

Bramshott

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The Western Scot



Vol. I.

BRAMSHOTT, HANTS, JULY 26, 1916.

No. 41.

JEWELLERS



TO H.M. THE KING.



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The Western Scot

Vol. I.

BRAMSHOTT, HANTS, JULY 26, 1916.

No. 41.

REGIMENTAL BANDS.

A SHORT STUDY.

BANDS, THEIR ORIGIN, ORIGINAL, PRESENT AND FUTURE USE AS APPLIED TO EXPEDITIONARY FORCES IN THE PRESENT WAR.

Owing to the amount of controversy as to the "why" and "wherefore" of bands being organized and now broken up, this article is written as far as possible in an explanatory manner to give the men of this and other Battalions of the C.E.F. some idea of how the present disruption came about.—Corpl. R. G. HUMPHREYS, 67th Divisional Military Band.

As far back as history takes us, we learn that whenever a body of men, particularly soldiers, were mobilized either for peace or war purposes, they were always accompanied by musicians of some sort or other. Not particularly for marching purposes, but with the main idea of cheering up the men. To quote one specific use, the original inhabitants of our adopted country, *i.e.* Canada, the Indians, before proceeding to make war, in every instance had a general assembly, in the centre of which was stationed the band, composed of tom-toms and other native instruments, which regaled the company with stirring music and songs to instil courage for the forthcoming battle.

Different nations all have their bands for this same purpose more or less, and no doubt the music of our finest bands sounds as hideous to some nations as theirs does to us. Music is purely a matter of taste, environment and education.

To advance to music as it applies to European nations, we could fill several WESTERN SCOTS and then some more. But to get down to the idea of this article, we will now deal with bands as we know them in the C.E.F. and their forefathers the British Army, of which we might now consider ourselves part and parcel.

It is well known that a large body of men, when on the march for a long distance, travel quicker and with much less fatigue if accompanied by musicians, be it brass, pipes, bugles or fifes. This, then, is the main reason why bands were organized for use in the British Army and our C.E.F. To confine ourselves to brass bands, the British Army bands (Permanent Forces) are composed of 19 musicians and a Bandmaster. In times of war, these men are used as stretcher-bearers. If the band is augmented to 30 or more, the balance of the musicians are drawn from the ranks to do duty with the band, but, on declaration of war, they immediately return to their respective companies, and take up the ordinary duties of the rank and file.

We now reach our own C.E.F. and their bands. As each Battalion was recruited in different parts of Canada, bandsmen (not soldiers) were advertised for to form a band. Two or more officers of the regiment were generally appointed as a committee to attend to the working of the band, a Bandmaster appointed, and work commenced. In most cases where brass bands accompanied a Battalion, it was by request of the rank and file, with the necessary permission of the O.C. and officers.

To the uninitiated the expense of keeping up a brass band, with instruments, music, and a thousand-and-one other items necessary, seems enormous, but the writer of

this article, after some 15 years' service in military bands, is always willing to show expense is necessary to anyone interested enough in this all-absorbing topic.

To gather together the necessary instruments to complete the proper formation or balance of a band requires money, and in all cases to the best of our knowledge the officers and ranks subscribed freely, in most cases one day's pay, although we could quote one instance where three days' pay was given by each man of a Battalion, which Battalion, by the way, is not a thousand miles from Bramshott.

We now have our band formed, music, instruments, etc., subscribed for, and what returns do we get for our investment? In all cases when the Battalion proceeds on a route march, field day, etc., they are accompanied by the band playing martial and popular marches. On stated days, the bands give concerts for the benefit of the men, playing popular overtures, operas, songs, etc. At other stated times, they play for Officers' Mess, Hospitals, Sports, Church Services, Funerals, etc., etc., and on top of this have to find time for practice and the usual training to make efficient soldiers.

Now comes the topic of the day. Why are C.E.F. bands being disbanded? What status does an enlisted bandsman hold in an Expeditionary Force? What were the conditions under which he enlisted? What disposal will be made of him?

In the present war, owing to a thousand difficulties arising, it has been found impossible to use a band in the field. Only in a very few exceptional cases can a band be used, and that is at a base and around hospitals, where a little music is almost as essential to a patient's health as is his medicine. If a band accompanied a battalion into the trenches, they would be immediately located by the enemy, and the result would be anything but pleasant. Amongst other things, this is a war of "step lightly and speak softly," and any sounds more than are absolutely necessary are directly fatal to moving troops. Even the reflection from the band instruments would make an easy mark for the enemies' "sky eyes."

In all, there has been many battalions sent from Canada. Take each battalion as bringing one band composed of, say, 30 men. We then have hundreds of men in the Army, their original occupation gone through circumstances over which they themselves nor the powers that be have any control. What is to be done?

If we go back to the day of his enlistment, and glance at the attestation papers, we find clearly stated that the party signing agrees to serve His Majesty King George V. *anywhere or in whatever capacity he or his officers think fit to place him.* It is all very clear and very simple, and leaves absolutely no room for argument. Therefore, though we wrote from now until doomsday, the facts would remain the same.

We could put up many legitimate arguments in favour of the bandsmen being kept as bandsmen, but we all attested the same way, all read what was written thereon, and in fact we are "in the Army now," and the old saying still stands good, that "they can do anything to or with you in the Army but—"? We leave our readers to fill in the blank.

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, JULY 26TH, 1916.

DISCIPLINE.

Recently we had the pleasure and profit of listening to some pointers from the experience of an officer who is rich in experience of this war, Lieut.-Colonel Victor Odlum, D.S.O., lately in command of the famous 7th Battalion of the "Fighting First" Canadian Division, now to command the 11th Brigade of the 4th Division.

* * * * *

One point stood out strongly in Col. Odlum's crisp résumé of conditions, and that was the absolute necessity for discipline. For instance, he disposed of the gas danger lightly by citing the excellent protection of helmets, *but added*: "Of course, a poorly-disciplined Battalion will suffer heavily from gas because they will not obey quickly enough and will not have so habituated themselves to *immediate* and *constant* obedience to orders as to be ready in a matter of seconds. Their helmets will not be ready or will not be properly folded when the sudden attack comes; or the alarm will not be given with sufficient rapidity. It is only a matter of seconds, and discipline *must* be of a high standard. When it *is*, the gas danger is not serious."

* * * * *

All through his interesting description of conditions at the Front as they are *now*, Col. Odlum paid tribute to the supremacy of discipline. The *habit of instant obedience to the order of the commander* is absolutely essential not only to success in this war, but also to the safety of all ranks.

* * * * *

Now, in the training period, is the time to get the habit of discipline. It is too late when you reach the firing line—too late for *you*. Others, of course, *may* benefit by your mistakes, but *if you lack discipline* you are going to suffer, and possibly, even probably, cause the loss of many of your comrades.

C. L. A.

WHAT RICHARD STEELE SAID.

So apt with reference to the Huns and the present war that it might have been penned yesterday, is this excerpt from Richard Steele's essay on "Recollections of Childhood":—

"Who can have lived in an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flourished in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherless and widows on the tyrant to whose ambitions they fell sacrifices? But gallant men who are cut off by the sword move rather our veneration than our pity; and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death to make that no evil which was approached with so much cheerfulness, and attended with so much honour. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it; I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects, and consider the havoc which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness, and possesses all our souls at once. . . . Oh, death! thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning; to the thoughtless?"

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"THE WHIZZ BANG."

We are in receipt, through the kindness of Lieut.-Col. Ross, of the first copy of "The Whizz Bang," the official medium of the wide-awake 207th Battalion (Ottawa-Carleton), and we trust that we may be favoured with succeeding numbers. This paper is one of the best we have seen; it lives up to its name, creating a "Whizz" of anticipation followed by a "Bang" of realization. It is one more recruit in the ranks of C.E.F. journals, and we wish it every success. Lieut.-Col. Chas. W. MacLean is C.O. of the 207th, which is called "MacLean's Athletes." They look mighty good, and they will be welcomed "over the Straits" by everyone except Hans und Fritz.—C.L.A.

The Canadian Manufacturers' Association in the recent session urged the establishment of the shipbuilding industry in Canada on a permanent and profitable basis.

* * * * *

It is announced that enlistments of civil servants and other federal employees now total 3,424.

* * * * *

The Anglican Synod at Winnipeg has pledged itself to support the Government in any measure found necessary for the further mobilisation of Canadian men and also for any measure that may be found necessary in connection with resources for the war.

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OF WORLD-WIDE POPULARITY.

HAVE WON MORE AWARDS THAN ANY OTHERS.

POT POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS.

It's quite palpable that more than one of our bachelor officers has "a long long trail a-winding to the land of his dreams." It's going to be the old story of "'twixt love and duty" when we move.

* * * *

The officer certainly had a fed-up disposition who commanded recently after a long day: "Quick turn—right march!"

* * * *

Reminds one of "Punch's" story of the excited game-keeper who held up a cotton-tail to the view of his master and shouted: "It's a robert, Sir Rabbit!"

* * * *

"Wounded Canadian officers who have arrived in London had vivid tales to tell of their terrible experience in interviews with the representatives of the Canadian Associated Press," says "The Victoria Colonist." Bombarded with questions, we assume!

* * * *

As a hint to young officers, it may be repeated that too much stress cannot be laid on the necessity for reading communications with extreme care. We may cite the instance of one social butterfly who is a member of our mess. This sprightly youth recently entertained a visitor from another camp, and the day after the visitor left, what was our friend's dismay upon receiving a telegram announcing that the same visitor would arrive at Haslemere by the 10.37 p.m. train. Our friend, despite a heavy day, repaired to Haslemere for the purpose of meeting the train, only to find that the visitor did not arrive. Thereupon he waited for the midnight train, and still no visitor. Then our friend came back to camp and re-read the telegram, whereupon the mystery was solved. The dispatch bore the date of four days previous and announced the coming of the visitor on his first visit. Moral: Look at the date of a communication before taking action.

* * * *

Major Harbottle's Harmonious Half Hundred, otherwise known as the 67th Military Band—official band of the 4th Division—did themselves and us proud a few days ago when, under the able leadership of Bandmaster Louis Turner, they journeyed to the big imperial camp at Aldershot, and played during the King's inspection of the troops there. They made an exceptionally good impression, as they have done on many occasions lately, and were honoured by His Majesty's marked attention.

* * * *

A certain company major made what we Parisians call a "fox pass" the other day. He was inspecting a deep dug-out in course of completion by a squad of experienced miners. Some of the timbers rested on a ledge and one of the miners was engaged in removing them to put in larger and longer ones.

Major: "I wouldn't bother with those. They seem sound enough!"

Miner: "Were ever ye doon in a coal mine, sirrr?"

Major: "No, never!"

Miner: "Ah, weel, ah've lived a' my life in them, an' I'm for makin' this sae it'll no come doon about ma lugs!"

Whereupon he quietly proceeded to do so, while the major retired.

* * * *

After trying to throw bombs while wearing the kilt, we have concluded it would be an unsuitable pastime for ladies' so long as the present fashion in skirts prevails.

* * * *

Mac goes after the South African apron and the medium wire entanglement now with a mailed fist.

* * * *

Since our equipment has been augmented by the arrival of three mulligan carts and a sausage roaster, we are anxious for an experimental field-day.

* * * *

Ans. to A.A.G.:—No, dear reader, you were not dreaming that you heard the Princess Charlotte's siren off Trial Island; it was only one of our new mokes telling his stall-mate what he thought of him.

THE SERGEANTS' PICNIC.

Promptly at 7 a.m., July 8, we moved off in column of route with out B.S.M. at the head. The eagerness of all to reach Portsmouth was shown by the pace travelled, reaching Haslemere in plenty of time, in fact nearly soon enough to catch previous day's train. The train journey was uneventful. Reaching Portsmouth we were met by our smiling advance agent, and were soon in extended (front to rear) order. Bringing up the rear was our ever efficient Sergt. Cook, who with his usual promptness secured light rations and started in to issue the same en route. His generosity secured him numerous civilian friends (of all ages and sexes), Percy assisting.

By general consent the head of the column halted near the Dock Yard gates. On all of us reaching there, permission having been secured, we were shown through the Dock Yard. Pages could be written, if allowed, of what we saw.

Time passed very quickly, and about 11.40 our second in command was heard urging our departure. We soon found ourselves outside the gates with yet five minutes to wait. The following time was spent in aimless wanderings, etc. Promptly at 1 p.m. we sat down to a dinner that did credit to our caterer and those who arranged the picnic.

Dinner over, small scouting parties went in all directions. It mattered not what direction they took, as nearly all arrived about the same time at Southsea Beach. The day got gradually warmer, and soon Young and all were seen stretched in comfort on the beach. Many wished they had brought their Pioneer shovels, as it was the kiddies gave as much enjoyment as they got themselves.

Memory carried back to schoolboy days. One was heard to say to a pouting miss: "Don't be cross, I'll wait!" The watchful mother, overhearing the remark, with a firm but kindly manner told him the child's age, and said, "If he waits—she'll be cross!"

The breezes getting cooler, the long-awaited 6 p.m. arrived, and all were busily engaged until 9.30 p.m. Hunger asserting itself, various restaurants were patronized. Our engineer staff had the misfortune to get caught in a rush of patrons at one and slightly injured.

* * * *

The Jimmies seemed restless and were ever on the go.

* * * *

Despite the Daylight Saving Bill, darkness arrived at last, and with it came the usual 67th rush for beds. Many were thoughtful to secure same earlier in the day. Again our second in command came to the assistance of the remainder, and through his thoughtfulness in making arrangements for others, nearly missed securing one for himself. As it was, he was the last, we believe, to find a resting spot.

So ended a perfect day.

"A" COMPANY NOTES.

New clothing being issued, somebody exclaimed: "Have you seen something new in putties?" "No," was the reply. Pointing to a man just joined, the witty one exclaimed: "Well, look there!"

* * * *

Local letters and *English*, or rather British mail came in the other day with strips of paper on one end. Was it cens-or nonsense?

* * * *

Seen in a local churchyard: ———, the *youngest* son of ———, aged 80 years. Query, how old was the eldest?

* * * *

Early the other morning the steamer's whistle went off, but on fully awakening found that she was not coming into the wharf. It was a mule braying.

* * * *

No. 2 Platoon wish to convey their gratitude to the officers and the men of the Company for their generous response to the appeal for funds towards a memorial to our late comrade T. Davison. The sympathetic bearing of the whole Company at the funeral was remarkable. The Company deserves great credit for their kindly attitude, and if our turn comes we trust we shall get as fine a bunch of men to wish us goodbye.

Every man in the 67th

will want several copies for himself and friends in England or Canada of the WESTERN SCOT'S SPECIAL

NOMINAL ROLL NUMBER

to be published soon. It will contain a complete, correct, nominal roll of the Battalion as it stands ready for the Front, with special articles by some of England's foremost writers contributed specially.

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WATCH FOR ANNOUNCEMENT

The men of "A" Company are nothing if not thorough. Some of them were shown a dug-out just finished, and were told that it was for the purpose of men sleeping during the day, so a squad of them promptly put it to its proper use. Fortunately they were called in time to proceed home. They voted it a complete success.

Our instructors at trench work have C.E. on their shoulder straps. A guess was made that the letters meant Christian Endeavour. But it seems to be backward. Ought it not to be Endeavouring to be Christians? On questioning some, they admitted they had not been very successful in their efforts.

The field kitchen is an unqualified success. She came up first day (it must be feminine, because it is such a good cooker) under a full head of steam and made about 10 knots an hour. Promptly at twelve the dinner was ready. From various parts of the apparatus the meat and vegetables appeared, and the men enjoyed a splendid meal. And the tea! The men preferred it to the beer! That is a test. It was grand. No beer was there, but everybody took tea. The cook in charge may have to hold engineer's papers, as the machinery is so complicated. The fireless cookers did their work finely, and the peas, potatoes and cabbage were beautifully firelessly cooked to a turn. The cooks must be congratulated on the *masterly* way in which they turned out the grub.

One wretched degenerate would-be punster (a Scotsman?) suggests that "if Turners-out of such meals continue so, we will *MacMasters* of them all."

DEAR TOM,—This week's work consisted chiefly of information, expectation, preparation, imagination, trepidation, insinuation, injection, inflammation, perspiration, commiseration, dejection, relaxation, and that is my experience of that d—nation *Inoculation*.

No. 4 Platoon would like to inform Pte. Nixon that he now belongs to No. 1, should he insist on still dining with them, its O.K., providing he thinks the service of No. 4 is better. Some friends in No. 4, "eh" yess.

One wonders if Pte. MacLaughlin of "A" Company still insists on joining the artillery, he has got the Portsmouth fever too. Poor Mac we are sorry.

How many times is Pte. MacIntyre going to visit Croydon on Sundays to get married? It seems sure this time, for the boys got bride's cake on Saturday in No. 3 Hut. "Good luck to you, Mac."

Pte. "Bill" Adamson would like to have a special "Clink Horn" fixed, so he could tell the call for defaulters in the early mornings, it takes Pte Nixon to wake him up all the time, for "Bill" does not understand these cuckoo's calls.

At last, Pte. Battisto Giovanni de Mac Bertucci, has reported back for duty, after being on sick list. He now occupies the position as mule skinner. His first days experience was great, he only lost both ribbons off his glengarry and a sweater. Some mules, those high kickers, eh, Bertucci?

Since a certain paper referred to the Western Scots as giants, "Jock" Snaddon and Tommy Little have been strutting about quite pleased.

Rushing into the hut, grabbing a note book and feverishly turning the pages and muttering to himself, a certain man gave one the impression of being earnestly endeavouring to fix some military knowledge upon his mind, but alas, appearances are deceptive. It appears he met her and wrote down her name, had to meet her that night, started gaily off, when oh horrors, he had forgotten her name! Hence the hurried return. A narrow shave.

Apropos of the kilt, one married man relates that his wife said "You shall not wear such things; nobody has the right to see your knees but me!"

Through contact with the battalion, Sergt. Major Duffett has added to his already extensive and expressive vocabulary!

Congratulations to our three-barred Post Master.

Sergt. A— Yes sir, they are a backward lot, I've taught them all I know and now they know nothing!

"B" COMPANY NOTES.

When visiting Portsmouth, keep a good look-out for bad coins. Five Sergeants from "B" Co. were riding on a car; the lady conductor took their money, tried it with her teeth, then bounced it on a steel plate. No doubt their faces gave them away.

The only time that Sergt. Lister showed any interest, when going through the Dockyard, was when we came to the prison.

The boys of "B" Co. are glad that "Shorty" is still on the water waggon, but sorry to see him laid up for repairs.

7th Platoon boys are subscribing to buy a phonograph, as they have lost their old friend Scott.

The N.C.O.'s and men congratulate Corpl. Isherwood on his promotion to Q.M.S. Long may he reign.

Who were the boys in Hut 24 who tried to play crib on pay-night in the dark, with two packs of cards? Oh, you midnight cribbers!

We wonder where the person is who said the 67th was a Scotch Battalion, and 90 per cent. were Christians.
* * * *

Anyone wishing to learn the Eskimo dive, apply Pte. Holyoake, "C" Co.
* * * *

Who is the man in 8 Platoon who said it would cost 2d. to check him, as his hand was four aces?
* * * *

A certain Corporal of "B" Co. would like to know why Pte. Barlow visited Liss so frequently whilst at Longmore Ranges.
* * * *

The boys of 6 Platoon wish Pte. Ferry and wife prosperity and happiness in their married life.
* * * *

Who said "B" Co. couldn't play football?
* * * *

The Mutual Admiration Society have come to a decision. McKenzie and Niven will announce the team for final next week.
* * * *

Another air raid in 5 Platoon.
* * * *

A close friend is one who will loosen up occasionally.
* * * *

Patience may be all very well in its way, but the Western Scots seem to find it a poor substitute for beans.
* * * *

Lance-Corpl. Cathcart claims that Liss is to be his future home.
* * * *

Oh, you Bluebell!
* * * *

Who says that Longmore bathing pond is not deeper after a certain Private's dive?
* * * *

Pte. Frith sure let 6 Platoon know he was once more with them on the 20th; he soon will be in the Happy Barr Class. Has anyone a remedy for snoring?
* * * *

"C" COMPANY NOTES.

News of "Paddy" is coming to us thick and fast. Our one hope now is to get the permit for his entering England, and we will once again have the old scout with us.
* * * *

Pte. Kay is certainly a good singer. But why choose the wee small hours of the morning to render us "Keep the home fires burning." His audience was limited to only a few, who, nevertheless, were certainly appreciative.
* * * *

Recent word from B.C. informs us that the floods have been playing havoc with the country near the Arrowhead Lakes. The traffic in the mountains has been stalled for a considerable time. Let's hope that the mail, at least, in some way will come through.
* * * *

Heard the other morning, prior to sick parade. Pte. B—s: "I am going sick this morning, Corporal."
Corpl.: "You can't go sick, you're on fatigue."
"How about when going on parade, Corporal?"
* * * *

Westcliff, so Pte. Oliver says, is an ideal place to spend a holiday. For bathing, boating, etc., it is unsurpassed. For anyone longing for the sight of the good old "salt chuck," that is the place to go.
* * * *

While speaking of Westcliff, a story which comes from there will bear repeating. It concerns the downfall of a very pompous bandmaster of that town. On numerous occasions he has been noticed strutting around wearing one of those "I-am-monarch-of-all-I-survey" airs. The peacock had nothing on him for pride. On the particular occasion of his downfall, he was strutting (as usual, with his lordly air) along the pier, when two children happened along. One catching sight of his familiar uniform cried out, "Is that a bit of the band?" As the pier was crowded, his consternation can be better imagined than described. Suffice to say, a spike was put in where it was needed.

Pte. Hardy is not lacking in courage, as the remainder of the inmates of his hut can testify. The other night, he had just entered the hut from a little excursion, and was feeling his way to his place of rest, when he was greeted by a fusilade of misses each and every one, so he says, being aimed at his right knee. At the time he was only wearing his glengarry, boots, shirt, and maybe a smile. At present, he is inquiring into the prices of leather leggings.
* * * *

It was noticed in last week's edition of THE SCOT, someone proposed Pte. McIlvride as a good leader for a debating society. In choosing him, Pte. Studwick of 10th Platoon was overlooked. If Pte. McIlvride takes a few lessons from this latest candidate, which, by the way, he is quite capable of handing out, "Mac" will certainly qualify for aforesaid society.
* * * *

By the way, boys, invest 6d. on a supper at the Y.M.C.A. on a Wednesday evening. Besides the supper, a good time is spent there, and from experience, I can say that you will be well satisfied.
* * * *

Pte.'s Thomas and Goodman would certainly cheer the dullest up with their smiles, say about two minutes to 6 P.M. Once when asked why all this cheerfulness, Pte. Thomas mumbled something about "Pig's Ear," and Pte. Goodman's broad grin was testimony that a visit was about to be paid to some shop. But, does "Pig's Ear" come from a butcher shop?
* * * *

"D" COMPANY NOTES.

All have seen Battalion orders of week before last and know of the recent promotions in our company. We take this opportunity of offering our congratulations.
* * * *

The different platoons have lost some of their best men, they having been transferred to the transport as mule drivers.
* * * *

"D" Company were complimented repeatedly for the cleanliness of their lines, many times back at the Old Willows, and they are still keeping up the old reputation.
* * * *

"Mac" Pimlott is O.K. now as he managed to "get out" on pay day.
* * * *

15th Platoon has developed a new wrestler in Bugler Chadwick. The Bugler mixed it and floored Pte. Forrest the other night. So "yap-yap" has been keeping very quiet lately.

MACHINE GUN PATTER.

Our famous dug-out is now practically complete, with the exception of the "fancy frills." It is twenty-three feet under ground, and quite commodious. Our next sphere of usefulness is, we understand, to be the construction of a miniature range for revolver practice.
* * * *

The battalion team failed to show up last Monday night to play our basket-ball team. We are ready for them at any time.
* * * *

Sergeant Dakers and Geordie Nichol journeyed to Scotland recently. 'Nuff said.
* * * *

The same couple attended the pipe-baun's corn kister. Oh, yes, we heard them come home!
* * * *

Perry has deserted us. Major Harbottle's little personal worries will now be a thing of the past. Whenever a reliable man is wanted you'll find him in the Machine Gun Section.
* * * *

Kenny sure is some lacrosse player. Besides being good in all branches, he does not know the meaning of selfishness.

ELEMENTARY MILITARY HYGIENE.

Elementary Military Hygiene is a very broad subject, and covers every detail necessary in the keeping of a battalion of men in a healthy and fit condition.

It includes cleanliness, sanitation, hut ventilation, and, in fact, every condition that in any way affects men's health.

The medical officer and his assistants are responsible that regulations governed by this subject are carried out; and can only do this effectively with the co-operation of every department officer, N.C.O. and man in the unit.

If a man is to be healthy he must be clean—that is, clean bodily, and have his clothes clean; his surroundings must be sanitary, his mess and messing conditions must be kept clean and sanitary. His sleeping quarters must be well-ventilated, so that he breathes while he sleeps clean, pure air, and his blankets must be free from any dirt or infection.

A very important thing is the issuing of clothing and equipment. This must be carefully handled, else the man, if not properly fitted (especially with shoes and socks), will very soon be on the sick list, with some ailment that could have been averted. So if the different parties responsible for the issuing of these articles will work in conjunction with the medical department, they can reduce to a great extent the number of sore feet reported.

Now to close this little article we will try and give a few hints on the care of the feet, which we trust, if followed, will help the battalion at large to keep themselves fit for any marches they may have to make.

An Infantry man "is just as good as his feet, and no better," so it is up to him to keep them right, and with a little care and attention, he can keep even very tender feet from "scalding" or blistering.

The proper care of the feet is mainly a matter for the individual soldier. At the same time supervision by the officer is also necessary. All should realise that for the prevention of injury to the feet by marching, well-fitting boots, socks and clean feet are essential.

Ablution of the feet at least once daily should be compulsory for troops in the field; in barracks at least three times a week. If facilities for washing the feet are not available, wiping them, particularly the toes, with a wet cloth does good, by removing dirt and grease.

Excessive sweating of the feet may be relieved by bathing in a solution made by diluting one ounce of formalin with two pints of water; or, for the same purpose, soaking the feet in water coloured red with permanganate of potash is useful (necessary drugs supplied by the medical department on asking). These remedies are the best palliatives; the real remedy for foot soreness lies in the provision of a well-fitting boot, and a soft smooth sock to cover the foot.

Much of a soldier's difficulty turns on the fact that his socks are apt quickly to shrink, and become so shortened that the heel of the sock tends to come under the sole of the foot, causing creases.

In cases where the socks are obviously ill-fitting, and where no new pair are available, it is better for the men to leave them off, and simply cover the feet with an ordinary newspaper. If the foot is placed in the centre of the page, the paper can be wrapped round it so as to make an excellent substitute for a sock. This covering will protect the foot for a day, and can be readily replaced. When blisters or chafes arise, they must be appropriately treated; the blisters should be pricked with a clean needle, and the tender parts covered with soap or clean grease.

A sewing needle can be quickly sterilised by holding the point for a few seconds in the flame of a lighted match.

These foregoing remarks will, we hope, be of some benefit to the readers of the WESTERN SCOT, and if you will watch this space you will find other articles from time to time, along other lines, that will at least interest you if not assist you.—MED. DEPARTMENT, 67th Battalion.

OUR OWN Y.M.C.A.

BY CAPT. FORGIE (late 16th Battalion).

The 67th Battalion Y.M.C.A. is a unique institution. In no other unit of the Expeditionary Forces is there a complete association organization such as exists in the Western Scots Pioneer Battalion. In this respect also the unit are "pioneers" of a new and better type of Y.M.C.A. work among the troops.

A Young Men's Christian Association is never complete without its secretary, and the 67th Y.M.C.A. would not be what it is were it not for the splendid leadership of the "Y" Sergeant—Stan Young. One does not need to be in Bramshott very long to discover that "Stan" is the right man in the right place.

We feel that the demonstration of the Y.M.C.A. as a definite part of a battalion organization will commend itself to the officers and men of other units, and we hope that the time is not far distant when a similar plan will be in operation in every unit of the Fourth Division.

The Association owes a debt of gratitude to Lieut.-Col. Ross for the way in which he has taken the initiative in this important work. Col. Ross has seen the Y.M.C.A. at work at the front, and knows that it is "on the job" night and day in its efforts to be of real service. And it can produce the goods!

At the front—where we all hope to be soon—the Y.M.C.A. have over twenty huts and marquees in the Canadian Corps area, where "Y" work is conducted on similar lines to that done in the huts here in camp. Nineteen officers and over 100 N.C.O.'s and men are detailed to conduct their work, which has the hearty endorsement of all ranks from Commander-in-Chief to private.

In Canada we were likely to get the impression that a building was necessary before we could have a Y.M.C.A. This is not so, however, as we may have a more real "Association" out here on active service, and right through to the line, than ever existed in any building—a group of men associated together to work out a programme along the lines indicated by the "red triangle," body, mind, and spirit.

There are times at the front when a good game of baseball or football will do more than anything else to keep officers and men in good trim for the most important work before them. The Association's job is to have the necessary equipment at hand and see that games are promoted at every suitable opportunity. Sometimes the strain of life becomes tense. In times like these, when the battalion is back a mile or two, a concert by the 67th "Coons" or other entertainers brought together by the Association will cheer everyone up and help them to forget for a while that there is a war on a mile or two away. When it is impossible to hold Church Parade or on Sunday evenings the Association can arrange for a bright service where, aided by music from a mouth organ or gramophone, the fellows can sing some of the good old hymns, and listen to a message about the higher things of life. These services are perhaps appreciated most of all.

One could go on to mention other features, such as supplies of stationery and reading matter, but enough has been said to show that the Association may occupy a large place in the life of the Battalion. If each unit will follow the example of the 67th Battalion, the Y.M.C.A. work of the Fourth Division is the finest piece of service ever done by the Association.

SHAVINGS FROM THE PIONEERS' WORKSHOP.

We were pleased to see Major Harbottle at the lacrosse game last Thursday week, in spite of a sprained ankle. It just goes to prove how good a sport he is, but we think that the crutches impeded his boosting powers quite a bit. We are sorry to see him so handicapped and hope he will soon be able to get around again without the aid of the crutches.

* * * *

Some surprise for the Pioneers a few nights ago when the Pipers took a notion to have a banquet and commandeered the hut, but thanks to the hospitality of the Brass Band, who kindly adopted us for the night, we managed to get about half-an-hour's sleep. Of course "Pipers will be Pipers." Nuff said. The irrepressible Pat of "Atlantic" fame was, however, not to be shaken so easily, and in consequence was on the hog next morning. Oh you Haggis; likewise Double O!

* * * *

Now that the Matrimonial Microbe has struck the section our Sergeant is going around with an extremely worried look on his face. We are wondering if it is the result of his numerous trips to the Battn. Orderly Room, or if he is seriously thinking about sending for the original of that photo which he packs around with him.

* * * *

Since the Pioneer notes last appeared in the Scot, the section has seen the following changes: Sergt. Jimmy Smith, of Willows and Cloverdale fame, has left us—we might say he deserted us, as he never said he was going. However, we are all pleased to see Jimmy a Platoon Sergt. now, and judging by the points gained in the Sergeants' exam., Jimmy will make good, and we must say that it was no surprise to anyone in our section to see our late Sergeant coming out right on top. We now have our late Corpl. Jim Ogilvie wearing the three stripes, but a few in our section would like to know if he intends to leave us too, as he has never put the axes on his arm yet, although he is just the right man in the right place. Sid is now our lance jack, and looks swell with his new stripes, one on each arm. Sid has got the axes up too, "more axes than stripes."

IN LONDON.

The time is drawing near when the Western Scots will start on the third stage of their journey. We who are left in London at times experience a pang of remorse that we have fallen out before reaching our goal. A nasty little devil inside us keeps taunting us: "Pikers," it seems to say. However, "Jacta est alea," and we are probably here to stay. As representatives of the Battalion, we promise to do our utmost to be of real use to you when you have gone "overseas." Please help us in this. If you want to have a place in England to which you can write, please use the London Office of the WESTERN SCOT. Any letters with commissions sent to the Business Manager, "WESTERN SCOT," c/o Polsue Ltd., Gough Square, London, E.C., will be carefully attended to.

By the way, don't forget to see that any friends or relatives to whom you would like this paper sent are on the mailing list of the Scot before you go away.

B. M.

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SIGNAL SECTION.

A certain corporal coming back from London after his week-end leave is looking pretty gloomy. What's the matter, Tod? Did she turn you down?—Oh, Shaw, don't bother me.

* * * * *

When is Pte. Pinks going to get rid of that laugh?

* * * * *

When is George going to stop talking at night, so as to give someone else a chance?

* * * * *

When is our Baby Elephant going to stop shooting the bull?

* * * * *

Kelly: "Do you know that you talk in your sleep, George?"

George: "Well, do you begrudge me these few words?"

* * * * *

Haslemere again! What is the attraction, Ben?

* * * * *

ON THE PARADE GROUND SUNDAY MORNING.
Sergeant to Private: Are you a Roman Catholic?
No; I'm a batman.

* * * * *

That the Daylight Scheme has not affected us much.

MARCHING.

Little by little and bit by bit
Our Battalion is getting a little more pip;
But, sorry to say, when they're marching away
It's impossible to stop them from running away:
They never think of the short ones behind,
But keep the pace going regardless of time,
Until they come to a village green
They all slow down for what can be seen—Chicken!

When the village is passed speed up again;
Round the corner we go—it gives you a pain.
Never mind the flank men, there's a hill to be made,
And the rear company must wait till the top is made.
Then on again, off again, the pace is maintained,
Never thinking to shorten step for the rear to gain;
So Double up! is heard all along the line
Just because a few won't think to mark time.

* * * * *

We were all pleased to welcome back Pte. Findlay from his long postponed trip to Scotland. He now takes life much more seriously, and is quite often noticed to be in deep thought. To-morrow morning, we understand, he wants to consult our respected O.C. on private business. In due course details will be published in the Scor.

* * * * *

Who were the two brave advance guards who mistook the music (?) of one of our "long-eared horses" for a recall whistle and doubled back to the parade ground before Thursday night's march to the trenches?

* * * * *

From the pleasant facial expression of one of our gallant lance-corporals in our recent photo, we infer that another week-end trip to the "Metrop." was assured. Looks serious this time.

* * * * *

Since we have taken up our abode in Hut 16 Pte. MacScott is getting to be a good athlete. We had a sample of his ability when Pte. Smith and MacScott had a four-round bout. Pte. MacScott's work was marvellous. His footwork shows that he has done some very careful training, and he shows great tactics in using his hands. He is now open to meet all comers. Anyone wishing to meet him can make arrangements through his trainer, Pte. Smith, Hut 16. All this is in expectation of his being taken to Portsmouth next time. His services as a batman are in requisition.

* * * * *

We wonder who was the non-com. who got lost in the trenches one Thursday night. Was the bed soft?

Who is it in Hut 30 who murmurs in his dreams "I didn't raise my Indian to be a Jitney"? Are apologies due to Henry Ford?

* * * * *

Is it correct for a company signaller to wear brass flags? Ask Pte. Graham.

BACK HOME IN VICTORIA, JULY 20th, 1917.

No. 102048 Private John Doe returns to Canada with his Battalion and receives his discharge. He arrives at his home in Saanich, and after partaking of the fatted rooster he astonishes his wife and family with the announcement that he has resolved to run his household on a military basis in future. "Yes, Sarah," addressing his better-half, "you've run this shack for twenty years, but in the interest of good order and discipline I shall be the O.C. from now on. I want a muster parade in the parlour in twenty minutes. Sarah, collect the squad, and report to me at once."

The squad showed up on time, consisting of Mrs. Doe, Miss Annie age 19, John, junior, age 17, and three younger children.

* * * * *

Private Doe: "Shun!" "Sarah, in future this shack will be called the quarters; réveillé will be at 5-30; lights-out at 9.45. Don't interrupt your superior officer, Sarah; it's a very serious offence, and if it occurs again I shall have to put you 'on the peg.' Sarah! you are now Cook-Corporal Doe; Annie! you are permanent line orderly; John! you are on permanent fatigue. Report at the cook-house each morning at 6 a.m., and light the fire. I am C.O., and shall also act as permanent Orderly Officer and Corporal. You will find I won't make it a mere matter of form, because you see I shall have to eat the stuff, which you'll admit makes a vast amount of difference. And, by the way, Corporal, when you draw rations from the Q.M. stores just tell him you don't care for beans. No doubt he will tell you all about balanced rations, carbo-hydrates, and how a pound of beans contains nutriment equal to two dozen eggs and a pound of sirloin. Don't argue with him, Sarah, but bring home the eggs and sirloin." "But, father," exclaimed Mrs. Doe, "you used to like beans so much." "Did I?" said John. "Well, I may have, but if you remember we used to have them at certain long and well-defined intervals. But we won't dwell on it, Sarah; the subject is a painful one, very painful. And again, Sarah, I don't think we will have any Grand Trunk strawberries." "What in the world is that, father?" said Mrs. Doe. "Why, the humble prune, Corporal, simply the common prune." "Why, father!" exclaimed Annie, "we all like prunes." "Oh! well! we will have them sometimes, say every Good Friday. You know, Annie, a certain editor once said, when deluged with a bunch of Spring poems, 'One Spring, one poem.' With us it will be 'One Spring, one prune.' Well, it will be lights-out in a few minutes. Inspection of quarters at 9.30 a.m. Corporal, fatigue dress."

* * * * *

Mrs. Doe and the rest of the family had heard this extraordinary tirade with mixed feelings, the old lady shaking her head sympathetically with many murmurs about shell-shock. Young John was heard whispering to his sister "that the old horse was off his beans"; but eventually the family retired in good order.

* * * * *

Next morning the O.C., dreaming he heard the Pipe Band coming down the alley-way, woke up. "Corporal!" he yelled out, "Show a leg there, time for réveillé. Come on, Johnnie. You are on fatigue this morning, Sarah!" shaking her, "Show a leg there!" Mrs. Doe was out of bed in a trice, and with arms on hips confronted the now-quailing O.C.: "After twenty years it's come to this! 'Show a leg' indeed! Annie, get your clothes on, and run for the doctor. And you, John Doe, stay right in your bed." And John said, "All right, Mother."

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