



Vol. 1

DECEMBER, 1917

No. 2

## OUR SECOND ARMY CHRISTMAS.



THAT'S THE SAME PIPE THAT HAD ME GUESSIN'  
LAST YEAR.

**Delayed !** The proofs of this number of "THE KILTIE" were held in the office of the Royal Commission on Paper—hence the delay in publication.



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Suggest it to your pals in the hut  
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Particulars will be gladly given by

A. P. Taylor,

Photographer

The Crescent. : - : Milford, Surrey.

## A Canadian Christmas.



Soft pearl-gray skies and snowflakes lightly  
falling;

Sleigh-bells that make mad music in the  
street;

Child-laughter ringing and glad voices call-  
ing;

And all the world — young, snow-clad,  
wondrous sweet!

Moonlight upon the festooned pine-trees  
gleaming;

Slow drifting clouds across the starry  
dome;

Soft light from out an open doorway  
streaming;

And voices, tremulous with welcome:  
Home!

Home joys that fill the heart with Christ-  
mas gladness;

Memories that steal from out the twilight  
years;

Music that has a minor note of  
sadness;

And love-lit smiles bedewed with unshed  
tears!

—Norman A. MacEachern.



## THE STAFF.

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## EDITORIAL.

Our second Army Christmas! So says Paterson on the front page, but if the truth were known, it is, for quite a number of us, the third! When we reflect, we feel inclined to say, "How long, oh Mars, how long?" but taking it as every seasoned soldier would, we should simply say that General Sherman knew whereof he spoke when he gave his time-honoured opinion of war, and let it go at that.

Do you remember the words of Brigadier-General Rattray when he spoke to us on the occasion of our last Christmas dinner? He said in part: "I hope you partake of your next Christmas dinner in Canada." Fate, however has decided otherwise, and—you know the rest.

"The Kiltie" wishes to thank its readers for the splendid support given it during the sale of the last issue. It will be interesting to know that apart from the copies actually sold, a number have been sent gratis to the several battalions in France, to which 1-3-4 men have been drafted at different times. Our men in Hospital, in England, have also each received a copy.

We hope to improve "The Kiltie" as time goes on, but to do this we must have the backing and aid of every man in the Battalion. We regret to announce that the box, installed over a month ago, in the Recreation Room, has not yielded what could be regarded as an influx of contributions. Nevertheless, with what we have received we are carrying on and only ask that those who are dubious as to whether their little article will be fit to publish, will cease to procrastinate and drop it into the box today.

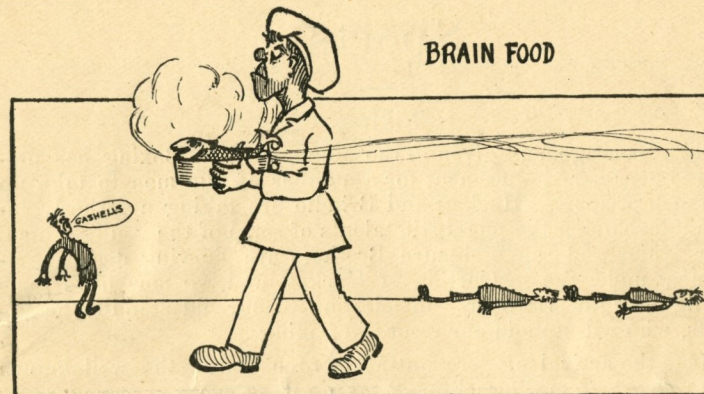
Owing to orders recently received from "higher up," the publication of "The Kiltie" will be unavoidably delayed from one to two weeks each month. We had hoped to have it on sale during the first week in the month, but in complying with the new regulations, this will be impossible.

All men who know of any former member of the battalion, who is now sick or wounded in this country are requested to hand in the names and addresses of same to "The Kiltie," in order to ensure their receiving a copy each month.

\* \* \* \* \*

Don't forget to mention "The Kiltie" when patronizing advertisers.

## BRAIN FOOD



"Transport, cha-ow!" The Food Controller warns us that we must bridle our appetites or saddle be our fate. This should stirrup our imaginations and spur us on to save our bit.

## OVERHEARD CONVERSATIONS.

"I am not so strong as I used to be," as the onion said when it was boiled.

"I did it in a fit of abstraction," as the pickpocket said when he was caught.

"I fall in with the idea," as the inventor said when he and his airship fell together into the lake.

"You've been in bed long enough," as the gardener said when he pulled up a carrot.

"I never get through with my spring-cleaning," said the watchmaker to his neighbor, the armourer sergeant. "I might as well be out in the ranks," replied the latter, "I'm always fixing bayonets." Then Hopper joined in with "Hair, hair!" (*the barber*)

"That's stew!"

"It's not stew!"

"It is too!"

"Do you think I've lived in boarding houses for fifteen years for nothing?"

"I wouldn't be surprised."

"I'm in right with the cooks alright: today I got the tenderest part of the meat."

"Yes?"

"Sure, they left me the gravy."

"Have you heard about Knapp?"

"Knapp who?"



## Sports.

### Boxing.

The encouragement given to those interested in Boxing has provided the necessary inducement for a number of our men to take up this branch of sport. Hackett and Brindle are taking a fatherly interest in developing the pugilistic talents of some of the younger men. Bugler Hider and the Welbourn Brothers are showing decided improvement under the instruction of Hackett and we now have some good lightweight scrappers, in addition to our old standby heavyweights, who will uphold our record in boxing.

Since the arrival of Sergeant-Major Joe Smith, the well known Toronto boxer, from Shorncliffe, a boxing class has been organized at the Brigade by Mr. Johnson. Our Battalion allotment of ten men does not satisfy all the enthusiastic boxers in our midst, and it is hoped that something will be done to include those who were not so fortunate as to be included in the present class.

Boxing enthusiasts throughout the camp were delighted with the exhibitions put up by Stokers Joe Hackett and Cook of the Navy, in Y.M.C.A. Huts 2 and 3. Hackett is decidedly a first-class boxer and is much too fast for any of our Witley men. He will always be sure of a welcome by the men of the 134th.

The amount of interest shown in boxing throughout the Battalion is rapidly increasing, and all men who feel they have any talent with the gloves are asked to let Sergeant Osborne have their names, so that they may be given a chance to show just how good they are.

### Soccer.

The 14th of November was a great day amongst the football fans. On that date the team showed glimpses of their past form and beat the 164th by 5 to 1. The result settled the argument between the battalions as to which has the better team.

The new Divisional League should be a success and our team hope to repeat their former successes.

In the big exhibition game at Guildford on Saturday, the 1st, the boys with the falcon head on their sweaters were victorious over the 5th Divisional Train outfit by 2 to 0. A record-breaking attendance and a contrary wind were the main features of the match. The proceeds, which, judging from the great number of tickets sold, must have made rather a neat little sum, went to the "Queen's" Royal West Surrey Regiment and the East Surrey Regiment Prisoners of War Relief Fund.

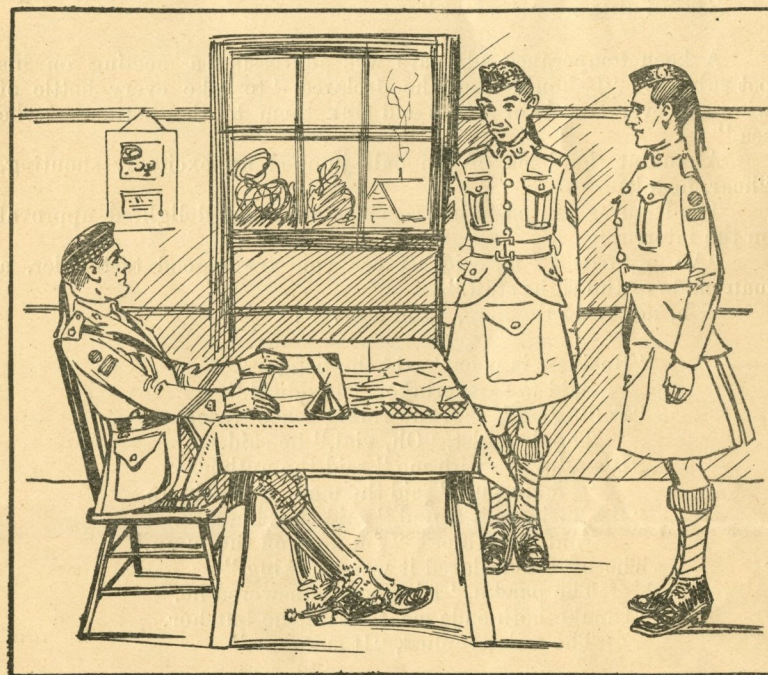
On the 15th of December, a game has been arranged at Portsmouth and on present form the team should return with a victory.

Bandsman Rigby is back on the team again, his knee being sound once more.

### Rugby.

With Witley winning the championship of the British Isles in Canadian Rugby by defeating Bexhill, at that place on November 28th, the season has about closed—for fast Rugby at any rate. However, a few exhibition games are being planned and it is also rumoured that an inter-battalion league is to be organized shortly. The 1-3-4 should certainly have a first-rate outfit to represent them, for half a dozen members of the battalion are connected with the Champion team. They are: Capt. Ramsey, Lieutenants Murray and Crawford, Sergeant Osborne and Lance Corporal Hogg. Lieutenant MacLaren was also a member of the team but has recently been transferred to the Reserve.

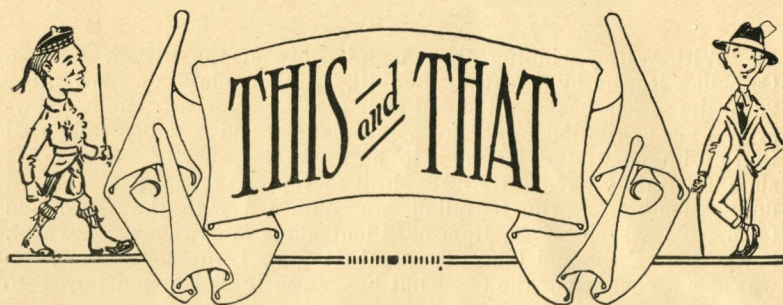
*Scott Hogg*



Major: "You say this man called you a hippopotamus four weeks ago. Why report it now?"

Sergeant (who has just returned from leave in London, where he "took in" Regent Park): "Because I only seed a hipperpotamus fer the first time yesterday, sir."





First Sergeant: "How did you like Bill's dancing?"

Second ditto: "He'd be a bird but for two things."

First Sergeant: "What's that?"

Second ditto: "His feet."

A keen temperance advocate was addressing a meeting on his pet subject. "I should like," he declared, "to take every bottle of wine and every bottle of spirits and sink them to the bottom of the sea."

A man at the back of the hall jumped up excitedly shouting, "hear, hear!"

The lecturer paused in his remarks to beam delighted approval on the interrupter.

"Ah, my friend," he said, "I see you are a good teetotaller, a man made of the right stuff."

"Oh, no," said the man, "I'm a diver!"

"Business is poor," said the beggar.

Said the undertaker, "It's dead."

"Falling off," said the riding school teacher.

The druggist, "Oh, vial," he said.

"It's all write with me," said the author.

"Picking up," said the man on the dump.

"My business is sound," said the singer.

Said the athlete, "I'm kept on the jump."

The bottler declared it was "corking."

The parson, "It's good," answered he.

"I make both ends meat," said the butcher.

The tailor replied, "It suits me."

Officer: "I should like to know what precautions you take against infected water?"

Sergeant: "First we boil it, sir."

"Good!"

"Then we filter it, sir."

"Excellent!"

"And then we drink beer, sir!"

Diner (struggling with a piece of steak whilst the band is playing): "Waiter, I ordered rump steak; where is this piece from?"

Waiter: "This, sir, is a piece from Chu Chin Chow."

"I am afraid the high cost of living is going to introduce another innovation in the army kitchen."

"What is that?"

"The foodless cooker."

### THE KILT.

What is it brings tradition down  
From days when clans had great renown?  
The Kilt!

What makes the foeman blanch with fear  
And think of movements to the rear?  
The Kilt!

What is it gives a man his style  
And draws fair maids for many a mile?  
The Kilt!

What makes us sniff the winter breeze  
And keeps us cool about the knees?  
The Kilt!

And what, dear readers, now it's out,  
Will put all other sheets to rout  
And fascinate you all—no doubt?  
We hope—"The Kiltie."

On one of those schemes in which the battalion took part several months ago, the following conversation between two officers was overheard by one of the R. S. P's. Says the Major: "There will be no attack in the morning, so the men can sleep late." "Yes, sir," replied the other officer, "they needn't have breakfast till half-past four."

First Goldstripe: "Has that fellow with the balmoral on been up the line, Bill?"

Bill: "Naw! 'Red Lion's' about as far as he ever got."

He: "Darling, I love you."

She: "Good gracious! Why we've only just become acquainted."

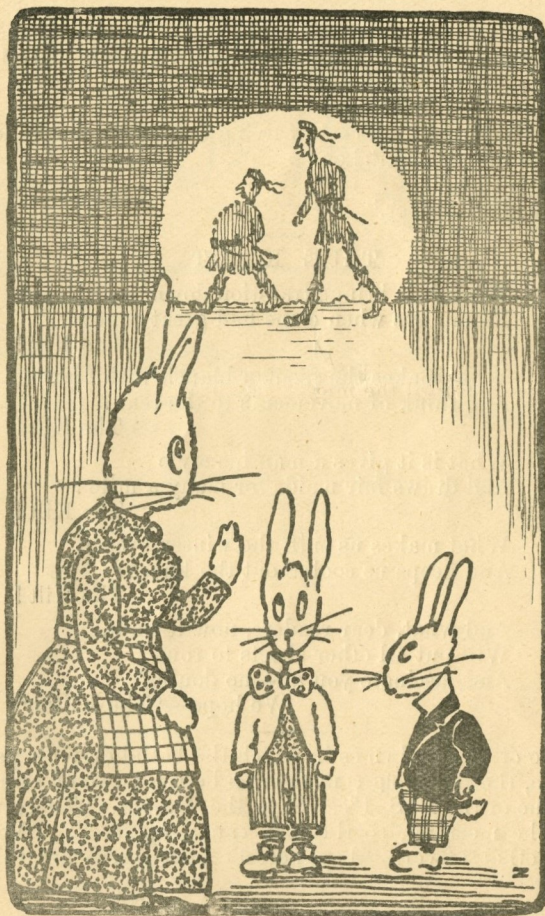
He: "Yes, I know, but I am only down here for the week-end."

"And noo we'll try the richt tur-rn by numbers, and mind that ye don't move till ye hear the final syllable of the wor-rd tur-rn!"

"I say, old deah, did you know that an English nobleman was the first white man to use this bally nicotine?"

"Aw, Raleigh?"





Beware of these men with the kilt and glen,  
Or you will rue it one day,  
For they don't like fish, but relish a dish  
Of bunny stew on Sunday.



Grouser: "Say, last night the rain came through the roof of my hut and gave me a regular shower bath."

Pioneer Sergeant: "What do you expect me to do, give you soap and towels?"

Private McStew: "I wonder how old this hash is anyway."

Mess Orderly: "Couldn't tell you, bo, I've only been on the job a week to-day, myself."

*our Regular  
Sunday dinner  
pretty near on a  
par with fish*

## A Christmas Greeting.

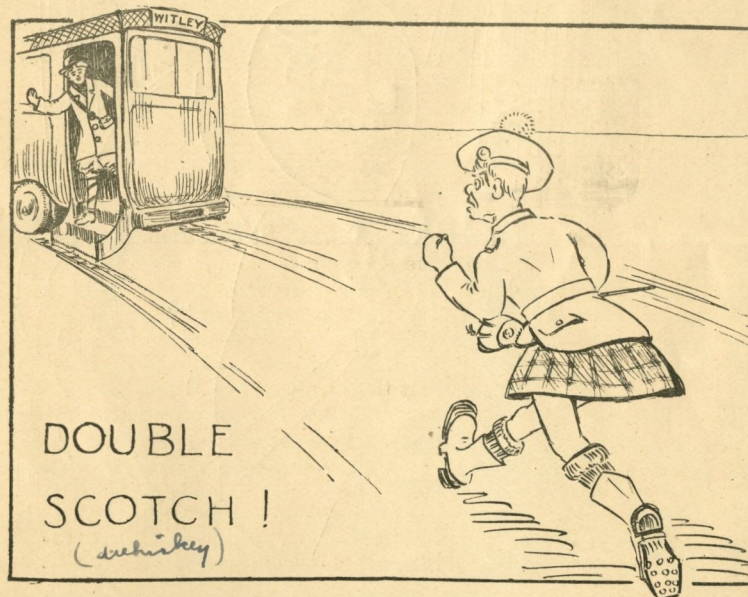
Enter Father Christmas, rotund of figure and of jovial mien. The stage has been meagerly prepared for him, but he takes possession of it nevertheless, and infuses into the piece his benignity and lusty cheerfulness. Child voices hail him with delight, and faces furrowed with years and cares lighten up at his presence.

Down through the aisles of the vast world theatre, on whose stage he is the central figure, his pervading spirit moves, until men in far-off lonely places of the earth lift up stern faces to greet his coming with a song, and the sternness and weariness gives place to the prevailing rejoicing. From camp and hospital and muddy trench the world-chorus is swelled until the mighty, joyous music drowns even the harsh noise of war.

So comes Christmas, with its carol of joy and hope,—with its awakened and awakening love, with its chastening and rejuvenating power,—and the burden is lighter, and the way less rugged, and hearts are stouter in the upward toil to the heights where Peace and Good-will shall abide, when the spirit of the Christ shall have conquered the ancient forms of hate and selfishness.

And so, in spirit of Christmas, to all readers of "The Kiltie," we extend hearty greetings, and the wish that this Christmas-tide may bring to them its choicest gifts.

N. A. M.





### *The Philosophy of Life.*

Did it ever occur to you that a man's life is full of temptations? He comes into the world without his consent and goes out against his will, and the trip between is exceedingly rocky. The rule of contraries is one of the features of the trip.

When he is little, the big girls kiss him; when he is big, the little girls kiss him. If he is poor he is a bad manager; if he is rich, he is dishonest. If he needs credit, he can't get it; if he is prosperous, everyone wants to do him a favour. If he is in the army, he is a boob; if he is out of the army, he is a slacker. If he doesn't give to charity, he is a mean cuss; if he does, it's for show. If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite; if he takes no interest in religion, he is a hardened sinner. If he gives affection, he is a soft specimen; if he cares for no one, he is cold blooded. If he dies young there is a great future before him; if he lives to an old age, he missed his calling. If he saves money, he's a grouch; if he spends it, he's a loafer; if he gets it, he's a grafter; if he doesn't get it, he's a bum. So, what's the use?

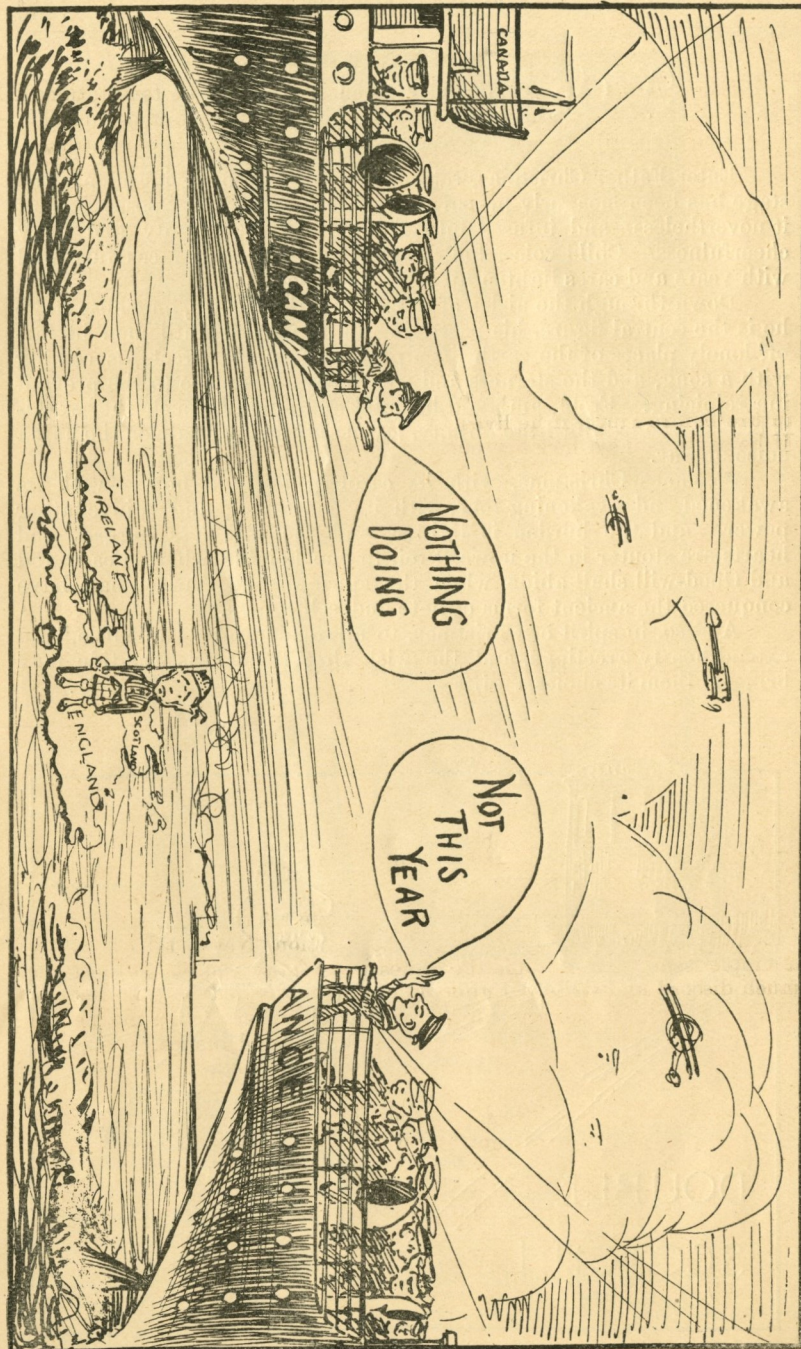


### *The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys.*

Methinks there is a feeling broadcast in the land that certain men who are aptly called "Fatigue Men" are not to be found when they are wanted. We note with sympathetic apprehension the weary, lost, expression of the very worthy "Gaffir of the Fatigue" as he meanders amongst the lines in search of these men who apparently should be named "Fatigued" men..... Today a certain florid individual with the richest brogue, did hold forth to a very hastily gathered and motley crowd. The burden of his delivery concerned a financial proposition which was to be participated in by all and sundry ..... We harkened to him and found that he spoke words of wisdom and truth. ....All we have will be at his disposal and verily I would even give him for his proposition the coffin plate which adorns my own coffin ..... In all my life, never did I have such opportunities of investment as are at the disposal of all people today..... Great excitement in degree at what is called the Election. Never did I see such a simple issue. In my time the issues were many and the subject for much discord and strife. Public opinion is undivided in this election and quite rightly so as the subject is of vital concern to all the people in this land, and in truth all lands where right and justice are known.

To bed early this night and did dream of many weird things..... One of a frosty-faced, flinty individual who did appear to me, and by a mere glance did make me feel as though I had committed every crime in the Decalogue except Arson and Manslaughter..... I did make diligent enquiry and find that he is a worthy successor to one James Clarke, famous some period ago for his generosity and open-heartedness and his willingness to oblige anybody..... 'Tis strange how looks do deceive ..... I confess my bewilderment at the many and strange adventures which beset us all these days and cannot be truthful even to my Diary, as events do follow each other so closely and quickly that I am mentally lost and totally unable to keep pace with the times..... But more anon.

HERE FOR DURATION





## Green Circle Jottings.

Those Sergeants' Dances are still quite popular (amongst themselves). The second monthly dance was held at Guildford on Thursday evening, November 16th. The attendance—there were easily one hundred couples there—and the enthusiasm even surpassed the first one. We hear they are arranging quite a "splash" for either Christmas or New Year's.

The Cinema in Tin Town has been taken over by the Army and Navy Canteen Board, and in place of those ancient movies we used to look at for 6d, they are now providing real good concerts given by London artists. Although the cinematograph has disappeared, we opine there will still be cause for eye-strain, eh?

A real live black-face minstrel show is being put on by members of the 1-3-4 in a few weeks. The show is under the management of Sergeant R. G. Reid, who has already proved his worth as a concert entertainer, and who is claimed to be the regimental ragtime king. The personnel of the troupe consists of both officers and men and a good night's entertainment is surely in store for men of this battalion. Rehearsals are already under way, several being held this week. A choice selection of the latest song hits and specialty stuff will be a feature of the performance. Watch out for it.

Six officers have left the battalion for the Reserve since our last issue. They are: Lieutenants Beattie, Colquhoun, Kennedy, MacLaren, Newton and Steadman. Mr. Beattie and Mr. Newton were with the battalion for over a year, coming to us from the 135th.

With a view towards brightening up the winter months and developing a spirit of friendly competition amongst the different platoons, Number 10 Platoon of "C" Company (E. 29) have appointed a Sports and Recreation Committee, and have organized teams for soccer and tug-of-war. They hereby challenge any platoon in the battalion to contest in either of these, and also at cribbage and checkers. "Let 'em all come" says Number 10.

The Dominion election, the outcome of which decides whether we remain a Division or not, is claiming not a little interest in the lines. As far as we can see, the majority will be on the right side and let us hope that once the Union Government is elected, they will not be long in starting the combing out process. We are all aware that the sooner they come over, the sooner we see the "Promised Land."

Reports (the source of which is conceded to be from one "in the know"), saying that an extra special Christmas dinner will be served to all ranks, have reached us lately. Turkey and plum pudding are even on the proposed menu.





*The Road to Godalming.*

It's a long road and a hard road,  
The road to Godalming;  
Marching with full equipment,  
Humping it in the dust,  
Route march or mobilization—  
Doing it 'cause we must.

It's a short road and a fine road,  
The road to Godalming;  
Sauntering down in the evening,  
Any old night in the year,  
Making a date with a lady friend,  
Or sinking a schooner of beer.

It's a dark road and a rough road,  
The road from Godalming;  
Toddling home in the darkness,  
Taking many a chance,  
Wondering whether the Fighting Fifth  
Will ever leave for France.

Oh pathway of sunshine and shadow,  
May the future often bring  
A memory and an image  
Of the road to Godalming.

—Sarah Monial.

*TELL US THESE—*

Who was the Sergeant who gave the girl in a store a kiss for half a pound of sugar recently?

Who is the N.C.O. who, whilst on leave, looked all over Paisley for the uncle of a man in his platoon and was told when he returned that "unk" had been dead 20 years? And was he peeved?

Who was the fellow who was held up by Sinn Feiners in Ireland and relieved of his kilt?

What excited N.C.O. gave the command, "Move to the fight in roars; form roars," while on the Refresher Course?

What Quartermaster Sergeant said to his men in the mess room: "Now sit down there, 'til I see how you stand"?

Why is it that soldiers, when they go to the Camp Post Office to mail parcels, etc., are compelled to wait from fifteen minutes to an hour before they are even noticed? The place is always as busy as a dog with the fleas, and it looks as if the staff could stand some augmentation.

"Grovergrams" *This is a crack on our Santay Sgt. He is always spreading rumours always official*

(Being a few of the good ones "spread" during the month.)

We leave for Italy two weeks from Tuesday, at 2 p.m., weather permitting.

All men who have £14 may go home to Canada for Christmas, if they wish.

Hair sporrans will be issued to all ranks very soon.

The Division will go to Ireland if trouble arises there again.

A big draft.

Those two stores down by the Brigade are selling goods at cost.

Canadian soldiers will receive an increase of pay of 50 cents per diem starting next year.

Stew and codfish are being cut off the diet sheet.

Peace will be declared on Christmas Day, also in February, 1918

That Refresher Course is a snap.

*Little Stories of the Big War.*

By P. H. Helmet.

The other day I heard of a guy in one of those flat-hat outfits who was up in the "smoke" not long ago. He goes into one of those chow-emporiums run by a wop who looks like the villian in a class Z road show, and indents for his one and three's worth. Another flat-hat sits down at the same table and this bird I'm talking about gives the new guy the up and down a couple times and then says: "Say, ain't I seen that face o' yours somewheres before?" The other dude says: "I dunno, Sergeant, but I was a warden at Kingston Pen 'fore I 'nlisted!" Then mouthy pulls the clam act and swallows his Yorkshire puddin' whole.



Inquisitive One: "What were you doing in there?"

Private McSnail (coming out of M. O's hut): "I've got a wee cough."

Inquisitive One: "How do you work it? I've only had six days since I landed and that's a couple of years ago."



We have heard of a fellow back home who, by the way, is, in all probability, a "drafted man" now, since the Military Service Act is being enforced, who was so prejudiced against everything connected with the army and soldiering that he even disposed of his military brushes and bought himself a whisk-broom.



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