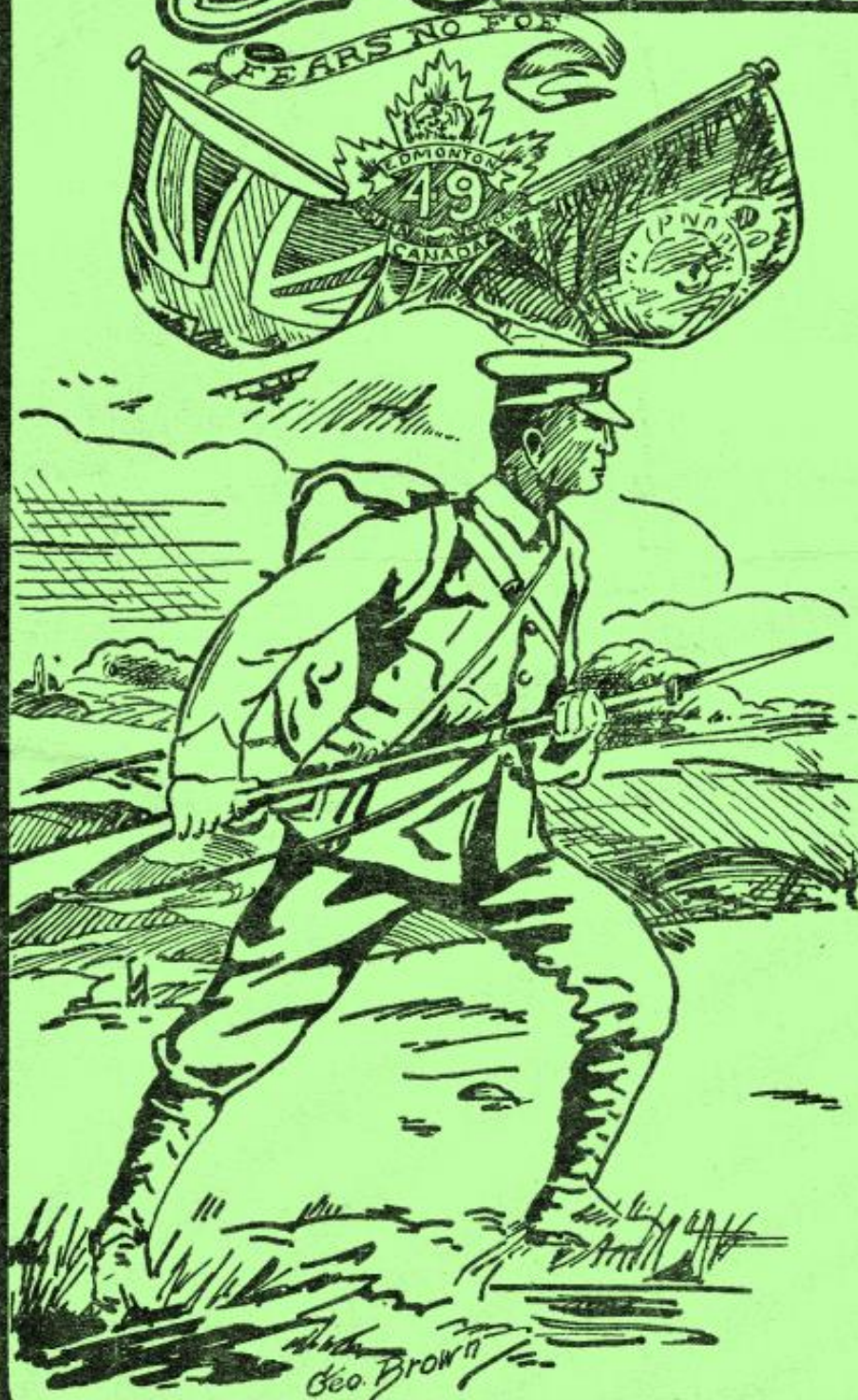


THE FORTY-NINER



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♦♦458H-

STEADY, BOYS,
STEADY!

THE MENIN GATE

THE PEACEFUL
SALIENT

FIRST TRIP IN THE
LINE

ANNUAL CHURCH
PARADE

THE PERPETUATING
UNIT

MAJOR OWEN'S REC-
ORD OF OFFICERS

WHERE IS MY WAN-
DERING BOY

Number 16

January
1933



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Digital Disclaimer and Notes

This is a digitalized version of the Forty-Niner. Content and style of the digitized version is intended to maintain the original text version. Foot notes have been added to provided additional identification on members around historically significant events, when available. Table of contents has been added to enhance navigation. Page sequence and numbers were intended to be as close to the original as possible; however, formatting has been updated for readability. Choices in spelling and grammar have not been adjusted.



The Fourty-Niner

Number Sixteen

EDMONTON, ALBERTA

January, 1933

EDITORIAL STEADY, BOYS, STEADY!*

The present situation, politically and economically, has one remarkable feature about it namely the number of people there are about who know exactly what we ought to do to immediately restore prosperity, abolish unemployment, raise the price of wheat and make everybody happy. Such people have no philosophic doubt about their proposals. They are dead sure that they are right and, more in sorrow than in anger, they animadvert to the stupidity of their fellows who do not immediately fall in with their views. Some of these gentlemen are very plausible and argue their points with much apparent cogency and get a following. They mill around for a while and then sink out of sight to make way for another and more plausible spellbinder.

We have always thought that it was a great pity (a thing that in some way ought to be corrected) that the only people who really know how to make farming a success live in towns and sell commodities of some sort, and the only men who know how the country really ought to be governed write articles for the newspapers. These are great times for the man with a panacea which will cure all the ills from which we suffer.

The fact of the matter is that we are all in the same boat. The misfortunes of one class re-act upon other classes, no one is making money and those who in better days saved up a competence are living, like the hibernating bear, upon their fat, and as they see it dwindling are not very happy about it. Some are just getting by and others are up against it hard.

The best brains in this and other countries are battling with the very complex problems which go to make up what we call the depression. Montague Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, says that he approaches the causes of the depression and the many proposed solutions with deep humility. Sir Josiah Stamp, world famous businessman and economist, professes not only humility but ignorance. It has got everybody guessing. To say that there is no solution would be a counsel of despair and would be to discredit our intelligence. There are, of course, solutions, but they are hard to find, difficult to recognize readily and by reason of the complexity of international relations, difficult to apply. In time, no doubt, the cure will be found.

In the mean while our greatest danger is losing our heads. We may be misled into taking a course of action now which may bear very heavily upon us for years to come. Our public men may give way to popular clamour and thereby saddle us with a load of evil consequences which will compromise our whole future. These are real dangers.

What is wanted now is patience and confidence. As the Edmonton Bulletin put it the other day, our public men are neither fools nor fiends. They are honestly striving to do what is best both for the present and in the long view. They need our support, and they deserve it. Let us give it to them.

As a race we have certain ancient landmarks — certain characteristics which manifest themselves in times of stress. These are, sound common sense, a love of law, order and justice — a rugged honesty which has made the British name one to conjure with, and with these, a courageous spirit of enterprise. We have never shrunk from new things merely because they were new, but we have demanded that new things, to be acceptable, must square with our fundamental virtues.

As disciplined men who have earned the right to leadership in the communities in which we live we have a job in leadership in these difficult times.

First — to keep cool and steady;

Second — to weigh and test all proposals for the amelioration of conditions by the ancient landmarks, and

Third — to make our leadership felt.

If we do these things we shall make a real contribution to the return of better days and more than that we will be able to look back on these times with that satisfaction which comes from the reflection that when we might have taken a crooked turn we kept on to the end of the road, when we might have been tempted to take a short cut we put the future of our country, its honour and its integrity, before all other considerations, we played the game.

* “The General Salute” of the 49th Battalion from “Hearts of Oak:”

“Steady, boys, steady!”

“We’ll fight and we’ll conquer again “And again.”



THE NAMES ON THE MENIN GATE

Ernest J. Sharp, whom old-timers will remember as Orderly Room Sergeant, has furnished The Forty-Niner with a list of names which he copied from the five stones dedicated to the 49th Bn., Canadian Infantry, which form part of the Menin Gate.

The names appear under the following inscription:

“Here are recorded names of officers and men who fell in Ypres Salient but to whom the fortune of war denied known and honoured burial given to their comrades in death.”

49th Bn. CANADIAN INFANTRY

Captain McNaughton, P.	Pte. Capon, H. B.	Pte. Johnston, It.	Pte. Roud, E.
Lieut. Bishopric, J. L.	Pte. Carr, J. St. T.	Pte. Jones, B.	Pte. Sample, W. C.
Lieut. Carscadden, J. B.	Pte. Christensen, A. M. H.	Pte. Jones, F. B.	Pte. Sayers, H.
Lieut. Dow, R. J. G.	Pte. Cocks, W. B.	Pte. Jones, G. L.	Pte. Seager, W.
Lieut. Mack Jost, N. R.	Pte. Colling, G.	Pte. Kerr, A.	Pte. Shaw, J. H.
Lieut. Oakley, R. P.	Pte. Cove, E. N.	Pte. Knock, F. T.	Pte. Shoemaker, J. V.
Lieut. Rusconi, A.	Pte. Cox, J.	Pte. Kruvchinko, T.	Pte. Shouldice, G. I. P.
Lieut. Scott, F. W.	Pte. Craig, C.	Pte. Laboucane, B.	Pte. Silcock, R.
Lieut. Stone, F. G.	Pte. Craig, J. L.	Pte. Laskey, F. W.	Pte. Small, H. R.
Lieut. Van Pelten, E. J.	Pte. Crawford, J.	Pte. Lavin, T. A.	Pte. Smith, A.
Lieut. Wilson, C. A.	Pte. Davis, W. H.	Pte. Lees, E. A.	Pte. Smith, E. St. C.
C.Q.M. Sgt. Robertson, H. W.	Pte. Dickie, W.	Pte. Lepla, H.	Pte. Smith, J., 432717.
Sgt. Alexander, R. E.	Pte. Dorby, L. A.	Pte. Lessey, C. R.	Pte. Smith, J., 432913.
Sgt. Bain, C. R.	Pte. Dunlop, J. B.	Pte. London, J. W.	Pte. Smith, R. J.
Sgt. Band, J.	Pte. Emerson, C. L.	Pte. Long, R. H.	Pte. Smith, S.
Sgt. Bate, W. C.	Pte. Emerton, E. J.	Pte. Longhurst, W. G.	Pte. Steadman, W. N.
Sgt. Cheshire, S. A.	Pte. Etheridee, A. C.	Pte. Lund, C. W.	Pte. Steen, W.
Sgt. Eaton, W. E., M.M.	Pte. Evans, R. B.	Pte. Lyon, L. F.	Pte. Stengel, J. W.
Sgt. Matheson, G.	Pte. Evans, W.	Pte. McAllister, R. S.	Pte. Stephen, J.
Sgt. Monk, D.	Pte. Fairservice, P.	Pte. McArthur, C. G.	Pte. Stephenson, T. M.
Sgt. Morgan, H. T.	Pte. Fleming, J. W.	Pte. McAuley, M.	Pte. Stewart, G. S.
Sgt. Potts, C.	Pte. Frankham, C. T.	Pte. McCrum, H. M.	Pte. Stewart, W.
Sgt. Salmon, R. S.	Pte. Fraser, R. F.	Pte. McDonald, H. C.	Pte. Stobo, I. A.
Sgt. Welbourn, E. B.	Pte. Galbraith, F.	Pte. Macintosh, J.	Pte. Swift, T. S.
Sgt. Whyte, W.	Pte. Gibsone, J. C.	Pte. McIntosh, D.	Pte. Taylor, A.
L/Sgt. Templeton, W.	Pte. Glenwright, W.	Pte. McKenzie, W.	Pte. Tennant, G. H.
Cpl. Bruce, P.	Pte. Godwin, J.	Pte. McKibbon, C. G.	Pte. Thorpe, G. H. (Served as Turner, G. H.)
Cpl. Croft, F. G.	Pte. Goodland, G.	Pte. McLean, A.	Pte. Tudgay, A. J.
Cpl. Eaves, T. M.M.	Pte. Gordon, T.	Pte. McLean, H.	Pte. Vale, R.
Cpl. Fraser, S. A., M.M.	Pte. Gordon, W. J.	Pte. MacMillan, I.	Pte. Vanleek, G. W.
Cpl. Hackett, G. H.	Pte. Graham, L.	Pte. McRitchie, N. M.	Pte. Vaughan, E.
Pte. Nelson, J. G.	Pte. Greenough, J. C.	Pte. MacTavish, J. H.	Pte. Vye, M. D.
Cpl. Pellerin, L.	Pte. Greig, W.	Pte. Manley, W. B.	Pte. Walliker, C.
Cpl. Redpath, G. H.	Pte. Groom, F.	Pte. Martin, W. C.	Pte. Walsh, J. T.
L/Cpl. Bennett, F., M.M.	Pte. Guest, H. C.	Pte. Mermet, H.	Pte. Walter, E.
L/Cpl. Hadfield, G. V.	Pte. Hall, C. F.	Pte. Mills, J.	Pte. Ward, E.
L/Cpl. Jefferson, R.	Pte. Hall, J. B.	Pte. Minty, G.	Pte. Watkins, A. H.
L/Cpl. Miller, D.	Pte. Hamilton, R.	Pte. Mitchell, J.	Pte. Watkins, E. R.
L/Cpl. Thomson, J. W.	Pte. Hanson, W. H.	Pte. Mitchell, W.	Pte. Watson, E.
Pte. Allen, A. E.	Pte. Harper, J. H.	Pte. Morris, C. S.	Pte. Weal, H. J.
Pte. Anderson, B. R.	Pte. Hart, J. J.	Pte. Niblock, G. F.	Pte. Wergess, W.
Pte. Andrews, S. H.	Pte. Hay, A. P.	Pte. Nikitiche, H.	Pte. Westlake, H. J.
Pte. Angus, R. G.	Pte. Hayward, H. W.	Pte. O'Connor, J.	Pte. White, H. E.
Pte. Avery, B.	Pte. Hicks, L.	Pte. Parham, E.	Pte. White, R. E.
Pte. Baird, J. L.	Pte. Hill, W. L.	Pte. Parker, J. H.	Pte. Whyte, J. H.
Pte. Baldwin, J. A.	Pte. Hindle, S.	Pte. Parsons, C. B.	Pte. Williams, J.
Pte. Barnhart, A.	Pte. Hodgson, T.	Pte. Peterson, B. B.	Pte. Williams, S.
Pte. Beaton, E.	Pte. Holt, G. W.	Pte. Pharaoh, H. R.	Pte. Wilson, J. H.
Pte. Berdan, A. C.	Pte. Houlahan, M.	Pte. Rafter, G. A.	Pte. Wilson, J. M.
Pte. Betts, W. G.	Pte. Hovey, A. Le B.	Pte. Randall, G. A.	Pte. Wilson, W. J. (served as Mackenzie, P. W.)
Pte. Blackhall, H. W. F.	Pte. Hunt, J.	Pte. Randall, T.	Pte. Wynn, L.
Pte. Bond, W. J.	Pte. Hutchinson, J. C.	Pte. Reygate, S.	Pte. York, H. A.
Pte. Bromley, H. G. C.	Pte. Hutchinson, W. G.	Pte. Richmond, J.	Pte. Young, A. H.
Pte. Brown, R. C.	Pte. Hyslop, R. L.	Pte. Rivers, R. E.	Pte. Young, A. W.
Pte. Buckley, S. C.	Pte. Inglee, E.	Pte. Roberts, T.	Pte. Young, E. E.
Pte. Campbell, A. J.	Pte. Irvine, W. C.	Pte. Robinson, V. H.	
Pte. Campbell, G.	Pte. Jaspersen, J. P.	Pte. Rochon, L.	
Pte. Campbell, J.	Pte. Johnson, A.		



THE MENIN GATE

This picture of The Menin Gate was sent to us by Ernie Sharp, who also copied all the names of "Forty Niners" that appear on the five stones, dedicated to the Battalion. The stones on which the names are inscribed are on the right and left side of the passageway.

THE PEACEFUL SALIENT — By 433041 SGT ERNIE SHARP, EDINBURGH

Ypres is now a gravely quiet town. There seems to fall with evening an eerie stillness, a stillness strangely akin to those oddly silent intervals between the shelling when on hazardous nights we hurried through its ruins on our way into the front line.

I had half expected to find it a regular tourist place, a blatant rendezvous for people "doing the Battlefields." But Ypres is not like that. Ypres is a shrine. The tourist spirit does not prevail; and I think that is because this ancient place is visited mostly by those who bring with them memories of someone they knew, someone they miss. It is the Mecca of a long-promised pilgrimage to some grave. Other visitors perchance, like myself, go there to review old scenes and, growing older, to try to recapture in peaceful days something of the atmosphere of the greatest episode in their lives.

As I stepped out of the depot at Ypres a feeling of utter bewilderment settled on me. Gone were those incredibly huge shell holes that made us think, the first time we saw them, that really in very truth this was a war. And walking amid the brand-new unrecognizable buildings I was completely lost. It was not until I glimpsed the ruins of the Cloth Hall and felt the same old foot-wrecking pave under my feet that I seemed fully to realize that this indeed was Ypres.

The room window of my hotel overlooked the tranquil Market Square, and I stood there a while trying to adjust myself to the change in the place. Somehow it

didn't seem right that everything should be so peaceful, so quiet. There in the north-west corner stood the magnificent pile of the rebuilt Cathedral. A little nearer hand was the debris of the old Cloth Hall where we used to rummage for bits of stained glass, and where now amid the open ruins a few Belgian peasants were selling vegetables and odds and ends of green stuff. The Square was almost deserted and a dreamy old-world atmosphere seemed to persist even amid the modern architecture of this new Ypres that was so strange to me.

Eager to get about and pick up old landmarks, I set out through the Menin Gate and walked by way of Hell Fire Corner to Sanctuary Wood and Maple Copse. The day was bright, with fleecy clouds. Aeroplanes were aloft, going about on their peaceful occasions—not dropping bombs. Yet the old instinct almost reasserted itself, for momentarily one felt inclined to dash for cover. As I paused at Hell Fire Corner (now the locus of a few private houses), it came back to me rather vividly that my last view of it had been from an ambulance just after dawn on the 3rd June, 1916, when shells were falling thick and the shattered landscape was strewn with wounded men, dead horses and wrecked limbers.

As I continued my leisurely walk along the quiet Belgian roads I saw no trace of war until I came to Sanctuary Wood itself. Here there is preserved an authentic bit of the old front line



Derelict and waterlogged as most of it is, with the dugouts falling in and the revetments badly sagging, it really is an untouched bit of the trenches as we knew them. No doubt some of the debris of war which one sees lying about, may have been placed there — fragments of shells, clips of ammunition, rusty dixies, old British and German rifles, gas-masks, and remnants of equipment. But most realistic of all are the shell-blasted, skeleton trees, a number of which still stand. I spent a pensive half hour there alone with my memories of some I knew so well who had fought and died in this once accursed but now sanctified spot.

In an estaminet which stands but a stone's throw from these trenches, I drank a silent toast to the old Battalion. The Belgian proprietor told me that this particular bit of the line had been known as Warrington Avenue and Bydand Avenue. As to the accuracy of this I cannot vouch, but the name "Bydand Avenue" recalled an evening in May, 1916, just before the Germans raided our sector. I was in the Colonel's dugout. He was eating tinned fruit and at the same time calmly dictating a message to Brigade Headquarters something to this effect: "Enemy mining operations heard below Bydand Avenue. Mine may be exploded any moment." And the dugout we were in was part of Bydand Avenue!

A few hundred yards away lay Maple Copse. New trees were springing up thickly there now, and close by is the very beautiful Maple Copse cemetery. I plucked a few leaves in this new Copse, and stood a while looking at the lovely stretch of sun-bathed countryside which had last presented itself to me as a tangled mass of wire, of mud and shellholes.

From there I walked reverently through the fields to Zillebecke — for I knew as I walked, that every foot of the way was holy ground where some of the 250,000 British soldiers who fell in the Salient, had died.

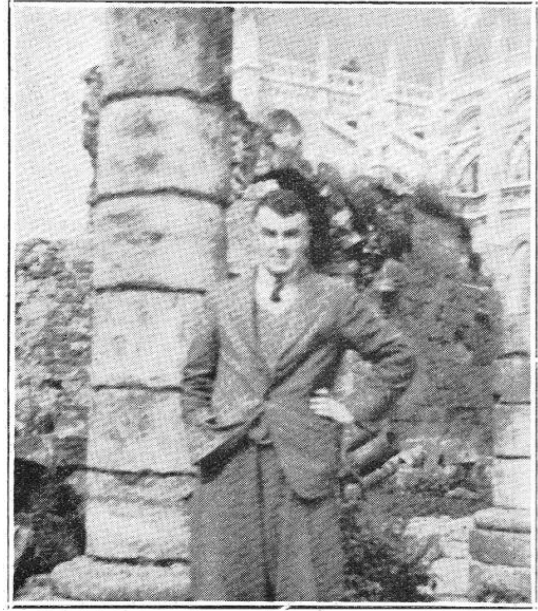
Zillebecke is now a tiny hamlet, where one gets delightful glimpses of the slow-moving peasants working in the fields and of the queer Belgian carts drawn by the handsome horses in their long traces.

At length I reached the site of Railway Dugouts — that haven of security from the heaviest of bombardments, but where, I remember too, the lice used to drop on to our food from the ancient sandbags overhead, and where we used to be occasionally sprayed with shrapnel when bathing in the nearby shell holes. Of course, there are no dugouts there now: the railway embankment has been filled in again, and the trains run along it between Ypres and Routers.

Leaving Railway Dugouts, I made my way towards Ypres, aiming to enter it by the Lille Gate. As I passed the once ill-famed Shrapnel Corner, there was nothing more deadly to observe than two colts and a calf frisking merrily in the fields, and a few hens pecking about along the quiet roadway. At the corner itself there stands a private house or two, a bicycle shop, and I also noticed a large advertisement hoarding for something which would have been very acceptable to us when passing that spot in former times — an aperitif!

The old Lille Gate now stands restored in all its simple beauty. The southern bastions have been completely rebuilt, but the other side of this ancient sally-port still shows its battle-wounds; and looking along towards the north, the battle-scarred ramparts, with the moat in front, present a quaintly old-world picture.

In the evening I walked out to the Asylum. Everything was so still and quiet—not a light or a soul about the place, only a few dogs in the distance barking at my echoing footsteps. I stood close against the red brick walls, but the night was so dark it was impossible to discern anything in detail.



ERNIE SHARP.

The author of this story is shown near the ruins of Cloth Hall. The Cathedral appears in the background.

But the Asylum recalled that night early in 1916 when the Battalion first took over a sector in the Salient — a night that those who are left will probably never forget; the crowding, tightly packed, into the silent train at Poperinghe; the shells that came over searching for our train as we neared the Asylum; the whining shrapnel that spattered the Asylum walls where we were lined up after detainment, and the clatter of arms and the unanimous "flop" that followed. To me the rest of that night is just a confused recollection of stumbling blindly along narrow-gauge railway tracks treacherously pitted with shell holes, on into the long communication trenches where one frequently came down heavily on the slippery, broken trench mats: on, and still on, through Maple Copse and Sanctuary Wood, with the machine-gun bullets smiting the flare-lit shattered trees with resounding thwacks. I remember that, wet, exhausted, hungry, bruised and footsore, my broken-down dug-out when I eventually reached it that night, seemed like home.

Nightly at nine o'clock all the year round, the Belgian bugles from the Menin Gate salute the British dead, "Here are recorded" — so runs the legend on The Gate — "the names of officers and men who fell in Ypres Salient but to whom the fortune of war denied known and honoured burial given to their comrades in death." I went to the ramparts and stood uncovered near to the five stones of the Menin Gate which bear the names of men of the old Battalion. There were 229 names on those five stones — almost an entire Company. And some I knew well. I heard the solemn notes of the Last Post ring out the nightly requiem, magnified and re-echoed by the majestic vastness of The Gate. With bowed head I stood alone in the darkness. It was one of those great moments

(Continued on Page 15)



THE FIRST TRIP IN THE LINE — By INAR W. ANDERSON, D.C.M.

NOTE: This story is being written in a hotel room, without reference to notes of any kind, so it must be considered simply as a sketchy record, with no pretense at historical accuracy. Perhaps one day in the future, the old battalion's notes, diaries and other war records will be gathered together and so compiled as to form an accurate account of its fighting career. I have letters from the late Colonel Weaver showing that he once had this in mind.

The battalion was not long in France until it was sent into the front line at PLOEGSTREET, there to be "broken in" by the veterans of the 7th battalion. Pending this "breaking in," our company was billeted in an old stone barn some distance back of the line, the date in the gable bricked so as to read 1888. The other companies were billeted in near proximity.

During this time, we were close enough to the front to hear the roar of guns, yet so far away as to be unable to distinguish one detonation from another. This brought about a merging, a constant and faint rumbling, a never-ending growl as of some huge and unseen monster with which we could not cope, causing our young blood to freeze, as it were, in our veins.

But of this freezing our comrades knew nothing, for feelings of dread were kept pretty much to ourselves those days. Outwardly we appeared lighthearted and fearless, eager for the fray — eager, mark you, for the opportunity of sinking that glittering bayonet of ours just one-half inch into any old German's throat. In fact, only one-quarter inch was all that was necessary, if caught in the Adam's apple. "He'd just gurgle a few times, spit a little blood, and another Hun would be dead," our former Sunday school teacher, now our drill instructor, assured us.

To stick him in the throat was really a brilliant idea, for the bayonet would not then get stuck in his ribs, as it probably would if pushed through his guts. There was method in the madness of these drill instructors! 'Twas not for nothing that they were educated in a highly civilized society whose ambition it is to bring our culture, our gospel and our mode of human conduct to the attention of "savages."

But when alone — ah, 'twas different then! A little quivering, some tightening of the throat, a slight doubting. Most of us had been in this world but a short while, twenty years perhaps, some even less. We still liked it; disillusionment had not yet come. So it looked tough, this going up the line and getting snuffed out at that age, before we had experienced anything at all, or had any idea what life was all about. And snuffed out we would be, for how could anything human live up there under that terrific, that grueling, that never-ending bombardment?

But came to mind at least one consolation; to wit, our presence there was justified, for was not this a war to end wars, a war to preserve democracy, a Christian crusade directed against murderers, rapists and child torturers? Worse even than that if you listened low enough to the average gentleman of the about-faced collar, whose platitudes of heaven were usually drowned out in a wild orgy of hate. Oh, how he loved the enemy that his good book so carefully cautioned him to love! And the rest of us too, for that matter, for few were left of the opinion still, that a great nation of artists, scientists, philosophers, teachers and even preachers, had not suddenly gone stark and raving mad, while on our own blameless shoulder's wings were about to sprout.

We stayed at this old farm for some days, doing little of anything but fatigues and an occasional route march into the countryside. But the desire for a spick and span appearance was about gone, for we were now real soldiers, on active service, where mud and filth was considered little less than a badge of honor.

Shortly after nightfall came tattoo, and we would crawl into our corner of the barn, roll up in our blankets and sleep as we had never slept before — or since. Now and then a little ribaldry would set in, someone would recite Robert Service, or from No. 3 Platoon would come the pious and prayerful voice of Comrade Langton delivering the "Almighty Dollar." Now and then someone would commence a brief song festival — and brief it was, too, for invariably a corporal, who feared his sergeant, who feared his C.S.M., who feared the R.S.M., who in turn feared the orderly officer, would put a kibosh on it so as to escape blame for losing the bloomin' war to date. Then a few snickers, some whispering, a muttered oath or two, for one was infringing on another's territory, then that blessed, dreamless slumber until reveille and another day of unknown perils.

Usually, some excitement occurred during either the night or day, such, for instance, as when an "A" company sentry became a nine day wonder and something of a hero on turning up one morning with a bullet through his cap and a wild story of having been shot at by a German spy. The mystery was never quite cleared up, but as we became more sophisticated and army wise, there were among us those who wondered if perchance he had not done a little target shooting during the night at his own cap.

Then, too, we began to look askance at the owner of the farm, who we felt was not sufficiently appreciative of the great service we were doing him in keeping the "Bosch" from cutting his arms off too. In fact, this farmer actually resented some of the soldiers' depredations, a resentment which in all fairness was not justified, for when the 49th left the place it had suffered only natural depreciation, which under such circumstances was no doubt always great. Be that as it may, the farmer was sullen and we decided that he was worth watching as a spy, being perhaps the fellow who had taken a pot-shot at our good sentry.

So, the days passed by quietly enough, until one day we "fell in" to go up the line. **Now** we were to get into close grips with the enemy and were momentarily thrilled, just a little of that old time thrill that so often came while yet many miles from the scene of conflict, stepping along smartly to the martial strains of "Bonnie Dundee." But in this case the thrill soon faded out. It faded out in a dark and wet night, under a heavy load of arms, ammunition and bombs, groping our way forward into something unknown, along slippery roads and duckboards, through tangled wires, into wet, slushy, rodent and vermin filled trenches.

A fire burned in the distance. At first it seemed but a short way off, and had we been back on the Alberta prairies, would readily have identified it as a burning straw stack, or perhaps a farmhouse on fire. But as we marched, mile after mile, we do not remember its getting closer, and to this day know nothing of its origin.

We kept trudging along, no word coming from the heavily laden troops, save now and then an oath. We were perhaps thinking of the romance of fighting. As children, Indian fighting was our specialty.



We remembered the romantic history of Kit Carson, of Buffalo Bill, of Billie Dixon, of William F. Drennan, and of other great Indian fighters, scouts and trappers; and we had known personally old Daddy Blair who now in his aged and somewhat useless days when others had put him out, was in the kindly and gentle care of old Beulah Mission.

Yes, old Daddy Blair was an Indian fighter too, in his own mind hardly less important than the great ones of history. He had shot plenty of red skins, always in self defence, of course, now that he professed to having been "saved." There was real romance in his stories, as there was in the stories of those mentioned above — but this!! This rat trap, these slippery, dark and muddy roads—bah! This was not the proper setting for a romantic fighting career. . . . 9.2s, Jack Johnsons, shrapnel, yellow crunchers, whizzbangs, high powered rifles, grenades, bombs, potato mashers, gas, flying pigs, minnewerfers, flame throwers, trench mortars, mines, and a thousand other means of destruction of which only a highly civilized and intelligent Christian can think — and all this in the hands of the other fellow too! Ah, therein lay the rub. . . . Heavens, no, for the moment, our idea of romantic fighting lay in our use of these weapons against naked savages, armed only with the bow and arrow.

We regretted our great misfortune in not having been born at least fifty years earlier, before the world became so highly civilized that the "open" season on Indians was closed, for this was a mighty poor substitute. We found that out quickly enough, and from our hearts rose a silent prayer, which went something like this:

"If you get me out of this mess, dear Lord, I'll never join an army again, lest it be the Salvation Army; and I'll never go to war again lest it be as a Y.M.C.A. secretary."

Finally, a tinge of excitement thrilled the ranks of weary men; the rat-a-tat of a machine gun. And this gun was not fired on a range, either, but in actual war with the avowed purpose of mowing us down. This "mowing down" affair, you understand, being what thrilled us, for we were now actually under fire, within range of enemy machine guns. And to think that the first bullets to come along didn't hit us! This was worth writing home about, tomorrow. We had now survived at least **some** of the war.

A crudely painted sign pointed along a trench: HYDE PARK CORNER. Farther along there were familiar names of other London places, names which brought sentiment into our souls and homesickness into our hearts. Though some of us had spent but one short "leave" in London, mostly nocturnal, we knew and loved our London.

A sentry halted us. Did we know the password? No, it had been forgotten by the guide. But we got through anyway. Then this talk about the absolute necessity of knowing the password was all bunk after all. We had been taught to believe that keeping awake on sentry duty and knowing the password were the two chief essentials of a real soldier. We now began to realize that active service soldiering was very different from parade-ground soldiering. In fact, we later discovered that, were every sentry shot who dropped into a momentary nap (as we thought sleeping sentries would be) while gazing into "No Man's Land" at the wire entanglement posts forming fours, only a few generals and staff officers would have been left to do the fighting, and that wouldn't have been so good for either them or the country. As for ourselves, we would have been shot several times the first trip in, and a good many times since.

Something else interested us too, now: the **VERY** lights. These shot up into the air in graceful curves, like fiery comets, leaving a tail of sparks behind, rapidly reaching the highest point in their trajectory, then slowly,

even lazily it seemed, turning round and coming to earth in great flares of white light, like the opening up of fiery blossoms. These **VERY** lights formed a fascinating arc from the horizon on our left to the horizon on our right, as far as the eyes could see.

That, then, was the front line!

Stumbling along the duckboards of communication trenches, we passed other familiar names. Here was an arrow stuck into the parapet of an old, wet and partly caved-in sap. "THE STRAND" it was called. A trench leading to the right was named after another famous London street; one to the left, after still another. Farther on we came to more or less important intersections, signs proudly proclaiming them to be PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LEICESTER SQUARE and CHARING CROSS.

Then overhead passed a dozen, or perhaps two dozen, venomous hisses; they passed by closely together, two, three or four a second, it was hard to tell how many. What were they? The guide knew; he was an old veteran, having been in the trenches several months already, and such things meant nothing to him. But we soon knew too, for a rat-a-tat of a machine gun followed closely on the hisses. It was, then, machine gun bullets, the gun being trained on some specific point where it was thought troops would assemble during the night, hoping thus to pierce a heart or two with tiny pellets of steel. And how often they succeeded, too!

Later, we heard the sweeping hisses of this deadly viper. It swept the ground in front, "feeling" for a working party, on the chance that one of the missiles would find vital lodgment somewhere.

It was queer business, this war business. Of a sudden we developed a peace complex. We hadn't been, in the trenches long before we fell into line with an overwhelming desire to be back home on the farm.

We continued trudging through the interminable network of trenches, beginning to wonder if we would ever reach the front line. A mis-step, or a stepping on the loose slat of the duck-board, and we would slip into mud and water over the boot top, the water soaking through wet putties to the skin. Now and then we would step on something that would cause the water to squirt up, bringing forth violent and no doubt justifiable abuse from those whom it chanced to hit.

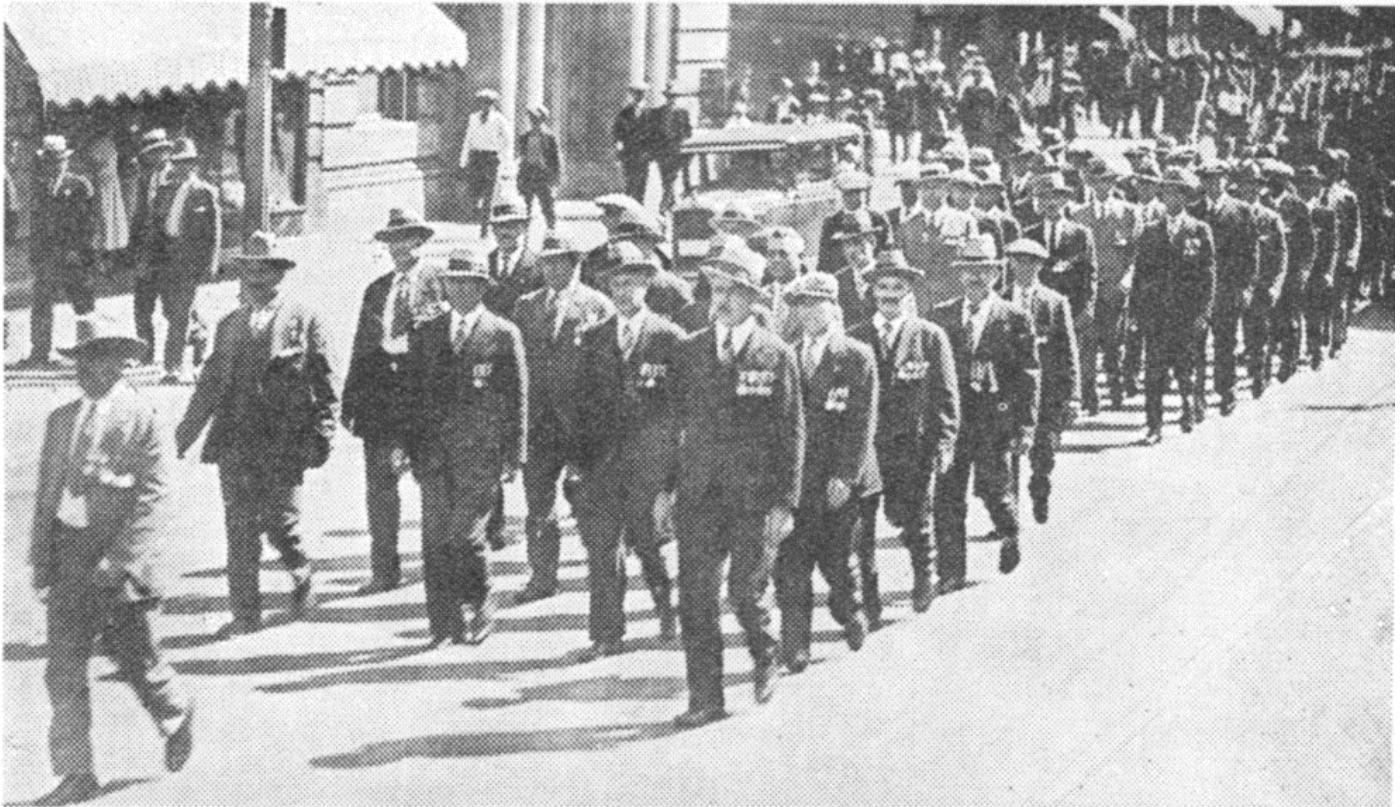
But all things end, as did this first journey into the front-line trenches at Ploegstreet. We had thought that we would never get there yet were surprised when we did. It seemed more hospitable than some of the trenches through which we had passed, being built up of sandbags in the manner of laid bricks. It was deeper and wider, in places. In front was a bench affair, or firing step, on which one could stand and peer over the top (at nighttime) into "No Man's Land." Nothing much could be seen, except by the glare of the **VERY** lights, which lasted but for a few moments. In those few moments, though, we could look into the ashen grey faces of our comrades, grimly set. Then too, we wanted to see the faces of veterans, men who had been in the trenches for days, even months, the grizzled veterans of the old 7th. We wanted to draw inspiration from them if possible; we wanted to see what real soldiers looked like, men who for months had braved the untold dangers into which we had now stepped and yet lived. **They** must have survived the terrific bombardment that we had heard away back.

Came to mind: what had happened this bombardment. Things were reasonably quiet here — in fact, a

(Continued on Page 32)



SIXTH ANNUAL CHURCH PARADE—WITH LIST OF MEN WHO “FELL IN”



SIXTH ANNUAL CHURCH PARADE AS IT PASSED 101ST STREET AND JASPER AVENUE

“A” Company leading the Battalion made a “brave” show as the troops inarched from the Market Square to the Parliament Building Grounds. Thousands of Edmonton citizens lined the entire route which was by way of Jasper Avenue and 107th Street. On the line of march, it was not difficult to spot the men and women who had seen service by the manner in which they stood smartly to attention as the Colors passed. The faces of many men you know can be distinguished in the picture which was kindly loaned to us by the Edmonton Journal.

The following is the story of the annual church parade as printed in the Edmonton Bulletin, July 25th, 1932.

Holding their sixth annual church parade and divine service, members of the 49th Battalion Association on Sunday commemorated their comrades-in- arms of the Great War of 1914-18 who were either killed in action or who succumbed to wounds or other disabilities received in the service of their country.

Representative of the entire northern part of Alberta, the 49th Battalion during the war, passed more than 6,000 men through its ranks. Many of these men came back, but many did not.

Thousands of men from this city and surrounding territory lie “in Flanders Fields.”

From Hooge in the north to the Roze Road in the south and from Vimy and Arras forward to Mons lie buried men of the Edmonton regiment who fought the good fight in the days of the greatest stress.

And so, they were commemorated on Sunday.

Heavy Toll

As the survivors of the regiment gathered in divine service they must have thought of “those gallant boys of the Old Brigade who sleep in Old England’s heart.” Toll of 49th Battalion life was taken on Mount Sorrel, Sanctuary Wood, Hill 60, Hill 70,

Lens, Avion, Mericourt. Vimy Ridge, Orange Hill, Monchy-le-Preux, Pelves. Canal-du-Nord, Cambrai. Escaut Canal, Douai, Valenciennes, Mons and many other points. In a hundred and one cemeteries of Belgium and France are white crosses standing above the graves of former Forty-Niners, and on each proudly stands the name of the deceased and the legend that he belonged to the 49th Battalion, the Edmonton regiment.

The parade “fell in” at the Market Square, with bugles blowing the assembly at 10 a.m.

Lt.-Col. Harris Commands

It had been expected that Maj.-Gen. W. A. Griesbach, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D, K.C., original officer commanding the regiment, would head the parade. Owing to his unavoidable absence from the city, the parade was commanded by Lieut-Col. L. C. Harris, V.D., commanding the 1st Battalion, the Edmonton Regiment, the perpetuating unit of the 49th. Col. Harris was the original medical officer of the battalion.

As closely as possible officers and men fell in in their original platoons and companies.

Major R. C. Arthurs, of Calgary and formerly of this city, at one time adjutant of the battalion, was second in command.

Major William Tipton commanded “A” Company; Major R. W. Hale, M.C., commanded “B” Company;



Capt. George D. Hunt commanded "C" Company, and Lieut.-Col. A. C. Elliott commanded "D" Company.

In attendance was the regimental band of the 1st Battalion, Edmonton Regiment, under Bandmaster Frank G. Aldridge.

The pipe band was also in attendance.

Color Party

The 1st Battalion, Edmonton Regiment, also supplied the Color Party and the Escort of 60.

From the market square the parade moved off by McDougall avenue, then went on Jasper to 107 street, where a turn south was made to the green lawn below the legislative buildings. Here a platform had been erected, draped with Union Jacks.

Falling in in a square the parade then took part in the religious service, which was conducted by Rev. C. G. Reynolds, rector of Holy Trinity church and padre of the 49th Battalion Association.

"A Christian Message for the Problems of Today," was the theme of his talk. Rev. Mr. Reynolds fought in France as a company commander

with the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry and in dealing with such a subject for his old comrades he showed them many ways of meeting the perplexing problems with which manhood is faced today.

Silver Collection

The hymns, "O God Our Help in Ages Past," "Abide with Me," and others were sung, while a silver collection was taken in aid of the association's welfare work.

Following dismissal of the parade a luncheon was held at the Rose Room of the King Edward hotel, the largest attendance being recorded of any similar events in the history of the organization.

Col. Harris presided and he and Earle Hay, secretary of the association delivered brief addresses, while Arthur Hadgkiss sang appropriate numbers.

Copies of the "Forty-Niner," the association's magazine were distributed during the day.

The following are some of the names and addresses of those present at the Church Parade:

"A" Company

- Hines, H., 10015 80 Ave.
- Potter, A. C., 9941 85 Ave.
- Arthurs, A. C., Calgary.
- Miller, A. E., 7408 111 Ave.
- Daws, J., 11745 92 St.
- Williams, J. W. H., 11149 64 St.
- Ledingham, J. A., 11948 64 St.
- Mair, W., 10620 123 St.
- Dingley, R.C., 11537 90 St.
- Ayres, R., 11926 94 St.
- Barcroft, R., 12112 111 Ave.
- Dunn, W.P., 11917 94 St.
- Jennings, J., 11037 81 Ave.
- Clift, H., 10557 109 St.
- Bunkum, C. H., 11327 91 St.
- Stroud, R., 12734 124 St.
- Collins, Dan., Post office Bldg., or 1 Elizabeth Court.

"B" Company

- Elliott, C. H., 12728 112 St.
- Robb, T., 10326 93 St.
- Lyons, G. L., 10723 111 St.
- Petley, C. G., (43473) 50th Bn.
- Hill, Billy, 10908 95 St.
- Hitchcock, L., 114 Ave. and 44 St.
- Smith, J., 9104 77 Ave.
- Branson, F., 10014 109 St.
- Hornigold, M., Opal, Alta.
- High, D., 11743 87 St.
- Hamilton, R. B., 10727 113 St.
- Brown, Geo., 9806 88 Ave.
- Stewart, A. D., 1121 67 St.
- Wellson, G. W., 1121 90 St.
- Morris, John, 4 Rural Route, Strathcona, Alta.
- Killips, T. W., Falher, Alta.
- Southern, T., 7901 80 Ave.
- Palmer, H. O. 11306 94 St.
- Law, R., R.R. 3, Strathcona.
- Mair, J. H., 11247 79 St.
- McConnell, H., 10022 91 St.
- Boyle, C. W. 10134 88 St.
- Lindsay, G. W., 12114 106 St.

- Milne, Geo., Wainwright, Alta.
- Pendleton, Geo., 10159 119 St.
- Moir, Alec., 9518 106 Ave.
- Allison, P., 11415 101 St.
- Cummings, J. E., 10714 118 St.
- McGowan, C. O., Hairy Hill, Alta.
- Hill, C., Immigration Hall.

"C" Company

- Black, A., Powerhouse, Ponoka.
- Fishbourne, H., 8743 77 Ave.
- Patterson, R. V. Box 184, Vegreville.
- Currie, H., 11712 79 St.
- Seabrook, F., Wainwright, Alta.
- Patrick, A. H., 8728 101 Ave.
- Charretta, H., 10207 106 St.
- MacLeod, M., 12124 79 St.
- Magee, H., 11732 85 St.
- Maxey, A., 12134 94 St.
- Oldroyd, P. M., 10530 116 St.
- Alexander, L. 10352 92 St.
- Waddell, Geo. W., 9634 110 Ave.
- Smee, Fred, 8925 84 Ave.
- Rose, W. E., 316 Tegler Bldg.
- Browse, M. F. H., 10018 91 Ave.
- Davison, R. C., 9327 108A Ave.
- Livingstone, P. M., 10969 126 St.
- Larmour, H., 10022 105A Ave.
- Diamond, J., 9250 92 St.
- Muirhead, P. P. 9547 100A St.
- Waite, F., 13503 119 St.
- Campbell, Neil, Kirkpatrick Bldg.
- Figg, A. E., 11826 94 St.
- Baker, H., 10281 99 St.
- Knowles, H. 10908 71 Ave.
- Main, J. B., 9542 Jasper Ave.
- Steele, J. H., 9933 105 St.
- Foster, L. H. H., 7543 112 St.
- Turner, Thos., 10167 113 St.
- Smith, H., 9528 101A Ave.
- Gilliland, A., 9501 101 St.
- Duplessis, W. H., 11434 97
- St. Gilchrist, D., 8012 110

- St. Boyle, C. W., 10134 88
- St. Wingfield, W., 9848 83 Ave.
- Wampler, C., 10525 83 Ave.
- Thirlwell, W. 12334 85 St.
- Jolleff, H., R.R. 3,
- Calmar, Woodburn, G., 9750 92 St.
- Holmes, C. H. 9744 84 Ave.
- Balfour, H. E., 11114 82 Ave.
- Hadgkiss, A. Wolf Creek, Alta.
- Daws, C., 11906 92 St.
- MacDonald, W. R., 11839 93 St.
- Stuart, Gurr, 10141 102 St.
- Reilly, P. E., 11341 94 St.
- Low, G. A., 11114 125 St.
- Mayes, R., Moose Jaw, Sask.
- Henderson, J. 10640 113 St.
- Callander, R. M., Lambton Blk.
- Ramshaw, W. H., 9718 76 Ave.
- Revill, Wm, Kinsella, Alta.
- McCormack, A., 10533 101 St.
- MacDaid, E., Eaglesham, Alta.
- Moss, R. H., 6050 3rd Ave., Los Angeles.
- Dewar, J. F., 11334 67 St.
- Dawes, C. W. A. 10924 100 Ave.
- Fowlie, A., 10320 105 St.
- Hale, R. W., 10615 127 St.
- Matheson, C. B., 10017 123 S.
- Girvan, A.C., Gen. Delivery.
- Crockett, G. B., 11605 95A St.
- Keen, D. P. St. Paul, Alta.
- Jackson, E. E., Greenshields, Alta.
- Blewett, J. J., Civic Block
- Kostas, Fotis, 101 Hart Block.
- Craig, Tom, 6506 Jasper East.
- Croasdale, A., 10159 116 St.
- Hodson, G. E., 9749 77 Ave.
- Christie, J. W., 10570 103 St.
- Lavery, F., 11234 85 St.

W. G. BECK, 1st Vice-Pres.

I. STEWART - IRVINE, Pres.

G. T. SAUNDERS, 2nd Vice-Pres.

THE CANADIAN LEGION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE SERVICE LEAGUE

EDMONTON BRANCH, No. 1

W. MORGAN EVANS, Manager.

PHONE 25231.

W. T. RICE, Sec.-Treas.



OUR OWN ACCOUNT OF THE CHURCH PARADE



49TH BATTALION BAND. THE ONLY MILITARY BAND IN EDMONTON

Bottom Row — Left to Right: C. H. Losie, Sgt. F. H. Richards, John Chadwick, Band Master F. G. Aldridge, George Dewhurst, C. Dewhurst, S. Bethell, L. Lyons.

Centre Row — Left to Right: J. W. McAllister, Corporal H. M. Seller, Drummer F. Harris. Behind Drummer: C. S. McLean, A. Dobbie, H. Dean, A. McKenzie, H. Milne, Sam Robinson.

Back Row — Left to Right: Mat Gibbons, A. V. Richards, George Davidson, Fred Dear, J. Robbie, J. A. Jackson, Sr., F. Sparling, F. Parks.

Not in picture: A. V. Daly, F. Kennedy, J. A. Jackson, Jr., J. Huxley, N. A. Clarke, S. Hobson, J. Corlett, C. S. Smith, J. H. Radcliffe, W. Davis, M. Tipp. The band together, with the 49th Battalion Pipers, both of which are detailed by permission of Lt. Col. L. C. Harris, V.D., to play the Church Parade to and from the Parliament Grounds.

The troops were lined up quite early near the Post office on Sunday morning, July 24th, meeting with old comrades and talking over the war days, also arguing as to which way the medals should be worn.

The markers were set out at 10:15 a.m., the "fall in" being sounded by the duty bugler of the perpetuating battalion. The order of Coys, was A., B., C., D., the last was not least in numbers. An innovation was the marching on to the market square of both bands playing the regimental march past, which had an inspiring effect. There was a visible straightening and shoulders went back.

The company commanders numbered off the companies, and the acting Adjutant, Mayor Arthurs, handed over to the O.C., Lt.-Col. Harris, V.D., who gave the order to "March on the Colors," and then "Remove Head-Pieces," and after the colors had taken post "Replace Head-Pieces." The command was then given to "Advance in Column of Route, from the Right, A. Coy. Leading." Major Tipton, M.C., then gave the command "A. Coy. Form Fours; Right! Quick March," the boys conforming with the orders with much of the old snap. The band struck up with a rousing march; as they took formation for the march to the Parliament Buildings, the parade moving off at 10:25 a.m.

The march was very well conducted and was watched by crowds of people along the route, and not a few of them marched alongside on the sidewalk unable to resist the martial music of the pipe band (which always seems to attract the ladies at least). On reaching the grounds, the battalion was formed up in hollow

square the colors being placed across the drums, and the escort posted. The relieving of the color guard during the course of the service was performed in a creditable manner. The service was conducted by the Rev. G. G. Reynolds, padre of the association.

On the return march the same discipline prevailed, and the reforming into Column of Route was ably carried out. On arrival back at the market square Close Column of Companies was formed, and the colors were marched off to the strains of the regimental march past. The magazine was then distributed, and after being informed of the luncheon at the King Edward Rose Room, the parade was dismissed.

A fairly good number dined together at the hotel, but it is hoped that in future more will take advantage of this luncheon than has been the case. Col. Harris made a short speech on the work of the perpetuating battalion, and how much effort it entailed on the part of the band and the members of the escort, in preparing for the parade. He also introduced Col. Hobbin's son a sergeant in the militia battalion and said that there were also two other brothers in, and they were a credit to their father. Incidentally, apologies for Col. Hobbin's absence were

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CHUM BATTALIONS — By LE PETITE SERGEANT MAJOR

It is a queer circumstance, but nevertheless a well-known fact, that certain battalions have an affinity for each other. I had heard of this previous to my enlisting in the old Imperials, but my first experience of this kind of friendship was at Borden Camp, not far from Bramshott while serving in the 1st Bn. Worcestershires, Star of the Line, and the Pride of the British Army, otherwise known to the facetious Tommies as the Possy wallahs, two and ninepence or three and a tanner.

While serving there it was our fortune to be brigaded with the Royal West Kents, Cheshires, West Yorks, and Rifle Bde. all battalions of which were friendly one with another, excepting the Rifle Bde. otherwise known as the "Black Bats" (to put it mildly). Of course, there were individual friendships between men of the Rifle Brigade, and of the other battalions, but I speak now of battalion friendships.

The reason for the extreme friendship of the infantry battalions and the antipathy against the riflemen, it was caused by the speech, or supposed speech, made by their Colonel to his men. in the course of which he was supposed to have said. "Now men, I want you to remember you are **Riflemen** and not Infantrymen, and to conduct yourselves accordingly, and not deport yourselves in the manner of these common infantrymen."

They had a superior feeling that owing to the fact they wore a dark green uniform, black belt, and shako with plume, instead of red and blue, white belt and helmet, like most of the other regiments and also on ceremonial parades marched with a quick step, like light infantry, that they were above the other ruck.

This caused the other battalions to root for each other and against the "black bats" in all sporting contests, etc., but it must be admitted that they were a game bunch and took their share of the laurels.

It was a favourite diversion of **ours** when kit inspection was about due to go over to the Riflemen's quarters and clean out on their clothes lines, taking all their dainty lingerie, such as army socks, shirts, etc. They being **Riflemen** seemed to be always plentifully, supplied (for our benefit).

The next experience which I will relate concerns the 49th Battalion and their chum battalion, the "forty-twas," of which partnership no man having served in either battalion can be ignorant. It had its inception, I believe, from the time our battalion prepared the camp for the arrival of these "skirts," and gave them a vociferous reception on their entering camp. Of course, "B" Coy. being the Scotch, company, were there in force, and naturally it was. a, gathering of the clan, even if the only relationship to Scotland some of the "Forty-Jocks" had, was the fact they had no pants.

The close proximity of the camps was conducive to this friendship. It grew day by day, fed by the fact also that their pay days didn't coincide, consequently, each battalion had two unofficial instead of one official payday. Anyway in so far as the canteen wallahs went.

The rivalry between these two was of the keenest, but also cleanest kind and great was the rooting when they met on the sports ground, especially football. Both battalions had splendid football teams and being evenly matched they provided great games.

In the course of their training at Shorncliffe when out promenading if one or other of the men were in trouble with some other **outside** men, it

was the unwritten and tacitly understood law, that the "fortyniner" and "forty-jock" would side with each other.

When in France, and in the line the fullest confidence was felt by each battalion at the nearness of the other, not that the same confidence wasn't placed in the other two battalions of our brigade, the R.C.R.'s and the Princess Pats. It just happened that of our brigade family our two battalions were the friendliest brothers. This was of course the reason why we were generally placed as far as practicable to work together in the line.

This friendship can be understood, and its warmth felt even now during these peace days, as witness the reading of the telegrams from the 7th Bde. Battalions at the annual banquet, the most. vigorous cheers always following the reading of the one from the Forty-twas. And here's wishing all of them the best of luck in this civilian game of hunting jobs instead of Fritzie's.— **Le Petite Sergeant Major.**

THE PEACEFUL SALIENT—(Continued)

(Continued from Page 9)

in life; an unforgettable experience. I had the feeling that somehow, they knew that I. an old comrade-in-arms. had come to do them reverence.

One cannot move far in the Ypres Salient without coming upon some of the many, many cemeteries. At the entrance to each cemetery one reads the inscription, carved in stone: "The land on which this cemetery stands is the free gift of the Belgian people for the perpetual resting place of those of the Allied Armies who fell in the War of 1914-18 and are honoured here" That, to me, seemed a fine gesture; for our dead, though lying in a foreign land, rest in British soil. These cemeteries are quiet peaceful place; open day and night. In. most of them there is scarce.; a tree. They are not laid out with footpaths; the well-kept grass, imported from Britain, stretches almost to the headstones, except that at each side of the stone there blooms a rose, or other careful tended flower. The effect is remarkable. The guardians of these cemeteries are British ex-soldiers, of the right type. To one of them in Hooze Crater Cemetery I remarked upon the care and reverent attention given to these resting places of our honoured dead "Sir," he replied, "it is no more than their due." And that, I found., was the attitude of all whom I met. I. those who have someone buried there, let me say in all sincerity, that surely in all the world there can no cemeteries so beautiful as these.

Well, in pride and sadness I have traversed the old battle-front. I have seen the moonlight resting on the myriad white stones of remembrance, and it seemed as though the legions of the dead were merely camped in orderly bivouac sleeping soundly till morning brought reveille. To me the evening stillness of the Salient was pregnant with meaning. Somehow one sensed a vibrant pulsing spirit of life and hope an air of expectancy, a waiting for something. It made one feel. "They are not dead, but sleep."

He had been to a stag dinner, and his wife wanted to hear all about it when he got home.

"Well," he said, "one rather odd thing occurred Jim Blankton got up and left the table because some fellow fold a story he didn't approve of."

"How noble of Mr. Blankton!" exclaimed the wit "And what was the story, John?"



C COMPANY MACHINE GUNNERS AT BRUAY



Top Row—Left to Right: McKenzie, killed in action; Collins, Matheson, Campbell, Milo, McTavish, killed in action; Herbert Dale, Hamilton, Ont.; Perkins, G. Glass, Whitfield, Alix, Alta.; Simms, W. Glass, brother of G. Glass; Ferguson, Rogers.
 Centre Row—Carner, Sgt. Denford, in England; Capt. Owen, Chicago; Capt. Davies, Calgary; Corp. Auld, Calgary.
 Front Row: Worton, with Edmonton Journal; Groff, L.-Cpl. Garrow, Edmonton; Newell, Wadell, Henderson, C.N.R. Shops, Edmonton; Corp. Ruddick, in England; Buschell, Rocky Mountain House, Alta.

A NEW NAME ADDED TO

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

The continuous production of the Forty Niner Magazine has brought to light several authors of outstanding merit, including Lieut. Inar W. Anderson, D.C.M., and Lieut. H. L. Holloway. M.C., D.C.M., M.M. and Bar. In this issue there is another name to be added to the galaxy. It is that of Sergeant Ernest J. Sharp, who is Court Stenographer, Court of Session, Edinburgh, Scotland. Sergeant Sharp has written one of the leading stories which appears in this number under the heading "The Peaceful Salient." Sergeant Sharp's regimental number was 433041. He was originally Orderly Room Sergeant attached to "A" Company. He joined the 49th Battalion March 5th, 1915 and served continuously from the 5th of March to the 19th of September 1919. He was wounded on the 3rd of June 1916 and was discharged from the army Sept. 19th, 1919. He is married and lives at 13 Stanhope Place, Edinburgh, Scotland.

DISTRICT OFFICERS

District officers are appointed by the executive committee at points where suitable men can be got to act and where we have a number of the old battalion living. The duties of district officers are to keep in touch with the men and with the executive. To attend the funerals of old hands

and make such funeral arrangements as are possible in the matter of pallbearers and so forth and to see to the placing of the association's standard wreath of flowers. The executive would like to hear of men willing to act as district officers in points not now covered. Write to Earle Hay, Honorary Secretary. P.O. Inspector's Office, Edmonton. The following is a list of the district officers:

- Jasper — Lieutenant-Colonel A. K. Hobbins. D.S.O.
- Wainwright — George Harper.
- Lethbridge — R. Cruickshank, D.C.M.
- Peace River — R. H. Gower. Westlock — F. H. Steele.
- Busby — W. Elliott, M.M.
- Vegreville — R. V. Patterson, M.M. High Prairie — Charles Travers.
- Calgary — James McMillan.
- Moose Jaw, Sask.—R. Mayes.
- Grande Prairie—Capt. Chas. Martin, M.M.

District officers are needed for Winnipeg and Vancouver. Some of the boys should get together at these places and appoint representatives and forward names as above.



ASSOCIATION WREATH DEPOSITED AT REMEMBRANCE DAY SERVICES

THE CROSS OF SACRIFICE

Impressive tribute was paid to the memory of those who gave their lives in the Great War. Above is shown the Cross of Sacrifice in the Edmonton cemetery with a number of wreaths placed about the base by war veterans following Remembrance Day services. The association wreath is the large one at the top right hand of the photo.



The following account of the Remembrance Day services in Edmonton on Armistice Day appeared in the Journal on Saturday, 12th November:

Impressive tribute to their comrades who sleep beneath the long rows of crosses in the fields of France and Flanders was paid by Edmonton veterans of the World War in commemorative services on Friday, fourteenth anniversary of the signing of the armistice.

More than 1,000 jammed the Memorial hall for the simple but none-the-less solemn service conducted by Rev. Captain G. G. Reynolds, chaplain of the 49th Battalion association, and later marched to the Edmonton cemetery, where wreaths were laid at the foot of the Cross of Sacrifice by officers commanding the various detachments.

Practically every branch of his majesty's forces was represented in the units attending the service.

Meeting at the Prince of Wales armories early in the morning, militia units in full uniform but carrying no arms, marched to the Memorial hall, where they were joined by detachments of the Royal Canadian Mounted police, city police and veterans who had served in the Great War.

Captain Reynolds pronounced the invocation.

Promptly at 10:58 the gathering arose and stood with heads bowed as the strains of "Last Post" sounded by Bugler H. Radcliffe of the Canadian Legion, echoed, and re-echoed through the buildings.

Conforming strictly to British tradition, the naval detachment from the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer reserve led the uniformed section of the parade followed by military and police detachments in the following order:

19th Alberta Dragoons, R.C.M.P., city police, Officers' Training corps, signal corps, artillery, 49th battalion, Edmonton regiment, Edmonton Fusiliers and Legion of Frontiersmen, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Louis Scott, M.M.

Sergeant Instructor G. O. R. Evans was garrison sergeant major.

Following the brief service members of the various units were formed in column of route in front of the hall under the command of Col. A. C. Gillespie, V. D., officer commanding the Edmonton garrison.

To the stirring music of the 49th battalion pipe band, the long column headed by Col. Gillespie and Col. P. Earnshaw, D.S.O., M.C., staff officer, Military District Number 13, marched smartly to Jasper Ave. and swung west.

Immediately following the pipe band came members of the Edmonton Red Chevron club, their colors presented to them by the Daughters of the Empire, waving proudly in the breeze.

Next were members of the Army and Navy Veterans' association under the command of Capt. Robertson and immediately behind this group were members of Toe H. under Captain I. Stewart Irvine.

In striking contrast to the somber civilian attire of the veterans were uniforms of a detachment of Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Next came the Edmonton Royal Canadian Volunteer Naval reserve in blue uniforms.

A squad of city police led by Sergeant D. Fraser followed the mounted police, after which was a long train of military units.

Headed by Colonel F. S. Dunne were members of the Canadian Officers' Training corps in khaki uniforms and white bands on all caps.

The Edmonton Fusiliers, led by Lieut.-Colonel A. W. Bannard, M.M., came next followed by the 49th battalion, Edmonton regiment commanded by Colonel L. C. Harris, V.D. The band of the famous regiment, wearing scarlet uniforms was at the head of the unit.

Units of machine gunners and artillery and the Canadian National railways pipe band completed the parade.

The procession proceeded west on Jasper to 116 St. and turned north.

Entering the cemetery at the south-east entrance, the column marched to the soldiers' plot and passed in front of the Cross of Sacrifice.

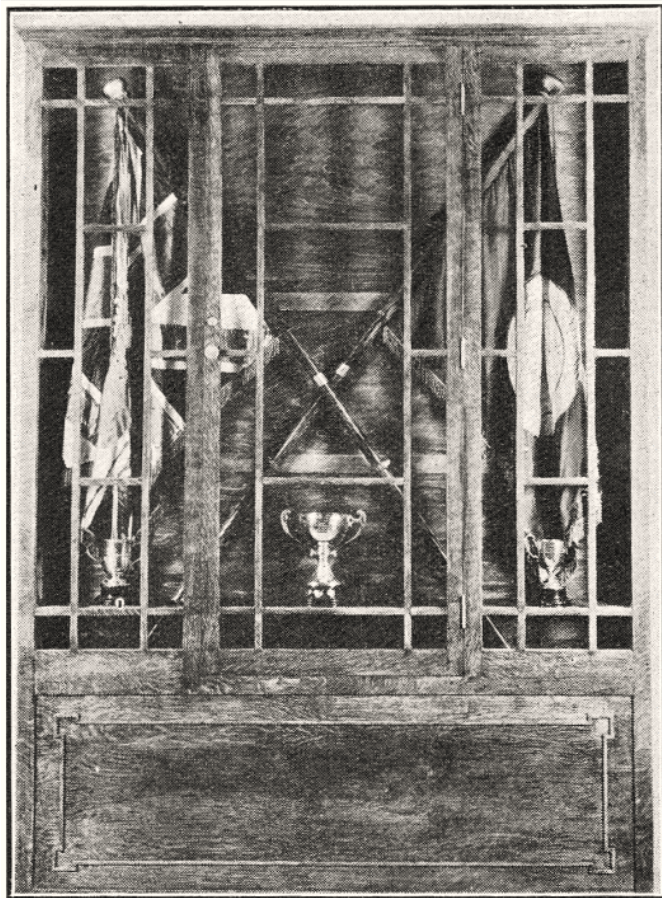
As each unit passed the Cenotaph the command, "eyes left" was given and officers saluted smartly, while a member of each detachment stepped out of line to place a wreath at the foot of the cross.

The following members of your executive attended the service and parade, to lay a wreath on the Cross of Sacrifice on behalf of the association: Capt. Geo. D. Hunt, E. Hay, G. Gleave and N. Arnold. They fell in behind the perpetuating battalion, and Hon. Secretary Earle Hay placed the wreath at the foot of the cross.

Forty-Niners Always Welcome
DIAMOND'S
VET. BARBER SHOP
Edmonton South
J. DIAMOND "C" and "A" Coys. 8113 - 104th ST.



THE PERPETUATING UNIT



THE BATTALION COLORS

The 1st Edmonton Regiment, in whose keeping the Forty-Ninth Overseas Battalion (Edmonton Regiment), C.E.F., placed their colors, have recently had a magnificent quarter-cut oak cabinet built to house the colors. The above picture gives only an indifferent idea of this fine piece of woodwork, which was done by J. Thompson, bandsman in the old battalion. General Griesbach generously furnished the funds which made the construction of the cabinet possible.

The 1st Bn. Edmonton Regt., the perpetuating unit of the 49th Bn. C.E.F., has completed one of the most successful years in its history.

Training under the specialists has been carried out throughout the winter months and attendance of all ranks has been very encouraging to the instructors.

Sports and Social activities have been enjoyed by all members of the Battalion.

On July 24th on the occasion of the 49th Battalion Association's Annual Church Parade the Battalion provided a Colour Party and escort for the Parade, and the soldierly manner in which this was carried out was pleasing to all those who were present. The Colour Party was in charge of Lt. Magrath and consisted of the following Officer and N.C.O.'s:

Lt. T. A. Chard, R.Q.M.S. J. Waithe, Sgt. J. Farrugie, and Sgt. E. Thompson, M.M.

Both the Brass and Pipe Bands were on parade and gave their usual splendid assistance, both on the march and during the service.

In August the unit spent three days under canvas at Winterburn.

The unit paraded on Saturday, Aug. 6th, at the Armouries under command of Lt. Col. L. C. Harris and after inspection and a short address by the commanding officer proceeded in battle order to the camping site.

An advance party under Capt. E. B. Wilson had the camp site ready when the unit arrived. Discipline was maintained as under active service conditions. Sgt. J. Smith was in charge of the catering. Meals were on a high order and praised by all ranks.

A baseball game between the officers and men was played Saturday evening and was followed by an entertainment in which the "Orderly Room" farce was enjoyed. C.S.M. Souther was the victim and was charged with selling his rifle and equipment. Owing to lack of evidence the "charge" was dismissed.

This entertainment was carried out in a regimental manner and gave the recruits an idea of what it would be like in the regular force.

After breakfast Sunday all ranks paraded for musketry and proceeded to the range. Major W. Hale was in charge and the four senior N.C.O.'s acted as instructors. Shooting was good and at the end of two days the unit showed 60 per cent. 1st Class shots. Lt. Twomey scored three possible and Sgt. Holloway two, all on rapid fire.

On Monday camp was broken at 4 p.m. and, following a final parade and inspection by the commanding officer, the unit returned to Edmonton.

On September 3rd, 4th, and 5th the unit was again in camp at Winterburn. On this occasion they were accompanied by the members of the Pipe Band under Sgt. Robertson and the Boys' Band under Piper Cummings.

Strict military discipline was maintained during the daytime, and in the evening soldier songs were sung around a huge campfire.

This camp was given over to machine gun training. The Lewis gunners under Sgt.-Instructor Hobbins carried out various practices. The outstanding gunners were Sgt. Cameron and Cpl. Hyde.

The Vickers Gun Team under Sgt.-Instructor Holloway also carried out exercises with Q.M.S. Souther taking the honours.

After the gun crews had concluded their work others in the camp were allowed to handle the guns.

Among the visitors to camp were Major-Gen. Hon. W. A. Griesbach, C.B., D.S.O., C.M.S.G., V.D., K.C., Lt. Col. J. Ramsey, Col. F. C. Jamieson, Col. Mewburn, Col. W. Oliver, P. W. Abbott, K.C., Lt. L. Huckell, C.A.M.C., Lt. McMillan and Lt. Rowlett, of the 19th Alta. Dragoons.

Several small sons of officers and other ranks also enjoyed the camp.

On Monday Major-Gen. Griebach, original commander of the famous 49th Battalion, addressed the men.

True to their reputation for good performance, the Band, under the direction of Bandmaster F. G. Aldridge, gave an excellent concert Sunday evening, October 30th, in the Strand Theatre.

This was the first public appearance of the organization for the present season, and judging by the splendid attendance Edmonton citizens show every sign of giving it splendid support.

About \$50 was thus raised for the benefit of the "Not Forgotten Fund."

The programme consisted of bright medleys of military airs, marches, and well-known war tunes, interspersed at times by vocalizing on the part of different members of the band — an innovation which proved very effective.

November was a busy month for all members of the unit. On Nov. 11th, Remembrance Day, they took part in the parade in which all the military and public bodies were represented and they proved themselves to be one of the smartest units in the parade.

On Nov. 13th the annual church parade was held at All Saints' Church. This was well attended.

(Continued on Page 33)



MAJOR OWEN S "RECORD" OF 49TH BN. OFFICERS DURING HIS TIME

Major A. Wallace Owen, 6 Scott Street, Chicago, Life Member of the Association, who was in command of C. Company for a stretch, and who originally was a 51st Bn. officer, kept a most interesting record of the officers who passed through the battalion during his time. In a letter to the Editor, he says: "Some time ago, about a year I think, you wrote and asked for the enclosed. I just ran across it in an old trunk and am sending

it for any use you may find for it. There probably may be a few mistakes in it, but on the whole, I think it is a fairly correct record of the officers and their mishaps in the battalion during the time I was with it. What happened to those recorded on the list after I left in June 1917, I do not know. If you think it of enough interest to use it in the magazine do so."

Rank	Name	Seconded from		Date
Lt.-Col	Griesbach, W. A.	Orig.	49 th .	Promoted to Bgd. Gen
Major	Palmer, R. H.	Orig.	49 th .	
Major	McLeod, Geo.	Orig.	49 th .	Wounded
Major	Harstone, J. B.	Orig.	49 th .	Wounded
Lieut.	Taylor, B. H.	Orig.	49 th .	
Lieut.	Herbert	Orig.	49 th .	Wounded
Lieut.	Ferris, E. L.	66 th .	Can	Killed
Lieut.	McDonald, C. V.	56 th .	Can	Wounded
Lieut.	Hodson, George	Orig.	49 th .	
Lieut.	Travers, O.	Orig.	49 th .	Killed
Capt.	Alexander	Orig.	49 th .	
Lieut.	Taylor, W. L.	19 th .	Alta. Dragoons	
Lieut.	Boyle, M. L.	50 th .	Can.	Wounded
Lieut.	Murray, N.	66 th .	Can.	Killed
Lieut.	Bradburn, F. L.	51 st .	Can.	Killed
				Wounded
				Wounded
Lieut.	Owen, A. W.	51 st .	Can.	
Lieut.	Malone, T. B.	51 st .	Can.	Wounded
Lieut.	Griesbach, H. H.	9 th .	Can.	
Lieut.	McKay	Orig.	49 th .	
Lieut.	Beatty, H.	56 th .	Can.	Wounded
Lieut.	Tooled D. J. F.	56 th .	Can.	Wounded
Lieut.	Carrick	19 th .	Alta. Dragoons	Killed
Lieut.	Watson, D. N.	19 th .	Alta. Dragoons	Wounded
Lieut.	Harvey, Eric	56 th .	Can	Wounded
Lieut.	Drader, E.	51 st .	Can	Killed
Lieut.	McKnight, L.	56 th .	Can	Killed
Lieut.	Caine	Orig.	49th	Wounded
Lieut.	Woodward	54 th .	Can.	Wounded
Lieut.	Pearce, H.	56 th .	Can.	Wounded
Lieut.	Floen	Orig.	49 th .	Wounded
Lieut.	Pugh	19 th .	Alta. Dragoons	Wounded
Lieut.	Murray, A. A.	Orig.	49 th .	Killed
Lieut.	Cockshott	29 th .	Can.	Wounded
Lieut.	Critchley	Strathcona Horse		
Lieut.	Davies, S. J.	51 st .	Can.	Wounded
Lieut.	Balfour, H. E.	51 st .	Can.	Wounded
				Prisoner of War.
Lieut.	Astbury	66 th .	Can.	Killed
Lieut.	Irvine	Orig. 4	9th	Wounded
Lieut.	Pope-Hennessey	R.E.		Wounded and Prisoner
Lieut.	Jellet, L.	66 th .	Can.	Killed
Lieut.	Henry, R.	P.P.C.L.I.		Missing
Lieut.	Shaw	56 th .	Can.	
Lieut.	Martin	19th Alta. Dragoons		
DRAFT OFFICERS, AUGUS' T, 1916				
Capt.	Chattell, A. P.	63 rd .	Can.	Wounded
Capt.	Pearson, R. B.	89 th .	Can.	Wounded
Capt.	Carter	63 rd .	Can.	
Lieut.	Heffernan	66 th .	Can.	Wounded
Lieut.	Ferris, J. R.	63 rd .	Can.	
Lieut.	McNeil	Strathcona Horse		
Lieut.	Mead, James	66 th .	Can.	Wounded
DRAFT OFFICERS, SEPTEMBER 17th, 1916				
Lieut.	Jolly, Wm	66th	Can.	Killed
Lieut.	Martin, W. G. B.	63rd	Can.	
Lieut.	Pope, F.	63rd	Can.	
RETURNED TO DUTY, OCTOBER 10th, 1916				
Major	Weaver, C. Y.	Orig.	49th	Wounded
				Wounded



Rank	Name	Returned to Duty, October 17th, 1916		Seconded from	Date
Capt.	Chattell, A. P.	63 rd	Can.		
DRAFT OFFICERS, OCTOBER 21st, 1916					
Lieut.	Arkless, O. M.				
Lieut.	Emsley, J. H. M.	66 th	Can.		
RETURNED TO DUTY NOVEMBER 1st, 1916					
Lieut.	Winsler, F. S.	Orig.	49 th	Wounded	June 2, 1916
DRAFT OFFICERS, NOVEMBER 1st, 1916					
Lieut.	Cape, N. H.	137 th	Can.	Wounded	Nov. 4, 1916
Lieut.	Anderson, A. B.	194 th	Can.		
Lieut.	Nolan, H. G.	9 th	Can.		
Lieut.	Mooney, I.	89 th	Can.		
Lieut.	Patterson, G. E.	194 th	Can.	Wounded	April 10, 1917
Lieut.	McKay	89 th	Can.	Wounded	June 12, 1917
DRAFT OFFICERS, NOVEMBER 15th, 1916					
Capt.	McQueen, James	63 rd	Can.	Wounded	June 12, 1917
DRAFT OFFICERS, NOVEMBER 19th, 1916					
Lieut.	Louis, R. H.	Strathcona Horse		Died of Wounds	April 12, 1917
Lieut.	Foster, L. D.	151 st	Can.		
Lieut.	Hutchins	56 th	Can.		
Lieut.	Ames	151 st	Can.		
Lieut.	Lowery, W. W.	151 st	Can.	Wounded	Sept. 1917
Lieut.	Mercer, A. R.	151 st	Can.	Died of Wounds	April 10, 1917
Lieut.	McCrum, W. T.	151 st	Can.	Wounded	April 10, 1917
Lieut.	Lyall, C. F.	151 st	Can.		
Lieut.	Forhan, L. G. H.	151 st	Can.		
Lieut.	Taylor, A.	151 st	Can.		
Lieut.	Scott, J. M.	8 th	Can.		
DRAFT OFFICERS NOVEMBER 28th, 1916					
Capt.	Hunt, G. D.	138 th	Can.	Wounded	April 9, 1917
Capt.	Hale, R. W.	138 th	Can.		
Lieut.	Campbell, N. A.	138 th	Can.		
Lieut.	Hamer, F. W.	94 th	Can.		
Lieut.	Rollit				
Lieut.	Simpson	Orig.	49 th		
				Promoted	
Lieut.	Williams			Killed	April 24, 1917
Capt.	Wallace (Doctor)			Wounded	April 24, 1917
Lieut.	Downton	Orig.	49th		
				Promoted	
Lieut.	Van-Patton			Killed	June 8, 1917
				Wounded	April 12, 1917
				Killed	Nov. 12, 1917
ATTACHED OFFICERS					
Major	Miller	138th	Bat		
Major	Rositer				
Major	Lowery, J. R.	151st	Bat		April 9, 1917
Lieut.	Turner, D.	51st	Bat	Wounded	July, 1916
Major	Armour				
DRAFT OFFICERS APRIL 1917					
Lieut.	Ottewell			Fort Garry Horse	
Lieut.	Kinnaird			Fort Garry Horse	Wounded
Lieut.	Patterson, R. V.			Promoted	June 8, 1917
Capt.	Young (Doctor)				
Lieut.	Craig, W. B. S.				
Capt.	Stevenson (Chap.)				
Major	Elliott, A. H.	51 st	Bat.		
Capt.	Round (Paymaster)				
Lieut.	Rossoni, A.	Promoted		Killed	Nov. 12, 1917
Lieut.	Drabble, H.	49th Bat,			
Lieut.	Carman	49th Bat,		Died of Wounds	



WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY?

Friends of "D" Company will be interested to learn that **Jimmy Petersen**, machine gun section, remembered by all as the anchor man on the tug-of-war team, is hale and hearty enjoying life in Vancouver, where also is **Andy Dale**, another landmark in the ranks of Don Company.

Pete Scullion of fourteen platoon, has been a patient in the Vancouver General Hospital for a number of years and would gladly welcome a visit from any of the troops. He is interested in receiving the magazine and would appreciate correspondence from his old friends.

"B" Company men will be glad to know that the following comrades are now residing at the Coast: **Bill Hay**, machine gun section, who won the war at Montecats, is now married and settled down. **Alick Dickie**, the Pigeon man, single but sorry. **Jock Mill**, who enjoyed the sobriquet of "Bonnie Dundee" **Signaller J. V. Smith**, remembered as "C. B." **Smith. Joe Gibson**, another signaller, who enjoyed the nick name of "Sleepy Joe." **Bill Haning**, the corporal. **Harry Mays and Willie Wilson**.

Elmer L. Winter, Regimental number 100205, 5th Platoon, "B" Company. He enlisted with the 66th. Battalion, July 1st, 1915, and joined the Forty-Ninth in June 1916. He was wounded at Courcellette and received his discharge May 19th, 1919. He is a printer and lives at 8592 Ellsworth Avenue, Detroit, Michigan. He is married and has two girls aged five and three.

Sydney Charles Rowden, Regimental number 432967, "C" Company. He enlisted with the Forty-Ninth Battalion in January 1915 and was attached to the Transport Section. He is a boiler maker on the Canadian National Railways and lives at Mirror, Alberta. He is married and has four children.

R. R. Macpherson, Regimental number 432752, "B" Company. Enlisted January 12th, 1915. Proceeded overseas with the Battalion, transferred to the Medical Corps, serving in France for about eight months. He was invalided to England, the result of an accident at Etaples. He was then in charge of the Senior Chaplain's office, London, later Sergeant of Chaplains' services at Rhyll and received his discharge, July 14th, 1919. While at college in England at 13 years of age he ran away to sea, being caught six months later. His parents then apprenticed him on a windjammer with the idea of curing him of his love of the sea. It didn't work. He served four years on a sailing ship receiving his officer's second and chief's certificates, and during his ten years sea service was in turn third, second and first mate and acting captain, and in that time circled the globe seven times. He came to Edmonton in 1912 direct from India. Mr. MacPherson has just recently produced a book entitled "The Phantom Sweetheart," which comprises five well written and interesting stories. A varied selection of reading to please all tastes. The stories are striking, original and absorbing. The publishers are "The House of Stockwell," the Canadian representatives William Dawson Services Limited, 70 King Street, Toronto.

Chester O. McGowan, known as "Mac," number 101605, enlisted in the 66th Battalion, November 25th, 1915, joining the 49th June 10th or 11th, 1916, being posted to "B" Company and serving with 5 and 6 platoons. He was with the bombers at Mont St. Eloi and at Bruay was a "B" Company headquarters runner but finished up as senior sergeant. He was wounded in the head and shoulder at Cambrai, September 27th, 1918. Is now farming at Hairy Hill, Alta., married and has a family of two boys and three girls. He sent along his dues with the questionnaire and apologizes for not sending more to help out but sends what he is

supposed to although hard up. If all members would only do that little bit the finances of the association would be better able to make proper provision for the expenses of the magazine, etc. We suppose it is just forgetfulness and we will have to send along the orderly corporal to line them up. Chester wishes all the troops the best of luck.

W. Wingfield, number 79992, 31st Battalion, known as Rusty and Ginger, joined 16 platoon, Forty-Ninth Battalion, December 22, 1916. Enlisted November 18th, 1914 and served to February 25th, 1919. He was wounded at Passchendaele, October 30th, 1917. Later in 1918 on recovery from his wounds received in October 1917, he was attached to No. 5 Squadron, R.A.F. He now works as checker with the C.P.R., is married and lives at 9848 83rd Ave., Edmonton.

John J. Norcott, Reg. No. 101153, is running a barber shop on 64th Street in Portland, Oregon. He has a wife and family and is doing well. Old timers will remember his rendition of "The face upon the barroom floor."

Geo. T. Thornton, "A" Coy., Reg. No. 432607, who lost his right arm at Ypres June 4, 1916, is farming at Valley View on the Grande Prairie. He has a wife and three children and is doing well.

Corporal Edwin Thompson, No. 252358, a member of 9th Platoon, is in the United States Post Office Department at Snoqualmie Falls, Washington.

W. P. Graham, No. 1000085, originally a 66th Battalion man, joined the Forty-Ninth in September 1916, and was attached to "A" Company. He is now manager of the Imperial Bank at Wilkie, Saskatchewan. He is married and has two sons. Mr. Graham makes a suggestion in a letter to the editor that it would be a good idea to get a miniature Forty-Ninth badge for distribution among members of the Association.

J. R. Ardill, No. 433091, originally a Forty-Ninth man, but who transferred to the Imperials in September, 1915 - and was taken prisoner on the 23rd of September 1915, is now farming at Farrell Creek. B.C., where he is also postmaster. He is married and has four children.

J. D. Smith is farming near Reno. His post office address is Evansburg.

Steve Gilbert, Wes Harper and John Hall all reside at Dawson Creek, B.C.; **Joe Hill** resides at Brainard, Alberta; **Andy Lang** at Rio Grande; **Morris Law, Robert Stevenson, Ed. Heller and Bert Finnell**, at Beaver Lodge; **Shorty McQuirter**, at Wanham, Alberta, and **John Gilchrist**, at Brownvale, Alberta.

Mrs. W. McLean, mother of **Hugh McLean**, of the Forty-Ninth, who was killed, is postmistress at Heart Valley, Alberta.

Norman Hebert, who lives at 1001 North Forty- Eighth Street, Seattle, Washington, in writing to the editor says that the Canadian Legion branch in Seattle is flourishing. There are seventy members, quite a few of whom were formerly Edmonton men, for the most part from the 51st and 66th Battalions.

William Wilson, No. 432269, a member of 5th Platoon, "B" Company, joined the battalion the 5th day of January. 1915. He was wounded at Ypres June 3rd, 1916, being discharged September 11th, 1918. He now resides at 777 Bidwell Street, Vancouver. He is married and has three sons.



WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY?

Alfred Smith, No. 898331, originally of the 192nd Battalion, joined the Forty-Ninth in February 1917, and was attached to "D" Company. He was twice wounded slightly at Arras in 1917 and more seriously at Cambrai in 1918. He was discharged in June 1919. He now resides at Spring Coulee, Alberta. He is married and has one girl. Smith was a great friend of Kinross, the V.C., and will be remembered as "Ride 'em Cow Boy."

Murdo McDonald, No. 432787, enlisted in January 1915, and was attached to 5th Platoon. He was twice wounded, first on the 1st of June 1916, and later on the 8th of August 1916. He is now farming at Ronan, Alberta. He has three sons.

Edgar Randall, No. 432776, a "C" Company man who enlisted on the 14th of January 1915, is now farming in the Peace River country. To the question "family if any," which appears on the questionnaire, he answers "Nix." As a further evidence of the trouble Norman Arnold goes to dig up information for former members of the battalion, Randall asked the address of Private Jewson, also of "C" Company and Mr. Arnold was able to obtain this through the Department at Ottawa. Jewson lives at 2581 McGill Street, Vancouver.

Walter Simkins, 803 Sandwich Street West, Windsor, Ontario, No. 811433, originally a member of the 138th Battalion, was drafted to the Forty-Ninth in France and was with the battalion for a period of nine months. He acted as runner for Major Frank Winsor, later being transferred to divisional headquarters as staff runner. In writing from Windsor Mr. Simkins requests information concerning a great friend of his, William Tierney, who was a 66th Battalion man, and whom he describes as a painter and decorator. If any of the troops know Mr. Tierney they will do Mr. Simkins a kindness by writing him to the above address.

George Nicol, who lives in Vancouver, writing to Norman Arnold, says he sees two old Forty-Niners every few months. They are **Sergeant Alex Constantine** of "A" Company, who now lives at Parksville, Vancouver Island, and **J. S. Daly**, of Abbotsford, B.C.

Alfred Brady, who is dairy recorder and tester of the Live Stock Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, and who lives at Campbellford, Ontario, writes that he occasionally sees **Cathel Matheson**, who is with the Westinghouse people in Hamilton, Ontario. He is married and has two boys. **Art McKee** is living in Barrie, Ontario. **Billie Bates**, an original Forty-Niner, who went to the Flying Corps, is living at 54 Raglan Avenue Apartments, Toronto. Bates is superintendent of the Orange Crush Company.

Sergeant Micky Hornigold, No. 433213, who joined the battalion in January 1915, and who was at different times a member of the 6th and 13th Platoons, is now farming at Opal, Alberta. Sergeant Micky miraculously escaped being wounded. He got his discharge in April 1918, under the heading of "War Worn."

Albert Croasdale, No. 433132, writing to Norman Arnold from 29 Newton Road, Ashton on Ribble, Lancashire, under date of the 7th of December, says: "As I will not be at the banquet this year I am sending my usual donation to be used for any needy member of the Association, if you know of any. I have in mind the hospital case we talked about when last I saw you. Failing this it can be used to provide for some who otherwise would not be able to attend the banquet."

Clifford Arthur Disturnal, Regimental Number 436296, 16th Platoon, "D" Company. He enlisted with the 51st Battalion January 9th, 1915, and transferred to the Forty-Ninth, October 1st, 1915. He received a gunshot wound in his arm. He received his discharge July 10th, 1917. Mr. Disturnal is Soldier Settlement Supervisor at Sedgewick, Alberta. He is married and has two children. His brother **F. L. Disturnal** was killed at the latter part of the war August 8th, 1918. The Disturnal's were one of the pairs of brothers which "D" Company had in its ranks. Another noted pair were **Carl** and **Pat Keogh**, fighting Irishmen.

Hugh Dale Morton, Regimental No. 433077, 7th Platoon, "D" Company. He enlisted with the Forty-Ninth in March 1915. He was wounded and gassed and received his discharge in July 1918. He is married and lives at No. 304 East 34th Street, Vancouver. He is a postal employee.

Alfred Brady, Regimental Number 100490, 7th Platoon, "B" Company. He enlisted with the 66th Battalion July 6th, 1915 and joined the Forty-Ninth Battalion June 8th, 1915. He was wounded at Vimy July 14th, 1917 and received his discharge March 23rd, 1919. He is Dairy Recorder and tester for the Dominion Government, and his home address is R.R. No. 5, Campbellford, Ontario. He is not married.

Lance Corporal T. H. Draycott, ("Shorty"), Regimental Number 101462, No. 2 Platoon, "A" Company. He enlisted in the 66th Battalion, October 21st, 1915, and joined the Forty-Ninth June 1916. He saw service at Ypres, Somme and Vimy, and was wounded at the Somme and at Vimy. He received his discharge November 13th, 1918. He is a salesman, is married and has three children. His home address is Box 815, Willowdale, Ontario.

George Nicol, Regimental Number 432759, 5th Platoon, "B" Company. He enlisted with the Battalion January 14th, 1915, and received his discharge on December 31st, 1917. He served in "B" Company with the battalion bombers until August 1916, when he transferred to the artillery. He is married and has one child. He is a wholesale oil merchant, and his home address is 3539 Hull Street, Vancouver, B.C.

Louis Campbell, Brennen, No. 898023, of "D" Company, who was wounded April 1st, 1918, at the same time as Mayes, Cox and Bryson, at Souchez, during the long trip in that spring, ran into a truck with his car at Burdette, near Lethbridge, and received a "blighty" in the arm. He was pretty lucky at that the car being badly smashed. His address is the Westminster Apts., Edmonton.

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“HOODOO” KINROSS, V.C.

Of all the multifarious characters the Forty-Ninth Battalion boasted, and they were many both queer and odd, whether originals or reinforcements, one of the strangest if not the King Pippin of them all was, (I'll term him) “Hoodoo” Kinross, V.C., one-time runner of “Steady D”. Hoodoo is right and no quibbling about it, for if you had a grudge against an officer and wished to see him “Party Toot Sweet” (excuse to me the French) for some other place, via Blighty, Napoo. Base Job or choose your own, why just get him placed in the charge of Hoodoo. I say in his charge, because no officer whose runner he became ever had charge of Kinross, not by a lance length.

He was one of the most “san fait rein,” “c'est la guerre” guys it was ever my luck or ill luck, according to viewpoint, to come up against. On parade he was one of the most “Just-as-you-say-is-right-Serg'n Major” kind of ginks I had ever dealt with, and you sure met them out there. He would as lief be in the trenches as out, for one good, and in his estimation, substantial reason, that up in the line you had none of this D_____ parade-soldier stuff to contend with. His appearance on parade, even after several days in reserve and at rest was, as often told him by his platoon officer, “a disgrace to the platoon, Kinross,” which always brought forth a queer smirk on his dial, only not enough for a charge of dumb insolence. Of course, the next parade he would be good-and-spruced-up, by reason of a chunk or two of trench mud having fallen off his clothes while moving around, and to that extent he was regarded as incorrigible. Don't get me wrong. He wasn't dirty in his uniform and dress. This state of affairs at last got the C.O.'s goat (Major F. S. Winsler) so much that he gave the S.M. orders to tell Kinross that if he didn't take a tumble to himself and clean up, he would have to carry his rifle, etc., like the other bayonet men, and not light equipment and revolver like the runners were allowed at that time, if they had one. Of course, he had being King Rustler. His only reply to the S.M.'s admonishment was his “Just as you like, Sarn. Major.”

Regarding the why and wherefore “Hoodoo”. It came about in this wise, as the poets would say. He had in the short space of a few months about umpteen officer's pass through his hands. All the shells, etc., that Fritz threw round him and his follow-the-leader seemed to have the other fellow's moniker on them, and never his “Hoodooiship's”. It happened so often in this manner that when he was given charge of another “Puppy” to follow his trail, the boys used to start betting as to how long the new tourist would last, and also choosing the kind of flowers, as you were, no flowers by default, I mean blanket or greatcoat, they would wrap the defunct one in for disposal. It never struck them that if only one came back from a line trip it would be any other than Hoodoo.

In front of Vimy, the winter of 1916, 1917, he was conducting a novice around in the mud, giving his “mate's mud-pack”. The mud made quite a noise as they plodded their weary rounds, and the officer requested him to lift his feet up more gently, and not make such a row to draw the enemy's fire. This was the signal for him to raise 'em light and drop 'em heavy and by the time the end of the rounds was reached, it was time for a bawth.

It went on thusly until Passcheandeaale. when as you all know he carried out an operation which gained him the V.C. In this act I believe others started out with him but didn't get far before falling killed or wounded, but he, of course, carried on, and managed to finish the job, much to the consternation and disquietude of the Jerrys. In this operation he was slightly wounded.

I believe that while over at the V.C.'s armistice dinner in London a year or so ago, he was considered a runner — beg pardon, I mean aide de

camp — for 'is 'ighness, but for the safety of the crown's successor it was thought to be advisable not to give Hoodoo the job.



PTE. KINROSS, V.C.

He now farms out at Loughed and is proving rather “Hoodooish” to the steers, piglets, etc., many having been napooed for financial and economic reasons. Of course this need not stop you from going up and shaking his mitt if you see him, for he is not so much of an “evil eye” as previously, and certainly won't put the Hocus Pocus on you.—Le Petite Sergeant Major.

SOLDIERS' DO YOU REMEMBER —

The chap in the C-twos who told of Sylvester?

It was at the station. Sylvester was leaving for France. All his brothers, sisters, aunts and uncles were there. There were tears and cheers.

The oldest uncle spoke up: “Don't cry; don't cheer. He may come back!

The Y.M.C.A. hut at Whitley?

The captain's wife was charming. She sang beautifully — and 500 men joined in lustily. Finally, she turned and sweetly asked, “What would you like, boys?”

A big, fat Canadian sergeant in the front row: “Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey.”

The story she told of the American sergeant with forty picked men and how he captured 22 prisoners in No Man's Land by paying a Canadian \$2 a head for them.

The 16th Canadian Scottish concert party?

The kiltie comedian at a “do” in Beaver Hut on the Strand just after the armistice, asks: “What is 5,000 officers, 500 sergeants and one buck private?” And the answer: “The first boat leaving for Canada.”

—W. D. MACKAY, Sylvan Lake.



EDMONTON MOURNS HER SOLDIER DEAD

**MEMORIAL SERVICE CONDUCTED IN SOLDIERS' PLOT**

Above is a picture taken by a Journal photographer Sunday afternoon, August 20th, at the Cross of Sacrifice in the Soldiers' plot of Edmonton cemetery, as a memorial service was held for the heroes of Edmonton who gave their lives in defence of their country. At the foot of the cross are His Honor W. L. Walsh, lieutenant-governor of Alberta, Mayor D. K. Knott, Chief Justice Horace Harvey, A. U.

Bury, M.P., Rev. Capt. G. G. Reynolds and Chief Constable A. G. Shute. Grouped around the plot are the hundreds of sorrowing relatives, friends and comrades of the war dead.

WHEN THE MODERATOR WAS ARRESTED

"The only occasion on which I was ever arrested. It was in France in the Spring of 1918, at the time when the Germans broke through near Arras. Word had gone through the Canadian Corps that there were German spies about, disguised as army chaplains. I was at Villers-aux-Bois one day hunting for Captain Will Cameron, now minister of Yorkminster of Toronto. A Canadian sentry spied me. I suppose I have a rather rotund figure, not unlike that popularly supposed to be possessed by the typical Teuton. I was asked to explain my business. I replied: "I belong to the chaplain service. I am in charge of the University of Vimy Ridge. I am simply looking for a billet." That was enough for the sentry. I was posing as a chaplain. He had never heard of our University behind the lines. So he promptly put me under arrest as one of those legendary German spies. In due course I was identified by Captain Plunkett of 'The Dumbells' and set free. I commended the sentry for his diligent attention to duty. Then we chatted for awhile. He was from Alberta and a Presbyterian elder. I was from Saskatoon and, at that time, principal of

the Presbyterian Theological college, I remember thinking that it would be an occasion for mirth in the general assembly, if it learned that its elders were arresting its theological principals for being German spies." — Rev. Dr. Oliver, moderator of the United Church of Canada in the New Outlook.

49-ER TRAINS BALL TEAM

The citizens and businessmen of Cadomin gave the Cadomin Miners' baseball team a rousing reception when they arrived home after winning the northern Alberta baseball championship by retiring the Edmonton Arctics, and trimming the Edmonton All-Star Royals by a score of 12 to 3.

Pandemonium as only Cadomin knows it, broke loose. — Edmonton Bulletin.

J. James the trainer of this ball team was a stretcher bearer in "D" Coy.



SECTION 12, 7TH PLATOON "B" COMPANY, TAKEN IN ENGLAND



From left to right, standing: Hector MacKenzie 432071, Archie Clark 432357 (now in Vancouver), Hugh D. Morton 433077, Taffy Trevelevan (Trevelyan 433145), Dave Miller 432397 (killed). Front row: Hugh Speight 433084, Andy Liddle 433074, Corporal McPherson, Bill Smith, Jock Byron 433226 (killed).

**OUR OWN ACCOUNT OF
SIXTH ANNUAL CHURCH PARADE**

(Continued from Page 14)

made by the son on his behalf. Col. Harris also made a few witty remarks on the names of some of the members present and apologized for General Griesbach for his unavoidable absence.

Members of the executive spoke and requested cooperation in their duties. Earle Hay asking for names of men to act as pall-bearers at the funerals of 49ers Treasurer Neville Jones asked that a vote of thanks be given G.D.K. Kinnaird for the honorary auditing of the association's accounts, which was carried un-animously. The Assistant Secretary requested that change of address be notified immediately, as trouble had been experienced in the past owing to neglect. Sgt. Hadgkiss, the Battalion poet gave an amusing reading of the English Johnny Cowboy's rawnching experiences.

Thinks We Would Like to Know

If the urgent call "Doc." I beg pardon, Col. Harris got on Sunday which made him late for the dinner, wasn't to have the photographer change the position of his medals on the "still" life photo taken on the market square?

Who the man was with the medals in wrong order, and could not change them until he had peeled off his coat?

If the full moon face of Walter Hale was only caused by the heat, or by something like the English say his name?

Why corns, etc., flourish on Bandsman Collin's feet so he cannot march on Sunday, and has to call at Capt. Hunt's office on Monday for a magazine?

If the bands and escort are not worthy of our best praise, for the good music provided and the excellent formation kept under the rather trying heat conditions?

Who didn't feel sorry for the young fellow, who found the strain of the position of attention a little too much for him? and how many older soldiers have had to drop out under similar conditions?

And if circumstances have not undergone a violent change, when the acting R.S.M. covering the markers says "Cover off. PLEASE."

Why so many at this stage of the game have to ask if their wives and children can come to the luncheon? Yes, certainly they can.

If C.B. wouldn't be the portion of those soldiers who persist in falling in on the right of the marker instead of the left, under former conditions?

FIGURES OF THE MISSING DEAD

Their bodies blown to smithereens, no trace has been found of 220,000 French soldiers of the World War, 150,000 British soldiers, and 1,250 Americans. No Man's Land is still being combed for traces of the missing dead, and every year some ten thousand rings with initials or peculiarly marked buttons, or other items are found that furnish shadowy clues.



SOLDIERS AND GENTLEMEN

"Say, Buddy"!!! "Never tell another guy to do something you're scared to do yourself. Now get that right."

The speaker here proceeded solemnly to roll another "pill." Then still more solemnly proceeded: — "Yes, Sirree, Gentlemen and Soldiers." Them two words, "Well, if they ain't synonymous, they ought to be." That was good old Lord Robert's argument, and a real good 'un too; and say, boys, you present-day Forty-Niners'll do well to look into the history of the old regiment, for we shure did have both Soldiers and Gentlemen. Take old "Steady 'D'" e.g. him as was Old "D" Coy's O.C., Col Justus Wilson (as was); Col. Weaver too (another as was); and Oh, Oh, Yes, by Gosh, Old Col. Daniels and he still — (is), Com- prez? Twas good old Daniels that was first of the Forty-Ninth to "Step Ashore" in France, and say, wasn't he just tickled **Pink** when he got into the first bombardment? Well! You ask him yourself; Old Harry Sandilands, e.g., "Sandy" he was another good old Sport, and still is, an' if you still doubt it and are willing to run the risk of a "thick ear", well just talk according to Billy Simpson "C" Coy., our first casualty (Ploegsteert). Twas Sandy as plugged up the holes in 'im, (on working party). No, Sir, "Billy" didn't forget his old sergeant of the Boer war days, and it was old Steady "D" headed the outfit into the front line. An' he sure did "step high" as we pulled in along the parapet (Ploegstreet), and to the guide says he, "And where's our front line, 'Sergeant?', and as the guide says "Right here, Sir," the old boy, nimble as a barn rat, jumps onto the fire step. "Oh, ha," says he, "An' that's the enemy over there, eh?" "Yes, Sir!" says the guide (as the bullets started hissing around). "But they can see. You had better come down, Sir!" "Oh, ah, yes, certainly. Beg your pardon, Sergeant," says he. Oh, yes. boys, old Col. Wilson was sure a gentleman. An' 'twas right there in **Ploegstreet** we got our initiation, as it were.

Locre, too, was interesting and we lived like fighting cocks for we sure had a good old Q.M. and Q.M. Sergeants, too. Our boys were right dandy rustlers. We machine gunners had a swell dining room dugout, and Joe Dale was sure the real Chef de Cuisine, but if you want to get Joe real mad. "Well, just you say, "Buttered parsnips, please!" You see, 'twas this way. Joe was great on rustling new dainties, and that of course meant considerable night work, savvy? So when that old dinner gong, i.e., 18 Pndr. case, sounded sweet and low, one fine day, an' we all piled in to the old dining room, oh, boy, and then some. Joe was looking extra important. An' talk o' your delectable dainties, Oh, say, boys, "Buttered Parsnips." Well say, I personally was inclined to look kinda cockeyed, an' decided to "moralize" upon the situation. Y'see boys, them 'ere parsnips were so blamed uniform in size, shape, etc. that I tumbled right there. "Holy Smoke" When those boys started wolfing 'em in! An' then Unwolfing 'Em!!! Well! Well! Poor Old Joe; and all that good butter wasted. Yo' see Joe had got into one o' them big piles o' **chickory** which looks just like parsnips, but they're as bitter as gall, and only meant for making into imitation coffee, Nuff Sed!

"Yes," says the speaker, pausing to light another pill, Rustlin's quite a science, sort'a necessary evil as 'twere in a war Zone, an' our old 49ers. sure made great strides in the art around the Locre district, i.e. any time they were not wanted up around the Rimmel area. An' if you want to see an old 49er swell with pride, or the fire flash from his "starboard optic" just pick out a "C" Coy. man, and say unto him, kind of **sweet and low**, say Buddy! "Who stole the Pig"? Now, Boys we won't go into details too close jes' now, but 'twas Xmas time, and natcherally

SNAP SHOT TAKEN AT BRUAY



Standing, left to right: Sgt. Gwyne, A. Brady. Sitting, left to right: R. B. Greenly and Ed. Alexander. Gwyne and Alexander were killed in France, R. B. Greenly is farming at Jarvie, Alberta and A. Brady is in Campbellford, Ont.

each company was trying to beat the other as to who could put up the best Xmas dinner.

'Twas Ypres, of course, where we got the rough stuff. I was kinda hodnobbing with the Royal Engineers in their subterranean notions, and I only missed by a few minutes that "Mixup" where "C" Coy. lost 4 casualties one of 'em napooed. That was a place called Hooge (in the Apex of the Salient). Yes, Sir! We sure had it interestin' 'especially round Sanctuary Wood. That June Scrap, (2|6|15) 8.30 a.m. to 13.30. Jest you ask Jim Holloway. Jim is one of the main props holding up that building on Parlia-

(Continued on Page 33)



MAJOR A. P. CHATTELL. D.S.O.

Major A. P. Chattell was originally an officer in the Sixty-Third Battalion, enlisting in May 1915, and proceeding with that unit to England. He joined the Forty-Ninth in June 1916, at Ypres.

He served in France with the Battalion from June 1916, to March 1919, almost continuously. He was wounded at the Somme, September 15th, 1916, rejoining the Battalion in December of the same year, this two month being the only break in continuous service.

Major Chattell was adjutant of the Battalion from January 1917, to July 1918. He was awarded the D.S.O. in June 1918.



Major Chattell is managing director of the Northwest Brewing Company of Edmonton. He is married and has three children. His home is at 10520 126 Street, Edmonton.

LIFE MEMBERS

- Major-Gen. The Hon. W. A. Griesbach, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., 12916 102nd Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta.
- 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, Riverside Drive, Capital Hill, Edmonton, Alberta.
- Lieut. N. A. Campbell (Calgary Branch) Alberta Nash, Calgary, Alberta.
- Lieut. I. W. Anderson, D.C.M., 2324 Lincoln Avenue, Montreal, Canada.
- 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. Croasdale, 10159 116th Street, Edmonton, Alberta.
- Major A. W. Owen, No. 6 Scott St., Chicago, Illinois.
- Lieut. J. F. E. Carman, 1271 MacKenzie Street, Victoria, B.C.
- Major F. L. Bradburn, 408 George St., Peterborough, Ontario.
- Sergeant Ernest J. Sharp, 13 Stanhope Place, Edinburgh, Scotland.

THREE NEW MEMBERS OF ASSOCIATION

G. GOWER, who is very active in the interests of the Association at Peace River, wrote to Norman Arnold, Assistant Secretary of the Association, a month or so ago to the effect that he had managed to round up three new subscribers to the Forty Ninth Battalion Association and enclosed their dues. They are William (Bill) Wilburn, Warrensville, Alberta, Sixteenth Platoon; W. (Slim) Hawkes, Lymburn, Alberta, 16th Platoon, and R. (Dick) Hutchings, Keg River, Alberta. You may be sure the new recruits are welcomed as members of the Association.

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PROVINCIAL AUDITOR OF ALBERTA

James C. Thompson, who occupies a very prominent position in the public service of Alberta, was originally No. 433206. He enlisted in the Forty-Ninth Battalion on May 12th, 1915. He was attached to No. 4 Platoon.

He saw service in France from 1916 to June 1918. He was wounded at Sanctuary Wood in June 1916 and was down with trench fever in 1917. On his discharge from hospital after recovering from trench fever he transferred to the Royal Air Force, taking the rank of Second Lieutenant. He attained the rank of Sergeant in the Forty-Ninth. His training was not finished on the signing of the Armistice.

At present Former Sergeant

Thompson is Captain and O.C. "A" Company in the militia unit which perpetuates the 49th Overseas Regiment.

Captain Thompson is the father of two boys, 8 and 1. His home address is Firbank House, Capital Hill, Edmonton.

As a matter of interest and to indicate the importance of Captain Thompson's position in civil life, that of Provincial Auditor of Alberta, it may be stated that he is responsible only to the Legislative Assembly.



KAISER'S PRIZE PIG

During the peaceful spring of 1914 the Kaiser wanted a prize British pig for his Potsdam piggeries. The best pig money could buy was purchased at Somerset and started for Germany, but the World War broke out and the pig was interned as a prisoner. Then for three years with a blue ribbon around its neck and a collection box on its back, the Kaiser's prize pig collected money for the British Red Cross. One dark night a Zeppelin rained bombs in Norfolk where the pig was sojourning and the poor pig was killed. Came the peace and the now former Kaiser wanted his prize pig or his money back. His agents filed a claim with the enemy debts tribunal in London. The tribunal said "O.K." but the Somerset farmers who sold the pig scratched their heads and stroked their beards. Then they sent in a bill for maintaining the prize pig for three years.

BUS SERVICE REPLACED

The following was a news item in a local paper as having occurred recently. Most of you readers can remember a bus service in the strenuous days around 1914-1918. Whether it was a paying proposition as a sight-seeing tour is another matter; and returns trips were not frequently given: The Ypres-Roulers railway line in Belgium has been replaced by 'bus service.

FACETIOUS TO SAY THE LEAST — TWO MEN FALL IN

Sergeant (finding private shaving in the open): Do you always shave outside?
Private: Yes. Do you think I'm furlined?

**LOUDSPEAKER-TRAINED ARMY
IN PLUS-FOURS BRITISH AIM**

Tomies Likely to Lose Delightful Contacts with Sergeant Major and His Playful Sallies

Lukin Johnston, special correspondent in London for the Edmonton journal, cabled the following story:

Plus-fours for the British army with tennis shirts and ties to adorn the hitherto severely restrained military neck. Such is the revolutionary suggestion which rumors say is now under consideration by the British war office.

"Brass hats" who decide such all-important matters as buttons, brass and other things, have discovered, it seems, that the present-day service dress is not so hygienic as it might be.

Collars are far too tight, breastplates and other adjuncts to military efficiency like bearskins and busbies are picturesque but unhealthy. Therefore, say war office fashion experts, let us put the army in a new tunic with turndown collars open in front, trousers of plus-four style and gaiters of soft leather or canvas

More appalling still is another proposed change, namely that drill in future should be carried on by means of loudspeakers, thus getting rid of the delightful personal touch between the recruit and the sergeant-major on which the glory of Britain has been built up. Like all reforms this mechanism of drill has its critics.

"It will mean," they say, "that the new uniformed soldier will sorely miss those playful sallies, endearing epithets and encouraging words of counsel which make the present system of individual instruction so enjoyable and invigorating."

What the sergeant-major thinks of it all no one knows. Even most enterprising of newspapers haven't yet dared to ask him.

FUNERAL OF THOMAS KAY, FORMER MEMBER "C" COMPANY

The Edmonton Bulletin, under date of August 19th, 1932. carried the following story in its news columns:

The funeral of Thomas Kay, formerly of the 49th Battalion, the Edmonton Regiment, was held at 2 p.m. on Thursday from the Canadian Legion Memorial Hall to the Soldiers' Plot of Edmonton cemetery.

Deceased was a member of "C" company and the congregation at the service in the Memorial Hall included many who had served with him in the same company of the famous Edmonton fighting unit.

The 49th Battalion Association Padre, Capt. Rev. G. G. Reynolds, rector of Holy Trinity church, conducted the service.

Pallbearers were Capt. Harry Balfour, Coy.-Sergt.- Major Sid Parsons and Comrades Currie, Morton, Ockenden and Daws, all former members of "C" company.

The firing party was supplied by the perpetuating unit of the regiment, by kind permission of Lt. Col. L. C. Harris, V.D., officer commanding 1st Battalion, the Edmonton Regiment.

Coy.-Sergt.-Major Farrel was in charge of the firing party.

The Last Post was blown at the graveside by Buglers J. Radcliffe and M. Johnston.

THIEVES RETURN WAR MEDALS

"You fought for those, so you have earned them. Sorry about the money, but that is our living." Thus read the note accompanying the war medals of D. H. Williams, the Welsh lawn tennis player, now at Palmer's Green, England, when thieves returned them after a raid on his quarters. The robbers kept some sporting trophies which they had taken,



NEVILLE JONES

An original Forty-Niner, who hailed from Wainwright, Neville is Hon.-Treas, of the Association. He is the man who is responsible for expenditure equaling income. The success with which he handles his job is apparent in the financial statement which appears in each mid-summer issue of the magazine. Neville handles the finances of the Association with quite as much care as he applies to the business of the C.N.R., where he is an auditor in the superintendent's office in Edmonton.

LAST STONE PLACED VIMY MEMORIAL

The top, and last, stone of the Vimy Ridge memorial, weighing nine tons, was set in place Friday. This is the tenor of the cablegram received by Colonel H. C. Osborne, honorary secretary of the Canadian battlefields memorials commission, from the chairman, Brig.-General H. T. Hughes. The cable was sent from Arras, France.

Officials here were at a loss to explain the circumstances reported in Friday's newspapers regarding the Vimy memorial.

According the dispatches from Arras, some Canadian having to do with the monument, circulated the report that the unveiling would take place Thursday. The result was the assembling of a large crowd of people from the surrounding towns, together with many mayors and other notables. — Edmonton Journal.

**REPAIRING OF LANDMARK RECALLS 1914 JOHN GILPIN
Peace River Residents Recall Event of 1914**

PEACE RIVER — The old landmark in the town, known as the Waldron Hall, is undergoing repairs, the rear half being torn down, while the front will be made into offices. The building was erected in 1913 by Count Van Ingonohl, an officer in the Prussian guard whom old timers recall clearly showed great excitement when telegraphic word was received on August 5, 1914, that Great Britain had declared war on his native land.

With the news that August 4 was zero hour, Ingonohl rushed about the street in full military regalia, side arms and all, having made arrangements for two horses, one on top the hill, the other handy in town.

Getting the news early he was away to a flying start, playing out the horse he rode but taking the fresh mount he stopped at nothing. Military authorities all along the line were notified of his hurried exit.

He was not intercepted but was reported as having been captured on the high seas along with a large number of his compariots who boarded a vessel out of Seattle.

His property was confiscated by the alien property custodian and disposed of subsequently.

An ironical feature of the occasion was that the man who assisted him by taking his horse up the hill was killed in action with the Canadians in 1916. He assisted Ingonohl in a friendly gesture in the way of a joke, which the townspeople also enjoyed, as it was thought at the time that Ingonohl would never get by the military authorities at Edmonton.— Edmonton Bulletin.

HEARD OVER THE AIR

"Don't think I didn't fight hard during the war. Yes, and darned hard, too. But, they finally got me **over** there"

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**A TOWER OF STRENGTH TO THE
MAGAZINE IS GEORGE E. GLEAVE, M.M.**



GEORGE E. GLEAVE, M.M.

George E. Gleave, M.M., No. 432829, "A" Company, is a tower of strength on the magazine staff. It is he who digs up most of the advertising which makes the publication of the magazine possible. George is known to every man in the battalion, but perhaps more particularly to "A" Company. He probably was the youngest Company Sergeant Major in the British Army during the war. When he joined up with the Forty-Ninth in January 1915, he confesses it was difficult for him to distinguish his right from his left foot and he was accustomed to carrying his rifle by the muzzle. When the battalion left for England, he was quite certain he would be too late for the war. His own story of the high lights of his war experiences goes something like this: En route to Halifax he had a swim in the St. Lawrence and his first beer; his next stop was Shorncliffe, granted leave; his next exciting experience was to be haled before Colonel Griesbach and awarded C.B. His story is that he was sentenced for the crime of saluting Lord Kitchener at the War Office while the last train for Shorncliffe pulled out from Charing Cross. His first impression in France was the big hill in Boulogne. The next high light was his first rum ration, which was handed out at Ploegstreet. He spent his first Christmas in France at Bethune. He was in the Salient in March 1916, and sustained a "blighty" on June 3rd, 1916, which was good for ten months. He rejoined the battalion in June 1917. He was at last rewarded for consistently good conduct in March 1917, when he was elevated to rank of Lance Corporal. Christmas, 1917, he spent in the cellars in Lens. He got his first leave in January 1918, which he describes as the shortest ten days in his life. At Amiens he witnessed one of the few cavalry charges of the war when the Canadian division made an advance of eleven kilometers. After Amiens he was at Arras, Canal du Nord and then Cambrai, where the battalion made an advance at frightful cost. After Cambrai he was sent to England to train for his commission, but before being commissioned the war ended. Armistice night he spent at His Majesty's Theatre witnessing a performance of Chu Chin Chow. He returned with the battalion in May 1918, on the Carmania, and he recalls that when three days out of Liverpool Irene Castle, who is now Mrs. McCormick, of Chicago, danced for the troops. He was discharged in January, 1919, and proceeded back to the farm. Mr. Gleave is now on the staff of Heintzman & Company of this city.

**PAY LAST RESPECTS MRS. E. GRIESBACH, FUNERAL
THURSDAY**

Was Pioneer of West, Mother Distinguished Canadian

With six former members of the R.N.W.M.P. acting as pallbearers, final tributes to the late Mrs. Emmaline M. Griesbach, mother of Major-General Hon. W. A. Griesbach, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D., of this city, were paid at funeral services here Thursday, July 28th.

Mrs. Griesbach was a pioneer woman of the west, having come to Fort Saskatchewan in the early days when her husband, Major H. A. Griesbach, was officer commanding the R.N.W.M.P. force there. Her death occurred at Victoria last Monday, following which General Griesbach brought the remains to this city for burial, arriving here on Wednesday.

Services opened in All Saints' pro-cathedral at 2:00 p.m. with a large number of old-timers and prominent citizens present.

The service was conducted by Rev. Canon Pierce-Goulding, rector of the cathedral, who in a short address paid tribute to Mrs. Griesbach as a pioneer resident and one who was held in high regard by all. Canon Cornish also assisted in conducting the service.

The hymn chosen for the service was "Abide with Me," while the psalm was "Lord, thou has been our refuge from one year to another."

Pallbearers were Col. P. C. H. Primrose, Lieut.-Col. W. F. W. Carstairs, ex-Supt. James Ritchie, H. E. Rudd, C. J. Griffiths and William Blyth.

Interment was made in the Edmonton cemetery.

OLD GUARD PASSING

Of the British generals in high command in the South African War only two are left. They are Lord Methuen, who is 86, and Lord Baden-Powell, who is 75. These two with the late Lord Plumer were the surviving trio until the recent death of Lord Plumer.

Lord Kitchener and Lord Roberts, two of the most famous leaders in the South African War, answered their last bugle calls during the last war. Kitchener was drowned while on the way to Russia. "Bobs" fell ill in France. Both went "west" on service, the way each would have chosen. — Exchange.

CANADIANS AND AMERICANS CELEBRATE BATTLE

An event occurred recently that illustrates how thoroughly the bitterness of the past may be buried and with what fine spirit the courage and nobility of history may be resurrected. The Royal Highlanders of Canada, allied to the Black Watch, were among those who recently paid tribute at Ticonderoga, N.Y., to the French who in 1758 under the leadership of Montcalm practically wiped out the first companies of the Black Watch in America. One of the officers of the Highlanders at the celebration was Colonel Bruce Campbell, president of St. Andrew's society in Montreal, who is a direct descendant of that other Campbell, the officer commanding the Black Watch that fearful July night nearly two centuries ago. The streams of history are many, their discovery often unexpected; surely the finest of them is this in which a man honors the bravery of the enemy who destroyed his regiment and members of his family. No instance could be clearer of the union of the French and British in Canada.

WANTS CANADA'S VETERANS TO RE-VISIT VIMY RIDGE

Representation of the Dominion of Canada by a composite battalion of great war veterans at the unveiling of the Canadian memorial at Vimy Ridge, which may take place next year, has been recommended by Col. Hercule Barre, Canadian trade commissioner to France. Barracks in Paris were available for the privates and non-commissioned officers, while private homes of the city would be thrown open to officers, Col. Barre said.



DISTRICT NEWS PEACE RIVER NEWS FROM THE 49TH BOYS

December 9th, 1932.

The home addresses of some people don't mean a thing when you are looking for them. If you doubt this just try to run down a few old "Forty-Niner" pals up in the Peace River country.

Take, as an example, "Slim" Hawkes. We often hear him telling someone that he lives at Lymburn — LYMBURN, but any time we want to put our thumb on him he is found cavorting around somewhere on the banks of the Peace River between Vermilion Chutes and the Rocky Mountains carrying a small fire engine, about a hundred yards of hose, a double bitted axe and other odds and ends of fire-fighting equipment; the property of the Alberta Forestry Branch. We believe however, he does go to Lymburn about once in twelve months around Christmas time, staying long enough to count over and bank the profits taken in on his farm during the current year.

Then there is Dick Hutchings of Keg River. As we approach his cabin we note that the roses round the door have a neglected look and the reason is Dick is "away up on the Buffalo," a remote, wild and uninhabited region drained by a stream of that name where it is his wont to spend long periods of time in complete seclusion, excepting an occasional swift descent on the trading post for more "snooze." Sadly we take leave of the roses and drift on into the Battle River country hoping to surprise old Bob Henderson at Notikewin only to be told that he has cancelled all dates for the next few months and, when last seen, was heading toward the British Columbia boundary, his trusty rifle slung behind him and his faithful dog "Wiggles" for company. We move on disconsolate, our lips framing the words of a little rhyme beginning, "The Cuddie Roams About the Braes," always held dear for its association with Bob.

At the farm homes of "Ring" Reid and Pat McCauley, also near Notikewin, the latch strings are out and the owners as well, but they are run to earth later at the residence of a comrade in a sister battalion eating chicken and lemon meringue, prepared and served by the enarming lady of the house. Their appearance suggests sleek contentment. After grabbing off a portion of these delectable eats our self we feel exactly the same way and don't blame the boys for leaving home.

On our way from Notikewin to Grimshaw we come to Warrensville and Chinook Valley where Bill Wilburn and Percy Millar, two as nice, "homey" looking boys as one could wish to meet, have their respective abodes; but — well - the longer you live the more you find "Forty-niners" out. At Grimshaw it is a pretty safe bet that at least one of the old bunch, Dudley Binnie, will be where respectable folks are expected to stay. He is. And reclining in the two easiest of the easy chairs in his smart bungalow, feet elevated to where they are menacing the safety of some expensive bric-a-brac on a walnut table, are the hereinbefore mentioned Bill and Percy. "Dud" at the moment is dispensing hospitality in accordance with certain good old Scottish customs. We accept with alacrity an invitation to join the group. We are moved by the so-generous attentions of our host to rise at intervals and voice a feeble protest and then sit down again, secretly delighted that nobody appears to hear us. Much later, good-byes are said, but mindful of the tradition that we as men of the 49th should always uphold, we suppress our grief and simulate

gaiety so successfully that even the bitter moment of parting, as we recall it, is neither fraught with sadness nor marked by silence.

In Peace River Town we meet Teddy Randall far from his ranch in Harmon Valley but, as ever, smiling happily and eager for a little "close harmony." Here also are Jimmy Milligan and Bert Gower, not at their homes by the way, but out in the middle of Main Street, staging a game of pass-the-buck each asking the other noisily, "Why in hell he doesn't get busy and dig up some Peace River news for the 'Forty-Niner'."

BERT GOWER.

MOOSE JAW NEWS

R. Mayes, the newly appointed Moose Jaw District Officer of the Association, sends us word of another Forty-niner, whose original unit was the 128th Battalion, which was raised at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. He is Private W. H. Collins, Regimental Number 782273, who joined the 49th in December, 1916, being attached to 16th Platoon. He was wounded in the right arm at Vimy April 10th, 1917. Collins is now farming at Tuxford, Saskatchewan. His address is R.R. No. 1, Tuxford.

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THE FIRST TRIP IN THE LINE

(Continued from Page 11)

deathly stillness hung over the place. Except for the occasional rat-a-tat of machine guns, now far to the left, now far to the right and sometimes out in front, nothing could be heard. Somehow, we had thought that a fight would always be in progress. Certainly, it had never occurred to us that the fighting line could be as quiet as this.

Some of the boys of the 7th Brigade were "old" soldiers in more ways than one, for there were among us those who stood guard all night, peering into the mysteries of "No Man's Land" by VERY light glow, without relief. That night was interminable; it seemingly stood still out of pure spite; we wondered if it would ever end. The while our trainers slept and scratched, slept and scratched, snored a little, then slept and scratched again, while rats as large as rabbits played hide-and-seek around their sleeping forms. Finally, a little grey dawning in the East. A little stirring here, a little there.

Then, could we believe our ears, the enemy calling across the short distance that separated us, such things as this:

"How's Edmonton?"

"How's the Forty-ninth?"

They asked about other things, too, young Baldwin who was later killed in the Salient claiming that he had heard one inquiring about a friend of his in Lethbridge. Be this as it may, the fact remains that the Germans did call across that morning, an occurrence which we never heard repeated in thirty months of active service.

Meanwhile our trainers were bestirring themselves, some acting with caution, others anxious to impress us with their fearlessness. One such, a tall, red-haired Irishman, deliberately stood on the firing step, head and shoulders above the trench, defying fate. Luck favored him, for he got a perfect "blighty" through the shoulder. But the romance of being wounded fled from some of the newcomers; for came to mind the thought that this fellow would now no doubt return home and impress anxious listeners with his having been wounded in deathly hand-to-hand combat with a fearless enemy.

But he was a lucky devil, anyway. At least, so said his comrades, all of whom openly envied him his good fortune.

One of our own officers had been sorely wounded during the night, one of his limbs having been shattered. Nothing very romantic about his wound either, having been in the war, seriously wounded, without having seen a German in uniform, not even a prisoner; without, indeed, having ever seen a trench in daylight.

Came stand-to in the morning and the rum ration. Some of us turned that first rum ration down. Fewer of us turned it down twice; fewer still turned it down three times and almost none turned it down four times. So far as I know, **none** of us turned it down for a week. Shortly it was difficult to wait for rum-ration time to come around. How that hot stuff did warm you up. You could feel it right from the tip of the tongue to the tip of the toes.

Then breakfast. Small fires of wood-shavings or of canned mixtures sent from England, anything so long as it did not cause smoke. And that tea tasted better than any tea we had ever tasted, as did the bully-beef, the plum jam and the hard-tack. Breakfast over with and we proceeded to clean and oil our weapons and look for hours through the periscopes into "No Man's Land," wondering what lay beyond.

FILL IN THE QUESTIONNAIRE

In order that the Association may have a reasonably complete record of its members, you are requested to furnish the information as set out in the following questionnaire and mail or deliver it by hand to Norman Arnold, Assistant Secretary, 11908 92nd Street, Edmonton.

DO IT NOW!

- Name
- Nickname (Army)
- Regimental No. Original Unit
- Platoon
- Company Date of Joining 49th
- Date of Enlistment
- Service
- Wounds or Sickness
- Date of Discharge
- Civil Occupation and present place of work
- Family, if any
- Home Address
- Remarks

49th BATTALION BAND CONCERT

The Forty-Ninth Battalion Band under the direction of F. G. Aldridge, bandmaster, and by kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel L. C. Harris, V.D., gave their first concert of the season on Sunday, October 30th in the Strand Theatre. There was an excellent attendance. As a result of this effort on the part of the band the "Not Forgotten Fund" was enriched by the sum of \$33.00. This fund is sponsored by the Edmonton Bulletin and is designed to give a better Christmas to former soldiers who are confined to the military wing of the University Hospital.

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THE PERPETUATING UNIT

(Continued from Page 18)

During the month intensive training was carried out in Platoon Drill, Bayonet Fighting and Ceremonial Drill, in anticipation of the annual inspection on Dec. 13th.

Brig. Gen. H. H. Mathews was the inspecting officer on this occasion and he praised the battalion very highly on its work.

The annual inspection of Signallers took place on Nov. 14th and this proved very satisfactory.

The Signal Prizes were awarded as follows: Instructors Prize, Sgt. Muir; Training Prize, Sgt. J. S. Nesbit; Attendance Prize, Cpl. T. Hyde.

Vickers Machine Guns — Instructors Prize, Sgt. D. Holloway; Attendance Prize, Cpl. H. Hayden; Recruit Prize, Pte. C. Wilson.

On Nov 19th. a splendid concert was given by members of the battalion assisted by Messrs. Ness and Green. The concert was much enjoyed by all whom were present. After the concert refreshments were served and dancing followed. This affair was voted one of the most enjoyable yet held.

All members of the battalion have good reason to be proud of the splendid work that has been carried out this year.

SOLDIERS AND GENTLEMEN

(Continued from Page 26)

ment Hill. I believe Jim Holloway and I were the only 49ers who came out of that bombardment, 2/6/1916. Twas next morning though, boys, when our main body came into it. Yes, that's where we saw the "Soldiers and Gentlemen." Major Weaver, there's nobody can say too much praising him. Personally, I war good and groggy from the previous days courtesies and was on my way to "blighty," but I never forget his cheery word to me, as he picked up his Bag o' Mills, with "This way Boys," "Come along" and over the top they went. Yes, Sir! He Col. Weaver won his D.S.O. as a "Soldier and Gentleman." I saw him later of course, but 'twas i' Blighty "Thank Gawd." Here the speaker took a slump forward, with a "Let's have one more" (2%) an' a muttered "Damn the War."

Yes, Sir, this is one of 'em. Small wonder the "Heinies" looked cross eyed when they met 'em. Why. Tis said, even Doc. Harris himself, (our own M.O.) quailed visibly, on meeting this particular individual on more than one ocasion. His name, Ed? Say there's his "Nomo" Right under his Snitch.

?-!; !

Ask any Chinaman, Nuff Sed.

ENQUIRY COLUMN

I. W. Anderson wishes to know the whereabouts of Sam Campbell and George Adkins, both of "A" Coy.

The son of James A. Huxley, who was originally in the 66th Bn. and joined the Forty-Ninth after the June scrap, and was killed in the Somme, would like to hear from anyone who served with him, and might know anything of his death. The son has heard nothing further of the death of his dad beyond the bare official notification. His dad kept a baker's shop on Alberta Avenue before the war. The son is now 22 years old, and resides at Redwater, Alta.

NEVER! THEY FADE AWAY

Believed to be the last survivor of the Sixth Regiment which took part in the Riel rebellion at Knife Creek and Fish Creek in 1885, Sergeant Major Usebe Beaudoin, 66, is dead at Lachine, Que.

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