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Not Even a Sniper's Bullet Could Dim His Bloom of Youth

A TRUE AND LOYAL CANADIAN, ESTEY WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO GO OVERSEAS TO FIGHT THE BRUTAL HUN: HE PARTICIPATED IN SEVERAL FIGHTS, WAS WOUNDED, AND NOW, ALTHOUGH HE IS BUT TWENTY-FOUR, IS ONE OF THE E. T. D.'s MOST POPULAR COMPANY SERGEANTS-MAJOR.

Although the subject of our weekly article has yet to see his twenty-fourth summer, he has crammed into his young life more real excitement, and has gained more actual experience in the gentle art of modern warfare, than is vouchsafed to many of more years and higher rank.

Frank Berton Estey, Company Sergeant Major, C.E., was born at Fredericton, N.B., as recently as 1894.

Just as soon as schooling was over he shook from his shoes the dust of the effete East and did not stop till he came to Saskatoon. There he busied himself in the C. P. R. shops, and having been polished up a bit in his particular branch of engineering, in the early part of 1914 proceeded to Vancouver, there to wrestle with fortune for his daily bread. In May of the same year he joined the ranks of the 6th Field Coy Engineers of North Vancouver and with them proceeded to Vernon, B.C.—that gem of the Okanagan—for summer training.

Not long after his return to the Pacific shores war broke out, and he lost no time in showing the stuff whereof he was made, by enlisting for overseas service with the Canadian Engineers on August 14, 1914. Ten days later he was en route to

Valcartier at which point he was attached to the 3rd Field Coy, proceeding one month later to England.

Like many more courageous souls he floundered in the famous mud of Salisbury Plains for four months, but finally got his ticket to the festivities in Flanders.

His record over there is one to be proud of, including, as it does, such important engagements as Fleur-Baix, Ypres, Festubert, Givenchy, and Ploegsteert—where he was promoted Lance-Corporal—to say nothing of several brushes of minor importance with the enemy.

It was during one of these latter he received his wound which nearly cost him one of his legs, being hit by a sniper's bullet clean through the knee. This occurred at Messines during a period of comparative quiet and exactly thirteen months from the day of his arrival on the scene of hostilities—superstitious ones please take notice!

They shipped him to England, where he received treatment over a period lasting seven months. Such is modern surgery that one would hardly imagine Estey being the subject of a bedside consultation assembled to thrash out the question of amputation or otherwise.

The latter prevailed, however, and after a further period of treatment, coupled with what Estey calls a most enjoyable course of massage at the hands of Lady Buckmaster, he was allowed ten weeks wherein to return home.

Sergeant Major Estey speaks in tones of highest praise of the treat-

“done their bit”. Such is the democratic spirit of our Army and who shall say it suffers thereby?

Well, Estey reported for duty in due season and was sent out by what he calls an unkind fate, on recruiting duty for two months—being finally transferred to the E. T. D. in February 1917, just one year after being wounded.

His progress has been nothing short of meteoric since, and, as we all know, thoroughly well deserved.

Sergeant Major Estey enjoys a well deserved popularity in our Depôt, principally due to his cheerful disposition and modest mien. Rosy of cheek and clear of eye, Estey is a great believer in Temperance. The only occasion we know of when he has been tempted to tackle anything stronger than H₂O was on a recent visit to Boston—(where, by the way, he was royally entertained by His Honour the Mayor, and by Louis M. Coates Esq., of that City). Even then it was only when the social necessity made it imperative that Estey would blushing call for Rhine wine and Seltzer!

That original order of his, the writer (perhaps vaguely but none the less pleasantly—recalls) lasted throughout a toast list of gargantuan proportions!

Still unmarried, with a wealth of experience behind him, and we feel sure, a great future in front of him, “Knots and Lashings” extends its best wishes to our young hero, who is without doubt, an outstanding example to the Depôt of what a citizen soldier ought to be.

C. A. D.



FRANK BERTON ESTEY, C.S.M.

(Photo by Pinsonnault)

ment he received while in hospital, and as he spent, by necessity, such a long time there we feel sure he is qualified to judge.

He returned to Canada on the same boat as Sir Sam Hughes, then Minister of Militia, and remembers with pleasure that gentleman drawing up his deck chair every day and yarning with the men who were returning to Canada—having