



# BRUCE IN KHAKI.

SAVE, SERVE AND SMILE.



VOL. I.—No. 2.

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PRICE 3D.



WELCOME NEWS FROM OVERSEAS

## Musical Notes

In last week's issue of "Bruce in Khaki" we were somewhat previous (unwittingly) in calling attention to our "piazza" around our domicile, as we were forced to leave it unfinished. Right in the middle of our most artistic touches the order came to move at once. We won't be hasty this time in saying what we will do to our new quarters on the Main drag.

Bandsman Hal. Trout, leader of our "Shine-On" quartette, has relieved the monotonous routine of camp life by spending a few days in Scotland.

Bandsmen Fred Hardy and Charles Birch have also been very fortunate in securing a short leave which they spent in Bonnie Scotland. Bruce, in khaki, seems to be very popular in Scotland.

Our squad from the Ranges returned Saturday, and report having made a much higher average than formerly, and in fact affirm that they would have all come back wearing the marksman's cross arms but for the inclement weather they experienced some days.

We wish to make a correction re a remark made in our "Musical Notes" of last week. Since then we have been informed that the English mail received by one of our bandsmen is purely of a business character.

Bandsman Morgan Hahn's bass is on the shelf this week owing to Morgan having been confined to the hospital with a slight attack of tonsillitis.

Who is the member of the band who is a great hunter? He is always going to "get the birds in the morning."

Bandsmen "Denny" McNamara and "Shorty" Price journey to Bramshott on Sunday to spend the day with their old comrades-in-arms, formerly of the 153rd battalion.

Samuel L. Wisler, tonsorial artist, begs to announce to his many long-haired friends that he has moved his hair-cutting saloon to a more central location on Main Street, and is now in a position to "trim" any of them on short notice.

We noticed by the last Canadian mail that Carlton D. Prosser is still remembered by his many girl friends. Too bad they're not all boxes, eh, Carl?

On Sunday afternoon we were pleasantly surprised at the talent displayed by two young officers who favored us with a short impromptu concert. Call again "Cap." and be sure to have the euphonium player with you.

We are placing great confidence in "Scotty" Pearson, our English-Irish-Canadian, to make a name for the band as a bomber, owing to his envious record as a cricketer.

"Dooley" and his assistant, "Joe," slap-dab artists, were called upon to number the huts in large white figures to obviate the resultant strong language arising from home-coming occupants straying into other huts but their own.

Trumpeter Anthony Nebbling spent Saturday and Sunday sight-seeing in Blighty.

Bandsmen Deak Campbell and Pete Lane spent Sunday visiting friends "Anywhere in England."

## "Bruce In Khaki"

### STAFF

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

Friday, October 19th, 1917.

## EDITORIAL

### MEMORY

Old Jacques bounced his golden curled grandson on his knee. Marvellous tales were forthcoming of the days that seemed but yesterdays; and Youth enraptured listened to Old Age. Yes, and Old Jacques does not retrospect alone on days that are no more. Oh! what a glorious thing Memory is.

Memory: instinctively our mind flashes before us interesting pictures of past, present, and, yes, even if we are at war, of a future.

A year in England! A long long time, and yet the reverse. Looking back we see that we have not been altogether uncomfortable. But back in Bruce they are daily wondering and worrying about us. Why? Because we must seem to them as they seem to us, oh so very far away. But there is a "Tie that Binds" and "Fond Memory brings the light of other days around us." Some day the Boys of "Bruce in Khaki" are going to march to the tune of "twenty-three in the old book" back to Saugeen or Brant or Greenock and hear that last, long drawn but welcome "Dis-miss." And then a laugh, a cheer, but also a funny little feeling that whispers through the lips of Memory.

"There's no more turning out in Khaki tight,  
 And no more sloping arms or turning right.  
 There's no more singing in the huts at night,  
 Nor no more orders to "Douse out that light."

And if we haven't got the gang we

simply must have something. And then lo beside us we find Memory pondering also, our Pal for life. But then when the quiet evening of our days draw nigh, the same old moon that shines now so pleasantly on the Red City of Witley Camp will shine once more through the windows of the cozy home where now someone is keeping the home fires burning. And as Harry Lauder says:

"When the war is over and the victory is won

And the flags are waving free.

When the bells are ringing and the boys are singing

Songs of Victory.

When we all gather round the old fireside

And the Old Mither kisses her son.

All the lassies will be loving all the laddies—

The laddies who fought and won."



## Bruce Comedy Company

The "Bruce Comedy Company" is being organized, and some good entertainments can be looked forward to. A good selection of costumes and sketches have arrived and the troupe are busy rehearsing plays. It is the intention of the company to put on a performance weekly, and a good play is being arranged for Christmas afternoon. There will be some good special features, new music and songs, and a real up-to-date performance can be expected.

The following are handling the various details:

General Manager, Sergt. Neil McDonald  
 Secretary, Pte. W. B. Thompson;  
 Treasurer, Pte. A. T. McCombe;  
 Stage Manager, Pte. J. Ammann;  
 Property Manager, Pte. J. Kincaid;  
 Musical Director, Pte. B. Hodgson.

It will be announced later when the first performance will take place.

## Bruce County News

### JIM SMALL IS MISSING

Little Jimmy Small is small by name and small in stature, but big in fighting qualities. He worked in Chesley up till the time he enlisted in the 75th Batt. Jimmy went overseas and the last letter his father, who now lives in Toronto had from him was from the trenches on August 1st, when he said he was in good health. Since August 15th he has been reported as missing. It is hoped he will report safely. His brother Will is with the Bruce Battalion.



### BAD FORM ON THE PART OF THE "WIARTON ECHO"

The following article appeared in the above paper of September 12th: "Cases of dog poisoning are reported, and valuable dogs have been lost. After a hunter has kept a dog for a whole year, and the hunting season is on it need not cause any surprise if an act of this kind is more than human nature can stand. For a man who will deliberately poison a dog there will be little sympathy, and the sooner he enlists the better." The Canadian Army is a cosmopolitan army, made up of hundreds of different types and professions, who have lived up to the noblest traditions of the Motherland, to have the above suggestion that it is a home for such types as dog poisoners does not give much credit to our boys who have given up good positions and good homes to do their bit, not only that, there is the moral side of it from which a lot of people may draw a very nasty impression, and make it quite unpleasant for the gallant boys who have made big sacrifices for Patriotism.

## CLEAN MEN AND GOOD

### Ralph Connor's Testimony.

The Rev. C.W. Gordon, better known as Ralph Connor, who has seen a great deal of service at the front as a chaplain, paid a tribute to Canadian soldiers on Thanksgiving Day.

The Canadian armies, he stated, were composed of men to whom all Canadians ought to be profoundly grateful.

"They are clean men and good living men," continued Mr. Gordon. "I have had an opportunity of seeing a great many of them in England and France, and we right here in Canada should be thankful that our boys are just as good in the Army, and many of them a great deal better, than they were at home."



Chief Ferguson of Walkerton was greatly relieved to learn by cable last Thursday that his son Robert's wounds are comparatively slight. The reassuring message came from his daughter, Nursing Sister Annie Ferguson.



Mr. Ross Clark of Toronto, formerly of Walkerton, was operated on in the Fergus Hospital last week for appendicitis. The operation was successful and Ross is now making good progress to recovery. He was formerly Captain of 'C' Company in the 160th.



Private John Robinson has arrived in Tara on furlough. He went overseas with the 160th Batt. While in camp he had an attack of pleurisy and was in the hospital for several weeks. He is now home on sick leave with headquarters in London. Quite a large crowd of citizens and friends met him at the station the night of his arrival and tendered him a warm reception.

## HOME FROM FIRING LINE

### Two Returned Heroes Arrive at Walkerton Bearing Scars From the Great World Conflict.

Two Walkerton soldiers, Gnr. Jim Leech and Pte. Simon Small who have "done their bit" in bearing the brunt of battle arrived home Saturday night and were met by a large crowd of citizens at the Station. Both men look much like their own selves, but in reality both are indelibly branded by the hardships they have passed through.

Gunner Leech has been in khaki since the beginning of the war. He went over with the 16th Guelph Battery and saw long hard fighting under the bad trench conditions which prevailed at the beginning of the war. After 18 months of it he contracted a bad case of bronchitis and was sent back to England. In spite of his long service, Gnr. Leech, who is also a South African veteran, is game to go back and help finish the job if the authorities will let him.

Pte. Simon Small, who is a native of Walkerton, enlisted with the 34th Batt. in 1916 and went to England with the second draft. In a short time he got to the trenches and saw 10½ months of the real thing at the Front. He was then sent back to England just a year ago as a result of shell-shock which affected his heart. Before leaving England Simon took a trip to Witley Camp and saw many of his old Walkerton chums now in the 160th.

In the casualty list last week appeared the name of Omar McFarlane, of Wiarton, who is wounded in the knee. He went with the 34th, and it is now two years since he left Wiarton. It is to be sincerely hoped that his wounds will not be serious.

Mr. Matt. West, of Wiarton, has purchased an Overland car. Biscuit's wishes the war was over so he could go fishing in Dad's new car.

## Heard in The Tailor Shop

Don't forget the next concert in the Sergeants' Mess. Special three-piece orchestra—a piano, pianist and piano stool.

Bill Bull: "Say, Neil, I met with a very serious accident last night."

Neil: "How did it happen?"

Bill Bull: "A fellow asked me in to have a drink, and I did not hear him."

Zule (entering shoe shop one morning): "What makes you look so bad to-day, Dad?"

Dad: "I was out last night and am suffering from an attack of 'say when.'"

Nathaniel: "What did the O.C. award you, Bill?"

Bill: "Got 'demolished.'"

Nathaniel: "That's a funny thing for our O.C. to hand out."

### A BIG COUNTRY

Ontario is larger than Spain, and nearly as large as France.

Quebec is as large as Norway, Sweden, Belgium and Holland combined.

British Columbia is as large as France, Portugal and Belgium.

Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are as large as Portugal and Denmark.

Alberta is larger than the entire German Empire.

Manitoba is twice as large as England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland combined.

Saskatchewan is as large as the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Missouri combined.

Prince Edward Island is the smallest of the family, having only 2,184 square miles; but it is nearly twice as large as Rhode Island, the smallest state in the American Union.

Canada is larger in area than the United States by 111,992 square miles.

## WHO'S AHEAD

By Spokeshave

"Hello, there, Red," a hopeful said,  
 "when are you going to pay?"  
 "Cut out that stuff," was Red's rebuff,  
 "or I'll have you put out of the way."  
 "Is it one pound ten you said again? I  
 did not quite perceive."  
 "No it's fifty quid they're going to give,  
 if you like to believe."  
 "The postman said, "I just heard, Red,  
 that you are going to pay to-morrow;"  
 "Now don't get funny you'll wait for  
 your money, in fact you will have to  
 borrow."  
 "But by the way," Red stopped to say,  
 "how about Canadian mail?"  
 "I had a letter from home, by the general  
 tone a box was beginning to sail.  
 "Some money too is a long time due, be-  
 cause I sent a cable."  
 Then the postie replied with a look  
 terrified, "Think of some more if  
 you are able."  
 Five S came along with his hilarious  
 song, and to poor Red did say:  
 "Is it all hobby rot I heard from the cop,  
 that you are going to pay?"  
 Though only a jest a sore touch was this  
 for one with that colour of hair,  
 And Red like a bantam, I've something  
 to hand him, that surely will make  
 him stare.  
 "A nice mess of that copy you made Mr.  
 Sloppy, in printing the orders last  
 night;"  
 "One would think you had been in mud  
 to your chin, although you had a  
 light."  
 Then Red said in fun, "Is my tunic  
 done?" to the promising tailor lad;  
 "Do I understand still that you want  
 your bill?" which made poor Red  
 feel sad.  
 "You know that two and six, when you  
 were in a fix, I loaned you last Tues-  
 day;"  
 Then poor old Dad, who is always a lad,  
 said, "Red I wish you would hurry,

"I would like some beer to make me feel  
 queer, in fact put an end to my  
 worry."

Now Red, although beat would not re-  
 treat, but began to feel rather glum,  
 Then replied "It is funny if you haven't  
 the money your shoes are never  
 done."

At length Red winked both eyes and  
 heaving some sighs, said "How is it  
 going to go?"

"I'll charge six pence a question and that  
 will test them if they really want to  
 know."

So now to his account he fancies a large  
 amount to will over to his relations,  
 A surplus received from those who be-  
 lieve it didn't pay to have patience.



## Heard in the Que.

A cynic is a person who speaks ill-tim-  
 ed truths.



An Optimist is a man who will make  
 lemonade out of a lemon that is handed  
 him.



People in glass houses should pull  
 down the blinds.



Out of 34 people on a bus last Sunday  
 bound for Guilford 28 were 160th boys,  
 not a bad average, eh?



Within a radius of 8 miles of camp, I  
 bet you can't go any place unless you run  
 into a representative of the Bruce Batt.



Here is some boost, boys: I was in  
 conversation with a lady, yes, boys, lady,  
 and she asked me the name of my Batt.,  
 of course I showed her my badge and she  
 remarked what a lot of our boys she had  
 seen around, but said in a casual way,  
 "Of course you are the foremost battalion,  
 aren't you?"

## Suggestions

As the bus service is inadequate and the taxis are only for men of means, and we are not supposed to travel on trains, it is suggested that the authorities move the camp a little nearer civilization.



We would suggest that the military take over the taxis. If a man gets a late pass and misses the train by two minutes, it costs him about seven and six or ten shillings to get back in time.



Why not a Battalion, Brigade or Divisional Cinema? It doesn't look at all good to see Canadian money going into one man's pocket, less three per cent. for government tax; and not the best of shows either.



That the A Company Cook when gathering in articles for the home should transfer them from one pocket to the other in the dark, and not in daylight and not on Sunday.



How is it that you can always find more 160 boys in the 164th canteen than in our own? If it is the quality of the amber fluid it is too bad we can't get a change for the better and stay where we are entitled to be, as the boys would sooner be at home, we know.



It has been suggested that we run a serial story in "Bruce in Khaki," but before doing this we would like the views of a few of the boys on this subject.



Don't leave those 'Xmas Cards too late. All orders should be in by the end of October.

## Advertisements

L. L. MACARTNEY  
GROCER

Dealer in Groceries and Batt. Provisions

On account of being over-stocked there will be bargains all next week. I also intend holding my Annual Fire Sale on Sunday night. Specials in rice, dried apples, Scotch cheese and cheese balls.



FRANK WAECHTER  
BUTCHER

High-class Australian and New Zealand Beef and Mutton, Liver and Hearts

A big stock of kippers, herring, haddies, and FISH always on hand.



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Picks, Shovels, Brooms, Mops and Squeegees. Caustic Soda and Soft Soap in two pound bars. Special prices on whitewash to defaulters.



LOST—Two day's pay. Finder please don't over-stay pass.

FOUND—Pair of wet feet. Anyone can have same by taking short road to Elstead.

FOUND—Perfectly good reputation while attending Y.M.C.A. meetings.

## The Signals At Home

Many months ago two rather unimportant portions of the "brains of this battalion" decided to make a written sketch of that worthy body, but owing to the strong dislike for exertion so noticeable among all signallers, it was left undone until a rainy day and unutterable boredom forced them to the conclusion that time would pass more quickly were they busy at the afore-mentioned sketch. So they began. The worthy signal officer came first, and this is how it ran:

Mr. Cameron—An energetic young man with blue eyes, timid moustache and a loud voice. The ladies say he is a nice boy, the boys think him a good head and his confreres call him "Texas." His is no mean ability as a leader in song, and the signallers owe much to him for the artistic way in which they are able to render "Round her hair she wore a yellow ribbon," etc., etc. He would rather live in London than anywhere else on earth except Lucknow; has a paternal feeling towards nurses, and is very partial towards Brighton girls.

Sergt. T. G. Connell—T is for Tommy. Age—increasing. Born—not yesterday. Business—good. Home—not with us. In short, a regular fellow.

Sergt. Garland—Alias Darby, alias Little Aldershot. Irish descent, perhaps that is enough to say about him. Can see so much from one eye he wears his cap over the other. When feeling particularly Irish is addicted to chewing the rag, tobacco, or anything else that comes to hand. Favourite recreation—hunting squirrels. His appearance at or after reveille is the signal for a violent outburst on the part of the lesser lights of the outfit. Aided and abetted by flag drill, he contrives to make life miserable for the afore-mentioned lesser lights.

L.-C. McLean—Commonly called

Lady. Her chief hobby is "Old Chum" and strong pipes. Chief ambition in life is to sleep undisturbed to which end she is having a sign painted, bearing the caution, "Don't vake me while I sleep." At present a grass widow, due to the absence of her better half on leave. Hails from Port Elgin but is honest.

L.-C. McEachern—Has red hair. Is a booster for Bruce County's only city, Wiarton. A Tinker, Chauffer, Sailor, Soldier. Fond of after-lights-out arguments. His clear complexion he owes to the fact that he takes a beauty sleep after reveille, with his head beneath the blankets. Is an ardent exponent of the principle "The bigger they are the harder they fall." Has a strong dislike for shinning buttons, etc., and always makes it a point to be late on parade.

L.-C. Channing—Born in England of Welsh parents. Worked hardest on the western prairies and firmly believes that this absolves him from all work in the army. His boots, buttons and face are the shiniest in the battalion, while his cheeks and neck are of that rudy hue supposed to belong only to cartoons of John Bull. He pretends to be a confirmed woman-hater, but we believe this attitude is adopted for our benefit, as he and the Lady are always together and have frequent arguments about the latters dirty old pipe.

L.-C. Kirvan F. S.—When you have known him a little you call him Kirve, when you know him as well as we do you call him late for breakfast. His christened name is Frederic Sylvester, but, as he is a good head, we don't hold that against him. He enlisted in Cargill and from all accounts was glad to get away. The girls used to wonder who the good looking bank clerk was, but since his departure spend their time knitting socks with vari-coloured tops. These he airs on P. T. parades. His powers of repartee are good but he quails before the redoubtable "Toots." Has worn out several brooms sweeping

under his pew. His chief duty in life is looking after his chum on pass; and at home is well known as the person who developed the afore-mentioned "Toots." Dosen't care for brunettes. Recently foresworn Old Chum and Players.

L.-C. Cole—Collie as he was affectionately known is now with the 25th Reserve battalion, Bramshott, having landed there after his category had been lowered by a severe illness. He has been back to see us on two occasions and we all hope to see him back with us again in the very near future. He lives while at home in Chesley and absolutely refuses to get excited. Chief recreation in neglecting to make his pew by the appointed time each morning.

L.-C. Tookie—Tookie is the Sections' Dandy. He is fond of music, his favourite song being "It's nice to get up in the morning but it's nicer to lie in bed."

Hilditch J.—Hilditch W. R. as the Sergt. says when he calls the roll. The Hilditch boys are everything the rest of us should be and are not. Ragtime has no charms for either of them, although it is rumored, but as yet unconfirmed, that Johnie carries matches. Bill is of uncertain temperament and it is impossible to say what moment we may see him chewing gum. While on schemes, wee Johnie sees more castles, meets more benevolent old ladies and catches the eyes of more charming young ladies than all the rest of the Section put together. By all, the Hilditch boys are voted the sturdiest men in the Section, and we have yet to see either of them real tired.

Hendry J. W.—An ex-brass pounder or C. P. R. telegrapher. Is called Hen for the sake of inconvenience. Hen enjoys his sleep and never fails to call down blessings upon the heads of those who save their conversation until after "Lights Out." His chief ambition in life is to invent some method of keeping tab on his partner, Stew, of whom you will hear more about in due time. Express purpose is in dressing the align-

ment of packs after a long march during a bivouac.

McHaney S. H.—Better known as Sam Hany. Sam has white hair but we regret that sometimes his temper isn't at all in keeping with the best traditions of the white headed boy family. He is small physically but big mentally, and managed to carry a pack almost as big as himself on our hundred mile hike. He, too, has a source of worry in his bed partner who is called Stew, who wanders not in his head but in Surrey.

McCreath D. O.—A tall youth of Scotch extraction, Presbyterian persuasion, and supposed Liberal political views, which lead to battles not always verbal with Sergt. Garland, the Irish Methodist Tory. He hails from Kincardine and is official timekeeper for the bunch. His chief end in life is making his red-headed partner's bed every night.

McKenzie Wm.—Old Wull is rotund and jovial. He is famous but not popular for the unearthly 'whoo' with which he announces the fact that he is awake. At one time lived on lot steen, umpteen concession, Bruce, but we don't hold this against him. Claims to be a butcher who joined the army to obtain a first-hand knowledge of BULLY BEEF. His home is in Port Elgin but has been out west and strange to say can be coaxed to work on rare occasions.

Mewhinney W. A.—Toots, Winnie, Lover, Newhinney, a lithesome young thing from the vicinity of Tiverton. Is related to McEachren but is trying to live it down. Has novel ideas about map-reading and is under the impression that three stripes on either arm is the conventional sign for a prig. Chief recreation is wearing dress shoes and puttees upside down. Is said to have been a devil in his own home town and a leading spirit in all pie socials and garden parties in the vicinity. Toots never visits any of her friends in steen platoon or seventeenth M. Co. without returning with bulletins pasted all over her. Is

very clever at repartee and woe betide the unsuspecting person who crosses swords with her. Cousin has more in her bean than a fine comb will take out but there is absolutely no connection between this and a certain box the fellow who sleeps next to her received a few days ago. Has a large number of stories that are particularly aggravating after "Lights Out." Lives in Bruce Twp. and looks as if she wasn't made for kilts.

Middleton C. S.—Is a constant source of worry to the Orderly Sergt. because for reasons we can only guess. He finds it impossible to get into camp before ten o'clock when he has been to Guildford. Has red hair, blue eyes and an innocent expression that his actions are likely to belie. His services as a hair dresser save many the inconvenience of explaining to the C.O. why their hair was so long. Comes from Whitechurch.

Pegelo N. J.—Pegelo used to have a long combed back and a strong dislike for work. Now he has a human sort of brush cut but the selfsame feeling regarding work remains. Is a harness maker by training and although an ardent admirer of the opposite sex shows no desire to make himself a set of matrimonial harness, although we feel sure he has played havoc with more than one gentle maiden's heart. He comes from Cargill and is everything which that implies, quite harmless.

Osborne Robt.—Affectionately known as the "Sea Lion" or the "Walrus." Is the possessor of a very ferocious nature and with Old Robert on the warpath, Villa takes on an appearance that would make an Irish fair green with envy. His large and expressive vocabulary is given full play when Wull fails to appear in time to make their cubicle before "Lights Out." Thinks the busses a most convenient way of travelling about London. This opinion, it is rumoured, was fostered by a weakness for the Trim Young Things who say "Fares, Please."

Robertson S. M.—Commonly Sergt.

Major. Must have been an acrobat, for is good at swinging the lead. Makes an excellent hut-orderly the days the Orderly Officer dosen't come around our happy home. Can always be depended on to "Keep the Home Fires Burning" while his comrades are on manoeuvres or bivouacs. At present out with Lady McLean, during the absence of Channing. Prefers civilian cycles to the army ditto, and Bill McKenzie's dress shoes to his own.

Stewart Evan A.—"Stew" thinks "dip" is just the stuff, and derives a great deal of pleasure from kidding the troops. Holds the record for travelling in this vicinity as he left camp with 5s in his pocket one night and returned with 6s. 3½d., reporting a good time and a non-army dinner. Is an able host and his parties are known far and wide. His salute is the envy of all, and he is seriously thinking of buying a pair of spurs to add snap to the latter. His home is in Teeswater and he is well known in Western Ontario, having held the position of bat-boy for the Teeswater Baseball team for two consecutive seasons. He goes to church each Sunday, as to his motives,—Well!

Veitch H. S.—Doc. enlisted in Ripley but left it to join the signallers. Has brown eyes and when he is the least bit peevd those eyes speak volumes. Has a cute young musn't touch it on his lip that gives promise of amounting to something some day. He is very emphatic about some things and when tired does not like being laughed at. Thinks that the people who visit us in bivouac wore an expression appropriate for a visit to the Zoo.

Young H. A.—Youngie has faults which are not. He too is something that the rest of us ought to be but "aint." Is poor but honest and likes to play the flower that is born to blush unseen. Is the mildest boy in the world until aroused and then he can only be compared to a hurricane. As far as we know has never been not in, but out of love. Believes

in the quiet life and practices it. But is strongly opposed to the kitchen clean-up principle our cooks follow so earnestly in making mulligan.

Walks J. D.—John D's only trouble that he regards as such, is in keeping his red-headed bed partner in his right place at night, for as a rule they rouse the hut in the early hours of the Ack Emma, with their discussion as to who has the most of the bed, blankets and etc. He comes from Chesley but aside from this is almost normal except in height. Is noted for the box of curiosities he keeps in under his bed. Is very unpopular with the shoe makers as he is 6 ft. 3in. and his shoes are twice that size. Is very healthy especially his appetite which, alas, is sometimes far from satisfied by army rations. His chief hobby is chewing gum and his favorite author "Old Sleuth" and "Homer." He is a graduate of Paisley and Chestey High Schools and that school so common in the army, the school of practical experience.

God Save the King.



## THE SIDE SHOW

What's in a Name

We Begg to announce that a Side Show has been started on the West side of the Camp in the Birch and Ash Woods near the Barnes. Hunters were sent out to Hunt through the Fields and Groves, over Heath and Moore, and in the Greenwood and bring in a collection of birds and animals. A Fisher was sent to the Brooks and succeeded in securing a Little Heron, a Small Trout and a Young Sturgeon. The hunters caught a number of birds of all colours, Black, White Blue, Gray and Brown, among them being a Crowe, some Eagles, a pair of Hawkes, a Sparrow and Woodcock, and a Parrot which talks, sings, whistles and

gives physical drill to the rest of the birds. A Woelfe was captured on Kettlebury Hill, where a fierce battle took place this summer. A number of Matrins were caught which are kept in a Case, there is a Kidd which allows the girls to Pettitt, and a pair of Lambs and a Hogg were purchased from a Farmer.

We are Proud to say that the Side Show was royally opened, the King, a Prince, a Duke, an English Lord and the Butler from Buckingham Palace being present, as well as the cooks from the Kitchen, the Baker, Barber, Cooper and Carter. The Millers closed their Mills and came and everybody and their Cousins were there. The Show was a Peach and when the doors were Sprung open it kept the Gateman busy selling tickets, which ranged in Price from a Nickel to a Pound, and it was not Long until every Rowe was as full as they could Kramer.

The orchestra is composed of a Piper and Fidler and there is nothing Poore about the music they deliver, it is simply Devine and they will play any Eyre you care to ask for.

The managers are Rigginn up a canteen where eager Byers will be able to purchase Ammonds, Peaches, Biscuits and Coffey from an efficient Waiter.

It is Wright that this Worthy entertainment should be patronized as it is intended for the Welfare of the boys. The Walker who takes Long Walks to Guildford and other places in search of amusement will stay in Camp and turn his footsteps towards the Park to see Howe the Bluhm-ing show is getting on and Nunn will say that it Cann be Beaton.



"William the Conqueror," read the corporal, "landed in England in 1066 A.D."

"What does A.D. stand for?" inquired a private.

The corporal pondered. "I don't exactly know," he said. "Maybe it's after dark."

## Hut Scrapings

The brigade was passing through a village, the bands were playing and on the side of the road a gipsy was dancing to the music. Someone passed a remark about the dancing. "Aw," said Bill Stowe, "If I had his clothes on I'd dance too."



When feeling blue either go out and get some fresh air and a glass of cold water, or consult Whistling Rufus, the one-man band, at the Battalion Orderly Room.



Jack, after receiving a haversack lunch: "Say Joe, do you know the new way of making jam sandwiches?"

"No, what is it?"

"Just jam two pieces of bread together and you have it."

A Scotty belonging to the 134th Battalion, having overheard the above, and wanting to pass it along to one of his mates, said to him: "Sandy, I heard a good joke a few minutes ago."

"Oh! what was it?"

"A new way to make jam sandwiches. You clap two pieces of bread together and there you have it."



"If I swore at him," said Big Steve bitterly, "it was because he had the temerity to accuse me of being a German just because he considered my charge excessive. I don't often use strong language, but my temper was up and I told him to go to — some place where he could get it singed for nothing."



That Chesley hut is so smooth that we don't think it will be quite safe in the winter. It might slip away some night.

The most aggravating thing on earth is having a four day pass offered to you when you are so badly broke you could not buy a feed of hay for a nightmare.



Mytchett was visited last week by a special squad of snipers. We don't envy the man who had to wave the flag.



We asked Joe Nixon how he made out at the ranges. "Oh, not too bad," he said. "Hit the target a few times and still have a number of places to hear from."



The battalion was in peril of being broken up last week, but cheer up, Tiny is back again on the old job.



Why are pigs the cleverest animals? Because they nose everything.



Conversation overheard in Guildford between two girls. First girl, sorrowfully: "I shan't see Billy any more for two weeks."

Second girl: "Why?"

First girl: "He's broke."



Three Sergt. Tailors were boasting about how easily they could fit a soldier with a uniform. Said the 164th tailor: "I can make a uniform to fit a man by just looking at him." "I can make a uniform to fit a man," said the 208th tailor, "if I just saw his back going into a hut." "That's nothing," said the 160th tailor, "I can make a uniform to fit a man if I just saw the hut he went into."

## And Sweepings.

Anyone giving information as to who pinched a cake in hut 32 some time ago will be the recipient of many thanks from the person who is still under suspicion.



Among those who heard their country's call to do their bit at farming was a retired brakeman. He was plowing up a piece of new land with a team of mules and had the reins fastened around his waist. Presently he saw a stump ahead and instinctively he began giving the railroad "stop" signal with both hands. The plow struck the stump and the brakeman went head over heels. Picking himself up he shook his fist at the mules and roared: "You flop eared fools, don't you ever look back for a signal?"



Pte. George Crawford has been appointed newsy for "Bruce in Khaki," and has the news boys' call down so fine that when he went up the lines the other morning shouting: "Pyo, pyo, all about the bleedin' Canydians," a sergeant came out and asked where the news was?



During the air raid on London, Ptes. E. McVannel and H. E. Eldridge were staying in a hotel where the windows were blown in by a bomb, but no other damage was done. Pte. Eldridge held a flashlight while a policeman examined the street where the bomb fell. He is of the opinion that a big fire cracker on a 24th of May celebration would do about as much damage.



Talking of Russians, how is this for a name: Ivegotanhouse Fourdoorsoff.

Who is the Sergeant in Headquarters Staff who claims to have put his five shots through the one hole in his target.



Who was the man at Stag Park, who when listening to a conversation about the Kennels said "What kennels, deer kennels?"



Pte. Lorne Buckley, of Suningdale, was in Camp on Sunday, visiting his many friends in the One-Six-O.



Two little boys were out gathering nuts and on their way home in the evening they found that one had more than the other. They decided to divide them equally, and going into a cemetery emptied them on the ground and began taking them one at a time, saying as they picked each one up, "I'll take this one," "I'll take that one," "I'll take this one," "I'll take that one." So interested were they in the division that they did not notice it was getting dark.

A private was stepping down the road past the artillery lines towards Milford to see his best girl, and as he neared the cemetery he heard voices. He stopped a moment to listen and when he heard "I'll take this one," "I'll take that one," his hair began to raise and he turned and ran down the road, but had not gone far when he met an officer. "What is the matter?" asked the officer. "Oh, sir," replied the private, "the Lord and the devil are down in the cemetery dividing up the dead." "Nonsense," said the officer, "come back and I will investigate." When they came near the cemetery the voices still continued within, and they say the officer beat the private back to camp.

## Camp News

Thomas Johnson, an old Chesley boy who came over with the 71st Battalion, was in Camp over Sunday, renewing old acquaintances.

Every day we are receiving items for "Bruce in Khaki" but the contributors forget to sign their names and we positively will not publish any items unless we know who hands them in. Every piece of news must be signed so that we know it comes from a reliable source, but the names of all contributors will be treated in confidence.

Bert English was badly scalded in the legs a short while ago when the tap came out of one of the big pots in the kitchen. He is back on the job again and is rapidly improving.

There were some pretty nice looking huts through the lines on Sunday but Sergt. Marsh claims No. 5 had them all beat.

The Y. M. C. A. Bible Class Rally, which was postponed, will be held in No. 2, Y. M. C. A. Hut at 2.30 p.m. Sunday, October 21st. Captain Forgie, a returned Chaplain, will be the speaker. All are invited to come and enjoy a good thing.

A letter recently received from a Toronto University signaller contained the following: "The other evening we heard music coming over the wire. We promptly fixed our switch board so that all the battalions could hear it. Afterwards we learned that all the brigade officers had done likewise, so that every signal office in camp was listening to that same gramophone. We found out later that the music came from the 160th Bruce Battalion and had gone all over the camp from there."

Corpl. Black, Business Manager of "Bruce in Khaki" is enjoying a few holidays in Scotland.

Isn't it rather morbid curiosity to say to a chap who was just up for "Orderly Room": "What did you get, kid?"

A certain little scotch private called "Tommy" didn't just care whether the grass was green or school kept or not. When he went up to the bar in — the man behind said, "You'll get no moah beah heah, so theah." "Heah, Heah," said Tommy.

Say George it was funny we didn't see a hippopotamus on that long trip across the pond.

Did you ever realize how funny it will be to go upstairs to bed; sounds simple but it will take some getting used to.

Awfully sorry Red, but every knock is a boost.

Life ain't a joke, when you're gone dead broke  
And things look on the bum.  
But a two cent grin and a tilt of the chin,  
Helps some, old kid, helps some.

Up to now have only been asked twice about Xmas cards. Better get a hustle on and make yourself acquainted with the staff, who will get you value for your money.

Say boys did you see what the Signallers have done? Now it is up to you to get your Section or Platoon into prominence. Give us a photo of your "clan" and a write up and we'll do the rest. Now get busy.

The draft will not be altogether pleasant for a man that has cold feet.

## Cheer Up

Boys! How is it with you, this last year  
or two,  
There are changes since then, we admit;  
The food ain't so nice, and the sky ain't  
so blue,  
And your troubles too big for your kit.

There are days when it rains, and your  
drenched to the hide,  
And your chances to dry out are small;  
It makes you wish yourself back in the  
land of your pride,  
To your old folks, wives, sweethearts  
and all.

Your menu has changed and your heart-  
sick of stew;  
No more can you say: "Pass me the  
cake."  
Those sweetbreads of life are but mem-  
ories to you,  
Still, that's part of a good soldier's  
make.

Then your liberty is curbed and your  
time ain't your own  
So much as it was once of yore.  
C.B. and F.P. are four letters well-  
known,  
It matters not what be your corps.

Your letters are few and they mean  
much to you  
For they link you with home and those  
dear,  
But write often back boy, yours mean  
much to them, too,  
For they wonder how goes all with  
you here.

For they gave you and you went, choos-  
ing peril and stress,  
Your home, land and country to save;  
So you see they gave much, and let their  
faithfulness  
Brace and cheer up the soldier they  
gave.

Your outlook on the future will yet  
brighten my lad,  
Your Colonel won't be such a bore;  
Your kit bag can hold more than troubles  
my lad,  
And you wonder you had not seen  
this before.

Cheer up then, my boys, why this war  
cannot last,  
Tho' some day you may share in the  
fun,  
And when 'tis our lot to share in it's  
wild deadly blast  
No one here shall flinch at the Hun.

Then, when it's all over and once more  
you get back  
To that old home and those waiting  
there,  
In the joys that await you, you'll forget  
your old pack  
Which weighed oh so heavy, just  
there.

See the eyes you have brightened and  
their hearts swell with pride,  
Hear them say: "Let all do their  
duty who can,  
He, whom I gave away, has returned to  
my side,  
And I am proud he is a soldier and  
man."

Boys, that reward waits for you for the  
last year or two,  
Of hardships you have had, I'll admit,  
Yet, say 'tis worth while, now the sky's  
again blue  
And you keep as a souvenir, "your kit."

You look at it and smile as you think of  
the past,  
And a grin takes the place of a frown,  
For you see troubles pass and joys only  
last;  
What a lesson my old kit bag has  
shown.

J. H.

# Medical Section

Some Canadians and some English and some Irish and some Scotch and some Hollanders and some Welsh and some Americans—equal some section.

Here I will mention some of the happenings of the past week.

Capt. Lord now has his mail addressed: "Capt. Jas. W. Lord, M.O., 16th Brigade." Heavy on the brigade.

Charlie Parker's letters come addressed to "Dr. C. H. Parker." Some line that Charles has been handing out in Guildford.

Fleming wanted to whitewash the door pink.

Hibben shooting rapid fire (five shots in thirty seconds) made: "Five bulls in

one minute and had two minutes to spare." Some bulls!

Donahou spent six days in Scotland.

Mike Lavally is still looking in the east for the Northern Lights.

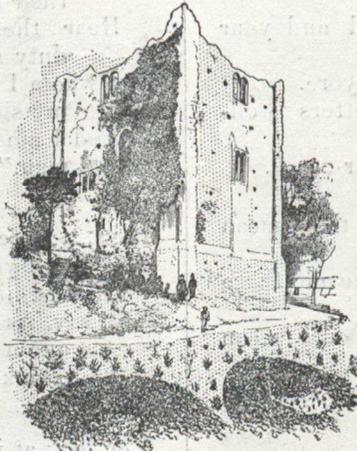
Donahou has gone into business. He has purchased a bicycle, and rents it every Sunday.

Augustinus is trying to teach Hibben how to play chess. Bochoven says it will be quite a job.

Turkey is sore because one day last week he only received five letters from Guildford.



There should be a Canadian mail soon. Pte. Herbie Inkster, of the post office staff, is back from Scotland.



GUILDFORD CASTLE