

Shogomoc Boy Writes Of His Trip Overseas

Driver Edwin H. Grant of the Canadian Artillery Gives Interesting Account of the Trip Across the Pond on the Empress of Britain---Was Encamped at Shorncliffe at the Time of Writing---Not Sorry That He Enlisted and Urges Others to Follow His Example.

Driver Edwin H. Grant, of the 3rd Battery, C. F. A., son of ex-Councillor G. C. Grant, of Shogomoc, has written the following interesting letter from Shorncliffe, England, to his friend, Mr. H. L. Morse, of Pokok:

My Dear Friend,—I will drop you a few lines to let you know I am on the sunny side of life, well and happy.

You will no doubt be surprised to hear from me, but I am in the hospital just now; nothing serious, just sprained my knee, and hope to be back in the ranks again soon. So Eugene asked me to write you about our trip across the big puddle, as I have more time than he has. Like myself he is enjoying the spring weather here, and he comes in every night to see me and is awful good to me. I am proud to have a chum I can depend on when we go to the front.

By Train to Halifax.

Well, about our trip. We left Quebec the 28th of March. We had orders to turn in our goods, such as blankets, rifles and bandoliers, and had got our rubber sheets and two blankets some days before. We were all glad to hear that we were going overseas, you bet! We left the citadel at about 1 o'clock, and the home guards gave us a great cheer as we marched out the gate. We were 63 strong, and one officer. We crossed the St. Lawrence and took the train at Levis for Halifax.

We did not know if we were to embark at Halifax or St. John, so I wired father to see me at Moncton.

We were on the train all night, and when we got to Newcastle, where some of our boys belonged, we got a great welcome. The people gave us all kinds of tobacco, candy, cake and sandwiches—they just piled it into the car windows, and all wished us good luck and a safe return.

We stopped at Moncton for breakfast. Papa met me there and came with us to Sackville, a distance of about 38 miles. I was glad to see him and would also have liked to see all from home. We had 35 minutes at Truro, N.S., for dinner.

Embarked at Halifax.

We passed a number of small towns and got to Halifax at about 7 o'clock p.m., but were not allowed out of the cars, and about 9 o'clock they switched our car up to the wharf and marched us up the gangplank of the Empress of Britain, a C. P. R. line. Here the war, but now changed into a troop ship.

We got a lunch of bread and butter, cheese and tea, and were shown to our

bunks. We were soon asleep. Next morning we found there were three batallions on board—the 53rd from the west, and the 74th and 75th from Winnipeg—a jolly lot of boys. There also were two Army Service Corps of Red Cross men and our bunch of artillery.

We were lucky enough to get good quarters on C deck, which is the third from the top. The ship had six decks, A, B, C, D, E and F. I felt sorry for some of the boys down on the lower decks.

The Troopship.

We stayed at the wharf about all day to finish taking cargo. At five o'clock we hoisted anchor and pulled out into the harbor about a quarter of a mile, and the Baltic, another troopship, which had her troops on board, docked to finish taking cargo.

Next morning she pulled out into the harbor and anchored and the Adriatic docked and took her troops and cargo on board.

The first day of April, at 1.20 p.m., we hoisted our anchor, and put out into mid ocean, together with the Baltic and Adriatic, escorted by a four funnel cruiser, the Drake.

Passing out the harbor, some sailors on a boat shouted to us, "Are you downhearted?" and we answered "Well—no!"

I think we all enjoyed the trip, but realized the conditions and cause for which we were leaving Canada.

We were not long getting out of sight of land. Our cruiser stayed ahead, the Adriatic next, then the Baltic, and our steamer, the Empress of Britain, being the only one with a gun mounted, was put behind. Her stern gun was a 4.7 in size.

On the Atlantic.

We travelled at about 13 knots an hour, some days more and some days less. They have what they call a ship's log, dragging behind on about two hundred yards of half-inch cord, which is braided in such a manner that it revolves. The log is shaped something like a gallon oil can at home, one end tapers to a peak, and it has fins on it in such a manner that when it is drawn through the water it revolves and turns the cord I mentioned, which is attached to a meter on the ship's stern and register the number of knots.

Had Fine Weather.

We had splendid weather most all the trip. I was not sick a minute, but Gene fed the fish for a day or two and then was all right. Quite a few of the

boys were sick, especially those on the lower decks. There was quite a bad smell down there, and while they ate there (I don't see how they could) they slept on deck, as it was too hot below.

Our ship rolled terribly and we at times could hardly stand on our feet. We had physical drill every morning at ten o'clock and all went well until about Friday noon, the seventh day out, when we saw boats coming to us from all directions. As we knew we had been in the danger zone since midnight, we were nervous to know just what they were, and were glad to learn that they were British submarine destroyers, coming to escort us in. They can travel at a great speed, as high as 50 miles an hour. The waves washed over their bows until one could scarcely see them. They sighted one Hun submarine Friday night but it got away.

Ireland Sighted.

Saturday evening we sighted the coast of Ireland. Say! We were glad to see land once more. This was a very dangerous place for subs. This was where the Lusitania and other liners went down. We could see a large lighthouse on the Irish coast, but we went out of sight of land again until at about 9 o'clock the next morning we caught our first sight of the rugged hills of Old England. At noon there was a pilot came on board of each troopship to take them into port and we docked at Liverpool about two o'clock in the afternoon, but not allowed on shore until 7 that evening.

We were said to be the first Canadian troops to land at Liverpool. When we left the ship we were marched direct to a train.

You should see the railway trains here—they certainly looked comical to us. However, they can travel some. They have well built railroads here. The rails are as heavy as those on the Valley Railway, but laid more firmly, with a grip on every tie, and all the roads are double-tracked. The locomotives and cars are both small, and the wheels nearly as high as our wagon wheels at home. A first class car is a dandy. One can't walk through them; they are apartment cars.

In Old England.

We was on the train all night and until seven the next morning, when we reached Shorncliffe. We could not see any of the country until daylight, and then it was quite a change from Canada. When we left Quebec it was all ice and snow; but here everything was green as June time at home. The gardens were all up and everything looked very prosperous.

Farmers raise a lot of sheep here. You can count as many as 75 in a flock in lots of places.

The scenery is beautiful. From our barracks we can look out on the Straits of Dover, and see all kinds of boats on a clear day can see the outlines of the hills in France, and on a still morning can hear the boom of the big guns, so you see we are quite close to the Huns after all.

On arrival here they asked for drivers, and I was among those who volunteered, but Walter decided to remain a gunner. They drill us much harder here than in Canada, and we are getting about all that is coming to us.

Many Aircraft.

We have seen all kinds of aeroplanes and Zeppelins, can look out most any time and see one. Everything is in darkness here at night for fear of air raids. People in Canada should be thankful to think there is no danger of a German dropping a bomb on your head.

I have no longer the khaki, but a nice little suit of blue known as the hospital suit. In this ward is a Princess Pat who has been on the firing line for fourteen months and is now about ready to go back. He tells us some great yarns about things as he found them in France.

Likes the Job. Well, I like this life great. Of course it is much different from civilian life but I have no kick coming, and am glad to think I put on the goods. There are lots of young men around here who have nothing to keep them there, but I would not coax anyone to come. Let them take their own head for it and then they will not be able to lay any blame on anyone. I am not yet sorry for what I have done. If I was back home and knew just what I do now I would not be long getting into khaki.

I made up my mind when I signed that I would always look on the sunny side of things, and take them just as I found them. England needs every man she can get. Of course it is kind of hard to leave our happy homes, but other boys have done it—and why not us?

If you get this O.K., and some time father is down there, let him read it. I have not written him about our trip. I took it all down in a book coming over, but have not sent it home yet.

With kind regards, I beg to remain Your friend,

EDWIN H. GRANT.
P.S.—I think it was very kind of you people in Pokok and vicinity to

APPLES, ORANGES, FIGS AND PRUNES

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UNIONISTS ASKED TO SETTLE DIFFERENCE

London, June 28.—The threatened split in the cabinet over the Irish problem occupies a prominent place in all the morning papers. Most of the editorials appeal to the unionist to settle their differences and get down to the main business of war. The Daily News says: "Even if there comes a split in the Unionist party, the coalition government should weather the storm. It would make us the mark of Europe if the government fails to do so at an hour when the Allies are making their greatest effort against the enemy in the field."

The Daily Mail asks: "Are we at war or are we playing still the old style game of party politics? An attempt to throw the whole nation back into the whirlpool of the Irish question is idle and mischievous. For such pettiness the nation at large has nothing but impatient contempt."

AUTHORITIES SUPPRESS ON ONTARIO PAPER

Sault Ste. Marie, June 28.—Lieut. Col. Chambers, chief press censor for Canada, arrived here on last evening's train from Ottawa and was met at the station by Lieut. Col. Jones, commanding the 227th Overseas Battalion, and the chief of the city police.

A quarter of an hour later a guard from the battalion marched up to the office of the Sault Express and took possession of it by the declaration of the chief press censor, under authority of the order-in-council of June 10th last.

Sentries are on duty at the newspaper office and the edition will be kept under suspension for a period of three months.

This drastic action is due to the publication of an anti-recruiting article printed in the Express on the 23rd inst., which, according to the chief press censor, contained statements calculated to prevent, embarrass and hinder the successful prosecution of the war.

Maids From England.

Mrs. Bowder, wife of the late Agent General for New Brunswick, brought out to Montreal by the Allan liner Carthaginian, 50 maids for approved positions, secured for them some time ago. She is organizing further parties to sail towards the end of August.

A certain glen in Scotland had the reputation of having a splendid echo. An English gentleman visited the place and asked his guide about the echo.

"Just shout 'Two bottles of whisky,'" the gentleman did as requested, and after waiting for several minutes turned to the Scot and said.

"But I did not hear any echo."
"Maybe no," chuckled the Scot, "but here's the lassie comin' wi the whisky."

remember me among the other boys when you was sending the wrist watches. I appreciate your kindness in presenting me with one the same as your own boys, and can assure you that I shall always keep it among my most cherished possessions. E. H. G.

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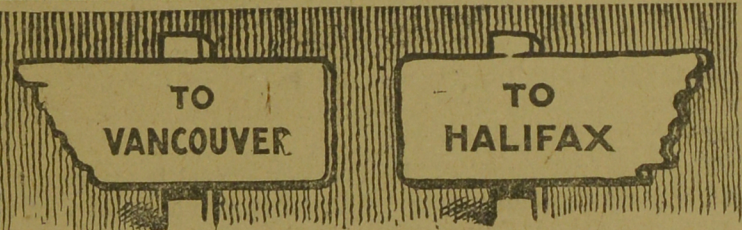
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