

"OVER THE TOP" WITH "PATS" WHO MADE WAR'S BIG SLOGAN

LIGHT INFANTRY IN DARING CHARGE AT POPHERRINGE

Of 1200 Men Who Comprised Celebrated Canadian Regiment, Only Four Are Left.

ST. JULIEN AND YPRES

Where Ranks Were Decimated, but High Ideals of Regiment Inspired Other Recruits to Join

By Sergeant Major W. J. Bramhall

Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, written approval of Major E. B. White, of the British Canadian Staff.

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On the evening of December 25, 1914,

the Princess Pats, Lieutenant Colonel Farquhar, D. S. C., commanding, ate a Christmas dinner in billets at a little

handers town called Westonia. We had just come over from Salisbury Plain,

England, where we had gone through the preparatory period demanded by

Lord Kitchener. "K. of K." had pronounced us fit for the front long before

any of the other regiments from overseas were passed, but this, of course,

was only fitting for the Princess Patricia's regiment, the bravest, most dauntless

bunch of soldiers ever enlisted under the flag.

While we ate our turkey and marmalade we underwent our baptism of fire.

Stray shells fell around us occasionally, reminders of the work we'd done across from Canada to do in the

name of our fair colonel—Princess Patricia. We hurried the dinner through,

for we were under orders to "get to work." A soldier hates to hurry through

an extra good dinner. Perhaps that was why we were "mad" from the

officer commanding down to the youngest privates, when at last the orders came

to take over the first line trench. I think the regiment never got over that

"madness" of Christmas eve at having to hurry through a dinner. Anyway,

the Princess Pats made up their minds that night never to give up a trench

that they'd taken one, and they never gave. That's why there's only four of

us left. It is a record I doubt any other British regiment possesses.

While we participated in a number of actions incident to the taking over of

new trench lines and our constant advance toward the Ypres sector, we did not get into serious contact with the

Germans until after the affair at Popherringe, near the Ypres sector, when

we lost Colonel Farquhar, the first loss among the officers. Colonel Farquhar

had been intrusted with a great many personal admissions as to the care of

"her boys" by the Princess Pat, and we looked upon him as the personal representative of the princess with the

regiment. That's why we especially loved him.

Originates "Over the Top"

At Popherringe the term "over the top" originated. It was the Princess Pat

who gave to the colloquialisms of the war zone this thrilling phrase, trans-

lating as it does the determination of every British, French and American

soldier in France to get at the Germans hand to hand and clear the road to the

Rhine.

Those, of course, were the early days of the war. Each day brought new sur-

prises to the British and the Canadians, the result of the long preparation for

war on the part of the Germans. One morning, scarcely two hours after we

had moved into a front line trench after a few days of rest behind the line, an

order came over from headquarters so excited that he trembled as he reported

to our colonel that the airplanes had discovered that the Germans were

"snapping" us. We had heard of "snapping," which means burrowing up close

enough to the enemy trench to put in a mine, explode it, and besides tearing

down a hundred yards or so of trench cause numerous fatalities. But so far

the Germans had not sprung that device upon our lines.

By some means our intelligence staff had learned that the sappers had

worked close to our trench. It was feared that any minute might see the

earth open up, spread to the skies like a bursting rocket, lifting with it hun-

dreds of our brave boys. The officer from headquarters had rushed madly

across the open behind the trench to make his report to Colonel Farquhar,

who never stayed behind the line, but walked up and down the trench with

"THE PRINCESS PATS"
On Christmas Eve, 1914, a regiment of 1200 men, each a veteran of England's former colonial wars and almost every one wearing a decoration bestowed by the king for bravery under fire, marched into the fighting zone to take over a front line trench in Flanders.
Of that gallant 1200 only four are left today, "on their feet."
As "The Princess Pats" the regiment was known through all Great Britain. None could take place in its ranks unless he had seen service in some colonial war and "made his reputation" as a soldier. No private could hope to become a noncommissioned officer, unless he wore the king's medal for some especially brave feat. The Princess Patricia herself was the regiment's honorary colonel, and when the regiment sailed, at England's first call for Canada's assistance, the princess-colonel gave "her boys" a battle flag embroidered by her own hands.



Sergeant Major W. J. Bramhall, Princess Pat's Canadian Light Infantry.

his men throughout their occupancy of the front line trench. The officer suggested that the colonel hurry to open up with machine gun fire to cover while the regiment slipped back through traverses and across the open space to the second line, thus leaving an empty

trench for the Germans to mine. The officer suggested that the colonel hurry to the evacuation, for, he said, "the devils are ready any minute to blow the whole regiment to kingdom come."

But that was not Colonel Farquhar's

way. I think he must have remembered the unwritten law of the regiment: "never to give up what you've got." He turned to his staff officer and issued an order in low tones. The men standing near him were coming. In an instant the whole regiment knew. Every man tightened his belt, looked to his ammunition, patted his rifle and fixed his bayonet. Officers rushed to the trench with each other silently—some of them threw their arms around the neck of a chum, but there was no word passed between them. "Gee, officer, took his place with his men, their faces eager, though drawn, as they crouched to creep along the trench to their proper companies."

It takes a paragraph or many minutes perhaps, to tell how the Pats prepared, but it really took them only a minute or two. An officer standing near the colonel set off a hand rocket and every man leaped from the trench into No Man's Land.
The first to leave the trench was Colonel Farquhar. The regiment very teeth of the belching trench guns of the Germans, but a few yards away, the colonel straightened himself, waved his stick and shouted: "Come on, Pats—we're going over the top!"
The Pats went over—over the top—but our brave colonel, first to start, was left behind. The Germans got him even while the regiment was responding with a mighty cheer to that new battle cry of the Pats: "Come on—we're going over the top!"
Trench is Taken
We took the German trench with a rush, after a fierce tussle hand-to-hand. The reckless charge was such a surprise and so spectacular to the Germans they were half stunned when we swooped down upon them—that is, those of us who got across No Man's Land. There were only 700 of the regiment left when we counted up.

Sergeant Major Ross, one of the most battle-scarred veterans of the regiment, whose breast was covered with medals and orders, was killed trying to carry the colonel's body into the German trench in the footsteps of the regiment, so the colonel might lead following the Pats.
Sergeant Patterson, a gallant noncommissioned officer, won a lieutenant in that dash for the conspicuous gallantry with which he carried wounded comrades out of the trench. He was killed in the captured trench to safety.
It was not an important action, and had little bearing upon the situation in that zone, except to teach the Germans a lesson and increase the morale of the British and Canadians. But Colonel Farquhar's phrase, "Over the top," echoed down the line to Ypres and back home, where it has become the war cry of all the armies in the field.

Lieutenant Colonel Buller succeeded to the command of the regiment. He took his place at the head of his men whenever there was any dangerous work to do. If he had remained at regimental headquarters he would have been killed. Instead he quickly followed Colonel Farquhar to whatever special billet might be set aside in the rear for officers whose deaths bring tears to the eyes of their men.
Immediately after we had gone over the top for the first time the Germans began to search us out with their big batteries. Our airplanes could not locate the big guns for some time, and in the meantime the fire-foot shells of the big German field guns fell among our battalions. One by one our regimental officers paid the toll. Colonel Buller himself went out to a "listening station" one midnight, hoping to locate the hidden company of snipers which during the day persistently picked off every man who raised his head above the trench, causing us many casualties. The snipers caught him creeping back to the line. We went out to get him when he didn't return, and found him claspings in his hands a photograph of his daughter. When we buried him Brigadier General Smith, commanding the Eightieth brigade, of which contingent we were a part, came down to pin upon his coat the distinguished service medal, conferred by special orders.

Recapture Key to Ypres
There would have been few of the regiment left, so fast were the German batteries decimating them. If conditions for the battle of Ypres had not gotten under way. Then the Germans moved their batteries.
Before Ypres there was the battle of St. Julien, fought along the Mennin road. The Germans, especially anxious to take the city of Ypres, which they wanted to use as a distributing center, marched up the trenches of the French colonial troops in the Mennin road sector, where a salient had been formed, in mass formation, sacrificing a hundred thousand men to break the line. Here they used gas for the first time in that district.
The French colonials were driven out, unable to cope against the tremendous odds and reckless sacrifices of the German commanders. The Mennin road was the key to Ypres, however, and the orders came down from Marshal French to regain the line at all cost. The First Canadian contingent, 40,000 strong, which had been distributed close to Festerbert, was called up.

As the Canadians marched down the Mennin road they encountered the routed French colonials, the roads and fields strewn with thousands choking to death from the gas. It seemed as if the very fields were shrieking and groaning, so pitiful was the agony of the colonials who had fallen in their tracks as they streamed across the open behind their trenches, staggering till they dropped, with the terrible gas gripping at their lungs.
But the Canadians marched into action laughing and at each other, joking and cheering, until some one began singing "Tipperary." Company after company of the division took up the refrain until the whole 40,000 officers, noncoms and privates were singing with all their might this Cockney marching song.

They took back the trenches that the 40,000 were only 18,000 when the casualty list was read. This was the first big casualty list sent back to Canada—it was the Dominion's first big "jolt"—22,000 of her first 40,000 contingent lost in a single battle. It woke up the nation. But there was a thrill, too, that went home with the report of the doings at Mennin road. When the battle was over and the trenches safely in the hands of the Canadians, it was the Princess Pats that were found firmly holding the very apex of the salient—the most dangerous place of all. When the field marshal reported back to England there was one line in his report that must have touched the heart of the royal princess—"Special credit is due the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry for its gallantry in taking, under heavy odds and concentrated fire, the most advanced line of trenches."

At Battle of Ypres
We paid heavily, of course, but not so heavily as the toll of the Princess Pats a few days later. May 8, when the Germans began the battle of Ypres. At 2 minutes after 6 o'clock on the morning of the eighth, the Germans began their desperate attempt to take the city. They first concentrated their fire, causing heavy casualties. When they had been driven back to their own trenches their

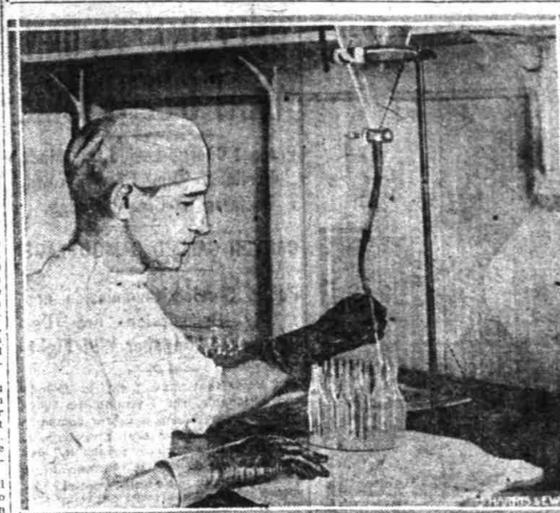
artillery commenced another bombardment which lasted 1 1/2 hours. For the third time, then, they pounded us with artillery, bringing into play light guns that rained shells with the patter, patter of a rainstorm. So intense was this fire that every communication with headquarters was completely cut off. One after the other noncoms and men died. The Germans tried to take the headquarters staff telling the condition the Pats were in, with little ammunition left and no machine guns, yet with the whole force of the German attack on their backs. As fast as they went out these boys were killed. Among them were men who were known to Lord Roberts, their commander in the Boer war, by their first names, endeared to him by some astounding feat of bravery. Many of them already had won the Victoria cross.

At last Corporal Goodwin, who had won his medal at Mafeking, got through. He fell to the ground at the foot of the sentries outside headquarters. He could only whisper: "The Pats are going fast—hurry up," when he died. In an instant word was rushed for the King's Royal Rifles and the King's Own Shropshire Light Infantry, crack regiments that had not yet gone into action, to go to our assistance. We heard them singing "Tipperary" above the sound of the shells. The Germans tried to take the machine guns as they came down the road. They brought ammunition and such machine guns as they had succeeded in lugging across the field, and directed the right of our trench, allowing what was left of us to concentrate at the left. We set the machine guns up just in time to face with them another German attack.

We kept the machine guns going until every man in the three regiments who could manipulate one of them had been killed at the gun stock. As long as we had ammunition for our rifles and the hand grenades the re-enforcing regiments had brought us we kept beating them off until midnight, when the fire from the German artillery slackened, and the Germans gave up for the day their 12-hour attempt to dislodge us. Then when we had rested a bit we took count of the regiment.
Only 147, but they held

Twenty-one officers and 780 noncommissioned officers and men had faced the first German attack that morning. When we called the roll that evening only four officers and 143 noncommissioned officers and men remained. But the Pats had the trench—that was what counted.
After Ypres Marshal French reviewed what was left of the Canadian division—only 4000 men of the original 40,000. When the flag that was embroidered by the Princess Pat went by, with less than a company left to march behind it, Marshal French and his generals, with them the immortal Joffre, took off their caps. When the review was over a staff officer came down from headquarters with a message to Major Hamilton Gault, one of the four officers left, with this message:
"Tell the Pats General French presents his compliments to them and conveys the gratitude of the king and of Princess Patricia."
We went through Ypres and down to the Somme. New faces came into the regiment and new officers came down from headquarters to take command. The new men were not Princess Pats when they joined, but they soon caught the spirit of the old regiment—the spirit carried through to the last by the "corporal's guard" that was left of the crack force that went over in 1914. They have lived up to the high ideals of the Pats. When I got my "blights"—the wound that sent me home at last—there were seven of us left. Just the other day one of these received his "blights" and came to me when he got home to tell me that the seven now are four.

MAKING TYPHOID VACCINE



Filling ampuls with finished vaccine

The army medical school at Washington was turning out 3000 quarts of typhoid vaccine a month at the time the national army was collecting in the various cantonnments. The cost of this monthly output in the material alone, not to mention labor, equipment and overhead, is \$150,000. Its commercial value is five or six times this amount.
Military regulations require that all typhoid vaccine supplied the army, navy and marine corps must be made at the army medical school. Four specialists in this branch of science and super-careful in cleanliness and accuracy, do the bulk of the work. Every step of the manufacture is guarded with the utmost care.

Lieutenant Big Soled Fellow He Boasts Biggest Feet in Army

Camp Lewis, Jan. 19.—(I. N. S.)—While he takes no particular pride in the possession of the largest feet in the cantonment First Lieutenant H. C. Force, in charge of the casualty office here, is of the modest opinion that he has the largest feet in the United States army. He wears a shoe which in size is 16 1/2 and which in length is 14 inches.
Ever since he was a sophomore in high school the lieutenant has been obliged to have his shoes made because at that time his feet outgrew the sizes which were made by shoe manufacturers. They now cost \$15 a pair.
When he went to Harvard his size—six feet four and three eights inches—won him a place on the eleven and one of his most prized possessions is the "H" granted all men who played against Pennsylvania. He was in the 1902 eleven when size and an ability to buck the line were more to be desired than a knowledge of the fine points of the game. He modestly admits that his feet had a lot to do with the winning of the Pennsylvania game where he won his letter.
Lieutenant Force, before he went to the second training camp at the Presidio, was an attorney in Seattle, where he has practiced ever since graduating from Harvard. He weighs 225 pounds.

Japan Is Building Number of Ships

Tokio, Jan. 19.—Japan is able to build 250 ships a year, their tonnage totaling 1,000,000, according to a government statement. The shipbuilding business of

Japan had had an unprecedented growth since the beginning of the war, and on September 1 there were 118 shipbuilding slips owned by 45 firms, besides 24 slips which are being and will be ready before the end of the year. These facilities are more than three times as great as at the beginning of the war. Each slip is capable of turning out a ship of more than 1000 tonnage in less than a year.

RAILROAD PROJECTS IN OREGON SEEKING FEDERAL APPROVAL

Grants Pass, Burns and Florence Commercial Clubs Address Director General McAdoo.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 19.—Three propositions for the construction of railroads in Oregon have now been presented to Director General of Railroads McAdoo. The latest brought to his attention is one originating with the Grants Pass Chamber of Commerce, transmitted through Representative Hawley.

The construction suggested under this plan is for a double extension of the California & Oregon Coast railroad from Waters Creek to Waldo, to tap a section of country said to be rich in chrome ore, and with 30,000,000 feet of Port Orford cedar tributary to it.

Harney Valley Seeks Recognition
The Burns Commercial club and other Eastern Oregon interests have asked consideration for a line to connect Burns with Crane, on the plea that this would open a large agricultural area in the Harney valley.

The Florence Commercial club wants a three-mile road built to Cushman, whereupon, it is stated, a shipyard will be built and new wooden ships can be put on the ways.

Edward Chambers, assistant to Director General McAdoo, has manifested some interest in the Burns to Crane line, having asked for details of the plan for financing the road. Probably this is due to the fact that the Burns Commercial club has intimated that it could present a feasible plan for construction.

Financing Big Problem
If the government itself is expected to furnish the money, it is probable that all the plans of railroad building will have to wait. So far the problem of the government has been to get motive power and cars enough to move tonnage that is offered and urgently needed.

Widowed Mother for Her Son's Enlistment

Denver, Colo., Jan. 15.—Although widowed and in straitened circumstances, Mrs. Clara Doss Burrows, one of the few living descendants of the famous Adams family, urged her only son, Earl Gardner Doss, to enlist for service in Uncle Sam's forces.

The young man is now at the Mare Island marine corps training station. Young Doss's great-grandfather, Elijah Adams, was among the leaders of the Mohawks, who staged the historic "tea party" in Boston harbor just prior to the Revolutionary war. His grandfather, Gardner Adams, was a cousin of President John Quincy Adams, and fought in the United States navy throughout the war of 1812. The boy's uncle, another John Quincy Adams, brother of Mrs. Burrows, was with the Union forces in the Civil war.

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