

drill in one of its four forms, section, platoon, company and battalion—and the greatest of these is platoon—and route marching. There was no recreation except what we could make for ourselves. The people of Comox and Courtenay, though they must have benefited enormously from the presence of a battalion in their midst, failed to take advantage of the opportunities afforded to men of enterprise and offered nothing in the way of evening entertainment. Time hung heavily after the day's work was done, and even the proverbial mischief which Satan is popularly credited with having on tap for idle hands seldom materialized. A walk to Comox after supper, a drink at "The Lorne," another at "The Elk," perhaps more, not likely less, and then home by our own little launch "The Joan," and the evening's amusements were exhausted, save for cards and prayer-meetings, which usually went on simultaneously in the big mess-hall.

Throughout the three months which the battalion as a mobilized whole put in on the Spit Colonel Warden was seldom with us for more than two or three nights at a time. He was indefatigable in his journeyings up and down the Province, addressing meetings, stimulating recruiting and interviewing officials on behalf of the unit, but his frequent visits to Comox were a never-ending source of joy to the men assembled there. No matter where he had been he always returned with a telegram which he had received just before reaching camp. He would have the battalion formed up on parade and after calling it to "Attention" he would invariably start by saying, "I have just received a telegram" and then would follow an optimistic message which tended to prove infallibly that within an incredibly short time we should be in France. These telegrams became the subject of ribald jests, and after parade the regular slogan was "Come on, boys, whip round for another ten cents apiece; it's time we got some more hay for the Colonel's bull." But we loved those cheering messages all the same, no matter whence they materialized, and when all is said and done the Colonel did actually get the battalion over to France within five months from mobilization, which was "some record."

With the end of May it became obvious that a move of some kind in the near future was imperative. The water supply was beginning to fail and the oldest inhabitants warned us that with the advent of an average summer we could no longer depend on our mainland spring. Seeing that on this spring we relied entirely for both drinking and washing water and that there was no other source of supply available in the near neighbourhood preparations were made for a move. The past weeks had been filled with many rumors; it had been freely stated at one time that the 102nd Bn. would go to India; Bermuda had been quoted as a likely harbourage for us; again an almost, but not quite, official notice was received that we should be brigaded at