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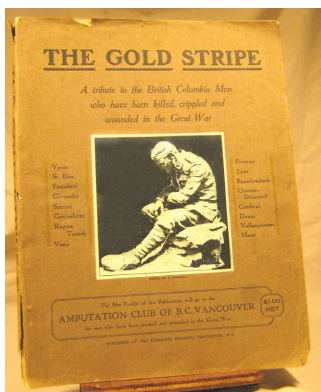
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The Gold Stripe, No.1, 2 & 3 - 1919

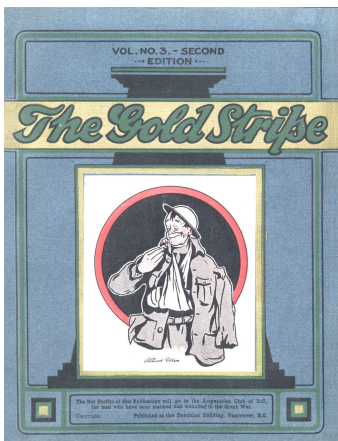
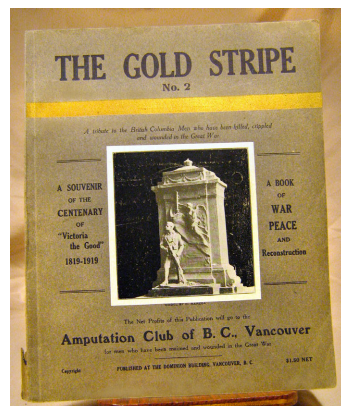
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About this CD.

"A tribute to British Columbia Men who have been killed, crippled and wounded in the Great War."

This private publication was the brainchild of John Francis Bursill, the father of one of the war's victims. The first volume appears to have been John's way of dealing with the loss of his son. However, rather than concentrating on his loss he aimed his work at supporting those who survived and were engaged in the business of readjusting to a, now strange, civilian role. Amongst these the ones with the greatest adjustment to make were those who were injured, and must relearn their childhood lessons of mobility and dexterity. In a word, the amputees. And so this work is ostensibly dedicated to the members of the "Amputation Club of British Columbia." I say ostensibly because in reading the articles it quickly becomes clear that many of the contributors were using their contributions as an excuse for recording the harsh realities of the previous years, perhaps in the hope that it would bring them to a catharsis.

The editor seems to have been a little surprised by the runaway success of the first volume and was clearly making plans for the production of a second volume even before the issue of the first. (A loose order form for Vol.2 was included with Vol.1.) And then in the introduction to Vol.2 there were references to plans being made for Vol.3. Vol.1 was published in time for it to be suggested as a Christmas gift and the plans for Vol.3 called it also to be published before Christmas, presumably of the next year, indicating that it might be more correct to date the series of publications as 1918-19.

The contributions take almost as many forms as there are contributors but they may be roughly categorized as art, poetry and prose. Much of the art comes in the form of cartoons, mainly about military life but also articulating some of the issues the returning soldiers faced as they once again took up their civilian lives. The remainder of the art comes in a wide variety of vehicles ranging from photography to sketches and paintings.

Poetry was the preferred means of expression of many of the soldiers with these contributions ranging from doggerel to epic.

Of course it is the prose contributions which provide us with our most valuable source of information. Many of the nonfictional contributions are first-hand recountings of episodes from the war, some in the form of histories of events, some in the form of personal recollections, while others are outpourings of pent-up emotion and flights of fiction. Add to this a number of "invited," homegrown contributions describing the actions being taken in the relocation process, as well as expressions of thanks and good will.

Possibly most important of all the contributions are the memorials placed by companies, organizations, communities, and even individuals, recording their Honor Rolls. There are dozens of such memorials spread through the pages of the three volumes ranging in form from a simple printed list to a photographic record of standing civic memorials. In this reproduction we have taken great pains to make our reproductions of these memorials as readable as we can, in some cases causing a degree of detriment in the depiction of the architecture of the memorial itself. It seems to us that, in these cases, the names are more important than the detailed form of the memorial which carries them. While it has not always been possible, where we can, we have also made these photographed names computer searchable to better assist the reader in locating a person of interest.

A listing of the groups submitting honor rolls has been extracted and is available for reference as a free download.

This great book has been loaned to us by Marc Leroux. Marc has joined Chris Wight to undertake the mammoth task of making a biographical database of all the Canadians who took part in The Great War. This work will be underway for a long time, but the current data base contents have been made available and can be found at: <http://www.canadianGreatWarProject.com/> Please visit their site so they know their work is being appreciated.

THE GOLD STRIPE

*A Tribute to the British Columbia Men who have been
killed, crippled and wounded in the Great War*



Published for the benefit of The Amputation Club of B. C.

PACIFIC PRINTERS  VANCOUVER, B.C.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

FRONTISPIECE—VIMY RIDGE

(From a painting by Mary Riter Hamilton.)

This picture is an exceptionally fine portrayal of the famous Vimy Ridge. It shows in the foreground the ruined Cathedral of Ablaine St. Nazaire. To the left is the Lorette Ridge. The stubs of trees mark the banks of the Souchez River and road. Souchez Village, at the junction, was razed to the ground. The white markings on the ridge portray the location of trenches and dugouts occupied by the Canadians prior to the eventful battle for the Ridge in which the Canadians gained for themselves undying glory by its capture, April 9th, 1917.

TRENCH, VIMY RIDGE

Facing 17

(From a painting by Mary Riter Hamilton.)

A communication trench as it appeared in 1919 showing growth of poppies and other wild flowers, the nature of the ground is a red clay with chalk subsoil. The camouflage screen at the back indicates that this piece of trench was under observation by the enemy. The screen is of wire with strips of rushes attached, the movement in the breeze rendering long distance observation impossible.

VILLIERS AU BOIS

Facing 65

(From a painting by Mary Riter Hamilton.)

This town was occupied by the Canadians and troops in reserve were billeted here. After the Battle of Vimy Ridge, much to the disgust of the boys, it was to this place the 4th Division was brought back for their long-looked for rest.

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THE GOLD STRIPE

*A Tribute to the British Columbia Men who have been
killed, crippled and wounded in the Great War*

GREETING!



MRS. RALPH SMITH, M.P.P.

Here's to the "Gold Stripe!" We welcome you! It was a happy thought.

It is our echo of the War, and an indication of much that is to come. The gold of sunset promises rest after the stripes borne during the fighting days. The public will take the keenest interest in the publication. No more worthy gift could be sent to any friend at Christmas than a copy of the "Gold Stripe."

With joy we welcome you!

The Armistice signed! Peace practically assured! Thousands of our men returning! Christmas very near—the day of joy and gladness—and yet the rose has its thorn, the day its night. There are those who are sorrowing because there are many who will not return; their bodies lie in Flanders, France, and Belgium. Their spirits are at rest. They fought the fight, they kept faith with their country, gave their all and we who are "over here" must never forget their sacrifices "over there." The most practical way to show how we remember is by taking every care of those left behind, and to see that their chances in life are not hampered because they have been bereft of their loved ones. They are the country's legacies, and the trustees (the people) must make adequate provision for

them. Re-adjustment of this question is very necessary, and should be done speedily in order that the burden of caring for those affected shall not weigh too heavily. Then shall we all, with one accord, exclaim this Christmastide:

"Glory to God in the Highest! Peace on Earth, Good Will towards men!"

Perhaps John Oxenham's "Te Deum" at this time will bear repetition. Here does he express the sentiments of a large percentage of the people when he says:

We thank Thee, Lord,
For mercies manifold in these dark days;
For heart o' grace that would not suffer wrong;
For all the stirrings in the dead, dry bones,
For self steelings of the time's dread needs;
For every sacrifice of self to Thee;
For ease and wealth and life so freely given;
For Thy deep sounding of the hearts of men;
For all who sprang to answer the great call,
For their high courage and self-sacrifice;

For their endurance under deadly stress;
For all the unknown heroes who have died
To keep the land inviolate and free;
For all who came back from the gates of Death;
For all who pass to larger life with Thee
And find in Thee the wider Liberty;
For hope of Righteous and enduring Peace,
For hope of cleaner earth and closer heaven,
With burdened hearts, but faith unquenchable,
We thank Thee, Lord!

—MARY E. SMITH.

Tailless Pete

By Robert Watson



ROBERT WATSON

Hi, there! mind your dirty feet! that dog
Belongs to me!
He's not much to see—
There we can agree;
But, although he wags a stump where his tail
ought to be,
Right upon that stump there hangs a tale.

'Course he's not a thoroughbred; he's just an
ordinar' dog;
Sleeps like any hog
'Fore a blazing log.
All the same, he saved the lives of me and
Mickey Fog.
That is good enough for Mick and me.

January, Ninety-eight, we went to have a go;
Sixty-five below;
Wind and ice and snow;
Tailless Pete was our lead dog—and here I'd
have you know,
Never dog had tail to wag like Pete's.

After we'd been sev'ral weeks upon the Nor-
thern trail,
Over hill and dale,
Never thinking "fail,"
We got off our bearings in a blinding Arctic
gale;
Lost as any wandered kids could be.

With a sleigh chuck-full of grub and all our
sleeping gear,
Little did we fear;
Though a feeling queer—
Kind of premonition in my inwards, right
down here—
Seemed to say, "There's worse in store for
you."

Ten more days the blizzard held. We wan-
dered round about;
Bearings still in doubt;
Dogs clean tuckered out.
Mick began to laugh and cry, and groan and
sing and shout.
Pretty sort of jackpot I was in.

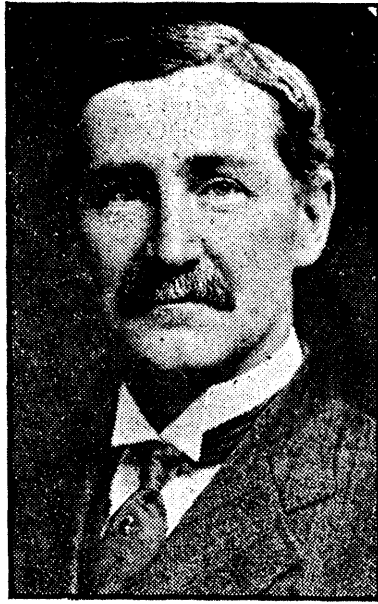
Adding to our peck of woes, we struck a
frozen lake;
Dogs, with whine and quake,
Seemed to dread a break.
We'd no time to pick and choose which way
we'd like to take,
So we started out across the ice.

But, as we neared the farthest side, the ice
began to crack.
Forward sprang the pack;
Tried to change their tack.
Down we slithered with a yell—the ice gave,
front and back.
"Kingdom come" looked close to Mick and
me.

Dogs and sleigh plunged down below—forever
lost to view—
All but Peter, who
Bit his traces through;
To the surface rose and joined our wild hul-
labaloo,
As we splashed and spluttered in our fear.

The Skirl o' the Pipes

By R. W. Douglas



R. W. DOUGLAS
City Librarian, Vancouver.

It has been asserted that the "dulcimer" of Daniel 3, was really the bagpipe, and, although that statement has not been satisfactorily proven, yet it is curious that the original word "sampanya" is very like the name "sompagna," by which the bagpipe was known in Italy during the middle ages. It is certainly true that a drone-pipe with reed complete was found in an Egyptian mummy case. The Romans had pipes and introduced them into Southern Britain, whence they spread into Caledonia and Ireland, and survived there after they had died out in England.

In listening to a Highland pipe it will be observed that the notes of the chanter do not correspond with those of the diatonic scale, and are not strictly in tune. The same note cannot be repeated without the interpolation of grace notes, known as warblers; these, introduced to overcome a difficulty, form one of the supreme beauties in pipe music, "brilliance in his warblers" being one of the chief charms of a skilful player.

For generations the bagpipe has been the national instrument of the Highlands, and, as the Highlanders have long been a military people, it is natural enough that their national instrument should be a military one, too. It has been endeared to them on a hundred battlefields; they will follow it to perdition!

The Gordons at Dargai, the Highland regiments in Africa, in France and Belgium, in Macedonia, in Palestine, have shown their devotion. It was only recently that an officer of the Canadian Scottish—one of the regiments with pipes in its ranks—related the details of an attack through barbed wire where success came mainly through the marvellous effect of the pipe music on the men. "It was a wonderful thing," he said, "to hear those pipers playing away while the attacking party were cutting the wire, and it had a wonderful effect on them. The skirl of the pipes continued until the men got through. Then the pipers went forward with the men. The last seen of one of them, he was walking strongly towards the German trench, playing his pipes."

What other instrument can equal the bagpipe in the roar of battle? High over the din of the machine guns and rifles and the bursting shrapnel, the wild and unearthly skirl of the pipes rises like the sounds of a tempest on a rock-bound shore. Every nerve is responsive to this marvellous call. In very truth the pipes have a grand and noble sound that they share with no other musical instrument; by comparison the brass band is tame. It is on the battlefield, in wide and wild nature, the deep glen, the mountain, where the pipes may be admired and revered, where they are to be heard as they ought to be heard. And if they inspire the souls of men in combat, they soothe into infinite sadness the burial rite. Imagine the slanting rays of the evening sun gleaming on Ben Nevis, the wide and wild landscape around has become grey, and every sound seems to be sunk in the repose of night. Shortly is heard, faint and far distant, the melancholy wailing of the dirge that accompanies a funeral, as its slow procession is seen slowly marching down the hill, the tartans just visible on its brown declivity. As it advances the sounds seem to swell on the breeze till it reaches the lonely spot where a few grey stones, dispersed among the brown

Some Sketches by "Hal."



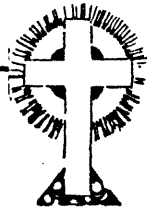
His Chance Will Come



What a Memory!



His Laundry



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E. C. Sheppard
R. Stewart
H. Torey
Douglas Towell*
Charles Uren
Alex. White

*Gone West **Wounded



John Innes, Author, Artist, Soldier, Cowboy



"John Innes, author, artist, soldier, cowboy, and an all-round good shot, good sport and good newspaper man . . ." is the description given in the editorial columns of "Toronto Saturday Night" by the famous "Don" Sheppard. Mr. Innes writes spasmodically, as the spirit moves him, and always of things he knows intimately. That he has a fair working acquaintance with the West may be gathered from the fact that everything from bronco-busting to editorial writing has claimed his attention at some period or other since he came out ahead of the C.P.R. As a painter his work has the authority that only actual experience can give. His illustrations and cartoons appeared regularly in New York, Boston, San Francisco, Chicago and other cities, as well as in Canada. He was a sergeant in the "Gee-gees by G," commonly known as The Governor-General's Body Guard, the premier cavalry unit in Canada. He holds the Queen's medal and three bars for South Africa, and nurses a grouch against Old Man Time and General Disability for having conspired to keep him out of the late unpleasantness.

The reproductions of the oil paintings "A Touch of Autumn" and "In the Grip of the Frost," appearing in the illustrated section at the front of the book, are samples of the artist's favorite subjects. Many of his pictures have found a place in the homes of art lovers in many parts of the Empire.

The pen and ink "Flanders Mud," appearing on page 24, was drawn specially for this number of "The Gold Stripe," the subject being suggested by the Editor. Mr. Innes, as stated before, nurses a grouch that he was not able to get over in person, that he keenly realized the situation is shown in the picture, which is true to life.



ONCE MORE INTO THE BREACH

Phoenix Honor Roll

Killed in Action—

Cochrane, James	Parry, J. A.
Fleming, Jos.	Wilkinson, Fred
Kempston, J. C.	Jennings, Sid.
Monahan, Thos.	Lindsay, John
McDonald, Roy	McMillan, Dudley
Pitpladdy, J.	Pittendrigh, D. M.

Wounded—

Blundell, Edmund	Peterson, Joe
Carman, J. C.	Sullivan, W.
Collins, John	Sewell, Harry
Donnelly, M.	Stratford, W. J.
Dutton, Albert	Thomas, Thos.
Dutton, Arthur	Wilson, Jas.
Elsmore, H.	Mathieson, J. C.
Geddes, Elmo	Agnew, R.
Millington, Wm.	Carson, H.
Manning, Hugh	Graham, F. C.
McCammon, Theo.	Kerr, R.
Nicholson, E. E.	Knight, C. H.
Porter, James	May, John
Patterson, Dan.	Kinsley, A. A.

With the Motor Ambulance

Grace E. McPherson



Miss Grace McPherson was one of the pioneers among the girl ambulance drivers. She went over "on her own" to the Old Country and joined up in 1916. Her first billet was in the chief paymaster's office in London, where she worked until she got a chance to go to France, which she did in March, 1917. She has lasting memories of Sir Sam Hughes, who stated that he would stop her, or any other girl, from going to France. Miss McPherson is a true Westerner. She was born in Winnipeg, but has lived at the coast for the last 10 years.

THE Motor Ambulance Convoy at Etaples, about twenty miles from Boulogne, was the largest Red Cross Convoy in France. We served an area comprising over forty thousand beds, and Etaples, besides being the largest Military and Hospital Base, was also the Canadian Base. My first two months there were utterly miserable, and had it not been for some of the Canadian girls whom I met at the various hospitals, I am sure I could not possibly have remained. We Canadian drivers were only three in number then, and our popularity amongst the other girls was not particularly noticeable, unless by its absence, nor did we stand in high favor with the Commandant and four section leaders. I knew the English were conservative in their ideas, and went out prepared to meet them half way—I often felt I had gone all the way and back again. After

two or three months, the girls, who really were sporting, relented somewhat, and now these same girls are my dearest, truest friends, and I value their friendship very highly.

The Convoy was in charge of one Commandant, one second in command, and four section leaders. We had about twenty-five girls, all V. A. D's., with a quartermaster in charge of them, to do the cooking and general house and pantry work, and we drivers never envied their drudgery. They had an allowance of four shillings for laundry; we were given the same with an additional ten shillings a week mess allowance, and when laundry and cleaning which averaged twelve francs a week were paid, there was not much left to buy extras for the mess, so finances ran low until we would be reimbursed from home. We also bought our uniforms, and other necessaries of camp life. We had the rank of honorary lieutenants, but not the salary, nor do we get any gratuity. We were not supposed to talk to N. C. O's. or men, and could not go out with an officer without another V. A. D. as chaperon, and then we must have permission from our O. C. With special permission, from the A.D. M.S. (Asst. Director of Medical Services) or A.P.M., we might dine with brother, father or husband, if we were fortunate enough to have any such relative visiting or passing through Etaples. We were not allowed to dance, and any girl suspected of dancing would be sent home within twenty-four hours.

I remember one case, an officer asking me who we were, what we belonged to, and what wages we got—all in one breath—so I told him—all in one breath, "Why anybody should know who we are. We are V. A. D. ambulance drivers with the British Red Cross Society, and we don't get wages, we are just doing this work for honor and glory, and incidentally, pleasant smiles."

The Convoy was divided into four sections, two for night, and two for day duty, and we changed over every two weeks. If there was a "show" on, or if we were extra busy, we had to take turns being lent to the opposite section, which meant thirty-six hours, and often forty-eight on duty at a time, with ten or twelve hours off. Then, too, we had our tyre repair shop, and truly a great deal of energy was used up in putting on old tyres, retreaded to the "nth" degree. At first, many of the girls, not

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The Episode of the Lemon Pie

A Story of Hospital Life in Blighty

By T. H. Potts

Being a member of Canada's Overseas Forces, wounded in the famous battle of Arras, commonly known as Vimy Ridge, I should like, through the medium of this book, to show its readers the way our boys are treated in English hospitals, by placing before you my own experience.

Wounded on the ninth of April (Easter Monday), 1917, I went from the front line by devious routes to Boulogne, and from there to England, where I landed at Dover, on the 16th of April. We were then placed in a hospital train and finally landed at the First Eastern General Hospital, Cambridge.

As everyone knows, Cambridge is the famous Collegiate town, and abounds in all kinds of interesting material for the historian. The hospital was situated not far from the King's College, the architecture of its Chapel being unsurpassed and the beauty of the Cam River, with its banks of grass as soft as a bed of moss, also its old-fashioned bridges, would be hard to find anywhere. We landed during the night and everything was ready for us, the nurses expecting (and they were not disappointed) a hungry bunch of "boys." Boiled eggs, bread and butter were served up to us, and after that we retired for the night. The next day we settled down to regular hospital routine, and some of the rules and regulations governing patients did not go down very well. For instance, the night sister would come round at 4.30 a.m. and wake us all up so she could make the beds and

finish the dressings before the day sisters came on duty. Four-thirty in the morning may be a good time to go "over the top," but to be awakened from a sound sleep at that time is, in soldiers' French, "No Bon."

After that comes breakfast, and then the boys with the serious wounds begin to quake at the sound of the Sisters' "Agony Table." The "Agony Table" is a small table with four small wheels placed there so that the table will run easily, but invariably the said wheels are in need of oil, and, when in use, reminds one of a motor-man on a street-car putting on his brakes in a hurry. On the top of the table is placed the agony part of it. This comprises cotton wool, gauze, bandages, probes, and all kinds of instruments of torture. The sisters always say that they have to be cruel to be kind. In the afternoon visitors are allowed in the hospital. Some of the visitors are welcomed with outstretched arms, the reason being the smiling countenance and the cheeriness they bring into the ward. Cigarettes, chocolates and books are also brought in by these same visitors. On the other hand there is always the unwelcome one, some lady who, no doubt, means well, but who has a string of questions, something like filling out an attestation paper, or a medical board sheet. "Were you wounded?" is a question put to a man swathed in bandages. "My poor man, have you lost a leg?" "However did you get your leg blown off in the trenches?"



ACTIONS, TOURS AND MARCHES OF THE 7TH BATTALION IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS

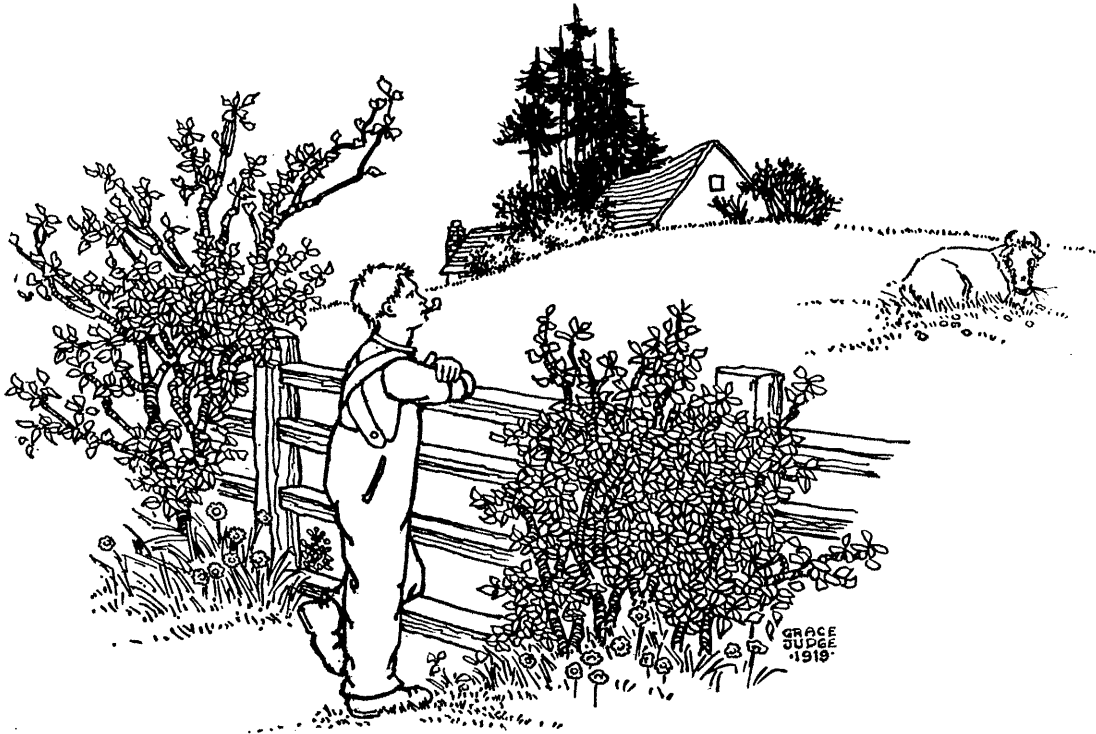


THE STUFF TO GIVE 'EM.

which led Captain Bairnsfather to draw this masterpiece occurred in the Somme Valley, although it was many months afterwards before he gave it its present interpretation.

The most characteristic of the American

sketches which he has drawn is perhaps, that of an old "tough" of a Yankee on point-duty in a devastated zone who says to a dejected looking newcomer, "Don't know the way? Wal keep on this track till you come to the war and then fight."



The Cow

A sorrowful ditty by Pte. Alf. 'iggins, (S. C. R. student at a Government Experimental Farm) who, we regret to note, does not appear to find himself in complete harmony with the views expressed by one Robert Louis Stevenson on this subject.

That blinkin' cow orl red an' white
 I 'ate wif orl my 'art,
 She does 'er best from morn till night
 To spill me apple-cart.

She wanders joyful everywhere
 She 'ad'nt orter stray;
 I tries to coax 'er 'ome—but there,
 She's off, the other way!

An' while I wrote this 'ymn of 'ate
 (Took me jest 'arf an 'our)
 She's broke the kitchen-garden gate
 An' ate me cauliflower!

Sub Hunting



Lieut. Walter C. Hiram, R.N.V.R.

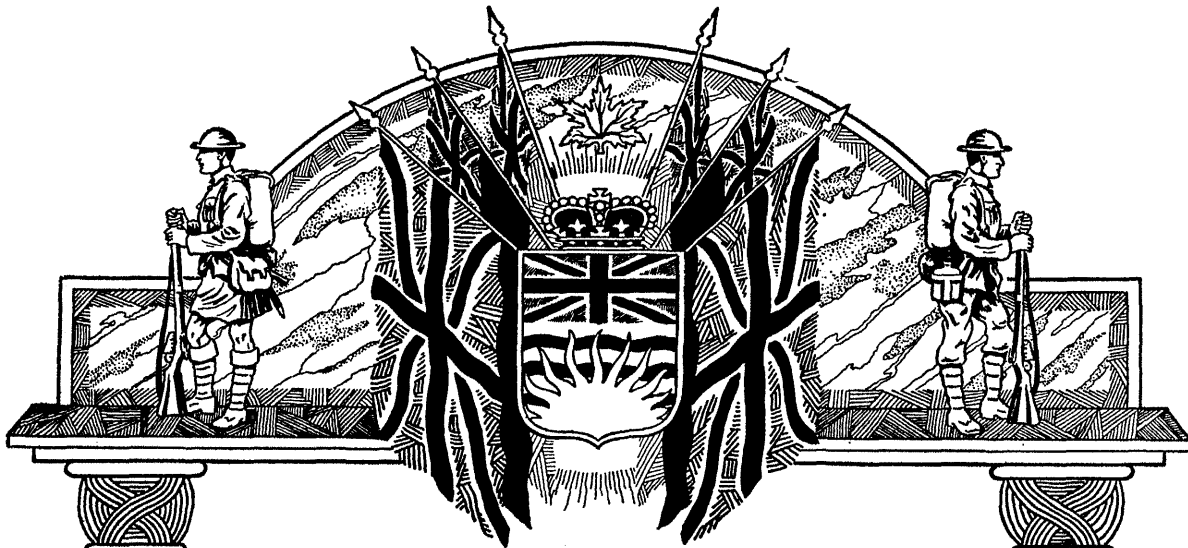
The fishing trawlers played an important part in policing the seas, in escorting, mine-sweeping and in screening the regular warships during the Great War. They were the backbone of the Auxiliary Patrol, that organization that did so much to thwart the dastardly work of the U-Boats and help the regular navy. I conceived a great respect for the seaworthiness and other qualities of these utilitarian, unromantic-looking craft, and for the hardy fisherfolk who manned them during those dark, drear days when Great Britain and her Allies were bravely struggling to retain the mastery of the seas. I saw a good deal of trawlers during my service overseas with the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve and am proud of my association, while in the Hydrophone Service, and afterwards in the Mine Clearance Service, with this type of craft. In the early days of the war they fought and emerged victorious from many an unfair fight, being hopelessly out-ranged and out-gunned by the Hun submarines. Things were more equal in the latter days, trawlers being splendidly armed and equipped like regular men of war.

DAWN was just breaking as Trawler Division No. 28 of the northern Hydrophone Patrol left Lerwick, the main port of the Shetlands, to take up station on the barrage established north of the British Isles with the object of preventing German submarines from getting out into the Atlantic or returning to their base. It was late in the summer of 1918, at that critical period when the number of sinkings had about reached the apex or those carefully graded charts which were causing the heads of the British Admiralty and Government grave anxiety.

The day before the navigating officers and hydrophone officers of the flotilla had been called to a secret meeting and addressed by the Admiral in charge of the barrage who had told them in plain outspoken terms that it was on their efforts that the Admiralty largely depended for success in dealing with the menace. He appealed to them to do their utmost by co-operation and zealous attention to their duties to render the carefully-planned campaign effective.

Leading the three trawlers of Division 28 was a torpedo boat destroyer, looking like a lean fox hound in comparison to the bluff-bowed, broad-beamed, squat, cumbersome fishing vessels, expressing seaworthiness and utility in every unprepossessing line. But they could keep the sea in all weathers; their commanders had strict orders to do so; the fast, rakishly built destroyer would have to run for shelter if the weather got too tempestuous.

The station was some 200 miles to the northward of Muckle Flugga, the most northerly point in the whole British Isles. A square on the chart of the Western Ocean duly designated by a number was the "beat," the hunting ground for No. 28, and it was nearly a day's run from the base. A flag from the division leader gave the order to prepare to "out fish" and start "listening." Around the stern of two of the trawlers, men were observed rigging a glistening object, about the size of a torpedo, to which was attached a line of insulated flexible electric cable. Inside the "fish"—so named because of its shape and general appearance, the metal plates shining like scales—were a pair of electrically-actuated motors which turned sensitized plates fitted with microphone devices, which for the pur-



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 Pte. H. Salsbury
 Lieut. B. A. Noble
 Capt. E. H. Funk
 Pte. J. Parkinson
 Lieut. E. K. Adamson
 Pte. W. H. Pratt

*—Wounded.
 *†—Died of Wounds.

†—Killed.
 †—Died of Sickness.



A. Uden.