

TWO YEARS WITH THE PRINCESS PATRICIAS

1914 - 1916

being

The Letters of Major Stanley L. Jones, K.C

edited and annotated

by his wife

LUCILE ROSS JONES

who served as a Red Cross Nurse in France

during the World War.

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## CHAPTER I

AUGUST 4 to 30, 1914

### ORGANIZATION, EMBARKATION AND DISEMBARKATION OF THE PRINCESS PATRICIA'S CANADIAN LIGHT INFANTRY.

"If you don't let me go you will spoil my whole future career."

"But if you go and get killed you will have no future career."

So we had been arguing for hours---in fact ever since noon the day before when word first reached our city that England had declared war---the 4th of August, 1914. We had spent most of the night of the fourth on the street in front of the morning newspaper building watching the war news---then came England's call for troops!

I knew Stanley would go! The expression that came on his face when the call <sup>flashed through</sup> ~~came~~ made me realize that nothing would stop him.

Four o'clock in the morning of the 5th of August found

us still in front of the newspaper building and no nearer an agreement. At last we left the crowded streets and returned home, Stanley still putting forth every reason why I should give my consent, and I every reason why I should not. Finally I said:

"Well if you put it that way, I suppose I shall have to let you go; but on condition that I shall be allowed to go as a Red Cross Nurse."

You see at the beginning of the war the wife's consent had to be obtained. The day soon came when nobody's consent was asked and men were drafted and sent over to be slaughtered like cattle.

~~Stanley went at once to the phone and called the morning paper, told them we had volunteered and that day the issue came out with big headlines and photographs of us both and it felt prematurely heroic with all the accompanying thrills~~

Hearing that a regiment called the "Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry" was being formed in Ottawa, Stanley lost no time in wiring to Mr. R. B. Bennett (then our Member of Parliament from Calgary), volunteering his services. Though a barrister and a "K.C." (King's Council) at the time, but having soldiered in South Africa, he was eligible, as this regiment was composed of men who had seen active service.

On August 11, came the following reply:

"Ottawa, Ont. Aug. 10

Stanley L. Jones, K.C.  
Calgary.

"Colonel Farquhar authorizes me inform you he will keep you commission in Princess Patricia Infantry and to come here immediately. Cannot promise anything Mrs. Jones but if she were here chances would be better. R. B. Bennett."

Such a scramble to rent our home to a responsible party---our pretty home which we had just bought and furnished and decorated throughout, and where we had been so happy ever since our marriage a little over a year previous---to turn it over to strangers and perhaps one or the other of us might never see it again!

With tears streaming down my face and sobs beyond control, I packed our valuables for storage in the bank's vault and our necessary clothing for the journey, and we left for Ottawa at midnight on August 12, 1914, amidst a host of friends at the train to see us off. We were literally snowed under with flowers, fruit, candies, magazines and all sorts of presents, even a nurse's thermometer and four-leaf clovers..

The trip to Ottawa was uneventful, but being the only one on the train bound for France, we were naturally objects of curiosity, and much sought after and talked to. Arriving in Ottawa, we went at once to the Chateau Laurier which seemed to be the headquarters of the regiment.

Two weeks were spent there in getting the required number of twelve hundred men and thirty-six officers, and fully equipping them. This latter was done at the expense of a prominent man of Montreal, Mr. A. Hamilton Gault, and the existence of the regiment was largely due to his efforts.

They were a magnificent lot of men, most of them not much under six feet tall, and two or three boasted nearly seven. Every man wore a decoration and some five or six. Stanley had the Queen's medal with four bars.

At last everything was ready and the regiment had orders to sail on August 29. On Sunday, August 23, on a grey and gloomy day, immense numbers of people assembled in Lans-

downe Park, in the city of Ottawa, to attend Divine Service with the Princess Patricia's and to witness the presentation of the Colors to the battalion, which she had embroidered herself. The Princess (daughter of H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, then Governor General of Canada, uncle of His Majesty The King) on presenting the Colors to Colonel Farquhar, the commanding officer, said:

"I have great pleasure in presenting you these Colors, which I have worked myself. I hope they will be associated with what I believe will be a distinguished corps. I shall follow the fortunes of you all with the deepest interest, and I heartily wish every man good luck and a safe return."

The next day the regiment embarked for Montreal. Six of the officer's wives had permission from Gen. Sir Sam Hughes to sail on the same ship, and I was fortunate to be one of them. The city turned out en masse to bid farewell to the men and wish them good luck, and the train pulled out amidst tears and cheers of those they left behind.

The regimental band--the crack band from Edmonton--composed of thirty-six Highland Pipers, dressed in the Highland costume, met us in Montreal. Detraining, the regiment lined up, the pipers began playing and the march commenced from the station to the pier, keeping time to the pipes.

All along the line of march the streets were thronged with people, cheering, throwing flowers, cigarettes and chocolate to the men. Some of the girls, leaving the crowd, walked along for blocks talking to the soldiers, giving them presents and exchanging names and addresses and promises to write, for this was the first regiment leaving Canada for the

front.

The ship, which was one of the White Star Line, the "Mergantic", was to sail at 7:00 p.m. So I went on board with the other ladies, and watched the regiment embark. The ship fairly groaned under the load it took on. Machine guns, rifles, ammunition, gun-carriages, tents, all the equipment and kits of the soldiers and officers. A constant flow of paraphernalia which I thought would never cease. Nor must I forget the regimental mascot, a beautiful little bull dog with a complete Red Cross outfit, who frisked around us as proud as Punch.

Major Gault had presented several magnificent well bred chargers to the regiment, and the second class deck had been turned into a veritable stables. Besides these there were the horses of the officers and a number of draft horses. All the animals went peacefully on board until it came to Major Gault's, and they pranced and neighed and showed their distrust in every manner. They would not go up the gang plank. Finally someone suggested blindfolding them, which was done, and they went on board like lambs.

After three hours of loading, everything was in readiness, and it was nearly seven o'clock. Orders were given for everyone to go on board; the ship's siren blew; the pipers played and the big boat began slowly to move and get under way.

As we pulled out from the pier, every church bell in the city rang out its peal and every factory whistle blew its farewell. Everything that could make a noise, made it in honor of the first regiment to leave for the front. As we moved down the St. Lawrence, every ship we passed dipped its flag in salute, or gave three lusty blasts from its siren;



all the little tugs came around us like bees, screeching their noisy whistles and waving flags. Even the tiny fishing boats blew some kind of horn to wish us godspeed. Guns along the shore and from different forts, boomed their salutes of farewell, until the river widened and darkness came on.

Then dinner on board. This promised at first to be a gloomy affair, as everyone began to realize they were not on a pleasure trip but about to face a serious problem. But we soon heard the boys singing and our spirits rose and we put gloom in the background.

A great disappointment awaited us on arriving at Quebec the next morning. Colonel Farquhar received orders to disembark! So there was nothing to do but obey. No one knew the reason nor what was to become of the regiment. The ship sailed the next night practically empty, a few passengers were taken on, and my husband decided I had better go on to London, which I did. When we pulled out I watched Stanley standing on the pier until he became nothing but a speck, then I turned drearily away wondering when I should see him again.



## CHAPTER II

AUGUST 30 TO SEPTEMBER 24, 1914

WAITING IN LONDON FOR THE REGIMENT. THE PRINCESS

PATRICIA'S AT VALCARTIER. CAMP LEVIS.

Our trip across was dreary. In order to make up some of the two days lost at Quebec disembarking the troops, the captain of the "Megantic" took a short cut north of Newfoundland and through the Straits of Belle Isle. The first morning out a knock came on my door about 6 o'clock, a steward with a message: "The Captain's compliments and would Mrs. Jones like to see the icebergs as we are passing through them now?" Would I! I fairly flew into my fur coat, snatched up my camera and went up on deck and there beheld a most beautiful sight. For thousands of years those icebergs have been there, they have taken all sorts of shapes; the nearest one was like a huge temple and it seemed so near that I took a picture of it, but when the photo was developed it looked like a speck on the lens.

We were soon enveloped in a dense fog, the horn started blowing and it did not let up until Ireland was in view. It

seemed to me that if there were any German submarines around they must certainly hear us if they could not see us; but it was strange that not one of the twenty passengers on board had any fear at all, we were like one little family and fairly owned the ship. The passage was very rough and for a day or so I almost had the ship to myself as I am never seasick. Heavy seas swept over the deck, and as I stood at a window in the bow, it seemed at times as though the ship would take a dive never to come up again. Frequently the propeller was entirely out of the water, and a great tremor ran through her from stern to bow, making her seem like something alive.

On the 6th of September we landed safely in Liverpool, and I went on the boat train at once to London. I had been in London a little over a year before, but it was a very different London I was entering now---the city seemed to be alive + with war posters and troops. Foggy old London was wide awake and everyone was working for the boys at the front. I went directly to Morley's Hotel on Trafalgar Square and stayed there a few days to get my bearings. This trip to London thrust on me so suddenly, and being only in my early twenties, found me entirely on my own and obliged to do my planning alone.

The next day I spent in riding around London on top of a bus. I made the round trip then took a bus going in another direction. This I did for two or three days and soon I was quite familiar with the city and could find my way around easily. I liked the trip through Knightsbridge and into South Kensington, it seemed to be kind of suburb, and Queens Gate Gardens appealed to my rustic tastes. So I found a very nice pension nearby and established myself there. I was not far from Har-

rod's big department store where I spent many an hour browsing around the huge place, and the South Kensington Museum was just around the corner, also the museum where all the gifts from India presented to the King and Queen upon their coronation as Emperor and Empress, were kept.

I soon found I had fallen amidst a house full of strictly English people and it was too early in the war for the spirit of comradeship to prevail, which was to be so delightful later on. Nobody spoke to me and when I spoke to anyone they answered me politely and it ended there. I began to feel very blue and lonely and awfully sorry for myself. I think I must have been the only Canadian officer's wife in London at that time. So I decided I had better get busy at once as there is nothing like work to cure the "blues". I found this to be true many times during the next five years.

A letter of introduction to Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, had been given me by our member of Parliament from Calgary, Mr. R. B. Bennett, (now Prime Minister), so I went to the Ladies Army and Navy Club, Burlington, where I was told I would find the Duchess, and presented the letter only to find that she was already in Belgium doing war work. The club very kindly offered to make me an honorary member for the duration of the war, and through it I met many delightful people and was helped in numerous ways.

A club member gave me a letter of introduction to the Editor of the "London Daily Express", which I presented, and he in turn introduced me to a lady reporter on the paper. I went slumming with her over on the East side and attended a mass meeting of over three hundred women belonging to the Bermondsey "Mothers'

Club", most of whom had sons at the front. I was asked to speak a few words to them and tell them something about Canada and my teip over, and all about the Princess Patricia's Regiment. It was the first time in my life I had addressed so large an audience, but I just got up and talked and they were all so interested that I told them to ask me any questions they wished and I would try to ~~an~~swer them. There were several who had sons in Canada and, of course, I was asked if I knew them. Their idea of Canada seemed to be a little island perhaps not so large as the Isle of Man, a long distance off somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean.

A few days later the Daily Express organized two classes under the auspices of the St. John's Ambulance, one in Home Nursing and the other in First Aid. I joined them both.

The reporter gave me letters of introduction to matrons of several large hospitals in London, and I went the rounds trying to get in, even offering to pay my way for the training. But the hospitals were filled already with the daughters of the nobility who had rushed as soon as war was declared and taken all the available places. Never having had any nursing experience my chances were slim.

On the 14th of September a letter finally came from Stanley, which gives an idea what happened to the regiment when taken off the ship at Quebec:

Point Levis Camp  
September 3, 1914

~~Well how is my sweetheart today?~~ I am writing this to you on the chance that it will reach you before the regiment gets to England. I am very glad you went on, although I felt very badly at seeing the boat pull out without me. We came at once

to this camp which is very picturesque and comfortable and the men seem quite contented as they know now why we were sent here--- the Admiralty ordered it. Our ship was not convoyed and there were too many German submarines on the Atlantic.

We expect to leave any day and in the meantime are getting further equipped, drilling, etc., which will do us no harm. Today it is pouring rain but our tents are fairly dry and we will use the time in getting inoculated against typhoid fever.

Yesterday my company did a couple of "attacks" and the running has made me a little sore, but I am physically in better shape every day and that is one good thing we will have to credit to the war.

If you had stayed behind I could have seen you very seldom. I have not been able to get over to Quebec yet and do not want to. I hope that you are not worrying and that you will carry out your part of our service like the dear brave woman you are. I know that you will be as useful as possible wherever you may go, if it is only visiting around among the military

(continued on page 11)



hospitals in England, writing letters and sewing for the men and cheering them as only you can. If you find there is nothing to do in London you might move down to one of the towns where the wounded men are brought. As soon as we arrive in England I shall let you know where the regiment is and you may come and visit us.

We have had all kinds of accounts about your ship. It was reported back at Quebec several times, and some of the men think it is still waiting for us; but I feel certain you went right over and had a pleasant voyage.

Somehow I have a sure feeling that we will again be together after this war is over, with a deeper love for the sacrifices we are making. I am going to keep cheerful and hopeful all the time, and hope to "play the game" as a gentleman and a soldier should.

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After reading this letter I put forth a strenuous effort to perfect my work in the classes, resolving to have something to show when the regiment arrived. For recreation I attended the matinees of movies and theatres. The first theatre I went to was almost entirely filled with women and all were knitting socks or sweaters, so the next time I went I took my knitting along too, but I could not learn the art of knitting without looking at my work.

There were more soldiers in attendance at the movies, and lots of choral singing between the pictures. A particular favorite at that time was "Sister Susy's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers", which always caused many laughs.

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Point Levis Camp  
Sunday, September 6, 1914

A week has just passed and we are still here but we hope to sail next week, although nothing is certain. I shall not cable but shall telegraph you care of Cook's immediately on our arrival. I hope when you receive this you are comfortably settled.

It is rumoured we may sail on the "Calgarian" which is now in port. Wouldn't that be nice and good luck? It has been pouring rain all day and the camp is very wet but my bed is dry. I am orderly officer today, got up at 5:30 a.m. and shall be up until 11:00 p.m. Am feeling fine and fit. Under the colonel's orders we must all grow moustaches! Now aren't you glad you did not stay behind? But I promise to shave it off as soon as the war is over!

I try not to miss you too much. Somehow I feel that God will take care of us both and bring us together again in our happy home. Let us cheerfully do our duty on that assumption anyway.

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Over a week went by and no letter came. So I went to the War Office to see if the regiment was on its way or had arrived, not dreaming but what I should be told everything I wanted to know. I was listened to courteously but suspiciously and was told nothing except that I could write to Stanley care of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, C.E.F.

To keep from getting blue I started out to see some of the historical places of interest with which London is filled. I visited the British Museum and found they had begun to take out a lot of valuable articles and put them in safe places, fearing air raids. I went to the National Art Gallery and found conditions the same there; London Tower and the crown jewels all locked up tight, not to be seen.

My reporter friend took me to visit the dearest, queerest little old lady who had done considerable travelling in her lifetime and who made a hobby of collecting amulets from harness. She had a most unique collection worn by horses from all over the world. There were thousands of them and some really beautiful, mostly done by hand, of beaten brass or other metals. It was an education to listen to her talk.

We also visited a famous London Club composed entirely of authors and writers, poets, etc., which I found extremely amusing though the intellectual atmosphere somewhat overawed me. Everyone I met talked fluently and rapidly of subjects way over my head and with words not in my vocabulary. The majority of them were dressed like frumps,--not even a pretense of style. I could not resist the temptation now and then to attract the attention of my friend to someone passing us who looked just as though she had been an intimate friend of Mrs. Noah in the Ark, and was justly rebuked when my friend said:

"My dear, that is the famous so-and-so who wrote such-and-such. She is too busy writing wonderful books to think of style." Was my face red!

A trip down to Thos. Cook & Sons the next morning, Sept. 25, rewarded me with a letter from Stanley which kept me busy for several days. By the time I had bought all the things he asked for and a few others which I thought he might need and had better get before London became flooded with Canadians, I think there was not much left for the Canadians to buy. In fact later on it became the joke of the regiment, all the (as I look back on it now) ridiculous things I bought for him.

Camp Levis  
Sept. 14, 1914

Well how is my dear little pal today? Not too lonely I hope. We have had beautiful warm weather lately and the men are feeling happier, but are very anxious to get away. It is hardly possible that it is more than two weeks since we came here. I enclose you some clippings from the newspapers which show we are not forgotten at home.

I am going to give you some addresses in London and whenever you have time you might look them up and see what military supplies they have and if they can furnish them quickly. If you find they are hard to get you might buy them for me in advance. (Here followed a long list of articles. Ed.).

There are a large number of military weddings in Canada these days, one of our officers got married two days ago, and was back for duty next morning, Lt. Colquhoun.

I hope you are busy now even if it is only working on committees of which there must be many in London. I know you will not be backward about getting into the swim and you are sure to meet some nice people. We are both giving our all to this cause and there is nothing in England too good for you.

Levis Camp, Canada  
Sept 17th 1914

~~How is my dear sweetheart~~ <sup>How are you</sup> this morning? I hope your weather is as bright as ours. I am burnt to a crisp, I call it losing my "civil skin". In a few days my face will be hard and brown and I won't mind the sun.

~~Take will be made and from the work and the sun~~

I want you to wear our regimental badge. Take the enclosed design to a good manufacturing jeweller and get his suggestions and prices. The metal work could be platinum or gold as you desire. As the flower is a marguerite you will probably know the proper colors and can have him match them in stones. I am afraid we cannot afford a yellow diamond in war time, but perhaps a good topaz will answer the purpose; the petals could be of diamonds. These are only suggestions, of course, and your own good taste must govern. (The regimental badge was in honor of Mrs. Hamilton Gault whose name was "Marguerite". The centre was a daisy surrounded with the name of the regiment and a crown at the top. Ed.)

Transport ships are gathering at Quebec and we should sail before long. An American paper says your ship took on a lot of Indian Troops before sailing but, you will tell me all the news when we meet. I am getting pretty familiar now with my duties and should have no trouble "holding down the job!" McKinery is a good chap and I believe our company is the best in the regiment. (No. 2 Co.) Mr. Bennett (brother of R. B. Bennett) has had no experience as a soldier but he's got a good head and is very witty and a laugh just now can't be despised.

I have written Mr. Bossé of the Royal Colonial Institute that you are in London. Call there should you need anything. Premier Sifton will write to the Alberta Government Offices to do anything they can for you officially.

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The nursing classes were progressing nicely. The lectures were given by some of the best doctors and surgeons of London

and were most interesting. Examination time was drawing near so I applied myself to earnest study.

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Levis Camp  
September 20, 1914

Three weeks today since we landed here and you will be in London almost two weeks. So far as we can tell we should leave here in a week with about 20,000 other Canadian troops. I suppose they find it more convenient to escort all together. Tomorrow the Duke of Connaught and Princess Patricia visit us again and we are to have a Field Day for them.

I am getting on pretty well with my duties and the Major (McKinery) told me he wanted me for his captain when we left for the front, but, of course, this is in the future and I told him I was quite satisfied to do my duty in any capacity. However, it is pleasing to know I am making good and believe me, it's not easy as our old soldiers know a lot and soon spot a greenhorn.

In addition to the articles I gave you the other day, will you please keep your eyes open for a good officer's compass with a luminous face for night marching, also for an electric torch that will burn for some time and is easily loaded. They may have a good "Bull's Eye" lantern that will do but you can check these up.

Bennett got a lot of papers from Calgary today, which I enjoyed reading. There is not much new but everyone is busy with Red Cross work. Did I tell you we were given a "separation allowance" for married men? Yours will be \$30.00 per month, and it will be sent to you monthly.

The Canadian Government is sending over a large hospital with nurses, but so many experienced nurses are applying it will



be difficult for you to work in, but I know you will find some suitable Red Cross work to keep your thoughts and time busy.

Most of our officers go over to Quebec every night and wine and dine in great style, but I must confess this does not appeal to me, especially while you are not with me. I have been over only once, in the morning on duty. I went to the Police Court to get some of our men out of trouble--it seemed like old times.

It looks as if the officers' wives who stayed behind cannot sail with us because they are not allowed on troop transports, but there may be an exception made in their case.

We played a game of football yesterday, officers against men, and lost three to nothing. I had not played for over fourteen years, but enjoyed the game and didn't do too badly. We are all getting in physically perfect shape and enjoying good health. I have lost three or four "skins" already.

Have hardly expected any letter from you as you could not know my address nor how long we would be here. If one does arrive, however, I shall be delighted <sup>to know that you are safe</sup> ~~as you are in my mind and heart all the time.~~

Camp Levis  
September 22, 1914

~~How is my little pal today?~~ Just a few words before lunch. We are having an awful spell of hot, muggy weather, I have not "sweated" so much since South Africa; but it is probably better than very cold weather. By the time you get this, dear, we should be on the water. We are going by troopship, so none of the officers' wives can come with us. (The colonel's wife, Lady Evelyn Farquhar and her maid; Mrs. Hamilton Gault, Mrs. McKinery, Mrs. Donald Gray and one or two others went over with the regi-



ment, permission being given at the last minute.Ed.) They are going via New York. I don't know where we shall land but perhaps you will know, or if you apply at the War Office they may tell you and you can run down to meet me. I hope you could get the articles I asked for as I hear it is hard to get them in England. I shall also want a pair of wire cutters.

I wonder if you have had any mail yet? I have had two letters from home since leaving, that is all. You will have so much to tell me when we meet. Don't worry about the war, Lou, the job's got to be done and done right and you and I will do our parts cheerfully and bravely as all the people who count for anything are doing. It is getting so in Canada that all the able bodied men who are not volunteering are being looked upon with contempt. Make all the friends you can in England, dear.

Camp Levis  
September 24, 1914

I was surely pleased to get your first letter today. I understand thoroughly just how you found the nursing situation. I would not dream of your doing drudge work anywhere. Perhaps after we leave England for the front you can visit around among the military hospitals (especially the Canadians) cheering up the men, writing their letters, etc. I should like you to visit Ireland and Scotland anyway, and perhaps run down to Malta with your cousins. (This last sentence shows they still thought they were on a pleasure trip and that the war would be over in a few months.Ed.) Even if you are not doing anything we will both feel better by being so close together. If I fall sick or get wounded you will certainly be able to nurse me and that means a lot.

We have no further orders about leaving but it will probably be in a few days. I shall not be able to cable you where or when we will land as we will not be told. All the Canadians

(31,000) are going together. I suppose at this time of the year we shall have a rough trip too, and many will be sick.

Take in some good matinees and musicales and anything that appeals to you. For my sake you won't have the blues but will make good use of your stay in London, if not in helping the soldiers, or if this is not possible, then in still further cultivating your mind and heart which are so dear to me. We are living in the most strenuous time in the world's history and it is something to feel that we are bearing our share of the burden and not showing the "white feather".

I am glad you are "en pension", it is so much better for you than a hotel. I shall be very anxious to hear that you have my letters with all my love and that you feel that some day we shall again be together in peace and happiness. Au revoir, very soon I pray.

## CHAPTER III

SEPTEMBER 2~~4~~ TO NOVEMBER 12, 1914

THE PRINCESS PATRICIA'S AGAIN EMBARK FOR ENGLAND. ARRIVAL  
AT PLYMOUTH. IN BUSTARD CAMP, SALISBURY PLAIN.

R.M.S. Royal George,  
September 28, 1914

Well here we are ready for another move. We came on board yesterday in a heavy rain but broke up camp very quickly. This boat is even better than the "Megantic" and the men are living like fighting cocks, many of them in first class cabins. We do not know when we shall sail but are waiting for all our troops, 33,000 in all, who will fill over thirty ships. I do not know, of course, if this letter will reach you because it may be censored. There is no use trying to cable you as I could not tell you anything. Make no engagements so that you will be free to come to me as soon as I telegraph you. Be brave and cheerful as usual.

Plymouth  
October 15, 1914

Just a few lines, sweetheart, to let you know we have arrived safely after a slow but good passage. We have no orders yet and don't know where we are going. I will telegraph you as soon as I find where our camp will be and then you must come down and visit me. I am longing so much to see you again. When you come bring all your belongings as you cannot tell for how long it will be.

I don't know whether I can get this letter ashore, as we are out in the stream, but I hope it will find you with all my love.

S. S. Royal George  
Plymouth, October 16, 1914

I wrote and telegraphed you yesterday on arrival and hope you received the messages as I had to hand them to a sailor to take ashore. We are still out in the stream and have no orders yet to disembark and in the meantime we are just trying to kill time as we cannot go ashore. However, I think we should get away to our camp by Sunday and as soon as I know definitely our location, I shall send you full particulars as to where you are to come.

We are almost sure to be near some city or town where there will be lots of good hotels and boarding houses and I shall be able to spend all my time off duty with you. You are in my mind all the time and I cannot help feeling that we shall be together again after the war happier than ever with the knowledge of duty well and bravely done. From my own great loneliness and heart-hunger I can form some idea of how you feel, but I know what a dear brave wife you are.

If you get this letter by tomorrow (Saturday morning) I

should love to have a telegram from you that "all's well"; address it c/o Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, S.S. Royal George, Plymouth. I will get all your love with it.

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I paid another visit to the War Office armed with letters, telegrams, photos and anything I thought would serve to prove I was not a spy. I summoned all my persuasive powers and attacked the first person I met. Then I was passed along from one office to another until I thought I would soon reach Lord Kitchener, but a very stern looking General finally gave me the "third degree" and told me the regiment would encamp on Salisbury Plain, but I was under no circumstances to give out this information.

Returning to the pension I paid my bill, collected my things, called a taxi and started for the station, took the first train for Salisbury and arrived there ten o'clock at night in a driving rain. I went to the first hotel suggested to me and got a good night's rest.

Speaking of rain, I might just mention in passing that it did nothing but rain the six weeks I was in London before the regiment came. I did not see the sun clearly when it did shine, it was always through a yellow mist, part smoke and part moisture, which I think is what constitutes a London fog. But that was nothing to what we got on Salisbury Plain and at Bustard Camp where the Canadians were encamped.

The next morning though cloudy it did not rain and after breakfast while talking to two ladies in the drawing-room, I discovered they were Lady Adah Scott and her daughter from near Edinburgh, Scotland. Lady Adah had a son in Vancouver at the outbreak of the war, he had joined a western regiment as a



"Tommy" and was with the first C.E.F. She had come to Salisbury on the chance of finding him, so we joined forces and hiring a taxi went out on a scouting expedition.

I almost loaded the motor with the things I had brought for Stanley. We bought a thousand packages of cigarettes for the boys, of the famous "Woodbine" brand. Then we set out by way of Amesbury, a quaint little village which seemed to be just one long street with thatched roofed cottages on both sides, surrounded by the typical little English gardens. Leaving the village we passed large groves of English holly, the berries just beginning to turn red, for Christmas was very near. Reaching the vast stretch of Salisbury Plain, we turned from the main highway into a road leading to "Stonehenge" the famous ruins of an old Druid temple which few people visiting England miss seeing.

Returning to the highway we saw in the distance a long line of troops advancing, so we waited to let them pass. What was our surprise and joy when on nearing us they turned out to be the Canadians! I was never so thrilled in my life! Regiment after regiment passed us and every little while we threw packages of cigarettes to them until a commanding officer requested us not to as it was disrupting the line of march. We had not thought of that as the boys seemed so eager to get them. However, we got out of the motor and handed them to the "Tommies" as they marched along.

Suddenly I heard a cry from Lady Adah and saw her run towards a great big husky looking lad who broke ranks and took her in his arms, then quickly caught up to his place and marched on. Needless to say it was her son!

But I was doomed to disappointment; the Princess Patricia's were not there! I inquired of one of the officers and found they



had gone into camp the night before. We waited until all the troops had passed, then followed on behind.

A few miles farther on we again turned off the main highway on to "Bustard Camp". It had rained heavily the last few days and the motor lorries, trucks, gun carriages, etc. had churned up the earth until it was almost a sea of mud. We ploughed through it to headquarters and there we were directed to our respective regiments, Lady Adah going to her son's and I to my husband's.

I cannot describe the joy of that meeting after six long dreary weeks of separation! It was the tea hour and several of the officers' wives and friends were assembled in the officers mess, and for the next hour or so one would not think that there was a big war on and that these men were on the eve of making the supreme sacrifice for their country. Everyone was jolly and experiences and jokes of all kinds went the rounds, the war was not even mentioned. It was always like that whenever we were with any of the officers or boys, war was tabu and a reckless spirit seemed to prevail to crowd all the fun and enjoyment we could into the short space of time, for we did not know what the morrow would bring forth.

Stanley and I soon left the mess tent and went over to his, and there began the unloading of all the paraphernalia I had bought for him the last six weeks. Colonel Farquhar came along while we were in the midst of unpacking and stopped to greet me and said with a twinkle in his eye:

"You know, Mrs. Stanley, your husband will not be allowed to take more than an automobile load to the front with him!"

I had often wondered when buying all that stuff how he was going to carry it. When he got all his kit hung on him we named him the "Human Christmas Tree."

Colonel Francis Douglas Farquhar, D.S.O., was the military secretary to His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, ~~G~~overnor-General of Canada, when the war broke out and was made colonel of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry on the formation of the regiment. He needs no eulogy from me as everyone knows of his bravery. He was beloved by the whole regiment. His memory will live long after we have passed on. His delightful wife, Lady Evelyn, was an inspiration for many of us who were more inclined to curse the war and those who caused it than to be brave and give our all.

The Colonel very graciously gave Stanley two days leave commencing the next day. So with the joy of this promise in my heart, I left to pick up Lady Adah and her daughter and return to Salisbury. They were enthusiastic about seeing again the son and brother whom they had not seen for years.

The next morning Lady Adah, Miss Lucy and I were up bright and early and off for a tour around Salisbury, one of the quaintest of the old cathedral towns of England. After lunch we returned to "Bustard Camp" and the Scotts had a visit with their boy. Then we picked up Stanley and motored to the railroad station at Salisbury and took the train for London. There we parted with the Scotts, they returning to Scotland and though I corresponded with them, I did not see them until several months later under very sad circumstances.

Stanley and I spent the next two days getting acquainted all over again, window shopping and buying more "kit". One evening we went to a show, the next evening we put on all the "dog" we could and had dinner at the hotel "Savoy", where we met several acquaintances and fellow officers and many of the Princess Patricia's. I think I have never listened to so many war jokes as I did that night. Everyone was jolly and seemed to try to outdo

one another with their keen sense of humor.

Leave over, Stanley returned to camp and I moved from Salisbury to the little village of Amesbury, which was nearer the camp and more convenient for Stanley to reach in case of a short leave. I saw him many times during the next two weeks.

While at the "George Hotel" in Amesbury I met a Mrs. Vaughan, wife of General John Vaughan then at the front. She lived in the neighborhood, had her own motor and chauffeur and was most kind to me. With her I visited several hospitals among them Tidworth, where Lt. Hugh Niven, one of our officers, was ill. There were already many wounded in the hospitals of the neighborhood and we did what we could to cheer them up a bit.

Mrs. Vaughan tried very hard to get me in one of the hospitals as a nurse, but the quota was filled. Then she wanted me to go in with her and start a small hospital, but when we talked it over with Stanley he decided it would tie me down too much and if he should get wounded and send for me I might not be able to get to him. I was glad afterwards that I did not take it up.

Word came from London that the St. John's Ambulance examinations would be held the next day, so I telegraphed Stanley at camp and went up to London. I succeeded in passing them and received my diplomas. On returning to Amesbury the following letter awaited me:

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Bustard Camp  
November 10, 1914

Tonight I am in charge of a guard over the prisoners of the whole division. Things are quiet just now but I expect sixty prisoners in from Salisbury soon, mostly men overstaying pass and drunk. I will be on duty until 6:00 p.m. tomorrow. We are getting very busy training now and will be doing a good deal of

work at night but you can always know I will get in to see you when I can.

I hope you enjoyed the Lord Mayor's Show, I shall be interested to hear you tell all about it.

Bustard Camp  
Monday P.M.

I received your telegram but it is raining so hard that I'm afraid Mrs. Vaughan won't be able to get out. If she does I will discuss the hospital matter with her. I hope you will find your examinations O.K. Don't worry about them anyway. I know if you once get nursing you will do well. Mr. Niven has returned from Tidworth hospital and cannot speak too highly of the nurses there. He says they have over a thousand wounded men, including some Germans.

His Majesty

I understand the King will review us some time Wednesday morning, I don't know the hour yet. If it is a fine day perhaps Mrs. V. will bring you out if you are back by then. I will try to ride in Wednesday night if the roads are passible. It certainly can rain here, can't it, dear?

This morning General Rawlinson lunched with us, he is a friend of the Colonel's and is just back from the front for a few days. I understand he would like to have us in his brigade but we have had no further orders and may have to stick here for some time. The men would much sooner be fighting than messing around in the mud and rain doing nothing.

I can't tell you, dear, how much I enjoyed our little visit to London. I feel sure we shall have many more little trips together and we shall enjoy them all the more for having done our duty so well this time.

It is too wet to work today so I'm just getting off a few letters and a little love to my darling wife who every day is

getting more and more precious to me.

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Mrs. Vaughan took me out for the King's review. It was a gloomy day and a sea of mud. I took some photos but they turned out blanks. After the review we joined Stanley and had lunch in the officers' mess.



## CHAPTER IV

NOVEMBER 12 TO DECEMBER 20, 1914

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S BRIGADED WITH THE 27TH ENGLISH DIVISION.

ENCAMPS AT WINCHESTER. EMBARKS FOR FRANCE.

Then orders came for the Princess Patricia's to move. They were to be brigaded with an English division. I returned to London to await further news. In a few days came a letter from Stanley:

Winchester  
November 17, 1914

We are safely in camp again after a hard day and night. I got my blankets O.K. last night but many did not and it was very cold. We were working most of the night getting the men settled down. On the way down we passed around via Southampton and the men were very much excited thinking we were going straight over to France. When we arrived here we were surprised to hear our other regiments had left early in the morning for Scotland--- evidently a hurry up call for some reason or other. We have no

idea what will happen to us here. We are camped in a small field about two miles from town on the top of a hill. If you wish you can come down. I don't know the good hotels, but you can find out in London. I hear three of our officers will have to leave for unsatisfactory work.

Lou, dear, will you buy me two more of those batteries and an infantry sword knot. I shall buy a small stove for our tent and we shall be comfortable while we can.

I am writing this on my knee in the dark of my tent, so it is a little awkward. I was so glad I saw you in Amesbury and that Niven also saw you. I hope your train was not too late getting to London. Write me every day and let me know what you are doing every minute. Au revoir, dear.

The George Hotel, Winchester  
November 17, 1914, 5 p.m.

I dropped you a line this morning, since then Niven and I have come down town to buy an oil-stove and see the place. It is a very nice little city and I believe you would enjoy it. We are going to have afternoon tea here. I find this hotel charges from 12 to 15 shillings per day and 4 to 8 guineas per week. It is very comfortable and is the headquarters for army people, although the other officers wives are not staying here.

Come down if you can arrange matters so as not to interfere too much with your nursing studies. I would not want you to miss a chance to get some occupation by being here. Write me anyway just what you are doing and what your prospects for nursing are. Take it quietly and see all the people connected with nursing you can, including those in charge of the Canadian Hospitals. They may be able to help you to get some nursing experience in any event. If this finally does not result in any luck you can take a trip over to France and see what's doing. In the mean-

time, there is lots of time, and I think you're wise to get all the training you can. With all my love.

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Needless to say I went everywhere I could think of and everywhere anyone told me that I might volunteer my services; but there was no chance for me in England. ' So I again packed my things and went to Winchester.

An excerpt from a London paper of November 19, 1914, gives a good idea of the regiment:

"OLD WARRIORS FROM CANADA.

"Heroes of Many Campaigns in the Contingent.

Winchester,  
November 19, 1914.

"Of all the battalions that have been quartered near this sleepy cathedral city during the past few weeks none has aroused so much interest as the Canadian Old Brigade, which moved into camp on the downs east of Winchester a few days ago.

"They are the cream of the Canadian contingent, and of the thousand or so of men that go to make up the battalion, there is not one but has seen service somewhere, and some have been in as many as three campaigns. I found them a happy lot, and especially proud of their mixed origin.

"'It's like this,' said a genial colour-sergeant, 'we are every man a trained soldier, and we represent almost every single branch and corps of His Majesty's service. We've got infantrymen, artillerymen, engineers, signallers, master cooks---, yes, and trained aviators too, for several of our officers have been through the schools.'

"'We come from almost every township in the Dominion,' said another, 'and we've had them come in from the States to join, and even as far as Australia, for we've got one Kangaroo.'

"'And don't forget Rhodesia,' put in a tall, powerful Scot, who had seen service in three campaigns.

"There are many interesting things to be seen in the camp. The commonest thing is a medal ribbon. More than 80 percent wear medals for campaigns, and one can boast the Zulu medal of '79.

"There were four men of the battalion noticed casually together who could boast 17 medals between them. But, more than this, they are one and all good shots and hardened campaigners.

"They are proud of their Highland piper band.

"It came about this way. A recruiting sergeant in the distant Dominion township of Edmonton wired to the C.O. in Ottawa: 'Scottish piper band wishes to enlist in body. Will I take them?' The answer was delightfully laconic: 'Will you not?' They were promptly enlisted, and the regiment is proud of it's 'Scotties'.

"The camp is surely one of the jolliest there ever was in wartime. There are sufficient Irishmen there to make sure of the jollity being kept up.

"They are a magnificent battalion this Canadian Old Brigade. Wherever they go among the Expeditionary Force they will find old comrades. The only thing they ask is that they shall be allowed to go to the front speedily."

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I stayed a few days at the "George Hotel", but was soon located in a private home where I had a living room and bedroom and my meals served in my "apartment". Mrs. Donald Gray, another of the officers' wives was in the same house. Our husbands were only first lieutenants at that time, but our quarters soon became a rendez-vous for a number of lonely officers who came along with our husbands for a cheering up.

We were in Winchester three weeks altogether, and O how it

did rain! We did not see the sun the whole time we were there. No use trying to see the town. The cathedral was dark and gloomy, the old tombs gave one the creeps. Good place to stay away from. Mud, mud, mud everywhere! Try to walk the mile or two out to camp and got stuck in the mud over our shoe tops. In sheer desperation I went down town and rented a piano. That afternoon it was delivered. My quarters being on the second floor they had to rig up a derrick and haul it up through the window. It cheered us up considerably, and when a number of the officers came in that night we had quite a jolly party. From then on until they left for the front that piano was made to work overtime.

For the next few weeks our life in Winchester was one of a restless suspense which grew worse every day, for we knew any minute the cursed orders to leave for the front might come. It was hard on all of us wives and mothers being left behind. We visited one another but we were all very low in spirits, and it was only when our men folks were with us that we managed to keep up a sort of false gaiety and tried not to let them know that our hearts were breaking underneath.

We had quite a lot of talent among the boys in the regiment, and they got up a very fine concert which we all attended and made it quite a society event.

About the second week in December, one morning very early, came a note from Stanley. I had not seen him for two days:

"We are having an inspection today at 2:30 sharp by our Brigadier. Better walk up and bring your camera. Come at 2:00. I hope to be able to go down with you afterwards. I hope you were not too lonely yesterday. Yours in haste but with much love."

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Mrs. Gray and I walked out to camp and took our cameras, but



it began to rain as usual and the photos were no good. I knew this inspection meant leaving for the front very soon, and I thought my nerve was going to leave me, I had to draw on all my reserve to keep from a complete breakdown. The very thought of Stanley leaving me perhaps forever created a terror which I cannot explain, but which I am quite sure every woman during the war who was placed in the same position feels and understands.

On the morning of the 20th of December the word came to us that the 27th Division (which included the Princess Patricia's), was to march at noon to Southampton to embark for France. Lady Evelyn Farquhar, the Colonel's wife, came with the Colonel's motor to take us down to Southampton to see the regiment off. Mrs. Gray came up to my rooms to tell me all this news and for about ten-minutes I had a complete collapse. I had seen Stanley the night before but only for a few minutes so I had not even said good-by to him! The promise of seeing him at the ship gave me courage and we started on our journey.

We soon caught up with the regiment and as we could not keep behind them were obliged to pass the whole division en route. Again I was disappointed as my husband was not with the regiment but had been sent on ahead on special duty, but the Colonel promised to send him to the hotel as soon as they arrived in Southampton. He kept his word and Stanley came to me a little while after they arrived. He could only stay a few minutes but that was better than not seeing him at all. I promised to be brave and to carry on, and he was gone! The ship was the "Cardigan-shire" and she must have been pretty well loaded as a letter from Stanley later on describes.

I returned to Winchester with Lady Farquhar and the other officers' wives and left that afternoon for London as I could not

bear to stay there any longer with Stanley gone. Some friends from home were staying at a little pension in Bloomsbury, so I went there and took a room, and they were a blessing to me for the next few weeks as I think I should have died from loneliness and heartache.

## CHAPTER V

December 20, 1914 to January 5, 1915

THE PRINCESS PATRICIA'S IN FRANCE. CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR  
IN BELGIUM. TRAINING FOR THE TRENCHES.

Somewhere in France  
December 21, 1914

Just a line to let you know how much I loved your note sent by McKinery. I am so glad that I saw you again and that you did not have your trip to Southampton for nothing. We are now waiting to land. Had a good sleep last night under the dining-room table and am feeling fine. Be your own brave dear self and keep as busy as you can. I hope you can get to Lady Scott's for X-mas. If not, run out to some country hotel and spend the week.

This is a bright sunny day. The men are pretty tired and many have sore feet, but they are getting a good day's rest now.

Au revoir, dear. I feel that your love is always with me as mine is with you. Write me often

December 22, 1914

Arrived safely after a very smooth and uneventful passage. We had a pretty heavy march out to camp but afterwards had a good dinner in a small restaurant and also a restful sleep last night. I wrote you from the boat. Hope you got it. You will understand, of course, I cannot tell you anything of interest in my letters but I can always send a great deal of love--there is no censorship on that.

I hope that after the New Year you will soon be able to get placed. Be sure to put your ad. in the "Times". Did you see Adamson before you left Winchester? He must be very lonely. His servant came with McKinery as Adamson said he would not keep him behind.

I hear them calling for mail now, so will send this off. Write long and often, dear, and know that you are always in my thoughts.

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Captain Agar Adamson of No. 2 Company was kept at Winchester for a few days after the regiment left, to be O. C. in charge of breaking up camp and the few men who were unable to go with the regiment. Lts. Papineau and Charles Stewart were left behind in the hospital suffering from burns resulting from their tent burning down a few days before the regiment left. However, they were all able to go to France in a short time.

Christmas Eve was damp and inclined to be a bit foggy with a few snow flakes tumbling about. The weather did not stop the Christmas carolers, they seemed to be everywhere. Some even had a cart with a little organ on it and six or eight singers. Others just had a violin and still others just sang. It was beautiful but to me very sad.

My friends being Catholics asked me to attend midnight mass with them. First we went to the vaudeville at the Coliseum which lasted until about eleven. We came out of the theatre into a dense fog---one of the kind you can't see your hand in front of you---and I thought I knew my way around London pretty well; but I lost all sense of direction, only by mere accident did we finally turn up in front of Morley's Hotel in Trafalgar Square. We went in and asked the porter to get us a taxi and even they seemed to be lost. In about a quarter of an hour the porter came back with one and we got in and started off again, soon to discover the taxi man was lost and we were twenty minutes getting to the Westminster Cathedral when we should have been about five. When we finally arrived mass was half over.

The church is a huge place and the fog had so penetrated it that the enormous cross hanging from the roof in the centre looked like the ghost of one, and the candles on the altar were like stars twinkling through clouds. On leaving the cathedral the fog had lifted considerably and we found our way home quite easily.

Christmas day was quiet and the pension gave us a very lovely dinner. I met quite a number of ladies who had relatives at the front, which made me feel not ~~quite~~ so lonely and in a short while it actually penetrated ~~through~~ my head that I was by no means the only woman in the world making a sacrifice for her country--or in my case--the country of her adoption, for I was still very much American at heart and did not feel as though this war was any affair of mine at all. Stanley had so much faith in my bravery that I just had to do my best to live up to his ideal.

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X-mas Eve, 1914

Just a few words of love and to wish you a Merry X-mas and a Happy New Year. We are billeted here now for a day or two and are quite comfortable. In the distance we can hear the big guns booming, but everything here seems quite peaceful.

I hope, dear, you will not be too lonely during the X-mas season and that you will soon have lots to occupy your attention. We have a hare for tomorrow and hope to have a good X-mas dinner. Au revoir, with all love and good wishes.

X-mas Day, 1914

This is a real frosty X-mas day with a sort of white haze in the air. The men are quite comfortable in barns and stables and are enjoying a well earned day's rest. The Major, (McKinery), Bennett, Carr and myself are quartered in a little inn. (George Bennett a brother of R. B. Bennett, M.P.; Lt. Carr, machine-gun officer.) We are two in a bed. I sleep with the Major and altogether we are very comfortable.

We buy eggs, etc. and the women cook for us. As I write there is great excitement over our dinner. We have a large rabbit and two chickens, two small tins of plum pudding and I have opened my preserved ginger which will be quite a treat. We have lots to smoke and "Vin rouge et blanc", coffee and tea, so should have a merry time as possible considering we have not our loved ones with us.

My whole thoughts and love are with you today even more than ever. I know you are lonely, but you are too brave a girl to give way to your feelings and with my love you can come through these times all right.

We have had no mail yet but I am looking forward to some soon. I am so anxious to know how you are getting on. However, if you

promise not to worry too much about me, I won't about you. Is it a bargain?

And now, sweetheart, I must wish for us both many happy returns of today. Give my regards please, to Mrd. McK. Will write you as often as possible.

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The King and Queen sent a postcard to all those at the front and Stanley sent his to me. On one side was a photo of their majesties and on the back was this inscription: "With our best wishes for Christmas 1914. May God protect you and bring you home safe. Mary R., George R. I."

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Sunday, December 27, 1914

I was more than delighted today to get your first loving letter. We are all well and eating most of the time. You cannot possibly get near us here no matter what the other women say. You are really handier to me in England than in France.

I will, of course, keep you advised of all my movements and you should count on getting mail regularly. The mail orderly is waiting now, will write more tomorrow.

Monday, December 28, 1914

Just a few words this morning before we go out to our day's work digging trenches. It's wet and muddy as usual and the men have quickly lost their smart appearance, but they are mostly well and happy. They got some Christmas pudding and Princess Mary's box of tobacco, etc. If I get one will send it to you.

We six officers live very well here. We all take a turn at cooking. I am noted for my soups. (He took over a lot of concentrated soups in cubes to which you add boiling water. Ed.) How I wish you and Mrs. McK. could drop in on us for a meal. We get lots of fresh eggs at two francs a dozen. My French is improving

very fast and we all talk it as much as possible.

Don't send me anything until I tell you. I am carrying too much now and must get rid of some stuff. Don't make any attempt to come to France. You couldn't get anywhere near us as no one is allowed to enter this district except on military business with a special pass. If you come to France it will be much more difficult to get mails and parcels to me. However, when it comes to nursing, if you get the chance I have no objection to your coming over, but I should greatly prefer you would get in through our own people in London.

Have lunch with Mrs. Dismour and Lady Drummond and pull all the strings you can but don't worry if nothing turns up. Your chief occupation just now is to keep me cheerful with your loving letters. These I write are passed by Major McKinery and Major Gault, but they are not supposed to read officers' letters. Letters you write to me are not opened, so write long and often, I am anxious to hear all the smallest details.

Our landlady's husband is a prisoner of war. She has two small children and we did what we could to make them happy X-mas. The women are working all the time, hardly stop to eat or sleep but they don't seem to mind.

We have only had one mail as yet, but will get more soon. Well, dear, I must get my kit on now. Here's all my love and hopes that 1915 will be our very happiest year.

New Year's Eve,  
December 31, 1914

We have had a long dig today at the trenches, very muddy, but our men work like Trojans and make the mud fly. We are building miles of new trenches, march out five miles and return each day. This means rising at 6:00 a.m., a breakfast of eggs and bacon and then nothing to eat until 7:00 at night when we

have a big dinner.

Six of us mess together and live well. My soups are still famous and last night I made a big dish of scrambled eggs and minced ham. It doesn't cost us as much as the government allows, so we are practically living free. The Major and I have a good bed so we have no cause for complaint.

We can just hear the big guns in the distance but it will probably be some little time before we get to the firing line, although two officers and two men go up every day and spend twenty-four hours in the trenches for instructional purposes. My turn has not come yet as, of course, the senior officers get first chance. I am acting captain of No. 2 Company. Tomorrow we will be reviewed by General Sir John French.

You ask me to tell you where we are. You will, of course, understand this is quite impossible. No one censors my letters so I am in honourbound to observe all the rules of the game. You, of course, know we are with the British Army in France close to the front. From the maps you see from time to time in the papers you will know about where the army is operating. The exact locality where we are changes frequently. You may be sure that if anything happens to me and I go to hospital sick or wounded it will be somewhere at the base where you can come and visit me, and I am arranging with a half dozen men that we shall each notify the others' relatives if a casualty occurs.

And now, dear, I must read and censor about a hundred letters of the men. It's not a pleasant job but must be done. With all my love and best wishes for a happy reunion in 1915.

New Year's Day  
January 1, 1915

I received your letter today just after our inspection by Generals French and Smith-Dorrien. We had a hard day and the men are taking it easy now. Je parle Francais toujours ces jours ce! You would be very much shocked at my grammar, but I get there just the same.

Your letters reach me the second day after mailing and you can send any parcels you like at any time. At present, dear, you might send me a half tin of tobacco, 100 cigarettes and a tin of strong throat lozenges. If you like to put in a small fruit cake I shall eat it as your New Year's present. I am so glad you liked my X-mas present.

All happiness be with us both for 1915.

January 2, 1915

There, I wrote the year right first time! One of the boys has just told me there was a despatch in the "Daily Mail" under an Ottawa headline that the Princess Pats had been in action. If you saw it, dear, pay no attention, nor to any such rumours unless they appear in the official news.

Major Gault has returned from the trenches and reports an interesting visit. Major McKinery and Lt. Fitzgerald go up for a day next week and George Bennett is trying to go with them. George is in great form these days and always has some new jokes to keep us in good humour. We have just finished a rubber of bridge, McK. and I against George and Sullivan. Hance (McK's servant) has just brought in a large bowl of cocoa which goes fine on a wet day.

Lou, dear, will you please have the "Daily Times" sent to me. I think this is the best paper to read over here. There is



really nothing new to write about. The only words we need to use these days are "eat, sleep, rain, mud and dig". Our men are getting in bad shape already for boots, the constant wet makes them wear quickly. One of my big boots has gone at the toes but there is a good shoemaker in the village and I am having my shoes resoled.

The Major and I went to a near<sup>by</sup> village last night for a hair cut. They had seven canaries and I whistled to them until they sang. You can probably get a canary now and perhaps a pet dog?

Just for fun let's time this letter and your reply. I am writing at 5:30 p.m. I cannot say, of course, when the post corporal will call. As soon as you get this, write an answer and let me know the hour. We will do this several times and try to make a record in quick correspondence. Good night, dear, and sweet dreams.

January 3, 1915

Sunday afternoon. We dug all morning in the rain and are now taking a comfortable rest before the fire. I am eating a pear which is not very good but I must have some fruit. I cannot get apples. Whenever you send me a parcel put in a couple of real good juicy apples.

My French is improving all the time and my little dictionary is often consulted. I have had my equipment covered with khaki waterproof and it is O.K.

I have a Princess Mary X-mas box which I shall send you in a few days to keep. It will go with my Queen Victoria's. I shall put in a camera film. Send me copies of any photos that are worth while. I'm afraid the films are no good, so much damp weather. If the sun shines next week I shall take some of our trenches.

Tuesday, January 5, 1915

I was very happy tonight to get your letter of last Friday, I am glad you and Mrs. McK. pull together. The Major is a good sort and we get on well. I have already told you I am acting captain. There is plenty to do, but I would sooner be busy.

We are leaving here tomorrow for nearer the front and shall probably be in the trenches the last four days of this week, and then eight days rest in good billets. I cannot, of course, write in the trenches so you will understand why you get no mail for some days. You may be sure I shall take as good care of myself and my men as possible. I look forward to the letters I shall get from you in my "rest days". Perhaps you can give me some Calgary news from the papers, I hear the winter is a hard one there.

My big boots wore out and I took them to the shoemaker and the sun-of-a-gun evidently lost them. However, they were pretty well worn and the pair I am wearing are all right.

I shall tell you all of interest I can, and you can almost guess from the papers where we are. After we come out of the trenches I shall send you a full account of our experiences.

We must be up early in the morning, so shall say good night, dear. May you have sweet dreams every night and may your days be filled with the pleasures of duties nobly done.

## CHAPTER VI

January 5 to 11, 1915

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S MARCH INTO TRENCHES. CAPT. NEWTON FIRST  
OFFICER KILLED. REGIMENT IN REST BILLETTS. LETTER  
TO THE CALGARY "ALBERTAN".

Friday, January 8, 1915

I have just come out of the trenches for a few hours to look after some food and things for the men and find I can get a letter off to you, my own dear girl. We relieved a French regiment Wednesday night and will come out Sunday night for probably a two weeks rest and clean up when I shall write you fully of my experiences.

It is mostly artillery fighting here and we have had a half dozen men wounded but not seriously. We have the usual quota of mud, rain and cold, but fortunately I am standing the racket well and taking good care of myself as I promised.

George Bennett and Niven are with me now. They have fed me like a prince and are sending me back loaded with food and tobacco. My little French proved of great use to me in dealing with the French officers whom we relieved, but I know you would scold

me for my grammar and pronunciation.

I must hurry off now, dear, as I have a four mile walk with a big gun accompaniment all the way and every little while the whole country is lit up with flares. Niven sends his regards and says that as camp censor he will pass this without reading it! Don't be worried if my letters are now irregular. In haste and with all my love for my own dear brave girl.

Sunday 6:00 p.m.  
January 10, 1915

Your "timed" letter has just arrived, eight days after mine was written, but probably yours has been waiting for me a day or two. Last night I wrote you a long letter after coming out of the trenches and I am very much annoyed to find I have mislaid it. If I don't find it tomorrow, I shall write a letter to the "Albertan" and send it to you first describing our experiences.

We lost Captain Newton and two men killed and seven wounded. We buried Newton in the chapel yard here and I have taken some photos of his grave today, which I shall send you, and if they are good you might send them to his people.

Don't bother any more about the hospital as I see it is impossible for you to do Red Cross work in England. I would sooner have you solely as my "base of supplies".

In my last letter I asked you to send me an officers' thermos bottle to hold one quart. It will be fine to take hot tea into the trenches where it is a godsend. I had a nice hot bath today, changed my clothes and feel fine. Tomorrow we move away a few miles for a four days rest. I should be able to write you every day for some time and get more mail from you, also your parcel and papers.

J I hear the Moose Mountain people have struck crude oil. I hope for Calgary's sake it is quite true. I received a letter

from the Liberals today asking me to run for Parliament while away. Just imagine such a silly thing! I think one fight at a time is enough, don't you, dear?

We are just ready for dinner now, how I wish you could drop in. It is "al fresco" but good and we have no complaint on the food line.

I shall write again tomorrow, dear, and hope to find the letter I lost. Your love is very precious these days, and I live for you alone.

In Billets  
January 12, 1915

What a good day this has been for me! We came here last night, had a fine sleep and this morning I was rewarded by your loving parcel and "swell" letter--very stunning stationery, eh what? I have just eaten two of the yellow apples, they are delicious; when I eat the rest I shall tell you which kind I like the best, but a few of these will always do.

The mitts I am giving to Sullivan and some of the men. Mine are still good, they simply won't wear out. The cigarettes and tobacco look fine. I shall smoke some after lunch. The fruit cake will probably turn up tomorrow. Thanks so much, dear. Your thoughtful love is so precious to me nowadays and it is a great comfort to me to know that I have such a dear faithful wife thinking of me every minute.

I am glad you like Lady Farquhar. The Colonel is one of the best and never spares himself but is working all the time and is always cheerful. Our regiment is getting a very good name for itself and can hold its own with any of the rest. It will be fine if you and Lady Evelyn can work together for the regiment. Every time they go into the trenches practically all of their



clothes should be thrown away and socks, shirts and underclothes can be used ad. inf. If you can get to Boulogne you have my consent as always in advance. I have the most absolute confidence in your every act and thought, and whatever you do is right.

I have had to hold letters for you and they will probably all go today together. In the one to the "Albertan" I say I am the only officer fit for duty in the company. Don't read this to Mrs. McKinery as it might worry her. The Major had a bad cold but is better now and Sullivan had to leave the trench on account of exposure, but everything went O.K.

I got the newspapers today and am enjoying them. This is all the news we get. After a while in the trenches you don't care much about anything else but your own little show, and, of course, in my case, of my dear wife whose love is my inspiration and the dearest any man ever had. Will write again tomorrow.

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Major McKinery suffered from shell shock and had to be taken out of the trenches the second night. He was sent back to "Blighty" and eventually to Canada where he formed a labor battalion which was sent to France a year or so later. Stanley took command of No. 2 Company.

Captain Newton was the brother of the Countess of Dysart whom I met through Lady Evelyn. I had the films developed and gave the Countess a photograph of his grave.

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#### LETTERS TO THE "ALBERTAN".

London, January 15, 1915

"I enclose you a very interesting account of my husband's experiences in the trenches the first time. He went to the front as acting captain of No. 2 Co. I am sure the people of Calgary will be interested in reading the description, although

Calgary will be interested in reading the description, although the conditions are too horrible for words.

I am working with Lady Farquhar keeping the Princess Pats supplied with fresh underclothes, etc. every two weeks. This means a lot of work as we have to advertise for donations and then go around (continued on page 48)

collecting the things.

"The Princess Pats were equipped by Mr. Hamilton Gault of Montreal, but not maintained by him, so that, being an independent regiment, it receives supplies neither from England nor Canada, and was rather up against it until we started the "Princess Pat Fund" here. Of course, the regiment is paid by Canada, but being the first Canadian regiment to go out to the front, and being brigaded with a British Division has left it out in the cold until matters are adjusted at the War Office."

# "WHEN THE PATRICIAS MARCHED INTO THE TRENCHES.

Captain Jones' Letter.

"With the British Army  
January 11, 1915

"We are having a few days rest after a spell in the trenches, and I shall endeavor to give your readers some idea of a soldier's life in this war, free from the glamour of imagination. It is almost impossible for me to write many letters and I hope my friends in Calgary will consider this letter as addressed to them all.

"After a rather long period of training in Levis and Winchester we were mobilized with the 80th Brigade, 27th Division, composed of British regulars just back from India, so that this division is probably unsurpassed in the army, there being very few recruits in the ranks. On arriving in this country we went into billets in small villages and dug trenches, but unfortunately we have not been able to fight in any of them, and our experiences with the French trenches has been anything but pleasant.

Princess Pats in Advance.

"Having received orders for our division to occupy ground held by a French division, the Princess Patricias were honoured

by being the advance guard, which meant first also in the trenches. While the regiment marched the twenty-five miles, an officer and three "non coms" from each company went ahead in motors to get familiar with the French position and to arrange the relief. I formed one of the party and eventually was given the responsibility of leading two of our companies to the firing line and occupying the right of the French position, two other companies holding the left.

"Our advance party got in touch with the French general, studied the position carefully from the maps and then walked down to the trenches after dark, and went over them thoroughly. I shall describe the methods of reliefs and the trenches later. On my return I was hospitably dined by the French colonel in his bomb-proof dugout and had a very interesting night. I am speaking French quite fluently now and this language is almost indispensable here.

"The next night our people came up and advanced down a shell torn road towards the trenches. Ruins were on every side and big shells were dropping here and there and every few minutes the whole country would be brilliantly lighted up with the flares both sides use. And now the crackle of rifle fire got nearer. We formed single file and halted near the French colonel's dugout, just 800 yards from the front. I had arranged for a French guide to lead each platoon (eight in all) to its proper place and sent them off at five minute intervals. Owing probably to an imperfect understanding of the language and confusion between the different formations of a French and British regiment, some of the guides led their platoons to the wrong places and it was certainly a great test of discipline, that our men in some cases for over two hours, walked around in front of the German trenches

without getting into a panic.

Germans 50 yards away.

"I went down with the last party and we finally got under cover and the French went out, leaving one man only. On the left of our line the German trenches were only fifty yards away; on the right only a hundred yards. By the light of the flares both sides could be distinctly seen with the two rows of wire entanglements between. They held a road on the left and a ruined brick farm house on the right, both strongly defended. The approach on our side was an open sea of mud, intersected with old wire, abandoned trenches, shell holes and strewn with unexploded "Jack Johnsons". Over this stretch all reliefs have to pass without cover and it is here that many casualties occur. The hour of relief is constantly changed but just when you think you are safely in, a flare is lit and there you are in full view, "caught in the act". The only thing to do is to bend down, stay perfectly still and trust to luck. Just at present for some reason the Germans have not been provoking our attacks, and as the French told us, if you leave them alone they will you.

Conditions Almost Unendurable.

"The trenches we hold are about a hundred yards long and were built by the French under fire during a successful advance so that they are merely improvised shelter of the poorest kind. The earth is so soft it constantly undermines and the parapet falls down. There is no drainage or overhead cover, and we stick over the knees in cold water and mud, absolutely plastered from head to feet. The rifles fill with mud and many cannot be fired. The men cannot walk about, and after sitting in this cramped position for some hours many men cannot get on their feet, and eventually have to be carried out. Forty-eight hours of this is all



any man can stand, and after this probably one-half are unfit for service for a week and about ten percent go to the hospital, so that, aside altogether from wounds, it is easy to understand how rapidly a regiment loses men.

#### Captain Newton Killed.

"During our first night we kept up an intermittent fire just to keep the Germans awake, but when morning came our big guns opened up and raked their trenches from side to side, ranging perfectly. We enjoyed the experience for a few minutes, when the German guns suddenly opened on us, and for the rest of the day seventeen different kinds of hell were all about us. Guns of every size and kind roared and spit back and forth; ripping great holes in the earth and throwing mud and water high into the air. We escaped annihilation by only a few feet, as the main bursts of shrapnel just cleared us, the Germans evidently being afraid of hitting their own lines. This bombardment went on for two days and we only lost Captain Newton and two men killed and seven wounded. Captain Newton was well known in Canada as an aide-de-camp to Earl Grey and the Duke of Connaught, and was universally popular. We buried him at night in the yard of a ruined cathedral, and he sleeps with many brave souls of the allied armies buried close by.

"The bursting shells began to knock down our front parapet and in many places they fell down into the water in the trenches, so that the men behind had to seek shelter somewhere else. A shell knocked over our Maxim guns, buried them in mud and put them out of commission. At dark the bombardment ceased and we began to look for our relief, which came about 10:00 p.m. We got our men out with great difficulty, and it would be absolutely impossible for me to describe their pitiable condition. At this

time I was the only officer left fit for service in the company, as fortunately I am in the best of health. We gradually dragged ourselves out of rifle range, the men helping each other and carrying some who could not walk. About a mile away we loaded the worst cases in wagons and came on here into billets for a week's rest. The men had their first hot drink of tea in three days, and then most of them threw themselves down and slept as they were for a whole day. Swollen feet, dysentery and severe colds are the chief troubles, but nearly all men will be fit for duty when our turn at the trenches comes again. We sent twenty to hospital out of 150 in our company.

#### Hunting the Snipers.

"Your space will not permit me to give many incidents of trench fighting--two will suffice. The Germans make great use of snipers, and our men went after them from the start. One sniper used to hide in a hedge at night on the left of our company, and bothered us a lot. Sergeant Gratton of Regina marked his position the first night by the rifle flashes, then next day with his field glasses he picked out a likely hiding spot for himself about twenty yards from his position and waited. Presently sure enough, the sniper's flash was seen, and then a man half rose up to see the effect of his shot. Gratton got him! It was good hunting. I feel sure when our men get their stride they will do a lot of good work of this kind, and here our marksmen can be of especial use.

"Another incident. In the darkness someone was seen approaching by trench from the German lines. My men thought he was one of our snipers returning, but on closer view he proved to be a German who had lost his way, and he was most surprised to drop into a British trench. Our men were very decent not to shoot him.

at some distance off, and he was very much relieved to find we were kind to him and took nothing from him except his equipment. He was a very nice boy, only eighteen years old, and with my very imperfect German we had quite a chat. He spoke very strongly against the war and said they were losing many men. I think he was the most pleased man in the trench that night to be safely out of it. Private McDonald, formerly of the Calgary police, I think, took him in charge and he was duly handed over.

Men Well Cared For.

"Tonight we are going into brigade reserve some <sup>distance</sup> away, where we will refit, get mail, eat, sleep and generally recuperate. No army can possibly look after its men more than ours.

"We Canadians at the front are all very proud of the part Canada is playing in this war. The best men only are wanted, and these trained and disciplined as much as possible. There is little place for the so-called "irregular" soldier; war nowadays is so scientific that each unit, however small, must work in perfect support to all the rest. However, the Canadian spirit of initiative will be of great help, and our men should give a good account of themselves.

"If possible, I shall write you again at a later stage in the campaign.

Yours truly,

Stanley L. Jones,  
No. 2 Co. P.P.C.L.I."

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Shortly after this letter was published, the following "classic" appeared in the famous Calgary "Eye Opener" written by Bob Edwards the Editor. For those who may not have heard of this little paper; it was published "every little while" by Mr.

Edwards ~~who was a lawyer~~, and was eagerly looked forward to by the people of Calgary. It was humorous, a bit risqué and free of speech, which many times brought on libel suits; but Bob Edwards was loved by all, and the "Eye Opener" during the war was hailed with joy by the men at the front. Edwards has now passed on but I believe this little paper was bought by a firm in Minneapolis and is still carried on though in name only:

"Captain Stanley Jones, the well-known Calgary lawyer, in the first of his interesting letters from the front, took occasion to remark that he was now talking French like a native. Like a native of where? Stanley forgets to tell us. One can fancy him asking General Joffre: 'Are you the uncle of the poolroom proprietor with the cauliflower ear?' To which Joffre, with a faint grin may reply: 'No, I am the grandmother of the lady with the pink pyjamas.' Vive le Jones!"

## CHAPTER VII

January 11 to 19, 1915

PRINCESS PATS AGAIN IN THE TRENCHES. .LT. JONES  
IN COMMAND OF NO. 2 COMPANY.

January 13, 1915

We are marching out in a few minutes to spend the night in another village, preparatory to a second spell in the trenches. They should not be so bad this time as each regiment going in makes some improvements. We have had a good rest and feed and I am feeling in excellent health. I am sorry to say the Major had to go to hospital today, only a bad cold so don't say anything to Mrs. McKinery unless he has written her. This leaves me entirely in charge of the company with only Sullivan to help, but we have some good N.C.O's. and shall get on O.K. It is a great question in my mind if the Major can stand this wet campaigning, fat men often seem to suffer in the bronchial tubes, don't they?

I sent you two Princess Mary boxes yesterday, give one to



the Reillys if you like, it makes a valuable souvenir. I also enclose two camera films which please have developed and if they are any good send me a print of each. I took one of the Canadian Women's Ambulance, and if this is good, please send one to Mrs. Gooderham or anyone you like. I am afraid I got light in the camera as it was broken. Please buy me a folding pocket kodak, one that can be easily carried, and you may send two or three dozen films with it.

January 14, 1915

Had a good sleep last night and am resting balance of the day ready for trenches for the next four days, so you will know why you miss your mail for a time. I hear we are going to other trenches but they cannot be any worse than our first ones, probably much better.

I was delighted to get your letter of Sunday and to know you are such a congenial family. It is so good of the Reillys to mother you and tell them if they can keep you happy, they are keeping me happy too and that means doing their share in the war. Your little bit of poetry just expresses my sentiments, dear. We have only one life to live and when you consider the many mean ways there are of dying accidentally and by sickness, we should not mind too much the dangers of battle. Keep brave and cheerful, dear. You must have enjoyed your children's X-mas party in Bermondsy. That was a fine thing for the "Daily Express" to do.

I can't always get the army postcards, so don't look for too many of these. Will expect lots of mail at our next rest camp. I quite agree that you should not bother any more about hospital matters, you will be doing fine work collecting for the regiment.

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The X-mas party of which he speaks was given by the "Daily Express" for the poor children of the Bermondsey district where I once addressed a meeting of the "Mothers' Club". I went with my reporter friend and assisted in presenting the kiddies ( of which there were many hundred) with sweets, fruits, etc. from the huge Christmas tree. After which we played all sorts of games with them and a "good time was had by all".

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(continued on page 57)

Monday, January 18, 1915

I was delighted on arriving at rest camp last night to get your loving letter of last Tuesday. By this time, dear, I hope you have received all my letters giving a full account of our first days in the trenches. It is certainly too bad that all these silly rumours get abroad about our losses and you are very wise to pay no attention to them and to look only to the war office and my letters for the truth as to what we are actually doing.

Have just received the morphine tablets. Thanks very much, I hope I shall never need them but I shall ask Keenan (the regimental surgeon.Ed.) how much is safe to give at a time. He is a mighty good chap and is never flurried by anything.

We have just finished our second spell in the trenches and No. 2 Co. did not come off quite so lucky as the first time. I lost in my trench two killed and there were a number slightly wounded, taking it all round, no very serious losses. We had several "Jack Johnsons" heaved at us and the air was certainly full of flying mud and lyddite fumes but we again escaped by a few feet. Seven mortar bombs were also thrown into my trench but only two exploded doing no damage.

Colonel Farquhar says that General Snow is very much pleased with the conduct of the regiment and I am sure they only want a good chance and especially a spell of fine weather to get after the Germans good and hard. The Colonel, Gault and Buller are all "live wires", absolutely unbothered by fire and always cheerful.

I am very glad you have been able to get so much for the regiment and believe me they need everything they can get, they should have an entire change of underclothes every time they come out of the trenches. None of the supplies have arrived yet but

shall probably get them in a day or two. We hope to be here for three or four days and the men will have a good rest and if possible a hot bath.

We are billeted now in a little inn, have a good bed and the people are very kind. As I write it sounds just like home, with ten canaries singing at once. The old lady breeds them and says they sell for about two or three francs each. Different from Calgary, isn't it? Have you bought a dog yet? When we go home we shall take with us the ugliest British Bull we can buy.

Must close now, sweetheart, as I have some hundreds of the men's letters to look over before the mail leaves. Our men certainly write a lot of letters and some have very vigorous imaginations. I shall write you tomorrow and every day until we're in the trenches again. Even then I can send you an army postcard once in a while.

January 18, 1915

I know you don't mind two letters per day, do you? I write whenever I get the chance. I enclose a P.O. for 7/6 which I cashed for a man. Please get a little treat for your "house party" on me, and consider it as my good wishes for all. I cannot say how happy I am to know that you are in a sort of home circle.

I have found by experience that a large part of my kit is unsuitable in this muddy work. For instance my greatcoat is useless except as a blanket when I get my sleeping kit at rest camp. Will you please get me a pair of rubber gloves, a rubber cap cover to come down to my shoulders and button under the chin, a pair of waterproof stockings, if possible, up to or above the knees, and a pair of waterproof trousers to slip on over my others right up to the waist. I think these are made of a light material. I also

need another pair of putties; are these made waterproof? (I think what they all needed was a diver's suit.Ed.) The best place to get these things is at Cording's, Pic<sup>c</sup>adilly.

You might also send me three pairs of warm socks and two Turkish towels, not too large. This is quite a list, but I know you will enjoy buying them and your heart will be in every article. Hard candies go well too, such as peppermints, acid drops and "bull's eyes", from time to time. How I did enjoy those apples and fruit cake, all of which, of course, I shared with the other officers. Sullivan and I have to mess alone now as we are the only two officers in the company, but we have good servants and are well looked after. While the Major is away, Hance (Adamson's old servant) is looking after me, and he certainly is a daisy, spoils me in fact, so much so that I know you will scold me when we get home again for some of my lazy soldier ways, eh what? (A funny story is told of Hance while the regiment was billeted at Bustard Camp. He was an old experienced soldier with many medals and his devotion to Captain Adamson was a by-word among the officers. He had a great habit of commandeering anything the Captain wanted, so that any time something was missing from the officers' tents Hance was blamed, and usually rightly so. Nor did he stop short of the Colonel's tent, whereupon the Colonel threatened to "shoot him on sight" if anything more disappeared from his tent.Ed.)

Good night, dear. We are going tonight for a hot bath in an old brewery, then a good bed and sleep and we're ready for the Huns any old time. You swear at them and I'll fight them and between us we'll give them a warm time.



January 19, 1915

I have just had a good sleep, a fine breakfast of ham and eggs, fried bread, jam and tea, and before getting up Hance brought me first a cup of coffee and then a half hour after another cup and two slices of bread and butter--isn't he spoiling me? We have whis little kitchen to ourselves, the canaries are singing beautifully and altogeth'er we can forget war for a couple of days. It is only these complete rests that enable the men to keep fit and in good condition.

(continued on page 60)

I have a few more things to bother you about, dear, do you mind getting them when convenient? Blue ointment, bug powder (mine spilled and I feel them "coming on"), another small First Aid case, the one you gave me was very useful. We are always getting small cuts and bruises. I find my scratches heal very slowly and matterate quite a lot. I want something to dry them up quickly. What would you suggest, some iodoform or New Skin? You will know just what I want. Can you get us some toothpicks in "Merrie England"?

That's some list again and sounds as if I were starting a drugstore, but don't worry, my general health is amazingly good. My cough is all gone and my appetite would do your heart good.

We have just had X-mas puddings delivered us from Mrs. Gault which have been long delayed. Please give her my thanks. If you run across some wealthy Canadian or others who wish to donate something, pipes are always useful, you may send them to No. 2 Co. for my men. 150 will do, or a supply of paper and envelopes. These are only suggestions, but don't buy them yourself. Au revoir, dear.

January 19, 1915

I enclose another letter to the "Albertan" which you might read and forward. Hance has just filled my pen and I'm writing with ink the first time in a month. One of the boys is going to cut my hair now, I certainly need it. I see by the papers that a Maltese regiment is leaving for the front and paraded past the Governor in the square--a big time in the old town, eh what? I expect your three cousins will be in that regiment.

There, three letters to you today is not so bad, is it? We have had no mail today but shall probably get some tomorrow. A thousand "baisers"---

## Copy of Letter to the "Albertan".

CAPTAIN STANLEY JONES WRITES OF LIFE IN THE TRENCHES

"With the British Army  
January 19, 1915

"Once again we are back from the firing line refitting after a very strenuous week. Your readers will understand that in a division there are three brigades composed of four regiments each (ours has five). One brigade holds the front, the next in close support, and the third is resting in reserve. Of the brigade in the front, two regiments hold the firing trenches, the others the support trenches. This makes a continuous chain of duties within our divisional limits, and we are constantly on the move around this circuit, making the complete circle about every eight or ten days. Each division has a distinct part of the front to look after and a distinct piece of country behind in which to move and billet. All these operations involve a vast amount of detailed staff work, and it is here that highly trained officers are absolutely essential.

"The roads are narrow and the traffic is very heavy in all directions, making the handling of transport a very difficult task. Hugh Niven is our transport officer, and his many friends in Western Canada will not be surprised to hear that he is considered the best T.O. in the division. What Hugh does not know about a horse is not worth knowing. His drivers are mostly from the West, and it is in this kind of work our men shine.

In Hail of Shrapnel.

"Our last spell at the front was pretty severe. We went in support in a ruined village about two miles behind the trenches, and here were shelled unmercifully. The shrapnel simply hailed around us, and although we were pretty well hidden in cellars and

dugouts, we got a good many minor wounds. My cook was making tea in a track room when a shrapnel cut holes in his kettle and unfortunately spoiled the tea with plaster. Infantry feel very helpless under shell fire, and all one can do is grin and bear it, and pass uncomplimentary remarks at our friend the enemy.

"After a day in this place we moved down to the trenches, along a shell torn road, through ruined villages, falling into mud holes, tripping over barricades, and being sniped at all the way. We move in single file straight along. There is no use trying to escape bullets by lying or bending down. There's a certain open space which must be covered, and the quickest way over is the best. Many of these snipers are undoubtedly civilians who live in our lines as Belgians and hunt us at night. They are an awful nuisance, but we shall get them sooner or later.

"Arriving closer up, we find our battalion headquarters in an old wine cellar, and here guides meet us from the regiments in the trenches, to lead us to the proper places, usually half a company at a time. As the relief files in, the others come out, all in a state of the greatest exhaustion. Wounded men are carried out at the same time, as night is the only possible time to make any movement. The slightest exposure by daylight draws at once deadly fire.

"We found these trenches even worse than the first. The men stuck up to their knees and higher in thick, gluey mud, and finally became so weak we had to send many out during the night. A number of men in each regiment have gone astray at night, got stuck in the mud and perished. We make every effort to check up our men and to prevent any from getting lost, but in the dark and under fire, such accidents are bound to happen.

## Sixty-five "Jack Johnsons".

"During the day we were again under a very heavy shell fire, getting sixty-five "Jack Johnsons" over my trench, and seven bombs from a trench mortar. The earth and air simply pulsed with the explosions, the smell of lyddite was sickening, and a shower of mud and broken bricks fell all around. Again we escaped annihilation by a few feet, but considering the German guns were probably six miles away and their own trenches only fifty yards, it was wonderful shooting.

"Owing to the absence of our major, through sickness, I was in command of No. 2 Company during this time, and consider we were very fortunate in getting off with two men killed and a number slightly wounded. Both Privates McNish and McLeod, killed, were keen soldiers, and will be much missed by their comrades.

"We are now having four days' complete rest, the men are getting hot baths and generally well looked after. There is always a large amount of mail and parcels waiting for us, and everybody is happy. We had quite a heavy snowstorm yesterday, and the trenches will now be worse than ever. We all long for dry ground and fine weather, when we have only the enemy to fight and not the elements."

*(Copy of the above)*



## CHAPTER VIII

January 19 to 31, 1915

LT. STANLEY JONES WOUNDED. IN ROYAL HERBERT HOSPITAL,  
WOOLWICH. PRINCESS PATRICIAS DOWN TO HALF STRENGTH.

January 20, 1915

George Bennett has to go in to London and I am asking him to take this little note <sup>to you</sup> ~~of love~~. I have many letters in the mail for you but they have evidently been delayed. I received apples and candy ~~O.K.~~ Bennett will explain to you, dear, how utterly impossible it is for me to get my leave now and I am very much annoyed that McK. should tell you any such thing and arouse false hopes. You can see yourself that no army could be run on those lines. Any sick or wounded are, of course, sent away at once, but I know you are a dear brave girl who expects that I shall do my duty as long as God gives me health and strength. Just keep up a philosophic spirit and we'll face the future as we face the Germans, full of confidence in the ultimate result. Bennett will give you all the local news and carries with him for you all my life's devotion.

January 21, 1915

Bennett left this morning on a business trip with a letter for you and all kinds of love messages which he will probably be too bashful to deliver, but which you will understand just the same, dear.

I was never in better health but during a long spell under fire a little "pick-me-up" should be a good thing, so send me some kind of good tonic. Also a small racy novel not too large, will go well at our next rest camp.

A few of the officers who called in today have certainly enjoyed your apples. Gault, Niven, Carr and Sullivan; two each only, and also the acid drops and chocolate. I shall save the Major's share until he rejoins, but we shall probably not see him for some days yet. I am afraid we shall continue to be pretty short of officers unless we soon get authority to fill up from the ranks. Stewart and Papineau should be here soon and will help some. You may imagine it is not very satisfactory running No. 2 Co. with two officers instead of six which we are entitled to, but this will all come out right.

We shall probably move to the front tomorrow night and have certainly enjoyed a long rest, but so many of the men have dysentery they cannot get much rest.

Are you getting your separation allowance paid regularly, and are my "wages" paid into the bank every month? You will have to be my business manager too, dear.

The birds have been having a great sing in the kitchen, how you would like to spend the rest of the day cleaning them up--and me too, eh what?

Hope to get at least another letter from you before marching out of here. Kindest regards to all the "family" and a

world full of love for yourself.

January 22, 1915

A large bundle of Calgary papers from you today which I shall enjoy reading, but I was disappointed in not getting a letter. You are a darling at writing, but I am a piggie at getting them and you must write every day even though I get them all in a bunch.

This is the finest day we have had since coming to this country, a nice bright sun. Have just had the company out for a little march to stretch their legs and they enjoyed it. A German aeroplane has just passed over the village followed by our shells bursting in the air and leaving a white trail of smoke behind. Everyone takes pleasure in an air fight except, I suppose, the men in the machine.

Shall be leaving here tomorrow for the trenches, should be able to write you again tomorrow and shall expect a big bundle of letters when I get back here. Am enclosing a New Year's card from General Sir Sam Hughes.

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Copy of the General's Card.

"Here's to the soldier who bled!

To the sailor who bravely did fa'!

Their fame is alive, tho' their spirits have fled

On the wings of the year that's awa'--

A good New Year to one and all of Canada's Citizen Soldiers.

The New Year  
1915

Sam Hughes,  
Major General."

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January 23, 1915

I am scribbling this in the Colonel's quarters while we are waiting for orders to march out this afternoon. As you may imagine, the handling of so many troops involves a large amount

of careful details. The roads are narrow and poorly paved and it requires a great deal of care to see that they don't get blocked at night which is the time everything moves. Niven, our T. O., is a wonder! It makes me smile when I think of how the Major used to pick on him. Sooner or later we all find our level in everything, don't we?

Last night was clear and moonlight and quite a heavy frost, but I think the men prefer it to the rain. We have had to send a great many to hospital with diarrhoea, rheumatism, swollen feet, etc., but most of them will come back in a few weeks and I think from this on the men will be able to take better care of themselves in the trenches. They are mostly fitted out with new boots and underclothes and some of them have made waders of their rubber sheets. We are going to soak their legs and feet in whale-oil and vaseline this trip and this should help some.

The officers, of course, have to live in the trenches just the same as the men. I was badly off for boots but have been able to buy a good pair from Buller, (Major Buller was the Adjutant of the regiment. He was the son of General Buller of South African fame, Ed.) which are very soft and I think waterproof. I shall also rub lots of oil on my feet and legs and shall be in good shape. I appear to have been blessed with a pretty wiry build and good constitution, so you mustn't worry too much on this score, dear. In fact there is no use worrying at all about the future, is there? You and I can't change it but we can do our little part cheerfully and bravely and trust in Divine Providence as to the result. If those damn Germans get to throwing bombs on London, I want you to promise to duck for the cellar at once. You're such a curious little thing, you will be rubbernecking, eh what?

Your darling little note of Tuesday has just reached me, I'm madder with the Major than you are to tell you that I could come on leave so soon. Of one thing you may be sure, dear, I shall hide nothing from you and on the other hand shall not exaggerate things either. It is quite a big job, of course, taking over command of a company so suddenly with only one officer to help, but we have got along first rate and the Colonel appears to be satisfied.

Do not send me anything to eat except the apples and candies, because I find in the trenches biscuits and chocolate are the best, and down here we buy eggs at three francs per dozen, get good meat and ham and really need nothing else. The government allows us five shillings a day for food and this is more than we spend.

Have just finished lunch of beefsteak, onions and potatoes, plum pudding and tea. That does not sound like starvation, does it, dear?

I must hurry down with this letter now, and try to get it off before we leave. I may be able to drop you some army post-cards next week and possibly some letters, but if you do not get any don't worry, they'll probably all turn up in a bunch, as the last did.

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On the 29th of January came the "buff" telegram which I had not the nerve to open. I handed it to one of my friends who was with me then watched her face as she read it. When I saw her smile, I knew all was well and took the paper from her and read:

"Regret to advise Lieut. S. L. Jones, P.P.C.L.I. is reported wounded twenty-sixth instant.

Canadian Record Office,  
36 Victoria St. S.W. "



I was all at sea as to what to do and was about to leave for the War Office when the following telegram came from Stanley himself:

"Boulogne S/Mer  
January 28, 1915

"Accidentally wounded hand slight expect leave for England tomorrow will telegraph address later--Stanley Jones."

Word came the next day that Stanley was in the Royal Herbert Hospital at Woolwich. I was delighted when at last we met again and I found the wound was not serious. The following letter written to the "Albertan" tells the story:

Royal Herbert Hospital  
Woolwich, January 31, 1915

"At the time of my last letter we were resting in reserve. On the 23rd we again moved up in support and next day went into the trenches. I was still in command of No. 2 Company and fortunately had enough men to hold our two trenches with a half company, the other half being placed in dugouts 500 yards in the rear where they could be fairly dry and have a good sleep. The following night these half companies would exchange positions so each would not have too much exposure in the fire-trenches. We are doing everything possible to ease the strain on the men's endurance but only the hardiest can last very long and we are already down to half strength, although the Princess Patricias have stood it better than any regiment in the division. We all hope that if possible the new army will not have this kind of work to do because it very quickly takes all the snap out of men and they of necessity lose the spirit of attack. We who are at this game now are quite prepared to carry it on to the end if the new forces are kept fresh. I know that our Canadians at Salisbury Plain have chafed at not sooner getting to the front,

but they are fortunate to be going out now where they will soon, I hope, fight under better conditions and be able to make the best use of themselves.

#### Within 20 Yards of Enemy.

"Our last trenches were again only from 20 to 80 yards of the Germans, in a deplorable condition, and under a very keen sniping fire from practically all directions including, at night, the rear. Each regiment does what it can to improve the trenches with sandbags, etc., but work on the parapets is very dangerous and can only be done at night and even then the flares keep almost the whole front brightly lit up. In those places where Germans know we must of necessity expose ourselves at night, they train fixed rifles, that is, aimed by day and tied firmly to a rest. At night they fire these at irregular intervals and often make hits.

#### Lt. Jones Has Hard Luck.

"The 25th was generally a bad day for us, losing as we did Lieut. Price and five men killed and twelve wounded, including Corporals Pepler and Houston of my company, both very keen soldiers and greatly liked by their comrades. I had a bit of bad luck myself. The right of my trench rested on a road, down which a particularly nasty sniper pounded into the parapet all day, getting very bold at dusk and creeping up into an abandoned trench very close in front. I located his flashes and went after him with my Colt, rapid fire, resting my left hand on the top of the parapet to steady my aim. At the time I felt quite certain I pulled my second shot low and shot through my hand between the third and little finger near the knuckle, but it seems from the surgeon's examination the wound is too small and clean for a 45 calibre lead bullet to make, so another sniper probably caught

me from behind. My men afterwards assured me that my friend in front did not fire again.

"After being hit I went to the regimental dressing station with Private Grant who had been hit on the hand and mouth. I was then passed through a regular chain of field ambulances, collecting stations, ships, trains and hospitals to this one which holds 1,000 wounded and where everyone receives the very best care. I am in hopes that another fortnight will find me back on duty again.

"I am sure that Leach's many friends will greatly regret to hear of his untimely death through sickness. Lt. Price also enlisted at Calgary. Like the brave chap he was, he turned back to help one of his own wounded men out of a bad spot and was himself shot down."

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## CHAPTER IX

January 31 to May 22, 1915

LT. STANLEY JONES CONVALESCING. CANADIANS IN BATTLE OF THE SOMME. MEMORIAL SERVICES IN ST. PAUL'S. COLONEL FARQUHAR KILLED. LT. JONES REJOINS THE REGIMENT. FIRST GAS ATTACK.

I took two rooms with a private family at Blackheath, ten minutes ride by bus from Woolwich, so Stanley and I were together every day and had lunch in my living-room. He had to be back at the hospital by five o'clock and was not allowed out again, so my evenings were pretty lonely. They had an odd way of renting rooms in Blackheath, you bought your own food and they cooked and served it to you. So every morning before Stanley came, I found it most amusing to go marketing among the quaint stores. Blackheath is a pretty English village and, as everyone knows, full of historical interest. Just across the common is the town of Greenwich with its college and huge observatory and the clock that gives the time to the world.

Stanley's wound became septic so that he was obliged to re-

main in the hospital for six weeks. The only eventful things that happened in Blackheath while we were there were a dense black fog that came on one day just about noon. I was out shopping for lunch and thought a heavy thunderstorm, such as we have in the Eastern States, was coming up and hurried home, but before I reached the house it was so dark that the street lights were turned on. This lasted for about two hours; no rain, just dense blackness; then it passed away as quickly as it came. It was the only one I saw the year and a half I was in England.

The other was an appointment with a reporter. We had been in London for the day and should have returned by five o'clock that afternoon, but somehow we took the wrong train, instead of taking a local that stopped at Blackheath we whizzed by the Blackheath station and the first stop was East Croydon! From the expression on Stanley's face one would have thought he was going to be shot at dawn for desertion, we could not possibly reach the hospital until 7:00 p.m. Needless to say at that hour the reporter had departed. However, he returned the next day and Stanley gave him a most graphic word picture of the last battle in which the Princess Patricia's took part. The interview was published in the next week's "Illustrated London News" with a two paged panorama drawing of the battle, and Hugh Niven's name was particularly mentioned.

By special permission we visited the big Woolwich arsenal and saw the guns being cast; little ones up to the monsters used on the "Queen Elizabeth". I was given a ball like those used in the shell for this gun, I forget how many hundred they use in each shell, but the shot was as large as a small orange.

On being discharged from the hospital we went up to London and took rooms at "The Palace Hotel" in Bloomsbury, the district



in which, Mark Twain said, "Americans could live cheaply without losing their self respect." We found it both quiet and interesting. Stanley was given a month for convalescing and to have his hand massaged so it would not become too stiff. There were a great many Belgians in this hotel and we heard many dreadful tales of the war and how they had had to leave their homes and flee the country, and many stories of abuse by the Germans before they could get away.

At the end of the month, orders came for Stanley to report to the medical board for examination. There he was given three more weeks of convalescence as his hand was not strong enough yet to be useful. So we decided to go somewhere to play golf during this time in the hope of strengthening the hand.

There was so much rain in London that we made inquiries as to the likelihood of finding sunshine anywhere in England, and were told that we would surely find it in the south, so we went to Bournemouth. But it rained quite as hard there and at the end of a week we returned to London hardly seeing anything of the town and had just one game of golf in the rain.

At the hotel in London we were again surrounded by the atmosphere of war and many sad sacrifices were told us. News also came of very heavy fighting in which the Princess Patricias suffered many casualties. Colonel Farquhar was killed and this news shocked and depressed us dreadfully, and my heart went out in sympathy to his wife, Lady Evelyn.

Lieutenant Colquhoun and Major Gault had made a night reconnaissance before a trench raid, Lt. Colquhoun was captured; Major Gault returned safely with the information. The Canadians had been in a terrific battle of the Somme and many thousands were killed. Several of our friends were among the dead. It was heartbreaking, and we felt that hell was surely let loose.

On the 10th of May we secured passes for the memorial service held in St. Paul's Cathedral for the Canadians who had fallen. It was the saddest and most impressive service I have ever attended, and when the "Last Post" was sounded by more than thirty buglers away off in the gallery somewhere, there was not a dry eye in the building.

Hearing that our regiment was so greatly reduced, Stanley grew impatient to rejoin it as he felt he was badly needed, and when his orders came the next day, apart from leaving me, he was only too glad to return. ✓

I went to Shornecliffe with him and we took a room in the home of a dear little English lady, who at once began mothering me, and we settled down to await orders for France. On the 14th of May, all too soon, the orders came through to leave. I went through the ordeal of separation again with all its suspense and agony, but I managed to "keep smiling" until the train pulled out, then returned to my room with tears streaming down my face. The dear little lady was kindness itself and tried so hard to cheer me. She helped me pack my things and I returned to London that afternoon.

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South Western Hotel, Southampton  
May 15, 1915

I have a little time before going on the boat and shall send you a little love in the meantime. I don't know any better occupation, eh what? I hope you were not disappointed, dear, in not being able to get up to London with me. The train was very crowded and we could have had no privacy. We went to "Waterloo" and immediately transferred for here. I shall go right on board after writing this; have a good cabin and should get some sleep as I hear we don't sail until morning.

The new officers for the regiment all seem a very good lot, mostly Westerners, and I am sure we shall get on first rate. Capt. Shaw said he and his wife would call on you. They have two motors and he says they often take trips to the country. I had forgotten until he reminded me that I once did him a very good turn by getting him transferred from the Mounted Police to the army, so don't be backward in accepting their courtesies. If you want anything done quickly at the Record or War Office he will help you.

And now, dear, good night and au revoir. I know you will be brave. Take everything as calmly as you can, and don't "kill" all the civilians you meet who are not in khaki, they will probably be there soon enough. I always look forward to a happy life together in the future in this life but certainly also in another because a love like ours cannot die and this life must be a very small part of the whole of our existence. I always look on the hopeful side of everything, even of this war, but I know you will want me to do my duty from day to day without any regard to myself except the ordinary precautions which every good soldier should take. With all my love and devotion.

May 16, 1915

It's "Apple Blossom Time in Normandie" sure enough today, very warm and sultry. We had a very smooth passage over, hardly a ripple on the water. Had breakfast on board and a good lunch in town, then came out here to our base camp where I believe we shall stay tonight.

In spite of the heat the men are having a tug-of-war and lots of fun over it. Everybody seems cheerful and I intend to keep that way myself and am sure you will too, dear. See as much of the country with its flowers and birds as you can and they will bring you happiness.

We expect to leave here this evening for Rouen which is the real base for our division and shall leave for the front from there but cannot say when. I slept pretty well last night with my "flea-bag" and air cushion. The officers here have little huts for two made of canvas over wooden frames with mica windows. They are quite comfortable. This morning three of us went for a walk through neighboring villages, very picturesque, and went into an open air café with vine trellised arbours, for a drink of "vin blanc". You see my French is tripping (or staggering!) off my tongue again. The country all around is beautifully wooded and the birds are very fine. Their song always reminds me of you, dear, not the magpie, of course, for he is a little chatterbox, which my wife is not, eh what?

We had quite a shower last night and again this morning and the heat is rather sticky and oppressive, but I am feeling in good shape and shall soon be back to old form again, so don't worry over my health, dear.

Mail is just leaving so must close in a hurry-----

Base Depot, Rouen,  
Officers' Mess,  
27th and 28th Infantry.

May 18, 1915

We arrived here this morning at 5:00 a.m., leaving Havre at midnight, four of us in a compartment, and by two stretching out on the seats and two on the floor, we had a little sleep. We had a wash and breakfast in the station, all over by 6:00 a.m. That's quite a change for me! By ten o'clock it seemed like dinner time.

We all went up to the Canadian Base Pay Office and were allowed £2 (two pounds) for travelling expenses, which has come in handy here so that I have lots of money for the month. We

Have quite comfortable

again have quite comfortable little huts here, servants and a good mess with a combined reading, writing and billiard room in which I now am. How's that for comfort in war time? A concert is going on in the men's cinema and generally every effort is made to keep everybody cheerful. A number of my old men are here and I have had some interesting chats with them. They certainly have done good work. Major Pelly only got up one day ahead of us, and two others are leaving for the front tonight after being here a week, and they say it may be some little time before we go up.

This afternoon some of us walked through the town. The cathedral is very interesting, also relics of Jeanne D'Arc's death. Shall send you some postcards if I can. I am very sleepy now, dear, and shall finish my pipe and turn in. Have bought a big cherry-wood French pipe for one franc and am enjoying the change immensely--it's "absolutely priceless". Tell me all the news when you write, just what you are doing all the time and I shall do the same. With a heart full of love, dear.

May 20, 1915

We pull out this evening for up country, a large number of officers and men are going but no men for us. I don't know what we shall be able to do until we reorganize and get more men as I do not think we shall be strong enough to take our turn with the rest of the brigade. The fact that your dear letters are waiting for me makes me wish the trip was over.

Our old landlady at Shornecliffe must have been sad to see you leave. I know she was quite in love with you and I don't blame her--I am myself, eh what?

I shall send you a card on the way up and shall, as always, write as often as possible but don't worry if you do not get



letters for a few days at any time. If anything happened to me you would always hear before a letter could arrive, so that no news is always good news, and I am still looking on the bright side of life. Au revoir for today.

Rouen, May 21, 1915

Another nice sunny day, spent all morning censoring mail, and this afternoon walked down town and had a hair-cut, not too short, so my good looks are not completely spoiled. I took a look in the cathedral, it is very fine. The streets and cafés are full of French and British uniforms and everybody seems pretty cheerful.

I cannot tell how lonely I feel without your letters, but I shall no doubt get them all in a few days and then what a feast! Everyone praises Major Gault very highly and all say he was very gallant in the last fight.

If you can, dear, look up Mrs. Gault and Major McKinery and any of our wounded officers you have met and give them my kindest regards. The regiment and our men certainly have won a great name out here. The men call themselves "Princess Pat's Crummy Light Infantry"--you know what that means.

May 22, 1915

We had a slow trip up yesterday but really enjoyed the country, everything so fresh and green and the crops looking lovely. Even here just seven miles from the trenches, the farmers (old men and women) are busy in the fields. They certainly expect to reap the harvest and we shall do our little bit with God's help to see that they do.

On arriving here we found the remnants of the regiment resting in a field and I was very much touched by the reception I received from the few old men left. God only knows what they

have been through the last few weeks, but they are still cheerful and never complain. I am going to tell you more than I used to, dear, for I know that nothing I tell you that should not generally be known will ever get out through you. The regiment put up an absolutely magnificent fight under the heaviest bombardment of the war and had about 600 casualties including a large number of our best non-coms. and old soldiers. The Germans thought time and again they had our regiment annihilated, but every time their big guns stopped and their infantry came on, there were still a few of ours left and they fought sometimes back to back and knocked over the Germans like nine-pins.

The other regiments of the brigade who relieved ours also suffered heavily. General French inspected them two days ago and gave them the highest praise, calling them the "Stonewall Brigade". He spoke very highly of Colonel Farquhar and gave the regiment great praise. It certainly makes a man feel glad that he can be with such men, and do you know, Lou, I really love the few old boys I see. Niven, Keenan and Papineau have been given five days leave in London and they certainly deserve it. They have done wonderful work all three.

I think the men will be given quite a long rest this time and we shall need a lot of new men and shall have to train them some. Major Pelly is in command and will do well. He thinks as I do that none of these new officers coming in should have precedence over us and is taking up the matter with the General; so I can't say just what my position will be at present.

Have not yet received the respirator (gas mask.Ed.) but shall give it a good try when it comes. Please give Dr. Cluny McPherson (the inventor.Ed.) my heartiest thanks. The men feel

very sore about the gas and will only be satisfied when we give the Germans a dose of their own medicine, but stronger.

I have just had a cup of hot tea and shall now crawl out of my flea-bag (no fleas yet) and get dressed. We are just six miles south of Ypres and I may stroll up this p.m. for a photo of the ruins. Write me often and long and get all the love I am sending you.

## CHAPTER X

May 22 to September 25, 1915

MAJOR PELLY IN COMMAND. THE REGIMENT RESTING. G.O.C.  
27TH DIVISION SENDS MESSAGE OF APPRECIATION. LIEUTENANT JONES  
AGAIN WOUNDED.

May 22, 1915

We have had a very quiet warm day, birds singing, farmers working and but for the rumble of the big guns and the passing of troops, one could hardly dream we were in a war. I have been posted to the command of No. 2 Co., have just 57 men in all. I don't know what will happen to the new officers, they are nice chaps but should not expect to come in as senior to the old officers; however, this is confidential, "entre nous", as it were.

This afternoon we all went out and practiced throwing hand-grenades. From the time we light the fuse until the explosion only six seconds elapse, so we have to get rid of them pretty quick and a man cannot afford to be absent-minded!

I took a photo today of the old flag which we again unfurled to the breeze; it is now full of shot holes and the men prize it

very highly. Please send me six films. The officers had to give up their cameras but I think I can get permission to use mine and shall, of course, not publish any of the pictures. I don't know if I can send the films to you by mail but shall try.

Sunday, May 23, 1915

I am sitting outside my "lean-to" smoking my new cherry pipe and enjoying the cool breeze and sunshine. Overhead the aeroplanes buzz and the guns always rumble. Last night there was a heavy bombardment and I rather expected we should be called out but were left in peace.

A new army order came out today that when a lieutenant does a captain's work for a consecutive period of thirty days, he shall be entitled to the acting rank of captain and to captain's pay. I suppose this should apply to Canadians also and will be only fair. I think I told you I have been posted to Command No. 2 Company. The question as to what will be done with all the new officers has not yet been decided.

I am sending you a proposed letter, which if you like, you may copy and send to the "Albertan". Officers are really not allowed to write to papers and I won't do any more of it. One of the boys had a Calgary Herald which I enjoyed reading. You may cut out and send me anything concerning the regiment or Calgary news you think interesting. Most of their news seems so trivial to us over here. I missed a letter from you last night, it would be the one sent to Rouen.

The horses are all looking fine, very fat and enjoying the dry weather. The men have picked up some little dogs and we have quite a lively bivouac, take our meals in the open air and generally are living a gypsy life. We have lots of magazines and papers to read and are having a real mental and physical



rest, which the men who came through the big fight badly need.

My batman, (Flemming), was the youngest boy in my old platoon; his brother was killed by his side a few days ago. As they were great chums I know he is very lonely but he is a brick like all the rest. You would love them all, they are so unassuming and yet no better soldiers ever faced an enemy. They curse the slackers in a way that would do your heart good.

So long, little sweetheart.

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Copy of letter sent to the "Albertan".

My husband has sent me from the front a copy of a message from the G.O.C. 27th division, to the G.O.C. 80th infantry brigade, which includes the Princess Patricia's. As so many relatives and friends of the men who have fallen reside in Calgary, I feel they would like to hear how much the gallantry of their loved ones is appreciated, so enclose a copy.

#### "MESSAGE OF APPRECIATION.

"The G.O.C. 27th division wishes me to express his admiration at the way you and your brigade have fought and endured during the past four weeks' operations. Twice the brigade has found itself in a position with its left flank turned, and on both occasions there has been no retirement, but the exposed battalions have fought it out on the ground, thereby inflicting enormous losses on the enemy.

"The manner in which the officers and men stuck to their trenches in the face of a terrific bombardment, is the admiration of all.

"The G.O.C. deeply deplores the heavy losses incurred, but units will find comfort in the fact that they have taken part in an episode that will figure in and rank with any in their

regimental history. He is proud to have command of a division which includes such a "stonewall" brigade as the 80th have proved themselves to be. He congratulates you on your brigade and the brigade on its brigadier."

Just as I finished copying these extracts a knock came on my door. I opened it and there stood a messenger boy with a "buff" envelope in his hand. My heart seemed to come up in my throat and try to choke me. I simply could not reach out and take that telegram; I was paralyzed with fear! No friend was with me this time to open it and smile. With a mighty effort I reached for the message, signed, tipped the boy, shut the door and dropped onto a chair. I don't know how long I sat there trying to open that envelope, I could almost see those scarlet words "KILLED IN ACTION", through the buff paper. At last I tore it open and read:

Southampton  
May 28, 1915

"Shrapnel wound foot not serious. Will send address soon as possible. Don't worry. Stanley."

Oh the joy! the blessed relief that came over me! Thank God he was safe again and already in England! Then came the wire from the war office:

"Regret to report that Lieutenant S. L. Jones, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry was admitted to third London General Hospital today suffering from shrapnel wound right foot.

Canada Record Office, 7 Millbank St."

I lost no time getting to the hospital. It was at Wandsworth, an hour's ride from Piccadilly Circus and necessitated a change of busses so I thought I should never get there. I found

Stanley in a ward with about ten other officers and quite cheerful. He had been wounded along with several others while the regiment had been marching through Ypres.

I stayed on at the hotel and spent a few hours at the hospital every day, as we found the wound was doing nicely and he would probably not stay there long for I could take care of him, under the doctor's directions, after it had healed and he could walk on crutches. So I felt I was really doing my little bit after all.

One day to my great surprise, Lady Adah Scott's card was brought up to my room at the hotel and on descending to the drawing room, I found her and her daughter in great distress. She had received one of those awful "buff envelopes" which told her that her son was "wounded and missing" and she had come to London to try to get some word of him. I could tell her nothing but thinking perhaps it would console her to talk to my husband, I asked her to go to the hospital with me.

Stanley apparently could tell her nothing but did what he could in the way of advising her, and she and her daughter left us to go to the war office. After Lady Adah had gone my husband said to me: "I was told her son was blown all to pieces and his comrades could not find enough to give him a burial, but I just could not tell her that."

Towards the middle of June Stanley was discharged from the hospital and given two months' convalescence leave. We decided to go to Scotland so we left London one morning bright and early and arrived <sup>at</sup> ~~in~~ Edinburgh that evening. We stayed there a week then went to a little town on the North Sea called Kinghorn and stayed there a week, <sup>with the parents of Stanley's junior law partner.</sup> Then we visited numerous places as far north as old St. Andrews where I played golf on the famous links, *and lost several balls in the North Sea -*

Returning to Kinghorn we saw part of the British Fleet moving up towards the north, and hearing guns that night brought the war back to us again which we had been trying to forget in this peaceful, beautiful country. Leaving Kinghorn a few days later, we returned to Edinburgh en route to the English Lake District, and on crossing the Firth of Forth we saw the Fleet lying at anchor in the river.

Of all the beautiful spots in England I think the Lake District is the most exquisite. It was so peaceful there that even the terrible war seemed not to have penetrated yet, and it was a rare sight to see a soldier; consequently Stanley's uniform and crutches attracted much attention and were the excuse for frequent long chats with the inhabitants. *of which we made our headquarters for a month* We noticed that most of them were old men, women and children, and although there were no visible evidences of the war such as seen in the coast towns, the absence of young men was evidence enough. A number had already been killed and our sympathy went out to many who told us the story of the brave sacrifice of their men folks.

Stanley had the photo of the regimental flag enlarged and sent one to Princess Patricia. It had gone through all the severe fighting and had many bullet holes. He received the following gracious letter from the Princess forwarded from the front:

"Government House  
Ottawa

July 5, 1915

"Dear Mr. Jones:

Thank you for kindly sending me the snapshot you took of the colours--it is most interesting and I am very pleased to have it, and proud to think that the colours accompany the regiment on active service. The splendid and heroic services

rendered by the battalion ever since they reached the front have been a great and constant source of pride to me, only I so deeply regret the great sacrifice of life that their part in the struggle has entailed.

"With renewed thanks, believe me

Yours truly,

PATRICIA."

Orders came for Stanley to report to headquarters, so with many regrets at having to leave this peaceful spot, we packed and once more returned to London and the next day Stanley was ordered to report to Shornecliffe. I went with him and we took rooms in a little hotel at Folkestone overlooking the Dover Channel. We were there for six weeks waiting for a draft for the Princess Patricia's to be sent to the front.

Outside of our living room was a balcony where we usually spent the morning reading the papers and looking out over the Channel, watching submarines and all kinds of war craft and merchant ships. We could not get away from the war there! Troops were everywhere, drilling and awaiting transportation. Every day two big dirigibles painted silver went back and forth across the channel. We called them the "Silver Queens" and one day took a very good picture from our balcony.

On days when the wind was from the south we could distinctly hear the guns over in France, and on clear days we could see the cliffs of Calais. In the afternoon we usually had tea at the Hotel Metropole and there met many Canadian ladies who were doing war work in Folkestone, canteen work mostly, and I came very near doing this too, but the urge to go to France came so strongly, particularly as I had heard they needed nurses so badly there, that I decided to wait.



We took a trip to Canterbury not far from Folkestone. Visited the cathedral and other places of interest, and lunched at a quaint little old fashioned tavern. Troops were everywhere going to and from Dover. Hospital ships arrived and their sad cargo was transferred to the hospital trains and sent on to London, there to be distributed throughout England according to their wounds.

At Folkstone we met General and Mrs. Rennie from Toronto also waiting for orders. We attended a tea given by the N.C. O's. of the Princess Patricia's, quite a number of whom were in Shornecliffe also waiting to return to the front. Many of them were the old fellows of the original regiment and Stanley was so glad to see them again. They told us much sad news of the regiment. There were only about 150 left of the 1200 men ~~and~~ 36 officers that came over. Stanley on hearing this, became most impatient to return and when the orders finally came, he was as usual both glad and sorry to go.

The parting was again bitterly hard, especially when the train pulled out and he waved good-bye; but like everything else during those two years, it was becoming a habit and that seemed to soften the anguish a bit, it also helped a <sup>little</sup> ~~WIK~~ when I looked around me and discovered my misery had plenty of company, I was not the only one left on the platform alone.

From this point on to the finish of my war notes, I shall quote from my letters, which Stanley began returning to me, as well as from his. In this way they will not be so one-sided.

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*(End of Front Line Notes)*

## CHAPTER XI

September 25 to October 6, 1915

WITH THE REGIMENT ONCE MORE. IN BILLETTS  
NEAR AMIENS. THEY TAKE OVER NEW TRENCHES.

London, Sept. 26, 1915

My darling husband:

My goodness! how I do miss you after all these weeks together. I lost no time returning to London, and last night found nearly all the people of last Spring had returned and received a hearty welcome from them, particularly the Breslaus (refugees from Brussels).

We had a lovely concert last night, some of the Belgian talent, and I played a game of bridge with three of the Belgians entirely in French, and am speaking French all I can.

That big air raid in London which we heard about in Folkstone, was only two blocks away from here. I understand the Zepp was driven off without doing any damage. There was great excitement in the hotel, nearly everyone had gone to bed and they came tearing down to the lobby in all stages of dress and undress, and frightened to death. Some new comers

departed the next day in haste and Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Teuhey left for Bournemouth by an early train, leaving Teuhey in the Sanatarium in London. I am told he is clear out of his head *from* shellshock, and gets no better.

Tonight's paper says the British have gained five miles at Arras with awful losses. I knew you would return about the time things began to move. Take care of yourself, dearie, and remember you are all I have.

London, Sept. 28, 1915

I have no letter from you yet, and I can't help but worry a little. I suppose the mails are held up on account of the present fighting. I went out shopping this morning to try to keep from worrying. It is very cold here now, we are all sitting around in sweaters and freezing. No heat in the hotel. I hope you are comfortable as can be under the circumstances. Be sure to let me know if there is anything I can send you.

I went yesterday and had some photos taken for my passport as I have about decided to go to Paris. M. Antoine leaves for Paris tomorrow and I was strongly tempted to go with him, but I want to hear from you first. I hope you will soon get another little not serious wound and be sent home again.

Mrs. Breslau and I are going to take tea at the Services Club this afternoon. I bought some nice wool yesterday for your long stockings and will get busy right away. I haven't a thing to tell you except I am loving you and praying for your safe return.

-----  
Postcard.

My darling wife:

Calais  
Sept. 26, 1915

Had a very quick and smooth passage over, less than two hours. Have had a good walk around the town and leave tonight

at midnight.

Sunday, Sept. 27, 1915

Arrived at Amiens yesterday morning at five, after dozing a little on the train; shared my compartment with a very decent young French officer and we discussed the war quite fluently. Came here after an hour's run and short march, and am now waiting in this billet with two young officers to go to the regiment about ten miles from here. This has been so far a very quiet part of the line, I hear, but, of course, we can't expect it to stay that way always.

The boys tell me I must confess to you that I have been outrageously flirting--so here goes! My chief charmer boasts eighty-six years, is deaf, with no teeth but is overflowing with brains. I showed her my fur coat and long boots, which she greatly admired with, however, many exclamations regarding the price. Then she gave me a learned disquisition on the dress of British soldiers in the "Crimean War", which she well remembered. This was getting beyond my depth! The other fair one has a hair lip and makes a horrible noise when she talks, or rather shrieks at the old lady, so that altogether you may well believe some curious French is flying around.

I made the boys scrambled eggs for lunch (9 eggs for three of us) and they certainly tasted good. I am letting them clean up! Well, "dear old thing", so-long. I hope to be with the regiment tomorrow and shall write you all the news then. I am going to lie down a while now, but there are too many flies around for sleep. Have promised the boys baked beans for tea. Sun is very warm and we had a nice stroll around the village, flirted with another maiden of eighty summers.

so I'll go back to the pencil.

Yesterday the Major and I took bicycles and rode along the canal to the reserve trenches and had a long and interesting trip through a perfect maze of trenches. As the country around here is hilly we can see all the German positions easily and they can see ours; a very interesting position. For company we have lots of toads and rats in the dugouts.

I have my good batman Jennings again, he is a very fine boy. Williamson is my groom, but I have really little use for a horse here. I hope to get our own company mess going tomorrow, in the meantime, am eating at H.Q.

Please send me my other tunic, dear, putting on two more stars, as my commission as Captain has come through. Also send that pair of "Keswick" boots. Otherwise I want nothing more at present except your love, which I know I have always.

We get pretty good news of our big attack and we all hope to be able to give the Huns a little of their own medicine. Am hoping for a nice long letter from you tomorrow with all the news, in the meantime, don't worry over me, dear, let us both be philosophical and take things as they come like good soldiers.

Wednesday, September 29, 1915

I am writing this in a little village where I am calling on Stewart whose company we relieve tonight. Am staying for lunch and am mighty hungry right now. Shall be here two days and should be quite comfortable.

The young woman who runs the house is one of the heroines of France, with two medals for saving the town last fall. She is the only woman left in the town. I shall try to get her story tomorrow and let you have it.

It is very quiet on this part of the line just at present.



Sept. 28, 1915

How are you today, dear? Well and happy, I hope, and enjoying lots of good "eats". I came out here yesterday morning, walked about ten miles then got my horse and rode to regiment headquarters two miles and met with a very kind reception from all. Hugh Niven and I had a long chat. He is very well and sends you kindest regards as do all the old officers. I am in command of No. 2 Co. again, have a very good Sergt. Major (Pritchard) and a few of the best old men.

Major Agar Adamson has made me try his new fountain pen called "Teddy Bear", short and thick and holds about a bottle of ink. You have to learn how to use it, however, which I have not,

(continued on page 92)

Lots of rain and mud but quite warm. My periscope rifle came today. Will you please get a haircutting outfit including scissors, clippers, comb and sharpener. The "Stores" probably have outfits especially for soldiers. Also send me a small pocket diary, long and narrow for engagement entries. That is all the trouble I can think of for you at present.

Have not received a letter from you as yet but hope for one tomorrow. The enclosed slip you will enjoy as you have brains. It must not be shown to others, of course, as it is a copy of secret orders from the French H.Q. Please keep anything I send together with my other papers.

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London, Oct. 3, 1915

My dear boy:

I was so glad to receive your letters at last, though they were delayed long enough on the way. I can't understand why you sent me that postcard with nothing on it. Of course it came chasing right through and beat the letters by two days.

Yesterday was a short day, but I managed to get the necessary things for you before closing time, and am packing them today so I can get them off the first thing in the morning. The Stores had no hair clipping outfit, said they do not come in outfits, so I bought a clipping machine, scissors and comb, all amounting to 6/6d. I guess that won't break me.

Yesterday afternoon Bertie Breslau and I went to see "The Birth of a Nation". The tickets were four shillings a seat, quite a difference from prices at home. I wish you had been with us, it was grand and made me feel proud that the blood of the Southern women is in my veins. It depicts the war and the condition of the South after the darkies were freed,

which was deplorable and just what I have heard my father and grandfather say it was.

I am sending you a nice long letter from Mr. Lent (Stanley's senior law partner. Ed.). You will notice he says "three strikes and out!" Let us hope it will be a "home run" and we can return to Canada. I'm sick of this war, I don't see any sense in so-called civilized people killing each other in cold blood and then gloating over the kills. If that is patriotism I am afraid I am sadly lacking. I hope you will follow Mr. Lent's advice and take good care of yourself.

The war news sounds good over here, though I see Bulgaria is in with the Germans just as you expected. Regards to Niven and all my love for yourself.

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My dearest girl:

Wednesday evening  
Sept. 30, 1915

My company came up here tonight and for the next two days I am "Commandant" of this deserted village. The men go to the various trenches from here and at night especially we are very busy.

I was more than delighted to have your first letter handed to me here tonight. Am so glad you found some old friends at the "Palace". Please give them all my regards. Keep cheerful as ever, ~~dear~~ but don't tell the story of my fishing at Folkestone too often. I wasn't seasick even if I did turn green! There are fish in the canal here but I have not had any yet. It keeps us busy to keep from tumbling into the canal in the dark. One of our officers got in tonight and certainly had a soaking--but that's all in the game

We have, as always, a little fun over everything. Yesterday our machine-gun officer (the Baron we call him), opened up on a German position at some distance. He saw a German with his pants down get up and make a jump over the parapet back into his trench, and then he waved his cap in triumph at his escape.

Our brave little "Joan of Arc" has gone to bed overhead, with her little dog, and I can hear big rats running around her room. She is absolutely fearless and all the men treat her with the greatest respect and admiration. She says she is an orphan and has applied to go to the Dardenelles as a nurse. I shall try to get her full story tomorrow for you.

Good night, girlie, I shall take off my boots only and lie down for a while. I hope to dream of the sweetest girl and truest wife in the world--my own.

Thursday noon  
October 1, 1915

A dark and rainy night but nice and dry today, hope the mud will dry up some. We are taking up this part of the line tonight for probably a month unless we move the Huns before then, which let us all hope. We would sooner do a long spell like this and have a longer rest afterwards. You will see we are not in the heavy fighting here but if our people succeed farther up, this part of the line must also advance.

Lou, dear, will you send me the "Daily Mail War Map Part 2"? I don't require anything else. We can buy all we need here and there is an apple orchard up at our trenches; how's that for luxury?

I got Mlle's. story this morning. She was here last year when the Germans suddenly advanced on the town. She swung the bridge open over the canal, which delayed the crossing of the Huns for ten hours. She then sent word to the French troops and they had a merry scrap all of which she saw. She helped the wounded and was hit herself. Quite a heroine, isn't she?

I must get busy now and arrange for moving tonight; lots of detail necessary, arranging guides, etc. Hope I may get another

letter from you tonight.

October 2, 1915, 6 p.m.

This is the first chance I have had to write today as I have been pretty busy ~~all day~~, taking over these trenches last night and going over my line today with my platoon commanders. It is a long one and pretty complicated; swamps, canals, hills, villages and orchards make a great fighting complication. In some places we have ruined buildings only and barricaded streets, no trenches.

There are lots of quite comfortable spots in the old houses as long as the shells don't reach them, and the men have plenty of dugouts with stoves and all kinds of furniture, just as the French troops had them last winter.

My company headquarters was evidently a pretty good house, I have a bed with fine springs (no clothes), plate glass mirrors galore, brass trimmed cabinet with bronze statues and candelabra, bell connection with kitchen, etc. A fine library and I have helped myself to a couple of French books to read. The gardens around have lots of apples and flowers. You would feel very sad to see the poor lonely cats wandering about. They are awfully thin, but should get lots of mice and rats as they simply swarm. I have also telephonic communication with headquarters; the trenches on my right and the guns---all the modern conveniences.

7:45 p.m.

Just after writing this I have received orders to move at once across the canal to another part of the line, not very far. The other half of my company is already there. So I have lost my fine home again and must look for another later on in the night when all the reliefs have been completed, always a long job in the dark. So I shall be very busy the rest of the night



and tomorrow sizing up the new line.

I am feeling very well and happy, dear, as a man should who is trying to do his duty and has the dearest wife in the world helping him. Your Christmas present (fur-lined British Warm coat. Ed.) is the height of luxury these cool nights.

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London, Oct. 6, 1915

My own darling boy:

Your postcard written in Calais a week ago last Saturday reached me yesterday. You see how irregular the mails are. I received three letters today, one with the spray of mignonette. So even the flowers are not afraid to grow under the German guns in France!

I sent your <sup>ka</sup>packages off yesterday, and would <sup>have</sup> liked to ~~have~~ slipped in some goodies but had to keep the weight down to eleven pounds. I am going to send you a nice parcel of goodies soon.

Mrs. Rennie came in and took me out to lunch and shopping with her yesterday. I was so glad to be with her again. The Breslaus go to Holland next Saturday, leaving Bertie here in college. They may return, but not soon.

I am still turning over and over in my mind whether to go to Paris or not. What do you think? If you are wounded you could telegraph me at Paris just as quickly as here I suppose. Dr. and Mrs. Phillippe here have very kindly offered to write a number of their friends to call on me, and I know people there whom I met in Philadelphia before the war.

This afternoon I went to the West End Cinema to see Gabriel D'Annunzio's famous picture "Cabiria". It was beautiful. The scenes are laid in Catania (Sicily) and Syracuse and Carthage and gives an eruption of Mt. Etna. It brought back our trip before

the war.

I am enclosing some letters from home, one from Bruce Robinson telling all about the Red Cross and how hard they are working for us back there. Also a letter from your brother Clifford. The family are all well and doing their part of the war work.

Is Major Adamson with you, or have you entire charge of No. 2 Co.?

Did I tell you we sat up until after twelve last Thursday night waiting for the Zeppelins to come, but they must have got side-tracked. It was plackarded all over London that six were seen coming West. Goodbye, dear, I am loving you and praying for your safe return all the time.

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## CHAPTER XII

October 3 to 7, 1915

TRENCHES AND BILLETS. PATROLS IN "NO MAN'S  
LAND". TESTING PERISCOPE RIFLE.

October 3, 1915

I certainly was busy last night making the sudden change of trenches. However, everything passed off smoothly and we got in fully as good a place as last. My company headquarters is even better than the last, but of course, may be blown up any minute. We can only accept conditions as we find them and be as comfortable and cheery as possible under the circumstances.

I have a number of commissions for you to do which I know you will love. First, please send me a couple of medium sized rough towels not too heavy. My little ones are too small for a decent wash. Then for our company mess, please send a box of food every two weeks (one at once) costing two pounds. This will only be ten shillings each per fortnight for us, the other three officers will give me their cheques every month, which I shall forward to you. I'm afraid you will have to give me credit,

thanks muchly.

Lieuts. Martin, Irwin and Pope are my three officers; fine fellows and good soldiers. We all want plain sensible stuff, no frills, nothing fancy. Use your own judgment, dear, as to what and where you buy, but better go to the same people each time, have them pack and send, say Fortnum & Mason or Army & Navy. Would suggest small tins of most stuff so that they can be easily carried or divided among us. Some suggestions are loaf sugar, matches, bivouac cocoa, condensed milk, canned butter, potted pastes, canned tongue, ham, fine salt, French mustard, soup tablets, candles, toilet paper, canned salmon, bloaters, tinned peas and corn succatash, (perhaps you will like to deal with Selfridge) small bottles of assorted liqueurs (nips), dried fruits, (apricots and figs say), mixed tea, biscuits, ground tapioca, quaker oats, maccaroni, H.P. sauce.

What a list this is, but you need only send a little of each the first time and make any changes you like. The orderly is waiting to take this out, dear, so I must stop. I shall stay on duty until after midnight and hope to be able to send you a little love letter later.

Saturday midnight.

When I finished off my rapid fire "food" letter I hoped to have a little more time with you before Sunday morning. We have to keep an officer on duty all the time in the trenches and I take my turn with the rest. If everything is O.K. I shall have a little snooze after midnight and Mr. Pope will take on until morning.

During the day (just shied an apple at a rat!) the men get all the sleep and food possible. We have been pretty busy tonight as I received an order to report on the German barbed wire

in front of their trenches, so sent out four patrols of two men each, all of which have now returned quite successful. One Sergeant got through their trip-wires and cut out a piece as a sample. He saw two Huns hanging tin cans on their wire. Also heard a band playing in the distance and transport passing on a road. The men are very keen on this kind of work and it is a change from the monotony of trench warfare.

Just on our left we have a large marsh or swamp which neither side can occupy called "No Man's Land", so patrols are sent out to keep an eye on the enemy, following traces of paths trying to find a dry passage across. Hostile patrols often meet and have lively scraps. Our men carry heavy clubs as well as rifles. The place swarms with wild duck which certainly never heard so much shooting and were never less shot at!

This morning I tested the periscope rifle which my company accepts from you with many thanks and hopes to do good execution with it. The German snipers were pretty busy this morning and exposed themselves somewhat recklessly, so I gave them a dose of their own medicine and knocked out at least one at 300 yards. The men look upon this as the day's sport. With Major Adamson's and this one we can liven up the Huns day quite a bit.

There, dear, I am talking shop again and I intended only to write a letter, full of love, but then you must know, sweetheart, there is love in all I do or say--for just you.

If there's one rat around here there's a thousand, racing all over the place; they don't let us dwell long on things sentimental. All food has to be hung up. They even ate a hole through Martin's haversack and got the bread inside!

Please send me a very cheap glass-cutter. I want to cut up mirrors for periscopes. Be sure and don't buy one with a



diamond point, you are so extravagant where I am concerned!

I do hope to get a letter from you tomorrow, only one so far. I shall worry about you unless you promise not to worry about me, is it a bargain? I have a "shadow" now who never leaves me, named Egan. He's a good scout and can get anywhere. You might send him a few "Three Castle Cigarettes", also my batman, Jennings, who is a jewel.

Good night, dear heart, and all my love.

Sunday, 3 p.m.  
October 4, 1915

Am just over at battalion headquarters for a few minutes at a consultation of company officers, and must drop you a line. So good to get your note this morning and hope by this time you are getting mine.

Certainly, dear, take a run over to Paris if you feel like it, but possibly it might be better to wait until a little later when the colder weather starts. I am well and happy, and loving you every minute.

We had hard luck this morning, de Balinhard was badly hit and Cowley slightly. They were both good officers. A chance shell got them. One of my men was also slightly injured. Last night my men saw the Germans pulling the body of the man I shot back into the trench, so we are about square so far, as Stewart's men killed three this morning.

We now have orders to stay here for two weeks more and we prefer this to moving out for just a few days rest. When we do pull out we shall have a longer rest and in the meantime, the men have more time to fix up their part of the trench and take a more permanent interest in it. They have lots of stoves and fuel in their dugouts and can be quite comfortable when they are off duty.

I have a good cook for our mess and shall live well when you send out our "stuff". Headquarters mess has a raft of things in today, they certainly live well. I find we can order things at government canteen in this country, and when I get their price list I shall send it to you and you may compare prices with London.

Must run back to my trenches now, dear, I have to wander quite a way through long communication trenches and ruined buildings, but always have my orderly along. Niven is here and just sends his kindest regards.

Sunday 8:30 p.m.  
October 4, 1915

There now who's as mad as a hornet? Well it isn't fair to tease my little girl when she's not here to hit back, is it? Take it out on old Antoine. I'm getting properly jealous. Why shouldn't I be with these tales of a trip to "Gay Paree" without an escort or chaperone! To get even I'll have to elope with my little French heroine.

I was in a hurry while I was writing you this afternoon at the C.O's office. Pelly was very much pleased with the work of my patrols last night. They all got back safely, only one party being discovered and they got away. Our men are doing careful and good work and are fighting all the time, planning tricks to trap the Huns into expressing themselves.

I am taking tour of duty tonight until midnight and am going over my posts again shortly with "Saucy Lou", (how do you like my new rifle's name, you're it's godmother, you know.) I have had a luminous night sight fixed on it and shall see what shooting we can get in the moonlight. I see that everything is O.K. at each post, have a chat with the men, a shot or two at the Boches and so make the rounds. At midnight I shall call at Mr.

Pope's dugout, wake him, have a social cup of tea and then back / "chez-moi" and the rats.

We had first rate meals today considering everything. Bread, bacon and tea for breakfast, stewed meat with currie and potatoes for lunch, soup, boiled bully and cheese for dinner. Tomorrow we have a nice roast of mutton, potatoes and carrots. I miss the eggs very much. We have also issued today tobacco, matches, candles, cigarettes, strawberry jam and condensed milk. So the army is being well fed as all the men get the same including tea and biscuits. Up here they have a snap for cooking and in the morning one can see columns of smoke coming out both our and the German trenches.

Tomorrow I want to have all the company officers to dinner before Pope leaves me to go to Major Grey's company, as he has only one officer left. Jennings suggested inviting Major Adamson but I thought it better to wait until we could make a good blow-out, which will be after your supplies come.

I have tried solitaire many times tonight but no luck, it certainly helps pass the time. There isn't very much chance to read just now, too many interruptions. I haven't yet finished the book I was reading on leaving Shornecliffe.

Please put some chutney in the box, dear, also some prepared coffee that can be made in a hurry. Good night, little pal, it is now 9:15 and I must get out. I don't need any more clothing at present.

October 5, 1915

Our mail bag tonight certainly contained quite an assortment ---two books of Lord Lytton, a Punch, a new Strand Magazine and one of the Strand twenty-four years old! But also and best, a little love letter from your dear self.

We have had wonderful weather since I came back, bright and sunny by day and clear starry nights, no rain so far. Some nights are pretty cold but the men are all in good health and spirits.

I have had a very busy day going over my trenches with my two officers and sizing up the necessary improvements. If we stay here long I'll be a regular engineer. Have found some steel plates one inch thick and have built up a steel nest for our snipers to use the new rifle. It will be finished tomorrow and should be very snug and safe. We have lots of old brick and are paving the bottom of the trenches; our little town doesn't look unlike "Pompeii" and like it there are many "volcanoes" close by.

I went down to H.Q. this afternoon for tea and had a jolly time. Major Adamson was in his best form and his account of his journey down country in a hospital train was a classic, and Niven's fruit cake from Scotland was "verra satisfying". Pelly said the Brigadier was much pleased with my report on the German wires and had passed it on to the divisional general.

I am sorry you found the Services Club so quiet. I was afraid that would be the case, but it is nice anyway that you belong and can take friends there when you wish. (The Services Club in London was the former German Atheneum Club, a most beautiful clubhouse. It was taken over by the British during the war and turned into an officers club.Ed.)

Good night, dear, and much love.

October 5, 1915

I have had a pretty busy day as usual and now must have a little chat with you before turning in for a snooze. I have not had all my clothes off since leaving Folkestone, but take off my boots at night. That last Turkish bath I had in London has had to last a long time, hasn't it? I send you a copy of my daily

intelligence report to the O.M., which will give you an idea of some of my duties.

C O P Y

5/10/15

To O. C., P.P.C.L.I.

Last night was quiet in front of my company. The enemy fired a few rifle grenades and we threw a bomb at a sniper who had come up fairly close. Transport was heard northeast and a railway train east or southeast. Information having been given me that earth had been seen thrown up on the edge of the ridge about 75 yards in front of the right post of No. 2 Co. (from Boyan No. 5), I have today made a careful reconnaissance with field glasses from the point of observation and shall tonight send out a patrol to make a thorough investigation. Great quantities of smoke were seen issuing from the enemies trenches this morning at from about 8:15 to 9:30. The enemy threw about 21 shrapnel shells, evidently six inch howitzers, over my line and one whiz-bang. Nine of these shells fell behind the right flank and the remainder behind the middle of my line at the left of K. 3. About half of these shells did not explode. They appeared to come from the direction of FEUILLERES. No damage was done.

1 p.m.

S. Jones, Capt.  
No. 2 Coy.

The men are working pretty hard and many are only getting four hours sleep per day. I am trying to see they get at least six hours as a minimum. It is very hard on the young fellows who are getting their first experience of war, but they are game and will make good soldiers.

We had another patrol out tonight sizing up the German lines and when they got back safely I notified their safe arrival to their comrades by sending up a large French flare. This light



hangs from a parachute and burns about a minute floating along in the breeze,--very pretty.

Our cook tonight gave us curried rice and meat with potatoes and new carrots. We had green beans also for lunch. All these vegetables Jennings found in the old garden among the weeds where they had evidently grown up as a voluntary crop from last year's seeds. They were delicious and the fact that they were gathered with shells whistling overhead did not spoil the flavour. We had also nice stewed apples from "my orchard"! I also have a walnut tree, which the men cannot climb because of the snipers, but they knock down the nuts with stones. I send you a card of my host and hostess for your own view only. I hope they are not in too bad circumstances somewhere else. ( The card was engraved "M. & Mme Guffroy-Decroix, Frise, Somme".Ed.)

I have arranged for a daily paper. One of the stretcher-bearers gets them for sale the day after issue; not bad is it? I also get the army telegrams from my signal station in the next cellar. Have fixed up a fine bombproof made by cutting a hole into an old stone wine-cellar and putting two tiers of heavy beams on top and covering this several feet with broken stones and earth. A heavy shell hit square on Captain Clarke's dugout today but did not penetrate although it smashed up things pretty badly.

This morning I spent some time in our observation point, using my field glasses. Have a wonderful view of all the German positions in front. We have small openings only in an old brick building, protected by steel sheets and sandbags and screens behind the observer to keep the light from showing through.

Well, sweetheart, I mustn't talk too much war but I know you are interested in all we are doing here and would like to be with

us if you could. Hope for a letter tomorrow.

October 6, 1915

I got a reward today for being a good boy by getting a sweet loving letter from you and just the little diary I need.

We have been pretty busy as usual today. In the morning I went through the trenches up a hill to visit Captain Clarke of No. 1 Company. Their top corner called the "Bird's Nest " is only thirty yards from the Huns and overlooks this whole valley including all my own line of trenches. A very remarkable view. This afternoon I went around exploring some old trenches with Pelly and Adamson, so by this time I know the whole layout here very well, and it is by far the most interesting we have been in. We can use our engineering talents every minute and we have lots of it in the regiment. Mr. Irwin is an electrical engineer, Corporal Mahaffey is a civil engineer and prepares all my maps and plans of trenches, and Sergt. Bishop is an expert in all kinds of wiring. Besides these No. 2 Company has all kinds of men who are handy at any job, so we don't have to depend very much on our army engineers.

Irwin eats with me and for dinner tonight we had home made soup, canned salmon, cold roast beef and potatoes, stewed pears from our garden, biscuit and cheese, tea, a small taste of Benedictine, a cigarette, a cigar and numerous pipes; so you see I am not losing my appetite, which reminds me, girlie, you might add some prepared pancake flour and a can of syrup or honey to our order, but, of course, don't send everything at once, just about £2 (two pounds) a fortnight for the three or four of us. That will be extravagant enough. I miss the eggs here but we can probably get some later on.

Our orderlies picked a bunch of the most beautiful roses

today and I have a fine bouquet before me now. I send you a few leaves with my love and a thousand and one kisses on each rose petal. I also send you a little bit of French soldier art I picked up here. The poilu was evidently dreaming of old Paris days. The lady appears to be well nourished, doesn't she? And on the back of Victor Hugo too! It's enough to make him turn over--but there, I mustn't amplify. (The poilu art was a very well drawn sketch of a nude lady, and he had used the reverse side of a photograph of Victor Hugo, which he had evidently torn from a valuable volume taken from one of the ruined homes.Ed.)

Tonight I had patrols out carefully examining all our own wire and when they were all safely in I sent up another French rocket. They roar like an express train. The valley and hills around were bathed in light like a clear moonlight and the Huns woke up and let off a lively fusilade. Just after getting back to my H.Q., Grey dropped in on the way to his dugout. His company had just moved into the trenches. Young Charley Reilly is ✓ with them and I expect to see him and other Calgary boys tomorrow.

Am glad you liked the moving picture "Birth of a Nation". You've got the true blue blood, dear, and between us we'll beat the Germs. yet. I would much sooner be your husband than the Kaiser, you bet! (I never knew whether to take this as a compliment or not. I'm still wondering! Ed.)

(*Calgary Letter to Edna*)

## CHAPTER XIII

October 7 to 16, 1915

OUR SNIPERS DO GOOD WORK. SOCIAL LIFE IN THE TRENCHES.  
 CAPT. JONES, ~~AND~~ LTS. MARTIN AND IRWIN GIVE DINNER FOR MAJORS  
 PELLY AND ADAMSON IN RUINED HOME IN FRONT LINE TRENCH. MAJOR  
 AGAR ADAMSON SECOND IN COMMAND.

When Colonel Farquhar was killed Captain Buller who was  
 second in command, was wounded and sent to England and Captain  
 Pelly became acting colonel until Capt. Buller's return and was  
 promoted to major. Captain Adamson also promoted to major, be-  
 came second in command. So many had been killed that promotions  
 came very rapidly.

*Dear!*  
 Lou, darling:

October 7, 1915

I find I am just out of writing paper, will you please send  
 me some like a dear girl. Our fine weather still continues. Had  
 a heavy fog this morning which hid everything in front of our  
 trenches and, of course, this meant very careful watching. This  
 morning I took "The Baron" (Vanderburg our Dutch machine-gun of-

ficer) around our lines and then up to our look-out where he used a powerful telescope and I used a beauty given to Niven by Colonel Buller, magnifying twenty-four diameters. We distinctly saw a German looking out of a loop hole so I sent for my periscope rifle and we each put a shot into his lair. If we didn't hit him we jarred his equanimity, I'll bet!

The baron is a soldier of fortune, was a colonel fighting in Mexico and loves fighting as a game. He is always planning how to "put one over" on the Huns. We encourage this same spirit in the men and they fight all the time from the drop of the hat. When there is some especially bad job to do out in front of the trenches, they feel quite disappointed not to be in the party.

There is a bunch out tonight trying to capture a German waggon and rations party whose marks have been tracked. For these parties our men are armed with revolvers and heavy wooden clubs with heavily nailed end. I carry one myself. The Irishmen love them!

This afternoon Major Adamson dropped in to tea. I told him I hoped to have more for him to eat later on. When your things come I want to give a little dinner and shall send you the menu.

Charley Reilly came to see me today. He is a good strong boy, used to open air life and will make a good soldier. He is enjoying himself immensely. You may tell his mother I shall keep an eye on him as I get a chance, but he is well able to take care of himself. Also saw some other Calgary boys.

I shall be sending you some old French army papers from time to time, dear, which you might keep. Don't show them to anyone else in the meantime, of course, until the firing line has changed



from this place.

Good night, dear, am just going to have my fifteenth cup of tea today, don't scold me, that's all I drink and the cup is small.

October 8, 1915

I was delighted tonight to get a letter from you, also the parcel with tunic, apples, etc. Many thanks, dear. Some of the boys are now busy cracking and enjoying the nuts in my "kitchen", where they can put a fire on at night. By day they cook in the cellar from which a deep communication trench leads up to the fire trenches. Our shelter from heavy shells is a nearby wine cellar which I have had strengthened, so we are not so badly off at all.

Last night one of our patrols had a lively time. Sergt. Christie in charge of our snipers (an old hunter and scout) took out ten men to ambush some Huns whom he expected would come out near the marsh on our left, where both trenches stop and there is some open ground. They crawled out by daylight to take up a good position, but were spotted by the Germans who at once set out to bag our lads. By this time it was dark and Christie scouting around, saw two parties of thirty men each and two officers coming out to surround our little party who were hiding in some long grass. He immediately took them out of this and had them lie down in extended order facing a poplar lined road down which the Huns were coming.

The first party of thirty commenced to advance through the long grass where they thought our few men were. The second marched straight down the road in fours, halted under the command of the officer and turned, evidently intending also to extend and

sweep in on the other side of the grass. If our men had been there they would have been caught in the pincers and clubbed to pieces,--but they were not there! Instead, as soon as the Germans halted, our men sprang up and poured in rapid rifle fire at ten paces. The Huns were either knocked down or fell flat in the road and then our lads simply tossed bombs on them and blew them up. In the meantime, the first party showed signs of fight, but a few bombs hurled into them sent them scurrying back to their line like frightened rats. As our men were now 700 yards from their own lines and only fifty from the Germans' with magazines empty and bombs gone, they hiked back to their lines without a scratch.

They feel satisfied they got fifteen or twenty out of this party. The Brigadier and Divisional General were greatly amused and tickled over the show--just a little of the hunting fighting we all like and get so little of.

In my off time all day I have been potting through the German loopholes with my periscope rifle, fired forty shots. The sentry above me at the observation point spotted for me with Niven's telescope and would call down the result of each shot. At one hole he could distinctly see a face which quickly disappeared after my shot, so we worried them anyway.

Tonight we had an amusing incident, Sergt. Edgar shot a big mallard (wild) duck on the wing, and asked me to present it to Major Adamson with his compliments. I sent it down in great glee by an orderly, but the Major returned it with a pathetic note that orders were that there should be no firing at ducks--but his mouth watered! He is a great boy. Is now second in command of the regiment.

I am completely in charge of No. 2 Co. and am getting on

first rate. Martin and Irwin are fine chaps and good officers and we have some of the very best non-coms. and old men, while the new ones are learning fast. I try to encourage them in the spirit that their sole occupation in life now is to hunt and kill Germans and to get the other fellow before he gets them. They don't need much coaching!

Must take a look around the lines before turning in. Go to Paris, of course, dear. I shall be glad to think you are having a pleasant change.

Saturday evening,  
October 9, 1915

Tonight I received your letter of Wednesday, that's pretty good time isn't it? Also the boots, many thanks. It is very good of you to send cigarettes for "my staff"--they are all good boys and a big help to me. My "shadow" is, however, much bigger than I. The cook is a daisy and with some good stuff to work on he will turn out bang-up meals.

About Paris, dear, I really should like you to go over for a while and am sure I can trust you in "Gay Paree"--the temptations would be more to me, eh what? But seriously, dear, it would give you some new people to meet and fresh things to think of and I'm sure we would get our mail regularly. All I want is something to eat and I can order that direct from Fortnum and Mason's or the Army Canteen. So run along. You will not need to spend more than you do in London and can go back if you feel tired of it. Don't worry about me, dear, we are both in the keeping of our Maker and must take whatever comes like good soldiers. Our love will last beyond this life anyway. But I am always optimistic and that's half the battle, isn't it, dear?

I had another chat with our Brigadier this morning. He's a good old soldier and is up with us every day. Tonight three

of my best men have gone out armed with pistols, clubs and bombs to a thick clump of bushes just in front of the Boche trenches. They are to stay hidden there all day tomorrow, getting all the information they can. It is a very risky piece of work, but they are old heads and I feel sure they will get back safely or give a good account of themselves.

I have let the men off all fatigues this afternoon and tomorrow. They call it having a "week-end". They are working very hard with not more than six hours sleep a day, but get lots to eat and have very snug dugouts.

Good night, dear. We adopted a little black kitten today, it's a great mouser. Send a little red ribbon and bell and a name and we will have it as our company mascot. It must be full of mice, whenever I look I can just see a mouse's tail disappearing down it's little throat!

9/10/15

Routine order.

To Mr. Tabernocle:

I am sending out a patrol of two N.C.O's. tonight to stay twenty-four hours in bush in front of German trenches. We need one bomb-thrower to accompany them. Please let me have your authority to instruct Corporal Sawyer to detail a good man.

Should like answer by return.

2:10 p.m.

S. Jones, Capt.  
O.C. No. 2 Co.

Sunday night  
October 10, 1915

Your letter of Thursday cheered me up as usual, that's pretty quick work, isn't it, considering how far the mail has to be carried by motor and then by our men up to the trenches?

I also get the "Times" the day after issue so we feel quite in the world.

All my patrol came back safely tonight after twenty-four hours in front of the Hun lines. They had an interesting time and got some valuable information, all of which goes to the credit of No. 2 Co. Pelly and Adamson dropped in for tea again and we had a little shoot with the rifle. I was talking to the General the other morning and he was much taken with it.

I am pretty tired now, dear, and shall try a little snooze. "Mimi" is getting quite tame and playful. She is very thin but we're feeding her all she will eat.

Good night, dear "old thing".

10/10/15

Report to C. O., P.P.C.L.I.

Last night was very quiet opposite my line. Enemy working parties were heard near the left flank and were fired at. With the telescope today I find they have made still further changes in some loop-holes. At 7:00 p.m. yesterday Sergt. Bishop, Corporal Brown and Grenadier Burns went out to a thick bush about thirty yards from the enemy trenches. They expect to return tonight and I shall immediately report any information of value they may have.

4:00 p.m.

S. Jones, Capt.

Tuesday morning,  
October 12, 1915

It took a special fatigue party to bring up my mail last night and we had quite an exciting time unpacking the stuff you sent, and then had a little touch of the "Grand Marnier" to celebrate the "auspicious occasion". Everything is fine and as I told the boys, just what we might expect from a woman of your rare discernment.



Breakfast has just been put on the table so I shall call off for a few minutes and punish some stewed apples, quaker oats, ham and eggs, bread and butter, jam and tea or rather coffee this morning for a change. That sounds as if my appetite were improving.-----Have just finished and feel much better, thank you, the coffee was fine. Have asked the cook to give us some succatash for lunch and macaroni and cheese for dinner.

If you can, dear, please let me have a detailed price list of all the things you sent. I find the postage was 7/11. Everybody will share equal. As we cannot carry very much you will not need to send any more until I write you.

I puzzled for a long time over the scissors you sent until I saw the glass cutter at one end. They will do fine. The cards were very useful. Irwin and I play solitaire every evening, have never got it out yet, but am always living in hopes.

We had a little shower yesterday and the mud in the trenches became very slippery. I think my rubber soles slip more than leather and nails, but I shall give them a further trial.

Under ordinary conditions we should go back for a rest on Friday. We expect then to get Major Gault back and about ten officers to bring us up to establishment. I suppose Colonel Buller will not be able to get out for some time yet, as he had to lose an eye.

I must go out now, dear, on the daily duties, so shall say "au revoir". I did not get a letter last night, but shall expect two tonight.

Tuesday evening

How I did enjoy your little note of Thursday with Calgary clippings! I know how it is exactly, dear, with your letters, there is little news for you to write about and all I want is

to hear about yourself and get a little message of love every day---that is worth more to me than all the news in the world!

An intelligence officer who speaks German is with me tonight. He is going out at midnight with Corporal Brown to some bushes in front of the German lines and will hide there and try to catch some of their conversation. Lieut. Clarke is taking a detectivephone with him and they will try to rig it up. You remember we went to see how it worked and I wrote the war office about it? I was pleased to find on my return here that an officer Van Den Berg, had one, and this is the first trial we have had.

We all had a nice dinner together tonight and we had a jolly time when I read the Calgary clippings, they all enjoyed your "Merry Ha! Ha!". I shall send them up the trenches tomorrow to Charley Reilly.

The Grand Marnier just touches the right spot these days, we each just take a sip of it, it's too precious to waste! Niven had tea with us, he is, of course, the busiest man in the regiment now as adjutant, and certainly has a thousand and one details to look after---which he does well.

I have just finished a tour of my trenches, pretty dark and rainy and a slow 1000 yards to cover. Shall now give some tea to the boys before they go out. Good night, dear, and sweet dreams. I really wasn't seasick on that fishing trip in Folkestone, now be a good girl and say it was the fish cakes and I'll feel better!

Routine Order.

12/10/15

To all Platoon Commanders:

It has been found that a gas attack has been deflected by placing blazing fires in braziers, etc. on the parapets to lift

the gas. All section leaders will therefore keep a supply of dry straw ready for use near all fire positions. Straw can be obtained at No. 2 Co. H.Q. and dried in the sun. Please see to this matter today.

11:00 a.m.

S. Jones, Capt.

To Major Gray,  
O.C. No. 4 Co.

12/10/15

Am sending out one patrol of two men to heavy clump of bushes in front German trench on my right. They will probably stay hidden tomorrow and return tomorrow night. Another patrol of three men will be out all night in front of your left flank. A wiring party will also be out near your left. Please order all sentries to fire high during the night and to challenge distinctly all parties approaching our wires.

5:15 p.m.

S. Jones, Capt. No 2 Co.

Wednesday, 9:00 p.m.  
October 13, 1915

Your letter of Sunday reached me in the trenches tonight. I think that is a record, don't you? I am sorry my letters to you are delayed so long but I suppose it's the only safe way to hold all mail from here for some days so that any information they may contain will not be too fresh. These present operations are very important and we can't take chances on the Huns getting to know too much. When you do get my letters I hope they will compensate somewhat for your worries---which must cease right now, dear, as we are both in the keeping of Divine Providence which is as much assured us now as in peace, don't you feel so? dear? Keep your mind occupied with good books, your hands with knitting and your heart with love and faith and your life will not be barren in spite of all. Isn't that good philosophy, dear?

Mr. Irwin's servant, Lloyd, went home today on a short leave

to see his wife in Birmingham. I gave him a camera film and asked him to have it developed and sent to you. We really are not supposed to take photos I hear, but I have never received any orders, and anyway my snaps are of no military importance and I don't take any in the trenches.

Tomorrow, the "Germs." permitting, we are going to give a high lunch to Pelly and Adamson in honor of the arrival of your supplies. The menu will be a work of art and I hope to be able to send you one.

I am glad you are comfortable with a fire in your bedroom at the Palace; 9d per scuttle is certainly not very much to pay for a little warmth. Perhaps you will feel more at home to stay in London.

It is now 9:30 p.m. and I am waiting for Martin to drop around for a cup of tea. I shall then make a tour of the trenches and if everything is O.K. shall try to get a little sleep. The McClure's has arrived and I shall enjoy reading it. As I have only broken snatches for reading, books aren't of much use.

11:30 p.m.

Martin and Grey have just been in for a chat, liquor<sup>u</sup> and a cup of tea. Grey's trench is only th<sup>ir</sup>ty yards from the Huns and he is having rather a hot time of it, but is quite cheerful. He is a good soldier. Must get out now for a time. Mimi is getting very tame and is a cute kitten.

Report.

13/10/15

To C. O., P.P.C.L.I.

At 12:15 a.m. Corporal Brown and Lieut. Clarke of the Intelligence Corps, went out to a clump of bushes near German lines in front of my right, intending to hide there and listen to conversation. Corporal Brown found this place occupied by an enemy

working party guarded by a sniper. They were evidently building a sap around this bush. This still further confirms my previous impression that the main enemy fire positions are concealed behind the ridge between our lines and the large enemy chalk trench. I pointed this out to an artillery observation officer yesterday and he agreed that if the artillery would drop the range fifty yards short of the large trench and parallel it with fire, they would probably cover these hidden defenses. Corporal Brown and Lieut. Clarke returned at 5:00 a.m.

Sergt. Thompson and two men also patrolled all night on my right and got thoroughly acquainted with this ground.

At about 6:00 a.m., the sentry at the observation point saw four German officers standing up on the parapet opposite my right centre. One, evidently the senior in command, had an imperial, the others large moustaches. They were dressed in long grey-blue field coats with black belts. Their caps of similar cloth had black leather visors. The senior was pointing to our trenches and evidently giving orders. Two younger officers then came out of the trench and the whole six stood up in full view at about 800 yards. Their position was pointed out to a post of No. 7 Platoon who opened rapid fire on them and they literally tumbled back into the trench. It seems probable that some of them were hit.

10:00 a.m.

S. Jones, Capt.

Thursday, 9:30 p.m.  
October 14, 1915

I got this far at 9:30 and it is now 11:30 p.m. Have had a good many things to do and Martin dropped in for an evening cup of tea. Today we gave our dinner to Pelly and Adamson and it was a great success. Two of our men, Sergt. Robertson and Private Harvey drew up the menus, which were works of art. We got two large sheets of good paper from some old books in this



house which they folded and decorated beautifully with pencil sketches. Unfortunately they had only time for two which we gave to our guests much to their delight, but we hope to have more made and I shall send you one. In the meantime I send you a rough draft by which you will see we fared very well, thanks mainly to your well chosen parcels.

Under ordinary circumstances we expect to be relieved Saturday and should have a week's rest. I think it is time I had my clothes off and a bath, don't you, dear? Three weeks is a bit too long.

Routine Orders.

14/10/15

To all Platoon Commanders:

New pattern tube smoke helmet must be worn in satchel over left shoulder and under right arm. They must be marked at once on the helmet with the date of issue in indelible pencil. Platoon commanders will furnish me before 3:00 p.m., with certificate that this has been done. These helmets are not to be re-sprayed.

All men must be warned that bayonets are not to be stuck in or held over fires as this ruins the steel.

All feet to be washed today and where possible, socks changed or beaten out and aired.

9:30 a.m.

S. Jones, Capt.

Report

14/10/15

To C.O., P.P.C.L.I.

At 2:00 p.m. this day an officer was seen in the German trenches dressed as follows: Staff cap, greenish grey uniform with turned down collar, yellow in front and red at back with yellow piping all around the collar. He was seen at the same spot as the other officers of yesterday.

9:30 p.m.

S. Jones, Capt.

Friday, 9:15 p.m.  
October 15, 1915

Such a sweet letter from you tonight. I can fight the Germans so much better, dear, when I know you are cheerful, and we are fighting them all the time here, we have no false sentiments about the matter but are out all the time to kill the other fellow before he kills us.

Grey has had it pretty hot on my right up the hill. The whole hill is mined and countermined in dozens of places and is chuck full of dynamite; some day soon it will go up like "little Johnnie". Grey has had two men killed and two officers and several men wounded, chiefly by a big tin "sausage" the Huns threw over. It is simply a big tin can filled with explosives and hunks of scrap iron, weighing sixty pounds. You can see the damn thing turning somersaults as it comes through the air, and when it explodes the whole hill quivers. Yesterday and today we "strafed" them good and plenty in revenge, with artillery, trench mortars, hand and rifle grenades and snipers. We worked the show out today together and exactly at 3:30 p.m. let them have it with our whole bag of tricks. And now whenever they heave over a "sausage" we phone to a battery and slap-bang come back the shells.

One of my best Corporals (Brown) got hit last night. One bullet through the right hand coming out at the wrist and when I was giving him first aid I found two more wounds in the right leg. He is a very fine chap and I asked him to let me know what hospital he goes to and if in London, you can visit him.

Tuesday we had officers in from the regiment that expects to relieve us tomorrow. We gave two of them a good luncheon and then took them all over the lines so they will be familiar with things tomorrow night. I think the Huns will be glad to know

we're gone, and it is funny how easy it is to know when another regiment is facing them. Some fight us all the time and others only hit back when we hit them.

I am enjoying McClure's. The men get lots of papers to read. They have been too busy to write many letters here but when we go back for a rest they will let loose with their imagination. If you like, you may send them a thousand cigarettes, say Players. You can have them sent in bond quite cheap. Put ~~in~~ your card marked "with best wishes" in each box. I know they will appreciate this, they are a fine lot of boys whom it is a pleasure to fight with.

I am sending you with my love, what is really the "last rose of summer" in the trenches. The leaves are falling fast here and the trees will soon be bare, which is a nuisance as they hide us by day.

Will you send me a piece of veiling, dear, plain dark brown, made into a little hood to put over the head, covering the face and neck. This is to hide the white of the face which is the part of a man that shows up most distinctly from a distance. I want my patrols and snipers at least to wear these. Will also have dark gloves for their hands. You might experiment with a clerk to get the kind which at a distance hides the face best and yet does not hinder the sight. It's a funny war, isn't it, ~~dear~~, wearing veils and carrying iron-spiked clubs? The Huns have made the devil look like an amateur.

Mimi is getting very jealous and is crawling all over this letter, purring like a steam engine, ---the happiest little kitten in the trenches! Good night, dear, sweet dreams.

Routine Orders.

15/10/15

To Mr. Martin, Mr. Irwin and all Platoon Commanders:

1. Divisional routine orders require that the wire rims should be removed from all caps. Please see that this is done in all cases.

2. Boots must be kept well greased.

3. In preparation for relief as much work as possible should be finished and all trenches and shelters cleaned up and all refuse disposed of.

9:00 a.m.

S. Jones, Capt.

Relief Orders.

16/10/15

To all Platoon Commanders:

The company will be relieved tonight by the Cambridgeshires and will proceed to billets at MORCOURT.

All men off duty will immediately proceed to clean up lines and shelters. Brick pavements must be mended. All refuse collected and disposed of and trench stores left in proper condition. Section leaders will be held personally responsible that this order is carried out. Platoon commanders will take receipt for their trench stores from relieving platoon commanders, also a certificate from them that trenches, shelters and latrines are clean and sanitary.

Men will fall in at their posts at stand-to, ready for marching off and will not return to their shelters.

Platoons when their relief is complete, will march independently to point of assembly, 100 yards south of the canal bank close to the artillery dugouts between ECLUSIER and CAPPY (3150-4930 Plan Directure) where Mr. Martin will take command of Nos. 5 and 6 platoons and Mr. Irwin will take command of Nos. 7 and 8 platoons. Each platoon so relieved will send an orderly to Co. H.Q. with message to that effect. Orderlies will march to point of assembly with Co. H.Q.

Order of march from point of assembly to MORCOURT: Grenadiers 3,4,1,2, H.Q. Special attention will be paid to march discipline.

10:30 a.m.

S. Jones, Capt.

Report

16/10/15

To C.O., P.P.C.L.I.

No. 2 Co. relief all complete. Am now leaving for point of assembly.

7:00 p.m.

S. Jones. Capt.



## CHAPTER XIV

October 9 to 29, 1915

MAJOR GAULT RETURNS, BRINGS REINFORCEMENT OF OFFICERS AND TAKES OVER SECOND IN COMMAND. REGIMENT MARCHES 23 MILES BACK TO BILLETTS IN FERRIERES. ADAMSON TAKES COMMAND OF NO. 2. CO.

London, Oct. 9, 1915

My dearest boy:

We surely had an exciting time last night, the Zeppelins finally reached London. We were all in the foyer of the hotel playing bridge and listening to a concert by some of the Belgians when suddenly we heard a terrific explosion and, of course, we all flew to the door to see what had happened. Just as we got outside another awful explosion seemed to shake the whole city, and a "Bobby" came along and told us the Zeppelins were here and we had better stay under cover. But we were too curious and still stood looking up in the heavens.

Then came more explosions, one right after the other and

searchlights played over the sky and we distinctly saw the Zeppelin right over our heads. Then guns began to fire from somewhere in the city and pieces of shrapnel fell around, so we decided we had better take shelter.

It was all over in about ten minutes and we sat up late talking about it. Some of the men finally went out to investigate and when they came back they said a lot of damage was done along Kingsway.

This morning I walked down Holborn and turned into Kingsway and on down to the Strand--the route all along was strewn with broken glass and the stone buildings were so pitted they looked as though they'd had the smallpox. The Waldorf Hotel did not have a whole pane of glass left in it, and a corner of the Times Publishing House was torn away. A little "pub" back of the theatre received a direct bomb and part of the theatre roof was torn away. I am told there were thirty-five people in the "pub" at the time, men and women and they were all killed. The sidewalk was running with blood and the place looked like a shambles. It was terrible!

The Savoy Hotel and St. Mary's in the Strand had windows broken too. I don't see why the gunners could not have brought that Zeppelin down, she looked like a mighty easy target. I went to Hyde Park this afternoon and find they have mounted anti-aircraft guns on top of the gates. They are being put all over the city, and the lights are going to be dimmed all over town. So I guess we will have to stay at home evenings.

I have made up my mind to go to Paris. You see now I will be just as safe there as here. Will see about my passport tomorrow. All my love to you, dear.

-----

My dear little wife:

Sunday at rest camp  
October 17, 1915

I just had a hunch you were in that air raid in London and knew you would be sticking your inquisitive little nose out of doors to see what was doing. Well, I'm glad you've been under fire, dear, you are a truer soldier's wife than ever and can appreciate the fact that excitement can carry you along through a good deal--but promise me that next time you will keep under cover and duck for the cellar.

We got the report of the Zeppelins that same night and I heard them in the dark as they passed high over our firing line. I know, ~~dear~~ they look close but are really high up and very hard to hit, so don't blame the gunners too much. It's quite impossible to cover all the air over England by gunfire, the best thing to do is to retaliate and hit one of their cities every time.

We marched out of the trenches and came back here 12 miles for two weeks. We are really not so comfortable as in the firing line, but we are under no strain. Major Gault, Cornish and four other good officers joined us here and were very welcome. Molson is coming to No. 2 Company and Adamson is taking over command, so we are only one lieutenant shy. I enjoyed commanding the old company but am very glad to work with Adamson.

Glad to hear you are going to Paris, shall write to the old address in the meantime. We can buy almost everything at the canteen, so you will not have to send me anything just now. Expect a hot bath tomorrow.

-----

London, Tuesday

My own dear husband:

I am so glad you are out of the trenches for a rest.  
Too bad you have to give up command of No. 2 Co. Does Pelly  
give up the colonelcy now that Gualt is back?

That was surely a wonderful menu you had for Pelly and  
Adamson, it sounded as though you served up one of each of the  
enemies and allies in a real appetizing way.

DINNER

to

Lt-Col. Pelly & Maj. Adamson

by

Capt. Jones, Lieuts. Martin & Irwøñ

The Officers of No. 2 Co. P. P. C. L. I.

at

Company Headquarters

in the Trenches

Somewhere in France

by

Kind Permission of

M. & Mme Guffroy-DeCroix

Now in Exile

---

Menu Begins

Hors D'Oeuvres

Sardines Von Tirpitz

Soupe Poilu

Anzac Turkey à la Gallipoli

Piece de Resistance

Roti Boeuf Anglaise Etrangère

Legumes Volés

Choux au Curé

Pommes de Terre des Tranchees

Carottes demi-longue à la Boyeau  
de la Passerelles

Dessert  
 Comfiture Minnenwerfer  
 Macaroni et Fromage a Trieste  
 Café Noir a la Belge                      Bon-Bons des Allies  
 Cigarettes Whizz-Bang                    Cigars Soixante-Quinze  
 Grand Marnier Crème de Menthe

Menu Ends.

I had my passport viséed today, and it just happened the French officer who viséed it had lived in America for ten years, or I would not have been able to go to France. One must have a very good reason for going now, and the only one I had was a change and steam heat. He said he could not put that on my passport, and asked if I expected to meet you. I said when you had leave you would probably go to Paris. So he put on the passport "To meet husband, Capt. Stanley Jones, P.P.C.L.I." He asked me not to tell anyone but you as the French don't want foreigners there unless on business.

He looked at the passport photo then at me, said it looked like anyone but me and wondered if the French authorities would let me pass on it. I said I would take a chance. Well, the more I look at that photo the more I wonder whether he was complimenting me or it. It is queer looking, but passport photos usually are. Anyway I leave Friday.

-----  
 Monday, 5.30 p.m.  
 October 18, 1915

Lou, dear:

I am sending this note to Paris and shall be interested to see on what day I get your reply. We will probably find the mail service a little slower but after the chain of letters once starts coming, that won't make much difference and I really shall feel that you are safer in Paris than in London. Any time you want any help from officials go to Mr. Philippe Roy, the Canadian



Government Commissioner at Paris. He knows me. I do hope you will enjoy the change and I am sure you will quite perfect your French.

We are settled down here for the next two weeks. Five of us are in very small quarters but are making ourselves comfortable. Adamson has taken over command of No. 2 Company today. We are getting quite a lot of things for the mess and shall live well.

The collar for "Mimi" arrived today and was much admired but alas, we had to leave her behind on the way down, she objected to being carried, but I hope to pick up another kitten

(continued on page 127 $\frac{1}{2}$ )

soon. I have bought some tobacco from Irwin, have lots of candy and cigarettes, so there is nothing you need send me, dear. I shall expect some interesting letters from you telling me all about your Paris experiences.

I enjoyed reading the letters from Calgary, although I was not especially interested in the copied letters on farming in Alberta; but, who knows, perhaps some day we shall have our own little farm and be happy there with the pigs and chickens!

Send me some "chic" magazines from Paris, dear. Bon soir, ma chérie, must write French to you now.

October 19, 1915

Received another batch of clippings today which I enjoyed reading but there was no note from your dear self, which I did not enjoy, but am always living in hopes of future delights.

Today I took the company out four miles and worked on road repairs, making them wider for the heavy traffic. We took out hot stew in the travelling kitchen for the men, which they enjoyed before commencing work. The food is cooked here, then put in a sort of large thermos receptacle which keeps it hot for several hours.

It was Molson's (a new officer) first day on active service and he enjoyed it immensely. He is a very fine chap, one of the Molsons of Montreal, one of the oldest and wealthiest families there. I think I told you we have an officer of a Welsh regiment with us for two weeks for "instructional purposes"--at the present moment he is being instructed by Adamson in various new ways of gambling with cards! Adamson is in great form and he and Hance are a great acquisition to our mess.

Our wonderful weather still continues, pretty cold, especially at night, but no rain. Nothing very much happens when we

are back resting, so I haven't anything to write about but am looking forward to discussing Paris with you.

Donald Grey (Capt. No 4 Co.) has just dropped in for a drink before bedtime--is feeling a little touch of rheumatism. Adamson just produced a new electric pencil, you push out a pencil with a little wheel and an electric light is automatically turned on above the point; quite a toy and we are just like children these days with anything new to wear or eat.

Good night, dear, and sweet dreams.

October 21, 1915

Leaving for Paris today, I suppose. I do hope you will not be seasick! I should hate to have the family reputation spoiled, eh what? And also that you escape all submarines as you have such an awfully bad habit of getting in the way of zeppelins! Don't forget that I have about as much cause to worry over you as you have over me, so let's be square and both give up worrying. After all we have had a lot to be thankful for in our happy married life.

Molson has some very nice Canadian maple sugar which we use powdered on our oatmeal, it is very delicious. Have also fresh butter, milk and eggs, so am living well. The boys make a fire in the open fire place before we get up and we all have a cup of hot tea and a cigarette in our blankets.

Our 3rd Army Commander (Munro) has left for the Dardenelles, lots of changes these days. We may be able to give them a black eye in the Balkans yet. So long, dear, give my love to the Boulevard des Italiens, and don't stay out too late at night.

Saturday, October 22, 1915

I was really jealous over your flirtation with the Frenchman in the Consulate, but have forgiven you now as after all

that's a woman's chief weapon and you gained your point. When my leave comes it may be possible to take it in Paris but we shall see about that later. Lloyd has come back with the photos which are not bad.

We are having another glorious day of sunshine. This morning we practised an attack on the neighbouring hills, it brought back the old days of training in Canada. We have no orders to move yet and are enjoying life in the meantime. Stewart and Papineau have just been in raising Cain. They're a noisy but cheerful pair. They are getting ready for another game of football this p.m.

I received a note from Cy. North yesterday, he is in the 177th. Co. R. E. attached to 2nd Canadian Division, says he will soon be off for his leave---something doing in Piccadilly, eh What? He sends his kindest regards to you.

Shall go out for a little stroll now and hope to get a note from you when I return. Later.--- Mail is just in, lots of papers but no letters, better luck next time. Expect to be near Amiens soon. Hope you are comfortable in the hotel in Paris. Au revoir.

Sunday night, October 23, 1915

Since this is the first ink letter you have had from me for some time you may think I am writing under civilised conditions, but as a matter of fact, we are camping for the night after a pretty hard march of fifteen miles. We have tents up and are very comfortable in spite of the rain. We move on again in the morning for billets where I hear we shall probably be for a week.

Today we have seen quite a lot of peaceful life, towns, trains, girls, etc., especially the latter. It is a little hard on the men to have buxom damsels parade their charms before them and they always get "ragged" quite a bit, but otherwise the men

are very decent to them. One very beautiful girl of eighteen, standing in a doorway almost broke up the line of march.

Your letter of Thursday has just been handed to me and enjoyed as usual. I received the veiling, many thanks, it will do fine, one thickness only. The stuff from Fortnum & Mason's will go in the mess O.K. and I know the men will enjoy the cigarettes. Am sending you a postcard of the library at Amiens. The Huns held this place for a few days, but never again!

October 25, 1915

We marched another ten or twelve miles today, making twenty-five miles the last two days. I am still pretty soft and my feet are mighty tired but the Vitalite overshoes are very comfortable, I don't know how I could do without them, and the fur coat is simply a treasure, everybody envies me. We are now as completely out of the firing-line as you are, dear, and it looks as if we would be here for some days anyway.

This is quite a little village and our billets are not bad. The Major and I have a house of three rooms, including two beds. All our officers (five, No.2 Co.) will take their meals here. Our dining room has no stove, so the Major with Papineau as interpreter made a tour of the town trying to rent one. He got an old one at one franc a day but it is not a great success as yet, smokes like the devil and we can't get a draft. Have found some briquettes which are good but very smoky.

I am sure the last things you ordered in London will be very useful here and we should live well. My appetite is now first class and general health the very best. We are only about two hours by train here to Paris, but probably your mail will have to go to army headquarters first. We are now at Ferrières about five miles due west of Amiens. You can easily trace it on a map.



Be careful of spies around the hotel, and don't leave any of my letters or papers loose in your room, or discuss any of our movements with anyone, just pretend you know nothing about them. Do you find Paris much changed? Café life must be very different.

Tuesday 6:00 p.m.  
October 26, 1915

Now, sweetheart, don't get excited and start "throwing the salt" but I'm trying to get down to see you for a few hours. I don't quite believe it will be possible but Pelly and Adamson have both promised to do what they can for me. Our brigade H.Q. is not here yet as the rest of the brigade is just coming out of the trenches, and until they arrive, probably on Thursday, nothing can be done. In the early part of the war so many British got into Paris cutting up capers that the French objected as their own officers were not getting leave and I almost fear they will not allow any of ours in---however, we shall live in hopes as it would be real jolly to have even a few hours together, but, dear, you are too good a soldier to worry if I can't come.

I see by the paper that Captain Crowdy has been killed. Wasn't that dirty work, the Huns shooting Nurse Cavell? Would you have me do anything else than fight the brutes?

Had a good hot bath today and a change of clothes. Adamson and most of the officers are in the city (Amiens), but I am afraid to go until I know whether I can go to Paris. Have had no letter from you yet. Am sending a little rose with my love.

Wednesday, October 27, 1915

Nothing new to report today. I have had no letter from you since you left England, but our mail for here is not running smoothly yet, so I hope we shall soon make connections O.K. The Major did not get back from town until late last night and had

an awful head this morning, dined too well. He is off again tonight with Stewart and some other officers. I have no further word about visiting you but brigade H.Q. will be here tomorrow so I should know soon. Your last order from Fortnum & Mason's arrived last night and many compliments were paid your good judgment.

There is a glorious sunset just out my window. I love to think you are so near to me and probably seeing the same sunset, although it is not the same in the city. We had a very nice march this morning through a large wood. The colours of the leaves are glorious. I see the Austrians have succeeded in destroying some Venetian art treasures, some "kultur", haven't they?

Am going to drop a line now to Corporal Brown (wounded.) Take care of yourself in the gay city, dear.

October 28, 1915

A very wet and cold day but we are snug inside with a dry roof over us and a good fire. Had a good chicken dinner, with stewed apricots and some of your cake for dessert and a bottle of white port wine,--that is not half rations, is it? Irwin went in to Amiens and bought a good supply of things and this, with yours, will last us for two weeks. Our messing costs about three francs a day each, and this is all the money I spend, except twenty francs a month for my batman. Hance left for England today on short leave.

Most of the officers rode in to town last night for dinner and had a real jolly time, I hear. Our men are going in about ten percent a day. I have no word yet of my Paris leave but should hear tomorrow. If I don't get a note from you tonight, I shall fear our mail service is not so good as from London.

Your cigarettes should also be in tonight and will be very acceptable, I shall keep a few for myself, s.v.p. I see by the Paris papers the movies are all going on.

Friday, 11:00 a.m.  
October 29, 1915

We are all taking it easy this morning writing letters around our dining table; had "gun-fire" tea at 7:30 and breakfast at 9:15. Shall have a battalion parade this afternoon. The men have all had a good rest and have enjoyed it. Yesterday they played a baseball game with the officers and had lots of fun. The French inhabitants could not make out what all the "rooting" meant. Another lot were tossing up men in a blanket much to the amusement of the women and children.

It looks as if some move were on soon. Many think we are bound for Servia but a regiment is always full of rumours and it really makes no difference where we fight. Servia would mean open fighting and less trenches, which would suit us better. However, this is just a hint to you which must be kept confidential, there is probably nothing in it, but if some time you do not get any word from me for some days, it will probably mean we are in a quick move. If we do go, Paris will perhaps be handier than London and maybe you could go to Malta.

This letter will not leave here until tomorrow morning. Will you please answer right away marking the hour you write and we shall see how long it really takes to exchange letters. Tell me all about present day life in Paris. There must be some fine displays of war pictures, also be sure to see the captured war trophies and visit any Canadians or other British who may be in hospital there. I think there are some at Versailles.

(End of Sir John's letter to Aunt)

## CHAPTER XV

October 29 to November 2, 1915

RUMOURS CONCERNING NEXT MOVE OF REGIMENT.

STILL IN BILLETS IN FERRIÈRES.

October 29, 1915

How is my saucy little wife today? Able to eat up three or four Germans alive, I hope, as well as a half dozen of our own people who are not doing their bit. This has been a nice sunny day and we spent it in a "snow fight" this morning, quite like old times.

Stewart got away last night feeling very mellow. If I lived the way some of our boys do I'd be dead long ago. Adamson is as cheery as ever and keeps us amused with his wit and jokes. We have lots of fun with the men over pay. They are given fifteen francs each on leave and require an order from an officer for more. They always ask for twenty or thirty francs extra to get "their watch repaired". The officers go in to town to "see the cathedral"! Their religious devotion is quite touching!

Nothing new about leave--I haven't much hope as every offi-

cer would have the same right to go as I have, and there are hundreds around here--all of whom want to go to Paris; but luck may send us a happy windfall yet.

Have been so lonely this week without any letters from you, dear, shall be real worried if one does not come tonight, shall fear you struck a mine or were submarined on the way over. It is such a care to have a dear little wife in the firing-line. Can appreciate a little how you feel about me.

An artillery officer has just paid us a call and he thinks we are not bound for Servia but a few miles up the line to relieve another division.

So long, dear, keep your spirits up and find someone to call down once in a while, you'll feel better to "let off a little pent up fireworks". Adamson says he would like to go to Paris for the express purpose of seeing you. I told him if we went together he could see you for about five seconds. *Toujours à vous.*

-----

This letter contained the following beautiful tribute from the Alpine Club of Canada:

"RESOLUTION

"Passed at the Tenth Annual Meeting of the Alpine Club  
of Canada.

July 22, 1915

"We, the members of the Alpine Club of Canada, assembled at our Tenth Annual Meeting at the Camp, near Ptarmigan Lake in the Lake Louise District, known as "The War Camp" do hereby desire to express and place on record our most fervent approval and appreciation of the action of those of our members who have so nobly responded to the call to arms, and have rallied to the



defense of the Motherland and the Empire in the hour of dire necessity.

"We desire to convey to all such members our lasting esteem and affection, and we pray that the Great God, in His mercy will spare our comrades of the hills to us for many more Annual Camps and that they may one and all live to see the vindication of the world from tyranny and oppression, for which cause the British Empire has taken up arms and is fighting to the death.

"For those who have already been wounded in action we desire to express the deepest sympathy and the pride we feel in the great honours they have achieved, which honours will remain to their undying glory.

"Seated here, around the Camp fire, with snow-capped peaks all about, with the roar of the torrent and the shrill whistle of the marmot in our ears, our hearts go out to you. We see your well-known faces on the battle-scarred plains of Europe, and we know that the honour of the Empire, of Canada and of the Club is safe in your hands. May God guard you, our comrades, and bring you back safely to us in the near future.

"Signed on behalf of the meeting

"John D. Patterson, President  
Arthur O. Wheeler, Director  
S.H. Mitchell, Sec'y. Treas."

A little later Captain Jones was made Honourary President of the Alpine Club of Canada.

Paris, Sunday  
October 17, 1915

My dearest boy:

Well, here I am, in "gay Paree!" The channel crossing was not bad, a great many people were ill but I was not one of them. I felt sorry for them, but many times I had to laugh.

You see most of the passengers were officers returning to their regiments, and somehow it detracted from their dignity to see them make a dive for the railing every now and then. It reminded me of the day at the London Zoo when the Llama spit in your face, and I didn't know whether to laugh or cry you looked so dignified and grievously surprised.

My deck chair was next to a manufacturer from Manchester, a man about sixty years old. I flirted desperately with him! He was going to Paris on business. We chatted until time for dinner and he liked to talk. He dropped all his h's with a bang then picked them up and put them where they shouldn't be at all. It was funny.

At dinner there was a fresh young major next to me, going out for the first time. From his talk I think he will probably tell Gen. French how to run things. The Princess Patricia's were mentioned by one of the other officers (by the way there were only three other women on the ship besides myself) and he said in a most "sour grapes" sort of way: "They have been very much overestimated just because they are Canada's crack regiment. I don't believe half the things I have heard about them."

Well, now you know I just saw "red" at once and I turned to him with a look that should have slayed him on the spot, and said: "My husband is a Captain with the Princess Patricia's, has been with them since they were organized in Ottawa, been twice wounded and is back with them again, and I hope your record will come up to that." He didn't say another word.

The ship was in total darkness except a dim light or two in the salons, not enough to read by, so I bundled up and sat out on deck. We landed in Dieppe at 9 o'clock, but it took two hours

to go through the customs and passport officers. I stood all that time in line and when at last I got on the train, I just dropped in a seat. I slept most of the way as even the trains were in darkness, all blinds closed and lights dim, and oh it was hot and stuffy,--the smell of officers uniforms, kit and leather.

It was after 2 a.m. when we arrived at the Gare St. Lazarre, and I didn't bother about my trunk, took my suitcase and started out to look for a taxi. No porters, all at the front, had to carry our own luggage, and there seemed to be no taxis, I had to hunt up a "garde" and he blew his whistle a long time before one came.

Driving along at about four o'clock in the morning, no lights anywhere, even darker than London, I could not realize I was really in Paris where night used to be turned into day. Paris is surely in mourning and my heart feels sad already. But I know there is work here for me to do and I shall soon find it.

I finally arrived at the hotel X----- near the Place de l'Étoile and the Arc de Triomphe. The proprietor had given me up and had gone to bed as I was just six hours late, but the concierge showed me to my room and I was not long tumbling into bed.

Shall look for your letters eagerly now, and maybe you will be able to get a wee leave for Paris soon.

Paris, Monday  
October 18, 1915

Oh dear, what dreadful pens these French hotels have! I have just received your letter which you say you mailed Saturday. That is quicker than from London. I am answering at once hoping you will get it before you move. I do hope they are not going to put you in the thick of the fighting again. If you should be wounded I am sure you can be sent somewhere in France. Anyway

you can try.

I am very comfortable here and nice and warm once more. There are some very nice people in the hotel, mostly ladies and old men and three cute little dogs, with whom I am already pals. No one has spoken to me yet, and it is funny to hear them speculating in French as to who I am. They haven't yet decided whether I'm English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh or American, but they know I speak English because I read English books and papers. They don't seem to realize that I understand what they are saying.

One real distinguished looking old lady had an "At home" yesterday afternoon, and I heard her mention three countesses and two counts who had called, so I think I am in a nest of Royalists. I heard her tell one lady that she had been obliged to give up her beautiful home on Boulevard---(I forget the name) shortly after the war broke out, and had been here ever since. I shall soon get acquainted, but after living in England so long one becomes very reserved.

The proprietor sent the porter to the station for my trunks, I gave him my keys, and when he came back he said they had made a thorough examination and had found a box of matches which they kept. Well, I said they were welcome to them, and if they could make them strike it was more than I could. I had three other boxes scattered around through the trunk and a box of cigarettes right near the top of the hat box which they seemed to have overlooked. Incidentally matches are a sou apiece here and dutiable.

My darling wife:

-----  
Saturday, 1.00 p.m.  
October 30, 1915

What a treat I had last night! All your charming letters came at once, the last written on Wednesday, and how I did enjoy them with my slippers, a pipe and a stove, also the magazines,

which were fine and "très chic". Sent your letter on to the folks at home. You should be an authoress, Lou. Some day we'll write a book together, eh what? I'm quite jealous of old "grandpa" and, of course, am taking your word as to his age! Never mind, dear, have a good time if you can.

Am glad you sat on the kid major when he tried to run down the Princess Pats. I told Gault and Adamson and they were vastly tickled. They are both working to get me leave and Pelly told me this morning he had sent in my application to Divisional H.Q. I haven't much hopes of success but who knows?

The men are very much disappointed today. We were sending in twenty a day to Amiens on leave for the afternoon, but this was stopped this morning. Officers can still go in but I have no desire to go. Have an awful bunch of letters to censor now so will get to work. Some of the men write very fine letters but rather cold ones as I suppose they think we read them all and don't want to show too much sentiment. I'd like to see any censor stop me!

Am so glad your hotel is comfortable. You will probably make some nice French friends there. I enjoyed your story of the countess's "at home". There is an old countess here but she is very dirty and has evidently fallen from her high estate.

Don't worry about our house, dear, we've had happy and comfortable times there and I believe we shall have again. They won't rent it, I know, except to good people. Sweet dreams, Dear.

Sunday morning  
October 31, 1915

I am having a loafy time around the fire in my slippers after a good breakfast of oatmeal, ham and eggs and coffee; lots to read and smoke and a jug of new cider (we found a cask in our cellar.) Adamson and I and the other company commanders ate din-



ner last night at H.Q. and had a real jolly time. A. was in his best form and after several whiskies and sodas, port wine and five Benedictines, his wit came fast and furious and we simply shrieked with laughter. I took down your Paris magazines which were much enjoyed.

Please send me "La Vie Parisienne" in future, dear, omit the serious ones as I'm not interested in war pictures--see too much of the real thing here. Pelly and Vandenberg both have violins and we also had some music. Gault is very cheerful.

Pelly says my application for leave has gone on to the brigade and division and I should hear soon. He says there was great merriment in the brigade office over my application to "visit my wife in Paris"--the rude soldiery think no man should have a wife in Paris--like "carrying coals to Newcastle!" However, dear, you at least will believe me when I say I haven't the slightest interest in Paris outside of seeing you.

We are arranging a gymkana of sports day for Wednesday and are trying to have all funny events with a little more "push and go" than we saw at Kinghorn or Folkestone. Molson and I had a seven mile walk through the woods yesterday p.m. Very pretty with the colouring of the leaves, lots of rabbits and pheasants. I have at last almost finished "Colonel Quaritch, V. C." it's a good story.

How are all your doggies, baronesses and countesses? Can you keep a dog yourself there? If so you had better get one and be in the fashion. Shall finish "Colonel Q." now, so au revoir, dear. Don't lose your heart to any French "ambusqués"--I won't scold you for a little flirtation with a real fighting soldier.

Sunday 4 p.m  
October 31, 1915

Your dear letter of Thursday has just arrived with clippings.

I am very glad you are speaking so much French, by all means have a French girl come in to read and talk with you.

The snaps I sent you are as follows: Those of myself with the periscope rifle you will recognize. The big chap is my "shadow", Private Egan. He carried the rifle when I went out shooting Huns. The one snap of me with bare head shows very clearly how the rifle is used. I am firing over a broken wall right near my company headquarters. The three officers are Lts. Martin (left), Irwin (centre) and Pope (right.) The window on the left opens into my bedroom. You see the bullet holes in the roof. The grave is of a French soldier buried in our trench. I have his name and address somewhere which I shall send you and you can send a copy to his people. The building with the smashed roof is also at company H.Q. My batman, Jennings, is standing there, notice the bastions above his head filled with gravel to keep out bullets. The pile of débris is really a barricade across a street in the village. The films will be here soon and you can have better copies made of the good ones if the French law permits.

Haven't been outdoors today but usually get enough fresh air. Tomorrow p.m. we are planning a paper chase (hare and hounds) through the woods for the men and shall also have a bomb-throwing competition.

Monday,  
November 1, 1915

"No parade today, boys, no parade today,  
The colonel's got a belly ache  
And the adjutant's gone away"----

as the bugle says. It is raining hard so am staying inside and reading the Sunday papers. I don't read Belloc any more but the "Observer's" weekly resumé is a good one. He thinks we can still make the Balkans the grave of German ambitions and I do too if

we go after them hard everywhere.

Adamson has just returned after a bang-up dinner and a good bed in Amiens. Some of these chaps spend more in a day than I do in a month.

We had lots of fun with one of our old soldiers this morning, one of the very few left of the old hard-drinking, hard-fighting kind. He had had a few beers and someone bet him another that he would not swim through a big mud and manure puddle! In he went right through and you can imagine what he looked like on the other side! He was arrested and put in the guardroom for being drunk and when the other prisoners objected to the odour he said; "I'm not kicking about it, you shouldn't be in here anyway!" Before the Major this morning he complained that he was only having a "bit of fun" and that around here when you have a bit of fun they think you're drunk. We always protect these old fellows all we can, they fight so damn well, The Major dismissed the case. The best men in the trenches are often the biggest nuisance outside, but after all we're not running a Sunday school and it's the fighters we must look after, mustn't we? You would just love some of these old rascals.

Thursday a.m.  
November 2, 1915

Am sending you today some cards of Amiens which I have yet only seen from a distance--also one card in open mail to see if it reaches you with the name of the town on it. (It did.Ed.)

I hear today the army commander refused my pass. It was recommended by the brigade and division but I suppose there is an army rule against it. Never mind, dear, two more months will soon pass and then I shall really be due for a pass. Of course, even yet it is barely possible the rule may be waived in my favor.

Officers and men are still going on pass to England a few at a time. Pelly and Grey go next. Papineau had to go to hospital this morning with stomach trouble, should not be serious.

We had some fresh sole for breakfast this morning, very nice! Your cigarettes came last night just at the right time and were much appreciated. I gave 200 to each platoon, a few to the sergeants and servants and kept a few for myself, as I was all out. Many, many thanks from us all. Hope for a letter tonight, none for the last two days. Get the Paris and London papers now, same day as issued.

. Good-by, dear, keep up the good fight.

## CHAPTER XVI

October 20 to November 13, 1915

CAPTAIN JONES GETS PARIS LEAVE. REGIMENT MARCHES TO  
FLIXECOURT. LEAVES THE 27TH DIVISION. GENERAL W. E. B. SMITH'S  
"FAREWELL" TO THE REGIMENT.

Paris, Wednesday  
October 20, 1915

My own darling boy:

No letter from you for nearly a week. I suppose you are on the move somewhere. This war is getting more mixed up and dreadful every day. It looks as if there would never be "Peace on Earth" again.

Sunday and Monday were like London here, rainy and foggy, so I stayed in my nice warm room and read the Calgary papers and snipped clippings for you. Yesterday was glorious but quite cold. I went through some of the stores and did a little shopping, bought some English papers and some cigarettes, which are horribly expensive here, (I shall have to stop smoking) and went to a cinema and understood it pretty well. Today I am going to



look up some friends I knew before the war.

Have met all the people in the hotel and find them very pleasant. A baroness, Portugese from Lisbon, been living in Paris several years,--Baroneza do Jardim do Mar--to give her right title. Much older than myself and treats me like a daughter. She owns a very pretty home in Madeira very near the old church we visited when there, where the American souvenir hunter broke a piece of plaster off the wall, and I always shall wonder how he would prove its identity when he showed it to the folks at home. A piece of plaster to me is just a piece of plaster and would have to have a lot of proving to identify it with the church at Madeira. However, La Baronne has offered us her home to sojourn in after the war, which is certainly charming of her and I hope we can take advantage of it.

This is a very select little hotel, about thirty people altogether. Mme. Howard-Brown is another lady here who is very kind to me. She is a Hungarian Baroness married to an English Captain who is many years dead. Her son is a lieutenant in the British army and her daughter married a wealthy German banker in Berlin just before the war broke out. Mme. has an apartment in Paris, but when she wants to see her daughter she has to go to Switzerland and her son spends his leave in Paris. The French Intelligence Department is very suspicious of Mme. B. and I am told she is under surveillance all the time. I shall keep all your letters and papers locked up, though I really think she is more French in her sympathies as she has lived here nineteen years. The French do not pronounce their h's in many instances and have no W in their language, so they call Mme. Howard-Brown "Mme. Ovar" which is as near Howard as they can come.

Paris, Thursday

No letter from you yet, I am afraid you are on the move somewhere. I had to go to the American Consul this morning to have some papers signed regarding my grandfather's estate. The Vice-Consul is from Georgia and as I have been in Atlanta and Augusta we had a nice chat all about our respective families and States. I had to pay two dollars, not for the chat, I guess that was thrown in, but for the Consular service, and I think that is pretty expensive.

Called on the Godefroys this afternoon, found their apartment rented and was told by the lady now living there that Pierre had been in the war since the beginning, had not had a leave and had not been sick or wounded. Isn't that a record? Poor boy! The French soldiers are certainly having a hard time of it.

Just received your letter of last Saturday and have been worrying all this time over nothing. Am glad to know you are all safe.

-----

My darling wife:

Tuesday  
November 2, 1915

It is raining pitchforks today. Hope tomorrow is fine for our sports. We have just been kidding Molson about his French. He went in to town yesterday for some provisions and asked a saleswoman for a "kilometer of butter" (meaning a kilo), she was vastly amused. Adamson and I have been playing "tit-tat-toe", do you remember it? We are just like a lot of children but we have to kill time somehow.

Do you see many men fit for service in Paris who are not serving? Suppose there are quite a number of foreigners. I wonder if you see as many of the demimondaines around the streets as ever. Poor girls, I know they are as patriotic as any other

class but probably can get nothing else to do.

Thursday, if we can, we're going to march the company in to town for baths, there are no possibilities here.

November 4, 1915

Telegram.

"Arrive Paris five twenty-two this afternoon. Stanley."

-----

Stanley had four days leave and it rained all the time, but we did not mind that, the joy of being together again made up for the weather. We visited the "Panorama of the War", painted in oil, which was creating such a sensation in Paris at that time. It was wonderful but horrible and we decided to just see things that would make us forget the war, so the Folies B erg re and some of the other music halls we found more interesting. The caf  s closed early and there was no night life like before the war. Paris was fighting for her very existence. The four days passed all too quickly and I went to the Gare du Nord with Stanley and said good-by once more.

-----

Dearest little pal:

Monday  
November 8, 1915

I had a slow trip up yesterday with a French staff officer who spoke southern French, but we got along O.K. I arrived in Amiens at 5:30 p.m. and just had time to take a street car across town and get the little train for "home". The amusing thing was that the streets were packed with people, all lights in shop windows blazing and the scene generally the brightest I have seen in France. The nearer you get to the firing-line the more unconcerned the people are, they are quite used to a condition of war by this time.

I arrived just in time to find a move on for this morning so it was very lucky I got back. We pulled out and marched fifteen miles to Flixecourt which is half way between Amiens and Abbéville. Buy a map of France and look it up. General Smith said "good-by" to us in a fine speech to which Gault made a very apt reply. We are leaving the 27th Division and with great regret as we have all made many friendships. We are, therefore, evidently not going to Servia and our future is a little unsettled.

We expect for some time to be an "Instructional Battalion" for some of the New Army, which, of course, is a great honour and we shall try to live up to it. No sign of going into the firing-line for some time yet.

This is a prosperous little factory town and we have the best billets yet. The Major and I each have a good bedroom in the house, with good mattress and also clothes. All the officers have fine lodgings but will all eat here where we have a big kitchen and dining room with electric lights and open fire places,--how's that for war time?

The Major is in fine form and he and all have been greatly interested in my trip to Paris. He and Stewart have been having all kinds of bets, five francs each. First as to whether the number of framed pictures on these walls was "odd or even"--then there was a big row over what constituted a "framed picture" as they had cloth frames, so this was declared off. Then they bet whether the females in a large family group photo were odd or even. The sex of a baby could not be told so we had to call in Madame. Without her glasses she said it was a girl and Adamson chuckled with glee, but Stewart protested the decision so Madame put on her glasses and said it was a boy, "petit Pierre"--and

Stewart won his five francs amidst peals of laughter. The poor old lady couldn't imagine what was up.

But Adamson wanted revenge, so their backs being turned to the dinner table, they bet odd or even on the cutlery and Adamson won on even,--a perfectly appointed table he said, but Stewart declared it wasn't as we had no salt spoon and he was counting on it! So the fun goes on. You see we are just kids after all.

The Major is now thinking up some new drill movements for the morning, which are not in the Drill Manual, to puzzle the new officers. Our men are very comfortable, one half in an estaminet with a billiard table, piano and dance hall. We went in to see them tonight and they were having a lively old time.

Must go to bed now. I can't tell you how much I enjoyed my visit with you and how happy I am now that I know you are so comfortable and with such safe and good people. Stewart's fiancée is living in Paris and he wants her to call on you. She also is very much interested in the old regiment and you and she will be able to swap news.

I enclose you some snaps of my dining room table in the trenches at Frise set for the big dinner. This is really good. No one who did not really know would believe this room was always under rifle fire and sometimes shelled. We were always eating with Death as a guest in that room, but were very proud of our table appointments just the same. Don't the leaves show up fine? We shall miss each other's letters for a few days, but the chain will soon be running again.

November 10, 1915

We have not been able to send any mail yet on account of change of division, but today Irwin is going in to Amiens and I



have asked him to send you a telegram, which I hope you receive so you will not worry over the delay in hearing from me.

We seem to have struck an easy job for a while but one of considerable responsibility. This place will be a military school with about 230 student officers and 180 student non. coms. and instructional staff. We take no part in the teaching but are supposed to exemplify model field work, discipline, interior economy, etc.--as well as the proper way to carry a good load of whiskey in a soldierly manner and to play bridge and poker with a correct understanding of their "strategical and tactical possibilities", eh what? The Commanding Officer is a good practical fighting soldier who will not worry us about too much and wants to make us comfortable. He has not got under way yet but we should soon know what there is to do and in the meantime, are smartening the men up with drill.

Last night No. 2 Co. had a very good concert which we all attended. Lots of good talent in songs and recitations. We hope to have a "regimental gaff" soon which will astonish the natives!

I think the cold and dampness have given me a touch of kidney trouble, nothing to worry about. I believe a bottle of "Pageol" will help me, dear, if you will send one to me. All parades are off today on account of the rain, so I shall read, write, smoke and eat apples,--sounds like a pleasant day, doesn't it?

I see by the papers you had a bad fog in Paris. Were you in it? Be careful of yourself, that's a good girl. Hope your parcels come in tonight, they will be useful here as the stores haven't much. Grey is away on leave and I think others will be able to get away soon.

I enclose you a copy of General Smith's "Farewell" to the regiment.

"BRIGADE ROUTINE ORDERS NO. 195.

by

"Brigade General W. E. B. Smith, Commanding 80th. Infantry  
Brigade.

Transfer of P.P.C.L.I.

"On the departure of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry the G.O.C. takes the opportunity of placing on record his keen appreciation of the splendid services rendered by this battalion to the 80th Brigade.

"This battalion joined the brigade on its formation at Winchester in November 1914, and has remained with it ever since.

"The gallantry of the P.P.C.L.I. during the fighting at St. Eloi and later during the 2nd Battle of Ypres when the battalion hung on to their trenches with unparelled tenacity and loss of 75 percent of their effectives, has won for them not only the admiration of their comrades, but when the history of the war is written, will earn for the regiment a reputation that will stand amongst the highest in the record of the exploits of the British Army.

"The G.O.C. in bidding them farewell and expressing the deepest regret at their departure knows that he is not only voicing the sentiments of himself and his staff but also those of the whole of their comrades of the 80th Brigade."

Thursday  
November 11, 1915

Am afraid that our life here will be so quiet that my letters will not be very interesting for a while, but you will probably prefer them to tales of war. This morning our whole company had

hot baths in the factory, in great big iron vats with oceans of hot water and steam. The proprietor is very kind and he allows the men ~~very~~ many favors. We are having the tubs well cleaned and all the officers will have a bath there.

Martin and I walked through part of the factory yesterday. Hundreds of girls and women were sewing sandbags, a busy scene. The girls are pretty rough looking and we hear are not very good for the men's health, but we can't stop it. The men would really be better off in the trenches. They're too comfortable here and have too much time on their hands,--so that there are drawbacks to everything, aren't there?

I was pleased that Irwin got my telegram off yesterday. We expect some mail in today and I should get your parcels. Jennings wants the table now for lunch, so must quit, au revoir, kind regards to all.

Friday, November 12, 1915

"Chère Madame:" As I am now living in a grand chateau like a rich French landed proprietor, I have to be very formal even to my wife, eh what? I could see from the first moment we landed here that the Major was not satisfied with our billet (although it was the best we have ever had) when there were so many large chateaux around. So today I was not surprised to hear he and I were to move in to one, and this afternoon we did move and are now installed in great style in a really fine mansion with beautiful large lawns and grounds. We each have a magnificent large bedroom with toilet room attached. My furniture is all solid old wood with lots of marble around, hard polished floors and immense candelabra.

The room next to mine is occupied by the daughter-in-law who expects a new arrival any moment, but the madame insisted

we would not be in the way as they seem to take births as a matter of course. Adamson has promised to act as godfather. A number of relatives have arrived for the function and after they go we shall be given a large sitting room. So you see, dear, we are having some of the comfortable soldiering we have read about but not heretofore experienced.

Hance and Jennings have nice rooms in the servants quarters, but they won't have much to do as the house is full of servants who prefer to do their own work. These people are amazingly kind. They have a son and son-in-law officers in the French Army.

We shall take our breakfast at the old place and lunch, tea and dinner altogether in a regimental mess in a still grander chateau, so you see we have fallen on easy times for a while anyway, so worry no more but enjoy yourself all you can.

I hope your French conversation lessons are progressing well. Received the café and thé au rhum which are just what I want for our next trenches. The food arrived O.K. except the following which may turn up later. 1 Lunch Tongue, 1 B. Polo (1.90) don't know what that is, 1 B. datte .90, don't know this entry, it follows a cake, and "Carrées Ananas" 2.90.

Shall take some photos of the chateau. Received the Collier's and Saturday E. P., many thanks. We are now getting the daily papers again. Think Greece is inclined to act more sensibly. Enclose a letter from Pryce-Jones, am glad the war posters I sent him were of some use in raising his regiment in Calgary.

-----

Letter of thanks from No. 8 Platoon.

"The N.C.O's. and men of No. 8 Platoon, No. 2 Company, P.P. C.L.I. desire to convey to Mrs. Stanley Jones their grateful thanks for and sincere appreciation of her kind thoughtful gift

of cigarettes.

November 5, 1915

S. L. Robertson,  
Act. Plat. Sgt.  
No. 8 Platoon. "

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Saturday, November 13, 1915

Have just been down stairs talking to Adamson before turning in. Had a very good sleep last night, the bed is perfect. As tomorrow is Sunday we shall not have breakfast until 9:15. Today has been cold and rainy but we worked in a route march in the morning and a battalion parade in the afternoon. Tomorrow we expect to dine in style in the new mess. Have read "La Petite Parisienne". We don't seem to get many English papers here. I speak quite a lot of French(?) during the day and am getting to understand it better anyway, and some of it around here is pretty bad.

General Milne, 27th Division, met the officers this morning to say "good-by" and said some nice things to us. That he had tried very hard to take us with him but could not, but that our old General Snow, now a corps commander, wanted us, so we would shortly be going to the 4th Division, at least for the winter, which he thought we would spend rather pleasantly with them as it is one of the best of the old army divisions, out here since the first. It looks, though, as if we would be here for some time acting, as the boys say, like "Chocolate Soldiers". My address is simply "P.P.C.L.I., B.E.F. Armée Anglaise, France".

Did not receive a letter from you today, and it will be a week tomorrow since I left you, but I am not worried now that I know you are with such good people. Am going to turn in and have a look at "Leslie's", so shall say good night.

*(End of letter to Sister Mary)*



## CHAPTER XVII

November 13 to 24, 1915

"CHOCOLATE SOLDIERING" IN A GRAND CHATEAU IN FLIXECOURT.  
A SNOWBALL FIGHT. REGIMENT GIVES A DINNER FOR OWNER OF CHATEAU  
AND OFFICERS OF SCHOOL.

Dear little Pal:

Sunday, November 14, 1915

This has been a beautiful day but not much to do, so time hangs rather heavy on our hands. This morning we had church parade in the chateau grounds, and in honour of the occasion the great iron main gates were opened. I believe this only happens for funerals, marriages and other state ceremonies!

We had our first lunch in the chateau. An immense room with one long table around which the thirty of us sat. I haven't been all over the place yet but it surely cost a lot of money, and there's more comfort in our own little home in Canada. Niven says they have a fine bath for the dogs in the stable but there is no bathroom in the chateau, nor is there one in the chateau we are in!

This reminds me of when we were billeted near Bailleul in

the beginning of the war. I wanted to take a bath after coming out of the trenches covered with four day's mud, so I asked the daughter of the house for a tub of hot water. She brought in a wooden washtub and filled it with hot water and then stood around waiting, and I waited for her to leave the room. After considerable waiting and much embarrassment on my part, I asked her in very poor French, what she was waiting for. She said, "To see what you are going to do." I did not know what to do or say but finally made her understand that I was going to take off all my clothes and get into the tub. She thought that very funny and when I asked her if she had never taken a bath she laughed and said, "Non, monsieur, nous n'avons pas l'habitude en Belgique!"

Irwin and Pope went on leave today. Grey is back. With good luck I should have my real leave between X-mas and New Year, which should be a nice time.

The birth has not taken place in our house yet, they must be getting anxious. We never see them now but they will be more sociable after the happy event. We get lots of running around now, sleep here, breakfast at No. 2 Co. H.Q., lunch and dinner in the mess and all about half a mile apart. It will do us good.

Goodbye, sweetheart, keep up the good work and let me have lots of fat letters.

-----

Paris, Monday.

My own darling boy:

How I do miss you, but I suppose I must be thankful for the few days you were allowed to be with me. I hope you arrived safely and did not have too far to walk.

All the people here are very kind to me and, in fact too

kind, as I am not left alone a minute except to sleep, and even then I am not allowed to go to bed when I like as Mme. Brown generally comes in for a chat, and does not leave until I almost swallow her yawning. So I feel a little as though I had jumped from one extreme to the other in coming to Paris.

Mme. Brown took me to tea at Rumpelmayer's Sunday to meet her friends Baron and Baroness S-----. They are lovely people, have a beautiful apartment in Paris, near here, and are very musical. They were very nice to me and invited me to a musical tea at their home next Saturday afternoon. Today I went shopping with Baronne du Mar and Mme. Brown and had tea at an English tea shop near the book store where we were the other day. I am beginning to find my way around Paris very nicely.

Have the things arrived yet I sent from here? I am enclosing two cheques in case you may need money before your book arrives from London.

Do let me know as soon as possible what the regiment is going to do. I am so anxious now about any change they are making. With heaps of love.

Paris, Tuesday

I suppose I shall not hear from you for several days, but I am hoping you arrived safely and that the journey was not too tiresome. I had to go to the Commissionnaire de Police for a "Permis de séjour". Had to have a photo taken then go to the Préfecture de Police to have the whole thing viséed, otherwise I am likely to be arrested. Isn't that a nuisance? My photo just looked like an "accident going somewhere to happen" and I had a hard time convincing the officer that it was really I. You see my blonde head turned out black and I do look queer. Am sending you one, you won't recognize your wife.

The Prefecture is in the old part of Paris down by Notre Dame, and Mlle. Lointon, (my French teacher) was with me, so we went into the old cathedral and looked around. They were decorating it in black for a service tomorrow for the soldiers killed in the war. It depressed me so I did not stay long.

Mme. Brown took me to her apartment this afternoon, it is very beautiful, just a block from here. When we came home I found a telegram from you, from the tone of it, I judge you are on the move. Last night Mme. B. and I went to a "dress rehearsal" of a very pretty little opera called "La Cocarde de Mimi Pinson". The audience was by invitation, a "First Night" try out. Well, I was delighted and feel sure it will be a success. The music is the most catchy I have heard since the war began.

Paris, Wednesday

No letter for two days! Enclose a little clipping from the "Sunday Pictorial", it looks as if the Princess were going to look after the regiment Christmas. I shall have to do something for No. 2 Co. Perhaps Christmas crackers with cigarettes would be fun. They may have been "Made in Germany" and not on the market.

Last night I went with Mme. B. and a Frenchman friend of hers, to the theatre. I am sending you the programme. M. Guitry is one of the most famous actors in France, and Mlle. Lysés is his wife. It was a novelty in cinema and most interesting. Coming home we met a friend of Mme. Brown's who is a Spanish Countess, very pretty. She has offered to present me to the Infanta Eulalie of Spain, sister of King Alfonso, who is living in Paris now, and will get permission from the Princess to do so.

This afternoon Mme. B., La Baronne and I visited the stores then dropped in at Rumpelmayer's on the Rue de Rivoli for tea.

There Mme. B. met a host of friends whom she introduced to me, some very distinguished people. She seems to know the best in Paris.

Paris, Sunday

If I only knew where you are and if you are all right, I am sure I would sleep a little better and not smoke so many cigarettes. It is certainly awful waiting for letters that never come. I feel as though I were writing to somebody in the moon.

I went to Baroness S----'s Musical Tea yesterday afternoon and met a host of delightful people. I never met so many Countesses and Baronesses in my life, and one Marquise. They were charming to me, and I have several invitations to bridge parties.

Mme. B. took me to a little Belgian theatre this afternoon where a company of Belgian actors from Brussels played "Le Bon Monsieur Zoetebeck". It was well played and awfully funny though at times a little off color, but I am beginning to think all the French plays are that way. I understood nearly everything and enjoyed it immensely. With all my love, dear.

-----

Dear "Old Thing";

Monday, Nov. 15, 1915

Was so delighted today to get your first letter written last Monday and also one written Friday,--those in between have not come yet, but our mails are upset on account of our change of division.

I am sending you a number of postcards of this town. You will like that one of the chateau and its gate. (Flixecourt.Ed.) Niven took me over their bedrooms last night, lots of style but



not much comfort. Not a light so you can read in bed and no running hot water.

Baby came this morning at 4 o'clock, a "petite fille" and mother and child are doing well. Adamson and I had lots of fun going around the stores picking out a present for her. The choice was limited but we finally got two pairs of knitted "bootees"--his were blue and mine pink, at 2.50 f. a pair. We tied them up in tissue paper with white ribbon, put in a card and Hance presented them to Madame la Grande Mere,--she was much tickled. The Major hopes we shall now be given the use of a fine sitting room on the ground floor! If this doesn't work we're going to have a Guard of Honour at the church for the christening!

I am going to write Hon. Philippe Roy, Canadian High Commissioner that you are in Paris, so that he can keep you in touch with any Canadian events. I notice they had a ceremony last week decorating the Canadian graves at Versailles. One of my old men, Corporal MacDonald, is buried there.

Am so glad you are meeting nice people. You are bound to meet them where you are. The attitude of Wilson does get kind of wearisome and I really believe that the best blood of the old families no longer controls affairs in the U. S.,--too many damn Germans and renegade Irishmen,--all of whom have votes, but the best people are with us. I see in an interview Roosevelt says if he'd been president six hours when the Lusitania sank, something would have happened quick!

Must turn in now, sweetheart, I am sleeping better these nights. It looks as if we would be here for a month, so rest with an easy mind. Kindest regards to everyone.

Tuesday, November 16, 1915

I am just trying this letter in the French post to see if it goes any faster, if so I can use it in case of a hurry, but otherwise not. Please let me know the exact time you receive it. So far have just received two letters from you since I left Paris.

We have had a heavy fall of snow today and the country looks very beautiful.

Tuesday, November 16, 1915

This morning I dropped a little note in the French post. It has snowed heavily all day so that the ground is covered with four inches of snow now. Drilling we looked like troops in the Russian campaign. Took some snaps of the house and grounds, also of Adamson posing like Adonis(?) on the rear outside staircase. He was out rather late last night at a little card party so took breakfast in bed this morning. We are going to have a fight with snowballs in the morning, one half company against the other, "Servians against Bulgarians",--I shall be a Servian, of course! The men will think they're back home--"happy days!"

Capt. Clarke has just returned from leave married, also Cowley who was wounded in Frise, is also married. We are giving them a present each. Both good chaps, in fact I was just noting tonight at mess looking around the table what a fine clean-cut lot of officers we have now, all matured men of the best physique and with brains. It's about the only chance we all have of seeing one another and we are all getting better acquainted, which is a good thing. You can never tell in this war just when a great deal may depend on the good-will of a fellow officer.

A great big mail came in tonight but no letters from you, however, I am not worrying as I feel you are comfortable and with good friends--much better off and safer than if you were in Lon-

don. Good night, dear.

Wednesday, November 17, 1915

We had a real jolly snowball fight this morning, the defense rolled up snowballs into a fort and we attacked like in childhood days. In the afternoon we had battalion ceremonial drill with our colours, preparing for a demonstration before the school on Friday.

Had a very good lunch at the mess of macaroni and Irish stew. Adamson objected to the stew very much, on the ground that the potatoes should have been cooked in the stew and instead were served mashed! He said some of our officer friends of the Irish division might call in for lunch and be insulted by this indignity to their national dish! He always has some funny gag to spring. He is counting on his leave the end of the month and that would bring mine early in December. Wouldn't it be fine to have another Christmas together? Two officers are going now each week and the list will soon be run through if we stay here long. Niven goes next.

Am going to read the "Post" for a while and then turn in to my great big bed. Tomorrow will be Guest Night at the mess and we're going to put on some "dog", inviting the owner of the cha-teau and the officers of the school--must uphold the dignity of the service and the honour of Canada, eh what?

Thursday, November 18, 1915

"Henry is himself again!" I received your two charming letters today, one written a week ago Tuesday and the other last Sunday, so you see how our mails have been upset.

Your new friends sound like a page out of "Burke's Peerage", I am sure they will be very interesting and kind to you, why shouldn't they be? Adamson and I have been checking up leave

again and find two more officers before us, so my turn should come about Christmas after all,--couldn't be a nicer time, could it?

Tomorrow we have our ceremonial parade and march past the school with the old flag at our head, hope it's a nice day. Then the school have a paper chase and concert, so we're quite a lively burg. Good night, dear.

Friday night, 1:50 a.m.  
November 19, 1915

I am writing ~~this~~ at this early hour in the morning just to assure you I am as always perfectly sober, which is a wonder tonight, because we have had "some" night! Our Guest Night was a great success. We had M. Saint, the owner of the chateau, and the staff of the school. The dinner was very good and well served and the wines and champagne were quite plentiful. M. Saint opened up his gorgeous billiard room and music room and we had a high old time, forgetting all about war.

I lost ten francs to Adamson betting on Niven for a game of billiards but won back five francs on a game of roulette. You would have enjoyed Stewart acting as banker at the roulette game and everybody putting down the five franc notes. Quite like Monte Carlo.

Adamson was very cheery and put all his officers through some wonderful ceremonial drill in the banquet hall. I have just seen him safely in bed, none the worse for wear! Our table looked very pretty with big silver candelabra. We drank toasts to the King, Princess Patricia and the Allies, and the Pipe Major played the Maple Leaf and Marseillaise on the pipes! He then sat down and drank a glass of port with the Colonel, as is customary.

I must turn in now, dear, as I am rather tired after our unaccustomed merriment. Am sure you are glad we can all keep so

cheerful. Good night, darling.

Saturday midnight  
November 20, 1915

I am giving this note to Major Adamson to deliver to you with my love. I am glad the Major and Stewart have got this leave and from them you will hear all the latest gossip of the trenches. Our review this morning passed off very well and to-night our "talent" gave a concert to the school. They seem to think we are all right.

Adamson has promised to have dinner with you and I know you'll enjoy his cheerful talk, he is as happy as a boy at the idea of his little holiday and I don't blame him, although he has not a dear little wife in Paris to welcome him as I had.

I received the bundles of Calgary papers today and notice they all had 3d English stamps on them. Did you put them on? You will probably find that you must put English stamps on letters to me. That may be why some of your letters have gone astray. Perhaps the "F.M." only applies to letters to the French army.

Give the Major some good advice about the snares of Paris, and don't recommend to him any shows where a knowledge of French is necessary,---he can use his eyes in French and that's enough, eh what?

So long, dear, and send me back all the news of your daily doings. How are the nobility getting on? You certainly are in with a lot of old Royalists, but they're all for France these days anyway. With a whole train load of love.

Sunday, November 21, 1915

I am sitting in my boudoir before an open fire writing by the light of my yellow silk shaded lamp, near my mahogany bed with it's red satin and lace coverlet,--so don't be surprised if



my language is somewhat flowery and "high-falutin'" in the midst of such gorgeous and comfortable soldiering!

Adamson and Stewart got away like boys from school. I shall be very eager to hear their news of you. Last night our men gave a very good concert at the school and the Commandant expressed his thanks in a nice little speech in which he said the regiment did everything for them from fixing the furnace and electric wiring to ceremonial drills and concerts! Adamson marched five of us home by word of command and put us through some marvelous drill getting us in our door! Just like he used to do "in the Guards at Ottawa"!

This morning we had church parade at the chateau with a fife and drum band which afterwards gave a concert on the lawn in honour of our host and hostess, winding up with the Marseillaise. Shall have a busy time this week. Am mess president for the week which means I do the honours at the head of our big table; then Niven is going on leave and Martin will act as adjutant. Molson is attending the school. Irwin is away on leave also the Major, so I am the only officer in the company available for duty, but enjoy having<sup>^</sup> lot to do. Irwin should be back on Tuesday.

We are having small regimental cards to send out for X-mas. I shall send some on to you for your signature too. I am afraid they are all the X-mas presents we can send this year,--which is probably more than we shall receive, eh what? But I'm here and you're near so what do we care,--Santa Claus was "made in Germany" anyway, wasn't he? Good night, sweetheart.

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Paris, Wednesday  
November 17, 1915

My darling boy:

Your letter sent from Flixecourt at 6 p.m. yesterday reached the hotel about four this afternoon. So you see it is very much quicker to send mail by the regular post when it is possible. If I had an address at Flixecourt I could send my mail direct to you. But I suppose this is impossible.

Where has the 27th Division gone, do you know? To Servia perhaps? I think the sooner they send all available troops there the better, as it certainly looks very serious now that Greece has made this treaty with the Central Entente. It looks to me as though they would soon have to fight their way through Greece.

There is a movement on foot here in Paris among people in high authority to acquaint the King of Greece with the love affairs of his wife and some German nobleman. The papers have been hinting this for some time. Whether it is true or whether it will amount to anything remains to be seen. It is to be sent to the King in the form of a letter signed by several prominent men and women, who are prepared to give proofs.

It looks to me like a very foolish proceeding, and I don't see how any good can come from meddling in the King's personal affairs, but as they think the King is holding back on account of his wife, it may do some good. The news is certainly very depressing, and according to today's map in the New York Herald, there is very little of Servia left.

You certainly are in very luxurious quarters. Trust Adamson to look out for number one. Don't get too intimate with the female inmates, or I'll have to hunt up a "grandpa" here.

Went to the Olympia with La Baronne today, but did not enjoy it much. It was a kind of cheap vaudeville. Shall send you some magazines and Calgary papers tomorrow. Be a good boy.

-----

Lou, dear:

Monday, November 22, 1915

Just a speedy line to say I have received your note written last Wednesday. You must tell me sometime what are the love affairs of the Queen of Greece? I agree with you that they are of no importance in this scrap. The Greeks are evidently a white-livered lot and if they don't look out we'll blow them into the sea. I am just getting up my fighting spirit, aren't you? If we have to fight all the forces of evil in the world, why let them come on we'll lick 'em all. We're just getting our second wind now.

I see Teddy Roosevelt denies he wants to lead a Canadian regiment. I'm getting fonder of Teddy every day. He has lots of red blood anyway, hasn't he?

We shall have another Guest Night on Thursday at which I shall have to preside and propose the usual toasts "The King" and "Princess Patricia". We will have seven officer guests from the school.

Jennings went on leave tonight and I feel all alone as I'm the only officer left with the company, but we will all be together again next week.

Have been riding on both parades today, a nice little horse like a rocking-chair. Send me a name for her. Have just finished mess dinner and we are all sitting around a big table writing, reading and playing cards. A very cheery party. Hope you have seen Adamson.

Tuesday, November 23, 1915

When I came in from parade this afternoon, my heart jumped with joy when I saw four letters from you, the last mailed on the 20th from the army post office.

Don't worry about our house, dear, things are probably ex-

aggrated but I have written that under no circumstances must it be let for a boarding-house. So promise me right now never to worry over this matter again. If you go back alone (and I am more optimistic than ever that you won't) you will not want to live in the house, and when we go together we can very soon get things straightened out, eh what?

We are certainly faring very well here for leave, we are getting all the leave of a brigade. My leave should come the end of December and should be for seven clear days, oh joy! If I can't arrange to have it in Paris you will have to go to London.

Hance has just brought in my tea, am all alone today in state,--wish you were here to "pour" for me. Must get away to a lecture now, student days again! I hear that baby and her mother are well and expecting the father home on leave. Some men have just come in for me to fit clothing so must ring off.

Wednesday 4.30 p.m.  
November 24, 1915

I was delighted to get your letter written on Sunday but before I had time to enjoy it very much we had sudden orders to entrain tomorrow for the north, which, of course, we had expected but not quite so soon, so we have an awful lot to do tonight to get ready. "C'est la guerre!" It's a nuisance so many of our people are away on leave because they will have trouble finding us. I am just sending you this little note in a hurry so that you will know why you miss a few days' letters.

Am sure Adamson will have lots of news for me, am afraid he will miss us tomorrow morning. Pelly and Grey just left for Paris this afternoon, they will be surprised at the move. With all my love.

## CHAPTER XVIII

November 24 to December 2, 1915

REGIMENT ENTRAINS FOR THE NORTH. JOINS THE CANADIANS.  
BILLETED IN FLETRE. PRINCESS PATRICIA PRAISES REGIMENT IN LETTER TO COLONEL PELLY; RAISES MONEY FOR COMFORTS.

Wednesday 8:45 p.m.  
November 24, 1915

Have just finished dinner. Had quite a hustle getting out orders for the move, but are all ready now and shall pull out at 6:00 in the morning. Your last letters will probably be waiting for me when I arrive. I don't think this move should hinder our leave.

We have arranged to pick up Adamsan and Stewart in the morning with a motor. They will be surprised when they hear of the sudden change. If we go to the Canadians as we expect, we shall be with good people and can't ask for more. Kindest regards to la Baronne and all. Must be up at 4:00 a.m.--doesn't that make you shiver and want to snuggle up in bed and go to sleep?---do so with all my love.



Thursday, 5.00 a.m.

Just a word of early morning love to let you know I can get up when I have to! Am just waiting for a bite of breakfast, fall in in half an hour and march off at 6.00 a.m. I shall ride for a change. Had a nice long gallop yesterday. It will undoubtedly be some days before we get settled down and should be some time before we start our turn in the trenches, so don't be worried if you miss a few days' letters. Shall leave this with my "billet landlady" to post. The eggs are served "oeufs à la coque" as Louis (our waiter at the hotel in Paris.Ed.) says, so must quit.

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Paris, Sunday, Nov 21, 1915

My darling husband:

This has been a very full day. I took a walk with Mme. B. on the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne this morning and saw all the latest Parisian styles and some of the most famous demi-mondaines of Paris, exquisitely dressed. Mme. B. knows them all by sight and in many instances, knows the men personally who are the "amants" of these women. One very beautiful creature she called my attention to is over sixty years old and does not look more than thirty and is kept by M. X----, a very wealthy man and well known. I am sure you have heard of him. Funny life, isn't it?

This afternoon we went to a magnificent concert in a new theatre on the Champs Elysées, very large and beautiful. There was an orchestra of 200 pieces led by Charpentier, a famous French musician, and the "Redemption" was sung by a choir of 150 mixed voices with the orchestra accompanying. It was glorious and reminded me of my school days in Philadelphia with the Oratorio Society.

After the concert we went to a musical "At Home" given by Mlle. Alice Michot. She is married to a Canadian of Montreal but goes by her maiden name here. We heard some beautiful singing there by Amato Pasquali, a famous Italian tenor and Opera singer. I met him and was able to converse with him in French quite well. Perhaps Major Gault will remember Mlle. Michot. I like meeting these people, they are very interesting and intelligent.

Paris. Nov 22, 1915

I am sending you a few lines by the Major and he will tell you about his trip which he seems to have enjoyed immensely. I had dinner with the Major, Stewart and his fiancée at Ambassadeur's and we dropped in to see the vaudeville show afterward.

The Major and Stewart had dinner with Mme. Brown and me here last night. They are very funny and kept us laughing all the time. We had a nice little dinner, champagne and everything, and those men acted like a couple of kids out<sup>x</sup> of school. We went to the Palais Royal Revue after dinner and it was not particularly lively, I know they didn't understand a word, for I understood very little myself, but as you say, they could use their eyes aplenty. While walking in the foyer between acts we passed Mr. Balfour and Lloyd George talking together outside of their box; we had quite a good look at them as their backs were turned so they did not see us staring. There is nothing very interesting at the Paris theatres, so different from London, so one has to be satisfied with what there is.

Those two crazy boys spent all their money,--went absolutely broke, so I came to their rescue and hope they arrived safely.

The Major told me about all the gorgeousness you are living

in now. Enjoy it while you can, old thing, for something tells me that hell is going to let loose again soon. I'm sick of this war! It all seems to me so useless to slaughter each other like a lot of savage animals. I have my doubts about it being a war to end war. The vanquished party will always be bitter, and if it should happen to be the Germans, which I am sure it will be for they cannot fight almost the whole world forever, they are likely to use their scientific intelligence for more devilish contrivances and we will soon have to fight them all over again. Oh, dear!

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Lou, dearest:

Friday, November 26, 1915

Your sweet little note by Adamson came to me as a breath of love right on the march, because we moved off before they got back and they caught up with us in a motor. S. and A. were both loud in their praises of the way you entertained them and I am glad because I am very proud that you are my wife and I am always glad when my friends can learn something of your cheerful disposition and pluck. I don't blame Stewart for dining with you and your friends instead of the clerical party.

Adamson is now acting second in command until Pelly gets back, and I have the company. We had a very pleasant march yesterday morning, ten miles to Pont Remy where we entrained. The school band and the Commandant marched all the way with us and we had quite a triumphal procession. The people of Flixecourt seemed very sorry to see us go and tears were plentiful. I shouldn't wonder if many "happy homes" were broken up. "These Canadians" are devils in the trenches and out, aren't they, dear?

The men had box-cars, pretty crowded, forty in each, five officers to a compartment. We passed through Boulogne, Calais,

Hazebrouck and detrained at Caistre where, as we pulled in a Canadian band played "O Canada", and we met several old Canadian friends who all seemed very pleased to have us with them. The band played us three miles out here to Fletre where my company is in a big barn and Molson and I are in the house and all very comfortable. We shall, I suppose, move farther along right away but have no orders yet, but I hear it will probably be some time before we get our turn in the trenches.

The little photo you sent by Adamson is simply a darling, I am loving it to pieces. Our hearts should both sing with joy over our great love and the thought that it will not only continue here, but in the next world as well. I really believe this; don't you, "dear old thing"?

We are having very funny weather this morning, rain, sunshine, hail and now snow. A little canary is singing in the kitchen and a young baby crying, quite domestic, aren't we? The Huns were billeted here for a week at the beginning of the war.

Molson and I are going down to H.Q. at the village now to see how they are situated and to pick up the usual day's crop of gossip and rumours.--Have just now received an order to report to H.Q. and act in command of the Battalion until Gault and Adamson return from Corps H.Q. So salute the new Commanding Officer! Click your heels smartly when you do, so! Salute returned, my dear, as a soldier first and then as my superior officer, M'aimez vous beaucoup?

Saturday, November 27, 1915

When you get a chance, dear, will you look around a music shop and see what good pieces you can get for a combination of two violins, one flute and piano? H.Q. has an orchestra made up of these instruments and I told them you would be glad to pick out some music. Get four copies and they can play pretty good





find the regiment on returning from leave. Our move rather upset things. The question of leave is now being taken up in our new corps and I believe it will be quite satisfactory as it seems all Canadian officers have had regular leave every three months.

We shall probably be here some days yet and it looks as if our corps troops are meant to be the nucleus of a third Canadian division, which should make a very fine corps. As the general fighting average of all our Canadian regiments is high we can feel assured that in a scrap with them we shall have good backing and we should never be "let down" in an emergency.

We are hoping for three days mail today which should include a little letter from my dear sweetheart whose saucy little face is always before me. With a whole convoy of love.

Sunday, November 28, 1915

Last night was very cold and everything was frozen up hard this morning so that the men could slide on the ponds. The men must be suffering terribly in the trenches but, of course, there is one great compensation, when it is very cold, there is no wet mud.

This afternoon Molson and I took the company about three miles to an old monastery on top of the highest hill about here for a view of Ypres and the country around. Unfortunately it was hazy and the view not very good.

Our officers have already started a good "esprit de corps" in our new brigade by the calls they have made on the other regiments. The "esprit" in our old 80th Brigade was second to none in the whole army and we are anxious to do our part in the new brigade, as we are the senior regiment in the whole Canadian corps. We shall be reviewed by General Alderson on Tuesday.

Thanks for "Everybody's" and the "News Telegrams". X-mas

parcels are beginning to come in for the men and the next six weeks mails will be very heavy. Adamson has returned to us, so now I shall sleep on the floor, which with my air cushions will be as comfortable as a bed. He says he wants to write you a note to thank you for your kindness to him in Paris.

Am having a little trouble with my teeth but as we have a complete "dental parlour" in the Canadian corps, shall soon have them attended to. What would you like Santa Claus to bring you besides my love, which you always have, wish it could be a pair of long stockings with me inside, eh what?

Monday, November 29, 1915

Was very happy to receive your letter of last Thursday, opened by the base censor as usual, but there is never anything to object to in your letters.

Dr. Wilson certainly hit out from the shoulder in his sermon. From an American standpoint I think their chief danger is that they may escape war but lose the respect of the world,--and their own self-respect, which is still worse. However, things may all work out for the best yet, I believe they always do in time.

Three more officers went on leave today but this exhausts the list of those who have been out this time for three full months and the rest of us may have to wait until our full three months have expired. However, if mine does not come until January it will help the winter to roll away more quickly.

I have read Sunday's papers, not much news in them, but I think you can feel assured now that the Huns can't lick us and by spring we should be in good shape to hammer them. We had one dress parade in the rain, shall be inspected by the General tomorrow.

Tuesday, November 30, 1915

Today has been quite mild again and a welcome change to the men. We were reviewed this morning by Major General Alderson, Commander of the Canadian corps, and he gave us a warm welcome. The sun was shining, the old flag flying and the regiment looked very workmanlike. We have loafed around the rest of the day.

Grey dropped in for a chat and I strolled down to H.Q. where we usually gather once a day for the latest gossip. Many officers and men are meeting old Canadian friends and I think will be quite happy in the corps.

I enclose a clipping from an "Albertan" which one of my men gave me. If you have not yet written, please don't do so, as I do not want my name in the papers too often. I must tell them at home that anything for publication will be sent from this end.

Adamson is getting a fine trip to Corps, Army and General H.Q., etc. learning details of army organization. We tell him he was chosen on account of being an excellent judge of Scotch whiskey! He is supposed to tell us all about it when he returns and I'm sure will have some interesting tales.

Mail is being called for now so must close, with all my love.

Wednesday, December 1, 1915

1915 is passing, isn't it, dear? Let us hope 1916 will bring victory, peace and happiness!

This morning we had a Battalion "horse show". Carvell, our transport officer, had all his teams out competing for prizes and General Alderson judged them. We have some very fine horses and they are well cared for you may be sure. I ride quite often now and as the Major's horse is unnamed, I have christened her "Delaware" which is some name for a small horse. I rode her on Battalion parade this p.m. just enough drill to keep the men from getting too stiff and lazy.

Hance is getting tea ready now, we are living quite modestly here but are blessed with good appetites and have lots to eat. Have Quaker Oats, fried eggs and bacon, coffee and jam for breakfast; soup, roast beef and potatoes and canned fruit for lunch, and about the same for dinner.

I hope you are all O.K. and in good fighting trim now, is there no English slacker around whom you can "eat up" just for the sake of exercise? The Major is comfortably asleep in his chair; think a little tea will do him good, so here goes for a kick---(business of awaking, swearing and eating.)

Have a New York "Times" of October 26 to read tonight, also a "Post"---the "Everybody's" was not so good as usual, too many continued stories, think "Munsey's" is better.

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Paris, Friday

You dear old darling husband:

Such a lovely letter from you yesterday, I do believe you are happier already now you are with the Canadians, and I take it for granted you are as you said you were met by a Canadian band.

Yesterday I had a bad cold and as it rained torrents all day, I just stayed in bed and rested. It did me a lot of good as I feel quite chipper this morning. La Bar~~x~~onne and Mme. B. brought their work and were with me nearly all day. They are very kind and treat me like a daughter. It's funny to hear them ordering me to do this and that.

The concert this afternoon in the Trocadero was lovely and I did so wish for you. It reminded me of the Boston Symphony at home. We sat in a box and could see the whole audience. The house was packed, even people standing. Some of the music was

rather heavy and it was amusing to see a lot of the people nodding in their seats and some sleeping peacefully. A very distinguished audience, though, and a number of British officers.

I am going to try to get two seats for the "Russian Ballet", which is giving a matinee on the 18th for the British Red Cross. I hope you will be here then so we can enjoy it together. This is the Imperial Ballet and is the finest in Russia.

I went to Mme. Philippe Roy's for tea yesterday, there I met a matron of one of the Canadian hospitals, from Montreal. She knows the Gaults and we had quite a nice little chat.

I am learning my way around Paris now and shall soon be able to help in some war work. I am thinking of and loving you all the time.

Paris, Sunday.

I am very much surprised to learn my letters are opened by the censor. I can't understand why they do that in the Canadian division, they never did it when you were with the English. It is most uncomfortable to feel that everything I write you is read by some stranger. Letters are my only consolation after giving up home and comforts and travelling seven thousand miles to help my husband to fight for his country, to be separated from him and now to have the privacy of my letters taken away! Women certainly bear the brunt of this war!

I don't know whether to make my letters long and prosy to put the censor to sleep, or short and snappy to show my indignation. Anyway I'm good and mad, and I daren't give vent to a good emphatic cuss word because he'd say I am no lady.


It reminds me of when I was at the convent outside of Philadelphia, the nuns read all the letters coming in and going out, and when I felt particularly spiteful towards one of the



~~nuns~~ who happened to be the censor for that day, I used to say nasty things about her in my letters and get my revenge. But I can't do that now because I don't know the censor. You probably won't get this letter because between the lines I am cussing a blue streak and it may be a bad influence for you little soldier boys.

Enclosed are Adamson's photos and films of the chateau at Flixecourt. Very good. I am keeping duplicates. Will chase off down town now and hunt up a seven penny for you to read, though I have been sending you magazines and am sending three copies of "Life" today. You will probably need a feather for some of the jokes, but perhaps I am becoming so English that I can't see them like I used to, "eh what"? Now you've got me saying it. As to a Christmas present, we will have it together when you get your leave. That is all I want.

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## CHAPTER XIX

December 2 to 14, 1915

COLONEL BULLER RETURNS AND TAKES COMMAND OF REGIMENT.

BILLETS, BATHS, SOCIAL LIFE, SPORTS, ETC. ALL MIXED UP. ARMY

MOVIEMAN TAKES PICTURES OF THE REGIMENT.

My darling wife:

Thursday, December 2, 1915

We had a pleasant little route march this morning and this p.m. I went for an hour's ride on "Delaware" up to the monastery. On my return I was rewarded by two sweet letters from your dear old self. I am sleeping quite well, thank you, with my sleeping bag on the floor and my head stuck in the fire-place. Last night the rain dropped down on my face mixed with soot so I backed up a few feet and went to sleep again quite peaceably.

The Major has a little card party on now, Molson, Grey and Stewart, so I must surrender the table and read some. I have found some short stories by Stanley J. Weyman very interesting. I return the concert program. Reminds me of old Calgary Symphony Orchestra days. I always said there was a lot of "swank" about these concerts, everyone thinks they must go and pretend to enjoy

them,---and go to sleep!

Today has been glorious, warm and sunny. The men have a good canteen in the village and are very friendly with the Australians who are running some mechanical transport here, it's useless in Gallipoli.

Kindest regards to your "family".

Sunday, December 5, 1915

Your parcel arrived this morning, just what I wanted, merci beaucoup. Have been walking around with the Major this a.m. helping him get information as to leave trains, etc. He leaves Bailleul tomorrow morning, gets into Boulogne about noon and London at 4:00 p.m. He is going to surprise his wife who is in London. This means my leave should be due on Monday the 13th, (lucky day).<sup>1</sup>

It is nice and mild today and I shall have a ride after lunch and then read "Bitter Sweet" by Grant Richards which has been recommended as a warm book for cold weather. Au revoir, dear "old thing".---

Sunday evening

The Major and I had a fine ride this afternoon about six miles or more. I had the Doctor's horse, shall soon be qualified for the cavalry!

I find we are entitled to 4/ 3d (four shillings three pence) a day for each day between discharge from hospital and being passed fit by the medical board. Can you help me out with the dates?

I have taught the Major pinochle and he has just beat me on a very close game, in fact he has had a beginner's luck and won every game from the first. Some of these days, though, I shall retrieve the family reputation and give him an awful drub-

bing.

Shall now curl up in my "flea bag" and have a little read of "Bitter Sweet". Good night, dear.

Monday, December 6, 1915

What a fine treat I had this morning, with two very sweet and characteristic letters from you, also magazines which I shall greatly enjoy. Don't worry about the censor, none of your last letters have been opened and now that they see so many of yours going through, they probably won't bother any more. Anyway a censor just glances swiftly through a letter, he knows by instinct almost if there are any war secrets and they pay no attention to anything else. They must open a few to hold down their job.

Your last letter sounded real Parisien with Mme. Brown's lover and the Princess Eulalie episode. When I visit you we shall decide on what we can do for the men at X-mas. They really get more than they can use now.

Must get ready for a route march. It was raining before your letters came but now the sun is out, cause and effect, eh what?

Tuesday, December 7, 1915

This a.m. we had a parade in "Hollow Square" with our colours, to receive the draft and to impress upon them their responsibilities. Just as we were all ready standing at attention, who should walk on the field but Colonel Buller come to take over command! In spite of having lost an eye in the last heavy battle, he has the wonderful loyalty and courage to return and carry on with the old regiment. Everyone was very glad to see him and he is looking fine. Molson and I are going down now to H.Q. to pay our respects. We have thirty new men in No. 2 Company and

they are a very good lot.

I received a letter from my brother Horace today, he is with his corps building railroads somewhere in Belgium and does not like it much, as the men are not soldiers.

Major Gault is due for leave with me next week, but as he has just been over to England for a day's business, he doesn't want to go back for some weeks, so probably Cornish will go in his place. I still hope to be able to go to Paris, but if not, I shall wire you and you can pack your suitcase and meet me in London.

Wednesday, December 8, 1915

Colonel Buller visited my billets this morning and met most of the old non-coms. He is very cheery and will be a great help to us. I don't know whether Pelly will stay with us or not, but hear both he and Grey have been offered command of English regiments. If they go, we shall miss them as they have both made good. I think I told you that Cornish and Niven have been made Captains and that probably Martin and Papineau will be next--- we have no vacancies for majors.

We are going to start quartettes in each of our four platoons, giving us sixteen singers who can form a sort of Glee Club and lead songs in billets and on the march. Will you please look around in one of the English book or music shops and see what they have in collections of popular songs. The books must be small and not too heavy. I think there are special collections printed for soldiers.

A brand new "l'il" black dog has attached himself to me and is now comfortably asleep on a chair. He was real naughty on the march today and chased every sheep and hen he saw! I'm going to call him "Nigger". "Delaware" had a bad leg and we're giving



her a rest, so I am on foot, but I don't mind that. Until tomorrow, dear.

P.S. The card I enclose is drawn by Jennings, a memorial to his brother killed by his side in the trenches.

Thursday, December 9, 1915

I was very happy today getting your letters and Calgary papers. I am so glad that you are meeting so many interesting people in Paris. Your letters have a very international flavor which I greatly enjoy.

You ask for a piece of khaki sample like my British warm. What secret have you working in your sand-box now? No jokes on me, please! I have not forgotten the piece of Swiss cheese made of soap that Adamson brought me from Paris, besides you say I am so English about jokes, I might not see them until "après la guerre"!

Tomorrow at noon we are marching to Bailleul for baths and the men will get a change of underclothes. Am glad you are hearing such good music. Major Gault took tea with us today and said he remembered "Mlle Michot". He seems in very good spirits and is now in command of headquarters company, which comprises snipers, bombers, machine guns, signallers, pioneers, etc. etc. Pelly is second in command.

I read the extract from the New York Herald very carefully. The situations seem quite similar. Personally I believe we shall simply have to hold the Huns on all fronts, keep killing off all we can and gradually wear them out. They cannot last forever with most of their sea commerce cut off.

I see Valiquette of Calgary is enlisting, so will forgive his anti-militarist speech that night. Short's letter to me was quite newsy and seems to show the lawyers are ready to do their

part. Under the circumstances we were wise to leave when we did, weren't we, dear? Because I should have had to go in the end and would be in some regiment not to be compared with this. Good night, little girl.

Friday, December 10, 1915

Today I took my company to Bailleul for baths in a large asylum. A very nice place for a few men, with a large tank in the middle holding sixty men; 250 men bathed in this water before mine and 400 bathed after so you may imagine it got a little thick! After each batch, they skimmed off the top---the boys said they "chased it off". An old nun had charge and she kept around all the time but made her two girl assistants go into another room while the men were bathing. The men turned in their old socks and underclothes and got clean ones, so really enjoyed themselves. We officers had nice clean tubs and a grand bath. I slipped the old caretaker a five franc note and he gave private baths to my six sergeants, all fine fellows and they appreciated the chance.

What do you think, dear, tomorrow we are going to have our pictures "took" by the army movieman to hand down to future ages---and in the meantime will be shown in Canada. I hope it is a fine day. We shall first have a ceremonial parade with the colours, then a march past and then the operator will take scenes around the billets. The Colonel says he is coming up here. If so I hope my pigs and cows will be on their best behaviour as our yard is a busy one when all are mixed together with a few hens and dogs thrown in!

Am still waiting patiently for word as to my leave. In the meantime we are living very comfortably and have certainly been given a good rest.

Molson is still busy unpacking X-mas presents, especially socks and toothbrushes which he had a hard time trying to give away! We are living very plainly but well in our mess now and I am practically spending no money--don't need to.

Good night, dear, your own soldier boy

"Jones from Calgary!!"

Saturday, December 11, 1915

Well we certainly had our pictures taken this morning! It rained at 10:00 a.m. very hard but we fell in at 11:30 and the light was pretty fair. First we had a group of the officers, eight of us mounted and all trying to act natural, laughing and chatting. I was ragging Niven and Stewart. It should be a good picture. Then we did stunts and marched past in fours. Then the Colonel brought the movieman up to my billets and he took various scenes of billet life, giving out the mail, serving dinner, etc. Then the Colonel made me pose with a long pole, a string and a salmon tin and I fished off our back door step into the big pond in the middle of the yard,---filled chiefly with manure! I was surrounded by a large gallery of officers and men and just at the psychological moment I got a bite and pulled up the fish, which promptly spilled over me in a most unsavoury bath! Some day we'll see these pictures and have lots of fun over them. What a laugh there would be if exhibited in Calgary!

This being Saturday afternoon we have no parades and as it is still miserable outside, I'll stay in by the fire and read your Munsey or the books which I have just received at the right time.

Gault was in England one day last week on special business and left again last night as "King's Messenger". He doesn't

enjoy crossing the channel a bit these stormy days. I also hope I can be with you for the "Imperial Russian Ballet" but can't tell yet.

Sunday, December 12, 1915

Received your sweet note of Wednesday. I should be vastly pleased to spend X-mas week with you, but cannot tell. Cornish is next after me but he was turned down today. You see we got so much leave at Flixecourt that we have run through all officers qualified. It would be amusing wandering around the Grandes Boulevards when the X-mas stalls are open.

Stewart had dinner with us tonight and was very full of "buck". We were discussing the advisability of soldiers marrying during the war, he opposed and I was in favour, but he said "you and your wife are so much in love with each other that you are not fair judges!" Also said that he was absolutely certain you loved me more than I did you. What do you think, sweetheart? I can only say if you do you haven't much time to think of anything else!

I called on the C.O. tonight and had a long chat. He is much pleased with the present condition of the regiment. We are only running about ten men on sick parade daily out of 1000 and there is practically no crime. Other officers have no hesitation in saying how smart our men are as they visit around other towns and camps,--noticeably so. I cannot imagine a regiment with a better esprit de corps or a better feeling between officers and men. Isn't it satisfactory to feel that in a tight corner you'll have good backing?

I met Charley Reilley on the road today. He was well and happy. Am now smoking one of Molson's good Havana cigars but I find I enjoy the pipe better.

We are going on a ten mile route march in the morning and I shall march too as I need the exercise and like walking with the men. Poor Delaware is about all in and we'll have to look for a new company horse. I'll bet she looked fine though in the movies. So-long, dear.

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Paris, Tuesday, Dec 7, 1915

My darling husband:

I bought a lot of X-mas crackers for the men of No. 2 Co. today, but they are not so pretty as those in England. However, they will cause them a little amusement. I also got ten pounds of candy besides cigarettes. The sergeants can use their own ideas as to how to dispose of these on X-mas day.

I hope we will see those movies together some day soon. I am sure they are great. Mme. Brown has just left my room after coming in scared to death. It seems there is a special telegram in today's paper stating the Germans intend making a big offensive on the western front at once. Luxemburg and Belgium are full of troops drawn from everywhere and they are going to attack to try to end the war. I have been reading of this in the English papers for the last few days, and believe there must be some truth in it, but it does not frighten me as I have the utmost confidence in the allies and believe they will keep the Germans out of Paris. The French people are excitable and like to make a lot out of little. I suggested to Mme. B. that if she were afraid she had better go to Switzerland, I intend to stay right here. I am only afraid that there is going to be terrific fighting and awful slaughter and you will be in it. That is all that worries me.

There was a zeppelin scare last night, just because it



was a beautiful moonlight night and a few French aeroplanes were flying over the city with search lights. I hope the British have not had to withdraw too many troops from the west for Serbia. The Germans have evidently taken troops from there as Austrians and Bulgarians seem to be the only ones there now. We we can only hope for the best. With all my love, dear.

Paris, Wednesday

I discovered today that the British Army has a post office here opposite the Galleries Lafayette, Place de l'Opera, and by stamping packages and letters with the English stamp and mailing them there, they go a little quicker. I took some newspapers and magazines there today, but I can't very well go there every day to mail your letters, but any eatables I get for you I shall forward to you from this post office by parcels post.

I am enclosing some letters from home which will interest you. Please let me know if there is anything I can send you. Is the regiment still being supplied stockings and necessities or are you cast adrift once more?

The weather has been frightfully cold here with snow yesterday. It looked like London today, a heavy fog. When Louis awoke me this morning with my "petit déjeuner" and drew aside the curtains, I thought it was still night, it was so dark.

I went to a cinema this afternoon for the first time since you left, the screen jumped so that it made me dizzy. Both la Baronne and Mme. Brown send their kind regards, and I send all my love and bunny hugs.

Paris, Thursday

I haven't had a good fight for a long time so I'm going

down to the customs and see what I can do about getting my fur coat out, it will do me good,--not the coat, the fight, I don't see why you should be doing it all anyway!

You tell Stewart to mind his own sassy business, just because he is capable of loving a half a dozen women at once and sticking to none is no reason why we can't run our own show. I never in my life heard of such a job lot of divorcées, mistresses, lovers and whatnots as here in Paris. Nearly everyone I meet has a P A S T. Paris is the dumping ground for American women, and in fact all nationalities, who can't live in their own country on account of some scandal in their lives, they come here clothed in mystery and are accepted at once. I am so chuck full of all sorts of scandals and spicey gossip that I am about ready to burst and spill the whole damn lot. Oh dear! I hope I didn't make the censor blush. Do stir up H. Q. a bit about your leave. With heaps of love.

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## CHAPTER XX

December 14, 1915 to January 3, 1916

CAPTAIN JONES SPENDS CHRISTMAS LEAVE IN PARIS. PARCELS  
POUR INTO THE REGIMENT. IN THE TRENCHES AGAIN.

Lou, dearest:

Tuesday, December 14, 1915

With good fortune I hope to see you about the time you receive this letter. I have about been granted eight days leave to Paris and shall probably get my "Movement Order" (sounds like a pill!) tomorrow night. I am not trying to hurry it up because as you say if it's delayed a few days we shall be able to spend X-mas together--but if not, dear, why then every day is X-mas when we're together, isn't it? I hope to be able to telegraph you when I'm arriving but may just "happen in" on you!

This afternoon the officers threw bombs for half an hour, then two Australian officers gave us an exhibition of boomerang throwing and whip cracking. We all had a hand at it and the air was full of flying boomerangs and everyone dodging and shouting to keep from getting hit--you never can tell what fool course

they're going to take. The inhabitants looking out of their windows were greatly amused.

I expect the Major and Martin back tomorrow just at the right time to let me get away.

Wednesday, December 15, 1915

Your sweet notes of Sunday and Monday arrived tonight, the latter making record time. Thanks very much for your help on dates. Am sending in my claim today for ninety-three days which will mean almost twenty pounds, and will pay for my leave, eh what?

Adamson and Martin returned tonight, resplendent in new uniforms, boots, "frost-proof" socks, etc. I have absolutely no need of any new stuff and don't intend to get any for the winter's mud. I know you don't mind having me look just a little the worse for wear, because nowadays a well worn uniform is a mark of honour.

Today company officers motored out to size up a system of trenches and we found the mud as bad as of old. Coming back through Bailleul I stopped in a big store and bought a bottle of wine and some chestnuts for the mess. We drank the wine in honour of the Major's return.

There will soon be more parcels than ever coming from Canada because the Government has decided to reduce the parcel postage to the English rate. As it is, in case of a sudden move, the men have to leave lots of things behind. After a few miles marching all luxuries go "overboard".

I am sending you my brother's address. It will be awfully good of you to send him a nice little box, better put in a couple of handkerchiefs as there is no issue of these, also a few sticks of chewing-gum.

My transportation may come any day but I hope it will leave me X-mas with you. Don't worry about Paris being quiet, you and I don't need much to amuse us. We'll explore on nice days, visit the best movies and generally have a jolly time together. Then we shall decide where it is best for you to spend the winter,-- perhaps on the Riviera, how does that appeal to you?

Thursday, December 16, 1915

Niven tells me this morning that he put in for leave for me on the 18th which will just give us X-mas together. If I really do get off on the morning of the 18th I should be with you about 6:00 p.m. unless something gives or breaks. I have cultivated a young sore throat but am doctoring it before the fire today and it shouldn't bother me much. The M.O. is a good chap and takes pretty good care of us.

General Mercer (commanding Canadian Corps Troops) was around this morning looking over our transport and horses, said they were the finest he had seen in France.

Until we meet again!

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About two o'clock in the morning of the 19th of December, came a heavy knock on the door of my room, and a very "grippy" voice called: "Lou, dear, let me in." I jumped up and opened the door and there stood Stanley literally covered with mud, just out of the trenches. I rang for the concierge and had him prepare a good hot bath and take all the muddy clothes to be cleaned. When Stanley reappeared he looked like a human being once more. I always kept an extra uniform and underclothes with me so he had plenty of clean, dry things to put on while on leave.

We had eight delightful days together. X-mas Eve it snowed and melted as fast as it came down on the city pavements, so walking was slushy but we walked up and down the Grandes Boule-



wards and saw all the queer little booths and queerer wares for sale. Everything seemed to be made just to make one laugh. That is one interesting thing about the French people, they like to amuse and be amused, and all during this awful war their good spirits were uppermost in spite of their sufferings.

I had a big beaver fur collar put on Stanley's British Warm for a Christmas present and walking down the Rue de la Paix we stopped in the shop of Roger and Gallet and he gave me a beautiful box of perfumes and powders, which are always a delight to a woman's soul. In the cafés and hotels we met many Canadians on leave. The eight days passed only too quickly and the part-  
<sup>Stanley</sup>ing came all too soon. ~~He~~ returned to his regiment the day after Christmas.

Ma chère petite femme:

Sunday, December 27, 1915

Voilà! Je suis arrivé! Had a nice trip up to Boulogne, took a train out that night to Calais and another to Hazebrouck, arriving in there at 10:00 p.m. Had a meal and a good bed and came on this a.m. to Bailleul and there had breakfast and caught an ambulance out to the regiment where I was very cheerily received, my collar exciting much admiration and envy.

They all had a very cheery X-mas and said the men enjoyed your crackers and candy very much. The regiment is now strung along the Bailleul-Ypres road mostly in tents and huts, but No. 2 Co. is in two farms. Adamson and Martin at one, and Molson, Irwin and myself at the other--very comfortable. The usual mud everywhere, of course.

I found an unusual amount of mail waiting for me, also a parcel of cigars from Bruce Robinson and some candy and cigarettes from Drachman (a political friend in Calgary.) Am enclosing nu-

merous letters for you to read. Wasn't it nice of them making  
 1 me Hon. President of the Calgary Law Society? Also of John Irwin  
 to think of sending me some of my favorite apples. Hope they  
 arrive! Isn't the card from General Milne nice and so thought-  
 ful to include our Maple Leaf after we had left them.

I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed my week's visit with  
 you,--it made a new man of me. My throat is now entirely well  
 and I shall soon fatten (?) up again. Major Gault's mother sent  
 a plum pudding to every officer and man in the regiment with the  
 enclosed card. (Card: "With X-mas Greeting and Best Wishes from  
 Major Gault's Mother." Ed.) The men got all kinds of stuff from  
 Canada so should have no complaints.

Shall now clean up all my correspondence so that the road  
 will be clear for your daily letter. With all my love and best  
 wishes for 1916 and for Victory!

-----

General Milne's Christmas card was very artistic; on the  
 front was embossed the Maple Leaf surrounded by the rose, sham-  
 rock and thistle and written underneath "27th Division". Inside  
 was, "With my best wishes for X-mas and the New Year, from Gen.  
 F. Milne," and the following quotation from Kipling:

"No easy hopes or lies,  
 Shall bring us to our goal,  
 But iron sacrifice  
 Of body, will and soul.  
 There is one task for all,  
 For each, one life to give,  
 Who stands, if freedom fall?  
 Who died, if England live? "

-----

December 28, 1915

How is my little girl this morning? Yesterday p.m. I walked  
 up to the old churchyard and had a look at Newton's grave. It's  
 still in good shape although the church has been pretty well

knocked to pieces and a shell has fallen just clear of the grave. I had a look at my old billet but the people had gone.

Last night I had dinner with the Major. He produced a bottle of champagne and we had a real cheery time. His stories of the doings on X-mas day were side-splitting. One of the funniest was of Stewart buying four live lobsters in Bailleul. He brought them to his hut and threw them down on the floor. Coming back after a while he found the lobsters had escaped out in the mud, then he had his whole company out skirmishing around trying to find them and eventually only recovered one, which bit him on the hand! Imagine the scene, hunting live lobsters in the mud of Flanders on a dark night, and Stewart forgot whether they were black or red!

I enjoyed my porridge, eggs and bacon this morning. Have a good pile of straw under my flea-bag and slept quite comfortably. The sun is shining for a change this morning so the mud will dry up a bit. This afternoon the men will have a hot bath.

Our guns are banging away and I have put a cross at the top of this letter for each shell I hear while writing this page, and this is a very quiet morning! (There are forty-four crosses. Ed.)

Adamson says he gave the Colonel some of your sweets and they were all much pleased with the quality of them. All arrived safely. The men also had a barrel of beer and the sergeants had dinner in the Major's quarters. Irwin now has his phonograph and in your next parcel you might send a couple of double disk records, medium size.

Good night, dear, I shall be quite lost until your letters begin coming again.

Tuesday, December 29, 1915

The phonograph is grinding off a sweet song "Dreaming of you",

the guns are booming, the windows near me rattling and a hungry smell of dinner comes from the kitchen. I can also hear the tat-tat-tat of the Hun machine guns and a flock of eighteen of our aeroplanes have just flown over the German lines and the sky is peppered with the flashes of bursting shrapnel and little balls of black smoke,--our daily noises and sights are somewhat mixed, aren't they?

We shall probably go back into billets for a week or so getting our new brigade in working order and then shall have a turn in the trenches, probably south of here in a pretty good spot. Niven called in this morning and we had a walk and chat. He sends his kindest regards to "nurse". I hope she is as good a nurse to herself as she was to me.

Each of the officers got a box of Havana cigars yesterday from "Friends in Montreal". The best people in Montreal have done a great deal in this war. The young men are all fighting and the older ones are spending their money freely.

Wednesday, December 30, 1915

We are very lazy these mornings. Molson and Irwin don't get in from their working parties until late and we don't have breakfast until about 10:00 a.m. Last night I took dinner again with the Major and afterwards I licked him a couple of games of pinochle and then came home and had a couple of games of dominoes with Irwin.

The Huns shelled us pretty well yesterday and we had a number hit, including two civilians killed. We expect to move back a few miles tomorrow. I have my fur "Teddy Bear" coat and shall try to get a snap of it, also the British Warm with my new collar. Am enjoying the McClure's and Cosmopolitans you sent. I hope you have recovered from your cold, should have a letter from you

tomorrow. Be sure to drop a line to the "Astoria" at Nice, you will have a nice time there. (O you English language!)

December 31, 1915

Here we are back again at Fletre after a pretty muddy march. We are at the same farm but may move to another as the Major seems to think there are too many noisy children around here. We were pretty lucky at the last place, having only three men, I think, wounded. One of our company got a bullet through his nose and roof of his mouth, it was a spent bullet and he actually spat it out! He's doing fine.

The last day of the Old Year! We're too tired to sit up to see the New Year in. I wonder if you will? Anyway let's both hope for a good 1916, one that will bring us victory and happiness. Tomorrow we are giving over our mess room to the servants for a dinner; we shall have to try to "bum" our own dinners somewhere, have no invitations yet! My rubber leggings arrived and are just what I want, very light and serviceable.

Au revoir, sweetheart, you are always in my mind and heart, ~~we~~ don't be lonely. May 1916 be good to you!

New Year's Day, 1916

Many happier returns, little sweetheart, in the years to come! This old world may be worth living in yet after the Huns are properly licked. We are in for a very quiet day here, shall have dinner with No. 1 Company, had to invite myself!

The husband of our billet woman returned from the front today on seven days leave, and, of course, the family are all happy. It seems too bad that his whole house is chock-block full of soldiers, they haven't even a bedroom to themselves,-- but "c'est la guerre" once more.

We have not had very much rain since I got back. I shall



be very happy when I can feel that you are amidst the flowers of the Riviera. Are you making your plans to go?

Our two pet goats were lost in the last place and the transport men are very sore as they have had them ever since "Wipers", and their pet dog was also killed by a shell the other day. Happy New Year again, dear.

Sunday, January 2, 1916

Irwin and I had a very good dinner with No. 1 Co. last night. Before that we called in to pay our respects to the K. C.O. (kind Commanding Officer, Colonel Buller) and Major Gault. We had a cup of tea with them and they again complimented you on your good taste choosing my collar. It was very cold and windy last night and I sure snuggled up in the coat. Our servants had a real jolly dinner, had in two others who played the pipes and beat the drum. They should be able to settle down now to another year's war.

Today is again rainy and quiet and we are all loafing around and listening to the phonograph. Tomorrow we're having a route march to keep the men in shape. They are carrying heavy packs these days with so much X-mas stuff. The Major brought some fresh liver from Bailleul and had a "swell" breakfast of oatmeal, liver and bacon, boiled eggs and coffee. My throat is O.K. now. Am afraid I passed it on to you.

-----  
Paris, Monday

My own darling hubby:

Well "Rufus is himself again" and my cold is all gone. Mme. Brown and the Baroness wrapped me all up in medicated cotton wool and all I needed was an incubator then, like the old darkie, I might have been able to "bust this outer shell of sin and hatch myself a cherubim". I am not going to Nice,

so there! The mails are slow enough here what would they be there? I would not be of any use to you at all. I am going to get work here and very soon. I want to go in a hospital and am sure I can speak French well enough now.

Wednesday

No letter from you yet, hope the trip was not too tiring. I moved my room yesterday and am now installed on the fifth floor, get the morning sun and there is a little balcony outside my window. On clear days the beautiful church of the "Scaré Coeur" rises above Paris high up on Montmartre like one of God's ideas, not built by human hands. Before the war I went to the top of the dome, climbed up hundreds of stairs, but oh it was worth it! I felt as though I were up in heaven looking down on a lovely city. Some day soon I shall go up again. To see this cathedral through the mist is even more inspiring.

I hope you will all manage to have a jolly time New Year's Eve. Let us hope the New Year will bring us peace and we will be able to go home and forget there ever was a terrible war like this.

Dec. 31, 1915

I don't believe I am going to hear from you again this year, so just for spite I shall not write you either!

Someone in the house spread the report last night that all letters from the front were to be held up for three weeks on account of important movements of the troops. If I don't get a letter from you soon I shall begin to believe it is true.

Paris, Sunday, Jan 2, 1916

I was so relieved to receive a nice bunch of letters from you last night, including all the letters from home. I am glad

you have been so well remembered and hope the apples from Mr. John Irwin have reached you before this.

New Year's Eve I went to the "Olympia" again with Mme. Brown and M. Roulls (the old man from Belgium). The programme was not so good as Christmas Eve though "Pierrot's Christmas" was still there and the wire walking act. You remember the wire broke that night and we thought it was done on purpose, part of the act? But it was not, they finished the act without the accident and the performance with a bicycle on the wire was the best part of the act.

After the theatre we walked around town until after midnight, awfully dark, trying to get a cup of tea and a sandwich. Everything was closed tight as wax, we could not even get a glass of water. So we managed to find a taxi and went home. Louis scared up a bottle of beer and some bread and butter, then we went to bed most peacefully. How's that for a New Year's Eve in Paris?

Last night the Christmas tree was lighted again in the dining-room, and we had a very good dinner. We afterward sat in the salon and everybody talked at once at the top of their lungs as usual, until about 10.30, then we toddled off to bed. The French people seem to think and talk about two jumps ahead of me all the time, I get about half way through a sentence when they have guessed the rest and interrupt with a remark of their own, and goodness how fast they rattle it off. I think I am getting homesick for London.

Today it is dark and raining like the devil. I have not seen the Sacré Coeur clearly since the day you left, it rose

in the air all that day like a beautiful big white spectre. You know there is a superstition about that church that if you see it clearly in the morning you will have good luck all day.

-----  
My darling wife:

January 2, 1916

Just after writing you today I got two letters from you and feel much better now. Since our chain of communication is in order again I can carry on. You must give up all worrying about me, dear. We are both good enough soldiers to take the fortunes of war as they come, and in the meantime, just be as comfortable as you can.

(Continued on page 187)

I believe we leave here on the 8th and go into divisional reserve, so that it would look like some time yet before our turn comes in the trenches, and anyway, we're in much better shape than we were a year ago,--so go to sleep and forget the war. Good night, dear.

January 3, 1916

Coming in from a ten mile route march this noon I was rewarded with two letters from your dear self. Shall be glad to receive Irwin's apples.

It looks as if Austria had climbed down to the U.S., doesn't it? But it will only mean more dirty work later. Too bad the "Natal" was blown up. Don't believe any of the rumours you hear in the house. Just pretend to know all yourself and tell them nothing.

I have had a 20 mile ride today and you may well believe I am sore, but I enjoyed it just the same. Major Gault and eight more of us rode out at 9:00 a.m. up near the front and spent several hours going over some reserve trenches. Very muddy but interesting. Saw some of our real big guns firing. We came back via Bailleul where I had a nice omelet and tea (1.50 francs only), then rode back in the rain. I think I ride pretty well considering how little experience I've had.

John Irwin's apples turned up, very fine, and I've had several tonight. The torpedoing of the "Persia" with the loss of an American Consul will make Wilson think again, won't it? I really believe there's nothing else left for the U.S. but to join us and help give the Huns all that's coming to them.

Good night, dear Old Thing, I must roll myself up now in the chimney place and go to sleep.

*(Enclosed by Irwin's Apples)*



## CHAPTER XXI

January 3 to 16, 1916

CAPT. STANLEY JONES TAKES COMMAND OF NO. 1 CO. MANY  
CHANGES IN THE REGIMENT. IN AND OUT OF THE TRENCHES.

Dearest girl:

Wednesday, January 5, 1916

Lots of news for you tonight, dear. I have just received orders to take over command of No. 1 Company; Clarke, the present Captain, is going to the C.M.R. (Canadian Mounted Rifles) for a month as infantry instructor. Martin of No. 2 Co. takes over Adjutant and I think Niven is going to No. 2. There will probably be a number of other changes before we get settled as Scott (Sergt. Major) and Pearson (Corporal) both of No. 2 have received commissions in the regiment and we expect four more officers from England.

My rank will be the same for the present but I hear that as soon as Pelly is transferred to his new regiment, I am next in line for my majority, but am not counting on that at present. I naturally hate to leave old No. 2 after being with them so

long, but a company second in command has very little to do, is in fact a "fifth wheel" and I shall be much better off with more to do and in a position of responsibility. I hope later on to have Niven with me as my second, he and I are good friends and should get on well together. Am afraid Niven will find company work not nearly so interesting as Adjutant's, but as a Captain he must make the change.

Tomorrow I have to sit on a general court martial near Bailleul and probably won't get back until late, so I shan't change over to my new billets until night. I shall take Jennings with me but as he is being examined as a munition worker I may lose him. I shall ride tomorrow with Gault. The men are marching in to Bailleul to attend a minstrel show. Today we had a fine concert by the Royal Artillery Band of Woolwich, one of the best in England, who are out for a four months tour. So you see we are keeping everybody cheerful.

Must turn in now, dear, for an early rise, much love and "soixante-quinze" kisses.

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Paris, Jan 3, 1916

My darling boy:

The sun is shining fine today and it is just like spring. I went for a walk in the Bois de Boulogne and I notice the absence of birds in the Bois, not one did I see or hear. I wonder why this is? I bought a lovely cyclamen plant for six francs, with beautiful big pink flowers. You see I must have something to take care of.

I forgot to tell you, on New Year's day the two Belgian girls were so homesick they cried all day, and I felt so sorry for them that I invited them with their old daddy to have tea

with me at the Café de Paris. I felt lonely too, so it was a bit of distraction. Their home in Bruges has been taken by the Germans and everything of value stolen, their two automobiles were commandeered at the beginning of the war. They left Bruges with only the clothes on their backs and what few things they could pack in a hand satchel. They are now sorry they left and talk seriously of returning.

Paris, Friday, Jan 4, 1916

We attended the opening at Maison Beer yesterday and thoroughly enjoyed it. The place was crowded with American buyers and to be among people who speak "United States" once more was almost like being home. Just plain English with no tucks and frills and furbeloughs! That does not mean that the new dresses are lacking ~~in~~ them, I never saw dresses so trimmed before, there was hardly a square inch without a ruffle or tuck or something. The skirts are six and a half yards around and the tails of the jackets almost as full. The manikins all wore hoops at the hip line and at the bottom of the skirts to hold them out. The dresses had the low sloping shoulders and the styles are exactly those of 1830 except the skirts are shorter.

I thought all the gowns beautiful but rather extreme for wartime. But a "vendeuse" told me they were made for America and with the exception of a few of the simpler models, would not be worn by the "Chic Parisienne", only by the Americans and the French "Cocottes". The same would apply to the hoops. Tough on the Americans, n'est pas?

I went from there to a bridge game and won over a franc which paid for the taxi. The zepps did not come last night, too much wind I guess. The United States seems to be getting nearer and nearer to war, it certainly will be an awful mix up if she

does come in. I met a lady from America yesterday who said she feared the whole 20,000,000 Germans in the States would stand up for the "Fatherland". She knows several families of Germans who have been in the States for two and three generations and still speak of Germany as "home".

I have just heard of the destruction of the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa by fire and bombs. Isn't this awful? I don't see how we will ever stop those beastly Germans from their works of horror. They have over-run the world and are everywhere and will have to be stamped out like a terrible plague before we have peace, and I can't see how it is going to be done.

Paris, Jan 5, 1916

This is another beautiful day and I don't think Nice can beat it. Anyway, I'm not going to Nice, so don't say anything more about it. If I do not get something to do soon I shall go back to London, maybe they will be glad to have me now with all the hospitals so full, or I might do some munition work. If the ladies of the nobility can do it, I guess I can.

Am sending you a parcel of funny little goodies today, French "specialties". Maybe you can play a trick on Adamson and get even with him for giving you the piece of Swiss cheese made of soap!

Well, what do you think is my latest fad? I am going with the Roulls girls to take lessons in French millinery, three times a week for twenty-five francs a month. The next time you see me I shall be all dolled up in some new creations. I am also going to the Hotel Astoria to help roll bandages and cut compresses. They advertised in the "Herald" yesterday for assistance in making things for the 6000 French hospitals now running!

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My darling wife:

Thursday, January 6, 1916

Just as I was walking over this afternoon to No. 1 Co. H.Q. to take over command, the mail corporal handed me two loving notes from you. I take this as a good omen. I can well understand your wish to be as close to me as possible while we're in the trenches, and perhaps you would only worry over delays to mail, etc., if you went south. If I get my majority I suppose I shall require a few new clothes and some kit, so you can go to London and get them for me there. It won't be long before our little squirrel and pigeon friends in Regent's Park will want to be fed again.

Am writing this in my new billets, much nicer than those I

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left. Have a good bed to put my "flea-bag" on. My officers are Lieuts. Horner, Nash, Newcombe and Pope,---all good chaps. Horner used to be a corporal in No. 2 and was promoted. Nash used to be motorcycle orderly, promoted. Newcombe's father is Deputy Minister of Justice, Canada, and Pope is a well known lawyer of Montreal,---so now you have all our pedigrees. I feel sure I shall get along well with all No. 1 Co. but just for a time shall miss the old familiar faces of No. 2.

Must look over some company papers now, dear, so have to "ring off". Sunday morning we move up closer and shall probably be in the trenches in about a week, my letters may be a little more irregular then but I still hope to be able to work in a daily love note.

Friday, January 7, 1916

This morning we had a conference at H.Q. for most of the morning regarding the new line we are moving to on Sunday. This p.m. No. 4 Co. beat No. 1 at football, three to two, in a pouring rain. Nos. 3 and 4 will play off for the championship tomorrow and we have a shield that will be played for whenever we are back resting.

) Myrtle Jones' Christmas cake arrived, a fruit cake, and was very good, am so sorry you can't have your share. Don't send anything more to me until I notify you again, as we may be a month in the front line where we can't keep much stuff. We are living very well in my new mess, have a good cook and my appetite is first class again. My new horse is called "Ginger" and is quite a pet.

January 8, 1916

The sun is shining brightly this morning. Had my first

parade with No. 1 Co. and rode "Ginger". Some of these days after you get back to England I'll blossom out in riding boots and spurs but in the meantime I don't need them in the mud. We move off tomorrow morning at 6:00 and are leaving behind here stored all extra kit so our packs will be light. So far as we know now this will be our permanent "home" to return to for a rest,---and very comfortable it is too. I see the "Albertan" has an article referring to your Zeppelin fight in London.

We lost Horner yesterday. He rejoined us from hospital a few weeks ago and it seems came up country without leave so now he has to return to Rouen. With so many who don't want to fight, ✓ it's too bad, isn't it, that a fighting soldier isn't allowed to hurry up his return to the front. So now I have only three subalterns.

Lunch is ready now, dear, so shall throw you a wireless kiss and close.

Sunday, January 9, 1916

This morning we got up at 4:00 a.m., had breakfast at 5:00 and marched off in the dark at 6:00 straight along the Bailleul road towards the rising sun. Leaving Fletre the long pavé road lined with tall poplars runs straight to Meterin whose church tower looks directly down the middle of the road. In this tower in the early part of the war, the Huns hid a machine gun and as our troops marched towards them they let the small advance guard pass through and then later, as a regiment came swinging along in column of route, they opened up and got about 300 of them. It looked very peaceful this morning and the bells were ringing the faithful to early mass, all dressed as usual in black except, oh marvel! one girl with a grey suit and a red flower in her hat,-

--we all said "Thank God!" for the touch of colour. Khaki and mud and black get on the nerves after a while. It's a great question whether a little more colour in our uniforms wouldn't have a good effect on us.

We marched in here with pipes playing and our colours flying, miles under shell fire to huts where we expect to spend some days. No. 1 and 2 Cos. officers are in this hut and as we have our flea-bags we shall be comfortable. The afternoon has been beautiful and sunny and my officers and I had a pleasant stroll around.

I rode "Ginger" this morning every other hour. He shies a bit at motors but is a very good horse. I am applying for an issue of saddlery (free) as mine is pretty well worn and some sunny day shall blossom out in style "booted and spurred". Adamson and most of the boys are sleeping but I shall not lie down until night.

Big guns are letting off all around us, observation balloons are up, aeroplanes are humming and madame of the farm house has just thrown a bucket of water on our cook's fire. She evidently thinks smoke is unhealthy in the daytime!

Well, dear, what a sweet little chat we've had together, I've enjoyed it, have you? One of our big guns shook my hand as I wrote that "o" in together!

January 10, 1916

My Sweet Gazelle! Now how's that for an "Arabian Nights Tale" start? I'm not quite sure though, whether I am paying you a compliment or not because isn't that the saucy little rascal that spit in my face at the London Zoo? or was it a llama? If so I withdraw the alligation,--but really speaking of that day at the Zoo, I haven't quite forgiven you for that trick,--nor

for saying I was seasick when I wasn't, nor for "calling" me at cards at Kinghorn! So there you are, dear, all I can find to scold you about in our married life,--and if any other couple can produce a smaller list let them bring on the proofs!

I received a box of good cigars from my office staff at home this morning, so am well off for smokes. Saw Reilley the other day. He said he had received your parcel and acknowledged it.

The sun is again shining gloriously this morning. "Grandmother" is growling very close to us and every time she speaks her mind our hut rattles and equipment falls all over. Molson's is all on the floor except his safety razor box and we're betting how many shots it will take to bring it off the shelf! The Major is in a corner having a light lunch between times and makes everyone generally cheerful.

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Paris, Friday, Jan 7, 1916

My darling boy:

I did not write yesterday as I had nothing new to tell you. It was a nasty rainy day, so I borrowed Mme. Brown's maid and we mended and fixed up my wardrobe.

Mme. B. leaves next week for Switzerland to meet her daughter and German son-in-law. She will remain there three or four weeks. If the French authorities knew she was going to do that they would not let her return, I am sure.

I was amused at Doughty writing home the war will be over by April. I only hope it will, but it will surely have to hump itself.

I heard yesterday that the illness of the King of Greece last year was caused by an attempt to assassinate him, a dagger

being used which penetrated the lung and caused blood poison. His present illness is attributed to the reopening and poisoning of the wound. This came direct from the house of the Turkish Ambassador here, who still lives in Paris, but of course, it is just an idle roomer----excuse me, rumour.

I am so afraid the Kaiser will be assassinated or die peacefully in his bed before the war is over, and escape his punishment here on earth. Of course, the devil has a good hot pitchfork ready to give him a warm reception.

Mme. Brown invited me to meet an Englishwoman yesterday, but in the course of her conversation on the subject, Mme. B. told me this woman had said the people of the United States were being thought less of every day and they had undoubtedly prolonged the war by furnishing ammunitions to the Allies, and doing it just because they were getting immensely wealth on it. Well, I said you can tell her from me that I have lived in England for over a year, and that I can give her proof of thousands of English who are getting rich off the war, so the Americans haven't a monopoly.

It seems to me the poor are getting rich and <sup>the</sup> rich are getting poor. Anyway things are certainly upsidedown. I also said: "Tell your friend as for the Americans prolonging the war by furnishing ammunitions, if they had not done so the war would no doubt have been finished long ago and the Germans victorious." As for the Americans becoming more and more disliked,---that is a decidedly middle-class English opinion, and as they have always disliked the Americans, there has never been much love lost between them, and as the Americans have lived and thrived all these years in spite of the disapproval of this class of English,



a little more hatred on their part won't upset the equilibrium of Uncle Sam. My only regret so far as the States is concerned is that they have a president who is "too proud to fight". I decided it best not to meet the lady and thus avoid a little war of my own. Must go to lunch now, with all my love.

-----

January 11, 1916

You sweet little thing! You have been good to me in the mail line last night and today, your charming letters of last Wednesday and Friday, written in your very best vein and which I enjoyed immensely and loved you for every word in them a thousand times. Then came hosts of Calgary papers which I rapidly disposed of, then the phonograph records which I know will be splendid, but I shall not be able to hear them for a few days as we could not carry the machine up here.

Then came your parcel of Parisian delicacies, which was delivered to me just as I came in wet, muddy and hungry from a tour of the trenches and we at once had some for tea. We were all tickled to death over them, especially the liquers. Adamson almost choked over a spoonful of Crème de Menthe, it's very strong and goes well with a little tea. They all think your taste (ex-

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cept in a husband!) is of the best,---so do I, even including the poor husband!

Wheeler, President of the Alpine Club, sent me a leather case for papers, which was very nice of him. A few of us members are going to try to have a little reunion in Bailleul some of these days.

You did quite right in refusing to meet the fool English woman. One of the worst features of this war is the number of fools among our own people we can't shoot. "Rip it into them" dear, and you're not hurting my feelings a bit because we both know the best English people detest these parasites even worse than we do. Have you noticed Canada is raising her quota to 500,000 men? That's something like business and is the number for which I have always contended.

Well, dear, I've enjoyed my little chat immensely. Must roll in now. I am just sipping a hot rum punch and shall have a smoke and a short read of McClure's, so shall just say that if all the women in the world were tossed up in a hat I should know you by instinct and I wouldn't swap you, dear, for all the rest, so there! Your love and support to me now are worth all the world to me,---so you are doing your full share towards downing "Kayser Bill".

January 12, 1916

It is now about 1:00 a.m. and I'm writing this in my dug-out in the firing line, having moved in tonight for four days. I have command on the right and Adams on the left,--kind of family party, eh what?

Your sweet parcel of delicacies arrived at just the proper time as I have carried them all in with me and they came in first rate tonight when Nash and I had a little meal before our rations

arrived. I also have your rum and tea which I shall now be able to try.

Yesterday I received a set of photos of our new Calgary office. They are certainly fine. Mann is sitting in "my office". Am pretty sleepy now and as it is Nash's turn for duty, I'll lie down and try to steal a little sleep. Have my fur-lined coat which is a great comfort at night.

Friday, January 14, 1916

I have been on the jump so much last night and today that this is the first chance I have had to get in my little word of love, and I miss it as much as you, dear.

(8:00p.m.) I have again been interrupted and also very agreeably by the orderly handing in to my dugout your sweet letters of 9th, 10th and 11th.

So you are studying millinery! Well, I'm very glad because you've always enjoyed doing artistic work and this will interest you. I shall expect to see some marvelous creations soon!

Shan't be able to write a long letter tonight, dear, as Gault will be around soon on a tour of our trenches. He is indefatigable.

January 15, 1916

Have a few minutes to spare before we commence to strafe the Huns at 4:45 p.m. precisely, so shall make the very best use of the quiet period to write my saucy little sweetheart, who, I hope, has warmer feet than I have at this moment,--or I'll apply for a divorce! I must say though, my kit has been very comfortable and my field boots absolutely waterproof in two feet of mud and water.

Our men in the worst places wear hip rubber boots, which are "Trench Stores" and very useful.

Newcombe was hit this morning by a rifle grenade, but I hope will have nothing worse than a pleasant trip to England or "Blighty" as the men call it.

In the ordinary course of good luck we should be relieved tomorrow night and No. 1 Co. should be out of the trenches for sixteen days or thereabouts.

Niven had lunch with us today,--roast turkey sent to Nash from England, some of your little cakes and honey and went away happy.

Much love, dear, send me some snaps of your newest in hats! You will surely startle old England!

January 16, 1916

I am all packed up ready to march out when relieved tonight after dark. We are going back a few miles for a four days clean up and rest and "believe me, kid" I'm very muddy and dirty. We shall then do another four days up here, but Nos. 3 and 4 Cos. will be in the trenches and Nos. 1 and 2 will furnish working parties, so we shan't fare too badly, shall we, dear? The pipers will meet us part way out and we shall march in tired but happy.

We have really fed very well here with all our good things and last night Stephens of the 42nd. Batt'n., sent us up some fresh eggs and we had three apiece for breakfast this morning. Yum! yum! they were good; also your "café au lait".

Grey and Gault called in during the night. I shall not be with Grey, he is in command of No. 4 and I of No. 1. He's a good soldier and that is all I ask of anyone these days. I have not been able to get across this time to see Adamson in his trench but they tell me he is in the best of form. Their trench was much better and drier than mine and they have spread themselves by the amount of improvement work they have done, of which Niven

was in charge. We made a poorer showing as my trenches were in an awful state of water and mud and until we could drain them some, little useful work could be done, but in spite of everything, they are in much better shape now than when we came in and in our next trench after I've got the company better organized we'll show them who can build trenches, eh what?

Jennings has left a thermos full of tea and some sandwiches which Nash and I shall have before we march off. I must run away now, dear, for a look along the trenches at "Stand to" when every man is at his best for an hour at dusk and dawn.



## CHAPTER XXII

January 13 to 26, 1916

MAJOR PELLY GETS THE D.S.O. HE LEAVES THE PRINCESS  
PATRICIAS TO COMMAND AN IRISH REGIMENT. CASUALTIES.  
RELIEVED BY THE 42ND MONTREAL HIGHLANDERS. BILLETS  
IN DRANOUTRE.

Paris, Jan 13, 1916

My darling boy:

Yesterday I felt punk so I stayed in bed all day. I had a number of visitors so did not get much rest, everyone here is so sympathetic even if I scratch my hand with a pin. Three letters came from you in the afternoon which chirped me up considerably.

I am glad you have been given No. 1 Co. to command, I am sure it will be much more agreeable to you, though of course, it seems a pity you had to leave No. 2. I am sure Adamson will miss you, he will probably have to work a little harder now and not have time to do so much "classic" betting.

Do take care of yourself while in the trenches, don't do

anything rash, or expose yourself unnecessarily. Remember you have a little "wif" waiting for you to come back on leave about April.

This afternoon I am going out with the Roulls girls to buy trimmings for the new hats we are making. I haven't just decided what I shall get, but am thinking seriously of a black Neapolitan arranged à la Française. Sounds like something good to eat, well I hope it will be a confection!

The war news was not very good this morning. It looks as though the Montenegrins were going to share the same fate as Belgium and Servia. Isn't it awful? Then the Kaiser's illness which really seems to be serious. I'm afraid the devil is going to claim him too soon. It is a little bit of irony on the part of Fate.

Paris, Friday, Jan 14, 1916

Not a bit of news for you, things are going along just the same, no mail, no nothing! I am going to a movie this evening for excitement. Hope to have a letter from you soon so I shall know how you are getting along in the trenches, and how you like the new company.

Paris, Jan 15, 1916

Two letters from you yesterday, I'm glad to know you are comfortably fixed in huts, if such a word can be used. I have just come from another lesson in millinery and am very much interested. It is certainly most useful, and though I can't learn everything in a few lessons, as a course takes two years, I can at least learn something practical. Madame asked me this morning whether all Canadian women were as clever as I am with my needle, I replied I thought they were and a great deal more so.

The Canadian women will be a wonderful race before I get through with my lessons.

Big guns are being fired near Paris today every few minutes, but we can't locate them. It is quite cold and looks like snow now, but it will probably turn into rain.

The animal that was so rude to you at the zoo was a llama, you need not blame me for its rudeness, you teased it, you know. Hereafter when you tease me, look out! I may try the same remedy!

Do you need any socks or gloves, please tell me the truth? I feel so selfish making hats if you need things.

-----

Monday, January 17, 1916

"Here we are again, boys" for a four days rest. Were relieved last night by 7:00 p.m. and came back to Dranoutre where the men are quite comfortable in a big barn, and I am in a tent and we have a room in a house for a mess.

The pipers met us half way and played us in in style, tired but cheerful. My groom (Hubbert) had "Ginger" waiting for me on the way. I had a very fine sleep, good breakfast and lunch and am going out to dinner tonight with Dr. O'Hagan of Calgary who is in the 2nd Field Ambulance. (No I won't as I have just received an order to go in to Bailleul for a lecture.)

Have also just had your letter of Saturday, dear. I don't need any socks, have lots for the present. Have also gloves, so I am well fixed. My boots and knee pads worked well. My mail

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comes to the trenches by night, parcels and all.

January 18, 1916

I have just crawled in my little bed but must have a tiny chat with my old girl before going to sleep. Today I met a Calgary doctor who is in our field ambulance and he invited me to his mess to dinner. They are very comfortable, of course, have a good phonograph and a very cute little fox terrier which came from Canada and plays with a ball all day long. We played bridge and I lost one and a quarter francs! The first game in months so don't scold me.

We have our steel helmets now and that should help some. It is raining again and the mud flourishes. If you should return to London where will you go, to the Palace? I expect all those you knew there will be gone. Keep in good spirits, dear, and we'll lick the Huns yet.

-----  
Paris, Tuesday, Jan 18, 1916

My dear old Lollipop:

Who says I haven't good taste in selecting my husband? You tell them to mind their dash, dash, dashed business! Well, it rained all day yesterday, and I stayed in the house and did something to please you. I wrote letters, letters, letters and more letters, but even then I have not quite caught up.

Every month I get quite a nice little sum from the interest in that ship in which I invested. I wish I had had sense enough to invest more in ships, I would be coining money now. Every old tub in America has been resurrected and put in service.

A nice long letter from you this morning to cheer me up on a gloomy day. So the things have all arrived and I am glad you liked them. Those liqueurs should be diluted, I think the direc-

tions say so. No wonder Adamson choked if he took them raw.

There is a report out now that the Germans are so incensed over the reply of Sir Edward Grey regarding the "Baralong" affair, that they say they are going to retaliate by killing English officers who are prisoners in Germany. The English say if they do they will kill two German officers for every English. And so the tit-for-tat rolls merrily along. Will the end never come?

I am going to the opera this afternoon with Mr. Roulls and his daughters who have very kindly invited me. I am all dolled up and look pretty nifty.

Paris, Jan 19, 1916

I shall send you some more of those tube foods today, they seem to be just the thing for the trenches. Well, Montenegro has surrendered! It seems a pity, but none of those Balkan States are to be trusted. I did think Montenegro would stick, but I suppose she got cold feet at the idea of being ruined like Servia. I guess it is hard for those little nations to know just what to do. This releases about eighty thousand Austrians for the Greek and Russian frontier, so I suppose events will soon begin.

I think I shall return to London early in February, I am really sick of the scandals and gossips in this hotel. The young girl whom you pitied so in the room next to me is what the French call a "cocotte", and her behavior is disgraceful. She has some man in her room every night until the wee hours of the morning, and some mornings he does not leave until about six o'clock. He is a young Greek and when he is not with her there is an old man comes to her rooms who, the Greek told Mme. B., is keeping her. I told her one day that I could hear near-



ly everything she said in her room, she flushed but replied "I have no secrets". So that's the French life! I let her alone now and try to go to sleep and mind my own business. I could fill pages with scandals, but what's the use, I'm going to get out of it all.

-----

Lou, dear:

January 20, 1916

Just a word before pulling out, we are moving up this afternoon to the trenches but No. 1 Co. will be in a ruined farm. Should be there five days and then back again.

Your phonograph records, dear, were too large for any machine here, so I sent them in to the hospital at Bailleul. Don't send any more, they all appreciated your thoughtfulness anyway.

Each of the N.C.O's. got a sterling silver engraved cigarette case from the Princess this morning, a very nice X-mas present, wasn't it? We had a concert by our men last night in the Y.M.C.A., which was a "corker".

A bunny hug for my sweetheart.

January 21, 1916

We had a very good march up last night, the pipers played us part way and we marched straight into the grandest full moon

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with splendid cloud effects. The moonlight through the old ruined church was a picture for a Turner (but he was strong on sunsets, wasn't he?) The mud on the roads glimmered like silver, broken only by the long dark shadows of marching men, crawling along like gigantic black snakes. On the skyline ahead the flares were constantly going up with a beautiful soft white light and vivid flashes of red fire spurted out here and there, where guns were firing and shells bursting. We are holding the ruins of a farm just under the crest where the firing line is situated and where all my men are now out on working parties.

Our little mess in the cellar is composed of Nash and myself, a grenadier, a sniper, a machine gun and artillery officer, so we are quite a mixed crowd. Had scrambled eggs, bacon and coffee and was able to take off my boots and sleep in my sleeping bag, so am not faring too badly. Our own gunners and the Huns are busy shelling all around us and the farm generally would not be a good place for milk maids!

Don't worry if you do not find anything suitable to do, as I must always have my D.A.Q.M.G. (Deputy Assistant Quartermaster General) handy for refitting the inner and outer man.

Must take a look around my posts now and see that all's well. Give my regards to the Belgians and Mme la Baronne and keep for yourself all my love and devotion which grows daily and will last long after we're through with this old world, don't you feel that way too, dear?

January 22, 1916

My sweet little Southern Rebel: Last night after dark my quartermaster sergeant brought up your two dear notes of the 18th and 19th and your parcel filled as always with good things. We were all sitting around in the cellar when I unpacked the box and

of course, everyone was vastly interested in the contents and we at once sampled all we could. I gave the sergeants the tea and rum tablets, very useful for them.

The only trouble I find with these tube foods is that they are easily crushed and the food runs out. We have been able to carry lots of supplies <sup>with</sup> us here by wagon, so don't really need so much haversack stuff. Send some more "La Vie Parisiennes", please.

Last night we had half a dozen casualties and we buried one lad in our cemetery here which is now pretty well filled. Your dear prayer book again came in useful. An artillery officer was in here at the time enquiring for an old chum of his in our ranks. When he mentioned his name, I said "Why we have just been dressing him for the last half hour, badly wounded, in the next room!"  
-----some strange meetings here!

Don't worry about my health, dear, it is the very best and, of course, my appetite is always good. I am doing the only work a man can do these days, am backed by a good regiment and probably 20,000,000 more fighting men and best of all by the bravest and dearest wife in the world---so what king could ask for more?

"In my cellar  
Somewhere in France"  
January 23, 1916

My little Southern Queen: How is your Royal Highness this morning? Not bothered as we are, I hope, by a light wind blowing from Germany which may mean gas and has to be very carefully watched. We have weather vanes all around and keep an eye on the sky like old sailors instead of soldiers.

Last night some zepps were evidently out hunting. By the enclosed message you will see how units warn each other. Tomorrow night we should be again relieved and go back to brigade reserve.

We have lots of amusement these days with our trench mortar officer who messes with us. He's been with Canadians some time and thinks he has got all the latest slang,--this mixed with his Cockney and quite a bit of native humour, makes a side-splitting combination. When he tries to "poop off" his mortars in our trenches everybody curses him because the Huns always retaliate. He walks away with his damned old gun and we take the strafing. He pretends to hate it himself and his life is a constant torment between being ordered to fire so many rounds per day by his C.O. and being refused permission to fire by trench commanders. The trench mortar people are always the lost sheep in present day fighting. We have been throwing thirty pound shells, the Huns have come back with forty's, now we are going to use sixty's and have a big 200 ready for a surprise. It's a merry game, isn't it, dear?

This morning was very misty but the sun has come out now and the weather is beautiful. We certainly have not had so much rain as last year which is a blessing. We had a draft of eight new men join the company last night, but I am very short of officers, only Nash at present.

A machine gun officer has just been telling of one of his men who has just gone "dippy". He was found wandering on top of the parapet with a lighted candle saying, "Sh! I'm a star shell!" Poor chap. Quite a number go that way.

So long, dear, hope I get a letter today.

Sunday eve, January 23, 1916

Was very much cheered up tonight to receive your loving and spicy notes of Thursday and Friday. Am sorry you are bothered by so many damn male and female parasites around the hotel. Better hie back to London and the staid English respectability. I

hste to think of you next door to that sort of thing. Give "ém  
 'ell", dear, whenever you feel like it. I am pretty broad minded  
 about the relations of the sexes under ordinary conditions and  
 do not interfere with people's private opinions, but I've abso-  
 lute contempt for the wife of a soldier who is not true to him  
 when he's at war.

Getting ready for a bite to eat now, so shall have a look  
 at the wind and "fall to".

"Dug out Villa,"  
 Monday, January 24, 1916

Am getting ready to move out tonight at about 6:30 and go  
 back to huts for fours days, and then I believe to Fletre for a  
 week. Shall be glad of a chance to get my company all together  
 for a time so we can get better acquainted.

We have two cats in our cellar this morning. We've fed  
 them and they're quite playful. Yesterday p.m. I visited Stew-  
 art in his trench and coming back I stopped to gossip with some  
 birdies in a hedge. They were quite chatty and didn't mind the  
 shells a bit. Our trees and hedges are pretty much knocked about,  
 one old stump between our lines had just a few knobs sticking out,  
 so it is called "The Cactus" and is a landmark both for the Huns  
 and for us.

Must get to work now, dear, and clean up for our relief.

Brigade Reserve,  
 January 25, 1916

Had a good relief last night. The 42nd Battalion (Montreal  
 Highlanders) have a fine lot of officers all leading business men,  
 and we get along first rate with them, especially as we have so  
 many from Montreal ourselves. We make a special point on reliefs  
 to give the new regiment every possible help and information be-  
 fore we march off. Too many people are so anxious to get away



themselves, they forget the other fellows' necessities. We also try to make all possible improvements in our trenches while we are in, some battalions do nothing, so you see how agreeable or otherwise we can be to each other and it is attention to these things that makes or mars a regiment's good name as much as the fighting.

We are again in the hut. Adamson, Niven, Molson, Nash, myself and several others. Niven has a box of good Canadian apples of which I am the chief consumer. We all mess at one table, No. 1 Co. at one end and No. 2 at the other and we each "swipe" any of the other fellow's grub that looks good.

Papineau returned this morning and Stewart is jubilant. They are great chums. Today is again sunny and a Hun aeroplane is very busy over us with absolutely hundreds of our shells bursting in the sky around him, but he's not hit yet. I saw a photo yesterday taken by one of our planes showing the German trenches and ours where I was last, it was absolutely perfect, showing every fire and communication trench and even the shell holes in the ground. Armies can't hide much from each other these days, except the big guns which are very hard to locate. Even around us here where we have hundreds of our own guns, we rarely see them so skillfully are they concealed in hedges, rows of trees, etc.

Well, enough "shop" for one day, dear.

January 26, 1916

I am very busily engaged eating a wonderful Ontario apple. Adamson had a box sent him and they are ~~Spies~~ in the very best condition, so you may imagine I'm not doing a thing to them.

Our fine weather still continues, a really grand winter for soldiering. Some of our officers back from leave are fed up with

London, say they've got the blues there and that the only cheerful people are out here. Of course, it's the slackers who growl because they are being made to serve.

We have had no mail for two days so am looking forward to some tonight. I had my revenge on Adamson last night at pinochle. Won ten francs from him and Molson also bet on me and won ten francs. I made 750 in one hand including a double pinochle. It's the first good licking I've given him and as my pupil it was coming to him.

January 26, 1916

I had just finished writing you this afternoon when the mail orderly handed me your letter of the 22nd. Am very glad you helped the little Belgian with her hat. Shall have some sewing for you to do for me on my next leave. Will soon have to get a new outfit of clothes and uniforms, am getting very seedy. I expect a government issue of new saddlery soon so Ginger will have lots of swank.

I am sorry the zepps are making such frequent visits to Paris. Better go down to the cellar during the raids instead of out on the balconies. You know you could get hit with flying shrapnel. You are in almost as much danger as I am, but we are both in the hands of Providence so we must not worry.

January 27, 1916

We were relieved this morning at 11:30 and marched back here nine miles, not far from Fletre. I have two platoons in this farm and the two others along the road in two other farms, scattered but comfortable. I have a good bedroom and dining room but am hanged lonely all by myself. Clarke should, however, rejoin us tomorrow.

I am now real easy in slippers, eating a good apple and

reading a copy of the "Smart Set". We marched down today to H.Q., 1 and 2 Co's., Adamson in command and I rode in the rear as second in command, the sergeant major had to command the company. Ginger didn't like the motors any better than usual and tried hard to go the wrong way several times, but I enjoyed the ride. Had a cup of tea and two jam turnovers on the way at the Army Service Corps mess. I hear there is a good bath here so shall fare pretty well.

Major Pelly received the D.S.O. He is leaving us to command an Irish regiment.

Best wishes for a good night, dear.

## CHAPTER XXIII

January 24 to February 6, 1916

THE PRINCE OF WALES VISITS THE TRENCHES.

7TH CANADIAN INFANTRY BRIGADE SPORTS.

Paris, Jan 24, 1916

My dear old pal:

All day I have been nursing Mme. Brown who is quite ill with a sore throat and high fever, trying to get her well enough to leave for Switzerland tonight. I succeeded in breaking the fever and making her feel more comfortable though she was in no condition to take an all night journey. However, she went, and of course, I shall miss her as she was very kind to me though she rather "possessed" me too much. I hope she arrives without catching more cold.

This evening I have learned a new kind of fancy work, the French machremé. It is made of heavy thread, of hundreds of different kinds of knots and looks like heavy lace when finished. I can make all sorts of beautiful things for our home, if

we ever get there again.

I am going to bed now, as it is nearly midnight and I am plum tired out. Will finish this tomorrow and mail it when I go to town.

Tuesday

Well, you dear old thing, I have just been awakened out of a sound sleep and funny dream to receive two letters from you and the photos of the offices. I dreamed I was in Philadelphia looking for the store of Bailey, Banks and Biddle to have my watch repaired but could not find it. All the other stores I went to knew me and called me by name, but they had no men to do the repair work as the Kaiser was expected in Phila. that afternoon and all the men had been called up, but I couldn't make out whether it was to fight him or greet him. While I was seeking information, Maurice knocked on the door and gave me your letters and the Kaiser vanished, I had the thought running through my head that I was going to find the Maier and kill him, so Maurice just escaped being murdered.

I am having a game of bridge in my room this afternoon with la Baronne, Marquise de Mayra and Mme. Freeman. So I will chase in town now and mail this letter. All my love always. Am enclosing you a new tie.

-----

Saturday 6:00 p.m.  
January 29, 1916

You have "second sight" all right, my dear, because your tie arrived just as my one and only was getting very disreputable, so I feel well dressed again.

I have just finished issuing rum to my men, they get an issue almost every day now, sixty-four men to a gallon. I



hate the smell of it but once in a while take a rum punch made with hot water and lemon, but as always I am very temperate.

Your dream of Philadelphia and the Kaiser was interesting but am sure "The City of Brotherly Love" wouldn't appeal to him.

We had the Prince of Wales through today visiting the front trenches. He takes his job seriously and is good stuff.

Jennings is leaving me, transferring to old friends in the artillery, so I shall have to look for a new batman. I don't need very much looking after and am not fussy as you know.

Sunday 6:00 p.m.  
January 30, 1916

Your sweet letters of the 26th and 27th were handed in to my about four o'clock and I've just had a good chance now to quietly reread them.

You see Clarke, who formerly commanded No. 1 Co. dropped in and had tea and then Colonel Buller came in to see me and we chatted and smoked quite a while. His glass eye fell out and we had quite a fright lest it should fall on the floor and get smashed, but we rescued it O.K. It must be an awful nuisance to him, but he's very cheerful and a mighty good soldier. He has invited me up to H.Q. for dinner tonight and I'm very glad because it's deuced lonely eating all by myself here.

Your Cuban Marquise must be very charming, dear. I think you are wise to stay in Paris as long as you're not bored by anyone. I hear London is very dreary and there's always the danger of more zepp raids. Am delighted you are well suited with your suit, (O the English language!)

I am reading today "The Magnetic North" a story of the Klondyke gold rush; not bad. Shall be glad to get the "Vie Parisienne".

Pelly got the D.S.O. for general good work while in command for seven months. He really is a good officer. Is now in command of a pretty tough bunch, I hear.

-----

January 21, 1916

Have just heard

Paris, Jan 28, 1916

My darling boy:

Well, I do hope you are out of the trenches now. I don't seem to get your letters saying you are out until one comes along saying you are in again, so that I never have a minutes rest from anxiety.

A regiment of soldiers has just passed the house, poor fellows! They looked shabby and dirty and seemed to have no spirit left. They are so different from the soldiers in England who are well clothed and always cheerful, they would have been singing or whistling, but here they pass in absolute silence. A few days ago I was on the Avenue de l'Opera and a regiment passed, shabby and dirty, skin yellow as saffron, thin and unshaven. They were led by a band which played a horrible solemn march and I thought at first it was a funeral. Everyone on the street, I with them, and all traffic stopped to let them pass, and I waited for the corpse to go by, but there was none. I asked a person next to me what it was and he said a route march of the reserves. Well, I said they might at least cheer them up with a lively tune. The light French character seems to have been utterly eclipsed. If the French soldiers are that lacking in spirit in the trenches, heaven help them!

Have just finished reading "Beatrice" by Rider Haggard, and am commencing "Heart of the World" which promises well. You see I haven't deserted my "old love". Am sending you a

"Cosmopolitan" and some "Vie Parisiennes", but I can't say the women "la dedans" are beautiful.

-----

My dear ~~girl~~ girl:

January 31, 1916

Have just had a cup of tea, my big pipe is humming merrily, the family churn is grinding, the boys are singing and whistling in the kitchen---the only sign of war is the big guns I can just hear booming in the distance.

(continued on page 208 $\frac{1}{2}$ )

~~hear booming in the distance~~

Your note of Friday and the magazines arrived today. Many thanks. The French Reserves you saw were probably old Territorials. The young fighting regiments are of the very best and we all have the greatest admiration for them as soldiers. Of course, in England you have only seen our men under the best conditions. If you saw a regiment up here coming out of a bad trench your heart would bleed for them, and still the nearer you get to the front the more cheerful everyone is. Probably it's because in our infantry regiments the men feel they are voluntarily undertaking the hardest part in the war, so their consciences are absolutely clean and they are content to leave their own individual fate to a Divine Providence in which every man trusts whether he openly acknowledges it or not.

Clarke returned to the company today. I hear Horner may get back tonight, also that young Rider Haggard (a nephew of your favourite author) has come out from Shornecliffe and will be attached to No. 1 Co. Pembroke, the "Paymonger" also messes with us, so I shall not be so lonely.

Adamson has invited me to dinner tonight. I hear he has a fine billet. I enjoyed dinner at H.Q. last night. Gault is just back from leave, hurt his shoulder on the hunting field. We all say he should have stayed in a nice quiet war instead of mixing up with the dangers of peaceful England!

I see the Huns claim to have taken our old village of Frise; suppose my late "happy home" there has disappeared,--- that's where your hunting plate came from you know, dear, so is a valuable souvenir. The people in this house have a whole set of the same, each plate with a different humorous hunting scene.

Shall now tramp a mile to No. 2 Co. It's very dark and I'd sooner walk than ride, I need the exercise; first thing you know I shall be sporting an "embonpoint".

-----

Paris, Sunday  
Jan 29, 1916

My darling boy:

Well, the zepps were here last night, and gave us considerable distraction. I was at the apartment of the Marquise de Maya on the Avenue d'Iena near here, playing bridge, and about ten o'clock we heard the report of the bombs and immediately the "pompiers" blew their horns all over Paris as a signal for everyone to go to the "abri" as the zepps were here. But instead, everyone flew out on the street and gazed up at the sky. Dozens of aeroplanes were flying over our heads and the search lights from every direction played over the heavens.

Guns were firing and we could almost imagine ourselves in the firing line. Every light in the city was put out and nothing but absolute darkness everywhere except the lights on the crazy taxis which were running all around; a few stars glistened through the mist, and the big search light on top of the Eiffel Tower illumined the skies but left the city black.

In about fifteen minutes all was quiet and we returned to the house and resumed our bridge, hearing now and then a faint echo of a gun in the distance. At 11.30 the Baronne and I started home in absolute darkness until we reached the Étoile where a light here and there glimmered just enough to blind us and make the Arc de Triumphe a gruesome object. I think every taxi in Paris was assembled there, and one of the "cochers" told us bombs had been dropped on La Place de la Republic which



is a long distance from here.

We finally reached the hotel and found everybody up and in the salon making merry. Then a few of us being hungry, got Louis to commandeer a box of sardines, some bread and butter and two bottles of beer, and we "fell to" and sat there until 1:30 having lots of fun until that old Madame de Saraga came in and began quarreling with everyone and broke up the party. We went off to bed and left her still growling.

This morning I hear the bombs were dropped in Montmartre not far from here, twenty-five were killed and thirty-two wounded and maybe more. Isn't it dreadful just butchering innocent civilians like that?

Paris, Monday, Jan 31, 1916

The zepps arrived again last night and caused us lots of amusement. I suppose they will visit us nightly now. We were warned at 9:30 p.m. by telephone by a friend of one of the ladies in the hotel. He is a general and has something to do with the defense of Paris against zepps, and will warn us whenever they are approaching Paris.

Five minutes after, the "pompiers" were heard and every light in Paris went out,---by that I mean lights in the houses as well as on the streets,--it's pitch black and we can't do a thing but just sit and wait or go out and look for the zepps. I went out on my balcony and had a good view but saw no sign of them.

The streets were filled with people, they simply won't stay in the house. I really think it is just as safe, there is absolutely nothing to be done and I think the cellar is the last place to go as these high explosive bombs go right through to the ground. Then if they contain gas there is cer-

tainly no hope in the cellar. Besides the cellars are damp and cold and the air smelly, a nice place to catch pneumonia. The best thing to do is to do nothing. I shall continue to go to bed as usual and if asphyxiating gas comes I shall have more chance of escape. We are none of us afraid, only curious.

One lady last night was a bit hysterical, the very lady who received the telephone message. At 11:30 she received another message saying all danger was over and we could go to bed, and five minutes after, the lights appeared in the streets and everything went on as usual. We went to bed and so far as I am concerned, slept soundly. Et voilà tout!

I have had about twenty interruptions since I started this letter as I am writing in the salon, for my room is like a refrigerator. Today is the coldest day I have felt since I left Canada, the cold is different, damp and penetrating. I hope if the zepps come tonight they will freeze to death. Another interruption----it's no use, I'm going to stop!

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(continued on page 210½)

~~SHALL I NOW WRITE TO YOU TO SAY IT IS VERY DARK AND  
 I AM SORRY I CANNOT WRITE TO YOU TO SAY IT IS VERY DARK AND  
 I AM SORRY I CANNOT WRITE TO YOU TO SAY IT IS VERY DARK AND  
 I AM SORRY I CANNOT WRITE TO YOU TO SAY IT IS VERY DARK AND~~

Lou, dear:

Thursday, February 3, 1916

You certainly are getting to be an expert on aerial warfare! The Germans seem to be giving Paris quite a strafing. You are wise to do nothing but keep cool and cheerful when the zepps come, but, of course, it is well to keep inside as buildings stop a lot of flying splinters, though there is not much protection anywhere against a direct hit. You are very "swanky" to have a real live general to warn you,---you deserve a field marshall, dear.

Had an interesting day at the Grenade School, firing live grenades, etc. We have all kinds now, that blind the Huns, make them sneeze their heads off, cough their windpipes up, everything in fact except to give them a pain in the tummy and I suppose that comes anyway. Then we can burn them up with several kinds of fire and smoke them out, so you see we have a few tricks in our bag for the next big show.

Our Battalion sports took place this p.m. but I could not get there. We'll have brigade sports on the fifth and sixth, of which I send you a programme. I have twenty-two of my company in England on leave now, not bad for the lads is it, but even at that those going now have been out here six months, so they certainly deserve a change.

Am returning a number of your old letters, dear, which please keep for me as they are more precious than gold, and after the war we will write a book together of our experiences. I bought a couple of tins of crab in Bailleul the other day and shall have some tonight. I certainly like it.

Quite a joke isn't it, the Huns taking the "Annon" into Norfolk? The only correct capture they've made yet.

Some battalion of the 2nd Division made a nice little attack the other night and took some prisoners. Our Canadians like to keep the Huns on the jump, which is much better than letting them sleep all winter, isn't it?

This is a very rambling epistle, dear, but you can easily find the love between the lines, eh what?

-----

The sports programme was a very long one so I shall just give a copy of the first two pages showing the personnel:

- - P R O G R A M M E - -

---of---

--- 7TH CANADIAN INFANTRY BRIGADE SPORTS ---

To be held on February 5th and 6th, 1916

Under the Patronage of Major General,

M. S. MERCER, C.B.

Commanding 3rd Canadian Division.

S P O R T S C O M M I T T E E .

MAJOR H. GAULT.....	D.S.O.....	P.P.C.L.I.
CAPT. G.W.C. McNEILL.....		GRENAD SCHOOL
LIEUT. J.M. PAULINE.....		R.C.R.
LIEUT. D.W. MACLEOD.....		49TH BATTALION
LIEUT. E.C. EVANS.....		42ND BATTALION
LIEUT. R.C. RUSH.....		BRIGADE STAFF

J U D G E S .

HORSE EVENTS.

MAJOR A.K. HOBBS.....	49TH BATTALION
MAJOR A. McLENNAN.....	42ND BATTALION
MAJOR A.H.B. FOSTER.....	BRIGADE STAFF

# J U D G E S .

## FIELD    EVENTS.

MAJOR A. ADAMSON.....P.P.C.L.I.  
 LIEUT V. HODSON.....R.C.R.  
 LIEUT. S.J.MATHEWSON.....42ND BATTALION

## S T A R T E R S

CAPT. J.B.HARSTONE.....49TH BATTALION

## A N N O U N C E R .

R.H.N.GODFREY.....P.P.C.L.I.

## C L E R K   O F   C O U R S E .

R.S.M.HOBBS.....49TH BATTALION

Numerous prizes were given and altogether it was quite a wonderful event.

Friday, February 4, 1916

Finished my short grenade course today; had three officers of the 42nd ride over to lunch with me. I have enjoyed the rides very much because as a rule we don't get much riding at any good pace, if we're marching with the regiment we have to walk at a slow pace. Ginger can trot with any of them and hates to be behind another horse.

There is practically nothing of interest to tell you these days, but I know you prefer it when we are having a quiet time.



Our boys beat the Royal Canadian Regiment, (R.C.R.) at football today, 3 to 0, so are quite happy. Brigade sports will be the next two days and Colonel Mitchell has invited me into Bailleul for an "Alpine Club" tea on Sunday, hope I can get away. He is intelligence officer in the corps.

That was a pretty nasty zepp raid in England too, wasn't it? Nice warfare, all right!

Saturday, February 5, 1916

Just a few words, little girl, before lunch and brigade sports. It is an absolutely glorious warm, sunny day, just like Calgary. I feel sure you are also getting the sun and if so, don't you feel my love with it, dear?

My new saddlery arrived this morning, so Ginger and I shall parade in state. The new outfit is a little stiff but after it has been oiled up for a while it will be fine. When we get back home we must go in more for riding, eh what?

Am sending you a few odds and ends of papers today, which may interest you. My old university in Nova Scotia, "Acadia", has done pretty well for the army hasn't it? You will notice by the list there are several graduates in No. 4 Universities Co. now in Shornecliffe.

Good by, dear, until tomorrow.

## CHAPTER XXIV

February 6 to 16, 1916

REGIMENT MARCHES TO LOCRE. RELIEVES THE 31ST BATTALION  
IN THE TRENCHES. BILLETED IN THE CHATEAU AT KEMMEL. "SWAN AND  
EDGAR" MADE FAMOUS BY IAN HAY.

Sunday, February 6, 1916

Well, my dear sweetheart, we've moved again and on Sunday as usual. Marched up to Locre today and relieve Colonel Bell's battalion (the 31st from Calgary) tomorrow night for four days, and then shall be out for eight days again.

Adamson was up yesterday and says a number of my old friends from home were asking for me. The trenches are very good ones, can get in and out by daylight. Hope to be able to write you every day. I fired the mail orderly today,---I guess chiefly because he didn't collect my letter to you yesterday! I hope the new one will bring me lots of letters from my dear little wife.

Wasn't it a damn shame about the Parliament Buildings burn-

ing at Ottawa, and the deaths? It must have been German doings. I told the men today we've another score to settle with them now. Dr. Michael Clarke of Red Deer, (M.P.) whom I think you met in Ottawa, had a narrow escape. His son was a private in the P.P.C'S.

What's the latest gossip at the hotel, dear? The time must pass very slowly without a fresh morsel of scandal every day. Remember, you are fighting with me here and I am helping you dodge the zepps in Paris and little Cupid carries our ammunition and tells the Huns thay can't harm our love because it will last forever.

One of my officers, Horner, has just been taken sick and is leaving for hospital,--a trench fever I think. It seems impossible to keep more than about three officers in a company at one time.

Gault seems to be in great form these days. He won first prize yesterday with "Sandy" in the "Officers' Mount Class". It was a glorious day and everybody enjoyed the fun. Three pipe and one brass band kept things lively. General Mercer (3rd division) presented the prizes.

We are sleeping tonight in a room at the back of an "Estaminet" on chicken wire beds, am pretty sleepy too.

"In my Little Mud Home in the Trench"  
Tuesday, February 8, 1916

Have just a few spare minutes to send you a little love mixed in between the bark and roar of the big guns. We got in very well yesterday just before dusk, marching through what was once a very fine little town (Kemmel) with bandstand still in the centre of the square but desolation all around. We went through a very fine old chateau grounds with moat and house not badly knocked about. Papineau is holding this.

We next came to Colonel Bell's H.Q. but he was out so I

did not see him but met some other Calgary officers. They told me Doughty was on leave in Paris. Major Daly whose company I relieved is a good old scout and he was greatly tickled at my taking over from him. He had done a lot of good work on the trenches which I am trying to continue, but one bad shell can knock a lot of your work to pieces in a second.

Pope came back last night so I am now better off. We have quite a cosy dugout with three chicken wire bunks and a stove. This morning the general, Buller and Gault went over my trenches with me and it kept me busy warning them to keep low at the bad spots. In crawling through one hole I told Gault just ahead of me that it was a good thing we were not fat, but he said we were too long and so had too far to crawl!

The General says a newspaper man is coming through our trenches and "to be good to him". I told him I wanted to be sure of his politics first! It's a sorry day when we can't swap a few jokes,--even if they are "Englishmen's jokes", eh what.

Have a number of the men's letters to censor now, dear, so must "cease fire" for a time.

Wednesday, February 9, 1916

Last night we had quite an amusing experience. About 6:00 p.m. while we three officers were sitting in my dugout, I heard Adamson's familiar voice outside saying: "Are you there, Jones? I found this man wandering about in your trenches," and in came stumbling through the little opening in the ~~sar~~bag wall, a rather dilapidated looking civilian with a slouch hat and rain coat and hands tied in front of him with a handkerchief and followed by Adamson! "This man says he ~~sa~~ is a Frenchman but I

think he is a German spy," and, of course, we all did. I started to cross examine him in French but he said "Sprechensie Deutch?" so I "sprenched" and he intimated he came from across the line.

We had our hands on our guns all ready for a move and then Adamson burst into laughter and we knew there was a joke somewhere. A. introduced him then as Mr. P---- of the Canadian A.P., a newspaper man, so I took him around some of my trenches up to thirty yards of "Germany" where we can hear each other whisper, and let off a few flares to show up "No Man's Land", but he did not seem to enjoy it very much so we came back and I gave him a guide to H.Q. just in time to miss Gault's message to hold him for dinner! I think he had enough of the trenches; he did not prove a very good companion but has promised to send me copies of his story, so we may forgive him yet for being a mere civilian with a celluloid collar,--but mums the word! We must not offend the press.

Your visit to the spring opening of the Maison Beer must have been interesting. Wish I had been there too, while you sized up the dresses, I would have sized up---the hats, of course!

I am having a cup of tea and chewing a biscuit while I write. Have just been interrupted by one of our brigade staff captains calling in to see how our new trench cookers worked,---very well, by the way. We had a cup of tea and I discovered that our second staff captain is an old friend of mine in my regiment in South Africa, a mighty good soldier in the ranks then and I'm sure a good officer now.

Nash came back tonight from Havre so I now have three subalterns to help out and I should get more sleep, don't usually



get more than four or five hours per day while in the trenches, but feel fine nevertheless.

The attitude of the American Government is very interesting and I still hope they will be on our side before the finish. Shooting a few German-Americans as traitors would, I think, soon keep the rest quiet.

Have my fur coat with me now for cover, it's fine. The officers kid me and say that King George and I are the only ones in the army who sport a beaver collar. The mail corporal is here now so must close, dear.

-----

Paris, Sunday, Feb 6, 1916

My darling husband:

At last I have some news that will please you! Well, day before yesterday two nicely dressed French ladies came to the hotel to collect money for the wounded in a French hospital at Champigny-sur-Marne. I got in conversation with them, bought some of their postcards and volunteered my services if there was anything I could do. One of the ladies returned last night and brought the Directress of the hospital with her and we had a long talk, the result of which, I am going out to the hospital three times a week and shall nurse the wounded or cheer them up or do whatever I can.

One of the doctors in charge speaks English and will help me if I get stuck. The hospital is in an old convent which had been closed for eight years before the war. It has one hundred and six beds and a big yard where the wounded enjoy themselves. It is under the "Union des Femmes de France" of the Croix Rouge of France and is run by contributions.

It is an hour and thirty-five minutes ride from Paris by Metro and tram and on the direct route to the front. The distance is a drawback and the reason I won't go every day, but perhaps if I find I can do good work there, I may take a room in the building and thus avoid the long trips back and forth.

I am going out Wednesday for the first time, and shall then write you all about it. Am enclosing two postcards of the place. At the present time there are not many wounded coming in as the Boches seem to have let up for a while, but the Directress says there is plenty of work and they will only be too glad of my services. I shall at least be doing a bit to help, while now I feel that I am doing nothing.

Paris, Tuesday, Feb 8, 1916

The two Belgian girls and I went to several Spring Openings at the "Couturiers", they were showing mostly evening dresses to a lot of American buyers. Beautiful but expensive!

I took the girls afterward to "Ciro's" for tea and showed them the exquisitely dressed "demi-mondaines" there. There were two Canadian officers sitting next to us,--captains. They were trying hard to get a couple of girls, but they could not speak French and did not just know how to go about it. So they called for the head waiter, who spoke English, and they arranged it all with him for the next afternoon. They were to be there at four o'clock and he would have two girls there for them. Of course, they did not dream that I spoke English and understood them. I laughed and told the girls what was going on and we had lots of fun at the captains' expense. I thought how cheap they would feel if I were to tell them I was the wife of a Canadian officer and had heard and understood their little game. I did not spoil their fun, however, and we soon left

them drinking cocktails.

I hear an aeroplane flying over the house every little while tonight. They seem to be all over Paris on clear nights, and the watch has now been strengthened so that I think the zepps will have a hard time getting in now.

I am invited to play bridge tomorrow night in the apartment of some people next door, friends of la Baronne, a Cuban baron and his wife who is an American. I met them at a bridge a few days ago and like them very much.

Paris, Thursday, Feb 10, 1916

My trip to Champigny yesterday was very pleasant and I am sure I can do good work in the hospital. I am to start in on Saturday and will do general nursing. They are all surgical cases. They are not so strict here as in England. I am to do whatever I want and feel best adapted to and shall begin with the entire care of the surgical instruments, sterilizing, etc. and bandages and dressings. Also helping with massage.

I think I am going to become so interested that eventually I shall take a room in the hospital and give my entire time and services. They have made me a member of the Croix Rouge, "Union des Femmes de France", and I am going this afternoon to buy my uniforms. I shall soon send you some snaps of me in my uniform and then you can send one to the "Albertan" so the people at home will see that I have at last succeeded in my original intention.

The trip out was very pretty. I went to Vincennes in the Metro and then took the tram all through the Bois de Vincennes past the old fort, then along the Marne with the valley lying in the distance, then through the old Champigny Ville to the

end of the tram line, and the hospital is right opposite.

Of course, if the Germans come again, we are right on the route as they were at Meaux just a few miles from Champigny before. But I am not afraid of their getting in. I have arranged everything so that if you should be wounded and I am staying at the hospital, I can leave at once.

You see my lessons in "Macremé" will come in handy to teach the convalescent soldiers, perhaps the millinery too, the Directress was pleased when I mentioned it. I hope you approve of what I have done, I just had to act on my own.

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My darling wife:

"Dugout Villa"  
Feb 10, 1916

I was delighted to get your letter regarding helping at the hospital at Champigny-sur-Marne. I do hope you will find the work congenial and will be happy in it. It will be awkward getting there from Paris but perhaps you can arrange that. Am looking forward to your next letter with an account of your second visit.

There is much disagreeable in hospital work but the knowledge that it is in the best of causes will help you through everything. All you can do to help a soldier these days is so much done against the Huns. Please present my compliments to the staff and tell them from me to take care of the best little girl in the world!

I had General Turner, V.C. of the First Division through my trenches this morning, also Gen. Macdonell (7th Brigade), the Colonel, Gault, etc., so have not had much time to myself, but it makes the time pass quicker to have lots to do. Also had a visit from the officers who are relieving us tomorrow (from Edmonton). We shall go into Brigade Reserve for four days, then

back here for four days, but No. 1 Co. will be in support in the chateau,--real swells, eh what? Shall be glad of a chance to change clothes and wash up.

Got a draft of eight new men last night and Pope is taking over machine guns tonight, so am still short. Poor Niven got word today of the sudden death of his father. Had just finished reading a letter from him which came in the same mail. He's naturally pretty blue today,--but such is life, isn't it, dear? and death must come to all sooner or later, perhaps that's why most soldiers look upon their work so philosophically.

The corporal has called for this letter so shall "cease fire" with a salvo of high explosive kisses.

February 11, 1916

Am just waiting to be relieved and shall fill in the interval with a little chat to you to warm me up on a cold day. We probably shall not get out before six p.m., but I am hoping for an earlier relief. Shall be looking forward tonight to another letter from you with something of your hospital experiences. But don't go losing any part of your big heart to the "Poilus", although I'm quite willing to admit they deserve it.

6:45 p.m.

"Here we are again, boys!" Had an earlier relief than we expected and am very glad because tonight it's very black and rainy and mud is king again. We are now in huts, quite cosy after the trenches. I am pretty tired so shall crawl into my ✓ flea-bag and have dinner there, tucked away on an upper shelf like a sleeping car. Can put up a candle and have a comfy read and have day-dreams of my brave little sweetheart.



February 13, 1916

Have just returned from a short call at H.Q. Everybody cheery there. The Colonel has been reading Ian Hay's stories and recommends them highly. He is now in the army here and writes absolutely "priceless" stories of army life for "Blackwood's Magazine"--just the experiences we all have every day told in a humorous way. I want you to read them, dear. There is nothing will give you a truer idea of my army life and many of the places he speaks about we have been in. For instance he has a fine story of the General and his pet swan "Edgar" in the chateau lake,--this is the chateau I shall move in to in a few days, and as we marched past there the other day we saw "Edgar" and his mate swimming proudly around quite unbothered by the war!

We didn't get any letters yesterday so I'm eagerly looking forward to some this afternoon. Our new cook is doing very well, gave us fried eggs, sausage and fried potato cakes this morning. The mess cart is going in to Bailleul this morning and will bring out some stuff for us. Lunch will be served in a few minutes and then I have a parade for inspection.

All the men will be out tonight again on working parties but only junior officers go with them. I stay up until they all get back and they get an issue of rum and hot tea and then they can sleep late in the morning.

So long, dear, and best wishes to your poilus and Mme la Directrice.

February 13, 1916

I was delighted this afternoon to get your sweet notes of the 8th and 10th with postcards of "our hospital". I am sure it will be charming there in summer in the courtyard. There should be lots of birds and you can run a flower garden of your

own, eh what? You are bound to get very much interested in your work and you needn't feel too badly about the wounded men, they are really the lucky ones,--it is those who are fighting out in the mud tonight who should have most sympathy.

Your bright spirit and cheery "Americanisms" will soon make you very popular and you will be of great use. I know you will look "too perfectly sweet for anything" in your uniform, please send me a snap as soon as you can. You will soon pick up all they can teach you and I prophesy you will soon be "the boss nurse" there.

I think I am not anxious to take my next leave in England unless you want a change. It's just you, dear, I want to see and whether you are in London, Paris or Timbuctoo that's Heaven for me.

All my company, officers and men, are out on working parties tonight, so had a lonely dinner all by myself. What are they doing? Everything,--laying water pipes and underground signal wire, putting up barbed wire entanglements, digging trenches, etc., and, of course, all under fire. Also burying the dead and getting the wounded.

You may imagine the scene at the cross-roads farther up. The roads pitted with shell holes roughly filled with loose brick, mud holes everywhere, long lines of men in single file passing each other silently except for the slosh, slosh of their feet in the mud, transport waggons, ambulances, engineer's waggons, guns, ration and working parties carrying all kinds of things, flares going up along the firing line and at any moment shells may catch them or fixed rifles or machine guns play down the roads along which, of course, the Huns know we must travel

as the fields simply are impassable. We have all their roads marked the same way and this is all that stops most of their fire. If they shell us, we come back two to one at least.

Well, dearie, this is my second note to you today but I do enjoy writing to you. Good night and sweet dreams.

February 14, 1916

I rode down this afternoon for a bath in a convent near Locre, had a very good one in the basement and left my under-clothes there to be washed and shall get them when we come out in a few days,--of course, I still have a suit on me!--and feel very clean now.

The convent is also a girls' school and a military hospital. I was much amused to see in the basement a "spanking rest" or whatever it is called. It is a curved slat affair standing up against the wall. The naughty girl to be spanked rests on it on her stomach and this makes her protrude at the right angle for good spanking purposes! They told me that two girls ran away yesterday and were captured today, I was hoping the Mother Superior would invite me to see the fun, but she didn't. We had quite a flirtation and I said my wife was also in La Croix Rouge and showed her the cards of your hospital and also your photos which she said were "tres jolie" and of course, I agreed.

We had a very good breakfast this morning of poached eggs and toast and porridge. Lunch was beefsteak, onions and potatoes (yum! yum!) Dinner is still ahead of us.

Clarke came back today from Grenade School and Haggard left for it. Papineau I hear is to go on General Alderson's staff. Gault left for a time on business and Adamson is acting second in command with Niven in command of No. 2 Co. You see we keep changing every day.

Have a couple of "Vie Parisiennes" to look at tonight, also "L'Amour en Campagne, 100 Dessins" real artistic! Have you noticed the ads. for "marraines" at the back of the "Vie P."? There are certainly a lot of lonely soldiers at the front.

"In my Chateau in Belgium"  
February 15, 1916

We moved up tonight and am now settled down in a vast chateau which so far has had only one shell through it. The men and two officers are very comfortable in the basement, and Horner and I are on the next floor in the salon, still carpeted and with silk brocade on the walls, heavy silk curtains, an orange tree which we are keeping green, an open fire-place in which we can have a fire at night; so you see we are not doing so badly for 1000 yards from the front trenches, which Nos. 3 and 4 Cos. (Papineau and Cornish) hold. I also have some men at "strong points" not very far away.

We have been able to bring along our cooker and all our kit so if the Huns don't shell us too much, we should be O.K. or "Jake" as the men say,--which I believe is a Pacific Coast expression. Anything that's "Jake" is all right. I hope to be able to borrow a phonograph from H. Q. Co. and give the men a concert tomorrow when they have finished their duties. They have lots of good records and as Adamson is now at H.Q. and doesn't like a phonograph he wants me to have it with his best wishes.

They say the old chap who owns this place is a German now interned in England. His portrait hangs on the wall in front of me in a gorgeous gold frame and he's wearing Court uniform with decorations, so was evidently a man of importance. His library was said to be the best in Belgium. War has certainly

lain a heavy hand on this home, we probably notice it more on account of the house and grounds being so fine and suggestive of the best things in life, but after all we shouldn't complain, should we, dear, when we consider we're now shaping the whole future history of the world and are as we hope, making the future better for the untold generations to come. I hope they give us credit for what we are trying to do for them, eh what? (I can't help but wonder now in the year 1934 just what we have gained by all these sacrifices, if we are really any farther along and if these boys have not worked in vain?Ed.) In the meantime we have honour left and I have your dear love which will survive in spite of everything and endure forever, I know.

Well, I'm not preaching a sermon tonight and you and I understand each other so well we don't need to talk much about our sentiments.

10.15 p.m.

Have finished dinner and shall now try to get a little sleep. It is raining pitchforks and the chateau is shaking to it's foundations with the crash of the big guns. I suppose "Edgar" on the moat doesn't mind them a bit.

Good night, my darling, and happy dreams. I always say a little prayer for you at night just to guard you from harm, you know.

February 16, 1916

We had a pretty noisy night yesterday with the big guns but had a good sleep and breakfast in my flea-bag this morning. Major Adamson and I explored all over the chateau grounds and the house this afternoon, and enjoyed it immensely; also made friends with "Edgar". The grounds must be beautiful in summer with driveways, rustic bridges, canals, shrubberies, statues,



etc. Even now they are not much injured and the trees show signs of spring. There is nothing of any use left in the chateau and we couldn't get a souvenir, except a bit of wallpaper from a very cute children's room in the tower, which I have cut out and sent to some of the Jones kiddies as valentines. I am sending you one. Isn't it just "too perfectly sweet for anything"?

Clarke is leaving me tonight to take over command of Brigade Bomb School and Pope has left me permanently to take over machine guns as Vanderburg was wounded today. Last night the 24th Battalion captured a German who was trying to get through their wire and I read his statements this morning, very interesting. His chief complaint was that he was due for leave next week to Hamburg and that his officer shook hands with him as he left his trench and promised to wait for him there until he got back! He'll be waiting a long time, won't he?

The transport is just commencing to go past for the night. Nothing can move on the roads during the daytime but as soon as night comes everybody wakes up and the roads to the firing line fairly roar with traffic over the cobble stones. Am hoping that some mail will come up with the rations.

How do you like your sister nurses? Are they well trained and do they treat you nicely. They will, of course, love you as soon as they get to know you. Do you notice by the papers it has been 56 degrees below in Western Canada! Wow! And I hear Calgary ran very short of coal. We're not quite as cold as that here anyway.

We borrowed H.Q.'s. phonograph this afternoon and gave the men a grand concert. We are all going to chip in and buy one of the small hand machines for our mess,--it is good for both offi-

cers and men to hear the old tunes and the new ones. All my men are out tonight on working parties in the trenches. Will have hot tea for them when they return.

## CHAPTER XXV

February 16 to 21, 1916

SOCIAL LIFE JUST BEHIND THE FIRING LINE. BED DONATED TO FRENCH HOSPITAL AT CHAMPIGNY IN HONOUR OF P.P.C.L.I. BIL-  
LETS AT LOCRE. BATTALION INOCULATED AGAINST TYPHOID.

February 17, 1916

Our "Thé Dansant" was a great success this afternoon. We had the mosaic hall cleaned out, and settees and chairs at one end and the phonograph at the other, with a big potted orange tree and the portrait of the owner of the chateau for decorations. Then we put some candles in our cut-glass chandelier, put on a grand march and invited the men in. We all certainly enjoyed the day. Had waltzes, one-steps and "no-steps" with songs sandwiched in between.

My batman, Lilly, is a professional actor and is a "Burnt Cork Minstrel" of the best kind. His cake walks were much admired. We ended up with the daily rum ration so that altogether a "pleasant time was had". The guns sometimes drowned out the phonograph but nobody minded that. One lad sang "The two French

Grenadiers" very well indeed and the roar of the guns in between was very effective especially where the song ends with the "Marseillaise".

Am sending you these lonely little flowers I picked in my park this morning. Are there many out in Paris yet, and in your hospital garden? I suppose our old park at Greenwich is beginning to pick up now.

The men have written a lot of letters today, which we had to censor. Whenever the men are comfortable they write a great deal, when they are miserable they naturally write very little.

Our Brigadier general, Macdonell, was unfortunately wounded today in the trenches. You often read how the generals always stop a long way back, but as a matter of fact, most of them come around the front line too much. Their reports should show them exactly how things are going and much more accurately than they can see for themselves in a hurried trip through, but I suppose they feel they must show themselves to the men,--you see the force of "public opinion" even in the army!

Do you have a cloak with your uniform for outside wear? Remember, dear, that all your doings are of interest to me. I notice in the postcards that all your nurses wear medals. Will you have one? Of course, later on you will anyway, and will deserve it too!

Wilson doesn't appear to be adding very much to his reputation, does he? Garrison's resignation ought to jar him some. They say New York never had so much money to spend and is full of new "munition millionaires",---well, they're welcome to it all.

So long, sweetheart, "keep the Home Fires Burning" and send along your usual cheery and loving letters and I shall fight quite happily.

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Paris, Friday, Feb 11, 1916

My darling husband:

You are going to be mighty pleased when you see me in my uniform. I went to the French Red Cross yesterday and they fitted me out. The little cap is too fetching for anything.

The sergeant at the British Army Post Office has asked me for a better address on my letters to you, says they must have the Division number. The "F.M." means Franchise Militaire and is only used for the French Army. Your letter today said you were going in the trenches the next night for four days, so you ought to be marching out again tonight.

The war looks to me like a deadlock at present. All the fronts are just holding on, General Joffre's "little rats" just seem to be nibbling away and nobody seems to be taking the offensive. At that rate it is likely to continue for years. One prediction came out in the paper today that the war would be over in March, but as it did not say whether it was this year or next or a few years hence, it is open for discussion. The "New York Herald" goes for Wilson this morning, I do wish they would do less talking and a little more action, I think they will have to come in sooner or later so why not pitch in now and help us make this earth a fit place to live in.

Paris, Sunday, Feb 13, 1916

My first day as a nurse yesterday was a success and very interesting. I attended at the dressing of all the wounded and was allowed to bandage several bad cases. I never saw such horrible wounds in my life, and I think the Directress expected me to faint at the sight of them, but you know I have a pretty strong stomach, and I just grit my teeth and never even changed color, though I can't describe my feelings. I went ahead and



did my work and the Directress seemed pleased and is evidently satisfied and I am to be kept in the surgical ward and will assist at the next operation.

The boys are all cheerful and full of fun and I feel that I am going to get along nicely. The trip back and forth is disagreeable, rough and cold and I did not get back to the hotel until nearly ten o'clock and it was raining hard. I get up at 7 a.m. to get there at 10 a.m.

I noticed the flags of the Allies on the wall of the hospital office, and saw that the British flag was not among them. I asked why they had left it out and the secretary said: "It is there, don't you see it?" I asked her which one she thought it was, and she pointed to the flag of Servia. Did you ever hear anything like that? Well, I set her right, I described the British flag and they said they would get one immediately.

On Tuesday I am going to do some begging for a few necessities for the hospital, and I shall tackle the Canadian, English and American Red Cross, and woe betide them if they don't come through.

I have not heard from you since you went into the trenches and, of course, I am anxious. We are preparing for the spring offensive at the hospital, and they seem to think it is sure to come.

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February 18, 1916

My Sweet One! I noticed one of the censors the other day gave his private opinion on the love letters he had to read, was very satirical that so many people used the same old hackneyed expressions. Well, I suppose it is hard to be original even in love letters.

Today has been a bit wet. This afternoon we made barbed wire "gooseberries" to throw out in front of a bad bit of trench. They are very nasty when tied together with wire,--the name tells you what they are like, about two and a half feet in diameter.

Was so pleased to get your letter describing your first day's work in the hospital. They did not use very good judgment giving you such a trying first day, but possibly it was for the best as they would at once see your good points. Give my best wishes to your worst cases. The flag episode was amusing and almost incredible. I suppose you find the hospital is not so lavishly supplied with everything as in England. Hope you made the various "Red Crosses" come through with supplies.

There are a lot of little birds here and a bunch of them are having a jolly time just outside of my window. A zepp passed over us last night, hope it did not bother you. I am getting another draft of fourteen men tonight. Shall welcome them in the banquet hall. This brings the regiment up to a little over full strength, but so many are always employed in special jobs that we have none too many for trench and fatigue duties.

We should be relieved tomorrow night and then go back for another four days, four more days in the front line and then back for another rest. Perhaps by that time our 3rd. Division will be complete and we will take over our own part of the line, which is really more satisfactory than moving about so much, as we get to know our part better and the men know they will reap the benefit themselves of the trench improvement work they do. Don't tire yourself too much, dear.

-----Friday, Feb 2, 1916

Paris, Feb 15, 1916

My darling hubby:

The same old heading to please the censor! The Directress has offered me a room in the hospital right next to hers. Of course it is just a little cell once occupied by a nun in the days of convents in France. I can make it very comfortable though, and shall buy a coal oil stove which will give me all the warmth I need and heat water too. I am going out there a week from Friday. They would not accept anything for my board so shall buy some luxuries for the soldiers.

The British soldier does not know how fortunate he is compared with the French, who only get a cent a day. The government allows them two francs a day while in the hospital when heat is needed, and one franc fifty centimes a day in summer when no heat is necessary. This sum goes to the hospital, not to the soldier, and when they leave the hospital they get nothing except what charitable organizations give them.

One poor soldier had four days leave, he has two little children in an orphans' home near the hospital. He came to the hospital and asked to be lodged and given food in return for what work he could do for the four days, so he could see his children. He returned to the front yesterday and I heard one of the nurses say he had no money and they were going to give him his carfare in to the Gare du Nord. So I asked to see him and gave him a five franc note. He was as pleased as one of our Canadians would have been with a hundred dollars. He had the air of a gentleman and I was afraid to offer him money, but I gave it in the name of Canada to France and he seemed quite touched.

We have some very bad cases, particularly one poor chap who has suffering written all over his face. We dressed his wound yesterday and it took three nurses and an orderly to hold him, and then we had to blindfold him as he would keep looking to see what we were doing. My American accent amuses them very much, they seem to like to hear me talk, so at the critical point of his dressing I began to tell a little joke in French and the poor chap laughed and cried at the same time. When it was finished I called him a "brave garçon" and gave him an orange and some candy which I had brought with me and he went away smiling.

The sun came out for about an hour yesterday afternoon, so I got some of the nurses and the soldiers together in the garden and took their pictures and they took mine. If they are good shall send you some.

Paris, Feb 17, 1916

As I do not have any board to pay I have offered to give a hundred francs a month for the support of a bed in the name of the P.P.C.L.I's. I am awfully interested in my work and yesterday I was allowed to clean, dress and bandage a chap's hand all by myself. He has a wound very much like yours only in the middle of the hand and much larger. It is septic like yours was and has to be washed out, the water going in one side and running out the other. He suffers dreadfully but, like you, he never flinches.

Yesterday morning I went with the Directress to the H.Q. of the Croix Rouge and was introduced to everybody from the President down. The President knows all about the Princess Pats, and knows Colonel Jones of the R.A.M.C. He said in the gallant French way, that they were honored by having the wife

of an officer of the Princess Patricia's Regiment to assist them, and thanked me most sincerely for my services.

They are sending my name in to the Département de Guerre and I will be recognized as a Red Cross nurse and be given one stripe on my uniform which is the same as a lieutenant with the British nurses. I will be allowed to wear the Red Cross medal and the regulation street uniform which so many of the society women of Paris have donned for the sake of promenading in the Bois de Boulogne, but I shall only wear mine when I am on duty. I will also wear the "brassard" (armlet) with a red cross on my left arm. All this I have obtained through the two diplomas given to me in England by the St. John's Ambulance.

Paris, Feb 18, 1916

I am so glad that you are pleased at my becoming a nurse, I thought you would be and I am sure you swelled up like a pouter pigeon when you told the nun your wife was a Red Cross nurse in France. You must take care of yourself more than ever now not to get wounded, so I can continue my work.

I bought a little case of instruments yesterday, which all the nurses are obliged to have, and I showed them with great pride to the people here in the hotel last night, but they weren't a bit pleased to see them, they shuddered and gasped as though I were showing a rattlesnake. So I folded them up and took them to my room.

I enclose a picture of "No Man's Land" cut from the Sunday Herald; you spoke of it in one of your letters. I also see it is now called "Canada". Your old trenches at Frise are mentioned a lot now, they have been taken and now retaken by us. There must be some hard fighting there. I am glad you have left.



The situation in the States looks ugly to me. Sometimes I wish Roosevelt were president, he at least would not be "too proud to fight". There is a nasty rumour in Paris that the States are sold to Germany and bound hand and foot, as there are thirty million Germans there. Now they have commenced their dirty work in Spain! I would not be surprised to hear of them setting the Pacific Ocean on fire!

Paris, Feb 20, 1916

We had an interesting day at the hospital yesterday. I took a lot of sweets out with me and assisted at lunch in serving the poilus and gave them each some. Afterward I went around to the wards and gave some to those unable to go to the table. The news had already reached the big ward that I was coming and as I entered the phonograph struck up the English tune of "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary" in my honor. I thanked them and made a little speech in French, which I did not consider funny, but they all roared and cheered me when I left the room.

The Directrice (French spelling now) has had my room papered and painted for me and I expect to move in on Friday. I went to the British Red Cross to ask for some assistance the other day but was turned down as, of course, they have to supply their own hospitals in France, so I went to the American R. C. and they are going to give me everything I asked for and what they haven't got on hand they will buy. Then I went to Mr. Roy and he sent us out a lot of things yesterday from the Canadians.

You see this hospital is supported entirely by contributions. When the war broke out and they got permission to open

the convent for a hospital, they had to ask the town of Champigny and neighboring towns to contribute everything,--all the beds and furnishings, so it is just a makeshift and not a bit like the beautiful hospitals in England. I am glad I am here though, I feel that I am helping and needed.

I enclose a snap of me taken by one of the nurses but it is not good, it does not show all my little red crosses nor the U.F.F. on the left side. We have six cats, five rabbits in a pen and will soon have a lot of baby rabbits.

My darling wife:

Sunday, February 20, 1916

We were again relieved last night at 6:00 p.m. by the 49th and came back to billets at Locre. The pipers and Ginger again met us half way and Ginger didn't like the pipes any better than usual. We are in the same café and quite comfortable. This morning the whole Battalion was inoculated for typhoid; I got my shot in the left breast and it is pretty sore and I'm sleepy so shall lie down after writing this.

Today is fine and sunny, just like spring. The Huns' aircraft have been very busy and have been dropping bombs around us all morning, but so far have only damaged the ground. The Colonel called in at noon and we went on a calling tour around the other companies. Barclay and Martin, two of our officers, have gone sick this week, so we are always in a state of "flux".

Sometime, dear, will you send me a package of mixed flower seeds suitable for spring sowing in the open and I shall start some gardens around parts of our trenches. Each regiment will care for them as they come in. We want quick blooming, hardy flowers. Also a few radish seed might be good and I shall play at gardening in the firing line. Shall tell you when I plant

them, you plant some too and we'll have a race.

I am looking forward to seeing the snaps of yourself and patients. Don't spoil the boys, you know we must maintain discipline. But really I am delighted that at last you have a share in some real war work and I know you will be happy over it.

I got a "white feather" from "Edgar" yesterday and gave it to the Colonel. He is going to send it to Ian Hay. They are moulting, I think.

Leave seems to be going along pretty well so with continued good fortune I should get away in four or five weeks. Am getting terribly snooty now, suppose it is the "shot".----

February 21, 1916

Your letters are coming along very quickly now, have just received one of the 18th. It seems to bring us very close together. Today we all went in to Bailleul in a "London Bus" to hear two war lectures. I haven't seen so many generals for a long time. I met Connors of Calgary, one of our Shriners on "Turkish night" at home, and we had lunch together. He left the A.S.C. in May for the 10th Battalion, and now feels better satisfied. Also saw Bill McLeod who is still waxing fat in the A.S.C. I heard a blare of music in the street and there was Colonel Bell's Battalion marching through with full band, to the theatre. Saw several Calgary officers.

Coming home on top of the bus the wind was very cold and my fur collar was a great luxury and it was much envied. At the lecture I noticed that just a few of the generals and I sported fur collars, eh what? (I shall always think he wore that coat with the fur collar just to please me, but really felt it was too "swanky" for a captain. Ed.)

Am delighted, darling, that you are maintaining a bed in your hospital in the name of the Princess Patricias. It will help promote the "Entente Cordiale" on which so much depends. I am very proud of you, indeed, and hope you will soon be of senior rank to me in the service.

The inoculation didn't worry me very much last night. My breast is very sore and I did not sleep well but am feeling fine tonight. Some of the officers are feeling very seedy.

Don't believe too much you hear about the U. S. in Paris, I still believe the sentiment of the native born is strongly with us and that in the end they will prevail over the foreign born. There are not ten million Germans in the States and it is only part of them who are causing any trouble. It will only be necessary to put a few up against a wall and shoot them as traitors,--this will cool their enthusiasm for "Kultur". I believe, though, that Wilson will be licked at the next elections.

Ta! ta! dear, don't work too hard and give my regards to your new colleagues and patients,--lucky beggars! Tell them I'd rather be a patient of yours than Commander-in-Chief! Happy days!

## CHAPTER XXVI

February 21 to March 2, 1916

SNOW AND BITTER COLD IN THE TRENCHES.

CAPTURE OF A GERMAN AVIATOR.

Paris, Feb 22, 1916

My darling husband:

Happy birthday! Oh, I forgot, you're a "blooming" Britisher! Well so was Washington, and so am I, so I guess we can all wish each other a happy birthday.

I hardly have time to breathe, I never was so busy in my life. The days I am not at the hospital I am running around doing things for them in Paris. Now I am getting up a concert to buy instruments and an autoclave to sterilize instruments and dressings. The strangest part of it all is that Baron S---- (the German-American you will remember my speaking of) is doing it for me, so there is one German going to do a good turn for the Allies. When he heard we needed money so badly to buy absolute necessities for the hospital, he suggested a concert and offered to get it up for us. So he is to meet the Directrice



here at the hotel this afternoon and we will talk it over.

A son of the Directrice is convalescing from typhoid fever at the hospital, he speaks United States English.

The zepps and aeroplanes were busy last night. We had the "alerte" sounded and all lights were out at 9.30 until 11.30, and we made it the occasion of another little supper party. But they did not get here this time. I always feel as though someone ought to tell ghost stories when we are sitting around in the dark, like we used to do when children. But it was an awful night. The two Belgian girls and I went out on my balcony, there was nothing but absolute blackness everywhere, and it was snowing and cold. I thought of you and hoped you were wrapped up warm and sipping a cup of hot tea. This morning I imagined I was home again, on looking out of the window the ground was covered with snow, and the trees white to the very tips, and my! but it is cold!

I enclose some pictures of the new styles which will amuse you, very full skirts,--if a puff of wind comes along it's all up with the skirts!

The Directrice told me to tell you that if you are wounded you must have it understood that you are to be sent to our hospital. This can be done and every care will be given you and I can nurse you. So please give orders to that effect to the proper parties that no mistake will be made.

We are expecting some wounded from the Verdun battle today, and should be busier than ever soon.

-----

My dearest girl:

February 22, 1916

It has been snowing very hard today, big flakes of soft

snow which will make lots of mud again. I rode down to the convent this afternoon for the laundry I left there but they couldn't find it. They have so much there I suppose it got mixed up. I was annoyed, of course, but could not scold them as the suit of underclothes and shirt had certainly done duty for a long time.

Grey returned from London today, he tells me that last air raid was near Dover in broad daylight. Must be a new sea-plane they are using. Our M.O. has returned from the Riviera where he was recuperating and he says things are very lively there for the sick and wounded who comprise British, French, Belgian, Italian, Russian and Servian and that the demi-mondaines are very numerous. Glad you did not go there alone.

(continued on page 233½)

I see by the papers there are several new and good shows on in London, which we can take in on my next leave. There is no news here, dear, to send you; life is just "one damn thing after another" but hope my letters are not so monotonous as our life.

I hear our last brigade (the 9th) is now on its way out and before very long we should have our whole division in proper working order, and we shall then give up this "itinerant soldiering" and settle down in a home of our own where we can get better acquainted with the Hun and his habits.

I see that the U.S. has given the Germans another jolt, so we can hope for something doing there yet. There are a few American officers in our Canadian battalions who are doing very well indeed and in Toronto they are organizing a complete battalion of American born. Their crest is the maple leaf and Washington's arms, their number is, I think, the 97th Battalion American Legion. Probably the Huns won't relish their arrival!

Its getting near dinner time now, ate almost too much lunch--Hamburger steak, boiled parsnips and mashed potatoes, had grape-nuts for breakfast and in bed, of course!

"Mud Villa"

February 24, 1916

Just a few words tonight as I'm pretty busy in my trench. Besides moving around a good deal, seeing that everything is O.K., looking after working parties, meeting the C.O. General, Artillery Observation Officer, etc., there are many reports to make out as to wind, hostile shelling, situation, etc. In between times I try to eat and sleep with an occasional wash!

Last night coming up, the roads were very icy and we slipped all over. The ground is white with snow and its pretty

cold. However, today is very bright and the frozen ground is better than mud. Our mess is working very well and we had a good steak and onions for dinner, also coffee. Am hoping to get a sweet letter from you tonight and then I shall be really truly happy. Don't work too hard, and keep smiling--of course you will!

February 25, 1916

I was "tickled all up the back" last night to receive the snap in Red Cross uniform. Its just too sweet for anything, dear, and whets my appetite for more and clearer ones.

The British Red Cross have their own sphere of work and have been very generous to the French, but I suppose they cannot deal with each appeal. I am very glad the Americans and Canadians helped you out. Just one little word of warning, dear, if you don't mind. You're so capable and energetic that the authorities at your hospital may be inclined to shift too much of the work and responsibility on you. You must be careful not to undertake or become responsible for too much. You see I know your disposition, eh what? and am very proud of that same disposition too!

It is still pretty wintry this morning and the snow still lies on the ground. The trench bottoms are very slippery and many of the men wear a sandbag over each boot to hold them steady; makes an odd looking footgear.

Our medical officer, Dr. Cooper-Cole, was unfortunately shot through the lungs yesterday, a chance shot at long range. He had just called on me and gave me a very cheery account of his three weeks convalescence on the Riviera from Pneumonia. They say he slept well last night and is getting on first rate, so I hope he will be able to continue his pleasant days on the

Côte d'Azur.

Have heard the French have been having heavy fighting, the Huns are evidently trying to worry us before we jump on them all at once. He'll die hard, of course, but if the world is to be of any use to coming generations he must go down,--- and he will too!

My hand is getting a little stiff with the cold, dear, two candles don't heat a dugout very well! Shall try to warm up with a little lunch. The fur-lined is invaluable here nights and the collar feels so cosy around my neck.

The mail man these nights is just as welcome as Santa Claus when he sticks his head in the dugout. Good luck to him tonight! Good night, dear, I wouldn't dare touch you with my cold hands,-- you would die of shock! but my heart is still warm for my brave little Red Cross wife.

February 26, 1916

It snowed again quite heavily last night and the flares lit up a really life-like "Canada" between the lines. Today it is half rain, so we are getting more mud for a change. I have a "Times" of the 23rd, so know something of what's going on in the world. Have also read a very good "John Bull" number of "Life", which is very pro-Allies now.

Adamson paid me a very jolly call the middle of last night on his rounds, he was full of buck and humour, and was generally quite a tonic. Duties by day and night make it impossible for me to get more than an hour's sleep at a time, but I'm feeling very fit with appetite keen although I can't get much exercise in the trenches.

Hope by this time, sweetheart, you are comfortably settled in your new room at the hospital. I told the Colonel about your maintaining a bed in the name of the regiment and he was much



pleased. I'm sure it will be a lucky one for it's occupants.

It is 5.30 now and time for "stand to" so I must get outside and see how my army is getting along. The men have written quite a lot of letters today which is a good sign they are fairly comfortable. With good fortune we should be relieved on the 28th. Hope the mail orderly is good to me tonight!

Sunday, February 27, 1916.

A note from you was handed to me last night, it came in three days, one of the quickest deliveries yet to the trenches, and met a very loving reception. Our letters do seem to bring us close together, don't they, dear?

I am glad you are moving down to ~~the~~ the hospital next week, it will be much less tiring for you and you are sure to be busy from now on with so much fighting. This is the year we expect to beat the Huns and it can't be done without hard fighting. Leave has been stopped for the time being but I'm in hopes it will start again soon.

I have one of "Edgar's" feathers for you, dear, and shall send it to you, although I must confess I don't know "Swan" from "Edgar" and I don't believe anyone else does!

I guess I ordered my seeds too soon, but probably this snowy weather won't last long and the race will be on. How you will enjoy being able to grow some flowers and vegetables again and they will be so nice for your hospital.

Doughty and some other Calgary officers were in to see me this morning. My dugout was too small to get them in so we stood outside in the trench and chatted; they are now on our left.

Have a lot of work to do now, dear, so shall run away. I know that all at the hotel will be sorry to see you leave but

It would be mental stagnation for you to stay there too long.

10:30 p.m., February 27, 1916

We have had quite an interesting afternoon today. We commenced to straf the Huns at 3:45 p.m. and they commenced to straf back at about 3:46 and when we both quit our trenches were pretty well knocked to bits, so that Fritz and we are both busy as beavers tonight trying to repair the damages. My trench was completely blown in at one place so at 6:30 p.m. I had two parties working from opposite ends of the break and they worked through and met at 9:15. I sent a message to the Colonel at H.Q. as follows: "Sergeant Knight and Private Bickerstaff shook hands at 9:15 p.m.", and received the following message in reply:

"O.C. No. 1 Co.,--Congratulations from all at H.Q. on the epoque making event. Please convey our appreciation to all ranks.

O.C. P.P.C.L.I."

We shall be working all night. Then to compensate me for our labours your sweet letter of the 22nd with snaps was handed in, also bundles of papers and a box from Fortnum and Mason's. I could not imagine who sent the latter and on opening it found a large bottle of Curaçao with the card of Lieut. Irwin, now on leave. Very nice of him, wasn't it, dear?

I am glad one German-American is helping the Allies. It is very kind of Baron S---- to help with the concert, but be careful, dear, spies are everywhere and the very fact of his keeping his title makes me suspicious.

It is now midnight and I am going to try to get a few minutes rest.

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Paris, Feb 27, 1916

My darling boy:

The pretty white snow in Paris has all turned to "café-au-lait", but the Bois de Vincennes yesterday was beautiful. Champigny is not part of Paris, it is another town of about twelve thousand inhabitants and from the looks of it I should imagine it a very poor district. It is famous as the scene of the largest battle of 1870 when the Germans came through there and took Paris. They tried to do the same thing this time but were stopped at Meaux not far from there. There is a large monument and mausoleum where about fifteen hundred soldiers are buried. They thought that a huge number in those days! It is only a drop in the bucket today. The battle field is still there, not built on but used largely as truck gardens and is called the "Côte d'Azur". Isn't that strange? Champigny is a little farther from Paris than Richmond is from London. At times I imagine I am in Brittany, as most of the people are of the Bourgeoisie and wear the wooden shoes and click-clack on the pavé like the iron nail shoes of Keswick, and the sabots of northern France.

I shall write you more about the people and the life there after I am installed at the hospital. I would rather be there in the midst of their quaint life than in a fashionable hospital in Paris among the society nurses, and I feel I can do better work.

The nurses in our hospital are all voluntary amateurs with the exception of the head nurse, who has the Morocco medal, and another trained nurse who has charge of the tubercular ward. They are all just plain good hearted, simple people, serious in their work and interested. For the most part, they are women

from the surrounding country. I am told that when the Germans were at the outskirts of Champigny at the beginning of the war, they all stood by their posts with the Directrice and were most brave.

They have had a year and a half of experience with some of the worst wounded, and the hospital has made a name for itself to such an extent that all medical cases are sent away and surgical cases sent in. We are expecting a number of wounded from this awful battle raging in Verdun, as yet they have not begun to come, but we have had orders to empty the hospital by sending all those in a fit condition, to a convalescing hospital, which we are going to do tomorrow, so I have to be out there bright and early.

Enclose a little bit of orange blossom brought from Nice by a friend of Mme. B's. She is a countess (I forget her name) but she owns a perfume factory in Nice and grows all the flowers for it. My, that must be a lovely occupation!

Paris, Feb 28, 1916

Just a scratch to say "howdy", I am packing to leave for my new home in the hospital on Wednesday, and as our "General" told his lady friend in the hotel that no wounded would be brought to this district until Thursday, I shall be just in time.

I am enclosing a number of clippings from the "Herald", and I notice three boats have been sunk off Dover, so I am more convinced than ever we had better take your leave here and brave the zepps.

Paris, Wednesday, Mar 1, 1916

I am all packed waiting for the express man to call for my trunk, then shall start for Champigny to begin my new life in

the hospital. I hate to think of your being so cold and uncomfortable, but I feel now that I am going to share a little of your hardships, as our hospital is an old convent and no conveniences whatever, not even a bath room. I don't know where the patients bathe,---maybe they don't.

Everyone in the hotel seems sorry to have me leave. Last night we had quite a gathering in the salon, and the two Roulls girls and Mme. Guillemand presented me with two large bunches of double violets, I am enclosing you some. They have all been very kind and I shall miss them, but hope soon to be too busy to be lonely.

I must run along now, dear old thing, will let you know all about my new home soon. Remember if you are wounded, you are to ask to be sent to me.

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(continued on page 238)





have heard a great deal, I know, about "red tape" in the army so now you can have a bit as a souvenir.

I suppose Paris is pretty serious these days with the heavy fighting losses. Well, it had to come and the sooner we see who is going to win out the better. We are all very proud of the great fight our French comrades are putting up and feel sure the Huns will get all that's coming to them before long. Our people had a good smash at them this morning and took about 200 prisoners as well as trenches. I could lie in my bunk in the hut and see out of the window all the shells bursting on the sky line, like giant fire flies in the night.

My boots and spurs came from Mansfield's today, also new putties. They fit perfectly and look very swank, so the next time we "walk out" together we shall keep time to the jingle of my spurs, eh what?

I enclose you a Parade State of my company which will give you an idea how our men are divided up. "On Command" means permanent jobs away from the company, such as police, bath attendants, with the brigade and division H.Q., etc. As our men are such intelligent chaps, we have to furnish them for all kinds of jobs. The latest is for training carrier pigeons,--and I found three old pigeon experts in the company! "Employed" means doing work in the company as cooks, servants, grooms, sanitary squad, orderlies, company stores, postmen, etc. Its surprising how many men do not handle a rifle in the trenches, except, of course, in a big show when all would have to pitch in.

Our people captured a German aviator yesterday. They say he wouldn't believe his captors were Canadians as he was told they were wild men--savages in fact! As soon as we capture a prisoner he is given a first class meal and well used and in his relief and gratitude over the way he is treated, he usually

talks pretty freely and gives out valuable information, which is what we try to get prisoners for. This works much better than bullying them and is more in accord with our sporting natures, isn't it? After all you can't bear any grudge against individual soldiers.

Have taken off my boots and am sitting in my felt slippers which are still good and a great comfort to me. Am wearing your extra long stockings and they are fine, come well above my knees. You will probably not have much time for knitting now, dear.

## CHAPTER XXVII

March 2 to 9, 1916

SHROVE TURSDAY IN THE TRENCHES. PLENTY OF SNOW.

P.P.C'S. MEET MANY FRIENDS FROM HOME.

My darling Lou:

"Dugout Alley"  
March 3, 1916

Just when I was waiting to march off for the trenches this afternoon, I received your letters of the 27th and 28th, also your parcel, for which a thousand thanks herewith. The "Foie Gras" I threw in my pack and we have just eaten it with much felish.

The day has been a terror for weather, pouring rain, and now it is snowing and black as Hades. The carrying parties are having hard times getting around. Our batmen have turned up, however, with our spare kit and we'll soon have a cup of hot cocoa I hope.

This time we are in battalion reserve close behind the front trenches. Nash and I have a very cosy steel dugout with two bunks, table, chairs and stove and a full sized door which

is a great treat. We have with us a company of the 52nd Battalion for twenty-four hours instruction in trench life, so are pretty crowded. They are one of the regiments in the new 9th Brigade which will complete our 3rd Division.

Am quite Christmasy tonight with long red and green candles which are all Lilly (my batman) could buy. They are about a foot and a half long. As we have to burn them all day and night we use up a good many. They sell very good little acetyline lamps in Bailleul, must get one.

✓ Young Reilly brought in a message to me tonight. He looks ~~very~~ well and cheerful and I hear the very best reports of him as a soldier, most reliable and a first class guide.

I am in excellent health and spirits too, there's no use being blue, is there dear? We've got to fight this thing through to a finish and cheerfulness makes the time pass much more comfortably. Adamson's good spirits and jolly laugh are a tonic for the whole regiment. We hate a growler!

"Ciro"s, Open all Night"  
Sunday, March 5, 1916

The above is the sign over my dugout door and we certainly keep open house all day and night too. I am in close support in a "strong point" close behind the front trenches on the main communication trench so "tout le monde" passes my house and many officers drop in. We have a company of the 52th Battalion with us for instruction so are pretty crowded but personally I am very comfortable as this is our turn for a "cushy" time. My shelter is a new one with an arched steel roof covered with sandbags, very strong and cosy as we can stand up straight and have a full door which is a luxury for us tall fellows. Have also two bunks, a table and chair and a regular young art gallery from magazine pictures.



We certainly enjoyed the asparagus and foie gras and coffee which was our first meal on coming in here. The shirt and collars fit well and are much appreciated by yours very truly. The convent found my washing so I am well fixed now. I shall write Hawkes to send my new uniforms direct to me here. What a blooming swell I'll be. They'll take me for an "embusqué" in Paris!

The seeds will come in handy yet although it has been snowing hard ever since they arrived. I picked a primrose this morning growing along a drainage ditch in "Kensington Gardens" where my men have their dugouts cut in the side of a small hill. It does not smell as sweet as your orange blossoms from the Riviera.

I hear our Medical Officer is doing nicely and will recover after all, so he'll probably have another joyous holiday on the Côte d'Azur. A very narrow escape for him.

Adamson paid me another cheery visit last midnight and was much interested in your snaps. Hope you get your golf clubs from London O.K. Your work as a masseuse should be good exercise for you.

Have just heard a kitten crying outside on top of the trench and have sent the cook after it, but he reports it is too wild to make friends. A kitten in here would be quite sociable like. I was very much interested in your account of your sister nurses. I would sooner have you in a place like that than in a "toyshop" place and you can be more use to them there and will cheer them all up.

Shall have a little read now, dear, before dinner and while I have a quiet moment. The evening promenade will soon begin! Hope you suffered no ill effects from the nasty weather which seems to have been widespread. Western Canada has unfortunately had one of the worst winters on record and a scarcity of coal.

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Hôpital Auxilaire No. F. 120  
Champigny-sur-Marne, France

Mon très cher mari:

Well, here I am all installed and very comfy, in fact more so than I expected as I have a little oil stove in my room which heats it in a few minutes. I have a number of potted plants on my window sills, my books and photos of you all around, and everything quite cosy.

We have about eighty sick and wounded now but none from Verdun yet. I hear they are being sent to the Midi and our hospital being so near the front is to be made a kind of clearing station, bad cases will be brought here for a sort of advanced first aid and as soon as they can travel, they will be taken to a larger hospital.

I had a disappointment yesterday, the Baron and his wife are sailing for America Saturday, very suddenly. So our concert is off. We will wait until spring and give an out-door fête in our gardens here. I understand he was suspected of being a spy. His leaving France like that would almost make one think it true.

My lamp is going out, I suppose Marie has not got used to keeping it filled yet, but it is nearly eleven and everyone has gone to bed, so good night, dear, more tomorrow.

P. S. Mme. Magnier, the Directrice, had my room all decorated with flowers. Everyone is so nice and kind I am sure I shall get along all right.

Friday, Mar 3, 1916

Some more snaps for you! But I am frightfully cross-eyed in all of them. Well, I am glad you are out of the trenches again, and hope you will have a nice rest.

Wednesday night one of the poilus returned about 8.30 from a day's leave in Paris, very much drunk. It took eight of us to take off his clothes and put him to bed. He had a genuine case of D.T's. The French are such an excitable race, I was the only quiet one in the bunch. I got him a dose of aromatic spirits of ammonia and held the smelling salts under his nose, and then suggested to the Directrice that there was too much talking which was exciting him and he would never quiet down until we all left him. She took the suggestion and sent all away but the night nurse. I left the spirits of ammonia with her in case of need. At 9.30 he was sound asleep. But he got a good lecture in the morning and his leave taken away. So you see we have some discipline here.

Must stop now, dearie, as the mail is ready to go. With loads of love.

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(continued on page 243½)

My darling wife:

"Ciro's"  
March 6, 1916

The post was good to me tonight, your two letters of the 2nd and 3rd with snaps and your box. The snaps are very good and I shall treasure them. You are certainly surrounded by some heavy weights but I'm sure they have big hearts too and that's all that counts nowadays.

Your poilu with the D.T's. must have been a terror, but you handled him right. Give 'em some real old P.P.C.L.I. discipline, and make 'em all salute you smartly! I'll bet you're the mainstay of the institution already and I'll bet you will be invaluable to them and will be happy yourself in the knowledge of duty well done. Anyone not doing his or her part in this war has no good excuse for being alive. This has become a conflict of races with totally different ideals and we might just as well determine once for all which ideals will prevail. Our consciences are clear anyway, aren't they, dear, so "nuff sed".

Yes we'll decide on Paris for leave. There is some talk of it starting again this week, if so mine should come about the end of the month, but don't count on that date until I can advise you definitely. Colonel Buller, Adamson, Martin and Niven are ahead of me.

More snow today but sunny in between and good bracing air. Practically all the men have charcoal braziers in their dugouts now so can get warm when off duty anyway. They nearly all come into the trenches carrying a sandbag full of extra eatables and really live well. No soldiers were ever better cared for than the Canadian Army Corps and I, quite modestly, of course, believe there is no better corps in any army in the field today. A large number of our officers are keen successful business men





Our men evidently got in a lucky shot for suddenly the Hun began to drop and he slid down quickly but probably in his own lines. Our men turned back pursued by bursting shells. These air fights are about all the sport we get these days and we all enjoy them.

I had a letter writing fit on the other night and wrote the "Albertan" and my brothers and enclosed them all a snap of you as a nurse. I look forward to seeing your hospital and patients and having a peek at your own room. We hear the best reports of the way the French are fighting at Verdun and have every confidence they will hold the Huns back. If necessary we can jump on them here hard any time.

This morning the entire country is covered with about six inches of soft, flakey snow, a really beautiful sight with the branches of all the trees outlined in glistening white. That's one reason why the aeroplanes are so busy this morning, they're trying to take photographs of the opposing trenches as the muddy tracks in the snow will show very plainly just what roads, trenches, paths, etc. are being most used. When the snow is gone, all disused trenches will look the same on a photograph as used trenches, so you see the great value of the snow photographs. This game is getting more scientific every day as for instance we now have an electric listening device, which by the sound a shell makes passing through the air, the sound of the firing of the gun and the bursting of the shell, is able to locate the gun which fired the shell. The artillery is a very interesting branch of the service.

Am sorry your concert had to be postponed by the sudden departure of the Baron and his wife. I believe my suspicions were well founded. However a garden fête in the spring ought

to be just the thing. Have you a piano and can you get in some time for singing? Don't be too modest, dear, sing them some nice little lullabies.

I expect Ginger and the pipers will meet us tonight and I'll ride back in the snowy moonlight.

-----

Champigny, Mar 5, 1916

My darling boy:

I have just had tea and am taking a few minutes off to write to you. This is visiting day, and we had to finish all our dressings this morning so the patients would have the afternoon free. A number of the nurses are sick with the grip and the rest of us have to do double work. But I like to be busy and am quite ready to go to bed early.

This has been a glorious day, though cold and quite a bit of snow on the ground, but I smell spring in the air and think it is not far off. Then for the flowers and the birds! I heard a robin singing yesterday morning, but I guess he left when the snow came last night.

I am teaching one of the soldiers to do macremé and think he will do it well as he is very clever with his fingers. He is a Zuave from Algiers, and I told him I had been in Algiers; he was delighted and would have talked all day if I had let him.

I can't keep a canary here as there are too many cats, but I can keep a dog and he will be lots of fun,--perhaps chase the cats too much and get me in Dutch with the cook. Later on I am going to get a clock golf and we can have tournaments in the garden when the weather settles a little.

Mme. Magnier has two sons, fine boys of twenty-four and

twenty-six. The youngest is an aviator, a particularly clever boy and is crazy to join the Canadians. I told him I would write and get your advice and ask you to recommend him to some one of influence. He has influential friends and can easily be transferred, but the request must come from the Canadians. He is a clever engineer, has just taken an automobile apart here at the hospital and put it together so it is like new. He can do the same with an aeroplane engine. You can take my word for it, he is serious and capable and a good soldier, so see what you can do for him. He speaks English perfectly. His name is Pierre Magnier.

Champigny, Mar 7, 1916

I <sup>have</sup> never <sup>seen</sup> ~~seen~~ such weather in all my life, it snows every day then turns to slush and the walking is impossible. Have only been out of the hospital twice since I came here, once to go to Paris and yesterday I went to the market just around the corner with Mme. Magnier. The prices of food are up so high now that I don't see how the poor people live at all.

The markets over here are so funny, there is a great big market place but it is only occupied twice a week, then all the peasants come in from the country in every conceivable kind of carts drawn by the tiniest of donkeys so small in fact, that I think they ought to be in the cart and the driver in the harness. They make an awful noise braying all over the place and one can never mistake market day who lives within three or four blocks of the place. I ~~have never~~ seen donkeys eat bread before, but these little animals do and will snatch a piece out of your hand mighty quick. The vegetables brought in are excellent and the cheeses delicious, but getting very expensive. Butter is

scarce and three francs a pound when obtainable. Oleomargarine is used in our hospital entirely.

The heavy guns have been passing by here since six o'clock this morning on their way to the front. They shake this building like an earthquake.

Last night we nurses helped the Directrice mix dough for pancakes for today, which is "Pancake Tuesday", and we did not finish until eleven o'clock. We are having them tonight.

Well, I must run off now and see my patients, hope to get a letter today. I dreamt last night you were wounded, and I am worried this morning.

Champigny, Mar 8, 1916

Received your letter of the 2nd last night and was relieved. Thanks for the piece of "red tape" enclosed, I should call it "pink"; however, I haven't any use for it at all it seems to kind of take away my liberty.

Mme. Magnier sets a very good table here, plain but wholesome. The wounded get the same as the nurses. We often have dandy lion salad now that spring is here, and it is really delicious.

We have no new wounded yet and none have been brought to Paris according to the hospital reports of yesterday. So we have concluded that there have either been lots of deaths or very few casualties. We know that the fighting is still going on for we hear the guns quite plainly. If any wounded came to Paris we would be sure to get them, as we are right on the route.

I was not very busy yesterday, so I helped one of the patients with a zigsaw puzzle, and it reminded me of your days in the hospital. I wish I had the one with the pussy cats, it would amuse

them immensely.

Our pancakes were a great success yesterday, and we had lot of fun cooking them. Five of the nurses and myself armed with big frying pans went to the kitchen and cooked them over the big fire. When they were done on one side we had to give them a flip in the air to turn them over. Somebody's life was in danger every time I tried to flip mine. The first one I caught on the side of the pan, the next one went on the floor and another would have landed on the head nurse's head had she not dodged in time. We cooked about two hundred but I decided my "chef d'<sup>e</sup>uvre" in life was not "flipping pancakes".

Well, good bye for the present, old "scoot" as the French call the boy scouts. With bushels of love.

Champigny, Mar 9, 1916

I am writing this in bed as I have a touch of the grip, am much better today and shall soon be all right. Everyone has been so kind to me. A dear old lady here at Champigny, Mme. Borden, who is the vice president of the Champigny committee of the Union des Femmes de France, and quite wealthy, has taken a fancy to "la petite infirmière Canadienne", and this morning she brought me a beautiful pink azalea almost as big as herself.

We have no coal here now, and can't get any, and if the cold weather continues I don't know what we will do. I bought a rug to cover my floor so the cold air would not come up through the cracks.

I have just received three letters from you, and they are like a tonic, I feel ever so much better all ready. When several days go by without my hearing from you, I begin to get blue



and worry, I can't help it, so there's no use telling me not to, you are all I have in the world, and if anything happens to you I don't want to stay in it any longer.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

March 9 to 15, 1916

BILLETS AGAIN AT FLETRE.

KEEPING THE MEN FIT WITH SPORTS IN THE BILLETS.

Champigny, Mar 11, 1916

My dear old pal:

Well, I'm better, thanks. We are surely up against it in the coal line'. Yesterday we had to stop all fires throughout the hospital in order to have enough to cook by, and this morning there was six inches of snow on the ground. The Marne is frozen over for the first time in ten years. We have barely enough coal to last through the day, and with one hundred and fifty people to feed it looks serious.

You see we are on the direct line to the French front and nothing but war materials and soldiers are allowed over the lines, everything else is stopped. Yesterday we were notified that a carload of potatoes coming to us from Paris was commandeered by the "militaire" and taken on to the front and we now have no potatoes. Really, I think there is a lot of mis-

management somewhere in the French Government, maybe a little of your "red tape" got in. They are now killing off all the cows and milk is a luxury and we are using powdered milk and condensed, when we can get it, sent to us by the different Red Crosses. Sugar is getting very scarce and I am told we will perhaps have to use saccharin; we are now using a queer kind of brown crystal sugar, but it does not seem to sweeten. I sometimes put a little corn syrup in my coffee. They say the Germans are letting their wounded die in order to feed the soldiers, I surely hope it will never come to that in France.

There is a horse butchery just down the street a little way, where badly wounded horses from the war area are brought and killed and the meat is dressed and sold to the bourgeoisie, and they buy it here at the hospital and grind it up very fine and give it to the tubercular patients, it is supposed to be very good for the lungs. It just wrings my heart when I pass by the place and see a poor old horse waiting for his turn to be killed. But I suppose it is better than letting him live and suffer. What a lot of cruelty there is in this war!

But I must tell you a joke on myself. Before I knew that was a horse butcher shop, I went in and bought a nice looking little steak and took it to Marie to cook for me. At supper she brought it to me nicely prepared and I commenced to eat it. I thought it tasted unlike the usual beefsteak, and it was tough, after a few mouthfuls I decided I had enough and pushed it aside for the usual beans. Later Marie told me it was horse meat, said she was surprised that I had bought it but supposed I knew what it was. It almost made me ill!

I have my little petrol stove going all day and the

nurses run in every little while and warm themselves. We are keeping the wounded and sick in bed so they will keep warm.

We <sup>have</sup> had an anarchist in the hospital for two or three weeks. He absolutely refuses to fight, he wounds himself just enough to be taken to a hospital when he is ordered to the front. He was brought here the last time and when he was healed he was told he would be sent from the hospital the next day, and he nearly cut a finger off during the night so he could remain here. This time we did not tell him but made all arrangements for him to be put in a military hospital, and he was packed off yesterday without being given time to think. Somebody ought to shoot him before he does some real damage.

We had a visit on Thursday from Mme. Albert Thomas and her two little girls. She is the wife of the French Minister of Munitions. Her kiddies were dressed as nurses and gave the poilus chocolate and a cigar each, and Mme. gave the hospital two hundred francs. Her home is just up on the hill about five blocks from here. The nurses entertained them at tea and enjoyed their visit.

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My dear sweetheart:

March 9, 1916

We were relieved last night at 7:45 rather later than usual, and filed down the long communication trench called "Via Gallia". The trench boards were very icy and the men found the going very slippery but my rubber soles worked fine. We formed up as a company about two miles out where Ginger and the pipers were again waiting and marched back to Locre in the bright moonlight; a very charming scene, the snow covered country glittering in the moon's rays and behind us the flares shooting up as always. The wail of the pipers added to the mystic

charm of the night and I mused aloud, dreaming as always of my brave little girl not so very far away.

We found our billets were in houses out of Locre, not too bad at all, and our cook and batmen were in ahead of us and had a good dinner ready and bunks made up. Our big trench cat came down the trench with us running along the top but he wouldn't

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come any farther,--that's all the home he knows and he gets lots to eat and sleeps comfortably every night in some dugout. I usually saw him sleeping tucked in under the Sergt. Major's arm!

This morning we had breakfast in bed and then I had a good gallop around the country using my spurs, for "swank" only, for the first time. I had a pocket full of lump sugar so Ginger and I had a good time, although he did almost turn inside out once or twice over motor cars.

Our men are getting a hot bath and a change of underclothes this afternoon and tomorrow I believe we march back to our old billets near Fletre. I saw Colonel Bell's 31st Battalion march past this morning with brass band playing. Music helps a lot--even the bagpipes!

I saw a French morning paper "L'Echo de Paris" and am glad they seem to feel confident over the result of the Verdun fighting. They certainly are putting up a great scrap and we're all proud of them,--tell your poilus so. Their motto is "Ils ne passeront pas", and I don't believe they will.

March 10, 1916

Back again where we were a month ago and fairly comfortable although the weather is still cold and the men find the big barns pretty airy and impossible to heat. We had a very good march down, only two hours, I rode the first hour and walked the last. Went over the highest "Mont" in Belgium and the view of the snow-covered country was very picturesque. The other boys are having a rubber of bridge now and I have just been looking over "La Vie Parisienne", not bad at all!

We don't know how long we shall be here but probably for two weeks or more anyway. I only hope leave starts again in the meantime but only rumours of it so far. We shall have a

good many men off taking special courses such as grenades, anti-gas, trench mortars, sniping, etc., and shall get in as much special training as possible.

Last night we all turned in early and afterwards Major Adamson came around to see me with Colonel Bell,--they discovered, by the way, they are third cousins! The Colonel is very well and quite cheery. Says Mrs. Bell is still trying to give her services away but hopes to get work in a canteen run in this country by English women for the French. Colonel Bell tells me the soldiers got loose in Calgary one night and wrecked two Dairy Lunch Counters supposed to be run by Germans. They came near wrecking the Palliser Hotel too! Lively times in the old town, eh what? It must be very hard to keep so many men in Calgary in the winter. They can't do much training and, of course, are all impatient to get away.

Our mess tonight has decided to send for a "Decca Campaign Phonograph" and twelve double records, we can then trade with H.Q. It gets deadly monotonous around these billets without some music and the cost is small.

Will you please send me a couple of good light stories, dear? We have run completely out of reading matter. I am finishing "The Lady Evelyn" by Max Pemberton tonight. No mail has reached us today but will probably get a double one tomorrow.

Do your poilus get many "fags"? When I visit them with you I'll have to take a pocket full.

March 11, 1916

Mail has not come in yet but we should get a large one this afternoon and I know I shall draw a prize. I am now writing with the pen filled with your tablet ink, its very good. Had a pretty good sleep last night and this morning gave the

company a short route march and then had a sharp gallop to stir up my digestion and I really did enjoy an extra good lunch afterwards. Horner had a very fine fruit cake sent him with icing an inch thick, embellished with roses "For a Good Boy" and we soon made the rose leaves fall!

Stewart has just been in to see me, says he's crazier than ever but no harm to anyone but himself! He's chairman of the sports committee and is planning a knockout boxing competition. Eight men will go into the ring at once and box until only one has not been knocked out, who will be the winner. Some sport, eh?

I'm just having my second mug of tea, also buttered toast which Gillen makes very well. I suppose you don't serve afternoon tea at the hospital. I'm afraid if I were there I'd be a troublesome patient and upset all your routine, eh what?

I find that several of our officers have a golf club with them so when you get your clubs from London, dear, 'Ill borrow an iron,--now don't be mean and refuse, because I promise this time I won't take your best one. When spring comes and you start your Clock Golf Course and when I visit you I shall challenge the crowd,--but please use a barrel for the hole!

As we seem to drift back to this locality pretty often, I'm going to have some of your seeds planted here and we'll hope to be able to enjoy them once in a while later on.

On the old establishment of our Battalion, I have been due for promotion to major for some time and I was waiting to surprise you with the new uniform, but alas, they now allow only two majors to a battalion. Our people are still trying to stick to the old establishment so there may be something doing yet. If the new order goes through, Grey will have to revert to

captain.

Papineau called on us the other day in a big car, with red Staff tabs galore. He is now A.D.C. to General Alderson and will make a good one.

Well, dear old sweetheart, enough for tonight. Nash and Haggard have gone in to Bailleul to bring out some mess stores and magazines. Can get almost anything there, it's a regular Canadian town.

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Champigny, Mar 12, 1916

My darling husband:

What a glorious day this is and how I do wish you were with me! The sun is warm and the birds are singing, the phonographs are playing and the yard is full of wounded poilus with their visitors. During the noon hour I went out and took a sun bath and thoroughly enjoyed it.

The New York Herald says the Canadians and Australians are with the French at Verdun. Is it the 3rd Division they have sent there? I do hope you will not be sent. The son of one of our nurses was wounded at Douaumont, and Mme. Magnier is having him transferred from Lyons to this hospital so his mother can nurse him.

You were right about the tin marked "Barbe", it was fish and is supposed to be very good. Tuna fish we call it. I shall try to pick up some more little delicacies tomorrow. You are a good deal better fed than I am now, we French are very poor.

A dirigible passed over us this afternoon, French, of course, or maybe it was the "Silver Queen" from Folkestone, it looked very much like it. It was quite high up so I could

not see the markings. Received a long letter from Grandma yesterday. She wants to know if I am in danger from the zepps. She does not realize how little we bother about them!

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My dear little wife:

March 12, 1916

I received your letters of the 4th, 5th and 7th today, and they were surely welcome. This afternoon has been real spring-like, sunny and warm and we have all enjoyed it, the men lolling around on the grass or strolling around the countryside. This morning, what do you think, I went to church service at H.Q. barn and made all my subalterns go too! General Mercer was there and we had quite a chat afterwards. At 4:00 p.m. Nash and I had a gallop to the top of the "Mont des Cats". Ginger was in good form and I let him out. We are going to have some officers' races later on. Nash returned last night from Bailleul with a great supply of stuff which will last us for some time. We will start tomorrow to get pretty busy with our training in the morning and sports every afternoon. Must keep the men in good health and spirits.

I believe our new division is complete now with the exception of field ambulance and engineers, which we will have soon. We have with us the Lahore Artillery who have been here from the first and are crackerjacks. It will take some time before we can have Canadian batteries trained to replace them. We don't enjoy having green gunners behind us as you may imagine. They too often hit you instead of the Boche!

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~~XX~~  
~~XX~~

I am afraid there is no chance of getting Mme Magnier's son ~~(XX)~~ with us. You must be a Canadian now to join our corps,--otherwise everyone would want to transfer to us for the higher pay. He might get a job as interpreter somewhere, but this must come through the French authorities. We find it very difficult to get a man transferred from one regiment to another in our own corps. Do you ever get a chance to drive a motor?

March 13, 1916

I am so glad you get along well with the other nurses and can have such a jolly time, it will help you forget some of the worries of war.

We have had a glorious spring day and everyone enjoyed the sunshine. We drilled all morning and this afternoon had tug-of-war competitions and football. We shall have sports every afternoon as long as the weather is fine. My champion tug-of-war team will pull the officers' team tomorrow at 12:30 and we shall have Rugby football in the afternoon.

Still no word about leave but there are **rumours** that it will be on again soon,--that it was only stopped on account of shortage of ships, etc. When our leave is running it means about 30,000 men away all the time and that means some transport, doesn't it? Of course, I don't need a ship to take me to Paris but we are all "in the same boat"!

Lilly has just got out a tub of hot water for me so shall enjoy a treat.

March 14, 1916

Am so sorry to hear you have had the grip. Take good care

of yourself and go out in this wonderful sunshine which I am sure must reach down to Champigny.

We have had some company races this afternoon and I am leaving now for a football match. At noon my No. 1 Platoon beat the officers at tug-of-war. I pulled for the company but that's not why they won! It was in spite of me!

My old landlady is having her garden dug up today and some of our seeds will soon be going in the P.P.C.L.I. garden, but we shall probably get some more rough weather yet, sure of lots of rain anyway. The old men here often remark about the difference between this year and last when they were in the thick of the fighting at St. Eloi. Of course, there'll be lots more fighting for the regiment but conditions are more equal now and we have everything we want in the way of machine guns, trench mortars, grenades, telescopic rifles, etc., and our artillery is numerous with plenty of ammunition which we did not have at this time last year.

Ginger is being inspected this afternoon with the rest of the horses, so I hope he is on his best behaviour. I hope to have a ride later in the day.

Well, little girl, bye, bye for the present. Keep a stiff upper lip and don't work too hard.

March 15, 1916

Am delighted you are feeling better but the cold hospital and not being able to get any coal does not sound good. You can all really feel you are taking a share in the great battle and your patients too because, of course, the needs of the fighting army must come first until the Huns have exhausted themselves as we all believe they will before very long. But it is too bad the army commandeered the car of potatoes being sent to the hos-

pital.

We had a nine mile route march this morning and gave the men the p.m. off. They have been playing quoits, football, etc. This morning I walked alongside of Ginger for several miles and the little devil every once in a while when I wasn't looking, would reach over and nip my arm or take a chew at a piece of my harness, then would look straight ahead as innocent as a lamb. He's very clever and you would love him.

Don't criticise the French Government, dear, they're up against a life and death proposition, very different from Great Britain, and everything must give way to the needs of the army. What do you think of the "Non-Combattant Corps" in England? That's where they are going to put all the "Conscientious Objectors" to military service! The Lord help them if they ever get out here working for us! Just imagine being colonel of a thousand cranks like that!

We have invited Pope (machine gun officer) and formerly or No. 1 Co., in to dinner tonight and are talking of having the C.O. and Adamson soon. Our companies are so far apart here that visiting around is not too easy when you're tired. Some of my own men are in a farm over half a mile from me. You may imagine its not always possible to get one farm that will hold nearly two hundred men. We have just read papers of the 13th, so feel quite up to date.

Yesterday afternoon was so warm everybody felt lazy and sleepy. Horner had three big fruit cakes come from England today so we're living high.

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## CHAPTER XXIX

March 15 to 22, 1916

DRILLING, TRENCHES, BILLETS, SPORTS, ETC., JUST  
"CARRYING ON". ELECTRIC LIGHTS AND OTHER IMPROVEMENTS  
IN DUGOUTS

Champigny, Mar 15, 1916

My darling husband:

I can't say that I enjoyed my trip to Paris yesterday, it is very tiresome and the stores are so crowded, so I hurried through your shopping and then went to the hotel and took a bath. You see we have no bath room here. Everybody fought for me to take lunch at their table so we put several tables together and had a regular party. I listened to all the gossip and petty scandals and I am glad to be here out of it all.

I am relieved to know you are back at Fletre again, you will at least be safe for a time. You speak of tea and buttered toast and it fairly makes my mouth water. They give us the Continental breakfast here only worse,--dried toast which is as hard as a rock, I have to soak it in the café-au-lait to

eat it, and no butter. Even at lunch and dinner we have no butter,--once in a while we have Oleomargerine, butter is too expensive.

We have a little florist's shop across the street from the hospital, and I think I'm her best customer. Have ordered some hyacinths and tulips for my windows and get a big bouquet for the ward where the P.P.C.L.I. bed is nearly every day. They are so cheap I almost get the entire stock of flowers for a franc.

One of our rabbits has four tiny babies. They are the cutest things you ever saw. More big guns are passing now and the whole house shakes, an aeroplane flew over us a few minutes ago, so we feel quite warlike here. When there is heavy firing in Soissons we hear it distinctly.

Champigny, Mar 16, 1916

We are quite busy now, the Military hospitals are sending out all wounded who are about half cured, to the Auxiliary hospitals to make room for the newly wounded, and we are receiving our share. We have some nasty cases which are still septic. The Military hospitals do not seem to be so well organized nor so well equipped as the Auxiliary hospitals in France.

We have just received a lot of things from the Americans and a letter from the Canadians that a number of articles are on the way, so that our hospital is getting quite complete and we are all ready to do our share for the wounded.

I told Pierre Magnier what you said about getting in the Canadian Corps. I don't think you understood that he wants to get in the Flying Corps. He says the Canadians have asked for French flying men, but he does not know whom to address. I



assure you he does not need the Canadian pay, the Magniers are wealthy, they are the largest book binders and publishers in Paris, they have a factory employing five hundred men and most of the editions de luxe are published by them. Mme. Magnier gives her services here as Directrice, also a lot of money. Pierre wants to join the Canadians because he likes them, he has been so much with Americans all his life that he is more like an American than a Frenchman.

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My darling Lou:

March 16, 1916

I received the bundle of magazines this afternoon and very much wanted they were. I like a little dip into American stories now and then---like a breeze from home, aren't they? Not a forty below zero one though! It must be a hard winter in Western Canada, over six weeks all below zero.

You should have seen me ride off this morning to the field general court martial, all booted and spurred and arrayed in my new uniform and cap,--Solomon in all his glory hadn't anything on yours very truly; even Ginger celebrated the occasion by looking smarter than usual. I rode part way back with Adamson who was president of another court martial. This afternoon the battalion marched out four miles to play football with the 49th. Horner took the company and they are not back

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yet (6:15 p.m.) We have tea and a rum ration all ready when they show up. I have been all alone this afternoon and feel pretty bored.

8:45 p.m.

Had to stop to issue the rum ration and for dinner. We had the M.O. with us (McGregor) and Gillen gave us a bangup dinner of lobster salad, roast beef, cauliflower, baked potatoes, macaroni and cheese and fruit salad. Am now smoking a good cigar and am feeling in good trim. We lost the game today, 3 to 2. They all say it was a great game though. Both teams had regular football clothes and there were two thousand men to cheer them on. Tomorrow morning two of my platoons play a match at eight o'clock and the winners play again in the afternoon.

I was amused at one lad's letter to his mother which I was censoring. In three days he had played a Rugby game, a "Soccer" game, pulled on a tug-of-war, ran a relay race, did a ten mile route march, was training for the boxing and wrestling competitions and in between times did his drills! No weakling could do that could he? They are all longing for baseball outfits and we must get some somewhere. They are also playing a lot of quoits with horse shoes.

I tried Ginger at noon over the jump, the first I ever did, and got over O.K. Its only a low one of about two and a half feet but I'm really getting to be quite a rider. Do you get any chance to scrap with anyone these days, just to keep in good form? Be a strict disciplinarian, dear, with your poilus and that will help some. Don't let them play too many tricks on "La petite Canadienne".

Shall read a little now, have my flea-bag on top of a good

spring bed so sleep very comfortably.

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Champigny, Mar 17, 1916

My dear old pal:

I am suffering torment tonight with sore heels. All the nurses wear tennis shoes in the hospital so I bought a pair the other day, thinking my feet would not get so tired, and I not only have sore heels but all the muscles in my legs ache. I don't get a bit of sympathy, all the nurses and patients laugh at me and offer me their canes and crutches. Someone told me I was suffering "pour La France", but it's poor consolation.

We have a lot of work now and I am on my feet from 8.a.m. to 8.30 p.m. Today I was given the entire care of the poilu with the largest and most septic wound. The head nurse watched me clean and dress the wound and complimented me afterward. You can't imagine how interested I am in that wound. It is in the right forearm and the bone is smashed all to pieces and we are trying to save the arm. I have to keep four holes open to drain. I call it the "Metro" and I have given each hole the name of an entrance as "Etôile", "Opera", "La Bastille" and "Vincennes", and we have lots of fun when dressing it. This keeps the poor chap from feeling how much it hurts.

Tomorrow I expect to assist at my first operation. It will be on a hand wound very much like yours only worse, and I am quite a bit worried because I am afraid the surgeon will want to take it off. I am sure it can be saved. As yet I haven't any too much confidence in the French surgeons.

Well you see now I'm talking "shop". I have made friends

with the baby rabbits, they run around and eat out of my hand like kittens, and that reminds me we will soon have a bunch of kittens, so when you come on leave we will have quite a little menagerie to show you. We also have a little donkey we call "Jeannette" and a little cart. Will send you a snap soon.

Champigny, Mar 19, 1916

I have been given charge of a ward with eight beds and all day yesterday I was busy and mighty glad to go to bed at 9.30 for I really was tired. We had eight new patients yesterday and five were given to me, so the ward is full.

The operation passed off all right and the hand is saved. I helped administer the anesthetic and did not faint or do anything foolish but was most interested.

I enclose a clipping from the "Albertan" talking of calling you back home to command a battalion. Of course this is only rumor, but I think they should have called you long ago. The men of experience are the ones to command battalions, I should think, not men who have never even seen the front.

We have a strong feeling here that the war is nearing the end. The French seem to think the Boches have played about their last card. I certainly hope so, and that we will spend this summer at home.

The country is beginning to look beautiful now, the fruit trees are all in bloom in the garden, also the jonquils and daffodils. I am going to take a walk with the Directrice along the Marne now. There are some very pretty homes along the river front on the Parc Saint Maur side. It reminds me of Richmond. It is too bad you cannot take any more photos at the front, I wanted one of you and Ginger so badly.

Champigny, Mar 20, 1916

Yesterday afternoon I had quite a surprise, just after I finished my letter to you, visitors were announced for me, and in came eight of the people from the hotel. I took them all over the hospital and grounds and they gave cigarettes to all the poilus. Mme. Magnier invited them to tea and afterward I took them for a walk along the Marne, and they went back delighted with their visit.

Today I went with Mme. Magnier to another hospital of the "Union des Femmes de France", an hour's journey from here, to have a soldier transferred to this hospital. The Doctor-in-Chief is a Canadian, but unfortunately he was not in.

We had word today to evacuate all those who were able to be sent to a convalescent home at once, as we would have a number of wounded very soon. It seems the fighting has commenced again in Champagne and the wounded from there will be sent here and throughout Paris. So we are preparing to be very busy. There is a meeting of the Allied Generals in Paris now and we have the feeling that something is going to happen.

I am enclosing you some postcards of Champigny during the battle of the Marne in 1870. They are very interesting. The one of the drug store is just across the street from here. It is still a pharmacie and we deal there a lot.

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*Dear Son:  
My darling Wife! -*

March 18, 1916

We did not have a very long parade this morning because we were drilling with gas helmets on, and about twenty minutes is enough for any man. We can get them on in about eighteen seconds which is pretty good. This afternoon General Alderson is inspecting us so we shall all be on our best behaviour.

Yesterday p.m. I rode out to a grenade school and saw a demonstration of one of our new trench mortars. It's a very good one and shoots so fast we can have ten shells in the air at once, which should give the Huns something to look at and dodge. Nash is going on one of these batteries so I shall need some new officers.

I have some secret documents to read now, dear, so shall send you all my love and come back to war for a time.

March 19, 1916

Another glorious day and what do you think,--I've been "driving a pill around the cow pasture" with a mashie and ball belonging to Lieut. McDonald. He is an expert so I didn't shine, but enjoyed it just the same. This p.m. we are getting two officers (MacDonnell and Allen) and eight men in No. 1 Co. I hear the new officers are very good chaps and should be of great help to me.

Last night Captain Niven and officers of No. 2 gave a very swanky dinner to the C.O., Grey, Stewart and myself. I enclose the menu. We also had champagne and choice grapes and had a very cheery gossip over old times and future prospects. Riding home in the bright moonlight and warm breeze, Ginger was feeling very fit and fairly flew along like Tam-O-Shanter.

We are moving off again tomorrow morning to a part of the

line a little farther up north, about an eight mile march. I hear the trenches are not too bad and our mail arrangements should be as good as ever.

Leave started again last night and Niven, Lake and Adamson go this time, so my turn should not be long in coming. The message was handed in while we were all at dinner last night and we at once gave a lusty cheer, which I have no doubt was repeated in every British mess at the front. The Colonel's leave is also due but he may not take it until Gault comes back and I don't just know when that will be. Martin's also comes ahead of me and that is all, so that next week or the week after should be my lucky time.

March 21, 1916

We had a pretty busy day yesterday, marched off at 9:45 a.m., got in at 1:00 p.m. and then the C.O and O.C. Cos. rode off at 1:30 p.m. to visit our new position. Ginger didn't enjoy the shell fire very much and was pretty nervous at first but soon got over it. We left our horses at Krinstrat and then walked up to the reserve dugouts where we were very hospitably received and had a good tea. We rode back just after dusk and had dinner at 9:00 p.m. This afternoon we shall march up, should be fairly comfortable, have electric lights in some of the dugouts and shall only have to furnish working parties for a few days.

The Colonel and I should have our leave next week, but mine may be held up a few days as special permit has to be granted for leave to Paris. It was very warm yesterday and we perspired freely but today is quite cool and better for marching, but not so nice in the trenches. Its hard to have all conditions to suit.

March 22, 1916

We had a pretty tiresome march up last night, fifteen minutes between companies. I rode off at 6:00 p.m. with Ginger and the pipers, but Ginger was very nervous and cut up so much at passing motors that I used him only half way. I was afraid he'd kick a hole in the drum! The pipers waited to play back the Rifle Brigade whom we relieved,--a very fine regiment.

Our Co. H.Q. dugout has two rooms with wire bunks for five officers and the cook has a good place next door, although he has to cook outside in a brazier. Its wonderful how well he does with his poor facilities. We had a good sleep last night and this morning I walked up to the front line. My new officers MacDonnell and Allen are very fine chaps and will make good officers, so No. 1 Co. is in fine shape as we have also first class N.C.O's. and the men are the best. Hope you can meet them some day.

Will you please send us, dear, one of those small officers' mess tablecloths we saw in Paris, about four feet square will do, say of French grey of whatever you think cheerful. You might also send me a few fish hooks and a line as we have fish (pike) here and may get a chance to "hunt" some.

Shall take a run up to Battalion H.Q. now and see the Colonel. Grey is acting second in command while Adamson is away. We miss Gault very much and are looking for him back soon.

## CHAPTER XXX

March 22 to April 11, 1916

CAPTAIN JONES HAS LEAVE AGAIN IN PARIS.

REGIMENT REVIEWED BY A RUSSIAN PRINCE AND STAFF.

Champigny, Mar 22, 1916

My darling husband:

Well, I took that tiresome trip to the other hospital yesterday to see the Canadian doctor and didn't get back until two o'clock, and he was not there again! When I returned I found the head nurse had discharged one of the nurses who we all thought was losing her mind, and which has now proved true, poor girl. One of her wards was given to me and the other to another nurse.

I spent the rest of the day going over my new duties and went to bed at 10.00 o'clock tired out. I had to get one of the other nurses to help me today as I now have eighteen beds to attend to and until I get used to it I can't get them all done in a day. I like my work very much, but ~~I~~ am quite

ready to go to bed after I have finished at night.

My goodness! when I hear all the good things you had for dinner when the M.O. was with you, it sounds like the Savoy. I haven't had a taste of lobster, even canned, since our Christmas dinner at the Café de Paris. I assure you we don't have anything like that here. But I am glad you can get them, because if you couldn't I would buy them and send them to you.

A regiment just passed by, the Class of 1917, they were all well dressed and healthy looking but so young. They were doing a quick march with the buglers leading, and two officers bringing up the rear, also marching, and leading their horses. Their camp is very near here at Joinville-le-Pont.

Champigny, Mar 24, 1916

Yesterday I went to the theatre with Mme. Magnier and afterward we had tea at the "Ritz". Then we started to the "Concorde" to take the Metro for Champigny and when passing the Hotel Continental on the Rue de Rivoli, there was an immense crowd gathered, cheering and crying "Vive la Serbie". So we joined in and a few minutes later the windows of a suite on the second floor opened and the young Prince of Servia stepped out on the balcony in full uniform and bowed and thanked the crowd for their welcome. The cheers became deafening and the Prince was forced to come out two or three times until one of the gentlemen in attendance shut the window and closed the curtains, then the crowd dispersed lauding his praises. I was glad to have seen him and hope he will soon get his little country back.

I read in the New York Herald yesterday that the Austro-Germans and Bulgarians had massacred seven hundred thousand



inhabitants in Servia. A church crowded with women and children was gassed and not one soul living to tell the story. I hope when this war is over the Allies will take the Kaiser and shoot him in a leg and arm, put out an eye, give him a dose of his own gas and put him on the Isle of St. Helena to finish out his contemptable life haunted by the spirits of the thousands he has killed.

I am delighted that leave has commenced again and Mme. Magnier has arranged for you to stay here. I am sending you explicit directions how to get here, so don't get lost like you used to do in London, for there are no taxis here to bring you home again. We have no telephone in the hospital, but use the one at the pharmacie across the street. The number is "Champigny 65" and ask them to send for me.

Lou, darling:

March 23, 1916

Hip, hip, hip. hurrah! Just a short note to say I hope to see you before you get this. My leave is granted to commence the 26th and with my usual good luck, I should be with you on that date. Shall telegraph you tomorrow.

We spent a delightful week at the little hotel in Paris among our old friends, and, of course, visited our hospital. The day my husband arrived I dolled all up in my new hat which I had made with the Roulls girls, but instead of taking the six lessons contracted for, I had to hurry it up in five on account of leaving for the hospital. When I explained all this to Stanley, he looked at the creation for a minute then said very seriously: "It's a pity, my dear, you did not take the sixth."

Needless to say I never wore that hat again.

The personnel at the hospital also the patients were very glad to meet "le Capitaine", and the Directrice invited him to spend his future leaves there. At the end of the week he returned to the front and I to my work. Somehow the parting did not seem so hard now, because I had something to do too.

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My darling little wife:

April 4, 1916

Well, here I am back again, dear, and feeling very fit after my charming visit with you. I was so glad to visit the hospital and meet all your poilus.

I had a good trip to Boulogne and lunched there. Met North just coming back from leave too. We walked around together and took the train for Poperinghe at 7:30 p.m. and ar-

(continued on page 262)

rived there at 2:30 a.m. North invited me to his camp for the rest of the night and I was very comfortable. As a mining company stays in one place for a long time, they have a permanent camp fixed up in style. After breakfast North had their motor drive me down to the regiment where I found everybody enjoying their rest. Gault is back, have not seen him yet.

North has just received notice he has been promoted to major and given command of the 1st Canadian Tunnelling Company. He has a fine reputation among his miners and doesn't give a damn for anybody or anything, so long as the work is done right.

I must call on the C.O. now and report, so good bye, dear, give my kindest regards to Mme Magnier and all the nurses and tell them how much I appreciate their many kindnesses to us both. I shall scrap all the better for it.

April 5, 1916

We had quite an exciting time last night. All my officers went in to Poperinghe for dinner and at about eight p.m. their hut caught fire and burnt completely with all their kits. We were lucky to save the near-by huts. When they returned about ten p.m. they had a cheerless homecoming. Too bad, but they should be repaid by the government and are getting leave to go in to St.Omer for new kit. I was lucky to be sleeping in another hut. I suppose it was caused by a candle burning too low,-- but such is war!

This morning we were reviewed by some Russian Prince and his staff. We had a band play their national anthem and had a march past with the pipes. The regiment looked very fit and the parade passed off splendidly. The prince had a lot of generals with him.

This afternoon we are marching a couple of miles to camp "G" and should be there for eight days. We have an "indoor



than the past history of France, eh what? I shall be very anxious to see the snaps we took at Champigny.

April 7, 1916

Yesterday afternoon we were shelled out of our happy home for about two hours,--we simply went back to the trenches about five hundred yards away and watched the fun from a distance; very good shooting it was too, but chiefly a waste of ammunition.

Last night I took a working party of one hundred and fifty men and two officers up past Ypres. Went at 7:00 p.m. in six London busses part of the way and they picked us up again at 1:30 a.m. The night was beastly dark coming back and it was very hard for the men to keep on the path,--the middle of an engineers' light railway track. You've simply got to shuffle along sort of feeling the way with your feet, keeping the top of the head of the next man in front in view and moving quickly whenever a flare lights up the way.

There are always all kinds of shell holes and other obstacles to be negotiated and as each man comes to one he warns the next man behind. Every now and then we halt until all are closed up in the rear, as otherwise the party may easily get disconnected, the guide lead on with the head and the tail get lost. Moving around at night in the war zone is an art in itself,--at which, dear, you would be much better than I on account of your marvelous instinct for directions.\*

I took the last bus on the return and never before appreciated just how hard it is for the drivers on these roads at night. No lights, of course, can be used and there is only the narrow slippery pave' to keep on. Every once in a while



the flash of our guns in front blinds the eye. We were unlucky and without warning ran off into a ditch and over went the bus with fifteen men inside and ten men on top. I was on the driver's seat. We were all spilled out like so many peas and I felt quite sure a number of men would be badly hurt, but fortunately all picked themselves up and out with a laugh and only two were slightly sprained and we marched the rest of the way in good humour arriving at 3:00 a.m. I told the colonel the men showed their good discipline by their behaviour which, of course, helped greatly to prevent inquiries, so the colonel made them a little speech today and told them they were "all right"---as they are!

Major Adamson was much interested this morning in your nursing photos and sent his kindest regards. He and Gault were in having my cook cut their hair, so I celebrated too and also rubbed in some tonic, so am now very slick!

I "reckon" that about tomorrow will bring your first letter. O Happy Day! Much love, dear, and mille baisers.

April 8, 1916

Comment va-tu, ma petite? Très bien, j'espère comme moi-même. Il fait beau temps aujourd'hui mais le vent est encore froid. Ce matin nous avons fait une petite promenade dans le pays pour exercer nos jambes et Niven et moi causant beaucoup tout le temps, comme vous voudriez imaginer,---there how's that for a little bit of French off my chest all at once? I feel better already!

My four officers came back this morning with new kits and are all quite happy again. The top of my thermos flask was burned and I have no good measure to issue rum now. In your

next parcel you might send me a small, thick medicine measure, one that will hold about a half a cup; it's difficult to judge the proper size of a "tot" in the dark and the men are very keen to get the right amount, at least not too little, they don't mind if it is over!

We expect to be resting for another four days and shall then move farther up for a couple of weeks. We got another draft this morning of about fifty men of which I have ten, so we are over full strength.

Regards to all at the hospital and a world of love for yourself.

April 9, 1916

Your longed for first letter has not reached me yet but perhaps may by this afternoon, in any event I am not worrying over you now for after seeing how happily you are situated at Champigny I feel thoroughly satisfied that you are among good friends who will take good care of you in case of possible illness. It is so much better than having you killing time in London or at the hotel in Paris, so you see, dear, my leave was a very satisfactory as well as happy one and aren't we glad we did not take it in England? I wouldn't have missed seeing how charming you looked the day the President of France (Poincaré. Ed.) visited the hospital. You made your little speech and presented the bouquet of flowers just too gracefully for anything. I was so proud of you.

I have quite a large family now, 210 men in the company and six officers and all true blue,--to say nothing of Ginger. Am having a ride tonight with Gault and the other company officers, up to near our next position. Shall probably be out all night so shall lie down now for a little rest before setting out.

I see by a "News-Telegram" that X-----has been made Brigadier General and is forming an Irish Regiment,---next thing it will be a red-headed regiment, or it might be easy now to form a "gun shy" regiment! Between you and me I do not think there is any chance of his returning to our regiment, I feel sure the men would not stand for it, and it probably would not be "healthy" for him.

April 11, 1916

Last night Gault, Niven, Stewart and two other officers and I rode up to Ypres and left our horses there to walk up to the trenches. We went in a little early and were observed on the main road just before entering the town. Bang! went a shrapnel right close to us. The horses all plunged wildly and as some more shells came over, there was nothing for it but to ride like h---, John Gilpin's famous ride wasn't in it for a moment! We simply tore along and finally got out of sight in the town. Coming back the horses were still very nervous and the roar and flashes of our own guns drove them crazy, so altogether we had some ride and my arms are all sore yet trying to hold Ginger in. However, he doesn't have to work very hard so a little movement will do him good.

I am going down tomorrow to get my teeth fixed at last and while there shall have my ear looked into to see if I can get the ringing in my head stopped. The chief nuisance is that I shall miss your letters for a few days which is a great hardship to me. Your parcel arrived with the mess cloth, many thanks, it was much admired and is a nice touch of civilisation for us.

April 12, 1916

I came away without posting my letter yesterday. I motored down to Hazebrouck and am now very comfortable for a few days.

I have just had a good hot bath and feel "top hole".

I suppose you noticed the Germans referred to capturing trenches from the Canadians at St. Eloi. They attacked very heavily but did not gain much and have lost it again since. Colonel Bell's regiment was in this and I believe lost pretty heavily,--sad news in store for Calgary--also a Winnipeg Batln. in which young Riley was killed. My office does a lot of work for his father who is one of the leading men of Western Canada. Lord Shaughnessy's (C.P.R.) son was also killed.

So you see, dear, Canadians are still doing their share and paying the price of final victory. I sometimes think the French consider we are not doing our share but any troops who hold the Ypres salient are certainly doing their part..

## CHAPTER XXXI

April 11 to 15, 1916

CAPTAIN STANLEY JONES IN THE "DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER'S HOSPITAL", PARIS-PLAGE. RECEIVES HIS MAJORITY. GETS LEAVE FOR TROUVILLE. MORE CASUALTIES IN THE REGIMENT. OLD ORIGINALS NEARLY ALL GONE.

My darling wife:

April 13, 1916

Just a short note to let you know I have come down to No. 1 Red Cross Hospital, Army Post Office S. 11, B. E. F.,---commonly called the "Duchess of Westminster's Hospital". It is in a very beautiful casino near Etaples.

Can't say how long I shall be here as the doctor has not made an examination yet but it should not be very long. Am getting this off in a hurry to catch the mail.

No. 1 Red Cross Hospital  
April 14, 1916

This morning I saw the doctor and he is arranging for my



dental work tomorrow. As to the ear he is going to examine it but says if the injury is to the very inside part he can do nothing and it will have to keep on ringing, which will be a great nuisance, but should not be too serious unless it grows worse.

I walked down to the sea today, it is a very pretty spot (Le Touquet) and this is a very grand hospital in the big Casino. Am glad, though, sweetheart, you are not nursing in a place like this, it is very formal and bushels of red tape. You would not have a "home" as you have at Champigny though you would be more comfortable and have a few luxuries which you don't get there.

There are a lot of Canadians here and I was very glad to find young Riley of Winnipeg who is doing well, although reported dead. His steel helmet saved him, as well as many others.

I am just longing for a letter from you and shall have a feast in a few days when yours arrive from the front. Good night, dear heart, and sweet dreams,--not like the chap opposite me who does bomb attacks all night!

No. 1 Red Cross Hospital  
April 15, 1916

Nothing new to report today. Last night I had a game of billiards but played a bum game as usual. This morning the doctor looked at my ear, then said he was not an ear specialist and would have to send me over to one at Etaples tomorrow.

I had a nice walk this morning through the woods and this afternoon went with a Major along the sands to a ship wrecked last fall,--a good sized steamer, left high and dry on the sands and cut fairly in two. They are still taking cargo out of her. We picked up shells, paddled around in the water and were generally boys again. How I wish you were with me, dear, you enjoy the sea so much. When it is quite safe have some one take you

letters that I had to send you a telegram with a little love. It seems strange my first letter from here to you and your answer should take so long, but I know the chain will start again soon. You could get up here to see me for a day or two by getting permission at 32 Boulevard des Invalides, but it would cause you a lot of inconvenience I'm afraid. The train stops at Etaples and a tram runs to Paris-Plage (Le Touquet). This hospital is about twenty minutes walk from there. If you are not too busy at the hospital, run up for a couple of days, you can stay at an hotel in the town. But don't worry a moment, dear, if you can't easily and quickly arrange this because as "soldiers" we have just had our leave together and shall simply have to look forward another three months.

Today has been cold and rainy and there is nothing to do but sleep, walk and eat. Good bye, sweetheart, this little note is brim full of love between the lines.

April 18, 1916

I have received your telegram with love therein and am much relieved to know you are O.K. Am afraid it may be impossible for you to see me while here as my time is short, I shall probably be leaving for the base on Saturday. I suggested in my letter last night you might run up for a few days but doubt now if it is worth the trouble for you. I would not be able to be with you much as I have to stay at the hospital. When I leave here I shall have to report to our base camp at Havre and shall try to get leave to see you then if it is possible. In the meantime don't worry. If you can get permission to come then come direct to Etaples and take the tram to Paris-Plage and walk out to the hospital. Just a look at your sweet face would do me a world of good.

for a row on the Marne.

I hear that English leave is stopped again, so I got mine just in time. I left Lilly, my batman, expecting to go in a few days. Poor chap after seven months at the front, he'll be sorely disappointed,--however that's only one of the small worries of war, isn't it?

Our meals here are quite good, very simple but enough for all. Can also get some good apples. There is a large French hospital just across the street and the poilus look very familiar after seeing yours,--give any I met my regards and "bonne chance".

I was scolded by the nurse last night for not coming to bed at 9.30, I was half an hour late. It is, of course, hard for me to feel I'm a patient but the rest is doing me a lot of good, even if they can't help my ear.

Must wash for dinner now, dear----

April 16, 1916

This morning I rode over to the 24th Hospital and had my ear examined. The M.O. found the result of concussion all right, but not serious and he says it should improve with time. I also went to the 23rd American for dental treatment and found them all from Chicago. The dentist is evidently first class and says I'll have to stay a week for treatment.

Am hoping there will be a letter on the train from you tonight, dear, as I feel absolutely lost without your little love notes.

This is a very large camp and there are all kinds of troops around including lots of Australians,--fine looking chaps.

April 17, 1916

I got so lonely this afternoon on account of missing your

## Easter Card.

In the Field  
April 19, 1916

Wishing my dear wife and sweetheart many happy Easters "apres la guerre", and for this year the consolation which comes from a knowledge of duty well and truly done.

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Champigny, Apr 5, 1916

My darling husband:

Well that was a short week, it just seems like a dream now. I came back to the hospital Monday evening and they were all glad to see me especially as we are short another nurse. There are only seven nurses now, and fortunately no wounded have arrived yet or we would be worked hard, as it is we have very little to do and spend our time getting dressings and bandages ready so we will have plenty in case they are needed suddenly.

I bought quite a number of war stamps from Brentano's to start your collection, and have some very pretty ones of all the Allies. They have them in assorted packages for as high as eight francs a package. I shall get an album and some day we will put them in according to countries.

The French have such a funny way of clearing out their hospitals. We were ordered to send to the base all those who were able to travel "seated", no matter what their wounds, so nearly all of our wounded are gone from here. We nurses don't like it a bit having our patients taken from us before they are cured, it doesn't seem fair, but as we are so near the front we are being used as a clearing station.

Hope your trip back was not too tiresome, with heaps of love.

Champigny, Apr 6, 1916

Not a minute have I had since seven o'clock this morning and it is now 9.30 p.m., and my lamp is going out and so is my stove as Marie evidently forgot to fill them today. We have been evacuating all the "blessés".

The weather has been abominable since you left. I guess you took all the sunshine with you. I heard the report of guns a few minutes ago, so suppose the zepps are making us a visit. The French call them "Gothas". They have certainly been giving England a dose lately. We are getting so used to them we do not pay much attention to them. We now have a safeguard,--- two little woolly dolls on a string which you put around your neck when the "Gothas" come. They are called "Ninette" and "Rhin-tin-tin". I reckon they are as good protection as anything.

A few nights ago I went to see a French family living on the corner across the street from the hospital, and the "alerte" sounded, but the planes were over us before it sounded, and the nurses had orders the other day to go on duty in their wards as soon as the alerte was heard. The bursting shrapnel was already dropping from the anti-aircraft guns, so I borrowed a big frying pan and held it on my head while I flew across the street. I am going to ask for a helmet if I have to do that often. The Germans seem to be using more planes than zepps now.

Champigny, Apr 7, 1916

I was glad to get your letter of Tuesday and to know you arrived safely. It was mighty nice to have met North again. I went to Paris yesterday and again today. I took Mme. Magnier to the American Hospital Supplies Association and we were intro-



duced to the President and Vice President and shown over the building. It was very interesting as we saw all the different dressings and bandages being made and had the President explain to Mme. M. the use of several bandages and dressings of which we have a number here, but they are not being used because the head nurse had never seen them before and did not know how to use them. Unfortunately the head nurse is not very progressive and wants to stick to the methods she used years ago in Morocco. Mme. Magnier and Mme. Martin are always glad to learn something new and put it to use.

I have been given charge of all surgical supplies and the distribution thereof, and am going to arrange things systematically so there will be no more confusion and lack of knowledge as to their use.

The Duchess of Vendome, sister of King Alfred of Belgium was visiting the house at the same time, and we had a chance to see her.

The weather keeps the same here, no sun, cold and nasty, but no rain. I shall be glad when spring makes up her mind to appear.

Champigny, Apr 8, 1916

Well, the sun is shining at last though it is still cold. The place is full of visitors as it is Sunday and I have stolen a few minutes to finish this letter for the five o'clock mail. Have been busy arranging the supplies and things are beginning to look like something.

Mme. Magnier had a long serious talk with the head nurse and succeeded in making her see the importance of using the articles sent us from Canada and America. So perhaps we will now make some progress. I find the doctor decidedly of the

"Old School" and a bit behind the times. He is giving his services and is most faithful and kind so I should not complain of his old fashioned methods.

The trouble in France is that all the nursing before the war was done by the nuns, and the war coming so suddenly found them with insufficient nurses and not very up to date doctors. But the spirit of cheerfulness and cooperation will do wonders. I don't like to be always suggesting things, it is not the nurse's place, she should do what she is told instead of telling them what to do, but their ways do seem so primitive after what I studied in England, but I never could hold my tongue. I do think we should adopt the methods that save us work.

Champigny, Apr 9, 1916

This afternoon Mme. Magnier and I called on Mme. Albert Thomas. It was her afternoon at home and there were about ten people there. We all sat around the dining-room table and had tea and talked about the war.

Have you heard anything more about being offered command of a regiment at home? I notice in this week's "Canada" that a great many men are going back to take command of regiments, I don't see why you should not. In fact I think that is the proper thing for you to do now. You have a wounded hand, a wounded foot and now have trouble with your ear which will probably be a long time healing.

I am enclosing an account of the President's visit to the hospital which came out in the Champigny paper. Mme. Magnier read it out loud at the lunch table yesterday and at the end of a paragraph, in the same tone of voice, she read: "Malheureusement il y eu lieu une accident pendant qu'ils ont montrer l'hospital au President. Mme. Magnier, la Directrice,

se trompait d'un pas sur l'escalier derrière le President et se précipitait sur son dos-----!" (Unfortunately there was an accident while showing the President around the hospital. Mme. Magnier, the Directress, tripped on a step of the stairway and fell on the President's back----! Ed.) Of course, I bit! I said: "I don't remember any such accident," and everybody shrieked and the laugh was on me. Mme. Magnier is always jolly and we have lots of fun together. I am certainly fortunate to be here.

I have a cat concert outside of my window and I wish the old Colonel from Malta were here to throw a few electric light bulbs at them. The only thing I can find is a kettle of water which I'm going to present at once with my compliments. So good night "jusqu'a demain".

Champigny, Apr 11, 1916

I am so sorry my letters to you are being delayed, I am receiving yours very regularly and don't know why mine are held up, except that they lost a day having to go to Paris. I hope they are beginning to come by now.

The nurses had a big joke on me this morning. The first time I took the temperature of my new patient, the Maréchal de Logi, Count de Romero, (I call him Romeo behind his back) I told him the story of the old negro whom the doctor asked if he had been given any medicine by another doctor and he said: "No, he done give me a little piece of glass to suck." I said "glass" instead of "verre" and "glace" in French means ice. So I gave the Maréchal the "little piece of glass to suck" and at the same time Mme. Martin gave me a letter from you. I forgot all about the thermometer and left it there for an hour and a half, when I went into the room for something later on the

Maréchal handed me a little piece of paper screwed up tightly and said: "Madame, voilà la petite morceau du glace toute fondu!" (There is the little piece of ice all melted.) I told them all at lunch and they had a good laugh at my expense.

Champigny, Apr 12, 1916

I am sending you some clippings from the "Herald", one about the Canadian Hospital at St. Cloud. I met Miss Cassault, the Matron, at Mme. Roy's and she invited me to visit the hospital when it opened, so I shall appoint a day and take Mme. Magnier with me. We will also visit the American Hospital at Neuilly. It will be a big help to us, even if we can't afford to get all the modern improvements, to see what they have.

I am getting more and more disgusted with President Wilson. Every day there is a new excuse in the papers. I think he is afraid to act.

Today after lunch we had a regular circus in the refectoire, we pinned our skirts into bloomers and played "leap frog" and turned summersaults and cut up all sorts of capers. We had lots of fun laughing at Mme. Magnier (who, you know, is quite stout) trying to do all the stunts. When she laid on the floor flat on her stomach or as flat as she could get, and tried to lift herself on her hands and toes, I laughed till I cried.

We received several cases from the American Hospital Supplies Association this morning, so have plenty to do sorting them. If tomorrow is pleasant shall go to Paris and buy some things for you.

We have a new pussy cat and have named him "Patsy". I am going to put a little ribbon and bell on him like I used to dress up our poor "Kitty" at home. Wonder what has become of her?

Well, be a good boy, and don't tumble into any more ditches!

Champigny, Apr 14, 1916

I have had no letter from you for three days, so I am beginning to worry. Hope one will come yet today. I went to Paris yesterday and bought you a pretty box of candy and goodies for Easter for the Officers of No. 1 Company. I hope it will arrive in time and that you will like it. I had it decorated with the ribbons of the Allies.

We are very gay here this morning. The boys are running the phonograph in the room next to the "Salle de Pensement" and Mme. Martin, Mme. Breval and I have been dressing the wounds of our patients and whatever we needed we waltzed or two-stepped over to get it and kept the boys roaring. We kept one eye on the door in case the doctor should be coming on his round and be shocked. I can understand now how the slightest little thing in the trenches to cause amusement breaks the monotony because we have to do the same thing here.

Mme. Magnier and I called on Mr. Roy when in town yesterday, and thanked him for the things he sent and asked for some more. Nothing like nerve!

Did you have any hail up in your neighborhood yesterday? For about five minutes in Paris it hailed like everything. Reminded me of Calgary. Spring seems to have lost her way.

Are you getting my letters all right now? I am writing a few lines every day. There is so little to tell you as it is about the same thing every day and I am sure my letters must sound very tiresome, but just remember no matter how short and uninteresting they are I am loving you just the same.

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## CHAPTER XXXII

April 15 to May 6, 1916

LETTER FROM R. L. HAGGARD, JR. LIFE AT THE CANADIAN BASE  
DEPOT, HAVRE. MORE CASUALTIES. MAJOR JONES ACTING COLONEL OF  
CANADIAN BASE DEPOT.

Champigny, Apr 16, 1916

My darling husband:

I was glad to get your letter and to hear that you are having your teeth and ear attended to. I see by today's paper that the Verdun wounded are beginning to arrive in Paris, so perhaps we will soon get some here. We have plenty of sick soldiers and lots to do but the sick ones don't interest us so much as the wounded. We can see the progress in a wound, but have to rely on the thermometer for the progress of the sick.

Two of our little bunnies are ill and I am afraid they will die. The other two look kind of droopy and I suppose they will go too. There is a kind of epidemic among the rabbits throughout this district now, they grow to be a few weeks old then die all of a sudden. I hope they don't get any more here, because

I make friends with them and when they die it makes me feel badly. "Patsy" is getting along fine, but hasn't opened his eyes yet.

Well, that's about all the news for today, we just seem to be waiting all the time for something to happen, I don't know just what, kind of not understandable suspense. Good night, dearie.

Champigny, Apr 17, 1916

I have just received your first two letters from the hospital and am glad you are there, hope you will be there some time, but fear they will finish you up and send you back in a hurry. I am sorry to hear that probably nothing can be done for your ear, but time and away from the big guns should be a good healer.

If you are going to be there some time I could easily go up to see you. A telegram from you and my uniform and card of identity would do the rest. I would like to see a hospital at the front.

I have rented a piano! Ten francs a month, and this afternoon we had a concert, a regular poilu concert, quite a bit off color and the artists (if you can call them such) must have come from a poilu music hall. It was awful, but the poilus enjoyed it immensely. We have quite a lot of musical talent in the hospital. Some of the nurses sing very well and also some of the soldiers. We expect to get a lot of amusement with the piano, and I shall try to get some songs and practice a little.

Well this is just a note to get in the six o'clock mail. I am afraid you have missed all my letters, as you don't mention having received any. With all my love.

Champigny, Apr 18, 1916

Your telegram reached me last night about nine o'clock but too late to reply to it until this morning. I am so sorry to hear you are not receiving my letters but it is not because I have not written. You have changed about so much recently that all my letters must be following you. Mme. Magnier was with me when your telegram came and we wrote a reply and sent it at eight o'clock this morning.

I am sending this note direct from the hospital with just the stamp of the hospital as Mme. Magnier thinks it will reach you sooner. Let me know just when you receive it. At the same time I am mailing one through the British Army P. O. so we can compare the difference in time.

We have had such discouraging news from two of our patients who were sent from here to another hospital. They were getting along nicely here but evidently the treatment was changed and one was operated on, the surgeon thinking he could do something with the sciatic nerve, and now he is not expected to live. The one I had with the bad hand had spunk enough to refuse to have his hand cut off, so he was sent on into the Midi. I can't understand why they are not left here until they are cured, this has happened to so many who have gone from here, the surgeons always seem to want to operate. Don't you let them do any idiotic thing to you.

Champigny, Apr 19, 1916

I am still looking for a letter saying you have received some of mine. You must have thought I had deserted you, but you can't get rid of me so easily. I do hope I get a letter from you tonight saying they have been able to do something for your ear. I am worried about it. Everyone here is so

interested in you, I am asked by all how you are getting along and everyone sends kind messages.

I haven't a thing new to report since yesterday. We had one "entrant, a half healed wounded poilu, a regular "poire". He wasn't here five minutes before he asked permission to go to Paris, that being refused, he came back in another five and asked to go out to buy writing-paper. I gave him that and told him he could have no permissions until the doctor had seen him. In half an hour he owned the house, had been all over it, even in the kitchen. Then I got mad and told him a thing or two and forbade him to leave the room again without my permission. He is surely crazy and evidently some hospital loaded him on to us. Well, we will soon load him on to another and so it rolls merrily on.

The dinner bell has just rung, so I'm off.

Champigny, Apr 21, 1916

Your letter with the certificate from the doctor reached me yesterday morning and I took it at once to the British Consulate to get their advice. They sent me to Major Bret, 31 Boulevard des Invalides. I had a long talk with the Major and he explained the rules and red tape to me, and said if I were his wife he could not give me permission to go to Paris-Plage, as it is in the Army Zone, and I would have to get permission from the Military Head Quarters at the front. He said if I would like him to, he would send my application to H.Q. and it would take at least fifteen days for it to go through and then he could not say it would be granted. I said it was not worth while doing that as you might be sent to another hospital in the meantime. He said if you had been seriously wound-

ed a telegram from H.Q. would have been sent me and that would pass me through. I said thank God you were not. If you go to Havre I can see you there, so let me know by telegram a day in advance.

When I returned from Paris last night I found two new wounded soldiers in my ward, I fixed them up for the night and went to bed myself pretty tired.

Received the postcards last night, they are very pretty but it doesn't look a bit warlike there. I don't see why they made such a fuss about letting me go there for a few days. Well, I'll be glad when this war is over and I wont have to ask anybody's permission to see my husband.

My darling wife:

Paris-Plage  
April 19, 1916

I was tickled to death last night to get six loving letters sent on to me from the regiment. I now feel close to you again when I know that everything is going O.K. Don't let them work you too hard, dear.

The Gazette of Tuesday contained my promotion to Major, dated back to December 15. I had given up expecting it but am naturally gratified it has gone through, especially for your sake. There is no tailor here to fix my rank badges but I can probably get that done at Havre.

Am waiting eagerly to see if you can pay me a little visit.

Paris-Plage  
April 20, 1916

I had quite a seige with the dentist this morning and am feeling a bit tired. Shall go again tomorrow. I walked around the American Hospital and spoke to several of our Canadians.



They are well cared for and, of course, like the American nurses and surgeons. I believe there are about 40,000 beds around these camps. I shall try to look over the Canadian tomorrow.

Allen, one of my officers, slightly wounded after I left, called on me yesterday. Horner, my senior Subaltern, was killed while in command of No. 1 Co. the day after he returned from leave. He was a very fine chap and we shall all miss him very much. I shall probably have to leave here on Saturday for Havre,

(continued on page 279)

I am afraid I shall miss seeing you this trip, dear, but if so we can only say "better luck next time!" The New York Herald has just arrived so shall glance at the news and then walk down to the village for a cup (or two) of tea.

Paris-Plage  
April 22, 1916

I received your letter through the A.P.O. yesterday and one through the French post office today,--so the army won! I have also just received your telegram that you will be able to get to Havre. If I find I shall be there for a few days I shall telegraph you to come. You had better wear your uniform, it will make it easier travelling.

Don't criticise the French hospitals too much, they have had so many wounded they must use all their doctors and, of course, some are not so good as others. Just "plug along", dear, doing the best you can and don't carry the whole responsibility of the Croix Rouge on your shoulders. Our own hospital service is almost too good, we've too many able bodied orderlies around who should be carrying rifles. I think the total staff here must be almost as numerous as the patients.

Paris-Plage,  
April 23, 1916

I finished up my dental work this morning, very satisfactory, and I expect to leave here tomorrow for our base near Havre and understand the doctor is recommending me for leave,--which, if granted would only be for England! I shall not take it unless you can come along too for a couple of weeks,--they'll have to spare you, that's all. My head bothers me quite a lot and I shall have to get in as good shape as possible before returning to the regiment.

Today is fortunately very sunny and many of the patients have had their beds moved out on the balcony, which is very wide

and well suited for the purpose.

Paris-Plage  
April 25, 1916

It was certainly very kind and thoughtful of all at your hospital to send me that telegram of congratulations on receiving my majority, and I appreciated it very much. I showed it to a number of fellow officers and they all thought it an act of true French cordiality.

I am now leaving for Havre and will get there sometime tomorrow. Shall send you full instructions when I have them. Bon baisers in the meantime.

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Paris-Plage  
April 28, 1916  
Champigny, Apr 25, 1916

My darling boy:

I sent you a telegram at the Base this morning to the effect that I could go to Havre whenever you sent for me, and am hoping to get an answer soon.

Your cards arrived Easter morning also your letter saying you had received your majority. I am awfully glad and congratulate you. I had forgotten all about it and supposed there was no chance of its going through.

We spent Easter very quietly. The Government issued an order that all those who were able to leave the hospitals could have four days leave for Easter. So the house is almost empty now. We had about twenty-five who stayed, and I bought eggs dyed red for them. We had a concert among ourselves in the Salle 5 and they all seemed happy.

Lou, dearest:

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Paris-Plage  
April 28, 1916

I find it is absolutely prohibited for officers' wives to

come to Havre so I telegraphed you yesterday to come to Trouville which is just across the harbor and to go to the Hotel Tivoli. I can get permission to cross over and meet you there for a few days. Just pack up a suitcase, and send me a message saying when you are leaving and come on to Trouville. If I am not there when you arrive I'll turn up shortly after. Leave for England is off.

-----

So I went, and we had three wonderful days in Trouville and Deauville, which are like twin cities and very pretty, but everywhere there were hospitals and reminders of the war. Then came those awful goodbyes again and I stood on the dock watching the little ship carrying my husband back to Havre and the front.

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My darling wife:

Havre, May 6, 1916

I had a very quiet trip over this afternoon and was not seasick a bit (honest injun). I found quite a lot of mail waiting for me. There's not a soul around here this p. m., must all be down town. I see by the orders that our M.O., Dr. Cooper-Cole

(continued on page 280½)

is back here from hospital and my Subaltern Allen is still here, also young Woolley-Dod of Calgary. They are all taking up a big draft tomorrow.

Well, dear, this is just a short note to say the sharks did not get me this time. Am enclosing a letter from Colonel Buller:

"April 24, 1916

"My dear Stanley Jones:

"Very many thanks for yours of the 19th with the welcome news that you were benefiting by your rest. I'm sorry though to hear about the ear but hope it may improve as time goes on.

"Horner is a great loss to us and real bad luck that he should have been killed. We had a toughish eight days and the weather was vile. Poor Godfrey the R.S.M. was killed and Pritchard badly wounded and in all six casualties. However, I suppose one must expect that sort of thing. The men in spite of everything kept as cheery as possible through it all.

"Friday I came to Poperinghe and tried to find you the day after we came out, but couldn't get into the place and then subsequently heard you had been moved.

"Get well and come back to us soon and the best of luck to you.

"Yours sincerely,

"H. C. Buller.

"P.S. My hearty congratulations on your promotion."

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Extract from a letter of a friend at Calgary.

"About a month ago your name was pretty freely mentioned in the papers in connection with your returning and taking command of a battalion and at the solicitation of McQueen and numerous others of your friends, I discussed the matter with R. B. Bennett,



although I was guarded in my remarks, not knowing exactly what your desires would be. We decided that you should be first consulted by the Sportsman's Association, and I understand this has been done.

"I have not yet heard the result. There are many local things in the recruiting and officering of our regiments that I know you would not countenance if you were here. There is undoubtedly too much politics and favoritism in the business; but I am inclined to boost that which is good rather than criticize that which might be open to criticism. So I have discussed the matter very little.

"I cannot tell you how glad we would all be to see you back here at the head of a battalion, fearlessly ironing out just such wrinkles as these; but remaining at all times above paltry politics and favoritism, leaving the ranks to be filled by those best qualified irrespective of the claims of friends; but while this is true, we feel that you are the best judge of where you can best serve."

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## CHAPTER XXXII

May 6 to 19, 1916

LETTER FROM R. L. HAGGARD, JR. LIFE AT THE CANADIAN BASE DEPOT, HAVRE. MORE CASUALTIES. MAJOR JONES ACTING COLONEL OF CANADIAN BASE DEPOT.

Canadian Base Depot  
May 7, 1916

Now what do you think they have saddled on me for a bit of peace soldiering? I am acting Officer Commanding Canadian Base Depot with about thirty officers and 3,000 men in my command! The C.O. went up to the front for a few days and asked me to carry on in his absence, which I am very glad to do as it is deadly monotonous around here with nothing to do. I have moved into the Colonel's hut and now have a nice large room with electric light, stove, etc. I need the latter as I was out for a walk tonight and got caught in a shower. It is raining hard again now, 11 p.m. (time I was in bed, eh what?).

I am sending you, dear, a copy of "The Listening Post" one of the cleverest regimental magazines published at the front,

also a letter from Rider Haggard. I was very sorry to hear my old Sergeant Major has been killed, he was a fine old soldier, one of the originals. There are only a few of us left now. ✓

Good night, dear.

-----

Copy of letter from Rider Haggard, Jr.

"28. 4. 16.

"Dear Jones:

"Allen has just arrived with a draft from the base and tells me you are feeling quite fit again. Am awfully pleased that you are getting on all right and am very much hoping to see you and Allen back again for good. We are all going strong here after a rather rotten trip last time. We were awfully cut up about poor old Horner, but he certainly "did his bit", and was one of the best. I wrote a long letter to his people the other day.

"I wonder if you heard also that C.S.M. Godfrey was killed. Conway is now C.S.M. Bombornais is back with us and a full sergeant. Corporal Woods is a full sergeant and Leith a lance sergeant. Goodeve has gone home for his commission and is coming out to us again soon. Rittenhouse is a full sergeant.

"Stan Martin commands the company now. They gave me four days at it after Horner's death and then sent him (Martin) up. I was not sorry as I didn't really feel competent or confident. The C.O. was awfully nice about it and said it was merely a matter of seniority and that I had done very well.

"Lance Corporal Evans was killed also. Casualties were five killed and three wounded in the company and the regiment has about sixty altogether. Stewart's company suffered most. We go in to relief dugouts tomorrow night and my leave comes at the end of the sixteen days. Wanklyn joined the company a

few days ago from Shornecliffe. I don't suppose you know him.

"Mac sends his best regards. I can answer for the N.C.O's. and we are all wanting you back right away. However, life is going quite smoothly.

"Hoping to see you back soon,

"Yours very sincerely,

"R. L. Haggard.

P.S. Heartiest congratulations on your majority."

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My darling wife:

Canadian Base Depot  
May 8, 1916

I have had quite a busy day. Held orderly room at 9:00 a.m., looked over the mail, reports, etc. and at noon a draft of twelve hundred came in from England. I inspected these at 3:00 p.m., a very fine body of men, and then made them a speech of welcome with a little good advice thrown in. Then I had a ride with Lieut. Turner, the Assistant Adjutant, on the Colonel's new horse, a big stylish animal but pretty hard to ride as his mouth seems tender and he doesn't like the curb and wants to be on the gallop all the time, so my arms are sore pulling him in, but the exercise has done me good and I'll try to work in a daily ride.

Otherwise there is nothing new to report, dear. Wilson is evidently going to accept the German assurances for what they are worth, but I feel quite certain the Huns will break loose again before long.

I have to preside these nights at mess dinner and we have quite a large party and very good service. We have been ordered not to eat any local lettuce on account of the way the gardeners water it, so our good salads are spoiled until our home grown matures. Well, must go,----

Canadian Corps Base Depot  
May 9, 1916

Have been quite quiet (O you English!) today. Had a good many cases this morning to dispose of at Orderly Room, am giving twenty-one days field punishment No. 1 for being drunk down town, and among 3000 men there are always a few for whom leave is too much. This afternoon was too wet for a ride so Dr. Cooper-Cole and I went for a nice stroll this evening.

I am sending you a few Belgian Red Cross stamps which my batman bought in Havre. Have you any new ones? Am also sending you the menu of tonight's dinner, you will notice we live pretty well for five francs per day. I hope you found everything running smoothly at the hospital. Some day when you get time take a snap of our "Honeymoon Villa" on the Marne, so I'll know it when I see it.

-----

Champigny, May 8, 1916

My darling husband:

I had a very lovely trip to Paris, the country was beautiful and it surely was "Apple Blossom Time in Normandy!" The train was a little late but I just had time to take a taxi for the Bastille and caught the 8.10 p.m. train for Champigny. I reached the hospital at 9.30 hungry and tired. Marie got some dinner for me and after a talk with Mme. Magnier, I "turned in".

Yesterday Mme. Martin was home ill, and I had her work to do. In the afternoon I went with one of the other nurses to the Trocadero; we took ten of the wounded poilus with us and heard a very fine concert, but the poilus did not enjoy it as much as the concert they had here Easter, I think it was a little bit over their heads.



When I returned to the hospital Mme. Magnier had accepted an invitation to dinner for me with some friends of hers who have a villa on the Marne. There I met a middle aged woman, very homely, a daughter of Lord X----- of England, who married the Marquis de X----- of France. After the death of her husband she obtained permission from the French Government to dress in men's clothes. I had a long interesting talk with her and she told me that man's clothes were much more becoming to her than women's because "I am so homely". But when talking with her you forget she is homely. She smoked a cigar with her café noir after dinner and I asked her how many she smoked a day, she said five. So I guess my little cigarettes won't hurt me.

-----

Lou, dear:

Le Havre, May 10, 1916

I was delighted tonight to receive your first note of the 8th, you mustn't tire yourself out too much, remember I'm your superior officer and I'll have to discipline you if you don't obey orders!

I had another long ride today. There are some very charming country lanes hereabouts and I explored quite a number of them. Tonight at dinner we had the orchestra play outside the windows, very good indeed. I rather expect the Colonel will be back tomorrow and my duties as C.O. will be over. I've enjoyed them and it is a good experience for me.

It is now 11:30 p.m., dear, so I'll turn in. I enclose you an article on Malta in wartime which will interest you, although I think he wrote with a guide-book in front of him, don't you? Bon baisers.

-----

Champigny, May 9, 1916

My darling husband:

I was glad to get your letter of Saturday last night with the letters from home enclosed. Am delighted that your friends are trying to get you back home to command a battalion, and I hope they keep on working. I don't think you are in good condition to return to the front. A few months rest would do you good, and probably cure your ear.

Well, I see Wilson has backed down again. He makes me tired. I am so disgusted I hate to read the American news. Wilson positively said that was his final note, now he is sending another. He will keep this up until the war ends, or until he is out of the presidential chair. Perhaps that is what he is trying to do.

We have one chap from Verdun, wounded in the right side, shot through the lung. It is the cleanest wound I have ever seen. It went in the back and left a little hole about the size of a small pea. Outside of spitting blood for a few days, he is all right.

It is mighty nice of the Colonel to keep you on at the Base, I guess he sees you are not fit to return, I hope he keeps you until the end of the war. How do you like being "Colonel"?

Champigny, May 11, 1916

Am enclosing some letters which will interest you. Haven't much to report. Life is getting monotonous here with only two or three dressings to do in the mornings so am starting in on supplies again. They keep us pretty well cleared out of patients, it seems the hospital is no sooner filled than it is empty again.

A funny thing happened this morning, we have had a bath tub installed and the nurses took a patient down for a bath, and

when he saw the big tub full of water he thought he was going to be drowned, and no amount of persuasion would make him get in. We finally called the Directrice and after much explaining on her part, he finally got in and I believe enjoyed it. Some of these poor poilus are so ignorant of modern inventions that it is pitiful.

I found the Baronne had made me a visit while I was in Trouville, so I am going to Paris this afternoon to see them all at the hotel.

With best love and hoping the Colonel will find you indispensable on his return and keep you on indefinitely.

Champigny, May 12, 1916

You certainly are swell at your mess with menus, and mighty good things on them too. The sight of it made me so hungry that I went out and bought a beefsteak and had Marie cook it for me, but I made sure it was not a piece of horse this time. I get very tired of boiled beef, potatoes and "haricots" all the time. However, we have a very good butcher near by also a good green grocer.

Am still doing Mme. Martin's work as she will be gone until Monday, but I had much rather be busy.

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(continued on page 285)

My darling Lou:

Le Havre, May 12, 1916

I received your letter of the 9th last night. The Colonel came back yesterday and I handed over my command to him in good shape, I hope. I had a fire drill with a "false alarm" yesterday. Over 3000 men turned out very quickly with bucket brigades, picquets, guards, etc., all in place. It is indeed a very good camp and every effort is made to make officers and men passing through comfortable, which is all that can be asked of a base depot. The new drafts are also given a very intensive training for the front, of ten days with the trenches, gas, bombs, etc.

We expect the concert band of the Scots Guards to play for us tonight, one of the best. Have just heard one of my old officers, Lieut. Pope, has been killed. He was one of the very best, an able lawyer and good soldier. Colonel Buller writes the men are keeping very cheery and fit and that it is a real pleasure to go around the trenches and talk to them. I shall be glad to get back to them.

Lunch time now, dear, so shall cease fire.

Le Havre, May 13, 1916

I have just received your letters of the 10th and 11th. The photo ~~of~~ of your first patient, Count Romero, or as you call him "Romeo" and his nurses is fine and you simply look "too sweet for anything". Tell "Romeo" I could be sick for ever with a nurse like his, eh what?

Last night I went out for a walk and was caught in the rain, got very wet so had to go to bed to get dry and did not hear the Scots Guards play. Heard this morning they were very fine.

Wheeler, of the Canada Alpine Club wrote me a nice letter. I certainly hope some day soon we can enjoy a mountain camp.

I certainly hope some day soon we can enjoy a mountain campfire together.

-----

My darling boy:

Champigny, May 13, 1916

Just a few lines as I am off for Paris and shall meet Mme. Magnier there and go with her to the Comedie Française tonight. I don't know how we will get home afterward, but suppose there is a train from La Bastille.

I have bought a bicycle and two of the other nurses have one, so we get up at five a.m. and ride all along the Marne before breakfast and watch the sun rise. Oh, it is so beautiful! Yesterday morning we were riding along and all of a sudden we heard a cuckoo bird calling and its mate answering. I was so surprised that I got off my wheel to listen. I told the nurses that it was the first time I had ever heard a cuckoo outside of a clock, which amused them immensely. This morning I rode all by myself as the other nurses could not go, and when I came to the little island where I had heard the birds the day before, I called as near as I could imitate them and soon there were two or three answering me. I did so wish for you. When you have your next leave we will take it out here in the country.

Champigny, May 14, 1916

Good gracious, someone has been using my fountain pen and it is ruined! It was a mighty good pen too. Well, I went to Paris yesterday, but I can't say I enjoyed the performance. Instead of going to the Comedie Française we went to another theatre. It was one of those French plays about a mix up between a man, his mistress and his wife. The French seem to get



a lot of enjoyment out of such plays, but although I am pretty broad minded, I think they are disgusting. We had to wait over an hour for the train to Champigny and then found it was an accommodation, so we reached home after two o'clock and I had to get up at 7.30 this morning, so I have been cross all day.

I read the account of Malta which you sent, but I think we could beat that all to pieces. He hasn't seen half of it yet. It must be interesting there now. He forgot to mention the cats along with the bells which make Valetta so musical. He forgot too, speaking of cats, to mention the catacombs and a whole catagory of other things I could mention. Still he didn't do too bad. Will you ever forget the cow on the top of the hill and what fun we had? (An old Maltese coachman who spoke no English pointed insistingly to the top of a small hill, of course we climbed it expecting a wonderful view but came face to face with a cow who seemed about to resent our intrusion, so we turned and fled. We did not notice any particular view, so decided the cow was the only one on the island, therefore a curiosity. Ed.)

I suppose now the Colonel is back, you will soon be off for the front. I hope you will get a slight wound and be sent back again soon. I really think you should not go back again with that trouble in your head. I do wish the damned old war would end, I am living now on the remnants of what was once a good nervous system.

Well, take care of yourself, dearie, and remember you have a naughty little wife loving you and praying for you to come back soon.

-----

Telegram

Le Havre, May 14, 1916

In command of 115 men for St. Cloud. Two days leave. Arrive Champigny 6:00 p.m. Love. Jones.

We had two delightful days together which we spent at Champigny, mostly in the gardens of the hospital,---then another sad parting.

-----

My darling Lou:

Le Havre, May 17, 1916

I had a very fast trip back last night, with only one stop at Rouen. Arrived at Le Havre at 8:30 p.m. and caught another train leaving at once for camp, where I found three notes from you, dear, which I at once devoured. We certainly had a nice little visit together, hadn't we? I feel now that Champigny is "home" for us both during the war and I am very happy that you are in such a good place.

And now, sweetheart, just a little scold for a change, you mustn't live on your nerves but take things quietly and philosophically (wow!) and we'll fight the Huns together like good soldiers, each doing one's duty from day to day as it comes along. Take all the outdoor exercise you can, ride on your wheel but don't break your neck, don't smoke too many cigarettes and---well I guess that is all for the time being! In between keep loving me, dear, as ever, and get my love by return wireless all the time, eh what?

"Munsey's" had a cute little war story which I enclose. You see the Princess Patricias are being immortalized in story--and patent medicine ads.!

(continued on page 287)

It is very warm here this morning and I think we may consider that summer is really here. Your cool garden will be a great comfort to you all. I have no further word from the regiment and shall simply have to keep on here until I receive orders for the front.

Bye, bye, dear old thing-----

Le Havre, May 18, 1916

Another very warm sunny morning, was up at 7:00 a.m. (true!) had a bath and then had breakfast of beefsteak and onions, fried potatoes and fried eggs, and am now feeling much better. Am sitting in my shirt sleeves while the tailor is changing the buttons on my jacket. Have also had a haircut. I think that's about all the excitement for today.

This is a deadly monotonous place when you're simply killing time and I don't blame our men from the front getting fed up with it and getting homesick for the old regiments back there. Real soldiering is so different from the training that it is hard to get into peaceful ways. Even the bugle calls jar on me now,--it is so long since I've heard them.

I enclose you a letter from Haggard, am glad the company is getting on so well. Allen is still with me here also waiting to go back.

I enjoyed the two "Eye Openers" and have passed them on. I see the "Sportsmen's Battalion" is to be commanded by two sports who after almost two years of war are still soldiering in Canada. None for me thanks!

-----

Copy of Rider Haggard's letter.

"May 12, 1916

"Dear Major:

"Have just got your letter for which many thanks. Must

first of all congratulate you on getting your "crown". It appeared in orders here the other night.

"I am enclosing a letter for Allen which arrived today also. We are all very pleased that you are quite fit again now and only hope that you will be abck soon. I gave all your messages. Well, the company is going strong. We have had a very pleasant time at the place where you left us to go on leave, but are now up in front.

"You will be very sorry to hear that poor Charles Pope was killed the other night. We are all very sad about it. I should say he was one of the most popular officers in the regiment. A rifle grenade caused the trouble.

"This company has been pretty lucky. We have had only a few men knocked out on working parties. Conway is doing quite well as C.S.M., and the other new sergeants are turning out all right.

"We have Bombounais back of the Lewis gun crowd. No more men or officers since I last wrote.

"Can't remember if I told you that Sgt. Goodeve had got his commission in the regiment, but has had to stay in England until a vacancy occurs. Van Den Berg is back and also de Bay. The "Baron" is with the Brigade Machine Guns and de Bay in 4th Co.

"The Brigadier (Macdonnell) has also returned. He came around the trench the other day and shook hands with every officer he met. I had a very nice letter from Horner's people the other day. It was very bad luck about him.

"Martin goes on leave on Sunday and I a fortnight later. We managed to get Sgt. Leith's leave in eventually. Well, I must stop. Martin and Macdonnell send kindest regards. We all hope to see you back soon. Kindest regards to Allen also.

"Yours very sincerely,

R. L. Haggard, Jr."

-----  
Champigny, May 17, 1916

My darling boy:

Well, that was a nice little visit but too short. Still small favors must be thankfully received in this war. After leaving you at the Gare St. Lazarre, I took the Metro and after changing about four times, I arrived at Vincennes and reached the hospital a little after 6 p.m. feeling blue and lonely.

Two of my "blesses" are all healed and the other two are nearly so, and now I've practically nothing to do. I hear you say "it is a good time to write some letters", but somehow that doesn't appeal to me a bit, but I shall do it anyway!

You brought the sunshine with you as usual but this time it has stayed, the garden is full of it---and soldiers. Nothing new to tell you, dearie, hope for more tomorrow.

-----  
My dearest girl:

Le Havre, May 19, 1916

Your note of the 17th was waiting for me tonight when I came back from training camp, and it brought me a sweet message of love, as usual. I took 1600 men over this morning and enjoyed the day very much watching their system of training, which is a special ten day course to fit the men for the trenches and is very good. Over 8000 were being instructed in all branches.

The sun was scorching hot and the violent exercises could only be done by men in the best of health as these men are. I also went all over the Canadian Veterinary Hospital near by and



found it a model,--over seven hundred sick and wounded horses and mules being looked after and getting the best of treatment. I met a Vet. from Calgary who gave me quite a lot of news.

Coming back this p.m. the Colonel was down town and a rush message came that the Princess Victoria would visit us and I would have to do the honours. I put on my Court manners(!) and had everything ready to receive her when we saw the motors coming, the Guard turned out ready for the Royal Salute, and the motors went past without stopping! She probably didn't want to bother us too much.

Hope the photos at the hospital turn out well, especially the ones of you and myself. Drop Lady Scott a note, I am sure she would like to hear from you once more.

Shall roll in now, dear, light my pipe, have a short read and go to sleep.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

May 19 to 31, 1916

MAJOR STANLEY JONES IN COMMAND OF TRAIN  
TAKING TROOPS TO FRONT. REJOINS HIS REGIMENT.

Le Havre, May 21, 1916

My dear little pal:

You are the onliest, sweetest, sauciest little wife in France,--in fact just pick up the dictionary, read all the best adjectives and "you is 'em!". Now how's that for a silly boy on a Sunday morning in Normandy?

Yesterday was a scorcher and this will be too. In the afternoon our boys beat the Guards at football, 3 to 1, a great game, on the Ulster Division grounds and all the Irishmen rooted for us.

Coming back we were discussing different sports and an officer asked me if I could illustrate the chief difference between baseball and cricket. I gave it up.

"Well," he said, "in cricket a player holds his hands together like a cup and a nice easy ball drops in and he lets it

slip through to the ground. All the spectators clap their hands and cry out 'Well tried, sir!' In baseball a player in centre field gets a long high fly which he runs and jumps at, just is able to touch it with the tips of his fingers and misses it. The bleachers yell 'o you mutt! Kill him! Kill him!'"

Do you understand it?

Princess Victoria really visited the camp yesterday while I was at the game. Most of the men in their letters today call her "Princess Patricia"!

Yesterday evening Major McLeod and I walked out a few miles to the Cafe des Sources on the canal bank where they have a big trout pool. We watched them swimming a while and then the old lady put in her net and caught us four nice ones and cooked them for our dinner, very nice. We also had a salad, cider and coffee. She said there were eight hundred trout in the pool. They, of course, buy them from some fish farm, dear, I'm sure you'd never eat your own fish if you raised them, they would all be pets and named, eh what? How's little Patsy? Not big enough to fight the naughty dogs yet?

Are you riding your wheel every day? If not, why not? Apres la guerre we'll buy an aeroplane and fly home together. Bon baisers.

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Champigny, May 18, 1916

My darling boy:

Today I had lunch with Mme. M. and her son George and his Lieutenant. The latter is going to get one of his poilus to make me a ring and a tiny cigarette lighter in the shape of an "obus", and as he would not let me give money for them, I shall send the chap some cigarettes as the Lt. says he will be more

pleased with them than with money.

There was an interesting marriage at the Mairie this morning. The bride and four bridesmaids were dressed in black silk bodices cut low in front, and black cloth skirts, very full and just reaching the knees. Black stockings and black sabots. The prettiest white caps I have ever seen, quite large, of fine white linen and lace and starched stiff. I was so interested that I ran out and asked permission to take a photograph when they were coming out of the Mairie. The bride very kindly consented, and as is always the case when there is anything of interest to take, I had no film in the large camera and took it with the little one. As the sun was bright I think it will be good.

It seems that in a part of France by the sea near La Rochelle, there is a place called "Sables d'Olonne" and the people still dress in this peculiar though picturesque manner. I am going to try to buy one of their caps. What they are doing at Champigny I can't imagine, unless perhaps the husband lives here.

All my poilus are out under the trees today. Thank goodness it is warm and sunshiney at last. I'm like the man from "Plumfield, Tennessee". Goodbye for today, dear old thing, all my love and prayers for your safety.

Champigny, May 19, 1916

I was glad to get your letter this morning, and to know you arrived all right and not too late at night. I read the little story from Munsey's and enjoyed it immensely. The Princess Pats are surely immortalized and will go down to history, and after the war a grand monument will be erected somewhere in Canada to those who fell, I feel sure. And so it should be. I should like to be the one to start the fund.

The "Vagemestre" is coming for the mail so no more for tonight. Good night, dear, with all my love.

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The rest of my letters were never returned.

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My darling wife:

Le Havre, May 22, 1916

Received your notes of the 18th and 19th yesterday. It surely is a comfort to get our mail so quickly, n'est ce pas? Yesterday was again very warm and I sat outside on the terrace all day. We had the orchestra and pipe band playing down in the street below and everybody enjoyed themselves immensely.

Three colonels from the British camps came over for tea and a lot of French people turned up and were greatly tickled with

(continued on page 294)



the Highland dancing, etc. In the evening "Gipsy Smith" the great revivalist held an open air service. Colonel Worthington is very kind hearted and tries to make it as cheerful as possible for everybody--Canadian style,--which our English friends really enjoy but seem unable to imitate and still maintain discipline.

I met two old South African comrades yesterday, both serving again in the ranks and real good fellows. We had quite a chat over old times.

Oceans of love, dear.

Le Havre, May 23, 1916

Yesterday afternoon the Colonel had Mme de Witt, wife of the famous Belgian Minister, and her family and some friends to tea. They were very nice. Yesterday was the anniversary of her imprisonment by the Huns. She was afterwards released. The orchestra played the enclosed programme and we had quite a time.

Last night six of us walked out in the country to a café "A la Mere Piennot" and had a glass of white wine, which as you know, dear, is more or less like vinegar.

Lou, dear, will you at your convenience buy a nice souvenir spoon of Paris and send it to "Major W. Simpson, No. 1 Trinity Villas, Sandgate Road, Folkestone." He was in the hospital with me and asked if you would be good enough to do this for him.

I hear that Charlie Stewart has been promoted to Brigade Major. I shall find a lot of changes when I get back, which under the circumstances I hope will be soon, as it is not soldiering around here and I haven't enough to do to keep me half busy. However, I am becoming more of a philosopher every day and take things as they come. A good plan, eh what?

We had a shower yesterday which cooled us off a bit and today is not so hot. I am reading a work on "Small Wars" just to

help forget the Big One for a time!

Well, dear, as I have now "taken my pen in hand to let you know I am well and hoping this will find you the same" as so many of the men say, I shall cease fire for the morning.

Le Havre, "Empire Day"  
May 24, 1916

Today is a holiday in camp and the men are having sports. I have spent the morning, as usual, helping to censor mail and my eyes are tired, thousands of letters. They usually pass the French ones on to me and I had no idea what atrocious French the uneducated can write, I can do better myself and that's not saying much, eh what?

I received your notes of the 20th and 21st last night and hope that now mine are coming more regularly. Am glad you are enjoying your wheel, keep it well oiled and when next I'm on leave I'll hire one for the week and we'll have some nice picnic trips together.

We are all glad to hear the French made such a successful counter-attack at Verdun, we'll get 'em yet! I must have a walk now as I am not getting enough exercise and should get fat but unfortunately am of the "lean and hungry kind" but I hope do not resemble Cassius in any other respect.

I enclose you the words from two songs, "There's a Long, Long Trail" is very tuneful and popular with the men. It's American. The other "A Perfect Day" is not dead from old age yet!

Le Havre, May 25, 1916

We had some very good sports yesterday, one day here is just like another,--"one damned thing after another" trying to kill time before it kills you. Allen has just returned from<sup>a</sup> conducting trip. He visited the Battalion and found them all very

happy. The officers were all wearing "shorts", bare knees, stockings and shirt sleeves for comfort.

Have written to Bruce Robinson that if I could get a fighting regiment in Canada I should be glad to take command, but not of a battalion of cheap sports who have been evading their duty so far.

Goodbye, dear, be good to yourself.

Le Havre, May 26, 1916

Am sure you will be greatly interested in your new cases, but don't do all the work yourself. The great thing to do with the wounded is to keep them cheerful and you can't help doing that. Give them all my best wishes. We are all very proud of the good fight our French comrades are putting up.

It is quite cool here today. Had a nice long walk last night and that's about all there is to do, as I don't bother about going in to Havre. I have some "posts" to read, so do not need any more literature.

Le Havre, May 27, 1916

You little spitfire! When I got your letter of the 24th I could almost see the sparks flying from it,--it was so firey! Just like your old fighting form, Lou, so I know you are enjoying life and are in good health. I wouldn't have been the head nurse about that time for an Iron Cross! There now, dear old thing, cool down a bit and always remember the difference in social status of yourself and the nurse. "Noblesse oblige" you know, dear, with you as well as with me, and since I can't quarrel with a senior officer no matter how big an ass he may be, so you must sit tight and "heap coals of fire" on her head with kindness. There now, how's that for a lecture? Think I shall have to quit the army and join Byron's Milk and Water Brigade,

eh what?

A big draft came in yesterday including a young lawyer from ✓  
Calgary who left there only two months ago so I got all the news.  
From what he says the life has very much changed there.

Well, your love is always repaid with a thousand percent  
interest, dear.

Le Havre, May 28, 1916

More fireworks! The 4th of July is not here yet, dear, so  
calm down and do not try to fight the battles of the nurses,--  
run your own show and let the others go to---where the Kaiser's  
going, eh what? Stick to Mme Magnier ~~(the directrice. Ed.)~~ though,  
and if she should leave the hospital go with her.

"Brigade Major" is a Staff appointment, not a rank, and is  
usually held by a captain as is Stewart. I have not heard but  
his may be temporary, although I'm sure he would fill the bill  
first rate.

The weather is fine again today so shall have another after-  
noon concert. I couldn't get over to Trouville again, dear, be-  
cause being on the active list now I'm liable to be warned for  
the front any minute. I hope when I get to the front the Colonel  
will let at least part of my time here count on the leave list,--  
am sure he will, which would bring my next visit probably in  
July.

Must go in now, dear, and help censor until my eyes burn. I  
don't have to do it but always believe in doing my share irrespec-  
tive of rank.

Bon et mille baisers, tout à vous.

Le Havre, May 29, 1916

I am standing by to regain the Battalion and expected to go  
up today but it may be tomorrow, so write now to the front, dear.

I hear the colonel is acting brigadier-general of our brigade and that Gault is in command.

I am sending you, sweetheart, a little souvenir, from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., for our third anniversary, which you should get before the 16th of June. It will not be very much but will bring with it a token of all the love and devotion I have for you and my best wishes for many happy years together in the future. Your love has been very precious to me and no wife has ever been a greater support to her man than you have been to me. Keep up the good fight, dear old thing, and between us we'll clip the Kaiser's claws and "live happily ever after"---eh what?

I hope there won't be much of a break in my chain of letters, dear, but if so you'll understand why. I'll give an "Easter Dinner" when I arrive, out of your box. With fondest love.

Le Havre, May 30, 1916

We didn't get away yesterday but are leaving today at noon. I shall be in command of the train. I hate missing your sweet little love letters for a few days, but the break in the chain will not be long. Hope your trouble in the hospital is simmering down and that peace has been declared.

So long, sweetheart, a thousand kisses, each one with my whole heart thrown in. Bye, Bye, dear, keep smiling,--and scrap-ping when you feel in the mood.

May 31, 1916

Just a word in haste to say I joined the regiment today, being O.C. train coming up. Everybody is well and cheerful. I find your Easter parcel O.K. but am keeping it until we come out for our next rest in eight days and then hope to give a banquet.

Au revoir, my darling, I shall feel very lonely until your



letters find me again, which they should very soon. The boys have a phonograph here playing all the old tunes like "Johnny Get Your Gun", etc. which we have not heard for years. Aren't the nights getting long now, dear, it gives us a very short night for work.

All my love, sweetheart.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

May 31 to August 4, 1916

THE THIRD BATTLE OF YPRES. THE "SWAN SONG" OF THE OLD ORIGINAL REGIMENT OF THE PRINCESS PATRICIAS. MAJOR STANLEY JONES WOUNDED AND TAKEN PRISONER. MAJOR GUALT WOUNDED. COLONEL BULLER KILLED.

On the 2nd of June occurred the Third Battle of Ypres, a surprise attack by the Germans in which the Princess Patricias again suffered heavy casualties, losing as I learned later, two entire companies one of these was No. 1, which was in the trenches at that time, the other went to the rescue.

Colonel Buller was killed, Major Hamilton Gault received several bad wounds one of which resulted in the loss of a leg. Captain Niven was badly wounded. Seventeen officers altogether wounded, killed or taken prisoner.

On the 5th of June came the terrible news of the loss of Lord Kitchener and on the same day came the following telegram to me from the War Office:

"Regret to inform you that Major Stanley L. Jones, P.P.C.L.I. is reported wounded."

I cabled to London asking where I could locate him and received the following:

"Major Stanley L. Jones, P.P.C.L.I. previously reported wounded now reported wounded and missing."

I did not give up hope but left Paris at once for London and spent a week hunting around the hospitals for someone from the regiment who could give me some information. I finally located Captain Hugh Niven. He told me all he ~~knew~~ knew which threw no light on what had become of Major Jones, as the last time he saw him the Major was leading his company into the trenches. The War Office could give me no help either.

I returned to the hospital in France and all I could do was to wait and hope and pray. The suspense was terrible! I felt at times as though my mind were giving way, I seemed to be somebody else, surely this thing could not happen to me! Everyone at the hospital was kindness itself but no one could speak English and oh, how I longed for someone who could speak my language!

On the 11th of July, 1916, over a month later, a letter came to me from Berne, Switzerland, it had several enclosures and the first four words of the first one I opened burnt into my head like red hot coals. Two days later I was told the doctor had saved me from brain fever. It was several days before I could read those awful letters. One enclosure was a letter from my husband:

Sunday, June 4, 1916

My darling Lou:

Well, darling, I hope you have not been worrying too much over the lack of news from me and that you have not had the official notice of my being "wounded and missing".

On Friday morning we had a very heavy bombardment and early I was wounded by a Minnenweifer in the back of the left shoulder and left side. At the time I thought I was finished and I remember, sweetheart, that my love for you was uppermost in my thoughts. My orderly Craig, (now Captain Gordon Craig of Vancouver. Ed.) and some other boys carried me into a mine shaft where they did all they could for me until the German infantry attacked us very heavily and they had to leave me, where I was found by the Germans.

I had to lie there thirty-~~six~~ hours with my wound undressed before they could get me out, and I must say, from first to last they have done everything possible for my safety and comfort from the two officers and two stretcher bearers who carried me out at the risk of their own lives, to the orderlies and doctors who are looking after me now.

You cannot answer this, dear, as I understand I shall be moving to Germany in a few days and shall send you my official address from there. In the meantime, darling, don't worry,---taking it altogether I have been very lucky in this war.

We may be separated for some time but our love will always hold us close together.

With all my love and devotion, I am

Your loving husband,

Stanley.

Another enclosure was from a French Canadian taken prisoner the same time:

"Dear Mrs. Jones:

"Your husband is dead. He died yesterday in this hospital at 4:00 p.m.

"The doctors did all they could to save him, but in vain.

An internal haemorrhage and the loss of blood killed him. He was wounded on Friday morning, the 2nd of June, at the long bombardment of the trenches near Zillebeke. This afternoon has been buried with all the military honours in the garden of this Convent Hospital in the city of Moorseele, Belgium. I have had permission to be present at the burial, where were a company of German soldiers and the Commander of this hospital to render him the last honour.

"With sorrow I write to you these lines, Mrs. Jones, and believe that I regret the loss of your beloved husband.

"Respectfully

"Eug. P. Buonaparte.

"I am a prisoner of war wounded in this hospital.

"Eugene P. Buonaparte, 487391  
5 University Company  
P.P.C.L.I."

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I wrote Mr. Buonaparte at once and enclosed him a fifty franc note, thinking he might be able to buy a few little things to brighten his imprisonment. I have never heard from him since and am quite sure now the money never passed the Germans.

Numerous letters began coming from Switzerland, Germany and England, each bringing the official news and its message of sorrow. On the 4th of August came the last, a Prisoner of War Postcard:

Sunday, June 4th, 1916

My darling wife:

Just a line to let you know I am a wounded prisoner of war. Was blown up by a Minnenwiefer during a heavy bombardment and got a piece through my left shoulder, but no bones



are broken and I should do first rate. Am receiving every kindness and the best of attention, so don't worry, girlie, things might be much worse, eh what? We may be separated for some time but our love will always hold us close together. Will send you my address when I arrive in Germany.

Your loving husband,

Stanley.

-----

The Two Years with the Princess Patricias were finished.

The End.

X  
Those who took part were the Pipers of the regiment, Corporals Flemming and G. D. Patterson, Lance-Corporals G. E. Harrison and J. L. West and Privates S. Nicholls, Sheridan, G. Payce and McIntyre.

Note to pg 31 -  
"We had quite a lot of talent..."