

C H A P T E R 1

I am told I was born on 20th March, 1888. I have no recollection of the occasion at all. I do remember when I was two years old--I was wearing a dress and it was a hot day and I went to sleep in a sand bank in front of the old log house. My mother came and said, "eleven o'clock--time to go to..." and I said, "bed".

Our log house was about thirty feet long and twenty-four feet wide. The logs were from quite big trees. There were three rooms below--a dining room, my parents' bedroom and a spare bedroom sometimes used as a sitting room. The upstairs was divided into two parts--the girls' bedroom and the boys' bedroom with two beds in each. I never remember sleeping more than two in a bed although there were ten of us, so some of the older ones must have got out to work before the younger ones graduated upstairs. By today's standards there were several defective features about that old house but it was a great place to have fun in.. a great place for love and affection to flourish.

My father, Donald Patterson, was born not far from Galt, Ontario, and came with his parents up to Huron County when he was a boy. I never saw Grandpa Patterson but I remember Grandma Patterson, an old Scotch woman who smoked a clay pipe.

My parents were married when my father was about ^{thirty} ~~thirty~~ ²⁵ years old and my mother was ^{eighteen} ~~sixteen~~. They lived in a little log house on Grandpa's place for a few years, and about eighty years ago he built a house in Auburn which still stands and was occupied by the late Jimmy Mead for so many years. I am not sure of the year, but about 1875 my father bought the farm that was to become our home for so many years. A lot of the work on this farm was done by my brothers, Lawrence, David and Peter.

My father was a "framer" and he built a great many of the large barns that still stand. He entered municipal politics, was elected for several terms to the County Council and served one term as warden. He was the first County Engineer of Huron County. Although his schooling had been very limited, he was good at mathematics and when he was at least fifty years old he learned to make plans and blue prints like a draughtsman. He was a big tall gaunt man and perhaps inspired a little fear into most children but I was not afraid of him. He never punished any of us at any time but was quite capable of telling us where we got off at.

My mother was born at Austwick in North England. I saw the house where she was born when I was there in 1916. It is a stone house in a village made up of stone, where there is a stone quarry and even the fences are made of stone.

Her name was Eliza Lawrence and when she was five years old her parents settled about a mile from where the Pattersons settled.

My oldests sister Florence apparently was not around home a great deal when I was a child. She was noted for her sense of humor, her hearty laugh and her bicycle. It was a lady's bicycle, the first one I had ever seen. I learned to ride on it and quite unknown to Florence it was a great joy to me.

When I was four years old I was out playing in the big barn. That was a great place to have fun in too. On this particular Sunday afternoon I was climbing around..I think my older brother Peter and my sister Lillian were climbing around too. I went up the ladder until I came to a large beam or plate about eighteen feet up from the floor. It was rather large for my short arms and I was delayed for a little but not for long!..I climbed up on the beam..I made her! Slanting steeply back from the beam nearly to the roof was a straw mow. Excelcior! I must get on top of that now. I started up the incline but I slipped down and over the beam..plunk on to the floor below... That's all I remember about the barn that day. I was told afterwards that my brother Lawrence had jumped bareback on one of the horses and raced for a doctor. You just couldn't press a button and have a doctor appear in those days. There was no doctor in Auburn so Lawrence got in touch with Dr. Sloan of Blyth.

on the At I do remember waking up and crying...I remember my mother's face bending over me with tears streaming down. I remember the doctor asking me repeatedly, "Where does it hurt?" and finally I told him, "My arms". So he examined one arm and said, "Well, that's broken." I was still screaming. "Where else does it hurt?" ... "My other arm." That was examined and found broken in two places. Apart from a mashed nose and some swollen lips this seems to/been the extent of my injuries. So I may have been preserved for some purpose I am not sure what.

I remember my father making the splints used on my arms. I don't know how splints are made now, but these four splints were made of cedar and nice and smooth and shaped according to the doctor's specifications.

My mother was about the best teacher I have ever seen. She could not devote all her spare time to me..There were meals to cook for a large family, baking to be done, washing and ironing and mending to be finished, planting the garden, hoeing the weeds, picking apples.. but she did find time, when I was four years old to teach me how to read she took me on her knee and taught me by the word method, and as long as I was home she was there with the encouragement for me to "persevere". She was never cross, but I remember on one occasion she promised that I could go fishing in the afternoon if I first learned the States bordering

on the Atlantic Seaboard, and their capitals. I went fishing..and I still know the required states and their capitals as set out in Gage's Geography.

When I was five years old I started going to Westfield School about two and one-half miles by the road, somewhat shorter through the bush. There were about seventy pupils and eight or nine classes. The teacher was Mr. Morrish. In those days a teacher who couldn't keep order was no good. Mr. Morrish kept order like a Roman Centurion. He was a stern disciplinarian. He had to be to handle all those classes. His schoolwork went with the precision of clockwork..One class right after another. When he had heard the lesson from my class he allocated the lesson we were to have next and sent us to our seats to study it. I, of course, could read well. I could read the whole little book through while I was supposed to be studying this one lesson. As a result I know most of the lessons off by heart.

Now the little book I was using had perhaps been used by my older brothers and sisters. Anyway, there were a few pages missing, and when the lesson was called and my turn to read came round I held the book out in front of me and delivered my paragraph from memory. Mr. Morrish knew I could read and perhaps his gimlet eyes were directed elsewhere. I got away with this twice but on the third day the lesson was on a page that had been out longer than the others and I did not know it so well. I remember it yet..

CHAPTER 2

"Little Fanny had a new red sled. One day she rode down hill with it so fast that she went far into the glen below where no other sled but hers had been before."...I stumbled I misplaced a phrase or a clause. Mr. Morrish was immediately alert. He stepped over to the class..he looked at my book.. he saw the page was gone..My heart stopped beating. I nearly dropped to the floor. I had seen what happened to other bad boys who tried to put something over on Mr. Morrish. But he just took my book and gave me his own and told me to start over..and my heart started up again and I started to read. In fifteen minutes Mr. Morrish had doubtless forgotten the incident..but ^{seventy five} ~~sixty-two~~ years afterward the child remembers..Perhaps one should be careful when dealing with children.

Incidentally I now feel that Mr. Morrish was at heart a kind man.

consistency of thick porridge. They would place this on the end of a ruler and as soon as the teacher's back was turned, they would flip this on to the ceiling where it would XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX one could possibly study as hard as those boys appeared to be studying when the teacher turned around. This game was carried on for years and about a quarter of the ceiling was covered and then the game was to see who could put one wed right on top of another. This was achieved many times but the crowding achievement was when Will Straughan planted one right on top of two others. That was a glorious day to

CHAPTER 2

be remembered. I don't want anyone to think that I had any part in it. On the 30th June, 1895, I had my last day at Westfield. It may be of interest to know how we dressed in those days. I was dressed in a straw hat, a blouse, a pair of short pants and bare feet. I was for fifty years.

On the 1st September, 1895, the new school, Number 16, was opened just one half mile from home. This district was made up of parts of the Westfield School District, the Auburn School District and the McGowan School District. The Auburn School was known as a Town school, and the boys who went there learned a great many things that had not been taught them by their teachers. They at once began to demonstrate their superior attainments to the boys and girls who had come from the other districts. For instance, they would chew up paper until they had a nice wad about the consistency of thick porridge. They would place this on the end of a ruler and as soon as the teacher's back was turned, they would flip this on to the ceiling where it would stick--and no one could possibly study as hard as those boys appeared to be studying when the teacher turned around. This game was carried on for years and about a quarter of the ceiling was covered and then the game was to see who could put one wad right on top of another. This was achieved many times but the crowning achievement was when Will Straughan planted one right on top of two others. That was a glorious day to

be remembered. I don't want anyone to think that I had any part in decorating the ceiling of the school in this way. As you know, I came from the Westfield School; besides, any wads that I tried to flip up wouldn't stick. Some of those wads were on that ceiling for fifty years.

I was rather big for my age and my companions were often about the same size but two or three years older. As a result they could lick me. They did too!

I remember an incident that happened in 1896. Miss Wellwood was the teacher. There was an old shed on the corner near the school and at last recess one day Ernest Hickingbottom and I were playing on the roof of this old shed. The sun was nice and warm and it was pleasant on the warm shingles. The teacher came to the door of the school and rang the bell for the return of the children. So I said to Ernest, "Let's stay here and say we didn't hear the bell."

Now Ernest was a year younger than I was and quite a lot smaller, and even yet I believe he blames me for what followed, and he is entirely right.

We were of course missed in school and the teacher came again to the door and rang the bell. But I was a tough guy by this time and I said to Ernest, "Let's say we didn't hear it." And we remained on the roof. Then the teacher sent one of the bigger boys to go out and get

Charles Stranghen
us into school. So the big boy came over and we went along with him. He told us we were going to catch it; but I was tough. I'd had lots of lickings by this time. I wasn't worried unduly. But poor Ernest had never had a licking; he'd always been a good well-behaved boy. Well, we got in school and the teacher stopped us right opposite her desk. She eyed me, "Why didn't you come in?" I said, "Because I didn't hear the bell." "What! Do you mean to tell me you didn't hear the bell?" "No ma'am, I didn't hear the bell." I looked at her. She looked at me. Then she said, "Didn't you hear the bell when I rang it the second time?" I said, "No ma'am, I didn't hear the bell." Then she turned on Ernest. "Do you mean to stand there and tell me you didn't hear the bell either?" But Ernest wasn't tough. He perhaps had never told a lie in his life. He sobbed out the truth and we were both strapped.

I am recording this because I was a tough guy. I was eight years old. I got into lots of mischief in later years, but the only time when I desired to be tough was about this eight-year-old period. This may be of interest from a psychological viewpoint.

Some time after this I was seated in the school room dividing my attention between my studies and a quill whistle. My seatmate, John Vincent, was up in his class. It was a very sensitive whistle. I put it up to my mouth

to see if it would make a faint sound that the teacher couldn't hear. A blast came forth. The teacher paused, looked down at me and said, "Was that you, ~~Donald~~?" I said, "Yes, Ma'am." She said, "Well, stay in at noon," and she went on teaching. I examined the whistle, and its construction and could see that if I put it far enough back in my mouth my lips would close on the whistle in front of the slot so it would be just like blowing through a tube. I would try it. The idea was fine, but when I stuck this long quill back in my mouth and closed my lips, the point stuck the back of my throat and I choked. I had to cough and another loud blast rang through the room.

"That you again, ~~Donald~~?" said the teacher. I said, "Yes, ma'am." "Well," she said, "I've already told you to stay in at noon and I'll attend to you then."

I thought to myself, "What an unfortunate boy I am. I hadn't intended her to hear either of those blasts." After a few minutes John Vincent came down from his class and sat beside me. The Vincents were woodsmen and knew all about whistles and things like that. So I said in a whisper, "John, what's the matter with this whistle? It won't blow." John looked at it. "What's the matter with it," he whispered back. "I dunno," I said, "It won't blow." So John examined it more closely, examined the mouth piece and the slot and they were not plugged. Then he put the

whistle in his mouth..Just to see! And another loud blast rang through the room. "Who did that?" demanded the teacher. John very sheepishly held up his hand. She looked surprised, for John was a good boy who never got into trouble. "Well," she said, "stay in at noon."

And noon came all too soon. John and I were lined up before the teacher's desk. She got out her strap. John got panicky. He said, "Please ma'am, ^{he said} it wouldn't blow." "Well," she said, "you were sitting there with him, you saw him blow it twice, didn't you!" "No, ma'am," John said, "I was up in class. He asked me to fix it." Then she turned to me, "Did you tell John that whistle wouldn't blow?" "Yes, ma'am," I said. She let John go. Then she strapped me, not very hard. I could see she was having a little trouble keeping from laughing herself.

One other incident of my school days is worth recording. There was a lot of fruit grown in that District at that time. Except for the apples the fruit was not sold. This was the grape season and Straughans had lovely white grapes. All the other neighbors had blue grapes, but the white grapes were especially delicious.

One day there was some sort of entertainment at the school. As trustee, Mr. Straughan and his wife came to the school. I cased the joint at once. The parents were at school--all members of the family were accounted for--there was no one at home! The grapes were

about a quarter of a mile away. So Ernest and I struck off along the edge of a swamp and proceeded to the grape vines. We came in the back way.

We were busily engaged in our appointed tasks when we looked out on the road, and there strolling past slowly along the road were my sister Rena, Ernest's sister Edna, Elma Mutch, and one other whose name I do not recall. They were looking carefully at the house and grounds to make sure no one was around. They walked right on past the grape vines and then turned back and started to climb through the fence. Straughans had a dog named Tory, and they all talked with a nasal accent, so I grabbed my nose and yelled, "Here Tory, Tory, Tory." My those girls scampered out of there, back to the school grounds where they belonged.

You see, even at that early date I tried to keep boys and girls on the straight and narrow path where they belonged!

One Saturday in the summertime my younger brother Roy went over for a visit at Ernest Hickingbottom's place. He did not come home for noon, and he did not come home all afternoon, he didn't come home for supper and mother was worried. At the ripe old age of thirteen I made up this poem:

"MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY"

Oh, I wonder what Roy has been doing today.
He has not been home here since morn.
He went over to Ernest's to have a good play, drive to the
And his clothes were all ragged and torn.

Oh, that he'd come home now 'tis my wish!
For my fears are perfectly sound.
He's gone to the river with Ernest to fish,
And I just feel for certain he's drowned.

Oh, I wish I could see him just starting for home.
But alas! I shall see him no more.
I imagine I see him all covered with foam,
And by him the waters do roar.

Oh, I wish I could press him again to my heart.
I'd fondle him o'er and o'er.
And from me he'd never again depart,
And I'd love him more and more.

Why! the young brat--there
Is that Roy as certain as sin!
But let me get him here with a good grip in his hair.
And I'm hanged if he'll have a whole bone in his skin!

Anyone who remembers our gentle mother will
know that the last line is a little exaggerated. I recited
this to Roy about a year before his death and he seemed to
think it funny, so I'm putting it in here.

When my brother Peter was thirteen or fourteen
years of age and I was about five years younger, my father
and brother Dave were away building barns so Peter was
left to get off the hay and harvest. He was big for his
age and capable of doing a lot of work. When we were haul-
ing hay he would pitch the hay on to the rack and I was
there to load it. The forkfuls that he pitched up were

huge and I spread it around and leveled it off...Keeping the corners square as I knew a good loader should, and I was streaming with perspiration when the load was finished. Then he would climb upon the rack to drive to the barn. He weighed about twice as much as I did and he would then berate me for not half tramping the load.

ever,
How he got the hay and harvest off that summer with such assistance as I could give; and it was quite a responsibility for a boy of his age.

Swiping fruit was not considered a serious offence in those days, at least I did not so consider it; although had my parents known of the extent of my depredations there would perhaps have been some objections.

Another pastime of the youth was to "taffy off" on someone. I indulged in this enterprise on two occasions. On neither case was the game worth the candle.

Briefly, this is how it is done. First go to bed, take off your clothes and go to sleep. Then when the house quietens down you get up, put on your clothes, except your boots. Tie the laces together and hang the boots around your neck. Then in stocking feet you quietly slip down the stairs and silently out the front door. Then there is a mile or a mile and a half to walk through the dark on muddy trails, probably raining. By this time it is about eleven o'clock at night. I will not dwell on the

next two or three hours. There is smoke all the time and there is wind blowing the smoke and ashes and dirt at you no matter in which direction you try to avoid them. About this time to add to your enjoyment the rain will probably increase a bit. You are probably a little bit sleepy too, so then you decide to be content with just a small portion of taffy. So the amount of the boil is reduced by four-fifths and after the remaining portion is brought to a boil, someone says, "I think it's done now." The precious concoction is lifted off. It is poured on snow. Each takes his portion and sets off for home about three o'clock in the morning. When he arrives, he takes off his shoes and slips quietly into bed.

The beauty of the plan if carefully followed was that if any inquiries were made about anyone later, Mother could say, "Well, I know my boys were home that night."

One of the defects of the time was that there were no organized sports, games, camps or programmes to employ the energies of the youth in his spare time. Now the youth spends all his time at these things. Imagine my parents worn out by their day's toil being asked to assist at sports, games camps, or programmes for the youth. They would probably look at the inquirer and wonder if he were a mental case, for people worked hard in those

days. There were chores to do, horses to curry and water and feed and bed down, cows to milk and stables to clean, and turnips to pulp and cattle to water, tie up again. There were pigs to be cared for. I remember at one time carrying nineteen pails of water from the well to the barrel where it was mixed with chop for the pigs. The distance was perhaps twenty rods. I sometimes now wonder why someone did not think of constructing a pipe or trough to the barrel. Everyone had his work according to his ability and there wasn't much time for leisure.

As I look back now I can recollect very few books in the home. The one book that I read and reread was the "Child's History of England" by Charles Dickens. I found it intensely interesting and some of the parts that were especially graphic I read many times. I can still quote several pages from memory.

We subscribed to the Goderich paper, the Blyth Standard and the Montreal Weekly Witness, all weeklies.

We were rather poor in those days, money was hard to get. Our clothes were hand-me-downs and in the winter shoes were a problem. But we had lots to eat and we kept warm; and we were rich in the things that really counted--love, affection, and happiness. This continued until about 1903 when my sister Lillian took sick and she died in 1904.

Dr. Dunlop In the spring of 1901 the ice went out on the
Maitland River and Dr. ^{Turnbull} Weir, the Auburn doctor, attempted
to go down the river to Goderich in a canoe and was drowned.
I went down with my younger brother Roy to see the river.
It was quite spectacular. The ice had jammed on the islands
and had piled high upon the banks. We spent some time
admiring all this. Then we returned home and I went direct
to the barn and started ^{putting} pulling down straw for the cattle.
In the meantime our parents had been worrying and fretting
lest we had been drowned. My father came into the barn.
"Where have you been?" he roared. "At the river," I said.
"Was Roy with you?" he inquired. "Yes" I replied. "Where
is he now?" he asked. "At the house", I said. Then he
started in a tirade. He had been running gangs of men who
sometimes used lurid language and was quite capable of
turning out some himself. "Don't you know how risky it is
taking a child like that to the river when the ice is going
out. The big cakes of ice will slip into the water and if
he fell in he'd never get out. You haven't got enough
sense to carry guts to a bear." I was forking straw. I
couldn't help it. I turned my head and said, "If I had,
I'd have had you fed long ago." He turned and stamped out
of the barn but I think he laughed when he got away. I
hope so anyway. I think he had a soft spot in his heart
for me.

His remark was founded on one made by the late

CHAPTER 3

Dr. Dunlop who represented Huron in the legislature of Upper Canada. During the course of a debate Dr. Dunlop said one of his political opponents "did not have enough sense to carry guts to a bear." The speaker demanded that the remark be withdrawn whereupon Dr. Dunlop rose to his feet, said he withdrew the remark and admitted that his opponent had enough sense to carry guts to a bear.

I had passed my Entrance and Public School Leaving Examinations but I continued on in the Public School. Mr. Halliday was the first teacher. He used to set me to analyze and parse all the words, phrases and clauses in "Strang's Grammatical Analysis". This was a book edited by Dr. Strang of Goderich and contained a great many selections of the most difficult and involved compositions in the English language. I analyzed this book twice and I then knew all the various forms of speech thoroughly and I've never had to study grammar since.

I found French very difficult. My pronunciation was terrible and the teacher, Mr. Fields, was not understanding. So I dropped French as I found I could get a teacher's certificate without it. I could do arithmetic, algebra, geometry and grammar as well as the overhead. I also spent a little time on literature and chemistry. My dog was my dog. This was the third

CHAPTER 3

In 1902 Miss Robinson was the teacher at Number 16. She had me buy a Latin book, a French book, a physical science book, and a chemistry book. She did not teach me these subjects but said I could learn them myself and if I got stuck she would assist me. So I started in. I learned a little about these subjects and memorized the parts she suggested.

At the age of fourteen I started to attend the Goderich Collegiate. I started to take the third year course. I roomed with Raymond Redmond at Mrs. Shannon's. ^{man} ~~Shannon's~~ ^{Shannon} We made our own meals but Mrs. Shannon ^{man} cooked one meal for us. I was from the country. I had never seen an inside toilet and until I went to the Collegiate I had never heard of such a thing. I could not bring myself to believe that it was meant to be used ~~in~~ the way I afterwards found it was used. One of the boys who roomed at the same house was Harold Long, for many years the editor of the Lethbridge Daily Herald and now ^{deceased} retired.

I found French very difficult. My pronunciation was terrific and the teacher, Mr. Fields, was not understanding, so I dropped French as I found I could get a teacher's certificate without it. I could do arithmetic, algebra, Euclid and physics and grammar as well as the average. I had to spend a little time on literature and chemistry, but Latin was my bugbear. This was the third

year course and I did not have the grounding. I labour-
iously translated Caesar and Virgil into English and
memorized every word. After the time spent in translation--
memorization was no chore--I spent several hours on Latin
every night.

One night they had a concert in the auditorium.
I delivered my address against "Temperance" and for an
encore, "O'Grady's Goat". I brought down the house. Just
last year Raymond Redmond was reminding me of the occasion
when Pa Strang laughed so hard he fell off the platform.
Although I got along well with everyone at ^{Sharyman's} Shattmens, I was
always longing for my ain folk and I went home on every
week-end when I could possibly do so. Many times I started
off walking--it was fourteen miles-- and someone would pick
me up and give me a ride part way. On only one occasion was
I required to walk the whole fourteen miles.

Then on Sunday I went to church at Auburn and rode
with the minister to Carlow where he preached in the after-
noon--and I walked the rest to the way, about six miles.
The impression left by my ten months at Goderich is one of
what my mother would have called "persevering."

In the fall of the year 1904 I worked at McDonah's
mill and in the woods for a while. For a few days I worked
for Will Anderson. My wages were seventy-five cents per
day. We sawed wood for the house and on one occasion he
sent me to chop the ice out of the trough used by the stock.

Well, I chopped the ice out alright, but I also hacked and chopped up the metal lining of the tank so that it leaked like a sieve. I think he took that trough out to Western Canada with him and perhaps shipped it back to Ontario; and I have no doubt that every time he looked at the gashes in the metal he was not amused.

I do not wish to leave old Ontario without paying a word of tribute to the pioneers. When I was a child near Auburn, the district had been settled about forty years, and during those years a tremendous amount of work had been done. The settlers had no bulldozers, tractors, Letourneaus or heavy machinery. Much of the work was done with their two strong arms. They cut down the trees. They burned the stumps, they sowed the grain, acre by acre, they planted large orchards, they drained the land, and fenced it with crooked rail fences. They built large barns and houses most of which still stand today. They built schools and churches and roads and bridges, all in the short space of about forty-three years. There has been ^{very} little clearing done in that district for the past sixty years. I take off my hat to those early settlers for the amount of work they did in such a short time.

They were a very proud people, the proudest people I have ever met. And what did they have to be proud of? Not money for they were all poor; not worldly possessions for they did not have much. They were proud of their honesty, proud of their integrity and they had much to be proud of!

CHAPTER 4

Having passed the required Provincial Examinations I was now entitled to apply for admission to a Normal School, providing I was of the mature age of eighteen years. But horrors! I was only sixteen. However my mother was a very astute woman. She learned that students could be admitted at the Regina Normal School in the North West Territories at the age of sixteen years. So I applied and it was arranged that in the following December I would go west to enter this school.

I got on the train at Blyth. I had been on the train when I was about five years old when I went about ten miles with my father. I remember showing my ticket to the conductor when I got on and then after the train passed the next station I produced my ticket again. The conductor took it and looked at it gravely and then told me that it would not be necessary to produce it again.

On that trip I remember a newsboy coming through the train shouting, "Apples, Oranges, Magazines!" He said this several times. Magazines were places where powder and explosives were kept. It perhaps is some indication of the extent of my mental development at the time, that I had not only never seen a magazine, I had never even heard the word used in connection with a book or paper.

The journey West was slow, four or five days. I had enough lunch to last me two or three days, I did not

try to get off at the brief stopovers to get something to eat. I did not wish to elbow my way up to the counters; besides I might miss the train. I travelled in a Colonist car. The seats were slats. It had no berths and there were quite a number of Europeans in this car too. They ate something that smelled terrific. I afterwards learned it was garlic. ^{un} It was a very interesting book,

When I got to Regina I was not feeling very well. Perhaps the fact that I had not had anything to eat for about two days may have had something to do with it. There was a restaurant just across the road from the station. I went in. I had never bought a meal in a hotel or restaurant up to that time. I heard a man order a steak and I said I'd take the same. The counterman brought me a tremendous piece of meat, enough to do our whole family at home. However, it was just about the right size, and my sickness was cured. I didn't have much money and I wanted to get a place to batch. I met a German named Janzen and he suggested that I come with him. He took me to a small house with two rooms. It was owned by Mr. and Mrs. Tretter from Austria. They could not speak much English. They had two children, one little girl's name was "Regina" but they called her "Rageen". Janzen and I had a small room. The Tretters slept between two tremendous ticks. I know because to get in or out of our room we had to go through theirs.

Well, no doubt filled with the proper amount of trembling, I attended at Normal School on 2nd January, 1905.

The teachers were Mr. McColl, Mr. Perrott, and Mr. Fenwick and Mrs. Rankin. They gave us a list of books that were required (which nearly broke me) and announced that in two weeks we would have to try an examination on "Quick's Educational Reformers"; and that we would have to read the book ourselves. They wanted to know if we had the capacity to remember what we read. It was a very^{un}interesting book, written in a dull uninteresting manner about uninteresting people who had long since been dead and it was huge. I took notes as I read it and worked hard. I learned afterwards that most of the other students didn't read it at all. They knew they were going to get through because teachers were scarce as the country was settling up and more were needed all the time.

The population of Regina at the time was about three thousand. The accomodation was very limited. Train loads of new settlers were pouring in. It was a rather wild place. There were some Indians camped on the outskirts. They rather intrigued me. I walked out to the Mounted Police barracks and was interested in the display of horsemanship.

When spring came and the ground thawed I saw a team of horses stuck with an empty wagon on the main street of Regina. The mud clogged between the wheels and the bolster.

One of the courses taught at Normal School was drawing or art. I had never studied art and all^I knew about drawing was rather primitive. For example, my drawing of a pear was

infantile, and when I looked at the works of art produced by the others, all delicately shaded, and looking so natural one could almost reach out and eat them, and then looked at my own production my heart felt rather heavy. I was only sixteen years old and I was a long way from home. One of the Normalites who attended at that time ^{was} ~~is~~ now the ^{Reverend} Honourable J. G. Gardiner.

On the 17th March, 1905, I was invited to a party. It was an Irish party. There was a priest there and a couple of crocks. The priest told a story about a tramp who went to a house and asked for something to eat. The lady got a piece of bread and came back and said, "Not for my sake, not for thy sake, but for Christ's sake, I give you this piece of bread." And the tramp said, "Not for thy sake, not for my sake, but for Christ's sake put some butter on it!"

We sang Irish songs and had a merry time, and when we went home I had no trouble finding my rooming house; but one of the boys couldn't find his house and slept in a straw stack. Of course, I was old and seasoned in such matters.

At the end of April I was granted a Certificate that entitled me to teach in the Northwest Territories and I was engaged to teach at the Long Creek school about twelve miles south of Rouleau. I remember I did not have a trunk. When I came west my belongings were simply tied up in a big bundle. I thought I should have a trunk and I went to a merchant in Regina, told him my story, and he said, "Take the trunk. You can pay for it out of your first pay cheque."

That was my first credit transaction. The trunk is at present in the basement of my house. Mr. Quirk was an alcoholic. Rouleau

was a prohibition town. He used to buy a bottle of alcohol at the drug store; then he would get an empty bottle and nearly fill it with water at the Moose Jaw Creek, fill it the rest of the way with alcohol, and we were all set for a pleasant journey home. However, I was a teacher, full of importance and dignity and never allowed myself to get into any condition. He did not like Russians. It seems that nothing would give him more pleasure than to cut the throats of all the Russians, men, women and children. I have no doubt, however, that he would try to do this as painlessly as possible. The lake

was covered with ducks. Mr. Phillips, my companion, got a lot, but I shot only a few. I never did get much kick out of shooting things. On the following Sunday, Mr. Halliday got a team and drove me to my new school and I found my new boarding house was to be at Quirks. It was quite a nice house and I had a comfortable place to stay. The farmers in that district had come in from Warren, Minnesota. They had some money when they came in and that had had several good crops. I have never been back there since, but believe they suffered rather tough times during the dust and drought years. At least that is where Edna Jaques, the poet who wrote about the drought came from. The pay was at the rate of \$480.00 per school year. A real good suit cost \$20.00 so money was worth about four times as much as it is now. Of course, I did not have a berth. There were no doubt berths

to be had. There were about eighteen pupils in the school. I think of them as boys and girls, but they will be quite old men and women now. I drilled them in their tables and in their reading and writing. I think I did a fair job of teach-

the family.

ing in my first school. One Saturday I went with Mr. Quirk to Rouleau on a load of grain. Mr. Quirk was an alcoholic. Rouleau was a prohibition town. He used to buy a bottle of alcohol at the drug store; then he would get an empty bottle and nearly fill it with water at the Moose Jaw Creek, fill it the rest of the way with alcohol, and we were all set for a pleasant journey home. However, I was a teacher, full of importance and dignity and never allowed myself to get into any condition when I couldn't walk and talk circumspectly.

I went one day duck shooting up in the Dirt Hills. There was a small lake with hills all around it. The lake was covered with ducks. Mr. Phillips, my companion, got a lot, but I shot only a few. I never did get much kick out of shooting things.

I had decided to come to Alberta when my term at Long Creek was over, and in December I collected the rest of my money and boarded the train for Nanton. I remember when we went through Medicine Hat the gas lights all up and down the streets were flaming and I was told that the value of the gas burned in the daytime would not pay the wages of a man to shut the gas off and light it on again.

The train went through Lethbridge and Macleod. Of course, I did not have a berth. There were no doubt berths to be had but I had never seen any-would not have taken one anyhow. I landed at Nanton about noon and proceeded on foot down the railway track about seven miles to where Glen Brothers lived. They had formerly lived near Auburn and were friends of the family.

They had both been cowpunchers and could tell stories of the roundups they had been on. They were both kindhearted, generous men and men of quite good character. They asked me to batch with them. They had a double bed and some sort of cot to which I retired. Our meals while perhaps not dainty were quite luscious just the same. The main staple at most meals was sow belly. All cowpunchers love sow belly. This is a great big heavy slab of salt pork. Then, of course, there were beans. These were cooked in a great big iron pot enough to last for many days. Then there were flapjacks. I was fascinated watching Jim Glen flip these flapjacks in the frying pan and catch them as they turned over. He said a real good cowboy cook could run out the front door and flip a flapjack and run out the back door and catch it. I think that about every morning I was at Glens I was awakened by Will Glen's exasperated, "Where in hell is that poker?".

My next school was the Alberta School about six miles south of Nanton. I stayed at Glens and walked to school. My brother Laurence had a homestead adjoining Glens' and he returned from Calgary at this time and I moved over to his house. In about February Laurence went to Calgary and bought a horse or arranged for me to buy it. It was quiet and would drive in a buggy. I went up to Calgary one Friday night. Laurence and I went to a vaudeville show. Calgary was not very big then. The next day I started out on horseback for Nanton. I called the horse Ponco. Perhaps if I had spent more time petting, currying, feeding and watering old Ponco it would have been much better. My experience with horses had been

limited to the farm horses down in Old Huron County. I rode Ponco to school that summer and most of the pupils rode also.

My sister Ella May who had come out from Ontario suffering from tuberculosis was staying at Straughans about eleven miles away. She was living in her own little shack. She had a very wonderful voice and even when she was ill she taught me the solo, "Guard While I Sleep". She used to sing it very effectively. When in Ontario she was known as the "Huron Soprano". She passed on about 1909. 1907, 7.8.

During my first winter in Alberta there was a cow-puncher named Otto Berryman who batched with us for a time. He was helping to feed several thousand head of cattle belonging to Pat Burns. The cattle were brought through that winter without difficulty. Although there was some snow covering the prairie wool the horses would scrape this off and they came through the winter rolling fat.

One night Will Glen drove a sleigh load of us over to Straughans to a debate on the subject, "Resolved that Canada should be independent." I remember I shocked the Wanopes by attacking the Governor General. Fifty thousand of your dollars paid every year to enable a proud overbearing Englishman to live in luxury."

On the road home it was dark and we were following a cutter driven by the Reverend Kennedy, and we got lost. All was wide open prairie. Finally we came to a big ravine.

Kennedy and Will Glen got out to look over the situation. "Ow, I know where we are now," said Kennedy in his English drawl. "This is the Little Bow." "There's Laurence's down there." He was nearly right only about fifteen miles out. It wasn't the Little Bow. It was Mosquito Creek!

That summer Laurence went about thirty miles east of Parkland and picked a homestead for me and one for Dave which were filed on and I engaged Mr. Long, a neighbor, to do the required fifteen acres of breaking. I also inquired about the chance of getting a position teaching the following year in one or two schools that were being built within three or four miles of my homestead. I rode out on my saddle horse and stopped at Alcock's stopping place on the fireguard, and as Ponco was rather tired I decided to walk to Macleod, about three miles South, to inquire about a school.

That township was railroad land and there were about five hundred head of range cattle on it. These cattle were used to men on horseback, but were not familiar with men on foot. I got through them all right, but I had done a rather foolish and dangerous thing.

One day that summer Jim Glen was sitting outside the shack, just after noon, and a man came walking up through his oat field. It had rained the previous night and the oats were wet and the visitor was soaked to his waist. If he had gone about ten rods south he could have come in on the path. He was a rather inefficient looking individual and he opened the conversation with "I'm in trouble.", and Jim who had watched the stroll through the oats replied, "The hell you say!"

Then the man explained that his team was stuck down by the railroad track and he asked if Jim would go down with a team and help him. So Jim took his team down and hooked the situation over. It was quite a long pond but he knew the bottom was hard. "Aw," he said, "Your team can pull that load itself. Start them up." So the man tried to start them up but not as if he expected the horses to pull it...and one horse pulled, then the other horse pulled, but the wagon did not move. "Look", Jim said, "You hang on and I'll start them up." He came up and gave forth with a few yells that he had doubtless learned when he was a cowboy, and the team started to pull and the wagon started to move and when it was in about the middle of the pond Jim yelled, "Now don't let them stop!" And the man said, "Woa! What did you say?"

The winter of 1906-1907 was one that all cattlemen remember. The snow came early, the feed ran out and the poor cattle were starving. It seems peculiar that not many died during the cold weather. But in April when the weather got warm they died by the thousands. Some drifted on to the school section opposite the school where I was teaching. They were thin and gaunt, Every bone and rib showed. They ran up against the fence and lay down and died. I could have walked a mile along that fence just stepping from one carcass to the next, not touching the ground.

My sister Rena had been attending Normal at ^{Regina 7.S.} Calgary the previous fall and she landed up at Laurence's about Christmas. She was sixteen and wore a white ^{TOQUE (R.P. 79)} tocke on her head. I, of course, was an old experienced teacher by this time, and I

CHAPTER 5

thought her white tooke looked too juvenile for a teacher. She got appointed as teacher for the Rolling Plains school about three or four miles from Lawrence's place. Rena was a brick. I have no doubt she was an excellent natural-born teacher. She was a gifted musician. She put on concerts. She was an excellent horsewoman, also a softball player. Many friends in the districts where she taught still pay tribute to her memory.

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to a place in the road where the road was flooded for about a mile. It was impossible to go straight ahead. The farmer had his land fenced so Dave went in to see the farmer and get his permission to go through his land. The farmer was a German. He would let nobody pass through his land. The more insistent Dave became the more emphatic the German was. He wouldn't let us go through his land and Dave came away cursing. So we pulled the heavy load a half mile south and Dave went in to see the new homesteader. What a Difference! "Sure", he said, "Come right in here and angle across the prairie and hit the road about 3 miles east of here." What a relief! Dave looked back at the house of the man he had first interviewed and rage came boiled up in him, and he said, "That old S.O.B. is too mean to live!" The young homesteader said, "Oh, that's my father."

In May, 1907, I attended a cowboy dance at a ranch on the Little Joe. Gilbert Richardson drove down in a wagon. The ladies were all married women except one. I think her name was Miss Farrell. She was dressed in a cowgirl's riding habit and she was the ball. The location of this

CHAPTER 5

In April, 1907, I resigned from my position as teacher at Alberta School and went out to my homestead. Dave had already got part of the house up for me. We loaded up a load of lumber and my belongings and started on the road east of Parkland. The sleighing was very poor. The road was muddy. We crossed Mosquito Creek and the Little Bow. The horses were tired and we were tired., and we came to a place in the road where the road was flooded for about a mile. It was impossible to go straight ahead. The farmer had his land fenced so Dave went in to see the farmer and get his permission to go through his land. The farmer was a German. He would let nobody pass through his land. The more insistent Dave became the more emphatic the German was. He wouldn't let us go through his land and Dave came away cursing. So we pulled the heavy load a half mile south and Dave went in to see the next homesteader. What a Difference! "Sure", he said, "Come right in here and angle across the prairie and hit the road about a mile east of here." What a relief! Dave looked back at the house of the man he had first interviewed and rage again boiled up in him, and he said, "That old ~~S.O.B.~~ ^{S.O.B.} is too mean to live!" The young homesteader said, "Oh, that's my father."

In May, 1907, I attended a cowboy dance at a ranch on the Little Bow. Gilbert Richardson drove down in a wagon. The ladies were all married women except one. I think her name was Miss Parnell. She was dressed in a cowgirl's riding habit and she was the belle of the ball. The location of this

dance was about a mile up the Little Bow River from where the present town of Carmanguay is located. *home has always been a happy place to go to.*

On the 1st May, 1907, I started to teach in the Harvard School about three miles from my homestead. I batched on the homestead. I bought a nice high-spirited saddle horse. I thought I was quite a rider. One time a man brought a half stallion for me to break. I was riding this animal home towards the Little Bow one Friday evening and it was attracted by some other horses in a yard. I tried to get it by, but I couldn't get it past, so I got off and led the animal about a quarter of a mile down the road then mounted again and he got the bit in his teeth, whirled round and started for that barb wire fence. I pulled his head round and he crashed into the barb wire fence with his shoulder and tore the leg off my pants and about five pounds of meat off his shoulder. That taught him a lesson. The blood gushed out of him. I was lucky it wasn't I who was injured. I led him to Harpers about a mile away and they loaned me a pair of pants and doctored the horse with burnt flour. About a week later the owner came and took him away. I'm not sure he ever recovered, or that it would have been a national calamity if he had not. *ish to worry.*

1908 7.5.

In the summer of the year 1909 my mother and my youngest sister Fern visited with me on my homestead. I am sure things must have seemed rather crude to them. Fern attended my school for a few days. I was very happy to have them and their visit to the homestead is the brightest highlight of the time. Fern was only about eight or nine when

I left Ontario and I did not know her so well. She married the finest gentleman in the world and her home has always been a happy place to go to.

I proved up on my homestead in the summer of 1909 and then I put a fence along the south side of my homestead. It was a barb wire fence and the posts were made of some 2 X 4 scantling. There was no wood or posts in that country. Some horses ranging to the south would come up to my fence and get through it to my fine crop of wheat on my fifteen broken acres. So one morning when I got up and they were in the wheat I got a shotgun and chased them off and just as a gentle hint when they were off some distance I fired the shot gun at them, just to tickle them up a bit. Well, I went back into the house, made my breakfast, packed up my lunch, and was about to set off for school. When I looked away to the south about two miles off I saw a white horse stretched out on the prairie. There had been a white horse in my wheat. I had no time to investigate, I went on to school, but all day I was expecting a mounted policeman to tap me on the shoulder and tell me to come along. However, I heard nothing of it and the white horse was doubtless just stretching out after the bellyful of my nice wheat he had gotten away with, which just goes to show that it is foolish to worry.

Dave and I belonged to the Cleverville ball team. We travelled to Stavely, Claresholm, Granum, Elinor, and played also at Bowville, Carmenguay, and Barons. Neither of us were natural born ball players, but we could bat and we could catch fairly well. Besides we were needed to fill out the team. I

was back there in the summer of 1956 and Fred Wise ^{was} ~~is~~ the only one left who used to play in the team with me. one day

a letter came addressed to him. I got it and thought it was just a letter from his girl and stuffed it in my overcoat and then considered the adviseability of taking a second pocket and forget all about it. My overcoat was not used for months. Dave went down to work as a carpenter at Lethbridge and one day I found the letter and forwarded it to him. I apologized but I've been ashamed of myself ever since. Each letter may be important. I believe Nabel remembers this. Anyhow Dave went back to Ontario and they were married that winter and came out to Lethbridge.

I proved up on my homestead in the summer of 1909 and then considered the adviseability of taking a second homestead. I took my saddle horse and struck off to the south-east. I wanted to look over the country south of Medicine Hat and Taber. I rode along Chin Coulee, around Bad Water Lake, south to within a few miles of the United States and east until the Cypress Mills seemed quite close. There were some sheep ranches around Bad Water Lake. On one occasion I was taken for a horse thief. There were rattle snakes in that area and rattle snakes and I are not bosom friends. I slept out on the bald-headed prairie one night. I had my saddle and saddle blanket and slept pretty well although I can remember imagining a nice one about eight feet long slithering along the grounds towards me.

This was before most of the area was surveyed and the ranchers were very few. However, I looked over the district and decided it was too dry. The ground had great wide cracks. I was rather young to be an expert on land potential, but I still feel my conclusion was correct. I ran out of money the last day. I crossed the Belly River near Taber on a ferry and was for a time mystified about what made the darn thing move. I believe I rode from there to my homestead about sixty miles without any food for myself or my horse.

CHAPTER 6

I continued on teaching at Harvard but I was planning a change. Dave was engaged to be married, and one day a letter came addressed to him. I got it and thought it was just a letter from his girl and stuffed it in my overcoat pocket and forgot all about it. My overcoat was not used for months. Dave went down to work as a carpenter at Lethbridge and one day I found the letter and forwarded it to him. I apologized but I've been ashamed of myself ever since. Such letters may be important. I believe Mabel remembers this. Anyhow Dave went back to Ontario and they were married that winter and came out to Lethbridge.

Shepherd. I was seated in a chair. He was standing up. He saw I was nervous and had difficulty talking. He sat down and we conversed more easily. That was considerate. He said he was sorry but they had a student and had no room for another.

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I then attended at the office of John J. Cameron who had recently come from Halifax. He was a smooth-talking, prepossessing looking man. Today I can walk into a lawyer's office and in a flash I will at least have some opinion of what kind of business he has, how he runs it, whether the business is prospering and if his clients' affairs are being neglected. But these were the first law offices I had ever seen.

I arranged to article with John J. Cameron for a period of five years. He could not afford to pay me any salary but would do so when his business picked up. He went into partnership with R. A. Smith under the firm name of Smith & Cameron.

C H A P T E R 6

I had always wanted to be a lawyer. I had no relatives or friends who were lawyers, in fact, I didn't know one single solitary lawyer nor anyone who could assist me in getting started.

In the fall of 1909 I went to interview lawyers in Lethbridge. Conybeare & Church were busy but Mr. Church talked to me. He was courteous, but he said they had two students and did not need any more. I may say, it took some courage to interview lawyers. I next went to Simons & Shepherd. I interviewed Shepherd, now Judge Shepherd. I was seated in a chair. He was standing up. He saw I was nervous and had difficulty talking. He sat down and we conversed more easily. That was considerate. He said he was sorry but they had a student and had no room for another.

I then attended at the office of John J. Cameron who had recently come from Halifax. He was a smooth-talking, prepossessing looking man. Today I can walk into a lawyer's office and in a flash I will at least have some opinion of what kind of business he has, how he runs it, whether the business is prospering and if his clients' affairs are being neglected. But these were the first law offices I had ever seen.

I arranged to article with John J. Cameron for a period of five years. He could not afford to pay me any salary but would do so when his business picked up. He went into partnership with R. A. Smith under the firm name of Smith & Cameron.

I worked with Dave as a carpenter in the fall of 1909. We boarded at Reynolds'. I had never had any fresh vegetables to speak of for about four years and when these big dishes were put on the table my whole system seemed to crave for vegetables. The amounts I consumed were prodigious.

When Dave went east that winter I returned to Cleverville and for a short time taught in the Yale school. The following spring I returned to Lethbridge to work with Dave who had now got married and had set up housekeeping in the house we had worked on the previous fall. I had a strong suspicion that neither Dave nor Mabel wanted me to come and live with them at that particular time and I now feel that my suspicions were not groundless. However I landed on them and they received me as one of the family and we commenced to build the apartments which have been a source of revenue to Mabel all these years. Dave was an excellent mechanic and a very fast worker. He could do anything in the line of construction. He passed on about 1927 leaving his widow, Mabel, and five children.

It was in April 1910 the articles of a Student-at-Law were signed and I paid Mr. Cameron the fifty-dollar fee to be remitted to the Law Society. I got the necessary text books on contracts, common law, equity and evidence and started in to work. Even if I got no salary I wanted to try the first year's examination in May, 1911. I did what I could around the office of Smith and Cameron. I built a set of shelves for their law books. I wrote some collection letters,

went on errands and tried to make myself useful. All the time I was studying these text books and preparing for the exam. In April 1911 I sent in my application to try the examination with the required fee to the Secretary of the Law Society. I got no reply. The other students all got replies with instructions as to when and where the examinations would be held. So just to be sure there was no mix-up, I phoned the secretary of the Law Society in Calgary. He told me he had written me in care of Mr. Cameron. He said my admission fee of Fifty Dollars had never been paid. My articles had not been registered. I was not a law student and could not try any examination. He said if I thought Mr. Cameron was stealing my money and letters I should see one of the benchers. That information may have seemed just a cheerful bit of news for some people but it was a heart breaker for me. I had studied those books hard and the year was wasted. Lawyers were not bonded in those days as they are now.

The next day I went to see Mr. D. F. P. Conybeare. He was a bencher of the Law Society and also Crown Prosecutor. He was versatile and a fine old gentleman. Right off the bat and as fast as he could talk he dictated a long complaint against Mr. Cameron first with the idea of having him disrobed. But nothing ever came of it. Mr. Cameron left town, went to the coast at Vancouver and, I am told, died as a down and out alcoholic shortly afterwards.

I then articulated with Mr. Smith and paid another Fifty Dollars. Mr. Smith was an able lawyer and was afterwards Deputy Attorney General. He was not a good business man and at this time he was drinking. He would go on a bat and leave the office for a week at a time. So about Christmas 1911 I arranged to have my articles transferred to Mr. Ritchie of the firm of Johnstone & Ritchie. I was being paid \$25.00 per month. Mr. Johnston was in Europe and Ritchie had all the work to do. The volume was tremendous. I worked hard from nine in the morning until six with one hour off for noon. I had to study at nights. I found that my knowledge of English History gained from my reading of "Child's History of England" was very helpful in understanding the development of Common Law and Equity.

I did nearly all the work in the Clerk's office and with the Sheriff. I remember I spent \$125.00 in one day for law stamps. Any lawyer will know that this represents a lot of work. I learned a lot from the Clerk of the Court, Mr. Wallace, who was very helpful. I did a lot of Probate work and would take the papers in to Judge Winters. If it were possible to make a mistake I made it, and how he delighted in handing the papers back to me for correction. But in this way I learned. I handled a great many foreclosures of land. I learned far more about the practice of law by doing in that busy office than anyone could learn in a university, but I did not acquire the polish, the poise and the confidence that comes from university training.

CHAPTER 2

One incident throws some light on the volume of business being done by the firm of Johnstone & Ritchie, and the small staff. We were placing a lot of mortgages. One mortgage for \$1600 was complete. I sent it to the Mortgage company and the company returned the cheque for \$1600 to be disbursed to the mortgagor. So the mortgagor was paid his money, he signed an acknowledgment and I sent this to the mortgage company. Over a year after this the company wrote that the mortgage papers all seemed complete, the Mortgagor had received his money but they were unable to understand why their cheque had not been cashed. There was scurrying around the office and the cheque was found in a crack in the safe back of the cash drawer, but they had never missed the \$1600. I don't know how they ran their trust account.

I got my Bachelor of Law's Certificate from the University of Alberta in 1914 and in the fall of that year I went to Calgary and was sworn in as a barrister before Mr. Justice McCarthy. I continued on in the office of Johnstone & Ritchie. I was paid \$125.00 per month which does not seem much nowadays but lots of young lawyers were not making that much in those days.

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CHAPTER 7

The First Great War had broken out on the 4th August, 1914. I was of military age, I was physically fit, but I did not want to go to war. My ambition had been to become a barrister. It had never occurred to me that civilized people would go to war to kill each other. Such a thought had never occurred to me and now after all my struggle to become a barrister, was I to throw it all away? My mother's early teaching that war was silly had made an impression. It was a hard decision to make. But I am very glad that I enlisted and had the experience of serving in the army.

In July, 1915, I left the office of Johnstone & Ritchie and was sent to Kingston, Ontario, to take a Non-Commissioned Officer's Course. I did not try to get a commission. The artillery school at Kingston was under the command of Captain Ringwood. I was there about six or seven weeks. The course was rather strenuous although I did not take long to learn how to loaf. In the class for equitation and horsemanship when the ones who had never ridden a horse were asked to fall out, I fell out along with the boys from the city. If I had said I had ridden before they would immediately have shown me that I knew nothing about riding. The command would have been "Cross your stirrups," then about twice around the riding school, then over the jumps. They were kept at it until nearly all fell off. The trick was to watch the officer and when he was not looking to hang on to the saddle and when he was

I looking to sit up straight in the saddle without the stirrups of course. One stunt we had to perform was called vaulting. About thirty riders would go around the riding school at a stiff trot. The command would be, "Vaulting on the near side, second file commence." He would spring off on the left side, land on the ground with his feet opposite the horse's front feet and spring back into the saddle again without stopping, and all the other riders would follow suit in turn. It sounds difficult, but is really quite easy, much easier than trying to get a balky horse to go over the jumps!

Port Arthur, We had a course in signalling, gunnery, gun drill and at the conclusion took the guns away out about ten miles and dug them in at night and in the morning we fired a few rounds on the range. This was the first time I had seen guns fired. When the school was over I went up to Auburn and stayed with my parents for about a month. My mother was not very pleased to see me in uniform but I think father thought it was all right. I believe I understood my father and was proud of him.

I returned to Lethbridge and was taken in by the 39th Battery Canadian Field Artillery, then being recruited under the command of Major Stafford. He had taken the Officers' Course at Kingston at the same time I did. We trained at Lethbridge until January 1916, being billeted in stables at the exhibition grounds. There were about 120 men in the battery, divided into four sub-sections.

I was the sergeant for "A" Sub-Section. It consisted largely of boys with good education--bank clerks, teachers--and was known as the "pyjama sub-section." The others thought the idea of a soldier having pyjamas was funny. Subsequent experience proved them right. When one man was to be transferred to "A" Sub-Section, he told the officer he couldn't go, and when the officer asked the reason, he said, "I haven't any pyjamas!"

We left Lethbridge about midnight in the early part of ^{on 2nd February} January, 1916. The train stopped to let the men get out and march in the fresh air for about a half mile at Moosejaw, Port Arthur, Montreal, and Moncton. When the train got to Halifax the men were marched on board ship. ^{On 26th Feb we embarked on the messenger} I remember some men had more luggage than they should have had but all luggage was taken on board. The ship stayed around the harbour for about five days. Guards were posted and the orders given to one was to see that no civilians climbed over the side of the ship.

The weather was cold and stormy. One night in the middle of the Atlantic I was Orderly Sergeant, and it was my duty to accompany the Orderly Officer on his inspection of the ship. It was dark and rainy, the waves were rolling. We came to a guard posted at one side of the vessel. I said "Orderly Officer", and the guard came to attention. The officer said, "What are your duties?" The man said, "To keep civilians from climbing over the side of the ship."

^{Plymouth, on 13th March/16}
We landed at Portsmouth. It seems to me there were

a lot of brick tenements, in the place. We got on an English train which seemed rather like a toy train. We detrained at Lipbrook about nine o'clock in the evening. It was dark anyhow. Near Lipbrook is where the Village Blacksmith stood. There was some confusion about the baggage, but it was finally all sorted out and each man got his own. We had to carry our baggage about a mile to the barracks at Bramshott along a dark and muddy road. Some of the boys whose loving mothers had loaded them down with about twice the normal kit thought the going was rather rough. Bramshott was quite an old camp. There was an old church close by said to have been built in the reign of Edward The Confessor.

The officer commanding this camp at the time was Colonel Ducharme. He was French. He belonged to the age of the "Battle of Crecy". He used to wear a sword when he came on parade. When we got lined up for parade in the morning the adjutant used to come out and in a voice that could have been heard in Ottawa he ordered, "Tenth Artillery Brigade!" "Ten-hun!" Then he looked up and down the line. "Not a move." Then the Colonel and his adjutant would retire and their heavy duties for the day were over.

In about a week our horses arrived. They had come by boat and the voyage had evidently been rough for most of them had bruises and skin scraped off. One poor brute that we called "Bones" was skinned from one end to the other and was so wild that no one wanted to go near him. Finally a gunner named Reid who was a horseman from Western Canada said

he would look after "Bones". He doctored him, he petted him, he stole feed for him, and by the time we left for France "Bones" was the finest looking horse in the battery, even better than the officers' chargers. But still no one wanted to ride "Bones" except Reid. There was also a building

We had been at Bramshott about a month when the battery was moved to Willey Camp. ^{on 4th April 1916} It was from here we made the trip to Salisbury Plain. ^{on 4th June 16} All troop movements in France were made at night and the Colonel wanted this trip made at night also. It was to begin at midnight. Well, about eight o'clock it started to rain. There were the horses, four guns, eight ammunition wagons, general service wagon, mess cart, and water cart, and the men with their equipment to be prepared. It was here we practised night firing. We fired only about 100 rounds. We should have fired hundreds. We couldn't spare the shells. The rain was heavy. The night was black; the rain came in torrents; the field where the vehicles were parked was a quagmire, and we were short of flashlights. Colonel Ralston thought we were not going to be ready in time and the air was blue with military language proper for the occasion. At twelve O'clock the cavalcade started. I think our battery was ahead. It was still raining. The night was black. The officer commanding led us down the main road and then turned off on a sideroad. In the meantime something had to be done to the harness on one of the horses about half way back on the column. This caused the remainder of the brigade to stop. Then they went down the road trying to catch up to the column ahead. Of course, they did not see the sideroad, so the faster they went and the longer they travelled the farther they were away from the first part of the column. They landed up in ^{Guildford} Galford

CHAPTER 3

or Godalming and a guide was sent back and brought them on the right road. We camped one day at Over Wallop and one day at Alton, where there was a battle in the time of Charles. We camped also at Winchester^{8th June 1916} and I went through a fine old cathedral there. There was also a building said to have been used by William the Conqueror. The road went right under the structure.

At Salisbury Plains I went out to see the stone henges. I don't know how people carried these tremendous rocks for long distances. Perhaps they were soldiers who built up their strength carrying heavy packs.

It was here we practised firing with live ammunition. We fired only about a dozen rounds per gun. We should have fired hundreds. They no doubt will say they couldn't spare the shells that they were needed for actual warfare. But I say, "Why in hell couldn't they spare the shells? The War had been on for 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ years by this time.

depot the horses were all placed in their chain park with drivers holding their heads. The vehicles were also placed in their proper location with gunners detailed to handle them. The train came in. One side of the freight cars flopped down on the platform forming a sort of bridge and the men, horses and vehicles moved in line on to the train. In five minutes we were loaded. The sides of the cars were flipped back in place, and I've often thought since that all Englishmen are not bunglers.

C H A P T E R 8

On 13th
Early in July, 1916, our Battery was ordered to proceed to France. Everything was packed and the line of horses and vehicles moved along the road towards Witley Station. I was mounted and the major sent for me, to come to the front of the column. He ordered me to gallop ahead to Witley Station and meet the transportation officer there, and get his instructions. I went ahead. I met the officer. He was an English officer with only one arm. He had a list of the number of our men, horses and vehicles. He had marked in chalk on the station platform where each was to be placed. He said the Battery must be loaded in less than fifteen minutes. I rode back to the major and reported and as I looked at the long line made by the Battery as it was strung out--120 horses, 140 men, 4 guns, 8 ammunition wagons, general service wagon heavily loaded, water cart, mess cart, and headquarters party, I was appalled to think this all had to be loaded in fifteen minutes. When we got to the depot the horses were all placed in their chalk mark with drivers holding their heads. The vehicles were also placed in their proper location with gunners detailed to manhandle them. The train came in. One side of the freight cars flopped down on the platform forming a sort of bridge and the men, horses and vehicles moved in line on to the train. In five minutes we were loaded. The sides of the cars were flipped back in place, and I've often thought since that all Englishmen are not bunglers.

to take over I was interested in the way they loaded and unloaded horses on the ship. ^{the hull was used} This was done with a crane or derrick. The horses were led in line and when they reached the loading point the wide straps or bands were hooked under their abdomen and they were lifted away up in the air to the deck, and the crane came down for the next one. They worked very fast, about a minute to each horse, and most horses were so surprised that they did not do much struggling.

That night we stayed at Boulogne. Our barracks were ~~may~~ up on a high cliff overlooking the town. ^{On 16th} The ^{July 1/16} next day our Battery was loaded on a train and went to Steinvorde. We proceeded a short distance from the station and made camp in a field near a hedge. About four in the afternoon I was detailed with a horseholder to proceed to Ypres with three other N.C.O.'s where we would be met by a guide who would take us to the Lahore Battery in action to which I was attached for instruction and experience. I was a sergeant, and as such I could show not the slightest concern about the drum fire I heard up ahead...the occasional crash of a shell in Ypres...the trench mortars in action...the slow ^{very} lights that rose up hung in the air then dropped...the sharp staccato sounds of the machine guns and the swish of the spent bullets that passed nearby. The Lahore Battery was located at Bluveport Farm, about 600 yards from Hill Sixty and about the same distance from the German line on our flank. The rest of our gunners came up a few days later. We were to

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unloaded horses on the ship. This was done with a crane or derrick. The horses were led in line and when they reached the loading point the wide straps or bands were hooked under their abdomen and they were lifted away up in the air to the deck, and the crane came down for the next one. They worked very fast, about a minute to each horse, and most horses were so surprised that they did not do much struggling.

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rest of our gunners came up a few days later. We were to

to take over the Lahore Battery guns and they would take over ours. They were professional artillerymen from India, all nice chaps and efficient gunners; but after they moved out we found they had stolen about everything they could lay their hands on. We did not know that to be an expert thief was the mark of an expert gunner.

about 50 yards Out in front of each gun was an aiming post and on this post at night was hung a sort of lantern showing a small slot of light by which the guns were laid. In the lantern was a candle that lasted two hours, when someone had to go out and put another in. But nobody paid any attention to this little task although the machine gun bullets went zip-zip-zip continuously until the shelter of the gun pit was reached. We were just the proper distance from the front line to get the benefit of most of the German machine gun bullets fired over no-man's land. This was supposed to be a good position. It was in the Ypres salient and the very lights went up and down in three directions at night. I did not get much sleep.

on 24th Aug 1916
When we were pulled out ~~in about ten days~~ we brought our guns with us. When we got back away from the dull roar of the front lines and all was silent at night it seemed as though a great weight had been lifted from my head and I realized that I had been under a strain. Our next position was in front of Mount Kemmel at a place called *on 17th & 18th September* Dead Dog Farm. We dug in our guns behind a hedge about 600 yards from the German line. Our purpose was to enfilade a

CHAPTER 2

a communication trench between the German front line and their support trenches. At that distance our guns were so accurate they could hit a tree. A Scotch Battalion from Vancouver, I believe the 72nd, were to make their first raid. They attacked, and as was expected, the Germans poured reinforcements along this communication trench. The Canadian Scottish got some prisoners. The raid was very successful and it would seem that the Germans must have been rather nimble if they dodged all the hundreds of shells we showered on that communication trench.

The battle had been going on since early in July and the Germans had been pushed back perhaps about eight miles. This eight miles was covered with the litter of war. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ We rode up part way, then got in a trench that led up to the guns. There were corpses all around. One had been buried at the edge of the trench and the dead arm hung down and as the troops passed they shook the hand and had some remark like, "Goodbye old chap!" We arrived at the guns operated by the same Lahore Battery. They had had a lot of casualties and most of the crew were strange to me. The Battery was located behind a slight rise of ground between the village of Martinpuéch about a quarter of a mile to our right and Poxiers about three quarters of a mile to our left. Both villages consisted of a few boards in the mud. We then relieved the Lahore Battery, took over their guns. They were very cordial, evidently very glad to get away, and after they had gone we noticed that they had again stolen the blind--wrenches, pliers, tools were gone.

CHAPTER 9

We pulled out of Dead Dog Farm ^{+ hemmed on 3rd October/16} and the Battery proceeded towards the Somme. This was now about the middle of September. We Camped for one night on the south bank of the river ^{Canal} Somme, opposite the town of Albert where there was a church with a statue on its spire. The statue had formerly pointed upright, but was now pointing to the ground. One thing that struck me was that at this place there was a whole parapet made out of cases of bully beef. I suppose these were salvaged later on.

The battle had been going on since early in July and the Germans had been pushed back perhaps about eight miles. This eight miles was covered with the litter of war. We rode up part way, ^{on 8th October/16} then got in a trench that led up to the guns. There were corpses all around. One had been buried at the edge of the trench and the dead arm hung down and as the troops passed they shook the hand and had some remark like, "Goodbye old chap!" We arrived at the guns operated by the same Lahore Battery. They had had a lot of casualties and most of the crew were strange to me. The Battery was located behind a slight rise of ground between the village of Martinpuich about a quarter of a mile to our right and Poziers about three quarters of a mile to our left. Both villages consisted of a few boards in the mud. We again relieved the Lahore Battery, took over their guns. They were very cordial, evidently very glad to get away, and after they had gone we noticed that they had again stolen us blind--wrenches, pliers, tools were gone.

It was sunny that afternoon and I looked over what I could see. There were bodies everywhere. There were three in a shell hole within six feet from the muzzle of my gun. There ^{were} overcoats, and bayonets and helmets and rations and rifles and bodies all lying pell mell in the mud as far as I could see. At about nine o'clock the mess cart with the rations and water cart came up and about ten o'clock the ammunition arrived. At first they tried to get the ammunition up in wagons. It was a killing job for the horses lugging these wagons through the deep mud and shell holes. I remember the first night they came up. It was dark and raining. They pulled right along in front of my gun and the horses hooves and the heavy wheels crushed what was there. But do you know, the next morning there was at least one of the German faces leering at me from the side of the shell hole. It had reddish hair, about a week's growth of beard and the mouth was partly opened into which the rain dripped and it seemed to have a leering smile.

As an example of how good people get callous, one of our boys saw a ring on the finger of a corpse. He tried to get it off but it stuck so he just twisted the finger until it broke and he got the ring off. I hope he got a lot of pleasure from it because he himself was afterwards killed.

This was where the gunners learned gunnery. From ten at night to six in the morning the four gunners on the gun took turns of two hours each and during each two hours about five rounds had to be fired, at important targets that

They did not wait for me to show them where to go. When had been given us. So each man had to know how to lay the gun to get the proper direction, put on the proper range, level, the bubble to compensate for the elevation, set the fuse, load the gun and pull the trigger. One got so that he could sleep although the gun was firing close by. The shift from twelve to two was rather eerie among the surroundings. One could wonder what these men had been doing a month previous; what kind of homes they had and if their friends and relatives knew what had happened to them.

After the first few days they started to bring up the ammunition on pack horses and mules using panniers that held ten rounds for each animal. In a short time Reid who was an accomplished thief stole sufficient material from the army dump to build a light railway from the wagon lines to the guns., and I well remember the night Reid brought in his first little car of ammunition to the guns - the car being pulled by redoubtable Bones who picked his way along the light railway track.

One night I was ordered to take Gunner Dalen with me and go over to an ammunition dump on the Poziers road and guide in an ammunition column who were to leave some shells at the battery. I didn't know the country and it was dark and there were deep trenches all over the place. I waited till one o'clock at the dump but no one showed up. I went back to the battery and phoned the major and he told me to return and wait until the column did show up. About five or six o'clock about a dozen men and mules appeared.

They did not wait for me to show them where to go. When they came to a trench the first mule was shoved on and made to scramble up the other side and the others followed. They didn't lose a minute. Daylight was close at hand and they would soon be under observation. They got the ammunition to the guns and got out of there. A few shells followed them but there were no casualties.

On one occasion when one of our ammunition wagons with six horses was proceeding towards the guns a shell landed and killed all six horses, but the three drivers sitting on the horses' back were not injured. A human being can stand far more concussion than a horse.

After we had been there about a month ^{on 28th October} a shell landed by my gun and put it out of action. The only person near the pit at the time was Corporal Downer who got a piece of shell in his head. There were about five hundred rounds of ammunition stored in the gun pit and this caught fire and made quite a blaze. Some of the shells exploded, others were tossed in the air.

Earl Morris, Ernie Fleetwood, ^{Bombardier Whitman} ~~Gunner Moore~~ and I were detailed to carry Downer on a stretcher to the wagon lines. The night was dark, the ground was muddy and though there was a path that wound around and through the shell holes it was difficult to follow. The wagon lines were about three miles in the rear and we finally landed there with the wounded man. I had thought that we might be allowed to rest there for that night but we were told to return to the guns. When we had gone

about halfway, we heard a noise in a shell hole near the path and there we found a man still living, lying in the mud. Some infantry had passed along that way not long before. Tired as we were, we nevertheless decided to take the man along with us to the guns. We loaded him on the stretcher and ^{he} started to sing in a loud tenor voice, "Coming Home - Coming Home". Fleetwood said, "the S.O.B. is drunk" and he was promptly dumped in the mud and we proceeded on our way. It was at the Somme that we became artillerymen. The Canadian Artillery after that experience was as good as any in the world. McNaughton who had been a professor of Mathematics at McGill University came out as a Major in charge of a battery. At this time he was a Colonel and he was directed to explain ^t ~~with~~ British and Canadian officers the fine points of gunnery. How to calibrate the guns that were wearing out, that is estimate the amount that had to be added to the range to compensate for the wear. How to use the range tables, and compute the variations for wind, temperature, and barometer pressure.

Our Major Stafford was a dud on the parade ground. He could hardly make up his mind to say "Halt". But in the battlefield where one should understand artillery work, he was good. He could show all the officers in the brigade ^{at least} how, ~~at least~~, it should be done.

As my gun was out of action, I asked the Major for permission to return to the wagon lines and get a bath. He gave me permission and I returned to the wagon lines. Of course I was lousy. All the men were lousy. But such things really did not bother me

very much. But I had not had a bath since I left England, so I inquired where I could find an Officers' bath. I located the place, slipped the N.C.O. in charge a couple of bob, and I had a real luxurious bath - the only ^{one} I had in France.

We had several casualties at the Somme, but Gunner Larson was the only man killed. It was now getting cold and apparently it had been decided not to push forward any further. Our casualties at this time were probably greater than the enemies as we were attacking and they were waiting for us to do so.

On 24th November - the guns were pulled out
 mud, manure, and stench in this place was about a foot deep. I was tired; there had been no billets found for us, so I went and found a pig pen. The manure was deep; the stench was foul and awful; but over in one corner there was a dry place that had been evidently the place of repose for the pigs. It was clean there in some places more or less. The rain poured down outside, but I put down my rubber sheet, spread my blanket and slept the night in a pig pen. The next day we proceeded to Hurionville, a small village where we were going to have a rest.

x x x x

This rest consisted of harness and vehicle cleaning. This was idiotic work. The vehicles had to be all thoroughly washed; then every bit of rust on the hub caps and tongues had to be taken off. The harness had to be washed and soaped and polished, and every speck of rust had to be polished off spurs, stirrups, bits and head chains and all made to shine and glitter. Enough energy was wasted by the British in such foolishness to wipe out the whole German army.

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at Bouzignac

X X X X

1/17 July 1917

As my gun was out of action, I asked the Major for permission to return to the wagon lines and get a bath. He gave me permission and I returned to the wagon lines. Of course I was lonely. The men were happy. But such things really did not bother me.

CHAPTER 10

Our battery was taken out and one cold morning in a rain and drizzly pulled, by gaunt, bony, half-starved horses and mules, we moved off to the North. I shall never forget that first night out of the Somme. We were late getting started from our wagon lines. For one thing we were short of horses, and it seemed to take a long time to get all the paraphernalia assembled and loaded. It was raining. When we pulled into our wagon lines it was dark. The vehicles were placed about ⁸⁰ ten feet apart and ropes stretched from one wheel to the wheel on the other vehicle and the animals were tethered to this rope. The horses and mules had to be fed, watered and ^{given} oats. The mud, manure, and stench in this place was about a foot deep. I was tired; there had been no billets found for us, so I went and found a pig pen. The manure, was deep; the stench was foul and awful; but over in one corner there was a dry place that had been evidently the place of repose for the pigs. It was clean there in some places more or less. The rain poured down outside, but I put down my rubber sheet, spread my blanket and slept the night in a pig pen. The next day we proceeded to Hurionville, a small village where we were going to have a rest.

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It was in this position that we had several of our horses die on us and several had to be sent away to the remount depot to be made fit for the work. They had been standing in cold mud and water for six to eight weeks; the trips into the guns had been exhausting, and the authorities realized that something had to be done, so they found a place in a stone quarry. The place at least was dry, and the remaining animals were better cared for and fed. I had a billet with some French people at this place, and was fairly comfortable.

Our next gun position ^{on 29th Nov} was a few miles West of Arras in the "Valley of Sorrow". The French are said to have had 40,000 men killed in the battle at this place that extended several miles down to Souchez and the Lorette Ridge and Ablain St. Nazaire. The bodies had all been buried - not very deep except on the Lorette Ridge perhaps eight to ten miles away.

The place where our guns were located was crawling with rats, all nice and fat; and when I slept at night rats would run along a timber by my head and sometimes they would turn around and their long tails would tickle my face. It was at this place that the Canadians put on the first "Box Barrage". This was done by putting on a heavy barrage over the German front for several miles. This had the effect of making the enemy keep down. Then at a given second a small party of Canadian infantry would leave their trenches and at the second they were about into the German lines - the guns on that particular sector lifted and then pounded the reserve trenches. All other guns remained on the front line and in a few minutes the Canadian infantry would have gathered up their prisoners and returned and we would then stand down. The secret of the success of this

operation was in the timing right to the second.

In this position I spent several days and nights in an observation post at La Target near some chalk pits about a mile ahead of the guns. The O.P. had been built by the French. There were stairs leading down to a short hall, then another stairs going still farther down, into a room where there was a telephone and several bunks. There was also a ladder leading out of this room up to the post where one could look out over the front. I spent quite a few nights there. My duty was to spot enemy gun flashes and record by means of a director the exact angle to the flash and the exact time. Then other observers would also record the flashes and the angle thereof from their post and by extending these lines on the map the location of the enemy gun could be ascertained.

About this time the drivers demonstrated they were now well-trained artillerymen. A general service wagon was needed to move some supplies. Their prayers must have been effective because one morning another wagon appeared. It had been used a bit and had some fresh paint on it. They were located near the Lahore Battery wagon lines. The Lahore Battery was a professional Battery in peace times (it was a swanky outfit) and the gunners and officers all had silver stirrups and silver bits which were very handy for inspection. Some of the drivers must have prayed very fervently because a lot of that silverware got into the blankets of the drivers to be brought out only on special occasions.

on 5th March/17
Our next gun position was at Careney west of the Souchez valley near the Lorette ridge. The army was piling in supplies

The ammunition at this place was brought up on a light necessary for the attack on Vimy Ridge. In this position the battery had under its supervision thirty-six Thousand rounds of ammunition. I know because I had to count it. This was for other batteries who were to move in.

Here it was where we saw some spectacular work by the German airman, Baron Richthoven. There were about five big observation balloons a few miles back of our lines and the observer was ⁱⁿ a little cage at the bottom of the balloon and he would telephone to those below what he could see through his binoculars on the enemy front. Then this red plane came along - apparently put some incendiary bullets in the first balloon. A little curl of smoke poured from the top. The observer parachuted to the ground and the red plane proceeded on to the next balloon and he brought down every one in flames. Then he seemed to fall back of some woods, and we thought he was down but he suddenly zipped over those woods and raked our battery from one end to the other with machine gun fire. No one was hit but the bullets seemed to be flying all over. I'll bet he got a kick out of that day's work.

Our next gun position ^{on 24th March 17} was up in front of Mount St. Eloi^s and perhaps 50 rods south east of the ^{Bahune} Lens Arras road. There had been a tall tree growing on this road but it had been struck many times by shell fire and only the tall bare trunk remained. The intelligence man made a trunk just like that out of sheet iron, and one night cut the tree down and placed the hollow iron tree in its place. The iron tree had a ladder inside and a seat near the top where the observer could sit.

The ammunition at this place was brought up on a light railway. Some of this ammunition that had been shipped up to our battery had gone astray and our battery was short. There was a pile of ammunition across the road belonging to another battery that had not yet come into position so the Major ordered me to have some gunners transfer this ammunition to our battery. We were thus engaged when the Major of the battery that owned the ammunition came along. If he had been a Canadian and had caught some gunners swiping his shells his language would not have been learned from Field Artillery Training. However, this was an English officer. He asked me what we were doing. I told him we were carrying the shells from this pile over to our battery. He looked at me and said gently, "How Nice!" I think that was the most crushing bawling out I ever got.

The plans for the battle of Vimy ridge ^{were} now in progress. Heavy guns boomed in the rear. Howitzers sent over their shells as they registered, and a great many field guns moved into position. If placed in a line, it is said the guns would have been hub to hub. The battery had been registered in various targets, and great care had been taken to ensure this was accurate. To indicate the thoroughness of the preparations, they even dug the graves for the men they expected would be killed in the battle.

On the sixth of April, 1917, the battery was firing Salvos. I was acting Sergeant Major. I had a megaphone, and when all the sergeants reported their guns were ready, I gave the order and the signal to fire.

It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon (about ten Salvos had been fired). There must have been an enemy plane some

place in the rear high up, anyhow, I got a bullet through the back of my neck and dropped. I bled rather freely and was placed in a stretcher, and loaded on to a small car on the light railway and was taken to a field dressing station. That afternoon I was taken to a Field Hospital near Bruay. In the ambulance were four stretchers. I was on the bottom and the blood from the ones on top poured down on me by the cupfuls. Mel Tiffin, who was then a medical orderly and now a doctor at Edson, attended to me. My wound was not painful but I was cold. There was no fire in the tent of the field dressing station nor in the Field Hospital tent at Bruay. I must have lost alot of blood.

On the 8th of April I was shipped to the Hospital at Boulogne. I was very proud of the Canadian nurse in charge there. She was a big lady, about forty years old, and immaculately dressed. About twenty stretcher cases were brought in. She had a number of soldiers ^{casualties} who were her orderlies but she was the only nurse. There was no doctor. She took everything calmly. Men were there with hands off, feet smashed, head wounds, and bodily injuries. However, the nurse just remained her smiling efficient self.

The next morning I got a lesson in psychology. In the bed next to me was a boy whose arm was blown off at the elbow. He was feeling very badly. Probably not so much from the pain as the thought of the prospect of a useless life with only one arm. The orderly came along and left him a basin of water to wash with. The boy pitifully lifted his stub and thus tearfully indicated that he could not wash himself. "What the hell's wrong with you?" said the orderly, "Youve

got yer other hand ain't you". And that boy started to wash himself with the other hand. The world seemed a little brighter. He wasn't going to be entirely worthless after all. The next day I was shipped via Calais to Eastleigh Hospital in the South of England. I had asked to go to a hospital at Bradford if possible because that is where Albert Priestley, mother's cousin lived. I was sent to a small hospital at Manchester.

There were only about a dozen patients there. It seemed to me they were not real soldiers and were just hiding out. Anyhow I was not very popular. A young minister met me and said it was very fine for me to come over from Canada to fight for the King. I said, "I wouldn't go across the road to fight for the King. He said, "Well what are you here for?" I said, "I'm fighting for my country. What has the King ever done?" He was silent but I was as popular around there as a skunk at a garden party.

I walked up town one day and came to "The American Shoe Store". In the window was a pair of shoes just my size with the most brilliant polish I had ever seen. I bought these shoes and put them on. I started to walk down a sidewalk leading down a hill. A factory was located at the bottom of the hill and about a thousand young women poured out and started up the sidewalk towards me. The one at the lead shouted, "pipe the shoes". They divided into two lines - one on each side of the sidewalk, and I walked down between these two lines and my, the remarks they made about me and my shoes.

From here I was transferred to the Princess Patricia's Red Cross special Hospital at Ramsgate. My neck wound at the time was

fairly well healed and did not require further treatment. I enjoyed Ramsgate. It is a pretty place. I went up to Margate several times, and also took the bus to Canterbury.

This is a great summer resort in peace time but all the men were in the army and the women were in munitions factories or had gone where there were men. Anyhow I didn't see anything that promised romance for me.

I got hospital leave at Ramsgate for two weeks and went up to Bradford and visited the Priestleys; went over to Halifax and visited the Nicholsons; and up to Bolton to visit the ^{Mawsons} Malpasses. These were mother's cousins. Cousin Albert Priestley also took me to Austwick where my mother was born and we also went up to Edinburgh, Scotland where we saw the historical places I had read about in History.

A very beautiful place was Roslin Castle some miles south of Edinburgh. Oliver Cromwell stabled his horses in this beautiful place.

I thought the woodwork better than Westminster Abbey. The Priestleys were very kind to me.

I visited in London for a few days and on the expiry of my leave I reported at Folkstone, Shorncliffe near to the officer in charge of the Army Camp there. There were a lot of Sergeant Majors here - mostly swinging the lead. They were mostly veterans from the Indian and South Africa wars and were probably useful when the Canadian Army was being recruited, but were now too old to be of any use and should have been shipped back to Canada. The soldiers in camp were men like myself - returning from hospital. For a time I was in charge of a bunch of Measles contacts. My job was to keep them from mingling with any other troops. My officer was a young

chap from Montreal in his very early twenties. He apparently belonged to a family rolling in wealth. He rented a big brick house in Folkestone and brought a bunch of chorus girls down from London. He was troubled with what he called cystitis and some charge had been laid and he was threatened with a court martial. Somebody was trying to blackmail him but he was not an easy mark although he had money. As he knew I was a lawyer, he discussed these things with me. Then one morning he turned up looking very happy. "Well Sergeant Major", he said, "Things are looking up. My court martial has been called off. My cystitis is getting better and no one has tried to blackmail me for a week".

About August 1st we were moved to Witley camp and in about two weeks I was put on a draft for France. One Monday morning at eight o'clock, we paraded with full kit in marching order and were inspected. Then we were ordered to parade again in full marching order at two o'clock and we were again inspected. We could not leave barracks as we were liable to go any minute. The same thing happened on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and the following Monday. We were marched off.

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I returned to the battery as a gunner.

In the meantime the battery had suffered a lot of casualties. Major Stafford had been killed and the O.C. was now Major Young, a young man whom nobody liked although I thought he was a good soldier. My position was - 67 - by Sergeant Major Holyoke.

CHAPTER 11

Alot of the boys who had come from Leithbridge were killed, sick, or wounded; We landed at Calais and marched to Bologne. We had a pleasant march through France. The weather was warm and sunny and a truck carried our kit bags. Another Sergeant Major named Simmons from London, Ontario, and I had been detailed to a howitzer battery. I think the 33rd. Now I cannot complain about the way the men of this battery received us but I fully understood the way they felt. They had come with their battery from Canada, had fought through the battles of Ypres, the Somme and Vimy ridge and if they were to have any senior N.C.O's one them should get the promotion.

The Major apparently thought so too. He called Simmons and me to him one day and told us there was no room in his battery for senior N.C.O.s and he ordered us to take down our crowns and other insignia of our rank. I knew he couldn't do this but I also knew that if I refused he could probably have me charged with insubordination. So Simmons and I took down our crowns. You may think this was a tough break after the training and experience and the wounds I had received. But it really did not matter so much to me. The less rank one had the less worry and responsibility. I did not want to serve in that battery so I went to the Major and asked if I could be transferred to my old battery - the 39th. He agreed, and I returned to the battery as a gunner.

In the meantime the battery had suffered a lot of casualties. Major Stafford had been killed and the O.C. was now Major Young, a young man whom nobody liked although I thought he was a good soldier. My position was filled by Sergeant Major Holyoke.

and that all units in the British Army were going to take part in. A lot of the boys who had come from Lethbridge were killed, sick, or wounded; and their places taken by reinforcements.

I had one trip up the line and helped to build some gun pits near Avion - a short distance from the German lines and to the right of Lens. It was here I learned about the battle of Vimy Ridge that had started 9th April. The German Army had been cut in two. The artillery and infantry had done their duties like clockwork. The Ridge was gained but where was the Army to follow up the victory and turn the enemy's flank and reap the fruits of the struggle. There was no such army. There were lots of armies to be murdered a few months later but there was not even one to reach out, press in behind the enemy flank, and get the benefit of the victory. Now I can imagine some Colonel Blimps will say, "Listen to that gunner talk. Doesn't he know that if an army had gone in there the Germans would have nipped it off, surrounded, and destroyed it." But a man in a gunner's uniform has just the same brains as he would have in a Field Marshal's uniform, and a Field Marshal has no more brains than he would have in a Gunner's uniform.

When the Germans broke through the fifth Army in the spring of 1918, why didn't the British army nip them off? Why didn't the French nip them off? The Germans would have been going yet if it hadn't been for two million American troops who had just landed. The plain fact is that the British generalship was poor, showed no initiative or imagination, and made no provisions for continuing in the event of the attack on Vimy being successful.

In September the battery was pulled out of the Vimy area and we started on the trip north. We had heard of Passchendale

and that all units in the British Army were going to take part in the German war plans and they would doubtless think that no one would be silly enough to locate gun positions in the mud on the edge of the slough. The Major was right. That old road was lambasted with shells day and night but we did not get nearly so many and a great number of those that did come our way plunked into the mud and did not explode. The move no doubt saved some lives. The gun fire here was continuous. The Germans used mostly 5.9's high explosive and gas shells. If they had used schrapnel, they would have created much more havoc. We got so we could stand up under artillery fire. It was not so nerve wracking as bombs.

As a matter of fact this was perhaps the greatest defeat ever suffered by the British Army. The casualties were appalling. The English army never recovered from it. The Canadian Army was in a different position. They had plenty of reinforcements. What did they think they were trying to do? Nobody knows. Fall had been the rainy season for Belgium for a hundred years. What made them think it would not rain in the fall of 1917?

The battle had been going about six weeks when we got there. *by 12 October 1917* The enemy had been shoved back several miles. These miles were something like the Somme but the mud was much softer and deeper as far as I could see, in some places the mud had no bottom. I was detailed to go up to some guns and I may have been travelling in a mess cart. We were travelling on a road made by bundles of faggots on the mud. We came to a place where six horses had been killed and their bodies were lying on the faggots in the mud. It was impossible to move the horses so we just lugged the vehicle over the bodies.

When I arrived at the gun position, the men were moving the guns forward from an old road bottom where the ground was fairly hard and made a good base for the guns; (About two hundred yards near the edges of a pond or slough where the mud was soft and deep.) All gunners were detailed on one gun at a time and inch by inch and curse by curse, all guns were moved. The reason for the move was that the Major knew that the old road would be marked on the artillery.

When a Major was asked to supply a couple of men for the trench mortar, the German war maps and they would doubtless think that no one would be silly enough to locate gun positions in the mud on the edge of the slough. The Major was right. That old road was lambasted with shells day and night but we did not get nearly so many and a great number of those that did come our way plunked into the mud and did not explode. The move no doubt saved some lives. The gun fire here was continuous. The Germans used mostly 5.9's high explosives and gas shells. If they had used schrupnel, they would have created much more havoc. We got so we could stand up under artillery fire. It was not so nerve wrecking as bombs.

I put in twenty eight days at Paschendale. I did not get more than a few hours sleep at any time, and I was half asleep all the time. My position was unique. The battery had the proper number of Sergeants without me. My pay had never been reduced. It just could not be done that way, and I was given charge of number one gun although I wore no chevrons.

In a few days the engineers built a plank road from the rear up past our battery and on ahead to Abraham Heights which was a little rise a few feet higher than the rest. The plank road was always crowded with men, horses, and vehicles, and it was always subject to concentrated fire. One day a big fleet of Gothas came over. They were so close we could see the men looking down at us. They dropped some bombs. The noise as they whistled through the air seemed to be coming straight for my head but they landed on the plank walk about one hundred yards to the east and killed fourteen men. Then they went on to some heavy guns in the rear and killed some more. The trench mortar crews had in part been drafted from the artillery.

When a Major was asked to supply a couple of men for the trench mortars, he picked tough guys who had been giving him trouble,--Owing to the fact that the front line was through water-logged shell holes and not well defined trench mortars could not be used at Paschendale. Owing to casualties, the 39th battery was short of men and I was detailed three of these tough guys as my gun crew.

One was a young chap about 20 years old named Johnstone. He told me that he had shot a man in a poker game and was put in the Kingston penitentiary and had been let out on condition that he enlist. Anyhow, I rather liked the boy. He seemed to have lots of energy. He went to load the gun by taking the shell around to the muzzle as they do in the trench mortars. I showed him how the gun worked, took the breech block apart, and explained how to clean it. I appointed him my limber gunner - that is the one who cares for and cleans the gun. That boy was smart and the gun was his baby and the little responsibility made a good soldier out of him.

At night the gas shells came over and landed with their familiar plunk and a cloud of white gas would slowly roll over the land and sink into the shell holes like a gigantic octopus. At times these shells came over by the hundreds. It was then necessary for the guard to go around to the sleeping men, rouse them and say, "Guys put on your gas mask and don't go to sleep". After he had made the rounds it was necessary to start over and warn them again for some might to to sleep.

There were quite a few pill boxes close by our position that had been built by the Germans. There were made of cement and capable of withstanding an eighteen pound shell. They were perhaps

several planks and they did not know whether they should wait for the twelve feet long, eight feet wide, and four feet high with a slot in one side for the machine guns to work. When Porky Van Horne, our cook arrived, he went to a pill box close by, took the three or four bodies inside, and threw them in a shell hole; and the cook house was all set up.

We got a ration of rum in this place, and I went one evening with my mess tin to the officers' dugout to drain their ration for my crew. While I was away a shell landed on my gun. Johnston was killed, another gunner was badly wounded, and my gun was put out of action. I wrote to my mother and told her Rum had saved my life.

As I had no gun and as men were needed at the wagon lines, I was sent back. The next day Earl Morris and I were detailed to take the mess cart with the rations up to the battery. We had a team of mules. We got up to the Wiltze dump where the plank road started and looked over the situation. We were gunners. We watched the shells falling and knew they were coming from a four-gun battery and could estimate ^{when} where the next shell was going to fall and where. It seemed foolish to try to carry on all that activity in that sea of mud right under the eyes of the enemy who could probably shoot up part of that plank walk over open sights. Today I know it was idiotic.

About that day the guns were moved about five hundred yards to Abraham Heights and the next day I was detailed to lead a mule with ammunition to the new gun position. Once the ammunition was loaded each driver was on his own. He could go fast or he could go slow. He could wait till the gunfire slackened, or he could plunge into it. About noon I was leading my animal along the plank road up past our old battery position. I was followed by Driver Lindsay. Morris and I both knew what a shell could do but we had to get those rations up. That was our job. So after about twenty minutes when the rate of fire slackened, we started off on the trot. We had gone about a thousand yards when we came to a mess cart similar to our own. There was a driver and a very young English officer in charge. They were in trouble. A shell had landed on the plank walk and broken

several planks and they did not know whether they should wait for the engineers or just what should be done. No doubt the young officer had never read in Field Artillery Training anything to help him in a situation like this. He had probably been there in that barrage for a half hour. He would have been killed a dozen times if it had not been for the soft mud into which the shells landed. He was flicking his leg with his swagger stick. He had lots of courage only he did not know what to do.

Morris pulled our mess cart to pass. We both jumped out. We straightened up the planks. Morris got back on the cart, the mules started up, and stepped carefully on the planks. We were away in less than two minutes. I don't know what happened to the English outift. We passed a very young boy who looked as though he had very recently been hit. He may have been dead but we did not stop. Our job was to get the rations through.

We passed a truck that was on fire and the flames were just licking up the driver's legs towards his body. I guess he was dead but we did not stop. There were so many good things that might have been done along that road but if we had done them we wouldn't have got the rations through.

on 14th & 15th November/17
About that day the guns were moved about five hundred ~~year~~ yards to Abraham Heights and the next day I was detailed to lead a mule with ammunition to the new gun position. Once the ammunition was loaded each driver was on his own. He could go fast or he could go slow. He could wait till the gunfire slackened, or he could plunge into it. About noon I was leading my animal along the plank road up past our old battery position. I was followed by Driver Lindsay

about thirty feet back. A big howitzer shell came over and landed in the mud right by the plank road opposite Lindsay. When it got deep in the mud it exploded. The explosive did no damage but the concussion lifted Lindsay off his feet and when I turned around I ~~saw~~ his body parallel to and about six feet off the ground. He was not hurt. He stuttered, "C-C-Catch my horse," and we attended to our own business and got our ~~load~~ delivered. About this time an English officer rode up the plank road riding a beautiful and highly prized officer's charger. As a shell came along the horse got frightened and jumped off the plank road into the mud and was helpless. The officer left the horse and went to telephone for a party to come and lift it out. Our horseman, Reid, came along and sized up the situation. He could get down in the mud and get that horse out himself providing he could keep the horse but he decided that he would get mud from head to foot and would no sooner get the animal on the plank walk than the owner would claim it.

Just then some English infantry officers came along. They saw the helpless animal in the mud. They were perhaps from the city and knew little about horses. They didn't like to see the poor thing lying helpless there in the mud so they shot this beautiful charger. Reid went away guffawing to himself. You may not think this incident funny. That's because you have no sense of humor. One had ~~nt~~ to have a sense of humor at Paschendale.

One evening two English infantrymen from the Liverpools stopped by our battery for a rest. They were exhausted. They had been eating, living, ^{sleeping} ~~slipping~~ and rolling in the mud. Their overcoats were plastered inside and out with mud that had now dried and probably

weighed about fifty pounds each. Their hands were caked in mud and they did not seem to know enough to clean their hands. Their rifles were muddy in the bore, around the hammer and the trigger. One of these men told me there was not a rifle in that battalion that would fire a shot. This did not sound good to me. This battalion was on our right flank.

The Canadians were victorious you know. They captured every objective they were asked to attack. They took the village of Paschendale. But of course important victories like these are costly. (About ten thousand) And in a few months all the land gained and more was handed back to the Germans without a shot being fired.

When we got the order to move out, ^{on 9th November/17} we were short of horses. Quite a lot of them had become casualties. However, there were thousands of horses belonging to other batteries in lines at Flamantinge nearby. That night our efficient drivers went out and found sufficient horses to enable us to move off. Next day a sergeant from another battery came riding by our battery and he pointed to an animal. "That's our horse". He rode up to the ^{Major} ~~wagon~~, accused him of using a stolen horse and demanded the animal at once. Of all the thousands of horses there were at Flamantinge to be stolen that night, the drivers had to pick on one that had been shipped by the twentieth battery from Lethbridge and was a pet and known to everyone in the outfit. So the Major said that when we stopped for noon, the sergeant could take the animal if he was sure of the ownership. I think that stamped on its hoofs was "20th Bty". So he may have been right.

On the first night out we marched till dark and by the

time the horses were cared for it was dark. The cook didn't have much of a meal for us and I was worn out and took my bed roll and decided to spread it on the ground and sleep in the open. I went over to a hedge and there was a nice level green stretch by the bushes. I probably could not see very well for I was carrying my bed roll in front of me. Anyhow, I plunged into a Belgian irrigation ditch about 4 feet deep covered with a green scum. It was cold and I got my bed clothes and everything soaking wet. I spent the rest of the night by the cook's fire trying to get my clothes dry.

The next day was a long hard march to the place where we were to enjoy a rest camp. We pulled in shortly after dark. It was raining. The horses were watered, given hay and oats, and the pickets were detailed. The rain came down. The Major lined us up and in his sneering voice announced that there would be a Muster parade tomorrow at 6 o'clock - harness cleaning at 8 to prepare for inspection. I could have cut his throat with my own hand. Here we were in the rain and mud - lousy, dirty, filthy, and ready to drop with fatigue after those days of horror. We would be roused up at six o'clock with no chance to rest up. No chance for a bath; no opportunity for a little recreation; and we were to be made to clean some damned harness and vehicles that were now long since rusted and pitted.

I remember that General inspection. It was the English officer who commanded the Canadian infantry. ^{General Repeth} I doubt if there was ever another inspection like it. He gathered the boys around him and in a very informal way talked to them. He said how proud he and Canada were of the Canadians who had taken every objective, who had

done everything they had been asked to do and who had finally taken Paschendale. That of, course, was what any one might have said but I sensed that there were tears in his eyes and a tremor in his voice and that he knew the whole campaign had been a tremendous mistake, an awful blunder, and that the casualties were enormous.

It was here I decided to apply for a commission. The boys in the battery were not happy as there had once been, ~~a time when~~ none of them liked the Major. Even the lieutenants would not eat with him, he was so disagreeable. The application for a commission had to go to brigade; thence to divisional headquarters; then I had to be interviewed by Brigadier General Stuart commanding the third Divisional Artillery and then by General Morrison, the Officer Commanding the Corps Artillery.

We spent that winter in various positions up on the Lens Vimy front. In one position at Petit Vimy an infantry sergeant was attached to my sub-section to enable him to learn something about the operation of a gun. I tried to show him but he was not interested. He was a black, evil looking man and I tried to be friendly. He showed me his nominal roll. He had come out with the first Canadian Division. The men in his section had been killed, wounded, and replaced many times and he was the only one of the originals left. I sent back to the wagon lines for a pail of beer and when he got at this he opened up and started to talk. "I was up here last year after the battle of Vimy Ridge right where we are sitting now. An officer was along and we came to a German who was wounded in the hand and the officer said, "What shall we do with this man?". And I said, "Turn the S.O.B. over to me and I'll show you what to do with him. But the officer

said, "No, we'll take him along with us." We had been ordered to explore ahead until we got in contact with the enemy. We had just gone a short distance when the German Artillery opened up. It looked like they might be counter-attacking. Our prisoner got up - looked one way then the other as though he didn't know whether he was going or coming. So I just took him around that bend in the trench and threw him over the parapet. That was good for another long swig of the beer.

In March, 1918, the Germans attacked the British Fifth Army under General Gough. I expect but I do not know that the fifth Army had been at Paschendale and if so it is no wonder they were unable to put up much resistance. I know that some English battalions were only about one third full strength but the Canadians were a little over full strength. When the enemy broke through the other line had to be extended to try to prevent the Germans from taking us in the rear. The Canadian front was extended to three times its normal length but all guns, machine guns, and mortars had to keep firing to try and make the enemy believe the line was strongly held. It was a nerve wrecking time.

At night the guns were laid on the S.O.S. lines and a man sat on the seat of the gun at all times. One night the Major was asleep in his dugout with a telephonist at his elbow. He dreamed. He saw the enemy attacking. He woke up. He said, "Why aren't those guns firing?". The telephonist stammered "Why" but the Major interrupted him, "S.O.S" he shouted, "God Dammit I told you S.O.S. So the telephonist shouted over the phone to me "S.O.S." and immediately

the six men pulled the triggers and the battery was in action. S.O.S. called for gunfire that was as fast as the gunners could get the shells away. I came out, stood on a gun pit and looked over the front. There was no machine gun fire, no trench mortars, and the only guns firing was the 39th battery. The guns began to get hot so I telephoned "Any change in the rate of fire", and the telephonist asked the Major "Any change in the rate of fire?", and the Major telephoned the Adjutant at Brigade "Any change in the rate of fire?", and the Adjutant said "What rate of fire?". The Major said "That S.O.S. you sent down. The Adjutant said, "I never sent any S.O.S.". So the Major said, "Tell the battery to stand down".

At that time we were the sacrifice battery. We were at the foot of Vimy ridge. The other guns had been pulled back over the ridge. The front line was thinly held. The infantry had orders that if an attack were made, they were to withdraw slowly from one line to the next until Vimy ridge was reached and ~~thus were~~ to be retained. Our sacrifice battery had orders to inflict as many casualties as possible on the advancing enemy in the event of such attack. So the Major was probably not getting much sleep and his nightmare is understandable. Perhaps if he could have felt that he had the sympathy and friendship of the men in the battery, the strain could have been more easily borne.

In April the German Army that had broken through the British Fifth Army had been halted. With the American Army of fresh troops plans were made to wind up the war. The Canadian Corps was now withdrawn from combat and was placed in reserve to train for open warfare.

They were to be shock troops. We were taken back to a place called "Ames". All day we would be manoeuvring and I rather enjoyed it. The practice was not only for the N.C.O.'s men but perhaps more for the officers. They had to select the gun positions, estimate the range to the targets, pick out aiming points, and calculate the angle. It was here I met Douglas Linton and his brother, Warick^{WARWICK}, who were out with the infantry. Douglas was just a young boy. Warick had been a stretcher bearer and his hair was prematurely grey. I also met a McClinchey boy from Auburn, here. He and Douglas were both killed shortly afterwards.

One morning in June, I received orders to proceed to England to train for my commission. I felt some regrets at leaving the rather few of the original members of the 39th battery but I was not to take part in the big push that was then beginning to shape up.

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The big push was now on. A newsboy with his papers came to camp crying, "Evening News! Evening News! One thousand bloody Canadians killed", and his papers sold like hot cakes. I had a bicycle and used to enjoy going out over the English roads and paths in my sparetime visiting a different pub every evening. The country was beautiful.

On November 11th Armistice Day the whole class went for a nice ride out along a beautiful road under the Command of Captain Roberts. I am not sure that he is the same officer who led the Canadians at Amiens but I believe he was. Shortly after this,

CHAPTER 12

I packed my kit, got my transportation and orders, and in due time arrived at Whitley Camp. When I presented my papers, I found that General Morrison had directed that when the course was over, I was to be sent to the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery. This was the battery of professional soldiers from Kingston and supposed to be a little swankier than the rest.

The officers at Witley seemed to think that they were the ones to decide where I should be sent. I didn't care. I wasn't going to be a professional soldier all my life anyhow.

The course was somewhat like the training at Kingston. One subject was "Military Law". I was the only lawyer in the class. The instructor was not a lawyer either. In the examination I did not get very good marks in Military Law. The class was moved to Borden Camp from Witley.

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President Wilson came over to England. He preached in a church in the North of England. He was looked on by the English people as a sort of Messiah. He had a wonderful command of the English language.

One Sunday evening I got on my bicycle and rode out into the country and I came to a church. The service was about to commence. The congregation consisted of old, old men and women or very young children. There was not an able-bodied man or woman in the crowd. They were all either in the Army or the munition factories. An important part of the service consisted of a long prayer to God to bless Woodrow Wilson. It was very sincere, very heartfelt, and very moving. These people knew what war was.

Wilson was about fifty years ahead of his time. It seems to me the American people have not yet realized his greatness. I got my commission but I did not serve in France as an officer. About January 1, 1919, I was detailed to return to Canada on the Steamship "Empress of Asia" that was to return to Vancouver by the Panama Canal. The trip took 23 days. I was not a good sailor. I did not get sick but was uncertain all the time. The trip was uneventful. We got off the beat at Colon on the Panama Canal. I saw the little black children running around naked. One soldier fell in love with a beautiful lady at Colon and did not get back on the ship. So he was arrested and shipped back to England and I don't know what became of him.

The reason I was selected to sail on this ship was because my papers showed that I enlisted in western Canada. On board ship I was asked where I wished to be discharged. I said, "London, Ontario", because that was near where my parents lived. The officers

looked rather displeased but I got my transportation to London, Ontario, and when I got there I told them that after I had visited my home I wanted to get back to Lethbridge. So I was given transportation to Lethbridge.

When I was on my way East ^{at} ~~of~~ Calgary, I met Mr. McPhee, a lawyer who was practicing at Grande Prairie. He told me about the place and offered me a partnership. The railroad from Edmonton to Grande Prairie had been held up at Whitecourt owing to the war but now would doubtless be pushed on through to Grande Prairie and to the coast. I thought that with this railroad coming through right away there was an opportunity. I passed up the offer with Johnstone & Ritchie and continued on up to Grande Prairie to get there before the lines from Whitecourt should get through. Well, that was over thirty-seven years ago. The railroad from Whitecourt to the Coast is not yet through.

I met a girl at Grande Prairie - her name was Rose Devlin. She glommed on to me and the first thing I knew she was married to me.

And I lived very, very happily ever after.

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