

refuse pits and after digging up sheepskins have picked from them the little lumps of fat which had come away from the bodies during the skinning process, and used that fat to fry the cakes made from the mealies.

Often on the march we came across patches of citron, half ripe, and filled up on them. But they were sickening things, and we grew to hate the sight of the stuff even in fruit cakes. This food was not equal to what we might be eating at home.

Very few Chinese laundries accompany the British army, and consequently we found it difficult to keep clean. Often the boys who had any underclothes would take them off and wash them in a river or pool, only to find on returning to bivouac that we were getting ready to move again. Then the wet clothes were put on, and after a few hours' marching through dust became as dirty as ever.

But in spite of all these discomforts there is a strong attraction in the life of a soldier. Where can one meet a finer class of men than in the British army, or where find more excitement than in battle? The very worst hardships only served to teach us how to appreciate comfort when we again found it. Many times throughout the campaign did we wish ourselves back in Canada, but never was anyone sorry for having come to Africa. We all knew that the experience was worth the hardship.

Among our men now, however, the general opinion is that one campaign is enough for any ordinary