

The Western Scot

Vol. I.

BRAMSHOTT, HANTS, MAY 24, 1916.

No. 32

A MONTH AT THE RANGES.

Marking parties from the 67th Battalion spent a month at the Longmoor and Cranmer Rifle Ranges last week. One party under Lieut. Marsden posted targets and kept registers for the 51st and 53rd Battalions at Longmoor, whilst the other, under Lieut. Gillingham, officiated similarly for the 74th and 75th Battalions at Cranmer. Both are excellent ranges and the firing was done under ideal weather conditions. Marking for a General Musketry Course is a very interesting task—not unlike a jail sentence. It is less exciting than a turn in the first line trenches, but otherwise not dissimilar. Some 160,000 rounds of .303 passed over the heads of both parties. Time passed with leaden feet, and whilst the calendar recorded only a matter of days, the marking party counted the time in weeks. Both parties discharged their duties well, and were complimented by the officer in charge of the practices.

Archie Bain and "Sandy" Cannon were observed with a heavy list to starboard last Friday afternoon. Closer inspection revealed three stripes on their right arms, and a mutual admiration society in process of formation.

THE SNIPER.

All through the pleasant summer day he sits
Immobile in the shade tree's leafy crest.
About his ears the drowsy sun-fly flits—
The countryside seems deep in noonday rest.

But now his body stretches, straight and tall—
A loud report, a sharp, quick flash of flame,
And there behind yon distant sand-bag wall
A lad goes down who'll never rise again.

C.L.A.

The Regimental Album has still lots of empty pages. Hurry up, you amateur photographers! There are lots of interesting views around Bordon Camp.

We admit that many of the interesting scenes take place after sunset, but nevertheless some of them occur in good "camera-light."

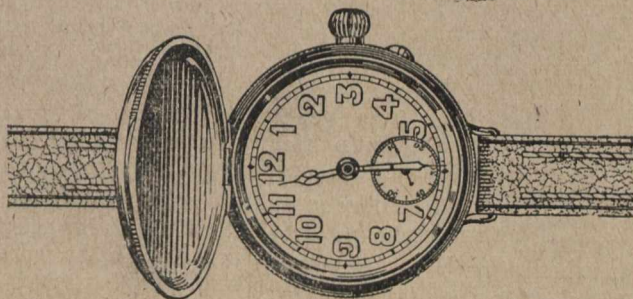
The WESTERN SCOT keeps appealing for articles, and while some of the men are doing their little best, we would like to suggest that there must also be a little literary leaning amongst the other junior officers, as well as "C.L.A." The Colonel set a good example with his fine poem on the Western Scots.

JEWELLERS

TO H.M. THE KING.



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112, Regent Street, London, W.

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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G. L. ARMSTRONG, Lieut. Editor.
Sergeant R. L. CONDY Business Manager.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24th, 1916.

A POSITION TO MAINTAIN.

In line with what was said to us by the officer commanding the 4th Canadian Division, we learned in conversation last week with officers recently from the Front, that only the best infantry battalions are allowed to carry on as pioneers in the firing line. To have been selected as pioneers in the 4th Division is a splendid honour, and one of which the 67th Battalion may be very proud. At the same time it gives us a high position to maintain, a position which can be maintained only by continuous team work on the part of all ranks. We have something definite to aim at now—a target worthy of the best marksmanship. That target is the premier place among pioneer battalions. Let us line up sights with an unerring six o'clock bead and get right on the little old black spot!

APPRECIATES PIPE BAND.

In response to an appeal for assistance in completing the equipment of the 67th Battalion's pipe band, the following letter was received recently from Mr. John A. Dewar, of Dupplin Castle, Perth, who has done much already towards helping Canadian regiments:—

12th May, 1916.

Lieut. J. V. Perks,
Secretary Pipe Band Committee,
67th Batt. W.S. of Canada,
Bordon, Hants.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of your letter of the 3rd inst., and have much pleasure in enclosing herewith a cheque towards the cost of equipping your Pipe Band.

I have a great admiration for all the Canadians have done for us, and it is a great pleasure for me to help you in any way I can.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) JOHN A. DEWAR.

Enclosed was a cheque for £10 10s., a handsome contribution to the pipe band fund. Mr. Dewar's kind action is warmly appreciated by all ranks of the Battalion.

"Pipe Baun Siraichs" are missing this week, Pipe-Major Wishart and his men being very much occupied preparing for their visit to London.

Next week's notes—even after the Censor has done his work—should be even more interesting than ever.

If anything is necessary to enhance the reputation of the 67th, we are confident that our pipers will add to our laurels by their prowess on their instruments, by their deportment and general behaviour, and (save the mark) by their personal beauty!

MILITARY BAND, 67th.

In the WESTERN SCOT of date May 10, we informed all and sundry that we were still alive. During the past week (although self-praise is no recommendation) we are certain that the said "all and sundry," the Pipe Baun and the inhabitants of the country around this camp, have heard one of the finest, if not the finest band that has ever been seen or heard in these parts of merry England. And the flattering remarks we have had showered upon us since our return from our day in the country on Friday last, why, enough said, we sure are "It."

The band has now a first-class football team, which has unearthed several "dark horses" during the past week. Bandsman A. McAulay, the genial, strenuous, and sole manager of the team, is busy booking dates. The first match, arranged with the Pipe Baun, was scheduled for Thursday next, but the said Pipe Baun, receiving outside information concerning the make-up of our team, thought that "discretion was the better part of valour," cancelled the match, and made tracks for London Town to fill an important engagement.

We hope, however, to corner them on their return. Otherwise we consider them already beaten, and claim a win by default.

Weather permitting, we play No. 4 Co. Tuesday night. The ambulance section has been particularly invited to attend with full regalia, in case, only in case, of accidents.

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM.

May we extend our heartiest congratulations to Captain Okell and Mr. Gray on their "distinctions" at the recent Courses of Instruction.

Several members of the Battalion have remarked at various times that when the kilt did arrive their legs at any rate would look better than those of certain distinguished gentlemen. He appeared in kilts the other day, and now they are wondering if they saw correctly before. His "understandings" appear to have swelled considerably.

We are glad that Sergeant Condy is a Devonshire man. Some excellent things are produced in that famous little county, and we hope that the express man will have lots more journeys to make up here.

Private Fitzgerald deserted his post on Friday, and accompanied the Battalion on its picnic-sports-route march. He came back looking as brown as a berry, and as hot as a boiled lobster.

Some weather! Phew! It must be some sport doing violent jerks under the direction of the "Physical Destructor," as one amiable private was heard to describe him. If we have much more of this hundred-in-the-shade weather, we shall be qualified for any hot place.

We are still hoping to move to Bramshott shortly, still hoping we shall soon get kilts, spats, and a real tartan, but hopes are like water, easily spilt.

We call attention to the fact that, in accordance with what seemed to be the general wish of the men, we have reduced the price of our paper to one penny per copy.

We leave it to the Battalion now to do their part and patronise the paper a little more liberally. Surely, a copy per man is not too much to ask.

"A" COMPANY NOTES.

Pte. Battista Giovanni De Mario Bertucci, the eminent cyclist of No. 3 Platoon, while giving a glorious finish to an expert exhibition, turned a corner at the terrific speed of at least five miles an hour, and to the huge delight of the spectators dived into a friendly furze bush which happened to be in his immediate front. He is still pulling out the prickles.

Congratulations are extended to Sergt. Scovil on his accession to the ranks of the three-strippers. It is well deserved. Among the others raised to dizzy heights are Corpl. Williams to be Acting Lance-Sergt., Lce.-Corpl. Allen to be Corpl., Pte. E. H. Webb to Lce.-Corpl., and W. A. James to full Corpl.

On Sunday last the men suffered a great disappointment. All were ready and willing (?) for Church Parade (it was not voluntary) when the order was cancelled, and all hands had to scrub down decks. The whole quarters were turned out and thoroughly swept, cleansed, disinfected and fumigated. What with the fuming of the workers and the fuming of the sulphur, the houses should now be clean.

The underlying principle of the change of orders, one would suppose, is clearly shown in that old saw, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." At the same time, Monday or Wednesday are quite suitable as fatigue days.

Reports from the "Markers" at the butts seem to show that they are sighing for the "flesh pots of the Willows."

A harmless, innocent, but enquiring Private would like to know (if possible) the number of variations that can be made in the wearing of the clothes and equipment. Also if, on Friday, four combinations were tried in a few minutes, what could be done in a day?

Answers are invited.

The kilts are still coming. An Englishman asks: "What shall we wear for fatigue?" It is rumoured that the Sergeants will get them first. Is this to encourage the others? Condy's fluid (no reference to the Sergt. of that name or his beverage) is a harmless stain suitable for white knees.

From the Orderly Room:

Corporal (reporting): "I have posted the picket on the house to be quarantined, but there is no key to the front door."

Sergeant: "All right. Fasten front door up securely, and put picket on back door. We have to take all precautions."

Corporal: "Very good, I'll do so right away."

Sergeant: "By the way, how many men are there in the house?"

Corporal: "None."

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—D. J. C. Jenkins, 5th Canadian Batta.

We welcome the new bath-house, and revel in the luxury of plenty of water, hot and cold.

Is it possible to enjoy, or benefit by, physical "jerks" on a hot afternoon just after dinner with a good slab of A.S.C. bread still residing near one's midriff?

May we extend our sincere congratulations on the result of the musketry examination to our "distinguished" Lieut.?

The old pioneers of a regiment wore beards. Shall we have to do the same? One Sergt. of No. 2 Platoon, being unable to raise more than an indication on the upper lip, might have better luck if that old rule were enforced.

Permission is to be requested by a modest one to have an ankle-length kilt. Pte. P—, of No. 4, might also apply.

"B" COMPANY NOTES.

Spring has "came," after a long delay.

Does quarantine also spell prohibition? The boys in No. — want to know. They miss their pint.

"Tubby" Barr, after being remonstrated with on the unwashed condition of his sweater jacket, confided to his pals that when he went "hame" he would swap with his brother. Apparently the brother is also a canny man. Tubby still has the original jacket.

That our old friend and mascot, "Paddy," has not been forgotten, was amply demonstrated by the manner in which the boys answered the appeal for funds to pay his passage over.

Can anyone tell us why the Canadian parcel mail is so long in being delivered? Many packages of good

things have had to be consigned to the garbage tin simply because of the delay in transit after they reach England.

Now, Sergt. Blank, did you blow up that bridge, or—but here the scribe fled.

“C” COMPANY NOTES.

At last it has happened. Pte. Thomas, No. 9 Platoon's woman hater, has fallen a victim to the wiles of a London beauty. He is kept busy now corresponding. Never mind, “Bill,” a week-end pass soon.

As a lady-killer and love-letter artist, Pte. M——, of No. 9 Platoon, has a clear field. From Vancouver to Halifax (not to mention England), there is a stream of broken hearts, also a steady stream of letters. Anyone having any spare writing material, kindly donate to our Beau Brummel.

Why was it Pte. Deacon started on his six days' leave for the Far North, but got no further than London? It is rumoured that he met once more his long-lost niece. And did anyone notice the pleasant (?) looks he is bestowing on Pte. S——s since their return from leave?

The boys of No. 9 Platoon are glad to see the return of Pte. Oliver from hospital, and hope for the speedy recovery of Ptes. Gillfillan, Marsch, Price and Wilmer.

“C” Company, one and all, congratulate the pipe band on their splendid showing since our arrival in England.

Pte. Hardy has a really original method of the unfix bayonets. Although a little complicated, it could be mastered with practice.

Pte. Dinsdale, “C” Company's basso, has started a class for singers; terms are very moderate. Office in forest, one mile in.

Baseball has at last found a place on the Battalion's list of sports. We have a full equipment, and have had a few games. There are plenty of good ball-tossers amongst us, and with a little more practice we will be able to put up a good brand of ball.

We congratulate the machine gun section on their win the other night. They have the makings of a good team. They also have an umpire, who is certainly ambitious, even if a little (?) erring in his decisions. While ordering the equipment, the rule book was omitted, which would have been a valued addition to his library.

“C” Company has a Cook Watson, a Lance-Jack Watson, a Sergt.-Major Watson, and now we are notified that we are to be under Major-General Watson, in 4th Canadian Division.

Canadians have had some queer experiences in London. One of our sergeants says a No. 9 wasn't in it

when a voice halloa'd, “Tuppence, please,” while he was enjoying a tête-à-tête in the park.

It has been suggested that if those in authority would have the names of these calling places changed, according to the following schedule, and a jitney service inaugurated, that the Battalion would feel a little more at home:—

Prince of Wales	Willows
Royal Oak	Metropolis
Royal Exchange	Manitoba
New Inn	Strand
Holly Bush	King Edward
Queen's Head	Wilson

And many more that space will not allow here.

An N.C.O. having an imaginary wife in the background adds considerable zest to conversation to an eligible girl, and, I must say, this N.C.O. didn't take long to lose his broad expression. He acted just as if he had honourable to his name, and a world reputation for big game. And the exploits of others were too ordinary for him to comment on. Proudly she gazed on him, kissed him shyly, held him at arm's distance to admire him. For a moment he imagined he had the world at his feet, won a pretty girl, and a happy home. But there is always the slip between the cup and the lip. Along comes an ordinary private. Forsooth, all is lost. Caution: Beware of the N.C.O. who lost in the presence of the spick and span private.

The past week has been a pretty busy one for “C” Company. Inspections; pay days; early morning roll calls, responding—some of us half awake, almost forgetting what our names are. However, we are usually Johnny-on-the-spot. The drills have been very instructive, they are the little things that go to make the soldier. It is often said a soldier is what is drilled into him. There must be exceptions to this. In the first place a soldier must be a manly man, especially in a war like this. And it is certain that the Canadian is one of the best type of the above. He recognises the seriousness of the present struggle, and he responds with his whole soul to his instructions. Admittedly, some of us will never make parade-ground soldiers. But when the time arrives for real work, work that will test the man, we will not be found wanting. On Thursday afternoon we had a very instructive lesson under Major Sutton in trenches west of camp. These lessons should be taken seriously by all of us; they are but rehearsals of the real thing against an imaginary enemy. They are on a small scale to the conditions that exist at the Front. Let us have lots of them; they are very instructive. Major Sutton is very painstaking in showing us our mistakes and correcting errors.

One word more: As a Pioneer Battalion the 67 fits, that's the word—fits.

“D” COMPANY NOTES.

Rumours are rife again! For instance, “Paddy” is on his way over; each man is going to have 2d. stopped from his pay to pay Paddy's fare.

Canada is all right, but, just think, we had only been in England 14 days when word came that five of our bravest had met their doom. They will be married before July 1.

Friday, May 19, was the most pleasant and instructive day we have had since enlisting, thanks to our Colonel. Here's hoping we will have many more like it.

The material for the baseball teams is in plenty and

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ESTIMATES ON APPLICATION.

some good hard practice will certainly allow the 67th to turn out a good fast battalion team.

There seems to be a number of attractions for some of our boys in London, as they wish to be getting there as much as possible.

Pte. Barrett is beginning to wonder whether he will have an opportunity to "get in" quick, so he can uphold the reputation of the "Fighting 11th Irish," as he can tell you of the fights he was in coming over to join the 67th.

We take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation of Major Carey's kindness in giving us such great support in our endeavours to form a baseball team.

Who said Sergt. Tait got lost in London? It seems there were a few of No.4 up there last week, and we were glad to see Pte. Armour there in full glory.

Ptes. Green and Riddell are way out in front in the race *re* receiving the greatest number of letters. We guess everything is looking pretty bright for Pte. Green when he returns to Victoria again.

Some folks had the idea that a certain N.C.O. and private would not stay in London for two days. Well, who had the right idea?

"Some" fine day for last Friday's sport day. There were some good events, especially the bout between Pte. Smith, No. 1 Company, and Corpl. Fawcett. The honours laid even. Something seemed to be wrong with Pte. Forrest, but some day he will make up for it. The tug-of-war was very exciting, but at the present the majority of the best men are away for courses of instruction. Our two bands acquitted themselves very creditably.

Rumour hath it that the 67th go to Bramshott on the 27th, and then proceed to France on July 12. If you do not believe it, ask the Colonel's batman, he knows.

Steve Redgrave and Van paid a visit to London last week, and stayed the allotted seven days. Some people wonder how? Ask them.

Pte. French would rather have poached eggs, but he, sure, does like to be on the cook-house around noon-hour. He says it reminds him of Garden City.

Time: 5.50 a.m.

Place: Bordon Camp, on parade.

C.S.M.: Fall out, awkward squad.

Pte. C.: Aw have a heart.

C.S.M.: Sergt., take these men for half-hour's squad drill.

Pte. C.: Oh! I want to go back, to go back to—
(Ask the Colonel's batman.)

We notice an advance in sales of the WESTERN SCOT this last week. Keep up the good work.

Rumour has it that our C.S.M. is losing weight nowadays. Guess the stuff that all the N.C.O.'s of our Battalion are getting keeps them on the hop all the time.

The Sports Committee have started the ball rolling now, so do not be afraid to get in and boost. Baseball has got its start, and lacrosse will be coming along immediately.

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THE SIGNAL SECTION.

The Section under Lieut. Gary is making good progress with the various types of new instruments now being used, and all hope to pass the examination which all are to go through after a month's training course at Bramshott. We have been unfortunate in having men sick, quarantined, etc., this past week, but are looking forward to their speedy return, and a return to good, hard work.

We understand that the Section will shortly be increased to 50 men, also we are going to get the kilts, also move to Bramshott, also go to East Africa, also—ah, well! what's the use?

Sergt. Kendall (the gay old sea-dog!) and six men have started their month's training as Signallers at Bramshott, and will no doubt do credit to themselves and the Section.

Lce.-Corpl. Merrifield was heard to say, "I don't want any kilts." We wonder if scraggy extremities have any influence on that statement?

Lce.-Corpl. De Walt is developing very rapidly into a most amorous swain, and, it is whispered, a heart-breaker, too. What about the girlie in Victoria, Dicky?

We extend our fervent sympathy to the members of House 202 who have been quarantined this past week. We hope that they have solved the mystery of how the cheese got into the jam. Pte. Day also wishes that they wouldn't worry him, asking "When will we get ham and eggs and coffee for breakfast?" He doesn't mind packing their grub, but to be tortured by such suggestions is too much for any man.

Ex-Signaller Henderson very often drops in for an evening's entertainment, although it is whispered that "Beer" is the attraction, and we are inclined to believe that whisper, from the fact that the "show" is always held at the rear of House 202, *i.e.*, Lce.-Corpl. Beer.

STRETCHER BEARER SECTION.

Little Powders to be Taken Before and After Reveille.

Why were there so many rude remarks passed by different members of the Battalion last Sunday when these few orders were given?—

- All floors to be washed.
- All floors not to be washed.
- All linoleum to be taken out.
- All linoleum to be carried in.
- All linoleum to be carried out and washed.
- All blankets to be taken out.
- All blankets to be carried in.
- All blankets to be spread out on the floor.
- All blankets to be hung up on the doors.
- All doors to be shut.
- All doors to be open.

Also a few other things we would like to know:—

- Why was one of the "bunch" put under arrest?
- Why did the person who did so have to find out if such a thing was possible?
- Who has taken the M.O.'s matches?
- How the M.O. finds time to eat his meals?
- What is the attraction in Headley for certain members of our Section?

SPORT.

The past week has been a busy one in the line of sport. On Monday evening our soccer team beat the 3rd South Africans 1 to 0. On Thursday they emerged victors over the 75th Canadians by the handsome margin of 4 to 1.

Wednesday night was the scene of a baseball game between Nos. 3 and 4 Companies, the former easily outclassing their opponents.

Friday was "picnic day," the whole Battalion marching to Passfield Oak, and spending the day there.

A splendid programme of games was held, and a most enjoyable time spent by all. Both bands were on hand and did excellent work, not only on the march, but also on the grounds. In the tug-of-war No. 1 Company won after three exceedingly hard pulls with No. 4.

Several very interesting boxing bouts were held, Sergt. Jack Fenton going three rounds with Pte. Dunn; Pte. Porter with Pte. Forrest, and Pte. Jack Smith, the pride of No 1, with L.-Corpl. Fawcett of the Staff. In the afternoon football and baseball games were held. At six o'clock the Battalion returned home, somewhat weary, very sunburned, but all unanimous in declaring the day a huge success. If we are good we will have another.

IRELAND'S LOYAL SONS.

To the Editor of THE WESTERN SCOT.

SIR,—If you would kindly permit me the space, I would like to make a few remarks. In doing so I hope I am not committing any breach of military rules or regulations. As an Irishman, I am but voicing my abhorrence of the doings of the Sinn Fein Society in Ireland and the stigma it has cast upon the loyal sons of Ireland who are serving in every branch of His Majesty's Service, British and Colonial.

Many of we Irishmen have hung our heads pretty low since that unfortunate affair in Dublin. I have often thought of the reflections it may have cast on the glorious achievements of the Irish troops, and yet I think that the future historian in his history of the part Britain has played in this struggle for world liberty will not allow one single page of British history to be darkened by the actions of this criminally insane section of the Irish people. The sentiment of every creed and political party in Ireland is strong in its condemnation, and from leading Irishmen and Irish organisations all over the Empire come cries of regret. I have hopes that it will redouble the efforts of every Irish soldier to prove his qualities and add fresh laurels to his name, and that the stigma cast upon his race by the Sinn Feins and dreamers like Sir Roger Casement will but add fuel to his loyalty and cement his determination to give his all for the Empire. He should remember that all the blandishments of the Germans and that detestable traitor Sir Roger Casement would not move a single one of the Irish prisoners in Germany to commit a disloyal deed. I will close with the hope that we Irish in the Western Scots shall not be subjected to any reflections. I can assure you that words cannot convey our abhorrence of the deeds of some of our countrymen.

Yours, etc.,

JAS. MURPHY,
No. 3 Compy. 67th Batt.,
Western Scots,

Bordon, Hants.

May 15.

Y.M.C.A. NOTES.

Major Birks, a member of the famous jewellery firm of Henry Birks & Sons, has just returned from Canada, where he has been conducting a financial campaign in aid of the Canadian Y.M.C.A. work both here and in France. Montreal alone made a contribution of 85,000 dols. towards this work.

Supplies of writing paper, envelopes, magazines, libraries, indoor games, footballs, etc., as enumerated in last week's SCOT, are supplied each Canadian regiment battalion, and when it is known that each uses in the neighbourhood of ten thousand sheets of paper per month, we can realise the large sums of money necessary to carry on the work. This money is raised in Canada by voluntary contributions from business firms, churches, etc., by what is known as the Canadian Y.M.C.A. War Contingent Department.

As soon as we are settled in our permanent quarters a recreation-room will be opened for the sole use of the 67th Battalion, which Sgt. Young will furnish with a library of 400 books, indoor games of chess, checkers, playing cards, dart boards, wall quoits, and facilities for letter writing.

Until we move, those members of the Battalion needing writing paper and envelopes might call at House No. 194, where Sgt. Young will be pleased to supply same.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE BAGPIPES.

["I hear the bagpipes are extraordinarily popular at Salonika. That is not necessarily surprising, for the invention of the bagpipes is credited to the Seljuks, the ancestors of the Turks, and until three years ago Salonika had been for centuries a part of Turkey."—Daily Paper.]

Oh, visit not the Scot with stripes;
He has enough to bear.

You think that he first made the pipes?
It isn't true—so there!

The bag, the chanter, and the drone,
Behold a Seljuk proudly own!

But who on earth the Seljuks be,
And how they live, and why,
And what they like for lunch and tea—
No single jot care I.

It's quite enough for me to know
They made the pipes. So they can go.

From "The Glob."

"Now," said the colonel to the private, whose offence had been proved, "we are going to read a list of your previous convictions." "Whew!" exclaimed the convicted one, "perhaps in that case you will allow me to sit down."

Phone 89

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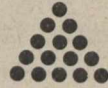
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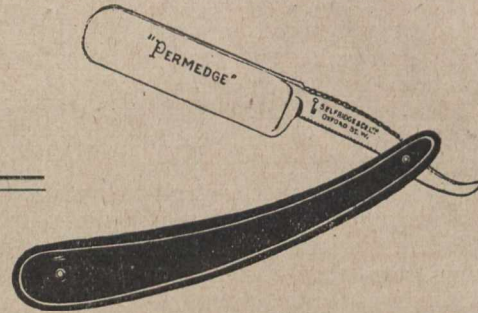
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