

# THE CANADIAN WAR PICTORIAL



Among the Canadian Cavalry first through the "flood-gates" was the Fort Garry Horse, which charged a battery of four 3-inch guns. Inset is Lieut. H. Strachan, V.C., who led this wonderful squadron.

## CANADIAN CAVALRY CHARGE GUNS ON CAMBRAI FRONT

MR. W. A. WILLISON, THE CANADIAN WAR CORRESPONDENT, DESCRIBES THE WONDERFUL EXPLOIT

CANADA was splendidly represented in the great British advance of November 20th, which broke the Hindenburg Line and drove the enemy back on Cambrai. For the first time since the German retreat from Bapaume last spring the Canadian cavalry went really into action with their horses. Operating from the right centre opposite the village of Masnières, the cavalry behind the line waited at dawn for the signal which would send them forward after the Tanks and infantry had opened the way.

It was 3.30 P.M. when they penetrated the enemy's country, through wire cut by British troops who were south of the town, and galloped on "into the blue." What follows equals anything in the cavalry history of the Empire. A single squadron of the Fort Garry Horse found itself all alone. Racing forward, with the enemy to the right and left of them, the Fort Garrys galloped in section over the crest of the hill, which was concealing enemy guns. Charging down the slope they found themselves facing a hostile battery of four 3-in. light German field guns. Charging straight for the battery, sabring everything as they went, officers and men raced to the guns. In line of troop column they advanced, coming so quickly that the enemy had no time to man two of the guns. One other was out of action. The gunners attempted to blow up one of the guns as our men came on. With the sword the cavalry

wiped out that battery. The majority of the enemy gunners attempted to fly—the others lay flat on the ground, save for a few very brave men, who stood to attention beside their cannon.

On swept the squadron. The retreating enemy infantry were engaged. Unchecked, our horses went on until dusk, and found themselves two miles inside enemy territory, commanded by a lieutenant. The defensive position was essential. With sword the horsemen fought their way through to a sunken road, where they dismounted. Two messengers were sent back to report their position. They had horses killed under them, but struggled back to our own lines. The squadron found themselves isolated as darkness was falling.

Stampeding horses to divert enemy machine-gun fire, what was left of the squadron prepared to return. As they had charged forward sabring everything in the way, so now they fought their way back on foot with short Lee-Enfields. The retirement started about five. It was a succession of hand-to-hand struggles. Four times the little party met enemy working parties with bayonets and dispersed them. For two hours the weary men slept in shell-holes, surrounded by the enemy. Then up and on again—and when midnight had passed they found themselves in Masnières, and again fought their way through the enemy infantry in the town to a wrecked bridge crossing, and waded waist deep in water to safety.