

The Waterdown Review

VOL. 2.

WATERDOWN, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1919

NO. 14.

W. F. MORGAN-DEAN

G. R. HARRIS

WE WILL BUY OR SELL VICTORY LOAN BONDS

Large or Small Amounts—Fully Paid or Partly Paid
Consult Us Before Buying or Selling

Morgan-Dean, Harris & Company

802 Bank of Hamilton Building

Reference—Union Bank, Hamilton

Phone Reg. 6855

Hamilton, Canada

Used Car Bargains

1917 Ford
1915 Ford
1917 Gray-Dort
1917 Hupmobile
1916 Studebaker

These cars are all in good running order. Terms can be arranged.

Gallagher's Hardware

SPICES

Catsup Flavors Pickle Mixtures

We expect a complete new fresh stock of the above goods to arrive at our store this week.

These goods will be the best obtainable, fresh and full flavored.

Our prices, considering the quality, will be very moderate.

Ladies wishing the best results with their Pickles, Catsups, Sauces, etc. will do well to buy their requirements at our store.

W. H. CUMMINS
Druggist

Phone 152

Waterdown

Mitchell's Hobby Made Him Famous

BRIG-GEN. C. H. MITCHELL, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Legion of Honor (French), Order of Leopold, Croix de Guerre (Belgium), Order of the Crown and Cross of War (Italian); had a hobby. And that hobby suddenly picked him up in its arms and carried him up to the stars.

In spite of the blazing streak of ribbon on his left breast, he is not a professional soldier. Before the war, he was an engineer, an enthusiastic investigator of industry, both in the engineering and sociological sense. And he had a hobby which he rode fervently, furiously, joyously.

And that hobby was the science of military intelligence.

In his younger days, when he was consulting engineer at Niagara, he was a member of an infantry militia regiment. But that line of soldiering—inadequate drilling, desultory shooting and an annual camping trip with red-coat manoeuvres, didn't strike his enquiring mind as being up-to-date. And, of course, there was the hobby.

So in due course he began to agitate for the formation of some military unit which would have army intelligence, maps and topography as its medium of service. In 1903, the Corps of Guides was formed and he became one of its senior officers.

He studied the ground. He learned to see a landscape in a map, a bird's-eye view from a chart. He studied earth, trees, streams, contours, figured out how to defend any place from anything.

He doped out the defence of Toronto against invaders from all directions.

His engineering confreres regarded his zealous devotion to the subject with deprecatory smiles. Why couldn't Charlie bend all this energy to something more profitable?

But then the war fell with a crash, and the major, (as he was then in the Corps of Guides), promptly stepped into his ordained place as staff officer, intelligence, in the first contingent. His hobby developed into a gold mine for the troops. For besides having an eye trained to see everything of importance in a piece of ground, the major's enthusiastic studies had taught him also how to see spies, and more important still, how to grasp instantly the features of such things as trench warfare, patrols, organization of intelligence branches in small units.

A Canadian patrol in No. Man's Land captures a German prisoner near Hooze. This prisoner, before going to prison camp, comes before an intelligence officer. He belongs to the 127th Landwehr. And how long has he been in the Hooze section. Ten days. Where was he before that? Down at Arras? The 4th Prussian Guards Reserve.

Ho, ho! says the intelligence officer, the second rate Landwehr is pulled out of the line at Arras and the snappy, offensive guards are put in!

Something coming off at Arras!

Word is sent down. Our observation balloons watch the German lines at Arras for increasing artillery, increasing traffic on the roads in rear, new work on trenches and so on. The troops at Arras make a raid and discover from prisoners that something is "coming off."

So down by Arras, the British put in a lot more guns, shell the roads in rear, put fresh troops in the line. Old Heinie discovers that he has been discovered and calls off his attack. Hell has been check-mated. Hundreds of lives saved! Why? Because an intelligence officer talked to a Hun prisoner a hundred miles away, but, gathering all his facts together, had "doped out" the situation.

Gen. Mitchell was one of the most distinguished of these Intelligence officers. To describe all that the Intelligence Service deals in would take an encyclopaedia. But they gather everything, from the movement of enemy armies down to the digging of a new Hun machine gun post on a quiet sector of the line. They must know everything from the number of enemy guns on a certain piece of front to the number of good wells of drinking water to be found in a village we propose to capture.

Gen. Mitchell did great work as Chief of Intelligence in the Canadian Corps from its first trip to the line. He was a wizard with maps. He boosted the airplane as a photographer of enemy positions. He helped make air photographs the soldier's best guide. He could smell an enemy attack weeks ahead. And best of all, he could put in the hands of the infantry, just before an attack, the latest maps, the best

photographs, and the most concise, typewritten summary of what the infantry would find as they advanced! He was the eyes, ears, nose and taste—the senses—of the body of the corps. He selected the things we were to bite off, chew and eat up.

In October, 1916, during the Somme offensive, he was promoted to be General Staff Officer (Intelligence) of the Second Army under Gen. Plumer.

When the corps went to Passchendaele a year later, few will forget the splendid information that was supplied us for that seemingly impossible task by Gen. Mitchell. His resumes of previous actions, studies of the ground and forecasts of probable enemy action were masterpieces. He did all in his power to help his countrymen do that job. And you will recall we did it.

So Gen. Mitchell is home again, slathered with ribbons like an air hero. And his confreres, who smiled deprecatively at a "hobby," swing still in their swivel chairs, with no decorations other than those which four years of worry have hung on them.

THE OLYMPIC

The next Olympic games will be held at Antwerp, Belgium, in September, 1920. Almost one million dollars have already been subscribed towards it, and this sum will be increased within the next few months.

A large stadium will be constructed for the Olympic at Antwerp. The track and field events will be held in the Antwerp stadium, the wrestling and boxing matches in the great hall of the Zoological Gardens and the rowing programme in Brussels, the Scheldt at Antwerp being too dangerous for aquatic contests.

The games will be open to the athletes of allied and neutral countries only, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey being barred from competition.

The Last Straw

"Yes," said the man from New York, who stood on the deck of a Cunarder leaving Liverpool. "England is the most awful corner for tips I ever struck. I've been rooked at every turn for the last month, but," he added savagely, "the last try-on was a bit more than I could stand."

"What was that?" inquired the man to whom the remark was addressed.

"Well," said the tourist, "I had tipped every man from the Captain of the House of Lords down to the man that gummed the wrong labels on my luggage, and I went into the waiting room on the landing-stage to wash my hands, and what do you think stared me in the face when I was finished but 'Please Tip the Basin.' I'm hanged if I did!"—"Tit-Bits."

A workman at one of the great peat moors accidentally sustained a severe wound of the forearm a few years ago. In the absence of anything better to use, his fellow workmen wrapped up the wound with fragments of the peat which happened to be lying near, and it was not until ten days later that the man was able to secure surgical attention. Imagine the surprise of the surgeon when, on removing the improvised dressing, it was found that the wound had almost completely healed. And thus came about the idea of using sphagnum, or peat moss, for surgical dressings in the recent war.

At a negro Methodist revival, the minister asked all who belonged to the Army of the Lord to stand up. A stranger in the front bench rose.

The minister went up to him and said: "Brudder, do you belong to de Army ob de Lord?"

"Yes, sah," replied the stranger, "I belongs to de Baptist Army."

"Oh, p'shaw, nigger," said the minister, "you don't belong to de army, you belongs to de navy."

Phin—"That girl who just passed us smiled at me."

Wright—"That's nothing. The first time I saw you I nearly laughed my head off!"

Waterdown High School

Believing that the people of East Flamboro and Waterdown should know the conditions of the Waterdown High School as seen by Inspector Levan upon his last visit we quote the following from his report to the Board.

"This school is situated on the upper floor of the Public school, and is reached by means of a stairway which is a veritable fire-trap. What was originally intended as a hall at the entrance has been converted into a cap and cloak room. The classroom assigned to Form I is at the far end of the building, and can be reached only by passing through one of the other class rooms. The floors of Forms I and II are worn to a wretched condition. There is no private room for the use of the teachers. The class rooms are lighted from two or from three sides, and are heated by wood stoves, one of which emits volumes of smoke into the room, and as there is no provision for ventilation except by means of windows, the pupils are obliged to sit in this smoke-charged atmosphere all day long. The closets are ill-ventilated and unsuitable. The conditions prevailing here are so bad that it is a matter for surprise that parents of children who must attend this school have tolerated them for so long. I am of opinion that the Department should no longer countenance such a state of affairs, and I recommend that no further grants be paid to this school while these conditions continue."

Upon the receipt of this communication the secretary, Mr. Attridge, wrote the Department with a view to getting more favorable terms and informing the officials of the strenuous efforts put forth some years ago to build a new school, also that the present members of the Board would be most happy to comply with the wishes of the Department and build a new school if the electorate would supply the funds. The secretary also informed them that at present a new \$75,000 Public school is under construction and that the present would appear to be an inopportune time to secure the consent of the people for a new High school. In reply to this communication the secretary received the following letter.

Toronto, July 24, 1919.

Wm. Attridge,
Waterdown.

Dear Sir—I am directed by the Minister of Education to state, in reply to yours of the 21st inst., that conditions are reported to be so bad in the Waterdown High School that the Department cannot countenance them in any way. It would be better that the school should be closed than that the health of the pupils should be impaired by their attendance under existing conditions.

The Board must, therefore, realize that it has a serious responsibility. The ratepayers should be fully informed of the deplorable conditions, so that they may realize what their educational possibilities are likely to be reduced to.

I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,

A. H. U. COLQUHOUN,
Deputy Minister of Education

How It Happened

An officer in a battalion of Union troops describes a skirmish in which they captured a battalion of the Rebels as follows:

"Our left was trying to move around the Rebel right, but the right was also moving around our left. When the left of the Rebel right moved around the right of our left, what was left of the Rebel right was right where our right had just left. So when the Rebel right's left was left right where our right had left, our right was left right left of their right, and that's how it happened."