

both in the tented camp and in Devonshire Lines to which we marched on August 17th, but distance was not allowed to baulk the activity of our gas sentries, who forced us to sleep with our P. H.'s on our chests at the alert and woke us up time and again to wait patiently, ready masked, for the gas that never came. Later, when gas shells were introduced by the Hun and we were never safe from that class of attack we became callous and would idly ponder as to whether there was enough gas to make it worth while putting on a respirator, and whether it would be a kindness or not to wake up so-and-so to allow him to adjust his.

We remained at Devonshire Lines, a camp close to Reninghelst, till the 24th of the month. We found it in a filthy condition when we entered it and this was an experience which was destined to be repeated with painful regularity throughout two and a half years' campaigning. Some battalions were naturally decent and had healthy views with regard to sanitation and camp cleanliness; other battalions were most distinctly opposite in this respect, and it may be said in passing, that of these the Imperials were the worst. But throughout our period of the war it seemed to be the fate of the 102nd to clean up every time it entered a new camp. It was in Devonshire Lines also that we lost one of our cherished illusions; we had been told, as doubtless every other unit which ever went over to France had been told, that "over there" we should never require any polishing outfit. In the theatre of war glistening brass work would be "tabu," and in our innocence we believed, as many other luckless thousands believed. Well, in Devonshire Lines, we discovered that there was more polishing to be done in France than had ever been dreamed of in our Canadian philosophy.

By August 24th all sections of the Battalion had had some instruction in trench routine and on that day the unit was assigned to regular tours of duty as follows:—One company to Dickiebusch for general fatigues; one company to Voormezele for garrison duty; one company to Scottish Woods for garrison duty and one company with Headquarters to Micmac Camp to act as reserve. As we remained in this area a month and when out of the trenches were generally disposed in some such formation, it will be well to try and give some description of the neighborhood.

The big town of the district was Reninghelst, lying between Ypres and Poperinghe; this was but a small town, but larger than the ruined hamlets in the neighbourhood; here were situated Divisional Headquarters. Dickiebusch, which was our own more immediate centre, was a small, badly shell-shocked village which boasted one large farm, known as Burgomaster's farm, where 11th Bde. Headquarters were established. Here Brigadier-General V. W. Odium, D. S. O. Commanding the 11th Brigade, took up his quarters; at that time Capt. Henniker was acting as Brigade-Major and Major Perry as Staff Captain. A feature of the Brigade establishment was the excellently camouflaged Signal Station, which figured prominently as a haystack.