

With The Ottawa Boys At Barriefield Camp

Written for The Journal by W. R. Tyree.

Now that the man with the camera and the man with the pen, and the man who walked all the way from Napanee are at rest; the first two in their civilian homes, let us hope, the last, beneath canvas among the 8th C. M. R., who felt sorry for him, as they expressed it, because he was such a fool to leave home, whatever that home may have been, to take up the indignities of camp life as also a chance of the mild inconveniences of a German prison. Well, now that these wasters are away, and the 38th have been just one week in camp, I shall continue where I left off.

Did you ever, peaceful reader, attend a drumhead church meeting? Perhaps not, but picture a beautiful, sunny day, a clear sky with just enough breeze from the river to make sitting in the sun comfortable, and you will have a mental photograph of the Barriefield troops' first Sunday. A week of strenuous preparation is past. Men are dozing in the long green lanes. Rubber sheets, mattresses, blankets, great coats and kits are sunning in line after line. Horses are neighing away off to the left as they stand picketed and hobbled in front of the homes of the Mounted Rifles, and the Batteries. Booted and spurred officers walk past swinging their canes, and back somewhere behind all this the blue haze from the cook tents rise in the morning air.

AFTER CHURCH PARADE.

Church parade is over—perhaps there is no more impressive sight than Divine service in camp. Certainly not than Barriefield Camp this particular Sunday morning, when the 38th marched out behind its band, the Mounted Rifles and Battery behind the pipes, which skirled out a martial air as the sections came over the green sward from the north to join in forming a hollow square. In the background the white city was uninhabited, and the river was a long, winding streak of blue to whose banks crept the trailing cedar and the Canadian forest. The band played it's best; officers and men joined heartily in "Oh God Our Help in Ages Past," then later on "Onward, Christian Soldiers," that soldiers' hymn sung in every English-speaking land and so appropriate in these dark days. I really believe every man in khaki felt a bit more soldier-like when, following the benediction, the columns moved off to be dismissed.

But it won't do for me to give you too much of this—it's to be treasured and all that, but Sunday was not all going to church. Dead Man's Bay took some of it in the manner of an old-fashioned mermen's revelry; only those going into the water who were pushed in, for the townspeople have just finished cutting ice in this wooded cove. But the boys had a good wash by just imagining what a good wash would be and amused themselves crushing the dirt out of woollen socks, etc., between sharp stones, having evidently been told this is the manner in which the women folk of their new allies produce the desired results on washday. Still, these Italians live better than the underpaid Canadian soldier; these dwellers on the Grand Canal also having been used to nothing but washing stones for some generations.

EARLY MORNING PARADE.

Really one must come to Barriefield if only to see the early morning parade. To fortify one for this ordeal a ration of hardtack and coffee is doled out by the cooks to keep the men from fainting from over-exertion. So far the officer commanding has managed to keep the scandal quiet, especially the demimode condition of some unspeakable persons in the rear ranks. This is one feature which has not been advertised, but we are in for it, and it is surprising how the men take to that hardtack.

"Blyme," there are some Burne Jones and Christopher Wrens round the 38th, for, in a night, like a mushroom in a green pasture there has sprung up a beautiful slab of turf surmounting a picturesque stone basement just in front of Big Tom, the bell, whose deep-toned knell peals forth as from a bed of green inlaid with white mussel shells with the insignia, "8th Battalion, C.E.F." In fact, I have walked the length and breadth of these tented cities on the plains of Barriefield and have seen nothing like it. The 8th C.M.R. are thoroughly business like in their surroundings with their mounted outfit—horses, red saddle bags and all placed in a row in front of tents, and the battery boys have a beautiful wood in which to pick dandelions and play ring around rosy on Sunday afternoons, but there is an absence—a fearful lack of artistic effect in grim looking guns parked and pointing their muz-

zles at Wolf Island, some five miles across the river. The C.M.R. have a good bunch of ball players, and so far as that ancient and honorable game of quoits, they are "ringers" without half trying.

PRACTISING WAR GAME.

But, remember, this is not any peace camp, but one for training on war lines. For instance, if one has a good pair of glasses, long extended lines of dusty-brown clothed men may be seen running forward, dropping out of sight and then springing to their feet, charging with a yell over rocks, stones, and through underbrush, an officer silouetted against the sky-line, hence the number as casualties among the commissioned ranks. Then there comes a far away clatter of hammers going home in breech blocks, men again spring forward in long drawn out lines, dropping out of sight to escape a supposed hail of bullets.

Perhaps the most interesting tactical manoeuvre is that carried out by the entire 38th when marching from parade they cross the road to the Common. First in column of route, then in file winding in and out among the boulders, up over the slippery rocks to form in battalion formation in a natural basin. Scouts are then sent out, the entire unit extended in half companies at 75 paces interval and advance over the rough ground on the eastern side of Fort Henry, where I believe there are 1,300 Austrian and German prisoners, and which is closed to admittance. From half companies, formations melt into platoons, advancing on a broad front; then comes the order to advance in sections as the infantry approaches nearer. A whistle blows, and what were little patches of khaki then open out like a fan, each man at three paces interval and in three lines extending from almost the margin of Dead Man's Bay to far over the hill to the north. Another blast and the men run forward; an upraised arm, and these scurrying figures drop out of sight behind rock, or bush, or a depression formed by the taking away of earth or stone. And so it goes on—advancing and retiring, under a hot sun until once again the Battalion is formed on centre, arms are grounded and the men lie prone to enjoy a good smoke and a chat, their brown faces shining with health and enjoyment of the mimic warfare. The order is given to fall in and the long column goes on its way back to camp; the faint notes, as yet, of the band—hidden away somewhere to the left—coming as an inspiration to the soldier boy. Soon they are up with it, and pass at a quick step, eyes well levelled, across the road and on

Lackawanna

Coal

Highest grade of Anthracite for Domestic purposes. Government analysis shows:

Moisture	2.99%
Volatile Hydrocarbons	2.61%
Fixed Carbon	89.95%
Ash	4.45%

100.00%

Lowest Market Prices.

John Heney & Son LIMITED

20 Sparks Street.

Phones Queen 4428; Queen 4429

Branch Offices:—

Court & Nicholas. R.303, R.839.

370 Catherine St. Carling 1340

to the parade ground to be dismissed for dinner.

RECRUITING SLOW.

Now with all this I can't see why recruits don't pour into the 38th, I should, I know; yet, with the exception of the man from Napanee the taking of the Dominion's \$1.10 a day is far too slow to satisfy we exacting fellows. We want them voluntarily to come forward to this very camp, not alone to be sent in batches from recruiting stations.

Will some of the good civilian population of Canada pause for an instant in manufacturing munitions of war and invent some means to make it easy for soldiers to keep their money? Not satisfied with putting canteens where they are handiest after pay day and peddling pies on the unoffending public at Barriefield Camp, a movie is going up in the most conspicuous corner of the Common. Why, it will take the house of Morgan to finance the boys after the war, provided, of course, they are in a position to purchase on this side of Elysium fields.

POPULAR WITH LADIES.

I knew they would find us out—I mean the pretty girls and the visitors in general. The first few days I believe they guessed that we were from Ottawa; then they approached a little nearer, and yet nearer, until the population round about found we were toothless—figuratively speaking only—then they came into the camp to sell something, and on Sunday they rode through in every sort of conveyance dating to the day Fort Henry was built. They really have begun to ask questions, which is a sure sign we are becoming popular. But these little slights we don't mind, neither do we care for the latest edict that on parade the Battalion is to dress at the roll of the drum. In fact, this is eminently professional; and the 38th is gradually becoming very professional. But what we do mind is the sarcasm thrown at us about using too much water. Why fifty per cent. of our boys would rust if they saw a good drink of water.

I think I shall have to call these communities round about The White

Cities, as if they were some new World's Fair inhabited for a season. Should you come to visit us be sure to register on arrival at the Knuts' Club. One takes Canadian avenue, two blocks down, pauses two tents from Machine Gun Alley, walks to the left and there you are. You can't miss it for, in prominent whitewashed pebbles neatly inlaid in the sod is the Coat of Arms of this new but famous gathering of choice spirits. From here it's only a rifle's length or two to police headquarters, with a double force on pay night, and at a convenient distance are dog fanciers, bread lines, bulletins of war news, giving the latest reasons why Uncle Sam doesn't go in, and, now that dear, old procrastinating Italy has sufficiently discussed the pros and cons, when Roumania is to fall for it. There is the Y.M.C.A. about a mile away in a straight line. There is baseball, football, prisoners, captives, defaulters and deserters. There are loafers, politicians, Jews and Gentiles.

HAPPY PAY DAY.

But the happiest moment in the soldier's day is the five minutes he stands in front of the paymaster, with the possible exception of when he is on his way to the front to fight the Germans. Well, yesterday afternoon was pay afternoon; the last sou has been expended or taken for stoppages, etc., and, as usual, the civil authorities have worked us for some fines, the defaulters' gang is slightly augmented, two men have been run over by automobiles, and today there has been the usual crop of grumbles over what I should have had. Remember, however, when you read this that Our Boys are only indulging—at least some of them—in a few care-free days before they depart overseas. Perhaps they won't come back—all of us can't, that's certain. If one is charitable and looks at the subject from this angle, I don't think anything is too good for our Canadian Tommy Atkins. Remember, for the greater part, they are all keen to go. I have even heard that there is casting lots for the chance for active service. Still I think all of us will have a chance, so we needn't get in a flutter about it.