

It was a feed to remember and easily beat the one where the amateur cooks forgot to pouch the rabbits before putting them in the pot, although they had either skinned or plucked them.

On November 16th, the Battalion marched to Larkhill in full marching order. It was 22 miles and the going was heavy, but it was a day to be remembered by most of the boys for on the way the great Druids Temple of the Stone Age was passed. Stonehenge seemed to belong to another world and as the long column of troops marched passed, there seemed to be a strange silence, as if in respect for the achievement of those ancients whose mark will never fade.

One could imagine the ghosts of the temple guardians peering around the massive stones at the strange intruders, who were but another of the long line of soldiers that had passed that way.

Larkhill Camp.

It was at a place such as Larkhill where one realised the value of one's companions, for although it was not a new camp, it was a damp, dreary spot and it was fortunate that there was plenty of work to do,

The Battalion was there for its final shooting course and to everybody's joy, the new service rifles were issued and tried out.

Machine Gunners and Bombers had their final course and were thoroughly tuned up. The only concern of most folks was whether the war would end suddenly. It was now generally realised that the enemy was in a strong position and it was likely the 31st Division would be able to relieve some of those gallant men who were being strained almost to the breaking point, and the sooner this happened the better. .

On Decr. 2nd. the long column again wound passed Stonehenge on its return to Hurdcott.