

2nd C.H.B.

Old Boys'



C. E. F.

Association

The Aiming Post

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF THE MAN

Col. W. G. Scully

Died February 9, 1947.

First In War ! First In Peace !

First in the Hearts of the 2nd Heavy Batterymen !



In War, A Brave and Gallant Soldier;
In Peace, A True and Trusted Friend.

A EULOGY

No words are adequate to describe the sense of personal loss felt at this time by the Executive and Members of the 2nd C.H.B. Old Boys Association. The Colonel, (then Major), was our first commanding officer in France, and was President of the Old Boys Association for two different periods totalling four years. His initiative, driving force and personality were responsible for its re-birth and growth at a time when it was not only at low ebb, but almost extinct. His help and encouragement to all old boys in need will never be forgotten. Our respect and esteem for him are best exemplified by the tributes to and recollections of "The Colonel", reproduced in this issue.

To Mrs. Scully, Jack and Vincent, and other members of his family, we extend our sincere and heartfelt sympathy.

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THE AIMING POST

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The official organ of the second Heavy Battery C.E.F. Old Boys' Association

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Edited at the Office of the Secretary

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Every member of this Association will receive a copy of this magazine providing his verified address is in the hands of the Secretary.

Officers 1947-1948

PRESIDENT—Harry Gabbutt, Peterboro, Ont.

TREASURER—Bob Brotherston, Peterboro, Ont.

EDITOR, "Aiming Post"—F. J. Friend, Kemptville, Ont.

768 Sherbrooke St. W.,

February 16th, 1947.

2nd H.B., O.B.A.

My dear friends:—

It is given to very few of us even to think of choosing our own memorials. But if my late husband had thought of such a thing, I am quite certain that nothing could have struck closer to his heart than this last generous tribute of affection and respect that you pay to his memory.

"The Post" always meant a great deal to him, and naturally so.

Every issue was visible and tangible evidence of the bond and brotherhood between you all, and I have come to believe that this bond was, except for his attachment to his family, the most enduring of his life. He always gave to his reading of the "Post", the most minute attention; nothing escaped his notice.

Each news item and announcement was a thing real and close to him; something that was happening to a friend.

This lively, personal interest in all of you remained constant in him to the last, saddest years of his life. There is no sort of recognition you could have offered him that could have pleased him more.

With all my heart I thank you for it.

You were his most valued friends. He never tired of talking of you. It would surprise you to know how familiar many of your names are to members of my family, who never had the opportunity of meeting you. I often felt that my sons could call the roll of the 2nd H.B., O.B.A., from memory, so frequently did my husband speak of you. His fund of anecdote was seemingly inexhaustible insofar as the "Boys" were concerned.

He felt that you were each and severally his friends, as he felt that it was his pleasure and good fortune to be yours. Certainly I came to know with a profound sense of appreciation, that he had, and could have had no better friends than you have proved to be. During the difficult years; when illness and disability increased upon him, your foregatherings, which I shared, represented one of the great comforts of his life; so eagerly looked forward to, and so satisfying to him in the event.

He always enjoyed himself so; nothing else stimulated him so much. I think now of those occasions with particular thankfulness.

No words of mine can express my gratitude for the honour and kindness you did him in those years.

For myself and my family, may I offer my warmest thanks for the floral offerings, personal notes and cards of sympathy, which were received from you.

We were most deeply moved by these evidences of your remembrance of my husband, and to several of you we are indebted for personal kindness and assistance during the sad event. I shall never forget what you have done.

It is my hope that I shall meet many of you again in the days to come to renew old friendships and to express personally my appreciation to you, who were my husband's friends in life, and who will remember him in death.

Yours most gratefully and sincerely,

(Mrs. W. G. Scully)

L. SCULLY.

MONTREAL SUB-SECTION

In 1912, Ernie Court was elected sub-secretary and for many years his home was the "Dug-out" for the Montreal sub-section and all the visiting firemen who might be found on Ernie's front steps at any hour.

Colonel Scully was Ernie's most enthusiastic collaborator and backer and the most earnest attendant at the monthly meetings. In many years he was absent only three times; twice due to sickness and once due to pressure of business.

This was only part of the enthusiasm and labour he put behind all the work of the Association, but in Montreal we remember him as the first and last at any meeting.

One of our members, (who will recognize himself), ventured to say, "Colonel, do you remember giving me 28 days No. 1 F.P.?"

"Well, well, did I?" "Then you must have deserved it and by the look of you now, it did you good."

HARRY GABBUTT, THE ORIGINAL NO. 1, AND PRESIDENT OF THE OLD BOYS ASSOCIATION, EXPRESSES HIS SORROW

I received quite a shock when a wire arrived from Mrs. Scully with news of the death of the Colonel.

To myself he was more than the Commanding Officer who took the Battery into France and led it during the early days there.

He and I had something in common and we both respected one another, and a feeling developed which turned into a deep personal friendship after our return to Canada.

We all know that when he came to us at Otterpool (a stranger to nearly all of us) he put his whole heart into doing his best for the good of the Battery.

He was lucky in taking over a fine body of men, who had, by that time, developed quite a large dose of "Esprit de Corps", for which a lot of credit must be given to Col. Odell who did a lot of spade work in getting things organized. As B.S.M. I was brought in close contact with Colonel Scully and learned to appreciate a lot of fine points about him.

He was impulsive, like most of his countrymen, but after a flare-up it was all forgotten and very often caused quite a laugh a few hours later, in which the Colonel joined.

He tried to be square with everyone and did not like to have anyone up on the carpet, but when any of the boys did go before him, he could use a very salt tongue effectively.

All ranks who served under him learned to like him. After returning to Canada he still had the interests of the Old Boys at heart, and was always ready and willing to talk about the old days, and how the boys were making out in civil life.

I know that all of you will join with me in an expression of "Our Deepest Sympathy", to Mrs. Scully and the family in their loss, and to let her know that all the old boys knew him as a comrade and friend.

H. GABBUTT.

COLONEL SCULLY—SOLDIER AND MAN

Few of us, of the Second Heavy Battery will forget the day at Otter Pool, England, when Colonel Scully took command and delivered his first address. Needless to say, they were strong words and forcibly spoken. All were struck with his fine appearance and soldierly bearing. After a few weeks, a complete understanding existed and all ranks realized that we had a soldier in command in whom complete confidence could be placed. Efficiency was his aim and he demanded that every man give his best and that orders and tasks be carried out as delivered. Organization and understanding were points stressed and thorough knowledge of what was expected for successful completion of project. An outstanding feature, which was appreciated by all, was his protection and no allowance of outside interference was tolerated. Thoughtfulness, consideration, comfort and watchfulness of personnel, horses and equipment were always foremost in him. These were particularly shown when Battery was on the march in sending of cooks ahead to bivouac to have meals for men ready on arrival; also parties for selection of billets for men, which went to make a contented Battery. One point on which he insisted was that ranks should not be fed until horses were watered and fed, as he stated a horse-drawn Battery is no good but ineffective unless horses are fit and in good shape.

His fairness in conducting Office will be admitted by all. Crime sheets were thoroughly examined and Regimental Numbers, initials, names, etc., were required to be correct in every detail before proceeding and, if not, case was dismissed. He was especially alert to all of these on outside charges against men in the Battery. His judgments were not hastily made, every feature of the case was discussed before final decision.

In Colonel Scully, I consider the Second Heavies had a commanding officer who possessed in remarkable degree the qualities, traits and requirements fitting him for such a responsible charge. He possessed fine physical form, excellent word of command and was a strict disciplinarian with sound judgment and a genius for organization of detail.

Courage and ability were demonstrated during the Battery's fighting periods and his coolness under fire inspired all ranks. We, of the Second Heavies, were fortunate in having him in command. He was a real soldier and officer—none better.

Personally, I consider it an honor to give this tribute to his memory.

H. L. BETHUNE.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

WELCOME ON THE MAT

The home of Colonel and Mrs. Scully was always open to the old sweats, as were their hearts. How the Colonel's lady ever put up with such a mob, gassing away about old times and places, drinking and eating her out of house and home, is more than we shall ever know.

But this we do know, that we were always made welcome and though many of those hearty old liars never knew enough to go home, they would never find the door shut in their faces the next visit. Those Old Boys visiting Montreal were also recipients of the same hospitality.

Nor will we forget the famous oyster parties held at the Colonel's factory where Mrs. Scully was the charming hostess to wives, husbands and lone wolves at some delightful evenings.

We will never forget either the Colonel or the Colonel's Lady.

GUN JACKS

When the Battery moved from Cappy to Albert in November, 1915, we were a sorry sight. At Cappy we had been the "Orphans of the Storm", when the British 27th Division was moved out to refit for the Serbian campaign and we were left to the mercy of the French and distant British depots.

Our arrival at Albert to take over the lousiest (literally) French position we ever encountered, was the raggedest parade ever seen. Not a gunner with a seat in his britches or a rag of puttees. Up comes a stuffy British General unused to "Colonial Troops", and pompously orates, "Ah! Major, I think I can get you a few heavy gun jacks." "Gun jacks be God damned Sir", says the Major, "I want clothes for my men,"

RECOLLECTIONS FROM LOU MacLEOD

Lou writes as follows from Boston, Mass.:

I had heard that Colonel Scully was very ill, but your news informing me of his death was a complete surprise. I think it is a splendid idea to get out an issue of "The Aiming Post". The Colonel was certainly a red-blooded individual and I recall a few months after he returned to England and was in charge at Hythe, I was on leave to London. I think it was a 14-day leave—however, on the 24th or 25th day, knowing I was going to be in serious trouble for overstaying my leave to this extent, I suddenly thought of the Colonel at Hythe, and managed to get out of London without being picked up by the police, and visited him at his home there.

We sat in his study and drank two quarts of scotch. He then said, "You certainly are here for a purpose". I said, "Well, Colonel, I had a 14-day leave and am passed due ten or twelve days. I think if you were to have your doctor here give me a paper to the effect that I have been confined to the hospital for the past two weeks it will serve me nicely upon my return to France." This he agreed to do and then I returned to London feeling quite safe for a few more days.

Any plans for a re-union have my good wishes and I hope it can be arranged as I should like to see some of the old boys again.

Very best regards to all.

Sincerely,
LOU.

NO RUBBER SHORTAGE

G. R. O. No. 9230 forbade the wearing of hip rubber boots except in the forward areas. "Hank" Peterson was picked up in Dranoutre by the M.P.'s on this charge and was hauled before the Major.

When "Hank" heard the charge read out he was taken aback and when he was asked if he was guilty or not guilty, he replied: "I don't bloody well know sir."

The result was that he got off with a warning.

A PRESENTATION

Last October the Cobourg Sub-Section paid a visit to Colonel Odell in honor of his 80th birthday. It was a surprise to him and when he was presented with a pipe and tobacco and an address was given by Dudley Spragge in behalf of 14 members present, the Colonel was speechless for perhaps the first time in his life and it was some time before he could suitably express his gratitude.

HONOURS AND AWARDS

Shortly after the June show in 1916, a Battery Commander was informed that he was being awarded a D.S.O.. His reply was that, "We are only doing our duty here and the majority of us are performing that in a very sloppy manner, so I don't deserve and won't take a D.S.O."

The above referred to Battery Commander was the late Colonel Scully and his response and reaction on that occasion indicates the type of individual he was. Later he fought continuously to obtain Honours and Awards for the personnel of the units he commanded, with considerable success, but never received a decoration himself.

COBOURG COMMENTS

On Monday, February 10th., 1947, information was received from three sources that Col. W. G. Scully had passed away in Montreal the previous day. Within an hour's time seven members of the local Sub. were gathered together in a convenient office, to discuss the possibilities of being represented at the funeral service Wednesday morning at St. Patrick's Church in Montreal. This ready response to summons and the many expressions of regret heard from the local Old Boys at that time, indicated the esteem in which the late Colonel Scully was held by those of us, who were fortunate enough to have served under him during the war of 1914-18.

First impressions are frequently lasting and no doubt many of you recall his smart appearance, good physique and exceptional word of command when he first took over the Battery. You may also remember another unit parade, slightly over one year later and just prior to his departure for England and other duties. On this occasion, in addressing the unit, he stated that we were fortunate in having the best B.S.M. of any unit on the Western Front. Had the Sergeant Major at that time been permitted to voice his sentiments, I believe he would have reciprocated by saying that, during the previous year, the unit had been privileged in having the most efficient Battery Commander on any battle front.

The period that elapsed in between the above parades was the testing-time of the unit and the experience then gained and lessons learned under the wise guiding hand of its Battery Commander were responsible for setting the pattern of deportment and efficiency that resulted in its extremely high reputation as a fighting unit.

After the cessation of hostilities and when the Old Boys Association was formed, and in spite of the fact that Colonel Scully had several other units in which he was interested, he generously gave his time and efforts to our organization. The members of the Montreal Sub. know and appreciate his assistance and co-operation even better than those of us living elsewhere but those who attended any re-union regardless of locale, will recall that Colonel and Mrs. Scully were invariably the first to arrive, the last to leave and during their stay always entered enthusiastically into every item on the program. The fact that every last man who served under him was happy to renew old friendships on those occasions, and the Colonel reciprocated this fine fellowship, is, in itself, an indication of the high regard in which he was held by all the Old Boys.

The 2nd H.B., O.B.A. can ill afford to lose any of its former comrades-in-arms and especially those like the late Colonel Scully who was always ready and willing to work in the interests of the men who remain, in their efforts to keep up the old unit spirit through the medium of our Old Boys Association.

The members of the Cobourg Sub. extend their deepest sympathy to Mrs. Scully and Family in their very sad bereavement. He was truly "First in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of the Batterymen."

WAR TIME LAUNDRY TROUBLES

No. 105 G. A. MacDougall vs. H. M. King George V

JUDGE—Major W. G. Scully

As Told by H. A. MacDougall

At one time during our scrapping days it was found necessary to move civilians back some three or four miles, and one of those families had been doing my washing. I knew where they had moved so on one of my afternoons off I saddled up Dina and took my "Chinaman's Bag" and away I went, enjoying the beautiful summer sunshine. On arrival at my destination I threw the reins over the stake to which was attached the barbed wire, went up to the door but did not go in. While talking to the folks along came an M.P. Captain with his Sergeant. I saw them but they arrived at Dina's side first, so I was for it. When I came to where they were I was asked my name, etc. They wanted to see my pay book which I had left in my tunic at the billet. So the disc on the string around my neck came next. However, the Sergeant either had poor eye-sight or had not gone to school too long, as he read both my name and number wrong and who was I to correct this, gentlemen! When I arrived home I reported my experience to good old orderly-room clerk Swift, who in turn told the story to Colonel Scully.

After the charge came in I was paraded for office. B.S.M. Gabbutt marched me in and after saluting the Colonel said, "We have a charge here from the military police against No. 105 G. A. MacDougall, is that you?" My answer, of course, was—"No, Sir." His next question was, "What is your name and number?" On telling them it was No. 102 H. A. MacDougall, he said, "Swift, look this man up on your nominal roll." Swift confirmed that I was correct in what I said, so the Colonel let a few rips go, also saying "What are those fellows trying to do. Haven't we enough work without this damn nonsense! Sergeant Major there is no case against this man. Dismiss him."

I saluted and as I was about to go out the door, I heard him call, "MacDougall what horse did you have the day the M.P.'s got you?" I again saluted and replied very meekly, "Dina, sir." "How in hell could the mounties get you when you were riding Dina?" My answer this time was, "I was not on her back, sir." Colonel Scully again spoke, "See that the next time you go out sight-seeing with Dina as your mount, that you stay on her back."

For some time following this he received many letters from M.P. headquarters, but the same answer went back, "No charge against any man in my battery. We have not 105 G. A. MacDougall"

MORAL ADVICE

In 1916 in the Ypres Salient rations were at a low ebb and some fancy scrounging was being done around the countryside, for vegetables to supplement a meagre diet. Many a farmer went out to dig his potatoes, where a fine show of leafage indicated a bumper crop, and to his amazement found one or none of the tubers.

Ernie Court was doing some fancy cocking for his sub-section one day, when Major Scully and Lieut. Peterson came smelling around. "What's cooking there, Court? Jam roll, sir! And what's in that pot? Potatoes, sir! And what's in that one? Carrots, sir! Damn it, Peterson, we haven't seen a vegetable in the mess for weeks. Where did you get them, Court? Oh, the boys pick them up outside the dug-out at night, sir. Humphh! Likely story. But don't get caught."

"TAFFY" DAVISON WRITES

Blenheim,

March 29, 1947.

I was very sorry to hear of Colonel Scully's death. I am afraid he had rather a sad life during his last few years, and it seemed an early and poor end to a fine man. If is not too late to add my tribute to a special edition of "The Aiming Post", I would like to say this:—

My first contact with Major Scully was the day he took command of us at Westenhangar. We were short of horses and still shorter of harness, and I had to tell him so. Within an hour we were in a taxi on our way to Shornecliffe, to look up and get remounts. You all remember the hectic two days we put in getting ready to move to France and the week he had after we arrived in France.

During all that time I felt the weight of my responsibilities, probably because I had a feeling that they had been placed upon me by a man who expected the best in a man, but would not blame him for mistakes that were not of his own making. I got hell from the Major when I made a bad mistake, but always had a feeling that there was a bond of understanding and mutual appreciation between us which stimulated my best effort. He would always listen to my point of view, and give it fair consideration. Once, in a period of considerable strain, he gave me some potent criticism which was not due me. The next day he came to the horse lines to tell me he knew now he was wrong and withdrew his criticism. My respect for him was then at a very high level, and never receded. I expect that every man in the battery who had close relationship with Major Scully had a similar feeling of personal responsibility, and it was his ability to establish that bond of fellowship which made the unit what it was.

To me it was a bad day when he left us, and it has always been a matter of extreme regret that I had no opportunity of seeing something of him in the years that followed the war. His interest in the Old Boys Association was a great satisfaction to all of us, and I knew that all the members of the old battery feel as I do about his death. Will you convey some of this to Mrs. Scully with my personal sympathy to her?

"TAFFY" DAVISON.**"OLD BILL" McCONNELL SPEAKS FROM SCOTLAND**

I received your letter this morning. It has taken three weeks to come here. I was surprised to see by it that the old Colonel has gone. All the time during the war he sent me the "Canadian Legionary" every month for which I wrote and thanked him.

Well Jim, all the time the Colonel was in Ypres he was O.K., so we didn't see much of him as they went to the other billets. He was a good soldier.

Well Jim, we hope that you are getting along all right. We have been through a very bad winter and with the coal shortage and the food shortage I thought I was done but we are trying to do the best we can. Everything is so dear and the old age pension doesn't go far, but living in the country we don't spend much, but we hope that things will take a turn for the better shortly. We hope you are getting all you want in Canada and how is Alex Murphy getting along. Give him my kind regards and also any of the boys you come across. Good luck in trying to get out an issue of "The Aiming Post". It is the only way to call the roll of the Old Battery.

So cheerio Jim. I am turned 77, but I am still able to get along. The wife is not very strong but we manage to keep the home fires burning. The best of luck, that's the wish.

From "OLD BILL"

SOME OF JIM ARGOS RECOLLECTIONS

1. Arriving at Battery position Ypres Salient, two hours before the Battery left to go on rest to Mouille; tired and all in, trying to steal a ride on the baggage wagon, only to be ordered down by the Colonel with the comment, "Who the hell told you to get up there! The horses are just as tired as you are."

2. The day after arriving at Mouille, receiving orders to return into action by forced march. Every man disappointed and undoubtedly the Colonel as much as anyone, but from him, no grouching.

3. Return to Mouille for rest and two weeks of complete freedom from all unnecessary restrictions—the Colonel, a man's man.

4. Canada—One of the "Old Boys" developed T-B. Through the good efforts of Colonel Scully, a cabin in the Laurentian mountains secured for him and his wife. At various times, food, clothing, a gun and other equipment and supplies sent to the man, until the time of his death, when every possible assistance and courtesy was extended to the man's wife.

5. A man in trouble, loaned money, with little prospect of it ever being returned.

6. An Old Sweat helped to secure work on many occasions.

7. Louis Bains' funeral and the Colonel's almost fatherly assistance to Louis' daughter, the only relative present.

WOULD FIGHT ANY MAN

How many of the old 2nd Heavies remember the incident shortly after we landed in France when Colonel Scully ordered everyone to remain still under trees when enemy planes came overhead? Some moved around and were spotted by the Colonel who, in his wrath, announced that if his orders were not obeyed he would lick any man in the battery. Quiet, lanky Dudley Spragge, informed the Colonel that he (the Colonel), could start on him right away. No action taken.

NOT AN N.C.O. WORTH HIS STRIPES

Then there was the incident when word went around that the Colonel had made the announcement that there was "not an N. C. O. in the Battery worth his stripes". Remember the parade of N.C.O.'s from both horse lines and guns from the Sergeants down to the last Bombadier, almost without exception, who paraded before the Colonel and asked to be reduced to the ranks. Some felt that this was the bitterest pill the Colonel ever had to swallow, but he heard his N.C.O.'s through and then paraded them and apologized to them like a man and told them what he really did think of them and their influence and importance to the Battery he commanded.

F. J. FRIEND.

DUG-OUT GONE BOOM

With regret we report that Ernie Courts' dug-out on Stanley street has been blown up. Not with Ernie in it, however.

The old home of the Montreal Sub-Section has gone to make room for the new Laurentian Hotel. However, Ernie had decamped to Ormstown, Que., before this occurred.

FROM "THE ISLAND" IN THE GULF

Possibly the above heading should read, "To the Island" that the Colonel and his charming lady travelled in 1939 when they felt badly in need of a change which would soothe the mind as well as rest the body. Harry MacDougall, in reminiscing about the visit, has the following comments to make:

"His trip to Spud Island with Mrs. Scully in 1939 was a great pleasure to the boys there. His room at the Charlottetown Hotel was like the old orderly room—some of the gang in and out all the time—and I have a feeling they enjoyed it as much as we did."

"Different members of the Battery, with their wives, were on numerous occasions, invited to have a meal with the Colonel and his wife and on one Sunday afternoon some carloads travelled to Lower Montague to be their guests at the summer hotel there."

"Many other trips were made to other sections of "The Island". One of the Colonel's remarks before leaving was, "I don't blame you fellows a damn bit for liking this place the way you do."

"Possibly the most enjoyable and memorable evening, was the one of the Reunion with the old sweats in the drill shed. As we entered the room, I called the boys to attention, and the reception he got was something I'll never forget. I walked around part of the group with him and then turned that privilege over to one of the old 8th Seige boys as several of them were present. The greeting as between commanding officer and men was something I shall never forget."

"One individual was almost embraced by the Colonel—Arch'e (Haig) MacEachern—our fearless staff sergeant."

"Major Ham Bethune, his wife and daughter, added greatly to the pleasure of the visit by driving the Colonel and Mrs. Scully to see points of interest. On one occasion they stopped near my store. Mrs. Bethune called me out to speak to them and as I came out of my door I shouted, "Colonel, how about a pass to London for the week-end." He replied, "I may as well give it to you, because if I don't you will go A.W.L. just like you used to do."

"The news of the death of our old commanding officer has been received with a genuine feeling of sorrow. To those of us who are left to think over the old days, the memory of a Gentleman, a real Soldier and a Loyal Friend, will long remain with us."

JOHN N. CONROY, K.C. WRITES

March 14, 1947.

I have received your letter advising of the death of Colonel Scully, and of your intention to issue a memorial edition of "The Aiming Post", in his honour.

I was not a member of the original Battery and never had the honor of meeting Colonel Scully. I knew him only through hearing other members of the Battery speak of him. They all regarded him very highly.

I join with the other members in expressing regret at his death and in extending a message of sympathy to Mrs. Scully and the family.

Yours sincerely,

J. N. CONROY.

North Battleford, Sask.

FREDDIE FRIEND ADMITS THE TRUTH—FOR A CHANGE

From the time Colonel Scully, then Major, took over the Battery at Otterpool Camp from Colonel Odell, who was so loved by all of us, both as a person and as the father of the Battery, we learned that, with our approach to the battlefield so imminent, our new O.C. was a very strict soldier and demanded the best from us, just as he was willing to give his best for us.

While we became known as "Scully's Scavengers", there was nothing slovenly or unsoldierly that he would endure. But when we needed supplies and material and the top British Brass could not see fit to supply it then the "Scavengers" were set to work to obtain legally or illegally the necessities of better living. No one of the 1915 days will forget the lumber and corrugated iron that suddenly appeared when all requisitions had been ignored and how a headquarters staff found themselves one early winter morning with no stables except the brick floors.

There was also another occasion when a B.S.M. who had led a raiding party to, let us say, abstract the fruits of labour of an English battery, to wit; several dozen street car rails which they had laboriously sawed in sections by hand with hacksaws, and who had told an inquisitive officer to go to hell as the "Scavengers" tore away with their loot; the said B.S.M. was given a leave to London while a sergeant donned the B.S.M.'s tunic until the storm blew over. Such actions made for understanding and comradeship between officers and men.

Those who were close to him during our long stay in the Ypres Salient will always remember that he worried more about his men than many thought, but we found later that a military gruffness hid a heart that was big and kind beyond expectation.

JACK CHRISTIE SPEAKS

Royal Anne Hotel, Kelowna, B.C.

March 21, 1947.

I was very sorry to hear that Colonel W. G. Scully has passed on.

Of all the men that were in charge of our Battery, Colonel Scully to my mind was the best O.C. we had. His first consideration was for the care of his men and he would go any length fighting for what he deemed was right. Always a real soldier, he was loved by the men and they would do anything for him.

The Western Sub Section extends to Mrs. Scully our deepest sympathy, "He was a good man with a heart of gold."

JACK CHRISTIE.

SPUDS AGAIN

When Bob Pickman was arrested by the M.P.'s near Poperinghe, he was arraigned before Major Scully who looked and acted very stern, as only he could.

After listening to the evidence he asked Pickman what he had to say. His answer was "nil", so for the benefit of the Military Police the Major awarded Bob 28 days No. 1 F.P. When the M.P.'s left the Major said to the prisoner, "Pickman, I didn't give you that for stealing those potatoes. God damn it, that's for getting caught."

BILL COLTON WRITES FROM RUSHDEN, NORTHANTS, ENGLAND

Needless to say I'm very, very sorry to hear of the death of Colonel Scully after suffering for so long. It will always remain a mystery why good living people suffer and die early and others not so good enjoy health and longevity.

I would like to help with "The Aiming Post Memorial", but the two very vivid moments that remain in my mind would be hardly printable. What he said to the Imperial Divisional Brigadier, and in the very early days in France, what he said to the shoe-smith who had been given a direct order and asked an exasperating and stupid question in reply. (Editor's note: Too bad you didn't tell us, Bill. We would have printed them in this issue.)

I held him in great esteem as a first class soldier, fearless, outspoken, but kind and thoughtful of those in his charge.

Things over here are positively frightful in every way and in everything. Shortages, sacrifices, taxes, make life miserable and most things continue to worsen. Can one wonder at the waiting list of millions to emigrate?

I wish you and all old members, the best to be had.

Yours sincerely,

BILL COLTON

THE BATTERY COMMANDER

There are normally three sources from which helpful information may be obtained in assessing the efficiency of a Battery Commander. They are:—

- (a) The Higher Brass.
- (b) Fellow-Officers of the Unit.
- (c) The Rank and File of the Unit.

Strange as it may seem, the above is not the correct sequence, for experience has taught that both (a) and (b) are often:—

- (1) Prejudiced to an extent that prevents an unbiased opinion.
- (2) Jealous due to a school tie or bank account.
- (3) Opinionated due to a clash of personalities.
- (4) Not correct in their conclusions due to only fleeting opportunities of observing the overall picture.

The people that know the correct answer, and Barnum himself wouldn't attempt to fool them, are a cross-section of the Rank and File.

The B.C. may be tough as nails, his Christian name is often February, as about all he ever says is twenty-eight days, but the troops will still eat out of his hand and move heaven and earth at his behest if he:—

Acts like a he-man.
Knows his job.
Is decent and fair.
Fights for his unit.
Is enthusiastic.

The late Colonel Scully, unsuspectingly perhaps, received so many points from the rankers of the 2nd H.B., that all other candidates lost their deposits.

PAIN ET PORC

On September 19th, 1915, the Battery was in camp at Seux before moving up to position at Cappy. We were temporarily attached to the 26th Imperial Division for rations and discipline and probably the Quartermaster of that division believed that bully beef and hard-tack was good for the souls of the bloody colonials.

This diet palled on the Major, who commandeered the largest pig in the countryside and all the bread the village could spare, giving, in lieu of cash, a voucher, money being something no one in the Battery was ever known to possess.

The sequel proves that the 2nd H.B. never paid for anything that could be procured otherwise, for in 1938 a voucher was received by the Colonel, for his signature in order that those poor forlorn Frenchmen should be paid.

TWO DRUNKS AND A MAJOR:—OR TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS NO. 1 F.P.

August Gudmundsson would recall a day when he and Alec Murphy were given a' days leave from the Salient by Major Scully, with strict orders to report both going and coming at Vlamertinghe, the officers billet and finally the Major's dugout.

The wines and liquors of Poperinghe, the beer at the horse lines were sufficient unto the day thereof, but a bottle of five franc champagne in Vlamertinghe during a long halt in the evening traffic was the downfall of August.

As our two heroes crossed the long red brick road from the officers' billet to the Major's dugout, August's head, more and more resembled a drooping lily. At the first glimpse of this somnolent soldier, the order was "Sergeant Major, arrest that man." The shock so sobered Murphy that he was able to report himself all present and correct and make a clean getaway. The only difficulty was that both men were carrying, under their great-coats, six bottles of whiskey apiece which had been contributed for by B. Sub. The problem was to get Gudmundsson's six out of the clink. However, a stealthy search party accomplished this and a good time was had.

At a reunion this was recalled to the Colonel's mind and the latter data given him. "By God," he said, "I didn't mind a man getting tight on a days leave, but if he couldn't perform his duties when he came back, he was for it."

A PROMOTION

Art McIntosh has resigned his position as Manager of the Public Utilities in Cobourg to accept the position of Resident Manager of the new big Hydro power plant at Rapides des Joachin near Mattawa. Best of luck, Art.

ANOTHER UPPER CANADIAN DISCOVERS THE BEAUTY OF "THE ISLAND" AND THE WARMTH OF ITS HOSPITALITY

An irresistible urge to see dulse in its native setting, the source of malpeque oysters; have a d... good feed of lobster and particularly to see the grand "old sweats" who came from there, took Jim Argo from Toronto to Charlottetown, a distance of 1112 miles, last summer.

Jim reports that nobody showed him any dulse! it was not a month with an R in it, so the malpeques were out of season and there wasn't a lobster on the whole d... island.

BUT the "old sweats" certainly did their stuff and proved to Jimmie beyond any shadow of a doubt, that the folks down there are a whole lot of all right, and justified the bragging they indulged in whenever the opportunity presented itself while in France, to boast about the land of their birth.

The first thing that impressed our ex-General Secretary was the fact that all the old boys seemed to be happy and contented, and that is something in these days of turmoil.

A complete report of Jimmie's visit would require a special issue of "The Aiming Post" but we told him we couldn't afford to do that even for P.E.I., so here is an abbreviated account of what happened.

Jim walked into Harry MacDougall's store and ordered a shirt. Harry had to delay the transaction while he worked out a barter deal of a pair of overalls for a chicken, and then said we can't guarantee delivery of shirts before 1948, but I'll take your order, and incidentally, aren't you Jim Argo?

Harry decided that this was a good opportunity to show he had the best store, so he took Jim over to Moore and MacLeod's and found Freddie Moore with a bale of cotton shirting on his shoulder. Jim ordered his shirt right there.

On Sunday, Harry drove Jim and his wife out to his birthplace at St. Johns. It was a trip which showed the beauty of the Island throughout and on the return leg called on Walter Beer.

While calling on an official in his department of the C. N. Railways, Jim saw a door with "H. Woolridge" printed on it, and that stirred up more fire.

Ham Bethune was on vacation, but Jim discovered his home was just across from the Hotel, so he and his wife sat on the porch until Ham and his wife came home and then received a genuine welcome.

Walter Carver and Hen Woolridge took Jim out to see Archie McEachern at Cornwall, P.E.I., and found Archie looking fine and feeling half as good, and with the same grand fighting spirit.

Due to the nature of the gathering, Jim can't remember on which night it was held, but the old gang staged a grand get-together in the armouries, with the usual trimmings. Ham Bethune was master of ceremonies and others present included: Bill Bruce, Walter Carver, Barthol Dwyer, Loman Farrell, Od'e Gallant, Harry MacDougall, Freddie Moore, Jim Strain, John Turner, Wally Walker, Bunny Wonnacott and Hen Woolridge.

Bill Bruce and Bunny Wonnacott returned from War No. 2, had very little to say, but they are looking after the interest of veterans and doing a grand job.

On the day following the "binge", Jimmie's wife found a gorgeous lot of glad-ioli in her room with a card from Wally Walker. It was a lovely thought.

The evening before the damn Torontonians left to return to their den of iniquity, a lovely picture of a beautiful Charlottetown scene was delivered to Mrs. Jimmie with good wishes from Ham and Mrs. Bethune.

On the same evening a lovely cushion, with the crest of Charlottetown was delivered to the departing guests, with a wish expressed by Harry MacDougall and his wife that they would not forget P.E.I.

They never can!

The following members of the Old Boys' Association attended the service to pay their last respects to their Esteemed Commander and Loyal Friend.

DAVE HILL, Cobourg, Ont; ALEX MURPHY, ANGUS RAY,
JOHN CHRISTIANSON and LIEUT. SKAIFE, Montreal, Que.; JIM
ARGO, Toronto, Ont.

Since the last issue of "The Aiming Post", our Association has suffered several losses, in addition to that of Colonel Scully. To the relatives and friends of these men, we extend our sincere sympathy.

Sanford T. Harris, Peterboro, Ont.

Secretary of the Old Boys' Association

Died February 11th, 1946.

Albert R. H. (Curly) MacLeod

Died in Toronto

E. A. Leach, Late of Oshawa

Died in North Bay

* * * * *

We regret to report that the wife of Don Orr died early in July and was buried at Cobourg. Our sympathies go out to Don.

AVE, ATQUE, VALE!

Now to paraphrase the glorious lines of a Latin poet in a valedictory on his brother's death, "Atque in perpetuum frater, Ave, Atque, Vale."

And now forever Colonel, Hail and then Farewell.