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HOW A BOSTON MAN WON VICTORIA CROSS

All Shot to Pieces and gassed, He Manages to Save 11 Men.

Is a Veteran of Many Fights—Was in the Boer War—Took Part in Battle of Transvaal, Relief of Ladysmith, Tugela Heights, Cape Colony and Orange Free State—Was in the Boxer Rebellion in China—Ran the Blockade in the Present European War he Participated in the Battles of Mons, Marne, Neuve Chapelle, Loos, Hill 60 and Ypres—Is the Sole Survivor of His Original Battalion of the Black Watch and is one of Three Survivors Out of 9,600 Men Killed on the Field

The Narrative Below is One of the Most Remarkable War Stories That has yet Appeared Either in This Country or Abroad. It is Told Almost Precisely in the Words of the Soldier Who Received His Priceless Decoration From the Hand of King George Himself, Without any Rhetorical Embellishments—Mr. Trynor is "Strong for the Allies" in Spirit. But it Will be Many Days Before his Battered Body Can Carry Him Again Into Battle—Boston Sunday Herald.

Accompanying this article in the back I'm going to, for I want to help Boston Sunday Herald are photos of the medals he won. His passport bearing the signature of Sir Edward Grey and a description of the Bearer with his photograph.)

Sure, I've got 11 wounds and am knocked out by the gas, but if I was well enough I'd go back again to the trenches and help finish the job!" This is the declaration of John Howard Trynor, who received from the hand of King George of England only a few months ago the treasured Victoria Cross, for valor on the field of battle, in rescuing 11 men, one at a time upon his back, from under the muzzles of German heavy artillery and rifles, and who is now in Boston, recuperating.

A Real Soldier of Fortune.
"Trynor is a typical soldier of fortune. He participated in the quelling of the Boxer rebellion in China. He ran the blockade during the Russo-Japanese war, with supplies for the Japs, was captured, lost his steamer and was imprisoned at Port Arthur until the Japs captured the city.

He served four years in the Strathcona Horse during the Boer war, and his service medal shows that he was in the battles of the Transvaal, Relief of Ladysmith, Tugela Heights, Cape Colony and Orange Free State.

Has Been Riddled With Bullets
Enlisting in the Eleventh Battalion of the famous Black Watch in England at the start of the present great European conflict, he participated in the battles of Mons, Marne, Neu Chappelle, The Loos, Hill 60 and Ypres and in the hospital five times, and now bears upon his body the marks of shrapnel wounds in the head (in which a silver plate three inches square now replaces the bones removed), a bullet wound in the shoulder, two through the lungs, two in the stomach, two in his knee and one through his instep, and he has lost the tip of one finger where a bit of shell struck it.

This man is the sole survivor of his original battalion of the Black Watch and is one of three survivors out of 9,600 men killed on the field. "Out of 62,000 men engaged, we lost 35,000 in the charge at Hill 60. It was a horrible slaughter. "But the worst of all this was the gas. That's what gets you," he says. "I got it good at The Loos, through a leaky helmet—lost my memory, lost my nerve, lost my health. The bullet and shrapnel wounds are nothing compared to the effect of the gas."

Looks "All Shot to Pieces"
Trynor is now 45 years old and looks "all shot to pieces." His wounds have healed, but he still finds it necessary to stop and think hard in order to recall the names of even his dearest relatives, and friends—so deadly is the effect of the gas used by the Germans. Born in the little village of Pettitcodiac, New Brunswick, he was brought to Rockland, Me., when but three years old, and has claimed that city as his home ever since, being now a registered voter there. His usual occupation, when there is no sound of battle on the horizon, is that of a sea captain. He holds unlimited papers, knows the waters and coast line in every part of the world, and will probably take up the, to him, monotonous life on the sea when he is physically able, after peace is declared. "So long as they are fighting over across, however, if I'm able to get

English have now, in a cavalry charge. You don't even have to thrust—it just goes through a man as you ride. It's a lovely sword to use—the old one isn't a patch to it. You just point it at a man and tumble him out of his saddle like a riding school dummy with a practice blade. It's great, riding in a charge like that. And they couldn't seem to do anything to us. I don't think much of the Death's Head Hussars, for all the fuss they make about them. We just played with them.

"Then they sent me back to the Black Watch again and we trekked on and on. We got tired of carrying helmets and lances and such things that we had captured. We used to give them away in the Belgian villages, and I guess they've proved death warrants for many a poor beggar that thanked us for them and gave us things for them, for the Germans have been all over that country since then, and if they found civilians with any helmets—well—

"One time, out toward Lille" (he pronounced it "Lily") "we had got out into very open country and were digging trenches every night. It had got cold then, and wet most of the days. It was no picnic any of the time, and the last was the worst of it. Finally I got a bullet through my arm and my leg—it was like a wasp sting, only worse. I tried to crawl, but I got left behind, and that night I lay out. Lordy, wasn't it cold.

A Mark for a Fihlan
"All through the night I lay out in the open, and the pain in my leg was so bad that I couldn't have slept even if the cold would have let me. I didn't know where our chaps were; not where I was, and I thought my number was up for sure.

"In the morning some Uhlands came along and one of them saw that I was alive, so he plunked three shots at me, and two of them went into that same leg. See, there's the holes the bullets made—"

Rolling up his trousers, Trynor showed two bullet holes just above the cape of the knee, and one through the instep of his foot.

"He plunked three shots at me, and me lying there too bad to move. That's a Uhlan, all right. "I can tell you what it felt like—only I know the time when that drunken brute was potting at me was the longest year I'll ever live through. You see, I knew he meant to kill me and I couldn't do anything—I just had to wait, as helpless as if I was already dead, while he played with me like a cat with a mouse. But they are all poor shots, and although he aimed at my heart he only hit me in the knee. Their shooting is rotten, always.

"I laid out there 26 hours, all told, before our chaps could come back and get me. It wasn't anybody's fault—they couldn't have got there before—I was just one of the unlucky ones.

Treated "Like a Tot"
"They took me back to some where—don't ask me where it was, for I don't know any more than Adam—and the R. A. M. C. men dressed my leg and put it in splints and I was stuck on one of the ambulance waggons and carted off, out of the way.

"They treated us like toffs all right in the ambulance train and at the hospital—took all sorts of care of us. Don't those doctors and nurses know their business, what? No hall larks about them.

"I used to sit in the hospital and look out at the sea, and then I'd lie down and count the lights in the ceiling. There were 326 of them—I've counted them enough to know. Then I'd start counting the gift beads on the wall, and the number of people in the pictures.

"It seemed a year before I got back to the front, but it was only a few weeks, and then I got into it good and plenty. Battles came along in short order. There was Mons, Marne and Neu Chappelle, then Hill 60, and Ypres."

"Wipers"—What's in a Name
"He called it "Wipers," and said that all English soldiers pronounce it that way.

"At Loos was where I got the gas, through a leaky helmet. Do you know, if someone would invent a gas helmet that was absolutely perfect and couldn't leak, he'd make a fortune. I was in the hospital a long time just on account of the gas, and I didn't get the full force of it at all. If I had, I wouldn't have lived 10 minutes. For months afterward I used to cough up burned pieces of membrane, just from the little gas I got.

"It was at Hill 60 where we had the greatest slaughter of our troops. If anyone tells you that the English army is not doing its full share of the fighting, you tell 'em that they lie. It is the French deserve every bit of the glory they have won, but the English army has been fighting right side by side with all the time.

"The Germans have the greatest fighting machine ever known; they have trained their men the best way

possible; they are great fighters, and they are magnificently equipped. But they fight in mass formation, and they have met better men, that's all. Somehow they can't stand the steel.

"German officers don't lead their men, as we do. They drive them, and where a soldier will follow an officer right up to the muzzle of a gun with a bayonet on it, and knows he is sure to get it into him, these Germans don't like to be driven up to them to die. You can't blame 'em.

"But to get back to Hill 60—that's where we lost 35,000 men out of 62,000. The fight started in at 4 in the afternoon. The Germans had the French and Belgians on the run and we were called up to try and stop them, expecting every minute to get the order to retreat, the same as the rest of them were. But we got the order to "Advance" instead. That put hope and spirit into the French and Belgians, and they helped us, of course.

"We met the German line. I could not begin to describe that fight. It was something that is past description. After a few minutes there was very little firing done. It was all with the bayonet. I remember I had four different guns.

"We drove the Germans back about 10 miles and were ordered to stop at 2 o'clock in the morning on an eminence, and we dug in there—dug trenches, you know. Our officers wouldn't let us go on any further, and we couldn't understand it, but later we knew. Just over the ridge where we were was "Death Valley," and the Germans had lined the opposite side, on the hills, with machine guns and artillery. If we had gone in there, we would have lost every man in the corps instead of more than half of them.

"At 4 o'clock that morning we were relieved by fresh troops and taken back to rest up. I was the only man in my company alive when roll was called that morning. I was just a private. Hill 60 was where the Germans were taking us from, and we were brought up again to take that position." We charged that hill that afternoon and took it in the face of machine-gun fire. Our men dropped like grass before a scythe. It was the worst slaughter imaginable.

"In that last charge we lost 20,000 men. I got the shrapnel wounds in my head then, a couple of the others. Later I got my arm full of shrapnel in every-day trench fighting and bombing, but didn't get touched again until Ypres."

"The nearest call I ever had to getting hit, and not getting it, was one morning just at dawn. You know the Germans have a habit, during the night, of coming out of their trenches, crawling over toward ours and surrendering. I stood up one morning to look over "No Man's Land"—that's the space between the trenches—to see if any of the Boches were coming. I had been rolling a cigarette, and was drawing a good puff on it as I stood up. Some sniper saw the fire on the end of the cigarette and he let fly.

"Well, it didn't knock the cigarette out of my mouth, but I felt the heat of the bullet as it whizzed by my nose, and, believe me, I ducked quick. We were in the trenches for 40 hours, 'bat time, in the face of terrific fire, with no food and only the water in our canteen. They couldn't get the supplies to us, or fresh troops for a long while.

"I had to go to the hospital again, and had been out only two days when the Wipers (Ypres) thing happened. That's where I got the V. C. Ever see one?"

With that he pulled from his pocket the most valued military decoration, in the British empire, a small, rather cheap looking bronze medal with a purple ribbon—but across the bottom of it there were inscribed the magic words, "For Valour."

Besides it, on the long bar, was the Service Medal of the South African fighting of four years, a round, silver piece about the size of an American half-dollar and on the ribbon were five narrow, silver bars bearing each the name of a campaign in which the wearer was engaged: Transvaal, Relief of Ladysmith, Tugela Heights, Cape Colony and Orange Free State.

"This is it," he said, toying with the bronze pendant. "There were thousands of the fellows who deserved more than I did. It's worth about nine cents in American money for the bronze there is in it, but—"

and he passed his hands again over his eyes as if to shut out the thoughts of the occasion that made him its possessor.

"Do you know, the whole thing seems a dream to me," he said, after a moment's pause. "I can hardly realize that I went through it. I was doing engineering work at that time, sapping and mining, tunneling under to get to the German trenches, about 280 yards away from us. You know, there are always 12 men who go together in this work. It was a bright day and I had 11 fellows with me, digging away under ground.

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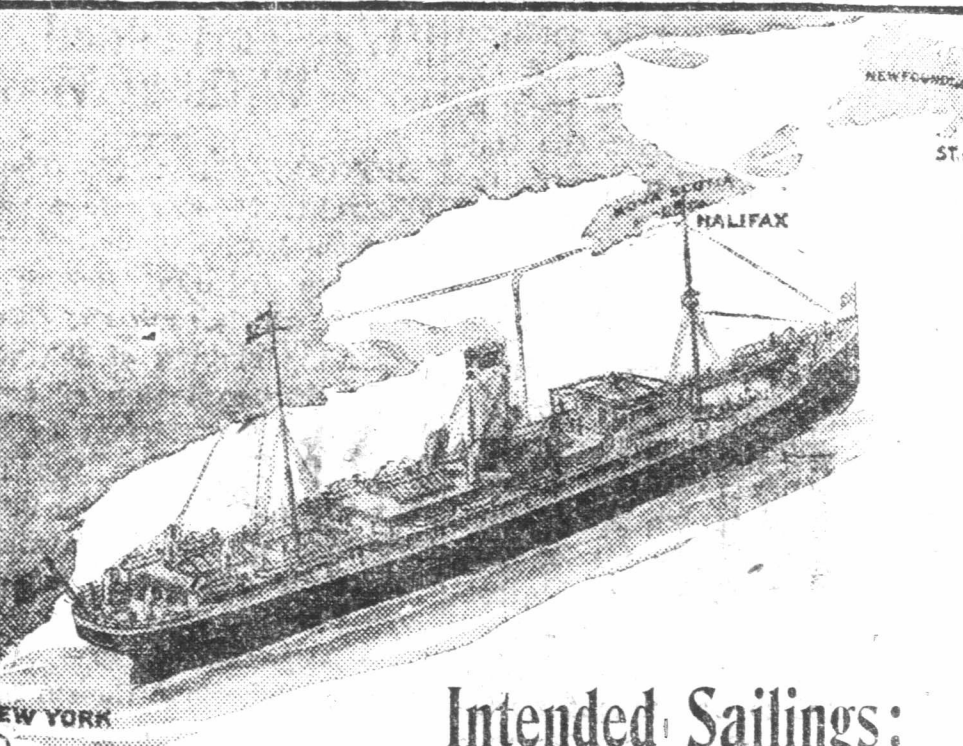
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(Continued on page 5)