

NEW BRUNSWICK'S FIGHTING MEN IN PLYMOUTH HARBOR

New Brunswick's First Battalion and Lt.-Col. Harrison's Fine Body of Men Safely Across Ocean After Ten Days

Whole Province Awaited with Keenest Anxiety News of Arrival of Caledonia--Memorable Scenes in City on Saturday and Sunday, June 12 and 13--One Day in Halifax.

The heart of the Loyalist City throbbled in sympathy as the Anchor Line Steamer Caledonia swung out the harbor at 11:30 o'clock on the morning of Sunday, June 13, bearing on her heaving decks, New Brunswick's First Battalion of Infantry, 1,450 in all, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel J. L. McAvity, and the Divisional Ammunition Column, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Harrison. The crowd on the docks from the Custom House, where the troop ship had been lying around to the Exhibition Buildings has been variously estimated at from 10,000 to 20,000, while the West Side wharves, a point of vantage, were also crowded. All over the city the blast of whistles lasting for half an hour brought people to the roofs with glasses and drained the churches of their congregations, while here and there a gramophone or piano caught up the strains of the National Anthem.

The departure of the steamer came as a fitting climax to a feverish two days, which had preceded embarkation. It was not until Thursday, June 10, that members of the 26th Battalion were definitely informed that Saturday or Sunday would be the date of departure. On



CAPT. H. F. R. GRIFFITH, adjutant of the 26th.

that day the Caledonia arrived, straight from the Dardanelles with Turkish bullet-wounds showing fresh on her wood-work, and after that all heart-burnings on the part of officers and men over what seemed to be unnecessary delay in getting to the front were eased, all doubts and fears were set at rest. Those with friends in the city in the expectation of there being no leave Friday, called to say good-bye on Thursday. The task was hard but in the tear-filled eyes of those who remained there shone always the glory of sacrifice and pride in the manhood of the loved ones while in the hearts of those who were going was a stern determination to go through with the choice to do their duty and on anticipation of stirring events.

Friday passed quietly at the armory, with little or no drill and many soldiers still allowed out on leave. Saturday morning was not auspicious. The day was cloudy, chill and unsettled. Before noon, however, friends and relatives of the soldiers began arriving at the armory in large numbers. There



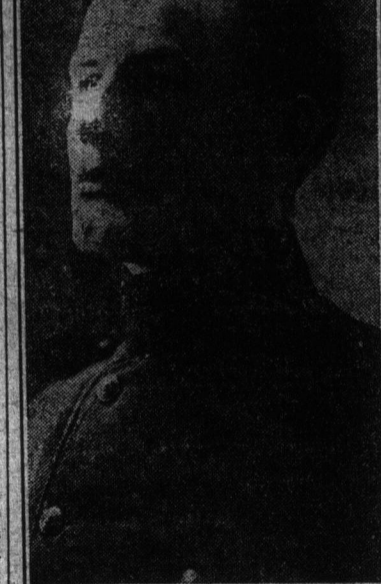
MAJOR PRINGLE

was a last word to be spoken, or a parting gift perhaps, to lighten it possible, the last day on New Brunswick soil. Soldiers and their friends were allowed the full range of the Exhibition grounds and quiet groups could be seen seated about one last in uniform, who seemed the gayest of the lot and yet, who knew almost to a certainty that he would look death in the face before many weeks had passed. There was no disorder, al-

though civilians mingled freely with the soldiers and without restraint as officers were making the most of the few hours remaining. They knew what time the call was coming for the last parade, while the men waited about patiently. Several showers had driven the groups about the grounds to the shelter of the buildings, during the afternoon, but suddenly the sky cleared and the sun came out strongly—the last of the rain for some days. Almost immediately afterwards there followed the bugle call for "General Assembly," a good omen perhaps of brighter days perhaps, and as it has proved a safe journey at sea.

"I have to go now," said the soldiers simply to their friends, and it appeared hard to realize that these fine fellows were stepping gladly away at the mere call of a bugle, leaving friends, home, livelihood, all that men hold dear, for untold danger, privation, exposure, and suffering of all sorts, and yet they are gone and we know that it is not a citizen that calls but their sense of

with head erect and eyes snapping fire. The parade through the streets was spectacular. Cheers—noisy cheers—rumbled all along the line of spectators as they watched their way. Through the main thoroughfares they made way with difficulty. The march was one continuous handshaking and farewelling for the



LIEUT. A. D. CARTER, commander of machine gun section, 26th.

duty and devotion to their country, which ranks high as one of human qualities and which has made our great Empire possible.

When the first call sounded the armory was crowded with civilians, all intent upon honoring and bidding God-speed to the men who will represent us on the field of battle. To muster the battalion on parade it was necessary to clear the armory and this was undertaken with consideration and in no haste. At 8:45 o'clock the first alarm was sounded, and it was fully fifteen minutes before the last of the visitors, many of them sobbing, crossed the threshold. Then the call rang out again, this time insistent and prolonged and the soldiers came hurrying in and when all had gathered the heavy doors were closed. On that instant there arose a mighty cheer within that building, a glad cry from the men of the battalion that they were now assembled for another definite move towards the business for which they had enlisted. For there was withal something menacing in the note of that cheer—menacing to the war lord and the destroyers of civilization.

Three Bands in Parade. The 62nd Band had been called out at 6:30, but the City Cornet and Sons of England bands were also engaged for the parade.

Immense crowds were in the streets. There was uncertainty as to the exact time of the march, and the route the battalion would take, so from 5 o'clock until 7:30 the up town streets were thronged and the streets in the vicinity of Pettigill's wharf were impassable.

The soldiers left the armory about 7:30 o'clock, but before leaving they were addressed by their lieutenant-colonel, who feelingly referred to the mission upon which they were launching, the duty that was expected of them, which he felt sure they would fulfill to the empyrean of satisfaction, and the intense pleasure with which he reviewed the ten months of training and preparation. There was a loyal response to his words. Then as the khaki lads began to file out, decorations were torn from their uniforms and



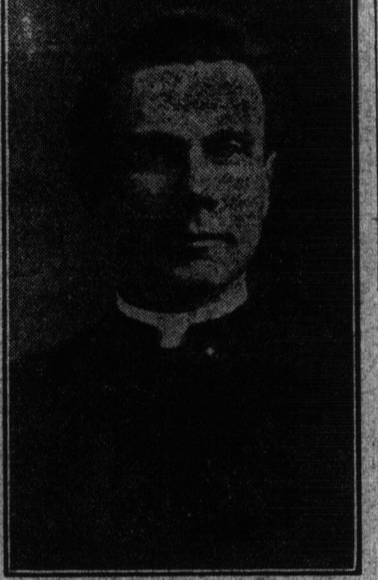
On the bridge of the Caledonia just before sailing. From right to left: Commissioner Russell, Lieut.-Col. J. L. McAvity, Major A. McMillan, Col. H. H. McLean, J. G. Harrison, Lieut.-Governor Wood, Col. Gear (Montreal), Judge Ritchie, Lieut.-Col. W. H. Harrison, Senator Thorne, Capt. Egar, medical officer, Halifax; Capt. W. A. Harrison, adjutant of the D. A. C., and Capt. Rev. E. B. Hooper, chaplain of the 26th.

every conceivable thing of the nature was taken by souvenir hunters.

In front, even of the officers, there marched three veterans of the Home Guards, Postmaster Sears, William Hawke, and Lieutenant-Colonel Buchanan. They led the march and the cheering

Flags were flying in King and Charlotte streets and the clamorous uproar in these streets was tremendous. The thousands of people gathered closed in as soon as the soldiers passed and there was an immense sweep in the direction of the pier where the Caledonia was docked.

In Single File. At the corner of Prince William and Duke streets, where the line of sweating soldiers turned down the hill towards the wharf was a vantage point. Here the crowd was dense and the battalion was strung out in single file. One after the other passed the company with their officers and an opportunity was given here for a last hand clasp or a tender farewell. A guard had come over from Partridge Island to keep the crowds clear of the ropes and they held their work out for them. There was a tremendous jam in Water street overlooking the square between the customs house and the sheds and here several women were hurt. The whole battalion then was arranged in this square for about one hour while



REV. E. B. HOOPER, chaplain, 26th.

little trinkets, which men, women and children scrambled for, to retain as souvenirs.



LIEUT. HAROLD WOOD

The massed bands played about everything in patriotic songs from Tipperary to The Maple Leaf Forever, and finally, with what seemed an infinite sadness, Auld Lang Syne. As the companies in turn formed up and marched into the shed, the rippled area was narrowed and loved ones still lingered, loath to look the last upon those who are to look in the cannon's mouth.

The soldiers, beset, assembled in the warehouse. It was about 9:30 o'clock when they reached the place and from that time until 11 o'clock crowds lingered, bidding farewell and securing souvenirs.

Slept in Warehouse. For some reason, whether by design or misunderstanding, the men were unfortunately compelled to remain in the warehouse all night. They slept in their blankets and received a gentle savour of hardships they realized were in store.

About 7 o'clock Sunday morning they embarked, but even at that early hour

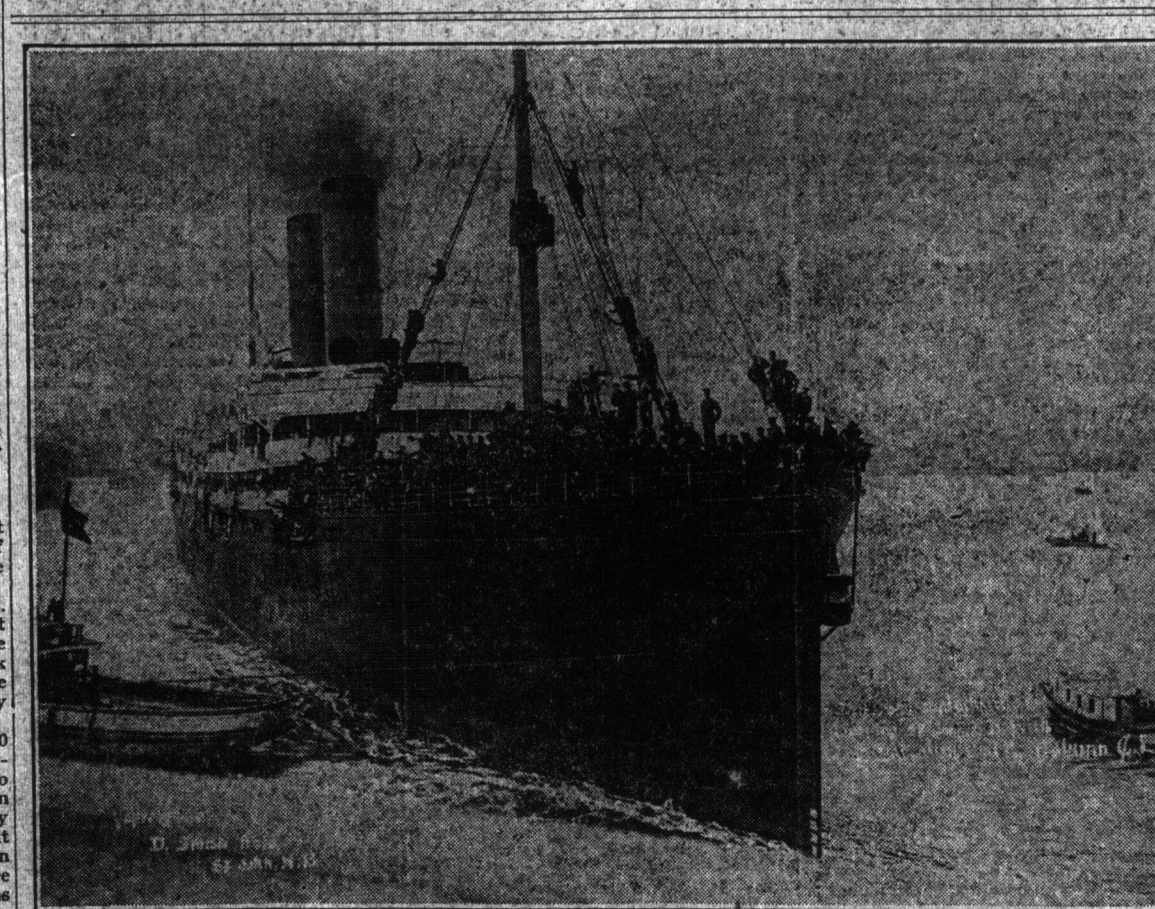


Photo published by permission of D. Smith Reid, photographer, St. John, N. B., who holds copyright. BOW ON VIEW OF THE CALEDONIA AS SHE WAS BEING SWUNG.

crowds were at the dock to see them. From that time until 11 o'clock they chatted with people on the pier and received from them candy, fruit, tobacco, cigarettes and numerous other luxuries. In exchange they tossed down decorations from their uniforms and many

ing the opportunity to address such a body, he was profuse in his praise of the soldiers and the noble instinct, furnished of loyal ancestors, which urged them to return to Canada a hero, free from wounds and weighed down with laurels. It was regretful that some men must die, others must suffer wounds, but those left behind, he charged, must be content in order to be worthy of such noble sons and brothers. The sacrifice was surely great, but the cause—a defence against intolerant militarism, and anti-theism—was preponderant; and he who dies, dies well. He concluded by urging the crowds to cheer.

Mayor Frink also spoke a few words, referring to the pleasantness their stay in the city has caused, and the deep regret it caused to realize that necessity must call them on such a hazardous mission. He bade them God-speed and a safe return.

The Canadian Construction Corps was embarked on a steamer at the west side docks and during the morning courtesies were exchanged by signal, and cheers were reciprocated.

Leaving the Harbor. It was sharp 11 o'clock when the lines were dropped and the tugs—the Neptune and the J. S. Gregory—began to move the great liner from the wharf. The crowd was all excitement, and the swarm of little boats in the harbor scurried around, screaming their piping whistles and creating as much uproar as they could. The Governor Cobb and the Yar-

Between 9 and 10 o'clock Lieutenant-Governor Wood, Mayor Frink, Commissioner Russell, Lieut.-Col. B. R. Armstrong, Senator Thorne, H. C. Schofield



MAJOR A. E. G. MCKENZIE

mouth were listed by the crowds that lined them on the harbor side, and all convenient crafts in the vicinity were utilized by spectators.

It was a pretty sight indeed to see the neat and monstrous craft, littered with khaki men, as she began to move down the harbor under her own steam. The government steamer Lansdowne acted as escort, and the two tugs and hundreds of other boats followed as far as the island. A herd of motor craft and other small boats had flocked about the troopship as she edged away from the dock into the stream and they cheered her time and time again as her bow was being swung about by tug-boats. Whistles blew, sirens screeched, crowds cheered; the immense liner, her decks a mass of khaki soldiers, steamed majestically down the harbor and for twenty minutes, until she passed behind the island and out of sight, as revolt was hailed to her from every cranny of the harbor, voiced in many, many ways. Whistles of factories and mills all over the city took up the signal and one grand, inharmonious but cheerful chorus bespoke "bon voyage" and "God-speed."

Lieut.-Colonel J. L. McAvity's battalion of 1,250 men had departed. Their lives henceforward depended on the ruling hand of Fate. These were thoughts that probably filled the minds of those hundreds of spectators as they sauntered away from the pier, satisfied that the climax of the series of events connected with the organization, training and preparation had been most impressive.

Departure From Halifax. A Halifax correspondent who saw the Caledonia leave that port writes to The Telegraph:

The transport Caledonia sailed from Halifax at nine o'clock Tuesday morning, June 15. She arrived in port at ten o'clock Monday morning and took on at Halifax a reinforcement company from the 40th, numbering about 250 men. They arrived in the city from Aldershot about eleven o'clock and proceeded immediately to the ship. At one o'clock the heavy battery, numbering about 250 men, together with the Cyclist Corps, marched to the pier and embarked. The per a fond good-bye.

MAJOR D. MCARTHUR



MAJOR D. MCARTHUR

Even at that hour, every wharf was crowded with citizens who were shouting, cheering and waving goodbye. Every house-top from which the water front could be seen, had its quota of spectators, but perhaps the finest feature of all was the real genuine British cheer that came like a great volée from the decks of H. M. S. "Fring in the stream. Her decks, yards and masts had been lined with her crew and their applause drowned even the tumultuous cheering on land.



MAJOR C. I. DUNFIELD

The 26th Battalion was authorized late in October and Lieut.-Col. J. L. McAvity was appointed to the command about the 24th of that month. It was, however, on November 2 that the first appointment of his officers was authorized from the divisional headquarters and the following is a list of the officers who were on that date ordered to report for immediate duty at the wharf (the rank is that they then held):

As captains—A. E. G. McKenzie, 2nd regiment (Chatham, Northumberland); D. D. McArthur, 62nd regiment (St. John); C. I. Dunfield, 62nd; M. McAvity, 62nd.

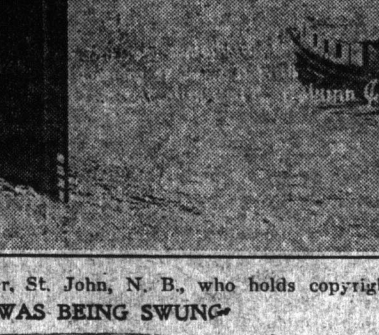
As lieutenants—F. H. Elliott, 62nd; F. P. May, 62nd; G. Keefe, 62nd; C. E. Fairweather, 74th; F. E. Lockhart, 2nd regiment (Sussex, New Brunswick Rangers); R. W. Weldon, 73rd; P. D. McAvity, 62nd; A. D. Carter, 74th; R. W. Morrison, 74th; H. L. Logan, 74th; G. A. Movat, 74th.

Signalling officer, Captain A. O. Driscoll, 62nd; quartermaster and honorary lieutenant, W. J. Cheverie.

The D. A. C. The Divisional Ammunition Column reached the city from Fredericton on Saturday morning, June 12, being given a hearty reception by the citizens who turned out in large crowds to cheer them on their way to the steamer. Here was a face now smiling in a glance of recognition as some dear friend was seen another giving a parting wave of his hand to a chum who could not get out underneath those cheerful smiles, what must have been the emotional strain.

what thoughts must have flashed through their soldierly minds as cheer followed cheer and they stepped gaily along to the spirited music of the 62nd Band! And now the wharf was reached and aboard the boat they marched. Friends and loved ones stood upon the pier and engaged in the last words of a parting leave was given, the tide in some form took turns in going ashore to wave and march to the pier and embarked. The per a fond good-bye.

Lieut. N. P. McLeod, D. A. C.



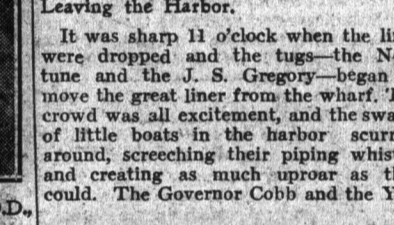
LIEUT. N. P. McLEOD, D. A. C.

streets were well lined with people, although no public notice had been given of the Battery's departure. The delay in the sailing of the ship was due to the loading of a large amount of ammunition and also to having to take apart the heavy artillery before it could be put on the ship. This artillery consisted of a number of 4.7 guns and several howitzers.

The men of the 26th were not allowed ashore, but several of the officers obtained leave to visit friends in the city. During the day and well through the night thousands of people visited the pier to greet the New Brunswick men and to say farewell to the Heavy Battery and Cyclist Corps. It was difficult to know among whom, the citizens, the soldiers were the most enthusiastic displayed, for the New Brunswick men certainly proved to be good rosters every time a pretty Halifax girl appeared on the pier. The latter mobbed the sentries at the head of the pier and insisted on being allowed to the ship's side, with the consequence that they won, amid the cheering of a thousand husky New Brunswick boys.

At nine o'clock the following morning the transport put out from the pier.

MAJOR W. H. BROWN

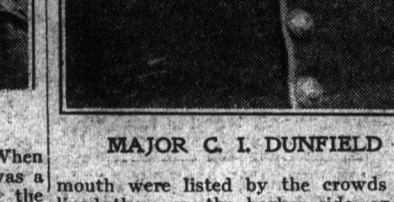


MAJOR W. H. BROWN

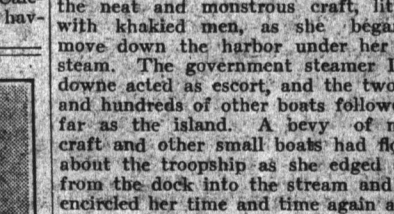


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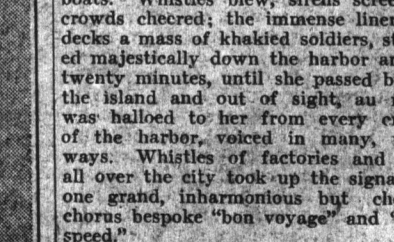
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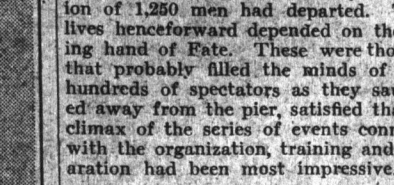
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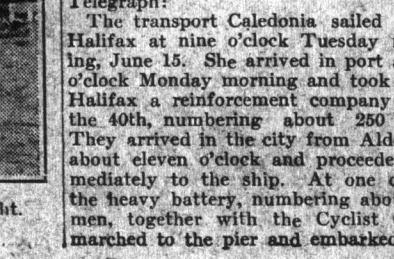
MAJOR W. H. BROWN



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MAJOR W. H. BROWN



MAJOR W. H. BROWN

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CAPT. M.

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CAPT. PERCY

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MAJOR W. H. B.

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