

The Western Scot

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POT POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

The mess is glad to welcome another member in the person of Mr. A. C. Sutton, newly-appointed assistant-adjutant. Mr. Sutton has already gained sufficient experience in The Great War to render his services to the Western Scots most valuable.

There was a discussion in the ante-room a few nights ago. Nothing novel in that! But this particular discussion had to do with the new Helicon bass horn recently acquired by the Battalion's military band. "The musician can climb right into the horn," said Bake, enthusiastically. "What horn?" asked Monty, inquiringly. "The Helican!" exclaimed Kitch., incredulously.

It was with genuine regret that the other members of the mess learned of the indisposition of Lt.-Col. Ross, and the wish is general, that before these lines are published, he may be back with us better in health and as enthusiastic and devoted to the Western Scots as ever. It is also regretted that illness has deprived us of Capt. Nicholson of late.

Inquiries by phone and letter and by messenger for Lieut. Gillingham, arrive daily. Gill. is on leave, however, resting after arduous labors.

It is suggested by an anonymous wag, concealed somewhere in the ranks, that whilst all battalions may have a sergeant cook or a corporal cook in their officers' messes, the officers' mess of the 67th Battalion is the only one known that has the distinction of possessing a Lieutenant Cooke.

The recruiting squad of the Timber Wolves will not fail for want of trying. In the course of a house-to-house canvass last week they called at a certain house on Faithful Street and tackled the head of the family. They were enthusiastic, courteous and persistent.

"But I've been to the Front once," said the prospective recruit, "and I've signed on again with another battalion."

"Well," said the Timber Wolf spokesman, "why not arrange a transfer? You'll find ours a fine lot!"

"But I don't know that I can get a transfer. I'm in the Western Scots."

"They're a good bunch all right; but why not come with us? You'd soon get stripes."

Oh, I've done better than that in the Scots!"

"Is that so? What rank do you hold?"

"Well, I'm the commanding officer!"

And, as Lt.-Col. Ross (in mufti), produced the smokes, the Timber Wolves sprang smartly to attention.

Good work, "Wolves"; but please leave us our C.O. We need him!

Lieut. Sutton, who has returned but recently from England after having done one "bit," was pleasantly surprised at the changes in Willows Camp. The quarters, he says, are wonderfully good. Some changes since he was stationed here with the 50th in August, 1914, in the first days of The Great War.

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM

Lt.-Col. Lorne Ross, who has been confined to his home with a bad attack of la grippe, returned on Friday with his usual cheery smile, looking quite recovered. We are all pleased to see him on the job again.

We are glad to welcome on our staff such a distinguished soldier as the new Assistant-"Adjer"—Lieut. Sutton. Lieut. Sutton's experience at the Front has been already detailed in the local newspapers, so we will not attempt to set it down here. Let it suffice to say that the posting of this officer to our Regiment makes a distinct acquisition to the personnel of officers of the Battalion.

"Adjers" may come, and "Adjers" may go, but Major Harbottle goes on forever.

The Paymasters' staff have deserted us for "larger and more commodious quarters," as the ads have it. We hope they will find it warmer, but already we miss their cheery voices in the eternal chorus of "close that door." No, we did not forget the "please."

Our Orderly Room Sergeant's face expressed a variety of emotions when he was reading last week's "Western Scot," particularly, we fancy, with reference to some of the remarks in the Sergeants' column. While, doubtless, pleased at the kind things said, we feel that he took issue with the "Old Nick." He feels as young yet as any of the boys, and while he may have been inclined at times in the good old "Joburg" days to be somewhat "Nickish," he, nevertheless, did not quite qualify to rank with the other and better known "Old Nick."

We received a visit from Staff-Sergt. Lloyd, of the 102nd Battalion, C.E.F., during the week, who was here to read, mark and inwardly digest our system. This makes the third Overseas Battalion we have entertained for that purpose. While we are not the least bit spoiled by these facts, or the words of commendation from Major Sifton, still we have the conceit to admit that we have a bang-up system just the same.

The Orderly Room has been slightly changed this week by a railing being placed across the centre of the room. We are now able to have access to our phone occasionally, and to get reasonably near the stove for a few minutes on a cold day.

For the benefit of those whose eyesight is affected, or those who are unable to read, we wish to announce that the printed sign on the door is a request to kindly close the door when entering or leaving. Not being raised in a barn, we find it hard to accustom ourselves to the door being open during the cold weather.

Who can explain why a charming voice enquired in tearful accents, over the phone, the other morning, if the Western Scots were really leaving for England that day? Someone must have been kissing the blarney stone, or was it a case of obtaining affection under false pretences?

We wonder if a certain sergeant in the Base Company was under the impression that he was back on the road gang, or in the laundry, when he applied at the Orderly Room for a time-book.

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE SERGEANTS' MESS

The concensus of opinion of the Sergeants' Mess is that the new way of holding Battalion parade is great stuff. It looks like real soldiering. In reality, however, it is not new at all, but has been in vogue in England for quite a while. It is no use half doing things; be as "regimental as a button-stick," and then no one will get fed-up with soldiering.

A state of war has been in existence during the last few days between a certain much transferred sergeant and two of the sergeants of the late No. 5 Company. Any missile from a snowball to a piece of cordwood may be used. When all the snow and stove wood in the vicinity have been used up it is tacitly understood that chairs, cats, or any other implements of torture may be brought into the action. During the course of this sanguinary combat we have been congratulating ourselves that we have Sergt.-Major Brogan, of the C.A.M.C., and Sergt. Grant, of the Dental Corps, attached to us, so that repairs may be made on any of the non-combatants who may be injured.

Sergt. F. S. Williams, the authority on the west gate guard, says that the men on guard duty on this side of camp express much appreciation at the recent installation of the braziers there. These braziers enable the sentries to keep themselves warm during the cold nights we are experiencing lately.

We have with us now "Bill Carlisle," of No. 4 Company. We expected to see him here a long time since, but better late than never. We expect, now, when the occasions are propitious, to receive some philosophical dissertations to equal, if not surpass, those of his distinguished namesake—"The Sage of Chelsea."

As we hinted last week, we now have a good cook; the only thing is he showed a little lack of appreciation of a great day by turning out a Welsh rarebit for supper on Burns' night, instead of, as the "Canny Scot" put it, "Giving us a wee bit