

Camp News

A command given by one of the Sergts. the other day on parade—Move to the left in file, form fours, right.



We heard one of our boys saying that he walked from Aldershot a few days ago. I guess those wheels can't always be depended on, can they Dave?



The King Edward Hotel in Toronto has nothing on the 160th mess orderlies since they got the new white jackets.



Pte. H. (Buster) Brown returned Wednesday from Scotland, where he spent a week viewing the sights of the country.



Pte. R. G. Hunter spent four days in London this week.



A Bruce boy was seeing his girl off on the train at Godalming one night not long ago, and when he turned to go out of the station the M. P. on duty there asked him where he was going with the ladies parasol.



That 119th lad wants to keep his eyes open when he is seeing his girl off on the train and not sit talking until the train pulls out. Two hours is a long time to wait for the next train.



Next week we will start our new serial story of "Ten Years Hence in Bruce," wherein officers, N. C. O's and men of the 160th Batt. will have become prominent in the affairs of the Dominion.



The rabbit season opened in the mess hall a week ago Sunday.

Donald—I haven't been able to go out of camp for seven days. Dougall—What was your trouble, seven days' C. B.?



Lieut. Haig—Well my namesake, the Gen. is hitting the Huns back. Lieut. McKechnie—Yes, and he's hitting their front too.



Capt. Parker was delivering a lecture in the mess room on machine guns. At the conclusion he asked is there any question anyone wishes to ask? 'Sir!' was the quick response from one of the boys, "Do you think the war will be over by Xmas?"



As the shortage of hymn books causes a slackness in singing on church parade, the Adjutant should arrange a weekly syllabus to include an hours daily tutoring by the padre on hymns for the following Sunday.



Pte. A. Blackwood was back from the front on a visit to his brother, Pte. S. Blackwood, of the Transport Section. They took a trip to their old home in Ireland.



Pioneer Sergeant D. W. Stephens received the sad news last week of the death of his cousin in Scotland, and spent a week visiting relatives there.



Why is it that the mail men have to wait until six o'clock at night for a mail that comes into the post office around 2 p. m.? Why can it not be arranged for the mail orderlies to get that mail about four o'clock and let the poor beggars have a chance to see the girls in Godalming at nights instead of having them hunting around in the dark with a post card for somebody who has lit out for the bright lights two or three hours previous?