

The Western Scot

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POT POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

Major-General Currie must have been quite alarmed, if he read a recent number of "The Sketch," to learn that he was present at the burning of the Canadian Parliament Building in Ottawa while he thought he was in —. However, "The Sketch" makes it unmistakable by publishing his photo inset in a picture of the ruins with an explanatory caption describing how he "gallantly carried a line of hose to a point of vantage."

We are still "on the eve of departure."

Swank doesn't make a soldier, and pride goeth before a cropper. As Chaucer has it: "The higher they fly the harder they fall, and he that cansteth the bull and getteth down to brass tacks shall, in the fullness of time, become a main squeeze."

It is explained that the new knives that are being supplied to the men of the 67th are weapons of opportunity.

We wonder if the band and all ranks have taken the trouble to learn our suggested farewell song to the tune of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"—published a week or two ago?

Well, when the order to move finally does come, we sincerely hope it will not be followed by, "As you were!"

Say "good-bye" to the friends you know
And set your house in order;
Pay all your bills before we go,
Or hear from the Recorder.

The first day of March is a feast day. It was generally noted that the genial Major Meredith Jones sprung a leak in his Glen that day.

Everyone should be kind to us now, because one of these days, honest-to-Agnes, we're going away from here. Yes, there's a regular war on, you know; people being killed, and all that sort of thing, and we are to serve. In fact, we're serving now. "They also serve who only stand and wait!"

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM

Congratulations to Major Sutton on his joining the Ranks of the Benedicts. The arrows of the little god Cupid appear to have accomplished much more effective work than the more up-to-date weapons of the Huns. We hope that the Major's second experience of the latter will be entirely free of any casualties and that he will return to enjoy many years of connubial bliss.

Major Meredith Jones celebrated St. David's Day by adorning his glengarry with a leek. We don't remember ever having heard of the combination before. Well, we don't mind the gallant Major wearing the leek on his cap, as we know well enough there is no leak inside it.

A private of No. 1 Company had a week's leave recently. He left camp with a quite respectable growth on his upper lip, but came back with it bare. On being questioned, he replied that he had left same with the Q.M.S., but apparently, like several other things, it had got lost or been mislaid.

The Orderly Room was "under fire" last Thursday for the first time, when the hurricane smashed one of the windows. Several casualties might have happened, but luckily didn't. The glass splattered all over the Colonel's desk, and but for the fact that he had gone into the main room to speak to someone, he would probably have been badly cut. "Fitz" is now enquiring as to premiums on accident insurance.

We have had our Poet's Corner for some time, but we now have an even greater attraction of interest in Geoffrey Chaucer's Printing Press, which occupies part of the space reserved for the "Western Scot."

Many thanks to the few—very few, we are sorry to say—who responded to our request for views and photos for the Regimental Album. But we have lots of room for more, so please step up, you modest youths.

One of our subalterns has the reputation of being amongst the very best dancers in Victoria. As he is also a crack shot, we expect he is looking forward to giving Wilhelm a few lessons in the "dancing" game.

Now that we have a printing press, we would also like to have a moving picture machine to take along with us. Then those at home can both read of us and see our doings as well.

We are glad to see that B.S.M. Lindsay has been confirmed in his rank, and extend our congratulations to him. "Hughie" has always been popular from the time he was in the Gordons, and a popular B.S.M. makes a big difference to a battalion, as any member of the Sergeants' Mess will readily tell you.

The Orderly Room Staff extends its sincerest thanks and appreciation to Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Nicholls for their hospitality recently. A bounteous spread was followed by a most enjoyable social time, with cards, music, etc., and everyone from the B.S.M. downwards expressed themselves as having had the time of their lives. We doubt if "Nick" ever previously realized what a "musical" staff he had, but we certainly had some great choruses. Here's to you, Nick! and may you have many more years to enjoy life, is the wish of the entire staff.

NO. 1 COMPANY

During the past week unsettled weather has more or less interfered with outside work again. A fine afternoon favored the Battalion Church Parade at Beacon Hill Park on Sunday, which, in addition to the military, was attended by quite a large civilian element. On Monday morning musketry was the order of the day, but upon arrival at the ranges such a breeze was blowing that it had to be postponed, and a route march substituted in the morning, with an outpost duty drill in the afternoon.

Tuesday morning, set down for field operations, was again unpromising, and was replaced by physical jerks, company drill and route march. Wednesday we again visited the ranges, and this time with better luck. The 500 yards application and 200 yards snap-shooting, we understand, complete our musketry course here.

Thursday—well, Thursday was pay-day for one thing, and quite the most interesting event of the week to many of us. During the morning we also underwent a final medical examination, with no disastrous results that we have heard of. The day also included an instructive lecture from Lieut. Marsden on scouting. Friday was devoted to a route march, a lecture by Capt. Helliwell, and company drill; also to searching for some solid foundation to the persistent rumors concerning general leave over the weekend.

To be "up in the morning early," we have been assured from our youth up to be one of the keynotes of success, but we wish those aspiring ones, who seem to wake with the sun, would exercise a little thoughtfulness for those others, who feel that reveille comes soon enough to suit their case.

While thankfulness is felt for the recent illumination of certain outbuildings, it is suggested that a light hung at each entrance to our building would be a convenience greatly appreciated, particularly at the back entrance; also it might discourage a great deal of the private enterprise we have noticed amongst certain individuals in coming back to barracks considerably "lit up."

Company 1 is making the most of its last few days in Victoria. We hear that on the other side there is more bully beef and fewer luxuries, such as chicken, etc., etc. Some members of the company, however, are of the opinion that the plainer fare may be more wholesome.

Oh, Mister Dooley!

One or two of the smaller store-keepers—just outside the barracks—are thinking of adopting as a business motto, "Take the cash and let the credit go!" As the Battalion is now about to leave it is to be hoped that all members of it will remember the past favors they have received from the said store-keepers, and will leave them with more than the proverbial "soldier's farewell."

Taffy Hughes had the most exciting time of his life the other evening while discussing his favorite cabinet with a friend in the language of his motherland.

The conversation got so interesting that a looker-on, mistaking Taffy for a German spy, sent for a police patrol. Amid the

FRY'S PURE BREAKFAST COCOAS AND CHOCOLATE