

Vol. I.

BRAMSHOTT, HANTS, JUNE 14, 1916.

No. 35.

JEWELLERS



TO H.M. THE KING.

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# The Western Scot

Vol. I.

BRAMSHOTT, HANTS, JUNE 14, 1916.

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## K. of K.

### In Memoriam.

ALL has been said that can be said in words expressive of the nation's deep regret at the loss of the noble man and peerless leader with whose career so much of the more recent history of our Empire has been bound up. Words are poor media with which to make known such a national bereavement. Actions will, as always, speak louder and it is the privilege of the men in blue and the men in khaki to demonstrate more effectively than by words the sentiments of the nation.



We feel that we speak for all ranks of this battalion when we utter a fervent wish that the time may not be far distant when we may be enabled to do our share in Kitchener's memory. As for the great leader himself, we cannot but feel that his death was such as he would have wished. He concluded a remarkably long and brilliantly useful career in the active discharge of his duty, and went to his death as a soldier goes, "with his martial cloak around him."

C. L. A.

### KITCHENER.

Honoured thy name was abroad and at home,  
Stern visaged warrior, whom none could subdue  
Save only Death!

Thy name will live on,  
For to thee is the praise which to heroes is due.

The Earth ne'er a deadlier conflict had seen,  
When thou calledst the Empire to send forth her men.

How they answered thy call, all the bravest and best—

From castle and cottage, from mountain and glen!

As great as thy standard of loyal devotion,  
So great were the deeds thou hadst wrought in the field.

But greater than all was this last, and the best

That God gave thee to do; so to none will we yield

Greater praise for their works or for mighty deeds done

For their Empire and King, and for God and the Right.

May He Who dost judge with the All-Knowing mind

Say to thee, "It is well; thou hast fought the good fight."

A. A. C.

# 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.)

Office of Publication: Orderly Room.

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

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14th, 1916.

We were recently in receipt of a very interesting letter from a lady in Toronto. She was kind enough to speak well of our paper. She says: "My mother and I can hardly wait for each succeeding week to pass, we are so anxious to receive the next copy of the WESTERN SCOT. By the way, the members of the Lady Ross Chapter, I.O.D.E., Toronto, are most anxious to get the names of any of your boys who have no mother or sister. We are anxious to send them letters and little parcels."

The letter was from Mrs. Ross Simmons, and we are grateful to her for her very kind thoughts.

### "PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM."

The events of last week will live long in our minds: first, the great naval battle, with its earlier accounts, most distressingly doleful, and the subsequently brighter accounts, changing apparent defeat into victory; and second, the terrible news of Earl Kitchener's death. The rumours that he had been saved reached Bramshott the same evening, but the next morning's papers proved the sad news all too true.

\* \* \* \* \*

Major Harbottle and O.R.S.M. Nicholls returned from London last Wednesday after their visit to the Record Office.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sergeant Jimmy Smith has been initiating the mysteries of musketry into the staff this week. We don't think anyone else could have done better than he did, and we appreciated the care and patience he showed with us. But we did observe that he was not so active as usual the morning after the sergeants' football match.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sergeant-Major Nicholls had the pleasure of being made an honorary member of the Veterans' Club while in London. He is a veteran all right, too.

\* \* \* \* \*

B.S.M. Haines added another to his long list of accomplishments by proving himself to be no mean right-back in the soccer game between the 67th and 46th sergeants.

\* \* \* \* \*

The new front page of the WESTERN SCOT has caused many favourable remarks from the Battalion in general, and we would like to add our quota of praise to the designer. It is both artistic and à propos.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Victoria papers so regularly received by some of the Orderly Room staff are much appreciated, not only by the

recipients, but also by many others as well, and there is quite a demand for them. One only has to get away from Victoria for a little while to realise how much we like it and its inhabitants generally.—[Victoria's all right, but North Vancouver for mine!—ASSIST. ED.]

### SOME THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Who was the fair-haired one that Æsculapius was admiring in the Strand?

\* \* \* \* \*

Why B.S.M. Haines thinks he can sing?

\* \* \* \* \*

If Jimmy Smith can say "three" and not be conscious of it?

\* \* \* \* \*

If Sergeant Sister enjoys some of the "melodies" in the sergeants' mess now that the piano has arrived?

\* \* \* \* \*

Why the Padre was hunting through Battalion Orders so religiously the other day for hospital entries?

\* \* \* \* \*

If "C. Leland" isn't much thinner since his sojourn at Whitehill?

\* \* \* \* \*

If Captain Bullen took any soap over there?

\* \* \* \* \*

What Bandmaster Turner (and several more of us) would like to do to some scurrilous skunks back in Victoria?

\* \* \* \* \*

If the Editor of "The Week" is one of them?

\* \* \* \* \*

If the attitude of "The Times and Colonist" towards us is not much more appreciated?

A.A.C.

### SPORTS.

The lacrosse sticks have arrived and each evening sees quite a number of officers and men out practising. When the left half Battalion gets back from the ranges a regular series of games will be commenced. In the meantime let us see A and B boys have a game or two.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Platoon Football League is being well organised, and already C and D Companies have finished their elimination series and await A and B Companies, who, now back from Whitehill, can get their games off and be all ready for the semi-finals next week.

\* \* \* \* \*

All are looking forward to the return game with the 47th, which is to be played just as soon as musketry is over.

\* \* \* \* \*

The game between the sergeants of the 46th and 67th played on the Hospital grounds on Wednesday evening provided some good football, and our visitors deserved their win by 2—1.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cricketers now look to Lieut. Marsden for results in their branch of sport. Considerable interest is being shown amongst the cricketers of the Battalion and indications point to possibly more men anxious to play this game than any other of our popular pastimes. It would indeed be very fitting if our Battalion excelled in this, the real summer game of old England. The Sports Committee promises good support to cricket, so sub-committees get busy.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are indebted to the Canadians Y.M.C.A., through our energetic Sergt. Young, for a handsome donation of baseball and basketball gear, also a football.

# FRY'S

## Pure Breakfast Cocoa and Chocolate

For the benefit of A and B Companies, who were away when the order came out, we would remind them that all football jerseys and gear belonging to the Sports Committee must be turned in to Hut 16, and only taken out immediately previous to games and returned immediately after.

Divisional sports are to be conducted on a large scale. On Saturday, June 24, divisional athletic sports will be held under the jurisdiction of the Divisional Sports Committee working direct from Headquarters. Lieut. Morrison has been entrusted with the selecting of entries in all the track events and we hope those competitors will train hard between now and then. Capt. Macdonell will have his tug-of-war team right on deck on the same occasion.

On the following Friday, June 30, Divisional Military Sports will be conducted, the meet being exclusively for strictly military events. Parties are now being organised under leaders selected by the Sports Committee, and we hope to enter for all events. It is also hoped our officers will enter for some of the mounted events. Fuller particulars of the meet will be published in the Scot. In the meantime we ask all who are selected to train hard.

### SOCCER.

#### Officers v. Sergeants.

This game was played last Friday night. The Officers marched to the field under Major Sutton. They were preceded by the brass band and a pith helmet under which Germain was concealed, and were followed by the Stretcher Bearer Section with their stretchers. The band played them on to the field to the tune of Chopin's Funeral March. The Officers were handicapped by the absence of Capt. Okell and Lieuts. McDiarmid and Gary. The Sergeants had a number of their soccer men at the ranges too.

The Sergeants opened the scoring by bundling Mr. Terry and the ball into the net. Mr. Terry, who does not pretend to be a soccer player, had apparently not been properly coached in his duties as goalkeeper, for he just sat where he was and evidently figured out the finer points of the game. Thereafter he was a tower of strength. His long high kicks were the despair of the opposition. Early in the second half, the Officers evened up the score through Mr. Meredith. For quite a spell after that, the Sergeants had a fine little time all on their own shooting for goal. As Mr. Terry was proof against all assaults on his goal, it was decided to give the Sergeants a chance and Mr. Gillingham was accordingly put in goal. He, however, was just as good, and his kicking stronger, if possible, than that of the previous incumbent of the post. One shot, however, beat him, and the score was 2 to 1 for the Sergeants. Immediately after the Officers again evened up through a penalty.

The game ended shortly after in a draw—2 goals each. From the laughter indulged in on the side lines, the game was evidently amusing. Mr. Cook, early in the proceedings, decided that the ball was quite an unnecessary article on the field and therefore decided to amuse himself with the sergeant who happened to be nearest. Messrs. Baker and Meredith showed lots of speed and a good knowledge of the game. Mr. Morrison was always on the job. Mr. Gray had a very fine afternoon's Rugby! Dr. Wescott has evidently played the game before! Capt. Nicholson showed a commendable impartiality for the end he played to. Mr. Blyth invariably kicked well; and Mr. Hall, after getting the hang of the game, was coming along nicely. The outstanding officer was undoubtedly Mr. Terry.

The Sergeants all played well, but appeared to be more or less disconcerted by the unorthodox methods of the Officers. To be stopped by a flying Rugby tackle or to be upset when the ball was at the far end of the field did not appear to be their idea of good soccer. Sergeants Christian, Tait, Allan, Fenton, and Smith caught the eye most. Altogether it was a most enjoyable afternoon's sport and the main object—to get exercise—was achieved, though the soccer was perhaps not of the First League rank.

### OFFICERS' MESS.

Lieut. John Perks is receiving many well-earned compliments on his management of the mess. It is a real home now and most comfortable.

Capt. Schreiber and Lieut. Gary put on some excellent scores at Cranmer during the recent musketry course.

Let us recommend officers of other Highland Battalions not to wear kilts during musketry practice. You know, it is necessary to lie in the sand to fire and——!

Word from Victoria and Vancouver is to the effect that the 67th is much missed. It's nice to be missed—but *not* missing.

It is said that Major Christie had some of the marksmen "stumped" on the last day of the right half's musketry.

### MILITARY BAND 67.

From our own observations, we believe the Band as a body are the hardest worked individuals in the Battalion. Of late we have had a steady run of rising at 5.30 a.m. Muster, parades, guard mounts, band practice, musketry, drill, marching drill, more band practice, and generally a concert in the evening, thus filling and finishing many a "perfect day" at 9 o'clock p.m. Who will now dare to be said that a bandsman has an easy life?

We are more or less at a high state of nervous tension owing to our having been chosen to play before His Majesty King George V. in the near future. We are practising hard under our worthy Bandmaster and are determined to add more laurels to our already highly complimented Battalion.

After a strenuous ten minutes calling down by our Band Sergeant concerning his frequent trips to Pompy, our official scribe begs to announce to all and sundry that his above-mentioned trips were not for 'she,' 'it,' or 'that,' but the facts are as follows:—Some fifteen years ago the Sergeant was a Bandsman in what was at that time the finest band in England, viz., Royal Marine Band, and he has been taking the advantage of week-ends to renew old acquaintances.

Since our recent trip to the incinerator, I mean fumigator, our general aspect on parade has been somewhat wrinkled. Most of our nether garments are good representations of a bunch of discarded accordians, and are the cause of much comment from the balance of the Battalion at large. We have been measured for kilts, trousers, trews, breeches, etc., several times, so we hope the powers that be will smile on us and see that at least one of the aforementioned garments reaches us in the near future.

The Western Scots must have in their midst the finest lot of detectives (specialising in lost relatives) that ever walked this green earth. That is, providing each Company can produce as many as the Band contains.

When we arrived in England only about two per cent. acknowledged having a sister or cousin anywhere in the British Isles, and only one solitary individual possessed two sisters and one female cousin. After our first leave ninety-nine per cent. came back with the joyful tidings that they had found a relative, the most astonishing part being that they were all young, and all of the female persuasion. Since then we have had two week-ends, and now practically the whole band possess two or more of the said relatives, mostly living in London, Portsmouth, Cheltenham and other cities within easy week-end distance of Bramshott. How much love and affection there is between them can be judged when our hard-working postman was heard to remark that if the influx of mail for the band continues, he will have to apply for an addition to his staff. R. G. H.

## "A" COMPANY NOTES.

We're still here, but nearly through with our course; with the firing at 600 yards this afternoon Whitehill, we hope, will be a thing of the past. Perhaps, had the weather not been so vilely unsettled, the feeling of relief at our near departure might not have been so general. After all, the only real complaint we have is that the heavy rain showers must have affected the scoring in many cases. And even that may serve to save the faces of many of us, though not our lowly position on the score sheets.

The course itself has been taken in four parts:

Part 1 consisting of	4 practices—20 rounds	} Educational.
Part 2	" " 11 " —45 "	
Part 3	" " 8 " —50 "	
Part 4	" " 2 " —25 "	

Part 3 started on Tuesday morning, and from that point on we fired with the additional handicap of a full pack and equipment. Taking the conditions into consideration, the results are satisfactory. Many men who did well in Parts 1 and 2 fell down in the classification, no doubt due to over-anxiety on their part. On the whole the rapid fire work compared favourably with the application; indeed, some men who had done none too well in the latter showed up well in the former. Our thanks are due to the 54th marking party, whose work, on the whole, gave every satisfaction.

Our march to Whitehill was enlivened by an encounter with the 75th Battalion on their way back to Bramshott, having just finished their course. Our little complaint had reference to weather conditions; theirs concerned the food they didn't get. On that score we are glad to be able to record no genuine complaint. Sergt. Turner and his staff are certainly to be congratulated in that, despite the wretched weather, which at times made their work very arduous, they provided us plentifully with the best of food. This in addition to the fact that they had to turn out at the ranges with the rest of us.

Q.—Had we a Camp Q.M.S. at Whitehill?  
A.—Nobody home.

Well-known Scout, doing his first guard:

"Who comes?"  
"Friends."

"Come along one at a time, and lets have a look at you."

An interesting problem is suggested for statistical fiends, viz.:—How many grains of sand should go to one mouthful of food?

Oh those post-mortems! It reminded one of the days gone by, when we used to play Bridge. Despite previous experiences, with what never-failing optimism we tried again, only to be once more rudely awakened to our deficiencies. Yes, yes, had we only done this, or had somebody else done that, etc., etc. But a quick eye and a clear head does away with all explanations.

The cook claims for his new stimulant, the Khaki Brand of Tea, a steady effect on the nerves, productive of extraordinary shooting.

Who said kilts? We live to see a certain Scot from the ancient Kingdom of Fife adorned in the full regalia.  
Oh, you Dave! Won't you be some baby.

## WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW.

What Private Shaw, when on guard, for the first time in his long and honourable military career, at the Whitehill musketry camp, meant when, after challenging two persons approaching his beat, he shouted, "Go one," when they started to advance

The date of the arrival of the new riding breeches with the Douglas tartan stripe up the sides, and the blue puttees.

## "C" COMPANY NOTES.

Each platoon should have at least one representative on its company sports committee. One for each game would be much better.

We wonder if it is possible for the Battn. Q.Mstrs. to get a supply of pig iron in, to act as counter balances to our packs. Incidentally, to keep the belt buckle from tickling our chin.

We are glad to see the rest of "C" Company back from marking at Longmoor and Whitehill. Does anyone notice how quickly they fall-in, at the sound of "Pick-em-up"?

We wonder why a certain young lady in London divides her messages of love between three of the boys in 9 Platoon. We think that, at present, the odds are slightly in favour of Pte. Thomas.

Is there a sports day coming in the near future? We are all ready for one. Hurry up, please!

Speaking of sports, we should mention No. 9 Platoon. They defeated No. 10 in a football game a few nights ago. They also took the heavy end of the score in a baseball game from the same platoon, which was the first of a series which are being played for the possession of a silver cup. Teams from each platoon will contest for this cup, so get out and practise, boys.

Corporal Walker, of No. 10 Platoon, is certainly an efficient soldier as regards early rising, also at making others "show a leg." Further information may be acquired from Pte. Richards on this subject.

Pte. Wallach has a way all his own on a baseball diamond. His antics were certainly many and varied, if not beautiful, in the game No. 9 played No. 10. As a manager he passes muster; as a player he is uncertain.

Seeing that lacrosse has started in the Battalion, why not issue us the steel helmets? Safety first.

Has Private "Paddy" left Halifax yet? A good reception is assured him once he arrives here.

Nanaimo (B.C.) has the honour of having the youngest bugler in the trenches from B.C., age 14. Vancouver claimed that distinction at first, but later searchings have proved that the youngest is from Nanaimo. I may add here that the 67th has a good supply of Nanaimo men. Mainly miners, but one and all "Pioneers."

According to word received from Victoria, the 103rd Vancouver Isle Timber Wolves are going under canvas for the summer in the Uplands, our old training ground.

Who was it, while on sentry go some time ago, upon the approach of the orderly officer, called out "Shun," instead of the usual command "Halt!"?

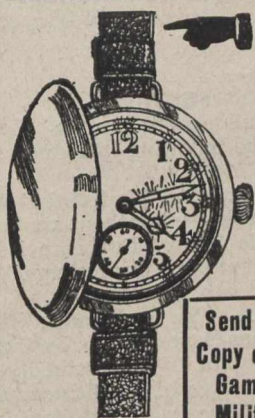
## "D" COMPANY NOTES.

Our Major has been a very busy man lately. The duties of Acting Adjutant fell to his lot during the absence of Major Harbottle.

We all want to thank our Sergt. Cook for the "good eats" we are getting nowadays. Keep it up, Mac.

The boys were rather disappointed at Mme. Strathearn's non-appearance last week, but last Friday's concert certainly did make up for our disappointment. The Y.M.C.A. was packed, and we hope for a continuance of the fine concerts which the Y.M.C.A. provide for us.

## GAMAGES SPECIAL OFFER TO SOLDIERS

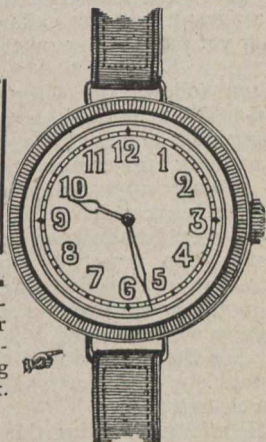


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In the football competition between the platoons of our company, there have been played games between 15 Platoon and 16 Platoon, with 15 Platoon victorious. The game between 13 and 14 Platoons was very hard-fought, and after an hour's playing, 14 Platoon emerged on the long end of a 1-0 score. The final between 14 and 15 Platoons resulted in a win for 14 Platoon, the score being 3-0.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our old friend "Herb" French paid a visit to London last week, chaperoned by the old "war horse" Sammy Smith. Sammy told "Herb" to go and see a show and he would meet him later. "Herb" went, and his long lost cousin approached him later, but "Herb" did not know her, so he called out for Sammy to save him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Overheard in the barrack room the other night, one of our worthy corporals was teaching a certain private which was his "regimental left." Well, our friend the corporal tried in vain and gave up in disgust, and was heard to say, "Excuse is no ignorance!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Corporal Grothe was orderly corporal last week and he said he enjoyed it, as it gave him a chance to rest up after his trip to London.

\* \* \* \* \*

Where is our friend the Colonel's Batman nowadays? We never hear of any news of our departure to the other side.

\* \* \* \* \*

The rapid loading contest which is taking place immediately will find the boys of "D" company all primed and ready.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, boys, the Y.M.C.A. has made a start to organize an association in the Battalion. There are no fees connected with it, and the purpose is to promote fellowship amongst the members of our Battalion. Sergt. "Stan" Young, our genial secretary, is behind this move-

ment, and it has the hearty co-operation of our Colonel, who is the Hon. President. We want all ranks to assist in making a success of it. A hut is being fitted up with games and writing material, etc., for the benefit of all. Concerts and entertainments of all kinds will be given. Sports will be one of the long suits, and do not forget, boys, that for this great conflict which we are here for one has to be mentally, physically, and morally fit to do his bit, so all "buck in" to make a success of this fine project.

\* \* \* \* \*

Last week we had quite a bit of rain, and having heard that it gets rather muddy here in winter, this little piece has been composed so as to try and fit in with those conditions. It can be sung, and the air is "Just a little bit of Heaven":—

Sure a little drop of water fell from out the sky one day,  
It fell upon the surface of a lump of mud and clay,  
And when the War Office found it, it looked so sweet and rare,  
They said, "Suppose we grab it and put a camp right there."

So they covered it with Canadians, just to make the mud piles grow.  
It's the only place you'll find them no matter where you go.  
Then they covered it with rain drops, just to make it nice and damp,  
When they had it finished, sure they called it  
BRAMSHOTT CAMP.

### SUGGESTION.

We give the following as a suggestion for the menu at our first big Scottish dinner:—

Some hae meat and canna eat,  
An' some wad eat that want it;

But we hae meat and we can eat,  
Sae let the Lord be thankit.

### SOME O' THE THINGS WE'LL HAE.

#### SOUPS.

Sheep's Heid Kail. Cockie-Leckie. Hen Bree. An' a Dram.

#### FISH.

Cauld Saumon. Trouts. Tawties an' Herrin'. Anither Dram.

#### HAGGIS WI' A' THE HONOURS.

Fair fa' your honest sonesie face,  
Great Chieftains of the puddin' race.  
Sic a grand nicht we're haein. We'll hae anither mouthful.

#### JOINTS.

Soutit Soo's Leg Biled. Gigots o' Mutton Roasted.  
Laich Cuts o' Beef Roasted.  
Peas. Ingans, fawties, biled and champit.  
Bashed Neeps, an' ither Orra Vegetables. Anither Dram.

#### ENTREES AN' ORRA DISHES.

Roast Bubblyjocks Stuffed. Roasted Jucks. Stoved Hens.  
Doo Pie. Trumlin Tam. Heck. Anither Dram.

#### DESSERT AN' SICLIKE.

Grozert Tairt. Apple Tairt. Rhubarb Tairt. Baps.  
Bakes. Ait Cake in Fars. Parleys. Scones. Snaps.  
Curran' Loaf wi' Raisins intilt. Shortbread wi' Raisins on't.  
Curd an' Cream. Glesca Jeelie an' ither Trifles.  
Ma certie, we'll hae anither Dram.  
Kebbucks, green an' Mitey.

#### WINES.

Toddy, Scotch Toddy, Hiellan Toddy. Athol Brose.  
Strong Yill. Barley Bree frae weel-kent Scottish Vineyards.  
We're no that fou. An' we'll tak' a Cup o' Kindness yet.

For Teetotle Folk an' siclike, we'll hae Claret (which some folk ca' Soordook), Cuddle ma' Dearie, Skeichan, Treacle Yill, an' ither Drinks o' that ilk, New Maskit Tea, etc.

### PIPE BAUN SKRAUCHS.

The other night we had a walk through Headley, piloted by Logie, who showed us "where Peggy stays," etc., etc. Eventually we landed in a restaurant. Logie entered originally with the supposed intention of buying matches; but he took a long time about it, and commenced by leaning over the counter towards the young lady presiding. Then he made goo-goo eyes at her in his own proficient style, and asked, with a regular horse-sigh: "Foo's yer hert beatin'?" That restaurant contained quite a chunk of Piper Campbell's biography, and we came away knowing just "what" took "Dunc" up to London recently.

Before we left Bordon the beau of the baun met an Edinburgh lady at the restaurant. Of course, the best of friends must part, and Dunc and Bessie parted that evening, but not at the restaurant.

Shortly afterwards Bessie went to London for an afternoon's "shopping."

Imagine Dunc's surprise when he met Bessie just outside Waterloo Station! These coincidences do occur—sometimes!

CRUNLUATH MACH.

### Y.M.C.A. NOTES.

Sergt. Young attended a Y.M.C.A. Conference of Canadian secretaries at Folkestone last week. The Convention was held in the Moore Hotel, there being present Major Birks, who has charge of the Canadian Y.M.C.A. work both here and in France; Capt. Lee, whose offices are in London; Capt. Forgie, who was at one time closely associated with Col. Ross while the latter was in France; and about fifteen other secretaries.

Major Birks reported that he was able to raise \$300,000 in the financial campaign which he conducted in Canada last month for the Canadian work both here and in France. This money will be expended in the erection of new buildings, the purchase of writing paper, envelopes, reading matter, athletic goods, the engaging of concert parties, etc., etc.

Those secretaries who had already been to the front spoke very encouragingly of the work there, and in this connection Sergt. Young is in receipt of a letter from Arthur Pascoe, a Victoria boy, who has been at the front for over a year, in which he says: "Out here the 'Y.M.'s' are simply life-savers for us."

The Canadian Y.M.C.A. has shipped for the Games Room within the Battalion lines, two dart boards, two wall quoits, twelve sets of checkers, twelve packs of playing cards, three sets of chess, and we are to have all the writing paper and envelopes we can use, a large supply of current magazines, "Tit Bits," "Pearson's Weekly," "The Regiment," etc. A library of four hundred books is expected within a day or so.

Sergt. Young, through the Canadian Y.M.C.A., has already supplied the Battalion with five baseball bats, six baseballs, four footballs, a basket ball outfit, three indoor baseballs, and a set of quoits. The Athletic Committee is purchasing supplies through Capt. Lee at wholesale prices, which means a big saving.

The London Concert party, especially engaged for the 67th Battalion, gave a delightful concert in Hut No. 3 last Thursday evening. The building was packed by a most appreciative audience, which included six of our Battalion officers. While these parties are secured at no small expense by the Canadian Y.M.C.A., we hope to be favoured several times before we leave for France.

Col. Ross has very kindly given his consent to the formation of a Y.M.C.A. within the Battalion, and to that end Sergt. Young, by special arrangement with the management of Y.M.C.A. Hut No. 3, entertained twenty of the

67th Boys at tea last Thursday evening. It was decided at this meeting that a general organization meeting should be called on the return of the left half of the Battalion from Whitehill.

It was also decided that a tea will be held weekly in Hut No. 3, for a social time together. Provision will be made to seat forty or more.

### STRETCHER-BEARERS' SECTION.

The self-styled "Poultice Wallopers" preface their "contribution" this week with the following introductory paragraph:—

"We have very little to say this week. We feel that we have had enough worry from 'musketry' without writing a paragraph for our gallant little Scor. But here is a small, yet pathetic, poem that will express our feelings."

Then follows the alleged poem. Ye gods and little fishes! What is the idea, Stretcher-Bearers? Is business getting dull, and is this a ghastly plot? For assuredly if the atrocity had escaped the tired eyes of the Editor and had actually appeared in print, the whole Battalion—or that part of it which recklessly expends one penny on our paper—would have been prostrated with a sickness more ghastly than mumps! Great Caesar's Ghost! We had to read it. It needed three strong "shots in the arm" (to quote our worthy doctor) to revive our stricken senses. We have survived, and, being great-souled, we forgive you. We view the outrage more in sorrow than in anger, knowing that you must have suffered much before being driven to such extremity.

The effect of writing this "Poem" was to instil a spirit of recklessness in the authors thereof, as their concluding paragraphs will show. We print them in the hope that some sergeant will "take a crack" at them, and so partially avenge us.

We saw a funny game the other night. It was supposed to be a football match between the sergeants of the 46th Batt. and those of the 67th. Had it not been for the big boots that B.S.M. Haines wore, no doubt the defeat sustained would have been far heavier. However, Sergeant Cory only allowed two goals to be scored. We think he defended his goal really well. Incidentally, there were only two shots!

Sergeant Smith found that he had a tough man to tackle. He solved the difficulty by planting his boot in his opponent's face! By this act he was for a while rendered immune from all danger of personal attack! Nevertheless, we enjoyed a good laugh. Thank you, sergeants! You are funnier than we thought.

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**BULLSEYES FROM THE SIGNAL SECTION.**

Having removed all the sand from eyes, ears, and elsewhere, digested a good meal in the Regimental Mess Room, we now find ourselves in the poetical and reminiscent stage.

Yes! we have been to Whitehill; our impressions, both first and last, have not been requisitioned, but they are mostly lasting of a surety.

We would like to turn this into an essay on the rifle; feeling as we do that we are more or less competent now to judge. That is, we have tested lock and barrel, but not the breaking strain of the stock yet.

In our humble estimation, rifle shooting is an ideal occupation on a warm summer's day where there are no mosquitoes around. But the general opinion of the "mad minute" is that the adjective is barely sufficient to express our feelings. To the majority it lingers in our memory as other men firing and ourselves indulging in impulsive language, whilst we endeavoured to insert the blankety blank clip.

However, the experience justified the object, and though we cannot all claim to be "marksmen," yet we feel we have done our best.

It was with sincere feelings of joy that we buckled to on our return and scrubbed our new quarters out, in place of sinking on our hams into more sand, under canvas.

We look forward to what the coming week may bring, whether it be kilts, physical jerks or new badges; for we feel sure we will be allowed to follow our vocation as signalling students, and, moreover, not have our toes trodden on every night by our next door neighbour when we doss down.

Who is the private in the Signal Section who disturbs his tent mates' peaceful slumbers by calling out in his sleep "Minnie! Minnie!"? Must be serious, eh, Bob?

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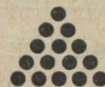
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### BATS FROM THE BATMEN.

Yes! we are all invalids; at least the Doc. seems to think that we are best shut up with a couple of "Bulls" to keep guard over us. Rumour hath it we are quarantined for mumps, but the general impression is that the officers don't want to expose us to the cold showers which are now so prevalent. However, we sure get a square deal. Butler was the only "maid" absent from the party, so they brought him from Aldershot to partake of the joys and sorrows of isolation.

\* \* \* \*

Corpl. Fawcett is under the impression that we have got to train for some marathon race. Long route marches at one hundred and sixty paces to the minute are a daily occurrence; some of us are of the opinion that the cause is due to Towson, of the Machine Gun Section, being with us. Any way, please get next, Bill, we are invalids now.

\* \* \* \*

On finding out we were due for two weeks' confinement, Corpl. Fawcett and Pte. Griffiths beat a hasty retreat for the second line trenches. A scouting party, under the Hawaiian Policeman, soon had the two heroes corralled. Were they dodging mumps or practising moving camp? Both are silent on the matter.

\* \* \* \*

Many thanks, Mac, for the good eats! Another month of this life and we should be mistaken for the Cooks.

\* \* \* \*

Nobody loves a batman; witness some of our titles:—"Officer's Servant," "Orderly," "Groom," "Boot Black," "So-and-So's Shadow," "Maid" and "General Roust-about."

\* \* \* \*

A suggestion as to how to win the war:—In the British Empire there are several races who believe that if they die fighting they will go to heaven. Why not give these poor guys a chance of the heavenly land? This idea originated with Mr. Gray's "Maid," who has lost all hope of a home-stead above the stars. The boys were under the impression that there would be an improvement in "Red" since his officer has shared his room with the "Sky-Pilot"; but up to the present have noticed nothing towards his uplift. We sincerely trust the good Padre will give this small matter his attention.

### THOSE VERBAL ORDERS!

A pale-faced private, fresh from hospital, has, after a struggle, succeeded in penetrating into the well-guarded Orderly Room, and stands at the barrier. He has stated his case so many times en route that he is a trifle confused, and, in answer to Clerk's query, replies in this wise:—

"Er—please—I'm just going hospital—I mean just coming to hosp—er—discharge—hospital—come—report myself."

"What Company?"

"A, sir."

"Your Company's at the Ranges. You are attached to C Company for the present."

"But, sir, the hospital doctor recommends me to a sick pass."

"Where are your papers?"

"Aven't any."

"Go to the doctor, and we'll see into it later."

The pale-faced one sadly makes his get-away, and proceeds to the doctor's hut.

Here, amidst divers and sundry coloured papers, and in a highly odoured atmosphere, an overworked orderly sits. He resents the intrusion.

"Say, sick parade's at 6-30 a.m."

"I want to see the doctor."

"He's in London."

Orderly goes on working; dips his pen into the zinc ointment and, finding his mistake, hurls the tin at the unfortunate invalid's head.

The pale one makes a despairing effort to collect his thoughts, and manages to convey to the orderly the fact that he has just returned from hospital.

"Well, why the — didn't you say so before? What's yer name, number, company, platoon, section, disease, age, and next-of-kin?"

"Wh—what?"

"Oh, come around at 6-30 in the morning."

The convalescent wearily drags himself away, and summoning his fast ebbing courage, decides to make one more attempt. He draws a deep breath and approaches the Orderly Room of C Company. In his excitement he omits to knock, and is somewhat abruptly greeted by the Sergeant-Major.

"Here! Who let you in?"

"Beg pardon, sir. I was just let out."

"What the Sam Hill are you talking about. Say, corporal—(Aside: What the — are you laughing at?)" Pale one continues:

"I have just come out from hospital, and the Orderly Room clerk says I belong in your Company."

"Oh, did he! What for? Who told him? I never saw you before. What's your name?"

"Smith, sir."

"Which Smith?"

"Smith of A Company, sir."

"Oh—hang it. You mean you're attached to us, eh?" (Bully for the Sergeant-Major.)

"Yes, sir."

"Well, take that space over in the corner yonder."

"Thank you, sir. Where's my kit, sir?"

"Your kit?" (Crescendo). "How the Sam Hill do I know? Go and enquire at headquarters."

Quite desperate now, the pale one hurries to the Orderly Room, which he enters unchallenged, as the staff are about to leave for supper:

"Can anyone tell me where my kit bags are?"

"Where did you leave them?"

"At Bordon."

"Well, perhaps they're there still."

This proves the last straw, and the pale one finally collapses.

#### MORAL:

"Verbal orders may be easy for the one who says the word,

But the script is much more easy—such mixups have oft occurred! A.R.G.

\* \* \* \*

[NOTE.—The Year's at the Spring! Many of our contributors have burst into song—the saints forbid that I should call it poetry. The above represents the combined effect of Spring and a superfluity of statistical work on the mind of one of our much harassed Orderly Clerks. Be gentle in your criticisms, for as Spring merges into Summer he may recover!—Ed.]

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