

The Sergeants' Mess

B.S.M. Watts returned to camp last Saturday after completing his course. His examination returns showed 100 per cent.



C.S.M. Richenbach of A. Company has resumed his duties. Acting C.S.M. Struthers again assumes his duties as sergeant.



Say Van, bicycles are made to ride on, not to carry.



If Sergt. Ruhl is seen wearing a black band on his arm, it will be because he has lost his friend "Vive la France."



Sergt. Pilkington has been laid up with a bad knee. Did the new trousers have anything to do with it?



Who is the instructor who left his bicycle in the 164th Sergts. Mess and searched the 160th mess for it. Next time you lose your wheel advertise for it in "Bruce in Khaki."



Sergt. Norman spent Sunday in Milford.



Wonder why the B.Q.M.S. couldn't get the door of the stores open one day recently. Someone must have locked the door on the inside.



Is it true that A Company's S.M. received a post card from Bramley saying: "Please don't bring a friend with you on Wednesday night. I will meet you by myself. Pats."

A Soliloquy

In Surrey's hilly country,
Where beauty spots most rare
Abound in splendid silence,
Bruce Boys are training there.

All the summer's golden hours,
Through sunshine, mist and rain,
They have marched o'er the hills,
And purple heathered plain.

Over Thursley's hilly common,
Where trenches seam it's side,
A Replica of Vimy Ridge,
Where Canadians fought and died.

There our boys have quickly learned
The art of war to know,
And as the Verey lights burned,
Their bombs to quickly throw.

Thro' forest paths and gorseland
Where the "Devil's Jumps" are found
They have won sham battles
With springing dash and bound.

They have route marches taken
O'er Hindhead's lofty crown,
Past Eashing's old and rustic bridge
Where the Wey flows gently down.

A land of scenic beauty
Throughout the realm renowned,
By the pen of many a poet
And by artists' brush defined.

Through Godalming and Guildford,
Where St. Catherine's Chapel stands,
Passing Fleet, Odiham and Alton
To Cowdray's beauteous lands.

Through hedge lined roads to Petworth,
Where deer by hundreds roam,
Where English Lords for centuries
Have called their palace "home."

Then back to Witley village,
Whose church with ivy clad
Has stood the centuries' ravages
And made the villagers glad

With it's message of comfort
To the many lonely ones,
Whose men are fighting bravely
'Gainst the fierce and hateful "Huns."

—W. B. T.