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Editorial.

As time goes on, we are realizing more fully our aims in regard to the lines on which to run our magazine, and to appreciate the response our appeals for help have brought forward.

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I want to take this opportunity to explain that, if we were not hampered by circumstances over which we have no control, we are sure that Bob Edwards, the Editor of our esteemed contemporary, "The Calgary Eye Opener"—the only "Independent Canadian Journal"—would fear a rival had entered the field that up to now had been peculiarly his own.

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No one but an Editor of a Regimental magazine with a circulation as widespread as ours, and his staff, know the anxious days that pass after the bundles have been put on rail for France. "Will they get to the units safely?" "Have they arrived yet?" Then the long wait for the "filthy lucre" to be sent back to help pay the printer. While we are waiting, another question arises, "Any notes from France, to-day?" "No!" "D——!! they'll be too late again!" But with all that we manage to pull through alright.

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Still more old hands are back in the Depot, this time for commissions—and a fine looking bunch they are. With a squad of officers like

the number of "white bands" just in, the Corps will be well off. Let's hope they will all make the grade. They can.

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The Y.M.C.A. are again to the fore with their aid, and have erected the new Y hut in our lines. I wonder, do we ever think of the care and energy expended by the officers of this great organization which has given so much time and thought to our comfort here and in the field, or have we taken it all as a matter of course? There is no corner of the globe, and more especially where there are troops, that the red triangle is not to be found. It is the sign of a home from home. Let us remember this, and take every opportunity to lend a helping hand. "*Non nobis solum, sed omnibus.*"

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Everybody is up against some shortage these days; so are we. Paper is our present trouble. Talk of treasure hunts and missing letters! it is not in it, compared to chasing the giddy quires and collecting the necessary wherewithal to issue our monthly scroll. Now, in view of all this, and to meet the wishes of the Royal Commission on Paper, I want to ask you to save your copies and pass them on to your friends in other units.

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If you have read these few lines—and it is doubtful if you have started at all—do not judge them as a sample of what follows. P.T.O.