

THE FORTY-NINER



In This Issue

DISARMAMENT

49er ON THE AMAZON

JUNE 2nd, 1916

"DAD" GARMAN

CALGARY BRANCH

WHERE IS MY WANDERING
BOY?

REMEMBRANCE DAY
SERVICE

FIFTH ANNUAL CHURCH
PARADE

Number 14

January 9th
1932



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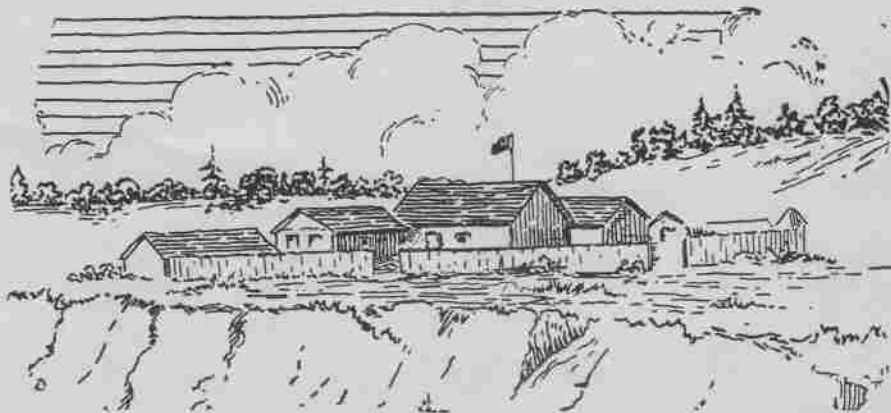
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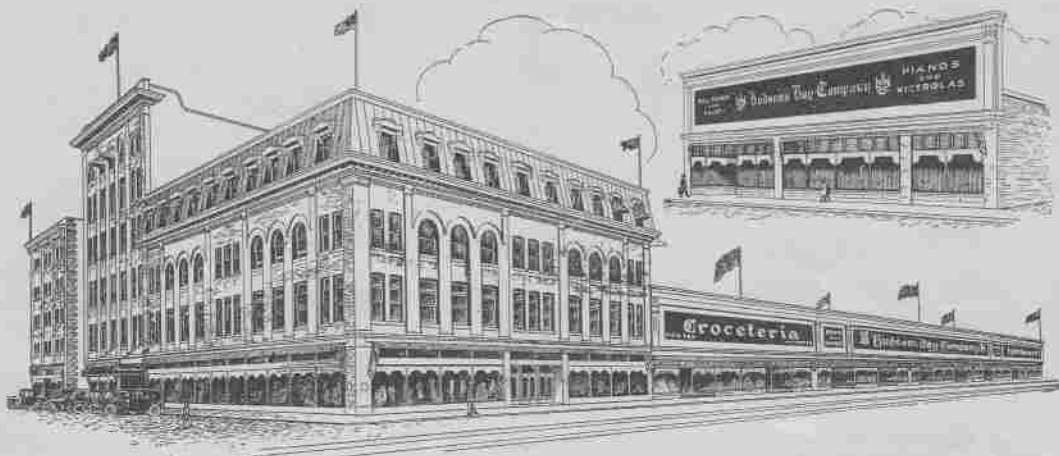
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INCORPORATED 27th MAY 1870.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA



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*It Looks Like This Meeting of the Troops is Gonna
be a BRU-AY Affair!*



Scene: Railway Station, Smoky Ridge: "Hello, Sam! Where are you goin', Manchurio?"
"No, I'm going to the 49th Banquet at the Macdonald, Edmonton."

The Forty-Niner

Number Fourteen

EDMONTON, ALBERTA

January, 1932

Editorial

DISARMAMENT

In 1932 a conference under the auspices of the League of Nations will be held at Geneva to discuss proposals for a reduction of land armaments. Canada as a member of the League will be represented there. In the meanwhile there has been a good deal of ballyhoo about a petition which is being circulated in Canada calling for disarmament. Of course the petition has been largely signed, since almost any body will sign a petition. It costs nothing and it is usually the best way to get rid of the person who is soliciting the signatures.

The whole matter involves fundamentally the national policy of Canada to say nothing of the national dignity in our relations with the rest of the world. For that reason the question is an important one.

In Canada we are practically disarmed. Our military expenditure annually is \$1.80 per head and is the lowest in the world. Although in foreign trade we are in fifth place amongst the nations of the world, we maintain no real navy and rely for the protection of that trade upon the British navy which is paid for by the British people, the most heavily taxed people in the world. We are unable to discharge those obligations of a military nature which devolve upon us as an equal partner in the Empire and as a member of the League of Nations. We take advantage of our geographical position and our proximity to the United States and rely for our defence upon our connection with the great Empire to which we belong. Not a very dignified position for a people who have so much advice to offer for the guidance of other people.

European nations have certain land armaments. They are very costly. They absorb altogether too much of the annual revenues of these countries. Everybody agrees that it would be a good thing if these armaments and these costs could be reduced. But these nations have these armaments because they think that they need them, that their national security demands them. They fear their neighbours. They say that they have good grounds for fearing their neighbours. They point to ancient and modern history to support their views.

At this moment the eastern frontiers of Poland, abutting on three countries, are held by troops in trenches with outposts out. The opposite countries hold their frontiers in the same way. All European countries fear Russia, and so it goes.

Now when you ask these countries to disarm or reduce armaments and they confront you with their situations, isn't it silly and futile for Canadian delegates to tell them that they ought to disarm because we have disarmed. The only proposal which these countries will consider is an offer on the part of the great or safe powers to this effect: To the powers in fear, "You disarm or reduce armaments and if you are attacked by anybody we will come to your aid with sufficient military force to protect you." It may well be doubted whether any power in fear would accept such a guarantee in exchange for its own means of defence. However, such an offer would at least show an understanding of the problem and would be an honest attempt to substitute security for fear.

Will such an offer be made? It is most unlikely. Pacifists yearn for peace but they are unwilling to fight for it. They won't fight for anything.

There is another aspect of the matter: Would it be wise for us to tie ourselves up in such an agreement which might require us sooner or later to fight half the nations in Europe.

The conclusion of the matter would seem to be that we ought not to entangle ourselves in European affairs and our delegates might better stay at home. Meanwhile the British Empire ought to be a good enough League of Nations for us to belong to.

"A", "B" AND HEADQUARTERS MUST LOOK TO THEIR LAURELS

This number appears to devote a large amount of space to "C" Co'y., just as the last number did to "D" Co'y. This, of course, is not done by design; it just happens to be so. It is worth while, however, for former members of "A" and "B" Co'ys. as well as Headquarters to keep in touch with the editorial staff of the magazine to make sure their activities are brought to the attention of the troops as a whole. The best way to do this is to dig up old photographs of groups and individuals and turn them in to the editor.

A FORTY-NINER IN AMAZON RIVER BASIN

Lieut. H. L. Holloway, M.C., D.C.M., M.M. and Bar

I entered Ecuador at the end of February, 1931, by way of the port of Guayaquil, and stayed one night in that city once dreaded as being one of the most unhealthy towns in the world, but which modern science has now cleared completely of yellow fever and almost of bubonic plague.

Extensive work in the last few years is converting it into a modernly planned tropical city with broad, splendidly paved streets and handsome buildings.

From Guayaquil, I took the train for Quito, the mountain capital, 9,360 feet above sea level.

The first day's journey was first through miles of swamps, then through long stretches of cocoa farms and dense forest and then through the gateway between towering mountains that leads to the high table-land between the eastern and western chains of the Andes.

The bush grew lighter and lighter and the temperature more and more cool as the train crawled up impossible slopes, sometimes doubling back on itself until one could see, looking almost sheer down, two or three separate tracks at varying distances far below on the mountain side.

Near Riobamba, the town about half way where we were to pass the night, we came in view of the mighty snow-capped bulk of Mt. Chimborazo, of the appropriately named peak, Mt. Altar, of the austere Mt. Tungurahua and of several more of the giants of the Andes.

Here, so near the Equator, the snow line is around 15,000 ft. above sea level, so that a mountain must be great indeed before the eternal snow rests on its summit.

The second day the way was along the central plateau, now through dry stretches of barren sand, now through fertile green valleys, and always occasional glimpses of snow-capped peaks. In the afternoon we arrived at Quito.

The history of Quito commences in dim legends of a bygone race called the Quitus; tells of the civilization of the Shamris which rivalled that of the Incas; of the merging of the two after sanguinary wars; of stark valour and treachery of the Spanish Conquistadores; of destructive earthquakes; of a gallant fight for freedom from the Spanish yoke, and freedom gained, of succeeding revolutions and horrible assassinations.

At the present time Quito is a city of some 80,000 inhabitants, built generally in the Spanish colonial style of architecture.

The ruling and cultured classes are of Spanish descent more or less mixed with Indian blood, the poorer classes of varying degrees of mixture of white and brown with a large proportion still virtually pure Indian.

The language spoken is Spanish, with some Quichua, derived from the ancient Inca tongue, spoken by the Indians.

The climate is one of eternal spring.

After a few days in Quito, I started off towards the East on the road to the river Napo, accompanied by a cook named Pepe and a string of mules in charge of a native packer.

After two and a half days' ride during which we crossed the bleakly cold Paramo, or height of land, we reached Baeza, the end of the mule track.

It was by this route passed the famous Gonzalo Pizarro with Francisco Orellana in the year 1539, the latter afterwards building a ship on the Napo River with which he sailed down the unknown waters of the Amazon and thence to the Atlantic Ocean, thus making the first crossing of the South American Continent.

At Baeza we left the mules and continued on our way with Napo Indian carriers. After five days on foot through mud and rushing streams, down breakneck

hills into ever denser forest, we arrived at the village of Napo on the river of that name.

We obtained a canoe at Napo and made a trip upstream through the rapids until they became too difficult, then overland to where the river pours forth from the mountains through canyons of grey granite over huge boulders brought down by the waters. We then returned downstream and continued to where the Napo broadens out into a river three-quarters of a mile wide which could be navigated by large launches although still some 300 miles from where it joins the Amazon and some 2,500 miles from the sea.

We returned upstream again to Napo village, then we poled our canoe up the treacherous tributary, the Anzu, as far as possible. From the Anzu we travelled on foot overland through a track of never ending mud for four days to the village of Puyu, thence two days over escarpments of sandstone and through beautiful forests of palms to the Roman Catholic Mission station at Canelos on the Bobonaza river.

The Indians of the Canelos district, although calling themselves Christians, are the most noted of all the tribes of those parts for their witchcraft, and are greatly respected by the other Indian tribes on that account. They paint their faces and parts of their bodies with the purplish black stain of the seeds of the Huito tree, placing designs in brilliant scarlet on their cheeks. Their clothes are always of black, the cloth being dyed by themselves.

After three weeks on the Bobonaza district, we turned towards the South.

We made the difficult crossing of the Pastaza river and three days later that of the Palora.

From the Palora river at Arapico, looking upstream, one gets a wonderful view of one of the most beautiful volcanos in the world, Mt. Sangay. Sangay has been for some years latent, and no black smoke now issues from its snow crowned summit. Its sides are as symmetrical, and the whole mountain is as perfect a cone as though drawn with rule and compass.

At Arapico one enters the country of the Jibaro Indians, once a powerful people, but now decimated by their continual inter-family wars. The whole life of the Jibaro is bound up with the death feuds which exist in every family with other families. Each youth dreams to show his prowess as a warrior by the killing of some one of the many "enemigos" of his family.

A part of the ritual of these killings consists in the cutting off of the heads of the slain and in reducing them by a secret process to about the size of an orange, still retaining the original features.

The Jibaro grown male carries as an indispensable part of his equipment, a gun, which scarcely ever leaves his hands.

It was the Jibaro nation which rose up in revolt against the Spaniards in 1599, and destroyed the populous cities of Sevilla de Oro, Logrono and Mendoza so completely that scarcely a man escaped.

Today the site of these destroyed cities is only a matter of conjecture, for they were never again rebuilt and the country was given up entirely to the red man until the present day.

Luckily these Jibaros, although hating work of any kind, are cheery and not at all murderously inclined to people with whom they have no feud.

We passed through their country, sleeping in their houses and engaging them as guides and carriers to the

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JUNE 2nd, 1916---By Lieut. Inar W. Anderson, D.C.M.

Minor events and places of the Great War will gradually fade from the memory of veterans; but some of the events and some of the places never will while there is left one last, lone survivor.

As for myself, if the time ever comes that I remember but one place, that place will be the YPRES SALIENT; and one event, that event will be THE BATTLE OF SANCTUARY WOODS in which the Canadians Corps was engaged during the first two weeks of June, 1916, and our old battalion, from the 3rd to the 5th inclusive.

The old Salient was always full of drama. It came dramatically into being and remained dramatic throughout its whole bloody career; and with it the history of Canada's valiant efforts in the great conflict is inseparably linked.

Let us briefly review the early history of these few thousand acres of low Flemish meadowland which in pre-war days were dotted with patches of trees, peaceful little red farm buildings and here and there a village, thus leading up to and including this relatively unimportant yet intense action that so indelibly seared itself upon the mind of one, at least, of its survivors.

Temporarily (as they thought) frustrated in their advance towards Paris, mighty forces of the German Empire started on their wild dash towards the sea. They must be checked, and no one could do it better than the Honorable (as he was then) Julien Byng and his 3rd Cavalry Division. His and Major General Capper's Division consolidated a short distance beyond Ypres and the regular alignment which had the old city practically in "No Man's Land," thus forming the famed salient.

At first it was considered of great importance to hold this at all costs; later on, when the old city was reduced to powdered dust, it is reasonable to suppose that sentiment and its effect on morale had something to do with holding it. Be that as it may, it speaks volumes for the valor and stamina of the Canadian soldiers that they were chosen to play such a leading role in its defense.

There was the first battle of Ypres, October-November, 1914, the birth of the Salient. The second Battle of Ypres, April-May, 1915. In this battle the single Canadian Division at the front, under Major General Alderson, won deathless fame. It was then the bombardment began that did not cease until Ypres was entirely flattened out and ruined—nor, indeed, did it cease then, for an endless avalanche of steel poured into Ypres night and day throughout almost the whole dark period of the war.

In this battle the enemy first used gas, chiefly directed against the French, but penetrating through into the north eastern segment held by the Canadians, causing frightful havoc and fiendish deaths to those helpless boys. No one can properly contemplate the horror of that particular moment; suddenly, without warning and without protection, enveloped in a cloud of sickly, sweet-smelling deadly gases. But they were not long left to their problem, for this demonized messenger of death did its work ruthlessly, swiftly.

But the lines held. Reinforcements were quickly brought forward; besides, gas has the disadvantage of barring its users' way. The path to Calais was again blocked.

For over a year there was almost constant bombardment and intermittent fighting, sometimes fierce, as the March fight at St. Eloi.

Then came the fighting of June 2nd to 16th, 1916.

There were then three Canadian Divisions at the front under General Sir (as he then was) Julien Byng. This time the fighting was in the south-western extremity of the salient, east of Hooze, along Zillebeke, St. Eloi and Hill 60, the front held being from Hooze on the

north to Hill 60 on the south, passing through Sanctuary Wood, a distance of about two miles.

For weeks there had been a disquieting lull in that constant artillery fire that the soldiers of the apex had come to know so well. Battalions relieved and were being relieved monotonously, not a little wary of the unnatural stillness, for it had not gone unnoticed that the enemy was actively engaged pushing forward saps. For weeks they had been massing artillery of every size and calibre, chiefly the terrible 5.9 Howitzer.

On that fateful morning of June 2nd the front line and support troops were in high spirits. (The 49th had been relieved a short while before and was in camp not far from Poperinghe). The trenches were quieter even than usual. It was a beautiful morning, such a morning as makes one feel good to be alive. Major-General Mercer and Brigadier General Victor Williams were inspecting the front trenches.

Then suddenly tempest broke in an overwhelming, withering fury. Tons of steel rent the air, breaking above, below and on all sides into screaming splinters, all merging in a ferocious pandemonium, deafening to the ear and paralyzing to the nerve. Trenches quickly

Continued on page 24.

THE STUFF CANADA NEEDS

Lieut. I. W. Anderson, writing to Norman Arnold, from Harrington Park, N. J., under date of September 23rd, says:

"Your letter of August 14th has just come to hand—its lateness of arrival being brought about by my having shifted twice since then. This is likely to be my address for some time to come so I would appreciate your having my records corrected. I am of course very anxious to receive the magazine which is extremely interesting in every respect.

I shall consider it a pleasure indeed to write a short article for the "Forty-Niner" along the lines suggested. I presume that you have it in mind for the January 1st issue, so October or November will be early enough to send the MSS.—a length of about 1,000 words.

I am enclosing the Forty-ninth Battalion Record, properly filled out. I can give you no information at all in respect to another Forty-Niner in this locality. I always keep a keen lookout for one when I see the old Service Badge. There are plenty of Canadian soldiers here; I see them particularly on Decoration Day, when the old and diminishing boys of the Grand Army of the Potomac drive (they no longer walk) up to place a wreath on the tomb of their Commander, Gen. U. S. Grant. Foreign veterans parade that day too, Canadians being usually in a group by themselves—and the Canadians are practically all from the good old Forty-Twas; so you see, the Seventh Brigade is well represented. But no Forty-Niners, for which I am glad, for Canada cannot well afford to lose the stuff of which they were made.

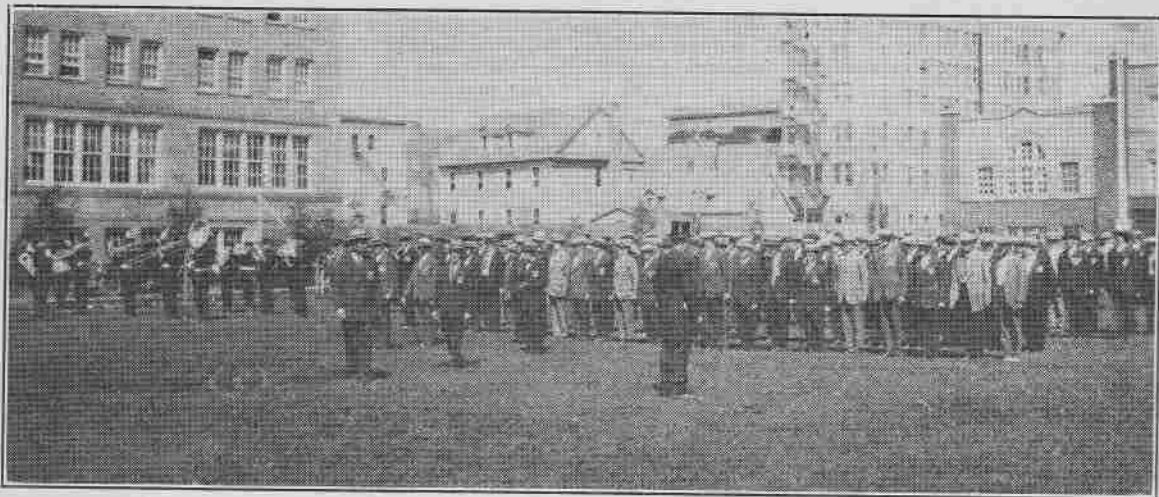
With best wishes to yourself and the good friends and comrades of the old Regiment. Needless to say, I was deeply shocked to learn of the death of that great friend of us all, Colonel Weaver.

Very truly yours,

I. W. ANDERSON,
Box 60, Harrington Park,
New Jersey, U.S.A.

Mr. Anderson has contributed a story to this number of "The Forty-Niner" which we are most fortunate to be privileged to publish; Mr. Anderson having gained recognition as a writer of outstanding merit.—Editor.

The First Annual Church Parade



The troops formed up in column of companies, "A" Company leading. The original commanding officer, General W. A. Griesbach, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., has just taken over the parade from Major Chattell, D.S.O., Adjutant. In the foreground between the General and the Major is the figure of Earle Hay, Honorary Secretary of the Association. The first church parade assembled on the lawn in front of the Memorial Hall. The more recent parades have "fallen in" in the market square.

FIFTH ANNUAL CHURCH PARADE, 19th JULY, 1931

We print the following account as it appeared in the Edmonton Journal of Monday, July 20th, 1931.

EDITOR.

Keeping green the memories of comrades who fell during the great war and rekindling old friendships, 200 veterans of the fighting 49th Battalion held their fifth annual church parade and divine service on Sunday.

Led by their own two bands, while each veteran displayed a glittering row of medals for war service, the "Forty-Niners" marched through the streets to the parliament grounds where service was held at 11.00 a.m. The service was conducted by Rev. Capt. G. G. Reynolds, honorary chaplain, who saw service with the P.P.C.L.I. in France as company commander. During his address, which was broadcast by the Journal's radio station, CJCA, Rev. Capt. Reynolds struck the clear keynote of loyalty.

Many Originals

Originals of the 49th, led by original officers of the unit, took part in the parade, which was one of the most successful in the history of the 49th Battalion Association. From the city and outside districts came these veterans to commemorate the occasion and pay tribute to those who had made the supreme sacrifice from 1914 to 1918.

The assembly point was the market square. Sharp at 10.30, the veterans moved out on the march to the parliament grounds.

First came the 49th Battalion band, led by Bandmaster F. G. Aldridge, while next was the 49th Battalion Pipe band, led by Pipe Major H. Laing.

The marching units were under the command of Lieut.-Col. L. C. Harris, V.D., officer commanding the 49th Battalion and himself a member of the original unit. With him were Lieut.-Col. A. K. Hobbins and Captain Walter Hunter, adjutant.

Several Units

Units in the parade were "B" company, under Capt. C. A. Martin of Grande Prairie, "A" company, under

Capt. W. Tipton, "C" company under Capt. George D. Hunt, and "D" company under Major R. W. Hale.

The color party and escort from the 49th Battalion Edmonton Regiment were under the command of Capt. W. Bury and Lieutenants A. McGrath and J. Hunter.

From the market square, the line of march was down 100th Street to Jasper Avenue, along Jasper to 107th St. and then along that street to the grounds.

Arriving at the grounds, the units took their allotted stations while the color party advanced with the banners of the battalion.

The service opened with singing of the hymn, "Onward Christian Soldiers," followed by the scripture reading and prayers.

The hymn, "O God Our Help in Ages Past," was also sung. With the veterans, color party, escort, bandsmen and others seated on the grass, Rev. Capt. Reynolds opened his address.

Loyalty Is Test

The speaker took for his text, "Honor all men, love the brotherhood, fear God and honor the King," which, he said, could be summed up in the one word—loyalty.

The speaker likened the gathering to a unique family service, rather than a church parade. After tracing the formation and growth of the 49th Battalion, then the gaps in the ranks, he paid high tribute to the late Colonel C. Y. Weaver, who had started the annual church service. He lived in the hearts of all who knew him and no words were needed to describe him.

Regretting the absence of Major-General the Hon. W. A. Griesbach, the speaker said he had been kept away by his public duties.

"These reunions help by causing us to remember how we faced realities once and show how we must go on facing them as long as we live," said the speaker. "There is no discharge in the battle of life—but death."

The First Annual Church Parade



The battalion moving west on Jasper Avenue in column of fours with the band, headed by the late J. H. Daly, original bandmaster, having just passed the intersection of Jasper and 161st Street. This first church parade was held in July, 1926. The idea of the annual church parade originated with the late Col. C. Y. Weaver.

Proceeding, the speaker said that today, thousands of people had no greater cause than their own careers, so they worked and played for themselves. The war showed that many men, without the help of organization, could exhibit by life and death the highest teachings of the New Testament. This was because they loved a greater thing than their own lives and careers.

Spirit Most Needed

Why should this spirit be lost? asked the speaker. It is just what is needed most of all today, he declared.

Emphasizing the need of loyalty, Rev. Mr. Reynolds said: "I do not think Canada needs anything greater today than loyalty."

Referring to the Communist, the speaker said he was never happy, as there was no loyalty to make him so.

Concluding his address Rev. Capt. Reynolds declared that a loyal soldier should be a loyal soldier of God. The Empire, he said, depends upon loyalty to God's empire. He urged that men of the 49th Battalion show the way to this greater loyalty in the days of peace.

The service ended with singing of the hymn, "Abide With Me," and the national anthem. Then the veterans marched back to the market square where they dispersed.

"LUCKY STIFF"

The old-timer and the new-arrival were doing their stuff on the firing-step. The night was pitch-black. Fog hung low to the ground. And a cold drizzling rain added to their misery. "Blast the blinkin' rain! growled the new-comer as a small rivulet trickled off his steel lid down the back of his neck. "Don't it never do anything else here?"

"Oh sure," comes back the old 'un. "Sometimes it snows." But this don't faze the new-arrival, him being full o' pep and "mulligan," like the barber's cat. This being his first trip in the front line, he's curious. "What's out in no man's land?" he asks.

Wearily the old 'un chants, "Barbed-wire, scabby rats, shell holes full o' stinking water, bully beef tins, plum an' apple, . . ." "Where's the Germans?" breaks in the other. "Across the street you might say," from the old-timer. "And here comes a love-letter

from 'em." A trail of sparks followed by a shattering crash, boomed out on the dreary night, as both men ducked.

"Jerry seems sorto peeved!" chuckled the old 'un. Some dirty blighter must 'ave spit in his beer last trip out."

"Aw! why don't we clean them square-heads out o' there? Chase them back to Germany where they belong. They been parking there long enough," pipes up the new lad. "Let's get on with the ruddy war. What's the use o' standing up to our waists in water? First thing we know he'll be sneaking up on us in a submarine and torpedoing us. Over the top for the whole British army! that's my suggestion."

"That's the spirit me bucko," nods the old 'un, voicing his approval. "Now's I come to think of it I'll mention it to General Haig, when he comes round with the rum ration in the morning."

"Aw, quit yer kiddin', I mean it!" snorts the new 'un. "Yours not to question why, yours but to do. . . ." spake the old 'un, posing like Martin Harvey in the "Only Way." "Ah, lad, I was just like you when I first came here. But we live 's an' learns—perhaps?"

"You know I'm right," pleaded the young 'un. "Look at the guys that's running this show. Old geezers like Lord Helpus and General Delivery. Why when old coddgers sit down they're standing on their brains. Let us young lads show them how to run this war racket. Poof! it 'ud be over like that."

Next morning at daybreak the new arrival steps up on the firing-step to take a good look around. Still curious. Whiz-z-z, a bullet just misses his bean. "Duck, you damn fool, duck!" yelled the old 'un.

Nonchalantly turning round, the new 'un asked, "What for, is it coming back again?" Grabbing his legs the old 'un yanked him down, but not quick enough. The sniper's next bullet drilled a clean hole through the fleshy part of the new 'un's arm.

"Don't that beat hell!" snorted the original. "Ain't been here long enough to get lousy, an' he's on his road back to Blighty. The lucky stiff!"

REAR RANKEE.

CHURCH PARADE SERVICE BROADCAST FOR FIRST TIME

For the first time the annual church parade service was broadcast by courtesy of CJCA, the Edmonton Journal. Arrangements for the broadcast was made possible by Rev. Canon Pierce-Goulding, whose service from All Saints' Pro Cathedral was to have been broadcast on Sunday the 19th., stepping aside to permit of the Forty-Ninth service going on the air. That many listeners in the city and country heard and appreciated the broadcast is attested by the many letters received by CJCA and by them handed over to us. From among these we print the following:

"2 Dunstan Apartments,
Stony Plain Road, Edmonton.
July 19th, 1931.

Dear Sir:

We wish to express our deep appreciation of the broadcast of the 49th (Edmonton) Battalion service which came over so clearly and was enjoyed as we were unable to attend and the 49th is very dear to us.

Faithfully yours,
FRANCES FULLERTON."

"12829 123rd St., Edmonton.
Sunday, July 19th, 1931.

Dear Sirs:

Your program came over wonderfully clear and also the lesson. Your text of Loyalty was very appropriate as not only to the 49th Battalion but to all our soldiers of the World War. Loyalty was their text else they could not have been so noble. Again I wish to thank you for such a splendid program; also CJCA, I remain,
(Mrs.) H. V. GREEN."

"Peat, Alberta,
Sunday, July 19th, 1931.

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for broadcasting the 49th Battalion Church Parade. Came in loud and clear; enjoyed it all.
(Mrs.) C. A. TURNER."

"Eatonia, Saskatchewan.
July 19th, 1931.

The sermon conducted at the Parliament Buildings on Sunday, July 19th was enjoyed very much by us here and the reception was good.

G. W. WILSON."

"Daysland, Alberta,
July 20th, 1931.

Dear Sir:

Appreciated 49th Battalion Memorial Service broadcast very much; reception was excellent.

W. HANRAHAN."

"Mistsue Lake, Alberta,
July 24th, 1931.

Dear Sirs:

This is to say that we had the services of the 49th, C.E.F., and that the broadcast came over very clear. Colonel Harris' voice was clear, even if he was at a distance from the "mike."

Yours truly,
E. R. KIRKPATRICK."

"Barrhead, Alberta,
July 20th, 1931.

Your program came over just fine this morning. I would just like to have been there. Thirty or forty

FORMER FORTY-NINER NEW POSTAL SUPERINTENDENT



MAJOR R. WALTER HALE, M.C.

Major Hale was a member of "D" company. He joined the battalion in the fall of 1916, at Mont St. Eloi. He was originally a member of the 138th battalion. Major Hale was recently promoted to the position of District Supt. of Postal Service for the Edmonton district. This is a most important post in this service.

years ago I used to go to church parades in England. My brothers were in the 9th Durham Light Infantry since they were old enough to join the Volunteers. Hoping we shall hear from you again. The Chaplain was just splendid.

Yours truly,
MRS. JOHN WOOD."

"Canyon Creek, Alberta,
July 21st, 1931.

Just a line to say that the program on Sunday, July 19th came over fine and was greatly appreciated.
MRS. C. E. CHISHOLM."

"Carvel Post Office, Alberta,
Sunday, July 19th, 1931.

The service of the 49th Edmonton Battalion was very much appreciated. The service came in so nice and clear, also band music.

JACK MARSON."

"Morinville, Alberta,
July 19th, 1931.

Programme much appreciated at Morinville, 10.30 this morning.

ELLEN ARMSTRONG."

"DAD" CARMAN UNIVERSAL PROVIDER

Quartermaster sergeants have the reputation, deserved or not I am not prepared to argue, of pinching the poor old Tommies rations, or at least distributing them in accordance with some plan which didn't generally receive the ordinary "buck's" approval. There are exceptions which prove every rule though, and the subject of my writing certainly was such an exception.

At first glance most of the boys wondered who they had enlisted for this position in "D" company, for he was above the average age although didn't look old, for he carried his age well and had always lived a life which was conducive to a sprightly old age.

He soon won all the boys over, for his manner was courteous and patient under circumstances which tried the best of tempers. For as anyone knows all the troops wanted a fit in uniform like a made to measure suit, and the peevish and grouchy kind sure could voice their dislike to the outfits they received; and of course poor old "Dad" was their target, but he generally soothed them with his quiet rejoinders.

It is a fact that "D" Co'y. boys could get anything within reason from our Q.M. and lots of things without reason. If they had a parcel to send off "Dad" supplied the brown paper and string, most likely the same brown paper and string which they discarded a day or two before, when the parcel came from home.

Out where the poppies blow was the real test of a good provider, and this is where he shone in double splendour. The curses which were heaped on the heads of the battalion authorities when double kits were given the troops to carry over to La Belle France, had hardly faded away when the soldats landed in "Boloney," and the discarding of same along the routes to billets was in full swing. Not all the troops' haberdashery found resting places on the backs of "un grande homme;" for Dad was right on the job reclaiming and salvaging a good part of the strewings of the Trail of '15. To such good purpose had he worked that by the time the move was being made from Dranoutre to Ypres, he had to hire two Belgium farm wagons to carry the extras his own company transport allowance wouldn't hold. I can remember "Dour Macleod" asking him, "What all the such and such was, and if he knew there was a war on, and that "D" Co'y. wasn't a d— circus procession;" and, "Who was going to pay for all this lot," and other things which only company officers can think of. This didn't fizz our good friend. He said, "It was going if he paid for the hire out of his own brecks," and go it did to everybody's future benefit.

It was while at Dranoutre that one Fowlie, not as foul as his name, but a man given to voicing all his thoughts on things in general, became imbued with the idea that his socks were getting kind of sticky, although in good structural shape, so he discarded them, and they were immediately rescued by Ours, washed, dried, and catalogued. In due course along came Fowlie and requested a pair of dickyie docks, the Q.M. handed him a pair, asking if he recognized them. "No," says me nibs. "Well, they are the pair you discarded a while ago." Exit Fowlie.

Dad was with the Battalion, latterly as Lieut.-Qt.-Master all through their service until August, 1917, when the battalion relieved the 2nd Division at Cite St. Emilie and Cite St. Pierre, around Lens, in the push of that time. He was wounded at the ration dump by a shell, which injured his leg so badly that he lost that member. It happened just as "D" Co'y. came up to that vicinity, and the late Oliver Travers, transport officer (killed at Paschendale) happened into the trench and notified Major Winser of his wounding. Luckily the wound turned out not as bad as was thought at that

Continued on page 27



LIEUT. J. F. E. "DAD" CARMAN

Originally Quartermaster-Sergeant of "D" Co'y., later Quartermaster of the Battalion, was a stout character on service, and highly regarded as such. He was "mentioned in despatches" on one occasion and should really have had the highest honors available. Prior to his removal to the coast the "D" Co'y. old boys tendered him a complimentary dinner and presented him with a silver tea tray.

"DAD" CARMAN LIFE MEMBER

In making application for a Life Membership in the Association "Dad" Carman writing to Neville Jones, Honorary Treasurer, says:

"Enclosed please find Money Order for a Life Membership in the 49th Edmonton Regiment Association.

I felt that I should like to remain 'attached to the Old Brigade' even if it were not for 'Rations and Discipline.'

We are enjoying the mild weather and busy getting our new home in order, upon which good progress is being made; plastering under way and plowing being done to form our garden of the future.

Best to all enquiring friends and all Old Boys.

Yours truly,

(Sgd.) J. F. E. "Dad" Carman,
1271 Mackenzie Street,
Victoria, B.C."

ORIGINAL "C" COMPANY GUN SECTION



This picture was taken in France after the first sheepskin jackets were issued in the spring of 1916. Front Row (L. to R.): J. Spittal, A. Petherick, J. Dale, H. Denford, T. Turner. Back Row (L. to R.): E. Rendall, F. Martin.

E. (Bondy) Jackson, "D" Co'y. transport man, is shackled to a tree in the rear. Martin was killed at Ypres in 1916; Petherick transferred to the Imperials and is still in England; J. Dale also lives in England; J. Spittal is farming north of Edmonton; T. Turner is in the City.

Unga, hi, li, yu, gu, ong, lon, ki (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8)

The Annamite labour battalions were not the only Orientals attached to the British Expeditionary forces who could speak the flowery language of China, for one company at least of the 49th boasted a section of chinks. If you think I am about to put one over on some of you hard-headed 49ers by the relation of this story, just you ask Fred Marshall, one time sergeant of 15th platoon, C.S.M. of "D" company and R.S.M. of the quarante neufs, next time you meet him, especially if you can get him in the state of liveliness, when he is about to execute the Kaffir dance, learned while on duty in South Africa.

It is a fairly well known fact that 15th platoon unexpectedly found they had enlisted, all unknown to the company authorities, a whole section of chop suey artists. The first intimation the authorities had as to this strange happening was one morning on parade when sergeant Freddie gave the order to his section to number, and he was astounded to hear strange sing song noises like someone devouring chop suey with a shovel, Unga, hi, li, yu, gu, ong, lon, ki (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8). For a moment Freddie hung his dour head in a quandary as to the correct military disciplinary measures to adopt in this matter, but not knowing Chinese for "two men fall in," he gave the command, "Form fours," and immediately and without a smirk on their stolid oriental faces the whole flock of opium munchers executed this well known and intricate army movement. On giving the command "Reform two deep" everyone executed the return move-

ment except one who had enlisted under the name of Wyndham. He evidently had forgotten how, for on the sergeant turning to him for an explanation, he was met with a volley of chinkese "Oi loithe how now yu owey long," which being interrupted means, "I don't know how to do it." Anyway after a little persuasion and dumb motions Sergeant Fred was able to get him to fall in line and the parade was steadied down after the horse laughs had died away.

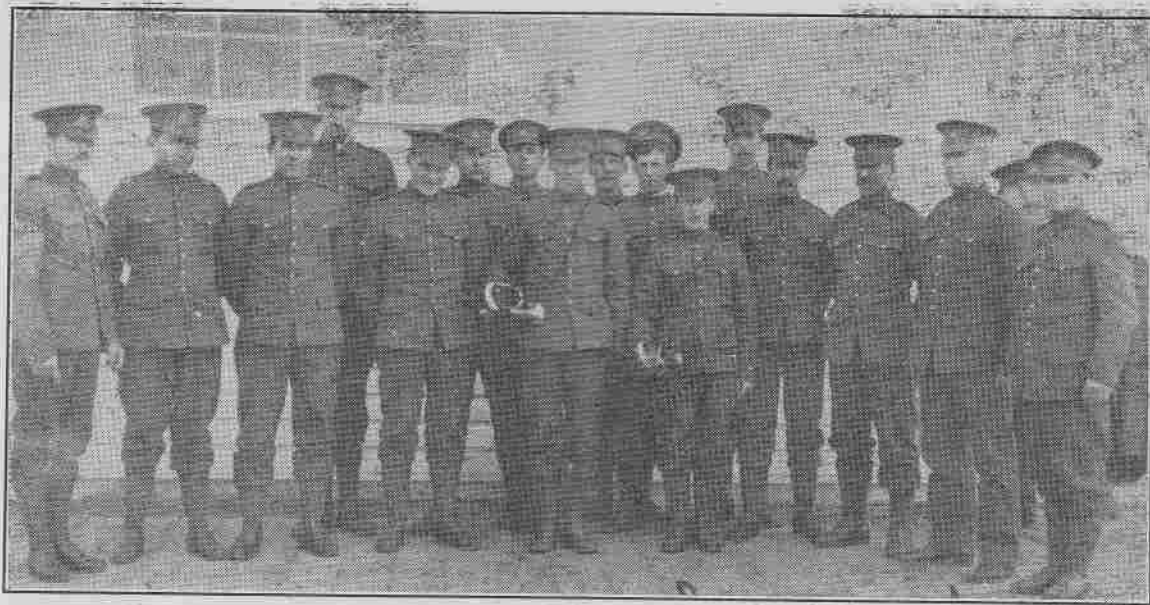
This famous section evidently learned the Anglo Saxon language later on, for on a route march they were heard to break forth with a company yell of their own manufacture, which sounded very Canadian-like. This was it as nearly as my memory serves me: "Hiky, Crikey, Cripes almighty, who the h— are we, Zim Zam, Gori darn, Wilson's Steady D, Hooray, Hooray, Hooray, Shun!"

Some of the members of this queer and comical body of soldiers were: Bob. Wyndham, now in London, England, and mine host of the North Star Inn, Ealing. If you can find this hostel and say in Chinese "you are a 49er" it will be a wet night on the ocean.

George Branton, butcher on a vessel plying to New Zealand; Fred Pearce, tinsmith, C.N. shops; Teddy Locke, Calder Shops; Hughie Mackay, lumbering at Prince George along with Martin Caine; Stuart Gurr (uncle), Premier Motors, Edmonton; G. P. Irving, Somerville Hardware, Edmonton.

LE PETITE SERGEANT-MAJOR.

"C" Company Group at Exhibition Grounds



This is a reproduction of a photograph taken during the memorable days when the battalion was in barracks at the Edmonton Exhibition grounds, and when every man Jack of the outfit, full of enthusiasm and champing at the bit to get overseas, will recall to mind many incidents of those days.

The men in the picture (left to right): C.S.M. Miles, Whyte, Parsons, Latimer, Nichol, Auld, Libby, May, Aldridge, Parks, "Tiny" Ball, Passey, Harris, Emmett, Jenkins, Serle.

Extracts From Some Letters Received by Pensions Office

A woman correspondent of the "Forty-Niner," resident in Johannesburg, and in some way connected with the Old Battalion while at Shorncliffe, has furnished us with the following extracts from letters received by the Pensions' Office in South Africa.

"I have not received no pay since my husband went nowhere."

"We have received yours truly, I am his grandmother and his grandfather, he was born and brought up in answer to yours."

"You have changed my little boy into a girl, will it make any difference?"

"My Bill has been put in charge of a spittoon, will I get more pay?"

"I am glad to say, that my husband who was reported missing, is now killed."

"Will you please send my wristwatch, he fell killed in action."

"In accordance with instructions received on Ring Paper, I have given birth to twins, in enclosed envelope."

"I shall bring you round my son so that you can see he is a real one, though I am not his mother."

"Any further inflammation you can give about my son will be depreciated."

"As instructed, I have given birth to a boy on the enclosed papers."

"I am writing on the back of the late Peter."

"I am the Holy dependent of the late soldier."

"I want the congratulation money of the death of my husband."

"And while in the solent my husband found a submarine, after which he has never been the same since."

"Sir, I have received your letter which regrets for which I thank you."

"Sir, I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my two children, one of them is a mistake as you will see."

"I am writing to tell you my son was born two years old, when shall I get the money?"

"I have been wounded, I won't tell you where, in case this falls into wrong hands."

"You ask me if my son was born in Wedlock; no, he was born in Kentish Town."

"If I don't get my husband's money soon, I shall have to go and lead an immortal life."

"I have not received any pay since my husband was confined in a constipation camp in Germany."

"Dear Sir, I have been in bed three weeks with Dr. Brown and don't feel any better, can I try Dr. Smith?"

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Group of Calgary Forty-Niners



These are some of the men who are responsible for the organization and maintenance of the virgorous Calgary Branch of the 49th Battalion Association. This Branch carries on as a separate and distinct unit. It has its own funds and functions along similar lines to the parent body but quite independent of it. The annual dinner of the Calgary Branch is one of the outstanding ex-service men's events in the southern city. General Griesbach is always an honored guest.

Top row (left to right): H. B. Clow, J. Lumsden, A. Hay, J. McMillan, J. Mitchell.

Centre (left to right): A. W. Hill, J. Nash, D. Irons, R. Swift, A. J. Logan, F. Whittingham.

Bottom row (left to right): R. Steadman, T. F. Higgleton, E. R. Knight, J. Kilarski, H. Duncan.

THAT CALGARY CROWD ARE EXPERTS ON PUBLICITY

This is the way that lively bunch of officials at the head of the Calgary Branch of the Association arouse interest in their annual dinner. The following news item was published in the Calgary Albertan, September 23rd, a few days prior to the date of the dinner:

A humorous conception of what a church parade will be in the year 1960 was portrayed Tuesday in the window of a local clothier's establishment in connection with a poster advertising the annual dinner of the 49th Battalion, C.E.F. Members of the unit were presented as bearded ancients tottering along with aid of canes and crutches.

"You have a pretty good idea of how a church parade of the battalion will appear in 1960," the poster said. "But what you don't know is that the old unit will hold its annual dinner in the Board of Trade Rooms, Calgary, on Friday evening, October 16th, 1931, at 7.30 o'clock." Officials of the 49th Battalion Association stated

Tuesday that fully 150 former members of the unit were expected to be present at the dinner. Those who wished to attend were urged to get in touch with the secretary.

INQUIRY COLUMN

Information concerning the whereabouts of any of the following should be communicated to Norman Arnold, Assistant Secretary, 49th Battalion Association, 11908 92nd Street, Edmonton, Alberta.

Sergeant Tansley, 16th platoon, "D" company. Believed to be somewhere in eastern Canada.

Sidney G. Martin, 15th platoon, stretcher bearer. Lost leg at Courcellette, Somme, in 1916.

Billy Bishop, 15th platoon; long distance runner in regimental sports.

ANNUAL BANQUET OF CALGARY BRANCH

The annual banquet of the Calgary Branch was held in the Board of Trade Rooms on the evening of Friday, October 16th. The Executive had borrowed for the occasion the motto, "Bigger and Better Than Ever," and, as a result of their efforts, a crowd of about one hundred and seventy spent a very enjoyable evening.

The chairman of the evening was Major-General W. A. Griesbach and under his guidance the programme was run off with a smoothness reminiscent of the battalion orderly room.

The opening event was the "rum ration." Then came a bounteous meal after which the Silent Toast was duly observed. This was followed by toasts to "Absent Friends," "Sister Battalions," "Our Guests," and "49th Battalion Association," all suitably intermixed with songs and recitations by the C.P.R. Male Quartette and the Gloom Busters.

The toast to "Absent Friends" was proposed by the chairman and was responded to by everyone present calling out the name of a friend.

In proposing the toast to the "49th Battalion Association," Hugh Farthing, M.L.A., referred to the excellent reputation which the 49th made for themselves in France and to the work done by the Association. He also paid a well-deserved tribute to Jack Kilarski, president of the Calgary Branch, who, to a great extent, is responsible for the success of the Branch. Lt.-Col. E. R. Knight, now Commander of the 1st Battalion, Calgary, Regiment, replied to this toast stating that the Association was endeavoring to live up to the traditions of the 49th Battalion and was a means of keeping up the friendships made during the war.

The toast to "Sister Battalions" was proposed by Capt. Stanley J. Davies, who spoke of the co-operation which existed among the battalions of the 7th Brigade and extended to all the units of the Canadian Corps. This toast was responded to by Lt.-Col. D. G. L. Cunningham who commanded the 50th Battalion in the "good old days" (?) of the war.

The secretary of the Calgary Branch, Dr. Harvey Duncan, proposed the toast to "Our Guests," and expressed the pleasure of the Calgary Branch in having as guests at the banquet the following: Mayor A. Davison, Chief of Police Ritchie, L. W. Brockington, City Solicitor; Major-General W. A. Griesbach; H. Farthing, M.L.A.; Lt.-Col. D. G. L. Cunningham and Col. G. E. Sanders. Mayor Davison replied to this toast, thanking the Association on behalf of the guests.

Major-General W. A. Griesbach in the chairman's address mentioned the reputation which the Battalion had gained and stated that this reputation had been gained through the sense of individual responsibility for the good

name of the Battalion which permeated all ranks of the Battalion and not by means of strict discipline.

During the evening a telegram from Lt.-Col. L. C. Harris, president of the Edmonton Branch and Commander of our perpetuating unit, was read expressing his regret at being unable to attend the Calgary Banquet.

The evening concluded with the National Anthem and "Auld Lang Syne."

Quite a number of 49ers took part in the Remembrance Day services at the armories and in the parade to the Cenotaph where a wreath was deposited on behalf of the Calgary Branch.

The Secretary of the Calgary Branch has an extraordinary sense of humor. He is a dentist and is responsible for at least two 49ers being at the banquet in a perfectly toothless condition. These two 49ers had to get their money's worth out of the "rum ration"—difficult task.

A YOUNG "PADDY" NOLAN

The society column of the Edmonton Bulletin on September 13th last carried this news item:

"Captain and Mrs. Harry Nolan of Calgary are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter. Mrs. Nolan was before her marriage Miss Doris McCarter of Edmonton."

Captain Nolan is the son of a famous father, the late Paddy Nolan, K.C., one of the best known men in the West in the early days. Captain Harry was for a time adjutant of the Battalion. He is at present a member of Hon. R. B. Bennett's firm in Calgary.

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Training has been continuous since July 1st, 1931.

During July, August and September firing with machine guns was carried out on the Stony Plain Rifle Range, through the kindness of Mr. M. McKinley, on whose farm the range is situated. Mr. McKinley is an old member of Strathcona Horse and very keen to help the militia.

Both Vickers and Lewis guns were used and we have many teams who did excellent shooting. Revolver practice carried out by all who were entitled to carry that weapon. These practices were done Saturday afternoons. Refreshments were served at 6 p.m., by Jock Smith, "B" company, cook of C.E.F. battalion, and every one knows his coffee and cooking can't be beaten. The wayside estaminets were visited en route home.

October 1st saw the start of winter training, since when we have had a steady stream of recruits. The recruit squad is working over time. Our parades are beginning to take on the smartness of a veteran battalion. The brass band is going well under the Bandmaster. We have purchased a new bass drum on which are engraved the battle honors. The first appearance of the Battle Honors in public was on our new drum at the annual midsummer church parade.

The policy of the battalion is to participate extensively in athletics in furtherance of which we have four hockey teams—Seniors, Intermediate, Juniors and Juveniles—all four playing in the various city leagues.

The Seniors finished at the bottom of the league last year. This year we will see the situation reversed. To date we have played three games with our old adversaries with result: Superior's tied after ten minutes overtime; Varsity beaten 5 to 3, while we lost to Imperials 2 to 1.

We would like to see the members of the old battalion rooting on the side lines.

Senior hockey is in charge of Capt. Walter Hunter, manager; Mr. R. M. Kaplansky, coach; Louis Lavoie and Thos. Robson, trainers. In them we have a very happy combination. The other three teams are in process of organization. Intermediates: Manager, Capt. McGrath; Juniors, Major Debeny and Wm. Rough, managers; Juveniles, Bert Crockett, manager. We will hear from these later. I promise the report will be a loud one. Watch the sporting columns of the newspapers.

Lieut. G. W. G. McConachie has recently received his commission and is taking special charge of basketball and already has two teams in the making. It is early yet to say much about them.

Summed up, the battalion is flourishing, up to strength, and spirit and morale were never better.

C.S.M. A. Girvan was No. 1 in the original battalion. His son is now one of our most promising young men. Now is the chance for other sons of the "Old Guard."

In the past year we have qualified at schools at Sarcee and Esquimalt our full quota of officers and N.C.O.'s, and had more to send but "scarcity of funds in militia estimates" forbids. It is very pleasing to see how the Royal School Training smartens up the whole unit. These three men are very worthy of special mention: Instructor Sergeant Evans of P.P.C.L.I.; R.S.M. Pratley, late P.P.C.L.I. (C.E.F.); Orderly Room Sergeant F. T. Pinnell, an old 49th C.E.F. man.

It is a source of the greatest satisfaction to the C.O. to feel that he has the staunch and undivided support of all ranks, for after all a C.O. is pretty much what his unit makes him by their support and co-operation.

L. C. H.

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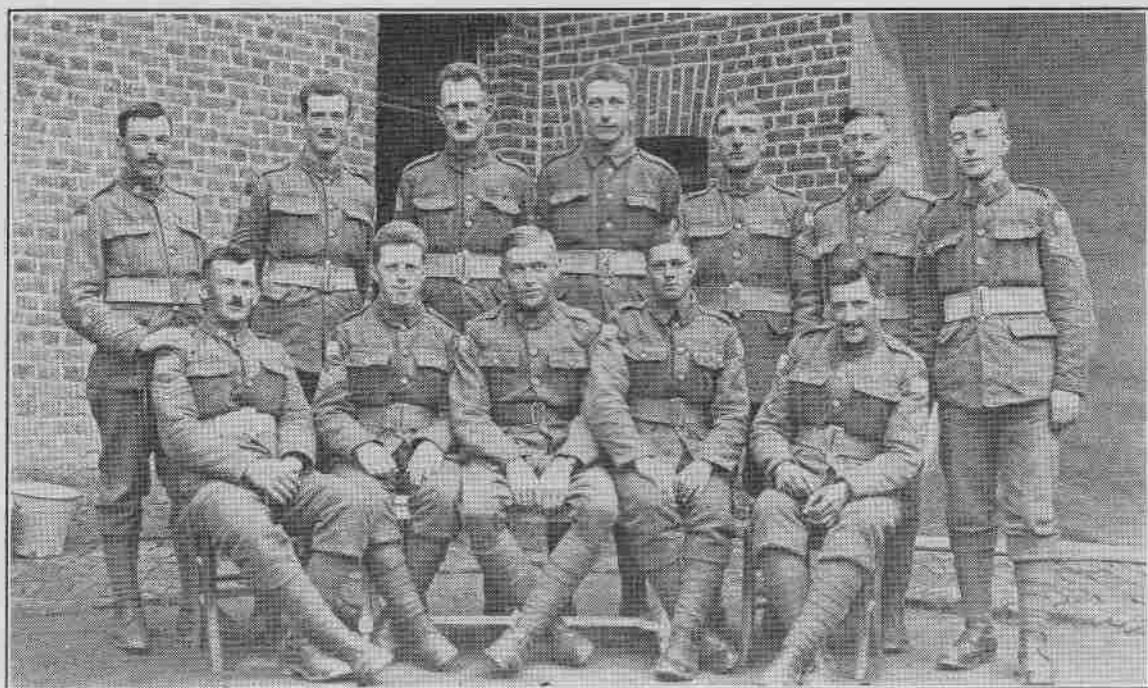
but
get them

Fixed Right

LAMB BROS

10505 Jasper Ave.

"C" Company Sergeants at Faucquenham



This photograph was taken at the village with the funny name, during the long rest before the Amiens Show. Back row (standing left to right): Sergeants Belcher, Patrick, McFarquhar, Barbour, Keen, Anderson, Carver. Front row (seated left to right): Sergeants Gilbertson, McGregor, C.S.M. Whyte, Noddin, Dower. Sergeants Carver, McGregor and Noddin were killed at Cambrai, and Anderson at Amiens.

"BOMBPROOF"

No foolin', our platoon was fedup to the gizzard on the ruddy war. We had just come out of the Ypres sector. A nice quiet place called Sanctuary Wood. Oh yeh! At least we would get a night's rest before the ever lasting work party dragged us forth on the dizzy old grind.

"Up to yer neck in water, up to yer eyes in slush," brayed the platoon songster. "Aw stick a sock in it," snorted Curly. "Can the chatter, and let a guy sleep," joins in someone else. "Cheerio and all that old apple-sauce," pipes up the Sarg., sticking his cheery red face and cheerier red rose through the doorway. "Here's a swell chance for six o' you buckos to glom a nice "cushy" job. Brigade wants six men to string wire; linesmen to string telephone wire I guess. Any o' you lads know this racket?" He was nearly killed in the rush.

Well six of us started off for Brigade Headquarters with envious glances from our less fortunate mates, and a real "cherry good luck, boys; don't forget the old Sarg. when you're back in that "Cushy" job." His ruddy face stamped itself on my memory as we marched away. Not such a bad old scout were my thoughts as we marched away.

Next night we were a gay bunch as we wended our way to the dump, headed by an engineer. Arriving there we were each presented with a roll of wire. This dashed our gay spirits somewhat, but when we got to our destination, and were working quietly—oh so quietly—the cheery words of the Sarg: "Don't forget me when you are back on that 'Cushy' job," surged and flamed within me.

"Linesmen, eh?" The double-crossing old crook. Quickly I dropped to old mother earth as the flarelight soared on high. "Yep, you guessed it soldier—us linesmen were busy stringin' barbed-wire in 'No Man's Land.'" REAR RANKER.

MAGAZINE PICTURES

A number of favorable comments were passed concerning the appearance of the July issue of the Forty-Niner. These all expressed interest in the pictures which were published. For many of these we are indebted to Mr. Norman Cook, who was one of the original contingent from Wainwright, and who is now a partner in the well known Imperial Lumber Company.

Mr. Cook has very carefully preserved all the snapshots he took during the organization period of the battalion and others which he picked up during the time of his service. He has a most interesting album, for a duplicate of which many members of the 49th would give their eye teeth.

There must be other men in the 49th who showed the same good sense as Mr. Cook and preserved a number of photographs. We shall be very glad to have the opportunity of examining any that are regarded as interesting, and if possible to make cuts from them to use them in a later edition. The making of a cut does not in any way damage the original picture. The editors of this magazine will be glad to hear from any of the lads who have pictures which they think would be of general interest if published in the magazine.

Lieut. H. L. Holloway, late of the Scout Section, has his permanent address at: c/o Mining and Metallurgical Club, 3 London Wall Buildings, London, E.C. 2, England; but spends most of his time in Ecuador, South America.

Hospital Sergeant "Jack" D. D. Harrison, M.M. is now with the Dominion Forestry Service and his address is 246 Balfour Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba. He has a wife and three very fine children—so he says:

Adam A. Collins, regimental No. 432803, "B" Company, 7th platoon, who enlisted January 9th, 1915, and was wounded with the battalion both at the Somme and Vimy Ridge, is farming in the Clyde district.

Corporal Collins was not discharged until April 21st, 1919. The reason for this was that he left the train at Carlton Place, Ontario, and being A.W.O.L., his papers went astray, hence the delay in discharge.

H. "Tiny" Lyttle, regimental No. 443075, a member of the 7th platoon, "B" Company, who enlisted March 16th, 1915, first wounded at the June 2nd scrap at Sanctuary Wood, in 1916, and the second time at Arras, August 26th, 1918, is one of the City of Edmonton's most distinguished policemen. In fine weather he occasionally spells Tom Adams at point duty at First and Jasper.

Tom Greenfield, formerly orderly room clerk and later lieutenant, is now with the Royal Trust Co., at Hamilton, Ontario. Tom has three daughters and says that he is wearing well—meaning no doubt that he is keeping his hair and teeth and the old waist line within bounds.

Cecil Jones, No. 436536, from the 51st Battalion, who served in "C" and "D" companies in "ours," is married, has a small family and lives at 14 Scollard Street, Toronto. He is anxious to get in touch with any old hands who knew him.

W. F. Manton has recently moved to Vancouver and is residing at 3333 East 45th Avenue.

Captain W. L. (Walker) Taylor, Adjutant for a long period, is with the Royalite Oil Co. at Turner Valley. His mail address is Box 173, Turner Valley.

Doug. Milne is with the main branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Calgary.

Lt.-Col. J. B. Harstone, D.S.O. (Fighting Jack) has been appointed liaison officer between the various parties in unemployment relief schemes.

Three 49ers, **J. Bolton, H. Barber** and **A. Yeardon** were on the Canadian Legion team which won the D. E. Black Cup, in the First Division of the Cricket League.

Jim Jeffries (ex-armourer-Corpl.) was awarded the Long Service Medal in 1929. Before the war Jim was in the 103rd Regiment (Calgary Rifles). He enlisted in the 50th Battalion and was drafted to the 49th Battalion. After the war he joined the Calgary Highlanders (1st Battalion, Calgary Regiment) and is still with that unit.

WHERE IS MY

Forty-Niners are assured of a very hearty welcome should they ever find themselves in the little mining town of Rosedale, Alberta, where **Tony Peterson** (of Transport Fame) is now happily married with "A girl for you and a boy for me." The years have dealt kindly with Tony since we used to see him all spick and span, with his matchless team and G.S. wagon. He is just the same today in every respect only he now spends his time in keeping the home fires burning throughout the Province of Alberta.

F. R. Hassie, "A" Company, and latterly attached to the Transport, is now a Corporal with the R.C.M. Police in Montreal and is greatly interested in reading the Magainze.

Bob Whyte and **Pete Livingstone** were welcome visitors to Trochu, Alberta, for some weeks this fall, being engaged in railway construction work. Advantage of their visit was taken and a miniature 49th Battalion Association was formed with a membership of three—further applications would be welcome.

Cecil Preisig of the Transport Section is now living in Rosedale, Alberta, and is employed with the School Board there.

Colin Drummond, No. 433067, is now residing at 1361 East 20th Street, Vancouver, B.C. He is greatly interested in reading the "Forty-Niner" and was not aware of its publication until recently handed a copy when a patient in the Shaughnessy Hospital there.

Sid Rowden, of the Transport boys, is now firmly entrenched in Mirror, Alberta, with a wife and family of four children. Sid has abandoned the horses for the locomotive and is now concentrating upon perfecting the National Railway System.

Regimental No. 432041, **Corp. E. Brooks**, is living at 754 Simeco Street S., Oshawa, Ontario.

Hugh D. Morton is to be found at 304 East 34th Street, Vancouver, B.C.

George Swanson drives a truck for the Mainland Transport Company, and owns a nice home at 5015 Prince Albert Street, Vancouver, B.C.

Silversides, formerly of the band, is a letter carrier in Vancouver. Mail sent to Station "D", Vancouver, will reach him. He plays in the parks band.

J. I. Smith was seen recently in Vancouver.

Harold C. Cruickshank, No. 529297, who enlisted with the C.A.M.C. in May, 1917, at Windsor, Ontario, and who was drafted to the 49th, being attached to "C" Co'y. as machine gunner and who was wounded at Amiens, August 8th and was discharged from hospital at Toronto in August, 1919, is an Inspector for the Travelers Insurance Company. He resides at 214 Allen Street, Ferndale, Michigan. The other members of "C" Company's gun crew during Cruickshank's time were **L. C. McLeod, Roy Darnell, Jimmy Crowley, Jack Clark** and **Jimmy Bellas**. In a letter to the Forty-Niner he relates a rather amusing incident at the expense of **Captain Stanley Davies**, well known geologist, whose headquarters are at present in Calgary. This is the way he tells the story:

"Captain Davies, "C" Company came back from a machine gun course full of information, pep and ginger, and immediately put the gun crews through tests of machine gun stoppage. He was unable to give us one we couldn't find out within the time limit, and then we gave him one. It consisted of a piece of paper the size of a head of a watch with oil on it. He never did find the cause of the stoppage."

WANDERING BOY?

"Admiral" H. W. Williams, No. 904244, originally of the 194th Battalion, who enlisted in February 16th, and joined the 49th in December of the same year, going to 14th platoon, "D" company, is a letter carrier working out of the Winnipeg Post Office. Williams was two and a half years with the Battalion, being discharged in March, 1919 with the rank of corporal. He is a widower.

Sergeant A. Hadgkiss, No. 432896, who enlisted in the 49th in January, 1915, and was assigned to 15th platoon, "D" company, was wounded by shrapnel in 1915, and 1918, discharged April 11th, 1919, is now a sheep rancher at Wolf Creek, west of Edmonton. His ranch is named "Dunrovin" and is situated on Reflection Lake. Hadgkiss served with Colonel Palmer, D.S.O., as a fire-ranger for a matter of 15 years, but gave up the hard life on account of leg wounds. He declares his war disabilities do not seriously impair his efficiency as a sheep herder so long as he "does not have to run 'em down." Sergt. Hadgkiss is married. He has contributed an article for this number of the Magazine.

GRANDE PRAIRIE DISTRICT

Editor, Forty-Niner:

The following is a report on the doings of ex-members of the 49th Battalion in Grande Prairie and vicinity:

Andy Laing is farming at Halcourt, Alberta and is doing very well.

Ike Nelson, one of the leading business men of Grande Prairie, is now in his new store, on 3rd Ave. S.

Lance Smith is now with the Provincial Land Office.

F. R. Smith is farming 5 miles west of Grande Prairie and doing well.

J. McKenzie is residing in Grande Prairie, but makes occasional visits to his homestead, of which he is very proud.

Edgar Ellis is farming near Rio Grande.

J. Harper, contractor, is still at Spirit River.

Chip Kerr, V.C., is at Spirit River.

Dad Proctor is farming north of Wembley.

Bert Funnell, of the Good Old Band, is at Halcourt.

Ike Southward is farming near Clairmont.

Billy Bruce is farming west of Wembley, and is one of the councillors for the Bear Lake Municipality.

J. South is farming near Dimsdale.

Harry Burleau and his brother Fred are living in Grande Prairie.

George Carter is farming near Grande Prairie and is the same "Old George."

E. Heller is again on his farm south of Beaver Lodge.

Reg. Hutton is farming west of Clairmont.

H. Bennington is farming near Arras, west of Dawson Creek, B.C.

R. Miller (the Battalion sprinter) is farming in the Fort St. John district.

Capt. Chas. Martin is still with the A.P. Police at Grande Prairie.

The Ex-Members here send their Best Wishes to all Old Forty-Niners, and wish them well in the New Year.

Yours sincerely,

C. A. MARTIN,

Box 1758,

Grande Prairie, Alberta.

FROM HARPER AT WAINWRIGHT

Geo. Walker, C.N.R. Station Agent at Wainwright, reports as follows:

Elmer (Blondy) Jackson is at Greenshields.

Saw Capt. Dr. H. C. Wallace and Bud Cotton rounding up 1,500 buffalo for slaughter.

Frank Seabrooke and H. Dunning are at Buffalo Park.

Slim Newport is at Marsden. Is married and the first recruit has arrived.

Capt. G. L. Hudson held a meeting of the Legion on the night of Armistice.

Dan McCallum, originally with the transport, later with the machine gun section, is now raising a family at Durham, Ontario.

Charlie Blakey is at Red Deer.

THE OTTAWA CONTINGENT

Editor, Forty-Niner:

With reference to your recent communication in connection with a little data of ex-members of the 49th residing in this city. The following "Original" personnel are residing in Ottawa:

Lieut. H. M. V. Adams and No. 433174, A. G. Ramsden of "Steady D."

Lieut. Adams resides on Cartier Street and is employed in the Record Branch of the Department of Revenue. Ramsden resides at 1270 Wellington Street, is married but to date there are no young Ramsdens. He is employed as Chief Clerk in the Pension Tribunal, Daly Building.

"B" company's sole representative here is A. C. Chadwick, formerly a sergeant in the old battalion and afterwards commissioned in the Imperial Army. He is employed in Defence Headquarters, in charge of medals, late war and otherwise.

"C" company, the very best "C" company in the that famous old Battalion, has two representatives in the persons of No. 432640, Sergeant David MacDonald and myself. MacDonald is now employed with the Auditor General's Department, and is still in a state of single blessedness. In addition to the above Originals the following are also ex-members of the 49th:

No. 436936, P. J. Roberts and No. 466685, Alex. Gray. Roberts is now a Staff Sergt. in the Royal Canadian Army Pay Corps and is stationed at Headquarters, Military District No. 2, Toronto. He is married and has three children.

Gray, formerly of the 63rd battalion, resides at 78 John Street, works in the Income Tax Department, Bate Building, and is married with a family tree of three; one of whom might one day be able to follow in the footsteps of his Dad, and become a Forty-Niner, but I am afraid the remaining two would not be eligible for the infantry but might make the C.A.M.C. as nursing sisters.

Adams, Ramsden, Chadwick, MacDonald, Roberts, Gray and myself are anxious to keep in touch with the 49th Battalion Association and if the Secretary will let us know his address we will be pleased to forward our membership fees. I was delighted to see by the Militia List where Lieut.-Colonel Harris was now in command of the unit perpetuating the old battalion, and I can assure him he has the very best wishes of the boys of the old battalion back here in Ottawa, as we are aware, a more popular, or suitable appointment could not have been made.

With all best wishes for a happy time at your next Annual Dinner, and may it be the best you have had to date. Although we may be absent in person, nevertheless we will be with you in SPIRIT.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES MCCONNELL,
(ex-Regimental No. 432226)
33 Fourth Avenue,
Ottawa, Ontario.

COLONEL HARSTONE, LIAISON OFFICER

Acting for Dominion and Province in Supervising
Alberta Relief Work.

The appointment was made on October 1st by the Dominion, with the consent of the provincial authorities, of Lieut.-Col. J. B. Harstone, D.S.O., O.B.E., of Calgary, formerly of Edmonton, as Liaison Officer between the Dominion government and the province in connection with the arrangements for recruiting employment on relief work.

Colonel Harstone, who formerly served with the 49th Battalion overseas and rose from a Lieutenant in that battalion to command the 7th and 4th battalion of the Canadian Railway troops, has had an extended experience in connection with construction and in the organization of large bodies of men. He has served with the Hudson's Bay Company in charge of the Fort Liard post in the MacKenzie district for several years. He also has taken a great part in railroad construction and oil well development on this continent. There is no transcontinental railway in operation today on the North American continent which he has not had some part in building.

His service on Canadian lines extends over a period of years with the MacKenzie and Mann organization, and with Gen. J. W. Stewart. He has constructed railways for those two builders from Ontario to Prince Rupert. His experience also embraces construction work on the British Columbia electric railway inter-urban line to Chilliwack, on the Oregon Short Line and on the Great Northern. He helped to construct the spiral tunnel at Field for the C.P.R.

After his war service, Colonel Harstone went to the Mid-Continent Oil Field and did construction work there, then going to the Welland ship canal as superintendent and contractor.

He commenced his new duties on October 1st.

COMPLETE FILES OF THE MAGAZINE

Many men are interested in making a complete file of the "Forty-Niner." Men who have spare copies of the magazine or who are short copies are requested to send in their names to **Norman Arnold, 11908 92nd Street, Edmonton**, stating what numbers they want or what numbers they have to give away or exchange. The service battalion has a complete file bound. Colonel Weaver also had a complete file. General Griesbach has to give away a quantity of No. 2 and some No. 4 and No. 6. He requires to complete his file, a copy of No. 1, No. 5 and No. 8.



LT.-COL. J. B. HARSTONE, D.S.O., O.B.E.

A peace-time picture of "Fighting Jack" Harstone of 49th Battalion. Colonel Harstone now has an important commission, that of arranging for the recruiting of employment for relief work.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Every Forty-Niner, who is interested in receiving copies of the Magazine should immediately notify

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Mrs. Dorothy Weaver	12615 Stony Plain Road, Edmonton, Alberta.
Lieut.-Col. A. K. Hobbins, D.S.O.	Elk Island Park, Lamont, Alberta.
Major A. P. Chattell, D.S.O.	10520 126th Street, Edmonton, Alberta.
Captain George D. Hunt.	10236 123rd Street, Edmonton, Alberta.
Captain J. C. Thompson	9925 114th Street, Edmonton, Alberta.
Lieut. N. A. Campbell (Calgary Branch)	Alberta Nash, Calgary, Alberta.
Lieut. I. W. Anderson, D.C.M.	Box 60, Harrington Park, New Jersey, U.S.A.
Capt. The Rev. W. A. R. Ball	The Vicarage, Ramsgate, England.
Major J. R. Lowery	Stock Exchange, Building, Vancouver, B.C.
Earle O. Hay	11138 65th Street, Edmonton, Alberta.
Neville H. Jones.	11252 125th Street, Edmonton, Alberta.
Walter Jordan	12206 Stony Plain Road, Edmonton, Alberta.
Lieut. R. P. Ottewell	1022-3 Federal Building, Toronto, Ontario.
Mrs. Mary Boyle	1518 South Wilton Place, Los Angeles, Cal.
George E. Harper	Wainwright, Alberta.
J. E. Brady	Luscar, Alberta.
A. Crossdale	10159 116th Street, Edmonton, Alberta.
Capt. A. W. Owen	No. 6 Scott St., Chicago, Illinois.
Lieut. J. F. E. Carman	1271 MacKenzie Street, Victoria, B.C.

FILL IN THE BLANK WITH FRANK COMLEY

In the cut of "D" Company football team published in the July, 1931, issue of the magazine, No. 13, the name of the second man in the front row was omitted because no one to whom the picture was referred could name him. We have learned from C.Q.M. Sergt. Irving that the man in question is "Frank Comley." He was killed on the Somme at Regina Trench, in October, 1916.

THINKS THE MAGAZINE A WORTHWHILE EFFORT

A. G. Rowland, Manager of the Bank of Montreal, at Trochu, Alberta; date of December 8th, wrote Norman Arnold, assistant secretary of the Association, enclosing a number of interesting news items which are published under the heading, "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight." His letter is of sufficient interest, we think to publish in full. It follows:

"Dear Norman,

It was only last night, when looking over the last issue of the Magazine in rather a reminiscent manner, that I discovered your request for all contributions for the next issue to be sent in during the first week in December.

I immediately collected my thoughts, and seizing a pencil with my right hand and a piece of paper with my left, compiled the enclosed list of boys who were known to all, and who, I venture to think, others in the Association will be glad to hear of through the medium of the Magazine.

The list is submitted in all humility to the Powers That Be for their approval or destruction. Should it be deemed worthy of inclusion under the heading of "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight," I shall appreciate it.

My only regret is that the list is not larger or more entertaining. I am still waiting for further particulars from George Swanson at the Coast who I recently wrote to for some further details. These may come along some day, and then again, they may not.

I recently had the pleasure, and a real pleasure it was

too, of visiting Tony Peterson at Rosedale which is quite near Drumheller. Tony is still the smart, immaculate little fellow he always was. He has not changed at all. We spent a very pleasant evening talking over those glorious days when we were all boys together and when life itself was one grand adventure. He has numerous very interesting photographs of the early days of the battalion and then again photos taken at Bruay and Lillers, etc. Gracious, what memories those names conjure up in one's mind.

I hope you have lots of material for this coming issue as we are all looking forward to seeing the Magazine published regularly. We must not lose enthusiasm over it. On the contrary, all must put their shoulder to the wheel and gather up what items they can so that by the process of elimination and through the kind consideration of the censor, we shall hope to see the circulation increase as the years roll onward.

Cheerio, Norman, and the best of good luck and good health be yours.

Very truly yours,

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The Battle of St. Martin's Plain---By Le Petite Sergeant Major

Today this question is one which is frequently debated in the haunts of men and others, but there was a day and time not so very far back in history, say, between the years 1914 to 1918, when men we knew and lived with only thought of this now vital question in a very very "abstract"—I say abstract advisedly—manner.

Those were the days of course when men drank and thought nothing out of the ordinary was taking place if they did down the nut brown mead. In fact as you all know the ones who used to slink in the canteen were those who entered the door labelled "Dry" and the bold swaggering individuals brazenly entered the one marked "Wet." Of course, they possibly swaggered more upon their exit rather than entrance, usually with a stiff-kneed ramrod-like hiccuppy swing.

Being one of the slinking teetotal variety I had a sneaking regard for the wets, while broadmindedly, I hope, adhering to the principles of aridity. It was a great delight to the wet members of one tent in a certain company's lines every pay night to be awakened about one or two a.m. by the slinky entrance of one by the name of Bub Dean of bombing fame. When they would be treated to an individual package of chish and fips well smothered in the drunkards cure vinegar. Of course the dries were also in on this, but probably did not relish the early repast as well as the wets, their dainty sensibilities not being sufficiently deadened to properly appreciate their host's kindness. It was a great source of wonder to all how the great Bub managed to sneak by the sentry on the railway side of St. Martin's Plain encampment. Some said he must have been guilty of bribery (a la chish and fips). Anyway a man whose civilian occupation was mining would get away with anything less than homicide.

Further on this question; naturally men were prohibited from drinking after official hours, but the bold and gallant lads of the 49th didn't relish the restriction, and a number of the bolder "spirits" planned and executed a daring night raid on the canteen, labelled "Dry"—I beg your raiders' pardon, "Wet"—and purloined, filched, swiped. I mean lifted, no that won't do, rolled! That's it! a barrel, or was it two? of sloppy fluid down the hill towards the encampment of the 43rd, a pantless mob (no doubt with the idea of shifting responsibility and covering their retirement with true soldierly ethics). Of course the wets in this noble battalion were called on for assistance to broach the objective and carry the breach; which was performed with the usual bravery and disregard of danger of the British sodger.

The farther they advanced the longer grew the cheers or beers of the raiders, until it called forth the investigating powers of a snoopy orderly officer who managed to have a few names taken by his orderly sergeant. You know the usual: "Have you got your book and pencil, Sergeant?" "Yes, sir," Well, take their names." Not, however, before the mopping up parties from A B C and D Coys. had been out and mopped up the cooks' dugouts and collected the souvenirs in the shape of dixies, which for the nonce became booze containers. Even the dries knew next morning of all this for we had no burgoo or slum for breakfast, and the early morning parade had a bleary eyed, hang dog look to it.

The guard tent being so close to the canteen, bribery and corruption was suspected, if not actual connivance in this by the guard of that day. I wouldn't like to charge the guard sergeant of complicity but it was one of the wettest guards ever mounted by the 49th Battalion. One sentry by name Coulson ("A" Co'y. I believe) was one of the chief culprits in this desperate and hazardous undertaking.

The ringleaders were tried and dealt with by one "William," otherwise Colonel of the Battalion, and received a severe slap on the wrist. This exploit served to show all the Battalion authorities what a daring and resourceful body of men they had in their charge.

Restitution was made by the battalion funds; if I have things correct after this long passage of time.

There were no medals or citations given for this show, but the chief individuals received the homage and honour of all their comrades from colonel down to the last drummer boy.

Some of the members of different companys who engaged in this exploit were as follows (you can probably think of others yourself):

"A" company: Harry Sayers and Joe Fox, killed in 3rd June scrap; Bert Clibbery, died of flu. after Armistice.

"B" company: Jock Smith, Sgt. Bunnerman.

"C" company: Bert Parks, Harry Smith.

"D" company: Tom Walker, Bob. Blake, Don Empson, A. French, Bob. Towns and G. Clauson.

OUR HIGHLY EFFICIENT ASSISTANT SECRETARY



NORMAN ARNOLD

Here is the man to tell all your troubles to—that is 49th Battalion Association troubles. Mr. Arnold has been appointed assistant to Earle Hay, Honorary Secretary and has relieved that worthy and hard working official of much of the detail end of the Association's work. He has also proved a tower of strength on the magazine committee. Mr. Arnold was "D" Co'y. Sergeant-Major, was acting R.S.M. during the greater part of 1917, and was granted his second class warrant officer's certificate May 4th, 1916, at Ypres. He is one of the best known soldiers in the 49th.

In Memoriam

Wilfred (Harry) Wooldridge

The funeral service of Wilfred (Harry) Wooldridge, 12310 109A Ave., who passed away on September 24th, aged 53 years, was held on Saturday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock at Howard & McBride's chapel. Rev. Mr. Stone officiated and interment took place in the Beechmount cemetery. The pallbearers were Messrs. James Bryson, R. W. Drake, Walter James, E. Jarron, Charles Potter and W. Cameron. Beautiful floral tributes were received from his loving wife; Sam, Jean and Louise; Muriel and Dave Collier; the 49th Battalion Association; Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Potter and Miss Evelyn Thompson; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. and Mr. and Mrs. R. W. (Bill) Drake; C.N.R. stores department; Mr. and Mrs. George Cook; C. G. Collyer; Brotherhood of Railways, Division No. 31; Miss Smart and Mr. Rodger; Mr. and Mrs. James Bryson; Mr. and Mrs. F. Miller; Mrs. E. Fuller; Mr. and Mrs. E. Jarron and family; H. McLure and family; Mr. and Mrs. S. Bowcott and family.

The late Mr. Wooldridge served overseas with the 49th Battalion being an original member of "A" Company and later was on the H.Q. staff.

The following old members of the battalion represented the Association at the funeral: Major W. Hale, Sgt. MacDonald, C. G. Hall, J. Henderson, H. N. Jones, W. E. Rose, J. W. H. Williams, Bob Ayres, N. Arnold.

Since returning to civil life he was connected with the stores department of the Canadian National Railways for a number of years. He is survived by his wife and three brothers, Arthur, Bert and Harold, all in England.

ARNOLD LINDERYOU

Arnold Linderyou, farmer, Thorhild, aged 42 years, died at his farm on 9th day of December and was buried at Thorhild, Saturday, December 12th, 1931, at three o'clock. Rev. W. B. Smith conducted the funeral service.

The late Arnold Linderyou was born in Cornwall, England, and came to this country some years before the War. He joined the 49th Battalion on January 4th, 1915. He was attached to "C" Co'y. He was wounded. He returned to Canada December 26th, 1919. He is survived by two sons. His wife predeceased him by five years. The 49th Battalion was represented at the funeral by George Garden, Alex. Whyte, Geo. Richardson and Percy Holgate, who were the pallbearers. The Association's wreath was laid on the grave.

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PRESIDENT HARRIS STRIKES THE KEYNOTE

For the third time it is my pleasure to address the old boys of the battalion as President of the Association.

The past eighteen months have seen many stirring times in the Financial World War, for it certainly seems that international struggles have been transferred from the bloody battle fields to the parliaments and financial institutions, and instead of hospitals for the wounded, we are supplying provisions for the unemployed who are the sufferers in this struggle.

We see that the men of the old battalion are bravely doing their part in this event as they did on the fields of France and many are struggling financially now as they did in the front line and bearing their financial wounds with that same fortitude which carried them through the attacks and holdings of the line in 1914 to 1918.

In this contest we have our old Commander who still leads us and by means of the Association, helps to keep up the morale of the men. In this he has to help him a loyal staff, drawn from all sections of the unit. They have things running so smoothly that the committee handles them with efficiency and dispatch.

That the two events sponsored by the Association—Annual Church Parade and Banquet—are factors in sustaining the morale of the old boys I firmly believe and these in turn help to leaven a large body of the population.

The Association has made for itself an important place in the life of the city, and now as the retiring President, I require you to ever stand by and support it to the utmost of your ability.

I thank you for the honor you have done me, and now God-speed.

Sincerely yours,
L. V. HARRIS.

WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY?

W. F. Manton, "B" Co'y. is now in Vancouver, having moved to the coast from Calgary. Manton has been authorized by the Executive to accept annual dues from Forty-Niners in British Columbia. Membership in the Association carries with it subscription to the magazine.

Narcisse Pleau, one of the old "C" Co'y. boys has been travelling out of Regina for a leather firm. He has now moved away from that unfortunate section of the country to Alberta. Narcisse covers the whole Province and figures on making his headquarters in either Calgary or Edmonton. He figures on taking in the dinner—having missed them all since the first one.

Vern O. Moses, 66th and "D" Co'y., 49th, is farming near Ranfurly. Vern is very much the married man—now has a family of four.

R. Skitch is a proud daddy. He now has some reason for going balder and balder. Redge is still troubleshooting for the Alberta Government Telephones out of Tofield.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Major-General W. A. Griesbach, C.B.,
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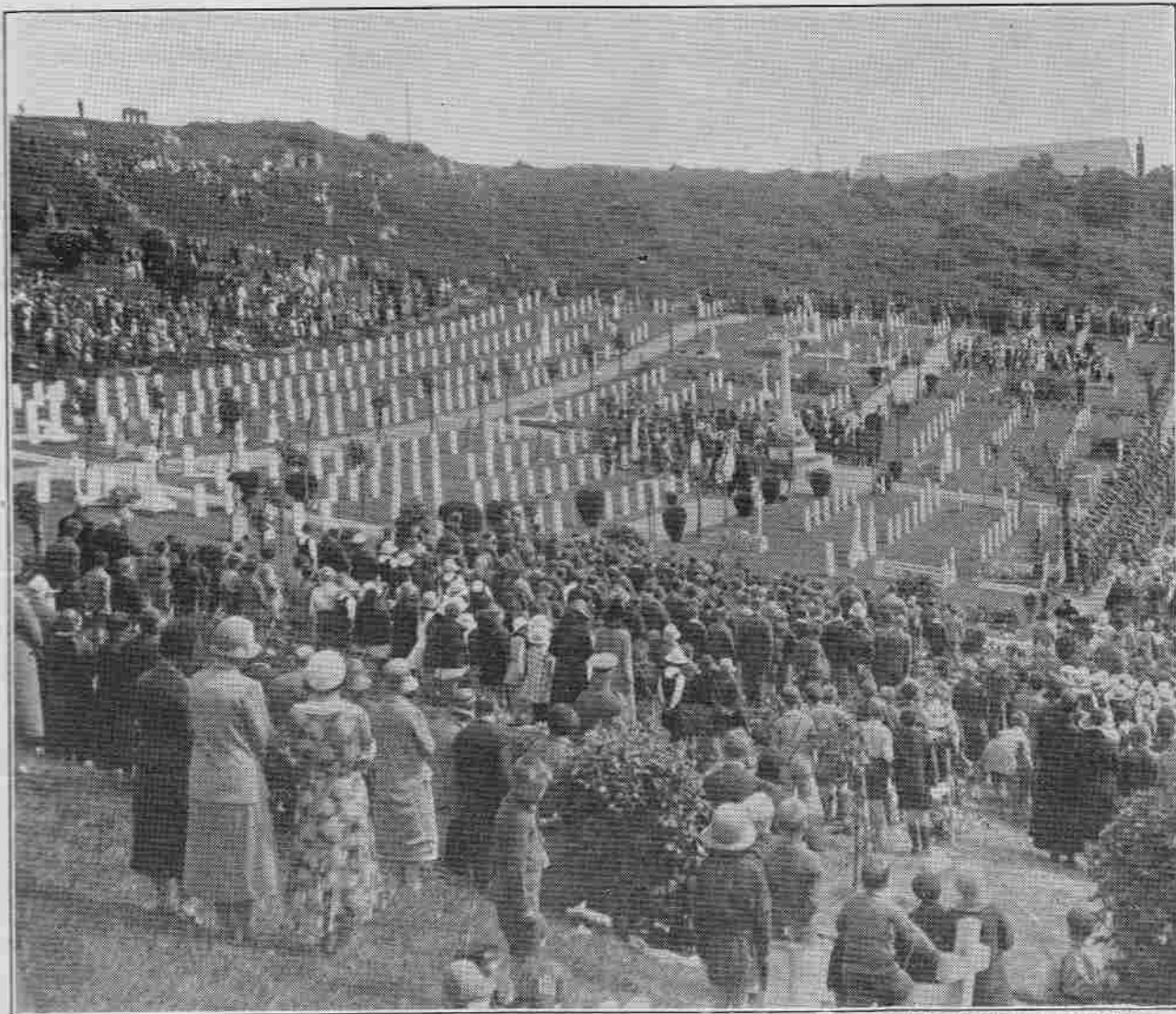
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—PHOTO—HALKWELL WHEELER, FOLKESTONE.

REMEMBERING CANADA'S HONOURED DEAD

The Annual Remembrance Service of Men of the Canadian Expeditionary Force at Shorncliffe Military Cemetery, Folkestone, England.

Forty-Niners will remember this spot. We have to thank the Editor of the "War Cry," Winnipeg, for his courtesy in furnishing us with the photogravure.

Remembrance Day Service at All Saints Cathedral

While the entire congregation, including members of the 49th Battalion and the 13th Divisional Signals, remained with bowed heads in reverent silence after the observance of the two-minutes' silence, a bugler sounded the Last Post, at the special Remembrance Day service in All Saints' Cathedral Sunday morning.

Just before the two-minutes' silence, Rev. Canon E. Pierce-Goulding read all the names of those who went from All Saints' Church and made the supreme sacrifice.

Mr. Pierce-Goulding gave a special address on the subject of Remembrance Day, and chose as his text, "I shall be

ready always to put you in remembrance of these things, though you know them." Major-General W. A. Griesbach, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., assisted with the service.

The military church parade, including the 49th Battalion under Lieut.-Col. L. C. Harris, V.D., and the 13th Divisional Signals, under Lieut.-Col. H. C. L. Gillman, V.D., and both the 49th Battalion pipe and brass bands. Following the service the troops assembled outside the church and were inspected by Major-General Griesbach before they marched back to the Prince of Wales armories.—EDMONTON JOURNAL, Nov. 9th.



*No. 3 Gun Crew Just
Before the Show
of June 2nd
1916*

This picture of a group of No. 3 gun crew, "C" Co'y., was taken in the front line at Ypres, May 30th, 1916, a few days before the third battle of Ypres. The part of the line was called the "Apex," on the right of the gap at Hooge.

Left to right, H. Denford, E. Rendall, C. Auld, T. Turner. Between Rendall and Auld is a face in the shadow of a fifth member of the crew and whose name T. Turner, who furnished us with the picture, cannot at the moment recall to mind.

JUNE 2nd, 1916

Continued from page 5

crumbled, dead tree roots, razor-sharp revetments, sod, rusted wire and iron bars were hurled about in a blizzard of chaos, covering and often burying the living, the wounded and the dead. Such was this shivaree, in this particular abyss of hell, on this particular June 2nd, starting at about 9 o'clock in the morning.

For hours this hideous nightmare continued without a moment's respite. Happy, young, carefree boys of a few hours before lay dead in heaps, blackened, blood-stained and hollow-eyed, snuffed out in life's dawn, in this climax of their elders' imbecility and after centuries of their Christian culture. . . . Less fortunate ones lay strewn about mutilated and bleeding, longing for that inevitable moment of merciful and utter oblivion. Those still less grievously mutilated crawled about on hands and knees, groping for that shelter that no longer existed. One of the generals was killed, the other wounded and made prisoner of war.

Mr. Enemy came jogging along at about one, almost gaily, fully accoutred, with overcoats and haversacks, expecting no resistance and apparently thinking to make his visit permanent. But it wasn't all pie for him either, for here and there small groups had miraculously escaped serious physical injury. These lone survivors fought like cornered tigers with all the fury at their command, thus in a degree slowing up the astonished, advancing hordes; but the resistance was necessarily feeble so the hordes came on.

They didn't come far, however, for support came forward quickly—a unit of the Mounted Rifles (mounted in name only) and the famed old P.P.C.L.I. among them, the former led by Colonel Baker, the latter by that great old warrior, Colonel Buller. Colonel Baker fell early with shrapnel in the lungs; Colonel Buller fell early with a bullet through the heart.

Late that afternoon the enemy was in possession of our trenches around Sanctuary Wood, having penetrated as far as Maple Copse with isolated patrols. Our troops still held the trenches south of Hooge and the front east of Hill 60. Under cover of darkness the enemy pushed

on about one-half mile farther towards Zillebeke, covered by a demoniacal bombardment and there entrenched. That, briefly, was the net result of the day's fighting.

That Friday night General Sir Julien Byng was planning a counter attack, timed for the early morning, to recover the ground lost. Here is where the 49th enters the scene actively.

On the afternoon of the 2nd the battalion moved into Ypres in echelon, lying under the famed old ramparts during the early part of the night awaiting orders to move into position. The orders soon came. . . . Its attack having been timed for 2 a.m., the battalion moved forward in spite of constant fire and almost impassable obstacles, the roads being blocked with ambulances and transports and what was left of the trenches, with wounded and dying. Communication was practically impossible, telephone lines being constantly broken and runners frequently killed.

Shortly after the appointed hour the battalion was in position, but without its left hand battalion, the 52nd, and its supporting battalion, the 60th. As a result of this the attack was delayed.

Hour after hour the battalion lay under what cover it could find in the apex and supporting lines in front of Sanctuary Woods, waiting for the six green rockets that were to be signal for the charge. But hour after hour the attack was postponed. And there they lay, these boys from the colleges, the offices, the farms, the mines, the great open prairies of northern Alberta, awaiting their first great baptism of fire, peering into the night and the gray dawn, under that continual emotional strain that necessarily precedes an attack, wondering what the next few hours would bring forth.

Colonel Griesbach (as he was then) had been placed in command of the whole assault, thus handing the command of the 49th over to his second in Command, the late Major C. Y. Weaver. This gallant officer, being hit early in the fray, in turn handed his command over to Major A. K. Hobbins who led it throughout the action with that courage and determination so characteristic of this extremely popular and best known Adjutant of the old 49th.

The battalion had been given permission to attack when they got into position, but since the 52nd and 60th were still hopelessly tangled up in the rear it was thought best to wait rather than risk ruining the whole affair by an isolated effort. With the approach of morning it became a question whether to abandon the attack altogether or assault with the 49th alone. Colonel Griesbach decided that it would be dangerous to let down the battalions on the right even though the main plan on the left had gone awry. So at 7 o'clock the old battalion made its maiden voyage over the top, in the face of a devastating fire, towards a tangled, irregular piece of woodland sloping up to a low ridge. Somewhere in this labyrinth lay the enemy trenches. They were to find out exactly where soon enough.

The rest is history. The old battalion of the Edmonton Fair ground days remained the old battalion in name only. It took another Edmonton battalion, the 66th, to form it into a fighting unit again. And what a fighter it remained throughout all the grim days of the war!

So far as the 49th battalion was concerned the attack was entirely successful. Contacts were rapidly established, the gap was closed and the line made good that ran continuously from Menin Road to Hill 60. Flank troops were saved from that most awkward situation of being "in the air." Bombing parties performed coolly and with determination the technique taught at Divisional and Brigade schools, blocks were established and positions made reasonably and at least temporarily tenable. All this under a continual and grueling fire that during the battalion's occupancy changed only to broaden out now and then into a roaring, deadly tornado of steel, each moment taking its inevitable toll.

And above all the turmoil a few incidents stand out more clearly than all others. I have room for only one here, to wit, that having to do with a most fearless and intrepid young officer—Douglas McLeod. I see him very clearly yet, instructing No. 1 Platoon a few moments before the attack, as calm and as cool as if on the parade ground back on St. Martin's Plains. I next saw him a few minutes later in the enemy's trenches, which he reached safely, still with that sphinx-like calmness so characteristic of him. Shortly after this he was desperately wounded; for it could have been no more than one-half hour later that I saw him walking slowly down the trench, grim and still calm, bent over, his right arm tightly pressed against his abdomen, evidently suffering intense pain. We knew instinctively that he was mortally wounded, so arranged for some one slightly wounded to accompany him out.

When back in camp several days later not one of the few survivors of "A" Company who had seen him last was surprised that he had "gone west." But their grief, even in those days when death was the common lot of our existence, was nevertheless very real, for they well know that the company had lost a friend and a leader that could not easily be replaced.

LIEUT. I. W. ANDERSON, D.C.M.

LIEUT. INAR W. ANDERSON

The following information concerning this officer is published in the form of a questionnaire:

Inar William Anderson, Box 60, Harrington Park, New Jersey, U.S.A., No. 433064; original unit, 1st platoon, "A" company, 49th Battalion; enlisted latter part of January, 1915, served with 49th Battalion continually until after Passchendaele. O.T.C. Bexhill, 21st reserve battalion, Bramshott. Returned to France to rejoin the regiment in spring of 1918. Sent to hospital at Le Trepport, evacuated to London and remained in hospitals until discharged in July, 1919. Occupation now, Journalist, and is married.

Remarks: My hospital experience was the result of

a very minor and faulty tonsil operation. Shortly after they were taken out they grew back on like huge fungus growths. And my left leg stiffened up—when it was bent I couldn't straighten it and when it was straightened I couldn't bend it. The saphenous vein was swollen and tight as a cord. The case apparently puzzled the doctors for numerous different remedies were tried without relief. Anyway, my leg was in a plaster for a good many months in the Royal Free Hospital in London. My tonsils were of course removed properly the second time. From then on a gradual and slow improvement took place. Since 1923 I have felt nothing of it. I was in receipt of a small pension for a while after my discharge.

I mention this merely as a matter of record. The papers in my case have apparently become lost—according to Ottawa—owing to my insistence on returning on a troop ship together with my brother, instead of the regular hospital ship to which I was assigned. I doubt that my trouble will ever return, though doctors have told me that it might. Hence my reasons for recording the symptoms here, for record, since Ottawa hasn't got them unless they have been recovered since the last time I inquired.

A VOICE FROM YPRES

Ernie Sharp, formerly orderly room sergeant writes General Griesbach a postcard from Ypres as follows:

"Ypres, 8/9/31.

Dear General,

I was very proud and greatly moved today when at the Menin Gate I saw inscribed the names of 49ers whose burial place was unknown. I have today walked in Sanctuary Wood and Maple Copse, round Hell Fire Corner and into Zillebeke—hallowed ground. The first name on the list at the Menin Gate is Capt. Pete Macnaughton. I write this within a stone's throw of the Menin Gate, where at 9 p.m. all the year round the bugles blow the Last Post.

SGT. E. J. SHARP,
late orderly room Sgt."

Ernie forgot to give his home address so this will acknowledge receipt of his card.

The Forty-Niner

No. 14

Extra copies of the current issue may be had on application to Norman Arnold, Assistant Secretary, 11908 92nd Street, Edmonton.

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"BUD" COTTON, CARTOONIST

Sergeant E. J. ("Bud") Cotton, Wainwright, Buffalo Park official, originally with the 13th C.M.R.'s, having enlisted in August, 1915, transferred to the 49th from the R.C.R.'s, October 15th, 1917. He was wounded at Vimy Ridge April 9th. Sergeant Cotton is now in the civil service, married and the proud daddy of two.

Sergeant Cotton has contributed two very excellent cartoons for the magazine. One was published in the last issue and the other appears in this issue. Besides his flair for drawing he also throws a wicked pen. He submitted an article for this issue which we have withheld from publication primarily because of limited space but perhaps more particularly on account of the risque nature of it and the necessity of protecting the unsophisticated troops which we conceive to be part of our responsibility. Perhaps in a later issue we may publish the story. This will depend on the demands for it received by the editor.

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"DAD" CARMAN, UNIVERSAL PROVIDER

Continued from page 9

time, for he was given little hope at first. Thanks to his wonderful constitution he pulled through, and I had the pleasure of visiting him while in the advanced hospital, and he didn't seem very good then.

Since returning he has married and is a real "Daddy" now, but looks about as youthful as ever. His work has been in the Department of Municipal Affairs at the provincial buildings, Edmonton, but having reached the age of retirement was superannuated this fall.

Having knowledge of this it was decided by some "D" Co'y. boys to hold a meeting to discuss the matter of a presentation. This meeting was called for and held on Sept. 9th, 1931, in Fazan's office, 101A Avenue. The following being present: J. Blewett, D. Fazan, Mose Williams, G. Hodgson, N. Arnold. After some discussion it was decided that all known members of "D" Co'y. in the city would be asked to subscribe towards this presentation. The reason only city members were to be asked was owing to the short notice of his leaving. Lists were given to those present and they were to canvass these men. A further meeting was called for the night of Wednesday, September 23rd, when all monies were to be handed in, and the kind of present chosen. It was decided by the 15 members present, that a silver tea tray would be given.

It was also decided that a room would be found—as Dad would be out of his home by this time—where the presentation ceremony would be held. The time, date and place to be phoned to all the boys when finally decided on.

This meeting was called for 8 p.m. Friday, October 2nd, the following members of "Steady D" and other Battalion members being present: Alec. MacDonald, G. B. Crockett, T. Billingsley, J. Blewett, Capt. Floen, J. Horner, P. Reilly, W. E. Rose, C. G. Hall, Ted Locke, Mose Williams, Don Gurr, G. Hodgson, Harry Stonehewer, Jimmy Dewar, Thos. Craig, C. Matheson, Banks, Neville Jones, Norman Lee, J. Christie, Algy Brown, Jock Henderson, G. P. Irving, Ferrugia, Walter Hale, D. Fazan, Walter Hunter, C. Dawes, J. C. Thompson, C. Holmes, and President Harris. Fazan had the honour of escorting our guest to the meeting. Blewett as chairman of committee made a speech on handing over the tray; saying how sorry we were at losing so valuable a member of the Old Battalion and also voicing our keen sense of his good work for the boys in his capacity of C.Q.M. and later as Battalion Q.M. and wished him the very best of good health and wishes in his new home. Three cheers and a tiger were then given for him, and "He's a jolly good fellow" sung. In reply Dad stated how deeply he felt the kindness of his old boys in thus thinking of him and for the nice gift. He said that there would always be a welcome for any of the old boys who might happen along his way, the latch would always be loose. Capt. Floen spoke of how he had the hard task of keeping Dad in check, when he used to come along to draw his company's rations. W. E. Rose added his appreciation for the other companys and read a little piece of poetry. President Harris spoke for the 49th Association and in his remarks related that Dad came of good old U.E. Loyalist stock, and was also a close relation of the late Bliss Carman, Canadian poet. He also expressed the best wishes of all for Mrs. Carman's welfare. He took the opportunity of reading a post card from Ed. Sharp, one time Battalion orderly room sergeant, in which he had related a visit to Ypres and seen the names of missing Forty-Niners which are inscribed on the Menin Gate Memorial. Mentioning Capt. Pete McNaughton's as heading the list.

Several of those present expressed the regrets of old boys who were unable to be present, but wished to be remembered to Dad and wish him God-speed. A

song of the old days was given by "Babyface" or G. B. Crockett, if you like it that way, to cheer him on his way. The health of the guest was of course drunk in between times, to set the official seal of approval on the event.

THE SECOND TRIP IN THE SOMME

"Dad" Carman, Q.M.S., "D" Co'y.

It was a chilly wet day as we lined up in Albert, but with our extra 100 rounds, we were warm enough as we breasted the rise beyond La Boisselle.

Leaving the road on top of the ridge we formed up in somewhat "open mass" for the final check over, instructions about relief and "objectives," and valediction of our C.O.

It was evident that "Billy" was a little uneasy; many new men in commands and only "our" second attempt at the Grand Advance.

Going was fairly good to "K" dump where there were rations and water to load, bombs, etc., and then the onslaught on that mess of inter-twined shell holes which lay between us and the front line. A circus performer may have managed to negotiate these narrow ridges between 'oles, but as it was, some had to be straddled like a horse and you wriggled across as best you could.

About the time we figured we must be hearing St. Quentin we came to a half dug communication trench, very narrow, but acceptable to most on account of what remained of daylight and the occasional salvo of whizzbangs.

Despite many jams and clambering over some poor devils huddled up in the bottom of the trench, we finally reached the front line.

Just dusk. Quite a "strafe" on. Our sergeant thought he caught the ping of bombs so he ordered "fix and load." What a mess! Breeches and muzzles loaded with mud.

Then along to the left and over the "gap" which many of us negotiated on hands and knees, we landed in a half finished fire trench near the Pys road; no questions about Fritz or wire, or anything, just lay and rest.

I was called for duty pretty soon, so dug two toe holes in the parados and clambered up.

It was fairly quiet, only an occasional "coal box," traffic had ceased and everyone settled down. The boys behind me were trying to sleep and just when I figured they had forgotten my relief, I heard a splash, splash to my right front and saw someone, rather bulky, trying to negotiate the partly dug traverse between us and the next bay. I challenged. "It's me," said a voice. "And who the hell's me?" "Just wait till I get down there and see . . ." Some more muttering followed by a slither and a slide and he loomed up at my feet.

"Dad!" what in hell are you doing here?" "I brought up the Rum, afraid of accidents." He hands me his water bottle, "Have a drink?" Glug, glug, glug. Good old Dad.

It has occurred to me since those days that the Americans and all other claimants are wrong. It was Rum that won the war.

A. FOWLIE, Sergt.

Wilfred Rose proposed this toast at the presentation to "Dad" Carman:

Here's to dear Dad Carman,
Not of operatic fame,
Nor yet the war-time poet,
Who bears the same proud name.

But to the 49er,
From Edmonton to "over-there,"
And back again still finer,
Which hosts of friends declare.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Opal, Alberta,
Nov. 19th, 1931.

Dear Editor:

I am writing these few lines to say that I received the 49th Magazine which I enjoyed very much. That was a fine tribute you paid to "Daddy" Mills. He deserved every word you said. He sure was a gentleman if ever there was one.

It is very obvious to see that the person who wrote the article on 13th and 14th platoons must have been in 14th platoon, or else he would not have presumed to compare the two. 13 was in a class by itself, there was no comparison.

Enclosed you will find the fee for the Magazine. Well here's hoping to see you at the Banquet at Christmas, and if you want a few pointers on 13th platoon I will be able to give them to you.

Wishing every success to the 49th Organization,
I am yours truly,

M. HORNIGOLD."

We are publishing this "blast" from old man Hornigold; but there must be no "come back" from other platoons. We don't want to start a civil war—besides all our platoons were incomparable.

EDITOR.

A YOUNG BILL ELLIOTT

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Elliott, of Busby, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son on December 27th. O. W. Elliott is Sergeant Elliott, who never fails to attend the annual dinners and church parades. Everybody knows "Bill" and loves his cheery smile which radiates goodwill. If the new lad grows up to be as good a man as his "Dad," he will pass muster.



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WHO CAN IDENTIFY THIS MAN?

Private Harold Carlson, No. 2115305; original unit, A.S.C. Enlisted 1917, joining 49th Battalion March, 1918 and attached to "B" company. Service in Canada, England and France. Wounds, gunshot right (calf) leg and mustard gas at Cambrai. Discharged August, 1919 Farmer by occupation, and no family. Not able to work, suffering from Amblyopia Arthritis of feet Rheumatism, etc. Application for pension now pending.

Needs someone in Battalion to identify him. Memory gone.

A VOICE FROM EDINBURGH

E. J. Shaw, orderly room sergeant in the early stages and who now is resident in Edinburgh, writing to Colonel L. C. Harris, President of the Association, from Ypres, under date of 8th October, 1931, says:

"Ypres, 8/9/31.

Dear Col. Harris,

This has been a wonderful day. I have walked round Hell Fire Corner, to Zillebeke, in Sanctuary Wood and Maple Copse. I stood on the ramparts tonight near the stones of the Menin Gate inscribed with the names of 49'ers whose resting place is unknown (Capt. Pete MacNaughton is 1st on the list) and have heard the solemn notes of the Last Post which is sounded nightly all the year round. Have visited many graves of old comrades. Sgt. E. J. Shaw."

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

If Cap. (now Col.) Knight took Major Chattell's advice at Nivelles that night, and if the advice was good?

What Bill Mc'Crum has done with his roulette board?

Just why it was that night at Doullens that our level-headed Doctor Young thought a sprig of holly could be made to grow on the bald head of an elderly subaltern if well watered with champagne?

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COLONEL HOBBS REPORTS FROM ELK ISLAND PARK

Dear Sir:

Owing to being in hospital the greater part of the year I have only a few remarks re men of the old Battalion. Men working at relief work here, Forty-Niners:

J. Weston, old forty-niner who joined up early in 1915.

Sairano, 66th Battalion, who was later on Major Hale's groom; **Griffin**, 66th Battalion; **McCraw**, 66th Battalion. These men joined about 11th June, 1916, at Winnezeale.

J. Stokie, 15th Battalion, joined at Vimy.

J. Pickersgill, 138th Battalion, who joined at Vimy also, and wounded a few days after joining.

All these men take a great interest in the old Battalion.

Bennett, original signaller, under Capt. Macquarrie, his wife and children, also his father and brother, came to see me at this camp. Bennett is station agent at Manville; his father and brother have a large farm at Lamont.

People I met whilst a patient in hospital:

Capt Bissett, who was C.Q.M. Sgt. of "B" Co'y., later a captain in 50th Battalion, has been in hospital since 1919.

Jack Edwards, 63rd Battalion, who runs a hardware store at Killam; he was wounded at Courcellette.

Bobby Dean, the bomber; Bobby never left a dirty Mill's bomb to relieving battalions; but he gave the enemy some dirty bombs in his time.

Capt. Geo. Hunt, Vice-President, and **Earl Hay**, our genial Secretary, paid me a very welcome visit.

Our old friend of post office, **Mr. Figg**, also came in several times to see me and others.

Of course I must mention our genial President, **Lieut.-Col. Harris, M.O.**, he was round to his patients most days and had a chat very often. The men are lucky to have their former doctor so near to them in University Hospital.

W. Booth, who went over with battalion and was later transferred to staff at Shorncliffe, also came.

Jim Sandilands (Sandy's son), "C" Company, also came in often, he is trouble shooter for the telephones.

Jack Diamond (Capt. Robinson's batman) came several times; and I never want for a good shave and hair cut whilst Jack is around.

Capt. W. Martin, "B" Company; **Steele** (farmer) and **Sandilands** (senior) and quite a large bunch, including **Red Blewitt** attended opening of new Masonic Hall during the year.

Red Blewitt, **Tom Turner** ("C" Co'y.), **Major Arthur Chattell** and a host of others came regularly to look me and old Forty-Niners up in hospital.

Lieut.-Col. Palmer was singing with Male Choir, and also came in to see the boys and me.

Capt. J. C. Macquarrie of Bulletin staff, I have met often; he takes a great interest in all Forty-Niners. (Good old Mac.)

George Gleave, I saw often; of Heintzman's staff.

I must not forget **Dan Collins**, "B" Co'y. He is the same old Dan, always ready to have a chat with Forty-Niners. Haven't won the Irish Sweep yet, Dan, or would treat you to a drink of real Scotch.

Tiny Little, the city policeman, looks as if he is still flourishing by his size, and has the same old smile.

Norman Arnold, Sgt.-Major, is always the same Arnold; he is just as steady as when he took his platoon over in June, 1916.

Walter Hunter, bomber, later got his commission, is on Electric Light staff.

Lieut.-Col. Daniels was also sick in hospital but s improving.

Major (Billy) Tipton was also in hospital.

Saw **Dave Adams** ("B" Co'y, transport Sergt.) and his brother **George** walking down Jasper Avenue. They look well and are waiting for the next b—— war!

Eddy Collins, of band, is often seen on street car.

Also **Dean**, of Street Car Service, is always looking for a chat.

Albert Miller, 51st Battalion, is seen on the police force; Albert was first man of 51st Battalion to volunteer for draft in 1915. He is a Riel rebellion and South African war veteran.

A. Fowlie, "D" Co'y., who was Sgt. Fowlie's brother, is looking well. He did good work in June scrap with **Tiny Boyle** trench mortars.

Tommy Greenfield, who was orderly room clerk, later on got commission, is at Hamilton, Ontario, doing well and writes sometimes to me.

Saw **General Griesbach** (our Billy) inspecting the parade at Armistice Service, outside Cathedral. He is still going strong, and is doing A1 work for the old Battalion he formerly commanded.

Bill Morrison, 66th Battalion, was on holiday from Jasper to Elk Island Park.

I also saw lots of others but have not kept record.

Yours truly,

A. K. HOBBS.

Will be in for dinner. Have **Earle Hay** keep two seats and tickets for myself and son. A. K. H.

IN EVER LIVING MEMORY

The 49th Battalion (Edmonton Regiment) Association among its other activities publishes in the Edmonton Bulletin on each anniversary of battles in which the regiment was engaged, a memorial notice of which the following is typical:

In ever living memory of the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the 49th Battalion (Edmonton Regiment) who were killed in action or died of wounds received at Cambrai in France on the 28th day of Sept., 1918.

"Dear Christ, who reign'st above the flood

"Of human tears and human blood.

"A weary road these men have trod,

"O house them in the home of God."

Inserted by the 49th Battalion (Edmonton Regiment) Association.

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Name _____

Nickname (Army) _____

Regimental No. _____

Original Unit _____

Platoon _____

Company _____

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Date of Enlistment _____

Service _____

Wounds or Sickness _____

Date of Discharge _____

Civil Occupation and present place of work _____

Family, if any _____

Home Address _____

Remarks _____

N. Arnold, Esq.,
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Dear Sir:

I enclose herewith the sum of Fifty Cents, in payment of membership due for 1932 in the 49th Battalion Edmonton Regiment Association.

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A FORTY-NINER IN THE AMAZON RIVER BASIN

Continued from page 4

junction of the two swiftly flowing and powerful rivers, the Zamora and Santiago, and thence to the small settlement in the foothills of the Andes called Indanza.

At Indanza we secured an old mule which we loaded with all that remained of our equipment, ourselves trudging painfully behind on foot up the slopes and along the giddy precipices by which the track leads to Cuenca in the mountains to the south of Ecuador.

We spent three weeks visiting a number of spots in the hills near Cuenca and then returned by motor, mule and train to Quito, where I bid the faithful Pepe farewell as I took the train for Guayaquil and the ocean steamer; August, 1931.

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