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To Our Readers.

A Glance Back.

GREETINGS. May this, the New Year, be a year of happiness and prosperity to all.

As Editor of the first issue of this paper, I wish to thank all those who showed an optimistic and encouraging spirit, or assisted in any way—particularly do I want to thank all those who so willingly contributed articles.

The success and continuation of this paper will depend greatly on the enthusiasm and interest taken in it by its readers. From the articles and editorials already to hand, I have every reason to believe that the talent available is of a quality worthy of the best Active Service Journalism yet produced. There is, therefore, no reason whatever why our paper THE C.C.S. REVIEW should not in time to come be the leading active service publication in the B.E.F. on the Western Front.

In the second place, in working and aspiring to this standard, it will not be name or fame that one would achieve so much as the mental, moral, and intellectual stimulus to be gained thereby.

This issue speaks for itself.

Seeing that this is a monthly paper I would advise all readers, who desire to contribute articles or editorials of any description, to hand in same by the end of the first week, else publication in the following issue cannot be assured. In any event all material for publication must be in by the tenth of the month, so as to be forwarded to the Censor, Headquarters, and returned in time for press. It will be understood, therefore, that all articles handed in will not necessarily be published, unless passed by both Editor and Censor.

I myself, as Editor of this issue, have scarcely a right to make an apology simply because I am responsible for so little. Much credit is due to Capt. W. L. Archer for his earnest assistance, both in promoting the idea and in materially aiding in getting out this, our first number of the REVIEW.

In the succeeding issues, however, you may look for better articles and much improvement as there is a strong editorial staff, of real merit, under organisation at the present time. And all I ask of you is to give this staff your whole-hearted co-operation. If you do this, the readers of this young paper will have reason to look forward with an eager interest to its future issues.

AFTER nearly two years of work in the field, the retrospect of our life since enlisting affords many pleasant and amusing memories. Life has become quite settled and at times a bit monotonous, in comparison with the first few weeks. Each incident from the date of mobilisation in the middle of June, 1915, till we settled down to hospital duty at Moore Barracks a month later, flashes past our mind's eye like the shots of a machine gun, when the trigger of memory is pressed. Corporal James will remember the Colonel's doubt as to whether his teeth would stand hard tack tests; "Dad" Phillip's frame seemed frail when one thought of the privations he was to pass through; Reynolds' anxious glance was piteous as he strained his calves in the effort to shove his hair up to the height standard.

Sgt.-Major Paull's good old army tone, as he drilled the awkward squad in the new armories was in the next phase, along with the frenzied efforts of Woods and Milne and Stewart to run the Registry Office and Ready-made Clothing Shop at Headquarters. In spite of the rush, everything was snug and orderly when the train, with Milne running behind, pulled out of Winnipeg. At Montreal the embarkation went just as smoothly in the early hours of Dominion Day, 1915. The good comradeship of the 48th and their sturdy protection against submarines, while we lived on the *Grampian*, made that part of the journey a jolly pleasant one. It was mid-summer, and the boat was a passenger liner, and the weather was fine. The trip was pleasant, but the finish was a climax. The beautiful harbour with its background of green hills, and the stately transports, full of soldiers, moving past the old warships of earlier days, was a picture to hang for a lifetime in the brightest chamber of each soldier's mind. Before reaching our base at Storncliffe, we had a delightful run through the South of England. Letters home for weeks must have been bulky with the description of the beautiful landscapes seen from the train, and of the glimpse of London *en route*.

The months at Moore Barracks and the old Military Hospital were tedious to men keen to be at work near the front, but the time was not lost. The experience gained there in the care and disposal of patients, and the short period of work there with our kind C. C. S. neighbours, afforded the basis for a record of nearly two years, which we feel sure that Lieut.-Col. Blanchard and the new Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Col. Biggar, consider creditable to No. 3 C.C.C.S., ourselves, and the Canadian Force.