

PAGES

MISSING



BRUCE IN KHAKI!

SAVE, SERVE



AND SMILE.



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NOVEMBER 2, 1917.

PRICE 3D.



No. 10 Platoon, "C" Company

See Pages 60, 61 & 62

Musical Notes

Now that the electric power is turned on, the band boys are looking on the bright side of life once more.



Word has been received that Morgan Hohn has been removed from Bramshott to Westcliff hospital to undergo an operation on his throat. We hope to see Morgan back with the boys in the near future.



Dooley McCombe (cartoonist), wholesale manufacturer of candles, is now in a position to buy all old pieces of candles.



Bandsmen Pearson and Mathews had "tea in the garden" last Sunday at Chiddingfold.



A number of the boys were away on an all-day pass last Sunday.



Bandsman Wismer is in the stock broker business. Anyone wishing to invest will please call at his office between lights out and reveille.



Who is the cornet player when asked "why he did not clean both sides of his bed boards," said that "he only slept on one side?"



Our debate club is open for engagements on the following interesting (?) subjects: "Is water level?" "Socialism," "Matrimony" and "Plowing." Any person wishing to discuss the above subjects will please write the Hon. Capt. Jas. Pearson.



On Monday several of our most efficient musicians were selected to take a three day machine gun course. If they maintain the average the boys made at

Mythett, the company machine gunners will have to look sharp.—B. S.



What was the big attraction at Guildford last Saturday that one of our horn players was in such a hurry to get there he forgot to put his belt on. "W. B." you will have to be more careful in the future or your initials will be "C. B."



Heard in The Tailor Shop

Geo. Wilson—Did you hear that your brother Neil was arrested? Mack said, "No, what for?" Geo., "he took his sewing machine out on the street without a stitch on it."



Jack McCallum—Lend me your scissors to trim the horse's tails.



Straighten up this shop—Inspection to-morrow at eleven o'clock. Order from Capt. Todd.



Why was he up before the O.C? For going on fatigue against the M. O's orders.



Will we have all the turkey we want to eat at our big Xmas dinner?—Yes, if money can buy it we will.



Did you hear about Sergt. Hall being arrested for abusing his housewife?



What time is it? Give me a chew. Have you got a match? Can you hone a razor? How is your tobacco? Lend me your tooth brush, sorry, but Jack Devine has got it to clean his rifle.



Waiting for a bus Sunday: "How much have you got George?" Geo.: an all day pass and a box of matches."

"Bruce In Khaki"

STAFF

Capt. F. Shaw - - - - Chief Censor
 Corpl. T. Black - - - - Business Manager
 Pte. Thos. Johnston - - - Editor

Friday, November 2nd, 1917.

EDITORIAL

SUNDAY, Oct. 28th, was an epic in our lives. One Year ago we entered the Motherland and we now see the first milestone of a new year for the "Bruce Army."

Now that our training periods are not so prolonged or tedious, reminiscences creep in and our imaginations work much more readily. To look back now over our first twelve months brings before us some of Memory's pictures that naught can ever dim.

Most of us considered ourselves very fortunate to wobble off the "Metagama" with her appetising (?) roll and fish diet. But it wasn't the easiest thing in the world to forget this self-same "Metagama." Try as we could we continued to feel that agonising roll of her decks for hours after we had disembarked.

We Bruce people are not a sarcastic race by nature, but nevertheless some of the things we said about the dumpy grey coaches we entered at Birkenhead Station were not exactly effusive of admiration.

Once within these coaches however all were more content and happy and accordingly the lanes, orderly rows of cottages that met our eye as we sped along, all tended to make us believe that we had eventually travelled to Arcadia.

How many of us could now retrace the road we used to enter Witley Camp that Saturday night now twelve months old? Some of us have perhaps seen the plan of streets of the city of Boston, Mass., which was supposed to have been made by a Pennsylvania Dutchman in

hot pursuit of a wild and frantic but alert hare through the snow. Surely the road that night must have been pattered like unto one of these, for we turned more corners that dark and rainy night than we have ever been able to find even when returning from Guildford on one of the nights that we don't particularly care if the Provost Marshall does catch us.

Then came a week chucked full of hair cuts, new surroundings and short route marches that enthused our home letters for many a day. Next our advent into Bramshott. Even yet we are at a loss to adequately describe that camp. Mumps and mud are however its main characteristics. And shall we ever forget that lonely red Cinema that glared at us across the mass of slush that in normal times we called our parade ground.

Closely following this period came the most mind gripping era of all. The harvest days of rumor. We feel perfectly sure that if we had done even a quarter of the many things we were "going to do" we could safely be placed in Madame Tussaud's Galleries as the eighth wonder of this war stricken world. Perchance however we are really fortunate that our destinies are not all we have at one time or another supposed they might be.

Back to Witley we came, and here we still abide. Letters of course have told the stories first hand of the little trips, schemes, bivouacs that have been our fortune to enjoy. The past few months, practically to the elimination of aught else, really deal with these and nothing more.

After a year's shaking up and settling down we now recite Guildford's pleasures and tales of London Town so adeptly that sometimes in the throes of enthusiasm we take them as our own. But here we must stop, since it will in all probability be just as well if we would leave Piccadilly exactly where it is and

not transplant it lock, stock and barrel to Bruce.

And now we enter our second year, and although we know not what it will bring forth we insist on being optimistic. We must be faithful to our teachings and has not Sergt. Jack with his Brass Banders taught us quite religiously to sing "from the stummuck"

"What' the use of worrying,
It never was worth while.
So pack all your troubles in your
old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile."

HERE AND THERE

Pte. A. N. McCannel of the tailor shop is spending a week with his cousin, Rev. A. Macphee, at Kilfinad Manse by Tighnabuaick, Scotland. He left on Thursday and expects to have a most enjoyable time.



Pte. Mike Siegfried, one of "A" Company's cooks returned Sunday night after spending four good days in the big smoke. Mike says he had a good time all right, but could have spent more money.



How many members of the 160th are Congregationalists? Quite a number were at service in Guildford last Sunday and our friend Crow is thinking of joining the choir.



Conductress—You know which one boys, the one that uses her feet when 38 try to get on the bus that holds 32: "Now boys, make a noise like the wind and blow."



Flight Lieut. William J. Clifford, of Hamilton, Ont., one of the finest rifle shots in Canada, and the winner of the King's Prize at Bisley in 1911, has been killed in action.

VIMY RIDGE

This is a poem which came to Mathew Wayman, late Q. M. S. of the 169th Battalion.

Farmer, tary yet awhile
Er'e you plough on Vimy plain,
Let the sun bestow her smile,
Let the song birds sing again.
Let the rooks that swing on high
Keep unbroken threnody,
Let the wind with solemn dirge
Or by gentle waftings urged.
Spring flowers from a shattered ground
Decking many a Holy mound,
For my chums are sleeping there,
You must do no reaping there.

Do not sow on Vimy Ridge
For the earth is sadly torn,
Bowls of tears you'll have to mourn,
Crimson tears of Easter morn.
Though the kindly earth would grow
Every little seed you sow,
Wait a while nor take your bread
From ground that shields my dead.
Brave were they and noble blest,
Chums of mine from golden west
Leave the harvest, God will reap,
Let my tired Comrades sleep.

Battered mounts of St. Eloi,
Tattered fields of Ville au Bois,
Guoy, Servins Neuville, St Vaast
There your spring seeds may be cast.
But from vale to pointed hill
One-four-five and parallel,
Canada the price has paid
Now her sons must rest in peace,
'Till the belching cannons cease.
And my heart goes sighing there,
For my chums are lying there.



Bob Fitzsimmons, the former heavy-weight pugilist champion of the world, was buried at Chicago. The public funeral service was attended by many prominent in the sporting world, including some of his old-time ring opponents.

Bruce County News

Lt. Col. Weir, late in command of the 160th (Bruce) Battalion, returned to Toronto last Friday from England and will shortly resume his former position as manager of the big starch works at Port Credit.

Pte. David Seiling, who left Walkerton with the 71st Battalion, and Pte. Norman Webb who departed with the 160th arrived in Halifax on Monday on their way home from England. It is expected that they will arrive in town this week.

At a Patriotic picnic at Lints school last Friday night, Mr. John Rowland, the whirlwind enthusiast of Bruce County patriotic hot stuff, was chairman. In the course of some of his remarks as chairman he is reputed to have used the expression "To H— with politics."

Major Arthur McConnell, who left Canada with a New Ontario Battalion and has been in France since February last, has been granted leave of absence and expects to sail for his home here next month. Major McConnell, who is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver McConnell of Walkerton, was placed second in command of his Battalion after reaching the front.

As the war wears on the sacrifices of the young men from this neighbourhood increase. On Monday afternoon a wire was received by Mr. and Mrs. John McPhail of the Otter Creek settlement, stating that their youngest son, Private Dan McPhail, formerly of Walkerton, had been killed in action on Sept. 20th. The announcement of his death enshrouded his home in sorrow and caused much regret in town, where he was greatly esteemed by all who knew him.

Matthew Johnston of Chesley received a telegram on Monday that his son Herbert who enlisted from Meaford, was seriously ill. The first report stated Herbert was dangerously ill. We will all hope for a favorable turn in his condition.

Both Col. Hugh Clark, M. P. and his opponent, John Macaulay, of Wiarton, have the two spokes and when they get up among the McLays, McDonalds and Smiths of Lindsay they can talk to the men from the land o' the heather in the original language spoken in the Garden of Eden.

After an absence from Canada of over two years, Lieut. Had Robertson, who has been about sixteen months at the front with the 3rd Canadian Engineers, returned to Toronto on Friday with Lt. Col. Weir, formerly commander of the 160th Battalion, who crossed over with him on the same boat. Had was met at Toronto by his father, Mr. David Robertson, K. C., and came up on Saturday night to Walkerton, where a few friends, who were aware of his home-coming, gathered at the G. T. R. station and gave him a rousing welcome.

On a road in Belgium a German Officer met a boy leading a jackass and addressed him in heavy jovial fashion as follows:

"That's a fine Jack-ass you have, my son. What do you call it? Albert, I bet!" "Oh no, Officer," the boy replied quickly. "I think too highly of my king."

The German scowled and returned: "I hope you don't dare to call it William?"

"Oh no, Officer: I think too highly of my jackass."

Bruce Ten Years Hence

The annual 160th Bruce Battalion reunion was held in the County Town, Walkerton, on Tuesday, and the boys, with their wives and families, gathered from all parts of the Dominion. All roads led to Walkerton that day, and special trains brought in the crowds from the various parts of the Globe.

William Jack got the old Bruce Band together and lead the procession from the station to the grounds, where a glorious day was spent.

Among the prominent ones present were the Hon. Donald Sutherland, Minister of Militia, the Hon. A. McLean Moffatt, Premier of Canada, and Lady Moffat, and Brigadier-General Adam Weir, of the Canadian Standing Army, who were drawn in a carriage which was borrowed for the occasion from Wm. Pettaplace & Son's Livery, by sixteen former

members of the battalion, as follows: Geo. Kalbfleish, who owns a big threshing outfit; T. A. Hopkins, who has a big fishing fleet of gasoline launches at Tobermory; Stewart Hawke, Postmaster at Oliphant; Stewart Finlayson, Principal of the Kincardine High School; E. F. Zimmerman, of the Zimmerman Iron Works, Neustadt; N. E. Kaufman, who has a large hardware store in Mildmay; Jas. W. Young, a rancher from

Alberta; S. A. McLaren, owner of the famous McLaren Flour Mills of Paisley; D. McL. Lamont, proprietor of the Port Elgin Dairy; W. C. Ard, of the Allenford Departmental Store; W. H. Madwayosh, Secretary of the Saugeen Indian Reserve; M. W. Hyndman, Construction Co. of Tara; Oliver Johnston, of the Cape Croker Conservatory of Music; Ivan Butchard, of Lions Head, President of

the Tinsmith's Union for the Dominion; Alex Butler, Building Contractor, of Lucknow; and Billie Campbell, the blacksmith from Inverhuron. Mr. R. C. Rowland, General Manager of the Hydro-Electric, gave an address on what electricity has done for the Dominion of Canada since the European war; Mr. Harry Krug, owner of the Krug Furniture Factory of Chesley, told of the large contracts he had secured for furnishing the huts in the various camps in England; Prof. Victor McKechnie, of the Toronto University, spoke along

educational lines; Mr. James Cronin, who bought Eaton's and Simpson's Stores and started a big one was present; Mr. J. C. McDonald, M.P. for North Bruce, told of what his party had done while in power; R. D. Struthers, of Struthers & Co.'s Wholesale Dry House, London, proved the advantages the great European war had been to Canadian Manufactures; A. P. Todd, the millionaire real estate man from the Peace River District,



A Veteran of the Great European War.

showed himself still to be the old time oily-tongued orator. The original Bruce Comedy Company of the Batt. were all there and gave one of their old time Comedy plays, which was heartily enjoyed by everyone. During the afternoon Mr. Gordon McNalley circled around the grounds in his new aeroplane and did some thrilling stunts, such as loop the loop, spiral dive and flying backwards, which was thoroughly enjoyed by the thousands of spectators.

At the close of the celebration, after singing "God Save the King," a meeting was called and the following officers were elected for the coming year:—

Hon. President—County Warden, Sam Sturgeon, Berbie.

President—H. J. Inkster, Underwood.
1st Vice President—Lovat Hendry, Teeswater.

2nd Vice President—Geo. Blue, Amberley.

Secretary—Gordon Garland, Cargill.

Treasurer—Wm. Stowe, Wiarton.

Committee—Peter Desjardine, Cape Croker, T. A. Golden, Tobermory, Dan Signock, Chippewa Hill, W. A. Kreutzweiser, Hepworth; H. A. Greig, Lions Head; Frank Waechter, Chepstow; G. M. McCarter, Walkerton; S. J. Hepburn, Elmwood.

Next week another instalment of "Bruce Ten Years Hence" will appear.

IF ONLY

Say, boys, I would be as happy as a clam

If I were only half the boy my mother thinks I am.

She thinks I am a kindly and goodly little lad,

And wouldn't mix with anything that's nasty, mean or bad.

Sometimes I get a-thinking

And I think to myself, gee whizz,

If a boy were only half the boy

His mother thinks he is!

Suggestions

The latest thing in clocks is in Guildford. This is how you know the time:— When the hands are at half-past five it strikes six and then you know that it is about a quarter to seven.



When a draft of the artillery boys leaves Guildford station, don't wish them good luck as it only makes them wild and we don't blame either. The things they say are best left out of print.



In a local paper it was suggested that every householder in the vicinity of the camp should take in a soldier during Christmas. This will not affect the Bruce Battalion much as we don't think there are many without a home somewhere around.



It is absolutely necessary for a guard to be properly dressed before going on duty. Please do not let them get to Brigade Headquarters before you find out that something is missing. Anyway a box respirator is not too heavy along with the other equipment.



That the picquet when going on duty in a strange place for the first time should wear some other color than white around their hats. They seemed quite embarrassed when a curious crowd in Guildford whispered something to the effect that they must belong to the Officers Training Corps.



Deeds that deserve the V. C.: Asking Neil for 10 shillings until payday when he just came off pass. Asking Cpl. Davis for some whitewash twice inside an hour on inspection morning. Asking George Portor for a team to draw grass for decorating purposes when he hasn't got a horse left to draw rations.

Mut Scrapings

Not long ago we noticed a soldier saluting a Salvation Army man. Must have taken him for a naval officer.



Seen on the wall of a munition factory in Elstead. Lost—1 Sergeant Murray, any information gladly received at No. 9, Oak Lane, Elstead.



Young man, think twice before attempting to kindle a flame in a woman's heart. It may cost you a lot for fuel to keep the fire going.



Pte. T. McLennan, of the M. P. staff, was in Scotland last week and when asked if he saluted any of the naval officers said "No, I wouldn't know a naval officer from an usher in a theatre."



There are Lily's fair and Lily's rare,
There are Lily's young and old,
But the sweetest flower I know is there,
Way down in Chiddingfold.
Sung with great feeling by Prof. Hibben.



Sergt. Eason: "Did you hear about the fellow getting his kit bag full of beer?"

John Wingfield: "No, I didn't hear about it."

Sergt. Eason: "I guess it hasn't leaked out yet."



After the song service in the S. C. A. one evening last week the minister asked if any who would like to unite with the faith, were in doubt or had any questions they wanted to ask, would come into the back room. A Scottie writing at one of the tables rose and said, "I am going in to ask him when the war will be over. It says something about it in the Bible."

Private Charlie Donohue of the 160th O. M. has taken the other part of his top lip off owing to O. M. guest night.



Pte. Bochoven wishes his friends to know that he has changed his trip and is going to Mytchett ranges instead of Scotland.



Who was the Sgt. when visited by the field officer reported the 13th Brigade all present and correct, did he not know he was on guard?



Who said gas?—"Biscuits" was inspected three times for main guard and was short a box respirator. He still must have the "Power" as nobody noticed it.



We have all heard of the song entitled "The man who put the foam on the beer," I wonder if it has anything to do with the man who put the ammonia in the whitewash.



Two of the boys were going on pass and were counting the number of days and figuring how many pounds they would have to go with. "Let me see," said one, "Wednesday is the 31st and November starts on the 1st doesn't it."



One day quite recently on a Friday one of our sergeants was talking to a civie in the canteen and happened to ask him where the fish came from that we have been getting. The civie thought for a while and then said "Oh, that's the bunch that were washed up on the coast of Ireland by a tidal wave in 1871."

Camp News

Quite a number of the boys are having their top lip upholstered.

Pte. T. R. Moore was in Scotland last week and reports a good time.

Who is the Pte. in B. Co. that got hungry when on guard and ate the jam of the door?

Sergt. Porter won the fifty pound reward as the man who is better known in Elstead than Sergt. Murray.

Be careful going around the wash houses at night boys, there is a bare trap at every corner and you might get caught.

"A fool and his money are soon parted." The person who wrote that adage certainly knew nothing of the Canadian army or didn't think much of us.

Pte. Charlie Sutton an old Walkerton boy just over from France where he has been doing his bit for the last two years was in camp visiting his old friend, Tom Reinhart.

One of the boys has in his possession a tooth which he extracted from a crocodile in the wilds of Scotland, this crocodile measures 14 feet in length and is two hundred years old and has killed a man for every foot of its length.

Tommy—"They takes me from 'ome an' brings me inter barricks—they takes my clothes an' puts me inter kharkie—they takes away my name an' gives me a number—535—they sends me ter church—an' after a forty minute's sermon the parson ses'—Number 535, 'Art thou weary, are thou languid?' I jumps up an' ses' 'Yus' an' gets 14 days' C. B. for giving a civil answer!"

There is more lead in rheumatism than there used to be.

Pte. T. A. Hopkins was among the visitors to Scotland last week.

Some of the boys were so interested in the wax figure of Crippen in Mme. Tussaud's that they visited his cell at the Old Bailey.

These cool mornings bring out some funny stunts in the huts. Saw a man trying to shave Sunday morning with his gloves on.

Corpl. Plowright returned last Friday from a four days' leave in the North, and now the ex N. C. O. of the 160th O. M. has gone to Bordon for an eight days' course.

Pte. Wilfred McKay, a Walkerton boy who came over with the 71st, is at present in the military hospital at Epsom, visited the battalion on Sunday. Biff doesn't expect to see France again for some time.

Winnipeg, Oct. 3.—At the Amphitheatre boxing tournament last night the main bout was a twelve-round go between "Fighting Billy" McKenzie of the Royal Flying Corps and Gus Bloombe of Minneapolis. McKenzie, who is attached to the Deseronto Camp, had ten days' leave of absence and employed the time in a visit to his old home here, taking on the Minneapolis man in the interval. The bout was a slashing contest in which McKenzie had the best of affairs and was awarded the decision.

In one of the preliminaries Billy Burke of Winnipeg knocked out Spider Kelly of Minneapolis in the fourth round of their engagement. He is a brother of Walter B. McKenzie of D. Company.

Number Ten Platoon

Capt. R. C. Rowland, the man who made "C" Company "It" since coming to England, has seen service in France with the Princess Pats. He has risen from a private and knows the game from start to finish. Outside of soldiering his great ambition is to become a first-class chauffeur, and with a little more practice will make good.

Lieut. J. Barkley came over with the 118th from Kitchener and transferred to the 160th last April. He should have been attached to the Intelligence Section as the boys of No. 10 all say he is a good scout.

B. S. M. Watts isn't a member of No. 10 Platoon but we wanted a little more "Pep" in the photo and took him in. He used to travel a pretty fast pace in civil life—was a locomotive engineer.

Sergt. H. A. Greig is a bombing instructor. He has played with bombs so long that a little thing like a bomb dropping back into a boy doesn't bother him any. He just throws the nasty thing out and gets the next man ready to throw.

Sergt. Chas. Golden is strong on bayonet fighting, in fact he is so smooth at the game he could slip through a flute without striking a note.

Corporal R. A. Spicer was doing guard duty on the wireless at Tobermory when the war broke out. He offered himself for king and country because he had nothing else to offer.

Corporal T. A. Golden comes from the wilds of Tobermory and feels quite at home among the hills of England. It makes him sore to see the deer roaming in the parks and he can't shoot one.

Corp. D. Smith is at present in the hospital having his throat cut, we expect he will be a good singer when he comes back with his tonsils cut out and his throat enlarged.

L/C. D. R. Loney wears crossed rifles and red hair. He says you can't cant your rifle and shoot straight.

Pte. H. A. Belrose is a very modest young man. Has a taking way with the ladies—when he has his camera along.

Pte. H. R. Brown is a machine gun expert, Buster can tell you more about a Lewis Gun than there really is to tell.

Pte. A. Brown came across with the 4th Pioneers and transferred to the 160th a few months ago. He is good both at hanging nets and hanging around.

Pte. L. Cook, Lefty Lou, the gunman who made New York famous, was a stone cutter in civil life but he doesn't cut much ice now.

Pte. Jas. Cooper isn't very big but every little bit helps.

Pte. A. Cousins, commonly called "Seagull," not because he is a high flyer but on account of his enormous appetite for fish.

Pte. George Crawford is somewhat of a clog dancer. He is only an amateur but wears his hair parted in the centre and curled to give him a professional appearance.

Pte. E. E. Davidson has a finger in the pie at the Officer's mess.

Pte. Frank Fowler is one of the worlds greatest orators. He can talk more and

say less in a day than any four men in the platoon.



Pte. T. A. Hill is a great big, good natured lump of a boy whose only trouble in the world is getting his bedmate, John Molloy, up in the morning.



Pte. R. G. Hunter is the guy who went sailing one fall and the barge went adrift in a storm. Said he did not mind the storm coming over as it reminded him of his first experience at sailing.



Pte. T. A. Hopkins is a steamboater and is working out a new kind of mud scow. He will give a demonstration at Bramshott this fall.



Pte. J. W. Hopkins claims to have caught the biggest fish that was ever pulled out of Georgian Bay. It is a whale of a story, get him to tell it to you.



Pte. T. Johnston is "slinging the lead" for "BRUCE IN KHAKI," 'nough said.



Pte. George Kalbfleisch is the man they tried to hang while in quarantine last winter, but he got hold of a big boot which saved his life.



Pte. T. C. Kalbfleisch was an obliging clerk in a country store and wishes he was back while the war prices are on.



Pte. G. A. King is always missing on Sundays. We don't know where he goes, but as he always turns up in the evening no one has made any enquiries.



Pte. T. T. G. Lamb is not as wild and woolly as his name might imply.



Pte. H. F. Loney is a batman and spends his time at the officers' lines pinching coal and wood.

Pte. R. J. Martin, the village blacksmith from Tobermory, is going into jewelry business when he gets back. Every time he hits the anvil he makes a ring.



Pte. J. A. Martin is going to sell the rings.



Pte. J. Molloy, when asked why he enlisted, said he might be able to stop a bullet that would get a good man, but he has grown to be one of the best.



Pte. W. E. McFarlane is a great "Bruce in Khaki" booster. He was a member of the wireless guard at Tobermory.



Ptes. W. S. McKay and Chas. McLay are from the tall timber at Stokes Bay. They are company scouts and can tell you where to find the north star if they have a compass with them.



Pte. J. McPhail comes from the far north, can jump higher and yell louder than any man in the platoon.



Pte. T. A. McCartney is the sod-buster from Purple Valley, who, when he heard the fire whistle in Godalming, asked a girl where the fire was. "In the grate" she replied.



Pte. H. S. McElrae is one of the best boys in the platoon. He doesn't drink or use tobacco and always has a few shillings to lend a guy.



Pte. Roy McLeod says he is not the "Topsy" who came to town with Uncle Tom's Cabin. Pity he hasn't a nice voice, he is always singing "On the Banks of the Wabash" and we are afraid someone will shove him in.



Pte. G. R. Shannon enlisted at Moose Jaw and transferred to us some time

ago. Don't know much about him, he is so quiet we haven't had the nerve yet to ask for the loan of a shilling.



Pte. D. D. McCallum has a wonderful memory, he can recite poems with great feeling that your great grandfather used to recite. He will argue a point until he believes it himself.



Pte. P. H. McGillivray is a mason from Owen Sound, says he must have been "plastered" when he enlisted.



Pte. E. Lowndes is supposed to be the man who went into a store in Tin Town and asked for the longest two foot rule they had in stock.



Pte. E. T. Kyte is a high flyer. That is why the boys used to have him "up in the air" so much before he went to the A.S.C.



Pte. H. E. Shackleton is a drummer in the Bugle Band and about the only time we see him with the platoon is on pay parade.



Pte. J. Arnold is the man who fries your bacon and eggs and makes your toast every morning.



Pte. Walter Johnson looks like a New York chef with his white jacket and cap. Ever hear him sing "Till the pans with the dessert grow cold?"



Pte. P. Hackett of the Signallers can send wireless messages without any apparatus. All he needs is a flag.



Pte. John Bochoven of the Stretcher Bearers is the man to see on a route march if you have sore feet. He is an expert at repairing wooden legs.

THE CONCERT

The concert in the men's mess Tuesday night was one of the best ever staged around here. The talent was gathered from the different batts. The band rendered a few new selections. Chairman Sergt. Neil McDonald gave one of his original speeches. Pte. Billie Cohen, 119th Bn., pleased the men with his impersonations and dialect.

Pte. McIntyre, 185th Bn., kilties, danced to the pipes which looked good to the Bruce Batt. boys.

The original Sergt. Foulton, 208th Bn., took down the house with his comic rhymes and stories.

Pte. Gonue, 119th Bn., conjurer, showed some clever stuff.

B. Q. M. S. Hancox, 164th Bn., received great applause for his classic songs.

B. Q. M. S. Harlow, 134th Bn., followed with his broad smile, comic songs and stories.

Pte. Trainer, 185th kiltie, danced to the pipes and made a hit.

The famous Sergt. Greig, 134th, gave us the real sentimental songs.

Sergt. Foulton, 208th Bn., gave a few more comic numbers.

Pte. Duff, 119th Bn., sang some good stuff.

The King:

The evening was very much enjoyed by Officers and men.



The nominal roll is almost complete of the 160th in the Edinburgh visitor's book.



On the bus last Sunday morning the driver failed to take the hill as good as they usually do, and one of the remarks heard was: "He couldn't drive a nail, let alone a bus."

MY MOTHER

I am forming fours allover, I have tramp-
ed the wide world over,
From Teeswater to England, over land
and over sea;
But wheresoe'er I've tarried there's a
picture I have carried,
Just a sweet sort of a picture that has
crossed the pond with me.
I have seen it in my sleeping, I have
traced it in my travelling
On the oceans wide it has followed me
mid rain and storm and wind;
Stronger far than time or space is, it
has shone in far off places,
Just a word from the homeland and her
shadow on the blind!
Yes, my mother's voice in Teeswater,
is what makes the homesick feeling,
At eventide come stealing wherever I
may be;
Just a word and a kiss and at home a
smile that's certain,
To be there with a girlie that is beckon-
ing to me.
Oh, the lure of travel calls me, and
adventuring enralls me,
I'm forming fours, a vagabond, to gipsy
life inclined;
But however far I wander, sure my
heart is in Teeswater, yonder,
And my eyes are seeking ever for a
shadow on the blind.
Scenes of wild and awesome splendour,
tropic loveliness, they lend a
Kind of glamour to existence, I'll allow
you, but you'll find,
That the picture that will hold you, is
the one that I have told you,
Just a word and a kiss and at home a
smile that's certain,
To be there with a girlie that is beckon-
ing to me.

“Good-bye Mike” said an Irish
woman bidding her husband farewell
before he left for the front. “And if
you bate the Germans like you have
bate yer poor old wifé sure you'll come
back a general.”

Advertisements

Lost—French watch. Couldn't tell
the time without moving its hands.
Honest looking face but does everything
on tick. Good watch, been soaked
several times but still kept running.

“House” for sale. Apply to Stewart
& Pettaplace, real estate agents.

To Let—A beautiful shell windowed
dugout furnished in good style, new
straw, etc. All modern arrangements
within easy reach of pump, overlooking
first line of trenches, shell proof (some-
times.) Owner away. Apply Bed 1,
Ward 6, Base Hospital, France.

Lost—Between the 160th officers mess
and the 161st wet canteen, one Taylor.
Description: rather tall, bald headed,
but a very Tony guy.

The cooks have been taking their
turns in going on leave. This week L.
L. MacCartney, the green grocer, and
Tommy Galbraith, “A” Company's
little Highlander are away to bonnie
auld Scotia. Frank Waechter, the
butcher, arrived home on Sunday night
from London, where he says he sure had
some time. Unlike one of the other
cooks who went on pass, he had enough
kale to see him through and didn't have
to come home for more money to finish
his pass. Sergt. Sparling we see has
secured the services of his old time store-
man Sergt. M. Brown during Macart-
ney's absence.

Sergts. N. F. Hoover and Wm. Ruhl
returned from Scotland Wednesday
night. There are still several in the bat-
talion who have not been to Scotland.



THE WEATHER

The weather will start off Monday like a bus girl "fare and changing" about the middle of the week. The latter part of the week will be like a lot of our debts—unsettled.

A late pass and what it means:—Lend me ten shillings? Are you using your dress pants to-night? Is there a bus at five o'clock? I wonder if she will be there? No, dear, we won't go the show to-night. Later. I wonder if the train is late? See you Sunday afternoon. A voice, "Show your pass." Milford train and a long, dark, wet walk home, bed not made and tired out. Is it worth it?

STOP PRESS NEWS

THURSLEY COMMON BOMBED

Last week hundreds of bombs were dropped on Thursley Common but very little damage was done. The only damage reported was when Pte. Roy Loney thought he was throwing hand grenades and threw rifle and all over the parapet. The rifle was put out of action, but no other casualties are reported.

When fellows go away on pass they should make straight for a third class compartment. It saves a lot of embarrassment when you get talking to something cute in the second class and the ticket collector tells you that you must have made a mistake.

