



Vol. I.

BRAMSHOTT, HANTS, JUNE 28, 1916.

No. 37.

JEWELLERS



TO H.M. THE KING.

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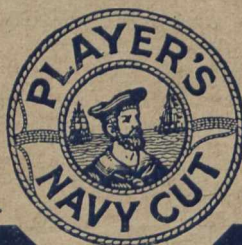
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# The Western Scot

Vol. I.

BRAMSHOTT, HANTS, JUNE 28, 1916.

No. 37

## THE VALUE OF NATURAL APTITUDE AND EFFICIENT TRAINING.

By Lieut.-Colonel Lorne Ross, Commanding 67th Pioneer Battalion, Western Scots.

The 4th Canadian Division has already become recognized as "the practical Division." The stress laid upon thorough, systematic training, the absence of fuss and feathers, unnecessary parades for show, the minimum requirements of men for guards and duties, combined with the strict insistence that every available man should be trained for fighting, is having a very noticeable effect already in the military efficiency and bearing of the men. Constant practice in musketry and trench digging, combined with instructive field days, under conditions as nearly identical as possible with the front, is rapidly getting the men of the Division in fighting shape for the important work ahead.

Major-General Watson, C.B., the General Officer Commanding, is first of all a business man, and has brought to his military duties the thorough and practical training so essential to the successful carrying out of the present war, which is recognized as one of organisation and equipment. His promotion to his present high command, which has been rapid, has been owing to the abundance of common sense he has displayed in dealing with the problems at the front, and to his clear grasp of the essentials of this war. The 4th Division is certainly fortunate in having its destiny entrusted to an officer of such outstanding ability.

Colonel Ironsides, D.S.O., the Chief of Staff, is recognized as an officer of strong personality and wide military attainment, and his practical dealing with the training of the Division and his constant reiteration of the vital importance of using common sense in dealing with military situations as they present themselves, has strongly impressed all ranks.

If there is any justification required that the training which the Western Scots underwent in Victoria was along the right line, it is abundantly proved in the syllabus of training as laid down in Bramshott for the 4th Canadian Division.

Colonel Ironsides, in his lecture to the officers and N.C.O.'s of this Battalion, the other afternoon, impressed everyone with his thorough knowledge of conditions at the front, and the importance of sizing up situations from a practical point of view. By apt illustrations, he showed clearly to everyone present why certain things were done at the front, not because they were laid down in text books (very often quite the reverse), but because practical experience had shown that they were right. His remarks were very instructive, and among many important points he brought home to his audience was the use and economy of salients in the line, in developing effective rifle fire and in localizing the enemy's attacks. He showed clearly the advantage of taking positions on commanding ground, the importance of placing support lines within easy access of the fire and command trenches, and how essential it was to have the reserve trenches sufficiently far in the rear that their wire entanglements should be out of effective shrapnel fire. The points he emphasised of adapting a man's ability to construct obstacles to the enemy's advance through the communication trenches will not be lost sight of by the men of the Western Scots, who are accustomed to overcoming natural obstacles in the Northern tracts of British Columbia.

This war has brought home to all thinking people the wonderful opportunities it presents to men of ability in

civil life who have entered the service. It is not so much a war of military tactics in theory, but a war of common sense, where a man's past life and experience in handling men and confronting new situations counts for very much.

What is required in this war is not so much the officer with the theory of warfare as laid down in past text books, but rather the officer who can conceive new ideas, work out better methods of doing things, find practical ways of tackling military problems, and who is not held back by any difficulties that may confront him, but will find a way of getting through or around them.

It will be to officers and men who have the physical endurance to stand hardships, the clear heads to think fast in emergencies, the courage to accept responsibility and the will to carry out the duties given them, that promotion and honours will be given. In this Battalion, where already ten officers have been given promotion from the ranks for merit, these factors will always count for promotion and advancement.

## Personal News in the Orders.

No. 102488 Sergt. R. L. Condy proceeded on command to London on 10.6.16, and will be attached to the Pay and Record Office.

\* \* \* \*

A recreation room was opened on June 14 for the convenience of the men of the 67th Pioneers. Sergt. H. S. Young, of Y.M.C.A., "Willows Renown," is in charge.

\* \* \* \*

No. 102408 Sergt. R. T. Roxburgh, "C" Co., has been granted permission by the Officer Commanding to marry at date 9.6.16.

\* \* \* \*

Extract from Aldershot Command Orders:—EXAMINATIONS: "Musketry."—The undermentioned officers and non-commissioned officers who attended at the Command School of Musketry, Thornhill, Aldershot, from April 18 to May 6, 1916, qualified in the 53rd Lewis Machine Gun Course:—

First-class Instructors, "Distinguished":—

Capt. S. H. O'Kell, 67th Batt. Canadian Regt.

Sergt. G. A. Baurle, 67th Batt. Canadian Regt.

Second-class Instructor:—

Sergt. A. J. Mills, 67th Batt. Canadian Regt.

The undermentioned officers and non-commissioned officer qualified in the 53rd Rifle Course:—

First-class Instructor, "Distinguished":—

Lieut. A. A. Gray, 67th Batt. Canadians.

Second-class Instructor:—

Sergt. H. W. Burton, 67th Batt. Canadians.

CONFIRMATION OF RANK:—

The following acting N.C.O.'s are confirmed in their rank (authority D.A.A.G. letters A.B. 3/26, 9.6.16):—

STAFF.

To be Orderly Room Sergt.-Major, 102001 E. F. Nicholls.

To be Batt. Quartermaster-Sergt., 102002 R. Macnicol.

To be Bandmaster Sergt., 103357 L. Turner.

To be Pipe-Major Sergt., 102529 W. J. Wishart

To be Sergeant O.R. Clerk, 102007 W. Young.

To be Sergeant Cook, 102382 R. M. MacMasters.

(Continued on Page 8.)

## The Western Scot.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY  
IN THE INTERESTS OF

### THE 67th PIONEER BATTALION

"WESTERN SCOTS," OF CANADA,

4th Canadian Division, B.E.F.

(By kind permission of Lt.-Col. Lorne Ross, C.O.)

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C. L. ARMSTRONG, Lieut. ...	...	Editor.
A. A. GRAY, Lieut. ...	...	Assistant Editor.
Sergeant R. L. CONDY ...	...	Business Manager.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28TH, 1916.

#### A "DON'T" FOR FRIENDS AT HOME.

On more than one occasion since the 67th Battalion reached England, letters containing expressions of personal opinion respecting military affairs, and also information concerning military movements, have been published in Canadian newspapers, evidently with the consent of the recipients.

Such infractions of standing orders are regarded seriously by the military authorities, and in some instances the authors of the letters have been dealt with.

Soldiers of all ranks in the Canadian forces are forbidden to discuss with friends or relatives even what seem the most trivial subjects relative to military matters. Should they disobey this order they lay themselves open to severe censure. Naturally, then, when a soldier steps aside to convey what appears to be harmless news of his corps to close friends or relatives at home, you may imagine his discomfiture upon seeing excerpts from his letter published in a daily newspaper. Of course, he did not intend his news for publication; but those under whom he serves hold him responsible personally for its publication.

Thus it is very easy for well-meaning friends at home to involve their khaki correspondents in serious trouble—quite innocently, of course; but it is to be hoped that non-military friends of ours who chance to read this note will be guided by it, for the sake of those of their friends who are on active service.

#### REGIMENTAL PAPERS WITH "GRIP."

From Sergt. Condy we have just received this week's issue of the WESTERN SCOT, the regimental journal of the 67th Pioneer Battalion, Western Scots of Canada. It is a fine little paper, full of items which have a live interest, and we wish it the best of luck. We believe there is a big future for these regimental journals, and we have just heard that they are encouraged in the German Army, for our enemy well realises that to encourage comradeship and regimental pride is a great thing.—From "Fall In."

In case "Fall In" and ourselves are mistaken for a mutual admiration society, we will refrain from saying all the nice things we think about our sister journal. Its flourishing appearance shows what can be done by the members of a battalion whole-heartedly supporting their regimental paper.

Our own modest paper holds quite a record, and it is surely worth supporting. We have published every week without a break for thirty-six weeks, and that, too, though we were en route to England for over two weeks. Certainly

no other Canadian regimental journal has such a record, and our edition published on the train is certainly unique, in that it is the first paper to be so published so far as we can find out. We have promised not to "howl" any more about lack of support, but please help us to keep up the good work.

#### ONE OF THREE GONE.

All who know Charlie and Peter Stronach, of the 67th Battalion, will sympathise with them in the loss of their brother Archie, who gave his life for the Empire between the 2nd and the 5th inst., "somewhere in France." Like both his brothers, Archie Stronach was well known on the Coast, though a native of Aberdeen. At one time he played for the Thistle Soccer team in Victoria. He came overseas in the ranks of the 62nd Batt., C.E.F., arriving only a few days ahead of us, and was sent to France with a draft for the 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles. He was apparently sent into the firing line at once, for he was only in France a few days when he was called upon to make the supreme sacrifice.

#### A FEW POINTS ABOUT THE INDIAN ARMY.

(Kindly contributed by Major K. D. Murray, of the General Staff, 4th Canadian Division.)

When we consider that the population of India is over 320,000,000 and that the Indian Army is recruited over the whole, it becomes evident that the subject cannot be dealt with in a limited space.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dealing generally with the composition of the regiments; with the exception of Gurkhas and a few other units, regiments are formed of mixed classes differing widely in characteristics and religion, and usually there are two companies of Mohammedans and two companies of Hindus or Sikhs.

\* \* \* \* \*

Each battalion is given a recruiting area for each of its classes, and the result is that the men of families residing in this area have been connected for generations with a certain battalion, and long before they reach the military age look upon it as their future home.

\* \* \* \* \*

Among the independent tribes on the north-west frontier, to whom recruiting is also open, the natural tendency of the man is to fight someone. If not up against the British Government there is always the next-door neighbour, who is probably richer in cattle and worthy of attention. No one leaves home unarmed even if only going to plough. The meeting of the elders (the tribal girgah) may be relied on to produce a few casualties, and the man with unpopular views may count on being perforated on his way home by an opposition member carefully hidden behind a rock.

\* \* \* \* \*

A frontier expedition is always followed by an influx of recruits from the tribe to whom punishment has been meted out, and it often occurs that enlisted men fight quite willingly against their own tribe, though it is naturally not done if it can be avoided.

\* \* \* \* \*

During this war Indian troops have been or are employed in Gallipoli, Salonica, Egypt, Mesopotamia, the Aden Hinterland, and East Africa, and sufficient have, of course, to be left to police and guard the frontiers of India itself, a duty which entails a state of constant readiness, and a certain amount of desultory fighting.

# FRY'S

## Pure Breakfast Cocoa and Chocolate

The portion of the Indian Army which was employed in France was mainly composed of men enlisted in the Punjab and the Gurkhas—who come from Nepal, which is really outside British India proper. These men in their own country have to contend for a portion of the year with a cold and wet climate, so they were not affected as much as is supposed by the winter in Flanders. They landed in France at the end of September and were first employed in October, when the move up from the Aisne took place, and trained troops were urgently needed. They did well and took their hardships cheerily, more than that no one can do.

**SPORTS.**

Our first game of baseball since our arrival in Bramshott was with the Canadian Army Pay Corps. The game was played on their ground, near Liphook. We took the heavy end of an 11—7 score, and the game was one of the best throughout the whole nine innings. McGregor twirled the first six innings for us, allowing only a few scattered hits. "Yammy" is getting back into his old form again, and was always at his best when in a tight corner. Kenny at first played a sterling game, taking them from all angles. Arbuthnot on third was always there with the peg to first, and made a brilliant catch in the seventh inning. Richards played a stonewall game behind the bat, cutting off six runners at second. He has a good team-mate in James at second, who was there to take the throw every time. Menard at short was there with the scoop, and few slipped past. Lieut. McDiarmid in centre-field played a star game, getting no less than four hits, and stealing four bases. "Mac" is sure there with the big stick, and his base-stealing average is away up already. Cothrin played big league ball in left field. Dakers pitched the last three innings, and shut them out the last two. The team lined up as follows:—Richards (C.), McGregor and Dakers (pitchers), Kenny (1st B.), James (2nd B.), Arbuthnot (3rd B.), Menard, (S.S.), Cothrin, (L.F.), McDiarmid (B.), and Dakers (R.F.). Here is the score by innings:—

67th W.S.	...	...	2	0	2	3	1	1	0	1	1	—11
C.A.P.C.	...	...	1	0	0	0	2	0	4	0	0	—7

\* \* \* \*

**SPARKS FROM THE GAME.**

Manager Wallack sported himself to a cigar after the game.

\* \* \* \*

"Yammy" wants another game at an early date; two shillings a game is good, so he says, in England.

\* \* \* \*

The ground was well prepared as to sliding necessities, thanks to the farmers' property of the countryside.

\* \* \* \*

Some of our players were worrying about their batting and base-stealing averages, but Manager Wallack assures me that there is no cause to worry on their part.

\* \* \* \*

Both McGregor and Dakers state that they always had "something" on the ball. Richards agrees with them in that respect.

\* \* \* \*

As a "fan" Arbuthnot is of the first water, and kept the opposing pitcher guessing how to slip them past him.

\* \* \* \*

If Lieut. McDiarmid stole four bases in his first game, how many will he take in the next?

\* \* \* \*

Cricket has at last made its appearance in the already long list of games participated in by the battalion. The set of gear purchased through the Y.M.C.A. was sent to Whitehill while the left-half battalion was doing its musketry there, and in spite of a poor wicket, some good cricket was seen. The players are out each evening now, and very soon a good eleven should make its appearance ready to challenge the camp.

\* \* \* \*

The return football game, officers and sergeants, took place Thursday evening, the N.C.O.'s again being victorious to the tune 2—1.

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**SIGNAL FLASHES.**

After seeing the results of a collision between our worthy officer and B.S.M. Haynes, a couple of nights ago, we have no fear for the welfare of the Section if we ever meet the Huns. 'Twas simple yet effective.

Congratulations are offered to our Father Neptune and Brother Sinbad on the result of Friday's exam. Our dark horse, although a late starter, as well as some of the more nervous ones, is still well in the running. Keep cool and calm.

It is understood that the hours of the headquarters signaller are to be arranged so that when he "rests his eyes" for a few minutes after lunch, the balance of the orderly room staff who by accident are around will not be unnecessarily disturbed.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. For instance, if two of our staff men had made the grade at North Camp we would be minus two good men.

Brother Ben was a welcome visitor in our midst again yesterday. He has been sadly missed during the last heavy drive.

The parting between the Twins on the occasion of Brother Day's departure for the 51st was touching in the extreme.

Our new tunics are particularly serviceable in these days of ventilated pants. We need not be afraid to go on a week-end now. They have been likened to an overcoat; but that's nothing. They cover a multitude of holes.

It isn't every section of the size of ours that can claim a marksman amongst them. Congratulations to our officer. The scores are good reading, and would doubtless have been more so only for that loose wind gauge, etc. Still, someone had to be in the rear.

### PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM.

According to "The Regiment," Col. Lord Saye and Sele has said that "the most essential qualification for an Adjutant is the ability to be thoroughly rude." Maybe it is, but—well, we prefer Major Harbottle ourselves.

All owners of spectacle cases, beware! Major Christie, having lost his again, is on the warpath once more.

We had two very excellent concerts in the Y.M.C.A. last week. Miss Playfair's visit from London was particularly pleasing, her charming personality at once captivating her audience.

Sergeant-Major Nicholls celebrated a birthday last Saturday, but the wily "Nick" refused to disclose his age. Judging by some of the experiences related by him of his past life we imagine that he has considerably exceeded the span allowed by Professor Odlum. Here's to many more of them—birthdays *and* experiences.

Major Harbottle having taken a sudden fancy to Field Days, etc., we have had the pleasure of having both Major Armour and Captain Bullen acting in the capacity of Adjutant now and then. Both acted as to the manner born.

When about two weeks pass without any Canadian mail coming to hand some of the Battalion faces become very long, and it is easy to see who have left their hearts behind. All kinds of rumours were prevalent, from the torpedoing of various mail boats to our immediate return to Canada and the consequent holding up of our Mail!

A few things we want to know:—

What is the attraction at the "Seven Thorns" for a certain Lance-Corporal, who is practically on the wagon?

Why is an absolutely teetotal Sergeant seen so often around the "Royal Oak"?

Does a sun helmet protect the complexion?

Who sat on it—the hat, not the complexion?

Where was Sergeant Graves on a certain memorable Wednesday night, and if his hands and knees were sore?

Who ordered "600 rounds rapid at 5 yards?"

Who said "Any man who hasn't any blankets that don't belong to them, leave them outside"?

Does C.Q.M.S. Fernie ever buy any cigarettes? And if not, why not?

[Yes! to give angels their due, he won 30s. at a game of nap one night, and in the morning blew himself to the extent of a packet of Woodbines.—B.M.]

### SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

How happy some of us were when the left half Battn. came back from Whitehill. It was like being lifted from a pit of utter darkness into the bright sunshine.

The only person who could make the mess lively while they were away was the B.S.M. "What's that," of course he can sing.

Why don't some of the left half take the right half in training, I am sure they wouldn't find it hard work.

Nellie would like to know when a certain C.S.M. is going to Alton again.

Louise hopes that a certain friend of hers is quite well, Bless her.

The football match with the officers was a great success. The Right Half and Outside Left were no doubt the pick of the team, especially in colour.

Congratulations to C.S.M. Watson on promotion (the voice of his Bro. Serjts.).

Who are the members who have discontinued their chasers? Saving up for some seaside resort?

Sister's operatic qualities are very good. Our concerts would take a great bound if she could be enticed to help.

When is our friend Sergt. Condy coming on leave?

Is it possible to get the Q.M.S. of No. 3 Coy. to give a Chinese Concert, as we heard from Whitehill that he is some soloist in that language, when assisted by Johnny Walker.

W.H.O. stole the salmon from Sergeants' Mess at Whitehill?

### PIPE BAUN SKRAUCHS.

By the time this appears in print, Sergeant Drummer Sims will have returned to the sympathy of the baun', a sympathetic outfit, we assure you. It may take him some little time to get his wonted punch back again, but those of the baun who know Charley well have great confidence in his ability to "come back," a confidence based on past experience.

The other night the baun made an amusing discovery in the person of George Edwards of "D" Company, who regaled the pipers with a parody on bayonet fighting. The title of George's performance as it might appear in an instruction book would most likely be "—shovelling by numbers!" The essentials for the display are four in number—a shovel, an imaginary and unsavory pile of material to be shovelled, a dump wagon, also imaginary, and last but in no respect least, George himself at his theatrical best about 9.10 p.m., inspired to the standard of intensity imposed by Sergeant Slavin. At the close of the performance, George offered up a prayer for the baun and the pioneer section, introducing a pious request that "D" Company be allowed to march behind the pipes more frequently in the future.

Last Friday forenoon in the trenches was quite amusing at times. We were afforded the unique distinction of occupying Captain Nicholson's dugout until the time should come for playing pipes. Some distinction! We got round two underground corners and decided to return to daylight, which was done without turning around.

Backing out of such a narrow place is an embarrassing task for one having a kilt and the modesty of a Quaker.

Major Armour has made a substantial donation to the Pipe Band fund. This makes two officers of "A" Company who have shown their appreciation in a very practical way.

Uh-huh? Major Harbottle has been up in that quaint suburb of Aberdeen which is written as Bucksburn, but is invariably styled "Boxburn" by the residents. The attraction, so Wullie says, is Jessie. The time is not a century bygone when we knew Bucksburn like a book, and we are just wondering if it is the same—one never knows—the world is not so big after all. Persley Den is a place our worthy major is doubtless acquainted with nowadays.

Bennachie, "where the Gadie rins," came in for quite a big corner in Major Harbottle's esteem, but we are sincerely curious to know what side of Bennachie—Pittodrie, Oyne, Inch, Monymusk, or Alford—the gallant officer visited. We once dodged a gamekeeper for a long time at Pittodrie.

Someone discovered recently that "Battling Nelson" belongs to the Pipe Band. It would have been discovered long ago if "Battler" had been blessed with a kilt. Who talked of being hard up for clothes? The difficulty is to be solved by Captain Bullen, who has a big hearted trick of rising to the occasion in such matters. Pay day pretty soon, Amen.

When is our dog "Paddy" going to arrive? We long for a sight of him loping alongside the baun, left shoulder foremost.

Oh! while we remember it, at the time of writing this, the pipers are still wearing old tunics and another band not far away has new ones in spite of its moaning.

It's better to be happy in rags than grouchy in anything, but some folks grudge us even our happiness.

Did anyone in the Brass Band ever hear a wise saying which runs as follows—"Never count your chickens before they are hatched"?

The comfort and hygienic properties of the kilt are more than ever beyond doubt, for Dr. Campbell hangs to the ancient dress with a tenacity which is dear to behold.

We wonder if the M.O. bears much resemblance in nature to either of the two Campbells in the baun, if he is like "oor Dunkie" or Colin. One is a teetotaller, and the other is a teetotaller—an'-I-don't-think. One man in the battalion, Wullie by name, resembles both at once.

This sounds like a paradox, but it isn't. We remember one time Wullie went plum on the wagon, for good, and he and our humble teetotal self signed the double pledge that very night in the middle of Foul Bay Road. The ceremony took place under an unceasing shower of wet snow and lasted, it is supposed, from 11 p.m. until 3 a.m., next morning. The conversation was happy and uninterrupted until I bade farewell to Wullie and the O.O. (Not Orderly Officer.)

CRUNLUATH MACH.

#### "A" COMPANY NOTES.

Congratulations to Pte. H. C. Pimm, "A" Company, who on June 20 took unto himself a wife and journeyed into a far country, pitching his tent in Royal Tunbridge Wells. What we would like, however, is a little information on the episode of the journey in the wrong train before the ceremony. And was he very nervous when the parson forgot to turn up?

DEAR TOM,—Just returned from the trenches somewhere in England. We had a grand scrap to-day, and another during the week. I came out of both pretty well. In the first, though an enemy came up the communicating trench, and although I shot him at close range, instead of dying gracefully, he threw a bomb and hit me behind the ear, which wasn't fair. By the way, I must remember you know nothing about military terms, so I must explain as I go. A communication trench is not a place to send messages or things of that sort, nor can you get any information in it, as the name might suggest, but it is a trench joining one firing trench to another in order to let the men proceed to either one as desired. I think it a splendid idea, for if you had to jump out of one trench and run up to the other it would be quite dangerous. We were late one morning and took a short cut. Part of the short cut stands up in the air, someone told me at a grade of 3 in 1. I haven't worked it out, but I don't think it was quite so steep as that. That day we dug some of those trenches I mentioned above and did an awful lot of work. The Colonel of the Staff said we took longer than some other fellows; but they were ordinary infantry, we are *Pioneers*. He said other things, and also that for one month he would work us hard, and hinted that then we would be perfect. The hint wasn't very strong, but I think that is what he meant. Then we will be really *Pioneers*, and I am glad to say they get extra pay. I shall save mine up for Christmas. Then, too, I expect we shall get some more badges. We've had two more on plaid for the shoulders, and the N.C.O.'s have stripes on both arms now, and soon, no doubt, we shall have some symbolical mark to wear to show what our speciality is—perhaps a spade and pickaxe crossed, or a section of a trench with barbed wire entanglements in front, or maybe a mule standing on some bridge timbers. If we get many more decorations we shall look like Christmas trees. If the B.S.M. only had a pair of earrings it would give quite a finished appearance. By

the way, a mule the other day foolishly argued with a rope tied to its neck and also to a tree. The rope got the best of the argument, and the mule became a casualty—that means it died. The next day we had Mulligan. I got a hard square piece of material in the soup, and one fellow told me it was a bit of harness; but I think he was not telling the truth, because they would have taken the harness off the mule before they cooked it, wouldn't they? Another experience we had last week was: we went to a fumigating and disinfecting parade. Our clothes were put into a super-heated steam chamber. This process was calculated to destroy any inhabitants of the said clothes, and we bathed and got off some more of that dirt we got in the ranges. The blankets were disinfected too, so we may not be really perfect *Pioneers*, but we are clean. Next week we are on construction work in the field, and I hope to continue my account then.

Advice: If you are going to *miss* a train, see that the telegram announcing your misfortune arrives *after* the train has left.

Many changes in personnel. We welcome Capt. Okell as second in command, and hope to benefit by his appointment. The 4th Platoon is "transported" by having Mr. Perks as commander.

Since there are now five mules attached to the Battalion for "duty, discipline and rations," we would suggest that they be called upon to help devour the seemingly everlasting supply of beans served up in the men's mess.

In connection with the said beans, rumour hath it that two ship's cargoes of beans were captured; but that is no reason why they should be dumped on the 67th. The Battalion will presently earn the soubriquet of "Has been."

Corpl. Bardsley, reading the paragraphs in battalion orders pertaining to the hospital, came to the conclusion that the sign N.Y.D. meant "Not yet dead." As a well-known scout sergeant said at Longmoor, "Excuse is no ignorance."

## EATS

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## "C" COMPANY NOTES.

Private Gilles, No. 9 Platoon's ex-parson, also ex-dairyman, has at last found the occupation most suitable for his wonderful ability. Tailoring it is, and as a cutter-out he is an adept. Witnesses can be produced to verify this.

Luxuries at Whitehill, as we all know, were certainly never at any time numerous, but a well-intending cook, left behind at Bramshott, took pity on a certain section at the ranges. The result was that the aforesaid section received a gift of several pies made and sent by our worthy cook. They arrived at Whitehill none the worse for their journey, and were eyed with pleasure by our pie-loving section. Beautiful they were to look upon, but oh! ye gods, when the time came for these delicacies to be enjoyed, then it was that looks of wonderment and dismay spread over each and every countenance in that circle. While they were striving to gain some slight advantage over their dessert, a private, well known as a pie-lover, thrust his head in the tent, and seeing such a bountiful supply of his beloved dish, at once asked for some; a goodly supply was handed him, and he left in a state of satisfaction. He *left*, I have mentioned, but at the time of writing his whereabouts is a mystery. We hope, at least, that he enjoyed the pie.

Why all this sighing and letter-writing, Private Toussaine? We all know that week-end passes are few and far between, but buck up, old man, she'll remain true, and wait for you, and be careful of the "Crown and Anchor" game.

In the course of a conversation the other night between Private Markwick and another private of No. 9 Platoon, the subject arose about the general run of men in Ontario. Pte. Markwick asserted that it was not hard to get into this province, and when told that he was mistaken said, "Oh, no, it is easy to get in there; they let anyone in there now—I was there myself for two years."

There is a house on the road to Alton, on the top of Worldham Hill, where a soldier can have a rest and refreshments. It is admirably situated, and any soldier calling there will not regret it. It is run free of charge, through the kindness of the women of that vicinity, and is much appreciated by all who call, especially these hot days.

We are certainly going in for Pioneer work strong now, and with a few more weeks at this forced trench-digging, will be able to put one down in record time. We also will be adept at mountain-climbing, at the conclusion of our course in pioneering.

## "D" COMPANY NOTES.

Now that we have returned from our musketry practices it has been shown that "D" Company have a great number of first-class shots and a number of marksmen. Although not official our average is about 84, something we should be proud of. Our Sergt.-Major Instructor of Musketry has complimented us on our showing, for which we thank him.

Major Carey is now taking a course at Pirbright. He sure has had a busy time of it since coming to England, and whenever he returns from these "jaunts" he has a bunch of new ideas to introduce to us.

Rumour has it that we are in for a good hard course of trench work, and we hope to show "those that be" we are not a bit slow or backward in tackling this kind of work. We like it.

We had a touch of the real stuff last week, when a big field day was held and everybody was hard at it. Mr. Terry had command of our company, and he was all there all the time.

'Stan.' Young of Y.M.C.A. fame must be complimented on the cosy little home he has provided for us in the Dining Hall Building. We have all the writing matter, etc.,

games and reading matter that one requires. There is no reason now that one cannot write home as much as he desires.

Our Company had a nice little hike to Haslemere the other day, and a number of the boys pointed out some familiar places, best known to themselves. Geo. Scaife and Van seemed to be very familiar with these places.

Bob Dick had a week-end pass, and all the bunch are wondering where he got acquainted, as he is pretty hard hit.

The following conversation was heard in Hut 27 the other day. Pte. S—— was speaking to Pte. B—— and this is what happened.

"Well, I'd be ashamed if I had as bald a head as you. Look at my hair."

Pte. B.: "I just want to ask you one question."

Pte. S.: "Go ahead."

Pte. B.: "Did you ever see grass growing on a busy street?"

Collapse of Pte. S.

Now, boys, do not fail to give our Y.M.C.A. your whole-hearted support, and make it your home while we are together. It will travel with us wherever we go, and a number of good things will be put on to keep up the work.

Something to work on, boys, and that is prunes and tea, as they always say while a man is unsatisfied he may be satisfied, but once he is satisfied he is dissatisfied.

Another big game between the Officers and Sergeants was pulled off last week, with the Sergeants on the long end.

Some are wondering why our C.S.M. is wearing riding breeches nowadays. We all know he is far away from home.

A lot of new tunics have been issued, but we cannot say they equal the ones issued us at the Willows as far as fit or neatness is concerned.

Our old friends "The Edwards Twins" gave us a concert last week in the main alley of our camp, and we can assure them it was a rare treat. Such talent as theirs should be recognised, especially on pay-day. You know what we mean.

Pte. Stacey offers a prize of five shillings for the best poem written dealing with our experiences at Whitehill Ranges.

## DICHTS AT THE PIPE BAUN'.

The pipe baun' beau paid another visit to London last week-end. Wait a bit, Dunc, and get Charlie Sims's expert opinion; or, failing that, take Mr. Punch's sage remark to heart.

The pipe-major was again caught talking to a subaltern last week. Really, Wullie, you must be more circumspect. You are becoming too approachable altogether.

We asked the pipe-major when a certain member of the baun' was due back and he informed us that he "wad be back about Sunday." We love the implied subtle distinction between when yin o' the baun' is due back and when he will be back.

Wullie and Hector were in a gracious mood on Tuesday night, for they both deigned to accept a drink in the mess after playing at dinner.

Dunc had great difficulty restraining his mirth when the pipe-president came to grief in the anti-room at the concert a week ago. However, the pipe-major's wrathful glance cowed the laughin' oot o' his heid and garred him get on wi' his wark.



**SCOUT AND SNIPER SECTION.**

After vicissitudes many and various, the S. and S. Section is once more re-united at Bramshott Camp.

Our boys did well at the ranges: the majority graded as, at least, first-class shots.

Mr. Marsden, fresh from laurels gained at the Aldershot course, has the Section all keyed up to concert pitch, digging sniper lairs, taking bearings, finding ranges, etc., etc.

Now that we have such a large assortment of instruments, the instruction now being given by our O.C. is very much more varied than it was possible to obtain on the other side—the many different subjects giving that change which is essential to the holding of the interest of the men.

Scout J. J. Donnelly was welcomed back with open arms on his return from adventures amongst the Sinn Feiners in Ireland.

An amusing little episode happened—as the old papers have it—not a hundred miles from Grayshott recently. Corpl. D. Hughes was accosted as follows:—

**SMALL BOY:** "Give me a ha'penny, soldier, it'll bring yer luck."

**CORPL. HUGHES:** "My dear boy, I havn't any change."

**SMALL BOY:** "Well, I hopes yer get blown to pieces when yer goes to France!"

During a recent field day, Sergt. Copping and Shorty Smith bombed a machine gun; the same was put out of action by an umpire. After the latter's departure, the casualties mysteriously came to life, and caused their assassins to beat a hasty retreat under a perfect fusillade of well-directed bombs, the same consisting of large clods of Ludshott real estate. Poor Shorty, as usual, got it in the neck, and Sergt. "C. C. C." of the "S. S. S." did not get off scot free either.

We wonder who the scout was who, on being instructed to make a sketch plan of the enemy's trenches at about 11 a.m. last Wednesday, during the "presumed night" operations, replied that he couldn't see to do it as it was "night-time."

It's an open secret that the Section anticipates lifting the prizes for the "Digging-in under fire" and "Sniping" contests at the Aldershot Command Sports, to be held on the 1st proximo.

The sniping lairs that our boys have dug in the vicinity of the Officers' Mess cannot be too highly praised, and the Section was "At Home" to a large number of visitors from the different companies during the construction of the same.

[NOTE.—Frightfully inconvenient for officers returning from Haslemere late and lit. Good thing our mess is wholly T.T.—EDITOR.]

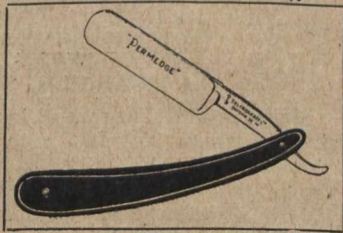
**THE SHADOW OF A COMING EVENT ?**

Congratulations were showered upon the Adjutant when he arrived in camp last Tuesday from an extensive tour in England and Scotland. It was not quite clear what the congratulations were for; but inasmuch as several were heard to wish "both" a long and happy life, the inference is left open.

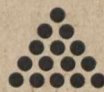
If our deduction is correct the Lady is also to be congratulated.

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## MACHINE GUN PATTERN.

We are sorry to lose Captain O'Kell from our Section, after bringing us up to our present state of efficiency, but are pleased to have Lieut. Gray as our C.O. and hope the appointment will be permanent.

\* \* \* \*

The Section is getting quite adept at building gun emplacements. We notice they are favourite places to have a quiet smoke.

\* \* \* \*

A point in dispute. A company officer receives orders to dig a "Communication Trench." Simultaneous a gun detachment receives an order to build a gun emplacement to enfilade the trench when finished. If the company officer refuses to give up a portion of the right of way, how can the gun detachment build their emplacement?

\* \* \* \*

C.S.M. Duffet's "physical jerks" have undoubtedly done the boys a lot of good, but judging by the size of the tunics being issued, the development has not come up to expectations.

\* \* \* \*

What is a "Hickey"? asked Pte. Sloan.

\* \* \* \*

Are all Canadian mail ships quarantined? If so, when will one of them be set free?

\* \* \* \*

Corpl. W. (who has been ordered to furnish a fatigue party to carry sand-bags at the ranges): Here, you two, go and grab a couple of sand-bags each.

Sergt. P.: Why don't you get privates to do it?

Query. Is that why N.C.O.'s have decorations on both arms now?

\* \* \* \*

Some of the Section seem to think the safest way to fight with a bayonet is to shoot it from the rifle at any distance over 100 yards. It is rather hard on the bayonet though.

\* \* \* \*

## A CHALLENGE.

We hereby challenge any company, or aggregation of companies, in the battalion to a game of Basket Ball. No. 1 Company is especially invited to come forward. Note: Officers not excluded from taking part.

\* \* \* \*

The musically inclined members of the Section insist on displaying their talents after "lights out," the others insist on a non-musical display after "réveillé." Query: Which is the most annoying?

\* \* \* \*

One great advantage of being attached to the scout and sniper section is that one's powers of observation are very acutely developed. Now, had Sergt. Will Johnston not had a long scout training he would never have noticed on our recent field-day that there was a partially-made machine-gun emplacement in the parapet of the trench. As it was, he was able to walk over the slim and incomplete roof and bury the gun-crew working underneath, thereby adding greatly to the pleasure of the outing.

## THINGS THE STRETCHER BEARERS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Why did Captain Bullen send three dead men to the Stretcher Bearers on Tuesday?

\* \* \* \*

We are capable of doing any kind of bandaging, but we draw the line at bringing the dead to life.

\* \* \* \*

Why wasn't Major Sutton labelled as shot when he was fired at by a stretcher bearer, who was under cover within four yards of him?

\* \* \* \*

Will the officers stand on the parapets in actual warfare as they did on Tuesday?

\* \* \* \*

When will the S.B. Section be made up to strength?

## PERSONAL NEWS IN THE ORDERS.

(Continued from Page 1.)

To be Armourer Sergeant, 102051 F. A. Halhed.  
To be Sergeant Drummer, 102671 C. Sims.  
To be Sergeant Shoemaker, 102695 R. A. Hobbs.  
To be Signalling Sergeant, 102178 E. E. Kendall.  
To be Pioneer Sergeant, 102187 J. M. Ogilvie.

## MACHINE GUN SECTION.

To be Sergeants, 102934 G. A. Baurle and 102953 J. Dakers.  
"A" COMPANY.  
To be Company Sergt.-Major, 102033 J. Cartwright.  
To be Sergeants, 102078 J. W. Smith, 102287 E. J. Norwood, 103005 J. W. Cornick, 102182 S. A. Morrison, and 102553 W. G. Brice.

## "B" COMPANY.

To be Company Sergt.-Major, 102055 W. H. Johnston.  
To be Company Q.M.Sergt., 102019 A. B. Stewart.  
To be Sergeants, 102106 E. L. Gleason, 103151 S. E. Young, 102120 E. Lister, 102124 F. McGraw.  
To be Sergeant "Provost," 102670 W. R. Jones.

## "C" COMPANY.

To be Sergeants, 102205 J. B. Watson, 102427 J. W. Hunter, 102192 W. E. Pugh, 102876 W. Hindhaugh, 102408 R. T. Roxburgh.

## "D" COMPANY.

To be Company Sergt.-Major, 102252 A. J. Mirams.  
To be Company Q.M.-Sergt., 102020 W. Dawson.  
To be Sergeants, 102010 S. C. Cory, 102004 J. Smith, 102210 J. R. Allan, 102728 J. D. McPhee, 123622 S. Rankin.

## BASE COMPANY.

To be Sergeant, 102241 J. H. Jones.  
To be Sergeant Tailor, 102018 A. W. Moffat.  
To be Sergeant, 102428 W. E. Tait.

## TRANSFER.

No. 28671 C.Q.M.S. W. Sawyer, from 30th Battalion C.E.F., Shorncliffe, to 67th Battalion, Bramshott Camp, 14.6.16, and posted to a company as a sergeant.

## MARRIAGE.

No. 102671 Sergt. Drummer C. Sims, Staff, has been granted permission, by the Officer Commanding, to marry at date 15.6.16.

Extract from Aldershot COMMAND ORDERS:—

EXAMINATION: "Musketry."—Lieut. M. M. Marsden, 67th Batt., has qualified as a First-class Instructor at 20th Snipers' Course.

## APPOINTMENTS.

To be Acting C.S.M., with pay, 102205 Sergt. T. B. Watson, "C" Company.  
To be Lance-Sergeant, 102298 Acting Corpl. F. E. Mantle, "C" Company.  
To be Acting Corporal, with pay, 103121 Acting Lance-Corpl. M. McGuire, "C" Company.

## TRANSFERS.

The following men are transferred to the 51st Batt. C.E.F., North Camp, Bramshott:—

102994	Pte. J. Macaulay,	Permanent Base Duty.
102984	" J. Knudson,	" "
102510	" A. Matheson,	" "
102583	" M. Dunford,	" "
103427	" S. McVie,	" "
103093	" J. D. Mitchell,	" "
102295	" J. M. Patterson,	" "
102738	" T. Adlam,	" "
103044	" G. W. Marshall,	" "
102037	" L. Day,	" "
102437	" H. I. Morris,	Base Duty, three months.

## A WARNING TO OUR M.O.

Since our M.O. has seen fit to prevent one of our editorial staff from indulging in a nice quiet game of soccer and turning him back because of his knee after he had taken the trouble to get into a football strip, we duly warn the M.O. that he need expect no sympathy from us when an opportunity presents itself for reflecting on his morals, looks, or character.

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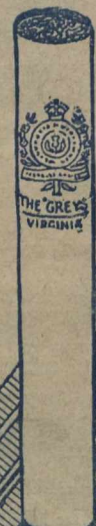
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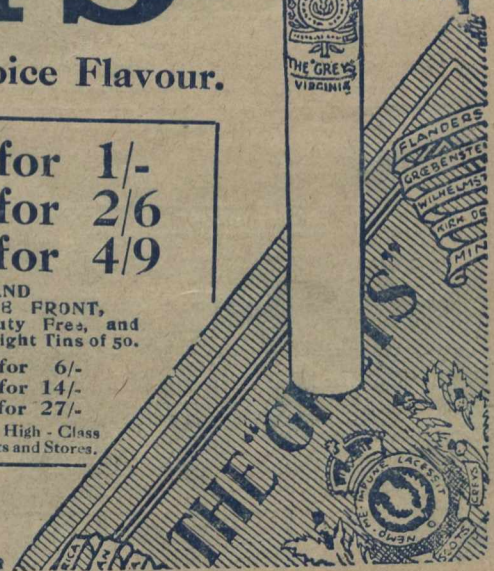
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