

process theoretically kills vermin, and it has had a certain amount of ordinary washing, but it is only clean in comparison with what it was before, and though the vermin may be killed theoretically, they remain very much alive practically, or at any rate, their eggs remain pregnant with life which bursts into joyous being after a few minutes association with the beloved human body. Possibly in the next war a little more serious attention will be paid to the louse question; during the last war, though much was written and more said nothing was done which was really efficient, and none of the advertised powders were of the slightest use in combatting the plague. Creolin, which was not too easily obtainable, was the only effective antidote, and that was not discovered, or at any rate was not made easily available until the closing stages of the struggle.

It was on the occasion of this our first relief that we became cognizant of these details, and the truths then learned were proved time and again during the subsequent years. Reninghelst gave us our first experience of the Army bathing and washing system, and though the bathing gradually improved throughout the war, the washing maintained the same average of gross inefficiency.

Having partially cleaned ourselves (the Regimental Diary says "Made an attempt to get men bathed; succeeded in getting 2 companies through only, as no socks or underclothes were available for balance of battalion") we set out for St. Omer at 6.00 a.m. on Sept. 20th and that evening reached Haazebruck, where we were billeted for the night. This is a fair-sized town and undamaged by shell-fire. The battalion after a preliminary experience of 27 days constant trench work was in poor condition for marching, but the men managed to carry on and on the following night reached Arques, in spite of the fact that on our arrival at Haazebruck we had all our sick men returned to us from hospital; it is difficult to understand why these could not have been sent forward to our final destination. As it was ten of them had to be sent immediately to ambulance for transportation. From Arques we had one more day's march, which brought us to Tournhem, which was to be the scene of the great rest of which we had heard much and of which we had dreamed dreams. Here we were to remain until Oct. 3rd. Tournhem was a delightful little French village, rather larger than most, prettily situated in the midst of a rolling landscape and peopled by a most hospitable community. We were immediately taken in and "made a fuss of" and throughout our stay the inhabitants did all they possibly could to make us comfortable. For many a long month thereafter the memory of Tournhem would rise up and bring back longings which were closely akin to homesickness.

But the rest! Well the rest consisted of the hardest kind of open-air training the battalion had yet put in. The Brigade training ground was about four miles distant and here every day the four battalions, all of whom were nearly equi-distant, assembled for a