

The Western Scot

Vol. 1.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., FEBRUARY 9th, 1916

No. 18

POT POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

"In the Days of the Great Snow, or the Second Defence of Buffer's Drift," will be the title of a novel to be published shortly by Mr. A. B. Carey, it is understood.

Among those who munched into camp in time for breakfast on Wednesday morning last, was Major H. Meredith-Jones. At one spot he got lost in a snowdrift, which refutes the asseveration that the drifts in Oak Bay were small and genteel.

There was an especially big drift blocking the right-of-way in front of the Pacific Club, judging by the number of young subaltern gentlemen collected there. It was possible for one to get as far as the club, but beyond that the road was impassable.

Lieut. Sutton was sound asleep on Wednesday night, when, with a snapping of guy ropes, the tent came down on him. The sleeper awoke, took one look about—and went to sleep again. After all it was quite as roomy as a trench dug-out!

What might have proved a serious accident (in the style of the country newspaper), almost occurred early on Wednesday morning last. A faithful batman was laboring manfully with a shovel to dig out a smothered tent in the officers' lines, when, after a particularly snappy blow of the shovel, a voice cried out in agony from beneath the canvass; "Hey!" cried the batman, excitedly, to a brother batty, "Come quick; there's an officer dying under this tent!" After several minutes' brisk work the batman called out again: "Hold tight, sir; we'll get you out!" when a very cheerful voice from below replied: "That's all right; take your time, but for goodness sake keep your shovel out of my tummy!"

It is quite in order now to spring that old one about the Nut, who, on arriving in Victoria from Overseas during the great snow, inquired of a brother Nut: "I say, old boy; what footwear do you advise for this weather; snow-shoes or mocass-ins?"

One is permitted a certain elasticity of imagination (when one has "fought and died" for one's country), in recounting stories of the field; but it must be adjudged as "coming it a bit strong," when an officer assures the mess that a certain engineer instructor, during the training of a Canadian Battalion in England, caused the men to transport earth in barrows from a distance and then had them heap it into a mound and dig a trench in the mound.

Said the M.O.: "Your jaws, sir, are lumpy;
"They look most engagingly mumpy.
"I seldom have seen
"A more mumpified bean!"
And the victim went off very grumpy.

No. 1 Co. Pte.: "What do you think is the matter with my face, sir?"

Capt. McK.: "Desiring to retain your friendship, I must decline to express an opinion!"

No. 1 Co. Pte.: "I mean the swelling on my neck, sir."

Capt. McK.: "That is a suppurated expansion of the parotid glands."

No. 1 Co. Pte.: "Gee, that's a relief; I was afraid of mumps!"

Wednesday Morn

Silently the snow came down
Covering the town,
Through the chink and crack it sifted,
In the streets it piled and drifted,
Lying mound on mound;
Growing without sound.

Noisily the Sub. reposed,
Shattering the air.
Call on call he disregarded
Till a knock his bliss retarded.
Late, he rushed below;
Shouted: "Saved! the snow!"

In spite of trials and tribulations that are many we have some joys. For instance, the town piquet has been removed for the time being.

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM

Major Harbottle was the deus ex machina during the time of stress. Cool and collected, he arranged for everything. All troubles were straightened out and every obstacle surmounted in a way that brought commendation and admiration from everyone. He certainly has a way with him has our Junior Major, and obstacles and difficulties only serve to bring out his high qualities of leadership and organization.

On the march down town on Tuesday, our Assistant Adjutant was right at the head of the party, along with Major Meredith-Jones, and both officers stayed there breaking trail, going and coming. It is qualities such as these that tend to make the latest recruit to our Headquarters Staff so deservedly popular.

The space vacated by the Pay Department is now ably filled by Lieuts. Armstrong and Gray. We welcome their presence, however, most heartily, and trust that the literary atmosphere of the Orderly Room (for, like Westminster Abbey, we now have a Poet's Corner of our own) may inspire them to produce a paper even more brainy and brilliant than the "Western Scot" has been in the past.

The Orderly Room looked like the desert of Sahara last Tuesday. Q.M.-Sergeant Nicholls and Sergeant Young braved the elements and arrived safely after a strenuous two hours' mush. The rest of the Staff were conspicuous by their absence. We hope they won't behave in a similar way later on.

Many thanks, B.S.M., for the impromptu lunch. It was some pleasure for us to sit around the festive board and partake of the good things that you had foraged for us, under such strenuous circumstances. We appreciate it. These kindly actions help to make life worth living.

Judging by the phone calls received in the Orderly Room last week, half the Battalion was taken sick down town at the same time as the cars stopped. Great coincidence!

We have noticed on many occasions lately that sundry of the Empire's warriors have got black marks on their crime sheets. They then become disgusted at having to serve in a unit where they are thus branded, and promptly transfer, but the unit transferred to is invariably one of very recent formation. This epidemic extends from the Privates even up to Warrant Officers.

SERGEANTS' MESS

No more can we sit of an evening in a comfortable arm-chair, telling lies and our real names, and explaining how this war should be run; no more shall we have to listen to the awful snoring of "Masty;" no more shall we join in the chorus of "Oh Solomon Levi," or refuse to bet with Sergt. Burton on anything, at any odds, any price, win or lose, for lo and behold, the Sergeants' Mess is no more. First of all we got burned out, spoiling most of our furniture and the piano; now the whole blamed thing has caved in. Luckily, everyone got out safely, and saved a few dishes and utensils. Even if we have nothing much left, some of us, especially Sergeants N——d and "Masty," can say that we had our money's worth of the furniture anyway. It is the general opinion that our few remaining chairs would not have lasted much longer anyway, as they were not intended to be used as a gymnasium, but, however, its no use to cry over "spilt milk," or shall we say "spilt snow."—Just when we had a good cook, too. (This was an afterthought).

C.Q.M.S. Stewart has returned to duty after being absent for a few days with an attack of "la grippe." Glad to see you back, Q.M. We need you these strenuous days.

We think its about time that "much transferred" Sergt. Haines, had a try at the Sergt. Cook's job, as that is about

FRY'S PURE BREAKFAST COCOAS AND CHOCOLATE

the only job in the Battalion he has not been detailed to. The other day we saw him instructing a certain platoon in the duties of a "Right Guide." Now he is Acting Q.M.S. Keep it up "Sarge." You'll soon have the details from A to Izzard.

No reports on the results of the Sergeants' Dance are at hand yet, owing to the delay in getting accounts squared up. Some members of the mess have not yet turned in their money or tickets, and until this is done it is impossible to tell how we stand. It was rather an unpleasant surprise to see so few sergeants attend the dance, but maybe we have a small percentage of dancers, but still—!! Our thanks are due the committee for the excellent programme and the way the arrangements were carried out. We would like to mention also the work of some of the sergeants in selling tickets, the highest number being sold by Sergt. Gleason, who sold about \$70 worth. By next issue we hope to have all the returns in and accounts settled. Carry on!!

Its of no use printing remarks about our "breaking trail" march down town. We said enough at that time to last a year or two, but there is another side of the question. Some of us thought the boys that stayed in camp had the best of it, but let us say right here, that some of the boys that were left behind were real heroes, and showed the "spirit of the 67th." Take, for instance, the men who cleared the snow off the main building. That was some job, and it was done in a most satisfactory manner, though it was a very dangerous piece of work. There was another job done (we won't go into details), that was also done in good spirit and without grumbling, as the boys knew it was necessary. During these strenuous days there have been a few weak hearts, but the majority have stood up to it like true soldiers, even though some of the things we were ordered to do seemed useless and unnecessary (i.e., when plenty of horses were available). This reminds us of a remark made by a private on the march back from town ("the retreat from Moresnow.") Officer to private, "Are your feet heavy?" "No, sir, but my heart is." Incidentally, we wonder if the Most High and Almighty B. C. Electric will order all troops, when marching down town to take the back streets, so as not to delay the cars. Sometimes a poor abused soldier, who is giving up his liberty and probably his life, comes in handy, and the sooner some people are aware of the fact the better it will be for all concerned. However, we hope the weather will break soon so we can get back to "Field Days" again, to fight some more bloody battles. To change the subject, we enjoyed the C.O.'s poem very much in the last issue. It appears that we have a number of poets in the 67th of no mean order, and so far we have had a sample of it in every issue. Keep it up! Below is attached a piece entitled "The Drum," by Bret Harte, with "the 67th" inserted in one line, to make it appropriate for this paper.

The Drum

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum—
Saying "Come!
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel;
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed, "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
You must do the sum and prove it," said the 67th-answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannon's thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
Better there in death united than in life a recreant—come!"

C.S.M. Ware, hurry up with that bum foot, the Military Band dance is coming off soon! Oh you "foxtrot!"

Now that we have a regular Editorial Staff, the change for the better in the publication of the "Western Scot," is very noticeable, especially the last issue, which was full of good reading. It is up to us all to support our own paper, by contributing items and subscribing each and every one. For instance, Scout Sergt. Johnstone, might write an essay on "How to play football whilst sitting round a stove," or Sergt. Steele, on "How to court a school-marm," or Sergt. Tait on "What it is like to be a Papa!"—and so forth.

At last the road is clear for travelling down town. Today (Friday), Sergt. Crosswaite is all smiles as he can go and see his little "tootsey-wootsey." He is of the opinion that the 67th and the 88th have been working three whole days shovelling snow for his special benefit. But, however, sergeant, it is alright, we used to have the same complaint once.

The officer of a certain regiment, who thought their Pipe Major was a little-er-abrupt—should hear him dismiss the Pipe Band some time. No; he does not use the ordinary command "Dismiss," he uses—oh, well, never mind.

NO. 1 COMPANY

How the snow did fly along Oak Bay Avenue on Friday, and what a blessed relief it was to be free of barracks for a few hours.

Even Lee-Cpls. bent their dignity to the labor of love. For we suppose we may consider it as such. It would be a nasty jar to find an extra couple of dollars on our next pay cheque.

Anyway, the coffee provided for our lunch was excellent in quality and quantity.

But, better still, was that provided by the Lady from Tipperary. The Regulation Service sandwich met with but qualified approval; seems to have been quite a surplus left over. At one period of the desperate encounter between that plucky little 10-year-old girl and Pte. L. R. Wilson, it looked long odds on our having to dig him out eventually. He managed to make good his retreat, covered more with snow than glory.

How those girls did soak it to us, as we all tried to board the car at once! Not 'alf.

"Covered quite a lot of ground today!"
"Huh! Uncovered it you mean."

Among those whom the Quarantine has claimed are Major Armour and Lieuts. Baker and Gray, who came into residence on Thursday night. While it can hardly be a pleasant change, it will doubtless afford them opportunity of coming into closer touch with the men than any other means could have offered them.

We are particularly glad to welcome back Lieut. Gray, and only regret that his presence among us is but of a temporary nature.

There be some who are born great; others attain greatness, and yet again, others have greatness thrust upon them. These may be fundamental facts, yet in our modesty, we cannot help wondering at times, to what particular merit we owe because our seeming aloofness may be taken by the other all, to be quarantined for mere mumps, is a thing which and we would not have them feel any sense of discouragement about it.

For the benefit of future historians we may say that this thing happened to us at 4:45 p.m., on the 545th day of the Great War.

Pithy Paragraphs From the Preserves of the Pests (Ex.) Communicated by Semaphore From Across the Great Divide)

Our motto: "Mum(p)s the Word!"
We are a small and select party at present—but we have hopes!

We have pleasure (?) in announcing a further addition to our number in the person of Sergt. Norwood, and this is his birthday! Don't say it; it may be unlucky. Up to the present we have not been informed as to what the right method of treatment may be. It seems to be in the nature of a cold cure;—we would it were the "Gold Cure."

Pay parade is still an unknown pleasure—but the Sun do move. (The Sun has moved since then.—Ed.)

Rumors got out regarding the sundry and divers ailments of C.Q.M.S. Jones, but we find ourselves up against a strict censorship in this matter.

"Got Strafe Mumps!"

In answer to the question as to why Company 1 should be singled out for this visitation of Mumps, one cryptic individual suggests that it is because so many of our number come from the vicinity of Oldham. On being further pressed for the answer to this riddle, he refers us to Sergt.-Major Cartwright.

Our sympathy goes out to Pte. W. Parkins. Nanaimo will miss him this week-end.

We understand that the Battalion doctor is getting anxious regarding Pte. N. S. Ryder's condition. A brooding melancholy seems to oppress the patient, which no number of pills seems capable of lifting. Perhaps a visit from Billy Fraser's orchestra might be effective if the trouble is mental.

We are glad to be assured by natives that this has been an exceptional winter from a weather standpoint. It seems to us that during the past week Sir Richard McBride's ideal of a "white" British Columbia came as near fulfilment as it is ever likely to be.

NO. 2 COMPANY

It is gratifying to note that "esprit de corps" is developing in the Regiment; with its growth, which has been spontaneous, aloofness and reserve are disappearing. "Esprit de Corps" is an enemy of selfishness, a road to friendship and a guide to duty, above all it generates a collective sentiment, a communal conscience, which unerringly senses that which would reflect discredit upon the Regiment, and brings with it a high resolve to ever have its honor at heart. Let us see to it then, that this happy beginning is fostered and encouraged, remembering that in the days of stress to come it will help us to the performance of gallant deeds that will shed lustre upon the name of our Battalion, when it is permitted to take its place with the Empire's massed legions to fight for King, Country and Liberty.

That our O.C. enjoys a joke, even when on himself, is well known, and no doubt he got as much enjoyment out of it as those who heard him relate in the officers' mess of the bombarding with snowballs he got from the two girls at the Corner Tea Rooms, one of whom scored a clean hit just above his ear, when we marched past on our way home from the cemetery.

Our next R.A.M.C. Lecture will be the one to prove how much we learnt from Sergt. Brogan. From what he said at his last one it is to be somewhat in the way of a test covering the series he has given us. I would like to say it would be a good idea if the Canteen Committee would draw on the Canteen Fund to buy sufficient material for "Triangular Bandages," so that each section could have three at least to practice with, as there is not the least doubt that the men would take care of them when not in use. Practice makes perfect, and the spirit is willing, but we need the right articles to practice with.

As a test of endurance the march to the old Drill Hall last Wednesday was a severe one, and when back in camp, few who participated, cared to repeat the journey down and back again. Since then the orders are shoulder shovels to clear the way down town. That is not the worst. A cold colation, "cheese and jam sandwiches and water," are not just the right diet for a man using a shovel all day, or even 6 or 8 hours. Smiling Mack, of No. 7 Platoon, got busy and hustled up hot coffee for the boys, I hear. Good boy, Mac.

It was a pleasure for me to receive two contributions from men in No. 2. It shows the men are taking interest, and I am hoping there will be many more before long, as "Many hands make light work." Many minds make more interesting reading in a paper like the "Western Scot," so it is up to the men of No. 2 to help to make our contribution the most interesting by turning in all the articles and jokes they hear. There is some talk about the lack of support the "Western Scot" receives from the men of the Battalion. It has been suggested that the men would rather pay by the month; say 15 cents or 10 cents, and have their "Scot" each week, and I, for one, would like to hear what the men of No. 2 think about the suggestion. Talk it over among yourselves, men, though it doesn't need much talking over, for, at the most, it only means the loss of three beers or a whisky during the month for most of us, and we would not miss that much I'm sure. Speaking for myself, I'd like to see every man in the 67th a subscriber, and the majority contributors also, for there are men in the Battalion who could, if they would, write

(Continued on page 5)

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The Western Scot

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9th, 1916

DISCIPLINE AND EFFICIENCY

(Lieut.-Col. Lorne Ross, C.O.)

The Battalion will soon be leaving for the Old Country, where it will be inspected to ascertain in what state of military preparedness it is, and whether it is sufficiently trained to be sent to the firing line. Two essential qualifications will be looked for by the Inspecting Officers, and our standard will be marked by how the Battalion stands the test in discipline and efficiency. British Generals lay very great stress upon discipline, and it is by their standard that we will be judged.

The appearance and behavior of all ranks on parade will count for much. If the men are clean, clothes neat, and there is an absence of confusion and talk in the lines, it will all be taken note of.

A prompt and ready obedience to orders, precision in marching, the men looking straight to the front and keeping their dressing properly, will all be favorably commented upon.

The Western Scots are anxious to get on the firing line as soon as possible, and it is necessary that we work hard to pass inspection in the Old Country, and to acquire a reputation for efficiency and discipline.

While we want the discipline that will make a man act smartly and do his duties correctly, we want something better. We want "esprit-de-corps" that will make a man take a personal pride in living up to the best traditions of the British Army, and will make him at all times careful that his behavior and conduct will enhance the reputation of the Battalion. "Esprit-de-corps" means loyalty to the Commanding Officer and the Battalion, and means a cheerful co-operation between all ranks in carrying out duties. Let all ranks endeavor to cultivate confidence, courage, courtesy, cheer and co-operation, and be ready at all times to do everything to make the Western Scots a Battalion second to none in the British Army.

I want to give out a few hints to officers and men, that perhaps may be helpful in attaining the standard at which we are aiming:

Officers: Let every Officer of the Battalion endeavor to build a reputation for efficiency. Let him cultivate decision, self-reliance and action, and be willing to accept responsibility, study hard, read up your military books and try to gain the benefit of the experience of Military Authorities, and thus be better qualified to lead your men and get the best results from them. Preparedness, decision of character, and a willingness to go ahead and get the work done, mark the officer of initiative. In war, as in everything else, men are judged by results. Get results. Don't rely on excuses and explanations. They won't pass in this Battalion. Have faith in your men and they will have faith in you. Acquire the ability to appreciate their true worth. Use tact in dealing with them. Take time to explain carefully what you want done. Give your commands clearly and forcibly, and then see that they are carried out exactly as ordered.

N.C.O.'s and Men: Remember that the road to promotion is not long if you put your personality, your vim and whole self into the day's duties. Don't forget, every time you do a wrong thing or shirk duty that you are hurting your chances for advancement and are going backwards. While military life is new to a great many of the men in the Battalion, and the first duties come hard and are sometimes irksome, let a recruit try to do what is given him to the best of his ability. Remember, that by doing your work with snap and energy the work will come easier next time, and you will be a stronger man and on the road to efficiency, and when an emergency crops up you will be able to stand fast, and when the opportunity comes be ready for promotion. Don't be satisfied with simply doing your work or duty. Put your personality into it, and don't be afraid to do too much. Don't find fault. Don't grouch. Play the game. Be loyal to your Officers, the N.C.O.'s and your comrades. Discover your own abilities. Work hard. Get in line for promotion.

THE "M.O."

In the annals of the Great War he is seldom given the place to which his courage, his unflinching efficiency, his untiring efforts and splendid devotion to duty entitle him. A word here is due to the good work done by Capt. R. E. McKibben, C.A.M.C., medical officer attached to the Western Scots. During the

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recent unfortunate outbreak of mumps in the Battalion his work has been very arduous. The unprecedented snowstorm which literally tied up the entire city failed to stop Capt. McKibben. Up to his neck in drifts, he rushed through from town and got to his patients. From early morning until midnight he was on the job, and every ill man was given the attention he required. And if the M.O. was tired or worn out, or "fed up," he never showed it. He always wore a smile. Work like this is appreciated by all ranks!

On the subject of "M.O.'s," it is appropriate to point out that among the many who earned the Victoria Cross—and who will never be known to fame—during the soul-testing attack on Gallipoli, were medical men. Capt. Welsh, of the New South Wales Army Medical Corps, was shot in the left hand, but remained in the operating theatre and continued to do good work. That he was painfully injured is testified to by several. But Welsh would not allow his name to appear in the list of wounded. Detours are the only people who have a right to say whether a man is wounded or not. Welsh exercised that privilege in his own case.

All honor to the brave saw-bones.

(Continued from page 3)

short articles about their personal experiences, "comical and otherwise," the world over, which would make the best of reading, and by doing so, help to make the "Western Scot" a big success in every way. Let the men of the 67th take for their motto the one sworn to by the "Three Musketeers": "All for one and one for all," and they will make a success of anything they undertake to do. Here or somewhere in ——— deleted.

NO. 3 COMPANY

We certainly cannot come up strong this week, for the simple reason, that at the time of writing we scarcely have enough men to form fours, but when it comes to finding men to bring the "grub" from the cookhouse to the lines of our Company—ask Cpl. Eden.

We are real pleased to see our captain back with us again, and sincerely hope he will manage to dodge the mumps, and the various other contagious diseases that are said to be around camp.

What a dreadful state of affairs! one private was heard to say (and he got it on good authority), that the quarantine card was being made out, to be hung on the gate for, measles, smallpox, "leprosy," mumps, and another awful disease with a "great big long name," which he didn't just remember.

We like being the exclusive set, but what's this? Horrors, is it true, all bars out of bounds? Ye gods; this is the unkindest cut of all. We beseech of thee, can we not have a bar of our own? Our dying plea, do not say us nay, a few of us would be satisfied with a peanut bar, while others would like chocolate. A joke is a joke, but mumps are mumps, and we all wish that No. 1 Company will soon be able to look upon the present trouble as a thing of the past.

Pte. Hardy, of 9 Platoon, shows a charming disregard for any kind of disease, now that he has been inoculated. Stay with it, old Christian Science.

The boys of No. 3 Company are anxiously inquiring when they will get their new hats with the inscription, "B. C. Electric," on them, while some of them are waiting for the uniform of the housemaid, since their employment under various corporations.

Speaking of fatigue duty, which particular fatigue was Pte. Olver on on the day of the 3rd? He was mess orderly for the week, and at 6:30 a.m. was seen rushing off with soap and towel (nobody saw what he did with it), and at 6:45 a.m. was in the cookhouse ready for action. He was next seen "beating it" to the stove, but Cpl. Eden saw him and "put him on" another "little job," making the tenth for the morning. He was then permitted to go and get the men's dinner. After dinner he got a few more "jobs," and then got still another, that of filling a pit that had been dug on the other side of the hospital tent. Finally, however, he got to the stove for about fifteen seconds, and was then handed seventy-five copies of the "Western Scot" to sell; finishing this, he was again permitted to bring the meal along. Lack of space forbids printing his opinion of the day's work, and of a certain corporal.

We all respected the mess-house not a little, but would like to see the other side go just to convince us of which way it would fall, also we would like to add that we like having our meals brought to bed to us. Meaningless entirely.

The recent wintry weather has been seized upon by the gentler sex of Victoria as an excuse to assume the attire generally peculiar to the male, and many and varied are the ensembles of man's attire, witnessed on the thoroughfares these days.

Ladies, chic (and chickens) in every degree of comeliness, have crossed our path on our recent down-town parades, arrayed in costumes never before seen outside "Life," and while the majority were sensible and appropriate in appearance and utility, a few of them verged on the ridiculous.

One of these, a chicken (more sizeable than the party from whom she borrowed the nether garments of her suit), was decked out in a tight worsted jersey (in three combative colors), a balaclava cap, and a pair of "military slacks."

While fashion journals proclaim military styles as the vogue, we sincerely hope the ladies will be conservative in their adoption, and leave the extremes to the "Life" like journals.

Apropos the remarks in another column of recent issue, on the import of the numerical appellation of the "Western Scots," we note many reports of the sickness and senility of Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria. Is there any significance in the

fact that we mobilized in the year the Emperor celebrated his sixty-seventh birthday? Then again, the Kaiser will celebrate his sixty-seventh birthday in ten years' time. So it's just possible that the fulfillment of a coincidence will be effected when we account for Bill in 1926.

Deeper still is the mystery surrounding Pte. Clarke, who still wears that unemotional expression, and who still refuses to smile. The title, "Gloomy Gus," has been surmounted by that of "Sprightly;" still the "mysterious" refuses to smile or show any interest in what is going on. Only one solution to the puzzle seems likely, i.e., he may be the victim of some great hypnotist; if so, how terrible indeed, is the spell cast on him. The only words he is ever heard to utter are: "Give us a cigarette; now a match."

Speaking of mysteries, "Tank" Thornton has lots of money many days after pay-day, and can only see one sergeant, where before he used to be able to see two, when he came back at night. Take care of your title, "Tank!"

Affection is certainly touching, but we find it hard to believe that it is his own sister, with whom Pte. D. ———, of 9 Platoon, takes such walks, and into whose large dreamy eyes he gazes in such a manner. I've got sisters Pte. D. ———, but ———

Pte. P. Price remembers taking a bath some time ago, but he says that the water was lots warmer than that "little" leak from the roof, which almost washed his mattress from under him not long ago. He prefers learning to swim in some other place than in bed in a barrack-room.

With reference to Pte. Johnson, of the Transport Section, wanting to know if it would be alright for him to use his foot to put a horse's jaw back into position in case of dislocation, we can assure him that there would be no danger of him losing his foot.

Pte. Cotton surprised us when he arrived in camp and reported sick, right away, and then reported to the "Monte Carlo," assistant-manager "Tank" Thornton, that he was financially embarrassed.

NO. 4 COMPANY

Overheard on the recent general inspection:

Inspecting Officer to Pte. Barrett (No. 13 Platoon).

"Have you had any fighting experience?"

Barrett: "Yes, sir. I came over from Vancouver with a draft from the Irish Fusiliers."

Inspector: "Why, that's not fighting experience!"

Barrett: "It was to me, sir; there were sixteen fights on board."

Pte. D. ——— does not hail from Aberdeen for nothing. With a single nickel in his pocket for car-fare, and a desire in his throat for a drink, D. is said to have entered a bar when he ordered a glass of beer. When the beer was served, D., as if suddenly changing his mind, asked the bar-keeper to take back the beer and give him a whisky instead. Drinking down the whisky, D. made for the door, when the bar-keeper asked for payment.

"But I traded the beer for the whisky," said D.

"Yes, but you have not paid for the beer," argued the bar-keeper.

"Well, I didn't drink it!" retorted D.

The boys of No. 4 greatly appreciate the O.C.'s frequent distributions of reading and pictorial matter. His thoughtfulness is doubly valuable during these days of inactivity.

Though Pte. Green is some cribbage player, he is kept awake nights trying to figure how Pte. Stacy got five fives out of one deck.

Why is No. 1 Section, 13 Platoon, like a zebra?—Because it's all stripes.

Pte. Thompson certainly enjoyed himself at the recent bean feast in St. Colomba Church.

Tommy says had he known there would be so many good things to eat, he would have taken his mess-tin along.

SCOUT SECTION NOTES

Through the courtesy of Mr. Young, the popular and genial secretary of the Y.M.C.A., we have been using the recreation room for Scout lectures. We hope Mr. Young will achieve his ambition and be able to come with us when we leave for the front.

Mr. Marsden was explaining the best methods of obtaining information from an enemy people and Pte. Murphy, of No. 3 Company, thought it would be rather difficult to make some of

them talk. In fact, he opined, "You would have to kill them to make them talk."

Well! Fitcher and Jackson got those Scout Badges alright. Nothing like perseverance.

We have not much to talk about this week, except snow. And there is, sure, lots of that.

Wednesday was one day on which the Scout Section did not lead the Battalion on a route march. We started off in front alright, but took our turn in falling to the rear, four at a time, with the rest of the troops. That was some route march. The Willows garrison, consisting of the 67th Battalion Western Scots, C.E.F., and others, broke a trail through snow never less than four feet deep, and worse than that in some places, all the way from the Willows to town, enabling teams to travel, and sundry civilians to get from their previously snow-bound homes to town and back for much-needed provisions. In the Scout Section we always fancied ourselves as hikers, but we have to express our admiration of Major Meredith-Jones and Lieut. Sutton for the way they led the whole parade from camp to town and back again. That was some "mush."

When conditions are favorable, Scout Sheppard is going to take a day's leave and tell us all about the great things he can do with a rifle, paying special attention to the time he killed three caribou with one shot. Sheppard is some rifleman; if you don't believe us, ask him yourself.

The Scout Section has already made two official maps and is now considering making a third. Since moving from the Battalion Orderly Room, the Pay Department has hidden itself away in an almost inaccessible corner of the camp, and our "Scout Section Field Sketch No. 3" will be a route map of how to find the new Pay Office, and in place of a "scale of miles in inches" will be put the best methods of getting a little action when you do get there. We are going to present some "artist's proofs" of this map to Sergt. "Jimmy" Smith for the use of the Pioneers.

MACHINE GUN PATTERN

On Sunday night last we had the honor of a visit from Major Harbottle and the Adjutant, which was very much appreciated.

The vacancies in our Section were replaced last week, Ptes. Pringle, Trayling and Sloan being the newcomers. Welcome!

Physical jinks, semaphore and lectures in the morning and route marches or shovelling snow in the afternoon are gradually preparing us, both mentally and physically, for any future duties we may be asked to perform. There is a lot to learn.

Wilson sure likes toast!

We beg to thank our O.C. for the fine article he read to us during the stormy weather, which was both interesting and instructive, depicting in most vivid style both the humorous and serious side of war in the trenches. It will no doubt stand us in good stead.

It would do Q.M.S. Instructor Brogan's heart good if he could just look in on our happy home once in a while to see the good results his lectures have done. McLaren, Ronson and Flynn certainly seem to enjoy feeling each other's pulses, while bandaging and First Aid of all descriptions goes on anon. The other evening Parry and Wilson were having a friendly wrestling bout when hostilities suddenly ceased, the attention of all being drawn to a swiftly flowing stream of red, red blood. At first it was thought that one of the contestants had attempted "how to cut your throat properly"; but no, it was only the "wee" nose of "Wee" Wilson. Like Aristides of old, Crocker quickly discerned what was needed, and easily explaining same in a speech, had a tourniquet about the patient's neck in no time.

When some of the "Western Scots" enlisted they were told that Victoria was a veritable Honolulu, and now it is really strange to hear some of the old residents explaining how unusual the late weather is. Still, they or we cannot help it or change it, and while certain discomforts are inevitable, still we are quite happy. Our motto is: "Always be good natured."

Shovelling snow at the Oak Bay Junction is not so bad after all. Coffee, tea, cake, soup, roast beef—all seemed to come our way. The residents were certainly kindness itself. "We've got friends."

Anent article by "Cash on Hand" last week, that if a man were overpaid one month it would be deducted the next, Pte. Nichol knows this quite well. Being given fifteen days' pay after his fifth day as a soldier, he thought it was a great game. But lo! the next month his cheque was indeed small. How-beit, he says he had "some time" while the going was good.

EXCHANGES

Several very interesting military contemporaries have come to the desk in our new, swank sanctum in the Battalion Orderly Room recently, proving that we are some paper. We hope to see these good friends regularly, and others with them. Their arrival has enabled us to add another title to our name, viz.: "E.E.," or "Exchange Editor."

Among the exchanges already received are: "The Weekly Chronicle," of the 47th Battalion, New Westminster, B.C., Canada, published at Bramshott, England. This is a fine, live paper, containing a wealth of real news in four extra large pages. The editor is "Private 628568 (28935)," and the motto is "Pro Rege et Patria."

Another welcome visitor is the wide-awake "Sentinel and Military News," of Edmonton, Alberta, edited by Lieut. J. L. Thomas, and published weekly. It is bright with military news of the entire Province of Alberta. In the issue of January 29th it has the following: "The Western Scot, a military paper of Victoria, B.C., is a 12-page issue and gives a lot of information concerning the 67th Battalion."

STRETCHER BEARERS' SECTION

Wallace says: "Mumps the word!"

Everybody in our Section appreciated the article "As to Ranks and Rankers" which appeared in the last issue of the "Scot." Bob says he has one on "Banks and Bankers."

Contrary to custom, Johnnie thinks it is fine to be hospital orderly.

Our new M.O. is like a certain famous painter: He gives great attention to detail. Needless to say, we like his style.

Peters: "I ain't grumbling! Vots de matter vid you?"

On returning, Dick, indicating his neck, said: "I landed up to here in a snow-drift."

At present Teddy's head is not too full of salines, bromides, inhalations, etc., to prevent his flighty imagination from running riot. He was as ready as ever when the M.O. asked him a question the other evening.

Hospital Orderly to Sergeant Cook: "How many meals are you providing today?"

Sergeant Cook: "Ten in this tent, nine in the next, and the major—twenty-four."

Scout Section, we thank you for a kind word!

In answer to our anxious inquiries, J.R. says that his muse seems to have deserted him.

Paddy says: "If ye hurrt thot lig agin, me darlint, o'll break your — nick!"

SHAVINGS FROM THE PIONEERS' WORKSHOP

Creditable mention was made in a recent issue of "The Colonist" of Pte. Pearson, Pioneers. At a down-town concert he sang with much feeling, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," etc. We hear this said sweet thought was bolstered up by another, viz.: the promise of a chicken supper after the show. We hope the chicken mentioned had nothing to do with the "chicken" our First Aid lecturer, Q.M.S. Brogan, told us about last Saturday.

The Sergeant-Drummer must imagine he is a mine-sweeper or a submarine, judging by his frantic dives, etc., to locate the alarm clock at 5.30 a.m. a few mornings ago. Oh, you reveille! "Dunc" solemnly swears he never heard it go off.

Is "Oor Pat," who is something of a lady-killer, contemplating matrimony or practicing economy? Last Saturday, after talking for over an hour to a very attractive young lady on Yates Street, he allowed her to go home alone on a Hillside car. When spoken to about it, "Pat" explained, "Weel, I hid jist aneuch for two beers, onyway."

We had a gay old time dislodging the snow from the roof of the Main Building on Thursday last, but the persuasive power of a jet of water from the fire hose soon told on it. Pte. Robinson was lowered down the roof and did great work with a shovel (lent for the occasion by the Q.M. Stores). Pte. Trickett, who held the rope for "Joe," remarked that it was the heaviest bait he ever fished with, and should he get a bite nothing short of a steam-winch would bring him in. To see the joke, first see "Joe."

Last week someone took a wall from a marquee in our lines. This someone must be a "fly" customer.

We hear that

One Pioneer is fond of his beer,
Two or three more like to "gas";
But for a whole-hearted liking for "deer,"
Watch our Corporal when he goes out on pass.

We beg to thank the Signallers for their private invitation to their Gorge Picnic Party on April 1st, and we will guarantee that Pte. Pearson will go with the Machine Gun Section as a professional jam-eater, although it is much against his wishes.

"HAMISH."

"MISSIN'!"

(An extract sent to us by Cpl. G. Crookston, of No. 4 Company, 103rd Battalion, C.E.F.)

"I've a laddie, an' he's missin', my he'rt is very sair,
A hunder thochts gang thro' my mind, pacin' owre the flair,
Missin'—Jimmie—Missin'—faur better ye were deid,
For then ye're 'yont the grup o' them wha lust fur flesh and bluid."

"Whaur is my son?" I ask mysel', a dizzen times ere nicht,
Anither dizzen questions ere dawns the mornin' licht.
Is he wounded, sair, an' stricken, beneath a German wa'?'
God watch ower and bless him, frae freens he's faur awa'.

Maybe he's ta'en a prisoner, that he winna get to fight,
Or lyin' wi his haun's cut aff, that's hoo he canna write.
Missin', whaur there's nane tae care, be he alive or deid,
Nane tae soothe and comfort, nor lift the deein' heid.

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want," he learned at my knee,
Through the valley of the shadow His staff shall comfort thee.
Oh! Jimmie, only trust Him, put that promise to the test,
Then savage German murderous hordes will come out second best.

They talk o' Britain's honour to uphaud a righteous cause,
Her mighty Empire girt about wi' freedom's peerless laws.
Spier at a Scottish mither what guid is a' that fame,
Mournin' for her laddie, wha'll ne'er again come hame.

Missin'—Jimmie—Missin'—sad thochts that rend and burn,
In the lang, lang days to come, will ye no' return?
Oh! death in life, the yearnin' for that which canna be,
Aye lookin' for the letter which we shall never see.

When the warfare's over, and crowds the victory cheer
From town and city belfry melodious to the ear,
What of the gallant men who shall return no more,
Those thousands brave who found a grave on Flanders' distant shore?

Missin'—Jimmie—Missin'—what can I dae but greet,
Sittin' lane and weary for the comin' o' your feet.
God's will be done; but this I ken, faur ayont the stars
We'll meet again tae pairt nae mair, whaur there's neither guns nor wars.
J.P.

TO ALL RANKS—WESTERN SCOTS

The suggestion has come from various quarters—from men and officers both—that a subscription list for the Western Scot be started at once. Such an arrangement would serve to insure the maintenance of the paper on a sound basis permanently. Other Battalions have instituted newspapers after arriving in England, and some have maintained them even in the trenches. But it is our ambition to keep "The Scot" going without missing an issue until the end of the war. To do so we must have the warm support of the whole Battalion. If every individual in the Battalion would subscribe fifteen or twenty cents a month, in return for which he would receive a copy of the paper each week, the life of the paper would be guaranteed practically. Those interested in the news and business end of "The Scot" are giving their time and energy to the work enthusiastically, and, despite the belief of some, they receive nothing in return but the satisfaction of seeing the paper progress successfully. They are out to make "The Scot" a live one. Look over this issue. Are you going to help?

A. A. GRAY, Lt.,
Business Manager.

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READ, MARK, LEARN, and inwardly
Digest it, that when you eat at the

JOHN BULL LUNCH ROOM

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POPULAR PRICES

WILLOWS CAMP

Main Gate

BANTER BY THE BATMEN

Juggling shaving water at 6.30 a.m. and polishing belts by the light of the silv'ry moon isn't conducive to literary ability, but the officer who runs the "Scot" says he wants some dope from us weekly. So here we are!

What's the use of being punctual, anyway? When you do wake them up they go to sleep again!

Some job being a batman last Tuesday night. Zim! down goes your own tent! Get up and rig yourself out. Fifteen minutes later, Zim! down goes your officer's tent. Beat it over and dig him out! Oh, it's a gay life!

We noticed Lee.-Cpl. Fawcett really working last week. Rather hard on a married man.

It has been decided that when Lieut. Sutton failed to wake up on Tuesday night after his tent came down on him that he was dreaming of Tickler's jam.

We regret the loss of Batman T. Pickup, who has returned to Nanaimo.

Pte. Allen is complaining of the cold now that he has lost his bed-mate.

BATTALION APPOINTMENTS AND PROMOTIONS

Jan. 31st to Feb. 5th

To be Sergeant: No. 102428, Acting-Sergeant W. R. Tait, Base Company.

Qualified to wear Scout Badge: No. 102332, Pte. W. J. Gibson; No. 103152, Pte. H. Manwood; No. 102452, Pte. C. Berryman; No. 102625, Pte. J. Macdonald; No. 103155, Pte. M. Greenlees; No. 102915, Pte. L. W. Jackson; No. 102228; Pte. J. Dobson.

To be Acting-Sergeant while doing duty with Brass Band: No. 103254, Pte. G. P. Gaiger.

Officer's Transfer; approved provisionally by Headquarters, Ottawa: Lieut. J. F. Burde, on transfer from 67th Batt., C.E.F., to 102nd Overseas Batt., C.E.F.

67TH MILITARY BAND

The past week has been full of trials and tribulations to our little unit. The military ball, for which we have worked so strenuously, has, unfortunately, been postponed indefinitely owing to part of the Battalion being isolated, and also partly due to climatic conditions at the present time. However, we are still full of hope for the future, and just as soon as the quarantine is lifted we intend going ahead with the dance, and we assure the Battalion nothing will be lost by this delay. All tickets sold will be good for the dance at the appointed time.

As far back as we can remember there has been debates on the duties of a bandsman, and we certainly began to think a bandsman's duties consisted of playing, eating and sleeping, permanent passes and sick relatives. This idea has been sadly shattered the last week, and if our poor bruised hands and hearts could speak, there would be some howl against the beautiful snow which we have helped to move lately.

We must admit, that although as a body, we are not a scared outfit, there are a few men in the band who have not yet left their mothers' apron strings, and if the bit of snow we have had has scared them so completely, what we shall do with them later on some one knows and they won't tell.

Lost in a snowdrift on Pandora Avenue: Two loaves and part of a scalp. Finder please return to Pte. Higgins, Base Company.

OUR PRISONERS ENJOYING LIFE

**Letter from Major Armour, in Internment Camp, States All
Are Being Well Treated—Tales of Atrocities
Exaggerated**

Friends of those recently known to have been taken prisoner will be pleased to learn, from the letter written by Major Armour and reproduced herewith, that they are being well treated and are not in danger at present. Following is Major Armour's letter:

Internment Camp,
Doberitz,
No. 1 Coy. Building.

Editor "Western Scot,"

Dear Friend Chas.:—

Am writing to let you know how we are getting along. Of course we are not allowed to discuss the war here, so we pass our time speculating on what the B.C.E.R. intend to do for us now.

Our captors treat us fairly well, although our meals are often late (mess secretary please note). Do not believe all the stories of atrocities you hear as they are not true. In fact I am writing to ask you to send me my bathing suit and tennis shoes and racquet, as our captors have no objection to our indulging in these sports. They seem, indeed, to try to encourage us to take them up to their fullest extent.

The men are a great crowd and try to amuse themselves as well as possible under the trying circumstances. We have nightly concerts and dances. The poor devils long again for action, of course, and who can blame them? Gee, but the Empress would look well!

You will be surprised to hear that Bake and Gray are in this camp too. Gray and I were taken together, but Bake did

not get rounded up until after a strenuous action near Belmont Avenue. Bake, so far, has kept out of trouble, but as punctuality is an essential here you may get word any day of his being on bread and water.

One of the most interesting studies here is the length of the men's memories. Such dear old fossils as "Hiawatha," "Red Wing," "Silver Heels" and "Pony Boy," are rendered by excellent quartettes almost nightly. Bake prays for freedom and Turner, and says he knows he will be socially ostracised when he comes out for whistling old stuff which was new when he was captured.

We are not allowed to write more. Mumps the word!

Regards,

(Signed) THE MAJOR.

The original letter is interesting, apart from the news it contains by reason of the censor's stamp across it, reading: "Dis iss do zertify dis ledder iss K.O. alretty yedt." (Signed) Obergeneral Pumpnickel, 3 Delicatessen Korps, Inspektor-censoren.

PIPE BAUN SKRACHS

Good Lord! Lauchie did not come round to see us last night. We were beginning to think he had left the Brattalion.

Jock Low is getting stouter every day, and our section sleuth, Battling Nelson, put two and two together and concluded that the man who sized Jock up so earnestly on a recent parade was really an agent for Pat Burns. We hope Jock comes home early in the future, because if any man met Jock late at night and tried to convince him he was an ox, Jock might look down and find he did see four legs.

Mr. Geary had quite a tough time at Saanichton the other night getting "to" and "from," but after an escape from shipwreck, and sundry other vexations, he made it.

Band Limericks

- (1) There wiz an aul' piper ca'd Wallace.
His breeks wiz hung on ae gallows.
On Hogmanay nichts
In spite o' the lichts
He thinks the street's a' howes an' hallows.

- (2) For Lauchie, see Jamie Wallace (Limerick No. 1).

It is an awful sensation, falling plump on the sidewalk with a kilt spread all around you, making you feel and look like a sort of a table-centre.

Q.M.S. Jones, in the circumstances above described, would look like a whole tablecloth.

Has anyone ever thought of a Regimental Debating Society? [Heaven forbid.—Ye Edytor.]

Has anyone discovered just what Mrs. 'iggins said and did when the worthy drummer returned home minus the bread after waiting for two hours on the bread line. A loaf in the hand is worth two in the snowdrift.

Mrs. Walker, of Saanichton, had occasion to go through the snow recently on a visit of mercy to some sick person. Several gentlemen broke trail for her. This kind of work is becoming quite frequent among men of the 67th, and we wonder—wonder—wonder—?

As a mess waiter, Colin is guaranteed to raise more Cain than a dozen Lowlanders, especially when the Base Company takes a notion that Colin is to be waiter for it.

Jamie refuses to go to Heaven after death, because it would be strictly T.T., with all kinds of orderly duties. Down below one would find all the other pipers, so that a fellow's turn would not come very often. This constitutes a dilemma for Lauchie, Angus Morrison and others, because they must either suffer the infernal climate beneath us or go to Heaven, widowed, temperate, and doomed to listen to the angelic strains of those who carry the lyre on their sleeves.

CRUNLUATH MACH.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

- When we are going away?
- Where we are going?
- What General Hughes really thought about us?
- Who the nine Battalions senior to us are?
- How many farewell balls we are going to have?
- If the leather and nails for soling and heeling our shoes really costs a dollar?

Why the Pioneers did not finish laying sidewalks?
 Where some fellows steal their wood?
 How much a certain corporal paid for his riding breeches?
 What the arrow on the Scout Badge means?
 Why the 11th C.M.R. furnish no Camp Fatigues.
 Who is supposed to answer the telephone in the canteen?
 Why Sergt. Banks likes to frequent the gallery in the Columbia Theatre?
 Why some of the boys are so sorry they transferred out of the Battalion?
 Why the 67th is furnishing a guard for James Island?
 Why some fellows knock the Pipe Band?
 Why the Pay Sergeant kicks so much when he hands you your own cheque?
 How many sergeants attended the Sergeants' Ball?
 Where the Q.M. buys his meat?
 How some fellows will like their cooking lessons?
 Why we didn't get that big hot supper the other night after the route-march?
 The name of the writer who wrote the article in "The Times" the other night after the raid on the jail?
 Whether he is in uniform or not, and why?
 Why some people won't be seen in cafes soldiers frequent?
 If it isn't because they are ashamed of being seen without a uniform?
 Why the 103rd call themselves Timber Wolves?
 Where some people got the idea that we are a bunch of toughs?
 How those fellows who are always knocking, were brought up?
 (Signed) THE QUESTION MARK.



The "Sketch," London.

Lieut. Sutton (back from front): "Mud, my boy? Why it's up to one's neck!"
 O.C. Scouts: "Whose neck?"

PAY PARAGRAPHS

Irrespective of the inclemency of the weather the pay department showed up in force to deal out the all-powerful, as per Battalion orders. We were very sorry boys that there was not any cash to redeem the cheques, but we will do our best the next time.

Casualty: Pte. J. A. Sharpe, of this office, having not reported for duty on Wednesday morning, investigation shows him in the quarantine gang. Well, Jim, you're pretty sharp in some things; how the dickens did you get raked into the measley squad?

Judging from the quantity of cheques uncalled for, either the financial situation of this Battalion is pretty strong, or else our office is too much out of the way. Stick it out fellows; it's a hard road that leads to nowhere.

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PROGRAMME

Week Commencing Monday Matinee, February 7th, 1916

OVERTURE

March "The Relief"
 Picture Music "Four Indian Love Lyrics"
 Exit "Dancing the Jelly Roll"

PANTAGESCOPE--2nd Installment "The Girl and the Game"

STEINER TRIO--Comedy Bar Novelty

RICE & NEWTON--Comedians

GRACE M'CORMACK--The Violin Girl

GUS ELMORE and His CANNIBAL MAIDS--In a South Sea Romance

Cast

Goza, the Cannibal Chief Mr. Gus Elmore
 Zima, his Wife Miss Ethel Hamlin
 Rose, a Castaway Miss Hazel Wood
 Levi (Shipwrecked) Mr. Ben Harrison
 Kene Roberta Shell Geta Minnie Black
 Kebo Mary Kubin Tiki Mary Donnellon
 Zeik Louise Neff Waco Ethel Kennedy

FRANK BUSH--World's Greatest Story Teller

THE IMPERIAL TROUPE--Trick, Comedy and Aerial Football Cyclists

NEXT WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS

GRACE CAMERON--Vaudeville's Cleverest Character Comedienne

NORINE CARMEN'S MINSTRELS--The Acme of Minstrelsy

BETS' SEALS--A Happy Family of Seals, Bears and Monkeys

ANDY LEWIS--Assisted by Vera George and Jack Martin in an original Farce, "The Duke"

Ruth--THE HENRYS--Kitty--Two Dainty Maids

PANTAGESCOPE--3rd Episode "The Girl and the Game"

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THE BEST 10c. SHOW IN THE CITY

Considerable comment is caused if this department happens to deduct a debt. In future, before calling the pay staff all kinds of fancy names, just think a moment, and it will come to you, that you had a second issue of some part of your kit, or else borrowed some money to take that girl out.

We may not say "please" to some things, but we always say "thank you!"

All contributions to the commissary department of the pay office will be thankfully received by Sgt. Bayley.

For guidance of those unfamiliar with this section of the country our office is directly opposite the "Dug Out."

We thought the Quarter Guard was in attendance at the main gate, but from the noises heard at all hours of the night outside this part of the grounds, it must have changed. It's alright fellows, only, if you overstay your pass saying "good night!" don't forget the password: "Pass friend, Halt mickey!"

CASH ON HAND.

ALPHABET OF THE WESTERN SCOTS

A—is for "Adger," who brings things to pass;
 B—is Battalion, paraded en masse.
 C—is for "Clink," of its import beware;
 D—is for "Drink," it will land you in there.
 E—stands for "Empress"—a good place for news;
 F—is "Fandango" which often ensues.
 G—is for "General;" we haven't one!
 H—is for "Halt" when the long march is done.
 I—is "Inspection," a regular bore;
 J—is for "Jack-up"—the same as "What for."
 K—is for "Khaki," a popular shade;
 L—is "Lieutenant," and fighting 's his trade.
 M—is "Machine-Gun," our "Stan's" little pet;
 N—is for "Non-Com;" he makes the ranks sweat.
 O—is for "Officer," many his powers;
 P—is for "Pass"—a good thing after hours.
 Q—is for "Quizz"—Major Bunbury's, say;
 R—is for "Rifles"—we'll have some one day.
 S—is for "Semaphore"—learn it, you chaps;
 T—is for "Target." You hit it—perhaps!
 U—is for "Uhlán;" we'll never forget;
 V—is for "Victory"—coming; don't fret!
 W—stands for a poor Tommy's woes;
 X—on his Company conduct sheet goes.
 Y—is a good place to go every night;
 Z—is the plan of a trench for a fight.

And so there you have it, from "A" down to "Z,"
 And long may we flourish and come out ahead!

ONE DRUNK PER THOUSAND

(London Daily Sketch, Dec. 30th)

General McDougall, commanding at Shorncliffe, in congratulating the Canadian troops yesterday in training there, said that the proportion of drunkenness is less than one per thousand.

SPORTS

(By Lieut. Stan. Okell)

At the last meeting of the Sports Committee the basketball end was handed over to Sergt. Best, of the Pay Department. This popular game has been allowed to lag greatly, although splendid material is available, but we now know there will be something doing once more. We are expecting great things of you, Sergt. Best, so buck up!

Our Cariboo friends now have a splendid opportunity of teaching snow-shoeing and ski-running. We guess they can do it, too! What can't they do.

Water Polo! It seems strange to speak of water polo in the same breath as snow-shoeing and ski-ing, but still it is quite in order. Outside, Mother Earth is coated with a goodly cloak of snow, while at the new armoury, and also the Y.M.C.A., we have access to splendid swimming pools. Nothing like diversity, eh! Victoria is not so bad, after all.

But who was it said water polo? We believe it was No. 3 Company in their notes of last issue. Well, now, the meeting of the Sports Committee, held each Monday afternoon at 5.30, is the place to bring up this matter. If the game is undertaken, enthusiasm enough not only to start it going, but to keep it going, is essential.

Athletic sweaters were issued to each branch of sport, and on more than one occasion men have been seen wearing same as an article of clothing. To say the least, this is rather presumptuous. We will not dwell on the subject, still, it may be pointed out that these jerseys are for sports only.

Further pulls are to be arranged for our tug-of-war team, and someone has whispered that Capt. McDonnell, an experienced and enthusiastic devotee of the sport, is going to take the team in hand.

Since our last issue the curtain has been dropped on ice hockey for another season, that is, at least, as far as the Coast is concerned, Portland emerging victors in the professional series. As for our team, they had few opponents to play against. Still, they had a very successful season.

The boxing enthusiasts will be glad to learn that suggestions mooted in the "Scot" last week re a series of boxing bouts have been taken up, the first one to be staged in the very near future. Contestants are now training, Sergt. Fenton being in charge.

Arrangements have been made with the C.M.R. to have the use of their quarters certain days of the week, so no longer will it be necessary to journey several miles in order to do a little sparring with the gloves. If any men wish to enter any class they may do so by communicating with Sergt. Fenton, who will give all particulars.

The writer of these lines would like to have a suitable heading for this column, so would ask any who are gifted with the art of pen sketching to submit to him a drawing of this nature.

Late Note.—All members of the Battalion who are interested in basketball are asked to please hand their names into the Pay Sergeant at once, stating previous experience.

Boxers, Attention!

The following letter has been received by the C.O. of the Battalion from "Billy" Davies. It speaks for itself. It is to be hoped that the Western Scots will not fail to show up well on the card. Entry forms are available at 67th Canteen.

Lieut.-Col. Lorne Ross,

O.C. 67th Batt. Western Scots, C.E.F.
 Willows Camp.

Sir,—I beg to advise you that our Association has undertaken to stage an Amateur Boxing Tourney in aid of the Canadian Red Cross Society. We have arranged to stage this Tourney in our Club Rooms, corner Catherine and Edward Streets, Victoria West, on Friday evening, Feb. 18th, and we respectfully beg your kind assistance in making this event the finest of its kind ever staged in Canada. In addition to special attractive International Boxing, Jiu-Jitsu and Japanece Fencing Competitions, we are planning to stage a Naval and Military Amateur Boxing Tourney for the championship in each class, and for which entries are solicited from amongst the members of the various Naval and Military units and Munition Workers. We sincerely hope that you will grant permission to the boxing members of your regiment whereby they will be able to participate in same, also that we may have the privilege of placing a number of tickets for sale with the Canteen, and that late leave may be granted to such persons as may wish to attend either in the capacity of contestants or spectators.

Trusting that I may be favored with an early reply, I am,

Yours respectfully,

WM. H. DAVIES,
 Superintendent, V.I.A.A.A.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR ACTIVE SERVICE

(Written in the Trenches of Flanders)

1. When on guard thou shalt challenge all parties approaching thee.
2. Thou shalt not send any engravings, nor any likeness of any airship in Heaven above, nor any post-card of the earth beneath, nor any drawings of any submarine under the sea; for I, the Censor, am a jealous Censor, visiting the iniquities of the offenders with three months C.B., but showing mercy unto thousands, by letting their letters go free, who keep my commandments.
3. Thou shalt not use any profane language unless under extraordinary circumstances, such as seeing thy comrade shot or getting gasoline in thy tea.

4. Remember the soldier's week consists of seven days. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work and on the seventh do all the odd jobs.

5. Honor thy King and thy Country; keep thy rifle well oiled and shoot straight, that thy days may be long in the land which thy friend the enemy giveth thee.

6. Thou shalt not kill—Time.

7. Thou shalt not adulterate thy mess tin by using it for a shaving mug.

8. Thou shalt not steal thy comrade's kit.

9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy comrades, but observe discreet silence on their outgoings and incomings.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy Sergeant's post, nor the Corporal's nor the Staff Major's, but do thy duty and, by dint of perseverance, rise to the high position of Field Marshal.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD TROOPER

(Continued)

For some time I have been intending to write about one or two of my old troop-mates who are really worth remembering, if only for the lesson they can convey to us.

When we left Canada for South Africa our troop sergt.-major was a man named Chalmers. He joined us from the R.N.W.M.P. All the contingents that left Canada at that time contained a quota of policemen. I believe 10% of the strength were allowed to volunteer for active service at one time. They were a fine lot of men, picked men in every sense of the word, belonging to a corps with a world-wide reputation for absolute efficiency in their particular line of work. We were glad to welcome Chalmers, although he was a stranger to all of us.

Of course he and all of our N.C.O.'s had only acting rank, and were not confirmed for one year, when they drew the back pay of their rank if still holding it. In passing, I might give you the rates of pay existing in the S.A.C. at that time. There were three grades of troopers, 1st, 2nd and 3rd class, 7s., 6s. and 5s. per day respectively; corporals, 7s. 6d.; sergeants, 8s., sergt.-majors and staff-sergeants 10s. 6d. Lieutenants drew £400 a year, and captains £500 to £600, according to command. Fairly liberal were they not?

Chalmers made a good N.C.O., and things went on in the customary groove for about six months. Then something happened. We were stationed at the time at a farm called Hout Kop, about twelve miles from Vereeniging. (The peace conference between Lord Kitchener and the Boer generals was held here). There is a drift across the Vaal River at this place, and this was a favorite spot for the Boers to cross into the Transvaal, the Losberg mountains only a few miles away, being a safe retreat.

We had at Hout Kop about 200 men with another hundred at Vlakfontein, about six miles east of us. Boers were seen every day but never in force. As we expected to remain for some time, we built a fort, using stones and boulders which we found to hand in abundance. In the exposed position we never thought of pitching tents until our fort was completed. We simply made a laager of our wagons, baggage, etc., posting a strong guard with outposts.

The men stood at arms from about 3 a.m. until daybreak. This was always the favorite time for a Boer attack. They rarely, if ever, attacked at night. This fort took some building. It was in the form of a rectangle about 150 yards long by 50 wide, built with stone walls to a height of five feet, with a parapet of sandbags, also well reinforced with sandbags around the loop holes, with a good barb-wire entanglement. It was impregnable except for artillery fire. From the top of the parapet, sloping to the ground, we laid sheets of galvanized iron for a roof, and the men slept in this shelter practically at their posts.

I often wish the Boers had attacked that fort, but nothing doing. They waited for us to come to them and then they got us good and plenty.

But I started in to tell you of Sergt.-Major Chalmers. One morning after the fort was completed, Chalmers, accompanied by Geo. McNee, of Ottawa, upsaddled and started out on an independent scouting expedition. According to Chalmers' story they must have covered eight or ten miles, when they approached a large sheep kraal (corrall), these things are dotted all over the veldt, and the custom is for the kaffir herdsmen to drive their sheep into them each night to protect them from the jackals, a pest somewhat resembling our coyotes.



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This kraal was a large stone affair, divided in the centre by a wall, making really a double kraal with two entrances. Chalmers contended that he and McNee rode up to the kraal more out of curiosity than anything else. They rode in at one end and were immediately held up by sixteen burghers who were hidden behind the dividing wall.

They were disarmed and stripped of everything they had on them, losing horses, arms and clothing. Sergt. Jones, who occupied a small fort on a hill, about two miles from camp, which was used as an observation post, contended on the other hand, that in sweeping the surrounding country with his binoculars, he had witnessed the whole affair and that Chalmers and McNee had been held up by two dismounted Boers. You can see great distances in the Transvaal, even with the naked eye; in fact, the atmosphere conditions is very much similar to that found in Alberta.

Chalmers and McNee did not get into camp until late that afternoon, and by that time the men were all acquainted with the Jones' version.

When the two unfortunates appeared they were a pitiful sight, and to make it worse, almost the whole camp turned out and hissed them from the gate to their quarters. I guess it almost broke poor Chalmers' heart, but Capt. Bennett chose to believe his story, and for the few days he lived, he continued his duties as Sergt.-Major. However, his usefulness was gone. Once an officer or N.C.O. loses the respect of his men, especially from a suspicion of cowardice, he is finished, absolutely finished. His men simply won't follow him and you can't blame them.

Of course, Chalmers was sent to Coventry. In fact, I never heard him speak again except on duty.

About a week after the above occurred a scheme was promoted by which we hoped to bag a bunch of Boers who had been altogether too impudent the last week or so. They were continually appearing on the skyline, keeping out of range, and just troublesome enough to be a perpetual nuisance. As I look back at it now, I can see they were used simply as a decoy.

The plan was to this effect: No. 17 (my troop), was to leave camp at 6 a.m., was to make a circuitous march south and then east. No. 10 troop was to leave at 7 o'clock and march directly to the rendezvous. No. 15 troop was to circle the other way, the whole sweeping quite a stretch of country, and the idea being to drive any Boers toward the river which was held at the drift by our people. This piece of brainwork looked good on paper. Yes; it was a very fine piece of work except for one thing. It didn't work!

My troop started out as per schedule, taking with us an old field gun, a seven-pounder. It was worthless except for the noise it made. After riding about an hour we went through a wire gate into a large farm belonging to Lewis Marks. We rode parallel with the fence for about ten miles. This is important; we didn't have a pair of wire cutters in the outfit. Two scouts ahead of us rode over a small rise on the skyline and had only disappeared a moment when shots rang out and one came back towards us.

He did not signal and appeared to be leaning over his horse's neck. He was shot through the lower part of the body. We immediately dismounted and took what cover we could, which was practically none, consisting of some small ant hills. They won't stop a rifle bullet as they are of a honeycomb formation inside. We had bumped into a bunch of about 600 Boers under Grobler, a Free State commandant.

Our 80 men were virtually galloped down. The horses, some of them driven crazy with wounds, stampeded and left the whole outfit stranded. It was practically every man for himself.

Sergt.-Major Chalmers and five men were in a group by themselves, lying down behind their ant hills. Chalmers stood up and said: "Boys, I was captured the other day and I won't be captured again. Although you didn't believe me, I told the truth about it. I'm going to stay here and fight it out." And stay there he did, and the five men with him. We found them about 6 o'clock that evening.

Chalmers was shot through the head and twice through the body. Young Sproule, of Winnipeg, was also dead. The other four, Gravely, Curtis, McIntyre and Larry Herkimer, were alive, but all seriously wounded. Theodore (Larry) Herkimer was a nephew of the late Col. Herkimer, of the N.W.M.P. He commanded the 1st Canadian Mounted Rifles in South Africa.

Larry recovered and is now manager of a copper mine in Peru. Poor Chalmers! He lost what every soldier worth his salt values most—and to regain it he was willing to make the Great Sacrifice. He and a dozen of his troop are buried on a lonely farm in the Transvaal, but as long as any of the old men are alive he won't be forgotten.



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Every Canadian soldier who fell in that campaign has had a neat red granite monument erected over his grave with his name, rank and regiment; the whole surmounted by a scroll of maple leaves. I don't know who was responsible, whether the government or some of the various patriotic societies. Anyhow it was a graceful act of recognition and was appreciated by all the Canadian community then resident there.

Jack Gravely, one of the men who stopped with Chalmers, is now a resident of Victoria. Another Victorian who was in that scrap is Mr. Dobie, of The Canadian Explosives, Ltd.

Capt. Bennett, of Vancouver, had a peculiar experience that day. He remounted, and in trying to round up the stampeded horses, undertook to jump his horse over the barb-wire fence; the horse's forefeet caught and the captain was thrown over its head, taking the bridle with him. He was also captured and stripped, but he remained with his wounded and did what he could for them until relief came. Good old chap! He is still doing his bit. He is now Lt.-Col. C. C. Bennett, 21st Battalion, in the trenches.

In closing, I might tell you that during the last eighteen months of the war the Boers did not trouble to retain their prisoners. They could not feed them; so after taking anything of value, they simply turned them loose.