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LIUT. HARRY W. HILTZ
RETURNS FROM EUROPE

Interviewed by Morning Chronicle Representative

back the most cheerful men in the British Empire, although many of them are so maimed for life and others so badly broken in health by reason of the rigors of war that they will never regain their normal strength, the Corsican, the first mail steamer of the winter port season, swung into her dock at the West Side piers at eleven o'clock this morning. The ship brought 365 passengers, of whom over half were khaki clad, 825 bags of mail for Russia and 125 bags for Japan, as well as a large quantity of Canadian mail. The Corsican sailed from Liverpool on November 17, and reports a fair passage across the Atlantic without incident of any kind.

Prominent among the soldiers on board was Lieut. Harry W. Hiltz, of the famous N. S. Battalion, who, was the first Canadian to enter Courcellette, and who was wounded during the battle in a solitary duel with a German. Lieut. Hiltz is from Kingsport, N. S. overseas as a corporal in the Nova Scotia Battalion and finally worked his way up until he became scout officer for that unit.

Some idea of the manner in which the great British tanks fight was given The Morning Chronicle this afternoon by Lt. Hiltz.

"There are two types of tanks, known as the male and female tank," he said. "They fight in pairs, a male and a female. The tank carries two heavy guns and six machine guns and the female has to heavy guns and five machine guns. They certainly proved a great surprise to the Germans, and I might say to us as well, as they came lumbering along during the fight for Courcellette. They, of course, did better work than they have accomplished since, for the Germans became accustomed to them and know better now how to fight back. Nothing but a

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heavy shell will damage them in the least.

"It was funny to see the Germans attempting to destroy the one which got stuck in No Man's Land during the Somme offensive. They climbed all over it, throwing bombs at every cranny and crevice but could not harm it in the slightest. It looked like a big animal with countless numbers of vermin running all over it. Inside the members of the crew were as snug as a bug in a rug and were not injured in the slightest. We would charge over and clean the Fritzies off the tank with bombs, then the Germans would counter and drive us out, and this kept up until we had lost a good many men, and the scheme became very costly. So finally the big tank was dragged back to our lines."

Lieut. Hiltz said that the new British war machine travels about two or three miles an hour and when it comes to a trench the front part draws up after the manner of a caterpillar attempting to get over an obstacle. At night when the tanks are used, a white tape is run out ahead from the machine which serves as a guide for it.

There is not a blade of grass, not a brick standing on an another around the towns of Posieres, Combles and La Boiselle. They are wiped off the map as effectively as if the earth had turned a somersault and tipped off into space. Day and night the bombardment continues and the ground is churned up, ploughed, harrowed and ploughed again, and so the everlasting rain of shells continues.

Speaking of the bombardment preceding the attack on Courcellette, he said: "Behind our lines the Field Artillery guns were lined up, wheel to wheel, for miles, stretching along the tops of hills and down into the valleys, and when they let loose, say, it was an inferno of sound. The very earth seemed to rock, and the sun was almost obscured by the flight of shells across the intervening space between the British and German lines."

The Nova Scotia Battalion was the first to go over in the attack, and, as I was scouting officer for the battalion, I went forward first with a small party to reconnoiter. When we got up to Courcellette we noticed a large party attacking on our left and thought, of course, the main force had come up, so we went into the town. What was our surprise to find it still in the hands of the Germans, as it had been for months. We managed to get by and took refuge behind the wall of an old church, which was still standing. We waited there and finally saw the main attacking force coming up about 600 yards away, and we sallied out of our hiding place to have the first crack at the Germans.

"I walked around the corner of the wall, and whom should I meet strutting down the wall with German military pomp but a big Captain of the Prussian Guards. My revolver was still in my holster and so was his. We drew simultaneously and fired almost together. He got me

in the left leg, but I guess my bullet must have beat his out for the hunk of lead went into his chest. I squatted down on the ground, while the boys who were with me finished him off.

"Of course, then there was a bit of a scrap and we fought pretty heavy odds, but soon the main body came up and it was all over, as far as we were concerned.

"No, we don't take many prisoners over there now, unless we have to," he said in answer to a question, "although the Germans would much rather become prisoners than take a chance on fighting with the bayonet. The big question over there is to get across No Man's Land and to the German lines. After that it's easy."

At Courcellette we had to charge about a mile and a half over open ground under heavy shelling, but the man who got across that space had the hardest part of his work done. It was a beautiful fine day and of course the artillerymen on both sides had every opportunity to punish the infantry. But the Germans are cool ones too, that is you meet with Germans who show every indication of great courage. Sometimes they exhibit quite a sense of humor which is not often appreciated by the Canadian Tommy.

"I remember one night a small party was coming in. We had been out for some hours and mighty glad that we were soon to get back to billet. On our way in we came upon a big German, a six-footer, lying at full length on a stretcher smoking a cigarette. Everybody was grumbling and out of sorts and wished the war was over. On seeing the Boche we thought he had been wounded, so one of our fellows said we might as well carry the poor devil into the dressing station. The others agreed and bending their backs they staggered over the rough ground, their knees wabbling under them for the German was heavy and the stretcher bearers were weary.

"The load soon told on them and after getting a short distance the party found that they had to rest, so they lowered the stretcher to the ground and squatted about 'taking a blow.' The German had been watching us lazily and enjoying his cigarette to the utmost. What was our surprise when he slowly sat up, then stood erect, sauntered over a short distance and carefully examined some debris nearby. Evidently thinking it was about time that his ride was continued he walked deliberately back and stretched himself off on the stretcher again. The boys were so astounded that up to this time they had watched him in open-mouthed astonishment. Finally one fellow who had been particularly angry and out of sorts jumped up and shouted, 'By the Lord Harry, you don't travel on my little jaunting car any longer, you sausage-eating German,' and rushed at him with his bayonet. Well its not worth telling what happened to the Hun any more than to say he never reached the billet either on foot or by stretcher and out there somewhere in France is a grave which holds six foot of German and the little wooden cross has an epitaph which reads: 'Here lies the latest German in Potsdam.'"

Principal DeWolfe Recruiting
at Yarmouth

The People's Theatre was crowded last night when people from all over the town and nearby county gathered to hear Prof. DeWolfe of Acadia. Like Major Cutten, who spoke last week, he came as a forerunner of Col. Parsons who will be here shortly on a recruiting campaign. Prof. DeWolfe is one of the most able speakers of the Province and his review of the world's crisis at present was a masterpiece. The Empire's great need of men and the duty owed by the young men to their King and country were dwelt upon at length. Other speakers were the mayor, Dr. Bambrick and Sergt. Croft. — Post.

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