

The Western Scot

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No. 21

HERE WE GO

Extract from letter received by D.S.A., M.D. No. 11, from Headquarters, Ottawa:

"I have the honour, by direction, to inform you that the following overseas Battalions in your District have been selected to proceed on overseas service, as recommended by you, as soon as the necessary ships are available:

"62nd and 67th Overseas Battalions."

POT POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

This isn't a "Farewell Edition." We have already said "Farewell!" So please consider us gone and don't speak to us until we come back—victorious!

The Pipe Band's concert and the Military Band's Ball last week were both genuine successes and deservedly so. The ball was a most enjoyable affair and the band and those who assisted in the arrangements are to be heartily congratulated. The Pipe Band, having had a ba' in a ha' some time ago, gave a concert in the Old Victoria Theatre on Wednesday night, and are still receiving praise for the excellence of the entertainment. They were generously assisted by some of Victoria's foremost talent. Some idea of the splendid attendance may be formed from the fact that even Wee Wullie appeared to be fairly well satisfied.

For the first time since its formation the entire Battalion came under fire on Monday afternoon last. Photographer Brown was the enemy and the battlefield was the front steps of the Parliament Buildings. Judging by the fine quality of the picture, Camera-Gunner Brown had his fuses judged to a nicety.

We hate to hand ourselves any salve or arrogate unto ourselves any attar of roses, but we will say that the nice words anent the Battalion's smart appearance spoken by so many citizens after Monday's dress parade are not hard to listen to.

"Has any orders come?" is a common question in the lines these days, although the grammar we use is, fortunately rare. Yes, orders have come. Look at the front page of this issue.

If any doubts existed concerning the nationality of Major Harbottle they were set at rest at the Military Band's ba' in the ha'. His dancing of the Highland Schottische connected him with the Land o' Cakes.

Speaking of the ball, it may be noted that Major Christie didn't miss a number.

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM

The Military Ball last week was very successful and much enjoyed by all present. Incidentally, several marks of appreciation were heard from the ranks regarding Major Christie and Major Harbottle, who both danced and stayed to the end of the programme. Bon camaraderie, such as they have shown, not only on this but on several other occasions, is perhaps more appreciated than they imagine. The orderly room was well represented by both commissioned and non-commissioned ranks.

We were pleased to have a visit of inspection on our books from Major Gillespie last week. As usual, everything was satisfactory, but the 67th is now getting used to complimentary remarks after inspection of any kind.

Congratulations to Orderly Room Sergeant-Major Nicholls on his promotion, which is a source of gratification to all his fellow members of the staff.

Some commissioned officers in Victoria seemed to resent the presence of some privates at a recent dansant in The Empress. We are glad to say that none of them were 67th officers.

A certain music store on Fort Street might show a little more discrimination in its display of song music. Take a stroll past some time and read the titles consecutively. One line

starts thus, "Abide With Me" "Thora" "Till the Boys Come Home."

Regarding the alleged "no smoking" rule, we should be glad to have it applied to the worst smoker in the orderly room—the stove.

Where and when will the next "Farewell" dance be?

SERGEANTS' MESS GOSSIP

The last time we wrote we expected the next writing would be en voyage, but we are still here.

Prof. Louis Turner, our bandmaster, who has changed his title of "Professor" to the more honourable one (in these times), of "Sergeant," is distinctly one of the acquisitions of the Battalion. It's a treat to watch him handling his orchestra, with the dignity of a Wagner, the eccentricities of a Rossi, and the dash and execution of a Sousa.

Sergt. Leslie, of the Transport, was there with bells on our last route march. Although it was the first time the Transport Section have gone into camp on a march, he handled his wagons in fine style.

MacMasters, of "Big Brother. Sylvest" fame, is certainly some rustler. He managed to rustle enough crockery around the empty houses when we went into bivouac to save the officers from eating out of their mess tins.

"Jack" Fenton has been at it again. We managed to annex the Battalion welterweight championship. Fenton believes it to be just as satisfactory if you can't put your opponent away to let him put himself hors de combat, by breaking his (the opponent's) hand on his (Fenton's) head.

We understand that Bandmaster Turner and Pipe-Major Wishart are going to have one right royal game of poker. The stakes will be \$1,000 by Turner against Sergt. Drummer Sims by the "Canny Scot."

Many of the sergeants unattached to Companies take this opportunity of thanking the Sergeant-Major and Sergeants of Nos. 2 and 3 Companies for hospitality extended since the loss of the mess. Little kindnesses of this kind help to bind us all together.

All kinds of rumors are prevalent anent the time and manner of our departure for overseas. The latest, however, is a world-beater. The man who told it to us had just returned from Vancouver. He had a dull tired look in his eye. He borrowed a cigarette paper, shook a little white powder on it, and launched forth. "Yes, we are going to leave next week. Owing to the fact that snow-slides are occurring in the Rockies, we are not going that way. The old C. P. R. boat, SS. Mount Royal, is being fitted up as a transport, men working on it night and day. No British men-of-war being available, our escort is going to be two Japanese destroyers at present laying out in the Bay." Roll another pill, Bill!

NO. 1 COMPANY

The greatly improved weather conditions of the past week have done much to establish our belief in the fervent and often heated claims of Victorians concerning their winter climate. Certainly this latest sample of it leaves nothing to be desired. So we grasp this opportunity of humbly withdrawing any reflections we may have cast upon it during the past few months, with the saving clause, that one swallow does not make a summer. But this delightful change has more to it than in merely giving substance to the repeated claims of these good people. The sunshine and balmy breezes have driven away the last of the quarantine depression, and outside work has become possible again.

This has been quite an eventful week. With Sunday, came into force the privilege of travelling free of charge, for a period, on the B.C.E.R. system. Three men of No. 1 Company claim the distinction of being the first to benefit by this generous concession, having boarded a car when Sunday the 20th., was but 50 seconds old. On Monday morning we were able to use parts

FRY'S PURE BREAKFAST COCOAS AND CHOCOLATE