

## Editorial.

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*"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

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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"