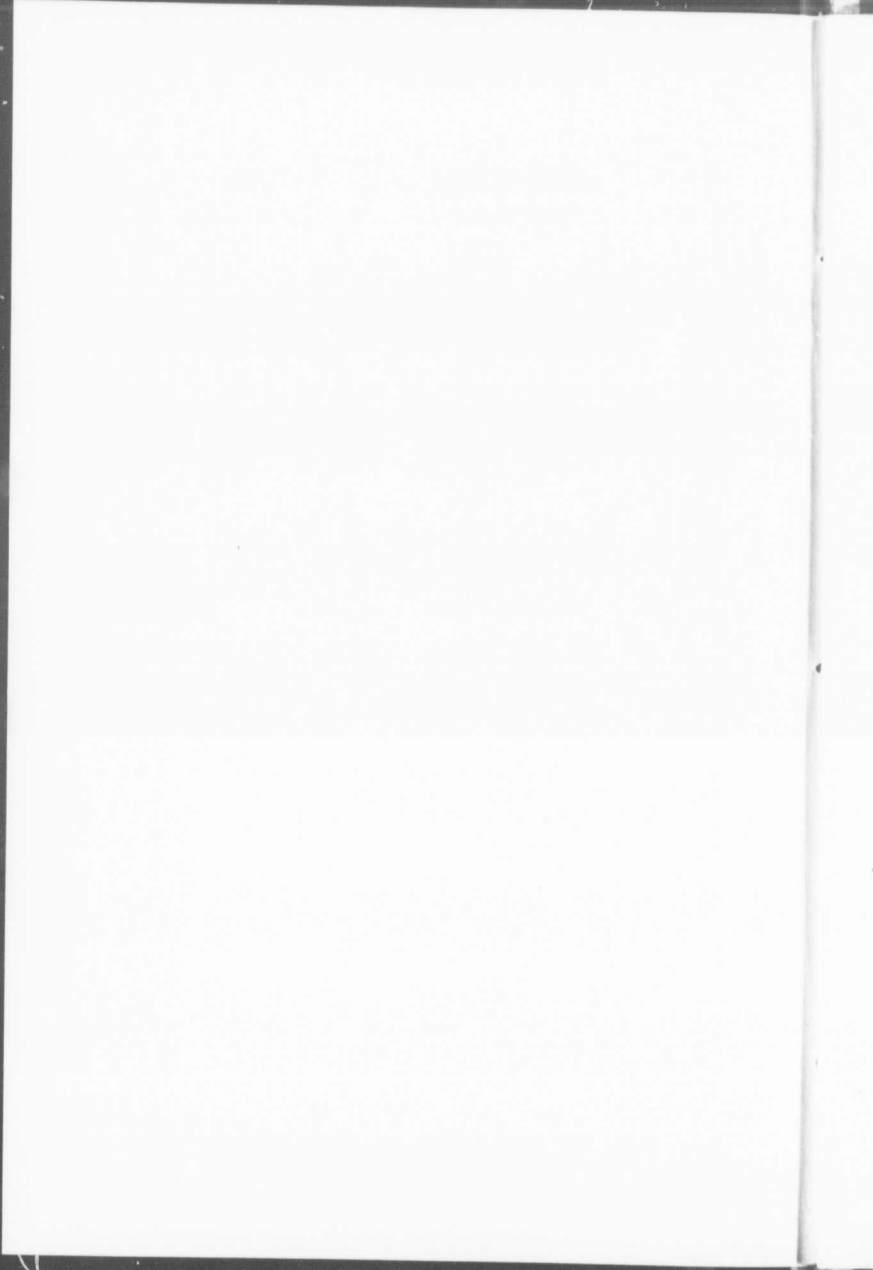




ODDS *and* ENDS
FROM A
REGIMENTAL DIARY

UA 602
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1918
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ODDS *and* ENDS
FROM A
REGIMENTAL DIARY

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1918
C. 2

ODDS AND ENDS

THE compiling of them was almost accidental. Your "Padre," who remembers gratefully the Officers who taught him more than they will ever know, was sitting one evening in his study during one of those periods of chronic idleness which fall between Sundays, and in which, as you often assured him, he hardly justifies existence, when it occurred to him that it would be a very great pleasure to himself and perhaps of interest to you if he were to set down some of the stories of the old days and have them sent out as a kind of tonic to recollection in the Christmas Season. No sooner suggested than attempted; books were put away, sermons forgotten, while for a week he gave himself to what has been a labour of love. The result is this strange pot-pourri of memories. It is not a literary work; in no sense is it a Battalion History, in much of it there is neither sequence nor logic. Militated by the spirit of friendship for you all, it aims to do one thing and one only, namely, to awaken in your minds incidents, both grave and gay, which you may have forgotten and in remembering which, you and I together will be glad and proud that we once belonged to the 42nd.

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DEDICATION AND GREETING

TO the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the 42nd Battalion Royal Highlanders of Canada, and to all the friends whose unfailing goodness and unforgotten kindnesses were to us both a strength and inspiration in the years of war, Christmas Greeting and All Good Wishes for the happiness of the New Year.

"We who have trod the borderlands of death,
Where courage high walks hand in hand with fear,
Shall we not hearken what the Spirit saith,
'All ye were brothers there, be brothers here?'

"We who have struggled through the baffling night,
Where men were men and every man divine,
While round us brave hearts perished for the right
By chalice shell-holes stained with life's rich wine.

"Let us not lose the exalted love which came
From comradeship with danger and the joy
Of strong souls kindled into living flame
By one supreme desire, one high employ.

"Let us draw closer in these narrower years,
Before us still the eternal visions spread;
We who outmastered death, and all its fears,
Are one great army still, living and dead."

FOREWORD

THE close of the year is a season of memories. Then more than at any other time we think back over what has been. Remembrance stirs within us and into the mind come pictures of the past. Great memories are great possessions; they give the heart of a man the sense of fellowship with enduring things, and it is altogether well that he should cherish these as part of the heritage of his life. No body of men have so rich a treasure of remembrance as those who in the years of the Great War shared together the grim hardships, the imminent perils and the unforgettable friendships of active service.

To-day by the strange swift magic of thought many of us are back again in France on an itinerary of remembrance. There are old billets to be re-visited, battered sections of the line in which to live again through the hour of attack or the cold and dreary watches of the night, there are incidents over which linger the echoes of laughter, things which brought into the grimness of war the touch of humour which is a saving grace, and there are old comrades, living and dead, to be greeted with the honour and affection which time can never take away. It is good for us, though now, it may be, we are far apart, to remember and take pride in the privilege that once was ours of living together in the service of a great cause. As a great warrior once said, it were well for us "to keep this forever in the imagination of the thoughts of the people." So this little reminder is sent out in the Christmas season bearing its greeting in the hope that these recollections of the great years will help to quicken within us our pride in the fellowship of the old 42nd. The incidents here set forth have been sketched from memory aided by the pages of the official War Diary and that less formal record which was kept by the Chaplain. These things actually happened; they are part of our history, and they are typical of those events, both happy and sorrowful, tremendous and commonplace, which make up the story of the 42nd in the Great War.

A TOUR IN THE LINE

ON March 1st, 1918, the battalion marched from Villers au Bois to Neuville St. Vaast preparatory to taking over the Avion sector of the line. Two platoons of "B" Company were stationed in dugouts near the barrier on the Arras-Lens road, and the other two were in the cellars of Vimy village.

On March 6-7 the 42nd took over the left sub-sector of the line from the 116th Battalion. Thus began the longest tour of the battalion in the line. From March 6th until May 1st we were never withdrawn from the forward areas. These fifty-five days were marked with unceasing vigilance. The last great attack of the German Army had begun on the front of the Fifth Army to the South. Every available unit was withdrawn from the North to stem the tide of the German advance. From Arras to the sea our line grew thinner as the situation became more critical. The Canadian Corps was strung out over an immense front, but the morale and the determination of the men were never finer. We knew that a reserve line of trenches was being dug on Vimy Ridge and in the back areas, we had our instructions as to a possible withdrawal, but never for a moment did the men seriously contemplate leaving so hardly won a position. During this period the battalion was, if possible, more on the offensive than ever. Repeated raids were made. It was at this time gallant Lt. Hugh Hoyles made his lone patrol across the waters to the embankment, swimming to the culvert, locating a post and returning unseen. Lt. Trout was on the war-path and raided a post at Tallow Trench. Lt. MacLachlan raided the embankment, and though unsuccessful in his objective through the unexpected alertness of the enemy, effected his withdrawal without casualties. Lt. Kavanagh was out with the men of "C" Company. Lt. Cowing fought a desperate fight on the embankment at Lens with a strong German patrol, routed them and was brought out badly wounded by Pte. Mavor. And so the story runs, a record of unceasing activity, of courage and endurance.

On April 4th, Lt. A. Scott of "D" was the leader of an expedition which was quite unique and afforded great delight to the troops. Lt. Hoyles having demonstrated that it was possible to cross the water front and reach the enemy's outpost line, it was resolved to make an attempt to secure a prisoner. Accordingly at 10.30 p.m. a select band of mariners entered the water towards the right of "D" Company's frontage. They had with them rafts on which were placed bombs, ammunition, and not least in importance, a bottle of rum to warm the chilled adventurers on landing. Major Graffey stood on the shore and paid out after the expedition a long line which was to be used as a tow rope to haul back the expected prisoner. Supporting him was the company Tug-of-War Team, very eager to demonstrate with what speed a foreign body could be propelled through water and wire. All went well until one of the party was seized with cramp. At this juncture, according to witnesses, sounds of distress came from the further side of the water. It appears that the victim was only rescued from drowning by the swift action of Pte. Dineson (who afterwards at Parvillers won the V.C.). The party accordingly was forced to retire without making a landing, which they did successfully. The most serious casualty of the night was the bottle of rum, which, in the excitement of saving life, was knocked off the raft to sink beyond recovery.

On the night of May 1-2, the battalion was relieved and went back to the Caucourt area to rest and the long tour came to an end. It was a period which proved the spirit of the battalion in the most exacting way and the test was splendidly met. In the history of the regiment it will not be forgotten how from March 6th to May 1st we were of the number of those who kept the Ridge.

A TYPICAL RAID

Feb. 13th, 1917.

The following is the unadorned official narrative of one of the most highly organized and carefully prepared raids ever undertaken by the Battalion.

"REPORT ON RAID BY THE 42nd CANADIAN BATTALION ON GERMAN CRATER POSTS AND OBSERVATION LINE N.E. OF NEUVILLE ST. VAAST.

OBJECT:—To inflict casualties, destroy dugouts and obtain identification.

FRONTAGE COVERED 275 YARDS

"The enemy wire and crater posts were damaged by organized shoot with Stokes and 2" Trench Mortars for several days previous, and our wire was cut on the night previous to the raid, and left in position ready to be withdrawn.

"At 9.13 a.m. a barrage of No. 23 Mills Rifle Grenades was opened by 19 Rifle Grenadiers stationed in our crater posts.

"At 9.15 a.m. artillery barrage opened, and 2 Officers and 48 O.R. divided into four parties, raided enemy crater posts and observation line trench opposite Durand, Duffield Grange and Patricia Craters.

"Party 'D', Lieut. Gillingwater and 14 O.R., crossed between Durand and Duffield Craters. While crossing, Lieut. Gillingwater was wounded in the side by a bomb, but continued with his party which, on reaching the enemy Observation Line, divided as arranged, a party of 7 under Corpl. Baird moving to the right, the balance, Lieut. Gillingwater and 7 O.R., to the left. The latter met with determined resistance from an enemy party using rifle fire and cylindrical stick bombs. Lieut. Gillingwater pushing past his bayonet man led the attack on this party, two of whom he killed with his revolver before being again severely wounded in the foot, leg and arm by a bomb. The enemy then fled, leaving two dead in the trench. No. 193598, Pte. C. L. Myles, carried out Lieut. Gillingwater on his back, while Pte. Whitehead, C. A. Myles, Scout Sedgewick and one other remained as covering party. As the covering party were withdrawing, a party of Huns who had just emerged from a dugout in a cross trench attacked them with cylindrical stick bombs, but, very fortunately, they were joined at this moment by Lieut. Smythe, C.F.A., who, after reporting the correctness of the barrage to his Group Headquarters, had pushed forward in order to gain better observation. Lieut. Smythe led the party in an attack on the Huns, killing two and wounding another with his revolver. The remainder of the Huns fled. The dugout, which proved to be a large one, with five entrances, and plentiful evidence, in the shape of movement inside, and rifles stacked outside, of being occupied, was then dealt with, with No. 5 Mills Grenades and two Stokes Bombs. The party then withdrew by point of entry.

Casualties—Lieut. Gillingwater and 2 O.R. wounded.

"The right section of the party under Corpl. Baird pushed forward around the rear of Duffield Crater to the enemy post, which they found unoccupied, but smoke was seen coming from the chimney of a nearby dugout. Mills bombs were dropped down the chimney and Stokes in the entrance. After establishing touch with their party on their right, the section withdrew by the point of entry, Corpl. Baird carrying out Lieut. Gillingwater, who had been handed over to him by Pte. Myles.

"Party 'C', 9 O.R. under Sergt. Rowland, crossed between Duffield and Durand Craters, and, turning right, proceeded along the trench until they reached a large dugout with three entrances. One Hun was emerging with a rifle in his hand, and as he failed to respond quickly to an order to surrender, Sergt. Rowland shot and killed him. The dugout was then thoroughly bombed with 'P' Bombs, Mills No. 5 Grenades and three Stokes Bombs. The party then proceeded along the trench until touch was effected with the parties on both flanks, after which they returned by the point of entry after exploding a fourth Stokes Bomb in the trench.

"Party 'B', 12 O.R. under Sergt. C. Smith, leaving from Patricia Post No. 2, entered the enemy lines at S.28.a.30.98 and proceeded left until a junction was effected with party 'C' on their left. They passed 3 dugout entrances, in all of which 'P' Bombs followed by Stokes Bombs were thrown. They encountered no enemy in the trench,

there were no enemy in the stairways of the dugouts, and they are unable to state definitely that they were occupied, although they appeared to be good, deep, dugouts with timbered entrances. The party returned to our lines by Patricia No. 2 at 9.23 a.m. There were no casualties.

"'A' party, consisting of Lieut. Small and 13 O.R., leaving from Patricia No. 1 post, entered the enemy line at about 5.28 a.m. where the party divided. A party of 5 under Sergt. Muxworthy proceeded to the right as far as the fork in the trench, where two entrances to deep dugouts, which had every appearance of being much used, were bombed with 'P' Bombs and Stokes. This party, as arranged, halted at this point, forming a covering party until 9.27 (2 minutes after the hour fixed for general withdrawal), when they returned to our lines through the point of entry. The balance of the party under Lieut. Small proceeded left to a point where a loop in the trench exists (dimly shown in aeroplane photograph dated 23-1-17 and which had not been expected). A party consisting of Scout Wilson, Pte. C. Dion, and Bomber McAndrew went to the right, and the remainder, under Lieut. Small, to the left. The party under Scout Wilson came upon two Huns standing in a small shelter off the trench, one of whom Pte. Dion, who was leading, shot and wounded in the leg, immediately after which both surrendered. A little farther on, the party came upon a deep dugout, which was dealt with by No. 5 Mills Bombs and Stokes. The party under Lieut. Small also came upon a deep dugout with one Hun taking shelter in the entrance. He was summoned to come out but appeared to reach for a bomb, and Lieut. Small shot him. The dugout, which had several entrances, was treated with 'P' Bombs and Mills and Stokes.

"Lieut. Small's and Scout Wilson's parties re-united at the north end of the loop, and almost immediately afterwards came in touch with party 'B' under Sergt. Smith. They then returned to our lines through Grange Crater. No Huns were seen in the trench by this party except the two who were made prisoners, and the one killed in the dugout entrance. Casualties: 2 O.R. slightly wounded."

GENERAL

"Shortly before zero three pairs of snipers were posted on crater lips and three hits are claimed, one on a sentry exposed waist high, and two on Huns escaping overland.

"The enemy Observation Line is reported as being very poor, being only shoulder high, without revetting or sandbags, and a good deal knocked about. It differed more than we expected from the dummy practice trenches prepared from aeroplane photographs, but the practice nevertheless was largely responsible for the success. The enemy crater posts are reported particularly crudely constructed.

"The dugouts were more numerous than would have been expected so far forward. They appeared to be deep, in all cases with timbered entrances, but not protected by overhead traverses. Opposite Patricia Crater several new dugouts in course of construction were seen.

"Retirement was made by watch, only two of the parties heard the bugles, although the buglers were taken right out into the craters.

"The artillery barrage was very satisfactory, although, if the operation was to be repeated, it might be more satisfactory to arrange it on a slightly larger scale with the barrage farther back.

"The effect of our two minute rifle grenade barrage was to make the enemy immediately on our front retire to dugouts, to the left they apparently 'stood to' and our 'D' party in crossing No-Man's-Land were subjected to rapid rifle fire, and a considerable resistance on entering the trench.

"The arrangements for raiding parties to take cover immediately on their return in Grange Tunnel by way of forward entrance, worked satisfactorily, as did the advance dressing station, established in Tunnelling Coy's resuscitation room near 'P' Line entrance to Tunnel.

"TOTAL CASUALTIES:

- 1 Officer severely wounded.
- 1 " slightly wounded, and at duty.
- 4 O.R. wounded
- 4 O.R. slightly wounded, and at duty."

A SCOUT PATROL

AT 2.30 a.m. on the morning of the 15th a patrol under Sergt. O. B. Jones and consisting of Ptes. Belair, Jackes and Marquard, went out from Trench 56 and proceeded down the enemy's "sap" opposite this position. Having crawled within sixty feet of the German trench they made themselves as invisible and as comfortable as might be and prepared for a long vigil. Within sight and sound of the enemy's line for no less than twenty hours they remained in this perilous position, returning at 10.40 p.m. The versatile Pte. Marquard, who among his other accomplishments speaks German fluently, listened throughout the day to all conversation taking place in the German trench. The result of this eavesdropping was disappointing as nothing of military importance was overheard. Among the facts noted from observation are the following.

The enemy work parties ceased work at 3.30 a.m. When returning to their shelters in the trench they engaged in card games and other forms of recreation, after which they apparently slept, for there was neither sound nor movement until 10 a.m. Observation was rendered practically impossible by the tall grass which, waving back and forward in the wind, obscured all vision. Pte. Jackes, however, was successful in obtaining some observations to the right of the position occupied by the patrol. Behind Shrewsbury Forest high grass mounds, five in all, were sighted, these were conjectured to be gun emplacements. It was the opinion of the members of the patrol that our artillery, both light and heavy, had been very effective in its work. Before withdrawing from the "sap" the patrol collected 17 German Cylindrical Bombs and 10 Mills hand-grenades. At 10.20 p.m., judging by the sound of voices and the greatly increased movement in the trench that there was considerable congestion in the enemy's line, these bombs were all thrown and it is believed and hoped that considerable losses were sustained by the enemy. A machine gun which had been noticed firing about 30 yards to the right of where the "sap" enters the German line was also bombed, and it is thought that this gun was put out of action. The patrol returned in safety encountering practically no retaliation for the bombs thrown.

The following is one of the many reports made by the indefatigable Scout Sergeant O. B. Jones:—

"I have the honour to report that I conducted a patrol of four men from the Head of St. Peters Street at Trench 56 into No-Man's-Land at 11.40 p.m. The patrol proceeded through our wire about 20 yards from trench (56) and moved along the frontage of trench (56) about 30 yards until encountered enemy sap, leading from 1.24.d.6½.1½, approximate, to 1.24.d.8.½, approximate. This trench was entered and found to be very badly damaged by artillery fire, being almost obliterated for about 30 yards. The patrol moved slowly in single file up this sap and found it to be in fairly good shape, only occasional shell-holes breaking it here and there. The trench was dry and bore marks of recent shovelling. (This began about 45 or 50 yards from trench 60.) It is narrow and varies from 4½ to 5½ feet in depth.

"*Condition of Sap:*—Hostile parties could quite easily come up it unobserved by day. Progress was, of course, slow, as it was thought that enemy listening posts would be encountered, so that extreme caution had to be taken. No such obstacle was encountered, however, and one of the patrol succeeded in getting up to and through the enemy's wire until the enemy's flare-light firers, two in number, were uncomfortably close.

"*Work on Sap:*—It has been stated that the second part of the trench bore signs of having been recently shovelled, and, while this is supported by the fact that picks and shovels had been seen in the trench, it should be noted that no attempt has been made to clear those few parts of it that have been blown in. Furthermore, although it would be almost impossible to see foot-prints in the darkness, yet I felt my way along very carefully and could feel no marks of that nature. It should be added, however, that the

sifting of dirt from the sides of the trench was noticed, and this would conceal footprints. It must remain problematical therefore, as to whether the enemy sends patrols out beyond his wire. (My own opinion is that he does not.)

"Enemy Occupation:—Judging from the map it would seem that the enemy sentries (firing flares) were in their forward line. I cannot state this definitely. After passing through his wire I poked my head around a corner and, seeing a sentry some two or three yards away, decided that the information gained had better not be risked by a bout with him.

"Enemy's Sentries:—On my left was another sentry about 20 yards away. At this time the night was cloudy and a faint drizzle of rain falling, so that surface marks could not be plainly distinguished.

"Wire:—The enemy's wire is of the familiar concertina barbed type. Two lines have been put out touching one another. At the point where it crosses the sap it can be passed without much difficulty.

"Hostile Patrols:—No hostile patrols were encountered.

"Work:—No enemy parties were seen outside his trench working. Work was, however, heard to some extent in his front line, while considerable hammering and some sawing of wood was heard to be taking place in his Support Line well back.

"Flares:—He was active with his flares; five of these failed. This, in my experience, is unusual.

"Machine Guns:—Machine Guns disconcertingly active. No definite locations can be reported.

"Flanks:—The patrols kept a sharp watch on the flanks, more particularly the left flank, which was hurriedly scouted for some 50 yards. Nothing to report thereon save some 'nervous' bombing opposite trench 60.

"Wiring:—Excellent opportunities offer for concealed wiring in the shell holes immediately in front of our line. The value of such wiring would be to bunch the enemy in an attack, thereby creating favorable M.G. targets. I was impressed with the fact that the enemy was strengthening his present line at top speed, and in depth, and wiring himself in; thereby anticipating danger of contemplated attack. The patrol returned at 2.35 a.m."

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF ACTIVE SERVICE

AFTER the great battle of Passchendaele the 7th Canadian Infantry Brigade took its final farewell of the Ypres salient. In that grim peninsula we had known the fiercest fighting of our history, and there the Brigade lost more men and won more honour than on any other sector of the line. To the end of our days, such names as The Square, The Cavalry Barracks, The Ramparts, Chateau Belge, Zillebeke Bund, Transport Farm, the Culvert, The Menin Gate, and Maple Copse, will conjure up the most vivid memories.

It was on November 19th, 1917, that we turned our backs on all these landmarks of our history. Beside the old Asylum we found waiting us a long line of London buses. By these we were transported as far as Haverskirke. From there we marched to the Bourecq-Hillaire area by way of Busnes and Lillers. The 42nd was billeted in Bourecq, and after all we had been through that very ordinary little village was a perfect haven of rest. We began our stay by having a lawsuit over a barn which "D" Company mistook for a ruin and proceeded forth to demolish for firewood. In the settlement of this case we engaged as counsel that eminent criminal lawyer, Lt. Heward, whose eloquence so completely overwhelmed the plaintiff that he left the ground persuaded it was a very great privilege to have "D" Company on his property at all.

It was in Bourecq that we welcomed to our strength, among others, an officer who subsequently proved a blessing and a bane to everybody, Capt. Hugh Scott, M.C., the man who unfailingly brought up the rations through storm or calm and as unfailingly supported the entire menage of the transport by his ill-gotten gains in the "Transport Round."

It was in Bourecq, too, that the 42nd first wore the "Red Heckle," the famous insignia of the Black Watch. That the parent regiment should have given us this honour as a mark of recognition that we had won the right to it in action will always be a matter of pride.

On December 17th the simple villagers received final proof that these wild Highlanders were quite insane. The occasion was the Grand National Bottle Race which took place in the Mill Stream. Fifteen horses (bottles) were entered, representing the two great interests the Liquor and the Temperance. These were of various breeds ranging from a rakish "Gin" to a cheap "Perrier." The Pari-Mutuel system was not in operation so that book-making was general and Major Mathewson in his element. At 2.45 p.m. Major McDougall, the starter, raised the barrier and the cry "They're off" went up. At the first leap Colonel Ewing's Heavy Draft, a huge Benedictine bottle, broke the back of Major Mathewson's Snowball and the hope of "A" Company went down with a dolorous gurgle. Passing the first bridge, Capt. Ogilvie's "Gin" was leading with Capt. Beveridge's "Perrier" a length behind. At the turn there was a good deal of crowding and beyond question Colonel Ewing's Benedictine deliberately fouled the "Perrier." Space does not permit a detailed chronicle of this race which created unparalleled enthusiasm in Bourecq. The banks of the stream were lined by excited supporters. Aged villagers, small boys, dogs and officers, jostled each other, and the air was vocal with bilingual shouts. Capt. Beveridge's "Perrier" won by a yard, Capt. Ogilvie's "Gin", badly winded, was second, Lt. J. B. T. Montgomery's "Brilliantine", third. The Temperance supporters were justly elated at this victory and Capt. Beveridge on the strength of it vowed never again to drink anything but Perrier. (N.B. This vow was not kept.) Major Graffey who had entered a wretched animal called "Cinzano" subsequently tried to purchase "Perrier", but "J. K."

pointed out that a temperance bottle would be entirely out of place in "D" Company's Mess. It is interesting to note that this foolish and childish sport played an important part in a rather critical hour one year later. When at Nivelles some trouble arose in the brigade concerning discipline, the entire battalion withdrew from the disaffected area for the afternoon and forgot their discontents in the excitement of a platoon bottle race.

January 7th, 1918.

"The Officers' Christmas dinner was held at 7 p.m. in a Nissen Hut." That simple sentence recalls a memorable evening. We were at the time lying in an exposed wind-swept corner of Souchez Valley in front of Lievan. It was bitterly cold, we were crowded into corrugated iron shelters and bare Nissen huts, and there was a shortage of coal. To say the least of it, we were not comfortable. Nevertheless that Christmas dinner will not be forgotten. Our hut was decorated with flags and lanterns, procured, no one knows where, by our inspired Q.M. The tables were laden with gifts and delicacies from the homeland and the friends who were so unfailingly good to us. The guests of the evening were the following: Major W. Leggatt, M.C., Major Basil Wedd, M.C., Capt. Lennox Black, M.C., Capt. John McNaughton, M.C.

Having eaten enough to keep out the cold and drunk enough to feel that life was tolerably worth living, we composed ourselves to endure the efforts of our orators. There were an astonishing number of speeches, in fact everybody insisted on speaking except Major Pease, who fell asleep, a remarkable feat when one remembers that his neighbour was Major Mathewson, who sustained his reputation for loquacity by an unbroken barrage of words during the entire evening. No one remembers exactly what was said but the enthusiasm and cordiality of the speakers was abundantly evident.

The music of the evening was contributed by Lt. Earnshaw, the "Padre" and "J. K." The last named artist shone with "a light that never was on land or sea." His rendering of "Just a wee drappie o't" surpassed in feeling even his best previous interpretations, while his presentation of the charms of Maggie McGee, a maid who was "no very auld nor yet very tall," captured the imagination of all. Capt. Beveridge was himself deeply moved. Towards midnight this redoubtable warrior left with Capt. Scott in the Mess cart. When last seen they were silhouetted against the sky unmelodiously informing the night—

"I'll no be content
Till I get the consent
O' bonnie wee Maggie McGee."

May 23rd, 1918, "Hillaire".

"In the afternoon elimination trials for the Officers' Medley Race and brigade sports were held on 'A' Company's field. Each competitor was required to ride seventy-five yards on a bicycle, run seventy-five yards on foot and ride seventy-five yards bare back on a heavy draft horse."

Those who were lucky enough to be present on this occasion will never forget the spectacle. Outside of the famous "Calgary Stampede" it is doubtful if a more daredevil exhibition of "broncho busting" was ever given. A certain rotundity of person prevented Major Grafftey from mounting his horse with ease or grace, but once up, he sat the animal, whether between its ears or on its tail, with quiet dignity. Lt. Walter Molson rode with grim determination, and, despite a fall and a rough

passage on the hind quarters of a gray mare, came safely to port. Another entrant having fallen underneath his mount demonstrated his ability to sustain the entire weight of a large horse on his person without serious injury. This created a profound impression. The prize went fittingly to the Transport Officer, Capt. Hugh Scott, M.C., who despite his age displayed an agility which any man under fifty might have envied.

June 12th, 1918.

"Night manœuvres were held in the Lingham area, 'A' Company acted as the defending force and the three other Companies launched the attack."

This was the night in which an incident occurred which threatened to sever all friendship between "A" and "B" Companies. It is still a matter of heated debate when old members of these Companies meet, as to whether the strategy then employed by fertile minds in "B" Company was or was not a contravention of the code of honour as outlined by the Hague Convention. What happened was this.

With Machiavellian cunning Major Topp had two of his men, dressed as battalion scouts, report to Major Mathewson for duty. The gallant Major, a trustful soul, "an Israelite in whom is no guile," delivered to these spies the disposition of his force. "B" Company was not slow to make use of this information and smote the defenders "hip and thigh." The claims of the disputants in this matter are: "B" Company assert (1) The strategy to be essentially sound, (2) That information gained through the employment of superior intelligence ought to be used to win the war, (3) That they put it all over "A" Company with entire success. "A" Company assert (1) That it was a feeble jest and an added proof that "B" Company have never taken war seriously, (2) That "B" Company came out in their true colours and departed from the clean traditions of the service in thus descending to the low practice of the Huns, (3) That having gained the information they lacked the brains and ability to make full use of it.

A PAGE OF PERSONALITIES

AN incident illustrative of the chivalry of 42nd Officers occurred in the hour of our departure from Hillaire. In bidding farewell to Lts. Heward and Fleming, our host at the old chateau, with great eloquence, voiced his admiration for the heroism of the Canadians, and in conclusion said, with a graceful bow towards his daughter, "Permeession—kees—Mademoiselle". With alacrity the two gallant Lieutenants fervidly embraced Mademoiselle. It was a most touching scene. The cynic who gave it as his opinion that this was a final proof of courage on the part of the heroes of Ypres and Vimy is much to be condemned for his lack of chivalry.

June 4th, 1918.

Lt. Sewell was evacuated to the C.C.S. The diagnosis agreed upon by the medical authorities (the Toronto School of Medicine and the representative from Utica) was acute synovitis. Lt. Sewell skillfully simulated intense chagrin at being thus moved from the theatre of war. It is hoped that this enforced rest will serve to cure Mr. Sewell of his perilous indulgence in "depth charges" which has lately mastered him.

June 29th, 1918.

Major Mathewson provided great amusement to the irresponsible and callous subs of "B" Company through developing a colossal gumboil. These jibes Major Mathewson received with his usual dignified reserve.

July 7th, 1918.

The absence of the M.O. and Chaplain from the battalion has been jealously commented upon by some. Having obtained permission to be absent, these two gentlemen, whose health has been much impaired by their unceasing labours, went quietly to Le Treport where for two days they lived a hermit life by the sea. The absolute rest and dreamy quiet of this seaport had a most soothing effect on their systems.

While in a crater line on Vimy Ridge an incident occurred which makes it clear that the wisest of men are only fallible. Word reached H.Q. that a new and deadly looking "dud" Toc Emma had been located in a "sap" on the right flank. Colonel Ewing proceeded at once to investigate. He gave it as his opinion that this strange object was undoubtedly a new form of explosive missile and ordered an expert from the Engineers to remove the said "dud". After the most careful and gingerly excavation the expert unearthed an aged and rusted latrine bucket. Nobody dared to laugh in the Colonel's presence, but the morale of the whole battalion went up several degrees as the story went about of how the O.C. was "had" by this inoffensive instrument of sanitation. There was an unconfirmed report that Colonel Ewing subsequently prepared an exhaustive and somewhat acrimonious report on the necessity of manufacturing latrine buckets on new lines.

October 24th, 1918.

"An incident of the tour in which the battalion held the waterfront before the villages of Hauteville and Bout des Trieux northwest of Valenciennes."

On this day a particularly dashing patrol was conceived and executed by Lt.-Col. Ewing and Major Willcock. These gentlemen unsupported by artillery made their way across the waste of waters on a perilously rickety plank bridge with a view to ascertaining whether the opposite bank had been evacuated by the enemy. They demonstrated to a nicety and beyond dispute that it had not, for when almost across they became aware of a sniper who, firing from the right, began a little target practise at their expense. The return of these officers was more speedy than dignified. On a bridge so slippery that the greatest caution was necessary to maintain a footing at all, they ran with a sure-footedness that would have evoked a stare of envy from a Rocky Mountain goat, and finally reached dry land in the artichoke bed with perspiration and thanksgiving.

Scene—Bn. H.Q. in the Quarry Line.

Time—10 a.m. on a winter morning, 1916.

Dramatis Personae—Captain Jim MacLeod.
Lt.-Col. Cantlie.

Liggett in the offing polishing boots, a great many boots.

Cr-r-r-ump—dug-out shakes violently.

Colonel C. (looking up sharply from his writing)—“What was that?”

Capt. MacL. (anxious to relieve the C.O. from unnecessary anxiety for the Coys. in the line)—“One of ours, going out, sir.”

That was one time a well-meaning Christian lie missed the mark, for at that moment General “Mac” banged into the dug-out asking what in blazes we meant having a direct hit on H.Q. when he was coming up the line.

The scene was laid in the cellars of Dormy House—Battalion H.Q. behind Maple Copse. It is 3 o'clock in the morning and all is still. A sleepy signaler doses over his keys; from various corners comes the sibilant breathing of tired men asleep. Suddenly there is a step upon the stairs and a tall figure stoops beneath the low door and enters. He is covered with mud, as a man must be who insists on visiting every outpost and listening post of the line. Physically he must be dog-tired but the light in his eyes speaks of a spirit very much awake. This, gentlemen, is Major Stanley Norsworthy, D.S.O., M.C., just in from his nightly tour of the line. If you think he will now turn in for needed and deserved repose you do not know the man. There is a sacred rite yet to be performed ere he calls it a day or a night. If you think he will with laudable devotion write to his wife you are wrong again. No; he goes to his haversack and extracts therefrom a paper. By the light of a single guttering candle he proceeds to pore over its pages. What document is this which so claims him? Is it intelligence from Corps H.Q.? Is it an operation order to be mastered? Listen to the paragraph which he is reading with manifest approval. “The deflationary policy has, therefore, a dual action. It reduces the deposits of the banks, and in undue proportion the liquid reserves held against the remaining deposits. To begin with, the effect is perhaps not felt because of the superabundance of the floating debt, and up to a certain point may even be salutary, but as the process goes on it must inevitably be felt and with ever-increasing severity.” This in the midst of war, while without the guns roared and the Verey lights flickered—Major Norsworthy fed his soul on the “The Economist”, “The Bystander” in the Trenches—that we can understand—“Punch” in a dugout is intelligible, but the “Economist” in Dormy House at 3 a.m., that leaves us dumb. Of such stuff are the truly great!

On August 27th, 1918, while in the line opposite Monchy we took a great many prisoners. Bn. H.Q. was in a dugout in a line some 600 or 700 yards behind Jig Saw Wood. During the early hours of the 28th some 30 new prisoners were brought back and pending the arrival of an escort were left in the trench at the door of H.Q. Of their arrival the adjutant, Capt. Jim MacLeod, M.C., was in complete ignorance. At about 3 a.m., being anxious for a breath of air, Capt. MacLeod climbed the dugout stairs and looked out, and behold the trench was full of Huns. Such a crisis is the test of a man's life. Some weak spirits would incontinently have surrendered in the face of overwhelming odds, some would have uttered loud cries and forthwith fainted away. Not so the adjutant; in a flash he was down the stairs searching for his revolver, prepared to sell his life dearly as has ever become the practice of the MacLeods since their first chieftain at bay, ringed about with ravening MacDonalds and MacIntyres, stained the purple heather a horrid red with the blood of the enemy ere with 19 dirks in his person he departed this life. If Jim MacLeod had ever got at these prisoners with his gun in action there would have been a ghastly massacre. But as one tactfully pointed out to him, the murder of prisoners in cold blood was simply not done.

LT.-COLONEL BARTLETT McLENNAN, D.S.O.

"The Bitterest Day in the Battalion's History."

August 3rd, 1918.

In the late afternoon, while visiting the line, our greatly beloved Colonel was killed by shell fire. All that he has been to us and done for us we shall never know fully, and only with the passing of the days shall we begin to realize how his spirit was the dynamic of all our life and the foundation-stone of all that is true and worthy in our Battalion. At such times as this there is a great inadequacy in speech, nor need we seek to say much. His life here bore its own witness. In honour without stain, in chivalry beyond reproach, in duty without fear, in leadership supreme, in friendship surpassingly loyal, he lived among us the perfect type of a soldier and a gentleman.

All that he has been to us, all that he has done for us and our Cause, it is too great for words, too splendid for regret.

Such men cannot die, they do but receive promotion to God's higher service. In his passing he has given to us a treasury of proud and happy memories. Before us he has set a splendid task. Wherefore, as it is told us in certain noble words, "It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from this our honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which he gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that our dead shall not have died in vain."

AN ACTION

August 6th, 1918.

AT 8.30 p.m. the battalion fell in and marched off from St. Fuscien. The route lay through Boves, where the battalion ran into a block of traffic which made progress almost impossible. Tanks, lorries, limbers, infantry, were pouring to the forward area in an unending stream. From Boves to the Bois de Gentelle the whole road was congested with convoys of every description. The Headquarters Officers pushed forward alone and after some difficulty succeeded in locating the advance party in the wood. The Bois was laid out in sections, each battalion or unit being assigned to a small area. Here there were literally thousands of troops, besides tons of ammunition and all manner of supplies in a surface covering but a few acres. Had the enemy shelled the place the confusion and loss would have been incalculable. When the battalion arrived in the early hours of morning the Company settled down as best they could, building shelters and bivouacs with sticks, branches and water-proof sheets.

August 7th.

The day dawned clear and bright. The hours of daylight were spent in rest and in final preparation for the attack. Bombs, S. A. A., S. O. S. rockets, etc., were distributed to the Companies, water bottles filled and the last moment arrangements completed. At 10 p.m., under cover of darkness, the Companies moved off independently to occupy the first assembly position in Salamander Trench south of the main Amiens-Roye Road and about 1000 yards in advance of the wood. The remaining hours of night were spent in this system of trenches. There was not much rest for the men as dugouts were scarce and the night was bitterly cold.

August 8th.

The zero hour for the great attack was 4.20 a.m., and punctually to that moment the artillery opened fire. One moment it was deathly still and the next the earth quivered with concussion and a sheet of flame pulsated from North to South of the line. On a twenty-mile front artillery of every calibre opened "drum fire" and to the enemy, unsuspecting of trouble, it must have seemed that all hell was let loose. Thirty minutes after the barrage started the battalion began to move off for the crossing of the river. Five bridges, one North and four South of Domart, were allotted to us. These had been hurriedly constructed during the previous night by the Engineers for the use of the infantry as the stone bridge was entirely preserved for heavy traffic. The four Companies went by the right and Headquarters by the left. Approaching the river we followed a shallow valley which paralleled the main road, where we came under desultory shell fire but without suffering losses. The enemy "heavies" seemed to be concentrated on the bridge ahead, though the whole marsh land of the river-bed was under fire. The ground for several hundred yards on either side of the Luce, which is little more than a creek, is partially inundated, and absolutely impassable on foot. The soft nature of the ground undoubtedly helped in averting casualties, as shells exploded deep in the soil with but little effect. Reaching the flimsy bath-matted structure which, by way of courtesy, was called a bridge, it became necessary for the Companies to proceed in single file. Progress was as a result painfully slow, and on the left it was seriously impeded by the fact that shell fire had almost wrecked the bridge in the centre. During the crossing Headquarters Company became divided and was completely at a loss as to direction. Major Topp, however, took command of the rear half of the company and led forward in the direction taken by Colonel

Ewing. The morning mist, which was unusually dense, had by this time thickened, so that with the smoke and fumes it was almost impenetrable and it was impossible to see more than a few yards. Meanwhile the Companies on the right had, despite heavy fire, successfully negotiated the bridges and were proceeding in the general direction of Hill 104. After crossing the river the Companies on the left swung slightly northward where they came under an enemy barrage of 4.5 guns, and while some casualties were sustained, there were surprisingly few considering the intensity of the fire. Through this area, which was marked by a belt of trees, the left Companies went on the "double" until they emerged in the shelter of a large orchard; surrounded by a brick wall. Here having determined our exact map location the C.O. led forward in an easterly direction up the slope of Hill 104. The enemy fire was by this time going over our heads and progress was practically unimpeded. On the slope of the hill the mist had cleared and in the morning sunlight it was a great sight to see the five Companies filing steadily towards the summit. Just after passing the crest an enemy plane flying low came over and on sighting our line of advance dropped a double white flare, when almost immediately a heavy battery firing from the valley at the foot of Hill 102, at a range of about 500 yards, opened bursts of shrapnel on the forward slope of Hill 104. Colonel Ewing gave the order to double, and in a very short time the whole battalion had reached in safety the Green Line from which our attack was to be launched. Lying as it did in the hollow which runs through the Bois de Hamond this line afforded excellent cover. The battalion was in position thirty-five minutes before schedule time, so that a welcome rest was available before jumping off. At 8.20 a.m. punctually to the moment the Companies left the shelter of the wood and went forward to the attack. Emerging from the fringe of the trees they were met by bursts of machine-gun fire, while the batteries in the valley continued in action at practically point blank range. In dealing with this situation it was clear that those hot and dusty days spent in training on the Bomoy area had not been wasted. The platoons went forward by rushes. "A" Company on the right and "C" Company on the left out-flanked the batteries, capturing all the guns despite the frantic efforts of the crews to get them out of the emplacements. When the leading platoons closed in on them the horses were hitched and one at least of the guns was clear of the pit. "B" Company in the centre with rifle and machine gun fire was very effectively dealing with those of the enemy who tried to escape. As the slope of Hill 102 is very steep and devoid of cover, it was good shooting. Our casualties in this initial stage of the attack were exceedingly light. Having cleared the valley the capture of Hill 102 was a simple process. Indeed, from this point onwards, our progress to the final objective (Red Line) was more or less of a route march enlivened by the sight of the enemy running in every direction.

By 10.20 a.m. all the Companies were in position on the Red Line, and patrols had been pushed forward in front of Claude Wood and on the right towards Beaucourt. This village appeared to be strongly held as heavy machine-gun fire was directed on our line from it. The Companies on the right suffered a few casualties as a result. Within half an hour the men were digging in on a line running from Claude Wood southwards to within some hundreds of yards of the Amiens-Roye Road. Two hours later the battalion became spectators of a most thrilling sight, namely, the cavalry, led by the Canadian Light Horse, going into action. They came down from the North in massed formation with drawn sabres and a great clatter and jingle of spurs and bits. East of Claude Wood they deployed, though still maintaining what appeared a dangerously close formation, considering the machine-gun fire from the Village of Beaucourt. Supporting them in this operation was a fleet of "whippets," the light tanks, which have a speed of some ten miles an hour.

These came over the level plateau puffing and heaving like motor boats in a swell, to the enthusiastic delight of the troops. For two hours the cavalry and their attendant tanks continued to stream past until three divisions had gone forward.

At noon, Battalion Headquarters were honoured with the presence of Brig.-General Dyer, for lunch. The meal was made notable by the addition to the menu of a colossal cabbage, trophy of Lt. Sewell's zeal in looting.

In the early afternoon the Fourth Canadian Division route marched through our lines to continue the attack beyond Beaucourt, which had by this time been cleared of the enemy by the cavalry and tanks. The remainder of the day was spent in uninterrupted quiet. The tide of battle had rolled past us leaving a strangely peaceful battlefield, only in the distance the flashes of guns lit the sky-line, and flights of our planes, "the furious bees of Mars," harried the retreating enemy. After night fell the battalion moved into bivouac in Claude Wood, being joined there by the 49th and our home transport. And so closed a day of victory unique in the annals of the battalion. It is a day to which all will look back with pride and with a sense of privilege that they shared in breaking the menace that shadowed the way to Paris.

A PAGE OF HEROISMS

ALTHOUGH this little narrative of reminiscences is primarily intended for Officers, they will be the first to admit that the battalion history rests on the courage and fidelity of the men. It is, therefore, fitting that there should be inserted here a few specific incidents of outstanding courage. The following are taken at random from the recommendations for honours which followed the fighting on the Somme. They are typical cases of the courage which marked the bearing of our men in every action of the war.

For personal initiative and resourcefulness the conduct of Corpl. L. A. Morrison was hardly surpassed. On September 15th he found himself senior N.C.O. of his platoon, all the others having been shot down. He led his men successfully to the first objective, and then was ordered to advance to the second. While crossing No-Man's-Land, he and his platoon were suddenly fired on from a German strong-point on his flank. Without hesitation Corpl. Morrison led the thirteen remaining men of his platoon on this position, stormed it with a rush, and captured twenty prisoners. Having achieved this end he continued his advance on the second objective with all speed.

How Pte. G. Dunn covered the retirement of his Company during the action of September 16th is another record of courage and fidelity. He alone was left of his Lewis Gun Crew, nevertheless he continued to advance through an intense fire, until he was well ahead of his Company, when he proceeded to direct a hot and continuous fire on the enemy's trench. When the remnants of the Company were safely back in the trench, Pte. Dunn remained at his post for an hour, firing repeatedly to cover the withdrawal of the wounded.

The memory of Pte. R. A. Parry, Battalion Runner, will long remain with the 42nd. During the past year Pte. Parry again and again had given evidence of his trustworthiness and courage as a bearer of messages, and in the operation of the 15th inst. he gave final proof. Having on that day come and gone through continuous fire with frequent reports, he was ultimately mortally wounded. Just before he died he raised himself on his elbow and said, "Tell the Adjutant I delivered his message; I am sorry that I could not get back," and "faithful unto death" Pte. Parry passed on to receive his crown of life.

Though only nineteen years of age Pte. V. Papps displayed the highest quality of courage. When on the 16th inst., he alone of the Lewis Gun Crew was left alive, he took the uninjured gun on his shoulder and crawled to within seventy-five yards of the German trench, where, lying in a shell hole, he began to traverse the enemy's parapet with bursts of fire until his ammunition was expended. He then made his way back to where an ammunition carrier lay dead, and taking the cartridge drums from him, made his way back to the gun and resumed his lone engagement with the enemy until his gun was put out of action by a direct hit, when he returned to his own lines taking the damaged gun with him.

A V.C.

During the height of the war there left Denmark, unbeknown even to his closest friends—the son of a famous fighting family. His Danish father and grandfather had seen service for their country against the very enemy who now engaged the Allies, and on his Scottish mother's side, he was cousin to Capt. Blair Wilson, that gallant officer who gave his life on the Somme, leading his Company in the attack of September 15, 1916. All the family traditions called for the conventional career of distinction, but No. 2075467 Pte. T. Dinesen had his

own ideas of going to War. There was to be no preferment through influence, only such promotion as might be won upon the field. Taking ship to America, in New York he enlisted under a Canadian recruiting officer and finally early in 1918 arrived with a draft at 42nd H.Q. in France. From the beginning he was conspicuous for his fearlessness and keenness in duty, but at Parvillers on August 12th, 1918, he found and seized the supreme opportunity of his life. Concerning the action fought that day Major D. B. Martyn, D.S.O., M.C. of the 44th Canadian Battalion, bore this testimony:

"There never was greater dash or perseverance shown by men than by the Company of the 42nd, who cleared about four miles of net work of trench, fought steadily and at deadly close range for ten hours, and the spirit was such that throughout the men continually cheered. The large number of blocks that had to be put in from time to time made a heavy demand on their initiative and ability to stick it. I regret that as I do not know their names, I was unable to put forward recommendations that I would like."

It was the testimony of the men themselves that Dinesen's was the outstanding figure of that day, and so it came to pass that the following paragraph, which has been the occasion of just pride to the 42nd, appeared in the columns of the London Gazette, dated October 26th, 1918.

"For most conspicuous and continuous bravery displayed during ten hours of hand-to-hand fighting, which resulted in the capture of over a mile of strongly garrisoned and stubbornly defended enemy trenches.

Five times in succession he rushed forward alone, and single-handed put hostile machine guns out of action, accounting for twelve of the enemy with bomb and bayonet. His sustained valour and resourcefulness inspired his comrades at a very critical stage of the action and were an example to all." (Parvillers, France, 12-8-18.)

Thus the young man who left his native land almost in obscurity returned in 1919 with this unique and honourable record, that he rose from the rank of private to that of Lieutenant and won the highest decoration for courage which it is in the power of the British people to bestow.

These and many other incidents of like spirit marked the conduct of the battalion during these memorable days. The Colonel and his Officers are justly proud of the men, who, by their unquestioning obedience and cheerful courage, demonstrated again the heart and spirit which has in centuries past made glorious the battlefields of our Empire. True, ours was only a corner of a vast front—only a little incident in an epic struggle, but through it there has been added to the history of The Regiment, and of the Dominion, a chapter high in honour and immortal in spirit.

A PAGE OF PERSONAL MENTION

NOT many of us will forget that day at Chateau de la Haie when our Brigadier— afterwards Major-General Sir Archibald Cameron Macdonell, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.—bade us farewell as he went to assume command of the First Division. In silence we waited for his coming, in silence we listened for the words that somehow would not come, and then as he put his horse to the gallop and left us, the Brigade burst into cheers, and there was more love, more honour in those cheers than words could ever have told. Thus the 7th Canadian Inf. Brigade said good-bye to him who had lived with us and for us, alternately raged upon us and praised us, and in all things led us through foul and fair for over eighteen months. It is not sentiment, but simple fact, to say that he was loved and honoured—the grey old chieftain of the clans, a bonny fighter and a born leader. Do you remember how he would ride down upon us mounted on that venerable steed Casey (Note "Casey" in the Gaelic tongue means "Son of heroes"), and having observed some unfortunate whose kilt hung awry, would straightway make the wearer realize the enormity of his offence and then pass on with a word of praise for this one and the next? We were his men and he made us realize that he expected great things of a Highland Battalion. In moments of great pressure he was prone to utter strange words, which he assured us were Gaelic—though they might have been Chinese, for all our Sassenach ears could tell. And if perchance you visited H.Q. on a quiet night, you would hear strange tales of the long-ago—with a special and lurid anathema upon the Campbells. "Fighting Mac" they called him, in tribute to the great spirit and unflinching loyalty of a soldier and gentleman. Sir—wherever you be this day, the 42nd salutes you.

(He) "who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;

Who if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:

This is the happy warrior; this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be."

Yes, and his name is Brigadier-General Hugh M. Dyer, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.' or so it seemed to the 7th C.I.B., and that with just cause. A quiet figure—with lined face and eyes that looked both shrewdly and kindly upon men and things—from the very first moment of his arrival among us General Dyer won the admiration and loyalty of the men and officers alike. It was said of Edmund Burke that one could not stand for a moment with him under an archway to let a shower of rain go by, without emerging a better man. It is such a tribute we would all like to pay to General Dyer. It was not simply that he knew his business as a comman-

der, not even that his was a superb and absolutely unselfish courage, but that somehow he called out the best that was in men, and in sending them to duty strengthened them for the doing of it. He came from the farm to serve his country. He had neither taste nor inclination for war, but he had a tremendous sense of a man's duty to the Empire, and in the strength of it he greatly served. He has gone back to the farm, and one may suppose is to-day surrounded by the kindly sights and sounds of the land, but wherever he is, he carries with him, to the end of the day, the honour and affection of the men who were proud to follow him from Passchendale to Amiens and back.

"Eyes right!"—for he is at the saluting base this New Year season, and in our "march past" of memory we do him all honour.

This page of recollections would not be complete in any sense without a word of Colonel Cantlie, to whom we all owe so much. Careless young "Subs" who felt certain that their own particular platoon was the key unit in the Army, probably never realized how unceasing was Colonel Cantlie's concern for the honour of the Battalion. From the day of mobilization to the hour of the return to Montreal—in France and out of it—all his thought and labour centred in maintaining and advancing our traditions. As some of you know, there is not much glamour about a Reserve Camp in England, but to the work of Colonel Cantlie in the 20th Reserve, R.H.C., we owe the steady stream of reinforcements who came over to France already imbued with a sense of pride in the Royal Highlanders. To reject the inferiors and secure the right calibre the Colonel dared anything. Little he cared for Red Tape or the ultimatums of Argyle House, London—so be it that he got men of the right stuff for the R.H.C. It ought to be recognized and acknowledged by all of us that in no small measure the foundation of the Battalion's success in 1917-18 was the devoted labour of Colonel Cantlie in England. All over Canada there are men who think of the 42nd as Colonel Cantlie's Battalion, who have with them still their kilt of the Cantlie Tartan, and who would wish, were it possible, to greet again their first C.O.—as we do now with all affection and honour.

A PAGE OF HONOURABLE MENTION

Congratulatory Order on the Capture of Vimy Ridge
From *Brigadier-General A. C. Macdonell, C.M.G., D.S.O.*,
Commanding 7th Canadian Infantry Brigade

IN tendering my most grateful thanks to my Staff and to the Officers and Other Ranks of the Units comprising my Brigade, for the efficiency, dashing gallantry and splendid, thrusting spirit with which our part of the success of the 9th April, 1917 (now a proud date in Canada's history), was performed, it seems to me wise and necessary to review the work of the preceding months which laid the foundation for, and led up to, the point that made a successful assault upon such formidable German defences, built on a place strong by nature, possible.

This review will be found attached to this Order as an Appendix, and in it I deal only with the work of our own beloved Brigade, only mentioning others where absolutely necessary, to make the story clear, for in the words of Kincaid's book on the Rifles, transformed to meet the occasion, this Order is about the 7th Canadian Infantry Brigade, for there is no other Brigade that I love so well, nor is there any other that I consider so worthy of notice. For we are the 7th Canadian Infantry Brigade who, attacking on the dot through the difficult Crater line, made all our objectives and were dug in, traversed and wired on our Final Objective by 1.30 p.m., although subjected to a galling machine gun fire from the Left—HILL 145 not yet having been captured—having captured some five hundred prisoners and repulsed several counter-attacks on our Right flank and formed a defensive flank on our Left.

Where all did gallantly and well it is perhaps invidious to mention any in particular, but as all Commanders are agreed on the good work performed by the 49th Battalion (E.F.), and the cheerful gallantry with which they did their work as moppers-up, carriers, and reinforcements, I feel constrained to mention them, as they had the bad luck not to be actually an attacking Battalion.

In conclusion, never before had we the chance to work up to an attack in detail, and though absolutely confident of success, you even surpassed my expectations, high though they were, and I thank you all from a full heart, proudly and sincerely.

I cannot close without reference to our gallant comrades who have fallen, even though many of you already know my belief regarding them. They fell doing their duty bravely and well, fighting for the right and for the honour of Canada. They, therefore, fell in the Peace of God, and we should not mourn them unduly. In truth, they live to-day as never before.

(Sgd.) A. C. MACDONELL,
Brigadier-General, Commdg. 7th Canadian Infantry Brigade.

SPECIAL ORDER

By *Lieutenant-General, Hon. Sir Julian H. G. Byng, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., M.V.O.*
Commanding Canadian Corps.

In saying "Goodbye" to the Corps, I find it very difficult to give expression to the feelings of pride and affection which dominate all other sentiments.

During the year of my Command, the unvarying success in battle, the progress in training and discipline, and the unswerving devotion and loyalty of all ranks are features which stand pre-eminent in the history of the Corps.

That history will last for ever, and my association with you in the making of it is a joy that can never be impaired.

(Sgd.) J. BYNG, Lt.-Gen.,
Commanding Canadian Corps.

The following letter was received on Oct. 3rd, 1916, from Brig.-Gen. A. C. Macdonell, G.O.C., 7th C.I.B.:

Lt.-Col. G. S. Cantlie,

42nd Bn. R.H.C.

Dear Colonel,

To-day I visited the ZOLLERN GRABEN. I found some of the glorious dead of the 42nd Royal Highlanders of Canada quite near the trench, the nearest within thirty yards, head towards the enemy; ten or fifteen feet behind him a dead Hun, head toward his own trench.

I proudly and reverently saluted the bodies of these heroes and I have given orders that they are to be buried by the Royal Canadian Regiment. Your splendid Battalion should know how near they were to the ZOLLERN GRABEN. You may rightly be proud of such men.

The old Highland saying—I will put it in English—"While the sun shines on the earth, and the waves beat on the shore, victory, now, as ever, follows in the wake of the kilt."

The 42nd R.H.C. are living up to it, I congratulate you and the Battalion.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) ARCHIBALD CAMERON MACDONELL, Brig.-Gen.,
7th Canadian Inf. Brigade.

PASSCHENDAELE

November 17-18, 1917.

Message from O.C. 1st Camerons, with whom we co-operated:

"Please accept our best thanks for the help you so kindly gave us in our little affair. We hold Vocation but not Virile, and our line is something like attached sketch. Can you give me any news of what happened on your side and where we actually join?"

(Sgd.) "J. W. ERSKINE, Lt.-Col.,
1st Cameron Highlanders."

November 17, 1917.

From the O.C. the 1st Black Watch a message was also received:

"The Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the Black Watch (42nd Royal Highlanders) regret very much that they have just missed fighting side by side with you and look forward to meeting you all again in the near future, either in the mud or in billets.

(Sgd.) "V. M. FORTUNE, Lt.-Col.,
1st Battalion the Black Watch."

A FUNERAL

ON November 13th, 1918, there was held in Mons the funeral service of those who fell in action during the capture of the town. The Municipal Council asked the Divisional Commander that the citizens of Mons be allowed to honour the dead by a public service. This was granted, and with the most reverent and loving care the civic authorities made all preparations. A room in the old City Hall was draped in black and silver, and there the caskets were laid out in state, while a great throng of people paid their tributes and heaped the room with wreaths and flowers. The funeral cortege was comprised of representatives of every rank and class, practically the entire City followed to the graves. In the great multitude one little group commanded our especial respect, the veterans of the Franco-Prussian War, old men in faded uniforms with forgotten decorations on their breasts. There was something both pathetic and heroic in their enfeebled ranks as they marched with the men of a new day and another race.

The old cemetery at Mons is situated on a little wooded hill looking to the west, and among the quiet trees we gathered about the open graves. The service was conducted by the Divisional Chaplain, prayer was offered, a few verses of Scripture read, a few words spoken, and then the crackling volleys of the Firing Squad rang out above us as the sun went down, golden with its promise of another dawn and radiant with the message of the day that shall not die and the life eternal beyond the margin of this world; the silver notes of the bugle sent out the call of the Last Post—"Come home, Come home." So we left them, our honoured dead, not on alien soil but in that corner of a foreign field which is forever Canada.

Here follow the words spoken on behalf of the people of Mons by their representatives at that service.

Excerpts from the Funeral Orations delivered by Representatives of the City of Mons and the Province of Hainaut.

Gentlemen:—The representative of the City of Mons makes his salutation before the graves of those who have watered with their blood the remnant of Belgian soil which they swore to deliver from tyranny; he comes in the name of the people of Mons to salute those who sacrificed their lives in advance to the cause of outraged right, and who, coming from afar, after months and years of ceaseless fighting, when just reaching the end which would reward all their trying labour, have fallen on the field of honour, covered with glory.

Alas, many of these brave men rest in our Belgian soil, since the first we saw coming to oppose its invasion as the indignant protest of British loyalty against German rapine; since those who first fought at the side of our men in the mud of the Yser around Ypres, holding back the rising tide of Huns; until the time of those who in devastated France have lately fallen in such numbers at Quevevrain; and now these that we lay in the ground of our ancestors to-day, to sleep in peace beside so many that we have loved.

Their noble and brilliant example illumines the world, and will serve as a beacon-light to coming generations. The glory in which they have arrayed themselves radiates to-day; and with how much suffering, with how much effort, with how much sorrow, have they paid for it!

In the glory of victory, before the halo which encircles re-established right, amidst the joy of triumph, we must turn to look upon those who died fighting as a simple duty amongst all the horrors of this frightful war. This calms our minds to think quietly, almost on our knees, of those Canadian heroes who fell before Mons in delivering it from the Germans, on the very threshold of the final reward.

The entire British world has determined to keep its word as given by England; noble Canada has shed rivers of blood, Belgium is free and civilization is saved.

To accomplish this, it was necessary, after Belgium had rejected with dignity the disgraceful offers of a criminal Kaiser, after she had been bespattered with every insult, after she had undergone a martyr's suffering, it was necessary that from afar, brothers we knew not should come to us to strive beside us, to give their lives for us. Glory be to them!

It was Mons that saw the first soldiers of the British army arrive in August, 1914, and Mons received its Canadian deliverers at the moment when the Huns were asking for grace and mercy. Mons will perpetuate their memory in stone and bronze, but more durable still will be the reverence that every father will hand down to his son, every mother to her child, in the years to come, and all those who have had the privilege of seeing these hours of glory and heroism will never forget who it is to whom all their splendour is owing; and for centuries to come the name of Canada will stand connected here with the very words Honour, Loyalty and Heroism.

So we beg of you, gentlemen, to take home with you our heartfelt and unending gratitude.

General, and Gentlemen:—May I be allowed to add to the touching words of the representative of the City of Mons, a tribute of respect from the whole population of the Province of Hainaut to the memory of the brave men whose mortal remains will now be laid in ground which is free again at last, freed by their courage and their sacrifice.

Before these graves which await them, emotions arise which go to the heart, and thoughts which dominate the mind. The life of a man, flashing out between two eternities, takes its significance and its value not from the number of years that it may last, but from what it contains in noble aspirations and unselfish acts. There are hours that within their sixty minutes are more exalted and more productive than the sixty years of an existence devoid of ideal. He it is that has truly lived, he it is that truly lives after death, who has known how to leave in his passage through this world an act deeply imprinted on the heart, be it only of one of his comrades, as a mark of gratitude and affectionate remembrance.

Such was the life of those that their brothers in arms now lay to rest amongst those whom we have loved and whom we always love, that their remembrance may be blended.

Gentlemen of the Canadian Force:—We bow, filled with respect and deep feeling before the tomb of your comrades. In so doing, we enshrine in our hearts the remembrance of what they were and of what they have done for us, that we may hand it down to our children and to the grandchildren of our children, as the choicest of heirlooms.

At this moment, alas! afar, beyond the Atlantic, there are mothers and fathers, wives and children, lovers, brothers, sisters, that await those who live no longer, not knowing as yet that they lie here. I feel that there arises from our hearts, to fly across the ocean, a warm and brotherly sympathy. We press to our grateful hearts all those families that we have become acquainted with through the heroism of their sons. May God grant that they may feel the comfort of this sympathy, before the sad news reaches them.

Tell them, we beg of you, that this little remnant of Belgian soil is for us the most sacred of all; that it is a part of Canadian territory, a priceless treasure set like a jewel in the burial ground of our own men; priceless because it embraces the remains of noble sons of Canada.

Our heads bow before their tombs, but our hearts, proud of having been defended by them, gather for ever around them to become faithful guardians of the sacred repose of your Brothers in Arms.

ENVOI

GREETINGS, my masters! The world is wide and the ways lie far apart, but are we not brothers all bound by the ties of great memories, great hours and great friendships? At the close of the old year let every man revive his pride in the fellowship of the 42nd. We belong to a regiment with a magnificent tradition. The spirit that of old made the Black Watch write its name in splendid glory over the page of British history is our heritage, and to us the word of an old campaigner to a young soldier in a sterner fight than the actions of earth is given, "Keep that which is committed to thy trust." Wherefore may the New Year find us, as in the past, ready to serve, ready to spend and be spent on the side of things honest and of good report, ready in mind and heart to know the glory of going on.

"There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in,
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

"The sand of the desert is sodden red—
Red with the wreck of a square that broke:—
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks,
'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

"This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling, fling to the host behind—
'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

AVE ATQUE VALE!