

being made up for another 1,000-mile journey. Not the comfortable tourist cars the C.P.R. gave us, but little two by four narrow gauge coal trucks, with a six inch deposit at the bottom of each.

General Sherman is reported to have said "War is hell." Well, if that is so, we had our first taste of it in the next fourteen days, running mostly in the daytime, as bridges and culverts were blown up ahead of us in places. However, everything comes to an end, and eventually we reached our destination, Krugersdorp, in the Transvaal, fingering our new Lee-Metfords and wondering what a Boer looked like. He saw us later.

H. M. CAMPBELL,
The Draft.

IDLE MUSINGS OF A BUSY SENTRY

"Sentries pass." I'm on for a two hour spell. Good Lord, it sounds like an age. It's funny that we should have to be here guarding this gate. Doesn't seem to me that there is anything to guard round the Willows. They can have my share of it if they want to cart it away. Another officer. I think they must pass just to have us sloping arms and saluting them. Wish I was one. Must be rather fun to have some poor buck private do that to you.

The sergeant is looking at me with a cold gleam in his eye which means that I have had more than the regulation five minutes "stand at ease." More marching. Got enough of that yesterday on the route march down town without having to pace from the gate to the telegraph pole for the best part of two hours. Gee I must hustle back, there go the 88th out for a "swank" parade. "Guard turnout." Of course the guard made a mess of the "present" and the sergeant blamed me. "Gott Strafe Sergeants" as we say in Berlin.

More marching up and down. The government must have lots of money to pay for shoe leather used up in this useless way. Wish I were in the government. I'd show 'em. Talk to bust in on a fellow's good time. Here comes the B.C. Horse. "Guard turnout." Hope the guard doesn't ball up that "present." They did it fairly well. I dropped my rifle. More hell.

Again on the move. Most important things that have happened since the "Beastly" Horse went by is the arrival of the Silver Spring Brewery wagon. Why don't they turn out the guard for important things like that. Gee, the sergeants must use a lot of that stuff. Look at them still carrying it in, and by the keg too. More trouble, here comes the camp orderly officer. "Guard turnout." No luck. Called down again for having my belt too loose, my jacket bunched up behind and my buttons dirty. They're getting too blamed particular for anything in this battalion. You'd think I have nothing to do. Gosh all hemlock, there goes the colonel and or pretend I didn't see him. Thank heaven here comes my relief.

"SENTRIES PASS."

GREAT BEAUTY CONTEST

It gives the management of the "Western Scot" great pleasure to announce a stupendous voting contest for the handsomest private or N.C.O. in the regiment. Already great enthusiasm has been displayed and the number of votes received has made it necessary for us to increase our staff and office equipment by four sergeants, two corporals, thirteen privates and two adding machines. At the time of going to press the following entrants' names had been received:

Votes		Votes	
Private Smith	10,003	Sgt. Johnston, Band..	001
Sergeant Watson.....	903	Sgt. Wishart, Band...	000
Corp. Higgins, No. 1..	042	Pte. Jones, Q.M. Stores	000
Pte. Winters, No. 5...	010	Sgt. McKay, No. 4...	000
C.Q.M.S. Jones, No. 5	002	Pte. Armstrong, No. 4	000

Although a number of the contestants have not received any votes as yet, it is thought that they are keeping a number of them back and will shoot them in at the last moment, so look out. Private Smith, who now heads the list, is our popular and efficient policeman. The conditions of the contest are that votes shall be delivered wrapped in silver paper and accompanied by a twenty dollar gold piece, Canadian preferred, at the orderly room, not later than 11.59 p.m. every Sunday and not earlier than 11.58½ p.m. the same night. Roll up and get your friends in on this.

THE OLD SCOUT SAYS

That as a "Salome" dancer Pte. J. L. Campbell has no equal. We would like to know what brand of shoe polish he used on a certain occasion.

That Pte. M. Howe proved himself an able scout the other day. Whilst the Battalion was engaged in the passing of oral messages, Pte. Howe passed the time away stalking live quail. On expressing surprise at his dexterity, he informed us that when on hunting trips he invariably dispenses with a rifle, the same being quite unnecessary, yet he has no difficulty in keeping his larder supplied with such game as grouse, pheasants, quail and jack rabbits. The latter he, of course, runs down, thinking it too unsportsmanlike to take them without giving them a good running start. We also understand that Howe is a perfect devil among the "chickens."

That some enquiries have been made recently by those lacking a classical education as to the meaning of the words "verb-sap," which have been appearing at the end of different paragraphs in the "Scot" of late. In response, we are pleased to be able to state that the same is the Latin for "A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse."

That the latest addition to our ranks is Pte. "Frenchy" Perrin. We are very pleased to welcome him within the fold. "Frenchy" speaks French fluently and has promised to teach that language to the rest of the Section between halts on the march whilst we are waiting for the rest of the Battalion to make up their lost ground.

That in Pte. J. J. Donnelly we have discovered another dark horse. Any time we are doubtful of the distance between given points, "J. J." is always willing to oblige by working it out for us trigonometrically.

That during a recent lecture re "Listening Posts," one of the fellows wanted to know whether the post was a cedar post or only imaginary. Although, as we have hinted in some previous notes, Ptes. Wolf and Thomas are naturally fitted for this particular kind of posts—"listening" or otherwise—still, "Shorty Smith."

That our O.C. never expects the men to do anything which he is unable to do himself, and gave a striking example of this a few days ago. One thing he has particularly impressed on the men is that when skirmishing they must immediately drop to the ground when halted. We were marching at the head of the Battalion down Hillside Avenue when the bugle suddenly blew the "Halt." It was then that Mr. Marsden gave the exhibition referred to. As an example of celerity in taking to the ground it was very instructive, but we would respectfully submit that a "first-class metalled road" is not the most comfortable place that could have been selected.

That the space allotted to us by the Editor is supposed to be used on matters concerning the Scout Section only, but we cannot let the opportunity pass without expressing our appreciation of the "Machine Gun Section Rooters" at last Saturday's football match. If there is one thing we like more than another it is enthusiasm. We would have liked to have joined them, but were afraid to be accused of "butting-in."

That the new marching song of the Western Scots will be "And a little child shall lead them."

STRETCHER BEARER SECTION

In order to become more proficient in our work, about a dozen of our Section have been attending the First-Aid course, given in the "Y" down town, conducted by Dr. Raynor. We hope soon to be the proud possessors of certificates of proficiency from St. John's Ambulance Association.

Poor old Bill! He got it bad last Tuesday. The football field claimed its first casualty in the 67th. None of us expected the "Candy Kid," our chocolate soldier, to be the first one to receive the pressing attention of splints in a genuinely broken leg. He made a good patient when we were practising.

Other two of our Section have also gone—Lance-Cpl. Fletcher and Pte. Wright. We congratulate Pte. Sargent on his promotion. He is skilled in hospital work, and quite recently became expert at dosing with No. 8's. No. 9's are now at a discount.

Our position in route marches confers quite a few benefits. Not only are we the rearguard of the finest Battalion ever recruited in Canada, but we also get smiles and kisses flung at us when the others have passed on. Poor old Machine Gun Section! But, say, where did the latter get to on Tuesday morning? They seemed to get lost twice. "Waken up, in front."