

THE WISHART NUMBER.



Vol. I.

BRAMSHOTT, HANTS, JULY 19, 1916.

No. 40.

JEWELLERS



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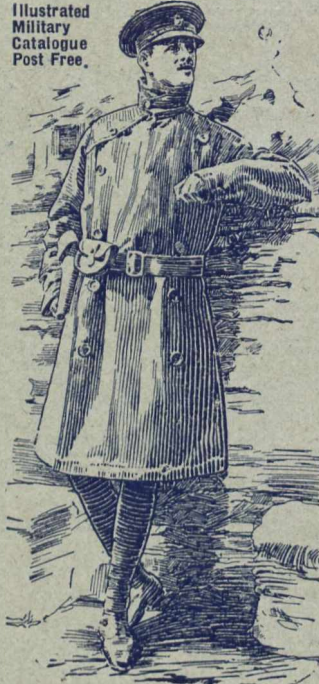
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The Western Scot

Vol. 1.

BRAMSHOTT, HANTS, JULY 19, 1916.

No. 40.

2,000 FEET UP, AND 100 MILES AN HOUR.

BY THE FIRST WESTERN SCOT TO FLY.

I've been asked what was the most astonishing feature of one's first flight.

Well, perhaps the fact that I personally was not *more* astonished. I quite expected that it would have made a tremendous impression on me; that I should have experienced new sensations. I'm rather disappointed to find that I have accepted it in such a matter-of-fact way; because it has left *no* outstanding memory. After all thousands of flights are made every week in Europe nowadays, and this was only one of the thousands.

Then again I was really surprised to find that I never was a little bit scared.

I went up with a very experienced pilot and on a very powerful twelve-cylinder biplane, having a machine gun mounted in the observer's "cubby hole." I liked the look of the pilot and I liked the look of the machine.

I thought to myself, "Well, if you do begin and feel nervous, for the Lord's sake don't show it—you've got 'Canada' on your shoulder badges!"

Before starting I remarked that I thought a glengarry would stick on in any wind, but was told "Not in the wind you're going to get into." So I borrowed a leather coat, gloves and a flying-man's leather skull cap—and I'm glad I did, for it was *very* cold up there.

The speedometer in front of me registered, most of the time, between 90 and 100 miles per hour. This speed, together with the draft made by the propellor blades, directly in front of one, must have made a good 150-mile breeze. No, even a hardened old salt couldn't call it a "breeze"—tornado rather. Put your head round the corner of the little celluloid screen and you were nearly choked by the wind pressure. I've never experienced anything on earth like it. The roar of the wind and the roar of the engine obliterated a good many other sensations. There was no question of talking. This fact may have something to do with the feeling of isolation—detachment—one has when up. One is not of the world at all! You feel a contempt for poor mortals who have to walk. You are up above them, thousands of feet above them, and the higher you go the more superior you feel.

Have you ever ridden a thoroughbred at a hard gallop, against a strong wind, on the prairie, with nothing at all in sight—nothing to stop you, no horses, no people, no fences? You want to stand on the stirrups and shout! That's a little bit like it. Detachment, isolation, speed, safety. Oh, yes, I felt quite safe.

Another feature—and I've read this in other people's accounts—is that one does not seem to be going up or down when climbing or vol-planing, but simply that the earth falls or else comes up and meets one. The machine seems absolutely stable all the time; it's the world that moves.

Cruising along one meets a pocket of still air every now and then, though this is more noticeable near the earth than when well up. For a moment the aeroplane seems to have lost her *grip* of the air; there is a slight pause and

a perceptible drop—not at all pleasant—and then the next moment the planes *bite* once more. At the lower altitudes, too, there is a certain amount of rocking.

I can't say I like the banking on a sharp turn—that is probably the least pleasant feeling of all. You start to come round and the wings tilt and tilt and tilt—till you think she is bound to side-slip, and then you heave a big sigh of relief when the pilot brings her to an even keel once more. The machine seems to be turning over slowly, because when you look at the lower wing it is at an alarming angle and the foreshortening makes it appear half its former size.

From 2,000 feet up the landscape looks just like the photos one sees of it (it would do that, wouldn't it?). All the roads and railways in their lines; the fields in nice orderly squares and triangles; houses with red roofs stand out prominently. Individual human beings are mere specks.

Motor cars become diminutive little beetles crawling slowly along a patch of yellow tape. There are no hills or hollows; everything seems to be in the same plane. One looks around one and for fifty miles in all directions is the chess board of England, spread out like a painted saucer. Green fades to mauve and purple in the distance.

A marvellous "made" country—curry-combed, groomed, and polished for hundreds of years past.

And the vol-plané coming down! *That's* worth while! It's the best part of the whole show

The ground seems to rush up and meet one, till just at the last moment when the pilot straightens her out, and one runs parallel to it, then a slight bump and a rebound, a smaller bump and a lesser rebound, and so on till at last one finds oneself running along the ground, to be brought to rest at the very same spot one started at.

All of which probably sound very stupid to a flying man, but are the impressions of a tyro.

C. S.

WHEN I KICK IN.

When I kick in—
(God knows how it may come)
There in the muck of some shell-shattered plain,
After long hours of misery in the rain.
There'll be no tuck and roll of muffled drum
When I kick in.

When I kick in—
Just think the best of me.
Think of the good things I had hoped to do,
Forgetting those I'd done were all too few.
Some part lives on. Just *plant* the rest of me
When I kick in.

When I kick in
Just send along a line
To tell *Her* and *The Boy* I needed them—
That all my love my heart conceded them,
And I am waiting where the Great Suns shine
When I kick in.

C. I. A.

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 19TH, 1916.

AFTERWARDS.

The writer is not religious, beyond believing in God, nor is he given ordinarily to religious thought. He doesn't believe in an old-fashioned Hell, of course, either. But this thought has presented itself just as a straightforward, sensible preconsideration: "Afterwards: What?"

* * * *

All of us are here voluntarily with one aim in view—to do everything of which we are capable to help bring this war to a successful conclusion. Very soon now our turn will come, and, in the flippant parlance so common, "Some of us are going to get hurt." Yes, some of us *are* "going to get hurt"; before many more weeks have passed, some of us will have gone on to the last Orderly Room.

* * * *

It isn't a sign of weakness to look at the facts squarely. We *know* what is ahead, and we are ready for it—going to do our utmost whatever the cost. Some of us, perhaps a good many, shan't see Canada again; and no matter, so long as we shall have done our best.

* * * *

But surely in the face of such facts as the foregoing it is only sensible to put our houses in order, and hitch together the stray strands of such belief as has survived years of life in the Canadian West, against the final call. Not that we are afraid of the "evidence" when our case is brought before the Great O. C., but only that we want a fifty-fifty break.

* * * *

We have spent a good deal of time and thought over the present and the immediate future—when we shall have a chance to show what guts we have. Why not spend a little time satisfying ourselves where we get off at "Afterwards"!

TOM DAVISON—SOLDIER.

AN APPRECIATION.

Last week we lost, as the result of an accident, one of our most popular comrades—Tom Davison. We use the term "lost" advisedly, as we have really sustained a serious loss. He was an old soldier in the best sense of the word. When he joined the 67th Battalion, he knew what most of us have had to learn since, namely, the whole creed of a soldier, which is: Do your duty and keep clean and smart. Previous to this war he served with the Yorkshire Regiment; seven years with the colours and five years on the reserve. With the Yorkshires he went through the whole of the South African campaign, gaining the Queen's Medal with six bars, and the King's with two clasps.

* * * *

But he was not merely a soldier, he was also a man and a Yorkshire man at that. His native humour helped us over many uncomfortable situations and cheered us up on route-marches and fatigues. Also he did not talk, but set us an example which was always worth following.

* * * *

Doubtlessly many of us will have to follow the "Long Trail" on which Tom has preceded us before the next twelve months are over, and may we all hit the same trail with hands as clean and with as clear a conscience—He did his duty.

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Personal News in the Orders.

The following Officers are taken on the strength of this Battalion from units specified at date 7/7/16:—

Strength	Major J. D. Gunn	65th Battn.
(Increase).	Capt. C. Howcroft	84th "
	Lieut. C. B. Sheppard	84th "
	Lieut. H. M. Wanemaker	80th "
	Lieut. H. C. Williams	80th "
	Lieut. R. H. Bradfield	84th "

Appointments.—To be Acting Lance-Sergeant with pay, 12/7/16:—

No. 102795, Act. Corpl. C. E. Froud, "D" Company.

To be Acting Corporals with pay, 12/7/16.

No. 102213, Pte. H. Bond, "D" Company.

" 103157, " T. A. Hickey " "

" 102233, " R. P. Dick " "

" 103015, " W. R. Foster " "

" 103233, " E. B. Foster " "

Confirmation of Rank.—No. 102553, Act.-Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant W. G. Brice, "A" Company, is confirmed in his rank at date 1/7/16.

Deceased.—No. 102535, Pte. T. Davison, "A" Company, deceased, is struck off the strength of the Battalion at date 11/7/16. (Fractured skull.)

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OF WORLD-WIDE POPULARITY.

HAVE WON MORE AWARDS THAN ANY OTHERS

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM.

The Officers and N.C.O.'s of the Battalion have been recently treated to a series of lectures by Colonel Ironsides (Trench Warfare), Colonel Chisholm (General Sanitation), Major Inkster (Duties of Pioneers). All of the distinguished Officers showed great gifts as lecturers, and a remarkable knowledge of their subjects.

* * *

Our Orderly Room Sergeant-Major, "Nick of Johannesburg," has left us temporarily on a week's sick-leave. Those of us, and they are legion, who have enjoyed his hospitality at "Everleigh," Hampshire Road, in dear old Victoria, hope to see him return on the expiration of his leave like a giant refreshed to tackle his labours anew.

* * *

We have with us these days Private J. L. Armstrong, he whose dry wit is only surpassed by his enery and ability.

* * *

One thing we don't like about this army life is that just about the time we have surrounded ourselves by a bunch of men we can swear by, they leave us. Although undoubtedly bettering himself, we hate to see Sergeant Arthur Graves go away, but he will find more scope for his abilities at the Record Office in London. "Arthur" has been with us ever since the time we started in Fort St., and his departure seems as though someone had removed an old landmark. We can assure him that he bears the sincere well-wishes of the entire Orderly Room Staff, Officers and men alike.

* * *

The entire Orderly Room Staff sympathise with Major Harbottle in his recent accident. There are grave doubts as to whether he came by his lame leg by fair means though. The intense activity of the now dormant Scout and Sniper Section in the vicinity of the Officers' Mess may have had something to do with it. In fact, we are credibly informed that the gallant Major stepped into one of the man-traps excavated by the aforesaid Section in the aforementioned locality.

CRICKET.

The 67th Battalion held its first cricket match recently, when the XI. were the guests of the Canadian Army Pay Corps at Liphook. As there had been practically no opportunity for practice, the selection of the XI. was rather a difficult matter, and quite possibly some were left out of the team with better claims than some who played, but this is a matter which can be easily put right in time. Mr. Meredith captained the team. The 67th had first lease of the wicket. Mr. Meredith and Schofield opened the batting and looked as if they were going to make a good start, but Mr. Meredith was bowled by a ball that he intended to put out of the ground. Schofield batted very patiently for 13 runs, but got little assistance, and wickets fell fairly rapidly. Sharp and Nicholls redeemed the situation a little, and it was perhaps unfortunate that Nicholls didn't go in a little higher up. The total score was 62. The C.A.P.C. passed our score with six wickets down, and eventually reached a total of 91. Sharp was the most successful bowler, going on late and getting three wickets very quickly. The fielding of the team was very creditable, though a couple of catches were dropped that should have been held.

* * *

Sharp, Nicholls, Schofield, and Fenton are entitled to their places on the XI. on their all-round play. Fenton is a first-class field and a safe catch. Special mention should be made of Corporal Hillerby's wicket-keeping, as he caught one man and stumped two, and only allowed three byes. Considering he hadn't had the gloves on for about fifteen years, this was an excellent performance. The majority of the team had not played for about ten years, so that on the whole the XI. did very creditably, and with practice we should have a very excellent team. The "makings" are certainly there. Everyone enjoyed the game, and had a fine afternoon, while Mr. Terry's hospitality at the end was much appreciated. Sergeant Brice officiated as umpire in a very impartial and capable manner.

POT POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS.

Lieut.-Col. V. Odlam, D.S.O., also Commanding Officer of the 7th (1st B.C.) Battalion of the First Canadian Division, was our guest at luncheon on Thursday. He was most interesting and practical in his descriptions of conditions at the Front, and many of his remarks bore testimony to the far-sightedness of our own commanding officer in the character of the training he has given us from the very beginning.

* * *

There was a pleasant surprise awaiting many of us in the mess ante-room when we trooped in to dinner on Wednesday evening last—a good friend from home. In this war game especially there can be few more pleasant surprises than a visit from "a friend from your home town." In this case the pleasant surprise took the outward form and semblance of our good pal Mr. Jimmy Hunter, president of that live organization the Rotary Club, of Victoria. Jimmy is in Great Britain to visit the home of his youth in Edinburgh, and also to direct the distribution of chewing gum to boys in the ranks hailing from the coast. This is only one of many good acts done by the Victorian Rotarians.

* * *

Everyone has appreciated Captain Campbell's lectures on "Applause." Go to it Doc.; we all feel the same way!

* * *

The Padre beat it early from the Pipers' Corn Kister. He gave a toothache as excuse, but we have it on excellent authority that he was tipped off that some one was going to tell the true story of Wullies' life.

* * *

Perhaps, too, he may have had advance information about Major Harbottle's ripping story. "The Nuggett."

* * *

However, that doesn't explain why one of the wounded Tommies in Bramshott hospital mistook him for Harry Lauder, and wanted the sister to ask him for "Fou the Noo."

* * *

An officers' mess is well enough in it's way, but how we long for such home comforts as some of our non-coms. locate up in the Big Smoke!

* * *

Congratulations to our three casualties: Major Harbottle, Mr. Marsden and Mr. Perks. All three doing well, and soon to be "in the game" again.

"WHERE ARE YOU SLEEPING TO-NIGHT, MY LAD?"

By John Oxenham.

(FROM HIS BOOK OF POEMS, "ALL'S WELL!")

Where are you sleeping to-night, my lad—

Above-ground, or below?

The last we heard you were up at the Front,

Holding a trench and bearing the brunt;

But—that was a week ago.

Ay!—that was a week ago, dear lad,

And a week is a long, long time.

When a second's enough, in the thick of the strife,

To sever the thread of the bravest life,

And end it in its prime.

Oh, a week is long when so little's enough

To send a man below;

It may be that while we named your name

The bullet sped and the quick end came—

And the rest we shall never know.

But this we know, dear lad—all's well

With the man who has done his best;

And whether he live or whether he die,

He is sacred high in our memory—

And to God we can leave the rest.

So, wherever you're sleeping to-night, dear lad,

This one thing we do know—

When "Last Post" sounds, and He makes His rounds,

Not one of you all will be out of bounds,

Above-ground or below.

TAPS AND ROLLS FRAE THE PIPE BAUN.

Sandy Logie has just received the following poetic epistle from a relative of his in the North of Scotland; together with a fine box of Scots scones and oatcakes from an old neighbour. As an example of some of the old time Scots letter writing it is hard to beat, and may be of interest to some of our readers.

* * * *

"The Hill," Garmouth.

DEAR SANDY.

Noo a' the Clark family at the hill,
Send their regards wi' richt guid wull.
Mrs. Clark her part atones,
To you she's busy baking scones.
An wi' a knife she canny turns them,
Afraid that she does reek or burn them.
She sens them on this nicht by post,
Trusting sair they'll no be lost.
So if you have got ony sense,
Ye shairly her will recompense.
A kinder wife a' never knew,
I hardly miss the auld "Spey View";
An Sandy he is nane behind!
A better you will never find.
The young men tae the war hae gane,
And tailoring is on the wane,
There is nae hurry makin' claes,
I'm here a week on holidays;
But where no work there is no wage,
And leevin's faur abune the gage.
Miss Clark tae womanhood aspires
An a' the young men her admires.
Mind send John's pipes without delay,
He's sighing fur them nicht an' day.
Mrs. Clark bids me to you explain,
Frae drink an' woman's charms refrain,
And save yer pennies yin an a'
Tae ye get leeve tae gie's a ca'.
Ta-ta just noo, I'm in a swither,
Tae write a few lines tae yer mither.
And a' dae trust tae see ye soon.
Gie ma respects tae Johnny Broon.
(Signed) J. LOGIE, Lhanbryde.

* * * *

"To be or not to be," that is the burning question: whether we are to be granted "King's Leave" or whether we are to proceed direct to the firing line, without saying farewell to those dear lassies we left in Scotland. To cause a heartache in many a fair bosom, because we are unable to clasp them once more in our arms, and kiss away their tears before we go. What a thought! We hope for their sake (and incidentally our own) that leave will be granted. However, as Mr. Asquith says, we will "wait and see."

* * * *

The fame o' oor Wullie has spread frae Pole tae Pole. He has just received a command tae appear at the palace o' the Chief o' the Hebrides, who has graciously signified his desire to interview him. With Wullie's charming manner and delightful accent he is sure to mak' a hit wi' the court leddies, and we wud advise him tae ca' canny.

* * * *

Brightness has once more come into the life of Sandy Logie. Stella and he have become reconciled once more, and trips to the vicinity of Headley are becoming very frequent. Scarting and tearin' is a Scotsman woin' ony-ways, so we should worry. Ye're a' richt, Sandy. Foo is the lassie?

* * * *

We had a fine outing the other day with the signallers and machine gun section to Frensham Common, where we had a most enjoyable time. The Baun played oftener than I ever heard them before. "Hieland Laddie," "Invercauld," and so on every time Charlie saw the flutter of a skirt, and they sure are plentiful on the way to Frensham. Ask Lieut. Gary or Lieut. Gray.

* * * *

The Infant Phenomenon came back from the barber's the other day minus the dark, or rather light, fringe on his

upper lip. When asked to explain, he was incoherent, but from the few words he uttered we gathered that he was in a state of semi-consciousness, and it is possible that the barber sponged it off with the soap.

* * * *

Grayshott and Hindhead are receiving the attention of the Baun of late. To see tham all sprucing up before proceeding on their way with their glengarries stuck on at a perilous angle and their swagger canes under their arms would make a picture for any artist. It is quite a tribute to the charms of the ladies in that locality.

* * * *

Last clean-up day we observed "Oor Chairlie" sitting amongst a pile of rubbish with a despairing look on his face, singing that pathetic little ballad entitled "Little girl, you know I love you, and I long for you each day." We guess where his thoughts were. He was wishing that she was there to save him a' the pother.

* * * *

The event of the year, oor "Corn Kister," made its début with great éclat, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. A copy of the menu is printed in this paper. The Kippers and Mealy Puddens were played into the Banqueting Hall by our new piper, Lieut. Mackintosh, after which, led by the pipie, and ably seconded by Major Armour, we fell to, and after a royal battle demolished the enemy in the shape of the Kippers and Puddens! No prisoners were taken. The Highland Dew was not a-wanting, and soon tongues were loosened and jokes went round wi' careless chat. Several toasts were drunk with the wholehearted fervour occasioned by several applications of the said Highland Dew. Lieut. Morrison sang with his usual good spirit, causing tears of laughter to run down the backs of his hearers, by his rendering of the "Auld Black Tawse." Lieut. Falkner delighted us with his dancing of the Highland Fling. In fact, ye'd hae thocht the deil wis in his taes. The Rauchabite was in his glory as usual, and the house rang to the strains of the "Auld thing ower again." Lieut. Mackintosh, forbye being a piper, is a songist of no mean ability. His song with drum accompaniment was a musical treat. Geordie Allen gave us that old favourite "My ain folk," bringing tears to the eye and a heartache as we thought of the dear ones in the land of cakes, wishing we were there. Billy Orr was in great fettle. He sang, "Foo the Noo" like a born artiste, and told a card story which somewhat mystified his audience. They didna catch on. The star turn of the evening was undoubtedly the selections by the officers' Pipe Baun. Unfortunately, the pipers were in the minority. However, the beautiful strains of the pipes, accompanied by the fine drumming and fancy stickwork of the drummers, was all right. We hope there will be anither yin soon.

There can be no pleasure without pain, and some malicious individual threw a couple of stones through one of the windows, striking one of the boys on the chest, and the glass striking the face of another one. Luckily they both escaped without injury. Any member of the band would like to meet the party or parties, to give them a lesson in manners. However, nuf sed. Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

* * * *

The Battalion Y.M.C.A. started a minstrel troupe the other day, and had one rehearsal. Since then we have noticed various members of the troupe doing pack drill. Is this a new method of rehearsal, or is it a special item for the programme? We hope things haven't fallen through. Buck up, boys! We'll back you to a finish.

* * * *

We guess most of our readers will have noticed a change in the title of this column. We regret to state that "Crunlath Mach" has been finding some difficulty in securing material, so turned it over to the undersigned. While we feel that we cannot attain the high standard of excellence set by him, we will do our best to make the column of general interest.—THE CHIPPENDALE TWINS.

HIMSELF.

A When Ootstanding Fac's about a Quaint Chairacter.

A carefu' survey o' the personnel o' the Saxty-seeventh Battalion wad reveal mony real chairacters, and to win oot hands doon as *the* ootstanding chairacter amang sae mony is, we jalouse, a distinction to be prood o'. Sic a distinction belongs without a doot tae "Hissel'."

* * * *

William J. Wishart (his cronies ca' him Oor Wullie, whilst sic legal dociments as chaques, Pipe Baun Skrachs, etcetrae, are gien the mair formal style, "W. J. Wishart," or e'en "W. J. W." whan hissel' attends to them) was born somewhere in the country lyin' to the Nor' o' England, in the viceinity o' Aiberdeen to be mair speseeific, less than fifty and mair than fifteen year ago. There was a muckle earthquake the same day, but the connection hisnae been awfu' clearly tracit.

It is pit on record as worthy o' speeshul note that Hissel' couldna talk English at the time o' his birth. This fac' mibbe has haumpered him since in gettin' a guid grup o' the languidge, but to gie him his due, he his been awfu' successfae in learnin' a' the sweer words gey weel.

A causu' glance at the auld History o' Scotland brings oot the fac' that Wullie used to gang tae skule fir a while nearby the Wishart biggin'. Ae day, hooever, he got into an airgiment wi' the domine, and Wullie shook his hied slowly frae side tae side and lickit the domine on ilka point. Aifter that he wis gien the poseetion o' domine and kep' it fur a bit until the guid folk fund their weans gettin' ower smairt and gleg wi' the knowledge he used to impairt, and syne Wullie was forced to gie up the job.

Aifter that Wullie hid to look oot for some ither field fur his labours, and ane worthy o' his undooted gifts. Haein' an eye to the main chance, he made up his mind to inflict hissel' on Caunada, attractit nae doot by the wonderfae tales o' the Hudson's Bay Company and ither sic Scottish institutions. Wullie airgued wi' hissel' that the pair simple Injuns wi' whom Caunada wis popilated wad welcome his guidin' haun' wi' glee, and (though this hisna mibbe muckle tae dae wi' it) mibbe some o' their wampum wad find its way to his pooch.

If Wullie wis dumfoonert to find nae Injuns in sicht when he got tae Caunada, his expressive face didna show it. Folk say that he got on the saft side o' the hurley man at Halifax wi' a story aboot his lanesomeness, so that it didna cost him a stiver to hae his box cairted to the railway station, whaur he workit the booking office man intae giein' him a hauf-rate fare on accoont o' his bein' ower young.

* * * *

Wullie wis only a wee while in Caunada when an awfu' misfortin owertook him—ane which changit the whale drift o' his life. In a fit o' saftness he investit wan and saxpence in C.N.R. stocks to mak' the railway able to

feenish the B.C. section o' the line. The investment didna turn oot weel, and Wullie wis sae pit oot aboot the awfu' ootcome that he swore he wad shake the dust o' Caunada frae off his feet for a' time. Hooever, when he thoct mair aboot it, he decidit that he could show his spite best by livin' in the country, and set oot for B.C.

By sic sma' things are the lives o' the great influenced. But for the unfortunate squanderin' o' his siller, B.C., the Dominion o' Caunada, the 67th Pipe Baun—aye, the 4th Canadian Diveesion—wad ne'er hae had the benefit o' Wullie's genius. Maun, but disna Fate wark in funny weys!

* * * *

Wullie in good time settled doon in Victoria, and syne got back his railway investment, wi' a profit o' aboot five hunner per cent., which, tho' no' really satisfyin' him, garred him feel a wee bit easier in his noddle. To mak his livin' Wullie gied a' his attention to the Injuns, but no jist the kind o' Injuns he thoct o' in the auld days in Scotland. They were Hindus, and Wullie learned them the airt o' pittin' doon B.C. electric tracks. We needna say he made an awfu' success o' the job and got mair wark oot o' ony gien Hindu than the Lord had ever pit intae him. The Railway Company, nae doot, had tae gie him a guid bit o' siller for his wark, bit we dinna ken hoo much wampum he got oot o' them.

* * * *

As ye a' ken, an awfu' war broke oot, and Wullie got real het up when he read aboot the awfu' things thae — Germans wis doin'.

* * * *

Yae fatefu' day, his eagle ee caught sicht o' an advertisement in the "Daily Colonist" for a pipe-major. That wis the ca' fur Wullie, and he at yince went to the place indicatit, and in guid time came afore the proper officer.

* * * *

Can ye pictur Wullie without a kilt—we mean in breeks, tae be shair—dressed as ony ither body, wi' his specs on his broo, loupin' suddenly frae Hindus and caur tracks tae reeds an' chaunters? You will jalouse at yince that only a really great chairacter could mak' sic a change wi' ony success. Wullie did it real weel, and in fifteen meenuts had sae impressed the officer that it wis only on accoont o' the latter bein' dumb wi' awe that kept him frae offerin' Wullie the job as heid o' the battalion.

* * * *

An' there ye are, friends. The rest ye a' ken—hoo stairtin' oot wi' naethin' ava, Wullie has by his hard wark and naitural abeelity, and awfu' guid natur, gied us a pipe baun that is without a doot the best that the C.E.F. can brag o' and yin o' the best Caunada ever sent ower the water—a baun a' the 4th Diveesion is prood o'.

* * * *

There's tae Hissel'. We widna be without him for a' the warld, for we couldna get sic anither. Zo.



"OOR WULLIE."

PIPE BAUN CORN KISTER.

Probably the best description o' the Pipe Baun's Corn Kister was given by Major Christie, who remarked with great fervour that it was "some party." Everyone who was invited knew instinctively that there was going to be quite an evening. The formal invitations issued were as follows:—

"INVITATION.

The Pipe Baun requests the pleezure o' yer company the nicht, at the celebration o' oor Wullie's birthday, a month too early, in their ain biggin, number twenty-twa, at seven-thirty p.m. Bring yer ain tools and yer ain meal in yer pooch that yer brose will be the thicker

"R.S.V.P., meanin' ye've got tae come.
"Caits, Bogies and Wheelbarries at 2 a.m."

* * * *

At the same time we received the programme and menu, which was as follows:—

GRAUN CORN KISTER
UNDER THE GUID FAVOUR
O'THE WESTERN SCOTS PIPE BAUN,
IN
THEIR AIN BIGGIN.

MENOO AND PROGRAM.

Grace Before Guzzlin—By Oor Meenister.

KIPPER HERRIN

Richt frae Aberdeen, wi'
Mealy Puddens and Bannocks o' Baurley Meal
Frae auld Reekie. Washed doon wi a drappie o'
Johnny Walker
Frae Ayrshire, wham ne'er a place surpasses for honest
men and bonnie lassies.

TOAST.

"THE KING."

(Staunin on yer feet, yer dram in yer haun, yer heid up
and yer shouthers back.)

A Guid Song. By Rab Morrison.

The Troubles and Trials o' Wullie in Lunnon. By Himsel.
(First a wee nip to help him droon his sorrows.)

Another Song. By Wee Geordie Allen.

TOAST—"Caunada,"—Wha's only misfortin is that its
no in Scotland. Wi a drap o' the auld Kirk.

Sang. "The Auld Thing ower again. By The Rauchabite.
Another Wee Drap.

Piano Solc. Oor Hector wull gie ye somethin o' his ain
on the wee bit music box.

Sang. By Oor Auld Freen Mscaulay o' the Brass Baun.
TOAST—"Tae the hale o' the Imperial Forces and oor
Allies." Yin, we'll drink wi a' oor hert.

A few words by a Glesca Drummer.
We're dry noo, gie us anither.

Sang. By oor new piper, Maister Mackintosh.

A Real Hielan Dance. By Wullie McKay, o' the Seventy-
twa.

TOAST—"The Man o' the Moment. 'Oor Kurnel.'" Yin o' the best. He and us are awfu thick. In fact, o' the twa, we are the thickest. (Some mair o' the auld stuff.)

Another Guid Sang. By Wee Geordie Allen.
Colin wull noo obleege us wi a Gaelic Yin. (an excuse for anither drink.)

A doon richt Guid Sang. By Lauchie McMullan.

TOAST—"Oor Officers. —Particularly oor guests. They're a' unco guid. It's a peety they're no a' Scots. (Come again Johnny Walker).

Sang. "A Wee Deoch an Doris." By yin o' oor ain. (Fill up, chieils, if there's onything left, and sing wi nicht an main.

Auld Lang Syne. By the hale jing bang.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The officers fell in under Major Armour, and were kept there until they numbered and formed fours in a manner worthy of the Guards. Piper Lieut. Mackintosh played them over, all carrying their ain tools. Here it may be stated that Wullie's plans for once miscarried. For the last few weeks he has been busy teaching Lieut. Mackintosh how to play "A man's a man for a' that," in the hope that he could thus get the officers marched over to a tune usually associated with "Defaulters" in a Highland regiment. Our piper, however, was too old a bird to be trapped so easily. The kippers were also played in by oor ain braw piper.

* * * *

The pipe-major confided to us before the repast that he meant to see that Major Christie had a good time, anyway. That's not exactly how he put it, but its what he meant. When we saw the pipe-major sit down at the Major's side, we threw up our hands and prayed for the Major. Our prayer was answered, for as the evening progressed, it became quite evident that each of them had the amiable intention of seeing that the other had a good time. Thanks to the Major, Wullie had an exceedingly pleasant time.

After the Padré had said grace, the kister went ahead.

* * * *

Wullie gave the toast of "Caunada," which was replied to by Mr. Armstrong. We understand that both speeches were masterpieces, but owing to our chasing around camp trying to find some more of a certain article indispensable to the success of a corn kister, we did not hear either. Following this, Piper-Lieut. Mackintosh and Drummer-Major Armour gave us a fine selection. Piper Logie followed with a refined but melancholy little ditty. Pipe-Corporal Angus proposed the toast of "The Imperial Forces and our Allies." Mr. Meredith's reply, as one might expect, took the form of a simple little story about engagements.

* * * *

The baun started, as we have said, with Piper-Lieut. Mackintosh and Drummer-Major Armour, but on each successive selection the baun increased. Finally it also included Pipe-Major Sutton, Drummer-Lieuts. Morrison, Gary and McDiarmid, and Sergt.-Drummers Capts. Okell and Nicholson, to say nothing of Drum-Major Lieut. Armstrong.

* * * *

The Pipe-Major's toast was proposed by Mr. Gray, who gave the life history of the interesting Wullie, reducing the audience to tears. Wullie made a characteristic reply. His flow of language was so pure and uninterrupted that one could almost have imagined that it was a meeting of the sergeant's mess. He was good enough to dilate at considerable length on the proposer's civil profession, and his books, character, morals, and past life.

* * * *

In conclusion, he remarked that he could not allow the occasion to pass without thanking the proposer, his quondam messmate, for the care he had taken of him on a famous occasion in Victoria, after a visit to a certain "socialist on the Conservative side." Wullie's speech was undoubtedly the gem of the evening.

* * * *

At this stage Major Harbottle sent a letter of regret for his inability to be present. He enclosed, however, a short but touching little story of the gold fields in South Africa. Drummer Allen then sang "My Ain Folk," and Piper Leslie followed with a fine fighting talk on a piper's duties at the front. The toast of "The Colonel," proposed by Chairlie Sims, was drunk with Highland honours. In the Colonel's absence Major Christie replied on his behalf.

* * * *

Drummer Orr again obliged, and sang "I'm foo the noo," and told a very pathetic little story about two lovers trying to get past a cow in a country lane. Piper Colin Campbell was to be the next performer, but he was a casualty, and his place was taken by Angus Morrison, who sang a Gaelic song. The toast of "Our Officers" was proposed by Drummer Allen and replied to by Major Sutton and Lieut. Morrison.

By (his own) special request, Captain Okell sang his justly famous song "The Sausage Machine," and his efforts drew a great reception. To the great delight of everyone Mr. Armstrong was prevailed upon to tell his famous story, "How I won the Herald Medal" (Western Scot Press, 1/6 net.) Major Armour enjoyed the story very much. In fact, he seemed to be afraid that Mr. Armstrong would get conceited if he saw how much he was enjoying it, for he went and sat out of sight. Mr. Falkner, accompanied on the pipes by Pipe-corporal Angus and Piper McLeod, danced a highland fling. This was followed by another selection from the full band. Piper-Lieut. Mackintosh then sang the "Tailor's Boy," a story with a moral. Piper Jimmy Wallace, the grandfather o' the baun, gave us the last solo. He found he was singing too high, but when he discovered he was standing on a box, and had it removed, he managed to get down an octave. The party was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

The Corn Kister was voted a huge success by all the guests, but, of course, anything the baun tackles always is a triumph. It certainly was an evening which will live in the memories of those who were present. In Major Armour there was a toast-master par excellence. His continuous good humour and witticisms kept everybody convulsed. The pipes were particularly glad to have an opportunity of entertaining their staunch friend and upporter, Major Christie.

DICHTS AT THE PIPE BAUN.

Aweel, the corn kister is a' by and done wi'. An sic a nicht we had!

Did ye hear Major Armour dismiss the officers' baun? Even Wullie at his best couldna hae been mair clear.

Hae ye seen the original o' the Mazawatte Tea Advertisement? No? Then ye hinna seen oor Wullie wi' his glaisses on.

Wullie had a fine time at Frensham Pond, but he had an awfu' job keepin' some o' thae pipers richt. (We mean richt oot o' his way.)

On our recent march to Frensham Pond, the baun played almost continuously. It transpired that Wullie struck up, for reasons best known to himself, whenever a female hove in sight.

We understand that the Pipe Major's favourite song is now "Clementine, My Clementine." Hector and Jamie have been commissioned to write a snappy 2—4 tune to it for the baun.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

For reasons that will be apparent as soon as you read this Issue, we have had to hold over the greater part of Company and Detail Notes. These will all appear in the next Issue.

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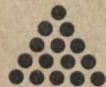
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"A" COMPANY NOTES.

DEAR TOM,—Since my last old friends have turned up in the 88th and the 102nd, good luck to them. Routine work this week: We have been improving the trenches and they are fine, what with bomber's holes, and slits, dug-outs, machine gun chambers, communication trenches, shelters for the wounded and such like, they are nearly complete. I was sent back after the men had left to get a shovel, I wandered about, up and down, in and out, backwards and forwards, but couldn't locate the right spot, after trying desperately for sometime I reckoned I should lose my dinner if I didn't look sharp, so doubled up and through the maze I went once more, but did not succeed in my quest. Fearing I was lost I sat down to consider. What if I didn't get out? I was pretty hungry and tired, but off I went again, and after passing the same place about a dozen times succeeded in getting to the main communication trenches. Just then the bugle went for dinner so on I went heading toward the cheerful sound. I got back in time thank goodness. The Sergt. asked me where I had been. I told him what happened. He called me something and then asked why I didn't climb out and cut across country. I told him that was not playing the game, and one had to practice *real* warfare. He called me something else, but I am sure my method was right, and he was impressed at my being so particular, but to tell you the truth I never thought about climbing out! This will give you some idea how extensive our works are, I think at the front they build them like that so if the Germans do get in, they get very tired running about and so confused rushing into each other, that they are easily captured. We are starting bombing now, the weather is what one might call "sample" weather, that is a little bit of all sorts or nothing much of any. Bombs are destructive missiles hurled into trenches, buildings, or places occupied by the enemy. We practice with dummy ones first, the bomb is very deadly, far more effective than a bayonet, because if a dozen of the enemy are in a room say, one man can throw a bomb amongst them and leave that to finish them off quickly, whereas if he had to clear them out with the bayonet it would mean more work for him, and would take longer to do it. Some bombs go off by percussion on concussion (look these terms up), others are set to go off in a certain time, generally a few seconds. It makes one feel jumpy to hold a thing in your hand which you know is going off in five seconds. It makes you want to get rid of it! Jam tin and glass bottle bombs are now out of date, and we have real nice looking ones, I think it would be rotten to be killed with a jam tin one! We expect an engineering course soon, and a machine gun course too, when we have finished all these things our knowledge will be immense, and after the war no doubt we can take up lucrative positions as engineers, civil or otherwise, skilled mechanics or military instructors.

I hear we are going away soon, but I expect they will put it off till we learn some more things.

"Lights out" now so I must conclude.

"B" COMPANY NOTES.

The boys of 7th platoon would like to know why Pte. T. made his bed down at 5 p.m. on Thursday 13th? Any answers will be considered by them.

We would like to know what machine the Speed King uses when going 60 miles an hour, and some say that he can go 60 miles in 45 minutes if the Major-General wishes.

What brand does a certain stretcher bearer from 6 platoon drink when in London? If two glasses of beer makes a man want to fight six, what will two glasses of whisky do?

Will Pte. Fletcher please tell us why Pte. Douglas hides his boots away on pay nights.

"B" Company boys are sure wet-weather-pick-and-shovel artists by their appearance the morning following night work.

"C" COMPANY NOTES.

Beans, so they claim, are twenty times more nourishing than beef. Well, without stating an untruth, the Western Scots, should be one of the best nourished Battalions in England to-day.

The boys of 19 Hut are wondering if Pte. Hazel and Bugler Mc Glauchlin have a bet on, regarding who can hold down the "hay," the longest after Revielle. At present they are about a tie, much interest is being showed in this competition.

Pte. Cathcart may not be a very good baseball player, but he can certainly hurl a boot in good style, *i.e.* a mute testimony of his aim can be shown upon application to Bugler McGlauchlin.

"D" COMPANY NOTES.

Everybody in 15th Platoon seemed to be very happy last week. A number of the boys had a "week-end" to London. Among them being "Vic" Graham who must have enjoyed himself. "Dan" Livingston was their mess orderly and kept them well-fed. A good cause for good humour!

We take the privilege of thanking our Pipe Band for the good time they gave us last week in their hut.

We are sorry to have to record the sickness of Ptes. Vipend and Sloan of 13th Platoon. They were removed to hospital, and we hope they will be back among us again soon.

The 67th and 73rd had a good game of lacrosse last Thursday. We are sorry that the 73rd did not field a stronger team. The most noticeable player on the field was Pte. Kenney who scored 7 of our goals. The 67th team looks very strong and can make it interesting for any other. We are always ready and willing to accept and give challenges to any team, so let all come along.

At our "Y." tea the other night we met Captain Forgie who left with the first contingent and went through the first few months of the war with the 16th. Battalion, our Colonel's old Battalion. He was full of pep and enjoyed himself as much as ourselves.

THE WAIL OF THE SCOUT.

Full many a gem of intellect serene
The Rank and File of Companies now bear;
Full many a tear will gently drop unseen,
To think that we should waste and languish there.

And maybe in the future, when I sit
By that new grave with flowers round about,
I'll sadly pore upon the day 'fore it
Received my last fond hopes to be a Scout.

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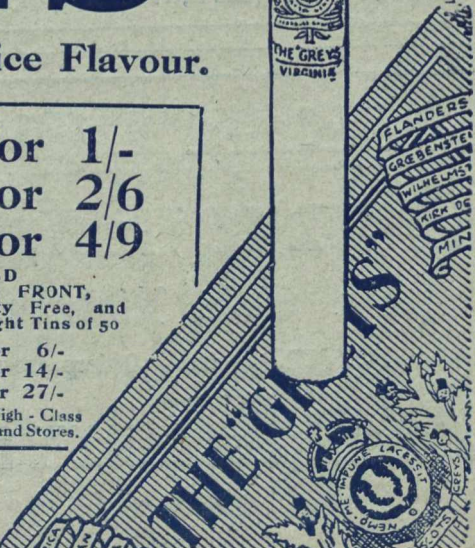
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