



BRUCE IN KHAKI.

SAVE, SERVE AND SMILE.



VOL. I.—No. I.

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PRICE 3D.

Introductory Note.



It is a great privilege to witness history in the making. It is a greater privilege to have a part in the making of history. This latter honor is conferred upon the members of the Bruce Battalion. We are in the very midst of mighty world movements. Movements that topple over thrones, that shake society to its centre, that touch every country, that reshape nations, that alter world maps, that work reforms for society and that will produce a civilization superior to any the world has ever seen.

Never in history were there such times as these. Chroniclers will attest this after the cataclysmic struggle has passed away and "the war drum throbs no longer and the battle flag is furled" in the parliament of the world and the federation of the world. We believe that when history is written and the new era ushered in, it will be found that the great work accomplished by the heroic lads of Bruce County will have aided in no small degree, the consummation of a victory that will lead to the unshackling of righteousness and liberty, and the fettering of an autocracy that would throttle freedom and clog the wheels of progress.

We believe, too, that the new venture—the publication of a battalion paper, will be an inspiration to our boys and of supreme interest to the folks in the old home land of Canada. Receive us kindly. Bear with our weakness. Indulge our failures, and cherish our virtues.

Our Colonel

Referring to Col. Sutherland of the 71st Battalion, now Commander of the Bruce Battalion. Lieut. Leslie Young, composer of these lines, was a nephew of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Campbell of Bruce. It will be remembered he was killed in action last fall.

A man that can fight, a fighter who's fought,
 A man to whom danger to self counts for naught,
 A man all the way with a conduct sheet clean,
 As a man and a soldier our Colonel's beloved
 A man: Colonel Sutherland, that's whom I mean.
 And admired by those among whom he has moved;
 Admired, beloved, yet regarded with awe,
 A man and a soldier, sans blemish or flaw.
 A man and a soldier, man stamped on his face;
 As a soldier, his record decades won't efface.
 Insignificant, lowly and humble I feel,
 When I look on his manhood, his grey eyes of steel.
 To-day Canada's proud of the sons that she bore,
 Proud as she is of her heroes of yore,
 Proud of the man who will stick with the game,
 Proud of the soldier upholding her fame.
 In but six of His days God created all earth,
 Saved himself but the seventh to rest from his work,
 And while resting from care on the seventh He planned
 The man of the stamp of the Sutherland clan;
 He moulded and made them and placed them on earth,
 And the best of them all leads the 71st.

What I Think

As a boy who has a good home and good parents I would like to take advantage of your columns by having a heart to heart talk with my comrades. Boys, did you ever think that the only thing worth living for by your parents is that letter from you? I know you have other ways of filling in your time but don't you think that you could spare one hour a week to lighten the burden of those at home who wait and watch. When you came over here it was glorious, you felt all the thrills of the warrior out for the hunt and the anticipation of seeing things that you little dreamed of seeing when you were on the old homestead. But wait, way back yonder is the same old place and the same loving memories that cling to every stick and stone of the old place. What must the old folks feel like when they come to think that all they treasure on earth is thousands of miles away from them and the only link they have to cling to is that letter. They are surrounded by things which only make your absence more keenly felt. You have new scenery, fresh faces and a hundred and one other things by which you can keep your mind busy, but don't forget that letter. I know of boys who will spend a half holiday writing to Dolly or Grace or some lady friend but they hate tackling that letter home. Boys, get down to that letter and don't be afraid of telling mother how much you love her and would give anything to be with her. She is suffering in silence, why not do your best to lighten the load.

Signed,

A BROTHER IN KHAKI



Saw the Chaplain conversing with Sergt. Norman the other day. Wonder which of them makes the better job of saving soles.

Editorial.

*"How dear to my heart are the scenes of
my childhood*

*When fond recollection presents them to
view."*

Affectionate regard for the land or locality of his birth is inherent in every human being and although strengthened by family ties and other friendships, will persist even after these ties and friendships are broken by death or the "scenes of our childhood" are, for whatever reason, abandoned by those we regard so tenderly. As the years roll on these impressions and remembrances of our earliest years, far from becoming obscured, remain clear cut and well defined. How fortunate then are we sons of Bruce in that we were brought up in a land of plenty amidst beautiful natural surroundings where people were healthy, industrious and law abiding, and where we were endowed with the priceless heritage of a happy childhood.

Memory plays many strange tricks and one is so often surprised by some few notes of a tune, some familiar manner of speech or some smell, conjuring up instantly a home picture so familiar to our childhood's eyes. Now we are in the quiet farm kitchen watching mother sitting in the old Boston rocker knitting and at the same time keeping an eye on something cooking on the stove. We heed her warning to stop teasing the old dog by tickling his feet with a splinter of wood and inwardly agree that the limit of his patience has been reached for to-day. We sit on the floor listening to the old clock tick tock, tick tock. We look out of the window to see the

snow driving past the apple trees. Again we can smell the familiar odor of mitts drying behind the stove. "Give me a match" shouts some pal and the spell is broken only to come on somewhere else and some other time with no warning. Shall we ever feel more like beating it than when the gander used to scurry after us, reaching for our bare legs? Shall we ever summon up our courage with more resolution than when long ago, switch in hand we advanced to face the savage valor of the old gobbler?

What city mansion could look so much like home as the familiar place in Bruce?

Let us THINK often over these things and of all the dear friends and relatives there and REMEMBER that all that we have and are was won for us by the abounding courage of our forefathers. To protect our homes and to provide for our children as we were provided for we must "Save, Serve and Smile."



The Victoria Cross

At Flanders plain the Fusiliers were
lined up on parade,
"Step forward, Sergeant Murphy," the
Colonel sharply said,
"For gallantry at Ypres, where you sav-
ed your men from loss,
His Majesty commands to confer this
honored cross."
"Och, Colonel, dear, yes, sir, I mean,
there must be some mistake,
I only did me duty when we had those
lines to break.
But I was not at Epray, sir—I swear by
Mose's pipers,
My company was stationed just beyan
the town of Wipers"

Bruce County News

HOW HE WON THE D. C. M.

A Walkerton boy sends some interesting particulars as to how Corp. Ed. Eidt won the Distinguished Conduct Medal. It appears that Ed. was in charge of his gun which his crew was firing from a shell hole in No Man's Land one night, when one of the trench mortar shells weighing 13 pounds and filled with high explosive (enough to kill one hundred men at close range) in some way ignited and the fuse began to burn. Ed. knew he had less than twenty seconds before it would explode and cause all the rest of the ammunition in the gun pit to explode and kill all the men in it, but he took it out of the gun, which requires some time to do, deliberately carried it down the trench and threw it out where it could do no harm. By running the awful risk he saved the men in the trench. He did the same thing on two occasions. The second night he was slightly wounded, decorated and promoted to corporal. It is understood that he was recommended for the V.C. but got the D.C.M.

YOUNG KINCARDINE HERO

Jack Anderson, a lad about twelve years of age, is a real hero. At Inverhuron the other day Miss Daniels, a trained nurse from Durham who was in bathing, got into a deep hole and was drowning. Young Anderson without hesitation went to her aid and caught her by the hair and swam with her toward the dock. Miss Belle Drummond tried to assist the lad but got into the hole. Her sister Jennie went to her assistance and in a few moments three girls, unable to swim, were struggling in water thirty feet deep. Jack Anderson succeeded in getting Miss Daniels safely to the dock, and Delbert Span plunged in and saved the Drummond sisters.

NOTHING MORE GLORIOUS

A few words from an address by His Grace Archbishop Sinnott of the Roman Catholic diocese at Winnipeg, delivered on the occasion of the unveiling of the honour roll in the Brandon Catholic church, are appropos and comforting at the present time.

"I have been told" said his grace, "that there is a small reservation of Indians at Cape Croker, Ontario, where every man of military age and fitness took up arms when the country called. I know not what credence may be attached to that report, but were it true it were a glory which might be the envy of every community in the land. For my own part, I would desiderate nothing more glorious for any parish in this arch-diocese. And even if every able bodied young man paid the supreme penalty, the community would indeed be the loser, but the democracy we cherish would not be the loser for their names would be a precious heritage to encourage and inspire wherever duty called for courage and sacrifice.

"Now to the honour which we willingly pay to those who are gone and to the sorrow which we naturally feel at their loss, we must add the suffrage of our prayers. That is another reason why we are here to-night. Before this altar of sacrifice and in the presence of the Divine Victim who dwells thereon, we join with you in prayer that God may heed their sacrifice and grant them eternal rest. Their blood has watered the soil of France and they are buried in nameless graves far from those they loved, but the sweet aroma of their heroic deeds is still with us and will endure as long as time will last. That God may bless the families from which they sprung and bless the country for which they died is our most fervent prayer."

Cheer up, the barbers are only just managing to scrape along and butcher business is all cut up.

WALKERTON

Pte. Gordon Hogg has rejoined the 160th Battalion after many months illness with meningitis and pneumonia.

Herman Runstadtler of the Guelph Battery was home from Petawawa Camp on a few days leave. He has been given a stripe since his last visit home and now has the rank of Bombadier.

Major Nelson, who has been in charge of recruiting the past three months, was recalled to London on Monday. Major Nelson and his staff secured a large number of recruits, possibly the best showing of any recruiting staff in this military district. Lieut. Pinkerton and Sergt. Art Taggart are still here.

Harry Denny is making a good recovery from his recent accident and expects to start doing a little work soon.

Most of Lieut. Les. Young's old friends at the front have fallen one by one since Les. was killed in action, according to a letter received by his father, Mr. Henry Young of Cargill from a close friend, Capt. Brocklebank. Many of Leslie's pals who survived the earlier encounters were among the valiant Canadians who fell at Vimy Ridge.



In spite of the fact that recruiting for No. 2 Forestry draft was held up from June 12th to July 12th, Captain Graham's draft is now fully up to strength and will assemble in Ottawa this week, and when there will number upwards of 200 men of the very best type. He has gathered them together from Tara, Lucknow, Paisley, Port Elgin, Southampton, Kincardine and other places. Among those from Warton is Sergt. Hay, formerly a Lieutenant in the 160th Battalion.

KINCARDINE

On Friday last Mr. Robert Ross received the following telegram from Ottawa:

"Sincerely regret to inform you that 651715 Pte. Gordon Ross, infantry, officially admitted to 23rd casualty clearing station, August 9th, 1917. Gunshot wounds in arms. Will send further particulars when received."

DIRECTOR RECORDS

The many friends of this gallant young soldier will be sorry to hear of his being put out of action, and will hope that the nature of the wounds are not serious.

He went over with the 160th, in which he was a sergeant, but being anxious to get to the front he gave up his stripes and was drafted to France, finally landing with the 18th Battalion. He was under Major Kenneth McCrimmon, who states he was one of the bravest and most fearless soldiers he had ever met. Major McCrimmon was most sorry to hear of his being wounded.

Ed. note.—We are pleased to report that Pte. Ross is getting along nicely and has been able to visit the boys in camp.

The floods this year in Kincardine Township were exceptionally serious and it will cost the township about fourteen thousand dollars to repair the bridges and culverts that have been damaged. This will mean about twelve dollars extra taxes this year on every 100 acre farm. Every municipality in this section has been hard hit by unexpected and unavoidable expenditure on account of the floods this year.

Good Roads Superintendent William Hunter was at Bervie consulting with Reeve Rutledge and Councillor R. Ramshaw as to the best methods of taking care of the road through the village.

Heard in the Que.

A Cape Breton lad fresh over was rather interested in the number of automobiles that kept passing. Noticing one that was marked D. N. 499 he ventured to remark as to what it meant. A big Westerner looking rather fed up with the world in general just turned round and said, "Darned near five hundred you boob."

Good night dear and don't forget tomorrow night. If you are there first put a stone on the wall, and if I am there first I will knock it off.

Boys, there's no use trying to flirt with the Arcadian girls, they are all married. I met one out last Friday night with her "Hubby."

A soldier was up before his Colonel charged with being a habitual drunkard, apart from this failing he was a good soldier. The Col. being tired of doling out F. P. thought he would work on the man's feelings by having a sympathetic talk with him, so he started and the following was the result.

Col. "Do you know that you might have been a sergeant by now but for this habit?"

Soldier, with contempt, "Sergeant did you say sir? Why when I'm drunk I'm a Brigadier-General."

Standing on the platform of a London tube station I noticed an Australian looking round in a very vacant manner. After a while a train came but went right through at a terrific pace. The Australian looked at the retreating train and at the tunnel it had just passed through and remarked: "My word, if it had missed that hole there would have been an awful mess."

Some things don't look too bad out of their place, but one thing caught my

eye which looks about as much at home as a pork chop at a Jews' banquet. It is in the mess room and reads something like this: "Don't take more than you need." Ed. note, Nuff said.

Too bad Stobie, it will take more than saddle soap to make that bridle slip back to Wiar-ton.

Who was the man that called for three drinks in a Godalming pub, put down a half crown and got three and nine pence change, plus drinks. Some stand in, eh?

An amateur editor, doing emergency duty on a farm paper, is credited with some amusing answers to correspondents. For example: "Please tell me how hash is made?" "Is it all right to feed hogs corn in the ear?" "No. Put the corn in the trough and let them help themselves." "My hair is beginning to fall out. What can I get to keep it in?" "A paper bag." Our old bull is chasing me around a forty acre field. What shall I do?" "I don't know. But hang on. The editor will be back in a week."

The Major—How long have you been in the regiment? Priv. Grogan—Wan week, sor—but I fought in the Spanish war. The Major—And did you salute with a pipe in your mouth in '98? Priv. Grogan—No, sor, I wasn't smokin' thin.

They were discussing that joke about getting down off an elephant.

"How do you get down?" asked the jokesmith for the fourth time.

"You climb down."

"Wrong!"

"You grease his sides and slide down."

"Wrong!"

"You take a ladder and get down."

"Wrong!"

"Well, you take the trunk line down."

"No, not quite. You don't get down off an elephant; you get it off a goose."

Suggestions

Colour for the sixth division. Yellow.

A relic for the British Museum. Copy of a six day pass.

Decorations for the mess hall. Photograph of some eats.

That the 160th be called the Gipsy Battalion. Most of the time is spent on the road.

Suggested and carried unanimously: That the A. P. M. gives a hint to the authorities who are responsible for the escape of German prisoners in this country. He has sure got that road from the Valley of Pleasure cinched.

When a concert has started, that Y. M. C. A. canteen should quit business. It does not sound right when a lady is singing "The Shades of Night are Falling Fast" for some gink to drop a ginger beer bottle.

Don't take warts off with caustic soda. The warts don't go deep enough.

Never argue with the A. P. M. He is a nice man when you have a pass, but if you haven't why make a noise like a tree and leaf.

When visiting Mme. Tassaoud's wax works, do not ask the policeman at the entrance the way in. He does not care if it snows.

Never travel to London without a pass unless you can get under the seat.

That a new, cleaner way from Elstead be found for some of the N. C. O.'s of this unit. The real estate that gathers on their understanding is a source of annoyance to the hut orderly next morning.

If fish is brain food Socrates has nothing on this outfit.

That the last post be painted a dark colour instead of being whitewashed.

Lost and Found.

All notices under this heading must be paid for. Birth, marriage and death notices only are published free of charge.



Lost—A large red stone from a gentleman's ring, somewhere between ten o'clock and the mess room. Finder please return to Pte. Frank Fowler and receive liberal reward.



Lost—Bicycle lamp, went out one night this week and hasn't been seen since. Any information gladly received by Pte. F. Daws.



Lost—Three front teeth through woman telling a lie. Said her husband was in France. He wasn't!!!



Found—Near the river in Guildford, a soldier with his arm around a girl.



Found—In the recreation room, a plug of Battle Axe tobacco, but the editor smoked it.



Found—On the piano in the recreation room, a bunch of keys.



Lost—A bus. Just two minutes late.



Wanted—Respectable young widow wants washing.



Lost—Scotch Sesgeant. When last seen was going west with kilts on.



Lost—One stripe. Finder please call at the tailor shop and have it sewed on.



Lost—Perfectly good place in the line-up for dinner. Finder please report to Orderly Officer.

Hut Scrapings

The shoemakers are still pegging away.

A girl was seen tying her shoe lace in High Street, Guildford, last Saturday afternoon. An officer standing across the street took off his cap for fear it would peak.

"What's the cause of all that swearing?"

"Every time I go to thread this blooming needle it winks its eye at me.

Pte. Sammy Love has a sure cure for boils. Take a pint of pure spring water, boil it down until it begins to thicken and skim the fat off. Apply the fat to the boil and in a few days it will disappear.

The following notice has been posted up in the mess room: "In order to prevent the men from carrying away the napkins and silverware from the tables, none will be put on."

Bugler Spot Woolrich tells the following on an old friend of his who was up before the O.C.

"What is the charge against you?" asked the Colonel.

"Dirty rifle, Sir."

"You are an old soldier?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You have been here before, what was the last charge against you?"

"Dirty bow and arrow, Sir."

Three of the boys were broke (something unusual for a soldier) so they began looking about to see where they could make the raise of a few shillings. One had a flashlight, another a watch, the third a pair of spectacles, and they decided to pawn the lot. On coming out of the pawn shop one of them said "Lend me your flashlight till I put on my glasses and see what time it is by Bill's watch."

The suspender manufacturers are keeping up the trouser business now.

The Tuetons have not succeeded in knocking the man out of Rumanians.

Peter Scott of the Pioneer Section was telling some friends about a fall from a building he had one time which nearly broke his back. He said it wasn't the fall that hurt him, but the sudden stop.

Who was the young Imperial Sergeant we saw in camp last week trying to buy a Corporal out of the army?

There were dire threats against the cooks of C. Company and vicious looks on the faces of the men when the field kitchen upset on the march one night, but the frowns changed to smiles when they found the dixies only contained water.

While we were out on a bivouac we had breakfast one morning before daylight. John Molloy was sitting on the ground with a plate of hot stew between his feet when he noticed something dark drop into his plate. He speared at it with his fork but missed and out jumped a toad and hopped away. John said he wouldn't mind sharing his breakfast with a toad but it needn't have taken a bath in his stew.

D. D. McCallum boasted that he was the earliest riser in camp. Red Currie thought he was lying and set out to prove it. He rose at 4 a.m. the next morning and went to Duke's hut. Where is Duke McCallum, he asked Corporal Spicer. "He was around here early this morning," answered the Corp., "but I don't know where he is now."

"Now, said the Padre, "this picture illustrates to-day's lesson. Lot was warned to take his wife and daughters and flee out of Sodom. Here are Lot and his daughters, with his wife just behind them; and there is Sodom in the background. Now has anyone a question before we take up the study of the lesson. "Sir," said a private in the rear ranks, "where is the flea?"

A lot of pennies are being invested in real estate. Everyone is trying to get a "house."

The boys have threatened to take out some of those hard boiled peas on the next scheme and use them for firing on the enemy.

At Eashing is a pub. called the Stag Inn. The idea is Stag Inn and stagger out.

"Is this my train?" asked an officer at Guildford station. "No sir," replied the porter, "It belongs to the company and you had better not take it. There have been a lot of trains missed around here lately."

"Did your girl say anything because I didn't go down to see her Tuesday night?" asked one private of another one morning, and now he wonders why the fellow won't speak to him.

The Lord is with us, so is his favorite platoon, Number Nine."

Pte. Ed. Fraser says his father owns the Fraser River. Any time you are down his way drop in. He claims he floated down the river on a log. His sister accompanied him on the piano.

Among the suggestions for a name and motto for "Bruce in Khaki" was one by Maj. Chadwick: "The Bruce Thistle" Motto--"Keep off the jags"

"Go down to the barns and tell Red Cameron I want him, you will find him in the barn with the mules," said the Transport Officer to a private the other day. "I don't know him, Sir," replied the private. "Oh you will know him all right," said the officer, "he has his hat on."

"Anyone want to buy a watch?" asked Bungie Brown coming into the hut one day. "Is it running" someone asked. "Well," he replied, "It isn't walking."

"Where are you going?" asked a private of a girl who was going down the road. "I am not going any place," she replied, "I am just coming back."

On the door of the editorial room hangs this motto: "Come in without knocking and go out the same way."

Who is the young man who wanted to call in the doctor because one of the windows in his hut had a pane.

Ptes. Johnson and Kearns are spending all their spare hours in Guildford. What is the attraction boys?

Hector King spent Sunday in Chiddingfold.

One day lately an Instructor had a bunch of men out drilling and to make things a little easy he started a lecture asking some of them to name some big Manufacturing Concerns and their product. One of the boys mentioned the 160th Kitchen. The Instructor asked what it was noted for. "For Baked Beans and Kippers," was the reply.

One day quite recently, one of the men was up before the O.C. for carrying concealed weapons; the Sergt. found an yeast cake in his pocket. He pleaded not guilty but the O.C. said that it was a kind of Raiser.

Sad was the fate of poor Dunc. McDougall,

He went for a bath and slipped down the ploog 'ole.

Two soldiers were in the front line trench and the gambling instinct was so strong in both of them that they were always ready to make a bet. Just then a "Jack Johnston" came along and gave them both a lift. One was going up with fixed bayonet and the other was coming down with a bump, and as they passed the one going up shouted "Hi, Bill, I'll bet I go up higher than you did."

"I was talking to a guy in London" said one of the boys who had just got back off pass, "and he was through Ypres, the Somme and Vimy Ridge and when he left I found he had been through me."

Pte. Jack Arnold claims to be the man who put the "T" in teapot.

Camp News

Sergt. Harold Hay, formerly of the 160th, was in camp Sunday visiting the boys.

Pte. Walter Johnson was on a four days pass to London and Shorncliffe. He spent a day at Sunningdale with the boys of No. 2 Forestry draft renewing old acquaintances.

Bathing suits for bivouacing can now be obtained in Tin Town. It was quite thoughtful of them to lay in a supply.

Pte. S. Love of the cooks staff enjoyed a visit to his old home in Portsmouth a couple of weeks ago.

The football grounds are in fine shape now, quite a number of the boys from the brigade went over one night about two weeks ago and picked up all the stones. Some M.P.'s went along to see that they made a good job of it.

Have you noticed what a great improvement the grass along our front street has made? As a rule the 160th doesn't allow the grass to grow under their feet, but since moving into their new lines there has been a general clean up. The huts were done in pink and white, the doors and eavetroughs brightened up with paint, and everything in sight, even the dixie covers were decorated.

Lance Corporal D. R. Loney has more patience than any man we know of. Last Saturday morning our typewriter went on the bum and after spending some time on it trying to get it to work, the editor said damn and chucked it in a corner. Dan came in and spent the afternoon pulling it to pieces and putting it together and at last succeeded in getting it in running order. If the boys will all dig in and give us a little assistance in time of need "Bruce in Khaki" will be a howling success.

Witley Camp Y. M. C. A. Bible Class Rally will be held next Sunday, October 14th, in Y. M. C. A. No. 2, at 2 p.m. The attention of all members is drawn to the above. Bring your chum along.

Someone wants to know what has held the 160th together so long. Ask the cooks—they make the pudding.

There is a letter box in front of the "Bruce in Khaki" office in which to drop items for the battalion newspaper, but it is not intended for letters for the post office. Saturday morning we found three letters addressed to three girls, and if the mistake occurs too often we might think they were intended for the paper and publish one of them.

Pte. W. H. Boyle received the sad news of the death of his two children last week. The heartfelt sympathy of his friends and acquaintances is extended to him in his bereavement.

A barber shop has been opened on the ground floor of "Bruce in Khaki" building, Bruce street.

Sergt. Hendry, of the pay office, has figured that he is asked the question "When are we going to be paid?" 7200 times every month, and when he answers "to-morrow" the boys say "Oh, pshaw!"

Who is the private in No. 10 platoon, who, while we were out on a scheme, surrounded and captured a machine gun section?

B. S. M. Watts has returned to duty after spending a week in Bramshott hospital, suffering from an attack of la grippe. Sergt. McBurney took over the duties while the B. S. M. was away.

Sergt. W. Ruhl returned last week from Aldershot hospital, where he was confined with a case of mumps.

Have you noticed how quick the Sergeant Tailor is at picking up things? He has a lovely assortment of potted plants.

Better be good, boys, or Paddy will spank you.

The Business Manager of "Bruce in Khaki" was on the water wagon last week.

Sergt. Ivan Butchart arrived in camp one Saturday afternoon with a nice little brown pup. Wonder why he gave it away Sunday morning?

Pte. George West paid a short visit to Portsmouth last week. He says it is a fine town, but an expensive place to go.

Pte. R. McIver was away to the "Big Smoke" on pass last week. He says London is a good town for the size of it.

Pte. I. G. Norris, an enterprising young man of the Transport Section, is making a specialty of manufacturing combination underwear. Just take your underwear to Ike boys and he will soon turn it into combinations.

Pte. V. G. Runstadler has gone on a ninety-seven mile route march after winning a medal for barb wire entanglements. He says the medal is good for a pass when he gets home if his feet are not too sore.

Corp. F. Lavalley of the 119th Algoma Battalion has been promoted to the rank of sergeant. He was born in Bruce county and enlisted in the 119th in January, 1915. His many friends and relatives in the 160th will be pleased to hear of his promotion.

Pte. George Bennett has applied for the position of "printer's devil," but we will not be taking on any apprentices until we are established in Fleet Street.

Pioneer Sergt. D. W. Stephens and his staff have the distinction of building the first editorial room in Witley Camp.

A young lady motorist was seen driving down the road last week. She took both hands off the wheel to arrange her hair and hat. It was a fine stunt but the place for such stuff is in a ten acre field with the spectators on the other side of the hedge.

We have a fine selection of Christmas greeting cards at the "Bruce in Khaki" Office which we will be pleased to show you. Don't order your Xmas cards boys until you see what we have to offer.

The Light Fantastic Club held the first ball of the season in the recreation room a couple of weeks ago and had a good attendance. Pte. Paddy Baird is giving lessons in the latest New York and Paris high class dances.

Anyone who has any suggestions as to the men for Christmas dinner kindly drop a note to the editor. Hoping this will slip the censor.

The Kaiser ordered his famous band of trumpeters to give a concert to celebrate the Galician victories, but so few people attended the ceremony that he has decided it will be the last celebration of the kind in Berlin. With one foot in the grave and the other on a banana skin he should be listening for Gabriels' trumpet.



We've substituted corn for wheat
And pallid cottage cheese for meat;
With nobly simulated zeal
We chew the dull potato peel;
We've tested every new disguise
For making rice a glad surprise.
And never throw a bit away,
But mingle all in queer puree.



I always get a bus seat
Hist, boys, I will put you wise,
Just sing the National Anthem
And every one will rise.



"You say the auto struck you and sent you flying?"

"Yes, sent me flying."

"Did it have on it any distinguishing mark?"

"Yes, a placard reading "Join the Aviation Corps."

Our 100 Mile Hike

It doesn't sound very inviting does it? But we started off with some peculiar feelings. All along the line you could hear "About three days will do it," "Its crazy," and different expressions, according to the spirits of the men. The first day was the worst, that is to say that we did not know exactly what was going to happen, but when things loosened up why the boys just took to the road like veterans. Pirbright I think was in the vicinity of our first bivouac and you would not think that the boys had been marching all day by the way they patronized different institutions in that locality. Up early in the morning we were soon off on the tramp again, everybody looking as though they were going to a picnic instead of about sixteen miles of hard road to cover. If our Brigadier had ordered the weather he could not have had it nicer, for the mornings were simply all that could be wanted to put the boys in the best of spirits. Leaving our first rest our esteemed cullinary expert, Jap Sprung, was trying to enquire the way to a certain burg when his wheel became a little balky and the lady was so nice that Jap just "fell" for her. Nothing more exciting occurred on the road and on Sunday noon we arrived at Daggmersfield Park. Of course I might say that the transport section clung to the dear old adage "The longest way round is the shortest way home." Sergt. Porter met his old S. M., who is living in a very comfortable and convenient place, and I suppose they went over old times. I just forget the name of the sign, but anyway it would look good to anybody on a hot day. Right after dinner the boys set out to find the nearest town. I think this is the first rule of a bivouac provided you are not "Out of Bounds." They found Odiham, Fleet and I think another little town somewhere around, and all seemed very well pleased at the find as we were to stay until Tuesday morning. Monday

was a holiday, of course you know a soldier's holiday consists of an inspection and a few other details that are not too bad when you get used to them, but they take getting used to. I have heard it said that Chippy Chapman was the most popular chap in camp but I don't think it emphasized to such an extent as on this trip, and I think Monday was his great day. Odiham looked like nothing compared with Chippy's little stand. Two of the boys thought they would like to be back on the old job for a while and set off to help a farmer. This was about eleven o'clock and of course he was glad of their help and they worked well until noon when the farmer told them to go and get dinner and refreshments. I think the farmer is still looking for them. I think it was a revelation to the inhabitants of Odiham when the boys marched through next morning. A brigade may not sound a lot, but when you stand and watch them pass why it is different. For step and all-round appearance give me the 160th, not because I am at all prejudiced but for straight candid facts. I stood on the road in Odiham and watched them all go through and you would never think that our boys had been sleeping at the "Star Hotel" for the past four nights. Great credit to them I say, and our band, much as it is criticised by "some," is the only one that can get the right tune in the right place and they sure had it there. The march from Odiham was great and we had dinner just outside Alton. I think I voice the sentiments of the whole crowd when I say that Alton was as nice a little place as we went through, and a bivouac there would have been a big success. It being market day everyone was out to welcome us and I am sure we did not want for popularity anywhere. This was about our hardest day right through to Oakhanger, and it was sure hot. I don't think many of the boys went out that night, of course the water waggon had to go for a little route march on its own to Bordon, and there was some mighty straffing done in that section.

Up again we started off for Cowdray Park, well known to the boys, and the Midhurst people welcomed us. This was the only bad spell of weather we had and at a rather inconvenient time, between 6 and 10, but it would take more than that to dampen the spirits of the boys who were just getting so seasoned that they didn't care if they ever went "home."

Some of the boys have no special affection for Midhurst as the price in some places was a bit too hot, but we shall know what to do when we go there again. The next day's hike brought us to Stag Park, a beautiful place owned by Lord Leconfield. Here the boys had a chance of seeing some rare sights. Deer were there in hundreds all around us, and hare and rabbits kept up the excitement all day. The Foxhound kennels were the real source of interest, and though being no judge of that particular breed, I should say that the pack were all that could be desired. This was our last bivouac for the trip and Petworth was well patronized that evening. Some of the boys "explored" the church and could be seen standing on the steps in the spire, from where they had a pretty good view of the country around.

Next morning we moved off for the home stretch and I think Witley looked real good to some of the boys. Dinner was the meal of the trip, everyone in high spirits and glad at what they had accomplished, as it was no mean task to set a bunch of boys who really don't profess to be soldiers, but can show a soldier a few things when it comes down to the fine point. Witley safely reached and at the parade ground, congratulated by the Colonel on not having a casualty the whole trip, what could be better or more encouraging for the boys? I am sure the people at home will be proud when they read of the achievement as it stands good on their physical standing. There are people at home who have nothing better to do than talk about the health of the boys over here, let them read this and take their own lesson from it.

The outstanding feature of the trip was the way in which the people of every little village or town we passed through treated us. Fruit in abundance, and in one place cigarettes were there for the boys. Even when you are weary of the routine of soldiering these little things help to make you look at things and say "Well, it is not too bad after all."



Heard in The Tailor Shop

CROSS QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS

When will we get the next Canadian mail? When are they going to issue more passes? Yes, I have noticed that Maj. Moffatt looks like Teddy Roosevelt? What time is it? No, I haven't got a match. Have you any cigarettes? I ate all the last cake mother sent me. How's your tobacco? He was only twenty minutes late. What time did you get in last night? We'll go to the concert in the Y.M.C.A. to-night. What is there for breakfast? It's just five and twenty past six. Did you shave to-day? Your tunic will be ready to-night.



Twelve men were in a field hospital in France. One was a Scotchman who became so very ill that the doctor asked him if there was any request he wished to make. He said "If someone would play the bagpipes it might help me." The piper played all night and in the morning when the doctor asked the nurse how the Scotchman was she answered "That he was so much better he was walking around. The pipes cured him all right, but the other eleven are dead."



Who is the musketry instructor who gave the order, "After taking the first pressure be sure and draw your last breath."

The Sergeants' Mess

BY SERGT. G. F. MURRAY

What was the reason for C. S. M. McBurney buying a flashlight after the night march was called off? Is the road between Godalming and camp that bad?

Would B. Q. M. S. Brown explain how he happened to be captured by an outpost in the woods between Elstead and the camp? Time 2 a.m.

When Sergt. Eagles can go to Guildford alone and purchase supplies for the Mess, why is it necessary for Sergt. Hoover to be on the job to assist him in receiving them? Has the attractive young girl on the delivery waggon anything to do with it?

Why is Sergt. Wright so interested in lectures on "Prisoners of War?" Is it because he has just been captured himself?

Have they got a class in transport work at Elstead that makes it necessary for Sergt. Porter to go in that direction so regular, or is he just keeping B. Q. M. S. Brown company?

Why did Sergt. Norman stop going to Godalming? Was it because they cut out the free lunches at the Sunshine Café?

Who was the Armourer Sergt. of the Bruce Battalion that became so attached to a waitress at the Cockburn Hotel, Edinburgh, that he had to wire and have his leave extended?

What happened to Sergt. Shaultice in Edinburgh, that his pals, who went on leave with him, could not find him for two days?

When Sergt. James was phoning the orderly room sergeants of the Brigade asking them if they wore slacks while on duty, could he not have left the 134 out?

Could Sergt. Wells (3s.) tell us why it was necessary (after borrowing a Florence Nightingale lantern from the

dame's mother to find his way home) to spend from 11.30 p.m. to 2 a.m. washing the mud off of his boots and clothes?

(Advertisement) — The Celebrated Mud Baths at Elstead are specially recommended for sergeants. Equipment necessary for the course: All personal belongings, one Florence Nightingale lamp, a fatigue party to be warned one day previous to your return for boot cleaning. For recommendation apply to Sergt. Wells.

Lost—In Aldershot, one Sergeant Mathieson. Finder please return to B.S.M. Watts or Sergt. Shewfelt.



SOME PRINT!

Major Moffatt and Captain Todd were seen standing in Bruce Street and the following conversation was overheard:

The Quartermaster: "What have you there?" pointing to a bundle under the Major's arm.

The Major: "This is print for making spreads for barber's chairs. It is guaranteed not to rip, tear, nor ravel, run down at the heel, nor skid. You see this pattern with the dots and dashes, that was designed by a signaller, and the man who designed this beautiful "flower de lies" pattern, worked on it for forty-six years. I am going to try and sell the editor some for his operating table for operating on the exchanges. Every thread is inspected before leaving the factory.

Just then Big Steve came along and bought the whole bunch for the barber shop.



By the way would some kind, well meaning person ask the Chaplain to refrain from mentioning eats in the mess hall. He described a meal the other Sunday morning in such a realistic manner that quite a few broke out into a cold sweat. Maybe it is all right at times but not after pork and beans.

The Sports

The Aldershot Command efficiency competitions were held in Aldershot on Thursday of last week. The weather was ideal and an immense crowd gathered to witness the sports. Competitions had been held previously between the battalions in each brigade, the winning classes taking part in the final events.

The 160th was well represented, having won the barb wire, rifle grenade, physical training, stretcher bearer and revolver events from the brigade.

The barb wire entanglements was won by the 19th Canadian Infantry Reserve, the 119th taking second place. The best time was made by Lieut. Pettigrew's team, who put up their fence in seven minutes, fifty-six seconds. The team is composed of:

Lieut. E. Pettigrew; 651623, L.-Corp. McDonald, J.; 652164, Pte. Bartley, C.; 651610, Pte. Bray, J. W.; 651458, Pte. Currie, W. J.; 652192, Pte. Davis, J.; 652041, Pte. Graham, D.; 651600, Pte. Lemcke, E.; 651625, Pte. McLay, M.; 652033, Pte. McLay, J. A.; 651870, Pte. McLay, A.; 652155, Pte. McLay, J. 651601, Pte. McArthur, A. D.; 651611, Pte. McArthur, H. S.; 652117, Pte. McArthur, C.; 652118, Pte. McArthur, C. H.; 651952, Pte. McCulloch, J. E.; 651609, Pte. Poore, E. E.; 651580, Pte. Patton, J. D. L.; 651357, Pte. Scott, G. C.; 652067, Pte. Shaw, J. W.

Lieut. Krug's rifle grenade team made a good showing, but their luck was not with them and they finally lost out.

Rifle grenade team: Lieut. H. B. Krug; 651041, Pte. Zettel, U. J.; 652218, Pte. Hunt, A. L.; 651747, Pte. Robinson, W. T.; 651174, Pte. McCallum, D. D.; 651113, Pte. West, G. M.; 651457, Pte. Graham, R.; 651336, Pte. Cousins, A.; 651292, Pte. Garner, G. S.; 437552, Pte. Swanston, W.; 652137, Pte. Biebig-hauser, B.

Lieut. Henderson's physical training class had their work down fine, but the 9th London Reserve romped away with

everything in the P.T. line.

Physical training class: 651411, Sergt. Gray, J. M.; 651934, Pte. Cronin, T.D.; 651813, Pte. Court. W. R.; 651744, Pte. Davidson, E. E.; 651846, Pte. Farmer, T.; 652077, Pte. Irwin, S. C.; 651403, Pte. King, T. R.; 651030, Pte. Lamb, T. 651007, Pte. Matheson, A. D.; 651777, Pte. McElrae, H.; 651094, Pte. McLeod, A.; 651510, Pte. McMullen, S.E.; 651328, Pte. McMullen, W. H.; 651136, Pte. Nelson, E.; 651978, Pte. Stringer, J.W.; 651387, Pte. Wallace, J. S.; 652188, Pte. Wright, W. J.

Sergt. Murray's stretcher bearer class gave them a run for their money, but the 8th London Regiment captured the prizes. Stretcher-bearer: 53267, Sergt. Murray, G. F.; 651301, Pte. Armstrong, W. W.; 651646, Pte. Benson, W. R.; 651669, Pte. Donahue, M. A.

Lieut. McPhatter learned the use of a revolver in the wild and woolly West and gave a good account of himself in the revolver competition. The prize in this contest was won by the 10th London Reserve.

The 19th Canadian Infantry Reserve won the rapid loading and firing competitions.

Two games of football were played on the grounds opposite the officers' lines Wednesday, and drew a good crowd of spectators. The first game was between the 134th and the 164th and they played fast clean football from start to finish. The teams were so evenly matched that neither side was able to score. Captain Whitehead of the 160th refereed.

The second game was between the 160th and the 208th Irish Canadians, and resulted in a victory for the former, the score being 2-1.

The 160th line up was as follows:- Goal, Sergt. C. E. Wendt, backs, Sergt. W. Eidt, Cpl. C. G. Phillips, half-backs, Pte. D. Cameron, Sergt. G. Shewfelt, Pte. Harold Miller, forwards, Pte. W. Schmidt, Corpl. N. Kaufman, Pte. F. Wharton, Corpl. B. Keeshig, Pte. D. A. McDougall.

Musical Notes

Sgt. W. Jack is at present enjoying a well-earned leave with friends in Scotland.

Bandsman Bennet spent the week-end in London; with his uncle we presume?

Our band is rather depleted in numbers this week owing to several of our most brilliant performers having gone to Mytchett Ranges. Better luck this time boys!

Sam Wisler, our comedian barber being at the ranges this week, the barber shop will be closed. There will be a 'air raid next week.

Bandsman Nebbling cycled to Brighton last week. He reports having a jakearoo time be "zider zee."

Corp. Russell Atchison of the Brass Band was in Edinburgh a couple of weeks ago getting an eye full of the sights of that famous city.

Our handsome Hubert Hodgson's smiling face will be much missed in Godalming this week. Never mind girls, he'll be back from the ranges next week.

Joe, 'our big monk,' is in fine fettle now. The cocoanut season is on.

Judging by the amount of English mail bandsman Curtis receives he is surely becoming very popular with the fair sex over here.

Since Bro. Thompson has been away to the ranges we miss the M.P.'s nightly tap, tap on the window after lights out.

Bandsman Wright visited friends and relatives in Portsmouth and Southampton last week.

The "Bruce Comedy Company" is being organized. Full particulars will be given next week.

Have you noticed the vast improvement on our "front piazza" this week.

Cheer up boys it is rumored that we'll have some new music for you soon.

208th.

Dear Editor,

A few items from the 208th Irish Canadians, will have more for your next issue, and we assure you, that you have our best wishes for the success of your paper.

The 208th had fine weather for their hike, last time out they had an idea they were qualifying for ducks, however we did not notice any wings sprouting, so guess they are safe.

When is Blondie and Josh going to London again? hope they have better luck next time.

Since the battalion is away and the water is shut off we are getting better beer.

Some of the boys on the march are getting sore, not cold feet, most of the cold feet are in camp.

Our Transport Officer is having his hands full keeping the boys off the grass.

Our battalion store man Dave and his friend Joe are much interested in the Hog market, hope they make a good deal for the lady.

Who is the Lance Jack of "B" Co. who ran up against a bad Irishman, when he tried to down too much John Jamieson? He got home all right, just a little wobbly, and a hazy recollection the next morning.

Great interest is being taken these days in B Coys. Orderly Room, it will sure be a winner when finished.



All the home papers should defend the boys over here against scandal-mongers who have nothing else to do but start rumors about the health of other women's sons.