

front wire. We lined up our men in the following order: Old McGowen in the first wave, Archie Cornell on his left and myself immediately behind, leading the first wave of 'Moppers-Up,' with Kirkham (Lethbridge), whom you have met, another old 113th, leading the second line of 'Moppers-Up.' The other officers in the line-up are unknown to you. Most of the night was spent in digging-in; then the long wait for the zero hour, about 4.30. I had a talk with McGowen (subsequently killed); the last I saw of him he was carefully looking over his men, giving his final instructions. Sharp on time, 5.30 a.m., Easter Monday, there came one big crash, the whole weight of our artillery swept the Hun line and we walked out following under our barrage. It was a wonderful sight, and I shall never forget it. Dawn was just breaking, the sky was bright with the Hun fireworks, his infantry frantically sending up S.O.S. to his artillery, but he could do little against our stuff. Lines of Canadian soldiers with intervals between, and, on our right, a Scottish battalion with the kilts swaying and bayonets fixed. The noise was terrific, but above all the din of the big guns could be heard the rattle of the Hun machine guns as they endeavoured to stop the rush of the Canadians. Men dropped out here and there, but nothing could stop us, and we reached our first objective in record time. Here, there was a pause while our guns played on the Hun back trenches, and here I ran across young Archie Cornell, bright as a button, still leading his men.

"From here the fighting was heavier, as Fritz had still machine gun emplacements, and a murderous fire was poured out; one by one they were put out of action, and the crews, in a great many cases, killed. So far as my division was concerned, our work was nearly finished for the day, and the process of consolidating began.

"I am not going to describe the things I saw that day; war is terrible, and certain things cannot be avoided. Considering what we have suffered at the hands of the Hun we let them off lightly. He is a rotten fighter individually, and can only fight behind a machine gun. When that is out of action, it is 'Mercy, Kamerad!' The best meal I have had for some time, and one I relished highly, was after the last trench had been taken. I sat down in the trench among a lot of dead and wounded Huns, and one of the old 113th men and myself shared a tin of bully beef and hard-tack.

"One of the funniest things that occurred to me during the scrap was when I had just reached the last objective. I had got separated from my gallant gang of 'Moppers-Up,' and the first thing I knew I found myself among a bunch of twenty Huns, who had got out of a dug-out and were beating it across towards us. They surrounded poor old Jonesie like a swarm of bees, each one holding up his hands and shouting 'Kamerad, Kamerad, Mercy!' and then began to pull out watches and other souvenirs. With my big frame glasses they probably took me for an enterprising curio hunter, and not a leader of His Majesty's forces. They looked so damned funny, and so frightened, that I forgot there was a scrap on and howled with laughter. I simply pointed to our old lines and they beat it, hell-bent for election; couldn't get there fast enough.

"All day, and until the next night, we remained at our last objective, while other troops passed through us and drove the Hun back. It was