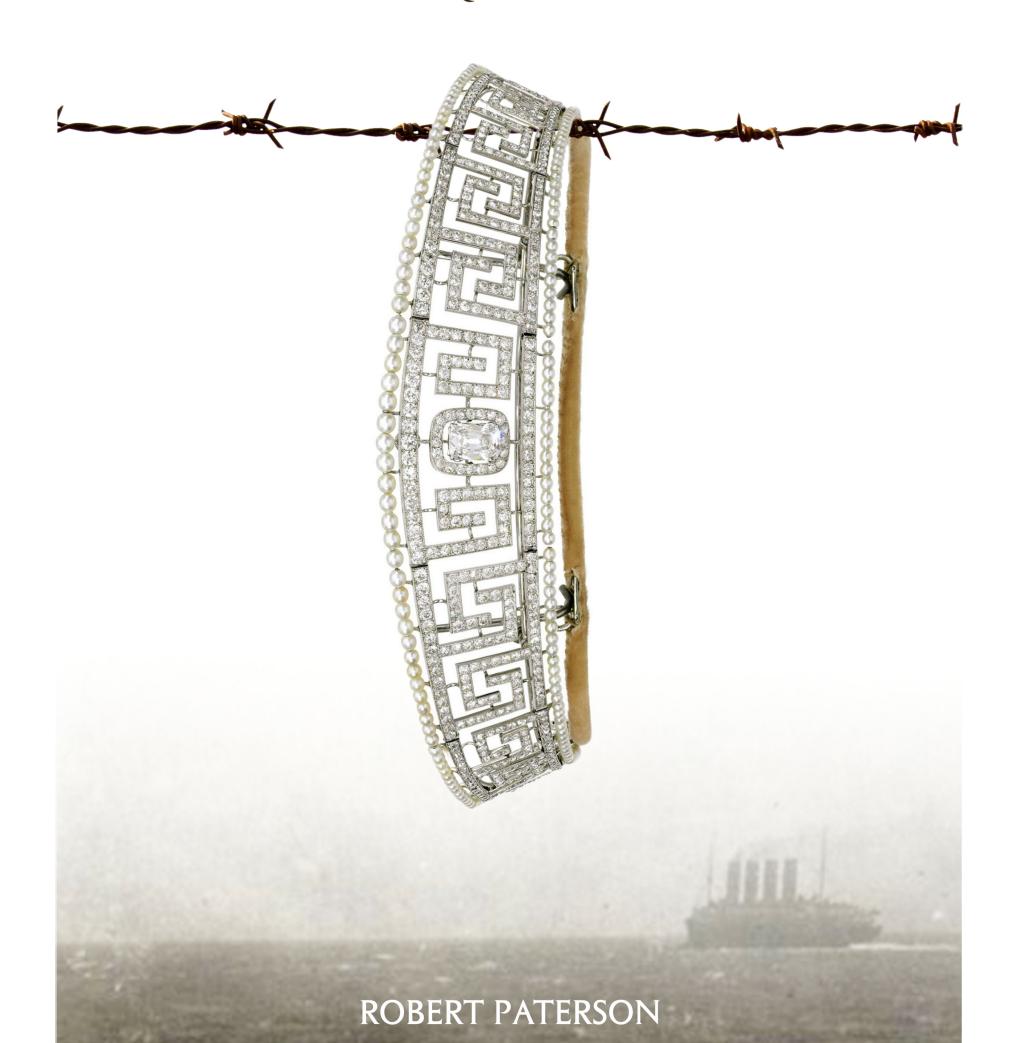
Noblesse Oblige

THE SQUARE MILE





NOBLESSE OBLIGE

Nestling under the "Mountain" in Montreal is the Allan Memorial Institute. Now a tired institution, Ravenscrag was once the thriving social and business epicenter of a group of entrepreneurial Scots who built modern Canada in the 19th century. Just to the east of Ravenscrag, lies the empty shell of the great hospital that they had financed, the Royal Victoria Hospital. Down the slopes to the south, scattered between high rises, are a few more unloved mansions. Their original families are long gone. How could the power of their former owners be swept away so quickly?

The quick answer is, I think, this group's response to the Great War.

Unlike the elites of today, these families accepted that their great privilege came with great responsibility. It is why they financed the hospitals of Montreal. It is why they financed the university of McGill.

In The Great War, their privilege, far from saving them loss and pain, drove them to lose more. For, unlike the elites of today, this elite saw that their duty was to shoulder the burden.

Their actions define the phrase "Noblesse Oblige". Which loosely translated means "Whoever claims to be noble must conduct himself nobly."

This is their story.

 ${\it Chapter\ heading\ image\ of\ Ravenscrag\ 1901-from\ the\ Notman\ Collection\ at\ the\ McCord\ Museum\ Notman\ Notm$



ADVENTURE & TRAGEDY

"To begin with, everyone thought the war would be over by that famous first Christmas, but now we can't imagine life without war. I suppose older people can, but most of us have never tasted anything else since we left school or university. And what's so strange is how easily all of us accept this existence of killing or being killed as absolutely the normal." - Open Cockpit, Arthur Gould Lee

May 8th, 1915 was a terrible day for Isobel Paterson. She had just heard of the sinking of the Lusitania on May 7th. Over 1,000 people were feared dead.



Had her first cousin, Marguerite Allan, survived? What about Marguerite's youngest daughters. Gwen and Anna? What about Dorothy Braithwaite? And what about Mr Orr-Lewis and his valet, George Slingsby? Had not Mrs Stephens been on board with her grandson, John? What of them?

The last week had been a terrible one. So many people that she knew had been killed or wounded at Ypres in Belgium. Her eldest son, Alex, thank God, had got through unscathed. She knew that some of the men might die, they were soldiers, but she had never imagined that women and children might be at risk.

In August 1914, only nine months earlier, the war had looked like an adventure. Her son, Alex Paterson, had enlisted the day war had broken out. His first letter from England, in November 1914, had told his parents about the fun that he was having.

He was not alone. Nearly every one of his Canadian male friends had signed up for the First Contingent. These included, Owen Hague in Alex's unit. Guy Drummond and his best friend from Toronto, Trum Warren. Hammie Gault, a cousin and a neighbour of the Allans, had even raised a regiment of his own! Hammie's brother in law, Chattan Stephens, was in Guy's regiment.

Back in August, all of these young men were worried that the war would be over by Christmas and that they might miss the opportunity.

It was not just the men who were excited, and liberated, by the outbreak of war. 30,000 Canadian women quickly followed their men across the Atlantic in 1914. Many were young women. Many were also Isobel's contemporaries.

Isobel's first cousin, Marguerite, Lady Allan planned to join her friend, Julia, Lady Drummond. They wanted to work for the Red Cross in England. Julia had arrived in London in November, 1914. She had brought with her, her daughter-in-law, Mary Braithwaite and Mary's sister, Marjory. The Braithwaite sisters wanted to be close to their husbands, Guy Drummond and Trum Warren.

Marguerite had delayed her final departure to England because she was working, with Alice Yates, to set up the fund-raising to support her project with Julia.



A fund raising card tournament at Ravenscrag

With no Allan Line ship available for her new dates, Marguerite Allan booked the Regal Suite on the Cunard liner, Lusitania. This suite would easily accommodate her and two youngest daughters, Gwen and Anna.

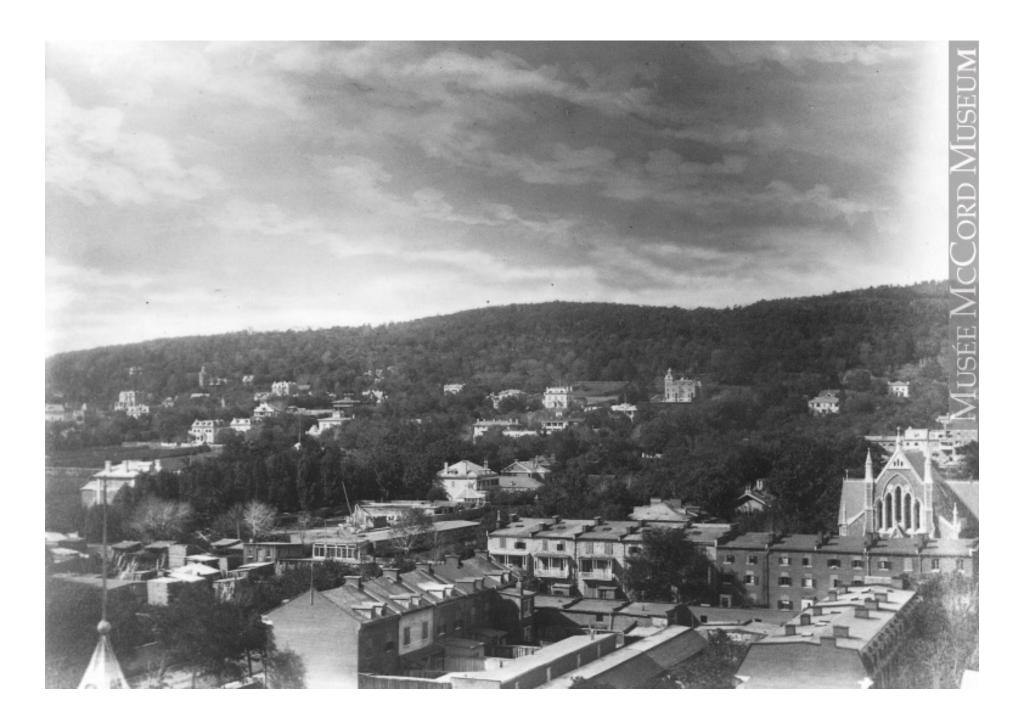
Martha Allan, Marguerite's eldest child was also desperate to get over to Europe. Her plan was to go as a nurse.

Sir Montagu Allan and his son, Hugh, were operating on the idea that the war would be over by Christmas. In early 1915, he was in England finishing his final term at Eton. His plan was to go to McGill.

Sir Montagu Allan was planning to spend most of the war in Montreal. He had his many businesses in Canada to run. In Marguerite's absence, he would also have to take over the running of their many residences. His big war project was to help the launch of an expeditionary hospital, "*The McGill*", that would be made up of elements from McGill University, the Royal Victoria Hospital and the Montreal General Hospital.

But after May 8th, 1915, the fun and the adventure were over. Little did the Montreal elite know, but their world was dying as well.

Chapter image of Isobel (Mackenzie) Paterson is from the family collection. The fund raiser at Ravenscrag from McCord Museum.



THE ALLANS

This picture is of where the elite of Montreal lived before The Great War. It was a community of about 100 families who lived inside a small part of Montreal known to outsiders as The Golden Square Mile or "*The Square Mile*" to insiders.

Every time you stepped outside of your house, you would meet your relations. You worked with them. You played with them. You married again and again into them. It was a tiny world. It was a village. It was a clan.

In 1914, the central characters of the Square Mile were Sir Montagu and Marguerite, Lady Allan.



This is Sir Montagu Allan, the "Laird" of Montreal. Montagu is in the uniform of the Colonel of the Royal Highland Regiment of Canada, the Black Watch. It was Guy Drummond's regiment. It had been Hammie Gault's regiment and it was Chattan Stephens' regiment. It was the "Family Regiment".

The Square Mile was not all Scots but it was mainly Scots. The Allans hosted the annual St Andrews ball where the Scots of Canada gathered. In 1912, a thousand guests had danced the night away. The attachment to Scotland was very powerful.

This next picture is of Montagu's wife, Marguerite Allan. With her are her two youngest daughters, Gwendolyn and Anna.



Marguerite was born a Mackenzie. The Mackenzies were business partners of the Allans. Hers was a dynastic marriage.

Here is the Allan Montreal house, "*Ravenscrag*". It had been built by Montagu's father, Sir Hugh Allan. It was the epicentre of the social world of Montreal in 1914. It had been expanded to 60,000 square feet by Aunt Marguerite before the war. It sits just under the mountain where it still looks down upon all of Montreal.



Montreal can be very hot in the summer. In late June, the mothers and the children of the Square Mile would leave Montreal not to return until mid August. In this pre air-conditioning era, they looked for a place that was naturally cool. In 1914, there were three main choices. Murray Bay was on the North Shore of the St Lawrence. Saint Andrews was on the Bay of Fundy in New Brunswick.



Smartest of all was Cacouna on the south shore of the St Lawrence. Here is the Allan cottage in Cacouna, "*Montrose*".



And here, in 1901, are all the Allan children on the steps of "*Montrose*". On the left is Martha, then Hugh, then Gwen and lastly Anna. The children would invade all the houses making close connections even closer. There were endless social activities but also a chance for the mothers to hang out with each other and relax. For then,

most of the hard child-work was done by a small army of British nannies. Most of the children had British accents as a result. My father, Jimmie, and his brother, Robert, stayed there as small boys with their English nanny, Nan. It is a mark of Aunt Marguerite's loving character that, when Robert had peeled the wall paper off the walls in his room, she told him that she had always hated it and that it was all fine.

Julia Drummond had her Cacouna house, "*Gads Hill*", next door to the Allans. She, and her son Guy, would normally spend months each summer with the Allans. Guy was there that summer with his new wife, Mary Braithwaite.

When war was declared, in early August 1914, the Allans, and most of their friends, were in Cacouna. There must have been endless conversations in all the summer houses in that first week of the war. Marguerite and Julia Drummond, decided to go to England to work for the Red Cross. Julia's son, Guy, left immediately for Valcartier where he would sign up in Uncle Montagu's regiment. Martha Allan, Marguerite's eldest daughter, wanted to go to war as a nurse. Hugh was planning to start at McGill that September. But he received news from his school in Eton that convinced him that he should stay on there. Hugh left for England in late August or early September. Marguerite and Montagu booked passage to England, in October, to go on a house hunting expedition.

They could never have imagined that they would never return to Cacouna as a family.

Images of the Square Mile and of the Allans are from the Notman Collection at the McCord Museum



Havergal in 1914

That left the two youngest Allan children, Gwen and Anna, on their own. They were packed off to Havergal College in Toronto. Dorothy Braithwaite was an old girl and her experience at Havergal might also have been a factor in Aunt Marguerite choosing the school.

It was all going to be such fun!

Inscribed in the plate, l.l.: ONE OF THE BASKET BALL COURTS; l.r.: REMBRANDT GRAVURE
Part of a set of 28 photogravures issued in a brown paper wrapper (Acc. 971-19-29) engraved with school crest
and with printed title: Havergal College / Toronto. Looking s.e., showing Sir Oliver Mowat's house "Northfield", later
owned by Edward Rutherford, and in 1913 bought by Havergal College. TEC 399.38 (#5). See also TORONTO/
HOUSES/"NORTHFIELD"; Rights and License Public Domain

Note: Isobel Paterson's father was a Mackenzie and her mother was an Allan. Not only was Isobel (MacKenzie) Paterson a double first cousin of both Montagu and Marguerite, she also was brought up in the Andrew Allan home, Iononteh, 50 yards away from Ravenscrag. They could not be closer. This is why references to many of the Allans and their relations in this book will be as "Uncle" and "Aunt" which is

what all the Paterson family called them. You can find more information about who is who in the Appendices.

Note - Here is a modern picture along the river front at Cacouna that shows which family lived where and when the main houses were built.

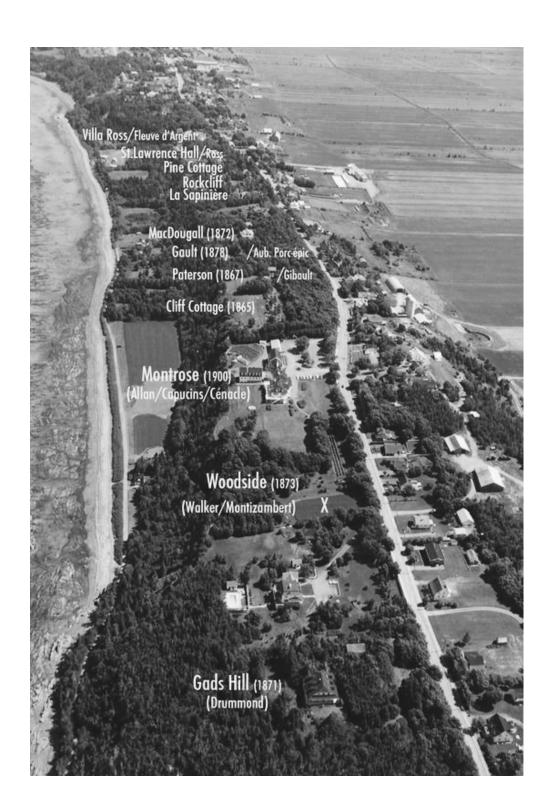


Photo credit Yvan Roy - http://baladodecouverte.com/circuits/449/poi/6365/montrose



This is Rockleigh, the Paterson House in Cacouna. From Family Collection



THE PATERSONS

This is my grandfather, Alex Paterson, as a cadet at Royal Military College Kingston (RMC). He had gone to RMC as part of a plan by his father to instill some discipline. He was the eldest son of Isobel Paterson, a grand-daughter of Sir Hugh Allan, the founder of the Allan dynasty.

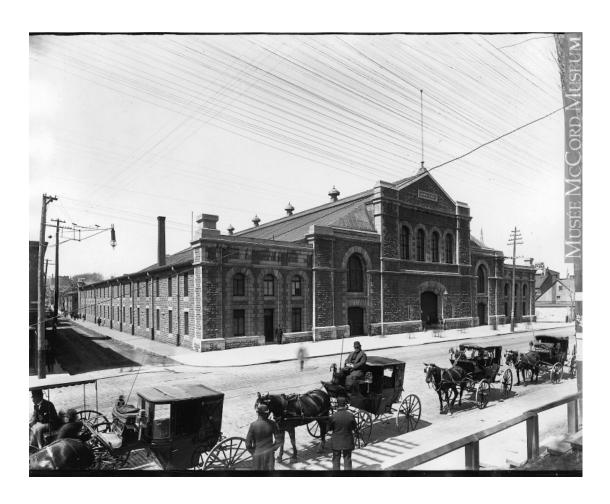
As a school boy, Alex had been involved in an incident at Bishops, a private boarding school near Lennoxville in Quebec. One story, was that the headmaster had been thrown into the swimming pool. The other story, was that part of the school had

been burned down. As a punishment, Alex was sent away to England to a school called Bradfield.

His English "public" school experience was common for many Canadian boys from the Square Mile. Before 1914, most of the Allan boys had gone to Rugby. Hugh was at Eton. Later the Scots Allans, and yours truly, went to Harrow. In England, "Public Schools" are private boarding schools that had a very spartan culture. They were designed to produce the ruling class for the Empire. As a result, Alex, and others like him such as Hugh Allan, saw themselves primarily as British people who lived in Canada.

In 1913, Alex graduated from RMC. What career would he choose? The professional Canadian Army was then only 3,000 strong. Unless he wanted to join the British Indian Army, there was no real career for a soldier in Canada.

Wanting a soldiering life, Alex joined the militia. He was not alone. The militia was the best club that a young Canadian man could be part of. By 1914, it was over 20,000 strong. It's main purpose was to defend Canada against its historic enemy, the United States.



The Craig Street Armoury 175 Craig Street

At the outbreak of war in August 1914, Alex was already a Lieutenant in the Westmount Battery. He had trained at the Craig Street Armoury in downtown Montreal. Also training in the same armoury, in a different battery, was a young McGill professor, Andrew McNaughton. On the west coast of Canada, a former Major in an artillery

militia regiment, Arthur Currie, had recently become a Lieut. Colonel of the 50th Regiment (Gordon Highlanders of Canada). Reporting to him was Garnet Hughes, the son of the Minister for Militia, Sam Hughes.

The officers all knew each other well. The relationships between officers and men were warm and friendly. This meant that, when war was declared, the exceptional unit cohesion, that was the hallmark of the Canadians during the war, was in place.

"We were a close knit organization. We served with people that we knew – there was a personal acquaintance and a personal friendship; we had a feeling of personal responsibility for the men's well being." (McNaughton)

Alex's day job was as a trainee at the Bank of Montreal (BMO). He was being trained as a banker to prepare for a position in the family business, Paterson and Company. His branch, next to the Ritz on Drummond and Sherbrooke Street, was just around the corner from his home on Simpson. It served the Square Mile. Alex would have known every customer.



The BMO branch is in the building on the left of the $\mbox{\it Ritz}$

Then, the BMO was the de facto national bank. No other bank came close to it in stature. It had recently completed the financing of the greatest project yet in Canada, the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The BMO had been founded by a cousin,

Horatio Gates. Alex's grandfather, also named Alex, had been a director. Alex's great uncle, Sir Vincent Meredith, was then its President. Sir Vincent's wife, Brenda (Allan) was Isobel Paterson's best friend and aunt. Only two years apart in age, they had grown up, like sisters, in the same home.

Life for Alex at the bank was very formal and very slow. He recalled that he would often receive a request from Dr John Todd to have \$20 in brand new one dollar bills delivered to his home. Dr Todd was not one of his favourite clients. At lunch, the bank would close and all the staff would sit down to a roast that would be carved by the Manager. The fact that these trivial things stuck in his memory indicates how boring he found this work. This was not the life he wanted.





Alex, on the football team at RMC, is on the left. Somerled, in India, is on the right.

I think that Alex looked quite a lot like his uncle, Somerled, who had also graduated from RMC. Somerled had joined the British Army in India. Somerled was the only one of the Paterson men of his generation not to join Paterson and Company. He died in Quetta in 1895 while playing polo.



Lieutenant Somerled Lorn - Royal Dublin Fusiliers - died 25th July 1895. Grave at Quetta
"Somerled Lorn Paterson. Lieutenant in HM's 103rd Regiment Royal Dublin Fusiliers. Born in Montreal, Canada 22 Jan. 1871. Died
Quetta 25 July 1895 from injuries received when playing polo. Deeply regretted by his family, many friends and brother officers to whom his bright
unselfish nature had endeared him." http://www.members.tripod.com/~Glosters/offzdiedp.htm

I think that he would have preferred to have joined the army, like Somerled, but, as the eldest son, he had to follow the route into the family business.

Why did he sign up on the day that war was declared? He and most young Montreal men were bored. The war freed Alex from his desk at the bank, Guy from his mother, Trum from the Gutta Percha business and Hammie Gault from being a playboy.

Many young women of Alex's circle also chafed under the old rules of what was a woman's role. They too wanted to be free. The war gave them that chance. A Canadian nurse was paid as an officer and had no parent or chaperone. She had money and freedom. She could go on leave to Paris, or to London, by herself. She could even go with a man. The demand for women factory workers liberated many working class women as well. They, for the first time, had their own money. With their own money, they had more power at home. Wealthy women like Julia or Marguerite, could have an opportunity to run more than a large household. They could take the experience of being a Chatelaine and become a CEO of large organizations.

The war was, for many men and women, an offer of freedom.

Images - Alex Paterson an the McCord Museum	nd Somerled Paterson Family	Collection - Craig St Armoury	y, BMO from the Notman Collection at



HORSES

What was Alex doing in these first heady days of the war? His job was to get horses. The 2nd Brigade, Canadian Field Artillery (CFA) would need nearly 1,000 horses. In charge of this round-up was another of Alex's Allan Uncles, Charles McEachran. Charles was married to one of Uncle Montagu's sisters. Uncle Charles was a remarkable vet who, with his brother Duncan, had set up the first veterinary teaching hospital on Union Avenue close to the Craig St Armoury. They had two weeks to obtain the 1,000 horses that a brigade would need.



The Hospital on Union - McCord Museum

The only way that the Brigade could get the 1,000 horses was from the families of the Square Mile. The family that had the most horses was of course, the Allans. Alex, as a double first cousin of the Allans, was in charge of getting the horses for his battery.



Andrew Allan's Carriage and Grooms outside Iononteh - McCord Museum

These were not nags but dearly beloved personal and carriage horses. Most of these horses had been imported at great expense from the UK. Most lived in some splendour in heated stabling with beautiful oak stalls with devoted grooms. The grooms signed up too. Alex's groom was Harold Cooper. Cooper had been a groom in Uncle Montagu's stables. Harold Cooper was an Englishman. Most of the servants of the Square Mile were English. Harold Cooper survived the war and was invalided back to Canada. The sons of the Square Mile went to war with the men of their household.

Uncle Charles and his sidekick, Alex Paterson, acquired the necessary horses in only two weeks. On the 15th of August, Alex, the 2nd Brigade CFA and 1,000 horses, from the stables of the Square Mile, boarded a train to go to Valcartier, a small rural town just north of Quebec City.

Little could they know the terrible life that awaited these horses. Like the men, the horses endured the rain, the cold and the mud. Like the men, they were shot, gassed and blown apart by shells. Many were worked to death. But there was still love. For then, most humans had spent their lives with horses. The bond could be very intimate as man and horse shared the same terrible conditions.



Not one of the Montreal horses ever returned to Canada. Most of the surviving Canadian horses in 1918 were given by the Canadians to the Belgians who used them as farm animals or for meat.

Images - Cover by Frank Hurley - From the Notman Collection at the McCord Museum - Resting Gunner from https://www.horsejournals.com/popular/history-heritage/real-war-horses-faithful-unto-death



VALCARTIER

On August 17th, 1914, in brilliant summer weather, the 2nd Brigade CFA arrived at a new camp, Valcartier, located just north of Quebec City. Men had been arriving here since August 8th.

The planned mobilization had been thrown out of the window by the charismatic Minister for Militia, Sam Hughes. Hughes insisted that all men go directly to Valcartier. Within four days of the opening of the camp, nearly 6,000 men had arrived. A week later, the number of personnel in the camp had swelled to 25,000. Soon after

there would be 32,000 men and 8,000 horses. Hundreds of trains were involved. Apparently it all felt chaotic. But, on reflection, how else could Canada have formed a division and got it onto the Atlantic in such a short time?



The artillery arrive in Valcartier on a lovely late summer's day *

What would Alex and the 2nd Brigade have been doing in Valcartier? Before Valcartier, each Battery had trained on its own. Now they would have to train to as a brigade. They would also have to get used to deploying and firing their weapon, the 18 pounder field gun.



Firing the 18 pounder at Valcartier *

With 32,000 men assembled at Valcartier, it would be possible to field three brigades of infantry. The plan was to attach a brigade of field artillery to each infantry brigade. So Alex and the 2nd Brigade CFA (Canadian Field Artillery) would be attached to the 2nd Canadian Infantry Brigade (CI). This was to be commanded by Arthur Currie. Currie had got the job because he had been Garnet Hughes CO. Sam Hughes made the choice because, by promoting Currie, he furthered the chances of his son Garnet. Little did the Hughes men and Currie know then that they later would become bitter enemies.



A rare picture of Currie - far right - in 1913 (image from Craig Cotter at the Museum of the 5th (BC) Regiment Royal Canadian Artillery)

Currie's appointment was also a fateful connection for Alex and the gunners in the 2nd Brigade. Men of the 2nd Brigade would always have Currie's attention. In particular, Major Andrew McNaughton who commanded the 7th battery in the 2nd Brigade was to become Currie's right hand man as the Canadians reinvented the use of artillery in 1916/17.

Notes

On August 31st, 1914, a panorama picture was taken of the men then at Valcartier. Hughes is in the centre.



The format of this book does not allow you to see it properly. But at this link you can find all the detail. https://militaryandfamilyhistory.blog/valcartier-crowdsourcing-project/
Thanks to Steve Clifford.



As I studied it, I found in Section 1, on the left hand side, Owen Hague (6) and Alexis Helmer (28) who will be killed on May 2nd, 1915. 14 is clearly my grandfather Alex Paterson and 20 is Andrew McNaughton. I think 5 is Richard Turner VC, who will become CO of the 1st Brigade.

The photos marked * come from the album of Photographs of BRIGADIER GENERAL W. O. H. DODDS, C.M.G., D.S.O. http://spcoll.library.uvic.ca/Digit/WOD/index.htm - Cover image from http://www.warmuseum.ca/firstworldwar/history/going-to-war/canada-enters-the-war/training-at-valcartier/

Section 1





Lieutenant Alex Paterson



JOHN MCCRAE

At the outbreak of war, sailing on the *Calgarian*, an Allan Line ship, was a 41 year old doctor, John McCrae. McCrae was a man of many parts.

John McCrae had graduated at the top of his class in medicine at the University of Toronto, and, in 1899, was awarded a fellowship in pathology to McGill University in Montreal. But, this award coincided with the start of the Boer War. McCrae put off accepting the fellowship in order to go to South Africa with the artillery. Why did he do this?



In 1893, John McCrae posed in his militia uniform at the Royal Military College, Guelph Museums, McCrae House

He had been in the militia since he was 15 years old and was as much a soldier as a doctor. He needed to know what real soldiering was like. He left for South Africa in 1900.

Lieut. McCrae was in command of the right side section of D Battery of the Royal Canadian Artillery attached to the Second Canadian Contingent. His tent-mate was Lieut. Edward Morrison. As we will see, Morrison will play an important role in McCrae's life.

This contingent returned to Canada, in 1901, after participating in several campaigns. Many of his direct contemporaries from South Africa, such as Richard Turner and his nemesis, Surgeon General Guy Carleton Jones, would have senior commands in the Great War.



In 1900, McCrae (top middle) on board Laurentian officers and men of D battery + nurses on their way to South Africa (Morrison)
Image from "With the Guns in South Africa. Morrison." iBooks.

On his return from Africa, McCrae accepted the fellowship, at McGill, which he completed in 1905. He went on to complete specialist training under Dr Adami. McCrae was one of the first Canadians to receive formal training in laboratory research. He invented new processes to aid his study of agglutination of several bacteria. He authored more than 30 papers with research that included almost 1,000 autopsies, held academic appointments at McGill University, taught at the University of Vermont Medical College and conducted a private medical practice.

In addition to his own medical work, McCrae was part of an elite group of doctors who worked with Dr Sir William Osler. Osler was one of the four founding professors of Johns Hopkins Hospital. Osler created the first residency program for specialty training of physicians. He was the first to bring medical students out of the lecture hall for bedside clinical training. McCrae's brother, Thomas, was one of Osler's principal collaborators. John himself was published in several of Osler's books. Dr John Todd, a friend of McCrae, was part of this group. Osler's son, Revere, would later join McCrae when the McGill Hospital was formed.

McCrae was already an established poet. From 1903, Edward Morrison, his old artillery friend from South Africa, was editor of the Ottawa Citizen and often published his work. McCrae published his last poem before the war in the University Magazine, edited by Andrew Macphail, after attending a dinner with the Allans at Ra-

venscrag. It is called "*The Night Cometh*". It foreshadows the loss to come and is written in the same metre as "*In Flanders Fields*".

McCrae was also a visual artist and was a member of the elite Pen and Pencil Club in Montreal, where the Montreal painting and writing community gathered. From this group later emerged the Group of Seven. Stephen Leacock was also a member.

He was a popular resident of the Square Mile. In 1914, McCrae lived on Metcalfe Street, yards away from the Drummonds. As a bachelor, a doctor, a decorated veteran, an artist and a poet, McCrae was the perfect answer to the single woman party challenge: when a hostess had to seat a single woman or a married woman whose husband was away. Consequently, he was a regular dinner guest at Ravenscrag and at many other dinner tables in the Square Mile.

When war was declared, McCrae immediately sent a telegram offering his services. At 41, and a war veteran, he was no naive young man in search of adventure. Before leaving Montreal he wrote to his sister Geills:

"Out on the awful old trail again! And with very mixed feelings, but some determination. I am off to Valcartier tonight. I was really afraid to go home, for I feared it would only be harrowing for Mater, and I think she agrees. We can hope for happier times. Everyone most kind and helpful: my going does not seem to surprise anyone. I know you will understand it is hard to go home, and perhaps easier for us all that I do not. I am in good hope of coming back soon and safely: that, I am glad to say, is in other and better hands than ours."

As one of Canada's rare veterans, McCrae wanted to serve once again as a gunner. General Turner had himself then been in South Africa only a Lieutenant as had been Morrison. As far as his army colleagues were concerned, McCrae was a soldier first and a doctor second. This turned out to be a problem. Fortunately his new CO, was his old friend, Edward Morrison.

"Aware of his friend's abilities as a soldier, Morrison recommended McCrae for commanding officer of a regiment. The request was rejected by military command, partly because McCrae had been out of the forces for a decade, and also because of a need for doctors. Assign McCrae to a medical unit, Morrison was told, and he's in.

"So Morrison did what any good friend would do, he invented a job for McCrae that bent but didn't break his orders," says Maj. Marc George, a history expert at the

Royal Canadian Artillery Museum at CFB Shilo in Manitoba. "Morrison's regiment already had a medical officer, so he created a position called Brigade Surgeon whose main role was actually to act as second-in-command of the troops."

McCrae was delighted. In a letter written in early April 1915, he said a typical day contained "several hours" directing gunfire and short periods relieving medics in the dressing station or when casualties became overwhelming.

(http://www.canada.com/fortstjohn/story.html?id=a9b62004-07e4-4d02-971c-f724cdce6494)

Meeting McCrae at Valcartier was a horse called Bonfire. Bonfire had been provided for him by McCrae's good friend, Dr John Todd.



McCrae and Bonfire GUELPH MUSEUMS, MCCRAE HOUSE, M1968X.358.1

This is where Bonfire had lived in splendour before the war.



Todd's House and Stables on the right, in Senneville https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:180 Senneville Road, Senneville 08.jpg

Bonfire got McCrae into immediate trouble with Col. Guy Carleton Jones, who was in charge of the medical side of the First Contingent. Jones told McCrae to get rid of the horse as "Medicals" did not warrant a horse. McCrae, supported by Col. Morrison, forcefully reminded Jones that he had enlisted as a gunner and was not only entitled to a horse but that, as a gunner officer, a horse was a requirement. Jones and McCrae were to fight over Bonfire throughout the war.

In Valcartier, McCrae was assigned a groom, Herbert Cruickshank. Cruickshank had been a bank clerk before the war. The two men were to become very close. Cruickshank was devoted to Bonfire.



Major General Edward Whipple Bancroft Morrison DSO Image from the Royal Canadian Artillery Museum Shilo, Manitoba

Edward Whipple Bancroft Morrison, "Dinky" to his friends, who had shared a tent with McCrae in South Africa was, in 1914, McCrae's CO in the 1st Brigade CFA. Morrison later became a Major General in command of the entire Canadian Artillery. As such he was responsible for the brilliance of this force in WWI. His book about his and Jack's experiences in the Boer War, "With the Guns In South Africa", is still available. It gives one a sense of how playful McCrae was and how close these two were as friends.

"Lieutenant McCrae is lying on his blankets on the other side of the tent singing Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes. Such allusions are painful and unnecessary in view of the present chronic condition of our mess hamper."

Excerpt From: Morrison, Edward Whipple Bancroft, 1867-. "With the Guns in South Africa" iBooks. Cover image - Guelph Museum

Here is McCrae's poem of foreboding that he wrote after the 1914 Christmas ball at Ravenscrag.

The Night Cometh

COMETH the night. The wind falls low, The trees swing slowly to and fro: Around the church the headstones grey Cluster, like children strayed away But found again, and folded so.

No chiding look doth she bestow: If she is glad, they cannot know; If ill or well they spend their day, Cometh the night.

Singing or sad, intent they go;
They do not see the shadows grow;
"There yet is time," they lightly say,
"Before our work aside we lay";
Their task is but half-done, and lo!
Cometh the night.

This has the same metre as In Flanders Fields and speaks to me of the deep felt dread of times ahead.

Note: One of the nurses on the Laurentian with McCrae is a Margaret MacDonald. I think she is on the far left without a hat. She will be the most senior nurse in the Canadian Army in the Great War. I mention this to make the case for how "senior" McCrae really is by 1915.



Matron MacDonald

http://collectionscanada.gc.ca/pam_archives/index.php?fuseaction=genitem.displayItem&lang=eng&rec_nbr=
3612632&rec_nbr_list=3612632,3192011,3623446,3467536,1499462

In 1913, Matron Margaret Macdonald had anticipated the problems in recruiting qualified nurses for the army in the time of war. Fresh from a fact finding tour of military hospitals in Great Britain, she was advocating that training programs be conducted across the country and that nurses be allowed to attend the summer military training camps to prepare for what they would face if war came.

When WW1 started there were only five nurses permanent militia and fifty nurses in the non-permanent militia. When the call went out for volunteers over

2,000 filed applications. Only 100 nurses, including Samantha Lonsdale, were selected to join the first contingent's Canadian Army Nursing Service unit.

The nurses first gathered at the Immigration Hospital at Parc Savard in Québec City and shortly after they boarded the SS Franconia for England. During the sea voyage, she kept them busy with lectures on military drill, military nursing, and army regulations.

When they landed in England, they spent the first few weeks in London at the home of Florence Nightingale's first nursing school, St. Thomas Hospital, before they joined the 1st Contingent on Salisbury Plain. There they endured the same weather conditions in the tents as the men did.

In November 1914, fifty of the nursing sisters joined the No 1 Stationary Hospital that had been sent to La Touquet, France to care for the wounded.

By the end of WW1, over 3,000 Canadian nurses had served under Major Margaret Macdonald.

She was born February 26, 1873 in Bailey's Brook, Pictou County, Nova Scotia, Canada. She was the third daughter of Donald St. Daniel and Mary Chisholm Macdonald. Her father ran the local general store.

She was educated at the Stella Maris Convent school in Pictou in 1884. She then attended in 1890 Mount St Vincent Academy in Halifax. In 1893, she applied and was granted admission to the nursing program at the New York City Hospital.

1898 - Nursed returning wounded soldiers from the Spanish-American war at Camp Wikoff at Montauk Point in Long Island.

1900 & 1902 - Nursed the wounded in South Africa during the Boer War.

1905 - Offered a contract to work with the medical staff at the Panama Canal. Nursed the workers who were suffering yellow fever while digging the Panama Canal.

1906 - Joined the Canadian Army Medical Service becoming one of the two military nurses in the permanent militia. Her first posting was as a nursing assistant at the Station (Garrison) Hospital in Halifax.

1914 - Appointed Matron-in-Chief for the nursing sisters attached to the 1st Contingent of the CEF.

1914 - On November 4th she was promoted to the rank of Major, the highest ranking woman military officer in the British Empire.

She died in September 1948 in Bailey's Brook.

What a life she had and what an adventurer she must have been.



THE STEPHENS

Here is Francis "Chattan" Stephens. He was in Valcartier in the same unit as Guy Drummond. His sister is Marguerite Gault, the wife of "Hammie" Hamilton Gault. Chattan's mother, Mrs Stephens, will later join Aunt Marguerite Allan on the Lusitania.



This is Chattan's wife, Hazel. The girl on the right, Frances, will become my great aunt. The boy, John, will join his granny on the Lusitania. Hazel's father, Sir Albert Kemp, will take over as Minister of Militia when Sam Hughes is sacked.

Hazel became part of a wave of 30,000 women who decided to join their husbands in Europe. She closed the house on Pine Avenue and, for a while, camped out at the Ritz. The precocious 3 year-old Aunt Frances recalls :

"Being buttoned into outdoor clothes, taken to the Ritz Carlton Hotel on Sherbrooke Street, and put to rest in a bed with a white wickerwork headboard, in a room full of white furniture."

Many other families were making the same kind of preparations. The Ritz would have been filled with people that Hazel knew well and was related to.



The Ritz in 1915 - Alex's branch of the BMO is just beyond the far edge of the hotel From the Notman Collection at the McCord Museum

The Ritz, in 1914, was primarily a residential hotel. This role of the "home away from home" would expand during the war. After the war, many Square Mile widows and older women retired there.

As war broke out in Europe, some of the conflict was mirrored at the Ritz. The General Manager, Rudolf Bischoff was a Prussian and many of the staff were German and French. Bischoff left, never to return.

Aunt Frances would leave the Ritz shortly and take a ship to England with her mother. They would rent a house near Salisbury Plain, where the CEF was to spend a horrible winter under canvas. She was going to England against her husband's wishes though. He writes a letter to her, dated November 5th, that says:

"I got a letter from you as much said to Blazes with staying in Canada and that you were coming over. This letter I got just after writing to you and rather discouraging the idea for which I duly ask for forgiveness."

Many Montreal women were finding that the war gave them a new freedom and licence to make their own decisions. As the war went on, they would create a new world for their sex.

Images - Cover and family from "Essays in Growing" by Frances (Stephens) Ballantyne 2008 - My great Aunt's Frances' memoire of her childhood.



THE GAULTS

This is "Uncle" Andrew Hamilton Gault, known as "Hammie". He is the uncle, by marriage, to my great aunt Frances. He is also related to the Allans. His uncle's home was located between the Allan homes at Ravenscrag and Iononteh. His own house, Rokeby, was yards away from Guy Drummond's house on Sherbrooke Street.

The Gault money had been made by the previous generation. Hammie hated business. He had spent his young adulthood as a playboy. People liked him but had little respect for him. The war was to change this.

Hammie had had some experience of war. He had served in the Boer War. He had been a Lieutenant in the 2nd Regiment of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, 2 CMR. In 1914, he was one of Canada's few veteran officers. He was also in the Militia in the Black Watch.

From the declaration of war on August 4th to September 24th 1914, he was maybe the busiest man in Canada. He personally financed and raised a new regiment. He offered \$100,000 of his own money, about \$2 million in today's currency, to raise a 1,000 man unit.

Still one of Canada's finest regiments, the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry (PPCLI or Pats or Patricias), was raised mainly from ex-regular soldiers and excolonial policemen. Most had been born in Britain. It sailed with the First Contingent but was separated from the Canadians in England and was attached to the British army. It was the first unit from Canada to see action.

Gault's wife, Marguerite Stephens, was the sister of Chattan Stephens. Their family house was a vast mansion on Dorchester called the Homestead. The site is now Place Ville Marie.



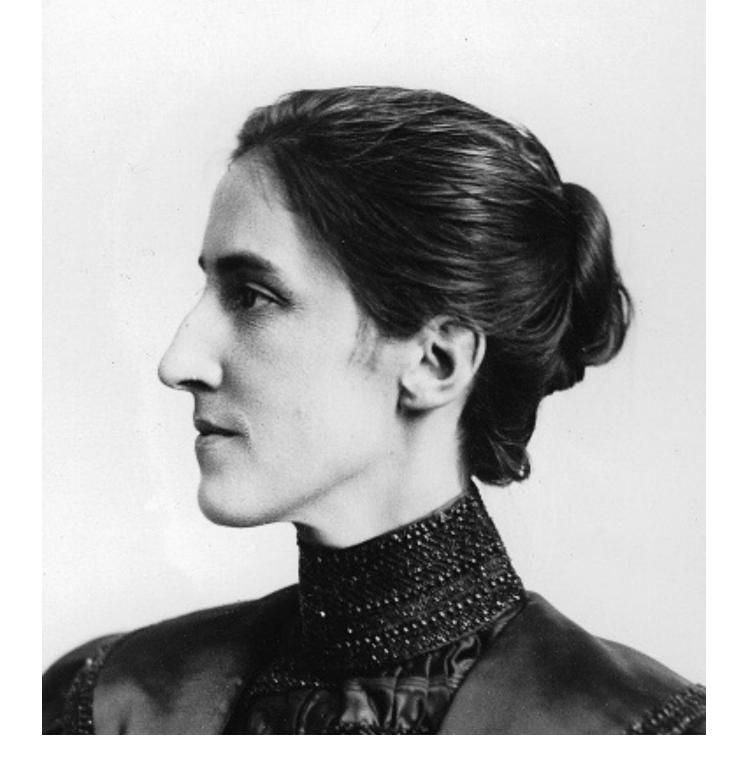
The cap badge of the new regiment had at its centre a flower called the Marguerite chosen by Gault in honour of his wife, Marguerite. Much of the romantic passion in raising the regiment was rooted in Gault's love for his glamorous wife. Gault also goes to war with Ray Appleton. Appleton is his butler at Rokeby in Montreal. Appleton saves Gault's life twice during the war.

Here is how Jeffery Williams* describes the second time, when Gault is near death at Observatory Ridge on June 2, 1916.

"Gault refused to be evacuated before his wounded men. (His left leg had been shattered and later would be amputated twice) When he later lost consciousness, Ray Appleton, his devoted butler, batman and friend, found two stretcher bearers and began the long carry toward the dressing station three miles to the rear....On the way to the rear, one of the stretcher bearers was killed by a shell splinter. Eventually, Appleton and the second man, with their heavy load, came to a light railway which traversed the swampy ground and loaded Gault onto a hand cart. Barely had they begun to move, when a shell burst in front and cratered the line. They carried Gault the rest of the way on a stretcher."

* "First in the Field - Gault of the Patricias" Jeffrey Williams, Leo Cooper, 1995

Images from the Notman Collection at the McCord Museum



THE DRUMMONDS

This is Grace, "Julia", Lady Drummond. She was the widow of Sir George Drummond, who had been the President of the Bank of Montreal.

In the next image, we see her, on the left of the picture, at a Drummond summer cottage west of Montreal, "*Huntlywood*". Sir George is the man with the white moustache on her left. Julia was his second wife. He had two sons with his first wife who had died.



Below, we see her son Guy. Guy had given up his militia captaincy so that he could serve in the First Contingent. By November 1914, he was in England and living on Salisbury Plain. He was in the Royal Highland Regiment of Canada (The Black Watch). Uncle Montagu Allan was his Colonel in Chief.



There was a strong connection between the Allans and the Drummonds.



This is *Huntlywood* in West Montreal. You may note a similarity to the Allan "cottage", *Montrose*, in Cacouna. The Drummond Cacouna summer home, *Gads Hill*, was almost next door to the Allans. Sir George liked *Montrose* so much that he used the same architect to build his house in the West Island of Montreal.

In 1912, after Sir George's death, Aunt Marguerite bought *Huntlywood* as a favour for Julia. As many friends can be, Marguerite was the opposite of Julia. As a new widow, Julia, an impassioned suffragette and modern woman, wanted to simplify her life. It was a good fit. Marguerite loved houses and entertaining. Marguerite renamed the place "A*llancroft*" and set up a dairy there too. The farm and the house are long gone but the area is still called Allancroft.



Here is the Drummond House in Montreal as it was pre-war.

As we know, Julia's plan was to work for the Red Cross in England. While, many other society women were thinking about providing bandages and socks, Julia Drummond had a wider vision. She intuitively understood the special situation of the Canadian soldier, thousands of miles away from his home and family. She was asking herself an important question about their situation. How would the Canadians cope with this separation?

Many Canadian officers, as we will see later, had their families with them in England. But what about the men? What female company could they expect? The statistics tell us the answer to that question. The VD rates for the Canadian Expeditionary Force (CEF) are startling. 28.7% of the CEF got VD. This compares to 5% for the British army as a whole and the Australians at 14.5%.



British Soldiers asleep at Boulogne Station - Source unkown

And where did they sleep when on leave? The quick answer is that they could not afford a hotel. Without shelter, they often had to sleep in piles on the station floor. Canadians were also cut off from all news from home. They could not get parcels easily. They could not get themselves clean or obtain clean clothes when they went on leave. Because of the endless rain, most had not been dry for 6 weeks by Christmas 1914. In 1914, no one in the Canadian Army was thinking about this part of the men's lives.

With Guy about to leave for the front in February, 1915, Julia Drummond began to plan her life's work. She was going to enlist the community of Canadian women in an epic project that would ensure that no Canadian soldier was ever isolated. All would get parcels no matter what their family circumstances. All would get letters no matter what. On leave, all would have access to a change of clothes, laundry, bathing, banking and have a good place to stay. Every wounded man would have a case worker who would ensure that they had someone with an eye on them throughout and a main contact back to Canada. Every POW would have the same kind of attention paid to him too. Every Canadian would have access to his own local newspaper.

Here is how Iona Carr, who wrote the history of Julia's work, described the big idea:

"In the bustle of war, womanly schemes do not easily gain serious attention, and people then were only beginning to suspect in womankind the latent powers that later were to be so gloriously proved. But one day the necessary authorization came. The Canadian Red Cross Society represented in London by Col. Charles Hodgetts, Chief Commissioner, approved the plan to establish an Information Bureau as one of its activities and Col. Hodgetts, then and thereafter its friend, gave Lady Drummond a free hand to organize and direct it and left the way open for the widest expansion of the work.

So on 11th of February, 1915, the day after the First Contingent landed in France, 3 ladies were put in possession of a couple of rooms in the Canadian Red Cross Society's headquarters in London, at that date 14 Cockspur Street. They were Lady Drummond as head and Miss Erika Bovey and Miss Ermine Taylor. The alliance was known as the Information Department, (later known as Bureau) Casualties and Prisoners."

Julia was no social climbing do-gooder. Nor was she a feminist for the sake of being a feminist:

"Less concerned with social position than with what could be done with it. In the same spirit, she was concerned with the liberation of women not so much that women themselves might benefit but that they may be able to do more for others." (Edgar Collard Montreal Gazette May 22, 1982)

To ensure that she would not be distracted, Julia took up residence in a London hotel, Browns, for the duration of the war.

Who could have known, in February 1915, how massive this operation would become and how it would touch the lives of the more than 470,000 men and women and their families?

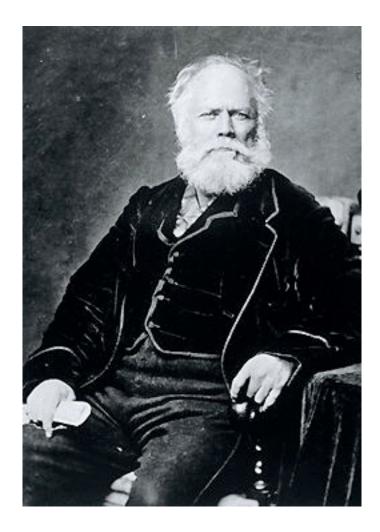
Images - All family images from the McCord Museum



MARTHA ALLAN

Born in 1895, Martha Allan is Uncle Montagu and Aunt Marguerite's eldest child. In this picture taken in 1920, she looks like any society woman.

What we cannot see is how she had been changed by the war. She had seen and done more things that few women, even today, could imagine. She had also lost more that most people could ever bear.



Sir Hugh Allan

She looked and behaved a lot like Sir Hugh Allan, the driving force behind the Allan business and dynasty. Martha had inherited her grandfather's fire. We can get a sense of her personality from this statement by Edgar Collard of the Montreal Gazette when later describing her work in the theatre.

"Immensely self-assured, forceful and resourceful, with all manner of charm yet determined to carry out her plans....... Her powers of readiness and initiative were astonishing. Nothing daunted her."

I don't think that anyone would have said she was "nice". She was no obedient first child. She was a rebel. In the early summer of 1914, she had just returned from a year in Paris where, unchaperoned, she had been "studying theatre". She had also been having a torrid affair with a dashing fur trader and explorer, Thierry Mallet. Mallet ran the great French fur company in North America, Revillon Freres.

Martha had first met Thierry, in Montreal, at her coming out ball in December, 1912. She was 17 and he was 27. Thierry was one of the 400 guests who danced the night away at Ravenscrag. He had been a business guest representing Revillon Freres.



Thierry is on the right.

That December night in Montreal, Martha knew what she wanted. She wanted Thierry. He was older, mysterious, accomplished and dashing. No callow youth, from the Square Mile, he was a man of the world. After the war, he was the principal French backer of the first ever Million Dollar boxing match between the Frenchman Georges Carpentier and Jack Dempsey. He had spent years in the backwoods living the life of the voyageur. He financed the first documentary film of the north, "Nanook of the North" and, from his experience, wrote many books about life in the backwoods that are still read.

Martha's desire to be free appears to have provoked a major crisis in the family. We can only wonder what kind of conversations she had with her parents before she went to Paris to pursue him. I can only surmise that Montagu had said no but that Marguerite had said yes. Marguerite prevailed. In 1913, Martha went to Europe with her mother and with her brother Hugh, who was off to school. Marguerite installed her in a flat in Paris and then went back to London leaving Martha alone.

As evidence of some kind of split with Montagu, Marguerite spent most of 1913 on her own in London as well. Ravenscrag was being renovated. Electricity was being installed. Surely this would have been her project? But she stayed away for most of the year. This kind of prolonged absence suggests to me that her own marriage was under strain. Uncle Montagu was the nicest of men but maybe not very exciting. Maybe Martha's search for freedom had awoken something in her mother? Marguerite finally returned home and, as we will see, whatever breach there had been was healed for all time.

Things ended less happily for Martha. With his leave up, Thierry went back to Canada. For Thierry, this had been an affair. He needed to go back to work in the bush. There was no place in his life for a wife.

It must have been a terrible let down for Martha to come home and to have to fit, once again, into the strictures of the social life of Montreal. So, when war was declared in August, 1914, Martha saw the war as the opportunity to break free. She was going overseas to be a nurse. She was 19 and, other than speaking fluent French, she had no relevant skills. Nurses then had to have a degree and had to be over 23.

Martha, being Martha, would not let such minor impediments get in her way. She was going to use her father's influence, and her own lobbying, to get a place in the new hospital that her father was supporting.

*The MRT on Guy Street: Martha Allan. Sketchbook. The Montreal Gazette (September 23, 1972). Retrieved September 3, 2014. https://news.google.com/newspapers?nid=1946&dat=19720923&id=I4s0AAAAIBAJ&sjid=fqEFAAAAIBAJ&pg=2245,6234040&hl=en

Images from the McCord Museum Montreal



HUGH ALLAN

Hugh Allan was the second child of the Allans. Born on October 26th, 1896, he had grown up in Montreal and Cacouna. If Martha was the rebel, Hugh was the "pleaser" in the family. He was the dutiful son. His sense of duty was to become a terrible burden for him

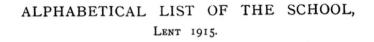
In August 1914, at the outbreak of war, Hugh Allan was 17. He had spent the previous 4 years at school in England. He, Robert Holt, Charlie Hope, C Montagu Yates and Alex Paterson, had been routinely been crossing the Atlantic on the school boat

run. Hugh went to no minor school like Bradfield. He had attended Eton, then as now, the elite school in England.



Map of Eton in 1915 - Hugh's House is Number 30 on the map (Source The Eton Chronicle)

Hugh had arrived at Eton in the summer of 1910. He was in Matthew Davenport Hill's house [MDH] had Geoffrey Wycliffe Headlam [GWH] as his tutor. Hugh had obviously fitted in well at Eton.



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15 Alexander, R. C.			S.G.L.	H.M.B.	13 ²	A. A.,	Trood	House, Al	phington,	Exeter	
6 Allan, H			M.D.H.	G.W.H.	10 ²	Sir H.	M. A.,	Ravenscr	ag, Montr	eal, Canada	
18 Allen, B. F. D.			COLLEGE	A.B.R.	14 3	G. B. A	., 145	Woodsto	ek Road, C	Oxford	
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Not only was he the Racquets Doubles Champion of the School, and the joint "Keeper of the Racquets Courts" but he was elected to the Eton Society, or "Pop". Pop was no ordinary society. Many members of Pop felt that even though they may have been later awarded the VC, or become Viceroy, their election to Pop was the pinnacle of their life. For a Canadian to be elected, was an outstanding personal achievement for Hugh.

ETON SOCIETY.

The Eton Society is now full and consists of the following members:

President -- V. A. Cazalet.

Chairman-	$-\mathbf{B}$	R.	\mathbf{F}	Christy
Chach mani-	-10.	1.0.		CHILLBUY.

W. G. Edmonstone

G. S. Wallington

D. H. Clerke

C. R. Lighton

H. Allan

W. Winterton

J. Simson

G. G. Cox Cox

A. Lubbock, K.S.

J. A. Lord

L. R. Lumley

Auditor-C. J. Hambro.

B. C. Beauchamp

H. L. Dundas

Lord Kingsborough

R. S. W. Dickinson, K.S.

R. R. Brocklebank

L. G. A. Cust

A. G. Salisbury-Jones

J. R. Blacker

A. Y. Bailey

F. T. K. Caröe, K.S.

P. H. G. H. S. Hartley

The Eton Society as reported in the Eton Chronicle on February 4th in 1915.

His Etonian friends might have expected a glittering career for him in England. He might have followed men a year ahead of him, like Anthony Eden, and gone up to Oxford. But that was not his father's plan. Sir Montagu saw his son's future in Canada. I also suspect that Uncle Montagu, was looking forward to living with his son: now that all the Allan women planned to spend the war in England.

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Source - McGill Archives

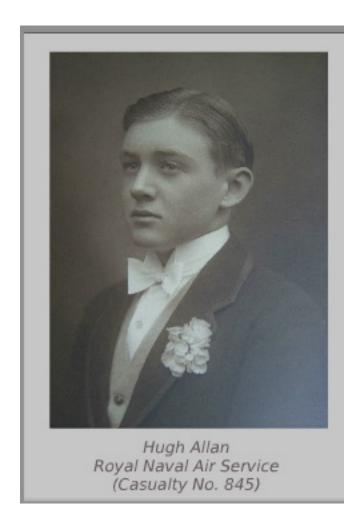
The pre-war plan was for Hugh to go to McGill. McGill's records show that he was admitted into the Arts Program in October, 1914. But he did not attend. For we know that he returned to Eton for the Lent Half (The Eton term for "term") that traditionally begins in mid January and goes on until Easter. His name is on the Eton List of attendees. As is the notice of his election to Pop.

I am convinced that his election to POP was the deciding factor in his decision to return to Eton for one last term. He would also be returning to his friends for one last term before they turned 18 and went to war.

With his older sister Martha arriving in England at the end of April, and his mother and younger sisters arriving on the Lusitania on May 8th, it made no sense for Hugh to return to Canada after school broke up in early April that year. While he

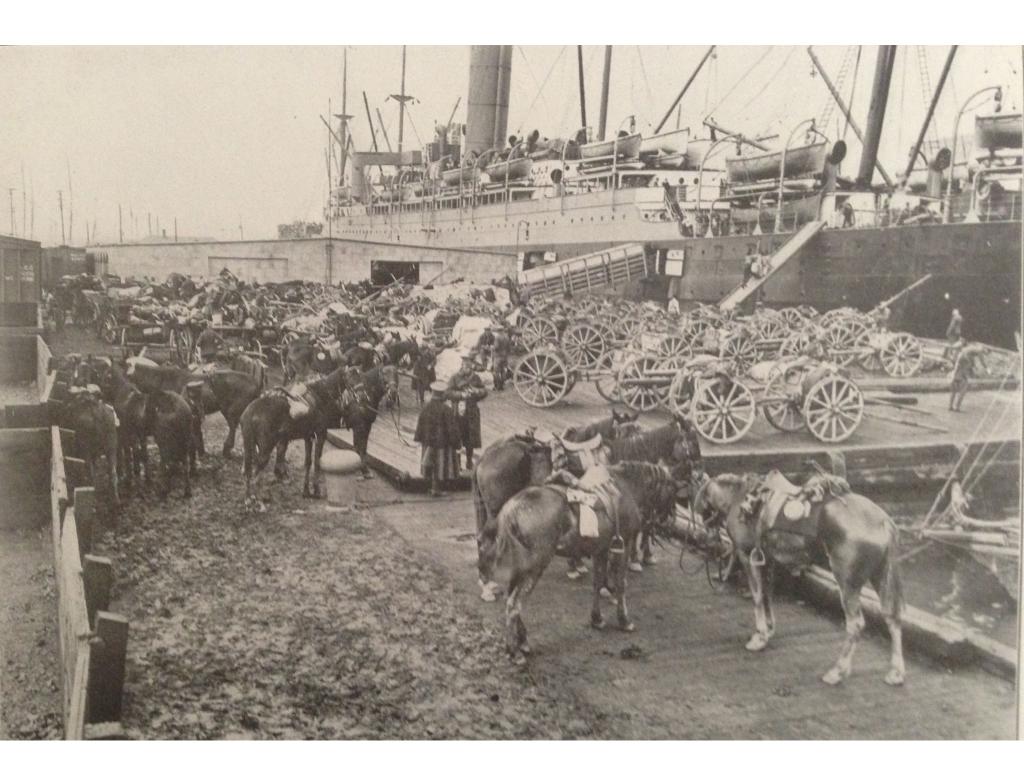
waited for Martha, he might have stayed with friends, such as the Cazalets, or gone to Scotland to stay with his many Allan cousins.

How could he know that he would never go home to Canada?



This is Hugh's official POP portrait that Eton used in its online Memorial.

Author's note: If you are finding all the family connections hard to follow, please go to Appendix 8 - where I have set out to make all these relationships more clear. I also include many more pictures of where everyone lived.



ENGLAND BOUND

On the 20th September 1914, the artillery would ride the 30 kilometres from the camp to the port in Quebec. In port, awaiting Alex and the 2nd Brigade, was the SS Ivernia. The Ivernia was later sunk by a submarine in 1917. Her Captain at that time was the same Captain Turner who captained the Lusitania in May, 1915.

Here are the first details of the 2nd Brigade that are signed off by the Adjutant,

then Captain, later Colonel Hanson.

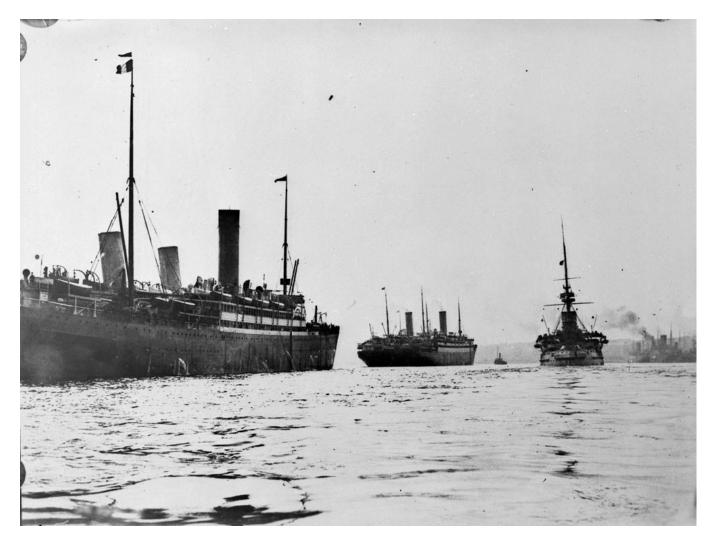
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Here is an idea of the chaos of the loading. Loading began on the 22nd of September. Alex and his battery had slept on board as they loaded.



The loading of the convoy finished on Oct 2nd. On October 3rd, 1915, the First Contingent set sail. The whole operation had taken just two months from start to sailing. I doubt we could do the same today.

"It was the largest single convoy ever seen in the port, 32 liners, escorted by five warships, carrying ammunition, stores, 1,000 tons of coal, around 100,000 sacks of flour and more importantly for the war effort, some 33,000 men....A massive movement of manpower that temporarily created a major logistical problem of where to billet the men, and their horses, and how to move them out of Plymouth." (Plymouth Herald)



It took 17 days at sea to arrive in Devonport on October 20th. They had spent a week longer than planned at sea because submarines had forced a change of port from Southampton to Devonport. The horses had been on the Ivernia since September 23rd. Conditions in the holds were foul. 6 horses died while still in the hold at Devonport. 5 were lost on the trip.

Alex had been in charge of the loading of the horses back in Quebec.

"I had the arranging of where our battery's horses were to go, and as our battery had the best section of the boat and my horses had the best two stalls, they stood the trip wonderfully and are perfectly fit."

Here he is writing to his parents in the only letter we have for the entire war. The letter is dated November 5th, 1914. His parents must have been thrilled because it was likely that Alex's two horses were family horses. He then had to load the train. They left Plymouth at 11.45 p.m. and got to Queensbury at 5 a.m. "*In the pouring rain*." The total distance is about 200 km. If they had been able to use Southampton, as planned, it would have been only 30km. Here is how Alex described it.

"I had 30 men on the train and by the time we got our guns and wagons off, the rest of the battery arrived on the other train with the horses. It cleared up about 9 a.m. just after we left the station to march up here and was a beautiful morning.

We had about 12 miles to go. We passed Stonehenge and I thought of the last time we were here in that motor. We got here in time for lunch. It has rained pretty hard ever since we have been here and the place is more like a swamp than anything else, but everybody is getting used to it. The slicker you bought me Daddy has been splendid."

Rain was to be the feature of the next 4 months on Salisbury Plain.

Images - Loading come from the album of Photographs of BRIGADIER GENERAL W. O. H. DODDS, C.M.G., D.S.O. http://spcoll.library.uvic.ca/Digit/WOD/index.htm

The fleet - The Plymouth Herald Captain Hanson's report - the 2nd Brigade CFA war diary - see Appendices



ARRIVAL

Amesbury, Great Britain - April 11 - Canadian soldiers march past Stonehenge during their training. Photo by TL Fuller.

Nothing could have prepared the Canadians better for the front in France than the weather that winter of 1914 on Salisbury Plain.

It was the wettest winter weather that any local could recall. For most of the time, the men lived under canvas. The good news was leave. Each man got a free rail pass to anywhere in the UK and six days leave. Alex, along with most men, chose London.

It seems that getting hot water in camp was very difficult. In London, he could get a hot bath and also see friends and family. Westbury was the main station. It was then a two hour train trip to London. Here he commends his father's love of Turkish Baths.

"I certainly sympathize with your weakness for Turkish Baths Daddy, we can't get any hot water here, and I went to the Imperial Baths in London yesterday and never enjoyed myself so much."

Alex writes about having lunch with Aunt Marguerite and Uncle "Hugh" (aka Montagu) who were in England at this time. They were house hunting for Marguerite. In his six days in London, Alex was besieged by many Canadian women who had travelled to England to be part of the great adventure.

"I got a letter from Dottie saying that she was coming down to see me and one from Miss Stamford asking us to go there, also a card from Mrs Rey Gildar for me to go there, but I am afraid I will not be able to."

As now, London Theatre was a great draw.

"We saw "Miss Hook of Holland" which was good and I believe that "Country Girl" is splendid with Gertie Millar, Camille Clifford, Terry and a lot of other stars. I have not been able to get seats so far."

Alex's time at school in England, and the many pre-war visits with his parents and with the Allans, had set him up with a vast network of people in the UK. More friends were arriving all the time from Canada.

Another great aunt of mine, the then 3 year old Frances Stephens, was staying in a house that her mother had rented just off Salisbury Plain in Westbury. Her mother, Hazel (Kemp) Stephens, had hoped that Chattan Stephens would have been able to get over there, bathe and enjoy the comforts of home now and then.

Hazel and Aunt Frances had arrived in England around January 18th, 1915. Chattan was to sail to France in mid February. The chances of them seeing each other were slim at best. By February 28th, Hazel and Frances had moved back to London and the address of Chat's letter at the end of February (the 28th) was Earls Hotel London. They can only have been a few weeks on Salisbury Plain but it must have

made a big impression on the 3 year old Frances. Her memoir recalls seeing a White Horse carved out of the chalk on the plain in sight of her window.

The White Horse is still there and by tracking back from it, using Google Maps, you can find the location of the house.

Images - Men of the CEF 10th Alberta Battalion pass Stonehenge 1914 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/10th_Battalion_(Canadians),_CEF#/media/File:Men_of_the_CEF_10th_Alberta_Battalion_pass_Stonehenge_1914.jpg

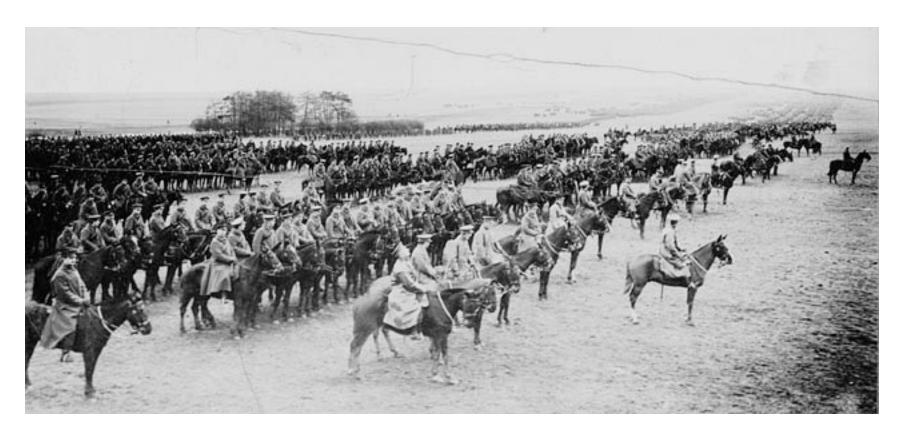


SALISBURY PLAIN

The first big event, just after the arrival of the Canadians, was that the division was inspected by the King on Nov 4th.

"We had quite a few inspections when we first got here, one by General Alderson (the English general in charge of the Canadians) then a rehearsal and then one for the King: King, Queen, Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener..."

It was clear that the British were giving the Canadians a big welcome and a thank you. At the time, the Canadians were the largest group of foreign troops ever to land in the UK. *Image* - 5 November 1914 – Canadian Cavalry Brigade inspected at Salisbury by King George V



For the artillery, training on the plain took a new step.

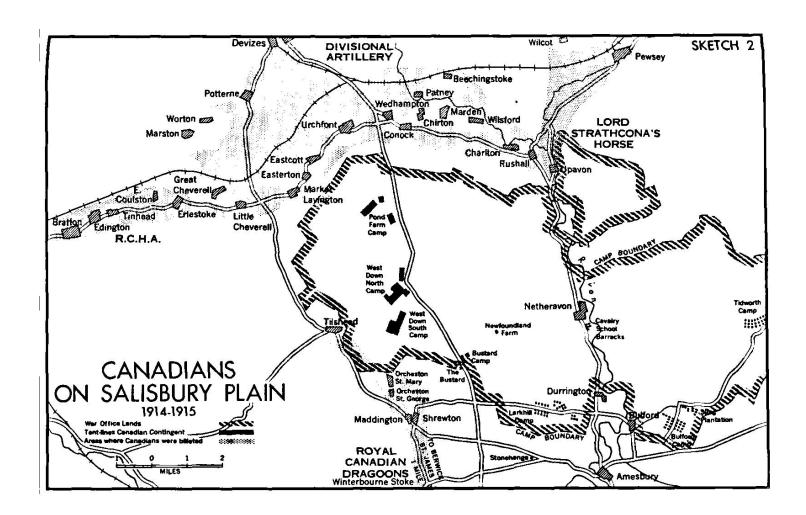


There was enough space to practice moving batteries and brigades from one point to another and setting up fire missions. The war diary is full of route marches that take place at night. I myself have trained on Salisbury Plain and navigating at night is very hard. There are so few features. In the war diary there are reports of several reconnaissance patrols at night where an officer would plan the route for the next day. Alex carried out one of these patrols on Nov 12, 1914. Speed of set-up was another

key issue. Here the batteries would be timed from the gallop to the stop and then to the first shell being loaded. At 16 minutes, Alex's battery, the 5th, was among the best.



The weather continued to be appalling. Somehow, the men stayed fit and quite cheerful. For the horses there was no escape from the terrible weather. They were outside, on lines, the whole time. Many were clipped. Later in the war, they were allowed to grow-out their coats to protect them from the cold. On December 9th, the Brigade's horses were inspected by the chief veterinarian. The 6th battery did best with 75% of the horses deemed fit to go to the front. Alex's the 5th Battery was 50% and the 4th only 40%. There seemed to be consequences as on Dec 12th, 2 officers of the 4th were sacked.



From Nicholson's Official History

On Dec 26th, the men and horses got the best Christmas present possible. Billets had been found for men and stabling for the horses in the villages to the north of the Plain as marked on this map. The 2nd Brigade CFA moved into a line of villages from Market Lavington on the left via Easterton, Eastcott and Urchfront. They moved in on Dec 30th. Alex and the 5th moved into local houses in Easterton. These billets were in a ribbon of villages on one road that circles the northern boundary of the Plain. Each village has its own pub that served as the local gathering place for the unit. In Easterton, the pub is called the Royal Oak and it is said to have a miserable old ghost called the "Body Warmer".

Whilst here, Alex got the flu and spent time in the hospital set up in West Lavington. This short exposure to flu might also have saved Alex's life. For the great flu epidemic in 1918 is now suspected as being the same strain, but milder, as the one in 1914. If so, Alex had been granted immunity. You never know how bad things may work out.

In spite of the weather, the war was living up to the expectations of the men and the women who thought that this would be such an adventure.

Images - Cover - King George V, accompanied by Queen Mary and Lord Kitchener, inspects Canadian troops. Library and Archives Canada / C-026981



16

PPCLI

The PPCLI Camp at Levis - Across the river from Valcartier

While the First Contingent of the CEF settled down for a tough winter in the mud of Salisbury Plain, the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry (PPLCI or Pats) got ready for an immediate move to France. Their war was to begin earlier than the rest of the "Canadians" and they were to be treated very differently. Most of the men had been born in Britain and nearly all had military or police service before. It was the

only unit that could be ready to fight right away. As a result, they had been separated from the rest of the First Contingent, even in Canada.

Let me introduce some of the key players to you.



On the left of this picture, wearing white shoes, is Talbot Papineau. In 1917, he will give up his safe job on the staff to rejoin the Regiment for Passchendaele where he will be killed. On the right, is Hamilton Gault, whom we have already met. They are on the Royal George on their way to the UK in the great convoy that carried the First Contingent.



The woman in the centre of this ship-board picture is Marguerite (Stephens) Gault. She is the sister of Aunt Frances' father, Chattan Stephens. When the PPCLI were briefly at Camp Bustard on Salisbury Plain, she stayed with Aunt Frances in their rented house at Westbury.

The older man on the far left is Agar Adamson. He was a veteran of the Boer War. In 1914, Agar was 53 and blind in one eye. He had married a very wealthy woman and, until war was declared in 1914, had been fretting about being a kept man. War to him was freedom. Mabel (Cawthra) Adamson, like many of the women of the officers of the first contingent, came over immediately to join her husband.

I love this note from the PPLCI's 100th Anniversary site:

"Although it seems very unusual by today's standards, every army wife who could afford it joined their husbands on their journey overseas, many, like Marguerite (Stephens Gault), intending to work with the Red Cross. By 1917, according to the Canadian Annual Review, "about thirty thousand Canadian wives and sweethearts, accompanied by a good many others whose standing was more questionable, had drifted to England mainly for social reasons."

"Much to Agar's surprise, Mabel would soon follow, but with far more serious aspirations in mind."

Agar wrote to her nearly every day. In part, to keep her informed but, I think, mainly to keep himself sane. On arrival, Agar writes to Mabel in frustration.

Bustard Camp, Salisbury Plains. 24 October 1914.

My dear Mabel,

I can not make out from your cable whether it is you alone or your mother and the children who are coming from Canada. I wired you from Plymouth "What are you coming over about" have received no answer. By your last letter the 9th of Oct. you say Mrs. Cawthra (her mother) is leaving at the end of this month.

We are scattered all over Salisbury Plains under canvas. Weather wet and cold, troops cheerful under most trying conditions. Most of the Canadian contingent will be here (by order) till middle of January. We were warned two days ago to be ready to leave in 10 days. I was in town last week for a night looking after Mess affairs. We are pretty hard worked, but some leave is coming to us before we go. I have all your letters, some written to Levis (their camp near Quebec).

If you really want me to go and see you in London, telegraph or write to me and I will try and manage leave, the more notice you give me the better, as all officers have to take their turns so as not to, too much interfere with ordinary regimental training.

I am fit and well, Agar Adamson.

She arrived just after he did and, like the Stephens family, Agar found Mabel a place to live near him.

Salisbury Plain, Thursday, 10th November 1914

My dear Mabel,

I wired you today and have engaged a room in a cottage in Salisbury. We take our meals in an old 14th Century pub where Mrs. Bell is laid up. I wired to bring a chain for one hind wheel which can be put on if you find the car will not get over the downs – all cars carry one.

Thine Agar.

They had a brief night-time visit. He got to see her at 11 p.m. after a long day. Here is Mabel's reaction to the appalling conditions.

"There is simply no place for the men to get dry. They route-march through the pouring rain, and come back to leaky tents, twelve to fifteen men in each....The cooking is done out in the open, with a blanket hung up on the windward side of the stove. The men have no messy nets, a big black pot of food is deposited in front of each tent, out of which they dig their respective portions....(The horses) are most miserable, tethered in the awful wind and rain with no protection whatsoever. They are said to be dying at the rate of thirty a day."

Then, once more, the PPLCI separated from the Canadians. On November 16, the PPCLI took three trains to Winchester where they camped at Morn Hill. From then on, they were on no more than 8 hours notice for a move to France. On November 20th, PPCLI formally joined the British Army and were put into the 27th Division in the 80th Brigade. On December 16th, they were inspected by the King and on Sunday the 20th of December they began their epic journey to France.

The trip began well enough with a march, by foot, to the docks at Southampton that took 7 hours. But then, the trip took another 4 days and nights and ended in farce. The men arrived in their village at 3 a.m. on Christmas day. Only to find that the guide had still got it wrong and they all had to march back another 2 miles to the billets that they had missed in the dark and in the rain. The diarist laconically noted:

"A very trying night after a very trying day!"

Christmas day 1914 for the PPCLI was spent unpacking their gear.

"No Christmas comforts" Was the diarist's note for the day.

Images - Cover <u>http://cmhslivinghistory.org/ppcli1_ww1.htm</u>
Gault + Papineau and Adamson and Marguerite Gault on board
http://100thanniversaryblog.blogspot.ca/2014/10/



17

THE LAST CHRISTMAS

Canadians receiving Christmas cards in 1914 on Salisbury Plain - The Legion Magazine.

The Christmas of 1914 was a Christmas like no other in the war. On the front lines, there was that unique moment of humanity as the two sides crossed into no man's land and celebrated together. At home, there was no sense of the price yet to be paid.

My grandfather Alex's battery and the rest of the 2nd Brigade were moving into billets over Christmas.

By the 27th of December, the 5th Battery would have been celebrating in the Royal Oak Pub. Other batteries also celebrated in pubs all along the north boundary road of the Plain. It is likely that courtesy calls were paid to each battery of the 2nd Brigade. There were about 844 men and 30 officers in the 2nd Brigade then and all would have known each other. These men became known as "The Originals".

I have a menu from one of the annual post-war reunions of the 2nd Brigade. The annual dinner, which continued for more than 50 years, celebrated the arrival of the 2nd Brigade in France in February 1915. At this dinner only about 50 men attended out of nearly 900 who had celebrated Christmas with each other in 1914. Among the guests, Gunners 4130 Will Taylor and 41110 Frederick Walbank, originals from Alex's 5th Battery in Valcartier, sat with Sir Arthur Currie and General McNaughton at the same table. This was indeed a band of brothers.



From Author's collection.

Christmas was the peak of the Montreal social season. That Christmas, nearly all the Square Milers would have met each other at an endless round of parties and church services. Hugh Allan was home for the holidays from Eton. Gwen and Anna were back from Havergal College in Toronto. The Allans would have made the social rounds to see all their relatives and friends in the Square Mile. They would have seen Isobel Paterson's remaining children, Geraldine, Elspeth and 16 year old Hartland who was to go to RMC the next year. The Braithwaites, and their remaining daughter Dorothy, will almost certainly have dropped by to see the Allans at Ravenscrag.



AN OFFICER OF THE 48TH HIGHLANDERS IN FULL UNIFORM (Captain Trumbull Warren, killed at Ypres, April 20th, 1915)

Photo courtesy of Marika Pirie Photo fournie gracieusement par Marika Pirie

Here is Trumbull (Trum) Warren, Guy Drummond's brother in law.



From the McCord Museum

Here is Guy Drummond, also in full regalia. What a Christmas they had that year in London. The two friends came up to London from Salisbury Plain and stayed at Browns Hotel with their wives, Mary and Marjory née Braithwaite. (McCord Museum)



They must have caught some shows. Stayed out late and slept in late. Julia Drummond obviously stayed in the background for both wives conceived a child during that leave. For those that survived, there would be empty spaces at the Christmas dinner table for the rest of their lives.



18

THE MCGILL HOSPITAL

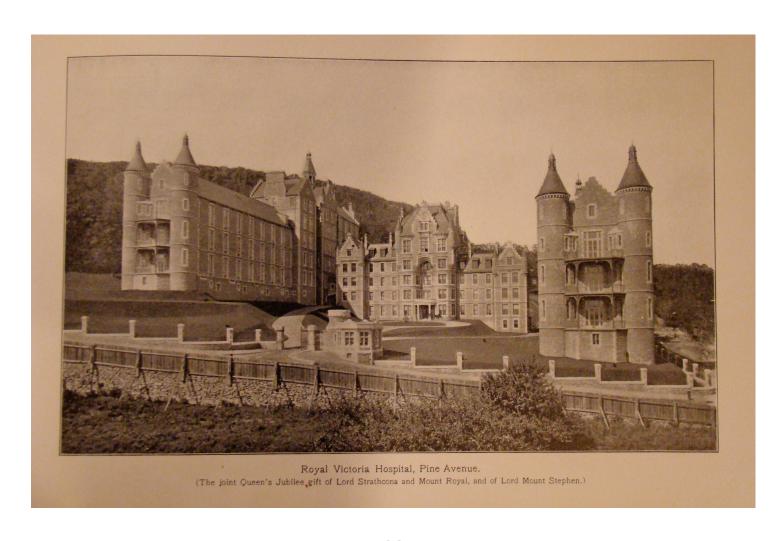
By December 31st 1914, nearly 90,000 of the British Expeditionary Force (BEF) had been wounded or killed. Canada had already sent out a medical unit but, by year end, it was clear that this was not going to be enough. In 1914, the total permanent staff of officers in the Canadian Army Medical Corps (CAMC) was 23. By the end of the war this had grown to 1,525 medical officers, 1,901 nursing sisters and 15,625 enlisted men. 3,000 doctors, close to half of Canada's total, served in one way or another in the war.

In November, 1914, men in Montreal were working on how to organize a new expeditionary hospital. Such a hospital would work in the field close to the front line. It would be called, No. 3 Canadian General Hospital. It was known, familiarly, as "*The McGill*". This was the unit that John McCrae served in from June 1915 until his death in January 1918.

The man behind this project was Herbert Birkett. Birkett had retired from the CAMC in 1910. He rejoined the CAMC in 1914 as a Lieutenant Colonel in charge of the Montreal area. He canvassed his colleagues and friends in Montreal and learned that there was support to organize an expeditionary hospital to support the Canadian Expeditionary Force (CEF) in France. Uncle Montagu was on the McGill board, on the Royal Victoria board and was President of the Montreal General Hospital. His support for this plan was key.

In December, 1914, Birkett got the green light from Principal Peterson of McGill. The plan was sent to General Hughes, Minister of Militia and Defence, the architect of the CEF, who passed it onto Sir Alfred Keogh, the DG of the British Army Medical Services. The plan was approved on December 15, 1914.

Birkett would command and Uncle Montagu's best friend, the distinguished Montreal physician, Lieut Colonel Henry Brydges Yates, would be 2nd in command. The staff of *The McGill* would be drawn from the Royal Victoria Hospital, the Montreal General Hospital and from the medical school of McGill University.



McGill was then one of the finest medical schools in the world. The Royal Victoria was then the pre-eminent hospital in Canada. It is adjacent to the McGill campus. Both are next door to Uncle Montagu's house, Ravenscrag.



The Montreal General Hospital was then much smaller, 72 beds, and was in a different location, Dorchester and St Dominique streets, to where it is today on Pine Avenue. Alex Paterson's father was also on the board in 1914.

The original plan was to have a unit of 520 beds. In January of 1915, Birkett was told that the unit should be doubled in size: making *The McGill* the largest Canadian hospital ever. His team rose to the challenge and recruited 35 officers, 73 nurses and 205 other ranks.

Lt. Col. John McCrae would be in charge of medicine. Dr John L. Todd would also be on the staff. Serving as Assistant Quartermaster, was Dr Sir William Osler's son, Edward "Revere" Osler.

Filled with brilliant men and women, *The McGill* earned the immediate suspicion of the CAMC leadership. The CAMC Commander, then Colonel, and later Major General, Guy Carleton Jones was primarily an administrator who lived for control and was deeply suspicious of real doctors and those who thought outside the box. *The*

McGill embodied just the kind of people that Jones hated. Jones was immediately incensed that Birkett called the hospital, "*The McGill*". After *The McGill* had landed in England, Jones tried to have it dismembered and used to supply reinforcements to other hospitals. Sir Alfred Keogh came to the McGill's rescue and Jones was foiled. *The McGill* remained intact for most of the war.



Major General Guy Carleton Jones

Sir Andrew Macphail, in his diary, describes Jones as "a stupid, heavy witted man." Macphail goes on to say that Jones resembled no one so much as the hated German Kaiser. You can see this resemblance in the picture above. There was to be constant friction between Jones and the newly recruited civilian medical experts.

In particular, Jones loathed McCrae. McCrae was the type of expert that Jones resented. The feelings were mutual. McCrae had been public in his concerns about Jones during the Boer War when McCrae had accused Jones of incompetence. In retaliation, in 1914, Jones tried to have Bonfire taken away from McCrae. The two fought each other throughout the war.



Major John Lancelot Todd

Another enemy of Jones was Dr John Lancelot Todd. Todd was a world-renowned expert in tropical disease, was independently wealthy and had given Bonfire to McCrae. Todd and Jones were to clash in 1915.

Meanwhile, Martha Allan, underage, with no nursing skills and with no formal education, was trying find a way to join this elite unit.



Nurse Clare Gass

Martha had gone down to the pre-sailing gathering of the nurses in Quebec City. In the diary of Clare Gass, a senior McGill nurse, there were allusions to a scandal. The real nurses, who were all over 23, university graduates and highly experienced, were outraged that Martha, an under age "know nothing", was trying to use her father's influence to secure a place. One of the disgusted nurses, using the pen name "Canadian", wrote a letter to the Montreal Telegraph. The letter stated that there was disaffection in the ranks of the McGill nurses because of the presence of a young lady who was neither a trained or a graduate nurse. This elite unit would not countenance incompetence.

"If in nursing why not in surgery?" The writer went on to urge an end to "Mammon and Graft in appointments."

The nurses had put their foot down. No sensible CO would start the war on the wrong side of them. Foiled, Martha hatched plan B. She left for England on April 21st, on the Adriatic, accompanied by Dr Todd and his wife, Marjory. Todd would normally have travelled a few weeks later with the McGill. Maybe this was how Todd could kill two birds with one stone? He could take his wife and he could look after Martha for Marguerite. It also meant that Marguerite and Gwen and Anna could fit nicely into the Regal Suite on the Lusitania.

Once she got to England, Martha would use all her pull to have another attempt at joining the McGill. She was not going to be denied.

Images - cover Dressing the wounds of Canadian soldiers during advance to Hill 70. August 1917 (MIKAN 3395845)

Royal Victoria Hospital 1893 - Unknown - McGill Archives, File Name PR010939 Archival image of the Royal Victoria Hospital, 1893

Montreal General Hospital - McCord Museum



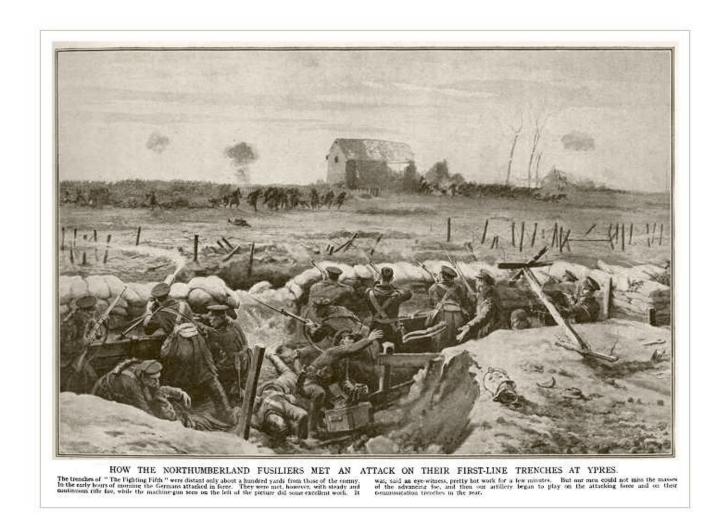
19

MEANWHILE

While the First Contingent, to be known as the First Division, was in Canada and preparing to go to Britain, the war in Europe had been going on fiercely. The British had held off a massive attack by the Germans at Ypres. Ypres was to be the northern anchor of a line of trenches that ran all the way to the Swiss border.

By October 1914, there were hundreds of thousands of dead lying around the town of Ypres. Most of them were German. Many were students.

The courageous but inexperienced young Germans in the "*Kinderkorps*" were cut down in their thousands. Some regiments lost 70% of their strength in casualties. This slaughter took place between the 21st and 24th of October, 1914. Machine guns, the "*Mad Minute*" of the British Expeditionary Force (BEF) (15 rounds into the centre at 300 yards in one minute), and artillery could stop any charge in the open.



A rifle company had about 120 riflemen in the line. At 15 aimed rounds a minute that is 18,000 aimed rounds in 10 minutes. The British 18 pounder field gun was designed to airburst shrapnel over crowds of men. Air bursting shrapnel could also kill hundreds with one round.

It was clear at Ypres, in 1914, that courage and flesh were not going to be enough to break through a position that was defended by modern weapons. Consequently, the war of mobility had ended. There would be no more open warfare until August 1918. A six hundred mile long line of trenches would make the war into a siege. Ypres, a bulge in the line, would be the most hotly contested part of the siege.

This was the Salient, the grave of much of the British and Canadian Army.



THE LANDING OF THE FIRST CANADIAN DIVISION AT ST. NAZAIRE, 1915



20

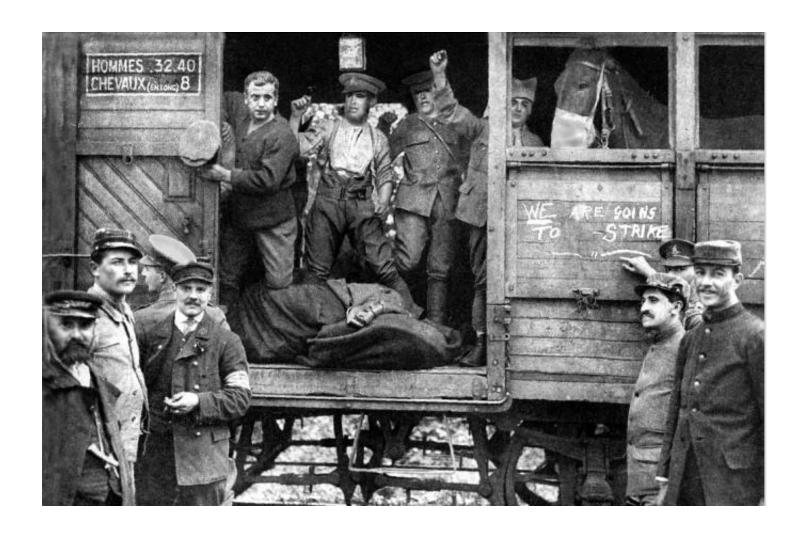
IN FRANCE

At last, the Canadians had left the soggy Plain and had arrived, 18,000 strong, in France. This painting, by Edgar Bundy, shows the joy surrounding their arrival in St Nazaire on February 13th, 1915. Leading the Canadians, is the pipe band of Guy's regiment, the Royal Highlanders of Canada, The Black Watch, commanded by Pipe-Major David Manson.

To avoid U-boats, the Canadians had departed from Devonport, on the west coast of England, and had arrived at St. Nazaire on the southwest coast of France. The

weather had been awful. What had been planned as a 36 hour crossing, took 5 days and nights. Some of the horses in the holds broke their legs and had to be shot and thrown overboard. The CFA had its first death too. A cook in the 9th battery fell and fractured his skull.

The Canadians now had to get all the way from St Nazaire to Belgium. They did this by train.



It must have been a shock when they saw the infamous 40H (Hommes/Men) or 8 Chevaux (Horses) carriages. The officers were assigned to a more conventional rail car with seats. These social differences were normal in the French Army but they went against the culture of the Canadians. Many junior Canadian officers travelled with their men. Standing up, lying down or seated on straw, with a bucket in the corner, the trip from St Nazaire took another exhausting 5 days and nights. They ended up in a small town called Borre, just 1 1/2 miles East of Hazebrouk, at 9.30 p.m. on Feb 17. They were now close to Ypres.

Apart from a tour at Vimy, and the breakout in 1918, the Canadians would spend most of the war in this tiny part of France.

On Feb 20th, General French, unhappily married to an Allan cousin, inspected them all. French was the Commander in Chief of the BEF. His prompt inspection was an indication of how important this 18,000 man reinforcement was to him. The BEF

had been relying on their reservists until now. It would be not until the spring of 1916 that Kitchener's new army would start to arrive. By which time, all the 4 divisions, that would make up the Canadian Corps, would be in France.

On Feb 21, the 5th Battery moved to Ploegstreet, known by the BEF as "Plugstreet". Then back to Borre and then on the 28th to Sailly. On March 1st, the 5th Battery had its first casualty. Private Ben Padden was killed accidentally by a sentry unloading his rifle.

The war began quietly for the Canadians who were put into a quiet sector with British units whose job was to show them the ropes.



21

THE SIEGE BEGINS

What confronted the newly-arrived Canadians that February of 1915? The quick answer is "a very long war".

The Germans now occupied all the high ground and only had to wait the allies out while they defeated the Russians in the east. This meant that, in the west, the Germans could focus on creating a fortress of deep bunkers and massive wire entanglements. They could install many machine guns into this line and so hold it with fewer men.

This strategic defensive position of the Germans meant that, for most of the war, the allies would be on the offensive.



15th Battalion (Trum Warren's) in the trenches at Neuve Chapelle https://cgwp.uvic.ca/detail.php?pid=836023

This meant, in turn, that the allied trenches were never as well constructed as the Germans. It meant that the Allies nearly always had the worse ground: meaning ground that was of lower elevation and more waterlogged. It meant that to break through the German lines, the allies would have to create a vast army with vast supplies.

In August 1914, the BEF had fielded an expeditionary force of 150,000 men. Germany had fielded armies of nearly 3 million men. No wonder the Kaiser had called the BEF a "*Contemptible Little Army*". In this context, the arrival of the 18,000 new men of the Canadian contingent seemed hardly significant.

The British gave the Canadians a month's secondment to more experienced British units to "play them in". On March 1st, as a symbol, the 1st Battery in the 1st Brigade CFA fired the first ever round in anger for the Canadian Artillery in the war. On March 3rd, at 10 a.m. the 6th battery opened fire and fired 12 rounds. At 11 a.m. the 7th battery fired 6 rounds at a house. At 11.30 a.m. the Germans replied with 9 rounds and at 3pm with 3 more. In response, the 7th fired another 11 rounds. It was on March 4th, that Alex's battery, the 5th, fired its own first rounds of the war. They fired 10 rounds.

On March 10th, the main British force, under General Haig, attacked the Germans in their trenches for the first time in the war at Neuve Chapelle. The inexperienced Canadians were on the north right-hand flank and only had to offer a "*Demonstration*". This meant no going over the top but it did mean the use of artillery.

On that day, March 10th, the entire 2nd Brigade opened fire but it was limited to 180 rounds per battery. Each battery had six guns. So this was 30 rounds per gun in a full day. By the end of the month, the brigade had fired 1,825 rounds out of an allotment of 2,412. One of the reasons that Haig halted the attack at Neuve Chapelle was that the British had used up too much ammunition. I mention the numbers of rounds used because they were so trivial compared to 1916 when millions of rounds would be routinely fired.

In the spring of 1915, War still seemed a bit like a game to the Canadians. They had lost 100 men in Neuve Chapelle. On March 27th, they went into reserve near Poperinge just west of Ypres.

On April 15, they were ordered to move into old French positions on the immediate right of the French line outside Ypres. It was a stroke of fate that, only days before the planned attack, the Canadians replaced a French Division in this key position on the apex of the line of attack.



22

GAS

The man on the left, pointing, is Dr Fritz Haber, later a Nobel prize winning scientist. He was going to change how war was conducted. The Canadians would find themselves right in the middle of this change.

Haber could see that there was no easy way through the British or the French positions. He was convinced that the use of poison gas could enable them to break the deadlock and so take Ypres. If they took Ypres, the war might be won.

In January, 1915, Haber was using his authority, as Germany's greatest living scientist, to get the Army to agree to this plan. At first, the high command pushed back. Here is how Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria saw it.

"When Dr. Haber and General von Falkenhayn stayed with me before the gas trials were carried out in Flanders for the first time, I didn't conceal my feelings from them.

I consider this new weapon is not only distasteful, but envisage the potential danger from it for our own troops; if the gas is successful in the attack then the enemy will doubtless start to use the same method against us, and with even greater success...."

Haber won. But the German High Command restricted the effort to a major demonstration. They just wanted to remove the bulge of the Salient. If the Germans had put their full weight behind the gas attack, they could have broken through and maybe ended the war.

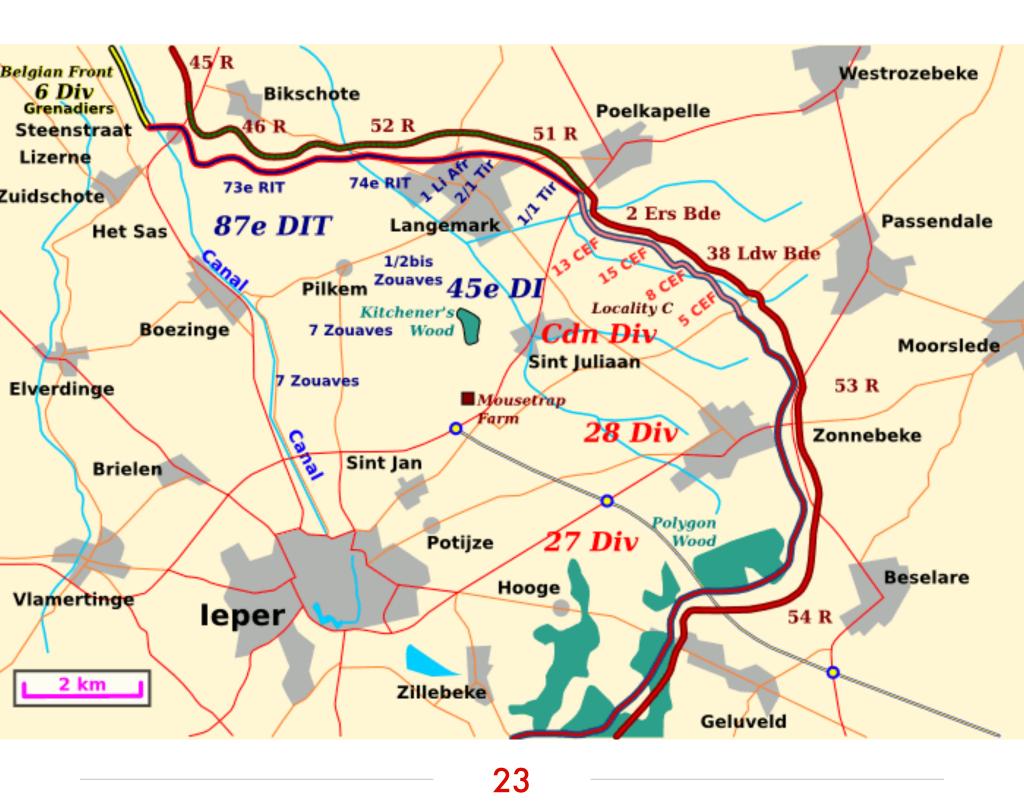
It was only because the Germans did not add the required weight in their attack, that the 18,000 inexperienced Canadians were able to hold the line for the first two days until reinforcements came in. Like the BEF at Mons, a tiny force, this time of Canadians, prevented total defeat.

The failure to break through meant that the use of gas had been wasted. In September 1915, as the Crown Prince had feared, the British responded by using gas at Loos. Gas became the new normal for everyone.

Haber paid a terrible personal price for this. His wife, Clara, deeply ashamed by her own part in the research, killed herself in the fall of 1915. Many scientists in 1919, shunned Haber when he won the Nobel Prize.

After the rise of Hitler, no credit was given to Haber for his work in World War 1. Hitler had been serving on that front and had personally seen what gas had done to the conduct of the war. Hitler, like Alex, had been temporarily blinded at the end of the war by gas. He never allowed its use, even on the Eastern Front. Haber had been born a Jew. Haber's conversion to Christianity was no protection from persecution. Many of his family died in the holocaust. Worse, Haber's lab had also created Zyklon B, the gas used at Auschwitz.

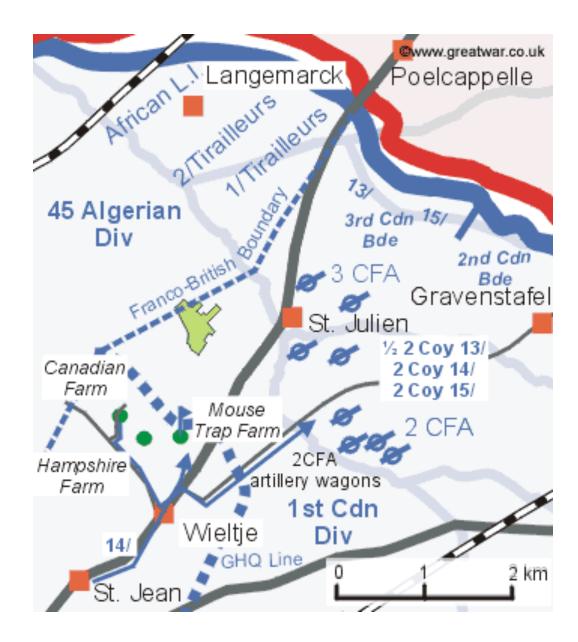
The final irony was that, in the 1930's, Haber's second wife and children were given asylum in the land of his enemy, England. (Image Credit: Archiv der Max-Planck-Gesellschaft, Berlin)



APRIL 1915

On April 15 1915, the Canadian First Division was deployed just next to the French Algerian Division who are on their left, to the north. The Canadians had just taken over their sector from another French division. Differences in doctrine was causing problems for the Canadians. The French doctrine was to hold the front line lightly and to defend further back in depth. The British doctrine was to hold the front line at all costs. This required a very strong front line.

Consequently, on April 16th, when the Canadians arrived in what had been the French front line, they found no trenches but only a series of crescent-moon scrapes. Many of these had been used as latrines. The order of the day for the Canadians was to get digging. As a result, when the attack came on the evening 22nd of April, the Canadians were not as well dug in as they had hoped to be.



This map (*The Great War 1914 - 1918 -* http://www.greatwar.co.uk) shows how the Canadian front line was held directly by 2 Brigades The 3rd was under General Turner on the left. The 2nd was under General Currie on the right. The 1st Brigade was being held west of Ypres in reserve with V Corps. Just to the south of them, was the British 28th Division. Below the 28th was the 27th Division that included the PPCLI. The front for each Brigade facing the Germans was quite short but the distance back to the rear was very long. In particular, the Canadians had a very long shared left flank with the French.

On April 15th, John McCrae was with the 1st Brigade CFA in support of the 1st Brigade CI. They were located west of the Yser Canal. McCrae was not part of the CAMC. His primary role was as a gunner and 2nd in command of his Brigade.

On April 17th, Alex's 5th battery, 2nd Brigade CFA had moved into position at the far southeastern corner of the Canadian front in support of Currie's 2nd Brigade CI which was on the right of the line. The 2nd Brigade gunners spent the next few days digging gun pits and bringing up ammunition.

On April 19th, Guy Drummond was in 3 company of the 13th Battalion, Black Watch. They were in reserve. Being in reserve meant that they were the firefighters of their battalion. If there was a problem, they would be put in to save the day. They were part of the 3rd Brigade CI under General Turner, VC. (Turner had been a Lieutenant in South Africa with John McCrae). They were in the top left hand corner of the line and were next to the French. This position is to be called the Apex.

Guy's company was commanded by his friend, and fellow Square Miler, Major Edward Norsworthy. Aged 36, Norsworthy, a bachelor, lived in the new Chateau Apartments on Sherbrooke Street in the Square Mile. He was the founding Manager of Dominion Securities. He, and all three of his brothers, served in the Black Watch. Two survived the war. Edward is on the far left in the picture.



On April 20th, Trum Warren, in the 15th Battalion, 48 Highlanders, was in Ypres itself. Ypres had been bombarded continually since April 15th. It was not safe to spend much time above ground. On April 20th, most of the men of the 15th Battalion were sheltering in cellars and some even in the sewers. Plans were being made to move into

the trenches to the east on the next day, the 21st of April. The advanced guard had already been out scouting the lines.

On April 10th, the PPLCI arrive at Polygon Wood. This is 4 miles east of Ypres on the lower right of the Salient. Hamilton Gault, was not with the Pats on that day. He had been wounded at St Eloi in February and had been evacuated to England. That April, he was finishing a difficult convalescence in the company of his wife, Marguerite. It was difficult, not because of his wounds, but because of their now troubled relationship. During all the time with her on leave, he had paid her little attention. Instead, he had been obsessed with what was happening to the Regiment.

In Montreal, Aunt Marguerite had booked her passage to Liverpool on the Lusitania. The ticket number was 12933 and was booked through agents Robert Reford and Co of Montreal. (Source)

For more information on the Maps - see Appendices



24

TRUM WARREN

Trum Warren was one of the earliest Canadian officers to be killed in The Great War. His mother was therefore one of earliest Canadian mothers to lose a son. She, like many of her class, was working full-time supporting the men. Her reaction to Trum's death was to become the standard by which other mothers and wives would abide.

"The greatest solace," she said, "is work. If Canada and the cause is worth dying for, they are also worth living for."

She was described, in a newspaper article, as being a "Spartan Mother".

And who was Trum, other than being Guy Drummond's friend? He was 29 years old. He had been to school with Guy Drummond at Upper Canada College and, like Alex Paterson, had gone to RMC.

His father had died suddenly and he had taken over the running of his father's company, the Gutta Percha and Rubber Company. Business was his inheritance but not his preoccupation. Like Alex and Hammie, he loved the military life and had been a keen member of the 48th Highlanders before the war. This was his "family" regiment. His wife, Marjory Braithwaite, was the granddaughter of William Hendrie, the Lieut. Colonel of the 48th Highlanders before the war. Hendrie had been a guest of honour at the Allan table at the 1912 St Andrews ball. Trum, like Alex and Guy, signed up the moment war was declared.

His son, also named Trum, later also served in the 48th Highlanders in World War 2. "Younger" Trum was conceived during that special 1914 Christmas leave in London. Younger Trum supported the 48th all his long life and served as honorary Colonel from 1973 to 1976.

During the second world war, Younger Trum became Field Marshall Montgomery's principal personal Canadian aide. Earlier in the Second World War, younger Trum had made a deep impression on the General. When he returned to Canada to attend Staff College, Monty wrote to him these lines as he himself departed for Egypt and glory.

"..And I write to say good bye, my friend; and I hope that we will meet again on the field of battle someday. I should like you to know that I am very fond of you. If anything should happen to me against Rommel, I would like you to know that I often wish you were my son."

As a man, whose father had died before he knew him, Trum's heart was pierced by this letter. He kept it all his life. He rejoined Monty and served with him for the rest of the war. Trum was present at the final surrender of the German Army to Monty on May 4th 1945. The two remained close friends for the rest of their lives. Monty often came to Canada and always stayed with the Warrens when he did. This very reserved

man acted the doting grandfather and would even roll around the floor with Trum's small children.



Image source

https://flashbak.com/flashback-to-4-may-1945-the-instrument-of-surrender-of-all-german-armed-forces-in-holland-in-northwest-germany-and-in-denmark-8266/

In this picture of the surrender, Trum, wearing a Glengarry, stands at the far left just beyond the tent post. I wonder what younger Trum was thinking as he watched the Germans sign a second surrender 30 years after his father's death?

But I digress. How did his father, Trum Warren, die and how did Trum's death affect his many friends in the field? These eye witness accounts come from the commander of Trum's regiment, John Currie, and they show us the family-like culture of the Canadians.

"I had offered the position (Adjutant) to Captain Trumbull Warren, but he declined it, as he was second in command with Major Osborne and he said he wanted "company" experience, how to handle men and to get to know them and learn how the military machine was worked. The real reason he stayed with his company was because he was so devoted to his men. He had formed ties which he did not like to break. Every man in the company thought he was the greatest company officer in

the division, and I thought so too." Excerpt From: John Allister Currie. "The Red Watch" / With the First Canadian Division in Flanders." iBooks. Currie was the Lt Colonel of the Red Watch then.

The Germans had begun heavy shelling of Ypres on April 14th and were pounding the city all the time now. In light of the danger, an order had been given that no one was to go outside without permission.

"Shortly after luncheon Captain Warren and Lieutenant Macdonald came to the orderly room to ask some questions about the order in which we were to march into the trenches. An officer from each company had gone into these trenches the night before and looked them carefully over. The left section was given to Captain Osborne, the right to Captain McGregor and the centre to Captain MacLaren. The position consisted of seventeen half moon redoubts (stand alone entrenchments) and they were not at all strong. Captain Alexander's company was to be in reserve with headquarters at St. Julien.

As the officers had received orders not to go away from their billeting area, and had to receive permission to do so, both Warren and Macdonald asked me if they could go up to the Cloth Square to buy some comforts to take down into the trenches for the men. I gave my consent, but warned them to be careful and take cover from any shells that came along.

About ten minutes later Lieutenant Macdonald arrived back breathless. He asked quite coolly, "Where is Major MacKenzie? Trum's hit with a piece of shell."

I immediately called the major, who was in the next room, and we learned that "Trum," as Captain Warren was affectionately called, had been badly wounded. He and Macdonald were standing in a grocery store at the north side of the square when a "Jack Johnson," as the huge seventeen inch shells fired by the Germans from the Austrian howitzers they have brought up to shell this town are called, fell into a building in the south side just opposite.

The shell wrecked the building into which it fell, killing an officer and seventeen men. A piece about an inch square flew fully two hundred yards across the square, passed through a plate glass window, missed Macdonald by an inch, and struck Warren below the right collar bone piercing his lung. "They have got me in the back, Fred" Excerpt From: John Allister Currie. "The Red Watch" / With the First Canadian Division in Flanders." iBooks.

Lieut. Colonel Currie, no relation to Arthur Currie, tried to attend the funeral but was refused permission by General Turner. There was too much going on. But Guy did attend.

"In the morning I tried to arrange to go down to Ypres to the funeral of Captain Warren. Major Osborne wanted to go also and take a firing party with him, but much as he would have liked to acquiesce, General Turner had to refuse, for we were in a dangerous corner and no one could be spared. Lieutenant Drummond, his brother-in-law, was permitted to attend. Captain Duguid, the quartermaster, with the assistance of the engineers, had a metallic coffin made for him and they buried him in the Canadian burial plot." Excerpt From: John Allister Currie. "The Red Watch" / With the First Canadian Division in Flanders." iBooks.



Unlike many who were killed near the Salient this early in the war, Trum's grave survived.

It is the earlier deaths of the war that hurt people the most. Later people became numbed. Now, as we see from Currie's lament, the wounds were fresh and piercing.

"The whole Empire did not possess two kinder or braver men than Captains Darling and Warren. It is only when men go down into the valley of the shadow of death together that they learn to appreciate each other. In the trenches soldiers are true comrades, backbiting, lying and slandering is left to the slackers and "tin sol-

diers" who stay at home. Both these young men were in the flower of their youth, both left young wives, both were men of means, brought up amidst wealth and refinement. They gave up a good deal to go to the war, and their example and their lives should fix a tradition not only for their fellow officers of "The Red Watch" but also for the whole Canadian Army. They did not hesitate to "take their place in the ranks," and they died like the heroes of Marathon and Salamis." Excerpt From: John Allister Currie. "The Red Watch" / With the First Canadian Division in Flanders." iBooks.

Now, we begin a two week period when over 7,000 Canadians will be killed, captured or wounded out of the 18,000 in France and when over 1,000 passengers will die on the Lusitania. There will never be this freedom to grieve again. The Canadian dead will pile up to more than 60,000 by 1918.

And what of the 15th? How did they fare once full battle began?



Here is a picture of the roll call after Ypres. https://cgwp.uvic.ca/detail.php?pid=836023

Only 212 men make it out of the 1,034 who went into the line. Few who die in April are ever found. Their bodies are ground into dust by 3 more years of shelling and

war. But their names lived on in the hearts of their families and on the walls of the Menin Gate.

Trum's death was a terrible shock to Guy who wrote to his mother on April 22.

Dearest Mother,

Of course I came to the war knowing that its bitterest trial would be the loss of my friends or relatives, but I had not expected such a sudden or heavy loss as that of Trum Warren the day before yesterday.

He ends it with these prescient thoughts referring to his sister in law, Marjory Braithwaite.

Words are no good, are they? Poor little wife. Indeed and truly it's much harder for you women at home.

Your affectionate son, Guy

How could Guy have imagined that, later that very day, he too would be dead and that his wife and his mother would also bear this burden.

Much more on Trum here -

http://smartpei.typepad.com/robert_patersons_weblog/2015/04/world-war-1-2nd-battle-of-ypres-trum-warren.html



25

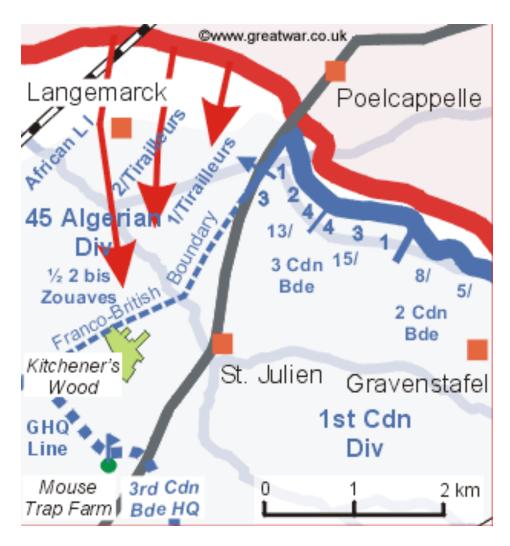
GUY DRUMMOND

April 22 1915, begins quietly for the Canadians on the Ypres front. The Germans had been shelling Ypres for days and one of these shells had killed Guy's friend and brother in law, Trum Warren. Guy had been given permission to attend his funeral on April 21st. On April 22nd, Guy, and his company commander, Edward Norsworthy, were in 3 Company, the 13th Battalion, the Royal Highlanders of Canada (Black Watch). 3 Coy. was in reserve. The other companies were spread out to the east on the

front line in a series of crescent-shaped pits that were what the French had used for the front line.

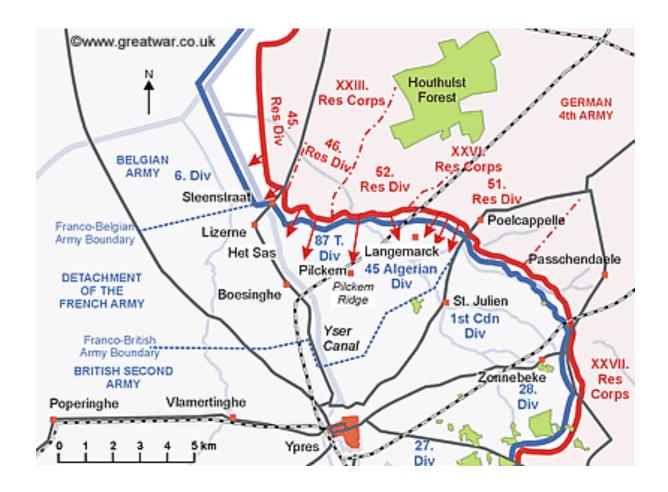
The war diary for that day is silent. All that it says is that it is a quiet day. In fact, there are no entries for the 13th Battalion for many days after the 22nd of April. There is simply too much chaos. All we have as a record are the memories of a few survivors.

At 5.30 p.m. that evening, April 22nd 1915, hell breaks loose. Guy, and the others in the Black Watch, hear the French line to their left erupt in firing. Then the firing stops. They start to see men staggering back from the French line. Some struggle into their lines.



Guy is located at the point where the road from Poelcapelle crosses the front lines. Look for the blue arrow between 3 and 1 companies. Imagine for yourself what it may have been like for Guy at 6 p.m. that April evening.

You can see the French running away but you don't know why. Gasping and dying men are streaming through your position. Then you smell the gas. You know that it was chlorine because the water in your water bottles was full of chlorine. But you had never experienced chlorine being used as a gas. What is going on to the left and the north? You cannot know. So you have to go into the void to find out. This was exactly the job for the reserve company. That evening, Norsworthy and Guy take their men into the apex at the top left hand corner.



All you know is confusion. What you don't know is that the entire French division of 20,000 men on your left, and its 10 batteries of 75mm field guns, has evaporated.

Norm Christie quotes a private:

"After having remained in the dug outs for about an hour with our throats parched and our eyes watering, caused by the gas, we could see that the Germans had broken our lines...He (Major Norsworthy) gave the order to stand-to which we were waiting anxiously to do and he lead us out to the Ypres-Poelcapelle Road. It was not long before they began to pick our boys off. Major Norsworthy was hit in the neck by a bullet but it did not stop him from walking up and down our line encouraging our men to hold fast. It was not until he had received a second bullet that he had to give in and lie down. We bound him up as well as we could but the wound was serious and he died 45 minutes later."

Here is how Col Currie of the Red Watch, the 15th Battalion, the CO of Trum Warren recorded Guy's death.

"One of the first officers of my acquaintance to fall on the evening of the 22nd was Lieutenant Drummond of the 13th Battalion. I had spoken to him in the morning. When the Turcos had come streaming across the field, tearing through his company of Montreal Highlanders, he, together with Major Norsworthy, gallantly tried to rally these men, along with my adjutant. Drummond fell, together with his comrade, each a victim to a German bullet. No braver lad, no more ardent Highlander ever donned the tartan of the Black Watch than Lieutenant Guy Drummond. When he fell Canada lost a valuable and useful citizen. His training, education and charm of manner, coupled with his intense patriotism, marked him for a great career. Major Norsworthy, his friend and comrade, fell by his side."Excerpt From: John Allister Currie. "The Red Watch" / With the First Canadian Division in Flanders." iBooks.

Here is how the history of the battalion recall these events.

"Having broken through the French lines on a wide front, as already described, the Germans had swung in towards the Canadians' flank and were making some progress in the general direction of St. Julien. This brought the enemy into contact with Major Norsworthy and the two platoons of No. 3 Coy. in support, or rather the remnant of these platoons, which had suffered severely in the opening bombardment.

Inspired by the gallant leadership of Major Norsworthy and Capt. Guy Drummond, the men of the supporting platoons fought a dauntless fight. Every moment was precious and no one can estimate the value of the time that was gained by the delay this devoted effort caused to the Germans. But even sublime courage can not withstand fire and steel.

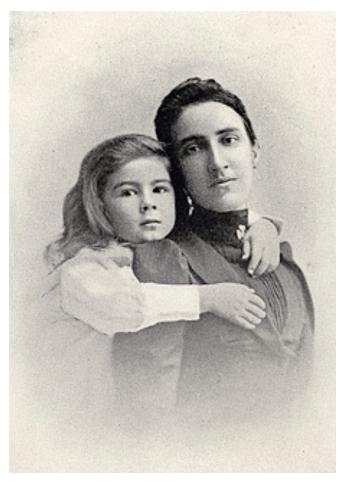
Overwhelmed at last, Norsworthy and Drummond fell and such of their men as had not been killed were, with a few exceptions, surrounded and captured. Amongst the exceptions were Private Telfer and five other men, who made their way through to the front and reported to McCuaig the disaster that had befallen his supports." Excerpt From: Fetherstonhaugh, R. C. (Robert Collier), 1892-1949. "The 13th Battalion Royal Highlanders of Canada, 1914-1919." iBooks.

So began 4 days and nights of chaos and constant fighting. Drummond and Norsworthy's bodies were lost in the chaos of the battle. Julia joined that tragic group of women who did not know where their son's dead body lay. But, in 1920, during the clearances of St Julien, the labour company found a cross marked "*Unknown Canadian Officer - Royal Highlanders of Canada*." During the exhumation, they found the

remains of two officers and four soldiers. One of the officers had a long femur and was judged to be about 6' 3" or 4". This was Guy. The other officer was Edward Norsworthy. They are now buried in Tyne Cot in plot 59, Row B in Graves 24 and 28. All six men lie together for eternity. (Thanks to Norm Christie, The Canadians at Ypres)



In London, await his mother, Julia, and his wife, Mary. Like Mrs Warren, Julia Drummond and Mary Braithwaite are among the first Canadian women to lose a son and a husband. In Canada, Sir Vincent Meredith sent a director of the Bank of Montreal to the house of Huntley Drummond, Guy's half brother, to tell the family the news. Guy's late father had been the President of the Bank and Sir Vincent's predecessor. Mary Braithwaite's father was then a senior officer of the bank. Later Huntley became President himself.



Guy and his mother Julia

This is an unusually touching image for a time when parents of Julia's class usually had a distant relationship with their children. Julia had had a previous son, Julian, named after herself. Julian had been born in Cacouna. Baby Julian had died of some unknown cause as an infant. Julia gave birth to Guy the next year, also in Cacouna. Cacouna held important memories for Julia. She had met her first husband there. Feeling ill at his wedding, he had died a year later. Julia was widowed at the age of 19. She then married George Alexander Drummond, a widower himself. He was much older than she was and he had two sons already.

In this context, Guy was her only and her special man.

How did she cope with this loss? On April 24th, Julia arrived at her office on Cockspur Street and got back to work. She had followed the Spartan model set by Mrs Warren in Toronto. She did not withdraw but, instead, poured her energy into helping all the other boys of all the other mothers. She was no longer "a" mother but "mother". She had the freedom, the money, and the burning will to put all that she had, and all that she was, into looking after the needs of all the sons of Canada.

She was sustained by the fact that Guy's son, also to be named Guy Melfort Drummond, was being carried by her daughter in law, Mary Braithwaite.



Mary Braithwaite Drummond

Young Guy will be born on October 1st, 1915, nine months after Guy and Trum had their leave in London. He served in the RAF in World War 2 and worked in peace time as a lawyer. He died July 10th, 1987.

Mary remarried after the war. She married Tom Thornley McGillycuddy Stoker, in 1919. She had three more boys with Mr Stoker. They lived on Drummond Street in the Square Mile. Tom Stoker died in a boating accident in 1937 and young Guy was left fatherless again. His half-brother, also named Tom Stoker, was killed in an accident as a pilot in World War 2.

Back in Montreal in April 1915, Dorothy Braithwaite, shocked by the loss of Trum and Guy, was desperate to join her sisters in London. Mrs Braithwaite was nervous about her daughter traveling alone and was thrilled when Aunt Marguerite offered to be her daughter's chaperone. Dorothy booked passage on the Lusitania. Dorothy's ticket for Lusitania was 12934, and her cabin was D-63.

Images - McCord Museum Maps - see appendices

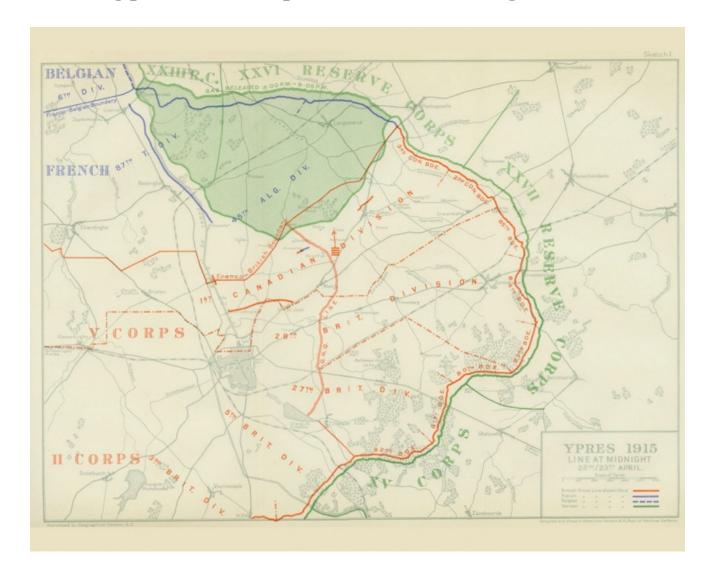


26

ALEX PATERSON

On April 17th 1915, Alex Paterson's battery, 5th Battery, 2nd Brigade CFA, arrived in their new position deep inside the Salient. They were in support of Arthur Currie's 2nd Brigade CI. The 5th battery had 6 guns, 200 horses, 198 men and 5 officers. Battery establishment included a Battery Sergeant-Major, a Battery Quartermaster Sergeant, a Farrier-Sergeant, 4 Shoeing Smiths (of which 1 would be a Corporal), 2 Saddlers, 2 Wheelers, 2 Trumpeters, 7 Sergeants, 7 Corporals, 11 Bombardiers, 75 Gunners, 70 Drivers and 10 Gunners acting as Batmen/Grooms.

Here is the big picture of the Ypres battle before it began.



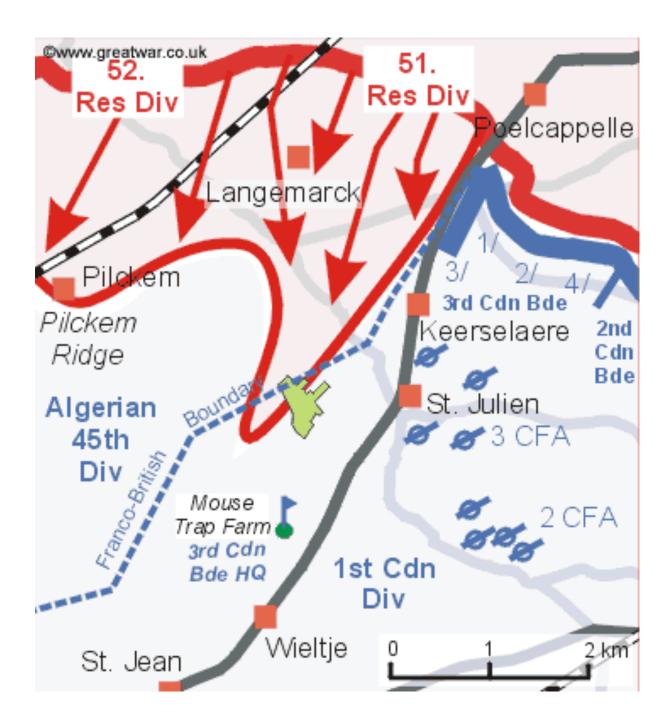
"The History of the Canadian Forces Volume 1", by Colonel A. Fortesque Duguid,

Look at the shaded green area in the north. This is the French position.

As you follow the front down from the French along the right hand side, you will see the 3rd Brigade CI and then the 2nd Brigade CI. In the 3rd Brigade CI were Trum Warren and Guy Drummond. Behind the 2nd Brigade CI is the 2nd Brigade of the CFA. that includes Alex Paterson.

On April 22nd, there are about 2,800 rounds for the 2nd Brigade CFA and there is another 1,200 rounds in the Ammunition Column (AC) at Wieltje under Captain Eakins. When compared to the usage in earlier engagements, this looked like a lot. But in the next two days, they would fire over 12,000 rounds.

Communication and supply, especially the supply of ammunition, will be the core issues in the next 6 days. It's a long way back to the Division HQ at Ypres and to resupply.



In this close-up map, you can see the positions more clearly as the battle opens at 5.30 p.m. on April 22nd.

On the lower right, you can see the 3rd Brigade CFA in support of the 3rd Brigade CI and the 2nd Brigade CFA in support of the 2nd Brigade CI. Guy Drummond is in the 3rd Company in the Apex where the blue line bends where the Germans are trying to turn the line.

10 batteries of French guns in the French sector that was north of the Canadians were over-run immediately. As a result, the two Canadian Infantry Brigades lost their artillery cover from the north. Now the Canadian batteries south of the Canadian infantry have to cover both the front to the east and also the new threat from the north.

They begin firing north at 6 p.m. and continue firing continuously until 8 p.m. They start again at 8.10 p.m. and go on until 10.20 p.m. By that time, there is so much pressure from the north that, to save the guns, they are ordered, at 11.25 p.m. to retire to around Wieltje. Under fire, the 800 horses that are needed to extract the brigade

come up to the guns and they are all limbered up. They move off at 12.50 p.m. Only one man was killed.



Photograph of British 18-pounders in action at Signy Signets during the Battle of the Marne, 8 September 1914. At Ypres this would have been the same process. http://www.nationalarchives.gov.uk/pathways/firstworldwar/first_world_war/over_christmas.htm

At 3.30 a.m. on April 23rd, the 2nd Brigade CFA are in position again near Wieltje. They are in action all the next day firing continuously mainly north to support the 3rd Brigade CI's counter attack into Kitchener Wood. By nightfall on April 23rd, it is quiet for once. But there is no rest. New gun pits have to be dug and ammunition and food and water brought up. 800 horses have to be fed and watered too.

The full crisis is about to fall upon them. At 4.05 a.m. on April 24th, the Germans attack again with gas. This time it is the Canadians that are the target. The infantry on the eastern front are pushed back. At 6 a.m. April 24th it is reported that the Germans have broken through on the north.

The 5th battery, and the 7th under Andy McNaughton, turn north to cover this open flank. By 9.45 a.m. they are very short of ammunition and very exposed. Colonel Creelman, the CO of the 2nd Brigade CFA, reduces his risk by giving all the remaining ammunition to the 5th and the 6th batteries and withdraws the 7th and 8th 1 & 1/2 miles to the GHQ line near Poitje. Then 1/2 the 6th (3 guns) run out of ammunition. They too have to retire leaving the 5th and the three remaining guns of the 6th alone and exposed.

While the 5th carries on, there is relief for the rest of the brigade. At 4.36 p.m. reinforcements arrive and then, miracle of miracles, Captain Eakins arrives with 3 wagons of ammunition. He had had to scrounge most of this from the British and had ridden back, under fire for miles, from Ypres, to save his comrades.

On April 25th, the threat is from the north. The reinforcements are coming from the west. The gunners have to move back to the centre of the line on the south

The Canadian front, facing the Germans to the east, has been squashed flat and now it is the 28th British Division that still faces the enemy on the east. The 2nd Brigade has been pushed back off the ridge and now faces north on the right.

The 1st Canadian Brigade CI, has come out of reserve, from west of Ypres and has been pushed into the centre where it is counter attacking. The 1st Brigade CFA, with Major John McCrae, has moved up the west bank of the Yser Canal in support. To its left, is a new Brigade, the Geddes Brigade. This is made up of a number of scratch units under the command of a Col. Geddes, an experienced British officer.

The 3rd Brigade has been badly mauled and has had 1,500 men captured. The 2nd Brigade CFA are now just north of the road near the village of Verlorenhoek. That is the 2nd Brigade CFA minus the 5th battery. The war diary says "*The 5th battery could not be found.*" No one knows where they are. No orders have reached them and no messages have been received from them. There must have been a time when HQ thought that they had been overrun in their rearguard effort.

Later that night, the 2nd Brigade CFA move again and are now closer to Poitje. At 3.30 a.m. April 25th, in the new positions, the 2nd Brigade CFA opens fire on the wood to the north. Off and on they fire all day into the woods as the Geddes Brigade, and then the Indian Lahore Division, attempt to take back St Julien.

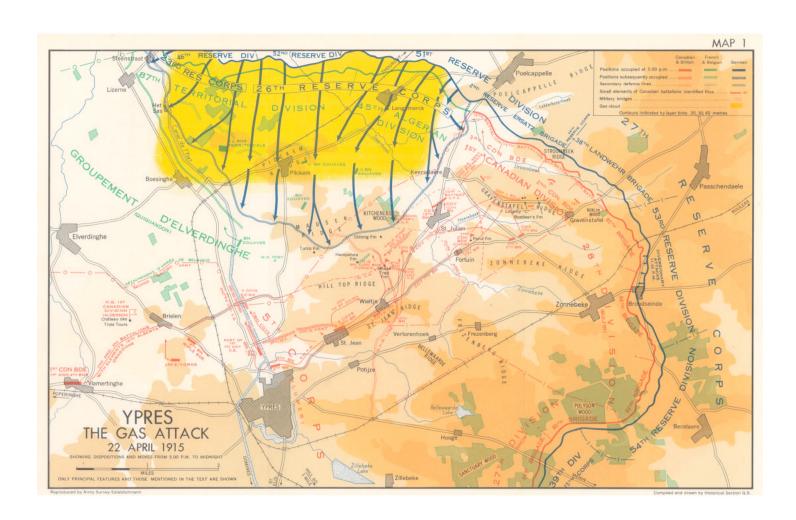
At 10.50 p.m. April 25th, orders are acknowledged by the 5th Battery to join the brigade in the new position. The diary says no more. I suspect that the 5th had remained in its old rear guard position. Likely it had not received any orders to change position. The runners must have been killed, or wounded, and never got to them. The 5th Battery stayed at their posts until they ran out of ammunition.

At 11.50 a.m. the next day, April 26th, the 5th Battery rejoins the 2nd Brigade CFA. The 2nd Brigade CFA and the 5th Battery are in action all day. At 2 a.m. April 27th, the 5th Battery is ordered to change position again and joins the 6th Battery at Poitje.

On April 26th, the crisis for the northern part of the Salient is over. The Germans had shot their bolt and had run out of energy. For the next week there is shelling and counter shelling but no more chaos.

Alex has had quite an experience. This had been his first real battle. He had been the Battery Observer for the 5th. His job had been to see what was going on and to direct the fire of his battery. It would have meant being with the infantry and it would have meant having to move around under fire. He would have been in the core of the chaos. Alex and his comrades had fought and moved and dug for 5 nights and 6 days. He had not slept for 6 nights. His battery had been left on its own as a rearguard and then had been "lost". They had run out of ammunition. They had moved 4 times across the battle-space. Somehow they had survived. Nothing, for him, will ever again come close to the experience of 2nd Ypres.

He will then serve in every subsequent Canadian action in the war, including Vimy Ridge and Passchendaele, until he is gassed on September 7th, 1918. With 3 and 1/2 years' of service at the front, he will serve more time in the field than almost any other Canadian. Every week in these 3 and 1/2 years, he will lose someone that he cared for or that he loved. He will become the most highly decorated officer in the CFA.



Here is the main map from Nicholson's Official History. We will talk more about maps and other official sources such as war diaries and service records in Appendix 9.



27

FLANDERS FIELDS

On May 3rd, 1915, crushed by the experience of the previous week at the 2nd Battle of Ypres, John McCrae, sat down under a tree and wrote a poem called "*In Flanders Fields*". I think that this poem is a sacrament. It is a sacred commitment to take up the torch, the cross, of the fallen.

How did this reluctant recruit become a passionate war poet? I think that the events of April and May, 1915, broke his heart.

After the attack on the night of April 22nd, when Guy was killed, the 1st Brigade, CI was moved out of reserve and into the cauldron. The 1st Brigade CFA moved up to the banks of the Yser Canal in support.



Canal Bank, Ypres, May 1915. Held by 10th Infantry Brigade after the second gas attack. IWM (Q 56693)

McCrae, and the senior officers of the 1st Brigade, CFA, dug into the banks of the canal in dugouts that looked like this. Here is how McCrae described his bunker:

"I got a square hole, 8 by 8, dug in the side of the hill (west), roofed over with remnants to keep out the rain, and a little sandbag parapet on the back to prevent pieces of "back-kick shells" from coming in, or prematures from our own or the French guns for that matter. Some straw on the floor completed it. The ground was treacherous and a slip the first night nearly buried—-. So we had to be content with walls straight up and down, and trust to the height of the bank for safety. All places along the bank were more or less alike, all squirrel holes."

The brigade was in action all around him.

"This morning we supported a heavy French attack at 4.30; there had been three German attacks in the night, and everyone was tired. We got heavily shelled. In all, eight or ten of our trees were cut by shells — cut right off, the upper part of the tree subsiding heavily and straight down, as a usual thing... The gas fumes came very heavily: some blew down from the infantry trenches, some came from the shells: one's eyes smarted, and breathing was very laboured. Up to noon to-day we fired 2500 rounds. Last night Col. Morrison and I slept at a French Colonel's head-quarters near by, and in the night our room was filled up with wounded. I woke up and shared my bed with a chap with "a wounded leg and a chill". Probably thirty wounded were brought into the one little room."

Being in the middle of an artillery brigade in action, the shelling hardly ever stopped.

This night, beginning after dark, we got a terrible shelling, which kept up till 2 or 3 in the morning. Finally I got to sleep, though it was still going on. We must have got a couple of hundred rounds, in single or pairs. Every one burst over us, and would light up the dugout, and every hit in front would shake the ground and bring down small bits of earth on us, or else the earth thrown into the air by the explosion would come spattering down on our roof, and into the front of the dugout. Col. Morrison tried the mess house, but the shelling was too heavy, and he and the adjutant joined Cosgrave and me, and we four spent an anxious night there in the dark."

Things start to quieten but, then, we find a laconic note in his diary.

"Sunday, May 2nd, 1915.

Heavy gunfire again this morning. Lieut. H—- was killed at the guns. His diary's last words were, "It has quieted a little and I shall try to get a good sleep." I said the Committal Service over him, as well as I could from memory. A soldier's death!"

"Lieut. H" is in fact, McCrae's dear friend, Alexis Helmer.



Alexis Helmer From the excellent Norm Christie series for King and Empire part 1

Alexis "Lex" Helmer, 1st Brigade CFA, was walking around the gun lines with another colleague, Owen Hague, 2nd Brigade CFA, Alex Paterson's unit, when a shell landed close by. Hague lived for a while but Helmer was blown into little pieces. His friends collected the bloody bits and put them into sandbags and then into a blanket which they shaped like a body. That night, in darkness, McCrae buried his friend's remains with his own hands. Because there was no priest, he recited what he could remember of the Anglican service for the dead. Shaken to his core, McCrae then writes the poem of the war.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie

In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:

To you from failing hands we throw

The torch; be yours to hold it high.

If ye break faith with us who die

We shall not sleep, though poppies grow

In Flanders fields.



Here is Essex Farm cemetery in 1918 when it had crosses, row on row. Alexis' grave would have looked like one of these. His grave was lost during the war. His name is with all of those who have no known grave in the Salient on the Menin Gate.

McCrae's tent mate in South Africa, now Col. E. W. B. Morrison, adds more flavour to McCrae's self deprecating account.

"This poem," Major General Morrison writes, "was literally born of fire and blood during the hottest phase of the second battle of Ypres. My headquarters were in a trench on the top of the bank of the Ypres Canal, and John had his dressing station in a hole dug in the foot of the bank. During periods in the battle men who were shot actually rolled down the bank into his dressing station. Along from us a few hun-

dred yards was the headquarters of a regiment, and many times during the sixteen days of battle, he and I watched them burying their dead whenever there was a lull. Thus the crosses, row on row, grew into a good-sized cemetery.

Just as he describes, we often heard in the mornings the larks singing high in the air, between the crash of the shell and the reports of the guns in the battery just beside us. I have a letter from him in which he mentions having written the poem to pass away the time between the arrival of batches of wounded, and partly as an experiment with several varieties of poetic metre.

I have a sketch of the scene, taken at the time, including his dressing station; and during our operations at Passchendaele last November, I found time to make a sketch of the scene of the crosses, row on row, from which he derived his inspiration."

In the 2nd Battle of Ypres, 4,475 Canadians were wounded and about 1,000 killed. Another 1,500 were taken prisoner. This is from a force in the field of 18,000. This is close to 7,000 or 40% of the total force. No one had anticipated such a crisis.

After Ypres, the very gregarious McCrae retreated into a life of work. His consolations were his horse, Bonfire, and a dog, Bonneau. His principal human company was his batman, Herbert Cruickshank.



Guelph Museums

McCrae ends his account of the battle like this.

"I was glad to get on dear old Bonfire again. We made about sixteen miles, and got to our billets at dawn. I had three or four hours' sleep, and arose to a peaceful breakfast. We shall go back to the line elsewhere very soon, but it is a present relief, and the next place is sure to be better, for it cannot be worse....

Heard of the 'Lusitania' disaster on our road out. A terrible affair!"

In June, McCrae leaves his beloved artillery unit and joins the new *The McGill* Hospital. He is unique among all doctors in uniform. He is soldier first.

**In protest, he refused to take off his artillery uniform, wearing it on duty until he was finally ordered to dress like a physician. And in solidarity with the men he left at the front, he refused to sleep in the barracks provided for doctors, spending his nights instead in a tent on the hospital grounds.

Here is Macphail describing McCrae's misgivings about joining the CAMC where he would also come back into the ultimate control of Surgeon General Jones.

"At first he did not relish the change. His heart was with the guns. He had transferred from the artillery to the medical service as recently as the previous autumn, and embarked a few days afterwards at Quebec, on the 29th of September, arriving at Davenport, October 20th, 1914. Although he was attached as Medical Officer to the 1st Brigade of Artillery, he could not forget that he was no longer a gunner, and in those tumultuous days he was often to be found in the observation post rather than in his dressing station. He had inherited something of the old army superciliousness towards a "non-combatant" service, being unaware that in this war the battle casualties in the medical corps were to be higher than in any other arm of the service. From South Africa he wrote exactly fifteen years before: "I am glad that I am not 'a medical' out here. No 'R.A.M.C.' or any other 'M.C.' for me. There is a big breach, and the medicals are on the far side of it."

On August 7th, 1915, he writes from his hospital post, "I expect to wish often that I had stuck by the artillery." But he had no choice."

McCrae had joined up in 1914 because he thought he ought to. Now he gave the war his all. More than anyone, he took up his own challenge. He accepts the torch from his dead friend, Lex. Progressively his own health begins to fail. In November 1916, McCrae is invalided with lung problems for weeks. Winters in the hospital are terrible. McCrae writes next year, in January 1917:

"I do not think I have ever been more uncomfortable. Everything is so cold that it hurts to pick it up. To go to bed is a nightmare and to get up a worse one." *

Early in 1918, a friend described McCrae as "silent, asthmatic, moody." On 24 January 1918, he was appointed Consulting Physician to the 1st British Army. Having given all that he could, he dies four days later of pneumonia on January 28th, 1918. The entire command of the Canadian Corps come to his funeral. **Surrounded by a honour guard of 75 nurses, McCrae is laid to his final rest. Major General Morrison, his friend, uses these final words.

"From your hands we have received the torch, Be it ours to hold high so the dead may sleep at last."

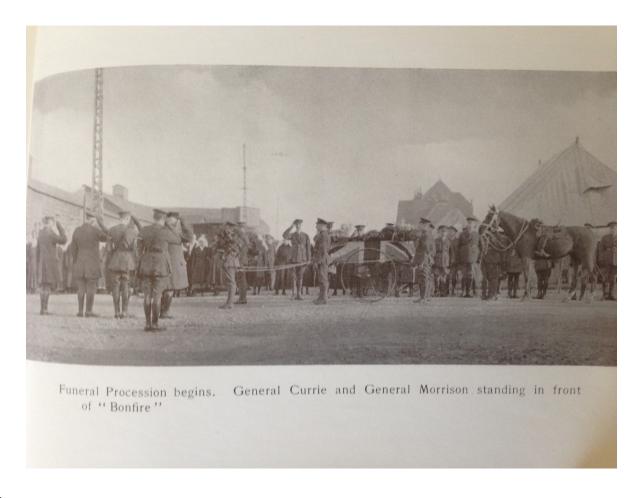
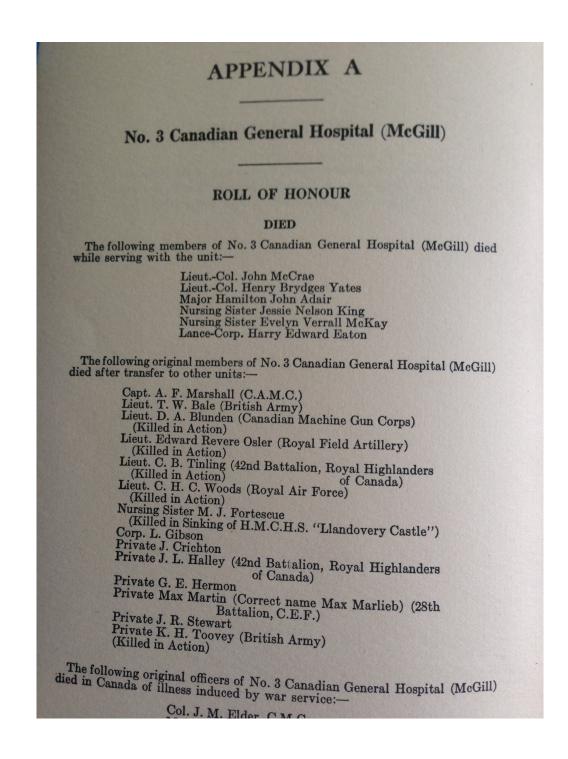


Image from -

https://www.facebook.com/pg/No3CanadianGeneralHospitalInFranceMcgill/photos/?tab=album&album_id=419287 688158955



Appendix A in Fetherstonhaugh, R. C. No. 3 Canadian General Hospital (McGill) 1914-1919. Montreal: Gazette Print. Co, 1928. Shows the price of their service.

The quotes in italics come from this source:

McCrae wrote to his mother in a diary form. These letters were collected and published in account called John McCrae an Essay in Character by his friend Sir Andrew Macphail. It is available here online. http://fullreads.com/literature/john-mccrae-an-essay-in-character/

*From the official history of the McGill - Fetherstonhaugh, R. C. No. 3 Canadian General Hospital (McGill) 1914-1919. Montreal: Gazette Print. Co, 1928.

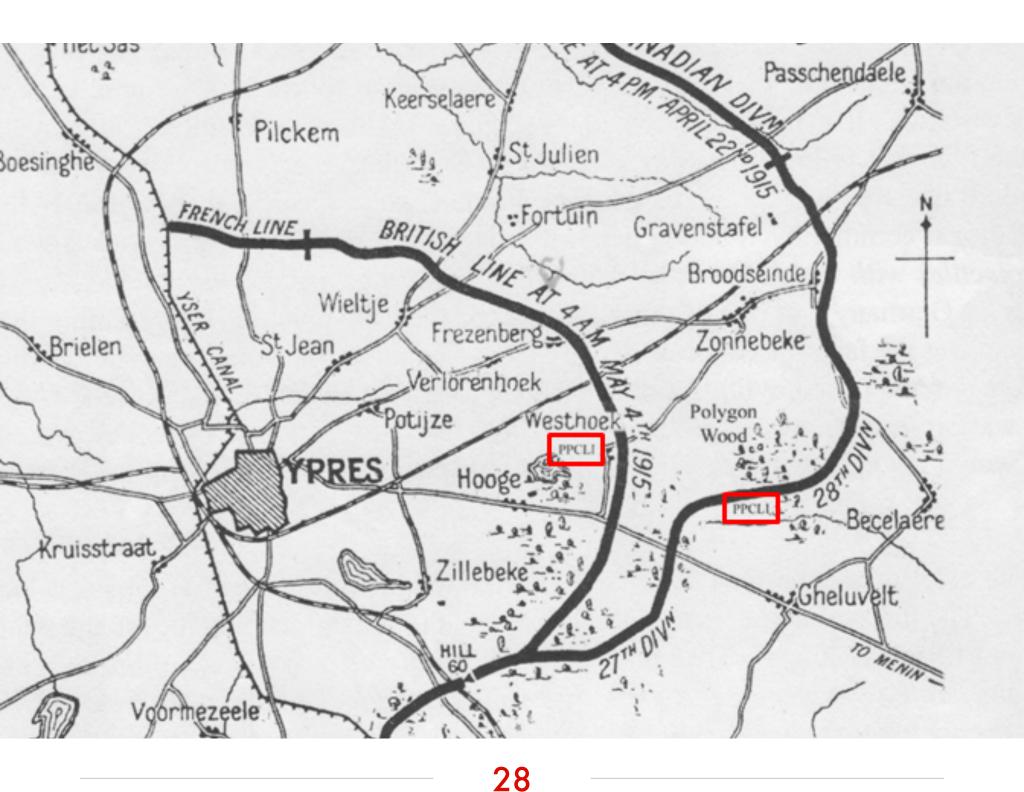
**When starred further information about Morrison and McCrae comes from here http://www.canada.com/fortstjohn/story.html?id=a9b62004-07e4-4d02-971c-f724cdce6494

If you find *The McGill* interesting there is much more in the appendices.

Cover image - "The dawn of Passchendale. The Relay Station near Zonnebeke Station." (Multiple negative composite)

IMAGE: FRANK HURLEY/STATE LIBRARY OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Here is the link to an album of much of this great photographer's best WWI work http://mashable.com/2016/10/23/frank-hurley-on-the-western-front/#8dYo_8AUZ5qd



DEATH & REBIRTH

"This is the situation on May 4th. With the loss of all the territory on the north of the Salient, the British had to withdraw so that they could present a more rounded front. On May 4th, the PPCLI pull back from their position in Polygon Wood to one near the Bellewaerde Ridge. They are still part of the British Army's 28th Division.

Just as the hardest part of the early fighting took place in the northern hinge of the Salient, on May 8th, with the Pats in the hotspot, the hardest fighting would take place in the southern hinge." (Birth of a Regiment) By early May, the Patricias had already been in the line for twelve days and suffered seventy-five casualties. Although every spare man had been used to construct the new line, numerous alterations in the plan for the defence meant that much of the effort was wasted.

Shortly after dark on May 3rd, the support companies under Agar Adamson withdrew quietly to the Bellewaerde Ridge position and the front line trenches began to thin out. By midnight, only a small rear guard of about a dozen remained in the position. The men moved along the trench line firing sporadically to give the impression that the position was still fully occupied. By 3:00 a.m. the entire battalion had been withdrawn without casualties. The response by the enemy the following morning when they discovered the ruse was rapid and aggressive.

On May 5th, the Germans quickly closed up to the new line and once again brought their artillery into play with devastating effect. By the time the Patricias were relieved by the Shropshires, on the night of May 4th, twenty-six men had been killed.

As they withdrew to a support position on the GHQ line on the Menin Road, Lt. Col. Buller was struck in the eye by a shell fragment, taking him out of action. Fortunately, Major Hamilton Gault returned to duty at the same time with a reinforcing draft of 47 men.

He quickly assumed command and, on the evening of May 6th, led the battalion forward to relieve the Shropshires in the Bellewaerde Ridge position. The Patricias held the left flank of their brigade with the 3rd Monmouth Regiment of the 83rd Brigade to their north and the 4th Kings Royal Rifle Corps to their south. It was a poor position and they could tell that the Germans were massing for an attack in force. Here is what Agar Adamson wrote to his wife.

"We moved up last night from our support dugouts having been fairly well shelled. Gow (Lieut.) shot badly, was alive when we left, 4 men killed, 9 wounded, 2 went mad, 6 in what is called 'in a state of collapse', having been shelled all day and having to remain underground all day."

After thanking his wife for sending baseball bats, he concludes

"We now have 400 fighting men and 7 officers. It seems certain that this line cannot be held and we are only making a bluff at it."

On May 8th, the Germans made one last attempt to crush the Salient. This time, they attacked from the south. The attack began at 4 a.m. on May 8th. The Battle of Frezenberg, May 8th 1915, will set the culture and it will also force a transformation of the regiment.



The Princess Patricias at Frezenberg by W.B. Wollen.

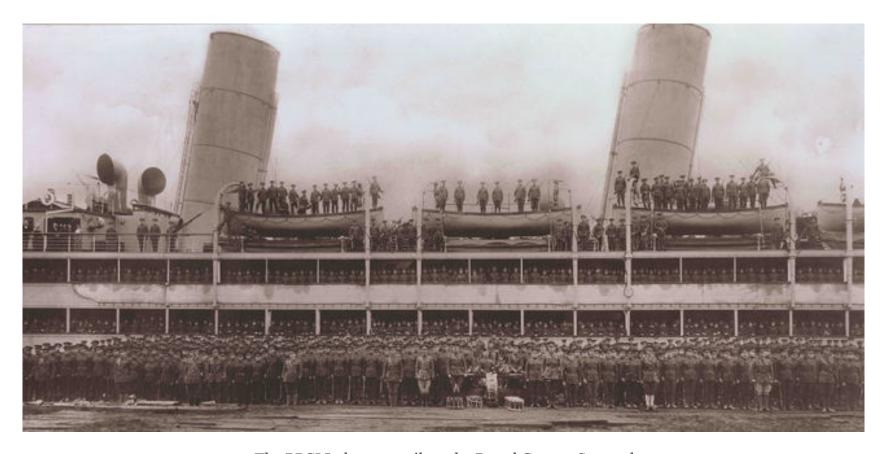
The only officer in the painting, the man with his hand to his mouth shouting orders, is Lieut. Hugh Niven. All officers senior to him are now dead or badly wounded. Lieut. Niven is in command of the regiment.

The man coming out of the dug out, on the left and carrying a box of ammunition, is Lance Corporal A. G. Pearson. The grenade throwers are privates McCormack and Kelly. The machine-gunner is Corporal C. Dover with Private L. Phillips to his right. The man to his right is Private G. Candy. The wounded man sitting at bottom of trench is Sergeant John McDermott. Privates J. Kelly and McCormack were later killed in action. Corporal C. Dover lost an arm and a leg and was shot by a sniper during evacuation. Private G. Candy was awarded an MID (Mention in Dispatches) at Kemmel. Lance Corporal Pearson would be awarded a DCM (Distinguished Conduct Medal) and later a MC (Military Cross a bravery award for officers - third in line to the VC). (Privates then could only receive the VC or have a Mention In Dispatches, MID)

When the Pats are relieved, Niven takes barely 150 men out of the line with 3 other officers. Lieutenants Talbot Papineau (MC from St Eloi), J. Van den Berg (DSO,

Distinguished Service Order and 2nd in rank to the VC if given to officers under the rank of Colonel, at Vimy) and D. Clarke (MC at Frezenberg).

Hammie Gault, who had taken command on May 5th, had been badly wounded at 7am on May 8th. His left leg was shot through and he had a wound in his right arm. The bullet in his leg just missed the femoral artery. If the bullet had hit it, he would have died in minutes.



The PPCLI about to sail on the Royal George September 1914 http://100thanniversaryblog.blogspot.ca/2014/09/

What had been a force of nearly 1,000 men on the boat leaving Canada was, at dawn May 8th, only 400 men and 7 officers. By nightfall that same day, May 8th 1915, there were only 149 men and 4 officers who were still fit for duty. Effectively, the Pats could no longer function. Nor could they be reinforced.

As we saw earlier, the PPCLI was not part of the Canadian Army but was part of the British Army. It did not have a city, or a county, in England as a source of new men. Nor could it look to the normal channels in Canada. The Canadians needed 6,000 men every three months to keep the First Division up to strength. The Canadians were also raising a further 3 divisions and were considering a 5th. It looked for a while that the Pats were doomed.

The Square Mile came to the rescue.



Captain Percival Molson MC, PPLCI. http://www.findagrave.com

Principal among the Square Milers who stepped forward, was one of Canada's greatest athletes, Percival Molson. Molson was already a Governor of McGill. McGill had just sent its best doctors and nurses to the front. Now, with Molson's urging, McGill would become the future source of men and officers for the Pats.

The First University Company joined the Regiment at Armentieres in late July and the second arrived in September.

These were very different men from the Originals. Few had been soldiers before. Most were very well educated. There was definitely tension at first. But it worked. The culture formed at St Eloi and at Frezenberg expanded into the new men. The new men also brought with them an even higher level of thinking and adaptability creating a unique blend of toughness and thinking. Just as Gault had embodied the Originals, so Molson embodied the next wave of Pats.

As Gault recovered in England, he must have been relieved to hear of these plans and at how fast they were being implemented. But the issue of the future of the regiment was not settled. So long as it was part of the British Army, it would remain an orphan. Later in 1915, much to the disgust of the unit, the Pats were forced to become part of the Canadians and worse they became part of the newest arrival, the inexperienced 3rd Division. These terrible losses also created a tradition, in the Pats, of promoting from within. They could not bear to have outsiders come in and lead their men. The Pats vigorously promoted from the ranks. Pearson who was the Lt. Col. and CO by the armistice had been a Lance Corporal in 1915. He is the Lance Corporal carrying the ammunition box in the painting.

Officers in the Pats also could not take a safe job and leave their men in danger.



Talbot Mercer Papineau, officer in the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, with his dog Bobs, circa 1915. (Library and Archives Canada / C-013224) , for 0823-ppcli)

This devotion means that no safe job will be tolerated for long. As we will see in the case of Talbot Papineau. Later in the war, Papineau had a job on the staff. When the Canadians were ordered to take Passchendaele, he returned to the regiment. He could not sit aside as his men went into the meat grinder. Officers from the Pats always seemed to return to duty. Buller came back blind in one eye. Hammie came back in 1916 with his left leg amputated 10 inches above the knee.



http://www.britishempire.co.uk/forces/ppclihwniven.htm

Hugh Niven, (Above) ultimately crushed by his experiences at the front, is sent back to Canada just before the end of the war. But he returns in the 1930's as its CO.

This is W J "Shorty" Colquboun. He is 6 foot 7 inches tall.



This photo of Brigadier General "Shorty" Colquhoun (with veterans of both World Wars at Fort McLeod in 1964) reveals his towering height. http://100thanniversaryblog.blogspot.ca/2015/03/

Colquhoun is captured on Feb 28th 1915. He spends the entire war as POW. Colquhoun was one of just six men from the battalion to be taken alive as a prisoner during the war. He attempted to escape 17 times.

He and Gault had been crawling around the German lines at St Eloi on Feb 28th. Shorty went out a second time for a closer look. He was caught. He was awarded the first MC in the CEF for this work and for carrying a wounded soldier to safety under fire. He returned to the Pats after the war and was the CO in 1939 when he took the Pats back to Europe.

This devotion costs the officers of the Pats dearly in their personal lives as well. We see this so clearly with Hammie himself and later with Agar Adamson who will also command the regiment. Agar wrote to his wife Mabel every day of the war. But he could not reconnect with her when it was all over. He felt that she had betrayed him and the Pats. After the war, he left her and moved to England.

For many in the Pats, like Hammie and Agar, they discovered a terrible secret.

They discovered that they loved war.

"Once you have lain in her arms, you can admit no other mistress. You may loathe, you may excoriate, but you cannot deny her. No lover can offer you defter caresses, more exquisite tortures, such breaking delights. No wine gives fiercer intoxication, no drug more vivid exaltation."

(http://www.firstworldwar.com/poetsandprose/chapman.htm)



29

SERVANTS

In the last week of April, 1915, the Allans and their party have been getting ready to leave Montreal.

Martha had already left with the Todds on April 21st. She would have taken the over-night train down from Montreal to New York. It was likely her parents would have seen her off at Windsor Station in Montreal.

At the Orr-Lewis house on Sherbrooke, (*The Chapter Photo*) now the site of the Acadia Apartments, George Slingsby would have been busy getting Frederick Orr-Lewis ready for his return to England. Orr-Lewis was the President of Canadian Vickers, a subsidiary of the huge British armaments firm, Vickers. Orr-Lewis regularly crossed the Atlantic. His principal home, Whitewebbs, was in England where his wife Maud was awaiting their return.

At Ravenscrag, Annie Walker and Emily Davis, Marguerite Allan's maids, were packing 18 steamer trunks.

Marguerite was planning to be in England for years and so she would have packed all her favourite clothes. The sea voyage itself demanded careful planning. Marguerite would have risen in her nightwear. Changed into morning wear. Changed for lunch. Changed for the afternoon and then changed for dinner.



A Gown by Worth

Each evening dress would have to be more elaborate than the last one. The best dress was held for the last dinner on May 6th. She had many gowns by Worth, then the top Paris designer. Certainly her final gown would have been a Worth. Imagine the debates, and even arguments, between Aunt Marguerite and Emily and Annie that would have taken place over her choices.

Who were these servants? What were their lives like? What were their relationship to their masters?



George Slingsby - Gentleman's Gentleman - Nina Slingsby

Today we think that "service" might be degrading, but, then, it was a career where those at the top had high status, fulfilling work and a meaningful relationship with their employers.

George would attend Orr-Lewis as he bathed. He would shave him. He would dress and undress him. He would take care of all his clothes. At face value, all this seems menial. But it was not. From these menial tasks would come trust. For, while these tasks were performed, the two men talked. There was no holding back. The intimate services and the conversation created a close relationship. While there was an official social gulf between the two men, there was also a deep mutual loyalty.

This was the essence of the valet relationship. On the Titanic, Astor and his valet, Victor Robbins, spent their last hours, as a team, helping the women and children get to the life boats. They chose to die together. On the Lusitania, Vanderbilt and his valet,

Ronald Denyer, who shared a cabin with George, spent their last minutes helping others such as Alice Middleton. They too, chose to die together.

It could be the same in the trenches. Many butlers, valets, or grooms, like Ray Appleton from Rokeby, joined up with their employers. Sharing the same dangers and life in the field, brought batmen and their officers very close. Harold Cooper, who had been a groom at the Allan Stables, was one of the ten Grooms who looked after the officers of the 5th Battery. In the field, Alex would have had no time to look after his horse or himself. He had to have a groom to be free to serve the battery. John McCrae's batman, Herbert Cruikshank, a former bank clerk, joined up in Valcartier with McCrae and moved with McCrae from the 1st Brigade CFA to the McGill. In mid 1916, something strange happened. Just after he receives a promotion to L/Cpl and a Good Conduct Medal, Cruickshank is severely reprimanded for disobeying an order. This is a very serious offense. McCrae had been away ill when the offense took place. There is a note about this in Cruikshank's service file but nothing in the unit war diary. I think the finger points to Surgeon General Jones. Was this an attempt by Jones to take Bonfire when McCrae was away? Did HC tell the General to take a hike? What ever the reason, the McGill senior officers rally round and in February, 1917, Col. Birkett sends Cruickshank to Shorncliffe to get a commission. (As an officer from Susan Raby-Dunne author of Bonfire The Chestnut Gentleman and as a corporal from the Guelph Museum)



HC as groom with Bonneau and then as an officer

Cruickshank is replaced by William Dodge, an English immigrant to Canada. Dodge had been a blacksmith in civilian life. It would have been Dodge who helped McCrae's friends hide Bonfire from Jones after McCrae's death. For, after McCrae's death, Bonfire, the most famous horse in the Canadian Corps, disappears. There was a question mark as to Jones' role in this. Sir Andrew Macphail, who wrote McCrae's first biography, makes this point:

"This horse, an Irish hunter, was given to him by John L. Todd. It was wounded twice, and now lives in honourable retirement at a secret place which need not be disclosed to the army authorities."

This suggests to me that Jones was after Bonfire and that Jack's friends knew this and rescued him. Dodge must have been in on the plan.



 $William\ Dodge\ and\ Bonfire\ at\ McCrae's\ funeral\\ \underline{https://www.facebook.com/pg/No3CanadianGeneralHospitalInFranceMcgill/photos/?tab=album&album_id=\\ \underline{419287688158955}$

If the men were close, relationships between the women were closer. Your maid knew you better than your husband, or any friend or your children. Then, in Marguerite's world, your maid was the only safe person to whom you could expose your hopes and fears.

Emily and Annie were also much more than maids. They would not only dress Marguerite but also do her hair and her makeup. The dresses had sleeves that were detachable and had to be put together. The day-hats had feathers that were packed separately and had to be reassembled. There was no dry cleaning then. All the dresses had to be hand cleaned, mended and packed properly. They were hairdressers, manicurists, seamstresses, milliners and confidants.

Their days were long. For every dressing, there was the undressing. As Aunt Marguerite might be closing her eyes at night, Emily or Annie, on the late shift, would have to put everything away, make repairs etc and get ready for the next day.

We know a quite a lot about Marguerite's maids. Annie normally worked for Anna, Mrs Bryce Allan. Bryce was Montagu's younger brother. Annie was going to England to be reunited with her husband who was a sailor on the battleship King George V. Emily was also using this trip for personal reasons. Emily had a fiancé in England. She would marry him later. We know that Emily Walker was a personal protégé of Lady Allan. Emily had been a Bernardo girl who had come to Canada on an Allan ship, the Sicilian. The 1911 census shows that Emily was then working as a maid in Robert Holt's parents' house. Marguerite would have been a frequent visitor to the Holts. By April 1915, Emily was working directly for Aunt Marguerite as her Lady's Maid, a very senior role.

Lady Allan always had her eye out for the best interests of her staff.

Finally, a word about the children and servants. This was not a time when parents were traditionally warm and affectionate with their children. When Chattan heard of the death of his mother Frances Stephens and his son, John, this was his diary entry on May 8th.

"Just heard that Lusitania has been torpedoed. 1700 lost 800 saved. Mother and John on board."

That is the sum total of his remarks. Why this coldness?

Then, there was little contact between upper class children and their parents. Children usually lived in a separate part of the house, the nursery. They took their meals there and did not have access to the main house. In my own case, I had lunch with my mother on Nanny's day off on Thursdays. I have no memory of my father at all until I was 7. I was not treated badly. This was the norm. Privileged children then, and sometimes now, found what affection and love they could with their parents' staff. John would have seen his granny for the odd formal showing. As a toddler, he had not seen his own mother for months. The only human being that John would have seen every day was his nanny, Caroline Milne.



Caroline Milne, Nanny, and baby John in her arms with Aunt Frances. The only person who ever touched or hugged John would have been Milne. From Essays in Growing - Frances Ballantyne

These child/servant relationships were not trivial. Churchill kept "Woomany's" picture by his bedside his entire life. Woomany, Mrs Everest, was his nanny. The Allans looked after Mlle. Auffret, the family's French Governess, until her death. She had raised all four of the Allan children. My father's nanny, "Nan", died in the arms of my aunt and is buried next to my father in the family plot. One day, my uncle will join them as will I. It is not naive to say that these relationships became rooted in mutual respect and love.

As privileged children grew older, they often re-attached to other key staff. The issue again was access and intimacy. Cooks became mother figures. Valets and drivers became big brothers. For there was still no appetite from the parents to take an intimate role in the lives of their children. There would be snacks in the kitchen, endless trips in the car or in the carriage and time with your father's valet and your mother's maids on trips. The questions you could never ask your parents were answered. The affection that all of us crave was offered.

In this context, George Slingsby was, during the day, in charge of the older children on the Lusitania. The girls Gwen and Anna and Robert Holt respected him as a man. In return, as we will see, George loved the girls as if they were his own daughters.

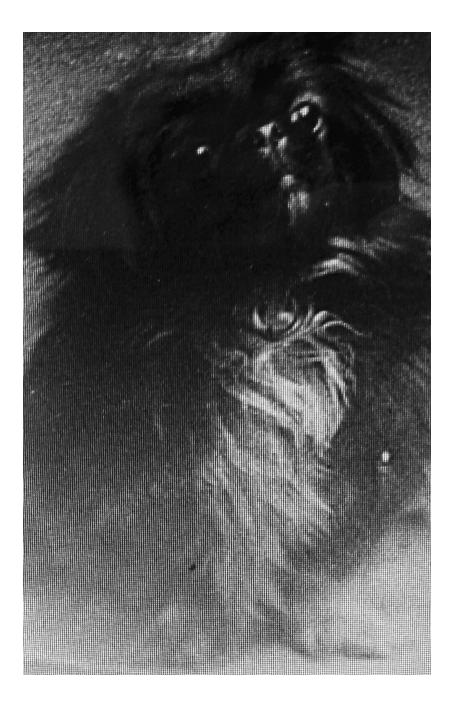
George and my aunt were about as close as was possible for the class situation to permit. George was her protégé. She had got him his job with Orr-Lewis.



Osberton Hall http://www.nottshistory.org.uk/Jacks1881/osberton.htm

George had started work here, at Osberton Hall, the home of the Foljambe family. It is one of the great houses of Nottinghamshire. George Slingsby, and his brother Arthur, worked there. Marguerite was related to the lady of the house. It is likely that Aunt Marguerite got to know young George when she had visited Osberton Hall. It is likely that she spotted his character. It is likely that she had recommended him to her friend, Frederick Orr-Lewis.

As, the Orr-Lewises travelled frequently with the Allans to England, George was as much a part of the Allan household as he was of the Orr-Lewis household. He had a secret and highly personal role in the service of Lady Allan. In those days, HM Customs levied taxes on personal jewelry. To help her avoid paying duty, George had a special smuggling cummerbund. No one would imagine that a valet to a man would have an unrelated woman's jewels on his person. Aunt Marguerite gave him a diamond pin in gratitude. Maybe more important than the jewels, Slingsby's other smuggling job was routinely to smuggle Marguerite's pekinese, Peekaboo, into the UK and so avoid quarantine. We have no record of Peekaboo being on the Lusitania. But Marguerite was always with a dog and I find it inconceivable that she would have gone to England for the duration without her little darling.



Peekaboo

This brings us to the debate about what did George save. The 1906 Tiara was worn after the war. It was her favourite. The family owned it until 2015. Would she have left it behind? Was it on board and saved by George? We can never know. But for certain, if Peekaboo was on board, which was likely, he went down with the ship.



Aunt Marguerite and the 1906 Cartier Tiara

As a working class man, George was a member of the elite senior personal staff. He would have dined at the high servants' table with the Butler and the House Keeper. His only duties concerned Orr-Lewis. On trips, he would stay with Orr-Lewis in what ever hotel, train or liner that he used. He would, in effect, travel first class. He also would travel every winter to Cannes where the Orr-Lewis' had another house, Villa Valetta. While George, Annie and Emily would have to work very hard on the trip, they

would have first class cabins and they would have their own table in the first class dining room.

One last thing before we move onto the voyage. As a young boy, George Slingsby had witnessed his eldest brother, John, drown. Whilst playing with George and a friend on a canal bank, John had fallen into the lock. John, who knew how to swim, did not surface. He had hit his head on the concrete wall and knocked himself out. George, who could not swim, had stood by helpless on the bank. Losing a loved one to the water and being helpless to make a difference had a special meaning for him.

As May 1st drew near, this household, linked by blood, by the heart and by duty, had little thought that they were going to be in any danger.

Note: Here is the Tiara today



Images - Peekaboo, Lady Allan wearing Tiara, McCord Museum Tiara - Family Collection



30

MRS STEPHENS

On the 23rd of April 1915, Hazel Stephens had received a letter from Chattan, telling her that he was being repatriated to England. Additionally, a formal note from the Army, dated April 20th, also informed Hazel that Chattan was "*Dangerously ill*". The news of Chattan's grave illness quickly reached his mother, Mrs (Frances) George Washington Stephens, in Montreal.

The family story for why Mrs Stephens then booked a crossing on the Lusitania was that she always went shopping for clothes in Paris every year. She was not going

to let the Germans stop her. This may have been her public excuse but, I think that it was the news of her son's illness that provoked her last minute trip.

Baby John had been left in her care when Hazel had gone to England with her daughter, Frances. Hazel's parents, the Kemps, who lived in Toronto in great splendour at Castle Frank, did not want Mrs Stephens to take the baby with her to England. They offered to take care of him, but Mrs Stephens was adamant. She insisted that seeing his son, might bring Chattan back to health. The Kemps gave in.

The irony is that Chattan did not want any of his children to come to England. He had pushed back at Hazel when she took Aunt Frances to England in 1914. Back on October 27th 1914, his letter included these lines.

"I am glad the kiddies are well. Mother is happy as a lark with John. It was an awfully good idea of yours to let her have him. It helps you and she is just delighted. ... Dearest, I want you but I honestly think that you are better there. This is no place for women and children."

How did Hazel feel about her mother-in-law coming over? Frances Stephens was known to be difficult. Until Frances married her dead sister's husband, she had been a poor, 27 year old, spinster with no prospects at all. She was 19 years younger than her husband who had married her to provide for his children of her older sister. To compensate, she became very grand indeed. Her famous pearls were part of this persona.

She would, of course, have been no help at all to Hazel. She would have demanded that Hazel look after her. With baby John added to the mix, Hazel might well have wished that her mother-in-law had not taken the trip.

Mrs Stephens booked two cabins in First Class. One for herself with her maid Elise Oberlin (Swiss) in D5 and one for Baby John and his nurse Caroline Milne (English) in D9. I cannot make sense of this arrangement. No one shared a cabin with their maid then. And the last person in the world to share with her maid would be the very grand Frances Stephens. My feeling is that Elise and Caroline shared D9 with John and that Mrs Stephens was on her own in D5.



Low born Scots or not, Mrs. Stephens was still part of the Montreal elite. She and Aunt Marguerite arranged a grand "Montreal Table" in the Saloon dining room of the Lusitania where the Square Milers would hold court.

Images - Chattan Stephens cover - Family Collection; Mrs Stephens - McCord Museum



31

NEW YORK

On April 29th, 1915, Uncle Montagu, Aunt Marguerite, Gwen and Anna and Frederick Orr-Lewis set out from Montreal in the Allan private car. It would have left from Windsor Station the CP mainline station. The next morning they would have arrived at Penn Station in mid-town Manhattan. The maids, Emily and Annie and George Slingsby were with them.

We know that they were all together because of the register of the hotel shows that one person checked them all in on April 30th.(From the Register of the Waldorf Astoria Hotel Hotel. Thanks to Bronwen Woods)



THE WALDORF — Northwest Corner Fifth Avenue and Thirty-third Street.

H. J. HARDENBERGH, Architect.

The Allans were in suite 554/3. Gwen is in 552 and Anna is in 555. Emily and Annie were in 590. Orr-Lewis was in 658. George Slingsby was in 629. I can only assume that Robert Holt, Dorothy Braithwaite and the Stephens party checked in separately.

They probably ate that night at the Hotel Restaurant that had a very good reputation. The menu looks very inviting and consider the prices!

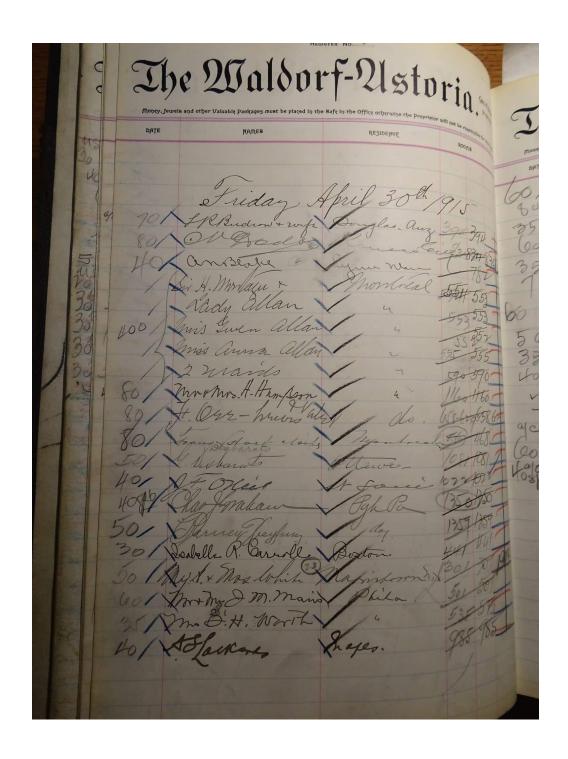
	- 4	
	Dinner	
Bluepoint Oysters 30 Lobster Cocktail 70	Little Neck Clams 30	Cherry Stones Clams 35 Crab Flake Cocktail 60
BUFFET RUSSE CAVIAR, SPEC Celery 30 Senfgurken 25 Pim-Olas 35 Mackerel in Wine 50 *Imported Sturgeon, Toma Spring Onions 25	*"Parisian Luncheon" 50 Anche Spiced Beets 25 *Radishes 2 Lyon Sausage 30 Cervelat 30 Fillets of Herring in Coto assuce 50 *Sardine Egglets 5	vies in Mustard 30 Canapé of Caviar 60 5 *Olives 25 India Relish 15
Clam Chowder 20 Mock Turtle 30 Julienne 25	Pea 25 Mongol 30 Vermicelli	Cream, Crecy 30 25 Croute-au-pot 25 Italian Paste 25 Turtle 50 Gumbo, Créole 35
COLD PER CUP: Consommé 30	Chicken Broth 35 Chicken Broth 35 Tomato Broth 3 FISH	
Redsnapper, Courtbouillon 55 Fried Soft Shell Crabs 50 *English Sole 25 Kingfish, Meunière 55 *Shrimp, E	Whitebait 40 Fried Frog's Legs 75 Bordelaise 125 Fried Porgies, Tartal ENTREES	Fillet of Sole, Veronique 50 Fried Scallops 45 Trout 50-Sauté, Meunière 55 *Planked Half Whitefish 1 00
		Steak of Baby Lamb Sauté, Colbert 1 50 Half Guinea Hen with Braised Lettuce 1 25
★Capon 4 00 Squab 1 00 Chicken (half) 1 25	Spring Turkey, Giblet sauce 65 Oil City Duck (half) 1 50 Bab	Mutton 45 Beef per cut 60 y Lamb 80 Spring Lamb 65
*Gosling (half) 2 00 Guinea Ho Spring Duckling (half) 1 50 S *Spring Turkey (half) 1 75	en (half) 1 00 Capon (half) 2 00 quab Chicken (half) 80 *Squab D	O Chicken (half) 1 00 Squab 1 00 Puckling 2 25 Hamburg Chicken 1 25 ★Philadelphia Pullet (half) 1 50
Potatoes, Loulou 20 New Lima Beans 40 French Asparagus 85 Stuffed Eggplant 35 Sweet Potatoes 20 New Boiled P. French String Beans 30 New Stuffed Tomato 35 White Squash 30 Onions 25 *Ar	Broiled Fresh Mushrooms 55 German Asparagus 75 Stewed Celery 40	Oyster Bay Asparagus 40 New Carrots 30 *Soufflé Potato 35 *Potatoes, Anna 50 ser 35 French Peas 30 Spinach 30 *Macaroni 50 *Boiled Rice 25 follandaise 35 Turnips 25 lets 40 Green Peas 40
Alligator Pear 40 Tomato 35 Waldorf 35 Romain Watercre		Chicken 65 Lobster 75 Chicken 65 Chiffonade 75 Chiffonade 75
IMPORTED : Gorgonzola DOMESTIC : Cottage	Canadian Swiss Cream Stilton Neufchatel	Roquefort Gruyère Edam Liederkranz Cream
Watermelon 40 Plums 35 Bananas 20 California Cantaloupe 35	FRUITS Fresh Figs 50 Apple 15 Raspberries, Blackberries or Blueberries DESSERT	Apricots 35 40 Orange 15 35 Fresh California Cherries 50
Pear Pie 25 Chocolate Custard Pie Assorted Cakes 20 Preserved Skinless Figs 30	e 25 Pudding, Victoria 30 Far Cherries Jubilée 40 Pear "au feu d'Enfer" 75 ICES	Peach Short Cake 50 Stuffed Figs and Dates 30
Nesselrode Pudding 50 So *Macédoine of Fruit 75 Frozen Peaches 40 Peach, S	Hazelnut Mousse 40 ni 40 Meringue glacée 40 Café Parfi rbet Creme de Menthe 40 Che Neapolitan 35 trawberry, Vanilla, Pistache, Coffee Raspberry or Pineapple Water Ice 30 Bread or Rolls and Butter Per Perso Tansan, Japanese Mineral Water 40	French Coffee 15 Turkish Coffee 20 n 10 Iced Coffee 25

The sailing time for the Lusitania was at 10am the next day. I imagine that the wiser members of the party had an early night. But I think it likely that Annie and Emily did not. They will be working to ensure that the Allans make a proper arrival at Pier 54, and also to ensure that the cabin luggage and the 18 steamer trunks are safely on board.

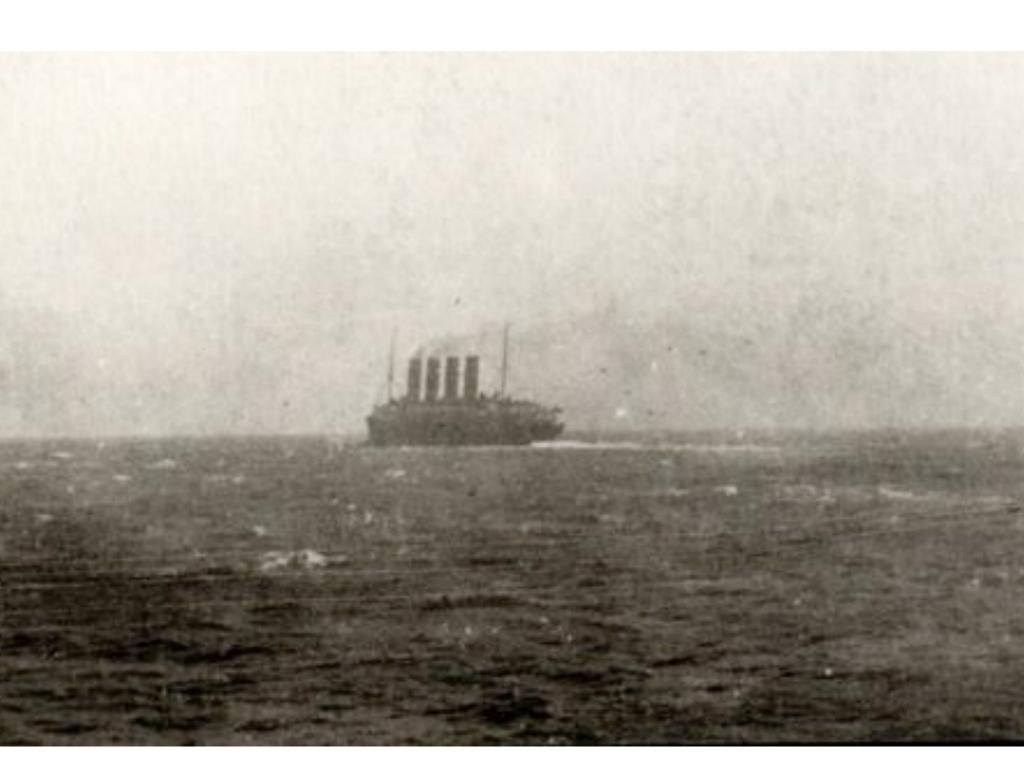
It will need a truck to take it all to Pier 54.

Menu from NY Public Library http://menus.nypl.org/menu_pages/69947

Notes



Here is the register for their visit. Orr-Lewis is also on the same page. I wonder who signed in, Aunt Marguerite or Montagu? It was definitely one of them as Gwen is named by her short familiar name. (The register is held at the New York Public Library)



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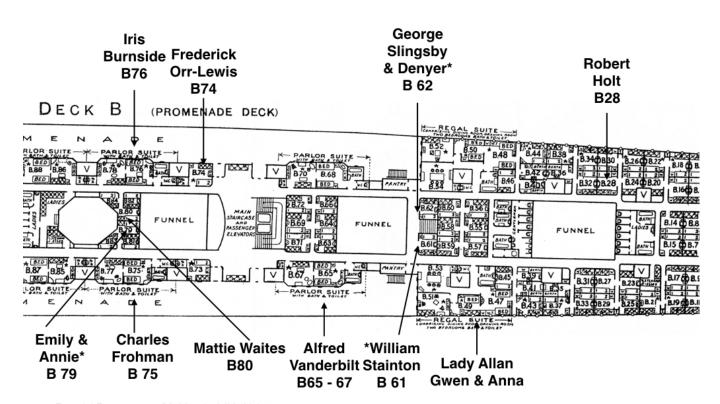
SETTING SAIL

It is May 1st, 1915. All morning, passengers were arriving at Cunard's Pier 54. At noon, on May 1st, 2 hours late, Lusitania was pulled backwards, by tugs, out of her berth on Pier 54. The delay was caused by the passengers on the Cameronia being transferred at the last minute to the Lusitania. This 2 hour delay will be a vital factor on May 7th.

Here is the link to a Youtube video showing the Lusitania leaving harbour on that fateful day. (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7ZOqw5XEaNo&feature=youtu.be)

On the video, the Lusitania glides slowly by. You can see passengers waiving to friends on the starboard side. You can see the starboard Regal Suite pass by as the open deck is suddenly enclosed. I have searched, in vain, among the passengers for a glimpse of the Allans. I have had no success so far. Maybe you can spot them? As you see the Regal Suite pass by, you can be sure that Annie and Emily are inside unpacking the traveling trunks. William Stainton is unpacking Mr. Frohman. Ronald Denyer is unpacking Mr. Vanderbilt. On the port side, hidden from the camera, George Slingsby is unpacking Frederick Orr-Lewis.

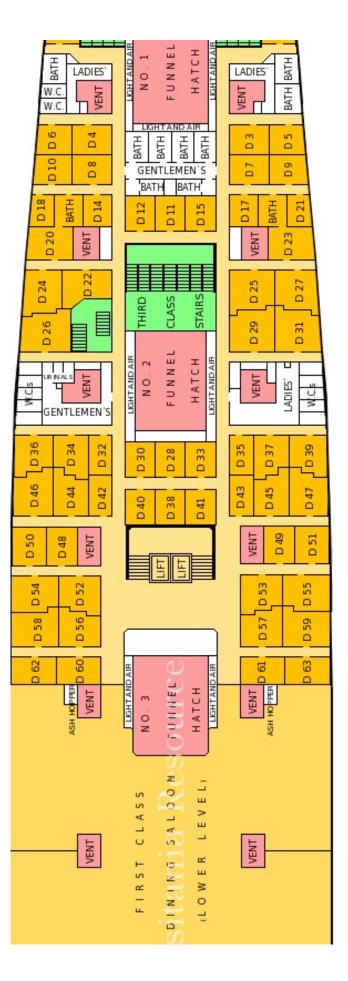
What was Aunt Marguerite doing as the Lusitania pulled out into New York Harbour? For her, this trip was routine. I am sure that she left all the unpacking to Emily and Annie. It is likely that she would be having a meeting with Walter Wood, her steward. As the wife of the owner of the Allan Line, she was not just another wealthy guest but a guest that was owed a professional courtesy. I think that it is likely that Mrs Stephens may have joined the conference. The placement of the table, the seating, the wine and the food preferences would all be discussed.



- * Ronald Denyer was Mr Vanderbilt's Valet
- * William Stainton was Mr Frohman's Valet
- * Emily Davis & Annie Walker were Lady Allan's maids
- * George Slingsby was Mr Orr-Lewis' Valet
- * Iris Burnside was travelling with her mother Josephine nee Eaton
- * Martha Mattie Waites was maid to the Burnsides & was in the next door cabin to Annie and Emily

Here is where many of the Allan group will be staying on B Deck.

Next door to Orr-Lewis, in the port side Parlour suite B 78, are Michael and Angela Pappadopolous. They will feature in our story on the last night of the trip. The key staff all have rooms in First Class too. Annie and Emily are in B79 and Denyer and Slingsby share cabin B62. These are smaller inside cabins. Many of the Saloon Cabins were then designed for staff.

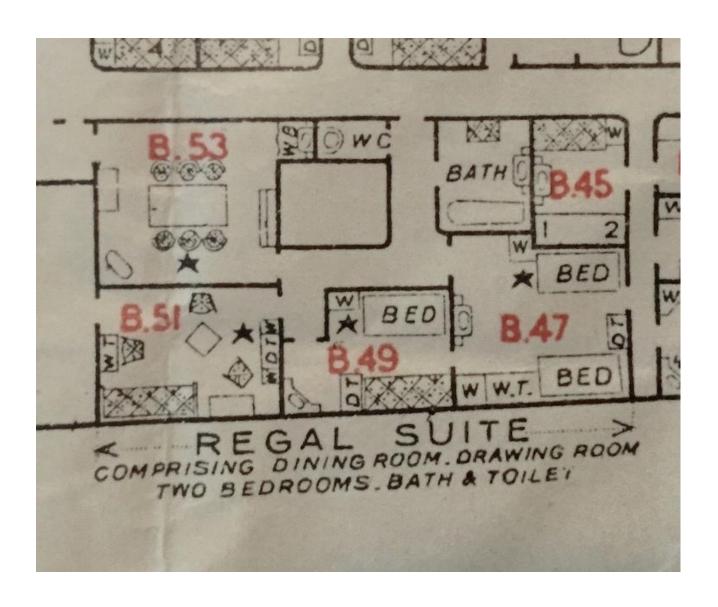


D Deck of the Lusitania (Source)

Mrs Stephens is in D 5 and her maid, Elise Oberlin, her Nurse, Caroline Milne, and Baby John are in D 9. Rita Jolivet, is in the inside cabin D 15. She had booked late. It was maybe the worst non-staff cabin in Saloon Class but it was the best that she could find at such late notice. Dorothy Braithwaite was in D 63. She is in the last row of cabins from the dining room.

Very few rooms even in Saloon (First Class) have a toilet and almost none have a bath. The Regal Suite has both. You will see that Mrs. Stephens' cabin faces the ladies' toilets and bathrooms on D. This was a prime position. Few people then, even in very grand homes, had adjoining bathrooms.

Here is the plan for Allan cabin the Starboard Regal Suite. (Eric Sauder)



Here is the girls' bedroom. It is B 47. Their mother, Aunt Marguerite, is in B 49 (Eric Sauder)



Here, below, are some more views of the Regal Suite. They are from on the port side suite but, as the layouts are the same, they will give you a sense of the space that the Allans had on the starboard side of the ship.

All of these images are by kind permission of Eric Sauder.



Above is the main bedroom looking into the sitting room. Below looking into the dining room.



Eric Sauder identifies this as B 48 the port Regal in his beautiful book The Unseen Lusitania

Here is a view of the dining room. (source) It is surprisingly intimate.



Lady Allan arranged it so that her group sat with each other throughout the trip. This group included, her two daughters Gwen and Anna, Frederick Orr-Lewis, Mrs Stephens, Dorothy Braithwaite and Master Robert Holt. Look at the ceiling and you will see a circular well above. According to their own high status, Slingsby and Emily and Annie also had their own table in the First Class dining room on C Deck on the starboard side (right-side) in the gallery above by the window. The window next to the staff table on the deck above will be a factor at the time of the sinking.

What would everyone else have been doing before dinner on May 1st? At first, we can imagine that the young, and maybe Dorothy Braithwaite too, stood together on the deck outside and watched as New York faded away. Then my guess is that they then toured each others' cabins. It's likely that Gwen and Anna will visit Robert Holt's cabin and then he would have paid a return visit to the girls. Then, maybe, the girls might have gone down to D deck and checked out baby John and Dorothy's cabins.

Anna and Gwen had just left Havergal College in Toronto. 5 "*Old Girls*" (The English term for female Alumni of a school.) died on the Lusitania. Dorothy was also an Old Girl. They might have also met up with two young women that they would have

known from Toronto who I suspect were Old Girls from Havergal. They fit the profile. On B deck, in B 76, was 20 year old Iris BurnsideShe was the granddaughter of Timothy Eaton, the founder of Eatons department stores. She was traveling with her mother, Josephine, and their maid, Mattie Waites, on their way to meet relatives. (*Portrait of Iris Burnside by ME Gray in the Toronto Museum*)



On D Deck, just around the corner from Dorothy's cabin, in D 55, was 23 year old Laura Ryerson.



Laura was traveling with her mother, Mary. Like Dorothy Braithwaite, the Ryersons were on an emergency visit. One brother, George, in the Canadian Grenadiers had been killed at Ypres and the other, Arthur, a classmate of Alex Paterson at RMC

and in charge of the Ammunition Column of the 9th Battery, had been badly wounded. Dr George Ryerson, head of the Canadian Red Cross, was already in Europe and had begged his wife and daughter to come to England.

If I am right and Iris and Laura were Old Girls from Havergal, it would make sense for the Havergal party to make plans to meet up. But the priority that afternoon would be in getting ready for the first formal dinner of the trip. (*Havergal have since confirmed that Iris was an Old Girl but they have no record of Laura*)

By late afternoon, Mrs Stephens and Lady Allan would have begun working with their maids to get ready for dinner. It was then impossible for a woman to dress herself for this level of social occasion. There were corsets to be pulled tight from the rear. Parts of the dresses often had to be sewn on. The shoes had to be chosen. There would be a complete hair-do. The nails had to be perfect. Then the makeup had to be put on. Finally, the jewelry had to be chosen and adjusted.

It was easier for the men. Frederick and Robert would wear the same evening dress each night. Even this was hard to put on by yourself. The collars would be detachable and have studs that stick into your neck. The stiff white fronting had studs. Your cufflinks were very hard to do up on your own. As well as dressing Orr-Lewis, Slingsby might have dropped by Master Robert to give him a hand. Every morning Slingsby would sponge and press the outfit. Every night he would clean all the shoes to be worn the next day.

Gwen and Anna and Dorothy, as juniors, were not under the same dress pressure that Lady Allan and Mrs Stephens were. The young girls did not have to wear formal dress. Dorothy could get by with something simpler than the older women. Annie or Emily, like Slingsby with Robert, may have dropped by to help Dorothy with her hair.

That first dinner was their public entrance to the entire assembly of passengers and senior crew.



Aunt Marguerite wearing the Cartier Tiara made for her in 1906

The Allans were going to make an impression.

If you find the Lusitania interesting there is no better resource than this. The Lusitania Resource. It is a gold mine filled with every kind of information about the ship and the passengers.

The Chapter image is the last known photograph of the Lusitania taken from the HMS Caronia. Caronia was an Armoured Cruiser on Halifax Sta-

tion. Here is her log for May 1 1915 Lat 40.4, Long -73.6

Other: Sick list 7

Ship: Met: HMS Glory

Other: Comm'd with RMS Lusitania

Ship: Sighted: RMS Lusitania

Ship: Sighted: HMS Glory: Re'ed 1 sack of mail from ...

Other: 11.15 Lowered & veered target for Glory. Co. & speed as requisite.

Ship: Sighted: R.M.S. Lusitania: Comm'd with ..

HMS Glory was a battleship and had been the lead ship in the Halifax Guard. She was on her way to the Dardanelles. Lusitania was not escorted any further.

Here is the remarkable story of how Arthur Ryerson found his own brother's body at Ypres.

"Arthur was very reticent about his experiences, but from his comrades I learned his story. He was in charge of the ammunition column of the Canadian Division and had the distribution of small arms ammunition in his charge. It appeared that in the battle of St. Julien he went up to the front with wagon loads of ammunition no less than twenty times, through a terrific fire. On his last trip he saw an officer lying in the road, dead. The body looked familiar to him and on going up to it he found it was that of his brother George. Having delivered the ammunition, he put the body in the wagon, when a shell burst and wounded him and his horse. Fortunately there was a dressing station near at hand to which he was taken "From Dr George Ryerson's Memoire "Looking Backward".

Here is Laura Ryerson's account of the sinking.

"My mother and myself had finished lunch and were taking coffee when there was a jarring noise - not loud. Almost immediately the ship began to list. We went to the upper deck, but several boats could not be lowered because of the list of the ship. Mother and I got into the last boat (14) which was lowered safely, but just then the ship went down and our boat was overturned. I am a good swimmer and although there was a crowd struggling together I got clear, and came up against a raft on which were Leonard McMurray and Mr. Lockhart, of Toronto. The raft was sinking with so many on it so I and others swam to a lifeboat floating near and got into it.

There was a hole in one end, but by clinging to the other end we kept the hole out of water. We were in the water up to our knees for three hours when we were picked up by a destroyer and taken to Queenstown. The commander of the destroyer took me to his house, where I remained three days hoping to find mother" Ibid.

Laura's mother dies. McMurray and Lockhart, both from Toronto and in adjacent cabins, survive.

The Tiara?

Alfred Vanderbilt is in the next door cabin, B65-7, The Parlour Suite, to Aunt Marguerite. This has some importance in the story of the sinking as he was spotted, during the sinking, outside a First Class cabin holding a jewelry case waiting for someone. This sighting might be part of the Tiara question.

His valet, Denyer shares a cabin with George Slingsby. Vanderbilt and Denyer both die.

Walter Wood, Aunt Marguerite's Steward

Walter Wood was the Cunard Steward who looked after Lady Allan and the girls. Wood survived the sinking.

He was born in Bootle, Lancashire on February 8th 1884. In 1915, he lived at 5, Lytton Grove, Seaforth, Liverpool. He was engaged as a first class bedroom-steward in the Steward's Department on board the Lusitania on 12th of April 1915 at a monthly rate of £4 - 5 -0. He reported for duty at 7 a.m. on the morning of the 17th April before the Lusitania sailed for Liverpool to New York on the outward bound journey.

He worked for Cunard for many years afterwards, primarily on the Carmania, Mauritania, Aquitania and on the Queen Mary. He died in Southampton on November 19th 1958, aged 74 years. (Cunard Records - PRO BT 100/345, UniLiv D92/2/76, PRO BT 350.)

This record comes from another excellent resource for all of those interested in the Lusitania - Merseyside Maritime Museum. With special thanks to their curator Peter Kelly.

Note - Mattie Woods

I have talked about the close relationship between personal staff and their employers. The Eaton family set up a memorial to Mattie Waites at Mount Pleasant Cemetery. You can find it here 6-76-4

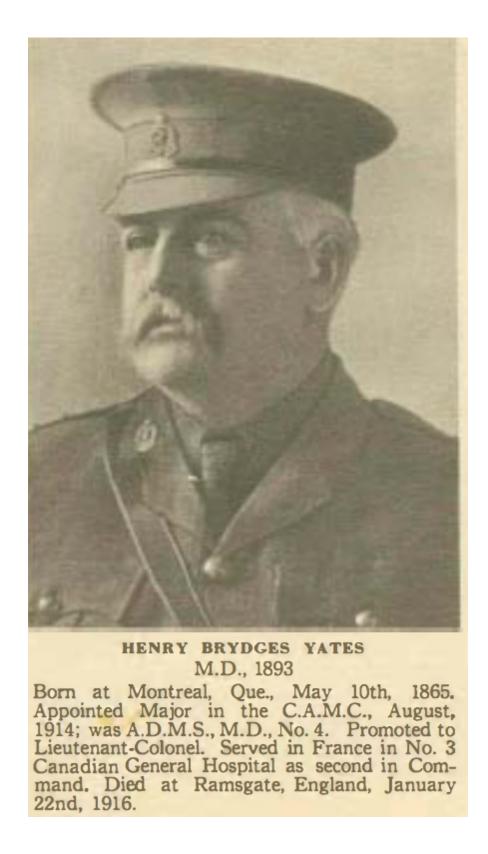
Other Images and deck plans - See Appendix 2



33

THE MCGILL SAILS

It is May 6th, 1915. The Metagama is captured here sailing from the port of Montreal. On board is the Number 3 Canadian General Hospital, "*The McGill*". 2nd in command is Uncle Montagu's best friend, Henry Brydges Yates. Traveling with him is his 16 year old son, C. Montagu Yates*. Earlier in 1914, Montagu had been at school at Charterhouse in England. But his parents had taken him out when war was declared. Now, under special permission as the son of a Lt Colonel, Montagu Yates had enlisted as a private and was returning to Europe in uniform.



By the dockside, waving goodbye would have been Alice Yates, Henry Yates' wife, one of Aunt Marguerite's best friends and also Emily Yates, his daughter. Present, surely, was Montagu Allan himself? Henry Yates was Montagu's best friend. Montagu Allan had been instrumental in the project and Montagu Allan was Montagu Yates' godfather.

Montagu Allan's plans are to spend most of the war in Montreal. He is in the midst of a very complex transaction where he is selling the Allan Line to Canadian Pacific. He also owns one of Canada's major banks at the time, the Merchants Bank. He has already been to England in 1914 when he and Marguerite had found a place for her to live, Encombe. Now he has to get down to work.

Alice Yates is also staying on in Montreal. She is the Regent (CEO) of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, (IODE). Her job will be to organize the Canadian fundraising for the work that Aunt Marguerite and Julia Drummond will be doing in England.



Alice Yates

On May 6th, 1915, the family war news is good. Alex Paterson has survived, unhurt, from Ypres. Hammie Gault is in command of the Pats. Uncle Montagu's daughter, Martha, has arrived safely in England and is with her brother Hugh. They have telegrams from the Lusitania. Gwen and Anna are considered the soul of the ship. On May 5th, the Allan party on board celebrated Dorothy Braithwaite's 25th birthday. On May 7th, Aunt Marguerite is joining Mr Vanderbilt at the Captain's table for the final dinner and ball.

That evening, back in Montreal, Uncle Montagu might have joined Alice and Emily Yates for dinner. If he did, Montagu and Alice might have talked about the good old days with Henry. Probably unspoken, was their memory of the Yates' eldest son,

Henry. Henry, as a naval cadet, aged only 14 1/2, had died in 1911 at the Royal Naval Academy in Halifax. **

I am sure that Montagu and Alice would never have embarrassed the other with personal remarks. It took over 20 years of friendship for Henry and Montagu to ask the other if it was acceptable to use each other's first names.

This did not mean that Alice and Montagu did not love each other. They cared for each other's children as if they were their own. Wordlessly, they might have embraced on the steps of the Yates' house before Montagu drove into the night back to an empty Ravenscrag.

Bound together by common grief, their friendship will deepen even further.

*Note from Henry Yates, the Grandson of Lt. Col Yates and the son of Montagu in an email to the author:

"Montagu was a Private in 1915 and a Lance Corporal in 1916. His duties were that of a bugler to wake up the hospital personnel, stretcher bearer and clerk in the registration of patients. He remarked to me that he became a good typist. In the summer of 1916, he returned to Montreal to pursue his studies."

Lt. Col. Elder's teenage son, H. M. Elder, was also a bugler who came out on the Metagama and who stayed with the McGill throughout the war.

**Young Henry (Born October 29, 1896 - died April 14, 1911 in Halifax) was given a massive final send off in Halifax. Before his parents took him home for the last time to Montreal, the officers and crew of HMS Niobe accompanied his body on a gun carriage through the streets of Halifax after the service at the Naval College.

 $Image\ of\ Alice\ Yates\ from\ the\ Yates\ family\ collection.$



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THE SINKING

The Sinking of the Lusitania by kind permission of Stuart Williamson

Until May 6th, 1915, everyone on board had done their best to put the idea of risk out of their heads. I would imagine, that being young, Gwen, Anna and Robert Holt would have given it no thought at all. But on the night of May 6th, Mike Pappadopoulos had a panic attack and hid in one of the life boats. Alfred Vanderbilt and Frederick

Orr-Lewis talked him down. But he was still very shaken. (From a letter from Mrs P in the Mike Poirier Collection)

May 7th was the last day of the passage. If all went well, they would be in Liverpool on the high tide that night. Captain Turner had slowed down that morning. The reason that he gave at the enquiry was because of the fog and also because he wanted to catch the high tide and so not wait outside the port all night as a sitting target. That morning of the 7th, the staff were hard at work packing. Many of the crew were in the forward baggage-hold getting the trunks ready for unloading.

Orr-Lewis usually slept in until 11am every morning. But, that morning, he got up earlier. It is likely that George Slingsby would have wanted to start on the packing and needed Frederick to be out of his way.

By late morning, it was a lovely day. The fog had lifted and the sun shone. The water was calm but was still cold. Land could be seen on the port side.

The Allan party all met for lunch some time after 12 noon. As usual, they all sat at the same table. Emily and Annie, Lady Allan's maids, were at their table one floor up. But Slingsby was not there. He was busy until about 2pm. So was Mr. Frohman's valet.



The Lounge (Eric Sauder)

After lunch, the Allan party left the dining room and went to the lounge. Coffee was served. The adults were smoking. Robert Holt was outside on the boat deck in a lounge chair, buried in a book.

If the Lusitania had not been delayed by the transfer of the Cameronia passengers by two hours, she would have been nowhere near the German submarine, U-20. But on that day, the U-20 was in exactly the right position.

At 2.10 p.m. the torpedo struck. The ship immediately lists to starboard. It has huge forward momentum. The gash in the side of the ship fills with water as the Lusitania surges forward. The speed of the ship, and the growing list, mean that the boats on the port side cannot be used easily. Many of the experienced crew, who would have lowered the boats, are already dead. They were in the baggage hold that caught the full blast.

We are fortunate to have many first hand accounts of what happens next to the Allan party. Our master version of the story is taken from a five page letter written by Frederick Orr-Lewis just after the sinking (The Mike Poirier Collection)

"We finished our luncheon and went upstairs to the lounge, had our coffee and were smoking cigarettes when, like a bolt from the blue, a torpedo struck the ship. My servant George and Lady Allan's and the children's maids, who were taking their luncheon at the time, saw the torpedo coming towards the ship and did not know what it was. There was no cry, no noise and no one outside of the above that I met saw the torpedo."

George and the servants were at their own table, by a window, in the level above the main first class dining room. George had been late for lunch.

"...she began to lurch so much to the starboard side so that the boats on the port side could not be launched and this had the effect of placing the boats on the starboard side that it was impossible to get into them, so there was nothing to do but wait, when, in the twinkling of an eye, she took an awful dive and we all went down with her. I had Gwen by the hand and Lady Allan had Anna and the two maids were next and Mrs Stephens with Chattan's baby. Miss Braithwaite somehow became separated from us. How far we went down or what happened nobody will ever know...."

"....I came up alone near an upturned boat, which I got onto and as far as I remember I was the first on it."

"After looking around I saw Herbert Holt's boy and I had him swim over and get on the boat. Lady Allan had already been put on the forward part of the boat... We gradually took on people as they came to the surface until we had 59 people on the boat. Some were seated in water up to their waists - others were standing up and I was one of the latter holding onto the people. The water was up to my knees and every minute we thought that we would all go down again."

"I saw George, he adds 'my servant" by hand into the type written text, in the water and directed him to another boat and he was quite all right."

"... We did not arrive in Queenstown until 2.30 in the morning when we at once made enquiries about the children but we could not get any information whatever and I believe that they both must have been killed when the ship went down."

"The next morning I was asked to identify some of the bodies and the first one I saw was Mrs Stephens."

"One of the hotel women clerks had told me that she (Miss Braithwaite) was in the hotel and wanted to see me . I was unable to go to her and next morning I found out that it was not Miss Braithwaite nor was it myself who had been asked for."

Here is Orr-Lewis' sad last line that says so much.

"The above is a short summary of what happened and if I can only forget the things that I have omitted to mention it will be a blessing."

Orr-Lewis admits that he cannot bear to tell all that he knows. He is silent about Gwen.

Robert Holt provided another immediate overview of the Allan party's story for the Associated Press on May 10, 1915. As you read this, recall that Robert is only 15 at the time. "After coming from luncheon I was sitting on a lounge on the boat deck reading a novel. Suddenly without warning I heard a dull crash, immediately the Lusitania leaned over on its right side at about a 35 degree angle.

He goes on to describe the confusion about the boats and the difficulties in launching them. His conclusion is that the boats are not safe.

"Seeing rescue would be difficult by means of lifeboats, I decided to clamber down the side of the ship and jump into the sea. But, before doing this, I saw several ladies around me most of whom had life belts. Mrs G W Stephens of Montreal daughter of A E Kemp MP of Toronto (Mrs Stephens was actually the mother of his son-in-law) had not one whereupon Miss Anna Allan gave her the one she had and I tied it upon her."

"I then went down to the cabins to see if I could find one for Miss Allan. I was unable to find one and was told that they had been taken out. On my return to deck I was delighted to see that Miss Allan had one as well as Miss Gwendolyn Allan and Lady Allan had one as well, I then climbed down the side of the ship on the land side."

When we get to George Slingsby's account of life-jackets, we find a link to the Tiara.

"I had not been in the water for more than a couple of minutes when the Lusitania turned over. I felt it coming on me."

"I dived under the water and there came into contact with one of the funnels. I put my hand alongside it and felt the rivets and eventually reached the surface. I just managed to get a breath of air when I felt myself being pulled down by suction. Its influence however was not great and I struck out again with all my power and once again came to the surface."

"I swam away towards a collapsible life boat which had not been properly opened but formed part of he wreckage. It was partly under water and it seemed as if it would sink. I saw Miss Braithwaite on this. With another man, I got hold of another tin tank but left this to my companion while I went for another. While swim-

ming towards it a man in a collapsible boat extended an oar towards me which I grasped and was then drawn onto the boat which was upside down but nevertheless floating.

"Well I should say that there were over 30 people on it and I was the last to get on. Among the group were Lady A and OL. The 3rd engineer was there in his pyjamas. He took command and we drifted away from the others"

Memory can be so unreliable. Orr-Lewis recalls over 50 people on the boat and Holt over 30. Holt thinks he was the last to board, Orr-Lewis thinks he was early.

Mr N. N. Alles, in his report in the Schenectady Gazette, May 10, 1915, calls this a life raft and not a boat. (From the Mike Poirier collection)

"Lady Allan of Montreal was one of 38 survivors who were buffeted about for 2 hours on a life raft before being picked up by the freighter Watrina." (Her real name was the Katrina)

"I had struggled aboard a life raft and about 5 minutes later we picked up Lady Allan who had been battling bravely to keep afloat and was now ready to give up. We hauled her aboard and laid her down in the centre of the raft. She remained there in a semi-conscious state until we were picked up. What became of her two daughters, I do not know."

All these accounts were given only days after the sinking but they all differ in parts. Bearing in mind the fallibility of memory, let's explore further what may have happened to Dorothy Braithwaite. Orr-Lewis says that she became separated from the main Allan party. That we can be sure of. Now several people tell of her last moments. Robert Holt saw her on a water logged collapsible. We continue our investigation with a letter by Mrs A. Osborne. (From the Mike Poirier Collection)

"Mr and Mrs Young and I were lounging on the deck when the torpedo struck with an ear splitting noise. Mr Young hurried below and got 3 lifebelts and attempted to get into a boat but failed"

"Miss Braithwaite joined us and she put on a life belt. Miss Braithwaite leaped first and Mr and Mrs Young both jumped together."

Mrs Osborne cannot jump, her skirts catch on the railing and she is dragged down with the ship. The next thing she knows, she is in a collapsible life boat. The Youngs die. Their bodies are never found.

Harold Boulton finds her last. Harold Boulton and a Mr Lassiter are in the water. Mrs Lassiter is on a box. The two men are treading water and holding onto the sides of the box. Dorothy floats by. She is barely alive. Harold Boulton and Mr Lassiter make a terrible decision. There is room only for one person on the box. That spot was taken. The best that Harold can do is to hold poor Dorothy's hand. In time, she closes her eyes and breathes her last. He lets her hand go and she floats away, never to be seen again. When Boulton is rescued, he downs 6 whiskies which he claims saved his life. The Lassiters also live.

Many accounts tell of people just giving up. Oliver Bernard also makes the point that many women were wearing so many clothes that they had to fight that much harder to stay afloat. He also discovered, when he visited the morgue, that many women had also put their lifebelts on incorrectly, forcing their face into the water.

But what of George Slingsby? Fortunately we have his own record in a letter he wrote from the Hotel Imperial in Cork to his mother. It was published on May 28th, 1915, in the Retford, Gainsborough and Worksop Times. Newark and Mansfield Weekly News. (The Mike Poirier Collection)

"It was marvelous how I got saved, and could not swim. I gave all my life-belts to women and children. Mr. Lewis and I never expected to see each other again but he was saved as well, so both of us are safe. I will explain everything when I see you. I am all right and feeling strong, but Mr. Lewis is older than me, so it took more effect on him. I lost all my clothes and everything, but the Cunard Company will have to make them good. I found I had only one trousers leg left. Someone must have pulled it off but I don't care about that, I am safe and sound, and hope you have not been worrying about me."

A more detailed account from Slingsby appeared in the same newspaper two weeks later on 11 June:

"We were warned in New York that the Germans would sink the Lusitania, but took it as American bluff.

"We had a smooth crossing until this took place, which was at 2.10 p.m. by my watch. I was having lunch in the top saloon when I noticed a long white streak coming towards the ship in the water, and it suddenly struck me as from a submarine, and I dashed out of the saloon, and then came the crash, which struck the port-holes and caused a terrible sensation.

"I at once made for my lifebelt and fixed it on ready for what was to take place. When I got to the boat deck I saw my master and Lady Allan and two daughters and two maids without lifebelts. I at once pulled my belt off and gave it to the ladies. I then <u>rushed in the ship</u> and got two more, which I also gave to the ladies, and by that time the ship had got too much of a list on, and it took me all my time to get back on deck, as the fore part of the ship was almost level with the captain's bridge."

This fits with Robert Holt's account of returning and finding that the Allan women now had lifebelts. As a non-swimmer, George Slingsby was giving up his own life for the Allan women. It is likely that George found the life belts in the Allan cabin which might mean more soon when we talk about jewelry.

"The boats were a failure as it was impossible to launch them. The first boat gave way and sent them all in the sea. I was then left without a lifebelt, and at 27 minutes past two o'clock I saw the ship disappearing fast. I was then taken off my feet, and the suction took me down with the ship. I went a long way down, when all of a sudden I felt myself going in a different direction quite fast. I was hit on the back of the head, and put my hands up in front of my face to prevent being hit with the wreckage."

"I then saw some light, and got hold of a piece of wood which was not strong enough to hold me, but I saw a raft close by which I succeeded in getting on, when I suddenly began to sink, and I was still on the raft with my head just out of the water when it disappeared and I was left struggling in the water. "

"Then came an airtight tank which I made a grab for, and I was holding on to the tank when I saw a stewardess in the water, and I called out to her to get hold of the tank and share it with me, which she did, and I got her hand over the top of the tank and held her afloat for not quite an hour, when all of a sudden she let go, and I think the shock killed her as the water was so cold."

This is quite different from Orr-Lewis's account of George. In George's account, George never gets into a boat and he does not recall Orr-Lewis directing him. As far as George recalls, he is in the water for more than three hours until rescued.

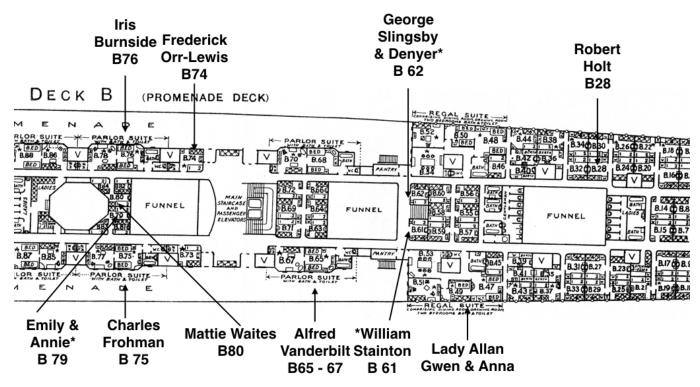
"Shortly after that, some man got hold of my left foot and pulled me and the tank under the water. I still held on to the tank, and I began to get the cramp as my body was in the water all the time for three hours."

"I don't remember being picked up until I was near Queenstown, and I found myself in a torpedo boat. When I arrived at Queenstown I discovered one of my trousers legs was missing with the man that pulled me under the water. I was told the next day by one of the sailors who helped to pull me out of the water that when I was pulled up I pulled the tank up with me, which they threw overboard. It was a very good friend to me, and I hope it did the same work a second time."

And what of the Tiara? Did someone get it and save it from the sinking? If so, who and how? A survivor, Oliver Bernard, offers us a clue in his account in the Clinton Courier May 12th, 1915.

"On my way to my cabin - to get his life belts - I saw Alfred G Vanderbilt standing outside the entrance to a grand saloon. He was as cool as cucumber wearing an immaculate lounge suit and looked as if he had been starting for a stroll in the park.

"He wore no hat and in his hand he carried a large violet-coloured jewel case. It can hardly have been his but it may have belonged to Lady Allan of Montreal. She had just left the spot where he was standing and he seemed to be waiting for her. He was one of the few perfectly cool people aboard the ship just as he was everywhere. This was the last that I saw of him."



- * Ronald Denyer was Mr Vanderbilt's Valet
- * William Stainton was Mr Frohman's Valet
- * Emily Davis & Annie Walker were Lady Allan's maids
- * George Slingsby was Mr Orr-Lewis' Valet
- * Iris Burnside was travelling with her mother Josephine nee Eaton
- Martha Mattie Waites was maid to the Burnsides & was in the next door cabin to Annie and Emily

Bernard's cabin, B103, is on the starboard side along with Vanderbilt's and the Allans'. Vanderbilt's cabin, The Parlour Suite, B65-67, is right next to Lady Allan's Regal Suite. Between the two cabins you can see a set of stairs that lead up to A deck where the First Class Lounge is located. It is likely that Bernard came down these stairs and so passed between the Allan and the Vanderbilt cabins on his way to get his own lifebelts. Bernard saw Vanderbilt standing by a first class cabin. This cabin could have been the Parlour Suite, his own, or the next door Allan Regal Suite. It is also likely that Slingsby came down these same stairs to get more lifebelts from the Allan cabin.

Did Vanderbilt hand over the jewels to George? We can never know. But I think that there is a case to be made that he might have. It makes no sense to me that Bernard, so soon after the event, might have lied about this. We know that Slingsby went back to get lifebelts. If he did take the jewels, that opens the question of why did he not mention them in his own account? I think that he would not as this was a private and a legal matter.

There are many mysteries. Orr-Lewis is clear in his account that he is not making a full report. Somethings that happened to him were too painful to record. I think that he deliberately hides what happened to Gwen. After he tells us that he holds Gwen's

hand by the rail, he never mentions Gwen again. Nor does his account mention Aunt Marguerite after seeing her on the upturned lifeboat. It makes no sense for him not to see her in Ireland. Unless there is now a problem. My interpretation is that Gwen's ghost stands between them.

Meanwhile, just as Marguerite's friendship with Frederick Orr-Lewis is dying, a new friendship is being born. Rita Jolivet and Aunt Marguerite spend hours together on the rescue boat on the journey back to Queenstown.



The Front at Queenstown

Aunt Marguerite and Rita end up sharing a room at the Queenstown Hotel for the night. The Queenstown Hotel, now the Commodore, is on the left in the centre of the picture. Queenstown is now renamed Cobh (Pronounced Cove). Queenstown was the principal emigrant port of Ireland. It had been the last stop for the Titanic. Cobh is now a tourist seaport town on the south coast of County Cork, Ireland. It is also the main Cruise Ship terminal for Ireland.



Rita Jolivet

Rita stays all night looking after Marguerite. She sits by her bed, singing quietly, and stroking Marguerite. They had seen each other on the trip but, to the starlet, Lady Allan must have seemed very grand, and maybe unapproachable. Rita had taken the Lusitania so that she could get close to Mr. Frohman, the most important impresario of the time. United by a shared tragedy, and by Rita's kindness, this unlikely pair become friends for life. Later in the 1920's, Aunt Marguerite introduces Rita to an exceptionally wealthy cousin of Montagu, Uncle Jimmie Allan, whom Rita marries!



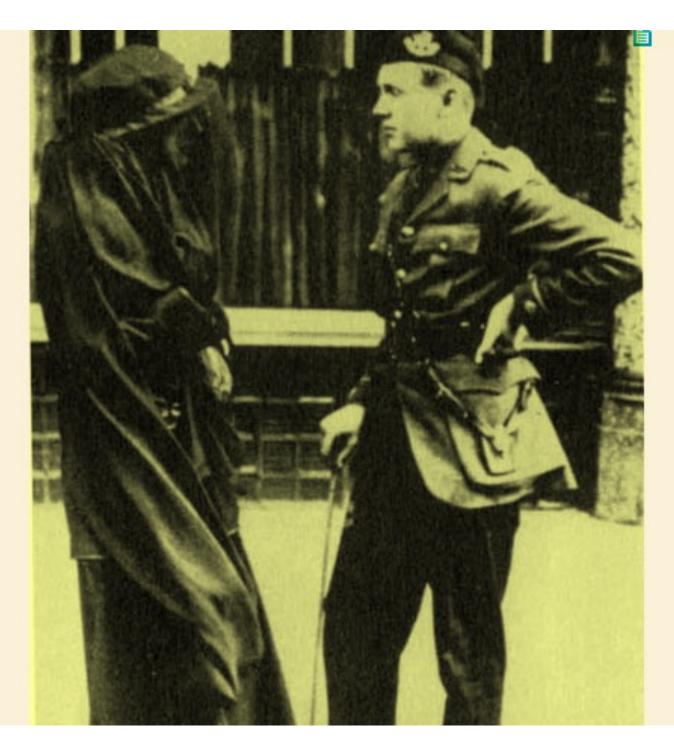
Kind Permission of Mike Poirier

What could Aunt Marguerite know that night? Orr-Lewis, Robert Holt, the maids, Emily and Annie, were in the same lifeboat as Lady Allan. They are safe for sure. There is a rumour going round the Hotel that Dorothy has been seen alive. But

where are Gwen and Anna? Surely they must be among the saved? No one yet knows about Mrs Stephens, John, Elise and Caroline. And what of Rita's people? Rita's brother-in-law, George Vernon, was on board as was Mr Frohman, her ticket to stardom.

That night, all the two women could feel was gratitude that they had survived.

See Appendix 2 for more information on sources and images



35

SHOCK

This picture was taken just after the sinking. On the right, is Hugh Allan, dressed in the militia uniform of the Royal Highland Regiment of Canada, his father's regiment. Since the end of his last term at Eton, Hugh had been in London awaiting the arrival of his family. On the left is Martha Allan, his sister, who had recently arrived with the Todds on the Adriatic. She left Montreal on April 21st 1915 and would have been in England by the 29th of April.

Hugh and Martha had travelled from London to Liverpool on May the 6th or the 7th. Their mother was due late at night on the 7th. By Saturday night, May 8th, we know that Hugh and Martha were in Queenstown.

On the next day, Sunday, May 9th, we know that Maud Orr-Lewis arrived, at 10am, on a special train and took Frederick Orr-Lewis, wearing a pair of flannel trousers and a borrowed coat, on to Cork.

Meanwhile, the Vice Admiral of the Port had offered his residence to Lady Allan. She was moved there on Sunday May 8th. Martha and Hugh must have joined her. The Allans got this treatment because of the role that the Allans played in Queenstown. Queenstown was the key port in Irish immigration and the Allan line had been central to its fortunes.

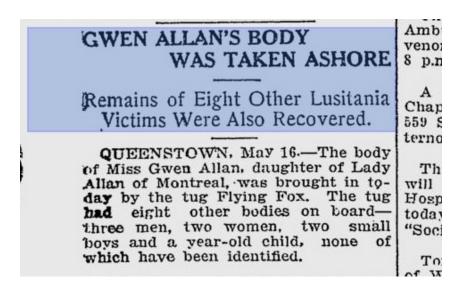


A temporary morgue had been set up. Relatives, friends and fellow passengers would be looking for people that they knew. On May 9th, more help arrives. Major H. Maitland Kersey, the CP board member on the Allan Line and the CPR/Allan Line Agent, a Mr. Horne, took on the gruesome task of searching for the bodies of Gwen and Anna.

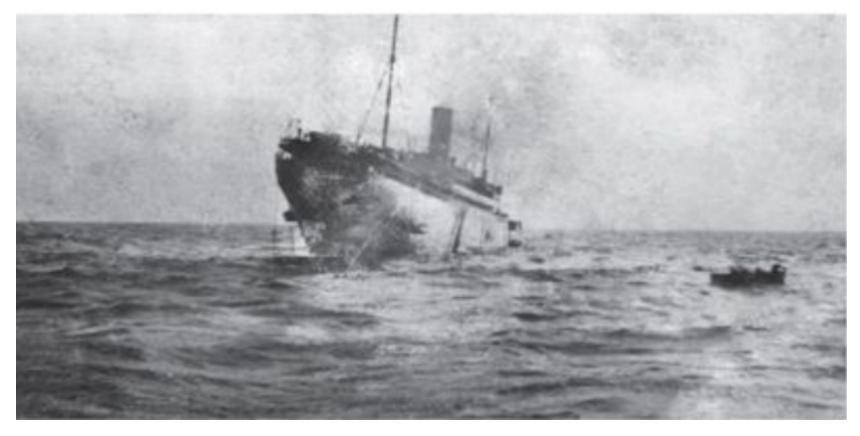
At this juncture, there were rumours that Gwen and Anna were alive. It had also been confirmed, and printed in the press back in Canada, that Dorothy Braithwaite had survived. Sadly all three were dead. Dorothy and Anna were never found.

On May 11th, Hugh and Martha take their mother on a special train to London. From there, they go onto to Encombe in Sandgate just yards away from Shorncliffe

Army camp which will become a little Canada over the next two years. Henry Yates and the Number 3 Canadian General Hospital will be there in a week.



On May 16th, Gwen's body was identified. It is likely that Major Kersey and Mr. Horne saw her first. Uncle Montagu was at sea until the 21st. I think it likely that Hugh returned to see his sister for the last time and that he might have been joined after the 22nd by his father. Gwen is embalmed and is sent back home to Montreal where she lies forever with her parents and with her elder sister Martha. There is also a stone for Anna.



The Hesparian Sinking - Kind Permission from Mike Poirier

And what of the Stephens' family and their maids? Only Mrs Stephens' body was found. Her pearls were also found. No one else in her party is found. So Baby John

rests near the wreck as do his nurse Caroline Milne and his mother's maid, Elise. Strangely they are all soon reunited with Mrs Stephens.

Uncle Montagu arranged to have Mrs Stephens shipped back to Canada by Major Kersey on an Allan line ship, the Hesparian. It too was sunk close by the wreck of the Lusitania by the very same U-boat that had sunk the Lusitania. Most of the crew and passengers got off but Mrs. Stephens' lead lined coffin remained in the hold. Fate played a dreadful hand.

The ripples of this tragedy touch every actor in this story. Emily did get married and, 11 years later, was awarded \$1,500 in compensation.

Julia Drummond who had lost her son, Guy, on April 22n, now has the additional sadness of helping the two Braithwaite girls grieve for their dead sister.

Henry Yates, still at sea on the Metagama with the Number 3 Canadian General Hospital, mourns the loss of his best friends' daughters. Having lost his own son in 1911, he knows the pain that they suffer.

Uncle Montagu, on his own in Ravenscrag, is flooded with telegrams from all over the country and the world. He is helpless and too far away to do anything.

Robert Holt goes back to school at Marlborough and later joins the army. He survives the war.

The Kemps in Toronto, Hazel's parents, had not wanted Mrs Stephens to take John. They had thought the idea selfish and stupid. Maybe they now blame themselves for not protesting enough?



And poor Hazel and Chattan Stephens. They had lost their son and he his mother. Chattan's health, already fragile, never recovers. He dies in 1918 of the flu and maybe of a broken heart. Hazel too, was never the same.

Rita never became the big star but she married well.

And Aunt Marguerite Allan? How is she affected? She will never see her girls again. Or hear their voices. Or touch them. Or smell them. All that remains are their ghosts.





36

GWEN AND ANNA

I wonder if, after the war, Marguerite and Montagu might have wandered out onto this beach at Cacouna and heard the ghosts of their dead daughters?

Every parent tells their children that they have no favourites. But in the case of Gwen and Anna, I am certain that they were just that. Martha never sought to please anyone. Hugh was lost for most of the year to the boarding school system. The constant in Marguerite's and Montagu's child raising years were the younger girls. They were their mother's comfort and they did all the things that their father loved.

Gwendolyn Evelyn Allan was born on the 8th November 1898. Anna Marjorie Allan was born on the 20th April 1900.



Here is Gwen, with her nurse, at her christening in 1898. In Ravenscrag, the children lived in a separate apartment from the adults. There were bedrooms, a dining area and a nursery. Children lived in their own separate world from the adults in the house. This was the custom then and continued even to my own childhood.

It was different at Montrose in Cacouna in the summer. Not only would they have the run of the house but also the run of all the houses of their parents' friends and the extended family.

Here is a picture of a play date taken in 1901 when the children were very young.

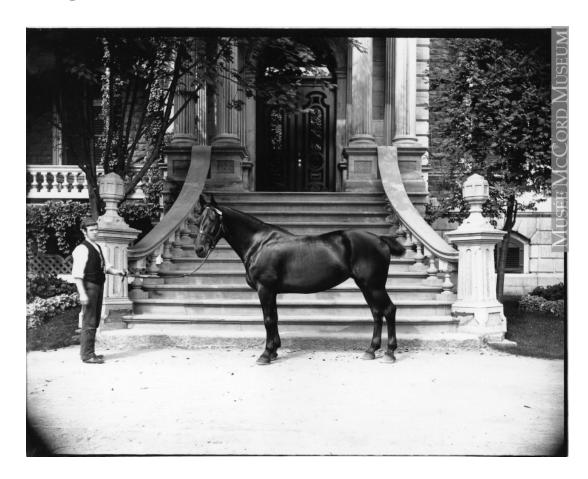


Aunt Marguerite is on the far right of the picture. In the back row are Martha, Hugh, Gwen and Anna. I don't know who the others are.

Here is Aunt Marguerite's study at Montrose.



Their father's greatest passion were horses. Here is an example of this passion. Martha rode a lot. Hugh rode a bit. Gwen and Anna were horse mad.



At Montrose they could ride and drive all over town from the stables here. They could be free.



One of the reasons that they were so close to their parents was that, for most of their short lives, they did not go to school. Instead, Gwen and Anna were tutored at home by a French Governess. Mlle. Louise Auffret had come to Canada as the Governess to the Minto's children when Lord Minto was Governor General. The Allans had taken her on when the Minto's returned to England. Mlle. was the daughter of a French General. She looked after all the Allan children and was dearly beloved by them. When she retired, the Allans bought her a house on Mountain Street where she lived until her death, aged 69.

After war was declared, in August 1914, Marguerite's plans were so full that she felt that she could not properly look after the girls. Could they find a good boarding school where the girls could live until they could accompany their mother in England? The answer was Havergal College, then at 275 Jarvis in Toronto. The girls arrived for the September term. Dorothy Braithwaite had been there earlier.

In support for this move was the presence of family in Toronto. Marguerite's sister, Evelyn Beardmore then lived in Toronto as did her first cousins, the MacKenzies.

Evelyn Beardmore had two young children when the girls arrived. Her eldest child, also called Marguerite, had been born in 1902. Her youngest, Eric, had been born in 1911 in Berlin. In that summer of 1914, Evelyn was a single mother. She was estranged from her husband, George Lissant Beardmore, who had been living and working as an opera singer in Berlin since 1911. When war had broken out in August 1914, he had been been interned. He escaped, in January 1915, and joined the Canadian army in England. In late May 1915, Evelyn moved back to Montreal and got a divorce. Depressed, as a result of her unhappy marriage, Marguerite Beardmore killed herself, in 1932, by jumping off the deck of a liner. I wonder what if any was the connection to the Lusitania? Eric grew up to fly in the RAF in WWII. Eric had become interested in flying because his father had been a keen flyer. His father had taken up flying after WWI and was killed in a flying accident.

The other Mackenzie cousins lived at 31 Walmer Road, not far from the school. There were three Mackenzie boys. Cortlandt Graham had chosen the soldier's life and was in the British Army already. His elder brother, Gordon, who had moved to British Columbia to farm, joined up in the First Contingent. Henry, the youngest, was still at home. Cortlandt was killed at Ypres on October 29th, 1914. He was one of the first Canadians to die in the war. Gordon was killed at Festubert on May 21st, a few weeks after the girls had themselves died. Neither of the Mackenzie men's bodies were ever found. The youngest brother, Henry, joined the RFC and survived the war. He named his son Cortlandt.



Here we see the girls in their Havergal uniforms. This photo was taken just before they left Havergal to travel to England. In the following text of a speech given at Havergal, we learn that there were five Old Girls lost when the Lusitania sank. We know for sure of four, Gwen and Anna Allan, Dorothy Braithwaite and Iris Burnside.

The assembly hall of Havergal College was crowded last evening to hear an address from Miss Knox on the subject of "The Women of the Future." Miss Knox opened her address with a very touching allusion to the five Havergal girls who had been lost in the Lusitania, noting especially the brave action of Miss Anna Allan in giving her life belt to fellowpassenger, and of Miss Dorothy Braithwaite in leaving an overcrowded raft so that by the sacrificing of herself The heavier might save others. calamity on every side, the more necessary to look forward to and understand the coming changes in the world women. There must be financial world pression, fewer marriages, overcrowded professions, and difficulty in finding selfsupporting outlets for girls now in their After contrasting the condition teens. of women after the Napoleonic and Crimean wars. Miss Knox showed that the war is teaching us new lessons as to the value of hardihood and obedience, and is setting new ideals as to education before the eyes of parents and teachers. spoke of the necessity for placing a high ideal of marriage before the girls, and of a new domestic science school, combined with artistic and technical instruction, which will be opened in September for girls over eighteen, and especially for graduates of Havergal College. She showed how, if only leaders could be found, new types of women's work could be developed which would be of great benefit to the community, and which, if started in Toronto, might spread thruout the whole of Canada, instancing the training of nurses for little children, on a system akin to that of the Norland nurses, combined with the training of governesses for private families, and of a central association, from which women capable of first aid in all household difficulties could be obtained.

This account by Miss Knox, the headmistress, about Anna and Dorothy fits parts of what our other accounts tell us. We know that Anna had given her first belt to Mrs Stephens and that Dorthy had been seen on a collapsible.

In Anna's memory, her parents dedicated a crib at the maternity wing at the Royal Victoria Hospital.



Gwen was still 16 and Anna was just 15. Anna is still remembered next to her sisters.

Note

The cover photo, from the McCord Collection, does not name the girl. But the Allans were Notman's first ever client and we have other images of the family at Cacouna by Notman. The girl is wearing a Havergal uniform. I think that it is likely that this may be one of the girls.



37

COMMITMENT

"The immediate response to Ypres was a fresh surge of patriotism. No longer an adventure, the war had become a crusade."

Sandra Gwyn, Tapestry of War

At first, Canadians had thought that the war would be short and glorious. At first, Canadians had been thrilled to field a Division in France of 18,000 men. But, by May 8th, 1915, 40% of these men were either dead, wounded or captured. By May 8th, over

1,000 people, many women and children, had died when the Lusitania had been torpedoed.

Now there were only questions. How could Canada cope with such losses? Germany had millions of men in the field. How could Canada field an army that would be large enough to make a difference? And what about materiel? Much of the equipment that the Canadians had taken to the war, their rifles, their boots and even their carts, had failed the test of use in battle. In every engagement to date, a critical shortage of ammunition had been an issue.

To win, Canada would have to recruit and to supply a large army. To win, the entire Canadian economy would have to be focused on war production. If enough men were to serve in uniform, who would serve in the factories? How could a country with a population of less than 8 million people do this?



After May 1915, the people in Canada, took a deep breath and collectively committed to total war. Every person, and every part of the economy, was mobilized.

From then, each man who put on a uniform, knew what he was really signing up for. For an enlisted man, it would be years of separation, of hardship, of toil and the high risk of death or a wound. If he was a junior officer in France, his fate was almost certain to be death or a wound.

From then, each woman who worked at a factory, knew that this was much more than a new job and a new pay packet. She knew that she was directly supporting her men. After May 8th, 1915, each woman who put on a nurse's uniform, knew that this

was no life of glamour. She knew that she would see and do things that would change her life. Now, every woman who waved farewell to her son or her daughter, knew that she may never see her child again.

From then, death was everywhere. The loss of a child, a brother, a sister, or a father, a loss that would have broken a family before the war, now had to be endured. One by one, families could lose all their children. A pilot, on leave, could return to his squadron and find that all the men he knew were dead. A soldier could lose so many friends that he would never dare make another. A woman could lose her brothers, all her male friends and find herself in a world with no men that she knew. Worse, the years of war rolled on and on. 1915 became 1916 which became 1917. Every "Big Push" failed. Trust in victory died. In early 1918, the Germans nearly won the war. There seemed no end to it. Hope faded.

In the Square Mile, these losses, and these stresses, were magnified by the fact that the community was so closely bound. In the Square Mile, each household was tied by blood, by work and by proximity to all the others. Each death, each wound, was felt by all.

Adventure and glory had motivated most people back in August 1914. Now duty took over. A duty rooted in loss.







38

"MOTHER"

In time, people find that great calamity met with great spirit can create great strength.

Resilience by Eric Greitens

This is "Encombe", in Sandgate, Kent. Aunt Marguerite will live there for the next 2 years. When she arrived, she had a broken collar bone and a fractured hip. But, I imagine that the pain in her body was nothing compared to the pain of the loss of her

girls. None of her privilege had saved Marguerite from the loss that so many other Canadians, rich or poor, will soon feel. Millions in the Great War will lose their children. But, the trip to England had been her idea. It was she who had chosen to take the girls with her. She had let Anna's hand go in the water. She had lived. Gwen and Anna had died. She had been the agent of her daughters' deaths.

It took her more than a year to recover and to re-enter life. But far from being broken, she emerges as a stronger person.

She will join up with her friends Julia Drummond and Alice Yates. In their shared grief, they will devote themselves, and their fortunes, to helping the children of other mothers. They make the shift from being mothers to being "Mother". All of Canada's sons will become theirs.



Marguerite will start by helping to set up hospitals. In 1916, with Alice Yates and others, she will help set up a hospital in Hyde Park in London, the IODE Hospital for Officers.



This is where Hammie Gault will recover from his terrible wounds in 1916 and where Alex will be treated when he is gassed in 1918. In 1918, as matron and patron, Marguerite will fund and operate a large Canadian convalescent hospital at Moor Court in Sidmouth, Devon. Moor Court belonged to the Cunard family who were close friends of the Allans.



Many other friends joined them in this role.

After the beginning of 1917 there was accommodation for sixteen Canadian officers at the late Viscount Milner's place, near Canterbury, Lord Milner having approached Lady Drummond with an offer of Sturry Court and Broad Oak Lodge to be used for Canadian convalsecent officers for the period of the war—the matter was to be simply between friend and friend, as Lord Milner wished to be free to visit his own home when he desired. Lady Drummond therefore assumed the responsibility herself, furnished Broad Oak Lodge, which was then vacant, and gratefully accepted Lord Milner's offer which included the provision of a full staff of servants at Sturry Court. At Lady Drummond's request, Mrs. H. B. Yates, assisted by Miss Jessie Hannah and a band of Canadian V.A.D.'s, took charge. Mrs. Yates, being called to other duties, was succeeded by Mrs. A. T. Ogilvie in 1918. These Homes, under happy and efficient management, were so successful that the Canadian Red Cross Society decided to have a similar Hostel of its own. At Moore Court, Sidmouth, one was opened, which Mrs. Yates, with her previous experience, helped to organise; Lady Allan afterwards taking charge to the close. This, too, was most popular, a true home for war-worn Canadian officers. The Bureau was glad to send there, also, not only wounded officers on leave, but after the Armistice many Canadians in the Royal Air Force, who were long delayed in securing transport to Canada, and who found indefinite leave a heavy strain on their finances. For such, it was a pleasure to arrrange hospitality, and to relieve them of a very serious worry.

After May, 1915, Julia Drummond expanded the work of the Bureau even further. In 1914, she had provided Guy and Trum with a home away from home when they were alive. Now she would do the same for all the Canadian troops.



Now, she sets up a new organization called the Maple Leaf Clubs. These are "Hotels" for Canadian soldiers on leave. Here soldiers could be confident that they would find a safe, inexpensive place to stay. A place where they could get a change of cloth-

ing, do their banking, be with their own people, read local papers from back home. Where they could find a bit of Canada in London.

As Hammie Gault used his position in Montreal society to support the Pats, so Julia and Marguerite use their eminent social position to bring the elite in both Canada and the UK to help them look after Canadian troops in Europe.



Julia Drummond with Prime Minister Borden Visiting a Maple Leaf Club

Among Julia's early British supporters was Rudyard Kipling who had lost his own son, John, in late 1915, at the Battle of Loos. Mrs Caroline Kipling became the Chairwoman of the Maple Leaf Clubs. A position that she maintained throughout the rest of the war.

These remarkable women will channel their energy into becoming sure-handed managers of large and complex organizations. They also offered to others the hope that, no matter the loss, life was still worthwhile.



39

GEORGE SLINGSBY

What happened to George? The war beckoned to him too as it did to all young men. But for George, there was hesitation. Unlike most working class men, for whom the war might be an adventure, George would have to give up a lot to serve.

As a valet to an important and a wealthy man, George also lived the life of the officer class. Unlike factory workers, or lesser status servants, George had significant control in his life. He was almost as free as Frederick Orr-Lewis himself. In the army, George would just be another private soldier at the bottom of the social pile. In Febru-

ary, when they went out to Canada, Orr-Lewis had pressed George to stay for one more round-trip. George had agreed. After the sinking, George kept his promise and did one more trip with Orr-Lewis in March 1916. But the war called him ever more strongly and so did the one person that he had to say yes to, his brother, Arthur.

Arthur had followed George into service and had also worked, at first, at Osberton. Arthur was a gardener. His last job was in the gardens at Park Hall, Mansfield Woodhouse. For Arthur, the army was the adventure that he could not have in civilian life. Arthur was determined to join up. He asked George to join up with him. The brothers enlisted together. Ironically, Arthur was accepted but George was not. George had broken his instep in the sinking and had a heart murmur. Sadly, Arthur served for a year but then died of pneumonia.

There was no way back for George. By the war's end, most of the great houses were retrenching or closing. The day of the valet was over. George had to compete with the millions of ex-servicemen looking for work. Being the man he was, he found a way.

At the chapter head is a picture of his house where he raised a family. He lived until he was 78. His role in the Lusitania made him a hero to his family and to his community. His daughter Nina wrote two books about him. George the Early Days about his start in Nottinghamshire. And George - Memoirs of a Gentleman's Gentleman about his time with Orr-Lewis. These books offer us all a window into the time of Downton Abbey. They also demonstrate a daughter's love and pride in her father.



Pictures by kind permission of Eric Sauder



40

HUGH ALLAN RNAS

"The average life of a Royal Flying Corps pilot in 1916 was officially reckoned at three weeks. In the first four months of 1917, it was, because of the Arras losses, two weeks...."

Arthur Gould Lee, No Parachute

The 1914 family plan had been for Hugh to return to Montreal and to take his place at McGill. After May 7th 1915, these plans change. On the 18th of May, Gwen's

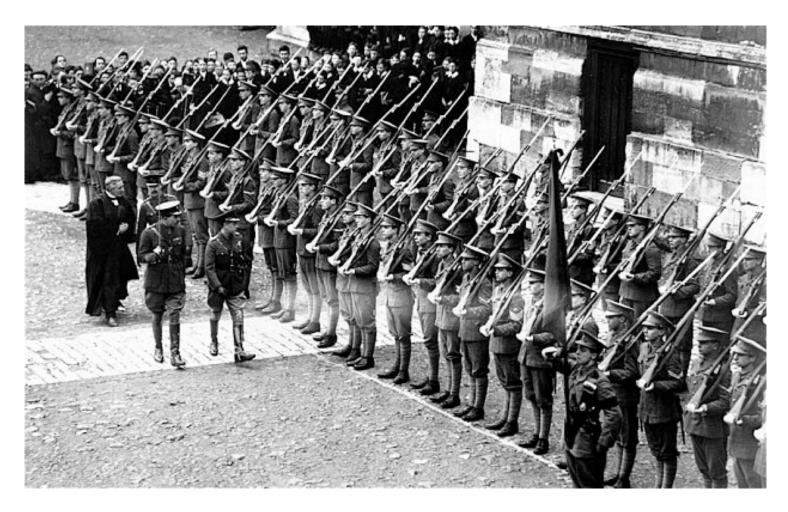
body is found. She is labelled "Body 218". A member of the family had to see it and confirm her identity. I feel certain that it was Hugh who saw her first.

Hugh had come to Queenstown on May 8th, 1915 to comfort and to collect his mother. He and Martha had left with their mother on May 11th. On May 16th, *The McGill*, with Birkett and Yates in command, arrived at Shorncliffe, 100 yards away from Encombe. Martha is there. Her sole focus is to join *The McGill*. She attests, in London, on May 24th and ships out to France with *The McGill* on June 15th.

Hugh, the dutiful son, is left in the role of looking after his parents. It is Hugh that picks up his father in Liverpool on May 21st. I feel sure that Hugh takes his father to Queenstown on May 22nd to see Gwen and to arrange for her return to Canada.

Hugh has his hands full. There is a new household to be set up. Marguerite has lost all her clothes and possessions in the sinking. Emily and Annie can only do so much. They too, need emotional support. They too, have their own family issues to take care of. Montagu, stricken by his daughters' deaths, has to be cared for. All of this work lands in Hugh's lap. Such a role and such work would be hard for any 18 year old boy. But for Hugh the situation is more complex.

Hugh is also being called by the war. He has already lost two first cousins, Cortlandt MacKenzie had been killed at the 1st Battle of Ypres on 29th October, 1914. Cortlandt's brother, Gordon Alexander, was killed at Festubert on May 21st, 1915. Hugh has lost his friend Guy Drummond. His other first cousin, Alex Paterson, having survived Ypres, is fighting at Festubert. Even 16 year old Montagu Yates is in uniform. Hugh's friend, Percy Molson, is recruiting the McGill OTC. All his Canadian friends are involved in the war.

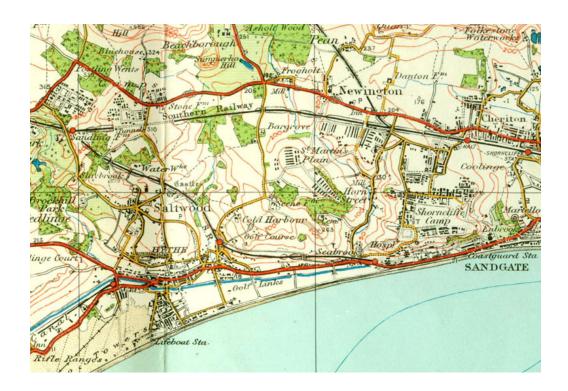


The Prince of Wales inspecting the Eton Rifles 1914

In England, it is the same. His best friend, Victor Cazalet, had just signed up. So had Victor's elder brother, Edward. By May 1915, all Hugh's Eton contemporaries are going to the front. Nearly every Etonian, who attended the school from 1890 onwards, signs up. 5,650 Etonians will serve in WW1. 21% of them will die.

But his sister Martha had closed the door on the war for Hugh. His duty to his parents demanded that he stay home. I think that the guilt of being safe at home ate away at him and finally caused to to risk even more.

(In this map, you can see how close the Allans were to the Shorncliffe Camp. Look to the bottom right of the camp and you will see a thin band of green above the old Coastguard Station. That is Encombe. Hugh was in walking distance of home as was Martha when she was posted there. Hythe is to the left.)



For 4 months, Hugh stays at Encombe in Sandgate, next to Shorncliffe Camp, and supports his mother and father. At the end of 1915, Hugh officially joins up in his father's regiment. He stays on for a while as a machine gun instructor at Hythe, just next door to Encombe in Sandgate.



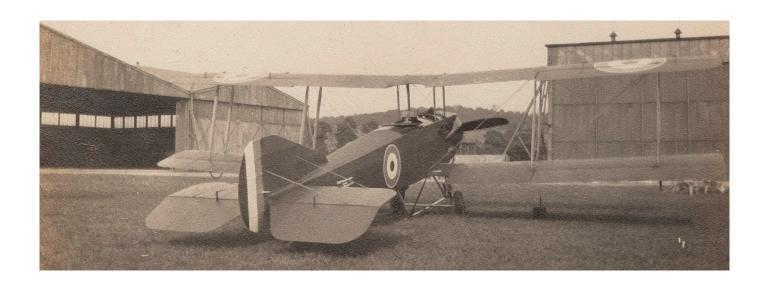
Then, he gets a job as an ADC at the Canadian Rear HQ also in Shorncliffe. But in the spring of 1917, he makes the break and chooses an active role in the war. He chooses to be a fighter pilot. He joins the Royal Naval Air Service (RNAS) in February, 1917. His choice was, in effect, a death sentence.

"Of the 14,166 pilots killed during the war, approximately 8,000 died in the United Kingdom during training". Winged Victor by Gordon Atkin



A picture of a crash at Chingford (http://marshlib.blogspot.ca/2015/06/austin-robinson-world-war-one-aviator.html)

Hugh trained at RNAS, Chingford in Essex, just north of London. The chapter heading image of him in the airplane is from Chingford. He is in an Avro 504 like this one at Chingford.



Source (http://marshlib.blogspot.ca/2015/06/austin-robinson-world-war-one-aviator.html)

He then went on, in May, for advanced training at RNAS Cranwell. This meant that he had more experience than the norm for a new pilot. Most new pilots arrived in their squadron with very few flying hours. They had just enough skills to take off and to land their aircraft. As a result, most new pilots did not last their first week. New men also flew at the back of the flight. This was the most dangerous position because they were exposed to the first attack by "Huns from the Sun".

It took about three months of intensive work in a squadron to be ready to shoot down another plane. If you lasted that long, your chances rose. But the strain of giving

your full attention to the air space around you, and the strain of ignoring the daily losses of men who slept in your hut and who ate with you, was enormous.

If you survived 6 months of combat, you were usually posted back for a three month "rest" in what was called "Home Establishment". Here you trained new men. Staffed the defence squadrons that defended London from Zeppelins and Gotha Bombers. Or you flew as a test pilot. As you lived longer, and became more experienced, you could be reasonably confident, if you had a good machine, that you might survive air combat. What was a lottery, were the many missions that involved ground attacks where ground-based machine guns could kill anyone. That was how Richthofen was killed. Many of the best pilots also died as a result of pushing their luck too far and stunting. This was the world that Hugh had chosen.

In early July, 1917, he arrived at 3 Naval Air Squadron, based at the De Groote Boogaarde airfield in Belgium. He was a new man, but as a Canadian, he was not an oddity. Canadians had become a force in the RFC and especially in the RNAS.

"Canadian pilots distinguished themselves admirably in the war. By March 1918 there were, on average, five Canadians on each RFC squadron, so that almost one quarter of all Squadron pilots on the Western Front were Canadians, and a disproportionate number of these were among the highest scoring Allied pilots."

Winged Victor, Gordon Atkin

The Canadians were an even greater force in the RNAS and, at times, filled all the places in a flight. Canada's second greatest ace, after Billy Bishop, was Raymond Collishaw. His flight, in the No. 10 Naval Air Squadron, was called "*The Black Flight*". Ellis Reid, of Toronto, flew *Black Roger*; J. E. Sharman, of Winnipeg, flew *Black Death*; Gerry Nash, of Hamilton, called his machine *Black Sheep*; and Marcus Alexander, of Toronto, christened his plane the *Black Prince*. Collishaw, flew a machine which gloried in the name *Black Maria*.

They lived day by day with death as their constant companion.

"We walked off the playing-fields into the lines. We lived supremely in the moment. Our preoccupation was the next patrol, our horizon the next leave. Sometimes, jokingly, as one discusses winning the Derby Sweep, we would plan our lives "after the War." But it had no substantial significance. It was a dream, conjecturable as heaven, resembling no life we knew. We were trained with one object —to kill. We had one hope—to live."



Hugh Allan probably at Chingford

On July 6th 1917, on his first day of flying with the unit, Hugh took over the plane of an experienced Canadian pilot, Lloyd Breadner. It was a Sopwith Pup. We even know the serial number. It was N6181.

Note - Photos of Hugh in flying suit and in the Avro were found by accident during a visit with Nora Hague Curator at the McCord Museum.



This the airfield where he was based - De Groote Boogaarde airfield in Belgium

He is recorded to have:

"dived in from 1000ft into wheat field near Furnes, between Oost Dunkerque and Coxyde 6.7.17".

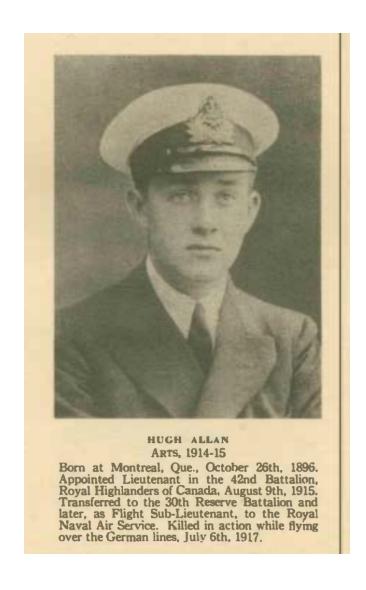
There were many ways a new pilot could die. One that makes sense here was having engine failure and making the mistake of trying to turn home and then stalling into a spin. More experienced pilots would stay in a straight line. Breadner's plane could have had unknown battle damage. Here is another way it could have happened.

"Several people saw it. While practicing diving, he went vertical, then over the vertical on to his back, then into the ground. He must have fallen on his joystick. Poor devil, he hasn't lasted long. Four days!"

Arthur Gould Lee, No Parachute.

We can never know.

The chances of Hugh surviving the war as a junior officer was slim at best. His choice of the RNAS, in 1917, meant almost certain death.



Hugh's Death Notice at McGill

His sense of Noblesse Oblige governed his choices. It asked for his all and he

gave it.





41

HENRY YATES & MARTHA ALLAN

The McGill, from June 1915 until January 1916, was in an encampment in France made up of tents donated by an Indian prince. The weather was terrible. The staff lived as badly as the men they served. The physical and the psychological stress was immense.

In spite of the privation, many of the staff thought that they had it soft and safe when compared to the soldiers at the front. It was this feeling of guilt that made McCrae choose to remain in a tent when a hut was available. It was this feeling of

guilt, that caused Revere Osler to leave *The McGill* and gain a commission in the Artillery. He was to die of wounds later. It was this feeling of guilt that drove many doctors to extremes. Only three men received the VC twice in the Great War. It is significant that two of them were doctors. One of the first Canadian VC's of the war was given to Francis Scrimger MD, a good friend of McCrae, who was at an advanced dressing station at Ypres. It was also Scrimger, on realizing that chlorine gas was being used, who told the men to urinate into their handkerchiefs and to cover their faces with this and so gave the Canadians some relief from the gas.



In June 1915, *The McGill*, with 1,500 beds and four times the capacity of the Montreal General, was the largest Canadian hospital in the world. From 1915-1918, *The McGill* admitted 143,762 sick and wounded patients, and performed 11,395 operations. Looking to November 1918, that is an average of 1,000 a week. The work was relentless. Hundreds of men would come through as a matter of routine. Thousands would arrive after an engagement. Day and night, day by day, week by week, month by month and year by year, the work never stopped. The kind of wounds that they saw had never been seen before. Men were ripped apart by shell fragments. Many had no face or had lost all limbs. Staff witnessed horror every day.

This was the world that Martha Allan was about to enter. She arrived in France in mid-June just as *The McGill* set up in its tented quarters.

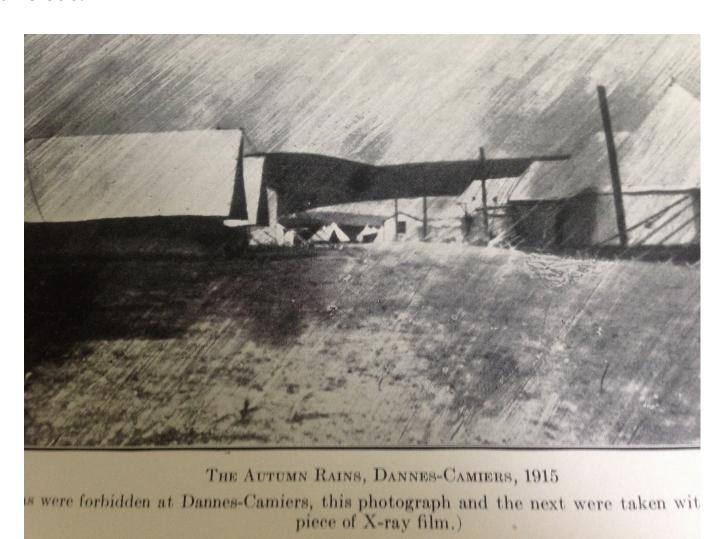


Here she is with her hair bobbed, ready to take up her duties as a nurse.

	ATTESTAT	ION	PAPER.	
	CANADIAN OVER-SEAS	EXPEI	— DITIONARY	Y FORCE.
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	2. In what Town, Township or Parish, and in what Country were you born?		Mortra	l. Capas
3	. What is the name of your next-of-kin?	Las.	Allan.	0 0 -
4	. What is the address of your next-of-kin?	1	Paseule	Lag. Montre
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9.	. Do you now belong to the Active Militia?		I gus.	
10.	. Have you ever served in any Military Force ?		1 to	
	Do you understand the nature and terms of your engagement?		Les.	
12.	Are you willing to be attested to serve in the Canadian Over-Seas Expeditionary Force?		Jes & Stark	Mas (Signature of Man).

We see that in her attestation she claims to be a Graduate Nurse. It is an utter falsehood. How does this happen? After the loss of Martha's sisters on the Lusitania, I can see her begging her father to ask his friends again. I can see Birkett, Yates, McCrae and Todd agreeing to Montagu's request. I can see her brother Hugh telling her to go and promising to stay with his parents. I can even see the nurses, like Nurse Gass, now agreeing and keeping the secret.

In spite of all this support from the top, or maybe because of it, Martha was not liked at *The McGill*. The nurses knew that Martha had no nursing skills. So they put her in charge of the cafeteria. Nurse Gass complained that Martha spent her time smoking, drinking and gambling with the men. I suspect that the men thought this was marvelous.

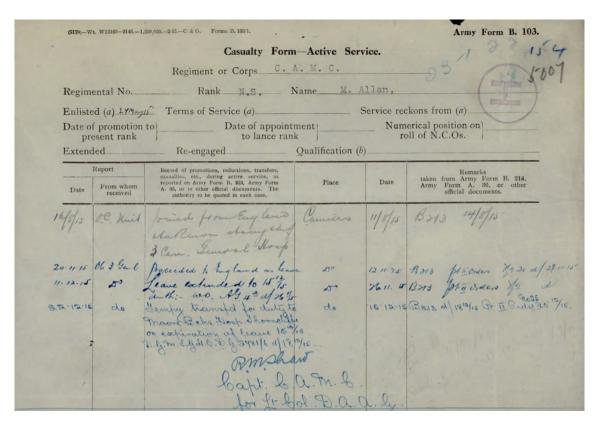


The winter in 1915 was very hard. The tents, the weather and the work bore down upon all that worked there. A storm on October 25th made the tents uninhabitable. Many doctors and nurses became ill as a result.

By November 11th, 1915, Henry Yates's health broke down completely and he was admitted to hospital. On November 22nd, he was sent to England. There is a lot of bureaucratic smoke that swirls about Henry Yates final months. I can only surmise that what unfolds was not officially sanctioned but that it is unofficially supported by Colonel Birkett. We will see unofficial moves like this by Birkett later with John McCrae and Bonfire.

STATION.	Date of Arrival at the Station.	DATES OF						DISEASE.	Number	Remarks on nature of the disease: how induced; if mild or severe; if com-	
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As we see from his file above, he is discharged into the care of Hugh Allan on November 24th. In reality, he is in the care of Sir Montagu Allan and will stay at Encombe. Martha Allan is delivering the day to day care.



In the official war record above, we see that "Nursing Sister" Martha Allan goes on leave from *The McGill* on November 20th for 4 days. At that point it was clear that the tent hospital was untenable. The McGill is closed until they find a new location.

Martha and 15 nurses were sent away. Then her leave is extended. On December 22nd, 1915, we see that she is transferred from leave in England to work at the hospital at Moore Barracks in Shorncliffe. Moore Barracks is only a few yards from Encombe where Henry Yates is now staying with her parents. We can interpret Martha's official file in a new way, if we can understand that, unofficially, Birkett is trying help Henry and also to get rid of Martha.

On December 5th, Alex Paterson, who had just been promoted to Captain, joins them at Encombe. He has leave from the 5th to the 19th. It is likely that Alice Yates and her children, Emily and Montagu, also join them all at Encombe. Henry Yates spends his last Christmas surrounded by family and friends. Then, on January 4th, Henry Yates begins to fail and is moved to a hospital in Ramsgate. With Alice, Emily and his son Montagu by his side, he dies on January 22nd, 1916.

Alice's response to her loss is to move to England with Emily and to help Julia Drummond directly.

Things change for Martha Allan as well. Weakened by the stress of the loss of her sisters, weakened by the terrible living conditions of *The McGill*, weakened by the death of "Uncle" Henry, and possibly infected by him, Martha comes down with pneumonia in February 1916 and nearly dies. She is sick for 5 months. She never fully recovers her health.



Ambulance drivers like Martha

I think that a return to *The McGill* would have been a death sentence. I can only imagine that her parents begged her to not do this.

Martha resigns her commission and becomes a free agent. But she is not finished with the war. She returns to France but on her own terms. The family story is that she buys her own ambulance and works as a freelance driver. We do know that, at the outset, her mother had donated a MacLaughlin Buick Ambulance. There is no reason why Martha would not have had her own ambulance at this juncture. As a wealthy free-lancer, she can use her money to live in decent accommodation and to eat good food.



She also reconnects with Thierry Mallet.



He is wounded twice and, for at least one of these woundings, Martha looks after him. What had been an exciting affair has become something more.

In February 1917, they announce their engagement. But this great romance, begun before the war when she was only 17, ends in July 1917. On July 6th 1917, Hugh, her brother, is killed.

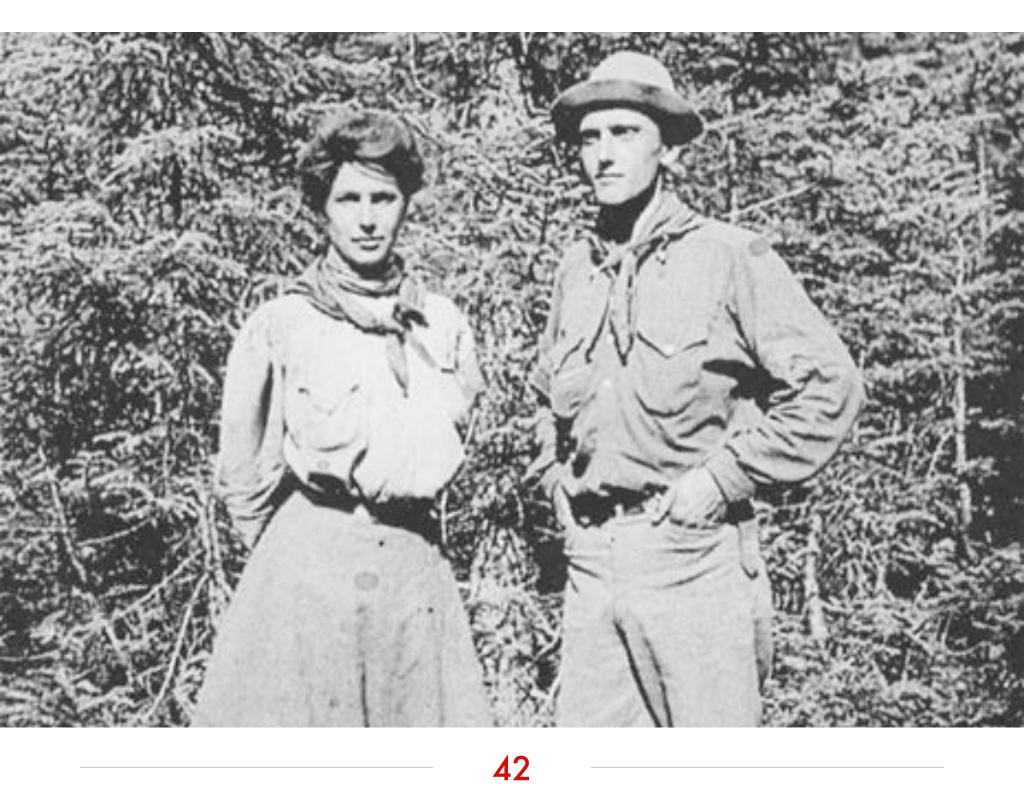
Maybe Hugh's death is Martha's "Alexis Helmer Moment" when after a terrible loss, she gives up what she wants for the greater good of the war?

Until Hugh's death, Martha had spent most of her short life as a rebel. She had chosen to live like a man. She had taken advantage of her brother's strong sense of duty and forced him into the role more often taken by a daughter. The cost to Hugh in psychic damage had been very high. His choice of penance, joining up as a fighter pilot, was all but a suicide.

Maybe she woke up to what she had done to him and to her parents?

She immediately, breaks off her engagement with Thierry, leaves France and goes to work with her mother in her hospital, Moor Court, in Sidmouth Devon. The death of her brother brings Martha home.

She will never leave it again.



THE GAULTS

How did Hammie and his wife Marguerite (Stephens) Gault react to the events of May 1915?

Before the war, they had spent much of their time on expeditions and on having a good time. Hammie found business boring and sought excitement. He had served in the Boer War but this was more of an adventure than a serious career choice. If Hammie was known for anything before the war it was that he was rich. He was from old money and he had lots of it. Everyone at the top accepted him as a social peer. But he

was also seen as a playboy. The Stephens had lots of money but Mrs Stephens had been the daughter of a carpenter who had married the widower of her dead sister. Marguerite was seen as a bit of a social climber. She could feel the subtle, and the not so subtle, put downs. She wanted legitimate status and she wanted this status to be about her.

It was the arrival of the new Governor General in 1911 that changed everything for both of them. The Duke was the King's uncle and a son of Queen Victoria. No one had more status, in Canada, than the Duke of Connaught and, by proxy, his daughter, Patricia. Marguerite quickly became good friends with Princess Patricia. As the Princess' new best girl friend, Marguerite Gault jumped into the A list.

Meanwhile, Hammie became captivated by Connaught's military staff. These were men of great military distinction. I am sure that there was much talk of the possibility of war. And that, in Hammie's case, this talk ignited a dream of playing a significant role in the war that seemed inevitable.

Canada had a large militia but no regular unit that was ready for war. There were, however, many British ex-regular soldiers living in Canada. What if there could be a regiment comprised of these veterans? What if this regiment could be made ready for war as soon as it was declared? What if this regiment was to be officered by the Duke's staff? What if the influence of the Governor General could swing this with the Canadian government? What if Hammie paid for such a regiment? Such a plan had merit on its own.

The Duke had been a professional soldier for all of his adult life. He immediately supported the project. With his support, and with the support and work of his staff, the project was well-planned before war broke out. This was due largely to the quality of the men on the Duke's staff and due also to their own enthusiasm for the idea. The Duke's support and the connection between Farquhar and Sam Hughes, the minister for militia, ensured that it was given the green light.

The official "mascot" was Princess Patricia, Connaught's daughter and now friend of Marguerite (Stephens) Gault. She remained attached to the regiment until her death. Traditionally the Colonel of the Regiment is the Governor General.

But in spite of all of this military support, my feeling is that behind the scenes, in the early stages of the idea, it was Marguerite who pushed Hammie into this project. She had the motive. By doing this, she would no longer simply be the wife of a rich playboy who got on well with the Princess but a legitimate member of the Royal inner circle. This would be her regiment!

As a symbol of her role, she travelled to England with the regiment and also with Farquhar's wife, Lady Evelyn. Few other military wives travelled as they did. Nearly all the other 30,000 Canadian woman who came to England in 1914 had to make their own way.

Here we come to the crux of Marguerite's tragedy. The regiment took Hammie away from her the moment it landed in England. The PPCLI moves to France in late December. There was no time to see the wives. We have seen that Mabel Adamson can only squeeze in one night. The Pats are in France by Christmas 1914. Marguerite Gault is on the sidelines.

On February 28th, 1915, Gault is wounded for the first time. He spends his convalescence in England fretting about the regiment. There is no emotional connection between Hammie and Marguerite. He is with the regiment in heart and in mind. He has no time or energy for her.

On May 5th, 1915, he returns to the front and is badly wounded again three days later on May 8th. Also on May 8th, Marguerite learns of the death of her mother and her nephew, John. She is already worried about her brother, Chattan, who looks as if he too will die.

By mid May, Marguerite Gault must have sensed that Hammie was unlikely to survive the war. The Pats have all but been wiped out. Hammie has been wounded badly twice. She had the very reasonable fear that she will soon be all alone.

In July 1915, Hammie is released from hospital. He and Marguerite are invited to go to stay and convalesce with Hammie's sister, Lillian Benson, at her house, Lydeard, in the country. Also present is Hammie's mother.

Strangely, another officer from the PPCLI, Bruce Bainsmith, the Machine Gun Officer of the PPCLI, who has also been badly wounded, has been invited too. It is here, in an English Country House, that Hammie comes down one morning in July, 1915, to find Marguerite and Bainsmith in a compromising position. No one will ever know what they were doing. But, in this context, even a kiss would be beyond acceptance.

The entire house party gathers around the doomed couple. This includes other officers, Hammie's mother and Marguerite's maid. There is yelling and crying. Bainsmith is expelled immediately from the house. Marguerite leaves later that morning. She never spends another night under the same roof as Hammie. Bainsmith makes it worse by going around London telling everyone that Marguerite is leaving Hammie and will marry him. Bainsmith is banished from the regiment and joins the RFC as a pilot. He survives the war. In the terms of the time, Bainsmith is a "Cad". In Hammie's mind this was total betrayal.

Agar, who had never liked Marguerite (Stephens) Gault and who had been suspicious of her flirting, writes to Mabel on October 31st.

"I always felt confident that something was up, but thought that she would cover up her tricks. She has a very bad temper. Gault is very cheery and hard working and shows no signs of secret stress, but he has always been very secretive and self contained. The Washington Stevens (his spelling) were always a rotten lot."

Gault files for divorce as the plaintiff. Few in her class got divorced then. The woman was never the guilty party. Worse, the process was intensely public. In Canada at the time, a divorce could only be made via an act of Parliament and so in the full glare of the press. Hammie takes the trouble, in the midst of the war, to return to Canada to go through with this.

He fails and returns to France only to be very badly wounded at Observatory Ridge in June, 1916. This was when Ray Appleton saves him. All the time, in the typical British male fashion, neither he, or any of his officers, say a word to each other about the divorce. He presents a cheerful face to all who meet him.

Agar comments on 10th November, 1915.

"Nobody discusses the Gault affair, although all are aware of it. Martin, Cornish and I are all of the opinion that someone ought to wring Bainsmith's ugly little neck. It is quite evident that Gault is undergoing a heavy strain and that cheerfulness on his part is an effort and he rather prefers to be alone."

Finally, after the war, they do get a divorce, in France. Marguerite then marries an adventurer. That marriage fails. Her mental health in ruins, she dies soon afterwards. The final indignity is that her widowed husband sues the family successfully for support.



Hammie and the Princess Reviewing the Pats in 1919
PPCLI Archives

In 1917, with only one leg, Hammie will return again to his boys. At the end of the war, he will bring what is left of his regiment back to Canada. Before he leaves the UK, Princess Patricia will renew the colours in his presence. Here is that parade. You can see in the picture how he has to extend his leg. After the war, he campaigns to have the Marguerite removed from the centre of the cap badge. In spite of the outrage of the men, he succeeds. He finally expunges all sign of the traitor. What had been theirs is now only his. His rage at Marguerite was that strong.

Finally, Hammie finds the wife he needs. He stays in England between the wars. There are too many bad memories in Canada. When war breaks out again he, like Alex, signs up again. They both have the same kind of job. Hammie is in charge of the infantry reinforcements, Alex is in charge of the armour reinforcements at Inkermann Barracks in Surrey. After the war, Hammie returns to Canada. He is at peace at last. For the rest of his life he will never be described as a rich man but always as a hero. A hero who had given all he had for his country.

Marguerite loses her man, her name, her respect, her mind and then her life.



43

OLD MEN

Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot, But he'll remember with advantages What feats he did that day

Ypres and the Lusitania mobilized the nation of Canada and acted as a catalyst for action for many older men of the Square Mile who were long past the age of fighting.

This is James Blackwood Paterson. He was Alex Paterson's uncle and a brother to Somerled who had died in India. "Uncle Jimmy" was the agent for the London based Phoenix Assurance Company. Phoenix was then the most important fire and casualty insurance company operating in Canada. After the events of April and May, 1915, Uncle Jimmy felt that he had to do something. So on July, 1915, aged 42, he left the running of the insurance business to his elder brother, Robbie, and signed up.

Through his connections, Uncle Montagu was Colonel in Chief, Uncle Jimmy had found the ideal war job for a man of his age and temperament. He became the paymaster for the Black Watch, Guy's regiment. The role was mainly ceremonial. In reality, he was the "Fixer" or "Godfather" for the men of the unit. He had the contacts and the influence to solve problems that could not be solved formally.

He had money and lots of it. If you were wounded, bored or broke, Uncle Jimmy was there to help. He even gave my grandfather, Alex, 50 Pounds (a fortune then) in gold in a belt to see him through. But Alex found the gold far too heavy and he exchanged this for notes. One officer told Uncle Jimmy that he was going to Paris. Uncle Jimmy asked him how much money he had for the trip. When the officer told him, Uncle Jimmy laughed and said that was far too little and gave him more. When Uncle Jimmy ran out of money, he got his brother, Uncle Robbie, to send him more. Some of the money came from the Phoenix but most came from Uncle Robbie's wife, the daughter of the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who was very well off.

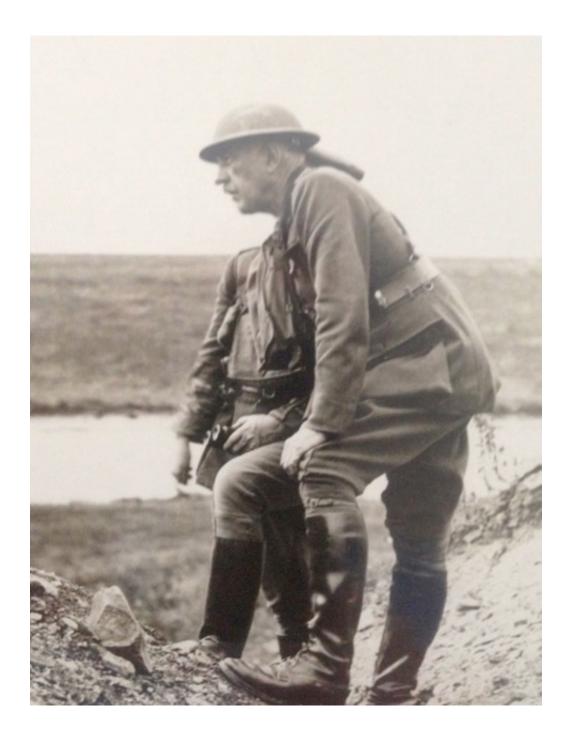
BRIDESMAID DROPS DEAD.

Miss Osla Clouston Sudden Victim of Heart Disease at Montreal.

MONTREAL, June 3.—Miss Osla Clouston, daughter of E. S. Clouston, manager of the Bank of Montreal, died suddenly last night. The young woman was well-known in London and New York. She had come back from a visit to England to be bridesmaid at a fashionable wedding here. Last night Lady Alian gave a dinner to the bridesmaids, and as Miss Clouston was preparing to leave her home she dropped dead of heart disease.

Uncle Jimmy was a lifetime bachelor after losing the love of his life, Osla Clouston. Osla was the sister of Marjory Clouston, the wife of Dr Todd. Osla had been invited by Aunt Marguerite to a bridesmaids' dinner at Ravenscrag in 1905. As she was leaving for the dinner, Osla collapsed and died by her front door. She was only 26. Uncle Jimmy never looked at another woman.

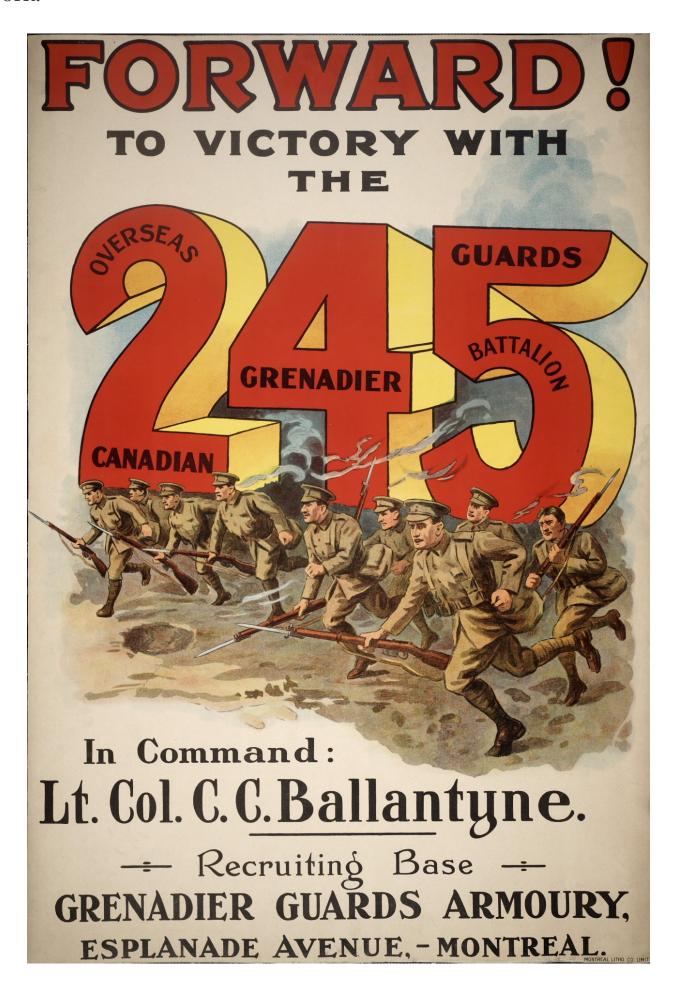
Without children of his own, he was a very attentive and loving uncle. My father was named after him. Uncle Jimmy and Uncle Robbie were the kind of uncles that we all need and they acted as "uncles" to hundreds of people.

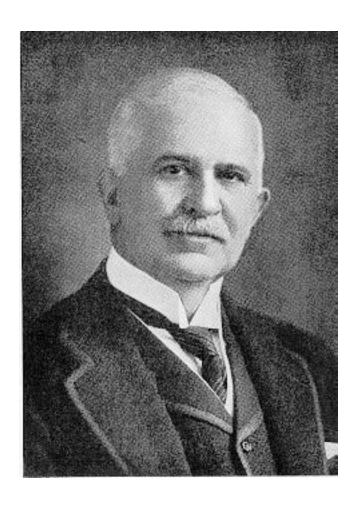


My maternal great-grandfather, C. C. Ballantyne wanted to do more than give up his house or his money. Aged 49, he wanted to fight.

He had already spent 10 years in the militia in the 6th Fusiliers and was presently in the 13th Light Scottish Dragoons. C. C. financed the recruitment of the 245th Battalion, the Canadian Grenadier Guards, and took it to England. On his arrival, the plans for a 5th division were scrapped. He was told that the 245th would be broken up and would be used as a pool for reserves. As a result, there was no active military role for him.

Angry and hurt, he returned to Canada. But he still found a way to be more involved in the war. He put aside his business and was appointed Minister for Marine in the Borden government. This meant that he became politically responsible for the administration of the Canadian Navy. The RCN began as an independent force as a result his work.





This is Sir Albert Kemp. He was baby John's and Aunt Frances's grandfather. The death of his grandson in the sinking of the Lusitania motivated him like no other issue. Sir Albert, also put aside his business life and took over as Minister for Militia when Sam Hughes was sacked. Under his watch, the Canadian Army became much better supplied and organized. He then took over the organization of the Canadians in Europe and moved to London. He rebuilt the relationship with the British that Hughes had all but destroyed while, at the same time, he won more control for the Canadians over their own affairs. His final war work was to ensure the future for the Canadian Air Force.

It's ironic that the RCAF and the RCN had their origins in the work of these two men.

After the war, Aunt Frances Stephens, Sir Albert's grand daughter, was to marry C. C. Ballantyne's youngest son, Murray, and so further link our families. Hence, Frances become one of my many "Aunts". She died in 2014, 4 days short of her 102nd birthday.



44

BROTHERS

Alex Paterson survived the war. So did his brother Hartland. As junior officers, they were very lucky.

More than 60,000 Canadians would be dead by November 11th, 1918. 150,000 would have been wounded. Of the First Contingent, who set off from Canada in 1914, only a handful had lived. 39 of the 1,000 Originals of the PPLCI marched off the last parade to be demobbed in 1919. The 13th Battalion, Black Watch, Guy's battalion, which had 1,000 men, while at full strength in 1914, suffered 5,881 casualties, of which

1,105 were fatalities. In the course of the war, the 23rd Battery, Alex's second battery, (with a nominal strength of about 140 men) mustered more than 560 officers and men, thus reconstituting itself more than four times over. In all, 50 men were killed in action or died of wounds, and 148 were wounded, a casualty rate of almost 36 percent. (Source: Derek Grout) Those Originals that survived were not the men that they had been. Nor were the women who had lived through the war. Not a house in the Square Mile had been unaffected. Not a family untouched.

In 1918, Montagu and Marguerite were living in Sidmouth Devon where Marguerite continued to run the convalescent hospital, Moor Court. On staff, in 1918, were Martha Allan and Alice Yates' daughter, Emily. Moor Court was more than a hospital, it was a refuge. The Paterson boys made a point of spending all their leaves there. It was their home away from home.



By 1918, Alex was a major and in command of a battery, the 23rd in the 5th Brigade. He had been in every action since February 1915 and was one of the few Origi-

nals left from those that had arrived with the first contingent. He had a DSO with one more on the way. He got his first DSO when "One of the ammunition wagons of his battery was hit by a shell and the ammunition set on fire. He at once ordered his men to a distance while he himself went and opened the door and removed the charges. But for his gallant action a serious disaster might have occurred (His citation in the LG)". Alex was awarded a bar to his DSO in 1918 and was the most decorated (for bravery) artillery officer of the conflict. He had been in every engagement since Ypres. He had even survived Passchendaele. This image of a shell hole, that Alex and his staff had sheltered in, gives us a sense of the kind of landscape that was Passchendaele.



Passchendaele: "A little corner behind Zonnebeke that we used to crawl into at nights. This photo will bring back anything but fond memories to Major Alex Paterson, Major Roy Muirhead, Capt Jim McKeown, and Yours Truly." Courtesy of Madeleine Claudi.

By the summer of 1918, the Canadian Artillery, novices in 1915, had become the masters of the battlefield. Finally, by August 1918, the stalemate of the war had been broken and the Canadian Corps were the spearhead of the great advance that was to end the war. Every day the guns moved forward. On September 7th, 1918, Alex, three other officers and forty two men were gassed as they entered a German position. They had got phosgene gas on their clothing and had gone into the captured German dugouts. The heat of their bodies had activated the gas and the confined space had done the rest. Blinded, Alex was sent back to England.

He ended up at Aunt Marguerite's first hospital, the IODE Hospital for Officers at Hyde Park. While still a patient, he had news that his brother, Hartland, had been very badly wounded and was likely to die. Uncle Montagu had Alex discharged into his care and the two of them went to France to see Hartland. They thought that this was the last time that they would see him alive.



Hartland had been 15 when Alex had joined up in the excitement of August, 1914. In August 1916, aged 17, Hartland went to RMC in a class of 96 men. He left RMC a year later and was commissioned into the British Army. The British Army was desperate for young officers and many young Canadians then were being assigned to the British Army. Hartland joined the Royal Field Artillery as a 2nd Lieutenant.

Hartland typified the continuing commitment of Montrealers at this late stage of the war. After May 1915, there is no such excitement. All know that this will be a long war. In 1917, all know that the chances of a young officer surviving are slim. Hartland and the McGill men know what is in store for them when they serve. But serve they do. They accept their fate.

Hartland began his duties in C Battery 3rd Reserve Brigade, RFA, at Swanage and served with them from 25th September, 1917 until 28th December, 1917. He then joined B Battery, 75th Brigade, RFA in France.

Hartland served with B Battery from 30th December, 1917 until 12th of September, 1918 when he was seriously wounded. This was less than a week after his brother was gassed. Both his legs were shattered. One had to be amputated. This was 25 years before the advent of penicillin and the chance of infection was high. At first it looked as if he would die. Fortunately Hartland rallied. Uncle Montagu and Alex went out and got drunk in celebration. Alex, whose eyes are bandaged, could not see. Uncle Montagu, who had terrible gout, could not walk. Alex ended up carrying Montagu about on his back.

On November 11th, the Armistice was signed and the killing finally ended. Alex was safe at last. On 16th of November, Uncle Montagu drove Alex down to Moor Court to spend his last few days in England with the Allans.

What a week that must have been. I think of all the ghosts that would have shared the Allan dining table that week. Gwen and Anna had been dead for three and a half years. Hugh had been dead for more than a year. Emily Yates had lost her father two and a half years before. It was likely that Alice Yates would have turned up. Maybe even Julia Drummond attended? The family story tells us that Marguerite Allan looked at Alex in hope that week. Aunt Marguerite wanted Alex to marry Martha. Such a marriage might have filled the gap made by Hugh's death.

But this was not to be. Alex and Martha were too close. They were like brother and sister. There were also other reasons that made their marriage unlikely. We will explore these later.

About the 20th of November, Montagu dropped Alex off at the train station. Having served three and a half years at the front, as an act of mercy, Alex was not required to return to active duty and was given leave to go home. He sailed on the Aquitania to Halifax on the 21st November, 1918. Without him, his battery went on into the Rhineland and did not return to Canada until well into 1919.

The war was officially over. But its impact would reverberate for decades to come. Hartland legs give him trouble for the rest of his life. For Alex, the wound was to his heart. It would never heal.



45

THE ALLANS

There is only one road to true human greatness: the road through suffering.

Albert Einstein

In 1914, Montagu had seen the war as an adventure that would end soon. He saw his own war role as looking after the business in Canada. War had boosted the activity of the Allan Line and the booming war economy meant that the operations of the Merchants Bank demanded his close oversight. With Marguerite in England, the full burden of administering the Allan estates had also fallen upon him. Canada and his business was to be his focus.

The sinking of the Lusitania had changed all of this.

Taking no more than a week to settle his affairs in Montreal, Montagu went directly to New York where he embarked on the Cameronia. She sailed on, or around, May 13th. Whilst at sea, on May 16th, he would have received a wireless message. The body of Gwen had been found. When Montagu arrived in Liverpool, on May 21st, he had to choose whether to go to Ireland to see Gwen's face for the last time or to go directly to Encombe to see Marguerite. My feeling is that he would have chosen to see Gwen and so he would have taken the ferry to Ireland and joined Hugh in Queenstown. Having seen Gwen, Montagu and Hugh arranged for her to be sent back to Canada. Montagu also made arrangements for Mrs Stephens to travel later on the Allan Line ship, the Hesparian.

Only then, would he and Hugh have returned to Liverpool and journeyed to Encombe. It is likely that they arrived before May 24th as Martha went to London on that day. This was the day that she joined up officially as a Nurse in the Canadian Army. She would sail with the hospital to France on June 16th, 1915. Hugh stayed on at Encombe House.

It took a year for Marguerite to be well enough to emerge in public again. After Henry Yates' death and Martha's illness, Montagu joins up on April 6th, 1916. He was 55. To give himself the freedom to work full time, Montagu rented Ravenscrag to the Governor General.

At first, there was no active role at the front for a man of his age. Then fate, and maybe Surgeon General Jones, stepped in. John Todd was outraged that Jones had squashed his idea of working on the pension scheme for the disabled. Todd asked Montagu to join him in this project and Montagu had agreed. Todd then resigned from *The McGill*. Together, John Todd and Montagu Allan set out to operate a pension system for disabled soldiers. Uncle Montagu managed the politics and John Todd was the medical expert. The current Canadian Department of Veterans Affairs is their legacy.

The final blow to the Allans comes in July, 1917, when Hugh Allan is killed on his first mission. With no male heir, Montagu completes the final sale of the Allan Line to CP in September, 1917. He fully commits the family fortune to Aunt Marguerite's work with wounded soldiers. This leads to the establishment of the 140 bed hospital, Moor Court, in Sidmouth Devon. As his wife, and Julia Drummond, had expanded their view of motherhood, so Montagu also expanded his view of fatherhood. He too, now cared for all the sons of Canada.

Montagu and Marguerite do not return to Canada until November 1919. Julia Drummond follows a month later. Montagu is not finally demobilized until 1920 and continues to criss cross the Atlantic on Pension and 4th Division business.

Uncle Montagu's last great act of generosity, related to the war, was to help General Currie find a job. In 1918, Currie had returned home to political rejection. While other generals of half his ability in the UK were given money and titles, Currie was ignored by the Conservative Government in Ottawa. In revenge for Currie not promoting his son Garnet, Hughes had taken every opportunity to attack Currie. Currie arrived home not as a hero but as the villain who had wasted men's lives. This onslaught ended in a major libel suit against Hughes. Currie won his case but the emotional strain and the feeling of rejection played a role in his early death.

In response, Uncle Montagu, whose influence at McGill was unparalleled, backed Currie as the new Principal of the university. The Allans also ensured that the Curries find an honoured place in Montreal society. The Curries lived in the Square Mile, on McTavish, just minutes walk from the Allans. Currie is later a distinguished guest at Alex's wedding.

Later still, Currie's funeral was partly organized by Uncle Montagu. It was replicated the next day by my six year old father, Jimmie, and his four year old brother, Robert. They harness six well-behaved dogs to a wagon and have a pair of Alex's riding boats reversed and march slowly through the Square Mile.



In 1919 there had been a post war collapse of commodity prices that created massive loan losses in the Canadian banking system. Most regional banks in Canada were absorbed by the national banks. The majority of the remaining Allan fortune was put into the Merchants Bank to protect the depositors. By 1922, the Merchants Bank was insolvent and the Bank of Montreal took it over. Short of money, Uncle Montagu and Aunt Marguerite had to sell off Montrose and Allancroft to pay the bills.

About 1938 the aged Sir Montagu Allan moved from Ravenscrag to an apartment in The Chateau. At the outbreak of the Second World War he offered Ravenscrag to the Government of Canada, perhaps as a hospital for convalescent wounded. When the Government could find no immediate use for it, he presented it to the Royal Victoria Hospital. The hospital decided to make it the Allan Memorial Institute of Psychiatry.

In November, 1940 the remaining contents of Ravenscrag were auctioned in the house itself. The snow-wet weather added its sadness to the oddly assorted relics of bygone days. The auctioneer was selling three antelope heads, life-size statues of female figures holding lamps, big wardrobes, long corridor carpets, ivory and ebony elephants, brocaded chairs and sofas.

A garden statue of the Greek god Pan looked at the bidders crowding through the great doorway of the house. In the front hall a barometer pointed to 'change." The floor of the conservatory was strewn with dead leaves.

Finally, the Allans had to leave Ravenscrag. Property taxes, were even then \$50,000 a year. In 1938, they move out and into an apartment at the Chateau on Sherbrooke Street. Finally, in November, 1940, they gave Ravenscrag to McGill where it becomes the Allan Memorial Institute.

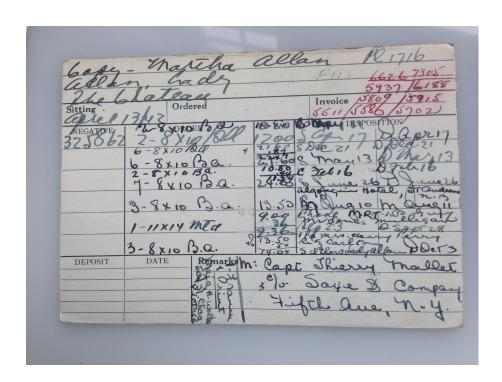


The only part of the interior not gutted was Uncle Montagu's Library that is now the boardroom. Here is his bookcase.



The last picture of Martha Allan

In 1942, Montagu's daughter Martha dies, aged 47. Her health had been broken by her service as a nurse when she had contracted pneumonia.



This is the reverse of this last picture. Many copies were made by Marguerite and sent to Martha's friends. Note whose name is on the bottom right hand side. Thierry was married and lived in New York. But, it is clear to me that Martha still loved him and that Aunt Marguerite knew that.

Few men lose so much as Uncle Montagu. He loses all his children. He loses his great businesses. He loses his great house. But he remains a sweet and loving man. Why did he react this way? Part of this was, I think, his character. Part of this was his secure marriage with Aunt Marguerite. Their losses brought them closer. They had the same response of generosity to loss.

I think that his greatness as a man resides in his broken heart and in his willingness to give when there was nothing more to give. No one saw him after the war as the "Prince of Montreal". They saw him as a man and as a father, like them.

He died, aged 91, on September 26th, 1951.



Here is Aunt Marguerite in later life. She lives on for another 6 years. She dies on the 6th September 1957. She had lost everyone, but she remained cheerful and considerate to the end.

The Allan motto is Spero - "I Hope" in Latin. I think they lived it.

The Tiara



Was the tiara rescued from the sinking Lusitania? It is likely that she would have taken it to England in 1915. We have accounts that suggest that George Slingsby could have taken it from Alfred Vanderbilt. We have accounts that show us that there was the time and the opportunity. We know about George's character and about his relationship with Marguerite.

We do know that Marguerite owned it before the war. We know that she wore it after the war. I think there is a case to be made that George did take it from Vanderbilt by the stairs between the two cabins as he went back to find more lifebelts.

When she died in 1957, at the age of 85, Marguerite bequeathed the tiara to Elspeth Paterson Dawes, her first cousin, once removed.

In 2015, Mrs. Dawes's granddaughter, Elspeth Bourne Straker, who lives in Northumberland, England, decided to put the tiara up for auction.

"I am sad for it to be passing from the family," she said in a telephone conversation with the author. "I grew up with the story of how it was saved on the doomed Lusitania. But the moment is now with the 100th anniversary of the war."



46

WAR AND LOVE

War creates an unmatched level of emotional intensity. This is all experienced in the great equation of how loss and love interact.

The Allans needed **to give** love. We can see that that was their salvation. We saw that, while Montagu Allan may have not been the best business man, he had been a wonderfully supportive husband and father. He put Marguerite first. Every decision he made confirmed this. He had supported her adventure to England. He gave up

his business to support her. He supported her war work to the hilt. His own war work supported her values and her commitment.

She reciprocated this commitment. They met on the same level. When confronted with loss: they loved the other more. Their hearts became one. With each subsequent loss, this one heart grew larger to include others. The Allans loved the Yates and the Paterson families as if they were their own. Their heart was so great that it included, not just the children of friends, but the children of all Canadians.

This love came back to support them in their old age. Their younger friends and their cousins, such as the Patersons, provided the love and the support in their old age that they would have received from their own children. The public loved them too. No longer seen simply as those rich people, the Allans became symbols of compassion for all Montrealers.

We have also seen that the need **to get** love can be very destructive. When the regiment, captured Hammie's heart, Marguerite Stephens learned that she was not important to him. He, in turn, saw her need for his attention as a distraction from his true love, his men. Her family were no help to her either. Chattan, her brother, was an invalid. Hazel, her sister-in-law, had her hands full with Chattan and was grieving the loss of her son, John. Consequently, Marguerite Gault, desperate for love, became isolated. Cynically, Bainsmith offered her the attention that she craved. The result was catastrophe.

Ultimately there was hope for Hammie. Dorothy Blanche Shuckburgh, Hammie's second wife was a natural **giver** of love. She shared his interests. She took up flying with him. She loved horses as he did. She loved the regiment. She made him whole again. Dorothy was a woman who was able to give Hammie the love that he needed.

We have also seen another kind of love. This is the love that men, who share terrible dangers, develop for each other. The Greeks call this love "*Philia*". It is, today, translated as "*Brotherly Love*". But Philia is much more intense than friendship. It is even deeper than erotic love. It is the same love that a mother has for a child. Such a love is so deep that, without a thought, or any restraint, one will give up their life for the other.

"Combat calls forth a passion of care among men who fight beside each other that is comparable to the earliest and the most deeply felt family relationships." Achilles in Vietnam Dr Jonathan Shay, P 39 Here is how the author, William Manchester, describes this feeling of love as he looks back 35 years later while standing, once again, on the beach at Iwo Jima.

"And then, in one of those great thundering jolts in which a man's real motives are revealed to him in an electrifying vision, I understood at last, why I had jumped hospital 35 years ago and, in violation of orders, returned to the front line and almost certain death. It was an act of love.

Those men on the line were my family and my home. They were closer to me than I can say, closer than my friends had been or ever would be. They had never let me down and I couldn't do it to them. I had to be with them, rather than let them die and me live with the knowledge that I might have survived them.

Men, I now knew, do not fight for flag or country, the Marine Corps or glory or any other abstraction. They fight for each other. Any man in combat who lacks comrades who will die for him, or whom he is willing to die for, is not a man at all. He is truly damned."

Goodbye Darkness - A Memoir of the Pacific War William Manchester

This was the kind of love that brought Talbot Papineau back to the front to share a certain sentence of death. He, like William Manchester, could not be safe and watch his men die.

"More friends have gone," he wrote to Beatrice Fox on 30 Sept. 1916. "By what strange law am I still here? What right have I to selfish pleasure any longer?"

As Papineau put his foot on the trench ladder, moments before he was blown to pieces at Passchendaele, he turned to Hugh Niven and said,

"You know, Hughie, this is suicide!"

We will see that there is a darker side still to Philia. The deep feelings of Philia exact a terrible price for those who live. When each dear friend dies, part of you dies too. In time, with enough loss, the survivors die inside. We can see the evidence of this inner emotional death in this awful image taken by Frank Hurley. Who is alive and who is dead? It is hard to tell.

"I noticed an awful sight... under a sheltered bank lay a group of dead men. Sitting by them... sat a few of the living; but so emaciated by fatigue and shell shock that it was hard to differentiate" Frank Hurley's diary http://www.nla.gov.au/apps/cdview/?pi=nla.ms-ms883-1-5-s71-v



For the living are the dead too. They are in a dream state, numbed by the horror that they have experienced. Each party is shut down into their own tiny world of self-protection. Image Source:

http://www.ww1westernfront.gov.au/zonnebeke/visiting-tyne-cot/captain-hurley-at-passchendaele.php#

"The terror and privation of combat bonds men in a passion of care that the word brother only partly captures. Men become mothers to each other in combat. The grief and rage that they experience when that special comrade is killed appear virtually identical to that of a child suddenly orphaned, and they feel that the mother within them has died with the friend." Achilles in Vietnam Jonathan Shay p 49

Such repeated loss and trauma can cause people to become emotionally numb. Many cannot be comfortable with humans anymore. Many reach out to animals. John McCrae's behaviour after May, 1915, illustrates this.

"After his experience at the front (Ypres), the old gaiety never returned. There were moments of irascibility and moods of irritation. The desire for solitude grew upon him and, with Bonfire and Bonneau, he would go apart for long afternoons far afield by the roads and the lanes about Boulogne. The truth is that he felt that he and all had failed and that the torch was thrown from failing hands. We have heard much of the suffering, the misery, the cold, the wet, the gloom of those first three winters but no tongue has yet uttered the inner misery of heart that was bred of those three years of failure to break the enemy's force."

An Essay In Character - Sir Andrew Macphail

We are left with the paradox of war and love. We can see that the intensity of action in war can bind men together in the greatest bond of love possible, *Philia*. We can see that the intensity of loss in war can also bind spouses together: if both can give to the other, the Allans. We can see that the intensity of loss can split spouses apart: if they retreat into themselves, the Gaults. We can see that too much prolonged intensity of trauma and of loss, can numb the heart. We have seen that some numbed people find some comfort in animals, such as John McCrae and Talbot Papineau.

But for some, there is only numbness. A numbness that makes a return to peacetime life, a torture.

"The Odyssey invites us to ask: can soldiers ever, truly, return home? Will they "recognize" their family, and vice versa? Can they survive not just the war itself, but the war's aftermath? Will they, in some dread way, bring the war home with them? The Odyssey says: you thought it was tough getting through the war. Now, see if you can get through the "nostos" – the homecoming."

Odysseus in America - Combat Trauma and the trials of homecoming - Dr Jonathan Shay.

We will explore this experience in the Epilogue. But, before we move on, I offer you this poem that for me speaks of this love better than any other example.

In Memoriam

by Ewart Alan Mackintosh (Mackintosh is later killed in action 21st November 1917 aged 24)

So you were David's father,

And he was your only son,
And the new-cut peats are rotting
And the work is left undone,
Because of an old man weeping,
Just an old man in pain,
For David, his son David,
That will not come again.

Oh, the letters he wrote you,
And I can see them still,
Not a word of the fighting,
But just the sheep on the hill
And how you should get the crops in
Ere the year get stormier,
And the Bosches have got his body,
And I was his officer.

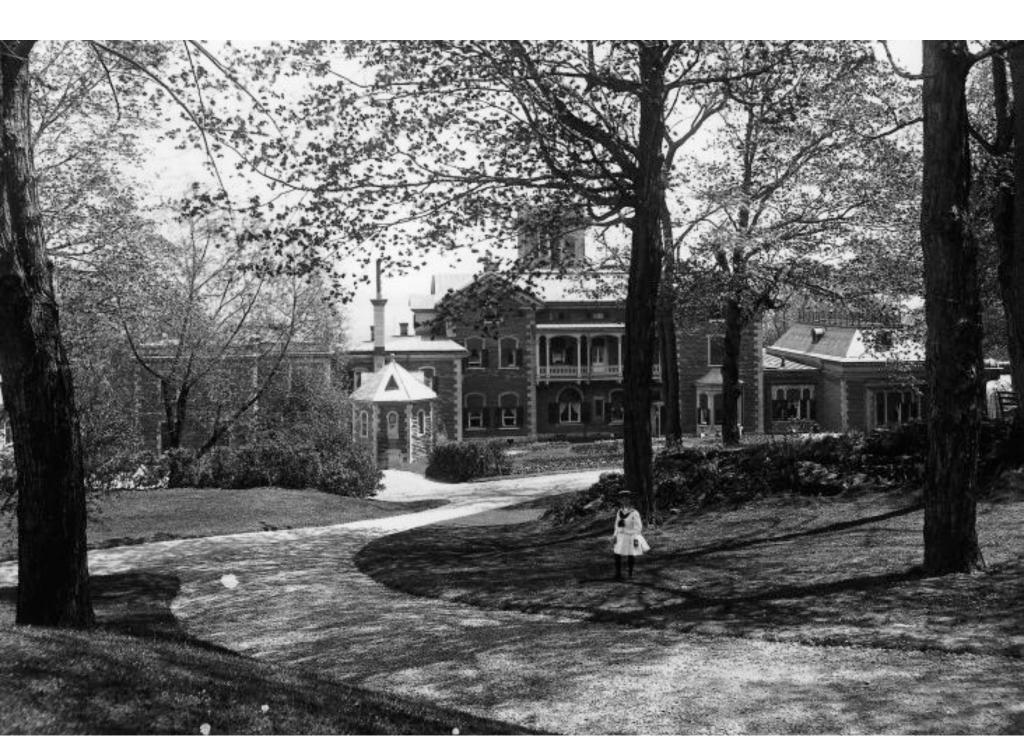
You were only David's father,
But I had fifty sons
When we went up in the evening
Under the arch of the guns,
And we came back at twilight O God! I heard them call
To me for help and pity
That could not help at all.

Oh, never will I forget you,
My men that trusted me,
More my sons than your fathers',
For they could only see
The little helpless babies
And the young men in their pride.
They could not see you dying,
And hold you while you died.

Happy and young and gallant,

They saw their first-born go,
But not the strong limbs broken
And the beautiful men brought low,
The piteous writhing bodies,
They screamed "Don't leave me, sir",
For they were only your fathers
But I was your officer.

David Sutherland was in Ewart Mackintosh's platoon and was lost while on a raid.



47

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

Ravenscrag still stands today. It is a sad and unloved building. Next door, the Royal Victoria Hospital stands empty and forlorn. There is a stadium at McGill named after Percival Molson. University Avenue has been renamed to celebrate a former French premier of the province. Drummond House and many of the houses of the Square Mile, have been pulled down. The families that lived in these houses have died out or have gone to Toronto.

In only a hundred years, there is nothing of substance left of the families that had once created Canada. The Great War had killed many of their sons. The Great War had consumed much of their wealth. The Great War had consumed most of their energy. So, when the crash and the depression came, the Square Milers did not have the resil-

ience to cope.



A haunting and sad post war picture of Julia Drummond

Julia Drummond sold her house in the Square Mile which was torn down in 1930. The site was then used for a car wash. Julia died in June 1942, aged 81. She had kept up her good works though. After the war, she backed a residence for girls in Montreal that was designed along the lines of the Maple Leaf Clubs for soldiers. Single women could stay safely and within their means at the residence.

Hammie Gault stayed in England in the inter war years. After the Second World War, he returned to Canada with his new wife and lived very quietly.

The 1930's were a grim time for many in the Square Mile.

World War 2 was their last gasp. The surviving men of the next generation of the Square Mile families, signed up. A few older veterans, like Alex and Hammie, signed up for a second time. The winnowing of men, money and energy continued.

When that war was over, there was a large party at Alex's house, in Cartierville. Here the few survivors from both wars danced the night away. Hartland, and a new crop of one legged men, such as Ross LeMesurier, had to wait days after before they could get their inflamed stumps back into their artificial legs.

There was a missing person at the party. Martha Allan had died in 1942. She was only 47. She had never recovered her health from her experience at *The McGill*.

The Square Mile had given their all.

Noblesse Oblige.

Images from the McCord Museum



48

EPILOGUE

I knew that although I had not been killed, something in me had. Something had gone out of me and was buried, and would always be buried, in a hundred cemeteries, in France and in England, along with the companions of my youth who had died that our country might live.

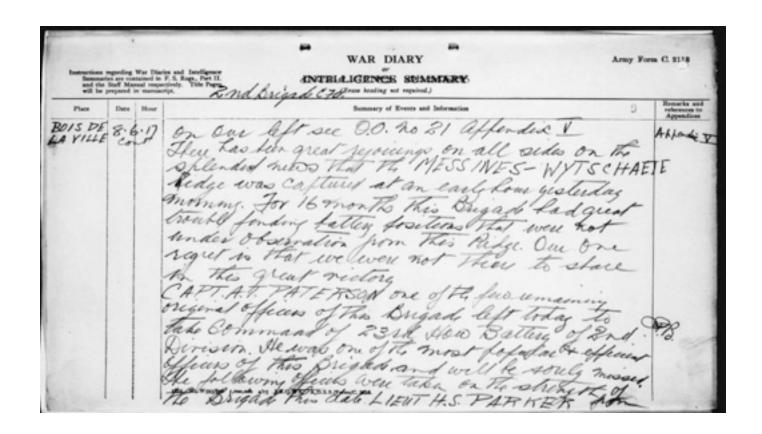
Open Cockpit, Arthur Gould Lee

Our story ends on the night of January 30th, 1956. That night, Alex Paterson walked across the snow from the main house, in Cartierville, to Nan's cottage.

"Nan", Annie Louisa Mullens, had arrived at the Patersons in 1928 as a nurse to their two sons, Jimmie and Robert. Nan had raised both the boys. Later, she helped raise their children. For a year, she raised me. By 1956, she was Alex's housekeeper and ally in a very difficult marriage.

That night, Alex asked Nan to witness his signature on a holographic will. He then walked back to the main house, went into his study and shot himself.

We can never really be sure of why Alex took his life 38 years after the Great War ended. But I think that the science of today suggests that PTSD played a major role.



This entry, in the 2nd Brigade CFA war diary, tells of Alex being posted to the 5th Brigade and taking command of the 23rd battery. The war diary entry gives us a hint of the pressures on him. The entry is dated 8th June, 1917.

"One of the few remaining original officers of the brigade ... he was one of the most popular officers of this brigade and will be sorely missed."

By June 1917, Alex was an old man in terms of experience. He was one of "*The Few Remaining Originals*". He had the added burden in that his role demanded that he put a brave face on everything. Holding this mask in place over many years was an incredible stressor. At the time of his transfer and promotion, Alex still had a year and

a half to go at the front. Only a handful of men from any army in that conflict had more time at the front than Alex. Worse, like Jack McCrae and Henry Yates, while at the front, Alex did not just witness the deaths and the maining of comrades, but the deaths and maining of life-long friends and of close family.

"Veterans need to voice their grief and their love for their dead comrades if they are to heal. However, many have learned to keep quiet because of their culture's discomfort with love between men that is so deeply felt." Achilles in Vietnam Jonathan Shay p 43

Alex kept silent on his experience in the Great War. All of this leads to numbness. Which, in turn, can hurt others who are close, such as spouses and children.

Riggs, Byrne, Weathers, and Litz (7) did examine the connection between PTSD symptom clusters and the relationship condition. The results of the study suggest that avoidance symptoms, specifically emotional numbing, interfere with intimacy (for which the expression of emotions is required) and contribute to problems in building and maintaining positive intimate relationships.

His delay in marriage, and his choice of a wife, indicate problems ahead. Alex was good looking, charming, well off and from a good family. In 1919, every household with an eligible daughter must have had him in their sights. But, it took him 7 years after the war's end to get married. Why this delay? Then, when he decided to commit to another person, he chose a woman who was 13 years his junior. Anna Cowans was 19. Alex was 32. On the surface, they had a lot in common. Their families knew each other well. Percy Cowans, her father, lived only two streets away from Alex's parents. Percy's sister had married an Allan. Anna and Alex enjoyed the same pursuits. Anna was very horsey. At first glance, they look very compatible.

I think that their age difference tells us something important about why Alex chose a girl and why Anna chose an older man. With a 13 year age gap, and with Alex's experience of the war, this was not a marriage of peers. It was more like a relationship between a father and a daughter. A marriage where the older man sees his role more as a teacher and a provider than as a partner. Such an arrangement may have worked well for both of them. Anna was used to having her own father play a very active role in her life. He indulged her in everything. She was daddy's girl.

This is an image of the party that Percy Cowans gave for his daughters in November, 1924. 800 people attended. It was reported as "the ball of the century".



Her father's support continued after the wedding. Percy helped the couple build a house on Redpath, a street directly in between the Paterson house and the Cowans house. It may have a been a bit like playing at "House" for both Anna and Alex in the early years. But the easy days ended in 1929 with more than the normal bump of reality that newly weds endure. They now had two young boys to look after and also the trials of the crash and the depression.

Then even more stress was added as much of the external support in Anna's life was swept away in the fall of 1932. Percy went bankrupt in a spectacular manner.

Notified of the dire situation at Canadian brokerage houses, representatives of the Canadian Bankers Association met with Prime Minister R.B. Bennett on October 4, and urged the government to intervene. Bennett declined to act. The association met again the next day and decided that the only way to save the two firms was to close the exchange. However, they then decided that such a move would harm the rest of the Canadian credit system. And so McDougall and Greenshields went under, dragging the smaller Watson and Chambers house down with it. The houses were beyond broke – McDougall and Cowans, valued at over \$50 million at the height of the market, owed almost \$20 million to their creditors, and were owed almost \$6 million by their margin clients.

https://www.rotman.utoronto.ca/-/media/Files/Programs-and-Areas/CanadianBusinessHistory/Stock%20Market%20Crash%20of%201929_UPDATED.pdf

Now, Anna could no longer rely on her father to be her financial backstop. She could no longer look to his high status in the community either. Worse for Anna, Alex's own business had barely survived the crash. The requirement to maintain the capital in the firm forced him to sell the town house on Redpath Street. Alex and Anna had to retreat permanently to a summer cottage in Cartierville on the north shore far away from the Square Mile.

By the mid 1930's, Anna was no longer financially or socially secure. Her life had been overturned. Now, she needed a peer who could listen to her and share her fears and doubts. If I am right, and Alex had been numbed by the war, he would have found it very difficult to give Anna the emotional support that she needed.

Nelson and Wright (13) indicate that partners of PTSD-diagnosed Veterans often describe difficulty coping with their partner's PTSD symptoms, describe stress because their needs are unmet.... These difficulties may be explained as secondary traumatization, which is the indirect impact of trauma on those in close contact with victims. Alternatively, the partner's mental health symptoms may be a result of his or her own experiences of trauma, related to living with a veteran with PTSD

Things get worse when war breaks out again in 1939. On the first day of the war, Alex rejoins the militia. He then commits himself to finding a way to rejoin the regular army. In 1941, he succeeds and is posted overseas for the duration. In response, Anna attempts to kill herself. Even this act of despair cannot keep Alex from the war. The boys, Jimmie and Robert, are sent off to boarding school. Anna is left alone until 1945.

Why did Alex do this? I think that the answer may be that Alex craved Philia. Going back to war might have been like a diver, with the bends, going back to the deep where he can feel normal again. For him, war meant being surrounded by old comrades, and by new ones, who all had an unspoken understanding of his past experience. When Alex returns to Montreal in 1945, he finds that Anna has has been gravely hurt by her isolation. But now that he is home, he still cannot give her the support that she craves. So, she cannot regain her composure. So, she acts out. So, he becomes more mute. Duty shackles them together.

Then, in late 1955, there is an opportunity for freedom for Alex. During the Depression, Alex and Hartland had to borrow money from their two brothers-in-law to keep their firm capitalized. In late 1954, they finally pay off this loan. Alex is at last freed of all his external obligations.

By the 30th of January 1955, Alex had done his duty to his country. He had done his duty to his father and to his brother. He had done his duty to his sisters. He had done his duty to his sons. He had done his duty to his clients and to his creditors. He could not, in honour, leave Anna legally. So he left her in another way.

Two days after Alex's death, my Uncle Robert met with the minister, Archdeacon Gower-Rees. The minister's immediate response was that Alex's death was "Another war casualty".

The ghosts and the memories had grown stronger as the years went by. This is what had contributed to his bitter marriage. This is what killed him.

This terrible experience is my debt to him.

And if posterity should ask of me
What high, what base emotions keyed weak flesh
To face such torments, I would answer: "You"
Your tortured forbears wrought this miracle;
Not for themselves, accomplished utterly
This loathsome task of murderous servitude;
But just because they realized that thus,
And only thus, by sacrifice, might they
secure a world worth living in -for you*

Noblesse Oblige

*The Other Side, by Captain Gilbert Frankau, RFA

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

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By

Robert Paterson

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NOBLESSE OBLIGE

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DEDICATION

If I have learned anything from writing this book, it is the importance of love and family.

As this book confirms, all of us need the best possible life partner. Robin, my dear wife, is the rock on which my adult life has been founded.

Our brothers and sisters provide a deep dimension to our lives. They know us as no one else can or will. Diana and Cindy are my dear sisters.

To have children is to have a future. Hope and James are mine.

We need a good start in life. In my case this came from my beloved nanny, "Fluffy", Joan Chebib and from my dear Uncle Robert who have both kept a watchful eye on me.

My sisters and I had our "George" too. Charlie Fisher, who was our "older brother", who saved our mother's life and who carried our father's coffin.

Like the Patersons of old, I also have many many dear cousins.

Lastly, there are my parents, Jimmie Paterson and Rosalie Ballantyne. What had happened to Alex had affected my own father and so my mother and so my sisters and so myself. My parent's marriage had, in a way, been a mirror of Alex's. It ended in the same way. As I understood more about Alex and Anna, I understood more about my own family. With understanding came love and compassion.

To know is to love.

MATERIAL

I am not a professional historian. This is a family memoire. I have done my best to identify my sources. In the text, wherever possible, I have cited the image sources. I have cited much more in the appendices. If I have missed a citation it is because I could not find one. My apologies if this affects you.

The text has been copy-edited by a number of volunteer readers and by Susan Raby-Dunne, a historian of distinction of the Great War. Any editing or factual errors are my own.

The cover was designed by Jamie Lynn Lawson. jamie.lawson@hotmail.com

This book is self-published by my own imprint - Trusted Space Books

You can contact me at robert.paterson@gmail.com

THE NOTMAN COLLECTION AT THE MCCORD MUSEUM

Many of the photographs in this book - especially those that concern the family - come come from the Notman Collection. The collection lives at the McCord Museum in Montreal.

I would like to add my particular thanks to Nora Hague who is the Curator.



Working with Nora is like being with a master detective on a murder case. Nora is encyclopedic. Anyone researching the history of Montreal needs to speak with her. Please see the next page....

If you are a careful reader, the name Hague might ring a bell. It was her great uncle, Owen, that was killed with Alexis Helmer on that May morning that inspired Jack McCrae to write "In Flanders Fields".



Here is the Hague House.



LUSITANIA SOURCES



The beautiful painting in the Sinking chapter is by Stuart Williamson who kindly granted his permission.

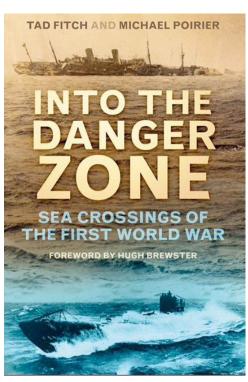
Stuart Williamson has been a professional fine artist and model maker since 1993. He is now a well-known and highly respected artist specializing in maritime subjects; though his work is not limited to this and Stuart has been commissioned to paint a wide range of subjects during his career. He lives and works in Derby, England with his wife Gill.

Stuart's first print of the 'Wreck of the Titanic' was an immediate success. This image has appeared widely since in books and other publications, as have many of Stuart's other works of art. His artwork has also appeared in USA Today magazine and has featured in Television documentaries, more recently in the Channel 4 program about the Diving Expedition to the wreck of the Britannic, led by diver, Carl Spencer.

In 1994, Stuart was asked to draw up some ideas for an engraving that was to be carved into the top of a new memorial stone to mark the 75th Anniversary of the Lusitania's sinking. One of these ideas was chosen and carved into the memorial by stone mason, Brian Little. This memorial now stands on the Old Head of Kinsale in respect to those who died.



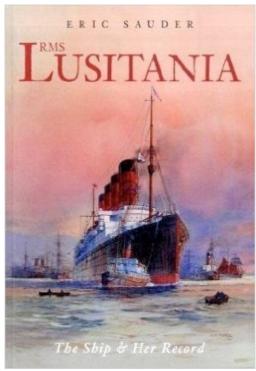
His website is here - http://website.lineone.net/~stu_williamson/





THE researcher on the Lusitania - the oracle that everyone goes to - is Mike Poirier. He is the source of many of the documents and pictures that I used. His is the only picture of Orr Lewis. I quote from his copies of the Orr-Lewis and Pappadopoulos letters. He is also the host of the Facebook site that many of the relatives are using to con-

nect. No one who is serious about the Lusitania writes a word without checking with Mike.





Eric Sauder, is another key resource. No one know more about the interior and the workings of the ship. He is author of many books about the Lusitania. Eric is also incredibly generous. Note the many credits for Eric in the chapter on the sailing.

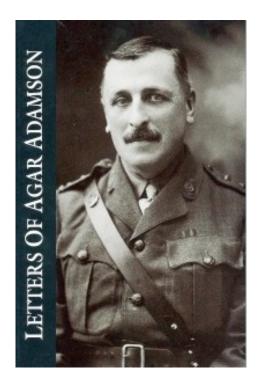
The Goldmine is the Lusitania Resource Page Here every detail has been accumulated by teams of people including Mike Poirier.

In a world where many people keep their cards close to their chest, the "Lusitania family" is remarkably generous with help, information and support. We are all karmically bound to each other. We can all feel this connection. It is a great privilege to be part of this.

So again, thank you all

APPENDIX 3

AGAR ADAMSON - NORM CHRISTIE



The collection of Agar Adamson letters represent one of the most thorough personal accounts of the Great War. Adamson not only recorded the war, he was there for most of it.

You can buy them here - They are edited by Norm Christie who has done so much to make Canada's role in the Great War accessible today.



PPCLI SOURCES



The War diaries of the PPCLI have been transcribed and can be found here.

Birth of a Regiment is another treasure trove.

More information comes from an excellent blog called PPLCI 100th Anniversary.

"First In the Field - Gault of the Patricias" by Jeffrey Williams, Leo Cooper, 1995 - is a wonderfully complete account of Gault's life. Williams himself was a company commander of the Pats in Korea.

PTSD

I, and many others, owe a great debt to Dr Jonathan Shay, a man who has dedicated his life to the study and the healing of PTSD.



His two great books on this topic are:

"Achilles in Vietnam - Combat Trauma and the Undoing of Character" - Scribner 1994.

"Odysseus in America - Combat Trauma and the Trial of Homecoming" - Scribner 2002

Shay is respected in military circles, having conducted the Commandant of the Marine Corps Trust Study (1999-2000); serving as Visiting Scholar-at-Large at the U.S. Naval War College (2001); Chair of Ethics, Leadership, and Personnel Policy in the Office of the U.S. Army Deputy Chief of Staff for Personnel; and was Omar Bradley Chair of Strategic Leadership at the US Army War College and Dickinson College (2008-2009).[23]

In 2007 he received a MacArthur "Genius Grant" fellowship.[3] In 2010 he was awarded the Salem Award for Human Rights and Social Justice for "building public

awareness and acceptance of post-traumatic stress disorder as a serious and bona fide war injury.

Shay has spent many years at the US Department of Veterans Affairs. Here is a link to the VA site that focuses on the impact of PTSD on spouses and families.http://www.ptsd.va.gov/professional/treatment/family/partners of vets research findings.asp

THE SANDGATE SOCIETY

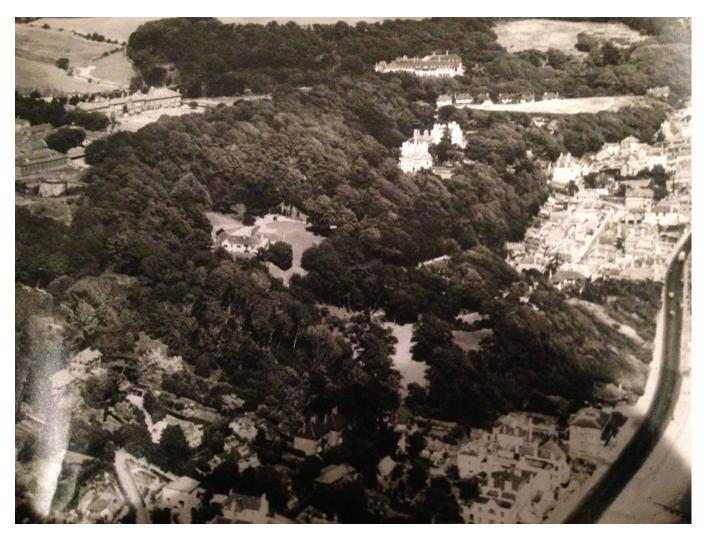
All the information that I have for Encombe in Sandgate, I received as a result of the kind and diligent help of Bob Preedy and Jill Partridge of the Sandgate Society. The Society is the memory of Sandgate. They can be contacted here. http://sandgatesociety.com/contact-us/

Another view of Encombe House. The house was extensively remodeled in the 1920's and later torn down. Only the lodge remains.



Here follows a map of the site and an aerial photo showing Encombe at its best.



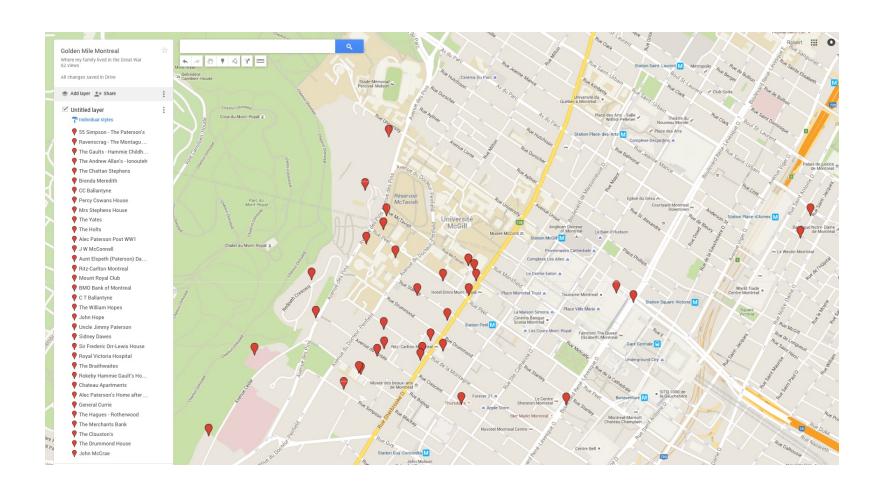


THE SQUARE MILE

Here is a link to a Google Map where I have added all the homes of those mentioned in the text.

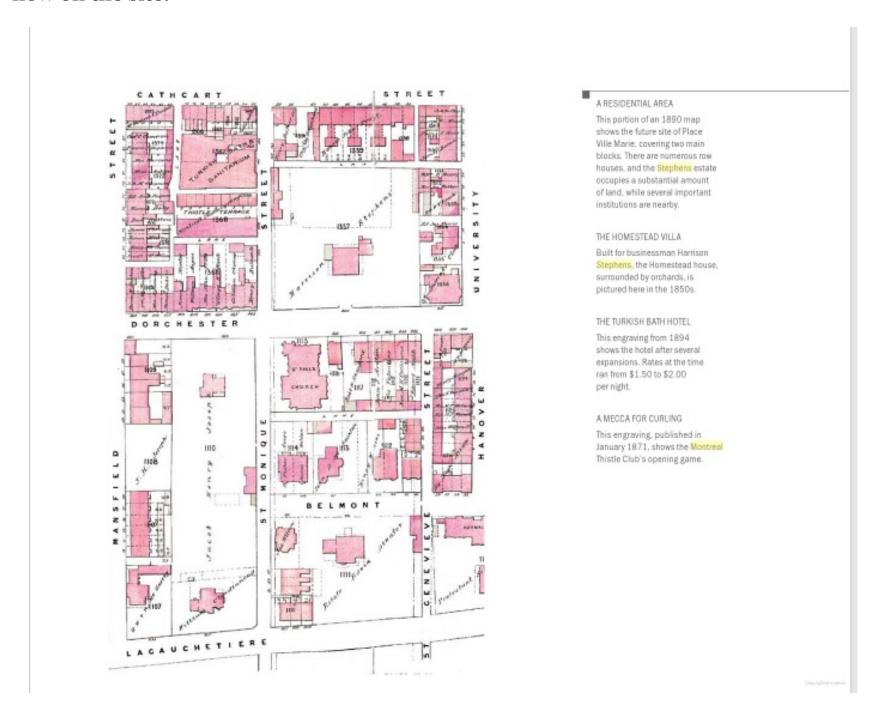
 $\underline{https://www.google.com/maps/d/edit?mid=z4HRNeTDU5I4.kA26VdA4FV-I\&u}\underline{sp=sharing}$

Here is a static version



Most lived above Sherbrooke. You can walk the Square Mile today and get a sense of what it might have been like to see people that you knew or relations at every step. I have added the Ritz and the Mount Royal Club because they too played a part in this tapestry.

Here we can see the details of where the Stephens house was. Place Ville Marie is now on the site.

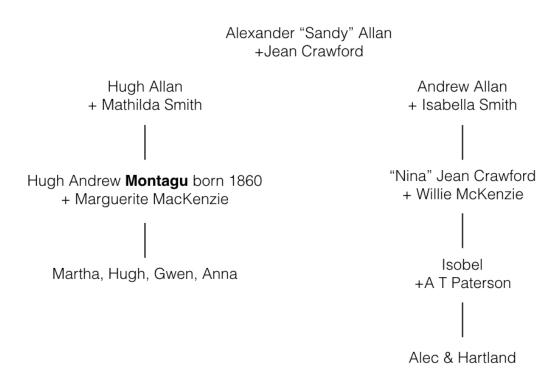


WHO IS WHO

The Allan story begins in Canada with two brothers. Hugh, later Sir Hugh and Andrew, later Old Andrew. Their father, Alexander, known as "Sandy", had founded a small shipping line in Scotland. His oldest son, Sir Hugh Allan moved to Canada as a boy and later created the great Allan line. His junior partner was his younger brother, Andrew. Both brothers married sisters, the Smiths. Hugh married Matilda and Andrew married Isabella. This makes the children of both men first cousins by their fathers and also by their mothers.

Sir Montagu Allan, who inherits Ravenscrag and control, is Sir Hugh's son. But he is not the eldest. His older brother, Alexander, was banished to Brockville on a pension and never played an active role in the family. We don't know why.

Here is a very simplified family tree that shows the link between the Allans to Alex Paterson via his mother, Isobel McKenzie who was the daughter of Nina Allan, the daughter of Andrew Allan.



Keep Isobel in mind as she is the lynchpin in this complex family maze.

Sir Montagu Allan, is christened, Hugh Andrew Montagu. Known at first as "Hugh Andrew", he was born in 1860. He was 22 when Sir Hugh, his father, died. He inherited Ravenscrag but not yet control of the business. That went to his uncle, Old Andrew. Old Andrew dies in 1901 and then Hugh Andrew inherits the business. The problem is that Old Andrew's first son is also called Hugh. It was felt to be less confusing if Hugh Andrew changed his name to Montagu. He did this. But most family members still called him Hugh. It's still confusing.

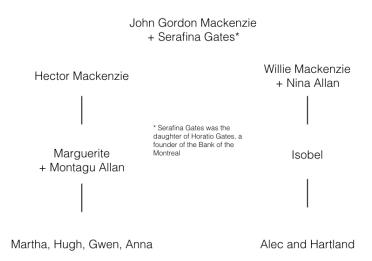
It gets worse.

Andrew Allan had a daughter called Jean Crawford. She was named after her granny. But she was never called this. She was always called "Nina". Nina married William, known as Willie, Mackenzie. They had a daughter called Isobel. So, Isobel is a first cousin, once removed, to Montagu.



This picture of the Andrew Allan family was taken in 1872 at their house, *Iononteh*, just across the road from *Ravenscrag*. Look for the woman in the long white dress on the chaise long on the right hand side. That is Nina. The baby on her lap is Isobel, later to become Isobel Paterson and Alex's mother. The distinguished looking man in the centre is Andrew Allan or Old Andrew. The cute girl next to him is Brenda. Brenda will later marry Sir Vincent Meredith who will be the President of the Bank of Montreal during our story.

The isolated man on the far left front is Willie MacKenzie, Nina's husband. Willie had a brother called Hector. Hector's daughter, Marguerite, married Montagu Allan.



So Isobel is also a first cousin to Marguerite on the McKenzie side. Isobel is a first cousin to both Montagu and to Marguerite. But as you will see, she is even closer than that.

Willie Mackenzie and Nina Allan had four children. In fact, they had only two legal ones. Nina and her brother, Alan. The next two were not Willie's but the children of his best friend, and Nina's lover, Frederick Brydges. Willie had become an alcoholic. Brydges support for Nina turned into love. While still married to Willie, Nina had two children with Brydges. The fiction was that they were Willie's. Finally, unable to keep up the pretense, Nina and Brydges eloped.

Andrew Allan had Nina arrested. He also made her an offer that she could not refuse. She could keep her Brydges children and join Fred in Winnipeg. But Isobel and Alan McKenzie were to live as Allans and to grow up with Brenda in Iononteh. Nina was bound never to meet, or to communicate with, her two Mackenzie children. Worse, Andrew Allan's wife, Isabella, would never allow any mention of Nina in her home. All pictures and all references to Nina were forbidden. For Isobel and Alan it was as if their mother never had existed. Isobel became an Allan almost by adoption.

Isobel's greatest supporter through all of this was her aunt Brenda, the cute girl sitting next to her father in the picture. Brenda was only 2 years older than her niece, Isobel. They were like sisters and were inseparable friends for life. Brenda never had children of her own and treated Alex and his siblings as if they were hers.

Nina was very happy with Frederick and they had two more children. Brydges adopted the two from his liaison with Nina. Karmically Willie fell into ruin and was disinherited. He died alone in a boarding house in Boston.



In the picture above we see Nina in the conservatory at *Iononteh*. You can see how Notman used this image in his composite picture of the family. Of all the Allan family pictures, I think that this is the most striking.

Her disappearance must have been a trauma for Isobel. In later life Isobel became periodically very depressed. I wonder if her mother's mysterious disappearance was a factor?

Nina did not disappear totally.



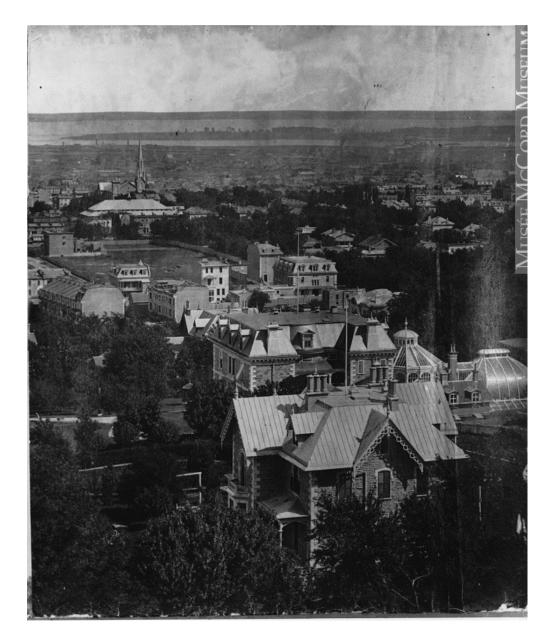
Here she is an an old lady. There is a family story that one day, Geraldine Paterson, Alex's older sister, was stopped on Sherbrooke Street by a nice old lady. The lady asked her if she was Geraldine Paterson? Geraldine said yes. The old lady told her that she was her long lost granny. Geraldine, a loving person and also in the dark about the family secret, immediately asked her home for tea. Nina was studiously ignored by all

the adults.



Here is a picture of Bessie and Lettie with their father and brother. Brydges was a wonderful father and they were a happy family.

Now let's have a look at the Gaults and the Stephens.

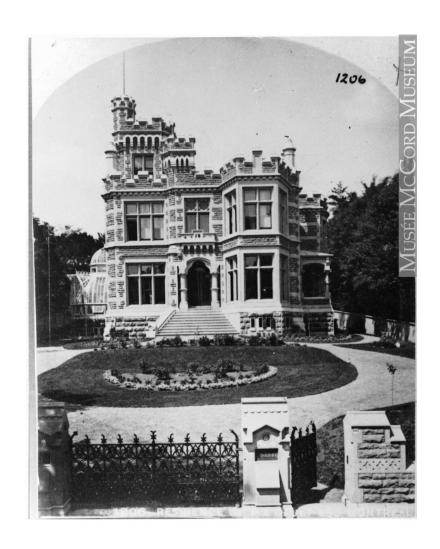


This picture was taken from the tower room at Ravenscrag. In the foreground is Matthew Gault's house. It is still there. Matthew was the brother of Andrew Gault, Hammie's father. Matthew was the first managing director of the Sun Mutual Life Insurance Company of Montreal and president of the Exchange Bank of Canada.

Behind the Gault house is a large house with a huge conservatory at its rear on the right of the photo. That was *Iononteh*, the Andrew Allan house, where Isobel grew up. The picture of Nina was taken in that conservatory. *Iononteh* is long gone

Matthew's daughter, Adelaide Gault married the youngest son of Old Andrew, Jack Allan. She had six children. Jack went into the Allan office one day, cashed a cheque for \$10,000, and disappeared with a lover. He was never seen again and he never contacted any of his children. Andrew also looked after Adelaide and her children.

There was a lot of scandal in the Allan family. Martha also was a free spirit who cared nothing about what people thought of her.



This is *Rokeby*, built in 1875, where Hammie Gault grew up. It was on Sherbrooke on the corner with Mountain. His father, Andrew, had become the Cotton King of Canada and had founded Dominion Textile. He died in 1903 and Hammie became his wealthy heir.

Marguerite Stephens, who was to marry Hammie, lived further along on Dorchester on the site where Place Ville Marie now stands. Her home was called *The Home-*





Marguerite grew up there with her brother, Chattan. After her marriage to Hammie, she moved into *Rokeby*. Her mother, Mrs Stephens, now a widow, remained at *The Homestead*. It was here that she looked after baby John before they left on the Lusitania. After her dramatic incident with Bainsmith, Marguerite retreated to the Homestead where she lived for a while with her sister in law, Hazel Kemp Stephens, her sick husband, Chattan, and with Hazel's surviving child, my future great aunt, Frances.

Frances later married C. C. Ballantyne's youngest son Murray. C. C.'s oldest son, Charlie Ballantyne's eldest daughter, Rosalie-Anne Ballantyne, married my father, Jimmie Paterson, who was Alex's oldest son. Hence we all knew Frances as "Aunt Fran-

ces".



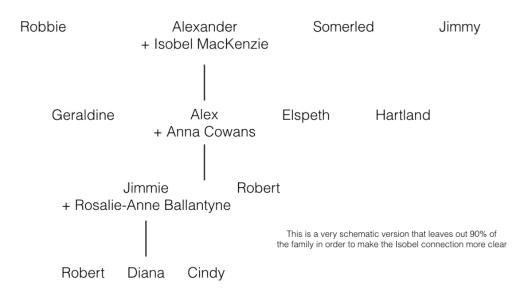
Jimmie Paterson and Rosalie-Anne Ballantyne at their wedding in 1948

Now we come to the Patersons.



Here is a picture of Isobel and her 4 children. Left to right - Hartland, Geraldine, Elspeth and Alex. Below we see how Uncles Robbie, Somerled and Jimmy fitted into the family.

The Patersons



I hope that this review of Who was Who has helped you understand this very tight knit and so complex family. It's hard even for me!

Here are a few loose ends.



My father listened very carefully to his father's opinion "Never join the infantry!" He joined the Navy. Here he is in 1945 with his brother Robert and his aunt, Elspeth, Alex's younger sister.

I talk a lot about Nannies and the important relationship that we can have with people who are not our parents.

Here is "Nan" in 1950 looking after me.



Here is "Fluffy" with Diana and I in 1957. She was maybe 18 then. She is still gorgeous.



I hoped that you sensed my very warm feelings towards George Slingsby.

My sisters and I, had the great privilege of having someone just like George in our lives. He was the brother I never had. The wise counsellor to my sisters. The man who saved our mother's life in a terrible road accident. A man who knew my father's deepest secrets and who carried his coffin, with me and my uncle Robert, at my father's end.



Charlie Fisher.

ONLINE OFFICIAL SOURCES

We are very fortunate in Canada to have a wealth of online original sources for the Great War. Here I share some of the easiest to use.

Personal Records

Many service records are now online. In this book I have used Alex Paterson's, Martha Allan's, Sir Montagu Allan's, Hamilton Gault,'s, John McCrae's, Herbert Cruickshank's and William Dodge's. General Officers files, such as Major General Jones, are not online yet. Officers who served in the British Army, such as Hartland, are harder to find. We had to go to RMC to retrieve his.

If you wish to read these files or have a family member who was in the CEF in WWI, go to this site and enter your person's name.

<u>http://www.bac-lac.gc.ca/eng/discover/military-heritage/first-world-war/first-world-war-1914-1918-cef/Pages/search.aspx</u>

For some you will only get the Attestation Papers but for many you will get a full file that you can down load as a pdf. It is a fascinating experience to see the details of their service lives.

Unit War Diaries

Every unit of the CEF has a war diary that is now online. They are written at a high level and rarely if ever comment on a named enlisted man. They comment on what the unit did, the weather, actions and casualties. In some diaries there are detailed appendices that have maps and orders. Officers are mentioned by name when they are killed, wounded or transferred.

Go to this site for the infantry

http://www.canadiangreatwarproject.com/warDiaryLac/wdLacPo8.asp

This site for 2nd Brigade CFA

<u>http://cefresearch.ca/matrix/Army%20Corps/Divisions/1st%20Division/2nd%2</u> <u>oBrigade%20CFA/index.htm</u>

Here is a link to a list of the originals of the 2nd Brigade CFA

http://eco.canadiana.ca/view/oocihm.9 09043/1?r=1&s=1

Here is a link to the war diary of the Number 3 Canadian General Hospital - The McGill

 $\frac{\text{http://data4.collectionscanada.gc.ca/netacgi/nph-brs?s1=general+hospital\&s13}}{=\&s12=\&l=20\&s9=RG9\&s7=9-52\&Sect1=IMAGE\&Sect2=THESOFF\&Sect4=AND\&Sect5=WARDPEN\&Sect6=HITOFF\&d=FIND\&p=1\&u=http://www.collectionscanada.gc.ca/archivianet/02015202 e.html&r=5&f=G$

Here is a link to a book that lists all the names of the officers and men of the First Contingent

https://archive.org/details/listofofficersmeoogreauoft

Official Histories and Other Official Documents

The CEF had two projects to write an official history. The first, by Arthur F Duguid, who buried Trum Warren and who attended the 2nd Brigade Dinners in Montreal, stalled after the first volume. The work was just too much and he never had the resources that he needed. Using much of Duguid's research, a one volume history was then written after WWII by G W L Nicholson.

In this book I use maps from both official histories. The more splendid map of the Ypres front is from Nicholson and the paler green ones are from Duguid.

In this collection you will also see Sir Andrew Macphail's history of the CAMC.

Here is the link:

http://www.cmp-cpm.forces.gc.ca/dhh-dhp/his/oh-ho/index-eng.asp

Maps.

The best maps, being the most clear, I have found for Ypres come from *The Great War Project*. Most of the work has been done by Joanna Legg

http://www.greatwar.co.uk/whoweare.htm

These maps are accompanied by an excellent narrative.

This site, *The Canadian Great War Project* offers all the official Canadian maps in one easy page.

Link here: http://www.canadiangreatwarproject.com/writing/maps.asp

Nicholson also has an excellent and very detailed book on the artillery. *Nicholson, G. W. L.* (1967). The Gunners of Canada: The History of the Royal Regiment of Canadian Artillery Volume I: 1534-1919.

The Commonwealth Graves Commission CWGC

Have a site where you can search and find the graves of all the known dead.

The Link is here

http://www.cwgc.org

Veterans Affairs Canada maintain a virtual War Memorial

Not only can you find the details of your dead loved one but the site is open for you to add material if you wish. All the dead are here.

<u>http://www.veterans.gc.ca/eng/remembrance/memorials/canadian-virtual-war</u>-memorial

Decorations were all posted in the Gazette

Here is the link: https://www.thegazette.co.uk/?WebType=o&Referer=WW1

I hope that you enjoy your search for your own past. I have to warn you that this can be quite addictive. Best wishes and good luck in your searches.

THE BANK OF MONTREAL



This painting by Oscar de Lall (*From A History of Bank of Montreal Volume II page 329*) shows the Bank of Montreal's Branch at 9 Waterloo Place. It was the unofficial meeting place for Canadians in London during the war and for many years later.

All Canadian officers were paid via the Bank of Montreal. Waterloo Place had 25,000 bank accounts for officers and men. It was an important clearing house for all Canadians in Europe. Here they got mail, gifts, messages, theatre tickets, hotel bookings and held meetings. In conjunction with Julia Drummond's Information Bureau, the branch even ran a service for POW's.

The Bank staff in Canada also made a massive contribution to the war effort. Before 1914, most people who worked in banking were men. Over 50% of the bank's employees joined up. So this commitment of male staff to the services drove a significant shift in the role of women. By 1917, 42% of the bank's staff were women. They occupied every rank below manager. War service meant a shift toward technology such as the typewriter and a mechanical adding machine called an "arithometer". The day of the hand written ledger was ended by the war.

As you have seen in the main body of the book, the Bank of Montreal played an important part in the lives of many in our story. The Bank of Montreal was the bank of the Square Mile and it was especially my family's bank.

Alex Paterson, had started his banking career at the BMO. Horatio Gates, director 1817 - 1834, was a cousin and had been a co-founder. Uncle Montagu's father, Sir Hugh Allan, had been a director. Alex Paterson's grandfather, Alexander Thomas Paterson, had been a director from 1881 - 1909. Uncle Montagu's first cousin, Brenda Allan had married Vincent Meredith who was Chairman and President during the Great War. Uncle Montagu later sold the Merchants Bank to the BMO. Guy Drummond's father, Sir George, had been president before Sir Vincent and Guy's half brother, Huntly Drummond, became Chairman and President after the war.

Other members of the story held senior roles too. Dorothy Braithwaite's father was the sole AGM during the war. AGM was a major role in those days. Dr Todd's wife was the daughter of Sir Edward Clouston, who was the Vice President of the bank. Uncle Jimmy Paterson's love, Osla, was another Clouston daughter. F. J. Cockburn took over from Braithwaite as AGM. His daughter married Charles Hope, my wife's grandfather.

The break came after the second world war, when my uncle, Robert, joined the Royal Bank of Canada. Older members of the family were horrified. Made worse, in



the next generation, when I joined the Canadian Imperial bank of Commerce. Coincidentally, after the war, the Royal Bank of Canada set up a branch on Cockspur Street on the ground floor of where Julia Drummond had her offices during the war. Her office was on the right of the door on the left and on the first floor. The Cockspur RBC branch under two consecutive managers, both called Murray, offered the same kind of concierge service to Canadians that the BMO's Waterloo Place branch had earlier.

The Waterloo Place and Cockspur Street branches have long since closed. I wonder if there is not a place for such full service branches again?

APPENDIX 11

THE MCGILL



Introduction



O. 3 CANADIAN GENERAL HOSPITAL was organised by McGill University shortly after the war broke out. The Dean of the Faculty of Medicine took the leading part, and later became its Commanding Officer. It began as a hospital of 520 beds, which were afterwards increased to 1040, then to 1500, and finally to 2000.

On the 6th May, 1915, the Unit sailed on the S.S. 'Metagama,' and at that time consisted of 35 Officers, 73 Nursing Sisters, and 190 rank and file. The original members of the Unit were the following:

OFFICERS.

Colonel Birkett, H. S.
Lt.-Col. Yates, H. B.

"Elder, J. M.
"McCrae, John
Major Hill, W. H. P.
"Howard, A. C. P.
"Meakins, J. C.
"Archibald, E. W.
Captain Hutchinson, J. E.
"Little, H. M.
"Russel, C. K.
"Reford, L. L.
"Howell, W. B.
"MacMillan, J. A.
"Malone, R. H.
"McKim, L. H.
"Rhea, L. J.
"Pirie, A. H.
"Henderson, A. T.
"Francis, W. W.

Capt. Robertson, R. B. "Tidmarsh, F. W. "Wilkins, W. A. "Burgess, H. C. "Hingston, D. A. "Wickham, J. C. "Ewing, W. T. "Browne, J. G. "Dixon, H. C. "Turner, W. G. "MacDonald, R. "Law, David (Q'mr.) "Stevenson, G. H. A. "Thornton, L. H. Lieut. Ostler. R. (Asst. Q'mr.)

NURSING STAFF.

Matron MacLatchey, K. C. N/Sister Armitage, B. L. , Archibald, C. P.

N/Sister Austin, Mrs. ,, Babbit. E. P.

Austin, Mrs. Babbit. E. P. Bliss, M. Bradley, E. Brand, L. J. Carmen, H. E. Carpenter, B. E. Chisholm, S. Clarke, M. M. B. Cotton, D. Cooper, A. M. Davies, I. DeCou, F. I. G. Dickie. E. L. Duncan, J. F. Drake, H. Engelke, M. B. Eastwood, V. Enright, N. J. Fitzgibbon, O. Forgey, B. Fortescue, M. J

Here are some more images.



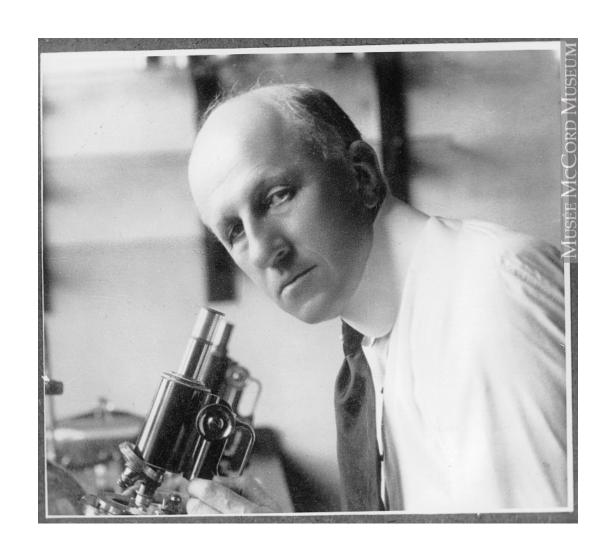
On deck on the Metagama



The Hospital at Dannes-Camiers, 1915.



Colonel Birkett



Dr Todd after the war



Katherine MacLatchy was born in Grand Pre, Nova Scotia, February 15, 1874. Katherine graduated from the Saint John General Public Hospital in Saint John, NB in 1898. She enlisted in the Canadian Army Medical Corps (Over-Seas Expeditionary Force) in Montreal as a trained nurse in 1915. She held the position of Matron, at the Cogswell Street Military Hospital and Camp Hill Hospital in Halifax. Katherine was Vice-President of Graduate Nurses' Association of Nova Scotia (GNANS) in 1921, and Honorary President, (member of the executive) of GNANS in 1922. Katherine registered with the Association in 1923 and remained a member until 1932. During her term on the executive of the Graduate Nurses' Association of Nova Scotia, the Act to Incorporate the Graduate Nurses' Association of Nova Scotia was amended, and passed on April 29, 1922.

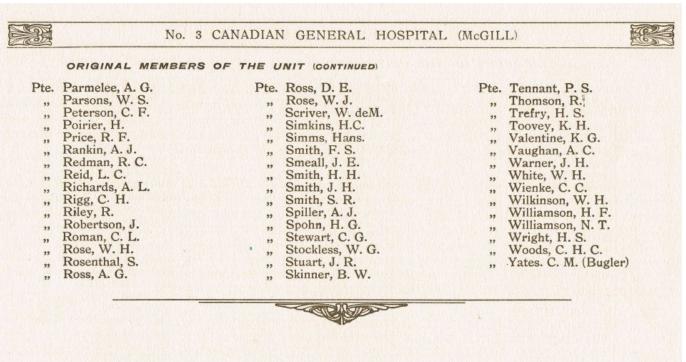
She died, aged 92, in 1969.



DWARD REVERE OSLER was born December 28th, 1895, at Baltimore, Maryland. where he lived until his tenth year when his parents moved to England. He was the only child of Sir William Osler, Bart., Regius Professor of Medicine in Oxford University, and of Lady Osler. His father, the most distinguished of McGill's graduates, has always maintained the keenest practical interest in the welfare of the University, and was of great assistance to Col. Birkett in the organisation of this Hospital. his mother's side Lieut. Osler was a great-great-grandson of Paul Revere, a hero of the American Revolution. Lieut. Osler was educated at Winchester and in 1914 entered Christ Church College, Oxford, where he went into training with the University O.T.C. In February, 1915, he was commissioned honorary lieutenant in the Canadian Army Medical Corps. After serving with the Duchess of Connaught Hospital at Cliveden and the Bromley Military Hospital, he came to France in June, 1915, with No. 3 Canadian General as Assistant Quartermaster, which office he filled to everyone's satisfaction but his own until, relinquishing his commission, he proceeded to England in March, 1916, to train for the Artillery. In October he returned to France as 2nd Lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery, being posted first to an ammunition column and later to a battery of the 59th Artillery Brigade. He took part in the severe fighting on the Somme and at Arras, and in the summer of 1917 was stationed north of Ypres. Here on August 29th, while engaged in moving the battery, he was mortally wounded by a shell and succumbed the following day. His grave is at Dozinghem, near Poperinghe.

Revere Osler was of a gentle disposition, an ardent disciple of Izaac Walton, student and fisherman. Though feeling more than the ordinary repugnance for the brutality of war, he did his duty well as a soldier; and faithful unto death, he lived up to his father's motto, aequanimitas.

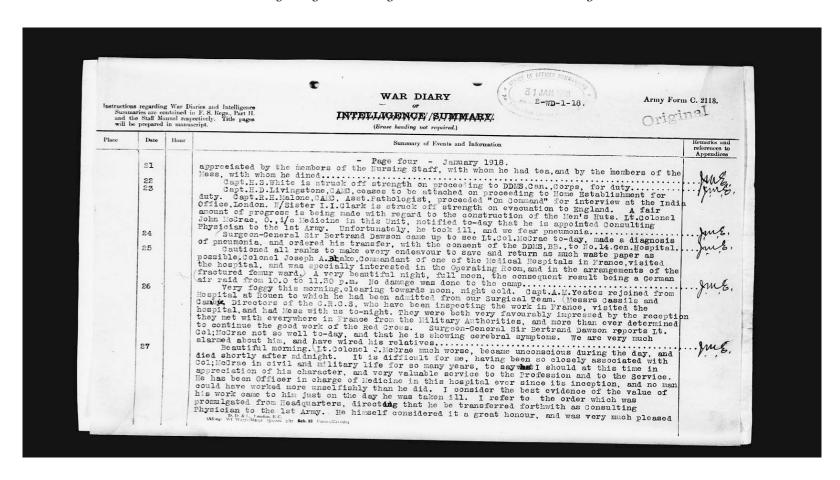
Here is a very moving account of Osler's death and what it meant http://www.westernfrontassociation.com/great-war-people/brothers-arms/2245-obviously-all-was-lost-the-lif e-and-death-of-edward-revere-osler.html#sthash.bWlC5gud.o8U6pCaA.dpbs



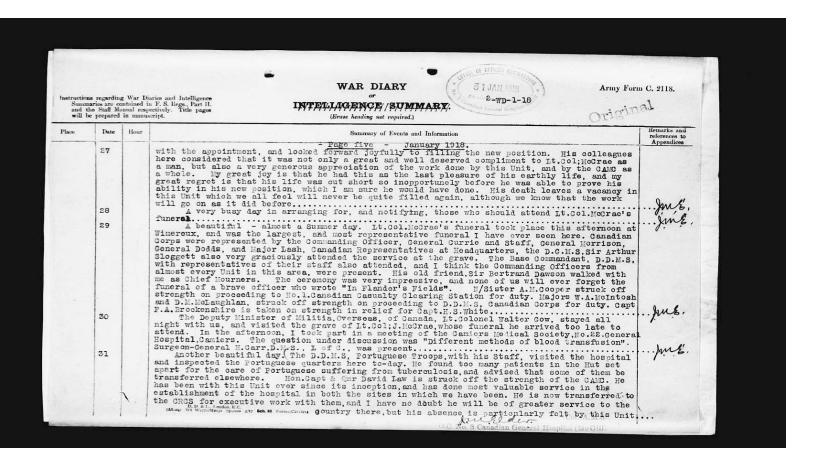
The sites the hospital has occupied are as follows:—

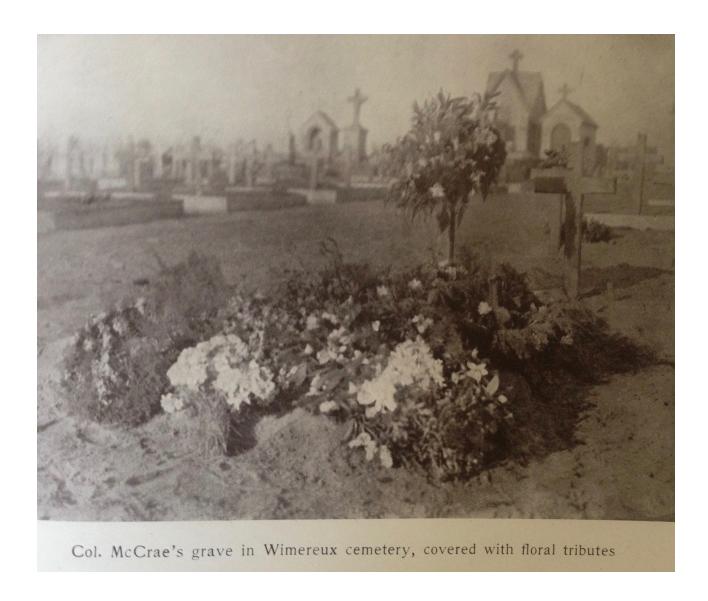
The first orderly room was the office of the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine and the University Club at Montreal acted pro. tem. as Officers' Mess. As the hospital grew, No. 6 Mansfield Street became its headquarters, and on 6th May, 1915, the S.S. 'Metagama' carried it across the sea. Shorn-cliffe was its first resting place in England, 16th May, 1915 (after passing one day at Southampton), and from there it went to Dannes Camiers, France, where it was established on the 19th June, 1915, and remained there till the beginning of January, 1916, when it was transferred to the Jesuit College at Boulogne, where at the time of going to press it was still carrying on its work.

Here is young C Montagu Yates on the roster as Bugler



Here are the poignant remarks by Col Elder in the war diary on the impact of Jack's death





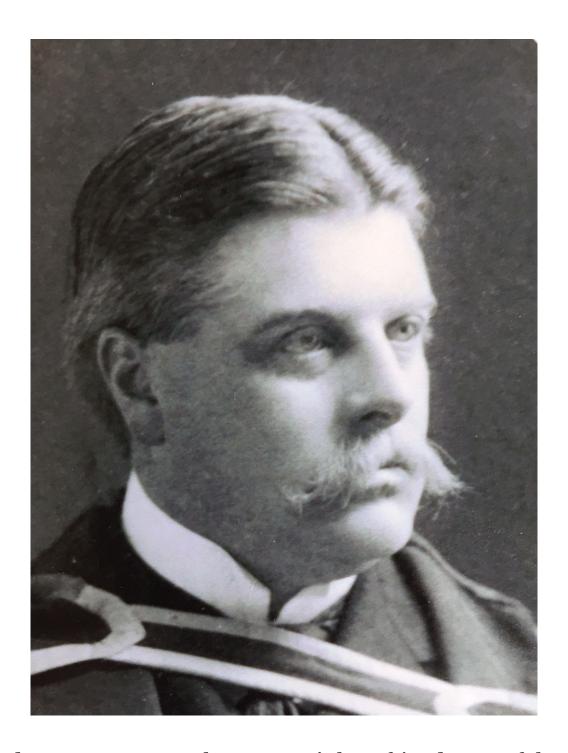
Here is his original grave



Here is Lt Col. McCrae today

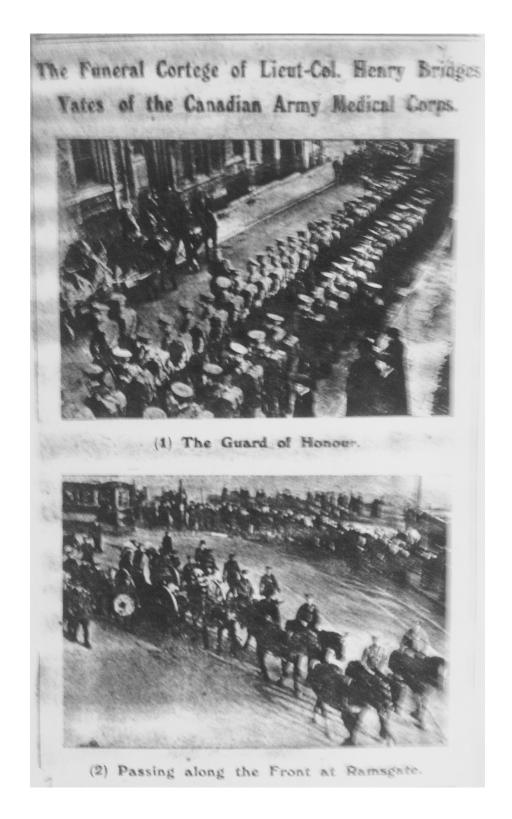
 $More\ images\ here $$ \underline{https://www.facebook.com/pg/No3CanadianGeneralHospitalInFranceMcgill/photos/?tab=album&album_id=419287 $$ \underline{688158955}$$

HENRY BRYDGES YATES



Henry Brydges Yates was Uncle Montagu's best friend. One of the results of this friendship was that Henry, and the Unknown Soldier, are the only two legal burials in Canada of soldiers of the CEF who died in Europe. The rules were that if you died in Europe, you stayed in Europe.

His memorial service at Ramsgate, after his death on January 22nd 1916, was a splendid affair as we see from these faded newspaper photographs. Under normal conditions he might have been buried at Shorncliffe. But that did not happen.



After the first funeral in Ramsgate, Uncle Montagu had Henry shipped back to Montreal. Only someone with Montagu's influence could have done this.

The Yates funeral in Montreal, in early 1916, provided the opportunity for thousands to mourn. To mourn not just Henry Yates, but to mourn their own loved ones who were buried in Europe or lost forever in the mud. The 21st Westmount Battery, Alex Paterson's old unit, provided the gun carriage and the 73rd Battalion of the Royal Highlanders of Canada, the Black Watch, Uncle Montagu's unit, provided the Guard of Honour. The pall bearers struggled for it was bitterly cold. The casket, made of copper, was heavy and very cold. Unfortunately, neither Alice, Emily or his son Montagu was able to attend. Nor was Uncle Montagu. They were all in England. Yates's son, Montagu, returned later in 1916 to Canada to resume his studies. He was only 17.



Bugler Montagu Yates

Alice and Emily remained in England where Alice set up many new hospitals. Emily joined Aunt Marguerite in 1918 at the hospital in Devon that had itself been started by Alice.



Emily Yates after the war at a fancy dress

Emily died in 1933 aged 35, one year after her marriage. Most of the family are buried here in the Mount Royal Cemetery.





Montagu, named after Uncle Montagu, called one of his two twin sons, Henry and his daughter, Mary, "Martha". Henry had been educated at Charterhouse in England and had then gone to Cambridge where he attended Jesus College. Henry then studied medicine at McGill. Before the war, he had served in the 3rd Regiment of the Victoria Rifles where he had been the Medical Officer. Like so many Canadians of his time, including Birkett and McCrae, he was part of that great club, the Militia. His son, Montagu had been to Charterhouse before the war. His great grandson, Derek, later went to Jesus. The traditions continue.

INSURANCE CLAIMS

In 1926 a number of insurance claims were settled related to the Treaty Of Versailles. We have the records for Lady Allan and one of her maids.

December 1, 1926. Commissioner. DECISION **Case 839** Re LADY MARGUERITE ETHEL ALLAN Claimant is a Canadian, the wife of Sir Hugh Montague Allan, of the City of Montreal. She was a passenger with her three children on board the Lusitania when that ship was torpedoed by enemy submarine and sunk May 7, 1915. Two of the children were lost, one being saved with the claimant. Lady Allan herself was severely injured in the sinking of the ship. She sustained a fracture of the left hip, a fracture of the collar bone and several wounds in the right leg and knee. She was in the water for several hours and suffered much from exposure. The medical record is to the effect that she will not recover from the nervous shock. Her left leg was made slightly shorter than the right. It also goes on to say that her expectation of life is shortened. Claimant was in perfect health before sailing. She claims for personal injury and on account of the loss of personal effects she had with her consisting of clothing, jewelry and other articles, including the personal effects of the three children. She had with her 18 trunks, 3 dressing bags and a hold-all and was attended by two maids.

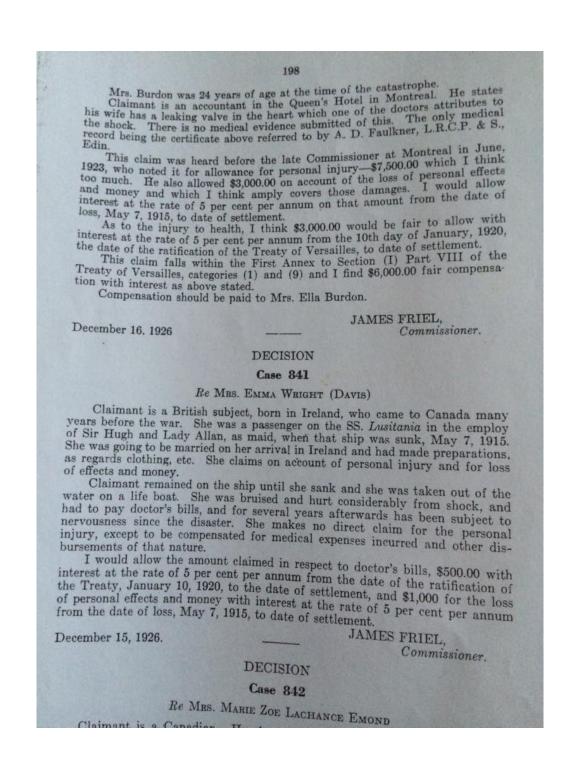
Even now the facts are wrong. It is claimed that three children are on board. I suspect that the confusion might have been that Aunt Marguerite was carrying Martha's luggage as well.

She is claiming for jewelry.

	197
	There is a claim also for special expenses resulting from the disaster. There was no war risk insurance on the property lost. This case was before the late Commissioner at Montreal in September 1923. Claimant was not personally present. She was then travelling in Europe to regain her health as much as possible. Dr. Pugsley noted the case for allowance and compensation as follows:— For personal injury
	Total\$48,573 20
	In awarding compensation he usually allowed interest from January 10, 1920, the date of the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles. I assume he would have done so in this case. This claim falls within the First Annex to Section I, Part VIII of the Treaty of Versailles, categories (1) and (9) and I find \$48,573.20 fair compensation to the claimant with interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum from the date of the ratification of the Treaty (January 10, 1920) to date of settle-
	ment. JAMES FRIEL,
	Commissioner.
	December 16, 1926.
	DECISION
	Case 840
100	Re Andrew T. Burdon, Ella Burdon
	Claimant is a British subject born in England in 1887. His wife and son, Robert P. Burdon, 15 months at the time, were second class passengers on board the Lusitania when that ship was sunk by enemy submarine, May 7, 1915. Mrs. Burdon suffered personal injury for which claim is made and also for effects, money and other property lost in the ship. There was no insurance on such property. As to the personal injury, the medical report filed with the declaration of claim, December 19, 1921, states in reference to the nature of the injury—"Almost drowned before being picked up. No particular injury but suffered from 'shock.'" "Patient jumped with others from sinking ship. Totally incapacitated for 18 months, partially 6 months." As to the then present percentage of incapacity, the answer is "None". Also as to injury to sight or hearing the answer is "None". Mrs. Burdon and her boy were returning home to England to live there. The family had come to Canada in 1913. Mrs. Burdon was overboard but not in the water very long. She was taken out unconscious with some injury to her hip. She says the real injury was shock out unconscious with some injury to her hip. She says the real injury was shock and nerves. She did not have medical attention at Queenstown, but a physician and nerves. She did not have medical attention at Queenstown, but a physician and nerves. She remained in England ten weeks, during which she was in two wards. She remained in England ten weeks, during which she was in two wards. She remained in England ten weeks, during which she was in two wards. She then came back to Canada. The injury to her hip is not very serious. Mrs. Burdon has three children born since the disaster. Before the disaster she had been run down in health by the birth of the child, but apart from that she had been run down in health by the birth of the child, but apart from that she had been run down in health by the birth of the child, but apart from that the court of the child. The proposition is not considered to be conside

\$48,573 was a lot of money then. I do not know if this was ever paid out.

Emily/Emma Davis is now married to Mr Wright.



\$1,500 would have been enough to buy a small house then.

