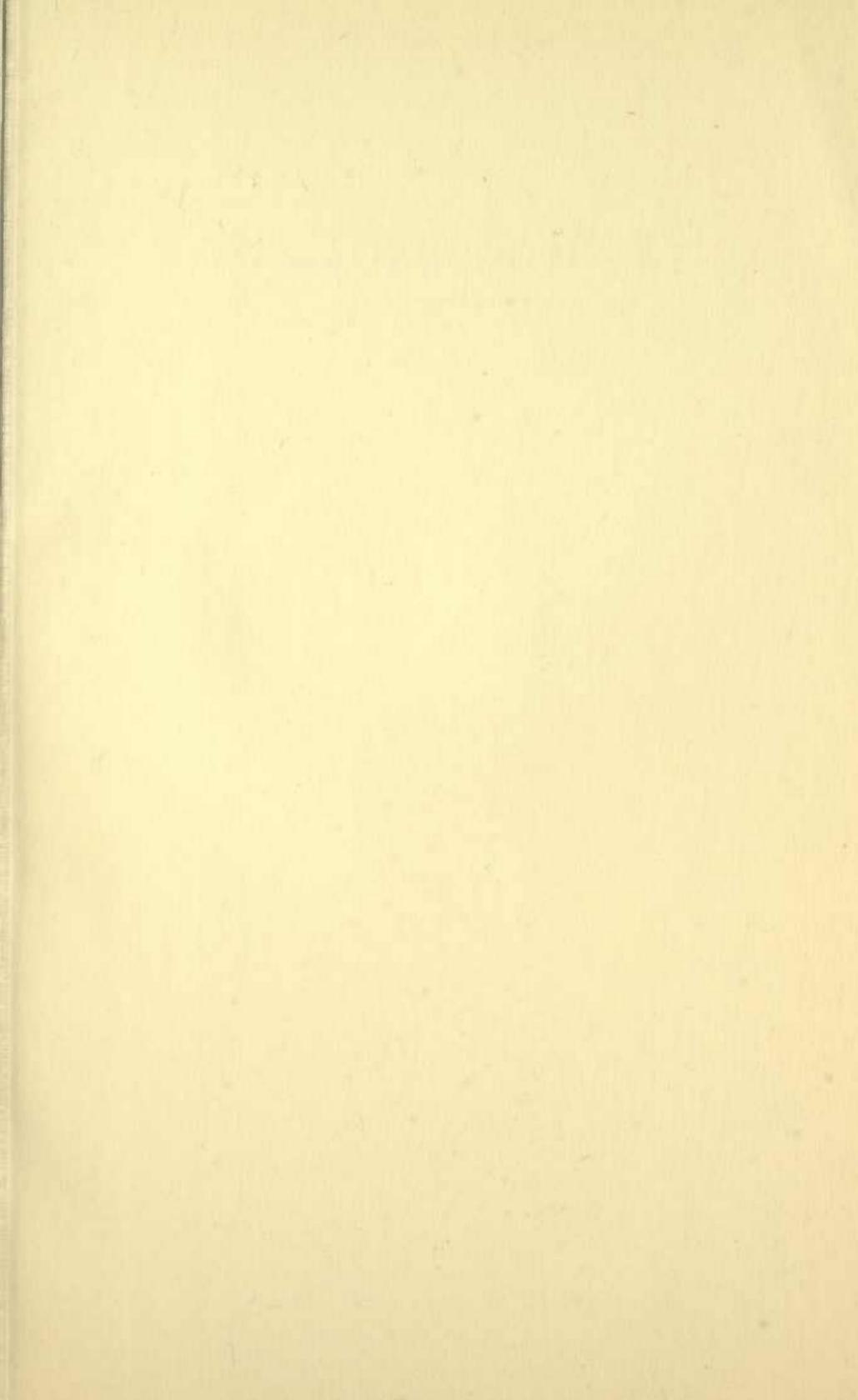


Stretcher-
Bearers...at the
Double!





This is Book No. ~~298~~

STRETCHER - BEARERS

—*at the* DOUBLE!



Photo by A. M. Cunningham & Son, Hamilton

COLONEL GEORGE DEVEY FARMER, C.B.E., M.D., C.M.

Twice Mentioned in Despatches. Officer Commanding Fifth Field Ambulance
from Mobilization to November 5th, 1916.

O. C. No 2 Canadian Stationary Hospital, Boulogne, 1916-1917.

O. C. No. 5 Canadian General Hospital, Liverpool, 1918-1919.

Born Ancaster, Ontario, July 6th, 1866, Died Ancaster, Ontario, May 7th, 1928.

Stretcher-Bearers...at the Double

by Frederick W. Noyes



*History of the Fifth Canadian Field Ambulance which
Served Overseas during the Great War of 1914-1918*

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acknowledgement is made to the following artists:

JIMMY FRISE

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INTRODUCTION

THIS is not a strictly formal or statistical history. It is, rather, a candid presentation of the human side of our experiences — highlighting the humorous incidents and skipping over, for the most part, the darker side of the war.

Much of the book is written — as nearly as memory has preserved it — unvarnished and without heroics. Considerable space is being purposely given to more or less trivial incidents, in the hope that their recital may restore sharpness and fresh appreciation to the readers' personal memories of "those days." We hope that those who read the book may recapture some of that wonderful spirit which then existed among us; and we use soldier language in order to stimulate the rousing of that spirit.

In some instances — and for obvious reasons — personal names have been omitted. "No names, no packdrill!" Many incidents, too, are merely hinted at for fear that a more detailed explanation of them might cause embarrassment; but all incidents here recorded are included for no other purpose than that of giving a true picture of how our men thought, felt, played, "carried on," lived and died during the fifty-five months of our unit's existence. Therefore, we hope that those whose names we have mentioned won't mind — and we hope that those whose names have not been mentioned won't consider themselves slighted.

Every effort has been made to give correct dates and locations, but, in France, all the Sections were very seldom in one place at the same time. Bearer squads were attached to various regimental aid-posts, and Nursing Section details more than once were sent to help other units. However, all dates and locations have been checked very carefully and will be found approximately correct.

We have not forgotten to mention our grousing about rations, fatigues, brass-shining and working parties. Heaven only knows

how much of the grumbling was warranted and how much uncalled-for! Napoleon said he couldn't get along without his *grogards*. Like our grumblers, they grouched — but carried on. A Fifth history which ignored our grouching would be incomplete.

Grateful acknowledgement is due all those who, with suggestions, or by the loan of letters, diaries, photos, newspaper clippings, sketches and other data, have helped in the production of our book. Here, again, we must not mention names, for fear of betraying the confidential sources of much of our information.

It must be added, too, that nobody dictated what should go in the book or what should be left out. Up to the time of going to press, no ex-member of the unit, outside the editorial committee, read the manuscript. Therefore, whatever criticisms may be forthcoming should be directed toward the committee only.

B. S. Case

F. W. Noyes

A. F. Patterson

H. R. Rutherford.

THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO THE SACRED MEMORY
OF THOSE MEMBERS OF THE FIFTH FIELD AMBULANCE
WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES
IN THE GREAT WAR
OR HAVE SINCE PASSED ON



*"They shall grow not old, as
we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor
the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun
and in the morning
We will remember them.*

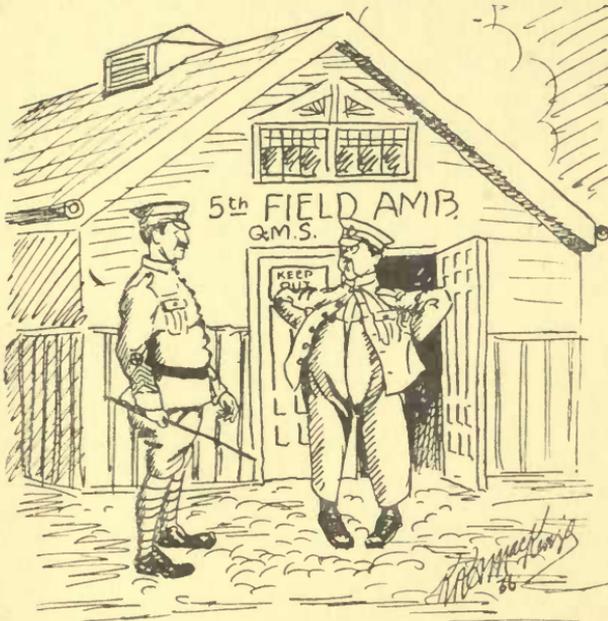
—Lawrence Binyon.

CHAPTER ONE

You're in the army now, you're not behind a plow,
You'll never get rich, you son-of-a-gun —
You're in the army now.

THE BEGINNING

(Nov. 11, 1914, to April 29, 1915)



"The pants are a little tight under the arm pits!"

ON NOVEMBER 11, 1914, Major George Devey Farmer, of Ancaster, Ontario, received instructions from Ottawa to the effect that he had been promoted to the rank of Lieut.-Col. and had been chosen to command a Field

Ambulance for overseas service with the Second Canadian Contingent. He was informed that Hamilton was to contribute 106 men towards the unit's complement and that the remainder were to be recruited in Toronto and Owen Sound.

Within three days of receipt of the mobilization order the complete Hamilton quota was obtained and, on November 19th, that detachment took up its quarters in Exhibition Camp, Toronto, where it was immediately joined by the two other quotas, bringing the unit to a total strength of 268 officers and men.

The Hamilton men were chosen from No. 12 and No. 19 Field Ambulances of that city. Both of these militia units had been recruiting men for an expected Second Contingent ever since the First Division had been called up.

Sergeant Jack Williams and Corporal Max Kelso were the two noncoms. responsible for whipping the Mountain City men

into shape, Colonel Farmer having given them full control of this work. Williams and Kelso had had previous military experience in the Yeomanry and Territorials "over 'ome" and were ideally suited for their jobs, although Max Kelso sometimes did forget himself in those early days and occasionally mixed army commands with some of his beloved farm expressions. One night, for instance, Max's rookie squad was marching blithely down the armories when suddenly Max noticed that it was within about six feet of the end wall. Prompt action was necessary. "Whoa, there! Whoa! Back up!" was the only command Max could think of, but he bellowed it down the armories and it had the desired effect.

The officers at mobilization were: Lieutenant-Colonel G. D. Farmer, Commanding Officer; Major D. P. Kappel, Captains H. Jones, W. C. Silcox, W. F. Nicholson, H. Buck, F. Clark; and Lieutenants N. J. Barton, J. F. Burgess and R. Y. Kenney; and Hon. Lieutenant O. A. Elliott. All these officers were medical men, with the exception of Captain Clark, who was Quartermaster, and Lieutenant Elliott, who was a dental surgeon. All but Captain Clark had given up private practices at home in order to place their medical and surgical skill at the service of their country; and in every case the doing so involved heavy financial and personal sacrifice.

Without casting any reflections on the officers with whom our unit eventually left Canada — for they, too, were merely the helpless pawns and victims of the powers behind the scene — we must mention that, right from the start, politics had a lot to do with officer appointments in the Fifth. It was almost impossible to get anywhere unless one was a bigoted adherent of the ruling "party machine." Ability and general fitness for the job were not primary considerations and it was a well-known fact that, right up to the end of the war, our unit was well nigh ripped asunder by back-home political intrigues and manipulations. Perhaps we didn't suffer any more in this respect than some other units, but it is doubtful if in any other unit the political machinations of arm-chair critics, stay-at-homers and other higher-ups were as glaringly evident, and worked to the disadvantage of the men generally, as they did in the Fifth.

Many times, during the first few weeks of the unit's existence, it was touch-and-go whether or not Colonel Farmer would be

permitted to continue in command. Much political pressure was brought to bear, both for and against him. He was juggled about by the powers that were until he didn't know whether he was going or staying. Ottawa wire-pullers came to Toronto and Toronto boot-lickers went to Ottawa, trying to dislodge him. Eventually, however, Colonel Farmer quietly made a flying trip to the Capital City — and returned with final confirmation of his command. How the unit's affairs suffered during all this disgusting indecision and bickering may easily be imagined, and it was almost a miracle that the Fifth finally evolved with as good an officer personnel as it did.

Whom the Gods Would Destroy, etc. ~

We never could discover who was responsible for the appointment of our original noncoms. All we knew was that, with about three or four exceptions, all were from "over the pond." Many of them were Old Soldiers and most of them dropped their aitches with carefree abandon. Army commands were strange enough to most of us, but when we heard them voiced by these noncoms. we had additional trouble in recognizing them. There was Sergeant Wager, always "a-seekin' of somebody whose nyme weren't in the boook." And Staff Leleu, with his "Steady theyah, that chap ovah theyah." Sergeant Williams, with his information that "If the man 'oo left 'is poipe and bala-claver 'at over by the stybles wants the syme, 'ee mye 'ave 'em by gowing to the hordley room; but, if sow, 'ee will 'ave to hidenterfy 'em." Then there was Sergeant Gardner, with a Scotch burrr that stretched right back to the hills of his native land. Remember that verse we used to recite within John's hearing?

The Scots they'rrre surrrre a harrddy rrrrace:
 They wearrr no brrreeks norrr brrreeches.
 They grrroom theiirrr locks wi' splinterrrred rrrrocks --
 They'rrre hairrry sons o' witches!

And Staff Smith — can't you still hear him, with his exceptionally proper vocabulary, speaking very deliberately and enunciating every syllable of those multiple-syllabled words, with meticulous precision and extraordinary facility? We were simply flabbergasted when we heard so many big tongue-twisters coming

from such a diminutive man. This same Reggie Smith, though, had more character, courage and real ability than many men twice his size.

Then there were the Old Soldiers: Quartermaster-Sergeant Busst, Lance-Corporal Tom Morgan, Sergeant Turner, Harry Cunningham, Corporal Gilpin and others — always explaining how it was done “over ’ome” and in Africa. Good fellows, most of them, when they got the corners rubbed off them and settled down to their jobs in earnest. They were no worse and no better, perhaps, than the noncoms. of any other unit.

Of the original unit, seventy per cent. of the officers and fifty-five per cent. of the men hailed from the Hamilton area. Approximately ten per cent. of the unit’s personnel had had previous medical training before enlistment, either as doctors or as medical students; and about half of the remaining men had received previous training in first-aid work.

The tallest man in the Fifth at mobilization was John Merri-dew, 6 feet 4 inches. The shortest was 5 feet 3 inches — we had a half-dozen that height. The average height of our personnel was about 5 feet 8½ inches which, considering that scores of our lads had not yet ceased growing, shows a very creditable stature standard.

Establishment

A Field Ambulance was made up of three medical sections, each of which was equipped to act independently of the others, if necessary. The three original sections of the Fifth had as section commanders: A. Section, Captain Jones; B. Section, Major Kappelé; C. Section, Captain Silcox.

A Transport Section of fifty-seven men was formed shortly after our arrival at Exhibition Camp. These men were in charge of fifty-five horses, seven horse-drawn ambulances, general-service wagons, and whatnot, for the conveyance of patients, medical supplies, etc. Each horse ambulance was capable of carrying four stretcher cases or twelve sitting cases. The transport men were equipped with rifles, for the purpose of protecting the unit and its patients, supplies, etc., from looters and camp followers. We might as well admit right now, however, that these rifles were seldom clean enough to be fired in safety. They helped us to look like soldiers, though!

Three motor ambulances were also added while at Exhibition Camp. These were to form the nucleus of what was later to become a completely mechanized fleet of conveyances for sick and wounded. Eventually almost all transportation of wounded, from advanced dressing stations to clearing stations, was by means of motor ambulance, and a rather extensive Motor Transport Section ultimately evolved.

For the first few days at Exhibition Camp the time was taken up with preparation of billets, medical inspections, measurement for uniforms, attestations — and all those innumerable fatigues which go into the embryonic stage of the soldier. For about ten days the men continued to wear their civvy clothing but, at last, the long-looked-for day came for the issuance of uniforms and kit. The men lined up in alphabetical order and, under the eagle eyes of Quartermaster-Sergeant Busst and his ex-policeman understudy, Corporal Udell, all the impedimenta of an active-serviceman's equipment were handed out. From early morning until late at night a magic transformation then took place and the men blossomed forth in all the glory of their new regalia.

It is just possible that 44-inch tunics were issued to men with 36-inch chests; and that several somewhat smallish fellows were seen floundering around in size eleven shoes, while some six-footers were struggling to squeeze their size twelve feet into size seven boots. Size eight caps came down over the ears of size seven heads, and size six caps perched on top of size eight-and-a-half skulls. But all the mixups were taken in the proper spirit and tolerable fittings were finally obtained — by the men exchanging their misfit articles with one another and by spending much of their hard-earned dollar-ten army pay on alterations.

Of course, the bulk of the equipment had been produced under time pressure and, in consequence, had suffered considerably in quality and design. The red army-boot was a cross between a moccasin and a sponge. It had blotting-paper outer soles and insoles of spikes, whose business ends pointed invitingly upward — earning for the Minister of Militia the sobriquet "General Sham Shoes." After two minutes on damp ground a man's feet were as wet as if he were barefoot. Tunics, breeches and greatcoats fitted perfectly — only where they touched! It was solely by a liberal expenditure of the men's own money that a creditable appearance was at all obtainable. Heavy woollen

underwear, about $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick, gave more than one man the scratching practice that was to come in handy later on in France. It has been well said that "soldiers were made to hang things on," for what with balaclava caps, fingerless wool wristlets, fever bands, high overshoes — and all the other things we didn't have later on in France where we really needed them! — a man had a load not fit for a pack-mule.

Staff-Sergeant Smith brought to camp a very comfortable inflatable sleeping-bag and when Colonel Farmer learned of its presence he raged about "feather-bed soldiers" and ordered Reggie to get rid of the bag immediately. However, the Staff managed to retain his bed and eventually used it in England and at the Front — in spite of definite orders from every successive Officer Commanding. He also clung to his original Canadian tunic. The other senior noncoms. loved to twit Smith about his sleeping-bag and some of them may recall the battle he fought with Staff Mott when Jake passed an unflattering remark about the bag. The scrap was a torrid affair and ended with honors even.

The old soldiers initiated the rookies into the mysteries of puttee-rolling, blanket-folding, kit-packing, button-cleaning greatcoat-rolling, belt-shining and bunk-making, and it wasn't long before a rather nondescript collection of civilians had attained the appearance of smartly-accounted army men.

Training Routine

During the five months in Exhibition Camp our men were trained in infantry drill, stretcher drill, and first-aid treatments, such as bandaging, putting on splints, stopping hemorrhages, etc. Three lectures a day were given by the officers. Riding instruction was given to the men of the Horse Transport, and the secrets of motor mechanism and upkeep were imparted to the members of the Motor Section. Also, a signalling squad of six men was formed and every day these dot-and-dash addicts took their places, along with the other camp signallers, for instruction and practice.

Colonel Farmer, although a staunch fraternal man himself, would never stand for any "Lodge stuff" from those under his command. One day a man paraded into the Orderly Room and asked for permission to go to Montreal to visit his brother, a

very prominent officer in the Old Man's fraternal organization. When he attempted to take advantage of his lodge affiliations the colonel gave him particular hell in the form of a severe dressing down and extra duties during the ensuing few days.

Our original sergeant-major was Robert Franklin, or "Bob," as he was later to become known. Franklin had been a petty officer in "the King's Na-vee" — so *his* story went — and, right from the day he "took over," the men received a taste of salt-water discipline. Who can ever forget Bob, standing out in front of the unit when it fell in between cowstables Nos. 33 and 34? There he would be, striding impatiently back and forth, barking at this man, scowling at that, questioning a noncom., or criticising some poor flustered junior officer. Franklin had a great command of marine-depot English. One of his first warnings was: "When I say 'Double' I don't mean just 'Double' — I mean for you to *bloodywell fly*." However, if the buck privates stood or "doubled" in awe of him, the officers were even more in fear of his lashing tongue. It is part of a sergeant-major's job to train his officers, and Bob undertook that duty with all the zest and aplomb which he, and he only, could command. Even Colonel Farmer, with his twenty-three years of previous military experience, was more than once "told off." As for the junior officers, it is safe to say that they feared Franklin's withering ridicule far more than did the men.

Those early days in the old frame cowsheds shall always linger in our memories. The barrel stoves, straw palliasses, wooden-slatted double-tiered bunks, tin wash basins and crude tub showers all helped to convince us that we were "in the army now."

It is impossible, too, to forget that bitterly cold winter's night when the whole unit was taken violently ill with stomach cramps and acute dysentery, and dozens of our men collapsed in their bunks or outside in the raging blizzard. For many hours all the available doctors in or near the camp worked frantically over the poisoned men, and it was only because of this prompt attention the attacks didn't prove fatal. Staff-Sergeants Overend and Deadman, Sergeant Overholt and several other experienced "rankers" also rendered invaluable assistance. The cause of the trouble was traced to the use of unclean kitchen utensils, and the sergeant-cook (James Sharkey), who was responsible for the

whole painful and near-tragic affair, was summarily discharged. The order of discharge was read to him in front of a muster parade of the unit. The cook-sergeant was then hustled out of camp by automobile, otherwise the men would have given him a very bad half-hour.

To cap the affair, George Grindley wrote a letter to one of the Toronto newspapers, complaining about the poor food and the filthy conditions under which it was prepared. General Lessard had the letter traced to the Fifth. George was hailed before Colonel Farmer and, in the presence of General Lessard, promptly acknowledged his authorship and stated that his action was entirely justified — that he had taken it only as a last recourse and when all the customary complaints to Orderly Officers, etc., had failed to rectify matters. Needless to say, George received a very severe reprimand. Another muster parade was immediately called and General Lessard scathingly rebuked the whole unit for what he called "a childish breach of military etiquette." However, George's complaint had the desired effect, and, from then on, there was a marked improvement in the quality and quantity of the men's rations. Of course, there never was an army in which rations were up to the men's expectations. We grouched about our food until the end of the war.

It was about this time that an order was posted, offering any man his discharge *for the sum of ten dollars*. How many of us regretted in after days that we had not availed ourselves of that opportunity! Later on, at Hill 70 and Passchendaele, for instance, some of us would have tried mighty hard to raise the necessary ten-spot — if the offer had remained open!

More than one man got his discharge in Toronto because he persisted in returning to camp "lickered-up." Monday morning Orderly Room was the scene of trials and tribulations. The Saturday night culprits were brought before the colonel and some few of them were given very pointed temperance lectures and their discharges. It was considered that they were "unlikely to become efficient soldiers!" It must be added, though, that some of the men so discharged from our unit joined other units later on and distinguished themselves by their all-round efficiency, and by earning decorations for bravery under fire — which is further evidence that good parade-ground soldiers were not always the best men in actual battle.



1. Captain Earton
5. Captain Burgess



2. Captain Clark



3. Captain Nicholson



4. Major Jones



6. Returning from Church Parade, Exhibition Camp.



1. The Wig-Waggers.
2. Our First Motor Ambulance Arrives.
3. A Group of C. Section Lads.

The "Lion Tamers" ~

To whip the men into first-class physical condition, two Imperial P.T. instructors were attached to the Fifth. "Lion Tamers" is the army name for these worthies, but it was a misnomer, so far as we were concerned. We were anything but lions and *they never tamed us!* These noncoms. were accustomed to training peace-time soldiers or "regulars," and not citizen-soldiers, such as we. It is not surprising, therefore, that we just about broke their dear kind hearts. One instructor completely lost his voice, yelling futile orders at us and gargling Scotch in his spare time; while the other one mysteriously dropped out of the picture, after a few weeks' attempt to make soldiers out of us "blawsted Can-eye-dian b — ds," as he called us. Perhaps their departure was hastened by their *faux pas* in giving us "aeroplane drill," one day while we were waiting to have a unit photograph taken. In this drill the command "Take cover" was given and the men were expected to throw themselves flat on the ground, or take cover in any hole or ditch that might be nearby. We were all shined up like guardsmen before the aeroplane drill, but, after it was over, our uniforms, puttees and shoes were terribly awry and simply plastered with mud. We would hate to repeat the language Colonel Farmer used on Instructor Fegg when our explosive Commanding Officer arrived to parade us before the waiting photographer.

Nor can we forget that it was while at Exhibition Camp that our good friend Tommy Hawkey won fame through being linked with the unit's battle-cry anent the receptive coalbin. From Exhibition Camp to Otterpool, and right through to the end of the war — yes, and even after the war — the challenging cry, "Who spit in the coalbin?" was answered by the spontaneous and unanimous chorus — "HAWKEY!" Tommy, too, had the happy faculty of always getting into Staff Leleu's bad books. Who cannot recall the Staff's eternal yelling at the lad: "Private Hawkey! What aw you doing theyah? Get away from that hawsse's head, Private Hawkey! Stawnd steady, theyah, Hawkey!" It is little wonder that Tommy became one of our best-liked lads, and remained popular long after Staff Leleu transferred to the 2nd C.C.S. Tommy wasn't a giant, at all, but he will always be a character dear to the Fifth.

Evenings in camp were spent in letter-writing, studying, card-playing, or in attending concerts in the old Dairy Building. Very often we nearly smoked out the concert troupes and, more than once, performances were halted because of the terrible coughing of the men. The winter of 1914-1915 was very severe and scarcely a man escaped having a cold or a cough. Some of the Y.M.C.A. officials were of the opinion that much of the coughing was caused by the sinful cigarette; but it was suspected that much of the coughing was done to curb some of the so-called stage stars who so generously came to entertain us.

The boys of the Horse Transport — and many of the unit generally — got considerable entertainment in unloading horses off trains, doing stable duty, horse-line picquets, etc. And who can ever forget the transport men, when they first got their issues of riding-breeches, bandoliers, spurs, etc., and went "square-pushing" up and down Yonge Street, wrecking the hearts of Toronto's susceptible young women? Those were the days!

Then there were inoculations, vaccinations, physical inspections, throat swabbings, etc. Spinal meningitis broke out in camp and many throat swabs were taken in order to prevent the spread of the dread disease. Luckily the Fifth escaped this scourge.

When we first arrived in camp a cookhouse fatigue was considered something to be avoided, but the wise among us soon learned that such a fatigue meant relief from drill, a warm inside job, and the best of the rations to eat. The only days on which cookhouse duty was *not* popular were Saturdays and Sundays, for those were our big days. All drill ceased at noon on Saturday and out-of-camp passes were obtainable. On Sunday all-day passes were issued and it was then that married men went home to their wives (or said they did!), single men courted their girls, and the Yonge Street roughriders strutted their stuff.

Three times daily the men fell in and marched to the main grandstand, under which we took our meals. Breakfast consisted of a blob of jam, two slices of bread, an almost invisible strip of bacon and a mug of what cook Sharkey was pleased to call "tea." Dinner was composed of bread, either beans or meat stew, potatoes, jam or rice pudding, and more "tea." Supper was two slices of bread, a hunk of cheese, some jam, and still more "tea."

Sunday was Visitors' Day. Crowds of relatives, sweethearts and friends thronged the camp grounds and buildings, to see

when, how and where the men ate, drilled and played. Even our sleeping quarters weren't sacred to some of these visitors. One Sabbath a certain Hamilton sergeant's family visited the camp and, by the time they reached the sergeants' billet, the noncom's little daughter had fallen asleep. The wee tot was placed on George Sayer's bed and left there while her admiring dad guided the party of visitors elsewhere. Upon returning after a few minutes the sergeant was chagrined to find that his little angel had sprung a leak all over Sayer's blankets. The resourceful noncom. picked up his youngster and, taking George's water bottle, he pulled out the cork and placed the nearly empty bottle on its flat side and on top of the sodden blankets. That night George Sayer complained bitterly about somebody's carelessness in laying the uncorked water bottle on his bed — but he failed to notice that it would have taken two or three water bottles to contain all the moisture those blankets held. Verily that youngster had more capacity than control.

The "Latrine Gazette" ~

After about four months of camp life the men naturally thought they were sufficiently trained to be sent overseas. The novelty of army life had somewhat worn off and it was feared that the war would be over before we even got to England. Day after day there were rumors (credited mostly to the Latrine Gazette) that we were to break camp the following week. Consequently, when time after time these rumors proved groundless, the men relieved their feelings in song:

(Tune--My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean)

They say we're going over the ocean;

They say we're going over the sea;

They say we're going over the ocean --

But it sounds just like B. S. to me!

—Refrain—

B. S., B. S., It sounds just like B. S. to me, to me;

B. S., B. S., It sounds just like B. S. to me!

This, by the way, was the one song to which Colonel Farmer strenuously objected. More than once, while on route marches, we were told we could "March Easy" — providing we didn't sing "that damned B.S. song!" All the colonel's hopes were

vain, however, for that song continued to be our best-liked marching chorus all the time we were in Toronto. Another favorite was sung to that beautiful old hymn tune, "The Church's One Foundation."

*We are Sam Hughes-es' army --
We are his ar--am--ee.
We cannot fight, we cannot shoot --
What bleeding good are we?
And when we get to Berlin,
The kaiser he will say:
Hock, hock, Von Kluck, what a blinkin' fine lot --
Sam Hughes-es' ar--am--ee!*

And, whenever a show in the old Dairy Hall didn't please us — and the usual coughing cure didn't stop it — we were always able to bring it to an abrupt halt with

(Tune--Tipperary)

*It's a long time to wait for breakfast,
It's a long time to wait.
It's a long time to wait for breakfast,
When there's nothing on your plate.
Goodbye, eggs and bacon; Farewell, Irish stew --
It's a long long time to wait for breakfast,
And the Lord knows that's true!*

Eventually, it became evident that we were drawing to the end of our stay in Toronto. Route marches had become longer, and, more than once, we raced other units the six miles back to camp from Long Branch. Along with the other camp units the Fifth took part in battle manoeuvres in the Don Valley district, just north of Toronto. Soon after came the joyous word that we were actually to depart within a week or two.

On March 20th, all the camp units participated in a last big dress parade through the streets of Toronto. The saluting base was in front of the legislative buildings in Queen's Park; and ours was a fit and proud unit indeed when it paraded past the staff officers and civic dignitaries assembled to inspect, honor and bid farewell to Central Ontario's portion of Canada's Second Contingent. The citizens turned out *en masse* to greet and cheer us on our way. How little they (or we!) dreamed of what was in store for us!

The Hungry Major ~

The evening of the Willowdale sham-battle (April 1st), just as we were making ready to return to camp, one of our horse ambulances became badly mired in a Don Valley bog. Colonel Farmer was at the head of our marching unit and Major Kappelé was bringing up the rear. Darkness had already set in and the colonel was well out of sight when the ambulance became mired, so the major, being ravenously hungry and not wishing to be kept from his waiting dinner, left Corporal Udell and a squad of men to get the bogged vehicle back to camp. Then, galloping his horse, the major caught up with the unit, thinking all the time that Colonel Farmer was totally unaware of the mishap to the ambulance. Kappelé thought no more about the occurrence, until after the unit had arrived back at camp and he had hurried off to the officers' mess for dinner. There he found the other officers already seated around the mess table, and he himself was about to sit down when Colonel Farmer's voice stopped him. "Did the men get back to camp all right, Major Kappelé?" he was asked. "Yes, Colonel," came the answer. "And all the ambulances, Major?" "Yes, Colonel," replied the major, without even blushing. "What about Corporal Udell's ambulance?" snapped colonel, and there was no mistaking the full meaning of his question. "Oh . . . why . . . it's back all right!" asserted the unabashed major. "It is *not*," corrected the Commanding Officer, "It's stuck in the mud, up in Willowdale, and I want you to get on your horse and go right up there and look after it." The major looked at the colonel, then he cast a longing look at the savory food on the table. "May I have my dinner first, Colonel Farmer?" he asked. "NO!" barked the Commanding Officer, "Leave at once! Your dinner can wait till you get back!"

Major Kappelé gave a final despairing glance at the anticipated dinner, then went to the stable for his horse. There he found that Udell and the ambulance had been back in camp a full half-hour — and that the colonel had been notified as soon as they had returned! As the major made his way back to the mess it dawned upon him that the colonel had been about to send him all the way up to Leaside on a wild-geese chase — just to impress on him the importance of paying meticulous attention to the execution of his colonel's orders and the inadvisability of withholding

important information from his Commanding Officer. On his return to the mess he was greeted by the very guarded smiles of his fellow-officers, and the fatherly complacency of the colonel.

On April 10th, the Fifth visited Hamilton, in order that the Ambitious City, too, might give it a public greeting and pay it a last farewell. There the men were dined, wined and otherwise feted; and it is just possible that this final celebration in Hamilton was the more-or-less direct cause of a change in sergeant-majors. At any rate, on April 14th, Sergeant Jack Williams was made Warrant Officer, First-Class, and took over the sergeant-major duties from Bob Franklin. Our two Italian comrades, Covelli and Restivo had considerable to do with this change in sergeant-majors.

Finally, Colonel Farmer informed his men that they were shortly to leave for abroad and that week-end passes would be given to all those off duty in order that they might have a farewell visit with their families and loved ones. Full advantage of the privilege was taken. From the following Monday on, there was great commotion in camp. It seemed to many of us that never would we get packed up and away. But, there is an end to almost everything. About 5 p.m., April 15, 1915, the unit paraded to the camp railway siding and boarded the train.

On Our Way at Last!

And so, after months of impatient expectancy and false alarms as to the date on which we were to start on our Great Adventure, we were about to begin the first leg of our journey to our hearts' desire — the war. Our mothers, wives, sweethearts and families came down to see us off. They viewed our departure in a vastly different light from which we did. To them it was farewell — to us it meant nothing more than *au revoir*. We were experiencing the accomplishment of our utmost desire — a longing that had waxed and grown through five months of arduous training. We were young and full of impatience to be "over there." To most of us it was a joyous rather than a sad occasion.

At six o'clock the train pulled slowly away from the siding. The lights of Exhibition Camp and Parkdale faded into the distance. Slowly we passed through Toronto, then quickly picked up speed on our journey eastward and into the cool spring night.

Guards were mounted at the coach doors to see that nobody fell off the train. Some of the men settled themselves down to get whatever sleep they could. Others sang or played cards. Most of us, however, missed the straw-filled palliasses or were too excited to sleep, and it was a rather weary-eyed lot which looked out at Montreal, where we arrived at 8.25 next morning. We changed engines and were away again at 10.30. Many of the men succeeded in visiting nearby filling stations during the interval.

Laughter and song prevailed as we continued east. We waved cheerfully to the farmers in the fields and to the waiting passengers at the stations past which we thundered. After Montreal came the Quebec bridge, Campbellton, Newcastle — then Moncton, where we were given a hearty welcome by what appeared to be the whole town, when we stopped for twenty minutes and were marched around a few blocks to limber up. At Truro, too, we detrained and did our routine of physical jerks for the edification of the townsfolk.

Practising for Paris ~

On our way through Quebec, when we were delayed at some small station, a few of the boys made their first attempts at learning to *parlez-vous* with the attractive *Canadiennes* who were on hand to see *les soldats* pass through, and to offer us protective amulets in the form of strings of beads, crucifixes and other sacred tokens. Even at this early stage of affairs, Frank O'Leary, Fred Noyes and Joe Irwin proved their acquaintance with the French language by being able to make their wishes known to the friendly *mesdemoiselles* — a trait which, later on, they assiduously developed in Mont Noir, Fosse Ten, and other places.

On arriving in Halifax (Saturday at 7.45 p.m.) we were permitted to leave our coaches and go up town to buy whatever we needed and send word back home that, so far, all was well. The only place we were ordered *not* to go was to Water Street. So, like good soldiers and inquisitive children — we went to the forbidden street to see for ourselves why it was proscribed to the troops! It didn't take long for even the most unsophisticated of us to draw the correct conclusions and strike out for more innocent diversions.

Some of the purchases made that evening — our last in Canada for many years — proved rather unfortunate. For instance, Ben Case, who up to that time had been only an occasional smoker, decided that, if he were fortified with a tin of tobacco and a pipe, he would be certain not to become seasick. To make sure that his innards would have the full benefit of the tobacco, he commenced smoking Saturday night and kept at it religiously all day Sunday till we went aboard ship. The result, however, was certainly not in line with Ben's expectations! The first morning out he was very, *very* sick — and not only that, but he had such an aversion for the pipe and tobacco he consigned them both to Davy Jones' Locker.

Quartermaster-Sergeant Busst proved his familiarity with sea-fish when he brought back to the train an abundant supply of fresh lobster. It was the first time many of his noncom. cronies tasted this delicacy, and the fact that it was washed down with copious drafts of liquid refreshment didn't lessen their enjoyment of the succulent dish.

On Sunday morning a church parade was held, to St. George's Church, one of the oldest and most historic churches in the Dominion. The popular name for this edifice is "The Round Church," so called because of its shape. It was built in 1758 by German Lutherans, then newly-arrived from their Fatherland, and the first service was preached in the German language. One tradition has it that, when the church was finally built of stone, the then Duke of Kent liked circular buildings so much he stipulated that the church should be built round. Another tradition suggests that as "the devil lurks in corners," the old Germans resolved to give His Nibs no hiding place. Shortly after it was built, a sailor remarked that "it must have been built by a *cooper* — it's round as a blinkin' barrel!" It was odd that we who were on our way to war with Germany should ask for Divine protection in a church built by Germans! Which reminds us of how we used to squirm inwardly when we heard so-called Christian ministers pharisaically praying for victory for our side and disaster for the enemy.

The rest of the day was spent in and around the railway yards, waiting impatiently for the order to embark. Finally it came, and up the gang-plank of the old Northland we went. We had supper aboard and sailed at 6 p.m.

Aboard the "Northland" ~

The Northland (formerly the Zeeland) of the White Star Line, was a 12,000-ton ship, 567 feet long, and had a normal speed of fifteen knots. In addition to the Fifth she carried on this trip the 4th and 6th Field Ambulances; the 4th, 5th and 6th Companies, Canadian Engineers; the 2nd Casualty Clearing Station, and the 3rd Stationary Hospital. The total number aboard, 1,700 troops, 78 officers.

According to orders posted throughout the ship, our days' activities were to be regulated as follows:

- 6 a.m.—Reveille.
- 7 a.m.—Men's breakfast.
- 8.30 a.m.—Sergeants' and officers' breakfast.
- 11.30 a.m.—Men's dinner.
- 1 p.m.—Sergeants' and officers' lunch.
- 5 p.m.—Men's supper.
- 6.15 p.m.—Retreat.
- 7 p.m.—Sergeants' and officers' dinner.
- 8.30 p.m.—First Post.
- 9 p.m.—Last Post.
- 10.00 p.m.—Lights Out.

No mention was made in these orders of the hundred-and-one other duties, parades, fatigues, etc., that were to be crammed in between times. The men were to have the freedom of the top deck and their time was their own — between Lights Out and Reveille! The Fifth also provided men to help in the ship galley or kitchen, and it was aboard the Northland we adopted our permanent cookhouse call "Galley Up," which call was to remain unique with our unit.

Orders were also posted, within the first two or three days at sea, informing us that all senior officers' ranks had been confirmed and our lieutenants promoted to the rank of captain.

The method of filling the ship was that the upper decks (cabin accommodation) were occupied by the first units to embark. The lower portions were occupied by the units following. Several other units had already gone on board before us and we were assigned some cabins above the "glory hole," and also some bunks in the "glory hole" and steerage quarters. In the cabins the

accommodation was all that anyone could ask — good bunks and ample room for four persons.

We had just settled down in our quarters when the rumor spread that we were to be shifted to the lower "glory hole" — to make way for the 2nd Casualty Clearing Station, the members of which were largely medical students, some of whom had their commission papers, although nominally only privates or noncoms. The 2nd Casualty Clearing Station was the last unit to come aboard and, following the plan adhered to by the other units, should have occupied the "glory hole." These meticulous wearers of the khaki, however, were able to convince those in charge that they should not be expected to put up with the foul air and dismal gloom of the "glory hole." And so, before the Canadian shore had faded into the distance, the "Fifth Field Animals" were ordered to vacate their quarters and move down into the "glory hole."

And what a hole it was! Can you ever forget the stench of the bilge in that awful place? Just enough water, vile-smelling stuff, lay in it to keep swishing back and forth with each roll of the ship. No fresh air found its way into the place and, what with men getting sick and the odor of the refuse that was, apparently, never cleaned out, it actually merited the well-known army expression of "bloody awful!"

Despite this glaring instance of favoritism for those who considered themselves above the ordinary rank-and-file, we endeavored to make the best of our lot. Slipping out of Halifax in a low-hanging fog, along with our sister ship the "Grampian," we said our farewells to Canada in those songs that so many times after were to grip our heartstrings and bring back sweet memories of home; "I Wonder How the Old Folks Are at Home," "Old Pal of Mine," "Loch Lomond," and other melodies that bespoke the fact which we would not give expression to in so many words — that we were leaving behind all that was dear to us, for what — we knew not.

Then occurred a regrettable episode: The officer in charge of troops aboard ship had allotted a certain number of vacant berths to the Fifth Field Ambulance. For some reason it had been decided that these berths should be given to the medical students of the unit, the great majority of whom had joined just prior to our departure from Exhibition Camp. This in itself was enough

to cause dissatisfaction on the part of those who had been with the unit from the start. Complaint was accordingly laid — a soldier's privilege — and the explanation given was that "these boys came from good homes." That was heaping insult on injury! From that time on, the college students or "Rah Rah Boys" were dubbed "the boys who had a home." The old song, "They Say We're Going Over the Ocean," gave place to a new song:

*They say that they're medical students —
From great university schools;
They call themselves medical students —
But we call them medical fools.*

No one — least of all the officer who made the remark — will deny that the aspersion on the home life of the majority of the men was entirely uncalled for. Certainly the students themselves never gave any ground for the belief that they considered themselves superior to the rest of us; but that tactless blunder resulted in their being tagged with a title that stuck with them throughout the war. As is so often the case, the innocent had to pay the penalty for someone else's error.

Mention of the students reminds us of the day big Red McKenzie came before Colonel Farmer, seeking to enlist. In telling the Old Man he had already had considerable military training Red leaned over the colonel's desk, resting his giant bulk on two massive fists. "How long have you been training did you say?" queried the Commanding Officer. "Three months!" answered Red. "Three months!" snapped the Old Man, "then, blankety-blank it to hell, you ought to know enough to say 'sir' and stand to attention when addressing a colonel!"

A "Log" of the Trip Over

Days passed rather uneventfully as we steamed toward England. Hospital duty, stewed rabbit, crown-and-anchor, and housie-house — between the times we weren't seasick or on some of the numerous fatigues — occupied the hours aboard.

On the second day out from Halifax, Sergeant-Major Williams entered a cabin in which Carl Hill was experiencing the pleasures of a severe attack of seasickness. "Private Hill, have you seen any of the batmen in one of these cabins?" Carl had joined the unit

just before it left Exhibition Camp and was not yet conversant with army terminology. "No, sir, I haven't," he answered. "Are you going to have a ball game?" Jack Williams glared at him. "Don't try to get fresh with me, my lad, or I'll give you 'ball gyne'!"

Which reminds us of the manner in which Carl joined the army: He was attending University. Exams. were upon him and Carl wasn't very confident of passing in Anatomy. He decided to visit Exhibition Camp and see his pal, Mike Bicknell, who had already joined up. Carl met Captain Barton in one of the huts. "Take off your clothes," ordered Barton. Carl disrobed and the captain examined him. "Sign here," ordered Barton. Carl signed a paper. "You'll draw a uniform at the Stores and report to the B. section staff-sergeant," Barton informed him. "But I'm not so sure I want to join up," protested Carl. The captain smiled. "Is that so! Well, you signed that attestation paper, so you're in the army now!"

Lifeboat drills were frequent and every man was supposed to have his lifebelt near him at all hours, day and night. A brief "log" of the ocean trip follows:

Sunday, April 18th — Sailed from Halifax at 6 p.m. Cold, foggy weather. A few become seasick.

Monday, April 19th — Made fair headway. Cold. Foggy. Raining. Rough sea. Many more become seasick.

Tuesday, April 20th — Sea rough. Weather cold. Grampian disappears from our view. Most of us are now seasick.

Wednesday, April 21st — Fog. Rain. Cold. Ship barely moving. Foghorn blowing and engines stopped for eight hours. Sea rough. Somewhere off coast of Newfoundland. Nearly everybody seasick.

Thursday, April 22nd — Fog gone. Good headway. Beautiful sunshine. Sea somewhat calmer.

By this time even many of the ship's crew were seasick. But, best of all, those laddybucks who had dragged chunks of fat meat before the eyes of their sick comrades, the first few days out, were now seasick themselves. And many of those who had already recovered from their *mal de mer* took sweet revenge by displaying nauseating pork and other unmentionable delicacies before the bile-green eyes of their erstwhile tormentors.

Friday, April 23rd — Clear weather. Calm sea. Grampian sighted at 11.30 a.m.; comes alongside at 12.30 p.m. Westbound tramp steamer passes between us and Grampian at 3 p.m. We hear band playing on Grampian.

Saturday, April 24th — Warm, clear day. Canvas bath rigged on deck. Men enjoyed open-air plunge in the sea-water.

In the evening the senior noncoms. entertained the troops with a Grand Concert, "in aid of the Mine Sweepers' Fund." Sergeant-Major Leleu of No. 2 Casualty Clearing Station, an original Fifth man, officiated as Chairman; and Staff Overend was a member of the Committee in charge. The Fifth's contribution to the program consisted of a song by George Brookes, and recitations by Irvine Dymont and Frank Fletcher. Among the entertainers were Sergeants Clapham and McKee, who later became star comedians with the C-2 Concert Party. There were over twenty numbers on the program and to say that "a good time was had by all" is putting it very mildly.

Sunday, April 25th — Fair weather. Church parade on deck, when Cruiser Cumberland appears. Church parade dismisses itself, as men rush to side and greet cruiser boat-party which comes aboard. One of boat-party said to be a prince, but we can't find out *which* prince.

Monday, April 26th — Weather clear. Good headway. Cumberland in lead, then Northland, with Grampian astern.

Tuesday, April 27th — Same as previous day. Communication (intership) has been kept up by visual signalling. In this manner we were informed on Sunday, by the Cumberland, of the First Division's great stand at Ypres, during the first gas attack. Are now in submarine zone and all lifeboats swing outboard. Great excitement caused this a.m. when some loud gun reports were heard. All rushed on deck expecting to see German Grand Fleet — but it was only the Cumberland laying some test shots.

It so happened that, when the Cumberland's guns fired, Staff Alden was lying sound asleep in his cabin bunk. He leaped out of his berth, wrapped himself in what he thought was a life preserver, and rushed on deck. There was considerable laughter when everybody saw Frank with a pair of boxing gloves wrapped around his middle. They were tied together by their laces and had

been hanging alongside Frank's life preserver. In his precipitate rush towards safety the Staff had grabbed the wrong protectors.

Wednesday, April 28th — Beautiful weather. Cumberland leaves us in charge of Destroyers Boyne and Foyle which have come rushing up from the northeast. Lundy Island sighted 6 p.m. Are entering Bristol Channel. Pilot comes aboard about midnight. Ship anchors shortly after.

Thursday, April 29th — Anchor weighed about 4 a.m. Dock at Avonmouth at 6.30 a.m.

Throughout the voyage Major Kappelé had been greatly interested in a Belgian civilian who mixed rather freely with our officers and showed an undue interest in the ship's course and things military. The Major gradually became convinced that the man was a spy. In a Folkestone hotel, a few weeks later, Kappelé again met the mysterious civilian and reported his suspicions to the proper authorities. The man was arrested and flung into jail. He proved to be a Belgian Count engaged in espionage *for the Allies* — was, in fact, considered one of our most valuable intelligence agents! However, Major Kappelé was thanked by our Headquarters Staff and complimented on his alertness and powers of observation.



CHAPTER TWO

Keep the home fires burning, while our hearts are yearning;
Though we're far away from home we dream of you.
There's a silver lining, through the dark clouds shining - -
Turn the black clouds inside out, till the boys come home.

(Col. Farmer's favorite chorus)

ENGLAND

(April 29, 1915, to September 15, 1915)



"The King was pleased
but I wasn't!"

WHAT a beautiful sight was our first glimpse of England! The entrance to the Port of Avonmouth is one of the most magnificent in the whole world. After passing Lundy Isle on our port side, the troops were treated to a picture that still lives in their memories. Entering Bristol Channel and passing in turn the Counties of Devon and Somerset, each new mile seemed more beautiful than the last. On our left were the rugged cliffs of South Wales, with the outer harbors of Cardiff and the famous resort town of Newport gradually becoming visible. On our right and considerably closer to us was the expansive stretch of Barnstaple Bay; then the town of Ilfracombe, perched on the hills and with a natural harbor at its base; Combe Martin, Lynnmouth, Weston-Super-Mare, Clevedon, Lyndney, the Flatholm lighthouse, the Severn Bridge — the whole hundred-mile trip from the sea had been a dazzling panorama of breath-taking scenery. We were seeing, with our own eyes, those dream-places of which many of us had often read, but had never expected actually to see.

We had left behind the ice and snows of Canada and, after eleven somewhat dreary days at sea, had now found a land of deep green fields and hills. As far as the eye could reach, deep, restful green was the dominating color. Then, as we drew closer, the gayly-colored bloom of Spring flowers, the shapely hedges and

the quaintly-beautiful architecture of Old England's buildings fascinated not only the Canucks but returning Britishers as well.

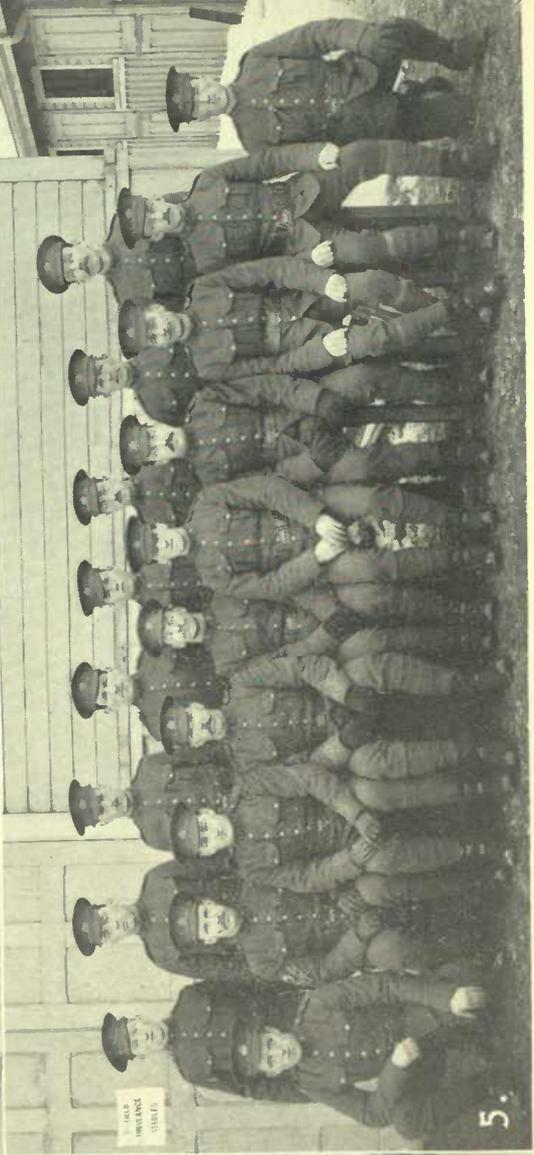
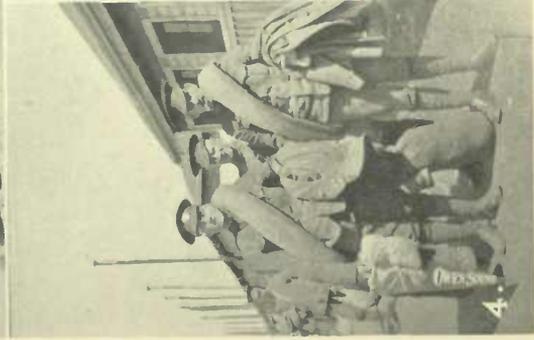
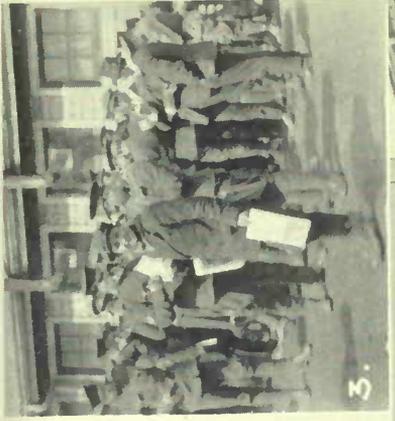
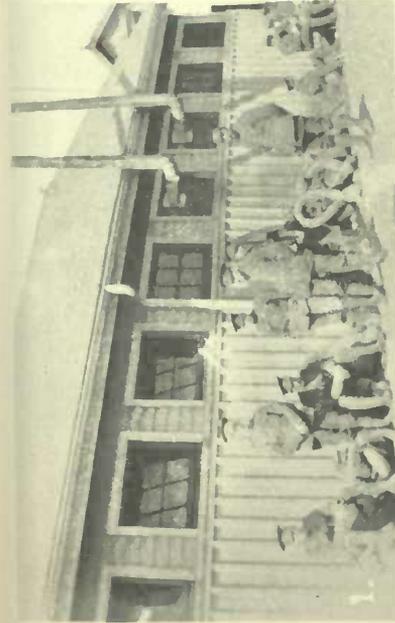
Then came the hustle and bustle of disembarkation. Hardly had we stepped ashore when relatives of many of the English-born men rushed up to greet them. The Canucks, too, were not without their share of attention, and many a tunic-button and cap-badge fell into feminine hands — in exchange for a kiss, an address, and in some cases an invitation to spend leave at the home of the recipient.

Great Western trains were ready and waiting to carry us farther on our journey. These trains seemed very small in comparison with the coaches we had known in Canada and the Canucks didn't forget to twit the Old Country lads about them. A supply of chalk was mysteriously conjured up from somewhere and we soon had the coaches covered with great big scrawls that told all and sundry we were from the Land of the Maple Leaf and on our way to Berlin — or bust!

Would we go through London — "London, 'arf the bleedin' world, not London in the blewdy bush" — and get a glimpse of the "Big Smoke," the "Place where the King worked"? That question was excitedly discussed. No! We were going to skirt London, we learned, and go south to some part of Kent. Consequently, the looks of rapture on the faces of the Old Country fellows gave place to looks of disappointment and dismay. We did, however, pass through the outskirts of the City of Fog and experienced something of the "sights and sounds and smells of mighty Lunnon."

Just outside of London our train stopped on a siding to let some west-bound trains go by. They turned out to be hospital trains, and, upon our enquiring of a railway worker why there were so many, his answer was that the trains were full of "Can-eye-dian wounded, what 'ad mide such a gordawmighty mess of Jerry, about a week before at Wipers."

If we were somewhat amused at the small size of the English trains, we marveled at the ease and absolute absence of jerking with which they started and stopped. One great fault with the coaches we occupied was that they possessed no latrine accommodation. It was, therefore, a rather embarrassing journey for many of the lads. All doors were kept locked, so that it was impossible to descend at the few wayside stations where we halted. Conse-



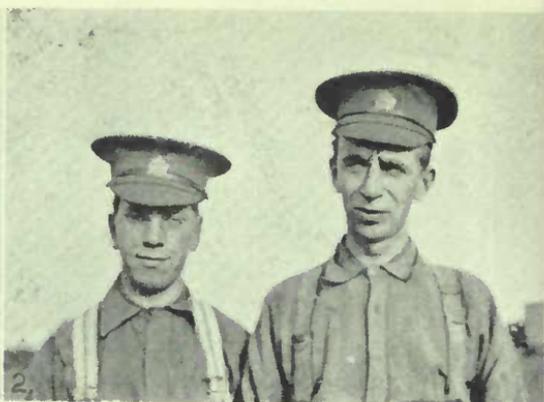
1. Waiting to Entrain, April 15, 1915.

2. C. C. Jones, K. in A.

3. Saturday Afternoon Scene.

4. An Owen Sound Trio.

5. Some More Hamilton Boys



1. Bill Plowright, K. in A.

2. Andy Nicholson and Andy Parker, K. in A.

3. Draft from No. 2 Casualty Clearing Station, Toronto.

4. The Lads from Bolton.



1. Andy Patterson, our War Correspondent.

2. Landing at Avonmouth.

3. Art Husband, died 1920.

4. Irwin, Elliott and O'Leary at Otterpool Dental Tent.

5. Part of the "White Army," at the Battle of Leaside April 1, 1915.



1. En route to Halifax we stop at Moncton and Truro and parade for exercise.
2. Captain Nicholson, Captain Silcox, Colonel Farmer and Major Jones.
3. Captain Barton, Major Jones, Captain Buck and Captain Clark.

quently, the men were forced to take advantage of opened windows, and, with their natural modesty, they chose times when they thought no town or village was near. Unfortunately, they very often failed to allow for the speed of the rapidly-moving train, and it is feared that more than one town and village saw some queer sights and received some strange presents as our crowded train flashed through them. We even saw Colonel Farmer throwing one or two suspicious-looking newspaper packages out the window of his coach, and we were rather astonished that a full lieutenant-colonel in His Majesty's Forces was not immune to the calls that were just then bothering the other ranks of the unit.

Happy Carlisle noticed that considerable moisture had collected on the window near where he was sitting. Someone explained that this was caused by the English train custom of having engines take on water while they were in motion. To better see how this was accomplished, Happy raised the window and stuck out his head. The lads in the compartments just ahead must have been tipped off that Carlisle had his head out the window, for the drenching he received dampened more than his curiosity, and Happy was only too well aware that the engine was not to blame.

It was on this first train trip in England that many of the lads discovered what excellent razor strops could be made from those leather straps which were inserted in the coach doors for raising and lowering the door-glass. There was not one strap remaining in its rightful place after we were two hours on that train. We had been taught to improvise!

Money was rather scarce as we had not been paid since leaving Halifax. But, at that, Canadian money was valueless. The result was that, although we tried to purchase food at Reading and other stopping places, Canadian money was of no use to those who had any. Jimmy Henderson, with his usual Scotch foresightedness, had a shilling and a thri'penny bit; and the fellows in his compartment were about the only ones able to get anything to eat throughout the long and wearisome day. But, Jim always did have more foresight than forethought!

Finally, after about twelve hours' journey, we detrained at Westenhanger, in Kent, and set out on the march to Sandling where comfortable huts were said to be awaiting us. This march

while only about two miles in length, was the worst the men had made up to this time. They had had nothing to eat since about 4.30 that morning. They had been sitting cramped in crowded compartments all day, and this, added to their rough sea voyage and in many cases acute seasickness, had left many of them frightfully weak. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that the march to Sandling was a slow and painful affair, and that many dropped exhausted and had to be carried by ambulance.

Sandling Camp ~

At last, however, we reached camp. The huts were all that could be desired, but something had gone wrong with the commissary department and there was not a thing for us to eat when we arrived. Many of the fellows broke camp and made their way to nearby villages and inns, where they satisfied their hunger and slaked their thirst. About three hours later those who stayed hopefully and faithfully in camp received an issue of tea, bread and jam. We learned afterward, that the fault lay not with our own unit's commissariat but with some Imperial Service Corps which had been instructed to have food ready for us when we reached camp.

Who doesn't remember our first morning in Sandling Camp? Just back of the huts was a small wood to which many of the men made their way immediately after the morning roll-call. There they wrote letters, lounged about among the trees, and enjoyed the luxury of the rich green grass and the beauty of the many wild flowers. Here were violets, primroses, cowslips and wood-anemones — all in full bloom. It was hard to realize that back in Canada there still were snow, ice and cold weather. It was in this little wood, too, that the Canucks made their first acquaintance with many of the sweet-throated songbirds of Old England.

Next day saw the beginning of an intensive period of training — in forming fours, route marching, applying bandages, physical jerks, carrying stretchers (by numbers), polishing buttons, and kit inspections, etc., etc., that was to continue till we left for France.

Memory recalls only a few of the highlights of our stay at Sandling; but who will ever forget the first time he heard the dirty unkempt urchins in Folkestone harbor, yelling "Can-eyedian Eye-penny!" as they dived into the stinking mud and slime

for the coins tossed down to them? Or the fun — short-lived — that we had for the first few days when Maestrone's Restaurant and the Queen's Bar were open to the troops?

Foolish Questions ~

Were you at the Y.M.C.A. hut the night Dymont was hypnotized and ate the raw potatoes and tried to shave himself with a piece of charcoal — and afterwards claimed he knew what he was doing all the time he was supposed to be hypnotized?

Do you remember when the "Rah Rah Boys" got the afternoon off, to hear Hilaire Belloc in Folkestone town hall — and how their hut mates had prepared things for them when they got back?

Do you recall the trenches we dug and the pipes we laid on the big hill behind the camp?

Were you one of the "awkward squad" that was Staff Alden's particular delight?

Did you get change for a florin when you had given a half-crown piece in payment at a Hythe shop?

Were you one of those in that long line-up that used to wait for the wet canteen to open?

Did you smoke cigars, to the astonishment of the civvies who gaped at the sight of a fullback private with such a lot of money to burn?

Did you get fooled by the potency of Bass's Ale, or those thri'penny pints of old English ale to which Jack Allen introduced some of the Canucks at the camp canteen?

Did you tell those English girls that you had a ranch at Hanlan's Point, or that your dad owned a silver mine at Parkdale?

Were you one of those who used to ride back to camp on that last train from Folkestone, without ever paying your fare?

Did you try to dodge Nobby Clark's sanitary fatigues — only to run slam-bang into worse fatigues with Sergeants Camps and Wager?

Were you one of those who used to envy Tommy Windsor's unique ability to look busy as he walked around camp, hammer in hand, dodging all parades, route marches and drills?

Do you remember our first issue of heavy, black army boots — "Kitchener Kicks" we called them — with the hobnailed soles

and the crescent-shaped steel plates on the toes, and the heavy steel horseshoe-shaped plates on the heels? And the blistered heels and chafed insteps which resulted from wearing them the first few times?

Were you one of the B. Section lads who used to watch Alf. Pountney energetically shining his shoes and buttons, while he sang at the top of his voice:

*When the fields are white with dysies,
And the rowuses bloom agyne,
Let the lovelight in your eyes more brightly burn;
For I love you sweetheart ownly,
So remember when you're lownely —
When the fields are white with dysies I'll return.*

Do you remember the nightly arguments in C. Section hut, between the two Jocks, McLaren and McFarlane — about the relative merits (if any!) of "Glesca" and Edinburrrgh?

Did you see that famous battle between Reginald Seneca Smith and his fellow flyweight, Nobby Clark? If you didn't you missed something! It happened one hot, sultry night about twenty minutes after Lights Out had blown. Staff Smith was sitting writing letters in the sergeants' hut. Because of the heat, he was clad only in an undershirt. The hut lights were still burning, for although Reggie had heard Lights Out, he considered that order applied only to privates and lower ranks than staff-sergeants. Besides, he had some long letters to write to some people a long way off, and he had some long words to put in those letters.

He was just in the middle of an eight-syllabled word when Orderly Sergeant Clark entered the hut. "You'll 'ave to put owt them there loights roight awiye, Smith!" called out Nobby; "Loights owt blowed nearly an 'arf hour agow." Reggie glared at the orderly sergeant. "I shall do no such absurd thing!" he asserted; "and, on future occasions, Sergeant Clark, you will please address me properly as *Staff Sergeant* Smith!" he added.

Meanwhile Nobby undressed. He peeled off down to his undershirt and was about to flop onto his bunk when he noticed that the staff was unconcernedly going on with his writing, without any apparent intention of turning off the lights. "Hey, Smith! Turn owt them bloody lights and get to bed. Us other blowkes 'as to bleedin' well sleep, if you 'aven't!"

This was too much for Reggie. After forcefully admonishing Nobby to be "decidedly more circumspect in his language and to refrain from such uncouth, rude and futile vulgarisms of speech, and to betake himself to the uttermost depths of Hades," he resumed his writing.

"To hell with them harguments!" retorted Nobby; "Them loights is gowin' owt, no matter if you're a bloody general — and I'm a-gowin' to put 'em out!" he declared. With that he switched off the lights and turned in. Reggie was up like a shot and switched the lights on again. No sooner was Smith back at his letter-writing than Clarke was off his bunk and over to the light switch. As fast as he could turn off the lights, Reggie would switch them on.

Goodness only knows how many times they were switched on and off; and far be it from us to repeat the torrid epithets that were hurled back and forth during the alternating periods of light and gloom. Eventually, Reggie decided that enough was enough, so, just as Nobby was about to turn the lights off for the umpteenth time, Reggie dropped him with a flying tackle he had learned in his Pharmacy School days.

And there in their shirt-tails they wrestled and fought and rolled, all over the slivery hut floor. Chunks of skin were knocked off their knees, elbows and other places; splinters entered their anatomies where the flesh was softest and their bodies most vulnerable. There is no telling who would have won, for, after about twenty minutes, the other sergeants ended hostilities by throwing pail after pail of dirty stagnant water over the two battlers. Goodness only knows how long the water had been standing in those fire buckets, but it must have been a long time, judging by the aroma of the two scrappers when they rose drenched and steaming from the floor. Next morning the two gladiators limped painfully about their duties and there was considerable adhesive tape and court-plaster missing from the first-aid panniers.

Otterpool Camp

On the 24th of May we moved from Sandling to Otterpool where we were to remain under canvas during the rest of our training days in England. The routine of training was similar to that at Sandling.

Our Otterpool Camp location was almost ideal. The tents were pitched in a practically treeless, level, grassy field, bordered at the back and on both sides by thick green hedges. Fronting us was a wide shallow valley, which gradually rose and blended into low graceful hills. Entrance to camp was off the main Ashford road and, with the exception of the Sixth Field Ambulance which was in a field immediately west of ours, and the Second Heavy Battery which was near a small woods about five hundred yards back of us, no other troops were in our immediate neighborhood. Consequently, we never experienced any of the inter-unit rivalries so prevalent where several units were close to one another.

The Horse Transport lines were in an adjoining field, just back of the main camp. Only a thick hedge separated the two fields and this made an excellent wind-break for the horses. Shortly after we arrived here we received our allotment of horses, ambulances, general service wagons and other transport equipment; and our horsemen had a very busy time from then on, training the new animals and getting acquainted with the unfamiliar equipment.

It was shortly after our arrival at this camp that Charley Scowcroft won his lance-corporal's stripe for hanging on to a runaway team; and that Irvine Dymont, his wagon orderly, was severely injured and got a few days in hospital as his reward for the same mad ride through the town of Sellindge.

Here it was, too, that we celebrated Dominion Day, in races, games and other sports — when Frank Beattie and Bill Finn ran their never-to-be-forgotten Marathon race. It was about this time that Finn lost "three bloody quid," as he so vividly put it. He was referring to the fact that he had left his wide leather money-belt, containing three golden sovereigns, hanging in the camp comfort station, and when he went to look for them they had disappeared. From that moment any reference to Finn's loss could always produce from him a most blood-curdling flow of invectives. Bill left us a few weeks later, to go to a sports meet at Stamford Bridge, and he may be running yet, for we never saw him again. Never can we forget him and his cusswords — and the way in which the Three Bills (Finn, Howell and Marsh) used to lament the way in which the capitalists bled the country. Verily were those three lads about twenty years ahead of the times!

Perhaps some of the men may remember the obstacle race in which contestants had to crawl under a tarpaulin which was staked tightly to the ground, squeeze through some small barrels and squirm their way through other obstacles. Bob Hare won this race. The hundred-yard dash was won by Red McKenzie. There was a sack race, too, but we can not recall the winner's name.

Considerable documentation was carried out while we were at Otterpool. Part of this consisted of the making of a Short Form of Will by every officer and man. A copy of this Will was in every man's paybook. In the course of time many of the Wills were acted upon and found fully legal. As late as 1932 one of our Otterpool staff-sergeants was called into court to identify the signature he had placed on one fellow's Will seventeen years before.

Some of the lads got down to actual fighting at Otterpool, in preparation for active service. Art Tucker and Carl Hill had a little difference which, to the amusement of all the boys, they settled for all time with the gloves. Heavy Cardwell and Fred Wardell also resorted to fisticuffs. It is doubtful if any of these lads could now tell you what their private wars were about.

Gordon Rosser, with his powers of observation keenly developed through years of Boy Scout training and frequent references to Baden-Powell's official manual, called out the guard one night, to warn the sleeping troops of an approaching Zeppelin — only to have them discover for him that it was merely the rising full moon!

It was at Otterpool, too, that Art. Husband, returning from leave one midnight, brought back such glowing tales of Dublin and the Irish people: "Biggest brewery in the world — finest library in Europe — largest park in the Empire — and the most hospitable people in the whole universe." Hubbie didn't quit his descriptions until just before Reveille, and then only because his stock of superlatives had run out.

Jim McGillivray, who later went to the 28th Battalion and won one of the Second Division's first Military Medals, retained his Western-Canadian ideas, to which he gave voice one night he was able to come by train from Folkestone and hop the Westenhanger fence, without paying his fare: "It's no harm to cheat the C.P.R.," Jim would say, "they took plenty from us!"

Mac had better luck than Baldy Rutherford who, when trying to get back to camp from Westenhanger before Lights Out, took a short cut across the fields. He missed the right path and blundered on to the dumping grounds for the honeydew wagons. When he finally reached camp the other inmates of his tent needed no second sniff to detect his presence, and his mistake!—and he succeeded in getting inside the tent only after removing every stitch of his clothing and giving his body a thorough scrubbing with the ice-cold water at the ablution tables.

War's Alarms! ❧

One morning Colonel Farmer had occasion to visit the officers' latrine. A few minutes after he entered the sacred precincts of that canvas enclosure he was heard cursing and shouting at the top of his voice. He was yelling for the sanitary sergeant — but no sanitary sergeant came. So the colonel shouted for the orderly sergeant — and no orderly sergeant showed up. Then the Old Man roared for the sergeant-major. He was now almost incoherent with rage and his bellowing fairly shook the tents — but no sergeant-major answered his summons. So the colonel called for the bugler, *and the bugler came!* "Blow the Alarm," ordered the frenzied Commanding Officer. The bugler blew, and blew, and blew, but only a few grinning privates came on to the parade ground. "Blow it again!" fumed the colonel. The bugler blew — and there came running up, Sanitary Sergeant Clark, Orderly Sergeant Wager and Sergeant-Major Williams, the latter breathlessly demanding to know what all the excitement was about. . . . A few minutes later one of the sanitary squad was hailed into the orderly room where he received a severe reprimand — for failing to put a supply of khaki paper where he had been instructed to place it by the sanitary sergeant, and where it wasn't to be found just a few minutes before, when the colonel needed it most.

Leonardo Covelli and Francesco Restivo were two to whom Otterpool brought good luck. One day Italy formally declared war on Germany, so the colonel had the two swarthy sons of Sunny Italy paraded before him. He complimented them on belonging to such an heroic nation and gave them twenty-four hours' leave to celebrate the occasion. They did!

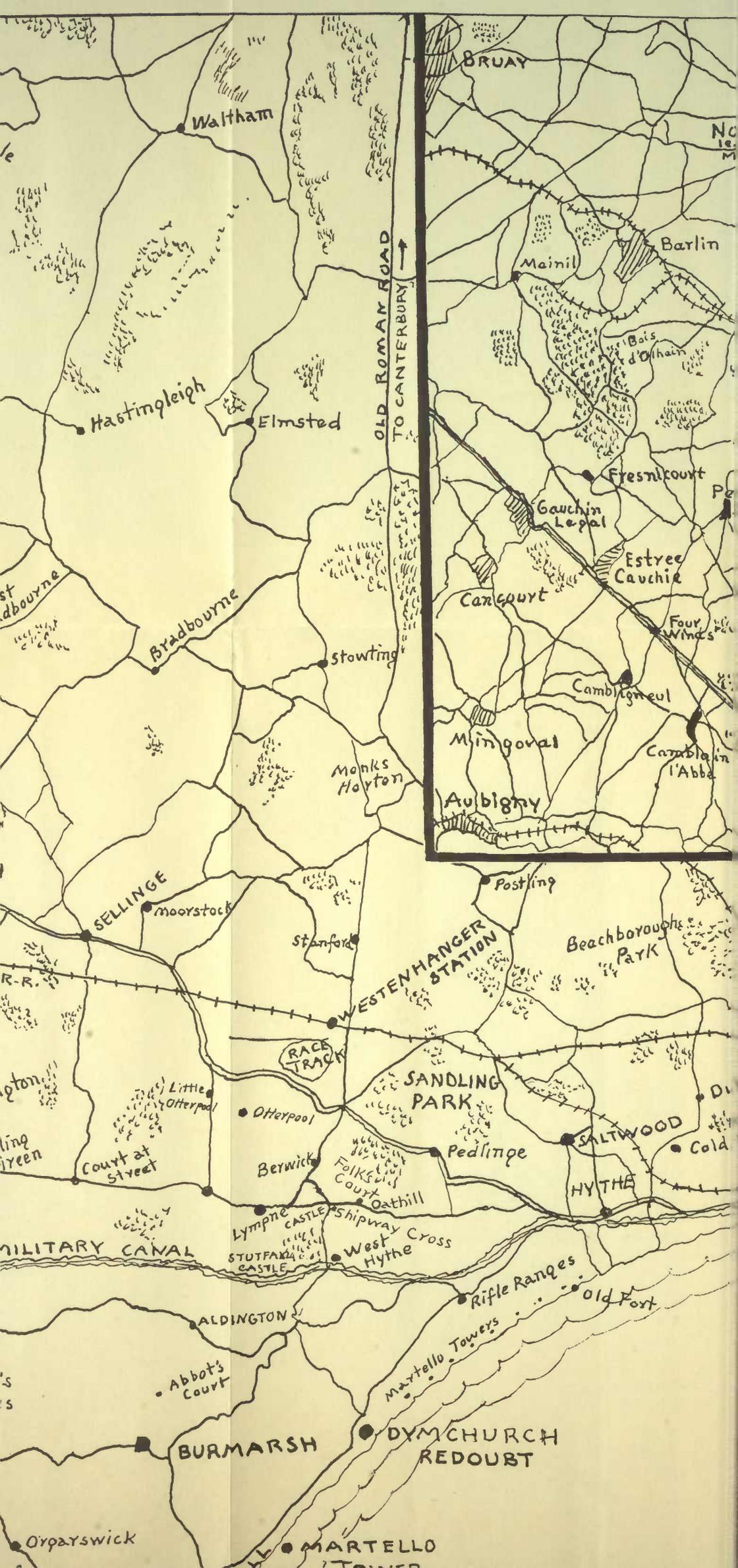


ESTONE

STERN KENT

ONE INCH TO
MILE





Waltham

Hastingleigh

Elmsted

Bradbourne

Stowting

SELLINGE

Moorstock

Stanford

Postling

Beachborough Park

RACE TRACK

SANDLING PARK

Otterpool

Berwick

Folkes Court

Pedlinge

SALTWOOD

HYTHE

Oathill

Shipway Cross
West Hythe

Rifle Ranges

Old Port

ALDINGTON

Abbot's Court

BURMARSH

DYMCHURCH
REDOUBT

MARTELLO
TOWERS

BRUAY

Mainil

Barlin

Bais d'Othain

Fresnicourt

Gauchin Lepal

Estree Cauchie

Carcourt

Four Winds

Cambilgouel

Mingoval

Camblian l'Abbe

Aubigny

OLD ROMAN ROAD
TO CANTERBURY

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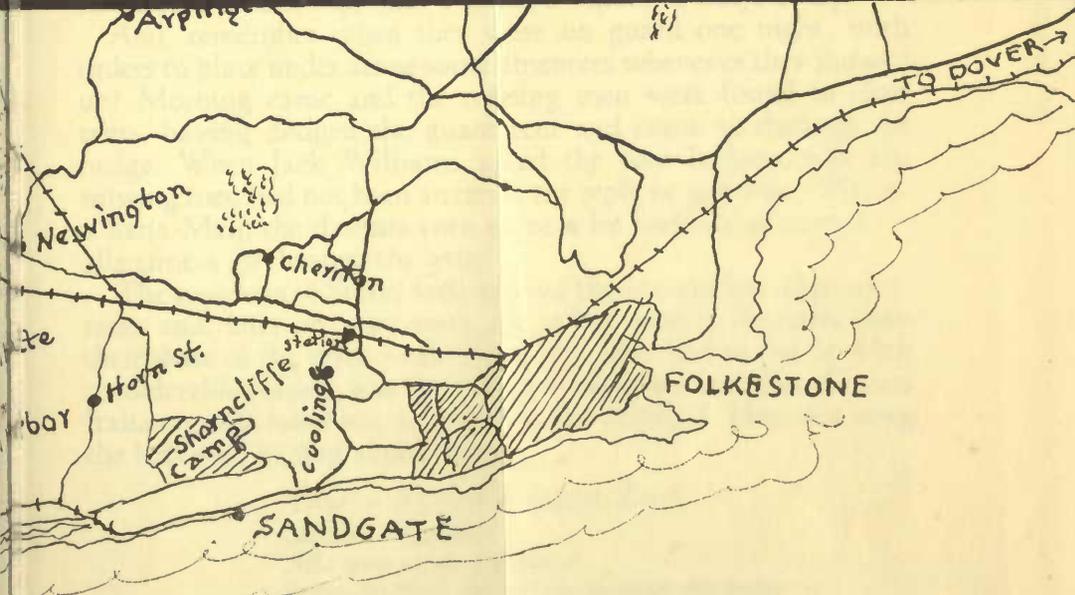
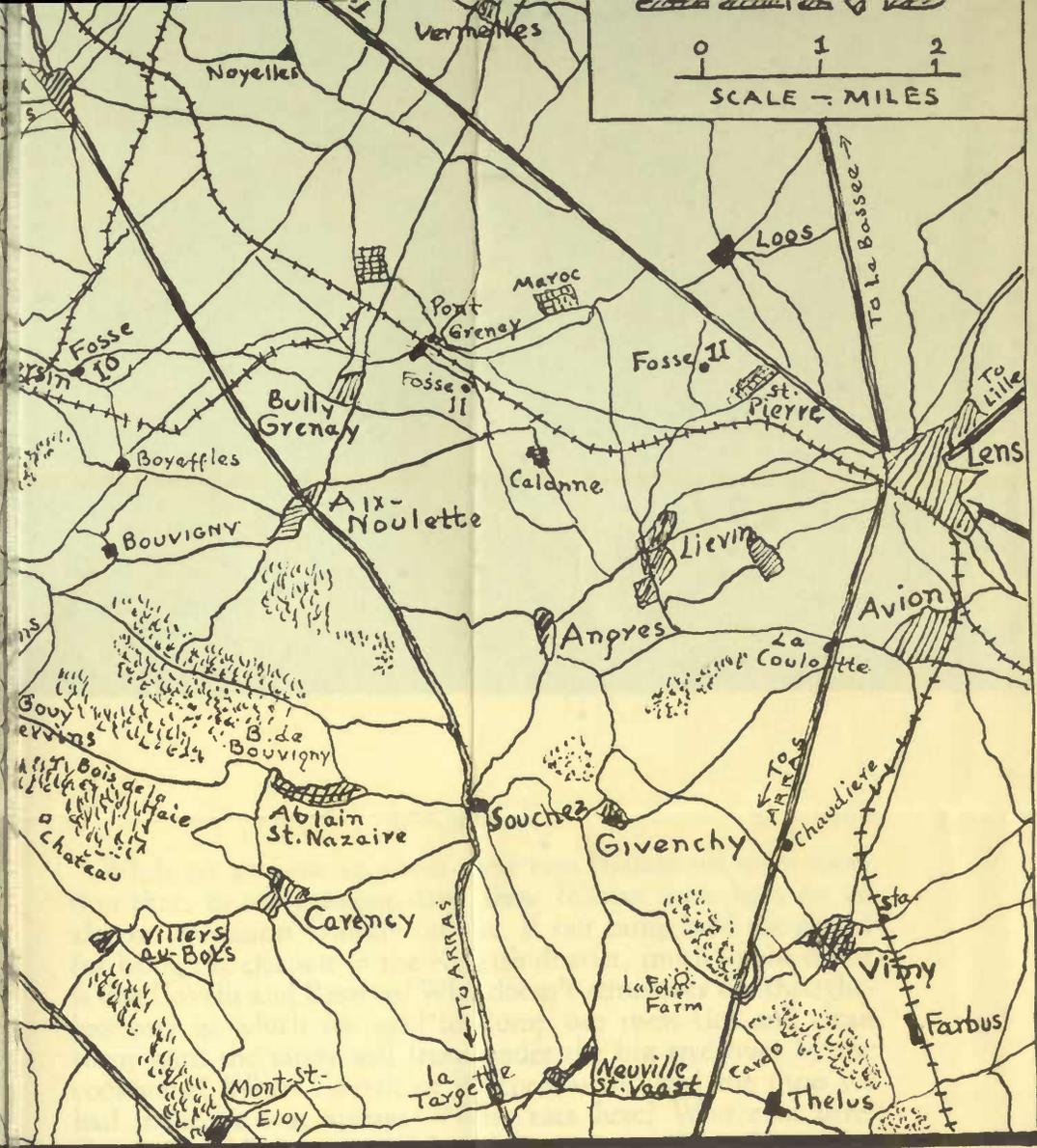
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MILITARY CANAL

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Oypaswick

No
10
M



FOLKESTONE

AND

SOUTHEASTERN KENT

SCALE - ONE INCH TO MILE



While we are writing about these two Italians we must mention that, in our training days, these fellows were kept on an almost permanent sanitary fatigue. If our camp held the record for being the cleanest in the Kentish district, much of the credit is due Covelli and Restivo. Who doesn't remember the thoughtless way in which we used to dump our mess tins and clean them with the sandy soil from under the big tree over by the cookhouse? When Covelli or Restivo would find the mess we had made, it was always: "Who eata here? Who eata here? *Santissima Madonna, mia!* I make-a report to Sarja-Maij.!"

And, remember when they were on guard one night, with orders to place under arrest some absentees whenever they showed up? Morning came and the missing men were found in their tents, having dodged the guard tent and come in through the hedge. When Jack Williams asked the two Italians why the missing men had not been arrested, the reply he got was: "Please-a Sarja-Maij, the damma men come-a by backside of campa — alla time-a go through the haige!"

The two sons of Sunny Italy proved themselves first-class comrades and, later on, they were not called upon to do more than their share of the dirty work. Naturally, they had to put up with considerable teasing, but the fellows soon found out that the two Italians could hand out as much as they received. Here is a song the lads used to sing about them:

(Tune — We're Marching to Zion)

Covelli — Restivo —

Alla time plenty fatigue-o!

Sarja-de-Maij, the men go through the haige —

Sonama beecha nobon!

The Y.M.C.A. tent and the wet canteen were located in a field just across the road from camp. These two large marquees were the goals of many of the men, between parades and when off duty. A few of our boys helped the Y.M. manager during rush hours, and it was noticed that these men had an abundant supply of chocolate-bars, cigarettes and malted milk tablets, etc., every time they returned to their tents. The wet canteen was open only one half-hour at noon, and about three hours in the evening. Consequently, it was a matter of rapid absorption, but some of the boys were there for the opening of the canteen

and remained until the last minute of its closing. Many's the time Alec Donaldson and Bert Dyke were late falling in for parade — friend Dyke wiping foam from his mustache with the back of his hand, as he ran up to take his place in the ranks of his section.

We have often wondered if Captain Nicholson ever found out the truth about that wonderful night when the Fifth was out on manoeuvres and he was officer commanding camp, with just a handful of men. In some strange manner a young and very pretty girl, dressed attractively in blue, arrived at the guard tent shortly after midnight. She had had a little too much of the cup that cheers and she was looking for Private Roy Flynn. Somehow or other she had heard that he was the handsomest man in the unit and she had come all the way from London to meet him. Flynn wasn't available so, to soothe and rest the amorous lady, the corporal of the guard took her into the pack-store marquee where the quartermaster-sergeant was lying flat on his back, asleep and snoring. Right alongside the quartermaster-sergeant a bed was made for the attractive miss and the corporal left the tent, with the feeling of a good deed well done. At Reveille the quartermaster-sergeant awakened to find the scantily robed girl lying beside him, but before any explanations could be made, the corporal of the guard arrived on the scene, hustled the now sober young lady into her suit of blue, and led her to the cookhouse. There she was given some breakfast and ushered out of camp. She had no sooner gone than Captain Nicholson appeared on the scene. He said he had heard strange sounds during the night, but all his questioning elicited no information about the midnight visit and the all-night billeting of the beautiful girl in blue. And the quartermaster-sergeant left the rum alone for *fully two days* after the affair!

Perhaps a short (but true) story will serve to revive memories of the meals we got at Otterpool. The time is noon. The men have just been issued their dinners. Along comes Orderly Officer Barton, followed by Orderly Sergeant Camps, followed by Camps' little yellow dog. "Any complaints?" asks Captain Barton. "Yes, sir," says Private Flynn. "The meat's not fit to eat!" Barton looked at the food, sniffed at it — but was careful not to *taste* it. "What's the matter with the meat?" he demanded. "I don't know," answered Flynn. "But I saw Camps' dog taste

some of it and then turn around and lick its own hindquarters to get the bad taste out of its mouth!"

Speaking of Cook Gilpin reminds us that it was a favorite remark of the quartermaster-sergeant's staff that "You'll have to improvise." As an improviser John Gilpin deserves special mention. One day he used Red Sowden's undershirt for a sack in which to steam a plum-duff pudding — an improvisation that his mind alone could think of. Apropos of the same chap we must give some verse that was current at that time:

JOHN GILPIN

*John Gilpin was a citizen
Of old Toronto town
And when the present war broke out
His was the first name down.*

*They signed him on, they made him cook,
And cook is he today.
His stews are noted far and wide
As "Gilpin's Consomme."*

*Week in, week out, from dawn till dark,
Old John stews o'er his stew.
Week in, week out, the men all gag
And grumble at his brew.*

*It isn't all poor Gilpin's fault
The stew gives such a shock —
He cannot make de luxe bouillon
With bully beef for stock.*

*His "mystery" is not wasted though,
For, just to keep the peace,
It's used for "dubbin" on our shoes —
Also for axle grease.*

*And when Jack gets to heaven (?)
If he'll heed our advice,
He'll take some of his stew along
For the gates of Paradise.*

*He could put some on the hinges;
He could "grease" Saint Peter's hand
And thus the stew (and Jack) might get
Into the Promised Land.*

If Gilpin wasn't the cleanest cook in the army, he was, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the most resourceful. Time after time we saw him take cooking shortcuts that were marvels of ingenuity. One day he boiled a mess of rice in one of the tea dixies — without stopping to rinse out the dregs of tea that nestled at the bottom of the pot. When the rice came to a boil and was stirred, the tea-leaves mixed with the rice — but that didn't disturb Jack Gilpin! He simply reached for a couple of handfuls of currants and threw them into the dixie. "That fixes it!" he explained. "They'll think the tea-leaves are currants, too. They can't tell 'em apart."

Surely it must have been Gilpin who inspired the author who wrote the words for that famous soldier's song, "Oh it's a Lovely War." We give one verse and chorus of this heart-felt ditty:

*Come to the cookhouse door, boys; sniff at the lovely stew!
Who is it says the colonel gets better grub than you?
Any complaints this morning? Any complaints — not me!
What's the matter with lumps of onions floating about your tea?*
(Chorus)

*Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war!
Who wouldn't be a soldier, eh?
Oh, it's a shame to take the pay!
As soon as Reveille is blown,
 though we're feeling as heavy as lead,
Oh, we never get up till the sergeant brings
 our breakfasts up to bed!
Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war!
What do we want with eggs and ham
When we've got stew, hardtack and jam?
Form fours, right turn,
What do we do with the money we earn?
Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war.*

One character who was always popular was Jimmy Driscoll, the mail man. " 'Usband, not Osborne; Waite, not White; T. High 'All,' for T. I. Hall! — Jimmy dropped his aitches rather promiscuously, and added them on with equal abandon, but "Come and get your mail, boys" was always a welcome bugle call. Another favorite call was "No parade today," but it had to be a very, very wet day before the men were given an opportunity to hear *that* call! Remember how, at the least sign of rain during

a drill period, we used to look skyward and utter one of our most sincere prayers: "Send her down, Davie, send her down?"

And, speaking of bugles, do you remember when the colonel ordered Horace McKillop to practise Last Post for a whole week, at the end of which the Commanding Officer was to hear it and decide whether McKillop could play it satisfactorily or not? Well, friend Mac practised day after day, until we all thought the bugle and Mac, too, must burst! Finally, the seventh day arrived. Mac had learned to blow the call perfectly, but, as the fateful evening drew near, he became frightfully nervous. To brace his nerves and fortify his wind supply he visited the wet canteen somewhat frequently, and it so happened that, as 9.30 approached, Mac's legs were somewhat unsteady and he couldn't blow a note of Last Post. Colonel Farmer stood by the orderly room tent waiting for the call. Mac took up his position just outside a bell tent in which Bugler Frank Temperton was waiting with another bugle. Sharp at 9.30 McKillop raised his bugle to his lips, puffed out his cheeks, and went through all the motions of blowing, while, inside the tent, Temperton actually blew the all-important call. Colonel Farmer looked, listened — and then complimented McKillop on the great improvement a week's practice had made in his bugling!

All will recall, too, the armed guards we were called upon to do at Otterpool. There we were, with red-cross brassards on one arm — and a rifle over the other! — giving the lie to Geneva and the sanctioned usages of war. If any one of us ever took this guard seriously that one was not Happy Carlisle. Happy used to march up and down his beat, rifle over his shoulder, singing at the top of his voice that old favorite of his:

THE NIGHT I FOUGHT JACK JOHNSON

*I never shall forget the night — the night I fought Jack Johnson!
The house was packed, it was a sight, the night I fought Jack Johnson.
The light was so bad, I could scarce see a pin,
I couldn't see Johnson when Johnson walked in;
I turned to my second; "Look, Happy!" I tried,
And to get out of it, loudly I cried:*

*"Referee, listen to me, I cannot see his face in the dark,
He's as black as our chimney stack, his features are much too dark;
So, please, referee, 'tis essential to me, that on him you place a mark;
Whitewash his face, please, 'cause I cannot see his jaw in the dark!"*

*Well, they took me out into the ring and I made one rush at Johnson;
In about two seconds you couldn't tell which was me and which was
Johnson!*

*I made him run all round the ring tiddley-o-dee,
He ran like a deer, but he couldn't catch me;
I looked at my second there, standing in white,
Then I suddenly saw Johnson start swinging his right —
Then I saw the old homestead and faces I loved
I saw England's valleys and dells,
On the night I fought Jack Johnson.*

*My second took me to my chair on the night I fought Jack Johnson,
And wasn't I glad to get out there, away from Mr. Johnson!
The bell for the second went ring-ting-a-ling;
They said "The bell's ringing!" I said "Let it ring!"
I trod up to Johnson the way I'd been taught,
And I'll give you my word — in a moment I thought
I was fighting with the Seventh Royal Fusiliers,
Not the Grenadiers, nor the chandeliers!
I thought I was fighting with the Seventh Royal Fusiliers,
On the night I fought Jack Johnson.*

*Well, in the seventh round I was going strong, but I didn' want to
hurt Mr. Johnson.
I said to him, "So help my hand, you'd better give in, Mr. Johnson."
He didn't give in but he gave me a whelt
Just near where the buckle's attached to my belt,
In about an hour after, I woke up half dead,
There were forty-nine doctors repairing my head;
And there was I, lying on the floor,
How they made me roar, they gave me "what for,"
When they got me up for one round more,
Lord, how it did upset me!
Someone said, "Ain't he looking white!
Isn't he a fright! Who said he could fight?"
My second shouted, "Hit him with your right!"
I said, "Johnson won't let me!"*

More Foolish Questions ◊

We had been in England long enough now to sort of "fit in" — and it is easy to recall how exceptionally apt some of our lads became. There was rarely an instance when they were not equal to the demands placed on their "Can-eye-dian ingenuity."

Were you one of those Hamilton lads who, when Charley Camps, the ex-street-car conductor, thumped his Reveille on the tents in the early morning, used to greet him with "Fares, please! Move up to the front, there. Lots of room up front!"?

Were you there, that dark night when Captain Clark turned over the joy-riding horse and gig to Ernie Gilmer and Ben Case, with instructions to take them to the transport lines? Instead of obeying the captain's orders the two full-bucks drove around to Harold Skilling's tent where Gilmer, mimicking Clark's voice, shouted out: "Hey, you inside there! Come out here and take this horse." Skilly, who had been sound asleep, thought it was Clark's voice, so he tumbled, half-dressed, out of his tent and grabbed the horse's bridle. "Take this outfit to the transport lines," ordered an authoritative voice from behind the gig. "Yes, sir," answered Skilly. And, as two shadowy figures slipped away in the inky darkness, Private Skilling took the horse and gig to the horse-lines. What he said next morning when Ben and Ernie confessed their part in the affair is best left to the imagination.

Were you one of the fellows who used to help the hop-picking girls who came down from "Lunnon" for the Kentish hop season? And did you return to camp from some of those hop-picking expeditions with a balmy breath that redolently advertised that you appreciated to the full what hops were for?

Do you remember the day the news from France was somewhat dismaying and one of our lads said, with a sigh of relief, "Well, the Army might be catching hell, but thank Heaven, we've still got the *super-macy* of the seas!"?

Were you on that route march one exceptionally hot and trying day, when the Fifth was marched down a shady lane and halted near an isolated farmhouse — where the farmer was discovered in the act of broaching a large cask of ice-cold ale? The colonel paid the farmer for the ale and ordered it rationed out to his men — pretending that the unit's opportune arrival was entirely accidental, and hiding the fact that the whole thing had been carefully prearranged by himself?

Were you the sort of Canuck who searched in vain all over Hythe and Folkstone for chewing tobacco, apple pie with ice cream, chewing gum, and a cup of decent coffee?

Many original Fifth men will remember at least one or two of the several aeroplanes which made forced landings in the

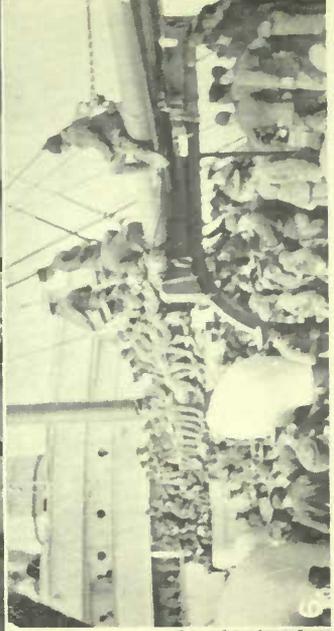
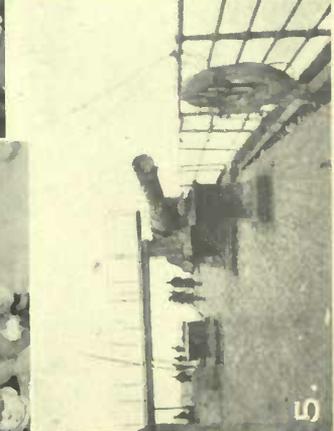
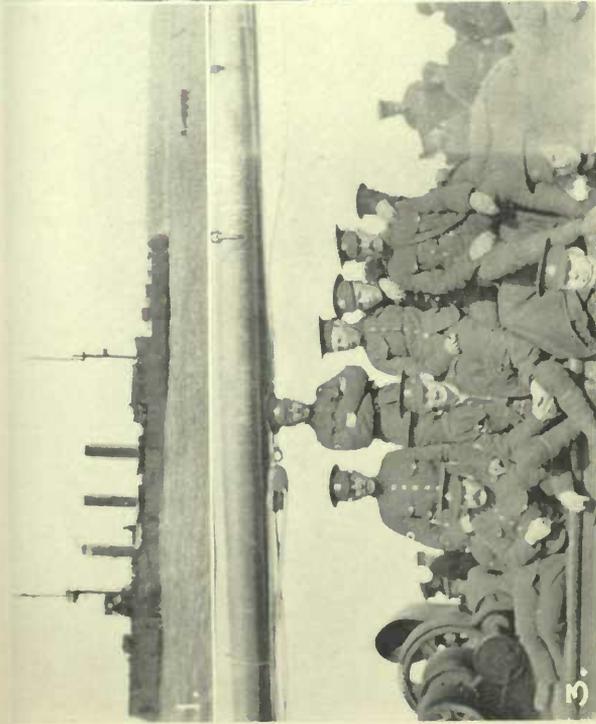
level field just west of our camp. Whenever a plane was seen about to land, Colonel Farmer would hurry off, either by car or horseback, and invariably bring the airmen back to our officers' mess for refreshments and questioning. It was the Old Man's fond hope that some day he would thus capture a German spy masquerading in the uniform of our Air Force.

Perhaps you'll recall how Carl Hill and Mike Bicknell went up to London with their expenses budgeted down to the last farthing — and how they had a whale of a time experiencing London's sights, sounds and smells? And Pier Morgan's trip to "Arf the Bleedin' World," when he visited the War Office — and later on was pinched and thrown into clink for being without a pass. When word came back to Otterpool about Pier's arrest the other ex-Boy Scouts thought it was terrible and that they were disgraced beyond redemption!

Were you there the day Harry Fryday was boasting about his strength and one of the lads bet him he couldn't even lift himself off the ground. Harry accepted the challenge. Two buckets were brought and with a foot in each Harry tried desperately to lift himself. The laughter of the onlookers only served to spur him on to greater efforts but he was finally forced to give in when the bucket handles had almost cut their way through his tugging fists.

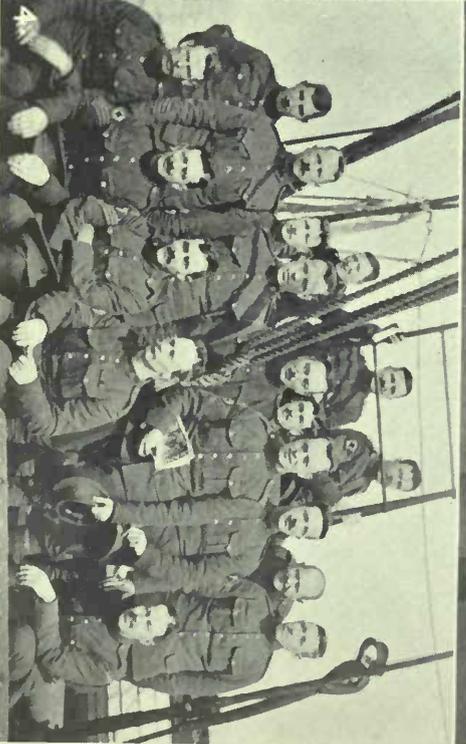
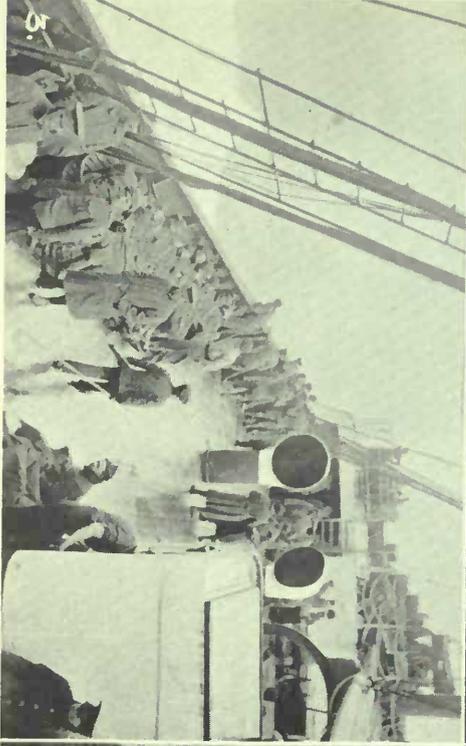
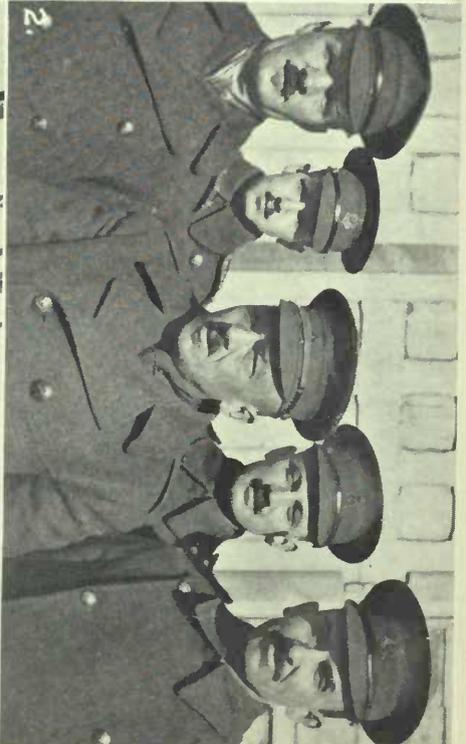
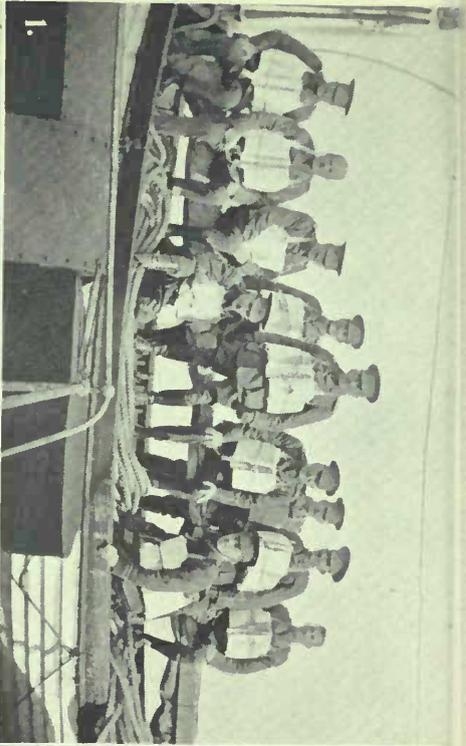
Were you in Tent Number Nine, playing poker, the day Orderly Officer Barton happened along and caught the fellows with a blanket spread on the floor-boards and a tell-tale "pot" of "tanners," thri'penny bits," and "ha'pennies" awaiting a winner? "I hope you men aren't gambling?" said Barton, passing on after a brief glance at the sinful layout. "No, sir, we're all Methodists in here!" came the answer from one of the scared players, and the game went on, thanks to the captain's tolerance.

Perhaps you know something of that weird night when non-coms. Williams, Gardner and Busst played Don Quixote to a bibulous damsel in distress — and the ultimate denouement when the irate husband of the more-or-less virtuous young lady appeared unexpectedly upon the scene. All we know is that the three chivalrous non-coms. retreated rather timidly and precipitately and didn't wait for the thanks of the grateful husband — who happened to be a Guardsman, about six-feet-four in height and a yard across the shoulders!



1. A Pinnace puts out from the Cumberland
3. The Winch Platform was a Favorite Spot
4. Lifeboat Drill.

2. Some of the Boy Scouts.
6. Watching a Boxing Bout.

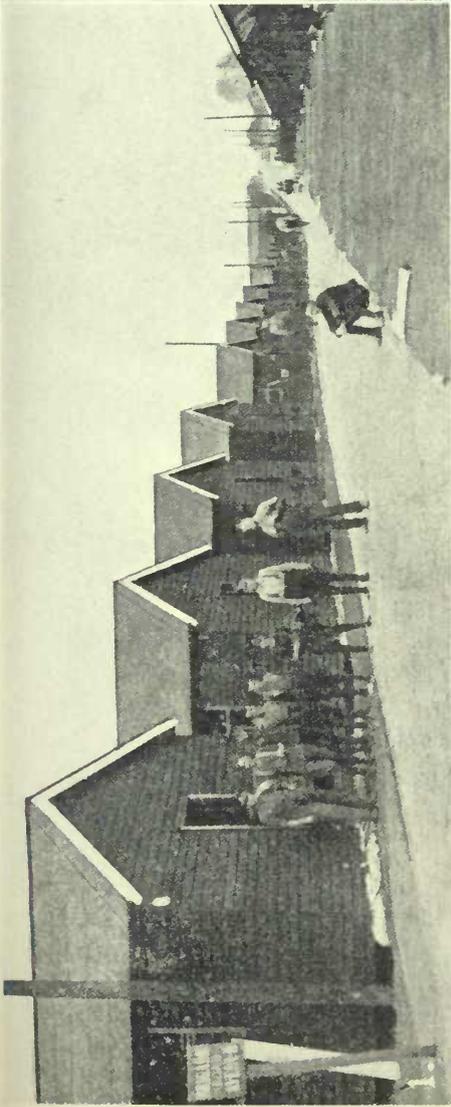


1. Officers' Lifeboat Drill.

3. Enjoying the Sun on the Top Deck.

2. Clark, Buck, Kappeler, Barton, Silcox.

4. The Original Senior Noncoms.



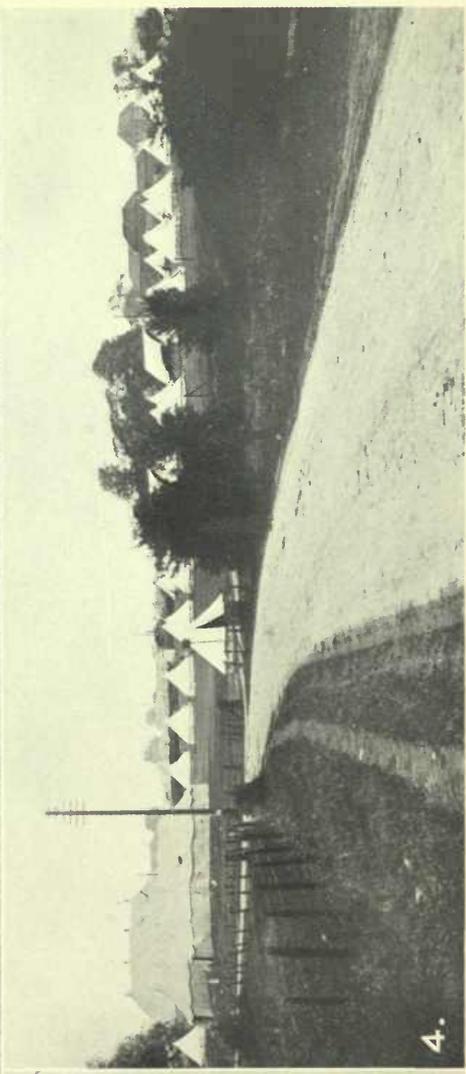
1. A Street of Huts in Sandling Camp.



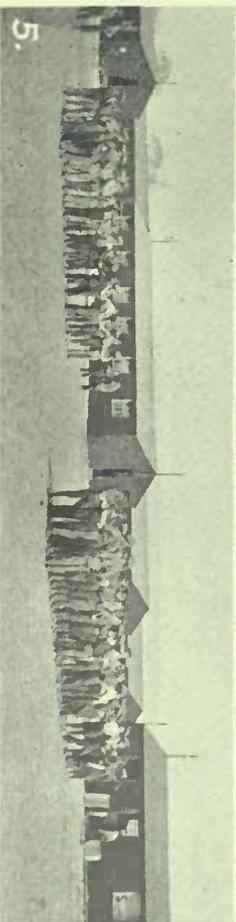
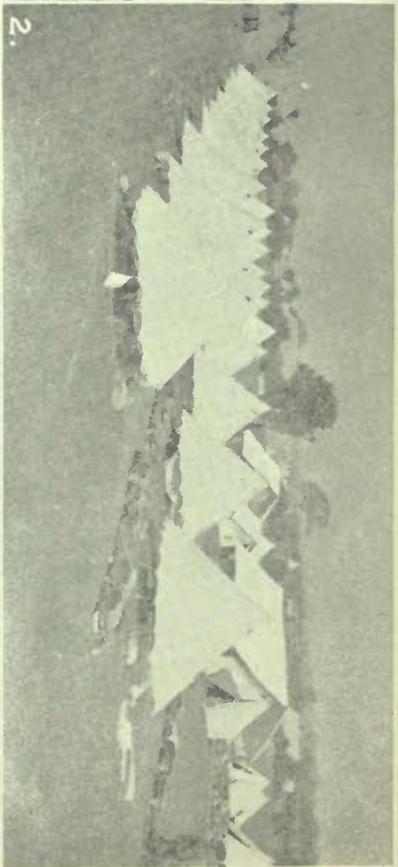
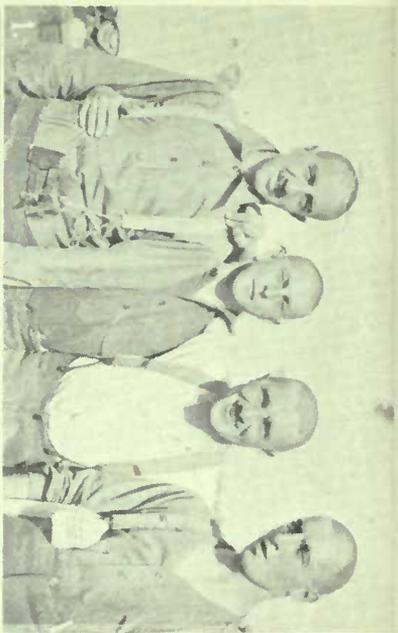
3. S. M. Jack Williams (Some say "Good old Sergeant-Major...")



2. Sergeant Al. Wartman, D.C.M., K. in A.



4. Otterpool Camp, from the Ashford Road.



5.

2.

3.

4.

6.

1. Trollope, McDonald, O'Leary and Pender, heads shaved for France.

3. "Galley Up" at Otterpool. Mitchell at left.

5. "Fall In" at Sandling Camp.

4. Otterpool Bathing Beauties.

2. Otterpool Camp, looking toward Ashford.

6. The Officers' Servants or Batmen.

A Gig and Some Giggles

But let's get back to that joy-riding dog-cart. It was in this very same gig that the daughter of the Otterpool Manor House was being taken for a ride, one Saturday afternoon, by Captain Barton. Major Kappele and Captain Burgess, intent on having a game of billiards at the Hythe Club, elected to drive to town with them and, being *tres gentils*, sat in the front seat with Kappele doing the driving. It was a lovely midsummer's day. The sun shone brightly, the birds sang sweetly, the breezes blew gently and, except for a rather back-firing horse, nothing marred the day until the party were about half-way down that steep hill just west of Hythe. There they met one of those smoke-belching steam tractors hauling a train of wagons up the hill. Their horse shied, the maiden cried, and the driver tried (in vain) to control the frightened animal. The terrified steed veered over to the side of the road; one wheel of the gig ran up the bank, and the gallant major was dumped ingloriously out on the dusty road, where he was dragged along for some distance, damaging considerably his knees, his elbows and his dignity. Burgess gathered in the reins with the crook of his cane and stopped the runaway horse. The major pulled himself together and remounted the dog-cart, leaving the driving to Captain Burgess. As was usual on Saturday afternoons, hundreds of foot-slogging soldiers were on their way to Hythe and enjoyed immensely the major's temporary downfall. However, the laughable upset failed to spoil the afternoon's fun for the two billiard addicts. They had their game and in due time returned to camp.

On the following Sunday morning, the church parade was called a half-hour earlier than usual, and Major Kappele, not having sufficiently perused the orders, found himself in the latrine when the officers' call was sounded. Not desiring to appear late on parade and receive from the irate colonel a public castigation, he decided to lie low, and totally disregarded several frantic bugle calls. Captain Burgess suddenly appeared at the latrine entrance: "For heaven's sake, major, the colonel has had the officers' call blown five times especially for you, and he himself is going to blow up if you don't appear on parade!" But the major decided to stay where he was. "It's too late, now. I'm going to remain here until the unit moves off." In due time the

parade moved off, whereupon the major emerged from the redolent retreat and retired to his tent to fortify himself against the return of the unit from church parade.

About an hour later the unit returned. Colonel Farmer strode straight to Kappele's tent. "Major Kappele!" he demanded hotly, "why were you absent from church parade this morning?" The major appeared very contrite. "I am very sorry, sir," he answered apologetically, "I intended to ask you to excuse me from parade on account of injury to my knees and elbows." Colonel Farmer fairly snorted. "It's a damned queer thing," he barked, "that you are quite able to go down to Hythe every afternoon, after parade, and yet are physically incapable of attending church service!" Major Kapelle was again saying how sorry he was, when the colonel turned abruptly away and went to his tent. A few minutes later, having meanwhile divested himself of boots, belt and tunic, the Old Man returned in his slippers to the major's tent. "I'd like to see you in my tent for a moment, Dan," he announced. Over refreshments, they laughed about the whole matter and re-established the accord which had always obtained between them. The colonel never did explain, however, the source of his information about the major's frequent pilgrimages to Hythe — nor his conviction that billiards didn't constitute the total of the town's attractions. Verily, 'twas hard to fool the Old Man!

Another time the foot-sloggers had a good laugh was one day when we were out on one of our first route marches from Otterpool Camp. We were proceeding blithely along — on the right-hand side of the road! — when an Imperial unit came marching toward us. They were, as is the English custom, marching on their left-hand side of the road and, consequently, that brought them on the same side as ourselves. The two units were about twenty paces apart when both commanding officers halted their men. Colonel Farmer sat his horse, glaring defiantly at the English colonel. The English colonel walked his mount towards our Commanding Officer and, bidding him a polite "Good Morning," suggested that our unit was on the wrong side of the road. "They are, like hell!" roared the Old Man, at the astonished Imperial, "I know damned well that you people over here keep to the left, but we're Canadians, *thank Heaven*, and we keep to the right — and we won't budge one damned inch!"

The English Commanding Officer smiled. "Very well, colonel," he agreed. Then, bringing his hand up in a courteous salute, he wheeled his horse and went back to the head of his own unit. Calmly he gave his men the order to march, right-inclined them to the other side of the road and led them past us. It was some moments before Colonel Farmer had recovered sufficiently to enable him to give the necessary orders to start us on our way again — still on the right-hand side of the road! As soon as a bend in the road hid us from the Imperials, however, we moved over to the left-hand side. From that day on, certain officious noncoms. kept up an almost continuous warning of "Keep to the left!" whenever we were on the march.

From the aforementioned incident it might be inferred (and quite correctly!) that the colonel hadn't very much respect for some of the English customs and traditions. Perhaps, like many other Canadians, he had been brought up to believe that British fair-play, and everything else that was British, was absolutely the best in the world — and had been rather astounded and disappointed to find that many of their habits, methods and customs were a trifle below par, when judged by Canadian standards.

Orderly Room Episodes ~

The fawning, sycophantic, non-thinking type of Imperial noncom. and Tommy was, in the eyes of our colonel, an abomination and a fraud. Whatever may have been our Commanding Officer's own faults and shortcomings — and he had many, indeed! — he never failed to put interfering Imperials in what he considered their proper places. For instance, one of our men had been arrested in London — for failing to salute an English officer, for unbuttoning his own tunic collar, for entering an out-of-bounds officers' hotel, or some such heinous offence — and when brought back to Otterpool for trial, Colonel Farmer read the charge-sheet, then turned to the sergeant-major. "Bring in the witnesses against this man?" Sergeant-Major Williams paraded into the orderly room two Imperial military police corporals. As soon as Colonel Farmer saw that the witnesses were English noncoms. he flew into a rage. "Are these the only witnesses?" he demanded. "Yes, sir," answered the sergeant-major. "Discharge the prisoner!" spluttered the colonel. "I

wouldn't take the words of a dozen of these blankety-blank Imperial policemen against the word of one of my own men! The case is dismissed!" Thereupon the two dumbfounded and discomfited English military policemen were ushered out of the colonel's presence, and started on their journey back to London. But, just as the erstwhile prisoner was going out the tent door, Colonel Farmer called him back. "Damn you, Private Blank, you're lucky those witnesses weren't Canadians. I'd have given you twenty-eight days Number One. And you'll get it, too, if you ever come before me again. Now get out!" Needless to add, Private Blank got out — before the colonel changed his mind.

Another prisoner who came before the Commanding Officer that very same morning was also lucky — but not quite so fortunate as the previous one. This culprit was given the full twenty-eight days Number One. After he had been marched out of the orderly room, Sergeant-Major Williams spoke up: "Beg pardon, Colonel Farmer, but 'ow are we to tyke this man down to Shorncliffe?" The colonel favored the sergeant-major with a mystified stare. "What do you mean — Shorncliffe?" he demanded. "Well, sir, it's loike this: You've given this man twenty-eight dyes Number One, and that means that he must be turned over to the A.P.M. for punishment. Them's our orders, sir!" Colonel Farmer tapped a violent pencil-tattoo on the orderly room table, and cussed a few of those cusses that went so appropriately with his initials — G. D. At last he looked up. "Bring the prisoner back here at once, sergeant-major. No blankety-blank-blank A.P.M. is going to have the satisfaction of punishing one of my men!" So the prisoner was brought back, and the colonel told him that he had been thinking the case over and had decided to reduce the sentence — in the hope that the offender might appreciate the leniency and turn out to be a better soldier! The man was then given a sentence that would not necessitate his removal from our own unit — *twenty-one* days Number One!

One morning Staff Deadman was sitting at his desk in the orderly room marquee, after the rest of the unit had marched away on manoeuvres. Shortly after leaving camp, Colonel Farmer galloped back to give Deadman some final instructions. In his typically impetuous manner he galloped his horse right into the orderly tent, where the animal reared up on its hind-

quarters in a sudden halt. Deadman was so startled at seeing the horse's fore-legs pawing the air just above his head, he tipped over backwards and fell right out of the tent. The colonel shouted out the nearly forgotten instructions, wheeled the badly frightened and windy horse and galloped away — leaving a pile of fertilizer on the marquee floor-boards as a souvenir of the hectic visit. It was only by the presence of the evidence, steaming up from the floor, that Deadman could convince himself that the whole episode was not a matter of imagination.

The men used to get a great kick in listening to the reading of daily orders on the morning roll-call parades. One orderly sergeant read out, "The unit will parade at 8.30 for *tactical* exercises," but he confused the word *tactical* with a similar word of the same number of letters but with an "s" for its third letter. The same noncom. informed the men that when they reached France they would not be allowed to send home the name of their *corpse* in a letter — and he never could understand why the lads laughed at him! Later on, in France, he read out that, "In the forward areas all gas helmets must be worn at the *Albert* (Alert) position." To the end of the war that position for the gas mask was the *Albert* position to us. It was the custom of this same sergeant to order the men not to wash their mess-tins on the "*absolution* tybles."

After a few weeks at Otterpool the men received word that Princess Mary had made a gift of chocolate to the unit, but no chocolate ever reached us; and, from then until the end of the war, there were expressions of disgust about the manner in which we were deprived of this gift.

Sergeant-Major Williams had his troubles with the signallers. These six wigwaggers would leave camp early every week-day morning and go away off, and out of sight, into the fields near the old race-track. There they would practise with flags, telegraph keys and buzzers. Back in camp the unit would fall in for a route march. The bugler would blow "Signallers Fall In" — but never a signaller showed up. The call would be repeated a half-dozen times, but only after the unit had marched off without them and was well out of sight would the signallers come from behind trees and hedges and proceed, in their own leisurely way, to pass the hours until the return of the unit. The colonel promised painful treatment for their deafness but never cured them.

Mention of the signallers reminds us that it was the corporal-signaller who came back from London with such interesting yarns about Jermyn Street, the Leicester Lounge, Piccadilly Circus and Effing Forest. How the Rah Rah Boys used to gather round when the blonde heart-wrecker told about the mysteries of the "Big Smoke" and the famous bush just outside the city! And Old Simmy Simpson, too, never tired asking to hear the corporal's adventures. Evidently old Simmy had been young himself, one long-ago day! And, by the way, this old lad had the heart of a lion. We do not know what his real age was, but he must easily have been the oldest man in the unit. And, right from the day he enlisted to the day he was finally sent back from France, Simmy was never heard to grumble about the hardships, and was never known to shirk even the toughest duty assignments.

During our stay in Otterpool we marched over almost every road within a radius of twenty-five miles of camp. Ashford, Canterbury, Smeeth, Lympne, Hatch Park, Saltwood, Bonnington, the Romney Marshes, Newchurch, Priory Wood, Aldington, Brabourne, Waltham, Postling, the Royal Military Road and Canal, Sandgate, Hythe, Sellindge, Monks Horton — route marches, manoeuvres and pleasure trips acquainted us with these and many more places in the area.

From Reveille, at 5 a.m., until Lights Out, at 10 p.m., we were going all the time. We made at least one route march each day, and those route marches weren't pleasure jaunts. They were made on very meagre breakfasts and taxed our endurance to the utmost. To make us more uncomfortable, our water-bottles were always sealed before we left camp and any man caught resorting to his bottle before permission was given to the whole unit — well, he was placed under arrest, punished, and stood an excellent chance of being left in England when the unit went to France.

Two or three times each week we donned fatigue shirts and slacks and marched to Dymchurch for a sea bath. Generally the sea was so rough it was impossible to enter the water, without being dashed violently against the breakwater. One day Staff Smith and Tommy Poole, both excellent swimmers, were caught in the strong undertow and only prompt help from Private Arthur Barker and others saved them from death. Barker jumped in, fully clothed, and rescued Poole. Those who didn't swim, or

found the water too rough, used to strip and sit on the rocks, where they passed the time in horse-play and throwing jellyfish and other flotsam at each other's naked pelts. After the bath we marched the long uphill eight miles back to camp — and invariably arrived there fagged out, white with road-dust and far dirtier than when we left.

It was while we were on a bathing parade we first got to know — and love — “Mother,” that kindly, smiling, white-haired, old lady who lived at the top of the hill on the Dymchurch road. She was always on hand to greet us, and who can ever forget her, waving a Canadian flag at us the last day we marched past her home?

Various forms of diversion were introduced into camp, in an effort to obtain relief from the monotonous training routine. Ben Sharpe gathered together all the singers (and would-be singers!) and many happy hours were passed trying over the old songs: “By the Banks of Allan Water,” “Poor Old Jeff,” and many others. What those choristers lacked in harmony they more than made up for in volume, and “Sharpe's Canaries,” as the lads dubbed them, provided considerable entertainment.

There was a chess-players' league, presided over by Bunny Brown, Alex. Waite and Sammy Jacobs. One evening, while Rosser and Hare were playing, “Josser” went to sleep for a full half-hour, while Bob Hare, unaware that his opponent was in dreamland, continued to study the chess-board, waiting for him to move. Cribbage tournaments were also organized by Johnny Nichols, little Andy Nicholson and droll “Dick” Whittingham. There were, too, the usual games of Five Hundred, Poker, Rummy, Whist, Pitch-and-Toss, and the “Gallopig Dominoes.”

Captain Elliott presented the unit with a set of horizontal bars, and organized and trained a class of budding Sandows. We also had football, baseball and cricket teams. There was, too, plenty of boxing equipment, and many of the lads put on *friendly* bouts — which usually ended up with friendships strained, perhaps, but seldom broken.

The ex-Boy Scout fellows ganged together on jaunts to nearby historical places, and semaphore signalling was taught to the three unit sections by the members of the signalling squad. Pick Bridges was the signaller detailed to teach semaphore to B. Section, and some of the lads may still recall how he used to

explain one of the half-circles: "This is 'ow you myke this circle. You commence at Eyetch, gow to Hye, then on to Kye — ow-mitting Jye." The fellows used to ask Pick, over and over again, to explain that H. to I. to K. detail — just to hear him say it!

Horseback-riding parties, poker games, whist, and charabanc jaunts to London, Canterbury and Dover were the diversions our officers seemed to enjoy most. Those riding jaunts with the robust young lady from a nearby estate seemed to head their list of attractions, though, and we would not like to repeat the language our Horse Transport lads used when, midnight after midnight, they were called upon to rub down two tired and lathery horses and polish two sweat-soaked saddles.

The songs most popular among us during our stay in England were "Thora," "I Hear You Calling," "When We've Wound Up the Watch on the Rhine," and "Keep the Home Fires Burning." The last-named song was the most popular of all. Most of the regimental bands played it and it was the one song that struck a responsive chord in Colonel Farmer's heart, and would invariably bring tears into his eyes. It was, as a matter of fact, often referred to as "the Old Man's tune."

Those who boasted Irish blood — Frank O'Leary, Dean Wilkins, Husband, Cascaden, and others — went on leave to Ireland. The Scots — Jimmy Henderson, the Lickley boys, Jimmy and Jock McLean, Jock McLaren, and others who were Scotch by contamination or by absorption, went to Scotland. We don't know what they did there, besides drinking heather-dew, eating haggis and swallowing bagpipes, but we do know that Henderson's trip, at least, was an unqualified success; for he met, wooed, won, and ultimately married the talented young lady who attracted customers to the Blairgowrie chemist's shop.

The Lancashire lads, Jimmy Shorrocks, Billy Moore, Arthur Wood, Dudley, and all the rest of those sturdy Lancastrians, took their seven days of leave to Bolton, Wigan, Manchester and other places in the Lancashire and Yorkshire counties.

On Leave in London ~

The Canucks, with the exception of a few who went to Ireland, Scotland, Wales or other parts of England, spent their leaves in London. The old Leicester Lounge, Piccadilly, the

Tower, Horse Guards, Westminster, St. Paul's, British Museum, Buckingham Palace, Hyde Park, Petticoat Lane, Dirty Dick's, and other famous places, saw plenty of them. A fellow would go up to the "Big Smoke," his pockets full of money. On his first night there he would register at the Cecil, the Savoy, the Regis or the Strand-Palace — and dine on *Filet-Mignons*, T-Bone steaks, lobster, caviar, etc. About two days later he would move to a cheaper hotel, near Oxford Square, perhaps — and would get his meals (if he took time to eat!) at one of Lyons' restaurants. The last few days of leave would find him registered at the Union Jack Club or sleeping in one of the church huts — and getting about one meal a day at the Beaver Hut or some similar place. It was no use asking him what he did with his money, for he couldn't tell you. It just used to disappear, that's all! He may have spent some of it unwisely but it is a safe bet that, shilling for shilling, no man ever got more fun for his money than did the average Canadian soldier on leave in London. Generally speaking, he knew his way about town, and, if he didn't, there were always close at hand plenty of ingratiating folk very willing to show him where the "pye office" and other places were located.

Of course, the current shows took some of his banknotes. "The Maid of the Mountains," "Chu Chin Chow," "Zig Zag," "Going Up," "The Bing Boys" and "Tonight's the Night" were a few of his favorites. George Robey, Little Tich, Harry Tate and the Lloyd Sisters were some of the artists he liked best. His chief theatrical desire was comedy — to laugh and forget the war and whatever fate might be awaiting him. To drive from his mind the stark realities of army life — that was the uppermost wish of his heart, even at that early stage of the war.

On Saturday, July 17th, the unit paraded to Beachboro Park for an inspection by General Sam Hughes and Sir Robert Borden. The complete Second Division was on parade. Many of the nurses and wounded from the nearby Queen's Canadian Hospital were out to see the show. Everything went off splendidly, excepting that it rained most of the day. We arrived back in camp shortly after noon and were given the rest of the day off — but were obliged to spend it drying our sodden uniforms, cleaning equipment, etc.

About this time Staff Deadman, Staff Overend, Sergeant Overholt and Corporal Courtice left the Fifth to take commissions

with Imperial outfits. We were sorry to lose them for all were general favorites. Jim McGillivray, too, went to the 28th Battalion, trading places with Pete Howard.

On August 4th we were once again marched to Beachboro Park and inspected by General Sam Hughes and Bonar Law, ex-Canadian and at that time head of the Colonial Office. The weather man must have disapproved of such inspections for again it poured rain and the men arrived back in camp drenched to their skins.

The King's Inspection ☞

Outstanding among our experiences was the King's review which also took place at Beachboro, on September 2nd, when His Majesty, Kitchener, Bonar Law, Sam Hughes and other celebrities gave us a final inspection. Preceding this event we were trained in "Battalion-Right-Wheel" and other intricate movements which were not in the ordinary medical officer's drill routine. For this reason the handling of the unit became somewhat involved on these occasions and, although there was much perusing of "Infantry Training Regulations" by our officers, our attempts to follow the confusing orders were rather amusing.

The King's inspection itself was marred by a misunderstanding that, unimportant as it seems now, after a lapse of so many years, at the time was the cause of considerable grousing — and well nigh a mutiny.

Following the inspection we were given permission to "stand easy" and eat our lunches. Packs were thereupon undone and haversacks opened. Fellows from the same tent got together, for each had brought his share of the common lunch. Little groups formed here and there and the serious business of eating was tackled with great gusto. No attempt was made to keep any semblance of line. Men from A. Section were mingling with men from B. and C. The officers were chatting together in front of the foremost Section (A.), when General Sam Hughes appeared, apparently from nowhere! The colonel thereupon leaped onto his horse and, in a voice that was heard by only the few men nearest to him, shouted "Attention!" The men who heard the command jumped to their feet and hurriedly stood to attention. Those who had not heard the order — at least seventy-five per

cent. of the unit — on seeing the others standing up took the order to be "Fall In," and proceeded to regain their proper places in the line. Packs were hurriedly put on again, haversacks and rolled coats were put into place and, quite unaware that they had been guilty of a breach of military discipline, three of the four sections stood at ease, waiting for further orders.

Moving off a few minutes later the unit marched back to Otterpool. On the way back it rained hard — not a passing shower, but a steady heavy downpour. At the suggestion of some of the men, the commander of B. Section was asked by a staff-sergeant if the men could unroll their greatcoats and wear them. The answer was an emphatic "NO!" This decision was made when there was still a mile to go to camp; so the troops took the law into their own hands, unrolled their greatcoats and wore them — *all but one man!*

Arriving at the Otterpool parade ground the unit was treated to a lecture by the colonel: "The King was pleased with you — but I wasn't!" Then, in his own inimitable manner, our Commanding Officer told us what he thought of a lot of "so-called soldiers who didn't know what 'Attention' meant, after being ten months in the army." In the middle of his exposition of our manifold and glaring deficiencies his eagle eye detected Private Case chewing gum — as nonchalantly as only Ben could chew it! With a particularly lurid outburst the colonel yelled: "Sergeant-major! sergeant-major! Look at that man chewing gum! take his number!" Sergeant-Major Williams searched in vain for the culprit, and the lecture proceeded. It was intimated that, although it was the custom to declare a holiday after a King's inspection, the Fifth Field Ambulance had so disgraced itself that, not only would a holiday not be granted, but the sergeant-major would fall in the troops in an hour's time and drill them three hours, in marching and standing to attention. This system of training was to be kept up for several days, instead of the usual P. T. exercises. The troops were then dismissed — and a loud and unanimous chorus of boos and hisses ensued.

A number of the men talked of refusing to go on parade, but it was decided that this would gain nothing, and might lead to the intervention of higher powers who would deal summarily with the offenders. We were due to go to France in a short time, we believed, and to mutiny might mean that we wouldn't get there.

So it was decided that we should go on parade and then lodge our complaint.

An attempt was made to register a complaint through the correct channels. Certain men asked their staff-sergeants to parade them before their section commanders. It was found that the section commanders had left Otterpool. The sergeant-major was then asked to parade the men to the colonel — but the colonel had left camp and would not be back for two days. The parade was accordingly held and 250 men spent three hours marching up and down, back and forth, standing to attention, then at ease, and then to attention again.

A consultation of certain leaders — one from each section — was held after the parade, and plans were laid for bringing the matter before Second Division Headquarters. One of the men knew intimately in civil life certain headquarters officers with whom he volunteered to visit and discuss the situation. This was done over the week-end.

On Monday morning the “punishment parade” was again held. With the return of the colonel, the sergeant-major was again told that four men (Jack Lumsden, Charlie Scott, Baldy Rutherford and Jimmy Lickley) wished to be paraded to their Commanding Officer. When the colonel was informed that the men wanted to lodge a complaint about the punishment inflicted upon them, he went into a tantrum and vented his ire on the sergeant-major in no uncertain terms, and ended with the intimation that the four would be *put in irons for questioning orders*. Whereupon there was much rejoicing among the four, for it was believed that Army Regulations ensured every man the right to be paraded before his Commanding Officer.

The maintenance of such an attitude on the part of the colonel was but strengthening the case for the men. That night there were a number of conferences between a member of the Fifth and a certain senior officer of Second Division Headquarters.

Next day the “punishment parade” was again held and, following it, the four men already mentioned again asked to be paraded to the colonel — this time to ask him to parade them to the A.D.M.S. Jack Lumsden was the first to enter the orderly room. In language that permitted of no misinterpretation he was told that to question an order was an offence of the gravest kind, and that to persist in such questioning was liable to result seri-

ously for him. When Jack came out, Charlie Scott was paraded and he was told the same thing, as were Rutherford and Lickley when they went in. The four men were then paraded in a group and informed that their action could easily result in their being given No. 1 Field Punishment, and in their being *put in irons!*

The next afternoon, however, General Jones drove up to the camp and, after the general had left, Jack Lumsden was called to the colonel's tent and told that there had been *a misunderstanding* and that no more "punishment parades" would be held.

Geneva Crosses — and Bayonets! ❧

One interesting phase of the affair concerned the employment, by the colonel, of a number of men who were sent to Folkestone as piquets, to arrest members of the Ambulance who had taken French leave following the first "Attention" parade. Several men, feeling that they had been unjustly treated, left the camp and did not show up for several days. To round them up, piquets, *carrying side-arms!* were ordered to Folkestone, with instructions to arrest any of the delinquents that might be found. The regular military police, on meeting these Red Cross men with side-arms, hailed them before the A.P.M. who promptly sent them back to their unit — with the information that he was fully competent to police Folkestone, without the aid of the Fifth Field Ambulance.

Shortly after the King's inspection we were instructed to make preparations for going across the Channel. Tales of the hordes of lice that abounded in France led many of the boys to have their hair cropped prison-style. Blankets were sewn together — the limit per person being two, although some slipped in an extra one. Fond farewells were taken of friends we had made while in England, and we awaited with eagerness the final orders for departure.

For a long time now we had again been singing that old "B.S. song" we had sung so often back in Canada — but with the word "Channel" instead of "Ocean." During the long months at Otterpool we had heard the same old rumors about an early move, and there was no faith in us. The revived and revised song expressed our sentiments perfectly.

But finally the order came. On September 14th we were ordered to pack up. There was a delay of several hours while the unit

waited around camp with full packs and complete paraphernalia, ready to move off. At last, about midnight, we marched away to Westenhanger. There we entrained and about four o'clock pulled out for Southampton. We arrived at that port about 10 a.m., September 15th, and there had an hour's freedom, during which time the men shopped, rested or despatched mail to the folks back home.

While we were entraining at Westenhanger the night before, two men had watched us from behind some bushes. They were Taxi Yates and Lew McAllister, a couple of Fifth fellows who had gone on six day's leave *about a month before*, and had just detrained at Westenhanger on their way back to our unit. They kept out of our officers' sight, however, for their places were now filled by other men and there was no chance for them to go with us. They remained behind the bushes until our train pulled out of the station and thus passed out of our ken.

At 11.15 a.m., September 15th, we boarded the Transport "Indian" (No. 6012), a former cattle boat. The cattle stalls served men and horses alike, and reminded us of our old stable-homes in Exhibition Camp. We remained on board and stayed in dock all that afternoon. At 6 p.m. we slipped away from the shores of England and headed for the open Channel. Every man was ordered to don a life-belt. All lights, excepting the port and starboard signals, were extinguished. Guarded by several fast-rushing destroyers with flashing searchlights we made the crossing to France. Again, this night, our signallers were kept busy reading navigation instructions from the escorting naval craft. At 5 a.m. we docked at Le Havre. Rations of bully and biscuits were issued and the men breakfasted aboard ship.

CHAPTER THREE

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while.
SO! Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.

"SUNNY" FRANCE

(September 16, 1915, to August 25, 1916)



A Night Attack

AT SEVENTH-
THIRTY o'clock
on the morning of
Thursday, September
16th, the Fifth
fell in on the main

deck of the "Indian," every man carrying his full equipment. Roll was called and we then stood at ease, waiting our turn to march ashore.

Before us was the picturesque port of Le Havre, with its fascinating vista of sailing ships, naval craft, transport steamers, docks, warehouses and, in the distance, the city itself, backed by mist-blown slowly-rising hills. Directly below us was the clamorous bustle of a heterogeneous war-time activity. Wherever we looked there was some sort of war material — guns, shells, lorries, airplane parts, mules, horses, wagons, and equipment of all kinds. Querly-garbed French dockworkers worked alongside khaki-clad British longshoremen, while on a nearby quay were some gray-coated German prisoners, working under the watchful eyes and bayoneted rifles of a squad of French soldiers.

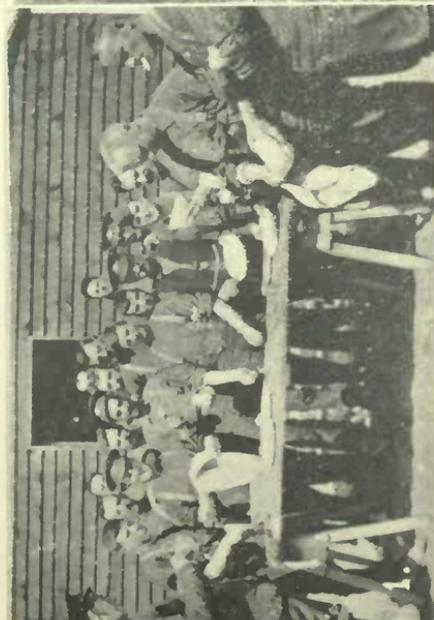
As we stood waiting for the order to disembark, one of the khaki-clad dockmen looked up and waved a welcome to us. While we were waving in return, he shouted at us that war-time morale-builder: "Are we downhearted?" Our answering "NO!" had barely died away when back came his prophetic rejoinder: "Well, you bloody soon will be!"

At eight o'clock the unit disembarked. All but those who had been on night duty during the trip across the Channel were then set to work getting horses, wagons, ambulances and other equipment off the boat. It was well into the afternoon before this work was completed and the unit marched off to a camp at the top of a long, winding hill about four miles from the docks. Here we found bell tents had been hurriedly pitched, but before we could occupy them we had to dig drainage ditches around them and carry floor-boards from a half-mile away.

About ten noncoms. and men who had been on duty during the previous night and, consequently, did not have to help unload the transport, strolled away to inspect uptown Le Havre. A friendly French officer showed them through a German prisoner camp, and during this trip the gallant son of Gaul treated the boys to cognac, wine and beer. Hours went like minutes. Finally the party started back to the docks — and arrived there just in time to have one of those jack-knife bridges open up between them and the main body of the unit. Across the canal the colonel was sitting astride his horse, shaking his fist in temporary impotence at the party of stragglers on the city side of the water. The bridge remained up for about two hours; and when the laggards finally got across they found that the unit had departed and left Captain Nicholson with an escort to place them under arrest. About three days later the offenders appeared before their irate colonel. The privates were let off with admonishments. The noncoms. were severely reprimanded for "desertion in the face of the enemy," as the Commanding Officer put it. "You're in France now and *could be shot* for this offence," he bellowed. "I made you men noncoms. because I thought you had more than common sense — but I see I've made a big mistake," he added. Later on we were informed that, immediately after the noncoms. had been marched out of his presence, the Old Man had a hearty laugh — and tore up all the crime sheets.

A la 40 Hommes — 8 Chevaux ☞

Next morning Reveille was at three o'clock. We breakfasted and then marched to Le Havre station and climbed aboard one of those famous French "Pullmans" whose capacity was 40 *Hommes — 8 Chevaux*. We were never able to discover why the three



1. Cleaning Dishes, Sandling.



2. Training Horses on Sandling Hill.



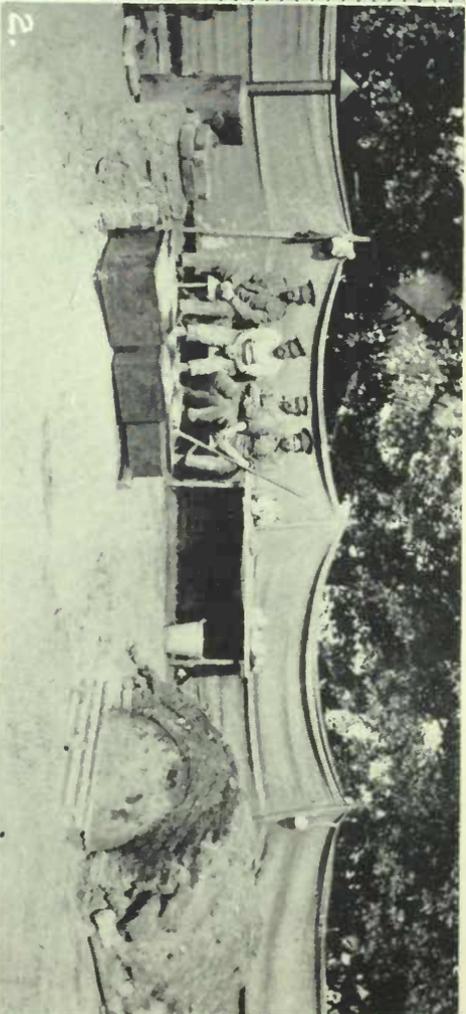
3. Mid-day Rest.



4. Otterpool Camp, looking toward Ashford. Sixth Field Ambulance Camp in Distance.

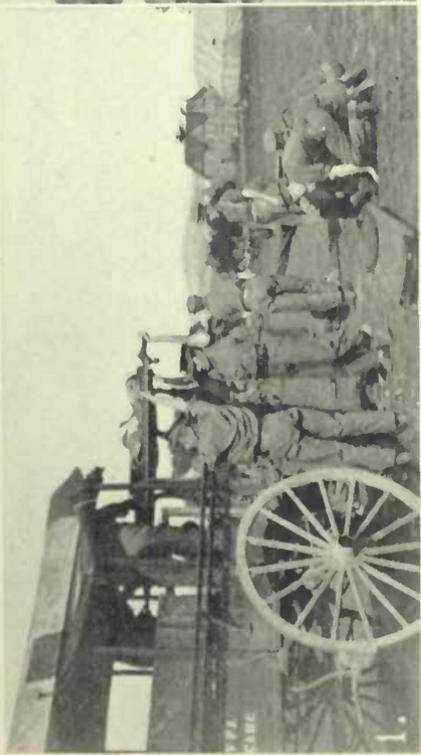


5. Bathing Parade at Dymchurch Seawall.



1. Some A. Section Lads, Sandling.
3. Dymchurch Bating Parade, with Old Simmy Simpson on right.

2. Otterpool Camp Cookhouse, Brick-and-clay oven at right;
4. Kit Inspection, Otterpool.

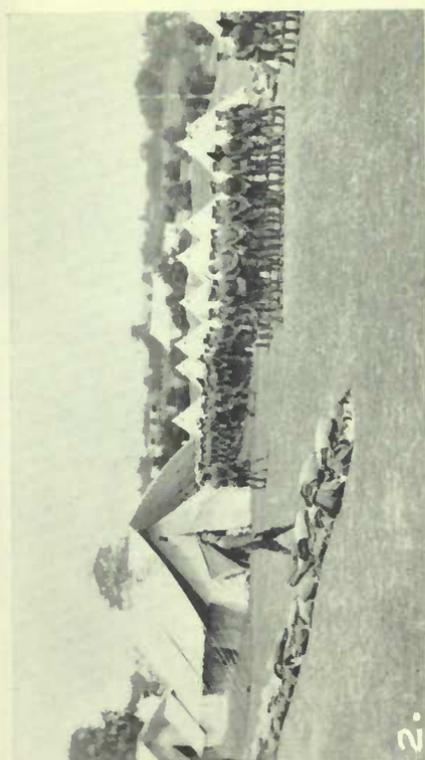


1.

1. Loading Horse Ambulance, Otterpool.
3. First-Aid Practice.



3.



2.

2. "Fall In," Otterpool.



4.

4. "Absolution" Tables, Booth, Hodges and Finn in foreground



1. Jimmy Wilson and his 47½-lb. Boots. 2. Wilkins, Husband and O'Leary kiss the Blarney Stone.
3. Adshead cuts Whittingham's Hair. 4. Interior of Tent No. 9.
5. Sellindge Church, to which we paraded for Sunday Services.

o'clock Reveille was necessary, for it wasn't until about eight-thirty o'clock that we pulled out on our way to the Front. Evidently it was just the usual army stuff of letting the troops do all the waiting.

We passed through Brexute-Beuzeville, Yvetot (remember Thackeray's song about "Le Roi d'Yvetot?"), Motheville, Barentin, and stopped just outside Charlemagne's town, Rouen, for dinner. From the train the famous three-towered cathedral of Notre Dame was visible, and some of us recalled that Joan of Arc was also burned there. At one-thirty o'clock we were on our way again — through Lerquex, Abancourt, and on to Amiens. Outside Amiens, where we stopped for supper, another famous cathedral was within view. At 6.30 p.m. we were away once more — through Pont Remy and on to St. Omer, where we arrived about three o'clock next morning.

It had been a long, tiresome journey. Those French box-cars were conducive to neither ease nor slumber, and we were packed in so tightly no man had room to spread himself out on the few wisps of dirty straw that littered the quivering floors. The night was bitterly cold and the air in the cars so bad that more than one wall-board was knocked off for ventilation purposes.

Until darkness set in, the trip had not been quite so bad. We were able to open the sliding side doors and as many as could find space sat in the doorways, their feet dangling down and the fortunate men enjoying the ever-changing scenery. This also made more room for those unable to get near the opened doors. To most of us the surrounding country was a very interesting and novel sight. Hungry French youngsters accosted us at every siding, with calls for "Beeskwee, beeskwee, seel-voo-play! Booly beef, cigarette, seel-voo-play!" To these queer-looking urchins we tossed biscuits and cigarettes, and the odd half-penny. From a field one old Frenchman, probably a veteran of 1870, rested his scythe and waved a greeting to us. He then drew his hand suggestively across his throat, intimating in unmistakable pantomime what he hoped we would do to the hated Boche when we reached the Front.

In Le Havre one of the fellows had got hold of a French book on "How to Make Love." This book was rather hot stuff and was in such demand it was found necessary to divide it into as many parts as there were box-cars; and one man in each car was

delegated to read aloud that car's portion of the book. At each stop there was a hurried interchange of the various parts and, while daylight lasted, the reading went on. That volume may not have been high-class literature but it helped considerably to relieve the tediousness of that long train trip. We afterwards learned that we owed our entertainment to a rather over-sized staff-sergeant who had bought the book while on a surreptitious visit to Le Havre's business district the previous day, and that the first few pages had been read aloud by him the night before we entrained.

Once during the cold night the train was stopped on a siding while the men were given hot coffee and cognac. Here, too, a long plank was removed from the floor of the depot platform, and officers and men needed no explanation of the timely improvisation. Somehow or other, Colonel Farmer's suspenders dangled into the hole and, when his batman indignantly refused to clean the soiled gallusses, the Old Man was obliged to leave them there.

At St. Omer we expected to have a few hours' rest. The men detrained, unloaded horses, wagons and other equipment and then fell in. Roll was called — then Colonel Farmer mounted the station platform and informed us that he had orders "to march immediately to the firing line!" A big battle (Loos) was about to begin and every man was needed at the Front!* So, tired, disappointed and hungry we set out. It was about 4.30 a.m. and very dark. We marched on for about one hour, slipping and stumbling over the unfamiliar footing of the strangely-cobbled road.

About a mile out of St. Omer we heard someone approaching us, loudly whistling "Tipperary." The sun was not yet up and there was not sufficient light for us to discern the whistler. We thought, of course, that he was an Imperial or one of the First Division men. Imagine our surprise when we finally saw before us a small French lad, about twelve years of age. He was herding before him a half-dozen cows, evidently taking them for the morning milking at some nearby farm. He stopped whistling long enough to shout "*Vive les Canadiens!*" and then resumed his tune, proudly whistling louder than ever. This was our first civilian greeting in the battle zone.

*The actual battle did not begin until the early morning of September 25th.

Gradually appeared the first sign of approaching dawn — a diffused and fascinating glow of color, tinting the eastern clouds and landscape. The crimson glory of the distant horizon impressed us as being a beautiful yet portentous symbol, not only of a new day but of a new and tempestuous existence for the unit now marching eastward. There lay the answer to questions we would never voice and to vague premonitions each and every one of us would have refused to admit ever having experienced. From the same direction came a heavy rumbling of gunfire — the morning hymn of hate.

Tall graceful elms and poplars lined both sides of the hard convex road. Odd-looking farmyards met our eye, and their cesspools assaulted our nostrils. The new steel-shod Kitchener boots chafed our heels.

Shortly after daylight came the welcome halt for breakfast. We were marched into a field just outside the small town of Arques. Here were some newly-made haystacks and over the field lay considerable hay that had not yet been gathered. Some of the men made themselves comfortable on this straw bedding, while others hurried off to the town for supplies of food and drink.

Messrs. Vin Blanc and Vin Rouge ~

In Arques the lads had their first experiences of buying in French shops. Most of the bargaining was done in the sign language, for, in those early days, *epicerie*, *boulangier* and *forgeron* all meant about the same to us. Here, too, some of fellows made their first acquaintance with those two future standbys, *Vin Blanc* and *Vin Rouge*. A few may remember the violent headaches the stuff gave them before the day's march was finished.

Breakfast was over about 8 a.m. and we moved off again, arriving at Hazebrouck (Pop. 13,000) about 1 p.m. Here we had dinner and rested until three o'clock. The day had become oppressively hot, so as soon as we halted, off came kits, rolled coats, tunics, puttees, blankets and Kitchener boots. Feet were bathed and blisters attended to. Here, too, we saw our first evidence of shell-fire. A German *Taube* flew high over our heads and all round it were the fluff-like puffs of bursting anti-aircraft shells. The German flew on his way unharmed, however, in spite of the shells and our fervid prayers that he would be hit. As a

matter of fact, during our whole stay in France we never saw one enemy plane hit by our ground batteries. Range-finding devices seemed unable to keep up with aviation development.

At 5 p.m. we arrived at a farm between Caestre (Pop. 1,200) and Eecke (Pop. 1,200), where we were to stay for the night. Some of the men bunked in the stables and lofts but most of us slept outside in a beautiful green meadow. All night long the guns up front kept rumbling like a distant storm.

It may have been the long march or it may have been the soporific effect of the rumbling of the distant guns, but, whatever the reason, Private Piccadilly Bridges was reported absent from his guard-post during the night. Some claimed that Pick was making a *chambre de nuit reconnaissance* (whatever that is!) while others were mean enough to hint that the boy had merely enrolled for a closer study of the French language — or something! Pick never did explain.

Colonel Farmer realized that the men were dog-tired, so Reveille next morning was not until eight o'clock. We breakfasted on tea, biscuits, bully and jam, then the colonel informed us that because all the roads to the Front were congested with traffic we were to remain where we were for at least one more day and night. Permission was given to those not on duty to visit the town of Caestre; and one officer and a noncom. were sent up the Line by motor ambulance, to reconnoitre that part of the Front which was to be taken over by our Brigade.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to explain to the uninitiated that by "bully" we mean canned corned beef. It invariably came in one-pound tins and we received dozens of different brands. The best known were Fray Bentos', Armour's, Swift's, Cudahay's, and William Davies'. There were several South American brands but the best of all was Fray Bentos; and the worst, we are sorry to admit, was the William Davies' brand. When the first Davies' stuff reached us there was a frantic rush for it. We all thought we were going to have a treat — "something right from home, some good, wholesome Canadian meat!" But alack and alas! The Davies' stuff we sampled, proved to be practically uneatable — a sort of jellified blob of gristle, fat and skin. We had fairly strong stomachs, but simply could not swallow it. We actually saw hundreds of tins of it being used for paving dugout entrances.

All the following day those free from duty lounged about the farm and rested their chafed and blistered feet. This day will long remain in our memories. The weather was clear and mild. The rations for the day were good and we received our first issue of pipe tobacco (Paisley Flake) and cigarettes — Ruby Queens, Red Hussars, X-Rays, Flags, Arf-a-Mo's, and Trumpeters. We received, too, our first pay in France — twenty francs. And to fill our cup to overflowing, several bags of Canadian mail arrived.

Andy Parker was very anxious to learn French, so at the first opportunity he indulged in a talk-fest with a French farmer. After struggling for a while to make himself understood, Andy apologetically confessed to the Frenchman, "Je ne sprachin ce Francais verra weel!"

How They Farmed in Flanders ~

From this time on, the average Flemish farm was a never-failing source of interest to many of us. One farm was not fenced off from another and the crops of adjoining farms met. Even between main highways and farms there was neither fence nor hedge — no split-rail, tree-root, wire or "snake" fences such as we had known back in Canada. Wherever a tiny creek or "beek" divided a field, there were dwarfed, fat-trunked willows, standing like stunted sentinels on both sides of the flowing water, each tree reaching out its switch-like branches in a grotesquely futile effort to touch the waving fingers of its neighbor.

Not a foot of arable land went uncultivated. Seeds were sown by hand and scattered broadcast out of giant-pocketed aprons. Fields were plowed with wooden plows, and crops were cultivated with wooden rakes and harrows. Ancient scythes and sickles were used to cut the flax, wheat and maize; and hand-made two-pronged wooden forks were used to stack the hay and straw. Old-fashioned wooden flails were used to thresh the grain, and clumsy hand-made rotary fanning mills cleaned away the chaff.

When the crop was sugar-beets, turnips, mangolds or potatoes, a field pit was dug, large enough to hold the crop. This trench was thickly lined with straw and the crop dumped in, care being taken that the soil was thoroughly dry. A thick layer of straw was put over the crop and the excavated earth heaped high on

top, making a sort of weather-proof mound, around which a drainage ditch was dug. Time after time we saw such storage places opened in early spring, and in every instance the crops were in excellent condition — in spite of the fact that they had lain there through three or four months of wet, snowy, near-zero weather.

Though the farming methods were crude, the crops obtained were simply astonishing, both in quantity and quality. Of course, the fertilizing methods had much to do with this — but enough said! Those methods could speak for themselves! Sometimes even now we imagine we can smell those great, leaking, barrel-like wagons in which the crop-producing fluid was transported to the fields. No wonder that open wounds, coming in contact with soil so intensely fertilized, quickly became infected and brought gangrenous deaths to many men.

At 8 a.m., Tuesday, September 21st, we started off on the last leg of our march to the forward area. We passed through Fletre (Pop. 950), Meteren (Pop. 2,400), and Bailleul (Pop. 14,000). We crossed the Belgian border around noon, and at 12.35 p.m. arrived at Dranoutre (Pop. 1,100).

Of the march through Bailleul we shall ever have some very vivid memories. The day was beautifully mild and the Bailleul housewives were flushing down the streets fronting their dwellings. The red-tiled roads were spotless as we marched over them. Just behind us some Second Division band struck up the *Marseillaise*. Old French men and women stood to attention and tears trickled down their wrinkled faces as they listened to their beloved anthem. Great tubs of soapy water stood in the centre of the road unheeded. More than one cracked old voice sang out defiantly: *Marchons, marchons!* Quaintly-aproned urchins clung to their parents' hands and peeped shyly at "*les braves Canadiens* who had come from far over the sea to save them from the hated Boche." Young girls threw kisses.

This was the largest town through which we had actually marched, so, naturally, the men gave it a thorough looking-over, as they paraded through its streets. Tommy Hawkey, left-hand man of the first section of fours, was so intent on something else, he neglected to see one of the broad tubs of soapy water which was right in his path. Into the foamy liquid Tommy fell — the first Fifth man to "kick the bucket" in France.

We "Take Over" at Dranoutre 

At Dranoutre we took over billets in some farm buildings and in a nearby field. On September 22nd we relieved the 84th R.A.M.C. and took over a main dressing station in the town, and an advanced dressing station just west of Wulveringham. Stretcher squads were sent up the Line (Sergeant Wartman and Captain Barton in charge) and we settled into the work for which we had so long and faithfully trained. For the ensuing few weeks we cleared the wounded from various regimental aid-posts. At night, parties went on salvaging trips to Neuve Eglise, Armentieres and Wulveringham, for material for the horse-lines and for stoves for officers' billets. The Nursing Sections looked after the sick and wounded in the main dressing station in Dranoutre.

From now on, frequent mention will be made of regimental aid-posts, advanced dressing stations, main dressing stations, rest camps and casualty clearing stations, so a brief explanation of evacuation routine is in order:

The infantry regimental aid-posts were aid-posts to which battalion stretcher-bearers brought their wounded for first-aid treatment. These posts were invariably located in dugouts or cellars in the quieter parts of the trenches. Here the wounded were given emergency treatments by the battalion medical officer and his staff of assistants. Either in the regimental aid-posts or in dugouts close by were two or more squads of our bearers (four men to a squad). Their job was to carry the wounded from regimental aid-posts back to our advanced dressing stations. The only regimental aid-post to which our motor ambulances went directly and where our bearers were not always used was the Brasserie station, near Ridgewood. All clearing from this post was done at night, however, as explained elsewhere.

More often than not, our advanced dressing stations were a mile or more behind the Front Line, so relay posts (one or two squads to each post) were established at suitable intervals in order to make the "carrys" as easy as possible and hasten the evacuations. By this method, too, extra bearer squads were always close to the regimental aid-posts in cases of emergency. Advanced dressing stations were usually established in large cellars, dugouts or other suitable places in villages to which our

ambulances could come at night with a reasonable amount of safety. Here were located one or more of our ambulance medical officers and some men from our Nursing Sections. The wounded were here given secondary treatments; bandages were renewed, if necessary; hemorrhages stopped; and anti-tetanus, morphine and other injections were given. Fractures were set temporarily and minor operations occasionally performed.*

The next step was the transportation of cases back to our main dressing stations. Generally speaking, this work was done at night and under cover of darkness. This was the task of our Motor Ambulance and Horse Ambulance Sections. In some parts of the Front we were able to use our ambulances for this work in broad daylight and in perfect safety.

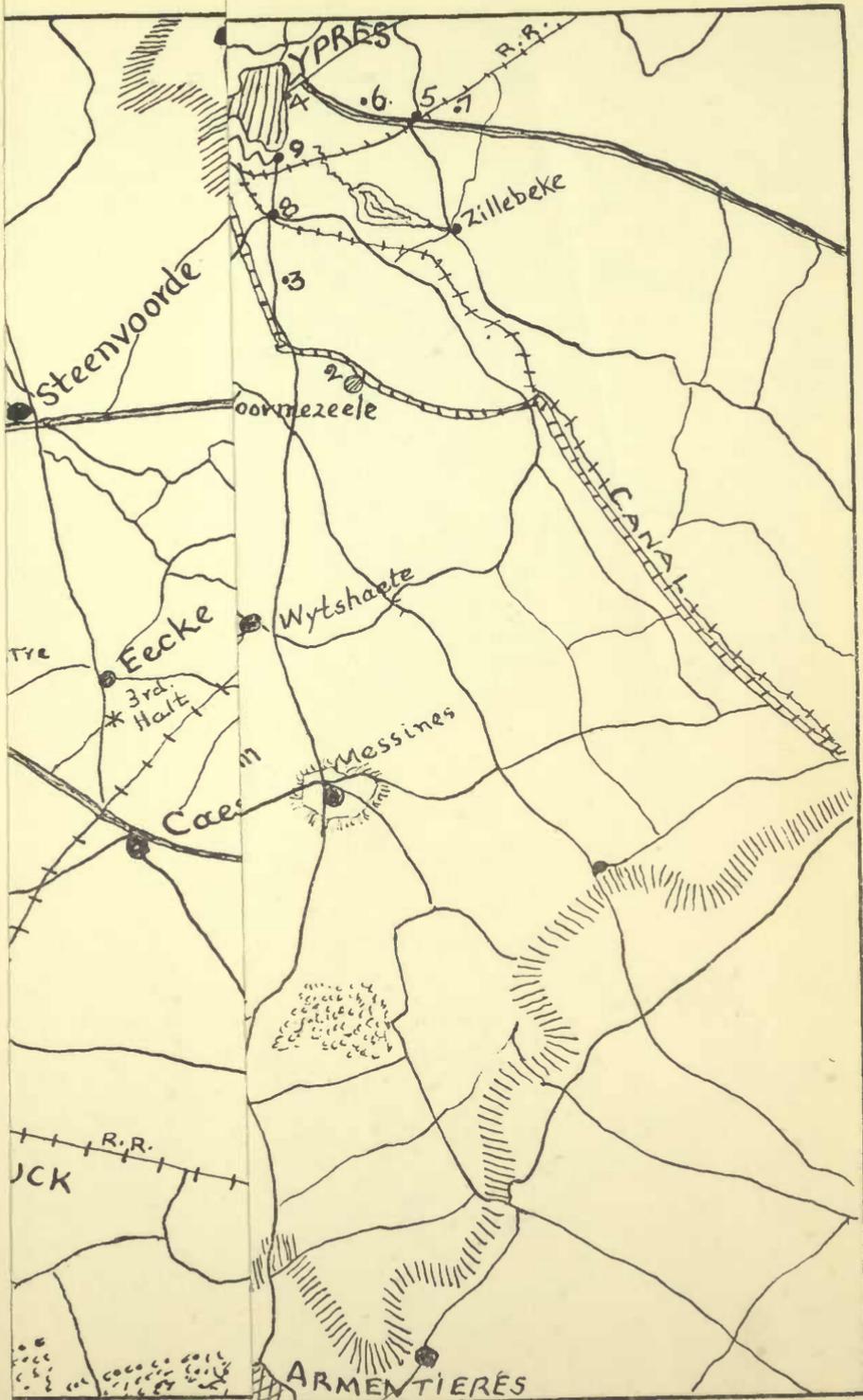
At the main dressing stations, which were usually located in schoolhouses or similar buildings in villages two or three miles behind the Front, the wounded were given a very thorough examination and whatever further treatments were found necessary. Here were our senior medical officers, most of our Nursing Sections personnel, and the bulk of our medical and surgical equipment. The colonel, Horse Transport, Motor Transport and Headquarters Details were almost invariably located at the main dressing station.

From the main dressing station the wounded were conveyed to the casualty clearing stations by motor or horse ambulances. Casualty clearing stations were always a few miles back of the Line and close to a railroad. It was at the clearing stations that most of the operations and amputations were done, and during a big battle, casualty clearing station operating marquees were gruesome places indeed.

From the C.C.S. the wounded were loaded onto hospital trains and sent back to base hospitals.

The foregoing routine applies to trench warfare only. From Amiens on, our bearers were often grouped with infantry bearers, and our ambulance medical officers frequently worked alongside battalion medical officers in the regimental aid-posts. Also, wherever casualties were numerous, we established aid-posts near artillery gunpits. Around Souchez, for instance, we had several artillery posts during the Lens operations.

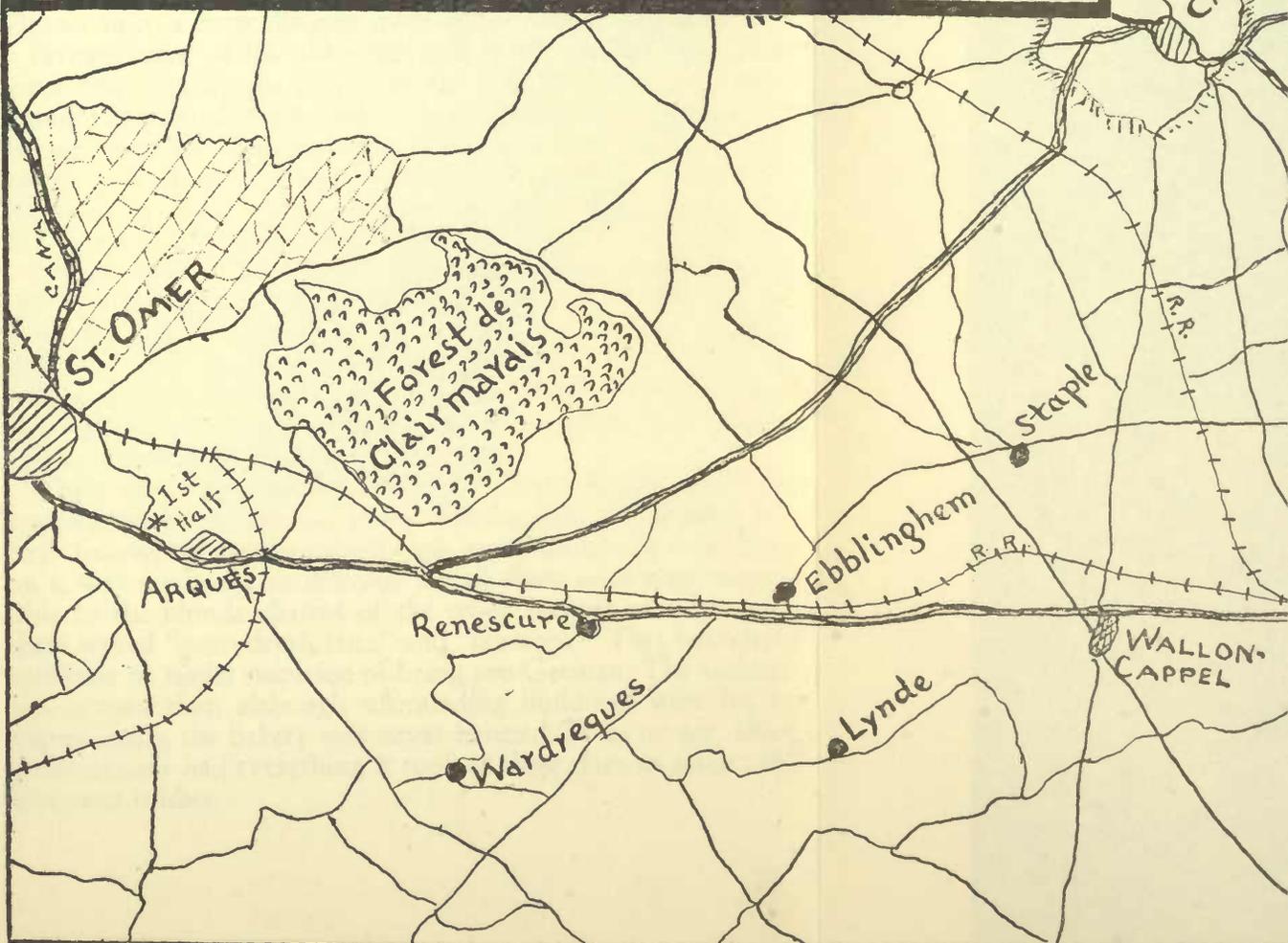
*We have a hazy recollection of Major Kappele amputating a man's leg in one advanced dressing station, and of seeing the severed limb, still encased in a knee-length boot, standing in a corner of the aid-post several hours later.

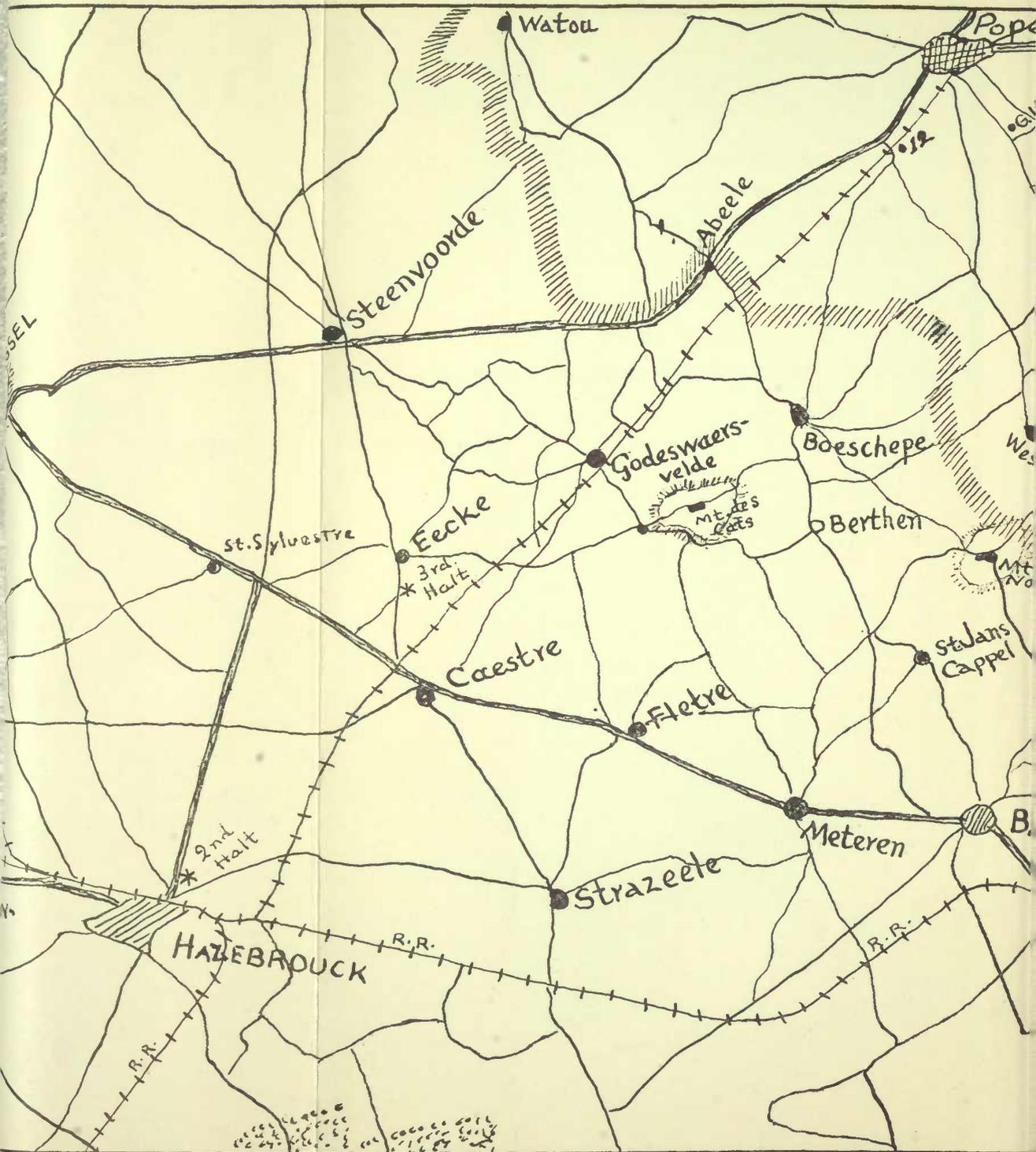


St. Omer — The Salient

- | | | |
|------------------|---------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Brasserie | 5. Hell Fire Corner | 9. Lille Gate |
| 2. Spoilbank | 6. White Chateau | 10. Cafe' Belge |
| 3. Bedford House | 7. Railway Farm | 12. Remy Siding |
| 4. Menin Gate | 8. Shrapnel Corner | |

Scale, Miles ————— 0 1 2 3 4 5 6







Rest camps varied in scope. There were brigade rest camps, divisional rest camps, corps rest camps, officers' rest camps, and rest camps where scabies treatments were given, and special delousing baths and ovens were the features. Most of these camps were anathema to our Fifth men, for the work was always monotonous, often disgusting and occasionally repulsive. That word "Rest" was the most misleading word in army vocabulary.

From the moment of our arrival at Dranoutre Ed. Mahy was the envy of all the lads — due to the fact that because of his Channel-Island French he had been appointed official "interrupter," and was installed in the farmhouse with the officers. Consequently Ed's rations — and his close proximity to the rather attractive daughter of the household — spurred many of the fellows on to a more diligent study of the Gallic language.

Perhaps some of the oldtimers will recall a rather brief fistic battle that was fought by one of the Rah Rahs and an Owen Sounder shortly after we took over at Dranoutre. Nobody ever learned what the battle was about. So far as we could ever find out it was simply a hangover from the squabble aboard the Northland — was, in fact, the last intimation that anyone bore ill will toward the innocent principals in that awkward affair.

Immediately over our farm billets there floated an observation balloon, or "sausage" as we called it. About the third day we were there, Fritz opened fire on the balloon and pieces of high-explosive shell showered down on the camp. Fortunately, no person was hit, although more than one set of covetous fingers was badly burned when some of the lads attempted to retrieve chunks of searing-hot metal for souvenirs.

Those who could get out of camp availed themselves of the opportunity to explore the town. The famous "Sutherland Sisters" bakery, behind the church, was soon located and from then on it was a popular rendezvous for all those who were susceptible to the blonde charms of the seven buxom wenches who there served "pom detair fritz" and "lay-zoof." This household was later on under suspicion of being pro-German. The authorities noticed that, although surrounding buildings were hit by enemy shells, the bakery was never harmed. Spies or not, those girls certainly had everything it took in those days to attract the lonesome soldier.

Another great attraction was the wheelwright in the shop down the hill to the south of the town. This craftsman would carve out a pair of wooden sabots for two or three francs, while the men looked on and marvelled at his dexterity. He did a thriving trade while the Fifth was in town and many sent home sabots for souvenirs.

Who can ever forget our first bathing parade in Dranoutre? With towels over our shoulders and with our extra underwear and clean shirts under our arms we were marched to what had been a communal laundry hut. In this hut were about a dozen large tubs — really the halves of one-time beer hogsheads. In the tubs was a small quantity of tepid water, while over them was suspended a sort of perforated-pipe shower contraption. The men were marched into an anteroom where they gave up their new clean clothing to an attendant, and then disrobed. In batches of thirty-six they were next hustled into the tub-room and three men were ordered into each tub. They were given two minutes to soap and scrub their bodies and then, down from the improvised showers, a few pails of ice-cold water were sprayed over them. Chilled and shivering, they were hurried back into the anteroom, a supply of supposed-to-be clean underwear, shirts and socks was issued to them and they dressed.

With the exception of one or two Imperial orderlies, all the workers at the baths were Frenchwomen, and it was certainly embarrassing for our men to be compelled to disrobe and bathe in such close proximity to the dreaded females. It is only fair to state, however, that those French girls paid not the slightest attention to the men's nakedness, and that the embarrassment was all one-sided. The clothing the men received proved to be anything but clean and it was not very long before furtive and persistent scratching betrayed the fact that more than one man now "had company" — company that was to remain faithfully with him in spite of Keating's powder, cheese-cloth undies and other "sure" cures.

Mention of the bathing parade reminds us that our favorite bath-house ditty was:

*Whiter than the whitewash on the wall,
Whiter than the whitewash on the wall;
Wash me in the water that you've washed the baby in
And I shall be whiter than the whitewash on the wall.*

It was at Dranoutre that a mock funeral was held for one of John Gilpin's so-called dinners. On this day the stew was so much worse than usual it just couldn't be eaten. So, forming up in "column-en-route," some with stable brooms carried at the "reverse arms" position, and to the music of tin pans and a dirge that was supposed to be the Dead March from "Saul," the men paraded around the camp and in mock mourning dumped Gilpin's mysterious concoction into a disused trench.

Sergeant-Major Williams, in his daily rounds of the main dressing station, made things rather merry for the Rah Rah Boys, to whom some of his suggested improvisations were a revelation. One day, for instance, a wounded man was bleeding from the mouth and the sergeant-major ordered Bill Scott to put ice on the man's cheeks. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Bill, "there's no ice around here!" The sergeant-major nearly exploded. "No hice! Certainly there's no hice," he retorted, "but we've got hice bags, 'aven't we? Use them!" For another stretcher case he ordered the "happlication of 'ot formations, hevery 'arf hour."

Red Sowden also distinguished himself while here. He was ordered to give an enema. Red mixed about a quart of soapy water and insisted on the patient *drinking* it. However, the cure worked. The man got rid of whatever was troubling him.

One odd case treated in this dressing station will bear mention. We picked up a man who had been shot in the head by a sniper. The bullet had entered just in front of the man's left ear. Here there was a tiny dark hole, and on the other side of the man's head was a similar hole where it was surmised the bullet had emerged, after penetrating the skull. Strangely, however, the man was quite strong and there was neither bleeding from the wounds nor any other sign of brain penetration. Bandages were applied and the patient made as comfortable as possible, and we made arrangements to send him to the casualty clearing station whenever the ambulances arrived — if he were still alive.

Two hours later he was as spry as ever and complained only of a headache! The bandage was removed and we found a narrow purplish welt stretching around his forehead, from bullet-hole to bullet-hole. Then it was that we realized that the bullet had entered in front of the left ear and had not penetrated the skull at all, but had made its way between the flesh and the

bone to the opposite side of the head, and emerged in front of the right ear. The bullet, altogether likely, had come from behind the man and had hit him at just the right angle and speed to make such a result possible. The wounded man was sent down the line and, unless infection set in, it is most probable that he eventually recovered.

Shortly after our arrival at Dranoutre we were issued our first gas helmets. These were very crude affairs — simply a hood made of thick grey flannel and saturated with a solution which was supposed to neutralise gas. Two celluloid or mica eye-pieces protected the eyes, while the helmet was slipped down over the top of the head and the bottom ends of the hood were tucked under the wearer's tunic and the collar buttoned tightly around it. There was no mouthpiece. The wearer was expected to breathe through the chemical-soaked flannel.

So-called "smoke helmets" were also issued. They were similar to the gas helmets. Every man was required to have these two masks with him at all times; and they were carried in a special canvas bag, slung over the shoulder. Until the box respirator eventually made its appearance, new and improved gas and smoke helmets were issued every few weeks.

A few of our most venturesome (or foolhardy) fellows went up to the front line trenches on sight-seeing or souvenir-hunting trips. Who among them doesn't recall his first initiation into trench life, with its mud and corruption, *ping*-ing bullets, whining ricochets, thudding duds, ear-shattering high-explosives and whizzbangs, cracking "wooly-bears," blinding night-flares, eye-torturing charcoal braziers, asthmatic rats, lice-infested dugouts and staccato machine-gun outbursts? At first there was a temptation to peep over the top and see what the German trenches really looked like — but after giving first-aid or burial to a few infantrymen who had tried it, our lads had little trouble in curbing their clumsy curiosity.

Some of the stretcher-bearers had close calls on their first trip up but, fortunately, we had no serious casualties. Bill (Red) Whitmore had an experience that resulted in temporary shell-shock but, after a few days in hospital, Red was as fit as ever.

The Loos scrap had opened while our men were manning the forward stations and regimental aid-posts, and Fritz paid considerable attention to our part of the line. There were quite a

number of infantry casualties, but our stay on this front was more interesting than dangerous. During the time we were at Dranoutre the weather was very bad. Hardly a day passed without rain, and the nights were raw and cold. "Sunny" France was a case of reverse English, as far as we could fathom.

We Move to Mont Noir and La Clytte ☞

On Saturday, October 9th, the unit moved. C. Section took over an officers' rest camp at Mont Noir. A., B., and Headquarters Sections went to La Clytte.

Shortly after the unit took over at La Clytte, Irving Dymant was wounded while returning from a "Cook's tour" to Ypres. A pellet from an anti-aircraft shell hit him on top of the head, injuring him painfully but not seriously. He was given an anti-tetanus inoculation and a few days' rest. For a while he was Colonel Farmer's especial pride and the envy of us all — our first casualty.

At Mont Noir the men had good billets in the upper rooms of an old chateau located on the top of a wooded hill from which the country-side for many miles about was visible. Here were many walnut, beechnut and apple trees, so there were some good "feeds" of nuts and fruit. The "resting" officers were quartered in the best rooms of the chateau, and the duties of our unit orderlies mostly consisted of serving food and liquid refreshments, making beds, washing floors, cleaning patients' equipment, etc., etc. Tips were plentiful, though, and if this place was a rest home for officers it was also a real home for our Nursing Sections.

In the basement of the chateau there was a well-stocked wine cellar into which some of the lads more than once forced entrance. Consequently, choice champagnes, wines, beers, liqueurs, cordiales, and other potent spirits were poured down throats for which they were never intended. Here, too, some of the boys one day located a large vat of conger eels, and these made a very welcome addition to the men's rations. No one has ever repeated Quartermaster-Sergeant Busst's remarks when he discovered that the jealously-guarded wine cellar had been broken into.

The loft of the chateau stables also provided an excellent billet for about twenty men. Outside the loft window was a sort of

iron-grilled balcony. On this balcony, Private Husband, after a visit to some nearby estaminet, was one evening reciting "The Cremation of Sam McGee" to an applauding gang of his cronies below, when his too-emphatic gestures caused him to overbalance and topple head-first down about twenty feet. It was only a score of upstretched fending arms that saved Hubby from serious hurt.

It was in this same loft that Harry Cunningham and Bob Hodgkinson used to put on their bean-shooting contests. We can still see Bob, sitting there with a handful of beans in one hand and a bean-flipper in the other, doing his utmost to get greater elevation and distance. Bob would flip a bean and Harry Cunningham (about twenty feet away!) would clap his hand to his forehead as if he had been struck by one of the beans. Someone just behind Bob would toss a small pebble to the other side of the loft, and Bob would think he had flipped a bean the whole length of the big room. There were never any arguments about who was the "champeen." Bob beat them all, with almost a foot to spare.

In the centre of the chateau woods there was a rather expansive cesspool — as stagnant and fetid as any in Flanders. One night when Bill Scott was making his way down the steep and winding path that led to the stables he failed to take the correct turn and nearly drowned in the foul-smelling ooze.

Farther down the hill and past the stables was a shrine or grotto — a local sacred place and a mecca for worshippers from the surrounding country-side. Here, in a shallow cave, was a large and beautifully-carved wooden altar and crucifix, flanked by lighted candles and artificial-flower wreaths and sprays. One didn't have to be of any particular religious faith to appreciate the reverent earnestness with which the French and Belgian peasants worshipped before this humble shrine. Almost at any hour of the day and evening, at least one pleading supplicant could be found kneeling before the grotto crucifix, petitioning for help and strength to enable the pleader to carry on through the awful martyrdom of war.

There was, too, the *loge* near the main gate to the chateau grounds. Back of this *loge* and in amongst the trees our guard tent was pitched. Late one dark night Charlie Scott heard someone approaching in the inky blackness. He brought his bayoneted

rifle to the challenge position. “Who goes there?” he demanded. An indistinct mumble came from the dimly-outlined figure about a foot from the point of Charlie’s bayonet. “Advance and give the countersign!” roared Charlie, “and that countersign consists of three rousing British f — ts!” The challenged person proved to be Major Kapelle and, if he failed to break wind and accommodate the discomfited sentry, he did *not* neglect to give the enterprising and inventive Charles a severe dressing-down.

St. Jans Cappel ~

About a mile to the south of Mont Noir was the village of St. Jans Cappel. Here were a church, and a few shops in which hand-made lace, shawls, collars, etc., were for sale. On Sundays our Roman Catholic church parades went to this village. There, too, at almost any hour of the day *les pommes de terres frites et les oeufs* could be purchased. Another of St. Jans Cappel’s attractions was an open-air comfort station, right on the main street. Our men were amazed at seeing French men and boys there obeying calls of nature, while other men, women and children walked nonchalantly by, paying not the slightest attention to them. Someone has truly said that “Morals are only a matter of geography.” What was quite decent and customary in St. Jans Cappel would have brought a long prison term (and possibly, sterilization!) in Toronto the Good. Yet it is safe to say that the morals of that little French town were every bit as high as those of Ontario’s Queen City. Incidentally, it was noticed that within a few days many of our Canadian soldiers also patronized these wayside shrines to liberty, equality and fraternity. Similar open-air urinals were invariably to be found just outside the vestry doors of most Flemish churches and public buildings, so the troops always knew where to go when occasion demanded.

The Roman Catholic church parade to St. Jans was always well attended — for the simple reason that, after church, the men were dismissed in the village and could enjoy themselves as they saw fit. Bill Ferris was one who made the most of his time and opportunities. A very pretty mamselle named Bertha was the apple of Bill’s eye and he “hung around” her every spare minute. Finally her mother took a hand and asked Bill just what his

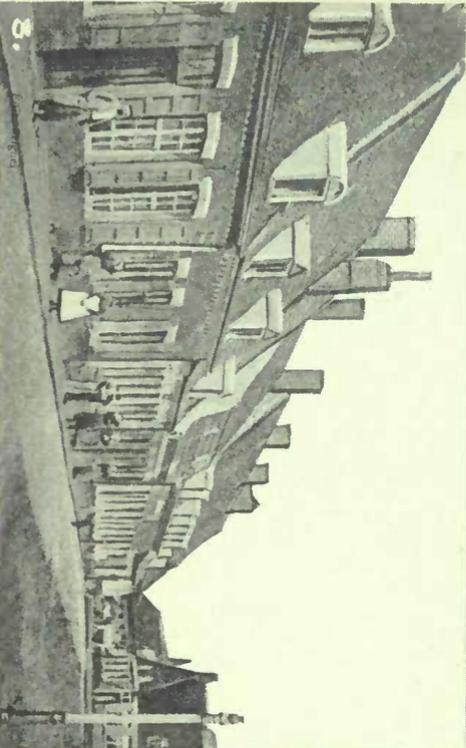
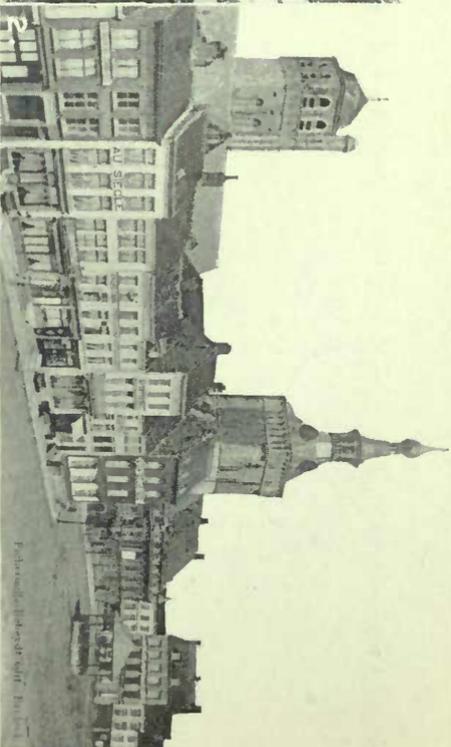
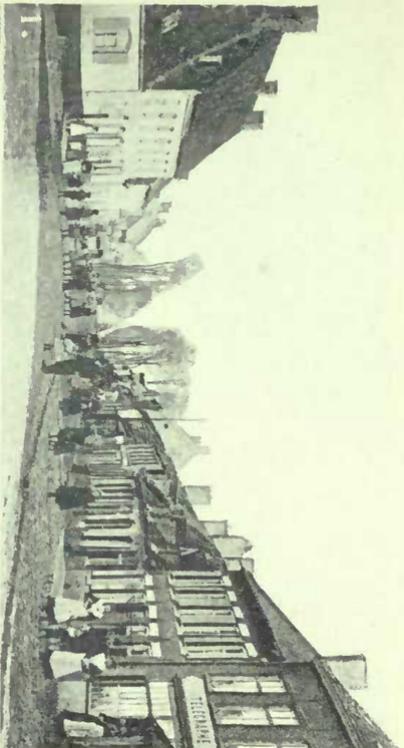
intentions were. Of course, Bill convinced her that they were entirely honorable and, assisted by his pal, Arthur Reeves, told some very glowing stories about a gold mine in Burlington and a ranch near Clappison's Corners. He mentioned casually the magnificent sum the old lady would get in the form of a separation allowance if the daughter were to marry him, and of the high pay a married soldier received in our army. The "line" peddled by these two consummate liars was avidly swallowed by the greedy mother and lovesick daughter. Bertha's mother agreed to a wedding and suggested it take place *toute de suite*. Bill and Arthur then explained that it was necessary to get the colonel's permission before a wedding could take place. Bertha and her Ma agreed that, while Bill was getting his Commanding Officer's consent, they would have the banns posted in the local church. Finally, Bill left, to attend to his part of the arrangements — and that was the last little Bertha or her mother ever saw of William! He gave St. Jans a wide berth ever after. What had started as a joke on his part had taken a serious turn — and besides, Bill had a wife and family back home in Canada.

Some of our ex-officers will, no doubt, recall Captain Silcox's experience when down at St. Jans Cappel one day. The captain entered a small grocery store — *un petit magasin*. The rather presentable young *mademoiselle* in charge greeted him with the customary French greeting: "*Bon jour, M'sieur, que voulez-vous?*" The captain returned her greeting in his recently acquired French: "*Bon jour, m'nselle. Je desire me peser, s'il vous plait.*" The young lady smiled politely. "*Ah, oui, M'sieur le Capitaine — le cabinet est le bas,*" and she pointed to a toilet in the rear of the shop. Captain Silcox blushing stepped to a large set of scales and with considerable difficulty explained that he merely wanted to weigh himself. For a few days thereafter his fellow-officers overheard him practising the pronunciation of the French word *peser*, "to weigh."

About one hundred yards from the chateau gates, and at the corner of the road leading to St. Jans Cappel, was the "*Pot-au-Lait*" estaminet where lived the famous mesdemoiselles, Suzanne and Claire — two exceptionally handsome and buxom girls in their early twenties. During legal hours of opening, the *Pot-au-Lait* was the rendezvous of thirsty and ambitious noncoms. and other ranks. During "closed" hours several officers vied with

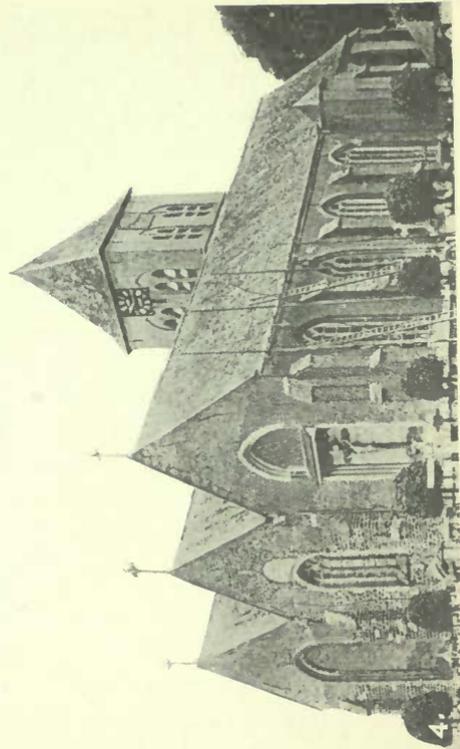
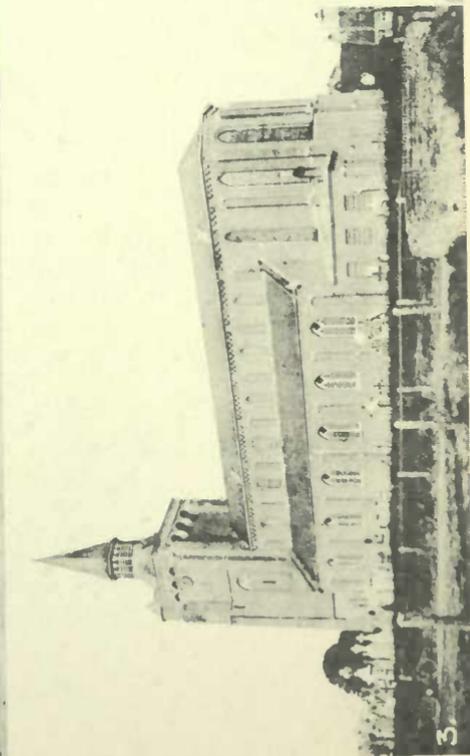
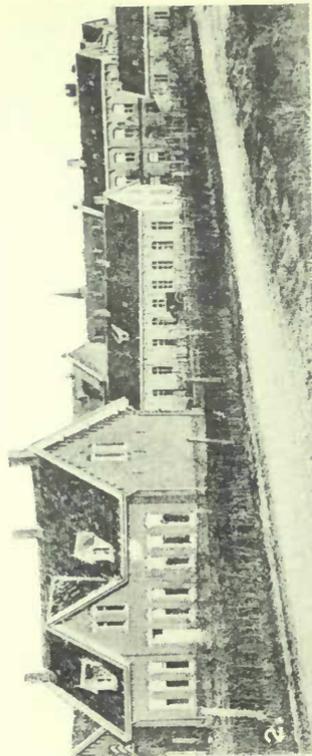
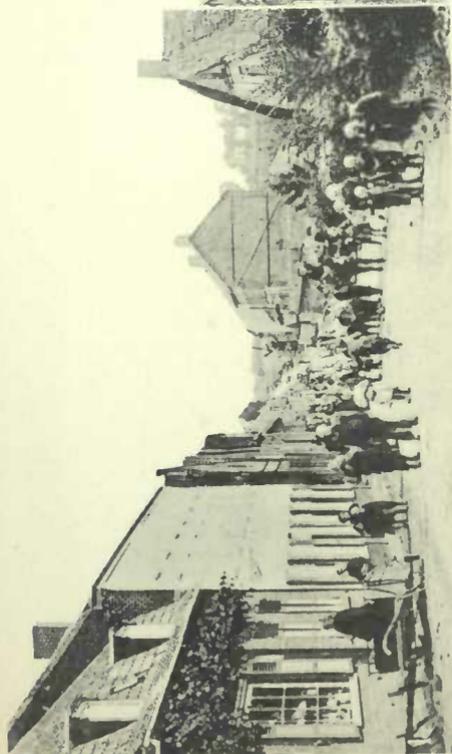


1. Courcelette Sugar Refinery (Can. Official War Photo).
2. A Rest Period at Sandling.
3. Jerry McDonald and Lew Taylor Entertain the Boys.



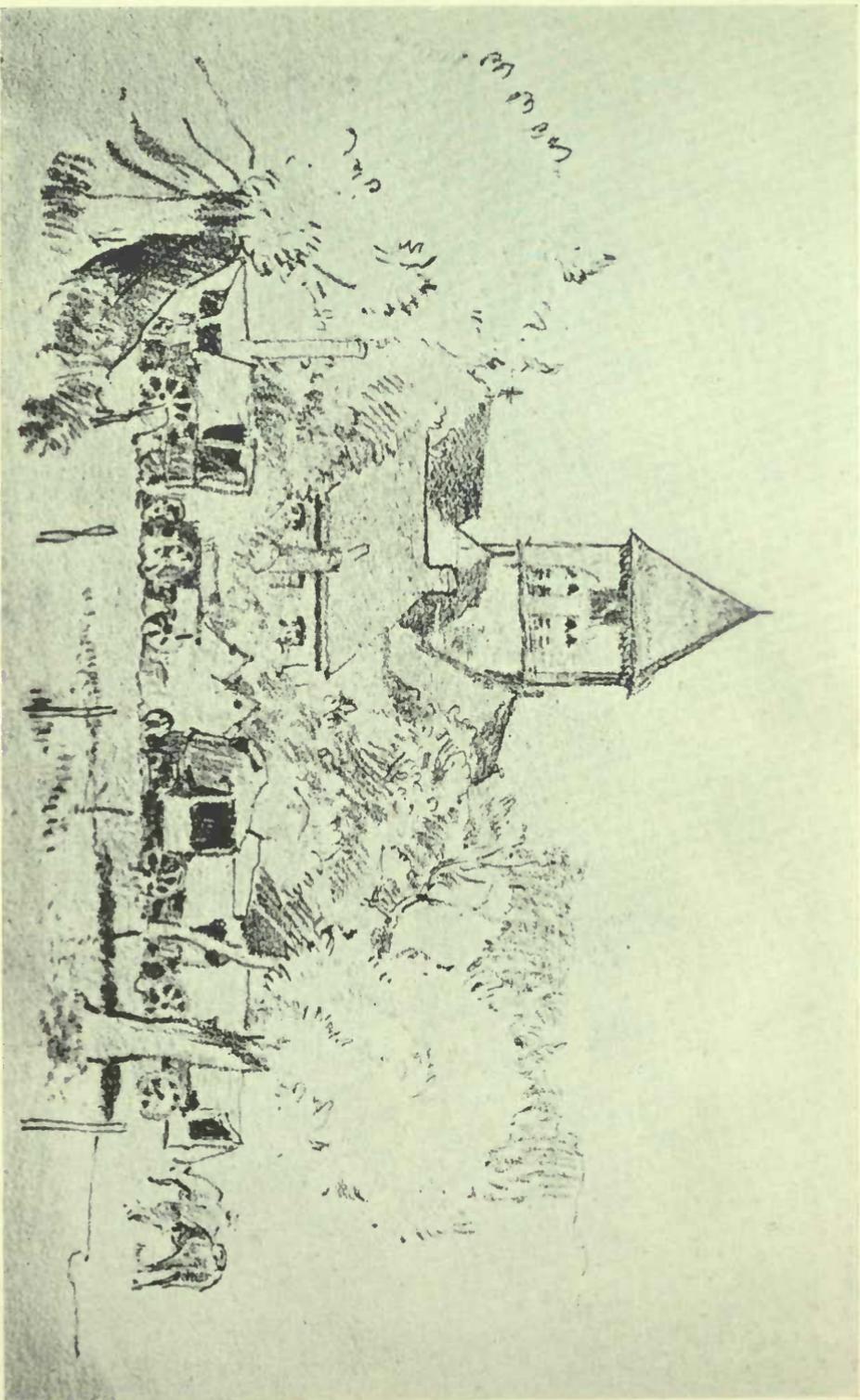
1. Caestre. We camped near here, September 18-21, 1915.
 3. Dranoutre. Our first A.D.S. was in building at extreme right.

2. Baillieux, showing Grande Place, Church and Town Hall.
 4. La Clytte M.D.S., Officers' quarters at right.



1. Godewaersvelde. Jute Fabrique in the distance.
3. St. Jans Cappel Church. Destroyed by Huns, 1918.

2. Loere Convent. Used as Hospital. Destroyed by Huns, 1918.
4. Reminghelst Church, destroyed by Huns, 1918.



The Rear of our Remington station. This and three following sketches were done by Alex. Waite, one of our own stretcher-bearers, in 1916. Alex. has won considerable distinction since the war, having had pictures in the Royal Academy, London, England.

each other for the girls' favors and for the excellent champagne which was stored in the estaminet cellar. One captain, in particular, would slip stealthily away to this corner thirst-parlor and, hour after hour, exert all his well-known and peculiar powers of persuasion on Claire, the younger and less guileful of the two sisters. Of course, his intentions were strictly honorable for he was a married man, an officer and therefore a "Temporary King's Gentleman." His chief handicap was his inability to speak French. The girl knew no English at this early stage of the war, so things were more or less at a standstill when, like a gift from the gods, a certain French-speaking corporal took a hand in the affair. Mlle. Claire asked the corporal for something nice to say in English to the ardent *capitaine* when next he came to visit. The blond corporal spent one whole afternoon teaching the girl to say, "Oh, you are a nice captain. I love you. You are one son-of-a-something from Omaha!" She had just mastered the sentences to the corporal's satisfaction and her own delight when, who should drop in but the philandering captain himself! Fortunately, the corporal was able to slip unseen into an adjoining room where he could hear all that went on between Claire and the officer. Hardly had the captain got comfortably seated alongside his eager idol when the girl proudly spoke the all-important sentences. The effect, however, was not exactly what she had anticipated, for the captain jumped angrily to his feet and demanded to know where she had learned such shocking language. "*Le caporal*," answered the startled Claire. "What corporal?" fumed the officer. "*Le blond caporal!*" explained the girl. The corporal thought this an ideal moment to slip out the back door and away to the chateau. It so happened that there were three blond corporals in the unit at this time and the captain never did discover which was the guilty one. Naturally, the luckless officer was obliged to be very guarded in his enquiries.

Between the chateau and the *Pot-au-Lait* there was another favorite spot called the "Soap Box." Why and by whom it was so named we never found out; nor can we remember just what the lads liked about this place. A barking white terrier, a big wooden butter-bowl and a crippled Frenchman are all we can recall to memory — excepting that the place was eventually closed to the troops, after some of the Lancashire lads introduced Bob, the Crown-and-Anchor king, to the boss of the establishment.

Other meeting places at Mont Noir were the estaminet near the Frontier cross-roads, the small farmhouse near the grotto, and the large farmhouse in the woods about four hundred yards south of the chateau. In the Frontier estaminet lived little Jeanne, a bright and beautiful wee miss of twelve. At the small farmhouse was a slovenly old Flemish farm-woman with a heart of gold. Almost at any hour of the day or night one could get hot coffee and cognac or a bowl of soup there. A big iron pot always hung over the hearth-fire; and more than one chunk of mutton, tin of bully or hunk of bread was contributed to the humble menage by grateful Fifth boys. At the large farmhouse lived Mlle. Georgina — one of the best-looking girls we were ever to see near the Front. An excellent chicken dinner could be had there for about two francs a plate, and if you were really nice, a bottle of wonderful champagne could be coaxed from the family cellar for about five francs.

The Horse-Transport Farm ☞

The Horse Transport were billeted at a farm on the main Bailleul road and about five hundred yards southeast of Mont Noir proper. There the horses were comfortably stabled and the men had good dry billets in a large barn. It was on this farm that Sergeant Kelso demonstrated his plowing ability. The farmer had a plow, but no horses to pull it, so Max kindly offered to hitch two of the transport steeds to the old wooden plow and show the Flemish sod-buster just how we did things in Canada. Max's intentions were of the very best but the two transport horses were rather wild and, when Max chirped "giddap," they gave one wild plunge forward, the wooden blade of the old plow sank deeply into the heavy soil, Max was dragged halfway across the field — and the ancient plow went all to pieces, like Oliver Wendell Holmes' "One Hoss Shay!"

Max ended up with only a couple of broken plow-handles in his hands, and about a hundred-weight of smelly soil clinging to his person. Part of the wooden plow-blade was found buried in the ground, but of the rest of the ancient implement nary a trace was ever found. The farmer shed copious tears. The Fifth lads laughed. Max swore never again to give a similar exhibition or to attempt to mix Canadian ideas with Flemish farm equipment.

The Fall and Winter of 1915-16 were about the stormiest of the whole war, and our first taste of nasty weather in Dranoutre had not quite prepared us for what we were to experience at Mont Noir and the farm. On looking back at our stay in those two places we can recall scarcely a day when it didn't rain, snow or blow — or do all three simultaneously. For once, the supply people showed good judgment and we were issued leather jerkins and rubber rain-capes. These two articles of clothing helped a lot to fend us from the raw climate, but in spite of their help many of the lads contracted heavy chest colds and coughs, which, because of the prevailing conditions, they had a hard time getting rid of.

One of those who took unto himself a very severe cough and cold was Henderson. Jim's horse-line duties had brought him a cough that seemed to come from down near his boots, and a chest cold that promised to get him either a funeral or a long spell back in some tuberculosis hospital. But he fooled everybody, and got neither a six-foot plot of ground nor a trip down the line. He was merely “excused duty” and kept lying around the farm barn for a few weeks, while he coughed and spat and shivered and shook till we thought the billet must topple over.

Just to cheer him up and help him on his way, one of the lads made up a parody to “O Canada” and everybody got a great kick out of sitting around the sick man and singing him towards recovery. Here is what they sang :

*Poor Henderson! His race is almost run.
He has the con.— We mean con-sum-shee-un.
For he coughs all night and he spits all day
And his eyes are growing dim.
And just about next Saturday we'll have to bury
poor Jim — (Gor-blimey!)
Poor Henderson! Poor Henderson! On his grave
we'll have to put “He died of the Con!”
On his grave we'll have to put “He died of the Con!”*

Who can ever forget Louise, the sturdy daughter at this same farm? There was a girl for you! She was rather pretty in her rough way: bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, broad-shouldered, and with a sitter-down that would crowd the largest washtub. She was extremely good-natured and, while she would put up with an extraordinary amount of teasing, she would *not* stand for

any rough stuff. More than one venturesome lad found himself picked up bodily and heaved into the cesspool that perfumed the farmyard, when he "tried his luck" with Louise. And we know a rather amorous lance-corporal who spent a whole afternoon turning the mangold chopper for her, in the hope that she would listen to reason when the rest of the unit had left camp. The artful Louise kept him working so hard, though, that by the time they were alone together his only desire was to lay his weary body down for a good long rest. We recall, too, one day at the farm when Louise was holding a litter of young pigs while her dad performed a sterilizing operation on them. Our men formed a ring around the two rustic surgeons, laughing and passing broadly humorous comment. But Louise didn't mind. She merely smiled and, as each little porcine victim squirmed under her father's knife, she would look up at the grinning spectators and call out: "*Beaucoup bon for cochon, eh? Plentee bon for Canadian soldats, aussi!*" Louise's remarks were typically Flemish — not pretty, perhaps, but refreshingly blunt.

In comparison with our Canadian horses, those of the Flemish farmers were extremely docile and tractable. Giant Percherons were the favorites and it was astonishing what complete control the farmers had over these beautiful animals. Only one rein was used for driving and that was a mere string. By jerking this string and by spoken words of command, "Geet Ho!" etc., these huge entires were easily persuaded to perform the most intricate movements. Usually they hauled gigantic, creaking, three-wheeled carts. These carts had two six-foot wheels, revolving on axles placed slightly behind the centre of the box-body. A small, pivoting wheel was attached well out in front for steering. The wheel tires were about one-half inch thick and made of hand-wrought iron. The horse was hitched about ten feet in front of the cart and the driver invariably walked. In going downhill the heavy iron-shod whiffle-trees dragged on the ground, while the driver applied an immense hand-brake to the metal rims of the big wheels. The whiffle-trees, trace-chains, breast-yoke or collar and harness were hand-made and they and the empty cart alone would have been a heavy load for an average-sized Canadian horse; but one of those magnificent Percherons could pull without apparent effort one such cart, even when the vehicle was piled high with sugar-beets or turnips.

La Clytte and the Brasserie ~

At La Clytte, A. and B. Sections took over a main dressing station located in a half-ruined brick schoolhouse on the main street of the village. To this place we cleared wounded from an advanced dressing station in an old brasserie just east of Ridge Wood. In the cellar of this old ruined brewery were the regimental aid-posts of whatever battalions happened to be in the line at that time.

From the Brasserie the village of St. Eloi was 2,000 yards due east; Voormezele was about 1,000 yards northeast; Spoilbank was 3,000 yards northeast; Bedford House was two miles northeast; and Vierstraat was 1,200 yards south. The part of the Line nearest to the Brasserie was that of the "M. & N." trenches which lay about 1,000 yards southeast and was reached during the daytime through long tortuous communication trenches. After dark, ration parties, reliefs, working parties and infantry stretcher squads took the overland route, preferring to take their chances of being killed, rather than endure the slow and wearisome trench route.

To reach the Brasserie by foot we usually went by way of Hallebast Corner, across the duck-walk over the lower end of Dickebusch Lake, past Gordon Farm, through Ridge Wood and along about 500 yards of a much-shelled road. Every evening, and as soon as darkness would permit, our ambulances went up to the Brasserie by way of the Kemmel and Vierstraat roads and brought back the sick and wounded collected there during the day. Early each evening a despatch rider would bring down word as to how many wounded were waiting, and only on two nights during our long stay in the Salient were there no cases to be brought out. Usually we sent from two to four motor ambulances up, but many times it was found necessary to send all our cars and make more than one trip. All cases were brought to the La Clytte schoolhouse, where they were given secondary dressings or emergency treatment and then sent to clearing stations at Bailleul and Poperinghe.

From October 9th the unit carried on at Mont Noir and La Clytte. On the 27th of October His Majesty King George and the Prince of Wales visited the area and inspected the Canadians. The Prince held the rank of lieutenant. A few days later, a 15-inch

naval gun was installed near the crossroads at the northern end of La Clytte village. After it fired a few rounds Fritz retaliated, missing the gun but killing a family of civilians. The young daughter died in our dressing station, after having both legs and one arm blown off. The suffering of this poor girl convinced many of us that Sherman had the right idea about war.

On October 28th, "The La Clytte Bladder and Empire" made its first appearance. Editor, Pete Wise. The career of the news-sheet as a daily was short-lived. It very soon evolved into a semi-weekly, then into a bi-weekly. Later on it appeared "just every so often"—or whenever there was sufficient news material and the extra duties given to its editor and his assistants permitted publication. Several of the Rah Rah Boys gave its editor a helping hand and, through their combined efforts, a very interesting little paper was produced. Their many sly digs at officers, non-coms., cooks, mail men and quartermaster stores hangers-on did much to curb abuses and make life a little more worthwhile for the lowly buck privates.

Perhaps some of the oldtimers will recall the B. Section gang which was billeted in a half-ruined estaminet near the Kimmel-Reninghelst crossroads. These fellows formed themselves into a mock unit. Slim Russell was colonel; Baldy Rutherford, major; Ben Case, staff-clerk; Bob Hare, staff-sergeant; and Dick Thomas, sergeant-major. They posted their own Orders of the Day, held orderly room, sentenced various culprits to weird punishments and carried on generally in a manner that just about drove B. Section's official staff-sergeant to distraction. The "Bladder and Empire," as well as the mock Daily Orders, were written in longhand. Several copies were made and circulated freely through the ranks of the various Sections.

On November 13th the Brigade gave a rousing send-off to Lord Brooke who was leaving to take a Third Division command. Bands played in the street. Enemy observers noticed the commotion and shells came over into an infantry billet and there were about a dozen casualties. On November 17th and 18th the village was again shelled, but there were many duds (marked "Made in U.S.A.") and no casualties.

On November 20th A. Section went to the Mont Noir farm for a rest. B. Section took over the chateau; and C. Section moved to La Clytte, where they remained until December 17th, when

A. returned to La Clytte; C. took over the chateau; and B. moved to Godewaersvelde and opened a rest station.

While B. Section were running the chateau, Captain Barton was called to attend a maternity case. Sergeant Wartman accompanied him to a nearby farmhouse where they found a young farmwife stretched out on the kitchen floor, with a rather slovenly old woman performing the duties of a midwife. Barton and Wartman had little to do but watch as the old woman performed her duties with no other instrument than an old pair of scissors and some cloths that looked anything but clean. Two days afterward the young mother was out working in the fields — much to the surprise of our medicos and contrary to all the laws of modern medicine and surgery. Hardy stock, those Flemish farm folk!

Perhaps some of the B. Section lads will recall the champagne party they pulled off at Mont Noir — when Tom Morgan managed to hide away a bottle for his own private consumption next morning?

It was, too, while B. Section was at Mont Noir that the chateau well became polluted. The Commanding Officer decided that it should have a thorough cleaning. A long piece of hose was used for siphoning out the water. Some of the fellows may remember the strenuous fatigues they had for a few days, scouring and scrubbing the well walls.

Early in December Major Kappel left the Fifth, to take command of a cavalry field ambulance. While we were glad he was receiving a well-deserved promotion we were sorry to lose him. He was our original major, and as such, had every man in the unit for his friend.

Our First Christmas in Flanders ~

While the three Sections were carrying on at La Clytte, Godewaersvelde and Mont Noir respectively, they celebrated their first Christmas in Flanders. The weather on the 25th was wet, misty and cold, but in the hearts and minds of the men there was that glow of happiness which only Christmas can bring. For many weeks there had been buying-trips to Bailleul and other towns and hundreds of presents were sent to loved ones back home. Hand-made lace, aprons, d'Oyleys, table pieces,

hand-carved crucifixes, sabots and similar articles were despatched through the Field Post-Office.

What money remained the boys dedicated to Bacchus, in the form of *vin blanc*, *vin rouge* and champagne, so that when the great day finally arrived, it found everybody ready and prepared to enjoy themselves. Extra rations had been brought up and all had a good Christmas dinner.

At Godewaersvelde, Christmas found B. Section with the jute *fabrique* well on the way toward being ready for the reception of patients. Time out was taken for the erection of a stage and a very creditable affair, complete with drop curtain and wings, was rigged up. Tables were set in the hall and the men enjoyed the novelty of seeing real china dishes and home-like cutlery again.

At 6.30 p.m. the Section sat down to dine, Captain Nicholson at the head of the table. The menu was as follows:

Godewaersvelde,
France,
Dec. 25, 1915.

B. SECTION CHRISTMAS DINNER

MENU

Tomato Soup	
Roast Chicken with French Dressing	
Roast Sirloin of Beef	
Boiled Potatoes	Green Peas
Canadian Cheddar Cheese	
Pickled White Onions	
College Pudding	Mother's Own Pudding
Apples, Oranges, Dates, Figs, Walnuts	
Champagne (real pain)	Cherry Wine

PROGRAMME

Toasts:	The King	Captain Nicholson
	The Canadians	Captain Barton
	The Commanding Officer and Officers of the Fifth	Staff Alden
	Loved Ones at Home	Staff Patterson
	The Boys in the Trenches	Private Rostron

After dinner a special performance was given by an Imperial Concert Troupe, "The Mudlarks," assisted by some of the lads from B. Section. The hit of the evening was a song, "My Ain Folk," sung by a Scotsman with all the feeling the song and occasion demanded. It was after midnight when festivities stopped and the men tumbled into their stretcher bunks to sleep.

Considerable difficulty had been encountered in obtaining an adequate supply of chickens for the dinner, but Jack Lumsden called for volunteers, went out into the night and returned with fowl enough for the banquet. Goodness only knows where or how Jack got them, for he never explained and no person dared ask him.

For the first time our cooks utilized the new cook-kitchen which had arrived at Godewaersvelde on December 24th. This kitchen was a gift from the people of Dundas, Ontario. Colonel Farmer was well known in Dundas and, through the instrumentality of his many friends, including the late John S. Fry, beloved magistrate and former town clerk, a local Ladies' Organization launched a subscription campaign and bought the cook-kitchen — after first consulting the colonel as to what would be the most acceptable gift. Dundas was also a sort of second hometown to Staff Patterson, so perhaps the citizens' consideration for Andy's bulky frame and gastronomic capacity had something to do with the Dundas folks' gift. However, a more acceptable piece of equipment could not have been chosen. Thousands of meals were cooked and served by this kitchen and throughout the war we had excellent reason to be grateful to the kind folk of Dundas.

At Mont Noir, C. Section, under the command of Major Jones, enjoyed Christmas by having a Christmas Tree and an impromptu program of entertainment by members of the Section. Bill Ferris was in rare form on this occasion and his Salvation Army skit was a great success. Happy Carlisle thumped the piano and sang his Jack Johnson song and several other favorite ditties as only Happy could sing them. Perhaps the lads of C. Section will remember the surprise they got when Staff-Sergeant Smith was called upon for a song and obliged with "A Perfect Day," in a manner that won the admiration and unstinted applause of all present. The dinner served C. Section was along lines similar to those provided at La Clytte and Godewaersvelde. The "resting" officer-patients, of course, had a

special menu — but every day was a sort of fete day with them while at the chateau.

At La Clytte special food and refreshment was provided for the few patients who were awaiting disposal. For their amusement a motion picture machine was borrowed and some humorous films thrown on a sheet hung on the ward wall. Our officers dined in their own messroom to which the orderlies had given a very homey atmosphere by hanging bunting, tinsel, evergreens, holly, etc.

The officers' menu was as follows: Oysters on the half-shell, roast goose with dressing and applesauce, potatoes, cauliflower, lobster salad, plum-pudding with brandy sauce, blanc mange, jelly, apples, oranges, grapes, Scotch shortbread, cheese, raisins, nuts, stout, tea, coffee and port wine. The men's dinner consisted of a shot of rum, potatoes boiled with the jackets on, roast beef, plum-pudding, tea, oranges and nuts. The plum-pudding was a present from Princess Mary, and the oranges and nuts came from various Canadian Soldiers' Comforts groups. Not a bad old war, eh?

Almost everybody enjoyed their dinners, with the possible exception of Dean Wilkins. Dean was at the end of the line-up at La Clytte, one half of his mess-tin in each hand. John Gilpin had filled one half of Dean's utensil with meat, vegetables, etc., when he noticed that his cookhouse fire needed replenishing. Stooping down, and with his bare hands, Jack threw a few chunks of soft coal on the fire. He then wiped his fingers on that inky-black coal sack he wore for an apron, and stuck his grimy hand into the pudding pot and brought out a great blobby fistful of pudding which he dropped into the lid of Wilkie's mess-tin. Next he poured over the pudding a ladleful of what he said was butter sauce. Dean's jaw dropped. The corners of his mouth took on their well-known droop and his face, from the top of his expansive forehead down to near his Adam's apple, turned a hectic red. He stood for a moment glaring venomously at the unconcerned cook — then disgustedly turned his mess-tin upside down, dumping the whole vile contents on the cookhouse floor. Corporal Gilpin payed not the slightest attention, but calmly went ahead stirring a "dixie" of tea with a fast-melting wax candle! John's South-African experiences had evidently brought him a resourcefulness we "amateur soldiers" couldn't appreciate.

It was shortly after this that Gilpin began to "work his ticket," because of failing eyesight. Colonel Farmer had just about decided to recommend Jack's discharge when one day the corporal-cook forgot himself. The colonel was standing near the cookhouse when John pointed a murky finger skywards. "Lor' lumme!" exclaimed the excited cook, "them blawsted jerries is gowin' to 'it that bloody bloke if 'ee eye-nt shawp!" Colonel Farmer looked in the direction Jack was pointing. "Hit who?" he asked, searching the sky. "Why that eye-viator over there," pointed John. "Cawn't you see 'im, sir?" But the colonel was unable to see any planes overhead — until he got his binoculars! Even then he had some difficulty in locating the British plane around which white shell-puffs were clustering, about two miles up. Needless to add, perhaps, that Gilpin's bad break about his eyesight didn't hasten his discharge. Jack, too, was about the only one of us who was ever able to read the time by that sundial on the south wall of the old La Clytte church. He had good eyesight, too, when anyone tried to swipe food from his cookhouse.

Bob Tillotson was another laddybuck who didn't enjoy the Christmas festivities. Bob was sick in hospital and had been put on a diet, being allowed only a few ounces of liquid food each day. To add insult to his illness, several bulky boxes of Christmas cheer had arrived for him and were piled beside his stretcher, but he was forbidden to open them. Whether the contemplation of so many unopened boxes aggravated his condition we never knew, but Bob grew steadily worse and heroic methods were undertaken to bring him back to normal. One night Captain Silcox ordered an enema for Bob — and Roy Flynn and Jim Henderson were nominated to perform the heroic deed. They filled one of the schoolhouse fire-buckets with tepid water. Into this they stirred about two pounds of soft soap. Henderson stood on a pannier and held the frothing pail aloft while Flynn put the business end of the tube where it belonged. Poor Bob groaned in frightened anticipation of the probable denouement, but the two enthusiastic orderlies poured soapy fluid into him until he seemed about to burst. It may have been just a coincidence, but at that very moment the whole Ypres salient was aroused by a gas alarm. Gongs clanged, bells rang, horns tooted and flappers flapped. Fritz put over a defensive barrage and our infantrymen donned their gas respirators. There was a breeze from the west blowing

at the time, so it is quite possible that the troops up the Line got wind of what was going on in La Clytte.

And while we are writing about Bob we must explain how he got the nickname of "Maconachie." 'Twas simply because he was fond of that well-known meat-and-vegetable ration. Knowing his liking for the succulent M. & V., our old friend Henderson one night wakened Tillotson out of a sound sleep. "Hey, Bob," whispered Jim, shaking the sleeping Robert, "wake up . . . wake up . . . I've got something for you!" Bob roused himself. "Hello, what's up?" he asked, crawling half-way out of his blankets. "Could you eat some Maconachie?" enquired Henderson holding out two warm tins to the now fully-awake Bob. "Aye, that I could, Jim! I do love a bit o' Maconachie!" exclaimed Bob, reaching for his can-opener. And as Henderson looked on in awe, the two tins of M. & V. disappeared down Tillotson's appreciative throat, well earning for their consumer the monicker of "Maconachie Bob." Any man who could wake up out of a sound sleep and eat two tins of M. & V. deserved recognition.

Bailleul was a Mecca for everyone on pass. There could be seen men of every rank in the Corps, and an afternoon in Bailleul was considered something to look forward to and long remember. Of course, our officers had many excuses for their visits — the mess caterer marketed there and a visit to the casualty clearing station was always in order. Some of us, too, loved to sit and meditate in the quaint old cathedral.

One morning Colonel Farmer was on his way to Bailleul when, just north of Hyde Park Corner, the motor ambulance was brought to a halt by a large tree which had fallen across the roadway. The colonel, followed by Corporal Hutchinson and Andy Parker, Motor Transport driver and orderly respectively, descended from the car and walked over to the obstruction. There they found about a dozen Imperial soldiers in charge of a corporal, leisurely lopping off the smaller branches of the tree. That traffic was being held up didn't seem to bother the easy-going Imperials. They were quite unconcerned about the long line of vehicles already forming behind the barrier. Colonel Farmer looked on for a minute or two, then he stepped forward. "Hutchinson! Parker! Damn it to hell! Show these blankety blanks how to move this tree!"

Hutch and Andy turned their car around, tied a tow-rope to one end of the tree and swung it over far enough to permit traffic to pass. The colonel glared at the dumbfounded Imperials. “We’ll never win this damned war with men like you. You’ll have to wake up or we’ll be out here fifty years!”

Just before the Commanding Officer’s car reached Bailleul some tractors approached, pulling two fifteen-inch howitzers. The colonel ordered the car stopped and asked the tractor officer where and when the guns were going into action. The information he received pleased him immensely. He turned to the ambulance driver with a smile. “All right, Hutchinson — drive to the Square. The war will soon be over now!” Truly was the Old Man very mercurial in his temperament and reactions.

Mention of the Old Man’s trip to Bailleul reminds us of an earlier day when he was at Mont Noir. He climbed into an ambulance and in his best Parisian accent ordered the driver to drive him to *La Place*, and to get there in a hurry. Away sped the car. The driver turned to car orderly Bill Brown: “Where’s *La Place*, Billy? That’s a new village to me!” Billy scratched his head. “Damned if I know! Maybe it’s one of those little villages near Ypres.” On went the car, past La Clytte, Hallebast Corner and Dickebusch. They were within a mile or so of Ypres when, from inside the car, came a roar that made the engine seem quiet in comparison. “Stop the car! Stop the car! Dammitall! Where in hell do you think you’re going?” The car stopped! “I’m taking you where you ordered, Sir. *La Place* is near here somewhere.” The colonel was purple with exasperation. “Turn around and drive back the way we’ve come,” he yelled. “I said *La Place* — *La Place* — the Square in Bailleul! Didn’t you ever hear it called *La Place* before?”

Those who remember the sort of temper the Old Man possessed can imagine the scene when one day Private Roen and another lad carried a big dud air-bomb into the colonel’s La Clytte billet. As soon as the Commanding Officer spotted the dangerous missile he rushed for the door. “Get that damned thing out of here. Hurry up, get it out, get it out, get it out,” he roared. The two lads took the bomb over to the bombing school where it was discovered that the bomb’s detonating pin was within one-hundredth part of an inch from the exploding point. Roen was quite unconcerned about the danger involved — had,

in fact, been experimenting on the dud with a wrench and a screw-driver before he decided to turn it over to the colonel!

"Hicks of B. Section," the Unit "Goat" 

Now that we've accounted for one well-known character, we might as well explain the origin of another celebrity — the unit's most mysterious member — "Hicks of B. Section," also sometimes known as "Ball Hyphen Hicks."

In army life, as in civilian life, it is always handy to have someone to blame for everything that goes wrong. For the first year of the Fifth's existence the unit struggled along, somehow, with no one to blame for all its woes, each man shouldering his full share of responsibility for all that went amiss — which was plenty! At La Clytte, however, we accidentally discovered one on whom we could throw the onus of all our misdeeds, shortcomings and crimes — a sort of official "goat." The discovery came about as follows:

One morning, when Orderly Sergeant Smith was making his rounds, he discovered in one of the huts a bed roll that was very untidy. "Whose blankets are those?" shouted Reggie, as soon as he entered the door. "Tell him they belong to Hicks," whispered Corporal John McRae to Bill Taylor, and Bill did as he was prompted. "What Section does this man Hicks belong to?" demanded the indignant staff-sergeant, taking out his notebook and pencil. "B. Section!" replied Taylor. "All right, Private Taylor," announced Reggie, "Private Hicks will help you on sanitary fatigue this morning," and away he went.

About an hour later the orderly sergeant returned to the hut and found Taylor sitting unconcernedly on his blanket roll. "Why aren't those latrine buckets emptied, Private Taylor?" he demanded. Si Taylor's face took on a very concerned look. "I'm very sorry, staff," he confided, "but I couldn't find Hicks, and it takes two men to carry those buckets on a pole, you know, so I just had to leave them where they were."

Reggie was furious. "I'll find him," he declared, and hurried off to the sergeant-major's billet, where he laid a charge of "being absent without leave" against the missing Hicks. Jack Williams, sensing that the lads were having some fun with Staff Smith, agreed that the missing offender should be punished and he told

the angry staff to put Hicks under arrest as soon as possible. Poor Reggie hunted for the man high and low and for two or three days before he realized that there was no such person in the Fifth.

One or two of the original officers knew about the Hicks gag, but more than one new officer and noncom. had his "leg pulled" by the same stunt. And more than one guilty lad escaped punishment by blaming his misdemeanor on "Hicks of B. Section." From that time on, everything that went wrong was credited to "Hicks," and the Fifth had a "goat" at last — a goat that stayed with us until the end of the war and relieved us of considerable just retribution — and contributed greatly to our merriment. We should like to have a record of the number of times new noncoms. and officers made out crime sheets against this mythical culprit.

We well remember the time, later on in the war, when a wounded man was carried into our dressing station, and one of our officers who had been gulled by the "Hicks" joke, bent over to read the wound tag. There was the wounded man's name, "Hicks!" The medical officer had a good laugh and explained the joke to the wounded man. "Why you must be that fellow 'Hicks' we've been looking for all over France!" suggested the doctor. "If you had done half the crimes credited to 'Hicks of B. Section' you would be in a military prison, instead of on your way home with a nice 'blighty'."

Jim Henderson was the original "Hicks," but not the B. Section character invented at La Clytte. In our old training-camp days, Henderson and Bill Taylor used to put on a "rube" act for the amusement of the lads, and the fellows had nicknamed them "Hicks" and "Si" respectively. The names stuck to the pair of them, but Henderson had gone to A. Section at Otterpool camp, and that left room in B. Section for the introduction of the "Hicks" which became so famous throughout the ranks of the Fifth. As a matter of fact, one of our men afterwards married into a Hicks family.

Our First Real Taste of War ~

The 29th day of December was one of our red-letter days. Major Jones (posted as major, Christmas Day) had come over from Mont Noir to pay A. Section, and had just nicely started

to hand out the long-awaited francs when Fritz began to shell La Clytte. The first two or three shells fell in nearby fields but the next one landed right into the centre of the village. The pay parade was disbanded and the men rushed to their posts in the dressing station.

Soon the little schoolhouse floors were covered with wounded — civilians, 18th Battalion men, Princess Pats, and men from other units. Our bearers went unhesitatingly into the shell-swept streets and brought the wounded into the dressing station for treatment. The noise and vibrations from the shell explosions were terrific and, added to this, were the shouts and cries of fleeing and wounded civilians.

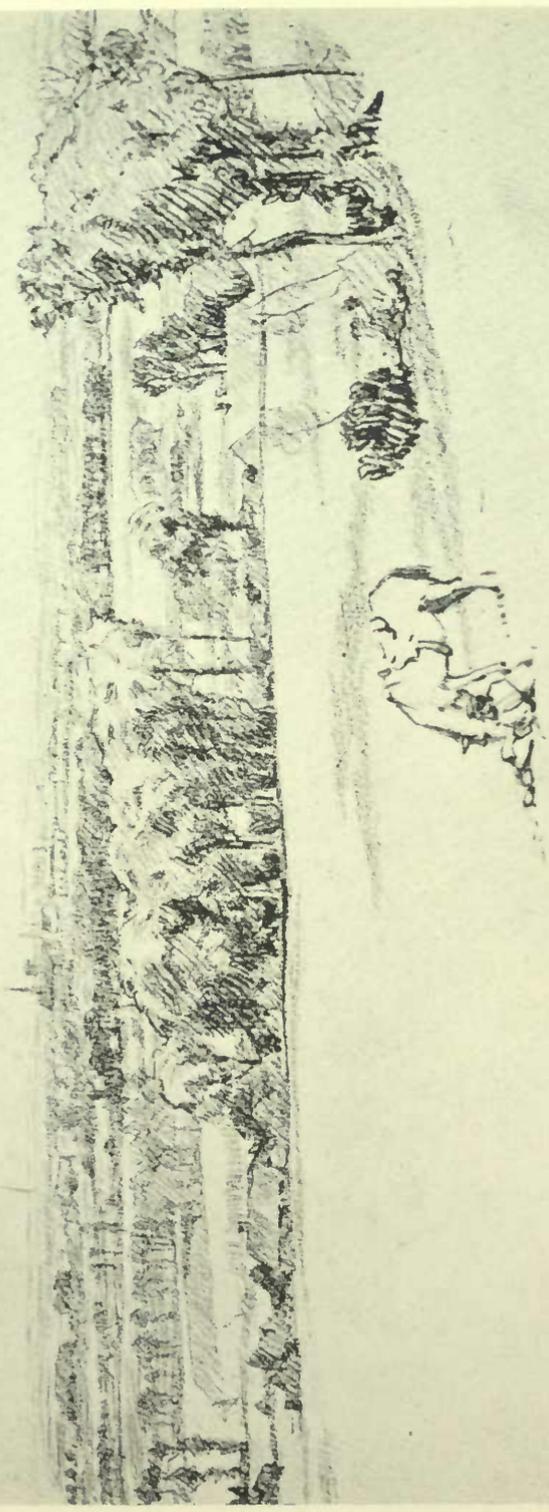
The local Belgian curé helped bring in a ten-year-old Flemish boy who had both legs and one arm fractured and half his buttocks blown away. A minute later the curé was back, helping our men to carry in the little lad's uncle. The uncle died shortly after admission and the boy the following day. Some of the men may remember the poor boy's grief over losing his watch.

Shells fell all around the school but didn't hit it. Every window in the village was blown out or shattered. One large shell landed in a big coal pile just opposite the dressing station and soft coal flew in every direction, but no other damage was done. After about two hours the shelling ceased. Our little station was like a shambles but, strange to say, not one Fifth man was hit.

There is no doubt that Fritz was trying to put out of action the 15-inch naval gun and a battery of six-point-twos which had been firing from the village. There used to be a lot of newspaper talk about the enemy firing on our hospitals and dressing stations. but hardly ever did we establish an aid-post or advanced dressing station without someone setting up an artillery post, a supply dump, or a machine-gun emplacement close to us. This happened so often it just couldn't have been accidental.

An odd coincidence of the bombardment had to do with the building of the station morgue. Chief Engineer Jimmy Lickley, assisted by Construction Expert Francesco Restivo, had barely completed the mortuary when the shelling started. Within a few minutes the morgue was filled to capacity.

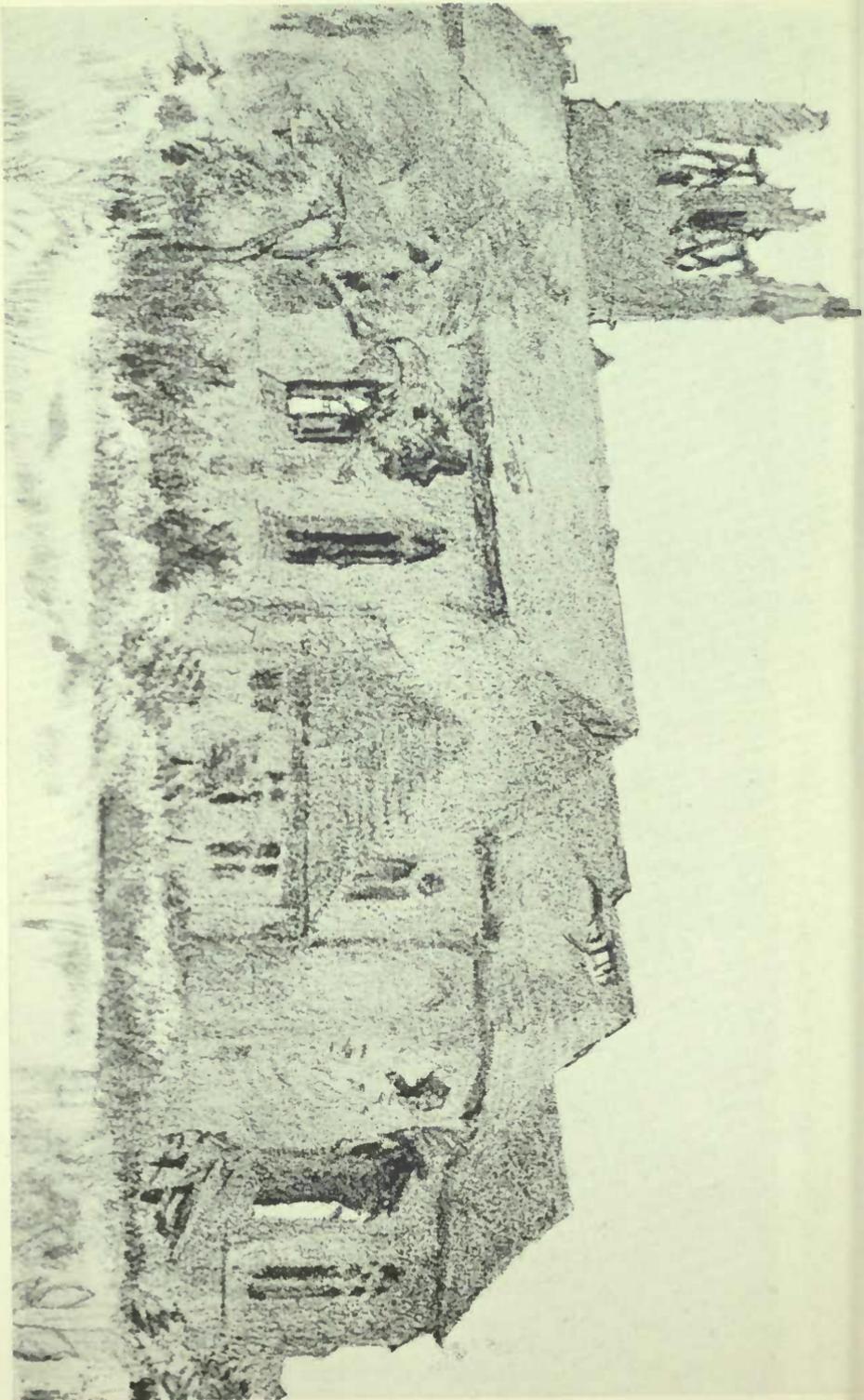
It was about this time that the Fifth lost four of its Rah Rah boys — Charlie Scott, Bill Scott, "Red" Irvine and Walter Barnes — who returned to Canada to complete their studies in



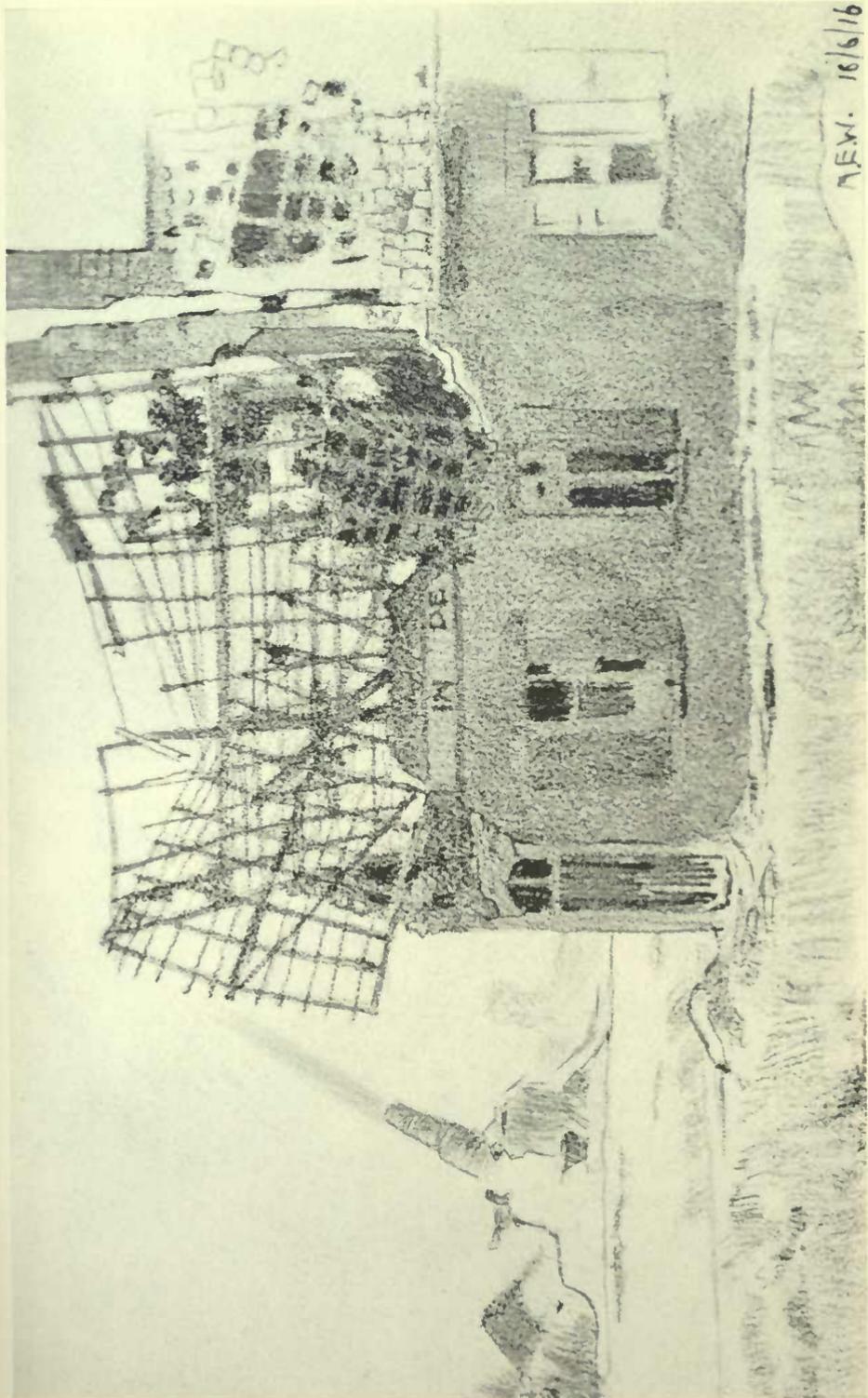
Vanille

NEV
1876

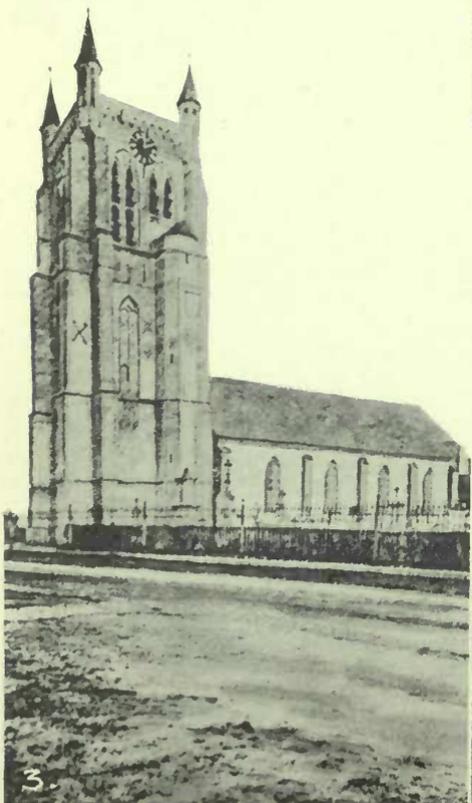
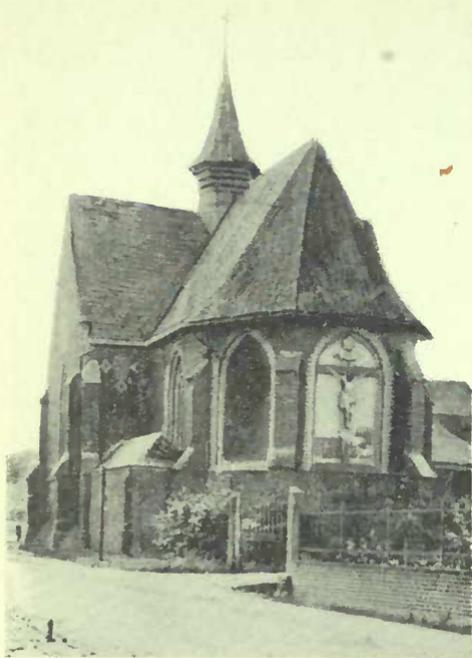
Bailleul, as seen from Mont Noir.



Diekbusch Church.



Giant Howitzer in Action, as seen from our Dickebusch Station.



1. La Clytte Church. Destroyed by Huns, 1918.
3. Locre Church. Destroyed by Huns, 1918.

2. Mont Noir Windmill, near our Chateau billet.
4. Mont-St.-Eloy Tower as it was before the war.

medicine. Evidently the powers-that-were felt that many more medical officers would be urgently needed before the war ended.

New Year's Day came and went without much of importance transpiring. The day was wet and windy but not cold. Up to January 1st our unit had no casualties in its own ranks, excepting Dymont, of course.

Shortly after the New Year, Padre Carlisle and Captain Elliott were reported missing. Rumor had it that they had been shot (or was it half-shot?) in Armentieres. The rumor was merely half correct, however, and only timely identification saved them from ignominious deaths as spies, for they had been arrested as such by the Imperial police when they were sight-seeing in the English troops' area. Thus was Joe Irwin robbed of promotion.

It is more than likely that for a few days the two captains were twitted about their visit to Armentieres. Whether Elliott and Carlisle had met the city's famous mademoiselle we never learned, but it is a strange coincidence that just at that time we first heard the rather bawdy song about Armentieres' famous lady. There was an ever-increasing number of verses to the song and the further the ditty went the worse (or better!) it seemed to get. Our soldier-minstrels vied with each other in composing additions to this army classic. The thing was bellowed in every estaminet and billet on the Western Front. Here are a few of the verses we eventually knew — slightly censored, of course:

Mademoiselle from Armentiers, parley-voo.

Mademoiselle from Armentiers, parley-voo.

Mademoiselle from Armentiers,

She hasn't been kissed for forty years —

With her hinky pinky parley-voo.

O madame, have you a daughter fine, parley-voo?

O madame, have you a daughter fine, parley-voo?

O madame, have you a daughter fine

Fit for a soldier of the Line —

And his hinky pinky parley-voo?

O yes I have a daughter fine, parley-voo.

O yes I have a daughter fine, parley-voo.

O yes I have a daughter fine

Fit for a soldier of the Line,

And his hinky pinky parley-voo.

"SUNNY" FRANCE

O mademoiselle has eyes of brown, parley-vo.
Her golden hair is hanging down, parley-vo.
With her golden hair and her eyes of brown
She's been kissed by all the troops in town —
And their hinky pinky parley-vo.

The colonel called on Mademoiselle, parley-vo,
His carriage erect and his head as well, parley-vo.
The colonel called on Mademoiselle,
But she told him to go plump to hell —
With his hinky pinky parley-vo.

The padre called on Mademoiselle, parley-vo.
To save her from the flames of hell, parley-vo.
The padre called on Mademoiselle,
He started to preach but damn soon fell
For her hinky pinky parley-vo.

The Yanks are having a damned good time, parley-vo.
The Yanks are having a damned good time, parley-vo.
The Yanks are having a damned good time
Kissing the Waacs behind the Line
With their hinky pinky parley-vo.

It was about this time that the Fifth was becoming acquainted with death as it used to strike at the Front. A few men had died in our station at Dranoutre and many more passed out in our ambulances and forward station while we were in La Clytte. There we learned to throw off the morbidness which is usually associated with the Grim Reaper during times of peace. Instinct warned us that to dwell overmuch on the darker side of war led to despair and defeat. Consequently, we almost subconsciously turned our thoughts elsewhere—even when, later on, some of our closest friends and comrades passed on.

In this connection we recall that one night our officers were in the middle of a game of bridge, with an infantry colonel as their guest, when an orderly brought a despatch to that officer. Hands had been dealt and the game was in abeyance while the infantry colonel read aloud the despatch, which informed him that his regimental medical officer had just been killed up the Line. After a moment's silence, Colonel Farmer picked up his cards. "Poor old George killed, eh! That's too damned bad!" he remarked. "What's trump?"

Our First Men Go On Leave ☞

On January 8th orders were received that leave was open — two men a week and one officer every third week. This was good news to those whose names fell within the first few letters of the alphabet but not such great news to those down around the W's. However, away went the first lucky devils, while the rest of us wondered if our turns would ever come.

Leave, especially in later days, used to come like a miracle. To a man up the Line or about to go into a battle or closer danger it was like a reprieve from the ever-present imminence of death. It was like another life, almost — something he wouldn't believe and couldn't conceive of until he was actually far away from the theatre of war. And when he got back up the Line his recent leave seemed like something he had dreamed — a few days lived in an obsolescent world.

Colonel Farmer was first to go on leave from La Clytte and when he returned we hardly recognized him. He came back sporting a black-ribboned monocle, a goatee, and a completely new uniform of decidedly English cut and texture. To see him walking about the old schoolhouse dressing station was a sight indeed. He would be screwing his mouth into all sorts of outlandish shapes, in trying to hold the elusive monocle to his eye. On his feet were a pair of great clattering Flemish sabots, and, in the early morning or very late at night, he usually discarded his uniform and donned a suit of vivid red pyjamas. Over these he wore a bright crimson dressing-robe and the ensemble was more terrifying than Fritz himself.

When the pompomming of anti-aircraft batteries announced the overhead presence of enemy aircraft, the colonel would grab a rifle and rush into the backyard court and blaze away merrily at the high-flying Boche. How many rounds of futile "rapid-fire" he sent skywards Heaven only knows.

One day Colonel Farmer and some of our fellows were following the movements of a British plane as it emerged from a battle over the Line. The machine was obviously out of control as it made its way erratically towards the rear. Suddenly, it went into a sickening spiral dive. Colonel Farmer ordered an ambulance and set out to where the machine had crashed. The dead pilot, Captain Saunders, M.C., a Britisher, was brought to the dressing

station where it was found that a bullet had penetrated his abdomen. The colonel ordered a grave to be dug and the pilot's body was buried with due respect and full military honors in the little cemetery behind the La Clytte church. A day or two later Colonel Farmer received a severe dressing down from the R.A.F., for not consulting them about the place of burial. Eventually the R.A.F. removed the body to another burial ground. What the Old Man said about unappreciative, snobbish ungratefulness must be left to the reader's imagination.

Some of the Fifth may remember that night in La Clytte when three of our most exalted noncoms. visited the 19th Battalion quartermaster — when it took the soberest one of them until nearly dawn to guide the other two back across the water-filled fields and ditches? They may, too, remember the hyena-like laughter with which one of the three awakened almost everybody in the area.

Orders were received about this time to paint on our ambulances a unit identification mark. The colonel was wearing a masonic ring when the order came in. He used the triple-taw design the ring bore for the motif of the identification mark — a sort of three-armed figure.

Late every night the colonel would make a final trip around the dressing station wards, inspecting every case. He had a wonderful way with a wounded man, and never was there a case of severe suffering that didn't receive merciful relief from pain through the colonel's miracle-working hands and sympathetic ministrations. If there were a dozen groaning, cursing, stretcher-cases when he entered a room, there were at least ten quietened and sleeping patients before he left. At his orders this man's lying position would be altered; the bottom end of another man's stretcher would be raised; the knees of still another patient would be elevated and a few sandbags tucked under them. He made a close study of each individual case and, without morphine or other sedative, soothed and comforted almost every badly-wounded man with whom he came in contact.

The colonel loved to question every conscious wounded man and ask about his battalion, home, relatives, etc., in such a way as to win the love and confidence of the patient. He delighted to find a man proud of whatever unit he happened to belong to. One night we had a particularly severe case — an Irish-Canuck,

if we remember correctly. Both legs and one arm were badly shattered. "What unit do you belong to?" asked the colonel. "The Twenty-First — the best bloody battalion in the Line!" proudly asserted the wounded man. "That's the spirit!" smiled the Commanding Officer. "You'll get better all right," he added; "but I'm afraid you'll lose one of those legs, my lad!" The wounded man forced a painful grin. "Oh hell, that's all right!" he explained, "I'm going to run a poolroom back in Kingston, but I'll sure be a damn funny-looking gink, hopping around those tables on just one leg, eh?" It is doubtful, though, if with all his courage, this lad pulled through.

It was in La Clytte that Privates Husband and Carruthers regaled the rest of A. Section with their tempestuous arguments over Sam Hughes, the Ross rifle, and politics in general. Carruthers had an exasperating habit of egging Hubby on and then grinning at him. Never were they near each other without a resumption of the argument; and never did the argument stop for the day without Hubby telling his vis-a-vis that he was a "dirty, lowdown, jeedee, Scotch, Presbyterian Grit"—that being Hubby's idea of the lowest thing in the world.

Dick Mitchell and Sam Baxter were another great pair who philosophized long and earnestly in the old Nissen-hut billet. If ever two soldiers loved each other, those two did. Both were well-read, cultured and broadminded and either would have died for the other — and almost any man in the unit would have just about given his all to either one of them.

On February 1st, Captain Nicholson moved to La Clytte and took charge of A. Section; Major Jones taking command of B. Section, over at Godewaersvelde, where that Section had been carrying on since the middle of December.

The "Good Old Days" at Godewaersvelde

Godewaersvelde (we called it "God Wears Velvet!") was a town of about two thousand population, back near Mont des Cats.* There B. Section opened a rest station in an old jute mill.

*Prince Max of Hesse, the Kaiser's cousin was killed and secretly buried at Mont des Cats in 1914. The Kaiser tried to find out the location of Max's grave but the monks refused to divulge it until the war was over and Germany had done something toward compensating the monastery for damage done by the Huns in their first mad rush to the Channel.

Jute was piled high in the only rooms suitable for patients, and to B. Section fell the delightful task of removing the stuff. It was carried into the machine room and piled ceiling-high on top of the machines.

A few days after this laborious work had been completed, the mill-owner's wife, accompanied by two very attractive daughters, appeared on the scene and requested that two especially valuable machines be removed and taken to her home for safe-keeping. B. Section thereupon commenced removing the jute in an effort to locate the two wanted machines. Naturally, it wasn't until nearly all the jute had been cleared away that the machines were found in the remotest corner of the room. Tired hands unbolted them from the floor. They were then hauled outside and, once more, B. Section carried and piled the jute back into the machine room.

Next morning there was considerable competition among the boys to decide who should have the honor of carrying the machines to the owner's home at the top of Mont des Cats. Eventually Ben Case and Mike Bicknell were the ones chosen.

Those machines were heavy enough for four men but the two Rah Rah lads decided that they alone would carry them and thus have a delectable tete-a-tete with the mill-owner's daughters. It was, therefore, with eager expectancy that they shouldered one of the machines and set out to deliver it. They could have taken the two machines by car but this was a job they wanted to last as long as possible.

When they arrived at the owner's home they were given a great welcome. The girls received them with open arms and the mother regaled them with wine, cakes and coffee. When Mike and Ben finally left for their billets it was with the feeling that they were making great headway with the impressionable young ladies and the fond wish that there were twenty more machines to be delivered instead of just one.

The next afternoon was rather warm as up the long steep hill the two Sir Galahads bore the remaining machine. Their arms ached and their backs bent under the increasingly heavy burden. Perspiration seeped into their smarting eyes, but the memory of the previous day's welcome and the anticipation of an even warmer reception spurred them on. Finally they reached the owner's house and rested their machine before the front door.

From inside the house came sounds of revelry. Music, laughter and the shuffling of dancing feet could be heard through the partly-opened windows. Their knocks on the house door were finally answered. Out came Yvonne, the girl who had taken Mike's particular fancy, followed by a grinning crowd of French friends. Holding her hand was a stalwart French corporal whom she introduced as *her husband!* He had come home on leave the day before and they had just that morning been married. It was a wedding celebration that the arrival of our two Don Juans had interrupted.

The girl's mother brought the two dazed lads some wine with which to toast the newlyweds, but Mike and Ben were too chagrined to do the toast justice. After stammered adieus they meandered back down the hill with a new understanding of "Love's Labor Lost" and a very strong suspicion that all women were fickle.

If Mike was unlucky in love, there were many of the lads who were more fortunate. John McRae and Bert Pearson were the worst (or best!) heart-breakers. Redheaded Gabrielle, Martha, Rachel and Zenobie were wonderful girls — all of them. And the girls in the white house on the Steenvoorde road weren't hard to look at, either! Our boys had a lot of good clean fun and the mamselles received a lot of attention.

Long Jawn and Little Pick

Piccadilly Bridges, because of his well-known French accent, was official "interrupter" for the boys. Corporal McRae used him as an intermediary when he went courting Gabrielle. If Pick pressed McRae's suit he did not neglect to press his own, and it was rather laughable to see and hear the giant corporal and the diminutive ex-signaller making their bids for the fluttering heart of the gentle Gaby. And, to make the thing funnier — whenever Pick and Mac weren't with the girl, another B. Section heart-breaker was on the job, and succeeded in starting in where they left off.

It was in this town that Doug. Cascaden was rather badly burned in a cookhouse accident. When the medical officer asked Cass the usual question, "Where were you born, etc.," Doug., regardless of his terrible suffering, didn't forget his Irish origin.

" 'Twas at Legation, on Ballyshannon, County Donegal —'twas years and years ago!" he added, with a wistful far-away look in his eyes. Needless to add, Old Cass recovered. You just can't kill that kind of an Irishman.

Apropos of the questioning given a sick or wounded man it must be mentioned that the patient was generally fed up and not interested in statistics, particularly as to his religion. We remember one badly wounded fellow who, when asked about his religion, replied, "Oh, put down any damned thing you're short of!" He was put down as an Anglican. Headquarters demanded complete information in every case so, rather than pester the patients, our clerks oftentimes marked them "C. of E.," and hoped the classification wouldn't prejudice the patients' chances of salvation. No doubt, our army casualty records showed an odd preponderance of C. of E. wounded. We knew, too, a couple of Fifth men who used to change their religions (if any)! to suit whatever parade promised the most liberty at the moment. Some even declared themselves as atheists, to escape church parades.

All B. Section men will recall the many boxing bouts that were put on about this time. Captain Elliott, Staff Patterson, Staff Mott and Staff Alden used to put on the gloves and treat the lads to many enjoyable exhibitions of the manly art. Everything was hunky-dory in the fisticuff line until an Imperial sergeant-major arrived in town and a bout was arranged between him and Frank Alden. Frank was lightweight champion of some place or other "over 'ome" but after a short session with the doughty sergeant-major Frank thought of many pleasanter ways in which to spend an evening. The B. Section lads, though, enjoyed this bout immensely.

B. Section had a busy time running the rest station for it was always full of patients. In front of the station our men did a 24-hour *armed* guard. One day Carl English Hill was marching up and down on his beat, red-cross brassard on one arm and a rifle over the other, when along came a Welsh Guard regiment. The colonel halted his battalion, came over to Carl and demanded to know why a red-cross man was carrying a rifle. Private Hill willingly explained. The dumbfounded Welshman then hurried to the officer in charge of B. Section and ordered the immediate removal of all rifles from the guard. And that was the end of our ridiculous breaches of the Geneva conventions.

Pete Wise Publishes a Newspaper ~

At Godewaersvelde, Pete Wise produced the first numbers of his “Weekly Eye-Opener,” a sixteen-page news-sheet written entirely by hand and dedicated to the proposition that all men were born equal — excepting noncoms. and officers, who were works of the devil. A footnote to the first number informed us that the paper was “to be published every Saturday, at twelve o’clock.” Pete asked for suggestions of suitable names for his publication and the “Latrine Gazette” and “La Clytte Bladder” were suggested. Pete compromised by calling the paper “L’Echo de Godewaersvelde.” To every issue the men looked forward with delightful anticipation; the officers and noncoms. with mistrust and dread, for the editor’s pen was often dipped in acid. Following are some excerpts from various issues:

THINGS WE SEE AND HEAR

1. The making of a hero: Veni, vidi, V.C.
2. Hurrah for President Wilson! He’s all write.
3. Slackers who shunned the call will soon be called to “shun.”
4. The Ford Peace Doves knew they played a losing game when they lost that rubber at Kirkwall.
5. An “Ardent Patriot” writes, complaining that the Cabinet still contains a Foreign Minister.

OUR 1916 ALMANAC

- Feb. 1—Germany floats new war loan.
 Feb. 12—Two men from the Fifth go on leave.
 Feb. 28—Bread and potato riots in Berlin.
 Mar. 1—Private Windsor continues to draw his pay for “working.”
 Mar. 6—Hilaire Belloc proves that Germany has already lost twice her entire male population.
 Mar. 30—Two men of the Fifth go on leave.
 Apr. 1—Kaiser announces that he will eat his Easter Egg in Casa Loma, Toronto.
 Apr. 15—Private Windsor resumes “work.”
 May 1—Peace rumors are strong.
 May 15—Henry Ford succeeds Carnegie as the world’s adviser.
 May 30—Two men from the Fifth go on leave.
 June 15—Private Windsor still “working.”
 June 20—Order of the “Laughing Hyena” conferred on Sergeant C—ps.
 July 15—Private Rosser takes commission in Boy Scouts.

- Aug. 1—Private Windsor "resuming work."
 Aug. 15—Kaiser expects to eat Christmas Dinner in Buckingham palace.
 Aug. 30—Two men from Fifth go on leave.
 Sept. 9—Private Rosser resigns commission in Boy Scouts.
 Sept. 15—Private Windsor still "working."
 Oct. 15—Chelsea pensioners ordered to re-enlist.
 Oct. 30—Two men from Fifth go on leave.
 Nov. 15—Private Windsor has breakdown. Life pension mooted.
 Nov. 30—The remainder of the Fifth go on leave.
 Dec. 1—Kaiser decides to eat Christmas dinner in Potsdam.
 Dec. 22—Hilaire Belloc admits he estimated Germany's army eight million too many.
 Dec. 24—Kaiser fears he will eat Christmas dinner (if any) on St. Helena.
 — Your Brother-in-the-Lord,
 (SGD.) H. C. WISE, Editor.

IMPORTANT NOTICES

There will be a mass meeting of the Ward Sweepers' Union tomorrow evening at eight.

If you can't get a bath, just change the string of your identity disc. It is most refreshing.

The Orderlies' Christian Association will meet tomorrow night in the Parish Hall. The Rev. R. J. Cooke will give an address. His Grace, Lord Bishop Merridew will also speak.

Private R. Rutherford's moustache was burned. What took nine months to grow was destroyed in nine seconds.

Lance-Corporal Lumsden is taken on the staff — as official Eye Witness and War Correspondent.

Pastor Cooke will lecture on the "Christian Example," by special request of Ben Case.

No dogs allowed in the hospital — especially if they are someone else's dogs. (Signed) B. Pearson.

ADVERTISEMENTS

LI FLUNG SOL, HIGH CLASS LAUNDRY

This is not a dry-cleaning laundry, and if all clothes handed in to my agents in quarter-stores are not accompanied by a drink, they will be handed over to the incinerator detail for disposal.— LI FLUNG SOL, Prop.

THE WARTMAN SCHOOL OF SURGERY

I am willing to give lessons and train men in surgery practice. Only a limited number can be accommodated. Apply immediately to

SERGEANT A. WARTMAN, B.A.

FOR SALE

A few good Studebakers; good cars — going down hill! Watch them coming round the mountain (Mt. des Cats) every day. Come and inspect them. Drivers will give them away *at your own terms*.

EARN BIG MONEY

Learn to be a cinema operator. I teach you how to handle the oil can, take films from the box and fuss round in general.

— FRANK G. BEATTIE (late Corporal),
rue Mont des Cats.

PARAGRAPHS

The only capital the Allies are in need of is Berlin.

We read of a "Typewriter Battalion." Is Wilson mobilizing?

Who put the mess in Mesopotamia?

A bun-feed to be a success must be held with a bun dance.

N.C.O.s — Not Conscientious Objectors.

The illness of the Austrian Emperor is causing grave anxiety. [It is feared he may recover.

The height of folly — a Zeppelin raid.

VERSE

There was a young fellow named Mike,

Up the hill to his girl he did hike —

On being rejected

He said "I'm dejected —

A French guy's wed the girl that I like!"

A CASUALTY

No foe can affright us;

No strafing can blight us;

No racket excite us

A jot,

No bully-beef harm us

(It never could charm us

A lot).

Hun snipers amuse us,

And rarely ill-use us;

Their "wides" just induce us

To laugh.

"SUNNY" FRANCE

*But Phyllis, lament us —
That pudding you sent us
Has jolly well rent us
In half!*

— W.E.Q.

THE DAILY LIAR

*From his home in Amsterdam,
Ananias
Sends to try us
Every day a telegram.*

*Monday's wire is full of pep —
Just to say,
Yesterday,
Someone wrecked a bloody Zepp.*

*Tuesday. Kaiser very ill.
Francis Jose
Hardly knows
If he'd rather cure or kill.*

*Wednesday's wire our senses jolts —
News from Denver
Says that Enver
Won't put up with Von der Goltz.*

*Thursday. Kaiser's quite restored,
Very perky,
Leaves for Turkey,
Francis Joseph very bored.*

*Friday. Comes the startling wire,
Straight from Wilhelm,
That some villain
Set the Vatican on fire.*

*Saturday. We hear from Rome
And Madrid.
Wire says: "No kid!
Winston is returning home."*

*Sunday is a day of peace.
Ananias*

*Gives to guy us
Monday's lies — all fresh, from Greece.*

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Dear Editor, I am greatly troubled. My height is only five feet, three inches. How can I increase my height.— Yours truly, “Scotty.”

Answer:— Dear “Scotty,” take some exercise and don’t lead the idle and despised life of a batman.— Editor.

NOTICE — AVIS

It must be distinctly understood that I am in no way responsible, nor can any action for slander be brought against me, for statements or articles not bearing my signature.— H. E. Wise.

* * * *

Only a few editions of the paper appeared. Pete didn’t get the support and encouragement he deserved, and the conditions under which the paper was published were not conducive to journalistic longevity.

Sergeant Wartman was the genius behind most of the activities while B. Section was in Godewaersvelde. The officers very wisely left everything to Wart and he never let them down. Of course, Staff Alden was always available for assistance and advice. One day the staff asked Wartman to explain the purpose of a newly-arrived ethyl-chloride syringe. Wart explained that it was “a new invention to be used for the extraction of fish-bones from the rear ends of Irishmen after Lent.”

More Queries 

Do you remember the moving-picture machine we had at Godewaersvelde, and how envious everyone was of the staff’s ability to turn the crank and tangle the film — and how quickly Andy unloaded those duties on someone else as soon as the novelty wore off?

Remember that sign in an estaminet window, not far from town: “FREE BEER TOMORROW”?

Perhaps some of the lads may recall the dinner the fellows billeted at Zenobie’s put over around New Year’s — when a roasted suckling pig was the *piece de resistance*, and Tom Morgan piped a few tunes on his whistle; George Grindley recited; and Red Sowden impersonated Slim Russell’s girl in a “You Made Me What I Am Today” skit.

Some of our C. Section lads may recall the time that Willie Hanney nearly blew up the Mont Noir chateau and himself along

with it. Hanney was in charge of the establishment's acetylene lighting plant, and those who knew the apparatus will remember what a cantankerous contraption it was. One day the tank sprang a leak and when Willie lighted a match to search for the trouble he found it instantly! There was an explosion that put the lighting equipment completely out of commission for a few days, and brought immediate demands from the "resting" patients for additional liquid stimulants.

On March 2nd, B. Section moved to La Clytte; A. went to Mont Noir and C. to Godewaersvelde.

La Clytte is Shelled Again ~

On March 7th La Clytte was again shelled. One shell burst in the farrier's shop, killed the horse being shod, and so badly wounded Jack Barron, our farrier, he died shortly after being hit. He was buried the following day, in Bailleul cemetery.

Just before the shelling started, a few B. Section lads had been seated back of the dressing station, discussing the merits of various types of army footwear. One fellow said that his favorites were those long rubber hip-boots which the Salient mud and water made so desirable. Another man voiced his preference for those knee-high laced boots, such as worn by officers, batmen and transport men. It was at this moment that the first shells landed and, being free from duty, the gang beat it away into the open fields. As soon as they recovered their breath, Scotch Gordon informed his companions in no uncertain manner that they could have all the hip-boots and knee-high footwear they liked but that right then what he desired most was a pair of blankety-blank *running shoes!*

Baldy Rutherford was one of this same party and, as they ran into the field, a chunk of shrapnel ripped a hole in the back of Baldy's rain cape. For a long time thereafter he was not permitted to forget that he had been hit in the rear at the Front — and that a hit in the back required much explanation.

Billy Sellen was badly shellshocked this same day. Billy was in between two exploding shells and the concussions affected his eyesight. He was evacuated to England shortly after.

One lingering memory of our stay in La Clytte is of Captain Silcox's procedure whenever a sick man was brought into the

schoolhouse for treatment. The captain would stand with his hands clasped behind his back, and, regardless of whether the man was supposed to have pneumonia, or influenza or some other sickness, he would silently gaze at the patient for a minute or two. "All right," he would then order, "let down your pants and show me your tongue." As the surprised patient did so, Captain Silcox's next remark was, "How long is it since you were with a woman?" The poor ailing men became so flustered it was all too often that they blurted out the enlightening truth. The captain's face would then relax and he would prescribe the necessary treatments.

We must here record that when La Clytte received the heavy shelling of December 29th, Captain Silcox was in charge of the schoolhouse and acquitted himself wonderfully well during the whole affair. He was cool and resourceful under fire and, along with Captain Burgess, did some remarkably fine work over the wounded. Eventually Silcox was given charge of Advanced Medical Stores and was separated from our unit.

La Clytte was again shelled on March 14th. None of our men was hit, but that same evening Corporal Udell was badly shell-shocked — and thereby hangs a tale. Just about twilight, some long-range guns were shelling, over towards Kemmel Hill. The shells were landing harmlessly in the long valley south of La Clytte, and at considerable distance from the village. A number of Fifth men were out back of the schoolhouse, listening to the approaching shrieks of the shells and watching their ground-blasting bursts in the distance. The giant corporal, who had been in the pack-stores when the farrier's shop had been hit one week before, was seen crouching behind the wooden schoolhouse latrine. One of the boys got an infantry entrenching tool and, just as one shell reached the zenith of its shrieking arc, our practical joke-smith hit the boards near Udell's head a resounding whack. Out tore the corporal, his blond pompadour erect with terror. He dived into the dugout at the front of the schoolhouse and thereafter (if not before) was a total loss to the Fifth. He was evacuated "shell-shocked" the following morning.

We Move to Remy Siding and G.15

On March 23rd the whole unit moved. A. and B. Sections went to Remy Siding, in charge of Major Jones and Captains

Nicholson, Barton, Kenney and Jenkins. C. Section went to G.15, in charge of Colonel Farmer, Major Philp and Captains Turner, Newton, Burgess, Kelly, Lough and Clarke. The Motor Transport and Horse Transport also located at G.15, which was merely a map location between Busseboom and Poperinghe.

At Remy Siding we took over a field hospital from the 73rd Imperial Field Ambulance. Here in a large muddy field were five immense huts, connected to each other by duckboards. The Fifth men billeted in the farm barns.

The first day we were at this place the 73rd colonel severely reprimanded Sergeant Irwin *for spitting in the farm cesspool!* He must have thought Sharkey had galloping halitosis — or something. The same Prussian-like Imperial officer also bawled out many of our lads for not having their brass buttons polished to the brightness of those of his own men, and for failing to salute with the promptness and deference to which he had been accustomed by the Imperials. Once again we thanked our lucky stars that we were in the Canadian army and not in his. We often called our own army "Coxey's Army," but were mighty glad that we were in it and in no other on occasions like this.

Across the road from our camp there were two casualty clearing stations and, throughout our stay in the Salient, many of the wounded were brought to these stations for treatment.*

Perhaps You Can Answer These!

Were you one of the fellows who stuffed absorbent cotton into Major Jones' stethoscope just before he went the rounds of the sick wards one morning?

Did you parade to the Commanding Officer and complain that the staff-sergeant had more personal cooks, batmen and billet orderlies than there were men looking after over two hundred patients? And do you remember the cleanout that followed, and how some of the staff's pets had to do real work for the first time in their army lives?

How many times did you visit that house almost directly opposite the Remy Siding gate — for coffee, eggs and chips, etc., *avec?*

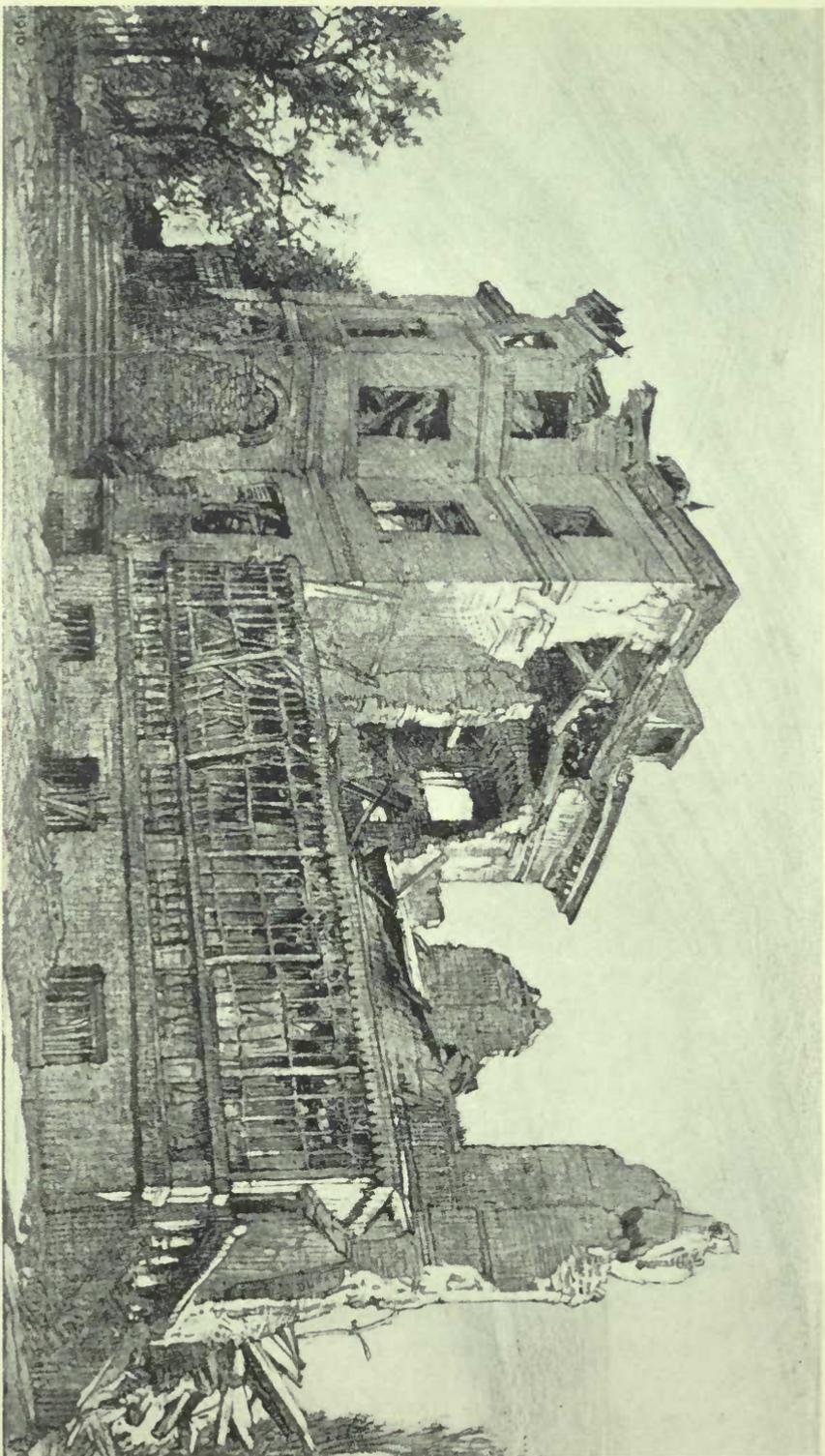
*Not far from where the two clearing stations then stood there is now located the second largest British cemetery in Belgium—Lijssenthoek Cemetery. Sad evidence of the great number of men who died in this region.



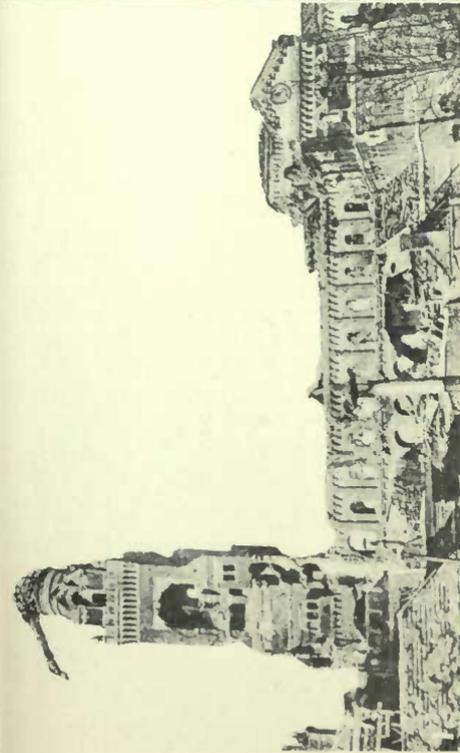
1. Horse Ambulance at A.D.S., Somme. (Can. Official War Photo).

2. Ready for Bathing Parade, Dranoutre.

3. B. Section wears new Oliver Equipment, Godewaersvelde.

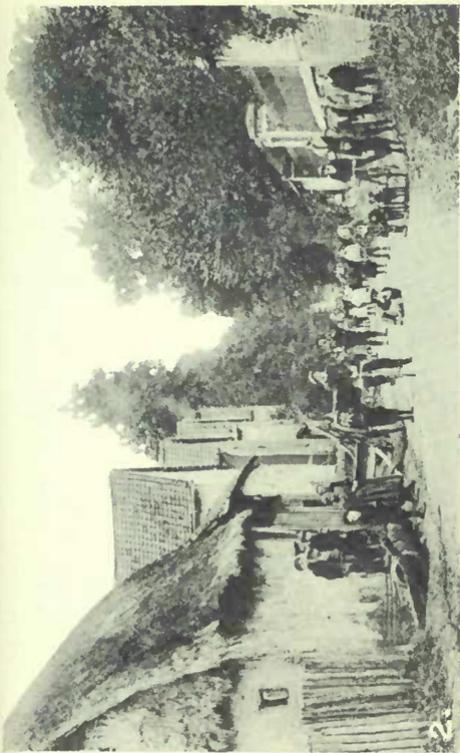
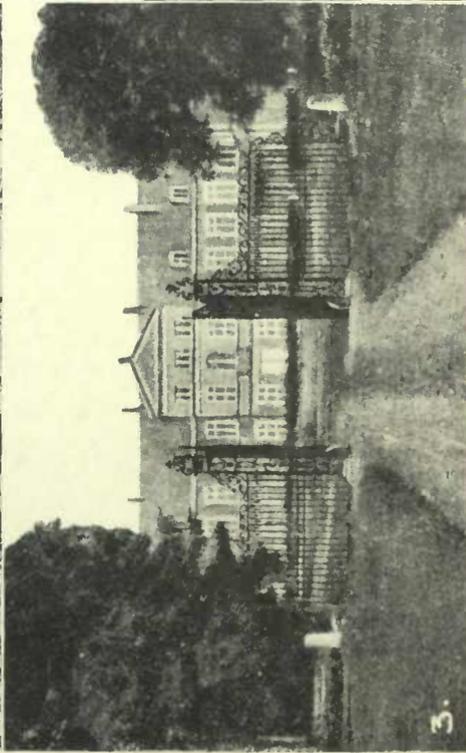


Bedford House — often called the "Bird Cage." Before we left the Salient little remained of the upper portion. (Sketch by Harold F. Brett, 4th Field Ambulance).



1. Leaning Virgin of Albert, as we saw it, September, 1916.

3. Grande Rullecourt Chateau, our Headquarters, July, 1918.



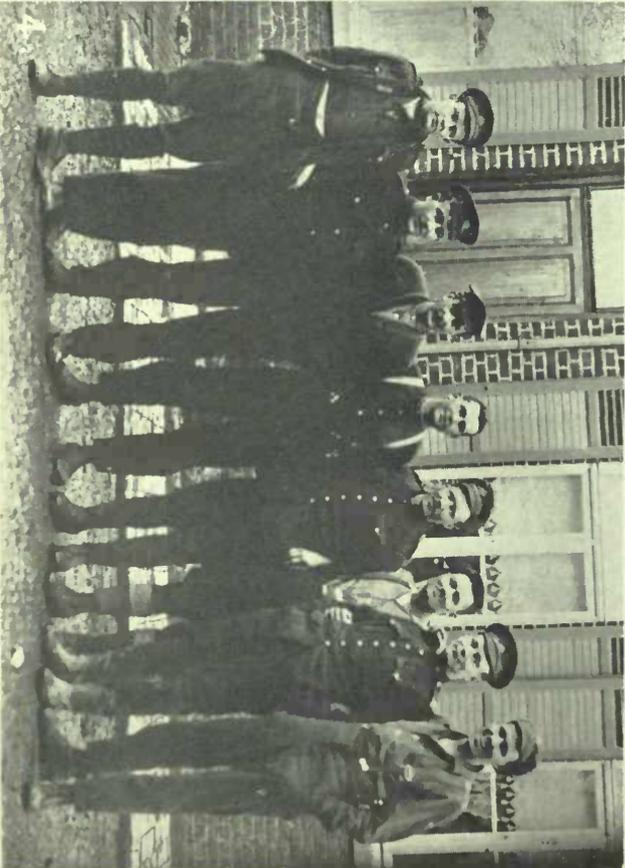
2. Warloy-Baillon, barns used for dressing station, September, 1916.

4. Pernes-en-Artois Convent "Rest" Station, January, 1917.





1. A Photo taken during march from the Somme.
Truswell (seated) died since the war.



2 and 3. Two groups at Four Winds.
4. Some of the Rah Rah Boys.

Were you there the day Restivo became fed up with his sanitary fatigue work and requested Sergeant-Major Williams to put him on some other duty? "Please-a, sarja-maij.," pleaded the disgusted Italian, "put someone else-a for do dees-a job. I get too much-a deeg-a de grave, fix-a de wash-a-base and run de incinerate. All-a time dump-a latrine buckets no good! — Phew!" Poor Restivo held his nostrils between his thumb and forefinger and rolled his eyes in eloquent pantomime. Jack Williams, if he couldn't catch all the words, was convinced by Francesco's gesticulatory illustrations that Restivo deserved a change of duties.

Perhaps you remember the broad-hipped Flemish lass who used to come to our G.15 camp for garbage. She carried over her ample shoulders one of those heavy hand-hewn yokes from which dangled the usual buckets. One day when she had her head and shoulders down in the swill barrel Jack Gilpin sneaked up behind her and tipped her up into the barrel. She was quite a sight, what with her broad expanse of red drawers, her violently kicking legs and her waving sabots — and more of a sight when she extricated herself.

The sequel was that her father came roaring vengeance a few minutes later, carrying a wicked looking sickle. Cook Gilpin armed himself with a meat cleaver and at about sixty paces from each other they threatened murder — the farmer in guttural Flemish and Gilpin in nasal cockney. Jack Williams appeared on the scene and succeeded in getting rid of the excited Flamand, promising him that Gilpin would be fittingly punished. That evening some of the lads visited the farmer and in eloquent pantomime explained that Gilpin had been lined up before a firing squad and shot. The father and daughter were so delighted they supplied free beer to the artful tale-bearers.

Were you at Remy Siding the day one of the lads came into the dining hut with a bulging mail-bag, and instead of giving out the mail as was his usual custom, calmly sat down and began his dinner? Corporal Morgan decided that the fellows should not be kept waiting for their mail, so he grabbed the bag and proceeded to hand out its contents — and discovered that the bag contained only imitation mail and that the day being April First, some of the lads had successfully pulled his leg.

Remember that house with a large shining ball in the window — and the mouthy old dame who waited on customers?

At G.15, C. Section ran a main dressing station in some Nissen huts. The men occupied one hut and a number of bell tents. The Horse Transport lines were well sheltered by galvanized wind-breaks, while bricks and tile from ruined Ypres made an excellent flooring for horses and wagons. To G.15 we brought casualties from the old Brasserie, Ypres Asylum, Ouderdom, Spoilbank, Maple Copse, Dickebusch, and other advanced stations and regimental aid-posts, as they were successively established by us during the next few hectic weeks.

Tiny Ineson Holds the Bridge ~

At the Spoilbank post was where Tiny Ineson got his first big thrill. Just to the left of the dugouts there was a narrow bridge crossing the canal, and beside the bridge was a sign "*Be Careful. This Bridge Under Enemy Observation.*" One evening, just as it was getting dark, our party was making its way across the bridge. All had crossed but the rotund sergeant. He was just about the centre of the bridge when "rat-a-tat-tat," a machine-gun went into action. Tiny flattened himself, stomach down, against the bridge floor, his face buried into the muddy planks and his bulky body blocking the bridge. About a half-minute went by. Loud carefree whistling was heard and an infantryman approached and started across the bridge. Coming upon Tiny's body he was about to step over what he thought was a corpse when he noticed a slight movement. He kneeled down and rolled Tiny over. "What's the matter, chum? Are you pretty badly hit?" he enquired. "Not yet!" whispered Ineson, "Get down, man, get down! Don't you hear that machine-gun?" Tiny added. "Sure I hear it," laughed the lighthearted rifleman, "that's one of ours!" The Front Line was 1,500 yards away.

Colonel Farmer happened to be in Dickebusch during a very heavy shelling. A five-point-nine shell landed in a nearby latrine, nearly smothering the colonel with its odoriferous contents. His much-disgusted horse carried him back to Headquarters and for a long time he had to put up with many sly digs about the rotten time he spent in the Dickebusch mess one offal day in Spring.

On March 25th we cleared sixty wounded from the Maple Copse post alone. Two days later the Imperials blew a mine at St. Eloï and from then until we pulled out of this area we had

all the wounded and sick we could handle. Night after night all our ambulances came back crowded. The three Canadian Divisions were now together for the first time and our Maple Copse post was terribly busy. To make matters worse, Fritz shelled daily all the routes along which wounded could be carried back. Dickebusch, Vlamertinghe, Ouderdom, La Clytte — all were heavily shelled by day and bombed by night. Poperinghe was the target for high-calibred long-range guns and many civilian and army casualties came from that city. At night G.15 was bombed, for here, too, some master minds ran up a big railway naval gun and Fritz searched for it very diligently.

It was about this time that Billy Brown and some of his pals stole a case of rum from the 2nd Pioneers, near the Brasserie. Jack Shepherd, Tommy Cunningham and a few other Motor Transport fellows were relieved of their duties at the Dickebusch milkery for the ensuing forty-eight hours.

The Scrap at St. Eloi

From the night on which the Imperials blew the mine at St. Eloi the Second Division was involved in a series of operations long drawn out and extremely costly in casualties. The whole St. Eloi scrap was fought on a front of not more than one thousand yards; on ground that had been blasted beyond description by mines, bombs, minnenwerfer and high-explosive shells; and churned by continuous rains into a deep morass of stinking, brown, muddy batter. High ground was flattened out and the valleys blown high, until the territory bore no resemblance to its former condition. All was mud, corruption and debris.

Every shell-hole and crater was a fetid pool. Prevailing mists and rain hid landmarks from view, or revealed them so distorted, location identification was well nigh impossible.

Seven craters on top of the St. Eloi mound were the centre of almost endless attacks and counter attacks. Fogs and storms prevented accurate observation and, at times, it was not known which craters were held by us and which by the enemy. One writer (Aitken) has summed up the affair as follows: "The story of the craters is like that of most of the St. Eloi battle — one of misfortune for the Second Division. *But it is not one of blame.* The successive regiments who held the outposts were, from the

very outset, at a great disadvantage, compared with their enemies. They were not, and could not be, properly supported by their gunners, while the enemy's artillery was pounding them to pieces."

On April 6th all our motor and horse ambulances and most of our bearers were sent, in charge of Major Philp, up to Maple Copse, to help the Sixth Field Ambulance who were already in that part of the Line. The Imperials had recently moved out and the Canadians now held the whole Ypres Salient.

It was while clearing the wounded from Maple Copse that first night that one of our men remarked that the woods was full of bees, buzzing around overhead. His pal, Jimmy Shorrocks, answered, "Aye, lad, an' if one of them bees stings you we'll blewdy well have to carry you out, too, so keep your blinkin' head down, thou long goormless booger, thou!"

On April 14th, A. and B. Sections were relieved by the Ninth Field Ambulance, Third Canadian Division, and moved to Reninghelst (Pop. 2,500), where they were followed next day by C. Section. By this time we considered ourselves veterans and it pleased some of us to tell the new arrivals what warfare really meant! All leave was now called off, so we expected trouble. Many of our men were at this time posted to other duties. Several went for commissions, and some transferred to other units.

Staff Patterson applied for a commission and was sent up the Line with the 28th Battalion, for a month's training. Pat spent a few nights out in No-Man's-Land with wiring and working parties and then decided that prudence was the better part of valor. Much to the amusement of all the lads, Pat returned to the Fifth shortly after. After all, he had applied for a commission as quartermaster in a field ambulance and they had not done right by our Andy in putting him out in No-Man's-Land. The observant Pat knew that quartermasters never went such places, so who can blame him for objecting to such a glaring breach of military practice and tradition?

Jack Lumsden went to the Y.M.C.A., attached to the Fourth Artillery Brigade; Bob Hare to the 28th Battalion; Dick Mitchell and Slim Russell to the newly-formed Machine Gun Company; Jim Henderson, Patsy Sargeant and Sammy Jacobs to Leather's Trench Mortar Battery; Fred Noyes and Garnet Noble to the Corps Water Patrol; Staff Truswell to the 18th Manchesters;

Irv. Dymont to the 18th Battalion; Staff Mott to the Irish Fusiliers and later to the Air Force; Carl Hill to the 24th Battalion; Baldy Rutherford to the 27th Battalion; George and Ronny Brookes to the Air Force; Harry Lang to the Imperials and Ernie Gilmer to the Royal Irish Fusiliers. Staff Mott had always had a desire to be an aviator and, on his very first flight over the Line, he was shot down and killed. As a matter of record, a glance at the nominal roll at the back of this book will show how many of those who transferred to other units were killed or wounded.

When he heard that one of the fellows was leaving for a commission, Staff Smith came to say goodbye. "Well, my friend, I understand that you are about to take a commission. I hope you will — I know you will — in fact, I am positively sure you will — prove to be a better officer than ninety-nine per cent. of the damned non-competent arrogant sons of b — s who call themselves officers around here!"

Some of the Motor Transport lads may remember the steam-roller that marked one of the turns on the route to Busseboom. At night our drivers depended on this and similar landmarks. One inky black night Ernie Smith got lost and when he reached G.15, hours later, he explained that "Somebody moved the steam-roller — it was there last night!"

La Clytte, Dickebusch, Vlamertinghe and Hallebast were now being systematically flattened by enemy shell-fire. Jack Lumsden was killed in Dickebusch on May 9th, a shell making a direct hit on the house where Jack was on duty. On May 11th he was buried in Reninghelst cemetery, six of his closest chums, Rutherford, Hill, Hare, Hooper, Bicknell and Noble acting as pallbearers. When it came time for Colonel Farmer to say a few words at Jack's graveside, the Old Man was so overcome he could not utter one word. He simply stood with bowed head and with tears streaming down his cheeks.

It was in the schoolhouse billet at Reninghelst that Orderly Sergeant Charlie Camps "pulled a fast one" on the sergeant-majors and several of the senior noncoms. One night the noncoms. put on one of their real old-time card parties. Everything went off so well it was long past midnight before the party broke up and the noncoms. made their way to their sleeping quarters. Staff Alden was first to reach the room which served as noncoms.'

boudoir, and he tiptoed to his bunk in order not to awaken the few non-roistering noncoms. who were already asleep. Just as Alden was about to disrobe, Sergeant Camps wakened and in a very sleepy sort of voice enquired the time. Alden told him the hour and with a pleasantly yawned "Goodnight, Frank," Camps turned over and apparently dropped off to sleep.

Next morning the two sergeant-majors and about a dozen sergeants were hailed before the colonel, charged with being absent from their proper billets and with failure to obey the order of "Lights Out." Colonel Farmer had no option in the matter, for the exact time had been vouched for by Alden himself. All the culprits were found guilty and given reprimands. The shrewd and conscientious Charlie, however, did not get off scot-free. The Commanding Officer gave him a very pointed lecture on diplomacy — and he was somewhat ostracised for a few days by his indignant fellow noncoms.

Shepherd and the Colonel's Monocle ~

Our colonel's monocle was the indirect cause of Jack Shepherd's lapse into crime while we were in Reninghelst. Shep was under arrest for some trivial offence and, when he came before Colonel Farmer for trial, the colonel treated the matter very lightly and, no doubt, was about to dismiss the case. Unfortunately, for Shepherd, the Old Man chose that particular moment in which to adjust the monocle in his much-inflamed eye. The sight of him, screwing his face into all sorts of weird contortions, was too much for Despatch Rider Shepherd! He broke out into one of his well-known spontaneous guffaws — and right away got twenty-one days of First Field Punishment. He was tied to the wheel, but after about two days, Colonel Farmer had him released, cancelled the whole charge, and returned him to his *status quo ante guffaw*.

On May 14th we heard that the Mayor of Dickebusch had been shot as a spy. Perhaps there was more wish than truth in the rumor, for we never heard authoritatively about the matter.

On June 2nd, Fritz blew some mines under the Third Division trenches and made a deep narrow salient, reaching as far back as Maple Copse. The P.P.C.L.I., C.M.R.s, 42nd and 49th Battalions had many casualties and the whole Canadian Corps was

ordered to stand to. The colonel and both majors of the Tenth Field Ambulance were wounded and Major Philp left us to take command of that unit. On the following evening Captains Burgess, Barton and Kenney took all our bearers up to Maple Copse. We also established stations at Voormezeele, Bedford House and the Brasserie.

We cannot pass without mention of the fact that for considerable time after the Third Division arrived in France, Major Philp had been, by special request, attached to that Division, in order that his exceptional organizing ability and extensive experience in actual warfare evacuation work might be utilized in whipping the Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Field Ambulances into shape, and organizing them into the working establishments required by conditions then existing at the Front. That he was entirely successful in the task entrusted to him is borne out by the fact that Second Divisional senior medical officials received a despatch from the Staff of the Third Division, thanking our Divisional Medical Services for the assistance rendered by Major Philp, stressing the importance of the services contributed and also complimenting the Fifth on the great work of our bearers up in Maple Copse. From this it will be appreciated that his choice as Commanding Officer of the Tenth was eminently fitting and an honor to the Fifth.

During the whole of June we carried on in these several locations and were very busy. Our ambulances, as well as our men, were kept on the go, day and night, and they had many perilous trips to and from the advance posts in and about Ypres. On June 25th Fritz got a direct hit on one motor ambulance and Jack Walters was wounded and sent to the Base.

Night after night we were roused by false gas alarms, and had to stand to until word came that the "alerts" were called off. A gas alarm had to be experienced to be appreciated. Cries of "Gas!"—and a near-panic spread like wildfire. Shell-case gongs would be thumped; whistles would be blown; klaxon horns would be sounded; and the average gas alarm would spread for miles. When someone yelled "Gas!" almost everybody in Flanders put on a mask! And what uncomfortable, stifling contraptions they were, particularly those first pullover affairs we were issued. The eye-pieces soon became opaque. Slobbers of saliva drooled from mouth-corners and dripped from sweating chins.

Sense of direction was quickly lost, and then it was "To hell with the mask! — I'd rather be gassed!" It would be ripped off and, more often than not, the air outside would be found sweet and clean as compared to that inside the detested respirator.

Dominion Day came. Promptly at twelve o'clock noon every Canadian gun fired five rounds at Fritz, by way of celebration. That night our men came down the line and, by July 4th, the whole unit had moved back to Boeschepe.

One of those unable to march off from Reninghelst with the rest of the troops was a certain bulky staff-sergeant who had a bad attack of rumitis and was stretched out for drying when the unit moved off. The quartermaster-sergeant, the staff-sergeant and the bandmaster of the 20th Battalion had been holding an all-night seance with some Essardee, and the spirit had moved the staff-sergeant until he couldn't move any more of the spirit or himself, either. Incidentally, the bandmaster was so enamoured of Fifth hospitality he followed the unit to Boeschepe in order to continue the seance, for he and the quartermaster-sergeant had become "boozem" friends. It is no wonder our fellows used to put such feeling into their singing of that old song:

*If the sergeant drinks your rum, never mind;
If it puts him on the bum, never mind;
He's entitled to a tot — but he takes the bleedin' lot —
If the sergeant drinks your rum, never mind.*

We Summer at Boeschepe ☞

Boeschepe is a French town of 2,500 souls. It lies about one mile from the Belgian frontier and approximately the same distance northeast of Mont des Cats. Here the men had a real home and it remained our headquarters until late in August.

The Fifth's job was to run a rest camp, consisting of a marquee and about a dozen bell tents; and a "self-inflicted" hospital in the local schoolhouse, where those men who had deliberately wounded themselves received treatment.

Opposite the schoolhouse was an orderly room where courts-martial were held and we regretfully record that some of the scenes therein enacted left us stunned with horror and sickened with disgust. It seemed to us that many of the poor lads who came before their military judges in this place received very unsympathetic hearings from the officers appointed to try them. We

wondered whether any consideration ever was given to the fact that a prisoner was a volunteer soldier, had borne himself bravely in many battles and was no longer in control of his mental and physical reactions — that he was merely a physical and mental wreck because of many terrible months of exhausting trench life. We used to wonder (and still do!) what some of those well-fed, comfortably-billeted, all-powerful trial officers would have done had they been through the same tragic circumstances their prisoner had experienced — had been obliged to eat the same food; undergo the laborious work of digging trenches, dugouts, etc.; carry the same weight on long marches and in the Line; depend on the occasional issue of rum, instead of having the ever-available bottle of Scotch from the Officers' Supplies Stores; and go through in general all the innumerable dispiriting ordeals reserved for the common soldier only.

All too often were medical officers called upon to officiate at the post-mortem of some young lad who had been shot for "desertion"—some mother's son who had enlisted with the ideal to uphold all that was good and noble and righteous, and had carried on until his brain and body had reached the breaking point. Surely there must have been some other way out, than by having him shot down in cold blood by his own comrades. "Shot for desertion" was the way the court records closed such a case, but we wonder if the correct entry should not have read "*MURDERED, by the Prussianism in our own army!*"

We have in mind one young infantryman, under twenty, who was shot for desertion. A Field Ambulance lad who was waiting to bring the boy's body away, became sick at his stomach and attempted to avoid witnessing the actual execution. The officer in charge of the shooting party forced him, under threat of severe punishment, to remain and watch the poor victim's frightful death. The padre who was with the infantryman during his final few hours was hysterical for many hours afterward. A brother of the executed lad was a member of the same unit. His reaction to the trial and execution of his unfortunate brother must have been terrible.

It might be said that these officer judges were, themselves, victims of the military machine. To a great extent they were — but their very rank implied a certain amount of willingness to act as trial officers and acquiesce in the verdicts of courts-martial.

Humphrey Cobb has stated that a soldier always looks through lenses made of the insignia of his own rank. We are trying to present the case for the victims of such courts as seen through our lenses — even though those lenses showed us a distorted picture. Surely similar injustices should not be permitted to take place in any future war!

Shortly after we arrived at Boeschepe, Colonel Farmer, in company with Albert Armes and Bill Atkinson, visited Remy Siding cemetery and placed a large wooden cross on the grave of the colonel's nephew, Lieutenant James Belt, who was also a nephew of Canon Belt, the Anglican clergyman at Ancaster.

As for the lads in general, they quickly settled down and got acquainted with the local "natives." There was a very comely barmaid by the name of Marie, whom almost the whole unit, from the sergeant-major down (and up!) courted with great enthusiasm and with varying success.

It was, too, another Marie in this same town, with whom one of our sergeants became somewhat involved, with the result that Colonel Farmer considered an official investigation was necessary. Andy Patterson and Jack Williams were delegated a committee of enquiry. They paid a visit that evening to the gentle Marie and found her most attractive, amiable and receptive — so amiable, in fact, as to cause the two noncoms. to linger well into the late night hours.

Jack and Pat were about to pull out for camp, and make due report, when hoofbeats were heard on the road which ran about twenty feet above the level of the estaminet roof. Peeping out through the windows, the two noncoms. could see, silhouetted against the skyline, four horsemen (Barton, Nicholson, Burgess and Clark). As the noncoms. watched, the riders halted their mounts and one of the quartet called out: "*Ou est la route a Boeschepe, mademoiselle?*" — just by way of introduction, of course.

Marie ignored the officers' shouts, and after several repetitions, the four horsemen wheeled their mounts and trotted away. Next morning one of the noncoms. bumped into Captain Barton. "*Ou est la route a Boeschepe, mademoiselle?*" mimicked the noncom. Barton glared at the questioner. "So you were the blankety-blank who was there last night, eh? No wonder we couldn't get in! . . . But, of course, Staff, we were there on official business

only!” he added, somewhat shamefacedly. “Oh, yeh! Well so was I!” chortled the grinning noncom. Was Barton embarrassed!

During the first couple of weeks in Boeschepe the boys were pretty free to come and go — parades and drills being off the agenda. Many of the lads took advantage of the opportunity to visit Reninghelst, Poperinghe, Mont Noir, and other familiar places.

Shortly after taking over the camp, notice was posted that the “extra duty pay” which had been allowed to cooks and motor mechanics, was to be discontinued, and the air was somewhat bluer around the cookhouse and Motor Transport quarters for many weeks thereafter.

One of the important happenings was the building of an incinerator. Captain Nicholson, Dick Thomas and Tommy Poole devised a wondrous brick structure that was the temporary envy of every sanitation squad for miles around. Weeks of strenuous labor, by tired grouching fatigue parties, were put into the building of the masterpiece, and there were rumors of prospective decorations and promotions for those responsible for the conception and erection of the imposing contraption. Unfortunately, however, after a few days’ trial the incinerator proved a “flop.” And although Godewaersvelde had launched Messrs. Thomas and Poole on their road to renown, it was the Boeschepe masterpiece that really established their fame as the “Incinerator Kings.”

Some More Questions

Do you remember Captain Harris, who was our padre at Boeschepe? He was very popular with all ranks and was killed not long after, while serving with an infantry battalion.

Can you recall that church festival which took place here, when the whole civilian populace turned out in gorgeous costumes of lace, velvet and spangles, and paraded behind quaintly-garbed chanting priests?

Do you remember how one of our Horse Transport men served first field punishment at this place, being tied to a wheel and undergoing all the other indignities of this manifestation of so-called army justice?

Were you there the day Solley showed his rations to Captain Silcox, complaining that there was not sufficient for a man to

live on — and the captain remarked, "I would consider that an ample ration for myself.?" Solley looked his disgust. "There might be enough for you, sir, but not for a man!" Solley, of course, meant there wasn't sufficient for one who had to work as hard as he was working just then.

Were you there that dark night at Zillebeke when our bearers were busy collecting wounded from the Maple Copse area? Happy Carlisle was stumbling about in the inky blackness when an infantryman told him to stop walking on the bodies of the dead! "What do you mean?" retorted Happy, stepping gingerly off what he took to be some bundles of sandbags. "Why, that's our corporal in one sack and our sergeant in the other," complained the infantryman, "and you've been walking all over them!"

Do you remember the sergeant from the A.D.M.S. headquarters, who used to leave our camp, carrying away with him sacks of canned chicken, Red Cross supplies and rum — and did you overhear the Williams-Busst confab over this same affair?

Were you on that route march when Staff Smith ordered Teddy Gilmore to stop smoking on parade, and Teddy told him to go and perform an interesting operation on himself? If you were there, you might recall, too, that Reggie had Ted pinched and charged with "conduct to the prejudice of military order and good discipline," in that he failed to obey a lawful command; and with "insolence to a noncom." When the case came before the Commanding Officer, the colonel found Teddy guilty on the first charge only. He dismissed the second — after hearing Reggie's repetition of Gilmore's rather rude admonition. "That's a physical impossibility," exclaimed Colonel Farmer, "the case is dismissed!"

After about the middle of July, route marches and drills became almost daily occurrences. Rumor had it that we were to go south and join in the Somme offensive.

On July 17th word reached us that Bob Hare was a prisoner in Germany. This was welcome news, for Bob had been reported missing on June 13th and was presumed dead.

On July 23rd we sent working parties up to Bedford House and Spoilbank, in charge of Captain Neilson.

On July 24th, Mike Bicknell was wounded while on the Spoilbank working party. The day was Mike's twenty-first birthday

anniversary. His present from Fritz removed his presence from the Spoilbank job.

On August 14th, King George and King Albert of Belgium toured the Canadian area and were given a great reception by many of the lads who were working for them.

On August 25th the Fourth Canadian Division joined the Corps. On the following day we, with the First and Third Divisions, set out for the Somme.

During the spring and early summer, several of our Fifth fellows had very close calls. Some of them suffered shell-shock, but our only casualties in addition to those already mentioned were Privates A. H. Barker and W. J. Leigh. These men received rather severe blighties and were evacuated to the Base.





CHOOSE YOUR ARGUMENT



*The Eleventh of November in the year Nineteen-Eighteen,
Was the day the Allied monkey-wrench gummed up the Hun machine.
From that day to the present, nearly all this wide world o'er,
People have been questioning, "Who was it won the war?"*

*Some have argued this way and some have argued that;
Their theories have been quite thin, their contradictions flat.
Enough of useless argument — we can't stand any more!
We'll now admit (choose which you will):*

<i>We</i>	}	<i>won the war!</i>
<i>They</i>		
<i>Nobody</i>		
<i>The Quarter Bloke</i>		
<i>The Profiteers</i>		
<i>Mae West</i>		
<i>The P.B.I.</i>		
<i>Amos 'n Andy</i>		
<i>Mlle. from Armentieres</i>		
<i>The Greybacks</i>		



CHAPTER FOUR

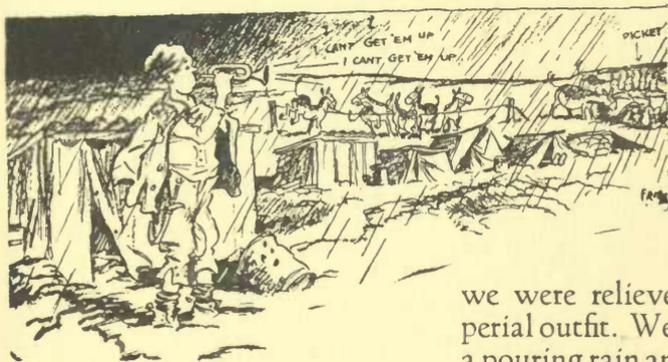
(Tune—Sea, Sea, Sea, why are you angry at me?)

Jam, Jam, Jam!--Have you ever seen Carlisle eat Jam?
Gooseberry, Strawberry, Damson,
Marmalade, Apricot--then some
Jam, Jam, Jam!--Down his throat many tins he can cram!
He has no appetite! He just eats day and night!--
Jam, Jam, Jam!

(Sung on way back from the Somme)

TO THE SOMME, & BACK

(August 26, 1916, to January 20, 1917)



Morning at the
Brickfields

EARLY
on the morn-
ing of Au-
gust 26th

we were relieved by an Imperial outfit. We moved off in a pouring rain and marched to

Steenvoorde (Pop. 4,500), where we stayed that night in a large barn. Captains Elliott and Newton were sent ahead as billeting officers and continued in that capacity until we arrived at the Somme.

At four o'clock next morning we were away again. We stopped for our mid-day meal near Cassel and saw the famous hill where once a Duke of York marched up and then marched down again. After dinner we continued on to an old chateau just outside Noordpeene. A plaque over a door told us that the chateau was built in 1718. This day's march was one of the most interesting we ever made. Beautiful, fertile valleys and graceful hills met our eyes from daylight to dark.

The following day we marched to Eperleques. In a field close to the Watten road we erected tents and tarpaulins and settled down for the night. This day's march had been particularly trying. As the crow flies, the distance was not great, but as we were obliged to detour over many back roads to make way for faster-moving artillery, transport, etc., we covered that day a remarkably long distance. All afternoon we had been marching over very

hilly country. The day was stifling hot, and an approaching rain-storm made the heat more oppressive. Captain Elliott came out to guide us the final two or three miles to camp and it was a fagged-out, limping, weary, and grumbling Fifth which made camp that night.

From August 29th to September 3rd we remained at the Eperleques camp. It rained nearly every day, but that didn't prevent us from having daily "conditioning" marches and drills.

While we were at Eperleques, Captain Kenney left us, to go to the Second Stationary Hospital at Taplow. The captain had been with us from the start and was well liked. He always had shown great interest in the younger men of the unit, the Boy Scouts being his especial care.

It was at Eperleques camp, under our tarpaulin bivouacs, that the unit minstrels put some of the final touches to our marching song, which we used to sing to the tune "D'ye Ken John Peel?" We give the words of this song and we hope that you who sang them while marching along those old French roads can recapture some of the wholehearted zest you used to put into them during the old days. There were many verses but we give only the printable ones.

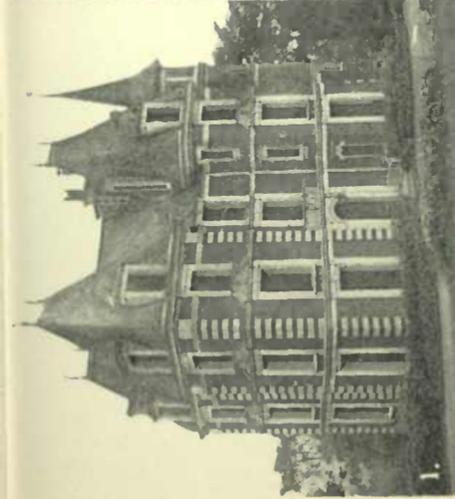
(Tune — D'ye Ken John Peel?)

*D'ye ken old Restive and his comrade Covell —
They run the "incinerate" and they make him go like hell —
They burn up all the garbage and other things as well,
And they get steam up early in the morning.*

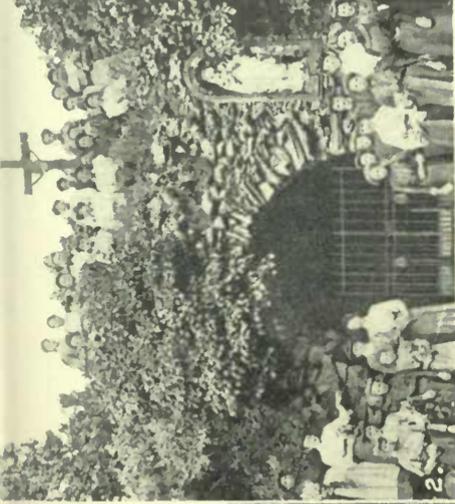
*D'ye ken Tommy Poole with his six-foot rule —
Built an incinerator near Boeschepe school;
Tommy, Dick and Nicky suffered something cruel
When the damned thing would'nt function in the morning.*

*D'ye ken Sid Humphries mending all the shoes —
He whistles and he sings and he never has the blues,
But he always seems to have the latest news
From the Latrine Gazette every morning.*

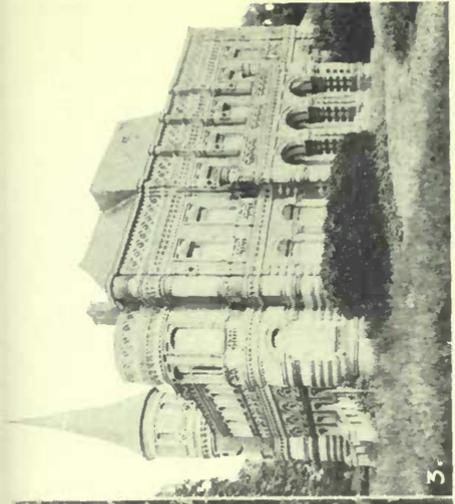
*D'ye ken Bill Jones — he's a bleedin' bag of bones,
And the Good Book says that his kit-bag's full of stones
And weighs ten pounds; neath the weight of it he groans
When he hoists it to his shoulder in the morning.*



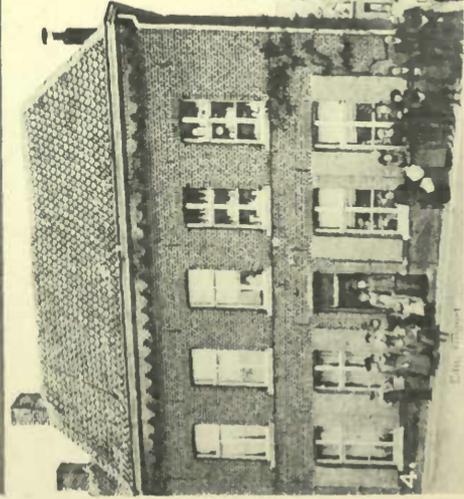
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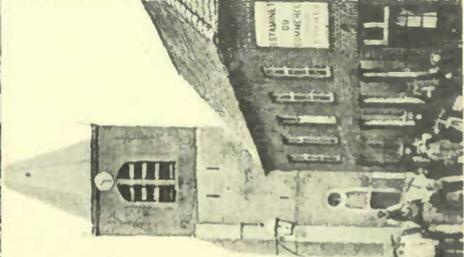


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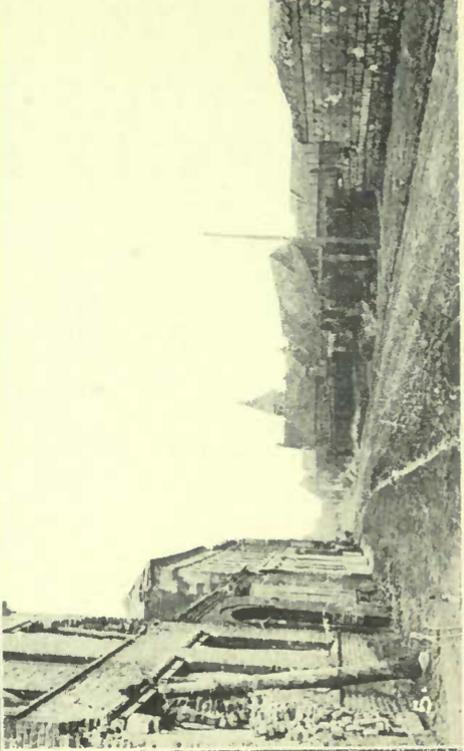


4. Chateau de M. Coisnc-Danset, Mont Noir.

4. Boéschepe; showing our favorite estaminet on corner.

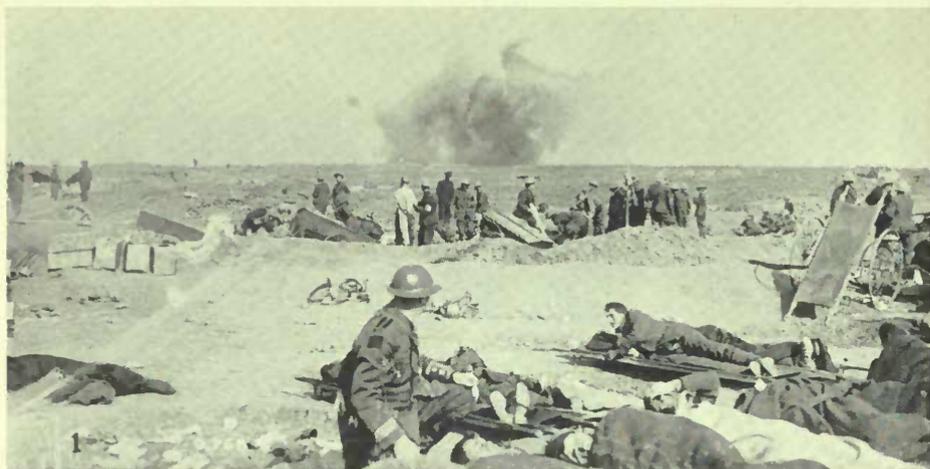


2. Grotto, Mont Noir.



3. Hersin Chateau, our Headquarters before Vimy Scrap.

5. Bully Grenay main street, 1916.



(Canadian Official War Photos)

1. A Big One lands close to Advanced Dressing Station at Somme.

2. A Typical Stretcher-Bearing Party.

3. Loading the Motor Convoy at Somme A.D.S.

*In the quartermaster's store are a dozen men or more,
And it makes the fellows sore to look through the open door
And see them sitting eating what they never ate before —
But the men get just bully in the morning.*

*D'ye ken Wilfy Wager always saying "seek" for look —
You're S.O.L. if your name is in his boook!
It's a dollar to a doughnut you'll be detailed to a cook-
House fatigue if he spots you in the morning.*

*D'ye ken old McKillop, he blows the bugle fine —
He blows Last Post when he wants them into Line,
And he blows the "Lame and Lazy" when it's dinner time,
And Lights Out for Reveille in the morning.*

*D'ye ken Sergeant Camps when in your hut he stamps
And details you to fatigue, when your scowling face he lamps;
Then you hope he'll catch itch, scabies, leprosy or stomach cramps,
And wear a blanket at a funeral in the morning.*

*D'ye ken old Restive and his comrade Covell —
They carry up the rations and runna like-a hell,
And they tell the sarja-maije all the men go through the haige,
And they all get C.B. in the morning.*

*There's the incoming myle, and the houtgoing myle,
The hofficers' myle, and the sergeants' myle —
You must come and get your myle at the proper time,
Or you caunt 'ave your myle till the morning.*

On September 4th we route-marched in the morning, and in the afternoon packed up and moved to Houlle, where we had supper and slept in an old flour mill until one o'clock next morning, when we marched off again, through St. Omer and on to Arques, where we entrained.

One week of marching had been plenty for everyone, and had left impressions which time can never eradicate from our minds. Even now we can see those shaded old Roman roads, where, on a bright day, a gridiron of sunshine sifted through the tall, majestic poplars and elms that stretched their never-ending double row along the roads' deep-ditched edges; roads over which a long vista of interlocking branches met in a sort of Gothic arch, from which great drops of cold, sparkling moisture dropped on to our heads in the early morning or on a rainy day.

Mile after mile we would march along, the colonel mounted and away out in front — before us the red, sweating necks and the swinging legs of the men immediately ahead, their steel-shod boots sending up sparks from the flinty uneven cobbles — every man of us longing for the next ten-minute halt when we could sag down on the right-hand side of the road, using out packs for pillows and elevating our aching feet as high as possible. Cigarettes and pipes would then be smoked, water bottles would be broached and hunks of chocolate or hardtack hungrily devoured. The ten-minute rest sped like lightning. "Fall In!" would sound; men would stagger painfully to their feet; packs would be hitched back upon aching shoulders; straps would be again thrust into burning armpits; cigarettes would be tossed away — or "butted" and tucked behind dusty ears — and away we would go once more, for another fifty minutes of the same thing all over again.

Once More a la 40 Hommes - 8 Chevaux ~

It was now about one year since we had made our first 40 *Hommes*-8 *Chevaux* train trip, and needless to mention, perhaps, the celebrated pullmans were considerably more acceptable because of our intervening experiences.

The train pulled out of Arques about 3 a.m. We made our way via Calais, Abbeville, Boulogne and Etaples, to Conteville, where we detrained late in the evening and marched to Longvillers, where we stayed for the night.

No doubt the Horse Transport lads will remember the horse that was killed while our train was going through one of the many long tunnels en route south — and the lengthy explanation Max Kelso was subsequently obliged to give. Which reminds us that whenever a horse or vehicle was lost a very exhaustive report was required, and there was hell to pay if any negligence was suspected. But whenever a man passed out, a brief "K. in A." sufficed. It was easy to get men, but horses and equipment cost money.

Our train journey had been very interesting. Just about dawn we passed Calais, and many of the lads imagined they could discern the chalk-like cliffs of Dover. Then we came to Abbeville, Ruskin's favorite town, where a thousand years before, the First Crusaders had gathered to be harangued and exhorted by Peter

the Hermit of Amiens. We remembered reading somewhere that Caesar had once camped here. From our box-cars we saw the famous old Saint-Riquier church. We also saw several citizens fishing from their bedroom windows. Next came Boulogne and we glimpsed the ramparts and gateways of the upper city. We also saw the famous column Napoleon built to mark his "invasion" of Britain. It was dusk when we reached Etaples, so we didn't see much of that place.

On September 6th we marched from Longvillers to Halloy-Pernois, where we stayed overnight. Next day we moved on to Fermes-de-Rosel, near which were located a German prisoner camp and a large R.F.C. aviation field. We slept that night in barns. From there we could once more hear the rumbling of guns and we knew we were getting close to the Somme front.

On September 8th we moved to Val-de-Maison, where we were billeted about the village, and took over a divisional rest-station from the Sixth Field Ambulance. For five days we remained there, running the rest-camp, whitewashing walls, cleaning streets, etc. Back of the rest-station was an apple orchard and many of the boys climbed the trees to write letters and read, because there was nowhere else to sit in comfort. Little Andy Nicholson wrote his last letters home in one of those trees. Here, too, we were issued the blue shoulder patches and the C-2 badges which from then on were to identify Second Division troops.

At Warloy-Baillon and Up the Line ~

On September 13th the Eighth Field Ambulance relieved us and we moved to Warloy-Baillon, where we cleaned out several barns for use as a main dressing station during the coming battle.

On September 14th all our bearers moved up the Line, ready for the big push which was to commence the next morning.

The days following were momentous indeed. Up the line our bearers labored almost incessantly, clearing the wounded from around Contalmaison, Courcellette, Casualty Corner, The Sunken Road, Pozieres, Gibraltar Point, Thiepval, La Boisselle, Orvillers, Martinpuich and other famous Somme battlefields.

The weather during the whole series of Somme battles was exceedingly wet. Dirty, grey, chalky mud was everywhere. The clothing, shoes and equipment of the wounded men and our

bearers were plastered with this clogging "goo." At night the men resembled staggering grey ghosts. The artillery fire had churned up all the roadways and trenches until they were well nigh impassable. Most of the time our wheeled stretchers were useless. All too often were wounded men dumped from stretchers, when those carrying them fell or were bogged in the chalky quagmires.

Stretcher-bearing under such conditions was quite different from the parade-ground stuff in which we had been so carefully drilled during our training days. Of all the ridiculous drill we had then received, the loading and lifting of stretchers by numbers was the most useless. Rarely, here, did we have four men to a stretcher. More often than not, only two men were available. Under actual battle conditions we simply picked up our wounded man as tenderly as possible, bandaged him as quickly as circumstances would permit, and carried him out as fast as his weight, the terrain, and our own fear and legs would let us go.

What man who carried wounded under these circumstances could ever forget the terrible groaning, cursing and pleading of the poor fellow, half-rolling off a shoulder-high stretcher? Who could ever forget the dark brown and purplish stain that seeped through the stretcher canvas, and all-too-often dripped down on to our backs and arms? Who can't remember the seeming futility of the whole mad business, as we were unable to take cover when shells blasted the chalky ooze all over us, or when a bearer was hit and fell, dumping perhaps a compound-fracture case, shrieking with the additional pain, into a ruddy, stinking trench or shell-hole? And how many times did we go through all this, only to find, on reaching the aid-post, that the wounded man had died on the way, and that all our efforts to save him were futile? Nothing grand or heroic about all that, was there? It was simply a matter of carrying on as long as you had sufficient strength and fortitude to do so.

The nights were very cold and, when a day without rain did come along, the hot sun baked the chalky uniforms into hard, chafing, misshapen masses.

For the first few days the bearers' rations failed to reach them properly, and if it had not been for the food they took from the haversacks of the dead, our lads would have gone hopelessly hungry. After the first phase of the attack, we established ration

dumps at the Contalmaison Chalk Pits and at Casualty Corner. These posts were in charge of the Dental Captain and for the rest of the Somme scrap the men got their rations and rum more or less regularly. To these posts, too, the bearers not on duty came for rest and sleep.

Sleep, to these fagged, nerve-shattered men was just like dying for a short time. Their faces would then show strange sights. All facial lines were relaxed; all pettinesses, weaknesses and vices stood out in brutal detail. Jaws and chins fell open and drooped, and cheek furrows grew deeper. It was difficult to recognize in these sleeping caricatures of men the comrades of our training-camp days.

In Warloy-Baillon, the Nursing Sections were busy day and night. The wounded fairly poured in — from motor ambulances, horse ambulances, general service wagons and commandeered farm conveyances. Many walking cases, too, found their dazed way back to this town — too shell-shocked and bewildered to understand that there had been no need for them to come so far back for treatment. To these men, no doubt, the paramount thought was to get out — to get back, as far as possible, from the hell up forward. Every barn was filled with wounded. They came in faster than we could get them attended to and evacuated to the clearing stations. Most of the wounded were so exhausted they slept for hours on the straw-covered barn floors, too spent to have their wounds re-dressed and too tired to remain awake long enough to take nourishment.

We Suffer Some Casualties

On September 15th, Dick Mitchell was killed, and Slim Russell and Baldy Rutherford, who had gone to infantry units, were wounded. The following day Willie McFarlane, Lewie Finch, Herbie Grant, Andy Nicholson, Willie Hanney, Andy Parker, Tommy Pender and George Grindley were killed. Fred White, Corney Weiler, Garnet Noble and Sergeant Wartman were wounded. Colonel Campbell of the Sixth Field Ambulance, the officer in charge of Second Division evacuations, was also killed on this same day.

The deaths of Privates Parker and Nicholson were strangely co-incidental. The two Andys' friendship was a very beautiful

thing, a sort of Damon-Pythias relationship. They just about idolized each other and it was odd that after chumming together for about two years they should practically die together.

Another sad coincidence was the arrival on this very day of a transfer order for George Grindley to take a commission with an Irish Line Regiment.

Sergeant-Major Jack Williams left us shortly after we arrived at Warloy-Baillon. Word came that his wife had become very dangerously ill and that he was urgently needed at home. Most of the men were up the Line at the time so had no opportunity to bid him farewell. Headquarters noncoms., however, gave him a send-off party and he left Warloy with the good wishes of every man there.

All were sorry to see Jack go, for he had the respect of everybody. Jack played no favorites and got things done with a minimum of fuss and grousing. In our mind's eye we can see him even now as he used to walk on to the parade ground — a stubby toothbrush sort of moustache on his upper lip, his chin snuggled into his short, thick neck, his shoulders squared back, and his stocky frame straight as a poker. Williams looked like a middle-weight boxer, talked like an Aldershot noncom, and walked like a man who knew where he was going. He kowtowed to neither officers nor men, treated everybody like human beings and conducted himself as a he-man and gentleman. We do not think he had an enemy in the unit and when that is said of a regimental sergeant-major it means plenty.

On September 28th Captain Barton and Roy Skilling were wounded. On October 2nd Frank Terrio was killed and Fred Adshead wounded.

On October 3rd the Headquarters Sections at Warloy-Baillon were relieved by the Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Field Ambulances and they moved to the Brickfields, near Albert. To this place our bearers came the day following — for a few hours' rest, reinforcements and kit-refittings. Here we occupied bell tents. The whole area was a sea of mud, for the rain had continued to pour down.

While we were at Warloy and the Brickfields the men learned to love a certain Captain Bell, an American doctor who joined us at Eperleques and was only temporarily attached to the Fifth. This officer was an astonishingly human character. He had absolutely no "side" and seemed totally indifferent to military usages

and traditions. His spare moments he spent amongst the rank and file whom he entertained and instructed in many different ways. He was really the most remarkable character we knew — next to Colonel Farmer, of course! He was ambi-dexterous, and could write and perform delicate surgical operations equally well with either hand.

Captain Bell had a wonderful memory and was an accomplished elocutionist — could recite long passages from Shakespeare, Longfellow, Hugo and other authors, as well backwards as forwards. He would ask his listeners to mention a chapter, paragraph or stanza from any prominent book and he would recite it forthwith. He could give the date and circumstances of almost any outstanding event in Biblical, British or American history.

Captain Bell's uniform wasn't exactly what the High Command would have approved of; his boots, belt and other harness were not what Sandhurst would consider correct; his misshapen cap was tilted at an angle that would have brought tears to the eyes of a drill-master; his attitude toward full-buck privates and junior noncoms. was a challenge to army traditions, *but* — he was a real man, one of Nature's Gentlemen, to whom militarism, snobbery and class distinctions were repugnant. He was, too, an exceptionally clever surgeon and a shrewd physician. We have no idea where he came from or where he went when he left the Fifth, but we do know that with him went the best wishes, admiration and respect of every man in the unit.

We Meet Our Reinforcements ~

It was at the Brickfields, too, we got our first opportunity to become acquainted with our reinforcements. As a matter of fact, a considerable number of new men had joined us shortly after our arrival at Warloy, but as most of them were sent up the Line the same night they arrived, we had little chance to greet or chat with them. Some of them became casualties on their first trip up front and we never did meet those lads where we could get to really know them.

Our first reinforcements had reached us when we were in La Clytte and Mont Noir. Bob Gray, Herb Gilbert and Norm Heidman were in the first draft to the Fifth and it must be

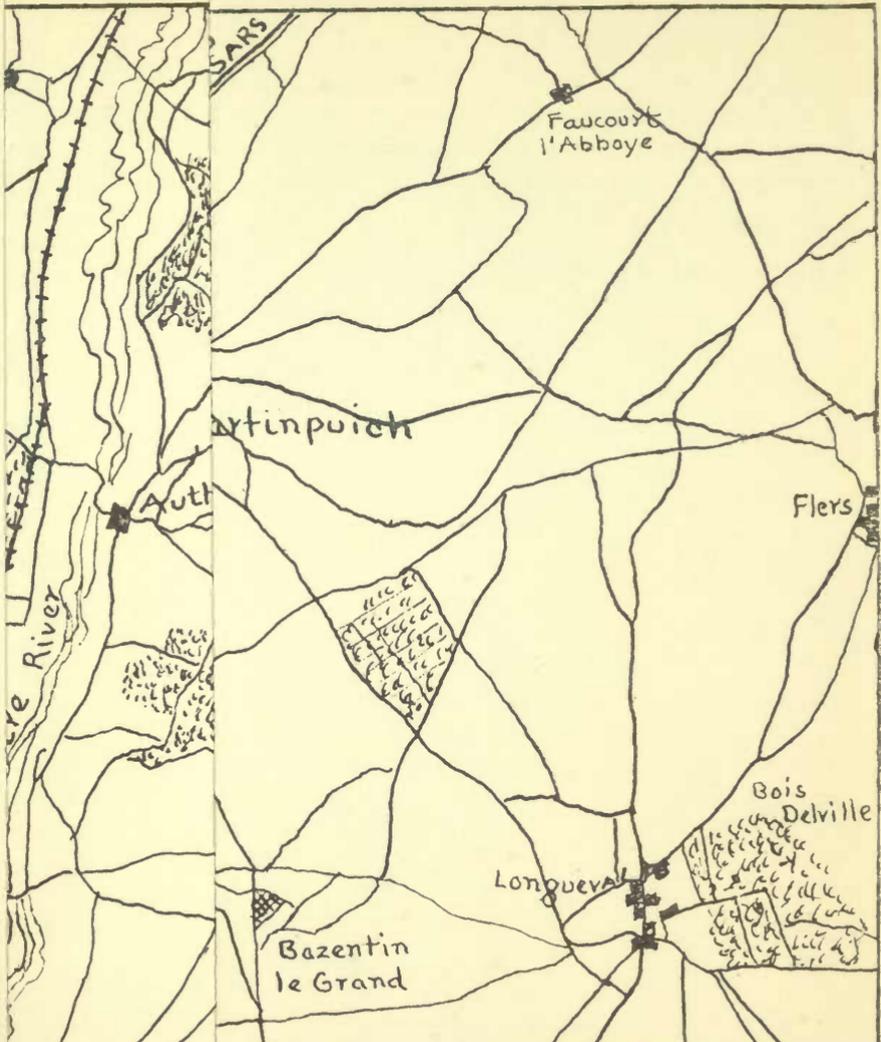
confessed that they were, for a week or two, treated more or less as outsiders. This attitude was quite understandable, for the "originals" of the unit had been together for over a year and had become somewhat like a large family. They had learned most of each other's strong points and weaknesses, their likes and dislikes, and much of their past histories. Almost every "original" had his own chum and favorite cronies, and there was a natural hesitancy toward taking an unknown newcomer—no matter how fine a chap he might be—into the long-established and select inner circle.

Gradually, however, each reinforcement was "sized up," appraised, and accepted as a chum and equal. No doubt he passed a rather uncomfortable time, until he found his bearings and "fitted in," but, after all, that applies to every situation in life. And—we Canadian soldiers were brutally blunt and frank in most of our relationships!

Throughout the war the Fifth received approximately five hundred reinforcements and it is doubtful if any other unit obtained higher-class types of men than did ours. With very few exceptions, they finally measured up to the standard of our "originals" and proved themselves A-1 men in every particular—whether they were officers or privates.

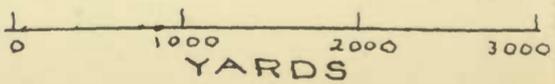
It must be remembered, too, that the "originals" were on trial by the newcomers. New arrivals had to "size up" our officers, noncoms. and men. They had to learn a whole new language—a weird vernacular of war-slang, pidjin-French, barrack-room jargon and front-line wisecracks—all rolled in together, with a confusing admixture of Lancashire, Scotch, Irish, Cockney, Italian and other brogues and dialects. Through all this strange and somewhat repellent crust of language, habits and pretence, the new men had to pierce deeply to find and understand the real man hidden underneath. That nearly every reinforcement "found his man" is proven by the many life-long friendships born of those days when college graduate and rich man's son dug a latrine, humped a stretcher or occupied a funk-hole alongside an unschooled day-laborer or lad from a humble cottage home.

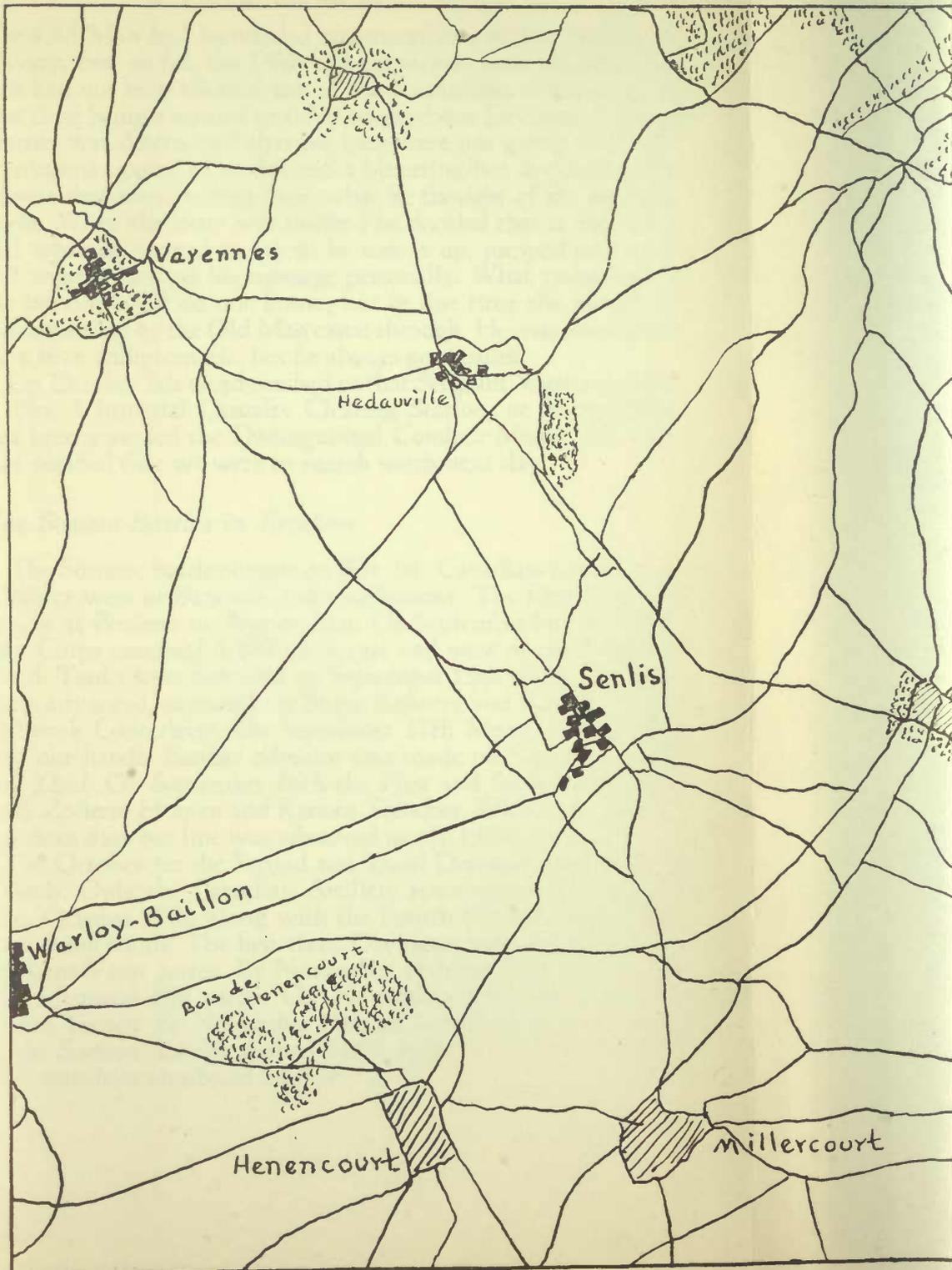
Just before the end of our stay at the Brickfields Colonel Farmer paid what must have been a memorable visit to Divisional Headquarters. Our bearers had been up the Line since September 14th. We had suffered several casualties and had "carried on" throughout one of the most sanguinary periods of the Somme offensive.



SOMME

SCALE:





Vayennes

Hedauville

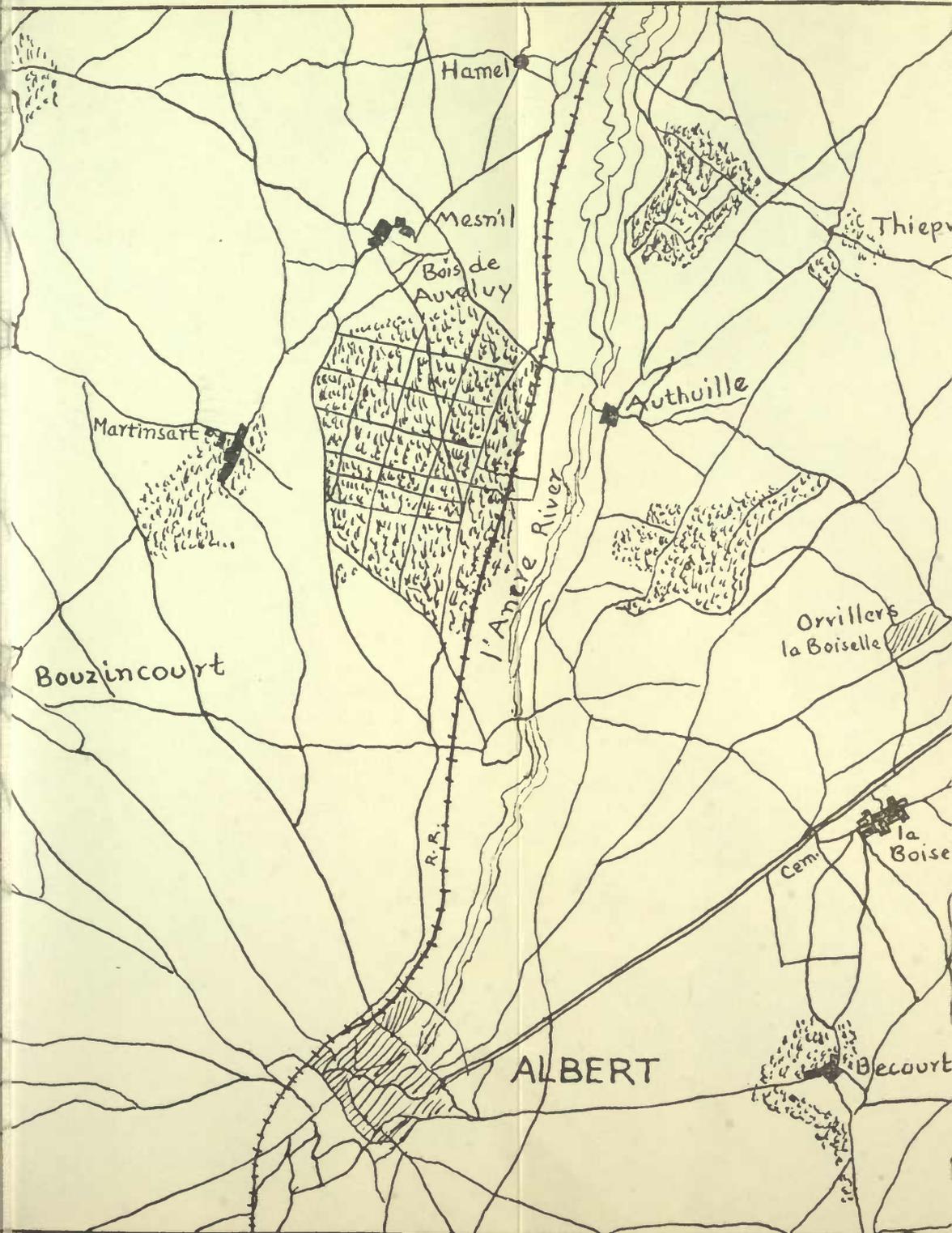
Senlis

Warloy-Baillon

Bois de Henencourt

Henencourt

Millercourt



Hamel

Mesnil

Bois de Auvaluy

Thiepval

Authuille

Martinsart

Bouzincourt

Orvillers la Boisselle

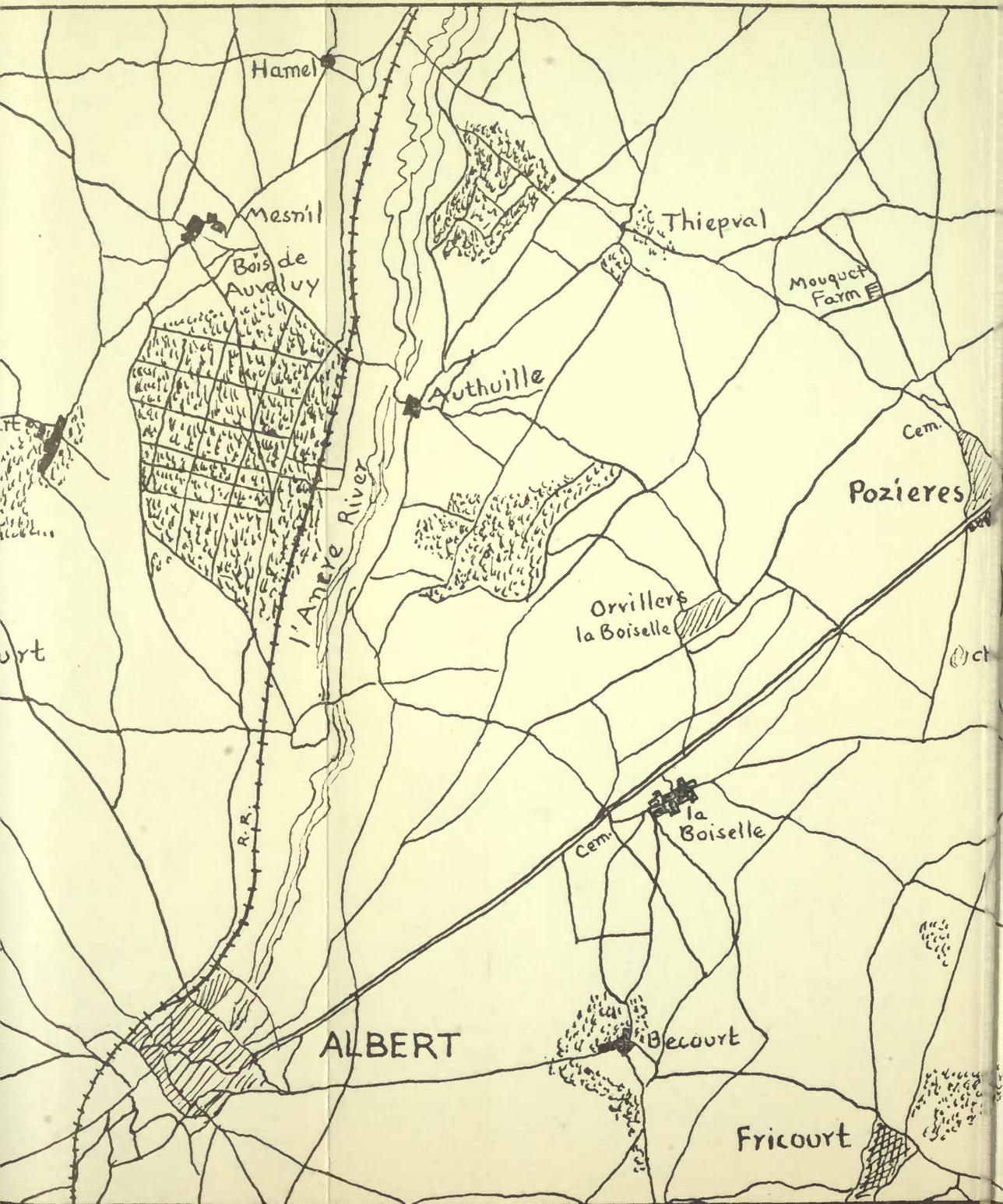
R.R.

ALBERT

Cem.

la Boisse

Becourt



Hamel

Mesnil

Bois de Auvalluy

Thierval

Mouquet Farm

Authuille

Ancre River

Pozieres

Orvillers la Boiselle

la Boiselle

ALBERT

Becourt

Fricourt

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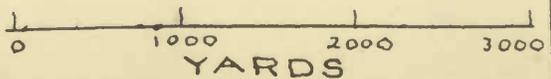
Cem.

Cem.



SOMME

SCALE:



The Old Man had forwarded recommendations for awards for bravery, but, so far, the Fifth had apparently been ignored. Our unit had not been allotted any of the decorations which were at that time being awarded to other units of our Division. Colonel Farmer was determined that his men were not going to be discriminated against so he dictated a blistering-hot despatch to the powers-that-were, telling them what he thought of the apparent slight. When the letter was finished he decided that it didn't say half what he wanted to say so he tore it up, jumped into a car and went to deliver his message personally. What transpired at the interview we do not know, but in due time the awards as recommended by the Old Man came through. He may sometimes have been undiplomatic, but he always got results!

On October 7th word reached us that Sergeant Wartman, then in No. 3 Imperial Casualty Clearing Station, at Puchevillers, had been awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal. We were also notified that we were to march north next day.

The Somme Battles in Brief ❧

The Somme battles began on July 1st. Canadian Cavalry and Artillery were at Bazentin and Guillemont. The First Division fought at Pozieres on August 31st. On September 3rd the Canadian Corps occupied 4,100 yards east and west of the Bapaume Road. Tanks were first used on September 15th when the Canadians advanced, captured the Sugar Refinery and Fabeck Graben and took Courcellette. On September 17th Mouquet Farm fell into our hands. Further advance was made on September 20th and 22nd. On September 26th the First and Second Divisions took Zollern, Hessian and Kenora Trenches. Within the following three days our line was advanced nearly 1,000 yards.

On October 1st the Second and Third Divisions took Regina Trench. Only the Canadian Artillery remained at the Somme after October 17th, along with the Fourth Division which had now come south. The first three Divisions had moved back to the Lens-Vimy sector. By November 11th the Fourth Division had advanced 500 yards. On November 18th they captured Desire Trench. By November 28th all Canadian units were out of the Somme, having gained 4,000 yards on a front of 3,000. Our casualties numbered 24,029.

The Germans called the Somme scrap "The Blood Bath." It was called by our Staff "a part of our policy of attrition"—an attrition on the wrong side of the balance sheet, for the Germans held nearly all of the dominating positions along the Front, and had, generally, a vast superiority in ammunition and equipment.

During the Somme scrap the authorities were particularly alert in their search for pocket cameras. Frank O'Leary continued to carry his, nevertheless. One day Frank was in the act of snapping a battle scene near the Sugar Refinery when two intelligence officers nabbed him. Frank tossed his camera into a water-filled shell-hole. "Give me your paybook!" ordered one of the officers. O'Leary reached into his pocket and handed over the paybook—but it happened to be one he had just a few minutes before removed from a dead body for identification purposes. He was unable to retrieve his camera but heard no more about the affair.*

Just before our motor ambulances pulled out of Contay an aeroplane crashed nearby. The two injured airmen were loaded into one of our cars, with orders to the driver to take a reserve road that had just been newly surfaced and drive as fast as possible to a clearing station a considerable distance in the rear. Corporal Hutchinson and Private Imeson were in charge of the ambulance and lost no time on the way. They were going at almost top speed when they heard a car coming behind them. Hutchinson stepped on the accelerator but after a mile or so the other car pulled alongside and a blue-tabbed Transport Service officer ordered the corporal to stop.

"Where are you from?" demanded the officer. "Flying Corps, sir!" answered Hutch. "I should damwell think you were!" fumed the officer. "What do you think this road is—a race-track for your amusement? Is this war merely something for your fun? Orderly, take this man's name and number. . . . I'll make an example of him!" The orderly wrote down the information and the ambulance once again got under way, with the staff car going ahead at a fast clip.

The two wounded aviators had taken in every word of the altercation, but ordered Hutch to hurry again. "Open her up, Canada. To hell with that bloody bluebeard!" So, the corporal

*Frank had another kodak in his pocket when he lost his foot at Passchendaele, but one of his bearer pals took charge of the camera and it was returned to him in Canada, without the ever-alert authorities being any the wiser. Our book owes many of its illustrations to the cameras carried by Frank and other Fifth kodak-toters.

opened her up and in no time at all was close to the staff car. Again the bluetab stopped the ambulance. Then for the first time he spotted the C-2 and Fifth identification mark on the car. "Ah . . . now I understand! You are Number Five *Canadians*! No wonder you're driving like hell! Come on, away you go. Follow my car and drive slowly."

Next morning, Colonel Farmer came to the corporal. "Good morning, Hutchinson — I've just received a very serious report about one of our cars being on a reserve road and driving at a terrific speed. It must have been that man Fryday." Hutchinson explained the incident and handed the Old Man an explanatory note from the two injured aviators. Up in the air went the colonel. "Damn those officious meddling Imperial Transport blankety-blanks! How do they expect us to win the war with their interference! I wish I'd been there — I'd have shown that damned blue-tabbed son-of-a-something he couldn't talk to my men that way."

On Sunday, October 8th, the unit moved out of the Brickfields, on its way north. We arrived at Vadencourt at 9 p.m., after a seven hours' march. Here we stayed overnight. It was while we were here that word reached us that Max Kelso's ambulance had been hit and his horses killed, but that the popular noncom. himself was, miraculously, uninjured. Less fortunate was Bob Tillotson who on this same day received a chunk of shrapnel in his side. Bob was evacuated to the Base, then to Blighty and finally back to Canada as the result of his wound.

The next day we marched to Talmas. Near here there was a pursuit plane aerodrome to which our men went and witnessed the landing of several badly shot-up planes and wounded aviators.

We left Talmas around noon on October 10th and marched to Beauval where we stayed overnight, sleeping in barns and houses. This was a fair-sized place and the men were not too tired to get about and have some fun.

Austin Booth, our cycle orderly, was evacuated sick, being sent down the Line from Talmas. Andy Patterson immediately appropriated Booth's bicycle and accompanied by Joe Irwin who had also wangled a wheel from somewhere, obtained permission to pedal the road from Talmas to Beauval. The distance was only about six miles. The unit marched it in about two hours

but it was not until long after dark that Pat and Sharkey arrived. None but themselves ever found out where they went or what they did during the time they were en route. All we know is that they turned up in Beauval, minus their bikes, fagged out, but exhilarated and happy — and with a tiny French poodle answering to the name of "Museeka." The poodle disappeared during the night following their arrival. Evidently the poor dog preferred gentler speech than that emanating from the unmusical masculine throats of the hard-boiled noncoms. in our sergeants' billet and was determined to return to a home where "a dog's life" was really worthwhile.

Some of the senior noncoms. may remember the big night they enjoyed in their Beauval billet — how they were all bunked down on the hallway floor and too excited by the evening's horseplay to sleep. Whether the hard floor, the hard Beauval wine or the long day's hard routine had anything to do with their gay wakefulness we cannot say. We do remember, however, that they all had a very hard time getting to sleep. We also have a rather hazy recollection of a borrowed wrist watch figuring somewhat dramatically in the evening's comedy.

During one of the many overnight halts on the march northward we heard for the first time that song which became such a great favorite of Canadian troops, "Roses in Picardy." One of our men (little Arthur Shore, we believe) was heard singing it one night in a barn billet. Rain was pelting down outside and Lights Out had sounded some time when, out of the darkness came Arthur's low, sweet tenor voice, with the words which had such a timely and peculiar significance:

*Roses are shining in Picardy,
In the hush of the silver dew.
Roses are flowering in Picardy,
But there's never a rose like you, and
The roses will die in the Summer time,
And our roads may be far apart,
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy,
That's the rose that I keep in my heart.*

On Wednesday, October 11th, we marched to Bonniere. It had rained every day since we left Albert, so on this night and in this town we were given a rum issue. A miracle of miracles!

On the following day we marched off at 8 a.m. and billeted that night in the barns of Mont-en-Ternois. Next day we reached Dieval, where we again occupied barns overnight. On Saturday, October 14th, we bade goodbye to Dieval about 8 a.m., and hoofed it to Hersin. Here we passed the night, being billeted in several houses — the first dry and sanitary billets we had seen since leaving Warloy-Baillon.

On October 15th (Sunday) C. Section was sent up the Line, in charge of Major Pentecost and Captains Burgess and Neilson. On this day more reinforcements reached us.

October 16th found the remaining two Sections still at Hersin. Here we were notified that Sergeant Wartman, D.C.M., had that day died in No. 3 Casualty Clearing Station at Puchevillers; and that Captain Nicholson had been awarded the Military Cross, and Sergeants Max Kelso and A. Hogg Military Medals for their work at Casualty Corner. We were all deeply saddened by Wartman's death. A whiter, better man never lived. He was the most respected and best-loved noncom. our unit ever had, and there was not a man among us who wasn't poorer because of Wart's passing. He was buried in Puchevillers Cemetery. Poor old Wart, by the way, had a premonition of death, for on the night before he was hit he pledged Andy Patterson to look after his personal effects and write to his mother. Even after he was wounded he was firmly convinced that there was no hope for him.

Not a few members of the Fifth were present at Wart's funeral; and there were no dry eyes as his body was being laid away. Sergeant Wartman's remarks to a wounded infantryman, away back in La Clytte days, are typical of the man. The grateful rifleman was thanking Wart for his care and kindness when Wart stopped him: "Why, that's what we're here for. We're not fighting-men! You fellows are the real soldiers, and it's our job to help you. Our hats are off to you lads — there's nothing in the world too good for you!"

The long march north from the Somme was not without its share of memorable incidents. It was Colonel Farmer's invariable habit to go ahead by motor ambulance each morning and inspect the billets allotted to his men for the evening halt. Roy Flynn and his partner in crime, Art Beven, accompanied him on these trips and always had their eyes peeled for anything to their own advantage. One morning, Flynn discovered a half-case of whisky

hidden in the car and, during the day, he and Beven managed to purloin it. They removed it to a safe hiding place and its loss was not discovered by the colonel until late in the evening. He blamed everybody but the right persons, because Beven and Flynn had not been out of his sight all day, so far as he could recall — and it was they who helped the colonel most earnestly to search for the thieves and the stolen spirits!

It wasn't until about ten years later that Colonel Farmer learned the truth, and then Flynn and Beven were (fortunately for them!) out of the army and beyond the colonel's reach.

Fosse Ten, Bully Grenay, Calonne, Etc. ~

On October 17th, A. and B. Sections moved to Fosse Ten. Here they took over a main dressing station to which wounded were brought from advanced stations at Sains-en-Gohelle, Calonne, Pont Grenay, Bully Grenay and Maroc, all small mining villages about five miles west of Lens. In these places we were exceptionally comfortable. This part of the Front was very quiet. The casualties were few and our duties not too arduous. We were in a coal-mining district so there was a goodly supply of fuel available for our oil-drum braziers. At all the advanced posts our men occupied deep and fairly bomb-proof dugouts and cellars, while at Fosse Ten the upper storey of a schoolhouse served as an excellent billet.

This village consisted of a few streets of brick houses in which lived the mine workers of the adjacent mine or *Fosse*. The mines in each district were numbered and Fosse Dix was number 10 mine or pit of the Lens district. The rather hybrid name "Fosse Ten" was merely the army's appellation for the place.

In Fosse Ten one day was much like another and the men carried out their routine duties with the fond hope that their stay there would continue indefinitely. There were many good estaminets in the neighborhood and the townspeople welcomed us into their homes and readily sold us *vin rouge*, *vin blanc*, *biere Anglaise*, *cafe noir*, *pommes de terre frites et les oeufs*.

French-Fried Potato Chips, Eggs, Etc. ~

In our mind's eye we can still see the kitchen of one of those humble old French homes — the red-tiled floor — washed clean

by having pails of water thrown over it and then swabbed dry by broad-backed bent-over women swishing big pieces of gunny sacking or other material back and forth over it; the tiny, round-bellied, red-hot stove with its square suspended oven and its highly-polished pipes leading into a chimney-hole over an open hearth; the whitewood dinner table with its top scrubbed spotlessly clean; the great iron soup-pot that always hung suspended over a faggot fire in the wide, low, smoke-blackened fire-place; the glass artificial flower globes on the mantel; the quaint old wooden whatnot in the corner, holding odd pieces of brass, pewter goblets or a velvet plaque to which were attached the medals of some 1870 war veteran.

What soldier didn't thrill to the sound of eggs frying in a big iron skillet, and potatoes sizzling in an immense pot of boiling fat? Who among us didn't gaze in awe and concern the first time he saw some stout Flemish housewife rest a bulky round loaf of Belgian bread, or a long crusty French loaf, against her ample and aproned tummy, while she sliced it (the bread!) with a curved, scythe-like bread knife? And how often did the freshly-cut slice drop to the floor, to be retrieved, brushed off and smeared with margarine? Eggs, chips and bread would be washed down our hungry throats with a generous amount of thick, inky coffee or chicory, served in large handle-less cups. And — if you were lucky — a slug of rum or cognac would "lace" the coffee and make your happiness complete.

A Canadian soldier had a wonderful "way" with these French and Flemish home-folk. He would burst into a home, tramp all over the recently-cleaned tile floor with his muddy boots and proceed to make himself thoroughly at home with all who happened to be there. To the old man of the house he would give a handful of pipe "tabac." The elderly *Madame* he would grab round the waist and make her dance with him an impromptu jig. If there happened to be a daughter in the menage, all was jake! He would try to kiss her and unblushingly extend his ever-ready invitation: "*Promenade ce soir, mademoiselle?*" And he invariably received the same laughing response: "*Après la guerre!*" In a few minutes he had won the friendship of the old man, the love of the old woman, and the admiration of the daughter. They might call him "*Vaurien, cochon, polisson,*" or "*mauvais soldat*" and tell him he was "*no bon*" — but they did so with

laughter in their eyes and the warmth of understanding in their voices. Before long the housefolk would be grouped about their *bon ami*, asking him questions about his *fiancee* back in Canada and looking at the snapshots of his friends and loved ones. He invariably had a pocketful of snapshots to exhibit; and who can forget the genuine interest those Flemish people manifested in our personal affairs, and their sincere grief whenever they heard that their friend "Billee" or "Johnnee" had been killed up the Line, and would not be visiting them any more?

Where, oh where, in this whole wide world, could a soldier be better received and have all his manifold shortcomings more tolerated than in any one of those humble homes just back of the Front? Surely were these kindly French folk and our men kindred spirits. Verily, those poor people had learned well the import of the parable of the good Samaritan. We shall bless them to our dying day.

It was in Fosse Ten that Teddy Blair proved that the "Fighting Fifth" came by its name honestly. One night Teddy and a few of his A. Section buddies found themselves in an estaminet, among a lot of heavy-artillery gunners. One of the gunners was pestering a twelve-year-old girl and when Teddy asked him to desist, a battle broke out. A regular free-for-all ensued and, by the time Teddy and his Lancashire pals got through with them, the men of the "Heavies" had a lot more respect for "bomb-proof, noncombatant stretcher-bearers."

Colonel Farmer Leaves the Fifth ~

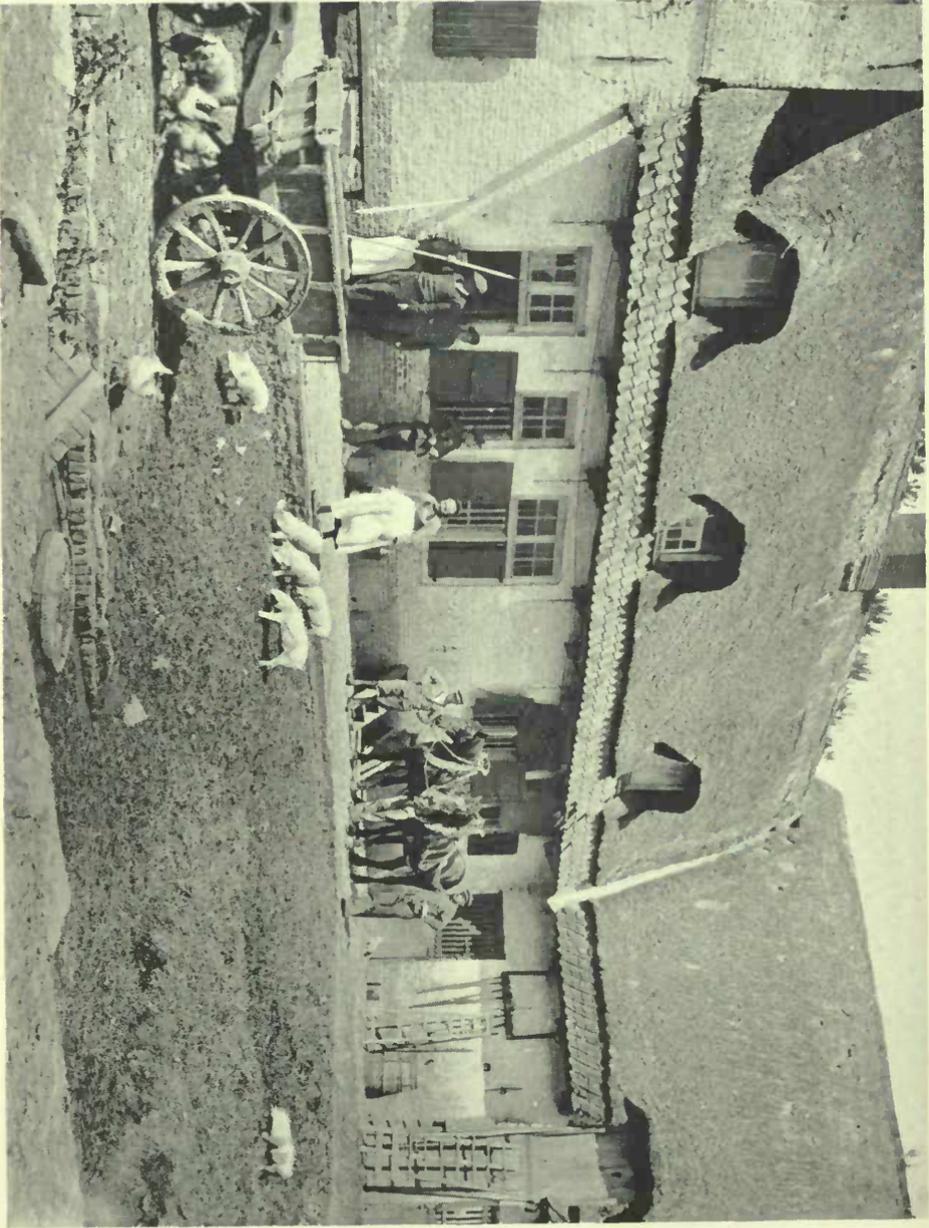
On November 4th we heard that Colonel Farmer was to leave us on the following day. For many weeks there had been vague rumors that he was to be given a higher command but, as time passed without anything more definite happening, we had ceased to pay much attention to the rumors.

At 9.30 a.m., November 5th, however, a muster-parade was called and our old colonel said goodbye. He spoke briefly to the whole unit and then went through the ranks, shaking hands with every man. Tears made their way down his ruddy cheeks and there was a huskiness in his voice and a tremor in his hand-clasps as he said his farewells. When he had passed through the ranks and taken his leave of every man individually, he stepped



1. Bully Grenay Dressing Station.
 3. Rear View, Bully Grenay A.D.S.
 5. Front of Bully A.D.S.
 6. Julie, of Estree-Cauchic.

2. Orderly Room Staff.
 4. Fosse Eleven, near St. Pierre.
 7. Major O. A. Elliott, D.S.O. and Bar; and
 Captain W. E. Sinclair M.C.



Dickbusch Burgomaster's Backyard. Vehicle at left is smaller than one we have described. Midden and cesspool in foreground.
(Canadian Official War Photo).

to the front of the parade while Major Pentecost led three cheers from the officers and men. The Old Man stood for a moment, his right hand quivering at the salute; then he turned and walked briskly to an awaiting ambulance, and was driven down the road and away.

Our reaction to the departure of our original Commanding Officer was decidedly interesting. Colonel Farmer was a remarkable character — as you will have found out from the many things we have written about him. He had a terrible temper, and never seemed desirous of controlling it. He would fly into a rage over the most trivial and picayune matters. He would never brook a denial — but he himself would deny point-blank the assertion of another. He would vent his spite and relieve his anger on anyone or anything that happened to be near him at the moment. He would punish an erring officer or man without any consideration for the fitness of the punishment to the offence.

Nearly every officer and man in the unit *thought* he hated the colonel — *but every officer and man truly loved him*, although we were totally unaware of our deep regard for him until after he had left the Fifth. Then we remembered many of his admirable and good qualities. We recalled that if in temper he had abused us, he later made up in some way for his unfairness. We realized that if he had cursed and punished us he had also made better men of us and had looked after our comfort and welfare like a real colonel should. We knew that if he had given us C.B., first field punishments, fines, reprimands and admonishments, he had, in most instances, torn up our crime sheets and given us new and clean starts in our future army existences.

We appreciated that he had welded us into a unit which, man for man, was the equal of any in France. He had by sheer ability and driving power — and without much help or encouragement from those senior to him in the medical services — recruited, trained, instructed and brought to France an organization to which every other unit could proudly point and on which all could confidently rely.

Colonel Farmer was an exceptionally capable physician, a well-trained and long-experienced army officer, an accomplished horseman and an extraordinary good judge of human nature. Who can ever forget the Old Man, weeping unashamedly whenever one of "his boys" as he called them, was killed. Invariably, he would

call for the dead man's history sheet, sit and gaze at it for a few moments, then erase any unfavorable records it might contain. "This man had no crimes!" the Old Man would say sadly, then he would go and write to the man's next-of-kin a kind, comforting and *sincere* letter of condolence.

It was not very long before we realized that we had lost one of our best friends. We also had a very strong suspicion that the Fifth had been the innocent victim of a vindictive dislike someone of higher command had entertained for our departed Commanding Officer.

A New Commanding Officer ~

On November 6th, Major Chester Fish McGuffin, of the Fourth Field Ambulance, took over command of the Fifth. He started right in, with extra parades, drills and daily route-marches to bring our unit up (or down!) to his conception of efficiency and discipline.

One week later we received an issue of official green envelopes — envelopes in which we could mail letters we didn't want censored. On the outside of these envelopes there was a statement signed by the sender to the effect that nothing subversive or of military import was in the letter. It is feared that more than one man took advantage of these envelopes to pass on none-too-favorable opinions about the new Commanding Officer. Those were the first issue of green envelopes we had received in five months.

Captain Nicholson left us on the 14th of November, and went to No. 2 Casualty Clearing Station. From there he was transferred to the Fourteenth Field Ambulance at Witley Camp. Later he became A.D.M.S. of Witley and held that rank until demobilization. We were sincerely sorry to see him go for he had been with us from the start and was a general favorite. After he left the Fifth he was once mentioned in despatches.

It was about this time that Captain Sinclair, or "Billy" as he was to become popularly known, joined the Fifth, along with another captain named Taylor. Captain Sinclair brought with him a banjo-mandolin and, from then on, he gave officers and men many happy moments with his playing of the instrument. Who can ever forget him, singing "The Man Who Done Me

Wrong" and "The Slim-Backed Fusiliers?" How the lads used to join in with the chorus of that "Eyes right, foreheads tight, noses to the front" song! He introduced "Franky and Johnny" to our unit, but the words as we knew them were slightly different to the version popularized later. We would give you the words as we once knew them, but, thank goodness, we cannot recall them now!

Whenever passes were available our men visited the town of Bethune. This mining-centre metropolis was one of Joe Irwin's favorite haunts. One day the Imperial police in Bethune arrested Joe for being without his puttees. Joe, unfortunately, had no pass, and, fortunately, no identification material such as an army pay-book or other document.

Right from the moment of his arrest Sharkey kept up a steady stream of French, and all the questioning of the brave redcaps failed to elicit from Joe an answer in English. The police could speak no French and our sergeant apparently could speak no English, so, after a lot of blustering by the military police and much gesticulating by Joe, the puzzled police gave it up as a bad job and released their prisoner. "Gorblimey," exclaimed the police corporal to his patrol mates, "we'll 'ave to let the bloody blighter go! 'Ees just one of them blawsted hignorant Can-eye-dians what cawn't speak or hunderstand the Hinglish lang-widge!" Needless to add, Joe hurried away, but before he left town he bought a bottle of Martini cocktail for his friends back at Fosse Ten.

That Martini was potent stuff! After about two drinks of it, Max Kelso and Frank O'Leary regaled their comrades with a long and loud dissertation on the "Origin of the Species." The scope of their discussion took in everything from the amoeba to a team of wonderful German coach-horses Kelso said he once owned. Max continued to talk about these horses far into the night and long after Frank had forgotten what the discussion was about.

It was Max Kelso, too, who made an unfortunate contact with some lysol deodorant when he sat on top of the night bucket which stood just outside the sergeants' billet. Max let out one awful yell and went bounding down the loft steps and over to a nearby well where he stood stark naked in the frosty night air, pumping ice-cold water over his stinging posterior.

Some of the senior noncoms. may remember the night one of our staff-sergeants returned to his billet bragging about the hit he had made with Darkey the Belle of Fosse Ten. The staff, who was rather short in height, informed his listeners that Darkey had kept murmuring "*Trop court, trop court, trop court*" in his ear all evening. He did not understand French and when his pals informed him that he had misconstrued the meaning of the disappointed girl's exclamations, he was considerably chagrined — and embarrassed, for, like most short men, he was very sensitive about his lack of stature.

From the time of our arrival in France and right through to the Somme we had been able to buy fairly good beer back of the Line. Of course, it never was as good as we desired but it was palatable, potent, and better than chlorinated water. About the time we reached Fosse Ten, however, the beer was becoming very poor. As a matter of fact, we began to suspect that it was being made in those huge barrel-like wagons used for conveying field fluid. And as the quality went down the price went up. The urge for self-preservation forced more than one ultra-loyal and accomplished beer drinker to switch his allegiance and devotion to those two stypitic demons, *Vin Rouge et Vin Blanc*. Our old chorus about madame and her beer voiced our feelings:

*Madame, your beer's no bon,
Madame, your beer's no bon,
Like your pommes-de-terres fritz
It gives us the pip —
Madame, your beer's no bon.*

Our Second Christmas in France

Christmas found us carrying on in Fosse Ten and at the previously-mentioned advanced stations. This was our second Christmas in France and we celebrated it in a manner similar to that of the first.

New Year's Day came and went without anything unusual happening. Shortly after the New Year, our new Commanding Officer was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

During our long stay in this area we had but few wounded to look after. The weather was cold and wet, but in our good billets we didn't suffer. Periodically the three Sections changed places so there was plenty of variety to our activities.

On January 17th, 1917, our unit had charge of the clearing of wounded in the great daylight raid which was pulled off by our Brigade on the Bully Grenay-Calonne front. About ten collecting and relay posts were established throughout the trenches and all our bearer squads were in the Line for this show. A false raid had been carried out on the 16th, to put Fritz off his guard. That it succeeded in doing so is proven by the fact that the real raid was a complete surprise and success, and that comparatively few of our own men were wounded. We carried out more Germans than Canadians.

Back at Fosse Ten that morning things didn't go off quite so smoothly. Our new Commanding Officer had given a big party the night before and when the first patients — mostly Germans, fortunately — arrived at Fosse Ten not one medical officer was on duty. Arrangements made previously called for immediate contact with an Imperial casualty clearing station at Aubigny. This casualty clearing station had an unlimited number of ambulances available and these were held, awaiting word from our orderly room. Soon our dressing station was filled up and with no means of evacuation. The acting sergeant-major persuaded Sergeant-Major Harry Williams of the Horse Transport to saddle his horse and ride to Aubigny and notify the casualty clearing station of the tie-up.

Not until long after the ambulances arrived and the snarl was untangled did the new Commanding Officer appear on the scene. Even then, his efforts consisted chiefly of blaming everyone else but himself for the cruel delay. Perhaps the fact that one of the unit's most exalted officers had inadvertently sat down on a red-hot stove during the all-night party and burned the seat out of his breeks deprived the Commanding Officer of some of the assistance he had depended on for the clearing of the wounded.

No doubt many of the oldtimers will remember Alf. Pountney's return to the unit after a short course at the Gas School — and the corporal's lecture on gas-helmets, etc.: " 'Ere's 'ow you tykes 'old of the mawsk. You grabs the 'lastic in bowth 'ands, shoves your fyce into it, and puts the mouth-piece in your mouth, tyking a firm 'old on it with your teeth; and myking sure the 'lastic 'owlds toightly round your fyce," etc., etc.

Three days after the raid we were relieved by the First Division and the whole Second was moved by trucks and busses, back

to the Pernes-en-Artois neighborhood. We were rather sorry to leave the homes which had been ours for the previous three months. In Fosse Ten and Bully Grenay we had enjoyed many happy times. In the former place *les pommes de terre frites* and *les oeufs* could be had at Madame Louise's, Darkey's and at other well-known retreats. Back of the horse-lines was another popular rendezvous where Elaine and Jeannette waited on (and for) the boys, and where one could always buy a tot of *Fifth Field Ambulance rum*, which the household obtained regularly from a certain non-too-popular captain who was a worshipping habitue of this tin-roofed meeting place; and cigars, too, which another gallant had given to the girls' dad as a peace offering.

A Bombardment at the Horse-Lines ~

It was near this humble home that a capital crime was almost perpetrated one dark and foggy night, when one of our officers went to make his nightly rounds of the horse-lines. Just as this much-becussed officer reached the pathway along by the galvanized-iron windbreak, he was the target for bricks, rocks, chunks of coal and other formidable missiles. The metal windbreak rattled with the force of the pelting objects but, fortunately, the officer went unscathed. As the first missile whanged past his head he threw himself flat on the muddy ground, and so escaped what might have been sudden death had he been hit. As soon as the mysterious bombardment ceased, the captain rushed to his feet and ran into the horse-lines, where he was brought to a sudden halt by an alert sentry. The captain identified himself and he and Sergeant Max Kelso did their utmost to get to the bottom of the affair but without any success. All the transport men were found in their proper places and the identities of the miscreants responsible for this outrageous attack were never determined.

No doubt many of the Fifth will recall, too, the night a certain sergeant was on his way down the long steep stairs from the men's billet — and a heavy fire-bucket came hurtling down, nearly decapitating him. Max Odessky had many's the laugh over this incident.

Bully Grenay, too, had provided some never-to-be-forgotten fun. Although the town was intermittently shelled, and there were very few houses undamaged, many of the townspeople still

remained, living in the deep and spacious cellars beneath the toppled houses.

Who could ever forget the much patronized bathhouse, the several egg-and-chip places where they served cognac *avec*; and the old fellow who could always find a bottle or two of ancient vintage if you had the money to pay for it; or the home into which one of our athletic officers climbed one dark night, through a tiny window in the top storey? Or "Madame Machine Gun" who used to take in washing?

No doubt some of the fellows remember the time Bill Ferris found in Bully Grenay a dog somebody recognized as belonging to Sergeant Camps. The poor animal appeared to be dying from abuse and starvation, so Bill took care of it and nursed it back to health. When his squad returned to Fosse Ten he brought the dog to Camps, who was at a loss to account for its presence in Bully Grenay. Charlie was positive his dog was still in Fosse Ten. Search was made and sure enough, Camps' dog was found in its kennel. The animal Ferris had rescued was its exact counterpart. Even Charlie couldn't tell the two dogs apart.

The subject of pets reminds us of several that belonged to our fellows at various times. There was Brett's dog, Bessie, which was never seen after a bombing raid on Amiens. One of Bessie's pups was killed by a German police dog at Caix. There was George Bailey's dog Sam, always dressed in a pearl-buttoned coat. There was Nigger, Tim Eaton's and A. B. Smith's dog when we were at Gouy-en-Artois. Some of the Motor Transport boys may remember how this dog was always at A. B.'s heels when the corporal came to wake his gang in the morning. It was always: "Come on boys, show a leg there! Show a leg! Nigger, come here!" There was, too, the kitten Harry Fryday found at Vierstraat. It died down near Contay in 1916, after eating a mess of bully beef Fryday prepared. Later on, of course, there came Major Elliott's police dog and a pair of Dachshund pups somebody found a few weeks before the armistice.



THE GENERAL'S MEN

(Published at time of Sir Arthur Currie's Death)



The General's gone. (God rest him!)
Gone to his last parade;
Gone in a fanfare of trumpets
To the ranks of his ghost brigade;
Gone to the great Commander-in-Chief
For his final accolade.

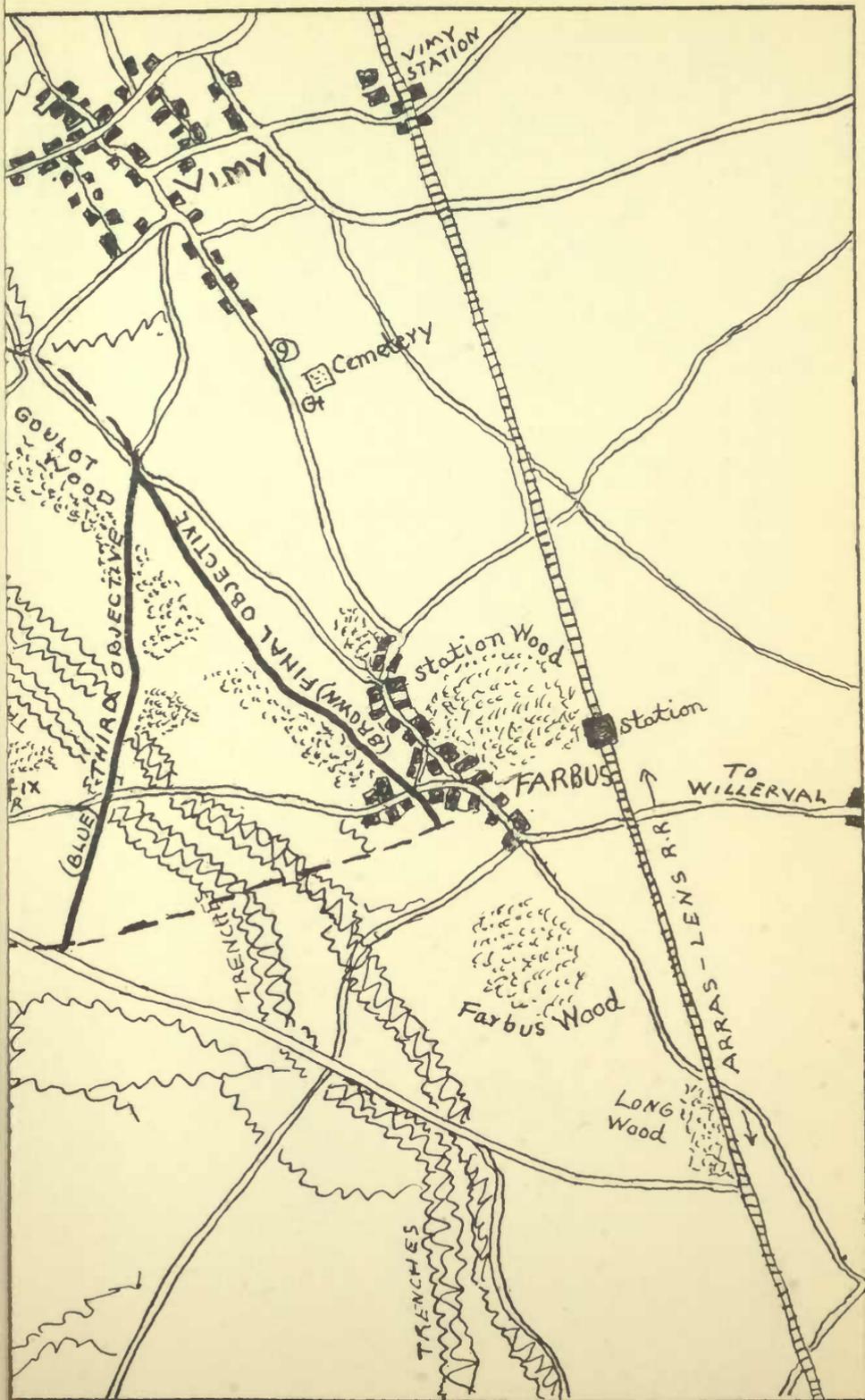
And now "he belongs to the ages,"
With those who marched on before.
Heavy with grief is a nation's heart —
A heart deep-scarred in war —
A heart whose solemnly fervent prayer
Is that war may come no more.

The General's gone; but with us
Are thousands of those he led —
His soldiers — broken, despairing,
But envying only the dead!
Baffled, bewildered, soul-sickened —
Called "traitor," called "sluggard," called "red"!

The General's gone. (God rest him!)
But — what of the General's men?
Can a General's soul repose in peace
While his warriors march again —
Battling more bitterly, merely for bread,
Than they battled for dollar-ten?

Were those tributes paid to Currie
Just so many words to be said —
Or an honest and reverent homage
To be shared by the legions he led?
Is there only the Cross for the living?
Has the Torch journeyed on with the dead?





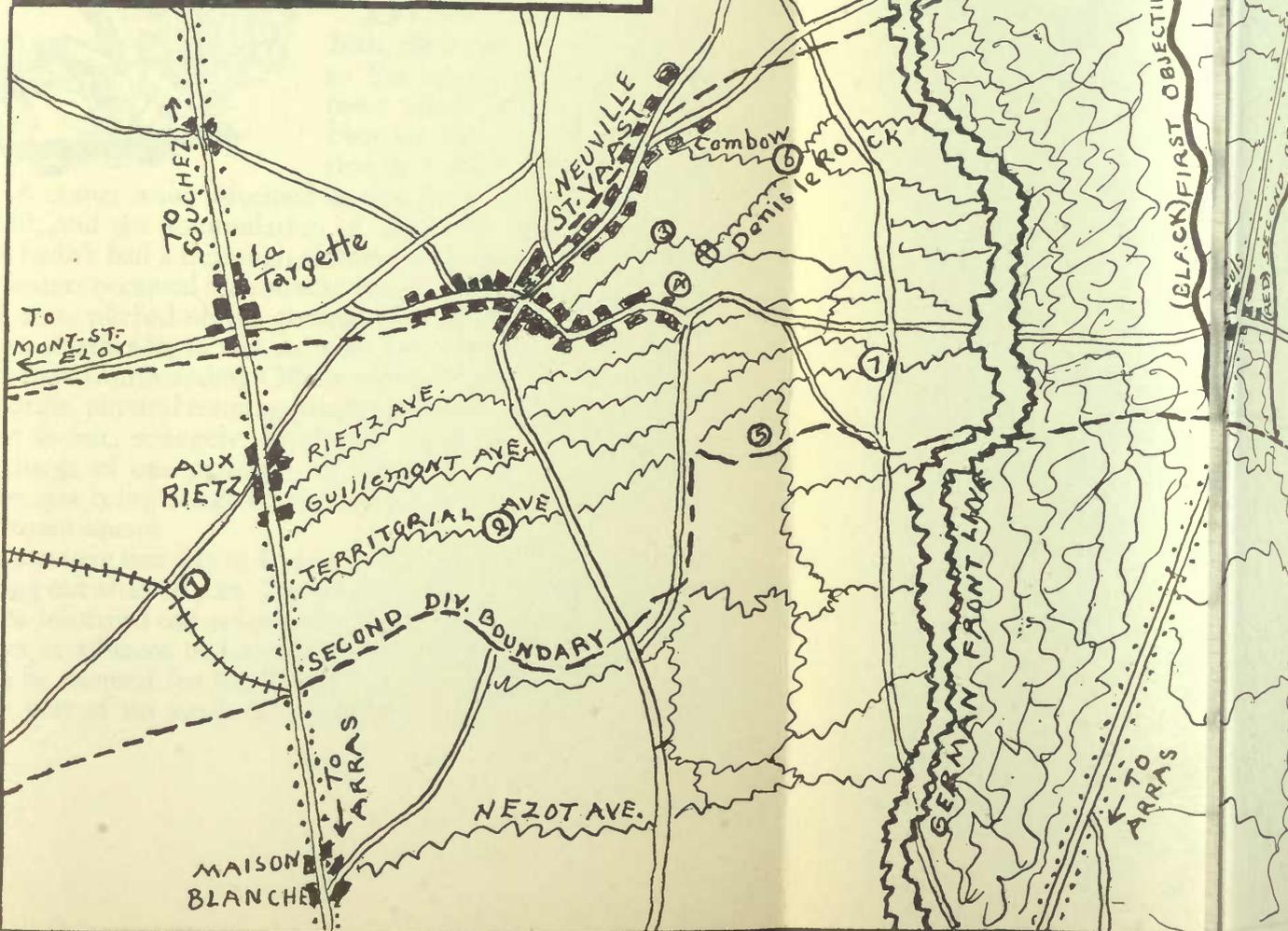
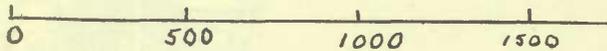
VIMY RIDGE

1. Dress Sta.
2. Relay Post
3. Pill Work
4. Abri Boche
5. Relay Post

SCALE

IN YARDS:

6. A.D.S.
7. Zivry Cave
8. Thelus Cave
9. A.D.S.





CHAPTER FIVE

I want to go home. I want to go home.
The whizzbangs they rattle, the cannon they roar,
I don't want to go to the Front any more!
Take me over the sea, where the Allemand can't get at me --
Oh my, I don't want to die, I want to go home.

I want to go home. I want to go home.
I don't want to crouch in a trench any more,
When flying pigs hurtle and Jack Johnsons roar.
Take me over the the sea, where snipers cannot snipe at me,
Oh my, I'm too young to die, I want to go home.

VIMY, LENS & PASSCHENDAELE

(January 21, 1917, to November 17, 1917)



*The End of a
Perfect Day*

BY SATURDAY, January 20th, the whole unit had moved to Pernes-en-Artois, a small town about fifteen miles back. Here we took over a Rest Station in a sadly dilapidated convent.

A corner-stone informed us that the building was erected in 1649; and the accumulation of filth about the place hinted that it hadn't had a thorough cleaning since the start of the war. The patients occupied the convent rooms, while our men camped in bell tents pitched on the grounds fronting the building. Snow and wet weather set in and we were very uncomfortable.

Our new Commanding Officer ordered route marches, disciplinary drills, physical training parades and other unpleasant activities for us but, strangely, he himself never drilled the unit nor took charge of one parade — to Major Pentecost and the sergeant-major being delegated the onerous task of drilling the unit in the town square.

On our very first day in Pernes several Fifth lads were arrested for being out after 10 p.m. The Imperial A.P.M., who controlled the area informed our colonel that local official time was a few minutes in advance of Canadian Corps time and that the men should be excused for the first offence; but the A.P.M.'s intercession was of no avail. The innocent delinquents were hailed

before our Commanding Officer and given C.B., fines and reprimands — all in the name of "efficiency." The *esprit de corps* of the Fifth began to approach the vanishing point.

As a matter of fact, in the orderly room was about the only place the majority of the men ever saw their new colonel. The lads of the Motor Transport Section may have seen more of him than did the rest of us, for they used to entertain us with astounding stories about long-past-midnight trips they were called on to make to St. Pol; and of a besotted dead-to-the-world passenger they brought back to Pernes during the nine days we were there.

We Capture Auchel ~

On January 29th we moved about five miles northeast to Auchel and, for the ensuing two weeks, occupied exceptionally good billets in two schools, one at either end of the town. Auchel, a prosperous mining town and at that time undamaged by the war, gave to our men the most hospitable reception they had ever been accorded in forward areas. The townspeople were particularly well-to-do, for the coal mines were being operated to their utmost capacities. There were many good-sized and well-stocked shops, and the estaminets were fully supplied with what it took to please the troops.

Our two weeks' stay in Auchel saw the Fifth getting more physical training parades, infantry drill, equipment-polishing and lectures than it had received in the whole preceding sixteen months. From Reveille to Retreat the men were kept on the go — by ridiculous parade-ground stuff that was about as helpful up the Line as the one who ordered it proved to be while he was with the Fifth. Here, too, our new colonel never drilled the unit, and seldom during the daytime was he seen by the rank-and-file.

The lectures consisted of weird, theoretical, academical dissertations on what should be done under circumstances such as never had existed (and never were to exist!) in actual battle. One lecturer, who never had been with us up the Line, instructed our stretcher-bearers that if ever they ran out of iodine, bichloride, or other antiseptic solution during a battle, they could cleanse wounds by bathing them with whisky or brandy! During one lecture the didactical lecturer stood on a small platform in one of the schoolrooms, his braces dangling down from beneath the back

of his tunic and swinging about his boot tops. That evening the men regaled themselves in estaminets and billets by singing:

(Tune — Phil the Fluter's Ball)

*Oh, the men smiled and snickered and the quarter-bloke he swooned
When old Major Ings suggested whisky for a wound.*

Staff Alden got so rattled his future fun was ruined —

Down at the lecture we received this afternoon.

There were sterile bandages and sterile lints,

Sterile gauze and sterile splints,

Sterile basins and sterile towels —

Soon the men are going to have sterile bowels!

We looked at the major and he looked at us;

We all began to fidget and to make a fuss,

When down towards his boots the major chanced to glance,—

There his damned old suspenders were dangling from his pants.

(Now, gorbimey, what do you think of that?)

Sharkey Irwin, Frank O'Leary and Harry Williams were only a few of the lads who found good homes for themselves in Auchel. Bully Beef Dupont's place, a milliner's shop, and the "Estaminet of Mirrors" were some of the favorite meeting places. There was, too, that mysterious retreat where one of the A. Section sergeants used to get a bottle of Black and White presented to him each night at closing time. Incidentally, Frank Alden and Harry Williams were so anxious to discover the source of this liquor supply they shadowed the lucky sergeant night after night, but to no avail.

It was with sincere regret that the lads of the Fifth moved from Auchel; and it was a very resentful unit (about one year later) when word reached us that Auchel had been heavily shelled and bombed, and many of our kind civilian friends killed or wounded and their homes destroyed.

We moved to Cambligeul, a small town about ten miles northwest of Arras, on February 12th, and relieved the Ninth Canadian Field Ambulance, taking over a main dressing station in the middle of one of the muddiest fields imaginable. A few leaky Nissen huts and ragged bell tents served as hospital and billets. The town was squalid and ugly and most of the buildings were in ruins. Only a handful of the former inhabitants remained and they were pathetically poor and miserable. For many days it

had rained or snowed almost incessantly, so town and camp were in a sea of mud.

Neuville St. Vaast and Aux Rietz Cave ~

While the Nursing Sections remained to run the hospital, some of the bearers, about sixty-five in all, were sent up the Line as a working party. Their job up there was the digging of a large dugout at the corner of Denis-le-Rock and Combow trenches on the western slope of Vimy Ridge. This dugout was to be used as an advanced dressing station in the approaching Vimy battle.

For six or eight weeks the bearers stayed on the dugout job — working by night and sleeping (or trying to sleep!) by day, in the heavily shelled cellars of Neuville St. Vaast.* As soon as darkness came, the men made their way up long muddy communication trenches to the dugout. There, with pick and shovel, they worked until just before daylight, when they would spread grass and net camouflaging material over the mined chalk and then make their way, tired, lousy, hungry and soaking wet, back to their cellar hiding-places — to sleep the sleep of exhaustion. These cellars stank and were alive with vermin and rats. Water seeped through floors, walls and ceilings, so that it was not very long until many of our men “went sick” and had to be sent down the Line. In all the weeks we were up there the men had no proper rest, no baths, no change of underwear or socks, and totally inadequate rations. No officer was with us — a sergeant and a few corporals being given all the responsibilities. Never once did our Commanding Officer visit his men to see where they worked and slept and the conditions under which they were existing. During the whole time of their stay not one issue of rum reached them, although they were wet through and half-frozen day after day.

Before the working party completed the Denis-le-Rock job, other work was undertaken on posts in Territorial Trench, Abri Boche and one or two other places. More of our men came up

*French troops under Foch had taken Neuville St. Vaast from the Germans earlier in the war, and it was in the ruins of this town that Foch set up his guns during the repeated but unsuccessful French attacks on the Ridge proper. As a matter of fact, Foch's troops had more than once won their way to the top of the Ridge but were forced to retire because of the failure of flanking armies to advance. Neuville St. Vaast, when we were there, bore ample and tragic evidence of the sanguinity of the Poilus' struggles for Vimy. There was, too, nothing to show that the town had once been the “Petit Monte Carlo” of the north.

from Cambligneul and were quartered in Aux Rietz Cave. They, too, went to work every night, but during the daytime were able to sleep safely and dry in the cave. Eventually, one or two officers were available at Aux Rietz to attend to sick parades, supplies, discipline, etc.

Perhaps a little parody which was popular at the time will give some idea of what our Neuville St. Vaast billets were like:

(Tune — *Little Gray Home in the West*)

*There's a little wet home in a trench, that the rainstorms
continually drench;
A dead mule close by, with its feet towards the sky, gives off
a most terrible stench.
Underneath us the mud makes a floor where asthmatic rats
squeal and snore.
Oh, quite gray is my hair from the shells that plump there —
Near my little wet home in a trench.
There are snipers who keep my head low. There are crosses
and graves, row on row.
The star-shells at night make a hell of a light — they cause
putrid language to flow.
Just bully and biscuits to chew — no jam, no Maconachie stew!
H.E. shells drop down there — oh no place can compare
With my little wet home in a trench.*

The work at the dugouts was done well within the range of rifle and minnenwerfer fire. We were only about 200 yards from the Front Line and, until we had dug well down, were all-too-frequently targets for ambitious and alert enemy snipers. The swish-swish-swish of machine-gun bullets and the earth-shaking explosions of flying pigs were our nightly accompaniment. Although one or two of the Engineers in charge of the work were hit, our only casualty was Jesse Dawkins, who stopped a sniper's bullet one early morning and was sent down the Line with a nice blighty in the shoulder. Sickness, however, took its toll and, out of the sixty-five men who started the dugout, only about forty were on the job when it was finished.

Major Jones Passes On ❧

It was about this time that Major Jones was taken ill with pneumonia. He lay in his billet at Cambligneul for a few days,

but gradually grew worse and was taken to hospital at Aubigny. He failed to rally, however, and to the dismay of the whole unit, passed away on Monday, March 5th. Two days later he was laid to rest in Aubigny Cemetery, Colonel Farmer and Captain Kenney coming from Boulogne for the funeral. Major Jones was a well-liked officer. He was considerate of the men and they felt his death very keenly.

Colonel Farmer, during his visit to Cambigneul, passed a few hours with the officers of his old command. During the evening they discussed the probable duration of the war, and the Old Man predicted that hostilities would end in November of the next year (1918). While none took the colonel's prediction seriously at the time, one or two thought it interesting enough to note in their diaries — and promptly forgot about it until the end of the war when the uncanniness of the Old Man's accuracy was brought home to them.

By way of injecting a lighter note, we must mention that immediately after Major Jones' funeral two of our lads possessed themselves of his greatcoat and cap and, as they had been taught to improvise and exercise their Can-eye-dian ingenuity, they proceeded to do just that. They made their way, by motor ambulance, to the officers' canteen in Aubigny where one of the lads, attired in the major's cap and coat and accompanied by an ambulance orderly as batman, presented an order for a case of whisky. "Very good, sir," said the canteen sergeant, "please fill in the official slip, sir, and you can 'ave it right away." The pseudo-major filled in the slip, signed the dead major's name to it and passed it over the counter, along with the necessary money to pay for the order. "I wonder if you would mind putting the case in the car for me?" asked the fake major. "Right-o, sir!" agreed the obsequious three-striper. So, under the watchful guidance of the acting batman, the liquor was loaded into the car and brought to Cambigneul where, for a day or two, a lot of exhilarated privates and noncoms. vouched for its potency. Major Jones himself would have appreciated that sort of improvisation and ingenuity. A. B. Smith and Johnny Hay were the acting-major and batman.

Leave was now in full swing. Paris was thrown open to the troops and several Fifth men put in for leave to the City of Light (diversions). One noncom. (we forget whether he was sergeant,

corporal or private at the time — he was promoted and demoted so often!) put in for Paris leave; but his idea of Paris was a farm not far from Cambligneul and the chief attraction was red-headed. There among the cows, pigs, ducks and chickens, he passed his ten days — and then came back to the unit with wonderful tales about the Folies Bergeres, Casino de Paris and the Boulevards. Another good improviser!

Joe Irwin and Frank O'Leary were the first two "Other Ranks" to go to Paris, and the tales they told on their return regaled their cronies beyond description. Many of us had been dubious about how we were going to find our way about Paris, but Joe and Frank assured us that nearly everybody in Paris could speak at least a little English. They told us about one young Parisienne who proudly displayed her linguistic ability by saying "beef-steak" and "water-closet"—two words known to every person in Paris, but the only two English words she could say.

One of the outstanding features of our Cambligneul camp was the daily arrival of a little "chocolate girl." No day was too wet, snowy or cold for this teen-aged mamselle, and very few were the days when she didn't succeed in selling her stock-in-trade. She carried a large covered basket in which were chocolate, writing materials, fresh eggs and many other articles, and she is the only girl we can recall who had unrestricted access to one of our camps. Even in the coldest weather she went barefoot and hatless, a rough dress and a thick coat of grime being her only protection from the weather. It was sympathy for her wretchedness, no doubt, that caused her to be permitted in the bell tents. Shortly after we left Cambligneul we heard that this girl had been placed under restraint by the military police who suspected her of being a spy.

About the end of March the dugout at Denis-le-Rock and Combow was completed and the bearers moved back to Cambligneul headquarters. There they were given lectures on how to bandage wounded and carry stretchers during the coming Vimy scrap. These lectures were given by two captains who had just recently joined the Fifth and had, as yet, no actual experience up the Line. According to these two officers, the evacuation of wounded from the Salient and the Somme had been bungled, so new methods of stretcher-bearing and clearing from aid-posts were to be used in the coming battle. The two strategists had the

prettiest diagrams, charts and plans imaginable; and our bearers listened with awe and wonderment to how easy it was all going to be when our two new captains took charge of this work during the Vimy show.

Our Commanding Officer also had his senior noncoms. introduced to him (for the first time!) and he delivered to them a fierce harangue on how it had been done at the Somme, etc., and how it should be done at Vimy — *or else!* To show that he meant business, the colonel ordered the sergeant-major, a staff-sergeant and a sergeant to make a thorough survey of the Vimy Front and sent them up in daylight to the Front Line trenches. All of which was a splendid idea — excepting that the part of the Front he sent them to was in First Division territory and whatever topographical knowledge they obtained was entirely useless to them in Second Division operations. However, the three noncoms. spent a very interesting day, for Fritz chose that part of the Line for his daily artillery strafe. The noncoms. passed most of the time with the infantrymen — cowering in funkholes, sheltering under elephant-iron and dodging around traverses to escape flying pigs and other hardware.

It was at this time, and just before the Vimy battle, that three of our original noncoms., Staff Alden and Sergeants W. Wager and A. Hogg, left the unit. Alden went to England and the other two returned to Canada. A send-off party was given to the departing noncoms. and, helped by a couple of jars of rum stolen from a nearby Army Service Corps canteen, and a few bottles of Irish whisky bought in Bethune, a very merry evening was passed. It was at this party that Dean Wilkins burst for the first time into the high-powered oratory which was later on to become so effective in the politico-legal world.

During the first week of April the unit moved from Cambligneul and took over stations at Hersin-Coupigny, Mont-St.-Eloy and in Aux Rietz cave. By the night of April 6th all our bearers were located in the cave and the attack was expected to commence the next morning. The cave was to be used as a main dressing station for wounded from the advanced dressing dugout at Denis-le-Rock and Combow trenches, and another post to be established at Parallel Eight.

Aux Rietz cave was a gigantic affair. About two hundred steps led down into it and it was large enough to accommodate



1. Bringing wounded by narrow gauge trucks from the top of Vimy Ridge.

2. A Shell bursting close to our A.D.S. in Vimy Village.

(Official Can. War Photos)



1. Road fronting our A.D.S., Vimy.

3. German Trenches to right of hill-road leading down to Vimy Village.

4. Body in Blanket, ready for burial.

2. Stretchers piled at back of Vimy A.D.S.
5. Entrance, Brewery A.D.S., Vimy R.R. Station.

five or six thousand men. It was lighted by electricity developed by a miniature power plant which also pumped a supply of fresh water from wells sunk within its confines. Double-tiered chicken-wire bunks were built against the chalk walls of the several vaults and galleries which made up the interior, and a few ventilating shafts were bored through its hundred-foot chalk roof. Our bearers were already well acquainted with the place, for it was here they had billeted or come for rations during the time they were on the Neuville St. Vaast working party.

It was quite easy to lose oneself in this immense, smoke-filled, dimly lighted cavern, for all the galleries and tunnels looked alike. Rats and lice were plentiful in the place, but it was bomb-proof. Even the largest shells exploded harmlessly on its roof, so, in spite of its many shortcomings, the cave was a "jake" billet and our men slept and ate in comparative comfort and safety. Consequently, they were not a bit disappointed when the Vimy attack was postponed for a day or two. In the meantime our preliminary bombardment of the enemy's reserve and support positions continued throughout every hour of the days and nights.

It was while our Headquarters were in Hersin that Pete Joyce came to the Fifth. Pete was an Irish Canuck from Eastern Canada, and his chief objections to the war were officers and noncoms. He was rather fond of a drop of good stuff and, on the day before we moved into Aux Rietz cave, Pete celebrated his arrival by visiting all the estaminets in the district. Returning to the chateau billet, he ran full-tilt into our Commanding Officer and, not having heard very good reports of the colonel, Pete proceeded to tell him just what the men and he personally thought of him. The Commanding Officer called out the guard and the outspoken Peter was thrown into the clink. Next morning he pleaded for a postponement of trial and to be sent up the Line with the bearers, and his plea was granted. On the morning of the 9th, when we were in the support trenches waiting for our turn to go forward, Pete noticed that we had back of us some Imperial troops. "What a hell of a spot I'm in!" exclaimed Pete. "There's the English behind me, the Germans in front of me, and a bunch of bloody noncoms. and officers beside me. What a hell of a place for an Irishman to be in!" Here let us record that Pete remained with us for over a year and turned out to be a first-class soldier and a general favorite.

The Battle of Vimy Ridge 

About three o'clock on the morning of April 9th (Easter Monday) our bearers climbed out of Aux Rietz cave and took up position at the Pill Work in Parallel Eight, in Abri Boche, and in other support trenches. Zero hour was set for five-thirty and the minutes went fast, indeed. Promptly on time our final bombardment opened and hell was let loose. Only a few answering shells came our way, but one of these landed on the steps of a dugout, killing Charlie Stagg and burying the other occupants. The survivors were rescued and the bearers went forward shortly after.

By this time hundreds of German prisoners were coming in. We used many of them for stretcher-bearing throughout the day, turning them over to the prison cages when darkness set in.

The first attack was a huge success and we had little occasion to use the dugout we had worked so long and laboriously to build. It is to be hoped that it made a comfortable billet for those who came after us and it is hard to understand the reasoning that led to its building. If the Vimy attack had failed, Aux Rietz cave, Abri Boche and the Pill Work could have accommodated all our wounded, so it seemed like just one more example of "fool orders" by someone miles in the rear — someone who had no personal knowledge of the actual terrain over which the battle would be fought, and didn't care to visit the Line and investigate. The net result of our long and useless dug-out job was that it left our bearers fagged out and weary for the work entailed in the actual battle.

One of the hardest things a junior officer or noncom. had to do was to enforce a stupid or useless order, when the men were intelligent enough to know better. That was where so-called "discipline" generally (and in most cases — *fortunately*) fell down in the Canadian Corps. It is a safe bet that our casualties would have been much greater in number if our junior officers, non-coms., and the men themselves, had not exercised commonsense and very often ignored and disobeyed fool orders issued by some red-tabbed higher-ups whose only idea of battle terrain and conditions was gleaned from a gaily colored map spread before them on a liquor-stained table. No doubt the whole thing appeared simple on a map, where a smooth strip of white was no-man's-land and a double or treble row of X's marked the German

barbed wire. Maps didn't show shell holes, twisted wire, blasted roadways or recently-made obstacles of any kind. They showed no stinking corpses, slime-filled depressions, and all the other impediments that set traps for our feet and made progress almost impossible. Neither did they show any signs of the grim, alert and efficiently equipped enemy who would be watching our every move from aeroplanes and kite balloons and relaying the information to troops prepared and determined to blast us into Eternity. It was a great war — on a map!

Only officers and men who were through it can tell how many times they were ordered to occupy posts and trenches that didn't exist; how many times they were commanded to make their way over roads that weren't there — and hadn't been there since the first few weeks of the war; how often they were instructed to carry cases from aid-posts that were actually in territory still held by the enemy! It is no wonder that our frequent and fervid comment was "Thank God we've got a Navy!" and that the lads used to put a lot of feeling into their singing of:

*Oh, it's the Navy — the Royal Navy,
That keeps our foes at bay.
Our old song "Britannia Rules the Waves"
We all can sing today.
We've got a Navy — a fighting Navy —
The enemy knows that too;
For it keeps him in his place
When he knows he has to face
Our gallant little lads in navy blue.*

Apropos of our subject, we must mention that, during a severe winter in the Salient, we ran across some fellows from the Marine Division. They had just done a spell in the Front Line trenches, and weren't a bit backward in admitting that they wished they were back with the Fleet.

While we are on the subject of foolish orders we must mention a general inspection that was made of our Horse Transport during the desperate Spring of 1918, when Fritz was making his last advance into allied territory. Many days were given over to brass-polishing, harness-cleaning and all the other drudgery that precedes an inspection. When inspection day finally arrived, our general service wagons, water-carts and horse ambulances were

loaded onto motor lorries and conveyed to the inspection ground, in order that not the slightest speck of mud could get on them! All this in the name of "efficiency"—while, up Front, every man, horse and conveyance was urgently needed to help clear the thousands of wounded from clearing stations and dressing stations which were in danger of falling into the hands of the advancing Hun.*

Siegfried Sassoon, the eminent English poet who served in the Imperial infantry and had first-hand knowledge of how things were bungled, has written as follows:

*If I were fierce and bald, and short of breath,
I'd live with scarlet majors at the Base
And speed glum heroes up the line to death.
You'd see me with my puffy petulant face,
Guzzling and gulping in the best hotel,
Reading the Roll of Honor. "Poor young chap,"
I'd say, "I used to know his father well; —
Yes, we've lost heavily in this last scrap."
And when the war is done and youth stone dead
I'd toddle home and die — in bed.*

Thelus Cave and Vimy ~

During the second night of the scrap, the bearers, led by Captain Hart, moved up into the village of Thelus. This was the captain's first trip with the Fifth squads so, before we started out, he had the men fall in in company formation while he gave them a talk on the duties of stretcher-bearers, the seriousness of the task ahead of them and the dangers involved. Just to cheer them up, he told the men that many of them might not come back alive. However, the lads were too tired and sleepy to pay much attention to the captain's remarks, for they had not slept for at least forty-eight hours. They had, as a matter of fact, been relieved only about a half-hour before and had just nicely got settled in some old German dugouts when the order to fall in

*That the Canadian troops were not the only sufferers from incompetency at Headquarters is proven by the tragic fiasco at Bullecourt, on April 11, 1917, when tanks were late in arriving for an attack — and then, when they did arrive, they fired from the rear into the backs of the advancing Australians! A highly respected Australian officer, too, informed the Home authorities in the Fall of 1916 that in the Somme battles he saw many of his friends "murdered through the gross incompetence, callousness and personal vanity of those high in authority." This indignant officer was killed in a later battle but the facts are recorded in the Australian official war history.

was given. The dugouts were scattered along blown-up trenches and, when Captain Hart received the despatch ordering the advance, he had difficulty in locating any of his men. He eventually noticed a dim light wavering up from one dugout entrance, so he shouted, "Who's down there?" Back came the answer, "Hicks of B. Section," and the voice was Tommy Hawkey's. "All right, Private Hicks. Come up here and help me to find the sergeant. We have to move farther forward. Tell him to have all the men fall in at once." Being a newcomer, Hart wasn't aware of the Hicks gag. And, although he was somewhat inclined to be demonstrative during the first few days of the Vimy battle, he soon settled into the work and eventually became one of our best leaders up the Line.

We remained in the ruins of Thelus for about two hours, but were finally shelled out. Just before dawn we made our way over to the left and took shelter for the time being in Thelus cave. This cave was similar to Aux Rietz, excepting that it was unlighted, but for a few guttering candles. It was also smaller. We had no sooner entered than the fagged-out men threw themselves down on the chalk floors to sleep. In the dark, Teddy Blair cuddled up to someone next to him — someone whose blanket Teddy wanted to share. In the morning Blair discovered that his bed-mate was a dead infantryman whose shattered body some comrade had covered with a blanket but had not had time to bury.

Some of our bearers may remember that small-calibre revolver Blair carried everywhere he went. The only time we ever knew him to use it was during the Vimy battle. Teddy was on one of two squads located at one of our sunken-road posts, when a pack-mule was found standing nearby. The poor brute was badly wounded. In its pack-saddle some shells still remained — mute evidence of the work the poor animal had been doing when hit. One of the mule's flanks had been practically blown away, so Blair whipped out his revolver and undertook to give the animal a *coup de grace*. Three times he fired into the mule's forehead before the animal fell to its knees. Teddy was preparing to give it a last and finishing shot when the mule rose to its feet and dashed madly out of sight.

Near La Targette corner we erected a large dressing tent about the second day of the fight. Dean Wilkins and Andy Patterson

were the two noncoms. in charge of the carrying parties to and from this station. Almost all the actual carrying was done by Hun prisoners. A nine-point-two shell landed in the midst of a bunch of these men, killing or wounding all the Huns, but strangely enough, missing the stretcher cases and Dean Wilkins who was in charge of them and standing close by when the shell burst.

Some of our bearers may remember the lone infantryman they found seated on the roadside near our sunken road post. He was seated very naturally, with his arms folded around his rifle which was upright between his knees, the butt resting on the ground. He appeared to have fallen asleep, but investigation disclosed that he was dead. There was no wound on the corpse. Evidently he had sat down for a brief rest and been killed by the concussion from a shell or bomb.

We made Thelus Cave our dressing station until just before dawn on the morning of April 14th, when we went down the eastern slope of the Ridge, passed through Petit Vimy and established relay posts at intervals along the winding hillside trail. An advanced aid-post was established in a deep artillery dugout from which the Germans had been routed the day before. The place was littered with empty shell-cases, discarded equipment, and other evidence of Fritz's precipitate departure. On a table were the remnants of an interrupted meal and, in a small passage, several brand new dress helmets were found. In gunpits nearby were some six-point-nines with the gun crews and horses lying dead about them. Captains Hart and Sinclair were the officers in charge of the advanced post; while Captain Churchill, another newcomer, looked after the relay posts. Later on in the day, Captain Elliott joined Hart and Sinclair and with the bearers worked feverishly to get the various posts ready for the handling of wounded. A working party also proceeded to put the Vimy-Farbus road in repair. We were now in full view of the Germans on the other side of the valley and they presented us with shells of almost every calibre and description.

Now began the long, slow and laborious evacuation of wounded from the eastern side of the Ridge. From Thelus, Farbus, Petit Vimy, Vimy, and other points on the eastern slope, our cases had to be carried by stretcher — up, over and back across the winding roads and trails to collecting stations at the

top of the Ridge. From there, horse ambulances, motor ambulances and lorries took them back to dressing stations at Zivvy Cave, Parallel Eight, Aux Rietz Cave and La Targette. There the wounded received secondary dressings and treatment from our Nursing Sections and were sent down to various casualty clearing stations.

On April 14th our Commanding Officer moved up to Thelus Cave and made it his headquarters during the Vimy operations. From then on the lads named the place "McGuffin Cave" in honor of the colonel.

By April 15th we had established another and larger advanced post in the ruins of a brewery at Vimy Station, relaying our cases back by stretcher. Around this station and on our side of the railway embankment we were subjected to very heavy shelling, night and day. Fritz had occupied the territory so long he knew the range to an inch, so the casualties among our Canadian troops were very heavy. Our relay posts, too, were under a continuous strafe. Whizz-bangs, high explosive and naval shells searched every road, trail, and corner. Most of our wheel-stretchers were smashed and the men had to shoulder the wounded back to the collecting posts. Fritz put over tear and poison gases just often enough to make the boys wear their respirators; consequently, the bearers put in some hectic days and nights.

On April 17th Captains Dunlop and Burgess relieved Hart and Sinclair. On this same day Max Kelso brought one of our water-carts up to the Vimy aid-post. Evidently, Fritz's observers mistook the water-cart for a piece of artillery, for enemy gunners opened fire on it and came close to blasting it off the map.

This was also the day on which occurred the "Wilson Offensive" or the "Battle of the Notes," as the wags called it. It seems that Captain X. and Captain Z., who were in charge of the relay posts near Petit Vimy, became separated. Each officer was accompanied by his batman and had taken shelter in a cellar dugout. During the heavy shelling of the long afternoon one captain wanted to consult with his fellow officer, so he sent his batman with a note asking the other captain to "come over for a conference." The note was delivered but the batman returned alone — with an answering note from the second captain, asking the first officer to come and see *him*. And there they remained until late in the evening, each sending notes to the other. Of

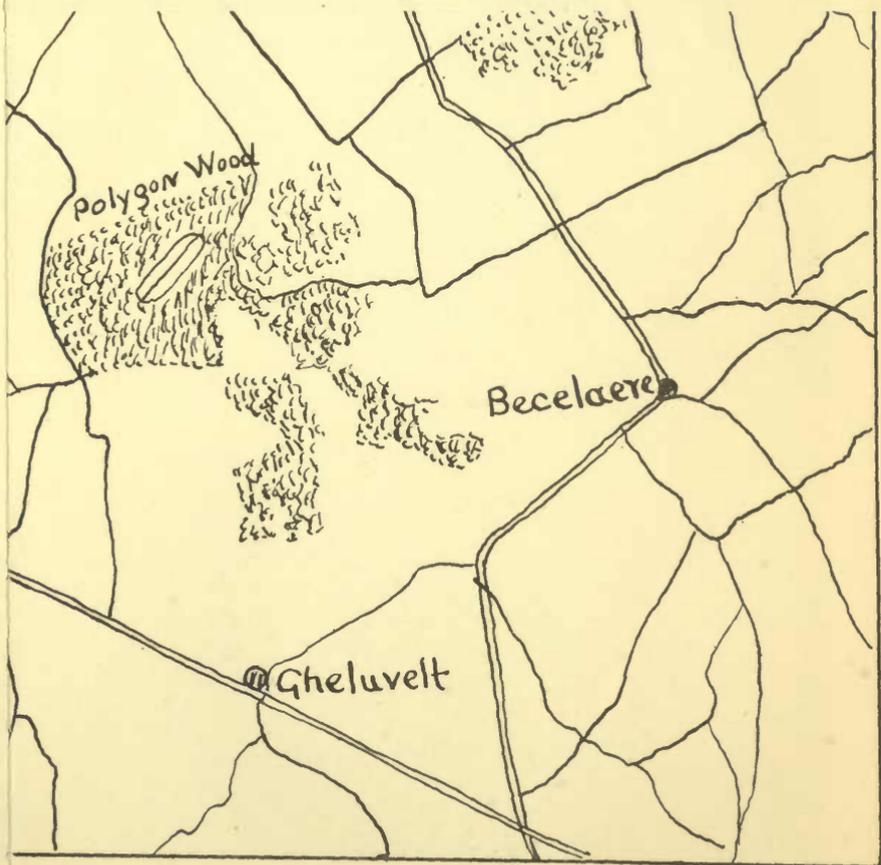
course, the shell-fire wasn't considered too heavy for the two tired runners. Next morning Captain X. reported "sick" and was sent back to Mont-St.-Eloy and eventually reached the Base. Captain Z. left us later on and under similar circumstances. Thus we lost the two Cambligneul tacticians who were going to show us how things should be done up the Line!

On April 23rd one of our planes was brought down not far from the entrance to Thelus Cave. Some of our men grabbed a stretcher and rushed over to the wreck. The observer was already dead but the pilot only wounded. Our boys put the aviator on the stretcher and were starting back to the cave when Fritz landed a shell right amongst them, killing the pilot outright and wounding Alfie Roe so badly he died shortly after. Alfie was carried to the trench at the cave entrance and a sergeant hurried below and informed the Commanding Officer of what had happened. He reported that Roe was dying and wanted to give the colonel a last message to his next-of-kin. Whether the Commanding Officer was unable to climb the cavern stairs we do not know, but Alfie died without his colonel getting to see him, although the sergeant made repeated efforts to induce his Commanding Officer to come to the cave entrance, if only for a moment. Finally the colonel threatened the noncom. with arrest if he bothered him further. The lads who rushed over to the plane were told that they had been recommended for decorations but the only medal awarded went to an officer of another unit. He went nowhere near the plane!

On April 25th two officers of the Sixth Field Ambulance managed to get a Ford ambulance up to Vimy, but had a terrible time getting through, even with the light car.

On April 27th George Graves and Arthur Rich got through to Vimy with an ambulance and thereafter some of our cases were sent out by motor transport. For the first few days the cars ran only under the cover of darkness but, later on, daylight trips were also made.

From this date our slow, dangerous and back-breaking carrying up and over the Ridge was considerably lessened. A corduroy road and a light-railway line had been laid up the western side of the Ridge, and the Thelus-Farbus road had been put into passable condition. The Lens-Arras road across the top of the Ridge was the collecting point to which most of our cases were carried. No

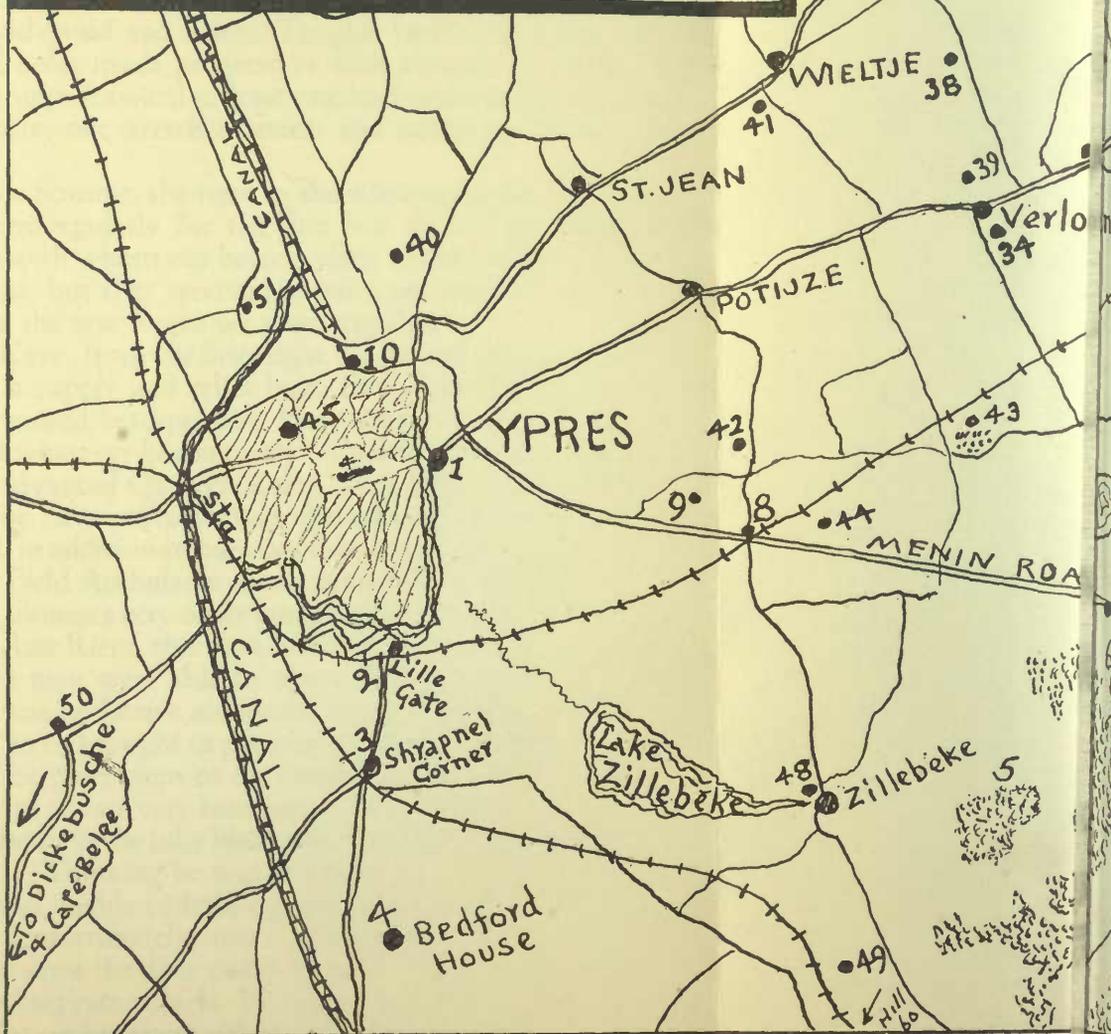


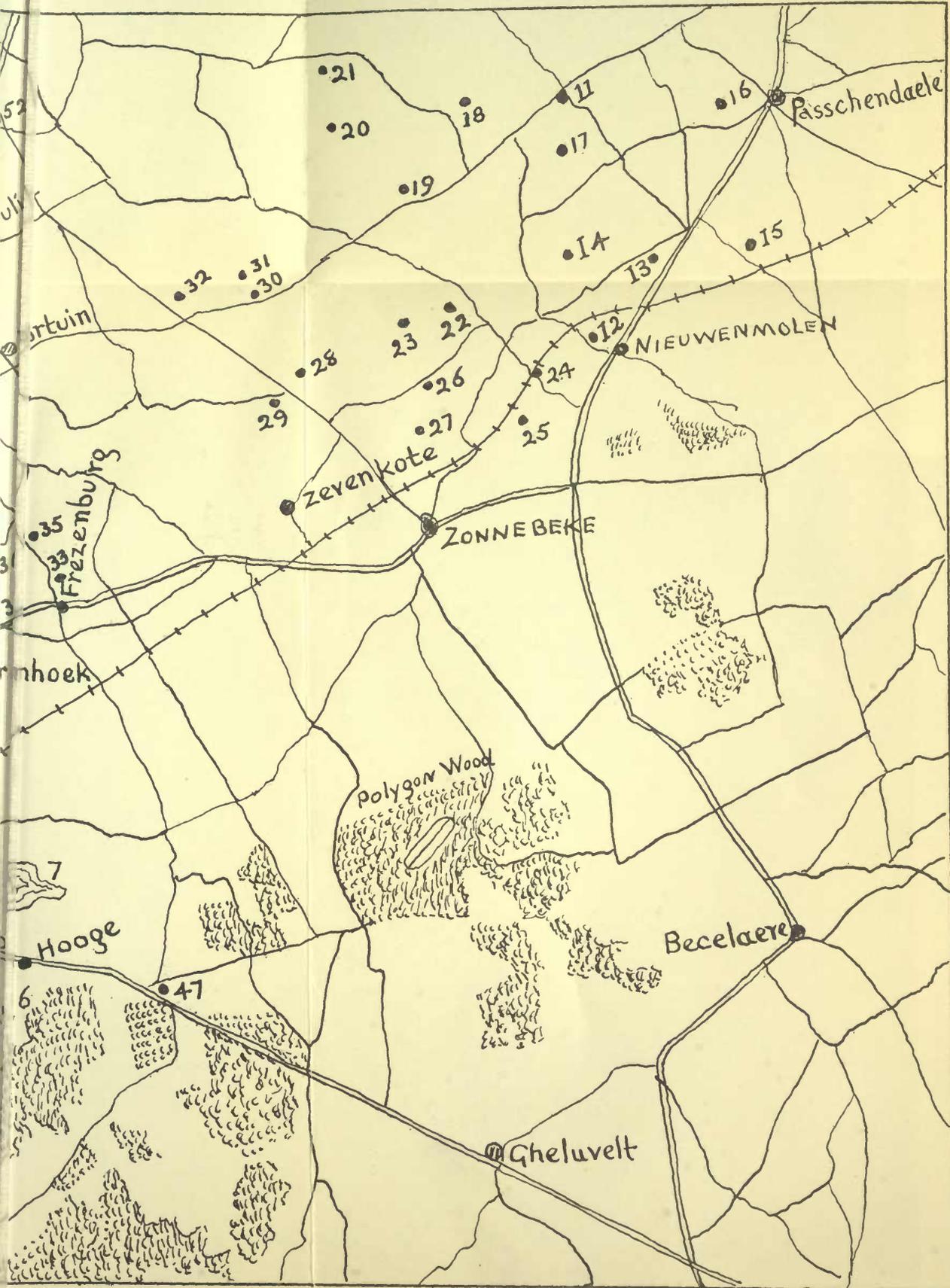
PASSCHENDAELE

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|---------------------|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Menin Gate | 19. Fleet Cot | 37. Oder House |
| 2. Lille Gate | 20. Calgary Grange | 38. White Cot |
| 3. Shrapnel Corner | 21. Kronprinz Farm | 39. Mill Cot |
| 4. Bedford House | 22. Abraham Heights | 40. Summer House |
| 5. Maple Copse | 23. Bordeaux Farm | 41. Paradise Alley |
| 6. Sanctuary Wood | 24. Seine | 42. Cork Cot |
| 7. Bellewaarde Lake | 25. Thames | 43. Railway Wood |
| 8. Hellfire Corner | 26. Springfield | 44. Railway Farm |
| 9. White Chateau | 27. Alma | 45. Ypres Prison |
| 10. Dixmude Gate | 28. Dochy Farm | 46. Kitchener Wood |
| 11. Marsh Bottom | 29. Vansakere Farm | 47. Clapham Junction |
| 12. Tyne Cot | 30. Toronto | 48. Hellblast Corner |
| 13. Hillside Farm | 31. Riverside | 49. Larch Wood |
| 14. Heine House | 32. Fokker Farm | 50. Belgch Bty. Corner |
| 15. Vienna Cot | 33. Frost House | 51. Salvation Corner |
| 16. Crest Farm | 34. New Cot | 52. Vancouver |
| 17. Snipe Halt | 35. Square Farm | |
| 18. Peter Pan | 36. Grey Ruin | |

Scale in Miles

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Hooge

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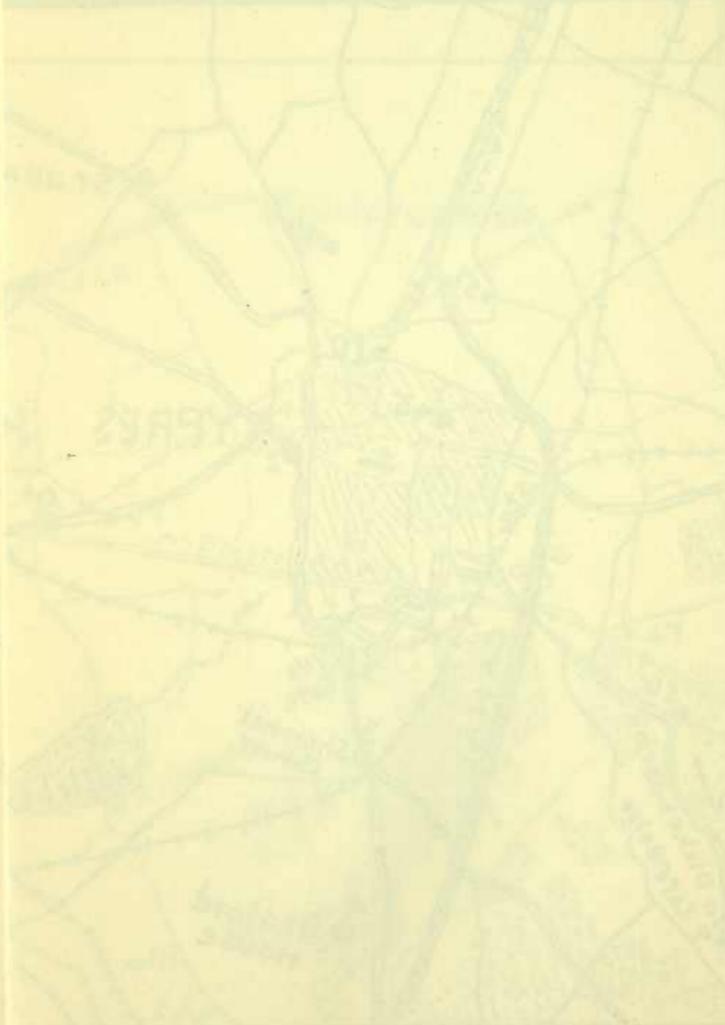
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PASSCHENWALD



doubt many of our bearers will remember the hubbub and confusion that reigned at this road. Here were ammunition dumps, pack mules, narrow-gauge trucks, engineer supplies, motor lorries, wheel-stretchers, general service wagons, water-carts and about everything that went to make up the material equipment and machinery of an attacking army.

Off the roads, the ground was a deep bog of slushy, stinking, chalky mud. Dead men, horses and mules lay everywhere, half covered with mud and water. Tangled barbed wire and water-filled shell-holes made progress by foot almost impossible. For every two steps forward at least one backward step was slipped. Consequently, our stretcher-bearers and ration parties had their troubles.

As at the Somme, the men in the advanced posts failed to get their rations regularly for the first few days. The Fourth and Sixth lads with whom our bearers often worked were even worse off for food, but they received about four issues of rum to our one during the few weeks we were together.

Thelus Cave, from the first night we moved into it, served the bearers as a supply and relief base. From the 14th on it was a sort of advanced headquarters. Here were our colonel, sergeant-major and whatever bearers were temporarily on rest. Here, too, were our advanced Quarter Stores, with Sergeant Woodburn in charge. The cave entrance was shelled intermittently, day and night, and, in addition to our own men, the place sheltered Fourth and Sixth Field Ambulance men, infantrymen, artillerymen, and men from almost every other branch of the service.

Unlike Aux Rietz, this cave was unlighted, except for the few candles the men were able to obtain. It had no running water and there was no latrine accommodation. Drinking and cooking water had to be brought in petrol cans, and the men had to climb a hundred or more steps to the outside latrines. One night Max Odessky, one of our very best bearers, was unable to find his way to the stairway in the inky blackness. He wandered about until he became lost. Thinking he was in one of the cave's many unused galleries, and unable to hold out any longer, he urinated against the wall. Unfortunately, our Commanding Officer chose that moment to open the door of his specially-built, boarded-in, well-lighted and private cubicle. He discovered Max in the act, and ordered him under arrest. Next day Odessky received from his

Commanding Officer twenty-eight days first field punishment for his terrible crime. Yet, to our knowledge, the same Commanding Officer, from the 14th of April until the day he went back to Four Winds after the Vimy scrap was finished, never once went outside the cave. An old oil-drum served him day and night — his batman being obliged to climb the long cavern stairway and empty the receptacle.

Throughout the battle we also had squads at the various regimental aid-posts and some of our officers were sent as temporary medical officers to battalions.

On April 29th, Bill Plowright was killed by a dud shell that came in through the upper wall of the Vimy aid-post. Both he and Alfie Roe were buried in Ecquoivres Cemetery. On May 3rd, Bob Ellis was killed and Larry Kelly wounded when a shell landed in a battalion regimental aid-post. On May 4th, Dave MacGlashan was wounded. Another original Fifth man, Lieutenant Carl Hill, of the 24th Battalion, was wounded on the first day of the scrap.

On May 5th came the welcome news that we were to be relieved by the Sixth Field Ambulance. That evening we gladly turned over our posts to the Sixth and moved back to Four Winds, where our headquarters were established, and where the unit settled down for a "rest" consisting of drills, parades, equipment-cleaning, physical training and inspections.

Those bearers who were in the brewery advanced dressing station at Vimy Station will hardly forget that final hectic twenty-four hours they put in, when Fritz strafed all day long and at three-minute intervals.

In the meanwhile, the First Canadian Division was attacking on the Fresnoy part of the Front and many casualties came pouring into the Second Division area. On May 10th, Captain Hart took A. and B. Section bearers up to Willerval to help the Sixth Field fellows clear the wounded. There they stayed until the 17th when they returned to Four Winds.

On May 18th we received word that Sergeant Dick Thomas had been awarded the Military Medal. Three days later Captain Elliott received his majority. It is more than likely that the night of the 18th saw Dick Thomas or "Confidential" as the lads affectionately dubbed him, wetting his decoration in some nearby estaminet. No doubt he gave his favorite recitations, "The Face

on the Barroom Floor” and “The Shooting of Dan McGrew.” Dick loved to recite. “Us must have a concert,” Dick would begin — and the concert was on — with Dick’s contribution having a leading part. No doubt Elliott also celebrated his promotion in a befitting manner.

The Battle of Paris ~

It was about this time that leave was opened somewhat more freely than hitherto. The capture of Vimy Ridge had put new confidence into the higher-ups in France and at home, and it was considered that more men could be spared from the Front — for a while at least. Because of the great loss of shipping tonnage through enemy submarine activity, and the heavy demand for ships to transport American troops, our men were encouraged to spend their leaves in France. The Mediterranean cities and Paris were thrown wide open to them. Some of the Fifth men went to Nice and Monte Carlo, but Paris was the city that attracted the majority.

Leave to Paris! There was a prospect to set the imagination working overtime; and when, just after the Vimy show, we had our chance to see the town, many were the applications to go there. We wanted to visit and see for ourselves what many famous men have called the “Capital of the World.” It has also been said that every man has two “home-towns”—the city of his birth, and Paris. So far as Canadian soldiers are concerned, the saying is a truism for if ever they made a city their second home-town, that city was Paris. They not only captured the city but were captured by it.

Who, of those who got Paris leave, doesn’t recall the painfully slow train trip to the French capital, and the old Gare du Nord, where we pulled in shortly after midnight — to be met by taxi drivers eager to drive us to the Meurice, The Moderne, The Mont Tabor, The Continentale, or some other hotel? And how the hotel clerk’s eyes would pop open when a *simple soldat* or *sous-officier* would ask for a room with bath—something that only wealthy officers had been in the custom of demanding from him. And that wonderful breakfast of delicious chocolate and crisp breadrolls that was served to us in bed each morning — there was a great idea!

Those who were lucky enough to get there immediately after the capture of Vimy will remember the cordial welcome they received from the Paris people. Who could ever forget how elderly men would stop us on the boulevards and invite us into the nearest café to drink to *les braves Canadiens* who had taken a Ridge which had cost the lives of over one hundred thousand Frenchmen earlier in the war? Our questioners wanted to hear, over and over again, how the battle had been won; and if, under the inspiration of several bottles of champagne and excellent *Café de la Paix* dinners, some of the men laid it on rather thick, who can blame them? For a few days our money was no good at all, and we basked in the glory of the captured Ridge with all the nonchalance and abandon of seasoned veterans.

Springtime in Paris was the time of year when you could sit on the terraces in front of Pocard's, Fouquet's, Brasserie Universelle and other cafés, while you sipped a *grenadine*, *un bock* or a Scotch-and-soda. There you saw the world go by. Officers and soldiers in the uniforms of every branch of all the Allied armies paraded past your table. And the women! Every girl that came along seemed the most beautiful you had ever seen — until the next one passed!

In Paris we saw no hotels or cafés marked "Officers Only," such as were so common in England and in the British Army area in Northern France and Belgium. There was here none of that class distinction which had galled free-born Canucks elsewhere. In Paris one could see French colonels and privates sitting at the same dinner tables, drinking at the same bars and dancing on the same floors. The humble *poilu* or *simple soldat* was "Somebody" to the French people and, invariably, was treated with as much respect and consideration as an officer. The *poilu* would address his superior officer as *mon colonel* or *mon capitaine* and was addressed in return as *mon vieux*, *mon brave* or *mon enfant* — and we never noticed anything disrespectful or patronizing in the relationship.

When the first Canucks arrived in Paris they encountered much difficulty in getting their leave pay. It was necessary for them to go to an Imperial Pay Officer in the Caserne Pepinierre and line up at the tail-end of the pay parade. Then, like as not, just as it came their turn to be paid, it would be lunch time, or tea time, or snack time, or some other quitting time, and the pay officer

would close his office and tell the Canucks to come back next morning. The following day they would take their place at the end of another Imperial line-up — and go through the whole exasperating farce all over again.

After wasting two whole precious days in a fruitless attempt to get money from the British pay officer, a group of about twenty Canadians decided to have a "show down." They determined on a parade of their own — not to the A.P.M., not to the officer in charge of British troops, but to the British Ambassador himself! Away they went to the offices of that great gentleman, Lord Bertie, and had a hectic half-hour getting past a small army of attachés, flunkeys and office factotums. Eventually they were informed that the Ambassador would give an audience to two spokesmen, whereupon the group delegated a Fifth noncom. and an infantry full-buck as spokesmen. These two men were then ushered into the presence of the kindest old gentleman imaginable. After hearing their complaint he was indignant at the cavalier treatment they had received and said he would see that Canadians were paid first thereafter — that their victory at Vimy had earned them that consideration. He phoned immediately to Pepinière Barracks and gave instructions to that effect. Then he asked the two delegates to sit down, help themselves to cigarettes, and tell him about the Vimy scrap. Almost an hour went by before he would let them leave his office. On their return to the Caserne their pay was waiting for them and, shortly after, a Canadian Pay Officer was always available for Canucks on Paris leave.

The theatres our men seemed to like best were the Folies Bergères, Casino de Paris, le Petit Casino, Grandes Guignolles and, of course, the great Gaumont picture palace. The Opera, too, drew its share of devotées. The Montmartre and Quartier Latin folk saw much of the Canadian on leave — and he saw much of them! He sat in the Rotonde; he strolled the *Boul. Mich.* and *Montparno*; he lounged on the terrace of the Dome; he loitered along the banks of the Seine and browsed over the volumes in the open bookstalls; he visited the Invalides, Notre Dame, the Trocadero, the Madelaine, Sacre Coeur, the Pantheon, Les Halles, Versailles, the Louvre, Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe, Luxembourg, St. Cloud, and other places of interest. He ate in whatever café or restaurant happened to be nearest when he was

hungry — and enjoyed every meal. It was almost impossible for him to find poorly cooked food in Paris. No matter how much or how little the meal cost, the food was always excellently well prepared. When he wanted English-speaking company — which was seldom — he patronized Henri's American Bar* and renewed acquaintances with his almost-forgotten friends, John Collins, Sherry Flip, Horse's Neck and others.

Fortunately for those on Paris leave we received what seemed like an awful lot of francs for a pound note and our money went considerably farther than in London. A good room cost about seven francs a day; an excellent meal from three to ten francs; and very palatable beer or wine a franc a bottle — and up.

What Canuck could ever forget the *cadets* near the Place de l'Opera, with their suggestive postcards and their offer to guide us to the high-spots in the Paris Tenderloin? Or the *petites poules* who used to tell us in their peculiarly quaint way how *gentilles et propres* they were and boasted that they were *blondes naturelles — et partoutes*? Or the old one-horse *fiacre* we could hire for next-to-nothing to take us leisurely out to the Bois de Boulogne or the Bois de Vincennes? Or the trips for the literary minded to the homes of Balzac, Hugo, Voltaire, Rousseau and other famous writers? Or the conducted visits to the scenes of many Les Misérables incidents — the Picpus Convent, the Sewers, etc.? It may safely be said that once a Canuck went on leave to Paris he afterward showed comparatively little interest in London or Old Country leave.

Mention of Paris brings to mind the fact that several Fifth fellows had the good fortune to run into Canon Scott, the beloved padre of the First Division, while there. It was not unusual for the padre to be standing outside the Gare du Nord when the leave train disgorged its load of pleasure-bound men from the Front. In an understanding, sympathetic manner he oftentimes joined in the rollicking, care-free pranks of men on leave and in an adroit way saved them from becoming involved in the questionable night life and myriad temptations of the great city.

The padre was the biggest boy of the lot. It mattered not whether it was a jaunt to Versailles, a trip to Sacre Coeur or a night at the theatre, he remained with the boys. "I've been with

*It was reported after the war that Henri was a German Spy and committed suicide when detected and faced with arrest.

them through the hell of the trenches," he would say, "I guess we'll have a little bit of heaven together, too!"

It was the privilege of one of our men to spend the last night of his Paris leave in the company of Canon Scott. Several full-buck privates were in the party. First they had an excellent dinner. Then they went to hear "Thais" at the famous Paris Opera. From the opera there was a grand last-minute rush to the Gare du Nord, where all piled into the cold, dingy railroad coach which was to house them for the ensuing twelve-hour trip back to the Front. Rather than enjoy the comforts of the officers' coach, the padre remained with the rankers. The compartment was crowded. Not a pane of glass was intact in the coach windows. The night was intensely cold. But, in spite of the wretched circumstances, the padre sat crowded into a seat and hummed a few bars from "Thais" until he finally fell asleep with his head resting in the lap of one of his companions. When Canon Scott awoke he remarked with a shiver that the lap of a soldier made a "very poor emplacement for a canon." His drolleries did much to brighten the painful trip back to the war.

When the padre stated that he had been with his men through the hell of the trenches he spoke the truth. He lived the sort of life he preached about. He practised Christianity in the everyday contacts and circumstances of army life. The great heart of the man showed itself in his every act and word and it is no exaggeration to say that thousands of men attended his services at the Front simply because of their love for the padre personally.

Everybody admired and respected the old Canon — even the crown-and-anchor addicts whose games he so frequently broke up. We cannot resist comparing him with the other type of army chaplain who used to preach to us so fervidly and tell us before each scrap to go forward unafraid, that our faith would pull us through and that a Great Award awaited us if we were killed in battle. We remember only too well how often we were compelled to chase this type of chaplain from our advanced dressing dugouts, to make room for wounded. We never could understand why this sort of bible-thumper was so reluctant to face Death if he really believed all the stuff he poured into our ears. We must add the names of five other padres: Carlisle, McGillivray, McDonald, Harris and Kidd, to that of Canon Scott as army chaplains we knew who, by example, tolerance, humility and

kindness inspired us to the utmost. Thank Heaven, the Fifth was fortunate in its choice of padres.

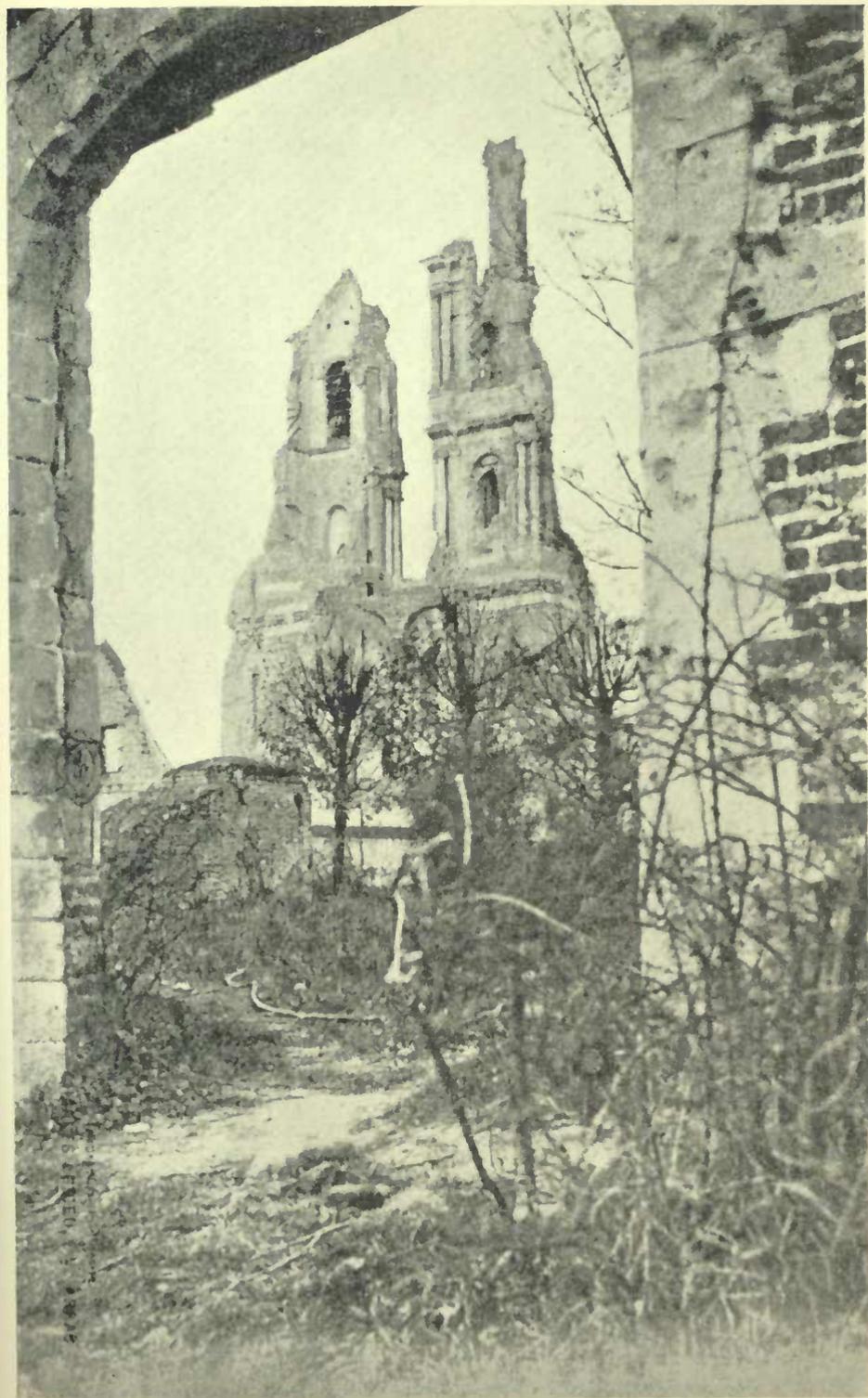
Mention of Paris recalls to our mind that it was one of our own officers who took over the leadership of a famous Paris music-hall orchestra, one eventful night, and led the musicians so successfully, the stage show was unattractive in comparison. Eventually, it was found necessary to relieve him of his leadership, in order that the audience would pay attention to the performance behind the footlights.

We Celebrate the 24th of May ❧

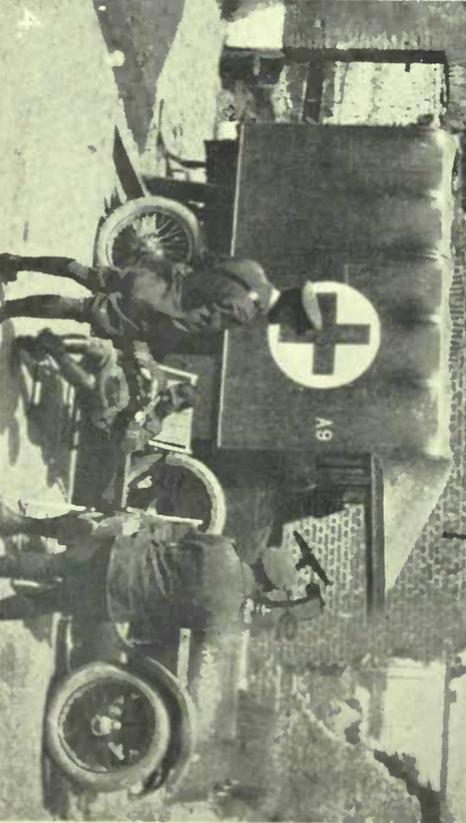
On May 24th the unit enjoyed a celebration that marks the event as one of its red-letter days. The whole twenty-four hours were given over to sports and amusements of every description. A few barrels of beer were obtained and the Fifth had one of the best times it had enjoyed since arrival in France. In the evening a stage was rigged and the C-2 Concert Party put on a performance that excelled anything we had before seen near the Front. Who could ever forget McKenzie, with his Yiddish, Irish and Italian monologues; or Clapham, with his Lancashire and Yorkshire character bits; or Leslie Benson and Ashton, in their impersonations of the fickle females, Gertie Allbut and Marie; or the two Hagen boys, in their "General Factotum" skit; or Captain Burke's tenor solos? We also had some of the 20th Battalion musicians, led by their popular leader, Bandmaster Moore. Those who entertained us had such a good time themselves, very few of them were able to get back to their own billets until the following day, so all through the night the merriment went on. One or two of the entertainers who just had to get back to their own quarters were loaded into wheelbarrows or general service wagons and transported to their homes under cover of a rather moonlight night.

On May 26th, Colonel McGuffin rejoined his old unit, the Fourth Field Ambulance; Major Burgess becoming Commanding Officer, *pro tem*, of the Fifth.

It was at Four Winds that Bob Hodgkinson put on the foot races and gave the winners money prizes — with money they themselves had lost on Bob's crown-and-anchor games. Bob was our unit's leading "gamboler." From the day we arrived in



The Towers of Mont-St.-Eloy, a famous landmark on the Vimy front. Hundreds of crows nested in these ruins and, when our observers climbed up to look across the Ridge, the Germans saw the disturbed crows fly away and immediately the towers were the target for enemy high explosives.



1. Wide Gauge Stretcher Trucks, St. Pierre.
3. Hill, Gordon, Sowden and Lansdowne outside St. Pierre Cookhouse.

2. Bill Howell, Bill Marsh and Sam Jacobs.
4. Rear View, Bully Grenay A.D.S.

France, Bob had carried about with him a canvas crown-and-anchor "board" and a set of dice. No sooner were we settled in a place than out would come the board and dice and Bob's voice could be heard shouting, "Come on me lucky lads! Have a franc on the old mudhook. How about a little bet on the sergeant-major? Come on me lucky lads! You can't lose. You come in with a sandbag and go away with a bloody dugout!" Bob must have taken thousands of francs from the Fifth lads but they got it all back again, one way or another. It was the game and not the money that fascinated Bob. He promoted foot races, wrestling bouts, boxing bouts and other contests, and gave back thousands of francs in cash prizes to the contestants. The money was eventually spent on beer and *vin rouge*, so what was the difference!

Our Daily Orders of June 5th informed us that Colonel McGuffin had been awarded the Distinguished Service Order in the King's Birthday Honors. On June 9th, Sergeant-Major Jack Gardner's name was posted as having been Mentioned in Despatches.

Just to show how fleeting and temporary such honors could sometimes be, we must mention that within one week after Jack was Mentioned in Despatches he was placed under arrest for "Insubordination." The charge was the result of a misunderstanding, brought about by the attempt of one of the men to escape a muster parade. The sergeant-major was tried by Major Burgess, who dismissed the case when Jack and the officer involved agreed to shake hands and forget the incident.

"God will not look you over for medals, but for Scars."

Elbert Hubbard wrote that line long before the war, and he didn't necessarily mean physical scars. He no doubt had in mind those invisible scars from wounds of the soul, of the heart, of the mind and of the memory — scars received in the many desperate and bitter conflicts of life, and not in the clashes of war only.

Each and every one of us knows, deep down in his own heart, whether or not he earned a decoration. We all know men who earned medals and didn't receive them — and men who got decorations and didn't earn them. It may safely be said that, next to Fritz himself, the allotment of decorations caused more strife, envy, jealousy, discontent, disgust and discord than any other feature of army life. But those were the reactions of army

days — of the Past. Now, thank Heaven, we can laugh about the whole silly medal business, for we know their true worth.

Only civilians ask questions about medals. Veterans rarely mention them, excepting in a joking sense. Those of us who have decorations have been repeatedly embarrassed when asked to explain how, when, where and why we received them. And some of us who did not get medals have spent many uncomfortable and painful moments trying to explain why we were so long overseas without getting ourselves decorated for bravery. Every veteran who received a medal knows that his comrades helped him to earn it; and every soldier who was actually at the Front, did his bit and didn't get a decoration, knows he is the secret sharer of whatever honor and glory go with his comrade's medals.

On June 12th our unit joined other field ambulances in a Field Day at Hersin-Coupigny. The Fifth won as many races — and fights! — as any unit participating. Colonel McGuffin represented the Fourth and won the fat man's race, the prize for which was a bottle of Scotch whisky. To the same officer fell the honor of distributing the prizes and in doing so he began telling about some of his experiences as a hockey player. "Perhaps many of you don't recall that in my younger days I played hockey!" he began, when from the middle of the crowd Teddy Blair interrupted him. "Sure, I remember — and you were the dirtiest player I ever saw!" The gang simply roared in laughter. McGuffin asked the interrupter to step forward and Teddy mounted to the platform. The colonel, to his credit be it said, laughingly gave Blair his own bottle of Scotch, threw up his hands and sat down, thoroughly squelched, but much better thought of for his act of sportsmanship.

On June 23rd, Divisional "Vimy Ridge" Sports were held at Hersin-Coupigny. Here our soccer team lost its game in the finals to the 18th Battalion by the score of 2 to 1.

Short Summary of Vimy Battle ☞

The preliminary bombardment for the Battle of Vimy opened on March 27th. The first stage of the battle was from that date to April 2nd. The second stage was from April 2nd to April 9th, when the main assault took place. The third stage ended on

May 5th. Zero hour on April 9th was 5.30 a.m. By 6.02 a.m. the first objective was reached. Between 7.45 a.m. and 9.30 a.m. the second objective was taken. The third objective was reached by 1 p.m.

Ludendorff said no troops could take the Ridge. General Nivelles was of the same opinion and quite opposed to the attack. But the Canadian Corps captured it, penetrated 10,000 yards on a front of 7,500 yards and defeated nine German divisions. We took 7,000 prisoners, 67 guns and hundreds of machine-guns and trench mortars. Our casualties were over 20,000.

The attack progressed as follows:

April 9th—Thelus captured.

April 10th—Farbus captured.

April 12th—Hill 145 and trenches south of Farbus Wood captured.

April 13th—Petit Vimy, Vimy, Willerval and Givenchy taken.

April 14th—Lievin captured.

April 15th—Cite St. Pierre taken.

April 28th—Arleux taken.

Colonel Kappeler, Our New Commanding Officer ~

On June 28th, Colonel D. P. Kappeler returned to us as Commanding Officer, and on the following day a muster parade was held when the new Commanding Officer inspected his command. As an original officer of the Fifth the colonel had won the respect and admiration of everybody and it was with fervent thankfulness we greeted his return. Since he left us in December, 1915, while our headquarters was in La Clytte, he had been Commanding Officer of the Seventh Cavalry Field Ambulance (Seeley's Brigade) and had won the Distinguished Service Order while with that Command. From the time he left us we had followed his varying fortunes with kindly interest, hoping that one day he might come back to us as Commanding Officer.

More Questions ~

Did you fall for that "Tizzy Whizzy Bollakatevo" game which Jimmy Shorrocks, Cecil Eldridge and Billy Brown invented and used to garner francs and centimes whenever they

found themselves broke? And were you there the day Bob Hodgkinson broke the wily inventors — and was given the weird gambling paraphernalia as part payment?

Were you one of the gang which went on leave to Braintree — when Cecil Eldridge's horse slobbered all over Billy Moore's tunic?

Some of the oldtimers may remember the morning Spud Thompson appeared on parade wearing a steel helmet on which was stuck the candle by which he had lighted his way to bed the night before.

Do you remember those red-letter days on which Tommy Dalton received his periodical remittance check — when he used to collect his cronies, Billy Brown, Horace McKillop, Tommy Hawkey, et al, and adjourn to the nearest estaminet until the money was all gone?

Were you there that morning the colonel inspected the Quarter Stores and was confronted with Solley's original and graphic masterpiece — a sign on which were nailed the two unmentionable parts of a rabbit, followed by the words "TO YOU"?

Perhaps some of the fellows will remember the day a huge rat crawled inside Spud Thompson's tunic while Spud was asleep — and the hectic few minutes he put in beating the ferocious rodent to death. Spud was badly bitten but a liberal use of the stuff used for snake-bites prevented blood poisoning.

Some of the senior noncoms. may recall the bridge-whist tournaments they ran while at Four Winds and Estree Cauchie — and t'owd sojer who, when he was well primed, used to play a finger tattoo on the table and bravely "shoot the works." And the stuttering affliction a certain warrant officer brought back from Paris and used as a means of reaching Blighty.

On July 1st (Dominion Day) we celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the Confederation of the Provinces of the Dominion of Canada. In the morning we attended a monster drumhead church service in which all the Canadian units not in the Line participated. The weather was ideal. In the afternoon a make-shift team played a 5 to 5 tie baseball game with a team from the Third Field Ambulance. In the evening our soccer team beat the Third's by a score of 4 to 1.

On July 3rd, C. Section, with Majors Burgess and Elliott and Captains Sinclair and Petrie, moved to Bully Grenay. Next day

A. and B. Sections moved to Fosse Nine, near Barlin. Working parties from all three Sections went up the Line on the St. Pierre Front, to prepare aid-posts and relay stations for the coming scrap at Lens.

At Fosse Nine most of the men were billeted in private homes throughout the little mining town. Here they were quite comfortably quartered, the only drawback being that they had to clean block after block of the local streets, gather garbage and do all the unpleasant jobs of a street-cleaning and sanitary department. Early morning drills, physical training, and route marches made the lads wish they were up the Line with the working parties. Several wrote complaining letters home and when the censoring officers read the epistles a few doses of Number One Field Punishment were meted out.

At Bully Grenay, C. Section passed some eventful nights and days. Fritz was now concentrating artillery fire on the town, and civilian and army casualties were very heavy. Gradually the place began to resemble Dickebusch and Vlamertinghe and only a few of the more venturesome townspeople remained. Our station was hit repeatedly but only the upper part of the building was penetrated by shells.

On July 13th a shell got a direct hit on Ed. Mahy's ambulance. Mahy and Doug. Joycey were seriously wounded, while Barney Woods received many painful but not severe wounds in the face and upper parts of his body.

Perhaps some of the oldtimers know the identity of the two officers who stayed overnight in one of the Bully Grenay billets — when one of them substituted for his comrade at a very important rendezvous? The version current at the time, had it that the junior officer had fallen into the arms of Morpheus after an exceptionally heavy nightcap of army rum or something, and that his conscientious pal carried out the extremely important survey of dangerous terrain which had been reserved for his mate. The full details of the affair never leaked out, but it was understood that the incident had no untoward aftermath. All concerned seemed fairly satisfied to let things rest as they stood — excepting the junior officer who had a hard time reconciling himself to the somewhat humiliating substitution.

Some of those concerned may recall the day one of our non-coms. was instructed to erect a sign forbidding conveyances from

entering our Fifth Headquarters' grounds. When the noncom. submitted a sign bearing the word "vehicle," an officer ordered it changed — said nobody would know what the word vehicle meant!

Bully Grenay, too, afforded those three A. Section inseparables, C. C. Jones, Alex. Waite and Bunny Brown, opportunity for many interesting experiments in art. The abundant supply of chalk provided unlimited material for the sculpture of heads, busts and figures, while the diversified scenery offered a fascinating study for their pencil sketches. Fred White, of the Motor Transport, was another lad whose artistic tendencies are well remembered.

Getting Ready for Hill 70

Sergeant-Major Alf. Pollette, of the Horse Transport, came to us on July 19th, while our headquarters were in Fosse Nine. Right from the beginning he made a good impression on the men under his command, and on the other noncoms. with whom he came in contact.

On July 25th headquarters moved up to Hersin where the intensive drills, marches, and physical training stuff continued. The working parties remained up the Line.

On August 2nd Sergeant-Major Gardner was evacuated to a casualty clearing station, making the fourth sergeant-major the unit had lost since mobilization.

On August 14th the Fifth again took over our old station at Fosse Ten, and all our bearers were transferred to posts in St. Pierre, Fosse Eleven, Lens Hospital and some other locations over toward the Hill 70 Front.

On the morning of August 15th the main Lens attack developed and during the ensuing week our men were kept on the go, day and night. The whole area was heavily strafed with every sort of shell in the Hun repertoire. It was here we received our first real taste of Fritz's Yellow Cross mustard gas. Every road, pathway, shell-hole and trench was saturated with the blistering stuff and we had considerable trouble trying to treat the resulting gas cases effectively.

To our St. Pierre station we cleared wounded from Lens hospital and one or two pillbox posts over toward Hill 70.

From St. Pierre our cases were sent back by narrow-gauge trains to Bully Grenay, and by a wide-gauge road to Fosse Ten. Both railheads were well within enemy vision and whizzbang range, and several already-wounded men were killed near our loading places.

In a half-ruined house on a corner near the wide-gauge loading point we had a cookhouse and bearer headquarters for a few days. Bill Sowden was the cook and Corporal Pountney made his abode close to the cookhouse. Perhaps some of the fellows may recall the rum issue they *nearly* had at this spot. Unfortunately, the rum jar was found empty when it came time for the issue — but not Alf Pountney! He was happily immune to the tirades directed his way by the incensed officer and disappointed bearers.

On August 17th Allan Hill was wounded by a shell which landed close to where he and other bearers were loading stretcher-cases on the wide-gauge railway trucks. On the night of the 18th, Bob Hodgkinson, Ban Johnson and Tommy Sampson were wounded and their stretcher-case killed when they were about half-way between two of the St. Pierre posts. This “carry” was one of the worst we had ever encountered.

Ban Johnston and Tommy Sampson were two of our youngest bearers. We had scores of fellows who had not yet reached voting age. We knew at least two who celebrated their sixteenth birthdays in France. Among those who were at the Front at a very tender age we recall the following: Mike Bicknell, Austin Booth, Ernie Cavey, Jesse Dawkins, Chick Faryon, Norm Foy, Herbert Gilbert, Stew Grieve, Willie Harrington, Sammy Jacobs, Curly LeRoux, Toots Meisner, Reggie Mofford, Pier Morgan, Max Odessky, Alf Ralph, Billy Sellen, John Smith, Frank Temperton. There were, of course, several others; but their names escape us. Many, too, gave “official” ages which wouldn’t have stood test if the authorities had cared to investigate.

Back at Fosse Ten the Nursing Sections and Headquarters Details were kept very busy. Every available officer and man was pressed into service. Even the batmen and mess-orderlies were taken off their customary duties and put to work in the dressing station wards. Perhaps some of the men who were there at the time will remember the bawling-out the acting sergeant-major received from two of the officers who flew into a violent rage when they learned that the mess-orderlies had been used for hospital fatigues during the emergency. One of the officers

vehemently declared that he wouldn't have men handling *his* food who had been employed carrying hospital buckets!

The Hill 70 scrap lasted about ten days, the main attack taking place on August 15th. Three Divisions, the First, Second and Fourth took part. Our casualties, including the preparations for the main battle, were nearly 11,000. Before the capture of Lens could be completed, the whole Canadian Corps was moved north for the Passchendaele affair.

On Wednesday, August 22nd, all the bearers were relieved and came down to Fosse Ten, where they remained overnight. The next day the whole unit moved to Four Winds and Estree-Cauchie. Here, once more, began the discouraging routine of route marches, drills, physical training and equipment-cleaning. Sir Douglas Haig was due to inspect us in a few days' time and, until the inspection was over, a rotten time was experienced.

Shortly after Haig's inspection we took over a dressing station in Neuville St. Vaast, and a working party went up to Chaudiere to build an advanced dressing dugout at Betty's Gap. This was to be another useless task for, after about seven weeks of nasty weather and laborious effort, we abandoned the capacious dugout to the rats and vermin.

On September 8th Billy Moore, Red Whitmore and L. O. Brown were awarded Military Medals for their work in the Hill 70 fight.

On October 4th Fred White was wounded near Chaudiere.

On October 18th the Imperials took over our Chaudiere post and the Fifth gathered together at Mont-St.-Eloy. All surplus equipment was stored in barns at Villers-au-Bois and, exactly one week later, the unit marched to Aubigny and entrained for our old stamping ground up in the Ypres Salient. On our way north we passed Tinques, Hazebrouck and Caestre and went on to Pradelles where we stayed for four or five days of drill, route marches and kit inspections.

During the few days at Pradelles, many of the lads got passes and permission to visit Godewaersvelde and renew acquaintances with Gaby, Zenobie and other friends in the district. Our return to the Salient seemed like getting back home — back to the well-known haunts of a long-ago day. But we were very soon to change our minds about the old stamping ground, and wish with all our hearts that we were back in the Lens-Arras sector.

The Battle of Passchendaele ~

On November 1st we moved in trucks to Ypres, where the Nursing Sections took over a main dressing station in the basement cells of the old ruined prison. The bearers continued on up to the White Chateau,* Frost House, Zonnebeke and Thames advanced posts. The Horse Transport lines and Quarter Stores were located between Poperinghe and Vlamertinghe. During the ensuing three or four days we also established aid-posts at Bavaria House, Bremen House, Mitchell Farm, Levi and Tynecot. Stretcher cases were to be taken to Vlamertinghe Mill station; sick to Red Farm, Vlamertinghe; and gas cases to Brandhoek.

Who could ever forget those two weeks of the Passchendaele show? Looking back now it all seems like one long, weird, and terrible nightmare of water-filled trenches, zigzagging duck-walks, foul slime-filled shell-holes, half-buried bodies of dead men, horses and mules, cement pillboxes, twisted wire, shrieking shells, flying humming metal, crashing aerial bombs, stinking mud, water-logged and blood-soaked stretchers — a Slough of Despond such as even a Bunyan couldn't conceive of.

That long, wearisome "carry" from Tynecot to Frost House was like a never-ending *Via Dolorosa* to all who made the journey. Passchendaele was the Somme multiplied and intensified ten times over. Dark, wet, hopeless days were followed by almost endless, cold, marrow-congealing nights of despair and exhaustion. Every man was soaked through to his skin the whole time we were there, and the added weight of his sodden, muddy uniform and equipment seemed to sink him deeper into the prevailing mire. After the first few hours we moved about like so many dazed automatons, stumbling, staggering, blundering along the heaving duck-walks and erupting roads — almost too stunned to care whether we lived or died and totally indifferent to the volcanoes of smoking shell-craters about us. The hours and days and nights seemed to merge with one another into a cruelly indefinite whole and it is doubtful if any man was afterward able to distinguish one Passchendaele day's experiences from another.

On November 5th Bill Elliott was fatally wounded. Next day Captain Colbeck, Frank O'Leary, Harry Rowley, Jack Burrill and

*White Chateau had been Haig's headquarters during the 1914 Ypres battle.

Hank Cheesman were wounded; and Bill Bateson, Percy Moyer, Harry Thurston, Max Odessky and Jimmy Blackwood were killed. George Mulligan of the Motor Transport was also fatally wounded. He died on November 18th. Most of these casualties occurred near Frost House and Bremen House. The following day Hugh Lickley was wounded, while on November 12th, our last day in the Line, C. C. Jones was killed by an aerial bomb.

All through the battle our burial parties were kept very busy. The condition of the terrain made it unnecessary to dig many graves, for there were shell-holes enough for burial places. The fact that the British missing totalled approximately 30,000 would suggest that most of those missing thousands foundered in the muddy morass that was the scene of battle.

Near Frost House one of our staff-sergeants was assisting an Imperial padre to bury a man who had been decapitated by a chunk of shell. "Poor fellow," exclaimed our noncom, "he never knew what hit him!" The very correct padre favored the noncom. with a cold, supercilious stare. "Isn't that perfectly obvious?" he retorted, in a tone that betrayed his attitude was "Dear, dear! those crude Colonials again!"

No doubt many of our bearers will recall the Y.M.C.A. canteen near Frost House, where hot tea, coffee, biscuits and chocolate bars were handed out to all who came along. It is possible that the "Y" people fell down in some instances, but who didn't? Their great work near Frost House compensated for a lot of shortcomings.

A more or less remarkable incident during the battle was the trip up the Line of one of our most senior noncoms. He was located at Frost House during one of the worst periods of the scrap. Things quietened down somewhat about two o'clock in the morning so the noncom., who was suffering from a violent headache, took advantage of the lull and came down to headquarters for some aspirin and an hour or two's sleep. Just before dawn he awoke and made his way back to Frost House, much to the surprise of one or two officers who were all set to charge him with cold feet.

On November 13th the whole unit was gathered together at the Ypres prison. From there it entrained and moved to Toronto Camp, back near Busseboom. Here it remained for two days while the men slept once more the sleep of utter exhaustion, in

cold, barren, fireless huts. On the second day out, a few of the more-rested lads made their way to Reninghelst, Ouderdom, La Clytte and Loche and visited civilian friends in those places.

If ever the Fifth was glad to be out of a battle, that battle was Passchendaele. Never had our men been more weary, discouraged and frankly pessimistic than during the two days' halt at Toronto Camp. Their one fervid, freely-voiced wish was that they might never return to the Salient. Never before had they sung so feelingly their old Ypres parody:

*Sing me to sleep, where the bullets fall —
Let me forget the war and all.
Deep is my dugout, cold my feet,
Nothing but biscuits and bully to eat.
Sing me to sleep where shells explode,
And shrapnel and "sausages" are la mode.
Over the sandbags bodies you'll find —
Corpses before you and corpses behind.*

(Chorus)

*Far, far from Ypres, I long to be,
Where German snipers can't snipe at me.
Think of me crouching where the lice creep,
Waiting for someone to sing me to sleep!*

*Sing me to sleep in some old shed
Where rats are running over my head.
Stretching out on my waterproof,
Dodging the rain that pours through the roof.
Sing me to sleep where the star-shells glow,
Full of French beer, and Cafe a l'eau,
Dreaming of home and the girl I love best —
Somebody's muddy trench boots on my chest!*

To add to our misery many of us who had been in the German pillboxes picked up a multitudinous supply of *Pediculus Pubus*. When these were added to our already abundant stock of Allied and enemy greybacks — and, in many instances, scabies and gas sores — our unhappiness was complete. Goodness only knows how many pounds of blue ointment and how many disinfectant baths were necessary to remove from our bodies the pesky rest-disturbers. During the time we were battling this terrible army of bran-like ticklers we knew what Napoleon meant when he spoke of armies marching on their bellies. And we appreciated

the message contained in that familiar picture which shows Napoleon standing with one hand thrust underneath the breast of his tunic. Bonaparte, no doubt, was reaching for some of the same sort of pests that were troubling us.

The inadequacy of our anti-aircraft gunfire during the Passchendaele show was a subject of very bitter comment. Fritz's planes came over at will almost every hour of the day — and most of the night. They flew so low we could distinguish the features of the airmen and they bombed and machine-gunned us to their hearts' content. Our "Archies" impotently and furiously banged away at them but nary a one did we see brought down by ground gunfire. Invariably the enemy flyers remained overhead until all their "eggs" were laid and their ammunition exhausted.

A Brief Summary of the Battle

The Passchendaele battle was one of the bitterest, hardest and most exhausting fights that armies ever fought. Many eminent authorities assert that it was, too, the most useless and wasteful battle of the whole war. Lloyd George and others have written scathingly about the numerous bumbles, poor staff work and general futility of the affair; while Haig's defenders have nothing but praise for that general's conception, strategy and conduct of the battle. Somewhere in between lies the real truth, so we will leave our readers to decide for themselves just what that truth may be.

A brief summary of the Passchendaele operations follows: Military authorities call it the Third Battle of Ypres and have divided it into eight distinct battles:

1. Pilkem, July 31st to August 2nd.
2. Langemarck, August 16th to 18th.
3. Menin Road, September 20th to 25th.
4. Polygon Wood, September 26th to October 3rd.
5. Broodssinde, October 4th.
6. Poelcappelle, October 9th.
7. First Passchendaele, October 12th.
8. Second Passchendaele, October 26th to November 10th.

Total number of divisions engaged: British 51, German 78; and the total number of British and Dominion casualties: killed,

49,611; wounded, 232,292; missing, 29,068; making a grand total of 310,971. Canadian casualties approximated 13,000.

There is no authentic record of the number of German casualties, but our best authorities are agreed that the enemy losses were much lighter than ours. The Germans were helped tremendously by the extremely wet weather that set in. The month of August, 1917, was the wettest in twenty years.

By November 10th, when the battle ended, the British and Dominion troops had advanced their line an average depth of three miles on a seven-mile front. Perhaps some indication of the severity of the fighting may be found in the large number of decorations awarded during the engagement. There were fifty-nine Victoria Crosses alone.

On November 15th we climbed aboard busses and, two days later, after staying overnight at Robecq and Labeuvriere, were back in our old billets at Estree Cauchie. Here we were to remain for a month — and a welcome stay it proved to be. There was now a considerable let-up in parades, drills, etc. Leave was again thrown open and the men were given plenty of time to clean from their uniforms and kits the foul mud of Passchendaele.





WAR BOOKS WE FOUND INTERESTING



Unwilling Passenger.
Unforgotten Prisoner.
Spanish Farm Trilogy.
All Quiet on the Western Front.
The Case of Sergeant Grischa.
Medal Without Bar.
A Farewell to Arms.
Ten Thousand Shall Fall.
Soldiers' Pay.
One Man's War.
Now It Can Be Told.
Paths of Glory.
Enormous Room.
Cabaret de la Belle Femme.
The Great War as I Saw It.
Generals Die In Bed.
Cry Havoc.
Le Feu.
They Who Take the Sword.

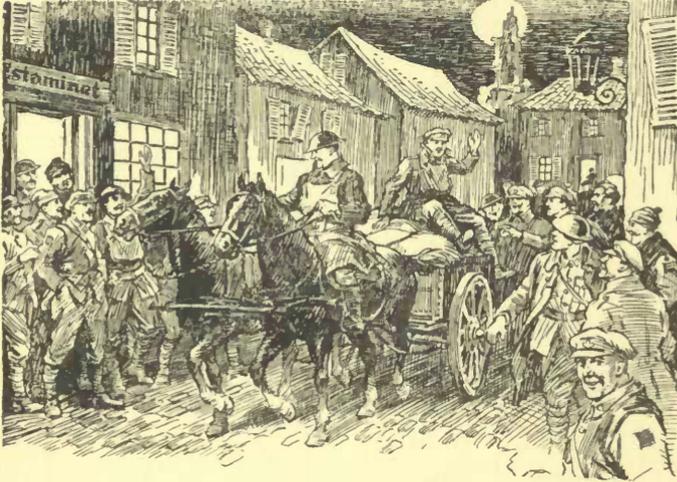


CHAPTER SIX

Here we are, here we are, here we are again.
Here we are, here we are, here we are again.
We licked you on the Marne,
We trimmed you on the Aisne.
We gave you hell at Neuve Chappelle --
And here we are again!

BIENVILLERS-AU-BOIS, WAILLY & AMIENS

(November 18, 1917, to August 22, 1918)



*Christmas
Mail Arrives*

ON the 8th of December we had the interesting experience of voting while on active service.

For a few weeks we had absorbed political propaganda favoring a vote for conscription. We were told that, if conscription passed, all men who had served two or more years in France would be given furloughs to Canada, and that more frequent leaves would be given to those who didn't rate furloughs. Gross misrepresentations were made to us about the condition of affairs back home, and it is no wonder that most of us fell for the bunk and voted accordingly. A remarkable feature of the election was the voting of our teen-old youngsters.

On election day orders were posted informing us that Frank O'Leary, Percy Chadwick, Jimmy Bell, Art Lansdowne, Jim Erskine, George Waddington and Jimmy Archibald had been awarded Military Medals for their work at Passchendaele.

On December 20th the Fifth boarded busses and moved back to Nedonchelle, Ames and Ammettes for a so-called "rest." And what a rest we had! At first the unit was billeted in the sparsely boarded barns of the three adjoining villages, and before we were

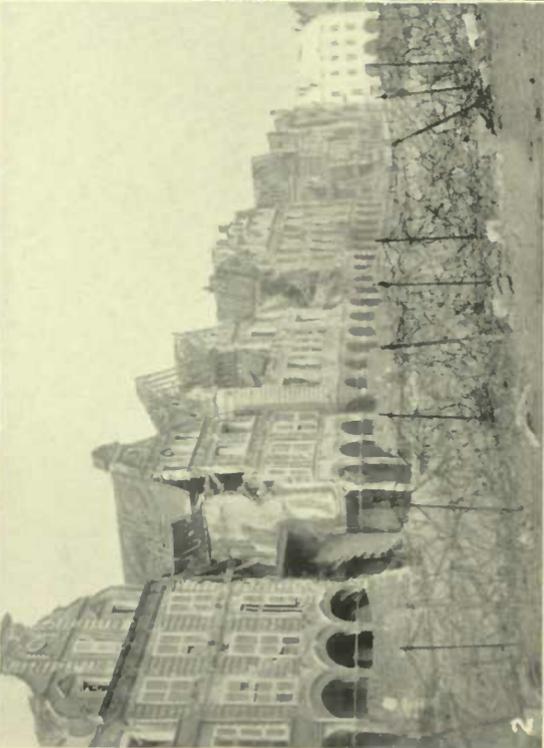
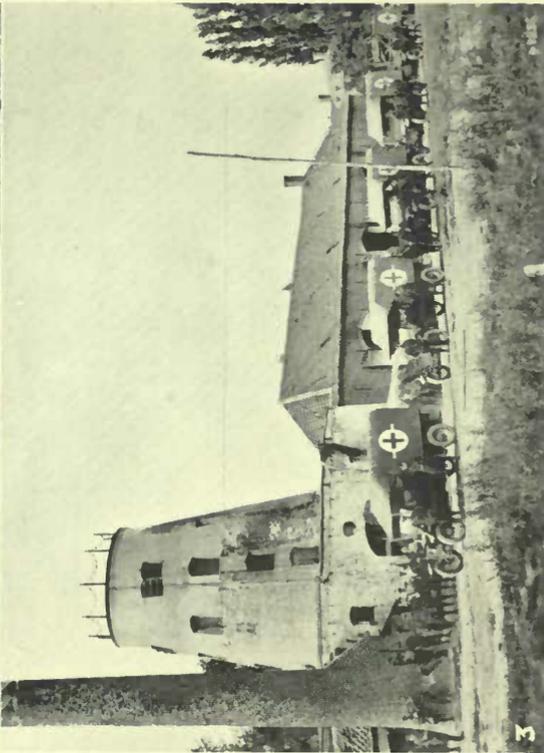
there two days the men were talking of parading to our Commanding Officer and asking to be sent back up the Line. The weather was bitterly cold and our billets offered scant protection from the biting winds and snowstorms. About the fourth day the condition of the men grew so serious the noncoms. were given permission to get their men into houses wherever possible. Within a few hours nearly every man was billeted in a house and from then on were appreciably more comfortable.

The poor transport horses were much less fortunate. They were tethered right out in the open and suffered terribly. Near-zero weather prevailed and the severe cold was intensified by cutting winds and hard-driven snow. Night after night the pitiful whinneying of the half-frozen animals could be heard throughout the villages, and several of the poor brutes died of exposure. It must be mentioned, however, that no effort was ever spared to ease the suffering of horses and mules at the Front. Sick and wounded animals were cared for with a concern and tenderness that did credit to our horsemen and Veterinary Services.

At Ames we spent our third Christmas in France. The men had a fairly good dinner in the local schoolhouse. Afterwards they hied themselves to their several billets and to the few drab estaminets and passed the rest of the day playing cards, reading, or wrestling with their old friends *Messrs. Vin Blanc* and *Vin Rouge*. The day after Christmas, Captain Sinclair's name was posted — with the information that he had been awarded the Military Cross.

Some men from our Nursing Sections were temporarily attached to the 131st Field Ambulance (Welsh) at Lillers, and were able to join the Imperials in their celebration of Boxing Day. The potency of Lillers wine and army rum was such that, by the time the celebration was over, our lads understood for the first time why the day was named so appropriately.

Most of our time on "rest" was spent shining brass, cleaning leather, scrubbing Webb equipment and tidying-up in general. One more inspection was due, so there was the usual frantic hustling and ordering by the officers and noncoms.—and the customary cursing and grumbling by the other ranks. At last the big day arrived and General Burstall gave us the once-over — with the usual result: Everything was lovely, excepting the transport rifles, which were found in their well-known condition.



1. Stretcher-Bearers Carrying Wounded out of the Hell that was called Passchendaele. (Canadian Official War Photos).
2. Houses in the Grande Place, Arras, as we saw them.
3. Motor Convoy, Mill Station, Vlamerdinghe.



Two Infantrymen marched this wounded Hun back to our Advanced Dressing Station where he was made a stretcher case after his wounds were dressed. We cleared wounded to this A. D. S. from several aid-posts farther up the Line. (Canadian Official War Photo).

The Business of Going on Leave ~

The one bright feature about our stay at Ames was the reopening of leave. Many went on leave from this place and they couldn't have been more pleased to get away if they had been up the Line at the time. Ames was a mighty good place to go on leave *from!* Several went to Paris, but at this particular time the majority went to the Old Country. Perhaps the heavy casualty list of the Passchendaele battle decided some of the lads — particularly the Old Country fellows — to go over to Blighty and visit relatives and friends who had lost men in the recent fight.

Some may recall that exalted feeling which swept over us when we were warned to get ready to go on leave — and we set out to obtain presentable uniforms, boots, puttees, etc. Remember how difficult it was to get stuff through official channels and how, eventually, you had to borrow various articles of raiment from your chums? This fellow would lend you a pair of officer's breeks he had swiped somewhere. That fellow would bring you a pair of brand-new Fox's puttees he owned, or a pair of tan shoes that just fitted you. Another lad would lend you a snappy British Warm and cap he had wangled from a friend in the Artillery. From one source or another you were fitted out quite smartly and were able to go on leave looking as spruce as any batman or Base Detail.

Then, when you finally had your leave warrant in your pocket — remember how anxious you were to get away before Fritz got you; and your hideous presentiment that, at the last minute, something would prevent you from going? And the well-meant advice from your comrades to "keep away from wine, women and song — particularly the music!"? And the numerous commissions entrusted to you — which you forgot until you returned? And the fervor in your voice when you sang:

*Take me back to dear old Blighty,
Put me on the train for London Town.
Take me over there — drop me anywhere —
Liverpool, Leeds or Birmingham, oh I don't care!
How I'd like to see my best girl —
Cuddling up again we soon shall be! Oh,
Hy-tiddley-hy-tee, take me over to Blighty,
Blighty is the place for me.*

Nearly every man who went on leave to the Old Country will remember, too, the "gone" feeling we had when our seven or ten days' frolic was over and we went down to the station to entrain for the Front. Old Country lads were almost invariably escorted to the depot by relatives, sweethearts or other friends. Canucks were accompanied by acquaintances or sweethearts met while in training or on leave. There was always the same forced gaiety and hollow laughter, however, when train time approached. Who could ever forget the hysterical merrymaking which took place outside the iron-grilled track barricade, when just as the "all aboard" warning was given, some overwrought woman would suddenly break down, sob and frantically cling to her man, as he gently tried to force her rigid arms from round his neck? Remember the brave banter of that song which those already aboard would be singing from the open train windows while the farewell scenes were going on outside:

*Goodbye-ee! Don't cry-ee!
Wipe the tear, baby dear, from your eye-ee.
It's hard to part I know,
But I'll be tickled to death to go!
Don't cry-ee! Don't sigh-ee —
There's a silver lining in the sky-ee.
Bon soir, old thing!
Cheerio, chin chin!
Napoo — toodle-oo — goodBYE-ee!*

On January 17th, 1918, our "rest" came to an end — much to the men's delight. Off we marched to Bruay, where we billeted overnight in the civic theatre. The next day — after cleaning up the theatre and ridding it of muck that had accumulated since the war first started — we continued on our way eastward. Headquarters were established at Villers-au-Bois and the bearers proceeded up the Line to stations at Souchez, La Coulotte, Fosse Six, Angres, Crump Post and Artillery Post.

Of Souchez nothing remained except a few uninhabitable cellars. The town had been flattened early in the war and particularly during the many attacks the gallant French Poilus had made in their efforts to capture Vimy Ridge. "The Battles of the Lorette Valley" was what the French called their series of attacks, and they were bloody affairs, indeed. The whole Souchez area was dotted with the graves of brave Frenchmen who fell

there. It is estimated that over 160,000 Frenchmen fell in their futile efforts to capture the Ridge, and the estimate is quite believable by anyone who has seen the multitudinous graves covering the district.

Nearly every shell that fell while we were in the Souchez Valley exposed the bodies of dead Frenchmen. Many skeleton hands still grasped long triangular bayonets, and hundreds of broken skeletons were unearthed, partly wrapped in the long red breeches and buttoned-tail coats worn by the Poilus during the early days of the war. It is said that in their final assault on the Ridge many of the French were without rifle ammunition and rushed to the attack with bayonets and clubbed rifles as their only weapons.

Villers-au-Bois, Souchez and La Coulotte ~

At Villers-au-Bois our Nursing Sections, Transport Sections and Headquarters Details passed a quiet and rather dull time. The village was very small, drab and squalid. Here the C-2 Concert Party had its theatre and, if it had not been for the Concert Party, some rather good estaminets and an infantry battalion canteen, our headquarters fellows might have died of boredom. Canucks called this place "Villers of Booze," and it came by its name honestly. Dean Wilkins, Joe Irwin and Harry Hutchinson could tell some great yarns about this village — if they would.

And mentioning Joe Irwin reminds us of a certain morning in Villers-au-Bois. Dean Wilkins was lying in the dental chair, receiving treatment from the dental major. About eleven o'clock in walked Joe, from his sleeping quarters in an adjoining room. He was in his sock feet. Around his head was a cold, wet towel, indicating that Joe was experiencing the morning-after pangs of a successful night-before. Without even glancing at the major or Wilkie, Joe shuffled over to a corner where his boots had been deposited. Two pairs of boots were there — an ankle-high pair and those swanky knee-length laced boots that Sharkey generally wore on his hunting trips. He reached for the long pair but, disconsolately shaking his head, decided he was not able to do all the lacing their wearing would involve. Slowly, and with eloquent grunts and sighs, Joe bent over and succeeded in putting on the shorter shoes. Then, silently contemplating the well-loved

knee-length boots, he sat for a few moments, his elbows resting on his knees and supporting his bowed and throbbing head on upturned hands. Gradually he raised his eyes and, with a startled look, focussed them on the forehead of Dean Wilkins who was still tipped back in the dental chair. Painfully Joe rose to his feet and walked across the room. Reverently placing a verifying hand on Wilkie's broad, expansive forehead, Joe broke the silence. "Merciful Heavens," he groaned, "what a hell of a headache you could have inside that skull!" That was one morning Joe's boss didn't have the heart to bawl him out for being late for duty.

It was in Villers-au-Bois, too, that Corporal A. B. Smith and Captain Clark fought their famous "Battle of the Round Table." The corporal had purloined a table from the 20th Battalion, and when the captain tried to take it for his own use, A. B. refused to give it up. Clark had Smith arrested and charged with malice aforethought, conduct to the prejudice of military order and good discipline, failure to obey a lawful command and several other heinous offences. The war was now on in earnest. A. B. demanded a court-martial and after about ten days of attack, counter attack, and a lot of red tape — and red faces! — the case was dismissed and the table returned to the 20th Battalion. It was important things like this that hastened the winning of the war!

Meanwhile at Souchez, La Coulotte and other posts the bearers carried on. "Carried" is the right word! They humped stretchers from every regimental aid-post in that part of the Line for a whole month. The usual wintry weather prevailed — and the customary shortage of rum continued at our forward posts.

About this time the Canadian infantry carried out many of their "black-faced" raids. Perhaps some of our bearers will remember their weird experiences of carrying out wounded men who had every appearance of being negroes.

On February 19th the bearers were relieved. They joined the rest of the unit back at Four Winds and Estree Cauchie. A full month was put in at these two places. About twenty of our men ran a rest station, while the remainder of the unit paraded, route-marched and carried out all that disheartening routine which used to go with the word "rest" back of the Line.

On March 21st we had another general inspection and once again everything was satisfactory to General Burstall — excepting the rifles and some of the wagon tool-boxes of the Horse

Transport. While our inspection was going on, about thirty-five miles south of us the Germans were launching their great and final offensive. Disquieting rumors about the Fifth Army debacle reached us but we were rather unconcerned. To us a general inspection was apparently more vital than the threat of an overwhelming enemy victory. We heard that after the Fifth Army debacle General Fayolle had been given command of the British Divisions fighting at Peronne. Two days later we learned that the Peronne bridgehead had been abandoned and that a gap of twelve miles was left open between the British and French forces.

On March 23rd all leave was cancelled. The Fifth was ordered to "stand to," ready to move off at short notice. For three days and nights this "stand to" continued, and it was very evident that our High Command was somewhat panicky over the disaster south of us.

A Forced March South ~

On March 26th, at 10 p.m., we fell in and moved off towards the south. We had been issued extra emergency rations, iodine ampoules, and shell dressings; so there was a feeling that we were going to see some excitement. Rumors of all sorts were coming in thick and fast. We heard that the Germans were close to Paris; that the British were backing up to the Channel ports; that Foch was now in charge of the Allied armies; and several similar reports. The old reliable *Latrine Gazette* was very active, but we were sure of only one thing and that was that things were going decidedly wrong for our armies.

What a weird march we had that night! Shortly after leaving Estree Cauchie, Fritz's planes flew over us in the darkness, dropping bombs. Although the bombs fell harmlessly into nearby fields, the roar of plane and torpedo propellers, the deafening explosions and high-pitched detonations of bombs and anti-aircraft shells were terrifying to the troops which clogged every roadway leading south. The whole Corps seemed to be on the move. Not a single unit was singing or marching to music. There was a dread expectancy and suspense in the very air. Time after time the Fifth was forced to the roadside while mounted troops and artillery thundered past.

Just before dawn we met the remnants of Gough's Army straggling their weary way northward. Many of them were drunk

with rum and wine looted from abandoned army stores and wrecked estaminets. Not a few tried to sell us watches, fountain pens, cartons of cigarettes and other supplies they had looted from Fifth Army canteens. Only a small percentage of these fleeing troops carried rifles or other equipment and their frenzied haste to get away from the advancing Hun was only too apparent. A more demoralized rabble would be hard to imagine.

When we first met this retreating mob we were almost too disgusted to even speak to them. There were we, marching into a spot that was too hot for them, and our opinion of the Fifth Army that morning was low indeed. Of course, at that time we didn't know what these poor devils had been through, nor how they had been let down by their higher-ups. We couldn't help but notice, too, that there were only a few officers along with them, and that those officers were lieutenants. Apparently these men had been deserted by their senior officers, so it is small wonder that their retreat resembled a rout.

The roads over which we marched were rapidly being mined by the Engineers, and at every bridge was a squad of sappers with demolition charges laid and ready to blow it up at the first sign of an advancing enemy. The giant roadside elms and poplars were being sawn partly through, so that they might be toppled across the roads when occasion demanded.

Shortly after daylight we began to meet thousands of frantic civilian refugees making their pitiful way out of the shelled and threatened district. Old men, women and children passed us, carrying bundles and pushing baby carriages and wheelbarrows loaded with their humble belongings. In some instances young women were between the shafts of farm-wagons on which were piled all the household goods they had been able to salvage from their toppling homes. Generally these pathetically miserable refugees were forced to flee across the fields because the roads were already blocked with fleeing and advancing soldiers.

At ten o'clock on the morning of March 27th we arrived at Bienvillers-au-Bois — after marching about three miles past it and sneaking up on it from the south! Bienvillers-au-Bois is about halfway between Arras and Albert and, by direct route, the distance from Estree-Cauchie was twenty-six miles; but the Fifth was forced to take many detours over side-roads. We must have marched about thirty-five miles during the night.

We were supposed to relieve the 75th Imperial Ambulance but when we arrived we discovered that the 75th had relieved themselves and, with the exception of one officer, had pulled out for more congenial surroundings many hours before.

We breakfasted in the town and then about thirty-five of our bearers, in charge of Captain Muir, were sent up the Line to help the Fourth Field Ambulance. Three of our officers and as many senior noncoms. then set out across the fields to the west of Bienvillers-au-Bois, to chart out a route of retreat in case we, too, were obliged to fall back suddenly.

During our first day at Bienvillers-au-Bois the Special Order of General Currie, Corps Commander, was posted. After reading it we were sure that things were in a very bad way. Here is the Order:

27th March, 1918.

1. In an endeavor to reach an immediate decision the enemy has gathered all his forces and struck a mighty blow at the British Army. Overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers the British Divisions in the Line between the Scarpe and the Oise have fallen back, fighting hard, steady and undismayed.

2. Measures have been taken successfully to meet this German onslaught. The French have gathered a powerful army, commanded by a most able and trusted leader, and this army is now moving swiftly to our help. Fresh British Divisions are being thrown in. The Canadians are soon to be engaged. Our Motor Machine Gun Brigade has already played a most gallant part and once again covered itself with glory.

3. Looking back with pride on the unbroken record of your glorious achievements, asking you to realize that today the fate of the British Empire hangs in the balance, I place my trust in the Canadian Corps, knowing that where Canadians are engaged there can be no giving way.

4. Under the orders of your devoted officers in the coming battle you will advance or fall where you stand facing the enemy.

5. To those who will fall I say, "You will not die but step into immortality. Your mothers will not lament your fate but will be proud to have borne such sons. Your names will be revered forever and ever by your grateful country, and God will take you unto Himself."*

*Paragraph 5 is very interesting! We doubt whether many of the "poor bloody infantry" were interested in the immortality awaiting them. Pretty phrases didn't alter the fact that death, shattered bodies, blindness or madness awaited not a few of them. And we know many mothers who still lament the fate of their sons. As for our "grateful country" revering our names, well — just observe the thousands of poor, suffering, down-and-out, pensionless, burned-out wrecks who were once those heroes to which the Order referred. Most of them will be glad when the time comes for God to "take them unto Himself." Apparently, He is the only One who has any further use for them.

6. Canadians, in this fateful hour, I command you and I trust you to fight as you have ever fought — with all your strength, with all your determination, with all your tranquil courage. On many a hard-fought field of battle you have overcome this enemy.

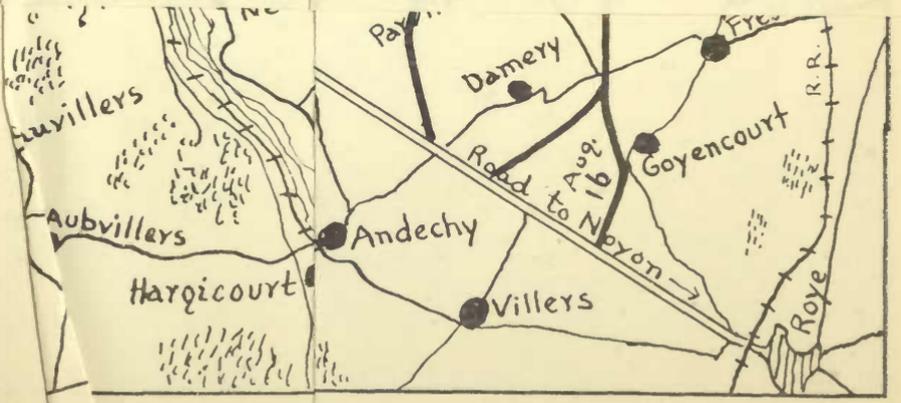
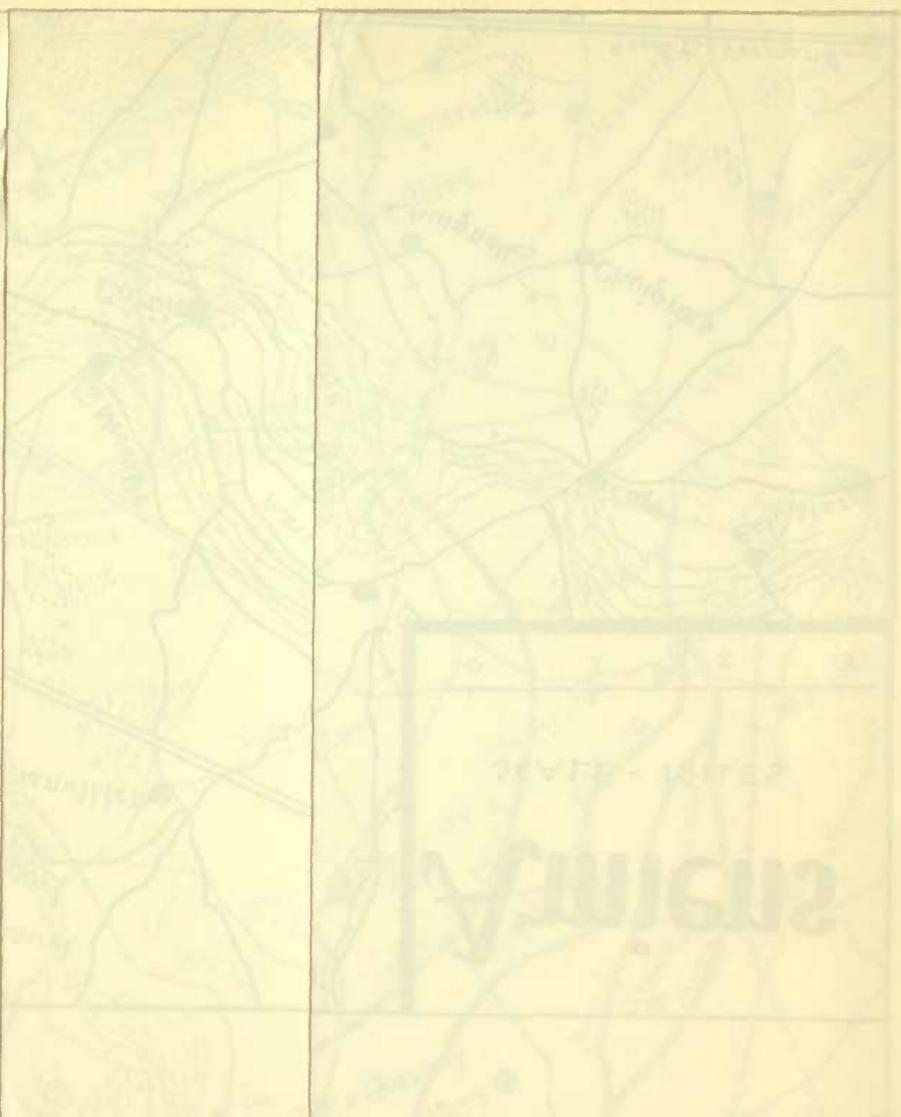
7. With God's help you shall achieve victory once more.

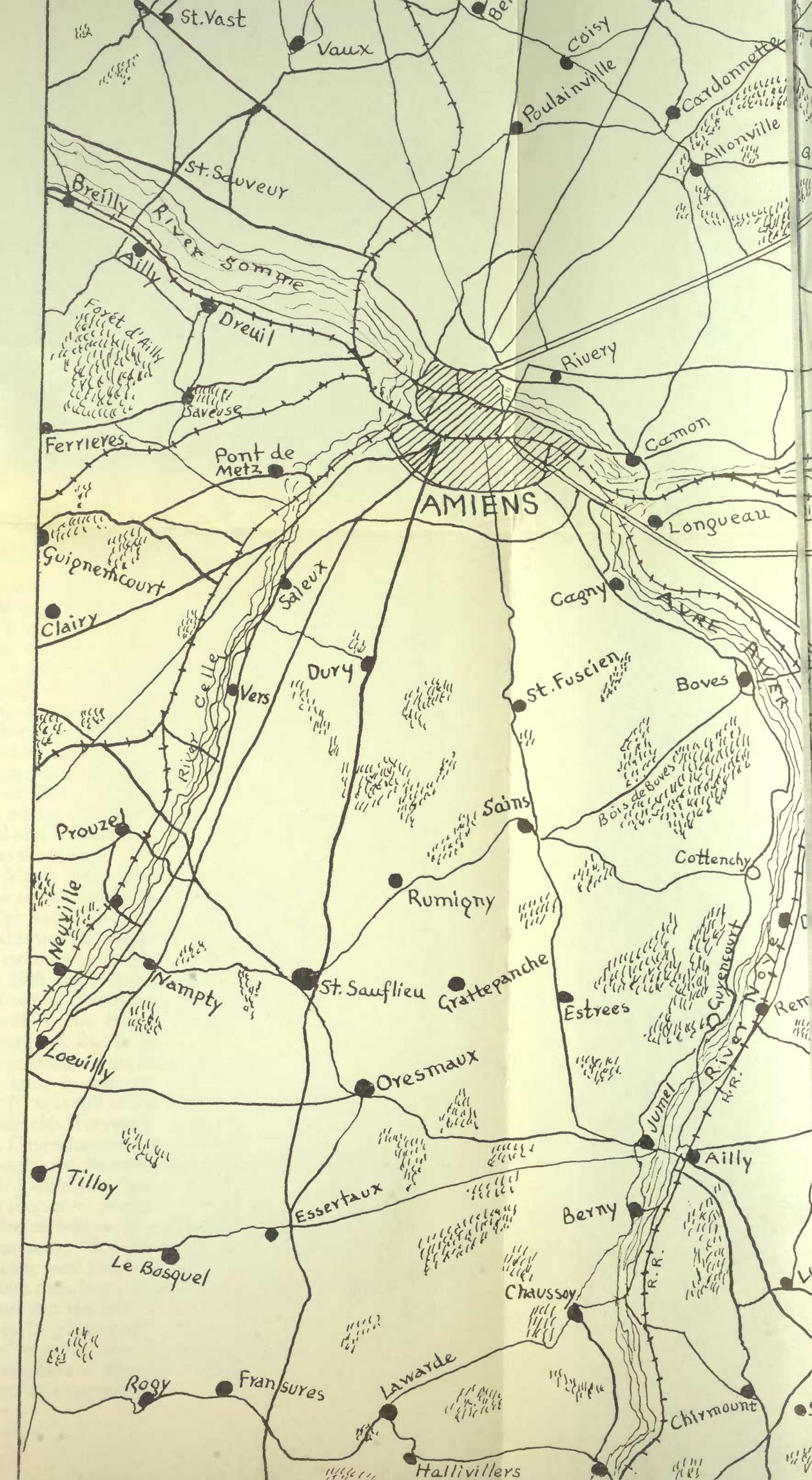
(Signed) A. W. CURRIE,
Lieut.-General,
Commanding Canadian Corps.

The whole atmosphere of the district was very depressing. Men and horses were tired out. Shells were pouring into the town and buildings were being rapidly demolished. Only a few civilians were still there and they were making frantic preparations to leave. One brave old Frenchwoman called to some of our lads and pointed to a great cask she was leaving behind in her half-ruined dwelling. The cask was quickly broached and for once our men had more good red wine than they, their mess tins and their water bottles could hold.

The lads of the Motor Transport reaped a harvest here. On their first night in town Harry Hutchinson, Stan. Dumont and some more of the mechanics "discovered" an abandoned butcher's establishment where some chickens, rabbits, pigs and a goat had been left behind. To save the poor fowls from starvation, their necks were wrung and the Motor Transport fellows had a great feed of poultry. The butchering of one of the pigs was postponed for another day, so a tow-rope was tied to one of its hind legs and the prospective roast tethered to an ambulance wheel. The squawks of the chickens and the squeals of the protesting pig drew the attention of an infantry colonel, who came to investigate. "Who are you men, and what's going on here?" he demanded. Back came the answer: "We're Fifth Field Ambulance men!" By this time the officer could see what was going on. "Oh ho! — I see — rendering some first-aid, eh! Well, carry on, boys — there'll be far worse things happen before we get out of this place, I fear!" Needless to say the fellows carried on.

Another "find" of the Motor Transport consisted of the funeral apparel in an undertaker's establishment. The boys appropriated the clothing and, next noon-time — under the professional eye of Hutch — A. B. Smith donned the mourning garb and took his place in the ration line-up. Wearing a long black coat and tie, a high silk hat on his head, and leading a squealing pig, A. B. held







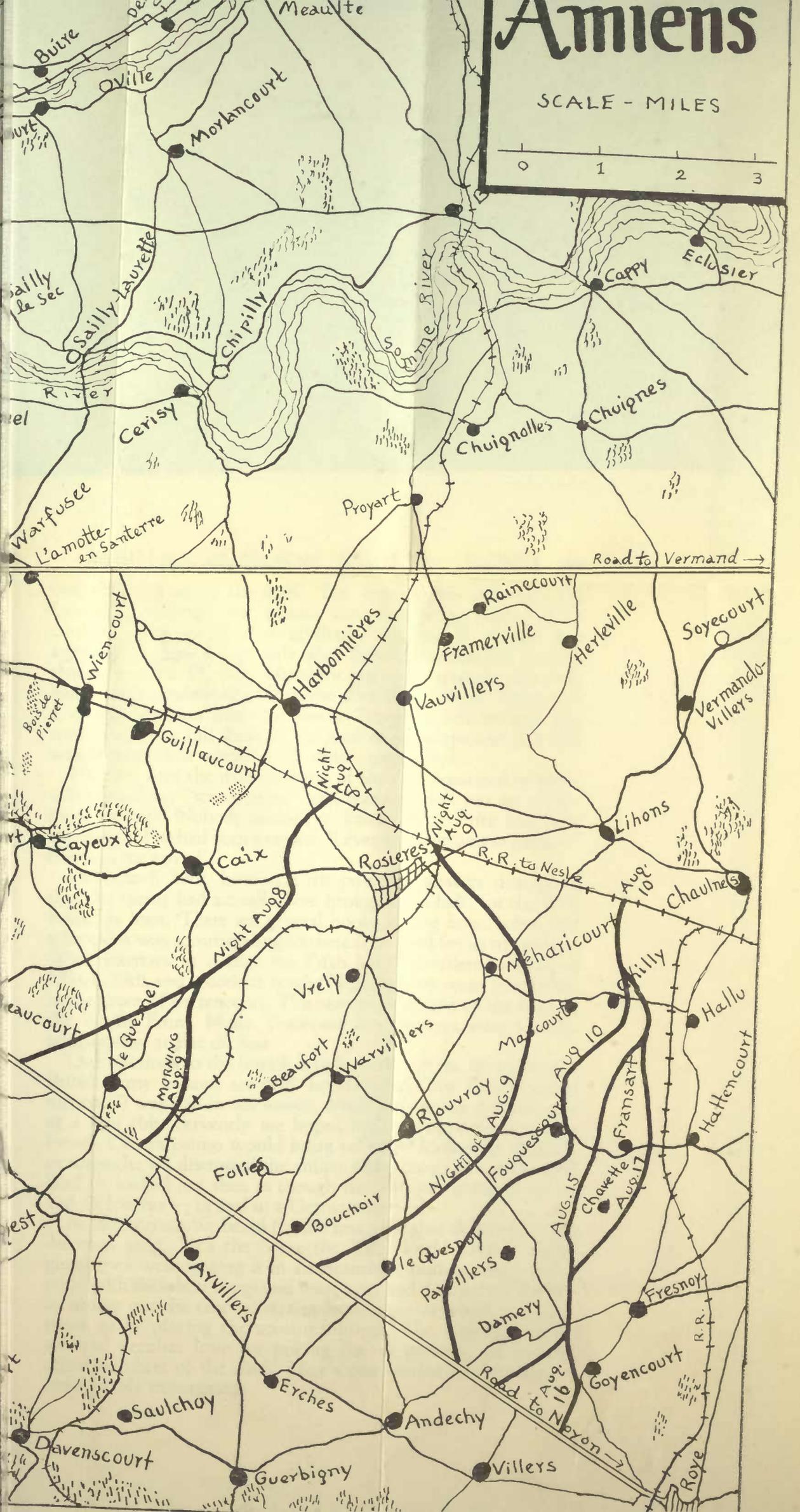


Map labels and features include:

- Locations:** Bavelincourt, Behencourt, Franvillers, Corbie, Cachy, Domart, Thennes, Hangard, Courcelles, Demuin, Villers, Meziere, Plessier, Contoire, Aubvillers, Haroicourt, Pierrepoint, Sourdome, Thory, Louvrechy, Merville, Mailly, Rouvel, Remiencourt, Dommartin, St. Nicholas, Gench, enchy, Domart, Rouvel, Remiencourt, Dommartin, St. Nicholas, Gench, enchy, Domart, Rouvel, Remiencourt, Dommartin, St. Nicholas, Gench, enchy.
- Rivers:** Hallue River, Ancre River, Somme, Aisne River, River Luce.
- Forests:** Bois de Blangy, Bois de Abbe, Bois d'Auquenne, Bois de Hangard, Bois de Gentelles.
- Military Lines:** Canadian Front Morning AUG. 8, FRONT LINE A.M. AUG. 8, FRONT LINE A.M. AUG. 10.
- Other Features:** Villers-Bretonneux, Hameel, Mareelce, Courcelles, Demuin, Villers, Meziere, Plessier, Contoire, Aubvillers, Haroicourt, Pierrepoint, Sourdome, Thory, Louvrechy, Merville, Mailly, Rouvel, Remiencourt, Dommartin, St. Nicholas, Gench, enchy, Domart, Rouvel, Remiencourt, Dommartin, St. Nicholas, Gench, enchy.

Amiens

SCALE - MILES



out his mess tin to the cook. The startled chef informed the funereal gentleman that rations were very scarce and that he couldn't spare any food to civilians. Sergeant Woodburn was appealed to, but it was only after Smith revealed his identity that he was fed. He then offered the pig to the sergeant, but Sam had enough troubles already so the offer was declined. There was a strong suspicion that the Motor Transport fellows had had more than their full share of the juice of the grape and that this was another time when M. T. didn't mean *empty*.

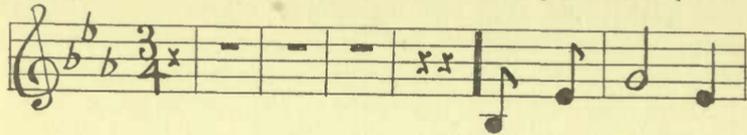
For two days the main portion of the unit remained in Bienvillers-au-Bois, "standing to" and ready to pull out on a moment's notice. Nobody seemed to know where Fritz had been stopped or if he had been stopped. If ever an army was in panic — this was the army!

On March 29th, however, the powers-that-were discovered that the enemy had actually been brought to a halt, for the time being, at least. There are several books telling how, when and where this was accomplished so there is no need for us to explain. What interests us is that the Fifth left Bienvillers-au-Bois on March 29th and marched north. Headquarters were established in the town of Bretencourt. The bearers were sent up the Line to the Wailly Front. Horse Transport headquarters were located, temporarily, at Bac du Sud.

Our reactions to the forced march south and the spectacle of a British army in rout are well remembered. The Passchendaele success (?) was still in our minds, while faith in our generals was at a low ebb. Fervently we hoped that the appointment of a French Generalissimo would bring us better leadership. Rightly or wrongly, we distrusted the ability and strategy of our General Staff. It looked just then as though the war was going to go on and on forever — or end in a German victory.

At Bretencourt we heard for the first time that delightfully indecorous song, "It's the Syme the 'Ole World Over." Some guardsmen were singing it in an estaminet, beating time on the table with their beer mugs and mess tins, and doing their utmost to drown out the raucous strains from a piano which was supposed to be playing the accompaniment. The song voices the soldiers' peculiar love for poking fun at parsons, padres and other members of the cloth. Here's one version of the song — considerably expurgated:

IT'S THE SYME THE 'OLE WORLD OVER



'ole world o-ver; It's the poor what gets the



blyme; While the rich 'as all the



ply-sures, Now eyent that a bleedin' shyme!

*She was poor but she was honest;
Pure, unstyn-éd was 'er fyme,
Till a wicar's son betrayed 'er
An' the poor girl lost 'er nyme.*

(Chorus)

*So she ups an' gows to Lunnon
For to 'ide 'er guilty shyme;
There she met an army chaplain
An' agyne she lost 'er nyme.*

(Chorus)

*'Eard 'im as 'e jored 'is Tommies,
Ryevin' 'bout the flymes uv 'ell.
With 'er 'ole 'eart 'im she trusted —
'Ow 'e fooled 'er's 'ard to tell.*

(Chorus)

*See 'im in 'is ridin' britches,
'Untin' foxes in the chyse,
While the wictim uv 'is folly
Mykes 'er livin' by 'er wice.*

(Chorus)

So she plyes 'er gyne in Lunnon,
Sinkin' lower in 'er shyme;
There she met a politician,
An' agyne she lorst 'er nyme.

(Chorus)

Now 'e's in the 'ouse uv Commons
Mykin' lors to put down crime,
While the wictim uv 'is passion
Walks the streets each night in shyme.

(Chorus)

Next there cyme a blowted bishop —
Marriage was the tyle 'e towld!
There was no one else would tyke 'er,
So she gyve 'erself for gowld.

(Chorus)

See 'er in 'er 'orse an' carriage,
Lyke the lydies in the park!
Though she's myde a wealthy marriage,
Still she 'ides a brykin' 'eart.

(Chorus)

In a tiny 'ouse in 'Amspead
Sits 'er parents old an' lyme,
Drinkin' champyne what she sends 'em —
But they never speaks 'er nyme.

It's the syme the 'ole world over —
It's the poor what gets the blyme,
While the rich 'as all the plysures —
Now eyen't that a bleedin' shyme!

There were hundreds of verses to the ditty as we heard it. And the further the song went the more heartrending did the poor wayward girl's adventures become. One fairly good soloist usually sang the verses and, after each verse, all those present joined in the chorus, "It's the Syme the 'Ole World Over, etc." This was one way in which men forgot the fate awaiting them, perhaps, on the morrow.

Sergeant-Major Pollette, of the Horse Transport, left us and returned to the Divisional Train while our Headquarters were in Bretencourt. He, too, had "got in wrong" with the officer in charge of transport and had spent the previous few weeks under open arrest, with Heaven only knows what serious charge against

him. However, Alf. spent his "open arrest" days lounging about in comfortable chairs, eating excellent food, free of all duty, and leading the life of Riley in general. His case never came to trial. Those in authority thought it best to let well enough alone, so he was transferred back to the Train and out of reach of our Transport Captain.

Wailly, Beaurains and Mercatel ~

Wailly village had been pretty well flattened by the time we located there. Only five or six villagers remained, and they lived in their cellars. On our first trip up the Line in front of Wailly we were unaware of the exact location of the enemy trenches. The Imperials from whom we took over were not in touch with Fritz and had only a vague idea where his front line was. We took over during the night and settled down in a sunken road just to the north of Mercatel. On our left was Beaurains. Immediately in front of us was the Arras-Bapaume road, and we soon discovered that Fritz's line ran just east of this road and cut through the village of Neuville Vitasse, over on our left.

In the sunken road our fellows dug in for the night, each squad making its own funkhole against the eastern bank of the road. Our biggest squad, Heavy Cardwell, Turkey Elliott, Alf Ralph and Albert Somers, walled up their funkhole so tightly they couldn't get into it, and were so tired by their building efforts, after the long night march, they sagged down disgustedly on the roadway and slept. Even the salvos of whizzbangs Fritz sent over during the night failed to rouse them to the point of making their funkhole inhabitable. Which reminds us that work oftentimes had more terrors than death for many of the boys.

We remained in the sunken road throughout the following day but, on the next night, moved over to the left and established posts at Beaurains Corner and in an old German pillbox on the right-hand side of the road leading from Beaurains to Neuville Vitasse. We also manned some regimental aid-posts east of Mercatel. This whole front area was dotted with ruined Nissen huts and tumbled-in dugouts, and Fritz knew their locations to a nicety. He continued to shell and bomb the place all the time we were there. It was near here that the padre of the 22nd Battalion was killed and that the same battalion's regimental aid-post was

blown up. Several of our men were near the place at the time and well remember their experiences.

For three months our bearers stayed in this part of the Line. During that time the Second Division carried out over forty raids — and our men carried out Heaven only knows how many wounded! We used a quarry near Wailly as a bearers' headquarters and ration post. An additional post was established later in a hut on the north side of the Ficheux-Mercatel road. No doubt many of the bearers will remember this hut — and the nice deep dugout behind it which was out-of-bounds to *them*. Some may recall, too, the inky black night when Roy Flynn got separated from a party of bearers which had become hopelessly lost on their way into the Line. Flynn found it more expedient to spend the night in an infantry dugout than to be senselessly slogging over territory blanketed in Stygian darkness.

The Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Field Ambulances alternated in taking charge of evacuations, but our bearers were left in the Line the whole ninety-two days. Here once again our men were thankful when the Fourth and Sixth took over, for then we got better rations and an occasional issue of rum.

On April 4th two bearers of the Sixth were killed and one of our Motor Transport lads was wounded.

At Gouy-en-Artois ❧

On April 6th our unit headquarters moved from Bretencourt to Gouy-en-Artois where the Nursing Sections took over a Corps Rest Station. The station was built in an immense apple orchard. The patients' quarters were in large Nissen huts, while one or two smaller huts and some bell tents served as billets for our own men. These huts and tents occupied the lanes between large apple trees and, shortly after our unit moved in, the trees blossomed and made a beautiful fragrant picture.

Gouy was a real home for those fortunate enough to be located there. There were several first-rate estaminets in the village where the men found what they wanted; and in a nearby chateau our officers found relief from boredom. The estaminets were veritable Monte Carlos. Crown-and-anchor, banker, poker, craps, and about every other gambling game known to the troops went on from opening to closing time. What form of

indoor sport occupied the hours of those in the chateau we do not know. It was very noticeable, however, that those entertained there were loth to leave the place.

At the suggestion of a padre who was temporarily attached to the Fifth, a dry canteen was opened and a concert party organized. Right from the start the canteen was a huge success. For the first few days the stock of cigarettes, chocolate, soap, etc., etc., was sold out within a couple of hours of opening time. But, gradually, an increased stock was carried and as much as thirty-five hundred francs was taken in daily. Sergeant Sharpe and Private Rosser were the canteen clerks and had some great trips back to Frevent, St. Pol and Abbeville on buying expeditions. Eventually, an extensively assorted stock was carried. Even cigarettes and other supplies from faraway Toronto changed hands over the canteen counter.

On April 16th a new Horse Transport sergeant-major, O. O. Wilson (Joey), came to the unit and things began to hum ominously for the lads at the horse-lines. New orders and more stringent disciplinary instructions came thick and fast — much to the disgust of the experienced old-timers and the unit personnel generally.

About this time things looked rather black to the north and south of the Canadian area. Reports told us that Paris was being mysteriously bombarded by a gun seventy miles away. Fritz had advanced to within a few miles of Amiens and there was danger of a break-through between the French and British forces. Lloyd George had attended a conference at Beauvais and was pressing for the confirmation of Foch's rank as Commander-in-Chief. The Germans had advanced to the outskirts of Cachy. Things certainly were going badly to the south of us. In the north, the enemy had captured Dranoutre, Kemmel, La Clytte, Locre and Bailleul — all old homes of ours not so many months before.*

About the only bright ray of news was that the Virgin's statue had been toppled from the Albert cathedral, and according to an ancient French legend, the war was to end soon after the statue fell. We might as well admit that, so far as we were concerned, we didn't then care an awful lot how the war ended, just so

*Dranoutre was captured by the Germans on April 25, 1918, and recaptured by the British on August 30, 1918. The enemy entered La Clytte temporarily but was forced out. The Allied line settled down just east of the village at the end of the Lys battle of 1918.

long as it did end, and soon. We were pretty well fed up about this time and the old propaganda stimulants had long ceased to enthuse us.

To make matters worse, many of our lads contracted that mysterious malady which was first called P.U.O., but was later to become known as the Spanish Flu. At first those taken ill thought the three letters meant "Placed Under Observation." They were considerably relieved when told that P.U.O. stood for Pyrexia Unknown Origin. Sick and wounded men were always anxious to read their casualty tags. They used to puzzle over the clerk's hieroglyphics, trying to decipher them and find out what the doctor thought of them.

Several of our bearers came down sick from the Wailly Front and not a few of the Nursing Section fellows were admitted to hospital. Of course, all were treated by our own medical officers and it was a serious case, indeed, that was ever sent down the Line. Desperately sick men from our unit were kept in our own camps and carried on the unit strength week after week. Accurate record of these cases was very rarely kept and this neglect was to have a tragic effect later on when men applied for pensions or medical treatment. Very few Fifth history-sheets recorded illnesses, unless the men concerned were actually evacuated to clearing stations or base hospitals. That the practice of keeping our own men lying around ill for weeks at a time was very unfair, goes without saying; and it galled our lads no little to lie seriously sick and see outside cases, not nearly so ill as they, sent down the Line.

Even a fairly severe wound wasn't a guarantee that you would get away from the Fifth. What actually happened to a wounded Fifth man is told in the following song far better than we could tell it:

(Tune: And They Called it Ireland)

*Sure a little bit of shrapnel fell from out the sky one day,
And it nestled in my shoulder in a quaint and loving way;
And when the M.O. saw it, oh, it looked so sweet and fair,
He said, "Suppose we leave it, for it looks so peaceful there!"
Then he painted it with iodine to keep the germs away;
He injected anti-tetanus that hurts me to this day —
I had visions of old Blighty — thought the Base at least was mine —
But he marked me "Fit for Duty" and he sent me up the Line!*

Our Successful Soccer Team 

While Headquarters were at Gouy, the Nursing Section lads were able to indulge in several workouts in soccer. Only makeshift teams were available, but several pleasant evenings were spent in kicking the ball around. Many of our best players were up the Line with the stretcher-bearers, but if they had been able to participate, the old Fifth would have been able to more than hold its own with a few of the teams which were throwing their weight about in the Gouy area.

As early as 1914, in Exhibition Camp, some of our soccer enthusiasts got together and with more or less scrub teams played a few games with teams from other units. The coming of winter prevented anything definite being done in the way of a permanent team, however. At Otterpool the men were too tired to do much playing and there was very little opportunity for such, except for an occasional workout with teams hastily chosen from our own ranks, and scrub teams from our neighbors, the Sixth Field Ambulance.

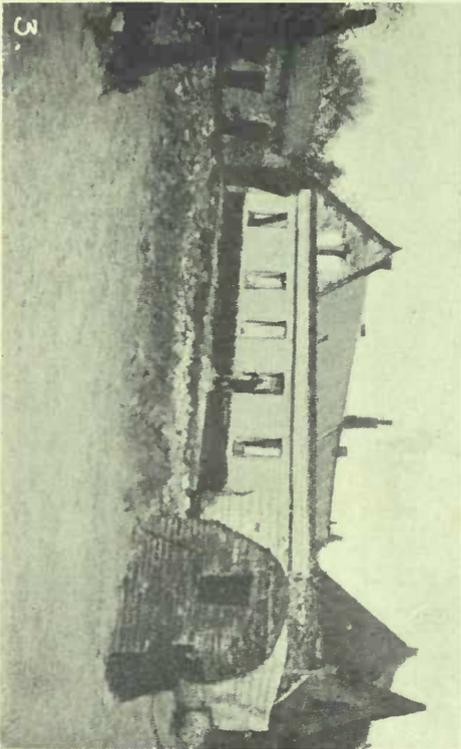
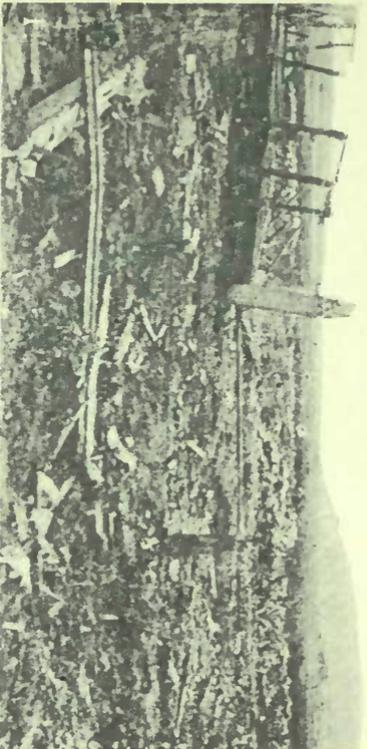
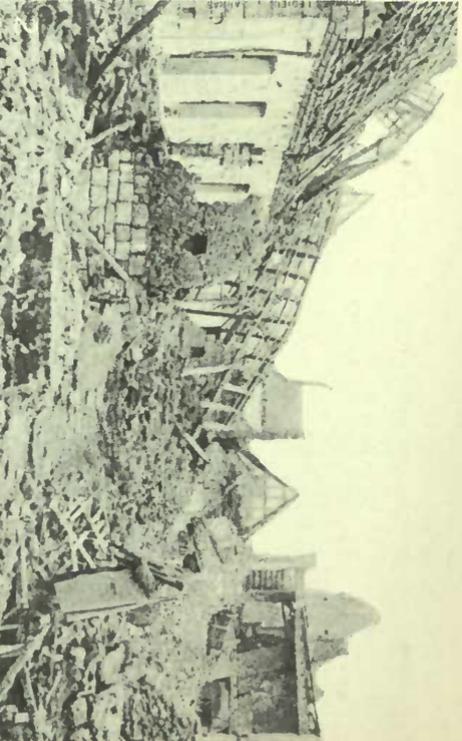
At Dranoutre, La Clytte and Reninghelst there were a few games. The West Lancs beat us 4 to 0 at La Clytte, but we had only a makeshift team. It was not until we were at Boeschepe that the first real start was made. A collection was taken up and money sent over to Blighty for boots, uniforms and equipment. The first team was, as near as we can remember — goal, Red McKenzie; backs, Nobby Clark and Sid Simpkins; halves, Billy Moore, Johnny Hay and Jimmy Shorrocks; forwards, Teddy Gilmore, Arthur Wood, Billy Bryant, Willie Hanney, and another lad whose name escapes us.

There was no regular competition, most games being inter-sectional affairs. Only a few games were played with outside teams. Perhaps some of the fellows will recall a game played against a swanky bunch of Imperials who came to Boeschepe, all dolled up in big league uniforms, to play a Canadian team which didn't turn up. The Imperials fielded a wonderful looking team and were very impressive in practice, but we gathered together a scrub team and gave them a bad beating. In this game Red McKenzie, who had been a star in Canadian football, was with difficulty restrained from leaving his goal and rushing up the field for a touchdown! He did score one goal *for the opposite*



La Cayette Village from the Cross-roads. Photo taken in 1918. On the right, all that is left of the church and houses opposite our 1915 M.D.S. On the left, what remains of the houses where we first billeted.

(Canadian Official War Photo).



1. Souchez as we saw it, with Vimy Ridge in distance.

2. Neuville-St.-Vaast. We had an aid-post in house at left.

4.

3. Villers-au-Bois, showing a well-known landmark.

side by reaching back over his own goal line in an effort to give a terrific heave to the ball.

While we were at Four Winds, a lot of soccer was played — mostly by pick-up teams from our own Sections. Some of the lads may remember Chic Faryon who then weighed about 115 pounds soaking wet, getting into one of the games for a brief spell. A few minutes was enough for Chic! Weary, bruised and lame, he retired to his hut to nurse his hurts. When asked why he quit playing, his response was, "Oh, they put me out of the game because I was too rough!"

We entered a team in the Second Division playdowns during the summer of 1917. In our final game, played at Hersin on June 23rd, we lost to the 18th Battalion, 2 to 1. Our team at this time was — goal, Jimmy McLean and Stan Thompson; backs, Nobby Clark, Harry Thurston, Bill Crompton; halves, Billy Moore, Johnny Hay, Ernie Saunders, Sid Bridges; forwards, McKerror, Billy Bryant, Jimmy Shorrocks, Arthur Wood, Harry (Jock) Simpson. We beat several good teams en route to the finals, notably the Second Divisional Pioneers and Second Divisional Ammunition Column. Billy Tribe was the team's trainer.

On September 7th our team played a one-all tie with the First Entrenching Battalion, at Camblain l'Abbe. This was one of the best teams on the Western Front. An immense crowd of Imperial and Canadian soldiers witnessed this game, which was played in the evening.

On September 12th, we played against the champions of the First Division, also at Camblain l'Abbe. Five minutes from the end of the game, neither team had scored. Arthur Wood made a bet with an opponent that he would score a goal. A few seconds before full time was up Arthur breasted the ball into the net and won his bet and the game. Considerable money changed hands over this contest, for a large number of Canadian Corps staff officers were present. Second Division Headquarters staff backed our team to the limit and made a clean-up. Those in charge of the team were complimented and the players themselves given a great ovation. The photograph shown in this book presents the team as it was at this time.

In the spring and early part of the summer of 1918 Major Elliott, our Sports Officer, arranged games with various outside teams. Elimination games were played with several Corps units in order

to produce finalists for the Dominion Day sports at Tinqués. Our team failed to reach the finals. The 27th Battalion won the Corps Soccer Championship on July 1st, 1918.

Our last soccer competition in France was at Auvelais in the spring of 1919. Our team again reached Second Division finals but was beaten by the 31st Battalion, who went on to win the Corps Championship. At Witley Camp a scrub team was entered in a five-a-side competition, the game being played at Guilford.

The soccer team originated in the "Other Ranks" and was managed by a committee of non-players: George Graves, Sid Hill, Archie Rich, Arthur Rigby, Jim Lickley, Ben Sharpe, and Jimmy Walker. Major Burgess and Captain Sinclair were active and keen supporters. Altogether, the team had an outstanding record. Most of the players were fellows whose duties took them up the Line and they didn't get any special favors or coddling because they played on the soccer team. More than once fellows were brought down the Line just long enough for them to go on the field and play the game, after which they went back immediately to their stretcher-bearing jobs up Front.

Several Field Days were held at Gouy, when wrestling, boxing, football, baseball, tugs-of-war, and almost every other form of sporting event were enjoyed. Pipe bands and an occasional American Army band entertained the troops. It was hard to believe that only a few miles away the Allies were battling for their very existence.

While we were on the Wailly Front some of our bearers were brought down the Line to play a baseball game. Our pitcher, a lad barely out of his 'teens, was breezing a fast ball over the plate when his arm snapped in two places — a very painful injury but one that took him out of the war.

Two of the many memorable sports happenings about this time were the wrestling bouts in which Major Elliott, former 125-lb. champion of University of Toronto, participated. Many of the fellows will remember his bout with an Imperial sergeant-major whom he succeeded in pinning to the mat after a very weird contest. Another bout which brought the crowd to its feet was that between Elliott and a chap named Lougheed. This was the most hectic battle imaginable, for the major's opponent had been Varsity's 125-lb. champ the year after Elliott held the crown. The two wrestlers were very evenly matched — and each

was exceedingly surprised by the terrific battle put up by his opponent. No quarter was asked and none was given, so the onlookers saw one of the best bouts ever staged.

We Organize a Concert Party

The Fifth Concert Party was in full swing shortly after it was first thought of. One or two patients and two or three men from other Field Ambulances were included in the troupe but otherwise it was wholly a Fifth affair. Bill Ferris, Wes Ivory, Pickles Clarke, Billy Mills, Red Sowden and Joe Irwin were some of the artists and they succeeded in putting on a pretty fair show. Bill Ferris was the star comedian and this American-born Lancashire lad from the Canadian army did much to brighten the war, with his droll dialect monologues and his songs, "I'm Not So Young as I Used to Be," "Try a Little Piece of My Wife's Cake," "That Was Me Last Night in Poper-in-jee," "I Was Standing on the Corner of the Street," etc. We also got hold of a movie machine and some films, so what with the stage performance and the pictures our little theatre was crowded for every show. The favorite revue was "Shall Us — Let's," and many of our men and patients will long remember the happy evenings provided by the troupe. Gilbert Watson, now a well-known orchestra leader, was our female impersonator and the genius at the piano was a fellow named Putnam, if we remember correctly.

On June 22nd Sergeant-Major Hodder took over his duties with the Fifth; and George Graves was awarded the Meritorious Service Medal on the same date. The next day was given over to Divisional Sports and these brought to a close the many athletic events our Headquarters Sections had enjoyed during their stay in Gouy-en-Artois.

While we were in Gouy, Happy Carlisle once again distinguished himself. He and another sergeant occupied a tiny Armstrong hut in which there were two chicken-wire bunks, one above the other. The weather was so mild, no blanket covering was necessary. In the upper bunk Happy slept night after night with scarcely anything over him, and merely his rubber ground-sheet between him and the wire. One early morning, after a rather big night-before, Happy awakened to find himself lying in a pool of water. There were no leaks in the roof so Happy

decided that he had had some sort of accident in his sleep. He lay for a few moments, then reached for his claspknife and jabbed some holes in the rubber sheet. The welled-up fluid drained through the holes; and Happy, with a satisfied grunt, rolled over for another snooze — totally forgetting that there was someone in the bunk beneath him. It was the same Carlisle, too, who had one of the Motor Transport fellows running around in circles because the happy-go-lucky sergeant had given him an application of iodine in mistake for argyrol.

During all the good times back at Gouy-en-Artois, the bearers remained up the Line in front of Wailly, clearing wounded from regimental aid-posts as far to the left as Telegraph Hill and as far to the right as the Cojeul River trenches southeast of Mercatel. There were night raids, dawn raids and daylight raids, and only an extensive system of approach trenches and some convenient sunken roads saved our bearers from becoming casualties.

It was while we were on this Front that attempts at blood transfusion were made in some of the regimental aid-posts. Blood tests were taken and bearers with blood of varying categories were located near the posts so that they would be available if needed. While we saw several attempts at transfusions about this time we regret having to admit we didn't see more than one or two which were successful. Our bearers volunteered quite readily for donations of blood. Perhaps the fact that every donor was given forty-eight hours' rest and a half-dozen bottles of Bass's Ale had something to do with their eagerness to help. Dozens put their names on the waiting lists.

On Sunday, May 12th (Mothers' Day), Bill MacKenzie was killed. Fritz was shelling a kite balloon that flew over our Wailly funkholes and a big chunk of eight-inch shell struck Mac and narrowly missed Cecil Byrne, who was lying beside him. MacKenzie was a general favorite and it was a sad party of men who buried him in Wailly Cemetery on their way up the Line the following evening.

Grand Rullecourt ~

On June 29th the bearers were relieved by the Tenth Field Ambulance. They rejoined the other Sections at Gouy and on the following day the whole unit marched back to Grand

Rullecourt. Here the officers occupied a large chateau while the men billeted in huts and bell tents on the chateau grounds.

The chateau must have been of some importance at one time. Now, alas, it was in a sadly dilapidated condition. Its marble floors were chipped and stained; its oak-panelled walls splintered and warped; its frescoed ceilings blackened and broken by brazier smoke and leaking rains. But over it all there seemed to hang the intangible atmosphere of a glorious past. No furniture remained in any of the rooms, excepting one or two broken-down bed frames and chairs. There remained everywhere the distressing evidence of innumerable occupations by rude and destructive soldiery. On nearly every wall were etched and scrawled the names and ribaldries of French and British fighting men.

The rear of the chateau looked out on a level spacious tract of land, bordered on two sides by woods, and at the far end by a screen of graceful poplars. This tree-enclosed area (about five acres) was to be our parade ground.

It was rumored that we were to be given at least one month's rest — to compensate us for our long stay on the Wailly Front. And again the word "rest" had an ominous portent, for, what with a new, inexperienced, yet zealous sergeant-major, and an ambitious disciplinarian in the person of Captain Dunham, the lads were soon wishing they were back at Beaurains and Mercatel where there was "a war on."

The ensuing two weeks (excepting one day) was given over to intensive squad and company drill and a lot of parade-ground stuff that was useless up the Line. And, as was invariably the case, those who proved to be the best on the drill square were the very laddy-bucks who were not so valuable up where a different sort of proficiency was needed. All this barrack-square stuff was particularly irksome to the stretcher-bearers and left them fagged out and embittered at the beginning of nearly every battle.

Here we were, forming fours, marking time, and doing over and over again all the old elementary stuff we had done back in 1914. If the idea of those in command was to get us so fed up that we would welcome a trip up the Line, they succeeded. They little understood — and seemed to care less! — that we were totally different men from the enthusiastic, inexperienced and tractable youths of training camp days, when one of our most earnest songs was:

*At the halt on the left form platoon —
 Oh we've tried it the whole afternoon!
 If the odd numbers don't mark time two paces —
 How the hell can the rest form platoon?*

It is the only fair to explain that the position of our new sergeant-major was far from enviable. There he was, dropped into the middle of a unit which had been in France since 1915. He was expected to create harmony in the ranks of men who were openly resentful of an outsider being placed over them; he was persuaded to carry out a routine of barrack-square discipline by one or two of his immediate superiors; he had the unveiled hostility of most of the senior noncoms. — almost every one of whom considered himself capable of making a better fist of the sergeant-major's job; he had had no experience with a battle unit previously. Small wonder that his position was almost untenable. He must have spent many unhappy hours, after the first few days, when he realized what a tough spot he was in! Personally, he was a very decent, likeable sort of fellow and made many friends before the end of the trip to Germany. Whoever was responsible for his being put in charge of the Fifth played him a dirty trick, undermined the Fifth's *esprit de corps* and did the unit a grave injustice.

Dominion Day Sports at Tinques ~

The one welcome break in the two weeks of "rest" came on July 1st, Dominion Day, when Corps Sports were held at Tinques, a tiny village on the St. Pol road and about eight miles from our camp. Two motor lorries were provided to transport our two hundred and more men to the games, so it will be appreciated that most of the fellows had to ride "Shank's Mare" and do some lorry-hopping if they wanted to get to Tinques for the celebration.

The Corps Sports will long remain in the memories of those who witnessed them. The whole afternoon and evening were given up to games and merrymaking. Lacrosse, baseball, football, sprints, walking races, distance races, wrestling, boxing, and almost every other sort of athletic contest took place. In the early evening some of our best aviators flew over the crowd and put on an exhibition of aerial acrobatics which, for daring and

recklessness, may never be beaten. The pilots were said to be some of our most famous Canadian aces, but their identities were not disclosed to us at the time. The Duke of Connaught, Sir Robert Borden, Hon. N. W. Rowell, General Currie and many other celebrities were present; also many of our Canadian nursing sisters.

When darkness stopped the field sports, a composite Canadian concert troupe put on a three-hour open-air performance, and the troops saw the stars of our various concert parties at their best.

There was, we regret to mention, one drawback to the great celebration: Tinques was DRY! And so were the twenty thousand soldiers who raided the village in their frantic search for good stuff! The day was hot and dusty and what little liquid refreshment the village boasted had been exhausted since early in the morning. However, from some mysterious source, many of our fellows succeeded in getting enough beer and wine to sustain them during the long trek back to camp.

On July 13th the unit marched out of Grand Rullecourt. A. Section went to Warlus; B. to Beaurains; and C. to Achicourt. An advanced dressing station was also established at Ronville, a suburb on the south of Arras. All three places were being heavily shelled and bombed at this time, and night after night many of us took to the roadside drainage ditches for cover from the roaring Gothas.

After five days at Beaurains and Achicourt, B. and C. Sections joined the rest of the unit at Warlus. There the Fifth remained, not doing much of anything in particular, until July 23rd, when it marched back to Grand Rullecourt. Throughout the whole of this march it rained heavily and the men arrived at their destination wet through. Their greatcoats, blankets, kits and uniforms were wringing wet, and when they paraded and asked for an extra blanket per man, for the one night only, their request was turned down. Of course, our quartermaster-captain had made the trip by car, had all the blankets he cared for, and slept in a comfortable bed in the chateau, so naturally he couldn't understand why a soaking-wet, tired, foot-slogging man should want a blanket between himself and the cold bare floors of the leaky huts and tents. Eventually, however, the men raised sufficient hell, and dry blankets were issued by the colonel's orders, and in spite of the quartermaster-captain's heated protests that such procedure was contrary to the way it had been done in South Africa.

Once again the old routine of drills, etc., got under way. Men were "crimed" for petty and trivial technical breaches of King's Rules and Regulations. For instance, four were arrested for being a minute or two late for night roll-call. They refused trial by their own Commanding Officer and requested a court-martial.

It is quite possible that the cursing and swearing of our men was heard as far back as Divisional Headquarters, for, on July 30th, General Burstall sent a letter to every unit under his command, complaining about the terrible profanity prevailing among the troops, and asking all commanding officers to do everything in their power to discourage the use of such language. It must be admitted that the general's request didn't meet with any great success, so far as our unit was concerned.

For a week or two there had reached us the welcome news that, in the north, the British and French had stopped Fritz's advance and that the French had attacked with considerable success in the southern part of the Front. Rumor had it that we were due for a move, and every mother's son of us hoped for some sort of change — no matter what — as relief from our Grand Rullecourt martinets.

On July 30th the Fifth marched to a spot between Fosseux and Hauteville. There we boarded old London busses and travelled south, by way of Doullens and Briquemésil, to Breilly, a small village on the River Somme and about six miles west of Amiens. There we had a wonderful time for four or five days. The Somme supplied us with excellent bathing, boating and fishing, and in spite of the rather strong currents, our lads spent a lot of their time in and on the historic river.

On the morning we set out for Brielly some official war artists set up their easels and proceeded to sketch our lounging unit. We've never been able to trace the results of their efforts. Perhaps we were like the subject of an old song — "a picture no artist could paint!" Water was very scarce at the morning halting place and very few men were able to shave. Those who did rid themselves of whiskers had to buy their shaving water from a nearby farmer.

We "Take Over" at Amiens ☞

On August 4th we were off again and marched into Amiens, where we established our headquarters in a large, abandoned

college for ladies. The Horse Transport lines were located on the outskirts of the city and about a half-mile from the college.

Some of the men may remember the very life-like stuffed dog found in the college dormitory — and the excellent cornet found hanging on a cubicle wall. Sergeant-Major Hodder entertained the troops by playing several solos on the cornet with which instrument he proved himself strangely familiar.

Amiens, when we arrived there, was being shelled rather freely. Very few citizens remained in the city. The central and residential districts were barricaded off and troops were not permitted to enter the city proper, without special permission. Armed sentries guarded the shops and homes from molestation by looters and souvenir hunters. The famous cathedral could be seen quite readily from our billet. It was generously protected by sandbags and concrete buttresses but there were a few gaping holes in the roof and walls when we first saw it.

For two days the whole three Sections remained in the ladies' college, cleaning its many rooms, cubicles and cellars and getting them ready for use as a main dressing station. Our men were kept under cover as much as possible during daylight hours, but after dark they were permitted to move about in the open.

As a matter of fact, as soon as dusk arrived, all roads and main arteries leading into and through Amiens were alive with moving troops of all descriptions. Infantry, tanks, artillery, machine-guns, pontoons, lorries, service wagons, tractors and ambulances — marching men and horses from every branch of the service were moving eastward from dusk until dawn. Yet, when daylight came, there was little visible evidence that thousands of troops had been on the move during the night. It was as though some weird phantom army was in motion, and for the first time in the whole war, the men seemed to gain confidence because of this long-needed innovation of secrecy in movement. All night long many of our largest planes flew back and forth over the German line, drowning out the noise of our moving army.

Another clever ruse fooled the enemy: The 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles and the 27th Battalion were sent into the Line at Kemmel for two or three days. As soon as the enemy had been permitted to identify them and conclude that the whole Corps was in the vicinity the two regiments were rushed south and joined the rest of the Corps on the second day of the scrap. Two

casualty clearing stations were also moved into the Kimmel area and the nursing sisters warned to keep the movement secret — with the logical result that Fritz was quickly aware of their presence and jumped to the desired conclusions.

On the afternoon of August 7th our bearers moved up to Villers-Bretenneux, leaving behind them the Transport and Nursing Sections to run the main dressing station. Colonel Kappele, Major Elliott and Captains Parker and Clark were the only officers left at headquarters. All the other officers went forward with the stretcher squads or to various regimental aid-posts.

Just before our bearers marched out of Amiens, Joe Irwin made the rounds, saying goodbye to everybody. Orders were in for Joe to return to Canada — and how we envied him! He was going home, while we were going into we did not know what. We were all glad for Joe's sake, though, for he was one of the old originals, and had been in France since 1915. At the start of the war the lads nicknamed him "Sharkey" and thus will he be known to them as long as they live. He and the dental officer had waged a private, yet friendly war of their own, from the day we reached France — and the war ended with honors about even. Whether Sharkey did most of the dental work we cannot say, but we will assert that he got the best results from the use of the dental quarters and equipment. Joe spoke French very fluently and, consequently, had to attend to most of the civilian patients. And how he did look after them!

The bearers waited in Villers-Bretonneux until dark. Then they moved over to their right, into the ruined village of Cachy. Here in cellars they took shelter until three o'clock in the morning, when they moved up into the support trenches, ready for the opening of the battle.

At 4.20 a.m., August 8th, the barrage opened. Hundreds of guns that had been moved in almost overnight sent their shrieking shells over to the enemy. Tanks moved into jumping-off positions; and artillery and engineers with their guns, limbers and pontoons edged closer to the Line, waiting for the lifting of the barrage.

After a few minutes our men moved forward. And along with them moved second-wave infantrymen, machine-gunners, artillerymen, tanks and engineers. Just in the rear of us could be seen approaching cavalry, while over our heads roared low-flying

battle planes. From the moment our barrage opened only a half-dozen enemy shells came at all close to us.

The whole show appeared, at the start, more like a well-staged pageant than an actual battle. Here was the Canadian Corps, over 120,000 strong, going into a scrap that was different from anything it had known in the past. Here a man could stand up. He could move about on top of hard, dry ground — not under it or through it, in knee-deep mud. He could see, too, alongside him all the supporting forces that went to make up an attacking army, and the sight gave him added strength and confidence. He had the Aussies on his left and the French Poilus on his right, so was satisfied that his flanks were securely protected.

A heavy ground-mist hung over the old Front Line as the troops started forward, but this gradually lifted and exposed to view a panorama of blown-in trenches, uprooted wire, wrecked gun-pits and a terrain dotted with shell-holes and dead bodies. There was ample evidence that our preparatory barrage, while not as heavy as at Vimy and Passchendaele, had been far more accurate and effective. Enemy guns were found with their muzzle-covers still on and their crews killed before they could get them into action. In some of the deepest dugouts Germans were found still asleep and they were dumbfounded to find themselves our prisoners.

Our bearer squads moved forward almost a mile without encountering any difficulties, other than tangled wire and machine-gun bullets. Fritz was firing from a small woods just northeast of Hangard Wood and our infantry was held up for a while. Here we were kept busy giving first-aid to the infantry casualties which were occurring immediately in front of us. Suddenly some of the new fast whippet tanks came to the help of the infantrymen and quickly put the hidden Hun machine-gunners out of action. None of the Fifth men was hit at this point, but several of our attached regimental bearers and some of the Sixth and Fourth men were killed or wounded.

By this time the sun was well up and the ground mist had lifted. As we moved forward to Marcelcave we could see numerous groups of the fleeing enemy on the high ground about a thousand yards ahead of us. In Marcelcave B. Section established a dressing station, while A. and C. Sections moved forward toward Wiencourt. Just in front of the latter village was another

small wood, the Bois de Pierret, where hidden machine-guns held up our infantrymen once more. At this time we were right amongst the attacking riflemen, our men lying flat on the ground while the crouching fighting men and bombers attacked the machine-gun posts. Here again we were fortunate, but all around us riflemen were being hit and their casualties were many. Once again whippet tanks came to the rescue and blew the hidden gun crews out of action. Those new fast tanks "put the wind up" Fritz in no uncertain manner.

It was at this time we received one of our greatest thrills of the whole war. Our cavalry came into action and they made a most comforting and inspiring sight. Lances, sabres and carbines had been the subjects of foot-soldiers' jokes for so long, it was difficult for us to believe our own eyes when we saw them going into action. Yet here they were, and as the cavalrymen dismounted, knelt and opened fire in support of our infantrymen, we gave them a rousing cheer of appreciation.

All through the day the advance went forward. Past the wooded heights on the west bank of the River Luce; over the almost-dry river-bed itself, and on through Cayeux, Guillaucourt and Caix our Division swept. Darkness found us about one mile east of Caix and word reached us that the whole Corps had made a similar advance.

It was in Caix that Billy Brown and Yorcky Coates found their "pot of gold." In a ruined cellar the two lads discovered a metal box containing twenty-five golden Louis — five hundred francs. Evidently the money had been buried by some French householder and dislodged from its hiding-place by the recent bombardment. Billy and Yorcky each took twelve of the coins and gave the odd one to the first man who followed them into the cellar. In Arras, a few weeks later, the twenty-four *Louis d'Or* were spent on the stuff that cheers, and all the pals of the two lads shared in celebrating the lucky find.

A. and C. Sections moved back to Wiencourt for the night. B. Section stayed at Marcelcave and Guillaucourt. At the latter place an advanced post had been established during the afternoon and wounded were being sent back by rail. All through the previous night and day French railway troops had been busy repairing the railway on our immediate left and it was due to their great work that we were able to evacuate our cases by rail.

Although the stretcher squads had been on the move since practically the afternoon of the 7th, their work had been considerably lessened by the assistance of hundreds of German prisoners. From about five o'clock in the morning of the 8th, an immense number of captured Huns had been arriving and we utilized them to the limit. Our own men gave first-aid to the wounded and then had them carried back to Marcelcave, Caix and Guillaucourt by the gray-coated prisoners. When our supply of stretchers ran out we used German ground-sheets as litters.

From zero hour until dark we had advanced about eight miles. The weather was intensely hot and there was a shortage of drinking water. We had been warned against using water from captured wells, so our men were in dire straits until a well of clean water was discovered in the ruins of Wiencourt. Here we were able to satisfy the cravings of our wounded fighting-men and replenish our own water-bottles.

As was the case in nearly every battle, we failed to get proper rations up the Line. Once again, if it had not been for food taken from haversacks of the dead we would have had scarcely any food at all during the first twenty-four hours of the battle. Of course, the long and rapid advance was somewhat unexpected and might have caught the commissary people unprepared, but to the fellows up the Line there seemed little excuse for the shortage. Roads had been repaired quickly and our ambulances had no difficulty in getting up to our advanced stations. Even general service wagons had been sent up to transport wounded, so it was hard to understand why some of these conveyances hadn't been utilized to bring up rations when they came for cases.

About ten o'clock in the morning of August 9th, B. Section bearers joined A. and C. at Wiencourt and all moved forward once more, keeping close to the railway embankment on their left. On an open plain just west of Rosieres another dressing station was established. From here we watched the infantry and tanks capture Rosieres. For a few hours, only the left portion of the town was in our hands and in the fight for the right portion our tanks and infantry suffered very heavily. Immediately in front of us a tank was hit and burst into flames. Some of our bearers rushed over and hauled out a wounded officer, but he was so badly injured and burned he died soon after we rescued him. The other occupants of the tank died horrible deaths inside their

steel pyre, for the flames and exploding shells made further rescues impossible.

Shortly after the tank blew up we were again joined by the cavalry. Right beside us they manoeuvred into charging formation and galloped away through the Rosieres-Vrely valley. In a few minutes we followed them along the valley, gathering their fallen and picking up the wounded infantrymen who had made the breach through which the mounted troops charged.

Dead horses lay everywhere along that valley. Fritz had left behind him dug-in machine-gun crews and these had created havoc in the ranks of the charging horsemen. But not one German that manned the machine-guns escaped. The gun crews lay dead or wounded beside their weapons. Here we had our first experience in dressing sabre slashes and lance wounds. Every sabre cut seemed to be at the point where a man's neck joins his shoulder, and the heavy downward slashes had cut deep diagonal wounds which were difficult to treat. In most instances the lances had pierced the Germans' throats but not a few had entered the breast. One or two shattered lances still pinned their victims to the ground. Many hopelessly wounded horses lay and threshed about the valley but we picked up discarded rifles and put the poor animals out of their misery.

In the afternoon of August 9th we moved into Vrely and set up a dressing station in some German dugouts. While some men stayed here others continued on to Meharicourt, in front of which village our infantry were digging in for the night. A few long-range naval guns searched for our dugouts.

Between Vrely and Meharicourt the fighting had been very severe. Our bearers here found hundreds of Canadian and German dead and wounded. We established an aid-post in a ruined brewery cellar in Meharicourt and, until darkness fell, collected our wounded there. As soon as dusk arrived we sent our cases back to Vrely, utilizing German prisoners for that purpose.

From the night of August 9th, and right through to August 15th, we cleared wounded from an area to the left of Rosieres and to as far right as Rouvrois.* During this period the enemy's resistance had stiffened considerably and our infantry were occupying captured German trenches. To the south of us the Third

*In Rouvrois we noticed that the Germans had used the local church as a stable for their horses. The building was in a filthy condition.

Division continued to attack, while on our left the Fourth Division approached Chilly and Hallu. For five days there was a series of attacks and counter-attacks and the whole area was heavily shelled. Every night enemy bombing planes came over and the cavalry in the valley suffered heavily. Gradually, however, the Canadian Corps pushed forward. Our Division captured Fransart and Chilly; while the First took La Chavette and joined hands with the French at Fresnoy-les-Roye.

By August 16th we had established other posts in Warvillers and in Fouquescourt, and were evacuating cases from these posts when Imperial troops relieved our bearers during the night of August 17th. The Front Line at this time was almost parallel with and just west of the Chaulnes-Roye railway line. Lorries carried our men back to Amiens and the whole unit was together once more in the college dressing station.

During that final night in the tunnels of Fouquescourt a new captain came to us — a very well-groomed and meticulously-dressed officer who, when he saw some of the lads delousing themselves over a few sputtering candles, delivered a very pointed lecture on the lack of cleanliness. "There's absolutely no excuse for vermin among men of a field ambulance," he declared, "and a man who permits himself to become lousy should be placed under arrest!" A few minutes later this self-same captain had his own shirt and undershirt off and, with the aid of his flashlight, was picking louse after louse off his clothing and person. While he had been busy lecturing the men, some of the lads had dropped a few of their own lice on the newcomer's blankets. From that night on he said no more about uncleanliness. Apparently he had troubles of his own — plenty of them and big ones.

Throughout the ten days of the battle our Amiens dressing station was crowded with wounded. A casualty clearing station had been set up in a nearby asylum and this, too, was full of wounded. For the first few days cases came in faster than they could be cleared. There was a shortage of blankets, stretchers and medical supplies and hundreds of wounded men lay on the hard cold floors of the dressing and clearing stations, without even a great-coat to keep them warm during the chilly August nights. Gradually, however, the clearing convoys caught up with the work and by the time the battle was over everything was running smoothly.

The Fifth lads must have worn horseshoes in the Amiens scrap for, although other ambulance units suffered several casualties, we had not one man killed. Two or three of our bearers were sent back shell-shocked or gassed.

Among other casualties, our friends of the Sixth Field Ambulance lost Captain MacKechnie and, if he had been a Fifth officer, our bearers couldn't have felt worse. He had worked with us so often up the Line he had become like one of ourselves. MacKechnie was a strapping big fellow, well over six feet, so the men had nicknamed him "The White Hope." An officer or non-com. had to be either very much admired or greatly detested to be nicknamed by his men. This captain was greatly loved by all who served under him.

A Brief Account of the Battle ~

Between August 8th and August 22nd, 1918, the Canadian Corps defeated sixteen enemy divisions, captured 10,000 prisoners, 201 guns and 1,000 machine guns, and had 11,725 casualties. Our attack started on a front of 8,000 yards and was widened out to 10,000 yards. Total penetration was fourteen miles. Sixty-seven square miles of territory and twenty-seven towns and villages were liberated.

The battle opened on August 8th at 4.20 a.m. By nightfall the enemy's defenses had been penetrated over eight miles and the following towns and villages captured: Hangard, Demuin, Beaucourt, Aubercourt, Courcelles, Ignaucourt, Cayeux, Caix, Marcelcave, Wiencourt, l'Equipee and Guillaucourt; and the Corps also helped the French troops in the capture of Mezieres. On August 9th the Corps advanced four miles, capturing Rouvroy, Le Quesnel, Folies, Bouchoir, Beaufort, Warvillers, Vrely, Rosieres and Meharicourt.

General Rawlinson remarks in his memoirs that "the spirit of his Colonial troops was the deciding factor in the splendid victory."

The Amiens "show," according to General Currie, was the conception of General Rawlinson, and was undertaken with the three-fold objective of:

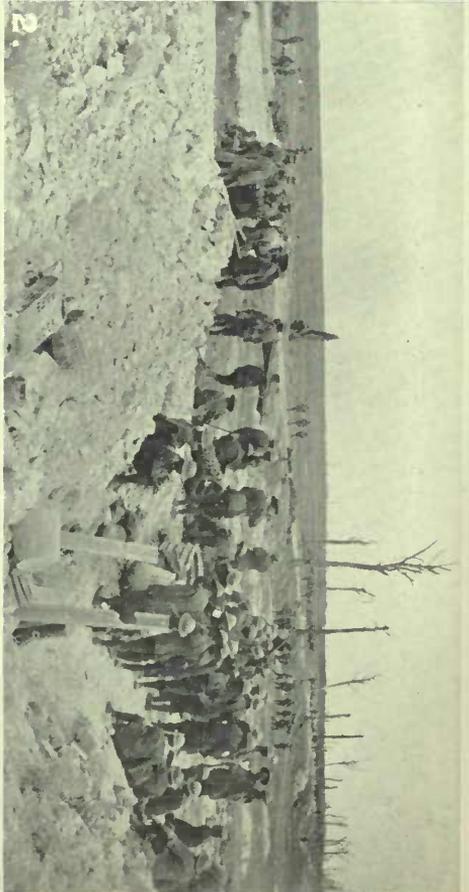
1. Lessening the possibility of a German break-through at Amiens, where the Huns had been attempting to drive a wedge between the British and French Armies.



1. Major McGill and assistants dressing wounded in the open.
2. Two of our Stretcher-Bearers improvised a bayonet-entrenching-tool splint in Cherys quarry post. Alec Lewis lights patient's cigarette.



1. Lieutenant-Colonel D. P. Kappelle, D.S.O. and Bar. Twice mentioned in Despatches; Major, Fifth Field Amb. from mobilization to December, 1915. O.C., Seventh Cav. Field Amb., 1916 to June, 1917. O.C., Fifth Field Amb., June, 1917, to October 12, 1918, when he was severely wounded at Iwuy.



2.



3.

2. Stretcher-Bearers near Arras-Cambrai Road in front of Monchy-le-Frenx.
3. Narrow Gauge Collecting Point, top of Vimy Ridge.

2. The freeing of the Amiens-Paris railway, that invaluable artery of communication crossing the entire Allied rear area and for many weeks under enemy gun-threat and domination.

3. The preservation of the city of Arras, to the north — Arras, the old cathedral city which had received a terrific bombardment and hammering ever since the enemy advance of March 21st.

The battle ended with all goals attained and with the deeply-rooted conviction of our High Command that the war could be waged to a successful conclusion before the end of 1918. To Ludendorff the battle brought the realization that the "jig was up," for he mentions in his memoirs that "Amiens painted for Germany the black day of the war." To Haig it brought tears of thankfulness. It was the definite turning-point in the war. In General Currie's own words: "Haig came to me at Pernes. We sat alone and discussed Amiens and the dark days during the spring set-backs. He told me that his one comforting thought during the terrible days of reverses was that his army could not be defeated *so long as his Canadian Corps was undefeated*. On many occasions, he told me, he was tempted to throw the Canadians at the onrushing Boche but something had always whispered 'No' to him, and so he saved us for the counterblow."

Additional evidence of the importance the High Command placed in the Amiens victory was the visit to the Canadian Front of the King, Foch, Haig, Weigand and Petain on August 13th. We were up the Line and, consequently, didn't see them, but we knew they were in the neighborhood, and we felt that we must have done something exceptionally big to attract such an illustrious group of visitors.

On Sunday, August 18th, a thanksgiving service was held in the great Amiens cathedral. Many of our men attended and joined the grateful citizens in offering thanks for the remarkable victory and the relief of the long-threatened city.

The ensuing two days were spent in cleaning up and in kit refitting, etc. At 9.30 p.m. on August 20th the unit said goodbye to Amiens and marched to Boves, where it entrained for the north. After riding all night *a la 40 hommes, 8 chevaux*, we detrained at Wavrans and marched east to Ambrines where we billeted overnight. On the 22nd we went by busses to Achicourt, and once again took over the dressing station we had established before going south.



Famous army abbreviations—perhaps you know what they mean.
Some of them puzzle us:

A.W.O.L.

S.F.A.

S.R.D.

S.O.L.

P.U.O.

R.I.P.

P.B.I.

M. & D.

F.U.F.U. & F.F.H.

P.U.A.

S.A.P.

F.U.J.I.A.R.



CHAPTER SEVEN

Oh where do we go from here, boys?
Where do we go from here?
We've been from Ypres to the Somme
And haven't found good beer.
We're sick as hell of shot and shell
And generals at the rear —
We've got no rum and we're feeling bum,
Where do we go from here?

THE LAST PHASE

(August 23, 1918, to November 11, 1918)



*A Miracle
Happens*

FOR THE next two days the Fifth was kept rather busy refitting and making arrangements for

the coming Battle of Arras. One very noteworthy innovation was introduced at this time: Our officers were thoughtful enough to go over their battle maps with the senior noncoms. and acquaint the sergeants with the plans of the coming action. We believe that the smoothness with which posts and stations were established from that time on fully vindicated the confidence placed in the Bearer Sergeants. They were immeasurably helped by their newly-acquired knowledge of the battle terrain.

By the night of August 25th, battle organization was completed and the stretcher squads moved up to Beaurains Corner, ready to go forward behind the infantry on the following morning.

Zero hour had been originally set for 4.50 a.m. but was changed to 3 a.m. in order to effect a greater surprise and allow our troops to pass through the enemy's forward machine-gun defences before dawn.

Shortly after the opening barrage our bearers moved forward. The first waves of our attacking infantry were already a few hundred yards ahead of us and everything pointed to another victory. The few wounded men we attended to were highly jubilant over the success of the initial phase of the attack. Captain

Hart, with most of the squads, moved over to the left, through Tilloy-lez-Mofflaines and then eastward, along the south side of the Arras-Cambrai road. Major Elliott and Captain Moses, with our other bearers, moved ahead in a south-easterly direction. They established an advanced dressing station near our old aid-post just west of Neuville-Vitasse. All our evacuations were made through this station until late in the afternoon, when another post was established just east of Neuville-Vitasse.

Although we had a great many wounded to handle throughout the day, our bearers' work was considerably lightened through the help of hundreds of German prisoners. The captured Huns were so glad to be on our side of the Line they willingly shouldered stretcher cases and, in charge of one or two of our men, made their way across country to the Neuville-Vitasse clearing points. So anxious were some of the unescorted German carrying parties to get as far toward the rear as possible, they kept right on going and carried their burdens right into Arras.

During the night of the 26th Captain Hart's party made its headquarters in an old German dressing station just west of the captured village of Guémappe. In this station we found several dead and wounded Huns. Scattered about the place was considerable first-aid material and among it we found a lot of paper shell-dressings, paper bandages, etc. The wounded Germans seemed quite pleased at finding themselves in our hands. Evidently, there had been a tragic shortage of medical supplies in their own army.

The first day of the scrap had passed with only one bearer, Frank Laffin, being killed and without any of our men being wounded. Our only other casualty was a water-cart which had been run over by an advancing tank near the Neuville-Vitasse station. Once again our troops had met with success. By 7 a.m. the infantry had captured Chapel Hill and Orange Hill and were in Monchy le Preux. By 11 a.m. they had taken the strongly held trench system east of Monchy and were in Guémappe at 4 a.m. Wancourt and Heninel were in Canadian hands by nightfall. The day's advance was an average of about six thousand yards, and over two thousand prisoners had been taken.

On the morning of August 27th the attack opened about five o'clock and once again our bearers moved forward, closely behind the infantry. To our unit fell the task of clearing all the

wounded south of the Arras-Cambrai road. We found the second day of the battle far different from the first. Fritz had brought up fresh troops. His resistance was greatly stiffened, and our wounded more numerous. However, our infantry were not to be denied and in spite of the enemy's dogged resistance succeeded in pushing forward. Vis-en-Artois was captured early in the day. Cherisy was in our hands by 2 p.m., and the Sensee River was crossed late in the afternoon. Throughout the day Hart's squads had continued to move along behind the attacking troops and succeeded in clearing the wounded back to the Neuville-Vitasse station and to another post established early that morning at a point where the roads forked just west of Wancourt.

Throughout the previous night, working parties had repaired the Arras-Cambrai road and we were able to use many of the returning ammunition lorries for the transportation of our most serious cases. All the roads were now under fairly heavy shell-fire, owing to the fact that the Imperial troops on our flanks had been held up and Fritz was able to rake us with artillery cross-fire for the following few days.

The Canadian advance on August 27th reached a maximum of four thousand yards along the Cambrai road; but the casualties in our Division were exceptionally heavy. The Fifth Brigade fought a terribly gruelling battle around Cherisy and for the river and ridge just east of that village. From the opposite slope the enemy was able to pour down a terrific fire and time after time he made heavy counter attacks in an effort to dislodge our troops from their dearly-won position. In spite of Fritz's opposition, the lads of the Fifth Brigade held on to their gains and dug in for the night just east of Vis-en-Artois and Cherisy.

Late in the afternoon Captain Hart's squads had established an advanced dressing station in a quarry just west of Vis-en-Artois and about halfway between the Arras-Cambrai and Guémappe-Cherisy roads. It was from this post that most of the 5th Brigade cases were cleared back to the station near Wancourt.

Shortly after daylight on the morning of August 28th Captain Hart took a motor ambulance up the Cambrai road to Vis-en-Artois, turned right and proceeded to Cherisy village. He was unaware that the enemy still held the heights just east of the Sensee River. Consequently, that two-mile ride along the Vis-en-Artois-Cherisy road was an exciting one indeed. Shortly after

turning south, just west of the ruined Vis-en-Artois bridge, the car came under direct machine-gun fire. Its sides were fairly riddled with bullets and there is no doubt that only Fritz's surprise and haste saved the car and its occupants from becoming casualties. The car belonged to the Fourth Field Ambulance, so possibly the audacious captain wasn't too concerned about its welfare. On arriving at Cherisy, the ambulance was driven behind a heap of debris. Its five rather scared occupants tumbled out and, after a careful inspection of the ruined trenches and dugouts which made up the village, made their way by foot back to the quarry dressing station. Squads were immediately sent into Cherisy to clear the many 22nd Battalion wounded whom Hart and his party had located.

The previous day and night had been a glorious and costly period for the 22nd Battalion. This famous regiment had gone into the attack with a battle roll of eight hundred and fifty men, all ranks. They brought only about twenty men out of the Line when they were relieved during the night of August 28th. Counting the fifty men detailed for stretcher-bearing the "Van-Doos" mustered only seventy men all told. They lost every officer, including Captain Marin, their medical officer, who was last to take over command. One of the company sergeant-majors brought out the handful of survivors. The Fifth Field Ambulance may well be proud of the fact that to its stretcher-bearers fell the honor of clearing the wounded of such a valiant battalion.

During the afternoon of August 28th the bearer party on the right (in charge of Major Elliott and Captain Dunham) established a collecting post on the north side of the Guémappe-Cherisy road, just west of Cherisy village. From this point wounded were sent back by cars and lorries, while from the quarry over to the left the same means of evacuation were employed. Most of our cases were gathered from the area fronting Vis-en-Artois and Cherisy. The enemy counter-attacked throughout this day also in a desperate effort to protect his Drocourt-Queant Switch line. It was on this day that the Canadian Corps fought with its right flank exposed, through failure of the Imperials to come up in support. The British had been held up at Croisilles and this had made the three-day battle almost wholly a Canadian affair, our troops receiving little or no support from either flank.

During the night of August 28th-29th the First Canadian Division relieved the Second, and the Fourth Imperial Division relieved our Third Division, on our left. We were glad to have the Fourth Imperials with us, and from then on we found them excellent fighting men and first-class comrades.

We Have a Brief Rest ☞

Just before dawn on August 29th our squads made a final trip up beyond Cherisy and Vis-en-Artois and brought out the last of the Canadian wounded. We then turned over our two forward stations to First Division units and made our way back to Beau-rains and Achicourt.

Our casualties during the three days were Frank Laffin, killed; Ban Johnson and one other bearer, wounded; and Harry Fearnall, badly gassed.

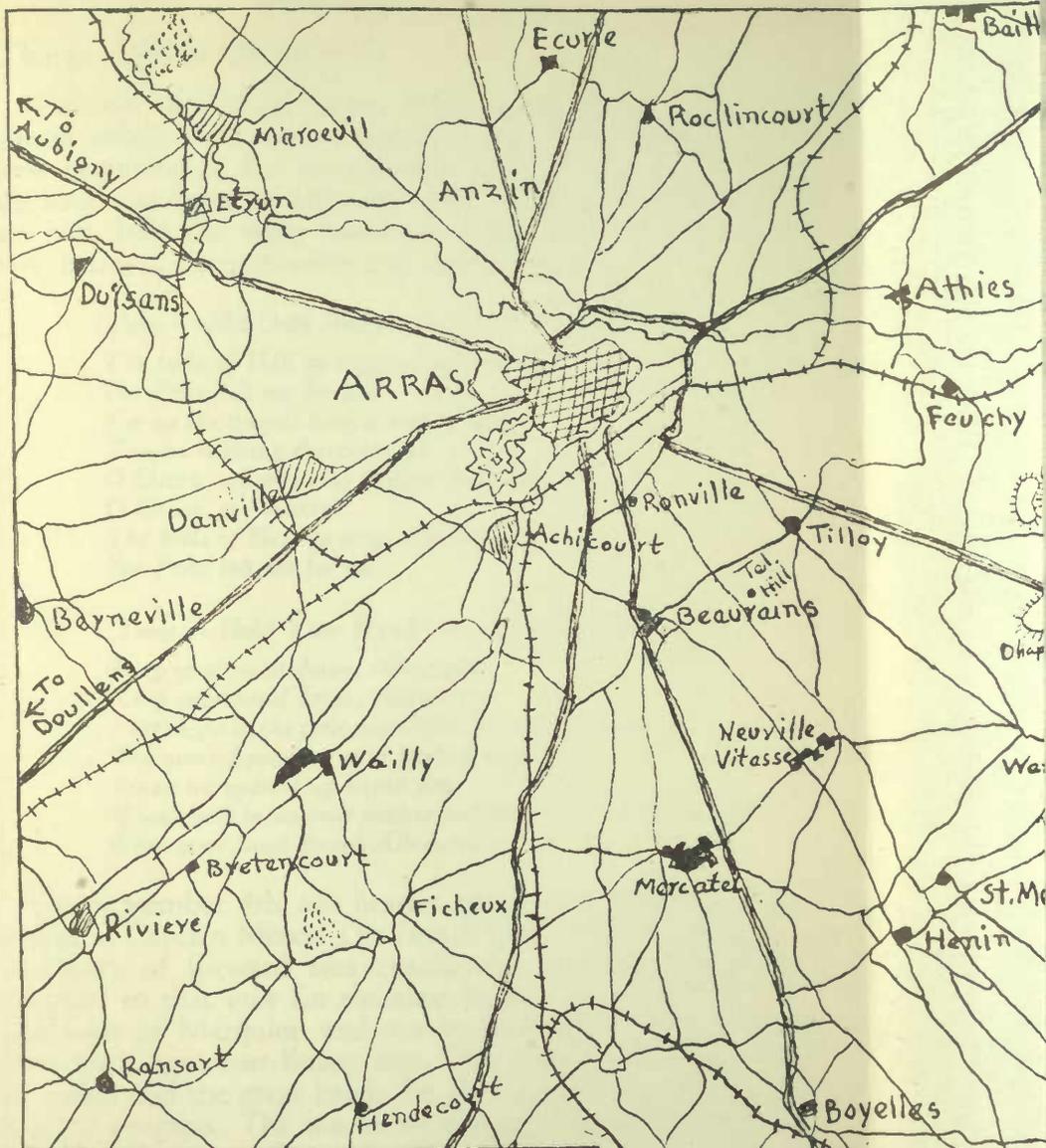
Our bearers were mighty glad to be out of this "show." Here again they had been without proper rations while up the Line. Those responsible for the sending up of food supplies didn't seem to have the slightest idea of what conditions up front actually were. Whole carcasses of mutton were sent up to the bearers, regardless of the fact that only a squad or two were at each regimental aid post or relay post. These squads were on the go, night and day, looking after the wounded; so how the quartermaster-captain ever expected men so situated to cut up, divide and cook carcasses of mutton is beyond comprehension. Under similar circumstances some other units cooked the food back at their headquarters, divided it into variously sized portions and sent it up the Line. Our lads had no means or time for the handling of a whole sheep and were obliged to abandon the meat to the rats, or give it to troops who had a cook-kitchen with them. There wasn't any actual shortage of food during this scrap, but the method of getting it to the bearers made it impossible for them to enjoy the fresh meat portion of the rations.

All our comment on failure of rations must not be taken as a reflection on Bill Atkinson and the other fellows who actually did the work in the quartermaster stores. They were invariably painstaking, obliging and desirous of giving the lads up the Line the very best. But there were limits to their powers — limits placed upon them by the officer in charge of their department.

It was that officer's duty to go forward and see for himself the conditions prevailing, but — well, he just didn't, that's all. So the noncoms. and men in the stores had to bear the brunt of all the grousing.

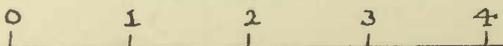
Before the Amiens battle we had been warned to beware of drinking water from wells in captured territory. It was rumored that Fritz was poisoning and otherwise polluting all drinking supplies. Now, again, the same warnings were posted and the only way we could prove whether or not a well was poisoned was to make a prisoner drink some of the water. If he lived, all right; if he died, all wrong — especially for the prisoner. We must admit, however, that not one of our trial subjects died. The nearest any of them ever came to death happened when we were in the station near Guémappe. We had been without drinking water for many hours when we located a well close to the entrance of the station dugout. The water appeared rather brackish and smelled none too sweet. A stout six-foot Prussian sergeant was brought forward and about a quart of water given to him. That prisoner must have had a guilty conscience for it was only by threatening to shoot him that he was prevailed upon to drink. Even then it took him about fifteen minutes to swallow the suspected fluid. We then sat him down while we formed in a ring around him. His face grew paler and paler. Finally he turned a sickly green color. Perspiration stood in large beads on his face and forehead. He trembled and tottered as if he were about to give up the ghost. But it must have been chiefly fear that bothered him, for after waiting a half-hour for him to pass out, we ourselves partook of the water and none of us felt any ill effects.

For six days the bearers rested at Beaurains, and the Headquarters and Nursing staffs carried on at Achicourt. During this period there was a steady forward movement of troops past our billets. Night and day there was a continuous motion of marching infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers and supply lorries. Unlike the Amiens scrap, very few tanks seemed to be going forward. We were now many miles behind the Front and the only other evidence we had that there really was "a war on" was that Arras was being shelled by long range naval guns, and Fritz's bombing planes paid us a visit every night the weather was favorable.



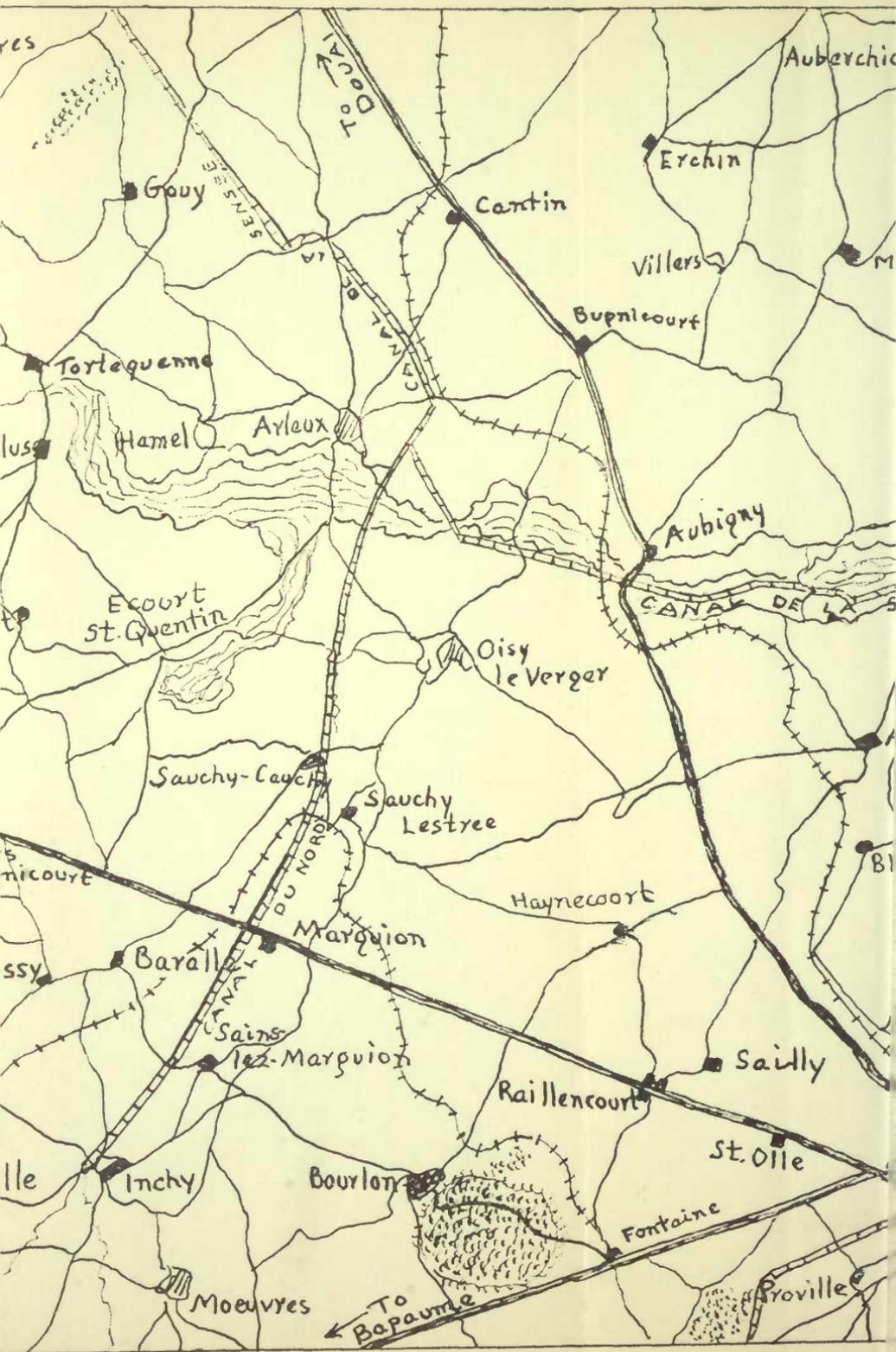
Arras - Cambrai

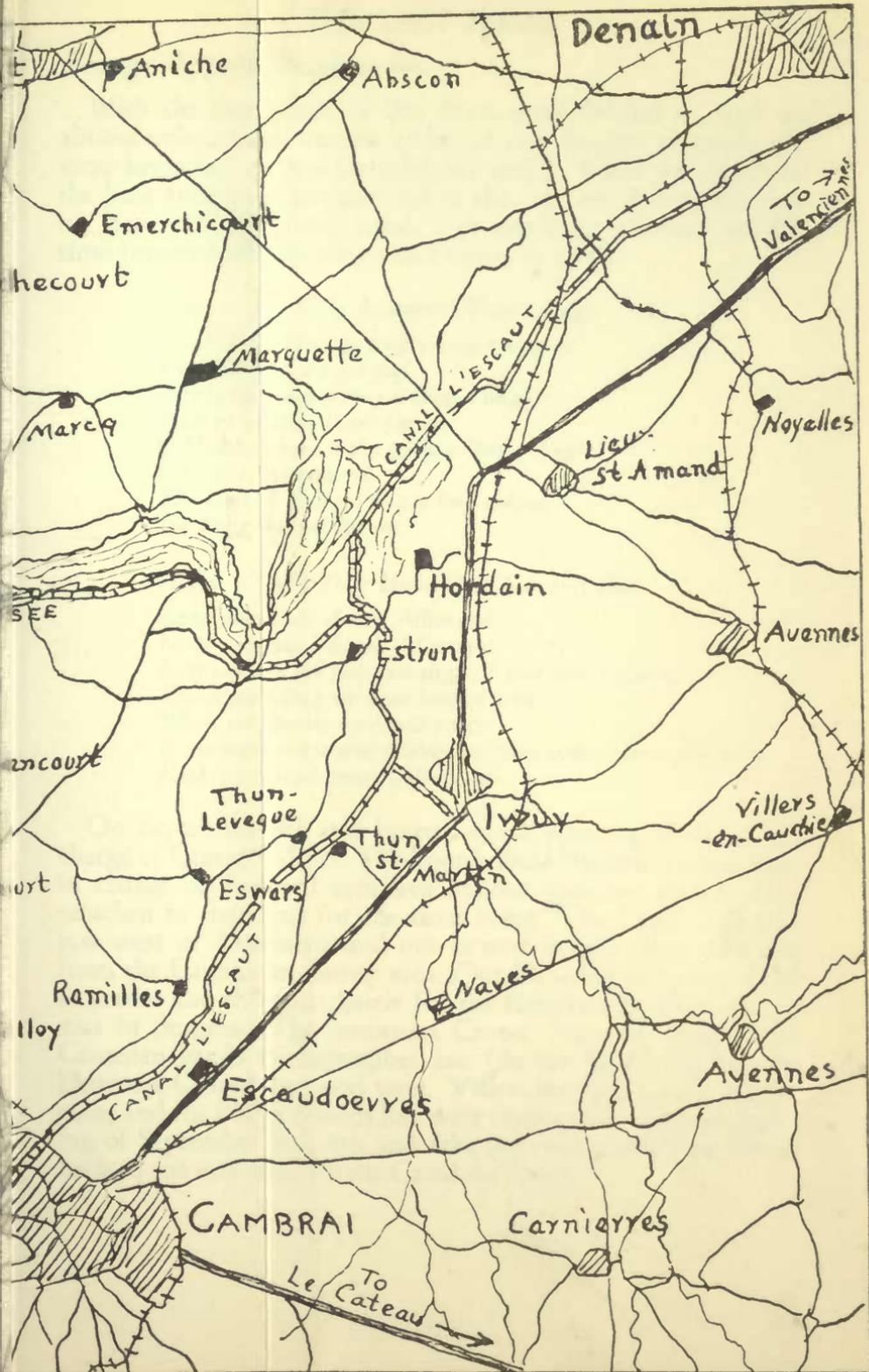
SCALE:



MILES







Things Appear Brighter ~

With the first phase of the Arras scrap behind us, and its almost unbelievable success added to our Amiens triumph, we were beginning to feel considerably cocky. While we didn't in the least anticipate an early end to the war, we did realize that we now held the whip hand. Our estaminet choruses at this time betrayed our optimism and *esprit de corps*.

(Tune — *She Only Answered Ting-a-ling*)

The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling—
 For Fritz but not for me!
 For me the angels sing-a-ling-a-ling —
 They're waiting there for me.
 O Death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling?
 O Grave, thy victory?
 The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling,
 For Fritz but not for me.

(Tune — *Hold Your Hand Out, Naughty Boy*)

Keep your head down, Allemand.
 Keep your head down, Allemand.
 Last night in the pale moonlight, I saw you, I saw you —
 You were fixing up your barbed wire
 When we opened up rapid fire,
 If you want to see your mother and your sister and your brother,
 Keep your head down, Allemand.

On September 4th our bearers again went up the Line, in charge of Captain Moses. The Fourth Field Ambulance was now in charge of forward area evacuations and our squads were attached to that unit for the time being. The Front Line was just west of Marquion and our bearers helped clear wounded from the Cagnicourt-Buissy area. Our Division was once more in action and the great battle for the famous Hindenburg Line was in progress. The notorious Crows' Nest had fallen into Canadian hands on September 1st. On the following day the Drocourt-Queant line was won. Villers-lez-Cagnicourt, Cagnicourt and the Buissy Switch line were captured. During the fighting of September 3rd, 4th and 5th, the enemy had been forced back to the east bank of the Canal du Nord.

THE LAST PHASE

*Wes Ivory was all set for Paris —
 Had his leave warrant, too, but alas!
 His trip proved a flop —
 Leave came to a stop,
 And Ivory, instead, went to Arras!*

* * * *

Our bearers remained with the Fourth Field Ambulance until the night of September 10th when they returned to our own headquarters at Achicourt. Our only casualties during this trip in were Fred Meehan and Bill Stanley who were both badly gassed on September 7th.

On September 10th Ban Johnson, Gordon Rosser, Freddy Wall and Teddy Gilmore were awarded Military Medals. Two days later Ben Sharpe received the same decoration.

Three Years in France

On September 15th the Fifth celebrated the third anniversary of its arrival in France. The officers had a special dinner to mark the occasion. The men had a slight increase in their day's rations and a special issue of rum. The senior noncoms. bought a pair of suckling pigs from a farmer and succeeded in purchasing (or stealing) a jar of rum. To Sergeant-Major Hodder fell the honor of mixing some rum-and-milk punch — and he did a first-class job. The anniversary was enjoyed by every man in the unit.

Perhaps you were one of the gang that set out to obtain wine for the celebration — the gang which entered an Achicourt estaminet and ordered two bottles of wine, and while the proprietor was down cellar getting them, filled six water-bottles with wine from a cask?

We carried on at Achicourt, with nothing of moment occurring, until September 20th when A. and B. Section bearers, in charge of Captains Kirby and Parker, were sent forward to help the Fourth Field Ambulance in the Cagnicourt-Riencourt area. Next day the rest of the Fifth moved into Arras where they occupied some half-ruined houses in the residential part of the town. These houses were in a reparable condition. Their furniture and other contents were exactly as they had been left when the former occupants had fled from them. Our men were put on their honor not to molest anything and we are glad to report that the only

thing stolen was a beautiful handmade lounging robe which fell into the ever-covetous hands of one of our sergeants.

On September 23rd we moved into the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute and opened a corps rest station. It was on this day that Driver Claude Hogle of the Motor Transport was killed by a shell. Two days later we were relieved by the 14th Canadian Field Ambulance and we then "stood to" ready to go up the Line. During the night of the 25th Fritz's planes came over Arras and dropped dozens of bombs around the railway station, where there were thousands of men and horses being detrained. Some of our sergeants were near the station at the time but, although many men and horses were killed or wounded, our fellows escaped with nothing but a severe shaking-up. It was rumored that our noncoms. were well fortified with grape juice of 1910 vintage and, consequently, received that Divine protection usually extended to fools and imbibers of strong drink.

During the night of September 26th-27th the headquarters details and C. Section moved up to a field between Cherisy and Hendicourt, where they were joined by the bearers of A. and B. Sections. The next day was spent mostly in inaction, only a few wounded being relayed back by our ambulances. The Fourth Field Ambulance were alongside us and the only cases we were required to look after were rear-area wounded. We were now occupying bell tents and these made excellent targets for Fritz's bombing planes during the ensuing two or three nights.

Early in the afternoon of September 28th all our bearers moved forward to Sains-lez-Marquion where we were again under canvas. We were now on the east side of the Canal du Nord. Before us and slightly to our right was the famous Bourlon Wood where Byng and the Fort Garry Horse had fought so gallantly (and almost disastrously) the previous November. Bourlon had fallen to the Canadians just the day before, so some of our lads went over to the Wood and from its eastern heights had their first glimpse of Cambrai burning in the distance.

Our Division was now in reserve so we remained comparatively inactive on the 29th, while the rest of the Corps battled for Cambrai and swung over to the left to force the city from the north.

Early in the morning of September 30th the bearers moved forward, first to Sailly, then over to Bourlon Village, then back

to Saily again. The whole Canadian Front was now veering to the north of Cambrai, owing to the failure of the troops on our right to keep up with the Canadian advance. Some Imperial generals were rather peeved when the Canadians finally captured Cambrai, because that honor had been intended for the Seventeenth Corps. However, somebody had to take the city and the job was done by our troops.

From a bearer headquarters post established in Saily, squads were sent to the various regimental aid-posts near Tilloy. These squads were kept very busy, for casualties were heavy, particularly in the Fifth Brigade.

On October 1st the Nursing and Headquarters staffs of the Fifth moved ahead to a field near Marquion, where tents were pitched and a collecting and evacuation post was established. For two days they remained in this location but Fritz bombed and shelled the area so heavily it was found necessary to move. During the night of October 3rd-4th, a lad named Doyle, a bearer of the Sixth, was killed as he lay asleep. Next morning the unit headquarters staffs moved to the right, into the ruined village of Sains-lez-Marquion.

Our unit was now in charge of Second Division evacuations; and Majors Burgess and Elliott were in command of the bearers over in the Saily sector. Orders posted this day informed us that Captain Hart had been awarded a bar to his Military Cross and that Captain Mossman had received the Military Cross.

From September 30th, when our bearers first moved into Saily, they had been kept very busy. Fritz had made counter attack after counter attack and casualties had simply poured into the regimental aid-posts. To add to our lads' general discomfort they had been shelled and bombed every night. The enemy was now putting up his last desperate resistance and it is recorded that Ludendorff decided, after the Canadian successes of September 28th, to demand from his government that immediate peace negotiations be inaugurated. In the meanwhile his troops would endeavor to hold us where we were in order that better peace terms might be obtained.

October 1st, according to many military authorities, was one of the most stubborn days in the war. On that day the Hun brought up no fewer than ten fresh divisions and thirteen additional machine-gun companies in an effort to stop the Canadians.

On this one day alone our Artillery fired over seven thousand tons of ammunition in support of our infantry.

Gradually, however, our infantry captured all the high ground north of Cambrai and at one-thirty o'clock on the morning of October 9th our troops entered the city. They took the garrison by surprise and by daylight had mopped up the numerous strong points throughout the place. Dawn found them on the south-eastern edge of the town and well along the Valenciennes road. The Imperials on our right were now up to the road leading to Le Cateau. General Currie has stated that the Canadian Fifth Brigade could have penetrated the town from the north two days earlier, but strict orders had been given that none of the Brigade's troops were to enter Cambrai!

By this time our bearers were in Escaudoeuvres and had succeeded in clearing all the wounded. The last few hours of the attack had brought comparatively few Canadian casualties so our men had a few hours welcome respite.

Early on the morning of the 10th an advanced station was established to the right of Thun-St.-Martin and about one thousand yards behind Iwuy on the Iwuy-Cambrai road. On the following day a new post was located at a cross-road close to Iwuy; and another in the beetroot factory at Naves. We were able to get our cars up to these stations and our cases were cleared with the utmost despatch.

One of the Fifth's Blackest Days ~

October 12th found our bearers occupying the same posts as on the previous few days, and clearing their cases back to the convent dressing station in Escaudoeuvres. It was on the morning of this day that the Fifth's headquarters officers were nearly wiped out: Colonel Kappel brought two motor ambulances forward and these were passing through the town of Iwuy (captured October 11th) when a large shell exploded right between the two cars. Not one of the party escaped injury. Eleven in all were hit. Captain Parker, Sixth, and Captain McNeil, Johnny Nichols and Bill Stanley of our own unit were killed. Colonel Kappel, Major Burgess, Captain Clark, Captain Kay (Y.M.C.A.), Bill Gordon, Vern Lyne, and Bill Murphy were wounded, most of them seriously. Five of those hit were original members of the

Fifth. We now had but one original officer left. Strangely enough neither car was very badly damaged. One ambulance was able to return to Escaudoeuvres under its own power.

After dusk that evening an advanced post was established in a chateau just north of Iwuy. In this chateau the 22nd Battalion had its headquarters. This impetuous regiment had that very day made an attack during which its men lost their bearings. They eventually found themselves, however, and attacked without the prearranged barrage. They were so peeved at themselves over their own mistake they took it out on Fritz, and kept right on going until they had captured the ground they were supposed to take on the following day.

Stretcher squads were also sent up to Hordain to clear cases from the 24th Battalion R.A.P.

During the night of October 12th we were relieved by an Ambulance unit from the 51st Imperial Division. Our bearers rejoined the rest of the Fifth in St. Olle, a small suburb on the western edge of Cambrai. Here, in a chocolate factory, the unit opened a sort of general rest station. Major McGill was now in command.

Here we had some heartrending experiences with hundreds of refugees who came staggering in from the district between Cambrai and Valenciennes. These poor unfortunates — aged women and men, young girls and boys, and infants in arms — were in a terrible condition. Most of them had for many weeks existed in cellars and dugouts, subjected during that time to not only our bombardments but to the enemy's as well. It had been many months since they had eaten meat, butter and sugar, their chief food having been watery cabbage-and-potato soup. They were frightfully verminous and many of them suffered from skin infections and other repulsive ailments. They moved about like people in a nightmare and never shall we forget their "wolfing" of the first food we gave them. Over one thousand extra rations had been sent to us for just this emergency and if ever the Supply people deserved credit it was then.

Over three hundred of these released French folk were admitted to our dressing station and everything possible was done to relieve their suffering. Several St. Olle cellars were made ready for them. We supplied them with blankets and they slept in safety for the first time in months.

Denain, and a New Commanding Officer ❧

We remained at St. Olle until October 23rd, when we marched to Monchecourt, a small town about eleven miles north of Cambrai. Here we remained, running a dressing station, until November 2nd when we marched east to Denain, a steel and mining city of about thirty thousand population.

In Denain we took over quarters in an old school building. The city had been captured by Canadian troops on October 20th, and, when we arrived, the townspeople had barely got used to the fact that the hated Hun had been driven from their city. The school building, we were informed, had been used by the Germans as a prison camp — and we could readily believe that the information was true. Every room, from attic to cellar, was in a terrible condition. Evidently the prisoners and their guards had been without latrine accommodation, for every hole, nook and cranny throughout the place presented the stinking evidence of a long and filthy tenancy. To our men fell the nauseating task of cleaning up the building and more than one man became violently ill during the first few days we were there. Many kind civilians came to our rescue, however, and took our fellows into their homes until the school was fit for human habitation.

Major Lomer had come to us as Officer Commanding and was now actively in charge. Orders were received for our unit to carry on a corps rest station in the school building, so further scouring and cleaning had to be done. Of course, the logical thing to have done was to use German prisoners for the dirty work involved. But no! We had the additional mortification of seeing hundreds of captured Huns marching past the school grounds or sitting at ease during a halt just the other side of the school-yard fence, while we were cleaning up the stinking filth left behind by their brothers-in-arms. This job, perhaps, was merely part of the price we paid for being Corps Troops, for such we now were, the Fourteenth Canadian Field Ambulance having temporarily taken our place with the Second Division.

Although we were not then aware of it, we had been in our last battle. There in Denain we remained while the Canadian Corps captured Valenciennes and pushed on to Mons.

From the day on which we entered Denain for the first time, the air was full of peace rumors and talk of an armistice; but

although every man-jack of us fervently wished the rumors were true, scarcely one of us actually believed that the war was so near its end. We all expected Fritz to back up to a stronger position near his own frontier or the Rhine, and hold us there during the coming winter. The oldtimers among us were the most skeptical of all. They had been in the war so long they were almost incapable of believing that peace was possible. War had become almost a normal condition to these men and they had heard so many false rumors and been gulled by so much faked propaganda it was going to be very difficult for them to ever again believe in anything.

In spite of our pessimism, however, we began to discuss with our closest pals what we hoped or would like to do IF the war ever did really end. Looking back now we smile when we recall how confident we were that the world was going to be a much finer place to live in than before the war. One of our chief delights was the contemplation of freedom from military restrictions. For more than four years many of us had put a lot of feeling into that old song about what our actions were to be *if ever we got out of the army!*

*When this blooming war is over,
Oh, how happy I will be;
When I get my civvy clothes on,
No more soldiering for me!
No more church parades on Sunday,
No more asking for a pass.
I will tell the sergeant-major
He's a blinkin' silly ass.*

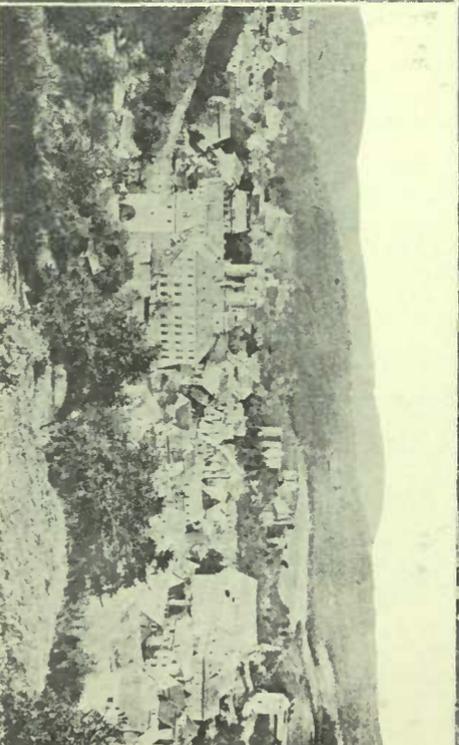
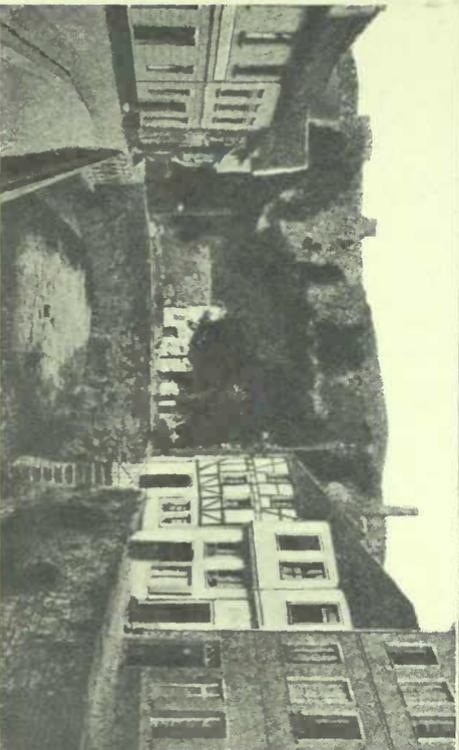
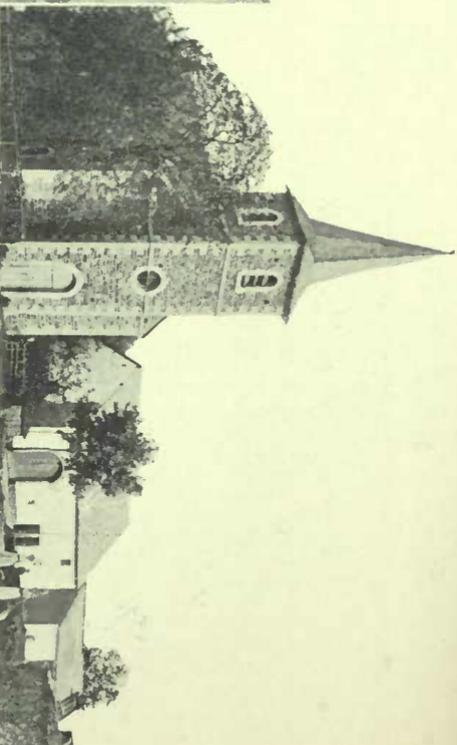
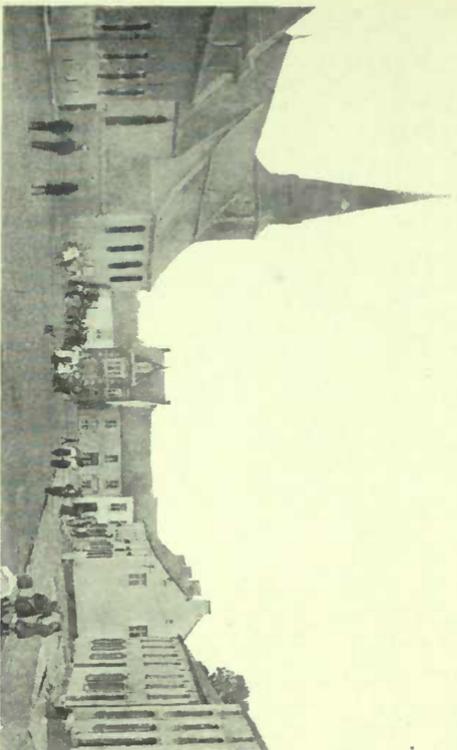
Once the dirty work in the schoolhouse was over, the men found life in Denain rather pleasant. The rest station duties were not very onerous. No serious cases were kept for treatment and the lads who did become our patients were so glad to be out of the war for a while, they insisted upon looking after themselves almost entirely.

The citizens opened their hearts and homes to everybody, so pleased were they to be free from the four-year grip of the hated Boche. The enemy had taken from them nearly all their mattresses, linen, brassware and metal, and there was not very much left in the way of household comforts for them to offer to our



OUR SOCCER TEAM

Standing: Rigby, Rich, Graves, Burgess, Sinclair, Sharpe, Hill.
2nd Row: McLean, Crompton, Thurston, Moore, Bridges, Clarke, Saunders, Thompson, Walker, Lickley.
3rd Row: Tribe, Hay, McKerror, Bryant, Shorrocks, Wood, Simpson.



1. Gouy-lez-Picton. The town square where we had our stores and fell in.

2. La Fosse, where we heard many stories about Hun atrocities.

3. Munsterfeld. White house in centre was scene of sausage comedy.

4. General View of Munsterfeld, showing hilly nature of country.

men, but what they had, they placed at our disposal. Who could ever forget the ravenous look in the eyes of those poor half-starved Denain folk when they saw for the first time our rations of white bread, fresh meat, cheese, butter and sugar! Most of them had almost forgotten what such food looked and tasted like, so long was it since they had seen any of it. And many's the happy dinner our lads enjoyed in Denain homes — meals toward which considerable of our army rations was contributed.

On Sunday, November 10th, President Poincare visited Denain, and Canadian troops formed his guard of honor. The citizens turned out en masse to greet their beloved President and the whole town took on a gala appearance. Hastily improvised flags, banners, tricolor rosettes, and bunting of the Allies' colors were festooned over doors and windows. The Mayor, M. LeFebre, received the President on the city hall steps. M. Poincare addressed the liberated citizens and tears ran down his cheeks as he informed the townspeople of conditions throughout France generally. It was dusk when he finished his address, and finally made his way to the railway station, escorted by the whole torch-bearing, singing, cheering populace.

During the President's reception on the city hall steps a despatch was handed to him, informing him of the final terms of the armistice and the almost certainty of those terms being accepted by the enemy and becoming effective on the following morning. While not making the contents of the despatch public, M. Poincare did inform the local officials that the news was of the best and that their martyrdom was nearly over.

That night there were lengthy and pessimistic discussions on the likelihood of the war ending next day. There was little enthusiasm, however, other than of that well-known sort which was roused by frequent and deep references to those old inspirers, *Vin Blanc et Vin Rouge*. Heavy movements of troops of all descriptions continued through the streets. Every available man, gun and lorry seemed to be going forward, so that, while inside the billets there might be talk of peace, in the streets outside there was the ever present panoply of war. Just about the time some oldtimer would become half convinced that an armistice was possible, there would come the sound of tramping feet, the rumble of limbers or the grinding of ammunition lorries — and it was painfully evident that there was still "a war on," and that

preparations were going forward to continue it. What then could an oldtimer do but have another drink and say that it was "just the same old Latrine Gazette bunk" and that he would be over there for "another seven years."

An Armistice at Last ~

The morning of November 11th brought low-hanging clouds and promise of rain. But the leaden skies neither dampened our spirits nor weighed down our hearts. As for the chances of an armistice becoming an actuality — most of us were "neutral." We had become hard-boiled fatalists and the common attitude was "If there's going to be Peace, let it come. We're here in a jake town; the people are treating us swell; we're eating regularly, sleeping comfortably, not working too hard, and drinking often — so we'll make the best of Today. Let Tomorrow bring what it may!"

Throughout the morning there were well substantiated reports that the war was over, but it wasn't until about three o'clock in the afternoon that official information reached our unit. Even then the news was so vague none of us placed too much credence in it. Early in the evening, however, there arrived full confirmation of the signing of an armistice; and even the oldtimers were at last convinced that it was possible for the war to be ended.

There was not much enthusiasm or rejoicing when we first received the news, however. Most of us were too dazed to fully appreciate the portent of the communiqués. About the uppermost thought in our minds was that the war was over and we were still alive — ALIVE! — could move about like human beings once more; could plan for the future with a modicum of certainty and expectancy of life; could throw off the dreadful fear, not of being killed, but of being blinded or otherwise horribly mutilated.

Some of our men merely sat about in small groups and discussed the possibilities of a reopening of hostilities and the probabilities of a march into Germany. Most of us, though, passed the evening of November 11th in our pet estaminet, at our favorite civvy fireside, or in writing letters home to say that we were safe.

The following day brought with it the first spirit of elation over the armistice. The sun shone brightly and the air was clear

and cold. It was like a Fall day "back home" and, for the first time, the lads realized to the full that Peace had really come and that it wouldn't be very long until they were home once more. All through the day there was gaiety in every face, voice and gesture. The townspeople were simply delirious with joy and the infection of their spirits quickly spread to the troops. All joined in a riotous celebration and "the sky was the limit" so far as discipline and military comportment were concerned.

In the evening the whole unit sat down to a special dinner in the large assembly room of the school. Additional food and beverages had been brought up from Arras and everybody had plenty. Major Lomer read to us the official terms of the armistice; and the evening (and many of the men) passed away quite pleasantly.

The name Denain shall always conjure up fond memories and thoughts in the minds of every Fifth man who was fortunate enough to be there. The town wasn't much to look at — only a plain, humble, somewhat drab sort of place. Dozens of ugly slag-heaps dotted its environs and its buildings bore ample evidence of the grimy dust which had for many years showered over the city. Civilians told us that the town's bessemer steel plant had been wantonly blown up by the Huns just before they were forced out of Denain by our troops. Another piece of childish vandalism committed by the thwarted enemy was the removal of Marshall Villars' statue. Only the stone base of this monument remained. Villars, who had saved France by defeating the Austrians at Denain in 1712, was the city's greatest hero and nothing could have hurt the townspeople more than the desecration of his memorial.

Denain also reminds us that it was while we were there two of our senior noncoms. nearly had a battle over some apples. While one of the noncoms. was away on leave a crate of excellent Spy apples arrived for him from Canada. Our mailman left the crate in charge of one of our most exalted sergeants, thinking that they were in safe hands and would be duly turned over to their rightful owner who was expected back within a day or two. The owner of the apples never saw one of them, however. When he rejoined the Fifth he discovered that his fellow noncom. had eaten them — except for some he had given away to a few of his cronies, who wondered at his suddenly acquired generosity.

No fist fight ensued, but the language around the sergeants' mess was terrible for a few days.

A Summary of the Last Phase

Following is a summary of the Canadian Corps' activities immediately prior to and during our stay in Denain: —

The Corps had changed position on October 11th, to sweep eastward on a ten-mile front south of Douai. The First Division carried the Canal de la Sensee and the fertile plain beyond. Mont Houy and Valenciennes (Pop. 35,000) fell on November 1st. The Corps pushed on, cleared the Foret de Raismes and crossed the flooded area bordering the Scheldt. Astride the long road to Germany the Corps followed hard for another twenty miles and on November 9th reached Mons. Before midnight next day our troops entered Mons and seized the commanding heights to the southeast. When the armistice supervened at 11 a.m., November 11th, the Line was five miles northeast of the town, beyond Boussoit, La Bruyere and St. Denis, by Casteau.

The armistice order was received by the troops in the Line in the early morning of November 11th. It read:

"Hostilities will cease at 11.00 hours November 11th. Troops will stand fast on the line reached at that time, which will be reported to Divisional H.Q.R.s immediately. Defensive precautions will be maintained. There will be no intercourse with the enemy of any description. Further instructions will follow."

The twenty major battles (apart from a great number of minor engagements) which have indelibly written the history of Canada's part in the war are as follows:

- 1915—Second Battle of Ypres, in April and May (St. Julien and Langemarck).
- 1916—Battle of St. Eloi, April 3rd to 19th.
 Battle of Sanctuary Wood and Hill 62, June 2nd and 3rd.
 Battle of the Somme, September, October and November.
- 1917—Battle of Vimy Ridge, April 9th to May 5th, including Battle of Arleux and Fresnoy, April 28th and 29th and May 3rd.
 Battle of Hill 70, August 15th.
 Battle of Passchendaele, October 25th to November 13th.

1918—Battle of Amiens, August 8th to 22nd.

Battle of Arras, including capture of Monchy-le-Preux, August 26th to 28th.

Capture of Boiry and Cherisy, August 27th to September 2nd.

Breaking of Queant-Drocourt Line, September 3rd and 4th.

Crossing Canal du Nord and capture of Bourlon Wood, September 27th to 29th.

Battle around Cambrai, October 1st to 9th (Cambrai captured 1.30 a.m. on 9th).

Battle of Douai, October 19th.

Battle of Denain, October 19th and 20th.

Battle leading to capture of Valenciennes, October 25th to November 2nd.

Advance leading to capture of Mons, November 7th to 11th.

According to General Currie's report:

Between August 8th and November 11th the Canadian Corps fired off over one-quarter of all the ammunition used by all the British armies on the Western Front in the same period.

From August 8th to October 11th, forty-seven German divisions had been engaged and defeated by the Canadian Corps — nearly one-quarter of the total enemy forces on the Western Front.

In the Arras battle, August 26th to September 4th, the Corps attacked on a front of 8,000 yards increased to 12,000 yards. It penetrated 20,000 yards, fought eighteen German Divisions, captured ninety-eight guns and 9,000 prisoners. Our casualties numbered 9,000.

In the Cambrai battle, September 27th to October 12th the Corps attacked on a front of 9,000 yards. It penetrated 30,000 yards, captured 120 guns and 9,000 prisoners, defeated thirteen German divisions reinforced by 13 enemy machine-gun battalions. Our casualties totalled 15,106.

Between August 8th and November 11th the Canadian Corps captured 31,537 prisoners, 623 heavy and field guns, and 3,178 machine-guns and trench mortars. Over 500 square miles of territory, 228 cities, towns and villages were liberated, including Cambrai, Denain, Valenciennes and Mons.

Between October 11th and November 11th the Corps had advanced to a total depth of over ninety-one thousand yards — 91,000 yards through a country in which the enemy had destroyed

railways, roads and bridges, and flooded large areas to impede our progress. Fighting was comparatively light up to the Scheldt Canal, but stiffened from then till the capture of Mons. Most of our final advance was in adverse weather.

Canadian Casualties
by years

1915.....	14,065
1916.....	53,100
1917.....	62,565
1918.....	60,241
	<hr/>
	189,971

Canadian Casualties
Aug. 8 to Nov. 15, 1918

Aug. 8 to Aug. 26.....	11,706
Aug. 26 to Sept. 5.....	8,999
Sept. 5 to Sept. 27.....	7,175
Sept. 27 to Oct. 12.....	15,106
Oct. 12 to Nov. 15.....	4,419
	<hr/>
	47,405

Canadian Casualties in Divisions during Final Hundred Days

Aug. 8 to Aug. 26	Aug. 26 to Sept. 5	Sept. 5 to Sept. 27
First..... 3,370	First..... 1,574	First..... 1,965
Second..... 2,691	Second..... 3,467	Second..... 1,269
Third..... 2,586	Third..... 2,718	Third..... 849
Fourth..... 2,797	Fourth..... 1,071	Fourth..... 2,929
Corps Tps.. 262	Corps Tps.. 169	Corps Tps.. 163
	<hr/>	<hr/>
11,706	8,999	7,175

Sept. 27 to Oct. 12	Oct. 12 to Nov. 15
First..... 4,124	First..... 429
Second..... 1,386	Second..... 1,743
Third..... 4,084	Third..... 554
Fourth..... 5,146	Fourth..... 1,502
Corps Tps.. 366	Corps Tps.. 191
	<hr/>
15,106	4,419

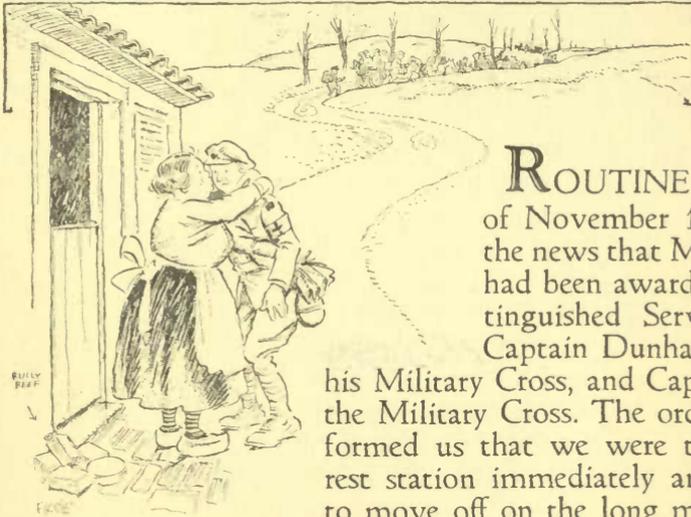
Total Canadian enlistments up to end of war, according to figures given by General Mewburn..... 611,741

CHAPTER EIGHT

There's a long, long trail a-winding, into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing and the white moon beams;
There's a long, long night of waiting,
Until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going
Down that long, long trail with you.

GERMANY, ENGLAND & HOME

(November 12, 1918, to May 19, 1919)



"Après la
Guerre!"

ROUTINE ORDERS of November 12th carried the news that Major Elliott had been awarded the Distinguished Service Order; Captain Dunham a Bar to

his Military Cross, and Captain Moses the Military Cross. The orders also informed us that we were to close the rest station immediately and be ready to move off on the long march to the

Rhine, as part of the Army of Occupation. The Hun was to be given a six-day start and was to maintain that interval between our troops and his. That distance suited us just fine. For many months we would have given almost anything to be a six-days' march away from Fritz and all his works!

The next two days were spent in packing up and getting ready for the move. Two days didn't give the lads much time to say their farewells to Denain friends and sweethearts but, with their customary efficiency and perseverance, they managed to get the sad job done. At 9.30 a.m., Friday, November 15th, we pulled out of Denain on our 250-mile march to the Rhine. Here is a brief summary of our marches and other activities during the ensuing few days:—

Friday, November 15th—Left Denain at 9.30 a.m. Arrived at Valenciennes about noon. Reached Quiévrecchain (Pop. 3,555) late in the afternoon. Weather fair. The townspeople informed

us that the Germans had operated a munitions plant there and that our aviators had repeatedly bombed the place — killing over seven hundred civilians but doing little damage to the munition factory. This day's march was twenty-four kilometres.

Saturday, November 16th — Left Quiévrechain at 10.30 a.m. Crossed Belgian frontier and continued on to Frameries (Pop. 12,000), southeast of Mons. Arrived in town in the evening and had good billets in private homes. We were greeted and acclaimed by the inhabitants all along the route. Improvised flags and bunting were strung from tree to tree and hung from house windows everywhere. Twenty kilometres was the distance we marched on this day.

Sunday, November 17th — Resting at Frameries. Civilians continued to treat us very hospitably. Clothing and kit inspections held. Orders received to turn in one-third of all equipment. Covelli returned from leave to Italy and brought with him some Italian wine for his friends — and got "crimed" by the Commanding Officer for being a couple of days late! Rations very scarce.*

Monday, November 18th — Marched off at noon to Houdeng-Aimeries. Passed through Mons, where the citizens gave us a very cordial welcome. This day's march was made rather unpleasant on account of the roads being blocked with marching troops and returning refugees. We arrived at our destination in the evening and were given billets in a convent hospital-school. No rations were received during the day. Shortly after our arrival the convent Sisters served hot soup to us. That night a public dance was given in our honor. It was held in the townhall and the dance floor was crowded with swaying soldiers and civilians. A balcony which circled the room was jammed with joyful spectators. Scarcely a cap-badge or tunic-button was left to our men after the belles of the town got through with their welcome. All had a wonderful time, and in spite of the fact that they had to go to sleep hungry, the fellows were fairly happy. The colonel's explanation of the food shortage was that railway bridges, tracks and roadbeds had been blown up and that trains couldn't get through. Routine Orders of the day informed us that Harry Fryday had been awarded the *Medaille d'Honneur*, a French decoration. The day's march was twenty-one kilometres.

*By nightfall of this day all the Allied armies had crossed the lines they occupied at the moment hostilities ceased.

A Real Mutiny At Last ~

Tuesday, November 19th — At Houdeng-Aimeries (Pop. 8,000). The men had no breakfast. The Commanding Officer refused to hear their complaints and ordered the whole unit "confined to barracks." A parade was called for 9 a.m. Not one man paraded. Another parade was ordered for 11 a.m., and only nineteen men answered roll call — all the other fellows had left camp. The Commanding Officer refused to see a deputation from the men, so *they* couldn't see the Commanding Officer. The Mother Superior of the convent again ordered hot soup served to our men, and they felt considerably embarrassed depriving the local civilians of food which the long-suffering townsfolk themselves so obviously needed. To add to the general discomfort, it rained hard all day.

Private Alex. Samuels, No. 536215, who had not been well for the previous few days, died.

Some of our men spent the evening and night in La Louviere (Pop. 20,150), about two miles southeast of Houdeng-Aimeries. There they saw the French townspeople raid a tobacconist's shop. The store front, windows, showcases and fixtures were smashed to bits and the raiders helped themselves to pipes, tobacco, cigarettes, and everything that was worth carrying away. We learned that the proprietress had been very friendly with the Germans during their four-year occupation of the town and that, just before our men arrived on the scene, the woman had been stripped naked, her head had been shaved close and she had been chased out of town. Many of our lads returned to camp with pipes and other booty.

Wednesday, November 20th — At Houdeng-Aimeries. Up to noon there were no rations for the men, so the mutiny continued. There was now a sort of fifty-fifty arrangement — no food for the men — no parades, drills or duties for the Commanding Officer. Finally, shortly past noon, the colonel consented to listen to the men's complaints. A delegation of two men from each Section paraded to the Commanding Officer and he heard plenty. Rations were obtained during the afternoon, and that night the men had their first decent meal in three days — and, no doubt, the colonel had his first decent sleep in three nights. Everybody was pleased when the trouble was settled.

This mutiny had been brewing ever since we left Denain. Rations had been scarce from our first day on the march and, to make matters worse, the Commanding Officer didn't seem to understand the temper of his new Command. His natural desire for a smart-looking unit for the march to Germany was quite understandable; but it caused him, perhaps, to forget the fact that the attitude of the men was: "Oh, hell, the war's over. We've done our stuff. Why should we have to go hungry?" Ours was not the only unit to suffer through lack of food. Railroad lines were certainly in an awful mess and what trains did get through the congestion were unable to meet the demand for supplies. Every unit in the area was short of provisions. *But* — we had plenty of cars which could have been sent for rations, if there had been the necessary foresight. The men saw our cars being used for joy-riding jaunts to nearby cities and felt that they might have been put to better use. Then, too, when the men first paraded to complain, the colonel's attitude could have been more conciliatory. He just wouldn't consider any arbitral settlement, so the men took the law into their own hands.

Thursday, November 21st — After an excellent breakfast the unit moved off at 9.30 a.m. We arrived at Gouy-lez-Pieton (Pop. 4,000) about 2.30 p.m. The men were billeted in private homes. The quarter-stores and headquarters details found quarters in the local schoolhouse. Here we experienced considerable difficulty getting our men into the townspeople's homes. The civilians seemed in deadly fear of us. Eventually we learned that the Germans had told these poor folk that Canadians were savage Red Indians who would scalp, cut off ears and commit other unmentionable atrocities. Most of the population was made up of women and children, so it is not to be wondered at that their reception was so strange. However, after we had been in town a few hours, the people thawed out and became exceedingly kind and considerate, and humbly apologized for their previous attitude toward us. When we finally left town they gave us a great send-off and there was scarcely a dry eye among them when they said goodbye. Our march this day was fifteen kilometres and the day was cold and wet.

Friday, November 22nd — Resting at Gouy-lez-Pieton. No parades except morning roll call. Many of the men spent the day hunting for *pommes de terre frites, les oeufs*, etc.

Saturday, November 23rd — At Gouy-lez-Pieton. Morning parade only. Tommy Dalton and George Graves awarded Military Medals. Nice weather. Many of the lads spent the day examining the intricate trench system and formidable wire entanglements Fritz had forced Belgian civilians and prisoners to build in this area. Evidently it had been his original intention to make another stand back here. In the afternoon the unit fell in and had a rehearsal of the march—past it was expected we would have to perform when we reached Germany.

Saturday, November 24th — Moved off at 10 a.m. to St. Amand (Pop. 1,500) a poor wretched little village straddling the Charleroi-Louvain railway line. The men billeted overnight in barns. Rations again became scarce. During this day's march we passed a corner where a sign read "to Quatre Bras," and we thought of Napoleon and Waterloo. Here, in St. Amand, the attitude of the townspeople made up somewhat for the shortcomings of the billets. Old men and women danced and shouted with joy as we marched into their village. Other Canadian troops had passed through before us so the people knew we were all right. St. Amand, too, had suffered very cruelly. Many of its inhabitants had been killed by German shell-fire and gas. The survivors hated the Hun with a ferocity almost beyond description. The day's march was twenty-three kilometres.

Monday, November 25th — Off at 9.30 a.m. to Isnes (Pop. 750), a poverty-stricken little farm village scrambled along four muddy crossroads. About twelve kilometres northwest of Namur. Billeted in farmhouses and barns — some of us in the school-house. This day's march had been very trying. It had rained since early morning and the footing on the muddy cobblestones was very bad. All along the route (twenty kilometres) we saw dozens of dead German horses and much abandoned war material, such as lorries, limbers, barbed wire and ammunition. Every horse bore traces of having been butchered for food. Invariably there was evidence that the tenderloins and other choice cuts had been hastily removed. One bright spot in this dreary day was a pay parade, shortly after we arrived. The evening was given over to estaminet parties and other indoor sports.

Tuesday, November 26th — At Isnes. "Resting." The men's marching of the previous day had displeased the Commanding Officer, so we were given some disciplinary drills and parades.

Wednesday, November 27th — At Isnes. Still “resting” — on drills, parades and kit cleaning. The people of the village were friendly enough, but their extreme poverty and misery made them appear almost bovine mentally. They had subsisted on next-to-nothing for over four years and malnutrition was very evident in their appearance and actions. The only time we saw any of them break through their mental fog was when Andy Patterson opened a Christmas parcel he had received from Canada. The parcel contained cakes, cigars, candy, tobacco, socks, etc., and when the poor people where he was billeted saw the contents, they behaved like starving children. Pat gave the old man some cigars and *tabac*, and the old lady and daughter some cake and candy. It had been four years since these poor unfortunates last saw anything like this, and they promptly broke down and sobbed as they clutched the little gifts to their breasts.

This same fellow Patterson was one of the few Fifth men who slept in a bed while at Isnes — and when we say “slept”, we mean SLEPT! About the middle of our last night in the village, Pat was sleeping so soundly he didn't hear the farmer's daughter enter his bedroom, tiptoe to his bed and kiss him long and passionately on the lips. He didn't wake even when she made her way to the kitchen to tend the laundry Pat had confided to her care the day before. After about a half-hour in the kitchen, the amorous mademoiselle returned to the bedroom and repeated the osculatory performance at additional length and with added intensity. Pat slept blissfully on and didn't awaken until the girl's caresses clogged his breathing apparatus. By the time he got his eyes opened he saw what he took to be a nightgowned ghost slipping out through the bedroom door. Early next morning the unit marched out of Isnes and Pat didn't mention his experience until many weeks had elapsed. He chose as confidant the identical sergeant who had been his bedmate during the delectable adventure. Pat was dumbfounded when he learned that his bed pal had been wide awake during the whole performance and had watched the rather lop-sided love scene through half-closed eyes. Pat's bedmate had been very much chagrined over the one-sidedness of the whole affair, particularly because Pat had slept next to the wall and it was necessary for the girl to lean over him to kiss the lips of the lucky staff-sergeant.

The Battle of the Barges 

Thursday, November 28th — Moved off early in the morning, during a heavy downpour of rain. Reached Namur about noon and had mid-day meal from unit soup-kitchen on one of Namur's business streets. During the morning the Fifth rejoined the Fifth Brigade. After lunch we marched on to Nameche (Pop. 1,450) a quaint little village on the River Meuse. Shortly after starting out we passed through a village named Beez, and in Nameche our men came upon booze — which very few passed! Here we fought what the lads called the "Battle of the Barges," owing to the fact that it was on some German barges they discovered a large quantity of very potent cognac, wine and rum. Some of the fellows got more than they could carry, so it was necessary to carry them and *their* loads in one of the general service wagons. A few fellows had appointments with the colonel for the next morning — if they could make it. The civilians throughout this district were very friendly. We were right in the heart of Walloonese Belgium at this time — in the Namur-Liege district where Fritz stubbed his toe so badly in 1914. Day's march, twenty-five kilometres.

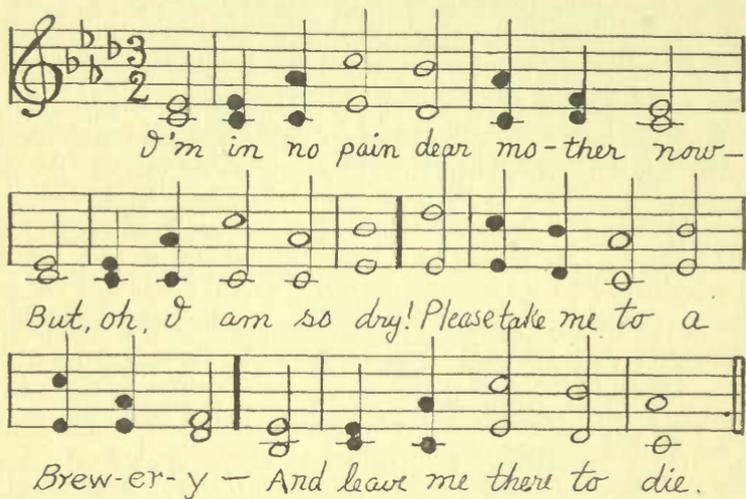
The manner in which the lads got away with the contents of the barges betrayed the fact that the ambition they had admitted so often in song was more than just a lyrical aspiration:

*So when I die, don't bury me at all —
Just pickle my bones in alcohol.
Put a bottle of booze at my head and feet,
And then my soul shall rest in peace.*

Friday, November 29th — Marched off early to Havelange (Pop. 1,640). The first part of the route lay parallel with the Meuse and was over roads which were inches deep with slippery mud. An hour or so after setting out, we struck off in a south-easterly direction. During the noon halt one of our barge battle prisoners treated his guard to some of the stolen rum. The guard got zigzag, the prisoner escaped, but we had the same number of prisoners at the end of the day — counting the ex-guard! The day's march was twenty-five kilometres.

The 22nd Battalion marched immediately in front of us throughout the day and we saw a Canadian staff car full of General officers whizz by and spatter mud over the tramping

infantrymen. The "Van-Doos" cursing and booing could be heard for miles. That night we billeted all over Havelange. Many of the boys were quartered (very appropriately!) in a brewery. One man's diary mentions that "it was a good place." Perhaps this was the brewery we had referred to so often in song since away back in 1914.



I'm in no pain dear mother now -

But, oh, I am so dry! Please take me to a

Brew-er-y - And leave me there to die.

Saturday, November 30th — Marched off at 11.30 a.m. to Petit Han. Captains Graham, Kirby and Wark took thirty men of our Nursing Sections to help a casualty clearing station. The unit still headed southeast and was now passing through a beautiful hilly country. The weather was somewhat clearer and the footing better. Our reception on this day was not very cordial. The "natives" impressed us as being rather pro-German. Quarter Stores people again had great difficulty in getting rations and supplies. The men's boots were going to pieces rapidly and only twenty pairs were obtainable from Supply Headquarters. This evening's communiqué informed us that all the invaded territories had been entirely re-occupied by the Allies. Day's march, twenty kilometres.

Sunday, December 1st — Reveille at 5.30 a.m.; moved off at 7.30 a.m. Joined the Fourth Brigade at Barveaux. Heavy frost during the previous night and a pouring rain during the day made the roads very slippery. We were now among the Ardennes hills. The wagons had to be man-handled up several steep grades.

Civilians encountered on this day were exceptionally friendly and helped us by pushing the wagons and by strewing ashes over the hills. This was the part of the country where wealthy Belgians did their hunting. Reached our destination, La Fosse, shortly before 5 p.m., but darkness had already set in. Rations very scarce. Billets good — particularly those of the Motor Transport Section, which were in a fine old hunting lodge at the top of a hill. Day's march, twenty-nine kilometres.

Monday, December 2nd — At La Fosse. Rained heavily all day and thick fog hung over hills and valleys. Men received an issue of rum! They spent the day indoors, cleaning equipment for the entry into Germany, and listening to stories about atrocities at La Fosse during the first few days of the German occupation. They were shown a place near the river's edge where many La Fosse folk had been ruthlessly shot down by the Huns in 1914.

Tuesday, December 3rd — At La Fosse. Cleaning equipment, shining buttons and preparing generally to impress the Germans with British army "efficiency."

Wednesday, December 4th — Up early and away, through a heavy driving rain and ankle-deep mud, to Honvelez. Heavy mists blotted out the scenery. One hill we climbed was said to be over two thousand feet above sea-level. We were all up in the air now and understanding our Commanding Officer somewhat better. Arrived at our destination well after dark. Were now only six kilometres from the German frontier. Day's march, thirty-one kilometres.

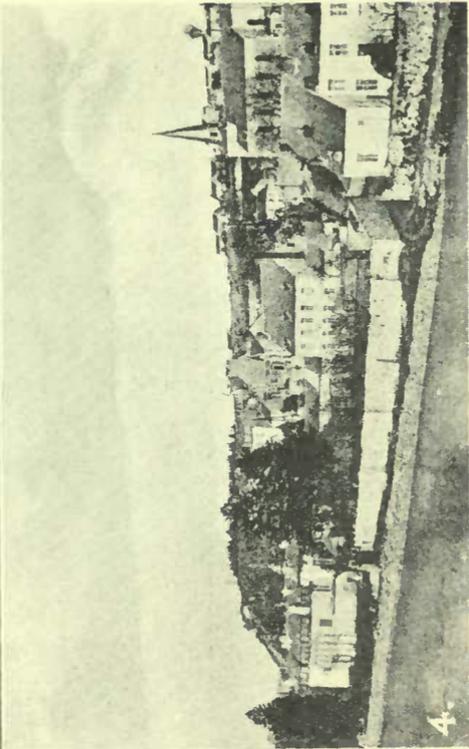
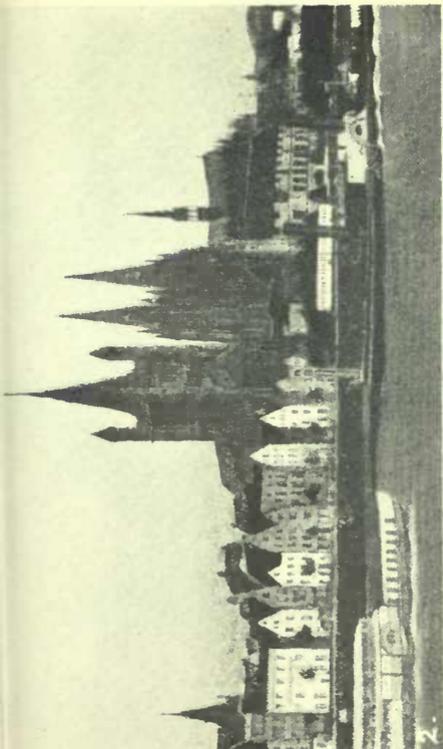
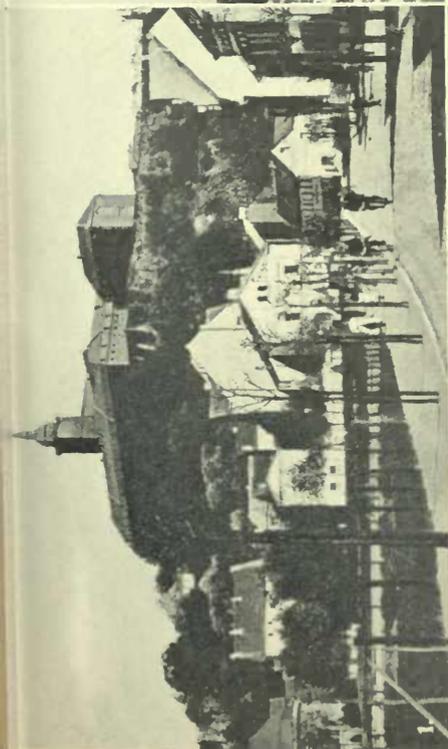
We Enter Germany

Thursday, December 5th — A bright clear day. Left Honvelez at 9.30 a.m. Crossed German frontier, at Beho, a small village about four miles north of the Duchy of Luxemburg, shortly before noon. Here we had our first glimpse of Hunland. While we inwardly exulted over our arrival in Germany we were neither inclined nor permitted to give much outward expression to our feelings. At the few peasants who stared sullenly from roadsides and fields we glared disdainfully and proudly, as befitted soldiers of a victorious army. The demeanor of the poorer Germans seemed to betoken more despair and fear than resentment. We

discovered that the attitude of the wealthier classes was undoubtedly one of hate, resentment and antagonism. Possibly they foresaw the breakdown of their age-long domination over the working classes. Conditions underfoot were very bad, but, fortunately, the march was comparatively short. At 2.30 p.m. we arrived at Thommen, where we stopped overnight — and where many of the lads took on a fresh supply of lice. Our billets simply ran with vermin. The townspeople kept discreetly out of our sight. Day's march, fifteen kilometres.

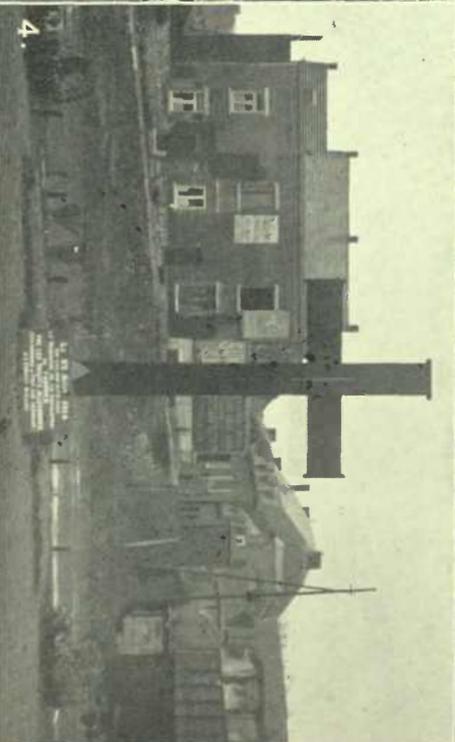
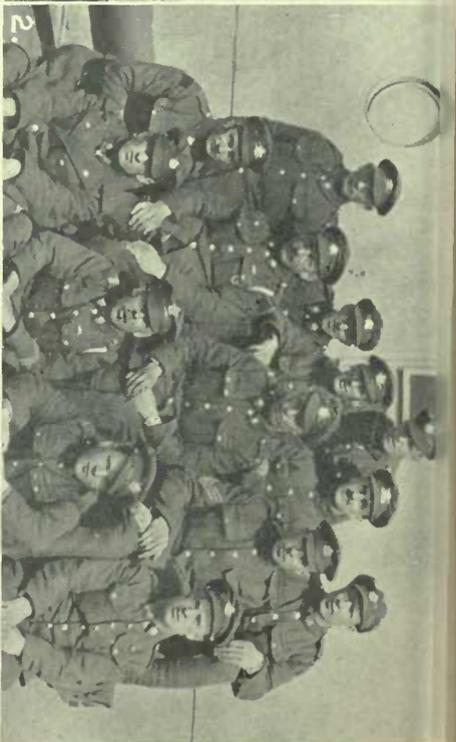
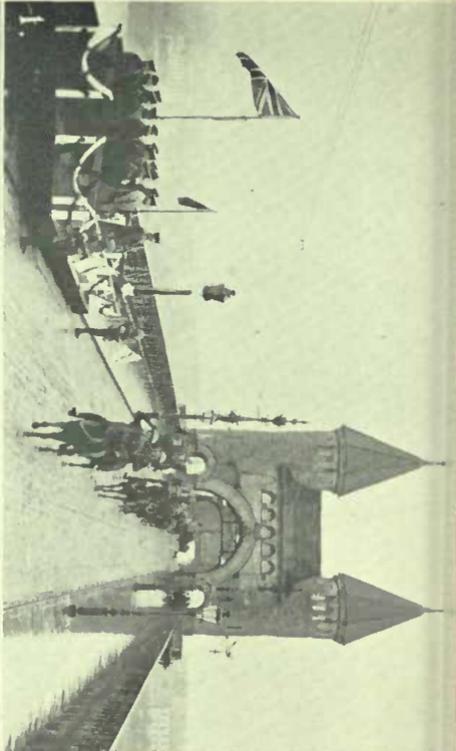
Friday, December 6th — We set out at 8 a.m. in a mist thicker than a quartermaster's breath. We had, too, the customary rain, so the roads continued very muddy and slippery. We were now in an exceedingly hilly country, and had changed direction, travelling sharply northeast. One hill, in particular, gave horses and men a very trying time. This hill was almost two kilometres long and seemed to go almost straight up. Again it was a case of man-handling wagons and ambulances. Here, once more, was evidence of the disordered German retreat. Dozens of dead horses lay strewn along the roadside, along with abandoned war material. These horses, too, bore signs of having had their most edible portions hastily removed. It was long after dark when we arrived at Manderfeld, where we billeted overnight in a Catholic hospital and chapel. The Quartermaster Stores occupied the convent laundry. The townspeople were very "cold" towards us but the Catholic Sisters could not have been more kind and considerate. The day's march was twenty-eight kilometres.

Saturday, December 7th — Up at 6 and away at 8 a.m. through low-hanging clouds and mist. Whenever the surrounding country was momentarily visible the scenery was exceptionally beautiful. We were now marching through the famous Stadtkill valley. Shortly after nightfall we reached our destination, Schmidtheim, a picturesque town about nineteen hundred feet above sea-level. Here the men were billeted in private homes, and the officers in a grand chateau. Quartermaster Stores took over the local school. The people here were genuinely Prussian in appearance and bearing. For the most part they were civil enough, but it was plainly evident that our presence was much resented. In this town were hundreds of discharged German soldiers and these men were well-behaved, respectful and friendly. We were now in the district to which wealthy Germans came for their hunting.



1. Siegburg. The sergeants celebrated in an hotel on top of the hill.
3. Putzchen. We billeted in the school on the right.

2. Cologne Cathedral and waterfront as seen from eastern side of Rhine.
4. Nameche, where we fought the "Battle of the Barges."



1. Second Division crossing Rhine at Bonn, December 13, 1918.
General Bursfahl leading. (Canadian Official War Photo)

2. Horse Transport Loads coming back on Minckhada.
3. Rhine Hotel, where we billeted in Godesburg.

4. Cross of Sacrifice on scene of Tamines Massacre.

Luxurious chalets and hunting lodges dotted the wooded hills. In the chateau our officers had the satisfaction of taking some of the pomposity and arrogance out of the count or baron who lived there. Day's march, twenty-four kilometres.

Sunday, December 8th — At Schmidtheim, resting. On this day one of the local Huns failed to pay proper respect to the colors of one of our Fifth Brigade battalions. The whole populace was rounded up and the man made to apologize publicly for the affront. This was one instance when German people were shown who won the war.

Monday, December 9th — Moved off at 8.30 a.m. Rained heavily all day. Because of the extremely heavy going the men's kits were carried by lorry. Arrived at Munstereifel, the largest German town we had been in up to this time. It was a very picturesque place, nestling between two large hills and with a mediaeval wall around it. The men were comfortably billeted in a girls' school, using the dormitories for sleeping quarters and eating their meals in the large dining-room. The German mark had now tumbled to seventy centimes, so our money bought less beer and wine than during the previous few days.

It was a search for good wine that brought some of the Motor Transport lads into contact with two very pompous German civilians. The two Huns were seated with a rather attractive girl when our lads entered an estaminet. Three full glasses were on the table, so our fellows lost no time in emptying them down their own throats. The two Germans were then forced to stand at attention while Hank Newell produced a flag (the Stars and Stripes!) from his hip pocket and, holding it before them, forced them to salute it. Then Jimmie Walker planted his boots into the seats of the Heinies' pants and propelled the two crest-fallen Germans out the bierhaus door. When it is remembered that Jimmy hailed from Lancashire there need be no fear that his footwork lacked force, accuracy and variety. The girl was quite willing to reward our fellows for their opportune interruption but, not being pro-German, they declined her advances.

That night Harry Hutchinson, Stan Dumont and a few other Motor Transport lads found themselves a billet in a sort of farm-estaminet, which was presided over by a big, fat, thick-necked German. The night was rather cold so our boys bunked themselves on the floor of the kitchen, where a nice hot fire was

burning in a cookstove. During the evening Harry and his pals noticed the German paying considerable attention to a steaming boiler on the stove so, as soon as the houseowner had gone to bed, the boiler's contents were investigated and found to be excellent sausages. Harry and the boys continued sampling the sausages till there was none left. Then they carefully replaced the boiler lid and laid themselves down to sleep, with the satisfaction of a pleasant job well done. Their sonorous snores commenced almost immediately.

Shortly after Reveille next morning the fat German was heard grunting and puffing his way towards the kitchen. Our fellows apparently paid no attention to him as he made his way directly to the stove. There he raised the lid of the boiler and immediately let out a string of "Achs, Gott in Himmels, Verdams," etc., and turned to upbraid the Motor Transport fellows. Strangely enough, just at that moment our men were in the act of cleaning their Colt Forty-Fives and the business ends of the weapons pointed in the direction of the spluttering Hun! With a startled grunt and a gasp that made his fat neck purplish, the terrified Hun threw up his hands and staggered from the kitchen. The Motor Transport lads heard him sobbing out his troubles to his haus-frau in the adjoining room but, when they emerged from the kitchen, he took one horrified look at the holsters on their hips and they never saw him again. Their final glimpse was of a terror-stricken giant, threshing his legs and arms down a back lane that led to the wide and open spaces beyond the walls of the town.

The march from Schmidheim to Munstereifel was twenty-six kilometres.

Tuesday, December 10th — Marched to Ippendorf. Set out at 9 a.m. A fine clear day. Shortly after starting we climbed a particularly steep hill that tried our endurance to the utmost. It was long after dark when we arrived at our destination. The men had very good billets in private homes and found the people more friendly. Most of the households had lost menfolk during the war, so the townspeople were very bitter in their attitude toward the Fatherland's leaders and upper classes. We were now only a short march from the Rhine. A few of our fellows were billeted in the nearby village of Rheinbach. The day's march was thirty-two kilometres.

We Reach the Rhine ~

Wednesday, December 11th — Moved off at 9 a.m. to Godesburg, a beautiful city right on the edge of the Rhine. Here the men were quartered in the Rhine Hotel, situated on a promontory of the river bank. It had rained heavily all day so the fellows were glad to remain indoors during the evening and avail themselves of the almost-forgotten luxury of steaming-hot baths. There was an abundant supply of hot water, towels, clean bed linen, etc. The hotel proprietor was plainly not in harmony with his compulsory guests but he was obliged to make the best of things as we overran his establishment, mingling with his many wealthy Prussian guests and helping ourselves to whatever we needed. Many of the hotel towels, serviettes and pillow-slips accompanied us when we eventually took leave of the hotel.

The few who went to look around the town found Godesburg a very interesting city. It had a population of about fifteen thousand and possessed the ruins of a castle that was at one time considered the outstanding example of eleventh-century fortress architecture. From the hill on which the castle ruins stood we could see, to the southeast, the famous Drachenfels, or Dragon's Rock, where Siegfred slew the dragon. It was from the Drachenfels mountain that the stone for Cologne cathedral was quarried. Day's march, twenty kilometres.

Thursday, December 12th — "Resting" at Godesburg. Continued to rain heavily. Everybody stayed indoors, shining equipment for the march across the Rhine the following day. Had a great time turning water taps and electric lights on and off, this being their first opportunity to enjoy such conveniences since many a long day. Here, too, the lads had their first real chance to talk over their experiences on the long march to the Rhine. One conclusion nearly everybody arrived at was that Sergeant-Major Wilson or "Joey," as the boys called him, was one who had most thoroughly enjoyed the long tramp. Whenever a proud Prussian civvy neglected to doff his hat while our unit marched by, Joey was off his horse like a shot, and the disrespectful Hun's headgear was ripped from his head and trampled into the mud. Then Joey would plant the heavy toe of his boot in the middle of Fritz's backside and show him in no uncertain manner that there was a certain amount of deference and respect due the

first-class warrant officers of a conquering army. And, somehow, or other, Joey's meagre sixty-one inches of height didn't prove the least handicap when he tackled six-foot offenders. Joey's aim was deadly.

Friday, December 13th — Those Germans who believed in the ill portent of Friday the Thirteenth were vindicated on this day — the day appointed for the Allied Armies' march across the Rhine. In a drenching rain our unit moved off at 11.30 a.m. and marched to Bonn. Here, wearing steel helmets (straps on point of chins), and without packs, greatcoats or raincoats, we crossed the Bonn bridge. General Currie stood at a saluting base near the eastern end of the bridge, where we gave him "Eyes Right" — and felt very sorry for him standing there in the rain. We continued on to Putzchen, a village of about forty residences, two tiny school-houses, a church and an asylum. Here the men, soaked to their skins, slept on the bare floors of the schoolhouses — in spite of Foch's definite instructions that the men of the Army of Occupation were to have good beds. When it is remembered that the month was December, it will be realized that sleeping on bare floors and in wringing-wet clothing had its drawbacks. Some of the fellows complained at the time — and were informed that the billeting officer just couldn't bear to put the men into the local private residences. He felt that "it wouldn't be right to put ordinary soldiers into such fine homes as those!"

The night before the Fifth marched off to Bonn it was joined by two of our bearer sergeants who had left about three weeks previously to attend a courtmartial, back near Mons. It appears that when they reported at the Mons orderly room they were informed that the case was closed. The men to be tried had been killed in action during the final hours of the war. Passes (post-dated three weeks) were given to the two sergeants and they started back to their unit — via Brussels, Waterloo, Charleroi, Louvain, Liege, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Godesburg, Bonn, Coblenz and many other towns and villages throughout Rhenish Germany. It is quite possible that they would have been going yet, if they had been able to get enough to eat and drink. At Waterloo they were the proteges of the proprietor of the Inn where Wellington wrote his victory despatches. In Brussels they were looked after by the French Chasseurs' headquarters staff. At Louvain the organist of the ruined cathedral insisted that they remain as his guests for

a few days; and at a civic reception to French Blue Devil regiments they stood with the civic dignitaries on the reviewing stand while the Chasseurs paraded past! In Liege, the City of Bridges, they were looked after (and for!) by an ultra-conscientious and very parade-ground Imperial liaison officer. At Aix-la-Chapelle they were taken to the bosoms of another French Chasseur regiment and looked on while their brother shock-troopers forced a pompous Hun station-master to climb to the top of the railway station and set the clock according to French time. At Aix-la-Chapelle they shared, too, in the warmth generated by a burning German freight train — set afire by their French buddies when the local Burgomaster failed to supply fuel for the station stoves. In Cologne they registered at a first-class hotel and, after an excellent breakfast next morning, left — without settling their bill. In Bonn they were so far ahead of the oncoming Canadians, the Burgomaster mistook them for a reconnoitering party and insisted upon them accepting the city's hospitality, and resting overnight in Bonn's leading bierhaus. In Godesburg the custodian of the castle took them to his heart and family table. Everywhere they went, from the time they reached the Rhine, an armed patrol of the newly-formed civic guards followed them, to protect them from harm and insult. We do not know what yarn they told to impress the flustered officials, but it must have been a good one. They were far in advance of the marching Canadians, so Fritz possibly mistook them for Intelligence men. *Intelligence men!*

December 14th to 17th — We remained at Putzchen, with nothing to do except drill, physical training, and fatigues; and attempted to dry our clothes. Meanwhile, we failed to understand why the homes of the villagers were too good for us.

December 18th — Moved forward to the twin villages of Vilich and Geislar, with headquarters at the latter place.

December 19th to 31st — At Vilich and Geislar. A. and C. Sections and Transport men at former place, while B. Section remained at Geislar, running a small first-aid hospital in an orphanage institution. B. Section billeted in an adjoining building, while our officers took over luxurious quarters in a nearby chateau. In Vilich the men were billeted in private homes. An inter-communal beer hall about halfway between the two villages served as mess-room for the whole unit.

After once becoming settled, it became apparent to the Fifth that theirs was to be a life of ease for an indefinite period. There was an immediate let-up in discipline and, with very few men required for duty at any one time, group excursions in either direction along the Rhine became the common portion. A short distance up the river was Cologne, while downstream lay Coblenz, headquarters of the American Army of Occupation. Either city could be reached by boats and trolley cars. The roofs of the trolley cars were equipped with spring-brackets extending the full width of the cars. Contact with the power line was made by these bracket-arms, instead of by pole-and-wheel trolley such as in use in Canada. These brackets ensured that no "jumping" took place as the cars raced at high speed around curves and over intersections.

About the only parades we had were pay parades and bathing parades. The bath-house was in Bonn, and we have a hazy recollection of one parade when our lads discovered a store of German underwear in a nearby building. They quickly got in touch with our Motor Transport and, in less time than it takes to tell, the whole store of clothing was removed to the Fifth's billets across the river. Much of the underwear was issued to the men but there was plenty left over to trade off to the civvies for beer, Rhine wine and other luxuries.

The men, for the most part, were left to their own devices and, before long, the remote attitude of the German people showed signs of relaxing. When, eventually, the unit left for Belgium, en route home, the people turned out in crowds to see us off; and there was many a tear visible on the cheeks of matrons and maids alike. It was very evident that, although we had sometimes shown the populace who won the war, we had, on the whole, made a good impression — on at least one portion of the civilian population.

Cologne, of course, was the largest city in our area but, excepting the famous cathedral, there was little in the city to attract our men. Bonn, though, proved rather fascinating to most of us on account of its being a famous university city, the birth-place of Beethoven, and the scene of some of Marlborough's greatest exploits. The Bonn bridge, too, was considered the most beautiful of all the Rhine bridges. And, by the way, our march across this bridge on the 13th of December was regarded as of

more historical significance than our crossing of the German frontier. Coblenz, farther south, was in the American area and, although many of the fellows went down there, they never enthused over its attractions.

We Celebrate Our Fourth Christmas ~

On Christmas Day the men had their best dinner since 1914. In the evening we had the Y-Emma Concert Party to amuse us and we entertained *them* so well they had to be carried back to Bonn in our motor ambulances. Pat Rafferty's song "Apple Dumplings" was the hit of the evening. For once our men had more than they could eat, and more rum sauce than plum pudding. As at every Christmas dinner, the noncoms. waited on the men's tables and had their own dinners afterward. The Sergeants' menu was as follows:

SERGEANTS' MESS MENU

Vilich-Geislar, Germany — Christmas Day, 1918

FISH

(*Rhineland Bloater*)

SOUP

(*Gott Mitt Uns Mystery*)

MEAT

Dressed Roast Pork with Apple Sauce

(*Schwein mitt der clothes on*)

VEGETABLES

Potatoes	Cabbage	Turnips	Carrots
(<i>Der Kaiser</i>)	(<i>Der Klown Prinz</i>)	(<i>Hindenburg</i>)	(<i>Tirpitz</i>)
(All easily digested)			

PUDDING

Ye Goode Olde Englyshe Standbye

(with Rhine Wine Sauce)

DESSERT

Custard	Jelly	Peaches
(<i>Nach Berlin</i>)	(<i>Hapsburg Dynasty</i>)	(<i>Hohenzollern</i>)
Pastry	Biscuits	Cheese
(<i>Armistice</i>)	(<i>Kultur</i>)	(<i>Blockade</i>)

FRUITS

Oranges	Apples	Dates	Nuts
(<i>Alsace</i>)	(<i>Lorraine</i>)	(<i>Abdication</i>)	(<i>Heligoland</i>)

GOD SAVE THE KING

New Year's Day came and went without anything particular happening, except that some of our troops expressed their sense of humor by decorating the famous statue of William the First, which stood in the Kaiser-Platz at Bonn. When the proud burghers came out for their morning promenade in the Platz they were horrified to find their beloved Wilhelm wearing a bedroom pot instead of his customary *picklehaub*, and with a manure-covered stable broom in his right hand, instead of a sword. Barnyard straw protruded from his imperial nostrils, and an immense weiner was stuck between his lips. We should like to mention some of the other indignities heaped upon the statue, but must refrain. The escapade had one regrettable result, however: From that day on, a twenty-four-hour guard of Canadian infantrymen was posted over the statue — to show the sackers of Louvain that our generals didn't approve of insults to the statues of dead Huns!

On January 5th the Sergeants of the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Field Ambulances celebrated with a Victory Dinner. A hotel in Siegburg was commandeered for the occasion and about sixty senior noncoms. participated. That the affair was a huge success was proven by the repercussions that followed the affair. The owner of the hotel — a typical Prussian ex-officer — reported that he had been forced to stand at attention while the merry-making noncoms. sang "O Canada," "Mlle. from Armentieres," "When We've Wound Up the Watch on the Rhine," and other patriotic songs; that his best cut-glass service had been used by the sergeants to drink their wine while he was compelled to stand at the salute, with a tin cup full of beer in his left hand, and drink to the health of The King, Madame Machine Gun, Maconachie Bob, the Soap Box, the Cambligneul Chocolate Girl, and other celebrities; that his magnificent grand piano was pushed halfway over the balustrade that looked down upon a rocky cliff about three hundred feet below the ballroom balcony; that he was forced to wait on table, serve drinks, clean dishes, and light cigarets and pipes for his unwelcome guests; that the noncoms. had grabbed up chairs, wall trophies and other weapons and chased many high German dignitaries from their hotel rooms; that they had put a rather blotto sergeant-major into a bathtub, turned on the water and gone away — nearly drowning the sergeant-major and flooding the floors of the hotel's best suite.

Everybody knew that the Prussian's complaints were groundless and that he was simply peeved because Germany lost the war. Who ever knew our sergeants to work as hard as his report indicated? "They just couldn't have been Fifth noncoms.!" was the decision of our officers, and the hotelkeeper's complaints were thrown out.

On January 7th orders were posted informing us that Major Burgess had been awarded the Order of the British Empire and also Mentioned in Despatches.

On January 22nd orders arrived for us to move back into Belgium on the following day. None of us was sorry.

Our stay across the Rhine hadn't been quite the glorious event we had anticipated it would be. For one thing, the German people did not appeal to us like the French people had done. They were a different race entirely. They hadn't the same verve, dash, or that intangible something possessed by our Gallic friends and, although they were kind and obliging, we found ourselves unable to take them to our hearts. There were, of course, individual exceptions, but generally speaking, we and they didn't quite "fit in."

Captain Alex Elliott, brother of the major who had left us the day after we crossed the Rhine, was one in particular who never did get to understand the Hun's mentality. And his understanding wasn't improved at all when he was one day leaning on his cane on the Bonn Bridge. Along came a Heinie practical joker and knocked the supporting cane from under the contemplative dental officer. Down went the captain on the seat of his breeks and away went the laughing Boche. But Elliott was up and after him immediately and, catching up with him, showed him that even if a Canadian officer lacked a good understanding of German mentality he did possess an effective underpinning in the form of two heavy-soled number ten boots. After applying those boots where they did the intellect of the pleading square-head the most good, the captain turned him over to the military police.

Another bit of German Kultur we couldn't savvy was that long winding alley just a stone's throw from the Cologne cathedral. This narrow tortuous street of sin was about three-quarters of a mile in length, eight feet wide from house to house — and the Lord only knows how deep in the ways of iniquity and

depravity! There must have been thousands of girls in those five-storey stone tenements, and it was as much as a soldier's life was worth for him to attempt to navigate alone and after dark through that awful alley. During the first few days of the Occupation the girls actually poured into the street attempting to drag men into the houses. And all the time the surging masses of fallen women were in the street scarcely a stitch of clothing covered their ugly nakedness. Here, within speaking distance of one of the world's oldest Christian cathedrals, human souls were for sale for three marks. What a sad commentary upon the cleansing virtues of a church whose centuries-old influence hadn't been able to eradicate those terrible temples to uneasy virtue which existed and thrived within a few steps of its own proud doors!

After we had been on the Rhine a few days the Allied Command took over control of these bagnios, and some of our unit doctors had the questionable privilege of sorting out and sending hundreds of the unfortunate women to hospitals. Guards were then mounted over the street and from then on it was "out of bounds."

We were still in Germany when word reached us that Colonel Kappel and Major Elliott had been awarded bars to their Distinguished Service Orders.

One highlight of our Rhine stay occurred in Cologne: There was a high-class trolley service from that city to Bonn, and our men depended on it for transportation back to their billets when returning from a day spent there "on pass." The trolley service ceased at midnight, however, and unfortunately some of our lads found themselves marooned in Cologne one night, with no means of getting back to their billets. Somebody had a bright idea: "Commandeer a trolley car!" No sooner said than done. Although it was about 2 a.m., our resourceful "other ranks" made their way to the car barns. Only a maintenance man was in the building, and he was compelled to release a car and switch power onto the lines over the route to Bonn. After that, the quaking barn man was locked in a clothing locker, and one of our lads took over the trolley car controls, his pals piled aboard and away they went. How they ever negotiated the correct curves, sprang the right switches, and finally pulled up in Bonn, not even they could remember or explain, and if it had not been for the terrible hullabaloo raised by the Germans and our own

authorities we might have thought the whole escapade a wild dream or the result of an over-indulgence in Rhine wine and seltzer. Fortunately the resourceful trolley riders were never identified by the powers-that-were.

We Say Farewell to Hunland ~

At 3 p.m., January 23rd, the Fifth packed up and marched to Siegburg, where it entrained and travelled until eight o'clock the next night. The distance travelled was comparatively short, but the weather was cold, the trains filthy, and the accommodation decidedly unsatisfactory. At eight o'clock the men detrained and climbed aboard busses and rode all night. Just as day was breaking they arrived at Auvelais, a mining town of about ten thousand population, situated on the River Sambre and about halfway between Charleroi and Namur. Here they tumbled out of the busses and made their way to billets in houses scattered throughout the upper portion of the town. For the rest of the day they lay around, sleeping the untroubled sleep of the just, the pure and the brave.

On January 28th Routine Orders informed us that Sergeant W. E. (Pierpont) Morgan, an "original" from Toronto, had been awarded the Meritorious Service Medal.

The people of Auvelais received us with open arms and hearts. We were now in the region where Fritz had gone berserk in the early days of the war — the intensely patriotic Sambre-Meuse district where many hundreds of civilians had been martyred to the cause of kultur. Liege, Dinant, Tamines and dozens of other towns and villages had witnessed the brutal butchering of helpless old men, women and children during those terrible August days of 1914, when this part of Belgium had bravely protested the ravishing of their beloved country.

In Auvelais we met several survivors of the Dinant and Tamines massacres and from them heard first-hand evidence of what they had been through. In Tamines alone three hundred and eighty-three were killed and ninety-eight wounded. These figures include men, women and children, ranging in age from one year to eighty-nine years. These poor victims weren't killed during a bombardment or a battle. They were ordered out of their homes and herded together in the local Grande Place, with

their backs to the Sambre River. Machine guns were mounted before them and they were mowed down like so much grain. Those who weren't killed in the first rain of bullets were forced to stand erect and be shot down by successive bursts of fire. Even the local priests were not spared. Six hundred and thirteen citizens in all were fired upon, but one hundred and thirty-two escaped by crawling under the fallen bodies of their fellow citizens, or by jumping into the Sambre and swimming to freedom under cover of the gathering darkness. When the machine gunners stopped firing, riflemen with bayonets and clubbed rifles went over the scene of carnage, finishing off those who were merely wounded. The next day other natives of the district were rounded up and forced to dig an immense pit and bury the dead. The Germans' only excuse for the terrible butchery was that the civilians had fired on them as they battled with some French outposts for the bridge over the river. The truth of the matter is that a mere handful of French soldiers had held up the Huns and prevented them from crossing the Sambre for many hours, and the exasperated Boche "took it out" on the helpless citizens. The claim that these poor people had fired on the Germans was without the slightest foundation for, on the approach of the enemy, the mayor and curé had collected all the arms and ammunition in town and stored them under lock and key in the town hall.

Some of our men were actually billeted in the homes of survivors of this tragedy and with them visited the scenes of the massacre, and there could be no doubt about the horrible truth of the whole sad affair. This was our first (and only) direct contact with victims of Hun atrocities and the evidence they supplied was indisputable.

Throughout the whole long length of the war Auvélais had been in the hands of the enemy and he had worked its mines to the limit. Every able-bodied man had been forced down into the pits, while women, girls and elderly men were impressed for the hauling and loading work above ground. In this town the German was hated fiercely and relentlessly and we were regaled with many stories of secret revenge taken on some of the brutal invaders. In addition to the mines, Auvélais possessed a glass factory and a thriving Amianth weaving industry of which great things had been expected until war brought its development to a sudden stop in 1914.

Many of the men suffered a rather serious shortage of money during the long stay at Auvelais. Wine and song cost considerable lucre, but some of the lads sacrificed parts of their uniform and equipment to the good cause. More than one lad was seen with a pair of riding breeks, a pair of boots, a suit of underwear, or some other article tucked under his greatcoat — on his way to purchase beer, cognac, or the temporary affection of some lady fair. We have in mind a certain little A. Section corporal who one night slaked a beautiful thirst with the proceeds from the sale of a brand-new pair of boots. It is said that he came back to his billet this particular night on his hands and knees, so the boots were excess equipment anyway.

While at Auvelais many of us planned what we were going to do when we arrived back home. Of one thing we were all determined, and that was that we would eat when we were hungry, come and go as we wished and, above all, we would sleep as late in the morning as we desired. A song to which the Yanks had introduced us expressed our sentiments very clearly:

*Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning
Oh, how I love to remain in bed;
For the hardest blow of all
Is to hear the bugle call:
"You've got to get up, you've got to get up,
You've got to get up, this morning!"
Some day I'm going to murder the bugler;
Some day they're going to find him dead;
I'll amputate his Reveille
And step upon it heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.*

The Motor Transport lads had some great times in Auvelais. They used their schoolhouse billet as a strategic strongpoint from which they manoeuvred into (and away from) many a battle with other troops in the neighborhood. We remember one dark night when Harry Fryday and Johnny Hay felt the urge for additional liquid refreshment and excitement. It was long after midnight when they made their way to the main street, where they espied a ray of light escaping from the closed shutters of their favorite estaminet. They were acquainted with a young lady who lived in the establishment, so they thumped on the front door and asked to get in. The door was cautiously opened and

the two Motor Transport lads attempted to enter. Their intrusion was resented, however, by five Twenty-Fourth Battalion officers who, apparently, had settled there for an all-night party.

A battle started. The front door was ripped from its hinges. Fryday, Hay, the five officers and the door fell into the street and a regular Donnybrook ruction was on. One or two of the officers went down in the first onslaught, and away went the two Motor Transport fellows for their own battleground at the schoolhouse. Fryday's fists and his parting insinuation that the officers were "square-headed b——s" roused their opponents to fever heat and they quickly took up the chase. We don't remember what happened to Johnny Hay, but we do know that Fryday hid behind an ambulance while four of the officers went into the schoolhouse to hunt for him. One officer meanwhile stood guard at the school gate. Harry was upon the lone sentry in less time than it takes to tell, and down went the officer.

Out rushed the four officers and, locating Fryday backed up against a wall on the opposite side of the street, they made a wild rush at him. Of course, all were full of firewater so it wasn't long before they lost contact with Fryday. Harry then made his way into the schoolhouse and crawled into his bunk — forgetting to remove his cap and boots. The infantry officers entered, found him and took his name, number, etc., and promised to have him courtmartialled at the earliest possible moment.

No courtmartial took place, however. All concerned realized that the whole affair was just a bacchanalian brawl and decided to let it go at that. Two weeks later, Fryday and Hay were passing the same estaminet and, seeing two officers hammering at the door, ventured over and asked the way to a nearby town. While one officer was directing them, the other looked them over somewhat pointedly. "Isn't your name Fryday?" he asked. "Yes," answered Harry, anticipating another battle. "Well, Fryday, come over to the Twenty-Fourth officers' mess sometime, give the password and enjoy a swell evening." Harry's face took on its well-known Irish grin. "What's the password?" he enquired. "FRYDAY," was the reply. The four soldiers thereupon shook hands and parted. The invitation was never accepted, for our Division moved out of Auvelais soon after. Just as well, perhaps. Another melee might have started. You can't tell what might happen when a wild Irishman gets a drink under his belt!

This, of course, wasn't the first scrap in which a lady's favors were a factor. Over a period of many months we saw several battles for the smiles of back-of-the-Line wenches who wouldn't have been given a second glance under peacetime conditions. However, we know of only the one scrap in which Fifth fellows were involved. An old army song tells, no doubt, the story of many of those girls who gave their hearts to the soldiers:

*Après la guerre fini,
Tous les soldats parti;
Les desmoiselles beaucoup pleuri,
Après la guerre fini.*

We stayed in Auvélais for a little over two months and, in spite of our longing to get home, the stay was rather pleasant. Various recreational activities were instituted and study classes were formed. The men had little to do and most of the time was given over to social pleasures. The local theatre was opened and several French and Belgian theatrical troupes entertained us. Many of our own concert parties put on shows for us and occasionally we put on a show of our own.

About the only Section to drop into regular duties was C, Section, which supplied twenty men to the Twenty-Sixth Imperial Casualty Clearing Station in Namur. An influenza epidemic had hit the troops quartered in the Namur area and the Fifth were appealed to for help. Sergeant Woodburn was in charge of the party from our unit and their stay with the Imperials was of about six weeks' duration. Our fellows made a great hit with the casualty clearing station personnel and received a very hearty vote of thanks and send-off when the time came for them to return to the Fifth. The casualty clearing station was located in the military hospital at Namur and our fellows were well treated by the Imperials and citizens.

Many balls and dances were held in our honor during the stay in Auvélais. The Fifth Brigade gave a "Grand Bal d'Adieu" in the local theatre on March 24th. To say that a good time was had by all is putting it too mildly. Our lads carried the local belles right off their feet in more ways than one. It was a great night for those who could dance the rapid whirl-'em-around dances, so popular in Europe. Among others, Covelli, Restivo, Dean Wilkins, Pier Morgan and Sam Woodburn were

right in their glory and gave mesdemoiselles Germaine, Marie, Alyce and other pretty Auvelais girls, heartflutters they must still remember.

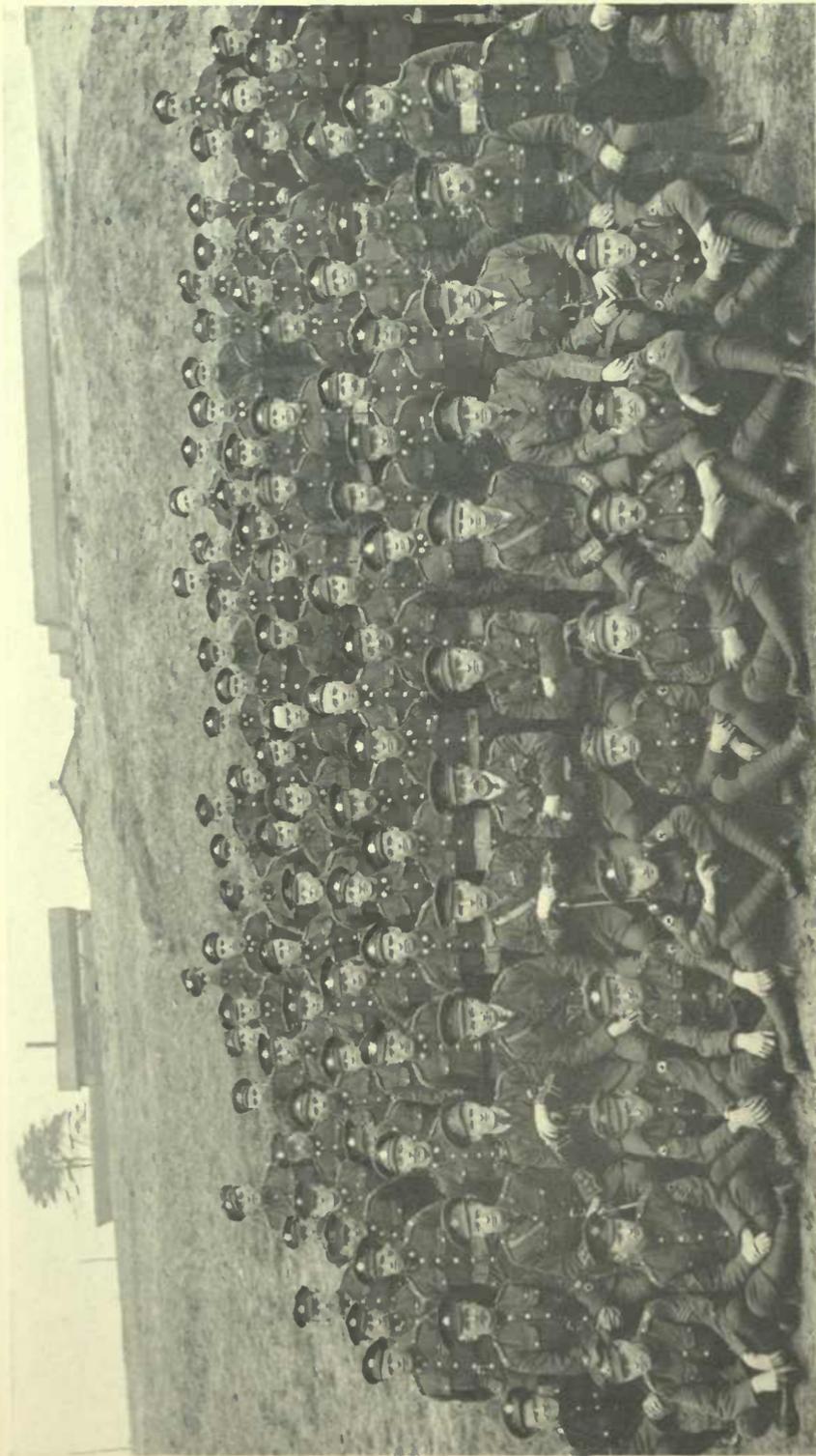
One More Commanding Officer ~

To Major Treleaven, who had become our Officer Commanding on March 6th, fell the task of getting the unit ready for the trip back to the Base. From the date of his taking over there had been much activity towards preparing for the next move toward home. Occupational lists were made out and Dispersal Area data arranged. The names of married men were registered and, by the time the orderly room clerks got through with us, they knew how, when, where and why we were born, whom our great great grandfather's sister married and how many children she had by her first husband — if any! They knew the color of our eyes, hair, skin, teeth, and the tint of our political beliefs. If they could have read our thoughts at that time we should all have been put down as "Reds" for, if ever soldiers were fed up on red tape and militarism, we were. They encouraged us to register for 160-acre plots of Northern wasteland and we've often wondered since who is working those wonderful fairyland farms a benevolent Ottawa so kindly envisioned for us.

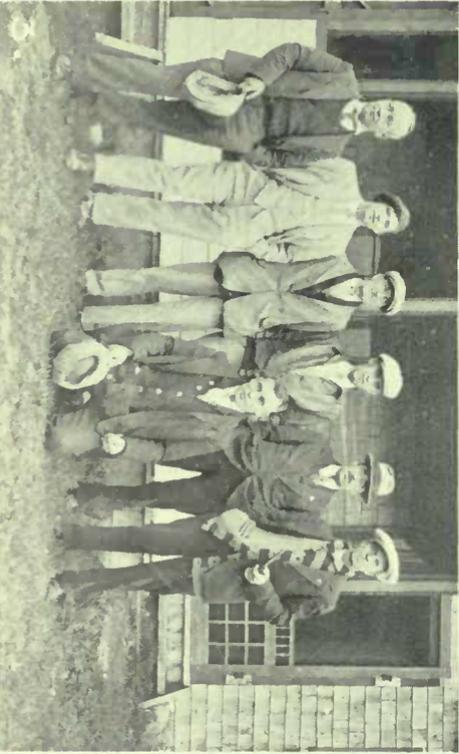
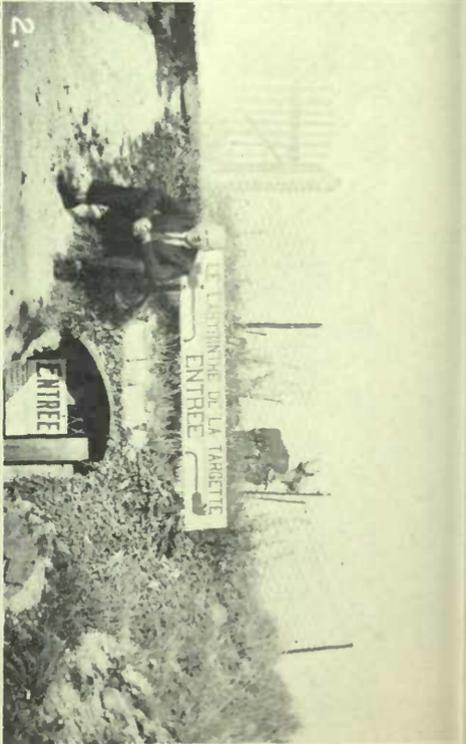
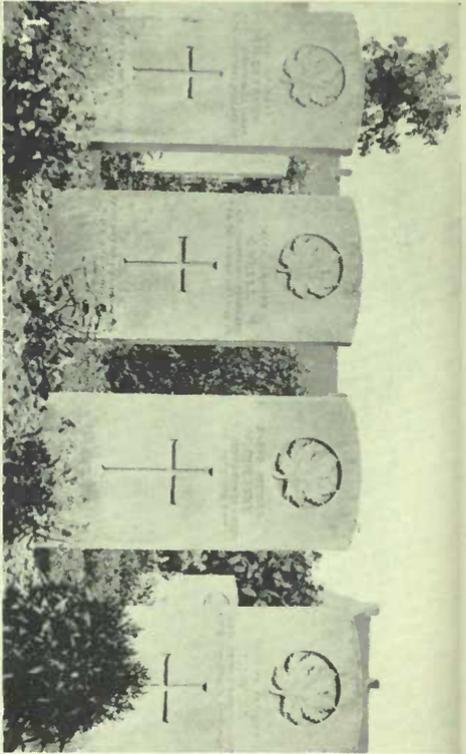
All sorts of rumors were in the air. Married men were to be sent home first, so benedicts immediately increased in number. Then farmers were to be released first, and there was a sudden mounting in the number of ploughmen, harvesters and fertilizer-spreaders. A day or two later miners were to go home first, and right away the unit was full of pitmen and tunnellers. If we had remained at Auvelais much longer every man in the unit would have had at least six trades, occupations or what-have-you!

Immediately after the Brigade Ball, however, things began to happen. Orders were received to turn in all horses and wagons. And how the Horse Transport fellows hated to part with their equine friends and labor-making conveyances and equipment! On the 25th day of March some of our married men left for home and on the 28th the lads from Eastern Canada left to join other units for demobilization.

Finally, on April 2nd, we marched to the station and entrained for the Base. All Auvelais and many wet-eyed girls from several



Group at Witley, May, 1919. Several newcomers were then attached to our unit for demobilization, while many of our own men had already left for home with other units. Some, too, were absent on leave when this photo was taken.



1. Graves of Batson (1), Odlesky (3) and Moyer (4). Ypres Cemetery.
3. Group at Lion's Head, 1935.

2. Jim Lickley at entrance to Aux Rietz Cave as it appears today.
4. Group at Fryday's camp, near Rice Lake.

nearby hamlets were at the station to see us off. It was about two hours before the train pulled out and during that time nearly every man kissed his girl friends goodbye a dozen times at least. Every toot of the engine whistle was the signal for a final frantic embrace and, by the time the train actually got under way, (1.15 p.m.) there wasn't a more thoroughly-kissed, tighter-hugged and wetter-eyed crowd of women in the whole wide world than those kind, open-hearted girls at the Auvelais station. As the train drew slowly out, the strains of *O Canada* and *La Brabanconne* were intermingled, a regimental band on the train and a civic band on the station platform providing the music.

All through the afternoon and evening the train wormed its way slowly westward. About midnight we reached Mons. Then we passed through the devastated regions near the old Front. The whole trench area looked more desolate than ever, and our erstwhile gayety was stilled and our hearts saddened as we contemplated the region where so many of our comrades had lain down their lives. Arras, Doullens, Amiens — we passed them all in turn, and eventually arrived at Le Havre early in the morning of April 4th. We marched once more up the same long hill we had climbed on that long-ago afternoon of September 16, 1915.

But what a transformation had taken place since last we stayed at Le Havre! Then there were only a few bell tents and scarcely a wooden hut on the plain atop the hill. Now there were hundreds of huts and tents, miles of hard roads and sidewalks, and dozens of small shops, canteens and rest and recreation huts.

The next two days were spent going through the delousing baths and fumigators, and in visiting the town, docks, theatres, and other scenes of interest. Our own Divisional Concert Party, the C-Two's, were in the camp theatre and many of our lads spent a final night there, listening to their old favorites.

Some of the lads may recall the trip three of our men made to the Rue des Gallions that last night at Le Havre — when the three took on a whole squad of military police and found themselves finally thrown into the clink. The rousing fight put up by one of the Lancashire lads on this occasion must have convinced a few of the M.P.'s that some of our fellows could use their feet even after French wine had gone to their heads. The three Fifth lads were sent back to our unit next day, however. The Imperial cops seemed mighty glad to get rid of them.

The Lancashire Lads ~

No history of the Fifth would be complete without special mention of the Lancashire Lads. All together there were over a score of them. Hamilton was their place of enlistment and nearly all of them were assigned to A. Section. When they first arrived at Exhibition Camp the other members of the unit were somewhat puzzled by their odd speech. Canucks, particularly, could not make them out. They kept very much to themselves and it was not until we reached England that the other men began to understand them, and learn that beneath their rather gruff aloofness they were mighty fine fellows.

Arthur Dudley was sort of leader to them and they seemed to look to old Dud for example and guidance. He was a South African veteran and very level-headed. Somebody had the excellent good sense to make Dud a noncom. and, from the date of his promotion, he wholeheartedly and effectively championed the cause of his Lancastrian brothers. There were no better men, either in or out of the Line. And where would our Soccer team have been without these boys with the educated feet? Small wonder that the Lancashire Lads occupy a foremost place in our memories and a warm spot in our hearts.

At 6 p.m., Monday, April 7th, we marched aboard ship and, after an all-night cross-channel journey, docked at Southampton at eight o'clock next morning. From here we entrained for Witley Camp — where we once again came under the iron discipline and exasperating routine handed out by parade-ground officers and noncoms. Here we tasted the galling cup that later on resulted in well-deserved rioting at this camp and also at Rhyl. It was quite evident that the Witley Camp martinets had been so far from the war they hadn't yet learned that it was over. We sincerely hope that, when the rioters burned down Tin Town a few days after we left, they did not fail to chastise some of the camp's staff bullies who tried to make our lives miserable during our month's stay at Witley.

Now began the long and tedious series of medical examinations, boards, embarkation interviews, etc., etc. The whole gamut of red tape statistical stuff through which we had gone at Auvelais was repeated here — but with far less tact and understanding on the part of our interviewers. Naturally, we were heartsick for

home, and the incessant questioning irritated us almost beyond endurance.

There were several bright spots in our Witley sojourn, however. Canteens and cinema shows provided considerable entertainment, but the best thing in camp was a pass to get out — to go to London, Manchester, Edinburgh — anywhere else but the camp!

On Saturday, May 3rd, our unit supplied its quota of men for the Colonial Victory Parade in London. That was the day on which Colonial troops from all the "far-flung posts of the Empire" paraded past Buckingham Palace for a final farewell by the Royal Family. The whole of dear ol' Lunnon turned out to pay us homage, and the cheers along the route of march were almost deafening. Truly had the English taken us to their hearts — even if they never seemed to quite understand us and our (to them) uncouth ways and lack of respect for parade-ground discipline and military traditions. The cheering didn't come only from the civilians. In the city were thousands of Imperial soldiers and they cheered as loudly as any.

To every member of the Colonial Forces, His Majesty the King extended thanks. A copy of his personal letter follows:

(ROYAL CREST)

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

May 3rd, 1919.

Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men
of the Overseas Forces:

It is with a heart full of pride and gratitude that I take your salute today as you march in triumph through London.

The people of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, by their instant readiness to share in the trials and responsibilities of the Great War, have shown to the world the unity of the British Empire. You, with your comrades from the Mother Country, vied with one another in noble deeds, which will ever be held in proud remembrance.

Readily you adapted yourselves to the changing conditions of a new and formidable kind of warfare, and endured physical hardships and exacting mental strain.

Whether on the plains of Flanders, or the heights of Gallipoli, in France, in Palestine, or other theatres of war, you displayed gallant endurance in defence and vigorous initiative in attack.

We and future generations will never forget the part played by the Canadians in the Second Battle of Ypres, and on the Vimy Ridge, by the Australians and New Zealanders at Gallipoli and in the advance in France in the spring of 1917, by the troops of all three Dominions in the

breaking of the Hindenburg line last year, by the South African Brigade in Delville Wood and by the Royal Newfoundland Regiment at Monchy-le-Preux.

Now, in the day of victory, I wish to express to you, who represent the Overseas Forces, my unbounded admiration for splendid feats of arms and for sacrifices made.

I wish you all God-speed on your homeward journey, with the hope that the outcome of this world struggle may assure peace to your children and your children's children.

(Signed)

GEORGE R. I.

While we were at Witley, Ex-Staff-Sergeant Reginald Seneca Smith met Ex-Sergeant Robert R. Turner. Reggie held out his hand in greeting. "Ah, my old friend Bob! I plainly observe that you, too, have suffered somewhat drastically from the ludicrous vicissitudes of army life!"

On May 7th the Prince of Wales visited Witley and presented regimental colors to several Second Division battalions. Our unit also paraded and received the Prince's thanks and blessing. The three rousing cheers and tiger we gave to the Heir to the Throne as he left our parade ground were probably the most honest and spontaneous cheers we had given for many a long day. The Prince was the sort of fellow Canadians could understand and appreciate. Long may he "carry on!"

After the first week at Witley there were continual rumors that we were about to sail immediately for Canada. The old Latrine Gazette didn't fool our lads, however. They left camp day after day and tripped to London and other places, without the slightest worry that the Fifth might sail away without them. They knew only too well that it took weeks for Base tacticians to make up that unknown quantity they called their minds. And, besides, the daily papers informed them that a seaman's strike was on and that very few boats were leaving port.

We Board the Olympic for Home

On Saturday, May 10th, we said our "soldiers' farewells" to Witley Camp. About nine o'clock that morning we entrained for Southampton. There we boarded the Olympic early in the afternoon. Our sailing strength was one hundred and forty-six, all told. Other troops sailing with us were: 22nd, 24th, 25th, 26th and 29th Battalions; 5th Battalion C.E.; No. 1. Sec. D.A.C.;

No. 2 Stat. Hosp.; and a few miscellaneous drafts from other Second Division units.

An immense crowd of people were down to the dock to see us off; and several bands entertained us during the long process of loading ship. The Mayor of Southampton addressed us from the quay and told us that Britain was proud of us and that England would never forget us. We already knew it would be a long time before the Old Country folk could forget us, for we had done our utmost to show them how to make the most of every opportunity. We had taught them, among other accomplishments, how to chew gum, how to be within three paces of an officer without saluting him, how to travel on trains without paying, and — oh, ever so many other things that should keep us in their memories.

The highlight in our send-off was the farewell speech given by General Burstall. We were the first of his old Division to leave for home, and there could be no mistaking the sincerity in his voice and the meaning of his words when he bade us goodbye and good luck. He told us that the old Second Division had one of the proudest records of any Division in the whole British army, and that most of the credit was due to the men themselves and not to him. He stated that the break-up of his old Division was the cruellest wrench his heart had ever suffered. Tears ran down his cheeks as he spoke. The little C-2 "Lest We Forget" buttons we received were a personal gift from General Burstall, and Time has added to the great admiration and respect we had for the man. He was cheered to the echo at the end of his speech and when the Olympic cast off, about 8 p.m., he stood at the salute until the gathering dusk hid him from our sight. There was a MAN.

A copy of "A Special Order of the Day" was placed in the hands of each departing soldier. It read as follows:

FAREWELL MESSAGE TO ALL RANKS OF THE SECOND CANADIAN DIVISION FROM THEIR COMMANDER

Officers, Non-commissioned Officers and Men of the Second Canadian Division: We are about to return to our homes in Canada, after taking our part in carrying to a successful issue the task which our nation undertook in 1914.

We have had strenuous times together and have many glorious deeds to recall. The record of our Division is one of which we have splendid

reason to be proud. The history of this war will not have any pages more glorious than that which will tell of the Somme; of Hill 70 and Lens; of Passchendaele; of Arras, during the great German offensive in the Spring and again in the Autumn, when they were forced to make their final retreat; of the battle in front of Amiens; of the forcing of the Escaut Canal, when Cambrai was set free; and finally, the rapid advance in the last stages of the war, until the afternoon of November 10th when we captured the heights commanding Mons, together with parts of the city.

We have reason to be proud of these achievements which have made the name of our Division glorious, and while we think of them our thoughts naturally turn to those loyal comrades who fought and endured with us, and who have paid the full price of devotion to Country. They have died but their names will live. Their graves in France and Belgium will be perpetual memorials of our achievements long after we have passed away.

This is my last message to you. The Division will now cease to exist as an original formation. The organization of the Division will pass away but its spirit will live forever. This to me is the grandest thing of all. The gallant actions and achievements, the cheerfully endured sufferings and hardships of the past four years of active service will inspire the future generations of our country in all time to come. Take home to Canada with you the knowledge of duty faithfully done in the days of war, and the determination to be no less faithful to your country in the days of peace. For you can be quite sure that the characteristics of courage and endurance, of determination and initiative which you have shown on active service are as necessary in the building up of your country as they have been in defending her.

I wish to express my thanks to you for the faith and trust you have had in me and my staff. And now that we are about to separate may I say to you that our one aim as a staff has been to leave no factor neglected in winning the most decisive victories at the least possible cost, to provide for your comfort as far as we could, and to merit your trust and confidence.

I wish to thank not only the fighting troops, which have won imperishable fame, but also the Services and Departments, including the Y.M.C.A., which by untiring work, often under the most trying circumstances, made possible the achievements of the fighting troops.

With a heart full of pride and gratitude, as well as with the most real sorrow, I say goodbye to you, and wish you all happiness and prosperity in your future homes. I trust that in the days to come I shall have the privilege of meeting many of you at gatherings where we shall be able to recall some of the great days we have spent together.

(Signed) H. E. BURSTALL, Major-General,
Commanding 2nd Canadian Division.

From their Majesties, the King and Queen, we received a brief note of farewell:

(ROYAL CREST)

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

The Queen and I wish you God-speed, and a safe return to your homes and dear ones.

A grateful Mother Country is proud of your splendid services characterized by unsurpassed devotion and courage.

(Signed) GEORGE R. I.

In respect to the above note, we recall that some of the old-timers of Otterpool days read it and smiled. "The King was pleased with you — but I wasn't!" some "original" remarked; and the minds of those nearby turned to thoughts of the 1915 review at Beachboro Park and to the Old Man's speech before he dismissed us back at Otterpool Camp.

The voyage to Canada was rather uneventful. There was but little regret in our hearts as we steamed into the outer Southampton harbor, passed Portsmouth and headed for the open sea. Every craft we passed, large and small, signalled a farewell greeting and, by the time the shore lights had receded into the darkness, most of the men were in their bunks and fast asleep.

How different were our Olympic quarters from those which we occupied in the old Northland about four years before! Now every man had a good comfortable berth or hammock and the meals served to us were fit for a prince. We fed like quartermasters!

One of our pleasantest memories of the Olympic is of the sing-songs we used to have in the evenings — when the fellows gathered on deck and sang the old favorites: "Just a Song at Twilight," "In the Evening By the Moonlight," and other songs that spoke of home. Who could ever forget, too, our friends from Quebec Province, when they sang their old French choruses: "Viens Poupoule, Viens," "En Roulant Ma Boule," and that best-of-all group song, "Alouette," in which we, too, were able to join:

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai la tete, je te plumerai la tete,
 (Leader) *Et la tete* (Everybody) *Et la tete, O*
Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.

*Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
 Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai le bec,
 (Leader) Et le bec (Everybody) Et le bec
 (Leader) Et la tete (Everybody) Et la tete, O
 Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.*

*Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
 Je te plumerai le nez, je te plumerai le nez,
 (Leader) Et le nez (Everybody) Et le nez
 (Leader) Et le bec (Everybody) Et le bec
 (Leader) Et la tete (Everybody) Et la tete, O
 Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.*

(For additional verses add separately Le Dos, Les
 Pattes, Le Cou.)

Except for the sighting of a few floating German mines and some icebergs, there was little to distract our attention from the games of craps, poker, five hundred and crown-and-anchor that went on, day and night, throughout the trip. The first real thrill we received was when on April 16th, we glimpsed, many of us for the first time since the Spring of 1915, the shore line of Halifax harbor. Hard-boiled as we considered ourselves, there was moisture in our eyes and tremors along our spines at this first sight of Canada — that Canada which most of us had despaired of ever seeing again, during our many dark and weary months in France and Belgium. Even at this moment of rapture it all seemed too wonderful to be true. Something would surely happen before we really got ashore, or perhaps we should wake up and find it just one more of those mocking dreams which used to come to us as we slept in some funkhole or cellar in Flanders.

But, YES! There was Halifax, all right! We were not dreaming, after all! Then we began to wonder whether we should be able to see any evidence of the terrible explosion which had brought disaster to the city in the Spring of 1917. But look as we might, we saw very little trace of the damage done by the catastrophe.

Soon we were being warped into dock where thousands of waving, shouting citizens and several uniformed brass bands were waiting to welcome us. As we stepped ashore many of the lads were met by friends, sweethearts and relatives who had come east to greet them. Joyfully hysterical groups formed on

every side and it was a long time before they could be separated and the men ushered into waiting trains.

Here again we were to have another sample of official bungling. Instead of keeping our unit together on one train, it was split into sections and we were mixed with other troops on two separate trains. No intimation of this change was given to the men and, consequently, we never afterward saw nor heard from many of the comrades with whom we had chummed and served ever since joining the army. Had we known of the entraining arrangements in time we could at least have exchanged addresses and shaken hands with those who had become closer to us than blood-brothers.

From Halifax to Toronto the people of every city, town and village through which we passed turned out to welcome us home. Wherever the trains stopped there were kindly, generous and grateful folk waiting to greet us and give us hot tea, coffee, sandwiches, tobacco, cigarettes and chocolate. Where the stop-overs were long enough, one of our lads played his mandolin while the rest of the fellows entertained the home folk with spirited renderings of "Mlle. from Armentieres," "Après la Guerre Fini," and other old overseas favorites they requested.

Back to Where We Started ~

At last, after a journey we feared might never end, our trains pulled into Toronto an hour or two before dawn, May 19th. Kits were hurriedly turned in and we received the discharge papers we had been looking for for years.

Modesty and respect require that we draw a kindly veil over the delirious welcome we received when we were at last amongst our loved ones and back within our family circles. And we haven't the necessary ability to describe our relief and reactions when we once again found ourselves free men and finished for all time (we hope!) with the blankety-blank army. It was a hell of a war, and if any reader wishes to know more about it there are dozens of excellent books which will supply the desired information — particularly the formal and technical aspects of the affair. We warned you that this wasn't to be a statistical history! And if you want books that glorify war and militarism, you will find plenty of them.

As for joining the army and going through similar experiences in the event of another war breaking out — well, we've had enough! For one thing, we hope we shall be too old — even for a Home Guard job. Furthermore, we feel we should step aside in favor of some of the many fire-eating honorary colonels, bellicose clerics and professional jingoists who seem intent on doing their utmost to create strife, discontent and race-hatred. We are quite willing to let *them* go to war, but, *we* are for peace — at almost any price. And, if war does break out, more than one of us will be satisfied to remain within our family circle, keeping the home-fires burning, making big money, sending useless Keating's powder, rag-weed cigarettes and rancid meat cubes to the boys at the Front; and unashamedly singing, to all who will listen, the old conscientious objector's song:

*Call up the Army and the Navy,
 Call up the Rank and File.
 Call up Reserves and Territorials —
 They'll face danger with a smile.
 Call up the Boys of the Old Brigade
 That set old England free.
 Call up my brother —
 My sister and my mother —
 But for gosh sake don't call ME!*

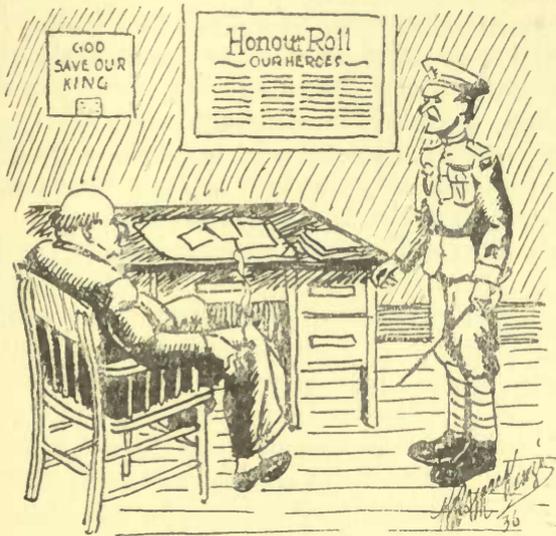


CHAPTER NINE

Old soldiers never die, never die, never die —
Old soldiers never die, they simply fade away.

POST-WAR ACTIVITIES

(May 20, 1919, to January 1, 1936)



"No opening just
now, Atkins!"

1919 - 1927

DURING the first few months following demobilization very little effort was made to keep in touch with comrades of overseas days. We all wanted to forget the war — as if we ever could forget

something which is printed so indelibly under our eyelids! At least we all wanted to *try* to forget. There were, too, more important things to be taken care of:

First of all was the change to civilian clothing. A grateful government allowed each man sixty dollars for outfitting himself as became an ex-member of His Majesty's Canadian Expeditionary Forces. How far the money went may be imagined when it is remembered that in the Spring of 1919 a very ordinary suit cost about sixty dollars; shoes, fifteen; a shirt, three; socks, two; a hat, six to eight; and every other item of clothing accordingly. To make things worse, almost every article was of the shoddiest material. The dependability we knew in pre-war days was missing and the styles current at the time were entirely unsuited to the demands of energetic, well-developed outdoor men. The suits were form-fitting, with tight-waisted coats, and trousers that hugged the legs with almost puttee-like snugness. Shoes were narrow, pointed and thin-soled — totally

unfit to encase feet broadened and developed by thousands of miles of tramping over cobbled roads and rough highways. Green was the fashionable color and when we recall the effect the sun's rays had on our first civvy hats and suits we find it hard to feel charitably disposed towards those who planned and produced our 1919 raiment.

As soon as the novelty of being back in so-called civilization somewhat wore off we commenced scurrying around, looking for jobs or making arrangements to recommence school or college courses thrust aside when we enlisted. To those searching for work came the big surprise of finding somebody else filling the job we had left to go overseas — somebody who had held it throughout the war and, apparently, had no intention of giving it up voluntarily. Of course the bosses were very friendly, glad to see us back, and all that sort of thing, but except in a very few instances, they "couldn't offer us anything just at the moment."

Nearly Everything Seemed Different ~

Gradually we realized we had come back like unwanted ghosts and to a new world — a world entirely different from that which we left in 1914. Everything had changed — or was it we who had altered? Certainly it was not the world we had pictured ourselves returning to so many times while in France, Belgium and Germany. Those of us who did get jobs, found working conditions less congenial than before. We found ourselves "clique-ing up" with other returned men in the establishment, and out of harmony with co-workers of military age who hadn't worn khaki. Almost invariably the boss, manager, superintendent or foreman was not an overseas man and seemed to resent the bond which held together the returned men under his control.

Even amongst veteran co-workers strange and disturbing adjustments were often necessary. Many discovered that their civilian status was in inverse ratio to their rank in the army. In not a few instances, ex-colonels found themselves working for, or under, ex-privates and former noncoms. More than one ex-batman had the rather embarrassing experience of being waited upon by an ex-officer. In the cold, calculating, unsentimental business world to which we had returned, war-time

valuations had no place. It was not long before most of us realized that the war years and the post-war conception of democracy had swept many men's minds clean of veneration for caste and the privileges of birth. About us we sensed the evaporation of whole philosophies of politics, morals and codes of living. Those of us who possessed a sense of humor readily "fitted into" the new conditions. For others the readjustments were slow and painful. Then there were the remaining veterans for whom temperaments and experiences prevented any sort of compromise with the changed conditions and people in civilian life. For these men demobilization brought tragedy, despair and defeat.

We shall not elaborate on the plight of the man discharged "burned out" and physically unfit. A description of his trials and tribulations requires a more practised pen than ours. Let us hope that before it is too late a Zola or a Hugo may appear and place the case for this type of ex-soldier before the general public in a manner befitting the terribly tragic subject.

Judging from what many ex-soldiers have told us, they are not sorry they went to war. Under the circumstances there was, they say, no other honorable course open to them. Certainly not one of us would trade places with any able-bodied man who could have gone to the Front but didn't. Tucked away in the pigeonholes of our memories, however, are many very poignant and bitter thoughts and we often find ourselves asking rather disturbing questions. Some of the questions uppermost in our minds are:

What can be said in justification of the political intrigues, national greeds and so-called "diplomacy" that led up to the war?

One celebrated historian called diplomacy "an art which has resolved itself into a process of exalted haggling conducted with amazing disregard for the standards of morality." He considers that "the greatest single underlying cause of the war was the system of secret alliances in which the diplomats of each nation sought to preserve the 'balance of power' by deftly playing off one neighbor against another, at the least possible risk to themselves." Lloyd George has recently declared that "in 1914 the cabinet was never informed of these agreements until we were so deeply involved in the details of military and naval plans

that it was too late to repudiate the inference. Thus we slithered over the brink into the burning cauldron."

Was Britain's chief concern caused by Germany's disregard for Belgium's neutrality, or did she declare war simply because she saw her own world-domination threatened?

A rather interesting sidelight on the causes leading up to the war was supplied by President Woodrow Wilson in a speech he made in 1919: "Peace? Why, my fellow-citizens, is there any man here or any woman — let me say, is there any child — who does not know that the seed of war in the modern world is industrial and commercial rivalry? The war was a commercial and industrial war. It was not a political war. The reason that the war we have just finished took place was that Germany was afraid her commercial rivals were going to get the better of her; *and the reason why some of the nations went into the war against Germany was that they thought Germany would get the commercial advantage of them.* The seed of the jealousy, the seed of the deep-rooted hatred, was hot commercial and industrial rivalry."

Were the excuses given by the British cabinet as Britain's reason for taking up arms genuinely honest statements of the case or were they, for the most part, sheer hypocrisy and jingoism?

Was the propaganda employed to encourage recruiting in Canada founded on facts, or was it manufactured for the sole purpose of appealing to the baser instincts, hates and fears which were products of wartime hysteria? Weren't some of our leading educationists, clergymen and bankers aware of the lies?

Were our troops sacrificed needlessly in the "nibbling" assaults in the Salient during the fall and winter of 1915-1916? Were they also ruthlessly sacrificed during the Somme battles? Was Passchendaele worth the price paid for it? Were any of the high officers who were responsible for several very obvious and costly staff blunders ever courtmartialled and shot — or was their criminal incompetency considered unimportant — less important than the desertion of some poor shell-shocked infantryman who was shot for an act *his* shattered mental and physical powers could not control?

Discussing British operations of 1916, one of Britain's most eminent historians states: "Newly trained British armies were made to advance in close formation by generals who, unless they

were imbeciles, could have had no doubts of the fate to which they were sending their men. If they were not imbeciles they were criminally unwilling to learn and soul-blind to suffering and waste. The mentality of these men is still a matter of discussion. The poor boys they commanded were marched forward shoulder to shoulder in successive waves of attack, and so advancing, they were shot to pieces by enemy machine-guns. Out of battalions of six or seven hundred, perhaps a hundred would struggle through the defensive fire and come to bomb-throwing, bayonet-thrusts and surrender in the German trenches. Small isolated groups of them in shell-holes and captured positions fought on for days. So perished the flower of an entire school generation, collected from hundreds of thousands of homes, more or less loved, more or less cared for and more or less educated; it had been enlisted, trained, sent out to the battlefields at enormous cost, to be left at last in the desolated spaces between the armies, lying in heaps and swathes to rot and be rat-eaten. For months afterwards, as war photographs show, thousands of them were to be seen sprawling in formation as they fell, just as if their ranks were still waiting to leap again to the attack. But as the observer drew near he realized their corruption. He discovered bony hands, eyeless sockets, faces far gone in decay.

“The British Commander-in-Chief in his despatches did not fail to extol the courage of his lost battalions and to represent this monstrous exploit as *a victory!* Some mile or so of ground had been gained in that offensive and only a few thousand prisoners had been taken. Twice as many British prisoners were left in German hands, but this the despatches ignored. The appalling nature of this particular disaster leaked out only very slowly. The British censorship at least was efficient and the generals, however incapable in other respects, lied magnificently. The Channel crossing made it particularly easy to hide events from the British public. And it had a peculiar effect on the British troops; it gave them a feeling of being in another and different world from ‘home,’ a war-world in which such cruel and fantastic things could be natural. This monstrous massacre was indeed contrived and carried through, not simply without a revolt, but with scarcely an audible protest on the part of either the parents, relations, friends or surviving comrades of those hosts of wasted victims”

Why were the known defeatists at London and Ottawa not brought to trial and punished?

Why were some of the profiteers who supplied uneatable food, dud munitions and shoddy war materials given knighthoods and other high honors instead of being sent to prison?

Why was it possible for the Government to conscript a man's life — but impossible to conscript the money of the wealthy who were battenning on the war?

Have our federal, provincial and civic governments treated returned men in a manner befitting the sacrifices they made overseas? Haven't we too many "professional patriots" and flag-wavers exploiting our veterans?

Has not the total amount spent in the administration of pensions, etc., been out of all proportion to the amount of assistance which has actually reached the very men it was intended to help?

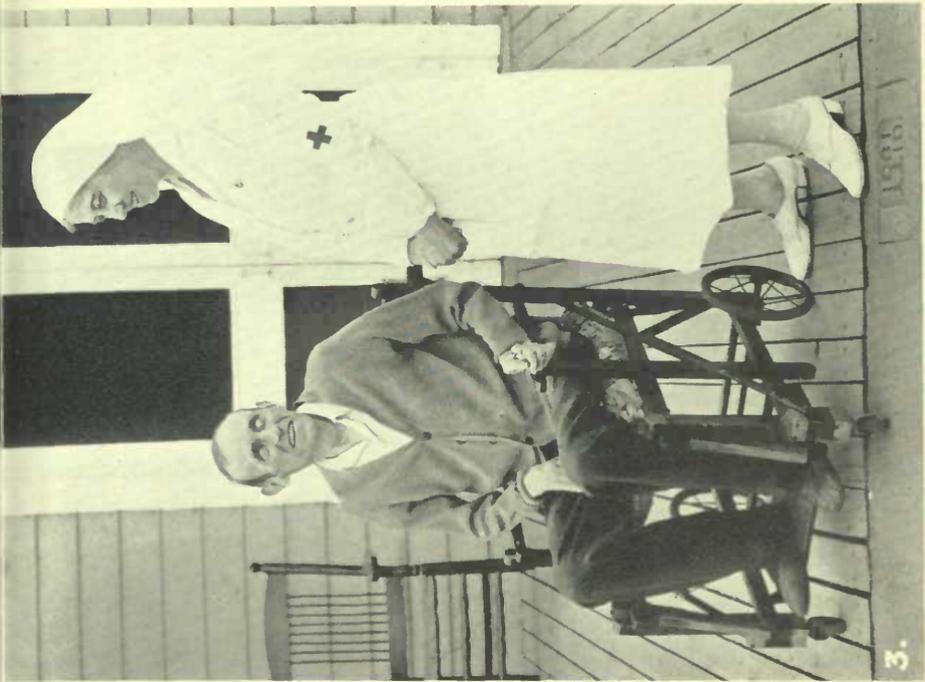
Truly these are disturbing questions — and we despair of ever hearing them answered satisfactorily. Our questions betray the fact that we are distrustful of the past and fearful of the future, but our concern is not for ourselves. We are thinking of our sons and grandsons. Most of our young men of military age are now too young to have participated in the Great War. Very soon that powerful present argument against war — the recollection of its horrors, abuses, propaganda and exploitations, by the men who took part in it — will no longer be valid. What will happen then? Will the world be plunged into a war which will, in comparison, make the last war seem like a mere skirmish?

But we who soldiered overseas have Something we would not exchange for anything else in this world — a Memory of comradeships dearer than any which peacetime could have brought; a Memory of experiences, trials and moral victories which are almost beyond belief; a Memory of sacrifice and self-abnegation of which we never dreamed ourselves capable before the war. Oh no! We wouldn't trade our army days for anything — even though we were, in a sense, robbed of our boyhood, plundered of our youth, and flung deliberately into a hellish testing furnace before we were old enough, many of us, to know the ordinary ways and pitfalls of a peacetime world. Many of us came out of the war burned-out wrecks, possessed only of tragic disillusioned minds and broken bodies to carry us toward an old age from which we will, thank Heaven, be mercifully spared.

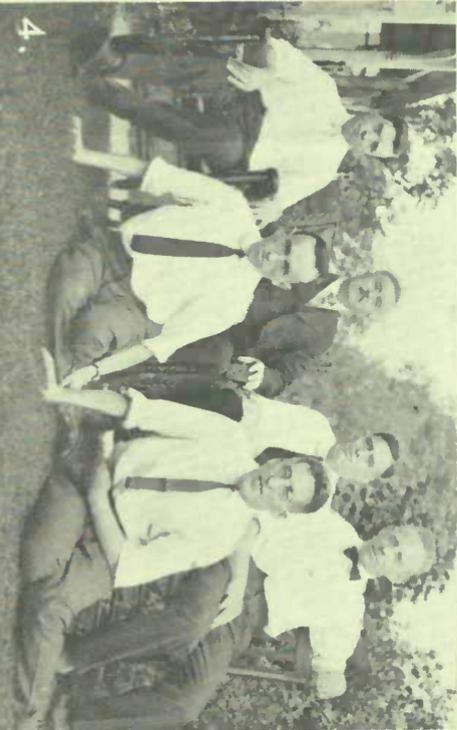


1. Some more of the lads at Lion's Head.

2. Wager, Deadman, Van Nostrand, Alden, Hogg, E. Taylor and Bell, still carrying on.



3. "Yorky" Coates. Photo taken three days before he died, 1935.



1. A. B. Smith, died 1935.

2. Teddy Gilmore, died since war.

3. Alf Ralph, died 1925.

4. Some Oldtimers visit the "Old Man."

5. Parade to Ancaster Cemetery to unveil Colonel Farmer's monument.

A Most Fortuitous Meeting ☞

One morning in April, 1919, Lieutenant-Colonel Kappele, who had returned convalescent to Canada the preceding December, had occasion to go to the C.P.R. station in Hamilton, to say goodbye to a departing relative. While he was at the station a Toronto train arrived. To his surprise and delight, he saw his old Commanding Officer, Colonel Farmer, alight from it, he having arrived without notice to anyone, and consequently having no one there to meet him. Lieutenant-Colonel Kappele's pleasure and personal gratification at being able to welcome his beloved Commanding Officer, and being with him to celebrate his home-coming in Ancaster may easily be imagined. That the Old Man was equally pleased goes without saying.

Most Old Grievances Forgotten ☞

An interesting feature of early post-war days was the rarity of fisticuffs on the part of erstwhile army associates. During the war many of us promised ourselves the sweet satisfaction of seeking out some officer or noncom. enemy as soon as we were in civvies again, and committing upon his person assault, battery, mayhem and every other sort of abuse within our power. It speaks well for the make-up of men who served at the Front that there was very little attempt to pay off old scores — that the fellows could, in most cases, forgive if not forget the animosities of army days.

We know of only two instances of post-war revenge on the part of former Fifth men: Two majors who had often run foul of each other "over there" met in Toronto on Christmas Eve, 1919. The Prince of Peace was forgotten. "Goodwill Toward All Men" meant nothing as soon as the two ex-officers met. Like a pair of terriers they flew at each other. To the horror of a red-coated Santa Claus standing on the corner of Queen and Yonge streets, and totally oblivious of the hustle and bustle of gaping shopping crowds, they battled away. Christmas bundles and packages flew in all directions, and, when it was all over, neither scrapper had won. Perhaps they were too full of synthetic Christmas cheer to put up much of a fight. Hostilities ended with honors even, without arrests, and with the two battlers well on the way to a friendship which still exists.

The second instance had to do with an ex-captain. He was walking along a roadway near Burlington, one dark night, when an automobile swerved directly across the road and put him into hospital for a few weeks. The driver of the car was never identified but the ex-captain was heard to remark that there was only one man in Canada capable of such an act, and that man was a certain reckless, harem-scarem Irishman who served in the Motor Transport Section at the Front.

We Begin to Miss the "Old Gang" ~

It was not until about four months after demobilization that there developed a comparatively strong desire for fraternization with former war-time comrades. As near as we can remember, the first steps for a reunion of Fifth men were taken in the autumn of 1919 and originated with Pier Morgan, Dean Wilkins, Fred Noyes and one or two others. It was decided to hold a meeting in Toronto. Advertisements were placed in local newspapers and a personal canvass of local ex-members was made by the originators of the idea. The result was a meeting in an upstairs room of the Central Y.M.C.A. in the Fall of 1919. Pier Morgan was Chairman. About fifty men turned out and the evening was spent in discussing the formation of a permanent association. By unanimous vote it was decided to hold a reunion in a few weeks' time, when the question of a permanent organization could be discussed by a more representative gathering.

Notification of this First Reunion was sent to everybody whose address was known to the committee in charge. The meeting was advertised in Toronto newspapers. The response was very gratifying. Over one hundred were present, the majority from Toronto but a goodly representation from the Hamilton area. For this occasion we were given the use of the library and reading room of the Y.M.C.A. Dean Wilkins was Chairman and the evening was a complete success. Perhaps the outstanding event was the arrival of Colonel Farmer and the vociferous ovation with which he was received as he made his way across the "Y" lobby. The old man was simply stunned by the cordiality of his reception. He admitted afterwards that the spontaneous and hearty greeting given to him on this occasion by "his own boys" was the greatest surprise he had ever experienced and had

provided him with the most cherished thrill of his whole life. As cheer after cheer shook the building the Colonel stood before the remnants of his old command, tears of happiness trickling down his flushed cheeks and his whole body shaking with the emotion stirring within him. We were told afterwards that the Old Man had been very reluctant about coming to this first gathering. He felt that some of the boys might be resentful of his war-days' disciplinary methods.

Colonel Kappele, Major Elliott and several other ex-officers were also present and received cordial greetings. Refreshments were served, followed by speeches and various forms of entertainment. Finally, a business session ensued. In the prevailing excitement no definite plans for a permanent association or future reunions were made. Evidently the war was too recent for the successful launching of such an organization. There was, however, a definitely expressed conviction that we ex-Fifth men should keep in touch with each other somehow; but the matter was left entirely in the hands of the little coterie responsible for the calling of the first meeting. Business affairs took Morgan to England, Noyes to the U.S.A., and Wilkins to Northern Ontario, so, during the ensuing few years the old Fifth was more or less dormant.

Of course, there were occasional parties, composed of various small groups of former comrades. The nine lads of Tent Nine, for instance, had arranged in Otterpool for a reunion after the war. In the Spring of 1920 Carl Hill treated the nine old tent-mates to a banquet at the Walker House, Toronto. After the banquet, Mike Bicknell gave them a theatre party at Loew's Theatre.

From time to time small parties were held at the Walker House and Elliott House, Toronto, to celebrate the presence in town of some out-of-town Fifth fellow, or to mark the anniversary of some outstanding army-days incident. Max Kelso moved to New Zealand and about sixty of his buddies gave him a smoking outfit and a send-off party in Hamilton Armories. This affair was arranged by Jack Shepherd, and Jack Williams had charge of the meeting. Jim McGillivray was the object of a celebration at the Elliott House on the occasion of a visit east. A few other get-togethers similar to these resulted in a re-birth of desire for a permanent Association and a reunion of the whole outfit.

The First Real Start ~

During the winter of 1926-27, Jim Henderson, Ben Case, Si Taylor, Pick Bridges, Baldy Rutherford and a few others put their heads together and made plans for a Reunion Dinner. By means of advertisements in the press, radio broadcasts, post-cards and personal calls, a goodly number of ex-Fifth men were contacted. The reunion was held in the Walker House, Toronto, in the Spring of 1927. Pier Morgan was Chairman and over one hundred were present. In addition to our Toronto, Hamilton and Owen Sound groups, men came from the United States and remote points in Eastern Canada. After an excellent dinner a short business session was held, followed by musical entertainment and fraternization until long past midnight. Ernest Morgan, at that time one of Canada's outstanding baritones, was the chief attraction. Ex-bugler Frank Temperton, who lost an arm shortly after the war, commenced his duties as our Association's official accompanist and, from that night on, has presided at the piano in a manner that would never lead anyone to think he was playing under a handicap.

This, our second reunion, was an unqualified success, and it was decided to hold another get-together in about six months' time at Hamilton and on the most suitable date nearest to September 15th, the date of our departure from Otterpool Camp in 1915. The idea was to have a semi-annual reunion, with Toronto and Hamilton alternating as the place of meeting.

About the middle of September, 1927, we celebrated our Third Reunion. First of all, the fellows met in the Sergeant's Mess of Hamilton Armouries, where Tep Richardson, Jimmy Bell and some other Hamilton lads had a busy half-hour serving refreshments. Then the gang adjourned to a banquet hall in another part of the building where we were wined, dined and entertained for the rest of the evening. It was very evident that these reunions had hit a responsive chord in the hearts of ex-Fifth men and that our Association was well on the road to becoming a permanent institution — as long as enough were left alive to carry on.

1928

On Saturday, April 14, our Fourth Reunion was celebrated in the Walker House, Toronto. Owen Sound lads came by train.

The Hamilton contingent chartered a bus, and several fellows came from places in the States and Eastern Canada. About one hundred and ten, in all, sat down to dinner. Fred Noyes was Chairman. Vocal and piano music was supplied by Ernest Morgan (Pier's talented brother) Frank Temperton and others. Our old training-camp days songster, George Brookes, was present but, because of a heavy cold, was unable to sing. The feature of the evening was an illustrated lecture by ex-Staff Deadman. His war-time experiences in Mesopotamia were the subject of his address. During his long stay in the East he took hundreds of photos, covering a wide range of territory and activity. These pictures were thrown on a screen and rounded out a very fascinating and informative lecture. During the short business meeting which followed the dinner it was unanimously decided that only one reunion a year would be held thereafter, and that this annual meeting would take place on the second Saturday in May. There were, too, several expressions of opinion that steps should be taken to compile a unit History; but nothing definite was done toward that end.

The "Old Man" Answers the Last Call ~

This was the last reunion at which our beloved original Officer Commanding was present. On Monday, May 7, came the shocking news that Colonel Farmer had died suddenly at his home in Ancaster, Ontario. He had been failing in health for some time, but none suspected his condition was so serious. We will quote what the Hamilton Spectator said about the Colonel's passing:

Colonel George Devey Farmer, C.B.E., M.D., C.M., was born in Ancaster in the year 1866 and had resided in his Ancaster home practically all his life. During the many years in which he practised his profession as doctor he won a large circle of friends who deeply grieve his death, which will bring to a close the career of a man, not only of wonderful personality and character but one who had served his country at the Great War, from the outset to the last.

When Colonel Farmer first started his practice in Ancaster, conditions for transportation were not as favorable and efficient as they are now, but the beloved doctor has been known to travel for miles through stormy weather and at much inconvenience to himself to administer relief to suffering patients. His kindly words and genteel manner, not only endeared

him to many as a family physician, but as a friend in need, winning him a place among his patients and men of his profession.

Following his private education at Ancaster he entered Hamilton Central Collegiate and after his graduation attended the Trinity Medical College at Toronto. In the year 1891 he received his M.D., C.M. Colonel Farmer then took up his practice in Ancaster, the town of his birth, and with the exception of the time served in the Great War, he resided and carried on his practice in Ancaster.

Previous to joining the Canadian Forces for the Great War, Colonel Farmer had been the Commanding Officer of No. 12 Field Ambulance of Hamilton. In that capacity he had carried on a very beneficial work in passing his extensive knowledge of medical work on to his younger charges in the corps.

In November, 1914, Colonel Farmer enlisted with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces as a Lieutenant-Colonel, commanding No. 5 Canadian Field Ambulance, Second Contingent, going overseas after his training period at the military camps in this country were completed in April, 1915. He was with No. 5 Field Ambulance for two years in France, taking active part in the Ypres and Somme battles. He was later Commanding Officer of No. 2 Stationary Hospital at Boulogne. In the year 1918 he was promoted to the rank of full Colonel and made Commanding Officer of No. 5 Canadian General Hospital at Liverpool, England. For his services he was awarded the C.B.E. Colonel Farmer was twice mentioned in despatches for his outstanding work and on many occasions distinguished himself with deeds of self-denial in his tireless work of helping the wounded and inmates of hospitals under his charge.

In politics he was a staunch Conservative. He was a member of St. John's Church, being a lay representative to the synod and holding many offices in connection with church activities. He was also a Past Master of Seymour Lodge, A.F. & A.M., of Ancaster.

Left to mourn his demise are his mother, Mrs. G. D. Farmer; two daughters, Mrs. P. McCormack, of Ottawa; Miss Eleanor Farmer, at home; two sons, Tom and Dr. G. E. D. Farmer, of Hamilton; two brothers, T. D. Farmer, of Acton, and W. E. D. Farmer, of Toronto; also two sisters, Mrs. Hughes, of London, England, and Miss A. Farmer, of Toronto.

The funeral will take place on Thursday afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock, from his residence in Ancaster to St. John's Church. A military funeral will be held and men from the units of which he was Commanding Officer and outstanding military officials will attend. Interment will be made in the cemetery adjoining St. John's Church.

We shall also quote the Spectator's report of the Old Man's funeral, adding only that the village of Ancaster is very much like a typical English village in appearance. The weather on

the day of the funeral was very much like that which we had shortly after the Fifth arrived at Otterpool in the Spring of 1915.

Paying reverential regard to one who had strongly endeared himself in their affections, a vast crowd assembled in the quaint old church of St. John's at Ancaster for the very impressive funeral service of Colonel Dr. George Devey Farmer, C.B.E. Numbered in the gathering which more than filled the church were people in all walks of life, who through one means or another, had come into contact with his remarkable personality.

There were those who had been administered to by his hands in sickness and sorrow, fellow members of the church where he was an active worker and a devout worshipper; those of his political and fraternal associates and others of opposite beliefs; fellow members of the honored medical profession, and lastly, but not least, "his own boys" of the Fifth Field Ambulance, Second Division, C.E.F. The original Commanding Officer of that unit, its organizer and just administrator during training and on active service, no one was more truly entitled to the oft-heard and endearing expression, "the grand old man."

Evidence there was on all sides of the deep-rooted esteem in which Colonel Farmer was held. Scores of beautiful floral tributes arranged about the casket at his home bore mute testimony of the high regard which was his, but even more striking was the fact that close to thirty men of his overseas unit attended from Toronto, while a similar number came from Hamilton. Others of his old command came from Welland and other points in the Niagara peninsula. Surely a strong pronouncement of loyalty and respect, was this.

Besides the large detachment of veterans in mufti there was a fine turnout of men of the present Fifth Field Ambulance in command of Lieut.-Col. W. F. Nicholson, M.C., who, also, was an original officer of the overseas medical unit. The active pallbearers were N.C.O.s of the First Wentworth Regiment, as were the members of the firing squad.

Full military honors were accorded this sterling soldier-physician. His body was borne on a gun carriage from his old colonial home in the centre of the village to the church and following behind was a black charger, boots reversed in stirrups. Atop the casket, draped with a Union Jack, was placed the deceased's belt and military cap, and escorting the bier were men in khaki. Following the burial service the customary three volleys were fired; then came the piper's lament.

Services at the church and grave in the adjoining cemetery were conducted by Major Rev. W. E. Kidd, M.C., rector of St. John's Church; His Lordship, Right Rev. D. T. Owen, Bishop of Niagara; Captain, the Ven. Archdeacon A. C. Mackintosh, and the Rev. Canon S. Daw. Rev. Mr. Cook, former pastor of the Ancaster Presbyterian Church also attended.

Honorary pallbearers were men of military rank and all veterans of the Great War, as follows: Major-General J. T. Fotheringham, C.M.G., who

was assistant director of medical services of the Second Canadian Division and a fellow-student of the deceased at medical college: Colonel Forde, C.M.G.; Colonel Wallace Scott, C.M.G., of Toronto; Lieut.-Colonel J. E. Davey, D.S.O.; Lieut.-Colonel D. P. Kappele, D.S.O.; Colonel John I. McLaren; Colonel A. E. Clifford, D.S.O.; Colonel George Black; Lieut.-Colonel N. V. Leslie; Lieut.-Colonel F. S. L. Philip; and Lieut.-Colonel O. A. Cannon.

After the funeral was over, refreshments were served to those who had come from outside points. This very thoughtful gesture on the part of the Farmer family made a deep and lasting impression on ex-Fifth men. It was just like something the Old Man himself would have thought of, and we came away from Ancaster with the feeling that, even though the Colonel had passed on, the kindness and understanding which were his had been transmitted to his children and kin.

1929

During the Winter of 1928-29 ways and means of compiling and publishing a Fifth Field Ambulance History were discussed by several of the fellows. A meeting for further consideration of this matter took place in Hamilton armories, a few weeks later. About fifty were present and selected a committee of four men: Case, Noyes, Patterson and Rutherford, as editors of the proposed volume, subject, of course, to the approval of those present at the next reunion.

On the second Saturday of May our Fifth Annual Reunion was held in Dynes' Hotel, Burlington Beach. Colonel Kappele and Andy Patterson shared the Chairmanship duties. Over one hundred were present. After a very enjoyable dinner, a short business session was held. The chief subject of business was the unit History. After considerable discussion the publication of the book was enthusiastically endorsed and the committee named at the preliminary meeting was unanimously elected. Appropriate entertainment and refreshments followed the business meeting and it was a happy and harmonious gathering that broke up in the early hours of the morning.

1930

This was the Toronto Branch's year to put on the annual get-together. On Saturday, May 3rd, our Sixth Annual Reunion was held at the Carls-Rite Hotel, with Carl Hill as Chairman. There

we had one of our most successful gatherings. Although we had the usual banquet, speeches and musical entertainment, the feature of the evening was the presence of the Mayor of Bully Grenay. Over one hundred and twenty-five ex-Fifth fellows were present to welcome the man who had once been head of affairs in the little tumbledown town of Bully, where our unit had spent momentous days — and perilous nights — during the year immediately following our trip north from the Somme. But perhaps we had better let a newspaper account of the Mayor's memorable visit tell the story:

ELUSIVE MAYOR OF BULLY GREPAY GIVEN OVATION

SPADE BEARDED JEAN BOUCHER RECALLS HAPPY DAYS WITH C.E.F.

VETERANS' LEGS PULLED

Grab or no grab, Toronto's amateurs in the mendacious art need look to their laurels. A greater than them all is in Toronto — none other than M. Jean Boucher, Mayor of Bully Grenay. The news came to the *Globe* office by telephone late Friday afternoon — something like this:

"Yes, the Mayor of Bully Grenay — M. Jean Boucher, the one that stayed in office, and in what the Boche shells left of the *Mairie*, all through the war. His daughter Marguerite married a Canadian fellow in the Twentieth Battalion.

"That'd be some time in '17. The Fourth Brigade was in and out of Bully most of that winter. Anybody who was with the Twentieth Battalion then can tell you about it. Just forget the fellow's name now, but he and his wife are living out the Danforth some place. The old boy's come out to visit his daughter. Dropped in at my office today to talk over old times. Remembers a lot of the fellows in our lot, especially the officers. Our Commanding Officer had a good deal of business with *M. le Maire*. The Fifth Field Ambulance — that was us — had a dressing station a couple of doors from the *Mairie* for a long time. He's promised to come down and talk about old times at our reunion tomorrow night.

HARD TO FIND

"Oh, yes, sure to be there. Come down and hear him. Sorry I've forgotten the son-in-law's name. But you'll be able to find him all right. Anybody who was with the Twentieth in '17 can tell you who he is, and he lives out the Danforth some place. That's all right. Don't mention it. Goodbye!"

The search for the son-in-law of the Mayor of Bully Grenay began at 5 p.m. Ah, to be young again! It lasted until 11.30 p.m. At 5.45 there

was a man named Chamberlain lived on Crewe Avenue, whose wife was a French girl. At 6.08 Mr. Chamberlain was an Imperial and he hadn't married a French girl. At 7 there was a man named McKenzie who might be the fellow, only his wife died two years ago and, anyway, she was from Paris. A French family named Boucher lived on Dundas East at 7.40. But they knew nothing of Bully Grenay and they were from Trois Rivieres, P.Q., at 8.05. Three Field Officers of the Twentieth Battalion remembered the wedding distinctly at 8.10, 9.17 and 10.03. Unfortunately, none of them could recall the name of the private soldier who married the Mayor's daughter in Bully Grenay.

"OLD HATCHETFACE"

One major had "stayed three times at the *Mairie* in Bully." But all he could remember at 11.15 was the pet name of the lady Mayoress: "Old Hatchetface." Four hours and a half of phoning drew every cover blank. The *Globe* went to press Saturday morning without the great news of the presence in Toronto of *M. le Maire de Bully Grenay*.

Faint, but pursuing, the faithful newshound took up the chase on Saturday. It led at last to an upper room in the Hotel Carls-Rite and the Sixth Annual Reunion of the Fifth Field Ambulance. Doubt lay buried deep in the newshound's breast. It was soon dug up again and cast forth.

M. Jean Boucher was a little late in arriving at the Fifth Field Ambulance Reunion, but he came — a plump, ruddy little man in immaculate black. The coat was that quaint compromise between a frock and tails, which only a French *Provençal* tailor can achieve. A ribbon of the Legion of Honor, Third Class, adorned the left buttonhole. A gray spade-beard and gray moustache framed the smile on mobile lips.

THREE ROUSING CHEERS

The Mayor of Bully Grenay entered the banquet hall. "Everybody up!" Led by Colonel Kappel of Hamilton, one hundred and ten members of the Fifth jarred the ceiling loose with three cheers for M. Boucher.

M. Boucher smiled and bowed from the hips. He was *accablé*, he was heard to say, by the reception of his *amis de la Croix Rouge*. In deference to Canadian custom, *M. le Maire* drank water at the banquet and kept his napkin on his knees. He was all earnest attention for the speeches which followed the food.

Major-General Fotheringham made graceful reference to happy memories of France, and expressed his faith in France and her destiny. M. Boucher bowed in grave acknowledgement. Major-General Fotheringham was sure that every man who served in France shared his feeling. (Applause). Mr. Boucher bowed again.

As the Mayor of Bully Grenay rose, every man in the banquet hall rose with him, and the proud tempestuous music of the *Marsellaise* shook the air. Everybody knew the tune. A surprising number knew the words. The

effect was magnificent, *magnifique!* M. Boucher was overcome, but he recovered himself and spoke with eloquence and spirit.

HARD TO FOLLOW

The first part of his speech was a mixture of French, broken English and applause, and hard to follow. "*Quand a moi,*" the reporter caught, and "I am happy to recall with you those days you have spent in my country . . . some of which were spent in my own village . . . take upon myself to be ambassador of all our old *amis du Pas de Calais* and extend to you their *salutations* and expressions of extreme regard." (Cheers). "I shall like, if it is permitted me, to tell what things have become there in the *petit*, broken-down village that you recall. All, I am pleased to say to you, are now restored — the *eglise*, the *mairie*, the *estaminets*, the little *maisons*, the *magazins* — are now as if the war had not been. (Applause).

"Yet all is not forgotten. Many *jeunes filles de Bully Grenay* recall the visit *des Canadiens*. There are some who wait *encore* for the promised return *apres la guerre* . . ."

The Mayor of Bully Grenay spoke eloquently of the sadness of *Mlle. Julienne* of the Officers' Estaminet; of *une jeune fille* who waits *encore* for Sergeant O'Leary at the *ferme* behind the schoolhouse. He told of diminished business in *pommes de terre frites* on both side of the Belgian border. He recalled, amid reminiscent laughter, towns with forgotten names — Maroc, Lievin, Souchez, Bouvigny, Boyeffles and Dranoutre. He spoke of *fermes* and *estaminets* and *mairies*; of "Marie," and "Julie" and "Jeanne;" of whitewash and incinerators, and the bed-roll of Staff-Sergeant Smith. "Particularly, we of Bully Grenay recall with affectionate regard the Feefth Ambulance Croix Rouge," said M. Boucher. "*Merci, messieurs,*" and sat down, amid thunderous applause.

It was a great speech. Whether or not it was the one the Mayor of Bully Grenay would have made, Dr. Joseph T. Irwin, of Bloor Street, who made it, will not tell.

"Zeal, all zeal, Mr. Easy!" A junior reporter, who will never again be as innocent and young as on last Friday afternoon, tenders heartfelt apologies to: One general, two colonels, eight majors, twenty-seven other ranks — all late of the Fourth Brigade, Second Division, C.E.F.

The same reporter begs forgiveness of: Two parish priests, one physician, two aldermen, one ex-alderman, one bank manager, one school-board secretary, one cigar-store proprietor. (All of "somewhere out the Danforth"). He prays the French Consul in Toronto to accept of his regrets the most profound. He prostrates himself at the feet of the Toronto and District Command, Canadian Legion. And he beseeches the Toronto police force to believe that he did not do it on purpose.— *Toronto Globe*, May 5, 1930.

From the foregoing account it will be appreciated that the press, the police, the military authorities and the great Toronto public were hoaxed. And that isn't all! Ninety-five per cent of those at the reunion were taken in. Carl Hill, even though he was chairman, had no idea that the celebrity he introduced was not the genuine article. Carl even went so far as to suggest to Officer John McRae that there would be sure promotion and a merit mark for the constable clever enough to locate the elusive Mayor, and suggested that he should phone the chief at once. Captain Parker sat next to His Worship at the head table and did his best to carry on a conversation with Monsieur Boucher: "How are the crops in your country?" he asked, in his best war-time French. "Ah, M'sieur," replied the Mayor, "*Les grappes sont detruies. Trop de la pluie, malheureusement!*" "And how is your good wife?" continued the captain. Ah, *mon cher Capitaine, elle est mort depuis longtemps,*" sighed M. Boucher and there was a hint of moisture in his eyes. "*Mais, c'est triste,*" consoled the sympathetic Parker, in his best accent.

Even Chief Constable Draper was gulled. He ordered every returned man on his force to "spare no efforts to locate this man." Draper was a general in the Third Division; and knew Bully Grenay! Reporters were at the Carls-Rite Hotel several hours before the meeting, buttonholing every Fifth man they could find and doing their utmost to get some definite news of the distinguished guest.

As for the Fifth men, very few of them knew when the meeting broke up that Joe Irwin was hiding behind the spade beard, the frock coat and the quaint accent of M. Boucher. Joe gave a perfect performance. How he ever kept his face straight throughout the affair is a mystery. He was the one man in our unit capable of doing the thing in just the right way, and the act went over big. Even Piccadilly Bridges, Si Taylor, Jim Henderson and dozens of fellows who knew Joe well in war days, were fooled. They stood close to him and joined in singing the *Marsellaise* with all the voice and wind at their command. It was not until we saw the Monday papers that most of us learned the truth. Captain Parker and Carl Hill, for instance, met Joe in the hotel washroom shortly before the meeting broke up. Joe was busily washing the makeup off his face. "Just got off the train." explained Joe. "Washing some of the soot out of my ears." The Captain and Hill looked

at him. "Well, my friend" declared Carl, "you've missed the time of your life! We've had the Mayor of Bully Grenay with us all evening. He just left."

Where the idea for the stunt originated we aren't sure. We do know, however, that for many nights prior to the reunion, Joe Irwin and Orvil Elliott had their heads together, and that the ex-Major did a lot of mysterious telephoning on the Friday preceding the meeting. We remember, too, how anxious Frank O'Leary was to turn over inquisitive reporters to Fifth men who had nothing to tell. One thing we are sure of, and that is this: The affair had all Toronto by the ears for two or three days; it provided us with an excellent night's entertainment and set a very high mark for future reunion committees to shoot at.

Newspaper clippings about the affair were mailed to the real Mayor of Bully, over in France. Here is a translated copy of the letter we received in return:

Bully-les-mines,
July 3, 1931.

Dear Sirs:

It was indeed with pleasure and surprise, as you may suppose, that I learned of my presence in Toronto in May, 1930.

I am particularly pleased that you have retained such a good memory of my dear home town and, to begin with, I must tell you that I have been mayor of the town of Bully since 1929 and that, during hostilities, I was on active service.

A native of Bully, a widower and the father of three children, I had to close my drug store on the fifth day of mobilization and do like my comrades — defend the invaded soil; and I did not return home till February, 1919, so that I did not know very well the English or Canadian troops who sojourned at Bully. But I have a vivid recollection of a leave spent here at home with some Canadians, the impression of which is still pleasant to recall. Also I have on my cellar door a notice put up by those gentlemen which reads:

OUT OF BOUNDS

by order

3RD CANADIAN DIVISION, A.P.M.

April 12

You see, therefore, that among the recollections you mention, I have some which I guard very jealously.

I had your letter and newspaper articles translated and I was very glad that you interpreted in such an original, cordial and amiable manner

the sentiments that I myself should have expressed if I had had the pleasure of being in your midst.

So I ask you to transmit to all the members of the 5th Canadian Field Ambulance my best wishes and, as Mayor of Bully, my congratulations and thanks.

I am glad to tell you that since then, Bully, as well as the other places you mention, has recovered from the ravages of the war. The ruins were numerous, the losses cruel, but all have succeeded in re-establishing their property and with tears in their eyes and despair in their souls have renewed what the older ones built and what the young ones hope for.

Life has thus resumed its normal course. Troubles are soothed and now hardly more than the horrible and always poignant memory remains of that slaughter which is without parallel in the annals of history. Just after the war, life was rather easy, business rather good; but now we are suffering from the crisis which for so long now has brooded over the world. The lowering of wages and strikes have intervened and embarrassed our very industrious and courageous population.

As for myself, Mayor of Bully, my duties are hard, for the receipts from the budget are meagre and there is so much to be done in this populous place.

Many other less-affected municipalities have found, in England, Canada and elsewhere, godmothers who have helped them recover from their losses.

I regret not having been invested with my duties in those troublous times, for I should have pleaded the cause of my municipality and, perhaps, should have found the sister town which would have bound up our wounds, helped us to rebuild our ruins and would today be a useful aid to us in completing this great work. However, as I have said, I am none the less happy at the good memory you have preserved of Bully and its inhabitants.

Rest assured that for the most part they reciprocate the sentiments you express with regard to them, for the Canadians were especially appreciated for their friendliness, their devotion, their spirit of sacrifice and their honor; and if in the course of your wanderings chance leads you to Bully, be sure that the welcome that will be given you will be no less sincere, no less cordial than that which you would reserve for me if I went to Toronto.

Now to all the members of the Fifth Field Ambulance, and to yourself, in the name of my citizens and myself, I extend the expression of our gratitude for the services you rendered us during the terrible nightmare of the war and we wish you the best wishes:

HEALTH, HAPPINESS, PROSPERITY

Yours very sincerely,

L. Baillot, Druggist,
Mayor, Bully-les-mines.

(Signed) L. BAILLOT.

1931

Our Seventh Annual Reunion took place on the second Saturday in May, 1931, and was held in Murphy's Restaurant, Hamilton. Colonel Kappelé was Chairman, and Mayor John Peebles was the guest-speaker of the evening. Immediately before the dinner those present fell in and in charge of Sergeant-Major Jack Williams marched to the cenotaph, where Larry Kelly deposited a wreath and made a brief and suitable speech. A piper then played a Lament, after which a bugler blew Last Post, followed by the Reveille. To the skirl of bagpipes the parade then marched back to Murphy's for food, refreshment and entertainment. About one hundred were present and at our short business interlude decided to deposit the Red Cross Flag carried by our unit overseas, along with a memorial Union Jack, in St. John's Church, Ancaster, on Sunday, June 14th.

The presentation of flags took place as arranged. About 150 of the old Fifth, and a goodly number of the Continuing Fifth (Militia unit) paraded to the church and took part in the ceremony. The Rector, W. E. Kidd, M.C., officiated. St. John's Church had been for a great many years the Farmer family place of worship and it was eminently fitting that our flags should be there deposited. Following is the Order of Service:

ORDER OF SERVICE

The congregation being assembled in the church and the doors closed, the church authorities await inside the main door the arrival of the Flags with escort. The Adjutant advances and knocks thrice on the door with his sword-hilt.

On the door being opened, he says:—

Sir: I have been commanded by Lieut.-Colonel K. E. Cooke, M.C., commanding the Fifth Field Ambulance, to inform the authorities of this church that he has repaired here to-day with the Red Cross Flag carried by the Fifth Field Ambulance, British Expeditionary Force, during their service overseas 1914-1918, and with a memorial Union Jack and desires admission to prefer a request that they might be deposited herein.

The Rector shall answer:

Sir: Inform Lieut.-Colonel K. E. Cooke, M.C., commanding the Fifth Field Ambulance, that every facility shall be afforded him in executing his most laudable purpose.

Upon this being communicated to the Commanding Officer the procession is formed and will proceed up the aisle to the singing of the hymn.

HYMN: "STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS."

On arrival at the chancel steps the Officer Commanding shall thus address the Rector:

Sir: On behalf of the Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and men of the Fifth Field Ambulance British Expeditionary Force, I have the honour to request that this Red Cross Flag, carried by them during their service overseas 1914-1918, and also

that this Union Jack given by them in memory of their original Commanding Officer, the late Colonel George Devey Farmer, C.B.E., M.D., be deposited here for safe keeping as a token of their gratitude to Almighty God for His providential care and benediction granted them in the discharge of duty. In so acting they desire to provide a memorial to the service of all the members of this unit who served for King and Country so faithfully and to afford an inspiration for patriotic service and sacrifice to those who may worship here for all time to come.

The Rector shall answer:

In the faith of Jesus Christ we accept these Flags for the Glory of God and in memory of those who were faithful, many of them even unto death, in the sacred cause of King and Country and deposit them for safe keeping in this church to be a memorial before God and man and in the confidence of the inspiration they will afford to all who behold them, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

At the close of the National Anthem the Flags will be handed to the Wardens who in turn present them to the Rector.

The Rector — "In the name of our God we will set up our Banners."

Response — "The Lord is our strength, we will not be afraid."

The Rector — "Now know I that the Lord saved his annointed."

Response — "He will hear Him from His Heaven with the saving strength of His right hand."

The Rector — "Some trust in chariots, some in horses."

Response — "But we will remember the name of the Lord our God."

The Flags will be placed upon the altar and the following prayer be said:

"Almighty Father, who dost ever call thy people to faith and sacrifice, vouchsafe we beseech thee to accept these offerings, the emblems of Thy servants' fidelity and unselfish devotion to the Glory of Thy great name through Jesus Christ Our Lord, Amen."

"Oh, God, from everlasting to everlasting, the same who didst set up memorials in the name of thy people Israel, to be a constant reminder of their duty to thee, grant that all who worship here, by the contemplation of these memorials, may be stirred to the fullest sense of their relations to Thee and to King and Country. May the remembrance of the courage, loyalty and self sacrifice of the men who fought under these emblems, in the defence of our Empire, so fire us with patriotic zeal, that we shall ever be ready to venture all, even life itself, in the same Holy cause. Above all may our minds be lifted toward heavenly things that we may be conformed to the image of Thy dear Son who was obedient unto Death, and to whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost be all Honour and Praise and Power, world without end, Amen."

"Oh, Almighty God, who has knit together thine elect in one communion and fellowship in the mystical body of Thy Son Christ our Lord, grant us grace so to follow thy blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys which thou hast prepared for them that unfeignedly love thee, through Jesus Christ Our Lord, Amen."

THE ABSOLUTION.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

PSALM 46.

HYMN: "O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST."

THE GENERAL CONFESSION.

Almighty and most merciful Father, We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep, We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts, We have offended against thy holy laws, We have left undone those things which we



1. Group of the Lads at Ancaster Church Service.

2. Restivo — reaching for his hanky!

3. Jack Lumsden, K. in A.

4. "Turk" Elliott (extreme left) talks Turkey with General Allenby, Corps Reunion.

ought to have done, And we have done those things which we ought not to have done, And there is no health in us: But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us miserable offenders; Spare thou them, O God, which confess their faults, Restore thou them that are penitent, According to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesu our Lord; And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake, That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, To the Glory of thy holy Name. Amen.

THE LESSON.

THE TE DEUM.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

PRAYERS.

HYMN: "FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT."

SERMON.

OFFERTORY. ANTHEM.

LAST POST.

REVEILLE.

BENEDICTION.

RECESSIONAL — HYMN: "FOR ALL THE SAINTS WHO FROM THEIR LABORS REST."

After the service, an adequate supply of sandwiches, coffee, and other refreshments was served in the Farmer home and on the beautiful grounds surrounding it. We believe that Miss Farmer and Mrs. Albert Armes had much to do with this very thoughtful provision. It certainly was very timely and much appreciated by those present.

1932

A gathering of about forty Fifth lads took place in Spadina Armories, Toronto, on January 20th, 1932, when a committee was appointed for Toronto district "to plan reunions and give all possible assistance to those seeking pensions, and to help those who for the time being have been harder hit by the depression than others." The committee elected was: President, Orvil Elliott; Vice-President, Ben Case; Sec.-Treas., Jim Henderson; Members, Harry Fryday, Roy Skilling, and all other Toronto members of the unit.

Charles (Dick) Whittingham died very suddenly at Hamilton on January 26th. A large turnout of members from Hamilton, Toronto and vicinity attended the funeral, two days later, when interment was made at Woodlawn Cemetery, Hamilton. Dick was an "original" and one of our best. He was generally popular and took a great and active interest in matters concerning the unit. His quiet drollery, obvious sincerity and unassuming manner had endeared him to all. Dick had no relatives locally, but blood-relations couldn't have loved him more than we.

The Communiqué is Born 

On March 29th, 1932, the first Fifth Field Ambulance (Overseas) Communiqué was published. The initial number consisted of three foolscap pages of typewritten matter pertaining to the activities of ex-Fifth men. The first editorial informed us that the object of the Communiqué was "To maintain closer touch than can be afforded by a yearly get-together, we are going to issue periodically a news bulletin dealing with whatever interesting items can be gathered about members of the unit. In order that this may be as complete as possible, everybody's co-operation is requested. If you have any news which you believe will be of interest, telephone or write the Secretary of Toronto branch. We want news from Hamilton, Owen Sound, Detroit, Toronto, or wherever you are."

The idea of a news-sheet was born in the brains of Case and Henderson. Mysterious ways and means were found for the publication of the first number. Approximately three hundred and fifty copies were sent out and the Communiqué's success was assured. Eight numbers in all have been issued and our miniature newspaper has grown considerably and become an established institution to which all Fifth men and their families look forward with lively and appreciative interest. Baldy Rutherford and Andy Patterson shared the editorship of the first few editions. Pat still looks after the Hamilton news. Baldy moved from Toronto, so the Toronto editorial duties have been taken care of by others. Mrs. Taylor (wife of Si) does the typing and cuts the mimeograph stencils. Two or three volunteers attend to the stitching, folding and mailing.

The Eighth Annual Reunion was held at the Carls-Rite Hotel, Toronto, on May 7th. One hundred and six members from near and far sat down to dinner. Baldy Rutherford occupied the Chair. The guest-speaker of the evening was Captain Kidd, of Ancaster, who was Chaplain of the Twenty-First Battalion overseas. The padre was accorded a good reception and gave a very interesting address. A brief business meeting was held, after which those present adjourned to an adjacent room where Messrs. Busst and Rigby dispensed without fear or favor an ample supply of malt extract. With refreshments, fraternization and music the balance of the evening passed very quickly and pleasantly.

At this reunion Larry Kelly proposed our most important toast; "To Our Fallen Comrades." Here is what he said:

This fellowship and companionship we here enjoy is enriched by a beautifully sad and profound memory. It has been bought with a price — not alone that price of transformation and vicissitude which the war imposed upon each of us, but with the lives of those who paid unto that "last full measure of devotion." The price they paid adds the deeper note to our rejoicing together. Our thoughts of them are encompassed with an abounding hope which may be couched in the words of one who, with them, passed on:

"To every created thing God has given a tongue which proclaims resurrection. If the Father deigns to touch with divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn and to make it burst forth from its prison walls, will He leave neglected in the earth the soul of Man made in the image of his Creator? If He stoops to give to the rose bush whose withered blossoms float upon the autumn breeze the sweet assurance of another springtime, will He refuse the words of hope to the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? If matter, though mute and inanimate, is changed into a multitude of forms and can never die, will the spirit of man suffer annihilation after paying a brief visit like a royal guest to this tenement of clay?" No! We can be assured that they live! They have laid "in dust, life's glory dead," but from the very ground there shall blossom red a life that shall fuller, fairer be.

The names of those who paid their all in France with the added name of one who has passed on since our last reunion will be read. After the reading shall we stand a moment in silent communion with our immortal comrades.

Another very interesting feature of the evening was Joe Irwin's reading of the letter from the real mayor of Bully Grenay.

On Sunday, June 19th, a goodly number of Fifth veterans from Toronto, Hamilton, Owen Sound and elsewhere visited Ancaster and paraded, along with the militia unit of the Continuing Fifth Field Ambulance, to St. John's Church, where Captain Kidd conducted a Memorial Service for fallen Fifth men. After the service tribute was paid to the memory of Colonel Farmer and other fallen comrades at the colonel's graveside.

1933

Early in 1933 word was received of the deaths of P. G. Douglass and Edward Brazendale. We were informed only of their passing and regret that more definite information as to date, etc., was not forthcoming. News was also received of the death of

Robert Jell, formerly of the Divisional Train and for a time attached to the Fifth.

On May 13th our Ninth Annual Reunion was held at Roberts' Restaurant, Hamilton, when approximately one hundred turned out. Under the able co-Chairmanship of Colonel Kappeler and Andy Patterson the gathering enjoyed a first-rate dinner and a program of musical and humorous entertainment. Sam Manson, famous as one of Canada's greatest football players, was the star of the evening. Sam told about the experiences of the Canadian sports contestants at the Los Angeles Olympiad. He also told some pretty fair stories about well-known Fifth characters, and had his audience roaring in laughter. Dean Wilkins, K.C., Crown Attorney, of Sudbury, sat at the head table and also made a neat little speech. Ex-Staff S. R. Smith also expressed himself very fittingly when obliged to respond to a vociferous welcome. This was Reggie's first appearance at a reunion and he was given a great reception and sympathetic hearing. The usual business session was held, but nothing of particular moment came up for discussion.

During the Summer of '33, Jimmy Lickley and his good wife went on a motor trip to Great Britain, France and Belgium. They had a great time in the old land. Jimmy reported part of his experiences as follows:

Crossed from Dover to Calais on S.S. *Auto Carrier*. Sea was so smooth some people were bathing from a yacht in midstream. All military camps gone from Calais.

Drove through Dunkirk and Poperinghe to Ypres, through the flat lands of Flanders, with Mont des Cats and Mont Noir away off on the right.

The day in Ypres — rebuilt with the exception of the wings of the Cloth Hall. A clean inviting little town with many English-speaking residents. Met a pilgrimage of Scottish mothers and wives to the cemeteries, conducted by an Edinburgh V.C.

Visit to Zonnebeke, Passchendaele, Tynecott Cemetery, the graves in Ypres of C. C. Jones, Bill Bateson, Max Odessky and Percy Moyer. The Menin Gate Memorial with its thousands of names of the missing. Zillebeke, Maple Copse and Sanctuary Wood Cemeteries, and the memorial on Hill 62 at the head of Maple Avenue, from where Fritz could look straight down into Ypres.

The trip down to Arras by the old Brasserie, Dickebusch, La Clytte and Dranoutre; then by Armentieres through Lens to Vimy, up the old road by Petit Vimy to Arras, with the huge Canadian memorial looking

down on Lens. Finally, Arras, all rebuilt, but rather grubby and disappointing.

A day spent driving around the Ridge, Bully Grenay, Four Winds, Mont-St-Eloy, et al. Billy Plowright's grave at Ecoivres where four of us laid him; and the names of Canadian Missing on the monument, including some of our own fellows. Cemeteries everywhere beautifully cared for.

The final day's trip down through the Somme, Courcellette, the Sugar Refinery and Pozieres — all rebuilt. The Virgin of Albert on her feet again; the graves in Albert of McFarlane, Finch and Terrio.

On to Paris for a couple of days' fun dodging taxis; then a four-hour drive to Calais and back to Blighty.

During this same Summer a party of Toronto lads spent an entertaining week-end at Harry Fryday's summer cottage, near Rice Lake, Ont. Details of the jaunt were withheld from the editor. The only information obtainable was to the effect that no fish were caught. Perhaps the snapshots shown in this volume will explain.

Late in December we received the shocking news that Tommy Windsor had passed away suddenly in Toronto. Not one of the local fellows knew that Tommy was unwell, and it was only by chance that his death notice was seen in a newspaper. A few of his former comrades were hurriedly rounded up and attended the funeral.

1934

Early in February Joe Spruit died at his home in Long Branch, Ont., after a long illness which developed into pneumonia. Joe was one of our old-time lads and a member of the Horse Transport Section. His health was very poor during his last few years and although efforts were made to obtain a pension for him they met with no success. Joe left a wife and one child. He was buried in Prospect Cemetery, Toronto, many of his war-time comrades from Hamilton and Toronto being at the graveside.

Captain Silcox Passes On ~

Late in February Captain Silcox passed away in Hamilton. Death was attributed to heart trouble. Burial took place in Hamilton. An exceptionally large turnout of ex-Fifth men were present at the funeral service at the Captain's home and also at the cemetery service. Many civic dignitaries, prominent Hamilton

medical and professional men, and representatives from almost every local welfare and fraternal body were at the graveside, where a very impressive Masonic and military burial service took place.

Captain Silcox was with the Fifth from mobilization until 1916 when he went to take charge of Advanced Medical Stores in France. Many of our men will remember him for his excellent work in the La Clytte schoolhouse during the heavy bombardment of December 29, 1915, when he carried on with his duties, quite indifferent and apparently unconcerned about his own personal danger. The Captain was a hard, conscientious worker, rather un-military in bearing but absolutely honest and frank in his relations with the personnel of our unit. He had many little idiosyncracies that brought smiles to our faces on several occasions, but we are safe in saying that he had the respect and trust of every man in the unit. We have many times heard of how he invariably knelt by his bedroll and prayed every night before retiring, regardless of how many roistering fellow-officers might be near him. That took courage! We understand, too, that he undermined his health by going out on cold, wet, blizzardy nights to help some poor unfortunate family which would have gone without medical help, food and clothing if Captain Silcox had not looked after them. His great philanthropic work was carried on so quietly and un-ostentatiously, even many of his close associates didn't know until after his death that he had lived mostly for others. The sick, the poor, and the needy of his native city lost one of their best friends; and the Fifth lost one of its outstanding officers. Up to the time he died, he never missed a reunion or get-together. We shall miss him greatly.

In the early Spring, word was received of the death of Major G. A. Ings, of Fort McMurray, Alta. Major Ings spent some time with the Fifth when we were at Auchel and for a few weeks after we left that town. We do not know the date of his death or the cause of his passing. If memory serves us correctly he was with a Forestry unit before or after he was with the Fifth. We remember him as a kindly, somewhat elderly officer who was more concerned with the human aspect of the war than with the military side.

Our Tenth Annual Reunion took place at the Ford Hotel, Toronto, on the evening of May 12th. One hundred and forty were present and had a very good time. Doc Van Nostrand, one

of our standbys at Christie Military Hospital was Chairman. Souvenir menu cards and programs were provided by Pier Morgan. Bob Turner had the honor of proposing the toast to "The King." Mike Bicknell, in proposing the toast to "Our Departed Comrades" made one of the most thought-provoking speeches ever heard at our dinners. Herbert Gilbert, once of A. Section, but now a Missionary-Doctor in China, responded to the Visitors toast and told about some of his experiences during a civil war waged near his home in China.

After the dinner came an old-time sing-song. Frank Temperton walloped the piano and we sang all the old favorites: "Mlle. from Armentieres," "D' ye ken Old Restive and his comrade Covell," etc. Then came a picture show made up of photos Jimmy Lickley took while on his trip to the battlefields; and snaps showing the activities of the Fifth from Exhibition Camp in 1914 to demobilization in the same grounds in 1919. Interspersed with the photos were many slides of wisecracks and sayings unique with our unit. Frank O'Leary explained the pictures and supplied running comment on the slides. A recent change in the law made it possible for the gathering to partake of somewhat more potent refreshment, so the lads made the best of their opportunity and celebrated accordingly.

The Corps Reunion ~

1934 was Centennial Year for Toronto, and part of the celebrations was a reunion of the whole Canadian Corps. The Exhibition buildings were set aside for the billeting of out-of-town veterans and for the entertainment of all those who cared to come. The affair was advertised all over America with the result that approximately 85,000 ex-service men and women were present when the reunion took place. From every corner of the American continent they came, and for four or five days Toronto presented a picture that reminded us of war days in London. From the night of August 2nd, until August 7th the remnants of the Corps celebrated. Night and day the merrymaking continued. Sports, games, banquets, parades, picnics, open-air dancing, races — in fact, every imaginable sort of entertainment went on. The old-timers had entire possession of Toronto. Street car traffic was blocked by bereted veterans who chose the city's busiest street

intersections for their crown-and-anchor, crap and poker games. The local police — many of them war veterans — indulgently humored the celebrants and the reunion went off without any untoward incidents.

In the Exhibition grounds a large model French Village was erected, complete with *epiceries*, *estaminets*, open-air comfort stations, and all the other things peculiar to a typical village back of the Line. On Sunday, August 5th, a monster drumhead service was held in Riverdale Park where over 250,000 people assembled to take part in the service. Our old beloved padre Canon Scott — or, to give him his full title, Venerable Archdeacon (Lieutenant-Colonel) Frederick George Scott, C.M.G., D.S.O. — preached the sermon. On the Monday night a monster military tattoo was held in the same park. Over three hundred thousand spectators crowded the vast amphitheatre to witness torchlight parades, fireworks, and countermarches in which twenty-three of Canada's leading bands took part. It is estimated that nearly seventy-five thousand automobiles were parked in streets near the park and it was long after midnight when the traffic was untangled and the crowds dispersed.

On Sunday night a Concert was put on in the Coliseum by a composite company made up of fellows from our old troupes such as The Dumbells, C-Twos, Y-Emmers, and others. Red Newman, Pat Rafferty, the Plunkett boys, Gitz-Rice, Jimmy Good and many other stars of war days sang the old favorites, put on the old skits and capered about in the style that used to "bring down the house" "over there."

On Monday a Sports Day was held. This was reminiscent of those well remembered days at Tinqués, Hersin, and Camblain l'Abbe. There were tugs-of-war, sack races, bayonet scraps, tent-pegging contests, boxing, wrestling, and all the other sports that used to go to make up our field days. The Fifth's share in Corps Reunion activities can perhaps, be told by quoting our own Communiqué's account of our doings:

Our orderly room, 147 Arras Road, was opened on the night of August 2nd, and for the following four days (and most of the nights!) the boys made it their rallying point. Here they registered, received berets and badges; and billets were arranged for all requesting them. Here, too, old comrade met old comrade, while food and drink seemed to spring from nowhere — although it was noted that many escorting parties

were kept very busy, guarding bulky cartons during the perilous journey from the French Village.

On the very ground where we had mobilized in 1914, we gathered to celebrate and further cement the imperishable bonds of a comradeship born of war-time experiences. It was fitting, indeed, that, after a score of years, we should come back to our starting place; and it was most natural that our thoughts many times turned toward all the fellows who had passed on during the twenty-year interval. If only they could have been with us in the flesh!

Official registrations were: Fifth, 132; Sixth, 25. At dinner (held Saturday night) we were joined by twenty-four of the Fourth boys, making approximately 180, all told. The Hamilton and Owen Sound fellows were very much in evidence.

Our dinner was a most informal affair. We had specially-made Scotch meat pies (Forfar bridies), roast beef, cheese, pickles, onions, bread, butter, crackers, etc., all arrayed on a long table. One could help himself to a meat pie or make whatever sandwich he liked best, take a bottle of beer or ginger ale and seat himself at a table with his own chosen cronies. He could fraternize to his heart's content, for there were tables and chairs for everybody. He could eat when he was hungry and drink when he was dry. There wasn't even a chairman in charge. It was a free-and-easy meal, and how it did go over!

The old Fifth was well represented in the official activities of the Corps. Frank O'Leary was one of the medical officers in the camp hospital. Frank Beatty was on duty as first-aid sergeant, and our old friend Art. Lansdowne acted as casualty for the stretcher-bearer contestants before the grandstand. We also provided one or two patients for the emergency hospital, but — no names, no pack-drill!

Danny Kappelle and Orvil Elliott were on deck early and late, mixing with the gang and contributing greatly to the conviviality of the occasion. We are not telling what they were mixing, for their well-known capacity in this connection needs no explanation on our part. Two rather sad accidents occurred during the festivities: Pier Morgan got hopelessly lost in the French Village and missed the dinner. And someone invited Harry Allen to have a drink — and Harry didn't hear him. 'Stew bad, boys. Better luck next time.

The *Border-Cities Star* carried on its front page a six-column cut of General Allenby. In earnest conversation with the distinguished general was our one and only Lance Elliott. Turk, no doubt, was telling the great leader how he and Teddy Blair won the battle of Estree-Cauchie.

Toots Meisner isn't very big, but it's a safe bet that he made more rumpus than any ten other veterans. His voice gave out Friday night and he spoke in whispers — but got wonderful results in spite of the handicap.

Ben Case was unable to get to the dinner, owing to his duties as secretary of the 43rd Battery Association. We understand that several times Ben started over to our orderly room, but succeeded in failing to arrive. Low visibility, heavy traffic, Scotch mist — or sumthin'! We certainly missed him but knew that Ben was with us in spirit.

Ed Thurber came from New York City. You'll recall that he left the Fifth at Mont-St.-Eloy, went to a battalion and had some very remarkable experiences. Since the war he has been adventuring around, and all over America.

Another long-absent laddybuck who put in an appearance was our old genial friend, ex-Corporal Alf. Pountney, from Owen Sound. Alf's shoes got dusty coming through the Exhibition Grounds and there was a lot of good-natured kidding about it, for Alf, if you remember, had about the shiniest shoes in France.

A. B. Smith pleased everybody by his presence in the orderly room, at the dinner, and with the gang at the Ford Hotel. A. B. and Mrs. Smith, Curly and Mrs. LeRoux, Toots Meisner, Turkey Elliott and some more of the Fifth just about took possession of the Ford rotunda. Any further information on this topic must come from them — or from the hotel manager.

Captain Wyatt, our old paymaster, also registered. Remember how we used to welcome him in France? Well, our welcome to him this time was just as sincere.

Among the many who registered were: Major Pentecost, Toronto; Harry Lang, Brentwood, L.I.; Claude (Curly) LeRoux, Belmont, Mass.; Albert Somers, Blyth, Ont.; Crown Attorney E. D. Wilkins, K.C., of Sudbury, Ont.; Fred Trollope, Toronto; Captain Paul Poisson, ex-M.P., Tecumseh; Elgin Sears, Waterdown, Ont.; Bill Scott, M.D., Cookstown, Ont.; Dr. Walter (Bruce) Barnes, Toronto; Irvine Dymont, Toronto; Tommy Hardcastle, Galt, Ont.; Jim Erskine, Guelph, Ont.; Bert Mead, Toronto; Erland Field, Niagara-on-the Lake, Ont.; Wes. Ivory, Toronto; Joe Riley, Toronto. There were, of course, the old standbys who come out to every reunion. They joined heartily in welcoming those we have particularly mentioned — fellows who find it impossible to be with us as often as they would like to be.

We should like to mention many other fellows who were more or less prominent, and also some other outstanding occurrences that took place during the great celebration. However, prudence, as well as lack of space, suggests that it were better to say no more. We must, however, thank Jimmy Lickley, Len Stephens, Orvil Elliott, Jim Henderson and all the others who worked so hard to make the Fifth's part of the reunion such a rousing success. They did a swell job.

The Fifth was not formally present at any of the public parades or ceremonies. Many of the boys joined in the official affairs but

fell in with other Second Division troops. This arrangement permitted each and every man to suit himself as to how he spent his time, and no man was forced to parade who didn't want to do so.

Following are some commemorative verses written by one of our own men and featured by the Toronto Star Weekly to celebrate the Corps Reunion:

I WONDER

*I wonder — oh, a thousand things, whenever I'm alone —
About the days spent "over there," from Calais to Cologne.
Across the years that intervene comes Memory as guide
And once again I'm on the march, ghost comrades at my side.
I wonder do the roses climb the walls of Vlamertinghe?
Are ruddy poppies blowing in the fields near Elverdinghe?
Do nights at Hell Fire Corner ever give a hint or sign
Of the many lads who fell there as they foot-slogged up the Line?*

*I wonder if the children romp their happy way to school
Along those often-shelled pavés we trod afront Bailleul?
And does some happy peasant sing atop his creaking load
Where the bullets used to whistle out along the Vierstraat Road?
Do larks still sing ascending from the meadows near La Clytte?
Are cat-tails in Lake Dickebusch where we laved our aching feet?
Do birds build nests in Ridge Wood, or wildflowers scent the breeze
Where men once choked with chlorine and whizzbangs slashed the trees?*

*I wonder are there workers in the vaults of Chaudiere?
Are crimson kiln-fires burning in the brickfields of Albert?
Is Mont Noir's windmill watching over valleys tilled in peace?
Are slag-heaps growing higher near Coupigny and Fosse Dix?
Are Pernod glasses clinking in the brick estaminet
Where sturdy comrades gathered, at the edge of Pont Grenay?
I wonder if the flax now sprouts, and do the wild bees hum —
Are clover blossoms blooming by the stream at Ouderdom?*

*Do silvery ground mists shimmer in the Flanders morning chill
When the sun first peeps at Locre from the edge of Kemmel Hill?
Do village priests hold service in the stone church in Westoutre?
Does black Messines hide sunrise from the folk in poor Dranoutre?
I wonder if a nightingale still serenades Auchel;
And if a dog now treads the mill outside St. Jans Cappel?
Do aproned urchins cross themselves before quaint wayside shrines?
Are puffing engines hauling coal from Lens' long-flooded mines?*

*Is Cherisy built up again — and Vis-en-Artois bridge?
 Is gray chalk being quarried in the caves of Vimy Ridge?
 Are old Lievin's tumbled walls now free of camouflage?
 Do foam-topped combers thunder up the sands of Paris Plage?
 Do bent old women fashion lace in tiny Hallebast?
 Are roulette wheels awhirl again outside Neuville St. Vaast?
 Do stagnant cesspools spread their reek o'er breezy Quatre Vents?
 Do miners crowd the cinema in Cité St. Laurent?*

*Do Flemish farmers' threshing flails whine through chaff-laden air;
 And dog-drawn bread carts clatter o'er the cobbles of Lillers?
 Do thirsty men in Reninghelst crowd Jeanne's estaminet;
 And buxom women pour "van blong" in Pierre's "Pot-au-Lait?"
 Do percherons drag wooden plows outside Neuville-Vitasse;
 And picnickers roam Farbus Wood where once reeked mustard gas?
 Has someone found the S.R.D. three wangers hid too well —
 In holes they couldn't find again, in front of Mercatel?*

*Does lame old Henri carve sabots in drab Villers-au-Bois?
 Do crows still guard the ruined tower atop Mt.-St.-Eloy?
 I wonder are there sugar beets piled high near Courcellette?
 Do summer suns still bleach the chalk of ruined La Targette?
 Do lovers stroll near Ypres? Do ghosts march Menin Road?
 Are there dugout rats in Spoilbank, or in Bedford House abode?
 Do people live in Zillebeke and whip the lake for carp?
 Does Arras boast a carillon? Do boys splash in the Scarpe?*

*Do red-tiled roofs in Willerval gape up at Vimy Height?
 Are Bruay, Cambrai and Bethune now gay and bright at night?
 Has Passchendaele now peaceful farms where men once drowned in mud?
 Do walnuts drop in Bourlon Wood where gas-shells used to thud?
 I wonder — oh, a thousand things! I'm never quite alone —
 Old friends are with me as I march from Calais to Cologne.
 When memory summons back the Past, and hallowed scenes unfold,
 The rambling thoughts that come with them have not their price in gold.*

The Corps Reunion was the last occasion on which the Fifth had a gathering in 1934 — except in November, when about twenty of the lads met at the home of Mike Bicknell's folks, Toronto, to see the movies Mike took on a recent three-months' trip to England, Belgium, France, Russia, Germany and Poland. Mike is a very earnest humanitarian and his talk on what he saw during his travels provided an engrossing entertainment and

thought-provoking evening. Mike has developed into a very effective platform lecturer. His obvious sincerity, unassuming attitude and tolerantly expressed opinions disarm those who think differently from him. He gets his great message across very effectively and bids fair to go a long way in his work of making this world a little better place for the underdog.

1935

Our Eleventh Annual Reunion was the first noteworthy event in 1935. On May 12th, about ninety gathered at Roberts' restaurant, Hamilton. Considering that times were what they were and that the great Corps Reunion was not so very long past, the attendance was good. Dr. W. J. Deadman was Chairman and succeeded in conducting a very entertaining program. The guest of the evening was Mayor Wilton, of Hamilton, (now M.P.) and he made a very interesting and enjoyable speech. To Pier Morgan fell the honor of reading letters and reports from those who, through illness, too great distance or pressure of business affairs, were unable to be present in person.

Jimmy Bell was felicitated on his receipt of the King's Jubilee Medal. Jimmy made a brief response when he voiced his opinion that the medal was not a personal decoration so much as it was a favor reflecting the good name of the Fifth as a whole. It was learned later that Carl Hill, Arthur Hogg and Doc. Deadman were also recipients of this much coveted decoration.

Others who spoke briefly were Major Elliott, Carl Hill, Colonel Nicholson, Colonel Kappel, Bob. Tillotson, Bill Jones, Harry Hutchinson, George Graves and Francesco Restivo.

By an overwhelming majority the meeting voted in favor of an amendment to continue the policy which has made the annual reunions so successful in the past, rather than establish a monthly membership fee. The latter motion was advocated by Harry Fearnall, but the amendment introduced by Bert Busst carried.

After the formal part of the meeting and dinner, many of the fellows gathered about the piano and had a real old-fashioned sing-song. Old half-forgotten songs came tumbling to their lips from the musical storeroom of the Past — old gladsome, rollicking refrains we had sung so spontaneously "over there." And while many sang, others collected in small groups to talk over the days that were.

It was not until the wee sma' 'ours that the gathering dispersed. The Hamilton fellows put on a real show. The meal served was one of the best we have yet had at a reunion; and the whole affair was a credit to the committee which arranged it.

Captain Clark was present at this reunion — the first time he had been with us since the war. He was glad to be with us and we were glad to have him. Of course he had to put up with several wisecracks about the Otterpool dogcart, his Fosse Ten experiences, rum issues, rations, etc., but he took all the banter in good part.

On July 30th, Corporal A. B. Smith died of *Arterial Thrombosis Obliterans*, the same disease which necessitated the amputation of his right leg a few years ago. About fifty of his former comrades attended his funeral service in Toronto. His burial took place in Mt. Forest, Ontario. Surviving him are his widow, whom he met in Belgium, and five children. While with our unit most of A. B.'s activities were confined to the Motor Transport Section but the whole unit will always remember him as a great big, easy-going fellow who was ready for almost anything.

During August, Bill Sowden visited Toronto, having come all the way from Los Angeles. About a dozen ex-Fifth men were rounded up and put on a corn-roast for him. He was just about the same as when demobilized — a little stouter, perhaps, but the same in spirit as when he and Slim Russell put on their variety skits away back at Godewaersvelde in 1916.

On September 4th, Percy (Yorky) Coates passed away, after one of the gamest fights for life ever made by one of our members. Yorky's ailment was diagnosed as Muscular Atrophy, and in spite of our tireless, energetic and persistent efforts to obtain a pension for him, his application was repeatedly turned down by the Pensions Board and the Tribunal. Burial took place in Prospect cemetery, Toronto, after a funeral service attended by many Fifth fellows. Six of his Hamilton comrades were the pallbearers. Mrs. Coates and two young sons are left to mourn their loss. Poor old Yorky was a great favorite, particularly in A. Section, where he was a stretcher-bearer for a long time.

On Saturday, September 14th, about a dozen of the lads motored to Lion's Head, Ontario, where they joined some of the Owen Sound fellows in what was to be a fishing trip. Inclement weather prevented fishing, but the boys had a great time, as may be imagined from the snapshots shown in this volume.

On the evening of October 26th, about sixty of the oldtimers gathered in the Blue Room of the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, to hear an illustrated lecture on developments in Russia. The speaker was Dr. N. J. (Mike) Bicknell, who spent three months in the Soviet Union and took a half-dozen reels of very interesting movies. Mike was quick to admit that Russia is not a Utopia, but the pictures he showed and his story of that nation's achievements during the past few years, would suggest that there are many good features there which we could well embody in our own body politic. Dr. H. R. Skilling, a 1914 member of the Fifth was Chairman on this occasion; and Dr. Carl E. Hill, an old-time Section-mate of Mike's, moved a very unanimous vote of thanks to the speaker at the close of the meeting.

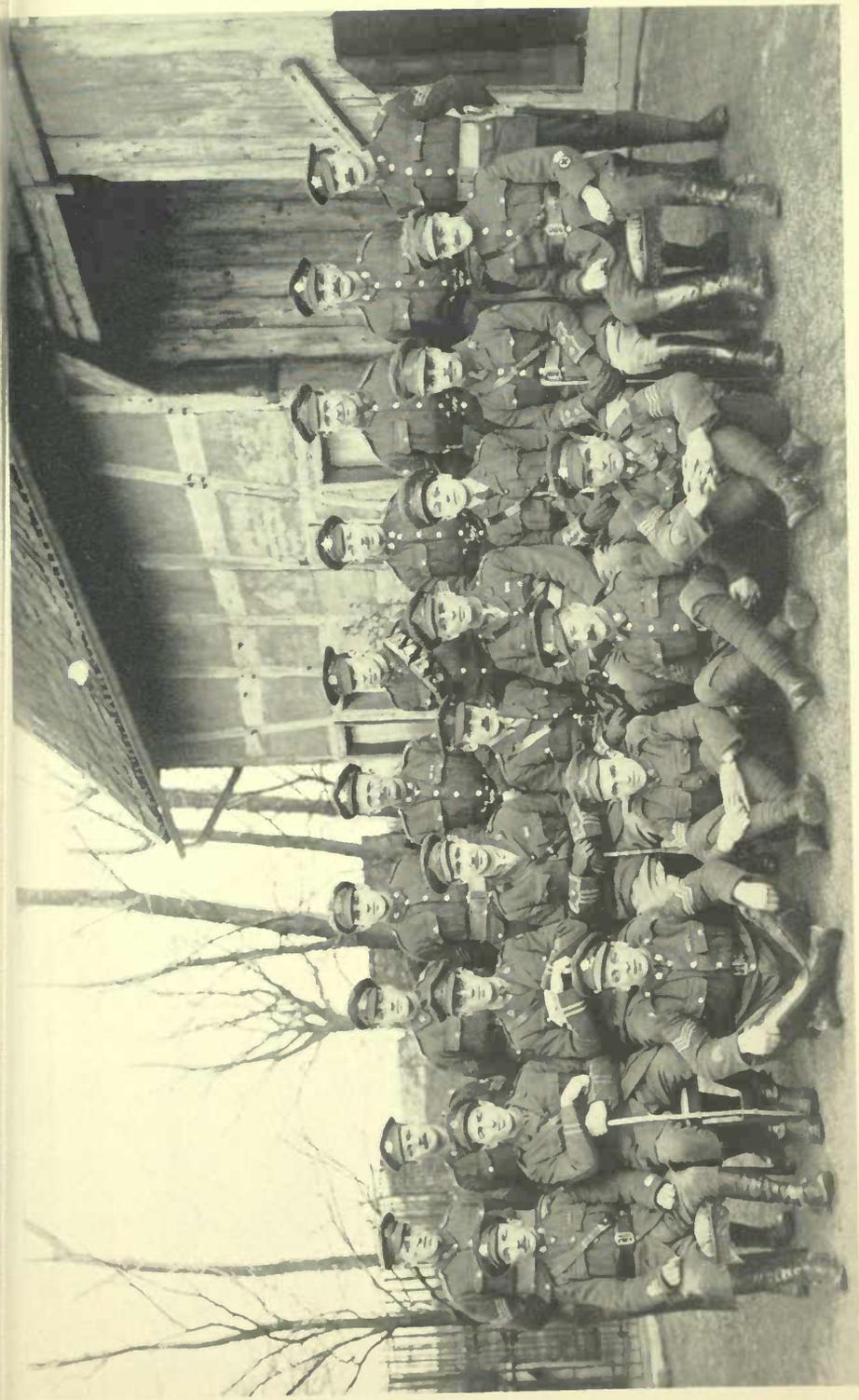


This, then, is the history of our Past. As for the future — undoubtedly we shall continue to have our annual reunions, occasional get-togethers, and impromptu parties. Then we will have the usual tongue-straftes, refight the war all over again and argue to beat hell about the details. It is futile to ask us to forget the war. We'll go on looking over our shoulders and back into the adventurous past forever. As long as there are two or more of us left to get together we'll travel, in memory, the old roads, visit the old scenes, discuss the old characters, tell the old yarns, and argue the same old arguments: Who was in the dugout at such-and-such a place? Is that village spelt St.-Eloy or St. Eloi? Who was the oldest man in the unit? And the youngest? Where did most of the rum go? Who had the softest job? Did we do more than our share of time up the Line? Etc., Etc.

We know full well that we'll never get these arguments settled satisfactorily, but they're our arguments and we're going to stick with them. Outsiders may look at us askance, but they can't stop us. For us "there is no hope!" The war was the big event of our lives and we're going to go on fighting it to our heart's content.

We are well aware that this book is going to add many new arguments and revive several of the old and half-forgotten ones. Every old soldier is a historian himself and will have his own version of how, when, where and why such-and-such occurred; so perhaps, to the unquenchable fire of war-days reminiscence, our rather rambling narrative will add some welcome fuel.





FIFTH OFFICERS AND SENIOR NONCOMS IN GERMANY

Back Row: Lynch, Thomas, Brown, Kemsley, Sharpe, Collinson, Noyes, Patterson, Woodburn, Shields,
Centre Row: Wilson, Graham, Wark, Dunham, Lomer, Morse, Parker, Quartermaster, Hodder,
Front Row: Graves, Wilkins, Busset, Badcau.

(Canadian Official War Photo)

CHAPTER TEN

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high,
If you break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

— Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae

ROLL OF HONOR & NOMINAL ROLL

November 11, 1914 to January 1, 1936

Honor Roll



DIED DURING THE WAR

642	PTE.	BARRON, JOHN, K. in A., 7/3/16.
1562	SGT.	BATESON, WILLIAM HENRY, K. in A., 6/11/17.
782320	PTE.	BLACKWOOD, JAMES ALEXANDER, D. of W., 6/11/17.
1572	PTE.	BROOKES, RONALD BAINES, K. in A., R.F.C.
536023	PTE.	COWIE, WALTER, Missing, Presumed Dead, 27/6/18.
2791	PTE.	CUMBERLAND, ANDREW JOHN, K. in A., R.F.C., 3/1/18.
523223	PTE.	ELLIOTT, WILLIAM BERTRAND, D. of W., 10/11/17.
400200	PTE.	ELLIS, ROBERT MEREDITH, K. in A., 4/5/17.
404334	PTE.	FINCH, LEWIS MELVIN, D. of W., 16/9/16.
1637	PTE.	GILMER, ERNEST RICHARD, K. in A., 12/10/16.
522926	PTE.	GRANT, HERBERT, K. in A., 16/9/16.
1642	PTE.	GRINDLEY, GEORGE HENRY, K. in A., 16/9/16.
1645	PTE.	HANNEY, WILLIAM, K. in A., 16/9/16.
	CAPT.	HARRIS, WEBSTER H. F., D. of W., 4/5/17.
504169	PTE.	HOGLE, CLAUDE LEROY, K. in A., 23/9/18.

1669	PTE.	JONES, CECIL CHARLES, K. in A., 12/11/17.
	MAJOR	JONES, HERBERT, Died, France, 5/3/17.
461093	PTE.	KELLY, ALFRED, D. of W., 13/10/17.
527506	PTE.	LAFLIN, FRANK, K. in A., 26/8/18.
1679	L/CPL.	LUMSDEN, JOHN GORDON, K. in A., 9/5/16.
536017	PTE.	MACDONNELL, SHIRLEY JOHN, K. in A., 19/5/18.
	CAPT.	MACNEILL, JAMES G., M.C., K. in A., 12/10/18.
526674	PTE.	MCANALLY, FREDERICK LEO, Drowned, Llandoverly Castle, 27/6/18.
1695	PTE.	McFARLANE, WILLIAM, D. of W., 16/9/16.
526544	PTE.	McKENZIE, WILLIAM, K. in A., 12/5/18.
55901	PTE.	MICHENER, LEO, K. in A.
1691	PTE.	MITCHELL, RICHARD ARTHUR, K. in A., 15/9/16.
1650	S/SGT.	MOTT, JACOB ERNEST, K. in A., R.F.C.
408975	PTE.	MOYER, PERCY, K. in A., 6/11/17.
528898	PTE.	MULLIGAN, GEORGE VINCENT, D. of W., 18/11/17.
1703	PTE.	NICHOLLS, JOHN JEFFREY, M.S.M., D. of W., 12/10/18.
1704	PTE.	NICHOLSON, ANDREW GEORGE, K. in A., 16/9/16.
26235	PTE.	ODESSKY, MAX, D. of W., 6/11/17.
1712	PTE.	PARKER, ANDREW, K. in A., 16/9/16.
1715	PTE.	PENDER, THOMAS PATRICK, K. in A., 16/9/16.
1716	PTE.	FLOWRIGHT, WILLIAM NEWBORN, K. in A., 29/4/17.
1729	PTE.	ROE, ALFRED CHARLES, D. of W., 23/4/17.
536215	PTE.	SAMUEL, ALEXANDER, Died, France, 16/11/18.
1759	PTE.	STAGG, CHARLES, K. in A., 9/4/17.
522814	PTE.	STANLEY, WILLIAM, D. of W., 13/10/18.
1761	CPL.	STEWART, JOHN MALCOLM, D. of W., 6/2/17.
1766	PTE.	TERRIO, FRANK, K. in A., 2/10/16.
526702	PTE.	THURSTON, HARRY, D. of W., 6/11/17.
1783	SGT.	WARTMAN, ALVIN EDMUND, D.C.M., D. of W., 16/10/16.



DIED SINCE THE WAR

50502	PTE.	ANDERTON, JOSEPH, 1935.
1559	PTE.	BANKS, JAMES SAMUEL, 1935.

- 191 PTE. BEEMAN, RAY S., 1930.
 CAPT. BELL, WILLIAM JOHN, 1920.
- 195008 PTE. BRAZENDALE, EDWARD, 1932.
 527763 PTE. COATES, PERCY, 1935.
 527826 PTE. COVERLEY, JOHN ROBERT, 1923.
 400065 PTE. DICKINSON, WILFRED, 1931.
 50894 PTE. DOUGLASS, PETER GERALD.
 1608 PTE. DRISCOLL, JOHN (JIMMY).
 CAPT. DUNLOP, DANIEL ROLSTON, 1927.
 LT.-COL. ELLIOTT, HENRY C. S., O.B.E., 1935.
 COLONEL FARMER, GEORGE DEVEY, C.B.E., 1928.
- 34606 PTE. GILMORE, ALBERT EDWARD, M.M.
 2081 S/SGT. HALLIGAN, WILLIAM.
 3105736 PTE. HANES, EARL, 1935.
 PTE. HANSON, E. G.
 1663 PTE. HUSBAND, ARTHUR CLIFFORD, 1920.
 MAJOR INGS, GEORGE ARTHUR.
 536027 PTE. LEGARY, WILLIAM, M.M.
 1678 PTE. LUDLOW, ALFRED MILFORD, 1921.
 86742 PTE. MATHERS, JAMES EDWARD, 1927.
 CAPT. MATHESON, JAMES RENWICK, 1922.
 PTE. MERCER, ALFRED J., 1919.
- 511671 PTE. MORIN, JOSEPH, 1924.
 1752 PTE. PETERS, CHARLES H., 1935.
 1720 PTE. RALPH, ALFRED, 1925.
 1731 PTE. ROSTRON, ERNEST.
 142492 SGT. SHARKEY, JAMES, 1923.
 400379 PTE. SHAW, HERBERT, 1922.
 CAPT. SILCOX, WILLIAM LOGAN, 1934.
 297 CORP. SMITH, ARTHUR BERTRAM, 1935.
 405428 PTE. SPRUIT, JOSEPH, 1934.
 CAPT. ST. LAURENT, ALEX. ENDORE, 1934.
 LT.-COL. TRELEAVEN, GEORGE WILLARD, D.S.O., M.C.
- 1773 S/SGT. TRUSWELL, WALTER DAVID, 1919.
 1790 PTE. WHITTINGHAM, CHARLES (DICK), 1932.
 1797 PTE. WINDSOR, THOMAS, 1933.
 1804 PTE. YATES, WALTER, 1927.

NOMINAL ROLL

Every effort has been made to make our Nominal Roll as complete as possible. Absolutely complete records, however, are not available. We are in touch with those men whose addresses are marked with an asterisk (*). The other addresses are those shown on file at Ottawa and are, doubtlessly, somewhat inaccurate.

We are very desirous of contacting every man and of putting his name on our mailing list. Therefore, if you can supply any information which will help make our Nominal Roll more correct and up-to-date, please forward it to our Secretary, James Henderson, 307 Wychwood Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

C.B.E.—Commander British Empire	K. in A.—Killed in Action M.C.—Military Cross	O.B.E.—Officer British Empire
D.C.M.—Distinguished Conduct Medal	M.I.D.—Mentioned in Despatches	P. of W.—Prisoner of War (W)—Wounded
D.S.O.—Distinguished Service Order	M.M.—Military Medal M.S.M.—Meritorious Service Medal	M.D.E.—Medaille des Epidemies
D. of W.—Died of Wounds	B.—Bar	S.O.S.—Struck Off Strength

No.	Rank	Name	Honors	Remarks, Last Known Address, etc.
1551	Pte.	Adshead, Frederick (W)		308 Province St., Hamilton
1552	S/Sgt.	Alden, Frank		*18 Somerset St., Hamilton
1553	Pte.	Alder, William Henry		*50 Fermanagh Ave., Toronto
55362	Sgt.	Allen, Henry		*201 Wineva Ave., Toronto
1554	Pte.	Allen, John		*Box 263, Fort Erie North
50502	Pte.	Anderton, Joseph		Deceased, 18/11/35
526726	Pte.	Andrews, Harold William		3244 Park Ave., Montreal
313	Pte.	Apps, Carl Avery		40 Victoria St., Montreal
523194	Pte.	Archibald, James Little	M.M.	*215 Seventh St. W., Calgary
1555	Sgt.	Armes, Albert Spooner		*90 Sussex St., Hamilton
510845	Pte.	Armstrong, Alex. McM.		P.O. Box 297, Vermillion, Alta.
524278	Pte.	Ashton, A. W.		No Information
523807	Pte.	Astwood, Harold Frith		P.O. Box 42, Winnipeg
527140	Pte.	Ashley, O.		No Information
1556	Q.M.S.	Atkinson, William James		*138 Sanford Ave. N., Hamilton
79246	Pte.	Avery, Wilfred	M.M.	505 Lancaster Bldg., Calgary
1557	Sgt.	Badeau, Leo Joseph	M.M.	*Apt. 406, 2611 Gladstone Ave., Detroit, Mich.
1558	Pte.	Bailey, George		6 Tiddicross, Wrockwardine, Well- ington, Salop, England
525049	Pte.	Bailey, Herbert Lytton		1201 Harwood St., Vancouver
534738	Pte.	Baker, Albert Lynn		Lakeside, Ont.
521006	Pte.	Baker, Gerald Walter		No Information
529036	Pte.	Baker, Roland Garfield		*131 Bingham Ave., Toronto
1559	Pte.	Banks, James Samuel		Deceased, 1935
922625	Pte.	Barber, John Edwin		*401 Whittaker St., Sudbury
520193	Pte.	Baré, Philippe		1138 Union Ave., Montreal
1560	Pte.	Barker, Arthur Henry (W)		*527 Northcliffe Blvd., Toronto
73326	Pte.	Barker, Leslie Alfred		Port Arthur, Ont.
527780	Pte.	Barclay, J.		No Information
33822	Pte.	Barnes, Clifford		288 Queen St., Sarnia, Ont.
1561	L/Cpl.	Barnes, Walter Bruce		*1247 King St. West, Toronto
	Capt.	Barnett, John W.		456 Danforth Ave., Toronto
642	Pte.	Barron, John		Killed in Action
	Capt.	Barton, Newton James (W)		*Bairowden, Stamford, Lincs, Eng.

No.	Rank	Name	Honors	Remarks, Last Known Address, etc.
2045	Cpl.	Batcheler, George Hensley		c/o War Veterans Allowance Dept. of P. & N. H., Ottawa
	Major	Bates, H. Kendall		No Information
1562	Sgt.	Bateson, William Henry		Killed in Action
240233	Pte.	Baxter, Frederick William		335 Main St. W., Hamilton
1563	Sgt.	Baxter, Samuel Joseph	M.S.M.	*Minnico Hotel, via Penetang, Ont.
523573	Pte.	Baxter, William		281 Washington Ave., E. Kildonan, Man.
512627	Pte.	Bayley, Roy		*17 Ferndale Ave., Toronto
	Capt.	Bayley, Benjamin Moore		*210 Hammond Bldg., Moose Jaw
1564	Pte.	Beattie, Frank Thomas Wm.		*Forward News, Postal Station "A," Toronto
488889	Pte.	Beazley, James Harold		White Lake, Halifax, N.S.
191	Pte.	Beeman, Ray S.		Deceased, 1930
527330	Pte.	Beliveau, Walter		Nipigon Paper Mills, Nipigon, Ont.
1565	Pte.	Bell, James	M.M.	*24 King William St., Hamilton
	Capt.	Bell, William John		Deceased, 1920
435527	Pte.	Benzie, Charles Angus		7 Fletcher Apts., 2nd St., E. Calgary
50518	Pte.	Berrett, Walter Thos.		Church St., Steeple Ashton, Wilts., England
7014	Pte.	Beven, Arthur Henry		No Information
1566	Pte.	Bicknell, Nathan J. (W)		*10508 W. Chicago Blvd., Detroit
525243	Pte.	Black, Robert Alexander		No Information
782320	Pte.	Blackwood, James Alexander		Died of Wounds
528534	Pte.	Blair, Edward Gerald		*2535 Benjamin St., Saginaw, Mich.
	Major	Blair, John Freeman	D.S.O.	*241 Queens Ave., London, Ont.
50417	Pte.	Bland, William		22 Geneva Ave., Toronto
1567	Pte.	Booth, Austin Edgar		*1056 Lake Shore Rd., New Toronto
760995	Pte.	Bowell, George Thomas		434 Alberta St., New Westminster
36	Cpl.	Boyd, Thomas		489 West Marion St., Toronto
527371	Pte.	Bradfield, Robert (Buckle)		1026 20th Ave. East, Calgary.
1927	Pte.	Brady, Frank		90 Can. Legion, B.E.S.L., Ottawa
524889	Pte.	Braidwood, Thomas		837 1/2 10th Ave. East, Vancouver
1568	Pte.	Brainsford, Sidney Charles		50 Magdalen Yd. Rd., Dundee, Scot.
527543	Pte.	Braithwaite, William		1230 Jackson St., San Francisco, Calif.
195008	Pte.	Brazendale, Edward		Deceased
	Capt.	Brault, Raoul	M.D.E.	No Information
1569	Bugler	Brett, Arthur Walter		*21st St., Owen Sound, Ont.
1570	Pte.	Bridges, Charles William		*216A Hallam St., Toronto
73323	Pte.	Bridges, Sidney		*11 Chingford Mt. Rd., London Eng.
30	Sgt.	Brine, Albert George		30 Finchley Rd., Ipswich, Suffolk, England
1571	Pte.	Brookes, George Eric		*R.C.A.F. Station, Trenton, Ont.
1572	Pte.	Brookes, Ronald Baines		Killed in Action
523580	Pte.	Brown, Charles Thomas		238 Belmont Ave., Kildonan, Man.
1573	Pte.	Brown, John		No Information
210114	Pte.	Brown, Joseph		P.O. Box 14, Vineland Station, Ont.
1574	Sgt.	Brown, Leslie Owen	M.M.	*34 Egerton Rd., Bishopstone, Bristol, England
524030	Pte.	Brown, Percy Arthur		304 Dease St., Fort William, Ont.
1575	Pte.	Brown, William		*86 Bude Ave., Fairbank, Ont.
1576	Pte.	Bryant, William John		*729 Cannon St. E., Hamilton
535652	Pte.	Buchan, J.		No Information
	Capt.	Buck, Harold	M.C.	*488 Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ont.
	Major	Burgess, John Frederick (W)	O.B.E.	
			M.I.D.	*475 Cote des Nieges, Montreal
527753	Pte.	Burrige, Ernest William		*72 Prescott Ave., Toronto
524207	Pte.	Burrill, John Newton (W)		Langbank, Sask.
1577	Q.M.S.	Busst, Albert George		*Post Office, Adelaide E., Toronto
1578	L/Cpl.	Byrne, Cecil		*78 Robins Ave., Hamilton
1579	Pte.	Byers, Douglas Hallway		*58 Lakeview Ave., Toronto
1625	Pte.	Campbell, Allan Harold		211 Duke St., St. John, N.B.

No.	Rank	Name	Honors	Remarks, Last Known Address, etc.
523996	Capt.	Campbell, John G. A.		164 Metcalfe St., Ottawa
	Pte.	Campion, J. C.		No Information
1580	Sgt.	Camps, Edwin Charles A.		*283 East Ave. North, Hamilton
124564	Pte.	Canniff, John Daniel		*23 Hawthorne Ave., Hamilton
1581	Pte.	Cardwell, Percy		*48 Wexford Ave. North, Hamilton
1582	Sgt.	Carlisle, Andrew M. (W)		*Grande Prairie, Alta.
	Capt.	Carlisle, Arthur		*1440 Union Ave., Montreal
1584	Cpl.	Carr, James Ewart		918 Dunsmuir St., Vancouver
1583	Pte.	Carruthers, Walter Little		*Mount Albert, Ont.
1586	Pte.	Cascaden, Douglas (W)		*Hands Fireworks Rd., Dixie, Ont.
1585	Pte.	Case, Benson Simpson		*198 Grenadier Road, Toronto
1587	Pte.	Cass, Frederick William		*Newmarket, Ont.
2631852	Pte.	Cataford, Hector Alfred		St. Johns, P.Q.
1588	Pte.	Cavey, Ernest James		No Information
524824	Pte.	Chadwick, Percy	M.M.&B.	*7869 Windsor St., Vancouver
1589	Pte.	Chadwick, Roger		*201 Kenilworth Ave. N., Hamilton
159506	Pte.	Chalmers, Francis		*Nickel Refining Plant, Port Colborne, Ont.
524702	Pte.	Chambers, John		Marigold P.O., Victoria, B.C.
524320	Pte.	Chanin, Robert		P.O. Box 102, Roland, Man.
74304	Sgt.	Charlesworth, Charles D.		W.V.A. Com., Daly Bldg., Ottawa
522915	Pte.	Cheer, James		225 West Gore St., Stratford, Ont.
523178	Pte.	Cheeseman, Percy William		Erskine, Alta.
527926	Pte.	Cheeseman, Henry G. (W)		*242 Annette St., Toronto
	Capt.	Churchill, Lewis Piers	M.C.	*Shelburne, N.S.
629	Pte.	Cinq Mars, Benoit		3716 Laval Ave., Montreal
	Capt.	Clark, Fred (W)		*c/o 51 Herkimer St., Hamilton
527868	Pte.	Clark, Charles Henry		P.O. Box 91, Cayuga, Ont.
1590	Sgt.	Clark, Ernest William		*48 Westlake Ave., Toronto
526756	Pte.	Clark, Hector Herbert		395 Mountain St., Montreal
528681	Pte.	Clark, Percy James		72 Hamilton Ave., London, Ont.
528539	Pte.	Clark, Reginald		46 Walnut St., London, Ont.
1591	Pte.	Clark, William George		*177 Gage Ave. North, Hamilton
329888	Pte.	Clark, William Herbert		Plaza Apts., Dorchester Ave., Winnipeg
522916	Pte.	Clarkson, Herbert		Clarence St., Strotton, Flintshire, North Wales
527763	Pte.	Coates, Percy		Deceased
	Pte.	Coates, James L.		S.O.S., Toronto, 1915.
	Capt.	Colbeck, William Kirk (W)		*Colbeck Clinic, Welland, Ont.
1592	Pte.	Cole, Harry		*684 Brock Ave., Toronto
	Pte.	Colgate, W. G.		*60 Robina Crescent, Toronto
180735	Pte.	Coles, Selby		1265 Pembroke St., Victoria
55981	Pte.	Colley, Richard		20 Cardwell St., Bolton, Lancs., Eng.
1593	Sgt.	Collinson, George James		*Chapleau, Ont.
	Capt.	Colville, Cyril Pritchard		Prince Albert, Sask.
25022	Pte.	Connelly, Daniel		No Information
83751	Pte.	Connolly, Joseph Alexander		58 Cumberland St., Toronto
177871	Pte.	Cooke, Arthur		*Box 113, Hudson, P.Q.
1594	Pte.	Cooke, Ralph		*33 Constance St., Toronto
527738	Cpl.	Cooper, H. R.		No Information
	Capt.	Côté, Antoine Edmund		*Fahler, Alta.
33307	Pte.	Couder, Valere Ferdinand		Villa Columbia, 360 Rue Leopold Jette-Ley, Brussels, Belgium
1596	Pte.	Coulter, Allan		*113 Vaughan Road, Toronto
1597	L/Cpl.	Courtice, John Thomas		*3317 Danforth Ave., Toronto
1598	Pte.	Covelli, Leonardo		No Information
527826	Pte.	Coverley, John Robert		Deceased
1595	Pte.	Cowan, George Westney		*Londesboro, Ont.
536023	Pte.	Cowie, Walter	Missing	Presumed dead on or since 27/6/18
2059	Pte.	Cox, Frank Albert		513 Second St., New Westminster
515088	Pte.	Coy, Charles Leonard		Upper Gagetown, Queen Co., N.B.

No.	Rank	Name	Honors	Remarks, Last Known Address, etc.
535956	Pte.	Coyles, William James		50 Smith St., Winnipeg
	Pte.	Creasby, William B.		S.O.S., Toronto, 1915
	Capt.	Craig, Edward		St. Lambert, P.Q.
	Pte.	Cramp, Howard		S.O.S., Toronto, 1915
1599	Pte.	Crompton, William		No Information
1600	Pte.	Croston, Herbert		11 Venture St., Bolton, Lancs., Eng.
1601	Pte.	Cubbon, Thomas		*40 Leyton Ave., Toronto
2791	Pte.	Cumberland, Andrew John		Killed in Action with R.F.C.
	Major	Cummings, Herbert Ernest	M.C.	93 Shepherden Walk, London, Eng.
2109975	Pte.	Cumming, Kenneth Wm.		Mfgs. Life Ins. Co., Lindsay Bldg., Winnipeg, Man.
35381	Sgt.	Cunningham, George Clark		245 Sherbourne St., Toronto
1602	Pte.	Cunningham, Henry		10 St. Clarence Square, Toronto
1603	Pte.	Cunningham, Thomas		Hamilton, Ont.
1604	L/Cpl.	Curbishley, Stephens		*139 Belmont Ave., Hamilton
400029	Pte.	Currie, Gerald Duncan		55 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.
77004	Pte.	Cutt, Leslie Ernest		2319 Fernwood Rd., Victoria
	Pte.	Cutting, L.		S.O.S., Toronto, 1915
34688	Pte.	Dael, Emil		138 St. James St., Ville St.-Pierre, Montreal
524873	Pte.	Dalton, Thos. Edmonstone	M.M.	Lavington, Vernon, B.C.
527229	Pte.	Darlington, Ernest Phillips		2947A Drolet St., Montreal
414305	Pte.	Davidson, Henry		*Pathological Lab., Camp Hill Hos- pital, Halifax, N.S.
186082	Pte.	Davies, Charles		2419 Ridge View Ave., Eagle Rock, Los Angeles, Calif.
532684	Pte.	Davies, John		Kitchener, B.C.
532681	Pte.	Davis, Harry		c/o H.Q., M.D.13, Calgary
527208	Pte.	Dawes, James Powley		100 34th Ave., Lachine, P.Q.
1605	Pte.	Dawkins, Jesse Wm. (W)		*279 Wortley Road, London, Ont.
528547	Pte.	Dawson, James William		c/o J. F. Hartz & Co., 22-26 Hayter St., Toronto
1614	S/Sgt.	Deadman, William James		*91 Delaware Ave. E., Hamilton
2699	Pte.	Dear, F.		11 Sussex Ave., Toronto
527883	Pte.	Dell, Robert John		*21 Palmer Ave., East Toronto
51020	Pte.	Denovan, Howard John (W)		1021 Cook St., Victoria
527354	Pte.	Desarmia, William		No Information
1606	Pte.	Dick, William		No Information
528678	Pte.	Dickens, Lloyd Rowland		2 Manning Ave., Stratford, Ont.
400065	Pte.	Dickinson, Wilfred		Deceased
73772	Pte.	Dix, Arthur Joseph		37 Clifton Gdns., Maida Vale, London, England
1644	Pte.	Dodd, Herbert G.		5 Vishart St., St. John, N.B.
524732	Pte.	Dodd, John George		Colwell South Farm, Barraforts, Northumberland, England
	Pte.	Doherty, G.D.		S.O.S., Toronto, 1915
527768	Pte.	Donahoe, J. A.		No Information
1607	Pte.	Donaldson, Alec		Dollar, Clackmannanshire, Scotland
50894	Pte.	Douglass, Peter Gerald		Deceased
1608	Pte.	Driscoll, J.		Deceased
1615	Sgt.	Dudley, Albert		*1293 Cannon St. E., Hamilton
1609	Pte.	Duffey, Christopher		*27 Archibald St., Hamilton
1610	Pte.	Dumont, Stanley Frederick	M.M.	*2 Boston Cottages, Vale Rd., St. Sampson's, Guernsey, Channel Isles,
	Capt.	Dunham, Franklin F.	M.C. & B.	No Information
	Capt.	Dunlop, Daniel Rolston		Deceased
1611	Pte.	Dunn, Alexander Stanley		*Kapuskasing, Ont.
	Pte.	Durkin, J.		S.O.S., Toronto, 1915
1612	Pte.	Dyke, Albert Samuel		Lincoln Cottage, Acocks Green, Birmingham, England
524782	Pte.	Dykes, Arthur William		1148 Oscar St., Victoria
1613	Pte.	Dyment, Irvine (W)		*124 Langford Ave., Toronto

No.	Rank	Name	Honors	Remarks, Last Known Address, etc.
2498	Pte.	Eaton, John Henry		Rathwell, Man.
527685	Pte.	Edington, William James		42 T.D.S. Hornston, Middlesex, Eng.
1615	Pte.	Edminson, Joseph		No Information
	Pte.	Edwards, E.		Beamsville, Ont.
1617	Pte.	Eldridge, Cecil		*Kings Head Hotel, Braintree, Essex, England
	L/Col.	Elliott, Henry C. S.	O.B.E.	Deceased
	Capt.	Elliott, Alexander Smith		*229 Yonge St., Toronto
529094	Pte.	Elliott, Lance		*280 Lennox Ave., Detroit, Mich.
	Major	Elliott, Orvil A. (W)	D.S.O.&B M.I.D. (2)	*229 Yonge St., Toronto
523223	Pte.	Elliott, Wm. Bertrand		Died of Wounds
1618	Pte.	Ellis, Reginald		No Information
400200	Pte.	Ellis, Robert Meredith		Killed in Action
1619	Pte.	Elmer, Arthur		94 Seaton St., Toronto
602432	Cpl.	Erskine, James	M.M.	*127 Strange St., Guelph, Ont.
72141	Cpl.	Erskine, James E. K.		No Information
1620	Pte.	Eshelby, William		*140 Campbell Ave., Hamilton
536354	Pte.	Essency, Murray		No Information
536278	Pte.	Estey, Herman		Marysville, York Co., N.B.
528549	Pte.	Etherington, Edward Thos.		R.R. 4, St. Esmonds, Brick St., London, Ont.
400003	Cpl.	Eyre, Reginald Francis		24 Beaver Rd., Toronto
1621	Pte.	Falkingham, Percy		*1262 Main St. E., Hamilton
	Colonel	Farmer, George Devey	C.B.E. M.I.D. (2)	No Information Deceased
528708	Pte.	Faryon, Reginald Richard		*c/o Lord & Thomas, Toronto
400419	Pte.	Faulkner, Frank L.		1506 13th Ave. West, Vancouver
1622	Pte.	Fearnall, Harry		*876 7th Ave. W., Owen Sound, Ont.
874795	Pte.	Featherston, Lyle O.		Lyleton, Souris, Man.
470030	Pte.	Fenton, Harry John		*Immigrat'n Dept., Terminal, Halifax
1623	L/Cpl.	Ferris, William		*133 Barons Ave., Hamilton
742773	Pte.	Ferris, Walter Allen		Wolfville, Kings Co., N.S.
1015019	Pte.	Fiddes, Herbert		Box 714, Kamloops, B.C.
522740	L/Cpl.	Field, Erland		*Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.
1624	Pte.	Field, Harry		*69 Hillyard St., Hamilton
404334	Pte.	Finch, Lewis Melvin		Died of Wounds
1625	Pte.	Finn, William Alfred		No Information
529302	Pte.	Fish, Robert Duncan		*215 Goetz St., Saginaw, Mich.
1626	Pte.	Fitzgerald, Edmund (W)		456 1/2 Cannon St. E., Hamilton
1627	L/Cpl.	Fletcher, Frank		56 Mora Rd., Cricklewood, N.W.2, London, England
174073	Pte.	Fletcher, Samuel Thomas		No Information
527800	Pte.	Flewelling, Claude E.		Colborne, Ont.
2098898	Pte.	Flinn, Robert Stanley		*Goodrich Clinic, 910 Professional Bldg., Phoenix, Arizona
1628	Pte.	Flynn, Roy	M.M.	*8 Ridley Gardens, Toronto
1629	Pte.	Forrest, Joseph		*115 Foxwell Ave., West Toronto,
536283	Pte.	Foster, William Henry		57 Stanley St., St. John, N.B.
1631	Sgt.	Fountaine, David George		*152 Oakwood Ave., Toronto
	Capt.	Fowler, Claude Horace		Huntsville, Ont.
540104	Pte.	Foy, Norman Franklin		*10A Bloor St. E., Toronto
877366	Pte.	Estey, Walter S. F.		New Ross, Lunenburg, N.S.
	S.M.	Franklin, Robert G.		*42 Spadina Ave., Toronto
1630	Pte.	Fryday, Harry George	M.d'Hon.	*2 Norman Ave., Toronto
1231	Pte.	Furze, Cedric		Gen. Del., Timmins, Ont.
1632	Pte.	Gammon, Arthur William		18 Water St. E., Brockville, Ont.
1633	S/Sgt.	Gane, Leslie Arnold		*1126 Dallas Road, Victoria
1634	S.M.	Gardner, John Rennie	M.I.D.	*888 1/2 King St. E., Hamilton
1635	Pte.	Gay, Edwin Edward		11 Belvedere Rd., Sunderland Co., Durham, England
524529	Pte.	Gibb, E.		No Information

No.	Rank	Name	Honors	Remarks, Last Known Address, etc.
2173373	Pte.	Gibson, William		The Gardens, Lessendrum, Huntly, Aberdeenshire, Scotland
522923	Pte.	Gilbert, Herbert Henry		*St. Paul's Hospital, Kweitch, Honan, China
1637	Pte.	Gilmer, Ernest Richard		Killed in Action
34606	Pte.	Gilmore, Albert Edward	M.M.	Deceased
536205	Pte.	Gilmore, Harry Thomas		Stanley, York Co., N.B.
1636	Cpl.	Gilpin, John		17 Cottage Rd., London, England
523705	Pte.	Goodman, Ralph Allen		313 21st St., Brandon, Man.
1638	Pte.	Gordon, William (W)		*26 Gordon St., Woodbridge, N.J.
	Major	Gorssline, Raymond Meyers	D.S.O.	*S.M.O., M.D. No. 6, Halifax
515804	Pte.	Gow, James Wilfred Colin		Victoria, B.C.
	Capt.	Graham, Grattan Clifford		*Fenelon Falls, Ont.
1639	Pte.	Graham, Thomas		*15 Harrison St., Hamilton
522926	Pte.	Grant, Herbert		Killed in Action
1640	Sgt.	Graves, George	M.M.	*233 Province St. South, Hamilton
522924	Pte.	Gray, Robert F.		165 Wharnclyffe Rd. S., London, Ont.
	Capt.	Greaves, Aubrey Vernon		*Col. Med. Serv., Hong Kong, China
400035	Pte.	Gribbin, Thomas Joseph	M.M.	The Avenue, Egerton St., New Brighton, Cheshire, England
529102	Pte.	Grieve, Stewart Hume		79 Ontario St., Guelph, Ont.
1641	Pte.	Griffiths, John William		833 Carlaw Ave., Toronto
35	Pte.	Griffiths, Owen Ross		Myncholme, Clarence Road, Gorleston-on-Sea, Norfolk, England
1642	Pte.	Grindley, George Henry		Killed in Action
525314	Pte.	Grubb, Robert Newsome		1528 Camosum St., Victoria
524053	Pte.	Gruggen, Charles Mark		No Information
195	Pte.	Gunter, G. H.		S.O.S., Toronto, 1915
400118	Pte.	Hall, Bertram Lawrence		*1410 20th Ave. N. W., Calgary
1644	Pte.	Hall, Thomas Ingram		*161 Wood St. East, Hamilton
524000	Pte.	Hall, Wm. Stanley		No Information
2081	S/Sgt.	Halligan, William		Deceased
59413	Pte.	Hamelin, Joseph		Front St., Aylmer East, P.Q.
1643	Pte.	Hamer, Arthur		2344 La Salle Ave., Montreal
214248	Pte.	Hamilton, Andrew James		1020 Lillian St., Windsor, Ont.
536176	Pte.	Hamilton, Willard Errol		Pembroke, Ont.
	Pte.	Hand, William		S.O.S., Toronto, 1915
3105736	Pte.	Hanes, Earl		Deceased
1645	Pte.	Hanney, William		Killed in Action
	Pte.	Hann, J.		S.O.S., Toronto, 1915
	Pte.	Hanson, E. G.		Deceased
1646	Pte.	Hardcastle, Thos.		*25 Elgin St., Galt, Ont.
55103	Cpl.	Harding, Robert Gordon	M.M.	133 Shuter St., Toronto
52491	Pte.	Hare, Robert		No Information
1647	Pte.	Hare, Robt. B. (P. of War)		*Simcoe, Ont.
89255	Pte.	Harford, Joseph Phillip		49 Eastwood Ave., Birchcliff, Ont.
526646	Pte.	Hargreaves, Harold		10 Melrose Ave., Brantford, Ont.
	Capt.	Harris, N. MacL.		No Information
1648	Pte.	Harrington, William		*564 Dundas St. E., Toronto
	Capt.	Harris, Webster H. F.		Died of Wounds
536275	Pte.	Harrison, Eldridge		Box 136, Marysville, York Co., N.B.
536345	Pte.	Harrison, Thomas		Marysville, N.B.
1031062	Pte.	Harrison, Thomas		35 W. French Ave., New Bedford, Mass.
	Major	Hart, Hugh	M.C. & B.	*Listowel, Ont.
136475	Pte.	Hart, William Stanley		Lymenge, Folkestone, Kent, Eng.
523912	Pte.	Harvard, Ferrell		No Information
1649	Pte.	Harvey, Sydney Harry		*327 N. Bernadotte St., New Orleans,
1650	Pte.	Hawkey, Thomas		*526 Logan Ave., Toronto
1651	Pte.	Hay, John		*New Liskeard, Ont.
424153	Sgt.	Hearn, Edgar Lewis		Quill Lake, Sask.
220345	Pte.	Hearns, Isaac Benjamin		East St., Napanee, Ont.

No.	Rank	Name	Honors	Remarks, Last Known Address, etc.
522927	Pte.	Heidman, Norman		*108 Douro St., Stratford, Ont.
1652	Pte.	Henderson, James (W)		*307 Wychwood Ave., Toronto
1653	Pte.	Hewitt, William Edward	M.I.D.	*Box 35, Coleman P.O., Toronto
510557	Pte.	Hill, Allan (W)		*101 Helena Ave., Toronto
1655	Pte.	Hill, Carl English (W)		*Lansing, Ont.
895449	Pte.	Hill, Lawrie, John		Hasways St., Vancouver
1654	Pte.	Hill, Sidney		*73 Nairn Ave., Toronto
524208	Pte.	Hillier, Thomas		359 Cumberland Ave., Winnipeg
1656	Cpl.	Hines, Ernest		*122 Sanford Ave. N., Hamilton
51039	S.M.	Hodder, Charles Victor		*326 Warren Road, Toronto
1659	Pte.	Hodges, Edwin		No Information
1657	Pte.	Hodgkinson, Robert E. (W)		*Spectator, Hamilton
1658	Sgt.	Hogg, Arthur	M.M.	*97 Murrie Ave., Mimico, Ont.
504169	Pte.	Hogle, Claude Leroy		Killed in Action
510599	Pte.	Holmes, Harold Percy		Brampton, Ont.
33328	Pte.	Holmes, William		23 Wyre St., Fleetwood, Lancs., Eng.
1660	Pte.	Hooper, Thomas Henry		*151 Humewood Ave., Toronto
536179	Pte.	Hopper, Eldon Cecil		William St., Pembroke, Ont.
	Sgt.	Howard, Peter James		849 Grosvenor Ave., Winnipeg
1661	Pte.	Howell, William		*1366 Cannon St. E., Hamilton
1662	Pte.	Humphreys, Sidney		Stornmouth, Westmead Rd., Sutton, Surrey, England
782	Pte.	Hunt, Frederick Harry		862 Weston Rd., Mt. Dennis, Ont.
525321	Pte.	Hunter, Laun James		172 Park St., Dundas, Ont.
2005085	Pte.	Huntley, John S. B.		9 Dominion St., Truro, N.S.
1663	Pte.	Husband, Arthur Clifford		Deceased
3204	Cpl.	Hutchinson, Henry Joseph	M.I.D.	*c/o Blachford & Wray, Main St. East, Hamilton
	Capt.	Hutton, William Lorne		*221 Nelson St., Brantford, Ont.
522929	Pte.	Imeson, Colin Marshall		*Box 696, Leamington, Ont.
1664	Sgt.	Ineson, William Frederick		*182 Weston Rd. S., Toronto
	Pte.	Inglis, D.		S.O.S. Toronto, 1915
526581	Pte.	Ingles, Walter		162 Drolet St., Montreal
	Major	Ings, George Arthur		Deceased
1667	Pte.	Irvine, Harold John		*Brigden, Ont.
200214	Pte.	Irving, John		27 Mayfield Ave., Newburn-on-Tyne, Northumberland, Eng.
1665	Pte.	Irwin, Edward		*Keith St., Hamilton
1666	Sgt.	Irwin, Joseph Thomas		*Medical Arts Bldg., Toronto
522930	Pte.	Ivory, Herbert Wesley	M.S.M.	682 Queen St. W., Toronto
	Capt.	Jacks, Harvey Lee		*810 McCallum Bldg., Regina, Sask.
475112	Pte.	Jackson, Laurance Wm.		2236 15th Ave., W. Vancouver
1668	Pte.	Jacobs, Samuel	M.M.	15 Blenheim Crescent, London, Eng.
14	Pte.	James, George Henry		433½ Towne Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
	Major	Jenkins, John Stephen	D.S.O.	*Charlottetown, P.E.I.
527588	Pte.	Johnson, Clarence A. (W)	M.M.	*Apt. B, 81 Wilson Ave., Toronto
	Pte.	Johnson, James		S.O.S., Toronto, 1915
2745	Pte.	Johnson, Norman		601 Corrigan Ave., Winnipeg
1669	Pte.	Jones, Cecil Charles		Killed in Action
	Major	Jones, Herbert		Died, France, 5/3/17
1670	Pte.	Jones, William		*194 Ferguson Ave. S., Hamilton
527815	Pte.	Jordan, E. H.		No Information
526592	Pte.	Joyce, Peter		Cherry River, P.Q.
1671	Pte.	Joycey, Douglas (W)		*Rabual, New Guinea
	Lt.-Col.	Kappele, Daniel Paul (W)	D.S.O.&B M.I.D. (2)	*504 Main St. E., Hamilton
1672	Pte.	Karkruff, John		58 Applegrove Ave., Toronto
526648	Pte.	Keiller, Richard Johnston		*Pointe Claire, Montreal
461093	Pte.	Kelly, Alfred		Died of Wounds
536250	Pte.	Kelly, Carcey Bliss		Cumberland Bay, N.S.
	Capt.	Kelly, Ernest		No Information
529123	Pte.	Kelly, Lawrence M. (W)		*931 N. Pleasant, Royal Oak, Mich.

No.	Rank	Name	Honors	Remarks, Last Known Address, etc.
1673	Sgt.	Kelso, Max	M.M.	*Athenree, Kati-Kati, New Zealand
2109915	Sgt.	Kemsley, Charles Clyde		244 20th St. N., Lethbridge, Alta.
	Pte.	Kennedy, A.		S.O.S., Toronto, 1915
	Capt.	Kenney, Randal Young	M.C.	*67 Bedley Rd., New Walden, Surrey, England
524144	Pte.	Kent, James Sorton		Happtree P.O., Sask.
429644	Capt.	Kirby, Walter James		*689 Danforth Ave., Toronto
	Pte.	Knight, Edward		c/o C. E. Brooks, R.R. 1, Otler, B.C.
	Capt.	Knox, John		St. Stanislaus Inst., Guelph, Ont.
529053	Pte.	Kunder, John		243 Front St., Stratford, Ont.
527506	Pte.	Laffin, Frank		Killed in Action
1674	Pte.	Lang, Harry Beckett		*Pilgrim State Hosp., Brentwood, L.I.
50612	Pte.	Lang, Wilfred B. M.		*63 Frederick St., Hamilton
757114	Pte.	Lang, William Turner		*63 Frederick St., Hamilton
1675	Pte.	Lansdowne, Arthur L.	M.M.	*55 Fenning St., Toronto
524344	Pte.	Laraway, Harley		116 Harriett St., Winnipeg
50958	Pte.	Latimer, George Henry		Buena Vista, Burnaby, Vancouver
	Capt.	Latta, Ethelbert Elijah		*243 Albert St., Kingston, Ont.
463930	Pte.	Lauderbach, Victor		Ladysmith, B.C.
421	Pte.	Lawton, C. G.		48 Sydney St., Hamilton
	Bugler	Ledger, J.		*49 Highland Ave., Hamilton
	Pte.	LeFrancois, Frank		R.C.M.P. Barracks, Brandon, Man.
526582	Pte.	Legary, William	M.M.	Deceased
536027	Pte.	Leigh, Willoughby J. (W)		Harvey St., Hespeler, Ont.
522933	Pte.	Leith, Jack		*Old Age Pension Commissioner, City Hall, Hamilton
471088	Pte.	LeRoux, Claude Herbert		*40 Oliver Road, Belmont, Mass.
126744	Pte.	Lewis, Alec James		133 Ontario St., Stratford, Ont.
201	Pte.	Lewis, Frank		No Information
172013	Pte.	Lickley, Hugh Mackay (W)		Peterboro, Ont.
1676	Sgt.	Lickley, James T. F.		*57 Astley Ave., Toronto
1677	Pte.	Lickley, William Fraser		*New Liskeard, Ont.
528976	Pte.	Limburg, Samuel Arthur		87 Grays Inn Rd., W.C. 1, London, England
	Capt.	Logie, Frederick George		*3357 W. 26th St., Vancouver
529113	Lt.-Col.	Lomer, Theodore Adolph	D.S.O.	*11 Linden Terrace, Ottawa
	Pte.	Lucas, Guy Ivan		Wyoming R.R. 2, Ont.
	Pte.	Luce, John Rudolph		R.R. No. 2, St. Mary's, Ont.
1678	Pte.	Ludlow, Albert Milford		Deceased
1679	L/Cpl.	Lumsden, John Gordon		Killed in Action
50067	Pte.	Lusk, David		No Information
	Sgt.	Lynch, Maurice Edmund		535 Percy St., Ottawa
	551032	Pte.	Lyne, Harold	
74343	Pte.	Lyne, Vernon Harris (W)	D.C.M.	142 Ladbrooke Grove, N. Kensington, London, Eng.
415777	Pte.	Lyons, William Wilson		24 Salem St., Wakefield, Mass.
	S/Sgt.	Leleu, F. H.		*97 Flatt Ave., Hamilton
675951	Pte.	Mabee, Alvah Henry		Harris St., Ingersoll, Ont.
1680	Pte.	Mahy, Edmund (W)		*97 Lightbourne Ave., Toronto
526817	Pte.	Mann, Frederick		476A Seigneur St., Montreal
2005041	Pte.	Marriott, William Alexander		Armdale P.O., Halifax
523056	Pte.	Marsh, George Curtis		Winnipeg, Man.
1681	Pte.	Marsh, William John		12 St. Johns Rd., Portsmouth, Hants, England
452467	Pte.	Mason, Joseph William		No Information
86742	Pte.	Mathers, James Edward		Deceased
	Capt.	Matheson, James Renwick		Deceased
	Pte.	Matthews, Wesley Bradford		Perroboquis, Kings Co., N.B.
400218	Pte.	Mead, Hubert Lionel		*296 Erskine Ave., Toronto
104	Pte.	Mechan, Frederick Arthur		Woodstock, Ont.
529095	Pte.	Meisner, Arthur		*607 Ouellette Ave., Windsor, Ont.

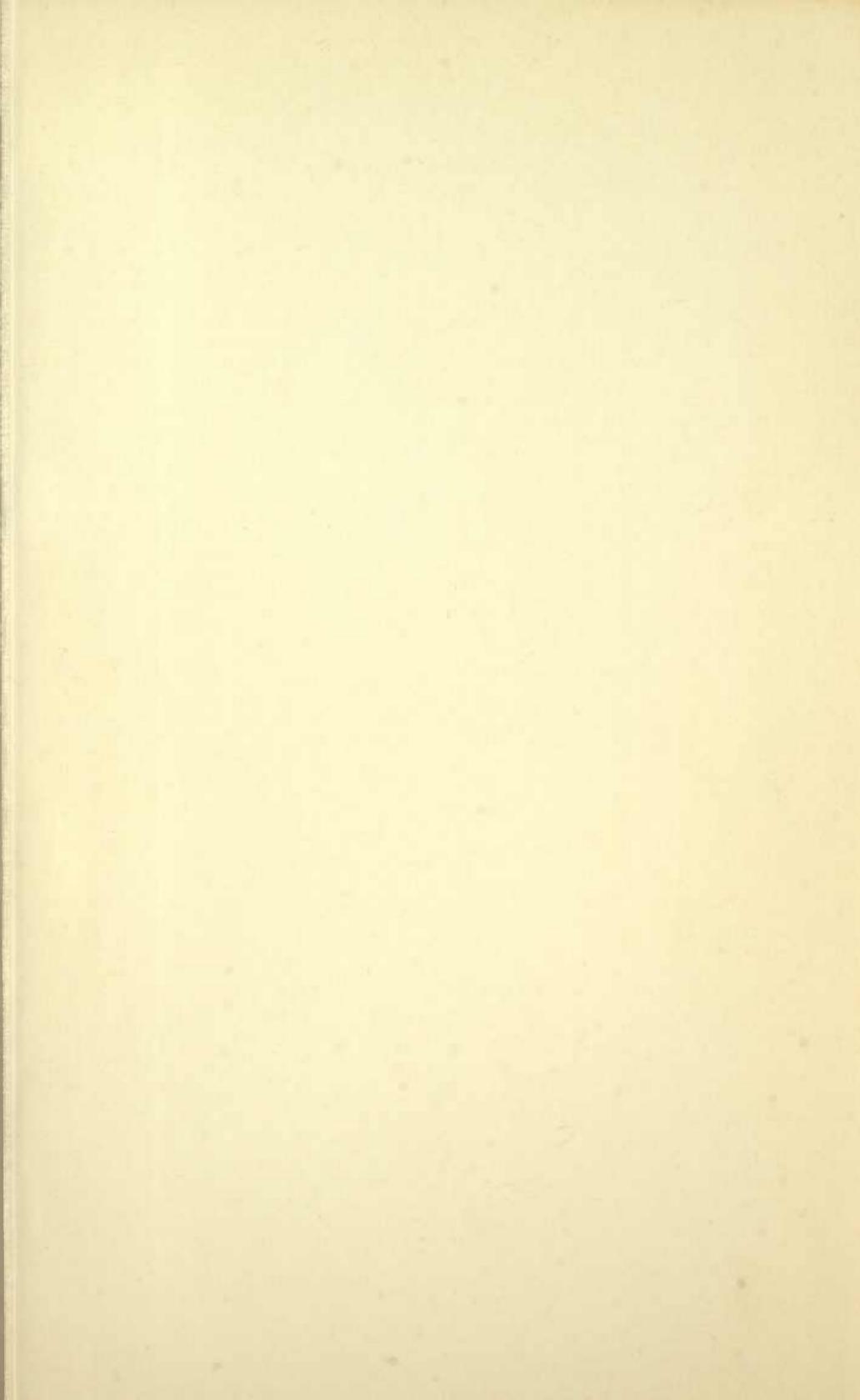
No.	Rank	Name	Honors	Remarks, Last Known Address, etc.
	Pte.	Mercer, A. J.		Deceased
1688	Pte.	Meredith, John T.		*133 Queen St. S., Hamilton
1682	Pte.	Meridew, John.	M.S.M.	*604 Harvie Ave., Toronto
523090	Pte.	Metcalfe, James Edward		141 28th Ave., N. E. Calgary
55901	Pte.	Michener, Leo		Killed in Action
179	Pte.	Middleton, W. A.		S.O.S., Toronto, 1915
1684	Pte.	Miller, George Russell		*159 Silverthorne Ave., Toronto
1695	Cpl.	Mills, William		131 Woodstock St., Hull, Yorks., Eng
2102	Pte.	Mintie, Ashley		Hudson Bay Junction
1691	Pte.	Mitchell, Richard Arthur		Killed in Action
536239	Pte.	Mofford, Reginald Adolphus		46 Cortes St., Boston, Mass.
1686	Cpl.	Montague, Frederick Wm.		559, 3rd S.W. St., Miami, Fla.
	Capt.	Moore, Charles Howard		*414 Medical Arts Bldg., Winnipeg
1687	Pte.	Moore, William	M.M.	No Information
1689	L/Cpl.	Morgan, Thomas		*57 Gifford St., Toronto
1688	Sgt.	Morgan, William Ewart	M.S.M.	A. & P. Head Office, Toronto
511671	Pte.	Morin, Joseph		Deceased
	Capt.	Moses, Harry Clarke	M.C. & B.	*Prattsburg, N.Y., U.S.A.
536117	Pte.	Moss, John Henry		Cons. of Music, Bay & State, Ottawa
	Capt.	Mossman, James Kilburn.	M.C. & Serb. O.	St. Sava
1690	S/Sgt.	Mott, Jacob Ernest		*184 East 75th St., New York City
408975	Pte.	Moyer, Percy		Killed in Action
	Capt.	Muir, Walter Lawson	M.C.	Killed in Action
2098953	Pte.	Muise, Peter Joseph		*240 Jubilee Road, Halifax
528898	Pte.	Mulligan, George Vincent.		415 Gloucester St., Ottawa
	Pte.	Murch, William		Died of Wounds
681317	Pte.	Murphy, Wm. Joseph (W).		S.O.S., Toronto, 1915
500591	A/S.Sgt	Murray, S. M.		128 East Ave. S., Hamilton
1692	Pte.	MacAllister, Lewis S.		No Information
526674	Pte.	McAnally, Frederick Lee		No Information
523532	Pte.	McCallum, Finley		Drowned, Llandoverly Castle, 27/6/18
69629	Pte.	McLure, Thomas D.		911 Somerset Bldg., Winnipeg
	Capt.	McCusker, Emmet Andrew.	M.C.	Gunningsville, N.B.
1694	Pte.	McDonald, Gerald.		*McCallum Bldg., Regina
	Pte.	MacDonald, J. A.		412 Bartlett Ave., Toronto
	Capt.	MacDonald, John Howard.		No Information
536017	Pte.	MacDonnell, Shirley John.		Prospect St., Wolfeville, N.S.
1695	Pte.	McFarlane, William		Killed in Action
	Major	McGill, Chester Wm.	M.C.	Died of Wounds
527776	Sgt.	McGillicudy, T.		*Dept. Indian Affairs, Ottawa
1696	Pte.	McGillivray, James Edward.	M.M.	*576 Balliol St., Toronto
	Capt.	McGillivray, Ronald C.		*Weyburn, Sask.
523982	Pte.	MacGlashan, David (W).		**"Star of the Sea", Pictou, N.S.
1732	Cpl.	McGowan, Edward Patrick.		No Information
524091	Pte.	McGuffin, Chester Fish	D.S.O.	404 St. Georges St., Moncton, N.B.
1726	Pte.	MacKenzie, Alexander F.		*220 12th Ave., Calgary
526544	Pte.	MacKenzie, Gordon Alex.		Hamilton Hotel, Dauphin, Man.
1697	L/Cpl.	MacKenzie, William		McAdam, N. B.
535548	Pte.	McKerror, Cathcart		Killed in Action
1698	Bugler	McKillop, Horace		No Information
1699	Pte.	McLaren, James (Patrick).	M.I.D.	No Information
	Capt.	McLaughlin, Charles E.		No Information
1700	Pte.	Maclean, James		*c/o United Cigar Stores, London
1693	Pte.	MacLean, John Ogg		*20 Preston Rd., Toronto
104441	Pte.	McNair, Charles		*20 Preston Rd., Toronto
2005045	Pte.	McNeil, James		445 Moy Ave., Windsor, Ont.
	Capt.	MacNeill, James Grant	M.C.	c/o R.C.M.P., Regina, Sask.
	Capt.	McQuay, Russell B.		Killed in Action
1702	Cpl.	McRae, John Gordon		624 Crescent Rd., Portage la Prairie
				*506 Glenlake Ave., Toronto

No.	Rank	Name	Honors	Remarks, Last Known Address, etc.
1701	Pte.	McSkimming, William		*481 King St. W., Hamilton
	Pte.	Mepham, E.		S.O.S., Toronto, 1915
	Capt.	Neilson, Henry Kenneth		*Medical Arts Bldg., Toronto
51064	Pte.	Newall, Edgar Cyril		1122 Arch St., Berkeley, Calif.
144979	Pte.	Newman, Wyndale		306 Ditchling Rd., Brighton, Eng.
	Capt.	Newton, Frederick Gilbert		188 South Brock St., Sarnia, Ont.
1703	Pte.	Nicholls, John Jeffrey	M.S.M.	Died of Wounds
1704	Pte.	Nicholson, Andrew George		Killed in Action
	Major	Nicholson, Wm. Freeman	MC. MID	*69 Sherman Ave. S., Hamilton
83198	Pte.	Nixon, Harry		62 Shannon St., Toronto
1705	Pte.	Noble, William G. (W)		*3 Conrad Ave., Toronto
528999	Pte.	Norris, Charles E. J.		876 Norfolk Rooms, Granville St., Vancouver
529368	Pte.	Northen, William Alonzo		R.R. No. 1, Sparta, Ont.
524276	Pte.	Nowlan, John Baptist		St. Mary's, Kent Co., N.B.
1706	Sgt.	Noyes, Frederick Walter		*R.R. No. 5, Belleville, Ont.
210	Pte.	O'Connor, S. J.		S.O.S., Toronto, 1915
26235	Pte.	Odessky, Max		Died of Wounds
527357	Pte.	O'Grady, Daniel John		Almonte, Ont.
1707	S/Sgt.	O'Leary, Frank Joseph (W)	M.M.	*Medical Arts Bldg., Toronto
1708	Pte.	Osborn, Horace		*R.R. No. 4, Port Hope, Ont.
1710	S/Sgt.	Overend, Samuel Alexander		*R.R. No. 4, Hamilton
1709	S/Sgt.	Overholt, Frank Whitney		*D.S.C.R., Hamilton
1711	Cpl.	Palfrey, Douglas Edward		*Dundas, Ont.
1744	Pte.	Paradis, John		17 Orange St., St. John, N.B.
1712	Pte.	Parker, Andrew		Killed in Action
	Capt.	Parker, Gilbert Pryor		*817 Bathurst St., Toronto
693122	Pte.	Parrett, Charles		639 Highland Ave., Benton Harbor, Mich.
528144	Pte.	Parsons, Frederick		*85 Westmoreland Ave., Toronto
527876	Pte.	Paterson, John McGowan		347 Keewatin Ave., Toronto
1713	S/Sgt.	Patterson, Andrew Forbes		*110 Grosvenor St. N., Hamilton
529084	Pte.	Patterson, John Franklin		54 Brighton Rd., Brantford, Ont.
1714	Pte.	Pearson, Bernard		*130 Kalmar Ave., Birchcliffe, Ont.
400843	Pte.	Pell, Bertie		Ontario St., Sarnia, Ont.
400844	Pte.	Pell, Joseph		Ontario St., Sarnia, Ont.
1715	Pte.	Pender, Thomas Patrick		Killed in Action
737137	Pte.	Pennock, Richard D. G.		Elnora, Alta.
	Major	Pentecost, Reginald S.		*143 Inglewood Drive, Toronto
527510	Pte.	Perry, Herbert Cecil		*1414 Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto
1752	Pte.	Peters, Charles H.		Deceased
	Capt.	Petrie, Frederick McGregor	M.C.	Granger, Wash., U.S.A.
	Pte.	Pettigrew, R. C.		*229 Balmoral Ave. S., Hamilton
529096	Pte.	Pettitt, Arthur		158 Neave St., Guelph, Ont.
	Pte.	Pickard, R.		S.O.S., Toronto, 1915
	Lt.-Col.	Philp, George Rowe		603 Sherbourne St., Toronto
1716	Pte.	Plowright, Wm. Newborn		Killed in Action
	Major	Poisson, Paul	M.C.	*Tecumseh, Ont.
529051	Pte.	Pole, Willard Harford		153 Mitton St., Sarnia, Ont.
1991	S.M.	Pollett, Alfred Charles		*1886A Queen St. E., Toronto
1717	L/Cpl.	Poole, Albert Thomas		1407 Wellington, Verdun, Montreal
1718	Cpl.	Pountney, Alfred Luke		*1116 Second Ave. W., Owen Sound
	Pte.	Precious, W. W.		180 Atlas Ave., Toronto
1719	Cpl.	Price, John Henry		*55 New St., Hamilton
1720	Pte.	Ralph, Alfred		Deceased
	Pte.	Rance, H.		S.O.S. Toronto, 1915
2631865	Pte.	Raven, Arthur Neil		316 Albert St., Kingston, Ont.
83035	Sgt.	Reason, Victor Wm.		155 College St., Toronto
1721	Pte.	Reeves, Arthur Aubrey		*1122 Cannon St. E., Hamilton
1722	Pte.	Restivo, Francesco		*43 Elm St., Toronto
529089	Pte.	Rettig, Louis		715 Broadway, New York City
1723	Pte.	Revell, William O.		*574 Highbury Ave., London, Ont.

No.	Rank	Name	Honors	Remarks, Last Known Address, etc.
1724	Pte.	Rice, Arthur Archibald		Brochenhurst, Untland Rd., Norwich, England
1725	Pte.	Rice, Robert Samuel O.		428 Untland Rd., Norwich, Eng.
1726	Pte.	Rich, Worthy Archibald R.		*139 26th St., Niagara Falls, N.Y.
407036	Pte.	Richardson, Frederick D.		No Information
1727	Pte.	Rigby, Arthur		*30 Lake Shore Drive, New Toronto
400230	Pte.	Riley, Joseph Francis		*54 Queensbury Ave., Toronto
514558	Pte.	Robertson, Edwin Hubert		Oakville, Ont.
1728	Pte.	Robinson, George Robert		16 Monteith St., Toronto
1729	Pte.	Roe, Alfred Charles		Died of Wounds
1730	Pte.	Rosser, John Gordon	M.M.	*1319 Newkirk Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.
1731	Pte.	Rostron, Ernest		Deceased
527364	Pte.	Rouleau, Joseph Ward		Cannes P.O., Richmond Co., N.B.
1732	Pte.	Rowley, Harry (W)		No Information
1733	Pte.	Russell, Norman H. (W)		Timmins, Ont.
1734	Sgt.	Russell, Robert Stanley		No Information, S.O.S., Eng., 1915
513006	Pte.	Russell, Thomas Charles	M.M.	Edward St., Prescott, Ont.
1735	Pte.	Rutherford, Hugh R. (W)		*40 Fairleigh Crescent, Hamilton
	Capt.	St. Laurent, Alexander E.		Deceased
526631	Pte.	Sampson, Thomas H. (W)		161 St. Catherine St., Montreal
536215	Pte.	Samuel, Alexander		Died, France, 16/11/18
53965	Pte.	Sanders, Ernest		*79 Bastedo Ave., Toronto
	Capt.	Sandwith, Bertrand A.		No Information
1736	S/Sgt.	Sayer, George		*20 Rosemount Ave., Toronto
528058	Pte.	Schuurkamp, John		*c/o Bearman House, 980 4th Ave. E., Owen Sound, Ont.
1739	Pte.	Scott, Charles Vincent		*Orillia, Ont.
1738	Cpl.	Scott, William John		*Cookstown, Ont.
1737	Sgt.	Scowcroft, Charles		No Information
	Sgt.	Scrivener, George		362 2nd Ave., Maisonneuve, Montreal
	Pte.	Scupham, T.		*74 Hastings Ave., Toronto
536354	Pte.	Scribner, Scott, Edward	M.M.	Box 51, Ashburnham, Mass.
	Pte.	Searles, C. S.		S.O.S., Toronto, 1915
1741	Pte.	Sears, Elgin		*Waterdown, Ont.
1742	Pte.	Sellen, Charles William	M.M.	*72½ Eaton Ave., Toronto
1743	Pte.	Sellen, William Thomas		*10 Patricia Drive, Toronto
1740	Pte.	Sergeant, Samuel	M.M.	*Tillsonburg, Ont.
528613	Pte.	Seymour, Frederick M.		4 Adams Ave., Toronto
142492	Sgt.	Sharkey, James		Deceased
1744	S/Sgt.	Sharpe, Benjamin	M.M.	*10 Brighton Ave., Toronto
400379	Pte.	Shaw, Herbert		Deceased
1768	Pte.	Sheehan, Charles		21 Clarence St., St. John, N.B.
1751	Pte.	Shepherd, Robert John		*Smithville, Ont.
1745	Pte.	Shore, Arthur		*232 Broadway St. W., Hamilton
1746	Cpl.	Shorrocks, James	M.M.	*141 Barrons Ave., Hamilton
	Capt.	Silcox, William Logan		Deceased
1749	Pte.	Simpkins, Sydney James		*700 15th St., Owen Sound, Ont.
1748	Pte.	Simpson, Ernest Lee		No Information
532695	Pte.	Simpson, Harry		490 Pine St., Nanaimo, B.C.
	Capt.	Sinclair, William Ewing	M.C.	*705 Summerline St., Orlando, Fla.
1747	Sgt.	Sirett, Walter	M.I.D.	No Information
1750	Pte.	Skilling, Harold Roy (W)		*1098 Queen St. E., Toronto
524387	Pte.	Skinner, John Gordon		628 Goulding St., Winnipeg
135570	Pte.	Small, Joseph		131 Russett Ave., Toronto
297	Cpl.	Smith, Arthur Bertram		Deceased
30937	Pte.	Smith, Charles		121 St. Patrick St., St. John, N.B.
1752	Pte.	Smith, Ernest	M.M.	*166 Stirton St., Hamilton
1753	Pte.	Smith, Frederick		*993 Woodbine Ave., Toronto
1754	Pte.	Smith, John George		109 Arundel Ave., Toronto
536177	Pte.	Smith, Percy Willis		Pembroke, Ont.
1755	S/Sgt.	Smith, Seneca Reginald		*86 Wellington St. S., Hamilton
2005137	Pte.	Snarr, Roy		48 Creighton St., Halifax

No.	Rank	Name	Honors	Remarks, Last Known Address, etc.
1756	Pte.	Solley, Stanley Michael		*Clarkson, Mich., U.S.A.
654681	Pte.	Somers, Albert		*Blyth, Ont.
1757	Pte.	Sowden, William		*8737 Ivy St., Los Angeles, Cal.
400384	Pte.	Sparks, Walter		941 William Ave., Winnipeg
1758	Pte.	Spaxman, James		*50 Britannia Ave., Hamilton
523865	Pte.	Speed, Leslie Arthur		757 William Ave., Winnipeg
405428	Pte.	Spruit, Joseph		Deceased
1759	Pte.	Stagg, Charles		Killed in Action
522814	Pte.	Stanley, William		Died of Wounds
228221	Pte.	Staton, Frederick S.		No Information
1760	Cpl.	Stephens, Leonard		*331 Bay St., Toronto
528615	Pte.	Stevens, Gordon Thomas		34 Kensington St., London, Ont.
1761	Cpl.	Stewart, John Malcolm		Died of Wounds
859334	Pte.	Stewart, Peter		*248 Perth Ave., Toronto
219	Pte.	Stewart, R.		*99 Rogers Rd., Toronto
1778	Pte.	Stewart, Wm. Clayton		Judique North, Inverness Co., N.S.
1762	Pte.	Stott, Samuel		*14 Newlands Ave., Hamilton
2770516	Pte.	Strickland, Ralph		Gilbert Plains, Man.
536266	Pte.	Sudsbear, Frank George		125 Victoria St., St. John, N.B.
2004283	Pte.	Swarbrick, Herbert		127 Strachan St., Toronto
1000704	Pte.	Tadgell, James		Swan River, Man.
523545	Pte.	Tait, George		Hulton P.O., Man.
1763	Pte.	Taylor, Ernest		*60 McAnulty Blvd., Hamilton
1764	Pte.	Taylor, Lewis		No Information
	Capt.	Taylor, Walter Frederick		*O'Leary Station, P.E.I.
1765	Pte.	Taylor, William		*196 Brookdale Ave., Toronto
525189	Pte.	Taylor, Walter George		1537 William St., Vancouver
50683	Pte.	Tearle, Edward		2315 17 B St., S.W. Calgary
1767	Bglr.	Temperton, Frank H.		*408 Sammon Ave., Toronto
1766	Pte.	Terrio, Frank		Killed in Action
1769	Sgt.	Thomas, Richard John	M.M. & B	*17539 Greeley Ave., Detroit, Mich.
1770	Pte.	Thompson, Albert R. S.		*1184 Danforth Ave., Toronto
1771	Pte.	Thompson, James	M.M.	No Information
1805	Pte.	Thurber, Edmund G. (W)		*41 Park Terrace W., New York City
526702	Pte.	Thurston, Harry		Died of Wounds
50470	Pte.	Thwaites, Frederick		115, 18th Ave., Calgary
1769	Pte.	Tillotson, Robert (W)		*119 Graham St. N., Hamilton
528666	Pte.	Torrans, John		31 Hyla St., London, Ont.
	Lt.-Col.	Treleaven, George Willard	D.S.O. M.C.	Deceased
34332	L/Cpl.	Tribe, William John		*2 Sultan St., Toronto
1772	Pte.	Trollope, Frederick M.		*22 Tichester Rd., Toronto
1773	S/Sgt.	Truswell, Walter D. (W)		Deceased
1774	Pte.	Tucker, Arthur James	M.M.	*60 Bellhaven Road, Toronto
1775	Sgt.	Turner, Robert Richard		*1328 First Ave. W., Owen Sound
	Capt.	Turner, William George	M.C.	*Medical Arts Bldg., Montreal
526703	Pte.	Tyers, William		3120 Hutchinson St., Montreal
50916	Pte.	Tyre, Robert		136 Crichton St., Halifax, N.S.
1776	Cpl.	Udell, Harold		No Information
528055	Pte.	Van Nostrand, Frederick H.		*Christie St. Hospital, Toronto
213892	Pte.	Vance, W. L.		No Information
529110	Pte.	Venable, Lawson		c/o P.O., Colonial Beach, Va.
529011	Pte.	Vivian, Edward Lancelot		Huron College, London, Ont.
522820	Cpl.	Waddington, Geo. Wilfred	M.M.	Middlesboro, B.C.
522821	Pte.	Waddington, Lionel C.		Patricia Heights, Nanaimo, B.C.
1777	Sgt.	Wager, Wilfred		*162 Symington Ave., Toronto
1778	Pte.	Waite, Alexander E.		*3 Hiham Gardens, Winchester, Sussex, England
1779	Pte.	Walker, James		*65 Graham Ave. S., Hamilton
1780	Pte.	Wall, William Frederick	M.M.	*127 Chestnut St., Hamilton
1781	Pte.	Walters, John W. (W)		*73 Winnett Ave., Toronto
405	Pte.	Ward, William		S.O.S., Toronto, 1915

No.	Rank	Name	Honors	Remarks, Last Known Address, etc.
1782	Pte.	Wardell, Frederick Chas.		*2012 Queen St. E., Toronto
	Capt.	Wark, David R. (W.)		Vulcan, Alta.
529075	Pte.	Warner, Orton		*321 Runnymede Rd., Toronto
526566	Pte.	Warner, William Thomas		370 Bleury St., Montreal
1783	Sgt.	Wartman, Alvin Edmund	D.C.M.	Died of Wounds
1784	Pte.	Webb, William Arthur		*1014 McBride Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
1016	Pte.	Webber, Henry		251 Machray Ave., Winnipeg
1785	Cpl.	Webster, Thomas		12 Claremont St., Toronto
1786	Pte.	Weiler, Cornelius (W)		78 Ontario Ave., Hamilton
1787	Cpl.	Wells, Thomas		*38 Richmond Ave., St. Catharines
832015	Pte.	Wheaton, Aubrey		Windsor Hotel, Moncton, N.B.
1788	Pte.	White, Frederick (W)		No Information
50692	Pte.	Whitehouse, Wm. Burnett		Point St. Charles, Montreal
28	Sgt.	Whitelock, Wm. Leslie		124 Emerald St., Hamilton
1789	Pte.	Whitmore, Wm. Frederick	M.M.	*111 Duvernet Ave., Toronto
1790	Pte.	Whittingham, Charles		Deceased
2152	Pte.	Wilcox, William James		1349 St. Denis St., Montreal
1791	Pte.	Wiles, Bert		25 Addressan Place, Toronto
1792	Sgt.	Wilkins, Edwin Dean	M.I.D.	*Box 310, Sudbury, Ont.
1793	Cpl.	Wilkinson, Arthur		*127 Victoria Ave., N. Hamilton
2631871	Pte.	Wilkinson, Geo. Traverse		26 Sixth St., Kingston, Ont.
1794	Pte.	Willcocks, Walter		*12 Epsom Ave., Toronto
1796	S.M.	Williams, Harry Raymond		No Information
	Pte.	Williamson, George		S.O.S., Toronto, 1915
1795	S.M.	Williams, John Charles		*30 Ackman Ave., Hamilton
	Pte.	Williamson, E.		S.O.S. Toronto, 1915
1798	Pte.	Wilson, James Williamson		*612 14th St. W., Owen Sound, Ont.
	S/SM.	Wilson, Olaf Olsen	M.S.M.	No Information
429611	Pte.	Wilson, Wm. Edward		Qu'Appelle, Sask.
	Pte.	Wilson, William R.		No Information
1797	Pte.	Windsor, Thomas		Deceased
1799	Pte.	Wise, Harold Ernest		*44 Wanless Ave., Toronto
1800	Pte.	Wood, Arthur	M.M.	*378 Emerald St. N., Hamilton
1801	Sgt.	Woodburn, Samuel		*130 Lottridge St., Hamilton
1802	Pte.	Woods, Archibald Henry		*116 Oakwood Ave., Toronto
2692	Pte.	Woods, Herbert (W)		No Information
1803	Pte.	Woods, Peter		*503 Ferguson Ave. N., Hamilton
2013	Sgt.	Worthington, Harry		19 Jutland St., Preston, Lancs., Eng.
34685	Pte.	Wyatt, Frank		36 O'Reilly St., Hamilton
348778	Pte.	Wynne, Frank Dennison		832 Durocher St., Outremont, P.Q.
1804	Pte.	Yates, Walter		Deceased
2631872	Pte.	Yates, William Alfred		49 Beverly St., Kingston, Ont.



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