



Vol. 1.

BRAMSHOTT, HANTS, JULY 5, 1916.

No. 38.

JEWELLERS



TO H.M. THE KING.

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# The Western Scot

Vol. I.

BRAMSHOTT, HANTS, JULY 5, 1916.

No. 38.

## ROYAL REVIEW OF FOURTH DIVISION.

### His Majesty Inspects Canada's Newest Division Before Big Crowd at Hankley—Western Scots on Right of Line.

In ideal weather and in the presence of many distinguished spectators, His Majesty the King reviewed the troops comprising the Fourth Canadian Division, Major-General Watson, C.B., commanding, at Hankley Common on Dominion Day, July 1.

\* \* \* \*

To the thousands of Canadians in khaki who made up the wide-flung ranks it was a Dominion Day that will live in memory, one that to many of them never has been and never will be equalled. And to all who considered the matter it was a Dominion Day full of Imperial significance.

\* \* \* \*

The many spectators, mostly ladies, who formed a long, deep line behind the rope and lent a pleasing dash of colour to the monotonous buff of troops and common, were well repaid for their presence. Such a spectacle in Canada would have attracted unusual attention. On the hills surrounding the tremendous plain mounted sentries were posted, standing out against the skyline like ebony statues; drawn up in close column of half-companies along a line that intersected the common were battalion after battalion of Canadian infantry, a seemingly endless array stretching into distance beyond eye-range. On the right of the infantry line, the position of honour, were the Western Scots Pioneers, and to the right of them the divisional artillery extended, battery on battery, out of sight beyond the farther range of hills.

\* \* \* \*

On the Western Scots' left was a smart prairie battalion; beyond them again, another British Columbia unit, and so on to the end—lads from the Maritimes, from Quebec, from old Ontario, from the vast Canadian West, the Pacific Slope, and the far-away Yukon.

\* \* \* \*

His Majesty, as usual, was very punctual, and at the hour announced came the command for officers to take post in review order. Along the infantry front, then, there was formed a single rank of officers of all ranks, those of the 67th in kilts or tartan breeches. In the distance a group of mounted figures moved out into the open space opposite the reviewing stand, and a bugle sounded one clear note. The long ranks of khaki were rigid. Then the Royal Standard was broken out from the mast-head; sharp commands snapped all along the line, followed by the rattle and slap of rifles, and the sun glinted and flashed from a forest of bare steel. Again silence, and then, with every man and N.C.O. at the "present" and every officer at the "salute," the Fourth Division Canadians stood steady before their King while the strains of the National Anthem rang out over Hankley Common. As the last bar died away the rifles flashed up, caps on bayonets, and three wonderful, full-throated cheers broke the tension.

\* \* \* \*

The Royal inspection followed. Led by the King, attended by Major-General Watson, the cavalcade of Staff and Bodyguards moved up towards the head of the artillery column. His Majesty evinced a deep interest in every unit of the division. Field-Marshal Lord French also displayed a lively regard for the newly-trained

Canadians, keeping up a rapid fire of questions directed to Colonel Ironsides, D.S.O., G.S.O.I., who rode with him. As the King approached the head of the artillery, the 67th Battn. 4th Divisional Band, under Bandmaster Louis Turner, began a charming selection, and rendered it in superb style. Passing the artillery, His Majesty rode along the front of the Western Scots, his keen glance apparently taking in every detail and feature, from Lieut.-Colonel Ross, O.C., to the men in the rearmost rank. Lord French, too, showed a very evident interest in the battalion.

\* \* \* \*

The inspection completed, the King moved over to the reviewing stand, and the artillery began the "March Past." The military band of the 67th Battn. as divisional band moved up to the saluting point, and played the artillery and details past. Despite the fact that the artillery took over half an hour to pass, the band played continuously and well. The Western Scots followed and marched past in column of half-companies. As they came up the battalion pipers, under Pipe-Major W. J. Wishart, picked up the step from the brass band without a hitch or break. The Scots as they approached the saluting base received a great ovation from the spectators, and went past in magnificent style, their lines being straight and true and the step excellent.

\* \* \* \*

After passing the saluting base the 67th formed close column at the double, moved to the left in fours, turned into line and retired to the original ground, where they formed up again.

\* \* \* \*

When the other troops had marched past, Colonel Ross had the honour of being presented to His Majesty, who was graciously pleased to converse for some time about the battalion. His Majesty informed Colonel Ross that he considered the Western Scots a magnificent body of men, and asked him to convey to the men of the battalion His Majesty's deep appreciation of their loyalty in having travelled over 7,000 miles to fight for the Empire, and to assure them that their King would watch their future progress with great interest and the utmost confidence.

\* \* \* \*

There was no tedious wait after the review. The 67th, having left camp early in the morning, were marched back along the seven-mile route at once. Before dismissing the battalion Colonel Ross informed the men of the King's message to them, and pointed out the ideals the battalion had to live up to. On being dismissed, the men, usually an undemonstrative lot, cheered the Colonel loudly.

## SWAGGER STICKS.

One company commander in an address to his men brought up the matter of walking-out dress recently, and while deploring the fact that the delay in the re-issue of clothing had left our boys in poor case, he laid emphasis on the importance of smartness during off-hours as well as on parade. The casual observer forms an opinion of a battalion by the appearance of its individuals and he judges them when off duty even more carefully than when on duty. A swagger stick adds immensely to the smart appearance of a soldier when walking out. It is traditional and customary, and it keeps a man's hands employed otherwise than in wearing out his pockets. Swagger sticks do not cost much either!

# 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.

Single Copies: each 1d.

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

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5TH, 1916.

### SERIOUS WORK.

"Except that you are working by daylight, and that the countryside is more prodigal of foliage, the conditions under which you are training now are very similar to the real thing."

\* \* \* \*

The speaker was a soldier who has seen more than a bit of this war, and we were standing on Ludshott observing a swarm of our men in the trenches. Far beyond, bombs were bursting over the face of a hill.

\* \* \* \*

"There is more noise, though, in 'the real thing'," we suggested. "Oh, yes," he admitted with a strange, reminiscent sort of smile, "there is a trifle more of noise."

\* \* \* \*

But the important point is that, as the speaker pointed out, our training is being carried on under conditions as nearly approximating those with which we will meet at the front as wise and experienced officers can make them. In an excellent article in last week's Scot our Commanding Officer pointed out the necessity for applying ourselves to the utmost to learn all we can during these last weeks of training. Sometimes it is necessary to draw largely on the imagination and at times we have, in a spirit of fun, displayed more levity than interest.

\* \* \* \*

A spirit of fun is not to be forbidden; for it possesses saving grace. But take the point home to yourselves, each of you! In the training we are now undergoing is offered a safe, wide-open opportunity to observe and learn things that may save your life and lives of others at no far-distant time. You will do just such work at the Front as you are doing on the training ground now—except that at the Front every mistake you make will be costly, and you will have little or no chance to ask questions. at

\* \* \* \*

Is it preferable to gain necessary experience here at bargain rates, or pay top price for it in France or Flanders?

### "NA-POOH" MUSTARD.

We didn't show the proper amount of "pep" the other day when we were set to dig communication trenches to connect our own front line with the recently-captured front line of the enemy. Of course, it is gospel that no battalion digs in practice as it digs under fire. They who have experience say that even raw troops dig like harried badgers when the enemy stands by and spurs them with bullets. They may have carried on like children at the seashore during the training period, but when they have bumped up against "the real thing" and, with a coffin-lid rivetter or two pumping away at top speed, comes the order: "Dig in!" they sink gracefully and steadily from view after the fashion of an elephant in a quicksand.

Notwithstanding this, so seldom does the 67th fail to come up to scratch that it was disappointing to be told by the staff officer inspecting that the work should have been done more speedily. However, all ranks learned many points that will be of use in days to come, and there is no doubt at all about our ability to beat any battalion the G.S.O. cares to name once we get the hang of the thing!

### A CONTRAST.

Recently we wrote to a West End London tailor, who had had practically no business from the battalion, and at the same time to a firm of brewers, whose products must be consumed by a large number of our men, asking in each case for an advertisement for the Scot. As a striking contrast, we publish the respective replies:—

H. W. DELANY,  
Tailor.

9, Maddox Street,  
Regent Street.  
London, June 19, 1916.

To WESTERN SCOT.

SIRS,—*Re* advertising in the WESTERN SCOT, on considering the matter, I fear that to advertise is not quite in keeping with a high-class West End tailor. And mine being a private trade relying on the class of work turned out for its business through introductions, I prefer conducting my business on those lines.

However, I hope you will accept the enclosed cheque for a guinea towards your paper, and I also enclose a year's subscription, so kindly forward me paper regularly.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,  
DELANY.

The other letter is as follows:—

Farnham United Breweries, Ltd.,  
Lion Brewery,  
Farnham.

To WESTERN SCOT.

DEAR SIRS,—I am obliged for yours *re* adverts., but owing to restrictions on output, we are discontinuing all adverts., as we have only just sufficient to keep our customers supplied.

Yours faithfully,  
FARNHAM UNITED BREWERIES LTD.

P.S.—Of course we would not attempt to dictate to our readers what beer they should drink. Most places of refreshment, however, stock more than one brand.

### PTE. A. SUCKLING.

We regret to hear of the death in Vancouver of Pte. A. Suckling, formerly of the 67th. We left him behind in Vancouver with a sprained ankle, and he was transferred to the 158th O. S. Battalion. His death followed an unsuccessful operation for appendicitis.

### PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM.

Major Meredith-Jones is now taking his turn as Acting Adjutant, thus lending some more variety to our usual mundane course. We are all glad to welcome him back after his unfortunate accident and hope he will now be with the Battalion "for keeps."

\* \* \* \*

Can't Major Harbottle take a quiet little trip to Scotland without being accused of one thing and congratulated on another? Is there any foundation? Of course, we all know the Scottish girls, and particularly those around Aberdeen, are the most beautiful on earth—also the canniest!

\* \* \* \*

What price the Band in their new trews? They look almost like real Scotsmen now. What do you think, Wullie?

\* \* \* \*

Pay-Sergeant Best paid us a short visit from London recently, and gave us all the latest news of the Metropolis. Sergeant Bayley did not come down with him. Best says it keeps Bayley too busy answering his Canadian letters to take any holidays.

\* \* \* \*

Sandy Cannon left us suddenly on Friday evening for a 48-hour leave. No reason can be ascribed for his sudden departure, except to obtain more particulars on Paul Banzanet's £80 bonus, in which he has shown a keen interest.

LOOK WHO'S HERE, BOYS!



Mr. John P. Graham and "Paddy" at Windsor, Nova Scotia.

**FIELD-MARSHAL "PADDY" ON HOME SERVICE.**

Who in the 67th doesn't remember him—"Paddy," our fighting mascot; and who among us doesn't wish him with us to the end of the chapter? It is whispered that an effort is being made to have the old scout sent to us. Here's to its success!

\* \* \* \*

Paddy joined us away back in the Willows days, beyond recall. No one appears to know who recruited him, but it is believed he transferred to us from another battalion. However that may be, he sure became a prominent member of the 67th. He was an unsentimental Tommy and wouldn't stand for any mushy petting or blarneying, for he regarded life as a stern reality, and his place in it as that of a soldier-dog. But he was capable of whole-hearted and unwavering devotion, and he gave it all to the Western Scots. Needless to say, all ranks returned it.

\* \* \* \*

When the time came for us to bid farewell to the Willows, it was laid down that "no dogs or other mascots" were to be taken away. Therefore it was quite against orders and contrary to regulations that Paddy turned up on muster roll-call alongside the big transport at Halifax.

\* \* \* \*

Every effort was made to bring him the rest of the way, but regulations were not to be over-ridden this time, and, to the sorrow of everyone from the Colonel down, Paddy was warned for home defence. He accepted his lot with his customary stoicism, wished us all good luck and a safe return, recommended us to hand the Kaiser one in the pants for him, and marched away proudly, tail erect, eyes front.

\* \* \* \*

Through the kindly efforts of our second in command, Major Christie, D.S.O., one of Paddy's most ardent friends, excellent provision was made for the good old pup, and Major Christie heard lately that he has a fine home with Mr. John P. Graham, Registrar, Windsor, Nova Scotia. As usual, he has won the hearts of all with whom he has come in contact. The whole battalion sends its warm thanks to Mr. Graham and family for their kindness to our Paddy. If he doesn't manage to get over to us, those of us who have good luck and see Canada again will sure look him up. We have all learned something from Paddy.

**SIGNAL FLASHES.**

It has been alleged that the reason the Sig. Section had the best average at Whitehill was that they were in communication with the markers, with an invisible wire.

\* \* \* \*

Such is not the case. They are without doubt the best shots in the battalion, according to official figures.

**HOTEL CECIL**

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DURING THE WAR

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**GERRARD 60.**                      **HOTEL CECIL, STRAND.**

The machine gunners appreciate our help in elevating them to their distinguished position.

\* \* \* \*

It has been suggested that our new pants be saved up for anti-war days. They will make fine divided skirts, all they need will be a few more buttons.

\* \* \* \*

What was Pte. Woods chasing in front of B orderly room to-day? Was it a tunic or pair of pants. Go it, Jack, you'll catch him.

\* \* \* \*

Hut 16 is a good place to be out of when MacWoods and MacTaylor get whispering compliments about Lights Out time.

\* \* \* \*

What was MacScott doing with the corporal's watch?

\* \* \* \*

The thanks of the hut are tendered to Pte. Richards for opening up his hamper so generously.

\* \* \* \*

Hut 30 would sleep better if George would take his half pint at midday instead of after supper. They have heard "Minnie's" history so often that it is getting monotonous.

\* \* \* \*

Does anyone know the address of Kelly's 2 a.m. disturber. Will someone please keep awake some night? He may give it away himself.

\* \* \* \*

It would be a good idea if the Orderly Corpl. for each day would get round and stop the A.S.C. from disturbing us so early each morning.

\* \* \* \*

The section tenders their congratulations to Sergt. Kendall on winning his 100 per cent. ticket, also the rest of the class at their success at the Divisional School Exam. last week. There is still a kick left in the old dog.

**POT-POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS.**

Timely indeed was the advice we had last week about destroying all personal letters before going into action. However, we cannot but feel that if the Bosches get hold of some of our officers' love-letters they will halt the war long enough to read them comfortably.

\* \* \* \* \*

Try this over on your piano :

B. and D. to the trenches will go,  
B. and D. to the trenches will go,  
B. and D. to the trenches will go—  
The remainder will then carry on !  
Carry on, carry on.

—etc. *ad lib.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Okey was pleased to play a few days ago and several things ensued. However, a pleasant enough time was had by all, and the damage was nominal. So look out the window and see what they say !

\* \* \* \* \*

"Wifah, soljah, wifah—a penny each, soljah!"—  
Hope we don't meet 'em "over across."

\* \* \* \* \*

Suggested by the splendid lecture of Lieut.-Col. Chisholm, D.S.O. :—

I joined up just to fight the foe,  
But your tip to me determines  
That I must fight, where're I go,  
The Germs, as well as Germ-ans.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following sent to our old friend "The Week" (Victoria) by some of the boys in Flanders isn't far from the mark :

Send out the Army and Navy,  
Send out the Rank and File ;  
Send out the Gallant Territorials,  
They'll face the danger with a smile ;  
Send out the Boys of the Old Brigade,  
Who have kept Old England free ;  
Send out my Mother, my Sister, and my Brother,  
But for God's Sake DON'T send ME.

\* \* \* \* \*

Speaking of the pleasant little evening when our South African brother-Colonials visited our mess, one of the features of the programme was the doings of the "Social Lion," Mr. Ronald Graham, whose justly famous "squad drill by brands" made everybody's mouth water.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Retreat" as played by the Pipe Band is full of interesting features, but recently we have noted a brand new one, and, besides enjoying the spectacle, we are lost in admiration at the manner in which the sma' drummers toss their sticks without drappin' a stitch.

\* \* \* \* \*

Capt. Saundy McSchriber recently spent some leave at his old home in the County Cork, but he had not been there very long before he had to discard the kilt in order to avoid blocking the thoroughfares with interested spectators. "Begorra, Dinny, come look at the Hoi-landther. Hurry now, he's going!"

**SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.**

B. M. Turner has joined the American Scottish since he donned his trews.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are sorry to lose Sister, who is going on sick leave. We all hope he will return in the very best of health, for he has worked very hard for the benefit of the Sergeants' Mess.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Mess was invaded by pantaloons on the 30th June.

\* \* \* \* \*

C.S.M. Duffett would like to see more members of the Mess get stripped for physical jerks.

\* \* \* \* \*

What did the Sergt. Drummer say when he lost his stick on parade? Did the air turn blue, and what did the P.M. say? was it Gaelic?

**MACHINE GUN PATTER.**

We are undergoing a course of tunnelling and dug-out construction near Grayshott, and the work is certainly interesting—at least that is the impression one would gain judging by the number of men who manage to stand by and watch the others work. Some have become so accustomed to the sight of shovels and picks that they can lie down alongside a shovel and go to sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Section now has four sergeants, two corporals, and three lance-Jacks. There are some privates left too.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pte. W. Crocker is with us again, after being in Hospital for some time, and intends to stay with us long enough to obtain sick leave. Incidentally the special attention he received while in Hospital has done much to alter his opinion of this country.

\* \* \* \* \*

The candies Archie received were certainly good eating, the only drawback being that there were not enough to supply thirty-five men with a meal.

\* \* \* \* \*

At our last stop on our return from Hankley Common, two young ladies were given souvenirs in the shape of cigarettes by the Captain of "C" Company. Before we left two of our boys had managed to separate said souvenirs from the ladies, and enjoyed a cheap smoke on the last lap of the journey.

\* \* \* \* \*

Last Saturday afternoon, Baby Moffat borrowed a wheel and started out for Aldershot. Shortly afterwards he was seen swathed in bandages. His recollections do not seem to be very clear, but as far as we can make out the lady was at the top of the hill when he hit the pile of stones at the bottom.

\* \* \* \* \*

According to Prince George (B.C.) papers, the 67th are wearing the kilt, and members of the Batt. got two weeks' leave in London on receiving same. Personally we believe in "slinging a little bull" when writing home, but we draw the line now and then. Our Mascot put it on a little heavy when he wrote the above news.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Signal Section talks of "helping" us in the shooting scores. To be Irish, their help was a hindrance. Our average, which was the highest in the Battalion, was over 106. When the signalling sections scores were added to ours, the average of the two section's combined dropped to 100. No, no, Signallers, no thanks are due to you for our winning the Cup.

**A WEEK AT WHITEHILL.**

(An answer to Pte. Stacey, of "D" Company.)

Whitehill its named, by some fool, I guess,  
Where we spent a terrible week  
A shooting, and getting ourselves in a mess ;  
Nothing but sand, wherever we'd seek.

Sand in our jam, and "Mulligan" too,  
Sand in our clothes, and blankets there,  
Even sand in the letters that came through—  
Ye Gods! that sand was everywhere.

A few hours fatigue, and more on guard  
Was a common thing over there,  
And at nights we'd lay and think very hard,  
And wonder if England was really fair.

The water there must be boiled and fried,  
Before it can be used as a beverage,  
And no matter how ever we struggled and tried,  
That sand turned up at every stage.

And now in my dreams a voice I can hear,  
Rusty with sand, it comes in my trance,  
I shiver and shake with a terrible fear  
When I hear that cry "Next detail, ADVANCE."

102954 Pte. T. R., "C" Co., 67th Battalion.

**"A" COMPANY NOTES.**

Pte. A. : " We'll get the kilts now the Colonel went to London to-day for them."

Pte. B. : " No, we won't. He didn't get them, as I saw him come back to-night and he wasn't carrying anything."

\* \* \* \* \*

A private lately returned from hospital tells of the kindness and attention of the nurses, but all agree that the grub is not over-abundant. He was " fed " up one day not with eatables but things in general, so after standing in a corner and saying things for half-an-hour without much repetition he paraded in shirt and impromptu sporan. The matron was soon on his track remarking something about mad Scotsman. " Were you punished ? " was asked. " Yes," was the reply, " with a big dose of salts."

\* \* \* \* \*

Should not menus be provided in order that the men may know the name of the dishes they partake of ? At the trenches the other day little square pieces of white substance with numerous small holes on one side were present in the stew : they had the appearance of sections of those photographs we saw the other evening with the shell marks on.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is suggested that the name of the dish with the piece of linen in it should not be a " ragout " but a " ragin."

\* \* \* \* \*

On this point one man wishes to know when they may have some more " cackle berries."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Pipe Band kindly came to meet " A " and " C." Companies the other day when they were returning from field work. The gallant pipers had halted, and when the companies were in sight a flutter of skirts showed they had not been lonely.

\* \* \* \* \*

DEAR TOM,—This week we have had variety. The staff officer, that's the chap with the red tabs on his collar, planned out some more work on those trenches, such as putting in fire steps, dugouts, tunnels, and all sorts of fancy work. We were " Duty Company " on Monday. That means we had to do all the work for the battalion round camp. The night before a list is put up and all the fellows crowd round and see what job they are to get on with in the morning. The jobs are many and various, and by the exclamations one can tell what sort of job a man has been detailed for. I was sent to the cook-house. I worked hard all day, peeling more " spuds " than I could eat in a year, and washing up numerous utensils, horrible greasy things, difficult to get clean, and wept many tears over the huge pile of onions I helped to peel. Then clearing the ashes away, bringing in coal, sweeping up the kitchen, and such-like jobs filled up the day, and I was not sorry when it was finished. What with the grease and dust and dirt I needed a wash, so that evening I had the luxury of a bath. The bath-house is divided into little cubicles, a round shallow pan is provided and a shower of cold water overhead. It is quite an art to sit down in the pan. In the next cubicle to me a stout fellow was bathing. When he sat down the water ran over the edge, when he stood up the pan was empty ! I laughed, he glared. Oh horrors ! I recognised him, he was a sergeant ! I dressed quickly and disappeared. It was not my fault really ; he had no distinctive dress on ; in fact, he looked just like an ordinary private, only fatter. The next day we started on the trench-work and some fine work was put in, so good, indeed, I expect we shall be made into engineers very shortly. We had all sorts of dodges for blocking up the trenches in case they had to be abandoned—big balls of barbed wire, and drawbridges to drop down, and it was our one hope that a staff officer would come in to inspect so that we could see how long it took him to get out again. But the one near us was a " downy " bird and refused to be lured in. I've left the best news till last and I am sure it will be a great surprise to you, it was to me. I am a lance-corporal. The O.C. (that means officer-commanding) sent for me and told me he was exceedingly pleased with my work and conduct, during the nine months I had been with the Company, and was going to show his appreciation

by promoting me to be lance-corporal. He told me of the responsibility connected with such a position, and hoped I would fill the position as became a good N.C.O. (that means non-commissioned officer). I thanked him and promised to do all I could to show I appreciated such a distinction. You know, I think to get a stripe in nine months is pretty good. I get extra pay too. I have one stripe on each arm now, and being nice and clean they look fine. I must close now, as I have to get ready for a big review to-morrow. Of which later.

**"B" COMPANY NOTES.**

We have a genius in 7 platoon who uses the wrong side of his shovel for digging. When questioned by an N.C.O., he said that the soil could be thrown farther.

\* \* \* \* \*

The boys extend to Major Jones a hearty welcome on his return to the Company. It was just like getting money from home to see his smile on parade.

\* \* \* \* \*

When going on sick parade please have a good excuse ready, in case the M.O. says Medicine duty. A certain private went up with ear-ache. M.O. said, " That won't keep you off parade." The Private answered, " But, Sir, I have got no trousers !"

\* \* \* \* \*

There is one thing the war is doing for us, that is, giving us professions. First is pick and shovel work. Why, when we return to Victoria, there will be all kinds of jobs waiting for us. Second is quick change artists. Sergts. Jimmy Smith and Lester can change from fatigue dress into full dress inside of two minutes. The vaudeville actors have nothing on them.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sympathy of officers and men of " B " Company is extended to the relatives of Pte. Mitchell in their sad bereavement, and we feel his loss deeply.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two Sergeants left Haslemere on a certain Friday night, to attend a wedding of a brother Sergeant. We are still wondering how one Sergeant became lost, on arrival at London, as they failed to make connections until Haslemere was reached on Sunday night. Was he at Chelsea Barracks or Peckham Rye ?

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## "C" COMPANY NOTES.

Whitehill at its best is not noted for beauty. The surroundings make one's eyes tired after a few days' sojourn there. But, thanks to Capt. Nicholson, our eyes were given a delightful change, when he on two or three occasions appeared in the early morning arrayed in a beautifully designed suit of pyjamas. We all agree with him in his choice, and the different shades of color exposed to our view were certainly of the very best.

\* \* \* \*

Our sham battle a few days ago with the tenth Brigade turned out very good. Bar a few fellows getting their rifles and packs filled with sand, and a few other minor mishaps, it was a grand battle. Orders flew thick and fast down the line, sometimes getting a trifle mixed, but nevertheless getting to their destination. Pte. Quilty was the hero of the engagement. Under a hot fire, he crawled, or rather walked, over a parapet to get a match. Corpl. Bain is to be complimented on his calmness; he moved only once after taking up his position, and that time to remove some sand from his eye.

\* \* \* \*

Oh! you summer time! Think of the Gorge, and a few of our old pleasure resorts.

\* \* \* \*

The man of mystery, Pte. Rolworth, has a way all his own in the bath-house. The other morning he came into the bath-house and commenced his morning wash, with sweater coat buttoned tightly around his neck, and his Balaclava pulled snugly down over his ears. When asked why he did not wash like an ordinary mortal, he replied, "I never heard of such a thing."

\* \* \* \*

Congratulations to Pte. Hardy, who has just received news from Victoria that he is the father of a bouncing baby girl. Already Pte. Hardy's chest has expanded two inches, and he struts around his own particular hut as proud as the proverbial peacock.

\* \* \* \*

A certain article printed in the weekly paper of the 162 Batt., Kamloops, some few weeks before we left Victoria, caused a serious difference of opinion between two girls residing at Gibson's Landing, B.C. The article stated that the 162nd Batt. was far superior to the 67th Batt., owing to the fact that one of our fellows had transferred to that unit. For the benefit of the public in general, and to show the fair upholder of our good name that she is right in her opinion of us, I can state here that the transfer occurred owing to the fact that the 162nd was in need of good men at the time, and the 67th was their choice.

\* \* \* \*

At last we are getting our long-needed uniform. Although the tunics feel rather slack after our neat-fitting Canadian tunic, they can with a little coaxing and altering be made respectable. The kilt question died a slow death.

## "D" COMPANY NOTES.

In going back to the history of those famous brown leggings worn by a certain corporal, we find they are an inheritance, and have been handed down for the last two generations. It looks as if they had seen better days.

\* \* \* \*

Here's hoping Pte. Berry will have the best time of his life, also we wish to extend our congratulations. According to his ideas a man should have his mate, no matter at what time of life. He will be able to break away from Camp life once in a while and forget all about our usual beans and——.

\* \* \* \*

We are glad to see Sergt. McPhee with us once more. He sure has had a long spell of sickness. Welcome back, Mac, old boy.

One question we would like answered: Are we going to have bacon and—— next week, or beans and——? Sometimes we wish we could have a good old-fashioned "Willows Camp" breakfast. How about it?

\* \* \* \*

We wish to extend our sympathies to Lieut. Blyth, because the other morning he came on parade without breakfast and had to march to Grayshott with the bunch.

\* \* \* \*

Now that the Battn. Y.M.C.A. has got a good start, let us all "buck in" and make it a whirlwind. Our little weekly teas are getting bigger all the time, and it shows that a great deal of interest is being taken in the association by the boys. A big concert will be pulled off next week, and the best talent in the battalion will be there. Everybody come.

\* \* \* \*

We are getting a good course in trench work and entanglements nowadays. A team has been entered for "Apron Wire Entanglements" competition, and here's pulling for the bunch that they will come out on top.

\* \* \* \*

Pte. A. Edwards is now a member of the Social and Entertainment Committee of our Y.M.C.A., and we can look forward to some good times as long as we are in camp. It is rumoured that he has composed a new song, entitled "Oh, Sergeant Form Fours, take off that hat when you go to Church."

\* \* \* \*

Ptes. Carlisle and Dare were kind of out of luck one night last week. The 'bus they were coming home in had a little trouble. As we are going to press it was not learned whether they got away with it or not. Gee, it must be great to see two—— fighting. Some kid!

\* \* \* \*

There was a good number out to practice lacrosse the last week, and there is no doubt that the old 67th will be able to field a team second to none. Some of the old Victoria and Westminster stars and old war horses were out on deck and sure did go through the paces. The only casualty recorded during the week was when "Mac" got one on the cronk.

\* \* \* \*

Gasoline Gus went to London last Saturday, and who do you think he met? It was his cousin all the way from Hawick.

\* \* \* \*

Ptes. A. Edwards, G. Edwards, and W. Tough, the trio of No. 15 Platoon, hereby challenge any trio from the rest of the battalion to a competition. The loser to make arrangements with the Canteen. Are there any acceptances to this challenge? It is bona-fide in all respects.

\* \* \* \*

Our little unsophisticated lad from Duncan is now back with us in the lines. He has been to London twice now, and so, boys, look out, he is full of advice and knowledge. He can show you how to get free board and lodging along the Thames Embankment.

\* \* \* \*

Everybody loves a staff batman, but still he is not allowed to sit at any of the tables at meal times. We wonder why. Ask the Colonel's batman.

\* \* \* \*

We wish to express our appreciation of being able to attend the lectures given by Col. Ironsides, D.S.O. Everybody enjoyed them.

\* \* \* \*

Why was it that Pte. Fisher did not accept the new shoes? Rumour has it that his "sole" was the best. What offer?

\* \* \* \*

As this goes to press we are hiking it to Hanckley Common for the big review. Gee whiz, some hike, some day, some sore feet, some sore heads. Well, never mind, to-morrow is Sunday.



## HINTS FOR THE FRONT.

Take as little clothing as possible, but as much as is necessary. If you can get it, wear woollen underclothing. Besides the pants and shirt you have on, take another of each if you have room. Besides the pair of socks you wear take another pair. *Make room for these.*

\* \* \* \*

Don't take body belts; never wear one. It is always full of uninvited guests and very unhygienic. There are divisional bathrooms and wash-houses everywhere in France and Flanders now. When you come from the trench you can easily get a bath and a change. Therefore, *don't* carry any unnecessary kit. Your *necessary* load will be quite heavy enough on the long march from railhead to trench.

\* \* \* \*

Be wise in selection. Don't take a muffler and a woollen nightcap. Sew up one end of the muffler so that it fits the head and wrap the rest around your neck. Take a few boxes of matches and a tinder lighter but not the wheel pattern. In the latter the screw works out in the pocket. The "Princess Mary" gift pattern with the flint fixed firmly in the cap of the lighter is the best.

\* \* \* \*

Be sure your boots are not too large or too small. You may be advised at the stores to have a pair half a size or one size larger than you need, so that you can wear two pairs of socks. *Don't have them!* Wear boots that fit. If your boots are too small you will suffer agonies on the march. If too large, ditto. Sore heels, flat feet, abrasions on the shins, etc., are the certain results of boots too big for your feet.—From a pamphlet entitled "Handy Hints for Embryo Heroes," by T. L. Barlow Westerdale, who spent seven months at the front as a medical officer. Published by Charles H. Kelly, 25-35, City Road, London. Well worth reading and marking.

## STRETCHER-BEARER SECTION.

If some kind friend would only give us an old cannon or a blunderbuss we could have a division right in our regiment.

\* \* \* \*

We have the officers and Pipe Band for the Highland Brigade, the common everyday private for the Infantry of the line, the Pioneers for the Engineers, the sergeants only want the horses to make the Cavalry, for they already have got the riding breeches, and the Brass Band for the Field Ambulance. What a composite Battalion!

\* \* \* \*

The Battalion now has a mixed appearance. Many of the men are half-Imperial and half-Canadian Scots.

\* \* \* \*

Why is it that the barber can get what he likes and the tailor cannot even get an iron, let alone a room?

\* \* \* \*

Compliments to our Brass Band. But why not give us the Songs of Bonnie Scotland? If we are a Scots Battalion we ought to have them. Please Bandmaster inspire our hearts with the music from the Land the Scots love. A little Scotch, please, and then more Scotch—and Soda.

\* \* \* \*

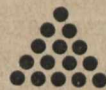
What kind of infernal machine is in the kitchen to cause such a large casualty list last week?

\* \* \* \*

What happened to Marmaduke when he was at that wedding?

\* \* \* \*

We noticed that Sergt. Pills was on the casualty list on Friday last, but he had to go to the tailor for first aid.



The Cornish Press.

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### A REMINISCENCE OF THE ROAD.

On Wednesday our correspondent was taking shelter in the village during a very severe thunderstorm that occurred in the afternoon. A gang of workmen were doing likewise; they had just previously liberally coated the road with fresh tar. They had not even time to sand it before they had to run from the torrential downpour.

At the height of the storm, down the road came an officer in kilts, &c.—please note that he wore the &c.'s, as several people saw them—riding a motor cycle. The wet road and the wet tar glistened equally. The foreman of the road gang, as he scented the approaching catastrophe, jumped out and wildly waved the officer to one side, whistling shrilly at him. The officer heard the whistle, saw the signal to retire in open order, tried to execute it, but swish went the bike, and the officer sat down violently in the wet tar!

\* \* \* \*

Your correspondent has heard some "languidge" in his time, but for sheer unadulterated wickedness commend me to this kilted officer. Several women who had come running to their doors on hearing the crash fled to their back kitchens, covering their heads with their aprons and clutching their children to their breasts. The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and the heavens opened as if in wrath. But still the officer sat there swearing.

Then he laughed! I thought he had lost his reason!!

I rush up to help. "Are you hurt?" I asked.

"The divil a hurrt," he said with a strong Irish accent.

"Then what are you laughing at?" I asked.

"Because I'm such a dam fool to be sitting in the middle of the road in wet tar," he replied.

He picked himself up slowly, tar dripping from his hands. He was far from his shoulders to his ankles.

And then commenced the search for help. He called for "gasoline" and "coal oil." The villagers seemed not to understand him. Then someone suggested Mrs. Robinson. Mrs. Robinson understood, and when she had used one or two Canadian expressions, the officer said, "You are a Canadian. Thank the Lord I've found someone who can think quickly in an emergency. Will you help me?" "Sure," came the instant response. Gasoline, coal oil (we call them petrol and paraffin), newspapers, rags, dusters, hot water, soap, a spare room were all readily forthcoming. And in quarter of an hour the officer came out reeking of gasoline, but reasonably clean. True, his knees were black, and the white hues had disappeared from the tartan, but he was no longer sticky.

The kilt is still in the ring, but two batmen are in hospital suffering from alcohol poisoning.

(N.B.—Tar is soluble in alcohol).

### DICHTS AT THE PIPE BAUN!

What exalted member of the baun' tried to warm his hands at a lamp-post, mistaking it for a stove-pipe?

\* \* \* \*

We are assured that the members of the baun' who joined the "Rauchabites" at 3 a.m., on that famous occasion on the Foul Bay Road, wakened up—still on the Foul Bay Road—at 6 a.m., with only one spat missing. The baun' is justly proud of this wonderful performance.

\* \* \* \*

A certain officer recently caused much comment among the baun' by asking if their underwear was in good condition. The mental picture of the pipers wearing long thick underwear under their kilts failed to rouse Wullie's risibility.

\* \* \* \*

In a moment of weakness, Chairlie agreed when going North, recently, to call on one of Wullie's aunts. The result was that when he was leaving, he was handed a large box containing kippers and mealy puddin's. We exceedingly regret that we were unable to attend the banquet. We have it on good authority, however, that the cutlery produced thereat included quite a number of oyster forks. They were engraved "D.C."

\* \* \* \*

What did the Greek store-keeper see when the Pipe-Major joined the "Rauchabites"?

### SCOUT AND SNIPER SECTION.

Now that our dream that we should all be united in our own lines has come true, we set to work the other day and put our house in order.

\* \* \* \*

Not one of us, even in a moment of the greatest enthusiasm, would have imagined that the Section—although admittedly composed of a galaxy of talent—possessed so much artistic ability. The whole of the men turned themselves into landscape architects and gardeners, and the results surpassed even our most sanguine expectations. Whilst comparisons are odious, and we are unable to give preference for the decorations of any particular tent, we think that the design laid out by "Flight Commander" Henry Henderson, assisted by Scout Hayward, compares with any for neatness. No. 2 tent is an example of originality; No. 3 for elaborateness; No. 4 tent might be called an example of plainness of design. The addition of the geraniums to the sergeants' tent was by way of slipping one over on the rest of the bunch.

\* \* \* \*

The sergeants did not do any of the work themselves, but whilst they were superintending the work of the men, Mr. Marsden, whose boast it has always been that he will never ask the men to do anything he can't do himself, might have been seen industriously working with a shovel around the Orderly Tent. Shorty Smith and Company dug what, at first sight, appeared to be a sniper's hole to enable them to enter or leave their tent without being seen, but which transpired to be an elaborate drain to run the water from the trench around their tent in case of heavy rains.

\* \* \* \*

We have noticed that Mr. Turner, the esteemed impresario of the Battalion Military Band, possesses to a remarkable extent the qualifications of a scout. On battalion marches he gives wonderful examples of the celebrated act of now you see him and now you don't. At the beginning of a march he is proudly marching at the head of his band. After we have traversed about half-a-mile he falls out and reviews the whole Battalion as it marches by. He is not seen again until we reach our destination, when we find he has mysteriously reached his place in front again. How is it done?

### Personal News in the Orders.

The following men have been granted permission by the officer commanding to marry at date 30/6/16:—

102686.—R. Berry, "D" Company.

103050.—R. Leary, "D" Company.

\* \* \* \*

102260.—Pte. L. L. Reed, "D," Company, proceeded on command to London 22/6/16, and will be attached to the Pay and Record Office for duty, discipline and pay.

\* \* \* \*

To be acting sergeants at date 27/6/16:—

102798.—L.-Cpl. W. H. Fuller. Machine Gun Section.

103109.—Pte. J. S. Flynn. Machine Gun Section.

\* \* \* \*

102643.—W. N. Mitchell, "B" Company (deceased), is struck off the strength of the Battalion at date 27/6/16.

\* \* \* \*

The following are the results of examination at the Bramshott N.C.O.'s School Senior Course. 29/6/16.

102004.—Sgt. J. Smith. Marks 126/150.

102154.—Sgt. A. Anderson. Marks 108/150.

103182.—Pte. F. S. Fiddun. Marks 103/150.

103121.—Pte. N. McGuin. Marks 95/150.

\* \* \* \*

The following extract from the report of the commandant of French Motor School is published for general information. 29/6/16.

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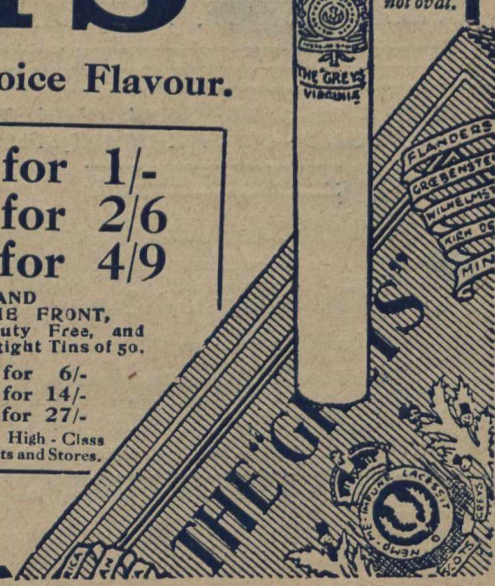
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