

A Weekly Newspaper, sanctioned by the Officer Commanding, and published by and for the Men of the E. T. D., St. Johns, Quebec, Canada.

Vol. 1. No. 20.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1918.

5 Cents The Copy

# The Tunnelled underworld in the War Zone

## LATER DEVELOPMENTS OF POSITION WARFARE.

By E. T. Adney.

Many years ago, the artist, George Catlin, whose Indian portraits are to be seen at the United States National Museum, was returning from the country of the Mandans on the Missouri River. With him was an Indian chief who was going to see something of the white men. Having been told they were a numerous tribe, he prepared a stick and on this stick he cut a notch for every white man's cabin he came to, so as to tell the story truthfully when he returned to his people. On the thousand mile drift down the muddy Missouri, the stick began to fill more and more rapidly; and when they came at length to St. Louis, then a respectable outpost, the Indian gave one long sorrowful look, then pitched the stick overboard. He was later received by the Great Father at Washington, and then went back to his people,—poor fellow, he was shot by his own people. A specially charmed bullet had to be used, for the trouble was not that his tale of the wonders he saw was "all lies", but that no mortal unless positively in league with the devil could possibly INVENT THEM. I suppose that we who shall be fortunate enough to get over to the "other side" where millions of men are at this moment engaged in activities incredibly vast in extent and variety, will find ourselves in much the state of mind of that poor Mandan.

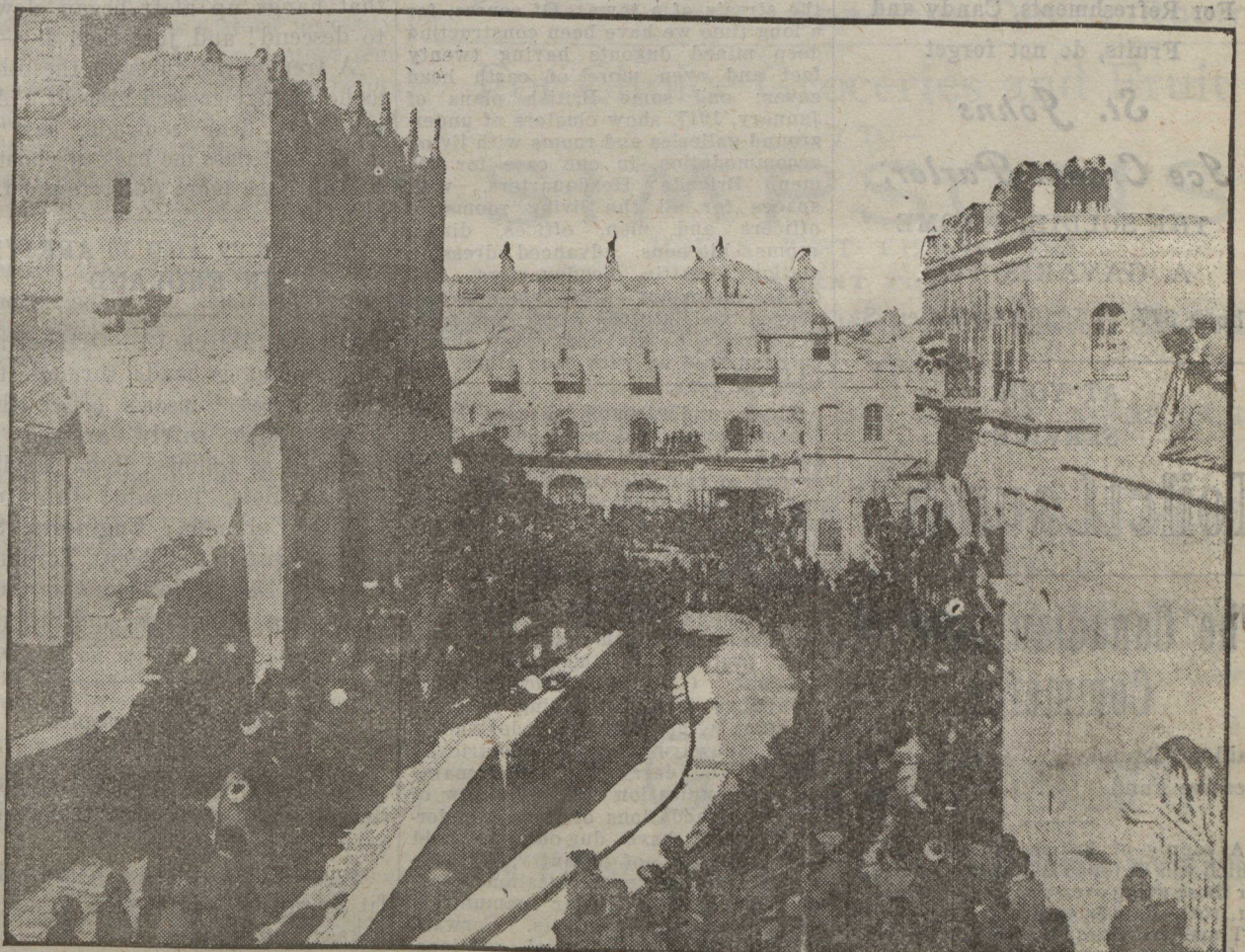
Nor is it needful that we have actually started on our voyage, to perceive the haze of bewilderment rising like a mist before our understanding. We have formed a tolerably clear idea of a "trench", and then next we become able, perhaps, to sort them out into their different sorts, according to their uses—fire trenches, communication trenches, etc., when the next thing we learn that a trench is very often not a trench at all, but may be just a path running along any old way like a cow path across a pasture. We suppose of course that a "dug out" must be something dug (into the ground, of necessity), and are prepared to put the 'gloves on' with anyone who would dispute such a self evident fact. The next moment we are a bit disconcerted to find that

"dug outs" are often constructed entirely above ground. Presently some fellow comes along—some chap with a pallid, anaemic look who wears glasses, and asserts, with a show of much learning that we are all wrong talking about 'trench warfare'—we should say 'position warfare'; that if it wasnt for the convenience (admittedly quite worth considering occasionally) of getting about from one place to another concealed as far as possible from the watchful eyes of prying and not too friendly neighbors on the other side of fence, we should

not need trenches very much. Always supposing we have lots of machine guns, etc., well placed, with some coils of barbed wire judiciously arranged and so forth.

Of course, I am assuming that the object of all this is to beat a man who has declared himself to be your mortal enemy and is going to have your blood. If he wont give in, you are to try to pulverize him, and it is only reasonable to assume that he is animated by the same spirit toward you. He employs a variety of lethal instruments diabolically conceived

with that sole end in view—to pulverize you, to keep from being pulverized by you while he is doing it. He employs machines that violently and completely alter the aspect of natural features of the earth's surface and some distance below. He fills the air more or less compactly, at times, with streams of leaden pellets, outbursts of noxious chemicals of various kinds, but all deadly and in mass that shrivels up all life both animal and vegetable. Both the sight and sound of it are terrifying and drive to madness. With all the inventions of the



Reading the proclamation from the steps at the base of the Tower of David, which was standing when Christ was in Jerusalem.

—Photo by courtesy of U. P. R.