

The Western Scot

TRENCH EDITION

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, NOVEMBER 18th. 1916 NO. 2

The Trench Edition.

This was intended solely as an insert for the regular London Edition but events beyond our control having caused unexpected delay, we have decided to publish the Trench Edition independently for the time being.

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Same old offender { "Slim" Hudicott
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Loane Ross C. O. and officially censored.

ALL ABOUT OUR

OWN MOVEMENTS.

Now that the Western Scots are on the firing line it is only natural that the 'folks at home' will like to know all about our movements. It is quite likely that the censor will not pass some of this but it will give you some idea of our doings.

We left—on the—of—and after a—on a very nice—we reached—all hale and hearty on the—of the same month. Here we rested for a time and as the name of the place will have informed you it is delightful. After days we proceeded by—to—where we—in the rain and mud and at once marched to—. It was interesting to hear for the first time the—of the awful—all about us and to realize that at last we were—. Shortly we settled down in a comfortable—near—which

many of you will recognize from its prominence earlier in the—. Here we began to—something of the—and it was a welcome change. Next we moved on to—and got a taste of—. The—at his—was very—as no doubt you have read and we—considerably. We have been at—ever since and although we have—quite—we are carrying on to beat all—.

SECOND, TO NONE

Sergeant Stronach Honored

The 27th of September was a memorable day for this battalion. After several weeks of nerve trying work in the trenches during which we paid the price of such work in full the battalion was drawn up in hollow square and addressed by Major-General commanding the division. Previously Lt. Col. Ross had taken occasion to thank officers and men for their excellent showing. The general made a special journey to visit the battalion and his first act was to call Sergeant Charles Stronach, of 'A' company, our young cat sergeant, out of the ranks and in full view of the entire battalion, pin on his breast the coveted blue white and red ribbon of the Military Medal "for marked bravery under fire." The general referred to Sergeant Stronach's gallantry in attending wounded in face of murderous enemy fire and said that he was delighted that the first occasion of this nature at which he had had the pleasurable duty of officiating should have been with our battalion.