



THE
Great Adventure
WITH THE
4th BATTERY,
C.F.A





Canadian War Records Photograph

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THE GREAT ADVENTURE

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C.F.A., B.E.F.



PREFACE.

IT is scarcely a history we are presenting; there are many inaccuracies for which we do not apologise. From mobilisation of the unit at Cobourg till Vimy we have no guidance except the stories of the "Old days" as told from the memory of the "old timers" in conclave about the table at the Sergeants Mess in Fumal.

We have attempted to present a living story of the Fourth, a story interesting to everyone identified with the battery. We have sought to give special credit where special work was done, and we have tried to infuse our writing with the spirit of our battery, the spirit that demanded that we should have guns in the front line when the infantry needed them, that we should shoot over open sights when the work was best done in that way, and to slide over shells on the double when the old S.O.S. went up over the trenches.

And we have shown that we have suffered in battle. Our memory of brave comrades "Gone West" is tinged with great pride that we have known such splendid men who met death as a part of the game.

Quo Fas et Gloria Ducunt.

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CHAPTER I

IN THE BEGINNING

As buildings have their foundations, so must units have their traditions, and those of the Fourth Battery began in the piping times of peace, when the Fourteenth Militia Battery gathered at Cobourg and sported at war for a few weeks every summer.

Within a week of the outbreak of the World War, Major Ralston was given the task of mobilising the Old Fourteenth, and on the 13th of August drafts of recruits from Campbellford, Peterborough, and the home town began to enliven the Cobourg Armouries. On the 16th, horses, purchased on the surrounding farms by the Major, began to arrive, and at once the O.C., assisted by Lieuts. Craig and McNaughton, began to whip the Battery into fighting form.

Horses meant exercise rides. Lieut. Craig was in charge of that historic first ride when, without bits or saddles, raw recruits rode untrained horses down the main street of Cobourg. Gunboat Stevens, on his chestnut charger, tried to take at one tilt a four-foot iron fence, and failing that, led a mad ride down the chief thoroughfare of that town.

At that time soldiering meant colour and pomp; artillery men were "there with the bright stuff." They wore blue tunics with red collars and shoulder-straps, khaki pants with a blue stripe, civvy boots, leather leggings, and blue hats with a red band. The N.C.O.'s had gorgeous gold stripes—the insignia of great authority. But unfortunately there had not been sufficient clothing to completely outfit everyone. Perhaps each recruit had at least one piece of Army apparel; but motley was the appearance of all. But in spite of the motley, Cobourg was proud of her Battery, and perchance the Great Adventure of four years has not shaken that pride.

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But soldiers are not made in a day nor does the uniform make the soldier. A rifle and a "rookie" are not of necessity a fit guard. We were detailed to guard two carloads of ammunition, and as it was considered very dangerous, only non-smokers were chosen. But even such a guard fell into evil ways and "pinched" a barrel of beer—why recall the rest. That was the historic forerunner of strange disappearances throughout the war of numerous jars S.R.D.

After the Q.M.S. and the S.M. had respectively tried to make real soldiers of us, the doctor us in hand, and we received, gratis, a million dead typhus bugs on the theory that live bugs did not like such company.

After that event - inoculation was an event in the days—we received no time off, in spite of a lame arm and bad head.

Rations at the Armouries were not of the best, and to supplement them Mrs. Ralston initiated the custom of "Soldiers' Comforts" for the Battery.

We gratefully recall the generosity we have received from those who stayed at home, from that time to the day we sailed again toward Canada.

The first church parade was to the Baptist Church, and Lieut. Beattie (now Lieut. Col.) gave us a splendid service—the most memory-marking of our soldier days.

Shortly afterward, on August 27th, the Battery entrained—a big task, considering the inexperience of men and horses. After a fairly uneventful trip we arrived at Valcartier, the new Canadian camp in the sandy valley of the Jacques Cartier River, where those verdant twin mountains, Irene and Eileen, looked down by day on miles of white tents, and by night the many sparkling electric lights of a great camp.

CHAPTER III

The Apostasy

Ox the first day at Valcartier the 14th Battery was broken up; one section went to tile 7th and the other to the 9th Battery.

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Life was busy - reveille, care of the horses, gun drill, signalling, driving, manoeuvres out over the Laurentian Hills—all a part of the day's work. In the evening we had canteens, picture shows and some sport. Rations were excellent, and we had but one complaint : "We'll never get there in time ; we'll never see the Front!" The main events of Valcartier days were crossing the pontoon bridge, "the great stampede," and two reviews. One was before the Duke of Connaught, when we trotted by in close formation. How it was accomplished without mishap is still to us a great marvel . And true to the 1st Division luck, the day was pouring rain. The second review was for General Sam Hughes. Fortunately neither review required "spit and polish," as we've since come to understand such things.

While there we were fitted out in khaki and made ready for the trip overseas.

Late in September, "one rainy, pitch dark night, we made our adventurous way over wretched roads to Quebec. At the Exhibition grounds, early next morning, we received the first installment of "Mulligan" which later from the bitterness of our hearts became known to us as "Good old Mulligan"

In the afternoon embarked on the tub "Grampian", then drifted down to Gaspé Bay, and there waited three days for the convoy to be completed. The water trip was no dream-poor grub, no cigarettes, physical exercise, and little other excitement. The great convoy itself was an impressive sight; our boat sailing second from the right rear, a part of the greatest ocean convoy of troops the world has ever seen.

Land was announced one bright, cold morning, and a few hours later our boat anchored in Plymouth Sound. As we passed the cliffs the Boys' Brigade welcomed us with the music of "O Canada" and "Tipperary." On Saturday the officers and sergeants went ashore; other ranks were promised the next day, but this was cancelled, and a little mutiny resulted. A small rowboat came to the side of the vessel and a bunch of the malcontents filed over into it, and Gunners Lindsay and Fry cut the hawser with a jack-knife. The boat set off for land, speeded loud cheers from the boys and the mutiny flag

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run up by the authorities. Some of the mutineers did not return for twenty odd days.

The following day disembarkment took place, and we entrained at once. A few hours brought us to the detraining point, and then a long march brought us to Salisbury Plain. On first sight the plains were pleasant enough—grassy, and white with tents; but what a bitter delusion! Soon the rains began, and we found ourselves wading to the knees in hopeless mire. Daily marching order parades were held, and we tried to do manoeuvres. The King's review was held on the rainiest day of many such days, and we were without great-coats. On another such day Lord Roberts inspected the Canadians; it was that splendid old soldier's last inspection.

The days on the plains were anything but pleasant - rain always, seas of mud, no place to dry clothing, and the nearest towns were several miles distant. Many men went A.W.O.L., and discipline was at the lowest ebb. The Plains had much to do with giving the Canadians the name "Kitchener's Mob"; and by the standards of the bristling-moustached drill sergeant, we must have seemed hopeless as soldiers.

It was at this time, about December 19th, 1914, the Apostasy came to an end; the sections of the 7th and 9th Batteries were recalled again to form the Cobourg Battery, which now was called the Fourth and later earned the title "The Fighting Fourth".

CHAPTER III.

FOURTH BATTERY IN ENGLAND

The Battery was again under Major Ralston, and was located at New Copse Farm. The first Christmas away from home was a merry one; there was no end of turkey, plum pudding, and good things to eat. About January 6th the Battery moved into billets in Devizes and the remainder of our stay in England was very comfortable. We still recall gratefully the kindness of the people at Devizes.

One day we went to Lark Hill for shooting, and carried off the honours of the Brigade,
That same night

there was a big ball given for us at the Corn Exchange in Devizes.

During this period in billets we did some manoeuvres, had exercise rides, were inspected by Earl Grey, and were receiving active service kit—augury of an early move.

On Monday, February 8th, we entrained at Patney, and reached Avonmouth without mishap. The Battery was embarked almost immediately. The water passage was rough but uneventful except for onion stew in the tea one evening and initiation into the cult of hard-tack and bully beef.

CHAPTER IV

FIRST DAYS IN FRANCE

On February 11th we landed at St. Nazaire. A great welcome awaited us from the French people, and we received many oranges, much red wine, and French bread. Two days by train brought us to Strazeele, near Metern, and there we detrained amid rain, snow, and sleet. We marched to Metern, where we billeted in cold, lousy old barns. In Metern we saw a little of the ruin of war—houses knocked about, trenches, and barbed wire. That night we saw star-shells, the flash of guns, and we could hear their far-off faint booming. We were on the eve of the “Great Adventure”.

During the following day the Officers and N.C.O.’s took a “Cook’s Tour” to the Front, up near Armentieres. They returned with rich wisdom, and as a result we had to build practice gun positions—little more than a funk hole and branches of trees for concealment. During these few days we saw the first aeroplane scrap, and also discovered that cigarettes may be more precious than rubies.

About February 27th we moved to Snow Billet, so called from the blinding snowstorm that blotted everything from view for a few minutes. At 3 p.m. on March 1st one gun pulled into action at Bois Grenier; the other guns followed later in the evening. In this position one man slept under each firing battery wagon; the other

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gunners slept near, in an old barn. On March 3rd we registered our guns, and had just finished when a six inch “dud” dropped near. We did not duck—we were new at the game. Soon after, the shell was dug up by souvenir maniacs, and Major Ralston took possession. That shell is now one of his pet souvenirs back in Canada. A few days later Fritz got busy and with his usual spite dropped a big one on our kitchen and ruined the kettles; and the dinner in preparation was “napoo”. At the same time Pat Thunder became our first casualty.

Meanwhile the waggon lines were at Fleur Baix; waggon line personnel had little to do but haul rations and help build alternative gun positions. March 10th saw the battle of Neuve Chapelle, but we were not involved. On St. Patrick’s Day we had a memorial shoot, firing fifty rounds. That day at the wagon lines there were mounted sports and a big concert. Major Ralston greatly assisted the merry making by the purchase of a barrel of beer.

Shortly afterward we were relieved and moved to Oudezeele. This was the first of the so-called “battery rests”. Here we stayed several days, washed up the harness, cleaned up generally, and held sports. The Fourth Battery won at both football and baseball. General Smith-Dorrien inspected us one day and promised us some stiff scrapping very soon.

On April 18th we moved to a village just left of Poperinghe and settled again to rest life. But after three days there were rumours of a big scrap and later we saw much genuine evidence.

CHAPTER V.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF YPRES

Ox April 22nd we could hear tile terrific and continuous thunder of guns ; reinforcements in an unbroken line passed our billet; London buses, fresh from London and gaudy with gay-coloured advertisements, passed in seeming endless traffic, bearing troops to the Front. Battalions of French, with their red pants and blue tunics, were moving forward.

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We were warned on the afternoon of the 22nd to hold ourselves in readiness, and next morning immediately after breakfast, we made a hurried get away, marching off eastward on the main Ypres—Poperinghe road. What sights met our eyes! A road literally packed with two lines of traffic—one eastward one westward bound. Thousands of refugees were moving disconsolately away from their homes—moving as best they could, some with horses and wagons, some with cattle or goats or dogs, some with carts drawn by tottering old men, and women with children in their arms.

Most of that line were refugees, but there were a few wounded Algerians making their way limpingly to the nearest dressing station And in that march we saw three German prisoners, the first time we had seen the manner of creature we were fighting. On the whole we were merry enough, singing and laughing, impressed rather by the oddity of the spectacle than by fear of the conflict we were entering.

We turned off the main road to Brielen, and when just through that village, at half-past two, we received the order, “Head left wheel,” which brought us into a field, where we put the guns in action close under a hedge. The guns began firing, the ammunition came up in constant replenishment. That afternoon we fired fast and continuously; the men were feeling fit, and had little idea of the magnitude of the battle. The guns were working beautifully, and no shells came our way. Heavy work continued all night, and in the morning the ammunition replenishment was resumed. Waggon line personnel were working overtime in their successful race with the hungry guns.

On the 24th we were shelled and had our first fatal casualties—Sergt. Boone and Gunner Happy O’Toole and Minto was seriously wounded. Captain Stockwell had just walked out of his dug-out when a “Jack Johnson” dropped where he had been. The Captain’s only comment was, “To hell with the dug-out ; my cigarettes have gone west.” One of the best memories of that hot time was the cool, ubiquitous presence of Captain Stockwell, his head with his black curly hair uncovered, cheering the men and making light of the dangers.

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On the following days firing slackened little; one of the signalers, Scotty Munn, was fatally, and Hall, slightly wounded on the way up to the 0. P..

Our position was beside a Belgian farmhouse, from which the old farmer did not move. We noticed that he was driving his cattle in circles in front of our position and that of a French "75" battery. We caught on that it was he who was giving our position away, so the old fellow was arrested, and that was the last we saw of him. During these first days our waggon lines were not shelled, but roads were warm, and our teams were always out with ammunition.

On April 27th a shell dropped on B Sub. gun, but though the gun was "napoo" and the waggon set on fire, there were no casualties. That night there was a faint odour of gas in the air, though not strong enough at our position to cause casualties. In the evening we moved to a near-by position, leaving in our first Ypres position such a pile of empty shell-cases as we have never seen in any of our subsequent battles.

We moved just across the road and dug into a bank. While here, Evans was killed by sniper's bullet, and about the same time Scotty Hanton was wounded—the first driver casualty. The waggon lines were shelled, some horses were killed, but no casualties among the men

On the night of May 9th we moved out of the Ypres salient, after eighteen days of strenuous battle, during which time the harness had never been off the horses, except for grooming, and then only a few teams at a time. The drivers had been constantly bringing fodder for the hungry guns, which had been firing constantly. The Fourth Battery had borne a worthy part in the Second Battle of Ypres. But our service was not without sacrifice four men had been killed and eight wounded.

On the night of the 9th and 10th of May we moved to Steenwerke, and slept till late afternoon. How wonderful was the feeling of relief! How still was the countryside The very stillness accentuated by the far-off thunder of guns in "The Salient."

In the following days Sergt. Major Kerry was presented with the Russian decoration, "The Cross of St.

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George,” 2nd class. General Alderson read, to us the King’s telegram and many other congratulations. He spoke to us warmly of our work. What wonder if we consider sometimes that he who saw the Second Battle of Ypres is the only Canadian veteran!

CHAPTER VI.

FESTUBERT, GIVENCHY AND “PLUG STREET”

At the 14th of May we occupied a position at La Bizet, near Armentieres, but scarcely did more than register the guns. It was at this position that “Goose” McDonald and King drifted down the canal towards the German lines. Our sentries opened fire on them, but they managed to come ashore and were brought back to the battery under arrest, where the cloud of suspicion was swept away.

On May 18th we moved. Real 1st Division weather greeted us, for it was pouring rain. At 4 am, we arrived at Estaires, where we breakfasted, then pushed on to Hinges. After resting a day, we started to go into action but the order was cancelled, and we bivouaced beside the La Basse Canal. We rested a week, enjoying the lazy life and the good swimming.

Later we took up a position at Festubert. The guns were in the village and the horse lines half a mile to the rear in an orchard. With his usual spite Fritz plunked a shell into the cookhouse and ruined our dinner and added fuel to the fire of our hatred. though there were no serious casualties. Thereafter we were shelled regularly but without more damage than a frequent scare. From this position we supported the 5th C.I.B. in a successful attack on “K” trench, the first trench taken by Canadians. Our O.P. parties saw then the cost to infantry of attacks in the face of machine-gun fire. The total advance had been only half a mile.

About the middle of June we shifted to the right, to Givenchy, and took up a well concealed position in a grain field. The 1st C.I.B. were planning an attack on

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the “Duck’s Bill”, and we were chosen for special support. By lot, A and D sub-sections were chosen for the duty. Their guns were taken out of action and specially armour-plated, and the wheels were covered with motor tires. The harness wrapped in cloth to further prevent noise. When thus prepared, the guns were taken up at night under Lieuts. Craig and Kelly and Sergts. Miller and McDougall, and man-handled into prepared positions in the front line. Lieut. Craig and Gunner McDonald were slightly wounded that night, but refused to go out.

During the afternoon of June 15th the attack opened. The Engineers blew a mine, which was too near, and many of our infantry were casualties, and Corporal King was killed. Then the parapet was pulled down, and our 18-pounders began point-blank fire on enemy machineguns. D sub fired 40 rounds and A sub 75 rounds all within thirteen minutes. But the guns were drawing much hostile fire. Gunners Bamford and McDonald were killed, Lieuts. Craig and Kelly wounded, and one gun destroyed. So the position was vacated, but not before several Boche machine-gun nests had been destroyed.

That night the one gun one gun was brought out, and the following day there was ticklish work getting the ammunition back in daylight, when the Boche sniped at our men with whiz-bangs and machine-guns. For his splendid work in this bold artillery effort Lieut. Craig won his M.C..

A few days later we moved to Ploegstreet, the soldiers’ “Plug Street,” and the guns were placed in action at Petit Pont, the waggon lines at Romeraine. Here we had trench warfare with much of trenches – and little of warfare. Guns were rationed down to a few rounds weekly, and if the allotment was exceeded by some Hun-hating O.C., then he might expect much guerilla warfare with C.R.A., the weapons being pens, pencils, and typewriter.

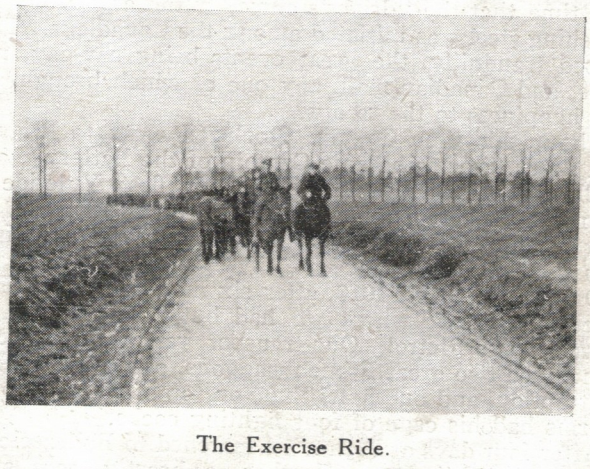
This position was the typical quiet variety. Built to resemble a double hedge, and fairly well camouflaged, there were few shells to worry us. All ordinary day’s routine was : Reveille parade, breakfast at 7, parade at 9; the morning was spent in cleaning the guns, with perhaps

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a few fatigues ; the powers always had new buildings under construction, but there was much time for reading, cards, and sleeping.

The Belgian family lived in the house beside the guns, and drove a thriving business in cigarettes, beer, and coffee. They also kept a cow, which sometimes gave milk, but rather specially distinguished herself by eating everything in sight, even to Lieut. Tyndall-Lees' pyjamas, the odd towel, and aiming-posts.

O.P. parties were double strength, an N.C.O. and



The Exercise Ride.

two men doing duty in the front line, and the other party under an officer, at the rear O.P., which was at "Barrel House" or "The Haystack." This party did a good bit of sniping at enemy working parties and horse transport.

In this position we supported the 7th C.I.B. in the first trench raid, which was a great success, initiating a popular method of gaining information, and at the same time worrying the Hun.

At the waggon lines there was the appearance of a tinker's camp : a village with neither plan nor street, just shacks which grew up to the builder's whim and fancy,

or to his necessity in appropriation of material. “Black Shack” and “Ruby Queen” were perhaps the most pretentious of the dwellings. We also built brick horse standings, which required many loads of bricks from the shattered houses of Neuve Eglise.

An ordinary day at the wagon lines brought reveille at 6 am., an exercise ride, water and feeding, then breakfast of bacon and bread “dip”; parade again at 9 am, grooming horses and cleaning up the standings, and the rest of the day in harness cleaning. It was about this time that the “driver’s curse”, “the army folly” of polishing steel was initiated among the Canadians. Time passed tranquilly, the great events being pay-day, rum issue, and Canadian mail, anyone of which brought joy and happiness to the troops.

About this time Captain Stockwell went to Brigade, and Lieut. Storms became Captain of the Battery.

Christmas came around, and our first Yuletide in France is well remembered for the wonderful feeds, the supply of beer and the mountains of mail from Canada.

On January 31st, 1916, after six months in the “Plug Street” position. Where we had but one casualty, we moved out to Fletre. Our transport resembled a circus; it included two great French wagons, one three-wheeled contraption, and one hotel bus on top of which Captain Storms had his cage of four fighting cocks.

After four days at Fletre, we marched to Bollezeele for a three-weeks “rest.”. Weather was beastly, rain, snow and sleet—yet we had to do training in marching order, then return to the billets and clean up horses, wagons and harness. Why such intensified activities were called “rests” is still the artilleryman’s riddle.

Late in February we moved to Fletre, and after four days we moved to our old “plug Street” position, though the lines had been neglected and the “bivvies” altered, yet it was “jake” to get back “home.”.

A few days later Major Ralston left us and Captain Storms took over time battery. Here Lieut. Hill joined us. We continued to enjoy tranquil warfare till April 1st, when we moved out of action and to Eecke, where Major Stockwell returned as O.C..

We held sports and a harness competition - the promised 25-franc prize never materialising. But rumours were strong of our early return to the Ypres Salient.

CHAPTER VII.

SECOND TRIP TO THE SALIENT.

ABOUT the middle of April we trekked to Ouderdom, where we took over very fine wagon lines and convenient estaminets, and that evening the guns went into action in a comfortable position called the Belgian Gardens. Life was “tres jake” although we had frequent gas alarms and “stand to’s,” nothing serious occurred. One day we had a speed competition with a Belgian “75” battery, and won by A sub, firing 18 rounds in a minute. At other times Captain Storms was wont to amuse him self by firing at aeroplanes and balloons—not that he ever hit or even worried any of them. There was some shelling, and O.P. parties saw rather lively times. Signaller Green was killed and McKenna wounded. We received a large number of reinforcements, among them two ready-made sergeants, Davis and James, alias “Hambone” and “Jesse James.” Rumour said that they were to reform the battery, but their path was beset with snares. “Hambone” had some arguments with a working party one night, and, returning late, he could not find his palatial shack, which was in the course of construction. Next morning the frame was discovered shielding the incinerator and decorated with an enormous hambone.

On June 2nd, at 8:30 am, hell broke loose; a terrific concentration of all sorts of shells fell on our trenches. Lieut. Hill, Bdr. Graham, and Fox were in the front line. Telephone wires were cut, and Fritz came over so suddenly that our party, totally unarmed, was just a traverse ahead of the Boche with fixed bayonets. Lieut. Hill got out so suddenly that he even omitted taking his tunic. Fox was just tuckered out, and was for a rest, when Lieut. Bruce Hill called back to him, “Look behind, and you’ll run a d— sight faster.” They managed to get out of cold steel range, then they tapped in on the wires

at Zillebeke and performed wonderful work by ordering shorter ranges as the situation required. Another of our signallers had an exciting exit. For a few minutes he was "lying low" in some short brush. Ahead he heard rapid breathing, and feared a Hienie. Just as he peeped over the brush to reconnoitre he came face to face with a rather startled member of our infantry, which had reached the same conclusion about him. Together they lost no time in getting clear of that locality.

Our battery had opened fire a few seconds after 8:30, and by 10 a.m. we were down to the last fifty rounds in the position. A hurried call had been sent to the waggon lines, and at about 2 p.m. Captain Storms brought up a full convoy of ammunition. He braved the dangers of Ypres and the Menin Road in broad daylight. The infantry on the roads were greatly bucked to see such brazen artillery work in open view of the Boche.

During the remainder of the day and the following days our drivers brought up ammunition in thousands of rounds and at all hours. The Boche sniped at them on the crest at "L'ecole," and forced them to take another road. Sleep at either the guns or the waggon lines was only a memory or a hope. One day, just after we evacuated the position, Hienie blew it off the map, and two guns were destroyed.

About the 7th things quieted down but we had suffered in the preceding days. There had been three killed and four wounded.

On the night of the 7th of June we moved down the track nearer Ypres to the Culvert Position. Here, on the 13th, we fired in support of the counter-attack, which successfully retook Sanctuary Wood. Thereafter the salient became tranquil, if one may say the salient was ever tranquil.

We staked out the Culvert Position like a young western town site and sent up a large working party to begin excavation; the Boche saw the activity and turned his fireworks on to that spot. Lock was seen doubling down the track with his blankets under his arm, when he met Major Stockwell, who asked where he was going. "Humph! had to get out of there," answered Lock, and kept on travelling.

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Henceforth, the least activity on the position brought upon us an H.E. storm, so the device of a sniper gun off to a flank, to do all the shooting, was adopted, About this time Lieut. Connors was killed, and several other casualties occurred, and we were joined by two new officers, Lieuts. Gordon and McNaughton.



The south entrance of the Cathedral at Ypres.
Canadian Official Photograph.

On July 1st we saw one of our airmen bring down five balloons around the curve of the salient. A few days later we headed, with the 8th Battery, for a quiet position near the Ypres-Lille road.

During the quiet days of June and July it was decided to rebuild the “Belgian Gardens” position. For a month, ten men by day and fifty men by night, laboured on these structures, which in massiveness and toil rivalled the pyramids. Each pit received 5,000 sand bags, 54 I beams, 2 air spaces, a layer of granite slabs from the “Ecole,” and a top layer of cement to insure

shell detonation. These monuments of labour were supposed to be 5.9 proof, but we never occupied them, their testing was left to our lucky successors.

Waggon lines remained at Ouderdom, and, barring the too frequent inspections requiring soulless toil on harness, whose steel was as silver and whose brass was as gold, we had a very decent time.

During July the guns were pulled out to the waggon lines for a few days, then placed in action at Kruistraat, where we had warm times but no casualties.

Then came a more exacting waggon line inspection, which was sure augury of a move. Rumours were loud and persistent of the need for Canadians in the big show down south. Toward the end of July we pulled stakes, or rather packed waggons, ran down the range drums, bid farewell to dear friends in the corner estaminet, and then hit the trail for the Big Show.

CHAPTER VIII.

TOILS OF THE SOMME.

THE first night of the trek we stopped at Arneke, and on the following day arrived at Oudrehem. Here we took a short course in manoeuvres, during which we were ordered to empty waterbottles. As the old guy says, "It sure is Hell" (the place of lost spirits). We had some fine swimming and the usual circle of estaminets. By night we burrowed in hedges under "tarps," any place but in the lousy barns.

At 8 p.m. one evening we took column of route to Arque, where we entrained, and the following evening found ourselves at Kandis. The only event of the journey was the rather dubious decoration of one of the sergeants.

On the next day we marched to an area between Bouzencourt and Albert. Our first impressions of the battle of the Somme were mostly amazement in the tremendous concentration of troops; roads were packed and miles of fields were black with horses, vehicles and bivouacs.

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That night our guns took up a position in an apple orchard at Martinstrat, left of La Boisselle. Here we enjoyed almost unlimited supplies of apples and honey. We were first supporting Imperial troops, but as there was a general relief taking place there were no special shoots. Later, from this position, we fired our first “barrage”—a device introduced into the British army shortly before this, and which was perfected by the Canadians by using the long corrector and low burst. We supported Scottish troops in an unsuccessful attack on Thiepval. Our “boneheads,” in going to the O.P. up near Thiepval, saw some of the awful devastation and ghastly sights afforded by these battlefields.

Early in September we shifted to the right, near the La Boisselle crater and into Mash Valley. At the same time our infantry came into the line and we supported an attack on Moquet Farm. On September 15th we fired a long and heavy barrage in the “Sugar Refinery Courcellette show.” In this attack tanks were first used to the wonder of our troops and the panic of the Boche.

Meanwhile we were building a new position further up Mash Valley, near Pozieres. We occupied this position about the 20th and found ourselves lost in a mob of guns. When a show was on, it sounded like Hell with the silencer off. Prematures were as common as whizz bangs, and a great deal more dangerous. Whiskey was plentiful and S.R.D. ran freely. “Red Patches” were introduced and 1st Division soon grew proud of its distinctive markings.

Our waggon lines had moved to Terra Hill, in front of Albert, and the drivers made themselves comfortable in all sorts of bivvies, ammunition boxes, big tarpaulins, any building material in the country that did not happen to be guarded securely, made “homey” Fourth battery shelters.

After the 26th attack, the guns went forward to the left front of Pozieres, where we learned a bit about shelling that we had never known before. The position was costly in labour, and Fritz seemed to specially dislike it. One day, Lock was peeling spuds, when a salvo dropped around him. Says he, “I’ll fool ‘em next time,” and moved about six feet. Another salvo, and

we could not see Lock for smoke. When the smoke cleared we saw a ruined dinner and a swiftly receding vision of Lock. One night the Major was driven out of his dugout at midnight and tried to sleep in C sub. gun pit. Another time a shell hit the "Linesmen's" dugout. Van Hatten questioned the intruder, lit a match and saw the bright metal fuze of a dud just showing through the dug-out wall. He yelled, "I am going," and forthwith "dangled," as Scotty Graham says. Afterwards the linesmen sold their ill—starred dugout for five francs.

From this hot corner of the Pozieres Ridge we supported the Zollern trench attack and the first of the Regina trench shows. For our last Somme efforts we moved to the Chalk Pits position, left of Courcellette. Here we fired our last Somme barrage on October 18th. Thereafter we settled down to monotonous days, broken by two unhappy events, our cook-house was hit and one man was killed and three wounded, and at another time one gun was blown up by a premature, but without casualties to personnel.

Meanwhile there were bad times for the waggon line artists ; there were heavy rains almost daily, and the Somme was a sea of mud. Every night drivers were up the line with ammunition or material, every bit of which had to be packed in by horses and men. Nightly they dared the uncertain shelling on the Pozieres Ridge, waded the mire of the Maple Leaf road, guiding horses around deep shell holes or away from the naked corpses of that great army of "missing." Up through Death Valley they dragged their way to the dread whine and "plup" of gas shells, the crump of H .E and the crackle of machine guns. On the way home they stopped for the blessing of hot coffee or cocoa and biscuits at the "V." Then, just before they turned in, they received the life—saving rum issue, and after, forgetful sleep ; and the next day they had the story all over again.

But on November 26th the rumours materialized, and we made our last trip up the line, and in spite of a "hunch " of disaster, we moved the guns without casualties back to the waggon lines. On the morning of the 27th we trekked north-west with a joyfulness and

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relief, that even such a cold, murky, November morning could not dampen nor chill.

The toils of the Somme were past, we had endured much, suffered much, but in casualties the Fourth was singularly fortunate—the battle had cost only one killed and sixteen wounded.

CHAPTER IX

RESTS.

THE trek north was wearisome we had cold days in the saddle and cold nights in old lousy barns. Four days brought us to Camblain Chatelain, “Charlie Chaplin,” as it is known to Canadians. We rested four days, enjoying the dissipations of eggs and chips and estaminet beer.

During December we moved up to Agny, and put the guns in action on the Arras-Bethune road, near Ecurie. But we were only in for a large model raid, and after that successful operation we returned to ‘Charlie Chaplin,’ in time to get the big Christmas festivities prepared.

Our second Christmas in France was quite equal to the first, good eats and drinks were there in greatest profusion, so much so, that we scarcely had enough men to feed the ponies that night. The next day there was a long route march for those who felt like “the day after,” and corporal punishment for anyone who tried to drop out. Major Stockwell led the parade, and showing unexpected powers of endurance, covered a big half of the distance to Auschel and back at the double. In the words of Ian Hay, “There were many who fell by the roadside.”

During this time Blighty leave was running in bunches, and the leave roster came in for many arguments and discussions. One day General Currie held an inspection, and hell was popping over the condition of harness and vehicles. At another date we received S.B.R.’s and ran the gas chamber gauntlet.

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On January 6th we moved the gulls into action at Bully-Grenay, and relieved the 16th Battery, and took over waggon lines at Hersin. The Bully-Grenay position was quite the "cushiest" we had ever enjoyed. There were fine gun-pits, good dug-outs, fitted with electric lights and water works, and just across the street modern baths.

If we took a notion to disturb the Boche we first had to drive the French children from in front of the guns.



Stores and estaminets, served by charming mademoiselles, encircled the position. At O.P. you could buy for a penny a twentyfour hour old Daily Mail from enterprising French newsboys. For once Sherman's definition of war was at fault.

From this position we supported big "See Too" raids, then we settled down to tranquillity. Meanwhile, at the waggon lines, some fool brass-hat ordered all the horses to be clipped and dipped. The yellow sulphur solution froze on the way home then dried, and our ponies appeared a dirty yellow colour for a week. About this time Sergt. Fry became Sergt.-Major, replacing "Jesse" James, who had replaced Sergt. Leacock shortly after Christmas.

CHAPTER X.

VIMY RIDGE.

IN February we turned over our "home" to Imperials and moved to Camblain L' Abbe, where we left the guns out of action. Then began the intensive preparations for the spring "push." A large working party was sent up to build a new position near Arian Dump, on the Arras-Bethune road.

These were strenuous times. The roads were lined with miles of ammunition dumps. The face of Vimy Ridge was a hive of industry; thousands of men were salvaging material and toiling at work of war. Every afternoon the personnel at the waggon lines would pull out at four, then wait, perhaps, a couple of hours at the dump, next drag along the main road up by the solemn ruins of Mont St. Eloi, walking five minutes, then halting half an hour, till they were past the "Barriers." Perhaps then they got away at a good rate if some cussed road-hog lorry did not get hung up somewhere. Finally a stiff pull through the mire to the position. Lucky was the driver or team that got home before dawn and without losing a horse or a waggon.

About this time a section of a composite battery joined us, with much fine, new harness and bright nickel bits and stirrups. Two days later they left us with ancient harness, much mended with hay-wire, and old rusty bits. Such was the price of the experience we gave them.

On March 20th we occupied our newly prepared position, where our guns fired at **1,100** yards range.

On March 23rd the right section of the former 54th Battery joined us, and hereafter we had six guns instead of four. Theoretically, the reason was to increase our effectiveness, but popular rumour says that the Battery rations for the men were not increased and that the War Office "put one over!" to solve transport difficulties. Within a few hours history repeated itself, and the old sections were later observed to possess increased numbers of nickel bits and stirrups, much to the chagrin of our new drivers.

The two new guns were taken into the position on the Arras-Bethune road, right opposite Arian Dump

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and put in their prepared pits, which seemed absolutely bomb-proof to the new-comers. But Heinie must have guessed they were coming and his reception was very warm, if not cordial. A burst of shells dropped around the battery while the drivers were unloading ammunition, with some confusion resulting. Two of the drivers were wounded and several horses put out of action. Later that night the illusions as to the strength of those gun-pits were cleared away by a whizz-bang, which made C-sub. pit look like matchwood.

At this time immense preparations were in progress for the taking of Vimy Ridge, then about the best place for observation on the Western Front. Hundreds, upon hundreds of loads of ammunition and material were coming up at night. During the day all our guns were busy cutting Fritzie wire, and at night they kept up a particularly harassing fire, straining the German nerves to the breaking point. He retaliated on our battery with gas on April 5th. At that time a new gunner was on guard, who previously had never experienced the devilry of the Hun. As the shells exploded softly he didn't realize we were being shelled, but noticed the peculiarly pleasant odour, like lilac. He awoke a chum and told him to come out and enjoy it, saying, "Gee, it's swell, I'm going to have some more." However, his chum was wise, and there was a hasty donning of gasmasks. On April 9th the attack took place. The greatest attack since the outbreak of the war. It was here that creeping barrage was brought to its highest efficiency, completely demoralizing the Hun and enabling our infantry to take the Ridge, and incidentally the towns of Thelus, Farbus, Vimy, Willerval, etc.

The next day the real work came in moving our guns forward to the "Nine Elms." This was an awful task. Eight teams were necessary to make the least impression through that terrible mud, which was about two feet deep and the stickiest possible. However, we finally got them there, then began to pack ammunition from sunset till dawn in order to foil Fritz's counter-attacks, which were sure to take place.

We stayed here until April 25th, then moved forward

to Willerval and took up a position about 600 yards from our front line. This proved to be a rather hot corner of the world for both gunners and drivers. It was here that the battery lost their best gunner, Sergt. Reynolds. In a couple of days we attacked again, took Fresnoy, successfully, repelling eight counter-attacks by our intense barrage.

On May 8th our guns were shifted to a position in front of Vimy village. We were partly hidden from observation by the railway embankment, which was just ahead. But not well enough, for the German O.P.'s must have observed something there. That night we were under a heavy fire of gas shells, which lasted all night long. And all next day the air was far from pure in that vicinity. During the bombardment Hart and Wainwright were killed, and several men went down the line gassed. Two days later a storm of 5.9's put the finishing touch to things. Within twenty minutes five of our guns were out of action. By some miracle everybody left at the right time, except Corporal Mouncey who was too deaf to hear the orders, and received a wound in the hand when he made his dash.

Four of our guns were next put in action to the right and rear of the village, in an apple orchard. This proved to be a quiet spot, and everybody breathed easier until July 13th (it was also a Friday), when, with the judicious use of about 300 8-in. shells Fritz turned our "Garden of Eden" into a "Sahara," at the same time putting our hearts in our mouths. No.4 gun was the only one put out of action. Nobody was hurt, however, except Sergt. Graham and Knox, who found that all the officers' whiskey was destroyed.

From these positions an annoying fire was kept up on Avion and its environs, finally convincing the Boche that it was useless attempting to retake the ridge, and compelling him to fall back a thousand yards without an attack. While in these positions the drivers found it none too pleasant taking up ammunition. Fritz knew the road perfectly and judging by the amount of light and heavy stuff thrown at them, apparently figured that there was movement on them at nights; in which he was not far wrong. We lost about thirty drivers at that

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time. Casualties became so frequent that each driver on being warned to go up the line bid himself and his chum good-bye.

On July 1st every gun in the corps opened up with a three-round salvo at noon to celebrate Dominion Day. It sounded like three distinct thunder-claps, and must have convinced the Boche that it was the Day of Judgment.



Gen. Sir Arthur Currie unveiling the Memorial erected by the Canadian Artillery at Vimy.

Canadian Official Photograph.

Nothing more of particular interest happened while here. Things settled down to a comparatively lively trench warfare with the odds in our favour. At the horse lines the drivers cleaned harness and groomed horses until they were fit to be inspected by the King ..

Our baseball team showed its superiority over the teams of other units here, and reached its greatest

perfection. We, however, were denied the opportunity of convincing the D.A.C. team that we should be champions of the 1st Division Artillery.

CHAPTER XI.

"HILL 70," THE HOTTEST OF THEM ALL.

ON the 15th of July all the gunners who were at the waggon lines at the time and some of the drivers, much to their discomfiture, were sent on a working party over to Loos, to prepare the gun-pits, bivvies and other necessities for a battery position, in readiness for the contemplated scrap for Hill 70.

Our position was about a mile half-right of Maroc, between the Double Crassier and the Loos slag heaps. It at that time was under direct observation by the Huns, who had O.P.'s on Hill 70 and the many towers facing us. This necessitated us working only at nights and keeping our cigarettes unsmoked. The work was finished in about ten days, and on July 25th the whole battery moved over, put the guns in the prepared position, and left the waggon lines just outside of the town of Les Brebis, which, although close to the enemy's line, was practically undamaged.

The following day the guns were registered on their targets and from then on till the actual scrap we stood down. One day, however, we did try wire-cutting, but the Major seemed to think results were not satisfactory, so in future this was left to the "Heavies" and "T.M.'s". Meanwhile, however, the drivers were busy hauling up ammunition, making two or more trips per night till the required amount was supplied.

On the morning of August 15th, at 4:25 o'clock, the bombardment started, the heaviest and most concentrated yet known. From the objective Hill 70 Fritz had been observing all our actions for about two years and making life as difficult and miserable for us as possible. It was strongly guarded by cleverly placed machine guns and trench mortars, as well as all kinds of wire. Naturally it was a hard nut to crack.

It took practically all forenoon to reach the third and final objective, the opposition being much greater than had been anticipated. The Hun must have suspected something, for the night before the batteries had been well drenched with gas and the resistance in the morning showed great preparedness.

Shortly after twelve o'clock a very stiff counter-attack was launched against the 5th Battalion in the quarries. The long looked-for moment when we might show our fettle to the infantry had arrived. Left with almost no ammunition, the infantry made known their distress by flare after flare. These had scarcely reached their zenith when Eighteen-Pounder "iron-rations" were being distributed freely amongst the Huns. So rapid was the fire that a wounded infantry officer, *en route* for the dressing-station, peered into the gun-pit and flatteringly demanded, "What new type of a machine gun is that, boys?" Counter-attacks came fast and furious, the famous Prussian Guards beginning a series of thirteen which, after as many hours, availed them nothing. Everyone was on his toes. Gunners stripped to the waist and so deafened by the continual roar, that they were unable to hear orders, carried on deftly the tasks assigned them. Signallers were called out every few minutes, often to find the wires so badly chewed up that new ones must be laid. Drivers responded bravely to hurry calls for ammunition and under direct observation from enemy balloons, supplied the food for the guns. Both drivers and gunners, by their speed and efficiency, achieved for themselves enviable reputations; the drivers being the first in their brigade to reach the guns, and the gunners firing more rounds in a given time than any other battery in the division.

In an attack like this, casualties were bound to occur. But in comparison with the rest of the brigade, ours were light. While the gun crews of other batteries were practically wiped out by gas, we did not suffer any in that respect. And a few days after the advance a considerable party were sent to help man the guns of the First Battery, which had been particularly unfortunate. On the afternoon of the seventeenth, Sergt. Baker's gun crew,

which had been so highly complimented by the infantry officer, were instantly killed when a 5.9 dropped into their pit. Besides these, four or five others received good blighties, three of them while with the First.

Although no gas casualties occurred with us, do not think there were no dangers from that Hun devilry. Here we had our first taste of the later famous "mustard gas." One night the gas shells were coming in like rain, and one gunner remarked, "If they were any thicker you would hear them rubbing sides." Another worthy remarked that fear lent wings to his heels to the extent that "he had to run sideways to keep from flying."

Having taken and retained all objectives, the Canadian infantry was relieved on the night of the 18th by the East Yorks. The enemy, of course, was wise to this, and thinking to take them by surprise, launched a particularly heavy and well-organised counter-attack at 3a.m. the following morning. However, our lines were never reached. His massed hordes were literally piled in heaps between his lines and ours by our well-placed S.O.S. barrage. This occurrence, several times repeated, tickled the "Yorks" Colonel immensely, and he sent us a letter of high praise.

After making over forty unsuccessful counter-attacks in two weeks, the enemy was finally convinced that Hill 70 could not be regained, at any cost. So matters settled down to trench warfare, as before, with both sides making things as lively as possible.

In the meantime, besides drawing ammunition for the ever hungry guns, the drivers also built covered stables, with a good solid standing of slag from the numerous mines thereabouts.

The civilians were still in Les Brebis and as usual all the drivers fell desperately in love with a fair dispenser of eggs and chips, who showered her charms as impartially as she dispensed her wares. The Hun also generously handed out bombs and "toot sweeters" to our drivers, but to no avail. It was during one of these midnight distributions that feed-orderly Lock, his manly charms covered only by a shirt, made a new record for half mile, away from the W.L.

CHAPTER XII.

OUR AUTUMN "HOME."

OUR stay here had been very lively, so no one was sorry for a few weeks in a quiet position. On September 8th we were relieved by the R.H.A., who no sooner took possession of our stables than Fritz dropped two large shells on the horse lines, causing a large number of casualties to both horses and men. It is worthy of note that we had requested to be left there for another thirty six hours, but much to our subsequent relief this doubtful privilege was denied us.

We moved our waggon lines to Bully Grenay by the railway track and four guns into former enemy concrete emplacements on the Souchey River, near the Cite D'Abbattoir. The other two, for sniping purposes, were placed about 800 yards further ahead by a miniature lake. This was perhaps the best position the battery had ever occupied. We enjoyed comfortable quarters, lots of rum, and never had an enemy shell burst in close proximity. Indian summer was at its best and on many bright sunny days the flash of white bodies could be seen, for the boys were enjoying the pleasures of the "ole swimmin' hole."

Our two forward guns did some good work sniping. In a few days our waggon lines were moved to the town of Aix Noulette, where there was a good cinema, canteen, and numerous girls. The only drawback was the distance we had to go to water our horses, and this was later remedied.

About this time a great offensive for Lens, which had ever been an exceedingly prickly thorn in our side, was being contemplated. To further that end a working party was sent up to one of its suburbs, Cite Jean D'arc, to build a gun position. This party foolishly left early in the evening, and Fritz saw them coming up the road and turned a battery or so on them. Although they got safely through they spent one of the worst quarter hours of the war.

September 27th we exchanged positions with a 5th Division Battery, who had found theirs a trifle too hot. One of their officers, in his shell-shocked condition,

vowed that he had actually been blown through the corrugated iron roof of a pit. Although we noticed a couple of shell holes around we found it an admirable position for the sniping we did. The kindness of our officers there cannot be too highly praised. They actually drove the mess-cart filled with rations (E.T.C.) up to the gun position. Result, a broken cart and a hospital case.

Meanwhile things were assuming a sort of warlike appearance at the W.L.'s. The M.P.'s, in their zeal, had trodden on the toes of the hard-working drivers, who forcefully resented their actions. A visit by the General on Reveille parade found quite a few missing, as a result all artillery units were placed under C.B. This matter was finally cleared up by the General in a little heart-to-heart talk on October 2nd, where we promised to uphold the reputation of the Little Red Patch.

Everyone was then at the W.L.'s, preparing for a big inspection which never materialized. Our preparations were well described in a literary gem from the pen of one of our gunners. Unhappily it never reached its destination



The Army Folly.

and once more the Censor deprived the world at large of a treat. October 4th was Battery sports day. Sangster carried off most of the prizes. The following day our baseball team won the Brigade Championship, romping away from the third team to the tune of 23—0.

On October 5th we lost our esteemed leader, Major Stockwell, when he left on a three months' furlough to Canada leaving Captain Hill in charge of the battery. Two days later we went into action at the brick piles in front of Angres. Next day, from an O.P. in Bois d'Hirondelle, the guns were registered on a broken ridge in Lens. It is not probable that many of the enemy were killed as most of the shells fell in the lake, but it afforded splendid observation. In two days' time a "sniping gun" position was established in the right rear of Lieven, and as good targets were numerous, the sniper crew earned their "dollar ten" and the gun its daily oil bath.

After bearing the burden of command for nine long days, Captain Hill eagerly welcomed the new O.C. Captain A. O. McMurtry. It was at the waggon lines that they were first treated his silent but appraising glance. Impelled by his stern features and the knowledge that he was second only to Jess Willard in the boxing ring, the drivers, without a murmur, gave their teams a particularly good grooming.

With the coming of our relief, A 296 Imperial Battery, trouble, unknown to us, really commenced. On the 20th the relief was complete and we pursued a "spit and shine" programme for three day at Aix Nouvelle before moving northward. An inspection proved us fit for the march, and as our farewell fling we had a cold water bath and the Q.M.S. came through with clean clothing.

With limbers loaded with kits, and four G.S. waggons trailing behind, with a newly-painted tin-lizzie on every shoulder and a fine white ration bag containing biscuits and bully, hung from every bandolier, the spotless caravan moved off at 9.30 a.m. on the 24th of October.

The whole march lasted five days, the troops being billeted in barns and the horses picketed in open fields. The first night was spent in Vendin-les-Bethune, not a few availed themselves of the chance of spending a night

in Bethune. The following nights were spent in Orbecque and Steenvoorde, where the big worry was finding the nearest egg and chips “joint.” On the 28th, with spirits jaded and splendour dimmed, we reached a mud sea near Brandhoek and were informed, to our disgust, that we had reached our waggon lines.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mud and Mire

THE 1st Division were the last to arrive in this area and naturally all desirable or even tolerable positions had been taken. On all sides of us were representatives of every British Expeditionary Force, and Fritz must have been wise to this, for, nightly, with commendable impartiality he distributed his bombs.

The best available waggon lines were in a farm-yard at least thirteen kilometres from the gun position. The men lived, or rather existed, in funk holes and trenches, covered with a strip of canvas. In many cases they sought to make them more homelike by installing the improvised oil—drum stove. To find fuel, however was a subject for profanity.

Our first warlike venture was the salvaging of a G.S. waggon and pill-box, which the battery thought they needed. This thieving party was ably led by Captain Hill and Lieut. McLaren, who easily persuaded the credulous Imperials that - were acting under orders from the Canadian Salvage Corps and only trying to clear the road for traffic.

The following day, after two hours in a waggon, the gun-crews dolled up like Christmas trees with blankets, gun stores and rations, waded through the mud for an hour before reaching the position. They were to relieve the 7th New Zealand Battery, whose five guns occupied five shell holes somewhere on a hillside, to the right front of St. Julien and near Winnipeg Corner.

Mud, mire, bags, tree stumps, dead horses, damaged guns, concrete emplacements, derelict tanks, duck walks,

and desolation was the appearance of the country for miles around. Here and there lines of stumps marked our line roads, long since effaced. A few corrugated iron bivouacs on the higher ground and scarcely distinguishable guns marked our position. It is well described by Stephen in the following extract from his diary, "The mud is beyond description. It rains every day and the land is a mass of shell holes. The ground is so churned that one can scarcely move about, yet it is our



Major A. O. McMurtry, D.S.O.

best friend, for often when the shells come down like hail they merely bury themselves and cover us with mud." However, it needs the forceful language of a lumber-jack to adequately describe conditions.

Preparations for another attack began immediately, as the attack of the 28th, launched by the 2nd and 3rd Divisions, had not been as successful as had been expected due as much to the heavy going in the mud as to the Fritzie counter-preparations. Our other crews were summoned from the W.L. Corps test barrages and

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rapid burst fire followed each other in quick succession. A forward W.L. had been established near Ypres, from which pack horses were dispatched at about 3 a.m. with eight rounds of ammunition. Of these, Sergt. Montgomery and Corpl. MacLellan were in charge, to whom great credit is due for the masterly way in which they kept the ammunition supply replenished, with but slight loss of horses. Captain Hill was in charge of the brigade ammunition party, and his work was so remarkable that as a slight recognition he was decorated with the M.C.

The difficulties of packing, owing to mud and shell fire, were at times almost heart-breaking and nearly insurmountable. But when other means failed, men struggled through with their burdens on their backs. All gun stores, rations and water had to be packed in from the main road in this manner. Alf Robbins, with about 150 lbs. on his back, got stuck in the mud, and in trying to pull his foot out strained a cord in his stomach. Our first casualties, Bdrs. McBride and Brown, occurred on the 5th, while taking in stores to put No. 5 gun in action. There were no "bomb proofs" while here. One fellow knew so little about horses that he drove a mule for twelve hours and thought it was a horse, but he did his bit with the rest.

At zero hour (6 a.m.), on the 6th, the 1st Division went over the bags, and in five hours we had delivered up almost all the ammunition on hand to the extent of 2,000 rounds. Lieut. Dawson, Bdr. Studholme, and Sgnr. Sangster, on time F.O.O. party a stormy time, receiving minor wounds, but by the aid of a Lucas lamp they were able to send back some very important messages. All three were recommended, and later received, decorations. Mr. Dawson's wound, being more serious than he thought, took him to the hospital.

For three days we were busy replenishing the ammunition supply, firing Chinese barrages and answering S.O.S. calls. On the 10th our infantry, in a blinding rain, attacked the town of Passchendaele and advanced 1,000 yards across the last great ridge. Signrs. Roberts and Moir deserve mention for their good work in keeping the artillery in touch with the infantry. We had

just nicely settled down to enjoy our rum issue when the Hun counter—attacked. The ‘old Fourth’ showed their speed in opening up a full minute and a half ahead of any other battery in the Division.

On the 13th the Boche again attacked, and we fired on the S.O.S. over two hours, but the satisfaction was ours, for we advanced and straightened our line on the left flank.

Then the inevitable happened, just when we had everything fixed up to give good service, the front became quiet but it was a welcome change. An attempt by the 2nd Brigade guns to move forward showed that the game was not worth the candle, the rate of motion of 100 yards in seven days, accomplished by nearly a battalion of infantry, could not be exceeded. Trough-like arrangements for the wheels were used and had to be carried a distance of a mile. Six men were able to carry two per day.

On the 21st of November the 5th Battery of 39th Division R.F.A. arrived to take over our position, and the next day the relief was completed. The countenances of the boys were simply beaming, Bill O’Connor’s spirits were absolutely irrepressible. After explaining to the "Chirpers" what a home we were leaving, we wished them a speedy goodbye.

We were leaving a veritable Hell on earth, after twenty-two days of the roughest punishment men could endure. For days we never slept, never had dry clothing, and only shaved and washed every ten days.

Despite everything, we flatter ourselves that our organisation was perfect, gun crews were relieved every six days, signallers every ten, drivers had perhaps one day in ten to rest. The rations and mail came in regularly, as likewise the rum, which literally saved us, keeping the blood in circulation, no matter how wet or cold we were.

Great credit is due to Corp.-Fitter Heath, who kept his guns in action and stayed with them without relief for twenty-two days and to Feed-Orderly Lock at the W.L., who, every morning at 3 a. m., “on his own,” prepared breakfast for the boys going up the line. And when rations were not what they might have been he

demanded assistance from our neighbours. Gnr. Saunders won the Belgian “Croix de Guerre” by his work at the telephone after the position was evacuated, and by helping a severely wounded comrade. All officers, N.C.O.’s, gunners, and drivers deserve praise for their steadfast work.

And again we deserved the name “Lucky Fourth”— we had the fewest casualties of any battery in the Canadian Corps. One man died of wounds, eight were wounded, and we lost but twenty-four horses.

CHAPTER XIV.

Back Home For Christmas

"Reveille at 7 a.m., and at 8 a.m. still struggling in the mud," so reads the Major's diary. It took Herculean efforts to get the battery on the main road, but this was accomplished by 8.30, all except a G.S. waggon, which followed later.

The ponies had not been properly groomed for a month, the harness was rusty from disuse; uniforms were soiled, mud-stained and holey- but the joyful countenances of all ranks made up for our otherwise unmentionable appearance.

Even the horses seemed eager to put as much solid ground as possible between them and their former standings, or rather swimmings so, in spite of their fatigue, we soon reached Merris, where we camped in comfortable quarters for the night.

The following day we “dangled,” as Scotty Graham said. All the gunners and spare parts were formed into what an officer facetiously called “an anti-craft party.” They marched in state and discomfort behind. In spite of the cold wind, orders had been given that no great- coats were to be worn but what does the discomfort of a mere driver matter so long as appearances are kept up. That night found us at Haverskerque, again comfortably quartered. As the harness and vehicles, as aforesaid, were not in the acme of perfection that was

expected, on our arrival in Gonnehern they were given a thorough washing.

At 12.30 p.m., on the 25th, we arrived back at our former waggon lines in Aix Noulette, cheered slightly by the congratulations of General Thacker, who inspected us at Bethune. It was like arriving home after an eventful trip around the world. Next day our highest hopes were realized when we took over our old position, which the A 296 had held and improved during our absence.

We had scarcely any gun stores or other necessities with which to go into action as H.E., mud and voyaging had left us with less than the irreducible minimum, but the R.F.A. came to our rescue and we could have fired an S.O.S. if occasion had demanded.

After we had taken over the gun position, the W. L. moved to the historic village of Ablain St. Nazaire, which was nothing but a heap of ruins. With good stables and huts, built on the high ground near "The Pimple," these were undoubtedly the best waggon lines the battery ever had. The only drawback the absence of civies with 'Egg and Chip' joints but canteens were numerous and well stocked. Christmas parcels began to arrive, so we had plenty of extras. A battery wet-canteen was also established, with "Billie" Brown officiating.

All ammunition was taken up trench railways from "Panet" Dump and the drivers, with only rations to haul, had a jake time. Leave opened up "with a rush" as Graham expressed it, and altogether life here was an harmonious symphony.

Life at the guns was nearly as harmonious as at the W.L., for the sector was very quiet. There was the usual calibration, sniping, and punishment fire. To keep up military moral a daily parade was held in a trench behind the guns. After a visit from the Colonel we learned that our gun pits were not all bomb-proof. So, with the addition of rubbish and iron rails, he was finally "kidded" into the belief that they were "5.9" proof.

About this time Lieut. Archie Gordon landed a "bomb proof" as assistant adjutant at Brigade H.Q.,

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which position he held until ‘war broke out’ again in March.

Dominion elections were held early in December and completed in the 17th. On the same date Operation Order No. 34 called for a relief by the 10th Battery, but was cancelled three hours after receipt. However, next day a billeting party, under Lieut. Happy Rolph was sent to Marles-les-Mines, and on the 19th we were partly relieved by the 19th Battery. By the 20th we were all in our billets in rest at Marles-les-Mines.

It was an ideal town in which to spend a few days, the billets, although not perfect, were good. The Centre Section occupied ‘The Bucket of Blood,’ the bone heads No. ‘123,’ and the rest of the battery at private billets. The numerous estaminets and plentiful supply of eggs and French-fried were a source of general satisfaction. The only discordant factors were the system of training, established to ‘speed us up,’ and the bright idea of having men groom with tunics off in zero weather, which caused much profanity.

After worshipping the god, Bacchus, all day the 25th, everyone was primed to enjoy the excellent Christmas dinner, cooked a la Childs by Jack Halpin and Joe Edge. The end of a perfect day was reached when Lieut. Ken Welton mounted the guard. First they were marched thrice around a telephone-pole for luck, as a horse deal was contemplated by the officers that night. Then the guard was inspected and introduced to all the civies who happened to be passing. Gnr. Dick, for having a clean rifle, was given the privilege of either acting captain of the battery or doing the whole guard himself. He naturally chose the latter, but afterwards never wearied of telling the fellows about the time when he was offered a commission in the field.

The next Sunday there was a voluntary church parade, grooming being the alternative. The officers were greatly surprised at the large number of religious enthusiasts.

Lieut. ‘Deacon’ Dawson and a party of drivers made a memorable trip to Boulogne for remounts. As the horses were in fine fettle, that bare-back ride of 100 kilometres was eventful. Such events, and the pleasant

routine of gun drills, inspections and exercise rides made us sigh for action, and we welcomed our orders to occupy a position at the Double Crassier on January 22nd, 1918.

CHAPTER XV.

The Lull Before The Storm

We took over the 40th Battery waggon lines at Braguemont. The horses were in good stables near the houses, and we were billeted in houses, everyone having the best of luck in this respect.

Canteens and liquid refreshment emporiums were numerous. Every night the “Volatiles”, the 1st Division Concert Party, put on a show at the theatre, which was appreciated as much as “Chu Chin Chow” in happier circumstances —. It was here that harness and vehicles undoubtedly reached their highest perfection. “The Queen of Sheba”, in all her glittering glory, never glittered like the steel-work on our harness or dust-caps on the vehicles, “ as Gnr. Dick truthfully remarked.

The guns were in an ideal position, at the rear of the “Double Crassier,” to the right of of Loos. The position was well spread out and nicely concealed. It would have required much of Fritz’s H.E. to neutralize us, even if he had located our position. O. P. was in Nelson Trench and almost ideal— though communications were not perfect, owing to a faulty cable which Army linesmen never repaired.

But “bumph” was pouring in about an expected Hun Spring offensive, and we were set to work to make our sector Boche proof. Alternate positons were built theoretically all over the map and practically all over the countryside. Every gun pit was wired and rewired like a young redoubt. Trenches and barb-wire disfigured the country far behind the front line. Anti-tank guns lay in ambush on every hit of commanding ground. Every battery office was littered with “Defensive Schemes” A, B, C, etc., throughout the alphabet. Then

we sat back and sort of half prayed that the Boche might elect our sector for his “big push”.

Meanwhile we were sniping considerably at any possible target, and Mr. Gouick won the title of “King of the Snipers” by shooting with such precision that the enemy called an armistice, by producing a Red Cross flag, to clear away his casualties.

We were rather enjoying ourselves until General Thacker favoured us with a visit, and although “pleased with everything,” thought the pits scarcely bomb-proof. We straightway remodelled them, and General MacDonell expressed himself as satisfied when he honoured us with a later inspection, though the pits looked like six young mountains.

Meanwhile some officer promotions came through. Lieut. McLaren was gazetted Captain and transferred Captain Hill went to the “Purple Patch,” and Captain Auld joined us as captain.

About the same time the married men went on furlough to Canada, and we all wished we were married. Monotony was further broken by a fire in the officers’ dug-out, which caused some excitement and rumours, but little damage and entitled the fire brigade to a rum issue. The rest of the jar went to the fire guard to prevent further outbreaks.

Another time a jovial party at Brigade H.Q. began betting on the S.O.S. speed of their respective batteries. Our battery, being fitted with speaking-tubes, made a record in getting stuff into the Boche land in fifteen seconds so replenishing a certain one of our officer’s funds in a tangible way.

Several information raids were carried out by our infantry in this sector, and in every case we were called upon to fire a barrage. On the 21st two thousand gas projectors were thrown into Cite St. Auguste, and when the Hun retaliation had ceased we opened up, with the result that he was “up in the air” completely, sending up a display of fireworks rivalling Toronto Exhibition at its best.

Life at the waggon lines was the inevitable routine of exercise rides, grooming and harness cleaning. However, the numerous eating joints, the Divisional concerts

and the sports, in which Sangster again “cleared up,” left no room for complaint. On the 16th General Thacker inspected the whole brigade, we running the second battery a close race for the possession of the coveted riding-crop, given to the most spotless outfit.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DARKEST HOUR.

On March 22nd we received the shortest notice of any relief we had yet had. This was carried out by the 53rd battery the following afternoon, and everyone appeared on church parade at the waggon lines on Sunday, when Rev. Canon Scott officiated.

The Hun had delivered, with a marked degree of success, his first expected attack down south, and in our sector everything was in a state of unrest. Where would he make the next blow? Would he try to push on at that same place or would he hit us on another part of the line? It seemed that they did not know where to send the Canadian Corps, so uncertain did the future appear. We were ordered to be ready to leave at an hour's notice, and that same night this notice was received.

In the silent hours of the night, when everyone was sleeping (or should have been) we were rudely awakened and rushed into action the left of Lievin. Orders called for all guns to be in action at dawn; the guns were there, Mark I., air—recuperating, but alas—no air! With the assistance of a goodly shot of rum and a borrowed pump they were finally put into firing condition. It was this morning that we found a saintly addition to the bonehead staff, and learned that rum jars occasionally contain creoline, and that steel hats rebound well on dug-out steps if they have a head inside.

Two nights later we were rushed out just as abruptly. The following morning began ‘The Day of Confusion’ with the Canadian Corps very much in demand and trying to go different directions at the same time. We left Braquemont early in the morning, spent the night

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at Acque and next day, according to one of the diaries, “travelled over half of France.” First we were rushed to Barly, then on to Mondicourt, back again to Barly, where we heard that the Hun had broken through on the Arras front ; so we galloped back to Lareset and spent the night at the “Y” hutments on the Arras-St. Pol road.

The next morning we took up a position of observation in front of Achicourt, expecting to be firing point blank at the onrushing Hun. Things were not so bad as they were painted, however, for Fritz did not attempt any further attacks. As the old farmer in Wagnonlieu stated, “We are safe now, the Canadians are here.” The activity of the enemy seemed to be confined to the air. Flocks of observation planes hovered over the battery when we were firing, but his artillery retaliation was not so heavy as we anticipated. He mixed a little gas with the 5.9’s he spilled around, inflicting four casualties among the signallers, Rowe, Stanley, Fraser, and Greenhalf, and one among the officers, Mr. Dawson.

A working party from the trench mortars and our own spare gunners built gun pits. These had scarcely been finished when we were relieved by an Imperial battery, and on “Vimy Day” our guns were moved into action near Cam Valley, to the left of Arras, and the waggon lines to Anzin. We took over the position (really just a trench) from the Imperial battery, who claimed they had not been there long enough to establish observation posts or lay out correct lines of fire. Some outfit!

A most regrettable incident happened while in this position. When the Ammunition Column only just nicely started from the waggon lines near St. Catherine’s Corner, a 5.9 landed on the road directly in front of the leading team. Drivers Dopson and Merkley were instantly killed, Lieut. Gouick and Corpl. James later died of wounds, and Corpl. Thew and Driver Hudson were slightly wounded. These men were very popular fellows in the battery and naturally were greatly missed ; the funeral of the two drivers took place the next day near Anzin.

We stayed here just long enough to fix up a good position and haul enough ammunition for our relieving

battery. Next we had a well concealed position in front of Roclincourt, with two guns about a mile forward, but with the waggon lines still in Anzin. Better gun pits and dug-outs were built, and the battery settled down to enjoy a real home. The forward guns did most of the firing, sniping at any enemy movement observed from the O.P. They received in turn a weekly systematic "strafing" from Fritz, who on one occasion put one gun out of action, wounding two of the gunners. When this place became too hot for effective work the guns were moved farther forward to the "Railway Cutting," where they carried on as before, the ammunition being sent forward by pack-horse.

It was while in this position that the Major received news of the birth of his son on April 27th. Each and everyone drank deeply to his health, finishing the good old S.R.D., so that the reserve of highly prized and carefully guarded brandy had to be uncorked. New arrivals in the battery in this position were Captain Taylor, Lieuts. Baragar, Duchesnay, and Almond, while Sergeant Steele took over the work of Sergeant-Major Fry, who became Regimental Sergeant-Major.

At the waggon lines harness cleaning and battery manoeuvres occupied a great deal of the time, but baseball opened up in full swing. We were far from lucky however, most of the regular players being at the guns. The 1st Battery made us look like juveniles, while the 55th Battery, coached by Captain Hill, beat us by 17—2, or something equally humiliating, but it is comforting to know that they refused to meet us later. The men's team, however, showed the officers that baseball ability is not embodied in Sam Brownes. However, we got one scalp to our belt; Riggin, with his southpaw offerings, holding the 2nd Battery team at his mercy.

On the 23rd of May the forward section was relieved by the 66th Battery, and the following night the relief was completed, not without a lot of confusion and unnecessary work however. At midnight, after everything was settled, we moved off in a pouring rain, arriving at the little village of Berles at dawn, where we were to rest and prepare ourselves to become a part of Marshal Foch's "Shock Troops."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE town itself did not extend over a great area, but there were just enough estaminets and places where henfruit and potatoes could be procured. Nearly the entire battery availed themselves of the tarpaulins and tents, pilfered from the Engineers' Dump at Arras, to camp out in the open near the fine forest of the chateau grounds. The weather was ideal; the horses picketed in the open enjoyed it as much as we. Here it was that we fraternized with the South African Heavy Artillery—men, who were also resting there. We enjoyed their company at one big dinner on July 1st, when we dined off the fat of the land to celebrate Dominion Day in a fitting manner.

While here we indulged in the greatest orgy of sports known in the battery, baseball, football, volley ball and soft ball, as well as mounted sports. Two S.O.S. teams, almost equally matched, were tucked out; Bdrs. Brantnall, Nicholson, Edgar, and Jenner on one side, and Sgt. Ottaway, Henry, Broome, and McPhee on the other. They came in first and second respective at Brigade Sports, while at Divisional Sports Sergt. Ottaway's hitch copped the prize, owing to an unavoidable accident with Jenner's horse after the hitch had gotten away to a flying start. Later, Bdr. Brantnall's hitch met the 2nd Battery and romped away a winner of the race and a five hundred franc side bet. Major Stockwell, now with the 3rd Battery, thought he would show up the 4th with his world-beaters, but found that it was impossible. The least said about the steeplechase race with Mr. Gordon and Mr. Duchesnay as star performers, the better.

Our baseball team also covered itself with glory, winning the Brigade Championship after some hotly contested games. The games between the officers and men were the sources of the most fun; Sergt. Graham, Bdr. Dick and Bill O'Connor gaining lasting fame for themselves

as rooters. The inter-section games were also keenly contested and were never won until the last ball was pitched. In indoor and volley ball we likewise romped away. It was only in football that we did not meet with sufficient success to call ourselves champions.

However, we weren't here to play baseball only, but as said before, to prepare ourselves to become shock troops in the open warfare which was to follow. To this end we had our first battery manoeuvres on June 4th, finding ourselves very awkward at this new style of fighting. On the following day we again attacked, driving the enemy as far again as Rocourt, where we encamped for the night. We set out again in the morning and after taking up about four positions and employing every manner of attack we turned again towards home. These manoeuvres were carried on until we were declared efficient.

During the latter part of our stay here a mysterious sickness broke out in the battery, affecting the majority of gunners and drivers. Although it was serious and puzzled the medical authorities, there were no casualties.

On July 14th we again went into action in front of Blangy, with the waggon lines at St. Catharines. The battery was again divided here, there being one for gun for sniping purposes and a brigade anti-tank gun. However after nine days in this position we moved over in front of Achicourt, with two forward guns near Beaurains. It was while here that we put up the barrage for two successful raids by the 3rd Canadian Infantry Brigade, by which considerable valuable information was gleaned. Here also we staged an afternoon barrage, to convince the Infantry General that we knew our work.

We have occupied some good battery positions, but for comfort, concealment and up to date methods, this was undoubtedly the best. As in many a former case we were not allowed to enjoy our home very long, for on August 1st we were relieved by the "C" Battery, 280th Brigade, betaking ourselves and all equipment away behind the lines to Magnicourt. Those who marched with the guns will remember that night's move as one of the fastest ever made.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

“AMIENS”

Previous to this we had all been warned to “Keep our mouths shut,” the necessity of which seemed so important that a written warning had been pasted in our paybook. Apparently everyone was accepting the warning because no one knew where we were going or why. Some of our infantry, we afterwards learned, had been sent up to Ypres, there to put over a raid to give the enemy a false scent.

In the early hours of the 3rd of August we again sneaked out, entrained at Ligny and were wafted away down south. Late that afternoon we detrained, had supper and marched all night, encamping in Boves Wood shortly after dawn. There was every evidence of something brewing here, judging from the great concentration of troops. The queues at the various canteens round about showed some very cosmopolitan gatherings.

We immediately began taking up ammunition to a gun position in an orchard near the village of Cachy, and this continued every night until the amount required for the barrage had been hauled. The guns, which had previously been calibrated at Vaux, were taken into action on the night of the 6th, but the attack, which was scheduled for the 7th, was postponed until the following morning.

No firing was done before zero hour, but even so it was a marvel to us how the Boche could remain so ignorant of the gathering storm. For a week previous to the opening of the push the roads were solid jams of traffic. Ammunition waggons, ration carts, artillery of every calibre and numerous tanks congested all the roads. Just before the attack a stray shell fell near the position, killing Gunner Alexander, wounding Lieut. Almond, and scratching O'Connor.

At 4:15 on the morning of the 8th, the attack was launched with the entire Canadian Corps forming the apex of the attack, supported by the French on the right and the Australians on the left. It was a complete surprise to Fritz, and he was entirely at our mercy. Although he had his best troops on our front, he considered

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

it a very quiet sector and had sent them here for a rest. When the infantry got them going, the tanks and cavalry started in and followed his headlong retreat so rapidly that in ten hours an advance of eleven thousand yards had been made.



Grub for the Guns.

Before eight o'clock we were out of range and orders were issued for a rapid advance. Two hours later we crossed what had been the German front line but a few hours before, and were given an opportunity to note some of the damage we had done. Corpl. Sloan, Macguire, McKinnon, and MacInnis went over the top with the infantry to keep up communication and when this work was finished they commenced firing a Heinie Composite Battery, which had been captured. Perhaps the damage they did was not very great, but nevertheless they had lots of fun.

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After marching all day we went into action early in the evening in a little wood near Caix and fired a few rounds on the Hun troops massing in Rosieres. Late that night the drivers had to go for more ammunition, which proved to be an all-night task. This made the seventh consecutive night without rest for the weary drivers.

Early the following morning a new attack was launched by the cavalry and tanks in support of the infantry, but as there were more artillery and machine guns against us than on the preceding day the task proved more difficult. At 2 p.m. Major McMurtry rushed the right section into action in support of the cavalry and tanks, and owing to their good work the Hun was driven out of Beaufort Woods. This was the first open action we had indulged in, and everyone on the crews enjoyed themselves almost as well as the Major, who undoubtedly was having the time of his life. It was for this and subsequent sterling work in which he showed his sound snappy judgment in overcoming the enemy, that he gained the D.S.O.

Later in the afternoon the whole battery was taken up to a new position near Beaufort, on the ground where our shells had been dropping some time before. The firing battery waggons were left with the guns and the first line waggons were taken across the road to the horse lines. Almost everybody, besides doing their work, availed themselves of the opportunity to pick up numerous souvenirs, such as revolvers, belts, watches, helmets and what—not. The Major appeared in a richly bedecked Fritzzy staff-officer's hat.

After forcing the enemy to retire again that night we remained in reserve for a couple of days, everyone seizing the opportunity to clean up and wash the garments that were badly in need of it. The weather was perfect, although a trifle warm. We basked in the sun like the Lotus-eaters of old, and enjoyed the numerous air scraps overhead, in which respect the enemy appeared very strong on that sector.

Our infantry were still forging ahead slowly, so that on the 13th the centre section went into action to the rear of the church at Quesnoy, taking in with them

twenty-five hundred rounds of ammunition. About this time Fritz started some dirty work around the waggon lines with that particularly vicious— high-velocity gun of his. Several horses were wounded, an ammunition waggon put out of all possible action, Corpl. Fitter Heath killed and Machine-Gunner Saunders (known as “Detonator Pete “ to everyone in the 1st Division) wounded. Corpl. Heath was searching for a stretcher to carry out some wounded infantrymen when the fatal shell exploded close by. It was here that Corpl. Sloan, by his quick thinking and quicker action, saved the entire telephonist staff from certain death by moving the station about two hundred yards to the rear. For this he was later decorated with the Military Medal, much to the satisfaction of everybody.

On the 16th, a boiling hot day, we relieved the 40th Battery, but had scarcely prepared for action when the news came that the enemy was evacuating. The Major and Sergt. Graham went forward and picked out another position, to which we moved at dusk, and from which for the next week we made things very uncomfortable for the Boche. All the good points of observation were in our hands and we were not backward in taking advantage of them. The Major’s favourite O.P. was a high tree when his position was observed he merely climbed higher. The battery was again mentioned in despatches for the brilliant work done.

On the 16th Lieut. Stewart, formerly of the Princess Patricias, joined us, and five days later we were relieved by a battery of French 75’s. This was the first time many of us had seen a French battery, so naturally all were very interested, particularly the drivers, who sighed for harness and steel work like theirs. Their guns took up a position on our left and at dusk, speeded along by a shower of 5.9’s, we brought our guns to the waggon lines and the whole battery moved off to Caix Wood.

Whether the days were too hot for marching or the Hun observation planes too active, we do not know, but all movement was made at night. A good swim in the Luce river and we were ready for the second night’s march to Domart. The following night brought us to a more familiar part of the country, Boves Wood, and the

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next day we reached Prouzel, where we were to entrain. We arrived here on a rainy evening, but as we were the first troops to billet in this town, the people opened their hearts and put most of us under cover, the first we had had for weeks. They were not wise, however, to the unusual application of water in liquid refreshments, nor fancy prices for the same, and the consequence was very evident when we began to entrain.

CHAPTER XIX.

SMASHING THE HINDENBURG LINE.

AT 1 am. on the 27th we pulled out and detrained at Tinqués the same morning without any serious mishap, from which place we moved to Dainville. The next day our guns went into action in rear of Cherisy, with the waggon lines in an open field near Wancourt. This ground had been recently taken by the 2nd Division, and all around our position there was a picture of desolation. We had just nicely settled down to our new surroundings when the Hun opened up on both waggon lines and guns, killing Corpl. Gregory and fatally wounding Lieut. Dawson.

On the 30th we fired a barrage for the capture of “Upton Wood,” and it was then necessary to move the guns forward before we could stage another attack. Then began those long trips with ammunition, which invariably brought forth some regrettable incident. Waggons were lost, horses wounded and killed and there were a few casualties in men. Sergeant-Major Steele, one of the most popular N.C.O.s in the battery, was killed while returning in charge of the ammunition train and two or three drivers were wounded about the same time. The guns were moved forward on the night of September 1st, almost to within shouting distance of the front line. But before the barrage started the infantry made a silent raid, taking the “Crow’s Nest” and making for themselves a fine jumping off place for the morning. After three hours’ firing on tile barrage (in which we put over two thousand rounds) we found ourselves

out of range ; the Drocourt-Queant line had been taken.

Two guns were sent forward with the infantry ; one under Lieut. Baragar and Sergt. MacLellan ; the other under Lieut. Bell and Sergt. Soade. It was on this trip that Sergt. MacLellan's gun, over open sights, did some excellent work, putting a whiz-bang battery out of action as well as raining death in other targets. Mr. Baragar, for controlling the operation of his gun in a very efficient manner, was given the M.C. and Sergt. MacLellan, for his cool handling of his gun and crew, was given the "Military Medal." Everybody on the crew deserve credit for their fine work, and the driver of the ammunition waggon in charge of Corpl. Gibson (who was given the M.M.) were right on the job all the time, too. The other gun delayed by broken poles, bad roads, etc., was too late getting into action to give any assistance, much to the disgust of the gunners who were itching for the fray.

The rest of the battery, under Major McMurtry, moved forward and went into action with open sights to the left of Cagnicourt, Bdr. North being wounded in the heel with a machine—gun bullet while taking up the gun. This position was too stormy and too open to remain in, so in the evening we settled down in the rear of Cagnicourt. When the General heard of our much advanced position he ordered us to retire about two thousand yards, much to the Major's disgust, as we were practically out of range all next day. The two detached guns joined us here, and the whole battery moved forward to a position on the right of Buissy. That afternoon the 2nd and 4th Battalions had gone over without artillery support and had advanced as far as the Canal du Nord. Mr. Duchesnay and two signallers went forward on reconnaissance work and report a rather exciting time, in which they were the proud captors of three large Boche. For the useful information obtained, Mr. Duchesnay was awarded with the Military Cross.

Although this could not be called a good position, for the guns were out in the open and there was no cover except a trench near at hand, some splendid work was done. The Major had the time of his life at O.P.

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sniping at all kinds of enemy targets. Colonel Sparling, of the 1st Battalion, observed the Hun infantry massing and while he acted in the capacity of observer and telephonist we gave them round after round of gun fire, foiling their attempt at a counter-attack.

On the 6th, after a brief inspection by General Thacker, orders were given to pull out at midnight, the 2nd Division taking over this front. After a rather eventful trip, dodging bombs and shells, sliding over muddy roads, and getting lost we reached Dainville at dawn.

We remained here for a two weeks rest, recuperation and reorganization, the battery being greatly under strength in both men and horses. When this was fixed up, the balls and bats were again brought out, our baseball team clashing with the 13th Battalion, the 3rd Battery and the D.A.C. Although we lost, they were all good enjoyable games.

In the spring of the year the Corps had planted plots of potatoes all over this area and this was the time when they suffered. After the day's work was over, everyone screened by the darkness of night, might be seen sneaking out with a saddle-bag on his shoulder, intent on a raid. Later, they would sit down to enjoy the fruits of their labour, to which the feasts of Nebuchadnezzar of old could not be compared. Even the mouth of Epicurus would water at a banquet such as this: creamed potatoes, tomatoes, carrots, fried onions and sausages, with some of the good old "Madeira" easily procurable at the numerous estaminets. The Major remarked that he was glad the boys were again getting fat; hence the physical training classes were inaugurated to put us into condition. The first of these was taken by Lieut. Lutz, who had joined us during the recent fighting.

While here also, the Colonel of the Brigade lost his flag, whereupon a reward of fifty francs was offered for its recovery. It is whispered that a certain popular N.C.O. of the battery might have earned that fifty without much effort on his part, had he so desired.

With sighs of regret we left again for action on September 20th, a reconnaissance party having gone out the day before to pick out a position. The Major

having gone on an artillery course and a short furlough, Mr. Gordon was now acting in the capacity of commanding officer.

CHAPTER XX

CAMBRAI

OUR task this time was to smash the remaining sectors of the Hindenburg line protecting Cambrai and take the big town itself. To do this, however, we had to dislodge Fritz from the Canal du Nord, from which he made things very unpleasant for the 2nd Division, guarded as it was by machine-guns and artillery.

We claimed a position very close to that which we had left, and for almost a week ammunition was packed in every night. The guns, having been calibrated at Petawawa Range while we were out of action, were taken into action on the night of the 26th for a barrage next morning. Just before zero hour we were treated to a dose of his worst gas, and although he had the exact location of our trench, no casualties or damage resulted.

By nine o'clock the engineers had bridged the canal in, several places, and we were ordered to advance. While going through the town of Inchy we were given a hot passage, but the speed at which we did this would make Dan Patch sick with envy. After we crossed the canal, while awaiting further orders, his aeroplanes observed our concentration of troops on the hillside and his artillery opened up with a rush. Although we rapidly shifted, Jackson got a nasty wound, later dying at the field ambulance.

Afternoon saw us in action again behind the Arras-Cambrai road, where we kept up a harassing fire all night. The following morning we moved to an old enemy heavy position, behind Haynecourt, where a few dug-outs made us feel more secure. On the 29th we fired a barrage, but the attack proved rather unsuccessful, the infantry being held back by barbed-wire and machine gun fire. While here, MacInnis our popular lineman, in going forward on the F.O. party, was instantly killed. Here also, Canon Scott, our jovial chaplain, was

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wounded. The following day another barrage was put up and although the enemy was driven as far as the railway embankment, this proved an insurmountable obstacle for the day.

On the 30th we moved to Epinoy, a town for which Fritz had a special dislike. This was undoubtedly the hottest position the battery ever occupied; all old-timers unhesitatingly agree to this. Three rather insecure dugouts, however, saved us from being wiped altogether off the map. Next day the first brigade of infantry attacked the railway embankment; we put up the persuading barrage which was successful in dislodging the enemy from his stronghold.

While the barrage was in progress an especially daring enemy observation plane circled overhead, so low and haunting that Bdr. Coulter took a "pot" at him with

F.'s sub. gun. This and Leach's machine-gun sent him away, but the way his 5.9 batteries came hack at us was not slow or uninteresting. Sgt. MacLellan, Bdr. Dick, Bdr. C. Parker and Bdr. Holden were killed and Armstrong wounded. After this we kept as close to the dug-outs as possible. So thoroughly did he drench the position with gas that we had orders not to eat our rations. We remained here for another day, then shifted our position to the front of Haynecourt, where, much to our relief, things were quieter. We remained here only two days when we were relieved by the 3rd Division, who went over and took Cambrai. Our way out was fraught with a little excitement too. We had got only about a hundred yards from our waggon lines when his bombers deluged them. We were also shelled while on the Arras-Cambrai road. The Brigade party on their way out came in for a barrage of bombs, the M.O. being killed and three others wounded

CHAPTER XXI.

"ON THE HOME STRETCH

NATURALLY, we were in a rather shell-shocked condition when we reached our stopping place at Wancourt. However, after a good healthy rum issue, a fine night's

sleep, and porridge to reinforce our usual bread and bacon for breakfast, we were once more in a fighting frame of mind.

That evening, it was Oct. 5th the teams of an Imperial battery drew our guns into action : a mile off the Arras-Cambrai road, between the ruins of Dury and Eterpigny, taking their own guns out. This proved to be a very quiet sector. Very little artillery activity was possible here owing to poor observation. It was such a contrast to our last position we had begun to think peace had been signed.

The battery was split up again, two guns going about 400 yards forward. Each position was a real home, with comfortable dug-outs and fine pits. There were also frequent rum issues and practically nothing to do. It was here that Cunningham proved to the battery that, despite the record of the cooks, army issue food can be fixed up into an edible state. The roasts and welsh rabbits, which testified so well to his culinary skill, are even yet the talk of the battery.

Every night the forward guns put up a harassing fire on the roads behind the enemy's line in an endeavour to catch him retiring. One morning a platoon of the 13th Battalion crossed the river at Lecluse on an information raid, for which we put up the barrage. The effort was unsuccessful.

On October 14th news came that the enemy were evacuating, trying to shorten their line, as the 3rd Division had captured Cambrai in the meantime. They retired as far as the Sensee Canal, and that evening we took up a position in front of Lecluse. This was a good position behind a ridge, and comfortable quarters were built. We harassed the enemy every night and in the mornings put up a particularly lively fire on his lines, commencing about 5 a.m. There was little retaliation on his part.

The most noteworthy enemy activity was his effort to keep our observation and bombing planes away from his lines. To this end he employed a new, high velocity, long—ranged anti-aircraft gun, bursting his shells often far behind us.

It was undoubtedly the hard pummelling we gave him

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every morning that convinced the Boche that his position was untenable. So immediately he began to evacuate with our infantry and ourselves close on his heels, expediting his movements as much as possible. **It was from this position that the Fourth Battery fired its last shell.**

At dusk on October 18th we moved forward again. All the bridges on the Sensee Canal had, of course, been demolished but pontoon bridges were soon built by the Engineers, and our battery had the honour of awaiting their completion and being the first artillery in the Canadian Corps to cross this famed canal. That night we rested at Ferin.

We had been specially warned for days about booby-traps so everybody was on the look-out for this danger. In the half light every wire, every road, and every house held a multitude of dangers, and it was really amusing to see everybody tip-toeing around to avoid these perils.

But we slept soundly nevertheless, and early next morning again set out, picking up here and there souvenirs, but always after careful examination. Two well-known men of the battery dolled “ themselves up like the girls of Paris, and tripped along behind the guns. We were truly no sight for the General’s eye. Besides bags of vegetables to help out the army rations each gun and vehicle was decorated with a variety of utensils for preparing them .A gypsy caravan would have seemed regimental in comparison. Everywhere we found evidence of the devilry of the Boche—dishes smashed, households upside down, and all the inhabitants had been removed. It was here that numerous milk, cocoa, and various other tins of a familiar American brand caught our eye. We afterwards found out that the Relief Commission practically kept these people alive.

All day we pressed forward but were unable to catch up with the enemy, and at dark took up a position but did no firing. That night at the waggon lines Lieut. Cole had a quantity of rum and whisky stolen by certain light-fingered battery men. To justify them it has been claimed that as we were moving so frequently it would have been impossible to look after these things.

The following day we met the first liberated civilians

at Pepuencourt. They seemed overjoyed to see us after four years of worse than imprisonment. Evidently they could hardly believe they were free until we passed through their streets. As we were the forward battery again and the first to reach the town we were the recipients of all the favours. Here a kind-hearted woman ran out with a bottle of cognac, again others with plates of bread, and more with pancakes. We were fairly drowned with coffee and felt like stuffed birds when we flitted on followed by their cheers. In exchange we had to give up maple leaves, Canadas, and C.F.A. badges.

Obstacles were numerous. The Boche had generously supplied road mines, and in one place we had to climb up on a railway embankment and cut a road down the other side for the guns. Here also we had moved too rapidly and found ourselves ahead of the main infantry advance guard, so had to wait till they passed us. Later we took up a position ahead of Wandignes, in the suburbs of which we got a fine welcome from the village priest, who insisted on kissing Mr. Lutz, much to his embarrassment and the delight of the gunners and drivers. We retained this position for two days until the motor machine gunners, cavalry, and infantry swept the Forest of Raismes clear of the enemy. All the time we enjoyed the hospitality of the people of the town and helped them to rearrange their things preparatory to settling down to the old regime.

On the 21st we moved through the great forest, taking up a position near Hasnon, between it and the suburb Grand Bré. Here again we met with the same enthusiastic welcome from the "civvies" who told us shameful tales of the Boche. Not satisfied with the troubles he had already caused them Fritz was still shelling the village with his insufferable "four—ones," killing quite a number of civilians. That night the 3rd Division went through, leaving us in this town in reserve. There was very little objection from us, for most of the men had found a home with some of the civilians. They, out of their little, insisted on suppling us with vegetables, "tartin," and the inevitable coffee "umpteens" times a day. "Old Peg-leg," as she was affectionately called, was one of the most consistent

contributors. And here the remark is appropriate, that — despite medical opinion that coffee is only a harmful stimulant, most of us believe that it is the chief article of nourishment for many of these civilians.

While here Mr. Gordon, who was in charge of the battery, worked a fake “move” to test the efficiency of officers, N.C.O.’s and men. The smooth way this was “pulled” won the admiration of everyone who was in on the game. Mr. Gordon was “ill” at the time and the section commanders took charge. It reflected to the credit of all that everything was ready on the dot. But if this move had turned out real many of the gunners and drivers would have mourned for surplus kit still in their billets.

We remained here till November 7th. In the mean time the 3rd Division had taken Valenciennes, and crossed the Escaut after quite an attack, the barrage lasting about four hours. Then we had to leave our home and proceed to Angin, billeting in a “Maternity Home” for the night. No ill effects, however, have yet been experienced. The following day we passed through the fine city of Valenciennes, only the station and outskirts of which were badly damaged.

The city was all decked up with flags and bunting to greet us. However, we passed right through and up the Valenciennes- Mons road some distance, spending the night in a small town. Here we were billeted in the fine cathedral, which time Boche had stripped and been using for his troops. The pipe organ was still intact and a musician in our midst played sweet sacred songs.

This was the day when the “ enemy plenipotentiaries” crossed the line, with a white flag flying, to meet Marshal Foch. They were surely in a bad way at this time. All their allies had been hopelessly beaten ——the Turks completely routed by General Allenby and the Austrians having treated for a separate peace after the successful offensive by the Italians.

On the 10th we again moved, this time to Quarouble, near the Belgian border. From this town all the civilians had been taken away by the enemy. Nearly every man in the battery had a house and lot of his own.

On the fateful day of the 11th Mr. Gordon calmly announced that "Hostilities will cease at 11 am—carry on with harness cleaning." Whether it was the qualifying remark that took the edge from our joy or not, it was not expressed, being too deep down for shouting. So Armistice Day, wildly celebrated in other places, passed off very quietly with us who could scarcely realise that our old friends the "whiz-bangers" and "toot-sweeteners" would visit us no more.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION

A FEW days later, after getting all our vehicles and harness in excellent shape, we marched off like conquerors to become the Army of Occupation. Near Mons we were inspected by General MacDonnell, who was as pleased with the lordly appearance of the drivers, but pointed out that the gunners did not throw out their chests enough.

That day we marched thirty-two kilometres, and after losing ourselves two or three times, landed up in a small farming town where we rested two days. On this hike, the right and left sections being the former old 4th Battery, travelled ahead with the forward infantry. The centre section, however, joined us two days later at the fine old town of Ecaussines, where the whole battery lived in a picturesque old chateau, the property of some count. Here we rested four days and cleaned up. The townsfolk were particularly kind, entertaining officers and men to dances on consecutive nights.

It is rumoured that many a fair "damosel" shed tears of sorrow when. "Les braves Canadiennes" partied to Frismes. Here the Army Service Corps lost us and we had to do without rations for a whole day. Happily the civilians stepped in the breach. Our next stop was at Corroy-le-Chateau for two days. Here the Valentines and Marie Louises made life for us one enjoyment after another.

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Sclayn, picturesquely situated on the Meuse at the foot of a rocky cliff, was our next stop. Here the liquid refreshments were reputed to be exceedingly good by some of our connoisseurs. On November 29th we reached Moulin after marching twelve kilometres. From here it was eight kilometres to Les Avins, where we spent a memorable night in the schoolhouse.

We were now only thirty-five kilometres from the German border. This distance was made in three days, our stopping places being Tohogne, Fays, and Tierneux.



Nieu Hangebrücke, crossed by the 4th Battery
at 13 hours, 13th December, 1918.

The following afternoon we proudly crossed the border at 11.5 p.m., giving “eyes right” to General MacDonnell. That night we spent among the Fritzies in Borne. Here and in all the towns in Germany the fear or respect for Allied power surely manifested itself in their treatment of us. We remained here a day then marched through the hills to Mulligen, where we had the best billets in town. The next night was spent at Rufferschied, where the battery was rather scattered. The steep hill to our billet in the school hall was an insurmountable obstacle to some after the evening’s entertainment.

On December 10th, after stopping at Call and Euskirchen, we reached Walberberg, where we remained two days to clean up before making our grand entry into Cologne.

This was done on the 13th with the whole town out to watch us pass. Our glittering harness, shining guns, and fine equipment apparently, in the light of later events, impressed them favourably. At 13 hours on the 13th we crossed the bridge, giving the salute to General Plumer, who was in command of the 2nd Army, to which we belonged. We spent the night in a Prisoners of War barracks at Coln-Kalk, then proceeded on the following day to the Dynamite Factory near Wahn. We rested here for two days, our horses and guns in the open getting their best bath while in the army. The next move was to the fine "peace time" artillery barracks at Wahn.

Here we had a well-deserved rest and clean up. During the last twenty-five days we had spent seventeen on the road and had covered a total of two hundred and ten miles. So our triumphant march was not all pomp and glory, being really a very tiresome trip.

Our new barracks were the best we were ever in, fine, comfortable sanitary quarters for the men, with real individual beds, large roomy stables for the horses and excellent buildings for our gun and waggon parks. There were plenty of baths here as well as a fine cook house, messroom, theatre and chapel, and all the quarters were electrically lighted.

The street-car and train service to Cologne and other towns was excellent, and although the former city was strictly "out of bounds" to the wild Canadians, never the less fifty per cent, of the battery were there nearly every night. The people of Cologne will undoubtedly remember the Canadians to their dying days. Even though most of their feelings towards us was of fear, yet it was tinged with a liking which they could not but show. Many happy though a trifle liquid evenings were spent in this gay enemy town that cannot be —forgotten.

Meanwhile, at the battery the harness and vehicles were being shined to their prestine loveliness preparatory

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to an inspection by General Thacker, which never materialised. However, Col. Cosgrave, who had but lately come to the Brigade, pronounced everything absolutely O.K.

On December 22nd the battery picture was taken on the hillside near the barracks. The same day a commemoration service was held in the chapel for the Officers and Men of the 1st Brigade, C.F.A., who fell during the Great Adventure.



The Battery at Wahn.

While here, under the auspices of the Khaki College, educational work started. Some fine lectures were heard in the chapel and the "Y". A great deal of interest was taken in the brigade lectures conducted by Mr. Baragar.

On the 25th the best and happiest Christmas dinner yet experienced in the battery was held. Although food was scarce it was far from noticeable that day. The rum punch was divine. The Major and other officers of the battery earned great praise as waiters, their efficiency and speed being far above that of the professional servitors.

The opportunity was taken of presenting the Major and Mr. Gordon with small tokens of the esteem in which they were held by the battery. We were honoured with the presence of the Colonel, who was feeling more than usually jovial.

In the evening the Officers of the Battery were “ At Home “ to the remainder of the Brigade Officers, If rumour can be depended upon their “punch,” being a special brand, was very powerful.

On New Year’s Eve the officers’ annual dinner was held. This was another time for jubilation. It being the last of the war was more than usually uproarious. The following day its effect had not yet worn off. The Major led the other officers in singing “Rule Britannia” in every bunk-room, it being the only song they cared to know while in Germany. Afterwards each sub-section was further cheered by unexpectedly receiving one of “Haig and Haig’s” masterpieces.

Our rather pleasant stay in Germany was concluded on January 14th, for on that date we entrained at Wahn and shook the dust of Germany from our feet. We expected a through trip to the Channel at least, but were disappointed by being detrained at Andenne, near Huy in Belgium. From there we marched to Fumal, about twelve kilometres away for an indefinite stay.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DEMOBILIZATION

IT was here that we said good-bye to the guns and horses that served us so well and did their fine part in bringing the war to a close. This also was the point from which we began our last trip together, and even before that event drafts had already left, taking many of our pals away. Practically speaking, it is here that the battery ceased to exist as such and became a unit bound together by the common purpose—to get home. But all this took some time, so our history is not quite ended.

As this was the last town in Belgium in which we were together the thoughts of it are indelibly impressed on our memory. The outstanding feature was the kindness and friendliness of the people, who did their best to make us comfortable. Many a day we blessed them for a dish of potatoes and vegetables to help our rations along. Soon weekly dances were arranged in the Casino which were well attended and became very popular, both with the girls in the village and the boys of the battery.

The weather was very cold for two weeks. The horses had to be turned out in a field as the roads were impossible. Other mornings the long exercise rides were enjoyed by both horses and drivers. Hearing that the harness would soon be turned in our crafty drivers did not overwork themselves to get it in shape, nor did the gunners try to polish the vehicles as enthusiastically as before.

But a surprise awaited many of us. In the middle of our easy rest one section was invited or ordered to go to Liege with other detachments from the division to show themselves to the admiring citizens of that historic town. To this end two guns with the waggons, harness and equipment were “dolled up” like Valentines. Then the powers picked out the handsomest and most Adonis—like men in the battery and fitted them out in the latest Broadway style until they looked like the Hercules of the American Army as depicted by *Life*.

On February 2nd they went to Liege, on the 3rd the last Brasso was used up on a last rub-over, and on the 4th they marched in splendour along with proportionate detachments from the other units in the division down the main boulevard to “Les Terraces.” where they were reviewed by General Jacques of the Belgian Army, Lieut.-General Currie and General MacDonnell. Judging by the enthusiasm of the crowds and the comments in the Liege papers, they were the personification of the martial dreams of the war-singing poets of old.

When this was over the men “did” the town in a manner known only to Canadians, thus increasing their prestige. The next day we packed up early and started on our two days “hike” back to Fumal over slippery

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roads and with the thermometer hovering altogether too close to zero. But we made the trip without mishap and proceeded to settle down to the old existence.

Mr. MacDonald took a few of the kinks out of our rusty limbs with the P.T. he gave us in the mornings. Later football and baseball did this just as well. The officers in meanwhile enjoyed themselves playing hockey (without skates) on rather an insecure sheet of ice near



The Last Mounted Parade.

brigade. Much to their chagrin they were never able to avenge their defeat by the brigade officers' team, but then, brigade had to scour the country for players, temporarily attaching them to Headquarters for the games. However, after several weeks' practice, our officers inveigled an absolutely green team of N.C.O.'s into a game and took their vengeance on them to the tune of 11-2. The war—clubs used would have done credit to some South Sea Islanders.

An opportunity was given all here of seeing some of the fine towns of Belgium, notably Liege, Brussels, Antwerp, and Louvain. Nearly everyone had a day in Liege, but the longer passes were not so frequent. Those of us who were fortunate enough to pass through the whole show surely have seen many of the interesting cities of Europe.

On February 12th we all joyfully but affectionately said good-bye to our guns. They were taken to Huy and packed alongside the historic Meuse.

Our slumbrous ease was broken again on the 17th when we kissed fifty of our horses "good-bye." And on the 23rd the remainder went to Antwerp, here to be handed over to the Belgian Government officials. Our joy at the cessation of grooming was tinged with regret in parting with these noble beasts, some of which came over from Canada with us. And all had done their duty throughout the war unhesitatingly, despite the blows and hardships they were forced to endure.

On the 25th the faithful mokes were taken to St. Trond—ridden bare-back a distance of 40 kilos. For several days afterwards it was noticed that the drivers who took them seemed to have difficulty in walking.

Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn" couldn't hold a candle to the peacefulness of Fumal. The "jovial swains" of the battery were, however, enlivened on two different occasions by rum issues, much to their surprise and delight.

On March 4th we really started to demobilise, the "Herring-Chokers" from Nova Scotia leaving us on their jaunt to Canada. At which "Les mademoiselles de la village beaucoup pleuried." Previously the men with wives in England were allowed to go to "Blighty" and to arrange their passage back home with their wives. Other drafts for Eastern Canadian cities followed in succession, and on March 15th the battery in its entirety moved to Huy, and on the following day we took the Canadian Corps side-door Pullman demobilisation train for Le Havre.

It was not a speedy trip, but we were moderately comfortable, and "Halte Ripas" came frequently At

Le Havre on the 18th we bid farewell for ever to the “8 chevaux, 40 hommes” mode of travelling.

Two days at the base saw us through the baths and sundry other formalities, and the evening of the 20th we marched to the docks in a rain which might dampen our coats but not our spirits, and embarked on the Viper.

1:30 a.m. on the 21st we weighed anchor, It was farewell to the land of battles, farewell to a long period of chequered life, comradeship, loneliness, strenuous toil and cushiest ease, safety first and deepest perils—not all sadness, not all joy. Our bit, which was more than our bit, but just what our destiny demanded.

And here we part - our battery shall retain its identity a few weeks longer and we shall demobilise in Kingston under Major A. O. McMurtry.

To us all there is the order, “ As You Were,” and we hasten with deep joy to obey. A long, long trek from Cobourg to Cologne and again to Kingston, but our trek is almost finished. “ The Old Red Patch,” “ the Diamond mark battery,” and “ Quo Fas et Gloria Ducunt,” are to us treasured emblems.

NAPOO FINI.

NIX CAPUT.

EIGHT O’CLOCK.

NOMINAL ROLL.

EXPLANATORY.

†	-	Killed in Action.
W	-	Wounded or Gassed.
I	-	Invalided.
T	-	Transferred.
C	-	Commission.
D	-	Discharged.
S	-	1914-15 Star.
*	-	Original.
O	-	At Present Serving.
H	-	Died.
D.S.O.	-	Distinguished Service Order.
M.C.	-	Military Cross.
D.C.M.	-	Distinguished Conduct Medal.
M.S.M.	-	Meritorious Service Medal.
B.C.G.	-	Belgian Croix de Guerre.
M.M.	-	Military Medal.
Md.	-	Mentioned in Despatches.
R.C.St.G.	-	Russian Cross St. George.

Decorations	Remarks	Rank	Name
D.S.O.	* Md.	Brig.-Gen.	Ralston
D.S.O. & Bar	*W Md.	Major	Stockwell, C. V.
D.S.O.	OWMd.	"	McMurtry, A. O.
M.C.	*	Capt.	Storms
M.C. & Bar	W	"	Hill, B.
M.C. & 2 Bars	W	"	Auld, J. C.
M.C.	W	"	Forsythe, A. T.
M.C.		"	Taylor, H. W.
		"	Alderson
M.C.	*	Lieut.	Craig, C. S.
		"	Kelly
		"	Bovill, K. H.
		"	Booth
		"	Blackstock
		"	Hay
	W	"	McLaren, H. J.
		"	Tyndale-Lee
	W	"	Fitzpatrick
	†	"	O'Connor
	†	"	McKenzie
		"	Ralph, H. J.
		"	Morris
	†	"	Guick
		"	Dean
	W	"	Welton, K.
		"	Cockshutt, E. M.
	W	"	Almond, E.
		"	McLaughlin
		"	Evans
M.C.	W †	"	Dawson
M.C.	O	"	Stewart, H. A.
M.C.	O	"	Gordon, J. A.
M.C.	O	"	Baragar, F. D.
M.C.	O	"	Duchesnay, D.
	O	"	McDonald, J. A.
	O	"	Cole, J.
	O	"	Casey, E. L.
	O	"	Lutz, G. H.

Decorations	Remarks	Rank	Name
R.C.St.G.	* † S	B.S.M.	Kerry
	* C S	"	Leacock
D.C.M.	* T S	"	Fry, G. H.
	* † S	"	Steele, F.
	* O S	"	Proudman, W.
	* T S	Q.M.S.	Latham
M.S.M.	* O W S	"	Duke, H.
	* S	Farr.-Sgt.	Cooper, J.
	* T S	"	Clark, C.
	T	"	Maycock, W.
	* T S	"	Collett, H.
	O S	"	MacKenzie, A.
	* T S	Sadd.-Sgt.	Webb, H.
	T S	Vet.-Sgt.	Watterson, J.
	T	"	Coe, A. R.
	* O S	Sgt.	Aisthorpe, J. W.
	C	"	Aquilon, E.
	* † S	"	Boon, R.
	* † S	"	Baker, H. C.
	* C S	"	Burnett, G. F.
M.M.	C	"	Cole, D. H.
	T	"	Cowan, J. R.
	* T S	"	Colquhoun, G.
	T	"	Davies, T.
M.M. & Bar and Md.	O S	"	Graham, A. V.
	* S D	"	Guerin
	* S T	"	Hamilton
	T	"	Houston, J.
	* O S	"	Keogh, B.
M.M.	†	"	McLellan, H. H.
	* S T	"	Miller, J.
M.M.	S C	"	Montgomery, A. R.
M.M.	O	"	Moore, J.
	S T	"	Martin, R. A.
	O	"	Nicolson, W. M.
	O	"	Ottoway, W.
M.M.	S C	"	Seath, W. P.

Decorations	Remarks	Rank	Name
	* O S	Sgt.	Soady, P. E.
	O S	"	St. Lawrence, H.
D.C.M.	* S T	"	Guyatt
	* S C	"	McDougal, C.
	* S C	"	McNaughton, E.
	* S D	S/S Cpl.	Gosse, W.
	* S T	"	Lavell, W.
	O	"	Martin, J.
	†	"	Heath, J.
	* O S W	Cpl.	Mouncey, J. A.
	O	"	Canning, C. E.
M.M.	* S †	"	Chandler, J.
	S T	"	Clements, J.
	* S W	"	Collins, J. N.
	S C	"	Cornell, P.
	* S T	"	Foreman, P.
	O	"	Gargett, F.
M.M.	C	"	Gettings, C. F.
	O	"	Gibson, A. W.
	T	"	Greenwood, L.
	†	"	Gregory, T. R.
	†	"	James, C.
	* S †	"	King, M. T.
	* O S	"	McDonell, C.
M.M.	O S	"	Paskins, F. W.
	* O S	"	Sloan, B. W.
	O S	"	Standing, T. A.
	* S T	"	Sash
	* S W	"	Thew, C.
	W	"	Yates, A.
	O	Bdr.	Arbuthnot, A. G.
	* S T	"	Allen
	T W	"	Brown, W.
	†	"	Burnett
	T W	"	Buels, E.
	O	"	Campbell, J.
	O	"	Coulter, S. L.
	†	"	Crosby

Decorations	Remarks	Rank	Name
	O	Bdr.	Edge, J.
	O	"	Edgar, A. L.
	*OSW	"	Fry, F.
	W	"	Graham, P.
	*S †	"	Green, G. H.
	O	"	Halpin, J.
	†	"	Holden, H.
	*ST	"	Knox, J.
	*OSW	"	Maguire, H. C. P.
	O	"	McDonald, D. J.
	OS	"	McKenzie, W. H.
M.M.	*SW	"	McBride, A.
	O	"	McFarlane, J. A.
	O	"	Nicolson, D. S.
	*SW	"	North, S.
	T	"	O'Conner, W.
	W †	"	Parker, C.
	O	"	Parker, T.
	C	"	Smith, A.
M.M.	O	"	Studholme, P.
	†	"	Sharpe, J. S.
	O	"	Varey, R. P.
	T	"	Grant, F.
	OS	Driver	Abbot, A.
	O	"	Armstrong, A. E.
	O	"	Atkinson, H. J.
	O	"	Andrews, R. A.
	†	"	Andrews, W. J.
	T	"	Andrews, E.
	O	"	Anthony, C. E.
	W	"	Armstrong, K. W.
	T	Gunner	Anderson, A.
	T	"	Arnold, E. R.
	†	"	Angus, J. A.
	OS	"	Alexander, P.
	†	"	Alexander, J. H.
	OSW3	Sig.	Anson, F.
	*D	Shoeing Smith	Barrett, F.

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Decorations	Remarks	Rank	Name
	* T	Driver	Bentley, W.
	T	"	Bowen, C. R.
	O	"	Brown, R.
	* O S	"	Brown, W.
	O S	"	Banner, P. L.
	O S	"	Beer, R.
	O	"	Brown, H. J.
	T	"	Burton, J. C.
	O	"	Butler, C.
	T	"	Bernard, J.
	O	"	Brayne, H.
	O	"	Brown, B. C.
	O	"	Ballantyne, A.
	* S T	"	Buck, E.
	S W T	"	Brooks, J.
	†	"	Brown, G. Y.
	O	"	Bustard, J. A.
	O	"	Beamish, A.
	O	"	Bunton, F. W.
	O	"	Beatty, F. A.
	O	"	Bowles, H. H.
	O	"	Boundy, J.
	O	"	Byron, J. F.
	O	Wheeler	Barr, T.
	O	Gunner	Begg, R. H.
	D	"	Bell, E. C.
	O S	"	Brantnall, W.
	O	"	Breslin, J.
	* S †	"	Bamford.
	T	"	Brighter.
	T	"	Bolger.
	S T	"	Bailey, W.
	* S H	"	Blaisdel.
	T	"	Burns, W.
	O	"	Barton, M. H.
	O	Sig.	Burns, J. H.
	O	"	Blanchfield, J. F.
	C	"	Boswell, W.

Decorations	Remarks	Rank	Name
	O	Sig.	Bryan, C. A.
	W T	"	Berry, A.
	W T	"	Beveridge, C. A.
	* O S	Driver	Cadigan, J.
	* S T	"	Carruthers, J.
	* S T	"	Charbonneau, A.
	O	"	Clements, J. A.
	* O S W	"	Connelly, J. H.
	O S	"	Cormack, W. J.
	O	"	Cubbon, E. R.
	O	"	Currie, J. J.
	O	"	Clark, E.
	O	"	Campbell, J. J. S.
	O	"	Curran, E. P.
	O	"	Cuntz, N. E.
	O	"	Cameron, W.
	O	"	Chandler, F. W.
	T	"	Cook
	O W	"	Coates, T.
	I	Gunner	Chamberlayne, A. R.
	T	"	Champion, R.
	D	"	Copeland, N.
	T	"	Craig, W. R.
	* O S	"	Cosgray, R.
	T	"	Crossfield, F.
	O	"	Crowhurst, S.
	O	"	Caney, P. H.
	O	"	Cunningham, W. R.
	O	"	Cooper, W. S.
	O	"	Clark, P.
	* S †	"	Colmar, C.
	T	"	Cordell, C. C.
	* W T	"	Clark, A.
	* W T	"	Clark, W.
	* S T	"	Cronk
	†	"	Champagne, H.
	S T	"	Corras, W.
	S T	"	Cruickshanks

Decorations	Remarks	Rank	Name
	T	Gunner	Cassels, H. S.
	O	Sig.	Cramp, N.
	O	"	Crowder, E. S.
	O	"	Coe, C.
	O	"	Cecil, A.
	O	Driver	Dean, C. G.
	S †	"	Dopson, S. G.
	O S	"	Douglas, H. G.
	T	"	Draper, R. H.
	* S †	"	Downey, E.
	S T	"	Doxsie, E.
	†	Gunner	Dick, S. J.
	O	"	Downton, H.
	T	"	Duffy, J. A.
	O	"	Davies, C. H.
	O	"	Des Laurier
	O	"	Douglas, C.
	* W T	"	Doris, B.
	T	"	Dunlop, C. M.
	T	"	Dawson, H.
	W T	"	Dales, M. A.
	W T	"	Dickie, G. R. L.
	W T	"	Docherty, E.
	I	Sig.	Dery, E.
	* T	Driver	Eustace, W.
	O S	"	Edmunds, A.
	T	"	Emmett, J.
	W	"	Emmett, R. E.
	O S	Gunner	Erion, J. A.
	†	"	Evans, W. J.
	T	"	Edwards, H. C.
	T	Sig.	Ellison, W. J.
	T	"	Evans, W. J.
	O	Driver	Fewell, A. H.
	W	"	Fyffe, D. C.
	O	"	Fleming, F. A.
	O	"	Frawley, M. H.
	S W	"	Fieldhouse, S. E.

Decorations	Remarks	Rank	Name
	T	Gunner	Forster, M. M.
	T	"	Foster, L.
	T	"	Fydell, M. R.
	O	"	Frisk, J.
	T	"	Foster, W. G.
	T	"	Frazer, A.
	O	"	Flanagan, T.
	* I	"	Findley, G.
	O	"	Faulkner
	* S †	Sig.	Fox
	W	"	Foster
	O	Driver	Gabriel, R. H.
	S T	"	Gamble, R.
	* O S	"	Grey, A.
	O	"	Gardner, A.
	O	"	Graham, A. E.
	* S T	"	Guster, A.
	O	"	Gallagher, E. J.
	O	"	Gouthro, J.
	T	"	Gower, A. H.
	W	Gunner	Gilmore, M. P.
	* S T	"	Gould, P.
	W	"	Gorman, C. F.
	T	Sig.	Goodrich, J. H.
	I	"	Gales, R.
	W	"	Greenhalf, H.
	* O S	Driver	Hall, C. A.
	* S H	"	Halliwell, J.
	* O S	"	Hanton, J.
	O	"	Harp, C.
	* O S W	"	Hudson, A.
	O S	"	Hurrell, C.
	O	"	Hurst, J. G.
	O	"	Halbert, R.
	O	"	Hill, G.
	T	"	Hine, C.
	†	Gunner	Hart, J. L.
	* S †	"	Hanns, A.

Decorations	Remarks	Rank	Name
	* S T	Gunner	Henderson, G.
	O	"	Hardman, K.
	* O S	Tpr.	Hay, G. A.
	O S	Gunner	Hunter, J.
	* S D	"	Hayden, G.
	O	"	Harris, M.
	O	"	Holmes, W. R.
	* S D	"	Hopkins, A.
	* S W	"	Hopkins, F.
	S W	"	Hopkins, A. R.
	S T	"	Hyslop
	* S W	"	Harrison
	W	"	Hope
	O	Sig.	Hess, R. M.
	O	"	Howell, J. R.
		"	Hewitt, S.
	* S W	"	Harris, L.
	* O S	Driver	Ingram, R.
	O	Gunner	Ironsides, R.
	W	Sig.	Innes, H. A.
	W H	Driver	Jackson, E.
	O	"	Jenner, H. S.
	* O S	"	Jones, J.
	O	"	Jeffray, B.
	T	Gunner	Jenkinson, E. C.
	O	"	Johnstone, E.
	S C	"	Jordan, E.
	O	Sig.	Jacobs, B. B.
	* S T	Driver	King, H.
	O	"	Lyus, W.
	O S	"	Lock, A.
	T	"	Lilly, A. E.
	* S D	"	Lee, J., Senr.
	* O S	"	Lee, J., Junr.
	* S T	"	Le Jros, F.
	W	"	Lillis, J. E.
	W	"	Lachey, C. F.
	T	"	Lingley, H.

Decorations	Remarks	Rank	Name
M.M.	D	Driver	Lockie, W. J.
	O S	Gunner	Knox, W.
	T	"	King, A.
	T	"	King, W.
	O	"	Leach, R.
	* O S	"	Lindsey, J. D.
	* O S	"	Luther, S.
	W	"	Limond, J. L.
	T	"	Lillicoe, A.
	O	Sig.	Knechtel, K.
	O	"	Keens, H.
	* S T	"	Keymer, T. H.
	O	"	Love, F.
	* O S W	Driver	Lauber, T. W.
	* S W H	"	McKenna, W.
	* S T	"	Munn, B.
	* S T	"	Mossman, J.
	†	"	Merkle, J.
	O	"	Merkley, L.
	O	"	McPhee, J.
	* O S	"	McSorley, B.
	O	"	Mulhall, J. W.
	* S D	"	McFadyen, W. A.
	* S T	"	Miller, G.
	* S W T	"	Morel, R. S.
	O	"	McCormack, J.
	* S T	"	Mattice, O. S.
	T	Gunner	Messenger, A.
	* W T	"	Mills, R.
	S C	"	Meiklejohn, J.
	O	"	Montgomery, C. S.
	O	"	Moody, F.
	T	"	McPherson, G.
	T	"	Muir, J.
	* S T	"	McAdam, P. H.
	W T	"	Mountain, A.
	W T	"	Mulhern, H. J.
		"	Maclam, F. J.

Decorations	Remarks	Rank	Name
	W T	Gunner	Menhennett, A. T.
	S †	"	Manley, E.
	* S T	"	McGill, M.
	O	Sig.	Merrin, K.
	W T	"	Muir, P. A.
	T	"	Mattravers, C. H.
	†	"	McInnes, V.
	T	Gunner	McMahon, M.
	C	"	Macdonald, S.
	* S †	"	McDonald, T.
	W	"	McKinnon, D.
	* S T	"	McIntosh, N.
	C	"	McIntosh, J.
	T	"	McIntyre, J.
	* S W T	"	Minto, P.
	C	"	McKay, G.
	O	Saddler	Neil, B.
	T	Gunner	Nichols, G. C.
	W T	"	Nickerson, G. B.
	* S D	"	Noakes, A.
	* S W T	Driver	Owens, T.
	* S T	Gunner	Orton, A.
	T	"	O'Hearn, M.
	I	"	Oxby, J.
	W T	"	O'Connor, E.
	* S †	Sig.	O'Toole, H.
	* S W T	Driver	Payne, W.
	O	Gunner	Pace, J.
	O	"	Potter, C.
	* O S W	"	Patterson, W.
	O	Sig.	Parker, L. H.
	O	Driver	Quinlan, W. H.
	* O S	"	Reynolds, J.
	O	"	Rhodes, J. B.
	* S T	"	Riches, F. G.
	* S T	"	Renoufe, E.
	O	Gunner	Robbins, A.
	O	"	Riggin, F. C.

Decorations	Remarks	Rank	Name
	* S †	Gunner	Reynolds, A.
	T	"	Russell, J.
	T	Sig.	Rooney, T.
	* S T	"	Raymond, S.
	T	"	Radcliffe, B.
	T	"	Roberts, G.
	W T	"	Roe, A.
	S T	Driver	Savard, P.
	O	"	Shute, S. F.
	* O S	"	Sidey, L. W.
	* S T	"	Simmonds, E.
	* S T	"	Simmonds, C.
	T	"	Simpson, J.
	O S	Wheeler	Smith, A. H.
	* S W T	Driver	Speirs, S.
	* S T	"	Stevens, B.
	* O S	Gunner	Stevens, F.
	* S W T	"	Stots, A.
	T	"	Strutt, A.
	O	Driver	Sabiston, K. M.
	O	"	Smith, A. A.
	T	Saddler	Smith, J.
B.C.G.	W T	"	Smith, F. J.
	S W T	Gunner	Sanders, W. B.
	O S	"	Scott, W. A.
	O	"	Sewell, G. W.
	* O S T	"	Sleeman, G. H.
	O	"	Speer, G. H.
	W T	"	Stotts, H.
	O	"	Stepler, W. G.
	T	"	Stewart, B.
	* S D	"	Steele, J.
	T	"	Sherlock, W. D.
	* S T	"	Soloway, R.
M.M.	S †	"	Snow, E. R.
	I	"	Sangster, H.
	* S T	Sig.	Smith, G.
	W T	"	Stanley, E.

Decorations	Remarks	Rank	Name
M.M.	C	Sig.	Skelcher, F. T. A.
	O W	"	Shiple, H.
	T	Driver	Tye, H.
	T	"	Taylor, T. A.
	O	Shoeing Smith	Tiplady, H.
	O	Gunner	Taylor, G. A.
	O	"	Trousdale, F. A.
	O	Sig.	Tedlie, W. P.
	O	Driver	Upward, F.
	* S T	"	Uren, C.
	W T	Sig.	Vanhatten, C. E.
	* O S	Driver	Wakelin, W.
	* O S	"	Webb, F. G.
	* O S	"	Wotten, R. E.
	T	"	West, F.
	W	"	Wistaff, C.
	T	"	Woven, M.
	T	Gunner	Weston, C.
	* S T	"	White, A.
	* O S	"	White, C.
	O S	"	Ward, S.
	O S	"	Woods, G.
	W H	"	Wainwright, J. M.
	* O S	Sig.	Wade, M.
	O	"	Williams, C. P.
	S T	Tpr.	Woods, L.
	* S T	Driver	Youden, H. C.
	* S T	"	Young, C.

Printed by KING & JARRETT, LTD., 67, Holland Street, Blackfriars, S.E.
and published for the Battery by the CANADA NEWSPAPER
Co., LTD., Craven House, 113, Kingsway,
London, W.C.2.

