

# POOR DOCUMENT

# MC 2035

THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1917

## GALLANTRY OF THE R. A. M. C.

Heroes of British Army of Whom Little is Ever Heard—Gallant Doctors and Aids—A Nurse's Heroism—Wonder Stories of The War

The men of the R. A. M. C. are not added to "flag-waving," they do anything which savors of "swank." They know that the commonplace story of seeking the wounded, on the battlefield and saving them does not thrill the on-looker in the same way as the heroic, spectacular charge of the irresistible Tommies—the desperate hand-to-hand encounters in woods and villages—the deadly hide-and-seek business of the bomber as he dashes from trench to trench. If their work is not assessed at its true value—well, that is not their affair!

It is rarely indeed that the men who risk death to bring succor and assistance to the wounded are eulogized; their praises are seldom sung; yet the hero-deeds they have done have demanded a courage that is probably of a rarer quality than that which actuates the soldier when fighting the foe. As a certain writer put it the other day—

"To compare various types of courage is futile; ours is an army of heroes, and there's an end of it. Yet it is a fact that while you will find many men who can stick it in a trench or in an attack when they are armed and the blood is stirred by the fighting, there are not so many who can walk in cold blood, and without arms through that hell fire, about their Master's business."

An Australian army doctor just out of hospital talked to a reporter recently of the heroism of the stretcher-bearers. He was a little angry that this fine fellow has been so little praised.

### Heroism in Cold Blood

When volunteers are asked for, the men who step out of the ranks are already regarded as heroes. It is a deadly dangerous work, but it is not that! Most British soldiers are ready to face death without a tremor, and they regard the bombs and shells bursting round them with as much calm as a goal-keeper regards the ball at the forward's toe. As for a charge, when a British soldier's blood is up he can do anything. But to leave the shelter of

the trenches, and walk calmly about your work in the full blaze of bombardment needs courage of the rarest kind. Yet you will see these brave fellows calmly bandaging and carrying the wounded with the earth rising in fountains all round them, and men falling in sheaves.

And the resource shown is often as wonderful. One doctor—may-care Anzacs noted for nothing but wild pranks, volunteered for the job, with a mate. He soon lost his comrade, and then he established himself in an old crater as an intermediate station. He commandeered stray soldiers to help him, dressed the light cases, and sent the bad cases on. Soon there was a regular stream of wounded passing from the firing line to the rear. He saved hundreds of lives that day. Then he went back to the ranks, and the next day he was in danger of judgment for some wild practical joke.

But the heroes of the R. A. M. C. are by no means confined to the doctor's gallant assistants—the doctors themselves show an example of coolness and courage, and devotion to duty that is beyond all praise. In many instances they at least have been officially recognized for their valorous conduct on the field.

### Well-Earned V. Cs.

Captain W. Allan, V. C., we are told in the prospectus of a brief language of the London Gazette, won his Cross for most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty. When gun detachments were unloading H.E. ammunition from wagons which had just come up, the enemy suddenly began to shell the battery position. The first shell fell on one of the limbers, exploded the ammunition, and caused several casualties. Captain Allan, however, remained at his post, and, with utter disregard of the danger, commenced dressing the wounded, and undoubtedly by his promptness saved many of them from bleeding to death. He was himself hit four times during the first hour by pieces of shells, one of which fractured two of his ribs, but he never even mentioned this at the time, and coolly went on with his work till the last man was dressed and safely removed. He then went over to another battery and tended a wounded officer. It was only when this was done that he returned to his dug-out and reported his own injury.

In the same list we find that for most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty, Captain N. G. Chavasse was awarded the Cross. During an attack he tended the wounded in the open all day, under heavy fire, frequently in view of the enemy. During the ensuing night he searched for wounded on the ground in front of the enemy's lines for four hours. Next day he took one stretcher-bearer to the advanced trenches and under heavy shell fire carried an urgent case for 500 yards into safety, being wounded in the side by a shell splinter during the journey. The same night he took up a party of twenty volunteers, rescued three wounded men from a shell hole twenty yards from the enemy's trench, buried the bodies of two officers and collected many identifiably dressed, although fired on by bombs and machine guns. Although he saved the lives of some twenty badly wounded men, besides the ordinary cases which passed through his hands. His courage and self-sacrifice were beyond praise.

A gallant Irish doctor, Captain J. A. Sinton, although shot through both arms and side, refused to leave the wounded and attended to them under heavy fire. He also was awarded the V. C.

Although himself wounded, Captain J. Leslie Green, R. A. M. C., went to the assistance of an officer who had been wounded and was hung up on the enemy's wire entanglements, and succeeded in dragging him to a shell hole. Captain Green then endeavored to bring the wounded officer into safe cover, and had nearly succeeded in doing so when



he was himself killed. His was one of the increasing number of posthumous V. C. awards of the war.

A clergyman recently told a thrilling story of the heroism of a Scottish doctor from a letter written by his son, who is an officer serving at the front. A few wounded men were in an almost inaccessible place, and the doctor was forbidden to go to them. Being a Scotsman, he ran the gauntlet of 800 yards in the open, and reached the party of wounded. He amputated two limbs and bound up the wounds of the other men as best he could. Finding that the best service he could render was by going back, he rushed across the open, and just as he was reaching the home-french a German bullet struck him in the heart, and he fell into the arms of the speaker's son. "Oh, the cloud that came over all of us," said the writer, "when we realized that the man had given his life, not called by duty, but only by heroism, and by that unspicable, indescribable impulse that dwells in men at their best."

### Beave Act

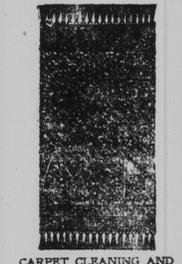
A wonderful feat stands to the credit of another doctor. The enemy had made a sudden and ferocious attack on a section of the British near Ypres. A young officer was shot and dangerously wounded, and left behind by his men who were forced to retire. Hearing of this, a surgeon tried to locate the wounded man. It was pitch dark and a light was impossible, but the brave doctor crawled on over the rugged ground till he reached the officer. Now he was baffled more than ever. The officer was unconscious and could not say where the wound was. To show any light meant that he would make himself

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self an easy target to the enemy, but the brave did not hesitate. He struck a match.

Instantly a volley crashed out, and bullets flew round him. But he had seen what he wanted, and his fingers gripped a severed artery and held the fast-flowing blood. Under heavy fire, and throughout the intensely cold night, the hero knelt there holding back the wounded man's life blood. At last the firing ceased, and he managed to drag his still unconscious burden back to the lines, gripping tightly on the artery all the way. Four hours afterwards the doctor's arm was cramped. But he had saved a life, and that to him was everything.

### Operating in Three Feet of Water.

Temporary Captain Henry Burke, R. A. M. C., won the Military Cross for an amputation under conditions that can be termed extraordinary. Four days of incessant rain had made the trenches exceptionally trying, and for nearly a week the men had been standing above their knees in water. It was pitch dark and the rain still pelted down, when a bomb from a mortar fell plumb in the trench. A sergeant, standing more than ten yards away, turned a somersault over the traverse in front of it and landed head first in over three feet of water. One of his legs was horribly smashed. By good luck a surgeon happened to be in a dug-out near by, and hearing the explosion and the splash, looked out and saw the wounded man struggling in the water. Splashing among the mud, he ploughed his way to him, and, seeing the sergeant's deplorable condition, determined to make a dash for his instruments over the exposed morass of mire in the rear, instead of through the long, round-about communication trenches. So, propping the sergeant up against a corner of the parapet, and making him fasten his fingers into the burdle that faced it, he pulled himself up against a corner of the trench and started slithering across the open. It was a perilous job, and the doctor was quite well aware of the risk he ran. If one of the German flares revealed him while upright, he was a dead man, but by flinging himself down into the slime of every trench the splashing stars, he managed to avoid detection. Having secured his instrument case, he was successful in making the return journey across the open to the wounded man, and there he and then, while they were both standing up to their thighs in water, he performed an operation, severing what was left of the leg—the stump being just clear of the water—and he pulled up the arteries with no light in the pouring night to help him but the frizzle of the German flares.

### A Patient "In the Pink"

Not the least remarkable thing about this amazing operation was the stoic endurance and the unconscious heroism of the poor Tommy who had lost his leg—it might well have been his life, for he might have bled to death. As it was, when he was brought down to the field hospital he was put in a little on one side, as a man about to die. What else could one expect after that agony in the ice-cold puddle? But that evening he chattered cheerfully, joked with the priest who came to anoint him, and wrote a letter to his wife—

"I hope this will find you in the pink as it leaves me," he began. He mentioned that he had had an "accident" which had taken one of his legs away. "But the youngsters will like to play with my wooden leg," he said, and discussed the joke of it.

Another story—and a very moving one at that—illustrating the truly noble and courageous part which the nurses of the Red Cross are taking in succoring and attending to the wounded heroes of the war, will fittingly conclude an article which might well be indefinitely extended. As an instance of sublime devotion it is absolutely Christ-like.

### A Heroic Nurse

In one of the field hospitals the staff was short of bandages, &c., and Nurse Loregne volunteered to get the requirements. As she knew the district and needed some fresh air, owing to her long spell of duty, the authorities acceded to her request. She had covered about three miles of her journey when she met some French soldiers in charge of a lumber-carriage, who informed her that three wounded men were lying on the outskirts of a wood close by and urgently needed assistance. Without demur she mounted the van and was taken to the spot. After investigation she scribbled her needs on a piece of paper and implored the soldiers to hasten to—and get them.

Then kneeling down, she sought to staunch the wounds of the stricken men. These she found to be many and serious, and the brave woman tore up most of her clothing to improvise bandages. Night came on, and the van and the cold was intense, the rain beat down in pitiless torrents, two of the men raved in delirium, and to add to the horrors of the situation the rattle of musketry denoted the presence of the enemy. Thus in pain and suspense the ill-fated woman spent the long hours of that fearful winter night.

Next morning a detachment of chasseurs found the quartette—two of the men were dead and the other was kept alive by the devoted woman who had shielded him from the rigors of rain and cold by her own body. She was in a state of collapse from exposure. Restoratives were applied, and, recovering consciousness she faintly inquired: "Are they all right?" Ere an answer could be given she sank back and yielded her noble spirit to Him who gave it. Small wonder that when the full story of her heroism was told by the survivor, brave men allowed the tears to fall down their cheeks, and that martial honors were accorded the funeral of the devoted nurse.

### SEEK WAR SAFETY IN JAIL

Judge Finds New Kind of Slacker Who Hastens Plead Guilty

A new kind of a slacker—one who deliberately commits crime and pleads guilty so as to go to jail instead of to war—was discovered by Judge McIntyre in New York. More than forty young men, unmistakably of conscript age, were assigned for various crime, but invariably the defendants pleaded guilty.

The slacker with which some admit their guilt caused Judge McIntyre to become suspicious. He questioned several of the arresting patrolmen and learned that many of the youthful offenders committed their crimes openly and made no effort to evade arrest.

Judge McIntyre asked one defendant what had led him to break the law and received a half-hearted reply that "hard times and no work" were the cause.

"I do not believe you," Judge McIntyre said. "There is plenty of work for all. I think there is a different reason. Since I have been presiding in this

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