

The Western Scot

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

The sympathy of the entire Battalion goes out to Father Macdonell in his illness. We trust he may soon be with us again, and more healthful than ever.

Our good friend, Private Frank Slavin, has met a world of old pals and admirers since we reached England. Frank was always a clean, square fighter, and he will never be forgotten. Last week he was a regular attraction at the Oxford Music Hall, London, where his appearance in khaki in the uniform of the Western Scots is having no small effect in aiding recruiting. We hope, however, that he is not responsible for the geography of "The Sunday Times" (May 14th), which refers to "both Canada and British Columbia."

A recent copy of "The Victoria Daily Colonist" contains the information that a draft of four officers and 140 men from Victoria for the 1st Canadian Pioneer Corps left Victoria with a splendid send-off. Among the officers is Lieutenant Hardley-Wilmot, formerly of ours.

Those who remember the death in action—at second Ypres—of Captain Herriek Macgregor, of the Canadian Scottish, will regret to learn that his brother Murray, a private in the 2nd C.M.R., was killed recently near St. Eloi.

Items of news from home include the statement that Colonel J. Duff Stuart, D.S.O., 11th M.D., has announced that a full brigade of infantry will be allowed to remain on Vancouver Island for summer training instead of moving to Vernon Camp. This will mean that the 103rd Vancouver Island Timber Wolves, the 143rd B.C. Bantams, and the 50th Gordon Highlanders will train at our old stamping ground.

One by one the mess is turning into "bare-legged savages" (as the Bosches have it) or tartan-breeched chieftains. Soon the men will show their knees, and then we shall be allowed the regulation extra bar of soap per Battalion.

As it is done now:—

"Tell of the Battalion!
A! B!! C!!! D!!!!!"

On the gallery wall at the Longmoor Rifle Ranges there is a neat tombstone built up of marking patches, and on it is this touching inscription:—"To the memory of the 67th Western Scots, who almost starved to death here while marking for a sister Battalion."

Referring to the 11th C.M.R., our evening contemporary says it has been kept here at garrison duty. It has not even had that much of a showing. From a layman's point of view the corps has been very badly treated.—"Colonist."

When H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was inspecting the 67th Battalion, Western Scots, prior to its departure for England, he noticed the ribbons worn by Private Frank Slavin, of Victoria, referring to a period in the early seventies: "How old are you, my man?" inquired His Royal Highness. "Forty-five, sir," was the prompt reply of the ex-

pugilist. The Duke smiled, and turning to the Colonel of the regiment, said: "It shows a fine spirit when men will tell lies about their age in order to get overseas."—"Victoria Colonist."

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PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM

An interesting photograph appeared in the "Daily Sketch" recently of 2nd-Lieutenant G. A. Nicholls, R.F.A., who is a nephew of Orderly-Room Sergeant-Major Nicholls. Enlisting as a private in the H.A.C. at the outbreak of the war, Lieutenant Nicholls has seen almost continuous fighting at the front, and was recently promoted to the rank he now holds.

Yes, we love these muster parades, especially when warned at 5 p.m. in the evening that complete new nominal rolls of all the Battalion by companies and details must be ready—type-written and accurate—before 8.30 a.m. next morning. A little longer notice next time, please, and we will give you the neatest and most accurate lists you ever had. Even with the rush, we heard no complaints, but we expected—oh, well, we did, nevertheless!

The latest "information" is that we are to discard our present badges and have crossed picks and shovels. Rampant, we presume, on a verdant field.

A late dispatch from Canada tells of 2,000 lbs. of tobacco being presented to the troops. And we are paying 8d. an ounce for ours!

Still another dispatch informs us that three cartloads of creamery butter have been sent from Manitoba. Apparently they were not consigned to Bordon. The Bordon "butter" has already been consigned to—well, everyone knows, so why say it?

We would like to express our thanks to the Orderly-Room Sergeant of the South African Scottish for the way in which he has helped us out on different occasions when we were short of supplies—or information. He seems always willing to assist us as fellow strangers in a land of strange Army Forms.

Retreat, as played by the pipe band, is becoming quite an attraction. The crowd gets larger on each occasion, and we would like to congratulate the Pipe-Major on his splendid performances.

Congratulations are also in order to Bandmaster Turner. The evening selections are a great treat, particularly with all the new music he obtained in London. We in the orderly-room get the full benefit of it, and are not lacking in appreciation.

Any more applicants for the position of B.S.M.?

Isn't it extraordinary how some men can always get hold of a number of the fair sex to accompany them on their strolls. Many of them, too, have wives and sweethearts in British Columbia. But we suppose the Bordon variety come under the heading of "emergency rations."

The Parliamentary Committee on Soldiers' Pensions (Ottawa) have recommended an increase in privates' pensions from \$396 to \$480 per annum.