



# BRUCE IN KHAKI.

SAVE, SERVE AND SMILE.



VOL. I.—No. 3.

OCTOBER 26, 1917.

PRICE 3D.



The Rabbit Season Opened Last Week

Rabbit "A la Wildcat," the stuff that puts the "hop" in the boys



### No. 2 Platoon. "A" Company

TOP ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: J. McGillivray, R. Culliton, W. J. Bell, W. S. Woodcock, J. Beaton, E. Dobson, R. M. White, G. Stewart, A. C. Schultheis, C. R. Schultheis, R. E. Heppenstall, W. J. Sparrow.

2ND ROW—J. Miller, R. C. Atkinson, C. S. Kneppflar, A. Heinbecker, J. Haynes, F. E. Wells, A. W. Kramer, W. S. Hickling, W. W. McKay, W. J. White, M. McDonald, R. W. MacFarlane.

3RD ROW—A. Bain, W. E. Kidd, M. H. Campbell, G. L. Pinkerton, J. W. H. Nicholls, S. F. Pikney, R. B. McGregor, W. E. Stafford, H. G. McGregor, R. H. Mills.

FRONT ROW—Sgt. J. Patterson, Sgt. C. E. Wendt, Q. M. Sgt. I. A. Nairn, Sgt. Major J. E. Reichenback, Leut. McKechnie, Capt. Foster, Sgt. R. D. Struthers, Sgt. M. G. McCarther, Corp. R. R. McGregor, Corp. J. Forrester, L/Corp. S. A. McLaren, L/Corp. E. W. Tooke.

## "Bruce In Khaki"

### STAFF

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

Friday, October 26th, 1917.

## EDITORIAL

**H**OW well I remember scampering off to school, and my first geography lesson. There the teacher told us glowing tales of the wonderful Empire we belong to. One sentence of her instruction will always remain, "The sun never sets on the Union Jack."

The understanding of this came much later. Matured now, however, this knowledge has practically formed a parody, "The sun never sets on the men from Bruce."

Perchance then we are conceited, for is not this an enviable reputation? But then through ponderance we eventually remark "it is a small world at that."

Someone murmured once:

"Go east or west, go north or south,  
 And travel on forever.

For east is west, and north is south,  
 But join them you can never."

The Bruce Tree! And many are the branches shot forth to strengthen and abet.

In our youngest moments we emphatically told our enemies to go to Halifax. Of course it was much farther off in those days. And then how many times have we swiped the Governor's spade to dig in the centre of his prize Dutch sets in order to get to China. Sufficient coppers for the necessary railway fares were very difficult to accumulate in those days. And then the entrance of stamp collecting days. How eagerly the letters from England or Scotland (sometimes edged in black) were pounced upon for their precious postage stamp. Then a little knowledge came and with it a longing to see these countries afar off. A veritable Wanderlust.

Some of us think we are far enough off now, but some will return home like the Vikings of old to tell marvellous tales of wonderful lands and strange peoples over distant seas.

But as the super-structure is mounted on the foundation so the stimulous mounts from the mother plant even to its most meagre petal. Bruce will always have a fascination for her sons no matter where they may be. It is fast approaching two years since we left our own county to fight in distant fields, and even if we are but a branch and subject as such to blight and drought, still the same blood will course through our veins to the last.

The band is playing "In days of yore" and memory flashes on its ever changing screen the lines that now have unconsciously become our Creed:

"To every man upon this earth,  
 Death cometh soon or late,  
 And how can man die better  
 Than fighting fearful odds  
 For the ashes of his fathers  
 And the temples of his gods."

## GODALMING Y.M.C.A.

Each Thursday evening during the winter months it is the intention of the Godalming branch of the Y.M.C.A. to have some sort of an educational lecture, talk or discussion on a variety of interesting topics. The titles of subjects will be announced from time to time. The meetings will be in the Lounge at 7 o'clock, and will not last for more than an hour. Subjects for November:— Thursday, 1st—"Natural History of Witley Camp," Rev. W. A. Shaw; Thursday, 8th—"What the British Empire means to the World," A. Clutton-Brock. Thursday, 15th—"The German Spy System," William Le Queux, the well-known writer. Thursday, 22nd—"The Art of G. F. Watts, R.A.," illustrated. Mrs. G. F. Watts. Thursday, 29th—"Life in an English University," illustrated. G. E. Green, M.A.

## THE RELIGION OF THE SOLDIER

Some critic may be disposed to scoff at the idea of Religion in the army. But a critic who knows soldiers would not be thus disposed. A Soldier is a man, and a man is a religious animal. These Canadian Soldiers, brought up in Canadian homes, tutored in Canadian Schools, instructed in Canadian Churches, carry with them to war all the ideals that have been instilled into their minds by these National Institutions.

I am quite aware that there are irreligious soldiers and that this minority sometimes gives color to an army. I have stood upon a wharf of a harbor and watched the flotsam of the sea come floating in a conglomerate and shapeless mass of dereliction, but I did not conclude that this flotsam represented the traffic of the seas. In the army the human flotsam is sometimes the most obtrusive to our vision, but no sensible man will conclude that the army is devoid of religion because he sees the comparatively few irreligious soldiers who form the army flotsam.

The soldier's religion is not the Conventional type, he says his prayers in bed, on the march or amid raucous laughter. He reads his passage surrepticiously, he has no religious drill. His language is sometimes rough, his speech verges upon the profane and blasphemous, but to him it is Army language and nothing more than mere persiflage.

It is also true that there is nothing ascetic or monastic about his religion. The atmosphere of the army is eclectic with movement and energy, and many things are thus excluded—as meditation, deep thinking and profound reading, but not to the exclusion of the soldier's religion.

The fundamentals are deep seated. He despises meanness, he loathes the liar, he abhors the low bred. He admires the pal in the sense that the Good Samaritan

was a pal to the helpless wayside travelers. The Religion of the Soldier is practical. I have seen him give away his last fag to a comrade, I have seen him surrender his last tanner to aid a pal, I have seen him distribute the contents of the home boxes, taking the small share himself. I have seen him carry a fagged pal's pack or rifle on long route marches, I have seen him do the most naughty things and on the same day I have seen him do the most God-like. The general trend is toward the good and not toward the evil. The soldier is reshaping the world's ideas of what real religion is. To him it is not a mere drill, but something much deeper.



Lieut. Mowatt returned this week from a trip to Scotland and the Orkney Islands and had a most interesting and pleasant trip. He first visited Thurso and Caithness, seven hundred and fifty miles north of London, crossed the Pentland Firth to Long Hope. On the Orkneys the main places of interest he visited were around Kirkwall, Stromness and Birsay, the latter place being about one mile from Marwick Head, where the Hampshire went down eight hundred yards out to sea, carrying with her Lord Kitchener.



A certain well respected bishop of London had the pleasure of calling at Mr. Lloyd George's residence. He rang the bell and Mrs. Lloyd George answered the call. "Is Lloyd George at home?" "Yes, but he is busy upstairs," said Mrs. George. They stood at the door for a few minutes, talking about the war. "Is'nt this an awful war?" said the Bishop. "Terrible, indeed" replied Mrs. George. "Never mind," he replied in a melancholy voice, "There is One above who knoweth all." "Yes" she said, "he will be down in a minute.



You can tell a nice girl, but you can't tell her much.

## Bruce County News

Pte. Bower Laidlaw spent a couple of days at his home in Lions Head. He signed up with the Princess Pats at Strathcona.



Monday evening was cool but the coming of Jack Frost didn't make it any cooler, in fact it was warmer around the station when Pte. Jack Frost arrived in Chesley after being away nearly two years and being ten months in an English hospital. He has two nasty shrapnel wounds in the top of his head.



The great offensive at Lens has produced a large casualty list of local boys, for besides Sergt. William Wolfe, who was killed in the Fray, Walkertonians were wounded as follows: Pte. Sam Leake, who went from the 160th to France, is laid up with a gunshot wound in the right arm; Pte. William Craig with a wound in the chest; Earl Grenzenbach, son of Rev. J. H. Grenzenbach, and Pte. James McCarter is suffering with a badly lacerated foot.



A cable despatch which occurred in Wednesday's papers, announces that Captain William Avery Bishop, of the Canadian Cavalry and the Flying Corps, who holds the Victoria and Military Crosses and the Distinguished Service Order for attacking hostile aircraft, has been gazetted chief instructor of aerial gunnery with the grade of squadron commander, ranking as temporary major. This is in confirmation of a letter received this week by his father, Mr. W. A. Bishop, of Owen Sound, in which Capt. Bishop stated that he had bad news to give them—bad for him but good for the folks at home—which was that he had received the intimation that he was to be appointed chief instructor in air fighting in one of the largest new aviation camps in England.

Sergt. Harry McDougald who is home from England on a ten weeks' furlough, was rejected from the 160th on account of goitre, and for the past six months has been a target marker at a big Imperial musketry camp in Surrey.



A letter from one of the boys at the front states that Pte. Chester Cunningham of Walkerton has received two stripes for his good work on the firing line, and is now a corporal.



With so many of our boys overseas and the high cost of ammunition, there is not so much hunting being done this fall. No doubt a great many of the boys who gave up everything for king and country will have a longing for a run through the hardwood after partridge or to take the dog down to the swamp and wait on the old runway for the rabbit.



In a letter home Corp. Ed. Eidt, D.C. M., writes: I landed in London from Boulogne on the night of the first of September, and the next day went up to Witley Camp. I stayed there a few days and had a fine time with all the boys, and there are certainly a lot of them at Witley. The 160th went out on a three days' practice manoeuvre and I saw them march off, our old Colonel (Sutherland) in the lead. They are a good looking battalion and I think will make a name for themselves in France.

---

"Bruce in Khaki" is anxious to know if the Soldier who received Army Pill (No. 9) for a sprained ankle from his Medical Adviser, Dr. Hibben, is yet convalescent, and if he thinks his injured ankle is likely to impair his future usefulness as a Soldier.—Some bull you shot that time Hibben, eh? more effective than all you got at Mytchett me thinks.

## The Sergeants' Mess

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



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



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



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



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



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



Sergt. Norman spent Sunday in Milford.



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



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

## A Soliloquy

In Surrey's hilly country,

Where beauty spots most rare  
Abound in splendid silence,  
Bruce Boys are training there.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—W. B. T.

## Musical Notes

The Band is busy these days practicing some new selections and marches.



Dooley McCombe and his side-kick, Carlton Prosser, hoofed it to Haslemere and Bramshott last Sunday, and report having spent a very enjoyable outing.



Now that the long nights are here the boys are nearly all broke buying candles. We hope it will not be long before the electric power is turned on, and then our boys can get in some valuable individual practice.



Bandsman Wm. Prince spent Sunday "somewhere" in the vicinity of Petworth.



"Colonel Bogey" (number two in the blue book) visited the officers' mess last week. The "Officer of The Day" (number eight in the black book) is jealous.



One of the boys on receiving his stew for breakfast was seen to bow his head and murmur: "Hebrews 13-8."



Several of our chief musicians were away on an all-day pass last Sunday, and report having had a very enjoyable time.



The Band is quite splashy on parade since receiving the new drums and cymbals. The time of one of the drummers is so taken up looking after his drum that he cannot attend P.T. parade in the morning.



Who is the bandsman who is always slamming the Kaiser in his sleep.

Bandsman Thompson is in the garage business once more. He has purchased a fine road-breaking machine from Tony Nebbling.



Bandsman "Nibs" Wisler spent Sunday sight-seeing in the historical town of Guildford.



Boys! Never loan a bandsman money—he makes too many "promisory notes."

## Heard in The Tailor Shop

Dad: "Where did you stay in Scotland?" Bull: "I didn't stay at all, they put me out."

Big Pete: "Did you walk home from Godalming?" Alex: "No, I ran home."

So you told the O. C. that you shaved but forgot to put the blade in your safety razor.

No I can't lend you any money, I'm just back off leave from Edinburgh.

No I don't keep rubber 'eels, I sell 'em.

Capt. Todd: "I've moved this place so often that if a fatigue party comes in now the sewing machine runs out the door.

The Editor: "What kind of tobacco do you use?" Sergt. Tailor: "I use McDonald's tobacco."

Did you say he was a married man? No no, he's one of our officers.

Zuel: "Is this liquid shoe polish?" Wilson: "No it's Neil's hair restorer."

"How long have you been in the army?" an officer asked a private the other day. "Three months sir," he replied. And what did you do before you enlisted? "Six months, sir"

## Mutt Scrapings

The pretty girl was eagerly watching the drill at a training camp when a rifle volley crashed out. With a nice, decorous, surprised little scream she shrank back into the arms of the young man standing behind her.

"Oh!" she cried, blushing, "I was frightened by the rifles, I beg your pardon."

"No need," he replied quickly. "Let's go over there and watch the artillery."



In the Y. M. C. A. is a sign reading, "When in doubt tell the truth." Some of us are so seldom in doubt that we will forget what the truth is.



Miss Mabel T. Boardman, president of the American Red Cross, believes in sanitation in peace time as well as in war. On a recent trip through the South she came upon an old colored man sitting on his doorstep and smoking a villainous corn-cob pipe.

Miss Boardman sniffed. "How do you expect to get to Heaven, Uncle, with a breath like that?" she inquired.

"Hee, hee," snickered the old darky. "When I dies, lady, I 'spects to lose mah breaif!"



They were discussing the closest race they had ever seen. One said the closest horse race he had ever seen was so close that you could not tell the winner. Another said the closest race he had ever seen the two horses were coming in neck and neck and as they passed the wire one put out its tongue and won the race. "Well," said an Irishman, "the closest race I ever saw is in Scotland."

"Our train is gone," said one officer to another at Guildford station one night.

"How do you know?"

"Why," he replied, "you can see it's track."



A sergeant was drilling a squad of men. They were standing at attention when a small dog came in contact with the sergeant's feet; the sergeant happened to step on the dog's tail, and the dog showed its disapproval with a "bow-wow," whereupon the squad immediately formed fours.



There was a soldier met a fine, strapping civie who should have been wearing khaki. The soldier stopped this fine looking fellow and said to him: "You would make a fine soldier." "Jack" said the civie, "if you knew how bad my legs are with rheumatism you would think I had good reasons for staying out of the army." Just then the policeman hurried down the street, calling "air raid, take cover." This affected young man forgot he had such pains, and beat it at the double.



General inspecting a platoon: "Well sergeant are these men well trained?"

"Yes, Sir, all except one."

"What's wrong with him, can't he form fours?"

"No Sir."

"Can't he slope arms?"

"No sir."

"Can't he keep in step?"

"No Sir."

"We'll give him a commission."



## And Sweepings.

"Who is your bedmate?" asked a visitor of a private.

"That is him sleeping on the bed over there."

"And does he snore like that all the time?"

"Oh, no," answered the private, "only when he's sleeping."



After the demobilization of the Canadian Forces, the General and his staff were riding in their special train from Quebec. All of a sudden the General, springing to his feet, exclaimed: "Boys, we have done an awful thing, we have forgotten the 5th Division."



An Englishman asked Paddy Hackett to "keep an eye on his horse while he got a 'air cut from Will McMullen," and of course Paddy consented.

In a short time out came the Englishman and said to Paddy: "Where is my horse? I thought I told you to keep an eye on him."

Paddy: "Sure I did until he rounded the corner."



Officer: "What is the complaint?"

Private: "Taste that, Sir."

Officer (tasting): "Well, I think it's excellent soup."

Private: "Yes Sir, that's the trouble, they want to persuade us it's tea."



The best way to get a good shine on your shoes is to apply lots of "rub." It is the cheapest and best polish you can get.



If hell was turned upside down, what would you find in the bottom? "Made in Germany."

An officer was inspecting a company of men. An Irishman in the ranks had unfortunately lost an eye, and by the kind generosity of the government, had been presented with a glass eye. The officer coming to this man, remarked:

"Mulligan you are improperly dressed."

The sergeant looked him over and turning to the officer, reported "Everything in order, sir."

Again the officer said: "Mulligan you are improperly dressed."

The sergeant looked him over again and, finding nothing wrong, reported to the officer: "Everything in order, sir."

The officer stepped up to the Irishman the third time and said: "Mulligan, where is your glass eye?"

Mulligan: "Sir, I left it in my hut to watch my kit."



Have you heard the latest one? Never before has that old girl Dame Rumour been proven to be such a lying jade as she has been this summer in England. In Canada she wasn't nearly so wild, was she? Not half! For instance it was rumoured that we were to go to Bermuda, Ireland, garrison duty in England, Italy, Mesopotamia, Russia, Egypt and numerous other places, and, oh yes! to France too sometime maybe. We have been broken up, busted all to pieces and drafted several times and even had many casualties, been torpedoed, bombed by Zepp's and everything, but say do you think there is anything in that latest one, that we are to be offered the chance of going back to Canada any time we like on seeding furlough?

## Camp News

A command given by one of the Sergts. the other day on parade—Move to the left in file, form fours, right.



We heard one of our boys saying that he walked from Aldershot a few days ago. I guess those wheels can't always be depended on, can they Dave?



The King Edward Hotel in Toronto has nothing on the 160th mess orderlies since they got the new white jackets.



Pte. H. (Buster) Brown returned Wednesday from Scotland, where he spent a week viewing the sights of the country.



Pte. R. G. Hunter spent four days in London this week.



A Bruce boy was seeing his girl off on the train at Godalming one night not long ago, and when he turned to go out of the station the M. P. on duty there asked him where he was going with the ladies parasol.



That 119th lad wants to keep his eyes open when he is seeing his girl off on the train and not sit talking until the train pulls out. Two hours is a long time to wait for the next train.



Next week we will start our new serial story of "Ten Years Hence in Bruce," wherein officers, N. C. O's and men of the 160th Batt. will have become prominent in the affairs of the Dominion.



The rabbit season opened in the mess hall a week ago Sunday.

Donald—I haven't been able to go out of camp for seven days. Dougall—What was your trouble, seven days' C. B.?



Lieut. Haig—Well my namesake, the Gen. is hitting the Huns back. Lieut. McKechnie—Yes, and he's hitting their front too.



Capt. Parker was delivering a lecture in the mess room on machine guns. At the conclusion he asked is there any question anyone wishes to ask? 'Sir!' was the quick response from one of the boys, "Do you think the war will be over by Xmas?"



As the shortage of hymn books causes a slackness in singing on church parade, the Adjutant should arrange a weekly syllabus to include an hours daily tutoring by the padre on hymns for the following Sunday.



Pte. A. Blackwood was back from the front on a visit to his brother, Pte. S. Blackwood, of the Transport Section. They took a trip to their old home in Ireland.



Pioneer Sergeant D. W. Stephens received the sad news last week of the death of his cousin in Scotland, and spent a week visiting relatives there.



Why is it that the mail men have to wait until six o'clock at night for a mail that comes into the post office around 2 p. m.? Why can it not be arranged for the mail orderlies to get that mail about four o'clock and let the poor beggars have a chance to see the girls in Godalming at nights instead of having them hunting around in the dark with a post card for somebody who has lit out for the bright lights two or three hours previous?

Pte. Wesley McEachern was one of the lucky soldiers who had four days leave to London this week.



Corp. Hutchison having on hand a good supply of No. 9's and mustard plasters, is able to accommodate the boys. Drop in and get your share.



Fifty pounds reward to any N.C.O. or man better known in Elstead than Sergt. Murray.



Pte. M. Lavally's motto: "Don't get ready, be ready."



What does S. O. S. mean?" a signaller was asked.

"Short of Sugar," was the reply.



Mrs. O'Flanagan: "Come here, ye obstinate young Irish raskil, and put yer hat on. Shure, if ye hadn't got one, ye'd always be wearin' it, ye're that contrary!"



WHEN WILL THE WAR END? We all want to know, and wish we did know. But Mr. A. J. E. Fish does know, and here is how he works it out:—The word Kaiser has six letters. Begin with the letter K; it is the eleventh in the alphabet; put the 21 before 6-116; so with the other letters; thus, KAISER:

116  
16  
96  
196  
56  
186

666

Now, then, says Mr. Fish, read the thirteenth chapter of Revelations, the 4th 5th and 18th verses, and you will be startled to find the exact date of the ending of the war.

## HEARD IN "A" COMPANY.

"Us officers don't give a damn for anyone."

And in one corner of her heart  
She holds an aerodrome.

"Why in hell wasn't the fatigue warned."

"Where's the Sergeant-Major"? "I don't know." "Well, get him."

"Give us a cigarette."

"How was it the clown came last?"  
Well, you couldn't expect him to beat the thoroughbreds from Aldershot.

!! x !! the N.C.O.'s inspection.

"Get the N.C.O.s. What do they know about the Geneva Convention?"

"Where's my gloves? Who saw 'em? I just laid em down."

Why, I drove Leckie's car, so he'll let me in. The other case is quite different.

"Where's the Company? Why wasn't I warned?"

"I had quite a time slipping past the police last night."

"Hello kid, I'se knowse youse. I'se Lucy."

Why won't seven rums and a pint of Scotch cure a cold?

"Did you see Eidt and Pat last night?"

"I think we can stretch this Court of Enquiry out to a week."

O.C. No. 4 Platoon, "To my mind that sounds reasonable."

Why does number three platoon always right dress and by sections number?

"I sure did buy the last box of shoe polish,

One of the Shoeham style."



A man walking along a country road found an Irishman perched upon a signpost which pointed north, with the inscription: "This will take you to Malvern." "What are you up there for?" asked the man. "Faith," said the other, "I've been sittin' here for two hours, and I'm wondering what time it starts."

## OUR AIM.

In those days of trial, of stress and of strife,

When everything seems somehow to bore,

We ponder, we dream, and our thoughts they are rife

On what we are all fighting for.

There are many we know who already have gone,

And there are hearts in our homes that are sore,

Theirs has been the grey, yet they ask not my man

Of what we are now fighting for.

They were their sons and each dearly loved

And you are all that, Yea, perhaps more. For you, and their home, their hearts are moved,

Knowing that is what you are now fighting for.

Fair, fair is our Land of the Maple Leaf,

There our homes are, and those we adore, Put the three into one, what a glorious sheaf;

My boy, that is worth fighting for.

Then, there is Scotland, its rivers and heath covered hill,

Where perhaps your forefathers came from of yore,

For freedom and right, she aye fought with a will,

That is what you are now fighting for.

There are the Lakes of Killarney and the Blarney Stone,

For Old Ireland may be the spot you adore,

And she calls you to save her, her hearth and her home,

That is what you are now fighting for.

Or, is it Merry Old England, the Land of the Rose,

It has seen lots of this thing before;

To-day she needs you my Brother, don't look so morose,

That is what you are now fighting for.

Then away, far away, neath the Southern Cross,

Australia, right loyal to the core; Has deemed this fight for freedom, all gain and not loss,

That is what you are now fighting for.

But what of great Africa, and her golden strand,

With her varied tribes, true as her ore, Her thousands have bled in defence of our Land,

That is what you are now fighting for.

And there is India too, with her dusky tribes,

Has never rendered such service before; No hearts are more true, and they need no bribes,

That is what we are fighting for.

We would remember our Allies, whoever they be,

Some have been harassed and downtrodden sore;

Their nations, homes and people, we yet shall set free,

That is what we are fighting for.

How great then your mission, how important as well

Did you never see that man before, To drive out of him that agent of hell,

That is what you are now fighting for.

Your home soon would suffer, if the Hun had his way

Canada would then be the price of this war;

Against your will you would be made a German next day,

That is what you are now fighting for.

Yet no such result shall ever occur

From a plot hatched only in Hell's ore; Each for all we shall stand and our foes subdue,

That is what we are all fighting for.

Combined our name is John Bull, what we have we hold,

The Hun knows this trait of yore;

For this rhyme tho' new, breathes a tragedy old

We shall get his throat as we have others before.

✓ We are many, yet one, and let this be our aim

For we have all hearts at home that are sore;

Yes, with God's help we shall win, and all meet again,

In the lands we have been each fighting for.

Cheer up then my Brother, to glory we steer,

There's a peace not far off, that's sure;

So for Haig and his Army, give a hearty good cheer,

We shall get what we have been all fighting for. J. H.



## Order of Batmen

The Amalgamated Order of Loyal Batmen held their monthly meeting on Saturday in the regimental Boozelie. All active members were present, and a great deal of important business was transacted. The chair was taken, from the officers' mess, by the worthy President, Pte. E. McVannel, who explained to the new members the aims, ambitions and great work of the noble order. "We stand," he said "for Industry, Energy and Enterprise. There is not one of us here to-night who does not thrill with pride and satisfaction as we see around us each day the keen and alert manner in which the training is carried out. We vie daily with each other to accomplish greater things. Think of that word 'Energy,' as exemplified by us; energy, the big push and driving force which counts in the things that matters. And in dwelling upon the thought, always remember that it is only by careful conservation of our reserve of energy that we can live up to the noble traditions of our Order. And as for 'Enterprise!' I tell you that people outside our distinguished Order cannot fully and adequately understand the full depth of meaning contained in that word. It has a special meaning to us, for it expresses fully the art of the 6th sense, which is ty-

pical of us all, and which is cultivated until it becomes an art—that of accumulating, commandeering, rounding up, taking possession of, appropriating, or in common, vulgar vernacular, "rustling" many and sundry articles of varied nature for the immediate use of the Crown, as represented by our dearly beloved masters. This may have a different name in civil life, but I will not discuss that point this evening. Lo, my friends, add to your motto these words, 'Nothing too hot or too heavy'; if the latter, indent to the Q. M. for first line transport."

At the conclusion of the President's noble address, the following resolutions were adopted by a standing vote, amid deafening applause:—

- 1.—That the C. O. be asked to permit all members of the Order to wear kid gloves, so that they will not be taken for ordinary Tommies.
- 2.—That Reveille be an hour later during the winter months, and that a cup of tea be provided to each member of the Order before rising.
- 3.—That an order be issued that all officers must smoke cigars, and not cigarettes or pipes; and that the cigars be kept in a convenient place in the officers' quarters.
- 4.—That all officers requiring the services of their batman shall furnish each batman with a written notice 24 hours in advance. On receiving this notice each batman will consider himself as warned for duty unless circumstances over which he has no control, i.e. gone to town, in the klink, in bed, busy playing poker, too tired, in the canteen or thinking of going on leave, prevent his attendance. Before the meeting adjourned it was unanimously decided that all batmen should furnish a written guarantee to their employers that they would not eat more than half of each Xmas box found in any officer's room.

Pte. T. McDonald,

Secretary

## THAT THREE DAYS BIVOAC

We all fell in on Monday morning, after  
our breakfast stew,  
All our brass was shining and our kits  
looked almost new,  
For we had spent half a day cleaning up  
the pack  
With polish, brush and blanco for Mon-  
day's bivouac.

Those horrid bonnets made of steel  
adorned each sweating brow,  
As we marched along to Frensham to  
the pipe band's screeching row.  
Our packs seemed filled with lead and  
brick, our shirts were wringing wet,  
The poorest scout in the brigade could  
trail us by our sweat.

When we arrived at Frensham Pond we  
had to pile our arms,  
And then they put us through once more  
those bivouacing shams.  
Right dress, left dress, get covered off  
and number from the right,  
Till we thought we'd be lucky if we got  
dismissed by night.

Then each man drove a stake well down  
in the ground between his feet;  
We just had that job started when they  
fell us in to eat.

We started for the kitchen cart, then  
someone shouted "gas!"  
For the beef lay in the dixie, just an evil  
smelling mass.

We made our meal of spuds and beans,  
asphalt duff and punk,  
But held our noses while we ate, gee!  
how that old ox stunk.

And when we finished up our meal and  
built our bivouacs,  
Soon many weary soldiers lay snoring  
on their backs.

That night we got a little sleep though  
it was rather cool,  
And they woke us up at three a.m.  
to give us stew and gruel.  
And then we started on our hike, which  
no one will forget,

And had the horses not got tired we  
might be marching yet.

We doubled, marched and ran on every  
kind of road,  
No matter where we walked that day we  
took our heavy load.

We climbed the hills, we jumped the  
creeks and doubled through the sand,  
Yes, all these stunts and many more  
we did without a band.

Most everybody felt as weak as a baby  
in its pram,  
The sandwich which kept us alive was  
calcimined with jam.

And when the blank round was done,  
they claimed we won the day,  
And everybody wanted peace, declared  
it right away.

That evening we bivouaced on Hankley  
in the rain,  
I don't think any fellow wants to see  
that place again;  
It rained until it turned that place into  
a blooming bog,  
The pool they had inside the tent would  
float a good size log.

A fellow missed his billy can, but saw  
the can next day  
Go floating down a little creek about a  
mile away.

When we awoke next morning we were  
feeling wet and mighty blue,  
The colonel nearly sold his horse to buy  
a good canoe.

All day amid the muck and slime we  
waded, slipped and swore,  
And wished that Russia would come  
back and end this awful war.

Once more we waded through a swamp,  
Gaden hill was won,  
And then we marched back home to  
camp, glad the war was done.

Now who invented bivouac, not one of  
us can tell,  
But would like to send that guy to a  
certain spot in—Oh well  
We would not to kill him right away,  
but serve him with a pack  
And start him out to-morrow on a three-  
day bivouac. (134TH KILTIE)

## HERE AND THERE

In the Orkney Islands is a post office which has been handed down from generation to generation for five hundred years. In Canada a post office is handed out from one change of government to the next.

In a Godalming book store window is a book entitled "Missing"—Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Any information can be left at the book store.

Pretty smart looking guard that Sergt. Norman McDonald mounted last Wednesday. Hal Trout's quartette can sing "Shine On," but Norman must have promised to get them all a six days' pass to get them to put a shine on.

A raw recruit was up before the O. C. for wilful damage to government property. "What have you to say," asked the O. C. "Well Colonel," he replied, "I know I have done wrong and I guess I will have to take my discharge."

Cheerful Campaigner (reading label): "Remove contents, cut in half-inch slices, place slices overlapping around a mould of macaroni dressed with tomato sauce, and serve garnished with parsley,—now then, which of you blighters will get the parsley from its little bed?"

The following little ballad is being sung with great success by Heppenstall and Cameron. Here are the words, you can go outside and get the air:—  
 Red's a ragtime soldier, ragie, ragie,  
 ragtime soldier.  
 Early in the morning when he's out on parade,  
 Early in the morning with his rifle on his shoulder,  
 He's a ragtime soldier, as happy as the flowers in May,  
 Fighting for his King and Country, all for twenty cents a day.

"Hey, Mike, don't come down on that ladder on the north corner! I took it away."

Pte. A. Heinbecker was giving instructions in pool playing at the S. C. A. on Wednesday evening.

The little girl who used to play big lady by putting on a long skirt is now an old lady who plays little girl by putting on a short skirt.

"Have you ever met my son in Canada?" asked an old lady of a Canadian. "What is his name?" said the Canadian.

"John Smith"  
 "No" he replied, "I have never met him"  
 "That's strange," said the old lady, he went to Ontario about fifteen years ago.'

Will someone in authority please get after the Aldershot & District Traction Co'y for a better bus service from the camp. We have it on good authority that if someone will get after them they will improve their service and this will be greatly appreciated by the boys this winter.

A company of very new soldiers were out on a wide heath, practising the art of taking cover. The officer in charge of them turned to one of the rawest of his men.

"Get down behind that hillock there," he ordered, sternly, "and, mind, not a move or a sound!"

A few minutes later he looked around to see if they were all concealed, and, to his despair, observed something wriggling behind the small mound. Even as he watched the movements became more frantic.

"I say, you there!" he shouted angrily, "do you know you are giving our position away to the enemy?"

"Yes, Sir," said the recruit, in a voice of cool desperation, "and do you know that this is an ant-hill?"

## Advertisements

WANTED—The address and regimental number of the big stout young man who, while on his way home from Aldershot a week ago last Sunday performed such a grand feat on his wounded wheel before two young ladies near Farncombe. Will someone in sixteen platoon kindly let the manager of Ringling Bros., Circus have his address.

DR. C. H. PARKER

SPECIALIST IN

Sheep-raising, Transport-driving, Sugar-refining, Stretcher-bearing, etc.

Estimates given and Contracts made on short notice.

Office hrs. 6.30 a. m. - 5 p. m.

Other hrs. at Godalming.

MONEY TO LOAN—Pte. Lorne Avis is willing to lend sums of money from five pence to two pounds upon receipt of an I. O. U.

### PERSONAL

Would the young lady with red hair, wearing a blue hat decorated with red and green ribbon, a yellow and black striped dress and long white kid boots, who stayed outside the Red Lion Hotel after closing hours on Sunday night, meet young officer outside the Milford railway station any evening after eight. Write Monocle, "Bruce in Khaki" office.

Would any kind lady lend lonely officer £100 for three months to pay his mess bill. Write Batchelor, "Bruce in Khaki" office.

Young Canadian soldier would like to meet pretty girl or young widow with good home and unlimited wealth. Object, matrimony. Address, any Canuck, in care of "Bruce in Khaki."

Have you ordered your Xmas cards yet?



## THE WEATHER

Probabilities for the coming week are as follows:—The early part of the week, wind and rain, turning to mud towards the end of the week. A storm can be expected as there was a drop in the glass in the canteen last night. It will probably snow, but good sleighing cannot be expected before Christmas.

## STOP PRESS NEWS

### OFFICER BEAT UP BY A PRIVATE

On Tuesday morning Pte. Roy McLeod beat up his Platoon Officer, Lieut. J. Barclay, by half an hour. "Topsy", always was an early riser.