

"LOOKING BACK"

A SERIAL RETROSPECT—CINEMA RIGHTS RESERVED

The last day of July! To us, who realise that this day marks the anniversary of our mobilisation, what memories come crowding up, each demanding perpetuation in the archives of the Unit. The end of our first year of service (*E pluribus unum*. Heaven forbid!)

It's a far cry from Macaulay Plains to Mikra Point, but one's mind travels back with lightning speed and recalls hundreds of incidents, humorous and otherwise, which are worthy of mention. Those "happy days," when we were all so very new; the dreaded inoculations which seemed never to be at an end — and who will forget the tragic collapse of Sw-n-y reposing his 220 pounds of sunshine in the arms of the comparatively diminutive M. O.? — those dusty route marches to the Gorge, with Sergeant Moss (of Dibgate platoon drill fame) and the versatile Buckley vying with one another in making the welkin ring with bugle chorus; the squad and stretcher drill, interesting until we had mastered it; our laborious rehearsals of ceremonial parade, with the Nursing Sisters ably represented by Corporal Sh-till-w-d, when we "cha-hunned" and saluted till we were black in the face; followed by the whirlwind inspection by General Lessard an event which fell flat, it was so quickly over. We were disappointed as we had looked forward so keenly to the inevitable debacle when one of those weird orders would be given ("Number Five General Hospital will advance in column: right *wheel!*")

But our lot was an easy one—an ideal camp site, abundant water, a bathing beach within a stone's throw, passes plentiful, and the guard tent doing a poor trade in lodgers, week-end leave to Vancouver, and the inner man catered to in proper style. The

memories of those chicken dinners are still with us.

However, all good things must come to an end and our orders to "inspan and rrek" came before we had tired of our Bohemian life.

The P.U. Os. (Poor Unattached Officers) arrived, a motley crew—also the Nursing Sisters with their quaint uniforms (Salvation-Army-hussar-improved pattern). Our chief joy, in those latter days, was to loll outstretched on the hot, burnt grass and gaze in admiration on the evolutions of the "unattached" being put through their paces (literally) in the intricacies of squad-drill under the firm guidance of the S.M.

We—platoonists of the first order—could afford to smile tolerantly at the tyros' efforts.

And don't forget the panorama photograph with its "we about-to die-salute-thee" air on the girlish faces of so many of our Sisters; a tragic picture truly. But our good-bye concert was a sock-dollager and no mistake. A perfect evening, all our friends about us, eats and drinks in plenty, everything lovely. And again the stalwart Robert is to the fore—"The King, carry on with the King!" A delightful "judy-spree."

Every day now brings our departure nearer, and at last the fateful day arrives. The morning of August 21st. found our camp looking for all the world like a Brobdignagian anthill, the tents having been struck the night before.

Our friends from the Fort believed in literally speeding the parting guest, and our woodpile, home-made furniture and in fact anything laid down for a moment was lost to sight to memory dear, before you could say "knife."

The "Fall-in" sounds and we are off. We are met at the foot of Johnston street by the 5th Regt. band and our's is some triumphal process, cinema'd, shouted, sobbed and sung, we turned into Govern-