

morning we were turning into Havre, the French folk on the quays watching our arrival in this new *rôle* with a grave appreciation. The coming of British troops to France had not always been exactly the arrival of brothers.

It was not till late evening that we reached our rest-camp outside Havre. We stayed there two nights, and on Saturday entrained for—we knew not where. On Sunday we detrained at Valenciennes and marched to Jenlain: before midday on Monday we were at La Rosière by Mous: and so we were “at the war” as our French friends called it.

The first cold *douche* was the order to retire from La Rosière. With more than one wayside halt we came at half-past six in the evening to Villerspol, and thought to bivouac there for the night in an orchard of crowded trees. But about nine there came the sudden order to be off, and there was no camp that night: through the moonless dark, and dust, and thunderous heat, we marched; and finally, long after midnight, were told to rest in our tracks by the roadside—near Villereau. About four a.m. we were off again, and twelve hours later came to our halt near Troisville. Our first batch of wounded, fifty-five I think, came in that evening.

About four next morning we were off again,