

C.B. WHYTE DIARIES

This transcript is of the two diaries of Sapper C.B. Whyte of Edmonton written during World War I 1914 - 1918.. The first diary begins April 6, 1915 and ends November 20 of the same year. The second diary begins October 31 of 1917.. The only information we have of the interim period between is that Mr. Whyte was ill and in hospital during the winter of 1916.. Every attempt has been made to ensure accuracy, however there are some place names and people names which may be misspelled due to difficulty in deciphering Mr. Whyte's writing and the obscurity of some of the small sites.

Monday, April 6, 1915

Left Kingston & Queens. Took G.T.R. train with Slapper Ellis, Len McQuay, Abernathy, Ted Smythe & others. Got to Ottawa about 6 p.m... Had supper and Slapper & I went up to Barracks at Lansdowne Park. Met some of the boys. Bunked in Don Sutherland's bed as Don is still home. Had a poor sleep on the boards.

Tuesday, April 7 - Lansdowne Park

Had breakfast of bread & milk and beans. Was medically examined and passed. Got some of my outfit, but did nothing all day.. Was bust so did not go downtown. Had a better sleep.

Wednesday, April 8 - Lansdowne Park

Up at 6 a.m.. Hung around and got most of my outfit. A day of no important events. Changed into my uniform in the evening and felt more comfortable. Slapper Ellis, Len McQuay & I went down to Y.M.C.A. & had a plunge. Had a good sleep.

Thursday, April 9 - Lansdowne Park

Up at 6 and had march before breakfast and about 9 miles after breakfast. Len McQuay and I went downtown in the afternoon. Shipped my "civies" back to Kingston. Wrote letters at the Soldier's Club to father and Rhena. Had supper at Hamilton's Cafe. Came home early to have a good sleep.

April 10 - 15 Lansdowne Park

Nothing important except the last day or so. Had one pleasant evening up at Geo. Shontt's playing billiards. The second last afternoon we had a holiday on which I wrote letters to father, Aunt Grinty, Libby, Rhena and Marj McEwen, & Red. Received some money from father, most of which I sent to Kingston to Mrs. Amiel. & On the last day at Ottawa we packed all our web

equipment and blankets. Had a holiday. Had lunch with Publow & McQuay at the Alexandra. Had supper at the Dagos. We fell in at 7:30 p.m. and had that memorable march to the Broad street station when the Ottawa people gave us such a great send-off. Boarded the train at 9 & were fairly comfortable. Started for Halifax.

Friday, April 16 - On Train

Had breakfast about three hours after getting up - pretty punk & lots of dirt. Played cards nearly all day. We had to change at Levis and had one more glimpse of old Quebec and it looks like the same old place. Also Montmorency Falls. We passed through eastern Quebec and saw the old French villages and the St. Lawrence River. Got off at Riviere de Loup and had a march and a hearty welcome from "les habitants". Boarded the train and read till bedtime. Had a glimpse of Father Point - the scene of the Empress of Ireland disaster.

Saturday, April 17

Up at 7 A.M. Got into Moncton about 10 A.M. The people gave us a great welcome. Two bands to meet us and everybody out. We had a short march to get the kinks out of our legs. Pulled out about 11:30. The day turned out fine & we had a short stay in Truro. We drew into Halifax about 6:30. The harbor looked fine. After supper we went up town and I was very much disappointed in the place. Pat Brown, Harry Minnes and I nearly got killed with a brick which broke a plate glass window within a foot of us. Went back to the train about 9. Went to bed and was wakened by Edwards about 11 P.M. He was drunk and wanted a fight. I offered myself as a sacrifice, but his bluff was called. He also sobered up considerably. Corporal Ambrose was the arbitrator. Finally got to sleep.

Sunday, April 19

Up at 6. Had breakfast and packed our kits & blankets. Marched down to the dock in a drizzle. The "Grampian" was waiting for the 18th batt. from London while the White Star liner "Northland" took our three cos. of C.E.'s and some C.A.M.C. men. Our section got fairly good quarters, but the majority are in the steerage or "rat-hole". Much dissatisfaction. We sailed at 6 P.M. and got clear of the harbor and dropped the pilot before dark. Saw our last of Canada for some time (I suppose). There was quite a sea running the fishless will be well fed tomorrow. Everybody seems to be looking for a German submarine, but there will be plenty of time to worry when we get to the war zone.

Monday, April 20 - on board

Up at 6:30. Sea very rough and the boat pitching and

rolling dreadfully. Had a dirty breakfast. Went on deck and saw some miserable specimens leaning over the rail. The rails were actually crowded. Bat Brown and I wandered round offering what sympathy we could. Were kicked off the main deck by Col. Houlison. Our deck is the back deck - large enough for about 75 or 100 men. And there are 1800 of us!! There are about 30 or 40 officers for the main deck which accommodates about 1000 men. Damnable selfishness but that is the army all through. The sergeants have the smoking room. The sappers get the leavings. Could not eat dinner for the dirt. Not clean dirt for I can stand that and have stood it. But this dirt is the greasy avoidable kind. I suppose my stomach is not extra strong at present anyway. Sea continued rough till nightfall and the five of us crawled into our little cabin prepared for the worst. The two Babbit boys, Hughes, Pat Brown and I are together.

Tuesday, April 21 - on board

Woke up feeling pretty punk. Ate sea biscuits for breakfast and even all day. I cannot stand that greasy, dirty stinking mess-room with the dirty stewards.

The sea is still rough and although some of the boys are beginning to look more cheerful still there is a "pall of gloom" about the place. We are allowed to roost in the lifeboats now - if we are good. If I were placed in the "rathole" I would not stay there two minutes. Our cabin with no light or ventilation - not even a porthole - and five of us in it is nearly as bad. Wandered round deck all day with Pat Brown. Kept alive on sea biscuits.

Wednesday, April 21 - April 28 - on board

I am putting a week here together for, excepting for very minor incidents, one day is the same as the other. We finally got into the Gulf stream where the sea became a little calmer and the weather warmer. We got into a fog and an ice-flow and had to stop for 6 hours. For the next three days we went at less than half speed for some unknown reason. The "Grampian" which had got quite a distance ahead of us slowed down for us. I think that we were waiting for our escort.

On Sunday afternoon in the middle of divine service "H.M.S. Cumberland" caught up to us. Great enthusiasm on board for the ocean does look a dreadfully large place with the thoughts of German submarines lurking around us.

Till Wed. April 28 nothing of importance happened. The same long days of reading on deck or an occasional game of cards. I got off the feed of sea biscuits and forced myself to the mess room. I was actually acquiring the name of "Sea-biscuit" Whyte.

Will I ever forget the Tuesday and Wednesday night feed in Don's bunk when old Don, Pat Brown & I partook of roast-beef, potatoes, turnips, chicken, tea and ice-cream. It cost us four bits each, but it hit the right spot.

The torpedo-boat destroyers "Sidway and Forle" took the "Cumberland's" place Wed. morning. We are in the war zone (the Bristol Channel) and there is indeed much stretching of necks. The life-boats are all swung and with our life-belt drill we feel more secure.

Wed. evening we got into St. George's channel. The seas was very calm and when we sighted Lundy's Island there was a feeling of relief. Three German submarines are reported near us and there are quite a few destroyers on the qui vive. Not a light is allowed anywhere on board and no smoking on deck. Everybody went to bed early.

Thursday, April 29

Up at 6 A.M. after a rather restless night. Woke up at 4 A.M. with the ship reported in the mud. On deck early and we were just docking at Awenmouth near Bristol. Immediately after breakfast we packed up and paraded on the wharf. The trains were in readiness but "poor old No. A" were detailed to load our stuff from the boat to the train. We finished our work at 11:30 A.M. Pat Brown and I had a lunch over at the canteen.

Took the train at 1 P.M. and their cars with their small compartments seemed queer indeed. When we got going it was the speed, smoothness and the system of signals which made us marvel. Our first stop was at Swindon where we stretched our legs. After that we passed through a most beautiful country. Everything was in bloom and green - the kind of a country as I have been dreaming of all my life. We saw such historic places as Windsor Castle, the churchyard where Gray's "Eulogy in a Country Churchyard" was written and then to London. We only passed through the suburbs but even that was worth seeing. But I think I should wait until I see London more minutely before attempting to give my impressions.

From London we turned south and came through the famous hop fields of Kent with their "ghosts" We arrived in Shornecliffe shortly after 8 P.M. We were told we were $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from camp but we walked 6 miles anyway. That was quite a long haul with our blankets and heavy marching equipment. Arrived in camp called Sandling where the rest of the C.E.'s had arrived. Got bunks about 11 P.M. and then started to look for something to eat as we had had nothing since 11:30 A.M. Finally got a hunk of meat and one of bread about 11:15. We then hit the hay after one of the most eventful days of my life.

Friday, April 30 - Sandling Camp

Up at 7 A.M. and had breakfast of a hunk of ham and dry bread. Managed to finish up at the canteen. Had physical drill and then got our huts in order. These tin huts holding 30 men are the "clear thing" and very comfortable. Wandered around till noon when we had another small meal. Had a game of cards in the afternoon and were later informed that we had the day off. Was called out for fatigue at 5 P.M. - unloading trucks. This lasted until 7 P.M. It was then so cold and misty that I went over to the Soldier's Club and wrote a few postcards and had something to eat. Then hit the hay at 9:30 (lights out).

Saturday, May 1 - Sandling Camp

Up at 5:30 and did nothing till 9 A.M. The three cos. C.E.s then marched about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Digby Camp - down towards Shorncliffe and Cheriton. Took down a bunch of tents and got back to camp about 1 P.M. Heard from Lt. Stewart, an ex-Queens man that Wilf's regiment - the Fort Garry Horse - were still at Canterbury. I was quite surprised for I had heard that he was gone to the Dardanelles. Went down to Sandling Junction and bought my ticket for Canterbury. I found though when I got to Shorncliffe that I could not make connections so went on to Folkestone with Joe Madden and "met" Cavanaugh. Folkestone is supposed to be one of England's great summer resorts and I can quite believe it. Just now it is full of soldiers, soldiers and then some. There were many wounded Canadians (P.P.C.I.I.) and Imperial soldiers of all branches of the service. It was quite a novelty for us to wander through the quaint old streets with buildings century old I suppose. Besides this there are the more modern streets with their imposing residences and finer architecture. We also spent quite a bit our time down at the waterfront. What struck me most was the fine summer hotels - quite deserted looking places just now and likely to be for some time. It is certain that Folkestone will not live up to its reputation as being a gay place. We could not see the shores of France as it was too misty.

We took the 8:15 home and went to bed early. Met "Hubby" Hatch down at the station. He has grown a great deal stouter than when I saw him at Queens last but looked good in his officer's uniform.

Sunday, May 2 - Sandling Camp

Up at 7 A.M. Cleaned things up and shined my buttons and cleaned my clothes. Had church parade at 10:30 over at the Soldiers Club. Our chaplain preached but did not think a great deal of his sermon. He is not "close" enough to the men and they do not seem to sympathize with him. A man of his stamp does more harm than good. After church parade came back to the hut & read

Lloyd's "Weekly" which gave us the Can. casualty list of the week. It was awful - 6000 Canadians put out of the fight in one engagement. But they saved the whole line of the Allies and this victory will go down in history. We have a great reputation to uphold. As one English soldier said to me "The King will take off his hat to the Canadians".

In the afternoon we played the 4th F.C.I.E.E. a game of ball - Sunday ball at that. We won 18-1. Had our picture taken for the Canadian paper. Wrote a long letter home in the evening. There is a rumour that the Northland was reported in the Can. paper as being torpedoed. I hope not; for it will give father a great deal of needless worry. Do not know when I am going to see Wilf as I am bust again. He ought to answer my post card though.

Monday, May 3 - Dibgate Camp

Up at 5:30 and soon had breakfast and everything packed up. Marched down to Dibgate camp. The weather was bitterly cold and we soon had our great coats on. We were assigned to our tents and in mine are Brown, Clark, Baker, Stote, Douglas, old Sam White, Webster and Irish Gallinger - all sorts and sizes.

They must be trying to starve us judging by the amount of grub they are giving us. It is rotten.

Spent the remainder of the day in fatigues, getting blankets and getting settled generally.

Dibgate plain is quite a stretch of level land on a high plateau - $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile from Cheriton and just $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile from the sea-shore. It is quite breezy and the wind seems to go right through us.

Had a letter from Rhena Hoag and certainly was glad to hear from some one in Canada.

Tuesday, May 4 - Dibgate Camp

Up at 5:30 and had our physical exercise for $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour before breakfast. After our breakfast of a piece of bread and a hunk of ham we went out on the drill ground for a while. In the afternoon No. 4 section had squad and company drill as well as physical exercise.

In the evening Don Sutherland, Pat Brown and I went down to Hythe. We had not much time for sightseeing but I understand there are some interesting historical places. We had a dainty supper of poached eggs on toast, tea and cakes - the best meal since I came to Eng.

We nearly go lost on the way home but were more

fortunate than about 100 others. Got into camp just before "lights out".

Wednesday, May 5 - Dibgate Camp

Up at 5:30 and had physical drill. The grub is getting little better. We had Company drill nearly all morning and it was hard work as the sun was very hot..

After dinner each section had its own drill. We drilled in shirt sleeves as the sun was very hot.. We had practice all afternoon in pulling the bolts of our rifles without losing our arm.

In the evening Don and I went down to Cheriton and Shorncliffe and wandered round. Incidentally we had a good feed. We got home early as there was very little to interest us..

Have received no more mail and have been expecting some word from Wilf. Don and I had a bath down in the creek and it felt good as our baths are too few and far between. We intend to apply for furlough for 6 days as soon as we get hold of some money and amble up to London where we can have a little fun.

We heard the big guns out across the sea part of the morning and afternoon. No doubt there is some big engagement going on out there some place. It brings the war much closer to us when we hear the guns and see several red cross trains passing to and fro from Folkestone every day.. Went to bed and had a good night's sleep.

Thursday, May 6 - Dibgate Camp

Up at 5:30 and had an hour's physical drill. Had our rifles stamped with our numbers. After breakfast the whole 6th Co. marched with rifles over to "Tin Town" to the Ammunition. We then proceeded on a route march which took us through Seabrook and along the beach past some beautiful residences. We came through Hythe and up the hill - one mile in length.

In the afternoon our section spent the afternoon in signalling. I was in the semaphore class and learned a little more about it. Came home. Played cards for about an hour in the evening and went to bed before 9 o'clock - something new..

I was just thinking about a year ago to-day. How different! Reg and I got two of Reg's friends and took them to the opening ball game of the W.C. League. After the game we had dinner at the hotel. Our car being out of commission we were going up to get Perry's when we met Reg's friend with the Oldsmobile.

Friday, May 7 - Diibgatee Camp

Up at 5:30 and had physical drill. Washed our floons and made good scrubwomeen.

Clarke from our tent had to go to the hospital with measles. Our section was put on fatiggee. Four of us had to line in pegs in front of the tent for the purpose of lining up the blankets in front of the tents. Our next job was to go over to the shore and get some wood. We watched the English instructor giving bayonet instruction to some Canadians. It was both interesting and amusing.

In the afternoon half of the company was on the fatiggee and we had to carry floons. Them - mirablee dictu! They paid us. I pulled down my \$25.00. It felt queer. At supper time we had to go over to the armorer's for our rifles. They did not give us any work to do in the evening.

Ole, Bill Donahue, Don, Pat Brown, Ack and I had a game of cards in the evening but our side lost. So bed at 9:15. Weather a little chilly.

Saturday, May 8 - Diibgatee Camp

Up at 5:30 and had bayonet practice - a stiffe work out. After breakfast we had a general clean up and an inspection of tents. We were then paraded over to the "Tine-town" where we had an interesting lecture by Seg't Major Armorer Gibson on the Ross rifle. According to him it is the best army rifle in use in any nation to-day. Paraded back at 12:30 and had dinner.

The afternoon was a half holiday so Pat Brown, Don and I went to Folkestone, having got late passes. And now started one of the best afternoons I have had for many moons. We first hit up the barber's and then started to ramble. We got down on the wharves and the waterfront. Had a one step to the accompaniment of a hand organ. Went through all sorts of streets.

And the supper. We went into some French place and started to parlezvous. Pat's tip to the waiter was a rare one. We met Mike Freda, Calden, Frase Mann and Jack Young and the furree proceeded till 8 P.M. We went to the "Pleasure Gardens". Once more we distinguished ourselves. Pat tripped up an officer (one of the bloods). Frase accepted an officer's apology very condescendingly. Jack had to leave. He could not stand the pressure. We go separated after the show. Don, Barney Langford and I came home on a Cheriton bus.

This is where I put one over the guard. We came home later than my leave allowed me. I ran across between the lines.

The guard came swooping down on me and I could not get the door opened. I just made the grade and crawled in just in time. It was some day.

Sunday, May 9

Up at 7:45 and Pat & Frase had not yet arrived. We had breakfast and then Don & I hit to church parade to the Anglican Church - St. Martin's. It is just across from the camp. It seemed so old that on inquiry we found out that one part of the church was over 1000 years old.

Got back to camp at 10:30. Pat Brown, Don and I got late passes. We took the bus at Hythe, going via Seabrook and Sandgate along the coast to Folkestone. Had a nice dinner at the Rose Inn. It was quite a treat.

Met Quig, Ole, and Rogers. The six of us hired a bus for the day and proceeded to Canterbury. Stopped at Elham at the Rose and Crown Inn. Across the way was an old church built in the 14th century. Jn. Wesley had preached in it at one time. Went on to the Black Robin Inn where we stopped to get information and other things. Arrived at "The Nag's Head" in Canterbury at 4:30. Quig and I hit off to find Wilf and Quig's brother. We had quite a chase.

After finally locating the Artillery Barracks where "The Buffs" and the "Fort Garry Horse" are quartered our troubles began. No person seemed to know Serg't Whyte for a while. Then everybody seemed to know him. After going through the stables and the orderly room I finally located him in the sergeants' mess. Was certainly glad to see him. He is looking much thinner and on being weighed I beat him out - the first time in many a moon.

Quig's brother was down at Margate. We went down to the station to see how late I could stay. On the way down we took a passing look at Canterbury Cathedral. Wilf had to go back to post a guard and then we had a dainty supper. Met the bunch at the "Nag's Head Inn" at 7:45. Saw them away and then Wilf and I walked around till train time (8:30). I am to go down next Sunday.

Arrived in Folkestone at 9:15 but the bunch did not meet me at 10:15 as agreed. Came home at 11 P.M. and helped a couple of drunks find their camps and get past the guards.

Thus ended a great day. The more country I see the more beautiful it seems to be. Every place I go is of interest and I have a great deal to see yet.

Monday, May 10

Up at 5:30 and had bayonet drill till breakfast. We then had on hour and a half's signalling. I was again in the semaphore class and even surprised myself. The remainder of the morning and afternoon was spent in quick-firing practice with dummy shells. Spent the evening with Pat Brown and Campbell. Went to bed early as it was cold and windy.

Received a very nice letter from Elizabeth and it is encouraging to get a letter like that from a friend occasionally. As my friends in Edmonton do not number very many, what friends I have mean all the more to me.

Tuesday, May 11

Up at 5:30 and had more bayonet practice before breakfast. Had the usual signalling drill and quick firing practice both morning and afternoon. They are putting the work right to us at present. In the evening, Pat Brown and I got the 2nd section's ball outfit and got the 4th section out to a workout. We have some good material for a team. Lieut. Hughes and Major Malcolm were also practicing and if Hughes will play we will have a good man for the battery. Played till dark & then hit the hay shortly after.

Wednesday, May 12

Up at 5:30 and had physical drill for 45 minutes. We then spent the rest of the morning in rapid firing, picking off moving objects and sniping.

Was mess orderly for the day and had a busy time of it. Had early dinner & the whole company paraded to the ranges beyond Hythe. We were then formed into firing groups and took training in range discipline. Our march home was a fast one but we got up the long hill all right. After supper Pat and I got late passes. We proceeded to Hythe and enjoyed the luxury of a bath. It was a good one. We then had a meal, and as the town seemed to be locked up by 10 o'clock we went home. Since the German spy was caught by the sentry on Monday night there seems to be a closer watch kept. We were challenged three times and the second sentry nearly stuck us with his bayonet. Rolled into bed to the sound of rain. It was nice music for a day's rest sounds pretty fair.

Thursday, May 13

Woke up at 4:30 with the bugle calling. Found it was the 23rd (Can) starting for the front. The rain falling on the tent sounded pretty fair. Rolled over and got up at 7 o'clock.

Wrote cards to Aileen and Marj and a long letter to

father. Intended to write to Elizabeth and Rhema but was interrupted.

After dinner Pat, Don, Pat McAllister, Frase Mann and I played cards. We had a fine day and evening of it and I must say that there are times when a rainy day is welcome. We stopped at 9:30 and hit the hay after my laziest day in England so far.

Friday, May 14

Still raining when we awoke but we had breakfast at 7 o.k. as usual. At 8 o'clock we had some physical exercise; then Lt. Hughes took us for a hike south-east of here and round by Folkestone. He knows how to put a fellow through the mill. We got home at noon in record time.

At 2 o'clock we paraded with great coats, rifles and bayonets. It was a route march for the whole company. We went by the Queen's Can. Hospital for wounded along the Canterbury road, then toward Westenhanger and home at 5 o.k. By that time we were ready for a rest as it had turned out very warm. Also my feet were blistered. Throughout the day nine or ten aeroplanes passed over us.

There was another large Can. Casualty list. The Goliath (Eng.), an obsolete cruiser was sunk.

Saturday, May 15

Up at 5:30 and took the usual physical exercise. After breakfast we had signalling practice for an hour and a half. Getting on to the semaphore a little better. For the rest of the morning we had rapid fire practice. We are certainly getting plenty of musketry practice these days.

I had intended to go to Canterbury to see Wilf in the afternoon but I could not get my late pass till 2:30. Pat Brown, Massy Baker, Campbell and I hit for Folkestone, later to meet Don who was doing guard. We started in for some fun and we sure had it. Met some Belgian soldiers down on the waterfront and carried on a "lucid" conversation in French. Got "done" (by an Englishman) at supper. Met Don at the Rose Hotel. We started down for the pier but immediately lost Campbell who met a friend of his. When we got onto the pier we started for the dancing floor but it was full. We next went to the roller skating floor and had the fun of a lifetime. Started off alone but - ker plunk. Hooked onto Don & Pat and did fairly well. Met two nice Tommies, one English, the other French. Don and I took the bus home after buying ourselves supper. As the town seemed locked up by 10:45 we took the Cheriton bus home. We sure had some day.

Sunday, May 16

Up at 7 o'clock and after a muster parade at 10 o'clock twenty-one of us hired a bus and hit for Canterbury. We had one stop at the new Inn in Elham and arrived at Canterbury at noon. Met Manchester of the Fort Garry Horse who told me Wilf was expecting me.

After dinner found Wilf. We went round to look at the F.G.H. horses. They were a far bunch. Went to barnacks and met Carl Stoval and Fred Campbell. We wandered round Canterbury, going up to the gardens - about as beautiful a sight as I have ever seen. Sat round the old moat till supper time. Had supper at "Britten's" and then went round to the "Nag's Head" Inn where some of the bunch were waiting.

Now started our trip by a new road through what is reputed to be one of the finest parts of England. Kitchener's home and the landscape in the foreground was especially fine. We came via Folkestone and arrived at camp shortly after 8 P.M.

Was told that the Queens Base Hospital Corps and the 21st battalion had arrived and some had been over to camp. We "hiked" over to "Tin-Town" but could not find them. Came home and went to bed after an enjoyable day.

Forgot to mention that Wilf gave me letters from father, Marj., and Aileen. Was certainly pleased to get them.

Monday, May 17

Up at 4:30 as our shooting at the ranges commences. We got away to an early start and arrived just east of Hythe shortly after. Most of our shooting consisted of deliberate fire and I did poorer than I expected. We got home at 2 O'clock. Had dinner and a rifle inspection. Played ball for a while after supper. Have not heard from father as yet and I cannot understand it.

Tuesday, May 18

Woke up early and heard it raining. It sounded pretty fair. Was down for fatigues mess orderly - and it is a rotten job. Played cards in the morning and had plenty of work in the afternoon.

Most of the fellows from the Queens Medical Corps (No. 5 Base Hospital) were over in the afternoon. Played cards all evening with Pat Brown, Don, Pat McAllister. So bed at 9:30. Still raining.

Wednesday, May 19

It still looked like rain but we were up at 4:30. Went down to the Hythe ranges and did some more range shooting. Came home at 2 o'clock. Had dinner and rifle inspection at 4 o'clock. Hung round all evening.

Thursday, May 20

Up at 4:30 and shot at ranges till 2 o'clock. Played ball the rest of the afternoon. Played cards in the evening.

Friday, May 21

Up at 4:30 and went down to the ranges for the last days shooting. Have improved a great deal. I made my best at the rapid fire at 400 yards. Did some fatigues in the afternoon. Pat Brown and I had a good time round camp in the evening especially when we had the wrestle with Don.

Saturday, May 22

Up at 5:30 and found that I was down as one of the marksmen at the ranges. The "casuals" were shooting. Had a very nice morning of it. Got dressed after dinner and after getting our late passes we went to Moore's barracks and saw Tom Thind and some of the bunch we had not yet seen. Got Inmy and Massy Baker, Pat Brown, Don & I started for Folkestone. We did not get there till quite late in the afternoon. Had a hair cut and refreshments. Had a nice supper at the Rose Inn. After supper we wandered down to the pier. I chose the dancing floor and had "some" time of it. Learned the "Lancers" and had plenty of fun. Tried to find the bunch at 10 o'clock & met Massy near the City Hall. Had supper at Ferrari's and came home. Stote reported the Fort Garry Horse left for the front but I don't believe it.

Sunday, May 23

Up at 5:30 to take the trip with the bunch by bus. Got Bill Douglass to take on my mess orderly duties. Started out with a fine morning, bright sun and just enough chill in the air to make one anticipate a comfortably warm day. Went down through Hythe and along the coast westward. About ten miles from camp we stopped at a small village (Brookland) containing a very old church. The interior especially looked very ancient.

We proceeded through a most beautiful country and arrived at Hastings about 8:30. There we had the best breakfast I have yet had in this country. Started again at 10 o'clock and arrived at Battle Abbey where the battle of Hastings was fought. We finally persuaded the keeper to let us in and see the gate. Mr. W.R. Grace, the American millionaire who rents the place then

gave us permission to see the whole place. We were shown the situation of the battle line and the manner in which the battle was won by William of Normandy. We saw through the elder part of the abbey, the cloisters, the old walks, the famous yew trees and the very spot when Harold the Saxon fell. Mr. Grace then invited us into the more modern wing of the abbey where we met him family and the Earl of Marmouth. The old tapestries and ornaments of armour and banners were worth seeing. After seeing all there was to see we said good-bye after having been invited up to the Earl's place for the following Sunday.

We then proceeded along the top of a most beautiful valley to Tunbridge Wells where we stopped for dinner at the Carlton. Cap Huyck, Pat Brown and I probably had the best time of the bunch there. The dinner especially was most lively. And after dinner we had our own little pile of fun. We struck Mardston about 4 o'clock where Pat and I met a couple of girls, but were not "properly introduced".

We struck Ashford (famous for its ales) at 6 o'clock and managed to get some "ham and". Pat and I got separated from the lunch but I'll guarantee we had as good a time as any of them.

We started at 8 o'clock for the hour and a half's run home. Relieved Bill Douglas on guard at 10 and took my next beat from 12:30 till 2:30. Nearly went to sleep and would have done so had it not been so cold. Rolled in my blankets (fully dressed) at 2:45 after a very eventful and interesting day. The more I see of this country the better I like it.

Monday, May 24

Up at 6:30 and took my sentry "go" till 8:30. Got cleared up when Ole Alyea came along with a pass for the day so that I could go to Canterbury with the C.F.C.C.E. baseball team. We started at 10:30 with Maj. Malcolm, the pay master and the doctor along. Arrived at the F.G. Horse barracks at noon and Wilf, Carl Stoval, Manchester and I went to Brittons for dinner.

Got to the Kent Cricket Club grounds about 3 but found I was not billed to play unless McQuay pitched, when I was to catch. After a very exciting game, when we got two in the last innings we won. The English part of the crowd clapped at times and actually stopped the game in the 5th for tea. We didn't "cotton" to it.

Wilf and I had a nice evening meal together and the first chance for a quiet talk since we met. Made a quick run home after a nice day.

Tuesday, May 25

Up at 5:30 and after being picked out for a fatigue we went over to the R.E. barnacks to get the material for the new post-office which seven of us are to build.

In the afternoon we got the supports put in and ready for the floor. Went to bed early as I was badly in need of a good sleep.

Wednesday, May 26

Up at 5:30. Worked all morning at the post office. In the afternoon Massy Baker and I had a little variation by going out to commandeer a tree for the "anchor". Stayed round all evening. Weather very cold and windy.

Thursday, May 27

Same old things. Beginning to get the walls up. Weather becoming warmer. Got letters from Marj McEwen, father and Rhena.

Friday, May 28

Worked hard at the post office all morning. In the afternoon four of us went over to the R.E. barnacks for material but as it was not to be had we adjourned to the Y.M.C.A. - St. Martin's plain. Lt. Hughes seemed put out about it. Put up the paymaster's tent and took a rest.

Saturday, May 29

Up at 5:30 and worked on with the post office till noon. Got dressed and paraded for pay. Received £6 about 5 o'clock. Went down to Cheriton and Folkestone with Rus Campbell and Bert Dunning. Got into a fight on High Street with a Sergeant & Seg't Major from Kitchener's army. Had supper and went down to the pier. Danced part of the evening and took in some of the amusements. Bert and I wandered round till 11 o'clock and then came home and rolled in after having had something to eat.

Sunday, May 30

Up at 7 o'clock and joined the Anglican Church parade at 8:10. We started out for a route march. Les Calder and I ducked behind a hedge about 10 o'clock while the rest went to church. We hiked over to the Queens Medical barnacks & talked to bunch till 11:30. Came back to camp and found a wire waiting me from Wilf saying he would meet me at Shorncliffe at one o'clock.

Met Carl Stovall and Wilf and took the bus to Folkestone. Went to the Rose Inn and I bought the boys a nice meal for ten shillinggs. Went round to the beach and lay round tilll three o'clock. Next went up to the Leas where theree was a lange crowd listennigg to a band concert. Met quitee a bunch of Wpg. boys of the 27th Batt. and Mechanicaal Transport. Fiwe of us went to the Queens for dinner & had "some" meal at 5 shillinggs per.. Had some music and coffee after. Came as far as Cheriton Half with Wilf and Carl after havingg spent a very jolly day.

Monday, May 31

Up at 5:30.. Our section was formed into a working party and we went down below the A.S.C. lines and put in tillee drains two feet below surface..

In the afternoon the seven of us were back at the old job on the post-office. Stayed round all evening and found it rather quiet as I miss Pat Brown since he is gone to Ireland on his furlbugh.

Tuesday, June 1

At work at the post office all morning as usual. We are gettengg well on with it just now and have the interior to do yet..

Massy Baker and I went down to Hythe in the evening and enjoyeed the luxury of a bath. Had something to eat at the Y.M.C.A. and wrote a letter to Rhena. Met Charles Gage and had a short talk with him. Got home by 9:30..

Wednesday, June 2

Worked at the post-office all day and lounged round all evening.

Thursday, June 3

Up at 5:30 and worked all day at the cook house as cook'ss mate. Some job.. The Y.M.C.A. have opened up a tent and writingg room. The eatingg tent is very popular.

Have just been thinkingg of a year ago to-day when Reg and I went puttingg (page missingg here)

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waitingg for a wire any minute. Our company won by 16-1. Wilf, Inny and I went down to the Rose Inn and had a nice meal.. Wilf'ss bus left the city hall by 8 o'clock and we were quitee a gay party by the time they left. The F.C.H. are a good

bunch of scoutss.

Inmy and I went down to the pier and had four or five dances with the girlss. When we got uptown we found there had been a young riot - a militaryy policemen trying to arrest a Canadian. Could not get a bus tilll midnight but we finallyy got home and crawled past the picket. My arm felt pretty sore as I was innoculated at noon.

Sunday, June 6

Up at 6 o'clock and away for another day's trip in the motor bus. We hit Maidstone by breakfast time & had a fine meal of "ham and".. Left at 9:30 and hit Chatham about 10:30. Had to stop for repairs tilll 1 o'clock so Pat Brown & I took a walk up through the park and the fort. Saw the anti-aircraft guns which tried to bring down the Zeppelin on Friday night. Talked to one of the natives who told us all about it. Had a good dinner at Peter's and judging by the boys there were plenty of "pubs" in Chatham.

The next part of our journey took us to Sittingbourne where we saw the damage done by the "Zep" in the Friday night's rain. Went on to Canterbury where we stopped for four minutes. Found Wilf and the bunch asleep but packed and ready for the front. Just had time to say good-bye once again.

Our next stop was Margate and it turned out to be some place. There is a fine water-front, beach and hotels. Don and I had tea and then went on the hunt. There are plenty of girls and we managed to get a few snapshotss. Stayed there tilll 7 o'clock and made a hit with the Margate belles before leaving. Journeyed on and through Ramsgate. It seems to be quite a summer resort too. Next Sandwich Haven, quite an old-looking spot.

Our next stop was Deal. Ernie Brown and I were out on the Grand Parade and found that Canadian soldiers were quite popular there. ("It is to laugh"). Managed to get the bunch together and after giving several verses of "There's a tavern in the town" led by Cap Huyck we were requested by the policeman to make less noise. We left the pub & proceeded.

After a song service we made Dover about 10 o'clock. Saw the large aeroplane sheds and the famous historic Castle of Dover. Went along the high chalk cliffs to Folkestone and on to camp. The guard were not going to let us in but we finally managed to "wake the grade".

Arm still very sore.

Monday, June 7

Up at 6 o'clock and paraded sick as my arm was still very sore. Went down to the Y.M.C.A. tent and wrote letters all morning. Had a good sleep in the afternoon. Spent the evening in camp.

Tuesday, June 8

Up at 5:30. Went down to the field near Hythe and dug trenches all morning. It was very hot. About 11:30 we had to knock off work as the owner objected to his field being dug up.

After dinner we filled up the trench and then went down near Seabrook and had my first sea-bath. Did not notice much difference in the water except that a mouthful tasted very salty.

Spent the evening in camp. Massy Baker has gone away on a six days' furlough to his home in Tipperary, Ireland.

Wednesday, June 9

Up at 5:30. The whole company went down to the woods where we built hurdles till noon. The afternoon was free. Pat Brown and I went down to Folkestone and had a good time. It was very quiet so we had a peaceful afternoon of it. Stopped at the Pavilion for some time. Met some friends at 6 o'clock and went for a ride out Diggate way.

When we arrived at camp, I met Jenny Murphy but just had time to say "Hello" as we had to go to trench work by 8:30. Got my equipment together and my "fatigue" on. Went over to the hill behind the Queens Can. Military Hospital and dug our first firing trench. Quit at 4:15 in the morning after a very strenuous night.

Thursday, June 10

Had breakfast at 5 o'clock and slept till noon. Went for a 6-7 mile route march in the afternoon. Mounted guard at 0630 and had my first beat from 10:30 to 12:30.

Friday, June 11

Guard from 4:30 to 6:30 A.M. Did two more greases before 6:30 o'clock in the evening. Had something to eat at the Y.M.C.A. tent and went to bed before 9 o'clock.

Saturday, June 12

Up at 6 o'clock. Scrubbed the tent floors. Had physical drill and muster parade. "Poor old No. 4" then went

down to the woods and cut and carried poles till noon.

After dinner Pat Brown, Inmy and I went down to see the 23rd Batt. defeat the 6th F.C.C.E. 4-3. Went down to Folkestone, had something to eat and a haircut. Went down to the pier and roller skated till closing time. Met Bobbie Rowlands. Got back to camp by 11:30.

Sunday, June 13

To church parade at 9 o'clock and hear a good talk by a Scotch-Canadian.

Went over to the P.P. C.L.I. barnacks and got Bobbie Rowlands. Met Pat Brown & "Ack Emma" and went down to the Leas at Folkestone. Bob and I listened to the band for the afternoon. After supper met Pat again. Ran into Mike Harvey, Mike Freda, Zush Craig at the Rose. We held a meeting right away. Pat, Bob and I joined the Salvation Army for awhile. Had talks with acquaintances. Saw my old friend (?) Buzz Lemm. Lost track of Pat; so Bob and I saw a friend of his home. Had something to eat at Cheriton. I crawled into camp at 12:25 and got past the sentry. Felt pretty tired.

Monday, June 14

Went out to the trenchless for the morning. Was issued with a bunch of new clothes which seems to indicate that we are going to the front soon. Slept the whole afternoon. Got my packs together and we paraded at 8:30 for another night's work.

Tuesday, June 15

Slept all morning after having breakfast at 5 o'clock. Worked at the trenchless in the afternoon. Went to bed early.

Wednesday, June 16

Up at 5:30 and went out to the trench. Worked on the communication trench. Had dinner and I was inoculated at 2 o'clock which means a 36 hours rest. Bumped around all afternoon writing letters and reading. Cleaned up in the evening and hit the hay early. The rest went to the trenchless for a night's work. Bed felt pretty good.

Thursday, June 17

Woke up at 5 o'clock by the bunch coming home. Had some breakfast and went to sleep again. Spent the morning and some of the afternoon in writing letters to Wilf, father, and Rhena Hoag. Read in the evening.

Friday, June 18

Spent the day reading, writing, and lounging round. The British advance in Flanders is progressing favorably but the Canadians are getting it pretty hot.

The bunch went out working till midnight again.

Saturday, June 19

Up at 6:30 and we spent the morning and we spent the morning in bayonet practice and signalling. Got paid two pounds.

Went down with Pat Brown in the afternoon to see the 6th F.C.C.E. defeat the Wpg. ball team by a 11-7 score. Inny, Pat and I then went to Folkestone. Had tea at the Soldier's Club and visited the Pavilion and the Pier where we saw the Pom Poms. Also danced a couple of dances. Met Ernie Wildman and received 5 shillings.

Met Zush Craig later and the bunch of us got home about two bells. We are getting to be great scouts in getting past the sentry.

British are still advancing in France but the Germans are getting into Lemberg pushing the Russians back.

Sunday, June 20

Up at 7 o'clock and had a good breakfast of strawberries. Went to church parade at 9 o'clock and had a sermon from our beloved (?) chaplain. Spent the afternoon lounging round camp.

Had a long letter from Libby which was very welcome. It made me very homesick but I wish I got more letters like Libby's.

The British advance still continues. The 1st, 2nd, & 3rd Can. Battalions have been wiped out completely. It is awful.

Monday, June 21

Spent the morning working on the trenchless. Had a bath and a sleep in the afternoon.

Went to the trenchless at 8:30 with full equipment and rifles. Worked very hard after midnight. Weather warm.

Tuesday, June 22

Got up at noon and had dinner (but no eggs) Went back to the trenches and worked fairly hard till 4:30. Came home and had a letter from father. It is a hard time for father, and no doubt on everyone who has sons at the front.

Wednesday, June 23

Up at 5:30 and went back to "Hill 60" for another morning's work. Rested all afternoon because of night work. Received a card from Wilf saying he was well. j Out to work in the evening at 8:30 till 4 A.M.

Thursday, June 24

Up at noon and did more trench work in the afternoon. Remembered that it was my birthday and that I was now 23. Three summers ago today I was at Wadena, Sask. surveying on a wild cat scheme; two years ago I left home for Athabasca Landing for my work up on the Athabasca River. Last summer I was at home and spent a happy day and evening. I never dreamed that I would spend my 23rd birthday in a uniform and ready for the front.

Friday, June 25

Up at 5:30 and finished the trench digging upon "Hill 60". Spent the afternoon playing cards with Don, Pat Brown, Pat McAllister, & Frase Mann. Went out to the trench at 7:30 and worked on barbed wire entanglements until midnight. Looks like rain.

Saturday, June 26

Up at 5:30 and spent half the morning morse signalling and the other half in company drill.

In the afternoon Pat Brown and I went down to Folkestone via Sandgate. Had my photo taken and had a good supper of "ham and". Went down to the pier in the evening and met Inny. Spent some time on the Leas and then went home early and found my bed ready made and everything ship shape.

Sunday, June 27

Up at 7 o'clock. Received letters from father, Alex Osborne and Rhena and was glad to hear from them all. Had a muster parade and then dismissed for the day.

Lounged round for the remainder of the day. In the evening a bi-plane landed at camp and there was great excitement. Went to bed early.

Monday, June 28

Up at 5:30. Up to Hill 60 for the last time. A bunch of us took down the wire entanglement work. Slept in the afternoon. Went out to work in the evening improving the trenchless (?) that the infantry had dug. There was plenty of room for improvement. Massy Baker and I worked at revetments with planks.

Tuesday, June 29

Up at 12 o'clock and felt pretty good after the seven hour's sleep. After dinner we went to the trenchless near Saltwood Castle and put up the revetment of sandbags on the parapet. Had a good afternoon's work and learned something. Had a wash in the brook. Lounged round all evening and went to bed early.

Wednesday, June 30

Up at 5:30 and took on my mess orderly duties for the day. Went up to the trenchless and completed the revetment. Did not hurt ourselves since officers and N.C.O.'s were attending a lecture.

After dinner we went down to the woods and made hurdless. Saw Scotty McQueen and McKenzie of the 4th F.A. Lounged round all evening and went to bed early. Weather - showery and warm.

Thursday, July 1

Up at 5:30 and went out towards Hythe for more trench work for the morning. It being Dominion day we had a half-holiday and a track meet. Watched the sprints for awhile. Had to go on a message for Maj. Malcolm. Went down to the White Lion (Cheriton) to check up the runners and Massy and I had our work cut out. Watched the boxing in the evening in which the blood was freely spilt. Went to bed early. Weather - cloudy but warm.

Friday, July 2

Up at 5:30 and worked all day at trenchless. The machine gun emplacement in the afternoon's work was especially interesting work. We had quite a debate. Wrote a letter to father and one to Libby.

Saturday, July 3

Up at 6 and paraded for pay at 8 o'clock. Drew my four pounds which speedily disappeared in debts. Went down to Cheriton in the afternoon and watched the 6 F.C.C.F. defeat the 31st batt. in baseball by 9-7. Went down to Folkestone with Pat

Brown and chose my photo. Had a grand supper at a very reasonable price. Met Martyn and Riddell of the Princess Pats. Also met Bobbie Rowlands.

Went down to the beach and had a game with our hats in which Immy was the loser and we had to rescue his hat with a row boat as the ebb-tide was taking it out.

Went up to the Leas and sat down for awhile and then hiked home, taking a Hythe bus. Got in late, but the sergeant of the guard was lenient. Weather - very hot.

Sunday, July 4

Up at 7 o'clock and the "glorious 4th" was a very hot day. Went to church parade at 9 and heard the Very Rev. Maj. Thompson. Had a bath and then a sleep.

Went down to the Y.M.C.A. tent in the afternoon and wrote letters to Wilf & Rhena. Sat and talked to Don and Pat Brown all evening. Weather - very hot.

Monday, July 5

Up at 6 o'clock and had our new roll call at six. Also drew our rationss individually. Was detailed for instructor with Mussy Baker for Platoon 16 of the 31st Batt. Got on all right, but we had a poor trench of sand which kept caving in continually. We had a lazy gang which made the job doubly stiff.

Wrote letters in the evening to Alex Osborne and Marj. Weather - very warm.

Tuesday, July 6

Up by 6 o'clock roll call. Was again detailed for instruction with the same bunch. Our traverse had again caved in so we took to revetting and wiring the whole bay. Got it all revetted with sods and with some hurdless by 4 o'clock but it's some stiff job especially when the gang are so lazy.

Received Libby's photo and it is certainly fine. But to see old Edmonton faces makes one rather homesick and I would surely like to spend a couple of days at home. Also received a letter from father which was indeed welcome.

Lounged round all evening and went to bed early. Weather warm and showery in the evening.

The Russian line has again been pierced and things look bad on the eastern frontier. Although on the west and in the Dardanelles things are looking better.

Wednesday, July 7

Out to work at the trench again. Handled the shovel in the morning and helped to put up a machine gun emplacement in the afternoon. Got ready by 6:30 and mounted guard with the 4th section. Had the sentry go from 8:30 till 10:30 and 2:30 till 4:30 etc..

Thursday, July 8

Still on guard. Slept from 10:30 till 12:30 and was awakened by mail just arrived. Received a nice large box of cigarettes and candy from Marj McEwen and it was indeed good of her to think of me. They went quickly amongst the gang. Had a fight with McCary just before leaving guard, but it did not last long. He has promised to "get me" at some future date. He will have plenty of chances.

Rested all evening after getting on some dry clothes.

Friday, July 9

Went to work at the trench all morning, but nobody hurt himself working.

Had company drill as news has just arrived that Kitchener and the King are to inspect us. Wrote to Libby thanking her for the photo.

Saturday, July 10

Washed tents and then got ready for regimental and ceremonial drill - my first since joining the army. Everything went smoothly and the 6th company did just little better than the 4th or the "pea-soups".

In the afternoon got dressed and cleaned up. Went to Folkestone with Pat Brown and Bill Armstrong. Spent part of the day at the photographer's and after tea we wandered down by the pier and spend the remainder of the evening at the "Lounge" where a pleasant time was had. Had some time on the way home but no one was any the worse for the wear.

Sunday, July 11

Was wakened at 7 A.M. and notified that I was cook's mate. Had a muster parade at 10 o'clock and then went back to peeling spuds. Met McKinnon, a Wapella boy who had news of Carl Stewart who is seriously wounded and in a hospital in Liverpool.

Charlie Cameron came over to see me in the afternoon. He is with the second University company (Princess Pat's

reinforcements) just arrived. Bill Wright, Gav. Keill, Little and Revelle are also amongst them. Inmy visited for a while. Went to bed at 8 as I was very tired.

Monday, July 12

Out to work at the trenchless again trying all sorts of improvements. Received letters from Alex Osborne and Reg. Reg. seems to be changing and I suppose that the war is causing him a certain amount of anxiety the same as the rest of us.

Tuesday, July 13

Worked at trench improvements all day.

Received letters from Marge McEwen and Marj and John and was glad to get them all. Marj writes an excellent letter for her age and should turn out to be a good scholar.

News for the front looks brighter especially in the Dardanelles.

Wednesday, July 14

Worked at the trenchless again but no person killed himself. Had an interesting lecture in the afternoon from Sgt Cronly and to be an efficient officer one must gain an actual experience at the front. No book teaches modern warfare as it is being fought now.

Wrote letters to Marge and Alex Osborne. Have not heard from Wilf for four weeks and am beginning to feel rather anxious.

Thursday, July 15

Out at the trenchless again putting extra improvements on the trench. Fixed up another machine gun emplacement.

News from the front is better. The Crown Prince's offensive movement was checked just where it began - in the Argonne district. The Russians are retreating once more. England's new War Loan, passed by popular subscription yields £600,000,000.

Friday, July 16

More trench improvements. Built a trench above ground instead of digging.

Were paid in the afternoon. Went over to see Charlie Cameron and Bill Wright but they were both on a route march.

Spent the evening with Bobbie Rowlands. While there they got news to be ready to move to the front the next morning at 8 o'clock. Said good-bye to the bunch. Met Cattamach of Arts 16. He is in the 42 (Highlanders) from Montreal.

Came home and "hit the hay" at 9:45.

Saturday, July 17

Woke up at 5 o'clock and the rain coming down in sheets. Paraded at 6:15 for the inspection before Major-Gen. Hughes and Sir R. L. Borden. Had to take my bike as I now belong to the bicycle squad. The rain came down in sheets and we got over to the field like rats. The whole 2nd division were there and it was "some" impressive sight. Started home in the mud at 10 o'clock.

Got cleaned up after dinner but decided not to go downtown. Got cleaned up and then read. Finished Winston Churchill's "The Crisis" which I started to read on the S.S. "Northland". I do not think that I ever enjoyed a novel more. The style is easy and the plot is most interesting. The portrayal of the great characters, Abraham Lincoln, Sherman, Grant, Lee is the great feature. It is certainly a masterpiece in the novel line and I think more interesting than his deeper & more impressive work "Inside the Cup" or his fine character-sketch "Comiston".

Spent the evening reading and writing and went to bed very early.

Sunday, July 18

Woke up at 7 feeling very fresh after a good night's sleep. Went to church and heard our old friend (?) Major Thompson preach. Sat and gossiped with Don, Pat and Len McQuay. Went down to Newington to the Old lady's for tea with Don and Pat. Had "some" feed. Went to bed early in the evening.

Monday, July 19

Up early as usual and spent the morning listening to a lecture by Lieut. Baker on "Deficiencies" and having a practical demonstration afterwards. Listened to some piano music by Masy Baker till dinner time. Met Russ McQuay just down from Clive Hospital (Queens) and had a short talk with him.

Went out to the trenches opposite Saltwood Castle after dinner. Tore down the improvements & began filling in.

After supper mounted sentry with No. 4 section. Received nice letters from Aileen, Marj., and John. Had my first

sentry go from 10:30 till 12:30. Went to sleep at 12:30 in the open air.

Tuesday, July 20

Wakened at 4:30 to take my beat till 6:30. The guard was relieved at 7 A.M. and then we had about five minutes for breakfast and half an hour to pack up. Needless to say I was "peevish". Had to get my cycle ready and then the bunch of us with our packs started for Otterpool. Went through via Sandling Camp. Arrived in camp by 11 o'clock and felt pretty tired.

Made us go on fatigues in the afternoon and tried to make us work in the evening. I kicked and got the guard off. Received a letter from father. Went to bed and to sleep at 7:30. Felt very tired and stomach out of order.

Wednesday, July 21

Up at 5:30 and had a better view of our new camp. It is certainly a pretty place three miles from the coast, overlooking that wide expanse known as the Romney Marsh and with the hazy hills and dots of woods to the north and northwest. We spent the day in fixing up things around camp. Not an altogether strenuous day. To bed early.

Thursday, July 22

Went down to the small spring west of the camp to put in a reservoir and to pipe it into troughs. Made reservoir of hurdless, clay and straw. It was quite a mucky job and took us the whole day. The English boots came in useful. Went for a short walk in the evening.

Friday, July 23

Went to work in the reservoir again and spent the day at it. Weather fine.

Saturday, July 24

Went on bathing parade at 8:30. Walked down through the village of Lympne, past old Lympne Castle, now reported to be owned by an American, brother-in-law of Premier Asquith. We went down the long hill and at the bottom had a view of old Stufold Castle, built in Roman time. We crossed the Military Canal, now used for irrigation purposes only and walked to the shore across the Romney Marsh, a level piece of land stretching for miles and not varying in level more than ten feet. When we got to the redoubt it was raining but most of us stripped and had a good swim. Walked home - over four miles in an hour.

Went down to Folkestone after dinner with Pat Brown & Jimmy Warrander. Shopped for most of the afternoon. Met Bill Wright at tea-time. He is with the 2nd University Co. (Princess Pat's reinforcements). Went down to the Lounge after tea and spent some time on the Leas listening to the band. Caught the 11¹⁷ train home.

Sunday, July 25

Church parade at 8:30 and the sun was very warm. Lay round all day reading and writing.

Monday, July 26

Down to work at the reservoir again. Worked with Hek Morrison on the troughs and had a good day of it. Weather = showery.

Tuesday, July 27

Squad drill for an hour. Had a lecture from Lieut. Baker on "Exposures". Spent the rest of the day in making bombs.

Wednesday, July 28

Worked round camp the whole day. Made bombs and practised throwing. Showery.

Thursday, July 29

Same old round. Bombing, bridgework, etc. Nothing eventful.

Friday, July 30

Our section took a hike down past Lympne Castle. Had a couple of hours of map reading and compass work. Overlooking the Romney Marsh. Examined the ruins of Stifford Castle and found them most interesting. Then we jumped (some came croppers) over the small canal and hiked alongside the Military Canal. From there we came up by the long road to home. Paid £4.

In the afternoon we had pontoon work with Hughie instructing.

Saturday, July 31

Just like my luck I was drawn for cook's mate. Worked hard for the first part of the morning and then took a rest.

Gordon Clarke took on my work for the afternoon so Pat Brown and I went into Folkestone. Spent most of the afternoon

transacting business at the photographers's (damn them).. Went down to the pier in the evening and had a nice walk. Went up on the Leas and met two nice girls. Saw them home and then caught the train back to Westenhanger. Very warm.

Sunday, August 1

Attended church parade but the sun was too warm to really enjoy it. Spent the afternoon lazily - reading and sleeping. Cleaned up in the evening and had a good night's rest.

Monday, August 2

Carried on with the bombing in the morning and pontoon bridge work in the afternoon. To bed early. Received a letter from Rhena.

Tuesday, August 3

Woke up to hear the rain pattering on the tents - a joyful sound. Nevertheless we went on parade - as usual. Went to the sergeant's mess and had a lecture from the Mulligan on explosiveness. Afterwards we tried some practical experiments. In the afternoon we carried on more explosive work.

Wednesday, August 4

Prepared for the inspection. At 10030 we left via Lympne and Hythe for Diabgate Plain. Were thoroughly drenched. Arrived at Beachborough Park at 2 o'clock and most of the 2nd division (22000) had arrived by that time. Were inspected from a motor car by Bonar Law and General Sam. We then started the homeward journey of seven miles in a downpour. Arrived about 6 o'clock and were slightly downhearted. Better soldiers for it - I don't think.

Wrote home in the evening and "doused the glim".

Aug. 4 - which means twelve months of war. It is almost incredible. And yet has any other event in history changed a so-called civilized people so much? Manners, customs can be changed and the change can be observed. Have our ideals and beliefs undergone a change? Have we become more civilized and Christian like? It seems certain that we are less civilized, in the sense that we have become more hardened and accustomed to the awfulness and horrors of war. And yet there seems to be the paradox that we are becoming more Christian-like, that is, more people are finding solace in the Christian faith today that a year ago. Our ideals may have been shattered to a certain extent, but I am certain that our faith has become more intensive and extensive. Neither is it the blind, superstitious faith of the Middle Ages.

What will August, 4, 1916 bring forth?

Thursday, August 5

Was picked out as instructor to the infantry in trench work. Had some time getting things started, but it was 30' the rest of the day. Came home at 4:45 and found that Gordon could not get his furlough. Was very disappointed. Rushed to Westminster and caught the 5:34 arriving in London at Charing Cross station a little after seven. Took a bus to the central Y.M.C.A. in Tottenham Court Road. They were full up but referred me to Cartwright Gardens in Russell Square. Had supper and a bath and took a taxi to Panton St. Wandered round Leicester Square till late, but did not meet Brown or Crombie.

Bad news from Russia. Warsaw fallen and the Germans still pushing on.

Friday, August 6

Up at 9 o'clock. Had breakfast near Kings' Cross station. Had a shave and hair cut and hit out to find the D.C. of the Inns of Court O.T.C. After undergoing the ordeal I was told to wait for further word until he got into communication with Major Osler. If everything goes satisfactorily it means my commission.

Had lunch at one of the cafes on the strand and met a nice old gentleman whose home was in the suburbs. He seemed very much interested in Canada.

Went down to the homes embankment and afterwards to Trafalgar Square where I met Met Kavanaugh. From there we went down to see the King's Horse Guards - real chocolate soldiers, but fine looking ones. Hence we went to Whitehall or the United Service Museum where we saw many interesting things including the three original orders sent at the battle of Balaklava. Went over to Westminster Abbey where divine service was being held at 3 P.M. and heard some of the grandest singing that I have ever heard. It was most impressive and did just as much good as prayer would have done.

From there we went up the Coal Hole - "from the ridiculous to the sublime" as Met expressed it. This was the place where some famous society used to meet in the middle part of the 19th century, a place which might rather be described as very unique.

Caught the bus up to Dirty Dick's at Bishop's Gate. It was all that the name implied. Many years ago Dirty Dick was quite a dandy and comparatively wealthy. He was to have been married and in this famous place had the wedding breakfast laid

out.. On the morning of the wedding he received news of his bride's death. He locked up the place and did not return for 15 years. He then opened it up as a wine cellar.

Today the cobwebs and decorations are just as he left them years ago.. Lately, I understand, the place has been much modernized. The customers were, mainly, sight-seers like ourselves. In the evening we walked round the streets meeting some of Met's old friends. Met Phil Earnshaw from the Signallers. He was on his way to Scotland. Went home to Russell Sq. late and "hit the hay" after a big day of it.

Saturday, August 7

Woke up at 9:45 but managed to get dressed and a bus and down to Trafalgar Square at 10:20. Met Kavanaugh. Had breakfast and watched the Horse Guards changing guard. Met statue and he told me that Wilf had been wounded by shell and there was mail for me at the Y.M.C.A. Later in the day I got Wilf's card. Wounded on Sunday, July 23 he was at Raven. His wound was not serious.

Took the tube to the Tower but it was so late that we turned back and had lunch at the Y.M.C.A.

Went down to the Alhambra Theatre in the afternoon and saw Gaby Delys in a revue. Did not think such a lot of it but the dancing was good and the theatre very nice. we wandered round till it was time for Met to take his train. Wandered round till 9 o'clock. Ran into a Newfoundlander and went up to Leicester Lounge together. Met Geo. Clarke later and we wandered round till quite late.

Shipped a large bunch of smokes and magazines to Wilf and hope he will receive them o.k..

Sunday, August 8

Up at 9:30 and went down to the Y.M.C.A. and met Geo. Clarke and Bill Douglas. We decided to go out to Whitechapel - England's tough district.

Whitechapel is notorious in the past for being the gathering or meeting place for continental criminals. Even the policemen used to go in pairs. We hiked for Petticoat Lane where wares of all kinds are sold. On this street it is said they steal your watch at one end and sell it to you at the other. We had great sport especially when we stopped and had our snapshots taken of a mixed group - some Lascars from the Malay peninsula and ourselves. The crowd talked all languages and certainly looked the part.

We left there and took the bus back for Salisbury St. where we had a very nice lunch.

After lunch we took the bus for Richmond - an hour's ride out through the west end of London. Tried to get a canoe but they thought we wished to buy one. We wandered up the bank and the number of young "slackers" we saw was beyond even the imagination. Bill and George met a couple of girls that caught their fancies and that is all I saw of them.

Strolled along the bank till 6:30 and then took the tube for Charing Cross station. Went down to the 7 o'clock and saw Geo. Clarke off. Strolled round and after getting something to eat I went home to Russel Gardens and to bed.

Monday, August 9

Up at 10 o'clock. Went to the Y.M.C.A. and had a read as it was raining outside. Had lunch at the Y.M.C.A. with a clergyman whom I suspect is one of the very narrow churchmen that are always with us.

After lunch went out to Hyde Park and my first impression was that it was very beautiful. Saw some fine horses on the bridle path. got into conversation with an English lady and gentleman who had been out to Canada and had an interesting talk with them. That's the worst of having too many "Canada" badges on. It makes one too conspicuous, especially in London where they seem to regard us as a sort of curiosity. Had to leave on account of the rain.

After having had my usual tea and eggs on toast at Appenrodt's I bought a ticket for the Oxford. Saw a really good bill of vaudeville or "variety" as they call it here. Marie is certainly a comedienne and I do not wonder at her reputation. Sat next to an Oxford man, a widely travelled young fellow who had just got over his wounds while serving with the Honorable Artillery Company at the front. He had just done enough knocking round to make him an interesting talker and a good fellow. Was leaving next morning for Scotland to fill his appointment in the Seaforth Highlanders. I must not forget his name - Maule.

Took a bus home and after having had something to eat I "hit the hay".

Tuesday, August 10

Up at 10 o'clock and spent a pleasant hour in Hyde Park before lunch. After lunch went over to London Tower. Fell in with a 29th battalion boy - Bentham - from Vancouver who knows Hedley Smith and the McEwen boys - Marjorie's brothers and Reg's chum. We saw the Tower together.

First saw Beauchamp Tower - an old prison and one of the oldest Towers. Went to the Bloody Tower next and saw the room in which the Princess were smothered. Leading off from this was the walk where Sir Walter Raleigh used to exercise and talk over the wall to the citizens during his many year's imprisonment. Examined the Traitors Gate. Through this gate the prisoners used to come through after having been brought down the river from the city. The warden told us that this was done in order to ensure the prisoner's safety from the citizens.

In the Jewell Tower we saw the case full of Crown Jewels including many crowns, swords, maces, etc.. They were wonderful and magnificent.

Next we went to the Armor Tower and saw all sorts of weapons and armor dating from the earliest times. Off to the side was the secluded little chapel, sometimes containing royalty at worship.

The last place we saw was the space where the beheading block used to be and where Anne Bolyen, Lady Jane Grey, and many others met their fates.

My next destination was the National Portrait Gallery which, I admit, did not interest me so much. The National Picture Gallery was more interesting and more to my taste.

Then I went over to Westminster Abbey and once again I heard singing which is so impressive.

After a short rest and read at the Coal Hole I went and had tea at Appewodts. Went to the Middlesex Theatre on Drury Lane and saw a performance of "Splash Me". Although some parts of it were good comedy, it reminded me too much of the "Star" in Toronto.

After a short stroll went home and to bed after a very interesting but a strenuous day.

Wednesday, August 11

Up at 10 o'clock and after having had a shave and my watch fixed it was lunch time.

After lunch I bought a Saturday Evening Post (8 d) and struck out for Hyde Park. I had a nice quiet read and a rest which I needed very much.

Had tea and caught the 7 o'clock train. Arrived at West Ham at 9:45 and hit for camp. Found a letter from father and a card from Wilf. Wilf is labelled for England as soon as his temperature goes down so I suppose his case must be

worse than at first thought. I sincerely hope not.

Thursday, August 12

Up at 5:45 for a change and when at 6 o'clock parade I was informed that I was cook's mate for the day - a nice initiation back to camp life. Nothing important happened except that I received a very nice long letter from Elizabeth. Such letters are encouraging and I wish there were more people who can correspond as well as she can. Also received a note from Gladys Stocks which I was pleased to receive.

Friday, August 13

Had a short rifle drill and then got to work on the tools and sharpened them.

In the evening took the 7:38 train for Shornecliffe and went up to see Carl Stewart at Moore Barracks Hospital. He has been wounded since Festubert (May 24) and was with poor Dave Lundell when he was killed. Carl was leaving for Monsonian the next day being invalided home for six months. His right arm is paralysed and I doubt very much whether he will ever see the firing line again. At any rate he has done "his bit". He was quite cheerful and who wouldn't be after what he has gone through (Ypres, Langemarck and Festubert) and still survived?

Saturday, August 14

After a short physical drill we went over to instruct the infantry and had the usual easy time. Took a good rest in the afternoon and wrote letters during the evening.

Sunday, August 15

Went to church parade and listened to a sermon by a 1st division chaplain and it was interesting. He certainly has the knack of preaching to troops. His slang expressions were natural (now) and the boys listened to him. Contrast him with Major Thompson.

Wrote letters to father and one to Reg. Went out to lunch with Massy Baker and found his mother and sister very nice hospitable people. Came up to camp early and wrote a letter.

Had a terrific thunderstorm in which one of our men - Marshall - was struck by lightning and was severely burned and received quite a shock.

In the evening wrote a letter to Elizabeth from the Y.M.C.A. tent.

Monday, August 16

Told to get ready for a long route march. Our brigade joined the division at 10 o'clock. Went by way of Sellinidge, Smeeth Station Aldington. Had lunch and it began to rain. Passed Lympne and at New Inn Green we were inspected by the Princess of Teck and General Sam. Arrived home wet and hungry but ready for supper.

Tuesday, August 17

Went out to the trenchless and the 1st & 4th sections began our T-reinforce. - quite a job especially the revetting.

Were paid in the afternoon and mounted guard at 6:30. Had my first sentry "go" from 10:30 till 12:30. Lights were ordered to be put out on account of a Zep raid. Put on my beat I heard the first guns at about 11 o'clock. There were about 30 shots fired - whether bombs or anti-aircraft guns I don't know. I kept my weather eye peeled. Heard that the Zep was passing via Chatham, Canterbury and making for Ashford about midnight. Could not see it. Noticed flashes, resembling sheet lightning, the only difference being the color. These were light blue. Was relieved at 12:30, but did not wake till 4:30 when it was again time for my go.

Wednesday, August 18

Did sentry duty till 6:30 when the new guard replaced us. Very tired. Went to bed early. The Zep is reported to have killed a few civilians on the east coast. Russians still retreating.

Thursday, August 19

Another divisional manoeuvring day. Went via Sellinidge to a rendezvous park. Enemy supposed to have landed at Sandgate. Advancing in our direction. Our section were away in the rear most of the time so did not see much. Feet blistered again.

Canadian mail, but none for me. Wrote in the evening.

Saturday, August 21

After cleaning up tents we went down to the coast and had a swim in the Channel. The water was great and enjoyed it very much. Had a talk with Jerry for about a minute.

Had a card from Wulf. He is at Clivechen Hospital and getting on well.

As Massy Baker was cook's mate and wanted to go out in the afternoon I took on his job instead of taking my holiday. Took a good rest in the evening, but managed to get letters off to father, Wilf, Rus McQuay & Fred Campbell.

Sunday, August 22

To church parade at 8:30. Rested all day. Wrote letters in the evening to Elizabeth, Rhema and Marj.

Monday, August 23

Started out for our four days' manoeuvre and Bivouac. The whole division is on march. Got as far as Brabourne Lees by noon and slept during the afternoon and a little in the evening. Started off again for the Stone River where we have to build a bridge.

Tuesday, August 24

With sections 2 & 4 of the 6th F.C.C.E. ahead of the advance guard we reached the Stone River about one o'clock. Sec 4 had the pontoons unloaded and floating in short time. Massy Baker and I took a rest (as ordered) but were severely sworn at by the Mulligan. As a penalty we found ourselves on the ends of shovels till 6:30 in the morning. The bridge work an awful mix-up but we got the advance guard of infantry across by daybreak. Massy and I were taken off the shovels and rode with dispatches for the engineers to move up. Came back but did not have time to eat my breakfast before moving again. We found a vacant field and laid down to sleep at 8:30. Reported to have been captured at 10:15. Slept till noon. A hunk of bully beef for dinner - no bread, tea nor anything else. Great dissatisfaction.

Went for a wash and up to the village (Willesborough I think) for a drink. To bed early. Foot bothering me very much.

Wednesday, August 25

Was paraded to the 4th Field Ambulance with an inflamed foot.

Left camp with six others by motor ambulance to Moore Barracks Hospital. Examined and ordered to Otterpool for treatment. Arrived in camp about 7:30. A very deserted looking camp. A good wash and clean up and felt pretty good again.

Bill Douglass and the boys have been having a great time.

Thursday, August 26

Woke up at 7:30.. Had part of my breakfast in bed.. Got things cleaned up considerably. Paraded to doctor and rest and treatment recommended. Had a great time all day reading, writing, and sleeping. The rest of the boys got in about 7 P.M. very dirty and tired. Received photos.

Friday, August 27

Paraded to doctor and more rest & treatment needed. Am going to parade to the major to try for a week-end so that I can see Wilf.. Bummed round all day doing nothing in particular. The fellows arrived back about 6:30.. Weather - very cold.

Saturday, August 28

Cleaned tents & McQuay and I got our weekend passes at 9:30.. Missed the 10:10 train but caught the 11:38 at Sandling Junction.

Arrived in London at 2:30. Had lunch & got hair cut & shave. Went uptown and got lodgings at the Campbell Hotel on Bloomsbury Square. Had a good dinner and after wandering round for a while we went to the Oxford Theatre. Saw Marie Lloyd again and a fairly good show.. Went home and after a bath to bed.

Sunday, August 29

Up at 10 o'clock. Met Balmer Williscroft of the C.M.R. Went down to the War Office with Mac but Major Dawson was not in. Caught 11:38 train for Maidenhead and had just enough money to take a taxi out to Clivechen Hospital. Met Chuck Tennant and he took me round to see Wilf. Found him looking none too well and pretty thin. His wound has nearly healed, but it will be some time before he goes to the firing line again. Had a long talk with him and he has certainly been through some terrible experiences. Left him at 4:30.. Met Ossie Kennedy, Rus McQuay and Lumby.. Had supper at a hotel at Maidenhead and just caught the 7:49 train for London in time. Rushed from Paddington to Charing Cross Station, but were too late. Met Ernie Wilden, having a good time.. Mac and I wandered round till 12 o'clock and then got beds..

Monday, August 30

Up at 4 o'clock and caught the 4:35 at Charing Cross. Got back to camp at 10 o'clock feeling pretty tough. Worked with 9Sec 4 on trestle work till noon. Instructed the infantry in trench work all afternoon. Was up before the major for being ten hours late but my case was dismissed.

Went over to the C.F.A. lines to carry out Sister McGuire's message. To bed very early.

Tuesday, August 31

Cook's mate for the day.. Weather - plenty of rain. Received letters from Marj McEwen and Fred Campbell.

Wednesday, September 1

Spent the day in packing the tool carts - the first indication that we are going soon. Learned something about ropes and knots. Received papers. Weather - wet and cold.

Thursday, September 2

Up at 6. Got all shined up and began our march in heavy marching order to Beachborough Park for the inspection of the division by the King & Lord Kitchener. Had inspection before dinner. The King just looked like his portraits while Kitchener was unlike them. Contrary to my knowledge he seemed to be a large broad-shouldered man, fat in the face and with a brown mustache. He was seated on his famous white horse. He had the notorious piercing look and seems to miss nothing. His eyes do not wander aimlessly about, but rather he just seems to be seeing everything and to be having his eyes focused on everything at the same time.

Reached camp early and after a good meal had a good rest. Received letter from Rhena.

Friday, September 3

Raining like sixty at 6 o'clock. After physical exercise we were told to sort our stuff and send surplus away. Busy all day in marking kit bags and packs. Wrote letters to Rhena and Grandpa and Grandma. Got my photos and snapshots shipped off. Plenty of rain.

Saturday, September 4

After 7:15 we were told to proceed with our packing. Got an afternoon pass and after buying several necessities in Folkestone and after a good meal, Pat Brown, Bill Armstrong, Jim Warrende, Rus Campbell and I got together and had a good time. Got home about 11:30 and we sure had a good day.

Sunday, September 5

Learned that our date of crossing the channel is going to be Friday, September 10 rather than Tuesday, September 7. Had church parade at 9 o'clock and heard a fairly good sermon. Slept and read during the afternoon. Wrote a letter to Wilf. As we are going to march to Sandling at 2:30 tomorrow morning guess I'll ring off and get some sleep.

Monday, September 6

Up at 2 o'clock and away to Sandling with our rifles. Waited round quite a while and got home by 6:30. Did practically nothing all day except sleep. Went out at 8 P.M. with section 4 on a night's pontoon bridge work. Had a medium bridge built and taken apart before midnight. Then put up a trestle bridge of length of 75 feet across the Hythe Canal. Had everything apart by daybreak.

Tuesday, September 7

Did not wait breakfast but slept till noon. Had dinner and did very little work in the afternoon. Wrote letters.

Mounted guard at 6:30 and I pulled the first "go". Had my second go from 12:30 till 2:30.

Wednesday, September 8

Up at 6 A.M. and finished my last two beats throughout the day. Went to bed early in the evening.

Thursday, September 9

Finished packing our kit bags and burning up our surplus clothes. Played lazy all day.

Friday, September 10

Shipped off our kit bags. After dinner we filled in the "T" redoubt and finished packing the tool carts. Had orders to "stand to" but nothing to it: Will we ever get going?

Wrote a letter to Marj before bed.

Saturday, September 11

Sat round all day doing nothing. Just sitting on our packs waiting.

Saturday, September 12

Had rifle inspection. Did nothing all day. Received letter from father.

Sunday, September 13

Bathing parade. At noon was transferred to the first section and went into Tent 2 with "Slapper Ellis", Paddy Frame, "Wally" Earle, "Bill" Emery, Len McQuay, Pat White, Hal Jarvis, Dutch Young, and Roger Clarke. Had a parade in the afternoon with full equipment which did not feel very light. Had a short talk with Jerry.

In the evening read "Allan Quartermain" (Rider Haggard) and it certainly is a great yarn.

Tuesday, September 14

Did practically nothing all day. Just sat on our packs.

Wednesday, September 15

Packed our packs and haversacks at Otterpool for the last time & paraded. Cleaned up tents and packed blankets. Sat round till 11 P.M. when we paraded. Started our ten-mile march to Shorncliffe station.

Thursday, September 16

Arrived at Shorncliffe at 3:30 and had everything loaded by 5 o'clock. Reached Southampton docks about 11 A.M. and had everything loaded by 2 P.M. Our company sailed on another boat - the "Rosetta" at 6 P.M. The night was very clear and after being issued with lifebelts we lay down on decks wrapped only in our great coats and enjoyed a good night's sleep.

Friday, September 17

Woke up at the Havre and after disembarking we rested on the docks for some time. Marched out to rest camp no. 5. Remained there till midnight. Had a good sing-song in the Y.M.C.A. tent in the evening.

Saturday, September 18

Loaded the train at the Havre which took us till nearly daylight. Then we were packed 31 in each horse car with a tin of hard tack and some bully beef and told to get to it for a day or so. Slept nearly all day. Passed through Boulogne and Calais in the evening. Rolled out at midnight at a siding near St. Omer.

Sunday, September 19

Worked till about 5 o'clock in the morning unloading our wagons and horses. Marched through St. Omer to a distance of 4 or 5 miles and bivouacked in a ploughed field. Slept till noon. Began to march again, going by Hazebrouck to St. Sylvestree a distance of about 14 miles. Bivouacked at St. Sylvestree and by that time could hear the roar of the guns quite plainly and could see the shells bursting round the aircraft. Had a late supper and lay down in the open field to try and enjoy a night's sleep - for a change.

Monday, September 20

Woke at 6 o.k. after a very cold night of it. However, felt much better. Rations seem to be short. Must be a hitch somewhere.

Lay round all day waiting for the order to move. Have seen very little of the rest of the division. A report is going the rounds that Ostend has been taken by our fleet. Sounds doubtful. Had a letter from Rhema and a bunch of Edmonton papers.

Got a tarp over us for the night in order to keep from freezing.

Tuesday, September 21

Began to move at 9 o.k. Struck the Belgian frontier at 10:30 but got back into France again. Stopped at Golludveldt for dinner. Proceeded through Westoute(?) and on to the Belgian village of ???.. After a march of about 16 miles we bivouacked about 4 or 5 miles behind the firing line. Can hear the guns very plainly but am too tired to be interested much. Feet sore and blistered. Rations seem short again.

Wednesday, September 22

Had a good night's sleep and kept warm packed in between Don Sutherland and Johnnie Motley. Lay round all day enjoying a good rest in the bright sunshine. Received letters from father which said that Reg had left for Aurora, Missouri to stay and work with the McEwens.

No word of our moving up yet to the trenches although all the officers and N.C.O.'s have been there. The artillery keeps up a continual bombardment. The days are bright and fine which is a blessing for us in bivouacs.

Thursday, September 23

Lay round all day still waiting for orders. Had a card from Wilf in which he stated that his temperature had been abnormal again but he was getting better.

Began to rain in the evening. Norm Sutherland and I rigged up a shelter out of our ground sheets.

Friday, September 24

Sat round in the rain all day long waiting orders. Anxious to see the trenchless. Am too much "broke" to go up to Loire. "Gott straffe the paymaster".

Section 4 went up to the trenchless. In the evening heavy firing began to the south of us. Something in the air.

Saturday, September 25

Wakened up by Lt. Hughes ordering us to "stand to" our kits and get ready in heavy marching order. A heavy bombardment began some time in the night and kept me sleeping and waking. It was one continual roar - like peal after peal of thunder. Rumor has it that Lille is being bombarded. It is in the right direction.

Took down our bivouacs in the rain and waiting till noon. Rigged up shelter again at 2 o'clock and tried to keep dry. Had a good feed in the evening skillet. It tasted good enough to be turkey.

The last report said that there was a big advance south of us.

Sunday, September 26

Section I ordered up to the trenchless and just like my luck I was cook's mate for the day. The only official news is that the French & British have advanced considerably, taking many prisoners.

Went to bed tired in the evening, but satisfied with the good news.

Had the misfortune to break a crowned tooth on some hard tack.

Monday, September 27

Sec. I moved up to Loire. Began to build huts (24'x16' with an 18" wall) for us to billet. That means if we have

company we have only ourselves to blame.

Received a letter from Elizabeth and was certainly glad to hear from her. Somehow my letters and photo have been delayed. Went down to Dranoutree with Len for supper. Wrote a letter to Libby explaining everything.

Len Smith of 1st Div. Engineers was one to see our lunch and mentioned seeing Wilf just shortly before he was wounded.

Wrote a letter home in the evening and finished the one to Libby. It was a queer place to write a letter - up in the hayloft of an old brick stable.

News from the trenchless. The French has made a gain of nearly 3 miles taking Leus, Loosa and the country round La Bassée. Prisoners 120,000. The British have made a smaller gain taking 20000 prisoners including many officers. The greatest victory on the western front since the Battle of the Marne and the German retreat.

Tuesday, September 28

Went on with the building of the shacks till noon. At 3:30 o.k. two of our squads hiked for the trenchless. Had supper at Brigade supply and entered the trenchless at 8 o.k. to supervise a party of infantry. The rain poured down in sheets but the flares from the front line of trenchless kept everything as bright as day. About 3/4 of a mile up the communication trench we started our work in different parties. Everything went well for the first ten minutes when a rifle fight began in the front trenchless. We were right in the line of fire and did not take much time in hugging the ground. After this excitement we worked till nearly midnight when the moon came out and a sniper got busy. We were ordered to stop work and took our four-mile march home. An exciting time for our first chance under fire.

Wednesday, September 29

Stayed round our billets not doing much of anything. Went down for a bath at the brigade bath house. Were run through 30 at a time. Each strips, runs for a tub with about two inches of water in it. Get damp and make a run for one's clothes. Got a handout of clean (second hand) underwear, shirt and towel and "get out". Some bath.

Thursday, September 30

On fatigue all day loading and reloading trench materials between R.E. supply and our billets.

Friday, October 1

Went out to the trenchless i.e. to the Via Gallia Communication trench. Our working party of infantry did not turn up so we "dug in" ourselves and did just as much work. Nothing exciting happened except that the "coaxboxes" kept floating over and the artillery kept up a fire nearly all the time.

In the afternoon the German trench was very quiet. It had our men puzzled. Some airmen (probably the mad major) came along in a bi-plane low just behind our line. He was met by a volley of rifle fire from the German fire trench. One could hear the German officers bawling at the top of their voices to stop. It would stop in one place, when it would suddenly break out in another. Our object was attained - thanks to the nervy airman. Went back of the chateau to the house where a family by the name of Carpentier (French) used to live. After having supper at an "estaminet" we went back to the house, got the fire going, read some of the books from the book case and spent the rest of the evening playing cards. Very comfortable.

Saturday, October 2

Up at 6. Had breakfast (?) at the brigade supply. Went out to the Via Gallia trench and finished our work. Had a good feed of pears gathered from a deserted orchard near the trench. Finished our work and left new Battle HdQrs. early in the afternoon. Had a ride home and the old shack looked pretty good to us. Had a game of cards before bed.

Sunday, October 3

Rested nearly all day, reading and writing letters. Rain.

Monday, October 4

On fatigue most of the day. Received letters from Rhena and Gladys Stocks. Showery.

Tuesday, October 5

Went up to the Brigade Supply depot to take charge of working parties of infantry but they did not arrive. Went to work ourselves on the Via Gallia trench. Went up to SP111 and found many things interesting to see. Too much shrapnel flying round to do much sight seeing. Finished our work by three o'clock but did not get to the billet till after 6 o'clock. Rather cold raw weather.

Wednesday, October 6

The hard-task is proving too much for my teeth so had to go down to the 6th Field Ambulance Hospital near Locre and have the bridge and crown removed. Had some more work done on my teeth. Had a letter from Willf. He is up and around and very much improved. Expectss to be out in a month.

Thursday, October 7

Cleaned up, washed clothes, etc. Went up to the Dental Corps to see if I could get my teeth fixed permanently.

Friday, October 8

Had letters from Elizabeth, Grandpa and Aunt Effie and Marj McEwen. Glad to hear from them all.

Ordered to get ready to go to trenchless but called off till Sat. morning. Played cards and read. Wrote a letter to Rhena.

Saturday, October 9

Up at 6 o'clock and had charge of working parties and into the trench (Via Gallia) by 8330. I had a bunch of A. Co. - 27th Batt. boys and they were a good working bunch. working on the drainage and go the best days work done of any party I have ever had.

Had a good supper at 4 o'clock. Went to eve with Len McQuay and Bruce Scott and had a short sleep in the old farmhouse near the trench. Were kept awake by the big guns which started a short bombardment.

We told many stories of the mine the night before which blew up under the 28th batt. and caused about 50 casualties. It was awful but all in the game, I suppose. The 28th proved to be a game bunch.

At 7 o'clock we waited round to take out another party to work. They did not turn up so we had a ride home. The weather is raw and cold and the shack with its bright fire looked like a palace to us. Made toast and went to bed. Read a bunch of Edmonton Journals which had just arrived.

Sunday, October 10

Spent the greater part of the day reading Edmonton Journals and other Can. newspapers. The shack is rather quiet for most of the fellows are up at the factory near Ballue making smoke bombs. The weather is great - clear, crisp, bright just

like sunny Alberta.

Monday, October 11

Out to the Via Gallia trench again. Had charge of a working party of twelve deepening the trench and improving the drainage. Finished at 3 in the afternoon.

Waited at Brigade Supply and took out another party. Had a party of seven and had an exciting time out in front of the parapet. It kept us warm. Did not get our work finished by midnight. Walked home to our billet and crawled in at 2 o'clock feeling pretty tired.

Tuesday, October 12

Did not get up till nearly noon. Roger Clarke, Len, Johnny Motley and I went down to the creek and had a sort of a bath. Felt much better anyway. Went up to Lore to make a few purchases. "Banned" the evening away reading. Wrote a letter to father. Weather - fine and autumn like.

Wednesday, October 13

Began work in the Via Gallia trench. Had charge of a party turning Spill into a fine trench. Some job. Had to stop at 10:30 on account of the 27th going to take their turn in the trenchless. Had dinner of pork chops, eggs, bread, coffee & custard at an "estaminet" in Kemmel.

Ammunition was being carried up to the 18 - pounders all morning.

Left the Brigade supply for the billets at 2 o'clock. Heard some rather startling language from Belgians. Nearing the billets the long-expected bombardment began and we could plainly see the smoke bombs working.

Found the bomb-making bunch home when we arrived. Read for the rest of the day and evening. Weather - raining in morning. Bright and warm in the afternoon.

Thursday, October 14

Rested nearly all day. Read and wrote letters. French guns still "going to it".

Friday, October 15

Had some small fatigues but on the whole had a lazy day of it. Received a letter from Marj McEwen. Weather cloudy and cool.

Saturday, October 16

Started at 7 o'clock for the trench. Got my infantry party at Brigade Supply depot and went up to SP 10 to supervise the work there. SP10 is the worst trench I have ever seen - knee deep mud and water. Plans now are to change it again to a communications trench. The part of 28 batt. of which I had charge was lazy and grouchy. There was no N.C.O. in charge which made it doubly difficult. In the afternoon the trouble began. I very foolishly argued with them instead of putting my foot on it at the start. Did not get much work done.

Went back to Remell and had supper in an "estaminet" dark inside and with the whole front to it barricaded with sandbags and loopholed for machine guns. Some restaurant.

Took charge of a working party of ten men at 7 o'clock. Marched them out to SP10. Started putting sand bags up on the parapet. Only one man would work up there with me. Some bunch! One kicker started the fun. Had to duck into the trench a couple of times when the machine guns started our way. Stopped work at 11 o'clock account of the kicking. Very little work done.

McQuay and I sneaked a ride home with the 15 artillery wagon. At Suicide Corner a team ran down the road nearly to the German trench. They were recovered. Got home at 2:30 feeling poorly with a bad cold. Letter from Marj.

Sunday, October 17

Up at 11 o'clock. Paraded sick and told to take a rest. Hugged the fine all day. Received a letter from father & Marj. Wrote to father and to Marj McEwen. Weather - cold.

Monday, October 18

Cold still bad. Kept warm. Wrote and read.

Tuesday, October 19

Still sick. Balkan situation looks bad. Weather raw & cold.

Wednesday, October 20

Paraded sick again. Given "medicine and no duty".

Thursday, October 21

Cold loosening up. Weather - clear and cool - Alberta weather.

Friday, October 22

Went up to the trenchless and supervised work done by the 31st. The thirty men I had were "lazy as usual".

Saturday, October 23

Just remembered it was Reg's birthday. Did some fatigues round camp. Received and wrote letters from Edmonton.

Sunday, October 24

Pat White, Slapper Ellis, Mike Freda, Len McQuay and I went up past Lore to survey a field for some staff officers. Built a small bridge. When the staff officers arrived we began some measurements. One of them (a general) wanted to know how many yards there were in a hundred feet. Finished at 2 P.M. and came home to dry out. Had a letter from father. Weather - cold and raw.

Monday, October 25

Cold and raining. Waiting round all morning waiting for rain to stop. Slapper Ellis, Len McQuay, Mike Freda, Jack Youngs and I were ordered up to Kemmel to look over the ground we were to survey i.e. run levels. Got back late in the evening after a good supper at Dranoutree.

Tuesday, October 26

Went up to Kemmel to start surveying. Began at the dam at foot of Mont. Kemmel and started up. Mike was reading levels and I was rodding.

Went down to Kemmel for dinner. Were just finishing when a "coalbox" burst near us bringing the windows in on us. We began to clear out and about five minutes afterwards the house opposite (about 20 ft. distant) was blown to pieces. Shells began lighting all round. When coming they have a most fearful sound. We gradually got up the hill between times of falling into ditches, etc. every few seconds. Saw horses blown up and people hurt. The bombardment last for about 45 minutes. We worked steadily for the rest of the afternoon and took the short road home.

Forgot to mention that in the morning an aeroplane duel took place just above us. It was a great sight. The German was brought down behind our lines over by Neuve Eglise.

Weather - clear and cool.

Wednesday, October 27

Survey party went up to Kemmel again. At close range we saw the result of the shell fire. It looks as if it were directed towards Artillery Headquarters.

Started down the hill from the tower. At noon three of us went to a farmhouse for dinner. They were typical Belgian peasants. Mac and I tried the soup served with large wooden spoons. It was some meal. Finished our day's work on the road between Lindenbökk and Kemmel.

Was sorry to leave Mont. Kemmel as from there one can see Messines, Ypres (what is left of it) and to the right Neuve Eglise, Lille and (we think) Annœtières. Weather - very wet.

Thursday, October 28

Began our work in view of the enemy's lines but it rained so heavily all day that there was no chance of being seen. Had dinner near Suicide Corner. Ran our line via Regent Street and up to the Regent St. dugouts. Received letter from Wilf and a card from Elizabeth. Weather - rained heavily all day but the newly issued cape kept me fairly dry.

Friday, October 29

Ran the other branch of our line by SP10 up Via Gallia and through to SP11. It was very ticklish work as we were very close to enemy's lines and had no cover in spots. Discovered some French bodies. The pay book's last register showed October 1914. They were probably killed in the first fierce fighting as the old red French tunic was still intact.

Finished work by 2 P.M. and after dinner near Suicide corner we came home tired as dogs.

Played cards in evening. Weather - damp and cold.

Had a visit from (Lt.) Ken MacKinnon. He told us that the recent advance was a failure owing to the staff's bungling as usual. This was the big drive - nipped in the bud. The way was open but units did not know where they were near Loos. Everything was an awful tangle. Casualties were heavy.

Saturday, October 30

Got cleaned up in the morning. Went down to the dental corps in the afternoon but did not get my teeth fixed. Weather - fine and cold.

Sunday, October 31

Johnny Motley and I obtained passes for the day and "hiked" for Baillaul, France. Arrived about 9:30 and each had a hot bath before dinner. Wandered round the town for a while and found a good sized place, probably of 10,000 population. Passed the large hospital where the King of England is supposed to be lying recovering from his injuries of yesterday.

Had dinner consisting of beefsteak, chips, custard pie (my first pie in Europe), tarts and coffee. Met some C.M.R. men but could get no directions to the 5th C.M.R. to see if I could find George McCameron.

Started home at 2 and arrived at 3:30. Had a card from Elizabeth which said that cigarettes had been sent two weeks previous. Have never received them. Weather 0 cold and rainy.

Monday, November 1

Up at 6 o'clock and out to the trenchless. Was given a party in SP10 which was in an awful state. Water and mud knee-deep. Lt. Weatherby had men up on the parapet cleaning the berm. Result - about 10 nice shrapnel shells burst right over us - one after another. We were lucky - we escaped. Had dinner at 2 o'clock. Went back and worked till 5 o'clock. Had supper and out in the rain again till midnight. The canned rations made me sick and I was 'lollin'" by the time we reached home. Was sick all through the night.

Tuesday, November 2

Feeling better. Rested in bed all day. Appetite gone.

Wednesday, November 3

Still feeling punk.

Thursday, November 4

Out to the trenchless again. Found Via Gallia in an awful state. Had a party from the 49th - the best working party I have yet had. Got a good amount of work done by 3 o'clock. Len, Johnny and I came home. Met Ken McKinnon.

Ate some canned rations at noon and by evening was doubled up. Could not get to sleep and was in great pain.

Friday, November 5

Managed to doze a little before morning but completely knocked out. Paraded to the doctor and he gave me some opium.

Got some sleep.

Ate nothing all day but managed to keep some milk on my stomach.

Saturday, November 6

Tried to sleep all day. Pains left me. Had something to eat in the evening but "nothing doing". Weather - still rainy.

Sunday, November 7

The squad went out to the trenches but had to parade sick again. Told to take a two day's rest.

Had a letter from Rhena McKenzie and Jack Marsh wounded.

Monday, November 8

Still on the sick list. Kept down some gruel and tackled some toast in the evening. Received a letter from Marj McEwen. Also received a nice long letter and post card from Elizabeth.

Weather - finer but rainy.

Tuesday, November 9

Reported fit for duty but was not called out. Nothing unusual happened.

Wednesday, November 10

Went out to the trenches - to Beaver Hat. The rains had left everything in awful shape - water knee deep and caved in in many places. Went on with the revetting and got a good piece done. Weather - sunny in the afternoon.

Thursday, November 11

Spent the morning sleeping, the afternoon in reading and writing. Received letters. Rainy.

Friday, November 12

Detailed for working party and "carried on" all day in an incessant rain. Had no letters or papers. No Channel boats crossing.

Saturday, November 13

Went out to Beaver Hat and put in a day of the most miserable weather yet experienced - wet, cold, and the rain came down in bucketfuls. Lucky we have hip boots and rain-cappes. Got a second party at 2 O'clock and worked till 6 o'clock.

Johnny and I had supper in a house, broken by shell fire at Remmel the night before. The inhabitants have lived there for 66 years and having now lost their home are forced to move to Westoutree. All families are moving.

Tramped home in the mud feeling "all in".

Sunday, November 14

Up at 9 o'clock after a good night's sleep. Sat down for a game of cards; forgetting all about it being Sunday of course.

Received letters from Elizabeth and father. Quite a mix up over the phot business. Never received Elizabeth's cigarettess yet.

Called out for most of the afternoon on loading party. Three of us also worked on until late on in the night. Weather - fair and cold.

Monday, November 15

Took things easy all day after having a breakfast of porridge at the farmhouse. Wrote and read Edmonton Journals which have begun to sift in.

In the evening the sad news of the deaths of Lieut. Hughes and Rus Campbell was reported. They were hit by shell fire in front of the sentry box at Kemmel. It is hard to realize.

Tuesday, November 16

Up at 6 and out to the trenchless. A sniper got busy near SSRM and put a bullet between my legs. About a minute later he hit Lyman McCallum through the arm. No bones broken.

Worked in the muck all day and felt like a rest in the evening. Had a good supper with Pat McAllister as cook.

Roger Clarke and I wanted to cycle home from Remmel. Stopped on the way at an "estaminet" and had a bottle of native sweet wine. The place had rough planks supporting it, was entirely revetted with sandbags. The whole front had been torn

out., sandbagged, and loopholed and ready for any kind of defense. The occupants were women, still making a living within four hundred yards of the Via Gallia trench by selling wines and beer. Cycled home, arriving at 8 o'clock. A letter from Reg was awaiting me. It was a long, well written letter and he seems cheerful and optimistic enough. Am glad that he is so well situated and enjoying life. Weather - fair but showery.

Wednesday, November 17

Rested in bed till after 9 (some luxury). Had my plate of porridge at the farmhouse of the refugees from Wychnaete. Just learned that the elderly man used to be the burgomaster. Spent the afternoon in reading and writing and doing a little fatigue duty. Letter from Willf. He is having a good time. Hope that they hold him there for some time. I think he has seen all the modern warfare he wishes to see. Weather - wet.

Thursday, November 18

Worked all day around camp in fatigue. Not so bad when one knows that every bit of work one does helps to put the Huns out of business. Am dead broke and its a rotten feeling to have. "Gott straffe" the government and their une franc a day allowance and Gott straffe the Belgians and their manner of charging double price for necessities.

Friday, November 19

Out to the trenches. Under the new system of giving each sapper a special piece of work I was put in charge of the side-drain squad. The Via Gallia is still in rotten shape but steadily being improved. Built steps on the sides. Discovered young Chilton and we had quite a talk of Moosomin. Learned that Fraser McGibbon was sick in hospital. The party quit at noon so we six "carried on" and did as much work as our infantry party of 100 had done all morning. Cooked ourselves a good meal at the old house in Kemmel. Wandered home in the evening to our billets near Locre.

Sunday, November 20

Had the usual plate of porridge late in the morning and had a game of cards in the afternoon. Called out for loading fatigue in the evening. Luckily we escaped church parade which seems to be more or less of mockery while in the field as we are.

Things are beginning to look black again in the Balkans. Serbia is being rapidly over-run by the Huns and their helpers. Munro (Sir Ian Hamilton's successor) advises withdrawal from the Dardanelles according to newspaper reports. It seems incredible that that campaign should ever have been started. Was

it necessary? Seemingly no. As usual somebody's the goat = Churchill this time. Asquith's speech is good but there is no reasoning to it; he talks eloquently but seems as if he had his eyes shut and we were blind. He may have been a big man but his relatives had too much influence.