

# Moncton Boy Describes the Recent Air Raid on London

Interesting Letter From a Former Member of the Transcript Staff--A Vivid and Soul Stirring Description of the Brutal Work of the Huns--Raid Lasted Only Twenty Minutes--Fifteen Airplanes Took Part.

(Moncton Transcript.)

Staff Sergeant Edgar E. Kelley, brother of Mrs. Leslie Donald of Moncton, and formerly city editor of the Moncton Transcript, was in London three weeks ago on the occasion of the airship raid before the last. In the intervening period since then there has been another airship raid but though the airships were greater in numbers on the latter occasion the loss of life was not so great as in the raid described.

Staff Sergeant Kelley, in a letter to Mr. J. T. Hawke personally, gives a vivid, thrilling and soul-stirring description of the raid. It is one of the finest descriptions which has yet appeared in a Maritime Province newspaper. In the course of his letter Staff Sergeant E. E. Kelley writes as follows:

"London, Sunday.

"These are not days in which we

have very much time to give to thought. But now and then, if the people back home have yet awakened to a realization of what Armageddon and the Old Night of this war really mean. I ask myself: Have they begun to see the hideous side of the wholesale slaughter of fellow-humans, the pitiful devastation of fair lands and sacred institutions that bespeak the very civilization now being offered up as a sacrifice on the Altar of the Brutal Conquest of a system of Militarism, fashioned in red-handed sin, shaped in all the iniquity the cunning of the real Prussian can devise? I ask myself: Do my people see these things, now, stripped to the grinning skeleton, or must Canadian — Maritime — New Brunswick — homes be brought into horrifying and direct contact with what Europe is experiencing ere the Lesson will have penetrated to the consciousness of every last soul in Canada in these tremendous days?

"I have seen something of France, and too much of that blighting destruction that follows in the wake of modern, calculating, machine-made war. I have seen enough of this to hate it. But I have seen another phase of modern, scientific slaughter that tells me that on the hands of a

certain set of arch criminals is the blood-guilt of the greatest crime since Golgotha.

"I can tell you of this crime for, as you read of it, you will have before your eyes a mental picture of what its perpetration means to this magnificent metropolis. For London was chosen for the staging of a scene, surcharged with all that is mean and low and vile and cowardly in the inhuman devildoms of the Prussian brain. "Someone — and a German — once said that 'the Prussian is not civilized, he is merely trained.' Yes, he is trained — but not 'merely' trained. He is a post-graduate, of magna cum laudate degree, of a school of cunning ghouliness, that has a chair in savage slaughter of innocents endowed from the most miasmatic depths of Hell itself.

"Parenthetically, our own creed is 'in the cold machine' today — but we try to play the game, and play it, according to our lights, as it is written that the game of war should be played.

"The Prussian came to London. Oh, yes; he had come before, but somewhat spasmodically — very much in an experimental hesitancy, under cover of darkness, sneakily. But he came, this time, Prussian in all we have come to regard that term as implying. He came deliberately, unerringly, in the full sunlight of a beautiful noontime of such a June day as only England can know. He stayed a

scant twenty minutes — and when he had gone and a stricken people began to realize the enormity of his crime, someone gave us the newest truism of this war: 'Better a soldier in France than a baby in London.'

"I had just come out of the Tube at Trafalgar square, and was setting out to dodge traffic across to Charing Cross when Bedlam broke loose. From the eastward came the all-too-unmistakable shattering, earth-rocking concussions and detonations of bursting bombs and crashing aerial torpedoes. Explosion followed explosion in succession too rapid to count — and almost at the same instant, the big guns cut in, roaring and shrieking out their messages of defiance in a frenzied symphony of splintering steel and high explosives.

"They might as well have been attempting to register the range of the sunbeams that glinted on the wings, struts and fuselage of those tiny, child-toy like things that flashed, here and there, in and out, among the wisps of clouds. Guns trained on a Taube, raining destruction, unutterable misery and mangling death from a height some 19,000 feet straight overhead, is not a heartening task. So tiny and toylike do they seem at such an enormous height, that one can not readily connect them with the inferno of crashing fury being enacted below.

"Fifteen machines came to London on that day — and fifteen returned for the poudits of their Prussian masters. They had done their mas-

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ters' hellish work, and they had done baby-killing is becoming a too-common well. Even that arch-fiend, Old Tirpitz himself, could not have asked for more fiendish results. The Prussian hates England and all things English — but particularly does he hate London with a consuming passion that would border on the ludicrous, were its direct results not felt with such soul-testing horror. And the Mailed Fist had a maliciously-joyous grip on the throat of London on that sunny June day.

"I wish I did not need to tell you of those pathetically shocking details. I would rather draw the veil over the murder of helpless women and children — bits of babies. But somehow, something tells me that the Great Lesson for the Canadian people lies in those details. This because I fear

these things; does not alleviate, in one heart pang, the naked soul sufferings of a nation in agony. "You think I am employing superlatives? Mr. Hawke, there isn't language in our vocabularies and lexicons (Continued on page 3.)

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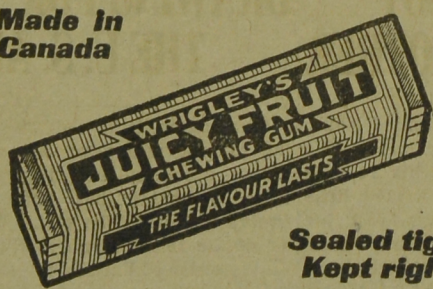
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