

'They Are All the Limit of Coolness and Audacity' is Morrison's Tribute to Men

Commander of 1st Artillery Brigade Gives Further Newsy Details of the Ottawa Batteries at Ypres—Capt. Leslie Goodeve Handling First Battery Like a Veteran—Striking Impressions from Zone of Gas and Shells—Asked to Single Out Non-Com. for Decoration, Officers Couldn't Do It

Another letter received to-day by Mrs. Morrison, from Lt.-Col. E. W. H. Morrison, D.S.O., commander of the First Canadian Artillery Brigade, completes his thrilling account of the fighting with the guns around Ypres from the opening of the battle of Langemarck down to May 9, when the brigade was sent back for a few days to rest and refit after seventeen days and nights of continuous fighting, sustaining eighty casualties and having six guns smashed by shells. The latest letter supplements in a most interesting way those from his pen which have already been published. The casualties include the death of Lt. Helmer and Corp. Leonard Lamplough and the wounding of Major Sharman and Lieuts. Ick, Craig and Whitley.

Col. Morrison mentions that the First Battery (the old 23rd of Ottawa) received a terrible pounding on May 8, during which Corp. Lamplough was killed and four gun-sergeants wounded, and that Captain Leslie C. Goodeve, son of Mr. Charles Goodeve, 371 Gilmour street, Ottawa, and a graduate of the Royal Military College, is now commanding it with great credit. He was second in command of the 23rd Battery for several years before the war broke out, and on different occasions commanded the battery with marked ability, during competitive firing and tests in manoeuvres. Of his years he has had a great deal of experience and in the training camps always showed himself to be an exceptionally capable officer.

The letter also notes the narrow escape of Captain Cosgrove of the brigade headquarters staff who was thrown twenty feet into the air by a bursting shell, but escaped with a sprained wrist.

The commander refers to the unflinching bravery of the drivers in bringing up ammunition under fire. The whole brigade to a man is behaving splendidly, an illustration of it being found in the fact that when the officers were asked to name a non-com. for an important military decoration they were unable to single one out. "They are all the limit of coolness and audacity."

Arriving back at their billets at daylight, May 10, after seventeen days of terrific gruelling, men and officers "just fell down and slept like dead until noon." On the way back they heard of the Lusitania outrage. "It's tough," Col. Morrison comments, but possibly it will make some of those "be kind to Germany" holy-bolies house-clean their intellects.

"Four days' rest, then to it again," he remarks at another point. "My guns fired 16,000 shells at Ypres and the 'darling' are as tired as we are and will have to be tuned up before we can take on the Bosches again." The letter reads:

80 Casualties.

HEADQUARTERS, First Canadian Artillery Brigade, May 10—Last night my brigade was relieved at Ypres, after being 17 days in the trenches fighting night and day. During that time we had six guns smashed by shells and sustained 80 casualties, including Lieut. Helmer killed, Major Sharman, Lieuts. Bick, Craig and Whitley wounded.

Capt. Goodeve in Command.
Day before yesterday the First Battery was horribly "blacksmithed" by "Jack Johnsons," young Lamplough, nephew of Col. Winter, being killed, and four gun sergeants among the wounded. Young Goodeve is now in command and fought the battery well during the last two days.

'They Were "Good to Us."
Yesterday afternoon the German artillery devoted nearly an hour to my observation post and the dug-out on the banks of the Yser canal, which the staff and I have occupied since the beginning. They certainly were good to us, but they failed to drive "yours truly" off "the bridge." I had to order Dodds down, and luckily "the Kid" (Capt. Cosgrove) was away, so the telephonist and I lay in the trench and we kept the batteries working through it all.

Two Miles of Smoke and Dust.
Later on when we got orders to move we had over 100 surplus shells under the guns, so I decided to leave our P.P.C. We had been working with a fine little man, Brig.-Gen. Anley, 12th Infantry Brigade, for three days, supporting him, so about 6 p.m. I turned on all my surviving guns, rapid fire, enfilading the German trenches in his front where they angle up to us from St. Julien. The German reserves were crowded in the support trenches from which they had been attacking the 12th Brigade front all day, and our forward observing officers say every shell told. Then the German guns went to the French division on our left and the French 75's went to the German trenches in their front, and the British batteries over Ypres way crossed their fire with mine. In ten minutes the smoke and dust hid the front for two miles.

Uncanny Silence.

For the first time in days absolute silence reigned last night, and it was fair uncanny. Jack McCrae shook his head and presaged that the Germans would lay for me when my batteries moved out of the position after dark. I bet they wouldn't, and anyway I was tired deferring to the feelings of the Germans—which seems too prevalent in some quarters along the front. It's a case of don't irritate the enemy. And it worked out as I expected. For the first time in weeks they didn't resume shelling us until long after dark and I got my brigade out of the position with only two horses hit.

Lesson for the Holy-Bolies.

Then we marched through the night and arrived here at daybreak after 17 days of constant battle, during which we never had our clothes off. We just fell down and slept like dead men until noon. Tonight I am going to sleep in a real bed in a nice clean billet. On the road last night we heard of the Lusitania business. It's tough, but possibly it will make some of those "be kind to Germany" holy-bolies houseclean their intellects.

The "Darlings" are Tired.

We are here for a rest for four days, then to it again. My guns fired 16,000 shells at Ypres and the darlings are as tired as we are and will have to be tuned up before we can take on the Bosches again. But everybody is happy and we don't think the enemy will forget us on the canal front around Ypres for some little time.

The French are awfully smart in tending to their wounded, but singularly unclear about their dead. They leave them lying about for days. A big Zouave was killed near the shack where he ate behind the trenches at my headquarters and was still there when we left last night—and the weather was hot, too.

Capt. Cosgrove's "Boost."

My staff are all well. A big shell lit near the "Baby" (Capt. Cosgrove) and boosted him 20 feet in the air, but he only got a sprained wrist coming down. We docked him for the time he was up in the sky.

Putting on Side.

You would have been thrilled to see my drivers bringing up the ammunition under fire, shells bursting on every side of them, but coming at the gallop without a flinch or a swerve, and rounding up with a flourish behind the guns, just to show the Frenchies a bit of side. And our fine horses (for they are splendid again) snorting and arching their necks and looking coolly about as if they knew they were delivering the goods and thought contemptuously of German shells.

And sometimes they arrive with only two teams instead of three and the drivers capless and their clothes and faces splashed with blood, but always cool and even nonchalant. I never tire admiring them or of watching their luck, even in my busiest moments, as they run the gauntlet back and forth.

"King" (Col. Morrison's horse) had not seen me until last night, since the battle began, and he almost talked. He is revelling in the sugar you sent.

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Hard to Live Up to.

I see our losses were over six thousand in the Canadian division. Well, it was worth it. Our arrival was providential. We took over from another French division and so extended the British left to the critical point. An old British officer said to Cosgrave to-day, when he was arranging for the overhauling of our guns: "I'm rather sorry for you Canadians."

"Why?" asked Cosgrave. "Because you will have to live up to the standard you have set."

Couldn't Pick the Bravest.
I have a dim recollection of telling you about 496 times that the Canadians would make the best soldiers in the world—barring the Scotch. Now I think it's neck-and-neck. I was asked yesterday to pick out a non-com. in my brigade for a Russian decoration corresponding to the distinguished conduct medal. I couldn't do it. Neither could the adjutant nor Maj. McCrae. "It can't be did." They are all the limit of coolness and audacity and they don't go flourishing about saving wounded under fire and such-like nonsense. (I told the H.Q. staff that anyone who undertakes to "save" me under fire will get ten days C.B. They all grinned and saw the point.)

I am pleased to hear of Mrs. Bronson and the other ladies who do things for us. I have not much chance to write with shells flying about and flinging dirt all over us. Kind regards to inquiring friends and be satisfied that we are all doing our duty.

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Another Letter From Nurse Loder

Enjoying the Sunshine and Sea—Just a Few Miles Away

MAN IS KILLING MAN

Ambulances Slowly Rolling Along With their Burden of Wounded

April 30, 1915.

My Dear Father,—Your letter of April 1st to hand and I was pleased to know that you had received check. It was sent so long ago that I feared it had gone astray.

I wonder how you all are now and just what you are doing. I wish you were here with me now sitting on the sands in the most glorious sunshine. I expected I should be off this morning so I took my paper and writing materials to Hospital with me when I went on duty at half past seven. I came off at 9.30 and came straight out here to write.

It is a most glorious day. The sea is very calm but high waves keep rolling up. The people are sitting here and there along by the sea and the little children are playing with their pails and spades; the little fishing boats are all out with sails spread, making in all a pretty picture.

Sitting here, as I am enjoying the sunshine and the sea, it does not seem possible to me that, just a few miles away man is killing man just to satisfy the selfish ambitions of one who is suffering from a swollen head, until I turn to the right and see the ambulances slowly (ever so slowly) rolling along with their burden of wounded to the various hospitals and ships and to the left where I see the ships leaving for England and know they are bearing away hundreds of wounded men.

It is a wicked shame that it should be allowed to go on, but I suppose there is no alternative until that one nation has been entirely crushed and rendered helpless.

May 5th.—Five days have come and gone and I have not finished this letter. Oh dear, or dear! how time does fly! I have had a whole day off to-day. I was feeling very done up last night and had a very bad headache so I asked if I might have a day off.

I spent the morning in bed and got up after lunch and went out for a walk, I did not stay out very long and am now (6.30 p.m.) back in bed again; I am much better, though I am going on duty in the morning. We have had a very busy time but they tell me it has been very quiet in hospital to-day.

I cannot make my letters interesting as you see we are using green envelopes and our letters need not be censored at the Hospital but we are on our honour not to say anything about the troops or any operation. I have not seen any Newfoundlanders yet but lots of Canadians. They seem to have suffered badly.

I can hardly realize that it is six months on the 12th since I came to France.

I have just read over Mother's

and your letter. She says she is glad I am thought worthy to help in this great campaign; I am also glad, but I often feel how little I am doing and wish I could do more if only my strength would allow me, but I find I cannot go beyond a certain limit. Anyway I am trying to act my part and trust I shall be given strength enough to do that part faithfully. I am happy doing my little all here and as long as the war lasts I shall stay at my post. I would rather die doing my best than with my arms folded taking it easy.

I think it will be very hot in France in the summer. It was very hot in the sun to-day, but some how or other we shall be able to pull through it all and the experience is well worth having. I wonder if you would like some of the papers, I have meant to send you some every week, but some how or other I have failed to do so, as I fail in nearly all my good resolutions. Did you get the one I sent some time ago?

How is the F.P.U. going?

With best love to all.
From your ever loving
MONA.

[The writer of the above letter is Nurse Loder, daughter of Mr. John Loder of Snook's Hr., T.B. Nurse Loder has been in France engaged in Red Cross work since November last. She is the first Newfoundland Nurse to see active service.—Ed.]

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