

CHARLES HUTCHINSON SPARROW, younger son of Joseph W. and Sophia Pearsall Sparrow, went overseas in April, 1916, with the 4th Divisional Cyclists, but was transferred to the 47th Battalion, with which Unit he served at the front. He took part in the first battle of the Somme, in 1916, and was recommended for a Decoration on account of his work at Regina Trench. In the early spring of 1917, just before the "Big Push" began, night raids were made by the Allies for the purpose of taking prisoners and gaining information from them. On the night of March 31 a party of fifty men was led across No Man's Land by Lieut. Sparrow (he was acting Captain at the time). As he went "over the top", Charlie waved his hand to those in the trenches with a jocular "Good-bye! If I don't come back, I'll write." The raid was successful, and, with a number of prisoners, the little band started back. But the enemy was now on the alert, and soon one of the men was wounded. The young officer picked the man up and put him on his back, but the weight caused him to sink to his knees in the deep Flanders mud. One of his men came to his assistance, but just then a shell burst, killing all three. One Corporal Scott, missing his Captain, made a search and found the three bodies. He carried that of his beloved officer back nearly to the lines, when he sank exhausted. A little later a rescue party was organized and the three bodies were brought back. Dawn was just breaking, and on the face of the gallant lad who had given his life to save another's, the smile that was always there in life seemed to linger still.

The scene of his death was the Vimy front, in the Looe Valley. Three days later, wrapped in the flag for which he had fought so well, Charlie was buried in the Military Cemetery at Villers du Bois.