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**With the Newfoundl'd
 Regiment at the Front**

(Continued from page 6)
 tively untouched by shell fire. True, the windows were conspicuous by their absence and the walls were somewhat chipped, but on the whole the house had been treated very decently. A village not many hundred yards away was in complete ruins. Lieut. George Emerson later in the day took me for a walk through the latter and pointed out, with the expert manner of a Cook's guide, the salient features of the place. There was not a whole building in the village.
 We paid our respects to the O.C., and his staff, who entertained us to lunch, after which we had a look round.
Familiar Faces In Unusual Surroundings.
 Major Paterson lost no time in getting to work and, before his lunch could possibly have had time to digest, he was out inspecting every man, nook and cranny in the vicinity. Everybody was glad to see him and he met familiar faces on all sides.
 We first ran into A Coy. under Capt. Gus. O'Brien, who was putting his men through Gas drill in a garden.
"Gas Alert!"
 This part of the line is peculiarly adapted to gas attacks and a constant vigilant look-out has to be kept for them. When the alarm is given in the front trenches it is signalled for perhaps ten miles back by every conceivable method of announcement. Gongs are clashed, guns are fired, bells are rung, there is much shouting by everybody, and then—on go the respirators. Further conversation is barred for the time being and people take on a Zoologic appearance. On the whole, gas has been conquered, by the assiduity of such men as our own Major Cluny Macpherson. When one thinks of the havoc wrought by gas in the British ranks during the second battle of Ypres, one can calculate how many thousands of lives have been saved by means of the respirator. Our own men have been subjected to a few attacks but only one or two men suffered and then very slightly. No soldier is allowed to be in the zone of fire without his gas respirator and steel helmet.
All Ranks In The Best Of Spirits.
 B Co. was also seen, but C and D companies were some distance away, and it was impossible to get at them until later. A nominal roll of all ranks is appended, nearly every one of whom was spoken to by Major Paterson, who holds the record as regards 'interviewing' people. Our men looked in the best of condition and the rigour of a stiff campaign seemed to trouble them nought. Their physique and general appearance was wonderful and their spirit indomitable. The Chateau was regarded as 'Rest Billets.' On the night we reached the battalion it was to go into the second line of trenches. Colonel Hadow made an appointment for the following day, when we were to transact our business. I had to return to the transport lines on a bicycle with Pte. Lionel Mann as my escort, and Major Paterson remained to go with the battalion when they moved.
The March to the Front.
 Late at night the regiment moved up, along one of the most historic roads in the war, to its next scene

of action.
Ypres.
 (Note: The regiment has since left this vicinity, so there is now no objection to disclosing its whereabouts at that time.)
 I went down the famous 'White Way' to Ypres (along which so many thousands of the best men have gone, never to return) just at the setting of the sun, when darkness lends its shelter to the busy traffic, which miraculously appears and pours in from all sides. I was in the Mess cart, together with the Laconic and ever-cheerful Lieut. Leo Murphy. Good-year, McNeill and Lt. Grant Paterson were gaily cantering ahead on steeds or war-like proportions. We reached Ypres not a moment too soon.
Dining During A Bombardment
 I was landed at Headquarters and found Col. Hadow, Major Forbes-Robertson, the Medical Officer and Capt. Raley at dinner, deep in the bowels of the earth. I was asked to partake and I sat down to a thoroughly good meal. Then the bombardment began, and whatever appetite I had departed. The noise was deafening and, to a novice at the game, somewhat alarming.
 It was an experience to me to be in a 'Strafe' of such dimensions, but to the seasoned Newfoundland veterans it was like a pea-shooting contest. The 'Strafe' was on our side fortunately, and Fritz was getting plenty of 'Iron Rations' for his supper. His desultory reply 'did not amount to much and the buzz of the shells over our heads seemed to be going in the one direction. Several German shells, however, landed a hundred yards or so away from us. I afterwards discovered, but we went on cheerfully eating.
Raley's Gramophone.
 During the bombardment our musical Adjutant kept us supplied with many refrains, varying from 'O Rest in the Lord' (for which the M. O. seemed to have a penchant, putting it on several times) to 'Gilbert the Filbert.' Soothing as was the sound of the guns, Raley's music was even soothing.
Cellar Life.
 Though I imagine a bit damp on the whole, life in a cellar has its fascinations. I was supplied with a stretcher by Pte. White McGrath, who incidentally ran risks to fetch it, and spent the first part of the night calculating where the shells were dropping and if one would land in our little menage. In the same cellar were Raley and Gordon (the M.O.) and I was considerably reassured to hear they were snoring through it. The O.C. and the Major were, of course, in a separate cellar.
 The Adjutant's life is not a happy one, because everybody wants to wake him up at all hours. He is constantly receiving messages and reports and has to keep in close proximity to the O.C. in case of emergency.
German Flares
 I went out into the garden about 3 a.m. and looked into the night. It was like a firework display. All around the German lines flares were being sent up, giving a resemblance to the appearance of Broadway at night. If an advertisement for 'Budweiser' or 'Pabst' had been shoved up the illusion would have been complete. The object of the flares, of course, is to enable raiding parties to be easily discerned. The German flares, at the same time, are exceedingly useful to the British. Follow-

ing the British bombardment that night, two raiding parties went out and a number of German prisoners were captured. Many of the enemy trenches were empty. It was pretty obvious, to own a casual observer, who were 'top dogs' in this part of the line both as regards men and munitions. If Fritz sent over one shell he got ten in return.
The Most Historic Place in the War.
 Ypres will go down in history as the most historic place in the War, by reason of the colossal losses sustained there, both by the Germans and the Allies in the two famous battles, by reason of the narrow margin which won the day for the Allies, and by reason of the city whose ruins will be gazed upon by countless thousands, when peace has been declared. It was not, of course, the old town itself which the Germans wished to take but the place to which its gates gave access—Calais and the Channel Coast, which would menace England itself.
 Newfoundland has been fortunate in that her sons have seen service and gained fame in Gallipoli, on the Somme, and in Ypres, all three for ever glorious in the greatest war of all times.
A City of Desolation.
 Normally a town of nearly 20,000 inhabitants, superb public buildings and comfortable mansions, Ypres today is a complete ruin, and there is not a civilian left. I was informed that I had the unique distinction of being the only civilian in the place, and if the attention I attracted among the Tommies was a token of the fact, there is little doubt that the assertion was true. Of the thousands of houses, standing two years ago not one is whole to-day. I saw the Cloth Hall and Cathedral (I lived in a cellar but a few yards away) and could have wept to see the toll which War has levied on these—two of the finest buildings in Europe. Not alone they but other magnificent edifices are practically razed to the ground.
Going Into Church
 I have a little brain-creep of about 100 Newfoundland soldiers going into church—a church without roof or walls, and exposed to shell-fire. I can see them filing in and the padre wait-

ing until they were in orderly formation. I think it was Roman Catholic. I was unable to remain, but I can imagine the Service and it would remind many of them of the Church on the Hill at home. It was the last I saw of the Newfoundlanders at Ypres.
An Important Interview With Lt. Col. A. L. Hadow, C.M.G.
 Major Paterson and I had considerable business to transact and the O.C. fixed an hour in the morning. After breakfast, when the sound of guns had more or less subsided, we went into the Colonel's sanctum-under-the-ground and amongst other things we discussed
Comforts.
 Q.—What comforts are required by the regiment for the coming winter campaign?
 A.—As regards clothing: shirts and socks. These should be sent at regular intervals and no more at one time than will supply the men of my strength; it is inadvisable to send us more than we require as difficulties of transport are great, and if the Regiment should be on the move surplus supplies would have to be reluctantly left behind. Comforts take about a month to reach the regiment from England, and before they are sent we should be notified as to what it is intended to send.
 Q.—What other comforts?
 A.—Plenty of chocolate and tobacco and cigarettes, chewing gum, stationery, gloves and cakes. It must be remembered that Comforts are a contribution as distinct from Army issues which are freely supplied.
 In confirmation of what Col. Hadow said in the last clause I append at the end of this narrative a list of the food and clothing which our men are issued.
 It is a well-known and established fact that the Newfoundland Comforts are second to none, especially as regards socks. In fact, I have heard it stated that one of the chief reasons why the Germans are anxious to break through where the Newfoundlanders are is because they want some of the 'local-knit' footwear.
Salt Fish and Hard Tack.
 While on the question of Comforts I would like to say that almost every

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 man in the regiment would relish a meal of Newfoundland codfish and hard tack once in a while. This would vary the monotony of Army rations and at the same time give the men a dish they long for. It was a decided success when sent to Fort George. Why cannot it be sent to the men now at the time when they would most appreciate it? On discussing the question with Qmr. McNeill he stated that if the fish and bread were forwarded in 50-lb. packages (done up in bins) and sent in a proportion of 1/2 lb. per man per shipment there would be no difficulty in handling it. It is the best of food and to every Newfoundlanders liking.
 (To be continued)

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