

The Western Scot

Vol. I.

BORDON CAMP, HANTS, MAY 17th, 1916

No. 31

ITEMS OF INTEREST

The sympathy of the entire Battalion goes out to Father Macdonell in his illness. We trust he may soon be with us again, and more healthful than ever.

Our good friend, Private Frank Slavin, has met a world of old pals and admirers since we reached England. Frank was always a clean, square fighter, and he will never be forgotten. Last week he was a regular attraction at the Oxford Music Hall, London, where his appearance in khaki in the uniform of the Western Scots is having no small effect in aiding recruiting. We hope, however, that he is not responsible for the geography of "The Sunday Times" (May 14th), which refers to "both Canada and British Columbia."

A recent copy of "The Victoria Daily Colonist" contains the information that a draft of four officers and 140 men from Victoria for the 1st Canadian Pioneer Corps left Victoria with a splendid send-off. Among the officers is Lieutenant Hardley-Wilmot, formerly of ours.

Those who remember the death in action—at second Ypres—of Captain Herriek Macgregor, of the Canadian Scottish, will regret to learn that his brother Murray, a private in the 2nd C.M.R., was killed recently near St. Eloi.

Items of news from home include the statement that Colonel J. Duff Stuart, D.S.O., 11th M.D., has announced that a full brigade of infantry will be allowed to remain on Vancouver Island for summer training instead of moving to Vernon Camp. This will mean that the 103rd Vancouver Island Timber Wolves, the 143rd B.C. Bantams, and the 50th Gordon Highlanders will train at our old stamping ground.

One by one the mess is turning into "bare-legged savages" (as the Bosches have it) or tartan-breeched chieftains. Soon the men will show their knees, and then we shall be allowed the regulation extra bar of soap per Battalion.

As it is done now:—

"Tell of the Battalion!
A! B!! C!!! D!!!!!"

On the gallery wall at the Longmoor Rifle Ranges there is a neat tombstone built up of marking patches, and on it is this touching inscription:—"To the memory of the 67th Western Scots, who almost starved to death here while marking for a sister Battalion."

Referring to the 11th C.M.R., our evening contemporary says it has been kept here at garrison duty. It has not even had that much of a showing. From a layman's point of view the corps has been very badly treated.—"Colonist."

When H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was inspecting the 67th Battalion, Western Scots, prior to its departure for England, he noticed the ribbons worn by Private Frank Slavin, of Victoria, referring to a period in the early seventies: "How old are you, my man?" inquired His Royal Highness. "Forty-five, sir," was the prompt reply of the ex-

pugilist. The Duke smiled, and turning to the Colonel of the regiment, said: "It shows a fine spirit when men will tell lies about their age in order to get overseas."—"Victoria Colonist."

* * *

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM

An interesting photograph appeared in the "Daily Sketch" recently of 2nd-Lieutenant G. A. Nicholls, R.F.A., who is a nephew of Orderly-Room Sergeant-Major Nicholls. Enlisting as a private in the H.A.C. at the outbreak of the war, Lieutenant Nicholls has seen almost continuous fighting at the front, and was recently promoted to the rank he now holds.

Yes, we love these muster parades, especially when warned at 5 p.m. in the evening that complete new nominal rolls of all the Battalion by companies and details must be ready—type-written and accurate—before 8.30 a.m. next morning. A little longer notice next time, please, and we will give you the neatest and most accurate lists you ever had. Even with the rush, we heard no complaints, but we expected—oh, well, we did, nevertheless!

The latest "information" is that we are to discard our present badges and have crossed picks and shovels. Rampant, we presume, on a verdant field.

A late dispatch from Canada tells of 2,000 lbs. of tobacco being presented to the troops. And we are paying 8d. an ounce for ours!

Still another dispatch informs us that three cartloads of creamery butter have been sent from Manitoba. Apparently they were not consigned to Bordon. The Bordon "butter" has already been consigned to—well, everyone knows, so why say it?

We would like to express our thanks to the Orderly-Room Sergeant of the South African Scottish for the way in which he has helped us out on different occasions when we were short of supplies—or information. He seems always willing to assist us as fellow strangers in a land of strange Army Forms.

Retreat, as played by the pipe band, is becoming quite an attraction. The crowd gets larger on each occasion, and we would like to congratulate the Pipe-Major on his splendid performances.

Congratulations are also in order to Bandmaster Turner. The evening selections are a great treat, particularly with all the new music he obtained in London. We in the orderly-room get the full benefit of it, and are not lacking in appreciation.

Any more applicants for the position of B.S.M.?

Isn't it extraordinary how some men can always get hold of a number of the fair sex to accompany them on their strolls. Many of them, too, have wives and sweethearts in British Columbia. But we suppose the Bordon variety come under the heading of "emergency rations."

The Parliamentary Committee on Soldiers' Pensions (Ottawa) have recommended an increase in privates' pensions from \$396 to \$480 per annum.

The Western Scot

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN THE INTERESTS OF
THE 67th BATT., "WESTERN SCOTS," OF CANADA, C.E.F.

(By kind permission of Lt.-Col. Lorne Ross, C.O.)

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C. L. ARMSTRONG, Lieut., Editor

A. A. GRAY, Lieut., Business Manager

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17th, 1916

SUPPORT YOUR BATTALION PAPER

Those who have the work of publishing "The Scot" in hand are witnesses to the fact that difficulties unencountered heretofore have to be surmounted in "carrying on" here. The paper will improve steadily if every man in the Battalion supports it. Otherwise it will die ignominiously and speedily. Buy at least one copy every week.

* * *

PIPE BAUN SCRAICHS

Geordie Allan is indisposed, having got rid of twelve teeth the other day.

There is much speculation in the baun as to when Jock Low will cease to relieve the orderly-piper at officers' mess in the evenings. The odor of fermentation in Jock's pipes increases every night, and it is whispered among Jock's intimate acquaintances that this is due to a renewal of the glorious custom of "ginning up" the orderly-piper at Officers' mess.

"Catch-as-catch-can" and "Cumberland" styles of wrestling have dwindled into insignificance compared with the tussle which comes off nowadays between army beef and Geordie Allan's gums.

Piper Jock Craigmyle is giving a series of lectures for married men, and those intending to graduate in matrimony. Needless to say, Dunc. Campbell is a zealous candidate for the degree with honours. Geordie Leslie is said to have graduated already, in an artistic Italian school.

Jamie Wallace must have enjoyed seeing his wife again. It was all like a dream to Jamie until he left London on his way back. He is now trying to recollect what the "old woman" looked like.

Our parades in Victoria must have had dazzling, far-reaching effects on the ladies, for we heard that the mulatto charwoman at the Jubilee Hospital, who used to go with our big—oh, well, "least said—!"

Colin's popularity in England is assured since our last route march, when a lady took his arm and marched along with the baun; of course, she was inspired, and her teeth resembled a piano keyboard with some of the keys knocked out; but opinions and ideas of beauty are many and diverse, and Colin says the beer is great in this part of the world.

Has anyone noticed how often Brown, the Wyoming "twister," has to wash his knees?

It is all up between "Stella" and her ideal man. Logie stays at home more now, and practices in the evening.

The "kukri" of the Ghurkas is supposed to be a fearsome weapon, but more disconcerting still is a dishful of pudding in the hands of Sandy Ferguson when his back is up.

Sandy Chisholm paid a visit to Shorncliffe, and did not lose any money on the way. The only thing he might have been expected to lose was lost many a year ago.

"A" COMPANY

We are glad to see our worthy Officer Commanding back from Bramshott with us once more in full vigour and health. So different to some of the Majority, who seem to now and then have a run of bad luck, and with whom we sincerely sympathise.

No doubt many of us are mindful of the sights one sees in a quaint and unwholesome corner of London on Sunday mornings, and to those our lines might call to mind Petticoat Lane in some respects, but thank goodness not others.

Some people are never satisfied. Fancy making a howl for having to sleep eleven in a tent after a good supper! What's the matter with Whitehill?

Sunday we had several visitors to dinner. Strange to say, most of them were from Whitehill.

We are sorry our good old stand-by, Sergeant Brice, is on the sick-list, and we cannot adequately express our hopes of seeing him back to physical jerks soon.

The Scotch have the name of being a wee bit careful in money matters, and yet we hear of one being a trifle erratic in that respect. This one forwarded real hard cash (at these times, too!) to his Mina, in order to land her at Bordon; but up to now no Mina, and great loss of time and energy parading to and from the station, and generally hunting round for the faithless. No matter, William, there are yet a few more left—but oh, that dollar!

Farnham must be an interesting place for some, at any rate, for it produced quite a variety entertainment for one Jess; but no, that is not her name. Meals at that city are reported rather dear, but allowance must be made as he comes from the Manchester district, and they have a name for being "keen" business men, you know, and he has the capacity.

Pay-day is again being anxiously looked for, as cigarette butts were on Sunday "just to get a pipe full," as the keen hunter remarked. Trust a Welshman to make ends meet somehow.

Cleanliness next to Godliness, we suppose, was the reason for the spring cleaning on the Sabbath. We are fairly clean now, especially if it was not for the walls. The Irish are certainly a witty race!

* * *

"B" COMPANY

"B" Company's Notes are missing this week. Surely the fact that the Officer Commanding is in hospital is not good enough reason for this!

We extend our sympathies to Major Meredith Jones, the popular Officer Commanding of "B" Company, on his recent accident, when he had the misfortune to sprain his ankle. We wish him a speedy recovery.

* * *

"D" COMPANY

We wish to "second the motion" in regard to the editorial appearing in last week's "Scot" re the "Right Spirit." There is ample proof to show that the boys of the 67th are of the right stuff.

We hope our kilts will be ready for us pretty quick, as you will notice the condition of our trousers calls for "action at once."

We hope the 88th will pay us a visit when they are encamped over here, as there are a great number of Victoria boys in that Battalion.

We wish to take issue with some of the remarks of the Pipe Baun, as far as they reflect on the homes of beautiful girls. Victoria, we believe, has been noted for its girls, and Sergeant Sims will certainly back us up. It is a ten-to-one chance that the majority of the Pipe Baun's young men have left their girls in Victoria, and it will certainly be a case of "hoof it" back to the old burg when we get through doing "our bit."

As far as the remarks about our meals are concerned, we are very glad to say the "quantity" is beginning to get better as we go on.

The boys are receiving postcards from the young ladies all along the "line" in Canada almost daily now. It must keep the girls pretty busy.

Private Hunter, of Platoon 15, had a little hand in the rebellion in Ireland. We were wondering what was his reason for being away, after his leave was up, and the consequences are that he has beat us to it in plenty of time.

Some new words of command: Stand at—"Aight," About—"Tun," Company—"Hun," Quick—"Maa."

We wonder who the party was that turned his glass upside down on the bar at the "pub" the other night! Some narrow escape.

Here's hoping the "bunch" at Whitehill and Longmoor are enjoying themselves.

The "certain private from the wilds of Duncan" can exist on anything nowadays, especially on the letters he receives from home. We believe he is a "lovesick boy."

Now is the time for baseball and lacrosse. How about the Sports Committee getting busy? We have material of the very best calibre for both lines, and it is time something was done to get "things" going.

Rumor hath it that Lance-Corporal Bell, of our company, "fell hard" while away on his leave. He is going to get married shortly. Going some, eh!

There is a certain private in Platoon 13 who is very fond of going on a visit to a certain "farm" in the immediate neighbourhood of our barracks. We wonder why? He was talking in his sleep the other night, and "Baldface" Peter told us all about it.

The majority of our non-commissioned officers have returned from their courses, benefited physically and otherwise. We will now be getting the benefits of their instruction.

Our Company Quartermaster-Sergeant has been acting as our Company Sergeant-Major for some time, and the boys all jump to it. "Bill" is just beginning to "come back" now, and is surely on the job all the time.

In No. 1 Company Notes they forgot to mention Hounslow, Hythe, East Sandling, Perth, etc.

The boys from Victoria are very sorry to note the death of Judge (Major) Irving. He was a fine man, and did a great deal for the men in khaki, especially the returned soldiers.

* * *

SERGEANTS' MESS

We are settled again in a little "home" of our own. Quartermaster-Sergeant Hamilton Jones is looking after us in his usual efficient manner. And we have every reason to be contented.

This is no slur on Sergeant Lister, who did very good work for a week or two until he was called back to the lines for duty. Our thanks to him.

Of course, we are not in permanent quarters here at Bordon, and daily hear rumours of moving to Bramshott. But don't forget the piano.

Sister, from her station behind the bar, complains of lack of company and custom in the evenings. A piano might prove an attraction in the evenings, and, incidentally, might cause the desired bulge in sister's stockings. A man can't smoke and sing without an occasional quencher, you know!

Apropos of our "solid comfort" in the shape of the comfortable arm-chairs, sister says that for the first time for many moons she can stand on a chair and feel safe.

We are a "cliqué" bunch, and don't give each other away, but we want to know:—

Why Sergeant Mills went to sleep over his lunch on Monday?

Who are "Stronk," "McGormick," "Hindhue," "Binks," etc.?

If Battalion Sergeant-Major Johnstone "enjoys" a game of whist, and if he approves of "sneak" leads?

What happened to Sergeant-Cook MacMasters after sampling Sergeant Condy's Devonshire cream?

Why Sergeant Steel continually raves about Leicester Square?

If "to buy a bugle for my boy" is not a darn good reason for going to London?

We are glad to have with us Sergeant-Majors Duffett and Church, Sergeant Clark, and Sergeant Craddock. All ranks are benefiting by their instruction, and we are enjoying their company in the mess.

Battalion Sergeant-Major Cartwright is still on the sick-list, we are sorry to say. We wish him a speedy recovery. We miss his genial smile (no offence meant, Battalion Sergeant-Major Johnston). We saw you smile some days ago when you and Sergeant Condy took six odd tricks against Bandmaster Turner and Sergeant Tate. But, really, your language was awful when Tate led the never-failing "sneak" the very next hand.

We hear from Sergeant MacMasters that he and his staff have been far too busy to write notes from the cook-house. We are promised some jottings for our next issue. Many of the boys from the cook-house are attending the School of Cookery at Aldershot. The Sergeant-Cook paid them a visit recently and found them all happy, and enjoying to the full the lessons they are receiving. (No doubt they are! Walter Adams sent for his dancing-shoes!).

The cook-house staff had many difficulties to encounter during the first few weeks, but these are being steadily overcome, thanks to the efficiency of friend Mac and his merry men! The "fivepenny-halfpenny" rations were a little hard to get used to, but the cook-house boys are hitting the old clip again, and complaints are few and far between.

* * *

INCONSEQUENTIAL ITEMS.

Rumour hath it—as young, would-be journalists write frequently—that the officers from ours who are doing the long course at Shorncliffe are all to be given generalships. Judging by Bill Cooke's description of the amount of work they have to do, we should say that field-marshalships would not be too great a reward.

And so we are to have the honour of being tried as the pioneer battalion of the 4th Canadian Division. Here's to our making good!

Believe us, Bramshott Camp is a fine little place for work. Foot-slogging is the rule with a vengeance over there. Situated on a splendid eminence (about the height of Mount Tolmie), the camp is beautifully distant from training areas, rifle ranges, railway stations, etc., the idea being to encourage pedestrianism.

Cycling as a pastime is becoming popular among many of the 67th officers, but we would appreciate an explanation of the marked tendency of some of the officers to follow the same route every time.

The Scots' details at the course in entrenchments at Bramshott showed up particularly well. There was a prominent desire among them to dig deep and narrow—evidence of a proper respect for the capabilities of "Minnie" and "The Big Smoke."

The officers of the 54th (Kootenay) Battalion, at Bramshott, are excellent hosts, and they do their full share of

entertaining of visiting officers and newly-arrived messes. From their courteous Commanding Officer, Major Davies, to the youngest subaltern, they appear to have only one idea—to make the stranger welcome.

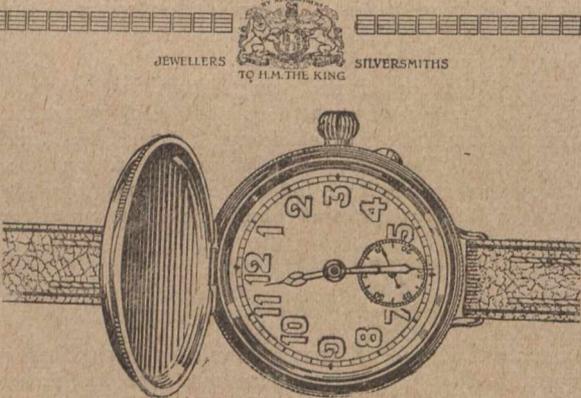
Incidentally, let us also take off our hats to the mess of the 44th Battalion. Some live, entertaining bunch of real fellows, those! An evening with them is enjoyable in the most complete sense.

The good old Seventy-Twos, frae auld Vancouver, landed at Bramshott last week, and their bonnie tartan adds life to the khaki-clad camp. We are mighty glad they've come, and we'll be fine and pleased to be alongside them soon.

Someone suggested recently that thae pipers should speak only the Gaelic. Leave them alone, man, it's hard enough to understand them now!

We should not worry about the duration of the war, according to one of the imperial sergeant-instructors at Aldershot. He says the first seven years are always the worst.

Hoots, bit disna Saundy MacSchrieber mak' a braw show in his new kilt? An' sic legs, man! Saundy, ye're fine!"



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ENTRENCHMENTS AT BRAMSHOTT.

Lieutenants Gillingham, Baker, Falkner, and Wooler, with thirty-six non-commissioned officers and men, recently journeyed over to Bramshott Camp for the purpose of attending a class on Trench Work. While in Bramshott the Western Scots contingent were attached to the 50th Battalion Canadian Expeditionary Force, 14th Brigade, who saw that both the officers and men were well taken care of. The course of instruction consisted in the main of practical work, and it soon became evident to the Staff Officers, as the work progressed, that the Western Scots boys must have had previous training in trench work. The other battalions who have recently arrived in England also had their representatives, and various styles of trenches and revetments were demonstrated. Our work was laid out in a valley, and necessitated a high command trench. A very substantial huddle was made back of the line and brought up into place, firmly driven into the banquettes, and wired back. As the only tools available were the pick and shovel, our men showed a great deal of ingenuity, and the large knives issued to the men were quite in evidence. Unable to get any sandbags, the parapet and parados were both built up with sods, alternate rows of stretchers and headers being placed in position and firmly pegged. The dimensions of the fire trench built were 20 ft. long, 3 ft. 6 ins. wide at the top, 2 ft. 6 ins. at the bottom. A banquette 1 ft. in width was made and solidly revetted. Two 10 ft. traverses were also made. The superior slope of the parapet was 4 ft., and the exterior slope built up at an angle of 2/1. The earth needed for the parapet was excavated from in front, the exterior slope continuing below ground level at the same angle. In this latter excavation wire entanglements and abattis would naturally be placed.

During the course a most interesting and instructive lecture was given by Colonel Ironsides, G.S.O., in which he illustrated the various types of trenches adopted both by the Allies and Germans. Actual photographs taken from aerial observation of the German trenches were shown, and from these accurate plans are drawn. The style of trenches adopted are various, and there is no set rule to go by. The "L" type of fire trench, however, seems to be the favourite style among the Allies, as they are quickly dug, and natural traverses are already made, a communication line connecting up the different trenches made in the rear. Back of the fire trenches 10 to 20 yards is the communication trench referred to above, called superior or command trench, in which the dugouts are placed. From this superior or command trench are run back the communication trenches, 150 to 200 yards, connecting up with the support trenches built somewhat similar to the system of fire trench.

Systems of narrow trenches are built in from these communication trenches on either side, terminating in bombing pits, to effectively deal with the enemy who manage to take the first line, and as they are advancing along the communication trench the bombers are most active. False traverses, loopholed, with machine-guns behind, are very effective in dealing with the enemy as they come down the communication trench. In fact all sorts of obstacles to impede a passage of troops are built into the communication trenches, and while the enemy are busy breaking down the barricades, the bombers, etc., get very busy, and the defenders have time to form up and institute their counter-attack. From the communication trenches also are built a system of deep and narrow trenches, just wide enough for a man with full equipment to get into, and to hold eight to ten men each. These are occupied when a heavy bombardment takes place, and when the shelling ceases the men can quickly get out and into the fire trenches again, prepared to meet a charge. To prevent these narrow trenches, which are called "feathers," from caving in, props are placed at intervals along the top.

Altogether, the course, being practical, and with such a clever lecturer as Colonel Ironsides, was most instructive. Both officers and men enjoyed the course, and when not on duty the surrounding country, Haslemere particularly afforded the men relaxation and amusement galore.

* * *

THAE KILTS.

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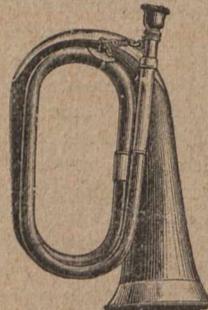
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