

NO. 5 COMPANY

A Retrospect

In our last issue brief reference was made to the breaking up of the "Draft" Company and its absorption into the Battalion, and although officially "Le Draft est mort," yet, like the "Deathless Army," its spirit still lives.

We all remember how eagerly the men answered the call for volunteers, believing then that their departure for England would only be a matter of days, and although they were justly proud of being members of the Western Scots, and had hoped to "do their bit" with them, they decided to let "Duty First" be their watchword and to go forward as a draft of reinforcements to any units that had need of them.

We know, too, how as the days lengthened into weeks, and their prospects of departure (despite countless rumors) seemed as distant as ever, they bore their disappointment with true British stoicism and proved themselves soldiers in every sense of the word. November rains failed to damp their ardour, and many were the favorable comments passed upon them by Col. Ross and others. Not only in camp, but in the field also, they contrived to attain to a high state of efficiency. Now they are broken up, but as our famous Airedale, Pte. Paddy, remarked, "Ottawa knows best." There is no doubt that the same esprit de corps which has distinguished them in the past will still predominate. "The Draft" is no more, but it has left behind it a good name.

To The Draft

True friends and comrades have we been,
Through fair and stormy weather,
Our ardent wish—it was, I ween,
To stand or fall together.
Tho' fate decides we now must part,
And the wrench we keenly feel,
Let one and all show loyal heart;
May nothing damp our zeal.

7-12-15.

"GLENN."

Pte. Lucas, the leader of the "Mouth Organ Band" of No. 5 Co., has been transferred to No. 3, and will from now on render selections from the latest grand opera to that favored company. He is also a vocalist of no mean ability, and if you hear him sing, don't forget to call for his favorite encore, a copy of which I append:

The Allied Soldier

(Air: "Tipperary")

My father was an Englishman,
My mother came from France,
And I was born in Russia
By a funny freak of chance;
They brought me up in Belgium,
Where I grew to be a man;
I'm fighting with the Allies
Ever since the war began.

Chorus:

I'm a true bred Allied soldier,
In the European war;
Show me anything that's German
If you want to make me sore.
Ever since I joined the army,
To get the Kaiser I have sworn.
I'm a true bred European Ally
An Ally evermore.

When I joined the Allies
It was those I left behind—
My parents and my sweetheart
And home was in my mind.
When I'm fighting Germans
And hear the cannon roar,
I'm proud to be an Ally,
An Ally evermore.

Chorus:

I'm a true bred Allied soldier, etc.

J.B.J.

Our sincere sympathy goes out to No. 10 Platoon (late of The Draft) in the "welcome" they received upon transferring back to No. 3 Co. It must be remembered they were returning, not from choice, but from a laudable sense of duty, and

DRINK

PHOENIX PHIZZ

PURE

MALT AND HOPS

SUPPLIED AT CANTEEN

HOTEL PRINCE GEORGE

SPECIAL NOTICE TO "WESTERN SCOTS"

We are making Special Rates for the Boys,
and are offering nice clean modern Rooms
and good Hot Bath for 50c. per night. . .
Make your Home here when in Town.

PRINCE GEORGE HOTEL (Opposite City Hall)

although in the past they have had many a "passage of arms" with No. 3, they were willing to "bury the hatchet" and start with a clean sheet. But the only welcome they got was a severe roasting.

SCOUT SECTION

Sergeant W. Johnstone is some soccer player, but what happened to the sergeants' team in the second half?

Copping made his regular trip to Vancouver last week end, and we hear he did some good scouting.

We heard that John Cox was returning to his old stamping grounds but he hasn't showed up yet. What is the matter, Red.

Please Note: "Speedy" says he didn't get that name since he has been with the Scouts. What's that? "You long guys in front, short step."

Jim Boyde is right there when it comes to tracking. We hope to get some lessons from him.

The M.G. Section sure has some soccer team—and they sure can blow their horn. Good luck to you, fellows!

No. 3 Co. is there all the time with a good average at the butts, but the Scouts think they have them skinned at shooting. So, how's the chances of getting a match?

Sergeant Johnstone had us judging distances all last week. So now we challenge any outfit in the Battalion to beat us.

The latest is that we may go to a warm climate. Well! anywhere to get out of the rain.

Oh you Scouts in No. 4 Co.! Look out for the slim guy since he moved.

What is the matter with Harry? We don't often hear from him these days.

A YARN FROM VERNON

The following from the returned A.S.C.: A bunch of recruits, numbering about two hundred, arrived one day at rail head in charge of a subaltern, some few of the men more or less overcome by the bracing ozone and other stimulants. As it was impossible that these "casualties" could march into camp sundry jitneys were requisitioned, and the men unceremoniously piled therein. On arrival at the main guard the jitneys unloaded their loaded loads into the guard tent and they were left there until morning. In sorting out the bunch next morning two well-dressed but sadly crumpled individuals were found to have coupon railroad tickets a yard long, and further investigation revealed the fact that they were over-sociable American tourists who had been unwillingly shanghaied. Adjurations, accusations, protestations, explanations! and exit.