

"DUCIT AMOR PATRIAE"

NIAGARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NO. 34

"WHOSE DEBTORS WE ARE"

BY CATHERINE CREED

PRICE: 50 CENTS

PUBLISHED BY
THE NIAGARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NIAGARA
PRINTED AT THE ADVANCE OFFICE
1923

PREFACE

From the day on which the writer saw the first two boys leave Niagara for Valcartier she made a list of her ex-pupils who joined the Army. When school opened in September, 1914, this was placed on the blackboard and had added to it the names of all ex-pupils known to be doing Military Service. The pupils of the third form were much interested and kept in touch with some of these soldiers by interchanging letters. In 1915, the School Board was asked to provide a permanent roll. After the death of Inspector Ireland, Mrs. Ireland presented a hand illuminated roll, which I presume has been filled in and hung in a prominent place. The High School List was added at the suggestion of Miss Avie Evans. Very early in the War, the idea of having these Niagara soldiers write records of their service was conceived. Owing to a number of circumstances, chief of which were the men's reluctance to write, and the writer's removal from Town, this was abandoned. However, books of war experiences are many and these brief records, often but the bare official figures from Ottawa, will serve to show that Niagara has still the virile life that she had in early years. The writer is handing her work over to the Niagara Historical Society with pride, believing that few places of its size can show a better record of patriotic service. Some ex-pupils may have been missed but the wonder is not that some have been missed, but that so many have been obtained. The War Records Office at Ottawa deserves commendation. When a list of over sixty names was sent to them asking information, the answer beautifully tabulated was received within ten days.

The title has been taken from a Poem published in "Punch", a few verses of which are quoted.

CATHERINE CREED

EDITOR'S PREFACE

A few words must be added to Miss Creed's very modest preface. When this Patriotic work was undertaken, no one could have imagined to what extent it would reach or what labour would be involved. The author must have written perhaps hundreds of letters to obtain the information and the photos which we are glad to add to the pamphlet. The record will be valuable in after years as well as at the present time. The author shows her good taste in the short appropriate poem prefixed to the names of those who gave their lives. The name of the pamphlet "Whose Debtors We Are" is very suggestive to us all. The patriotism, the energy, the patience, the perseverance in the midst of discouragement, the interest in the pupils who enlisted all reflect the greatest credit for her faithful and patriotic work, on the author "Whose Debtors We Are."

JANET CARNOCHAN

"WHOSE DEBTORS WE ARE."

With generous hands they paid the price,
Unconscious of the cost;
But we must gauge the sacrifice
By all that they have lost.

The joy of young, adventurous ways,
Of keen and undimmed sight;
The eager tramp through sunny days.
The dreamless sleep of night.

No lavish love of future years,
No passionate regret,
No gift of sacrifice or tears,
Can ever pay the debt.

--- PUNCH.

WHOSE DEBTORS WE ARE

"Some have been driven by a sense of duty to do the best there was in them in a task for which they have no natural desire. Others eagerly welcome the chance to sweep straight as a falcon at a quarry which may be death; and these may come back with broken wings, or they may never come back, and word may be brought to the women who weep that they must walk henceforth in the shadow. But all alike have done their duty and more than their duty; and their souls shall stand forever in the glory of the morning; and all who dwell in this land now or who shall dwell in it in the future, owe to them a debt that can never be cancelled.

- Theodore Roosevelt.



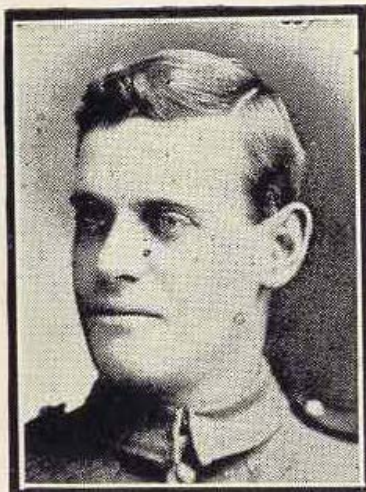
W. J. Wright



Fred Fisher, V. C.



William Perry Currie



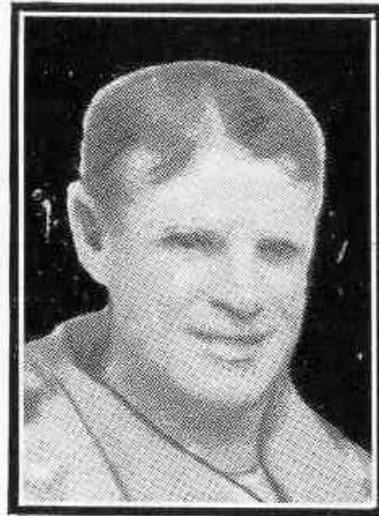
Walter Langdon Nesbit



Gordon Blake Ryan



Arthur Mills



George Brownlee



Leroy Whitside



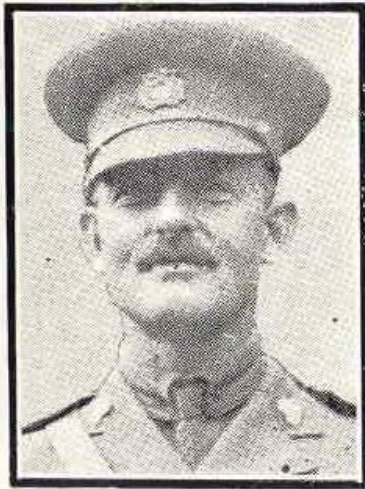
Herbert Longhurst



Charles Thompson



Robert C. Houghton



C. E. Shepherd



Reginald Thomas



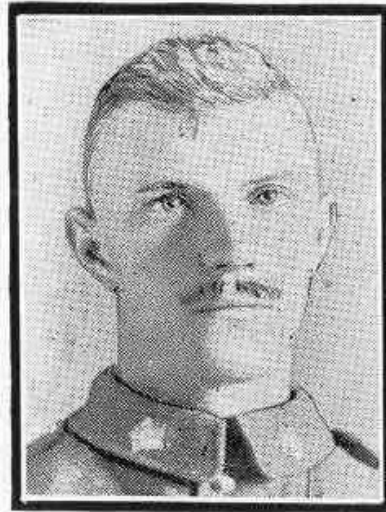
Joseph Garland Keith



Edward G. M. Fisher



Robert Follett Best



Tom Hadley Houghton



Arthur Coffey



John Harley Teeple



Carleton Nash

"WHOSE DEBTORS WE ARE"

LANCE CORPORAL FRED FISHER, V.C.

Killed in Action, April 23, 1915

He saw not where his path would lead,
Nor sought a path to suit his will;
He saw a Nation in her need,
He heard the cause of honour plead;
He heard the call and gave it heed
And now he sleeps in Flanders.
- R. J. C. Steed.

A picture taken of the third classes in Niagara Public School with the Teacher, Miss McIntyre, has two rows of boys. Charles Hainer, M.M. St. G.M, is in the centre. Fred Fisher V.C. is at one side of him and Robert Houghton on the other, Lincoln Lincoln Quinn, Earl Campbell, Roland Gardner, Clifford Reid, Herbert Walsh, Ernest Grimstead, Ernest Coleman, Ernest Kemsley, George Logan and Percy Gordon are all in the same group. The boys in the picture being from seventeen upward, when the war broke out, almost without exception, offered themselves. Three were rejected on account of physical disability. Two sleep the sleep that know no waking. Fred Fisher's name is known throughout the length and breadth of Canada as the winner of the First Victoria Cross presented to a Canadian during this War. Fred Fisher attended the public school during the period in which his father was Manager of the Sovereign Bank in Niagara. The official record is in "Canada in Flanders."
The following has been copied from "East and West", a Presbyterian S.S. Publication.

"Here is the tale of how Lance-Corporal Fred Fisher of the 13th Battalion won the First Victoria Cross granted to a Canadian soldier in the present War. It was during the heavy fighting around St. Julien in April of 1915. On the 23rd of the month, the 13th became engaged in a fierce struggle with the enemy. The latter were pressing forward, under rain of shot and shell, and the safety of a Battery of our Artillery became seriously threatened. So close did the attack approach that in order to save the Battery from capture, it became necessary to remove the guns to a place of greater safety. To cover their retreat, young Fisher, who was only a lad of nineteen, went forward with the machine gun of which he was in charge, right into the face of the enemy, and, with intrepid courage, held the Germans off long enough to enable the guns to be withdrawn. In the fighting, he lost four men of his gun team. Later in the day, when it again became necessary to protect the advance of supports, the young corporal went forward once more into the firing line and was just on the point of bringing his gun into action, when he was killed. Corporal Fisher was famous as an athlete and was a member of the 1914 Championship track team of his University. At the outbreak of the War, he enlisted with the 13th Battalion, which was raised in Montreal.

Corporal Fisher was born in St. Catharines and before the War was a student in the Engineering at McGill University, Montreal.

GUNNER WILLIAM PERRY CURRIE

Died May 4th, 1915.

And now these waiting dreams are satisfied;
From twilight into spacious dawn he went;
His lance is broken; but he lies content
With that high hour in which he lived and died.

- Herbert Asquith.

Douglas Devinny, Perry Currie, Charles Hainer, Tom Porter, Roy Maess and Herbert Brady were the first to go to enlist from our Town. They went together to join the Field Battery in St. Catharines. They were all accepted. Devinny, Porter and Brady were returned from Valcartier but enlisted again and served in France.

Perry was the third son of the late Bartlett and Mrs. Currie. His father died soon after Perry went overseas. His soldiering days were very brief. He was so badly wounded at St. Julien that he died at Aldershot, May 4, 1915. He was buried in the Military Cemetery there. The letter from the Nurse reads: Cambridge Hospital, Aldershot, May 29, 1915

"I was the sister in the ward in which he spent his last days. He came to us on the evening of May 1st. He was one of the nicest Canadian boys and one of the nicest patients I have nursed. Never once grumbled and always so thankful for what was done for him. Poor boy, he had his left arm off just above the elbow when he came to us and his left leg badly broken and wounded high up the thigh. In the afternoon of Sunday 2nd, the Doctors were obliged to further amputate the arm. On the Monday, May 3rd, he was very restless and we could see he was getting worse and weaker, general poisoning had set in. I can assure you everything possible was done for the poor boy and one of the Doctors sat at his bedside on the Monday night. He felt he could not leave the boy and the end gradually came. He passed away at 5 A.M. May 4, very quickly. He spoke of you frequently on the Monday 1st, but was unconscious some hours before he passed away. He would not have you anxious or worrying. You will feel proud of your boy. He was indeed a hero, for his sufferings were great and he bore them so bravely.

"The five other Canadians in the ward, at the time, were so dreadfully cut up at his death. He seemed to be a great favorite amongst them. He was such a fine boy and had such a kind face. We all, doctors included, feel dreadful not being able to save him."

The Nurse speaks of his kind face. After leaving Salisbury, they were billeted in Devizes. He speaks of the people being just rough and ready but good all through, then follows the kindly thought; we have good comfortable stables for our horses; it was very hard for them on the plain.

He was six weeks in this billet and must have endeared himself to the family for in July, 1915, Mrs. Currie received a letter from this family asking for news of him as they had heard nothing and were anxious.

SERGEANT WALTER LANGDON NESBIT
Died May 23rd, 1915.

Lord we believe
Thy tender love must keep
Each valiant Soldier
Who has fallen asleep.

Walter Nesbit went with the Canadian Contingent to South Africa. When the War was over, he remained there. After ten years work in the mines at Johannesburg, Walter returned to Niagara, broken in health, nevertheless when the call for men came he tried to enlist, but his wife would not give her consent as she knew he could not stand it. He tried again and was made Acting Quarter Master Sergeant in the Welland Canal Force and was a volunteer for overseas when he became ill. He died at his home in Niagara, May 23rd, 1915. He left besides his parents and three sisters a widow and three children. He won in South Africa, both the Queen's Medal with four bars and the King's Medal with four bars. The latter was stolen from him. Such preference had been given to soldiers that is was quite a common thing to steam a medal and name and thus obtain employment. He was in the South African Constabulary for three years.

When the Zulu Rebellion broke out and Royston's Horse was sent to quell it, Walter tried to enlist. They were in full force however and would take no one. He followed them, day after day, across the veldt and up into the hills. Then his perseverance had its reward, someone dropped out, he was taken in. He served through the Campaign, obtained the medal, Zulu Rebellion, 1906, Natal. There were only a thousand of these struck and not half a dozen of these came to Canada. Captain Straight knowing of only three, his own, Walter Nesbit's and that of one other.

GORDON BLAKE RYAN
Died January 31st, 1916.

He is dead the beautiful youth,
The heart of honour, the tongue of truth
He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was as blithe as a bugle call
The cheer of whose laugh whose pleasant word
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.
- Longfellow

Gordon Ryan was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. William Ryan of our Town. He was always an active boy, fond of and taking part in games of all sorts. He was a member of the Boy Scouts, also of the Bugle Band and Town Band. He was a member of the Methodist Church and President of the Epworth League.

He had gone through all the Classes of both Public and High School and was Clerk in the Town Branch of the Imperial Bank when he enlisted in the Band of the 92nd Highlanders. He moved with his Regiment to Toronto, where he contracted measles.

He was apparently better when he took pneumonia and died very suddenly, January 1st, 1916, dying in the great cause just as much as those who gave up life in the field of battle.

His body was brought home and a public funeral held that his townspeople might pay their last respects to one who had always commanded the respect of all. His young friends came from Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines, many of them in Khaki. The home guard from Butler's Barracks provided the firing party and sent as many men as possible.

The cadets from the public school under Major Sproule also attended the funeral. The sympathy of the whole community goes out to the sorrowing father and mother and sister.

PRIVATE ARTHUR MILLS

Died August, 1916.

Upon the deathless battlefield, where all
The pulses leap responsive to the beat
Of martial music, and amidst the heat
Of mortal strife is heard the inner call
The Nation's need - which ever hold in thrall
Heroic souls - never to know defeat
But go with high unshrinking heart to meet
The foe - it would not seem so hard to die.
- E. W. Wilcox.

Arthur Mills has not lived in Niagara for a great many years, but as a small boy attended our school. He was a grandson of the late Wm. Winterbottom -- of our town. With a man of his age enlisting is not an impulse to be regretted but an act following the conviction that it is a duty. From his letters, we gather he took pride in his work and in his Regiment, and was thoroughly interested in all the duties of a soldier. His tent fellows are the very finest -- Their regimental site is the best. "We have the best Battalion getting into camp, not a man missing and on record time." is a sentence from a letter showing what his Commanding Officer calls his "bright and optimistic" point of view. The Colonel's letter goes on to say, "Pte. Mills while with us proved himself to be a competent soldier and bore an exemplary character."

Private Arthur Mills, of the 170th Battalion, died of pneumonia at Camp Borden, August, 1916. One more gone for England's sake - giving up life that the honour of Britain might be mentioned as truly as if he had fallen facing the foe in far off Belgium.

GEORGE BROWNLEE

Missing Sept. 15, 1916

And those that leave their
Valiant bones in France

Dying like men
They shall be famed.
--- King Henry V

Perhaps the saddest word in the casualty list is "Missing", months later followed by "Presumed to have died." When we see killed in action, we think of death coming too quickly for suffering. When it is died of wounds, we have visions of kind and skilful nurses and doctors, but the word missing brings no comforting afterthought. This is the fate of George Brownlee, youngest brother of Mrs. John Elliott of our Town. His schooldays were spent mostly in his native town of St. Catharines but he attended school here one year while living with his cousin, R.J. Allen. My first knowledge of his enlistment was through a letter from Edward Wooton dated Belgium, July 28, 1915.

"Did I tell you that I had seen George Brownlee! I met him one day along the road, driving a team. He recognized me. I should never have known him. He looks well but is thin to what he used to be." Captain C. Bell in speaking of Niagara boys he had met, says almost the same words, "I met George Brownlee one day driving along a road in Belgium."

He had gone across with the Engineers in the Spring of 1915 and remained with his unit till September 15, 1916, when he was missing.

Presumably a shell met him one day on a road in Belgium and no more is ever seen or heard about him.

LEROY WHITSIDE

Died November 11th, 1916.

They never fail who died in a great cause.
- Byron.

On November 11th, 1916, the following notice appeared in the papers. Relatives at Delhi have been informed that Roy Whitside, eldest son of the late W.H. Whitside, of Delhi, was killed in action. He graduated from the S.P.S. Toronto. He enlisted from the West whither he had gone to follow his profession as an Engineer. He had been in Europe for a year or more.

Mr. W.H. Witside was the manager who opened the Niagara Canning Factory. Leroy attended our Public School from September to December each year until he was in fourth class.

The information obtained from Ottawa is that Lieutenant Leroy Whitside enlisted in Sewell, Manitoba in the 46th Battalion on the 9th day July, 1916, and died of wounds, November 11th, 1916.

GUNNER HERBERT LONGHURST

(83679, 14TH BATTERY, 4TH BDE. C.F.A.) Died May 14th, 1917.

The future's gain
Is certain as God's truth; but meanwhile pain

Is bitter, and our tears are salt; our voices take
A sober turn, our very household songs
Are heavy with a nation's griefs and wrongs
And innocent mirth is chastened for the sake
Of the brave hearts that never more shall beat,
The eyes that smile no more - the unreturning feet.
- Whittier.

How well I recall both the first time and the last time I was with Herbert Longhurst; the pretty, delicate looking, white haired boy and the handsome stalwart man in Khaki. He was the youngest son of the late James Longhurst. As a lad, he liked the great open air. He knew the haunts of bird and beast about "The Two" and "The Four", never so happy as when he had a gun and a few traps. The routine of business was irksome to him but from France he writes, "If my luck holds out, it will be the simple and quick life for me." His love of animals revealed itself even in the trenches. He had as a pet a white rat and writes, "he sure is a pretty good pal." He delighted to tell of its narrow escapes but it died the day Herbert was wounded the first time towards the end of October, 1916. In a letter just before this, he had written "We consider them lucky who are wounded just enough to be sent to Blighty." This first wound was in the hand and was not enough to put him among the lucky ones. I have quoted elsewhere Herbert's description of their rather grimy appearance and of the private bath in a pig's sty. I will hear quote from his letter described the Christmas of 1915.

December, 1915. I guess we will enjoy Christmas in our little dugouts. We are saving up our parcels till Christmas. We all get a few you know -- We are going to buy a roast of pork so we will make out somehow. I had a nice parcel from the old country, it was a dandy roast chicken, cake and mince pies. I wasn't very long getting rid of it, is the next sentence, which didn't look like saving up.

December 29th, 1915. He wrote - We had a fairly good Christmas. Although it wasn't like being back home, it was a good deal better than I thought it would be. We had some boxes sent to us and one of the boys had a turkey sent to him. We managed to have a very nice meal. We just got settled down nicely to eat when the side of our dugout fell down so we just had to get busy and build it up and make a fresh start. Everything was very quiet in the Trenches, you would hardly know there was a War on. Of course, I was thinking how much better it would be at home.

Mrs. Wickwre who as nursing sister Muriel Armstrong, was in the clearing station that Herbert passed through, tells that he might have lived had he not strained himself walking the four miles to this Station, when he might have been carried. - No - I can walk, Take someone else he said. How this War has brought to light the divine spark hidden in such quiet reserved natures. He lived for three days. The doctors, hoping to save him, operated, but he died during the operation. He lies in the Military Cemetery in France.

PRIVATE CHARLES THOMPSON
(No. 412632) Died July 17, 1916.

Sleep on, ye brave; the shrieking shell

The quaking trench, the startled yell.
The fury of the Battle Hell
Shall wake you not, for all is well.
Sleep peacefully, for all is well.
- C.B. Galbreath.

Extract from a letter from Charles Thompson, dated.....
Somewhere in France, June 16, 1916.

The part of the line we now hold is very hot - either one side or the other takes a trench. If the Germans take a Trench, we have to counter attack and take it back from them again -- that is what happened on the 13th of June, we made a counter attack and in the charge, I received a shock from a shell which laid me out and buried me up, that is all that I can tell you. I do not remember anything until I found myself in the hospital suffering from nervousness from being under fire so long - and my back is hurt a little but I think I will be over it soon. The Nurses are very kind to me here at the base hospital - they can't do enough for one - They seem to think here that the War will be over this summer. I hope so, for I will see you all soon and will be glad when I step foot on the shores of dear old Canada once again."

Poor chap, such gladness was not his, he sleeps in foreign land far from the shores of his native Canada. (Perhaps he would like that in time, A Canadian Maple should cast refreshing shadows o'er his grave).

He recovered from his wound mentioned in the letter quoted, rejoined his Regiment, and must have been killed almost at once, for the official notice gives the date as July 16, 1916. As a postal card was received from him July 17 - his mother hoped against hope that a mistake had been made. She feels the loss keenly. This is the first death in a family of ten children. Charles had been one of those boys careless of school duties and later sometimes careless of home ties, but something of the seriousness and sacredness of life seems to have come to him in obeying the great call of duty to his country. His letter to his family were regular and like those of many others, surprised everyone by the interesting matter he managed to send.

By the letter quoted first, we see his love for his native land - This Canadianism comes out in other letters - "If the Germans take a trench from us, we will have it back by morning. We don't let them put anything over on us - they are scared of the Canadians, one of our soldiers is worth four of them. If when advancing their leader is killed, that settles it, they will at once retire in all directions. With this strong Canadian feeling, he makes other claims, he writes, "I am a Scotchman now, I wear the kilts. They call us the women of hell over here.

In a letter dated March 17, 1916, he says. "This is my birthday and I came out of the trenches with a bunch of shamrocks in my cap." This had been sent to him from Niagara by his niece Miss Muriel May. In a letter dated April 26th, 1916, he writes, "I have been in a terrible battle since I last wrote to you. It is a wonder I ever came out alive, for five hours, we, the Canadian, French and British underwent a severe bombardment from the German Artillery and trench mortars, and shells bursting all around. Our trench was blown in, a lot of our Battalion were killed and wounded. The stretcher bearers had more than they could do for some of them got hit with shrapnel. I

turned in and helped them to remove the wounded and dress the poor fellows' wounds. Some of the wounded were buried and could not be got out under such a terrible fire. I lost two of my chums that joined with me in Canada, and came over with me in the same draft; I have not been hurt, it just luck.

Charles Thompson was born in our Town and spent all his boyhood days here. The family moved to Niagara Falls, one sister Mrs. Thomas May remaining here. He enlisted at Belleville in the 13th Battalion, in April 1915, and left Canada with the 39th Battalion. He is buried in the Railway Dugouts, Burying Grounds, Belgium.

PRIVATE ROBERT C. HOUGHTON

(No. 800176). Killed in action on August 15, 1917

He was more than wise,
His was the proudest part;
He died with the glory of faith in his eyes,
And the glory of love in his heart
And though there's never a grave to tell
Nor a cross to mark his fall
Thank God: we know that he "batted well"
In the last great game of all.
- Service.

Robert, the third son of Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Houghton, was born in Niagara and lived here till after writing Junior Matriculation when he went to Cleveland, Ohio, and took up a course in draughting. As soon as he could, he followed the example of his older brothers and signed up in January 1916. He trained with the 134th Highlanders at Camp Borden and left there for overseas in August of the same year. His stay in England was short. He was transferred to the 15th Battalion and went to France in October, 1916. He was with his brigade in every engagement till August 15, 1917 when he was reported missing. His comrades reported he was only slightly wounded but mistakes are made in the confusion of battle and the missing was later changed to killed in action.

CAPTAIN C. E. SHEPHERD

Killed in action, Oct. 26, 1917

He died the noblest death a man may die
Fighting for God and Right and Liberty;
And such a death is Immortality.
- John Oxenham

Edwin Shepherd or Ted as he was familiarly called, was the eldest son of Magistrate Edwin Shepherd and Mrs. Shepherd. He was one of those rare men who never lost the vision splendid. He had not lived in Niagara for over twenty years, but on his rare visits one could see the indomitable spirit shining through his clear eyes. In his presence, was always confidence both in his goodness and strength. None of his friends

were surprised when they learned that he had thrown up everything and was entering heart and soul into enlisting a Company to take overseas with him. For many years, he had taken an interest in Military affairs and had taken the Officer's Course in Toronto. He was in his military days, attached to the 23rd and then to the 98th Algonquins. When the 159th was formed, he joined that and himself recruited almost every man in the Company. He received his majority in Camp Borden. He was offered a fine position in England but he had gone over to fight and so reverted and went to France as a Lieutenant. He writes from France:- My men are fine brave fellows; there is a great wonderful love between us and our men. They look to us as a father and we love them as they were our own sons and do everything possible for them. It is a wonderful idea, brotherly love. We have a splendid lot of Officers in our Company, such fine, gentlemanly, happy fellows. In a letter dated Sept. 10, 1917, he wrote: "I am very lonesome tonight, I am all that is left of the Company of Officers. It is hard to part with a bunch of good fellows. I have three of my platoon yet. I feel "like one who treads along some banquet hall deserted." His great gift of love, and appreciation of others did not pass unacknowledged. Let me quote a paragraph from a letter to Mrs. Shepherd from a private soldier, personally unknown to her -- "I first knew your husband when he commanded a Company in the 159th Battalion at Camp Borden, where he earned the respect and regard of not only his own, but those of the entire unit. When I came to France, he was second in Command of a Company in this Battalion and as I am employed in the Battalion Orderly Room, I have a good opportunity of learning with what favour he was regarded by the Officer Commanding the Battalion.

He had in his Company, many of the men of the old 159th and they were with him when he died. He led those men who knew and trusted him so well over the parapet at 5:40 in the morning of the 26th of this month (October, 1917) in an attack which has been described by the old soldiers of the unit, as the most brilliant in its history and which under the condition of mud, rain, cold, wind and murderous fire from the Enemy, was a phenomenal piece of work. It will I know, be some consolation to you and your family to know that your husband died facing the enemy, and showing that example of coolness and bravery which made the reputation of Canadians as fighting men what it is today. When a man has to die in this game, it is a mercy for him to be killed instantly as Mr. Shepherd was. To lie wounded, and to lie out in the mud of Flanders in these cold October days is to die more deaths than one. Another sentence in the same letter read:- "A few months ago, Mr. Shepherd obtained from me a list of the old 159th men in the Battalion as he said he wished to forward it to North Bay with the idea of providing the boys with a Christmas box. It was this regard for his men which made him so popular and which will make his loss so felt. These words, unsolicited and unofficial, are a fine tribute.

Letters from friends among the Officers tell the same story. They all tell of his cheerfulness and fine spirits, his coolness and bravery and his thought for the welfare of his men. Seven times before this he had led his men over the top. This time, a sniper's bullet got him when about fifty yards over. Quoting from a letter - He died as a hero leading victorious troops who gathered at the front from which they went after and they were the only outfit to carry their object that day. It is hard not to quote many more of these letters, but I will just take a sentence or two from that of his friend, a Chaplain of the Battalion. - Just before he went up the line, he attended Holy Communion. I know

from conversation with him that his confidence and trust were placed in God. What a comfort at such a time, as this to be able to leave our loved ones in God's care and keeping - He is gone - What fairer death could we wish him or what nobler heritage could he leave to his sons than the record of such a life and death. A few days after word was received of his death, he was gazetted Captain.

REGINALD THOMAS
Killed November, 1917

Blow out your bugles over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old
But dying has made us rarer gifts than gold
These laid the earth away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy and that unhopd serene
That men call age; and those who would have been
Their sons, they gave their immortality.
- Rupert Brooke.

Reginald Thomas was born in Wiltshire, England and was a boy of probably 12 years old when he came to Niagara. His School days here were brief as his mother needed his help. He worked on the Hiscott Fruit Farm for several years, leaving there to enlist.

He went overseas as a signaller in the 98th. At the front, he seems to have been with the bombers in the 20th. In the summer of 1917, he was in a rest camp which I gather means a change of work. He was on a farm working hard. He finds French farming different from fruit growing in the Niagara Peninsula, but hoped that it would be "for the duration." He was sent back to the lines and was acting as a guide for Stretcher Bearers when he was struck by a shell and killed instantly. The lad was barely twenty years old but felt the responsibility of being the man of the house. Every letter of his is full of loving thought for his mother who has the sympathy of the whole community in her bereavement.

ROBERT FOLLETT BEST
Died February 18, 1918.

O, Mother! Lift they weeping eyes
Say through the sobs that choke thy breathe
My son he was. God's soldier let him be.

Of the three grandsons of the late Robert Best of our Town, one has been killed in action, one has lost an eye and carries an all but useless arm; and the third Robert Follett Best died Feb. 18, 1918, at the Base Hospital in Toronto, just three weeks after enlisting.

Though then only 17 years of age, it was not the first attempt to enlist. He had tried both the Army and the Navy. He had been rejected from one on account of his age, and from the other because of defective vision. He finally succeeded in being accepted as

a Bugler in the 2nd Central Ontario Regiment stationed at Exhibition Camp, Toronto. He contracted spinal meningitis and was found lying in his hut unconscious. He was taken to the Hospital and his family are satisfied that everything that could be done was done for him. His body was brought to Niagara and was laid out with Military Honours in the Family Burying Plot in St. Mark's. He was intelligent above the ordinary, too full of life and spirits to make a student but our land is full of opportunities for one of his capabilities and our hearts go out in sympathy for the family whose hopes were centered in him.

PRIVATE TOM HADLEY HOUGHTON

Killed in Action October 1, 1918.

Tom Hadley Houghton, eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Houghton spent all his school life in Niagara and went to Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A. to enter business. He married and settled there. When War broke out, he found that he was still a loyal British subject.

He was not accepted when he volunteered at first, but was able to sign up at Niagara, on May 31st, 1915. He left with the 36th Battalion for England on the one hundredth Anniversary of Waterloo. He was in England but a short time, when he volunteered for duty on a hospital ship. He did duty at various Hospitals in Alexandria, Gibraltar, Lemnos Island, Suvla Bay, Malta and Salonika. He was on the ship that last took off the wounded and sick from Gallipoli before the evacuation. Tom Houghton was of a strong, positive and sympathetic character and had the power of concentrating his mind upon any work he had to do. We know that his hospital work was done with sturdy ability and unsparing kindness.

But when he returned to England with Number 4 Hospital, he thought that he was more needed in France and transferred to the 4th Battalion for active service. He was in a number of engagements. He fell in action, the first day of October, 1918.

CORPORAL JOSEPH GARLAND KEITH

Died October 29, 1918.

Of all human things, nothing is more honourable or more excellent
than to deserve well of one's country. - Cicero.

Garland Keith, the third son of Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Keith, enlisted for overseas early in the summer of 1916. After serving in Niagara Camp, he was rejected for overseas, but was drafted into the Frontier Guard. He served at DeCew Falls, till discharged June, 1918.

In October, he took the "Flu" and died on the 29th of the same month. He left besides his parents and brothers, a widow and a posthumous son.

PRIVATE EDWARD G.M. FISHER

(No. 3107864.) Killed November 6th, 1918.

And in the morning, we shall not forget them.

In the evening we shall remember them.

Edward Fisher, better known to his schoolmates as "Ted" came to school in Niagara for one season only. He was in the Senior Third at the time and was very popular with the boys. He with his family removed to Grimsby. He enlisted in Hamilton with the 2nd C.O.R. on the 20th day of February, 1918. After a month in Hamilton, another in St. Johns, and a short stay in Nova Scotia, he went overseas and arrived in England May 28th, 1918.

He went to France, September 20th with the 4th C.M.R. and was transferred to the 25th Nova Scotia Battalion. On November the 6th, he was killed in action near Valenciennes and buried near there. He had been a little over eight months in the Army. His mother's only remark about him was, "He was a dear boy and a good soldier." That indeed is all that need be said.

LFT. ARTHUR COFFEY

(U.S. Aviation Corps) Died Dec. 31, 1918

We did not give you - all unasked you went
Sons of a greater Motherhood than ours;
To our proud hearts your loving brief lives were lent
Only we hear, when we have lost our all
That far clear call
- Punch

Arthur Coffey, second son of Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Coffey of New York, attended our Public School for a time. He was fond of athletic sports and was Captain of the Princeton Tennis Team. He enlisted in the Naval Reserve Force on April 27th, 1917, going for training on J.P. Morgan's Yacht, which was one of the convoy to abroad with Pershing's troops in June of that year. In the same month, he was granted his diploma by Princeton University. While at Brest, he had trouble with his eyes and returned to the United States for treatment in September. In April, 1918, he went to train for aviation at the Princeton Training School, graduated from there in July and went at once to Georgia where he obtained his commission in October. From there he went to Arcadia, Florida. He was very proud of his Wings and he deserved to be for it is hard and dangerous work obtaining them.

He went home on December 23rd, for Christmas vacation; was taken sick with Influenza and the next day he died, December 31, 1918.

GUNNER JOHN HARLEY TEEPLE

(No. 334064). Died April 21st, 1921.

The pain we have to suffer seems so broad,
Set side by side with this life's narrow span,
We need no greater evidence that God
Has some diviner destiny for man.
- E. W. Wilcox.

Harley Teeple attended the schools of Niagara while his father was Minister in charge of the Methodist Church here. He enlisted at London, Ontario, on December 1st, in the 63rd Battery, C.F.A. He served in England in the Reserve Brigade. He was demobilized January 25th, 1919. He caught a very heavy cold while in England and was in the Military Hospital in Hamilton, till a short time before his death which occurred at his home in Grafton, on April 21st, 1921.

LIEUTENANT W. J. WRIGHT

Killed In Action, August 26, 1917

A brief appreciation of the late Lieut. W.J. Wright,
spoken on Sunday morning in St. Andrew's Church
Niagara, by the Pastor, Rev. A.F. MacGregor, B.A.

I think that I may say we are all in sorrow because of the passing of Lieut. W.J. Wright. We, who know him as the Principal of the High School and as a member and elder of this Church, find it hard to believe that he is gone. Brilliant as a student, gifted as a Teacher, as a Soldier he has left an undying record.

Our hearts go out in sympathy to the loved ones at home. Our tears flow with theirs, and though we cannot visit his grave, nor place on it a wreath of honor, we can cherish recollections of his worth, his kindness, his valor, and his sacrifice; and remembering that there is a realm and home for liberty, for love and aspiration and service, above these changeful skies, we have good hope through grace that after the strife is past and the work of the day is done, the loved in Christ we have lost awhile will be ours again. Therefore, we say not "Farewell" for we know that we shall meet again in the Summerland of life and joy. Miss Carnochan has written an appreciation of the late Mr. Wright, former Home Master of Niagara High School, which was published in Pamphlet No.31 and from which the following is taken:

"He qualified as Lieutenant in 1914, and afterwards as Captain, went overseas in August, 1916, and to France in October, 1916, to the 19th Battalion. His death took place in the attack before Lens at Hill 70, August 18th, 1917.

A few extracts from Pamphlet 31: Mr. Wright was a Gold Medalist of Toronto University, in 1895, and gained his M.A. in 1897 when 22 years of age. Although having a wife and three children, he enlisted from a sense of duty. From letters received from him while in the trenches, much can be gleaned showing his loyalty, his cheerful spirit, his keen sense of duty. From brother Officers and old pupils many tributes have been paid as "There is no braver or better loved officer, than Lt. Wright; he never asks his men where he will not go himself." and again, "No man ever answered the call of King and Country with a purer motive. No spirit of adventure actuated him, he went because he loved Britain and British institutions and British Liberty. " His letters abound in witty sallies and are all marked by strong common sense, patriotism, love of books and love of justice and liberty and a strong religious vein. He says "I have few books, Virgil's Aeneid, New Testament; I would like a Hamlet and one of the Iliad, but we cannot carry much." When the tablet was unveiled at St. Mary's, it was said that this was the only case of a tablet to a Principal of a Collegiate Institute who had given his life. The various tributes paid all attest he was a keen student, a brave soldier and a Christian gentleman.

Veterans, you are the remnant of many a well fought field.
- Webster. Bunker Hill Speech.

"There is hardly a man who will not return from the War, bigger than when he left home. He may be rougher in manner. But it will not be for nothing that he has learnt to endure hardship without making a song about it, that he has risked his life for righteousness' sake, that he has bound up the wounds of his mates and shared with them, his meagre rations."

-Donald Haskey. A Student in Arms.

GUNNER ANSON ARMSTRONG

A rule is known by its exceptions. The War Records Office at Ottawa is wonderful in the way it is able to give information asked for. But in reply to inquiries about Anson Armstrong, they say that they are unable to identify. However, we in Town know that Anson, although never a robust boy, followed his sister and brothers into the Army.

He served in England only, and was discharged unfit for service at the front.

BDR. IVAN ARMSTRONG

No. 13613

Ivan Armstrong was serving on the Police Force of Toronto when he enlisted in the 4th Brigade, C.F.A. on December 3rd, 1918. While he was serving in France, his wife, who had gone to England with their son, died from shock during an Air Raid. He returned to Canada and received his discharge September 13th, 1918.

J. RAYMOND ARMSTRONG

No. 210062

Raymond is the youngest son of Mr. & Mrs Armstrong who had three sons and a daughter serving in the Army. Raymond signed up with the 44th on January 8, 1915, later he was transferred to the 3rd Battalion, Toronto Regiment, with which he remained until it was demobilized April 23rd, 1919. This was the First Regiment to cross the border into Germany, and remained there on guard duty till relieved by English troops in January, 1919. Like almost everyone else, Raymond does not care to enlarge upon his experience but gives a list of the main battles in which he, with his Regiment, took part: Vimy Ridge, Fresnoy, Hill 70, Arras, Passchendaele, Amiens, Monchey.

NURSING SISTER MURIEL ARMSTRONG

Muriel Armstrong offered her services immediately after her graduation from a Montreal Hospital. Her enlistment in No. 2 Hospital General, dated London, England, February 24th, 1915. She served in France. The date of her discharge is July 18, 1917. While overseas, she married Doctor Wickware in service with the Canadian Medical Corps.

LIEUTENANT CHARLES AVERY

When the late Dr. Buel Avery was compelled, on account of his health, to leave Niagara, Charles was but a small boy but had attended the Public School for a term. He enlisted as a Gunner (No. 63489), in the 14th Battery, C.F.A. in Toronto, March 27th, 1915. He served till demobilized in Toronto, March 27th, 1919.

GUNNER GERALD BALL

(No. 340167)

Gerald Ball is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. Alfred Ball and a descendant of the well known United Empire Loyalist family of that name. He attended the private school of Miss Servos and the Niagara High School. He was accountant in the Imperial Bank at Welland, when he signed up at St. Catharines, January 18th, 1917. He served in France in the 8th Brigade, C.F.A. He was demobilized June 11th, 1919.

CADET GEORGE JOSEPH BARRACK

George Barrack, although born in Niagara, is an American Citizen. He spent part of every year with his grandmother, the late Mrs. Stephen Sherwood, attended the Public School at those times. He had tried to enlist several times in Canada, but had been rejected on account of a weak ankle and an almost imperceptible lameness. He was rejected on the same account when the United States first entered the War. On October 24th, 1917, he was accepted as chauffeur in the Air Service. He served at Fort Slocum New York, and in Texas. His physical disabilities were the cause of his failure to get training as a Pilot, but he was sent to the Gunnery School to be trained for a commission in aerial gunnery. After six weeks course, he returned to Texas. Later, while testing guns for the protection of New York City, he had a crash. About the middle of June, 1918, twenty-five of the cadets were sent to Doncaster for advanced training from English Officers. According to George, the twenty-five did not take very kindly to English discipline. They were still in Doncaster when the Armistice was signed. George landed in New York, Dec. 4th and received his discharge February 29th, 1919.

CAPTAIN C. J. BELL

Captain J.C. Bell, an old Niagara Public School boy, enlisted as Private in the 44th Lincoln and Welland Regiment (Militia) for various reasons. First, because an attack of homesickness for his boyhood surroundings produced an overwhelming desire to take advantage of the opportunity to spend twelve days in a training camp so near the many friends and companions of his school days, and second because of his love for his country, and in what better way could he prove it than by wearing the King's uniform!

After attending a few annual trainings with the 44th, he found that the old "common" lacked much of the charm he remembered as a boy when he roamed its broad acres free and unfettered with the boys from the "Dock". It was very different in a stuffy red coat, forming fours in the scorching rays of "Old Sol."

So he transferred his affections from the Infantry to the Artillery and had the pleasure of doing his training on the Niagara commons on a horse which was less tiresome.

At the outbreak of the War, the 7th Battery, C.F.A. in which he held the provisional rank of Captain, offered its services to a man for overseas. The Battery was mobilized in St. Catharines and sailed as a Unit in the 3rd Artillery Brigade, 1st Contingent. On

Salisbury Plain, the 1st Canadian Division was formed from this contingent and many officers were obliged to revert to a lower rank in order to go to France.

Captain Bell reverted to the rank of Lieutenant and went to France with his division in February 1915, and served through all the battles in which the Canadians fought until January, 1917. With the exception of a few minor scratches and various jobs, he came through unscratched. He was invalided to England with severe case of Trench Fever contracted at the Somme and returned to Canada after a protracted period in an English hospital. Shortly after his arrival in Canada, he was put in command of the 63rd Battery at London, Ontario, and later commanded No. 1 Artillery Depot at Guelph, which post he held till the demobilization of the overseas forces in Canada.

Headquarters, M.D. No. 1

London, Ontario.

Jan. 24, 1919.

My dear Miss Creed,

I am in receipt of your letter of the 13th Instant, which was forwarded to me from St. Catharines.

To be among the names of ex-pupils of the Niagara School who served in the War will give me much pleasure indeed.

I will write to my sister in St. Catharines and have her send a photograph as you requested, having none with me here in London. Here are the particulars of my service:

1. Enlisted for overseas with the 7th Battery, C.F.A., at St. Catharines on August 5th, 1914.

2. In France and Belgium twenty-six months.

3. Canadian Field Artillery, 1st Contingent.

4. Operations: 1915 - Fleurbaix, Laventie, Neuve Chapelle, 2nd Battle of Ypres, Festuvert, Givenchy, Ploegsteert, Kemmel Messines, Bois Grenier. 1916 - Ypres Salient,

Mt.Sorrel, Sanctuary Wood, Zillebeke, Hill 60, Blauport Farm, Menin Rd. The Somme - Thiepval, Mouquet Farm, Poziers, Leipsig Redoubt, Courcelette, Regina Trench, Grandcourt.

The above is a summary of the principal engagements in which I participated with the 3rd Brigade, although there were numerous minor actions, that appeared in the communiqués as: "On the western front, there was artillery activity", etc.

Trusting this may prove satisfactory, I remain,

Yours very truly, Chas. J. Bell, Captain.

SERGEANT WILFRED H. BLACK, M.M.

Wilfred Black is the oldest son of Mr. John Black, who was for many years the Manager of the Canning Factory. He was still a schoolboy when the War broke out. He enlisted in Toronto on January 12, 1916, with the 134th Battalion, 48th Highlanders, and went overseas on August 9th, 1916. On October 10th, he went to France and joined the 15th Canadian Infantry serving continually with that until discharged in Toronto, May 10th, 1919.

He was wounded at Arras in 1918, and was awarded the Military Medal after the Battle of Amiens.

HERBERT GEORGE BRADY

(No. 227094)

Herbert Brady, formerly of our Town, was, when he enlisted living with his parents at Lake Lodge, the home of the first rector of St. Mark's, Mr. Addison, from whom he is descended.

He enlisted first in August, 1914, but was discharged at Valcartier. He enlisted again at St. Catharines, November 21, 1915. He went overseas in April, 1916, and was in France in September, 1916. He was wounded at Vimy Ridge, 9th April, 1917, and was sent to England. He was there till March 28th, 1918, when he was sent back to France. He was in France till the end and spent six weeks in Germany. He went back to England, April, 1919. He married while there. He received his discharge August 19th, 1919. He is now living in St. Catharines.

GUNNER JOHN BRADY

(No. 42280)

John Brady enlisted August 13th, 1914 in the 11th Battery, Hamilton and served till March 18th, 1919. It was a long service and a good one. General George Mitchell who was his C.O., says that Brady was a good soldier. Captain Charles Bell, who was in the same battery for a time, says that Brady was complimented on his outfit many times.

He was in France, early in 1915, and served through all the hardships and discouragements of those early days till September, 1916, when at Somme, he was badly wounded in the legs. June 15, 1916, found him back in France as good as ever, he says.

In March, 1918, he got home on furlough. On October 11th, 1918, he sailed for England once more, but was there only a short time before the armistice so was not sent to France again.

PRIVATE CARL BOOTH

Some years ago, the Booth family lived in the Western Home Cottage. The youngest son Carl, was away up north when the War broke out. He enlisted and was severely wounded in France. He did not like his name Carl and enlisted under another name so that the records office has no record of Carl Booth. The family lived in St. Catharines and the list of his service is quite authentic.

LIEUTENANT FRED BOOTH

Fred Booth, eldest son of the family, enlisted in the U.S. Flying Corps. He called on me at the Central School, St. Catharines, the day after his return and told me that he had seen service in France with that Force, but I have not seen him since nor received any answer to letters asking for information.

PETER BROWN

Peter Brown, elder son of the late William Brown of Niagara, was seen in England by his cousin, Major Fred Smith, but letters addressed to his old home in Hamilton, have been returned and the Records cannot locate him on the meagre information furnished.

CAPTAIN CHARLES STEWART CALHOUN

The Calhoun family lived for a few years on the outskirts of the town, on the farm now owned by Mr. Duncan Freel. Both boys attended Public School during that time. Charles enlisted as a Private in the 3rd Battalion at Valcartier, September 22nd, 1914, and was discharged July 2nd, 1918.

MAJOR JOHN CAMPBELL CALHOUN

Doctor John Calhoun enlisted at Toronto in No. 2 General Hospital on the same date as his brother, July 22, 1914. He served till 2nd of October, 1918.

DRIVER EARLE HARDINGE CAMPBELL
(No. 349909)

Earle Campbell, son of Mr. Walter Campbell, of British Columbia, has lived most of his life with his grandparents, Mrs. & Mrs. Wm. Campbell. He is on the roll of both Public and High Schools. He enlisted in the R.C.H.A. at Kingston, 31st December, 1917. He served with the 1st D.A.C. till demobilized, 9th May, 1919.

SAPPER FRANCIS MANNING CARNOCHAN

Frank Carnochan is the oldest son of Mr. & Mrs. James Carnochan of Niagara, and a grand-nephew of the President of the Historical Society. Mr. James Carnochan, who had been some years before, an enthusiastic member of the Q.O.R., went overseas soon after his son but is not on our roll, because all his school days were spent in Toronto. Frank, who had been in Niagara Camp, as telegrapher all the summer of 1915, enlisted on November 3rd in the 81st Battalion as Signaller. When the examination lists were published Frank stood third in a list of twenty-five with first class rank. He went overseas the following May, and reached France August 12th, 1916, with the 4th Division Signal Co. He spent most of his time travelling up and down through France with the headquarters staff of the 4th division. He returned to Canada on the Mauetania and received his discharge June 8th, 1919, after three years, seven month's service. Like many others, he is now proving by his steady application to his work that the Army did not unfit our best men for civilian life. The record given by Gen. Malloch is worthy of quoting at least in part: "I wish to record and express to you my appreciation of your faithful and efficient service. You are one of the many who have returned to Canada with no outward sign of having rendered more than the average service to the cause. I know that no one has endeavoured to do his duty more conscientiously than you and if circumstances had been different, you would have won the decorations that other have obtained for merely playing the game as you have done. This is the fortune of War, but rest assured that your comrades know and will remember your good work."

SERGEANT CHARLES W. CASTLE (NO. 477162)

Charles Castle attended Niagara Public School while he lived with his grandfather, Mr. Kemsley. He enlisted in the Royal Canadian Rifles at Halifax, Nova Scotia, on August 23rd, 1915. He was wounded May 10th, 1916. He was discharged physically unfit on April 25th, 1918.

PRIVATE EDWARD CAUGHILL (No. 2120224)

Shortly after the death of his wife, Edward Caughill enlisted in the 98th Battalion, December 18th, 1915. He went with his regiment to France and served on the Somme and at Vimy Ridge. At Vimy Ridge, he was gassed and buried. He back was badly hurt.

He was sent to England. He speaks gratefully of the kindness received from Mrs. Nelles and Mrs. Mann (formerly Miss Fleishman) whom he met while in the hospital was there. He was returned to Canada and received his discharge September 30th, 1917.

CORPORAL WM. LAWRENCE CHAMBERLAIN
(NO. 317877)

William Chamberlain is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. Chamberlain, now of St. Catharines. He enlisted at St. Catharines in the 49th Battery, Jan. 22, 1916. He went to France in March, 1917, and was transferred to the 23rd Battery. After training at Kingston and Petawawa he went overseas in August, 1916. He was wounded first August 8th, 1917.

After about a week's rest, he was back with his Battery. On November 1st, he was gassed. This time he was about two months off duty. On October 10th, 1918, he was again slightly wounded. He was on the way to rejoin his Battery when the Armistice was signed. He made the trip to Germany with them. He received his discharge May 29th, 1919.

MISS J. MOSS CHRYSLER

Miss Chrysler, younger daughter of Dr. F. Chrysler, had shown wonderful executive ability in her position as Secretary of the Girls' Friendly at Cleveland. During five months with the Y.W.C.A. War work in New York, she again proved her worth.

In October of 1918, she was sent abroad also to organize for work, the women of the war stricken regions.

Niagara is glad that some of Miss Chrysler's best work was done in Poland. Miss Chrysler left Warsaw to come home, arriving on May 5, 1920, but went back to Europe to continue her work.

GUNNER ERNEST HEDLEY COLEMAN
(No. 349912)

Ernest Coleman, elder son of Mr. & Mrs. James Coleman, was born and educated in Niagara. He left the high school and entered the local bank and was teller there in early days of the War when every man in camp was paid by cheque which was cashed at the local bank. He was in a Toronto bank when he joined the R.C.H.A., Kingston, on December 31st, 1917. He left for England, February 24th, without having the last leave which seemed the right of all. After training in Witely Camp, he went to France, August 15th, 1918, with the 2nd D.A.C., Divisional Ammunition Column. He was with that till September 15th, when he joined the 15th Battery, C.F.A., at Hendecourt. He was at Cambrai and (Valenciennes), receiving there a slight wound. He was with that much discussed taking of Mons on the morning of the signing of the Armistice. He was stationed near Bonn till February 28, 1919, when he returned to Belgium. He left for

England, April 16, remaining there about a month when he was returned to Canada and discharged May 25th, arriving home with cousin, Hainer Currie.

PRIVATE ERNEST NORMAN CONNOLLY
(No. 3314459)

Ernest Connolly, youngest son of Mr. & Mrs. James Connolly, joined the 2nd C.O.R. at Niagara Falls, Jan. 23, 1918. He was sent overseas, April 7, 1918. He took a machine gun course and was sent to France with the 4th Battalion in August. At Bourslons Wood on September 27th, he was wounded in the left thigh. After a brief stay in Boulogne, he was sent to Rlyll and from there home. He received his discharge April 1st, 1919.

Much sympathy was felt for Ernest as he had to leave for overseas while his mother was very ill. She died shortly after.

CORPORAL FREDERICK WILLIAM CORBETT
(No. 503130)

The Corbett's were on of those numerous families who come to Niagara, stay a few years, then move away. Their three younger sons joined the army but two of them are on the Public School Roll. Fred was in the Canadian Engineers. He enlisted in Vancouver B.C., January 31st, 1916. He was demobilised June 17, 1919.

PRIVATE THOMAS EDWARD CORBETT
(No. 703709)

Thomas Corbett enlisted at Thurlow, B.C., February 1st, 1916. He was wounded on April 11th, 1917, and demobilized November 10th, 1919.

CAPTAIN CHARLES BLANCHARD COWLEY

Charles Cowley attended Niagara Public School during the time in which his father was conductor on the local M.C.R.R. He enlisted and was in that famous Regiment, the P.P.C.L.I. His enlistment is dated Ottawa, August 30th, 1914. He was wounded October 3rd, 1915, and again February 15th, 1916. The record obtained from Ottawa says: "He was brought to the notice of Secretary of State for War for valuable services in connection with War March 27th, 1918. He was acting Captain and was demobilized July 22nd, 1919."

The Niagara Historical Society is indebted to Captain Cowley for a picture of Princess Patricia presenting the colors to her Regiment.

JOHN COWLEY

Jack Cowley was an English boy who lived with Mrs. Lewis and Mr. Walter Freel, while attending Niagara Public School. During the second year of the War, Mrs. Freel received a letter from him from England saying that he was in a hospital there recovering from wounds received in France. This letter was mislaid and as no information as to place or time of enlistment could be given, the Record Office failed to locate him. Letters written to an address, furnished by the Records Office, were returned un-opened.

LIEUTENANT FRANK A. CRIGHTON

Frank Crighton attended Niagara High School when his father was Pastor in Charge of the Methodist Church. His report of Military Service is as follows: Enlisted Canadian Army Medical Corps July 3rd, 1915; taken on strength of overseas unit, C.A.M.C., August 19th, 1915; left Canada for England February 26th, 1916; sent to France June 6, 1916; promoted to Corporal Feb. 14th, 1917; returned to England for Commission February 2nd, 1918; gazetted Lieutenant, 1st Canadian Infantry Battalion, August 11th, 1918; returned to France October 12th, 1918; took part with the first army of occupation in Germany; returned to England March, 1919; returned to Canada and demobilized April 23rd, 1919.

GUNNER CLARENCE CUMPSON

(No. 302114)

Clarence Cumpson enlisted in the 8th Brigade, C.F.A., at Hamilton, Ont., on August 15th, 1915. He served till demobilized on the same day as his brother. Mr. & Mrs. James Cumpson went to assist in the welcome home of their nephews.

DRIVER HERBERT CUMPSON

(No. 141384)

Herbert & Clarence Cumpson are sons of the late Sam. Cumpson whose family removed from Niagara many years ago. The two boys attended the Junior classes of the Public School. Herbert enlisted in the 40th Battery, C.F.A., at Hamilton, July 28th, 1915. He was wounded October 9th, 1916, and demobilized March 30, 1919.

HAINER CURRIE

Hainer Currie is the fourth son of the late Bartlett Currie and of Mrs. Currie. He is next in age of Perry Currie who died after St. Julien in 1915. Hainer enlisted

November 9th, 1915, in the 98th Battalion at Niagara Falls. He became a Signaller and was later transferred to the 19th Battalion. His account of his service could not be put more briefly: "Nine months in Canada, two months in England, two years seven months with the 19th Battalion in France, Belgium and Germany, and was in every engagement that the Second Division was in." He returned to Canada and received his discharge in June, 1918. He has taken advantage of the Government's Aid in vocational training and has moved from our Town.

CAPTAIN ROBERT HAMILTON DICKSON

Robert, better known as Bert Dickson, is the eldest son of Captain R.G. & Mrs. Dickson, and grandson of the late Senator Walter Dickson of Niagara, and of the late Angus Morrison, M.P. He attended Niagara High School for one year. He enlisted with the Canadian Engineers at St. Johns, P.Q. November 30th, 1916. He served with that Regiment in France. He returned to Canada and was demobilized June 16th, 1919.

PRIVATE ROBERT DORAN

Robert Doran is the eldest son of the late John Doran, a veteran of the American-Cuban War, who served on the frontier guard at the beginning of this war. His mother, Mrs. Doran, was the daughter of the late Robert Smith of the old Royal Canadians and one of the numerous pensioners of Niagara. He is a cousin of Major Fred Smith, so well known in the athletic work of the Y.M.C.A. among the soldiers. Robert left Niagara a number of years ago and settled in Red Deer, Alberta.

He writes: "The information you request, I am very pleased to furnish, although it does not describe a very brilliant army career. I enlisted in Red Deer, Alta. on June 1st, 1915, in C Squadron of the 12th Mounted Rifles; transferred to the 20th Battery, C.F.A.: arrived in England on June 16, 1915; entrained for overseas on 22nd June, 1915; arrived England July 10th; proceeded to France, Jan. 10th, 1916; in the firing line Jan. 24 at Neuve Eglise, Belgium, St. Eloi, (Mt. Kemmel, Ypres 3rd Battle), Hill 63 and other minor engagements until going to the Somme the latter part of August. I was wounded in the abdomen and groin at Mt. Kemmel on August 4th and taken to Balieul Hospital, thence to Boulogne, and on the 8th was operated on to extract bullets; sent to England (Coulter Hospital, Grovesnor Square, London, on the 13th; from there was sent to various convalescent camps until the following Sept. 1917; when I was sent to Moore Barracks Hospital (No. 11) Canadian General at Shorncliffe for another operation; was then sent to Epsom Convalescent Hospital, from there to the reserve depot at Witley, to the Canadian Discharge depot at Buxton; from there on S.S. Metagama to Canada, arriving at St. Johns, January 5th, 1918; arrived at Calgary, Alta., January 11th; discharged February 8th.

He ends his letter with "My hearty good wishes I extend to all ex-pupils of the Niagara Schools."

BOMBARDIER WILFRED LAURIER ECKERSLEY

Laurie Eckersley, son of Mr. & Mrs. John Eckersley, although born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, is a descendant of the well known U.E.L., Jacob Ball, Niagara. He came to Niagara while very young and obtained his schooling in our Public & High Schools, leaving the latter to join the staff of the local bank in that strenuous season of 1915. In the early part of the summer Laurie determined to enlist and went up to Camp Borden for that purpose. While there he received word from his chums, Harry Rowland and Dan McArthur, that there was a vacancy in their Battery, the 56th formed at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. He went at once to Petewawa and enlisted July 15 in that, under the late Major V.J. Kent. They left Petewawa and arrived in England, by the Metagama on September 19, 1916. While in Witley the Division was changed from four to six gun batteries and the section to which Laurie belonged was transferred to the 55th. The stay of this Battery in England seems long compared with that of many; eleven months was spent at Witley. He left for France, August 20th, 1917.

"Landed at La Havre, August 20th, 1917. I left France as a flu casualty February 10th, 1919." The year and six months seemingly was a mere incident not worth mentioning. We know that they bore their part nobly and well, losing their gallant major, who was so well liked by his men.

He was discharged April 8th, 1919.

GUNNER WILLIAM JOHN ELLIOTT

(No. 318016)

William Elliott, eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. John Elliott, was still attending Niagara High School when he enlisted in the 49th Battery at St. Catharines, February 26th, 1916. After training at Exhibition Camp, Toronto, he sailed for England September 13th, 1916.

On March 17th, 1917, he was sent to France. His service in France lasted just one month. He was wounded at Vimy Ridge April 17, 1917. His wound was so bad that he was kept in Etapes Hospital till May 3rd, when he was sent to Birmingham, then to Epsom. His hospital experience has been long and varied. He left England, New Year's Eve, 1916.

Since being in Canada, he has been in hospitals in Burlington and Toronto. Although there were times when it was feared that the leg could not be saved, William was discharged Dec. 23, 1919 and has but a very slight limp.

PRIVATE CHARLES Y. EMSLIE, M.M.

(No. 108211)

Charles Emslie lived in Niagara with his aunt, Mrs. Wm. Clark, for about two years. In that time, he attended both the Public and High Schools. Most of us recall him as he appeared on Sundays or Holidays in the Regimental Kilts of his father, Major Emslie. He enlisted at Edmonton, Alta., on January 20th, 1915, in the 3rd C.M.R. He was awarded the Military Medal October 27th, 1916. He was discharged as medically

unfit on March 12th, 1919. His laconic reply to a request for information about his military career is a fair sample of the reason for meagreness of detail in this record.

"I thank you for your congratulations about my medal and am glad to have the honour of being placed on the roll of Niagara Schools."

Yours very truly, etc."

LANCE-CORPORAL ERLAND W. FIELD

(No. 522740)

Erland W. Field is the eldest of the three soldier sons of Mr. & Mrs. Murray Field of Virgil. All of his High School work was done in Niagara. He served his time in the drug shop of the late Mr. Randall, then graduated from the School of Pharmacy in Toronto. He enlisted with the C.A.M.C. at Camp Niagara, June 21st, 1915. He remained in Canada for five months before going overseas. On reached France, he was taken on the strength of the 5th Canadian Field Ambulance (2nd Division). In August of 1917, he was transferred to the 1st Canadian Field Clearing Station. He served in France, Belgium and Germany for two years and nine months and arrived home early in July after four years, thirteen days of service in the Army.

GUNNER HAROLD M. FIELD

(No. 318037)

Harold Field, son of Mr. Murray Field of Virgil, is one of the three brothers who are on our High School honour roll. He spent three years and five months in the Army, serving in France, Belgium and Germany, yet sums it all up on one page of ordinary notepaper, this including the usual opening and closing forms of a letter and an apology for delay in answering. Two letters were received with the same mail, one from Matthew Girvin who had enlisted in Detroit, February 22nd, 1916, the other from Harold Field who had enlisted in St. Catharines, February 22, 1916.

Harold went across with the 39th Battery, C.F.A. He returned early in the Summer of 1919. He returned almost at once to his old position and with many others is proving that the citizen returned from life in the army is not unfitted for civilian life.

WILFRED MURRAY FIELD

Three sons of Mr. & Mrs. Murray Field, of Virgil, enlisted, served their time in France, and have all returned. They all passed their entrance from Virgil School and attended Niagara High School. Wilfred was, for a short time, in the local bank and then went West. He enlisted in the 59th Battery at Winnipeg on March 3rd, 1916. He sailed for England September 8th, 1916. While there he was transferred to the 61st Battery which unit he went to France with on August 20th, 1917. He says, "I took part in most Canadian operations from that date, and when the Armistice was signed, we marched to Cologne, Germany, and formed part of the Army of Occupation until January 20th, 1919,

when we returned to Belgium. On May 11th, we returned to England and on June 13th to Canada."

After a brief visit at home, he returned to the West.

LIEUTENANT DONALD ALEXANDER FISHER

Donald Fisher, eldest brother of Fred Fisher, V.C. enlisted at Montreal, August 28th, 1914. He was First Private No. 45560 in the AMG Brigade. Later he became a Lieutenant in the 60th Battalion. He was wounded October 4th, 1916, and was discharged as medically unfit for further service, September 30th, 1917.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM HENRY FISHER, M.C.

Will Fisher, also a brother of Fred Fisher, V.C., enlisted at Montreal in the 2nd Highland Battery, C.F.A., on November 14th, 1914. He was awarded the Military Cross, (L.O. 31266) on April 2nd, 1919. He was demobilized medically unfit 6th of May, 1919.

ROBERT FIZETTE

Folk of the older generations in Niagara will remember another Robert Fizette as he appeared in public functions of the Masons, or as he carried out his official duties of Town Constable. The Robert of this record is a grandson of the former.

His home has been in Chicago and Toronto, but he attended our public school for two years while he and his father, Mr. Charles Fizette, were at the old home. Robert enlisted with the 166th Q.O. May 11th, 1916. He was transferred to the 75th Battalion in France. He saw service at Vimy Ridge, Lens and other actions of that section. He was gassed and sent back to England and received his discharge in January of 1919. His account of his experience is: "All that I have to say is that I was proud to have been a member of the famous "Suicide Battalion", serving with them as a Scout."

GUNNER DUNCAN HUGH FREEL

(No. 302758)

Duncan Freel left his farm when the crops of 1915 was in and enlisted November 10th in _____ Battery. He spent that Winter in Toronto and left for overseas March 10th, 1916. While on duty in England, he broke his leg and was kept there till February of 1917 before being able to go to France. He served with his Battery till January 3rd, 1918, when at Lens, he was gassed. He was sent to England and spent nearly a year in various hospitals and convalescent homes. He sent home various samples of handicrafts undertaken while recovering. He arrived home for the New Year and received his discharge January 26th, 1919.

SAPPER EDWARD NORMAN FREEL
(No. 3039465)

Norman Freel, elder son of Mr. & Mrs. Edward Freel of the Township, received all of his schooling in Town. He was called to the colours on June 5th, 1918. He saw service in England and was with the 3rd Canadian Engineers Reserve Battalion. He was demobilized on July 3rd, 1919.

PRIVATE JOHN ALEXANDER FYFE
(No. 850160)

The Fyfe family came to Niagara from the Island of Rothsay, Scotland. John attended the Public School in Town for about two years. He signed up at St. Catharines on March 10th, 1916. He served with the 176th Battalion and with the C.A.S.C. His service was in England only. He was demobilized August 7th, 1919.

SAPPER ROLLAND GARDINER
(No. 2266079)

Rolland Gardiner is the only surviving son of the late Mr. John Gardiner who carried on the bakery business in Niagara for some years. He enlisted in Hamilton, October 12th, 1917, in the Divisional Signallers. In a month's time, he was sent to England and on February 18th, went to France. He was with the first Tramway Company doing line work till January 1919, when he returned to England. He received his discharge March 30th, 1919.

MATTHEW KNOWLAND GIRVIN
Chief Yeoman U.S. Naval Reserve

Matthew Girvin is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. William Girvin, at one time resident of our Town but now of Detroit, Michigan. Matthew is a grandson of the late Mrs. Swift whose candy shop and ice cream parlour was the favourite resort of Niagarians some years ago. Two other grandsons of this esteemed lady are also on our roll - Harry and Wm. Riley of Buffalo.

When Mr. Girvin, conductor on the M.C.R.R., was transferred to the main line the family removed to Detroit. This happened just a short time after Matthew passed the Entrance Examination, so that his name does not go on the High School Roll. He enlisted at Detroit in the Michigan Naval Militia on February 22nd, 1916. The name of this organization was changed to "National Naval Volunteers" and later to "Class 2, U.S. Naval Reserve Force." This force was called to active duty upon entrance of the United States into the War April 6, 1917. Matthew served on the U.S.S. Iowa from April 6, 1917, to April 22; on the U.S.S. in Kansas from that date till May 30th, 1919. He records his service this: Inactive Service 13 months, February 22, 1916 to April 6th, 1917. Active

Service 2 months, April 6, 1917 to May 30th, 1919. Will be discharged March 3, 1920, (if another war doesn't start.) Our duty consisted of convoy duty during the War and transporting troops to the U.S. from France after the Armistice was signed.

PERCY C. GORDON

(No. 2265650) Warrant Officer Telegraphist

Percy Gordon is the youngest son of the James Gordon and the late Mrs. Gordon. Percy is on the honour roll of both the Public and High Schools. In answer to a request for a record of his service, he writes:

"I enlisted May 24th, 1914, as a Sapper in the Canadian Engineers in St. Catharines and trained at Rockcliffe Camp, Ottawa, in the Divisional Signallers Depot. My Regimental No. was 2265650. On August 17th, I was discharged from this Unit to enlist in the R.N.C.V.R. Joined the training ship "Niobe," Halifax, in September as a warrant officer telegraphist. While I was in training here, the Halifax explosion of December 6th took place. After I completed my training, I was variously engaged in patrol and convoy work off the east coast of Canada and Newfoundland. Was demobilized January 3rd, 1919, at Halifax.

LIEUTENANT REGINALD LANE GRIFFITH

Croix de Guerre

Reginald Griffith signed up as Pte. No. 1100049 at Toronto on February 21st, 1917.

He served with the Canadian Railway Troops. As he was a civil engineer at the Panama, he was of much service. He was given his commission and was lent to the French Army to do draughting. For this work, he was given the Croix de Guerre. He was demobilized March 31st, 1919.

PRIVATE ERNEST GEORGE GRIMSTEAD

(No. 3314464)

Ernest Grimstead enlisted at Niagara Falls, Ont. in the 24th Battalion on January 23rd, 1918. He served in England till demobilized May 12th, 1918.

GUNNER CHARLES FRANKLIN HAINER, M.M.

(No. 42691)

Charles Hainer, eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. Franklin Hainer, enlisted in the 7th Field Battery, St. Catharines, on August 14, 1914, and was discharged in Montreal, July 15, 1919, thus being in the Army one month less than five years. He is now but twenty-two years of age. His record too is a fine one. When Harvey Hainer answered the roll for the

first time in Toronto, the Sergeant asked him if he had a relative in the Front and on his replying that his brother was there, the Sergeant said: "He was with me over there, I am glad to have you. If you are half as good a rider as your brother, you are all right. Hainer was a good man and when anything was to be done, he was the first man to volunteer." Captain Charles Bell also says: "Charles Hainer was very brave, brave almost to a fault. He was a fine fellow, quiet but ready always to do his share." This did not go unnoticed by others for, besides the Mons and General Service Medals, he wears two others, The Military Medal and the St. George's Medal of Russia. The following is a copy of the certificates:

General Headquarters, Allied Forces, Archangel.
10th June, 1919.

By virtue of the authority which has been extended to me by His Britannic Majesty's Government, I hereby have the honor of conferring upon you, No. 42691, Driver Charles Hainer, Canadian Field Artillery, The Military Medal in recognition of gallant conduct. The following is the official account of your conduct for which the award has been made.

"Has served in France and Russia since the beginning being twice wounded. His courage and devotion to duty has been most marked." I heartily congratulate you upon the honor which has thus been conferred upon you.

E. IRONSIDE, Commanding-In-Chief, Allied Forces, Archangel.

42691. Gr. Hainer, C.

In virtue of the power given me by the Provisional Government of N.R., I confer upon you the St. George's Medal of the 4th Class in recognition of your gallant conduct in the field when fighting with the enemies of Russia.

I heartily congratulate you with the award thus conferred upon you.
L. MILLER, General Staff, Lieutenant General, Governor General of N.R.
No. 3294. 6/19 Archangel.

Charles is not so ready with his dates as some. He did not keep a diary and he says that in France he hardly knew one day from another. He went to France first with the 3rd Brigade Ammunition Column, February, 1915. He was wounded in April, 1916 at St. Eloi and saw his cousin, Perry Currie, when he was so badly wounded. A shell landed almost under him and blew him into the air, with concussion smashing his legs. He lit on his back in a shell hole. He says that he never lost consciousness and his description of being carried off amid bursting shells, of being dropped many times by his bearers as they rolled into holes for safety, then the arrival at a station only to find it shelled out, is certainly a vivid portrayal of what was endured. After some days at Boulogne, he was sent May 1st to King George Hospital, London, where he says: "I was lucky enough to be attended by the Harley Street Specialist."

In November, he went back to France with the 9th Battery. At Passchendaele in October 1917, he was again wounded. "Nothing much this time," he says, "only the jaw fractured, shrapnel in the face and arm." Upon his recovery, he was sent to Witley.

While there, he volunteered three times for France but was not accepted, as he had seen so much service and they were sending over the men who had not yet served in

France. By this time, he says that he was so thoroughly fed up with Camp that he volunteered for North Russia, two days after the Armistice was signed. After seven months there, they were sent back to England. July 16, 1919, Charles came back to his native town.

CLIFTON HAINER

One after the other, the sons of C.F. Hainer and Mrs. Hainer offered themselves to their country. Clifton, the third son, was not sixteen when he began trying to get in the Army. He tried seven times, succeeding sometimes in getting past the Doctor, but his mother had him discharged. At last she decided that she might as well give her consent so he became a Member of the Mounted Rifles and was sent to England. It does not seem easy to escape the Lynx eyed authorities in England and despite all sorts of manoeuvres, Clifton was sent back to Canada. A little later, he enlisted in the permanent force, R.C.D.

DRIVER HARVEY COLIN HAINER

(No. 318018)

Harvey Hainer, second son of Mr. & Mrs. Franklin Hainer, soon followed his brother into the Army. He enlisted in St. Catharines on February 25th, 1916. He served with the 5th D.A.C. He was demobilized June 11th, 1919.

The chances of meeting in London without appointment are very few. One day Harvey was crossing London Bridge to get a train at Waterloo Station. He stopped when part way over to look at the river. As he turned to go on, there was his brother Charles almost beside him and would certainly have passed him in another minute as one khaki back looks much like the another and Harvey had grown both taller and broader in the two years since the brothers had met.

EDWIN HEWGILL

Edwin Hewgill is a grandson of the late Captain Hewgill of Niagara. His father and mother having died in the West, Edwin or Ted as he is still called, came to Niagara to live with his aunt, Mrs. H. Garrett. He took the Officer's Training Course in Toronto and was gazetted with the 19th Lincolns, August, 1915. It was probably his youth which prevented his going overseas but Edwin got tired of waiting and enlisted as a Private in the 182nd at Whitby on May 2nd, 1916. The following February, he was in France with the 116th Battalion. He was with that Unit till August, 1918, when he was wounded at Amiens. His left arm is almost useless, a very serious handicap for a left-handed man.

PRIVATE FRANCIS JOSEPH HINDLE

(No. 850680)

From both sides of the house, Frank Hindle is descended from the "Old Soldier Families of Niagara."

He enlisted at St. Catharines, May 12, 1916, in the 176th Battalion. He was stationed at Niagara Falls till the next April when his Battalion was sent to England. In March of 1918 he was sent to France to the 164th Battalion, later, with a draft of two hundred, he was sent to the 52nd. He was with the 52nd when they relieved the Imperials held up by the enemy, and was in every other scrap till the relief of Mons. He has one of the medals presented to the relieving army by the grateful people of that city. He returned and received his discharge 30th May, 1919.

PRIVATE JOSEPH ARCHIE HOLOHAN
(No. 249275)

Archie Holohan, youngest son of the late Thomas Holohan, enlisted in the 208th Battalion in Toronto on the 27th April, 1916. He went to England and was there declared medically unfit for service. He was returned to Canada and received his discharge on December 31st, 1917.

LANCE-CORPORAL J. HERBERT HOUGHTON, M.M.
(No. 11660)

Herbert Houghton, second son of Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Houghton, was living in Toronto when War was declared. He was among the first to volunteer and signed up August 10th, 1914. He was discharged April 1st, 1919, thus being with the Army four years and seven months. The joy of his home coming was shadowed in his mind and in that of the parents and friends by thoughts of those who cannot return. Although strong and fit now, he did not go unwounded through four years of fighting. He was wounded April 23rd, 1915, the same day on which Fred Fisher was killed and Perry Currie received his death wound. He was sent back but was wounded again on April 9th, 1919. While in England, recovering from this wound, he like "Ole Bill", was called from clink to have the Military Medal pinned on his breast. He could not obtain leave to attend his cousin's wedding, so took it, being willing to endure the consequences. He says that he knows of no reason why this honour was given him. He had been wounded four a.m. but remained with the action of which he had charge till late in the afternoon. This, which in the minds of his officers, deserved the recommendation, seems to him to be only the natural thing to do. It was once more into the breach and on August 1st, 1918, he joined the first Machine Gun Battalion. While with this, he was burned with gas and developed septic poisoning. By November 8th, he had again returned to France, this time as a cyclist with the second motor machine brigade.

A few days later, he was on that victorious march into Germany. After six weeks in Bonn, he returned to Belgium and back to England once more. On the King's Birthday, the same year in St. Mark's he was married by the Rev. Canon Garrett. A happy ending to almost five years of waiting and warring.

NURSE DALLAS IRELAND

Mrs. MacMillan, elder daughter of Mrs. Ireland, of St. Catharines, and Mr. W.W. Ireland, late Inspector of Public Schools in Lincoln County and former head master of Niagara High School writes:

As you may remember, I went in training in 1915 and so was just graduated at the time of the Armistice. I had enlisted for active service with the Nursing Division of the American Red Cross and sailed for Siberia in April, 1919, with the Czecho-Slovak unit of the A.R. Cross Commission to Siberia. However, on arrival, we found the need for units to work with Czecho-Slovak troops was past, so we were assigned to general duty in the Military and civilian hospitals which the A.R.C. maintained. In February, 1920, the Red Forces took over in Vladivostok and the A.R.C. was forced to leave.

My work in China was of a purely civilian character, so I believe that ends the little report.

TPR. WILLIAM EDWARD KNALLY
(No. 550390)

William Knally enlisted at Toronto, February 22nd, 1917. He served in England only. He was discharged November 20th, 1918, being medically unfit. M.D. No. 2, Toronto.

SERGEANT CHARLES ALEX. KEITH
(No.. 400212)

Charles, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Keith, is the youngest of four brothers who enlisted. His service was with the C.A.M.C. which he joined early in August, 1915. He was sent to England almost immediately. In September, he was sent to the Dardanelles. He was six months there and then was about a month and a half in Egypt. For the next two years, his Corps was stationed at Salonika. While there he contracted malaria. He was sent to Hospital at Malta.

During his stay there, the Canadians in Salonika were returned to England and Charles was forgotten and actually in army records was listed as missing. He returned to Salonika to find himself the only Canadian there. He made himself such a nuisance to the Imperial Officers that they shipped him to England. He was on hospital duty at Hastings and remained there till he went home. He received his discharge July 4th, 1919.

PRIVATE WILLIAM GEORGE KEITH
(No. 157610)

Mr. and Mrs. Keith have five sons, the youngest of whom was a small boy when the war broke out. The other four all tried to go overseas. William, the eldest, enlisted in the 81st Battalion on September 11th, 1915. He left for overseas April 25th, 1916. In France, he was drafted to the 4th C.M.R. Three months later, on the Somme, he was gassed. When he came out of the hospital, he was transferred to the 7th C.R.S. as sapper. He was with this until discharged April 11th, 1919.

SERGEANT ERNEST KEMSLEY

Mr. J.J. Kemsley and Mrs. Kemsley, of our Town, had three sons and two sons-in-laws serving in the War. Sergeant Ernest Kemsley, their fourth son, was the first of our resident men to return. He enlisted with the 19th Lincoln Battalion, January 14th, 1915 and left Niagara Camp for England June 18, 1915. Newspaper accounts of Zeppelin Raids were very meagre leaving us with the vague idea that they caused very little loss of life. I copy two notes from the Diary. Sept. 17, 1915 - Zepps reported last night. Stood outside one hour and a half listening for them. Heard a buzzing and was told it was air craft. Found out afterwards that it was telephone wire. But on October 17th, a different note is made - Zepps raided Otterpool Camp last night about 9:45 and dropped five bombs, killing seventeen men and about thirty-five horses. One bomb struck the guard tent killing all inside. We were called out to pick up the remains. We picked them up in kit bags and labelled them with a name.

While at this camp, he passed the examination for first-class instruction and became sergeant instructor. In February of 1916, he began to complain of his back and was sent to the hospital.

From then till January, 1917, he spent his time in hospitals and convalescent homes. On January 21, he sailed for Canada on the Carpathian which passed the Californian Jan.26, the day on which she was torpedoed and sunk.

PRIVATE CLIFFORD KEMSLEY

Private Clifford Kemsley is the third son of Mr. J. Kemsley and Mrs. Kemsley of Niagara. He was a married man with two children but that did not prevent him signing up to serve his country. He enlisted with the 134th Highland Battalion in Toronto, January 18th, 1916.

He was drafted into the 19th Battalion and served twenty-seven months in Canada, England and France. He was through the Battles at Lens and the taking of Hill Seventy. He remarks that things happened too quickly over there for one to retain a clear impression. One was much like another. He was invalided to England, sent to Canada, and received his discharge in the Spring of 1918.

GUNNER EDWIN D. KER

A number of years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Ker, with their family, occupied the house then known as the Fred Paffard house, now called Green Acre. Edwin was the second son. He enlisted in Vancouver, B.C., October 9, 1915, in the Canadian Field Artillery, 1st Division. He served in the Ypres salient, Belgium, 1916, 3rd Battle of Ypres. He was discharged on account of wounds April 4th, 1918.

ERIC KIRBY

Many years ago, William Kirby wrote in "The Harvest Moon."

"Her future wars.

For Britain's honour and our country's need

Will never lack Canadians of my kin

To guard her crown and empire evermore."

Grandson of the late Mr. Kirby served their country during the late war. They joined the ranks of our Canadian Regiment and wreathed the British colours with the Maple Leaf. Eric attended both Public and High Schools in Niagara before going to England to live.

No reply has been received to letters asking for records of his Military Service. The only authentic information is that he served with the Imperial Air Force.

ISAAC LAVELL

Isaac Lavell's skill as a mimic, added to a keen sense of humour, makes a talk with him very enjoyable. He has little of real War to talk for he did not succeed in getting to France. At the beginning of the War, he tried to enlist with the 7th Field Battery and later with the 98th Battalion but was turned down by both. He enlisted with the Welland Canal Guard January 6th, 1915, and was with that Force until April 20th, 1917. Four days later, he signed up with the 255th Q.O.R. and left for overseas May 29th. About July 1st, he was transferred to the 12th Reserve. One evening while walking towards Folkstone, a shell from an enemy plane dropped not far from him. The explosion deafened him in one ear.

He could not now be sent to France. He was given work at the Divisional School of Instruction and was there about six months. He was sent to Buxton at the end of February 1918, and arrived in Halifax by the Scandinavian on March 17th, and mustered out April 24th, 1918, just one year from the day on which he had signed up for overseas.

BOMBARDIER HARRY CLARENCE LEE

(No. 317931)

Harry Lee is the elder son of the late James Lee and of Mrs. Lee of Niagara. He enlisted at St. Catharines in the 49th Battery on February 10th, 1916. He served in Toronto, Petawawa, and England and arrived in France, March 17th, 1917. He served with the 82nd Battery in England and with the 9th Battery in France. He was at

Valenciennes when the Armistice was signed. He left Belgium April 17th, 1919, after two years and one month at the front with not a day of that time in Hospital.

He received his discharge May 27th, 1919.

PERCY E. LEES

(No. 542218)

Percy E. Lees enlisted on the 18th of September, 1916, at St. Catharines with the Divisional Cyclist Corps; left Toronto April 26th, 1917 for Halifax; on S. Ship F268 (Justicia) arrived at Liverpool May 14th, proceeded to Chisledon Camp, Whiltshire, and trained there until the cyclists were drafted to Infantry Battalion, 198th, Canadian Buffs (5th Division); left Chisledon for Witley, June 30th, 1917; proceeded to France in reinforcement draft to 75th Battalion, 1st March, 1918; left La Hulpe, Belgium, on Good Friday, 1919; sailed from Southampton, Sunday, June 1st, on S.S. Mauretania and arrived at Halifax Friday, 6th June, 6 a.m.; entrained same day for Toronto, arriving at 5 p.m. Sunday, June 8th and arrived in Niagara, June 9th. He was with the 75th Battalion, Infantry, C.E.F., when discharged.

PRIVATE ROY LE FRAUGH

(No. 916991)

Roy Le Fraugh's family has lived for four generations in Niagara. He is a descendant of ? Shaw who found in the great retreat to Moraviantown. Roy signed up with the 198th Battalion at Toronto on December 30th, 1916. He was with the 3rd Battalion in France. He was wounded August 8th, 1918, and was discharged medically unfit February 18, 1919.

LANCE-CORPORAL GEORGE GERALD LIBROCK

(No. 3109615)

Gerald Librock, only child of Mr. & Mrs. Philip Librock of Niagara, was called to serve in the 2nd C.O.R. May 10th, 1918. After training at Niagara Camp, he volunteered for Siberia September 1st, 1918. He left Canada with that force December 26th. He served at Vladivostock till May 19, 1919. He received his discharge June 12th, 1919.

PRIVATE GEORGE MILES LOGAN

(No. 3314471)

George Logan was with the 2nd C.O.R., 1st Depot Battalion. He enlisted at Hamilton on March 18th, 1918. His service was in England only. He was demobilized August 31st, 1919.

PRIVATE JOHN HENRY LOUGHLIN
(No. 201848)

John Loughlin came with his parents to Niagara when quite a small boy. He attended the Public School but left town as soon as he was old enough to earn his living. He signed up at Toronto, December 5th, 1915. He served in the 95th Battalion and in the 12th C.R.F. He was demobilized March 21st, 1919.

LIEUTENANT CLARENCE C. LYALL

Clarence Lyall, eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. W.E. Lyall, enlisted at Vancouver, B.C. May 21st, 1915, in the C.A.M.C. From England, he was sent to Salonica. In July, 1917, he came back to England and after a short course, joined the North Staffordshire Regiment, British Infantry.

A severe attack of trench fever, followed by rheumatism, shortened his career in France. In August, 1919, he brought back his English Bride to Niagara, but has since gone back to Vancouver where he had lived for some years before the War. His service in England and France was with the Imperials and he remarks that it was the widespread belief among them that the Canadian contingents in France was the equal of any as a fighting body and in the Air Force, they were the best.

GUNNER MAURICE SCOTT LYALL
(No. 338020)

Maurice Lyall is the second son of Mr. W.E. Lyall and Mrs. Lyall. Mr. Lyall was for many years, Principal of Niagara Public School and as such was known by most of the boys whose names are in this record. Maurice enlisted September 25th, 1916, in the 67th Battery. He trained in Toronto till March 22, 1917. In Shornecliff, he was transferred to the Reserve Artillery Brigade. He was sent to France June 5, 1917. At Hill 70, on August 18th, 1917, he was gassed. After a short time in the Ontario Military Hospital, Orpington, he was placed in the Artillery Reserve. On November 22nd, 1917, he went back to France to the 48th Howitzer Battery. On September 3, 1918, near Arras he was wounded, and lost part of his thumb. He was in the Hospital at Exeter for two months, sent back to Canada in January, 1919, and received his discharge February 16th, 1919.

PRIVATE JOHN HOMAN LYALL
(No. 231364)

Homan Lyall lived with his mother and sisters up near the Western Home. Opposite lived Mrs. Albert Wood. Almost the first thing that Arthur Wood tells when speaking of his experience is his brief meeting with Homan Lyall. Homan is on the roll of both schools. He enlisted in the 202nd Battalion at Edmonton, Atla. on March 8th, 1916. He arrived with the 10th Battalion. He was demobilized May 17th, 1919.

PRIVATE ALBERT J. MAESS

Albert Maess is the younger brother of Roy Maess, M.M., on of our original firsts. Albert had been always rather delicate and it was a surprise when he was accepted in the Army. He enlisted in the first depot Battalion, C.O.R., on May 31, 1918. He was transferred to the 116th when sent to France. He was three months in France, arrived home and was discharged 1919. Army life may not have been enjoyable but it certainly agreed with this young man. He came home minus the glasses, with broadened chest and a robust appearance, quite unlike the lad who went away.

SERGEANT ROY ARTHUR MAESS, M.M.
(No. 42183)

Roy Maess was one of that group who went to St. Catharines to enlist on August 14, 1914, and went to Valcartier and overseas with the first Canadians. After that stormy passage down the Bay of Biscay, they landed in France, Feb. 10, 1915. When volunteers were called for, Roy joined the trench mortar corps and was with them a year. Returning to duty, after being wounded at Courcellette, he was back with the 3rd Brigade and remained with them till the end. After the battle of Cambrai, he was given the Military Medal. He received his discharge May 27th, 1919.

CAPTAIN THE REVEREND CHARLES KEITH MASTERS, M.C.
"CAPTAIN MEMORIES"

"The War Is Over." How the thrill of that announcement still lingers. With it mingled glory of a great sacrifice and ghastly horror of a bloody desolation, it is receding into the dim distance of memory. But the memories remain. And those memories of a comradeship born in strange surroundings, hardship lightened by a cheerful and somewhat devil may-care acceptance of the lot, and of calm determination, come what may, to see the thing through, balance the other set of memories, of savage cruelty, of blood-lust and of fiendish hate sated in the torture of the innocent. Without pretence of literary elegance of finish style, I should like to reproduce some from the throng of memories that linger in the mind of a Chaplain to the Forces, who had the privilege and the great experience of serving through some stirring days on the Western Front. It was just at the end of the year 1915 and after long and anxious waiting, that the commission

came to the writer to proceed overseas. A few days of hurried arranging of affairs, farewells and outfitting found the Rector of Trinity Church, Wiarion, suddenly transformed into a formidable warrior, and even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed, etc. At 5:30 on a bitter, cold morning of Jan. 6th, 1916, a somewhat self-conscious, slightly over-aged and sadly desolate young soldier climbed on the train, turned his back on home and loved ones, and his face to the Great Unknown, strengthened only by the consciousness of Divine guidance and Protection and the determination to play a man's part, even though a small one, in a great struggle. Less than a week later found me on board the Transport Scandinavian, with Canada vanished astern and the consciousness growing that we are already in an atmosphere of war. On board were 9 chaplains, 30 nurses, a goodly company of medical men, 250 sailors from the West Indies, bound home to service and young Englishmen from all over the world, hastening home at the call of the Motherland in her hour of desperate need. We were placed at once under military discipline. The sound of the bugle with its weird cadence called us to our meals. The daily parade on the quarter-deck instilled in us a sense of discipline and the carefully darkened sleep, the order never to be out of reach of our life-belts, and the frequent boat-drills were pleasant reminders of the traps awaiting the unwary traveller. As the voyage progressed one was conscious of an increasing sense of strain of tension. And when the actual danger zone was reached and the ship began to zig-zag in the accepted way, and a lively and business-like destroyer, bobbed up out of nowhere ranged alongside, and proceeded to bear us company, the tension grew. On the last night, only a few felt any inclination to go below. A brother chaplain, age 73, granted his commission on the strength of having six sons on service, wandered over the ship like an uneasy spirit throughout the night. And even the more experienced soldiers breathed a little more easily when at last green old Ireland began to fade from sight, The Giant's Causeway passed astern and the lights of Liverpool twinkled in the distance. There was real heartiness and spontaneity in the Thanksgiving Service in which we all joined when the anchor was dropped in midstream out in the Mersey and we knew that we were safe. We had been long on the trip, for a heavy storm delayed us, but January 25th found us "All abroad" the train for London where we reported at Chaplain headquarters. To my delight I found myself booked at once for France. Two weeks of reporting to various officials, hurried sightseeing, more outfitting, with medical inspections and inoculations sandwiched in, and then we set our faces towards France. My remembrance of that stay in England is curiously indistinct. But three things over there bore mute witness to Britain's War Effort. The darkened streets, the careful food economy, and the absence from their accustomed places of the young men.

The trip of the Transport from Boulogne was blessedly uneventful. The omnipresent Navy surrounded and hedged us in and only the crowd, the cold and general discomfort served to stimulate the masculine fluency in grumbling. When at last I reported and remarked that the trip over I had been glad to wear my life-belt to keep my body warm, a callous adjutant was cruel enough to ask if I had also needed extra socks. I shall never forget the overwhelming rush of feeling that possessed me when at last we set foot on French soil, and the swarm of dirty little arabs surrounded us, almost mobbed us in their eagerness fittingly to welcome "Les Canadiens" and to secure "souvenir." Two free days, while waiting for belated Military Papers to authorize our proceedings, without

which an obdurate R.T.O. (Railway Transport Officer) would not allow us to budge out of Boulogne, gave us time to explore.

Obliging French Officers not only took us on a Tour of Inspection of the many hidden batteries and fortifications that guarded the city, but also led us over the famous walled city and through mazes of underground dungeon keep of the Castle of Godfrey de Bouillon and the famous White Company. At last came our marching orders. Mine were to report as Chaplain at the First Canadian Casualty Clearing Station, located at Bailleul, near the Belgian frontier and fifty miles from Boulogne. A crowded French troop train bore us along, and in our dizzy flight across the country, we averaged four and a half miles per hour, reaching Bailleul at 8 o'clock in the evening and the Clearing Station a half an hour later. In war, things sometimes move quickly. A wag has defined army life as "a round of monotonous duties interspersed with dangerous episodes." But on active service in France, there was no monotony. I found that the clearing station was situated in the hospital building of a large women's Insane Asylum.

In the other buildings were lodged some 1,500 insane women. As one humorous Tommy said, "it's bad enough to be insane, but fancy being insane in French." My initiation into active service was swift and sudden. We were situated on the outskirts of the town, towards Locre and the famous Mount Kemmel, and only a little over 3,000 yards behind the fighting line. And my coming synchronized with the putting on a "show" by our attentive neighbors, the guileful Huns.

As I neared the Clearing Station I saw the long line of motor ambulances slowly down the road and turning in at the gate. At the station everybody was busy receiving and caring for the wounded men. As nobody had time to fuss over me, I dumped my kit in a corner, pulled off my coat, rolled up my sleeves and went to work with the rest. Throughout the long hours of the night, there was no halt or respite. Such was my initiation to active service. There was not even time to feel shocked at the sight of so much blood. And indeed, one was so absorbed in caring for and alleviating the sufferings of wounded men as to have little time to ponder over one's own feelings. When I finally got my bearings, I found that in Bailleul, were three clearing stations, the other two being Imperial. One of them received three days a week, the other two each twice. And I had happened in on one of our receiving days. Everything was carefully and wonderfully systematized so that the wounded men could receive the maximum of attention and treatment in the minimum time. Among the Nursing Sisters, it was a great pleasure to find, in Miss Flora Wylie, an old friend and schoolmate. And probably the lot of one as unsophisticated as I was, made easier by thus having a friend at court.

Looking back I count it a great privilege that I was able to carry the glorious gospel of the Blessed God to my comrades at the time when the need was greatest. One soon shook down into his place in the vast military machine. I found my time fully occupied with many and various duties, visiting with and speaking to the men, writing their letters, sending messages of comfort home to their "folk", consoling the dying, burying the dead and holding services for the living. Through the whole of my stay there, the busy airmen of the enemy were industriously trying to blow us out of existence. Day after day, the attempt was made and often the margin between their success and failure was perilously small. And through it all, the "Sisters" carried on with admirable coolness. One old soldier was a great comfort. When all around us the anti-aircraft guns, "Archies" as we called them, were wearing out their welcome, and the ring of white

explosions high in the air were seen always to be in the rear of the fast advancing plane when at his success and our own destruction seemed imminent, our soldier would draw out cheerfully and unconcernedly, "Hello, Fritzie, over having a look around?" It seemed horrible to think that instead of getting us men, "Fritze" might get the women patients next door, and on several occasions he nearly did. But every situation has its touch of humour, and Tommy could always extract humour from near-tragedy. In the yard of the hospital was a group of tents in which slept the personnel of the station. One of the aforesaid personnel was a big Sergeant named Charlie, who was on night duty. Charlie didn't like our aerial visitors. He was a little nervous about their coming, so it was a natural thing for a mischievous practical joker to heave a heavy brick on the tent just as Charlie was dropping off into his early morning beauty sleep. The effect was electric. Charlie came flying out in very scanty attire. And by a curious co-incidence, most of the nurses and attendants happened to be looking out the windows just at that moment. As the Hospital was crowded, I lived for some time in billet with a very kind French family, who initiated me into the mysteries of French Cooking and the find points of French etiquette. The daughter of the house, age 22, whose lover lay sleeping his last sleep in a soldier's grave, counted herself too old to marry, and was looking forward to a convent life.

There was something impressive, almost chilling, in the quiet bitter hate of those intelligent, middle-class French people for the Germans. But their Town had been in German hands in the first great drive. And the tale of those experiences and of the brutal and fiendish cruelty of their inhuman enemies left one with no word to say against that deep and deadly hate. I have often since wondered as to the fate of my friends. Their Town later passed once more into the enemy hands and is today a disconsolate heap of ruins. But to return to the clearing station. I soon found it expedient to move nearer my base of operations and my obliging Adjutant granted me a tent and a little coal oil stove. They make a happy combination for March and April out of door housekeeping. And a canvas tent as a protection from the shell casings of our own "Archies" and the bombs of the enemy leaves something to be desired. But a convenient cellar way close at hand supplied the deficiency and I soon grew proficient in the art of diving. Just along side our Station was an Imperial aerodome so that our daily experiences never lacked variety. The last sound at night was the return of the planes from patrol duty. The first sound in the morning, the whirr of their propellers as they set forth on the day's work. Shortly before my arrival, the famous little Nieuport fighting planes had been perfected and brought into operation. And the fight for air supremacy was then being fought with the odds inclining in our favor. One daring young pilot, who had been an artist in civil life, left his station at 6 a.m., rose 1,000 feet, defeated and shot down his German opponent and was back at the station in half an hour. I remember well seeing the same pilot, on patrol duty, actually teasing the German gunners, darting hither and thither and coming back again and again to the same spot to secure a much deserved photograph or piece of information. On one occasion, he came down with 53 holes in his machines, none of the bullets having hit a vital spot. There was something charmingly boyish about him as he said, "I never was so scared in my life." Twice during my stay in the 1st C.C.S. we got the victims of a German Gas Attack. And such an experience is horror unspeakable.

We had our hospital full to overflowing. The worst cases we laid on the grass out in the open air. After there hour after hour, we passed from man to man breaking little

tubes of ammonia and spilling it on a cloth to hold to the mouth of the stricken man as he choked for breath and gasped his life away. Hour after hour, the work went on, doctors, nurses, and attendants all at it till those who were too far gone for earthly help and others began to respond to the remedies.

Through all that time the only respite for the Chaplain came as he hurried to the side of a poor unconscious victim to commend his soul to the great Father as he passed into the Eternal. Next day, another section of the long trench in a military cemetery received its silent blanket-wrapped sleepers and new homes across the sea were desolate. After such attacks, it taxed the powers of the Chaplain to write a message of comfort to each man's people. But few were missed. Among my treasured possessions are letters from every part of the British Empire in answer to that Message. But even in the most stirring scenes that bubbling humour of Tommy would break out.

On one occasion, a German squadron had managed to escape the vigilance of our guardians and to drop their bombs on Bailleul. The result was disastrous to the tombstones and wax flowers in the French Cemetery and to several acres of glass under which grew the hothouse grapes for which that part of France is famous. Anxious to know the result of the raid, I set off with a friend.

Arrived at the scene of destruction, I anxiously enquired from the Military Policeman on duty if there had been any casualties. "Yes sir, one", he said, "a cat, but he's buried." It was delightful in its sly humour. Shortly before my transfer came, I had the privilege of seeing a great field-day when a famous French General presented a number of our Canadians with decorations, kissing each one on the cheek as he did so. And it was with a thrill of natural pride that one overheard a French officer saying "the Canadians are the finest soldiers in the world, even though they are somewhat lacking in discipline." Even that small reservation has, I believe, since been proven unjustifiable. Bet at long last, the time had come for a shift.

I had been warned by our D.C.S. (Director of Chaplain Service) that I was slated for a transfer. On the last day of May, 1916, the order came through that I was transferred to the 9th Infantry Brigade, 3rd Division, and attached to the 58th Central Ontario Battalion. I joined the Battalion June 1st, 1916, at Camp on the Reninghelst-Ramertinge Road, a few miles back from the City of Ypres. The Battalion had just been relieved after nearly a month of continuous duty in the line.

The section we were then holding was the Hooge, Sanctuary Wood, Mt. Souel and Hill 60, position in the famous Ypres Salient and the work had been strenuous and wearing so that the men were looking forward to a hike down country and a rest among the green fields and pleasant pastures of sunny rural France. But fate and the enemy ruled otherwise. Shortly after, I reported on the morning of June 2nd, orders came to remain where we were. Rumours of all sorts were flying about. The thunder of the guns seemed even louder, more insistent and more menacing than usual. The glare of the Vercy lights throughout the night had been incessant and had turned night into day. The air activity was much greater than usual and the observation balloons along the line, the eyes of the enemy searching out our secrecy behind the line, had multiplied. Something unusual was in the air. All day, we waited in idleness and uncertainty, and the rumours grew into certainty that the Hun had broken our line, the 8th Brigade Mounted Rifles and part of the 7th had been overwhelmed, General Mercer and Williams had disappeared, dead or captured and the way was almost open to the enemy. That night we were on the

move back up the line to Ypres and beyond to hold the enemy back, with the grim determination that the Hun should not pass.

It was a somewhat nervous Chaplain who marched with the Headquarters' details alongside the Battalion M.O. Both were going into action for the first time. The night was pitch dark lightened only by the incessant Verey lights. The enemy batteries were searching the road up which we moved. The moan of the shells was sufficiently awe-inspiring and nobody knew just what lay beyond or how far the Germans had moved forward. I had great sympathy with a young officer I had met shortly before. He told me he had been moving quietly along the Dickiebusch Road, one bright afternoon when a shell lit not far from him to be followed speedily by another. His only remark was, "Here's where little Willie takes his legs," and he headed for safety with great celerity. The Doctor and I stole cautiously along the road close to the ditch. The ditch was full of green water. I am quite satisfied that if a shell had come our way we would both have taken a high dive. Fortunately it didn't come. Our first halt was at the famous Belgian Chateau, around which were several of our batteries and some Belgian batteries, also for which the Enemy gunners were industriously searching. Here we had our first casualties, several being bowled over with shrapnel. Our temporary aid post soon became a busy centre. Shortly before midnight I went into headquarters to await orders. As I sat on the bench which formed the only furniture of the room, a young chap who had been returned to the Bn., a few days before, curried of shell shock, suddenly had a relapse, and as each shell came over our heads, I got as loving an embrace from my un-nerved young friend as the most ardent lover could desire. When the Battalion again moved forward, it became the business of the Chaplain to remain behind for a season to see that the ambulances duly picked up our wounded men. Important as the task was, with the uncertainty ahead of us, no combatant could be spared. That duty discharged, I was free once more to join the Battalion. It was an eerie sensation to set out that dark road accompanied by my faithful batman, George Cumby, heading in the general direction of Ypres. Arrived there, we spent a day at the busy dressing station to which our wounded comrades were being carried, fast as strong arms and enemy fire would permit. The station was in the centre of Ypres, in the basement of the ruins of a huge hospital building. Here men were given the surgical treatment needed, prior to being sent down for more deliberate and careful attention. The spot was a warm one. It was under fire continually and men soon learned to play the game of "gopher" very expertly, dodging for cover at the wish of a shell. I think it was that morning that Col. Turner, O.C. of one of our Field Ambulances, was killed by a shell at the very entrance to the station as he stood quietly chatting with some of his men. To his eternal honour, be it said that he might have had a chance for life only that he insisted on waiting his turn while men of lower rank, who had been there longer were treated. Nay, I say that spirit of cheerful self-forgetfulness was the animating principle of all ranks from the highest to the lowest. Our Battalion had been halted at the Ramparts our outer wall at Ypres to await the coming of night, and here I was able to rejoin. On the way up, I travelled with a young artillery officer, also new at the game, going to join his battery. We passed the ruins of the Cathedral and the Cloth Hall on the run for it did not do to linger in that vicinity. And the only incident of the trip came just afterward. A shell actually did come over. It passed over our heads and lit in some ruins about 60 yards farther on. When we gathered our scattered wits, my comrade was discovered lying flat on the ground where he had thrown himself and I was sitting on top

of him. That night at 10 o'clock, we passed out of Ypres, across a frail little swing bridge and went in single file across the plain in dead silence and with the utmost caution to a place called Zillebeke Bund which was to be our base. From there, advance companies were thrown out to the village of Zillebeke and the railway switch and there we held on and stopped the gap in our line till the counter-attack could be organized. Such an attack takes time to prepare.

And so the counter-blow actually landed on the enemy on the night of the 13th of June. The intervening time was one of intense activity for all. The broken lines of communication had to be re-established, the temporary line that had been taken back of Sanctuary Wood strengthened and made tenable, ammunition accumulated and each one carefully instructed in his part in the coming "show" as the enemy called it. And those who could be spared were set at the task of clearing the battle field, gathering up the dead and giving them decent burial. It was while at this task, that I first had the experience of seeing a comrade at my side. And here I first felt the sting of an enemy bullet, and the dint on my steel helmet of enemy shrapnel. And here it was my sad duty to see many fine comrades laid to rest. Men who could ill be spared, and whose gallant death in defence of the rights of man will always be an inspiration to high thinking and noble living. At last, on the night of June 13th, all was ready. The attack was to be on the front, Sanctuary Wood, with the 13th on the right and the rest of the glorious 1st Division covering the balance of the front. The night was wet and dark and the hastily improvised line of trenches a perfect quagmire. The approaches too were unspeakable, and motion of any sort exceedingly difficult. It was in the face of such obstacles that our Canadians smashed their way through the Germans, taking numerous prisoners and completely re-establishing the original line. There followed for the 58th, a somewhat severe test of courage and endurance. After the attack, it is usual to relieve the attacking force and let the new force take over and consolidate the ground gained. But recent events had strained the resources of the Canadians, and the relieving force for the 58th were not quite ready. Cheerfully therefore, the wearied, battered Battalion held on for two more days and nights, not only living in the midst of an appalling sea of mud and a steady downpour of rain, but the straightening out and consolidating the new line so that when relief came it was in a defensible position. It was the privilege of the Chaplain to take a bearer party of 100 men borrowed from our supporting battalion, the 43rd into the line to bring out the wounded.

I shall not easily forget the sight of those poor wounded men lying in the mud. And it was a great moment when at last, after a night of toil, we were able to report that not only were our own all out, and that the balance of the 13th Casualties, that even the German prisoners had been cared for. Our men made it a rule to give to the enemy wounded the same treatment given to our own men. Needless to say that was the best and tenderest care it was in our power to give them. One great personal sorrow I experienced just at that time. My friend, Major Ballachey, who had been temporarily in command of the Battalion during the attack while Col. Jenet was on leave, was killed by a shell while on a tour of inspection of our line. The days that followed were stirring days. Much of the time, we spent in the line. Our home was wherever we found ourselves.

Our shelter was often a tiny dug-out whose sides were sand bags and whose roof was corrugated iron with more sandbags on top. Our preparations for sleep were simple.

Just take off your steel helmet, use it for a pillow, roll yourself up in a blanket or an overcoat, if you are lucky enough to have one, and lie down, and the noise of the guns would soon lull you to sleep. Tommy found many uses for his steel helmet. It was not only his defence against the enemy, but on occasion, his pillow, his wash basin and his soup tureen. Most of our food was in cans. We had canned butter, canned milk, canned meat, the inevitable maconachie rations, canned marmalade, and canned fruit. Our bread, our cheese and our bacon alone were minus a can. Even the salt and pepper were in cans. But such as it was, there was an abundance and nobody suffered.

During one of my rest periods, I had the curious experience of being suddenly deserted by my congregation in the middle of a service. It was in a Y.M.C.A. hut at Rininhelst. A hostile air force passed over our heads on their way to bomb Poperinghe, and everybody ran out to see the sight. It was my fortune a little later to be in the above named town during a bombardment and to see men, women and little children carried out of the ruins of their homes. Not much later too, I had been down at the Chaplain's Meeting at Canadian Headquarters at the little Belgian village of Abeele.

On my way back, I saw a sad procession. The inhabitants of Poperinghe had at last been driven from their homes by the opening of a general bombardment of the city by the enemy. Shells were falling steadily on the doomed city and the hapless refugees had abandoned their all and were trudging wearily down the country in search of safety. Old men, old women, women with babes in arms, boys and girls made up the company. Few indeed were the able-bodied young men. They were all in the army or under the sod. These were the brave home-keepers that I met who had been bearing the burden and fighting the battle of life at home while waiting for the day when God and their men would deliver their country. And now they were homeless. As I saw their misery, and the anguish on their faces, I rather doubted the existence of the glory of war.

I am inclined to think the average soldier would be hard to convince of war's ennobling qualities. He is more of a mind of the wounded man who had been silent for half an hour. When asked by his mate of what he was thinking his reply was, "I was just thinking I should like to hear my youngest howl for half an hour." To him that would sweeter music than the music of the guns.

But now the time has come once more to move up to the front. Our destination this time was the Mt. Seoul line, to the right of the Sanctuary Wood. On the way up, I stopped at the Minon Road dressing station for a funeral. It had to be held at night, as had most of the funerals in this unsavoury spot. It was under constant and vigilant observation by the enemy, and the slightest unusual activity during the day would intensify the fire. Here I had a diverting day with a Doctor friend who first fed me on strawberries and lettuce discovered in the remains of a once fine garden, and then took me out to search for souvenirs among the ruins of a huge Technical School, on which German shrapnel fell constantly. He seemed to enjoy it too. Not far away from us could be heard the "pop" "pop" of a little "peanut" battery of 13 pounders, steadily plugging away intent on annoying the enemy and for these the Germans were searching with their heavier guns. In the distance could be seen the spot on which the Canadians stood and died so gloriously during the second battle of Ypres. On our left were the famous Grenadier Guards, and as I looked out from the safe shelter of the Dressing station a party of them passed down the road, dirty, unkempt, and bedraggled with mud of the trenches. It was something to know that Canadians were deemed worthy by the powers that be to fight

shoulder to shoulder with such gallant soldiers. A moment later and the Ypres Salient had once more lived up to its name of "bloody Ypres."

The sharp crash of shrapnel was heard and the call came "stretchers on the double." At a particularly dangerous turn in the road, the little party had been caught, hit, one or two fatally. As soon as night had fallen, a little party of pioneers stole silently out to the roadside cemetery and "darkly, at dead of night," dug the big grave and there we laid away the offerings on the altar of our country of those gallant young Canadians who had died during the day. There was something strangely impressive about that quiet scene as the pioneers completed their task and the still forms, wrapped in blankets were lowered reverently into the grave while the chaplain recited the office for the Burial of the Dead. Many and various were the experiences of that stirring time.

As my faithful batman and I stole silently along the Menin Road through the darkness on our way to rejoin our battalion, we came to a spot separated from the German lines by only a barricade. To our dismay, we were suddenly hailed and halted, and the hailing voice had a strong accent, unmistakably German. Giving ourselves up for lost, we promptly obeyed orders, to find awaiting us in the shadows, a Canadian patrol, commanded by a German Canadian Sergeant. The tour of duty of that date would be described as comparatively peaceful but was not without incident nevertheless. At one point, our vigilant watchers detected the sound of a German mine shaft burying under our front line. At once the Company Commander withdrew his men to a support trench in the rear, leaving only a small guard over the mine, not knowing when it might be touched off. I saw the poor fellows after they had been relieved. Two of them were quite delirious. If my memory serves, it was just here that I was permitted to explore the shaft of the British mine down which General Victor Williams was carried wounded and where he was captured by the Germans in June, 1916. In such circumstances, one came face to face with the shortness and uncertainty of human life.

One Saturday afternoon, I went up the line to meet a new Lieutenant (Sutherland) who had arrived at 10 o'clock the night before. We had a nice chat in his shelter. Just after I left him, he went outside and a sniper caught him and before I was out of the line, the poor chap was dead. And he was the only child of his father, and he was a widower. The Germans had a most unpleasant habit of training a fixed rifle on certain much-travelled spots in the hope of catching some unwary traveller.

One night, I had taken my Roman Catholic Coufrere up to Battalion Headquarters. After our business was transacted, we were returning to the Battalion Aid Post where I was to spend the night. It was pitch dark and I was leading. Just as we passed the corner of a hedge, we heard the sing of a bullet. Just at that moment, Father T..... behind me cried out in an agonized voice, "My God, " I thought the fixed rifle had got him but he had only stuck his foot in a mudhole gone down just when the bullet went over his head. Sometimes I marvelled at the hardihood of our men. At one spot in the line, I called on a young officer, to find him quietly asleep in a hut in the front line with nothing but a tin roof between him and destruction. It was not even sandbagged.

Breakfast up the line is rather a curious meal. Of course in the line, the men had to depend practically altogether on prepared rations. But a little back one could take a little brazier, often only an old oil can with holes in it, put in a little charcoal and with no other

weapon than a mess tin, boil tea, fry bacon and burn toast to make a breakfast fit for a king (or a hardy veteran).

Appetite did the rest. All days were much alike to us in our tour of duty. But by the kind permission of the colonel, I was able on occasion to minister in some small degree to the spiritual needs of the boys in the line. It was not possible to have anything like an assembly of men.

But on several occasions, I found it quite possible to have a continuous communion service. The men came in singly or in pairs, reverently partook of the sacred emblems of the Lord's Passion, and went quietly back to duty, strengthened and refreshed for the grim business of War. So the time wore on to the welcome hour of our relief. As we turned our faces down country to rest and refit. And what a day it was when at last we left behind the booming of the guns and found ourselves in a land of green beauty, of lovely flowers and fresh fruits and vegetables. Our home was only a farmer's kitchen devoid of every comfort or luxury, big and bare and ugly. The floor was of bare brock. There were no blinds on the window. Our only lights were candles and our table ware was of granite; our men were sleeping on straw in the barn but to us, it was a palace, and nobody grumbled. There was heart and gladness in the choruses as we sang on our route marches "The Long Trail," "Pack Up Your Troubles", "I want to go Back," "If you were the Only Girl," and we were thrilled to the music of the famous Battalion combination march, Babel Mandeb, that had so often sounded along the roads of Old Niagara. So the long days of summer passed and life lived nobly up to Colonel Ford's description of Military Duty. "A weary round of monotonous duties interspersed with dangerous episodes."

There are always plenty of dangerous episodes in the "Bloody Salient" and a large part of that summer was spent on the famous Hill 60.

Meanwhile things had been happening at the Somme and the air was aquiver with excitement of the great events. Throughout the month of August, the Canadians were gradually withdrawn from the Salient. Our 9th Brigade was the last of the Corps to move. To our delight, though, orders did at last come through that we, too, were to be on the move. And we were quite ready to leave the Salient behind without undue lamentation. So on a lovely morning in early September, we set out, loaded like jack mules on the long march to the Somme. As a gentle little preliminary canter, so to speak, we first marched about thirty-five miles to a railway to be loaded into a freight train. The men had the box cars and we had the caboose, I doubt if we were much better off than they. At some time in the night, our genial second in Command announced, "These seats just fall short of being comfortable. I've lain on every part of me so now I'll sit up," which he did. Our only diversion in the whole dreary trip was listening to a mule trying to kick the end out of a car and speculating on how long it would take him to finish it. The night seemed interminable to us in our imprisonment. But at last the train stopped, and we tumbled out, just as dawn broke, and set off on the last lap of our trip, 65 miles across country through a succession of sleepy villages, to the famous ruins of Albert. Of that long hike, very little lingers in one's memory. I do not remember the arrival at our destination, the brickfields of Albert. Night had fallen. So had the rain. Indeed, it showed a maddening determination to keep on falling. Cold and wet and miserable, we were marched on the field, and bidden make ourselves at home, without fire, food or shelter. But our Canadian lads are adaptable if they are anything. As if by magic, the

field was covered with little bivouac fires and the men were hard at work hollowing out little sleeping trenches beside the fires, where they could be warm and dry covered with a rubber sheet.

Fortunately their ingenuity was not unduly tested. About midnight the order came to move and we marched into billets in Albert. The billets were the ruins of an old house, with bare floors to sleep on, covered with the dirt of ages, but they were dry. People were still living there, in the cellars, and even carrying on business. Just outside Albert, I got my first glimpse of the great new Engine of War, the Tank. It had that day helped in the taking of Courcellette, and was on its way back for repairs.

On September 16th, we took over the ground around Pozures, reaching it by way of Contal maison, sacred to the memory of the Australians and the famous "Chalk Pitts". At Contalmaison I saw a rather curious sight. In the centre of the ruins of the village, there still stood the village of Cavalry. The figure of the Saviour had been entirely shot away from the Cross. One hand alone remained and that hand had swung around so that it pointed heavenward as if to remind us that above the roar of battle and the ruin and desolation of man's destruction stood the Great Eternal and Unchanging One ready to receive and forgive. When the Battalion advanced to take up their station and hold the ground just won, the Chaplain (your humble servant) was ordered to stay behind for special duty. That special duty consisted in taking a succession of parties out and working over the recent battlefield gathering up, identifying and burying the poor lads who had fallen in the charge. Night and day we worked for six days always under fire, in wet and mud almost inconceivable. From shellhole to shellhole we crept, gradually working over the whole area of Pozures nothing whatever remained, except I think, one cement gatepost. An occasional fragment of brick or splintered wood lying in a shellhole would remind one that once there had been a house on that spot. Otherwise, no trace remained to tell us we were standing on a village. Over this rugged road had travelled the 27th and 31st Canadian Batalions and it was our duty to search out the fallen. In our seeking, we came at length to a railway cutting that had been a German front line. Our guns had caught them as one Battalion relieved another, and had literally piled them up in heaps. As we worked our way through those grim and silent figures, giving them decent burial, we came on a sight I shall never forget. One of our laddies, a mere boy, posted on sentry had made for himself a little shelter in the side of the Cutting. And as he sat there on guard the concussion of a big shell had killed him. And there he sat on guard, as it were. We left him there burying him in his little shelter, and there today, he keeps watch and ward over hard won fields, a mute and glorious testimony to the world that Canada had given her best for liberty. Following this strenuous work, I did a spell of stretcher duty with the battalion. The only way to get our wounded out was to carry them overland by day-light. We were ordered to carry a Red Cross flag while about this task, but soon threw it away when we found it only made us a fair mark for the enemy's bullets. Returning to the line early one morning, I found our wounded in rather a serious plight. A ration party had been knocked out and neither food or water had arrived. So I organized a small search party and set out to look for the missing men and their precious stores.

The men had been killed or wounded by a big shell. Their rations had been bumped into a shellhole and ruined by the rain but several cans of water remained undamaged. It was ticklish work and crossing the so-called Valley of Death, I got my

first taste of enemy metal in the shoulder. It was well worth it though to be able to give the precious water to our wounded men.

It was on this turn in the line that our bombers, under command of young Lieutenant Joe Walker, made a raid on the German line, were help up by uncut wire and were wiped out. I will remember seeing the sole survivor, Sergt. Blaney, brought into the lines from No-Man's Land, after lying there for three days and nights in a shellhole without food or water and quite helpless from a wound in his back. One of my abiding remembrances was of a birthday party of which Joe Walker was the host and I was the guest. We sat on a bare floor and discussed the contents of a birthday box he had just received from home. And our thoughts were busy with many a tender dream of home.

Two others of my best friends went down on that Town, Lieut. Simpson and Capt. John Ryerson, the latter of the Brigade Trench Mortar Battery. The heartbreak of active service was to see one by one, the brave comrades giving their lives at the call of duty. And never had man more lovable comrades than these three. At length the day came for our relief, and tired, dirty and strained, we headed once more down country. The military idea of a rest was to have us march three days down country and three days back, which we did. But at least it was a change. On the way back we spent Sunday in billets, Oct. 1st, and I was able to have a parade service with the Battalion and following that a notable communion service with over a hundred communicants, among them some of the Niagara boys, including the two Best boys. I think one of them, Harry, fell in the next engagement. It was my last Sunday with my boys.

Next day, we went into the line for a three-day spell in the Trenches at Courcelette, then a day out with a bivouac in the mud of the famous Tara Hill just outside Albert. On the morning of October 7th, it was whispered about that we were going in for a general attack. Soon after orders came that we were to move. All day we were busy getting everything ready. We fell in about two o'clock for a general inspection. Revolver ammunition, Rifle cartridges, Mills bombs, Juks, shorrls, sandbags, and rations were all served out. About 4 o'clock, we moved slowly out of our camp and took up our march up the Albert-Bagaume road. It took us until 8:30 to reach our destination, we travelled so slowly over the crowded road. Every gun in the area was pounding its hardest and the din was frightful. At one place we halted behind a battery of 15-inch Howitzers. The concussion of their explosion nearly shook our teeth loose. About 8, the firing slackened, to re-open at 10 for a two hours' intensive barrage. At 12, all firing ceased and for four hours, there was stillness. Meantime everybody had found his station and had received his instructions.

I was left behind at the big dressing station in the cellar of the Chateau at Courcelette. Here every Doctor in the corps had been marshalled, with his staff of orderlies and assistants. To each M.O. had been assigned his own particular spot and all were busy with preparations for the coming rush of wounded men. The zero hour had been set for 5:30 a.m. At 4 the barrage re-opened and one would wonder how anything could live in the face of that fearful volume of fire.

At 5:30 was launched the general attack on the famous Regina Trenches, the 58th and 43rd in the centre, with the 1st and 3rd on one side and the 13th and 16th on the other. The attack was only temporarily successful, the force of it being weakened by imperfectly cut wire. Our men suffered very heavily, very few coming out unscathed. By 7 o'clock, the wounded were coming back in a stream that grew into a flood. And

shortly after, while bringing in a badly wounded brother Officer, I was myself put out of action with a severe shrapnel wound. Of the walk out to the ambulance, the ride across country in the ambulance to Coutay and the treatment there, one's remembrance is hazy. Following a ride in the famous Princess Christian Hospital, Tram to Etaples, where I found myself in No. 1 Red Cross, Duchess of Westminster Hospital. And oh, the rest and peace of that hospital bed, I actually slept at last in linen sheets.

After that I followed the usual course, Calais to Dover, thence to No. 4 London General at Denmark Hill, there a delightful convalescence away down at Penzance, Cornwall, and then a long spell of duty in a Canadian Hospital at Brighton and in the neighboring Camp at Shoreham-by-the-Sea.

And when at last the call came to set my face homeward in the Autumn of 1919, I came back with the feeling strong upon me that it had been a privilege to have had even a small part in the redemption of the world from threatened slavery. And when His Majesty the King was graciously pleased to confer on me the Military Cross for services in the field, it came to me only as a visible token that in what I had tried to do in the way of duty I had not altogether failed.

PRIVATE FREDERICK JAMES MATTHEWS
(No. 3108212)

Fred Matthews, fourth son of the late James Matthews and Mrs. Matthews, joined the 1st C.O.R. at Hamilton, February 25th, 1918. He left Quebec for England early in May. He had always been slightly troubled with asthma. This trouble and other developments caused him to be sent to a Hospital in England. He was kept there until August of the following year. He got his discharge August 23rd, 1919.

PRIVATE GEORGE MATTHEW MATTHEWS
(No. 3035976)

George Matthews is the second son of Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Matthews of Niagara. He joined up with the C.O.R. May 1st, 1918. He went overseas June 2nd, and was in France, September 28th of the same year. He was back home with his discharge on April 26th, 1919, being away just a few days less than a year.

LIEUTENANT GORDON TUTTON MILLAR, M.M.

Gordon Millar, younger brother of Leslie, was but a school boy when he signed up as Bugler in the 151st Battalion on January 11th, 1916. He was transferred to the 21st. He was wounded April 10th, 1917. He was awarded the Military Medal. His date of discharge was May 30th, 1919.

PRIVATE LESLIE BALFOUR MILLAR

(No. 3037076)

Leslie Millar is the older son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Millar, who resided in our town for a short time, during which the boys attended the Public School. Leslie was in No. 1 Battalion the 1st C.O.R. He signed up in Toronto May 10th, 1918. His service was in England only. He was discharged October 17th, 1919.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL F.W. MILLER, M.C.

Fred Miller is the son of Mr. W. Miller, who was for a number of years, a Merchant in Niagara and who served as Mayor for several terms, but removed to Brantford some years ago. Fred attended both the Public and High Schools. He came from a family of soldiers, his grandfather was prominently connected with the Canadian Militia. His father too had taken an active interest in the Militia, volunteered and went overseas as Captain during the War. Fred's service is a long and honourable one, lasting from August, 1914 to August, 1919. His rise in rank was very rapid as the appended list will show.

Commissioned at Brantford, Ontario, August 1914. Proceeded overseas with rank of Lieut. In the 4th Canadian Battalion, September 22, 1915. Promoted to rank of Captain, April 22, 1915. Appointed Adjutant 4th Canadian Battalion June, 1915. Appointed Staff Captain. 1st Canadian Infantry Brigade, January 17th, 1916. Appointed Deputy Assistant Quarter-Master General, 5th Canadian Division and promoted to rank of Major, January 27th, 1917. Appointed Adjutant & Quarter-Master General, 5th Canadian Division with rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, September 1917. Appointed Deputy Assistant Adjutant General, 4th Canadian Division, September, 1918. Appointed Deputy Assistant Adjutant General, Canadian Corps Headquarters, December 1918. Returned to Canada and transferred to Corps Reserved, August, 1919. Honours - Military Cross.

PRIVATE JOSEPH NOLAN RAYNOR

(No. 175417)

Nolan Raynor in his youthful days in Niagara was well known for his adventurous escapades. The youthful spirit has not deserted him, for although past the soldiering age, he signed up in 86th Battalion, October 13th, 1915. His service was in England only. He received his discharge May 6th, 1917. His home has been for many years in Hamilton.

PRIVATE CAMERON MILLOY

(No. 141729)

Cameron Milloy, son of Mr. & Mrs. Colin Milloy, and grandson of the late Captain Milloy of the old Steamer City of Toronto, was born in Niagara and attended the Public School for a time. The family removed to Welland where Cameron enlisted July 27th, 1915. He was first in the 76th but was transferred to the 58th. He served in France and was discharged medically unfit March 3rd, 1920.

SERGEANT DANIEL CARMAN McARTHUR
(No. 324897)

Dan McArthur is the eldest son of the well known writer, Mr. Peter McArthur. Mrs. McArthur is the youngest daughter of the late Daniel Waters of Niagara. Dan was attending the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph when on March 7th, 1916, he enlisted in the 56th O.A.C.Battery. He went with the 55th Battery to France in August 1917, serving with that unit as signalling corporal until the signing of the Armistice. He was through all the Campaigns which the Canadian Corps undertook during that time. He was gassed at Cambrai. He was in the march through Belgium to Germany and was stationed for six weeks across the Rhine from Bonn. He was discharged June 23rd, 1919, after three years and four months of service.

SERGEANT ALBERT JOHN McCLELLAND, M.M.
(No. 227127)

Albert McClelland, better known as Bert, is the only son of the late Albert McClelland and of Mrs. McClelland. On both sides of the house, he is descended from the old soldier families of Niagara. His grandfather, the late John Raynor, was a Veteran of the American Civil War and of the Fenian Raid and a member of the old No. 1 Co. 19th Battalion. Bert enlisted with the C.M.R. in November of 1915. That winter was spent in Hamilton. In the middle of the following April, he went overseas landing in England, May 1st. He was with a draft to reinforce the Fort Garry Horse and went to France in August, 1916. He was in France for two years and nine months, just in hospital for a short time with a skin trouble supposed to have come from the mustard gas. His Military Medal was given him by General Tawlinson. After the Battle of Amiens in August, 1918, Bert received his discharge on June 18, 1919.

LANCE-CP. EVERTON HOWARD McCLELLAND
(No. 159626)

Howard McClelland when a small boy, lived with his mother and sisters down towards the Dock, later the family moved to Toronto. He is a nephew of Mrs. Charles Byng Addison. He enlisted November 23rd, 1915 with the 81st Battalion, Toronto, and served with the 4th C.M.R. Battalion in France and Belgium for three years.

PRIVATE ALBERT OWEN McGUIRE
(No.331775)

Albert McGuire was one of many who had been rejected early in the War. He was called on January 23rd, 1918, and joined the 2nd C.O.R. at Niagara Falls. He went to England in February. When he was two weeks in England, he joined the machine gunners. He was sent to France June 12, 1918, and served there till the Armistice after which he spent six weeks in Germany. He returned to England in April. He received his discharge in Toronto, May 25th, 1919.

VINCENT F. MacGREGOR
(No. 2498361)

Vincent MacGregor is the younger son of the Rev. A. F. MacGregor, for many years pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Niagara. The older son, Arthur, served as an officer in France, most of the time with the Imperials. He was attending university when the family came to Niagara and so does not enter on the honour roll of our schools. Vincent attended the High School for a short time. He enlisted at Toronto on August 28th, 1917, in the Canadian Forestry Corps. He trained at Camp Borden and went to France early in January, 1918. He served with that Corps in Southern France till February, 1919. He received his discharge in Toronto, April 11, 1919.

GUNNER CHARLES JOSEPH NIPPER
(No. 37439)

Charles Nipper came as a small boy from Buffalo to live with Miss Flynn. He stayed there for a number of years and was still in Niagara when the War broke out. He was with the first group of boys to go to St. Catharines to enlist. He was in the 1st Divisional Ammunition Park. He enlisted under the name of Nicholson. He served from August, 1914, till May 27th, 1919. He has, since his discharge, found his own folk and gone back to his native Country.

PRIVATE GEORGE M. NOBLE
(No. 2418306)

George Noble had all of his Public School education and about two years of High School in Niagara before the family moved to Saskatchewan. He enlisted in Saskatoon, June 1st, 1917, went overseas in January, 1918, and went to France to the 1st Machine Gun Battalion.

He left France in the Winter of 1919, returned to Canada and received his discharge in Toronto, May 11, 1919. The schoolmates of George and Edna Noble were grieved indeed to learn that the sister died while the brother was serving his country in the Army.

SAPPER HENRY S. O'MELIA

Many of his townfolk will be surprised to find that this is the appellation of our genial custom house officer always known as "Eddie" O'Melia. Eddie is the elder and only surviving son of Mr. & Mrs. Edward O'Melia. He enlisted at St. Catharines January 30th, 1917, with the 256th Battalion Canadian Railway Troops, afterwards changed to the 10th Canadian Railway Troops. He served twenty months in France and Belgium, thirteen months of this in the Ypres salient. He was gassed November 13, 1917. He won

his stripes in France but asked to have them removed. He returned Canada and was discharged March 23rd, 1918.

PRIVATE JAMES EDWARD PATTERSON

James Patterson, only son of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Patterson, tried to enlist a number of times, but though sound and well, did not come up to the required stature of a soldier. On December 15th, 1915, he was accepted in the 92nd Highlanders and went overseas with that Battalion in May, 1916. By September, he was in France on the Somme. On the 6th of October, he was wounded and sent back to England. On March 21st, 1917, he was sent back to France and served till August 27th, when he was buried by the explosion of a shell. He was badly crushed and was in the hospital for several months. He was sent back to Canada and arrived April 15, 1918. He was kept in hospital here till December 13, 1918, when he received his discharge. His term of service was just two days less than three years.

THOMAS WILLIAM PORTER (No. 3314497)

Thomas Porter was one of the first to leave town to enlist. He was sent to Valcartier but contracted rheumatism there and was sent home. In November, 1915, he went to Toronto and tried again, but was turned down when he showed his discharge from Valcartier. When the first draft was called, Tom was sent to the 2nd C.O.R., Jan. 23, 1918. In July, 1918, he was sent to France to the 14th Battalion. At Cambria, September 27, 1918, he was one of eight men with a machine gun. One of our own shells fell short and six of the eight men were killed.

One was wounded slightly and after a short stay in hospital was sent back. Tom had part of his thigh shot away. He has spent just seventy-one days in France. For some time while in Brighton Hospital, he was not expected to recover, but has done so, so effectively that unless is looked for, the slight halt is not noticeable. Tom can not speak too highly of his treatment in Hospital and by the people of England and Scotland when he was out on leave. He returned to Canada and was discharged at the beginning of May, 1919.

PRIVATE LINCOLN SAVAGE QUINN (No. 193250)

Lincoln Quinn was born in Niagara and attended both Public and High Schools. He, with the late Gordon Ryan, Ernest Coleman and Laurie Eckersley, worked in the local bank in the busy season of 1915. He enlisted in the 15th Battalion at Niagara, September 30th, 1915. He first served with the Band. Wm. Elliott tells an amusing manner of an encounter with Lincoln at the front. He was running towards his dug-out, head down, when crash went his helmet again that of a runner in the opposite direction.

Each starting back, with the natural inclination to blame the other was surprised enough to indulge in a more friendly embrace till Lincoln's request for something to eat reminded William of his nearby dug-out. Lincoln was wounded October 22nd, 1917. While on leave, he had another surprise meeting at the Railway station, he met James Patterson, whose leave fortunately coincided with his. They agreed to spend it together. Lincoln was demobilized May 10th, 1919.

MAJOR JOHN G. RANKIN, A.S., U.S.A.

Headquarters First Air Park,
American Forces in Germany,
Weissenthurn, Aug. 18, 1919.

Catherine Creed,
Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario.

Dear Madam,

1. Your letter of July 21st, forwarded to me. I am glad to furnish the information requested.
2. At the date of the United States' entry into the War, I was on the Retired List of the Michigan National Guard with Rank of Captain, having fifteen years' service including the War with Spain, 1898.
3. In September, 1917, I was commissioned and assigned to command a construction Squadron of the Air Service, sailed for foreign service on October 29th, arrived in France, Nov. 2, 1917.
4. My command, the 52nd Aero Squadron, was sent to Issoudon in Central France to aid in establishing what became the largest training camp for Aviation every built.
5. On January 5th, 1918, I was detached from the 52nd and assigned as Supply Officer of the First American Combat group to be formed for operations on the front. This group was designated as the 1st Pursuit Group and made an excellent record later. In this group, served such well-known pilots as Lufberry, Rickenbacher, Campbell, Hall, Peterson, and many others of lasting fame.
6. Upon me fell the duty of establishing an Airdrome at Ville Neuve-Les-Vertus. There was at this time, no American Supplies available and all the material had to be secured in small quantities from French sources. However, overcoming this handicap, we succeeded in building a first-class airdrome, securing Nieuport-28 Pursuit Planes and starting operations against the enemy. Our sector was from Rheims to Challons. On this sector we lost the first American Pilot in combat, Captain James E. Miller.
7. During the enemy's spring drive on Amiens, we had to give up our 'drome to a French bombing group and we were moved to Toul Sector, operating between St. Miheil and Pont-au-Mousson. Due to the experience gained at Vertus, our pilots developed remarkable efficiency on this front, and their numerous victories at this point, rapidly called attention to what America would count for in the War. Of course, we had many

losses, it was here that Major Lufberry had his last combat, but on this sector, we certainly secured undisputed mastery of the air.

8. When it was apparent that the enemy was about to make his big final attempt to win Paris, in June, 1918, we were moved to the Chateau Thierry front and for some weeks were the only "Chasses" aviation against great numerical supremacy. While our victories at this time, out-numbered the enemy's we had our heaviest losses. Our pilots were continually on duty making three, four and even five patrols over the lines, day after day.

9. We received some reinforcements in the shape of French Chasse Squadrons and in the Champagne-Marne defensive July 15th to 18th, the enemy's drive was blocked by the Army as a whole.

10. July 18th, we operated in the Aisne-Marne offensive which continued till August 6th. This offensive was the turning of the tide and forever finished the enemy, as an offensive force, from that hour, he was the defensive. It was here that the wonderful fighting qualities of the American 1st, 2nd and 3rd Divisions were first seen, and the effect on the enemy was noticeable in his morale from that time on. It may be of interest to you to state that one of the First Pursuit Group pilots, Quentin Roosevelt, was lost during this action.

11. The Group was moved to Rembercourt, south of Verdun, preparatory to the St. Meheil offensive which opened September 12th and lasted till 16th. Other Chasse groups were by this time organized by the American Army and our group had considerable assistance.

12. On September 26th, the Meuse-Atgonne offensive began. Owing to the lack of any possible place to establish airdrones, as our ground troops worked harder on account of the length of the flights. We had now instituted and developed daylight and dawn balloon straffing and night flying chases. This all came to an end with the Armistice on November 11th. The First Pursuit Group lost scores of pilots and had hundreds of victories to its credit. Twenty-four pilots had qualified as aces and Captain Edward Rickenbacker s the American Ace of Aces, with twenty-six victories.

13. After the Armistice, in command of the 4th Air Park, I accompanied the Army of Occupation in the march to the Coblenz bridgehead. During the month of May, I was promoted to Major and assigned to command the 1st Air Park, which Park was designated to dispose of all property of the Air Service after the departure of the flying squadrons. This duty I am now engaged in.

14. I am enclosing you the only photograph available. This was taken in February, 1918, with my oldest son, Private 1st Class Joseph Donald Rankin, Company G., 26th Infantry, 1st Division, who was killed in action July 19, 1918, and is buried near Soissions, France.

JOHN G. RANKIN,
Major, A.S., U.S.A.

SERGEANT CLIFFORD GEORGE REID
(No. 597)

Clifford Reid, second son of Mr. & Mrs. George Reid, was attending the Dental College, in Toronto, when he signed up for service in the Canadian Army Dental Corps. This was in Toronto on February 8th, 1917. He served with this Corps in England till the close of the War. He received his discharge September 7th, 1919, and resumed is college course almost immediately.

PRIVATE EDMUND RICHARDSON
(No. 210776)

Edmund Richardson, eldest son of Mr. William Richardson, enlisted with the 98th Battalion on the 2nd November, 1915. He went overseas July 5th, 1916, was transferred to the 12th Reserve in October, 1916, and went to France November 14th, 1916. He was in Belgium when the Armistice was signed and was at the taking of Mons. He was back in England about May 1st, and received his discharge in Canada, June 8th, 1919. He served three years and a half in the Army without being either sick or wounded.

PRIVATE WILLIAM JOHN ROSS
(No. 1073) 4th General Hospital, C.A.M.C.

William Ross, better known in Niagara as "Texas", enlisted at Toronto, Mach 31st, 1915. He proceeded overseas and served in Salonika. In one of Tom Houghton's newsy letters to the school children, he says "there is no better man here than Texas, he does the work of three men handling the meat for the unit." William had spent several years at this work in the shop of the late Mr. Fred Best. He was discharged May 27th, 1919, M.D., No. 2, Toronto, Ontario, on demobilization.

SERGEANT HARRY FREDERICK ROWLAND, D.C.M.
(No. 1073)

Harry, elder son of Mr. & Mrs. Frederick Rowland attended the Private School of Miss Servos, Mrs. (Colonel) Ptolomy, and the Niagara High School. He was a student at the O.A.C. Guelph, when he was with his freind Dan. C. MacArthur enlisted March 15, 1916, in the 56th Battery, C.F.A. He served in France with distinction and was awarded the D.C.M. He was demobilized April 6th, 1919.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PERCY L. ROWLAND

Percy Rowland, of the firm of Hearst, Rowland and Aitkin, Sault Ste. Marie, son of the late Thomas Rowland, Merchant of Niagara, received all his Public School and some of his High School work in Niagara. On November 11th, 1915, he was appointed to recruit and command the Algoma Infantry Battalion. His Battalion trained at Niagara in the early summer of 1916 and left for England August 8th, 1915; he was appointed to

recruit and command the 119th of the same year. Colonel Rowland was kept in England until April of 1918, when he was sent to France. He left France, February 12th 1919, and came back to Canada July 11th, 1919.

PRIVATE FRED ALEXANDER RUSSELL
(No. 171842)

The Russell family lived for a year or two on the Doctor Watt farm, now occupied by Colonel Nelles. When the family came here from Alberta, Fred was attending Upper Canada College but the next year went to Niagara School. He enlisted in Toronto August 14th, 1915, in the 83rd Battalion. He was wounded September 30th, 1916, and again August 26th, 1918. He was demobilized on April 17th, 1919.

MAJOR J. HOWARD SANDHAM

Howard Sandham, is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. James Sandham, both native Niagarians but for many years resided in St. Thomas. He attended our Public School for a short time. When the war began he was an electrician in St. Catharines. He served with the 19th at Niagara Falls from August 5th, 1914. On December 1st, 1915, he enlisted with the 98th C.E.F. going to England with that Battalion. He returned and was placed on the reserve of the C.E.F. May 24th, 1917.

MAJOR HAROLD CHELMSFORD SHEPPARD

Harold Sheppard, was the second son of Major James Sheppard, a well-known officer of the 2nd Dragoons, and he also had been connected with the same troop for a number of years. He joined the 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles at Toronto on January 9th, 1915. He went to France but returned and served at Niagara Falls till the Frontier Guard was demobilized May 12th, 1916.

MAJOR FRED J. SMITH, M.B.C., M.P.E.

Fred Smith, is the son of the late William Smith, who for a number of years, was the editor of the Youngstown News. His grandfather, Robert Smith, was one of the Royal Canadian pensioners so familiar to the Townspeople a generation ago.

For the War Service of Major Smith, I copy verbatim from the September 1920 number of "Physical Training." "When the War broke out, was asked by the National Council to go to Valcartier, the mobilization camp for Canadian Soldiers, to organize the recreation. Returned to duty at Central Y.M.C.A. in October. In the Spring of 1916 volunteered for service over-seas and was asked by the National Council to organize the physical work in England and France with the honorary rank of Captain. In 1917, was put in charge of all Canadian Y.M.C.A. work in England and promoted to Major.

His work was recognized by the Canadian Military authorities and he was made Chairman of all championship events, in Great Britain. Went to France in the Spring of 1917, returning to England to carry on the work which had grown from five centres in one area to eighty-four scattered all over Great Britain. Was in France again in 1918. In June, 1918, was made a member of the Order of the British Empire by King George for valuable services rendered during the War. Was offered the National Physical Directorship of Canada by the National Council and returned to Canada in August, 1918 to take up the new responsibilities. In June, 1919 was honoured by Springfield College with the degree of Master of Physical Education."

LIEUTENANT G. BAYLY STEWART-JONES

The late Stuart-Jones assistant of St. Mark's is still remembered with love and respect by many in Niagara. The name too is often heard, for several boys were called after him. Among these is Stuart Thornton, D.C.M. Bayly, the eldest son, was five years a pupil of the Niagara Public School. He enlisted in Caledonia, Ontario, in March 1916 in the 114th Brock's Rangers, Haldimand Battalion.

He was attached to the Imperial War Office and Air Ministry for special duty on aerodrome construction. He served in Canada from March, 1916 to November, 1916, in England from November, 1916 to August, 1919.

PRIVATE ALFRED STEVENS

(No. 3314638)

Alfred Stevens came with his mother from England when he was fourteen years old and attended our Public School for a year. He tried to enlist in the Summer of 1917, but was not accepted. He has always had defective vision. He joined the 2nd C.O.R. in February 19th, 1918. In April of the same year, he went to Witley Camp, England. In August, he was in France. He was gassed at Cambrai. After two weeks in hospital and five in Convalescent Camp No. 5, he was sent back to Etapes and then to Mons and through to Germany. He left Belgium April 2nd, 1919 and was back in Canada and received his discharge May 25th, 1919.

LEWIS EMERSON SWINTON

Lewis Swinton is the youngest son of the late David Swinton. He was very young when the family left Niagara and received most of his schooling in St. Catharines. After the death of his wife, he removed to Toledo. Like many other Canadians living in the States when his adopted Country entered the War, he preferred service under the Union Jack.

He came to Toronto early in the Summer of 1918 and enlisted as a mechanic in the R.A.F. He was on duty in England when the Armistice was signed. He came back to

Canada and received his discharge in April 1919. His son Arthur Swinton enlisted, but as he was only sixteen years old, could not get overseas.

WILLIAM JAMES THORNTON

The story is told that on November 1st, 1915, William Thornton went pheasant shooting. He encountered a couple of officers from the 58th who weren't long noticing that William could bring down his bird before they could get a chance. "A shot like you should be in the Army," one of them remarked. In that pleasant drawl of his William answered, "They wouldn't take me." "Just report tomorrow morning and see how quickly we will take you," said the officer. Whether this story is true or not, William enlisted in the 58th at Niagara November 2nd, 1915. He served almost a year in Canada going overseas October 6th, 1916. William's school days had been just as few as he could, make them but no letters coming to the public school children were more enjoyed. He had a peculiar knack of sizing up things and expressing them. For example when writing about his first leave in London he says. Those Englishmen who talked so much about over (home), used to make me mad but now I understand.

He proceeded to France, October 28th, 1916, and with but one short leave was there till April 29, 1919. He served with the 58th, the 2nd Pioneers and with the 10th Engineers. At Vimy, he received a slight wound. On returning to the front, he served two months with the Australian Tunneling Company before returning to the Engineers. He received his discharge June 16th, 1919.

SERGEANT HEDLEY BERT THORNTON

(No.210910)

Hedley Thornton is the second son of Mr. & Mrs. John Thornton of Niagara. He has always been noted as one of the local athletes and has numerous cups for his prowess in jumping and running. His wife would not consent to his going overseas, so he enlisted in the 44th Lincoln and Welland Battalion. On November the 6th of the same year, he joined the 98th Battalion, C.E.F. He left for overseas with that unit July 5th, 1916. In England, he was declared medically unfit for France but was put to work at his trade of Baker and was kept there till November 28th, 1918. He received his discharge in Toronto, March 5th, 1918.

PRIVATE STEWART JONES THORNTON, D.C.M.

(No. 226172)

Stewart Thornton was working in Detroit and came across to Windsor to enlist October 14th, 1915. He enlisted in the Canadian Corps Cavalry Regiment Horse. He was awarded the D.C.M. He received his discharge April 25th, 1919 and is now back in Detroit.

SAPPER WILLIAM ALFRED TILLEY
(No. 678693)

William Tilley worked for Mr. Wright at Fort George and attended Niagara Public School for two years. He enlisted in the 169th Battalion in Toronto on January 24th, 1916. He was wounded on October 25th, 1917. He was discharged medically unfit February 21st, 1919. In one of William Thornton's letters from the front he writes, "Tilley and I often have a game of cards in our happy home underground disturbed by nothing but the rats, but nobody minds them." These two had not known of one another till meeting in France but the tie of the old Town made them friends

WILLIAM GEORGE TODD
(No.4090100)

Private William George Todd spent the most of his boyhood and school days in Buffalo but went to Niagara Public School while visiting relatives in Town. He went west with Mr. & Mrs. Charles Todd and later took up land for himself near Dunkirk, Saskatchewan. In November 11th, 1917, he enlisted in Regina with the Motor Machine Gun Brigade. He was wounded October 1918. After eighteen months service in England and France, Private W.G. Todd came back to Canada, Feb. 19th, 1919, and after a short visit in the east, he returned to the west, after spending one day in Niagara, received his discharge and is once more in the words of the prairie poet "a man of the furrows."

We hope that the glorious sun of our Western Provinces will soon take away all ill effects of the rain and mud of days and nights in Flanders.

HERBERT WALSH

Herbert Walsh, eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. Herbert Walsh of our Town, is a grandson of the late John Bishop, who served as Councillor and Mayor of Niagara and was also a member of the Country Council for many years. Herbert enlisted July 28th, 1916, in the 71st Battery, St. Catharines, but was later transferred to the 11th Battery, 3rd Brigade. He sailed for England Oct. 21, 1916, spending his twenty-first birthday on the ocean. He was sent to France January 9th, 1917. After three months in France, he was wounded at Vimy Ridge, April 9, 1917, and was sent back to England. He lost one eye and has a stiff finger on his left hand. He was discharged at Toronto, April 28th, 1918. He had been working as an electrician before enlisting and is now taking one of the government vocational courses in more advanced work of that business.

PRIVATE CHARLES WHITTEM

Charles Whittem is the only child of Mr. Walter Whittem of Toronto. The late Mrs. Whittem was Miss Daisy Bolton, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Bolton of

Niagara. Charley Whitem spent every summer of his childhood from the first trip of the boat till the last with his grandparents, going to school both in the Spring and in the Fall. He enlisted in the C.A.M.C. at Toronto, July 1st, 1915. This was patriotic celebration of our Dominion Day. He trained in Niagara Camp and went overseas in the same draft as Charles Keith, in August 1915. He was transferred to No. 1, C.S.H. doing service in the Dardanelles. With the rest of his unit, he was transferred to Egypt, then to Salonica. After eighteen months, he contracted malaria fever and was sent to the Island of Malta for seven months before being returned to Canada in June, 1919.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL F.W.E. WILSON

C.B.E., C.A.M.C., etc.

Ernest Wilson is on the roll of both our Public and High Schools as he passed his entrance exam here during the time in which his father was Minister In Charge of the Methodist Church. Even after being transferred, the family seemed to remain part of Niagara for they spent many seasons at their summer home at Chautauqua. After obtaining his degree, Dr. Wilson settled in Niagara Falls, Ontario. He was a Major in the Canadian Militia when he enlisted in November, 1914. He obtained the same rank in the C.E.F. being the first medical officer of the 4th C.O.R. at Toronto. He went to England in April, 1915 with No. 2 Canadian Casualty Clearing Station. In July, 1915, became Deputy Assistant Director Medical Service at Shorncliffe. In May, 1916, was made Assistant Director of Medical Service and Lieutenant-Colonel. In November, 1916, was acting D.D.M.S., England. In March of 1917, went to France and was Medical Officer of the 50th Battalion for three months. He worked in the trenches at Vimy Ridge and was mentioned in despatches. From September, 1918 to May 1919, Colonel Wilson was A.D.M.S. with the Canadian Forestry Corps in the Jura Mountains. In June, 1919, he was made Commander of the British Empire.

In his record for the Niagara Historical Society, Colonel Wilson made no mention of the famous Bruce Report and has given no permission to use any statements from that Report, but no record of Colonel Wilson would be complete without some quotations from the book written by Colonel Bruce after he had returned to civilian life.

"In naming the members of his Board of Inquiry, he gives: "Lieut-Colonel F.W.E. Wilson, for 10 years in the Canadian Army Medical Corps had been an administrative officer in the Shorncliffe district for a year and a half and was Deputy Director of Medical Services for England during the re-organization, which post he held until removed by General Jones upon the latter's return to office." Colonel Bruce writes to Sir Edward Kemp: "he (Col. Wilson) is one of the best administrative officers in the Canadian Medical Service.

He was regarded by the British Medical Service as a man of unusual administrative ability and accorded the highest praise."

ARTHUR ANDREW WOOD

I, Private Arthur A. Wood (No. 225751), of St. Catharines, enlisted with Second Depot C.M.R.'s of Hamilton on April 27th, 1916.

I went overseas in October, 1916, landing in England on November 1st. I was at once transferred to 11th Canadian Reserve Infantry, Shorncliffe Camp.

In the early part of December, we were sent to France to help reinforce 78th Battalion as they marched from the Somme to Vimy Ridge. We held the line until the big British advance on April 9th, 1917. We went over the top at 5:30 a.m. gaining all our objectives, the 38th Battalion being in the first wave while the 78th was in the second. I was slightly wounded in the hand and leg about three hours later.

Then I received my trip to dear old Blighty, finally landing in Glasgow Hospital, Scotland, where the Scotch lassies were delighted to give every attention to the Soldier Boys.

The Scotch people were extremely hospitable to the soldiers. Through their kindness, I was taken by automobile to many points of interest, viz.: "Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond," "Ben Lomond," "Lock Fyne," and "Rocken Glen."

I was sent to Princess Patricia's Convalescent Hospital at Ramsgate and later to Hastings. I was returned to France on April 16th, 1918, to help reinforce Fort Garry Horse, C.C.B., with which Regiment I remained till the end of the War, on November 11th, 1918. I took part in three cavalry engagements, viz. Amiens, Roye and Le Chateau.

It was a strange meeting when five minutes before the charge at Raye, I met Homan Lyall, and old school mate at Niagara-on-the-Lake. It was in this charge that old Fritz took spite on me, putting my horse out of action while I remained unwounded. I could tell much more but shall make my remarks brief.

I received my discharge at Toronto on May 31st, 1919, and arrived in St. Catharines on June 1st, after having put in a little over three years of Military Service. Providence was certainly with me all through the War, and I thank God that I am back on dear Canada's sod to that sacred spot called "Home, Sweet Home." How true are the words:

"Be it every so humble,
There's No Place like Home."

CAPTAIN FRANCIS EDWARD WOOTTEN, M.C.

Edward Wootton's father served with the old Royal Canadians and his grandfather was Sergeant Beaven, a well known pensioner in Niagara, a generation ago. Edward Wootton attended both schools and was a student in the University of Winnipeg when he enlisted on November 4th, 1914. He was gunner No.86378 in the 3rd Brigade. He obtained a Commission and later won the Military Cross. He was demobilized July 19th, 1919.

On returning home with the Rank of Captain, he went to the University of Saskatchewan and in the Saskatoon Paper of 1921, describing the Convocation, it was told that the degree of Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering was conferred on him with honours in several subjects, also he gained the Governor General's Gold Medal.

SAPPER WILLIAM WRIGHT
(No. 404954)

William Wright attended Niagara Public School for a year while living with his grandmother, the late Mrs. Alexander Wright, at Fort George. He enlisted with the Canadian Engineers at Niagara on June 12th, 1915. He was wounded on June 4th, 1916 and received his discharge June 16, 1919.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM HAMILTON WYLIE

William Wylie, only brother of N.S. Flora Wylie, attended both our schools. He served with the Canadian Engineers. He signed up in Ottawa on February 21st, 1916 and was with them till demobilized June 16th, 1919.

NURSING SISTER FLORA WYLIE

From the time July, 1914, when our little one-class Steamer Ionian sailing from Montreal to LeHavre, we started to seek fame and fortune in Paris. To the famous 11th November, 1918, is indeed a far cry and comprises a life-time of experience, hope, despair and sorrow.

Nevertheless, I shall try to give a brief resume of my infinitely small share in the great game during that time. Already the war-clouds lowered, albeit invisible to all but those "in the know." Our first impressions however of the gay Capital were white liard shining glimpses of beautiful streets and buildings, heavenly blue sky, marvellously dressed women and under it all, the homesick heartache of strangers in a strange land. In ten short days, all was changed.

Mobilization was ordered in France and every man of army age dropped his occupation and reported. Indeed, a marvellous system but at the moment the confusion was indescribable.

In the twinkling of an eye, cabs, motorbuses, taxis were commandeered for the Army. Banks closed and transportation to and fro was paralyzed. We lived for days at the "Gare du Nord" trying to get a train while the crowd surged back and forth and every little while, we would hear the crash and fall of broken glass, some German's shop being smashed up. We were looked upon with suspicion. England had not yet declared war, and I expected any moment to see Madame Defarge herself appear with her knitting, so much to my excited mind did the scene resemble the days of The Revolution.

After much tribulation and many sleepless bedless nights and exciting experiences, we arrived in England with all our worldly goods in our hand bags. (Eventually we did get our trunks including our fur coats from Paris to London, thro' the Amerian Express - that was after living in the selfsame clothes for months, our funds were running pretty low). England was so sober, so staid and well-ordered, after the intense excitement of those first days in Paris and we settled down in a cheap boarding-house in Bloomsbury building all our energies towards getting back to France with the British Army this time. Our first work was at Shorncliffe at an old Elizabethan Mansion

belonging to Lady Markham and loaned by her for a hospital, to the War Office. Here we nursed the brave defenders of Antwerp. Belgian Officers and all were dazed with suffering and stunned with the terrible fate of their land. After a few weeks here,

I was ordered to join the First Contingent of Canadian Sisters, one hundred strong, at St. Thomas' Hospital, London. Here on the bank of the Thames, almost under the shadow of the Big Ben, at the first training school for Nurses formed by the redoubtable Florence Nightingale, we enjoyed true hospitality at the hands of the English Nurses who turned out of their rooms to give us quarters.

From here, two lucky groups of sisters were sent to France, while with my heart in my boots from disappointment, I was detailed one of nine for Salisbury Plain - Bulford Manor - How to describe those awful rain-soaked months when men died daily of Pneumonia, Meningitis and all sorts of ills. In the dark old-fashioned, over-crowded Manor House, once the home of Sir Walter Raleigh, we struggled with insufficient supplies and little or no equipment to meet ever increasing numbers of stricken men. And still the War went badly abroad and still our brave fellows chafed and fretted to be "up and at them." In the Spring, leaving a smiling Plain almost idyllic in its beauty and peace after the sordid scenes of the Winter, the Troops sailed away to France and the sisters too. As yet, we had not seen the War - Boulogne, the great English Base of Operations, teemed with life and excitement. It was now March, 1915. Ambulance trains arriving Sisters, French, English, "Boulonnaise" appeared in all sorts of quaint costumes crying their weird unintelligible street cries. We stayed at the Louvre Hotel overnight eating strange French 'Hors d'oeuvres' and drinking strange light wine as naturally as water? The next day was spent in a long, slow train which seemed never to get anywhere, but finally after dark, stiff and sore, tired and cold, we arrived at the picturesque fishing village of Le Treport. On the plateau, at the top of its tall white cliffs, our hospital, rows and rows of canvas tents was just beginning to go up. We were growing to love this quaint beautiful spot fifteen miles north of Dieppe, when after a week a few of us were ordered to report to No. 1 Canadian Stationary Hospital at Wimereux. Back to Boulogne with all our equipment, we travelled and two miles farther along the coast to the once-fashionable seaside resort.

Here we were billeted in the Hotel Sussex, so close to the shore one felt all but swept away in the Spring tides. Out of the village on a wonderful green slope, we helped start another canvas hospital. It was a beautiful place, lovely yellow primroses grew there and myriads of Burns' little crimson tipped daisies. Here we took walking wounded "who came and went with startling rapidity poor lads." Here too came our brave Canadians wounded in the 2nd Battle of Ypres. In the words of the sober old London Times:-

"Brilliant Action of Gallant Canadians!

They undoubtedly saved the day.

Their conduct was magnificent throughout."

After the delay and censor of Salisbury days and conduct I shall never forget the fierce thrill of pride with which I read the words that first gave us our record destined to be proudly held by the Canadian troops all thro' these after years of horrible warfare.

After two months of hard interesting work, not so heartbreaking, because these men all went to Blighty, and were full of life and fun we moved to No. 1 Canadian General Hospital at Etaples. Here amongst the sand dunes, in a little canvas hut beside the

main road reeking with fresh tar, with heat and sand and flies and horrid unappetising rations, we helped start another hospital. Ours and one British likewise just starting, formed the anchors of what afterwards became a busy city of tents and huts. Thousands of beds were soon available and necessary for the steady influx of badly wounded men, who came and came and came all those interminable years, until in May, 1918, the brutal Hun bombed the area and demolished many of the hospitals, killing and wounding many of the already mangled inmates, as well as the Sisters and Orderlies who attended them.

After nearly a year spent mostly in the operating room here, and one of the hardest worked years (I never seemed to have quite the same force after), I was sent to Bailleul to No. 1 Canadian Casualty Clearing Station in March, 1916.

Here, eight miles from the firing line within continual sound of guns and with aeroplanes, enemy and otherwise ever buzzing overhead, we felt as tho' we really were at the War. It was here I met Captain Masters, the Padre, with his unselfish, untiring zeal on behalf of the wounded and his steady cheerful smile bringing untold comfort to the weary and dying men, for they were all dying it seemed to me, our Ward was filled with terribly wounded ones - I remember one little Scot who complained that they put the Highlanders and the Canadians at the toughest parts of the line, and I said, "But Jock, think of the compliment." "Aw we could dae wiout it Suster," says Jock with his dry smile. Tho' it broke my heart to do so, I was called home and had to leave my Ward and return to Canada for two months. Then returning, I was sent to "Bearwood", England, a convalescent hospital at a huge country place near Reading - belonging to Mr. Walter, at one time, owner and editor of the London Times. In the meantime, my best friend, Miss Squire had been sent from Bailleul to the Anglo-Russian Hospital in Petrograd, then St. Peterburg.

Here (in Bearwood) comfortably quartered in this hideous ultra early Victorian Mansion, we looked after 700 Convalescents during the awful fighting on the Somme, fretting all the time to get back to our real work in France.

In January, 1917, Miss Macdonald, our Matron-in-chief, sent 9 of us, all friends, to No. 3 Canadian Casualty Clearing Station at Remy-Siding, Belgium. Here on both sides of the Railway Track, four clearing Hospitals, 2 British and 2 Canadian were established. Ah! That awful January and February living in a canvas hut - I was never so cold, never. The Wards for the sick cases were wooden huts, hurriedly constructed and after finishing the dressings in the morning my feet usually felt like huge clogs of ice that I was compelled to lug up and down. In the winter, the work was not bad because both sides simply held the line, but that summer saw the real beginning of the War in the Air. Day and night, the awful raids went on and the thundering replies of our "Archies" made the air hideous. There the Fifth Army was holding that part and everything they tried to do was a failure. Day after day, month after month, with head and flies and wounds, our lives were interminably weary. Sometimes, looking at the poor lads brought in and thinking how a heavy motor lorry or something equally deadly would run quietly over me and put an end to it all. Cowardly thought. Yet on days, when we were not busy, thrilling and exciting adventures were ours. Poperinghe, the highway to the front line was less than two miles away. Here we could ride in an ambulance or on the front of a motor lorry and watch the traffic which was as congested as in Picadilly or Oxford Circus and as well-handled by the "Traffic Cops."

Then one day, hidden inside of a Flying Corps Tender, two of us got right into the ruined city of Ypres itself right up to the Lille Gate, but an odd enemy shell came hurling and crashing over and we were glad enough to dodge into a dug out in the Ramparts.

Another wonderful time, we had a ride, exciting, rather, inside a Tank one of the squadron stationed in a wood near the line. For nine months, with absence of two weeks glorious leave spent mostly in Land's End, Cornwall, we worked like slaves at that Clearing Station. In November, 1917, just as the Canadians were going into the line for the Pachendaele push much to our regret, we were ordered to the Base and went back to LeTreport. Here, far away from noise and strife, we worked in No. 2 Canadian General Hospital for ten months. We learned to love the place and the many lovely and historic spots in the vicinity, going several times to Dieppe and Rouen. In December, three of us had leave in that playground of the world, the heavenly never to-be-forgotten Riviera, Nice, Mentone and Cannes. In that terrible spring of '18 when Haig's truth-compelling words - "Our backs against the Wall," made the bravest heart quail, our hospital and the others in the area were evacuated. You see we were in a direct line from Amiens to the coast and in the event - well in any event, - we might be cut off. Most of the Sisters were sent to the Boulogne area to other hospitals to help in the care of the enormous number of wounded - It was awful for those of us who remained to be idle in the glorious spring sunshine waiting, doing nothing when for so many of our best and bravest, (the glorious spring sunshine) had been forever extinguished. But again, Britain's Bulldog qualities held, the tide turned. At a moment's notice, we were ordered to be ready to receive wounded and soon the hospitals were in full swing gradually, so gradually the German's lost ground. All summer we were busy. In August, that great coup was played, and the whole Canadian Corps brought south under absolute secrecy, a stupendous and wonderful feat. In September, Miss Squire was given the Matronship of No. 2 Canadian Casualty Clearing Station Hospital. Soon the Great Retreat started and our Clearing Station was chosen by the British General to be one of a few to advance with the Army following up the enemy. We first went to Monveaux near Lille and took over a monastery as our Hospital. Just inside the gates was a lovely statue of our Lord, his hands raised in gentle benediction as it had stood thro' the gloomy years of Hun occupation. The building itself reeked still of its Hun inhabitants of three days before ugh! Roubaix and Tourcoing two large French manufacturing cities were close to us. Now indeed, we began to realize the effect of the iron hand of Germany. Not a domestic animal in sight, not a vestige of goods in the shop, even the brass door-handles were plundered. A few things sadly few alas, that these clever French people had slyly hidden were brought forth from inside mattresses and walled up cupboards, and eagerly picked up, such as quaint candlesticks, leather Bridge Sets, odd bits of China, et cetera. Here to us in this monastery - Hospital, our wards still filled, the historic 11th November came. The only way we marked it, stunned and unbelieving, as we were was by the queer silence of the guns - and by the patients all having stout for dinner. But as the days went on, the wonderful, wonderful, relief. No More Wounded! Alas, we had only begun to realize and appreciate this when the awful Flu scourge was upon us, almost decimating the Troops. Our next move was to Leuze in Belgium on the main Brussels Road near Mons. I remember one glorious day of happy meeting at Mons which was then bursting with the overflowing spirits of the Canadian Corps. While at Leuze, the first British Prisoners turned loose by the Huns after the Armistice made their long, painful way in that bitter weather to our Hospital.

Had I never lived through the years of War, had I only known the Huns thro' these poor, pitiful, suffering, starving wrecks of men returned to us, I would know that no reparations imposed by the allies would be adequate to meet the case of this diabolical enemy. I am still nauseated with horror when I think of the Prisoners and of their stories, ever word of which rang true.

Our next move was 100 miles forward always by ambulance and motor lorry, along the beautiful valley of the Meuse, thro' Charleroi, poor ill-fitted Namur and on thro' lovely undestroyed country to the ancient city of Huy (pronounced wee) with its quaint Cathedral and bridges. In the city square one morning, I saw a young Canadian Gunner cleaning his Machine Gun - looking up with a grin, he said, "Hello Sister, Are you from Toronto?" bless him.

From here I was cabled for to return home and the Clearing Hospital went on to Germany and spent their Christmas in Bonn, there indeed getting some of their own back.

I had a ghastly trip back to Boulogne as owing to so many refugees and so much congestion of troops, the railways were demoralized. Seasick and miserable, I crossed the Channel on Christmas Day, reviving sufficiently to eat Xmas Dinner with two British Officers and another Sister (English) on the boat train from Folkestone to London. In the middle of January, 1919, four and a half years from that July morning that saw us sail from Montreal in such high spirits, I arrived home to "take up the burden of life again." H.W. Halifax 1921.

THOSE WHO DID NOT REACH OVERSEAS

LLOYD BLACK

Lloyd Black, brother to Wilfred Black (M.M.) enlisted in the Flying Corps and worked with that unit as mechanic till demobilizations.

CARLETON NASH

Carleton Nash, son of the late Benjamin Nash, enlisted in B.C. and died there before his Regiment was ordered overseas. (Ottawa sent a record of Carleton Nash as proceeding overseas and serving with the Imperials but this must have been another with the same name.)

PRIVATE LORENZO IRVINE EVERETTE BROCK (2009123)

Lorenzo Brock is the only son of Mrs. Lila Bissel Brock. His father, Mr. Irvine Brock, had been in the American Army and served during the Cuban War. He enlisted on May 28th, 1918. He served as Headquarters' Bugler at Brockville till August when his mother having petitioned for him as her sole support, he was sent home. He was not discharged till January 15th, 1919.

GUNNER JOHN BOLTON, (317857)

John Bolton, only son of the late John Bolton and Mrs. Bolton of Niagara had been living in Port Dalhousie when he enlisted January 27th, 1916, in the 49th Battery under Major Lancaster of St. Catharines. The battery drilled in St. Catharines, Toronto and Petawawa. While in the latter place, he developed trouble for which he was sent to

Muskoka. He was thus unable to go overseas and was discharged in Toronto, October 31st, 1916.

PRIVATE EDWARD HAROLD BALL

Edward Ball, youngest son of Mr. & Mrs. Albert Ball, was one who tried hard to get overseas, but every Doctor declared him medically unfit. On January 8th, 1915, the 44th accepted him for Frontier duty. He was with the force till May 8th, 1918. During this time, he was stationed at Port Colborne, Niagara Falls, Fort Erie, Queenston and Niagara.

CHARLES BALL

Charles Ball, third son of Mr. Albert Ball served on the Frontier Guard for two years.

RICHARD C. BURD

While an American citizen, Richard Burd spent all his school days with his relatives the Healey family. On May 1, 1918, he enlisted for four years service in the American Naval Reserve. He served on the Great Lakes till July 17, 1918, when he went to the submarine base at Panama. He was engaged in patrol work there till 17th December, 1918, when he was given leave. His present rank in Seaman 2nd Class.

PRIVATE HERBERT JOSEPH CAUGHILL

Herbert Caughill is the youngest son of Mr. John Caughill. His eldest brother, Edward Caughill is on the list. He enlisted in St. Catharines, February 8th, 1916, in the 19th battalion. He was transferred to the Welland Canal Force. He served at Niagara, Niagara Falls, and DeCew Falls. He was discharged July 31, 1916.

EDWARD CARNOCHAN

Edward Carnochan, the second son of Mr. James Carnochan, enlisted on Feb. 8th, 1916, but as he was only fifteen his baptismal certificate was obtained from Toronto and on application to the Commanding Officer, he was discharged after serving some time, as under age.

CADET EDWARD COFFEY

Edward Coffey is the youngest son of Mr. & Mrs. Coffee of Yonkers, New York. He enlisted in the Naval Reserve Force, April 17th, 1917, while a student in Princeton. He returned to Princeton College in October. In June, 1918, he transferred to Naval Aviation and was sent to Massachusetts Institute of Technology where he studied until August 30th. He was then sent to Akron, Ohio, for training in spherical balloons. After obtaining his pilot's license there he was sent to Pensacola, Florida for more training. He received orders for inactive duty December 12th, 1918, and returned to Princeton University. He is editor of the Princeton paper, "The Tiger."

JACK COFFEY (U.S. ARMY)

Jack, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Coffey of New York, attended for a short time both our Public and High Schools. He enlisted in the service of his country in May 1917. He was about to enter an Officers' training camp in July but his mother writes "as

he has a wife and child and a very good position in Philadelphia we finally succeeded in getting him to resign under conditions that when he was needed he would again enlist."

ROBERT CONNOLLY, (7166)

Robert Connolly is the second son of Mr. James Connolly and the late Mrs. Connolly. Robert had gone west seeking restoration of health. He was in San Francisco when the War broke out. He came home the next spring and on April 25th, 1915, joined the R.A.F. as First Class Mechanic. He served with this Force in Texas, Toronto and Deseronto and received his discharge November 30th, 1919.

PRIVATE JAMES CUMPSON (255680)

James Cumpson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. James Cumpson of Mary Street, had been in the west for a number of years. He enlisted in the 210 Battalion in Moose Jaw on the 23rd of May 1916 and served till Feb. 8th, 1917. Service in Canada only.

NURSE MAUDE FISHER

When Maude Fisher late of Virgil finished her course at Niagara High School, she trained for a Nurse in Geneva, New York. She enlisted in that City, November 1918 and was sent at once to New York City to the Old Green Hut building. Miss Fisher remained on duty there till it closed July 15th, 1919. The Debarkation Hospitals were for receiving the soldiers on their return from overseas and as soon as possible transferring them to camp to be discharged or to hospitals near their homes. Debarkation No. 3 accommodated 4,600 patients and was frequently filled for a few days. Many would be transferred in two or three days especially the ambulatory cases. The Nurses in the American Army are not ranked but classed between a Cadet and a First Lieutenant.

CORPORAL FREDERICK EDWARD GARRETT (2692724)

Frederick Garrett enlisted February 13th, 1917. He was sent to the Canal Force and was there till June 30th, 1917. He then joined the 2nd Garrison Battalion and was with them until July 23rd, when transferred to 1st Battalion, 2nd Depot at Niagara. In September, he transferred to the Siberian Force 59th Battalion. In October, he took the "flu" and then was in hospital in Guelph, Burlington, and Whitby. The flu left him in such a state that when he received his discharge April 14th, 1919, he was placed in Category E.

CAPTAIN HAMILTON C. GARRETT

Hamilton Garret only son of Canon Garret for many years, rector of St. Mark's, received most of his schooling at Ridley College, but attended both our Public and High Schools for a short time. He enlisted at Toronto on October 6, 1914 in the C.A.S.C. 124th Battalion, C.E.F. and four months Staff Captain of the 5th Training Bde. He was declared medically unfit for overseas service and was given permission to retire in October, 1916.

ALBURY K. HOOD

Albury Hood, elder son of Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Hood, was born in England, but received all his schooling in Niagara. He joined the Permanent Force in London, Ontario on July 1st,

1915. He served with the Ordnance Corps in London, Toronto, Camp Borden, Halifax and received his discharge in Montreal on July 27, 1919.

PRIVATE ARTHUR RICHARD HOOD (2692618)

Arthur, better known as Archie, is the younger son of Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Hood. Early in August, 1914, he went to St. Catharines, to enlist in the Welland Field Battery but he has always been very short sighted and could not pass. He tried again in the 98th Battalion. On February 7th, 1915, he joined the 44th for Frontier defence. Since leaving that July 5th, 1918, he has been in the 2nd C.O.R. and the Canadian Army Veterinary Corps at Exhibition Camp and in the R.C. D.'s. He received his discharge July 31st, 1919.

EDWARD JAMES KEITH

Edward Keith, second son of Mr. and Mrs. William Keith, enlisted in the 180th or Sportsman's Battalion early in 1915. He passed as an Air Man but was discharged as unfit for service after a few weeks in the Army.

JOHN LYNCH

John Lynch received most of his public school and all of his High School Education in Niagara. He enlisted in the American Army September 3, 1918. Attached Adj. Det. Personnel Sections at Camp Sherman, Ohio.

FELIX LYNCH

Felix Lynch, youngest son of the late John Lynch and Mrs. Lynch, spent all of his school days in Niagara while his father was Fireman on the M.C.R.R. He was in the Southern States when he enlisted Feb. 28th, 1918. He was attached to the 339th engineers stationed at Norfolk, Va. He was discharged at Camp Hill, Va., March 12, 1919 with rating of Master Engineers, Sr. Gr.

2ND LIEUTENANT J.W. MEADOWS, R.A.F.

William Meadows attended the public school during the years in which his father was Engineer on the local line of the M.C.R.R. He enlisted in the Air Force in April, 1918. He was demobilized December 15, 1918, with the rank of 2nd Lieutenant.

CADET JAMES C. O'DONNELL

James O'Donnell is a descendant of two well known families of this vicinity. He is the youngest son of Mr. James O'Donnell and Mrs. O'Donnell who was Miss Jo. Cummings of this Town. He left his position at Niagara Falls, Ont. and enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps in Toronto, August 30th, 1917. He attended the School of Aeronatics serving in Camps Long Branch, Borden, and Leaside. His flying course was all but completed when the Royal Air Force was demobilized.

CHARLES SHERLOCK

Charles Sherlock is the older son of the late Charles Sherlock and Mrs. Sherlock. He is a great grandson of Harry Hindle, one of the old Imperial Army Pensioners of Niagara and his grandfather A. Sherlock served in the Fenian Raid. He enlisted in Toronto, April 8th, 1918, serving in the Office of the Head Quarters Staff. He was discharged from there,

but re-enlisted in the R.A.F. serving in the office in Toronto and Long Branch, receiving his discharge December 1st, 1918.

MAJOR DEXTER CLEVELAND RUMSEY, AIR SERVICE, SENIOR MILITARY AVIATOR, U.S.A.

Dexter Rumsey was a summer visitor in our Town and neighbourhood for many years. He attended the Public School for a short time. His Military Service is as follows: He graduated from West Point in 1911. He was with the 6th U.S. Cavalry on Mexican Patrol Duty 1912-1916. He was 1st Lieutenant and Captain with the 4th Cavalry 1916-1917 in Hawaiian Islands. He became Major, Air Service, Senior, Military Aviator, 1917. Flight Commander, Supervising Engineer, South Western District, over eight flying fields, Field Commander 1917-1919. Major Rumsey was due to depart on service with the A.E.F. in France in March 1919, but was

recalled owing to Armsitice. Not many years of the small public schools of the United States can have supplied more men to the United States Flying Corps than is on the list of this Canadian School: Major Rankin, of Detroit, Michigan; Major Rumsey of LaJolla, California; Lt. Booth of Los Angeles, Cal.; the late Lt. Coffey of Yonkers, N.Y.; Cadet George Barracks of Buffalo, N.Y.; Pilot Ed. Coffey, of Yonkers, N.Y.

HARRY REILLY, WILLIAM REILLY

These two boys are known to have served on U.S.A. Battleships but neither they nor the United States War Records ansered the letters asking for information no account of their services can be given. They are grandsons of the late Mrs. Swift and cousins to Matthew Girvin who is also on our roll.

STAFF SERGEANT LEEMING HEDLEY SERVOS

Leeming Servos is the only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Dan Servos of Niagara. He enlisted in the C.A.M. at Weland August 5, 1914. He was attached to the head quarters staff of the Welland Canal Protectors Force and served for two years and a half.

FRED STIVENS

Fred Stivens who faced many a bitter wind across Niagara Common to reach Niagara Public School, served in the American Army.

PUBLIC SCHOOL HONOUR ROLL

Armstrong, Anson Muriel	Armstrong, Ivan	Armstrong,
Armstrong, Raymond	Avery, Charles	Ball, Edward
Ball, Charles Charles	Barrack, George	Bell,
Best, Robert Richard	Black, Wilfred	Bird,

Black, Lloyd Carl	Bolton, John	Booth,
Booth, Fred. Herbert	Brady, John	Brady,
Brock, Lorenzo George	Brown, Peter	Brownlee,
Calhoun, Charles Earle	Calhoun, John	Campbell,
Carnochan, Edward Charles	Carnochan, Frank	Castle,
Caughill, Edward Gordon	Caughill, Herbert	Chamberlain,
Chamberlain, William Arthur	Crysler, Moss	Coffey,
Coffey, Edward, Ernest	Coffey, John	Connolly,
Connolly, Robert	Coleman, Ernest	Corbett, Fred
Corbett, Thomas	Cowley, Charles	Cowley, John
Cumpson, Clarence James	Cumpson, Herbert	Cumpson,
Currie, Hainer	Currie, Perry	Doran, Robert
Eckersley, Laurier Emslie, Charles	Elliott, William	
Fisher, Donald Frederick	Fisher, Edward	Fisher,
Fisher, William	Fizette, Robert	Freel, Duncan
Freel, Norman Rowland	Fyfe, John	Gardiner,
Garrett, Hamilton Ernest	Garrett, Frederick	Grimstead,
Griffith, Reginald Matthew	Gordon, Percy	Girvin,
Hainer, Charles	Hainer, Clifton	Hainer,
Harvey		
Hewgill, Edwin Archie	Hindle, Frank	Holohan,
Holohan, Merrick Robert	Houghton, Herbert	Houghton,
Houghton, Tom Arthur	Hood, Albury	Hood,
Ireland, Dallas Charles	Kanally, William	Keith,
Keith, Edward William	Keith, Garland	Keith,
Kemsley, Arthur Ernest	Kemsley, Clifford	Kemsley,

Ker, Edwin Isaac	Kirby, Eric	Lavell,
Lee, Harry Roy	Lees, Percy	LeFraugh,
Librock, Gerald Herbert	Logan, George	Longhurst,
Loughlin, John Homan	Lyall, Clarence	Lyall,
Lyall, Maurice John	Lynch, Felix	Lynch,
Maess, Albert Harold	Maess, Roy	Malcolm,
Masters, Charles George	Matthews, Frederick	Matthews,
Millar, Gordon Frederick	Millar, Leslie	Millar,
Mills, Arthur Daniel	Milloy, Cameron	McArthur,
McClelland, Albert Albert	McClelland, Howard	McGuire,
Nipper, Charles O'Donnell, James James	Nesbit, Walter O'Melia, Henry	Noble, George Patterson,
Porter, Thomas Gordon	Quinn, Lincoln	Rankin,
Raynor, Nolan Reilly, Harry Rowland, Percy Sandham, Howard Edwin	Richardson, Edmund Reilly, William Rumsey, Dexter Servos, Leeming	Reid, Clifford Ross, William Ryan, Gordon Shepherd,
Sherlock, Charles Bayley	Smith, Frederick	Stewart-Jones,
Stivens, Frederick Alfred	Swinton, Lewis	Stevens,
Teeple, Harley Hedley	Thompson, Charles	Thornton,
Thornton, Stewart Reginald	Thornton, William	Thomas,
Tilley, William George	Todd, William	Wallace,
Walsh, Herbert Charles	Whitside, Leroy	Whittem,
Wilson, Ernest Edward	Wood, Arthur	Wootton,
Wright, William	Wylie, William	

MISS SERVOS' SCHOOL

Nash, Carleton Libroek, Gerald Rowland, Harry

HIGH SCHOOL HONOUR ROLL

Ball, Gerald	Best, Robert	Black, Wilfred
Bolton, John		
Crighton, Frank	Chrysler, Moss	Dickson, Robert
Eckersley, Laurier		
Elliott, William	Emslie, Charlie	Field, Earl
Field, Harold		
Field, Wilfred	Fisher, Donald	Fisher, Maud
Garrett, Hamilton		
Gordon, Percy	Girvin, Matthew	Hainer, Charles
Hainer, Harvey		
Houghton, Tom	Houghton, Robert	Kirby, Eric
Lee, Harry		
Lyall, Clarence	Lyall, Maurice	Lyall, Homan
Masters, Charles		
Millar, Fred	MacGregor, Vincent	Noble, George
Quinn, Lincoln		
Reid, Clifford	Richardson, Edmund	Rowland, Harry
Rowland, Percy		
Russell, Frederick	Ryan, Gordon	Shepherd, Edwin
Sheppard, Harold		
Teeple, Harley	Walsh, Herbert	Wilson, Ernest
Wootton, Edward		
Wylie, Flora	Wylie, William	Wright, W.J.