

every article of food cooked was permeated with some disgusting preservative which caused all dishes to taste alike, all being equally objectionable. Fortunately the weather was gloriously fine and the sea as calm as a duck-pond throughout the voyage. Imagination fails at the conditions which would have prevailed had seasickness been prevalent instead of non-existent. Just exactly how many submarines were observed when nearing the Irish Coast no historian could compute; probably each man saw three, but as the official records relate that none were in evidence it is unlikely that we were ever in very great danger, in spite of the numerous hair's breadth escapes which were narrated after disembarkation.

On the evening of June 28th Liverpool was reached but the steamer anchored over-night in the Mersey and it was not until the following morning that the troops disembarked and lined up on the wharf. A tedious period of waiting then followed and it was afternoon before we boarded trains which conveyed us over nearly every railway system in England to our destination, Bordon, where we arrived at one o'clock on the morning of the 30th. It was pouring with rain when we fell in on the station platform, but we were lucky in our quarters, which were in the married men's huts in Bordon and were both clean and comfortable.

The first days of our stay in England were anxious ones indeed; right and left of us we saw battalions being broken up; both the 65th and 84th Bns. with whom we had come overseas suffered this fate on the very next day after arrival, and we were the junior battalion in England at the time. What mercy could we expect? Well, we did not get mercy, but we got justice, and when the authorities found that we were the tallest, the heaviest, and the most maturely aged of any unit that had reached England, and when they saw for themselves the physique of the men who composed the 102nd Bn. they just naturally had no choice in the matter and within two or three days we received the glad news that we were no longer under the special care of Broxton House, that wet nurse of newly arrived units, but that we had been brigaded and henceforth were the junior battalion in the 11th Brigade, 4th Canadian Division, commanded respectively by Brig.-General V. W. Odlum, D.S.O., and Major-General D. Watson, C.M.G. Our future was assured.

But there was a tremendous amount of work ahead of us in England, and but little time to do it in. The Fourth Division was expected to proceed to France very shortly and we had to do in six weeks what our sister battalions had taken months to accomplish. Musketry, of course, was our first and most pressing need and as soon as we had been issued with rifles many days were spent at Whitehill in passing the various tests. Then there were long hours to be spent on bayonet fighting and on musketry drill, but before the end of the month our musketry was over and we left for Bramshott to take up our place by the side of the three