

**Evening Telegram** 

C. T. JAMES. - - - - Editor

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## **Newfoundlanders** !

Such were the words of the order, given on that fateful morning of July 1st, 1916, which sent the first battalion of the Roval Newfoundland Regiment to practical annihilation from the concentrated fire of German field batteries, machine guns and rifles, on the stricken field of Beaumont Hamel. And to the everlasting credit and honor of the regiment and the dominion, not one man shirked the issue. Where others had failed they made the forlorn attempt to succeed at a cost which we know only too well. Mowed down by a storm of projectiles and shells the gallant remnants of Newfoundland's first regiment, pushed their way forward and even forward, in hope of retrieving the misfortunes and losses of the first attack. Into an inferno of shot and explosive they advanced, their one hope being to reach the objective for which their advance was order-

ed, the remainder had to admit failure, but not dishonor. Demigods could not have done more. The best blood of Newfoundland spilled over the battle field gave gallant attributes of the sons of Terra Nova. The dauntless heroism exhibited in pushing home the attack to almost within the enemy lines, was further evidence of the daring and spirit of the wearers of the Caribou badge. Animated by the desire of victory and to show how little they valued life, they kept on in the face of honor of Newfoundland was at stake, and notwithstanding the reverse received at Beaumont Hamel, the men from the land of the fern, were afterwards more feared by the Germans than were any of the other units comprising the Allied forces. The deaths of so many gallant gentlemen have been lamented, in the homes from which they them birth, and in the churches of the dominion. Their memories are held dear by all, and the splendid part of it is that their glory will ever live. They died that the world might be made free for democracy, and the scroll of fame contains no names that will shine more brightly than those who made the Supreme Sacrifice on Saturday,

them "Took up our quarrel with the foe,

held high the torch,"

fought has been accomplished and peace once more reigns over souls who sleep under a foreign sod, will wear a smile of coned: their militant labors recom-