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THE CANADIAN WAR PICTORIAL

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THE CANADIAN WAR PICTORIAL



THE REGIMENTAL COLOURS OF PRINCESS PATRICIA'S CANADIAN LIGHT INFANTRY

PREFACE

THE days of indiscriminate photography on and behind our war-fronts passed long ago. The pocket camera no longer forms an item of an officer's equipment; but the glimpsing of military life by lens and film and plate continues, authorised and protected.

The task of making a pictorial record of the war rests now in the hands of a very limited number of Official Photographers. One of these works exclusively for the Canadian Corps of the British Expeditionary Force. This officer was a member of the First Canadian Division, long before he became the authorised photographer of the Corps. He joined the Canadian Expeditionary Force at Valcartier, as a private, in August, 1914. In February, 1915, he went from Salisbury Plain to France with his battalion. He won his commission in the Second Battle of Ypres, and his third star a few months later, in the trenches opposite Messines. From

the command of his company he went back a few miles to Brigade Headquarters and the appointment and rank of a Staff-Captain. The pictures in this book represent a fraction of the work he has done since he exchanged trench-stick and revolver for tripod and camera.

The preservation and publication of the photographs taken by our Official Photographer form a branch of the activities of the Canadian War Records Office. The original and dominant duty of this office is to collect and preserve every form of record that may be useful to the historians who, when the tumult and fury of battle pass, attempt to give to the world the definite story of Canada's military service in the Great War; but we believe that the Cause is also served by the current publication of certain records and historical material in our hands.

In this belief we present to the public this number of THE CANADIAN WAR PICTORIAL.

The photographs reproduced in this publication are, with a few exceptions, the copyright of the Canadian Government. Special prints of these photographs (price 2s. each — 1s. each to members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force) may be obtained from the Central News, Illustrations Department, 5, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.



GENERAL SIR SAM HUGHES

In the bottom photograph General Sir Sam Hughes, the Canadian Minister of Militia and Defence, is seen reviewing Canadian troops in England



INSPECTION OF CANADIAN TROOPS AT SHORNCLIFFE
General Sir Sam Hughes shaking hands with and congratulating officers of the Canadian troops

SIR SAM HUGHES

THE ORGANISER OF CANADA'S ARMY

MAJOR-GENERAL THE HONOURABLE SIR SAM HUGHES, K.C.B., has been Canada's Minister of Militia and Defence since 1911. At that time he was a Colonel in the Active Militia of Canada, and had served in the Fenian Raids in 1870, and with distinction in the South African War with the rank of major.

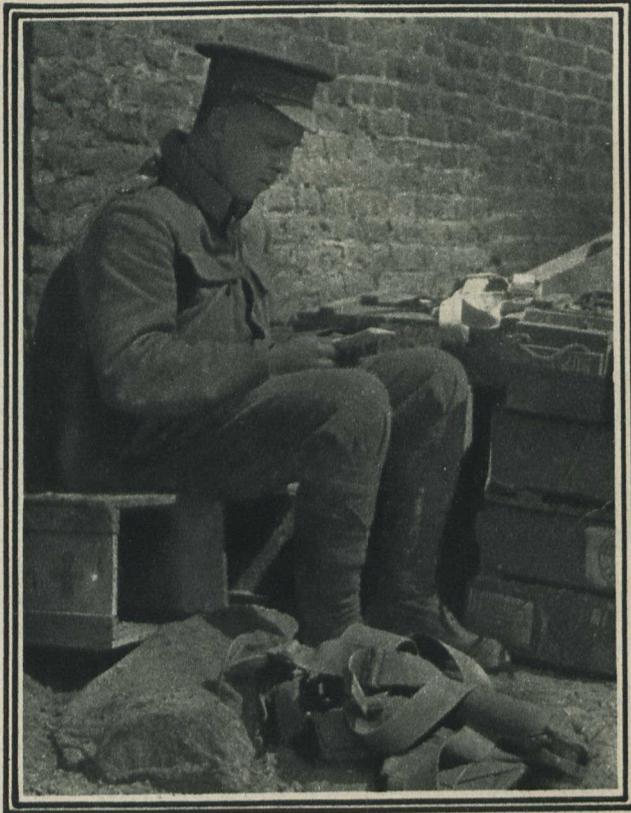
In August, 1914, acting as Minister of Militia, he offered England a Division for Overseas Service. The offer was accepted, and the Minister went to work with his coat off—and results began to show as if by magic. The great camp at Valcartier sprang into being, and speedily filled with troops of all arms and departments of the Service. This force, to the number of thirty-three thousand, with its guns, its horses, and its motor vehicles, reached England on October 3.

There are worthy, but short-sighted, citizens living who were of the opinion that Canada and her Minister of Militia had accomplished their utmost in the creation of the 1st Canadian Contingent. They are wiser now. To-day, Canada is a military nation. In France alone she has more than the strength of her peace-time Militia. In England she has the organisation to keep her fighting units supplied with fully-trained men, while there are tens of thousands of men under arms in Canada, ready and eager and fit to take their places in the front line trenches.

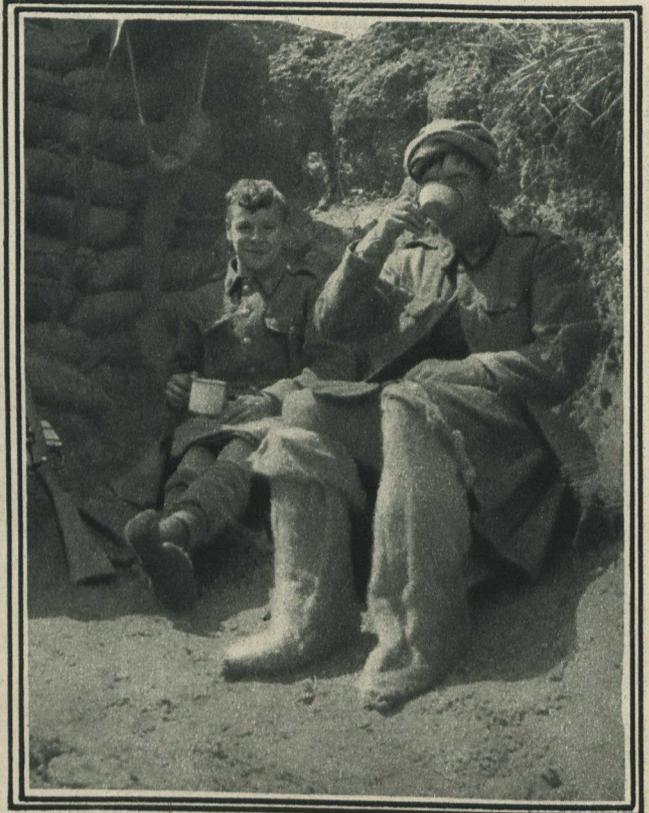
Sir Sam Hughes was born in Ontario in 1853, of an Irish father and a Scotch-Irish mother. He made a name for himself as an educationalist, as a Militia officer, and as a politician; but his greatest reputation has been made, and his greatest work has been done, as the Commanding Officer of Canada's Army in this world-conflict.



AT THE SALUTING BASE
General Sir Sam Hughes (on left) with General Lord Brooke taking the salute at a review of Canadian troops



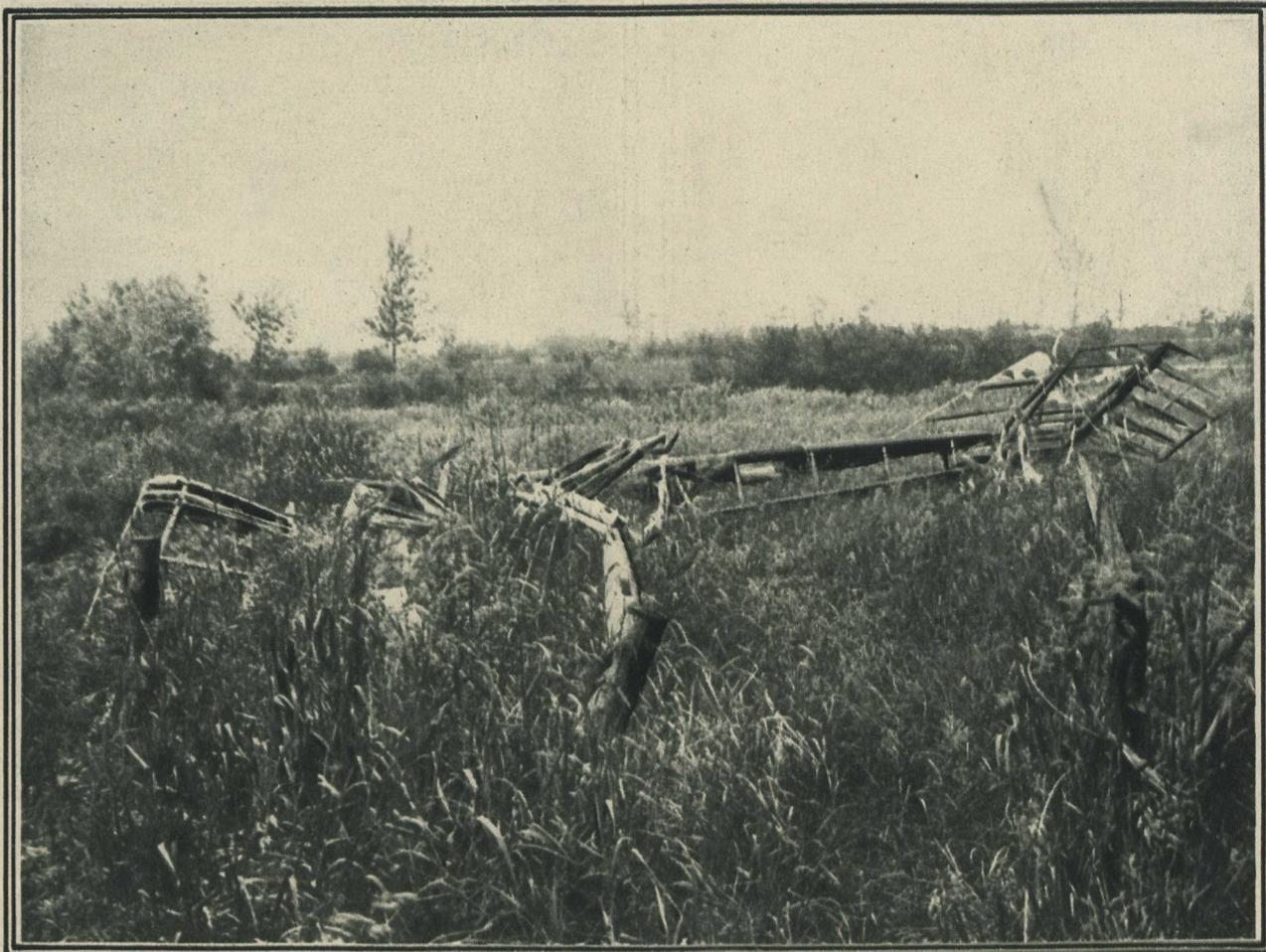
A LETTER FROM HOME



LUNCH IN THE TRENCHES



BLOWING UP WIRE



THE END OF AN AEROPLANE



SALVAGING EQUIPMENT ON THE BATTLEFIELD



TYPICAL SHELL CRATERS

Never in the history of the world was the crust of Old Earth so pitted and torn by the explosions of human conflict as it is to-day. The mechanical superiority which the Germans at first possessed over the Allies is now a thing of the past.

SHELL CRATERS: WITH SOME NOTES ON WAR MACHINES

SHELL craters continue to grow in magnitude as in number. In the soil of France and Belgium, the story of the guns of England, France, and Germany is written deep. By day and night the guns, the shells and the gunners grow and multiply. Early in the war the enemy mastered the British in brute-strength of artillery—in everything to do with guns and ammunition except skill and courage; but now, though the gun-power of the Germans is many times greater than in those days, we are their masters. To-day we can beat the mechanical fighters at their own game!

In the machinery of war lay the German strength. Even their flesh and bone were driven like machinery. Their infantry rolled up in tens of thousands, only to be stopped by our thousands. Where the fight was between men armed with rifles and grenades we had no fear of the result. We were the better fighters. The dash of our French comrades, the grim rush and tackle of our brothers of the United Kingdom, and the furious and fearless methods in attack of our men from Overseas, made our infantry always the masters of the enemy's infantry, whatever the odds against us.

The Germans continued to hold the upper hand in the machinery of guns and shells, until they attempted to grind the defences of Verdun to powder. There and then they learned that even their mechanical superiority over the Allies was a thing of the past. Then began the greatest duel of guns the world had ever known or dreamed of up to that time. Day by day, night by night, month after month, the battle of guns continued, touched and coloured here and there by the massive overflow of German infantry towards shell-

obliterated strongholds, and the splendid counter-strokes of French infantry. At Verdun, France out-shot the enemy, even as she had always out-bayoneted him.

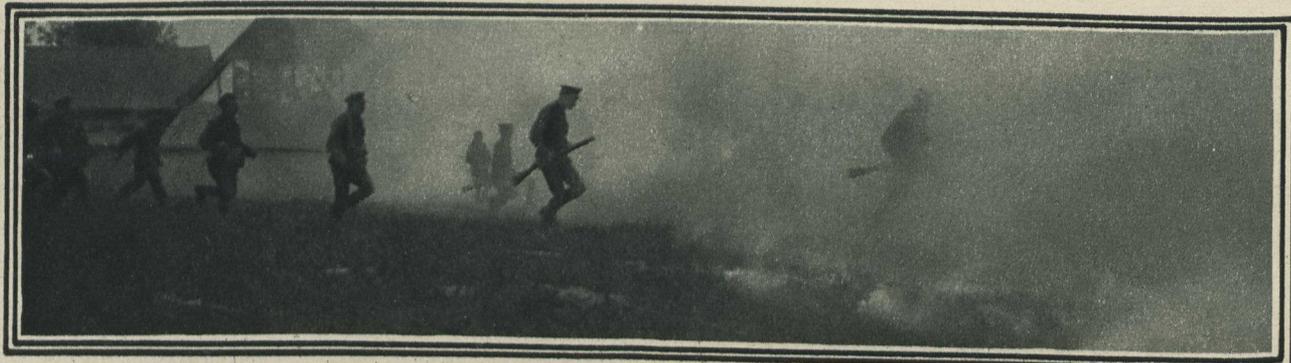
Then Germany hurled her weight of artillery upon the Ypres salient, to blot it out and exterminate its defenders in a hurricane of shattering death. The Canadians were there, in the very salient where she had found them a year before—to the undoing of her plans. And again the blind fury of German machinery broke and split against the thin, hard front of Canadian Valour. The Ypres salient is still British! Explosions that turned and re-turned the tortured soil and obliterated trenches and dug-outs neither turned nor obliterated fighting Canada.

And now we—(England—Great Britain—the British Empire—call us what you will)—move forward beside France, crushing the German defences line after line with our artillery, cleaning up the ruins with our grenades and bayonets. We move slowly, as a whole, though individual thrusts are sharp and quick. We use our machinery now before we give our flesh and blood—and we have the machinery. We move slowly and we grind small.

Never in the history of the world was the crust of Old Earth so pitted and torn by the explosions of human conflict as it is to-day. The shell-craters of to-day are as the mine-craters of yesterday. One crater obliterates another. Shell after shell tears the same old wound in blind fury. The garden-lands of Europe are now the waste places of death; but the gardens will bloom again under their rightful gardeners.



GERMAN TRENCHES DEMOLISHED BY ARTILLERY



BOMBING SCHOOL DEMONSTRATIONS—SMOKE ATTACKS

THESSE photographs of infantry working under smoke are sure to catch the critical eye of the old soldier; but the official caption—"Bombing School Demonstrations—Smoke Attacks"—will disarm him in an instant. Not in these pages, nor in the pages of the numbers to follow, will any specimen of "faked" pictures be found. These photographs are genuine—as genuine as the British Army! They are official—as official as the War Office! The above are

interesting photographs of exactly what we claim them to be—of Canadian infantry practising an attack under smoke from trenches in our second or third line. These same men came out of the first-line trenches to attend the bombing school of their particular brigade, and, upon the completion of their course of instruction in the use of smoke bombs, hand-grenades, and rifle-grenades, returned to their units and the fire-trench of our front-line.



CANADIAN TROOPS CHEERING HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE

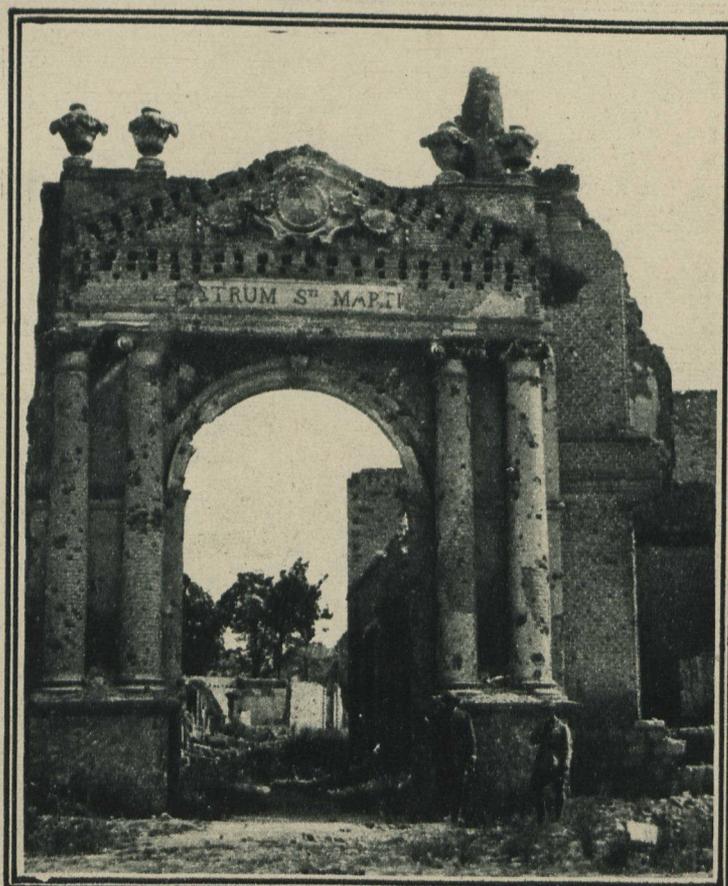


RUINS OF THE FAMOUS CLOTH HALL, YPRES

YPRES

As a city, Ypres has long been dead. Her homes are roofless and deserted, her churches are shattered, the monuments of her prosperity are broken in ruins. The spirit of Death haunts the battered walls and forsaken thoroughfares. The old life of the beautiful, glad city is a thing of the past; but another and finer life—that of another population—still beats in her fallen and outraged body. Though her roofs are gone and her chambers are empty, her cellars have long housed detachments of her defenders. British regiments—men from England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, and Australia and from lesser lands beyond the seas—have now contributed underground garrisons for the shattered city for more than a year.

Now sentries challenge where the laughter of women was heard of old; and guards meet where, long ago, the trysts of lovers were kept. Soldiers pile their arms in broken courtyards where flowers and music have been, and sleep in dark places beneath floors that have thrilled to dancing feet; and at dawn these soldiers, who speak a tongue unknown to the Ypres of peace and gaiety, go out and give their lives for that broken city and that harrowed, but impregnable, salient.



SHELL-SCARRED ARCHWAY, YPRES



RESTING IN RESERVE TRENCHES



FRENCH CANADIANS DRAINING TRENCHES



RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN THE ART OF SNIPING



SNIPING OFFICERS IN TRAINING



ROYAL CANADIAN HORSE ARTILLERY BRIDGING A TRENCH



THE BRIDGE COMPLETED IN 1 1/2 MINUTES



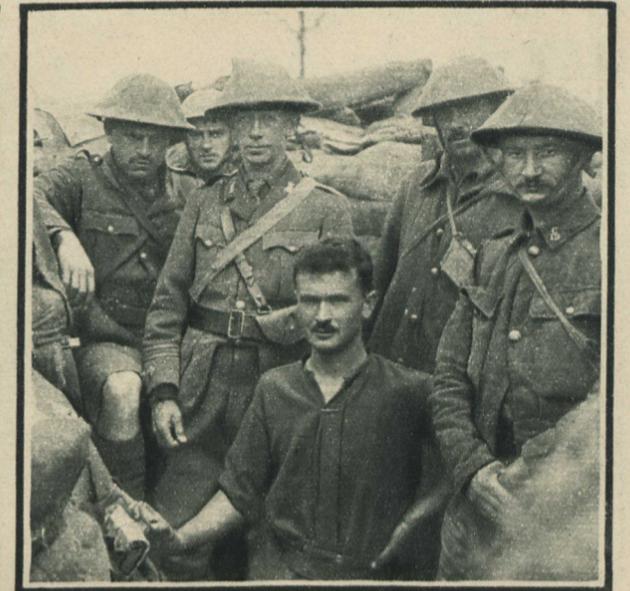
ARTILLERY CROSSING THE BRIDGE



PEELING POTATOES



LIFTING THE WOUNDED OUT OF FIELD AMBULANCE



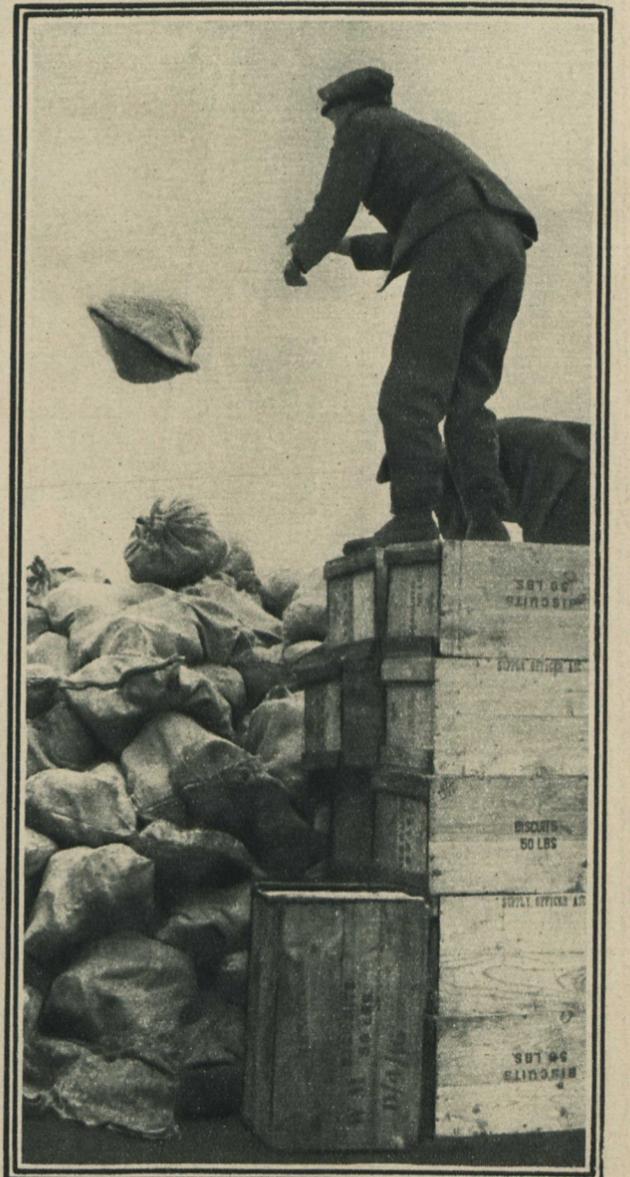
GROUP IN FRONT-LINE TRENCH



A CHAT WITH THE WOUNDED



A SNIPER



SUPPLY COLUMN—HANDLING BREAD



THE YPRES BATTLE OF JUNE, 1916
Trench from which a Battalion of our Third Brigade made their charge



PANORAMA FROM OBSERVATORY RIDGE



DUG-OUTS IN YPRES SALIENT

“NO MAN’S LAND”

FOR nine months, between the second and third Battles of Ypres, the Canadians occupied a length of the British front along which conditions were favourable for the practice of trench-warfare as an art. In those days a division could put in all three brigades, and each brigade could hold its front with two battalions “in” and two resting in reserve. Active men yawned in the front line then, and went out looking for trouble. The strip of country between Germany’s parapets and ours had its name changed from “No Man’s Land” to “Canada”—and we policed that strip of country more effectively than some cities are policed. Grass grew between the hostile trenches in those days—acres of grass. “No Man’s Land” was an actual territory then, bounded by parapets which often stood intact for weeks at a time and dotted with landmarks that remained in recognisable shape day after day. Under very favourable conditions one could take the air of a night in that old playground and perhaps not see a Boche at all or draw so much as a shot.

But the “No Man’s Land” of to-day is quite another kind of place. The parapets which bound it are continually in a state of demolition or repair. The earth before and behind our trenches is torn to shapelessness by mines and heavy shells and harrowed by shrapnel and fire of searching machine-guns. The trenches are broken by huge pits large enough to engulf houses. Aerial torpedoes make a hell of earth and air over all this tragic region. The front-line trenches of friend and foe alike cease so frequently to exist as trenches, and become nothing more definite than confused locations in a field of raging battle, that the name of “No Man’s Land” loses its significance for hours and days together.

When the Germans struck the salient with a flood of exploding metal and swarming men on the morning of the second of June, with the intention of crushing it

level with the rest of the British front—the most terrific blow ever delivered on that harassed place—battalions of the Third Canadian Division were in the trenches. The storm of shells broke upon them suddenly, closing the way of their supports with a shattering wall of annihilation, tearing the forward defences to shapelessness and deluging the ruins with fire and metal. Two General Officers of the Division were caught in that storm. One of these, the commander of a brigade, was wounded, and, later, made a prisoner; the other, the commander of the division, stunned and deafened by the concussion of bursting shells, was seized with a Berserker rage when surrounded by the enemy. He had commanded a brigade of the First Canadian Division at the Second Battle of Ypres. He had fought through and out of many desperate situations; and now, hemmed in by German bayonets, he continued to fight. He was not a young man, nor a fire-eater. He was a lover of honourable peace. But he fought to a finish that day, and fell at last with at least three vital wounds in his body.

His spirit fired every man of his division that day. What the Germans took, they took from dead men—and they paid for it with death. Then the First Division struck in counter-attack, avenging the Third and re-winning the graves of their comrades with their own lives.

But this “Pictorial” does not pretend to be a history. It is a little collection of authentic photographs; and these disjointed sketches are nothing more than attempts to explain the spirit of the subjects photographed in a general way.

The story of the June fighting in the Ypres salient is told in the second volume of “Canada in Flanders”—as clearly and as fully as it can possibly be told until professional historians go calmly to work at it in the quiet days after the war.



EMPLACEMENTS OF TWO SACRIFICED GUNS IN SANCTUARY WOOD WHICH WERE LOST AND RECAPTURED BY THE CANADIANS



VIEW OUTSIDE A GERMAN DUG-OUT AFTER THE CANADIAN ARTILLERY RETALIATION



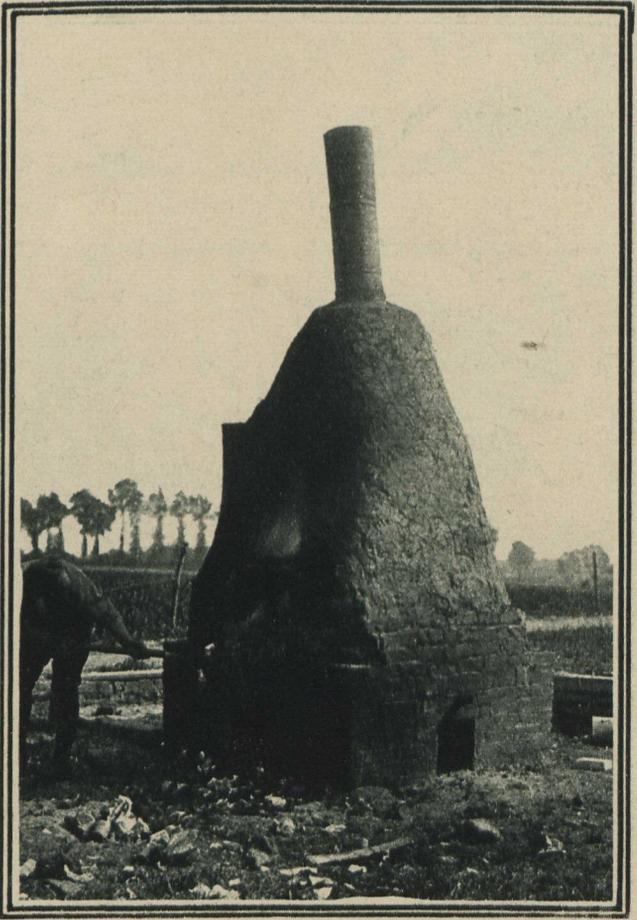
BRINGING IN A FALLEN COMRADE



UNEXPLODED GERMAN TRENCH-MORTAR BOMB



UNEXPLODED 12-INCH GERMAN SHELL



A FIELD INCINERATOR



SANCTUARY WOOD AFTER BEING SWEEPED BY ARTILLERY FIRE

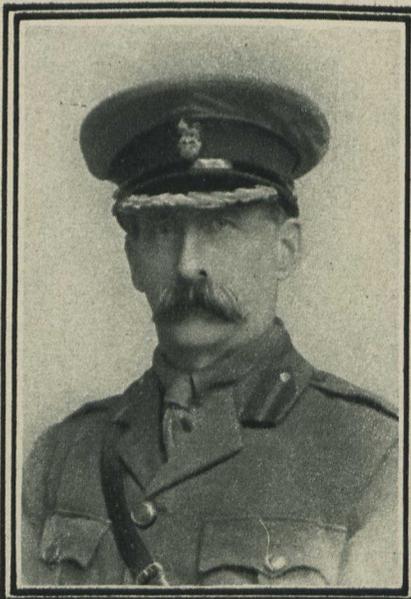


MEAL-TIME IN THE TRENCHES



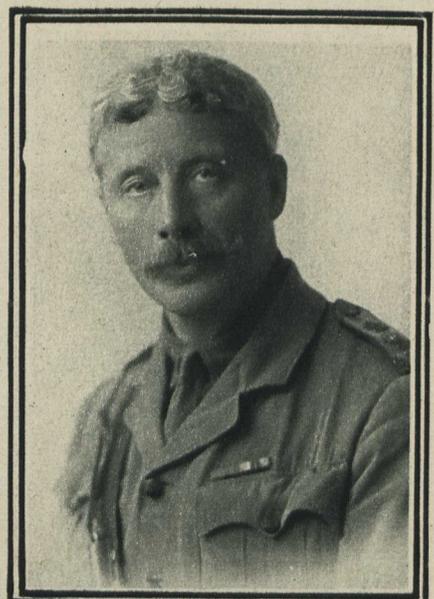
LIEUT.-GENERAL THE HON. SIR JULIAN BYNG, K.C.B., Etc.

Commanding Canadian Army Corps since the transfer of Lieut.-General Sir Edwin Alderson to the appointment of Inspector-General of Canadian Forces in May, 1916



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL M. S. MERCER, C.B.

Who died in action on June 2, 1916, had commanded the Third Canadian Division since November, 1915, and, before that date, the First Canadian Infantry Brigade

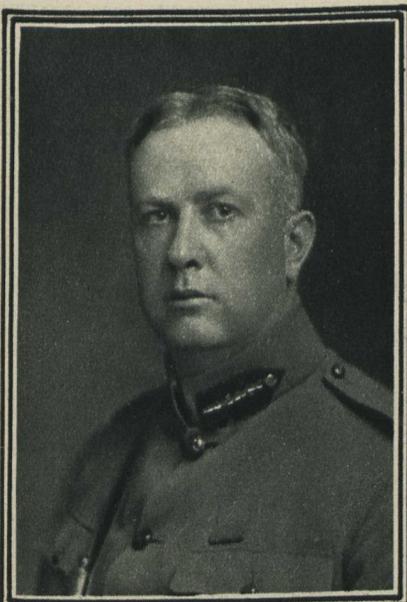


MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID WATSON

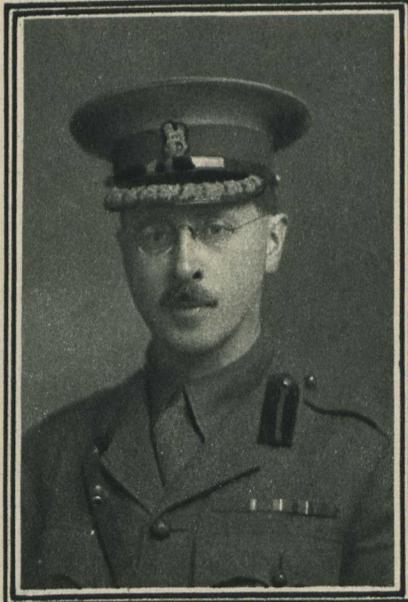
Commanded the Second Canadian Battalion from September, 1914, to August, 1915, and then the Fifth Canadian Infantry Brigade until he was appointed to the command of the Fourth Canadian Division in the spring of 1916.



CANADIAN CAVALRY RIDING DOWN A STEEP BANK



MAJOR-GENERAL A. W. CURRIE, C.B.
Commanding the First Canadian Division since September, 1915. Before that date he commanded the Second Canadian Infantry Brigade



MAJOR-GENERAL R. E. W. TURNER, V.C., D.S.O.
Now commanding the Second Canadian Division, and formerly in command of the Third Canadian Infantry Brigade



MAJOR-GENERAL L. J. LIPSETT, C.M.G.
Was promoted from the command of the Second Canadian Infantry Brigade to that of the Third Canadian Division on June 16, 1916



2nd CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE—INTERIOR OF WARD 6

THE GAME

IN the vicinity of Ypres and in other warm sections of the Western Front, the soldier does not expect any rest during his tour of duty in the trenches. If the enemy, and circumstances in general, permit him a few hours of sleep, he congratulates himself on his luck. He goes in for four, five, or six days, as the case may be, knowing that each day may consist of twenty-four working hours. In civil life he started and stopped work at the stroke of the clock, was jealous of his time and his energy, and saw to it that he was paid an extra wage for every extra hour of toil. He worked then for a man or a firm, not for a Cause. His labour made a little money for himself and more for someone else. But now he labours for a Cause; now he is paid by the King; now his foremen and managers are lieutenants and captains and colonels. He goes to his work heartily now, if not always cheerily. Of course, he grumbles now and then, God bless him! A little grumbling refreshes him—a little cursing at the war lightens his spirit. But he tries to keep his grumbling from the ears of his officers. Why? Because it would not be the correct thing for them to curse and grumble before him, so why should he voice his soul-weariness before them! He plays the game, as his officers play it, because he is a soldier in the front-line trenches. Perhaps he was a very ordinary soldier in camp and in barracks. Perhaps he was a very ordinary citizen in civil life. But in

the front line he is a prince of sportsmen and a gentleman. His work is not a job, but a glorious gamble. He goes up with the firm intention of doing his duty in that place, day and night, until another sportsman comes up to relieve him—and he stakes his life on the game! When he loses he pays cheerfully, like the patriotic gentleman perils and self-sacrifice and duty have made him.

If this soldier plays in ordinary luck, he goes out to reserve or rest billets on his own two feet at the conclusion of his tour of duty, only to get himself into shape to return again for another game with death. If he plays in exceptional luck, he is carried out with a few ounces of German metal in him, but with his life still intact. He is in luck—as luck goes on the Western Front. He will be put to bed. When pain does not keep him awake, he will sleep. With a few quarts of his blood, or an arm, or a leg, or an eye, he has bought himself a long rest.

You will meet this lucky soldier hundreds of times on the streets to-day. If you have ever sat in at the game which he played so successfully, you will feel heartened and inspired by the sight of him. If you have not—well, don't barge into him, anyway. Old Army, New Army, Canadian, Australian, New Zealander—whatever he is, you can be sure that he was once a great man who looked death in the eyes unflinchingly—though now he may be only the wreck of a great man.



OPERATING ROOM
No. 3 Casualty Clearing Hospital



CLEANING THEIR KILTS



SNIPING AT A LOOPHOLE IN THE ENEMY TRENCH



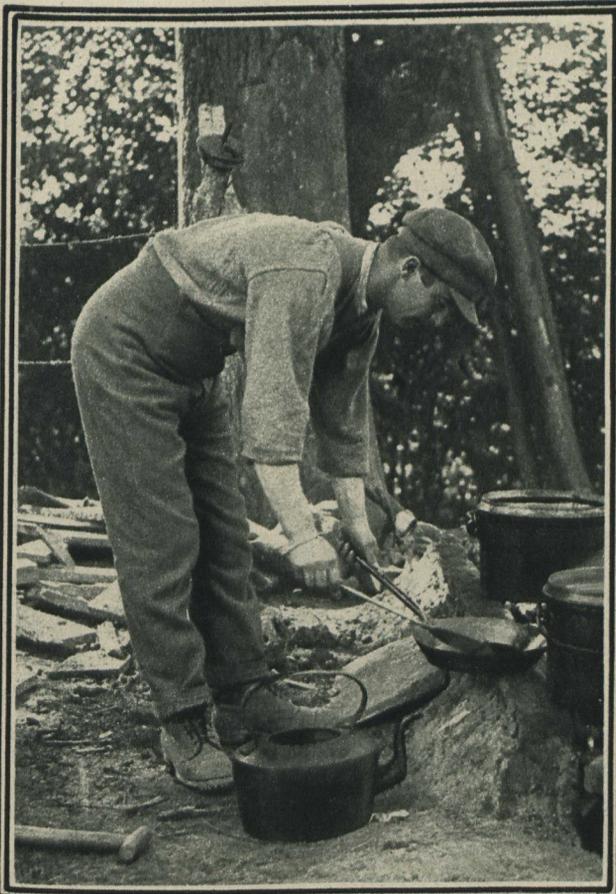
ISSUING RATIONS



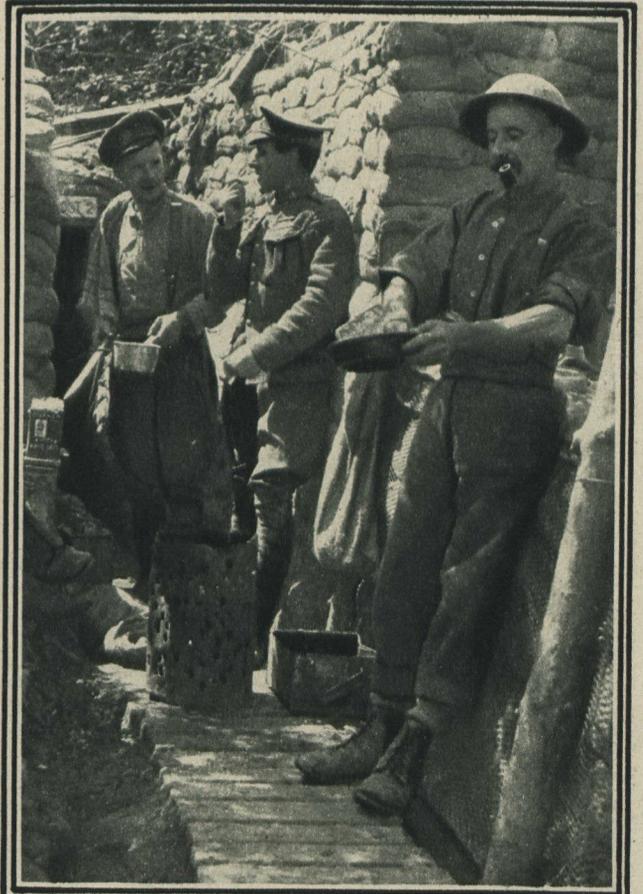
A DIVISIONAL SUPPLY COLUMN LOADING UP RATIONS



SERVING OUT A MEAL



COOKING BEHIND THE LINES



OFFICERS' COOKS



HORSE LINES

REST BILLET'S

Our old front, men suffered from discomfort and monotony. Occasionally, of course, they suffered injury and violent death by shell, grenade, or bullet; but monotony and discomfort were the evils of trench warfare which dwarfed all others in their minds. When they went back to rest then, it was to obtain dry clothing, to clean their blankets and their skins, and to indulge in mild forms of social amusement. They required their few days of cleanliness, comparative comfort, football, and platoon and company drill, and their evenings of Y.M.C.A. concerts, watery French beer and bucolic flirtations, to renew their interest in life sufficiently to carry them through the next tour in the trenches. These things constituted the rest their spirits and bodies craved.

Now they need a more absolute rest. Now they are nerve-tired, brain-tired, and bone-tired. They want to lie down and stay down. They have not suffered recently from monotony, but from a tearing, tissue-burning excitement—the excitement of finding themselves alive from one minute to the next. They have been suffering the discomforts of the old front, but unconsciously. A man does not worry about wet feet when his dug-out is going aloft and the parapet is half in the air and half in the trench. He does not feel the twinges of toothache when the night is loud with the railroading of giant shells towards him and over him, shattering earth and air in front and behind. When the night, unilluminated for the moment by the beautiful star-shells, is painted by the fiery serpents of bursting shrapnel and the quick, winking red glares of whiz-bangs, his mind does not dwell on the fact that he needs a bath. He hopes that the fury will lessen and pass away, and that he will be told to go back to some quiet place and lie down and sleep.

The amazing thing happens!—the time of his release arrives and finds him still alive. He is led out at night, back to rest billets; but even in the act of going away

to the place of well-earned rest he risks his life a dozen times. Gradually the tumult of the explosions of enemy shells grows faint behind him and the thunder of our own guns increases in front. Still the shells pass over, but they fly so high that the cries of their flight are thin and without suggestion of personal menace.

His rest-billet may be a tent, a hut or the threshing floor of a barn. If he has any choice in the matter he occupies a tent and tries to imagine himself back in his own land, camping on the bank of some favourite salmon-pool or trout-brook. Even if his imagination fails him, he is fortunately placed. Here are the horse lines. Here is the cook-house. He is halted and dismissed. He sheds his equipment and lies down.

This soldier has not come back from four days and nights in a fixed trench, but from the heart of a battlefield. His trench has been little better than the name of a trench. So he sleeps and forgets.

He awakes next day and hears the outrageous tumult of battle thinned to a whisper on the horizon. He eats. He smokes. Then he finds that all the men he knows have not been killed. Here they are—some of them—eating and smoking like himself. He feels a sudden curiosity as to the whereabouts of his razor. One thing leads to another; and, in a day or two, life seems normal and fairly secure again, and his restful hours are devoted to mild exercises, peaceful duties, and harmless sports.

The harder the fighting, the greater the need of rest. It becomes necessary, at times, to withdraw whole brigades for weeks of emancipation from the strain and responsibility of the trenches.

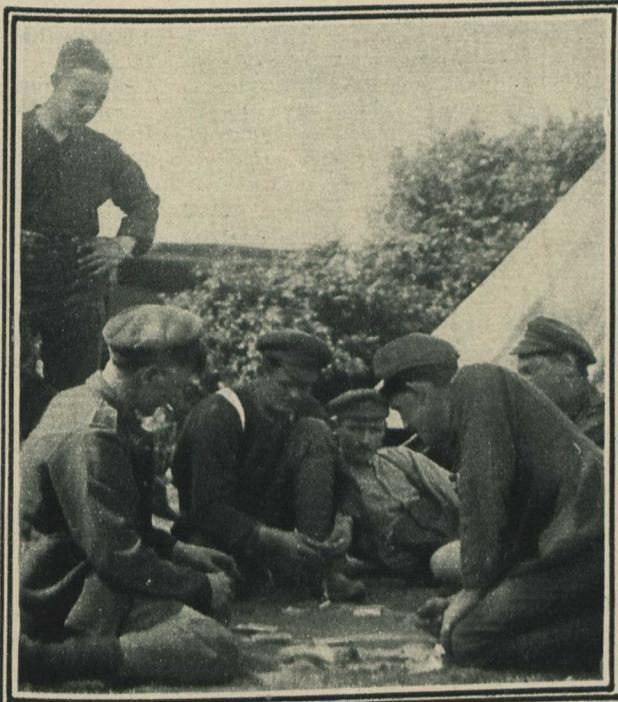
Rest, however, does not mean complete idleness. Sleep and ease are good things for the weary soldier, but nothing so quickly brings him back to realisation that life—even the life of a soldier—is not entirely a matter of desperate struggles and explosive perils, of furious valour and shrieking death, as a few hours of squad drill.



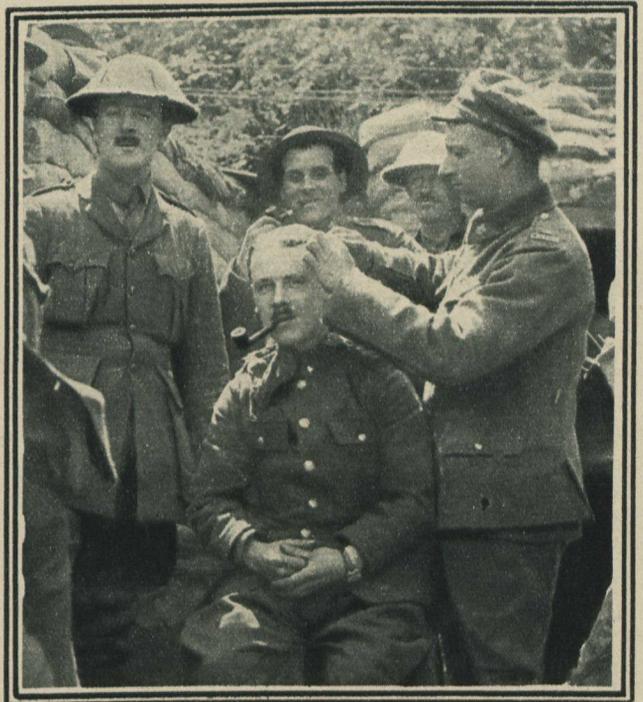
A GAME OF FOOTBALL IS A PLEASANT CHANGE FROM THE TRENCHES



A FAREWELL DINNER TO A GENERAL PROMOTED TO A HIGHER COMMAND



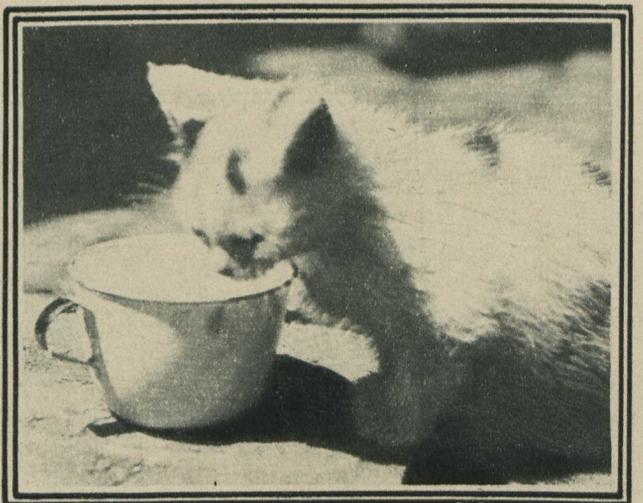
A GAME OF CARDS



HAIR CUTTING IN THE TRENCHES



TEDDY BEAR MASCOT



BORN IN THE TRENCHES



A CANADIAN FIELD POST-OFFICE



A BATTALION HEADQUARTERS IN THE TRENCHES

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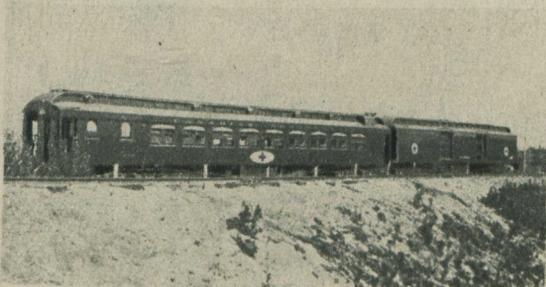
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125, Hope Street, Glasgow ; Head Office,
Bond Court, Walbrook, London.

— THE —
CANADIAN WAR PICTORIAL



FRENCH CANADIANS IN THE TRENCHES



CANADIAN ARTILLERY LAYING A 47 GUN