

overcome the apathy which was reacting with such severity upon the early members of the unit.

With the coming of spring conditions improved. Early in March Headquarters moved up from Victoria and after a brief sojourn in Port Augusta were established in a large marquee on the Spit itself. The men from Vancouver, Nelson and Vernon had already arrived. Soon after, the men from Prince Rupert and Prince George marched in under the leadership of Lieut. J. F. Brandt; so numerous was this party that it was formed into a company by itself and No. 2 Co. later known as "B" Co., was the rallying point for all the hardy men from that district. A notable incident took place on the occasion of the arrival of the Prince Rupert men. Capt. J. S. Matthews happened to be the senior officer on the Spit when they marched in and he welcomed them by calling for cheers in the following words: "North British Columbians, three cheers for the men from Prince Rupert." That was the first occasion on which the battalion had been styled "North British Columbians" and from that date onwards the title has held, being adopted in place of the words "Comox-Atlin." Thereafter the battalion was known as the 102nd (North British Columbians) Overseas Battalion, and the title obtained on the battalion crest. Still a little later and Lieut. F. Lister appeared at the head of his Cranbrook men. A volume could be written on the difficulties with which this officer, destined to be our second Colonel and to lead the battalion home again, had had to contend; suffice it to say that only by an admirable exhibition of tact and firmness had he been enabled to keep for the 102nd Battalion those men whom he had personally enlisted and whom local jealousies had tried to wean from the battalion of their first choice.

Training now began in earnest. With the severity of winter passed, it would have been hard to find a healthier spot for the location of a training camp. Practically surrounded by the sea, swept by the four winds of heaven, with a dry sandy soil, the Spit proved up on all that its advocates had had to say for it. During the whole of our three months' sojourn there as a battalion there was but one fatal casualty, and that was due to a stroke of apoplexy for which the climate could not be blamed. There was an epidemic of measles, but it carried with it no harmful after-effects. With that exception, the Battalion Medical Officer, Capt. N. M. McNeil of Prince Rupert, had nothing more serious to contend with than occasional colds and inevitable cuts and bruises. As the spring wore on to summer first-class bathing was obtainable off the end of the Spit, and there was ample room for all kinds of outdoor games. But life was dull on the Spit; there's no denying it. We had no rifles, except for a dozen or so Ross rifles which were periodically exhibited on wet days by some enthusiastic sergeant with confidence in his vocal chords and his ability in the art of demonstration. The only training we could undergo was