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The Western Scot

Vol. 1.

AT THE FRONT, AUG. 23, 1916.

No. 44.

SHAVINGS FROM THE PIONEERS' WORKSHOP.

Well, boys, we made it all right and it was sure some night march, too. Jimmy Cope was heard to ask the sergeant if he would be allowed to wear a pair of spurs, as his pack was so light that he had some difficulty in staying on the ground. He thought that by digging the spurs into the ground at every step he could keep himself from being wafted off on the night breeze. But, joking aside, the Pioneer Section of the Pioneer Battalion are right there with the staying powers. As one of our senior officers was once heard to remark, "If you want anything done and done right, just leave it to the Pioneers."

* * * *

Who was the sergeant who made up Cross's pack the other night? He was sure some blacksmith, judging by the amount of iron he put in it.

* * * *

The staff sergeants were right there with the goods, too, considering that they have never done any route marching, every man coming in strong at the finish. Keep it up, old staff.

* * * *

On Tuesday night we had the pleasure of seeing one of the best company football games ever played by the Western Scots, between B Coy. and the staff teams, which was won by the staff by the score of three to two. The game was very fast right from the start and some good football was seen. Of the two, the staff team displayed the better football, but what the Bees lacked in science they made up for in pep, and it was only the superior tactics of Nicol, Shearman and Dakers that won for the staff. The Bees had their rooters out in full force and kept things pretty lively for the veterans, the B.S.M. getting all of his share of the boosting. Well, we like to see the boosters out, it is a poor man who can't boost for his own team, and we would like to see them out in larger numbers when we have a game on with another Battalion. The staff and D Coy. play the final for the Battalion championship some time next week.

* * * *

It sure looks like the real thing this time, and we are in high hopes of getting into the big noise in a day or two, so by the time this is in print we shall have been in France for some days. Well, we have waited very patiently for over a year now, so we are sure glad to get our chance at last.

* * * *

D Coy. and the staff football teams played off the final for the Battalion championship on Monday night, which resulted in a draw, neither team being able to score a point. It was a good clean game all the way and some very snappy football was seen at times by both teams. The staff were without the services of Shearman at centre, and if the veteran had been playing the staff would have finished on the long end of the score, as they seemed to be in better condition than the D's. Several good chances went a-begging on both sides, but the game on the whole was only worth a draw.

* * * *

We expect to hear the Battalion getting the nickname of the Roundheads when we get to the other side, as there seems to be an epidemic in the haircutting business, and Corpl. Burke isn't seeming to profit by it either.

* * * *

We thought we were going to lose Joe this week, but the whole section were pleased to see him come out on top as usual. "You can't stick Joe."

Since we last appeared in print the majority of our section have had a few days' leave and the pleasure of visiting their old home towns again. Corpl. Pritchard went to Shrewsbury and had a real good time around his old haunts. Pte. Jimmy Lister went to Glasgow and also visited a few small towns in Fife. Jimmy would have stayed a few days longer, but thought that he would get enough of his pack after he left Bramshott without having to pack it around in the evenings, so he arrived back on time. Pte. Robinson went to Carlisle, where he left lots of friends before going to B.C. Joe, like the others, reports having a fine time and was heard asking the sergeants for another pass this week. Our sergeant and two privates went to London for the week-end. The one went to see his wife, the other to see his sister, and the sergeant went to see his cousin, and all arrived home on Sunday night and told us that London was still in the same place.

* * * *

Since one of our *single* privates had his teeth nicely fixed a few of the married men in the section would like to know why he prefers walking out alone now. However, we heard that the last girl Paddy took home politely told him not to call again until he got his teeth, so Pat has waited patiently for the ivories. Now he is looking for the girl, but if she is wise she will keep out of Pat's way.

* * * *

Pte. Trickett is another of our boys who is smiling all the time now showing his ivory, but we would like to know when they are going to wear them in the dining room, as it is really surprising how many sets of teeth are laid on the shelf when "cook-house" blows and taken down again at the sound of "fall in," but we would rather see them left in the huts than laid on the table, as was done by one corporal in our dining room.

* * * *

We have now got a real live mule shoer in the section, and any person wishing for a lecture in that department need only apply to Pte. Boyd, Hut 22. "Some kickers, Jimmy."

* * * *

We have also got Frank Anderson and Sandy Sheret in our section now. Both have been with the Battalion since it wore short clothes and straw hats, therefore don't need an introduction to the boys.

LOOT.

One cold afternoon at a quarter to one,
I was hiking along feeling pretty well done,
When whom should I meet but a most obese Hun,
Regaling himself with a tupenny bun.
Now you must admit that it's capital fun
To see a Hun eating a tupenny bun.
Without introduction I pulled out my gun,
And off went the waddly old Hun on the run.
Now, the mud was knee-deep, and my boots weighed a ton,
And besides, he had dropped his big tupenny bun.
Of food for two days I'd partaken of none,
And I felt I deserved the Hun's loot I had won;
So I scraped off the mud, and where Hans had begun
I finished the job—it was most neatly done!
'Tis said there is nothing new under the sun,
But I'm sure you'll admit that it's topping fine fun
To "do" a fat "Fritz" for his tupenny bun.

C. L. A.

The Western Scot.

PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY.

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.)

London Offices: Gough House, Gough Square, E.C.

Price 1d. Dix centimes.

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

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23RD, 1916.

"A MAN, MY SON."

"If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
The world is yours, and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a man, my son."

"If" is the title of it, and a good many fellows think it is the best thing Kipling wrote. There are three or four verses of it, and every line of every verse is plum full of sound sense. No doubt you know it; if you don't, take a tip and read it. I learned it in a fit of enthusiasm some years ago, but all I can recall now are the four lines quoted above—and I expect I've misquoted them. But I remember the general, import and I know that I have failed miserably in attempts to measure up to Kipling's specifications for A Man. I know some fellows who, I *think*, stack up pretty well. And yet the best of them falls down in spots. Even if you *have* read it, read it again, especially if you have a hunch that you are quite some chap. It will take a good deal of the gilt off your surface unless you have a bomb-proof opinion of yourself.

REVIEWED BY LLOYD GEORGE AND GENERAL SIR SAM HUGHES.

With its training completed and every man fit for war, the 4th Canadian Division marched to Hankley Common on August 7, and were reviewed by the Right Hon. David Lloyd George (Secretary of State for War) and General Sir Sam Hughes (Canadian Minister of Militia), both of whom wished them God-speed.

* * * *

The review took place on the same ground as the review and inspection by his Majesty the King on Dominion Day, and it was a wonderful sight. The Canadians were honoured, inasmuch as it was Mr. Lloyd George's first review in his new office.

* * * *

The Western Scots, both men and officers in complete field kit, led the infantry in the march past, and won the special comment of the Secretary for War.

* * * *

After the march past the officers of the division were called to the reviewing post, and, with General Hughes at his side, Mr. Lloyd George made a stirring and eloquent speech, praising "the splendid troops of this new division" and voicing the thanks of the Empire to Canada. It gave hope, it gave confidence, it gave assurance of ultimate victory to see such excellent soldiers going into battle when our enemies were becoming exhausted.

* * * *

The speaker referred to the fact that when the original Expeditionary Force had been sent to Flanders, England felt that she had done her part, and now Canada had sent already as many men as comprised that fine original army, and had many more to come.

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Speaking of the work the Canadians had done at the Front, the Secretary of State for War referred to the second Ypres, and said, "You saved Calais!" And what other Canadians had done these before him were prepared to do. In concluding, he said: "May the Lord of Hosts be with you."

* * * *

On the invitation of Sir Sam, the officers sent up three mighty cheers for the speaker, and the cheers were echoed from the long line of battalions drawn up across the parade 200 yards away.

* * * *

Sir Sam spoke briefly, commenting on the excellent appearance of the troops and complimenting Major-General Watson on the quality of men he had under him. The Minister was greeted warmly and his remarks were cheered to the echo.

Fry's

COCOAS and CHOCOLATES

OF WORLD-WIDE POPULARITY.

HAVE WON MORE AWARDS THAN ANY OTHERS.

POT POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS.

How many really believed we would not come back when we started on that night march recently ?

* * * *

Nothing but peace can save us now !

* * * *

Pether speaks French, but somehow our Allies don't seem to understand him.

* * * *

Captain Heakes, formerly adjutant and also at one time paymaster of the 16th Battalion, the Canadian Scottish, is a frequent mess visitor and a welcome one. He is our divisional paymaster now.

* * * *

That was a fearsome pack that Casey, the brave engineer, took out on the night march, but 'tis well he hadn't a puncture or a blow-out.

* * * *

Query : If Wolseley kit and blankets weigh forty pounds, what is the best way to get them and all other worldly goods into one 35-pound bundle ?

* * * *

How would this do as the chorus for a snappy popular song ?

" I've got nobody to kiss good-bye,
So good-bye, Leicester Square.
I've had a heap of fun in this old town,
Played a lot of games, met a bunch of dames.
If I come through you'll surely find me hanging 'round.
I love the girls, the giddy whirls, I love 'em dark or fair
But now I've got to go and dig old Fritz from out his lair,
I've got nobody to kiss good-bye,
So good-bye, Leicester Square." — ?

BOXING.

Scots Win Championships.

In the divisional boxing championship the results showed that all regiments had considerable talent in that line of sport.

* * * *

Private Jimmy Porter, of the 67th, entered first in the ring, in perfect shape. The bell sounding he met his opponent with a smile and a powerful right. There was not much to Jimmy's fight. He won by a large margin the 115lb. championship of the 4th Division.

* * * *

Pte. Eddie Parsons, the husky little light-weight of the 67th, started out very well, winning his first bout by a knock-out. In his second fight Eddie did not show any speed, so he lost on points; but never mind, Eddie, better luck next time.

* * * *

Cpl. Jack Fenton, of the 67th, met Art Swales, of the 47th Battalion, who was regarded as about the fastest boy in the division. The boys met in the first round, both looking very fit, and they had considerable science, the first round being a draw. In round two, Fenton scored points with a powerful right upper cut and straight left; Fenton's round. Round three, Fenton was a lot fresher than Swales and hit him at will, Fenton being able to cover up when Swales rushed. This also was Fenton's round, and he won the fight and the 145 lb. championship of the 4th Division.

P.S.—We will have some more bouts later, and expect to show some very fast stuff from the Western Scots.

NO LEAVE FOR OIRELAND.

To the Editor of THE WESTERN SCOT.

DEAR SIR,—Another injustice to Old Ireland! Sure, I was up bright and early the other morn, buttons shined so as to be almost a danger to anyone suffering from weak eyes. But, he dad, it was all to no purpose, when I stood before the powers that be and requested four days' leave for the Green Isle to visit my *great grandmother*. No leave for Ireland!

By a lucky chance I was on the rocky piles that morning, so the full head of steam was soon exhausted.

PAT, 102397.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

By the time this appears in print the Western Scots will have passed on to the real work for which they were organised. Owing to the difficulty of collecting and editing copy at the Front, we have decided to publish only bi-monthly after this issue, until further notice. Subscriptions already paid for on a weekly basis will, therefore, be credited for a longer period on the new basis, and new subscriptions will be accepted at half the former rate.

Remember, "The Scot" will be more interesting than ever from now on.

Address all business communications to:—

BUSINESS MANAGER,

"The Western Scot,"

c/o Messrs. Polsue, Ltd. (the Publishers),

15, Gough Square, London, E.C.

Y.M.C.A. NOTES.

Our Minstrel Show, under the energetic leadership of our Social Committee, proved a great success. Y.M.C.A. Hut 3 was crammed by a very appreciative audience.

* * * *

Our Wednesday night concert was also a splendid success. The principal features of the evening were the conjuring and ventriloquial acts of Pte. Darby, of the 44th Battalion. In private life Pte. Darby is a professional entertainer, having appeared on the Orpheum and other American circuits. Each of his "turns" was greeted with loud applause, his cigarette trick being especially fine. His conjuring was pure sleight of hand, as he used no mechanical devices whatsoever.

* * * *

As a ventriloquist he ranks high in the profession. His doll "Tommy," dressed as a soldier, seems to take on a personality all its own, cracking jokes with members of the audience, singing and reciting.

* * * *

Col. Ross opened the proceedings with a neat speech in which he explained the ideals of the Y.M.C.A. as typified by the Association emblem, the three-sided triangle, standing as it did for "spirit, mind, and body." He spoke also of the work in France, where he said the Association was meeting the needs of the men in a very especial manner. About fifteen Western "Coons" took part in the performance. The programme consisted of choruses, trios, solos, step dancing, etc. The jokes of the corner men, who manipulated the bones very expertly, were greatly enjoyed by the audience, while the work of the interlocutor was especially appreciated. Pte. Tom Dick, chairman of the Social Committee, and his committeemen are to be congratulated on a very successful evening.

* * * *

One evening recently, over sixty members of the Battalion sat down to a strawberry supper. Our hearty thanks are due to Mrs. Gauntlet and Mrs. Sweet, two ladies from Liphook, who very kindly assist at these weekly teas. Two artistes from London, Miss Castelle, contralto, and Miss Ruby Dixon, soprano, delighted those present with their rendering of popular and sentimental songs, while several duets, in which their voices blended beautifully, captivated the audience. By request from one of the boys Miss Castelle sang very effectively the old popular song "When you and I were young, Maggie," and was presented later, by the one for whom she sang, with a 67th Badge.

* * * *

We are pleased to welcome Capt. Forgie to the camp. Capt. Forgie is a Y.M.C.A. secretary who was very closely associated with Col. Ross when he was in France. He has been with the forces since 1914, having spent a good deal of that time in France, and therefore knows the conditions out there, and the best methods of Association work on active service. He is going over with the 4th Division, and we are therefore looking for a good piece of Association work.

suggest France for a visit, the climate there is very effective sometimes.

* * * *

Sergt. Frank P. Slavin and his old-time friend Pte. McBride caused quite a commotion in the Mess on Tuesday. Trying to persuade the Scots to vote against prohibition, each delivered a little speech, and they got a grand reception, for potatoes, cabbage, crusts of bread, to say nothing of meat and several other things, were thrown at them from all directions. We remember the last election in British Columbia, don't cher know, "Mr. Slavin and McBride."

* * * *

We want to know what kind of soup was that "Sergt. MacMasters" got for us the other night. "Nuff said."

* * * *

What's this? Pte. "Joe" Barlow, No. 4 Platoon, staggered the many friends of his in Ashton-under-Lyne last week. They had heard so much about the "Western Giants" that when he arrived in the above-mentioned town they enquired: "Who is the ponderous youth? He has certainly grown some since his arrival in England again. It is no wonder they are monstrous giants. Look at the size of Joe, and he is still growing!"

* * * *

"Here's luck" to our Pte. W. Last, of No. 4, who is to be another Benedict before we leave for France. Those Norfolk visits of his appear to be making things ever-"Last"ing for Walter. 'Nuff said. He has been bloating.

* * * *

"Dickie" McBride, of No. 1 Platoon, must have a great interest these days down Petersfield way. Well, those Sunday dinners in the good old English style must draw his attention there; or is it the titled lady, whom he speaks of so much, with the farm. Explain which it is, "Dickie," please.

* * * *

Pte. MacIntyre gave us a shock Thursday. After being married only a very short time ago he took it in his noddle to pay a visit to his better half before he left for France, and sprang this at the degenerates in the notable No. 3 Hut:—"Well, fellows, I must walk to Croydon to bid farewell; it is only 38 miles." Off he went. "So long, so long," he said. But Mac turned up at last post. Croydon has not seen him yet.

WEDDING.

Congratulations to Corpl. G. E. Railton, No. 4 Platoon, who was married at St. Cadoc's Church, Caerleon, Wales, to Miss Violet Scard, the fourth daughter of Mr. Thomas Scard, of Pill Mawr, Caerleon, on Wednesday, July 26, 1916. The Cariboo boys in particular wish them long life and happiness.

"B" COMPANY NOTES.

Who is the private in "B" Company who said an air pillow is as heavy as a great coat. Try the great coat next time in your pack.

* * * *

We have "some" goalkeeper in our company. He cuts the net so they can't see the ball go through the goal.

* * * *

SERGEANT (drilling funeral party): "Upon the corpse issuing from the dead'ouse, mortury, or 'what not, the 'ole will assume a melingroly haspect."

* * * *

Our old friend Tubby is again in difficulties; his laundry returned minus a shirt. He is now running around in a bathing costume.

* * * *

Aitchison has found out a new stunt. When front rank men are numbering, the rear rank will do likewise. It is wonderful the effect lectures have on some men.

* * * *

There was a very pathetic funeral parade on Friday night. The men paraded with their rubbers.

Instructions how to wear a gas helmet: The rubber mouthpiece must be held in the mouth, not over the nose, as one man tried to do.

* * * *

Anyone wishing information regarding the Ki-i dance apply to Pte. Banister. Anyone not looking at performance will be knocked down.

* * * *

Any person wishing their expenses paid to London, start a game of Black Jack in 8 Platoon.

"C" COMPANY NOTES.

Pte. Thornton, having studied all the latest designs in hair-cutting, is now ready to cut your hair in whatever form you choose. He can cut it long, short, or curly. Make you look like a Southsea Islander, or appear as though from a West End barber shop. Only one try is all he wishes you to give him. He claims he can make you appear so that even your own mother won't know you; we quite believe him, after seeing Pte. Teddy Hughes come forth from our wonderful barber's hands.

* * * *

Do we miss the "salt chuck" this hot weather? 'Nuff said.

* * * *

Visitors (?) not being allowed, or rather wanted, when we get to France, it seems advisable to get a close crop. Already many bald pates are making their appearance amongst us.

* * * *

At the recent inoculation, someone mentioned that they always inoculated us at the weakest spot on the body. One amongst us claims that this weak spot was higher up than the shoulder on the majority that underwent the operation.

* * * *

Our old friends, the rubbers, or overshoes, whichever you choose, canoes for choice, have gone from us at last. They were our close friends for months past, but now, alas! they are no more. The last sad rites were performed on their behalf last Monday evening, when thirty or more of us fell in behind No. 9's famous band, *i.e.*, Pte. Dorais and mouth organ. To the strains of "Farewell to Thee," and at the show march, we carried our rubbers for the last time to their resting place. "Gone but not forgotten."

* * * *

Pte. Dinsdale is at present taking lessons in singing. He will not disclose the name of his teacher, but as he spends so much time cleaning up, prior to his going to take his lesson, we have come to the conclusion that the teacher belongs to the fair sex.

* * * *

In case of emergency puttees may be used as bandages, but Pte. Porter says they make a poor article for hauling weights, such as taking a large jar of precious beverage from the ground to a window ten or twelve feet higher. He says he will have his new issue of puttees with him when again attempting this feat.

* * * *

INSTRUCTOR (at physical exercise): "The next exercise is a very hard one, but it's quite easy."

* * * *

The writer has heard all sorts of rows, such as cat fights, etc. But these paled into significance to what occurred in a particular hut the other evening. Lce.-Corpl. B—, in the broadest Gaelic, was arguing with Pte. T—, who was returning everything to him in broadest Welsh. A Chinese wedding would have been pleasure to what we heard that night. And when Jimmy G— chimed in with what he called "Iceland talk," the limit of human endurance was reached. As the aforesaid lce.-corpl. says: "'Chip-eroo,' is the best thing to do; or in good old Canadian slang, 'cut it out.'"

* * * *

Once more we are about to "pull up stakes," boys but no Victoria send off this time.

Some of our buglers would do well to listen to our mokes' team yell. Perhaps then some of them would be able to sound "Pick 'em up" without making one think the "fire call" was being played. This only applies to a certain few.

* * * *

For lessons in the art of wheeling a barrow, apply at Hut 19, Toussaint, Thomas and Co. The knack of shovelling is also one of their specialities.

* * * *

Pte. Gilfillan is badly in need of something to hold his letters. His kit-bags are full to capacity, and he says there is more coming, won't someone kindly lend him something sufficient to keep these dearly loved letters of his.

* * * *

Some of the boys say Prince Rupert has nothing on this place for rain; we believe them.

* * * *

Charlie D—, of 10 platoon, the man of the midnight suppers, is taking orders for laundry. Where he takes it is no one's business; but first-class work only is turned out.

* * * *

Some of the boys wish Pte. Richards has another birthday in the near future. He had many parcels sent him, one cake in particular gaining universal admiration.

BASEBALL.

We played our first game in the new league on August 2 against the Divisional Signallers. We took the big end of a 10—6 score. This league is what is known as a "knock-out" league—only one game, unless, of course, you win. The game was good. Our in-field played well together. With Kenny on first, we had a star-first-sacker; Scott at second and Dakers on third played good ball. McIlvrde, our utility man, played his usual good game at short. McGregor's pitching certainly kept the opposing batters guessing, allowing only a very few hits. Richards played good ball behind the bat, but in sliding to second sprained his ankle, so will be out of the game for a while. Woods, Neave and Jordan were always in the game. The team lined up as follows:—(C.) Richards, (P.) McGregor, (1st B.) Kenny, (2nd B.) Scott, (3rd B.) Dakers, (S.S.) McIlvrde, (L.F.) Neave, (C.F.) Jordan, (R.F.) Woods.

The score by innings:—

67th W.S. : 0 0 0 3 3 2 0 0 2—10
Div. Sigs. : 2 0 0 0 3 1 0 0 0—6

* * * *

In our third league game, against the Canadian Engineers, we again came out on top. Although it was a big score, still the game was not devoid of interest, Kenny coming through with three home runs, and Richards donated another. "Yammy" took things easy, and with everyone in the game, there was no cause to worry.

* * * *

The semi-final cup game was played on Wednesday evening, the 9th inst., with the 44th Batt., and it was the game of the series. Played before the largest crowd of spectators seen at our games, it was throughout the whole nine innings a tough game. McGregor and Richards were our batteries, and "Yammy's" work in the box was satisfactory to all. He had some of the best batters in the league up against him, but they were unable to hurt what he served them. Richards played his usual good game behind the bat. The in-field worked well together. McIlvrde and James worked like veterans, pulling off many brilliant plays. Our old redoubtable Kenny, on first, was never out of the game. On the third sack Dakers played the game of his life. Neave, Scott and Menard, in the field, never muffed a chance. The fans were sure out in full force, and taken altogether it was the best game witnessed here yet.

* * * *

Our team lined up as follows:—(C.) Richards, (P.) McGregor, (1st B.) Kenny, (2nd B.) James, (3rd B.) Dakers, (S.S.) McIlvrde, (L.F.) Neave, (C.F.) Scott, (R.F.) Menard.

Our second league game with the 74th Batt. ended in a win for us—14 to 6. The game was ours from the start, Dakers being on the mound for us. James' barehand catch in the last innings was the feature of the game, bringing down one that was intent on leaving the diamond completely. We still have more games to play, and as it is for a trophy, a little more interest from the different sections of the Battalion would help a great deal in our coming out first.

TAPS AND ROLLS FRAE THE PIPE BAUN.

We are on the eve of our departure to somewhere on the firing line. Mayhap, by the time this appears in print we will be there, and getting our baptism of fire. We are sure that the men of the regiment will not only maintain their good name, but will add to their laurels. The Pipe Baun are determined to do their part, so that our success is assured. On the last night march with pack on, the whole band, from the oldest to the youngest, completed the round, showing their ability to take their place with the men in the ranks any old time. It may be hinted that we are blowing our own horn, but we must be pardoned, owing to the fact that we have no bugler in the hut.

* * * *

Who is Splinter? On the march back from the review some young Hindhead ladies hailed one of the members of our band with this *nom de plume*. We have employed Holmlock Shears, but so far he has not obtained any clue to the mystery. Can anyone oblige?

* * * *

"Dunc" received a letter the other night from London, and on opening it found a picture of his loved one inside. He showed us the picture, and she sure is some peach. You have picked some prize from life's lucky bag, old boy, and we wish you well!

* * * *

"Lauchie," our old friend and mascot, is back with us once more, and the family circle is complete. He has resided in Hut 22 for a day or two, during which time he regaled us with his experiences in the 51st. According to him, that is an awful outfit to be in. He simply couldn't stand it, and demanded to be taken before the medical board to be examined. The result corroborated his opinion, and he is happy to be back with us once again. "I want tae fecht thae Germans," he says. "I don't want tae be a hame gaud, and dae a' the durty wark for you guys."

* * * *

Our baseball team is something to be proud of. To get into the final in face of the brilliant opposition they have encountered says a good deal for the calibre of our players. They sure can put up a pretty high class of ball. We hope that by the time this appears in print, the cup will repose in our orderly room, and that the players will have received the medals which go with it. Show them how it's done, boys.

* * * *

We noted in the Scot of August 2, the Stretcher Bearer Section say "that with their new equipment they hope to do great work in France." Does this mean that they hope there will be plenty of casualties in the Battalion so that they will have an opportunity to exercise their skill in first aid? Have a heart, boys. We are not a bit anxious to be handed over to your tender mercy just yet.

* * * *

We have all passed the M.O., and are now ready for anything that comes along.

* * * *

We are sorry to lose B.S.M. Haines, but are glad that he is not leaving the Battalion. No. 1 or "A" Company are to be congratulated on getting such an efficient C.S.M.

* * * *

We extend a hearty welcome to our new B.S.M.

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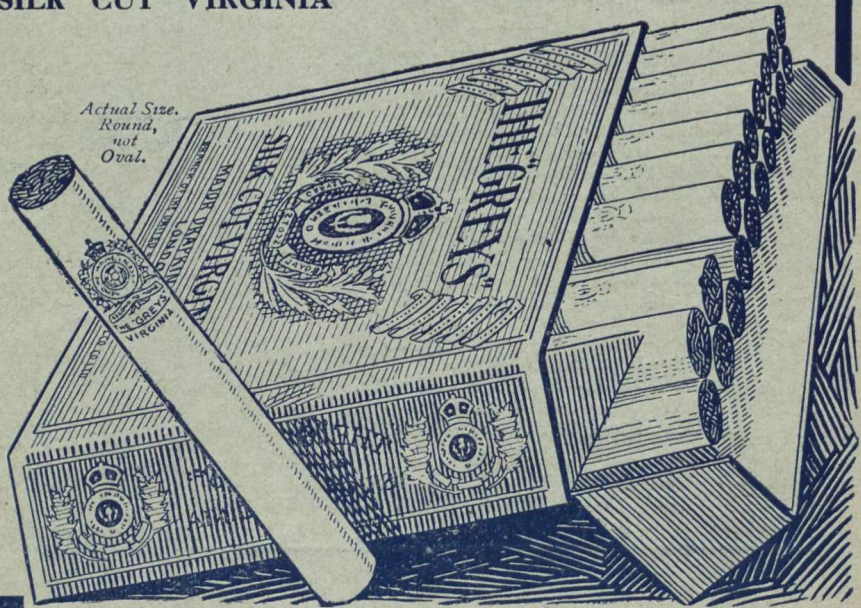
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