

eat at one time. I wasn't quick and got left a couple of times, but managed to make a pretty good meal. After breakfast I went out on parade. The order came to "slope arms," and I managed to get my rifle to my shoulder in time by watching the other fellows. Then an officer comes out and yells "Ooody Hup," and I'm blest if I knew what to do. He says "Sarmajor, what is that man trying to do?" looking at me. The S.M. looks at me in disgust and says, "Oh, he's recruit, Sir." "Fall him out and teach him how to order arms," said the officer. So I fell out with two other fellows and spent the rest of the morning learning how to slope and order arms. Gee, my arms got tired. If I'm ever a sergeant I'm going to let the fellows change arms occasionally. My left arm I could hardly move when we came off parade. In the afternoon we all went for a route march, and believe me, I haven't walked so far since old Heck Biggs' funeral. Gosh, my feet were sore. Those boots felt like a board floor on my feet. The other fellows got along all right. That night we had a smoking concert which was a peach. Haven't seen anything like since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came to town. Lots of songs and card tricks and music. We just got out in time to hike for the building for tattoo roll call and then turn in. This ended my first day in camp.

YOUR OLD FRIEND TOM.

P.S.—It may seem funny, but I like being a soldier and wish you could come, too. No. 100000024, Pte. Tom Jones.

AROUND THE CAMP

Br-rr
Its cold
These nights
And we wish
That
The guy
Who said
Two blankets
Are enough
Was here
Our cold is worse.
* * * * *
Yesterday
We decided to kill it
Good night!
Out all night
And got pinched
And the guard room was cold
And the sergeant of the
guard was rude
And we got seven days C.B.
And Sergeant Howard got
our name
And now we have to leave
concerts
To answer defaulters
And it ain't fair
And we wish we were to
home.
* * * * *
It makes us sick
To see
The
Western Scot
Filled up
With knocks
Between
Companies
You'd think
We were
At war
With

Each Other
Instead of the Germans
Cut it out
And pull together
For the
67th.
* * * * *
Oh! you grub
At the
Ranges
The other
Day
Come
Again
Mac
We sure like it.
* * * * *
Isn't it nice
To stay up all night
On duty.
We did last week
And when we tried
To sleep
Next day
The orderly officer
Wakes us up
And says
Were you asleep?
And we says yes
And he says why
And we starts
To tell him
And just then
The Company
Comes off parade
And there is no
More sleep
And yet
They say
It is great
To be
A soldier.

ONLOOKER.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD TROOPER

(Continued from last week.)

When we arrived in Krugersdorp we found our camp was about two miles from the town, an underground fort all ready made. It just about overlooked the Boer refugee camp. This concentration camp had about 5,000 people in it, mostly women and children, with the exception of a few men who had taken the oath of allegiance. There is a peculiar monument in this town. The Transvaal was at a previous time a British colony, but they rebelled in 1881 and in disgust the Government abandoned the colony. During the operations

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