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LETTERS HOME ...



Belgium, March 27, 1916

Dear Aunt Carrie:

Your parcel received yesterday OK. Those parcels are a luxury out here at the present time. Needless to say I was glad to receive it. Those cigars are fine.

We have been out of the trenches for a few days, but it makes no difference, as long as a person is handy to the firing line, there is almost an incessant roaring of artillery, both day and night from both sides. It is almost an impossibility to sleep.

I don't know whether there will be an ending to this war or not. I suppose that it will end sometime. I have not seen a person from St. Stephen out here yet, but I guess there are quite a few out here somewhere.

I was through a city last night and there is not a house standing that has not been knocked to pieces. I cannot tell you anything about the war, as it would not go through, except that I am well and expecting a furlough in about three weeks to England. We are only allowed seven days in England and then we have to come back again.

The weather in the trenches has been fierce this last six



Letters from the St. Croix Courier, Photo courtesy of the Royal Canadian Legion.

weeks, but we are expecting fine weather here now and then we will have it better.

I hope I will not have to spend another winter here. Summer time is alright. Bad weather is worse than fighting.

Our trenches and the German trenches in places are only thirty yards apart, and where the trenches are that close it makes it a very busy spot. I am enjoying myself as well as a soldier can under the circumstances, but it is not all sunshine.

I will close for this time, hoping to hear from you soon. I wish to be remembered to all the folks. I remain as ever,

Your loving nephew,
Jack

France, Feb. 11, 1918

Dear Mr. Carter:

It is with deepest regret that I, today, received your letter of Jan. 17th, telling me that you had never received any word from Owen. I am sorry that I am unable to add any further information to what you already have.

Owen was wounded, I think, by a machine gun bullet. He started back, well able to make the dressing station. As he has been officially reported missing, it shows that he never passed through the dressing station, so I am afraid, Mr. Carter, he was killed on the way out.

I can tell you for certain that he was not taken prisoner, for the Germans never recovered to counter-attack on our front. He had to pass through quite a heavy German artillery barrage to get out and was probably hit by a shell and buried.

Although it is hard, I am stating facts and giving you my opinion, Mr. Carter, for I do not think it right to lead you to hope that he may later turn up. I did not know he was

missing until Lt. Buchanan told me yesterday that he had received a letter of inquiry about Owen.

If I hear any further information, I will immediately write you, and in the meantime, if I can do anything further to help you please consider my services at your disposal.

Again, expressing my deep sympathy to you and your family, I remain

Yours very sincerely,
A. L. Barry, Lt.

*

Next month I will be twenty. That will make three birthdays in the army, if I'm still alive this one. I hope I won't see a fourth in it.

Dear Sister:

Just a few lines to let you know that I have been slightly wounded, but I am all right now.

I was not going to tell you about it, but I thought some of the other boys would write home and say that I was wounded so I thought it best to tell you. Don't worry, for I am all OK now and am going to England on pass next week, so you see that I am still all right.

I got it on the eighth of this month. We are in a pretty hot corner, but we will show the Germans that we are from Canada.

Say, Teresa, when you address my mail don't put "2 Co." on it. It is just "Bomb throwers" for I have to look all over my battalion for my mail.

Well, I think I have said all for this time, I will close with love to all. I remain

Brother Frank

*

If I'm still living by this time next year I expect to be in Canada. A fellow can never tell. If this thing keeps up til July, it is good for two more years. The Germans are like flies. If you kill one, a dozen come to its funeral. But nevermind, it's got to stop sometime.

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.

LAURENCE BINYON (1869-1943)

THEY SHALL BEAT THEIR SWORDS INTO
PLOUGHSHARES, THEIR SPEARS INTO
PRUNING HOOKS; NATION SHALL NOT
TAKE UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, AND
NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANYMORE.

ISAIAH

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