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# The Western Scot



Vol. I.

BRAMSHOTT, HANTS, AUGUST 2, 1916.

No. 42.

JEWELLERS



TO H.M. THE KING.



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# The Western Scot

Vol. I.

BRAMSHOTT, HANTS, AUG. 2, 1916.

No. 42.

## GENERAL ALDERSON'S INSPECTION.

What we hope was our last review parade took place before Lieut.-General Sir E. A. H. Alderson, K.C.B., Inspector-General of Canadian Forces in England, a week ago last Monday.

\* \* \* \* \*

The battalion formed up opposite the Cinema, and received the inspecting officer with the "general salute." A most unusually thorough inspection then took place. Nothing seemed to escape General Alderson's quick eye, and the fact that a few men needed hair-cuts was commented upon.

\* \* \* \* \*

After the inspection a change into working kit took place, and some wiring work was carried out on our own parade ground.

\* \* \* \* \*

Excellent time was made in the erection of the entanglements, and General Alderson, in addressing the men, said that he was very favourably impressed.

\* \* \* \* \*

The men, both in their work on the inspection and in doing the wiring, worked exceedingly well, and made a noticeable impression on the man who commanded the 1st Canadian Division, and who has had over 40 years of military experience.

## A LETTER HOME.

BRAMSHOTT CAMP,  
July 25, 1916.

MY DEAR EVA,—Wonders will never cease. That is what you will think, no doubt. I have not forgotten you and sister, although I suppose I deserve all the "strafing" you like to "strafe" at me for not writing before. Still, here I am, better late than never.

\* \* \* \* \*

I suppose I am now what you might call a seasoned warrior, after three months of strenuous work—bayonet fighting, rifle exercise, trench digging, wire entanglements, and the thousand and one things the Department of M. and D. jam into us to fog our brains and make us generally useful or useless, as the case might be.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have been inoculated and vaccinated (not to mention fumigated) so many times, that if ever I get wounded no blood will flow. I shall just spill germs suitable for the prevention of every disease and ailment that up to the present the doctors have found a name for. Still, I am in good health; but whether it is due to the aforesaid inoculations, etc., or the splendid food we get—including fish from the aftermath of the Jutland battle and margarine—I am unable to state. I believe fresh air has a lot to do with it, of which commodity we get abundance both day and night. Personally, I believe it is more filling than fattening; but who knows? I don't, and certainly care less so long as I get full of something—if only canteen beer, of which beer I shall, from personal experience and general observation, some day write an article dealing with its physical, moral and spiritual effect on the human system, and forward it to the Department of Education for their consideration.

\* \* \* \* \*

While writing of food, last week we had some really splendid English ham for supper, and when it arrived on

the table our hearts and appetites went up sky-high: only on tasting the said ham, we found the cooks ——— [Deleted by Censor.]

Oh, yes; we have been in the trenches—in fact, spent a day and night there, and fed on bully-beef and tea, with a liberal supply of sand mixed therein. You know, dear, this is a very sandy country, and, in fact, my teeth have become so sharp from grinding sand that if I could take them out I should attempt to shave with them, as I firmly believe they are sharp enough.

\* \* \* \* \*

You asked me in your last letter what I meant by a "Mess Waiter." I hardly know myself, but I should think a mess waiter is a human being who is always in a ——— [Deleted by Censor]—or one who is always rushing round with tins full of ——— [Deleted by Censor.] However, I will make enquiries, and give you more details next letter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Give my etc. to etc.

Yours,  
D. I. C. K.

## TROUBLES AND TRIALS OF AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.

BY THE PROFESSOR.

My friend MacSporran, an enthusiastic amateur, used to dilate so much on his hobby that he eventually infected me so much with his enthusiasm that I decided to take it up myself, so I hied me down town to a photographic supply store to purchase an outfit.

I was so verdant that I left the place loaded to the hilt with lots of stuff, which I now realize was of absolutely no use to me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Proudly I proceeded to make use of my outfit, and my first experiences were many and varied. On the principle of trying things out on your friends, I proceeded to take pictures of my chum and his sweetheart, my father, our organ, my brother in clog dancing costume, and a literary friend. I rushed home to develop them, taking my brother into the dark room with me.

The scene that followed will always be impressed on my memory: the ruby lamp shedding its subdued light on our strained and anxious countenances as, with beating hearts, we put the film through the various processes of development.

\* \* \* \* \*

The first one to show up was that of my chum and his sweetheart. There they were in fine shape; but, horror of horrors, what was that behind him? An impudent youth with his thumb in juxtaposition to a diminutive snub nose. Anxiously I looked at the rest. There they were. The organ, with my friend emerging from its interior like Hamlet's father's ghost. My father, with my brother doing a clog dance on his chest. Shriek after shriek of laughter came from my brother's lips. The family came running to see what was the matter, and they in turn burst into shrieks of laughter. I turned in a rage, but the humour of the situation struck me, and I had to join in the chorus.

\* \* \* \* \*

However, I persevered, becoming fairly proficient in the art, and am thankful that my friend introduced me to such a satisfying hobby.

**The Western Scot.**  
 PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY  
 IN THE INTERESTS OF  
**THE 67th PIONEER BATTALION**  
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C. L. ARMSTRONG, Lieut. ....	...	Editor.
A. A. GRAY, Lieut. ....	...	Assistant Editor.
Sergeant R. L. CONDY ....	...	Business Manager.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2ND, 1916.

#### POINTS WORTH PASTING IN YOUR HAT.

Colonel Ironsides, D.S.O., our G.S.O.—One, delivered another of his practical and interesting talks to the officers and non-commissioned officers of this battalion on Thursday evening last, just prior to the beginning of our final field training. It is a pity that every man in the battalion could not have heard it, because it covered points that to all of us now are of primary import, and it emanated from a thorough theoretic knowledge, sharpened and tempered by keen personal experience.

It is not our hope to be able to reproduce here, even in small part, Colonel Ironsides' remarks and the many apt illustrations he produced. But there are points which he emphasised that may well be given here for the benefit of all hands.

Troops when moving up to the assault of an enemy position first come under artillery fire, and their first rough experience is met with when they have to cross the artillery zone. This zone may be encountered at a range from the enemy position of from 6,000 to 12,000 yards, and within it all calibres of shells are pitching. To attempt to cross such a zone in an orderly line would be fatal. It must be crossed as quickly as possible in formed bodies on an irregular frontage, thus affording the enemy gunners as poor a mark as possible on which to range.

From approximately 3,000 yards up it should be possible to advance with a margin of safety in platoon columns in, say, diamond formation, with *not less* than 200 yards distance between platoons and 50 yards interval. When the advance has carried to less than 3,000 yards, the formations will again have to be reduced to columns of sections in fours, with interval and distance to correspond.

The difficulty in an advance under fire is most marked when the troops reach the enemy machine guns' effective range, 1,200 yards, because an artillery formation is more or less "pie" for the M.G.; and yet to change formation here is to invite disaster at the hands of the artilleryman, who is able to land shells as close as 500 yards from his own line. The decision as to whether or not to change, and when, rests with the section commander, who is guided by the character and intensity of the fire directed against his particular section. Did he find his section suffering heavily from machine-gun fire he would be justified in opening into line, but he should *not* do so merely because other sections do so.

At approximately 800 yards from the enemy it is necessary to begin to form a line in order to be able to develop a volume of fire. Fire should *not* be opened until further advance is impossible without it. As a rule, it will be found that fire will have to be opened at about 600 yards.

It must be borne in mind that the object in view is to reach the enemy with the bayonet. The length of the final rush should not be greater than 100 yards; otherwise the troops engaged will be winded by the time the enemy line is reached. The intervening ground between the opening of fire at 600 yards and the beginning of the charge at

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100 yards must be covered in short rushes. Sections must rush rapidly from cover to cover, independently and irregularly, and men must spring up and flop down, regardless of bruises or sprains. Bayonets should be fixed at the last cover prior to the charge.

The order for the final charge does not come from the rear—it cannot. As a rule the charge is started by some man in the firing line spontaneously, who, sensing the psychological moment, goes forward with a yell. When this occurs, *it is the duty of every other man to go with him.* The right time to charge is the moment the enemy begins, in ones and twos, to evacuate and fall back.

These are mere skeleton points from Colonel Ironsides' talk, but they will be worth more than fine gold to the man who bears them in mind in the weeks just ahead.

C.L.A.

#### A SNAPPY PAPER.

A recent arrival on our Exchange Table is the newest copy of "The Brazier," originally published in the interests of the 16th Battalion the Canadian Scottish, whence come our C.O. and Majors Armour and Sutton. With this edition "The Brazier" becomes a brigade medium, speaking for the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th Battalions of the First Division. It is published by permission of Lieut.-Colonel J. E. Leckie, D.S.O., and Fritz the Hun. The publishers apologise for the lateness of the edition and explain that the Huns "played us a nasty trick as the last formes were going to press." It may have been late but it sure is *some* paper; it reeks of the trenches and has a distinction that few battalion papers will ever equal. "The Braziers" manager is Percy Godenraith, well ken' by many o' us yins frae the Coast. Guid luck tae the whale jing bang!

C.L.A.

## TAPS AND ROLLS FRAE THE PIPE BAUN.

Before leaving on his visit to the Chief of the Hebrides "Wullie" was persuaded to have his picture taken for the paper. Little did he know that it was for "The Wishart Number," which we are sure you will all have read and enjoyed by this time. The conspirators in the plot have applied for extended leave so that "Wullie" will have had time to cool down by the time they get back to duty.

On the journey to London he was accompanied by eleven members of the baun dressed in a' their braw gear, wi' a' wheen shullins in their pooches, and a mak siccar look on their faces. On their arrival in London Wullie naturally took command and said, "Boys, let's a' eat at the Union Jack Club." There was a murmur of dissent until he insidiously suggested that a wee drappie could be had wi' the meal. That decided it, and awa we went. The dinner was gran, but the whusky wis magneeficent. After the dinner we all gradually drifted away in twos and threes, and it was only on the return journey to camp that we learned the facts of the week-end happenings. A carefully edited account is given here, as it would tak' a volume of, say, the "Winning Post" to contain the tale of the whole of the adventures.

Colin and Jock Low wandered around seeing the sights, and partaking of various liquid refreshments until they succumbed to the blandishments of two of London's beauteous damsels. Shades of Five Nights. Tableaux Vivant.

Sandy Logie, Smoky Chalmers, and the Solo Kid behaved themselves in a most exemplary manner, visiting the various places of historic interest, including the famous Parliament buildings where one of the pictures, entitled "The executioner tying Wishart's Book round the neck of Stafford," particularly struck Sandy. In a loud aside he inquired of Smoky if that was Wishart's book on piping, and was rewarded by a look of disgust and annoyance, and a gruff "Hoo daur ye show yer ignorance in the company o' an Edinburgh gentlemen?" To Smoky's relief Sandy picked up a countryman of his and drifted beyond our ken. Smoky and the Solo Kid continued their peregrinations, between drinks, paid a visit to the Alhambra, and had ultimately to be escorted home by a representative of Law and Order—in other words, a policeman. Naughty boys! It would be a lucky thing if everyone was taken to the same place. They sure struck oil. Nothing was too good for them, and the good folks spent all Sunday showing them places of interest which they didn't know existed. The famous Petticoat Lane came under supervision, and it is some eye-opener. "Hoky poky a penny a lump," "Ere ye are, gov'nor, this 'ere fine set of china 'arf a crown, only 'arf a crown! Who says 'arf a crown? If I cawn't get 'arf a crown, I'll giv' it away." You go in at one end with a gold watch, and buy the same watch at the other end off some greasy old Jew. All the twelve tribes seem to be there like a pack of jackals round a carcass. Gee, we heaved a sigh of relief when we got clear of it.

Guid sakes! Sandy frae Pritchard wi' a quean on his airm, and a look of supreme happiness on his countenance. Wha'd hae thocht it? Thae dark horses! Ye never ken whit they can dae; but tae walk across Waterloo Bridge wi' his airm roon her waist, and her airm roon his neck (yum yum) that shairly is the speed limit. Oh, you Sandy, you are surely making up for lost time.

Hush! tell it not in Gath! Wullie did not leave London for North on Schedule time. In fact, not until he was urgently requested to do so by— Well, we won't give him away. He was trying to show Pat the ropes, so you can guess what happened. When he did ultimately get into the tube for Euston, every two minutes he would request the conductor in his very best English to be put off at Euston. From the extreme deference paid to him by the tube officials they must have thought him a person of some consequence. Somehow Wullie does impress some folks with his magnificent manner and condescending

smile. They would rather have a twopenny tip from Wullie than ten shillings from an Earl.

Jock Craigmyle was discovered dancing the Can Can, the Bunny Trot or the Foxy Hug in Hyde Park with two 'Arriets to the great admiration of the onlookers. Hi hi! Jock. Let 'er go, cocky! Ain't he some dancer, Liza! Hopera glasses, sixpence!

Wee Arthur left us hurriedly on Saturday afternoon to attend a tea meeting. Nuf sed.

Oor ain Canadian, Johnny, struck it lucky in London. He left the rest of the boys to go and have a shave—ahem—but it seems he met a fairy instead. Avaunt shave; come fairy. He says she sure treated him royally. Good boy, Johnny. Hope we have the same luck next time we go there.

The Rauchabite went to Portsmouth instead of London, and judging from the time he had there, it must be a strong temperance town. Pubs are being sold out every day. He wis a wee thing late in getting back. It seems that his coat was wandering roon wi' naebody inside, and that he only caught up wi' it when too late for the last train. Ye'd better mak' siccar next time, Jimmy, or ye' michtna get off sae easy.

Pat is some hand at photography. He volunteered, or rather was asked to take a picture the other day, which when developed was found to be out of focus. Now Pat says he knew it wasn't right when he took it, but that he didn't like to shift the camera. Now the point is this. Did he really know his camera wasn't properly focussed? If he did, why didn't he correct it? Colin says Pat doesn't know a thing about photography, and we—well, when you can't tell whether it is a Pipe Band or a football match,—what are you to think?

Hector, Donald Ferguson and Oor Dunc were at an officers' garden party the other day. The flower of the neighbourhood was gathered there, and even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. The ladies were particularly taken up by the fine upstanding appearance of our three worthy representatives. When the time for refreshments came round three glasses were filled up, one for each of them. However, Dunc being T.T., his glass was divided between the other two, to their great satisfaction.

When in the tailor's shop the other day getting our kilts fixed we heard a certain sergeant, who shall be nameless, thanking the tailor most effusively for making such a good job of his tunic, then—a clink of money—a hurried exit—a pause—and then, the language was lurid—the atmosphere a beautiful cerulean blue. The explanation was forthcoming. The tailor had spent over four hours of his own time, and taken considerable pains to make a good job of the tunic, then to have the magnificent sum of three-pence handed him as a reward—well, you can imagine his feelings. Plain thanks would have been better.

Some people have peculiar ideas of the use of things, but the latest by Geordie Allen is the limit. He has just got a set of new teeth, and carries them around in his pocket.

**Fry's** COCOAS and  
CHOCOLATES

OF WORLD-WIDE POPULARITY.

HAVE WON MORE AWARDS THAN ANY OTHERS.

Still they come. Another inoculation. Twisting, turning and groaning in bed, with a splitting headache, and calling down maledictions on the head of the man who invented such things. A suggested epitaph:—

Here lies an inventor,  
The curse of a nation.  
He invented and died  
Of *Inoculation*.

\* \* \* \*

We wonder hoo Wullie got on on the occasion o' his veesit tae the Chief o' the Hebrides. So far, he has failed to report, but we expect that he will soon emerge from retirement to head the band again. It doesn't seem natural to be marching along without Wullie in front peering at all the fair damsels by the wayside. He mun hae slipped on the Hielan Dew and sprained his ankle.

\* \* \* \*

The Glasca quartet in the rear o' the baun hae been making their presence felt lately. According to some o' the pipers there is no armour plate made that could withstand the force o' their remarks. However, they are awfu' guid-natured, and it taks an awfu' lot tae knock the hart out of them. Who said the pipers were thin skinned?

\* \* \* \*

Caps off to the Brass Band Boys. They are certainly there with the goods, and the new revue numbers contained in their repertoire are delivered in a style worthy of the famous Coldstream Guards or Northumberland Huzzars. Here's tae them! More power to their elbows!

\* \* \* \*

General Alderson seemed to be very well pleased with the concert the other night, and highly complimented both bands. We hope the boys are proud of the musicians now. He seemed to think quite a lot of our regiment. That's the style, boys. We, sure, are proud to belong to the best regiment in the Division.

\* \* \* \*

We have heard of some good excuses for being late returning from leave, but the periscope one is the best so far. Sergt. Lister will give the necessary explanation to any curious person.

\* \* \* \*

The nigger minstrel concert was all right, but what a curious finish. For originality it was hard to beat; but—'nuf sed.

\* \* \* \*

Billie Orr's eyes nearly popped out of his head when the bottle was passed round the other night at the officers' mess. He was singing "Come, Come, Come to Me," but, fortunately, it was only delayed, it came—later, and a seraphic smile spread over his face. Don't get down in the spirits, Bill.

\* \* \* \*

The officers seem to spend a lot of time studying first-aid. At least, we should judge so from the numerous visits to the Hospital.

\* \* \* \*

The Machine Gun Section and the Signallers sure have some nice route marches. We like them. There is always a chateau at the end, and — (Ring off, please.—ED.).

\* \* \* \*

Wee Airthur is progressing very favourably. We observed him the other evening with the whole family out for a walk. Some stand in.

\* \* \* \*

Wyoming Brown and Geordie Leslie. How's that for a team! They are spending a lot of time in the vicinity of the Beacon Hotel, Hindhead. Geordie is certainly getting back to his old form again.

\* \* \* \*

We would like to remind some officers that it is against military rules and regulations to break through the ranks of the baun. They seem to ignore our existence altogether.

THE CHIPPENDALE TWINS.

#### SOME OPINIONS OF THE PIPE BAUN CORN KISTER.

C. L. A.	...	...	...	Reminds me of No. 1 Train Party.
A. E. C.	...	...	...	"Some Night."
W. J. W.	...	...	...	A babi doyer.
T. F. M.	...	...	...	Most enjoyable.
JAMIE WALLACE	...	...	...	Just like the days of '78.
DRUMMER ALLAN	...	...	...	Haud yer tongue, mon.
O'KEY	...	...	...	To-night's the Night.
JIM FALKNER	...	...	...	Queen's day once more.
THE MAN IN THE NEXT HUT.	...	...	...	A h—l of a row.
CHARLIE SIMS	...	...	...	Wish the wife were here.

#### POT POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS.

It would be interesting to know *exactly* what a certain over-worked Staff Captain said on one occasion in the early days of the war when an orderly informed him that seventeen little colonels, each with a little adjutant and four little orderly-room clerks, had arrived to command seventeen little bases—which didn't exist.

\* \* \* \*

Lieut.-Col. Tobin was a recent visitor at the Mess, and a most welcome one.

\* \* \* \*

It is to be regretted that one of our most popular comrades and one of our most efficient officers, Mr. M. M. Marsden, is still too ill to be with us. His name is mentioned daily, and we wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

\* \* \* \*

The lecture on transport last week was appreciated by every officer who heard it, but "Howey" was seen to lose some of his interest when he learned that none but the crew might ride on any waggon.

\* \* \* \*

Someone is always sure to start a rumour calculated to cause a flock of glooms to gather around. Last week, a report was circulated to the effect that the war would be over in three months!

\* \* \* \*

In the interests of the spectators, it is requested that Capt. Nicholson wear running shorts when practising for the Divisional Olympic Games.

\* \* \* \*

Pittenweem Alec has gone to Longmoor, accompanied by his expert wholesale carnage crew and four landlords. Rab has gone along to see that the rent is duly collected.

\* \* \* \*

"Red" says he will make an equestrian out of Alec yet—if the war lasts long enough.

\* \* \* \*

The weather hasn't been so nice for the war lately; rather too warm for comfort on a 15-mile hike.

\* \* \* \*

Which makes one wonder why Okey organized a fitba' match on Thursday afternoon.

\* \* \* \*

It's a good thing in a way that Pether's wedding anniversary doesn't come around more than once a year.

\* \* \* \*

Had the reported unusual barometric pressure in the Big Smoke last week anything to do with the fact that Jophakus and Sidney D. were off on long leave together?

\* \* \* \*

The C.O. says he intended to pitch a few classy spit balls in last week's game, but found himself too dry!

\* \* \* \*

Q.M. and Pay both came home from leave last week, but neither looks either thinner or stouter.

\* \* \* \*

Two of our officers returned from London recently and reported having seen eighteen varieties of snakes. There is nothing unusual in this, of course, but they say they also saw a 250lb. turtle. Shades of purple rabbits, that's a *new* one!

**THE MUSINGS OF PTE. SWADDY, OF THE 67th,  
during a Battalion Route March along the London-Ports-  
mouth High Road in 1916.**

On the road to London Town,  
Hold her down, boys, hold her down!  
Many a man has hit this trail  
Since Colombo set his sail.  
Let's speed up the pace a few;  
Let us whistle, let us sing.  
Wish they'd march us right on through;  
Forty mile ain't anything  
If it leads to London Town.  
Hold her down, boys, hold her down!

On the road to London Town,  
Hold her down, boys, hold her down!  
Wish they'd have a Field Day there.  
Gee!—supports in Leicester Square!  
Line extended up the Strand;  
Main advance from Charing Cross.  
Say, we'd give THAT move a hand!  
Guess there'd be a heavy loss—  
"MISSING" up in London Town.  
Hold her down, boys, hold her down!

**"A" COMPANY NOTES.**

Another branch of knowledge. We can now claim  
retinary experience. That with gas-helmet instruction,  
grand assault course, and, some of us, machine-gun work,  
there cannot be many more subjects untouched.

An orderly, evidently new to the game, was found  
wandering round the lines looking for the orderly corporal  
of "A" Co. On being questioned why he wanted him, he  
produced an envelope bearing: To the O.C., "A" Co.!

'Eard hat the Sergeants' Match hon the football field:  
'It 'it 'is 'and; hit's ha foul.'

On perusing B.O.'s lately our poet exclaimed: "Uneasy  
are the arms that wear the crown."

DEAR TOM,—Have had a very busy week, a new experi-  
ence—viz., that of company orderly corporal, a most  
onerous position. Knowing you are interested in military  
matters, I'll give you a short account of the work. I have  
to be up at réveillé to see everybody is on the move. Report  
to the company orderly sergeant (C.O.S.) any absentees,  
and get a list of the sick. Any man wishing to see the  
M.O. (medical officer) has to give his name and number,  
age and religion, before his case can be diagnosed. The  
sick are paraded at 6.15. Then at 6.45 fall in for break-  
fast. The C.O.C. (that's me) marches them over, stands  
at door to see they all wash their canteens and have enough  
water to do so. Get men for fatigue work, run about all  
day for the C.O.S., attend all staff parades if the sergeant  
is not present, march company over to all meals, sort and  
distribute the mail, search for, find and bring up any  
individual required, accompany sergeant at night to check  
up absentees, and then seek repose. This goes on for a  
week. I found it rather strenuous, and at first trying.  
It was trying in this way, you see. Being a lance-corporal,  
I can order men now, and, not being used to it, found it  
awkward. For example, I was told to get a man quickly  
for a job, the first one I could find. I rushed off, and a big  
fellow about 6ft. 4in. was the first one I saw. I thought  
he might not like being told to go and do this job, so I  
missed him and tried to get somebody else. The only one  
I could find was B—, whom I've chummed with, and he  
thought I was showing off and told me to remove myself  
to a different latitude, but I asked him to do it for me, and  
he consented if I stood him a drink. I had to promise, and  
he went. That was my difficulty. The first three days  
cost me so much in liquid refreshment to my friends that  
it swallowed up all my extra pay and I was broke, so I  
had to make a change. I asserted my authority, and am  
glad to say I now can walk up calmly to the biggest man in

the company and give an order and he will carry it out.  
You see by this what power a stripe (chevron is the proper  
term) gives you. I had a book on N.C.O.'s, and it began  
by saying that a great gulf existed between an N.C.O. and  
his former companions. I believe it, too. I felt it distinctly;  
but being a pioneer battalion we can throw a bridge over  
that gulf and keep up a good feeling between all ranks. I  
must say though that the fellows are really very good and,  
with the exception of your close friends, do things in a  
good spirit. I hear we are to change our headdress. The  
glengarry is to go and the Balmoral substituted. A  
Balmoral, I think, is a cross between a glengarry, a tam-  
o-shanter, and a Brodrick—an awful creation. If we get  
that we *must* have the kilts.

We have finished our trench training, being now quite  
perfect in that art. Off parade this week, so will report  
next time our new occupation. Must be something different,  
because I saw sledge-hammers, rammers, saws, a forge,  
anvil, levels, blacksmith's tools, crosscuts and blocks. I  
wonder what for?

**"C" COMPANY NOTES.**

Does anyone notice the pious look which Pte. Porter  
has about two days previous to pay-day. When asked  
was he "broke," by a Pte. near him, he replied, "No  
chance, old timer!" and added: "Don't fool with the  
troops."

Here's a new one, boys. A certain Private the other  
morning, not having time to shave, thought out a wonder-  
ful plan to fool the officer at inspection. He sprinkled his  
face liberally with talcum powder, then getting his razor,  
he made a small nick or two on his face, enough to start  
the blood; then he carefully rubbed it around, to make it  
appear as though he had had a desperate time in shaving,  
*i.e.*, he got away with the bluff.

**"D" COMPANY NOTES.**

We welcome the summer weather, and it reminds us  
very much of that "little spot" on Vancouver Island.  
Everybody has been wishing for the cool waters of the  
Gorge, but there is no use wishing for some little time to  
come.

We have all got over our inoculation, and there were  
no complaints. Three days' holiday certainly looked good  
to us.

There has been persistent rumour in camp to the effect  
that our Major is seriously considering transferring  
"Shorty" Glover to the girl guides. He takes a No. 4  
boot, and size 21 trousers (waist).

We take this opportunity of congratulating our new  
N.C.O.s. Some have been transferred to other platoons,  
and they are missed at their homes, but nevertheless they  
manage to call around once in a while.

Who said Corpls. Bond and Dick invited us to the  
Canteen on the occasion of their elevation to the higher  
ranks? Somebody made a mistake.

Pte. Dyson is delighted to be a "mess orderly"; it  
reminds him so much of Shawnigan Lake times.

"Jerry" Downs has now been named the oil bottle and  
pull-through king. Next!

We wish to record our appreciation of the musical talent  
of "D" Company. Mention was made of our C.B. trio,  
but there is no doubt that they are willing to challenge any  
trio from the rest of the Battalion, and get away with the  
prize too. "Caruso" Edwards and "McCormack"  
Tough, with "Scotti" A Edwards, certainly can deliver  
the goods.

Congratulations to Sergt. Daniels on his smart work of last week, and we are very pleased to note that headquarters recognised his good work.

\* \* \* \*

On our "march in" from Grayshott the other day, a little tot was walking along with a young lady, and the tot espied a certain young officer of our company, and said: "There's daddy." He seemed to blush very noticeably.

\* \* \* \*

Well, "D" Company certainly shows it can hang on to the Battalion championship in football. How about last week's games?

\* \* \* \*

Sergt. Smith is very fond of walking to Haslemere every night. We often used to wonder why, but now the cause has been shown to us. Still, we may not be here to witness the effect! Go ahead, Jim, never mind the weather.

\* \* \* \*

We are sorry to record the serious illness of "Davy" Dryden. Everyone of us is hoping to see the old boy back in the job again very soon.

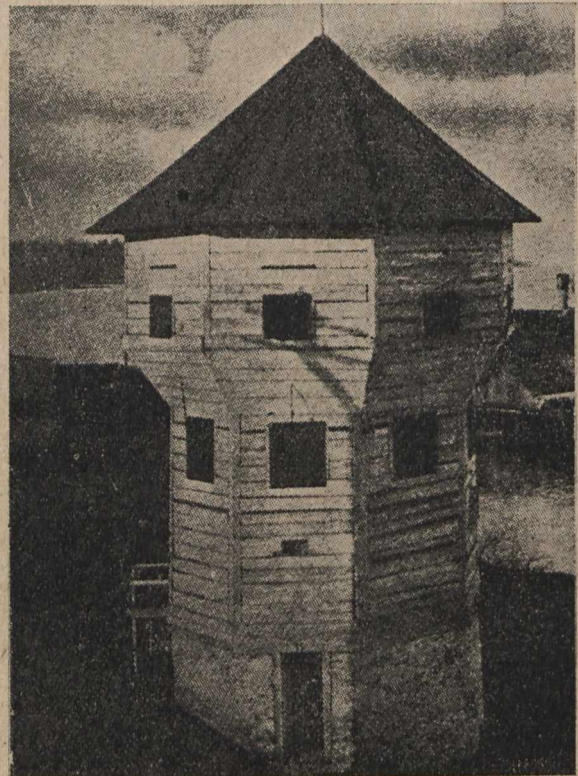
### WARLIKE ALPHABET.

(From the Trenches.)

- A is for Argyll, that fine Highland clan,  
who voted for rum right down to a man.  
B is the biscuit we get in the trench,  
that's cursed at in English, Glesca, and French.  
C is the censor, who must know ere this,  
a cross is a cross, and a kiss is a kiss.  
D is the dug-out that gives us the habit  
of dodging about like a paralysed rabbit.  
E is an Easter egg, laid by a louse;  
now there's a family—my shirt is their house.  
F is for Flanders, according to wags,  
it used to be here, but now it's in bags.  
G is the gum-boot that seems very neat,  
till your head comes down whack, and up go your feet.  
H is for Huns, who are devils to roam,  
and till Belgium is Hunless we'll never get home.  
I was an idiot, thought he was brave,  
stood on the parapet—he's now in his grave.  
J is the jam we all have to grapple,  
we are heartily tired of damson and apple.  
K's is an army, composed of the best;  
we wish they'd come out and give us a rest.  
L is a place—well, you know where I mean,  
where defaulters, &c., are off to be seen.  
M is the medico, whom I personally hate;  
he gave me a 9 instead of an 8.  
N is the noise that is made by a shell,  
it goes up to heaven and brings us down hell.  
O is the offensive we're starting on now,  
it's even worse than unearthing a cow.  
P is the piper, who pipes just for fun,  
and makes the Bosche glad he's only a Hun.  
Q is a question you might answer fast—  
how long is this blooming war going to last?  
R is the rum that is dished out to you,  
if you cannot stand one, well, you cannot "stand to."  
S is the Star shell, bound for the moon,  
as it slowly goes up you quickly get "doon."  
T is the drink we are now getting here,  
it's rotten to know the Germans get beer.  
U are the person the sniper is after,  
it's odds on he'll get you and there will be laughter.  
V is the backsight you look through to shoot;  
the Hun, he knows it, and snipes you—the brute.  
W is for wiring, a very fine job,  
till you get on the shins what was meant for the stob.  
X's in letters are no bally good;  
let's pretend they are charcoal for cooking the food.  
Y is for Ypres, surrounded by snipers;  
pronounce it to suit yourself, we call it Wipers.  
Z is for Zeppelins we see in the skies,  
they never come near us—this statement is lies.

### A FORT OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

This old Hudson Bay Fort, situated in Nanaimo, Vancouver Island, B.C., was built in the early pioneer days of the coast. It was used in repelling attacks of the Red Man. Built entirely of hand-hewn timbers, with a rock-foundation, it is situated on a rocky ridge, with a good commanding view of the water, and a small inlet which in those days was the chief landing place, for Indians and white men alike. In case of an uprising of the Red Men, the pioneers living near would take refuge in this fort, and I don't think the occasion is on record, where it has ever been overcome. Some of the old cannon used in it in those days are still on exhibition at Nanaimo. The hoop-holes for these can be seen quite easily, with loop-holes for rifles on top or on either side of them. Modern times have failed to erase its bluff appearance, and little



What would a H.-E. do to this?

repairing is needed to keep it in condition. The timbers, are as good as the day they were hewn for its building. But it stands there to-day, amongst modern architecture, a mute testimonial of the hardships that had to be faced by the early settlers of British Columbia.

Contributed by 102954, Pte. TOM RICHARDS,  
"C" Coy., 67th Battalion, Western Scots.

### MACHINE GUN PATTERN.

We miss the old familiar command, "On the left, form section." Our O.C. has so many new men in the Gun Section that he has to give "On the left, form close column of Platoons."

\* \* \* \*

There is every indication that we are going to have some real target practice, and are in some doubt as to whether the old familiar "Stand by," "At that point," "In reference to the target," "Mount gun," will be suitable commands under actual firing conditions.

\* \* \* \*

A few things we would like to know:—

The reasons Sergt. Dakers gave when applying for an extension of leave? And why he spends all his leave in



Scotland? What really happened when Wilson and Sloan invited each other to take a walk in the bush? How many girls Girvin has promised to marry since coming to England?

Why Ronson, Sutton and Kelly went to Midhurst two nights in succession, instead of being respectably sick in camp, after inoculation?

If the latest "shot" really prevents a man from getting "chills" up his spinal column and his hair from raising the first time he gets under fire?

We are glad to see a smile on Wee McGregor's face once more, as he has recovered from his recent illness.

We are sorry to lose Crocker and McMillan, who have both, on account of illness, been transferred to the Base. We hope they will soon be transferred back to duty with us. We miss Crocker's optimistic speeches.

We have a sergeant in our Section whom we will back against any man in the Division as a subtle twister of the truth.

Private Peter has been having the time of his life—the M.O. says it is "carbuncles." It is a good thing for Peter that he joined the army, otherwise he might have gone through life without knowing there was anything wrong with him.

Johnston and Kendall decided they were well enough to visit Portsmouth after being inoculated. The passes were duly signed, countersigned, initialed and signed again. Just as they were leaving to catch a train the passes were cancelled. So they then decided they were real sick, and went to bed accordingly, where they remained for several hours. We do not know yet whether the "dope" or "disappointment" was the cause of their sickness.

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## BASEBALL.

The best game of the season was played last Monday night, the 17th, when we met for the first time the team of the 44th Battalion. The game throughout the whole nine innings was of the best brand. A large number of spectators were present, who were all satisfied with the game. "Yammy" McGregor pitched the whole game for us, and his work in the box was the best witnessed for a long time. He struck out 14 men, walked only 1, and shut them out six innings, allowing only a few scattered hits. He always pulled out of a tight corner. Behind the bat Richards played first-class ball, and at bat he donated a home-run, a two bagger, and a single, besides cutting off two runners out of three who attempted to steal second. Nothing could pass Kenny at first, taking the difficult ones as easily as the good ones, and his work helped considerably in our win. James came through with many brilliant plays at second, and covered the sack well. Traylong was always in the game on third, and Scott played big-league ball at short, pulling off the stop of the game in the sixth. Neave, Woods and McIlvride in the field were good, and for two of them, this was their first game. The team lined up as follows: (C) Richard, (P) McGregor (1st B.) Kenny, (2nd B.) James, (3rd B.) Trayling, (S.S.) Scott, (L.F.) Neave, (C.F.) Woods, (R.F.) McIlvride. The score by innings:—

67th W.S. 1 2 0 1 0 1 0 1 3—9.  
44th Batt. 2 0 0 0 2 0 0 1 0—5.

## Gleanings from the Game.

With three players just inoculated, and three substitutes, we were still able to prove a surprise packet to the 44th.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh! You "Yammy," you had their number all right.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Some" hit, Richards, but look out for the hospital windows.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our C.O. was as excited as any of the spectators.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our infield worked together, like Connie Mack's.

\* \* \* \* \*

A second game of ball was played last week, against the 72nd. It was the most hotly-contested match of the two, taking 11 innings to decide it. The score being tied in the ninth, 3 all. Throughout the game it was a pitcher's battle, between McGregor and McWhinny.

"Yammy" pitched the battle of his life, and only rough luck lost him the game. McIlvride played well behind the bat. The game ended 4—3 in favour of the 72nd. Here is the score by innings

67th W.S. 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 0—3.  
72nd Batt. 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0—4.

\* \* \* \* \*

Seeing that baseball has such a hold in the battalion, a little more interest in the team would not be misplaced. At present the team is badly in need of running shoes, the majority of the fellows playing every game in their heavy army boots. Also at the next meeting of the sport's committee, it would be a good move on their part to put someone who knows the game at the head of the team. The players have to arrange everything themselves just now, and it makes it very inconvenient for them. Another word, do not forget the shoe question.

\* \* \* \* \*

## OFFICERS v. SERGEANTS.

It is a question which suffered the most—the ozone or the ball—in the baseball game played between our officers and sergeants a week ago last Tuesday. This cannot altogether be put down to the skill of the pitchers, although Lieut.-Colonel Ross, Lieut. Baker and Lieut. McDiarmid for the officers, and Sgt. Joe Dakers for the sergeants, worked with commendable enthusiasm. Colonel Ross on going into the box received a great hand, and in order not to disappoint his supporters managed to keep the sergeants scoreless in the first innings. He also made an excellent showing in the second and then retired on his laurels, being replaced by Lieut. Baker. "Ski" had all the earmarks and showed up well at first. His arm, however, tired

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rapidly, and the ubiquitous Lieut. McDiarmid was rushed into the breach. His pitching was an outstanding feature of the game.

Joe Dakers was undismayed by these changes and continued to pitch a stellar game.

One of the most notable performances in a game replete with surprises was the work of the two 42-centimeter batsmen of the officers' team, Lieut. Armstrong and Capt. Hawcroft. The old pill was kept soaring when this sterling pair came up, and the only thing that marred a perfect afternoon for the officers in question was the fact that it was necessary for them to run round the bases after they hit the ball.

Lieuts. Baker, Armstrong, Gary, and McDiarmid were the stars for the officers, while for the sergeants Joe Dakers and Cunningham shone. As an afterthought we may say that the score was 13 to 10 in favour of the officers.

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\* \* \* \* \*

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\* \* \* \* \*

Soon we will have new field panniers and plenty of dressings, and, with new trench stretchers, we hope to do great work when we go on our mission to France.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our highly esteemed M.O. would like to know if it is a horse or a jenny he will have to draw his wonderful one-hoss-shay.

\* \* \* \* \*

Does the M.O. get any overtime?

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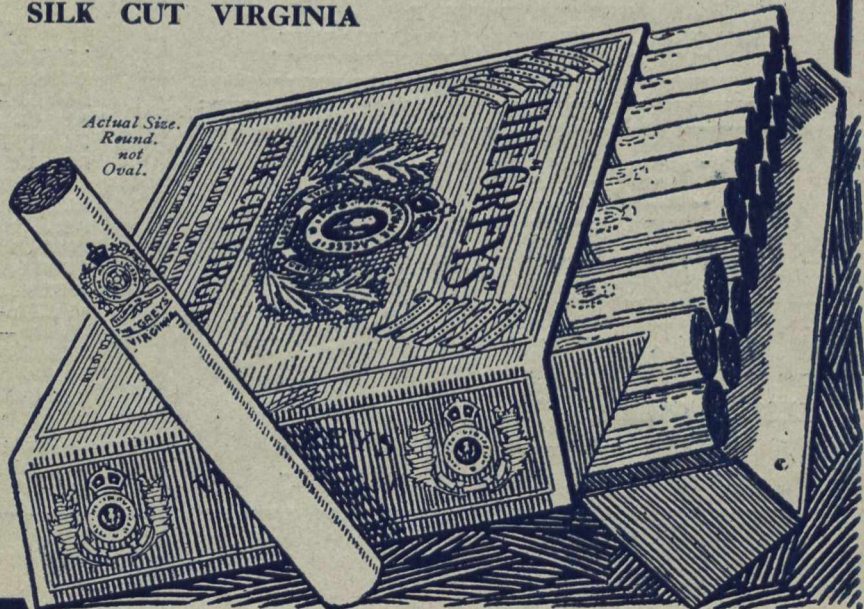
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