pleasure which naturally attends a hearty send-off from our own country; apart also from the enjoyment of the sea trip and the stimulating excitement of the last part of the voyage through the danger zone, there was an interest from within which we believe was universal. We refer to the close friendships that we were able to form with members of our own battalion en route. When at the Willows we most of us had our own little circle of friends, and saw very little of other members of our company and battalion. Moreover, we had formed rash opinions of certain men, based on trivial incidents which a closer acquaintanceship has absolutely dispelled. We find that men whom we considered stand-offish and officious were merely reserved. We started on the journey thinking that our friends in the battalion could be counted on the fingers of one hand. We arrive at our destination with the satisfying knowledge that our friends are legion.

There is some sort of goodness in things evil, and the tediousness and weariness of our long journey is surely amply repaid by the spirit of unity which has blossomed and borne good fruit en route.

The writer would like to quote the words of one of the officers on H.M.T. 2810 anent this, but modesty forbids.

## OUR FIRST FOOTBALL MATCH ON ENGLISH SOIL

On Saturday, the 15th inst., we played our first soccer match in England. Our opponents were the South African Scottish, our present neighbours in Bordon Camp. The game was played in a high wind, which prevented the greatest degree of skill, but an excellent brand of football was served up. The teams proved to be very evenly balanced, no score being registered till within a few minutes of time, when a swift, low shot beat our gallant Dakers, our worthy opponents thus emerging victors. There was an immense crowd on hand, lining the ropes four deep. During the interval our brass band regaled the spectators with popular airs.

We think, perhaps, in this match history was made, this being the first occasion when South Africans and British Columbians have ever met on the field of sport.