

Roberts
Royal Welsch Lucifers



Doing Their Bit

Après la guerre finie (Année 1935 A.D.)



At last! but another may yet return. What! - married - Heavens!

What a world!



"STRAIGHT FROM PARIS!"

J.G.T.
1914.

Q. d. f. v. *Ally* with a banner

Q. Who (who has managed to
take a plank and a beam?
What price fence now?



PRESENTED TO THE NURSING SISTERS OF THE No. 3
GENERAL HOSPITAL (McGill), APRIL, 1915

BY

Mrs. J. P. Black
Mrs. W. A. Black
Mrs. G. F. Benson
Mrs. Jeffrey Burland
Mrs. A. J. Brown
Mrs. P. Buchanan

Mrs. W. W. Chipman
Mrs. James Cleghorn
Mrs. Herbert Carter
Mrs. George Caverhill
Mrs. B. Coghlan
Mrs. C. Cantin

Mrs. M. H. Day
Mrs. Huntly Drummond
Mrs. J. P. Dawes
Mrs. Norman Dawes
Miss C. Dawes

Mrs. David Evans
Miss F. Edgar

Miss Finley

Mrs. Simpson Garland
Lady Graham
Mrs. R. A. E. Greenshields
Mrs. W. I. Gear
Mrs. A. Glassco
Dr. Gurd
Mrs. G. A. Grear

Mrs. George Hooper
Mrs. Hathaway
Mr. C. R. Hosmer
Mrs. C. M. Holt
Mrs. A. A. Hodgson
Mrs. W. C. Hodgson
Mrs. E. Heney

Mrs. Horace Joseph

Mrs. Alan Law
Mrs. J. N. Laing
Mrs. P. Laing
Miss Linton

Mr. W. J. Morrice
Mrs. W. de M. Marler
Mrs. Clarendon Mussen
Mrs. David Morrice
Mr. Lorne McGibbon
Mr. Anson McKim
Miss A. McDougall
Mrs. Preble McIntosh
Miss Jean McIntyre
Mr. Nelson McKim
Mr. D. C. Macarow
Mr. Wm. McMaster
Miss Ethel Mussen
Mrs. W. W. Ogilvie
Miss Alice Ogilvie
Mrs. Hugh Paton
Mrs. Alex. Paterson
Mrs. Pillow
Mr. E. Pease

Mrs. Robert Reford
Miss Grace Robertson
Mrs. Jas. Ross
Mrs. Colin Russel
Miss Nellie Reid
Mrs. C. M. Robertson
Mde. Rainville
Mrs. H. E. Rawlings
Mr. H. E. Rawlings
Miss Rawlings
Mr. Robert Reid

Mrs. G. W. Stephens
Mrs. A. Stevenson
Mrs. F. N. Southam
Mrs. George Starke
Mr. William Starke
Mrs. Haig Sims
Mrs. Sheldon Stephens
Mrs. W. Skinner
Mrs. Grant Stewart

Mrs. B. Tooke

Miss Van Horn
Mrs. H. H. Vaughan

Mrs. Harry Walker
Mrs. Herbert Wallace

VULNERATUS NON VICTUS

"You that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And trust that out of night and death shall rise
The Dawn of ampler life.

Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,
That God has given you, as a priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's Crowning hour.

That you may tell your sons, who see the light
High in the heaven, their heritage to take ;
I saw the powers of darkness put to flight ;
I saw the Morning break."

O.S.—"Punch," December, 1914.

VOTA VITA MEA

"And we, whose burden is to watch and wait,
High hearted ever, strong in faith and prayer,
We ask what offering we may consecrate?
What humble service share?"

To steel ourselves against the lust of ease;
To find our welfare in the general good;
To hold together—merging all degrees
In one wide brotherhood.

To teach that he who saves himself is lost;
To bear in silence though our hearts may bleed;
To spend ourselves, and never count the cost,
For others' greater need."

O.S.—"Punch," August, 1914

France
Oct 4/16.

Dear Sister Goss:

My I am glad you obtained your leave at such an opportune time and were able to visit your brother and make him happy. Poor boy, I am so sorry about his injury but how glad you must be that you still have him and it must be rather a relief to know that he will be safe. You mentioned that a cousin, St. Lawrence Goss is now in France with a heavy Battery. Do you remember his battery - I should like to know.

And now I must tell you how much I appreciate those pictures.

The subjects are fine
and splendidly taken.
I think the one of
yourself sitting near
the little falls is fine.
From the stand point
of scenery alone, I
perhaps like the little
brook the best. I like
the picture of Sister Loggie
- taken on the monument
and was very pleased
to see Sister Stephens
smiling forth from
one of the pictures - she
is truly a nice girl and
I always rather considered
her one of my friends at
no 3. I do thank you
very very much and I
think it was wonderfully thought-
ful of you to remember
because I know how
busy you have been and
how anxious you were
about your mother.
Before I forget I must
tell you that I saw

Some Montgomery and
ex. Sgt. Maj. Tingle,
both lieutenants and
wearing the kilts the 'mod.
Archie Jaffe is in England
training for his commission
- he went at just the
proper time to escape a
lot of dirty work. Hugh
Johnson - also a lieutenant,
came out of the trenches
last night - still intact,
but perhaps you didn't know
him. Yesterday I saw some
mud soiled infantrymen
coming out of the trenches -
some person asked one
what things were like - and
he laconically replied
"bloody and muddy". It
sounds crude but it
expresses volumes.

The last few weeks
I have seen quite a
large number of German
prisoners and generally
speaking they have been
a poor type of man.

The day one of our
officers asked a German
officer (an ex-school
teacher) what he thought
of the situation and he
replied with a smile

"Very good, going this way."
Most of them appear very
pale & probably due to the
terrible strain which they
have just passed through.

Our boys really treat them
well - and most of the
Germans I fancy, are
rather glad to be prisoners.

You must be very
very busy now but you
are doing the best work
of the war. It is a consolation
to know that if anything
should happen one will
be looked after so well.

Any boys who come down
and who have been in
the actual fighting - send
them to Blighty if you
possibly can, they deserve
it and it is the Mecca

toward which every
soldier looks with longing
eyes.

When Archie Jenkins
was on his way to England
he visited the hospital and
he thought the grounds
and flowers were beautiful.
I was much disappointed
that I could not get up when
on leave.

Again let me tell you
how very glad I am
to have those pictures and
how much I thank you
for sending them.

Yours Sincerely
Victor R. Laff

Sept 28th/16.

L. Woody, 458490
New End, Military Hospital
Hampstead, London, N.W.
England

The Wardmaster
Dear Sir

I hope this finds you & please the
nurses of the ward. I arrived here quite safe
after a long journey the best of it is that
I am only about 3 miles from my birth
place so that I can see my Dear old
Mother she is 92 next April and might never
had the chance if had not been sent here
hope you have a lot of mail to send will
write again when I get it and hope to have
some good news for you. Give my kind
regards to the dark girl of the day and the
fair of the night who where so kind to
me and tell them if they hurry and get
home for xmas will kiss them both under
the mistletoe if they will let me.
good Luck from yours truly. L. Woody

Players of the game.

1

We were busy with our playing,
When we heard the distant call,
Heard them say, "your Country needs you."
Laid aside the bat and ball,
Changed from shots to grimy "Taki,"
Turned our backs on field and ball.

2

We were young and we were ready
And they trained us for the day;
Taught us marching, taught us fighting
When to go and when to stay;
But they couldn't teach us courage,
We had learned that in our play.

P.A.O.

5th DRAGOON G^{ds}

B.E.F.

FRANCE.

1917

At this time, when our boys are returning with honour to their homes, there are many among them in the medical corps of whose actual work at the front, little is known, by the civilian population of our land. The following verses written in 1917 at a ^{Canadian} Casualty Clearing Hospital give a glimpse at least of the nobility & faithfulness of the soldiers in this branch of the service.

To The men of the C.A.M.C.

We sing of a band of workers whose praise is seldom heard
on whom no decorations or honours are conferred,
No battle rush inspires them, no lust to win & slay;
These are the quiet fighters we are honouring today!

1 The struggle always with them is to leave & join the throng
of soldiers in the trenches where 'tis said men's gifts belong
Yet they have never failed us & of their best they give
That maimed & battered comrades may retain the strength
to live

Some of them come from our prairie with its wealth of golden grain
where daily toil has prepared the soil for sunshine & sweet rain.
and now their mighty endeavours are not for the wealth of the
farm,

2 But to see that comfort is given to a fractured leg or arm,
How have they learn the secret, they who have tilled with the
seeds supposedly women's in days that are past until now,
Into each heart Christ's sorrow - sorrow for war's despair -
Has planted a seed of his gentleness & He will harvest it
there,

Some are our men of business dealers are these in gold
financiers wise & deft where things are bought & sold
They were the steel of our nation & have given up all for the cause
money & homes & children - to carry out Honour's bid.

4 And these are working at bedside, untiring through the long day
awaiting the call of the front line which will bring them into the fray
Calculating minutely that which is needed here -
And helping with firmness of courage our boys to meet death without fear.

Some were our city school boys with all their love of Romance
Ready & eager to join in the battle in far off France
These were the flowers of our country - as straight of life & limb -
Energy, loyalty, & keenness, with uniforms wonderfully trim:
And they have been posted to duty, here in our hospital ward
With none of the exultation & glamour of musket & sword
and here in their disappointment in the midst of agonies
real.
They give of the strength of their young arms & their purity
of ideal.

Some come from the silent northlands, warriors tried are they
Men who could match their prowess with Prussian guards
Men, whom the trail has cultured, men whom the silences taught
Lessons of skill & endurance with sternness & labours wrought:
And here in the day of battle ^{& far removed from the strife} ~~& far removed from the strife~~
They arrange the hospital beds & prepare for the surgeon's knife
Or with willing & quiet footsteps at the sound of its faintest wail
They bring a drink to a bedside & gentlest sympathy's ~~show~~ ^{shown}

So have they given their service in ways that were not their choice,
So have they shown us their manhood nor given their grievances
Some have been killed at their duty when the bombs rained death
from the sky
Some have contracted diseases & were not afraid to die
And some go on in the workings though the days & the years are long
And are still the truly gentle & are still the truly strong.
These are a band of heroes! God guard them still we pray!
These are the quiet fighters we are honouring today!

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1913.

D Bard Announces Summer Course E For Teachers in Industrial Arts

The Montreal Protestant School Board will conduct a summer course for training of a number of teachers in industrial arts. It was announced yesterday following the regular monthly board meeting. The course, which will be conducted in the Montreal High School, will last for about four weeks, and will include woodwork and machine shop work. The exact dates for the session have not as yet been fixed.

The board members expressed concern over the report of the secretary, treasurer, Sydney Scott, which showed that there had been a drop of over \$252,000 in Montreal school tax revenue for 1942-43. Presenting a statement of school taxes for the fiscal year 1942-43 which he had received from the city director of finance, Mr. Scott noted that "the Protestant share of the total yield is \$2,494,152, as compared with \$2,746,318 the previous year. It was stated by Dr. Malcolm Campbell, chairman of the board, who presided at the meeting, that the Provincial Government had made a grant of \$500,000 to the Central Board towards meeting deficits.

Several board members expressed the belief that the old system of supporting schools through real estate taxation was "breaking down," and that grants from the Provincial Government were necessary as a means of saving the situation until some better system could be devised.

A suggested school calendar for the 1943-44 session was submitted by H. J. C. Darragh, superintendent of schools, and was accepted. The new calendar provides for a school year of 187 days, with a two-week holiday at Christmas. Schools under the Montreal Board will close on June 24, and will re-open after the summer vacation on September 7.

A communication was received from the Community Garden League of Greater Montreal expressing appreciation of the action of the board in authorizing a survey of all unimproved land owned by it for the purpose of making it available for Victory gardens. To date 3,000 applications for Victory gardens had been received the letter stated.

MERCHANT SEAMEN HAILED AT MEETING

Rev. William McLean Cites
Valiant Role at Annual
Meeting of Institute

GUY TOMBS PRESIDENT

Wide Variety of Activities on
Behalf of Men Is Set Forth
in Report by
Manager

A tribute to merchant seamen and the valiant role they are playing in delivering their life-saving cargoes to the Allies was paid yesterday by the Rev. William McLean, manager and chaplain of the Montreal Sailors' Institute, at the 51st annual meeting.

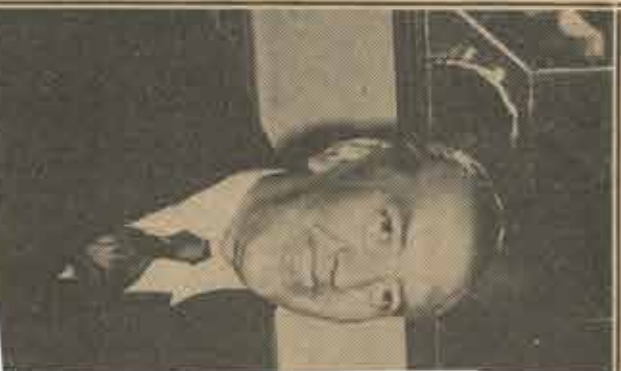
Describing the activities of the Institute throughout the year, Mr. McLean made mention of the popular Tuesday night concerts, the broadcast concerts and the 78 movies all of which added to the merchant seaman's pleasure and comfort while ashore. Dances, parties, teas, and many other entertainments were among the activities noted by Mr. McLean who added that many calls had been received by persons asking for men to visit their homes.

Chapel services continued throughout the winter months with a service each Sunday evening following. (Continued on Page 14, Col. 4.)

Ground Is Cleared in Bid for \$175,551 Damages Arising from Fatality Near Maskinonge

A further step was taken yesterday in the Superior Court in the litigation in which Mrs. A. D. Dupre, widow of Hon. Maurice Dupre, late of Quebec City, is suing the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for \$175,551.56 damages—on her own behalf, and on that of her children—resulting from the accident to the Montreal-Quebec train near Maskinonge, September 30, 1941. Mr. Dupre was one of the passengers who were hurt due to the accident, and he died in hospital at Three Rivers as a result of his injuries.

BOLIVIAN PRE



BLACKOUT ORDER OF 1915

ORDERS BY COLONEL S.J.A. DENISON, C.M.G., A.D.C.

Commanding Troops on S.S. "METAGAMA."

On Board S.S. "Metagama."

15 - 5 - 15.

No. 6.

No lights will be shown at night during the remainder of the voyage. All port holes and windows will be darkened, and must remain darkened.

There will be no smoking, and no matches, candles, etc., will be lit during the remainder of the voyage on deck after Retreat.

Alton Stewart

Lieut.-Colonel.

Brigade Major 4th Infantry Brigade, C.B.R.

Above is reproduced the order for one of the earliest recorded blackouts aboard a troop ship, issued aboard the Metagama 28 years ago today following receipt of news of the sinking of the Lusitania. Aboard the ship, in addition to other units, was No. 3 Canadian General Hospital, raised by McGill University and commanded by Col. H. S. Birkett, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine. This original order is part of a collection of World War souvenirs owned by Dr. Leo Pariseau of Outremont.

McGill Unit in Early Blackout Aboard Troopship 28 Years Ago

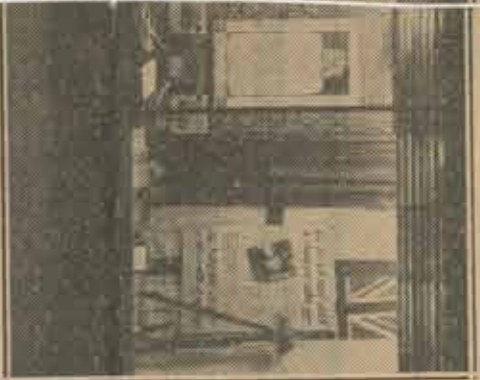
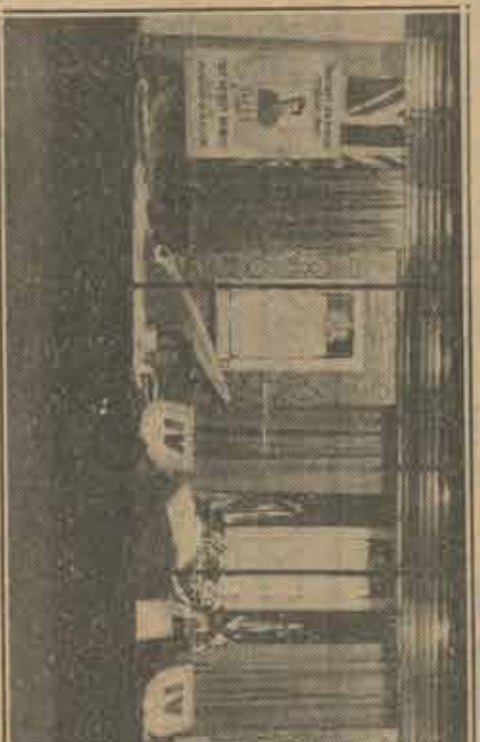
Dimout Aboard Metagama Followed News Lusitania Sunk; Col. H. S. Birkett, Medicine Dean, Com- manded Montreal-Raised Hospital Party

By EDGAR ANDREW COLLARD

Twenty-eight years ago today a black-out order was posted on board His Majesty's Troopship Metagama. No lights were to be shown at night during the rest of the voyage. All portholes were to be darkened. There was to be no smoking, or lighting of matches on deck after retreat.

The Metagama was then in the Eastern Atlantic, and was approaching the spot at which the Lusitania had gone down only a few days before. Like the Lusitania, the Metagama was sailing without convoy or escort, and would be at the mercy of any enemy submarine. The war was then less than a year old, and anti-submarine methods had remained desultory and unorganized. There were no systematic regulations as to blackouts or camouflage. The value of convoy and escorts was still under dispute. As often as not the departure of troopships was publicized, instead of being kept secret. Consequently, when news of the loss of Lusitania reached the Metagama's passengers, they could not help remembering with uneasiness (Continued on Page 14, Col. 6.)

PROUD ST. ANNE'S FEATURES FIGHTING SONS



Flanked on either side by giant posters of local air force heroes... mental store in Ste. Anne de Bellevue is devoted to a striking roll...

the main window of a departed of honor lining nearly 400 local out 10% of the district population...

SERIOUSLY ILL AS A RESULT OF INJURIES SUSTAINED ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Outbore, Gurton Lyona, P.I.-Sgt., Ross-407, Mrs. E. W. Outbore (mother), 1177-1/2 St. Lawrence St., Montreal.

KILLED ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Gray, Leonard George, P.O. RAF (airline), Mrs. L. G. Gray (wife), London, Eng.

DIED OF INJURIES SUSTAINED ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Keel, Norman R. Haffey, P.O. RAF, Mrs. N. Keel (mother), 1000 St. Joseph St., Montreal.

PREVIOUSLY REPORTED SERIOUSLY ILL, NOW REPORTED DANGEROUSLY ILL, INJURED IN ACCIDENT

Riordan, John Allen, LAC, B140730, Mrs. C. A. Riordan (mother), Woodstock, Ont.

CANADIAN IN THE ROYAL AIR FORCE OVERSEAS MISSING ON ACTIVE SERVICE AFTER AIR OPERATIONS

Wart, Bertie Ann, 2nd E.M., Sgt., RAF, Mrs. B. Wart (mother), Toronto.

MERCHANT SEAMEN HAILED AT MEETING

Gov. Tombr, chairman of the meeting who was elected president declared that the entire country is now affected by the maintenance of the sea lanes...

LAUDS HEROISM

Officers for the year were elected as follows: president, Guy Tombs; first vice-president, F. W. Foy;

Quebec to relieve the extreme shortage in those areas

Mr. Sinclair said in an interview that arrangements have been made with the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture and the Saskatchewan Pool Elevators Association...

Mr. Sinclair denied that Ontario had not received its proper share of the Maritime potato crop

A new Prices Board directive freezing 30 per cent of the stocks now in the hands of dealers is only a temporary order...

ARTHUR H. CARTER HEADS SALES CLUB

(Continued from Page 13.)

R. Chipman, 2nd vice president; Gustave Duhaud, honorary legal advisor; R. Schinzman, honorary auditor...

Mr. Alexander, in his address to the club on the post-war era, urged that the economic system to plan for was one of opportunity...

UNIT FROM MCGILL IN EARLY BLACKOUT

(Continued from Page 13.)

Among the units on board the Metagama was the No. 3 Canadian General Hospital, which had been formed by McGill University...

McGill Medical Faculty and its nurses from the graduates of the Montreal General and Royal Victoria Hospitals

Two parades and a review had served to make known to all that the unit was about to leave. On April 11 there was a church parade to Christ Church Cathedral...

Actually the sinking of the Lusitania—the most spectacular shipping loss of the war—had occurred since the Metagama left port

Anxiety grew steadily greater as the Metagama neared the coast of Ireland. In an attempt to throw submarines off the track...

The "marconigram" printed and posted on board the Metagama gave the news which followed the Lusitania sinking. President Wilson had made his celebrated "too proud to fight" speech...

The blackout order reproduced on this page was kept as a souvenir of the Metagama's voyage by Dr. Leo Parsescu, 517 Davar avenue, Outremont. Dr. Parsescu was at the time a captain in the C.A.M.C., serving as radiologist of No. 4 Stationary Hospital...

"By Many Hidden Chains"

WHENEVER, after a few months' absence, we return to this house, one of us is sure to exclaim with pleasure: "It smells just the same, doesn't it?"

To some people, this old-dwelling odor merely implies a lack of sunlight and fresh air; to me, it has a more alluring and less definable fragrance. It suggests the years in which the rooms have been permeated with the smell of burning pine wood—cut and hauled from the "lot" during the winter, piled in great stacks behind the barn to be chopped and split, carried indoors daily to the cavernous box in the kitchen from which were replenished the cooking-range and the stoves throughout the house until every room has stored something of its aroma. And I always fancy that, added to and blending inextricably with, the acrid pine smell is the salty tang of the pervasive sea fogs which have recurrently drifted in from over the marshes for so many years. This smell of weathered age seems, moreover, to connote something of the generations of people who have lived here and found it home.



A few years ago, when we were on our way to Nova Scotia, we stopped for the night at a farmhouse outside a little town near the eastern edge of the Maine coast. It was a trim little house, as trim as our elderly hostess who took us up a short flight of stairs to a bedroom under the eaves. As she crossed to throw open the window, I said: "This smells just like our old house."

"Oh, it'll be nice and fresh when the breeze gets through here," she replied. "I keep the shades drawn, so as not to fade my quilt."

"But I like the smell," I persisted.

She looked at me uncomprehendingly, so we turned to admire the bedspread which was made of lovely little pieces of tie silk, the tiny patches sewn together with countless fine patient stitches.

But it was like our house, for we learned that here made the sixth generation of one family to live in it; that pine wood had furnished its heat and fogs had drifted gently through it for a long time.



So often, miles away, the awareness of an unexpected fragrance will recall some apparently forgotten memory. We were in Charleston, South Carolina, at the season when that city is breath-takingly beautiful, for the architectural perfections of its fine old houses are complemented by the full glory of the gardens that provide their background. We walked along ordered paths, wondering at the faultless arrangement of flowers and shrubs and the luxuriance of color. As I stooped over a plant, I suddenly thought of my grandmother's bureau.

I had been sent to her room for a handkerchief and, as usual, I opened the wrong drawer first. There was a fastidiously neat pile of her handmade nightgowns, the necks and cuffs of the long sleeves edged with fine embroidered ruffles. Lured by an entrancing scent, I finally located the little sachet bag which she had filled with verbena from her garden and concealed in this snowy pile.

In the grandeur of one of Charleston's show places, that tidy little bureau drawer returned to me.



A familiar smell in any household is that of freshly-baked cake, but always and everywhere it carries me back to a seven-year-old child hopping about this kitchen, importunately asking if the "try" weren't almost ready.

Whenever Grandmother "beat up" a cake, she would test her mixture by first baking a sample. The little heart-shaped tin is still with the doughnut- and cookie-cutters here, and it is still the right size and form for any child's delectation. Saturday bakings were of personal moment to me, because the "try" cake was my particular private dish. I can see my grandmother stooping down to open the low door of the kitchen range, carefully lifting the polished nickel handle so as not to jar what was inside, taking out the diminutive pan and holding it near her ear to "listen." Invariably, it had to go back for just a moment longer, but equally invariably I'd exclaim hopefully: "Well, anyway, it smells good!"



The smell which recalls our barn to me would connote nothing of the kind to most people. This is because the upper part of our building was not used for hay; in fact, our barn is not a real barn. Grandfather was not a farmer, but a carpenter and cabinet-maker and his workshop was at the top of the steep, narrow, ship's-ladder-like stairs that led to the "loft." He had cut three large windows across the front of this room and an enormous door at the back, so that he might have adequate light for his work-bench. I never pass a lumberyard, with its scent of freshly-sawed wood that I don't think of my grandfather bending over this long heavy sort of table. A board might be held in the vise at the end and he would be running a plane lightly over its surfaced edge. On the wall above his head was fastened the small tool cupboard with his name on it and about this, each hanging from its individual nail or hook, were other implements of his craft. His white beard ruffling a little in the breeze that always blows through these quarters, he would lovingly pass his finger over the planed surface to be sure that its finish were satin-smooth. I perched on one end of the bench, watching him. When I asked if I might have some pieces of wood to make a playhouse, he would peer up at me over the top of his spectacles and say: "I guess I can spare you enough to do a little cabinet-making, too."

I wish the same fragrance were still in our barn loft; but it does not go unappreciated, for now it is a summer bedroom where one may lie in my grandmother's black walnut bedstead and, even on the warmest night, be sure of the same gentle breeze. And in the morning, when the sun comes up from over the marshes to stream in that great door, one can still smell the good Cape freshness and pleasantly contemplate the fragrances of the present as well as those of memory.

ELIZABETH HAMBLEN

The German people were told by Hitler yesterday that a "clique of ruthless officers" had plotted against him. But the only conspirator he mentioned by name was Count von Stauffenberg, a colonel, who, he said, had planted the time bomb in Hitler's conference room.

Reichsmarshal Hermann Göring, speaking after Hitler, flatly but cryptically stated that the attempted assassination of Hitler stemmed from a "miserable clique of generals who had to be chased from their posts."

Yet Marshal Göring did not mention any specific names at all.

The same reticence has been observed up to now by the entire German press and radio.

The German DNB news agency announced, according to a Reuter dispatch from London, that Col. Gen. Ludwig Beck, former Chief of the German General Staff, who allegedly was implicated in the plot against Hitler, has been liquidated.

Colonel General Beck was head of the General Staff until 1938, when he retired at his own request. He was one of the very few high-ranking German officers who refused to be associated with anything Nazi. As Chief of Staff, he could not avoid seeing Hitler frequently, but he avoided discussing with him anything other than service matters.

However, it should not be too difficult to guess correctly—the more so since clandestine sources inside Europe radiocast a list of members of the "German Peace Government" late last night. It included practically all those prominent generals who had been relieved of their posts because of their criticism of Hitler's strategic concepts. Specifically referred to as members of the "German Peace Government" were Field Marshals Gerd von Rundstedt, Walter von Brauchitsch, and Fedor von Bock, and the Col. Gens. Franz Halder and Fritz Fromm. With the exception of Count von Stauffenberg, all of them have been considered at one time or another "armistice generals" akin to Marshal Pietro Badoglio's type.

Col. Count von Stauffenberg—One of three sons of Freiherr Schenk von Stauffenberg of Wiltungen, Württemberg. He was a professional soldier and held the rank of colonel in the German General Staff. His two brothers chose natural scientific careers and are both university teachers. His only sister has been a leading test pilot for the German air force since the outbreak of the war. In 1943, Hitler awarded her the Iron Cross, Second Class. The von Stauffenbergs are a Roman Catholic family and are counted among the oldest members of German nobility.

Field Marshal Gen. Gerd von Rundstedt—Senior among German generals and the "No. 1" as to professional reputation. He served in the ranks of the German General Staff in World War I, was

Hitler Loyalty Pledge Asked of Nazi Army

Recorded by CBS

New York, July 21

The German Army "has been asked to make a new pledge of loyalty to Hitler," the British Radio reported this morning in a broadcast recorded at the CBS short-wave listening station.

"The German Radio has repeated the early morning broadcasts by Hitler, Göring, and Admiral Doenitz, but Himmler, who was yesterday appointed Commander in Chief of the Army at home and ordered to restore order ruthlessly, has so far made no public pronouncement."

February, 1938, he was appointed by Hitler Chief of the Armed Forces. At the successful conclusion of the French campaign, he was promoted to the rank of field marshal general. His differences with Hitler are said to date from the early stages of the Russian campaign. In December, 1941, he was relieved from his post as commander in chief. Since then he has been variously reported as restored to a command post, confined by the Gestapo, and head of an anti-Nazi group seeking to obtain acceptable peace terms from the Allies.

Field Marshal Gen. Fedor von Bock—Less brilliant a strategist than Marshal von Rundstedt or von Brauchitsch, but in his fanatic militarism a striking embodiment of the Prussian Junker soldier. In 1938, he led the armies invading Austria, and in 1939 and 1940 he gathered laurels in the Polish and French campaigns. He is reported to have urged Hitler to withdraw to winter lines in December, 1941,

Hull Doubts Himmler Po To Hide Defeat From

WASHINGTON, July 21 (AP)—Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, said today that Heinrich Himmler would not now be able to "conceal from the German people the fact that many German generals believe that Germany has lost the war."

Mr. Hull described Herr Himmler, to whom Hitler has delegated supreme authority within Germany, as Hitler's "chief executioner" and said the efforts to restore an appearance of unity in the High Command were at this stage "frantic attempts."

Mr. Hull's comment:

"The attack on Hitler and his explanatory speech clearly indicate that a realization of Germany's impending defeat is spreading in the Reich. He and his most important military leaders have now denounced traitors a 'clique of generals who had to be chased from their posts for a leadership

and was dismissed from the Stalingrad disaster too, occasionally has been mentioned in connection with feelers put out by German leaders.

Col. Gen. Franz Halder of the German General Staff, the outbreak of the war, observers within and without the Reich have often given him high credit for the functioning of the German drive until the fall of 1939 until the fall of the German drive was halted at the gates of General Halder was Col. Gen. Kurt Zeitzler.

Col. Gen. Fritz Fromm among the members of the "German Peace Government" came a long way since he has hardly been mentioned either before or since the war. For some time Fromm has been in charge of the replacement.

Heinrich Himmler—the Reich leader of the SS, Minister of the Interior, assigned the task of liquidating the "small clique of criminals." For this purpose Himmler appointed chief of all forces inside the Reich, though not nominally, a spectacled and soft-spoken man has held this post since September when he succeeded Dr. Wilhelm Frick as Minister of the Interior.

To quell the general's greatest task to day, Himmler has been called upon. There is no doubt that he has to deal with those who have forsaken it and thoroughly for it. However, it is thought that he has to deal with those who dare fight back. His opponents are not only numerous and determined, they may be much more numerous than German officials are allowed to disclose.

as cowardly as it was.

"Hitler has further compelled to remove the German General Staff, appoint his chief of staff, Heinrich Himmler, as Commander of the Army in Germany. Himmler's frantic attempts to restore the parent unity of the German High Command illustrate the deep views between the Army and the Party which has developed as a result of the steadily changing military position of Germany.

"But no amount of shuffling or repression can conceal from the German people the fact that many German generals believe Germany has lost the war.

"We should not let our optimism be a result of the steady development of our efforts here at home and make all the more certain the defeat of our enemies."



The John McCrae Memorial and Garden of Remembrance completed in May, 1943, by the Col. John McCrae Branch of the Royal Canadian Legion in Guelph was turned over to the City of Guelph in the 1950's. A corner of the poet's birthplace can be seen on the left in the photograph. Last year the century-old limestone house was bought and is being turned into a national shrine and memorial museum. Although the Federal Government will pay half the cost of restoring the building, financial help is urgently needed for all other aspects of its operation. All contributions should be made payable to "The Col. John McCrae Birthplace Society" and sent to The Royal Bank of Canada, Wyndham Street, Guelph, Ontario.

from their Treatment Centre. D.V.A. is to be commended for this innovation which will be a boon to veterans living on a rural mail route. Instead of going to town to get a stamp and envelope, they will now have one right at hand and can post it in their own mail box, thus saving valuable time.

—Fred N. Berry (Asst. Service Officer, Branch 379, R.C.L.), Port Rowan, Ont.

"HIPPIES", PLEASE NOTE

☞ ... Let us hear less about "hippies" and more about the loyal young Canadians who graduate each year from high school, get into a job and do well.

My grandson made it his centennial project to visit my father's grave in France. He worked after school and on Saturdays and saved enough money to visit the battlefields overseas. He met and brought back pictures of people in the area who remembered "the war". This boy is only one of the many young Canadians who appreciate the feeling we veterans have when we say at our meetings, "We will remember them."

Let's have more publicity on decent young Canadians who appreciate their fathers and mothers.

others of the original group of 25 who are still alive today, should receive recognition at a higher level as well.

The G.W.V.A. and its founding members should always be remembered as the cornerstones upon which our Royal Canadian Legion was built.

—R. S. Cox, Winnipeg.

CANADA-U.K. TAX AGREEMENT

☞ Air Commodore Roberts, Secretary-General of the British Commonwealth Ex-Services League, has asked me to write to you with regard to the article entitled "Can.-U.K. Tax Agreement on War Widows' Pensions" which appears on page 31 of the October issue of The Legionary.

He fears that our letter upon which the article was based, may have been misleading. The terms of the double taxation agreement provide that if the Canadian war widow was resident in the United Kingdom BEFORE 6th April, 1965, her pension is exempt from United Kingdom Income Tax whether or not her husband was alive on that date. However, if she took up residence AFTER 6th April, 1965, she will be liable for United Kingdom Income Tax on her Canadian War Widows' Pension, and again this will apply whether or not her husband was alive on that

LIEUT LAWRENCE: H. GASS
(5th Canadian Siege Battery)



OUR FALLEN HEROES—Lieut.
Lawrence H. Gass, of the 5th
Canadian Siege Battery, who

Mme. John Purrey Mitchel, rep
mari à la Bibliothèque Publique.



Christmas Day 1916

3^d Canadian General Hospital
Belgium

It was Christmas Day in Hospital
The Brightest Day of all the year
And the patients round those tables
Each smiling with good cheer.

The Sisters waited on the Boys
With motherly pride and care

They meant to see them happy
At least whilst they were here.

The Turkey and Plum Pudding
Was absolutely grand
And whilst each man did his Justice
The two Carols from the Band
Could our Dear ones from Blightly
Just have looked in on us there
And seen the decorations
It would have surely made them stare.

The Christmas tree was quite a treat
The Sisters splendid Art
And when Santa Claus
Began his work
The fun began to start
The each received some little gift
And useful & must say
The Boys I'm sure will never forget
The Happy Christmas Day.

So there is the Best of Health to you
To the Dear Canadian third
And we hope the sisters and M.O.
Will many happy long years be spared.

Mrs. F. Crawshaw,
11th East James Street
B. E. #.

I thank Sister Goss very much
for her great kindness

Thomas D. Chapin

The Soldier Friends

Midst all the danger of shot & shell
But in this war covered land

1 We have a friend you all know well
In the skylark he's our daily band



2 While in the trench or out for a rest
Our friend he always is near us
Sending sweet music from his little chest
Which goes a long way to cheer us

3 He's up in the sky at first sign of danger
Flowers all round sweetly trilling
Paying no heed to the country all torn
On which our heroes there life blood
are spilling

The solemn love music on heart to cheer
It reminds us of Home Sweet Home
Gives us the courage to depart from so
dear

When we left brokenhearted on the
foam



So sing on my friends of feathers
Lift to the air your sweet song
Your voice will cheer us in gloomish
weather

Will make us more manly and
strong



**Dr. Robert Tait McKenzie (1867-1938),
McGill Medical Graduate, sculpted these
“Masks of Expression” as teaching aids,
while he was Demonstrator of Anatomy
at McGill (1899-1912). They depict the
facial expressions of an athlete.**





Marque Déposée
Registered Trade Mark

PETRUCCI & CARLI

SCULPTEURS ET STATUAIRES
SCULPTURE AND STATUARY SPECIALISTS

1180 RUE WOLFE STREET

MONTREAL

April 29th, 1966

N^o 30497

Oslor Library,
McGill University,
3655 Drummond,
Montreal, Que.

Conditions:

Terms:

Chèque payable au pair à Montréal

Cheque payable au pair at Montreal

Expédié
Shipped

Via

4 Plester masks to repair and repaint

Federal tax 14% on \$2.34

Provincial tax 6% on \$2.00

14:75

.76

19:01

.15

19:16

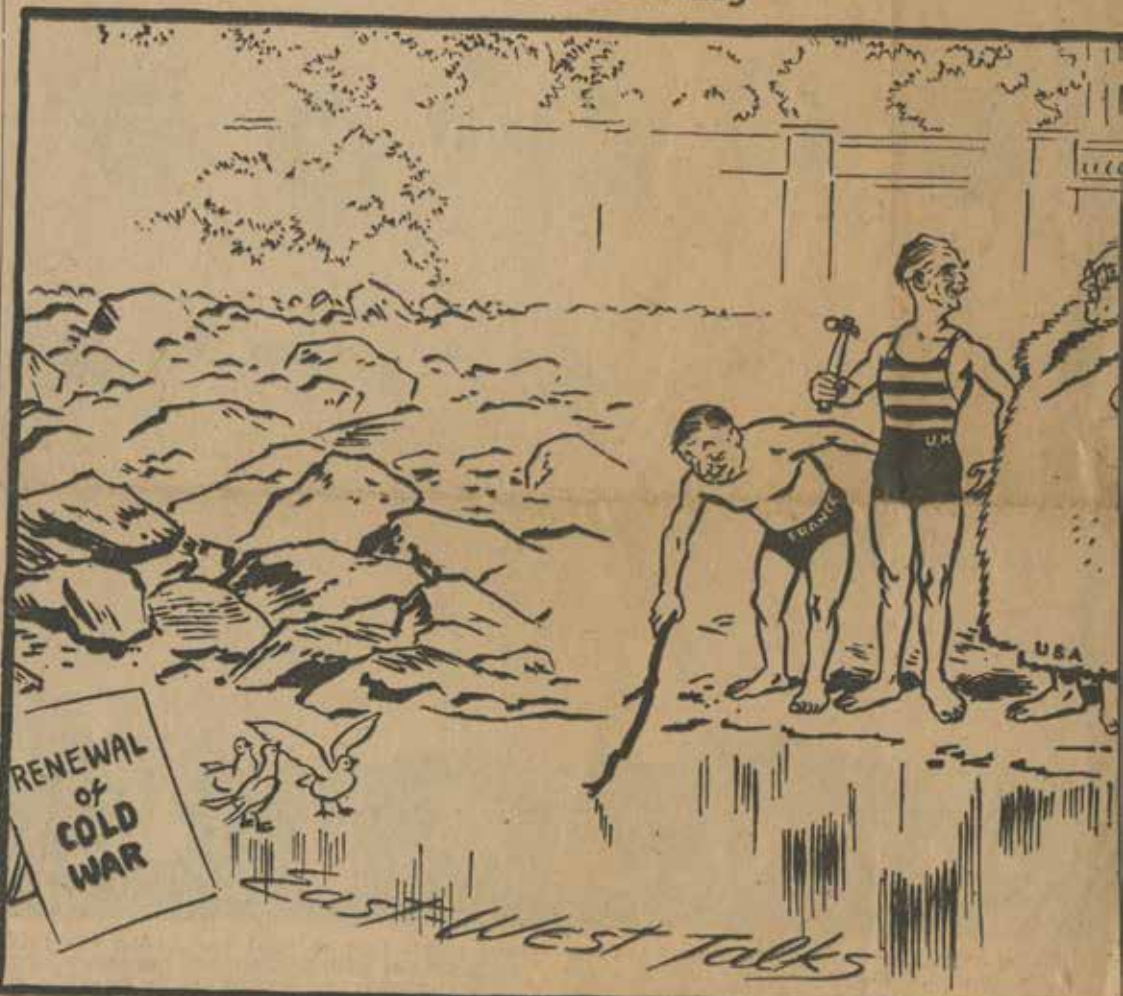
Nurses Graduate From Reddy Memorial



Smiling happily, these six young women pose for a picture at the Mechanics Institute where the ceremony of their graduation from the Reddy Memorial Hospital School of Nursing, was held

last night. Left to right are **ALMA COOLEY, ELIZABETH TITZRANDOLPH, MELBA SWIM, ELIZABETH GASS, MILDRED NICOLL and M. WILCOCKS.**

It's Getting a Bit Cold for Bathing



I see in you a likeness
To one of God's angels fair.
With your sisterly kindness
and motherly love.

And your heart full of tender care.
I will of care for your brothers and friends
who fight for a cause so true
and maybe, a little sympathy
for one who worships you.

Full of kindness, love, and care
for the men you ~~nurse~~ so well.
And I'm sure their mothers, and
sisters, and friends, if you have a
kind tale to tell.

The Lord has made
you straight, and true,
And given you
beauty and grace.

Your beauty is not
on the surface so much,
But shines
from your wonderful face.

You live the life of a Sower
and reward is bound to come,
your life has been marked,
by sorrow, and grief,
and you say, "God's will be done"
The seeds of love and kindness
through all your life you have sown
and I'm sure you will reap your
harvest.

When God claims you for his
own.

You shall have a place in
heaven.

and live with the angels
there.

and meet your, brothers, and
parents, and

and with them the joy you'll
share.

And if I am good, I may meet
you, and transpire you once again,
So I'm going to try and be good, "all my
life" and my hopes may not be in vain. P.S.

Pl. A. Clifford 1530.
7 York & Lanc's

How I won the A. A.

It was on the night of the 13th of Aug. in the advance made on the Somme, while digging ourselves in, after an advance I succeeded in fetching some wounded in, under heavy shelling. I managed to get six of them in, three of them died while being taken to the dressing station.

Home address.

Afanor House
Dinnington
N. Botherham
Yorkshire

Some of the songs we sang in the Great War.
1914-15-16-17. and time indeterminate

Ticklers jam, Ticklers jam how we love Old
Ticklers jam

Made in England in 1 pound pots

sent out from England in ten ton lots

Every night as I lie sleeping, screaming that I am
sent up the line with the best of luck and
Tommy. Ticklers jam.

I want to go home.

Far over the foam

The Johnsons and shrapnel

They whistle and roar.

I don't want to go to the trenches no more

Take me over the sea.

Where the Allamand cannot snipe me.

O! my, I don't want to die

I want to go HOME

Don't forget your little ~~my~~ gas-bag.

Take it with you where ever you may go

Through Old London or Borneo.

It belongs to the Government:

Yes! By gosh it do

And when you're out in No Man's Land

With a banana in your hand.

Don't forget your little gas-bag.

With all good wishes
for a long and merry
life to you Sister
"of Lauck's"
Assumer. P. Williams
Machine Gun Corp's.
Word. P. No 3. Canadian General Hospital
Nov. 2, 1917.

P. Williams
13 Newellyn St
Gwynne Vale
W. Briged Glamorgan, S. Wales.



3, Oregon, 1892