

(Continued from page 3)

After seeing the Glengarry worn by a certain lieutenant in No. 2 Company we are convinced that the Glengarry is not removed when the lieutenant washes his face.

Members of the 67th Battalion are warned against taking red pepper in their beer. Ask Pte. Denham for particulars.

The man who lost the loaf of bread at the hands of Cpl. J. Eden wishes to remind men that his house is not an open house for hungry soldiers of the 67th, and would suggest that if the army rations are not sufficient, for them to pay a visit to the Friendly Help, Old Men's Home, or some other benevolent society.

Pte. "Ted" Hughes, of No. 11 Platoon, has been heard very often to say that an egg is a great improvement to a glass of beer. The proprietor of a house frequented by Pte. Hughes has missed several eggs recently.

The lines occupied by No. 9 Platoon are certainly warm and cheerful since the stove has been put in. The only regretted part of it is that Pte. Oliver slept the first night under a shower of black, very black, water. Ask him to show his blankets. The regret is all his own.

There are some better bomb throwers than is generally believed in No. 9 Platoon, judging by the way someone landed a snowball on the end of Cpl. Down's nose after lights out a few nights ago.

While appreciating the thoughtfulness of the canteen in taking us to a show, we would like to ask: If a canteen is run for the benefit of the soldiers, and charges the same prices as any other store, making profits of over a thousand dollars a month, where does the benefit come in?

Pte. Barlow, commonly known as "The Moose," says that one small piece of bacon and a half of a small potato may be plenty for breakfast for a bantam, but it is no feast for a man.

Some of the Cariboo boys were down in the mouth last week as they heard that half of their home town, Quesnel, was burned, both hotels disappearing in smoke.

Sergt. Williams' pet duty is Sergeant of the Guard at the West Gate. He is thinking of asking for a steady job there.

Sergt. Allen's melodious voice has not been heard lately. We would like to know what has become of him, as some of the boys in No. 12 are thinking of buying alarm clocks to wake them from their mid-day naps.

No. 12 Platoon has at last a stove. Every little helps.

NO. 4 COMPANY

Did you ever hear about the British Ratepayer and the A.B.? The ratepayer was refused permission to go on board the cruiser's cutter for the purpose of going out to inspect the cruiser as it was not visiting day. The ratepayer waxed very wroth and said it was the taxes paid by him which helped to build the cruiser, and that, therefore, he had a share in it. The A.B. thereupon held the end of the cutter's painter over the side and remarked: "Very well. Look at that. That's about your share." Now, it appears to us that our Company, in the opinion of the Brass Band Committee, corresponds to the ratepayer. Estimating conservatively, our Company must have paid \$200.00 towards the band, yet all that we have heard so far is three beats of the big drum. Now \$66.66 per beat is expensive. It's true that on the march back from the Royal Victoria Theatre we were put in the lead, but it was too dark then for the members of the band to see the music. Might we venture to suggest to the committee that the proper place for the brass band is the centre of the Battalion. We cheerfully paid our \$1.00 per head, and no doubt the members of the Company would meet a further voluntary subscription cheerfully should it be necessary, provided we get some return for it. We could get a piper all to ourselves for \$50.00, but naturally we wish to have any money we subscribe spent in the manner which the powers that be consider best. Can it be that we are too good-natured? We would much rather bring our suggestions to the notice of the band committee through the medium of "The Western Scot" than adopt a marching song to the tune of, say, "My Bonnie's Gone Over the Ocean."

We were out in force on the Battalion route march on Thursday. Despite the awful weather conditions everyone seemed quite happy. We were actually allowed to march immediately behind the pipe band for a short time, too.

Our thanks to our O.C. and Lieut. Terry for arranging the little jaunt to the Victoria Theatre to see the "Birth of a Nation." It appears to us to be a very sensible way of spending some of the canteen profits. It should also make us remember that if we wish more of the same sort of thing, the most logical thing to do is to support our own canteen, so that we can enable the Canteen Committee to have the wherewithal to pay for us.

We wonder what Gen. Hughes thinks of our Battalion? Does he not consider it one of the most practically trained Battalions in Canada?

Our O.C. has started a series of lectures for the N.C.O.'s and men. The first of these on "Marches," delivered last Friday, proved most instructive.

SCOUT SECTION NOTES

Well! We certainly got some notice in last week's "Scot." Press Agent stuff for the Scout Section is easy. Our doings are so many and varied that it is not necessary to go into a brainstorm to obtain copy.

If anyone is in doubt as to where Gibraltar is, ask Pte. Henshall, of No. 3 Company.

Craunlach Mac's lament in the last issue of the paper has been read and noted. Whilst we are in sympathy to a great extent with the general trend of his remarks, he need have no fear that the stirring music of the pipes is unappreciated by the Battalion; it certainly is not in this Section. That was a fine tune the Baun gave us when we started our return march from Mount Douglas last Thursday. We are sorry, however, that we are unable to pronounce its name like the Pipe Major does.

We expect soon to see some more members of the Battalion sporting Scout badges. Pte. Towlson, of the Machine Gun Section, please note.

Making route sketches whilst marching through a driving sleet storm is not all it is cracked up to be. Therefore the correct maps turned out by the members of the Section after the route march of the 20th inst. are very commendable.

Some of the qualified Scouts of No. 4 Company seemed to be trying to get their own back whilst waiting to have their teeth examined last Friday morning. No names N.P.D., but please don't put any rocks in your snowballs.

Real estate and ordnance maps may be correct up to a certain point, but Pte. Price, of No. 3 Company, has added at least two previously uncharted roads to our map of the lower part of the Peninsula. Ptes. Boyd and MacKenzie, of No. 3 Company, have also helped to make the map of the country in the vicinity of Mount Douglas correct in detail.

Since our inception on October 5th, last year, there have been one Quartermaster-Sergeant, three Sergeants, two Lance Corporals, and any number of staff appointments as clerks, etc., made from our ranks. Nearly all of these promotions were made from the original thirty-two men with which we started. Some royal road to promotion, eh!

A TOAST TO THE 67th BATTALION WESTERN SCOTS

Here's to the 67th Western Scots!—

As brave as any of the lot

Who have volunteered from fair Canada's shores
To join the armies of King George.

There are single men and married men,
All men with sturdy hearts;
And needless to say that we shall grieve
For our dear ones, from whom we part.

But England needs and calls us
And Canada shall obey;
There is not a man in this fair land
Who should not offer his life today.

'Tis plain that it is our duty
For our own and humanity's sake.
So get our transport ready, boys,
Before it may be too late.

Mrs. J. G. EDEN,
(Wife of a Western Scot.)