

The Western Scot

Vol. I.

BORDON CAMP, HANTS, APRIL 26th, 1916

No. 28

OFFICERS' POT POURRI

Any man requiring physic should apply to Lieutenant Armstrong, who can supply Epsom Salts in large or small quantities.

The keenness and zest of Lieutenant Wooler is much to be admired. He did not allow the sea voyage to interfere with his physical training. He walked miles and miles daily round the deck.

Everyone knows that an escort as "pacer" is essential to really efficient training.

Several men are buying air cushions. We naturally supposed that they were to use them as pillows; but according to one of our wits there is some connection between these purchases and the persistence of the rumour that we are to wear kilts!

We have just read and enjoyed "The First Hundred Thousand," by Ian Hay. A certain piece of dialogue between Privates Ogg and Hogg reminded us that a certain big wig amongst our non-commissioned officers must be relieved that these two men are not in our battalion. For their sakes we would have to re-christen them Ogg I. and Ogg II., or Hogg I. and Hogg II.

It is untrue that one of our most respected subalterns was the cause of the seaman falling into the water at Liverpool.

We trust that good high railings will be put round the stairway leading to our new mess, for the protection of visiting officers.

Even the Colonel felt the wearisomeness of the last train journey from Liverpool to Camp in the tiny compartments. At Woking a private was imbibing a little fresh air through the open window, and the Colonel was similarly recuperating in the next compartment. The private was almost overcome when the Colonel said: "Weel, Bartlett, are you sleepin' or waukin'?"

Major Stuart Armour spent several days up in London visiting the second of his brothers to suffer wounds in the present war. All three brothers have now spilled blood in the field of battle.

A wet mess and a wet canteen at last! Now we have returned to the days of our youth, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land. How the dicky-burde would have enjoyed it all!

On a recent route march Sergeant Brice and Corporal Railton were having an argument as to which English county was the home of cricket. Sergeant Brice favoured Hampshire, and when Corporal Railton demanded the name of the first man, the ever-witty sergeant replied "Adam."

A RECORD

Our "Train" Edition of the "Scot" has established a record. No other unit has ever attempted the feat, and it is one which we would not care to undertake again. We understand that the only other occasion on which a newspaper was published on a train was in America by an advertising convention, but on that occasion there was a specially-equipped car attached to the train.

THANKS FROM THE STRETCHER BEARER SECTION

It would be difficult to express our deep sense of gratitude, on leaving Victoria, to those ministering angels of the V.A.D. and local Red Cross organization, who have so ungrudgingly contributed in time and material towards the comforts and necessities of our sick in hospital at the Willows. They'll be aye to memory dear. If any lady can be singled out for special thanks it is Mrs. Chas. Wilson, who has invariably taken the lead in these good works. Our all too inadequate thanks we beg to convey on behalf of the Western Scots.

THE PLEASURES OF TRAVEL

After our twenty-day trip across continent and ocean we feel that we can add a chapter to the immortal work, "The Pleasures of Life." In spite of the wearisome nature of parts of the journey, we certainly found much pleasure in travelling. Quite apart from the interests and excitement of passing through the various large cities of Canada, and the pleasure which naturally attends a hearty send-off from our own country; apart also from the enjoyment of the sea trip and the stimulating excitement of the last part of the voyage through the danger zone, there was an interest from within which we believe was universal. We refer to the close friendships that we were able to form with members of our own battalion en route. When at the Willows we most of us had our own little circle of friends, and saw very little of other members of our company and battalion. Moreover, we had formed rash opinions of certain men, based on trivial incidents which a closer acquaintanceship has absolutely dispelled. We find that men whom we considered stand-offish and officious were merely reserved. We started on the journey thinking that our friends in the battalion could be counted on the fingers of one hand. We arrive at our destination with the satisfying knowledge that our friends are legion.

There is some sort of goodness in things evil, and the tediousness and weariness of our long journey is surely amply repaid by the spirit of unity which has blossomed and borne good fruit en route.

The writer would like to quote the words of one of the officers on H.M.T. 2810 anent this, but modesty forbids.

OUR FIRST FOOTBALL MATCH ON ENGLISH SOIL

On Saturday, the 15th inst., we played our first soccer match in England. Our opponents were the South African Scottish, our present neighbours in Bordon Camp. The game was played in a high wind, which prevented the greatest degree of skill, but an excellent brand of football was served up. The teams proved to be very evenly balanced, no score being registered till within a few minutes of time, when a swift, low shot beat our gallant Dakers, our worthy opponents thus emerging victors. There was an immense crowd on hand, lining the ropes four deep. During the interval our brass band regaled the spectators with popular airs.

We think, perhaps, in this match history was made, this being the first occasion when South Africans and British Columbians have ever met on the field of sport.

The Western Scot

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN THE INTERESTS OF
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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26th, 1916

OUR ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND

Since the "Boat" Edition of the "Scot" was published, the 67th Battalion, Western Scots of Canada, have arrived in England, and have begun their final training preparatory to taking their place in the field, already adorned by their brother Scots from Canada.

been otherwise, and until the vessel began to traverse the outer edge of the danger area impromptu cork-jacket dances were very popular. It was also discovered that by raising the lower section of the cork jacket an excellent individual tea-table could be had. On the whole, what at first gave promise of being an irksome duty developed into a useful and rather smart garment, and many of our officers laid their cork jackets away with regret.

When it is considered that the total of those on board was equal to the total population of many big towns in Canada, something of the magnitude of the task presented by the voyage may be appreciated.

Owing to the fact that so many officers of different units were on board, it may be imagined that the scene at mess was a lively one. The orchestra of the Western Scots won the applause of everybody with the excellent programmes they rendered at dinner mess each evening. Bandmaster Turner, for the first time, was able to give his undivided attention to the orchestra and brass band, and the improvement shown was most marked.

On the evening of Saturday, the 8th inst., a grand concert was held in the dining saloon, when a really excellent



THE WELLINGTON STATUE, ALDERSHOT

This statue of the great Duke of Wellington formerly stood at Hyde Park Corner, and was many years ago removed to Aldershot, where it stands overlooking the Long Valley.

To continue where we left off on board ship, H.M. Transport 2810 soon passed out of the fog into glorious weather, which continued without a break till we reached port.

The time on board passed quickly with the daily routine—already outlined—varied at times by route marches around the broad decks of the big vessel, $4\frac{1}{2}$ laps constituting a mile. At this stage of the voyage imperative orders were issued to the effect that cork jackets must be worn at all times by all ranks; and, until one became used to it, the picture of thousands of khaki-clad figures, from colonels to drummer-boys, adorned with unwieldy-looking lifebelts, was distinctly odd. Of course, one did not sleep in a cork jacket, but even during the hours of slumber these bulky appurtenances stayed close by one's side. Needless to say, some of our members who inclined to embonpoint found the extraordinary bulk a trifle disconcerting at times, until the benign power which shaped our ends on board took pity on them, and in lieu of sawing a portion out of the dining table, permitted the jackets to be laid at the feet during meals.

The presence of a large number of nurses rendered the voyage much more pleasant socially than it would have

programme, including, as it did, numbers from representatives from almost every unit on board, was given. The credit for the organization of this pleasurable affair fell due to Major C. C. Harbottle, of the 67th. Following the concert, dancing was indulged in until midnight.

As the great transport proceeded into the active submarine zone the natural anxiety of those on board became more marked. Orders respecting the showing of any gleam of light became even more strict, and it was with frank relief that the ship's company beheld the arrival on the 10th inst. of an escort from that wonderful organization—the British Navy.

The night of the 10th found us in the very heart of that vast expanse of water that has been the hunting ground of the mechanical sharks since our enemies adopted their infamous submarine tactics. The knowledge that we were passing near the last resting place of the brave "Lusitania" put a renewal of purpose into the hearts of all of us, but it is not unjust to say that when the skilful master of the transport had threaded his way successfully and safely through the dangerous maze and had entered the mouth of the Mersey, no one on board regretted the ending of that last leg of the voyage. The morning of the 11th broke bright and cold to

find us at anchor in the swift and muddy stream, amid surroundings strange to the native Canadian, but familiar and dear to the old countrymen returning from exile. On our left were the long docks and grey buildings of Liverpool, on the right the homes of New Brighton and Birkenhead. Under our steamer's foot shot the busy ferries, their decks crowded with business men bound for Liverpool offices. As they passed the transport they accorded us a cheering welcome, which was taken up from time to time by those on the docks. The interval before the transport was warped in to her berth was rendered more exciting by an accident, when one of the crew fell from the boat deck 80 feet to the water below. A boat was lowered in record time, and the poor fellow was picked up and landed safely in the hospital, fortunately without any more serious consequences than a severe chill.

The task of disembarkation was carried out with considerable rapidity. Shortly after noon the 67th Battalion began the march down the gangway and were taken in hand by an Imperial Railway Transport Officer. In column of route the battalion proceeded across the docks to Riverside Station, where a cute little train was waiting. To many bewildered

and wore a benign look as if to say "Welcome, you poor blokes." Through the poorer districts the train sped at a smarter pace, but wee kids and worn-looking women left their play and their wash-boards to line garden fences and wave wisps of flags. One old lady, taken by surprise in the midst of her household duties, rushed to her kitchen door and, seizing a petticoat from her clothes-line, waved us a woman's welcome.

In due course we passed through many well-kept farms, the trim and prosperous appearance of which caused Lieutenant Bill Cook to announce his intention of pre-empting some land at the close of the war. Warwick Castle was an interesting landmark on our right, and we had a bit of excitement grabbing lunch-baskets at Crewe, the dining car, so familiar on our Canadian trains, not being a noticeable feature of the Liverpool—Aldershot express.

Birmingham was accorded the honour of a stop, and the sight of the Western Scots scattered about the Birmingham Station would have been interesting to many Victorians. The train left Birmingham amid wild and complimentary cries of "Oh, you Brummagen girls!" and



WELLINGTON STREET, ALDERSHOT

Colonials this train looked like an enlarged Christmas present from the days of childhood, and many were the admonitions from would-be humorist members in the ranks not to use the carriages as watch-charms. It is probable that Riverside Station seldom before echoed to such shouts as "Yatta boy" from big Mac, and similar Westernisms from other Colonial débautants. The opinion of the Colonial "blokes" with respect to their first train ride in "Blighty" changed considerably, however, when they were placed in the comfortable compartments and the long train glided out smoothly and noiselessly. The familiar young collision to which we had been treated by the members of the Brotherhood of Freight Engineers all the way from Vancouver to Halifax was delightfully absent. "Peep-peep," called the funny little engine; "peanuts," yelled big Mac, and the 67th Battalion Western Scots of Canada were on their way to the end of the journey.

As the train steamed through the suburbs of Liverpool with wildly yelling Western Jocks at both doors of every compartment, there could be no doubt of the attitude of Liverpoolians towards Colonial troops. Factories apparently ceased work while their employees rushed to doors and windows to cheer us frantically; portly policemen, whose dignity forbade unseemly sentimentalism, stood smartly at attention

nightfall found us far in what appeared to be a waste land, excellent, no doubt, for large-scale army manoeuvres, but not distinguished by its magnificence of scenery.

When darkness fell the order came to draw all blinds, and with this we were introduced to our first taste of precautions against Zeppelins. We have seen none yet, but no doubt each of us knows of a perfectly good coal hole and the shortest route thereto.

The battalion arrived at Bordon Station, in the County of Hampshire, at the unholy hour of 3 a.m., and tumbled out into Stygian darkness alongside the train. Soon the order came to move off, and, each man groaning under the weight of all his household gods, and led by a local guide, we proceeded—not knowing where we were going, but being on our way. After a silent march of a mile, we reached barracks, where the men were told off in parties of 12, and led to comfortable quarters in long rows of brick houses. The question of grub was a stickler; but through the extreme kindness of officers and men of the Canadian Engineers, who had preceded us, some rations were found, hot tea was made, and every man had at least something to go to sleep on.

With the men safely stowed for the night, the officers sought a place of rest, finally being located in a large

empty house. The heavy luggage had not been brought up, of course, at this time, and here again we were indebted to local officers for the loan of blankets.

Daylight was breaking as the battalion settled down to its first night's rest in England. With the dawn came the song of birds, and to many of us who had never known England, this was a revelation. After a few hours' sleep came breakfast and the business of bringing order out of chaos. Within an incredibly short time, thanks to good organization and excellent discipline, the battalion was comparatively well settled and down to work in its new home.

A point that struck most of us very forcibly that first day in England was the remarkable similarity between the climate and flora of this country and those of Victoria. Strange as it may seem, those of us who are Victorians felt more at home here than we had done in any part of Canada after leaving Vancouver Island.

The military aspect of the place became apparent as soon as we moved abroad. On every hand one came across bodies of troops at rest or on the march, and from all quarters of the compass came the stirring notes of bugles. The first day was devoted to getting settled and acquainted. Our men discovered a host of brother Jocks close by them in the South African Scottish, and became fast friends immediately. Our officers received a welcome from officers of many units, who were untiring in their efforts to make us feel at home. In fact, we straightway came face to face with an exemplification of that splendid *bon camaraderie* that is characteristic among all of His Majesty's forces in these stirring times.

By the following day the Officers' Mess had been established in a splendid building formerly used as a soldier's club and built from the proceeds of Regimental Institute funds accumulated during the South African War. On Thursday, the 13th, the day following our arrival, the battalion carried out its first route march in England, and evoked favourable comment. The next day a muster parade was held, when all ranks attended and were checked against the nominal roll of the battalion by representatives of the Imperial authorities. We had not been settled long before officers and men were ordered off on special instructional courses. Six subalterns were warned to leave immediately for Shorncliffe to begin a three months' course of instruction there; Captain Okell and Lieutenant Gray were told off to attend Machine Gun and Musketry Courses respectively at Aldershot; Lieutenant McDiamiad was selected to take bayonet fighting at the same place; and four subalterns, with 40 non-commissioned officers and men, were dispatched to Bramshott for instruction in entrenchments.

Saturday brought three welcome announcements, viz., that the battalion would adopt the kilt of the beautiful Douglas tartan; that six clear days' leave would be granted the entire battalion; and that the men would receive pay at once. The work of telling off the first 50 per cent. for leave developed news of many an interesting prodigal's return. Many a man who had been knocking about the far Canadian West for from 10 to 25 years stood on the tip-toe of expectancy at the imminent re-union with dear ones at home. In granting first leave preference was given to men with relatives in the British Isles, and when the list was finally completed it was interesting to note how they scattered from the Orkney Islands to Land's End. On Tuesday the first lot were marched to a special train and bowled out of Bordon Station "all jubilant with song." Let the war go on, but home first.

On Monday afternoon—the battalion meanwhile having made the acquaintance of the ubiquitous "brass-hat," as the Tommy is wont to term a staff officer—the battalion, or what was left of it, fell in on its own parade ground for its first review on English soil. Every man of any rank was keen to

make a good showing, and according to capable spectators the regiment did very well. Owing to the temporary indisposition of Lieutenant-Colonel Lorne Ross, the battalion was commanded by Major A. E. Christie, D.S.O. The inspecting officer was Lord Brooke, Commanding the Fourth Canadian Division. His Lordship was accompanied by Colonel Ironsides, and other very distinguished officers, and his Lordship was pleased to make a thorough inspection of the whole battalion, following which we marched past in column of route.

All in all, the Scots are settling down in their new home with creditable alacrity and steadiness of purpose. We like "Blighty," and we mean to do our utmost to make "Blighty" like us.

INTERESTING ITEMS

Between 1811 and 1814 Wellington's Army lost eighty-one per cent. of its officers wounded.

Field-Marshal Sir John French got the most practical part of his training in Canada.

The Hohenzollerns, in spite of their arrogance and all-mightiest airs, are really the royal upstarts of Europe; two centuries ago their ancestors were obscure counts, who were lords of fewer acres than many of our nobles possess to-day, and whose subjects were too few to people a small English town. It was not until just over two centuries ago that any one of them wore a crown as king.

Ferdinand, Tsar of Bulgaria, is not quite fifty-five years of age.

In 1887 Ferdinand was nothing more than a half-pay lieutenant of Hussars in the Austrian service. Prince Alexander of Battenberg, who then occupied the throne, was kidnapped, and abdicated. Ferdinand was chosen by the National Assembly to succeed him, and he has reigned ever since.

Formerly, at any rate, Ferdinand was very fond of England and the English. His magnificent summer palace at Varna, on the Black Sea, he used to describe as "My Osborne," and "My Sandringham," after British Royal residences.

Far more boy babies than usual are being born at the present time, for the increase in the number of boys is one of the curious results of a big war.

The worst of war is the turning of men's thoughts from constructive to destructive work.

Medals have already been struck in Germany to commemorate more than eighty-five "victories" during the present war.

Lieutenant L. F. Hay, Black Watch, who was one of the ushers at the recent wedding of Mr. John French, Sir John French's elder son, is the tallest officer in the British Army, standing 6ft. 10in.

The Military Cross, our latest decoration for heroic soldiers, is made of silver, with the Imperial Crown on each arm, and the letters "G. R. I." in the centre. The Cross hangs from a white ribbon with a purple stripe.

Hardly one wound in ten is the result of a direct hit nowadays. Most of our casualties are from spent shots, shrapnel bullets, and splinters.

The men of the French Army wear their identification discs round their wrists. British soldiers wear them round their necks.

There are twenty miles of trenches to every line of front, so that between Switzerland and the North Sea the British and French Armies have at least 10,000 miles of trenches to guard and keep in order.

I believe a raid will come, and that we shall see foreign troops on our shores. Then it will be for every man capable of bearing arms to do his part.—Lord Derby.

We spend as much in a fortnight over the present war as we spent on the Crimean War from start to finish. The cost of the Crimean War to this country was £80,000,000.