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It must not be forgotten that the primary object of rushing our troops up into action was for the purpose of counter-attacking, as the mere stiffening of the defense was not enough to offset the moral effect of a victory for the Germans at Ypres. Not only were the Channel Ports to be saved, but the morale and reputation of the new Battalions were at stake, and only by a successful counter-offensive could these objects be attained. There are times when even superhuman courage and grim desperation are of no avail. It was no discredit to the units that had been forced back or annihilated, that they did not stem the rush of the German Avalanche. When it is considered that TEN MILES of artillery had opened up a concentrated fire on the morning of the attack, a hurricane of belching death that flattened out the front line, obliterated all traces of support trenches, blew machine gun posts sky high and dealt out death with appalling profusion, the wonder is that these men of the Far West summoned the courage to return to the attack.

Unquestionably, affairs were in a critical state. Counter-attack was imperative. Neither the Divisional Commander nor the Second in Command could be found. General Greisbach took the responsibility of ordering the counter-attack, and it was in support of this movement that the Fifty-Second had been called for this measure. The difficulties were such as to have broken the hearts of veterans, let alone men who a few months before had never heard the roar of a gun. The terrain was unknown, guides were not available, and the order to come to the support of the attacking force had been received two hours late. Communication was impossible, except when some fearless "runner" volunteered to take a message through the hell of fire that was raging everywhere. The continuous roar of the guns shook the nerves of all and the spectacle of men falling on every side, like flies before a blast, was enough to dishearten the most courageous. The Fifty-Second and the Sixtieth Battalions failed to be of material assistance in this first counter-attack, but they had certainly exceeded the highest expectations of all by their steadfastness and dogged perseverance in the face of the most tremendous difficulties they had ever been called upon to face.

The actual plan for the attack on the enemy embraced a movement in three directions simultaneously. On the right, the Second Infantry Brigade was to storm the lost trenches of Mount Sorrel. The Third Brigade was to deliver a blow in the centre for the possession of the old Canadian front line on Observatory Ridge, while on the left the Seventh and Ninth Brigades, which included the Fifty-Second Battalion, were to co-operate in an attempt to recover the positions lost to the enemy to the north of Canny Hill, the launching of the entire operation having been set for two a.m. on the morning of June third.

Whatever was the cause of the mishap will probably never be known. The Divisional Commander, General Mercer, had been killed by the rain of shell fire directed over every part of the line, and it is more than likely that in the absence of this brilliant leader certain of the original orders were either countermanded or misunderstood in their transmission. Moreover, the difficulty of communicating the orders to the various units which were to participate, owing to the inferno of fire that was raging everywhere, delayed zero hour well into dawn, which necessitated action without a chance for deliberation, as the Canadian troops had barely any protective covering while the Germans were still busy dealing out death with a precision and accuracy that was appalling. Either the whole scheme would have to be abandoned or the attack must be launched with what units were prepared.

In the face of a withering machine gun fire, the Second and Third Infantry Brigades advanced to the attack in full view of the enemy, who had consolidated his newly won positions for an effective resistance. Despite the odds facing them, the grand old boys of the First Division went forward unflinchingly and attacked with a savage fury that bid fair to prove irresistible. The Germans fought with a desperation that made this counter-attack one of the bloodiest engagements of the war. They gave a little ground, but in the main held onto their positions. For the partial success that the boys of the Old Division gained they paid a terrible price in killed and wounded.

The attacking force on the left also met with bitter disappointment. A series of unfortunate circumstances prevented the Fifty-Second and Sixtieth Battalions from carrying out their part in the attack. Due to no fault of their own, they failed to reach their designated positions before the time set for the assault, and in the grey dawn of that fatal day they were almost annihilated by the enemy's artillery blast, and after the disastrous fate of the companies operating near the China Wall, it would have been suicidal to attempt any further progress. They dug in, and although, for the time being, no further progress forward was made, all attempts of the enemy to dislodge them proved unsuccessful. With the practical failure of the first counter-attack, two companies of the Fifty-Second were ordered into support at a place called Zillebeke. Bund and the balance of the Battalion apportioned between the front line and what was now only a mere semblance of communication trenches.

When relief came on the night of the 4th-5th of June, the Battalion marched out with a casualty roll of two hundred and forty killed and wounded, including Lieutenant-Colonel Archie Hay and Major Young, both killed in action and in the highest performance of their duty. It was a heavy price to pay, and from the results obtained it would seem to have been hardly worth while. But the important thing to remember is that the men responded to every call made upon them, and vindicated their right to be pitted against the best troops that Germany could place in the field.

Mention must be made here of the manner in which all ranks endured the hardest privations while subjected to the most trying situation they had yet encountered. Although the Brigade had ordered rations and water to be brought up to within easy distance of the support trenches, the confusion that resulted under the demoralizing effect of the concentrated artillery fire made it impossible to bring the needed supplies up to the line, and for three days the men went without food and water other than what they could find on the bodies of their dead comrades. And the splendid spirit of the troops is here manifested in that they would have raised a "hell of a fuss" had they missed a single meal in billets, but, accepted the situation in the line with stoical philosophy, realizing that it was part of the great game and as such to be played to the finish, win or lose.

After the Battalion left the line for a short rest, the Forty-Third Highlanders, together with the Fifty-Eighth, took up the burden of holding the enemy in check until such time as a new counter movement might be planned and put into execution. The Germans kept up a heavy artillery barrage, but made no further massed infantry attacks until the morning of June 6th, when hell again broke loose around the old-ruined ruins of Hooge. Although it was found impossible to hold this place against their persistent and repeated attacks, further progress to the south was prevented by the peerless machine gun work and bombing of the scrapping Highlanders. And in summing up the final result of the Third Battle of Ypres, our first big engagement since leaving the Twin Cities, it was found that although the enemy had made a perceptible impression on the line held by the Canadian forces, Ypres was still in the hands of the British, and the Channel ports, which were the real objectives of this attack, remained secure and undisturbed.

The disastrous failure of our forces to win back our lost positions on the morning of the third only served to strengthen the determination to repeat the attempt at an early date. Plans were

laid to inaugurate another offensive on the 13th, with the famous First Division delivering the attack. The Thirtieth Royal Highlanders were placed on the extreme left of the attacking force, and the Fifty-Eighth, with one company of the Fifty-Second Battalion, was detailed to aid the advance of the Scotchmen by cleaning up two troublesome communication trenches occupied by the enemy, and which had throughout the previous fighting been a source of constant annoyance to our men.

The attack took place on a soggy, rain-soaked field. It exceeded the wildest expectations of all. The right and centre attacking forces went forward with a dash and spirit that demoralized the opposing forces and completely overcame the enemy resistance. The left attacking wing encountered a more spirited opposition from the German machine-guns and bombers, who, with a courage worthy of a better cause, refused to be ousted, and plied their death-dealing appliances with a steadiness and precision that threatened to hold up the entire advance. It was here that the eager parties of the Fifty-Second and Fifty-Eighth found the opportunity of distinguishing themselves and rendering a sorely needed assistance. They worked their way with relentless certainty, using bomb and bayonet, along the enemy communication trenches, slowly but surely driving them back, inflicting heavy casualties and finally attaining their objectives with a very little loss to themselves. This splendid work made possible the continued advance of the 13th Highlanders to the left, with a corresponding advance all along the line, and when the day's work was done, all felt that they had vindicated the best traditions of the Canadian Corps, for by their indomitable work on the 13th of June, they had recovered every position lost during the previous week, gained many new objectives, took one hundred and sixty prisoners, captured an enormous amount of booty, including two of our own field guns taken by the Germans at Sanctuary Wood in their first attack. These field pieces were known as the "sacrifice" guns, for the officer in charge had been ordered to work them up to the last, regardless of circumstances, and although it meant certain death, Lieutenant Cotton and his crew had stuck to his guns to the last and kept them spitting fire and destruction until overwhelmed by the swarming hordes of the grey-uniformed troops.

The great attack of June 2nd to 6th had failed. It had failed completely. Not only had it failed; it performed an inestimable service for the Canadian Corps. It raised the morale of the new Canadian troops to the highest pitch. It inspired a confidence that only a decided victory, such as was finally obtained on June 13th, could have been capable of inspiring; and it taught the men fresh from the western plains and hills that the unflinching determination of democracy was more than a match for the domineering spirit of imperialistic militarism. And finally, the ultimate success of the Canadians at the conclusion of the Third Battle of Ypres secured this oft-contested salient from further molestation for many months to come. The Raw Troops had upheld the best traditions of the Maple Leaf Boys of 1915 and had covered themselves with an undying glory.

In discussing the salient feature of the battle many minor details were ignored, so as not to break in on the trend of the general plan of action; but it would not be doing entire justice to overlook some of the splendid individual work that was performed during this trying period. Although many of the boys performed deeds of valor and heroism that went unnoticed, some of these acts found witnesses, and a number of recommendations were submitted for the award of decorations, of which only a very few were granted. Lieutenant John Douglas Young was mentioned for cool, courageous and devoted conduct and conspicuous bravery in assisting to repel an enemy attack. Lieutenant E. R. C. Wilcox received the highest commendation for his splendid bearing and conduct while in command of machine-guns in an attack at Hooge. Private Reginald Noughton remained on exposed sentry duty under the heaviest of the enemy shell fire until killed at his post just prior to the great attack. Privates P. J. Lucas, L. Olmstead, R. W. Moore and W. F. Edc each received the Military Medal for their splendid indifference to the heavy shell fire which wounded two of them while carrying out stretcher cases to the dressing station. Lance Corporal John Henry Kavanagh was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for a double exhibition of distinctive courage in dashing to the rescue of a scout who was making observations from a tree top, and who had his leg smashed by a shell splinter at Maple Copse on the 28th of May, and for his daring in running messages through and patrolling during the hazardous days succeeding the opening of the offensive by the Germans on the 1st and 2nd of June. One of the concrete evidences of the spirit that animated our boys came to light when Private Stanley Ferris, after the entire crew of his Lewis Machine Gun section was wiped out, he himself being wounded, carried his machine gun back to the dressing station, asking the Medical Officer to label it "Fifty-Second," adding, "The Germans wiped out all our crew, but damn'd if they'll get our gun." He was recommended for the Military Medal, but through the short-sightedness of some of the War Office officials, failed to receive the richly deserved award. Private Augustus Belanger received the Military Medal for carrying dispatches under exposure to intense sniper and shell fire and for his utter disregard to all danger while acting as runner. This boy was a contribution to the forces of Democracy from the Indian Mission back in Ontario, and the old and oft-repeated mis-statement that Indians would never fight a white man on his own ground and terms successfully was demonstrated in all its falsity by the splendid showing of not only Private Belanger, who later gave up his life on the Somme in the White Man's Cause, but the other boys from the Mission, all of whom made good in every sense of the word, and the story written by these fighters on the pages of the Battalion's record is one that every Canadian may be justly proud of. Privates John Harrison Horaby and Frederick William Dawson were both recommended for the Military Medal for their valuable work as message bearers and in submitting accurate reports and information at a time when information was practically unobtainable. The work was performed under conditions that were appalling, and although the recommendations were not acted upon, these boys can go through life with the consciousness of having done their part without flinching and with the spirit to do or die that has been the hallmark of Canadians wherever they have been placed; and that, in the long run, is a greater satisfaction than any intrinsic acknowledgment of services rendered.

Many such cases could be quoted. In the stress of battle and under the excitement of the swiftly moving panorama of raging conflict, hundreds of individual acts of gallantry went by unnoticed; but even to those who escaped the eye of "official recognition" will come the reward due to "gallant men and true," if not in this life, then in the life to come, when men shall stand revealed as they are, and not as they are sometimes seen.

(To Be Continued.)

NOTE—This story of the Fifty-Second Battalion, with illustrations, will be published shortly in book form and may be purchased at the usual places.

#### CONDUCTORS AT ST. LOUIS

St. Louis, Mo., May 13.—More than five thousand delegates were here today for the first business session of the 10th annual convention of the Order of Railway Conductors and the ladies' auxiliary of the order. No questions of either wages or when they should be raised were taken up during the session, according to delegates. Changes in the constitution of the conductors' organization and affiliation with the American Federa-

tion of Labor, are the most important subjects to be considered by the delegates.

#### FROM MESOPOTAMIA TO ENGLAND BY AIRPLANE

London, May 13.—(Reuters)—Lieut. Col. Wilson of the British staff in Mesopotamia, flew from Mosul to England in one week. He crossed the desert from Mosul toward Cairo in one day.