

GUY ALLAN, WHO WAS WOUNDED, WRITES MOTHER

Twenty-One Out of 30 Hurt as Shell Explodes

A CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

What of the Fellows Who Are Holding up the Lamp-posts in Amherst?—Letter Also From Major McKinnon, M. D.

Writing to his mother in Amherst, Guy Allan, who was wounded recently in France, gives a graphic description of work in the trenches and the work of a German shell which killed or wounded twenty-one out of thirty of the soldiers near where it fell. He wrote from England where he was in hospital, but said he expected soon to be back again. His letter concludes with this significant question:

"What about the fellows who are holding up the lamp posts in Amherst today. They should all be in khaki and doing something for their country." The following are some extracts from his letter:

"When we started for the trenches again, we went about thirty miles with out a stop and my feet were blood-rav from walking from daybreak until dark. Then we had a rest. Next morning we set forth toward the trenches and got up within two and a half miles from them about seven o'clock, noon. Then at night we went into the trenches, at relieved the Cameron Highlanders. When I saw them coming out, I was thinking a lot, my heart was in my mouth, my hair was on end, and I was in awful state, but still I had something to think about. When we got into the trenches they were awful, knee deep with mud, and water about up to our hips. You would not dare to go in some places, for case you went over your head. We stayed in the trenches four days and three nights, then went out for a month and we came to Bethune for a rest. On Monday morning about five o'clock, I woke up and I could hear some very funny noises. They were shelling us out of it. I being orderly sergeant, had to sound the alarm, and I did sound it. In about two minutes the brigade fell in without their breakfasts. About twenty-eight hundred of us set out to drive them out. That was the time when my hair left my head altogether. I am grey now. After we made this bayonet charge we came out two thousand strong. We

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thought we were lucky, but we retired not because they made us, don't think that, but because they did not need us all just then, so we went back to a place called Bievrie and stopped over night there. Next morning an aeroplane went over, and I had a good chance to see it. It was disguised as a French one, but it had no sooner gone over, when I heard a shell coming and I shouted "Take cover" at the top of my voice. We all scattered and none were hurt. We formed up again and two seconds after another one came. That was the one that did the trick. I had not time to shout, we only heard a whistling sound, and then there was a crash, and when I pulled myself together I thought I had a dream, but it was no dream. Out of thirty there were twenty-one killed and wounded and your son was one of the lucky ones to be wounded, not killed. Well, they took me to a hospital and I just landed by the skin of my teeth when another one came and the men that were carrying me were knocked over and I had to get on my feet and walk it, but I got there somehow.

From Doctor McKinnon.

Major McKinnon, M. D., writing April 18 from the First Canadian Casualty Clearing Station in France, to his mother in Amherst, tells of treating the wounded, including a number of wounded Germans, of whom he says:

"They seem greatly surprised at the good treatment they receive and are glad to be out of the fight."

He says also that he is getting a good many cases of what is called "shell shock," where a man's nerves are completely gone after being at the front for months without a rest. The following is an interesting extract from his letter:

"After a rest of ten days I was ordered to report to a British hospital, stationed in the north of France, just three miles from the Belgian border and only four and a half miles from the front lines. Here I had lots of work, as the hospital admitted on an average of 250 patients a day, the most of them wounded. Some of the wounds were simply awful and one wondered how a man could live when so much of him was blown to bits. The recoveries of the wounded is one of the wonders of the war, many days we had from four to seven major operations. A large proportion of these were operations on the brain. The wounds most frequently dealt with in trench fighting are: Wounds of the head, 45 per cent; wounds of the left arm, 25 per cent; wounds of the buttocks 10 per cent; wounds of the chest 10 per cent; wounds of the abdomen, 8 per cent; wounds of the legs, 8 per cent. We also have many cases of 'trench feet,' this trouble is caused by standing for hours in freezing, muddy water, which is mixed with filth, refuse, food and dead bodies. Many of these cases lose their feet, or a toe or two. This gives you an idea of the vast amount of surgical work done at the front. While in the north I visited a number of the other hospitals and studied their system of administration and methods of care for the patients. I also visited Belgium and had an opportunity to see about fifteen miles of the trenches. I also saw the 4 and 16 inch guns in operation, and saw the shells from the Germans actually bursting about our trench line. On our return we had a lucky escape from a shell which burst on the road over which we had just passed. We did not stop to investigate the damage done to the roadway, but hurried away from the danger zone."

TELLS STORY OF THE FALABA

Corroborates Reports of Jeers and Laughter

WIRELESS MAN'S TALE

Merchantman Torpedoed Before Passengers Could Leave—Appeals for Help Met Only Taunts From Submarine's Crew

(Manchester Guardian.)

The torpedoing of the steamer Falaba by a German submarine is thus graphically described by the vessel's wireless operator:

On Sunday morning, after erecting the aerial, I was carrying out my usual morning duties in the wireless cabin when the chief officer entered hurriedly and informed me that the ship was being pursued by a submarine flying the White Ensign, but of which he knew nothing. I thereupon gave a call to St. Just station informing them of the fact and of our position, and was immediately answered in spite of some interference, apparently from the submarine. I had scarcely done this when the ship was stopped, and I was told by the chief officer that nothing further could be done and I had better get into the boat. Before leaving I had just time enough to send out the S. O. S. signal, which was immediately picked up and passed on. Thirty or forty of us managed to get into the boat, but we had no sooner commenced to descend when by some means or other which I did not observe the falls gave way and we were precipitated on to the surface of the water with such a shock as to smash the boat and throw us all into the sea. Some six or eight of us succeeded in struggling over the wreckage into another boat astern of the vessel. The submarine had at first appeared some fifty yards off on the port side, and her captain hailed us through a megaphone, shouting in excellent English, "Get into the boats, I am going to sink your ship. After this he went round to the starboard, at a distance of some hundred and fifty yards fired a torpedo which hit the ship immediately under the wireless cabin. This took place whilst we were in the very act of struggling into the lifeboat at the stern and at a time when the starboard deck of the liner was still black with passengers. A traveler which was not more than a mile and a half from us could without any risk have been permitted to save every passenger and crew by whole crew by being allowed to come alongside, but with callous disregard of any human principles the vessel was torpedoed at once."

Submarine's Awacity.

Nothing in the whole incident has struck me more forcibly than two facts—first, the daring with which the German submarine approached to within fifty yards, pointing plainly to the fact that her captain was perfectly well aware that he was firing at a liner. The second fact was that we had no concealed guns on board. Had we possessed even one his audacity would have entailed inevitable destruction.



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tion to the under-water craft under his command; secondly, that the German captain had evidently made up his mind that the incident should not pass without involving loss of life. There was no smoke of any steamer on the horizon, the only vessel other than the Falaba being the trawler already mentioned. It is a noteworthy fact that there was no panic on board. Indeed, when the submarine first appeared, flying the White Ensign, the passengers were laughing and treating the whole matter as a joke. The explosion from the torpedo sent up a column of water some hundred feet and almost wrecked our boat. It should be mentioned that but for the presence of mind of a passenger, D. J. Ryder, of Plymouth, who displayed a coolness and perfect self-possession, the passengers would have been completely in pieces. For the next three

and a half hours those of us who were able took turns in holding this rope in position as we drifted away from the scene of the disaster.

The unfortunate ship after being struck listed heavily to starboard whilst the passengers who still remained on board slid off into the sea vainly endeavoring to save themselves by clutching any form of support on deck. The captain, who was, of course, the last to leave, gave three blasts on the hooter and jumped off the wreck with his passengers.

Taunts and Laughter.

All the reports concerning jeers from the crew of the submarine I can fully corroborate, as we drifted quite close by them, and they could easily have helped us had they wished. Our earnest appeals, however, met with nothing but taunts and laughter. It was impossible to hear the words they uttered, but the tone and attitude of the six or eight men visible upon the deck of the submarine spoke eloquently of the spirit with which the whole of the operation was conducted.

About the time when the submarine first came alongside, the sea, which had been choppy before, increased considerably, and you can picture the plight in which we found ourselves—up to our waists in water in a bitter temperature, holding on for dear life to the rope whose strands formed the only thing binding us to life, shivering with the cold, our hands so numb that two of my fingers have scarcely recovered, amidst the sneers and floutings of the Germans. Overboard Out of Agony.

We saw about this time one of the boats containing about thirty of our companions, capsized by the heavy seas, without a chance of doing anything to save them. So trying were the circumstances under which we were placed that one of the black grenadiers who jumped overboard to end his agonies, whilst we found ourselves obliged to restrain another from cutting his throat. One of the first class passengers, a young man of about twenty-four, who appeared to be in delicate health, expired in the boat through exposure. We ourselves were continually passing fellow-creatures the last throes of drowning, and I shall never forget the agony of listening to their final and awful cries, and watching the heartrending look of horror as they sank from sight.

We were finally picked up by the steam trawler Orient II, on-board which we received every kindness and consideration that her limited capabilities afforded. We were given food, tea and cocoa, besides some ginger essence heated, in order to restore animation to our ice-frozen bodies. It was a relief, owing to the restrictions of space, most of us were compelled to remain on the deck of the trawler, and it was a relief to be able to stretch one's limbs, and to be able to see the Seamen's Home and through the medium of a local out-fitter with the necessary supply of dry clothes, and to be able to understand how glad we were to receive them. The only souvenir I possess of the ill-fated Falaba is the bronze key and tab of my wireless cabin.

"Eboni Swells Minstrels."

ON OVERDOING IT

"The tendency of the age," says a modern philosopher, "is to overdo everything." The same thought has occurred to the writer many scores of times, when, after swallowing a very moderate allowance of some sauce, he has been left with a palate apparently given over to an endless stinging and burning sensation, calculated to make a man forego the use of any sauce whatever.

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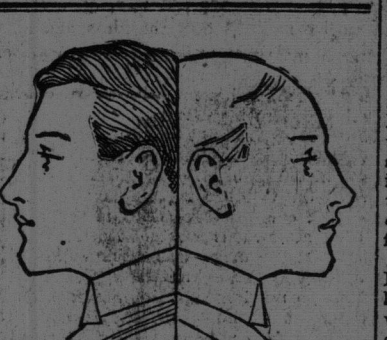
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