

The Western Scot

Vol. 1.

AT THE FRONT, AUG. 23, 1916.

No. 44.

SHAVINGS FROM THE PIONEERS' WORKSHOP.

Well, boys, we made it all right and it was sure some night march, too. Jimmy Cope was heard to ask the sergeant if he would be allowed to wear a pair of spurs, as his pack was so light that he had some difficulty in staying on the ground. He thought that by digging the spurs into the ground at every step he could keep himself from being wafted off on the night breeze. But, joking aside, the Pioneer Section of the Pioneer Battalion are right there with the staying powers. As one of our senior officers was once heard to remark, "If you want anything done and done right, just leave it to the Pioneers."

* * * *

Who was the sergeant who made up Cross's pack the other night? He was sure some blacksmith, judging by the amount of iron he put in it.

* * * *

The staff sergeants were right there with the goods, too, considering that they have never done any route marching, every man coming in strong at the finish. Keep it up, old staff.

* * * *

On Tuesday night we had the pleasure of seeing one of the best company football games ever played by the Western Scots, between B Coy. and the staff teams, which was won by the staff by the score of three to two. The game was very fast right from the start and some good football was seen. Of the two, the staff team displayed the better football, but what the Bees lacked in science they made up for in pep, and it was only the superior tactics of Nicol, Shearman and Dakers that won for the staff. The Bees had their rooters out in full force and kept things pretty lively for the veterans, the B.S.M. getting all of his share of the boosting. Well, we like to see the boosters out, it is a poor man who can't boost for his own team, and we would like to see them out in larger numbers when we have a game on with another Battalion. The staff and D Coy. play the final for the Battalion championship some time next week.

* * * *

It sure looks like the real thing this time, and we are in high hopes of getting into the big noise in a day or two, so by the time this is in print we shall have been in France for some days. Well, we have waited very patiently for over a year now, so we are sure glad to get our chance at last.

* * * *

D Coy. and the staff football teams played off the final for the Battalion championship on Monday night, which resulted in a draw, neither team being able to score a point. It was a good clean game all the way and some very snappy football was seen at times by both teams. The staff were without the services of Shearman at centre, and if the veteran had been playing the staff would have finished on the long end of the score, as they seemed to be in better condition than the D.'s. Several good chances went a-begging on both sides, but the game on the whole was only worth a draw.

* * * *

We expect to hear the Battalion getting the nickname of the Roundheads when we get to the other side, as there seems to be an epidemic in the haircutting business, and Corpl. Burke isn't seeming to profit by it either.

* * * *

We thought we were going to lose Joe this week, but the whole section were pleased to see him come out on top as usual. "You can't stick Joe."

Since we last appeared in print the majority of our section have had a few days' leave and the pleasure of visiting their old home towns again. Corpl. Pritchard went to Shrewsbury and had a real good time around his old haunts. Pte. Jimmy Lister went to Glasgow and also visited a few small towns in Fife. Jimmy would have stayed a few days longer, but thought that he would get enough of his pack after he left Bramshott without having to pack it around in the evenings, so he arrived back on time. Pte. Robinson went to Carlisle, where he left lots of friends before going to B.C. Joe, like the others, reports having a fine time and was heard asking the sergeants for another pass this week. Our sergeant and two privates went to London for the week-end. The one went to see his wife, the other to see his sister, and the sergeant went to see his cousin, and all arrived home on Sunday night and told us that London was still in the same place.

* * * *

Since one of our *single* privates had his teeth nicely fixed a few of the married men in the section would like to know why he prefers walking out alone now. However, we heard that the last girl Paddy took home politely told him not to call again until he got his teeth, so Pat has waited patiently for the ivories. Now he is looking for the girl, but if she is wise she will keep out of Pat's way.

* * * *

Pte. Trickett is another of our boys who is smiling all the time now showing his ivory, but we would like to know when they are going to wear them in the dining room, as it is really surprising how many sets of teeth are laid on the shelf when "cook-house" blows and taken down again at the sound of "fall in," but we would rather see them left in the huts than laid on the table, as was done by one corporal in our dining room.

* * * *

We have now got a real live mule shoer in the section, and any person wishing for a lecture in that department need only apply to Pte. Boyd, Hut 22. "Some kickers, Jimmy."

* * * *

We have also got Frank Anderson and Sandy Sheret in our section now. Both have been with the Battalion since it wore short clothes and straw hats, therefore don't need an introduction to the boys.

LOOT.

One cold afternoon at a quarter to one,
I was hiking along feeling pretty well done,
When whom should I meet but a most obese Hun,
Regaling himself with a tupenny bun.
Now you must admit that it's capital fun
To see a Hun eating a tupenny bun.
Without introduction I pulled out my gun,
And off went the waddy old Hun on the run.
Now, the mud was knee-deep, and my boots weighed a ton,
And besides, he had dropped his big tupenny bun.
Of food for two days I'd partaken of none,
And I felt I deserved the Hun's loot I had won;
So I scraped off the mud, and where Hans had begun
I finished the job—it was most neatly done!
'Tis said there is nothing new under the sun,
But I'm sure you'll admit that it's topping fine fun
To "do" a fat "Fritz" for his tupenny bun.

C. L. A.