

The Western Scot

Vol. I.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., NOVEMBER 20th, 1915

No. 7

AT THE CAMP

The arrival from Vernon on Saturday forenoon of Squadrons "A" and "C," of the 11th C.M.R., under Lieut.-Col. Kirkpatrick, was the most important "local" at the Willows during the past week, and the "Western Scot" extends a hearty welcome to the new arrivals. The men of this mounted corps are a particularly fine lot, soldierly looking and fit in every respect, and reflect infinite credit on their commanding officer and his subordinates. The pity is that such an efficient body of trained men should be so long delayed in attaining their hearts' desire and getting across the water. The business-like way in which the corps settled down and built their own huts for the accommodation of over 400 men was most creditable. Colonel Kirkpatrick and his officers certainly have reason to be proud of their command.

The advent of the C.M.R. has necessitated the removal of Lieut.-Col. Forsythe and the 50th Gordons to quarters in the old Drill Hall on Menzies Street.

To the impatient who are eating their hearts out at the delay in getting to the front the statement of Hon. R. Rogers, made to an officer Tuesday evening is commended. The honorable gentleman stated explicitly what has appeared in the newspaper reports, viz.: that every movement of Canadian troops was made on direct orders and sanction of Lord Kitchener and the British War Office, and it was assumed that these authorities knew what they were doing.

Concerning Monday night's fire—it all depends whose ox is gored as to what explanation is offered for the accidental burning of a tent. "The acts of God or the king's enemies" is the usual legal covenant, and if the tent belongs to Y.M.C.A. young men, of course the fire was an act of God, but if the owners are of the "Cleaners' Club" persuasion the malevolent influences would be classed as "the king's enemies." In the present instance the latter theory is untenable.

"The field work is being conducted by Q.M.S.-Instructor A. Youngman and Instructor Cadre of the Royal Canadian Regiment."—vide Wednesday's Colonist. We would respectfully refer this item to the instructional cadre of the R.C.R.

NO. 1 COMPANY

On the recent visit of No. 1 Company to the ranges two men in file were carrying the ammunition. The men were of very different height, the shorter being in front. The leading man wiped his perspiring brow and remarked, "It's warm work carrying this." The attenuated gentleman in the rear exclaimed in astonishment: "Cairry? Do you cairry? I lean!"

No. 3 Platoon wishes it known that Sergt. Fernie beat Private Lauchie Macmillan by 10 points in grouping at the ranges.

No. 1 Company on its visit to the trenches on Tuesday, did its cooking as on active service. Raw rations were issued to each man, and were cooked on improvised braziers. Some men were seen trying to emulate the dishes prepared by the Canadians in the trenches in Flanders, as described by our O.C.

It seems curious that so many men in the battalion support the Greek stores outside the camp gates, when a Canadian is carrying on the same class of business right alongside.

If the man who took the fountain pen from Q.M. stores will call back, we shall give him the box and filler.

One day recently several large packing cases full of mess-tins arrived for this battalion. One man asked what the boxes contained, and was jocularly told "sun-helmets." Next day the whole regiment knew for certain that we were going to the Bermudas, as the sun-helmets had arrived.

For the happiness of all concerned, we trust the brass band will reconsider its decision to have a party tune as the regimental march-past.

We extend to Lieut. P. Mackintosh, of No. 3 Company and "McNamara Band" fame, our hearty congratulations on his promotion.

NO. 3 COMPANY

The officers, N.C.O.'s and men of No. 3 Company offer their congratulations to Mr. McIntosh on his receiving a commission in this battalion. As company-sergeant-major he had made himself so well liked that it was very gratifying to hear that his promotion did not necessitate his removal from the Company. On Tuesday evening No. 11 Platoon, his new charge, presented Mr. McIntosh with a belt and stick as a concrete expression of its pleasure at his appointment. Another venture into conditions as they exist at the front was made this week, when No. 3 Company spent the morning in the neighborhood of the trenches, the men themselves preparing their mid-day meal. Apart from a small shortage of bread, everything went off well. The fresh air and unaccustomed surroundings lent a zest and enjoyment to the meal that was a welcome contrast to the usual wolfish clamor that seems to govern conditions in the big hall.

The fire alarm on Monday night came at a most opportune moment, as the Cariboobers were returning from their temperance banquet. Of the two, the alarm seems the gentler way of arousing the sleepers in the lines.

Only two absentees from tattoo on pay day is not so bad, is it? It certainly stacks up well against the 25 or 30 of another Company.

No. 3 Company shows such excellent discipline in responding to the fire alarm that table-waiters are falling in fifteen seconds ahead of the rest.

What do you think of our cartoonist? Pte. Moore had contributed several times to the pages of "Judge," and it is fitting that his first cartoon on the war should appear in the paper of his own unit.

ZEPHYRS FROM THE DRAFT (CO. 5)

We hear that Private "Paddy" is still getting into every fight and "courtship" competition, although he has only three legs to do it with, having got his front left in Chancery with the old "bull" sport.

Private Elred has returned from his honeymoon. "Nuff ced."

Corpl. Kavanagh's morning greeting to his men is of a strictly family nature.

The "Heavenly Twins" have disappeared. Their elation at losing their stripes was too exuberant for the said members of this Company.

The next time Private Quinn has business at the bank he will attend strictly to it, and not be tempted into the "show" line. But we have our doubts.

Private Ryan's shoulder is mending well and he thinks another trip to Vancouver might cure it.

A steam shovel has been chartered to dig trenches in future, owing to Quartermaster Jones' desire to join the boys in night attacks.

A hygienic marriage has been arranged for this same "quartermaster" with the heavyweight lady of the two girls with "funny figures."

Lord K. of K. has an efficient understudy in the person of a corporal in No. 4 Platoon. Eleven men of No. 4 Platoon played eleven men and Lieut. Wooler of No. 3 Platoon, and were lucky, considering the odds, to draw, 1 each.

Corpl. Wallack (beg pardon, we mean "Private") is still unattached.

Private Dunn has retired from the roped arena and taken to "cribbage."

Private Burton has returned invigorated from Vancouver, but missed his "fags." He is not suspecting any one, but our famous "snipe shooter" of No. 4 Platoon, wears a worried look.

Private Ashton has retired from the "clay" pigeon shooting contest.

The "C.B." who ordered Platoons 3 and 4 to leave part of the Oval, has given them leave to play in Alaska.

Company 5 during the night attack got in the wrong fort, but rumor says they were right. Oh, you that sit in "mighty places," solve the mighty problem.

The guns captured by the 5th Company are to be placed in Victoria museum, emblems of a mighty victorious sortie.

The boys in Corpl. Kavanagh's tents are preparing for an informal banquet, they have already got a jar of pickles, and hopes run high.

It has not yet been ascertained who told the O.C. to put his cigar out (which was shedding a brilliant glow on the privates who were standing in the fort up to their ankles in water and afraid to "light up," thinking of it spoiling the whole attack).

NO. 1 COMPANY'S QUESTION BOX

Sergt. Burton, J., of No. 1 Company, has decided to start a series of questions, one of which will appear each week. To the sender of the first letter opened, containing the correct answer, Sergt. Burton will award a \$10 bill. The question this week is as follows:

If a clean cut cuts your cut-off off, what pull pulls the pull-through through, when you've dug your dug-out out?

The Drill-Sergeant had encountered a terribly backward recruit, the day after he had heard "The Rosary" sung, and this is the result:

The hours I spend with this recruit
Are as a martyrdom to me;
I long the silly ass to shoot—
No joke is he, no joke is he.

Each hour brings forth some new mistake
To vex a system highly strung.
No heart, methinks, would ever ache
If he were hung.

O wasted days of storm and threat!
O language sorely lacking gloss!
If this were Germany, I'd get
The Iron Cross.

SERG. BURTON, J.,
No. 1 Co.

THE OLD SCOUT SAYS

As it seems to be the rule to praise one's Section in the paper, how about the Scouts' shooting. A scrutiny of the returns from the different Companies shows that the average of the Scouts was 15.9. Well, well, well! comparisons are odious.

Lost but not forgotten. Pte. W. Johncox has left us to take up the duties of recorder of the shooting records of the Battalion. What's that? Did someone say that is how the Scouts have such a high average.

The Bartender at the Manitoba having "passed out" in "mapping and field sketching" the lessons have now ceased. "vic. e."

Of course Napoleon was only about five feet in height, Lord Roberts five foot three and Field Marshal Sir John French is a little less; still it must have tickled the O. C. Scouts when he saw Pte. Cox, of No. 1 Company, who is the business manager of the "Scot."

The advantage of having a Scout attached to a Platoon was exemplified the other night, when No. 5 Company was doing night work. Pte. D. Hughes led his Platoon to and from the trenches.

Ladies and Gentlemen, we introduce to your notice the great quick change artist in his celebrated sketch, "Now you see him and now you don't." Pte. H. L. Thomas on a recent route march along the Bay Road.

Ptes. J. L. Campbell (he of shoe polish fame) and J. J. I. Tunney distinguished themselves on Thursday, Friday and Saturday conducting the shooting gallery at the bazaar in the Sylvester Block. There is naturally a large attendance of fair ladies at these kind of gatherings, and rumor hath it that the boys made several hits, and those not on the target.

Owing to the fact that there has been so much shooting and inoculation recently the Scouts have not been able to do much work together, and therefore we go outside of the Section for a little paragraph.

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GOVERNMENT STREET

MACHINE GUN PATTERN

The Section is gradually being raised to full strength. Geordie Nichol, the crack forward of the Sir John Jackson football team, joined our ranks on Monday. He will greatly strengthen our football team, and it begins to look as if the Machine Gun section will be "right there" in football as they are in the more serious side of our military training.

When Pte. Fuller received his laundry this week he denied being the owner of two small handkerchiefs, but the laundry boy says he sent them to the wash. Harry, explain yourself!

There is a great deal of speculation as to what Pte. McGregor was doing during his leave last week. If Mac doesn't make definite statement soon the boys are thinking of having him up before the O.C.

Lieut. H. S. Okell has been transferred to No. 1 Company, and the boys hate to lose him, but we have the interest of the regiment at heart we will be pleased to note the way No. 1 Company will improve.

Bakers' buns with plenty of currants are a feature of the Section's diet now, thanks to the generosity of G. W. Okell's Bakeries, Limited.

As an expert with the needle Pte. Towson is certainly some class. He is devoting his spare time to making machine gun badges, and if one did not see him working you would not know the "Towson" brand from the manufactured article. We hope he keeps up the good work until the section is supplied.

Cpl. J. Hewitt, the "Napoleon" of the Section, visited Vancouver for the week end. "Stormy" weather caused a slight delay in his return. Cut out the "stormy" weather, Jimmie.

Pte. Valiquet objects to his bed mate striking his arm the first night after being inoculated. Said bed mate promises not to strike him for ten days—the date of the next shot.

Brave Pte. Crocker did not know until the night of the Cariboo banquet that there was a salad named after him. South Fort George crab salad.

Ptes. Kenny and Duggan attended the Arena on opening night and pronounced the ice excellent, but Pte. Duggan complains that "Nellie's" superior height left him very much in the shade with the ladies.

A pair of gloves which everyone in the marquee refuses to own is greatly exercising Cpl. Mills. Question—Who brought those gloves home?

"THE ROLL OF THE DRUM."

In No. 1 Company, the right of the line,
There are several side drummers, all very fine,
But Corporal Higgins has got a big hunch
That out of the lot, he's the best of the bunch.

So, obtaining a pass, he went to town on the bum,
Interviewed Mister Fletcher and borrowed a drum,
Hiked back to the camp, with the drum in his hand,
And forthwith commenced to establish a band.

He assembled the Company and had the roll called,
And for "would-be" musicians loudly he bawled.
There were several stepped forward, some glad and some glum,
And accompanied old Higgins to town, on the bum.

Into town, straight to Fletcher's, he hiked the whole lot,
And peddled the "bull" till these instruments he got;
A cornet, a 'cello, and a fiddle or two
Was what he secured before he got through.

"Now, dear Mr. Fletcher," quoth Higgins the wise,
"In the 'Scot' of next week your firm I'll advertise,
So throw in some music, for which we can't pay,
And let's get to barracks for some practice today."

So, saying "Good-bye," his musicians he led
Out into the street, with a shake of the head,
Secured a "jit" and to barracks did come,
And we've heard nothing since but the roll of the drum.

Sergt. J. BURTON.

No. 1 Co.

MISPLACED ERUDITION

The following was overheard between two pedants of No. 1 Company studying a thermometer: "Zero! who was Zero, now? Was he not the fellow who was always cold?" "No, no, that was Nero, another fellow altogether."

DRINK

PHOENIX PHIZZ

PURE

MALT AND HOPS

SUPPLIED AT CANTEEN

MUSKETRY

From the instructor's point of view the result of the "Grouping" at the 100 yards' range at Clover Point has been very satisfactory. The battalion average of 10.3 is above the average necessary to pass the test, which requires at least 10 points out of a possible 25.

When the fact is taken into consideration that there are a number of men who have never before handled a rifle or are unfamiliar with the Mark 111 Ross, and a great many of the men, while used to shooting in the bush, have had to adapt themselves to military shooting, the result has been most encouraging.

The potential shooting possibilities of this battalion cannot be discounted, and the opinion exists that with the personnel of the men who have enlisted—that is men who are natural shots and who have for years been used to handling a rifle, we should have one of the best shooting battalions in the British army. The material is undoubtedly here, needing only patient instruction and plenty of practice to develop this natural tendency to shoot well; but it must be borne in mind that military shooting is quite different from ordinary shooting.

The use of the rifle under military conditions involves many points that can only be learned by close attention to the instruction, and the rules laid down are based on sound experience and principles covering a period of over fifty years.

Observation at the ranges has demonstrated that the men are keen to learn and every opportunity is given the recruit to make good. Where individual instruction is required particular attention is given to the backward or nervous recruit, but the work of the instructors could be greatly expedited and made less burdensome by the assistance of the men themselves. A good soldier must cultivate a receptive mind, and at no point in the recruits' training is it more needed than in musketry, yet it has been noted repeatedly that even after the most painstaking explanations to the men at the firing point as to proper range discipline, either through inattention or indifference the expediting of the range practices have been retarded by men not conforming to instructions.

Men can help each other very much in their off hours by discussions on musketry, in giving mutual instruction in the adoption of the various fire positions and practicing the doctrine of individual responsibility when on the range.

The musketry instruction is being conducted under the supervision of Lieut. Schrieber, who is being assisted by Lieut. Wilmot and Lieut. Gillingham.

On Saturday morning there will be an inter-company shoot at the Clover Point range under the D.R.A. rules. Each company, as also the staff, will supply six men and two officers to shoot on their respective teams. The distances will be at 200, 500 and 600 yards.

SCOUTS AND SCOUTING

Owing to weather conditions and regimental orders the Scouts have been unable to work as a unit the last week.

Just as soon as the inoculation for typhoid is over, and the tests for musketry are completed, the Scouts will once again get to work, and endeavor to make themselves competent to combat any conditions they may come up against in Europe. It is a great credit to the Scouts that they have in the preliminary shooting at the Clover Point Range scored on the grouping tests 15, which is away ahead of any other unit or company in the 67th Battalion. The Scouts are prepared at any time to put up a shooting team against any unit or company for money or marbles.

VENEZELOS AND CONSTANTINE

"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of jaw."

CARIBOO DINNER

The Cariboo men of the Battalion held a banquet in the Dominion Hotel on November 15th, at which Lieut.-Col. Lorne Ross and several other officers of the Western Scots were present, besides a sprinkling of civilian Caribooites. Covers were laid for about 125, and among those present in khaki were seen several native sons, such as Russell Craig and George Johnston of Barkerville, the Boyd brothers of Cottonwood, Henry Deschamp and Fred Sheppard of Quesnel, and several others. Many of these boys' fathers were pioneers in the early days of the Cariboo rush. A typical Cariboo dinner was served, and the sour-dough cake slid down easily after being well oiled by beaver-tail soup and Van Winkle cauliflower au gratin.

At the completion of the gastronomic performance the toast to the King, proposed by Col. Ross, was drunk. The Chairman, Private Montgomery, then made a few remarks as to the reason for the banquet being held, and he alluded to the happy coincidence that Lieut. W. F. Cooke, who had recruited the Cariboo members, had arrived from Ottawa that morning. The toast to "The Battalion" was eloquently proposed by Pte. James Murphy, a geographical expert, and replied to by Lieut. Meredith. Private Peck, of the Machine Gun Section, poured forth a fusillade of words on the subject "Our Guests," to which Lieut. Okell delivered a vigorous counter-offensive.

Col. Ross was kind enough to say that his hosts had made a splendid showing since their enlistment, and gave Lieut. Cooke the credit he richly deserved for completely draining dry the Cariboo country. (This is not a joke.) Lieut. "Billy" Cooke made a very modest speech, saying he could not understand why so many nice things had been said about him. He reminded his hosts that efficiency spells effectiveness, and he conclusively proved that he could play "black jack." Major Armour was so busy at his table that it was with difficulty and Lieut. McIntosh at different times sang songs without music but not without words. The latter evidently is the author or introducer of a very popular battalion route march to "Our Allies" was fittingly proposed and replied to by Major Meredith Jones and Major Sargison respectively. Pte. Donnelly gave a recitation well punctuated with damns. The final toast—that to "The Cariboo"—was proposed by Capt. Nicholson, who expatiated on the charms of the reindeer and was replied to by Corporal Beasley, who told a sheep story. Lance-Cpls. Condy and Jobson and Pte. J. O. Wilson were so overcome by the proceedings that they have not been seen since. We think they must have returned to the Cariboo to take one last long lingering look at that great country and its inhabitants as depicted by the speakers of the evening, whose flights of forensic and appreciate eloquence, we are reluctantly bound to confess, must have been spurred on by the color of the port.

"God Save the King" was then sung, and amidst cheers for Col. Ross the party broke up to go and help fight fire. An enjoyable time was had.

S.B. SECTION

Ptes. Ede and Settle bade us farewell last Tuesday, having transferred to the C.A.M.C. now at Workwell Point. We shall miss the warblings of Ede, and the ravings of Settle. Both were nice young things, and we hope for their speedy promotion in circles where their superior knowledge will be recognized.

Yes, the cast is dead, so too must be the scribe of No. 1, for he evidently does not carefully read the "Western Scot." No flowers.

Overheard in No. 1 Building, during "physical jerks." "Now, then, heads and eyes erect." A good reason for strained eyes!

"Tabbie" scones? No, sir! We carefully spelled "Tattie" (two 'ts' scones, and we hereby repeat that they are "unco guid."

At the miniature range, Private Danby got the highest score for our Section. He is some shot—possibly it runs in the family, as his two brothers are crack shots, also, and both serving king and country—one in France, the other in England.

The first casualty from the trenches was received in the hospital the other day. It was no horrible wound from shot or shell. It was a more commonplace matter. Just a wound from a shovel, on the head—painful, but not dangerous. "Paddy's" comment on seeing the victim was, "If the do that in the day-time, what the h— will they do at night?"

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Officer (in hospital tent before inoculation): "With what will you inoculate us, doctor, if we go to the Dardanelles?"
M.O.: "Harem serum, sir."

Patient (who has just walked (unaided) over to hospital):
"Give me something quick, I believe I have four ribs broken.
Oh, oh, oh!"

Private Armstrong's discharge has removed a jolly good comrade from the hospital. Our best wishes follow him into his civilian career.

THE RENEGADE

(With apologies to the author of "Fee")
To some of the "men" who lined the streets as the 67th marches through town, the following is respectfully dedicated:

"Have you heard about me, and my sentiments free,
As a man of position and wealth,
A Canadian born, yet my country I scorn,
Though its climate is good for my health;
Such a poltroon I am that I don't care a damn
For this land with its milk and its honey.
I at Canada sneer, for the Lord put me here
For only one thing—to make money.

"I can hear the drums beat as they march down the street
To fight for this land blessed by God;
They may leave their dear wives, they may all lose their
lives,—

So that I can hold tight to my wad;
For the land of my birth is just so much earth,
I care naught for its woes or its needs;
But I love the dear land when I hold in my hand
A lot of land titles and deeds.

"Bah! the Union Jack! I on that turn my back,
For I don't care a cuss for the flag;
My heart only hankers for cash at my bankers—
Why should I die for a rag
Though this land gave me birth, gave me all that I'm worth,
Important and rich it me made,
I care not for the right or the brave boys who fight,
In fact, I'm a d— renegade."

Y.M.C.A.

Even the most casual observer will have noticed the part that is taken by our camp Y.M.C.A. in providing the boys with comfort and entertainment. During the past week, Mr. Stan Young, an old and tried worker of the Victoria branch, took up his duties as camp secretary. We hope the boys will welcome him royally, and do whatever they can to help the work. The Soldiers' Y.M.C.A. belongs to the soldiers. Let us make ourselves proud of it by our interest in it.

From the present time the publications on file will, as far as possible, be kept up to date. There will also be a library of from six to seven hundred books within a short time.

The latest war news is to be placarded on bulletin boards each day in the building.

The first French class met last Thursday. The fee is small, and we shall be glad to welcome more students.

Any particulars regarding Y.M.C.A. activities may be obtained from the Secretary.

CARTOON BY OUR BATTALION ARTIST



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

A NEW "WESTERN SCOT" RECORD

With Apologies to the Victor Talking Machine Co.

G. W. MOORE
No. 3 Company

LETTERS OF A RECRUIT

Dear Bert:—Once I had a name. Those days are almost over. Now my number is 100000002456, and I have a dickens of a time trying to remember it. It wasn't long ago that I gave up being Tom Jones but it seems like years. First of all they took me in and made me swear to be true to my King and Country. Somehow I kind of liked that, as it made me feel that I, too, was really in on the war. Next I was handed over to the Sergeant-Major of my Company. Up to that time I thought I was some pumpkins, as all the folks in town had treated me like a hero. But the S.M. didn't seem to see it for a minute. "What's your name?" he said. "Tom Jones," I answered. "What's your number?" he questioned. "Haven't got one," I said. This seemed to make him wild. I didn't know it, but S.M.'s expect everyone and everything to have a number. He grew purple in the face and asked me in a queer sort of way if I was kidding him. Then I remembered that someone had told me that my number was 1 something, but I couldn't remember the rest of it. The S.M. looked at me in a haughty way and yelled out "Quar-masarsant." "Whatyouwan" came the reply. "A rookie," says the S.M. "Oh, hell," says the Q.M.S. He comes out and eyes me up and down. "Can't fit him for a week," he says, "but come along and we'll see what we can do." I went into a place piled up with boxes and was told that stores had closed an hour ago. Back to the building and watched the company come in off parade. Gee, I felt small. All the men in uniform and me in my last year's suit. They didn't pay much attention to me, for which I was glad in a way, but it made me feel lonely, specially after Perkins Corners, where I knew all the fellows and they all knew me.

In the afternoon I went round to the stores again and got my kit. I didn't know where I was going to get all the stuff stowed away. I got it all nicely laid out to suit myself when the company comes in off parade again and a fellow much bigger than I am came in and said, "Who in hell put all his truck over my bed?" I was too scared to answer, and he just picked up my things and threw them on to the floor. Just then, of course, the company orderly corporal had to come around and pinch me. Gosh! I got the dickens from him. It was funny going to bed that night. It felt queer

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getting undressed in a whole room full of fellows, and the room was none too warm, I can tell you. No one told me how, and I filled my mattress too full and rolled off it during the night. Two blankets and a greatcoat didn't keep me over warm and I wished, when I lay awake early in the morning, that I had my comforter with me.

Just when I had got nicely to sleep reveille sounded and I was roused out. I got into my uniform, which fitted pretty well. The boots seemed cold and hard as a rock. Just managed to make roll call. Breakfast was my first meal in camp. Some meal! I never saw so many fellows

eat at one time. I wasn't quick and got left a couple of times, but managed to make a pretty good meal. After breakfast I went out on parade. The order came to "slope arms," and I managed to get my rifle to my shoulder in time by watching the other fellows. Then an officer comes out and yells "Ooody Hup," and I'm blest if I knew what to do. He says "Sarmajor, what is that man trying to do?" looking at me. The S.M. looks at me in disgust and says, "Oh, he's recruit, Sir." "Fall him out and teach him how to order arms," said the officer. So I fell out with two other fellows and spent the rest of the morning learning how to slope and order arms. Gee, my arms got tired. If I'm ever a sergeant I'm going to let the fellows change arms occasionally. My left arm I could hardly move when we came off parade. In the afternoon we all went for a route march, and believe me, I haven't walked so far since old Heck Biggs' funeral. Gosh, my feet were sore. Those boots felt like a board floor on my feet. The other fellows got along all right. That night we had a smoking concert which was a peach. Haven't seen anything like since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came to town. Lots of songs and card tricks and music. We just got out in time to hike for the building for tattoo roll call and then turn in. This ended my first day in camp.

YOUR OLD FRIEND TOM.

P.S.—It may seem funny, but I like being a soldier and wish you could come, too. No. 100000024, Pte. Tom Jones.

AROUND THE CAMP

Br-rr
Its cold
These nights
And we wish
That
The guy
Who said
Two blankets
Are enough
Was here
Our cold is worse.
* * * * *
Yesterday
We decided to kill it
Good night!
Out all night
And got pinched
And the guard room was cold
And the sergeant of the
guard was rude
And we got seven days C.B.
And Sergeant Howard got
our name
And now we have to leave
concerts
To answer defaulters
And it ain't fair
And we wish we were to
home.
* * * * *
It makes us sick
To see
The
Western Scot
Filled up
With knocks
Between
Companies
You'd think
We were
At war
With

Each Other
Instead of the Germans
Cut it out
And pull together
For the
67th.
* * * * *
Oh! you grub
At the
Ranges
The other
Day
Come
Again
Mac
We sure like it.
* * * * *
Isn't it nice
To stay up all night
On duty.
We did last week
And when we tried
To sleep
Next day
The orderly officer
Wakes us up
And says
Were you asleep?
And we says yes
And he says why
And we starts
To tell him
And just then
The Company
Comes off parade
And there is no
More sleep
And yet
They say
It is great
To be
A soldier.

ONLOOKER.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD TROOPER

(Continued from last week.)

When we arrived in Krugersdorp we found our camp was about two miles from the town, an underground fort all ready made. It just about overlooked the Boer refugee camp. This concentration camp had about 5,000 people in it, mostly women and children, with the exception of a few men who had taken the oath of allegiance. There is a peculiar monument in this town. The Transvaal was at a previous time a British colony, but they rebelled in 1881 and in disgust the Government abandoned the colony. During the operations

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General Colley was defeated at Majuba Hill. He is buried at Charlestown, a few miles away. In commemoration of this victory the Boer farmers, on their periodical nacht maals, "Sacrament Sundays," used to bring a stone and throw it in a pile. When sufficient stones had been accumulated the monument was built and still stands, as far as I know.

In the short space I have at my command I will have to confine myself to a few instances which may be of service to the younger fellows. One chap I would like to mention is our old scout "Siwash" Bill Stewart. Whether he is alive or not I don't know. The old beggar deserves to live for ever. Outside of Major Burrard and Sir Audrey Wools-Sampson, I consider old Bill the best natural scout who ever lived. One of his exploits is this: During the heavy guerilla fighting in 1901 Stewart was attached as a scout to Sir Harry Rawlinson's column. Rawlinson was trying to prevent De Wet from crossing Vaal river and co-operating with General Delarey. There are only two known fords or drifts, as they call them there, along this part of the river, Coal Mine Drift and Lindique Drift. Those were well guarded, but the old fox had some way of getting over. It was known to Sir Harry that De Wet was trying to move his whole command from the Free State if he could. He asked for scout volunteers to carry a message to General Kekewich at Wolmarandstaad. He selected twelve men, and sent them in pairs at four-hour intervals. The ride was about 180 miles from Bothasville, in the Orange Free State, to Wolmarandstaad, in the Transvaal. Bill arrived alone.

The Kekewich I have just mentioned is the Kekewich who committed suicide some time ago. He was a disappointed General, though a more gallant officer never lived. I galloped for him for over three months. During the siege of Kimberley he and Cecil Rhodes differed a good deal, I understand, and it affected his whole career afterwards. I forgot to mention that Stewart got the D.C.M. for his ride.

I remember Major Jones in a little lecture he gave us one day telling us how essential silence in the ranks is. It does not matter now, but when a man thinks that through his own thoughtlessness he may cause the sacrifice of his mates then he will realize what it means. Major Jones is right, and when he dropped into that ant bear hole I can imagine his feelings. You often hear the remark made that the South African war was nothing to this one. Now that is quite true in one sense. That is, the number of men engaged is much greater. You fellows will find, however, that your work will be much easier than we used to find it. You will be practically stationary, and your work and observations will be confined to a very small area. We were mobile, and covered large distances on occasion, and had to suffer a good deal from lack of provisions and water at times. By mobile I mean move, and now I am going to tell a story on Sergt. Norwood, of No. 1 Platoon.

When I first knew him he was in the 18th Royal Irish, Staff Captain in charge of transport. The horse sickness and tsetse flies having killed off the horses, Jack was compelled to haul his guns with oxen. Ask Jack about cow guns and he will put you on the peg.

I was writing about water a while ago. We had been on a block house line between Klerksdorp and Lichtenburg, when suddenly we got orders to get ready for a night march. As usual, we took two days' rations and filled our water bottles. Mine was full of rum and coffee. Those drives which occurred towards the end of the war had for their objective the driving the enemy towards some particular corner. Lord Methuen had been badly cut up a few days previous to this, badly wounded and taken prisoner, if I remember correctly. We were after this particular bunch of Boers. They were commanded by General Delarey, but his fighting executive was General Kemp. A hard customer. He was one of the rebels General Botha has had to contend with a few months ago.

We were commanded by Colonel Grenfell, and the second night out made camp at a place called Rooivaal. It was a dry camp. We had no water, so we munched our biscuits and bully the best way we could. I was a corporal, and that night was sent on outpost duty or sort of an advanced picket. On our immediate right front was a big mealie patch "corn field." I had no sleep, but with three of my men I went over that mealie patch four times and never saw hide nor hair of a Dutchman, and yet in the morning before we could get our advanced guard and screen on the move we were attacked, just about daybreak. The Scottish Horse was in advance that day, commanded by Col. Leader, a Canadian officer who graduated from Kingston. They suffered very heavily. Time to stop. Will continue next week, if possible.

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PIPE BAUN SKRACHS

Why did the sergeant-drummer insist on being inoculated on the chest? The big drum gives considerable exercise to the muscles of the chest. Old soldier stuff—?

We are proud to know that the Orderly Room contains neither crime sheet nor sick report from the "Baun."

The pipers beg herewith to apologize for the drummers, particularly in the matter of a recent football game.

Cowichan makes a poor preliminary to Beacon Hill.

It must be distinctly understood that the music at our approaching ball is to be provided by an orchestra. The dance programme consists entirely of modern dances, but no doubt there will be an opportunity during the evening for Scotch dancers to 'mak' the figure aucht, trock deems an' purl." The ball comes off at 8:30 p.m. on December 3rd. Tickets are \$1.50, double, and must be procured early from members of the band, as a limited number will be sold. Men of the 67th who have a difficulty in finding a partner for the dance are advised to consult Piper Brown.

One of our pipers is very square-shouldered, quite a lady-killer, a regular Adonis. Some of you may associate a route march along Hillside Avenue with memories of green pears and a buxom damsel with hair of the artistic Titian shade. We readily forgive any lady for dispensing with plain "Jack" as a name, but become bitterly jealous on hearing "Cutey" as a substitute. Who wouldn't be a sheep puncher from the tufty corners of Wyoming?

It was quite a disappointment the other night to hear a complaint against the use of "The White Cockade" as a regimental march. Is there really any man in this battalion, at this stage of civilization who is prepared to inform us that a good marching tune should be sacrificed because it originated in a Jacobite Rebellion. If such a person exists he makes a confession of utter narrow-mindedness. We have heard this called the "Sporty Battalion." Let us live up to our title.

Our brass band is fortunate in securing the services of a musician like Sergt. Gaiger, and we can trust him to elevate the musical standards in our brass band.

The two tall pipers claim to be very bashful, but some say they get more fun out of life than many a man with a separation allowance. Watch them and you'll see.

CRUNLUATH MACH.

ICE HOCKEY

A meeting for the purpose of organizing a hockey team to represent the 67th Battalion, Western Scots, was held on Wednesday evening in the lecture room. Lieut. McDiarmid, who captained the Shortt, Hill & Duncan team, that did not lose a game in the Victoria City League last winter, occupied the chair, whilst Lieut. Marsden acted as secretary. The chairman informed the meeting that Mr. Patrick, manager of the Arena, has kindly agreed to allow the Western Scots the use of the rink for such practices as they may require. In order to be ready to enter a team should a city league be formed, a committee composed of Lieut. McDiarmid, Sergeant Young, Corporal J. Falkner, and Private W. E. Parsons, was formed to arrange for hours of practice and the purchase of the necessary outfit. Though this was the initial meeting of hockey enthusiasts among the Western Scots every position, from goal to centre, has its exponent, and there seems no doubt that the Western Scots shall hold their own at hockey, as well as they are doing in football and all other branches of sport.

Lieut. Marsden has played the game, and no doubt he should make a most capable goal tender. Sergeant W. E. Young was a member of the Victoria Y.M.C.A. team that have held the city championship for 1912, 1913 and 1914, and he is as keen as ever for the game. Corporal Falkner played with Queen's University Senior team in '98 and '99, when they won the Ontario honors, and later was a member of Cornwall hockey team (Ontario), where such men as "Newsy" Lalonde and Don Smith learned the game.

Others at the meeting who have played the game in various parts of Canada were Privates W. E. Parsons, F. S. Sheppard, C. McDonald, W. E. Peters, A. R. Crawley, M. A. Wilson, C. F. Boyd and G. E. Johnson, so once the practices start, competition should be very keen to catch a place in the regimental team. As there is nothing better than ice hockey to fit a man for the work ahead of him in Europe all hockey players should get into the game again and play for the Western Scots.

TO THE BRITISH BAYONET

From old Bayonne
There comes a pet
Of British Tommies, "rook" and "vet"—
The peerless, piercing bayonet.

On many a field
Has it been wet,
This pointed, perfect, pretty pet—
The peerless, piercing bayonet.

The want of men
Who can't forget
The reek of Belgium's bloody sweat—
The peerless, piercing bayonet.

The German foe
Shall pay his debt
Of death unto this pretty pet—
The peerless, piercing bayonet.

The Western Scots
Without regret,
Shall use this perfect piercing pet
Upon the foe whose hands are wet
With helpless Belgium's bloody sweat;
This pointed, perfect, pretty pet,
From old Bayonne—

The Bayonet! —C. L. ARMSTRONG.

