

# The Western Scot

TRENCH EDITION

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, NOVEMBER 18th. 1916 NO. 2

## The Trench Edition.

This was intended solely as an insert for the regular London Edition but events beyond our control having caused unexpected delay, we have decided to publish the Trench Edition independently for the time being.

Publication Day—Ask Fritz.  
Office—Any Handy Crater.  
Rates for Postage—30 Days F. P.  
No. One.

Editorial Staff:— { Mechanical Staff;—  
Same old offender { "Slim" Hudicott  
Published by permission, of Lt.-Col.  
Loane Ross C. O. and officially censored.

## ALL ABOUT OUR

### OWN MOVEMENTS.

Now that the Western Scots are on the firing line it is only natural that the 'folks at home' will like to know all about our movements. It is quite likely that the censor will not pass some of this but it will give you some idea of our doings.

We left—on the—of—and after a—on a very nice—we reached—all hale and hearty on the—of the same month. Here we rested for a time and as the name of the place will have informed you it is delightful. After days we proceeded by—to—where we—in the rain and mud and at once marched to—. It was interesting to hear for the first time the—of the awful—all about us and to realize that at last we were—. Shortly we settled down in a comfortable—near—which

many of you will recognize from its prominence earlier in the—. Here we began to—something of the—and it was a welcome change. Next we moved on to—and got a taste of—. The—at his—was very—as no doubt you have read and we—considerably. We have been at—ever since and although we have—quite—we are carrying on to beat all—.

## SECOND, TO NONE

### Sergeant Stronach Honored

The 27th of September was a memorable day for this battalion. After several weeks of nerve trying work in the trenches during which we paid the price of such work in full the battalion was drawn up in hollow square and addressed by Major-General commanding the division. Previously Lt. Col. Ross had taken occasion to thank officers and men for their excellent showing. The general made a special journey to visit the battalion and his first act was to call Sergeant Charles Stronach, of 'A' company, our young cat sergeant, out of the ranks and in full view of the entire battalion, pin on his breast the coveted blue white and red ribbon of the Military Medal "for marked bravery under fire." The general referred to Sergeant Stronach's gallantry in attending wounded in face of murderous enemy fire and said that he was delighted that the first occasion of this nature at which he had had the pleasurable duty of officiating should have been with our battalion.

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The general then spoke of the battalion's work in the trenches in very warm terms. He said that the record the battalion had made was second to none in the Canadian Army and reflected great credit on the character of the men and the discipline of the corps. He affirmed the great necessity of discipline. The morale of a corps was determined in passivity rather than in action. He was proud of the battalion and felt that he could depend upon it whatever should come.

Major Harbottle had a letter the other day from Bob Dunn of the Victoria Colonist. The 50th, Gordons is the only battalion at The Willows now. The Banties are at Sidney along with several other units.

Word from Bramshott is to the effect that Capt. Okell is improving slowly. Mr. Marsden has won a hard fight and is able to be up and about, though very weak yet.

It was our first day and one of the Pipe-Baun who shall be nameless was doing his best to open conversation with a charming young French lassie. He got as far as: "Sher Madame-Oisell—" when she checked him in liquid Gallie with "I am not Madame I am too young! After that he employed Hector and the difficulty was abridged.

"Where did you come from, Fritzzy dear?"

"From der dug-oid, mein Herr, und into here!"

"What then has blackened each dear little eye?"

"Dear fizz-bing kersplosed me as I vent py!"

For the benifit of all ranks it is explained once and for all that the water in this country is dangerous and the reason the medical authorities put bleaching powder in it is to discourage the use of it as far as possible.

Swaddy: "How did the chief handle the Hun prisoner?"

Buck: "Oh he gave him beans until he was properly cowed and then bulled him a little."

It was a rare treat some time ago to have a band concert and to hear the pipe-band play "retreat" once more. Bandmaster Turners' lot have improved even on their former fine ability which is saying a great deal and their efforts were greatly appreciated. As for Wullies pipe baun, it was simply inspiring to listen to and see their performance. And the incidental interpolations were surely extraordinary how unusual to listen to "You Called me Baby Doll A Year Ago," with the deep roar of artillery punctuating every bar!

Recently we had the pleasure of entertaining in the mess Lieut.-Col. Fewtrell and Mr. Cooke, adjutant, of the Anzac pioneers. A comparison of experiences with our gallant brother Colonials was most interesting.

Advertisement in popular publication prepared, palpably, by one who has not seen the Trenches; "I say old man just look at that Hun sniper through my..... periscope."

"By Gad the definition is topping!"

Rather decent of the Hun sniper to expose himself that way for experimental purposes, don't you think?

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### What the Censor Sees.

NO. I

To Miss Belinda Worthington Snow  
Trenton Street, Berryville, Ontario.,

Sweetheart:—

You sure are the one  
I love best, Oh the long time since your  
dear lips I pressed. When this war's  
over I'll hurry to you. I swear that for  
ever I'm loving and true. Write to me  
darling, my heart for you moans.

Yours' till eternity,  
Private John Jones.

NO. II

Miss Honoria Agnes Ghants,  
care of Post Office,  
Crayshott, Hants.  
My dear Beloveds:—

A month gone  
v since I beheld the soft flash of your  
eyes, Believe me, my sweet one, I  
long for your arms. And when done with  
fighting I'll fly to your charms, No  
other but you dear, my faithful heart  
owns.

Truly and tenderly,  
Private John Jones.

NO. III

Mrs. John Jones,  
Number 223  
Huntington avenue,  
Mission, B. C.  
Dearest of Wives:—

Just a few words to say that  
of you and the children I'm thinking  
all day. You need never worry but that  
I'll be true. There's only one woman I  
love and that's you. How are all the  
children Clarissa and John, Katrina and  
Robert and Mary and Don? I hope that  
this finds you in good health, dear frau,  
As it is leaving me very well now. Wish  
I could send you a couple of bones. But

I'm broke. So that's all from  
Your husband,  
John Jones

—o—o—  
And the censor, cynical- old and wise  
evinces not even a mild surprise, But  
seals each letter and softly— C.L.A.

### More Nonsense Rhymes By "C"

Some folks don't think that they can  
thrive

Unless they're growing fat  
But we're just glad that we're alive  
And mighty glad, at that

This place is full of rats and mice  
And mud and things that it aint nice  
To mention; but they rhyme with 'rice'

There was a bloke in our trench  
And he was wondrous wise  
He tried to catch a "rum jar"  
It caused him great surprise!

A man who thought it would be fun  
To throw a beef-tin at a Hun  
Exposed himself a mite too far  
And now for him, its "Gates A-Jar,"

A shell shocked man was sent back home  
To Blighty for a while:  
He heard the the "Swish" of ladies' skirts  
And jumped about a mile.

Boys, I take it you'll agree with me, it's  
rummy  
When the "landlord" has you lying  
on your tummy,  
And his knocks are singing near  
That your everlasting rear  
Exposure seems so blooming high, for  
lummy!

—o—o—  
The M.O. was told that a man in 'Z' Coy  
was suffering from shell-shock. Invest-  
gation showed that a cocoonut had been  
bounced off his bean by a brother in  
arms-

## THE WESTERN SCOT

I've wondered sometimes what would happen if it were possible—as some dear old ladies at home believe it is—for a bloke to collect a "tauk" on a ration of army rum and be bumped into one of these new "tanks" of ours for the first time. Hush!—hush!!

Excuse this paper if it is sort of blotchy. The printer got most of the shrapnel out of the ink but not all. These blamed Archies' ought to remember that whatever goes up must come down. We're trying to get the Q. M. to issue a tin hat for the ink can.

One thing that all ranks have noted is the manner in which the C. O. visits every section in which any of the Western Scots are operating. He brings cheer always and the men say he brings them luck.

Mr. Cooke—our Mr. Cooke you know says if he were living in Belgium he'd try to get in strong with this chap Herberg who owns the string of quick-lunch joints all over the place. "Doc" says Mr. Estaminet looks pretty good to him. The Estaminet family have been in the booze business for years and their influence extends even to France.

Alas, poor camp, we loved it well. With what lavish care we built it all by our ~~own~~ selves, too. It was to have been our winter abode and cosy it was, beyond words, even though it remained intact on sufferance of Fritz's artillery. And then in this great game of checkers it became our move.

### IN MEMORIAM.

#### KILLED IN ACTION:—

Lieut. A. M. Hall.....	9 9 16
Lieut. P. MacIntosh.....	10 9 16
102110 Cpl. W. W. Harwood.....	14 9 16
103036 Pte. J. Rowan.....	23 8 15
102211 .. H. Arter.....	25 8 16
541045 .. C. J. Booth.....	26 9 16
102232 .. J. Dollard.....	28 8 16
103022 .. W. Thomas.....	1 9 16
103303 .. J. H. N. Gleave.....	1 9 16
103353 .. A. L. Sykes.....	1 9 16
103156 .. A. Campbell.....	1 9 16
100231 Cpl. A. D. Belyea.....	3 9 16
103496 Pte. J. S. Anderson.....	8 9 16
102978 .. J. Conner.....	9 9 16
103087 .. G. Jensen.....	9 9 16
103230 .. G. H. Chapman.....	14 9 16
102670 Sergt. W. R. Jones.....	10 10 16
102317 Pte. H. Bamister.....	11 10 16
103199 .. N. F. Murray.....	11 10 15
102275 .. W. J. Uren.....	11 10 16
103030 .. W. C. Ayers.....	11 10 16
102154 Sergt. A. Anderson.....	11 10 16
102957 Cpl. J. Fraser.....	11 10 16
103084 Pte. E. Snowden.....	11 10 16
102910 .. R. O. Thornton.....	11 10 16
100526 .. S. A. Kit.....	12 10 16
100526 Sergt. J. Murphy.....	18 10 16
102912 Pte. J. E. Kirkbride.....	18 10 16
102763 Sergt. H. O. Grant.....	20 10 16
102489 Pte. G. F. C. Palmer.....	22 10 16
105553 .. R. McCourt.....	22 10 16
102976 .. E. C. Innes.....	22 10 16
103290 .. G. Nichol.....	23 10 16
102523 .. R. L. Lawson.....	11 11 16