

## "LOOKING BACK"

### A SERIAL RETROSPECT

*(Continued from previous number)*

The halt at Moose Jaw and march to the Drill Hall made a pleasant break in our journey; the street and clock tower reminded me of Douglas street.

Without mishap we detrained at Montreal and slept that night on the "Scandinavian," which was to be our floating home for the next nine days.

And what excellent weather favored us! After the first few days when some of us didn't know whether to crawl away and die, or die just where we were, we all found our sea legs—so much so that when the sports were held we were able to give a splendid account of ourselves. It was only "dousing the glim" at night that made us realise the fact that this was war.

What a sight that was the morning of Sept. 14th when our two little black friends came rushing over the horizon, ranging alongside, and all day and night scouring the water, backing each other like a pair of well trained setters. The regular wink of the Lizard light was our first sight of land; and we came under the lee of the hills at Plymouth and dropped anchor on Sept. 4th—so far so good.

Next day we had our first view of the ancient and modern in naval warfare; the little submarine which chugged past our stern, and the old wooden ships, their yards

alive with embryo Beatties and Jellicoes welcoming us to Glorious Devon.

Disembarking was a tedious performance and aggravating. To begin with, most of us had just finished our snack of bread and cheese a few moments before it was announced that lunch would be served; and our condition at the table was reminiscent of the Irishman at his first twelve course dinner—"There I sot, chock full of soup!"

To make matters worse, our cross-country rail journey lasted well into the wee sma' hours of Monday morning, and we had had no ration. But hungry or no, not one of us but would have gladly given a day's pay for that moving picture of the Garden of England—everything red, the sheep, the soil, the girls' cheeks—that beautiful park-like rolling country, the glimpse of the sea; darkness fell all too soon, and here again the order "Blinds down" reminded us that this was war and Zepp time.

After dark our fancies turned, by no means lightly, to little Mary and the inner man—fresh air and scenery are all very well, but they don't keep life in—but nothing doing; it was a cranky, hungry mob that tumbled out at Shorncliffe in the early, inky, raw, windy morning, sullen and full of grievances, k'its all mixed up and nobody happy.

Here for the first time we were broken up into groups, and indeed some of us never met again. We reached Salonica, a good num-