

CAPTURED

CHAPTER I

OUR LAST TRIP IN

"ALL present and correct, sir," reported the Company Sergeant-Major of "A" Company, 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles, as the officers came on parade for what was to be the last time. We were quite proud of our company because we had just received a reinforcing draft of 40 men which brought our numbers up to about 120 — slightly over one-half the number we should have had. But in those days men were not as plentiful as they are now. We had to get along somehow.

Every man was carefully inspected to see that he had his steel helmet, two gas masks and his iron rations. The latter consisted chiefly of a tin of bully beef and some hard biscuits. These were most necessary, as we never knew when the Germans might attempt a flank movement at the base of the Ypres salient, and if this were successful those of us who were at the nose of the salient might have to subsist for two or three days on our iron rations until a way could be cut through again. That tin of bully beef