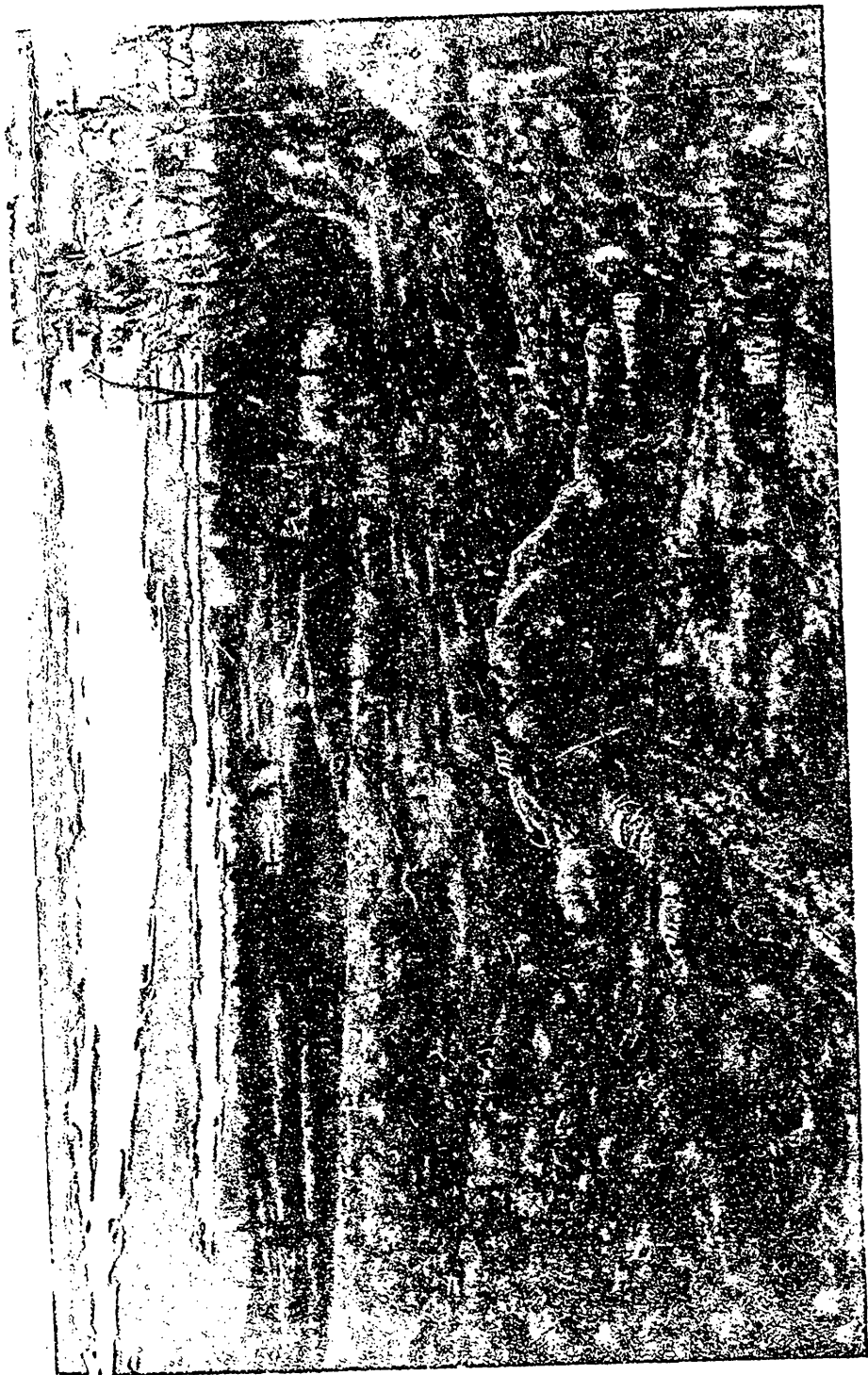




4th Canadian Division
Signal Co.



11111111

WITH THE
4TH CANADIAN DIV'L



SIGNAL COY
C·E

· SOMME ·
VIMY LENS HILL 70 ·
· PASSCHENDALE AMIENS ARRAS ·
· BOURLON WOOD CAMBRIA ·
AUBERCHICOURT DENAIN
· VALENCIENNES ·

ON ACTIVE SERVICE



MAJOR GENERAL SIR DAVID WATSON, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., D.C.



LT. COL. ARTHUR G. LAWSON, M.C., R.C.E.

“ COMRADESHIP ”

“COMRADESHIP”

*Though lustful War may Nature's systems spoil;
Man's hearths destroy, and God's own temples strip,
Yet spring from out the devastated soil
Life's loveliest blooms, the flowers of Comradeship.*

CONSIDERING our patriarchal origin and the itinerant nature of our eventful existence, we might very appropriately have borne the name of “Ishmael.” Officially, however, we are not Ishmaelites, but “The Fourth Canadian Divisional Signal Company.”

Apart from that indeterminate locality which a considerate, but none the less cautious, censorship has never refused us the privilege of calling “Somewhere,” we have never known what might legitimately be called a home; however, we are not unique in that.

Our parentage is, happily, more certain. It is eminently honourable, even illustrious. The Fourth Canadian Divisional Signal Company, like the other martial children with whom it has worked, wandered, and been most closely associated, is the offspring of the “Great War,” and his virtuous partner, the Militia Department of Canada. The latter conceived and brought it into the militant world, and has continued faithfully, right from our helpless infancy, to mother, feed, clothe, pay, and

supply us our weekly tobacco issue. It is "Old Father Mars" himself who has set us our tasks. But more and enough of him later.

As a unit, we began our existence at Shorncliffe, Kent, early in the month of June, 1916. It was one of those rare mornings when, on the south coast of England, the sparkling waters of the Channel, the white cliffs of Dover, gleaming in the sunlight, the placid ships at sea, and the circling sea-gulls, together create the pictures which artists so often strive to reproduce.

Our life at Shorncliffe was but brief. Our "Mother," her hands already amply filled with the cares and anxieties of a large and struggling family, found but small time to devote to us there. We were promptly sent away to one of those family nurseries where, with other young and promising members of our tribe, we were required to learn the essentials of the paternal business.

This was at Bramshott. There cradled and nurtured amidst the undulating beauty of the gorse-clad Hampshire Downs, we practised the duties for which we were designed, developed our family pride, and were schooled to work harmoniously with the other components of our divisional generation.

In August, we were sent to join our grim, hard-fisted old "pater" at his work. Moving by way of Southampton and Le Havre, we finally caught up with him, engaged, as was his wont, at that time, in ploughing up the Ypres salient.

It is unnecessary here to record what befell us on the stricken fields of France and Belgium. From August, 1916, until that memorable day, November 11th, 1918, our fortunes and misfortunes are those of the Canadian Corps. They may be found, well and truthfully described, elsewhere.

That the Canadian Corps has never failed to uphold in highest honour the fair name of Canada is a record of which all Canadians are honestly proud. That the Fourth Canadian Division has, on every field where it has appeared, never hesitated to contribute its full and valiant share to the glorious achievement of the Canadian Corps is a circumstance in which it humbly and thankfully rejoices. That the Fourth Canadian Divisional Signal Company has ever faithfully and creditably fulfilled its duties to the Division, whose vital communications it has controlled and operated, is our greatest satisfaction.

Many and varied are the duties of signallers. They exist, in small numbers, throughout every branch of army organization. No unit, however small, is complete without them. No formation, however powerful, is either safe or effective unless the signaller and his precious means of communication be continuously at its service. Though never unimportant, he is usually an inconspicuous part, often unobserved and more often unrecognized. Yet none have learned better than he the futility of mere "eye service," and the conscious joy of duty well done.

We have learned much from that stern old parent in whose unlovely fields we have laboured so long. Though life in his service has, at times, been unpalatable, uncomfortable and full of bitterness and discouragement, it has not been without its compensations. If we have found the tortured fields of War too often barren of everything save misery and desolation, in so many places unproductive of aught but suffering and death, we have yet discovered, springing, bravely and beautifully, from out their blood-soaked soil, some of the rarest and fairest flowers of enduring self-sacrifice and lasting Comradeship.

To these treasured "Flowers of Comradeship," picked from among War's reeking ruins, and along his thorny pathways, these "Memoirs" are devotedly dedicated.

We mourn for those snatched from us; for the clutching hand of Death has gathered, too. We grieve that some were crushed or broken in the strife. We rejoice with those who, through it all, escaped unscathed. May the pages of this book keep ever fresh the cherished memory of them all. Between its covers, may the "Flowers of Comradeship" be everlastingly preserved.



FOR SUCH AS THE SGNV SEPAV?



MAJOR G. W. WOOD, USA

DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS

AT last the day, which in many a dark and dismal dugout we have longed for, has come. It makes us think. We find that, instead of it being a day of continuous rejoicing, it is intermingled with a feeling of sadness. Why? Is it because we hesitate to leave so many kind friends behind us, both in France and Belgium?

During the war, we found friendship quite different from any we had hitherto known, and in a totally different way.

In normal times usually our friends and our associates are identical, because we are free to choose *the one from the other*. In the army, there is not often this opportunity; one is simply given his associates and from them is left to pick his friends.

However, we have learned that, in suffering and enduring together, there springs up among all men a fellowship and understanding of each other, which together, bind even closer than mere friendship.

That, and warlike conditions, bring out in a man both the best and the worst that is in him, and usually it is by the magnitude of his virtues, only, that he is judged.

Looking back, it seems a long time, but who will ever forget our first days in Ottawa? Our first arrival there, when we saw the horses frisking around the ring, was

attended with probably our first qualms of fear, and a slight realization of what was before us. Then we had epithets hurled at us that made us think the army didn't really appreciate our having enlisted.

In England, they tried to make soldiers of us, and they might have succeeded, had they left us long enough under the parental care of "Charlie." But we were never cut out for "regulars" and some of the Sergeants thought we were not cut out for anything.

From Shorncliffe a selection of two hundred of the most promising would-be signallers attached to the depôt were shipped off to Bramshott as the 4th Canadian Divisional Signal Company.

Life in camp there was rather monotonous at times; but during our two months' stay we managed to imbibe a certain amount of the knowledge a signaller should have. We had been told that we should have to "go some" in order to equal the reputations of the other Signal Companies in France, so we resolved to do our best.

At last the day came when we ceased to be "tin soldiers," and on the 10th day of August, 1916, we pulled up stakes and started for the front. After an uneventful Channel crossing we soon found ourselves in box cars on our way to the line, and finally landing in Hoograaf, a small village in Flanders, we began to be initiated into the sights of the war.

In a few days "Div." moved into the line and established Headquarters at Reninghelst. It may have been

a quiet town in peace time, but then it was seething with life and industry. We took things quite seriously here and worked hard. It being our initiation, it is well that the Bosch did not "cut up" any capers at this stage of the game.

After a short sojourn at Westoutre, we found ourselves trekking Somme-wards, where, finally, we "dug in" at Tara Hill, to continue the Somme operations and the good work of the other Canadian Divisions. The mud will ever remain in our memories as the outstanding feature of the Somme battle-field.

Next loomed upon the horizon Camblain l'Abbe and the Chateau de la Haie, our real home in France. What memories! The Barn with its yard, the Well, the "Absolution table" and too, our recreations. The Theatre, the Sports field and (why not?) the Estaminet at the Lodge.

Much might be said, did space permit, of Bruay, Auchel, the Ramparts, Merville, Sachin, Aux Rietz caves, Bracquemont and Wortley Avenue, each of which recalls many varied experiences.

The commencement of the battle of Amiens on August 8th, 1918, was, as we now know, the beginning of the home stretch. Open warfare, a new experience, it was to us our "Over the top." We continued the advance, as did every other unit in the army, through Domart, Demuin, Cayeux, Windmill Farm with its "black hole," to the sunken road at Vrely. Then we were transferred to the Arras battle; Vis en Artois, Inchy, Bourslon Wood,

represent the various phases of the final blow, and lastly Auberchicourt, Denain, and Valenciennes, where we received the most dramatic SM of the war, "Hostilities will cease."

For us of the 4th Division the Armistice period covered five months. This article would be incomplete without mentioning our month in Mons, the following month in Jodoigne and, finally, our sojourn in La Hulpe to the end of April. The hospitality shown us by the good people of Belgium, in all these places, will ever remain among our most interesting and pleasant memories.

The curtain falls and now we leave the stage, each on his separate way. May these few lines recall to us that drama in which each played his little part a while.

NOMINAL ROLL, HEADQUARTERS SECTION.

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
Crawford, I. P.	Corporal.	8-10-'17..	Killed	9-8-'18..	M.S.M.
Woodward, R. C.	Sapper.		Killed	9-8-'18..	
Harrison, C. D.	Lieutenant.		Died	May, 1918.	
King, R. H.	Corporal.	10-8-'16..	{ Wounded.	27-4-'19..	
Bibeau, A. A.	Sapper.		{ Killed.	1918.	
Boyce, J.	Sapper.		Died.	Nov., 1918.	
Cashmore, C. L.	Sapper.		Died.	1-12-'18..	
Cooke, W.	Lieutenant.	11-3-'16..	Wounded.	11-7-'17..	
Skinner, C.	Lieutenant.	20-1-'17..	Wounded.	June, 1917.	
Topping, E.	Lieutenant.	22-6-'17..	Wounded.	Feb., 1917.	M.M.
Jacobs, S. S.	Sergeant.	26-3-'19..	{ Wounded.	22-6-'15..	
Breen, J. M.	Sapper.		{ Wounded.	9-8-'18..	
Christison, J. D.	Sapper.		Wounded.	2-9-'18..	M.M.
David, C. H.	Sapper.		Wounded.	1-5-'17..	
Davis, W.	Sapper.		Wounded.	13-8-'17..	
Dean, P.	Sapper.		Wounded.	2-9-'18..	
Olies, C. A.	Sapper.		Wounded.	2-9-'18..	
Ollivier, H. G.	Sapper.		Wounded.	15-8-'18..	

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
Sharpe, H. E.	Sapper.	Wounded.	M.M.
Watson, J. C.	Sapper.	Wounded.	1- 9-'18.
Marsden, E.	Lance-Corporal..	Sick.....	16-10-'16.
Lawson, A. G.	Lieut.-Colonel.	14- 7-'18.	M.C.**
Malloch, F. G.	Major.	2- 7-'17.	M.C.**
Parnell-Smith, M. S.	Captain.	1- 1-'17.
Hartley, A.	Captain.	15- 3-'17.	M.C. and Bar*
Smith, S. M.	Captain.	6- 1-'18.	M.C.
Steel, W. A.	Captain.	20- 6-'18.	M.C.*
Norris, G.	Captain, R.A.F.
Jones, F. H. M.	Lieutenant.	20- 5-'16.	M.C.
Holman, D. B.	Lieutenant.	2- 9-'17.	M.C.
Stevenson, E. R.	Lieutenant.	11- 4-'17.
Pengelly, W. G.	Lieutenant.	7-12-'17.
St. Louis, A. R.	Lieutenant.	3-'19.
Banks, H.	Lieutenant.	3-'19.	D.C.M.-M.M.
Paton, L. R.	Lieutenant, R.A.F.	3-'19.
Crane, R. S.	Lieutenant, R.A.F.	3-'19.
James, H. C.	Lieutenant, R.A.F.	3-'19.
Taylor, R. H.	Lieut., M.T. R.A.S.C.	*
Pearson, G. L.	Captain, C.A.P.C.	*
Thimim, F.	Captain, C.A.P.C.

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
Hewitt, T. B. T.	Captain, C.A.P.C.				
Stafford, J. A.	Lieut., C.A.P.C.				
Baird, J. S.	W. O. Class 2	12-6-'18.			
McIntyre, M. B.	C. S. M.	10-8-'16.			
Champness, R.	C.Q.M.S.	8-7-'16.			
Carleton, J. W. F.	C.Q.M.S.	1-5-'19.			M.S.M. (F.)
Sugden, W. C.	Sergeant	10-8-'16.			M.M.*
Rosebourne, M.	Sergeant	12-6-'18.			M.S.M.*
Aveling, A.	Sergeant	29-8-'18.			M.M.
Watson, F. W.	Sergeant	24-9-'18.			
Bradley, G. E. C.	Sergeant	22-10-'18.			M.M.
Hardy, R.	Sergeant	10-11-'18.			
Lovett, H. R.	Sergeant	10-11-'18.			M.M. 2 Bars
McKay, L. C.	Sergeant	1-1-'19.			
Annan, H.	Corporal	10-8-'16.			M.M.
Dixon, W. J.	Corporal	10-6-'16.			
Hooper, H. W.	Corporal	10-8-'16.			
Larrigan, J. E.	Corporal	10-8-'16.			
Perkins, H. O.	Corporal	10-8-'16.			
Thompson, A.	Corporal	10-8-'16.			
Score, A. H.	Corporal	10-8-'16.			
Van Antwerp, J. T.	Corporal	10-8-'16.			
McDonald, J.	Corporal	10-8-'16.			*

*Mentioned in despatches.
(F.) Foreign Decoration.

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
Smith, C.	Corporal.	10-8-16.			
Pearce, E. A.	Corporal.	1-8-18.			
McMillan, H.	Corporal.	10-11-18.			M.M.
Chatham, F. O.	Corporal.	20-11-18.			M.M.
Dennistoun, J. M.	Corporal.	9-12-18.			
Bridgeman, E.	Corporal.	2-10-18.			M.M.
Evered, P. W.	Corporal.	1-2-19.			
McCleneghan, A. R.	Corporal.	16-2-19.			
Shepherd, J.	2nd Corporal.	1-8-18.			
Taylor, T. L.	2nd Corporal.	12-8-18.			M.M.
Reeves, W. H.	Lance-Corporal.	14-6-17.			
Humphrys, R.	Lance-Corporal.	11-8-18.			
Smart, G. W.	Lance-Corporal.	26-8-18.			
Ham, G. A.	Lance-Corporal.	10-11-18.			
McParland, A.	Lance-Corporal.	22-3-19.			
Atkinson, G.	Sapper.				
Anderson, H.	Sapper.				
Atchison, L.	Sapper.				
Arbuthnot, R. J.	Sapper.				
Bachus, W. J. E.	Sapper.				
Baird, S.	Sapper.				
Barber, S. O.	Sapper.				
Beck, C. E.	Sapper.				

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
Beeny, R.	Sapper.				
Bryden, J. G.	Sapper.				
Bryant, H.	Sapper.				
Bourget, T.	Sapper.				
Brady, C. S.	Sapper.				
Breen, F. E.	Sapper.				
Brenchley, J. W.	Sapper.				
Burton, G. F.	Sapper.				
Byers, G. M.	Sapper.				
Caines, H. W.	Sapper.				
Cambridge, W. G.	Sapper.				
Cary, R.	Sapper.				
Carnochan, F. M.	Sapper.				
Cawthorne, G. E.	Sapper.				
Chapman, G.	Sapper.				
Chapman, R. A.	Sapper.				
Chipman, J. W. F.	Sapper.				
Chisholm, R. A.	Sapper.				
Cockburn, L. J.	Sapper.				
Coghill, J. G.	Sapper.				
Costello, J. H.	Sapper.				
Cox, J. W.	Sapper.				

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
Crawford, H. S.	Sapper.
Crew, T. G.	Sapper.
Cumming, A. S.	Sapper.
Cornish, F. H.	Sapper.
Crowell, G. R.	Sapper.
Davidson, W.	Sapper.
Dery, A. J.	Sapper.
Davis, J. H.	Sapper.
Davison, J.	Sapper.
Depew, F.	Sapper.
Devine, P. J.	Sapper.
Devoe, C. E.	Sapper.
Donaldson, D. McN	Sapper.	M.M.
Donaldson, R. W.	Sapper.
Dory, R. H.	Sapper.
Evans, E. B.	Sapper.
Ewing, J. S.	Sapper.
Fagan, B. A.	Sapper.
Field, F. W.	Sapper.
Forbes, C.	Sapper.
Fraser, P. G.	Sapper.
Freeman, C. A.	Sapper.

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONOR.
Gair, H.....	Sapper.				
Gallant, J. P.....	Sapper				
Gallipo, N. E.....	Sapper.				
Gelson, R.....	Sapper.				
Gibb, J.....	Sapper.				
Gibson, A. K.....	Sapper.				
Gilbert, H. C.....	Sapper.				
Gingell, T. E.....	Sapper.				
Good, H. J.....	Sapper.				
Graham, A. W.....	Sapper.				M.M.
Grafton, E. A.....	Sapper.				
Graham, L. B.....	Sapper.				
Grieves, V. T.....	Sapper.				
Grier, A.....	Sapper				
Green, J. H.....	Sapper.				
Groulx, J. H.....	Sapper.				
Hamilton, J. K.....	Sapper.				
Hammett, A. F.....	Sapper.				
Hardy, T. B.....	Sapper.				
Harlton, W. T.....	Sapper.				
Hayward, T.....	Sapper.				
Heaney, T.....	Sapper.				
Heitz, G. M.....	Sapper.				
Hertel, A. F.....	Sapper				

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
Hickman, F. J.	Sapper				
Huartson, W.	Sapper				
Hodgson, R.	Sapper				
Holmes, A. S.	Sapper				
Hooper, H. A.	Sapper				
Hansaene, A.	Sapper				
Huntington, A. G.	Sapper				
Harriston, L. C.	Sapper				
Jary, R. C.	Sapper				
Jackson, C. E.	Sapper				
Jepson, K. B.	Sapper				
Jones, W. G.	Sapper				
Johnson, N. F.	Sapper				
Keefe, K.	Sapper				
Kenty, E. H.	Sapper				
Kincaid, J.	Sapper				
Kimball, H. G.	Sapper				
Lacey, A.	Sapper				
Lacey, H. G.	Sapper				
Leslie, D.	Sapper				
Laing, J. P.	Sapper				
Leigh, E. A.	Sapper				
Letch, H. C.	Sapper				

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
Littlefair, W. M.	Sapper				
Lithgow, A. T.	Sapper				
Lucas, R. O.	Sapper				
Lloyd, W. E.	Sapper				
Logan, R. K.	Sapper				
Luff, A.	Sapper				
Lundy, H. McL.	Sapper				
Lyon, E. S.	Sapper				
Lafontaine, H. A.	Sapper				
Macdougall, R. C.	Sapper				
MacPhail, J. S.	Sapper				
Mackersie, W. G.	Sapper				
MacQuarrie, J. M.	Sapper				
Mayes, J. H.	Sapper				
Mayville, E. J.	Sapper				
McAmmond, K. J.	Sapper				
McCracken, A.	Sapper				
McGill, W. L.	Sapper				
McInnery, W. L.	Sapper				
McKenney, J. E.	Sapper				
McKillop, M. L.	Sapper				
McNeil, G.	Sapper				
McQueen, P.	Sapper				

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
McRobic, A.	Sapper.				
McGarva, G. C.	Sapper.				
Merifield, W.	Sapper.				
Minty, L. A.	Sapper.				
Misson, G. D.	Sapper.				
Morris, W. F.	Sapper.				
Murry, D. S.	Sapper.				
Morton, C. O.	Sapper.				M.M.
Muir, J.	Sapper.				
Nash, C. A.	Sapper.				
Naylor, F.	Sapper.				
New, D. A.	Sapper.				M.M.
Newton, H. F.	Sapper.				
O'Rourke, P. J.	Sapper.				
Patterson, W. P. I.	Sapper.				
Paquette, L. J.	Sapper.				
Pennie, R. O.	Sapper.				
Plant, W.	Sapper.				
Purkiss, F.	Sapper.				
Pridham, W. T.	Sapper.				
Ralston, J. C. C.	Sapper.				
Reeves, A. J.	Sapper.				

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
Remic, W. H.	Sapper				
Renton, A.	Sapper				
Robertson, I.	Sapper				
Robson, W. P.	Sapper				
Robertson, W.	Sapper				M.M.
Rolston, H.	Sapper				
Rose, H. L.	Sapper				
Russell, G. N.	Sapper				
Saakel, C. A.	Sapper				
Saunders, W. F.	Sapper				
Sammon, L. P.	Sapper				
Scroggins, R.	Sapper				
Semple, P.	Sapper				
Sharratt, C. H.	Sapper				
Shaw, R.	Sapper				
Smith, I. F.	Sapper				
Smith, A. G.	Sapper				
Smith, L. V.	Sapper				
Smith, M. J.	Sapper				
Smith, W. T. E.	Sapper				
Smith, W. T. H.	Sapper				
Scorer, H.	Sapper				
Stewart, R. O.	Sapper				M.M.
Somers, R. T.	Sapper				

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CABALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
South, H. J.	Sapper	M.M.
Southern, F.	Sapper
Soper, C. W.	Sapper
Speck, C. W.	Sapper
Steeves, E.	Sapper
Stewart, O.	Sapper
Spence, H. G.	Sapper
St. Louis, J.	Sapper	M.M.
Stacks, R. H.	Sapper
Stone, C. E.	Sapper
Stoney, E. G.	Sapper
Storey, W. G.	Sapper
Storey, W. R.	Sapper
Strong, R. H.	Sapper
Sweetman, W. F.	Sapper
Switzer, N. G.	Sapper
Tanner, E. F.	Sapper
Taylor, C. F.	Sapper
Thorpe, W.	Sapper
Thompson, T. L.	Sapper	M.M.
Thompson, W. McN.	Sapper
Tilley, S. R.	Sapper

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
Tracey, G. F.	Sapper.				
Timmis, B. M.	Sapper.				
Titherley, F. L.	Sapper.				
Tooke, G. L.	Sapper.				
Trend, J. R.	Sapper.				
Tremells, L.	Sapper.				
Underwood, L. I.	Sapper.				
Van Tighem, F. F.	Sapper.				
Walker, C. C.	Sapper.				
Warner, R. B.	Sapper.				
Watkins, J. F.	Sapper.				
Watts, W. E.	Sapper.				
Wetherall, C.	Sapper.				
Weedmark, J. J.	Sapper.				
White, E. A.	Sapper.				
Williamson, A. E.	Sapper.				
Wilson, W. J. L.	Sapper.				
Woodford, R. J.	Sapper.				
Wright, A. M.	Sapper.				
Yallop, M. J.	Sapper.				

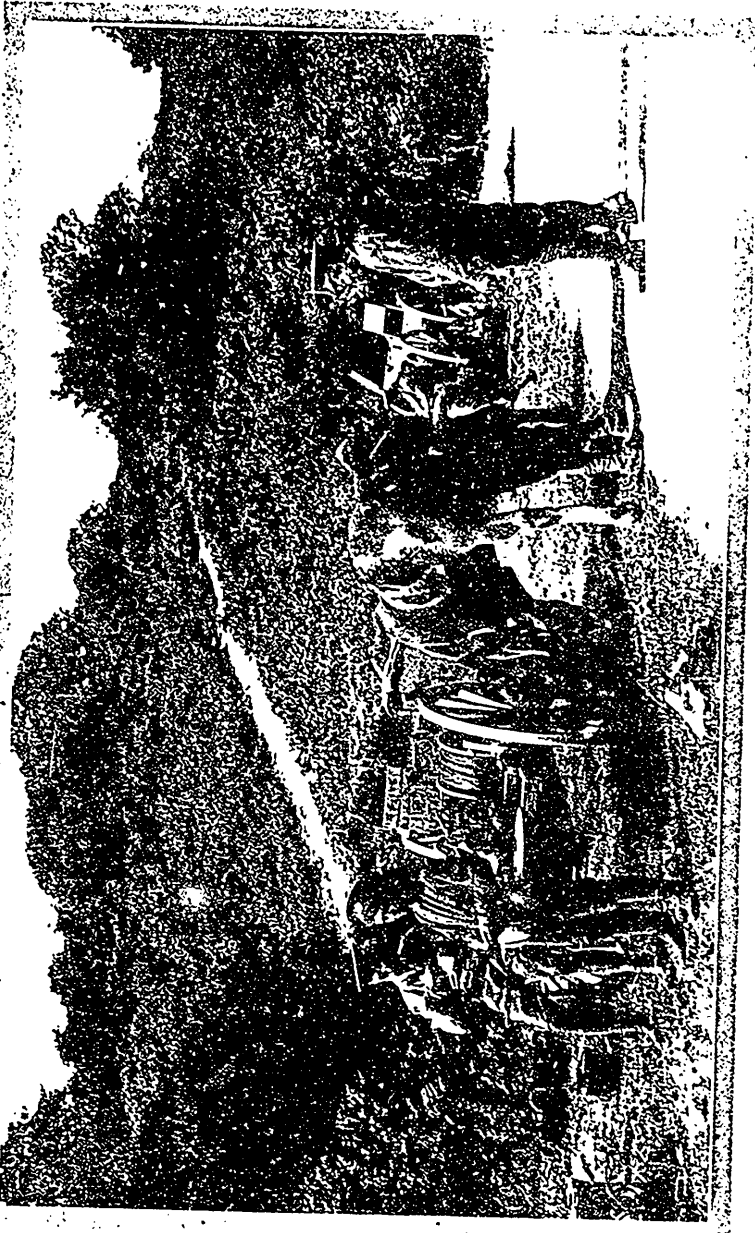
ATTACHED MEN.

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
Armstrong, H. G.	Lieutenant
Arbuthnot, J. McC	Sapper.
Boyd, W. W.	Sapper.
Cassidy, C. M.	Sapper.
Meddick, A.	Sergeant.
Bartoli, P.	Sapper.
Goldsack, R.	Sapper.
Osborne, E. W.	Sapper.
Kidder, R. E.	Sapper.
Coss, C. W.	Sapper.
Cohen, G.	Sapper.
Moxey, W. H.	Sapper.
Marsh, P.	Sapper.
Mitchelmore, W. H.	2nd Corporal.
Saunders, R. A.	Private.
Wainwright, C. G.	Sapper.

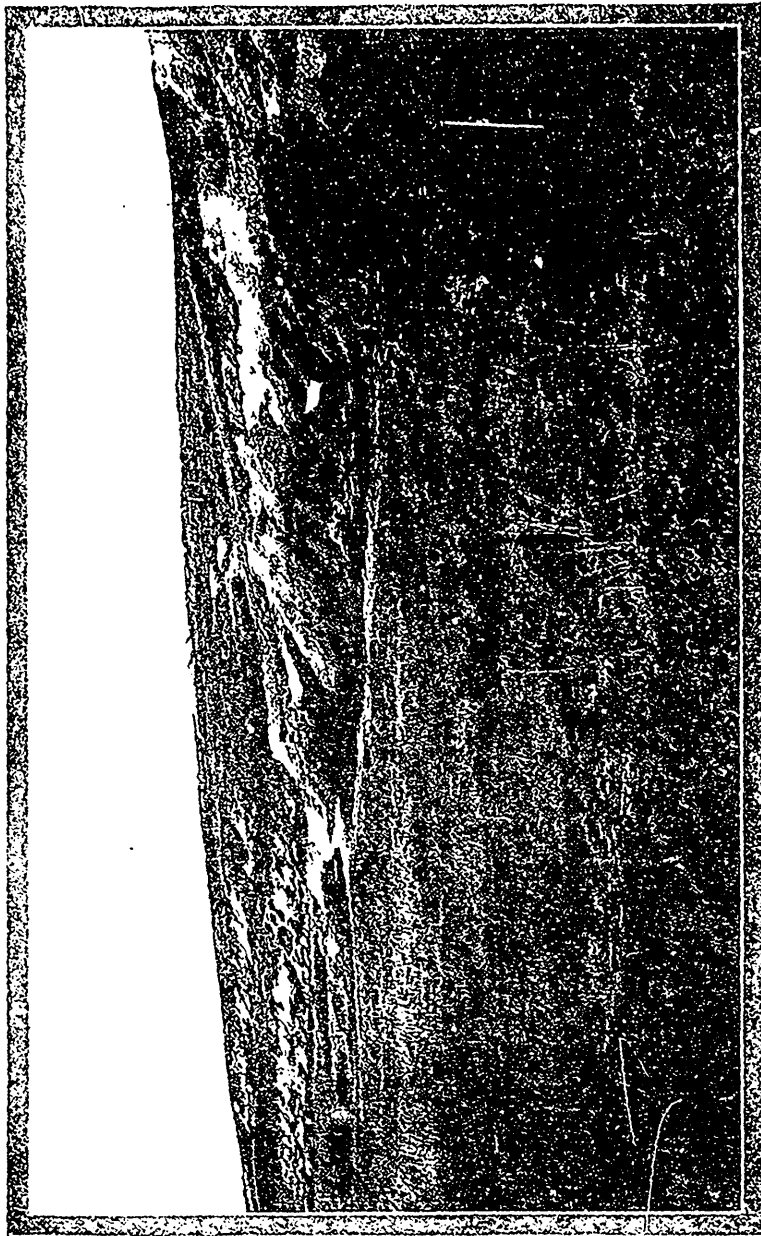


CORPORAL C. D. HARRISON, STOREKEEPER, 1916

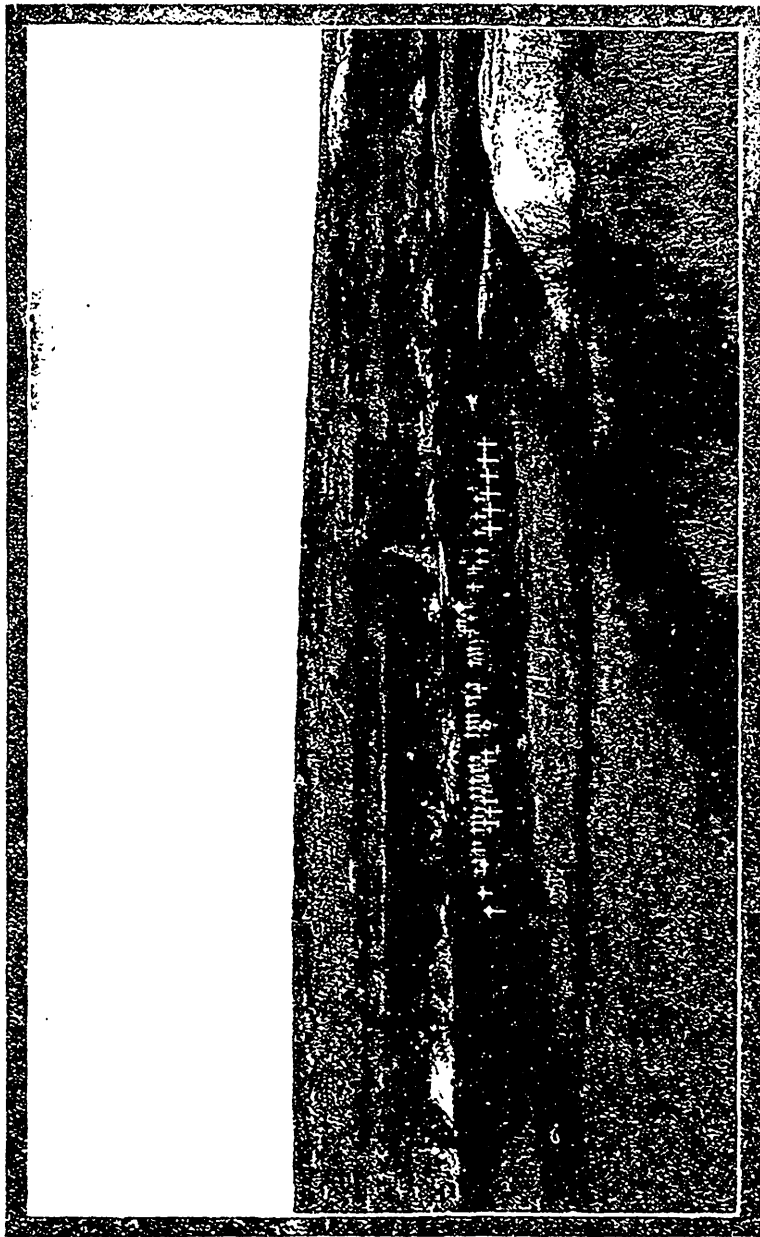




TRINCHAM POND - 1916



VIEW RURAL, 1918



20. WAT VALLEY 1918

HEADQUARTERS, ARTILLERY SECTION

IN August, 1916, the 4th Canadian Divisional Artillery had not been formed; neither were the signallers of the artillery brigades members of "Signals" proper. This development took place at a later date. However, Signals looked after communications for Artillery H. Q., and so it came about, that those of us detached from the Divisional Signal Company to handle Artillery Signals found ourselves attached to the 4th Australian Divisional Artillery and went into the line with them at Reninghelst.

Our next attachment was to the 3rd C. D. A. at Sherpenberg Hill, also in August, 1916. We remained attached to the 3rd C. D. A. for nine weeks at the Battle of the Somme during the following October and November.

In November, 1916, we joined the 2nd C. D. A., and from December to the following March we were attached to the Lahore Artillery, the artillery then working with the 4th Canadian Division, at Camblain l'Abbe.

During April and May, 1917, we found ourselves at Chateau de la Haie for the famous Vimy Ridge fight. Between May and July we were stationed at Cabaret Rouge, where the 4th Canadian Divisional Artillery proper was formed, the personnel being taken from the 3rd and 4th Brigades of the 1st and 2nd Divisions re-

spectively. At this time the signalling personnel of these newly formed brigades were transferred to "Signals" and became Sappers and members of the 4th Canadian Divisional Signal Company.

On October 15th the section moved up to Passchendaele, where our office was established in the Ramparts, Ypres, and where we remained for a month. The section marched away from Passchendaele on the 15th of November, and, after a few days on the Vimy front, moved back to Bruay for a month's rest. Next we relieved the 1st Division Artillery at Chateau de la Haie in December, 1917, staying there continuously until the 21st March following, when we pulled out to Bracquemont, and thence on to Au Rietz caves, just after the big enemy offensive south of Arras. There we remained till May 4th, when we went back to Berles for rest, staying there four weeks, moving from there to Tincques, where we remained six weeks during the period that the Corps were in rest. In July, 1918, we went into the line again at Maroeuil on the Oppy front.

In the first week of August we marched, via Doullens, to Boves, on the Amiens front, where we took our part in the now famous fight of August 8th. From there we came back to Habarcq for a few days' rest, and thence on to the notorious spot N. 15 D., near Wancourt. Then followed the Drocourt-Queant line fight. After ten days at Queant on the Hindenburg line, we took our place once more in the Battle for Bourslon Wood and Cambrai. From Inchy we passed to Quarry Wood on

the 29th September and, while the 4th Division were in rest, we remained with the 1st Division, until our Division returned for the last fight at Denain and Valenciennes. The Armistice found us at Valenciennes, in our first real billets, after more than two years of strenuous labour and continued change.

NOMINAL ROLL—ARTILLERY HEADQUARTERS SECTION

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
Merrill, F. C.	Sergeant.	14-5-'17.	Wounded.	5-6-'15.	M.M.
Evans, M. G.	Sapper	{ Wounded.	1-11-'17.	M.M.
		{ Wounded.	8-8-'18.
Houlding, L. M.	Lieut., Y.M.C.A.	Wounded.	11-9-'17.
Morden, R. B.	Sapper	Wounded.	16-11-'16.
Harper, H. N.	Sapper	Wounded.	7-8-'18.
Jenkins, W. F.	Sapper	Wounded.	11-7-'17.
McCracken, M. R.	Captain	31-10-'18.	{ M.C. and Bar { M.M.
Donnelly, P. T. A.	Corporal.	12-8-'16.
Souch, C. E.	Corporal.	3-7-'18.
Dean, R. S.	Corporal.	20-8-'18.
Sullivan, E. G.	Corporal.	20-8-'18.
Wicks, W.	2nd Corporal.	30-3-'19.
Fleming, J. J.	2nd Corporal.	20-8-'18.	M.M.
Cousins, C. L.	2nd Corporal.	30-3-'19.
Beckett, S. E. J.	Lance-Corporal.	22-12-'17.
Bates, J. E.	Sapper
Bradley, L. F.	Sapper
Bond, W. R.	Sapper

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
Clerihew, B. R.	Sapper.				
Cluff, S. I.	Sapper.				
Cook, P. R.	Sapper.				
Delaney, D. P.	Sapper.				
Evans, L. N.	Sapper.				
Heraper, A.	Sapper.				
House, G. E.	Sapper.				
Johnston, J.	Sapper.				
Macdonald, J.	Sapper.				
Martin, A. D.	Sapper.				M.M.
Mason, A.	Sapper.				
McLean, T. W.	Sapper.				
Muir, J. L.	Sapper.				
Quigg, T.	Sapper.				
Petty, W.	Sapper.				
Ross, J.	Sapper.				
Sievenpiper, F. H.	Sapper.				
Simpson, R. J.	Sapper.				
Simmons, D.	Sapper.				
Spicer, G. R.	Sapper.				
Stephenson, R. S.	Sapper.				M.M.
Stewart, J. W.	Sapper.				
Taylor, G. M.	Sapper.				M.M.
Truscott, R. S.	Sapper.				

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
Vines, H. G.	Sapper.	M.M.
West, A.	Sapper.
Whitbread, W. C.	Sapper.
Yuill, J. I.	Sapper.

3RD BRIGADE, C. F. A.

A SECTION that is responsible for communications from an Artillery Brigade Headquarters to its Batteries, has to do some valuable work and do it well, often because of urgent necessities and in spite of seemingly unsurmountable obstacles; and certainly, never under the most favourable conditions.

Without any desire to boast, it may be said, without hesitation, that the men of this section can look back, with satisfaction and no little pride, to their record in "The Great Adventure." It would be idle to deny that there was, after all, a fascination about certain aspects of our life "On Active Service," in spite of its many discomforts too numerous to be detailed here.

Although our associations with the 4th Division Signals date from July, 1917, we think that, in this memoir, we should make anecdote of our life as a Signal Section prior to that date.

At St. Nazaire, February, 1915, we had our first of "La Belle France," and from there we soon found our way "line-wards." With the usual innocency of green soldiers, our eagerness to hear the real gun fire and to see the war, knew no bounds.

The experiences that befell us, during our "breaking-in" in the no easy task of maintaining communication with the batteries, were many and varied, as may be well imagined. Soon, however, we considered ourselves

"nulli secundus" in the matter of keeping lines "Through," and also sufficiently experienced to assume the nonchalant air of the war-worn Tommy. It is well worthy of mention, that, during this breaking-in period, most of us had to acquire all the essential knowledge necessary to a signaller.

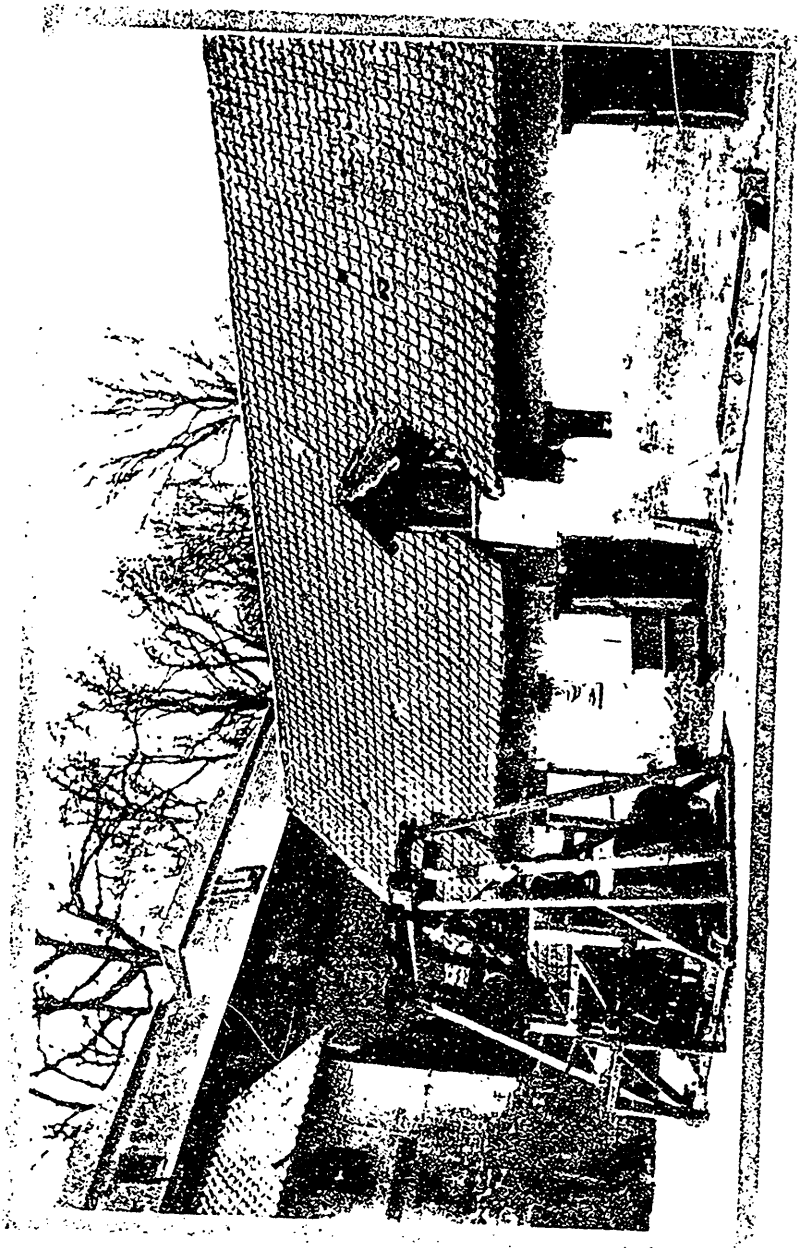
With the First Division, we took part in the various engagements at Ypres, Givenchy, Festubert, Loos, St. Eloi, Sanctuary Wood, Thiépval, Courcelette, Regina Trench and Vimy Ridge—in all of which we can recall incidents never to be forgotten. After being taken over by the Fourth Division, we continued, to the end, to form part of it and to assist in all its work in holding and driving back the Hun.

One recalls our stay in the Lens and Lievin sector, where we laid our own buried system of lines: of Passchendaele, that "Hades of Hades" where Dame Fortune certainly watched o'er us. Here, the section won four decorations and had only two casualties. Remembering what the hardships of those days were, this is a record of which we are all proud.

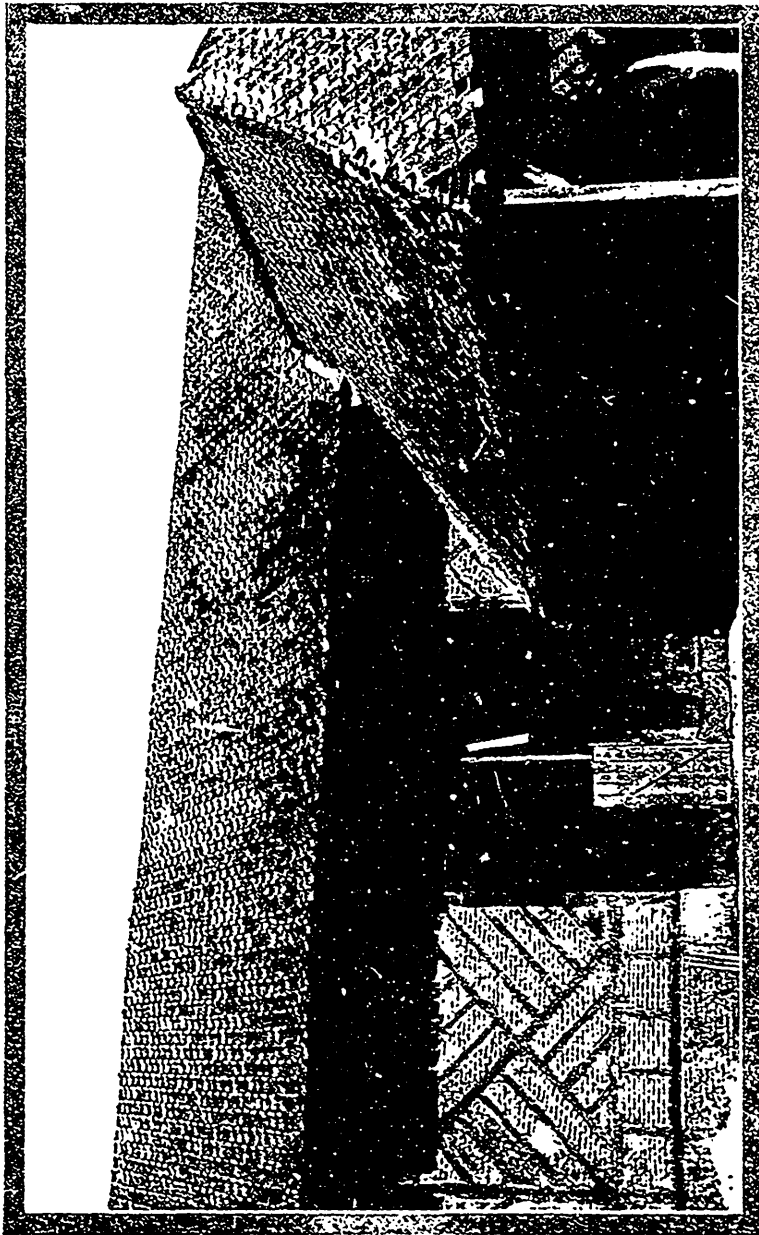
In August, 1918, when we entered the Battle of Amiens with the dawn of victory at last in view, the vast changes in the methods of warfare renewed in us that spirit so necessary in all strife, in dealing the last great blow. Success followed success—the Drocourt-Queant line, Bourslon Wood, Cambrai and so on, until Valenciennes, where only those who were privileged can appreciate what that order "Cease fire" meant to us.

NOMINAL ROLL—3rd BRIGADE, ARTILLERY SECTION.

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
Greendalgh, W.	Sapper.	22- 3-'19.	Killed	30- 9-'18.	
Johnston, G. H.	2nd Corporal.	31-12-'17.	Wounded.	20- 7-'17.	
Thomas, F. A.	2nd Corporal.	5- 1-'17.	Wounded.	12- 3-'18.	
Findley, F. R.	Lieutenant.	11- 1-'19.			M.M.
Ashforth, H. E.	Corporal.				
Bird, J. L.	Sapper.				
Blick, J.	Sapper.				
Carter, A.	Sapper.				
Coombe, A. M.	Sapper.				
Fordyce, G.	2nd Corporal.	22- 3-'19.			M.M.
Fielder, G.	Sapper.				
Girling, H. C.	Sapper.				
Guest, J.	2nd Corporal.	10- 6-'18.			
Hill, W.	Sapper.				M.M.
Jones, R. G.	Sergeant.	11- 1-'19.			
Jones, R. D.	Sapper.				
McLeod, L. N.	Sapper.				
Neville, F. E.	Sapper.				
Pickering, J. S.	Sapper.				
Smith, J.	Sapper.				
Theberge, A. M.	Sapper.				M.M. and Bar
Taylor, W. A.	Sergeant.	14- 6-'17.			M.M.
Wood, C. O.	Sapper.				



OUR BUILDS, 1917-1918



OUR BUILDS, 1917-1918

4TH BRIGADE, C. F. A.

THE original personnel of this section made its debut as the Signal Section of the old Seventh Brigade, in the Ypres salient, January, 1916. Here, amid the homely surroundings and typical aroma of the Flemish farm, we gained our first experiences of the firing line.

In September, we arrived on the Somme, going into action near La Boisselle, moving later to Marsh Valley, and, finally, to Death Valley. Long will remain the memory of that desolation absolute. Long will remain the picture of the Albert-Bapaume road with its never-ending stream of traffic; of the clumps of shattered trees, the remnants of a once peaceful village—the only break in that stretch of hill and valley so void of life, so eloquent of death.

With the discomforts of our quarters were mingled the nervous strain of the switchboard, the ceaseless repairing of lines, and the toilsome carrying of water and rations through mud and shelling, hitherto unrivalled. But, for the huddled group in the old dug-out corner, the sombreness of their surroundings was quite dispelled in that mellow hour between the advent of the rum jar and their somewhat uncertain repose.

A sojourn on the remarkably tranquil front of Bully Grenay gave us a much needed rest. In January our

Brigade took its position in the serried ranks of Artillery that lay threatening the doomed Vimy Ridge. Great was our interest and pride when we knew that three of our number were to follow with phone and line and give us the latest news from the newest front. It is with much satisfaction that we remember the success of our communications. The success of the day resulted in a move to the rat infested dugouts of Neuville St. Vaast, which place became our rear position, and in the warm summer days a rest camp, where we, in turn, recuperated from the strenuous life and poisonous atmosphere of the Vimy Brick Pile.

Just before the capture of the Ridge, we became the Signal Section of the 4th Brigade C. F. A., and were then incorporated as such in the 4th Division Signal Company.

The news of our second trip to the Ypres sector was received with forebodings of hardship and danger, which later events proved not unwarranted. The evening of our arrival found us crowded into bivouacs, hastily erected in a damp and inhospitable valley between Vlamertinghe and Ypres. Fritz was "up," darkness prevailed, and in our ears sounded the throbbing drone and the "crump, crump, crump" that was to be our nightly serenade. It was in two of the famous pill-boxes of this region that we established our signal office during the struggle for the Ridge. Life in and around these was by no means pleasant; but the discomforts of the brigade position, the mysteriously leaking roof, smoky atmos-

phere, continued line trouble, the evening barrage on the ration party, seemed small in comparison with life in the unforgettable "V. R." Never was the courage of the section more severely tried than in the almost helpless struggle to keep up communications in this position. A slough of mud, a hail of shells, sleepless nights, and anxious days—toil, danger, and physical discomfort found the limit of human endurance. Never have we felt more deeply the satisfaction of a task accomplished, than when we bid adieu to Passchendaele.

After a few days in Thelus we were given a much needed rest at Marles-les-Mines, and the remainder of the winter was spent in comfortable positions on the Vimy Ridge front, where a sufficiency of buried cable made work regular and easy, and our small domestic comforts stand in pleasing contrast to hardships past or yet to come.

From May till August, we spent in the back country, where, on the sun-kissed hills near Magnicourt, we took our part with the cable wagon, lamp, flag and wireless, in the manoeuvres which were our training for the latter phase of the war.

Then came faster and more successful work in the line. Days of change and hurry, the quick establishment of stations and communications, and the ever pushing forward into new and unknown country, in the advances at Amiens, Drocourt-Queant, Cambrai, Douai and Valenciennes. Of all this campaign, we shall remember best our advance through the flag decked streets of Somaine,

Bellevue, and neighboring villages, and the fervid welcome of newly liberated civilians, who hailed us as their deliverers. How they cheered us, how they pressed forward to clasp our hands and offer us such refreshments as their privations had left them! Forgotten present discomforts, the long weariness and sadness of the war, we would not exchange the triumph of those days for anything the world can offer. We followed the tide of victory no farther than Estren, and the signing of the Armistice found us luxuriously housed in our "City of Valenciennes."

NOMINAL ROLL—4TH BRIGADE, ARTILLERY SECTION.

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
Boyd, C. V.	Sergeant.	12- 8-'18..	Killed.....	30- 9-'18..	M.M.
Bell, J. W.	Sapper.	Wounded..	27- 9-'18..
Brown, W.	Corporal.	20- 7-'18..	Wounded..	15- 8-'18..	M.M.
Davis, C. B.	Sergeant.	12- 8-'16..	Wounded..	11- 8-'18..
Jack, H. D.	Sapper.	Wounded..	5- 5-'18..
Wheeler, W. B.	Lieutenant.	24-11-'17..	M.M.
Armstrong, W. E.	Sapper.
Austin, A. E.	Corporal.	30- 3-'19..
Bridge, N. H.	Sapper.
Bender, P. H.	Sapper.
Burgess, W. R.	Sapper.
Carter, C. E. J.	Sapper.
Duffield, R. C.	Sapper.
Husbands, W. E.	Sapper.
Griffin, S. H.	Sapper.
Isley, C. G.	Sapper.
Lock, J. W. K.	Sapper.
McKee, D. J.	Lance-Corporal..	30- 1-'18..
McLarty, H. R.	Sapper.
Morgan, A. R.	Sapper.

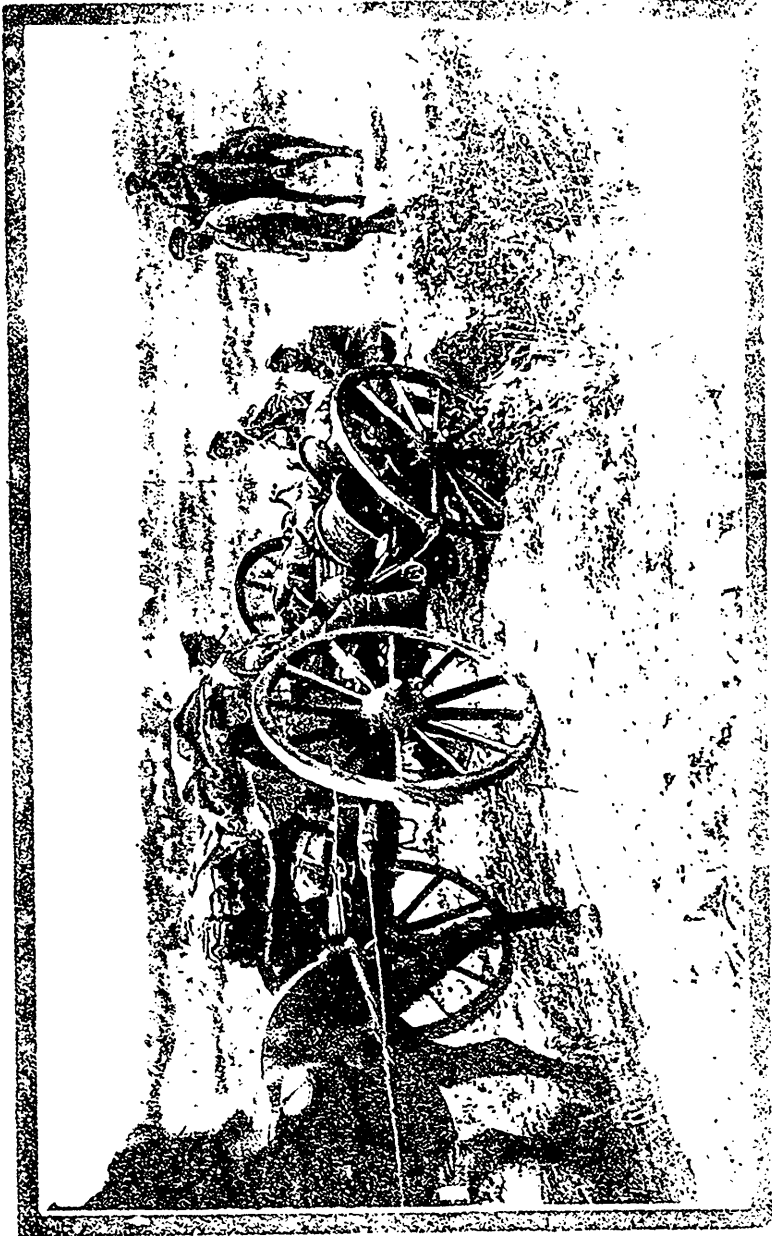
NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
Nott, W.....	Sapper.....
Peters, H.....	Sergeant.....	30- 9-'18..	M.M.
Sherwood, L. B.....	Sapper.....
Taylor, A. A.....	Sapper.....	M.M.
Ware, R. H.....	Corporal.....	30- 9-'18..	M.M. and Bar

10TH CANADIAN INFANTRY BRIGADE

IT was on a bright morning in June, 1916, at Bramshott that the several sections of the 4th Canadian Divisional Signal Company were organized. During the month of July, the successful fighting on the Somme gave us, in our turn, the fear that the war might be over before we reached France. However, on August 10th, 1916, we were officially attached for duty and rations to the 10th Canadian Infantry Brigade, which comprised the 44th, 46th, 47th and 50th Battalions. These units, with other Brigade details, entrained at Liphook for Southampton, whence we all embarked for an unknown destination that proved, the following morning, to be Le Havre. Twenty-four hours on the train and a night's heavy marching brought us to the town of Steenvoorde on the northern border of France. The following day we continued the march to Reninghelst in Belgium, and had the honour of being inspected, en route, by King George. At this latter point we first opened our signal office, and, with the booming of guns around us, felt we had finally reached the war. Headquarters were then established at La Clytte, with an advance office at Hallabast Corner. After several weeks sojourning in this spot, concluding with an initial and most successful raid by picked men of our battalions, we were relieved by the Australians and proceeded to the vicinity of

Eperleques for ten days' special training, prior to a march to St. Omer and entrainment for the Somme. We were soon to be plunged in the thick of it, and our first Headquarters took root in the famous Bosch dug-outs in Sausage Valley, with advance Headquarters in Death Valley. We were barely established when the November rains turned into a sea of mud, that endless scene of devastation and destruction, of shell-holes, craters, and battered trenches. Both Artillery and Infantry lived and fought under the most exhausting and terrible conditions, and during forty-five days our section maintained communication with all units, not without adding its quota to the endless toll of casualties. When the time came to move out, we proudly felt that we had been weighed in the balance and not found wanting.

The Winter of 1916-1917 found us on the left flank of the 4th Division with our Headquarters at Chateau de la Haie and advance Headquarters at Cabaret Rouge. The shell swept area of Zouave Valley presented a problem of no small difficulty to signals. However, a few hours prior to the great attack on Vimy, the completion of the buried cable across this valley eliminated our greatest trouble, so that our communications through the battle met with considerable success and throughout the several ensuing engagements were as good as could be expected. At this time "Visual" was used to good advantage, especially at night when shell-fire had broken our lines. August, 1917, saw some terrific fighting east of Lievin, where for eight days we had to keep a constant



ONE OF OUR CABLE DETACHMENTS

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BASTRAH TITANI, VIAR 1918

vigil over our communications, in order to preserve them intact through the difficulties of this situation.

Passchendaele, in November, 1917, presented probably the worst area we ever had to face. The unsystematic and wholesale shelling of this country made the maintenance of overland lines almost impossible. The buried system was of great assistance, but many overland lines had to be laid from test-boxes, so that our casualties, in both linemen and runners, were heavy. Visual once again was of great assistance, but, owing to the constant shelling of Headquarters, wireless could not be used to the best advantage.

During the Brigade rest in Bruay, after Passchendaele, we were once more reinforced to full strength and here is little offensive work to record till August, 1918. In the meantime we were north of Arras, which was practically the home of the Corps, and where the buried system greatly facilitated our work.

From the start of the Amiens battle early in August, 1918, we experienced the novelty of open warfare. The Bosch retirement was so rapid that we had great difficulty in keeping up to battalions. The ensuing heavy fighting east of Arras was of a similar nature, though the shelling was more severe. The laying of lines by the cable-wagons was of great assistance. The enemy's retreat to Valenciennes was without special incident, and we had little difficulty in keeping up with him and maintaining communication with battalions. Our last battle was the fight for Valenciennes—a stern task—though,

at that time, our continued success more than counter-balanced any hardships suffered.

As a Brigade section we feel proud of our service in France. Linemen, office men, runners, visual men, wireless, transport, all these component parts have pulled together for the good of the whole. The Brigade Staff, at all times, have shown their appreciation of our work. To the relatives of our fallen comrades we can but tender our sincerest sympathy. They gave their lives for the cause, which has been so victoriously defended, and their memory will remain with us wherever we may be.

NOMINAL ROLL—10TH CANADIAN INFANTRY BRIGADE SECTION.

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
Taylor, W. A.	Corporal	10-8-'16	Killed	15-11-'16	
Tribble, J. W.	Sapper		Killed	29-10-'17	
Panon, L. A. C.	Lance-Corporal	26-4-'17	Wounded	15-8-'18	
Wilkinson, F. H.	Lance-Corporal	26-5-'18	Wounded	27-9-'18	M.M.-2 Bars
Middleton, W. G. H.	Sapper		Wounded	1-9-'18	
Pritchard, G. E.	Sapper		Sick	7-1-'18	
Iler, S. B.	Captain	23-6-'18			M.C.
Biehl, W. C.	Lieutenant	11-3-'16			
Dent, T. E.	Lieutenant	5-10-'17			
Faughnan, B.	Lieutenant	12-12-'17			M.C., M.M.*
Hibbert, A. K.	Sergeant	28-6-'17			{ D.C.M., M.M. and 2 Bars
Ingram, A. W. McA.	Sergeant	4-4-'17			
Baker, W. L.	Corporal	28-6-'17			M.M. and Bar
Diltz, B. C.	2nd Corporal	6-3-'18			
Doney, D. B.	2nd Corporal	22-3-'19			M.M.
Moore, H.	Lance-Corporal	10-8-'16			
Field, C.	Lance-Corporal	20-1-'19			M.M.
Turner, E.	Lance-Corporal	22-3-'19			
Bascom, C. H.	Sapper				

*Mentioned in despatches.

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
Ball, E. G.	Sapper				
Bone, J. H.	Sapper				
Depp, G. A.	Sapper				
Jack, H. K.	Sapper				M.M.
Jones, J. G.	Sapper				M.M.
Grierson, N.	Sapper				
Joyner, P.	Sapper				
Jupp, C. F.	Sapper				
Kennedy, G. N.	Sapper				M.M.
Love, E. R.	Sapper				
Matthews, A. E.	Sapper				
McAmmond, C. O.	Sapper				
McIntosh, J.	Sapper				
McIntosh, J. A.	Sapper				
Morrison, D. A.	Sapper				M.M.
Rose, C. W.	Sapper				
Ross, J. W.	Sapper				
Ross, M. D.	Sapper				M.M.
Smith, F. E.	Sapper				
Smith, R. C.	Sapper				
Smiler, B. H.	Sapper				
Swindells, J. H.	Sapper				
Weston, C. L. I.	Sapper				

ATTACHED MEN.

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS
Dorrance, F.	Private
Kidd, J. A.	Private
Long, W. H.	Private
Morris, H. E.	Private
Mack, T.	Private
Palmer, R. W.	Private
Rawson, C.A.	Private
Sweeney, E. G.	Private
Scott, H. G.	Private
Tidball, O.	Private
Tonkin, H. P.	Private
Wren, J. R.	Private

11TH CANADIAN INFANTRY BRIGADE

IN RETROSPECT.

*All for myself there are thoughts of you,
Thoughts of the stunts "Sigs" used to do.
Thoughts of the words "Sigs" used to say.
In the course of each camouflaged yesterday
Sometimes it's a sigh;
Sometimes it's a smile;
But the meaning of each old treasured while
Is all for myself.*

SOME signals were born great, others achieved greatness, while still others had greatness thrust upon them. The first grouping includes R.E.'s and G.P.O.s; the last such establishments as CYD, CAO and AAR; the middle type found its best living exponents among those at 11th C.I.B. H.Q. For that section was a motley convergence of diverging aptitude and diversified talent. From the nine Provinces of Canada they came, deserting bank and book, desk and pulpit, bell and O.R.T., shop and farm, wives, wee ones, life and love. By hook or crook they were enabled to work for a common end—that some victor general might be kept in touch with his battalions, until "Unter den Linden" if necessary. Their course ran from Dickebusch to Chateau du Prince Leopold, and history justified the fates who coralled the personnel of CZK.

Who were they, these signals? The brains of Hupu. Why? Because each and every one may have been meant for anything else, yet they were all as essential to the

brigade orderly room as parcels to a long, lean soldier. When? Twenty-four hours "par jour," continuously without a respite for Christmas dinner, even after the Armistice. Where were they? The Lord only knew— He wouldn't tell—they might have been found salvaging billets, rolling bones or fondling a red flag. Signals were sincere in their labours for the brigade executive, but were often misunderstood and misused. How could one explain the effect of absence of X Cells from a DIII phone to one who knew so much about selling tickets, that to him cells were unnecessary in the said army product; maybe they had been removed for a pocket flash, who knows? Could a reasonable hearing be expected from a BM who described a "lamp" as "one of those things the signals use out in a field when the sun's shining to semaphore with?" Let it be added, when such an instrument was so used on such a day communications were unquestionably "expedited."

The Signal Office was always some spot, a ventilated barn, a sunken road, XIIa, a Lièvin cellar, Levi Cottage, a haystack, a glorified mount of isolation, a corner of repatriated Belgium. From such centres, veritable hives of activity, not social centres, perpetual service was rendered the brigade; more than the equivalent in efficiency for war's own purposes of GNW, Bell, Marconi, Parcel Post, and Rural Free Delivery of the "Special Delivery Stamp" variety.

The exchange was phenomenal in the variety of subscribers. There were Staff Captains, G Branch, and all

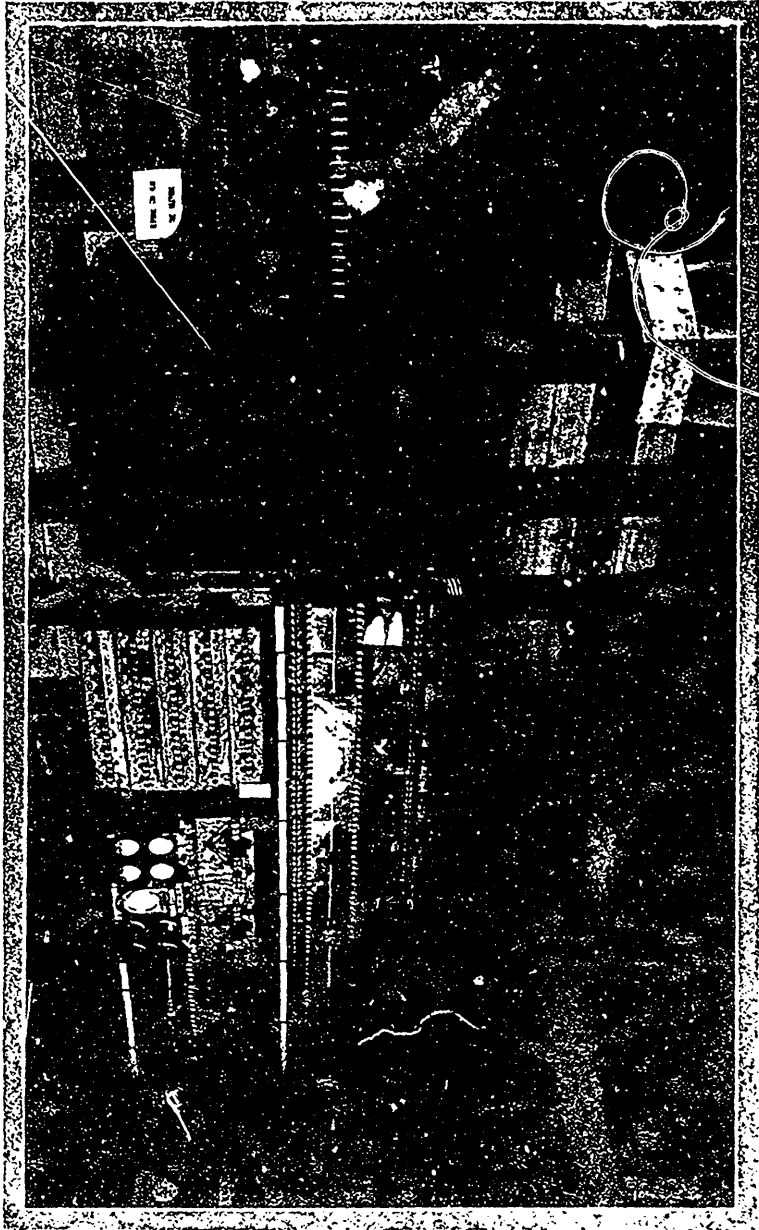
sorts of red tabs who were occasionally put through to Brussels as well as to Adv.Bn.H.Q.—four battalions of warriors, whose officers would never wait for a call—CYD had to have a line on this board or be out of the war; there was a line to the Damfino Artillery Group, who were called S.A.P. or P.D.Q. according to the barrage barometer. Lines to flank brigades were required by SSIGI but were usually “no bloody bon.” The T.O. had a “buckshee” line after the Armistice. The one perfect (?) line led to the monarch’s retreat—the monarch was the B.S.O. The QM stores never had a line or the rum ration might have reached the signal “girls”—the storekeeper only cared for sweet Fanny Adams.

It demanded an enterprising genius as exchange operator, by heck—an SOS King rather than one who would wring his hands and *wail*, “Cheeses, cheeses, now I am up shin creek.” He required marvellous self-control. If he reported in reply to an urgent call for CJB during a shoot, “Line out, Sir” it was not his to reason why at the comment, “Out! well, who took it out?” When doing expedient work in busy hours, inquiring “Finished here, Sir,” he was denied human retaliation when an irate voice bellowed, “Get off this line signals, and mind your *own* business.” But, to ward off a pending cross-examination, he could say, “moment, please, another call,” and, serenely smiling, sketch in the air, during an appropriate interval, a caricature of the offending officer. Then his “Yes, Sir!” would likely be answered with “Oh! never mind, thanks,” “C’est la guerre.”

Other multiple celebrities were necessary to the service—operators to send 73's and gth's to Division, pioneers to transmit messages to "neighbors" at Battns, before the whiskers were too long, and orderlies to hand out "bougies" at the discretion of DR clerks with Scotch leanings. Locals and exchange wiring were fine jobs; it took a good fish to chuckle over a "quad" and "ink" detector. The NCO i/c. lines had to be an idealist—one with pipe dreams—no one else could have that peace of mind possible, only when a carefully framed plan is thought into completion. The linemen worked on working days and played at other times—whether salvaging new DVIII at Zollern House, editing the "Ridge Post Bury," working around Hamburg or merely unscrewing the cap from a staff officer's tube of tooth paste, they did good work. The runners under the second-hand bike dealer, and bird fancier, never failed—and they were pleased at the rumour of an operation order. The supervising superintendent of this array of aggressive agencies might be excused for converting himself to the philosophy of Omar Khayyam.

The three officers who commanded this ungainly group of camouflaged civilians are called to mind by the appearance of a neat Khaki "beau brummel." Unconsciously one exclaims "Isn't Tommy the Noble Kid!"

*And when the last V/E is sounded,
And the angel sends CI,
Let's hope you'll be found RD sapper
For there'll be no IMI.*



SUGAR MILL CHURNING BEYOND 1917



VIEW OF THE CHURCH OF LA RABE 1917

NOMINAL ROLL—11TH CANADIAN INFANTRY BRIGADE SECTION.

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
Lawson, A. M.	Sapper.	Killed.....	26-10-'18..	M.M.
Wild, W. J.	Sapper.	Killed.	2- 9-'18..
Wilde, L.	2nd Corporal	10- 8-'16..	Killed	26-11-'17..
McFadden, A. T.	Sapper.	Killed	19-11-'17..
Patterson, C. F.	Sapper.	Killed	13-11-'17..
Jardine, J. W.	Sapper.	Killed	9- 4-'17..
Cashmore, T. H.	Sapper.	Died..	3- 3-'17..
Palston, A. C.	Sapper.	Died..	1918..
Ward, H. G.	Sapper	Died.	1918..
Cartwright, G. W. V	Sergeant.	10- 8-'16..	Wounded..	16-11-'17..	M.M.
Burns, E. L. M.	Captain.	10- 3- 19	{ Wounded..	5- 9-'17..	M.C.
Hall, F. S.	Lieutenant.	15- 8-'15.	{ Wounded.	15-11-'17..
Garland, A. H.	Lieutenant....	23- 9-'16	Wounded.	26-10-'18	M.C.*
Desmond, A. J	Sapper.	Gassed..	16-11-'17
Frank, C. F.	Sapper	Wounded
Huston, W. J. H.	Corporal.....	1- 5-'18.	Gassed..	16-11-'17
Fraser, W. G.	Sapper.	Gassed.	15-11-'17
Langley, R. T.	Sapper.	Gassed	15-11-'17
Lenaghan, W. W	Sapper.	Wounded..	8- 8-'18

*Mentioned in dispatches.

NAME.	FINAL RANK.	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
McMurray, R. P.	Sapper		Wounded..	2- 9-'18.	
Wery, J. W.	Sapper		Wounded..	26-10-'18.	
Summers, B. S.	Lieutenant	1- 5-'18..	Gassed....	16-11-'17.	M.M.
Smith, L. G.	Sapper		Wounded..	10-11-'16.	
Allen, R. F.	Lieutenant	21- 9-'18.			M.C., M.S.M.
Angus, J. C.	Sapper				
Arsenault, I.	Sapper				
Ayris, H. J.	Sergeant	21-12-'17.			M.S.M.
Brown, C. A.	Sergeant	1- 6-'17..			
Blick, J.	Sapper				
Atkinson, H.	Sapper				
Atwood, W. T.	Corporal	15- 3-'18.			
Blennan, A.	Sapper				
Bruce, C.	Sapper				
Dooley, D. W.	Sapper				
Dandeno, A.	Sapper				
Fowler, J. C. M.	Sapper				
Goodman, W. H.	Sapper				
Green, E.	Sapper				
Herriott, R. T.	Sapper				
Hughes, G. F.	Lance-Corporal	30- 3-'19..			
Marritt, H. D.	Sapper				
Marritt, J. C.	Sapper				

NAME	FINAL RANK	DATE	CASUALTY	DATE	HONORS
Moore, W.....	Sergeant.....	1- 3-'17..			
Nicol, J. McL.	Sergeant..	1- 8-'18..			M.M.
O'Neill, M.D.....	Sapper.....				
Patten, R. M.....	Sapper.....				
Redpath, G. W.....	Sapper.....				M.M.
Schindler, H. F.....	2nd Corporal.....	30- 3-'19..			M.M.
Semple, P.....	Sapper.....				
Sloan, J. D.....	Sapper.....				
Upshall, C. A.....	Lance-Corporal..	1-11-'18..			M.M.
Weir, J. McL.....	Sapper.....				
Williams, T. A.....	Sapper.....				
Whitmore, N. W.....	2nd Corporal.....	26- 5-'18..			

ATTACHED MEN.

Busted, F.....	Private.....		Killed.....	8-'18..	
Clegg, L.....	Private.....		Killed.....	8-'18..	
McRae, P.....	Private.....		Wounded..	6-'17..	
Brown, G.....	Private.....				
Beacock, E. R.....	Private.....				
Cunningham, J.....	Private.....				
Doody, F. J.....	Private.....				
Downie, T.....	Private.....				
Liddle, H. W.....	Private.....				
Perkins, A. L.....	Private.....				
Pinks, B.....	Private.....				
Shipton, J. G.....	Private.....				

12TH CANADIAN INFANTRY BRIGADE

THOUGH one does not wish to live in the past or to refight old battles, yet among the things that make life worth living are the memories that one is fortunate enough to collect in passing along.

As to our history, it is the history of the Brigade and may be studied by those who will, in the books that will doubtless appear for several years to come. But there are certain things that will not be there, and to many of us, these are the things we really wish to recall.

Officially we are Number 4 Section 4th Canadian Divisional Signal Company, but in training days we were known (by the Sergeant-Major) as "thot reer section," and later by that name of which each of us is so proud—"Signals, 12th Canadian Infantry Brigade." By this we include all those engaged in the important work of maintaining communications between the different parts of the Brigade, signallers, runners, and pigeoneers.

Our linemen have had their share of variety, from the bright, sunny days at Kemmel, where they could get eggs and chips at Battalion Headquarters, and the "Garden of Allah" in Givenchy to the gloomy shambles of Passchendaele.

Our office men have worked in every kind of office from the well-arranged and highly complex office in Lievin, to the Mudshelf near Meharicourt with the blue sky for cover, and rubber sheets to ward off shrapnel.

In the role of pathfinder as well as carrier of despatches, the Brigade runner, hampered by the common foes of darkness, shellfire and mud, has nobly upheld his end in the continuous struggle to keep up communications.

Though less conspicuous and not so well known, the pigeoneer has always been ready for the emergency which seldom came. Nevertheless the pigeons have rendered signal service on more than one occasion.

Our transport section was never much in the limelight in the old days of trench warfare. Necessity compelled it to do its work by night, but with the commencement of open warfare the transport took its place in the van, following the advance sometimes to the very verge of the ever changing "Nomansland."

The Wireless Section, though a comparatively recent addition to our section, had taken a prominent place in the activities of the last year. In their work they were ably assisted by "Maude," the white mule of glorious memory. Most of us feel that Maude should, at least, have been mentioned in despatches, for her work as first-line transport. It is worth recording that at Valenciennes, Maude got over before any of the other horses, and it was necessary to pull down part of a wall in order to let her enter the city.

We have, too, our memories of rest billets, some pleasant and some very much otherwise. Who can forget the baths or caves of that Monte Carlo of the Western Front in 1916, Bouzincourt, the mines at Raim-

bert, or dear old Madame "Kinkeye" and her boulangerie of the same place? Our real home in France, however, where we spent three happy rest periods, is Auchel, where we manoeuvred by day and dodged bombs by night.

To us, as time goes on, the pleasanter memories will prevail, the terrors soften in the haze of years. Such is nature's law. If it were not for those we leave in France, the war, even now, would show a light horizon. But the memory of those of us, our friends and fellow workers, left behind, is one that will remain. For us the future shows a guiding hand and points the road to pass; for them, that finger moving on the wall has spelt a last "V E." To them all honour—we shall not forget.

NOMINAL ROLL—12TH CANADIAN INFANTRY BRIGADE SECTION.

NAME.	FINAL RANK	DATE.	CASUALTY.	DATE.	HONORS.
Bartlett, R. S.	Sapper.	10-8-'16.	Killed.	30-9-'18.	
Keen, G. A.	Corporal.	10-8-'16.	Killed.	6-2-'17.	
MacGillivray, P. A.	Sergeant.	22-6-'18.	Killed.	4-2-'17.	M.M.
Croly, R. C.	Captain.	15-10-'18.	Wounded.	2-11-'18.	M.C.
Craddock, H. S.	Sapper.	15-3-'19.	Wounded.	18-8-'17.	
Kennedy, D.	2nd Corporal.	8-8-'17.	Wounded.	26-10-'18.	M.M.
Penstone, H. R.	Lance-Corporal.	21-9-'18.	Wounded.	29-10-'17.	M.M.
Patterson, R. G.	2nd Corporal.	2-3-'17.	Wounded.	10-11-'17.	M.M.
Robinson, R. P.	Sapper.	6-6-'19.	Wounded.	29-9-'18.	
Wightman, W.	Sapper.	12-12-'17.	Wounded.	2-9-'18.	M.M.
Ashford, F. A.	Lieutenant.	14-3-'19.			
Hoare, J. E.	Lieutenant.				
Golwynne, H. A.	Captain.				M.C.
Acheson, W. G.	Sergeant.				M.M.
Johnston, B. H.	Lieutenant.				M.M.
Bellinger, T. P.	Sapper.				M.M.
Brooks, A. J.	Sapper.				
Clark, R. D.	Sapper.				
Coulthard, G. R.	Sergeant.	15-3-'19.			
Hardy, R. W.	Sergeant.	12-10-'18.			D.C.M., M.M.

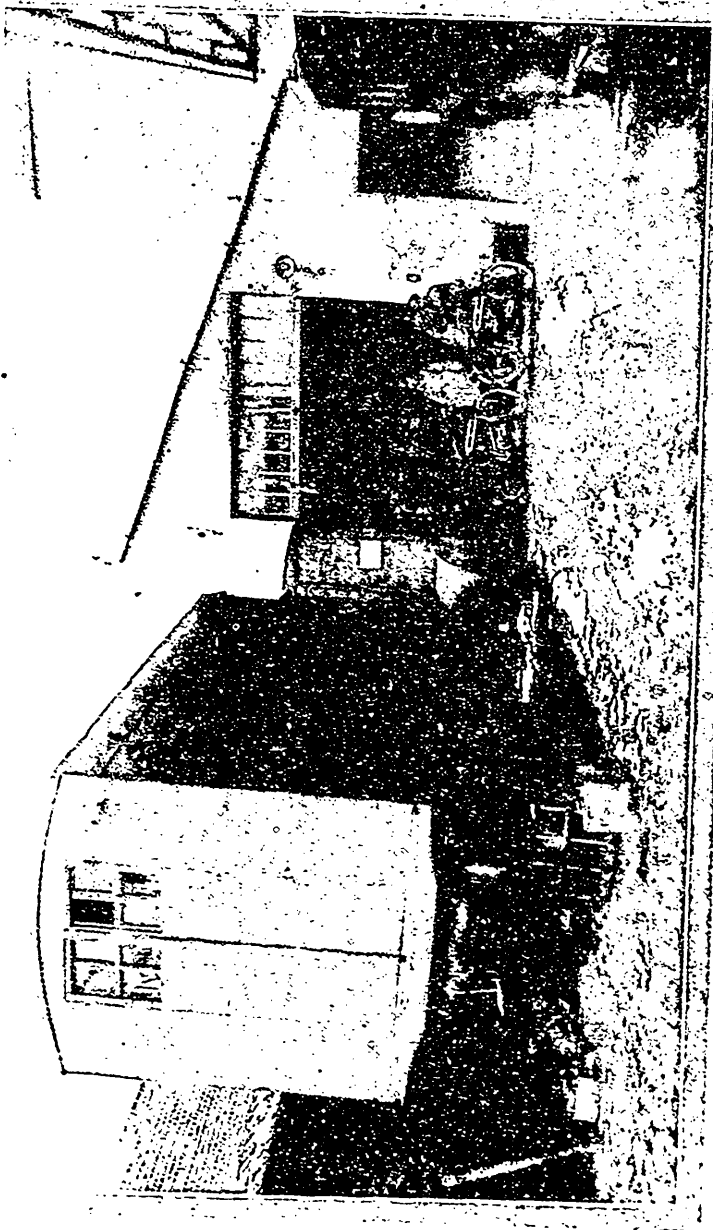
NAME	FINAL RANK	DATE	CASUALTY	DATE	HONORS
Hilliard, F.	Lance-Corporal.	30-11-'18.			M.M.-Ba
Hall, A. E.	Sapper.				
Jarrett, E. A.	Corporal.	15-3-'19.			M.M.
Jarrett, S. H. R.	Lance-Corporal.	15-3-'19.			M.M.
Kelly, G. R.	Sapper.				
Lemon, B. M.	Sapper.				
MacQuarrie, A. H.	2nd Corporal.	15-3-'19.			M.M.
Martin, D. J. W.	Sapper.				
Myers, J. H.	Sapper.				
McLeod, H. G.	Sapper.				
Russ, R. C.	Sergeant.	30-3-'19.			
Scarlett, M.	Sapper.				
Sheman, H.	Sapper.				
Sirois, G.	Sapper.				
Skelly, D. J.	Sapper.				
Swanson, W. I.	Sapper.				
Speck, J. T.	Sapper.				
Welling, B.	Sapper.				
Yates, V. R.	Sapper.				

ATTACHED MEN.

NAME.	FINAL RANK	DATE	CASUALTY	DATE	HONORS
Agnew, H. F.	Private		Wounded.	12- 8-'18.	M.M.
Cyluck, M.	Private				M.M.
Condie, G. C.	Private				M.M.
Clifford, A. II	Private		Wounded.	22-10-'18.	M.S.M.
Farler, A.	Private		Wounded.	19-12-'18.	M.M.
Hallstone, J. H.	Private				
McIlvride, A. S.	Private				M.M.
Mercer, H. G.	Private				M.M.
Pearce, T. J.	Private		Wounded.	10- 4-'18.	M.M.
Speirs, S.	Private				
Smith, C. W.	Private				
Thompson, O. F.	Private				



PHOTO BY THE U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, WASHINGTON, D.C. - U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY



PLEASE DON'T BUILD TOPS

UNATTACHED LIST.

The following men have been on the strength of the Company at various times, but no definite statement can be made in regard to the section to which they belonged:—

NAME.	FINAL RANK	DATE	CASUALTY	DATE	HONORS
Chapman, E.	Sapper.		Sick	16-10-'16.	
Morrison, F.	Sapper.		Sick	29-11-'16.	
Meade, T.	Sapper.		Sick	21-12-'16.	
O'Brien, J.	Sapper.		Sick	23-12-'16.	
Race, M. E.	Sapper.		Sick	21- 5-'17.	
Thoms, E.	Sapper.		Wounded.	12-11-'17.	
Smith, C. A.	Sapper.		Wounded.	19-11-'17.	
Cochrane, A.	Sapper.		Wounded.	19-11-'17.	
Copp, N. J.	Sapper.		Gassed	12-12-'17.	
Fraser, W. G.	Sapper.		Gassed	31-12-'17.	
Chadwick, J.	Sapper.		Gassed	7- 1-'18.	
Coker, R.	Sapper.		Sick	21- 1-'18.	
Grant, W. H.	Sapper.		Sick	18- 2-'18.	
Wilcox, J.	Sapper.				
Jonson, J. A.	Sapper.				
McAvay, J. R.	Sapper.				
Trites, S. B.	Act.-Corporal.	24- 9-'17.			
Gillis, C. H.	Sapper.				
Clark, R. L.	Sapper.				
O'Sullivan, G. A.	Sapper.				

Roll of Honour

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

BARTLETT, R. S.	HARRISON, C. D.	PALSTON, A. C.
BIBEAU, A. A.	JARDINE, J. W.	PATTERSON, C. F.
BOYCE, J.	JOYCE, C. J.	TAYLOR, W. A.
BOYD, C. V.	KING, R. H.	TRIBBLE, J. W.
CASHMORE, C. L.	KEEN, G. A.	WARD, H. G.
CASHMORE, T. H.	LAWSON, A. M.	WILDE, L.
CRAWFORD, I. P.	McFADDEN, A. T.	WILD, W. J.
GREENDALGH, W.	MACGILLIVRAY, P. A.	WOODWARD, R. C.

R. J. P.

BURIED CABLE

“**B**URIED Cable” will form the basis of many a yarn in the years to come, each from the individual aspect of the narrator. That of the Infantry will be a tale of woe and ill-treatment from start to finish, and rightly so, for a dirtier job could not have been imposed on anyone than that of placing armoured telephone cable under seven feet of mud, in the dead of night, sometimes within two hundred yards of the Hun.

Signals may be given the name of “Slave Driver,” but please remember that WE were being driven also, and that the task to be accomplished was always slightly more than could reasonably be expected in the allotted time with the available number of “shovels.”

The 4th Canadian Division put down about 13,500 yards of buried cable in their divisional sector, preparatory to the attack on Vimy Ridge. This meant, roughly, 13,500 man nights of work, and the task was only completed 24 hours before “Zero” on the 9th of April, 1917.

Buried Cable was evolved from the vital necessity for shell proof communications in trench warfare, and the origination and execution of this work rested almost entirely on the shoulders of “Signals.” It grew from a single DI wire placed 6 inches under ground, to prevent the Infantry tripping over it, to a complex network of forward and lateral routes. A route of 60 pairs of steel

armoured cable 7 feet below the surface was the maximum accomplished. This later condition was reached just before trench warfare gave place to the open fighting of the summer of 1918.

The Canadian Corps Signals diagram of July, 1918, showing the buried cable communications in the Corps sector, gives a good example of this, and means a colossal amount of labor. However, as every line was put to good use, the results fully justified the work and expense.

Almost all buried cable work was performed at night, as the usual proximity of the enemy prevented any movement in the open during the hours of daylight.

The successive steps in the execution of this work are worthy of note, and all participants can frame their souvenirs of anecdotes and difficulties on this skeleton.

Selection of the site.

Tapeing the proposed route.

Delivery of wire and junction boxes.

Guiding the Infantry party.

Allotment of tools and tasks.

Supervision of work, and testing for depth of trench.

Stringing and laying of cable.

Filling in of trench.

Collection of party and tools at the shovel dump.

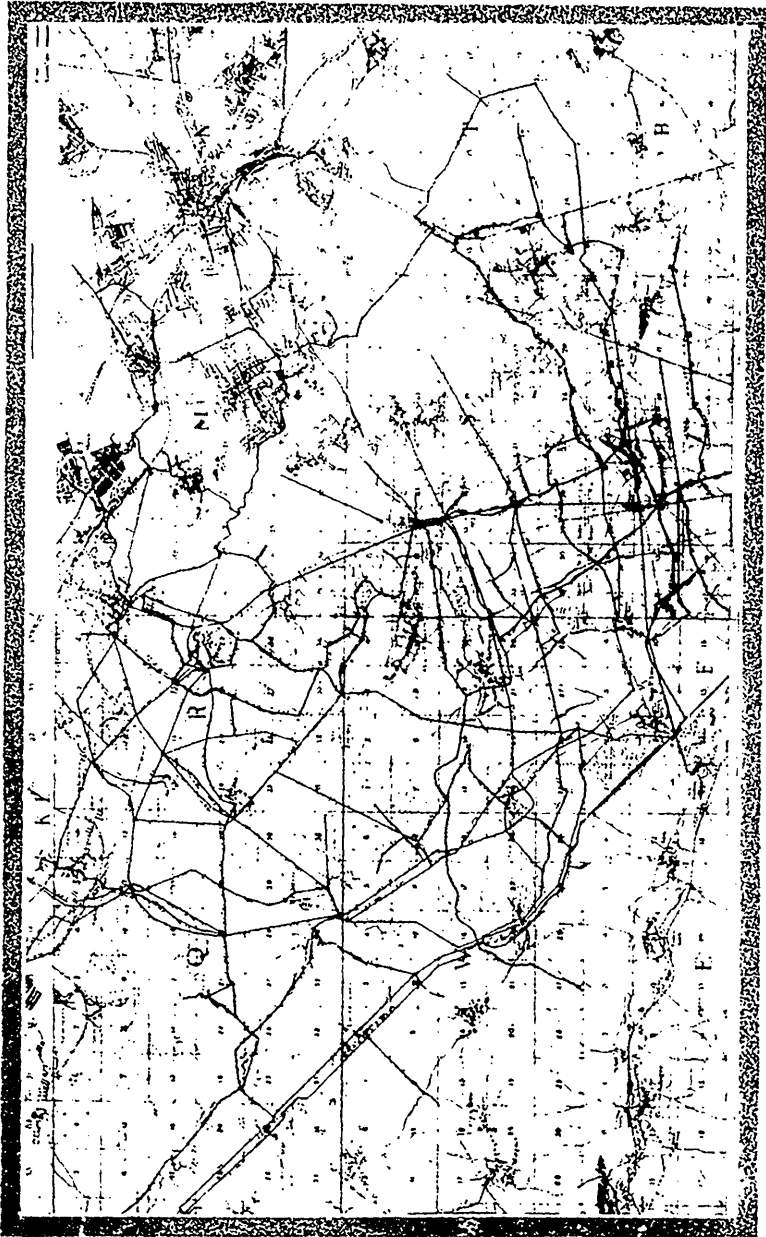
Jointing at the junction boxes.

Leading in and racking of the pairs at the Test Dug-outs.

Testing all pairs on various routes.

Innumerable episodes are called to mind by a survey of the above, but the temptation of recounting the same must be resisted at this time in case undue emphasis should be made where the desire is merely to record the sequence and complexity of the complete task.

Suffice it to say—like so many, many other active service experiences—the difficulties were great and the accomplishment sealed many a friendship and showed the metal in many a man.



"VIRGINIA AND BLUE CABLE" CANADIAN CORPS SIGNAL DIAGRAM, 1914-1918

“SIGNALLERS”

OPERATORS.

OPERATORS, like everyone else in the army, have to be thoroughly adaptable people. In a nice, bright, sunny, clean, daily-scrubbed-out operating school at a Signal Depot, it isn't so hard to keep the shine on the sounders, and the polish on the 'phones. But when operators find themselves dumped in a ditch, with a shelf hacked out of the side of a sodden bank, a couple of rubber sheets as rain-proof, bomb-proof protection, and Hun planes merrily machine-gunning from the skies, it isn't so easy to hang on to the dashes and keep the dots undimmed. No, an operator has to be a very steady person, with plenty of nerve to keep still through it all, plenty of concentration to eliminate external distractions, and plenty of endurance to face a twelve-hour shift, and give accurate results all the time.

Accuracy is his first essential, speed his second. His job is the last link in the Signal Service chain. A moment's slackness, a passing inadvertence on his part, may do irreparable harm. A message with one mistake in it is infinitely more dangerous than no message at all. He should be a man who can keep his own counsel, and not a babbler in the market place.

Quiet, quick, steady, sure, until the shift goes off, when, with a sigh and a stretch, he turns to thoughts of more "Maconochie."

TRANSPORT.

Commonly known as "Horse Lines," vulgarly dubbed "Skinners," a hard working band of men who guard and care for a large number of horses and waggons. In some of the scraps the good old Cable-waggons came into their own in the old established way. But even when they were idle the limbers kept on the move day and night, finding their way over unknown tracks, laden with rations, wires and 'phones, anything and everything required by the "Q" side of Signals Headquarters. Hard workers these men and their horses too, with lots to do all the time, even after the fateful eleventh, for a horse must be fed, watered, and groomed, war or no war, and any man who has looked after a team has done his share in the war. As this is being written the horses are going, and no one is sorry to be clear of the work, but quite a few wonder how our faithful animals will like their change of flag and their return to civil life in Belgium, and the loss of their old master and friend who tended their every want under all conditions as no civilian will ever do.

LINEMEN.

The duties of a ground lineman may be summarized in a few brief words, by way of an introduction. His job is to keep a given line intact between two given points, but it takes more than an elementary knowledge of

geometry to achieve this most desirable end. In war there are various causes why a given line refuses to remain intact between the aforementioned points. The causes can be summarized under two classifications: (1) Bosche activity, (2) Allied activity. Under the first heading come such items as H. E., Shrapnel, M. G. Bullets, Rifle fire, Bombs, etc. Under the second, the innate stupidity of the soldiery—from the lineman's point of view—as to where they place their enormous feet, thump down the butts of their rifles, kits, light their trench fires and so on. The latter item also includes sundry operations by transport, not excluding mules. Force majeure, that is, act of God, forms relatively such a small item of annoyance that it is hardly worth mentioning! So when things are quiet, including mules, a lineman's life is not too bad, but when things are doing, a good lineman is conspicuous by his absence. In the short intervals when he is found and seen he is generally complaining of shelling to the extent of demanding rum from the "Sarje"—and nobody grudges it to him. The next job done, probably in a newly created shell hole, under nasty fire, he returns once more to his funk hole and waits for the 'phone to ring him out again. During a push he works only 24 hours a day and eats the rest of the time. He never sleeps. During the Armistice he keeps on smiling. Such characteristics apply also to Air-Linemen, so-called, or Divisional Linemen. Before August, 1918, these professionals did the real Polar-Bear stunt up real poles, and kept the real air-line going. During the pushes air-line-

men became a thing of the past for the Divisional linemen, who had to "lay" anywhere so long as the line got through.

Ground Linemen, Divisional Linemen—of all signals—their life is the hardest, calling for enormous powers of physical endurance, for the highest sense of individual responsibility, and for a degree of courage that will carry them through the worst barrage, across the "dirtiest" bit of country, be it day or night, so long as they can get the line "Through" in the end. When things are quiet the lineman is quiet too, when at their worst, he must be out and about his urgent duty. Often the job seems hopeless. No sooner is he back than out he must go again on the same line, through the same fire, to mend another break, and so on through the night. Hunger and fatigue may fight his body, despair may scathe his soul, but there is something there that keeps him going, always going, until the worst is over and he falls into an overpowering sleep, wherever chance may find him, and once asleep, it is a waste of time trying to wake him!

DESPATCH-RIDERS.

Before a despatch-rider comes to the front he pictures himself riding a motorcycle about twenty-three hours a day under a continual hail of machine-gun bullets, shells, and bombs. This is not the reality, as a rule, but the reality is trying enough. What he does not foresee is, riding on a dark, foggy night, on a slippery and smashed-up pave, unable to see the road, and falling ignominiously

into the ditch as a natural consequence. Unexpectedly rubbing shoulders with an unfriendly mule, repairing punctures by the sense of touch are also things of dread reality, not foreseen.

In his more leisure moments —DR— is generally a past master in the gentle art of “scrounging,” so that no matter where he is, he generally manages to make himself comfortable, and is content to regard his job as the best in the army. He has a wonderful “caboose” headquarters of his own, where people repair everything from carburettors to gramophones, and where many oily seances are held mid the smoke of the wilder woodbines.

SWITCHBOARD OPERATORS.

Patience, more patience, and still more patience. Exceptional hearing ability, that amounts at times to divination, tact ad lib., quickness of hand, of eye, and of brain. These are some of the primary qualifications demanded of a S. B. W.

When several members of the Staff all decry priority calls over the last remaining main line at the same time, it takes sound judgment to choose the right one. When the others do not consider the choice correct, it takes sound tact to smooth the situation over. When one gets peevish (which has been known to happen, unofficially) it takes a great sense of patience to keep on smiling, and answering other calls as well, in the same courteous tone.

Never seen, often heard, seldom loved, always respected, the switchboard operator is a far more respons-

ible individual than most people seem to realize, for his responsibilities are many, his privileges few. He should make an admirable husband.

VISUAL.

Visual is a valuable auxiliary in France. In England, at camp, it was nearly the whole cheese. Everyone was doing it there, from the Corps test clerk to the last recruit in charge of refractory mules. But in France it is no joke, it is a serious business and a nasty business too, because it nearly always entails an unhealthy situation, and often calls forth unpleasant protests from the Bosche.

Very gallant things have been done in visual during the advances—actions no one would wish to minimize. Clearness and steadiness of eye, with a sharp-cut touch are the first essentials of a good visual man; also an excellent temper, because those linemen and wireless people think they have grounds for laughing at him! His lamp is his chief source of energy, but even in this war men have used flags, though they did not often live to tell the tale.

RUNNERS.

“Guts”—to put it idiomatically—yes, “Guts,” and a keen sense of direction amounting almost to instinct, are the main things for a runner. This euphemistic term comprises courage, pluck and perseverance, coupled with that most valuable characteristic in a soldier, the determination to get there, somehow, some time.

On a pitch black winter night, the sleet whipping down from the flank, the slush knee-high, it is no easy job to start forth to an unknown destination with a map location as guide, philosopher, and friend. Some urgent message for Battalion Headquarters, some officer to be guided up the line, whatever the weather, whatever the straffe, whatever the chance of getting back, out goes your real runner with a curse and a smile and a cigarette—if he has one left—to do the job the King has set him. Yes, runners may well be proud men, and feel they have done their bit, and someone else's bit as well!

PIGEONEERS.

Another emergency man, the pigeonier. A man of occasion and opportunity. A thorough understanding of the habits of one's birds is the first essential, and like many essentials, is often dispensed with. Whether pigeons justified their existence in the war is quite another matter, and one not open to discussion here. That is their affair. Enough to say that if we had not been blest with birds the "Daily Mail" would have asked the Nation why.

To take the birds up the line every day, to feed them and groom them—(does one groom a pigeon?)—to nurse them through "flu," and release them, is what the pigeonier does up the line. He also lends a hand to the linemen and office men, out of the line. In the scant spare time at his disposal, he opens up priority coffee stalls in priority locations, and indulges in other forms

of priority amusement. They tell you sometimes that a pigeon's life is not a happy one, but who knows? not even Wilson speaks on that subject!

WIRELESS.

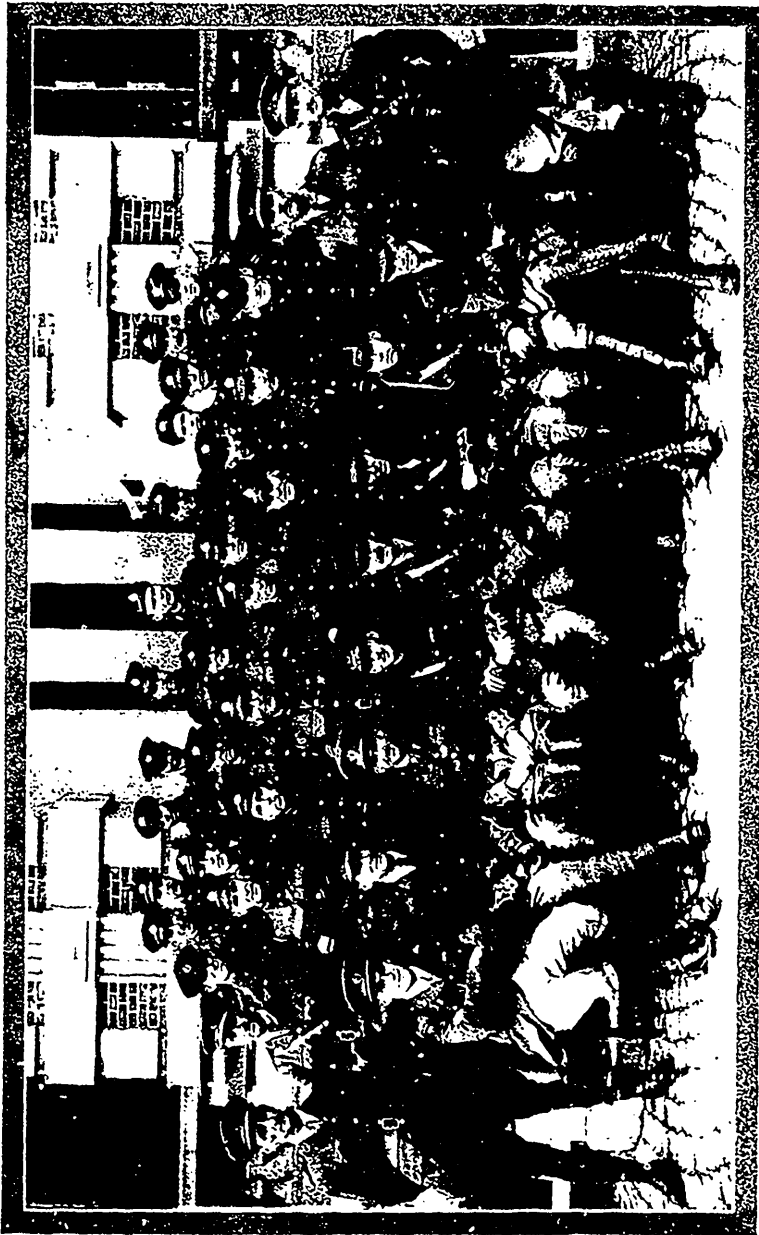
At the time the war commenced, wireless telegraphy was very rarely encountered. It seems that only a few favoured cavalry units were the proud owners of this most modern method of communication. However, when hostilities ceased, not only was every cavalry and artillery formation supplied with wireless, but also, owing to the vast strides made by the Army in devising small, efficient, and easily portable sets, every unit, down to and including companies, had been issued with wireless apparatus.

As this is undoubtedly the most scientific means of communication, it must of necessity call for some special aptitudes in the qualities of the men. Their hearing must be perfect and their nerves strong, but the operator must also possess a very fair amount of physical strength, to act in emergency, as a pack mule, in carrying his dismantled station to a new location. In such cases, which have been quite frequent, the operator must carry along with him all his personal belongings and treasures, including his trusty rifle; in fact, he must carry the infantryman's full kit as well as his technical stores.

A man on a forward trench wireless station must be his own lineman, his own repairman, and usually his own messenger. Though his aerial is only about one hundred

yards long, it is almost invariably situated in an advanced and exposed position, very often being as high as twenty-five feet from the ground. This aerial must be maintained at all costs. The operator has to mend breaks even when the enemy is doing his worst, because it is then that lines are in greatest danger, and the wireless most likely to be needed. In open warfare especially, wireless has shown itself to be without an equal. Where continual advancing and shifting of positions render all other means of communication slow and very unreliable, it has proved itself, time and again, to be invaluable in keeping up a signal service over long distances.

Owing to the delicate nature of the instruments used, is it any wonder that our W/T operators enjoy the reputation of being "Wizards?"



OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'S, 1919