

Camp News

Thomas Johnson, an old Chesley boy who came over with the 71st Battalion, was in Camp over Sunday, renewing old acquaintances.

Every day we are receiving items for "Bruce in Khaki" but the contributors forget to sign their names and we positively will not publish any items unless we know who hands them in. Every piece of news must be signed so that we know it comes from a reliable source, but the names of all contributors will be treated in confidence.

Bert English was badly scalded in the legs a short while ago when the tap came out of one of the big pots in the kitchen. He is back on the job again and is rapidly improving.

There were some pretty nice looking huts through the lines on Sunday but Sergt. Marsh claims No. 5 had them all beat.

The Y. M. C. A. Bible Class Rally, which was postponed, will be held in No. 2, Y. M. C. A. Hut at 2.30 p.m. Sunday, October 21st. Captain Forgie, a returned Chaplain, will be the speaker. All are invited to come and enjoy a good thing.

A letter recently received from a Toronto University signaller contained the following: "The other evening we heard music coming over the wire. We promptly fixed our switch board so that all the battalions could hear it. Afterwards we learned that all the brigade officers had done likewise, so that every signal office in camp was listening to that same gramophone. We found out later that the music came from the 160th Bruce Battalion and had gone all over the camp from there."

Corpl. Black, Business Manager of "Bruce in Khaki" is enjoying a few holidays in Scotland.

Isn't it rather morbid curiosity to say to a chap who was just up for "Orderly Room": "What did you get, kid?"

A certain little scotch private called "Tommy" didn't just care whether the grass was green or school kept or not. When he went up to the bar in — the man behind said, "You'll get no moah beah heah, so theah." "Heah, Heah," said Tommy.

Say George it was funny we didn't see a hippopotamus on that long trip across the pond.

Did you ever realize how funny it will be to go upstairs to bed; sounds simple but it will take some getting used to.

Awfully sorry Red, but every knock is a boost.

Life ain't a joke, when you're gone dead broke
And things look on the bum.
But a two cent grin and a tilt of the chin,
Helps some, old kid, helps some.

Up to now have only been asked twice about Xmas cards. Better get a hustle on and make yourself acquainted with the staff, who will get you value for your money.

Say boys did you see what the Signallers have done? Now it is up to you to get your Section or Platoon into prominence. Give us a photo of your "clan" and a write up and we'll do the rest. Now get busy.

The draft will not be altogether pleasant for a man that has cold feet.