

"A day or two after he had joined us, a 'Sports Day' was held. 'Dad' took such a keen interest in all the events that the fellows began to remark, 'Owen is a good sport.' Later, after a parade, 'Owen knows the drill,' was remarked.

"Then the men in his section suddenly discovered they had a good N.C.O. and the objectors of a few days previous were silenced. He was never found wanting in any clean game or sport that was going on. If a man was sick or in trouble, he was always ready to help.

"If a boxing match was arranged, 'Dad' would put on the gloves with any man. If a baseball player was needed, 'Dad' was in the game. If a concert was being arranged, he was always on hand to assist in the arrangements or by taking some part in the concert. No programme was complete without Owen's name, and no item more applauded than his mouth organ selections. It is small wonder that he became one of the most popular members of the Corps. On the boat while crossing from Canada to England, Owen had a class in gymnastics in the early morning on the upper deck. The exercise taken at that time was purely voluntary and the attendance spoke volumes for the instructor.

"During our stay on Salisbury Plains, cerebro spinal meningitis broke out in the camp. One battalion in particular had a large number of cases. Staff Sergt. Owen was detailed as acting medical officer to superintend the cleaning up of the lines of that battalion and thus prevent, if possible, the spread of that fatal disease.

"His work was so satisfactory that in a short time he had become the idol of the officers and men alike. The Colonel tried to have him appointed permanent Medical Officer, but only a certified M.D. could occupy that position.

"Then the Colonel asked 'Dad' to remain in the battalion and take a commission as an ordinary officer. 'Dad' partly consented, but a few days later learned that the battalion was to remain in England as a reserve. Consequently he returned to the Third Field Ambulance that he might get over to France a little sooner. Owing to some official red tape, which need not be discussed, another man had been raised to the rank of Staff Sergt., and there was no vacancy above the rank of Sergeant. Your son accepted the lower rank. Everyone admired the man who accepted what was offered for the sake of getting over to France rather than remain in England. Until the Battle of Ypres everything went along rather quietly with us.

"One night, near midnight, while that battle was on, I met 'Dad' leading a party of volunteers up to the trenches to bring out the wounded. I did not see him again, as I was captured by the enemy the following night.

"The other day I had a letter from Sergt. Bye, who came from Vancouver with the Medical Corps. He wrote that only a few nights before your son went out with his last scouting party, "'Dad' dropped into our dressing station to have a chat, and before leaving said to me, 'Sam, they will get me yet.' And only a few nights later the report was brought in to Sergt. Bye, by the men who accompanied your son, that he had gone."

By the end of August, 1914, the troops had gathered at Valcartier. They left Valcartier about September 23rd, and arrived at Plymouth on the evening of October 14th.