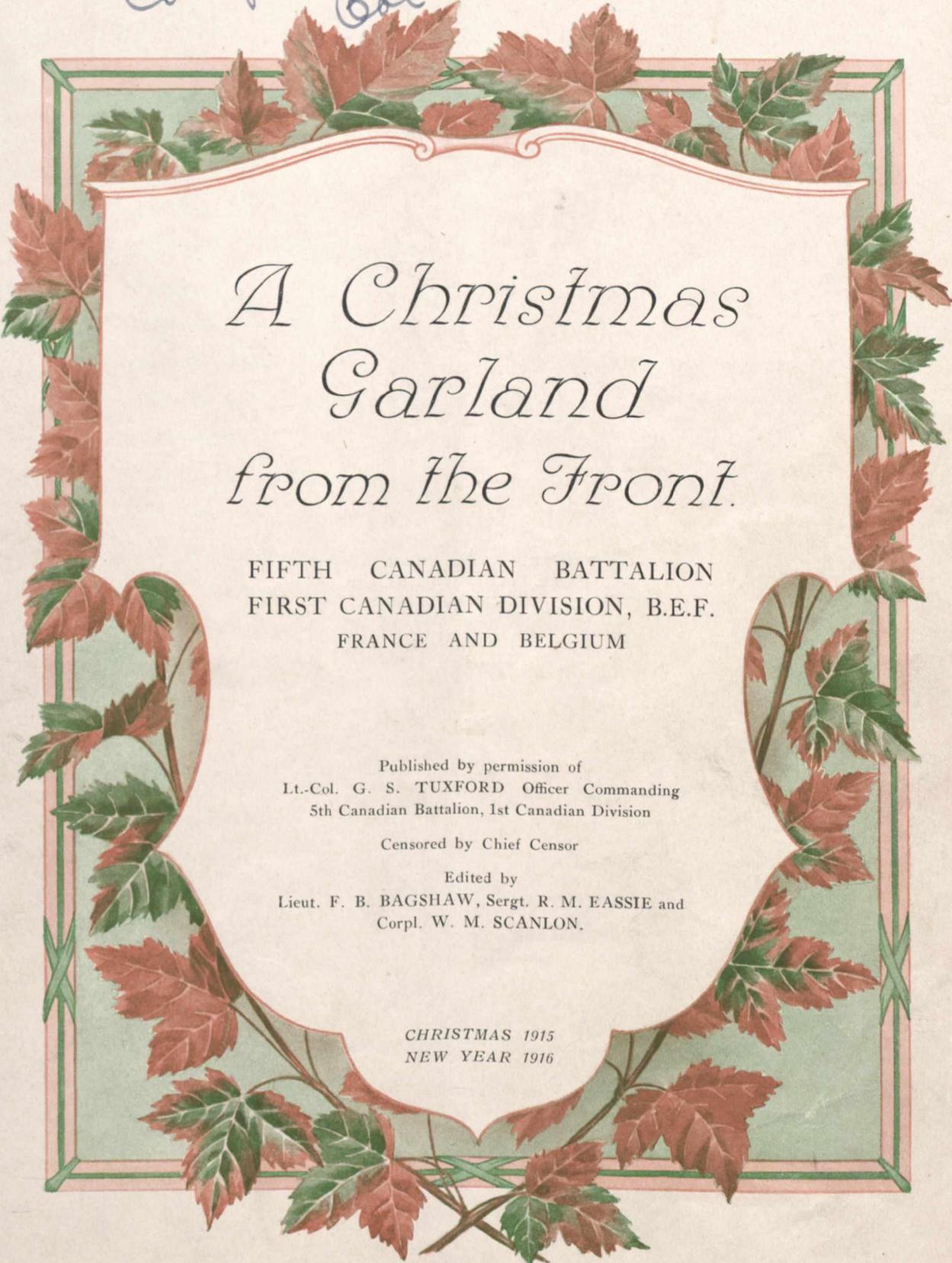


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With the  
Compliments of  
Col. G. S. Tuxford.



*A Christmas  
Garland  
from the Front.*

FIFTH CANADIAN BATTALION  
FIRST CANADIAN DIVISION, B.E.F.  
FRANCE AND BELGIUM

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Lt.-Col. G. S. TUXFORD Officer Commanding  
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## CONTENTS.

	Page
FOREWORD ... ..	7
A WORD OF APPRECIATION AND THANKS ... ..	8
EDITORIAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT ... ..	8
YPRES ... ..	11-18
THE CANUCK'S DREAM ... ..	20-21
CANADA, <i>Poem</i> ... ..	21
KEY TO 5TH CANADIAN BATTALION OFFICERS ... ..	23
THE SNIPER ... ..	25-31
THE LONE SENTRY, <i>Poem</i> ... ..	32
ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE ... ..	35-37
TO BILLY THE GOAT, <i>Poem</i> ... ..	38
THE ARMENTIERES SHOP-KEEPER ... ..	40-42
SALISBURY MUD, <i>Poem</i> ... ..	42
DR. HART'S STORY ... ..	44-47
NO BLUFF ... ..	48
THE ATTACK ON K 5 ... ..	50-55
THE LOST OBJECTIVE ... ..	56
WAR QUATRAINS, <i>Poem</i> ... ..	57-58
PERSONAL NOTES ... ..	60
A FIFTH BATTALION SOLDIER'S DIARY ... ..	62-66
THE FLARE, <i>Poem</i> ... ..	66
THE MAJOR, <i>Poem</i> ... ..	68
A TYPICAL LETTER FROM THE FRONT ... ..	69-70
CALLING THE CORPORAL ... ..	72
LEAVES FROM AN OFFICER'S NOTEBOOK... ..	75-78
TRUE POLITENESS ... ..	80

## CONTENTS—*continued.*

	Page
A SONG OF COVER, <i>Poem</i> ... ..	80-81
A SLIGHT ERROR ... ..	81
HUN HUMOR ... ..	82
A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT ... ..	83
SHAKESPEARE TRANSLATED ... ..	84
UP-TO-DATE NURSERY RHYMES, <i>Poem</i> ... ..	84-85
OUR FALLEN COMRADES, <i>Poem</i> ... ..	85
A FIFTH BATTALION SPORTS DAY... ..	87-88
THEIR REPUTATION ... ..	89
LASSOING LISTENING POSTS ... ..	89
HONORS, REWARDS AND DISTINCTIONS ... ..	90
PRISONERS OF WAR ... ..	91
THE SILENT TOAST ... ..	92-93

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

TOUGH GUYS ... ..	95
RESTAURANT DE TRANCHÉES ... ..	96

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page
LIEUT-GENERAL E. W. H. ALDERSON, C.B. ... ..	10
A GENIAL HOSTESS OF HEADQUARTERS STAFF; TAKEN UNAWARES ... ..	18
THE GENIAL HOSTESS PREPARED FOR THE CAMERA ... ..	18
THE ROAD TO GLORY ... ..	19
5TH CANADIAN BATTALION OFFICERS, SALISBURY PLAIN ... ..	22
MAJOR-GENERAL A. W. CURRIE, C.B. ... ..	24
PIERRE EACH EVENING WENT CALLING ... ..	27
THE LONE SENTRY ... ..	32
MAJOR H. M. DYER IN HIS COUNTRY RESIDENCE ... ..	33
A TYPICAL 5TH BATTALION HEADQUARTERS ... ..	33
LIEUT. W. E. ELLIS AND LIEUT. M. J. GRAHAM TRANSLATING THE LATEST WAR NEWS ... ..	33
A TYPICAL PEASANT ... ..	33
TAKING SUN AND REST ... ..	34
READING THE LATEST NEWS FROM CANADA ... ..	34
THE FIRST FUNERAL OF A 5TH BATTALION SOLDIER ... ..	34
O. C. AND ADJUTANT, 5TH BATTALION ... ..	34
ONE OF THE BATTALION IN DISGUISE ... ..	37
BILLY THE GOAT ... ..	38
DISAPPOINTED ... ..	39
5TH BATTALION LINES, SEPTEMBER, 1914 ... ..	43
FIRST MACHINE GUN CREW, 5TH BATTALION ... ..	43
NO BLUFF ... ..	48
BETWEEN THE LINES, SEPTEMBER, 1914 ... ..	49
EARLY DAYS ON THE MARCH ... ..	49

ILLUSTRATIONS—*continued.*

	Page
THE LOST OBJECTIVE ... ..	56
NATURE NOTES ... ..	59
LIEUT.-COLONEL GEORGE STUART TUXFORD ... ..	61
CANADA LOOKS EAST ... ..	67
GOOD-BYE, SONNY ... ..	71
CALLING THE CORPORAL ... ..	72
CAPTAIN R. MURDIE ... ..	73
CAPTAIN P. O. TUDOR ... ..	73
CAPTAIN GEORGE BELLAMY... ..	74
LIEUT. J. G. ANDERSON ... ..	74
REGT. SURG.-MAJOR A. G. MACKIE, W.O. ... ..	79
CAPTAIN W. C. D. CROMBIE ... ..	79
HUN HUMOR ... ..	82
A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT ... ..	83
A TYPICAL FARMHOUSE IN FLANDERS ... ..	86
A WET NIGHT IN FLANDERS ... ..	86
LASSOING LISTENING POSTS ... ..	89

## FOREWORD



AS a venture entirely new for the Fifth Canadians this little book requires some explanation. It is not intended as a record or review of the doings of the year, but is rather an effort to answer a demand for something distinctive of the Battalion which at this particular season of the year would be suitable for all ranks to send from the trenches to friends and relatives in the British Isles and Canada. The "Fifth" is a most representative Western Canadian Battalion. It is known as "Western Cavalry" because it was made up originally from Cavalry Units of the West. The 12th Manitoba Dragoons, 16th, 27th and 29th Light Horse—Saskatchewan Mounted Rifles; 30th and 31st British Columbia Horse; 35 Central Alberta Horse and a round dozen of civil engineers from the Corps of Guides. Prior to leaving England for the front a draft from the 11th Canadian Battalion, all Regina and Moose Jaw men were sent to the "Fifth" and though these were "gravel crushers," they were gladly welcomed by their old friends from the home towns. The first reinforcements in the field were from the 32nd Battalion, which unit was made up entirely of Saskatchewan men and since then from time to time drafts have been sent forward, the 32nd with Headquarters in England, having been made Reserve Battalion for the Fifth. Saskatchewan boys are the preponderant element, but many Manitobans and a remnant of Albertans and British Columbians go to make up the present day strength.

The Battalion to date has won a fair percentage of Honors and Distinctions: ~~Three~~ <sup>4</sup> D.S.O.'s; ~~One~~ <sup>2</sup> Military Cross; ~~Seven~~ <sup>10</sup> D.C.M.'s, and Two Russian Decorations have been awarded to Officers and other Ranks for deeds of valour. The coveted V.C. has not yet been awarded, but it is still a long way to Tipperary, and the Fifth is bound to get there.

4 "mention"

883.

J.B. Bagshaw Lt. + Paymaster.  
5000000

## A WORD OF APPRECIATION AND THANKS.

**A**LTHOUGH the boys in the trenches may not write acknowledgments or letters of thanks to the various societies which are so generously providing field comforts in supplement of "issue" supplies, they are nevertheless very grateful to friends in Britain and Canada for all that they have done, and are doing to minimize the discomforts of trench and dug-out life. The Canadian War Contingent Association, under Mr. Colmer's management, has done wonders, and the practical nature of the assistance rendered has shown how carefully the funds entrusted to this Association have been administered. No words of thanks can adequately express the feelings of all ranks for what has been done by this Association. Our sincere thanks are especially due to Miss Plummer and Miss Arnoldi, of The Canadian Field Comforts', for their splendid work and untiring devotion, and also to so many others who have made us realize that though far away we are not by any means forgotten.

*J. B. Bagshaw.*

## EDITORIAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

**T**HE Commanding Officer, the Officers and N.C.O.'s and Men of the 5th Canadian Battalion take this opportunity to express their hearty appreciation and thanks to Mr. John Hassall and his fellow members of the London Sketch Club, Messrs. Dudley Hardy, Bert Thomas, Alf. Leete and Charles Bryant, as well as to Mr. A. P. Allinson, for the original drawings they have so generously contributed to this publication, and to Mr. P. G. Konody for the trouble he has taken in seeing this little book through the Press.

*J. B. B.*





*Lieut.-General E. W. H. Alderson, C.B.  
Commanding Canadian Corps.*

## YPRES

THE PART PLAYED BY THE 2ND CANADIAN INFANTRY BRIGADE  
AND PARTICULARLY BY THE 5TH CANADIAN BATTALION  
IN THE SECOND BATTLE OF YPRES.

IT is not the intention of this article to attempt to describe in full the Second Battle of Ypres, or to go into details regarding the work done by the 1st Canadian Division. Rather, it is intended to describe briefly the part played in those stirring events by the 2nd Canadian Infantry Brigade and particularly by the 5th Canadian Battalion.

The Canadian Division moved from Steenuorde to a point near Ypres during the week ending April 17th, the Second Brigade taking up a position on the right, adjoining the British lines, the Third Brigade on the left, with their left flank in touch with the French Territorials, the whole in relief of a French Division on the North side of the Ypres salient. On the night of April 14th, the 7th, 8th and 10th Battalions went into the front line trenches with the Fifth in reserve about a mile in the rear. The 8th Battalion was relieved two days later by British troops, and on the night of the 19th (Monday) the Fifth and Eighth relieved the Tenth and Seventh respectively, the Fifth on the right touching the Royal Fusiliers, and the Eighth on the left, rubbing shoulders with the 3rd Canadian Brigade. The 1st Canadian Brigade was several miles in the rear in corps reserve.

The portion of the line held by the 2nd Brigade was from three to four miles north and a little east of Ypres. Its right rested on Grovenstafel, and its left about a mile and a half directly in

front of the village of St. Julien. From there the 3rd Brigade held the line as far left as Langemarck. Beyond that were French Territorials, Algerians and Turcos, who held nearly two miles of frontage where the Allied line runs north towards Dixmude.

The trenches taken over by the Second Brigade were found to be in very bad condition. Old tumble-down parapets, the few dug-outs there were caved in and full of rotting straw—they looked, these trenches, as though they had been uninhabited for months. In many places they were little more than shallow ditches, and progress along them in the day time was mostly a case of crawling on hands and knees. There were no communication trenches with the exception of some small water-soaked ditches, overgrown with rank grass.

Work was immediately begun to make the trenches inhabitable, and when the Fifth and Eighth went in on the night of Monday the 19th, they found that while some progress had already been made, there was a great deal still to be done. Fresh from rest billets, hardened by several weeks of route marching and drilling, they started in with a will to carry on the task begun by the Tenth and Seventh. Work could be done only under cover of darkness, and on Monday and Tuesday nights considerable progress was made all along the line; deepening the trenches, building sandbag parapets, constructing

## Ypres

dug-outs, and erecting transverses as protection against enfilade fire. This work counted for a good deal in the days that followed.

During the daytime, the men found themselves subjected to a heavy shell fire, and these shells were not the "Whistling Jennies" to which they had become accustomed during the Fleurbaix days, but shells of all sorts and sizes, and coming from the flanks as well as from the front. The Germans also had field guns posted on the hill directly behind their own lines, and as soon as evidence of new work showed on the Canadian parapets, those portions of trench were made the objects of direct fire, which, with deadly accuracy, rapidly undid the previous night's work. There were a number of casualties, but the men accepted this condition of affairs as one of the penalties of their new trust, and cheerfully got out in front as soon as darkness fell to repair the damage done by the day's shelling.

A noticeable feature of these days was the presence of German aeroplanes over the Canadian lines. They were very active, and very bold, and their appearance over any particular part of the line was usually followed by a short period of concentrated shell fire on that point. They marked these places by dropping handfuls of some sparkling material, which glittered and shimmered in the sun as it fell, and the men soon learned, when this was seen, to be prepared to take cover at short notice.

So matters continued until Thursday. The battalions in the front line, because of the work at night, the shelling in the daytime and the lack of dug-outs, had been getting little sleep, and

were looking forward to being relieved.

To understand what followed during the next few days it would be as well, perhaps, to describe briefly the position occupied by the 5th and 8th Battalions with relation to the German trenches. The 5th Battalion trenches were in a valley, the crest of the hill behind them being from 500 to 600 yards away. At about the same distance along the crest and face of the hill in front were the German trenches. The valley swept away in a wide curve to the left, and in this curve lay the 8th Battalion, occupying a position similar to that of the Fifth, except that the German line swung down a good deal closer to the Eighth than was the case opposite the Fifth.

On Wednesday and Thursday the general bombardment by the German guns became intensified, and on Thursday night the enemy delivered an attack on the Surreys, which worked around to the Bufts and Fusiliers immediately on the right of the 5th Battalion. This, combined with the heavy bombardment of Ypres which had been going on for several days, and news of attacks on the far right around Zonnebeke and Zillebeke, served to create a feeling of tension in the trenches, and a presentiment that something was about to happen. This feeling was increased on Thursday night when vague and disquieting rumours drifted into the front line of an attack on the French on the far left, in which thousands of men had been strangled to death, it was said, by poisonous gases. Close on the heels of this came other rumours, many of them wildly extravagant, many of them, alas, too true. It was said that the 10th

## Ypres

Canadian Battalion had been cut to pieces in a wild charge, and that the Highlanders had also suffered heavily from the gas, which was now being used generally by the Germans.

Gradually it became known definitely in the trenches that the French had broken away, and that the Canadians' reserve battalions were being thrown into the gap to hold the line until help came.

Of course, what was reaching the men in the front line in dribbles and rumours, was by this time common property behind the lines, and it was there that the full gravity of the situation was realized. The Algerians attacked by this new, strange weapon which strangled them, and from which there seemed no escape had fled, and had left the 3rd Brigade with its flank "in the air," and a two-mile gap between them and the next allied forces. This was on Thursday evening. The 3rd Brigade had met the situation temporarily by drawing back its left flank, and sending urgent appeals for assistance. In the meantime the flood of wounded, strangling, and terror-stricken blacks had begun to sweep past the 2nd Brigade Headquarters, and having made hurried enquiries from those still able to talk with some degree of coherency, the gravity of the situation and the need for immediate action was realized by the Staff Officers.

Second Brigade Headquarters were at St. Jean, and near by were the Quarter-master's stores and the transport sections of the four battalions. Every man in these departments, transport drivers, quarter-master sergeants and cooks, was mustered out by Staff-Captain Clark, and this small body,

numbering about one hundred men in all, was marched up and thrown into position across the line of the German advance, to hold on as long as possible, or until help should arrive. They manned a ditch, and Capt. Clark, looking for someone to put in charge, found Lieut. Ellis, the 5th Battalion Quarter-master, beside him.

"Thank God for an old soldier" he said fervently, and handed over the command to Lieut. Ellis, telling him to "feel his right." He himself hurried away to direct more troops to this vulnerable point.

Directly in front of this little band of men the Germans could soon be seen approaching in thousands, and though no one thought of retiring—for they knew why they were there—every man quietly decided that his minutes were numbered, and determined to sell his life as dearly as possible.

Then suddenly two batteries of Royal Horse Artillery came galloping up, smashed through a barbed wire fence just to the right, and unlimbering opened up on the dense mass of advancing Germans. The sudden shower of shrapnel staggered them. They wavered, stopped, and then began to seek cover. Their advance was checked for the time being.

The place where the German advance had stopped temporarily was the wood of St. Julien. It was only a short time afterward that the 10th Battalion went swinging past Wieltje, singing "Here we are again." As they came into the zone of fire they opened out into extended order and began their famous charge into the St. Julien wood. Close behind them followed a part of the 16th Battalion, and before the charge was

## Ypres

over they were all working together as one battalion. Down through the valley and into the woods in the face of a terrific fire they dashed, and never faltered until they had driven the Germans at the point of the bayonet out of the wood and occupied their position, at the same time regaining possession of four British 4.7 guns which had fallen into the hands of the Germans in their first rush. The Canadians lost many men during the charge, and continued to suffer heavy losses during that night and all the next day.

Meanwhile the 7th Battalion had been rushed up, and the battalions of the First Brigade, still further back, were being called upon to press forward with all speed. As they came up they were thrown into the fight at crucial points, with instructions to hold on as long as possible.

All roads leading into the Ypres salient were now being heavily shelled by the Germans, and the city of Ypres itself was a mass of smouldering ruins and a veritable death-trap. Nevertheless, it was imperative that food and ammunition be brought up, and that the wounded be carried out as soon as possible by the long strings of ambulances—and the only way was along these shell-torn roads and through the city of Ypres. New troops coming up, also, had no other highway, and those who witnessed the scenes of those days and the days that followed will be haunted by the memory as long as they live. They saw the horrors of war in its worst aspects. Congested with the traffic of troops and all the varied paraphernalia of war, the roads presented a target, of which the German gunners took full advantage. They

knew the ranges perfectly, and guns, limbers, horses, ambulances and men—whole platoons sometimes—were blown to pieces. But the grim procession never stopped. Hourly almost, the way had to be cleared of the debris, human and inanimate, but still the troops came in, still the transports drove forward with their precious loads, and still the long line of wounded in ambulances, stretchers, and on foot, streamed outward from the zone of fire. The sights that were witnessed beggar description. The temporary hospitals were shambles. An ambulance, loaded with wounded, caught fire, and some 5th Battalion men from the Quarter-master's Stores, dragged the stretchers with their burdens out of the flames, and beat out the fire which was consuming the clothing of the wounded men with their bare hands. There were some who went mad under the strain, and it was no uncommon sight to see men staggering down the road or through the fields laughing wildly, or making strange motions as though warding off an invisible foe.

The pressure on the 3rd Brigade and on the remnants of the 10th Battalion, who were in the St. Julian Wood on their left, had become very heavy. All day Friday they were subjected to repeated attacks and a continuous bombardment, which was now extended to include the 2nd Brigade frontage, particularly the trenches of the 8th Battalion. It was evident that that Battalion would be the object of the next attack. The 3rd Brigade was being pushed farther and farther back, and great gaps were appearing in their line. The 7th Battalion had been sent in to close these gaps, and protect the left flank of the 8th Battalion. They

## Ypres

found that the 3rd Brigade had been pressed so far back that the line was almost at right angles to that of the 8th Battalion, and when the Seventh attempted to close the gaps in this line they were met by such a heavy shrapnel and machine gun fire that before the day was over they had been practically cut to pieces. They hung on, however, and this desperate task, which had none of the glory of a charge to lighten it in retrospect, nevertheless counted large in the general plan by which the German advance was impeded step by step until reinforcements arrived.

On Friday, the remnants of the 10th Battalion were relieved by the troops of 1st Brigade, and they moved over to the Second Brigade area. In the Second Brigade front line there was by this time no doubt as to what was going to happen, and every man steeled himself for the worst. It had become a continual case of "stand to," and no attempt was being made to work except where necessity absolutely demanded it. On Friday night it was found impossible to get rations to the front line, and from that time until Sunday night the men lived on their emergency rations and obtained water by mouthfuls from carefully guarded bottles.

In the grey dawn of Saturday a greenish yellow cloud was observed stealing over the ground, enveloping the 8th Battalion, and the Reserve, and Headquarters of the Fifth. Later, a German observation balloon began slowly to arise far to the right behind the German lines, and as it attained its full height four red lights were seen to drop from it. The watching men of the Fifth knew that a signal was being given and they were given no time to think

what it might mean, for as though every German artilleryman had been waiting with his hand on the lanyard, the roar of a hundred guns shattered the morning air. The Eighth lines were by now invisible except from the extreme left of the Fifth and the men of the latter, divining that an attack was on, opened up a cross fire on the German lines opposite the Eighth. The men of the Eighth though suffering severely from the gas, withstood the first attack and were continually checking short tentative rushes of the Germans, parties of whom would swarm over their own parapets, advance a short distance and retire. Very soon, however, the gallant "little black devils" (Eighth) were in need of help and "D" company of the Fifth, which was in reserve near bombarded cross-roads was rushed by Brigade orders to their assistance. Running the gauntlet of intense artillery and machine gun fire this company, under Major Pragnall, finally reached the 8th Battalion trenches, suffering, however, heavy losses on the way. But one company was not enough and Col. Lipsett, putting his reserve company into the front, sent an urgent call to Col. Tuxford for more help and ammunition. The latter instantly responded and "C" company, which had been in support of the fire trench companies "A" and "B," went across, taking with them 50,000 extra rounds of ammunition, suffering heavy losses on the way by machine gun fire from the left flank of the Eighth. "A" and "B" companies, with a machine gun section, were now holding eleven hundred yards of trench with no reserve or artillery behind them. The men were tired, feeling the effects of the strain and lack of sleep, but full of fight

## Ypres

and ready for the moment which they now knew to be at hand, when they themselves would be the object of a direct attack. Accordingly when an order came to pack their kits, bury surplus ammunition and be ready to retire, a feeling of dismay spread through the ranks. They wanted to fight, something must be wrong with that order! And as they grumblingly set to work to pack up they asked each other: "Why should we retire?"

In the meantime Battalion Commanders had been talking over the situation and were very loath to begin a backward movement, and upon Col. Tuxford 'phoning to his Company Commanders he found that there was but one spirit—namely, to fight. "Retire?" said Major Tenaille, O.C. "A" Company. "Why, we have not yet had a fight." "Can we hold on?" said Major Edgar of "B" Company. "We can hold on 'till the cows come home," and the Colonel of the Eighth was also full of fight and said his men were not nearly finished yet. The upshot was that Brigade Headquarters gave the order "Hold on and support will be sent." The spirit of all at once skyrocketed and gloomy faces broke into smiles.

At Headquarters, however, it became evident that unless help came soon, a retirement would have to take place, at least as far as the Rennebeke stream. Despite the desperate counter-attacks, the Germans were slowly and surely enveloping the remains of the Canadian Division.

On Saturday night the 8th Durham Light Infantry arrived, and three Companies of the 8th Canadians were relieved at 4.30 o'clock Sunday

morning, the other Company remaining in to steady the newcomers. The latter had just arrived in the country, and had never been under fire before. The inevitable happened. Subjected to a furious bombardment, under fire from front, flank and rear, the new troops could not stand the strain, and began to break away.

At dawn Brigadier-General A. W. Currie had arrived at the 5th Battalion orderly room, having reached that point under machine gun fire, and from there he conducted operations all day, sharing fortunes with the only Canadian battalions now remaining in the front line trenches. When the Durhams began to break away, the remnants of "C" and "D" Companies of the Fifth, which had returned to their own unit the night before, were again sent over to the 8th Battalion trenches, and those who arrived there remained until the end.

By 2 p.m. most of the Durhams had left their trenches or been made prisoners of war, and the Germans were playing havoc with machine guns established during the night before in vacant houses 400 to 500 yards behind the Eighth's position. At 4 p.m. General Currie, on orders from Divisional Headquarters gave the order to retire, according to instructions previously given. Before the message could be communicated to the two companies in the 5th Battalion trenches, a shell destroyed the wires, and it became necessary that someone carry the order at once to the Companies. Not wishing to trust to anyone else so important a message, and one on which the safety of the Battalion depended, Major Dyer, Second in Command, and Captain

## Ypres

Hilliam, Adjutant, started out on the perilous journey across the open. Capt. Hilliam was wounded by machine gun fire before he had gone many yards. Major Dyer succeeded in reaching a point about 100 yards in the rear of the trenches when he too was wounded, but his shouts were heard, and men who crawled out to where he lay delivered his message.

The men on the extreme left of the Fifth's position had, during the preceding few minutes, been witnessing a strange and dramatic sight. The Germans, realising that the moment to strike had come, had swarmed down the hill on the left of the 8th Battalion trenches, and had formed a compact body, four deep, behind the protection of the sandbags. Then, raising a flag they began marching down toward the devoted little band which still manned the trench on the right. The latter emptied their rifles into the oncoming mass, then, the order to retire having apparently been received there also, an attempt was made to do so. But so heavy was the hurricane of fire which swept the ground behind the Eighth's trenches that it was almost certain death to proceed. Some of the men, however, finding a point a little less exposed than the rest, made a dash for it. Many were shot down, but some got through, and formed up in a reserve trench on the hill behind.

Those who were witnesses of the scene from the 5th Battalion trenches saw the remnants of the Company return to their trench in the front line and there form up, two deep and back to back, with their rifles at the ready. Cut off from assistance, and completely surrounded, the only chance they had

was either to be blown to pieces or to surrender.

In the meantime the retirement of the Fifth had begun. Aeroplanes hovering overhead, evidently awaiting such an eventuality, gave the signal to the waiting artillery, and immediately a curtain of shrapnel was spread by the German guns behind the Fifth's trenches, and machine guns in front and on the flank swept the open ground over which the battalion had to retire. Nevertheless they filed out steadily, carrying their wounded with them. There were some, of course, who, separated from the others in the retirement up the hill, were shot down unseen; and these, inevitably, were taken prisoners. It was an unavoidable result of a difficult situation.

On the crest of the hill was a reserve trench. Colonel Tuxford personally had gone down to the Zonnebeke road and brought up some 300 men of the 7th, 8th and 10th Battalions to man this trench, and cover the retirement of "A" and "B" companies of the Fifth. When the later reached the trench, rapid fire was at once opened on the Germans, who were now pouring down the face of the hill opposite in thousands, with cries of "Hoch, Hoch," and "Neuve Chapelle," and blowing triumphant blasts from a bugle. The rapid fire held up their advance, and they made no attempt to come further than the former Canadian front line. When darkness fell, the retirement of the Fifth was continued in conformity with orders, part of "A" Company under Major Tenaille, however, remaining until 1 a.m. to protect the left flank of the Fusiliers. St. Jean was reached by the others about 11 o'clock and there the transport was waiting on the shell-torn

## Ypres

road (which was still being heavily bombarded) with hot tea and food for the weary and famished troops. By 4 a.m. the whole battalion had assembled about St. Jean and bivouacked.

The Brigade moved out at 7 a.m. to assist in restoring the line. They advanced in open order under extremely heavy shell fire to the top of the Fortuin ridge, just behind the British firing line, where they dug in and remained for two days, suffering many casualties, and still on short rations. They were relieved on Tuesday night, and marched back through Ypres to rest billets near Vlamertinghe. Here they had a good night's sleep, but early next morning the Germans shelled these billets, and the men had to take to the fields and again "dig-in." After two days

here the Brigade moved up to the banks of the Yser canal, close to the city of Ypres, where they took up quarters in dug-outs, remaining in support to the French troops for six days and being heavily shelled all the time and again suffering many casualties. They were relieved on the night of May 5th, and marched eighteen miles to Outersteen, the other side of Bailleul, where they arrived about noon the next day, most of them in the last stages of exhaustion, and suffering severely from sore feet—they had not had their boots off for twenty-one days. They soon recovered, however, with rest and good food, and it was not long before they were on the move again—the journey that culminated in the trenches at Festubert.

*J.B. Bagshaw*

*W.M. Scaulon Cpl  
"B" Coy. 5th Div.*



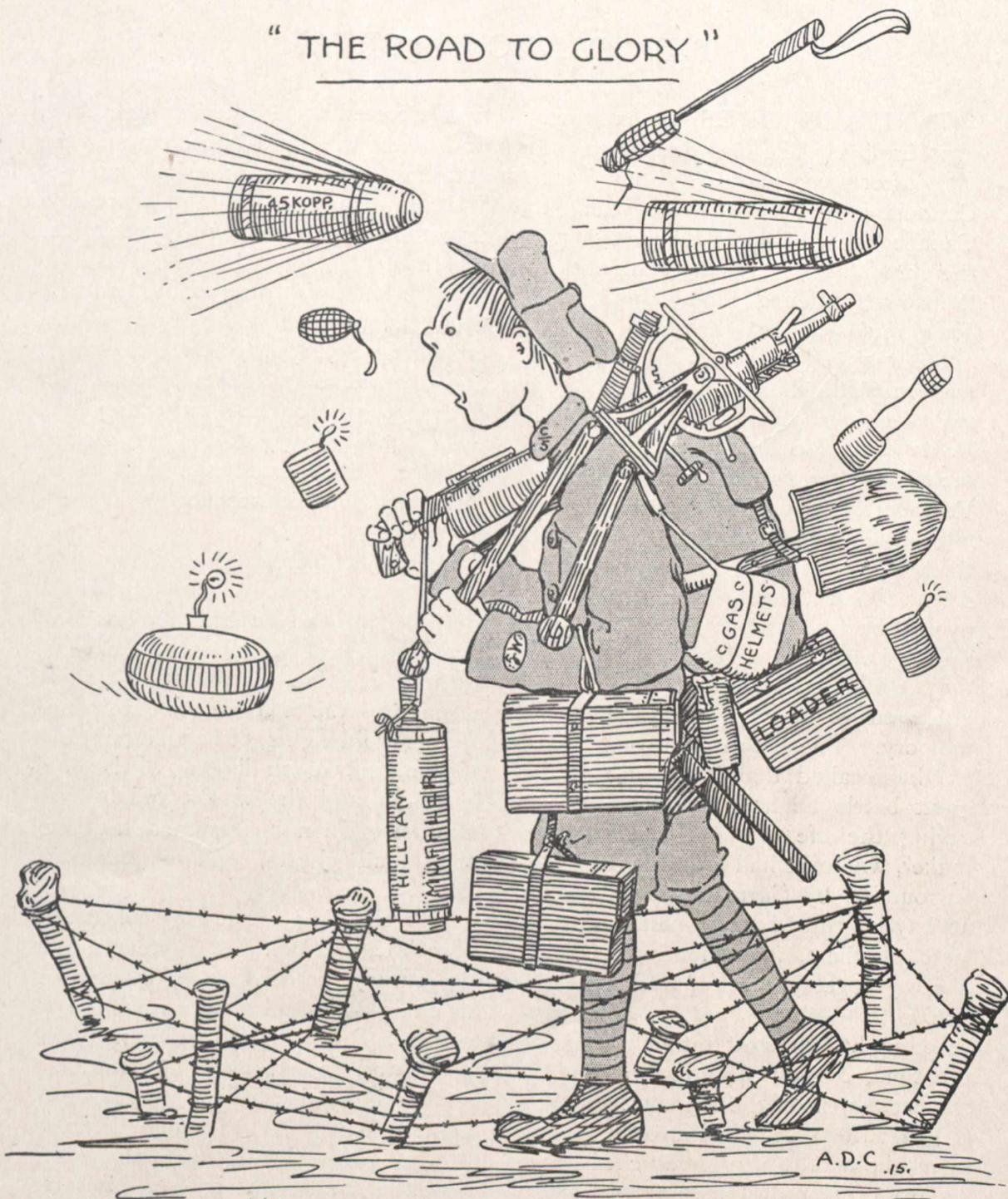
*A genial hostess of Headquarters Staff, taken unawares.*



*The genial hostess, prepared for the Camera.*

*Photos taken near  
Inveris by J.B.B.*

"THE ROAD TO GLORY"



YOUR KING AND COUNTRY NEED YOU

\$1<sup>10</sup> AND BOARD

Lieut. A.D. Cockerill  
M.G.O. 5th Regt

## THE CANUCK'S DREAM

PRIVATE JONES was extremely happy. The war was over, and after considerable delay the Canadians had been taken back to Canada, the regiments disbanded, and the members were being sent back to the towns whence they came. Pte. Jones was on his way home.

He was justly proud of himself. He had enlisted when the war broke out, and had gone to France with the 5th Battalion. He had taken part in the second Battle of Ypres, had been at Festubert, the taking of Messines and later Lille, and finally had been in the thick of the fray when, in the great drive of 1916, the Germans had been pushed back across the Rhine and the war had ended in a decisive victory for the Allies. Strangely enough, this latter part of the war was vague in his memory. The details were not clear; but he recalled that it was in this last great battle he had won the V.C. for saving the life of the Sergeant shoemaker, whom he had found in a trench, surrounded by Germans, keeping them at bay by throwing hob-nails and shoe lasts at them, and shouting: "Why don't you get yourself paraded by an N.C.O.?"—which Pte. Jones remembered he had thought rather strange at the time, but put it down as due to the excitement of the moment.

When the train pulled into the station of his home town, a great cheer went up from the crowd assembled on the platform. The Mayor, accompanied by the most prominent citizens came forward in a body and formally welcomed the brave soldier home. He

was escorted to a waiting automobile, and with the local band playing the inspiring and now classical air of "Here we are again," the procession drove slowly up the main street to the city hall.

Here, after a sumptuous banquet, the Mayor made a patriotic speech, eulogising Pte. Jones and his comrades, and thanked them in the name of their native town for the way they had upheld the traditions of the British Empire. Pte. Jones was then called upon to give an account of his experiences.

He told his audience of the Canadians' heroism at Ypres, of the charge at Festubert, of the stubborn resistance of the Germans at Messines, of the awful shelling at Lille, and of the terrible carnage of the final drive. He spoke of long, cold nights, of listening patrols, of unending trench digging, of the mud in winter and the wasps and heat in summer. Then he resumed his seat amid loud cheers, and clapping of hands.

The clapping seemed to continue a long time, and Pte. Jones, weary after his journey, began to nod drowsily in his chair, and wonder when it was going to stop. But instead of stopping it got faster and faster, until it became a continual rattle. The Mayor, too, seemed to assume a strange likeness to the Kaiser, and suddenly, with a look of malignant hate on his face, picked up a glass of water from the table, and poured it on Pte. Jones head. He struggled to get away, but his foot was held in an iron grip, and—

## A Canuck's Dream

The soft splash of the drops from the roof of his leaky dugout met his ears, and he turned his head to avoid a steady stream that was running down his neck. And into his waking consciousness pierced the hoarse voice of Sergt. McCabe: "Stand to—come on—stand to!" And the Sergeant gave his leg another pull. The clapping resolved itself into the sharp "rat-tat-tat-tat" of a machine gun.

Pte. Jones untangled himself from his blanket, tightened his equipment, and crawled out shivering into the rain,

just as Major Dyer and a runner passed on his morning "visiting rounds." This dispelled the last vestiges of his dream. Picking up his rifle he stood upon the firing platform. He looked across towards the German trenches, and sleepily contemplated the utter dreariness of the scene. "Gott strafe the Kaiser!" he muttered to himself; then he smiled "Gee! That was some dream though," he mused, as he cocked his rifle over the parapet to give Fritz his morning "hymn of hate."

Pte R.P. Hood  
Runner.  
St. Catharines

## CANADA

Private Joslyn, better known amongst his comrades of the Fifth as "Joss," was awarded the D.C.M. for heroic conduct at the second battle of Ypres. He was a splendid fellow and but twenty years of age when he met his death in the charge on K 5, at Festubert, May 24th. As he fell he was heard to shout "Canada!" and one of his comrades wrote the following lines, prompted by the incident.

O Canada! Dear Canada!  
Lift your gracious head;  
Hear the cry as it goes up  
From your glorious dead.  
Let your homes, from East to West,  
Echo back the cry—  
"Canada! O, Canada!"  
Thus your brave sons die.

Bless, dear land, the mighty hearts  
Sprung from out thy womb,  
Gird their arm, their souls ubraise;  
Lift from death its gloom!  
What of death? Can it be said,  
Perished those you gave?  
No! Who falls in Freedom's cause  
Triumphs o'er the grave!

Sons of thine, built in thy mould,  
Owning to thy blood—  
Motherland! They've paid the price  
Of your motherhood!

Pte. R.P. Jowdell  
St. Catharines



13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28

5TH CANADIAN BATTALION OFFICERS, SALISBURY PLAIN—January, 1915  
 (Rank given as per Canadian Gradation List of January, 1915)

KEY TO GROUP OF 5TH CANADIAN BATTALION OFFICERS.

**First Row** (seated left to right).

- 1 Lieut. G. C. DE DOMBASLE (*Seconded to H.Q. 2nd Infantry Brigade, 8th February*).
- 2 Major N. S. EDGAR (*Wounded, 24th May*).
- 3 Major D. TENAILLE (*Killed, 24th May*).
- 4 Capt. & Adj. E. HILLIAM (*Wounded, 25th April*).
- 5 Major H. M. DYER (*Wounded, 25th April*).
- 6 Lieut.-Colonel G. S. TUXFORD.
- 7 Major G. S. T. PRAGNALL (*Wounded, 24th April*).
- 8 Major F. PAULETT (*Invalided, 15th April*).
- 9 Capt. G. M. ENDACOTT (*Wounded, 24th May*).
- 10 Capt. J. R. INNIS-HOPKINS (*Killed, 24th May*).
- 11 Major D. R. SANDEMAN (*Missing—believed Killed, 24th April*).
- 12 Capt. R. A. S. ALLAN (*Died of Wounds, 30th April*).

**Second Row** (standing, left to right).

- 13 Capt. F. DAVY (*Transferred to 1st Division Headquarters*).
- 14 Capt. M. J. GRAHAM (*Invalided, 28th September*).
- 15 Capt. J. W. CAUDLISH (*Transferred to Cavalry Depot, 8th February*).
- 16 Lieut. L. P. O. TUDOR.
- 17 Capt. F. M. DAVIES (*Wounded, 24th May*).
- 18 Lieut. JAS. BAKER (*Transferred to Cavalry Depot, 8th February*).
- 19 Capt. D. MEIKLE (*Killed, 24th May*).
- 20 Lieut. L. B. RAVENHILL (*Transferred to A.S.C., 8th February*).
- 21 Lieut. W. FITZPATRICK (*Missing, believed Killed, 25th April*).
- 22 Lieut. H. W. HARBORD.
- 23 Lieut. C. B. NICHOLLS (*Died of Wounds, 30th July*).
- 24 Capt. J. M. CURRIE (*Killed, 24th May*).
- 25 Lieut. W. C. ELLIS.
- 26 Capt. (Rev.) B. W. WHITTAKER (*Transferred, 8th February, 1915*).
- 27 Capt. R. B. FISKE (*Transferred to Cavalry Depot, 8th February*).
- 28 Major E. THORNTON (*Wounded, 24th May*).

**Third Row** (standing).

- 29 Lieut. G. M. FORD (*Transferred to Cavalry Depot, 8th February*).
- 30 Lieut. J. H. SIMPSON (*Wounded, 25th April*).
- 31 Lieut. W. M. GRAHAM (*Transferred Divisional Supply 1st Division*).
- 32 Lieut. G. C. D. KING-MASON (*Killed, 24th April*).
- 33 Lieut. D. H. A. TOZER (*Wounded 20th May*).
- 34 Lieut. L. F. PAGE.
- 35 Lieut. E. S. MORGAN (*Invalided 14th May, 1915*).
- 36 Lieut. D. MUNDELL (*Died of wounds, 26th May*).



*Major-General A. W. Currie, C.B.  
Commander 1st Canadian Division.*

## THE SNIPER

THE Sniper crawled along a winding section of deserted, weed-grown trench, toward his station in the mangel field. Night after night he had made the same journey until he knew every turn and twist, every root and shrub by heart. Here was the old stump where he usually rested a moment before continuing his slow progress, placing his rifle carefully across the top of the stump, to keep the mud from its well-oiled surface. From here he could see the low-lying clump of willows which was his objective, and beyond it, faintly silhouetted against the sky, the dim outlines of the old mill, now a mass of ruins, but still used as a billet by the British soldiers who swarmed the countryside.

Pierre was not a soldier. He did not want to be a soldier, and when he had come to the age at which French youths must begin their military service, he had been very glad that he drew the ticket exempting him from this disagreeable duty. He was a French peasant farmer, and quite content to live and die peaceably on the little farm which had been left to him by his father.

Then strange news came to the neighbourhood—news terrifying and unbelievable. France and her old enemy, Germany, were again at war. And almost on the heels of this news came the hated Germans themselves.

They swarmed through the country, billeting their troops in the houses and barns, taking what they wanted, and often destroying wantonly what they

did not need. Where they met no resistance they spared life; but when some farmer, whose patriotism got the better of his discretion, protested, a fate sudden and terrible overtook him and his family. He experienced to the full the meaning of the German policy of "frightfulness."

Pierre did not protest—he was paralyzed by fear. His father had fought against the Prussians in 1870, and had known only defeat and disaster at their hands. What wonder then, that Pierre looked upon the advancing German army as an unconquerable host, before whom resistance was useless?

For two weeks he lived in a continuous nightmare of sickening, self-hypnotizing fear. A Company of Germans was billeted on his premises, and he hastened to obey their slightest behests, submitted tremblingly and without protest when he was made the butt of their coarse and brutal jests—and, in fact, did everything to avert the fate which he momentarily dreaded. Then, one day, two of the "Bosches" officers came to him. One of them talked passable French, and a proposition was made to Pierre.

It appeared that a British and French force was temporarily holding up the German advance. Of course, it was only temporary, said the officer; the "pigs of English" could not stand long against the onslaught the great German army was about to make. But in the meantime it was just possible that they (the Germans) would have to retire from their advanced position at

## The Sniper

this point. Should this happen they wanted friends on this side of their lines, friends who would harass their opponents, and be used for other purposes until such time as the Kaiser's irresistible forces should sweep over the country once more—this time to remain. Pierre was to be given a chance to save himself and his farm from destruction. They explained their plan.

Pierre was terrified. His own people? He must shoot his own comrades, the soldiers of France? But no, surely they did not expect that, Pierre whimpered, torn between fear and a remnant of patriotism.

The officers were diplomatic. "No," they said, not necessarily his own people? But how about these dogs of British? It was most probable that it would be British troops who would occupy this part of the line.

That, somehow, sounded different to Pierre. True, he had heard that the British were fighting the Germans, were allies of France in this great War—but this seemed strange to Pierre. Had not the British been always enemies of France? Had he not heard the old men talk of how an English army had defeated the Great Napoleon, and sent him to die in exile at St. Helena?

It was all very hazy to Pierre. The Bosche officer, noticing his hesitation, became threatening, and Pierre, casting his doubts to the wind, decided to save himself, and consented.

Details were soon arranged. Rifle and a fresh supply of ammunition, and a little money from time to time could be obtained from ———. Pierre started when he heard the name. So that sinister old man, who had lived in

the neighbourhood for the past ten years, was a German "*Espion*"? Well, there had always been something mysterious about him, with his pigeons and his dogs and his unexplained absences, though in time he had come to be accepted as one of themselves by the people of the district.

The day finally came when the Germans did have to fall back, and sure enough it was the British who replaced them. In place of the squared heads of the "Allemands" he now had English soldiers on his farm. At first he was rather interested in them. He had never seen an English soldier before. The rough and ready Tommies made themselves at home. They took sheaves of unthreshed oats to make their beds, and when he protested, swore strange oaths. When they ran short of wood for their fires, on which they were continually making tea, they took sections of his chicken coops for the purpose, pieces of roof from his shed and even planks from unused portions of the barn floor, laughing at his gesticulations, and angry protestations, and becoming threatening when he showed signs of violence. The difficulty was principally due to lack of mutual understanding.

The Tommies, in a strange country, from which they had already driven the Germans, felt that they had a right to at least make themselves comfortable.

Unable to understand Pierre's excited protests, and amused at his angry outbursts, they "carried on" paying no attention to him. What damage they did was not malicious but because they could not understand Pierre's point of view.

"Is it not much better to have us here than the Germans?" they would

## The Sniper

ask,—those who could speak a few words of French. “You are worse than the Germans,” Pierre would reply angrily. “What they left you are taking.”

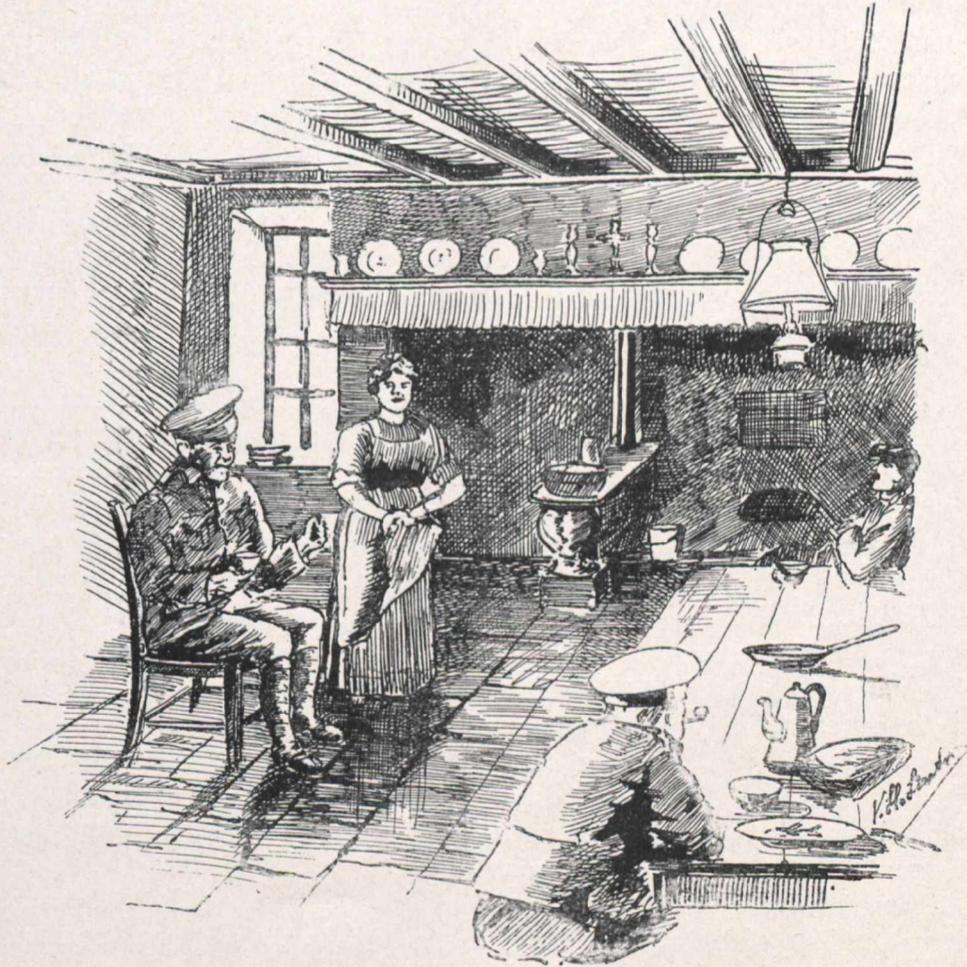
“Probably a spy” the Tommies would decide. “All these civilians should be cleared out of the country,” and they would cease to bother their heads about Pierre.

As for Pierre whatever compunctions he had had before about his bargain with the “BOSCHES” disappeared. Instead he was filled with a slow burning anger towards these “bandits”

as he called them, and he prepared to do the work he had promised to do.

\* \* \* \*

For some weeks past Pierre had had an ideal post for his sniping. One had to be careful, of course, very careful. The British had lost a considerable number of men through the efforts of Pierre and others of his ilk, and were trying very hard to find out who was doing all this sniping behind the lines. Pierre each evening went calling. He drank “café au lait” at the house of old man Courteau, where lived



“Pierre each evening went calling. He drank ‘café au lait’ . . . .”

## *The Sniper*

pretty Marie, who was so popular with the English Tommies. Toward eight o'clock he would depart, but instead of going home, he would make his way along the hedge to a ruined barn. Close to this barn ran an old trench which had been dug by the British after they first came, but had never been used. By crawling along this he came to a point in a field where a small hedge of willow stumps loomed up in the darkness. This was about 300 yards behind the British firing line, and about 150 to 200 yards from a road that led down to the shell-torn wall of a great convent enclosure, in front of which ran the British line. The convent itself was long since a mass of ruins, and its formerly peaceful inmates were scattered to the four corners of the country.

The road to the wall was much used by the British troops. The wall served as a protection from a concentrated fire, their only danger being from stray bursts of firing on the right, and Pierre.

The latter was a real danger, and worse, a source of intense exasperation. In the darkness it was impossible to make a thorough search of the field, whereas in the daytime the field was exposed to fire from the German trenches. Added to this was the uncertainty as to the Sniper's location. They knew he was somewhere in that dark expanse stretching away to the wood on the far right; but some said he was near, others said he was a considerable distance away, and though scouting parties were told off to search the field at night, they found nothing, and Pierre's hiding place remained undiscovered. Once one of these scouting parties came so close to him that he

could have reached out and touched the tunic of the man nearest to him, but he kept perfectly still, and the party passed him by, leaving him trembling in the cold perspiration of a deadly fear. So night after night he continued his evil task, and night after night the troops who had to use the dangerous road cursed "the Sniper," as he came to be known, and wondered where, in that misty darkness, he had his lair, and yearned impotently to plunge their bayonets into his skulking carcass.

Pierre's method was simple. He listened till the trample of feet told him that a ration or fatigue party was coming down the road. Then turning his rifle so that his shot would cross the road about four feet from the ground, he waited until the party was opposite his hiding place. Crack! would go the rifle. It was a chance shot, of course, but too often these chance shots were successful, and Pierre experienced a sort of grim satisfaction when the sounds from the road indicated that his bullet had found its mark in a human body. It never occurred to him that what he was doing was despicable and cowardly. He was merely carrying out his part of the bargain, and at the same time satisfying his vengeful anger against the British troops.

He was very cautious. He had been taught how to best shield the flash from his rifle; he was very careful about extracting empty shells, and when he did extract them slowly and carefully, one at a time, he put each one separately into his pocket, counting them as he did so, to be sure he had them all. So night after night he continued his sinister work, uncaught, unsuspected.

One night his hand slipped as he was

## *The Sniper*

extracting an empty shell, and the shell dropped into the bottom of the trench. Pierre groped around for it for some time, but could not find it. "N'importe," he muttered to himself, "I can find it to-morrow night."

\* \* \* \*

Jimmy Collins was one of the youngest members of the First Canadian Contingent. He was really under age when he enlisted, and his parents had at first made strenuous efforts to cancel his enlistment, but had finally reluctantly consented to let him go, when they found out how determined he was to do his share for Canada and the Empire. In due time the contingent went to France, the Canadians replaced the British troops in Pierre's zone of operations, and Jimmy's Company took up the task which led them up and down the road to the old Convent wall. It mattered little to Pierre. They were all of the same breed, English or Canadian, food for his rifle, and objects of his hatred.

It would have been difficult to find anyone less warlike than Jimmie Collins. Rosy-cheeked, mild tempered, and so good-hearted that he earned the reputation of being an "easy mark" among his more worldly wise comrades; he was often the butt of jokes among them when nothing else offered. He took their chaffing in good part, and overlooked jibes that would have been the signal for an immediate "scrap" had they been levelled at anyone more belligerent than he.

Even in his talk he was far from warlike. When the others made blood-thirsty boasts about "killing off" wounded Germans, and taking no prisoners, he protested mildly against

the barbarity of the one and the unfairness of the other. Just because the Germans did these things did not give us the right to do them, he claimed—and was jeered at for his views. But when he declared against the British using gas it was the last straw.

"You're all right Jimmy," said big "Red" Smith one day, "but you'll never make a soldier. The sooner you get a 'blighty,' and get back home to mother, the better for you. What the devil did you join this outfit for, anyway?"

The sergeant, who happened to be standing by, saw the red flush that mounted to the boy's cheeks at the words. "Red's" thrust had gone home. The sergeant was an old soldier, and he looked at Jimmy speculatively.

"Never mind, lad," he said. "What you need is a baptism of blood. Get into a real scrap, and I wouldn't be surprised if you showed them something."

"The Sniper," of course, was a live topic of conversation among the new comers. They soon made his acquaintance, and when two or three had gone to hospital, and another had been laid away in a quiet grave back of the billet, with a wooden cross to mark his last resting place, feeling became very strong on the subject, and many were the threats made by the Canadians that they would "get" him. But though they also sent out their scouting parties and posted outlookers to try if they might spot the flash of the rifle, they were no more successful than the Tommies had been.

It was on the subject of "The Sniper" that Jimmy showed his first

## *The Sniper*

evidence of warlike inclinations. A man had been wounded the night before, and the matter was being discussed in the billet the next day.

"I'd like to get a shot at him," said someone, referring to the Sniper.

"So would I," said Jimmie. Then, as the others looked up in surprise, he went on:

"This Sniper must be a civilian—in other words, a traitorous coward who is paid to do this sort of thing—a man who murders those who are fighting for his country. He is like a poisonous snake; he ought to be killed without mercy."

"Killed without mercy!" mimicked "Red." "Then why don't you get busy, and kill him without mercy?"

"Perhaps I will," said Jimmie, quietly, at which there was a general laugh, and the discussion of plans for the capture of the Sniper, momentarily interrupted, was resumed.

Jimmie's remark that he might take it upon himself to go after the Sniper was not the result of a sudden decision. He had been thinking the matter over for some days, and already a half-formed plan was in his mind which it appeared to him was worth trying.

That night the sergeant of Jimmy's platoon was shot and killed. Jimmy was right behind him when it happened, and caught him as he fell. He lived only a few minutes, but before he died he asked who was holding him.

"It's me, Sergeant," said Jimmy, brokenly. The dying sergeant recognised the voice.

"Don't mind—about me—lad," he said, "It's all—in—the game. But Jimmy—go after that Sniper. He's somewhere along that willow hedge—

the flash came from there. Go after him and get him, boy—you've—got—it—in—you!"

Then the stretcher bearers came, and the sergeant was carried away. Jimmy went on about his work in a kind of daze. He could hardly realize that the kindly old soldier was no more. And gradually there grew up in his brain a dull, fierce and ever-increasing anger at the skulking coward who shot from the darkness, and he vowed that, come what might, he would find and put an end to the Sniper's career.

The next day, before he slept, he swept the field with glasses from an upper window of his billet. He picked up the old trench, and traced it carefully from its beginning near the ruined barn to the point where it swung in close to the willow hedge.

That afternoon he made a three hundred yard crawl across the open to the old trench, and followed it along to the willow clump. At first he found no definitely suspicious marks. Then his eye was caught by a slight glitter. He stooped to see what caused it and picked up—an empty cartridge case. Pierre's lapse from caution had been fatal.

That night Pierre came to his place as usual. He listened intently, adjusted his rifle, pulled back the bolt, and waited. Soon he heard the sound he was listening for,—the confused scuffling of feet coming down the road. He raised the rifle, placed it at the proper level,—

Out of the darkness close beside him arose a figure, which looked monstrous, menacing, and terrible to Pierre in the darkness. His blood congealed, his eyes, fascinated, caught the flicker cast

## The Sniper

by a distant flare, on the long gleaming bayonet, then—

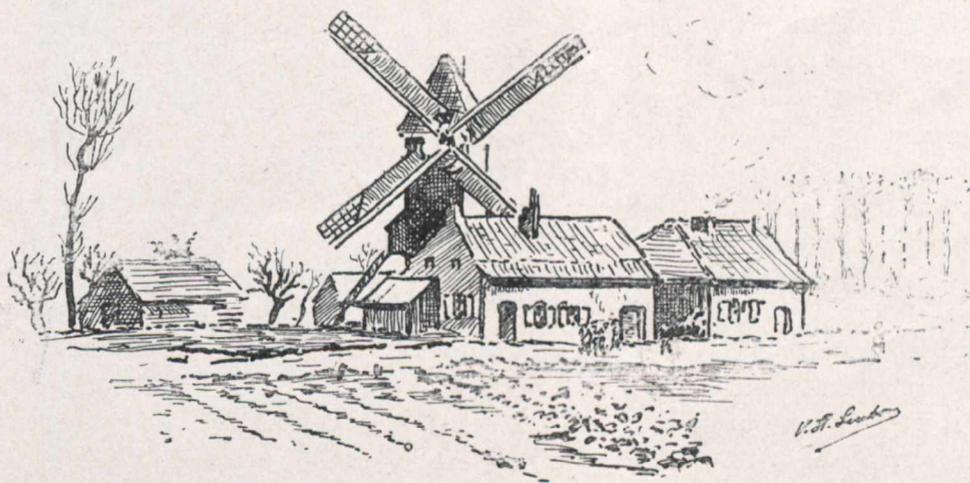
Jimmy says himself that he doesn't remember what happened during the next few minutes. The officers who happened to be in the officers' quarters a few minutes later were startled into something resembling a temporary panic when the door was suddenly burst open and a ghastly figure staggered in, carrying a rifle with fixed bayonet, from which blood dripped. The figure itself was covered with blood; hands, tunic, and a sinister smear across the face

"I've killed the Sniper, sir," said Jimmy in a hoarse voice, which he scarcely recognized as his own. The

glare slowly died out of his eyes, and quite suddenly he set his rifle down and collapsed.

The party that brought in the remains of Pierre, the Sniper, when Jimmy, revived by a generous ration of rum, had told them where to look for it, talked in whispers for days after of the condition in which they had found the body. They buried the corpse without showing it to Jimmy, which was perhaps just as well. Nevertheless, he probably would have been able to look more or less unmoved on the result of his night's work after all, for he was now a real fighting man—he had had his baptism of blood!

*W. M. Scamlon  
Capt. 50th Regt.*





Sketch by  
Wm Scudon  
Cpl. 5th Inf.

## THE LONE SENTRY.

"The man on guard at night has many opportunities for thought which do not occur in the rush and turmoil of the day. Often strange fancies come to him during the quiet night watches."—FROM A LETTER HOME.

As twilight deepens into night,  
A sadness I can ne'er express  
Brings visions drifting o'er my sight,  
And dreams of love and tenderness.

Sweet thoughts, though sad,  
Of days too soon all flown,  
Dreams that I oft have had,  
Dear in my memory grown.

Memories of childhood days,  
Prayers at my mother's knee,  
Kind words and loving ways  
All now come back to me.

Dreams of my first dear love  
That ne'er will fade away,  
Bright as the stars above  
Come with the closing day.

Paths of the night have been,  
As backward I roam,  
Clear in my memory seen,  
There in the evening gloam.

Then with the rising moon  
My visions fade away,  
Leaving me all too soon  
To meet the coming day.

Co. and. Cockeill  
M.G.O. 5th Inf.



Major H. M. Dyer, 2nd in command,  
in his country residence.



A typical 5th Battalion Headquarters.

Photos taken  
by F.B.P. at Heurbain.

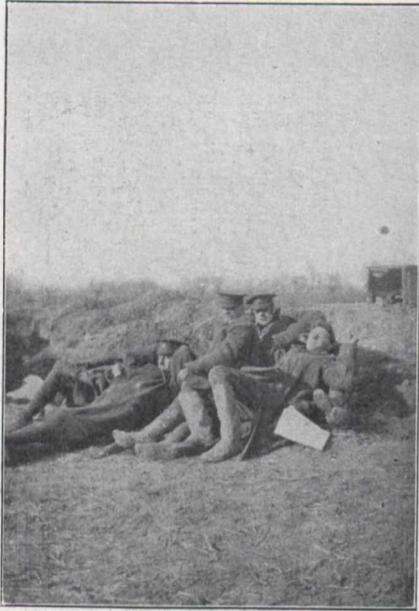


Lt. and Q.M. W. E. Ellis, and Lt. and Tpt. Officer  
M. J. Graham, translating the latest war news.



A typical peasant.

Photos taken near Heurbain  
by Cpn. Davey, Field Cashier  
1st R. Division.



*Taking Sun and Rest.*



*Men of "B" Company, 5th Battalion, reading the latest news from Canada.*



*The First Funeral of a 5th Battalion Soldier.*



*O.C. and Adjutant, 5th Battalion.*

*The Convent walls.*

*Photos taken near  
Heurbaix by J.B.B.*

## ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

A CHAPTER OF INCIDENTS RELATED BY MEN OF THE FIFTH BATTALION

A BOOK could be made of the dramatic incidents that occur in action. At the time they fleet past one's consciousness, leaving but a brief impression, pressed aside by the stirring events that follow close on their heels. Comedy, tragedy, pathos, humour, deeds of sublime courage and quiet self-sacrifice, crowd and jostle one another, and it is only around the camp fires afterward that some of these are recalled.

An Irishman in the Fifth, a former well-known Lacrosse player, was sitting with a man on either side of him and one in front, in the communication trench leading to the K 5 Redoubt, on the day of its capture by the Fifth. The shelling was heavy. Finally a shell burst directly over the party, killing the man on the Irishman's left and wounding the two others. One of the latter was a new man, just out from England, and he began to cry out at sight of his wound, which was a bad one. The son of Erin looked at him reprovingly. "Man, man, remember your Irish," he said. The wounded one ceased his cries instantly, set his jaw, and began slowly and painfully to crawl away to the dressing station.

The man who was killed had been leaning on his rifle, and his body remained in a sitting posture. An officer passing a moment later noticed something strange in his appearance, and turning to the Irishman, who was still sitting there calmly smoking his pipe,

he said, "I believe that man's dead." "Shure, he's dead!" was the reply.

"Clary" Dale was a well-known athlete of Regina, Saskatchewan, a member of the Western Champion Rugby Football Team, and one of the crack rowing crew which intended to wrest from Winnipeg the fours championship. Then the War broke out, "Clary" enlisted, and brought to his soldiering the same fine sportsmanship that he showed in his games. In the charge at Festubert he was badly wounded in the thigh. He lay on the field all day without attendance, and it was not till well on in the evening that the stretcher bearers (among whom were men who knew him) discovered where he lay. He refused to be carried in, however. Pointing to a wounded man near him he said, "Take him first; he is worse hit than I." It wasn't merely a case of waiting a little longer. In that dark field it would have been quite possible that the bearers would not be able to find him again. He knew that, but was prepared to "take the chance" for the sake of the other man who was "worse hit" than he. He was brought in some time later, and only his fine constitution saved his leg, though he will never play football again.

One incident which occurred in the ditches during the charge at Festubert was typical of many that happened that day. Two men trying to leap a ditch failed to reach the opposite bank, and both fell into the water. It was over their heads at this point, and they

## *On the Field of Battle*

were half strangled. They tried to scramble out, but could get no handhold. Suddenly they spied a small root; both reached for it, and one was quicker than the other. He threw his arm around it, and dragged himself half out, when a bullet struck him in the arm below the shoulder, and he fell back into the water. His mate seized him and shoved him out on the bank, then climbed out himself and ran on. Immediately another man fell into the ditch at the same place. The wounded man, after considerable difficulty, reached him with his unwounded arm, and pulled him up, almost drowned. When the half-unconscious man recovered, the others had reached the German trench, so he set to work to bind up his companion's arm. An artery had been cut. He made a rough tourniquet, and to that the wounded man owes his life. He also bound up the wounds of two other men near by, and dragged them to shelter in shell holes, where he remained all day. When darkness fell he packed them in, one at a time, on his back to the trench from which they had charged in the morning.

Pte. R. W. Joslyn was a Battalion runner, who, at Ypres, showed great courage carrying messages under fire. He was killed at Festubert, and on the same day that he was killed, Battalion Orders contained the announcement that he had been granted the D.C.M. for his work at Ypres. He never knew that the honour had been conferred upon him.

At Ypres, a man, who had been badly gassed, was making his way from the 8th Battalion trenches, back to the dressing station. As he crawled along

the crest of the hill behind the trenches, a long line of men (Suffolks) suddenly rose from the ground where they had been concealed near him, and began firing rapidly toward the left, standing shoulder to shoulder. He looked in the direction toward which they were firing, and to his amazement saw a line of Germans only a few hundred yards away, standing shoulder to shoulder and returning the fire. This rifle duel, which seemed to have begun by mutual impulse, lasted nearly five minutes. Then the men sought cover again.

One of the most extraordinary experiences at Ypres was that of Sergt. Hammersley, of the Fifth, now a prisoner in Germany. Caught in the German advance on the 8th Battalion trenches late Sunday afternoon, he was with the party which was surrounded and forced to surrender; but, watching his opportunity, he and three companions managed to escape. In attempting to get back to his own lines he fell in with no less than three British regiments just as they were about to charge, and in each case took part in the charge. Finally, still unwounded, he reached the 2nd Brigade headquarters, where he told his story, and asked for instructions as to where to join his Company. He was told, and departed, and later his name appeared in the prisoners' list from Germany. It transpired that, misunderstanding the directions he received, he had stumbled into a German patrol party and been captured.

Many strange sights were witnessed from the 5th Battalion orderly room at Ypres. It occupied a commanding position on a hill, and the battle ground was spread out before it like a picture.

## On the Field of Battle

On Saturday night, when "C" Company returned to the Battalion after being with the Eighth all day, a party in charge of a Sergeant was sent to bring back wounded. They brought the wounded back all right, but the Sergeant announced that, coming back, they had passed through the German lines. It was thought he was suffering from an aberration, but on Sunday morning it was found that the Germans had actually broken through far enough to place a machine gun on top of the hill behind the 8th Battalion trenches, in a ruined farmhouse, and the Sergeant

and his party had passed through the yard of this house, and had heard the voices of Germans inside.

During Sunday morning a small party of Canadians, in charge of an officer, was seen to approach this house. Three Germans came out of it, and held up a white flag. The officer in charge of the Canadians started forward to take charge of the supposed surrendering Germans. He was shot down when only a short distance from the house. This tragedy was enacted in full view of the watchers in the 5th Battalion orderly room.

J.B.B. + Corporal Scaulon  
5th Battalion



One of the Battalion in disguise. Fleurbaix.

J.B.B.

## TO BILLY, THE GOAT

*You're only a goat, Billy, only a goat,  
—Say, don't be offended, or sore, old chap,  
If I call you a goat.—Because everyone knows  
That there isn't another such goat on the map,  
As your record, old warrior, shows.*

*Do you sometimes think of your prairie home,  
So far, far away o'er the rolling sea?  
—Never mind, old chap, you'll go back some day,  
Then Billy, my boy, what a time there'll be,  
And what will the other goats say?*

*You'll go back, I say, you can take my word,  
How do I know? Well, I'll tell you, Bill,  
They've tried to get our goat before,  
At Ypres, the Yser and at Bexhill  
—Do you think they'll try some more?*

*“Well, if they do, let 'em come!” you say,  
—You fighting old, whiskered old son-of-a-gun,  
—You think we can lick 'em? Well, Bill, old top  
Just let them try, if they want some fun,  
To get our goat—Eh, what?*

*They wounded you, Bill, with a shrapnel shell  
At the Battle of Ypres—what cared you?  
Your comrades had honored the name they bore,  
And you?—Well, to you is the honor due  
That you did YOUR part—and more!*

*So here's to you, Bill, with your whiskered chin,  
You're the fighting mascot of fighting men,  
You're a classy old gent, and a judge of oats,  
We're proud of you lad, and we'll drink again  
To Bill—the Prince of Goats!*



*Cpl. Wm. Scaulon.  
5th Cavalry.*



DISAPPOINTED.

Elderly Spinster to Prussian Officer in occupied French Town : " Pardon, Monsieur, est ce que vous pouvez me dire à quelle heure commencent les atrocités ? "

London Sketch Club. 39

## THE ARMENTIERES SHOP-KEEPER.

HOW A CANADIAN SOLDIER WAS WORSTED IN A BUYING ENCOUNTER WITH A FRENCHMAN  
UNDER SHELL-FIRE.

“YOU kin talk about your Jews,” remarked the man whose duty it is to buy provisions for a certain officers’ mess out here at the front, “but for th’ real, Simon-pure article you’ve got to hand it to these small French shop-keepers. As commercial experts in th’ gentle art of extracting coinage of the realm from the ‘unwillin’ purchaser, they’ve got Abe an’ Mawruss and their Hebrew brethren backed into th’ offing and signallin’ for help. Try to beat ’em down ten centimes on a five franc order an’ they’ll raise a holler you kin hear from Bayloo to Lee Harve!

“Went into Armentieres the other day to buy some grub for th’ mess. The Alliman’ was strafe-ing th’ town a bit, and I couldn’t get into th’ main part on account of th’ sentries holdin’ me up; so I looks around in the narrow street where I was and purty soon I spies a little shop with some of the stuff I wanted showin’ in th’ window. I tries th’ door, and finds her locked, reason bein’ that th’ coal-boxes is kickin’ up quite a row around th’ town-hall clock a couple-a-hundred yards up th’ street. I bangs on th’ door an’ rattles on th’ window, an’ purty soon I sees a head pop out of a cellar door at th’ back of th’ shop, an’ gives it th’ ‘come-on-through’ signal.

“Its th’ shop-keeper, scared stiff an’ not hankerin’ to leave th’ sheltered precinks of his dug-out. He hollers somethin’ at me in French, but my

lingooistic obilities is somethin’ like a trench-mortar—only good at short range—so I wig-wags him again, an’ finally he comes out tremblin’ like he’d just been woke up fer stand-to on a cold morning at 5 a.m., an’ opens th’ door a small crack, sayin’ in a hoarse whisper, ‘Kuh vooleyvoo?’

“‘Mercy beans,’ I says, shovin’ my foot in th’ door an’ pushin’ him ungentle to one side.

“Then wavin’ my hand around th’ shop I says:

“‘Me—ashetay—bocoo mangay,’ an’ I pulls out a roll of five franc bills an’ starts around th’ shop, pointin’ to the things I want. He takes a look out of th’ door to see if any shells is comin’, then starts followin’ me around, jabberin’ something about ‘obew’ and ‘bombarday’—but with his off-eye on my roll.

“Suddenly there’s a roar up th’ street as Fritz drops another one on th’ clock tower, an’ th’ old geyser ducks an’ sidesteps like he was Jack Johnson with th’ Cowboy Champion on his trail. I talks to him calm an’ soothin.’ ‘Don’t worry, old top,’ I says. ‘They won’t hurt you unless they hit you?’ Then grabbin’ a box of dry raisins, I says, ‘Combiang?’

“He stops worryin’ about th’ shells fer a minit while he gets th’ idea through his noodle that I want th’ whole works.

“‘Toote?’ he says, surprised, ‘Toote?’

“‘Wee, wee, —toote!’ I replies, an’

## *The Armentieres Shop-keeper*

he gets out a pencil an' paper, skips behind th' counter, an' starts weighin' out th' raisins in pound parcels, puttin' a mark on th' paper each time he weighs out a pound.

"'Oh, come off that stuff,' I says, fer I'm not too easy about them coal-boxes myself, not knowin' when Fritz might lengthen th' range—'Give us a price an' th' works!'

"He gets my drift all right an' shrugs his shoulders, with a look of pain on his face. 'Eel faut le payzay,' he says, which I take to mean that he's got to weigh th' stuff, so I lets him carry on, an' in due time he gets 'em all weighed out an' dumped back in th' box. Then he figures on th' piece of paper, an' shows me th' amount writ down in francs an' centimes.

"Meanwhile, I've been doin' some figurin' myself. Thinks I: 'This old gink will have to be movin' out of here mighty soon if this strafe-in' keeps up, an' judgin' by the way this shellin' affects him he won't be long before he takes a hike. That bein' th' case, he ought to be able to give me a purty good reduction on this here dope, fer takin' it off his hands.'

"So I summons all th' French vocabylary I know, an' puts this aspeck of th' case before him. He gets me after a time, and a more pained look you never saw on th' face of a human bein.' 'Imposeeble! imposeeble!' he says, — an' at that, another head appears out of th' cellarway. It's Madame, an' she gets in on th' argument, ready to duck fer cover at a minit's notice.

"Well, I drops th' matter fer th' time bein', an' goes on orderin' th' grub. I buys a box of dried currants,

a box of prunes, a big sack of rice, some condensed milk, a tin of cocoa, some coffee an' two packets of Quaker Oats. Then I asks fer th' bill.

"By this time Madame has come all th' way out of th' cellar an' is hurriedly assistin' th' old man weigh out th' parcels—still pound by pound—an' another head has appeared in th' cellar door. It is Mademoiselle, an' she joins in th' discussion from time to time, though she never gets any further than th' top step. Finally, after holdin' a pow-wow over th' bill—interrupted by th' burstin' of another shell which makes 'em all duck simultaneous—they gets it doped out, an' announce th' score.

"Well, I starts in. I argues like a Dutch uncle with each of 'em in turn an' with all of 'em in a bunch. I takes th' items on th' bill separate, an' tries to knock off a franc here an' a couple of francs there. I gets up finally an' tells 'em they can keep their bloomin' loot, an' adds a lot of uncomplimentary remarks about them an' their ancestors an' relations.

"The old man becomes very dignified, an' I gather from what he says that I am a bandit, tryin' to take advantage of th' unfortunate condition of poor, innocent French shop-keepers. Madame weeps, an' tells Mademoiselle that I am 'tray malin' — whatever that means — an' finally Papa makes a dramatic gesture an' says: 'Biang! attenday an poo!'

"There is another pow-wow over th' bill, an' th' old man finally calkilates he kin take one franc off th' price of th' raisins an' one franc off th' price of th' currants.

"Well, seein' I can't do any better,

## The Armentieres Shop-keeper

and to avoid runnin' th' game into extra innings, I asks for th' final score. It is 55 francs 40—th' forty meanin' four pence—an' I offers him 55 francs even an' call it quits. He hesitates—an' surrenders, an' I pats myself on th' back fer havin' had th' last word.

"I continues to be pleased with myself all th' way home, an' until I examines that bill in th' camp that night. An' what do you think that old French ike had done? Why, nothin' to speak of—Oh no!—Merely took th' two francs off'n th' raisins an' currants, an' tacked it onto th' rice—that's all!"

### SALISBURY MUD.

I've seen the mud in Dawson,  
And the slush around Skagway,  
The slime along Victoria's docks  
And the rain Vancouver way.

I've teamed it up The Cariboo  
To Fort George in the rain,  
But that was just a picnic  
To our stay on Salisbury Plain.

It rains east of The Rockies  
And at Edson in the spring,  
The town's a regular muskeg  
Where the giant bull-frogs sing.

I've been bogged up at Sawridge  
On McArthur's B.C. road,  
And I've seen Peace River Crossing  
When it wouldn't take a load.

It gets real wet at Calgary,  
And Regina Town can boast  
As sticky a kind of gumbo  
As you'll get from coast to coast.

Prince Albert's mighty muddy,  
The "Peg" has got it beat,  
A horse once sank clean out of sight  
Where Main and Portage meet.

I've seen mud round the Hudson's Bay,  
And on Prince Edward's Isle,  
But the mud we get on Salisbury Plain  
Has got'em beat a mile.

Ontario can show its share,  
From the Lakes to Montreal,  
They've always mud in Quebec  
When they've got no rain at all.

Saskatchewan is but a desert  
When it comes to mud and rain,  
And not to be considered  
When you talk of Salisbury Plain.

Cpl. Wm Scoulon.  
5th Coy. Bn.

Head. Cookhouse.  
M.G.O. 5th Coy.



*Fifth Battalion Lines, September, 1914. Valcartier.*



*The First Machine Gun Crew, 5th Battalion, September, 1914. Valcartier.*

J.B.P.

## DR. HART'S STORY

CAPT. WM. M. HART, of the Canadian Army Medical Corps, was captured on April 26th in the Ypres salient and exchanged by the Germans late in June.

When the war broke out Dr. Hart, who is a well known tubercular specialist in Saskatchewan, failing to secure an appointment with the 1st Canadian Contingent in a professional capacity, joined as a private and became one of the machine gun section of the 5th Canadian Battalion. As such he crossed to England, but during the latter part of November when the Canadians were camped in the mud of Salisbury Plain at West Down South, he received the appointment of Honorary Lieutenant and was posted to his own Battalion, the Fifth, as Medical Officer. He was deservedly popular with all ranks and there was much concern regarding him when he was reported "missing." The news of his capture and subsequent exchange was received with much rejoicing.

An account from his own pen written to one of his friends in the Fifth respecting his capture and experiences in Germany will be read with interest by all members of the 5th Battalion and friends in Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

"YOU ask me to give you an account of what happened after I was last seen and of my treatment by the Germans.

"I presume you know that when the ambulances were forced to turn back again on account of the big tree that was across the road at Fortuin (old Report Centre), I went back part way with them and made arrangements for the clearing of the tree, and Capt. — the officer in charge of the ambulances, promised he would return to the place at 9 o'clock in the evening.

"As I had promised the wounded at the Aid Post that I would return to them or send back for them, unless the Germans got between us in the meantime, I felt that I must make every effort to get back myself as I had failed to bring the ambulances to them. Moreover, I was much worried as to how they had fared in my absence. By this time it was broad daylight—about 6 o'clock in the morning (26th April). Accordingly, I had some difficulty in making my way along the road as it was exposed in a great many parts to German fire. By taking advantage of what cover I could get I finally reached a point about one third

of a mile beyond old Report Centre. Here, opposite a little shrine, which you may remember, I found a Territorial Regiment who had dug themselves in the night before. They were unable to tell me where the Germans were, but assured me there were two lines of British trenches between them and the enemy. After I had got my breath I started out again along the road, and after falling into a ditch and getting wet, I reached another Territorial trench just before you come to the last bend in the road to the west of the bombarded cross roads. These were a very green bunch of men just out, and they seemed to have no idea where the Germans were, but assured me that there was another line of our trenches between them and the enemy. This coincided with the information I had received at the previous trench.

"After a short rest I got out on the road and went around the bend. Here I came to an open stretch which you will likely remember, which afforded absolutely no cover in the way of hedges or ditches, from the German trenches on the crest of the ridge to the north-east. Here I lay down behind a big hummock of mud and scrutinized

## *Dr. Hart's Story*

the road ahead and the country on both sides with my field-glasses, but could see no sign of anyone. Accordingly after about five minutes I walked out along the road a distance of about 120 yards and had just reached the edge of the cross-roads, when two Germans stepped out from the bushes on the same road on which I was, and just on the other side of the cross-road. They immediately covered me with their rifles. I jumped behind one of the big trees which border the cross-roads, and, hearing them shout, I saw about half a company behind the first two, who had appeared from amongst the buildings which used to be Major Edgar's billet. The first two were running towards me, still keeping me covered, waving angrily to me to step out into the road. As I saw they would be all around me in a minute, and as I had no anxiety to be shot in the back, I stepped out and was promptly taken in charge. I explained to them by signs that I wanted to go on the Aid Post. They let me go into the buildings where Nos. 2 and 3 Companies had been billeted, and I saw some of our wounded as well as some Territorials and men who had been gassed. I again tried to persuade them to let me go on to the Aid Post, but they angrily refused. There were no officers present, but one or two of the men could speak a few words of English.

"Presently two of them fixed their bayonets and fell in, one behind and one in front of me, marching me off across the meadow toward the north-east. After going some little distance, they took me around behind a partly ruined house, and there halted me beside a blank wall. Here the man in

front turned off at right angles and paced slowly away for about ten yards, and I began to think I was going to have a practical demonstration of the stories we had heard of Germans shooting prisoners. However, the guard behind me spoke to someone who was rolled up in blankets inside the building—presumably an officer—and after some conversation the other guard stepped back and they marched me off again. They then took me across the hill in the direction of the German trenches at its crest. This was in full view of the British lines, and we were at once under rifle fire from our front trenches. However, we marched on until we got fairly close to the German trenches, when someone from our lines turned a machine-gun on them, with the result that I gave my two guards a hard race for the German trench, into which we all three fell in a heap, much to the surprise and amusement of its occupants. We formed up again and marched out of the rear of the trench and paralleled it for some distance till we got to a ruined house which was evidently the headquarters of the O.C. of that particular Company. Our course along the rear of their trench was marked by exploding shrapnel from the lone field-gun behind our lines.

In this house I was examined by a German marine medical officer who spoke English well, and who treated me with consideration, returning to me my money and most of my personal effects. I again asked him if he would take me or have me sent to my Aid Post, but he said this was impossible. As I saw that our wounded in that house where he was had been well treated (they volunteered this information to me) I

## *Dr. Hart's Story*

asked him if he himself would go and see that the wounded in the Aid Post were well cared for. This he promised to do, and we stepped to the rear of the house in order that I might point out to him the location of the Aid Post. As we did so, one of the shrapnel, which up to now had been falling short, exploded over beyond us, and screams drew our attention to the fact that it had knocked over a number of Germans on the crest of a support trench. The next one burst immediately over our own heads, bringing down the tiles from the roof, but doing no other damage.

"I was then marched back through their lines, and judging by the dead Highlanders and Germans, it must have been what had been formerly the 3rd Brigade. By road up the valley, I was taken to a village which I thought must be Passchendaele and there taken before the Colonel and by him sent on to the General-in-Command. He examined me and questioned me as to what I had been doing when captured, and then promised he would see that the wounded in our Aid Post were looked after, and finally when he found it was useless to try to get any information out of me regarding our lines he told me he would have to send me back to Germany. After spending a short time locked up in a room with 'Gott Strafe England' chalked on the inside of the door, I was marched to West Rosabeke, where I was put into a church and there found four English Tommies and a French Zouave. In the afternoon we were marched for two hours at the tail of a cart in which our guards rode to Roulers, and that evening I was placed in a room where I found four officers of the 8th Canadians and five of the 8th Durhams,

including another medical officer. In the same billet there were some eighty Canadian N.C.O.'s and men, and about the same number of Durhams, as well as about twenty-five French and Turcos. I could only find two of the 5th Battalion amongst the number, I think from Saskatoon. The name of one, I think, was Wood. The other I have forgotten.

"The next day we were marched to a station and loaded on a train. From the same station a very heavy train of German wounded was just leaving. We officers were placed in third class coaches, and ordered to sit at intervals so that between each one of us Algerian privates might be placed, and we were informed by a malignant old grey-bearded officer that he hoped we would 'appreciate the compliment of having a white gentlemans placed between a black gentlemans.' We had a rather tiring railway journey, passing through Ghent, Brussels, Louvain and Liege till we got to Cologne. We were then placed in another train and said goodbye to the Turcos. The trip up the Rhine was really not unpleasant and the scenery wonderful.

"We arrived at Mainz about eleven o'clock on Thursday the 29th. Here we found about forty British officers from a great variety of units, the majority of whom had been taken in the very early days of the war. There were besides some hundreds of Russians and a couple of hundred French with a few Belgian officers. They were very glad indeed to see us, as they were anxious to get some authentic information as to how things were going. They reported that they had been at first extremely badly treated, actually

## *Dr. Hari's Story*

abused and knocked about, although many of them had been severely wounded. They said also that since March things had improved. We found the food very hard to manage and I do not want to see either soup or sausage for some considerable time."

"After about twelve or fourteen days some twenty-seven 'Englanders' and a couple of hundred French officers were placed in a train and taken to Stralsund, on the Baltic, by way of Berlin. This was a long and not uninteresting journey, and we travelled in first-class coaches, but they seemed to have forgotten to make adequate provision for feeding us. However, we were not subjected to the insults which we had suffered on the way from the Front to Mainz. On that first journey it was the usual thing for some ferocious-looking German officer to come to the window of our carriage, storm at us in guttural German, shaking his fist in our faces, and show us in pantomime how he would like to cut our throats.

"On arriving at Stralsund we crossed by ferry to a couple of small islands between Stralsund and the Island of Rugen. Here although nineteen of us were placed in one room, we were fairly comfortable and found the wooded part of the island to which we were given access a great improvement on the wire bird-cage that had confined us at the Citadelle in Mainz. The food here, however, was provided by a contractor and was very poor indeed. In fact, the last three or four weeks I was there I only went in to three meals and could eat none of them. We began, however, to be getting packages of food from England, which helped greatly, and could buy eggs occasionally, and

butter in the canteens. We were each provided with one loaf of bread every five days, and it was impossible to buy more even had we wished to; the bread was extremely heavy, almost black in colour and very solid in consistency. It was not the same as the war bread the Germans had been using themselves, but was evidently something prepared especially for us. It resembled a mixture of bran and chalk, or some similar substance, which had gotten very dirty.

"On the 17th June we had a visit from a representative of the American Embassy at Berlin, who told Dr. Stenhouse and me that medical officers were to be exchanged towards the end of June.

"On the 24th we were warned to be ready to leave the next morning, at 6 o'clock. We did so, in charge of a German Lieutenant and an under-officer who could speak a little English. The return trip was not unpleasant, and was made by fairly easy stages. We came by way of Rostock to Hamburg where we stopped a couple of hours, and then went on to Bremen where we spent the night. The next day we went to Cologne, arriving in the afternoon, and the third day we went on to Brussels, where we met the other British Medical Officers who were being mobilized in preparation for the exchange.

"The following day, Monday, about 46 of us Medical Officers and three Chaplains, with about 240 R.A.M.C. ambulance personnel and some 50 permanently unfit combatants, were placed in the train and taken by way of Antwerp to Holland. On arrival at Flushing we were handed over to the Dutch Red Cross, and placed on board a steamer which left the next morning for England."

## NO BLUFF!

WHEN things were hot at Ypres, and it was known that spies were at work in the Canadian lines, men on sentry duty were warned to be especially careful to challenge everyone and satisfy themselves thoroughly as to who they were. A 5th Battalion man was on guard one night on the road outside Battalion headquarters, when a small party came along in charge of a corporal.

Now the sentry was a Canadian, and, like most Canadians, had not bothered his head much about military matters

before the present War. Consequently his knowledge of the historic names of historic British regiments was scanty. He challenged harshly: "Halt! who are you?"

"Buffs!" replied the corporal, and made to pass on.

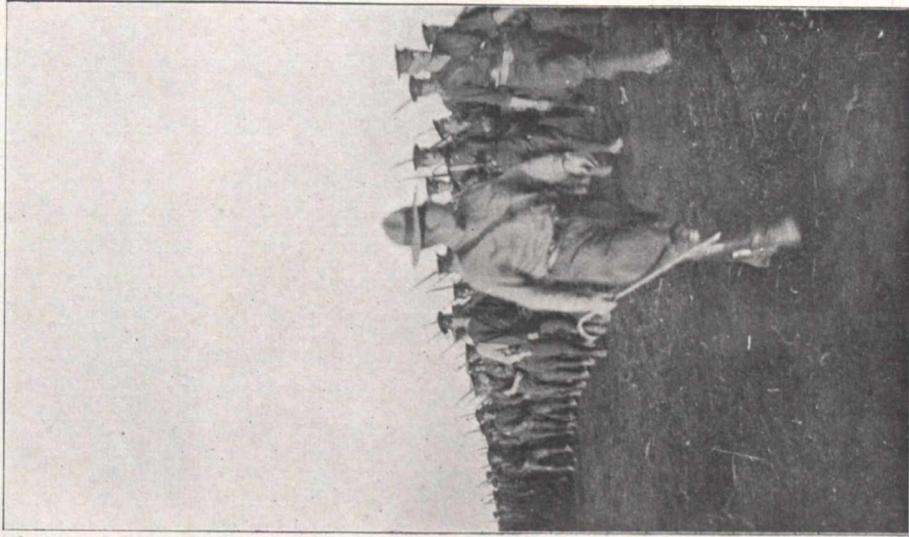
The Canadian stepped forward threateningly, with his bayonet about six inches from the corporal's chest.

"No bluff at all," he snapped, "who are you?"

Then the startled corporal explained.

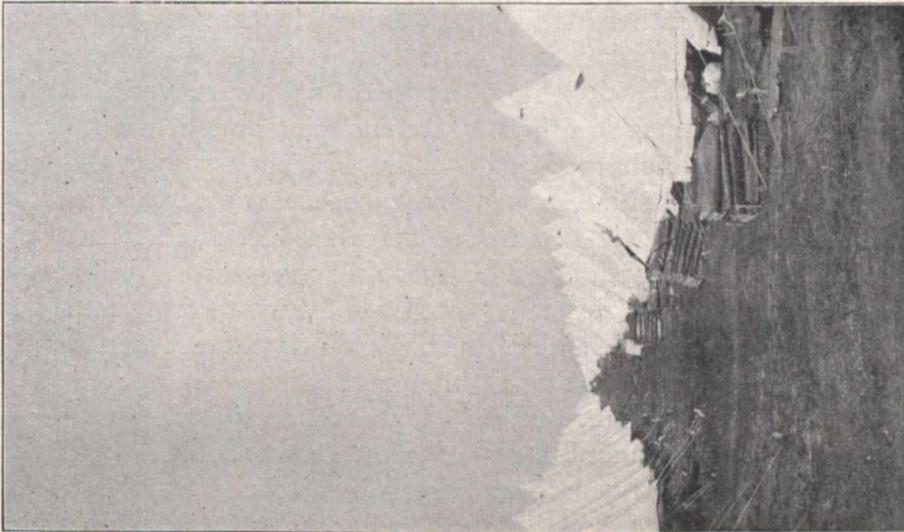
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*Early Days on the march at Valcartier.  
Major R. S. Edgar in the foreground.*

7 B B.



*Between the lines, 5th Battalion,  
September, 1914. Valcartier.*

## THE ATTACK ON K 5

THE STORY OF HOW THE 5TH CANADIAN BATTALION ON MAY 24TH, 1915,  
CAPTURED ONE OF THE DIFFICULT POSITIONS AT FESTUBERT.

THE official communiqué of May 25th, referring to the operations in the Festubert district contained the following sentence of five words: "K 5 has been captured." The official account of the event published later gave, in slightly more detail, the information that the 5th Canadian Battalion had, on the morning of May 24th, captured a fortified redoubt described as "K 5," which was part of the position known as Bexhill, and that this redoubt had successfully resisted three previous attacks. The men of the Fifth, it was said, had advanced under heavy rifle and machine gun fire, and though suffering severe losses, had held the position all day in the face of the enemy's bombardment, until relieved on the following night.

To the men who actually took part in the attack this seems a rather inadequate description of the events of that memorable day. It carries with it no picture of the long line of men, waiting in the dawn for the word to charge; of the roar and rattle of the machine guns and the hail of bullets spitting and cracking angrily about their ears during the dash across the open to the German trench; of the men who fell, wounded or killed, on every hand; of the water-filled ditches into which they leaped, rifle held high overhead, scrambling out to continue their seemingly endless journey toward the white sand-bags in front; of the rending explosion of the mines which the enemy fired when the position was reached; of the long day and night without food or water in the

captured trenches, surrounded by dead and dying comrades; or the return next day to the orchard, now so strangely silent, and the sudden blow of the realization that, of those who had been there only a few hours before full of life and vigor, some of the best and bravest had gone to return no more. That is a mind picture which the men of the Fifth who were in the charge will always carry with them, but which they can never probably adequately describe.

The district of Festubert was a network of trenches, constructed during the months of inactivity in that part of the line. Many of them were of concrete, and all were well built, and well supplied with means of communication. In addition, there were, at various vantage points, sandbag fortresses, bristling with machine guns, and mined in case of capture; and all the houses in the German lines were fortified, and were veritable nests of machine guns and bombing apparatus.

The British assumed the offensive, and proceeded to destroy these danger points with shell fire, as far as possible, and to tear great gaps in the trenches and protecting wire entanglements. Then infantry attacks were launched on the bombarded positions.

It was found that the ground was full of traps. It was cut in every direction by water-filled ditches, and in the bottom of many of these barbed wire had been cunningly concealed. Frequently, too, a redoubt or fortified house which was thought to have been silenced by artillery fire, sprung suddenly to life

## *The Attack on K 5*

when the infantry attack was launched, and a deadly fire was poured on the assailants. If they succeeded in reaching the position in spite of this, they were at once made the target of artillery fire of every calibre, from whizz-bangs to coal-boxes, and often found the trench taken at such cost of life, untenable for more than a few hours.

Bexhill was a piece of high ground heavily fortified. It had been made the object of severe attacks, and gradually the defences were broken down. On May 22nd the 10th Canadian Battalion, assisted by "A" Company of the Fifth, captured the position marked on the map as K 4, and having bombed the Germans out of the trenches surrounding that point, and erected barricades manned by machine guns, they consolidated the position.

But the heart of the position of Bexhill was a cement sandbag fort, very strongly constructed, and full of machine guns, known on the map as K 5. Thrice already it had been made the object of a direct attack by British troops, and each time the attack had failed with the loss of hundreds of men, the bodies of many of whom were still lying in the No-man's-land between the British and German trenches. After a further bombardment the 5th Battalion was awarded the task of making the fourth attempt on this difficult position.

For twenty-four hours the men had been lying in a quiet orchard on the other side of the village of Festubert, enjoying a well-earned rest after several days of shelling, and daily and nightly tasks of various kinds under heavy fire. They had dug trenches, acted as supports to battalions which were attacking, carried out wounded—who were in such

numbers as to make it impossible for the stretcher bearers to handle them all—and had even, in the case of "A" Company, assisted in an actual attack.

Few of the men knew, when they lay down to sleep under the trees on the night of May 23rd, that they were to be in the midst of an attack before morning. Yet, they had been expecting to be called upon for such duty, as it was their "turn," most of the other battalions having already been used in the continuous assaults which were then being made.

It was about eleven p.m. when they were suddenly aroused from sleep, lined up in platoons, and told of the task which they had to perform. As explained by the officers by means of rough sketches, shown to the men in the glare of pocket torchlights, the matter appeared to be comparatively simple. Here was the position which was to be taken. There was the trench from which the charge was to be made. Here were ditches between, but these would be bridged. The distance was about 200 yards, and by the time the German trenches were reached, the enemy would probably have retired—what was left of them after the bombardment. The latter was to last until 2.25 a.m. At 2.30 the charge would be made. A communication trench leading to the captured position would be repaired, and rations and ammunition carried up by parties provided for the purpose. A party of bombers would clear the communication trench leading away from the German position, and a working party would tear a gap in the wall of this trench, which gap would be commanded by a machine gun to prevent the Germans, in a counter-attack, coming within bombing distance

## *The Attack on K 5*

of the captured position. A relieving battalion would take over the position as soon as darkness fell, and the Fifth would be taken out for a rest.

These were the plans, carefully worked out, and explained in detail to the men. But as is so often the case, a series of unforeseen circumstances arose which made it impossible to carry out more than the main details of the attack as originally planned. The men of the 5th Battalion took and held the position despite this handicap.

Early in the evening the ground was thoroughly reconnoitred by Corpl. D. A. Smith, battalion scout, and two platoons of "C" Company, under Capt. Murdie, were sent out to lay bridges across the ditches. The other two platoons, and part of "D" Company re-inforced "A" and "B" Companies, who were to make the charge, bringing the platoons of the latter, most of which had not been reinforced since the fight at Ypres, up to strength. "A" Company particularly had suffered heavily, and had also lost considerably in the attack with the Tenth on May 22nd. Those of "D" Company who were not used in re-inforcing "A" and "B" were to be employed as ration parties, bomb carriers, and for other purposes connected with the attack.

Col. Tuxford at the time was very ill, and much to his own regret, was unable to take charge of operations. This duty was handed over to Maj. Edgar, O.C. of "B" Company, second in command of the Battalion, and to Maj. Tenaille, O.C. of "A" Company. Capt. Magee took Maj. Edgar's place in command of "B" Company.

Through the barricades and debris strewn streets of Festubert village, its gaunt and rugged walls making ghostly

patterns against the moonlight, up Willow Road, through the first reserve trenches where lay the 8th London Rifles (the Post Office Rifles as they are called), along a torn and ragged canvas barricade, and so to the trench from which the charge was to be made, the battalion marched. Then arose a series of mishaps which, for a time, threatened seriously to affect the chances of success of the attack. It was found that the telephone wires leading to the artillery had been destroyed by shells, and having no means of directing the fire, there was no bombardment. Then, owing to the bad condition of the trenches, progress to the point of attack was delayed. Arrived there, it was found that the bridging party had been subjected to such a heavy fire that it was impossible to place the bridges along the full length of the ditches to be crossed.

As a result of these delays, day was breaking when the word to charge was given, and the appearance of the first few men over the parapet was the signal for an immediate outburst of rapid fire from the German trenches. This quickly increased in volume as the men with a cheer dashed forward, so that by the time the platoons on the left of the line mounted the parapet (the attack was developed from the right, platoon after platoon going over in rapid succession from right to left down the line) they were met by a hail of bullets the moment they mounted above the protection of the sandbags. Many were shot at the first leap.

Meantime the men ahead had encountered the ditches, and immediately it was found that the bridges only served the platoons in the centre of the

## *The Attack on K 5*

line, not extending far enough either to right or left. They tried to leap across, and some succeeded. The others fell in, and found themselves immersed to their necks in water.

Gasping and strangling they struggled out on the other side, only, in many cases, to meet the bullets which were now cutting the grass along the edges of these ditches. Many men, not fatally wounded by the bullets which hit them, were drowned when they fell back into the water, or were saved only by being hurriedly dragged out by their companions, ere the latter raced on toward the German trench. In many cases where wounded on the bank crawled along the edges of the ditches, helping out those who were in the water.

Some of those who were hit were able to crawl back to the trench from which they had charged. But the field was strewn with wounded whose whereabouts were unknown, and for whom effective search could not be made until dark. Those who were located were carried in, or, if it was found that they could not be moved in safety, their wounds were dressed and their location noted, so that they could be carried in as soon as darkness fell. It was for his activity and organization in this work that Sergt. Mackie, of the stretcher bearers, was awarded the D.C.M. In spite of all that could be done, however, the majority of those who were hit on the way across lay in the field all day, from early morning until darkness, without attendance for their wounds, without food, without water, and without shelter from the blazing sun. And around them lay the bodies of dead men in the uniforms of British regiments, grim

reminders of the attacks which had failed.

When the men who were not hit on the way across reached the German position, they found the Germans hurriedly departing. Their fear of the bayonet was so strong that they would not face them, but many were shot down as they fled. They retired down a communication trench, and a machine gun was immediately mounted by the Fifth commanding the opening to this. In the trench which the Germans had vacated were found helmets, clothing, food and personal effects, testifying to the fact that they had not calculated on their assailants winning through the hail of lead which they were pouring from the redoubt and surrounding trenches.

But they had another trap for the Canadians. Cpl. E. H. Hester, of the bomb-throwers, who had done valiant work with his grenades in the trenches about the redoubt, and in the redoubt itself, had, in addition, searched for and found several wires leading to mines which would have been exploded with deadly effect had not their fangs been drawn. For this and his work with the bombs he received the D.C.M. But in that shell-torn maze it was impossible to find all the hidden wires, and a mine was exploded in the trench leading towards the redoubt, blowing up a machine gun which had been placed there, and killing or wounding its whole crew.

This was a machine gun which, a few minutes before, Major Tenaille had been operating personally, the man in charge of it having been shot down. Major Tenaille was himself wounded while directing the fire of the gun over the German communication trench (less than forty yards away) to keep down

## *The Attack on K 5*

the fire of the snipers while his men were consolidating their position. His wound, while serious, did not put him out of action ; but later in the day a shell, bursting directly over him as he made his way down the communication trench to consult with Major Edgar, killed him, and put an end to the career of a splendid soldier, and one of the most fearless and determined fighters in the Battalion.

It was not long afterward that Major Edgar, who had established temporary headquarters in the communication trench, was struck by fragments of a shell and severely wounded. Colonel Tuxford himself, ill though he was, then took charge, and with the assistance of Captain Crombie, Adjutant of the Fifth Battalion, conducted the operations during the remainder of that trying day.

In the captured German trench things were looking serious. Within a few hours every officer in the trench had been either killed or wounded, and of the latter, there was only one still capable of taking charge. This was Captain Anderson, of Moose Jaw. He had been blinded in one eye by a fragment of shell, and this wound had also affected the other eye, so that he could not see, and had to be led from place to place ; but he refused to leave the trench, and his courage was later recognised, when he received the D.S.O. for his services. Capt. Meikle had also been wounded, but refused to retire. Shortly after, however, while trying to obtain information regarding the German position, he received his death wound, being killed instantly.

Capt. Magee had, with a part of " B " Company, reached a position just to the left of the German redoubt, in a disused

ditch which, at the end nearest the redoubt, was about 30 or 40 yards from the German communication trench. It is believed that, knowing he had not reached the German trenches proper, and not knowing that the trench which the Battalion was supposed to occupy was immediately on his right, he went on over the ditch, and was shot close to the German communication trench. Capt. Innes-Hopkins and Lieut. Mundell, of " B " Company, both lost their lives also in this disused trench ; Capt. Hopkins being instantly killed while trying to reach Lieut. Mundell. The latter, having been fatally wounded, lay in the trench all day with only such attendance as his men could give him, and died in hospital two days later. While in the trench his whole anxiety during his periods of consciousness was whether or not the captured position was being held, and when told that it was, he seemed quite contented, and told the men near him not to bother about him, but to devote their attention to consolidating the position, so that it could not be retaken.

Early in the day the Germans began a very heavy bombardment of the captured position, the communication trench leading to it, and the trench behind, which was occupied by the Strathconas and Royal Canadian Dragoons. This bombardment was so heavy that it was found impossible to establish communication with the men in the captured trench, and for a considerable time they were entirely cut off from their main body, supports and reinforcements. It was not until Capt. Nash, of the Signallers Section, had, under heavy fire, established communication with the Artillery, that the British guns

## The Attack on K 5

were able to open up and force the enemy to moderate their shelling. The communication was established just in time, also, to enable the Artillery to break up a counter-attack which was forming up on the hill immediately behind the captured position. This was the only attempt the Germans made during the day to recover their lost trenches, contenting themselves otherwise by harassing the attackers with shell fire, machine gun and rifle fire.

Unfortunately, they were only too successful in this, and the casualties throughout the day were very numerous. So badly had "A" Company suffered that, from early in the afternoon until almost dark, a large portion of their trench was unoccupied, every man in it having been either killed or wounded. Reinforcements from the 7th Battalion, who tried to get through, were unable to proceed further than the communication trench, where they remained during the afternoon, suffering heavy casualties from shell fire. Finally, towards evening, they succeeded in reaching the redoubt, where they manned the vacated portion of trench till the relief came in and took over the whole position.

Owing to the heavy fire, as stated before, it had been found impossible to repair the broken down portions of the communication trench leading to K 5, though Capt. Bowie, with a party from "D." Company, made persistent attempts to do so. Consequently it was impossible to take rations or water to the men in front who, having travelled "light," that is without haversacks, had nothing to eat or drink. They were 36 hours without food or water. Capt. Bowie and his men worked all day under heavy fire, behind a screen of dead

German bodies and knapsacks, which they piled up as they progressed, but it was not till evening that a comparatively safe passageway was completed.

An incident which occurred early in the day illustrates once again the perfidy of the Huns. A party of Germans in the redoubt, finding themselves cut off, raised a white flag. Three men of the Fifth started forward to take them prisoners, and were immediately shot down. The Germans in the redoubt, about 20 in number, then attempted to make a dash for their own communication trench. Needless to say they were shot down as fast as they appeared—asoneman expressed it, "like so many rabbits!"—until the whole twenty were lying dead between the redoubt and the trench they had tried to reach.

The relief began to come in about 9 o'clock at night, the Strathcona's, R.C.D's, and King Edward Horse taking over the position. It was nearly 2 a.m., however, before the whole Battalion was relieved, and nearly every man, on his own initiative, acted as a stretcher-bearer, so that all the wounded were taken out with the Battalion—or what was left of it.

The losses had been heavy. Approximately 500 men had gone over the parapet. Of these, only a little over 200 returned. The remainder were killed, wounded or missing. The loss in officers was also very heavy. Of the fourteen who went forward, six were killed and seven wounded, either in the charge or during the day.

Thus was K 5 taken, and held, and the position of Bexhill made a part of the British line; facilitating the further advance which followed, and to which this was the key.

J.B.B. Corp. Wm Scaulon.  
J.B.C.

## THE LOST OBJECTIVE.

A CERTAIN officer of the Fifth was leading a party of men through the village of Festubert during the stirring days of the British offensive there. He halted at a corner as though uncertain which way to go. A staff officer rode up and, noticing his hesitation, drew rein.

"Where is your objective?" he demanded.

The Officer, very much flustered, began searching his pockets. Nothing resulting, he stammered out:

"I—I don't know, sir. I'm afraid I must have mislaid it!"

What the staff officer said is not recorded!

*23/10.*



*London Sketch Club. 56*

## WAR QUATRAINS

*Awake, my Thomas! 'Tis the hour of six,  
Don your equipment and your bayonet fix,  
In whiles we're due to cross the parapet  
Across the parapet—p'raps the Styx!*

*And some there were the swankiest and best dressed,  
As Life Guards of their horses dispossessed,  
Have dug their bloomin' trench the same as we,  
And one by one sneaked out of it to rest.*

*And we who occuby them in their room,  
And Prussians seek to strafe with cannon boom,  
Ah, we ourselves have built some booby-huts,  
Some bully booby-hutches—and for whom?*

*Here in this battered old estaminet,  
Where shrapnel-holes let in the light of day,  
Have terriers and guardsmen in their turn  
Mopped up their beer, and wended on their way.*

*There was a kultur which had got no C,  
There was a gospel of von Bernhardt;  
A little talk awhile of Me and Gott  
There was, and soon a cry of Gott help Me!*

*Into some bloomin' trench and why not knowing  
We come at night not knowing where we're going,  
And out of it again to get a bath,  
Just five days later when the cocks are crowing.*

*The "Blightey" that men set their heart upon  
Turns up, or p'raps it doesn't, and anon  
Some marchioness may smooth your fevered brow,  
Or you may stop a straight one and you're gone!*

*Ah, m'amoiselle, fill up a dozen beers;  
To day no past regrets, no future fears.  
To-morrow? Why, to-morrow we may be  
Back in the bloomin' trench at Armenteers!*

*Ah, make the most of what you've got to spend,  
And all your savings to McKenna lend,  
Cash into loans—and be content to live.  
Save cakes, save ale, and save your fav'rite blend.*

*Tommy, no question asks of ayes and noes,  
Tis "Up and Over" as the order goes;  
And he, who got us in this bloomin' scrap,  
He knows about it all. He knows. He knows.*

*They say Von Bissing and his Uhlans keep  
The field where Wellington drank glory deep;  
And Billiam, that mad War-Lord, and his Ass,  
Hoch o'er the graves but cannot mar their sleep!*

## War Quatrains

The great Eye-Witness writes, and having writ,  
Eyes on—now all your cleverness and wit,  
Nor all your pull with Northcliffe and "The Times"  
Can lure him on to tell the truth of it!

Here in a barn that on no map is shown,  
Some kilometres from the firing-zone,  
Where sound of shells and shrapnel is forgot;  
And Gott strafe Wilhelm and his Turkey-bone.

I sent my Turks to Egypt to rebel,  
And drive the British to the sea pell-mell,  
After a while my Turks came back to me,  
And said "Jee-rusalem they gave us H—l!"

Oh, thou, who dost with lime-juice and with rum,  
Do wonders to relieve our tedium,  
Thou wilt not with teetotalistic cranks,  
Entirely rob us of our modicum?

And thou, who brands of jam for us doth make,  
And apricots with turnips deftly fake;  
We don't want anything expensive—but  
Not ALL the damson, please, for pity's sake!

Oh fears of funk, and hopes of sitting tight,  
One thing to quote my country wrong or right;  
One thing is certain and the saying's trite,  
That bloke's a coward who's TOO PROUD TO FIGHT!

A tin of Ticklers between us four,  
A loaf of bread, and bully-beef galore;  
Beside us lying in the booby-hutch,  
What can a bloomin' sojer wish for more?

And nightly thro' the darkness there will come,  
A Quarter-Master-Sergeant "going some,"  
Bearing a jar upon his shoulder, and  
He bids us taste of it and 'tis the RUM!

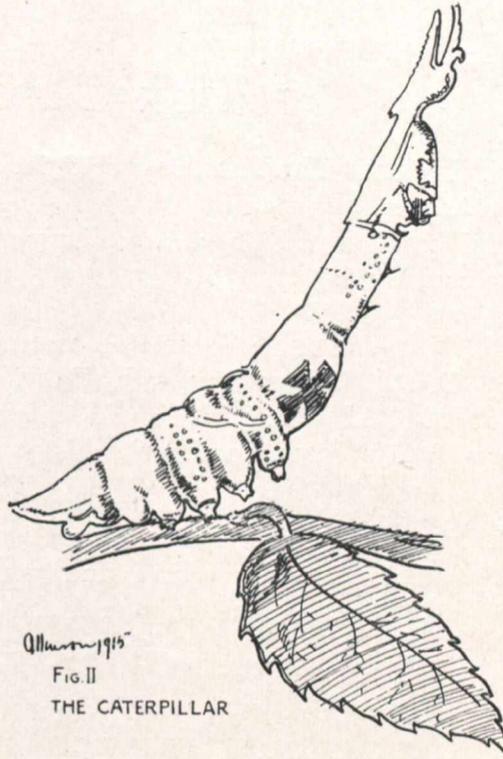
The rum, that will, if left quite undilute,  
The plans of old von Hindenburg confute;  
The subtle over-proof that in a trice  
Will strafe the Kaiser and his Turks to boot!

Serf. R.M. Bussie  
5th Corp

NATURE NOTES.



Fig I  
THE CHRYSALIS



Allinson 1915  
Fig II  
THE CATERPILLAR

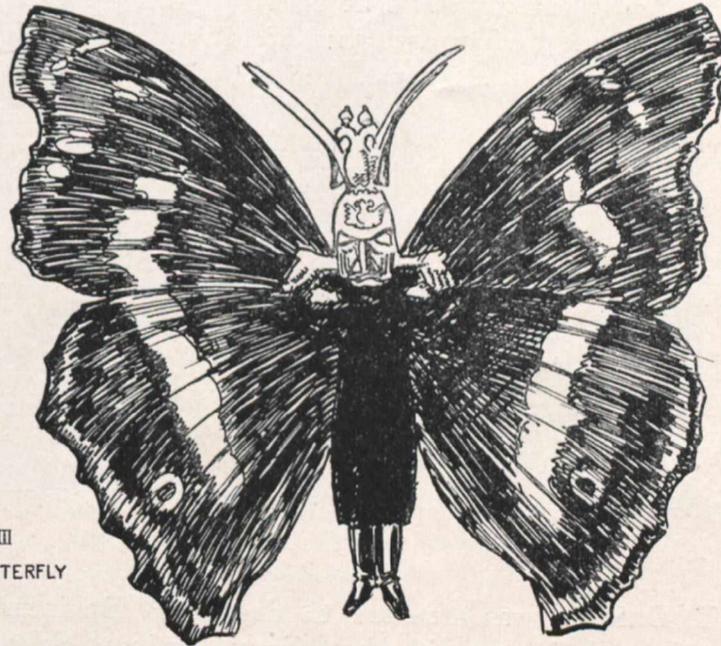


Fig. III  
THE BUTTERFLY

NATURE NOTES, BY A. P. ALLINSON.

*The above plates are illustrations of the life history of the Sanguinous Guiliamus, erroneously known as THE PURPLE EMPEROR. This rare insect, of which only one specimen is known, was discovered in 1914 hovering around Potsdam. The insect is remarkable for the cruelty and fierceness of its disposition, and has been known to attack lions, bears, cocks, etc. This characteristic is plainly exhibited in its external appearance. In the caterpillar stage the insect is distinguishable by a cross-like marking of a rusty iron colour. The insect's depraved taste for the juices of human flesh, in a somewhat advanced state of decay, is a fact well known to the professional collector.*

## PERSONAL NOTES.

Lieut.-Col. EDWARD HILLIAM, now commanding the 25th Canadian Battalion, was formerly Adjutant of the 5th Battalion. All ranks in his old battalion rejoice in the recognition of his ability and soldierly qualities. We expect great things from his new command.

♦ ♦

Lieut.-Col. N. S. EDGAR, now in command of the 68th Canadian, was formerly O. C. "B" Company, 5th Battalion. He was badly wounded in the attack on K-5, May 24th. His old comrades trust that he has fully recovered and wish him great success with his new bunch of Prairie men.

♦ ♦

Major H. M. DYER, Second in command, was seriously wounded April 25th. All ranks feared the loss of a kind and generous friend, but the life of the prairie is in his blood and he produced the real come back. He returned to duty with the Fifth on July 24th and was given a rousing reception.

♦ ♦

As an all-round athlete the boys of the Fifth would back their Colonel against all comers in the field. His prowess at both rugger and socker has been often displayed, and his recent performance in a cricket match of sixty-eight not out, and nine wickets was sure going some.

♦ ♦

Lieuts. SIMPSON and HUMPHRIES are now in the Royal Flying Corps.

♦ ♦

Major G. S. PRAGNALL, D.S.O., wounded at Ypres, is now second in command of the Officers' Training School at Shorncliffe.

♦ ♦

Capt. W. M. HART, former M. O. to the Fifth, who was taken prisoner at Ypres, and later exchanged, is now with 3rd Field Ambulance, 1st Canadian Division, in France.

♦ ♦

Capt. F. DAVY, former Paymaster of the Fifth, is now Field Cashier, 1st Canadian Division.

♦ ♦

Capt. W. T. DANIELS was attached to the Royal Engineers early in April, and was "gassed." He is now with the Officers' Training School, at Shorncliffe.

♦ ♦

Lieut. W. C. ELLIS, Quartermaster, "Fifth," has completed twenty-nine years' service in the British Army.

J. B. B.



*Lieutenant-Colonel George Stuart Tuxford,  
Officer Commanding Fifth Canadians.*

## A FIFTH BATTALION SOLDIER'S DIARY

*January, 1915.*

**I**N huts at Lark Hill, Salisbury Plain. Weather continuously rainy and cold. Floods in Amesbury and Salisbury, all approaches to camp under water, ground conditions around camp wretched. Two deaths from spinal meningitis. One from pneumonia. Camp quarantined, epidemic of throat trouble. All ranks being tested for "carriers."

Change in establishment, chiefly affecting strength of officers and detachment of Base details. Old equipment turned in and Webb equipment issued. British newspapers doped up with weird stories of famine in Germany and shortage of war munitions.

*February, 1915.*

No improvement in weather conditions.

His Majesty King George and Lord Kitchener reviewed the Canadian troops. Received draft from 11th Canadian Reserve Battalion. Sixteen men segregated as "carriers" of spinal meningitis.

Marched out and entrained in half-battalions night of the 9th, embarked same night. Sailed night of 10th. Anchored at ———, 3.30 a.m., 13th. Landed on St. Valentine's day. Sheepskins issued and gave men appearance of Robinson Crusoes. Went aboard box cars and spent two tedious days until detrainment at ———. Billeted in ———, dirty farm buildings. Weather cold and rainy. Marched out from starting point at noon, 21st. Arrived at nightfall, billets, near ———. Went into trenches with English troops 23rd to 27th. Moved back to billets for 28th. Four men wounded, one of whom died of wounds.

*March, 1915.*

Weather conditions much improved. Snowdrops and other early flowers herald the spring.

Moved from ——— and ——— 3rd. Billeted at ———. Moved into ——— on 5th, and went into trenches same night ——— in the line, relieved by ——— and ——— respectively night of 8th. "Standing to" all night, 9th. Weather rainy and cold and a little snow, remained "standing to" until night of 11th.

During the days lined up on roadside ready to move in accord with Neuve Chappelle operations. Went alternately into trenches, relieving the ——— when in reserve at Fleurbaix. Broken weather 19th to 23rd, several inches of snow.

Marched out 25th. Billeted in town. Enemy aircraft dropped bombs around, no damage. 29th. Troops assembled in Town Square to hear Bishop of London, who made a splendid address. General Alderson's appearance signal for outburst of real cheering. Weather conditions better at month end—wind more like the friendly "Chinook."

*April, 1915.*

Weather throughout month variable but gradually improving and ground conditions quite good towards month end. Plenty of work in shape of bayonet exercises, early morning running, jumping, trench digging. General physical condition of all ranks greatly improved. Hostile aircraft occasionally appears dropping bombs which are never dangerously near. Easter Day very wet. Facilities for church service not very good. Marched

## *A Fifth Battalion Soldier's Diary*

out in pelting rain 7 a.m. The 5th billeted in \_\_\_\_\_, quite the best place to date. Reviewed by Gen. Smith-Dorrien 11th inst. All ranks inoculated against typhoid once again. Reinforcements to make up sick and wounded wastage arrived.

Marched out 14th instant. Raining as usual. Travelled by motor 'bus and as the weather cleared, everyone enjoyed the journey up the picturesque red road with its splendid avenues of of stately trees into \_\_\_\_\_. Entered Belgian territory at 11.6 a.m. Left the 'buses and went into billets of the \_\_\_\_\_ Regiment, who used us very well. Marched out at 5.30 p.m. through Ypres and then the village of Wieltze. Relieved French troops (in trenches) in Brigade reserve. April 15th "Standing to" \_\_\_\_\_ Battalion trenches taken over by \_\_\_\_\_. Canadian position stretching from Gravelstafen on the right to Langemarck on left. 2nd Brigade on right. 3rd Brigade on left. 1st Brigade away back in Corps reserve. \_\_\_\_\_ relieved \_\_\_\_\_ who went into Brigade reserve night of 19th.

*April, 1915.*

Fifth Battalion on extreme right of Canadian position with Royal Fusiliers on the right of us. Two Companies, "A" and "B," in fire trenches, "C" in second line, "D" in reserve. Trenches not up to much and very insanitary. Everybody hard at it putting things in better shape. Enemy shelled our position and particularly an unused trench. On 22nd, hot night attack, delivered on the Surreys, which gradually worked around to Buffs and seemed likely to involve Royal Fusiliers on our right. It failed, and died out about 3 a.m., 23rd. Very lively doings

on the left, French troops driven in, causing 3rd Canadian Brigade to retire. \_\_\_\_\_ Battalion, with a Company of Canadian Highlanders, made magnificent charge in the wood at St. Julien, clearing the enemy out, but suffering terribly. \_\_\_\_\_ Battalion moved up to keep back enemy's attack at junction of 2nd and 3rd Brigades. Everyone complaining of sore eyes. The 23rd and 24th, very trying days. Enemy shelling our position and our guns silent. Our reserve Company sent over to help 8th Battalion, and, later on, "C" Company sent over. No rations for two days. British troops moving up on the left. 8th Battalion badly shot to pieces, and relieved, excepting one Company, at dawn, 25th, by 8th Durham L.I. Remnants of "C" and "D" Companies came back to us. Parties of enemy broke through on the left, night of 24th, and with machine guns gave it to us from the rear, all day 25th. Brigadier-General Currie moved up to our headquarters and directed affairs at close range all day.

*April, 1915.*

Orders to retire came at 5 p.m. and nobody wanted to move. 8th Durhams couldn't hold on and our trenches were subjected to fire from three sides. All 'phones down. Major Dyer and Capt. Hilliam shot down taking orders forward. Enemy's shell dropped in ammunition reserve, setting it afire. B Company and details retired to Rennebeck at dusk, then to St. Jean upon being relieved. A Company remained on crest of hill all night protecting flank of Fusiliers. Retired at dawn and met Battalion who were retiring to position near Fortuin with all that was left of our Brigade. Dug in and remained

## *A Fifth Battalion Soldier's Diary*

until night of 27th. Marched out at dusk and by a circuitous route came once again to Ypres, now absolutely deserted. Marched through single file and arrived at alleged rest camp. Enemy shelled us early in the morning when we took to field and dug in. Moved out again 29th and took up position in dug-outs. Yser Canal—enemy shelling position continually and the water rising in canal swamped many of dug-outs.

*May, 1915.*

Still in dug-outs on Yser Canal, enemy shelling all the time and casualties heavy. Marched out night of 5th after twenty-one days without boots off or a decent wash. Heartbreaking march to Culterstier, arrived 10 a.m. 6th. Reinforcements arrived, 5 officers, 84 other ranks from 32nd Battalion.

Remained in billets at this spot almost out of sound of firing, though under orders to move at an hour's notice, until 14th. Weather warm and surroundings pleasant. Marched out 8 p.m. and arrived at Robecq 1 a.m., 15th. Pleasant little town and billets comfortable. Four N.C.O.'s appointed to rank of temporary Lieutenant. Marched out 7 a.m. 17th; arrived in wretched billets at Locon 11 a.m. Left Locon for Essars 18th. Marched out at 5 p.m. for Festubert area. 2nd Brigade relieved English troops, — in front, — in Brigade and Divisional reserve. Enemy shelling our position very fiercely. All Companies out with front line Battalions during night of 21st and again on 22nd. A Company and bombers assisted 10th Battalion in attack on K-4 and had heavy casualties. Orders to march out night of 22nd. Bivouacked in an orchard. Rested all

day 23rd. Marched out midnight and attacked enemy. At 2.30 a.m. 24th captured position on first rush, securing the trench and redoubt known as K-5. Very trying day. Enemy shelled constantly until about noon, when our artillery wakened up and silenced them. Relieved by Engineers and Strathconas 3 a.m. 25th. Losses heavy—fourteen officers and more than half the attacking force. Moved out of orchard on 26th, a very small party. One Company only mustered 28. Arrived at Essars night of 26th.

*June, 1915.*

Marched out of — June 1st, took over Gwenchy trenches from 17th Londons. 10th Battalion attached to ours under Lt.-Col. Tuxford. Capt. Hilliam returned to duty June 3rd. Moved out of trenches June 6th, The 3rd Canadian Brigade relieving the Second. Arrive at billets Oblinghen-Verdin early June 7th. Reorganisation begins. Muster parades and respirator drills, bombing lectures. Machine gun courses for all ranks. June 10th, first leave for officers, Col. Tuxford and Capt. Page get six days. Inspection by General Alderson. June 12th, Saturday afternoon holiday—everybody into Bethune—Ye Gods! June 13th, Ross rifles turned in, Lee Enfields issued. June 14th, Thirteen officer reinforcements arrive. June 15th, twenty-six convalescents returned to duty. "Standing to Arms." Marched out June 17th, took over Givenchy trenches from 1st Canadian Brigade. Heavy bombardment "standing to" all night. June 18th, trenches taken over by Seeley's and we go to dugouts at Bouvry. June 19th, marched out and took over from Warwicks and

## *A Fifth Battalion Soldier's Diary*

Borderers at Windy Corner on the left of our position of June 17th. A very warm spot this and plenty of enemy HE. June 22nd, marched out to Le Quesnoy, but full strength out on working parties during the night, 23rd. Marched out June 24th, 11 p.m., arrived 3 a.m.

June 25th, at Neuf Berguin, raining all the way. Marched out 8 p.m., reached Steentje, 11 p.m. Still raining June 26th. Wretched little village. Marched out 5.30 p.m. Met guides 8.30 p.m. and took over trenches from Gloucesters, Hill 63, June 28th.—Twenty - three men recovered from wounds reported back to duty. Relieved by Seeley's, 1.30 a.m., June 30th. New Billets, English Farm, Neuve Eglise road. New M.O., Capt. Wm. Brown, of Moose Jaw, reports for duty. Twenty-eight more convalescents report back for duty. Everybody out on working and carrying parties. Trenches in this sector the worst yet. Everybody very dirty and no chance of being otherwise.

*July, 1915.*

Working parties all the time, five days turn in trenches, five days and nights drill and working parties throughout the month. First N.C.O.'s to go on leave July 2nd. Capt. Bowie killed July 7th. Sick parades growing larger and the want of sleep beginning to tell in all ranks. Two hundred and fifty reinforcements, "rookies," joined July 22nd.

Major H. M. Dyer rejoins July 27th, having fully recovered from his wounds. Five subalterns join in reinforcements July 31st.

*August, 1915.*

Battalion moved out of trenches Aug. 1st. Moved to rest camp Aug.

2nd. Bathing parades Aug. 3rd, just fifty days since the 2nd Brigade had their last one. Aug. 3rd, 4th and 5th spent in recreation—baseball, cricket, football, boxing and other sports; concerts each evening. Aug. 6th back to the trenches again, relieved the 8th battalion, gave them a chance to rejuvenate. Aug. 7th, two-hundred reinforcements, "rookies." A rather unimportant month. Working parties and trenches by turn. Weather on the whole good.

*September, 1915.*

Weather broken early in month, and nights growing cooler. The routine changed, so that each Battalion in the Brigade gets five days rest in twenty. Creation of Canadian Corps. General Alderson becomes Corps Commander; Brig.-Gen. Currie, of 2nd Brigade, becomes Major-General, 1st Canadian Division; Lt.-Col. Lipsett, 8th Battalion, becomes Brig.-Gen., 2nd Inf. Brigade. The 2nd Canadian Division camped near us. Saskatchewan Regiment, 28th Battalion, in the vicinity. Sept. 22nd-23rd heavy bombardment away to the south, continuous. Sept. 25th ——— and ——— Battalions in fire trenches made feint attack. Threw over burning straw. Germans pannicky, and fearing gas, got waist high on their parapets, and we gave it to them with machine gun and rifle. Later on we made a big noise with tin cans, and then the Bugler-major blew the charge, the enemy crowded his front trenches and watched and waited as we turned in and slept.

Away south the Imperial chaps were doing the real thing. September 28th.—Our chaps spotted a German Staff Officer and party, laid for and got him, then as help arrived, battery sent in a

## *A Fifth Battalion Soldier's Diary*

well-directed shot. The five-day rest period is not panning out, working parties still being suppressed.

More activity along the whole front. Our scout sdoing much reconnoitring. Lieutenant Bellamy and party went up to German lines, threw in bombs, then signalled to artillery. Enemy in alarm swarmed his front line, and artillery "strafed" 'em good and plenty. No one hurt on our side—their machine gun jammed.

October, 1915.

Much Artillery activity all around and a general expectancy of forward movement. Working parties and fire trench duty alternately each five days. Started a dry canteen for the Battalion. Organized a band. Leave parties increased in size very considerably.

Small batches of reinforcements coming to us weekly to make good the wastage.

Lieut. Anderson and Scout Wythe met a German patrol of five, put two of them out of action and the remainder cleared. Brought in rifles, bombs and equipment which the Boches left in their haste. 49th and 42nd Battalions arrived about middle of month. Our boys tickled at the idea of teaching them a few stunts. Major Hilliam appointed to command of 25th Canadian Battalion, rank of Lieut. - Colonel. Major Edgar, wounded at Festubert, recovered and appointed to command of 68th Canadian Battalion.

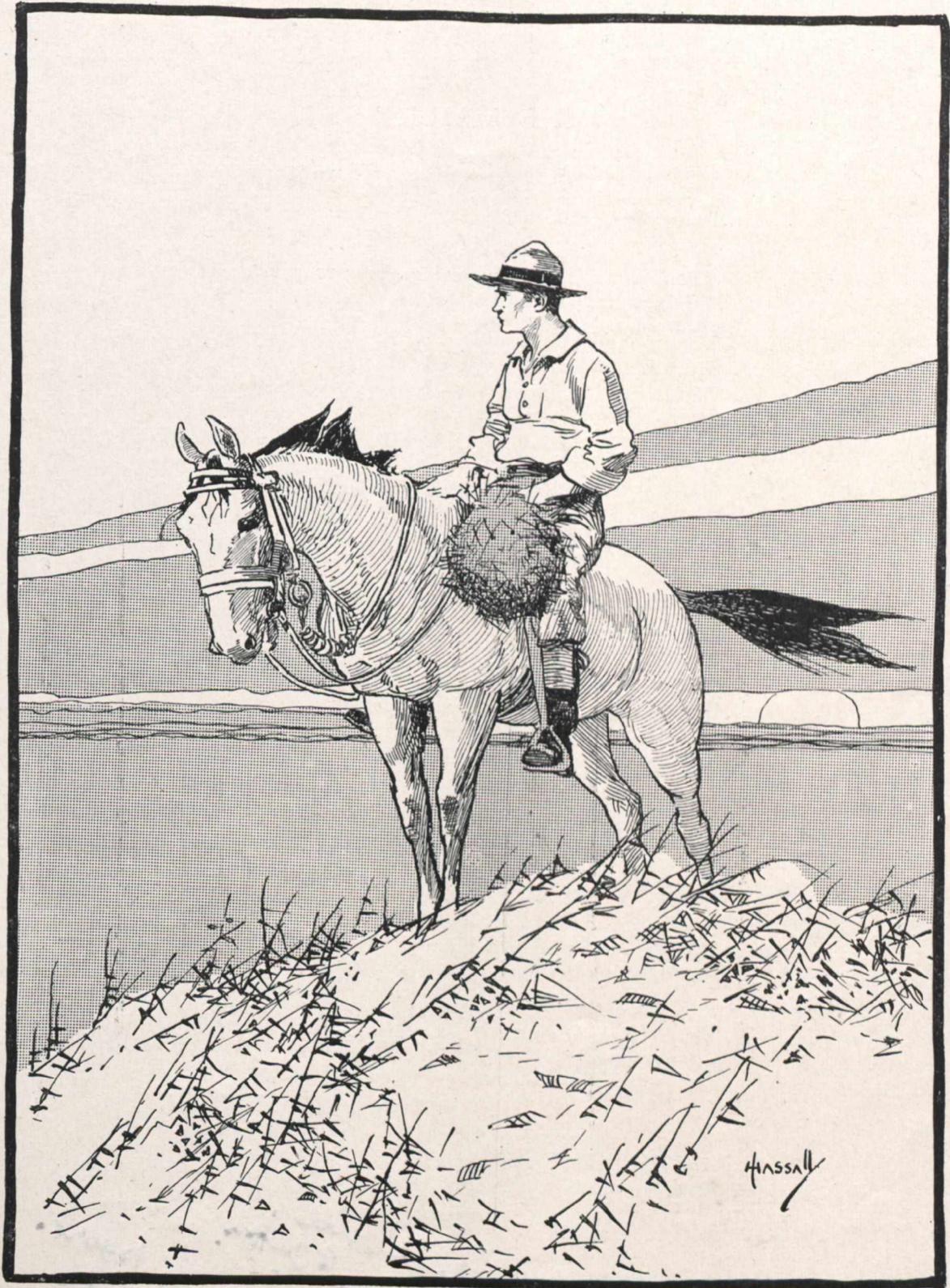
Weather conditions grew worse as month progressed, last ten days continuous rain and cold winds, ground conditions bad and trenches and dug-outs very wet and unpleasant.

*J.P.S.*

### THE FLARE

*From out the blackness of the night a light  
Leaps like a flaming sword across the sky,  
Rending the friendly mantle of the dark.  
—Then is that strange, forbidden land which lies  
'Twixt foe and foe, revealed to naked gaze,  
And all the secret life within the ring  
Of radiance, turns suddenly to stone.  
The startled scout drops down, and silent lies;  
The busy delvers, shovels poised in air  
Halt as though stricken by a magic wand,  
And prostrate fall. The sentry stands  
Transfix'd, with staring eyes, and gazes on  
The illumined scene as though hypnotic power  
Was holding him in thrall, And then the flame  
Dies slow away, and falls, and inky night  
Her all-concealing cloak throws o'er the scene,  
And all the hidden life of that strange land  
Which lies 'twixt foe and foe again awakes,  
And stirs to movement, freed as from a spell.*

*Capt. Wm. Scambon  
5th Coy. 49th  
Just this good?  
G.S.P.*



Canada Looks East—by J. Hassall

John Hassall.

"THE MAJOR"

Who is it that gets our "goats" every night  
With a sharp little cough,  
And a big torch-light?

The Major.

Who is it that sees when you're drying your feet.  
With your boots hidden under  
A waterproof sheet?

The Major.

Who is it that sees, and jumps down your throat,  
When you've slipped your equipment off  
Under your coat?

The Major.

Who is it that finds, no matter how hidden,  
The scraps in the places  
Where scraps are forbidden?

The Major.

Who is it that spots 'em (how, he never tells,  
In the darkest of corners  
Those old empty shells?

The Major.

Who is it that sees when your bayonet's not clean  
—Then says that his eyesight  
Is not very keen?—

The Major.

Who is it that "Fritz" never can seem to snipe,  
When he stands on the parapet  
Lighting his pipe?

The Major.

Who is it that chuckles when, after correction,  
The officers mention  
Machine Gun Section?

The Major.

Who is it that knows, try as hard as they can,  
The boys must keep busy  
To fool "The Old Man"?

The Major.

Who is it that takes the overland route,  
And shows that the Germans  
Don't know how to shoot?

The Major.

S. A. P. Cockerill.  
M.G. Co. 5th Cdn. Inf.  
68  
Re Major Hugh Ayer.  
207/C. 5th Cdn. Inf.

## A TYPICAL LETTER FROM THE FRONT

WITH PORTIONS DELETED BY CENSOR

DEAR JIM,

Your letter came duly to hand, thanks very much. The papers arrived in bunches, so that we often sit down and read anywhere from six to twelve consecutive issues. The news is generally "news" to us, because you chronicle the events and doings which are seldom mentioned in private correspondence. There are very few Regius and Moose-Jaw boys left now, as the recent reinforcements are mostly from the northern cities, and the wastage goes on with painful monotony. Every little while a small batch of reinforcements come up, and the old boys having recovered from wounds and physical ailments of various kinds are once again received into the fold.

During the past three months we have occupied practically the same position. We have occasionally taken over trenches on the right, then gone over to the left; but the front is most familiar, and we have learned to know the little by-paths leading in and out, and have become thoroughly acquainted with the sinuosities of the line, and can tell very accurately from what particular part of the enemy's line his machine guns are chattering.

The life has a tendency to grow monotonous, notwithstanding the occasional moments of excitement which, by-the-way, come quite unheralded. One thing is certain, however, the 2nd Brigade is always on the look-out for a new venture, and the 5th Battalion can

invariably be relied on to put on at least one star turn during each front line performance. An account of one or two of these might prove of interest.

A few weeks ago we had moved over to a new bit of front, and in taking a survey of the intervening space between ourselves and the Huns, the reconnoitering party came across what appeared to be a sap running from the enemy's wire to a point about a hundred and fifty yards from ours. The following day a very enterprising officer, Lieut. Bellamy, went out, and in Indian fashion wormed his way to the "sap." Fortunately, there was good cover in the shape of long grass and a volunteer crop of rye; and taking every advantage of this, the intrepid scout made a thorough investigation, the result of which put the "sap" theory down and out, and demonstrated the fact that it was an old trench utilized by one side or the other in the swaying series of battles which raged over this territory a year ago. Having successfully gone through the trench to its terminus—a few yards from the German wire entanglements and approximately forty yards from his parapet, and returned in broad daylight, it looked to this Officer that some advantage could be taken of his find to prevent "Hans" from sleeping at his post.

The next night, therefore, he, with Scout Wythe, who had previously accompanied him, and three others,

## *A Typical Letter from the Front*

stole quietly out loaded with bombs and successfully reached the enemy's wire, when they promptly hurled their explosives into the midst of Hans and Fritz. At once there was a great hubbub, and very fortunately a machine gun, which was turned on our party, jammed about the third shot. By a pre-arranged signal the artillery were notified, and our gunners began to put the real stuff amongst the Germans, who had hurried to the front thinking an attack imminent. Our fellows got safely back without any mishap. Scout Wythe, however, had lost his revolver near the German wire, but he recovered it next day by a clever bit of stalking, when he made great use of a huge thistle to cover his head as he worked his way forward.

This piece of old trench has been the scene of several little affairs, and only yesterday we scored again. One of our sentries reported that he saw movement at the German end, so Lieut. Anderson and the same scout, Wythe, went out hunting. No redskin ever went along more noiselessly than these two until they came within sight of their quarry. Five Germans were sitting down with two huge bombs before them and their rifles leaning against the trench wall. Our fellows opened fire and the enemies at once made tracks, two of them having much difficulty in getting away. Later on they cautiously advanced and brought back with them the rifles, bombs and equipment which the Germans had abandoned in their hasty flight.

This sort of thing goes on constantly, and as the enemy never knows what new

devilry our chaps may be up to, their listening posts must put in a nervous time.

The days are drawing in and the nights offer more opportunity for work than the all too short summer nights. It is, however, growing very cool, and wet weather brings no little discomfort. When you have crawled into your dug-out the noises of the night become very confusing and it is often rather hard to tell whose guns are barking, but if troops are moving you can invariably tell whether they are Canucks or English; also whether they are going in for a turn or coming out. The singing is what tells the story. You may hear something like this—

I'm going to a better land  
Where everything is bright,  
Where handouts grow on bushes  
You sleep out every night.  
You never have to work at all,  
Not even change your socks,  
And little streams of Cogniac  
Come trickling down the rocks.

You make a mental note Canadians  
"coming out." Then you hear—  
Kitchener loves me, yes I know  
Very much obliged to Kitchener.

or

Keep your head down, Allemande.

*To the Tune of "Hold your hand out, naughty boy."*  
and as you mutter to yourself Canadians  
"going in" you pull your blanket a  
little closer and congratulate yourself  
on a night or two more in reserve before  
returning to your little wet home in the  
trench.

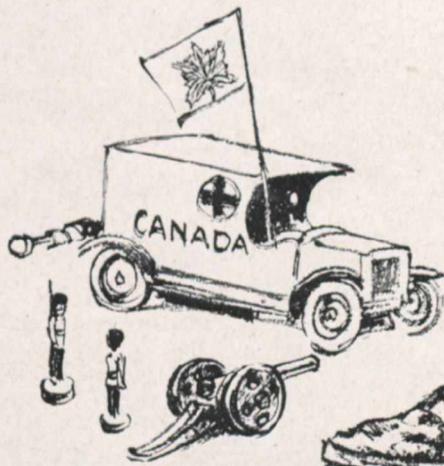
The 2nd Division are out and are  
bound to make good when their chance  
arrives. Kindest to all.

Yours, etc.,

*J.B.S.*



"GOOD-BYE, SONNY!  
I'LL COME BACK SURE."



*Best Thomas*

*London Sketch Club.*



## CALLING THE CORPORAL

**T**HE Brigadier-General of the 2nd Canadian Brigade (Western Canada) was making his way past one of the transport lines and requested the picket to call his corporal. The picket put his hand to his mouth and yelled, "Smithy!" The General said: "I asked you to call the corporal."

"Yes, sir," answered the picket, and, putting his hand to his mouth, the soldier, with all the force of his lungs, shouted: "Smithy, you North American Chinaman, you're wanted!"

Smithy came, and needless to say, he does not now allow the privates to indulge in such familiarity.

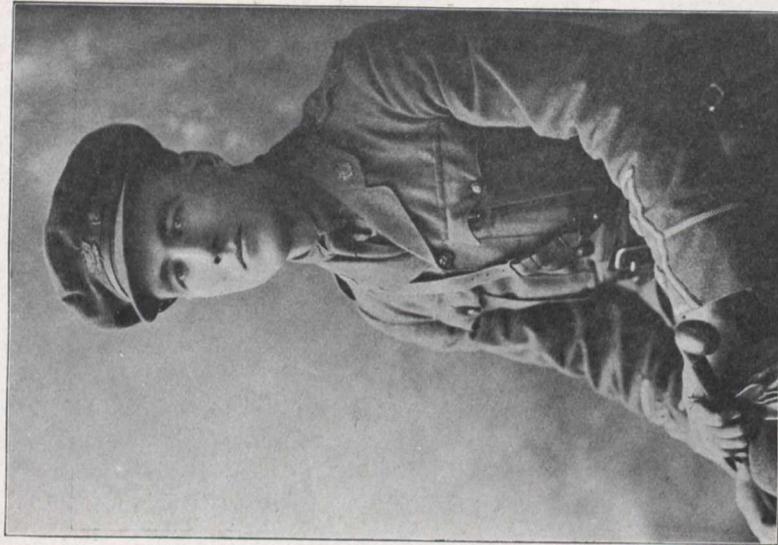
*Capt. Wm. Scoulon.*



*Captain P. O. Tudor,  
Adjutant, 5th Canadians.*



*Captain R. Murdie,  
O.C. "C" Company.*



Lieut. J. G. Anderson,  
(Awarded Military Cross.)



Capt. George Bellamy,  
"C" Company.

## LEAVES FROM AN OFFICER'S NOTEBOOK

CASUAL JOTTINGS FROM THE DIARY OF AN OFFICER OF THE FIFTH CANADIAN BATTALION

A collection of stories from the note-books of officers and men who came to France with the First Canadian Contingent, and who have experienced the vicissitudes of active service during the long ensuing months, would make interesting reading. The following are a few notes from the diary of an Officer of the Fifth Canadian Battalion.

### THE FRENCH FOR "SHEEPSKIN"

**T**HE language "he says," presented great difficulties to many of us when we first came over. I remember when the French pilot came on board the boat at St. Nazaire, everyone was trying to brush up their French on him, much to his pain and bewilderment. His English was also, to say the least of it, sketchy. He was trying to tell one of us that the men would be issued with sheepskin coats as soon as they landed. He tried it in French, but was only met by a blank stare. Then he had a brain wave. He looked the fellow straight in the eye, and said very slowly and very distinctly: 'Les soldats auraient les habits Ba-a-a-a!'"

### THE DEADLY MACHINE GUN.

**W**HILE in the trenches at Fleurbaix in the early days, one of the men was standing one night near a machine gun in action. The trenches were beautifully muddy. One of the empty cartridge cases was ejected and hit him in the face. He threw his hands up in the air and sank back gracefully into about three feet of mud, calling 'Stretcher bearers on the double!' The mud soaking through revived him sufficiently to discover that he was not hit, and he

crept away to a quiet spot to give vent to his feelings about machine guns."

### THE PERILS OF RECONNAISSANCE.

**T**HE perils of reconnaissance are not all from snipers' bullets. There are the dangers of drowning, and also of catching your death of cold. I remember a certain subaltern wandering out in 'No Man's Land' one dark, wet night, when the 'Bosches' sent up a flare. He saw what looked like a likely hole for cover, and took a flying leap. The hole turned out to be a disused trench, about six feet and a half deep. The bottom three feet were a mass of mud of pea-soup consistency. It took the better part of a section to extract him."

"In front of our lines there was a big cabbage patch. Crawling about in this on a dark and stormy night was a great education in the art of acquiring imagination. You would catch sight of a cabbage up against the sky-line, and would swear by all that was holy that it was an enormous Bosche wearing a helmet. These cabbages were entirely responsible, I am sure, for the frequent reports from the patrols of seeing Bosches while out at nights. One night two subalterns determined to go out and make a haul of the German

## *Leaves from an Officer's Notebook*

patrols. As soon as it was dark enough they proceeded with about eight men each, and took up a strategical position on each side of the cabbage patch. It was very dark and very cold, and to add to the discomfort it began to rain. After about an hour of it one of the 'subs' decided to crawl along and see that his men were on to their jobs, but returning to his own place he got out of touch with his party. One of his party was named Ritson, so he started calling in an undertone: 'Hist! Where are you Rits?' The other 'sub' lying there, suddenly saw a form creeping along, and thought he heard someone calling 'Fritz.' His heart gave a great leap. At last they had come! Silently signalling to the men near him he crept forward like a Red Indian, and gathering himself together, hurled himself on to the creeping form. The work was swift and silent, and in a few minutes the captive was lying face down in the mud with a fourteen stoner sitting on his head to prevent him calling for help. The party then decided to return to the trench with their prize, and went over to let the other party know of their success. The other party reported, however, that their 'sub' was missing, so it was decided to take the prisoner back and leave a party out to search for the missing one. As the prisoner was raised to his feet, he exclaimed in a voice choked with mud and emotion: 'You piffler's! I'm not a Bosche, I'm S——!'"

### THE WILY HUN.

"DURING one stage of the dust-up at Ypres, it was my lot to be in the remains of some farm buildings and to see a fairly strong party of

Germans working in behind me. I had plenty of opportunity of seeing the wily-ness of the Hun. I picked up, through the telescope, a German machine gun crew with their gun set down among some trees. My attention was distracted for a while and when I looked back again the gun was still set there, but the crew were lying stretched out on the ground all around it, for all the world as though they were dead. Again my attention was taken away, and on looking back I saw what I took to be a scene out of a pastoral play. There was a Hun dancing with a woman, and the rest were standing around looking on. I had been without sleep for some time, and I came to the conclusion that my head had gone. I turned to a sergeant near me and said: 'Sergeant, I'm afraid I've gone mad.'

"What makes you think so, sir?" he asked.

"So I told him what I had seen. He looked at me pityingly, and said: 'I'm afraid you must have, sir!'

"Anyhow, he took the telescope for a look himself. I noticed a puzzled expression come over his face, and finally he turned to me and said: 'Well, if you are mad, so am I sir. I can see just the same.'

"The Germans were in every kind of disguise, kilts, various French uniforms, our own khaki, and this one dressed as a woman."

### MILKINGTIME IN THE SHELL ZONE.

"IN the latter stages of the Ypres show, when we were dug in on the canal bank, there was a nice field near by containing a herd of cows.

## *Leaves from an Officer's Notebook*

There was keen rivalry between our own men and some French troops as to who would milk the cows each morning. The first on the scene would get the milk. It was a very common occurrence to see the men out milking the cows, when the Bosches would plump a few shells in the field. Up would go the cows' tails, over would go the milk and the milkers, and the cows would stream one way and the men the other, back to their dug-outs."

### WANTED—AN ARMoured ARK.

"THE men are all very apt at repartee. Here are a couple of good yarns I have overheard. Two of the men we sitting in a trench one morning, cleaning their rifles. 'Have you seen about Lloyd George and the munitions?' asked one. "'No,' said the other. 'What was that?'"

"'He says, he's going to make enough shells to rain them on to the Germans for forty days and forty nights.'"

"The other went on cleaning his rifle. Presently he looked up, and said: 'Say Bob, they'll need more than a bloomin' ark to get out of that, won't they?'"

"The other occurred one day when we were out on a march. On account of our being called the 5th Western Cavalry, we are subject to many witticisms as to the whereabouts of our horses. On this occasion we were passing a battalion of the Sherwood Foresters. One of them called over: 'Allo! mates, w'ere's yer bloomin' 'orses?'"

"Quick as a flash one of our men came back: 'All right, old Robin Hood, where's your bloomin' bows an' arrows!'"

### "IRELAND FOR EVER!"

THE following goes to show the absolute indifference of some men under fire. It was in the charge at Festubert, two Irishmen were racing across toward the German position when the one ahead was hit. The one following stopped. 'Are you badly hit?' he asked.

"'Yes, I've got mine, I'm afraid' his friend answered. They shook hands, then, 'get along, old fellow,' said the wounded man. 'Ireland for ever!'—and died."

### THE MISSING CHOPS.

IN the smaller French villages, restaurants are unknown. If you want a meal, you go to the butcher, select your chop or steaks, and take them to the nearest estaminet, where the good woman cooks them for you for a consideration, and also supplies coffee and pommes de terre frites. On one occasion a friend and myself found ourselves in a village of this description at meal time. We selected some very luscious pork chops and bore them in triumph to an estaminet. While waiting for them to cook we regaled ourselves with a bottle of 'vin rouge.' We finished this, but no chops were forthcoming. After waiting about an hour we made a searching enquiry, only to find that the good lady had handed them out to someone else who had fraudulently laid claim to them."

*Leaves from an Officer's Notebook*

THE VICIOUS HUNS.

“WHEN we moved down to Festubert the Huns were very vicious. The Officers of the Company were quartered in a farm which was a fortified position just behind the firing line. One day the Bosches put a shell into our home just as we were going to have dinner, and we decided to postpone our meal and find safer quarters. We got rather fed up with waiting for our meal, and decided to go ahead with some bully beef and hard tack. One of us decided

to go over and see if there was anything left of our previous meal in an eatable condition. He rushed into the house, looked hurriedly over the table and—oh joy,—saw that the butter, having been covered with some newspaper, was alright. He grabbed the plate and rushed out again. Just as he arrived in the trench, a ‘coal box’ exploded on the other side of the parapet, smothering butter inches deep in earth. I rather think that was the beginning of our present intense hatred of the Hun!”

*Major H. J. Page  
Staff Officer*

*Soldier in the front line, on seeing for the first time a Staff Officer in the trenches, to his pal in a dugout: “Come on, Bill, the war's over.”*

*J. J. J.*

*First Officer in mufti, on leave, to Second Officer, also in mufti and on leave: “Are you a Lieutenant in the 1st Canadian Division, or a Lieut.-Colonel in the Second?”*



*Captain W. C. D. Crombie, O.C. "A" Company,  
5th Canadian Battalion*



*Regimental Surg.-Major A. G. Mackie, W.O.*

## *A Song of Cover*

### TRUE POLITENESS

THIS is a story from the Lark Hill days, but it will bear re-telling, if only to disprove the oft-repeated calumny that the Canadian private has not proper respect for his officers. One dark and stormy night, a private of the Fifth stepped out of the canteen and started plunging through the mud towards his hut. As he rounded the corner in the pitch darkness, he collided full tilt with an officer of considerably smaller stature than himself, with the result that the officer went sprawling full length into the mud. The private knew his duty. Springing to the spot where the officer had disappeared, he seized him by the shoulders, yanked him to an upright position,—then stepping back, saluted gravely, and politely inquired: "Is that all right, sir?" Before the officer could splutter out a reply, the private had disappeared into the darkness.

*Opel. Wm Scoulon  
St. Catharines*

### A SONG OF COVER

("What I want to impress upon you men is the necessity of taking cover when occasion demands. Even a blade of grass, etc.") (ANY OFFICER.)

#### I.

*Cover, cover, taking cover,  
When there's any to be found;  
When the shrapnel's bursting over  
And the pieces falling round.*

*(Recit.)—Tho' to duck's undignified,  
And it hurts our proper pride,  
In a dirty ditch to slide—*

*Cho.—Still the knack of taking cover,  
When the shrapnel's bursting over,  
And a bloke's an agile mover  
—Is an action justified.*

#### II.

*Cover, cover, taking cover,  
When a sniper's on the job;  
Not one straying, waiting rover,  
But the bullets in a mob.*

*(Recit.)—Tho' a hero bold as brass,  
Feels a certain sort of ass,  
Flopping down into the grass.*

*Cho.—Still, that act of finding cover,  
In a handy patch of clover,  
Gives one time to think of "muvver,"  
Or the missus, or the lass.*

## A Song of Cover

### III.

Cover, cover, seeking cover,  
When an aeroplane's on high,  
And you see a Taube hover  
Menacingly in the sky.

(Recit.)—Tho' those anti-aircraft guns  
Spit up metal by the tons,  
Still, the photos that the Huns—

Cho.—Take as up aloft they hover,  
Aint the special kind the lover  
Sends home to his gal to prove her  
He is one of Britain's sons!

### IV.

Cover, cover, taking cover,  
When a "Jenny's" on the wing,  
Just as though the devil drove her  
Smashing into anything.

(Recit.)—Tho it looks like thirty cents,  
Still, to flop is evidence,  
Of the Ostrich' common sense.

Cho.—When one peeps from out one's cover,  
And one sees (and thanks Jehovah)  
Where the blighter struck just over  
"Ten yards—on my honor, gents."

(Refrains to be hummed softly after each verse):

Verse I.—"Are we downhearted? No!"

Verse II.—"Home, Sweet Home"

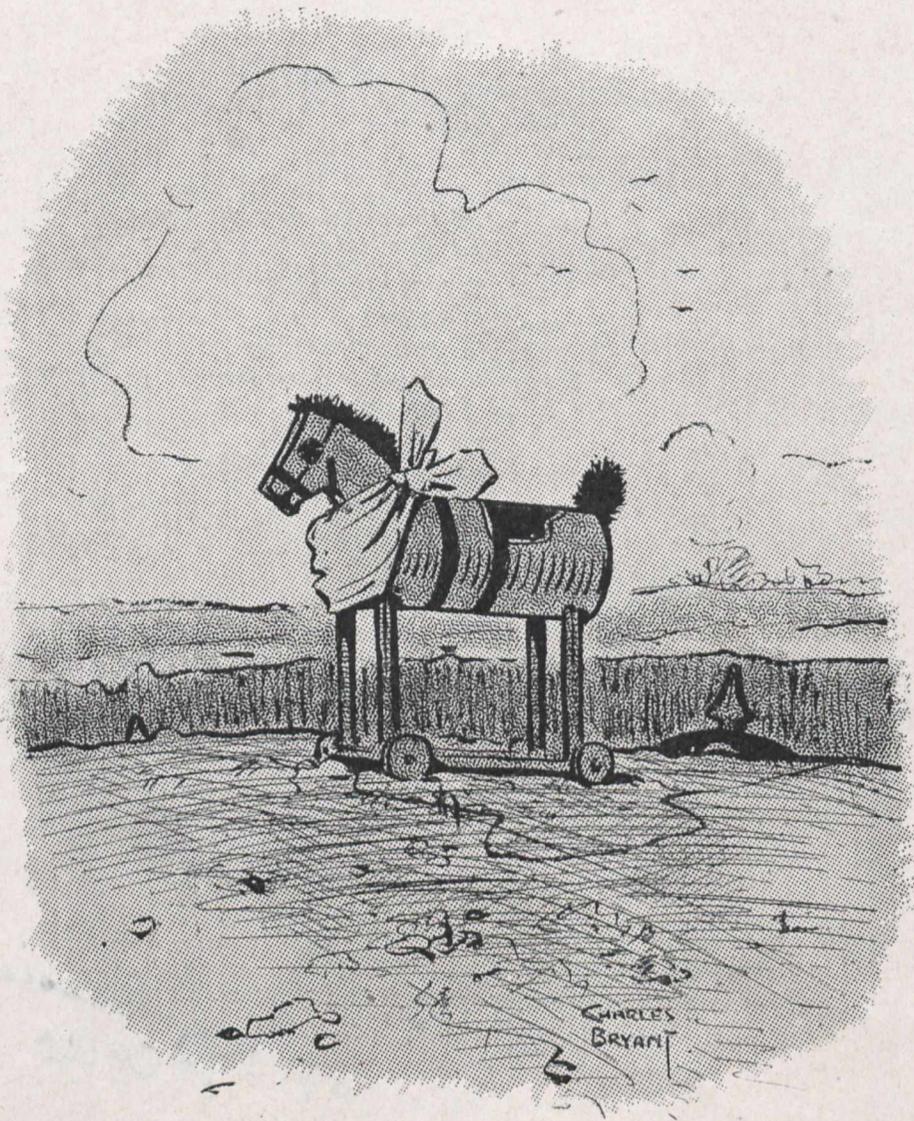
Verse III.—"The Boys of the Bull-dog Breed."

Verse IV.—"Beer—Glorious Beer!"

*sgo R.M. Bessie  
50 Ch. Bn.*

## A SLIGHT ERROR.

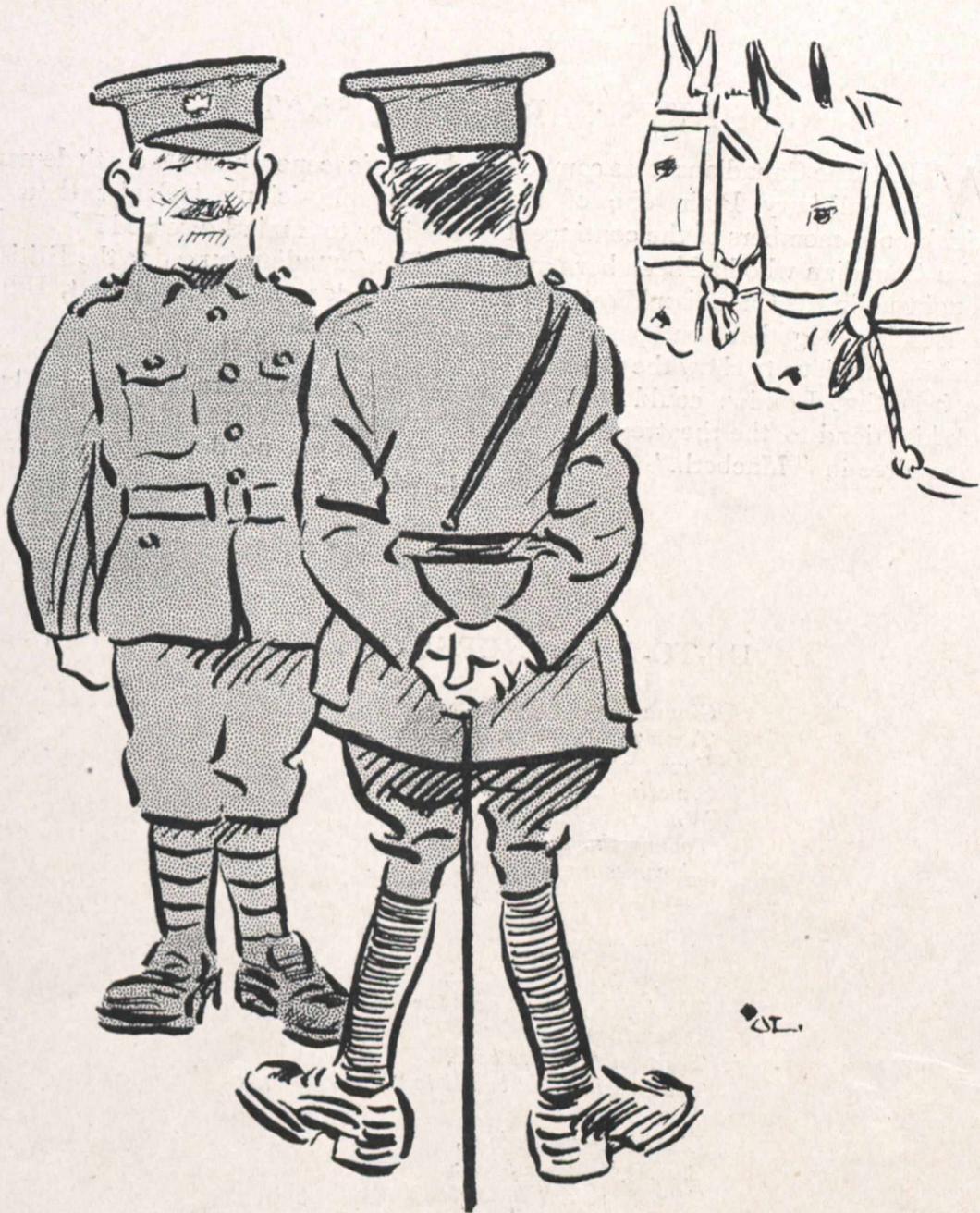
NOT long ago, one of the best known officers of the Fifth Battalion prepared a careful and comprehensive Intelligence Report for Brigade headquarters. When the envelope containing the supposed report reached the Brigade, however, there was considerable puzzlement. Intelligence reports didn't usually begin "My dear Mary"—(or whatever the name was). Some time later, the wife of the officer received a letter from the Front, which was quite different from any she had ever received before, full of technical terms and matter dealing with affairs military, and formally signed by her husband's name. He had sent the Intelligence Report to his wife, and his wife's letter to the Brigadier!



## HUN HUMOR

WHEN the 1st Canadian Division took up trenches in the Fleurbaix district Fritz was inclined to indulge in pleasantries, and to show off his general knowledge would ask questions concerning Canada. The first night the Fifth were in the line a voice shouted across: "Hello! Fifth Western Cavalry, where are your horses?" and immediately a small wooden horse appeared over the German parapet, into which a hole was promptly drilled by a ready Canadian marksman. The humorous Hun hauled in his toy and putting a bandage round its neck, put it over again amid much laughter from both sides.

*Op. Wm Scudon  
St. Catharines*



### “A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT”

GENERAL ALDERSON has the happy faculty of getting around everywhere and seeing things for himself. On one occasion he was looking over some transport and observing a very well-groomed and well-kept team; he, in his usual pleasant style, complimented the teamster on his fine turnout. To his great surprise and secret amusement the teamster replied: “Thanks, Cap.; a little encouragement once in a while don’t do a fellow any harm.”

83  
 Capt. J. Davey  
 Field Cashier, 1st Cavalry Division.  
 Formerly  
 5th Cav. Div.

## SHAKESPEARE TRANSLATED

WHEN the Canadians were camped on Salisbury Plain one of the British-born members of the contingent and a Canadian who had been born and brought up in the Canadian West, went to London together on pass. The Britisher, anxious to show the Canadian the best that London could produce, took his friend to the theatre one night to see Tree in "Macbeth." Came the

dramatic scene where Macbeth demands of the physician: "Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased?"

The Canadian turned to the Britisher "What does he mean by that, Bill?" he whispered.

"Why," said the Englishman, who had lived in Western Canada, and knew the vernacular of the plains, "he says: Ain't yer got no dope for a guy wat's bug-house?"

*J.B.B.*

## UP-TO-DATE NURSERY RHYMES

*Sing a song of five francs,  
Tommy feeling dry,  
Four and twenty camarades  
Standing all close by;  
When the place was opened  
Tommy shouts, Hurray!  
Up comes an M.P.  
And orders him away!*

*Hey diddle-diddle,  
The strip in the middle,  
The Fifth jumped over the parapet!  
When they got there  
The trenches were bare,  
The Bosches had bolted to "H—l and gone!"*

*Little Private Tupper,  
Cussed for his supper;  
Then he said "How glad I am,"  
When he found t'was damson jam.*

*Jack and Bill, they stuck it till,  
Their knees were under water;  
Jack fell down, and said to Bill,  
Some words he didn't oughter!*

*There was a young man at Festubert,  
Who said now I might have guessed you Bert,  
Would have not been so nuttee,  
As to swipe my one puttee,  
When you knew that I but possessed two Bert.*

## *Up-to-date Nursery Rhymes*

*There is a young man at Fleurbaix,  
Who is willing to bet his back paix,  
That the guerre will be fini  
And he'll see his Winnie,  
Sometime in the middle of Maix.*

*There was a young German at Wipers,  
Who was taking a drop of De Kuypers;  
He yelled his first "Hoch" out,  
And got his last knock-out,  
From the bullet of one of our Snipers.*

*There was a young man in a trench. He  
Spent all his spare moments at French. He  
Was anxious to write  
Of his love at first sight,  
To a girl he had met at Givenchy.*

*Hark! Hark! the guns do bark,  
The Bosches are on again;  
Some they bust up and some they bust down,  
And some bust all in vain.*

*Little Herman  
Was a German  
Waiter at the Ritz;  
Now he's got another job,  
Waiting on Tirpitz.*

*Little swigs of S.R.D.,  
Tiny tots of rum;  
Make the Bosches sit and think  
Where the noise comes from.*

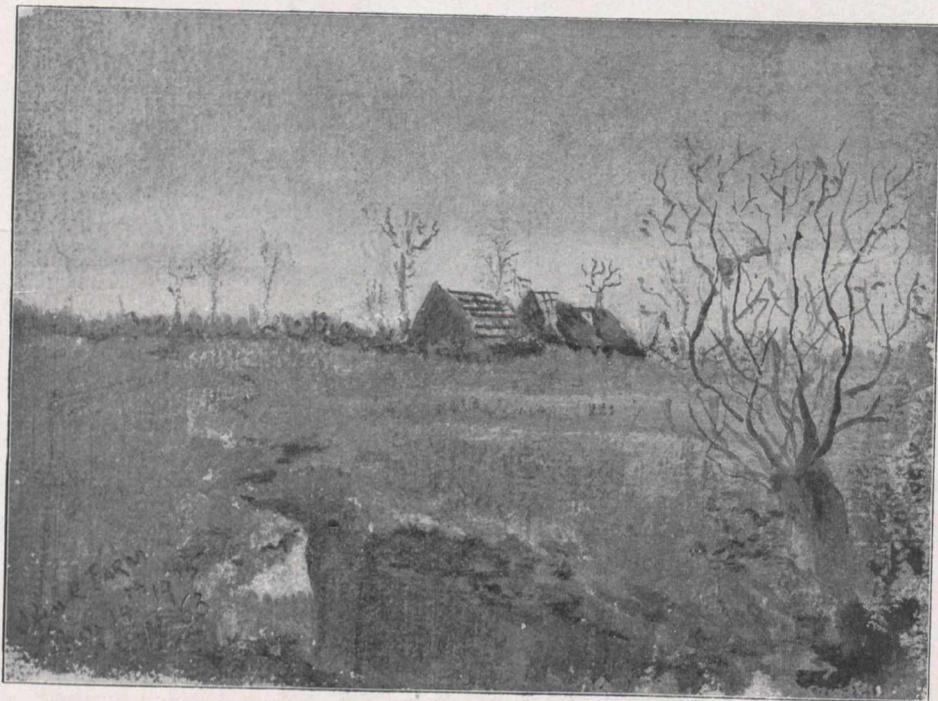
*Sergt. R. M. Gassie  
Staff*

## OUR FALLEN COMRADES.

*Brave men and true—strong men—  
They have gone. Their graves are scattered o'er the plain.  
Sadly we think of them, and then  
Vow in our hearts to prove they laid not down  
Their lives in vain.*

*When our turn comes, if come it must  
—Having been thrice tried in the flames of Hell—  
May we have kept intact our trust.  
And of us also may our comrades truly say  
"Thou hast done well."*

*Major L. F. Page  
Staff*



*A typical farmhouse in the rear of the firing lines in Flanders.*  
*By V. H. Linton.*



*A Wet Night in Flanders. A typical scene near "Hyde Park Corner."*  
*By V. H. Linton.*

## A FIFTH BATTALION SPORTS DAY

FOR fifty days the men of the Fifth had not had a bath. Life had been one continual round of working parties and trench duty. Everyone was "fed up." More than that, they were seriously in need of relaxation. So a Sports Day was organized.

Everybody entered with a will into the arrangements for it. The Battalion was taken to a rest camp, far enough from the firing line so that a shell from the Germans was not very likely to interrupt the proceedings—and there they sported. Baseball, football, boxing, wrestling, all had a part in the programme, which extended pretty well over three days, concluding with a concert. As it happened, the days chosen for the sports were August 3rd, 4th and 5th—the anniversary of the declaration of war, which provided additional reason for a celebration.

For men who had been working night and day, and not getting regular sleep, the various events went off with a "zip" that was surprising. The baseball games, tug-of-war and boxing events were perhaps the most popular numbers on the programme, with transport races a close second. The baseball games were a touch from home, and the men gathered along the base lines and "rooted" themselves hoarse,—as much for old times' sake as because of the features of the play. A lot of expressions never heard before at baseball games were used.

"Hey there, you'd better dig yourself in," was the advice frequently given to the batters as some particularly speedy

pitcher "wound up," and launched the sphere at the batsman's head.

"Duck your nut, 'Tiny,'" they would shout at the lanky pitcher as the man at the plate sent a line-drive whizzing past his ear.

If the pitcher was wild, he was not told he had a glass arm, but: "What's the matter with your windgauge? Better raise your sights a bit for the next one."

The umpire, of course, as usual, got his share of heckling. But it was not the usual thing. Instead you would hear: "Gott strafe the Umpire," "Heave a bomb at him Jerry!" "I know what's the matter with him—he wants an Iron Cross."

Little scraps of "pidgin French" might also be heard.

"Na poo runs," they would say when the side was out. "Yes, you'll hit the ball all right—après la guerre," to the opposing batters; or: "No bon for soldat,—compris?" when the pitcher was working in good form.

Corporal Dominy showed himself the best man in the Battalion with the gloves, winning the heavy weight championship. Pte. Gabby's sportsmanship in the middleweight event won favourable comment from everyone, and his death since has been mourned by the whole Battalion. Pte. Cave won the light weight championship after a fast and clever bout.

"A" Company had a hard fight with "B" in the tug-of-war, but finally dragged them over the line. The greasy pig caused disappointment by failing to show sufficient activity. He was too easily caught, and for that reason was

## *A Fifth Battalion Sports Day*

promptly named "Fritz." In fact the "D" Company man who captured "Fritz" declares he distinctly heard him grunt "Kamarade," and saw him hold up his hoofs in token of surrender when he approached!

The following is the list of events, and their winners:

### PROGRAMME

1. 100-YARD DASH.
  1. Pickup, "D" Company.
  2. Lamb, "C" Company.
  3. Murray, "A" Company.
2. THREE-LEGGED RACE.
  1. Patterson and Smallwood, "B" Coy.
  2. Jenkins and Murphy, "Runners."
  3. Dunbar and Lamb, "Mach'e Gun."
3. RELAY RACE (1 MILE).
  1. "C" Company.
  2. "Runners."
  3. "D" Company.
4. SACK RACE.
  1. Smallwood, "B" Company.
  2. Cave, "D" Company.
  3. Green, Transport.
5. PIC-A-BAC WRESTLING.
  1. "D" Company.
  2. "B" Company.
6. MULE RACE.
  1. Maclean.
  2. Ogilvie.
  3. Aston.
7. WHEEL-BARROW RACE.
  1. Smallwood and Patterson, "B" Coy.
  2. Hughes and Knight, "D" Company.
  3. Trunkfield and Cave, "D" Coy.
8. TUG-OF-WAR.
  1. "A" Company.
  2. "B" Company.
9. GREASED PIG. "D" Company.
10. PACKERS' RACE.
  1. Wilson.
  2. Street.
  3. D. McLeod.
11. CHARIOT RACE.
  1. Machine Gun.
  2. Transport.
  3. Transport.
12. BOXING.
  1. Lce.-Corpl. Dominy (H.W.).
  2. Pte. Gabby (M.W.).
  3. Pte. Cave (L.W.).

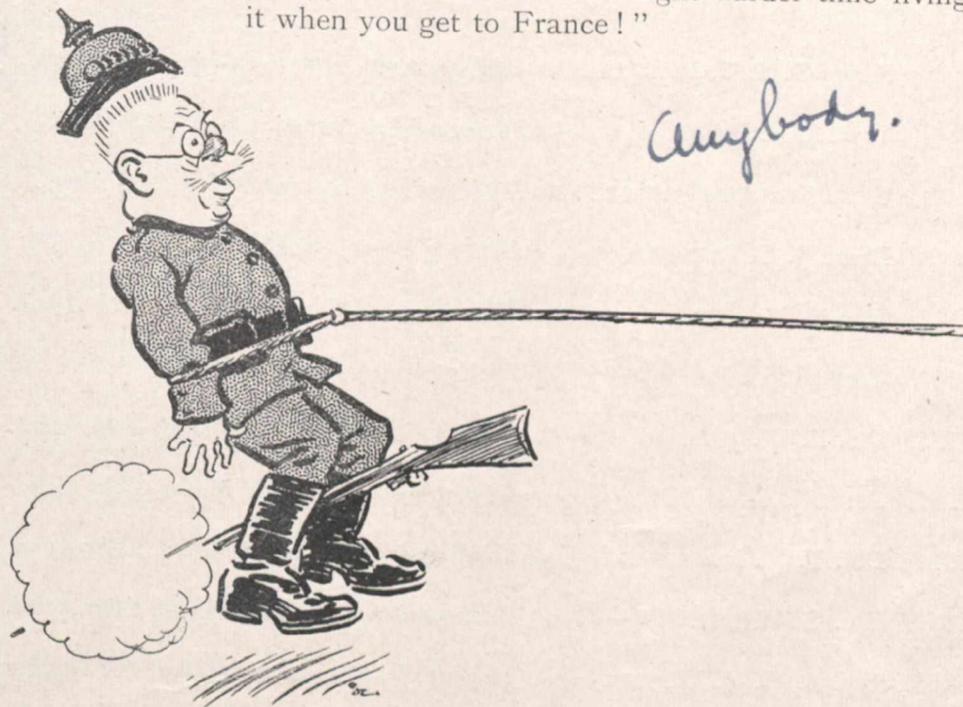
*Cpl. Wm. Scaulon  
St. Catharines*

## THEIR REPUTATION

**A**N officer of the 1st Canadian Division, who had been wounded at Festubert, was convalescing in an English hospital, shortly after the arrival of the Second Canadian Contingent. One day an acquaintance from the Second Contingent called to see him. During the course of the conversation the caller remarked:

"I say, you fellows must have kicked up a devil of a row when you were here. We've had an awful time living down your reputation in England!"

The First Contingent man looked him over coolly. "That so?" he inquired, "Well believe me, you'll have a d—n sight harder time living up to it when you get to France!"



## LASSOING LISTENING POSTS

**Y**OUR Western Canadian is invariably a "kidder," and when he gets a good listener his imagination enables him to give a lively "spiel." During the early days near Fleurbaix one of the Fifth, a typical plainsman, fell in with some Territorials in an estaminet. They noticed his badge, "5th Western Cavalry," and asked the usual question respecting the whereabouts of the horses. "Aw, we left our horses on the prairie—no use bringing 'em here for this game. You see the Fifth are all cowboys, and when they said that no horsemen were wanted we came as infantry, and Sam Hughes said he'd give us the first show when horsemen were wanted."

As the Tommies showed interest, he continued: "Why, our Colonel is known as 'Tuxford of the Plains,' and when he's out West he's in the saddle all day, and he's some guy with the rope, he is! When we first came here our fellows used to stalk the German listening posts, and the Colonel bought us some lariats and we lassoed the beggars right along!"

HONORS, REWARDS AND DISTINCTIONS

Won by Officers and Men of the 5th Canadian Battalion during ten months ending  
9th December, 1915.

- Major G. S. T. PRAGNALL *Distinguished Service Order, 24th April.*
- Capt. J. F. P. NASH - *Distinguished Service Order, 24th May.*
- Capt. STANLEY ANDERSON *Distinguished Service Order, 24th May.*
- Lieut. J. G. ANDERSON - *Military Cross, 8th October.*
- 13722 Pte. N. M. COWELL - *Distinguished Conduct Medal, 25th April.*
- 12605 Corp. E. H. HESTER - *Distinguished Conduct Medal, 24-25th May.*
- 21855 Pte. R. W. JOSLYN - *Distinguished Conduct Medal, 24th April.*
- 12877 Sergt. J. M. McKIE - *Distinguished Conduct Medal, 24th May.*
- 13922 Pte. T. M. MAGUIRE - *Distinguished Conduct Medal, 26th April.*
- 13204 Pte. G. WHITE - *Distinguished Conduct Medal, 24th April.*
- 424081 Pte. A. H. V. WYTHE - *Distinguished Conduct Medal, 8th October.*
- 13821 Sergt. J. JOHNSTON - *Russian Medal of St. George, Second Class.*
- 21584 Sergt. W. M. CRAWFORD - *Russian Medal of St. George, Second Class.*
- Lieut.-Col. G. S. TUXFORD *Mentioned in Despatches.*
- Capt. J. M. CURRIE - *Mentioned in Despatches.*
- 13760 Pte. W. McIVOR - *Mentioned in Despatches.*

*Mentioned in  
despatches.*

*D.S.O. Capt. E. C. Jackson.*

*Military Cross. Lieut. K. K. T. Campbell*

*D.C.M.'s*

*Sgt. J. F. McEachan # 13200.*  
*Pte. R. Coles # A/40675.*  
*Pte. J. Lindsay # A/24174.*

*1/15  
Mentions in  
Despatches*

*Lt.-Col. G. S. Tuxford*  
*Lt.-Col. G. Hilliam*  
*Major H. Dyer*  
*Capt. S. J. Anderson D.S.O.*

*Capt. J. F. Nash. D.S.O.*  
*Lt. J. G. Anderson.*  
*R.S.M. Mackie #12601.*  
*Corpl. S. Saunders #12764.*

## PRISONERS OF WAR—5TH BATTALION.

NUMBER.	RANK AND NAME.	OFFICIALLY REPORTED AT.	UNOFFICIALLY REPORTED AT.
21907	Pte. BROUGHTON, W. J. ...	Kriegsgefangenenlager, Munster 11, Westphalia	
21802	Pte. BLOIS ... ..	Unknown ... ..	
13719	Pte. BROWN, H. ... ..	... ..	Comp 111 Sennelager, bei Paderborn, West- phalia
13721	Pte. COWAN, N. M. ...	Unknown ... ..	
13330	Pte. COLLISON, L. ...	Res. Laz- Paderborn, Priester- seminar, Westphalia	
13323	Pte. DELL, R. ... ..	Kriegsgefangenenlager, Munster 11, Westphalia	
13075	Pte. DUNN, F. W. ...	Lager Munster 11, Westphalia	
13414	Pte. DE LA GORGENDIERE, R. H. F.	Res. Laz. Paderborn, Priester- seminar	
21295	Pte. HAMMERSLEY, F. G. ...	Kriegsgefangenenlager, Munster 11, Westphalia	
13335	Pte. JAMES, A. ... ..	Gefangenenlager Ohrdruff	
21628	Pte. LEACH, J. H. ...	... ..	According to German List transferred to Res. Laz. St. Josef- haus, Paderborn, Westphalia
13336	Pte. LEWIS, HERBERT ...	... ..	
13252	Pte. LINKATER, J. M. ...	Laz. Hoflager ... ..	
13291	Pte. MILL, S. J. VAN ...	Laz. Paderborn, Westphalia ...	
13206	Pte. MILLER, W. ... ..	Res. Laz. Siegburg ... ..	
13427	Pte. MOSS, C. C. ... ..	Laz. Paderborn, Westphalia, Camp 111 Sennelager bei Paderborn, Westphalia	
21635	Pte. MULLIN, C. ... ..	Res. Laz. Paderborn Abt. Kaiserhof, Westphalia	
21081	Pte. MANN, A. ... ..	Unknown ... ..	
13395	Pte. MCLACKLAN, J. ...	Kriegsgefangenenlager, Munster 11, Westphalia	
13784	Sgt. NICOLL, D. ... ..	Res. Loz. Paderborn, Priester- seminar, Westphalia	
13347	Pte. TYLER, B. C. ... ..	Kriegsgefangenenlager, Munster 11, Westphalia	
21670	Pte. WARD, E. A. ... ..	Hilfslaz, Hohenzollernpark, Madgeburg	
13351	Pte. WEBSTER, C. W ...	Abt. Kaiserhof Paderborn (ac- cording to German List) Westphalia	
12911	Pte. WOOD, S. G. ....	Kriegsgefangenenlager Munster 11, Westphalia	

## THE SILENT TOAST

**T**HE good old Fifth! You've heard that expression often and you know when one of the Old Fifth says it by the way he puts the accent on the "old." Then you may notice that he becomes reminiscent and if you weren't lucky enough to have been on the old s.s. "Lapland," you won't mind, will you, because most probably he is thinking of some good comrade who has died in honor on the battlefields of France.

Heroes all—are those inscribed on our regimental Roll of Honor, and we believe that if they could see the Fifth now, going on for its "three years or the war," they would be the first to say "Yes, Canada has filled our places with others as good as ourselves! Honor to her and success to the Empire's cause."

This little space is given to the writer for a few words of remembrance of our gallant officers who were taken for ever at Ypres, at Givenchy, at Festubert, and other places at the call of duty. How well we remember them. There was dear old "Hoppy," Capt. J. R. Innes-Hopkins, a soldier and a gentleman. He comes first to our minds because we loved him best. "Take him for all in all he was a man. We shall never look upon his like again." His intimate friends used to call him "Daddy," not because he was old, for he was in the very prime of life, but because of his fatherly care and interest in everybody. He was a man of unimpeachable honesty and great capability. Whatever his hand touched

he turned to success. His judgment was never at fault, and his sympathy for all who needed it and for any good cause was unbounded.

But the names crowd themselves upon us. There was Major D. J. Tenaille. He was one of our Allies, but served as one of us. That dashing, impulsive manner of his was irresistible once he got into action on his native soil of France. He was filled with zeal for his country's and the empire's cause, and he died like a lion fighting to the last against the tyranny and oppression and impositions of the invader.

Quiet, but none the less efficient, was Lieut. D. Mundell. He had the calm manner and an eye of kindness and a nature full of artistic sense, as his love of and capability in music showed. On parade, and in action, he was a keen soldier, with the soldierly qualities of courage and firmness and decision that rounded out a well-balanced character.

Then there were Major D. R. Sandeman and Captain R. A. S. Allan, good fellows and good soldiers both. They were taken during the fighting in that inferno in the Ypres salient. Some doubt shadows the former's loss. "Missing, believed dead" is the official statement. But the latter, dear old "Reg." Allan, was found wounded by the enemy and cruelly bayoneted, as his dying statement testified.

A heroic soul was Lieut. D. Meikle. He was an officer of excellent judgment and wonderfully popular with the N.C.O.'s and men of his company. Every one of the men he led looked

## *The Silent Toast*

upon him as a personal friend. As a soldier he was keen, enthusiastic and alert, and gave courageous attention to the performance of all his duties, no matter what dangers or difficulties stood in the way of his performing them.

What shall we say of Lieut. King-Mason? What we know—a born soldier, dashing and keen. What better proof than his splendid service in France. In camp and quarters during training on Salisbury Plain he was the lover of song and jest—the leader in all games, and his lively spirit helped both officers and men out of many a fit of the blues. Once the Division crossed to France, he was the smart and ardent soldier, losing no opportunity to improve himself for his country's service.

We cannot forget dear old Currie, Capt. J. M. Currie, a thorough gentleman, with high resolve for service. His years might have honorably excused him from the hardships of a campaign, but he had the heart of youth, which would not rest content without full consciousness of his duty fully done.

A quiet and unostentatious officer was Lieut. Nicholl. But he was one whose conscience was keen for good service.

He was reserved, perhaps shy, but those who were privileged to know him knew an honest heart and a nature entirely true and faithful.

Somewhat similar in nature, but of an entirely different mould, was dear old "Fitz," Lieut. W. Fitzpatrick. He came of soldier parentage. He was quiet, reserved and shy, but a lovable soul and a philosopher by nature, and his judgment of men and things was always entertaining and generally sound.

Then there were the later ones—some who did not gather about the tables of the well-remembered officers' mess at Larkhill, but proved themselves fully worthy of holding the King's Commission, Lieut. A. H. McKay, Capt. G. P. Bowie, Capt. J. McGee.

But our reminiscences must close. Gentlemen! of the Old Fifth and the New Fifth—The Fifth—I give you the Silent Toast coupled with the names of our beloved comrades whom Destiny has accorded the highest honor—to die in their country's service. Though we have not the valor of their arms to aid us their spirits and example are with us still and none will rest content until the cause for which they laid down their lives is won.

*Captain J. Davy.*

---



**"Tough Guys!" "Tough Guys!" "Tough Guys!"**

*The  
most  
wonderful  
Cigarette  
on  
earth*

THE secret of this Blend has been wrested from science after years of patient research and investigation.

JUST the spice of danger that appeals to a BRITISHER.

JUST the element of luck that appeals to a SPORT.

Be a BRITISHER and a SPORT and smoke "Tough Guys." Send them to TOMMY IN THE TRENCHES. HE will know what to do with them!

A Colonel writes:—

Please send me two million "TOUGH GUYS" cigarettes. They are invaluable. The way they accustom my men to poisonous gas is marvellous. My men do not wear respirators—they smoke "TOUGH GUYS!"

A Company Commander says:—

More power to your famous cigarettes. No German can live near them.

A Sergeant declares:—

There are no flies near "TOUGH GUYS."

A lonely Soldier writes:—

I have 41 lady friends. They all send me "TOUGH GUYS." I always smoke one after a letter from home. They make me think of something else.

Hundreds of others have written to us about "TOUGH GUYS."

*The most intimate Cigarette in the world.*

**"Tough Guys!" "Tough Guys!" "Tough Guys!"**

*Sgt R. M. Cassie*  
95

7208

# RESTAURANT DES TRANCHÉES.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN CHEF.

CATERING TO THE MILITIA A SPECIALITY.

GERMAN BAND ALWAYS IN ATTENDANCE.

NO WAITRESSES.

NO TIPS.

## Menu.

### SPECIAL TO-DAY.

Dates. Raisins. Figs. Currants.

[N.B.—To save time guests are requested not to ask for the above articles separately, as the staff has been greatly diminished on account of the war. Try our special method of preparing them "ensemble."]

### BREAKFAST.

Bacon.

### DINNER.

#### SOUP.

Mulligan à la Howlett (Onions, if any).

#### FISH.

Baked Halibut with Butter Sauce (Après la Guerre).

#### COLD MEATS.

Best Pressed Argentine Beef.

[N.B.—The above may be had at all times in season—and out. It can be served in a great variety of forms—on the half tin, sliced, à la moutard, sans moutard, en soupe, de hors de la soupe, etc.—Very fine with pickles. Best Army biscuits served free with every order.]

#### ROASTS.

Belgian Hare (if shot). Belgian Chicken (if caught).

*Extra Special*—Boiled Beef—fried in best bacon fat, garnished with onions (if any).

Bully Beef au Gratin (fried in cheese)

#### VEGETABLES.

Potatoes—Pommes de Terre.

Pommes de Terre frites.

Pommes de Terre, cold boiled, fried in best bacon fat, with onions (if any).

Carrots (if any). Turnips (if any).

#### DESSERT.

Tickler's Jam—Damson and Apple.

Robertson's Jam—Apple and Damson.

*Extra Special*—Real Plum Jam (very rare).

Cheese (Toujours Beaucoup).

(K)Nuts—served only when ordered.



Tea—with condensed milk.

Tea—without condensed milk.

[N.B.—Our tea is prepared only by the best canteen methods—mess tins thoroughly wiped out before using—water obtained from shell holes guaranteed to contain nothing else. Thoroughly strained before using.

#### WINE LIST.

Rum—S.R.D.

If we please you, tell us. If we don't please you, go to —

"Let me have men about me that are fat."—*Shakespeare.*

Corpl. Wm. Scaulony.<sup>96</sup>

Drawer EEM  
Folder 208