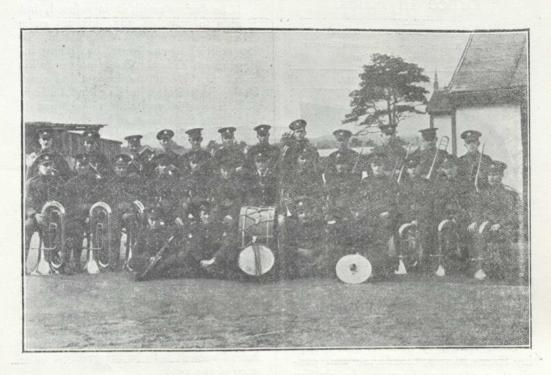
BRUCE IN KHAKI.



The Brass Band

The mellow strains of the band has rung Through Surrey's leafy leaves,

As the Regiment's boys step cheerily on In the long route marche's train.

When nearing the end of a long day's toil And the packs weigh near a ton,

Watch the steps quicken up and lengthen At the first tap of the drum.

With Sergt. Jack who the baton wields, Then Hardy and Hahn and Pearson, Whose big bass horns give forth deep tones

So loud it is almost fearsome.

Then Wismer, Wright and Carlton Prosser Are heard on their slide trombones,

As Atchison, Kincaid and Shorty Price Peal forth on their big baritones. Next Campbell, Thompson and Wisler, Uphold the alto part, Hodgson, Nebbling and Charlie Birch,

"Plawy oop" the lead right smart.

Then McNamara, star base ball catcher, "Stub" Matthews and Akiwenzie,

Good seconds make, I would inform you, When playing "Flowersofthe Prairie."

Next comes the artist Dooley McCombe, A star on the clarionet,

With Curtis and Lane and William Prince, All there with the goods you bet.

Hall Trout on his E flat clarionet, Has a piccolo beat a mile.

Fred Bennet, who makes a violin speak, Plays the cymbals with dash and style.