

junk all on the men's backs. There is practically no shellhole country, it's open fields of waving grain, woods in full leaf and villages with the barns full of straw and the roofs on the houses. We've even dragged our field kitchens along and keep the rations regularly up. And cavalry in myriads, and tanks, every road full of moving transport; artillery galloping from one battery position to the next. *This is war.*

We came out of the line and I, unfortunately, lost several men, gassed the night of the relief, including a sergeant. Then we moved to back of the point we kicked off from, losing a lot of sleep on the way, believe me. We didn't know where we were going, or why, till next day. Yesterday afternoon we had to march over eleven miles to our assembly areas. I was up all night and tried to get a look at the barrage, but we were too far back. However, in an hour we knew the show was going to be a success, in two, the cages were filling up, and we moved about four hours after the kick off. Everything was moving forward. You never saw such an impressive sight. We bivouaced on the old F. L., and moved again early in the morning to back of where his field guns were. Used a 5.9 battery position for bivvy, but moved very soon again forward to a wood where two of his naval 5.9's were. They'd never fired a shot, were built in May this year, and are complete in every way. Even then our line was away beyond their range. At dark we moved again and used one of his rest camps for a bivvy. Oh, well! this is just move after move, isn't it? That's all the war we've done.

Marching up after we'd passed his front system it was impossible to imagine we were crossing a battlefield. There are no dead, at least very, very few, so