

## "Bruce In Khaki"

### STAFF

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

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## EDITORIAL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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