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## Proclamation

It is ordered by the Department of Health of New Brunswick that all Schools, Theatres and Churches in New Brunswick be **CLOSED ON AND AFTER FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11th, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE**, and that all public meetings be prohibited, in view of the danger of an epidemic of severe (so called Spanish) influenza.

(Sgd.) **GEORGE G. MELVIN,**  
 Chief Medical Officer, Province of New Brunswick.  
 St. John, October 9th, 1918.

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## A FIGHTING MASCOT WHO SAW THE WAR FROM INSIDE

**Tommy Kehoe of the King's Liverpool Regiment Was Less Than Five Feet Tall ---He Couldn't Bugle Worth a Cent but He Managed to Get Close Up to the Big Show---Tells of His Adventures**

(New York Sun)

The youngster Tommy Kehoe, four feet ten inches tall, ninety-six pounds in weight, who is known in British ranks as the "fighting mascot," got into the forces and saw the war from the inside because he couldn't bugle.

With the idea of getting close up to the "big show" Tommy who was living with his mother in Liverpool, joined the Fifth King's Liverpool Regiment as a bugler. They didn't ask him if he could blow a bugle. But they soon found out. The Colonel said he was the worst bugler in the King's service and the bandmaster said he was a good deal worse than that.

So in spite of his inches they made him a rifleman and started him on an adventurous career that brought him back to Blighty, to the compliments of the King, and to America where he has been working for the Fourth Liberty Loan.

Tommy arrived at Folkestone and sailed for France on May 16, 1917. That was his sixteenth birthday. He has five brothers in the British army, the youngest being fourteen. One of his other brothers is a prisoner in Germany. Tommy himself by the time the Fourth Liberty Loan is over will be on his way home to go to work in a munition factory. After being gassed and shell shocked and wounded he came back to Blighty expecting to have still another go at the Hun, but instead he received an honorable discharge. He carries the scars of the Hun upon his body and the scar on his head where he was hit by the butt of a Hun rifle. Boylike, he thinks that the King's handshaking speeded his recovery.

Meets the King

"There I was on the pier," he said "after the trip from France. I raised my head a bit and could see a bearded man in a General's uniform in the centre of some officers. Pretty soon he came to speak to me—the king! He asked me how I felt and how old I was. 'Sixteen?' he said. 'At your age you should never have been there. But, my boy if all the men of England showed such spirit we would soon win the war.'"

When an interviewer asked Tommy who has told his story in a book called "The Fighting Mascot" what was the most exciting of all the adventures he had had, he said: "The most exciting adventure—you'd call it an adventure wouldn't you?—was to see a crucified man, a Canadian soldier. It was at Poperinghe near Ypres. Some Belgian women and children came out to meet us on the road and they wanted something to eat. We didn't have anything except crackers and bully beef. After that we kept on till we came to the soldier who was suspended, disfigured crucified. I don't know as you would call it an adventure, but that made me excited, more excited than anything else I ever saw, and I said to myself: 'There isn't any doubt about it—the Lord is glad every time you stick your bayonet into a Hun.'"

Tragic Stone House

"We were marching cheerfully along toward Arras and must have been six miles from that town. Billy Matchett and I were talking of what we might expect in the way of fighting at Arras. Way off near the skyline stood a gloomy looking stone house. I can't say what it was about that dismal house that aroused my curiosity. We were within perhaps a hundred yards of it when I saw a man's head appear in one of the broken windows. Then came the machine guns. They were being fired from the windows.

"The men spread out all around the house, and Fritzie didn't find us so

easy to hit after that. We kept on pumping shot at them, hoping to put such a hot fire through the windows that the machine gunners would have to go out of business. The fight had been going on quite a while when one of our officers who had been skirmishing through the fields, came back with the news that he had found a big log, and some of the men went with him to get it.

"We got ready to use the log for a battering ram. In front was old Bonsey, an ex-burglar, on the way to the best bit of housebreaking he ever did, and Martin, a Scotland Yard man, was just behind him. The crowd with the ram made a bee line for the front door of the house. One of them dropped dead when they were within thirty yards of it, but the rest kept on. They came up against the door at full speed. There was a tremendous crash and the whole door flew into pieces.

"Half a dozen men dove through the broken door before the splinters had stopped flying. By the time I got there the ground floor was so jammed with Huns and Tommies that there wasn't room to swing a gun. I think the first man to rush in must have killed or wounded a good many Germans, but there were still plenty to be accounted for. It was the liveliest hand-to-hand fighting I had ever seen. There was scarcely room for bayonet work or shooting though now and then a gun went off. Our men were using their knives and their fists. The yells and groans and occasional shots made a terrible noise."

In this room as Tommy explained there was one man swinging a gun—a big Prussian. He bowled over Tommies till the cry went up "Put the steel to 'im! Put the steel to 'im!" Then a Tommy made a quick spring and drove a knife into him. "Fritzie's gun dropped to the floor with a crash and he fell on top of it." By this time the fighting on the first floor was over.

The Tommies took a look into the room adjoining where they found a man, a woman and a baby stone dead. After that there was a rush to get up stairs to attack the Germans there.

English Are Victorious

"I got there just behind the first rush," said the youngster Kehoe, "and the way our men were cleaning out those Germans was a sight a man isn't likely to set eyes on once in a lifetime unless he's born lucky."

"Right in the centre of the big room—there was only one room on that floor—a Tommy had gripped a Hun by the throat and was strangling the life out of him. Another Fritzie knocked me flat as he fell over me with a knife thrust clear through him. Our men hadn't forgotten what they had seen in the little room down stairs and they were'n taking any prisoners.

"Suddenly, as all that mass of fighting men drove in on us came a frightful crash. The shell torn roof had fallen in and we were half buried in the ruins. The falling timbers had knocked me off my feet. I picked myself up and looked around me, wondering if anybody but myself had come out alive."

"Then I saw Tommies everywhere rubbing their eyes, mostly unhurt, though one had been killed by a falling beam and several had been badly cut up. The strangest sight of all was to see a Tommy crawling about with a knife in his hand, making sure no Germans were left alive under the rubbish."

"Pretty soon in a dark corner we found two girls cowering close together on the floor. One looked to be not more than 14 years old and the other a year or two younger. We got them out of that terrible place as soon as we could. They had been in the room upstairs all through the fighting, and the work that had been going on up there must have seemed like a fearful dream to them."

"They told us that just before we had appeared on the road the Germans had killed their father, mother and sister. The Germans had been drinking and acted like madmen. They began to break open wine casks in the cellar and became worse than ever. Then they had dragged the two little girls to the floor above. We had come in sight just in time to save them. A little later the London Scottish Regiment came in sight and we turned the little girls over to them. Then we marched on."

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