

the daily life aboard ship; the results of the various sporting events and the humours incidental to a transport were chronicled daily—if not faithfully—by the regimental journal the "Breath O' The Heather" under the direction of Captain Percy F. Godenrath and the capable handling of the mimeograph by Sergeant George Craig. It is said that this was the first time an overseas regiment from Canada published a "daily" aboard ship.

The third day out, while fairly calm, carried indications that bad weather was breeding and about nightfall a fresh breeze, bringing with it fair sized beam seas, started us well on our way for a nasty night. Flying spume filled the air and in the intense darkness the decks were anything but a comfortable place for a promenade. The beam seas were with us all the next day and at dinner a particularly heavy sea cleared the tables, leaving a ruin of smashed crockery behind it. Pay-Sergeant Mooers while seeking relief from the pangs of mal de mer, dozing in a deck chair, was skidded a hundred

feet or so along the deck and brought up with a crash against the rail. In spite of Father Neptune's eccentricities it was a warm and rather pleasant day.

Then commenced active preparation for entering the danger zone. Life rafts were slung into place and made ready; extra precautions in regard to the display of lights at night and instructions as to the proper manner of wearing life-belts impressed upon the battalion that possible danger lurked ahead.

Early one morning our escort put in their appearance. A score of business-like destroyers darting here and there through the fog. A sense of security permeated the ship's company, for here was represented the might of Johnny Bull and Uncle Sam. Then a dark night's run at full speed and the morrow found us in harbour. Shrieks of ferry whistles and tug-boats, waving hands and handkerchiefs greeted us as we slowly steamed to our berth at the dock. In an hour or two we were being whirled across England on two fast special trains. A record for disembarkation of a troopship gained the

approbation of the M.L.O. for Lieutenant "Sandy" Macfarlane emptied the transport of troops and baggage in record time—22 minutes.

Our destination was a segregation camp behind the white chalk cliffs of Southern England. Coming south the boys gazed eagerly through the car-windows at the beautiful landscape of the Midlands and it transcended their expectations. The rolling fields still green in late November, the picturesque cottages made us all anxious for the time when our days of detention in quarantine would be over and on pass we could view at close range the England of our dreams. The time soon came, and a thousand strong, we sallied out for a wonderful week of "landing" leave. England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland each had their quota, and a feathered Balmoral and Maclean tartan became a familiar sight in the principal cities. But the joyous days too soon drew to a close and we trooped back to camp ready for the training that was to fit us for our real work as fighters across the Channel.

Training at Seaford. By the JUNIOR SUB.

Now that it is all over, we can look back upon our training days at Seaford Camp and realize more fully just what we accomplished in that short period. We were the last volunteer organization to be raised in Canada and we found it necessary to go down among the States of the Union in order to be up to full strength when we crossed the seas. Out of over 2,000 men, who passed through the Regimental Depot at Fredericton, there were chosen 1,060 and these landed in England on November 19th, 1917. Our time in Canada was spent in recruiting, in guarding the Forts at Quebec, and in being inspected in Montreal. Our vicissitudes were many for we were mucked about from pillar to post, spending more time dressing tent pegs by the right, and blackening the bottoms of 'Dixies!' than at real work.

Not a sod was turned, not a trench line dug,

A wire laid, or a bomb exploded.

But we dressed our lines in the rain and mud,

Till our spirits became corroded.

Shortly after our arrival, we received the assurance that we were to form part of the 5th Canadian Division, and we immediately realized that we must get to work in order to be up to the standard of efficiency which the Units of that Division had acquired in its fourteen months of training. Then began our strenuous period.

"Reveille" found us up and doing, and "Lights Out" still found us putting away among the grey matter "Things a soldier should know." We spent our Wednesday and Saturday afternoons in training instead of sport or pleasure, and we even robbed the Padre of a fling at us on Sundays, by taking long route marches, or by being on the ranges. We were to be ready by the end of February and we were ready.

This would not have been possible but for the fact that there had been

placed at our disposal, by Colonel Gardner, M.C., G.O.C. Canadians, Seaford, a Staff of Officers and N.C.O.'s who could not be excelled in instructional work. These instructors were under the capable supervision of Major Haines, D.S.O., who, in a very short time became "one of us." They found our men so keen that there was an added inducement for them to do their best to hammer us in shape in the allotted time.

While our men were in the hands of these instructors, our Officers were being trained in the latest methods at Bexhill, Shorncliffe, and Seaford, so that the whole Battalion was proceeding towards perfection at the same time.

We cannot close this chapter of our military experience without placing upon record our sincerest and deepest thanks to those who laboured with us to make us fit, efficient, and ready to meet the King's enemies.