

Vimy in April, 1917. The older one was recovering from his second wound received in the push of August.

I left my unit on December 22, and reached England after a very weary journey of five days, on the night of Christmas. We landed at Southampton, and proceeded to Witley, just seven miles from the Longmoor camp where we did our training in England.

There were thousands of Canadians here all on the way home, and eagerly expecting removal to Rhyl, the last calling place before the boat at Liverpool. I was held there a month and it surely was the longest month of them all. However the move came at last and after a long train journey Rhyl was reached, but here were thousands of others waiting transportation, some whose sailing had been several times cancelled. I was kept waiting here for three weeks and eventually sailed for home on February 14, 1919, and landed at Halifax on the 24th.

It was surely good to be home again after such an absence, and very pleasant to find I had not been forgotten by my many friends in St. John during my absence, as was evidenced by the many telephone calls all through the day following my arrival.

Well, Dear Readers, I have had a great experience and I have the satisfaction of knowing that as far as it was in me, I did my bit for the dear old Empire in the hour of her need.

I, along with all who went overseas too, am now home again. Let us not forget that we fought, bled, and suffered for a land that was worthy of it all, let us not forget to be worthy of the land we call home, our dear Dominion; let us strive now we are here, to fight as hard for our civil, provincial, and national honor, as we did for our national safety. We have beaten to her knees the enemy who sought to subjugate us to her rule but