

# SUSSEX BOY TELLS HOW WOUNDED ARE TREATED

A most interesting letter was recently received in Sussex from Bomb. Roy N. Stableford, who after two hard years' battling in the front got out in his lungs and was sent to England for treatment. This brave soldier, in a letter to his aunt, gives a graphic account of his experiences from the time that he was sent from the front line, through France and England. Nothing but the best of praise for the excellent treatment he has received from the doctors and nursing sisters features his letter which is as follows:

Dear Aunt:—  
I am going to write you a few lines now, as I have had considerable new experiences since I last wrote you. For two years I have wrote you from the firing line, but never before from the base "Somewhere in France." I was taken sick the 1st of February with a cold on my lungs, was sent from my unit to No. 1 Field Ambulance, where I was kept for a week. While there I saw Walter Barden and Ira Arbell. Walter is a sergeant now, also has the Military Medal with a bar—ira has a captain's rank at present. While there I received the very best of care, so well in fact, I did not want to leave there, but they put a tag on me (with pneumonia on it) and also my through ticket for the base. I was then put in an ambulance and sent to the Casualty Clearing Station, where I landed in due time. There I was taken in charge by an orderly, ushered in a large receiving room with a lot of sick and wounded, where a doctor came along and looked on my ticket, marked A. 4 on my overcoat which I found out afterwards was the number of my ticket. I was to go to then an orderly came and took me in charge again, gave me a little cotton bag and told me to put all my valuables in it which consisted of my shaving kit, towel and soap, and the rest of my kit was taken away from me. I was then taken to A. 4, with my little cotton bag, here I was given a bath, and a change of clothes, then put to bed. I felt like a new man, then in about half an hour the doctor and one of the prettiest nurses I ever saw came in and tested my lungs, the doctor telling the nurse what I was to get in and out of medicine. (Don't give me away to my wife about the nurse), but she certainly was sweet to look at, I did not sleep very well the first part of the night for coughing, and the doctor in the next bed to me was groaning and yelling, if they did not give something to put him to sleep he would go off his head, a short time after that he was raving about dodging bullets and eating them and various other things, until he had all the ward awake. I thought he was near his end, until the sister came and behind a curtain down for waking them and all up, then I found out he just had rheumatism, he was quite after the sister left, and we all got to sleep again. We were woken up at 6 a. m. had a wash and breakfast, and was told we were leaving for the base hospital. I was to be a stretcher case, as the doctor did not think I was fit to sit up, a few minutes later stretcher bearers came in, I was laid on a stretcher for the first time in my two years at the front. Then I was carried out, put in an ambulance once more, (leaving my poor little nurse behind a curtain, as if I will ever see her again.) We were taken to a big railway siding, where a long row of Red Cross cars was waiting. I had seen them before, but never was inside of one until now, when I was put in a lower berth and as comfortable as any one would want. After we were all in our respective berths a doctor came in, he was about sixty-five years of age and one of the finest men I ever met, he was one of England's gentlemen, I don't suppose I will ever see him again, but I will always remember him, and if I ever have to come down again in the same manner I certainly hope it will be ambulance train 17, as he has charge of it, in fact his nurses and orderlies are all the same. I guess they take their example from their doctor, for he had a joke and a jolly word for everybody which was far better than medicine for those who were broken in health and spirits, there was a young lad opposite me who had his arm blown off, and you could tell by his face he was suffering, but never a word from him, my thoughts went back to the one who had kept us awake the night before. What a difference in some people who can suffer in silence, while others will yell all night with a few pains in their leg. Well, to get on with my trip, we left here, and stopped at four other places, until we got the whole train loaded with wounded and sick then away we started across France for the coast. It was 2 p. m. when we got loaded, but then at 4 p. m. supper at 7 p. m. and then I fell in to the best sleep I had for a long time. I slept until 1 a. m. when something woke me up and discovered we had stopped and were unloading. So once more I was placed on a stretcher, then put in an ambulance and off to the hospital, where I was carried in a large receiving room, then a doctor examined my ticket, marked C. 2. In the meantime my temperature had gone up, and I was feeling sick, was put to bed and very soon fast asleep. Was woken up at 6.30 a. m. by the orderly who had brought me in a tin of water for a wash, I then learned that I was in 23 General Hospital, which is an American Hospital, supported by Harvard College, and they were all American nurses and doctors. The two day nurses were Sister Edwards, from Boston, and Sister Roberts, from Conn. State. The night nurse was Sister Greenman from Fresno, N. S. It was the very best care I received there, they were always so pleasant, nothing seemed to put them out at all, it is wonderful how they can do, for their life is not very pleasant I can assure you, they have a good many very disagreeable sights to contend with, little do the people realize what these nurses put up with, they deserve more credit than they get. I might say while in

this ward, I think there was a man from most every battalion here in France, and a good many amusing incidents happened which would take too long to write here, I was there a week when I was marked for the Convalescent Camp, which was four miles away. I tell you it was hard to leave my bed, and the good company there. At the camp we were put in a large marquee, with good food and very comfortable. Here we got up at 7 a. m., breakfast 7.30 a. m., fell in again at 9 a. m. for physical drill until 11 a. m. Dinner at 12, roll call at 2 p. m., when we were free for the rest of the day until 8.30, when we have to be in camp and lights out at 9.15 p. m. There is a field force canteen in camp where you can buy most anything you want, also a Y. M. C. A. which gives us a free concert most every night. There is also a Red Cross hut which has a reading and writing room, where you can get free reading of most any kind, also free writing material, this hut is in charge of a lady from Toronto. We were examined twice a week by the doctor, the ones that are well are marked A, which means active, they go to the base and from there up the line again. The ones that are not sure of are marked C which means observation, watched to see if they get better or worse. Others that they know will not recover for sometime are marked B which means they are to be sent away to another convalescent camp, where they will be for some time. I have been marked C ever since I came here, which will soon be a month. My lungs are troubling me, and they are uncertain just what to do with me, but this last week I have been feeling a lot better, I expect to be marked A soon now, and go back up the line. The camp here is in a very pretty place, on top of a hill near the coast, where we can look out on the English Channel, down below us are six big general hospitals, No. 1 Canadian General and No. 7 Canadian General being among them. No. 1 is Col. McLaren's Hospital, two of the best wards are New Brunswick wards. Down below the hospitals are pine woods named Canada Park, so everywhere you go you will see a little bit of Canada. Sir Robert Borden was here last Saturday to visit the hospitals. In back of Canada Park is a burying-ground for the dead, from these hospitals, there are about five thousand graves at present.

The boys from the Maple Leaf have the same old motto: "From Canada to Berlin." None of us have reached that destination yet, but thousands have reached the Great Beyond, and the few that are left are weary by the way-side, but others are still pushing onward. Down below the hospitals are the graves of the fallen, and that our fate will not be theirs. The future looks good just now, and everybody seems sure of a quick victory and peace soon. Let us hope it will be so, but I do not look for it this year, for two long years Germany has fought us on the offensive, and now she is fighting on the defensive. We are advancing and taking towns and villages, but General Von Hindenburg says he will fight us when and where he pleases, and that we will be at a disadvantage when he did, the ground we are taking now is the best. He is counted one of the greatest generals the world ever produced, and the present move is his, he has some motive which will be worth watching. But only time will tell us the truth, which I hope will be for our good, but I cannot see where we can have peace this year. Will close now as I have said enough about my trip down the line, maybe the next letter I can tell you my trip up the line. Be sure and write soon.

Yours truly,  
ROY.

England's Day today. Wear her flag.  
Y. M. C. I. NOTES.

The outcome of the volley ball match Saturday between the two teams from the business men's class composed of McCafferty, Knoll, Burns, Lantelum, and Carr on one side and Winston, Fitzpatrick, C. Owens, O'Brien and A. Owens on the other resulted in a tie, the first named team taking the two first games 21-14 and 21-10, and the latter the remaining two 21-10 and 21-8. Owing to the lateness of the hour a deciding game could not be played, but it is expected such will be on Tuesday afternoon. A platoon of soldiers from the 17th Battalion in charge of Lieut. Orr, were the guests of the Institute on Friday afternoon and made use of the pool, shower baths, bowling and gymnasium in true care free fashion. Bayonet fighting will be taught by Professor Winston to the boys at an early date. Mr. Wins' on while conversing with military tactics has acquired bayonet fighting while in St. John.

The Men of the Four show composed principally of Y. M. C. I. men, which made such a splendid impression here, will shortly be seen on the stage in Moncton for Red Cross purposes. At the same time a volley ball team representing the Institute will play the Y. M. C. A. from that city.

The basketball game which was booked for last Saturday between the Y. M. C. I. and Y. M. C. A. was postponed owing to players of the former team being incapacitated. Few in the audience at the Imperial on last Friday evening at the concert given by the 17th Battalion, who enjoyed the exhibition dancing. Prof. J. F. Winston and partner realized that this gentleman was considered one of the best exponents of the art in the States, and quite recently won the Castle cup, donated by Mr. and Mrs. Castle, there being sixty picked couples participating. The St. Peter's basketball team will play the Y. M. C. I. five at the Institute on some evening next week. The Institute will have a baseball team on the diamond this season, and it also should be a winner.

# SIX ST. JOHN BOYS ON LIST AS WOUNDED

Word Received on Saturday of More St. John Soldiers in List of Casualties.

Frank Harold Ledford, Charles Ledford of 87 High street, received a cable yesterday notifying him that his son, Frank Harold Ledford, was dangerously wounded on the 17th of April. The cable further stated that the wounded soldier was at No. 1 Clearing Station, and that fuller particulars would be sent later.

Private Ledford was one of the first sledge battery to leave Halifax for overseas. After arriving in England he was transferred to a field artillery and served with the 48th battery, and during the last few weeks he was with the 12th battery in the First Canadian Division.

Before enlisting he was one of the inspectors of dredging in the harbor and has a host of friends in the city. He was a staunch member of Marlborough club, Sons of England, and was one of about thirty men who enlisted from that lodge. Seven members have been killed and six or seven wounded.

Sergt-Major Whitehouse. The wife of Sergt-Major Whitehouse received word on Saturday that her son, R. D. Leavitt, had been wounded and admitted to hospital.

Pte. Clement Donovan. Jeremiah Donovan of 627 Main St. received a telegram Saturday morning notifying him that his son, Pte. Clement K., had been admitted to No. 24 General Hospital in Etaples on April 10, suffering from a gunshot wound in the right foot.

Pte. Harold was wounded on October 3, 1915, and two other brothers, Charles, Charles C., who is at present in a hospital in Sussex, England, recovering from gunshot wounds in the right shoulder and hand, and another who is being invalided home after serving for twenty months in France with a cycle corps.

Pte. Joseph Vall. Mrs. M. Vall of West St. John has received word from Ottawa that her nephew, Pte. Joseph Vall, a member of a local infantry unit, had been wounded in the right arm and admitted to a hospital at Wimereux.

Pte. John J. Howe. The home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Howe, 153 Metcalf street, was saddened on Saturday when a telegram was received announcing the death of their son, Pte. John Joseph Howe, who passed away in France on April 11 from gunshot wounds in the head and leg. He was a bright young man of 21, and his death will be a great loss to his family.

Pte. Frank Kingston. That Pte. Frank Kingston, a member of a local infantry battalion has been wounded in the knee by gunshot and admitted to a hospital at Wimereux. The information that his sister, Mrs. J. M. Kingston, of 136 British street, received Saturday morning from Ottawa. Pte. Kingston prior to enlistment was employed in Campbellton, N. B.

Pte. R. E. Hatfield. That Pte. Ralph E. Hatfield had been wounded in the neck and leg and admitted to No. 13 General Hospital at Boulogne, on April 12, was the message contained in a telegram received by Mr. and Mrs. James Hatfield, 164 Main street, on Saturday morning. Pte. Hatfield sustained shrapnel wounds in the thigh and leg a little before Christmas and returned to the front only a few weeks ago. Prior to enlisting he was employed in J. Fred Williamson's machine shop.

Pte. Harry Allingham. Mrs. John Allingham of Guilford street, West St. John, received word on Saturday from Ottawa to the effect that her son, Pte. Harry Allingham, had been wounded in the back and had been admitted to No. 1 General Hospital at Boulogne. Pte. Allingham was a member of the original famous Princess Patricia's Regiment. He enlisted with that unit in Vancouver at the outbreak of the war, crossed to France, was wounded, received his discharge and returned home. After being home a few months he re-enlisted with one of the local infantry units and from that unit crossed to France in a draft. Pte. Allingham prior to enlistment was employed in Vancouver as a painter.

BOMBARDING A BISHOP The "Ushaw Magazine" publishes some interesting notes by Rear Admiral Charlton, Naval Commanding-Officer at the Cape, describing certain operations on the East Coast of Africa of which he was in charge. Admiral Charlton is an old boy of Ushaw College. Through the courtesy of the editor the school magazine, we are enabled to give the following extracts



Sir Wilfrid: "Sh-sh-sh, I hear Michael Clark cooing."

from the Admiral's article:— They say misfortune breeds strange bed-fellows; well, it is certain war breeds strange misfortune. Can it be believed that an English officer and a vibrated more and more, Father Fluk wished to stop an old woman going to the church. She replied, 'Oh, no. If I am going to die I wish to die in the church.' At six o'clock the Angelus was rung. I asked myself whether we should go outside the church, where the palms were falling close by, but seeing all the persons in the church I put my confidence in Our Blessed Lady and mounted the altar, and Father Gallery said Mass. At each explosion of the shells fell close to the mission. The church trembled, and I trembled, too! and I think that everybody confessed well. The church vibrated more and more, Father Fluk wished to stop an old woman going to the church. She replied, 'Oh, no. If I am going to die I wish to die in the church.' At six o'clock the Angelus was rung. 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