

# The Waterdown Review

VOL. 1.

WATERDOWN, ONTARIO, THURSDAY APRIL, 10, 1919

NO. 48.

## NOTICE

I have secured the Agency for Ford parts for this district and in future will have a full line of all Ford repairs at lowest prices.

When in need of repairs call and see us.

Gallagher's Hardware  
Waterdown

We are receiving large shipments of  
**SPRING SUPPLIES**

Formaldehyde for smut on grain and  
Potato scab

**Royal Purple  
Baby Chick Food**

Zenoleum, Disinfectant and Loose Killea  
in all sizes, 30c, 60c, \$1 and \$1.75

**Colorite Hat Dye**  
Makes my lady's last year hat into a new  
spring lid

PER BOTTLE 35c

**W. H. CUMMINS  
Druggist**

Phone 152

Waterdown

## Life in a Hun Prison

"THE Canadians required more men to guard them, did less work, and caused more worry and trouble than any other prisoners," said Lieut. J. Beverley Robinson, R.A.F., two and a half years a prisoner of war, escaping on his second attempt, being the only Canadian officer who succeeded in doing so.

"The Germans tried more to break the spirit of the Canadians than of any other prisoners but they didn't do it. Our men stuck it, and when they get a chance they go back at the Germans with interest," asserted Lieut. Robinson.

"Never have I read a single line which exaggerated the treatment of the prisoners of war by the Germans. I have found a disposition on the part of some to make light of the stories of cruelty which have been told. Do not make light of them, for they are all true. There are worse stories than any you have heard yet. If you are inclined to make light of imprisonment, then try to think what it means to live for months or years in the unsanitary, pestilential camps in Germany, where every possible effort was made to heap insult and indescribable cruelty upon the men. Think what it means to work twelve or fourteen hours a day in the salt mines, to be tied up to posts in zero weather, to be hung up by the wrists, or even only to wash your clothing in ice-cold water.

"I have seen even German Red Cross workers spit in bowls of soup which they brought into the trains, then throw it into the faces of allied officers. I have seen wounded soldiers dragged to the doors of the cars and there spat upon and jeered by the people."

Lieut. Robinson was taken a prisoner when flying in a fog, and he was forced to make a landing in territory captured by the Germans. His machine was seriously crippled by German bullets, so close was he forced to fly to the ground.

"A short time after landing I saw an individual approaching me," he narrated. "He was pointing a large horse pistol. I never saw anything like it—one of those archaic weapons seen in castles. I walked up to him, and started cursing as hard as I could. It worked well. The average German soldier is accustomed to having his orders shouted at him. I was certainly shouting. He dropped the muzzle and stood there open mouthed. But suddenly I noticed his clothes and the double eagle on the buttons. Then another came on a horse, the most magnificent black charger I have ever seen. He was a German military policeman, and the scales fell from my eyes immediately.

"When I was captured arrangements were being made by my squadron to drop on Prince Rupprecht larger bombs than had ever been dropped. This, strange as it may seem, was known to the German staff officer who examined me, and he said that arrangements had been made to give our flyers a warm reception. Well, I got information back to the squadron by writing a postcard to my mother, saying: 'Please tell that the man of evil habits has changed his address.'"

He told of the conditions in a series of camps in which he was confined, referring especially to Strohan, which had formerly been used as a punishment centre for Russian prisoners. It was a camp totally lacking in sanitation, with a madman for a commandant, and a record for bayoneting prisoners. With two other officers he escaped from this camp on a dark, windy, rainy night. After three nights he was recaptured and sent to Postmunden, recognized as one of the worst camps in Germany. He was captured at the point of a shotgun in the hands of a German farmer, following discovery by his wife.

Postmunden was commanded by Charles Niemeyer, "Milwaukee Bill," who, the lieutenant believed, will be one of the first of the German officers to be demanded by the allies when the day of reckoning comes. Niemeyer lost no chance to be insulting to the prisoners, and for a long time refused to allow them to fit up shower baths for their use, because he wanted them as kennels for his dogs, which continued to occupy them.

So bad were conditions that it was decided an attempt must be made to get news to England, so the prisoners started to tunnel to freedom.

## It Isn't Your Town—It's You

If you want to live in the kind of a town

Like the kind of a town you like.

You needn't slip your clothes in a grip

And start on a long, long hike.

You'll only find what you left behind.

For there's nothing that's really new.

It's a knock at at yourself when you knock your town—

It isn't your town—it's you!

Real towns aren't made by men afraid

Lest somebody else get ahead.

When everyone works and nobody shirks

You can raise a town from the dead.

And if while you make your personal stake

Your neighbor can make one, too.

Your town will be what you want to see;

It isn't your town—it's you!

G. D. Ellyson.

Under trying conditions they tunneled for nine months, and were successful in securing the escape of 29 officers (he was not present), ten of whom crossed the frontier to safety. They dug from an unusual cellar in the prison through 60 yards of earth, using crude air tubes of tin to keep the workers alive.

Lieut. Robinson escaped from a temporary camp. He stocked up with essentials, in the hope of being able to jump from the train on a journey which he knew would pass along the Dutch frontier. As he was suspected, he was searched for an hour before being allowed to board the train. Yet, in spite of that hour's search, he took with him two compasses, a map, a flashlight, some forbidden German money and a civilian cap. He didn't get a chance to jump from the train, as the trip was made by day, but the evening of his arrival at the latest camp Lieut. Robinson, with an officer named Milne, made their escape over a high retaining wall, while a third officer detained the German guard with an argument on the value of Zeppelin air rafts.

## The Optimistic Chickadee.

A walk through the woods on a nice winter day reveals many wonderful things to the person who believes that Dame Nature closes up her shop during cold weather. You probably will hear the chickadees before you see 'em, because they sing and are merry even though cold winds blow and food is scarce. "Chick-a-dee-dee" or "fee-bee" they sing as they scratch in the leaves of yesteryear in the fence corners. The chickadee, or black capped titmouse, is optimism's trademark.

The chickadee is too well known to warrant a description for those who have lived in the country; ultra-civilized folks will recognize chickadees as a flock of sparrowlike birds, each with a black sealskin cap and a black patch on the throat and chin. If you will listen they will sing, not merely when the spirit moves, but all of the time: "Chick-a-dee-dee; fee-bee; she-day-day-day." Translated into English this means:

"Look at that poor frozen turnip with his mackinaw coat and earlaps and red nose; wonder what he'll do when it gets cold." Some times, too, they have a scolding chuckle, but fear not; it soon blows over, like the sputtering of a busy housewife, and in a moment they are singing again. The song of a flock of chickadees requires no "claque."

These birds do little traveling, being content to pass unnoticed among our summer birds, knowing that they will again take the centre of the stage when cold days drive the tender ones to the Southland. Winter would be drearier than ever without these little citizens of fence corners, hedge room and woodlot singing and scratching and making the best of bad days and biting winds.

Moral: Consider the chickadee and worry not.

## Munitions Versus Hairdressing.

A Sheffield, England, hairdresser who volunteered for munition work in one week of fifty-three hours earned more than \$85.

## A Strange Duel

Aviators Met in Midair, But Could Only Smile.

Capt. D. R. MacLaren, D.S.O., M.C. (with bar), D.F.C., of Vancouver, has fifty-seven Hun machines to his credit. He has had many and varied experiences in the air, but perhaps the one which tickles him most is one in which he did not get the Hun.

"One morning in July," he says, "I was up about fifteen thousand feet when I spotted a D.F.W., one of the big two-seater photographic machines. I tow me at about ten thousand feet. I was in fine position and came on him from the east, diving over his top plane. I turned my gun on him as I passed over. I could hear the trigger motor rattling, but there were no shots. I felt in the chute, and found that my belts were broken. I passed down below him, and wondered that I got no shot from him. I took a look at him, and rose again, coming alongside where I could have a good look at him. There I saw the observer perched up, looking over at me. I waved to him, and he waved back to me and wiggled his gun about, as much as to say he had gun trouble, too, so we parted."

Perhaps his most exciting few moments were when he went up south-east of Le Cateau on Oct. 18th as squadron commander in charge of eight planes. They were attacked by about thirty Huns. They had been out balloon strafing and had got one and attacked another, which was pulled down. Just at this time they were caught by the Huns, who swooped upon them from the west, where they were not expected. The Huns had a fine position in the sun, but, foolishly, about eight of them dived through the British formation. Two of the Fokkers crashed into one another and went down, and another was shot down in flames.

Capt. MacLaren climbed up into the sun and got two himself, one of them the leader of the Hun flight. Then the rest of the Huns swooped in to take part in the fight. The place was just swarming with them. The fight started at seven thousand feet and continued down to about two thousand. Lieut. Sanderson got another of the Huns, and then on a favorable wind the British machines were able to extricate themselves and get back over their lines.

Lieut. Arthur Allen, of Toronto, was with a flight commanded by Capt. MacLaren when he became separated from his companions. This was near Gouy, east of the St. Quentin canal. The line had been held up, and word came that the enemy was concentrating in a wood. Capt. MacLaren was sent up with five Sopwith camels to escort seven light bombing machines. They successfully dodged through the anti-aircraft barrage and were attacked by five Fokkers. The British climbed into a mist bank and drove off the German planes, shooting one of them down in flames. The bombers got in some good bursts from two hundred feet, the 25-pounder bombs bursting among the troops with considerable effect.

Lieut. Allen gives an idea of some of the peculiar things which have happened during the war. When he landed, the Germans knew he belonged to the 46th Squadron, as they could see it on the machine. But the officer who interrogated him told him he knew the name of his squadron commander, and that his flight commander was Capt. MacLaren. This German officer, who spoke English well, added that he had on one occasion put on a British R.A.F. uniform and had flown a British machine over into the British lines, and had actually attended a lecture in a British air-drome without being detected.

Flying men agree that this is quite possible, and that airmen turn up miles from home with some excuse and are entertained at strange air-dromes where nobody knows them. "They might wander all over the mess," a flying officer said.

## Flirts With Sudden Death.

James Drysdale, driver for a Lethbridge fruit firm, was delivering bananas a few days ago when what he thought to be a ripe banana dropped down his neck. He reached and retrieved a yellow-and-green snake three feet long, which he held in his hand while he examined it thoroughly. It was a copperhead, whose bite is instant death. That the snake was numb with cold was probably his salvation.

## Crew Was "Flu"-struck.

The Gloucester schooner Athlete, Captain Berhan, succeeded in making a Cape Breton, N.S., port with her entire company victims of the influenza. One of the crew died on the passage from Gloucester, which was made under heavy handicaps.