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A PADRE IN THE GREAT WAR

Being the Reminiscences and Recollections of the Veteran Chaplain, Canon F. G. Scott

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(Continued) MOVING AGAIN

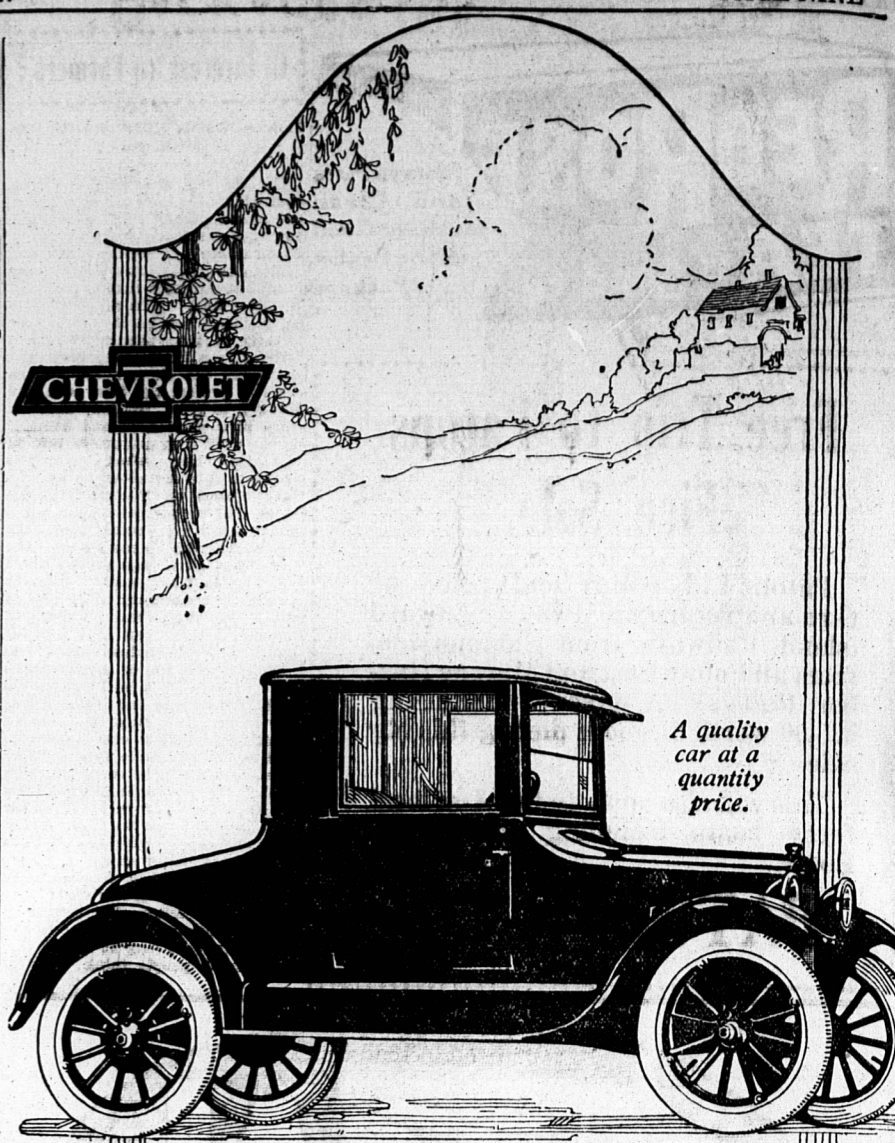
On August 1st, our Division suddenly packed up and started once for Le Cauroy. We knew now the big things were in store for us and that the Canadian Corps was going to attack. We heard rumors of the preparations the French and Americans had made in the South, and we felt that at last the Allies were going to get the initiative into their hands. Whether we were going, however, we did not know, but we all devoutly hoped that it would not be the Salient. The secret of our destination was kept most profoundly. We were told that everything depended upon our holding our tongues and exciting as little curiosity among the inhabitants as possible. Once again, as before Vimy, but to an even greater extent, we felt the electric thrill which kindles the imagination of an army going into battle. The rapid move which the Canadian Corps now made was the most sporting thing we ever did, and it appealed strongly to the hearts of young men who were keen on games and had been inured to a hardy life in Canada. Swiftly and secretly the battalions entrained at various points and left their parts unknown. I went in my side car to the machine gun headquarters at Liencourt, and on the next day to the Cure's house at La Cauroy. I found out from Headquarters that our Division was going South with in a day or two but that I was not to tell the men. The Brigades were billeted in the neighboring villages, but were soon to move. I was only one day at Le Cauroy, and on the 3rd, of August, after a rainy morning started off in my side car for Hornoy, a little village not far from Amiens. We left Le Cauroy in the afternoon, and soon the sun came out making the freshly washed country more beautiful than ever. It was very interesting find-

ing our way by the map, and as we neared our destination I met many friends in the other divisions who were stationed in the villages through which we passed. By the time we reached Hornoy the sun had set. My billet was to be with the Cure. I went over to the neat Presbytere which was approached by a large gate leading into the garden. The old man came to meet me at the door of his house, and put me through a lot of questions in what I thought was a needlessly gruff manner. I found out afterwards that he was very kind and that his gruffness was only assumed. He gave me a room upstairs comfortably furnished, and invited me to come into his office whenever I pleased. The church, which could be entered from the garden was in good order, and parts of it were very old. The day after we arrived at Hornoy was Sunday, August 4th. It was the 4th anniversary of our declaration of war, and I had hoped to have had a big service for the men. Unfortunately we were all scattered and as our hymn books had not turned up, having been confiscated as a reprisal by some of the Crown and Anchor men, and everyone was very busy, my plans were frustrated. In the afternoon I went by side-car to Amiens, and found the city looking very different from what it did on my last visit. The streets were absolutely deserted. Many of the houses had been damaged by shells. The Cathedral roof itself had been pierced in some places and the noble interior looked very dreary, the floor of the nave being covered with bits of broken stone and glass. It was sad to think that it might share the fate of Rheims. Some Canadians were wandering about the streets rather disconsolately. The empty city gave one a terrible sense of loneliness. On the following evening about midnight the 16th Battalion and the 3rd Battalion of Engineers passed through Hornoy in trains going forward.

Our orders to move came two days afterwards on August 7th, and I left for St. Feuchiep. I went off in my side car to the quaint old village. It is situated on the top of a low hill, and consists of a few streets and some large buildings standing in their own grounds. One of these was the country home of the Archbishop of Amiens, and this was to be our billet. I entered the grounds by a broken down gate and drew up in front of a large brick building, one wing of this was a chapel and kept locked up. In front of the building was a well full of empty tins and other refuse. The interior of the place had once been quite fine, but was now absolutely filthy, having been used as a billeting place. The billiard tables, however, could still be used. The room assigned to me was on the ground floor at the back. The dirt on the floor was thick, and a sofa and two red plush chairs were covered with dust. A bed in the corner did not look inviting, and through the broken windows innumerable swarms of blue bottle flies came from the rubbish heap in the yard. I made an inspection of the building upstairs, but all the rooms had been assigned to different officers. The Archbishop's room was very large with a huge bed in it, but wore an air of soiled magnificence.

THE HOUR DRAWS NEAR
Everybody was in a great rush and although I did not know when our attack was to take place I felt that it might happen at any moment, and so, not worrying about my billet, I started off in my side-car to see General Thacker at Chateau Longueau. I found, as I passed through Booves and other villages, that the whole Canadian Corps was concentrated in the neighborhood. The dusty roads were covered with lorries, hanks whippets and limbers, besides numbers of men. When I got to Chateau Longueau I found, to my surprise that the General had gone to Battle Headquarters in Gentelles Wood, and an officer whom I met in the road told me that zero hour was on the following morning. I determined therefore not to return to the archiepiscopal palace at St. Feuchiep, but to go off to the attack. I returned to Booves where I washed and shaved and had dinner in a damaged house with some officers of a light trench-mortar battery, and after dinner started on my way to Gentelles Wood. It was a time of intense excitement. Less than a week ago we had been in the line at Arras and now we were about to make our great attack at Amiens. The warm summer evening was well advanced when I reached our Battle Headquarters behind the wood. All the staff officers were so busy that to ask a question was like putting a spark to a powder magazine, so I kept out of their way and journeyed up the road to the barrier beyond which no vehicle was allowed to pass. I said good bye to Lyons, and then started off to find the trenches from which the 16th Battalion was going to lead the charge.

CHAPTER 17
THE BATTLE OF AMIENS—AUGUST 8TH TO 16TH, 1918
It was strange and exhilarating to go off on an expedition of that kind in the cool air and fading light of the evening. Something told



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us that at last the hour of victory only question was, had we taken Division manning a line of trench. I had a talk with some of the men and told them that I had heard from a tank officer that nearly one thousand tanks were to be engaged in the attack on the

(Continued on Page Ten)

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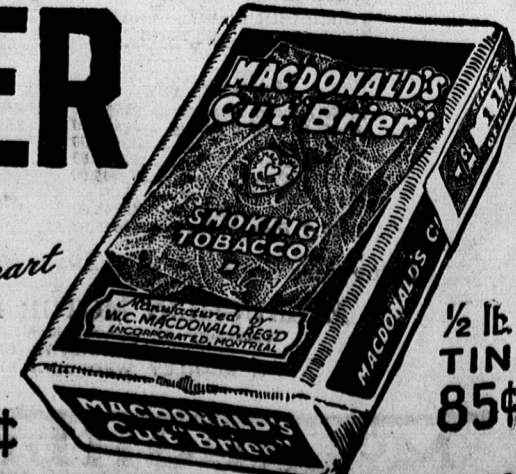
Dunlop Tires Deserve Well Because They Serve Well

A young Irishman went to a parish priest and told him with a long face, that he had seen a ghost. "When and where?" asked the priest.

"Last night" replied the timid man. "I was passing by the church and up against the wall of it did I behold the spectre". "In what shape did it appear?" "It appeared in the shape of a

great ase" "Go home and hold your tongue about it," rejoined the priest; "you are a very timid man and have been frightened by your own shadow."

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