



APOLOGIA BY THE O. C.

"Where High Olympus' cloudy tops arise".

POPE'S ILIAD.

IT IS a far cry from the western Olympics to the shadow of the original—beloved of the Gods! But although we have completed a year's service in Greece, and although the Grecian hills are beautiful, I am sure we all at times think of our own country, be it mountain or plain, and of those left behind.

SINCE mobilisation we have travelled far, seen much, met many people of many nationalities, and I think that, for those of us who are so fortunate as to return to Canada, the peculiar joy of remembrance—next to the satisfaction of having done our humble bit in the greatest war of all time — will be the friends that we have made and the kindness that has been shown us. If this little journal aids our remembrance it will have served its purpose.

APPARENTLY we have another year of work before us. It may be easier or it may be harder than the last, but if the same energy and cheerfulness are displayed by all as characterised 1916, we will get through it; and although I hope that, if I have to write a valedictory for 1917, it will be done in Canada, we are out to see the finish, even in the Balkans.

TO ALL members of the Unit, and to our readers and friends, I extend the Compliments of the Season and All Good Wishes.

E. C. Hart.

Lt. Col. "No. 5".