

WHEN THE "PATS" WON IMMORTALITY

Survivor Tells Story of Their Last Stand

WORLD'S FINEST FIGHTING FORCE

Only Eighteen Unwounded Survivors—College Boys Now Uphold the Battalion's Splendid Record

From Corporal William B. Kysh, now discharged, comes a graphic story of the end of the Princess Pats, told to a reporter of the New York Herald. The Princess Pats made their last stand against overwhelming odds in rolling waves of poison gas. Those who survived might almost be numbered on the fingers of both hands; but before the regiment was disbanded by Death it had set a record that is not surpassed by that of any regiment in military history, and that is not equalled probably by any other regiment that was together and that had so short a time to make its mark. Some have called the Princess Pats "the finest fighting force the world has seen." Certainly the world never saw any finer. Every man was a veteran, most of them veterans of South Africa, some from Egypt, some from the Spanish-American War. It is reported that when they were reviewed by Kitchener he remarked, after he saw the colors on the breast of every private: "Now I know where all my old fighters are."

At Ypres. A year ago last September the regiment, 1,120 strong, left Quebec. It had its baptism of fire about the middle of December. It was practically ended early in May, and today has but eighteen

unwounded survivors. It is true that the traditions of the regiment are still kept alive, but not by veterans of previous wars. The standard is upheld by boys who were mostly college students a few months ago. The Princess Pats had scarcely arrived at the front before they were ordered into the trenches, and their first spell was for seventy-two hours, while shells burst over them every minute. In this baptism of fire they lost a few men, among them Captain Newton. They rested forty-eight hours, and then went back to their trenches at Hill 60, not far from Ypres, where some of the most terrible fighting of the war has taken place. Enough lead has been thrown about Hill 60 to make a bigger hill, but its possession was important to both sides, and so the Princess Pats had to hold it at all costs.

The First Charge. It was not until toward the end of February that the Pats had the chance they had been waiting for—a charge at the Germans. For two days previous the artillery had hammered at the German trenches, and at last the signal was given for a charge at four o'clock in the morning. Says Corporal Kysh: "We scrambled over the trench and ran for the Germans sixty yards away. They swept us with machine guns and bored

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us with hand grenades. Big Jack Johnson screamed from behind the lines at us, and over our heads went back our own artillery's answer. The Germans came up over the trenches to meet us, and we used the bayonet. We slipped and fell, rose and fell again, stabbing and cutting; there was no chance to shoot. Then the Germans gave way. They can't eat cold steel. They were piled

up in the trenches, dead and dying, so thick it was untenable, and after a while we had to abandon the place we'd won, and go back to our own trench.

Trenches Filled With Dead. Corporal Kysh explains the military use of the word "untenable" as applied to trenches. For the Princess Pats it meant literally that there were so many dead Germans in the captured trenches that the stretch was unendurable, and that the bodies filled the trench to that extent that it had ceased to be a trench or to offer any cover. He describes the days of waiting, when wounded and slowly dying men lay a few yards from the trenches, but in a zone swept hourly by thousands of bullets. At night-time searchlights played over the field. There was no possibility of rescue. The Germans seemed not to care about their own, if only the British wounded could not be removed.

The Last of the Pats. After months of this kind of fighting, in which millions of shells were used, the Germans brought their poison gas into play. In the words of Corporal Kysh: "At this time we saw poison gas for the first time. It was the second assault, about eight o'clock in the morning. We could see that something was coming off, and then suddenly there spouted up a thick green cloud that hid everything in front of us. The fellows under the German piles wriggled harder than ever, and everybody in our trench asked, 'Well, what's coming off, anyhow?' The wind was wrong for 'em, and the Germans went back and there was quiet until ten o'clock. This time their gas came in. It rolled along the ground like a moving wall about eight feet high. Behind it we knew the Germans were


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