



The Book of  
Remembrance  
• FOR •  
• Tweeddale •

Burgh & Parish of Peebles.  
BOOK II.



Dr. Gunn.

R. 30. a.

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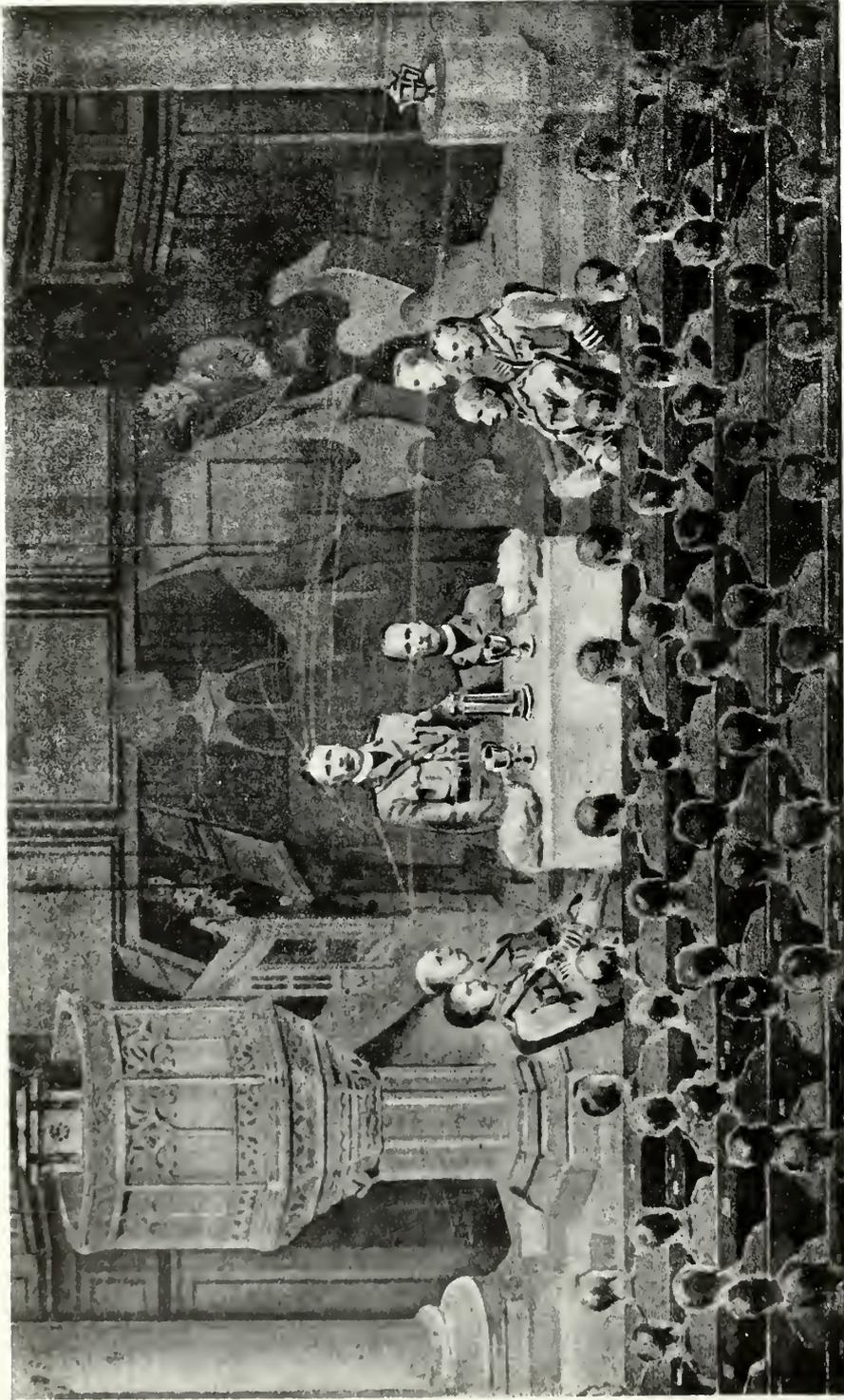
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THE BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE FOR  
TWEEDDALE.

REV. DR. MARTIN.      REV. FRIED. H. GEORGESSEN.



MR F. C. PERVIS,  
I.R.A.M.

SERGE GRANT,  
29th R.S.

Major WHETTON,  
36th R.S.

Lieut. CAMERON,  
26th R.S.

Lieut.-Colonel  
FERGUSON of  
Kimmidy,  
39th R.S.

Lieut.-Colonel  
The Hon. The  
MASTER OF  
DUNVAULT,  
38th R.S.

THE SACRAMENT OF THE ROYAL SCOTS, PEEBLES PARISH CHURCH, SEPTEMBER 12, 1915.

# The Book of Remembrance for Tweeddale.

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BURGH AND PARISH OF PEEBLES.  
IN TWO BOOKS.

*BOOK II.*  
*JUNE 1917—JULY 1919.*

Being a total record, with Portraits, of 268 Fallen Men connected  
with the Parish of Peebles.

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BY  
DR GUNN.

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Peebles:  
Printed and Published by Allan Smyth,  
Neidpath Press.

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MCMXXI.





PREFACE.

*This Volume completes the record of the gallant boys and men of the Parish of Peebles, including the Royal Burgh, who sacrificed all for us in the Great War. One cannot think of them without emotion, nor recall their memory without grateful pride. The glory of Bannockburn and the dule and sorrow of Flodden were alike exceeded in every one of the battles which those Tweeddale men and boys engaged in, but in the depths of their suffering and in the heights of their gallantry they each and all proved themselves worthy upholders of the Border tradition.*

C. B. G.

Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us.

The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through His great power from the beginning.

All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times.

There be of them that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported.

And some there be which have no memorial, who are perished as though they had never been, and are become as though they had never been born, and their children after them.

But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten.

Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore.

The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will show forth their praise.

I SAW underneath the Altar the Souls of them that had been slain for the Word of God and for the testimony which they held, and they cried with a great voice, saying—"How long, O Master, the Holy and True? Dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" And there was given them, to each one, a white robe, and it was said unto them that they should rest yet a little time, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren which should be killed as they were should be fulfilled.



Rejoicing in the Communion of Saints, we thank Thee for all Thy servants who have departed this life in Thy faith and fear, especially for those dear to our own hearts, and we give Thee thanks for our good hope in Christ, that Thou wilt keep them in rest and peace until our common perfecting in bliss in the day of the glorious Resurrection.

# The Book of Remembrance for Tweeddale.

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BURGH AND PARISH OF PEEBLES.

*BOOK II.*

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## The Battle of Messines.

IN the month of June 1917 there passed away six men who had a connection with the burgh or parish of Peebles. These were—Robert Walker, Alexander Gibb, James Marr, Alexander Bogle, John Caldwell, John S. Maclauchlan.

The battle of Arras was now drawing to a close. On Sunday, 3rd June, our outposts were attacked. On the 5th, we won the power station south of the Souchez river; on the 6th, we took a mile of the enemy position north of the Scarpe. On the evening of the 6th June, nineteen mines were waiting for zero hour. From Hill 60 in the north, to the edge of Messines, nineteen volcanoes suddenly leaped to heaven on the 7th June. Then every British gun opened on the enemy. Terrible fighting ensued, with great gains to us, which we cleared up on the 8th. By the 14th of June the whole of the German positions north of the Lys had fallen into our hands. These operations, extending over many days, constituted the battle of Messines. On the 14th, we carried the enemy lines on the crest of Infantry Hill south-east of Arras. On the 15th, we took a sector of the Hindenburg line north-east of Bullecourt. On the 24th, the North Midland Division carried Hill 65, south-west of Lens. On the 26th, the Canadians took La Coulotte, and on the morning of the 28th, were in the outskirts of Avion. We gained all our objectives.



Private ROBERT D. WALKER.

141.

**Private Robert D. Walker.****Army Service Corps.**

1917—June 2.

MRS ROBERT WALKER, 41 Old Town, Peebles, received official intimation from Woolwich, that her husband, Private ROBERT D. WALKER, Army Service Corps, Transport Section, had been posted as missing since 2nd June, and was supposed to be drowned.

“With reference to your enquiry for news of Private R. D. Walker, who was reported missing, believed drowned, after the loss of H.M. Transport Cameronian, on 2nd June 1917, we deeply regret to say we have not been able to obtain any information about him, though we have made all possible enquiries through our offices abroad, as well as in hospitals in England. We understand that the Cameronian was torpedoed when nearly 150 miles from land, and that she sank about an hour later. The work of rescue was carried out under great difficulties, and some of the survivors were in a small boat for a considerable time. We fear there can be no doubt that those who are reported missing lost their lives on 2nd June. We are so sorry that our efforts to obtain personal details about Private Walker have not been successful, and we desire to offer our sincere sympathy with his family and friends.”

The deceased, who was 34 years of age, was survived by his wife and two children, a girl and boy, at that time 4 years and 2 years of age respectively. Previous to enlisting in May 1916, he was employed with Wm. Weatherston & Son, saddlers, Peebles. Private Walker went out to Salonica in January of 1917.

He gave his life for his country's sake,  
As many a man has done;  
But he lived his life for Christ the King,  
And the crown of glory won.

He waits with waiting ones on earth  
Till the last great trump shall blow;  
And the Lord descends with the saints above  
To meet the saints below.

And there's many a soul that will meet him there  
Who will thank him face to face,  
For the life he lived and the word he spoke,  
While he ran his Heavenward race.

He fought the fight and kept the faith,  
And the Master said—“Well done,”  
While He gave him the faithful warrior's crown  
And the prize of a race well run.



Lieutenant ALEXANDER GIBB.

142.

**Lieutenant Alexander Gibb.****Royal Field Artillery.**

1917—June 5.

KILLED in action on 5th June 1917, ALEXANDER GIBB, aged 20 years, Lieutenant, Royal Field Artillery, attached Heavy Trench Mortar Battery, elder son of William H. Gibb, 38 Drummond Place, Edinburgh, and grandson of the late James White, Newton Bank, Peebles, and Stagehall, Stow.

Alexander Gibb was born on the 1st December 1896. He was educated at Edinburgh Institution, where he gained the Dux Prize (gold watch). He had begun his second session at Edinburgh University, in the B.Sc. course in pure chemistry, but on the 1st September 1914, within a month after the outbreak of war, he joined the Officers' Training Corps. He got his commission the same year, and went to the 4th Northumbrian Howitzer Brigade in January 1915, being sent to France on 1st July 1916. Later he was attached to the v/63 Heavy Trench Mortar Battery, and was killed instantaneously by an enemy shell in the early morning of 5th June 1917, near Oppy, on returning from choosing new gun positions in what was then a very dangerous bit of the line. He was always so interested in his work, and intensely loyal: he was never heard to criticise a brother officer. He was buried in Roelincourt Military Cemetery—3 miles north of Arras—not far from the scene of his last big action. He had been in many parts of the line—the Somme, the Ancre, and then around Arras.

"Your son's death is a great blow to us all. He has done excellent work the whole time he has been with us. He was popular with all ranks, and will be greatly missed, and our country can ill afford to lose so promising an officer."

The Captain of the Battery also wrote, giving particulars of Lieutenant Gibb's death and burial, and expressing the feeling of loss they had all sustained.

Other brother officers wrote stating their feeling of personal loss—"One of the best and bravest;" "The most popular officer in any unit he went to;" "His old men constantly asking after his welfare."

His servant wrote—"I am writing this for the Battery. Mr Gibb was one of the bravest men in France. He was kind and thoughtful to the men, and he was also, for all he was so young, the 'brain' of this Battery, and we will all miss him in our next action. The men all express their sorrow for you in losing so brave and noble a son, and their personal grief at losing such a brave officer and gentleman."

Pray for the dead? Nay! But for one departed  
And living now more surely than we may  
On earth who grope—blind, faltering, fickle-hearted—  
    For him I still would pray.

Tho' changed the scene, the strife endures for ever!  
Still stand for him the imperishable laws;  
For death is life, and life is growth, and never  
    Is ever any pause.

He has but shattered thro' another fetter,  
Gained one more step in the eternal quest  
Along the high road leading on thro' better  
    And onward still to best.

And so, till the innumerable ages  
Wear to infinity's extremest end,  
And we at length have learned God's last of pages  
    My prayers be with you, friend!

THE CALL.  

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HARK! 'Tis the rush of the horses,  
The crash of the galloping gun!  
The stars are out of their courses;  
The hour of Doom has begun.  
Leap from thy scabbard, O sword!  
This is the Day of the Lord!

Prate not of peace any longer,  
Laughter and idlesse and ease!  
Up, every man that is stronger!  
Leave but the priest on his knees!  
Quick, every hand to the hilt!  
Who striketh not—his the guilt!

Call not each man on his brother!  
Cry not to Heaven to save!  
Thou art the man—not another—  
Thou, to off glove and out glaive!  
Fight ye who ne'er fought before!  
Fight ye old fighters the more!

Oh, but the thrill and the splendour,  
The sudden new knowledge—I can!  
To fawn on no hireling defender,  
But fight one's own fight as a man!  
On woman's love won we set store;  
To win one's own manhood is more.

Who hath a soul that will glow not,  
Set face to face with the foe?  
"Is life worth living?"—I know not:  
Death is worth dying, I know.  
Aye, I would gamble with Hell,  
And—losing such stakes—say, "'Tis well!"



Private JAMES MARR.

143.

**Private James Marr.****Army Service Corps.**

1917—June 5.

MRS JAMES MARR, Musselburgh, received official notice that her husband, Private JAMES MARR, Transport Section, had been killed in France. Two or three years previously he was chauffeur with W. D. Fraser, Cross Keys, Peebles, and was a much valued servant. He left Peebles, a town in which he had gained considerable popularity, for a more responsible situation.

Spirits that float in the darkness when the star-shell and "Very" light  
Send out their questioning streamers to the blackening pall of night,  
Ghostly they move 'tween the armies like a mythical sylphid band,  
Spirits that come from Elysium to the Crosses of No Man's Land.

Bringing from out of their Eden to this bellicose world of ours  
Peace to the dead of the nations. Bringing garlands and wreaths of flowers,  
Picked on the plains of Olympus by a phantom Empyrean hand,  
Spread by these shadowy spectres on the Crosses of No Man's Land.

And the message they bring from their heaven to this cankerous world of unrest,  
Is a whisper of halcyon pleasures for the youth that has "gone away west,"  
Is the dawn of a new-world Valhalla, with the sun and the sea and sand,  
For the souls of the men that are resting 'neath the Crosses of No Man's Land.



Private ALEXANDER BOGLE.

144.

**Private Alexander Bogle.****Scaforth Highlanders (Pioneers).**

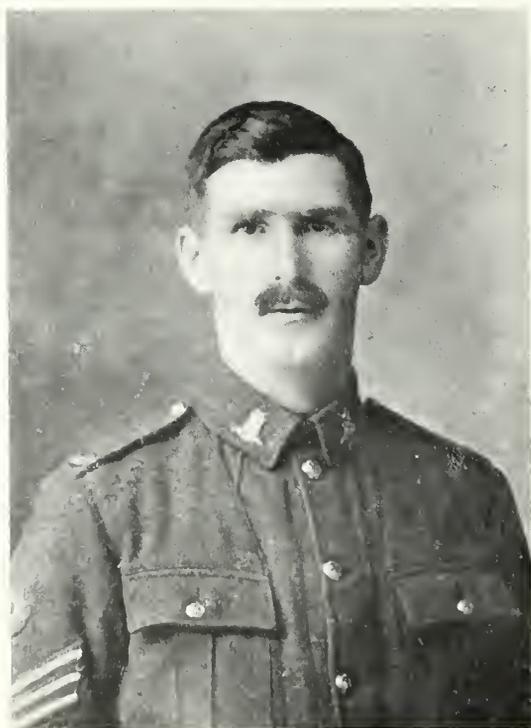
1917--June 5.

PRIVATE ALEXANDER BOGLE had been one of the workers in the large tweed mills of Messrs D. Ballantyne & Co., at March Street, Peebles. When he enlisted, he was 18 years of age. He spent his last birthday at home in February 1917, and then proceeded to France, where he fell, making a gallant end.

"Private Bogle was killed on the night of 5th June, in the course of an action just north of the River Scarpe, in front of the chemical works. The company was engaged in jumping a new front line trench at this point, and Private Bogle was in an exposed place. By great ill luck a shell dropped directly on the top of him, killing him instantaneously. The men next him were untouched. I came up immediately afterwards, but nothing could be done, as he was dead. We were all much cut up about it, as he was a very promising soldier, and had been selected for the machine gun team for that reason. I buried him near the spot, and read the burial service over his body. Next night his friends erected a cross on his grave, and the exact spot has been sent to officer in charge of records. It's little enough I can say to his parents to console them; I can only tell them that he was killed doing a most important piece of work (which was highly complimented by the Brigadier), and that he did his duty under very trying circumstances up to the last. Unfortunately his officer was wounded two nights later, or he would have written Private Bogle's parents at once, as is our custom."

O Rab an' Sandy an' rantin' Jim,  
 The geans were turning reid,  
 When Scotland saw yer line grow dim,  
 Wi' the pipers at its heid;  
 Noo, i' yon warld we dinna ken,  
 Like strangers ye maun gang—  
 "We've sic a wale o' Tweeddale men  
 That we canna weary lang."

It's death comes skirling through the sky,  
 Below there's naucht but pain,  
 We canna see whaur died men lie  
 For the drivin' o' the rain;  
 Ye a' hae passed frae fear an' doot,  
 Ye're far frae airthly ill—  
 "We're near, we're here, my wee recruit,  
 And we fecht for Scotland still."



Lance-Corporal JOHN CALDWELL.

145.

**Lance-Corporal John Caldwell.****New Zealand Contingent.**

1917—June 13.

MRS THOMAS CALDWELL, 44 Rosetta Road, Peebles, received intimation from the New Zealand Record Office, London, that her second son, Lance-Corporal JOHN CALDWELL, of the Canterbury Battalion of the New Zealand Forces, had been reported killed in action in France on 13th June 1917. Lance-Corporal Caldwell went out to New Zealand in 1908, and joined up in June 1916. He came over to this country at the end of January, and was sent to France in March 1917. Mrs Caldwell had three other sons on active service. Lance-Corporal Caldwell, who was 34 years of age, left a widow (the youngest daughter of the late Councillor Alex. Reid), and a little boy. His brother, Second Lieutenant Tom Caldwell, was fated to fall on 3rd October 1918.

They held, against the storms of fate,  
 In war's tremendous game,  
 A little land inviolate  
 Within a world aflame.

They looked on scarred and ruined lands,  
 On shell-wrecked fields forlorn,  
 And gave to us with open hand  
 Full fields of yellow corn.

With generous hands they paid the price,  
 Unconscious of the cost,  
 But we must gauge the sacrifice  
 By all that they have lost.

The happy hours that come and go  
 In youth's untiring quest,  
 They gave because they willed it so,  
 With some light-hearted jest.

No lavish love of future years,  
 No passionate regret,  
 No gift of sacrifice or tears  
 Can ever pay the debt.



Private JOHN S. MACLAUHLAN.

146.

**Private John S. Maclauchlan.**

Royal Scots.

1917—June 26.

MRS J. S. MACLAUCHLAN, Spence's Place, Peebles, received word from the Record Office, Hamilton, that her husband, Private JOHN S. MACLAUCHLAN, had been killed on 26th June, in France. Private Maclauchlan, as assistant recruiting agent for the Peebles district, gave valuable assistance to the different military representatives engaged on the work of the local Tribunals. In civil life he worked in Damdale Mill, took an active interest in the Boy Scouts, and for some time acted as their gymnastic instructor. He was in France only four or five weeks. He left a widow and two children.

Past life, past tears, far past the grave,  
The tryst is set for me,  
Since, for our all, your all you gave  
On the slopes of Picardy.

For miles and miles from Scottish soil  
You sleep, past war and scaith,  
Your country's freedman, loosed from toil,  
In honour and in faith.

Yet rest, my son; our souls are those  
Nor time nor death can part,  
And lie you proudly, folded close  
To France's deathless heart.



Private JOHN BROCKIE.

147.

**Private John Brockie.****Black Watch.**

1917—July 10.

OFFICIAL intimation was received that Private JOHN BROCKIE, Black Watch (only son of William and Mrs Brockie 68a Rosetta Road, Peebles), had died in an hospital in the East from dysentery. Private Brockie, who was a brass finisher to trade, lived in Edinburgh, and enlisted in the Black Watch in June 1916. After undergoing training, he left this country for the East in the following October. He was 34 years of age, married, and was survived by Mrs Brockie and three of a family. Mrs Brockie received notice that her husband was lying in hospital suffering from inflammation of the intestines, and later intimation of his death reached her.

He nobly answered Duty's call,  
He gave his life for me, for all;  
But the unknown grave is the bitterest blow  
None but an aching heart can know.



Captain JAMES HISLOP.  
Military Cross.

148.

**Captain James Hislop.**

Military Cross.

Cameron Highlanders.

1917—July 31.

WILLIAM HISLOP, of 776 Winnipeg Avenue, Winnipeg, was informed that his eldest son, Captain JAMES HISLOP, of the 6th Cameron Highlanders, had been killed in action on the 31st July at the battle of Ypres. Captain Hislop was 32 years of age. His father formerly resided in the Old Town, Peebles, and emigrated to Canada several years ago, with members of his family.

Captain Hislop joined the 2nd Cameron Highlanders at the age of 15, at Inverness. He was only there a few weeks when his regiment was sent to Malta for garrison duty. From there they went to Cyprus, then to Crete, and then to South Africa. He was then in the Mounted Infantry. From South Africa he went to Southern China, then to Northern China, and then to India. He was in India when war broke out. He came back to Scotland in 1915, and was sent to Gales as Sergeant-Instructor. After training the Glasgow Highlanders he was invited by Lochiel to go to France as Regimental Sergeant-Major to his own Battalion, the 5th Cameron Highlanders, so he went out to France in 1916, and after a few months was asked to take his commission.

Shortly after receiving his commission he proceeded to France in July 1916. The Military Cross was awarded to him while he was Second Lieutenant, for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. The two companies, under the command of Second Lieutenants Hislop and Grindell, were ordered to take a certain enemy position. The operation was entirely successful, and it was solely due to the dash and skill of these two officers that a very difficult task was successfully accomplished. A younger brother, William, was in France, with the Cameron Highlanders (1st Canadian Contingent).

“It is my sad duty to have to inform you that your son, Captain James Hislop, of this Battalion, was killed in action on 31st July. The Battalion took part in an attack on the enemy’s lines on that day, and Captain Hislop led his company with great skill and bravery. He was in the act of sending a message over the telephone when he was shot through the head by a sniper, death being instantaneous. Captain Hislop was a most excellent officer, and his loss is a great blow to the Battalion, and is seriously regretted by the officers and men.”

“We were all so grieved to hear of the death of your son in action. As I have served in the same Battalion with him all his service, I know only too well what a terrible loss it is to us. For years he worked for the regiment with energy and love which could not have been surpassed. Only the other day a brother officer, who was present at the time, related to me with much admiration your son’s splendid conduct in France when he won the Military Cross.”

“I am very sorry to tell you that your son, Captain James Hislop, has been killed in action. It was in front of Ypres, where our last attack took place. We all miss him very much. Although a quiet chap, when you got to know him he was a most lovable man, with a dry sense of humour which called forth many a laugh. He was a fine soldier, too—easily the best company officer in the Battalion. Our late Commanding Officer had a very high opinion of him. Unfortunately, the latter was also killed on the same day as your son. The officers who are left, his Company Sergeant-Major, and the men of his company asked me to convey their deep feeling of sympathy with you in your loss.”

Yet my soul is veiled in sadness,  
 For I see them fall and perish,  
     Strewing the hills for me,  
 Claiming the world in dying,  
     Bought with their blood for me.

Hear the grey, old northern mother,  
 Blessing now her dying children,  
     God keep you safe for me,  
 Christ watch you in your sleeping,  
     Where ye have died for me!

And when God’s own slogan soundeth,  
 All the dead world’s dust awakening,  
     Ah, will ye look for me?  
 Bravely we’ll stand together,  
     I and my sons for me.

## The Second Stage of the Battle of Ypres.

TWELVE men connected with Tweeddale, including one sailor, fell in August. They were Private John M'Martin, Private George Blake, Captain Thomas Alexander Brown, Private John Reid, Private Hugh Dougall, Private James Bruce, Sergeant Edward Scott Anderson, Gunner Thomas Taylor, Private John Turner, Private Hamilton Neilson, Lance-Corporal Robert Wood, Sergeant Thomas Ramsay.

At dawn on the 31st of July the whole Allied Front broke into flame. Under cover of such a barrage as had not yet been seen, the infantry crossed the parapets, and the battle began. The whole of the German position fell at once—Steenstraate, Martinpuiche, and Feuchy, all fell. By nine, the whole of the second position, north of Westhoek, was in the Allies' hands. St Julien was entered; and Pommern Redoubt was won. By the evening we had carried the whole of the German first line; and had gained the whole of the first ridge. We had taken parts of the German second line, and had gone beyond it north of St Julien. For the first four days and nights of August, rain fell without intermission. This entirely frustrated our well-laid plans, and greatly assisted the enemy. The misery of our troops in waterlogged shellholes and trenches cannot be pictured. For a fortnight we had to hold our hand. We had had to withdraw from St Julien, but reoccupied it on 3rd August. On 10th August we took the whole of Westhoek. In the middle of the month there was a short break in the storm, which permitted Sir Douglas Haig to renew the attack, on a line running from the Lens-Bethune Road to the Bois Hugo. On the 15th of August the Canadians swept over Hill 70, which we had given up after the battle of Loos, and captured many positions. The next day, the 16th August, saw the second stage of the Ypres battle. Desperate fighting continued over many days, and the month ended in one long down-pour of rain. On the 19th, 22nd, and 27th we made a few small gains. This second stage of the battle was a serious British check. We had not yet been able to cope with the new German defences, called pill-boxes, concrete forts.



Private JOHN M'MARTIN.

149.

**Private John M'Martin.****Lanarkshire Yeomanry (attached Scottish Rifles).**

1917—August 1.

MR AND MRS DAVID M'MARTIN, 15 Elcho Street, who had not heard for some weeks from their youngest son at the front, Private JOHN M'MARTIN, of the Scottish Rifles, made enquiry, and a comrade wrote in reply as follows:—"I received your letter asking for any information concerning Private John M'Martin. He was wounded on 1st August, and is now posted missing. He was left by the stretcher-bearers on their way to assist another man, and nothing has been heard of him since. The stretcher-bearer who was with him, and who is now beside me, thinks he was taken prisoner. If that is so, no doubt the War Office will inform you shortly."

Later, official information reached the parents, informing them that the body of Private M'Martin had been found in "No Man's Land," near Ypres. It would appear that Private M'Martin had lived for some time after being wounded, as he had written a message in his pocket book. Private M'Martin was an apprentice butcher with the Co-Operative Society when he enlisted in the Lanarkshire Yeomanry in September 1914. He went out to France in December 1916, when he was transferred to the Scottish Rifles. He was 21 years of age.

Other two brothers were on active service—William, a Lance-Corporal in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who was awarded the Military Medal for bravery on the field in France, and David, a private in the Cheshire Regiment, who saw service at Salonica.

When on my day of life the night is falling,  
 And in the wind from unsunned spaces blown,  
 I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
 My feet to paths unknown.

Be near me, Father, when all else is drifting,  
 Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,  
 And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
 The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy Spirit  
 Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
 No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,  
 No street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,  
 And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—  
 I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
 Unto my fitting place.



Private GEORGE BLAKE.

150.

**Private George Blake.**

Scottish Horse (attached to the Black Watch).

1917—August 1.

PRIVATE GEORGE BLAKE was wounded on 31st July 1917, and passed away in hospital on the following day.

He was a son of William Blake, saddler, 2 Wellogate Place, Hawick. He officiated as a recruiting agent at Glencorse and Bathgate from the outbreak of war until May 1916, when he joined the Scottish Horse, and was afterwards attached to the Black Watch. While in Peebles, Private Blake, who was employed in the warehouse of Lowe, Donald & Co., was a member of the Leckie Memorial Church. He was also a member of the Bowling Club, and in other ways had formed many friendly relationships in Peebles. Private Blake was married, and his widow resides at Wilton Path, Hawick.

“I regret to inform you that your husband, No. 292509 Private George Blake, died of wounds received in action on the 31st July. I am glad to say he was a very brave and obliging man, and my platoon will miss him very much, he was always so cheery at all times. You have my deepest sympathy at this time.”

“I have just learned that my dear friend, your son George, has made the supreme sacrifice, and words fail me to express my deep sorrow. We were together at Dunkeld, and came out here at the same time, but were sent to different regiments. We never met again till two nights before that awful 31st July. That was just before we moved up to our positions. We were delighted to meet each other again, and spent a pleasant evening together—unfortunately our last. His, I may say our, whole conversation was about the dear old place, and his loved ones there. How he, like all of us, yearned to be there again, but God has willed otherwise. May He comfort you all in this awful trial. I, too, am married, and can understand the agony it will mean to his young wife. I ask you all to accept my deepest sympathy in your great grief. You had an ideal son, one you had reason to be proud of, and a lad I will always remember.”

Out of the horror and bloodshed,  
Out of the mouth of hell,  
Into the joys of Paradise,  
Is it well with our boys? It is well.

We thank Thee, O God of battles,  
Not one wild young life is lost,  
Thou gavest Thyself for their ransom,  
They proved themselves worthy the cost.



Captain THOMAS A. BROWN.

151.

**Captain Thomas Alexander Brown.***Mercantile Marine.*

1917—August 8.

DIED at Arensburg, Russia, on the 8th August 1917, Captain THOMAS ALEXANDER BROWN. Prior to his death Captain Brown was engaged in dangerous duty in His Majesty's service. Three months previously he had a very trying experience in the Atlantic after being torpedoed, and came to Peebles for a month's rest before going to Russia. He had several narrow escapes after the war started. He was well known in Leith shipping circles, being a member of Trinity House, and also boxmaster of Elie Sea Box Society.

Captain Brown was survived by his widow and three sons and two young daughters. His eldest son, a subaltern in the Cameron Highlanders, was wounded on the Somme, and his second son had an exciting experience on the occasion of the ship on which he was serving being sunk by the "Emden." Sixteen months before their loss, Mrs Brown and family left Leith for Peebles, where they settled down, and speedily made many friends, who later sympathised very much with them in the great loss they sustained.

But 'tis an old belief  
That on some solemn shore,  
Beyond the sphere of grief,  
Dear friends shall meet once more.

Beyond the span of time,  
And sin and fate's control;  
Serene in endless prime,  
Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,  
That hope I'll not forego;  
Eternal be the sleep,  
Unless to waken so.



Private JOHN REID.

152.

**Private John Reid.**

Canadian Contingent.

1917—August 15.

MRS THOMAS REID, 3 George Street, Peebles, received official intimation that her son, Private JOHN REID, who had been reported from the Canadian Office as missing at Hill 70, on the 15th August 1917, was now presumed to have been killed on that date. Private Reid was 29 years of age. Before going to Canada he was employed by Hamilton Neilson, coal merchant, Peebles. Previous to enlisting at Alberta, Canada, in May 1915, he was employed at Edmonton coal mines. He came to this country in September 1915, after five years in Canada, and left for France in May 1916.

Thy name be honoured and thy mem'ry blest  
 As long as rivers run into the sea;  
 May kindly earth lie lightly upon thee,  
 Trees clap their hands above thy place of rest,  
 Near thee the robin build his true-love's nest,  
 And all things beautiful and gracious be,  
 Where thou dost slumber—who to his torn breast  
 Gave comfort in its hour of mortal agony.



Private HUGH W. DOUGALL.

153.

**Private Hugh W. Dougall.**

Canadian Highlanders.

1917—August 15.

ON the 15th August 1917, Private HUGH W. DOUGALL, of the Canadian Highlanders, and youngest son of John Dougall, Irene, Edderston Road, Peebles, was killed in action in France, aged 25 years.

Private Dougall left Peebles for Canada on the 1st of May 1909, reaching Saskatoon on the 16th May—his 17th birthday. He went to live with his elder brother, Henry, who had a homestead some eighty miles further west. A year later he got a homestead of his own, quite near to his brother, where he remained till he joined up at Alsask, in March 1916. He came to Britain with his regiment in October of that year, and was stationed in the South of England (landing at Bramshott), till the following June, when he was sent to France. He was killed two months later.

“It is with sincere and heartfelt regret that I write to you at this time concerning the death of your son, Private H. W. Dougall, who has been reported killed in action. For some four months I have had the honour of being the officer in command of the platoon of which your son was a valued member, and the news of his death came as a great shock to me, as it did to the other members of the platoon. On the day on which your son is reported to have been killed he was acting as my runner in the attack on Hill 70 by the Canadians. He went forward in the attack close to my side, and as we crossed No Man’s Land we talked and chatted together. As we approached the German line I missed him, and another member of the platoon brought in a message that Dougall had been hit in the wrist and had gone back to the dressing station. That appears to have been the last seen of him by anybody in our Battalion, and, acting on information given by men who saw him going back with a bullet in the wrist, I reported him as wounded and in hospital. A few days ago the 14th Battalion, who were in rear of our position in the attack, reported that Private Dougall had been killed in action, and his body had been buried by members of that unit in a military grave in No Man’s Land. In support of this your son’s pay-book and private papers were turned in by the 14th Battalion. It is my opinion that your son was the victim of an enemy shell while proceeding to the dressing station in rear; and I sincerely regret that beyond this I can furnish no other particulars as to his death. The death of your brave son, coming as it did after we all thought him well on a trip to England with a slight

casualty, has caused deep regret in No. 3 Platoon. With his bright and happy disposition, his keen desire to do his duty and to do it well, his fearlessness in time of danger and alarm, won for him a place in the hearts of his comrades, and he will be sorely missed. I had known your son as a personal friend while in England, I knew him in the trenches as a soldier, and I cannot tell you just how much I miss him during these strenuous days, when men of his stamp and calibre are so much needed. I quite appreciate that anything I may say will never repay you for the loss you have suffered; but I know it will bring comfort to your heart to know that your boy died the death of a British soldier—he died with his face to the enemy. I know you were proud of your boy when he left home to fight for principles which he knew to be right—you have reason to be proud of your boy for the work he did in the line. I extend to you my sincere sympathy in your sad bereavement, and I hope and trust that your son will not have died in vain, but that the cause for which he was willing to fight and lay down his life may soon be won.”

We are coming, Mother Britain—we are coming to your aid,  
There's a debt we owe our fathers, and we mean to see it paid,  
From the jungles of Rhodesia, from the snows of Saskatoon,  
We are coming, Mother Britain, and we hope to see you soon.  
From the islands and the highlands, just as fast as we can speed,  
We are hastening to serve you in the hour of your need,  
For, whatever peril calls abroad for loyal hearts and guns,  
We'll show the foe, that weal or woe, we're Mother Britain's sons.

A MOTHER UNDERSTANDS.  

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DEAR LORD, I hold my hand to take  
Thy Body, broken once for me;  
Accept the sacrifice I make,  
My body, broken, Christ, for Thee.

His was my body, born of me,  
Born of my bitter travail pain,  
And it lies broken on the field,  
Swept by the wind and the rain.

Surely a mother understands Thy thorn-crowned head,  
The mystery of Thy piercèd hands—the broken bread.



Private JAMES BRUCE.

154.

**Private James Bruce.****King's Own Scottish Borderers.**

1917—August 16.

THROUGH the medium of chums' letters, John Bruce, blacksmith, White Bridge, Peebles, received word that his eldest son, Private JAMES BRUCE, King's Own Scottish Borderers, had been killed in France on the 16th August 1917. It appears that an enemy shell hit the reserve trench Private Bruce was in, instantaneously killing him and other three comrades, at Dixmude, in Belgium. He enlisted in the Royal Scots in November 1916, and went out to France in February, when he was transferred to the King's Own Scottish Borderers. He was a blacksmith with his father, and was only 18 years of age.

"I regret to have to inform you of the death of your son, Jim, who was killed in action on the 16th of August. We made an attack on the enemy early in the morning; it would be about six o'clock. We had got to our objective when one of the enemy's shells dropped amongst a few of the men. We went to their assistance, and found that Jim, along with two more of his pals, had been killed. He did not suffer much. I think it must have been instantaneous. His section commander, Lance-Corporal Taylor, got all the things found on him, and handed them in to the Company Quartermaster, so I hope you get them all right. I, with Lance-Corporal Taylor, buried Jim and put a cross over his grave. He was well-liked by everyone in the platoon, and was one of the best soldiers in the platoon."

"I am sending my deepest sympathy to you in the loss of your son Jim. He was in my section on the 16th of August, when we attacked the Hun. We had driven him out of his position and dug ourselves in when a shell landed and hit Jim. He was killed instantaneously, and suffered no pain whatever. Three of his pals and myself buried him along with four other comrades."

"By a strange set of circumstances I have not been able to find your address, and even now I only know it approximately, but if this note reaches you, you might take it as the feeble expression of my deep sympathy with you on your boy's death on 16th August last. I suppose I am right in assuming that Private Bruce, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, was your son. It was just by accident that I heard this afternoon the exact nature of his wounds and the manner of his death. A shell burst near him and he was hit. He was only able to cry out—'Oh, Taylor,' to his Lance-Corporal, who was near by, and when the Lance-Corporal turned to look at him he

was already gone from all pain. His suffering was literally 'But for a moment.' He was buried near where he fell by loving and reverent hands. I grieve with you over the loss of so brave and true a soldier, and I commend you to our Father in Heaven who is able to keep our dear ones whom we leave in His hands, and who is able also to give us this wondrous peace."

They gae'd frae mill and mart; frae wind-blawn places,  
 And great toon-closes; i' the empty street  
 Nae mair the bairns ken their steps, their faces,  
 Nor stand to listen to the trampin' feet.

Beside the brae, and soughin' through the rashes,  
 Yer voice comes back to me at ilka turn,  
 Among the whins, an' whaur the water washes  
 The alder-tree wi' its feet amangst the burn.

Whiles ye come back to me when day is fleein',  
 And a' the road oot-bye is dim wi' nicht,  
 But weary een like mine are no' for seein',  
 An' gin they saw, they wad be blind wi' licht.

Death canna kill. The soil o' France lies o'er ye,  
 An' yet ye live, O sodger o' the Lord!  
 For Him that focht wi' death an' dule afore ye,  
 He gied the life—'twas him that gied the sword.

But gin ye see my face, or gin ye hear me,  
 I daurna ask, I maunna seek to ken,  
 Though I should dee, wi' sic a glory near me,  
 By nicht or day—come ben, my bairn, come ben!

THE RECRUIT.

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HIS mother bids him go without a tear;  
His sweetheart walks beside him, proudly gay  
"No coward have I loved," her clear eyes say—  
The band blares out, and all the townfolk cheer.  
Yet in his heart he thinks: "I am afraid!  
I am afraid of Fear—how can I tell  
If in the ordeal 'twill go ill or well?  
How can man tell how bravely man is made?"  
Steady he waits, obeying brisk command,  
Head up, chin firm, and every muscle steeled,  
Thinking: "I shot a rabbit in a field  
And sickened at its blood upon my hand."  
The sky is blue and little winds blow free,  
He catches up his comrades' marching-song;  
Their bayonets glitter as they sweep along—  
("How ghastly a *red* bayonet must be!")  
How the folk stare! His comrade on the right  
Whispers a joke—is gay and debonair,  
Sure of himself and quite at odds with care  
But does he, too, turn restlessly at night?  
From each familiar scene his inner eye  
Turns to far fields by Titans rent and torn;  
For in that struggle must his soul be born,  
To look upon itself and live—or die!



Sergeant EDWARD G. A. ANDERSON.

155.

**Sergeant Edward G. A. Anderson.**

Rifle Brigade (transferred to Northumberland Fusiliers).

1917—August 16.

ON the 16th August 1917, Sergeant EDWARD G. A. ANDERSON fell, while gallantly leading his platoon into action near Ypres, and was buried at Hannebeek.

He was born at Musselburgh on 16th January 1896, and was the youngest son of Mr and Mrs George Anderson, 85 High Street, Dunbar (formerly of Musselburgh). Previous to joining the Army, on 4th September 1914, he was in the employment of Sir Duncan Hay, Bart. of Haystoun. He went to France with his regiment, the Rifle Brigade, in July 1915, and after eight months' fighting was severely wounded in the right leg. After his recovery he was stationed at Seaford as an instructor, and later was sent to Northampton. He was then transferred to the Northumberland Fusiliers, and sent back to the front on 21st December 1916. He came through many engagements, and finally met his death on the eve of his coming home to take up a commission.

"I was justly proud of the company, and it was men such as your son who made it what it was. I never felt more confident than when I went 'over' with so many grand fellows beside me, but it is terrible to think of the number who never came back. The company has lost in your son a good friend and a gallant gentleman, but it means a great deal more to you, and your consolation must be found in the knowledge of the great ideal for which he and all those others have laid down their lives. You may rest assured that those of us who have shared their dangers are determined that they shall not have died in vain."

"I can assure you that from my knowledge of Eddie no man could wish for a braver son, and his name will always be remembered by his comrades. We knew him as a soldier and a gentleman: now we know him as a hero who has made the supreme sacrifice for his country."

Oh, blackened fields of France,  
Oh, men, who gave your patriot-blood to flow  
That these heart-treasured islands may not know  
Such agony, proud thanks for such high proof  
Of manhood's best.



Gunner THOMAS TAYLOR.

156.

**Gunner Thomas Taylor.****Royal Field Artillery.**

1917—August 19.

MRS JOHN TAYLOR, 1 Dickson Place, Peebles, received a letter from an officer stating that her third son, Gunner THOMAS TAYLOR, Royal Field Artillery, had been killed in France on the 19th August 1917, by the explosion of an enemy shell while in his dug-out.

Gunner Taylor, who was 26 years of age, was employed by Peebles Co-Operative Society as a baker when he enlisted in September 1914. He went out to France on 10th September 1915, and was recommended for the Distinguished Conduct Medal in the following month—a remarkable incident. “Taylor, Tom, Gunner, 96th Brigade, Royal Field Artillery.—Your name has been brought before me for exceptionally good work on September 27th to October 2nd, 1915, and I shall have great pleasure in submitting it to a higher authority.—C. FORESTIER WALKER, Major-General, Commanding 21st Division.—October 19, 1915.” An elder brother, John, was a farrier in the Army Service Corps, and was also in France.

The mother of the gallant young soldier was the recipient of the following letters:—

“It is with the deepest regret that I have to inform you that your son was killed in action with the battery under my command on the 19th August. He was in a dug-out at the time when a shell hit it, and killed him instantaneously. We buried him to-day in a cemetery near the battery position, and the place of his burial will be notified to you later. I can only say how much every officer and man who knew him liked and respected him. He always did his duty, no matter what it was, and always showed the greatest courage under the most dangerous and trying conditions. I have known him in the battery for the last three years, and I always had the greatest admiration for his cheerfulness and devotion to duty.”

“Have just received a parcel which you sent out to Tom on the 15th August. Am so sorry to have to inform you that Tom was unable to write to you himself, as he has made the supreme sacrifice. It happened just after six o'clock yesterday (19th August). The Bosch were shelling us pretty heavily. Tom was on duty at the time, when a shell entered the telephone dug-out, and killed him instantly. The telephone was in his hand, and he died at his post. Tom was a great favourite with everyone, officers and men alike, and none so much as the signallers. Being in charge of

the signallers, I can speak from my own personal experience, as Tom was one of my best men, and always a volunteer for any particularly risky job. He was always so cheery, and the very life of us all with his Scotch sayings. To-day we buried him in a quiet cemetery close at hand, and we are erecting a cross to mark his last resting-place. One of our officers has taken charge of all Tom's personal things, and if you have not received them, you will in a day or so, as he is sending them on to you with a letter himself."

"As I have been bed-mate with Tom, I think that it is my duty to write you a few lines. It was a bad day for us when poor Tom went, for he was one of the bravest men we had, and always one of the first to volunteer, no matter how dangerous the job was. He is buried in the little cemetery close by. We erected a cross for him, and also put some flowers on his grave—the best we could do under the trying times. I am enclosing a ten franc note which Tom gave me, the day before he went, to get some cigarettes. I will now close, sending my sympathy for the loss of one I sadly miss."

"Enclosed is a pair of spurs belonging to poor Tom. I brought them home with me, as I am at present on leave. I am sure that we all sympathise with you very much in your sad loss, as he was such a jolly chap. We gave him as good a burial as was possible; and the Captain read the service at the graveside. Where Tom is buried—Potije Chateau Wood Cemetery."

*Gunner Tom Taylor received his summons when engaged at the telephone.*

God called you by the telephone,  
 O selfless soldier, brother, son;  
 He chose the gentle summons thus,  
 Nor took you from beside your gun.  
 'Twas not the cannon's awful roar,  
 Nor the rushing terrors of the shell,  
 But the still small voice of God Himself,  
 That summoned you with him to dwell.

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Death came unheralded—but it was well;  
 For so thy Saviour bore  
 His witness thou wast meet at once to dwell  
 On His eternal shore;  
 All warning spared,  
 For none He gives where hearts are for prompt change prepared. . . .  
 Joy of sad hearts and light of downcast eyes!  
 Dearest thou art enshrined  
 In all thy fragrance in our memories;  
 For we must ever find  
 Bare thought of thee  
 Freshen this weary life, while weary life shall be.

## THE CRICKETERS OF FLANDERS.

THE first to climb the parapet  
 With "cricket balls" in either hand;  
 The first to vanish in the smoke  
 Of God-forsaken No Man's Land;  
 First at the wire and soonest through,  
 First at those red-mouthed hounds of hell,  
 The Maxims, and the first to fall,—  
 They do their bit and do it well.

Full sixty yards I've seen them throw  
 With all that nicety of aim  
 They learned on British cricket-fields.  
 Ah, bombing is a Briton's game!  
 Shell-hole to shell-hole, trench to trench,  
 "Lobbing them over" with an eye  
 As true as though it *were* a game  
 And friends were having tea close by.

Pull down some art-offending thing  
 Of carven stone, and in its stead  
 Let splendid bronze commemorate  
 These men, the living and the dead.  
 No figure of heroic size,  
 Towering skyward like a god;  
 But just a lad who might have stepped  
 From any British bombing squad.

His shrapnel helmet set atilt,  
 His bombing waistcoat sagging low,  
 His rifle slung across his back;  
 Poised in the very act to throw.  
 And let some graven legend tell  
 Of those weird battles in the West  
 Wherein he put old skill to use,  
 And played old games with sterner zest.

Thus should he stand, reminding those  
 In less-believing days, perchance,  
 How Britain's fighting cricketers  
 Helped bomb the Germans out of France.  
 And other eyes than ours would see;  
 And other hearts than ours would thrill;  
 And others say, as we have said:  
 "A sportsman and a soldier still!"



Private JOHN TURNER.

157.

**Private John Turner.**

Cameron Highlanders.

1917—August 20.

IN the fourth week of August 1917 the 7th Cameron Highlanders made an unsuccessful attack east of Ypres. On the 22nd August we went over the top at 3.45 A.M., at Gallipoli farm, but only got about 1000 yards and had to scatter. A soldier said—"We attacked Hill 35 in the early morning of the 22nd August. We went to the top of the hill, and stayed there in shell holes until evening and then retired." Another soldier wrote—"We went over the top but did not get to our objective. Three of our Captains were killed, so we came back. We could not get to our dead to bury them." The mud on this occasion was a terrible obstacle to progress, and to the recovery of the bodies of those who had been killed.

One of those who fell in this abortive attack, whose body was never found, was Private JOHN TURNER, eldest son of Mrs James Turner, 9 St Andrew's Road, Peebles. Mrs Turner received official intimation that Private Turner, who had been previously reported missing on 20th-24th August 1917, was presumed to have been killed in action, in France, on 20th August 1917. The deceased, who was 24 years of age, enlisted in April 1915, when he was employed in one of the mills at Selkirk. He went out to France in July the same year, and was wounded at Loos in September 1915. He was again invalided home in the following year, suffering from septic poisoning. Going out to France for the third time, in December 1916, he was continuously in the firing line till his death. Other two brothers served with the Colours—David, a gunner in the Royal Garrison Artillery, who saw service in Palestine; and Robert, who walked some miles and visited John in his dug-out the day before he fell, a private in the Seaforth Highlanders.

We will not grieve for them, though, when they fell  
 All joy seemed drowned in sorrow's seething tide,  
 No hope remained in Heaven, or earth, or hell,  
 And naught was left, save only that great pride  
 We feel in those brave deeds their comrades tell  
 Of them. Heroes amongst the brave they died.



Private HAMILTON NEILSON.

158.

**Private Hamilton Neilson.**

Royal Scots.

1917—August 22.

OFFICIAL intimation was received by Mr and Mrs Hamilton Neilson, Gympie, St Andrew's Road, Peebles, to the effect that their son, Private HAMILTON NEILSON, Royal Scots, who had been previously reported missing on the 22nd August 1917, was presumed to have been killed in action on that date. Private Neilson was barely 19 years of age at the time of his death. When war broke out he was a bugler in the Peebles Territorials, and though then only 15 years old he came under the mobilisation order. He went to France in August 1917.

And so you fell  
 On honour's glorious field.  
 Your body given for a living shield  
 For all you held most dear,  
 The schoolboy last year,  
 But now joined to the Mighty Dead.

Last year a boy,  
 But Britain's martyr now;  
 Gladly you took and held the awful vow  
 To give yourself, your youth,  
 For Britain's truth,  
 And so for Britain's sake you died.

So, you are dead,  
 The torch is not passed on;  
 Our golden link with the far future gone;  
 For you an ageless rest is won,  
 For us, no son  
 Of ours to grace our lingering years.

Hail and farewell,  
 Type of the Crucified!  
 For all life's sweetest things you gladly died.  
 We know (through you) no death;  
 Our last earth-breath  
 Shall greet you in eternal peace.



Lance-Corporal ROBERT WOOD.

159.

**Lance-Corporal Robert Wood.****Scottish Rifles.**

1917—August 25.

A LETTER was received by Mr and Mrs Wm. Wood, 16 High Street, Peebles, containing the sad news that their eldest son, Lance-Corporal ROBERT WOOD, had been killed in action in France, on the morning of the 25th August. Lance-Corporal Wood, who was in the Scottish Rifles, joined up in the beginning of 1917, previous to which he was an auctioneer and valuator with Alexander Dowell, Edinburgh. The letter received was from the Second-Lieutenant commanding the 12th platoon, and in the course of it he said Lance-Corporal Wood's cheery disposition soon made him liked by his comrades. He proved himself a good soldier, paying great attention to his work. On the Battalion going into the trenches, Corporal Wood's section was left out to form a reserve, which had to bring up rations to those in the line. It was whilst in one of these parties that Corporal Wood was killed, a shell landing close to the party, and slightly wounding him. The shock, however, proved too much for his heart, and he expired immediately. He was buried in the British Military Cemetery in a Belgian village.

Here, we have life,  
 Through your most valiant death out there :  
 There, you have life,  
 Through your most valiant death out there :  
 For life so nobly given,  
 Thy strife so nobly striven,  
 Grant them Thy Heaven,  
 New life, O Lord. Thy meet reward  
 For those most valiant lads out there!



Sergeant THOMAS M'L. RAMSAY.

160.           **Sergeant Thomas M'Luckie Ramsay.**

Royal Scots.

1917—August 28.

MRS RAMSAY, Old Town, Peebles, received official intimation, from the Hamilton Record Office, that her husband, Sergeant THOMAS M'LUCKIE RAMSAY, Royal Scots, was killed in action in France, on the 28th of August. Sergeant Ramsay joined up on the 21st December 1914, became full Sergeant in 1915, and was then appointed musketry instructor. He went out to France in November 1916, and fought at the battle of Arras. After that he was again appointed musketry instructor at one of the base camps in France. He had been for seven years in the employment of James Smith, auctioneer, Peebles, as clerk, before joining up. He was 24 years of age, and left a wife and little boy. The last letter Mrs Ramsay received from her husband told her to prepare for a little surprise, as he expected furlough home at the end of August. His brother James was fated to fall on 15th December 1917.

For them the morning choir shall sing  
Its matins from the branches high,  
And every minstrel-voice of Spring,  
That trills beneath the April sky  
Shall greet them with its earliest cry.

At last the rootlets of the trees  
Shall find the prison where it lies,  
And bear the buried dust they seize  
In leaves and blossoms to the skies,  
So may the soul that warmed it rise!

### The Fighting in September 1917.

IN September 1917 the front of the Second Army was extended northward, and Sir Herbert Plumer took over the attack upon the southern portion of the enemy front on the Menin road. Our artillery tactics were revised in order to cope with the German "pill-boxes." In the early days of September the sodden soil of the salient began slowly to dry. The new eight-mile front of attack ran from the Ypres-Staden Railway north of Langemarck to the Ypres-Comines Canal north of Hollebeke. At dawn on the morning of the 20th September the attack was launched. The most remarkable achievement was that of the Scottish and South African Brigades of the 9th Division, which won their final objectives in three hours. The crux of the battle lay in the area of the Second Army, and the vital point was the work of its centre along the Menin road. The Australians by mid-day had cleared and secured the whole western half of Polygon Wood. This cracked the kernel of the German defence in the salient. The battle of 20th September was a proof of what heights of endurance the British soldier may attain to. From the 21st to the 25th September the Germans made furious counter-attacks upon our lines; but made no progress. We struck again on the 26th September. In the centre we took the ruins of Zonnebeke village; and further south the Australians carried the remainder of Polygon Wood. On 30th September the Germans renewed their attacks, and continued until the 3rd October.

GOING TO THE FRONT.  

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I HAD no heart to march for war  
When trees were bare and fell the snow ;  
To go to-day is easier far  
When pink and white the orchards blow,  
While cuckoo calls and from the lilac bush  
Carols at peace the well-contented thrus'.

For now the gorse is all in flower,  
The chestnut tapers light the morn,  
Gold gleam the oaks, the sun has power  
To robe the glittering plain with corn;  
I hear from all the land of hope a voice  
That bids me forward bravely and rejoice.

So merry are the lambs at play,  
So cheerfully the cattle feed,  
With such security the May  
Has built green walls round every mead,  
O'er happy roofs such grey old church-towers peep.  
Who would not fight these dear, dear homes to keep?

For hawthorn wreath, for bluebell glade,  
For miles of buttercup that shine,  
For song of birds in sun and shade  
That fortify this soul of mine,  
For all May joy beneath a Scottish sky,  
How sweet to live—how glad and good to die !



Driver ALEXANDER BAIN.

161.

**Driver Alexander Bain.**

Royal Field Artillery.

1917—September 6.

THE wife of Driver ALEXANDER BAIN, resident in Edinburgh, received, through the medium of an official telegram, the news that her husband had been admitted into a casualty clearing station at Salonica, suffering from malignant malaria. A second communication was received from the Artillery Record Office, Woolwich, conveying the sad intelligence that the malady stated above had proved fatal, and that Driver Bain had died on the 6th September.

In reply to a letter from Mrs Bain inquiring for particulars of her husband's death, the Chaplain of the casualty clearing station in which Driver Bain died wrote as follows:—"In reply to your letter of 23rd October, I saw your husband every day while in hospital, and prayed with him. I buried him in the military cemetery at Janes. He was very cheerful when he came in, but would not give me your address, as he was afraid you would be anxious, and he was going to get better. But he took a turn, and did not recover. He suffered no pain, and was not conscious at the end; he passed away in his sleep quite peacefully. His work was finished, and God took him. May God comfort you with His own great comfort."

Driver Bain was the youngest son of Frank Bain, 29 Rosetta Road, Peebles, and learned the art and craft of the printing trade in the office of the *Peeblesshire Advertiser*. He subsequently settled down in Edinburgh, and worked in some of the best-known printing houses in that city, including those of Banks & Co. and M'Lagan & Cumming, being employed by the last-mentioned firm at the time of his joining up in the early months of 1916. To him his calling was a hobby, and in this connection he was the holder of several medals, certificates, &c., won in various trade competitions. He was 37 years of age, and went to the East with his battery eight months before his death. A widow and two young children mourned his loss.

We bear the burden of the years  
Clean-limbed, clear-hearted, open-browed,  
Albeit sacramental tears  
Have dimmed our eyes, we know the proud  
Content of men who weep unbowed  
Before the legionary fears;  
In sorrow we have grown to be  
The masters of adversity.



Private WILLIAM MICHIE.

162.

**Private William Michie.**

Seaforth Highlanders.

1917—September 7.

PRIVATE WILLIAM MICHIE, Seaforth Highlanders, was admitted into hospital at a clearing station in France on the 3rd September 1917, on account of his being dangerously wounded, and died on the 7th September, in his 28th year. His wounds were caused by shrapnel, and were upon the back and limbs.

He was the second son of Alexander Michie, Old Town, Peebles, and had been a dyer in Damdale Mill, Peebles, but was working in Brora, Sutherlandshire, when war broke out. He at once joined up (in August 1914), enlisting in the Seaforth Highlanders, at Golspie. He was transferred to Bedford, and was in training there till April 1915. He was then drafted to France and had taken part in most of the outstanding engagements since then, and in these he was ever in the hottest parts.

"Well, we have had another spell in the trenches, and I am sorry to say that we lost Willie Michie, and another chap here, who were both knocked out. They were both fine fellows, and we miss them both. The rest of the platoon came through without a scratch."

"It is very hard for the folks at home to have their loved ones taken from them, but this is a great cause, and there are great sacrifices to make. Your son always was a good soldier, and devoted to duty. He has paid the full price, but you should be proud of having such a son, and I can assure you that his example and actions were an inspiration to all. His work is done but not lost."

"I can at least share with you the knowledge that your son died a splendid soldier, doing his duty, and leaving behind him a memory esteemed and honoured by all his comrades. We were going into action at the time; he was up in front with me when shells landed near us. I saw at once that he was hit, and had him taken to hospital immediately. He seemed very cheery, and was splendidly cool and brave. It was a great shock to me to learn after we came out of action that he had succumbed to his wounds. I shall miss him very much, as he was always ready for a job, and always to be relied on to carry it out."

His elder and only brother, Alexander Michie, joined up in Canada, also in August 1914, actuated by the same high spirit. Being joint proprietor of the *Roland News*, Manitoba, he left his business interests in other hands to fight for his country, and laid down his life for it.

He was never heard of since he was posted missing, on 23rd April 1915. He served his time as a compositor in the office of the *Peeblesshire Advertiser*.

In the first freshness of thy manhood's pride,  
Ere Age or Care had chilled the flowing tide,  
Thou, young-eyed, immortality hast earned,  
And thy fair life thy death has sanctified.  
For those who mourn, they have no cause to weep,  
The battle but begun, he wins the prize;  
Laurels for Britain he has lived to reap.  
Sweet be his sleep 'neath foreign skies,  
And when the trumpet's blast bids them arise,  
Eternal glory shall his spirit keep.

## DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

CLOSE his eyes; his work is done.

What to him is friend or foeman,  
Rise of moon or set of sun,  
Hand of man or kiss of woman?

*Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow!  
What cares he? He cannot know:  
Lay him low!*

As man may, he fought his fight,  
Proved his truth by his endeavour:  
Let him sleep in solemn night,  
Sleep for ever and for ever.

Fold him in his country's stars,  
Roll the drum and fire the volley!  
What to him are all our wars?  
What but death bemoeking folly?

Leave him to God's watching eye:  
Trust him to the hand that made him.  
Mortal love weeps idly by:  
God alone has power to aid him.

*Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow!  
What cares he? He cannot know:  
Lay him low!*



Bombardier GEORGE D. CARLAN.

163.

**Bombardier George D. Carlan.****Royal Field Artillery.**

1917—September 8.

BOMBARDIER GEORGE D. CARLAN, Royal Field Artillery, was reported to have been instantaneously killed by an eight-inch shell on the western front, on the 8th September. He was a clerk with John Ogilvie, sheriff clerk, Peebles.

He bravely enlisted on the declaration of war. He was drafted to the front in the beginning of 1915, and went through the offensive at Loos and Chapelle, and also took part in the battles of the Somme.

He was well-known in football circles, having played half-back for Selkirk Football Club. He was a clever musician and able accompanist, and had been organist in a Melrose church. He was 24 years of age, and was the only son of Mr and Mrs Matthew Carlan, Viewfield Lodge, Selkirk.

The following are extracts from letters received from Bombardier Carlan:—

“I have been in Belgium, but was completely floored with the language. It is worse than French, and our Division got a very hot reception there as regards shells. I have been living in a dug-out for these last few days, owing to the large quantity of German scrap iron floating about—Krupp’s ironworks, you know. I go a great deal all over the place with messages, mostly on horseback, the roads being too bumpy for cycling. The worst of a horse is that when a shell bursts or a big gun goes off, he becomes almost unmanageable, and I have often a hard job to hold him. You know the lines—‘Commanding fires of death to light the darkness of her scenery,’ and ‘Louder than the bolts of Heaven far flashed the red artillery.’ That is just what it is like out here, only the flashes are yellow. When a bombardment is on at night the place is all lit up by the flashes from the guns, and a weird look they give the place. We were billeted lately beside a company of French infantry, and one of them, who came from the Channel Islands, spoke very good English. I have seen a lot of the French troops from Morocco and Algeria—the Zouaves. They wear great baggy trousers and red caps, but for all that I think they are good soldiers. Most of our chaps were glad when we left the fiercest part of the fighting, but I was sorry. It may have been the most dangerous, but then it was the most interesting. You can hear a shell coming all right, but the burning question is where the beggar is going to burst. When a shell explodes it makes a great

hole in the ground. One monster, from a 17-inch German howitzer, burst about 30 yards from us, and the hole it made measured from 40-50 feet in diameter and about 20 feet in depth. The weather here is delightful, but whenever we move it comes on rain. We never get a dry journey."

"The other night, along with a chum, I was prowling about. It was as black as pitch, and we could not see our hands in front of us. Once I felt something tugging at my coat, so I called to my chum—'Let go, you ass; who are you pulling at?' He said—'I'm not touching you, you black-muzzled Scotsman.' We were just starting a lovely argument, when I discovered it was not him after all! I had got hooked up in some barbed wire. As it was too dark to see to unhook myself, and too dangerous to strike a light, I had to leave a good part of my jacket on the wire. The weather in this particular spot of earth is queer. It does not matter much to us, because we are living underground, like a shower of worms."

"A gunner's life is jolly hard at times, especially in action, and that is where the battery is at present. We got a weeping shell sent over from a German heavy battery a short time ago. This is how it affected us:—After the beggar burst, a heavy vapour spread all over the ground and we could feel a strong smell of petrol in the air. Soon our eyes began to smart, and in a short time everybody in the battery seemed to be crying. It was a funny sight—everyone with a dirty old handkerchief or a dirty old rag up to his eyes. It affected us for a good while, and my eyes ached all night after. I cannot help laughing when I hear a shell come over and it is a dud. You should see everyone ducking when they hear it coming, then when it does not go off the look of relief on their faces is like some people when a long sermon is just over. I was having a wash this morning in a ruined house, and all the time there were salvoes coming over. The first shell burst somewhere outside, so I said 'Good morning;' but when one blew a bit of the wall in I said 'Good afternoon,' and nipped."

"I got your parcel all right. It just came at the right time, too. We had just come into action after a three days' march, and I had no grub at all. It was a glorious march. For miles the winding roads were packed with troops. There were brigades of artillery, ammunition columns, Red Cross and Army Service Corps Transports, Indian lancers, and Indian infantry. You may guess there were a few mishaps, such as waggons and horses going into ditches. The first night of the march a waggon got stuck, and blocked up the road in front of us. We stood by the roadside from six in the afternoon till two next morning, and it rained nearly the whole time. I fell asleep on my horse's back, and when I dismounted I fell asleep where I stood. I was not the

only one either. The fighting up here is awful. It is one continuous roar with the artillery. My word! it's hot. At night for miles around one can see the flashes from the guns, and also the German shells as they burst. It is a grand sight. We sleep out in the open now, but it is better than in barns."

God willed him a musician,  
Lit his soul with love and fun,  
Made him mirror all the masters—  
But he died beside a gun.

Died, who might have served by living,  
Served as serve the stars and sun,  
Warming hearts and coaxing beauty—  
Yet he died beside a gun.

Slender hands God gave the artiste,  
E'er their task was well begun,  
Deftly weaving strands of music,  
Fed the fury of a gun.

He who by the grace of kindness  
All the little children won,  
He who lived in realms of sweetness,  
Strangely died beside a gun.

Oh, ye maddened men of Europe,  
Come, behold what ye have done!  
Ye have dragged him from the organ,  
Ye have flung him to the gun.



Private JOHN MACNAB.

164.

**Private John Macnab.****Royal Scots.**

1917—September 26.

OFFICIAL intimation was received by Mr and Mrs JOHN MACNAB, 18 Damdale, Peebles, stating that their only son, Private JOHN MACNAB, Royal Scots, had been posted as missing after an engagement on the Ypres front near Zonnebeke, on 26th September. Previous to enlisting in the 2/8th Royal Scots, in October 1914, Private Macnab, who was 20 years of age, was employed in the tweed warehouse of Lowe, Donald & Co., Peebles. He proceeded to France in June 1917.

Are you sleeping, sleeping soundly,  
Comrade, over there,  
Where the grasses wave above you  
In the summer air;  
Where we laid you as we found you,  
With the ravaged land around you,  
Grim and bare?

Can you hear the bugle blowing  
Faint and far away;  
Can you hear the loud drums throbbing,  
Hear the trumpets bray,  
Hear the tribute that we render  
To the souls that won the splendour  
Of the day?

'Tis the day we fought and toiled for,  
The day for which you died,  
Underneath the flag of freedom,  
The banner of our pride,  
Which to-day is proudly flying  
O'er the fallen victors lying  
Side by side.

O surely you shall know us  
Within your narrow bed  
When battle-worn battalions  
Salute the honoured dead;  
Shall feel the brown earth shaken  
And to knowledge shall awaken  
At our tread.

### The Third Battle of Ypres.

WE had planned the next stage of the battle for the 4th October 1917, but the weather again broke, with gales and heavy rains. Our objective was the ridge east of Zonnebeke, the southern part of what was called the Passchendaele heights, along which ran the road from Becelaere. By mid-day every objective had been gained. The British left was directed along the Poelcapelle road, and after backward and forward fighting we won the position. A little after mid-day we gained all our final objectives. We had broken up forty German battalions, and had taken over 500 prisoners. On the 9th October we renewed our advance, but it was amid deep mud and incessant rains. Our next attack was fixed for the 12th, but after it began it had to be countermanded on account of the storm; still, some gains were made. On the 22nd we pushed east of Poelcapelle, and crept a little further into Houthulst Wood. On the 26th we entered Gheluvelt for the first time since the first battle of Ypres. On the 30th October came the attack on Passchendaele itself. The fighting here occupied the days until the 6th November, when the Canadians swept forward once more, and carried the whole of Passchendaele. The third battle of Ypres had wiped out the salient where for three years we had been at the mercy of the German guns.

## DOUGLAS.

*“ Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.”*

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COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,  
In the old likeness that I knew,  
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,  
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do :  
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O to call back the days that are not !  
My eyes were blinded, your words were few,  
Do you know the truth now up in Heaven,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true ?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas—  
Not half worthy the like of you :  
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—  
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,  
Drop forgiveness from Heaven like dew ;  
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true !



Private ALEXANDER MASON.

165.

**Private Alexander Mason.****Seaforth Highlanders.**

1917—October 4.

OFFICIAL information was received by George Mason, 1 School Brae, Peebles, that his second son, Private ALEXANDER MASON, Seaforths, 19 years of age, was posted as missing after an engagement in France on the 4th October 1917. Later, a letter came from the Record Office, Perth, stating that Private Mason had been killed in action on the date mentioned, and that his body had been recovered and buried. In an officer's letter in reply to a letter of enquiry from Mr Mason as to his son being posted as missing, the writer in the course of the letter said:—"The Seaforth Highlanders took part in a big battle in Belgium on 4th October, when all the officers of Private Mason's company were casualties, and many N.C.O.'s and men were killed, wounded, or missing. All that is known is that Private Mason took a gallant part in the advance, and when the Battalion was relieved he was found to be missing." Private Mason, previous to enlisting in November 1916, was employed with John Crichton, butcher, Peebles—being one of that merchant's five apprentices who laid down their lives for freedom's cause—and proceeded to France in June 1917. His elder brother, William, was a Lance-Corporal in the Royal Scots, while a younger brother, George, was a boy bugler in the Highland Light Infantry.

The night was long and dark, and hard the way,  
 But ever to the distant goal we pressed.  
 Weary and faint, sore stricken in the fray,  
 But never yet by craven fears distressed.  
 We kept our living faith, undimmed and bright,  
 In Thee, our glorious Captain in the fight.  
 Thou gavest us one heart, one mind, one soul,  
 To battle nobly in a noble cause,  
 To keep the very heart of freedom whole  
 And still uphold the high and sacred laws  
 Of justice and of right on many a field,  
 Trusting in Thee Who wert our sword and shield.



Private JOHN TURNBULL.

166.

**Private John Turnbull.**

Otago Regiment, New Zealand Infantry Brigade.

1917—October 12.

THE following telegram was received by Mr and Mrs Christopher Grieve Turnbull, Mayfield House, Old Town, Peebles, from the New Zealand Record Office, Southampton Road, London:—"Very much regret to inform you that information is just received that your son, 23059 Private JOHN TURNBULL, Otago Infantry Regiment, New Zealand Expeditionary Force, is reported killed in action at Bellevue Spur, in France, on 12th October." Private Turnbull was the eldest son of Mr and Mrs Turnbull, and went to New Zealand in 1912, being then but a lad of 18. He joined up in 1916, and in a few months thereafter was in the fighting line in France, giving his gallant young life for his country at the age of twenty-three.

In each other's faces  
 Looked the pioneers;  
 Drank the wine of courage  
 All their battle years.  
 For their weary sowing  
 Through the world wide,  
 Green they saw the harvest  
 Ere the day they died.

But the grey, grey company  
 Stood every man alone  
 In the chilly dawn light.  
 Scarcely had they known  
 Ere the day they perished,  
 That their beacon star  
 Was not glint of marsh-light  
 In the shadows far.

Be laurel to the victor,  
 And roses to the fair,  
 And asphodel Elysian  
 Let the hero wear;  
 But lay the maiden lilies  
 Upon their narrow biers—  
 The lone grey company  
 Before the pioneers.



Private WILLIAM PACE.

167.

**Private William Pace.**

Scottish Rifles.

1917.—October 19.

JOHN PACE, Soonhope, Peebles, was officially informed that his only son, Private WILLIAM PACE, Scottish Rifles, had died in an Australian Hospital in France, on the 19th October, as the result of an accident. He was 24, and before enlisting was employed at Haystoun, and also at the Hydro.

Come, let us drink in silence ere we part  
 To every fervent yet resolvèd heart  
 That brought its tameless passion and its tears,  
 Renunciation, and laborious years.  
 To lay the deep foundations of our race,  
 To rear its mighty ramparts overhead,  
 And light its pinnacles with golden grace.



Sergeant WILLIAM PRESTON.

168.

**Sergeant William Preston.****Machine Gun Corps.**

1917—October 26.

MR AND MRS WILLIAM PRESTON, 4a Cross Street, Peebles, received a letter from an officer in France stating that their son had been killed in action on the 26th October 1917. The writer, however, did not state the name of the soldier or the company to which he was attached, and the fact that they had two sons in France left them in doubt as to which one had made the supreme sacrifice. In answer to enquiries, Mr and Mrs Preston received a letter stating that it was Sergeant WILLIAM PRESTON who had been killed. The writer said—"Your son, Sergeant W. Preston, did splendid work the other day (26th October) before he was killed. He was the life and soul of his section, and was an example to every one. You can well be proud of him, and the country have lost in him a man whom they can ill afford to spare. He was the best athlete in the company, and would have risen to great heights had he lived. Nevertheless he did wonderful work for his country, and did his duty. He has made the great sacrifice." The deceased, who was the eldest son, and 21 years of age, previous to enlisting in August 1914 was employed in Wakefield Tweed Mill, Galashiels, and went out to France with a draft a year later. He was in Peebles during September 1916, on hospital leave, after having been wounded in France. He was an enthusiastic member of the Gala Harriers' Club, a well-known football player, and the winner of numerous athletic prizes. It is interesting to note that Sergeant Preston's father, formerly of the 2nd Scots Guards, wears the Tel-el-Kebir and Egyptian medals.

We cannot hear your step upon the stair,  
 We turn to speak, and find a vacant chair,  
 Something is broken that we cannot mend,  
 God has done more than take away a friend  
 In taking you: for all that we have left  
 Is bruised and irremediably bereft.  
 There is none like you. Yet not that alone  
     Do we bemoan;  
 But this: that you were greater than the rest,  
     And better than the best.



Private ANDREW YOUNG.

169.

**Private Andrew Young.****Gordon Highlanders.**

1917—October 26.

MRS ALEXANDER YOUNG, 6 Kirkland Street, Peebles, received official information that her youngest son, Private ANDREW YOUNG, Gordon Highlanders, who was previously reported as missing in France, after an engagement on 26th October, had been killed in action on that date. Private Young, who was 23 years of age, was twice wounded, and once invalided home from France suffering from typhoid fever. Previous to enlisting in June 1915, Private Young was employed as a grocer at Methil, and for some time before going to Methil he was a grocer with John Black, Northgate, Peebles. Private Young's first time in France was ten weeks after he had joined the Colours, while his fourth time, with a draft, was in June 1917.

"In the hope of having better news, I have delayed writing about your son, Private A. Young, who was reported missing on 26th October 1917. He was with the Battalion in their attack that morning. The enemy's fire was severe, and the rain made the ground very heavy. Since then we have heard no news of him. If you have, kindly let us know. There is always the possibility of his being in one of our hospitals wounded, or even a prisoner of war. But those who know the situation here fear the worst. If we hear anything further we shall let you know at once."

Mrs Young had a record of which any mother might well be proud. She gave her five sons to the service of her country, and this splendid sacrifice was the more noteworthy when it is considered that not one male member of the family remained at home. The names of the sons and their regiments were—William, South African Rifles; David, Black Watch; Alexander, Royal Garrison Artillery; James, Royal Engineers; Andrew, Gordon Highlanders; son-in-law, George Weir, Royal Garrison Artillery.

Who shall name them, this numberless army? we know not their number or name,  
But we know from the sign on their foreheads through great tribulation they came;

No calendar blazons their triumph with service of vigil or feast,

And he that was greatest among them is even as he that was least;

They were men in the might of their manhood, or boys in the beauty of youth,

But they held all as dust in the balance to battling for freedom and truth,

We shall see them no more to our sorrow, they are rapt from the sphere of our pain,

And the sword and the fire and the bullet shall sear not nor slay them again;

Priest and poet, clerk, scholar, and craftsman, sea-toilers, or sons of the sod,

From earth, air, and ocean up-gathered, they rest in the Garden of God.



Lance-Corporal WALTER M. CAMPBELL.

170. **Lance-Corporal Walter Mellish Campbell.**

King's Own Scottish Borderers.

1917—October 27.

MR AND MRS DUNCAN CAMPBELL, Hydro Cottage, Soonhope, Peebles were informed officially that their eldest son, Lance-Corporal WALTER M. CAMPBELL, King's Own Scottish Borderers, had been killed in France on 27th October 1917.

He was born in Ardrishaig, Argyllshire, in 1896, and was therefore 21 years of age when he fell. He was educated at Peebles Burgh and County High School, and went in for all outdoor sports. He had a kind and loving nature, scorning to do a mean action, and was a general favourite with all who knew him. He was a law clerk with Blackwood & Smith, W.S., Peebles, previous to enlisting in the 9th Royal Scots. When he was drafted to France he was transferred to the King's Own Scottish Borderers, and served with them till he was killed. His body was buried at Zonnebeke. Walter Campbell's neighbour at Soonhope, William Pace, fell about the same time.

"Thanks for letter of 3rd instant, and I'm sure Wattie's death must be a terrible blow to you. He was so cheery, and always got through somehow, in fact, as we say, he didn't care a hang for any danger or thing. I have seen him in tight corners, but he always came out on top. He was always talking of getting a Blighty one or trench feet again, the same as in the 1st Battalion last year. I know you will miss him severely, for from my personal acquaintanceship he must have been a great favourite with all. He came through the fighting all right on the 26th, and it seems so terrible that he should have been killed while going out for a rest. I was wounded on the 26th, and had left Wattie on his own in a shell-hole. He had asked me to leave him my water bottle, for water is so difficult to obtain, and the smell and taste of gunpowder makes you so thirsty. He wished me the best of luck, and hoped I'd get to Blighty, and laughingly said he would shortly follow me down and meet me again at the dressing station. I never dreamt that I should never see him again, and it was a terrible blow to me when I saw his death mentioned in the *Scotsman*. I am sorry to say there is little hope of getting any of his belongings, for he may have been buried by strangers, and they would not think of retaining his pay or notebook to send to you. I will try and get it for you, and will write the sergeant, although he wasn't in the line at the time. I know you would prize any little detail of his, for I'm sure they would in my

home. I shall be going out again early in the New Year, and will try and get posted to the 2nd Battalion, and will get to know all details concerning Walter's death. My home is in Sheffield, but if at any time I am near Peebles, or in Edinburgh, I shall most certainly call and see you. I will now give you a few details leading up to the time I came away. We left Bedford House, or what remained of it, on the afternoon of the 24th, and after a long, long trail, arrived at the support pill boxes, after a four hours' journey. Fritz's artillery was very active, and we had a few casualties, but Walter and I arrived safe, as we had done on many occasions. It is really miraculous how anyone returns through that awful fire zone. We were told to go in a pill box, and stay there, and thirty-three were put in an open dug-out, which would accommodate ten of us in comfort. We were all crouched up, and the water lay about in places to the depth of one foot. We stayed in till about 11.30 A.M. the next morning, when word came along that the 'Warwicks' had lost the chateau. Fritz had been shelling the pill box all through the night, and any moment we were expecting to be blown to atoms. Well, we fixed bayonets, and a few of us, including Walter, made our way up to take back the chateau. We had got safely away from the pill box when the Bosches landed a shell right into it. Eventually we arrived up to the Warwicks, and Walter and I dug a hole to shelter us. I was called away to run and gather ammunition for the Lewis Machine Gunners, and after an hour and a half's work I was sniped in the left forearm, but it was only a slight flesh wound. The last I saw of Walter was when I handed him my ammunition and water-bottle."

"It was with the deepest regret I learned this morning that your son Wattie had fallen. It was a great shock to me, and you have my deepest sympathy in your sad bereavement. The last time I saw him was on the 25th October, the night we went up the line. We were in different companies, and our company was in reserve, Wattie's being in support. The Battalion got word to move up to the front line on the 27th, and I got wounded on the road up. It was very hard lines on Wattie. He was a good and a brave lad, and through his death I have lost the best chum ever I had in the Army. It all depends who was with him at the time if you get his belongings, but I expect you will get some of them from the Battalion. I hope you have now got over it a little, and I cannot write how sorry I am."

"Your letter of 9th inst. to hand regarding the death of Lance-Corporal Walter M. Campbell. I am sorry I can give no information of my own regarding the deceased man, as I only took over this platoon after the 26th ulto., the date on which he was killed. However, I learn from inquiry that the company had just been relieved from the front

line, and were sheltering round about some pill boxes, when a shrapnel shell burst overhead and killed Lance-Corporal Campbell. He was killed instantaneously, and was buried near the spot where he fell. He was an excellent soldier, and had just been promoted Lance-Corporal before going up for his last time on this earth. He was very well liked in his company, and all his pals were very sorry to lose him. I trust this information, though little, may be of some consolation to his sorrowing parents, and they have our deepest sympathy in losing such a son."

In the glen when I was young  
 Bluebell stems stood close together,  
 In the evenings dewdrops hung  
 Clear as glass above the heather.  
 I'd be sitting on a stone,  
 Legs above the water swung,  
 I a laddie all alone,  
 In the glen where I was young.

Well, the glen is empty now,  
 And far am I from them that love me,  
 Water to my knees below,  
 Shrapnel in the clouds above me;  
 Watching till I sometimes see,  
 Instead of death and fighting men,  
 The people that were kind to me,  
 And summer in the little glen.

Hold me close until I die,  
 Lift me up, it's better so;  
 If, before I go, I cry,  
 It isn't I'm afraid to go;  
 Only sorry for the boy  
 Sitting there with legs aswung  
 In my little glen of joy,  
 In the glen where I was young.

## The Battle of Cambrai.

ON the 6th November 1917, with the taking of Passchendaele, the third battle of Ypres drew to a close. The mind of General Sir Douglas Haig was working towards the discovery of new tactics. He found an area for their application in that sector of the old Siegfried line which lay in front of Havrincourt Wood, between the Bapaume-Cambrai road and the Scheldt canal. Eight miles from our front rose the spires and factory chimneys of Cambrai. There was to be no preliminary bombardment. Tanks were to be relied on to break through the enemy's wire. On Tuesday, 20th November, the attack began. By half-past ten in the morning, the main Siegfried line had been pierced and broken; fighting had ensued in the deep tunnels; that too was successful, and the British troops, with cavalry behind, were advancing to their final objectives in the open country. Havrincourt village was taken; also Ribecourt. By 8 A.M. on the 21st, Flesquières village had fallen; and by 11, the German line had been breached to the north of Masnières. On the 23rd, came the serious assault on Bourlon heights. On the afternoon of the 24th the whole of Bourlon village was captured; but was re-taken by the enemy on the 25th. In the week's fighting we had taken 10,500 prisoners and 142 guns. We had wrested sixty square miles from the enemy, and re-taken ten villages. Joy bells rang prematurely in Britain, but the German High Command was greatly startled by Cambrai.

On the morning of Monday, 30th November, the Germans began a terrible assault upon our lines. Our line was overwhelmed. At 9 A.M. the enemy was in Gouzeaucourt. The situation was saved by the 29th Division at Masnières. On the 1st December the Guards advanced, captured St Quentin ridge, and entered Gonnellieu. On 2nd and 3rd December we had to withdraw. We had to give up the Bourlon position, for which our troops had so gallantly fought. The shortening of our line was begun on the night of the 4th and completed by the morning of the 7th. The battle was over, and by the end of the year, Cambrai had returned to the normal winter inactivity. The battle of Cambrai had effected nothing. This closed the campaign of 1917 on the Western Front.

AN EARLY CHRISTIAN.

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CHRISTIANS were on the earth ere Christ was born;  
His laws, not yet a code, were follow'd still  
By sightless Pagans in the dark forlorn,  
Groping toward the light, as blind men will:  
Thousands of years ago men dared to die  
Loving their enemies—and wondered why.

Who that has read in Homer's truthful page  
Of brave Achilles brooding o'er the corpse  
Of Hector sacrificed—less to his rage  
Than iron custom's law, without remorse  
Claiming revenge for mild Patroclus slain—  
Can doubt he wish'd great Hector lived again?

Full half the tears he shed were Hector's due,  
Whose noble soul he had to Hades sent.  
Why—was Patroclus gainer, if they knew?  
Methinks I see Achilles in his tent  
Beating his breast and twitching at his hair,  
Wanting a few words only—the Lord's Prayer!



Private JAMES K. BROCKIE.

171.

**Private James Kerr Brockie.****Royal Scots.**

1917—November 7.

PRIVATE JAMES KERR BROCKIE was the eldest brother of Private John Kerr Brockie, whose father resides at Maxwelltown, Dumfries. It is necessary thus to distinguish among the various families of Brockie in the burgh. The two brothers next in age were both wounded; and the youngest brother, John K. Brockie, had not yet fallen on the field (1918, August 5). There were therefore four Brockies of this family in the Army.

In September 1917, James K. Brockie, who was a china merchant in Peebles, was called up. He was trained at Glencorse. At the end of October he returned to Peebles on furlough looking ill. He went back to the barracks at Glencorse, and was kept in hospital; and from thence conveyed to the hospital in Edinburgh Castle. But collapse from internal hæmorrhage set in, and he passed away on the 7th November 1917, aged 32. He left a widow—Catherine Confrey—and child. His remains were accorded a military funeral, with pipe band and firing party, in the cemetery of Peebles.

Waste of muscle, waste of brain,  
 Waste of patience, waste of pain,  
 Waste of manhood, waste of health,  
 Waste of beauty, waste of wealth,  
 Waste of blood, and waste of tears,  
 Waste of youth's most precious years,  
 Waste of ways that saints have trod,  
 Waste of glory, waste of God.  
 War!



Lieutenant JOHN BAIN.

172.

**Lieutenant John Bain.**

Canadian Machine Gun Corps.

1917—November 12.

AMONG the many Peebles-Canadian lads who gallantly offered their services to the Motherland in her time of need was JOHN BAIN, of Pine Lake, Alberta, Canada. He was the younger son of the late Captain John Bain, nautical assessor, Glasgow, and Mrs Bain, formerly of Stobain, Peebles, and now of Riverdale, Elbow Park, Calgary, Alberta, Canada. Mrs Bain was a daughter of Captain James Marshall, of the 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons.

Deceased was born in Glasgow in 1878, and was in his 31st year at the time of his death. He was educated at Linden Academy, Partick, Glasgow, and at Peebles Burgh and County High School, and left for Canada in 1904. He settled at Pine Lake, Alberta, and engaged in ranching for eight years. In 1912 he went to British Columbia, and settled on Vancouver Island, remaining there till the outbreak of war in 1914. He was unmarried. One brother was Captain George Bain, of the Headquarters Staff, Military District No. 13, Calgary.

Deceased was a member of the 15th Light Horse Canadian Active Militia (non-permanent), from 1908 till 1912. After the outbreak of the Great War, and when the call came for more men, he enlisted in the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders of Canada (Canadian Expeditionary Force), at Nanaimo, British Columbia, in June 1915. He was gazetted Lieutenant in the 35th Central Alberta Horse, and appointed to be Lieutenant of the 137th Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force in December 1915. He proceeded overseas with his Battalion in the autumn of 1916, and after further training in England he went to France in August 1917. He accompanied the Canadian Corps from Lens to Passchendaele, and was dangerously wounded by shell explosion, while occupying position on Bellevue Spur, on the night of 11th November 1917, and died of wounds twelve hours later. He was buried in Dozenghem British Cemetery, Proven, Belgium.

Lieutenant Bain's mother wrote—"My dear boy's last letter was dated 6th November 1917. He wrote me every day from the time he went to France, sometimes only a line, and the latest said—"I do not feel very fluent to-night, and as you generally get my letters in a bunch I'll stop." Another time he was writing by the light of a candle, in the dug-out, and he said the candle had fallen twenty times while he covered half a sheet, with the reverberations of the

cannonading passing over their heads. My first news were the telegrams received on the 13th and 14th November 1917 consecutively. First, 'Dangerously wounded,' and second, 'Died of wounds.'"

Afterwards the following communications were received by the stricken mother:—

"The King commands me to assure you of the true sympathy of His Majesty and the Queen in your sorrow.—DERBY, *Secretary of State for War.*"

"I am commanded by His Excellency the Governor-General to say with what deep regret both he and Her Excellency the Duchess of Devonshire have heard of the loss you and the Dominion have sustained by the death of your son, Lieutenant John Bain, in the service of his country. Their Excellencies deeply sympathise with you in your sorrow."

"My colleagues and I send our deepest sympathy in the great bereavement you have sustained in the death of your gallant son.—R. L. BORDEN."

"I desire to express to you my very sincere sympathy in the recent decease of your son, Lieutenant John Bain, Canadian Expeditionary Force, who, in sacrificing his life at the front in action with the enemy, has rendered the highest service of a worthy citizen. The heavy loss which you and the nation have sustained would indeed be depressing were it not redeemed by the knowledge that the brave comrade for whom we mourn performed his duties fearlessly and well, as became a good soldier, and gave his life for the great cause of human liberty and the defence of the Empire."

"Your son, Lieutenant John Bain, 3rd Canadians, Machine Gun Corps, has to-day been admitted to 61 Casualty Clearing Station, suffering from severe wounds of right leg and lesser wounds of both hands. I expect you have already heard from the War Office that his condition is critical, and at time of writing I am sorry to say there is no improvement. I thought you would like to know how everything possible is being done for him. I will write again and tell you how he is."

"I am exceedingly sorry to have to write you such a sad letter as this must be to you. Your son, Lieutenant John Bain, died on the same night of admission to this casualty clearing station. When he came to us he was in a very collapsed condition, having lost a great amount of blood. His right leg was very badly mutilated, and although we tried everything, nothing was of any avail. He was unconscious for several hours before he died, and it will comfort you to know that he did not suffer any pain, and passed peacefully away, at 8 P.M. I told him I was writing you. He was pleased about it, and said he hoped you would not worry about him. He is buried in the

cemetery at Dozenghem, quite near here, beside many others of our brave men. Each grave is marked with a little cross, and well cared for. May I offer you my sincere sympathy in your great loss."

"I deeply regret to have to say that your dear son, Lieutenant J. Bain, 3rd Canadian Machine Gun Corps, was brought into this hospital on 11th inst., severely wounded in the right leg and hands, and succumbed during the night to his wounds. He hardly regained consciousness, and passed away peacefully. Everything possible was done for him, and the sister attended to his case most tenderly. He was in deep sleep each time I visited him during the day he was in. Yesterday I conducted his burial service in Dozenghem Military Cemetery attached to this hospital. It is a quiet spot, and well looked after. Each has a separate grave, with a cross giving particulars. Your son's grave is No. 9 in Row A, Plot 15. He nobly gave his life for others. May the God of all consolation comfort you and all dear to your son in your great sorrow, and ever guard and bless you."

"Please forgive my writing to you, but I feel I must tell you how deeply and truly we sympathise with you in the loss of your son. My husband is in the Canadian Machine Gun Corps, and we both knew your son so well. We first met him at the school at Crowborough last January, and in all the two and a half years that my husband has been in the Canadian Army your dear son was one of the few men he has met that he felt that he could make a real and true friend of. It seems so utterly hard that your son should not have been spared, for God knows that we surely have need of good men in the world, and that they are needed more to-day than they have ever been before. . . . My husband saw him several times in France. They posted Mr Bain to the 3rd Company and my husband to the 13th. Their companies worked a good deal together, and latterly they were with each other at Passchendaele. The conditions there were very, very awful, and the Canadian Machine Gun Corps suffered more losses there than in any other engagement during the whole of their existence. The wonder was that any returned. On the night before Mr Bain and my husband went up the line for the last time, they spent the evening together, and the next day they parted each to his company. My husband last saw Mr Bain finding the position for his guns. The following day he was wounded, and my husband made special enquiries as to whether they had been able to get Mr Bain 'out' and down to a dressing station, and he was so glad to hear that they had, and he hoped there was a chance of his recovery. We are afraid it was the shock of it all that made it impossible for him to recover, for we know that your son was a more than ordinarily sensitive man."

"Your son's position was just ahead of mine. I cannot tell you

how grieved I was to hear that he had been hit, but with the news was the comforting word that he had been got out of the line and to hospital. I met Captain Davison of the 3rd the next day, and he confirmed the news, saying at the same time that he had lost one of his best and most trustworthy officers. Your son was indeed this—utterly conscientious, and a favourite with his men—for he never spared himself or thought of his own comfort until he had first looked after theirs. You yourself know that he was a good son, and I can only add that he was a good man, a good soldier, and a good friend. . . . Your loss is also Canada's loss, for she, too, has lost one that her Army can ill spare, whose influence would be always for good, and whose example would help not only his men but also his brother officers and all who came in contact with him. And we, my wife and I, have lost a friend we had hoped to keep for the rest of our lives."

Another soldier friend said of Lieutenant Bain—"I learned to respect and admire him for his fine manly qualities and sterling characteristics. I have no particulars as to how he met his death, but I know that he would be manfully doing his duty, in a capacity that is recognised as the most hazardous in the present war."

The same friend wrote later—"Since I received your letter, I have received one from a good old Scotsman, named Slater, who acted as batman to John and me at Witley. . . . For my part, Slater's letter expresses the thought and feeling of everyone who ever came in contact with John. It is the plain, outspoken, feeling sympathy of one man for his master. During the past couple of months I have met many of John's old machine gunners of the 137th Battalion, and they have all spoken of his death with feelings of deep and sincere regret."

The batman said—"I see a report in *Canada*, December 22nd, of the death of Lieutenant John Bain, Canadian Machine Gun Corps. I was wondering if it was the same Mr Bain, of the 137th Machine Gun Corps, that used to room with you at Witley. If so, then it is another one of Canada's gentlemen that has paid the price doing his duty. For a gentleman he was in every respect of the word. During the short period of a month that I was batman to you and him I have heard the boys of the 137th term him 'a good sort,' and my own personal experience of him was that he was well liked by all ranks."

Another of his men said to Lieutenant Bain's cousin—"He was the finest officer in the British Army, and the whitest man I ever met."

Another soldier friend said—"I've felt it dreadfully myself. He was such a good sort—all through one of the very best, and I never forget how he went round Calgary with me one evening and to the

theatre, though he was an officer and I just a private, and also writing to me as he did over here. But then he was just Jack—no side to him and never could have been. He wasn't that sort, but one of those men who are not often found, whose men almost worship them, and would do anything for. I wonder why it is in this war that all the best seem to be taken."

"We all know the splendid courage and determination that led him to answer the call to battle, and just those reliable, dependable qualities which he always showed at the Lake he would show in battle. He has gone in good company—in that great band of brave, shining knights who have given all. Once more the world is being redeemed by the precious blood, and in a sense they are sharers with our Lord in His work of redemption. It is nice to think that life is not valued by its length, but the use we make of it, and I feel no man could have used his better than Jack."

"We shall never forget the men who stood by the old Mother Country in her hour of need, and made victory possible. Canada has been tested in this war, and has come out pure gold."

There is gathering in the heavens an innumerable host  
Of the valiant and the noble ones who count the world well lost;  
The Lord of Hosts had need of them for the work He has on hand,  
Now, like the stars for multitude, they wait His high command.

Every race and every nation, every land beneath the sun  
Has helped to swell that great array, but all in Him are one;  
For the things that made for hatreds, and the things that made for wrath,  
Fell from them as they passed the gate, and pledged their new God-troth.



Lieutenant WILLIAM M. CLARK.

173.

**Lieutenant William Muir Clark.***Distinguished Conduct Medal, Military Medal, Croix de Guerre, Medaille Militaire.***Royal Highlanders.**

1917—November 20.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM M. CLARK was a son of Mr and Mrs James B. Clark, Clifton, Arizona, U.S.A., formerly of Peebles. Lieutenant Clark spent his boyhood days in Peebles, and was getting on well in his new sphere; but when war broke out he heard the urgent call of King and country, and so anxious was he to take part in the great struggle that he ran away from school, working his way from Pittsburg to New York, and then worked his passage across the Atlantic from New York to Liverpool. He was not quite 17 years of age at the time. He was a fearless, high-spirited lad, and it is said that the boy's enthusiasm and determination to "do his bit" had such an effect upon those with whom he came in contact that no fewer than 200 men resolved to follow his example.

He landed at Liverpool in the month of May 1915, and immediately enlisted in the Black Watch, went through the usual training, and then was sent out to France with his regiment. Landing in France, he was soon up in the firing line and into the thick of the fighting, when he had some stirring experiences and some narrow escapes, being wounded four times. He specially distinguished himself as a soldier, being absolutely fearless under the most trying circumstances, and faithful to duty at all times, and this is all the more remarkable considering his youth. In recognition of his gallant conduct, he received the Distinguished Conduct Medal and the Military Medal, and he was decorated by King George with the "Croix de Guerre." He also received the French "Medaille Militaire," all so well deserved, but he was so modest and unassuming that no one would easily have learned these things from himself.

After about eighteen months' active service in France he came back to this country to take up the commission which he had so well earned and deserved. He was in training at Nigg, Ross-shire, and at Gales Camp, and on the completion of this he again went out to France, where as an officer he displayed as brave and fearless a spirit as ever he did as a private. He was a general favourite, with his bright and cheery ways, not only as a boy and a young man, but also as a soldier, with his brother officers and men of his regiment. They lost a good and cheery companion and comrade, and the Army one who, though so young, had shown that he was every inch a soldier,

and true to the noble watchwords of faith and duty. The loss to his parents and friends was irreparable, and the sincere sympathy of all who knew them went out to them in their great sorrow and loss.

The following extract from a letter, which was received from Lieutenant Clark's commanding officer, shows the deep respect and esteem in which he was held:—"It is with the deepest regret that I write to tell you of the death of Mr Clark. During the short time he has been with this Battalion, he has won the highest esteem and respect of his fellow-officers and men. He was always well to the front in all sports, and in the fight was a hero. I was his company commander, and saw all his brilliant work before he was killed by a sniper. After being hit he lived for nearly five minutes, but did not suffer pain, in fact his last words were—'Thank God, I have done my bit, anyhow.' The officers and men of this company join with me in asking you to accept our sincerest sympathy in the time of your sorrow and loss, but I am sure you will realise with great pride the noble sacrifice he has made. Another officer and myself were at his burial last Saturday. He is buried in a nice little cemetery at Ypres, but the exact location will be sent you. Pardon me for being so long in writing, but we only came out of the fight on Saturday morning, and our time has been fully occupied since with moving and re-organisation."

All the dear ones we have lost are in that host beyond compare,  
 He has called them to His battle that they may His triumph share;  
 And no man there but glories in the gain we count but loss,  
 For they proudly follow Him who vanquished death upon the Cross.

And the hearts of men are stirring now; they feel His presence near;  
 His clarion-call has thrilled the world with its challenge loud and clear;  
 By the dim highway of Sorrow, and the clean reluctant sword,  
 The soul of life is answering the summons of its Lord.

## IN CHAPEL.

THIS is the Chapel: here, my son,  
 Your father thought the thoughts of youth,  
 And heard the words that one by one  
 The touch of Life has turn'd to truth.  
 Here in a day that is not far  
 You too may speak with noble ghosts,  
 Of manhood and the vows of war  
 You made before the Lord of Hosts.

To set the Cause above renown  
 To love the game beyond the prize,  
 To honour, while you strike him down,  
 The foe that comes with fearless eyes:  
 To count the life of battle good,  
 And dear the land that gave you birth,  
 And dearer yet the brotherhood  
 That binds the brave of all the earth.

My son, the oath is yours, the end  
 Is His, Who built the world of strife,  
 Who gave His children Pain for friend,  
 And Death for surest hope of life.  
 To-day and here the fight's begun,  
 Of the great fellowship you're free;  
 Henceforth the School and you are one,  
 And what You are, the race shall be.

God send you fortune: yet be sure,  
 Among the lights that gleam and pass,  
 You'll live to follow none more pure  
 Than that which glows on yonder brass:  
 " *Qui procul hinc,*" the legend's writ,  
 The frontier-grave is far away—  
 " *Qui ante diem perit:*  
*Sed miles, sed pro patria.*"



Private WILLIAM BAIGRIE.

175.

**Private William Baigrie.****Highland Light Infantry.**

1917—November 30.

IN November 1917 the British were fighting in the neighbourhood of Cambrai. On the 20th they took part of the Hindenburg Line, capturing 11,000 prisoners and 138 guns. Upon the 24th and 25th, there was much heavy fighting at Bourlon village, near Cambrai. On 30th November the Germans made a great attack at Cambrai, and the British were forced back with considerable loss. But on 1st December the British re-captured Gonnelleu, near Cambrai.

Private William Baigrie, of the 15th Battalion of the Highland Light Infantry, was engaged in all this heavy fighting. He fell on St Andrew's Day, 1917, on the Cambrai front, after five months' service abroad. He was born in Elcho Street, Peebles, on the 2nd December 1889, and was aged 27 when he fell. His wife was Agnes Dickson, Gowanlea, West Linton.

Still I see them coming, coming,  
In their ragged broken line,  
Walking wounded in the sunlight,  
Clothed in majesty divine.

For the fairest of the lilies,  
That God's fairest summer sees,  
Ne'er was clothed in royal beauty  
Such as decks the least of these.

Tattered, torn, and bloody khaki,  
Gleams of white flesh in the sun,  
Raiment worthy of their beauty,  
And the great things they have done.

Purple robes and snowy linen  
Have for earthly kings sufficed,  
But these bloody sweaty tatters  
Were the robes of Jesus Christ.



Captain PATRICK D. BOOTH.

176.

**Captain Patrick Dick Booth.***Military Cross, Distinguished Service Order.***Royal Field Artillery.**

1917—December 2.

CAPTAIN PATRICK DICK BOOTH, Military Cross, Distinguished Service Order, Royal Field Artillery, was killed at Cambrai on the 2nd December 1917, in his 31st year. He was the only son of Mr and Mrs Patrick Booth, Aligarh, Liberton, Edinburgh, and was a Peeblesshire man through and through. His paternal grandfather was the Rev. Patrick Booth, M.A., minister of Innerleithen. His grandmother was Robina Williamson, daughter of Alexander Williamson, writer, town clerk of Peebles. His mother's father was the Rev. John Dick, minister of Tweedsmuir, and he was born in the house of his aunt, Mrs Tweedie Stodart of Oliver, Tweedsmuir.

He began his education at Peebles Burgh and County High School, and afterwards was a student and graduate of Edinburgh University. He was keenly interested in gunnery, and while a student was an efficient member of the Edinburgh University Battery. Starting his career as a surveyor in Canada, his qualities, personal and professional, secured him a practice and reputation that seldom fall to one so young. For some time previous to the war he held a commission in the Royal Artillery (Canada), and on that day fateful for the world—the 4th of August 1914—he cabled his father that he was coming home to volunteer. He was on board the ship before night. After undergoing training on this side, he joined the 29th Division, and took part in the landing at Gallipoli. He commanded the first two guns that were brought ashore, and there he received his first wound in the service of the King. His gallantry and devotion to duty in this campaign brought him mention in dispatches and the decoration of the Military Cross. In France the same soldierly qualities brought him rapid promotion. In the end, as it happened, he fell not among his own men, but where he was most sorely needed, leading the infantry on what was one of the hottest and most critical days of the whole war—when the Germans came over on the Cambrai front.

On the 30th November, Captain Booth, along with a machine gunner of the 29th Division, held the ridge opposite one of the British gun positions for several hours against the enemy advancing to the

attack in dense formation. He succeeded in holding the Germans back until such time as some sort of organised defence could be arranged.

On the 1st December the enemy succeeded in capturing Masnières. A party of infantry was sent to clear the enemy from the village. Captain Booth joined this party, led them along the street, captured five of the enemy, and cleared the whole north end of the village. He then led the infantry to clear the south end of the village, and walked right into a party of the enemy, some twenty strong, armed with bombs. Captain Booth's party immediately fired with good effect, but the enemy dropped three bombs, wounding Captain Booth mortally. He lay in No Man's Land for ten minutes before he was rescued, and carried back to that part of the village held by our troops. He was bandaged up and taken immediately to the dressing station, but his injuries were so severe that he survived only a few hours. Captain Booth died regretted by all, from the General to the youngest gunner—for, in the words of the Chaplain, "he was the best loved officer in the Brigade." For his splendid services at Cambrai he was awarded the Distinguished Service Order. He made the supreme ungrudging sacrifice, faithful to the end, enduring hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He fought a good fight and kept the faith. Truly a splendid record, of which his sorrowing relatives may well be proud.

War Office, Whitehall, S.W.1,  
30th May 1918.

SIR,—I have it in command from His Majesty the King to inform you, as next of kin of the late Captain Patrick Dick Booth, Military Cross, of the Royal Field Artillery, that this officer was mentioned in the following dispatches for gallant and distinguished service in the field:—From General Sir Ian Hamilton, dated 28th September 1915, and published in the supplement to the *London Gazette*, dated 5th November 1915. From Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, dated 7th April 1918, and published in the 5th supplement to the *London Gazette*, dated 21st May 1918. I am to express to you the King's high appreciation of these services, and to add that His Majesty trusts that their public acknowledgment may be of some consolation in your bereavement.

I have the honour to be

Your obedient servant,

JOHN GRAHAM, Colonel,

*Assistant Military Secretary.*

*P. Booth, Esq., Aligarh, Liberton, Midlothian.*

## THE 29th DIVISION.

*Gallipoli, 1915-16.**Somme, 1916-17.**Ypres, 1917.**Arras, 1917.**Cambrai, 1917.**Captain P. D. Booth, D.S.O., M.C., Royal Field Artillery.*

I have read with much pleasure the reports of your Brigade Commander regarding your gallant conduct and devotion to duty in the field on 1st December 1917, and have ordered your name and deed to be entered on the record of the 29th Division.

BEAUVOIR DE LISLE,  
Major General Commanding 29th Division.

Where are all the *young* men?  
There are only grey-heads here.  
What has become of the *young* men?

This is the young men's year!

They are gone, one and all, at duty's call,  
To the camp, to the trench, to the sea.  
They have left their homes, they have left their all,  
And now, in ways heroical,

*They are making history.*

From bank and shop, from bench and mill,  
From the schools, from the tail of the plough,  
They hurried away at the call of the fray,  
They could not linger a day, and now

*They are making history.*

And we miss them sorely, as we look  
At the seats where they used to be,  
And try to picture them as they are,  
Then hastily drop the veil—for, you see

*They are making history.*

And history, in these dread days,  
Is sore, sore sad in the making;  
We are building the future with our dead,  
We are binding it sure with the brave blood shed,  
Though our hearts are well-nigh breaking.  
We can but pray that the coming day  
Will reap, of our red sowing,  
The harvest meet of a world complete  
With the peace of God's bestowing.  
So, with quiet heart, we do our part  
In the travail of this mystery,  
We give of our best, and we leave the rest  
To Him Who maketh history.





Private WILLIAM D. SMITH.

177.           **Private William Derryman Smith.**

Border Regiment.

1917—December 2.

OFFICIAL intimation was received by Mr and Mrs Alexander Smith, 2 Elcho Street, Peebles, of the death of Private WILLIAM DERRYMAN SMITH, of the Border Regiment, their youngest son. Private Smith, who was a single man, was 26 years of age. He was well-known as a football player. He joined up in the spring of 1917, and went out to France in the following summer.

The following is the letter received by Private Smith's parents:—  
 "I regret to have to inform you that on 2nd December last your son, Private William Smith, made the last sacrifice for his country. He died gallantly while advancing with his comrades to the attack on the German position. He will be greatly missed by the company, and we all wish to convey to you our deepest sympathy in your sad bereavement."

All peace is here. Beyond our range,  
 Yet 'neath the self-same sky,  
 The boys that knew these fields of home  
 By Flemish willows lie.

They waded in the sun-shot flow,  
 They loitered in the shade,  
 Who trod the heavy road of death,  
 Jestng and unafraid.

Peace! What of peace? This glimpse of peace  
 Lies at the heart of pain,  
 For respite, ere the spirit's load  
 We stoop to lift again.

O load of grief, of faith, of wrath,  
 Of patient, quenchless will;  
 Till God shall ease us of your weight  
 We'll bear you higher still.

O ghosts that walk by Tweeddale's vales  
 'Tis more than peace you give,  
 For you, who knew so well to die,  
 Shall teach us how to live.



Signaller DAVID SADLER and Baby SADLER.

178.     **Signaller David Sadler, Myma Sadler, and  
          Baby Sadler.**

Cameron Highlanders (Canadian).

1917—December 6.

ON the 6th December 1917 a terrible explosion, due to the collision of two ships, took place in the harbour of Halifax, Nova Scotia, by which a great part of Halifax was laid in ruins, and many lives were lost. Among the victims were Signaller DAVID SADLER, his wife, and their fifteen months' old baby. Mrs Sadler was the fourth surviving daughter of John Powers, 63 High Street, Peebles. She went out to Canada some years before the accident, and was there married to David Sadler, who belonged to Dundee, and was a bookbinder to trade. After the marriage the young couple resided at Winnipeg, afterwards proceeding to Halifax. Mr Sadler joined the 79th Cameron Highlanders (Canadian) after the outbreak of war, and was stationed at Halifax as a signaller and inspector of ships, residing in Barrington Street, not far from the docks. While resident in Peebles, Mrs Sadler, who was a native of North Berwick, was popular with all her friends and acquaintances, being of a bright cheery nature. She was a member of the Tweed Lodge of Good Templars, and took an active part in the work of the Lodge.

Weep for the signaller brave,  
Weep for the sweet young wife,  
Who lovingly watched o'er their little lamb,  
While the father shared in the strife.

They were far from their native land,  
And we longed to have them near;  
But the glorious Peace we are praying for  
Has come to their listening ear.

Long shall the mother mourn,  
And sisters and brothers weep,  
But the thought of the blameless lives that are gone  
In their hearts they shall ever keep.

His last long watch at sea,  
In the bitter, cruel blast,  
Is o'er, and now they are safe at Home,  
In a peaceful haven at last.



Mrs DAVID SADLER.

Now rests her soul in Jesu's arms,  
 Her body in the grave sleeps well,  
 His heart her death-chill'd heart re-warms,  
 And rest more deep than tongue can tell—  
 Her few brief hours of conflict pass'd—  
 She finds with Christ, her Friend, at last;  
 She bathes in tranquil seas of peace,  
 God wipes away her tears, she feels  
 New life that all her langour heals,  
 The glory of the Lamb she sees.

She hath escaped all danger now,  
 Her pain and sighing all are fled;  
 The crown of joy is on her brow,  
 Eternal glories o'er her shed,  
 In golden robes, a queen, a bride,  
 She standeth at her Sovereign's side,  
 She sees His face unveil'd and bright;  
 With joy and love He greets her soul,  
 She feels herself made inly whole,  
 A lesser light amid His light.

The child hath now its Father seen,  
 And feels what kindling love may be,  
 And knoweth what those words may mean—  
 "Himself, the Father, loveth thee."  
 A shoreless ocean, an abyss  
 Unfathom'd, fill'd with good and bliss,  
 Now breaks on her enraptured sight;  
 She sees God's face, she learneth there  
 What this shall be, to be His heir,  
 Joint-heir with Christ her Lord, in light.



Private JAMES RAMSAY.

179.

**Private James Ramsay.**

Royal Scots.

1917—December 15.

DIED of wounds in France, on 15th December 1917, Private JAMES RAMSAY, Royal Scots, aged 26, eldest son of Mr and Mrs James Ramsay, 89 Wansbeck Road, Jarrow, formerly of Old Town, Peebles.

Private Ramsay served his apprenticeship as a gardener at Springwood, Peebles. He afterwards went to Baillieston, near Glasgow, where he was residing when war broke out. Towards the middle of October 1914, when there was an urgent call for men, he set off to the Depôt of the Royal Scots at Haddington. Being an old Territorial, and having had a good deal of experience of camp life in connection with the summer camps of the Royal Scots, he was at once accepted, and in the course of two or three weeks was picked out along with two others and despatched to France direct. He had had an all-round experience of the war in all its phases from these early days. The first winter he suffered so terribly from frost bitten feet that he lost all his toe nails. Then in May 1915 he was severely wounded, and later was gassed, and also suffered severely from shell shock, being sent home to Drumpellier Hospital, near Coatbridge. On returning to France he was sent up to the firing line, and had been in some heavy fighting just before his death.

The wound which resulted in Private Ramsay's death was caused by a bullet which entered his side, causing internal injuries. He was removed to a dressing station, but died about an hour after, and was buried by some of his Peebles chums in a little country churchyard. Private Ramsay was married, and left three of a family. His younger brother, Sergeant Thomas M'L. Ramsay, was killed in France on 26th August 1917, while attacking a German position.

Give me, O Lord, a soldier's rest,  
 Who lies uneasy on the crest  
 Of some bare shell-swept hill,  
 And with the earth for pillow waits until  
 The dawn of battle breaks.  
 Then for his country's and his children's sakes  
 Goes forth to death,  
 While all around him heaves and quakes  
 The torn and battered earth  
 And battle belches poison breath.  
 For in his soul finds birth the better rest,  
 Which comes of trust in one who leads,  
 Great joy in gallant knightly deeds,  
 And love of that great cause for which he fights.



Lance-Corporal GEORGE A. DUNN.

180.

**Lance-Corporal George A. Dunn.**

Royal Scots.

1917—December 30.

MRS GEORGE DUNN, 77 Kingsland Terrace, Peebles, received intimation that her husband, Lance-Corporal GEORGE A. DUNN, 5/6th Royal Scots, was killed in France on 30th December by a sniper's bullet in the back, as he was coming out of the first line trenches. Previous to enlisting in the 2'8th Royal Scots, in September 1914, Lance-Corporal Dunn, who was the youngest son of the late Wm. Dunn, pianoforte tuner, Peebles, was employed in March Street Mills, Peebles, as a pattern warehouseman. He left for France in February 1917. While in France he was in a base hospital for about four months, suffering from septic poisoning in both legs. The bullet wound that he received proved fatal, causing death to be almost instantaneous. His comrades accorded him a military funeral, and he was laid to rest in a small English cemetery behind the firing line. Lance-Corporal Dunn, who was 33 years of age, was well known and much respected by a large circle of friends. He was survived by his wife (a daughter of the late J. A. Kerr, printer and publisher, Peebles), and little daughter, 6 years of age at the time of her father's death, for both of whom much sympathy was felt.

But now—

Well . . . "All's well!" . . . But we're waiting no more  
 For the sound of his key in the door,  
 It lies with him there in his lowly grave,  
 Out there at the front, where his all he gave  
 Our lives and the soul of life to save.  
 And our hopeful vigil is o'er,  
 For now it is he who is waiting for us  
 On the other side of the door;  
 And Another stands with him there, waiting for us  
 And the sound of *our* key in that door.

## The Second Battle of the Somme.

AT the end of February 1918 the Eastern front had gone out of existence owing to the collapse of Russia. The Allies therefore had now to face the onslaught of a mighty engine of war whose strength could be directed to a single front. The German generals promised the Reichstag complete and absolute victory in the field before autumn. One of their Generals, in a lecture, said of General Hindenburg—"He stands in the West with our whole German manhood for the first time united in a single theatre of war, ready to strike with the strongest army the world has ever known." On the morning of the 21st March the many thousand guns of the Germans were released against the British positions, accompanied by clouds of poison gas, and every other offensive of powerful destruction. The advance was upon a fifty mile front; the British line was broken. On the 24th March the Germans captured Bapaume and Péronne, and took 30,000 prisoners. On the 25th March the Germans reached the German line of 1916. On the 26th, General Foch was appointed to the supreme command of all the Allied Armies. The situation south of the Somme was desperate; and the Commander-in-Chief might soon have no armies to command. On the 28th the Germans began to set themselves steadily to the capture of Amiens. This was a critical day everywhere from Arras to the Oise. Great German weight was brought against Arras. The effort was a complete and disastrous failure. On the 29th March the Germans were within twelve miles of Amiens. On Easter Sunday, the last day of March, the situation was very grave. Ten Pebbles men fell in March.

REST ON YOUR BATTLE-FIELDS.  

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REST on your battle-fields, ye brave!  
Let the pines murmur o'er your grave,  
Your dirge be in the moaning wave—  
    We call you back no more!

Oh! there was mourning when ye fell,  
In your vales a deep-toned knell,  
An agony, a wild farewell—  
    But that hath long been o'er.

Rest with your still and solemn fame;  
The hills keep record of your name,  
And never can a touch of shame  
    Darken the buried brow.

But we on changeful days are cast,  
When bright names from their place fall fast  
And ye that with your glory passed,  
    We cannot mourn you now.



Gunner JOHN W. GRAY.

181.

**Gunner John White Gray.**

Royal Garrison Artillery.

1918—March 9.

OFFICIAL word was received by Miss Janet White, 5a Cross Street, Peebles, stating that Gunner JOHN WHITE GRAY, Royal Garrison Artillery, who was wounded on the 9th March by the explosion of a shell, while in action in France, died of his wounds the same day, in No. 64 Casualty Clearing Station, France. The deceased, 34 years of age, who was of a very quiet disposition, previous to enlisting in September 1916, was employed as an assistant millman in March Street Mills, Peebles. Gunner Gray, who was unmarried, went out to France with a draft in July 1917. He fell near Armentieres.

They had  
 The vision of a world redeemed from sin,  
 Where Christ has first cast out, then entered in;  
 He died upon the Cross—for you and me,  
 And *you* have died to crown His sovereignty.  
     For us He died—  
     For you and me;  
     For us *they* died—  
     For you and me.  
 That love so great be justified,  
 And that Thy name be magnified,  
     Grant, Lord, that we  
     Full worthy be  
 Of these—our loved, our crucified!



Private FRANK BALL.

182.

**Private Frank Ball.**

Scottish Rifles.

1918—March 11.

MRS FRANK BALL, 11a Rosetta Road, Peebles, received a letter from an Army Chaplain, stating that her husband, Private FRANK BALL, Scottish Rifles, was wounded by the explosion of a bomb on 11th March, and died the same day in a base hospital, France. It appears that Private Ball, along with some others, had been engaged in removing a bomb, when it accidentally exploded and injured him and nine of his companions. Deceased, who was 26 years of age, previous to enlisting in January 1917, was employed in a steel work, Glasgow, and went out to France with a draft early in 1918. He was survived by his wife and little boy, 3½ years of age. An elder brother, Private William Ball, Royal Warwickshire Regiment, died, as the result of wounds, in an hospital in France on the 22nd April 1917. They were sons of Mr Charles Ball, 71 Northgate, Peebles.

There, of His radiant company,  
 Full many a one I see,  
 Who has won through the valley of shadows  
 To the larger liberty.  
 Even there, in the grace of the heavenly place,  
 It is joy to meet mine own,  
 And to know that not one but has valiantly won,  
 By the way of the cross, his crown.



Private ALEXANDER WALKER.

183.

**Private Alexander Walker.****Labour Battalion.**

1918—March 18.

PRIVATE ALEXANDER WALKER, Labour Battalion, only son of the late Alexander Walker, postman, Biggiesknowe, Peebles, died in the Canadian Military Hospital, Shorncliffe, Kent, on the 18th March 1918, succumbing to bronchitis, from which he was invalided from France the previous January. The deceased, who was 41 years of age, and unmarried, was employed in Edinburgh as a tailor previous to enlisting in the King's Own Scottish Borderers in April 1916. When he proceeded to France five weeks later, he was transferred to the Royal Scots, in which he followed his trade as a tailor at the base for some time. He was afterwards transferred to a Labour Battalion, and proceeded towards the fighting zone.

Ah, how we miss him,  
 Every hour of every day!  
 Life, since he went, has been a gray  
 Dull way, wherein we stray,  
 Neighbour'd with grief and blinded with dismay.

And yet our faith dare not gainsay  
 Thy love in taking him away.  
 Such good is his, such perfect bliss,  
 How could we wish him back in this  
 Small world of grim perplexities?



Sergeant FREDERICK G. TARRY.

184.

**Sergeant Frederick George Tarry.**

Royal Field Artillery.

1918—March 21.

FREDERICK GEORGE TARRY, a Londoner by birth, joined the Regular Army in February 1897. He served eight years with the South Wales Borderers and four years on the reserve of that Regiment. For six years he was stationed in India, and returned for discharge on the termination of his first period of engagement in February 1909. After his marriage he removed to Peebles, where he worked as a tweed warehouseman for two years.

On the 18th February 1915 Sergeant Tarry rejoined the Army, proceeding to Redford Barracks for training in the Royal Field Artillery. He was later transferred to Aldershot, and promoted Sergeant and Instructor. On the 10th January 1918 he went overseas to France with a draft. He quickly became a most popular member of his battery.

When the great battle of the Somme opened on the 21st of March 1918, and the German onrush began, Sergeant Tarry was on duty with his battery, stemming the attack at Roisel. During the fighting on that morning he was hit in the thigh by a fragment of a high explosive shell, and, although help was immediately forthcoming, he succumbed to his wounds an hour later.

Sergeant Tarry was survived by a widow, who received many letters from former comrades-in-arms testifying to her husband's popularity and good fellowship, and referring in the highest terms of praise to his courage and valour. His officers, too, spoke of his efficiency and gallantry on the field of battle, and deplored his loss to the battery.

For you, our dead, beyond the sea,  
Who gave your lives to hold us free,  
By us, who keep your memory,  
What can be said?

We cannot sing your praises right,  
Lost heroes of the endless fight,  
Whose souls into the lonely night  
Too soon have fled.

We can but honour, cherish, bless  
Your sacred name; no words express  
The measure of our thankfulness  
To you, our dead.



Private ADAM R. STRUTHERS.

185.

**Private Adam R. Struthers.****Black Watch.**

1918—March 21.

MRS STRUTHERS, 32 Rosetta Road, Peebles, was informed that her husband, Private ADAM STRUTHERS, Black Watch, had been posted as missing in France since 21st March 1918, and was presumed to be a prisoner of war. Later information was, however, received by Mrs Struthers to the effect that her husband had been killed on the date mentioned. At one time Private Struthers was employed as a gardener at Kailzie, and previous to enlisting he was engaged at Paisley.

As I walk through the valley of shadows  
 No evil do I fear,  
 The staff of Thy love doth comfort me,  
 Thy rod itself hath cheer;  
 For they guide me with care to the pastures fair  
 Where the living waters flow,  
 Where the shadows give place to the sun of Thy grace  
 And Thy passion-flowers grow.

So I came through the valley of shadows;  
 It was very drear and dark,  
 For death had been reaping his harvest there,  
 And had left it bare and stark.  
 But the shadowy way climbs up to the day,  
 And I press on with heart elate,  
 For the end of my quest is the shining crest,  
 And the wide-flung open gate.



Private JOHN DRUMMOND.

186.

**Private John Drummond.**

Royal Scots.

1918—March 21.

MRS DAVID DRUMMOND, Winkston Crossing, received intimation that her second son, Private JOHN DRUMMOND, Royal Scots, had been instantaneously killed on the 21st March, while in action with his regiment in France, by the bursting of a bomb. Private Drummond, who was 22 years of age, previous to enlistment was employed by D. Ballantyne & Co., March Street Mills, Peebles.

“It is with the deepest regret that I write to inform you of the death of your son, Private J. Drummond. He was killed by a shell on the 21st March. I can say little to comfort you in the circumstances, but I should like you to know that I had the highest opinion of your son. He was very well liked by his comrades, and will long be missed.”

“As a sergeant in the platoon of which your dear son John was a member, I feel urged to write you personally, offering my deepest sympathy and condolence. I always found in him a right good fellow and a brave and courageous soldier. Combined with the fact of his long association, as the result of which we must ever think lovingly of him, you can well understand what his loss means to us. The platoon has lost one of its bravest and most reliable members, you have lost also a dear son, and I have lost a tried and faithful friend.”

“I have to convey to you the sad news that your beloved son, Private J. Drummond, was killed in action on the 21st March. We are mourning for many of our comrades to-day, and at our service this morning we offered our prayers for all the bereaved, and we hope that you may be strengthened in this time of trouble. This is Easter Sunday, and I would I could convey to you the consolation of the resurrection time. Christ has conquered death, and bade us look forward to the new life beyond the grave, where we shall meet our loved ones again, and where there shall be no partings and no tears. May God give you grace to know this consolation, and may it sustain you in this time of pain.”

Now with the martyrs, your blood shall bring like healing;

You, like the saints, have freely given your all,  
 And your high deaths, God's purposes revealing,  
 Sound through the earth His mighty clarion call.  
 O not in vain has been your great endeavour,  
 For, by your dyings, life is born again,  
 And greater love hath no man tokened ever  
 Than with his life to purchase life's high gain.



Gunner ROBERT FRAME.

187.

**Gunner Robert Frame.****Machine Gun Corps.**

1918—March 21.

JAMES FRAME, Gowanlea, Peebles, was officially notified that his third son, Gunner ROBERT FRAME, Machine Gun Corps, had been killed in action in France on 21st March 1918. Gunner Frame was an old soldier, and re-enlisted after the death of his wife two years previously. When deceased joined up he was employed as a shepherd at Lochgilphead. He was survived by one child.

This is the second son that Mr Frame lost during the war, James, who was a member of the Peebles Territorials, making the supreme sacrifice on 14th January 1915, while on service with the 1/8th Royal Scots in France. Another son, Andrew, was also on active service.

He loved his mates, but yet he could not keep  
 (For that a shadow lowered on the fields),  
 Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.  
     Some life of men unblest  
 He knew: which made him droop, and filled his head.  
 He went; his piping took a troubled sound  
 Of storms that rage outside our happy ground;  
 He could not wait their passing; he is dead.



Signaller CHARLES L. RUSSELL.

188.

**Signaller Charles L. Russell.**

Royal Scots.

1918—March 22.

SIGNALLER CHARLES L. RUSSELL, youngest son of Mr and Mrs Robert Russell, Bavelaw, Edderston Road, Peebles, was reported missing at Croisilles, near St Leger, France, on the 22nd March 1918. He was born on the 5th March 1895, and had consequently just entered his 24th year. He served his apprenticeship as a clerk in the office of Lowe, Donald & Co., Peebles. He was Scoutmaster of the Neidpath Troop of Boy Scouts, and took a great interest in the boys, who all liked him. He joined the Royal Scots on the 9th April 1917, and was sent out to France in January 1918. He was of a bright, cheery disposition, and was an all-round favourite with his comrades. His eldest brother, J. Muir Russell, was a Lieutenant in the Royal Air Force, and his other brother, Willie, who was in the Royal Army Medical Corps, was wounded in the Somme fighting in 1916, and died at home on the 18th February 1919.

Pass, brave and joyous spirit, on your way  
 Into the vast serene, where sorrow dies  
 For all the sweet unstained, and nothing lies  
 In heavy anguish on their mortal clay:  
 The Heavenly Father calls you from the fray,  
 And with your promise bright upon your eyes,  
 Out of this sullen earthly storm you rise  
 Into the peace of His eternal day.

'Tis we, the living, know the unfulfilled;  
 The emptiness that feeds on shattered dream  
 In us is prisoned, now your cup a-brim  
 With sparkling hope of labour has been spilled;  
 We stood beside you, hailed the future's gleam—  
 God has revealed it, and you rest in Him.



Private JAMES M'CABE.

189.

**Private James M'Cabe.****Royal Scots.**

1918—March 24.

ANOTHER Peebles man who was reported missing in the great offensive of March 1918 was Private JAMES M'CABE, Royal Scots, the eldest son of the late Mr and Mrs James M'Cabe, Rosetta Road, Peebles. Private M'Cabe, who was 26 years of age, joined the 8th Royal Scots in January 1915. He went to France in March 1916, and was present with his regiment all through the trying years 1916, 1917, and 1918. He came home to Peebles in October 1917 on a week's leave, and rejoined his regiment in France. On the 21st March 1918 he was present at the battle of St Quentin.

A Peebles soldier wrote Private M'Cabe's sisters—"We were in front of St Quentin. We were in a very hot corner. We did well for the first two or three days, then we were sent to drive the Germans over the canal at Ham: that was where we lost all our brave lads, and your dear brother James was one of them. We had to leave the trench, as the Germans were coming over in thousands, so all the wounded that could not get back fell into the hands of the enemy."

The War Office reported Private M'Cabe as "Missing," but later sent word to his relatives in Peebles that as no further news had been received of him, the Army Council regretfully concluded that his death took place on 24th March 1918. The intimation of death concluded with the words—"By His Majesty's command I am to forward the enclosed message of sympathy from Their Gracious Majesties the King and Queen. I am at the same time to express the regret of the Army Council at the soldier's death in his country's service."

Is it Paradise,  
That field where brave men fight with giant wrong?  
Where death is changed to life  
In the heroic strife.  
The willing sacrifice,  
Where Love gives sleep to those who suffer long,  
And shuts their eyes.  
Nor heaven nor hell is there,  
But some dim purgatorial place between,  
Where, purified by pain,  
The spirit slips its chain,  
And, cleaving the bright air,  
The young white souls, clear-eyed, august, serene,  
Pass to God's care.



Private JAMES TURNBULL.

190.

**Private James Turnbull.****Royal Scots.**

1918—March 24.

PRIVATE JAMES TURNBULL, of the 1/9th Royal Scots, who was 18 years of age, was born and educated in Peebles. He was the eldest son of Mark Turnbull, 20 Young Street, Peebles. After leaving school he became an apprentice joiner with Renwick & Weir, Elcho Street, Peebles. He joined the Territorials on the outbreak of war in August 1914. After training, he was sent out to France, and was reported missing on the 24th March 1918.

Your boy and my boy,  
And how they fight to-day  
For homeland and farland,  
That peace may come to stay.

Your lad and my lad,  
With hopes that are supreme,  
Blood-bought and storm-wrought,  
They fight while others dream.

Your son and my son,  
Brave souls with honour bright,  
For freedom they are fighting  
To crush a tyrant's might.

Your boy and my boy,  
And, oh, how much that means,  
Your lad and my lad,  
The grandeur of our dreams.

Your heart and my heart  
Beat faster at the thought,  
But thus, and only thus,  
Can freedom's light be bought.

Your son and my son,  
The sacrifice must make,  
If tyrant thrones would tumble  
Our blood their sword must break.

Your boy and my boy,  
Dear God, and must it be  
For your sake and my sake,  
As Christ of Galilee?

Your son and my son,  
The cross alike to bear,  
Soul torn and shell torn  
Before the crown can wear.

Your blood and my blood  
Is the price we pay;  
If tyrant thrones would crumble  
There is no other way.



Rifleman JOHN BROWNLEE.

191

**Rifleman John Brownlee.****King's Royal Rifle Corps.**

1918—March 24.

RIFLEMAN JOHN BROWNLEE was one of the many Peebles men who heard and answered the call to arms in the earliest days of the war. He was the only son of the late Mrs Brownlee, Venlaw Court, and was a widower. Coming to Peebles when quite young, he served his apprenticeship with Peebles Co-Operative Society as a baker, and at the time of his joining up was employed with that firm as their confectioner. Completing his military training at Aldershot, he thereafter proceeded to France, where for a time he was engaged at his trade. Rifleman Brownlee was held in popular esteem in Peebles, and was well known as a Scotch comedian on local concert platforms.

With regard to his death, a neighbour in Peebles received the following particulars from the British Red Cross and Order of St John organisation:—“We regret that we have received another very discouraging report about Rifleman Brownlee from Corporal Taylor, 4089, 17th King's Royal Rifle Corps, now in the 4th London General Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E., whose home address is 8 Powis Street, Brighton, Sussex, who states that he saw him fall, hit in the thigh by a bullet, during the retirement to Tincourt Wood on 24th March. The Germans were advancing rapidly, so he does not know what became of him subsequently. To make sure he is referring to the right man, he describes Private Brownlee as a tall man, about 5 ft. 11, wearing 1914 ribbons, transferred from the Army Service Corps. Corporal Taylor does not know if Rifleman Brownlee was killed or wounded when he saw him fall, so we cannot accept his report as conclusive in any way, and are continuing our enquiries on your behalf. We hope you will convey our very sincere sympathy to his relations.”

Gin I should fa',  
 Lord, by ony chance,  
 And thae howms o' France  
 Haud me for guid an' a';  
 And gin I gang to Thee,  
 Lord, dinna blame,  
 But oh! tak' tent o' a Tweeddale lad like me,  
 An' let me hame!



Private GILBERT BAIN.



1914 STAR.

192.

**Private Gilbert Bain.**

Royal Scots.

1918—March 25.

FOLLOWING upon a long break in what had been from the commencement of the war a regular correspondence with his home, the relatives of Private GILBERT BAIN, Royal Scots, in April 1918 entertained grave fears as to this soldier's safety. Enquiries were made, but little information could be gleaned. Writing to an elder brother, Private David Bain, of the same regiment, who was at the time in hospital, several companions stated that they saw Private Bain wounded, but they could give no clue to his whereabouts. After many months of anxiety, in June 1919 Mrs Robert Bain, St Michael's Buildings, the widowed mother of Private Bain, received the official intimation along with the King's letter of sympathy, notifying her that her son was presumed to have died on 25th March 1918.

Private Bain joined up at the outbreak of war, and proceeded to the front with the local Territorials in November 1914, where he served continuously, with the usual furloughs, until the date upon which he was reported to have been killed. Before joining up he was employed in Tweedside Mill, and was one of five brothers—the others being Frank, Archibald, David, and Robert—who served their King and country, and all of whom, with the exception of Gilbert, survived the carnage of war.

We have put life away and spurn the ways of the living;  
 We have broken with the old selves who gathered and got,  
 And are free with the freedom of men who have not;  
 We partake the heroic fervours of giving and again giving.

Was it only for death we were born of our mothers?  
 Only for death created the dear love of our wives?  
 Only for death and in vain we endeavoured our lives?  
 Yea, life was given to be given; march onward, my brothers.



Private CHARLES E. WILSON.

193.

**Private Charles Edward Wilson.****Machine Gun Corps.**

1918—March 26.

THERE was reported as missing, after "the big push" in March 1918, Private CHARLES EDWARD WILSON, Machine Gun Corps, youngest son of the late Charles Wilson and Mrs Wilson, 5a George Street, Peebles. Official information received later was to the effect that Private Wilson was presumed to have died on the 26th March 1918, at Roisel, on the Somme, near Peronne. He was 30 years of age, unmarried, and had been in the employment of Lowe, Donald & Co., tweed warehousemen, Peebles.

"Your brother was seen in the trench captured by us, and it is believed that he was wounded there. During the withdrawal from the trench, it is believed that he was taken prisoner by the enemy. . . . Your brother, I know, is missed very much by his comrades, as he was always so very cheerful. He was always a very hard working and excellent soldier, having a very good reputation in the company."

God gave my son in trust for me.  
Christ died for him. He should be  
A man for Christ. He is his own  
And God's and man's, not mine alone.  
He was not mine to give. He gave  
Himself that he might help to save  
All that a Christian should revere,  
All that enlightened men hold dear.

"To feed the guns." Ah! torpid soul,  
Awake and see life as a whole.  
When freedom, honour, justice, right,  
Were threatened by the despot's might,  
He bravely went for God to fight  
Against base savages, whose pride  
The laws of God and man defied;  
Who slew the mother and the child,  
Who maidens pure and sweet defiled.  
He did not go to feed the guns,  
He went to save from ruthless Huns  
His home and country, and to be  
A guardian of democracy.

"What if he does not come," you say,  
Well, then, my sky will be more gray,  
But through the clouds the sun will shine  
And vital memories be mine.  
God's test of manhood is, I know,  
Not will he come, but did he go.



Private ADAM MITCHELL.

194.

**Private Adam Mitchell.****Cameron Highlanders.**

1918—March 28.

IN May 1918 Mr and Mrs James Mitchell, 2 Tweed Green, Peebles, received official notification that their son, Private ADAM MITCHELL, of the 6th Cameron Highlanders, was reported missing as from 28th March 1918, and fully a year later they were notified that he was presumed to have been killed on or about that date. Private Mitchell joined up when he was fifteen and a half years of age, throwing in his lot with the 2/8th Royal Scots in September 1914. In February 1917 he was transferred to the Cameron Highlanders, and proceeded to France with his unit in August 1917. At the time of his death he was but 19 years of age. Previous to enlisting he was employed as an apprentice painter with his uncle, David Mitchell, High Street, Peebles.

Of a truth, at times, he feels so near,  
 Nearer, in very deed,  
 Than when we had him here,  
 That we are comforted:  
 We cast despair and put away our fear.  
 We shall not see him here again;  
 To us he may not come;  
 But when at last we shall attain  
 The heavenly place, be his dear face  
 The first to greet us in Thy grace,  
 And bid us "Welcome Home!"



Signalman JOHN D. ANDERSON.

195.           **Signalman John Dunlop Anderson.**

Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

1918—April 4.

JACK ANDERSON was the elder son of the Dean-of-Guild of Peebles, his parents being George and Elizabeth Anderson, residing at Hayburn, Peebles. He was a signalman on board His Majesty's ship Bittern, and his age was 20 years. Early on the morning of the 4th of April 1918 a collision occurred between the Bittern and a merchantman. All hands were lost, and no details were forthcoming of the disaster. Only a week previously Jack spent his furlough at home in his native town. It was a rare pleasure to see the bright and happy sailor boy, in his naval cap and uniform, careering through the town on his bicycle, in true sailor fashion; and then he returned to his silent vigil in the Channel, refreshed and recreated for duty. His brief career may be summed up thus:—Born, 21st February 1898; educated at Kingsland School and at Peebles Burgh and County High School; entered as a clerk in the Bank of Scotland, March 1914. He joined the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve on the 17th July 1916; trained at the Crystal Palace, London; passed as signalman; joined H.M.S. Bittern, 1st February 1917; lost at sea on the 4th April 1918.

Mr and Mrs Anderson received many letters of sympathy, among which were the following:—

“The memory of Jack Anderson will always hold a warm place in my heart, as he was a boy of outstanding character, imbued with a strong desire to act the part of all that was true and honest. Of a bright disposition and never failing courtesy, he endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact. In Jack I had the utmost confidence from the day on which I first met him, and it was with much pride I watched him grow from a mere boy to young manhood. His letters to me from the day on which he joined in the fight for his country's freedom were couched in such a manly spirit that oft-times I thought—‘A mere boy, yet all in all a man.’ Never but thoughts of warm appreciation and affection can I hold for that bright-eyed lovable lad.”

“These brave boys that go away so bravely leave, I think, to those who love them the courage that they themselves no longer need. It is their great legacy, and without it many parents, these last years, would not have come through at all. I simply can't realise it yet, for it is only a fortnight to-morrow since he came to see me, and went off as cheery as ever. I shall always remember him, and be glad that I

knew him. He had, if I may say so, the most perfect manners, even from the time I used to teach him cricket as a little boy, a combination of ease and friendliness that one seldom meets. I say this after sixteen years' continuous work among boys. I can't remember a single moment when he was not all that the most exacting and critical would want. And of course as time went on, one found that the inside was as good as the outside. I shall not soon forget his kindness to me, for he went out of his way to come and see me when he was home, and many a boy of his age would not have bothered with a stuffy old parson at all. I was really touched and grateful to him. All my own thoughts of him make me realise the more what this must be to you and Mrs Anderson. Such a glorious spring, such a fine opening of life, such a promising morning, make it hard to think that you will not see the summer of his life, and the noontide of it: that surely would have been splendid. But it is perhaps some comfort to think that his life knew no winter, no sorrows, no disappointments, no pain and disillusionment. There are some lines of R. L. Stevenson about this that are so fine that you will forgive me if I write them down for you. They are the best I know for such a time—

“Yet, O stricken heart, remember, O remember,  
 How of human days he lived the better part.  
 April came to bloom, but never dim December  
 Breathed its killing chills upon the head and heart.

“Doom'd to know not winter, only spring—a being  
 Trod the flowery April blithely for a while,  
 Took him full of music, joy of thought, and being,  
 Came, and stayed, and went, nor ever ceased to smile.

“Came, and stayed, and went; and now when all is finished,  
 You alone have crossed the melancholy stream;  
 Yours the pain, but his, oh, his the undiminished,  
 Undecaying gladness, undeparting dream.

“All that life contains of torture, toil, and treason,  
 Shame, dishonour, death, to him were but a name;  
 Here, a boy he dwelt for all the singing season,  
 And, ere the day of sorrow, departed as he came.”

“He spent a Sunday afternoon and evening with us at Plymouth not so very long ago, that we can scarcely realise he will not be here again. He was quite at home with us, and soon we felt how proud he was to speak of his father and mother and all at home. Home to him was everything, and it must be a comfort and consolation that he had such a very bright childhood and boyhood. How contented he was with his lot at sea, though what he had to go through was far from what he had been accustomed to. He has done his noblest, which in one so young was heroism, and I do hope many comforting

thoughts and consolations will be showered upon you all to strengthen you to bear the heavy trial and very terrible loss and sorrow. We hope you had the joy of seeing him again after we did. If not, you may be assured he hath done what he could for his King and country, and that God, in His mysterious ways, will have him in His keeping, while He will comfort and solace his dearest ones whom he has been taken from in his happiest and most promising time of life."

"As one who knew your boy well, I had a great affection and admiration for him. You may try to take some comfort from the thought that we who knew him will ever hold his memory dear in our hearts. He is now one of the immortals, who has died for his country, and is far beyond our pity or our praise. We can only pray to be worthy of them."

"You have lost a dear, dear son, and I have lost a good true pal—one of the very best. He has given up his life for his country, and will certainly get his reward. It is a cheering thought that there were no 'Good-byes' in his life, only '*Au revoir.*'"

*From a young Belgian soldier, formerly a refugee in Peebles—*  
 "Please excuse me, I come by my letter once more to remember you and the sad end of your dear son, Jack. Before I will introduce myself. I am Emile Armand Mertens. I was a very great friend of Jack. We used to write very often to each other. He was very, very kind to me. Just like two brothers, he told me his little sea miseries, and I told him my army ones. Truly, dear Mr and Mrs Anderson, the death of my own brother could not have grieved me more than my poor friend Jack. Let me please present you my condolences, and share with you and all those for whom Jack was a dear friend with your sorrow. Jack is an hero."

His country's call he answered,  
 With the bravest of the brave;  
 He nobly gave his life, his all,  
 Our hearths and homes to save.

And while the surging billows  
 His youthful brow caress,  
 The tears of vanished hopes will flow  
 From those who loved him best.

No fond hand decks his resting-place  
 With cross or laurel leaves,  
 But cherished memories ever cling,  
 While Time its tribute weaves.



Signalman JOHN D. ANDERSON.

## The Battle of the Lys.

ON the 1st April 1918 the British won back some high ground. On the 10th April the Germans took Morisel, and were within two miles of the Paris railway. On Friday the 5th, the attack was renewed on the southern front. By the 7th of April the French had fallen back south of Chauny. The second battle of the Somme was at an end, and the battle of the Lys had begun. The Allied front had been re-established, and the road to Amiens closed.

On Sunday, 7th April 1918, an intense bombardment began, with gas shells, and continued during the 8th. On Tuesday the 9th, a furious preparation began, in which gas was mingled with high explosives. At 7 A.M., the full weight of the German infantry assault fell on the 11th and 15th Corps. This was the battle of Armentieres, and the whole British centre was penetrated. Bethune and Givenchy were centres of dreadful fighting. On the 10th the Germans captured Ploegsteert.

On Wednesday, 10th April, the House of Commons passed a Bill raising the limit of military age to fifty years, and giving the Government power to abolish ordinary exemptions. Conscription was also extended to Ireland. Within a month, other 355,000 men were sent across the Channel. On the 11th April the British evacuated Armentieres.

On this same day, the 11th of April 1918, Sir Douglas Haig issued the following ominous Order of the Day:—

“THERE IS NO OTHER COURSE OPEN TO US BUT TO FIGHT IT OUT. EVERY POSITION MUST BE HELD TO THE LAST MAN; THERE MUST BE NO RETIREMENT. *WITH OUR BACKS TO THE WALL*, AND BELIEVING IN THE JUSTICE OF OUR CAUSE, EACH ONE OF US MUST FIGHT TO THE END. THE SAFETY OF OUR HOMES, AND THE FREEDOM OF MANKIND, DEPEND ALIKE UPON THE CONDUCT OF EACH ONE OF US AT THIS CRITICAL MOMENT.”

No less solemn was Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Currie's charge to his troops before they entered battle—

“Looking back with pride on the unbroken record of your glorious achievements, asking you to realise that to-day the fate of the British Empire hangs in the balance, I place my trust in the

Canadian Corps, knowing that where Canadians are engaged there can be no giving way. Under the orders of your devoted officers in the coming battle, you will advance or fall where you stand, facing the enemy. To those who fall I say— YOU WILL NOT DIE, BUT STEP INTO IMMORTALITY. YOUR MOTHERS WILL NOT LAMENT YOUR FATE, BUT WILL BE PROUD TO HAVE BORNE SUCH SONS. YOUR NAMES WILL BE REVERED FOR EVER AND EVER BY YOUR GRATEFUL COUNTRY, AND GOD WILL TAKE YOU UNTO HIMSELF. CANADIANS, IN THIS FATEFUL HOUR I COMMAND YOU, AND I TRUST YOU TO FIGHT AS YOU HAVE EVER FOUGHT, WITH ALL YOUR STRENGTH, WITH ALL YOUR DETERMINATION, WITH ALL YOUR TRANQUIL COURAGE. ON MANY A HARD-FOUGHT FIELD OF BATTLE YOU HAVE OVERCOME THIS ENEMY. WITH GOD'S HELP YOU SHALL ACHIEVE VICTORY ONCE MORE."

On the 12th of April the Germans captured part of Messines ridge. On the 14th the British evacuated Neuve Eglise. Our line was maintained at Bailleul and Merville. On the 15th the 19th Division repelled an attack on Wytschaete; and later, the battle flared up south of Bailleul. At 7 in the evening Bailleul was doomed. By the morning of the 15th Passchendaele ridge was held only by outposts. On the 16th the enemy entered Wytschaete and Meteren.

The 17th and 18th April were the two days most critical of the whole battle. On the 22nd the enemy was repulsed near Bailleul. On the 24th they advanced on Kemmel Hill. And on the 25th they captured the hill. On the 26th they took Kemmel itself.

On the 29th of April the Germans were repulsed south-west of Ypres; this was the last episode in the battle of the Lys. Thereafter there were local actions.

In the Amiens area, on the 24th of April, the Australians re-captured Villers Brettoneux, with 1000 prisoners. The battle of the Lys was for the enemy a tactical success, but a strategic failure.

In April, ten Peebles men fell.

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life—  
 The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;  
 Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim  
 Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,  
 But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,  
 Who strove, and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part,  
 Whose youth bore no flowers on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,  
 From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day,

With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,  
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.  
While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pæan for those who have won,  
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun  
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet  
Throng after the laurel-crowned victors—stand on the field of defeat  
In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen, and wounded, and dying, and there  
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,  
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper—"They only the victory win  
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within,  
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high,  
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be to die."  
Speak, History! Who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say—  
Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of a day?  
The Martyrs? or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst?  
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His Judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?



Sapper ALEXANDER VEITCH.

196.

**Sapper Alexander Veitch.****Royal Engineers.**

1918—April 5.

MRS ALEXANDER VEITCH, Buchanan Street, Leith, received intimation that her husband, Sapper ALEXANDER VEITCH, Royal Engineers, had been killed near St Quentin, on 5th April 1918, by the bursting of a shell, while engaged in bridge building. Death was instantaneous. He joined up in 1916, at which time he was employed in Edinburgh. Before leaving Peebles, some years previously, he was employed at his trade as a mason with William Tod, builder. Deceased was the youngest brother of the late Andrew Veitch, Damdale, Peebles.

After her husband's death, Mrs Veitch received several letters from Sapper Veitch's officers and comrades, in which reference was made to the bravery invariably displayed by him while at the front, his life being an example to his comrades. He was buried in a little cemetery behind the firing line.

There is no death—  
They only truly live  
Who pass into the life beyond, and see  
This earth is but a school preparative  
For larger ministry.

We call them "dead,"  
But they look back and smile  
At our dead living in the bonds of flesh,  
And do rejoice that, in so short a while,  
Our souls will slip the leash.

There is no death  
To those whose hearts are set  
On higher things than this life doth afford;  
How shall their passing leave one least regret,  
Who go to join their Lord?



Private FRED INVERARITY.

197.

**Private Frederick Inverarity.**

Royal Scots.

1918—April 9.

MRS FRED INVERARITY, 4 Wemyss Place, Peebles, was notified that her husband, Private FRED INVERARITY, 15th Royal Scots, who had been previously reported as missing in France, was officially reported to have died between the 9th-16th April 1918. Private Inverarity, who enlisted under the Derby scheme in October 1916, was formerly employed at his trade as a grocer in Peebles. He was wounded in August 1917, and returned to France in March 1918. He was survived by his widow and young child. He was a native of Carnoustie.

They bought us anew with their blood, forbearing to blame us  
 Those hours which we had not made good when the judgment o'ercame us,  
 They believed us and perished for it. Our statecraft, our learning,  
 Delivered them bound to the pit, and alive to the burning,  
 Whither they mirthfully hastened, as jostling for honour.  
 Not since our birth has our earth seen such worth loosed upon her.  
 Nor was their agony brief, or once only imposed on them.  
 The wounded, the war-spent, the sick received no exemption:  
 Being cured, they returned, and endured, and achieved our redemption,  
 Hopeless themselves of relief, till death, marvelling, closed on them.



Private WILLIAM M'MORRAN.

198.

**Private William M'Morran.**

Royal Scots.

1918—April 9.

MRS R. M. M'MORRAN, 41 Rosetta Road, Peebles, was notified that her only son, Private WILLIAM M'MORRAN, 15th Royal Scots, was reported as missing in the course of the fighting between 9th and 16th April 1918. Later, Mrs M'Morran received intimation that Private M'Morran was officially reported to have been killed between these dates. Private M'Morran, who was 20 years of age, enlisted in the local Territorials at the outbreak of war, when he was between 16 and 17. He proceeded to France in June 1917, and took part in much severe fighting. Previous to joining up, he was employed by Lowe, Donald & Co., Peebles.

God, who created me  
 Nimble and light of limb,  
 In three elements free,  
 To run, to ride, to swim;  
 Not when the sense is dim,  
 But now from the heart of joy,  
 I would remember Him:  
 Take the thanks of a boy.

Jesu, King and Lord,  
 Whose are my foes to fight,  
 Gird me with Thy sword,  
 Swift and sharp and bright.  
 Thee I would serve if I might,  
 And conquer if I can;  
 From day-dawn till night  
 Take the strength of a man.



Lance-Corporal GEORGE HENDERSON.

199.

**Lance-Corporal George Henderson.**

South African Scottish.

1918—April 11.

IT was officially reported to Mr and Mrs William Henderson, 28 George Street, Peebles, that their son, Lance-Corporal GEORGE HENDERSON, South African Scottish, was killed in France while in action with his unit on 11th April 1918. He was a native of Hawick, 29 years of age, and unmarried, and was employed at his trade as a plumber in South Africa before enlisting in 1915. Besides having been engaged in the Western theatre of war, he was under General Botha in the German South-West African campaign, and was also in Egypt.

“You have doubtless been informed of the death in action of your son, George. It was on the 11th of last month, at Messines Ridge. He had a machine gun bullet in the neck, and died instantaneously. Thus he knew no suffering. To you mothers left behind, earth has no compensations for the loss of such splendid sons, yet, as I was telling my boys at church parade to-day, there is no death. Even amidst all the carnage in which I have been living these last six weeks, I have had this conviction burning in my breast—Our loved ones are merely passed on ahead to await us. They have triumphed so gloriously in this life; they have made the supreme sacrifice; they have known more of self-denial and self-effacement in a few short days of the battle line than are possible in a long life of petty self-denials. I trust that in this rooting up of your earthly interests, your hopes and affections may be more firmly entwined around the things that are eternal. So shall your life be greatly enriched.”

We are coming, Mother Britain, we are coming to your aid.  
 There's a debt we owe our fathers, and we mean to see it paid.  
 From the jungles of Rhodesia, from the snows of Saskatoon,  
 We are coming, Mother Britain, and we hope to see you soon.  
 From the islands and the highlands, just as fast as we can speed,  
 We are hastening to serve you in the hour of your need,  
 For wherever peril calls abroad for loyal hearts and guns,  
 We'll show the foe that, weal or woe, we're Mother Britain's sons.



Private JOHN GETHIN.

200.

**Private John Gethin.****Royal Scots.**

1918—April 12.

MRS JOHN GETHIN, 8 St Michael's Buildings, Peebles, received official word that her husband, Private JOHN GETHIN, Royal Scots, had been killed in action on 12th April 1918. Previous to enlisting in the 3/8th Royal Scots, in March 1915, the deceased, who was 25 years of age, was employed in March Street Mills, Peebles, and went out to France in March 1916. He was survived by his wife and little boy, at that time 3 years of age.

He'd fought since ever he could crawl,  
 And generally won;  
 Because he never could be brought  
 To see that he was done.

So when the war came, Jock was off,  
 Among the first to go,  
 Though what the scrap was all about  
 He didn't rightly know.

He simply couldn't miss it when  
 There was fighting to be done.  
 Duty, he told the wife and kid,  
 Was a thing no man could shun;  
 And, besides, he had a hankering  
 To see the blooming fun.



Private JAMES HANNAN.

201.

**Private James Hannan.****Scots Guards.**

1918—April 12.

PRIVATE JAMES HANNAN, Scots Guards, who was killed in action on the 12th April 1918, was born at Craigerne, Peebles, and was the twin son of the late Mr and Mrs Hannan, 50 Sciennes, Edinburgh. He was 38 years of age. His twin brother, George, went out to South Africa with Baden Powell's Police at the time of the Boer War, ultimately settling down in Johannesburg. He rejoined for service in the Great War, and became a motor dispatch rider in East Africa.

The fateful day is all your own,  
The evil thing is overthrown,  
The mighty victory is won:  
Carry on, brave hearts! Carry on!

Your might shall set Christ on His throne,  
And His sweet grace in full atone  
For all that you have undergone:  
Carry on, brave hearts! Carry on!



Private ROBERT H. HAMILTON.

202.

**Private Robert Hunter Hamilton.**

Scottish Rifles (attached Machine Gun Corps).

1918—April 25.

PRIVATE ROBERT HUNTER HAMILTON was born at Mauldslie, Gorebridge, and educated at Lamancha Public School. When he joined up he was a shepherd in the employment of David Dickson, Corstane, Broughton. He was killed at Kemmel Hill, on the 25th April 1918. Private Hamilton was a member of Peebles Parish Church.

To Odin's challenge we cried Amen!  
 We stayed the plough and laid by the pen,  
 And shouldered our guns like gentlemen,  
 That the stronger the weak should hold. . . .

Then lift the flag of the last crusade,  
 And fill the ranks of the last Brigade!  
 March on to the fields, where the world's re-made,  
 And the ancient dreams come true!

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If our time be come, let us die manfully for our brethren,  
 and let us not stain our honour.—*I. Maccabees, ix., 10.*



Private PETER CONLAN.

203.

**Private Peter Conlan.****Royal Scots.**

1918—April 15.

MRS PETER CONLAN, 7 Old Town, Peebles, received official intimation from the Record Office, Hamilton, stating that her husband, Private PETER CONLAN, 1/8th Royal Scots, had died in hospital, Langensalza, Germany, on 15th April 1918, as a result of wounds received in action. Deceased, who was posted missing in France on 23rd March, was later reported to be a prisoner of war in Germany, and wounded in both legs. Previous to enlisting, shortly after the outbreak of war, Private Conlan was employed as a miner at Gorebridge. He went out to France in 1915, and was wounded in 1916.

God will gather all these scattered  
 Leaves into His Golden Book;  
 Torn and crumpled, soiled and battered,  
 He will heal them with a look.  
 Not one soul of them has perished;  
 No man ever yet forsook  
 Wife, and home, and all he cherished,  
 And God's purpose undertook,  
 But he met his full reward,  
 In the "Well done" of his Lord.



Private ALBERT V. LAMB.

204.

**Private Albert Vickers Lamb.**

Royal Scots.

1918—April 25.

OFFICIAL intimation was received by J. V. Lamb, 79 Rosetta Road, Peebles, that his second son, Private ALBERT V. LAMB, had been reported missing in France since 25th April 1918. About a year later it was reported that as no further information had been received regarding Private Lamb it was presumed he had been killed at Mount Kemmel on the date mentioned. Private Lamb was born at Glossop, Derbyshire, and came to Peebles with his parents when quite young. He enlisted in the 3/8th Royal Scots in 1916, but was later transferred to the 12th Royal Scots. Before joining up he was in the employment of Messrs Lowe, Donald & Co., Peebles, as tweed warehouseman. He was well known in local cricket circles as a playing member of Peebles County Second XI.

Private John Lamb, a brother of Albert, went to France in November 1914 with his Territorial Battalion, the 1/8th Royal Scots, and received the Mons Star. For his bravery in the field he was awarded the Military Medal and the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

The father of these brave lads went to Serbia in connection with the Scottish Women's Hospital, and his services were recognised as follows:—The Order of St John of Jerusalem, for valuable services during the war, 1915-16 (signed by Queen Alexandra); Serbian Relief Fund expressed gratitude for his services to the wounded, and also during the typhus epidemic, 1914-15 (signed by Lord Henry Bentinck and the Earl of Plymouth); and the Cross of Charity, from His Majesty King Peter of Serbia.

They say that you are dead, my dearest—*dead*:  
 "Poor boy, so young, so gallant, and so fair!"  
 I know it is not true that word they said,  
 There are no dead "out there."

No! though a myriad crosses mark the sod,  
 No! though a myriad eyes, like mine, be wet,  
 "Not of the dead, but of the *living*, God"—  
 Living and loving yet!

Calm brow'd and radiant in a deathless life,  
 Heroes victorious at the victor's side,  
 You saw the vision shine through war's wild strife  
 And now rest, satisfied.



Gunner WILLIAM D. HOLMES.

205.

**Gunner William Dickson Holmes.****Tank Corps.**

1918—April 26.

WILLIAM DICKSON HOLMES, son of the late John Holmes and Mrs Jessie Dickson Holmes, Burnopfield, County Durham, and grandson of the late Robert Dickson, Innerleithen Road, Peebles, enlisted in the Army Service Corps (Remounts), in November 1914. After three weeks at Woolwich he went to France. He had his first leave in February 1916. In September 1916 he transferred into the infantry, and was sent to Bonnington Camp, Dorsetshire, to train with the tanks, from Christmas 1916 until the following August. He then went to France as a gunner in E Battalion, Tank Corps. He went through the Cambrai battle in November 1917, and was also engaged in the big fight in March 1918. The Battalion came out for a rest on Easter Monday, but on the 9th of April they were taken to reinforce the machine guns, as there were no others available. Gunner Holmes was killed by a sniper on the 26th April, at Meteren, which was afterwards evacuated. Letters were received from the Captain of the Battalion giving details of Gunner Holmes' death, and expressing regret that they had not been able to give him a military funeral, an honour which he well deserved. The comrades of Gunner Holmes also sent their sympathy to his friends, as they had lost a dear pal, who was the life of the company, and well liked by all who knew him.

Thick as leaves on Vallombrosa  
 Lie the leaves of the Golden Book,  
 Scattered wide throughout the land,  
 Everywhere, on every hand,  
 Telling how our men forsook  
 Their little all at duty's call,  
 And high things undertook.



Private THOMAS ORMISTON.

206.

**Private Thomas Ormiston.****Highland Light Infantry.**

1918—April 27.

MRS STEVENSON, 22 George Place, Peebles, received notification that Private THOMAS ORMISTON, Highland Light Infantry, had been officially reported killed in action in France on 27th April. Previous to enlisting in 1915, deceased, who was unmarried and 37 years of age, was employed in the coal department of Peebles Co-Operative Society. He was a native of Loanhead, Midlothian, and before entering the employment of Peebles Co-Operative Society, worked as a roadman under Peebles County Council. He was wounded in 1916, and was also gassed.

Meanwhile pain

Is bitter, and tears are salt; our voices take  
 A sober tone; our very household songs  
 Are heavy with a nation's grief and wrongs;  
 And innocent mirth is chastened for the sake  
 Of the brave hearts that nevermore shall beat,  
 The eyes that smile no more, the Unreturning Feet.

## The Third Battle of the Aisne.

DURING May 1918 there was little to record. On the nights of the 5th and the 7th, we advanced our line between the Somme and the Ancre. On the 14th the enemy attacked the new front without success. The remainder of the month passed in tense expectancy, and then, in the last week of the month, the doubt was resolved. Very early on the morning of the 27th of May the storm broke. The French gains vanished like smoke; and the enemy was across the Aisne. On the second day he was beyond the Vesle; and on the third he was looking down from the heights of Tardenois on the waters of the Marne.

"We have put a ring about the British islands," said Helfferich on the 24th April, "a ring which every day is drawn closer, and we shall bring the war to a decision in the west of France and on the waters about England."

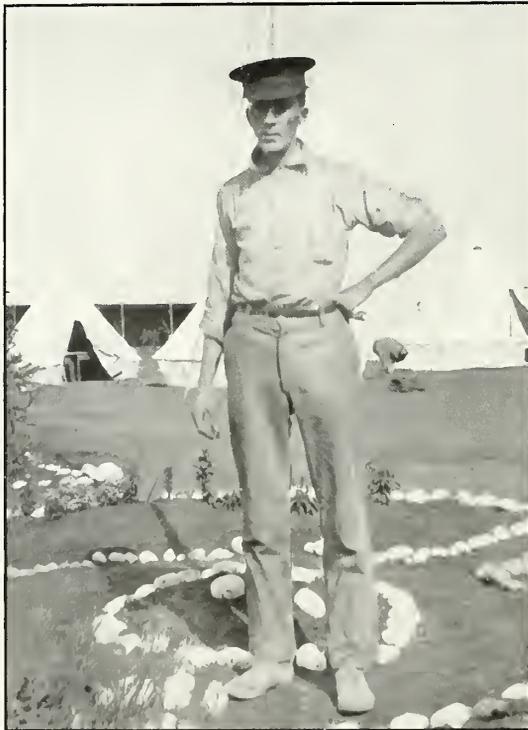
On the 27th May a sharp bombardment by the enemy began everywhere from Ailette to the suburbs of Rheims. In the afternoon the infantry advanced, and in an hour or two had swept the French from the crest of the ridge. By nightfall the enemy had advanced twelve miles. On the 28th of May the Allied wings were forced back. The German forces steadily advanced, and soon were upon the heights overlooking Soissons from the north. American troops now for the first time took part in the main battle. On Wednesday, the 29th May, Soissons fell. On that day there was a general falling back everywhere. On the 30th May the Germans made a strong forward thrust. They had advanced thirty miles in seventy-two hours. The French were driven further back on the 31st May. There was severe fighting backwards and forwards on the 1st and 2nd of June. On the 3rd of June the French had recovered some part of the hill. On the 4th, 5th, and 6th the Germans were driven back by the British and by the French. On the 8th, 9th, and 10th fresh attacks upon the Allies were made by a German new army. The battle-front was now gigantic, no less than 100 miles, from Mesnil to Rheims. On the 11th June the French repulsed German attacks and retook some ground; and the Americans made a fine advance at Belleau Wood, and took 300 prisoners. On the 12th and 13th the Germans captured many villages. On the 18th June the enemy attacked at Rheims, which they hoped to capture; but they did not succeed. The remainder of June was occupied with small local attacks by the British and French, all of which were successful.

ADONAIS.  

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HE has outsoared the shadow of our night;  
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
Can touch him not and torture not again;  
From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
He is secure, and now can never mourn  
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;  
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,  
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He is made one with Nature: there is heard  
His voice in all her music, from the moan  
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;  
He is a presence to be felt and known  
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,  
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move  
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;  
Which wields the world with never-wearied love  
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.



Sergeant JAMES H. BAILLIE.

207.

**Sergeant James Hogg Baillie.****Canadian Army Service Corps.**

1918—May 19.

WILLIAM BAILLIE, Tweedside Mill Cottage, Peebles, was informed, through the medium of a communication from the Canadian Record Office, London, that his youngest surviving son, Sergeant JAMES H. BAILLIE, Canadian Army Service Corps, had died at No. 10 Stationary Hospital, St Omer, France, on the 19th May 1918, as the result of bomb concussion during an air-raid.

Sergeant Baillie, who was 28 years of age, was born at Selkirk, and came to Peebles with his parents. He was educated at Peebles Burgh and County High School, and when he left school he entered the warehouse of Lowe, Donald & Co. He went out to Canada in 1913, and joined up at Winnipeg early in 1915, crossing the Atlantic with the second Canadian contingent. His brother, Lance-Corporal Walter Baillie, died at Peebles on the 15th January 1916, and his only surviving brother, John, joined up with him at Winnipeg, and went on service with the Canadian Veterinary Corps.

The following letter was received by Sergeant Baillie's father:—  
 "I wish that the reason for my writing you were a less sorrowful one, but in these times there are not many who have not suffered the loss of someone dear to them. The Canadian Depot Unit of Supply was taken over by me about a week or so ago, and so I was just beginning to know your son at the time of the unfortunate occurrence. The three sergeants who were in charge of the different branches of the work at railhead were there with some others in the dug-out during an air raid in the early morning of 19th May, and a bomb dropped almost exactly in the entrance. You can be sure that all the precautions had been taken, and also that death was instantaneous. Your boy was buried in a pretty little country cemetery overlooking this town, near the two sergeants who had been his friends. He was a most efficient non-commissioned officer, and his loss is keenly felt in his work as well as by his comrades."

And you from the Dominions, from the Land beyond the Seas,  
 You have given us, without stinting, of your lives, your energies;  
 By the blood we shed together we are kin as ne'er before,  
 You have knit your hearts to our hearts henceforth for evermore.

You have borne with us the burden of the heat, the cold, the fray;  
 We are bound by blood of sacrifice that nought can e'er repay.  
 Now share the mighty heritage for which akin we strove,  
 The end of strife, the nobler life, the Empery of Love!



Lance-Corporal A. GEORGE YOUNG.

208. **Lance-Corporal Andrew George Young.**  
Lothians and Border Horse (attached Royal Scots).

1918—May 21.

NEWS was received by Miss Young, Eastgate, Peebles, that her younger brother, Lance-Corporal ANDREW GEORGE YOUNG, Lothians and Border Horse (attached Royal Scots), had died of wounds sustained in action, at the 5th General Hospital, France, on 21st May 1918. Lance-Corporal Young, who was the younger son of the late ex-Provost Young, of Jedburgh, and was 23 years of age, lived in Peebles, being connected with the firm of Young & Co., bootmakers, Eastgate, Peebles. He enlisted in 1915, and during the greater part of his military career he acted as a dispatch rider on the East Coast. He went to France just six weeks before he met his death. He was well known in local hockey and tennis circles.

I remember your face and your beauty,  
I think of your youth and your pride,  
And I know that in doing your duty,  
Gladly you died.

Thou art gone, thou art gone, in the gloaming  
Thy body is laid 'neath the sod;  
But thy Spirit, released from its roaming,  
Fled straight to God.



Signaller ANDREW G. ORMISTON.

209.           **Signaller Andrew Grahame Ormiston.**  
                   **Australian Imperial Force.**

1918—May 29.

THERE was killed in action in France, on the 29th May 1918, Signaller ANDREW GRAHAME ORMISTON, of the Australian Imperial Force, aged 20 years, fourth son of Sergeant-Major Thomas Ormiston, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, and grandson of the late Thomas Ormiston, Kingsmeadows Road, Peebles. One brother, Sergeant John Ormiston, was fated to fall on the 7th July 1918, and another brother, David, died on the 9th April 1919

Lean brown lords of the Brisbane beaches,  
 Lithe-limbed kings of the Culgoa bends,  
 Princes that ride where the Roper reaches,  
 Captains that camp where the grey Gulf ends—  
 Never such goodly men together  
 Marched since the kingdoms first made war;  
 Nothing so proud as the Emu feather  
 Waved in a Scottish wind before!



Private ANDREW S. MITCHELL.

210.

**Private Andrew S. Mitchell.**

Gordon Highlanders.

1918—May 31.

INTIMATION was received by Marion Mitchell, 9 St Michael's Buildings, Peebles, that Private ANDREW S. MITCHELL, Gordon Highlanders, had died in a hospital in France from blood-poisoning, resulting from a scratch to his knee and lockjaw following. Private Mitchell, who was 22 years of age, had only been married about eight months, his wife residing at Aberdeen. Previous to enlisting, in June 1915, he was employed as a hotel-waiter in Edinburgh. He went out to France in August 1915, and was invalided home in August 1917, as the result of being gassed.

Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown,  
     The just fate gives ;  
 Whoso takes the world's life on him and his own lays down,  
     He, dying so, lives.

Seeing death has no part in him any more, no power  
     Upon his head ;  
 He has bought his eternity with a little hour,  
     And is not dead.



Gunner NICHOLAS HUNTER.

211.

**Gunner Nicholas Hunter.****Royal Field Artillery.**

1918—June 21.

INTELLIGENCE reached Mr and Mrs George Hunter, Oak Cottage, Neidpath Road, Peebles, that their youngest son, Gunner NICHOLAS HUNTER, Royal Field Artillery, had been killed in action, in France, on the 21st June 1918. The source of information, a Captain's letter, stated that the battery to which Gunner Hunter was attached was terribly shelled.

Previous to enlisting, shortly after the outbreak of war, the deceased, who was 28 years of age, was employed with a large manufacturing firm in Carlisle as a warehouseman. After taking part in operations at the Dardanelles, Gunner Hunter was transferred to Egypt, where he was for several months before going to France some eighteen months before his death. Previous to going to Carlisle the deceased was employed in the tweed warehouse of Lowe, Donald & Co., Peebles. An elder brother, William, a sergeant in the Border Regiment (Lord Lonsdale's), won the Military Medal before he made the supreme sacrifice in France on 1st July 1916. He also was employed with the same Carlisle firm, and also at one time was employed in Peebles as a chemist.

Since each was born of woman,  
 For each at utter need—  
 True comrade and true foeman—  
 Madonna, intercede!

Ah! Mary, pierced with sorrow!  
 Remember, reach, and save  
 The soul that comes to-morrow  
 Before the God that gave.



Private JOHN C. M'LEAN.

212.

**Private John Clapperton M'Lean.**

Royal Scots.

1918—June 26.

PRIVATE JOHN CLAPPERTON M'LEAN, Royal Scots, was killed in France, about eight miles north-east of Amiens, on the 26th June 1918, and was buried at Montigny. He belonged to Penicuik, and was a painter to trade. He enlisted in February 1915, and went to France in April 1917. His wife resides in Newby Court, Peebles.

"It is with extreme sorrow that I have to convey to you the sad news that your husband, Private J. C. M'Lean, was fatally wounded on the night of the 26th June, by a bomb dropped from enemy aircraft, whilst on the march. We all deeply deplore the loss of Private M'Lean, for having been attached to Headquarters Staff so long, he was greatly esteemed by all his companions, for they were all the very best of chums with him, very, very much. Consolation may be had from the fact that death was instantaneous, and that there was no pain whatsoever. Your husband has paid the supreme sacrifice for his King and country by giving his life, whilst helping to free the country and universe from barbarism. I again express my sincere sympathy with you, and trust most sincerely that you will be given additional strength to endure this sad blow."

"I wish to tell you how very deeply grieved we are about the loss of your husband, J. C. M'Lean. He was a very highly valued and respected man in the company and in the Battalion, and his death will be much felt here. I know what a terrible loss it will be to you at home and to yourself especially, with, as I see by one of his photos, your three young children. It happened late on the evening of Wednesday, 26th June; his company was on the march, and a bomb fell from enemy aircraft. His Company Commander was severely wounded, and a piece of shell struck your husband in the left side. I think his death must have come at once, without any knowledge of pain or suffering. I found a cross in his pocket which I had given him some little time ago, so I am sending that to you direct. May God bless you and comfort you, and help you to bear up through your very great trial. The words on the cross mean, 'In this sign thou shalt conquer.'"

"I feel that it is my duty to write to you on behalf of the Staff on Company Headquarters, to express our deepest sympathy with you, with regard to your recent sad bereavement. It may comfort you somewhat to know that when your husband was killed, he suffered no

pain whatever. I may say your husband was a great favourite, and had numerous pals, and they all regret his loss and miss him very much indeed. Trusting that you may be given additional strength to endure your sad loss."

"Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of J. C. M'Lean, who died for his country, 26th June 1918, in France. Into Paradise may the angels conduct him, at his coming may the martyrs receive him, and lead him into the Heavenly Jerusalem.—AMEN."

Gin God wills that he's to fa' an' never mair win hame,  
 He'll leave a braw, brave thing ahint, a true an' honoured name;  
 There'll be nae feckless greetin', but a high an' holy pride,  
 When his auld folks hear the story o' hoo their laddie died,  
 An' hoo, wi' men as leal's himsel', who nobly faced the strife,  
 He gied—'twas a' he had to gie—his brave young Scottish life!

## The Second Battle of the Marne.

AT midnight on Sunday, 14th July 1918, Paris was awakened by the sound of great guns. The last phase had begun in this struggle for her possession. At 4 A.M. the German infantry crossed over their parapets. During the day they made a substantial advance, but they had not widened their salient. At Vaux and Fossoy the Americans rolled back the German wave, clearing the south bank of the Marne, and taking 600 prisoners. The evening of the 16th July closed in with ill omens for the enemy. On the 17th July they persisted in attack with little success.

The time had now come for Foch's counterstroke. It was to take place between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry. Everything was staked upon this attack. On the morning of the 18th July a great fleet of French "mosquito" tanks came out from the shelter of the Villers-Cotterets Forest, and very soon the French and Americans were through the first German defences.

The secret of Foch lay in the combination of three things—the weapon of the light tank; the tactics of surprise; the strategy of complete mobility. After striking a blow he would stay his hand as soon as serious resistance developed, and then attack in another place. The enemy would therefore be subjected to a constant series of surprises.

By Saturday, 20th July, eight German Divisions had staggered back across the Marne under the concentrated fire of the French batteries. On Sunday, the 21st, the Sixth and Fifth Armies of the Allies struck in earnest. On that evening the Sixth Army was in the streets of Chateau-Thierry. Every day, terrible fighting continued, pressing the Germans steadily back. By the 25th July an army was within three miles of Fère; and this threat to Fère sealed the doom of the now slender German front on the Marne. By the 27th of July the Allies were steadily pressing upon the German retreat from the Marne. On the 28th July General Mangin carried the strong point of Buzancy, where the 15th Scottish Division so distinguished themselves that by orders of the French Command a memorial was erected on the battlefield to commemorate their valour.

On the 29th and 30th July the enemy resistance stiffened, by the addition of reserves. On the morning of Thursday, the 1st of August, Mangin struck with his whole army, and by nine in the morning had captured the crest of Hill 205. On 2nd August the whole Allied line swept forward. On the 5th we crossed the Aisne just east of Soissons. On that day American troops entered Fismes, and on the 6th they gained ground on the north bank of the Vesle. This second battle of the Marne restored to the Allies the initiative.



Sergeant JOHN ORMISTON.  
Croix de Guerre.

213.

**Sergeant John Ormiston.**

Croix de Guerre.

Australian Imperial Force.

1918—July 7.

ON the 7th July 1918, Sergeant JOHN ORMISTON, Croix de Guerre, of the Australian Imperial Force, was killed in action in France, aged 25 years. He was a son of Sergeant-Major Thomas Ormiston, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, and grandson of the late Thomas Ormiston, joiner, Kingsmeadows Road, Peebles. A brother, Andrew, fell on the 29th May 1918, and another brother, David, was fated to die on the 9th April 1919.

He was just a common soldier—  
 An Australian soldier—who  
 Fought for his King and country,  
 And the old Red, White, and Blue.

He, to keep the home fires burning,  
 Was prepared to give his life,  
 And to keep the old flag flying  
 For a mother, sister, wife.

All his comrades dearly loved him,  
 For he always seemed so bright,  
 Gaily laughing at his troubles,  
 Always ready for a fight.

When wounded he would help you,  
 And cheer you with his smile,  
 He would lift you up quite gently  
 As a mother lifts her child.

But one day, Our Pal, we lost him,  
 And it made us all see red,  
 To find our well-tried comrade  
 Lying crumpled up there—dead.

So died another hero true,  
 His duty nobly done;  
 In a soldier's grave we laid him,  
 And said—"God's will be done."



Private WILLIAM REID.

214.

**Private William Reid.**

Durham Light Infantry.

1918—July 14.

PRIVATE WILLIAM REID, Durham Light Infantry, was reported missing on 14th July 1918, and some time later the official notification came to state that he had been killed in action. Private Reid joined the Peeblesshire Constabulary in 1913, and was stationed in the county town. Previously he had been engaged as an asylum attendant, and also as a footman. He joined up in February 1917, and was sent to Aldershot, where he was posted to the Military Mounted Police, in which he held the rank of Corporal. He proceeded to France with that corps in the following May, and was later transferred to the 2nd Battalion Durham Light Infantry. Out of the five members of Peeblesshire Constabulary who served in the Army—all of whom were from the burgh of Peebles—Private Reid, who was 26 years of age and unmarried, was the only one to fall. He was of a quiet disposition, and was held in popular esteem by his fellow constables. His parents reside at Sunnybank, Linlithgow.

Of strenuous clean souls a long array  
 With lambent lance, and white, bright, blinding sword,  
 All riding upon horses—what are they?  
 They are the Dead which died in Christ their Lord.

Nor ride they idly nor with indolent rein,  
 Irresolute, as men that seek no foe,  
 But by the pathless sea, by peak and plain,  
 Bright-eyed, stern-lipped, all day, all night, they go;

Forth as a fire that snatches and devours  
 Wind-withered woods, so go they swift and fell,  
 Warring with principalities and powers,  
 Hunting through space the swart, old bands of hell.



Private JOHN MATHISON.

215.

**Private John Mathison.****Australian Imperial Force.**

1918—July 22.

INTIMATION reached Peebles to the effect that Private JOHN MATHISON, Australian Imperial Force, a son of the late Robert John Mathison, Tantah and Alexandria, Egypt, and grandson of the late Robert Mathison, farmer, Edderston, Peebles, was killed in action on 22nd July 1918. Deceased was born in Egypt, and, on the death of his parents, emigrated to Australia, where he joined up in 1915. He was wounded in August 1916, and visited Peebles while on leave in October 1917. Private Mathison, who was 27 years of age, was married, and left a widow and child to mourn his loss.

The following letter from the officer in command at the time tells how Private Mathison met his death:—"A certain English Army Corps was composed of a large number of young troops. They had been having trouble with German patrols and raids, so the Australians were asked to send over a picked body of patrol fighters. Twenty-four men and myself were selected from the Division. Private Mathison, being a fearless and brave fighter, was one of the selected. We were to be on this job for twenty-one nights, and then all were to be granted leave and certain other concessions. For the first five nights all went well. We were all on patrol every night and were giving Fritz a bad time. Lectures and demonstrations were also being given to the English troops by day. They treated us very well, and we were very happy, and had good sleeping quarters and food. On the sixth night it was decided to raid the German trenches. There were twelve of my boys and six Tommies and myself in the party. We left our trenches at 1.30 A.M. on the morning of 22nd July. We had crept very near the German lines when we were discovered. Heavy firing and bombing broke out on both sides. We had some casualties. Private Mathison was among the killed. His death was instantaneous, but I could not see if it was by bullet or bomb, as I could not move. My right thigh was smashed to bits. After the fight was ended our stretcher-bearers came out to "No Man's Land," and carried the dead bodies and myself in. Private Mathison is buried in a small cemetery behind our lines, near a small village named Dernancourt, which is near the town of Albert. Although I had only known Private Mathison a few days, I had a great liking for him and found him a fine fellow. We were all very happy with each other, and his death, and the death of other fine fellows, has

caused me a great amount of sorrow. He died like a man, and was a very brave and gallant soldier."

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,  
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.  
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,  
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.  
These had seen movement, and heard music, known  
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;  
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;  
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

THE GLORY OF THE MARNE.  

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THE rivers broaden to the sea,  
In power and wealth and pride,  
And stately ships from all the world  
Do berth with every tide.  
But Marne hath never port nor pier,  
Warehouse nor wharf nor quay,  
And the very name of her is lost  
Before she finds the sea.

The rivers run rejoicing down  
And singing as they flow,  
In rain or sun their course assigned  
Pursuing swift or slow.  
But Marne goes weeping all day long  
And is not comforted.  
Her trampled banks and bloodied pools  
And shallows choked with dead.

Yet hath she glory for all time  
Mid rivers great and small,  
And nobler dower than pride or power  
Is hers among them all.  
For Marne hath seen the hosts of hell  
Turned backward from their goal,  
And the stormy dawn of Hope arise  
On earth's war darkened soul.  
And Marne hath fame for evermore  
While the floods of time shall roll.



Private JAMES S. WILSON.

216.

**Private James Spence Wilson.**

King's Own Scottish Borderers.

1918—July 23.

A LETTER from an Army Chaplain in France was received by Mrs James M. Hutchison, Tweed Green, Peebles, informing her that her son, Private JAMES SPENCE WILSON, King's Own Scottish Borderers, who was previously reported as missing in France since 23rd July 1918, had been killed in action on that date. He was buried near Soissons. Private Wilson, who was 19 years of age, previous to enlisting, in 1917, was employed as a car conductor with the Edinburgh Tramway Company. Before going to Edinburgh he was employed as a compositor for some time in the *Peeblesshire Advertiser* Office, Peebles. He went to France in April 1918. His step-father, Private James M. Hutchison, was in the 4th Reserve Royal Scots.

God, is it You? Then bow You down,  
And hark to a mother's prayer,  
Don't keep it all to Yourself, Good Lord,  
But give his dear mother a share.

Gimme a share of the travail pain  
Of my own son's second birth,  
Double the pain if you double the joy  
That a mother feels on earth.

Gimme the sorrow and not the joy  
If that has to be Your will,  
Gimme the labour and not the pride,  
But make me his mother still.

Maybe the body as he shall wear  
Is born of my breaking heart,  
Maybe these pains are the new birth pangs  
What'll give my laddie his start.

Then I'd not trouble how hard they was,  
I'd gladly go through the mill,  
If that new body he wore were mine,  
And I were his mother still.



Private JOHN STERRICK.

217.

**Private John Sterrick.**

Gordon Highlanders.

1918—July 26.

MR AND MRS JOHN STERRICK, 61 Northgate, Peebles, received official word informing them that their eldest son, Private JOHN (DONALD) STERRICK, Gordon Highlanders, previously reported missing in France on 26th July 1918, was killed in action, 26th-30th July. He was buried at Jonchery-sur-Veste. Previous to enlisting, in December 1917, Private Sterrick, who was in his 19th year, was employed by Dyer & Co., wood merchants, Peebles. He went out to France in June 1918. The last letter that his parents received from him was dated 26th July. His father, who was a time-expired Territorial, held the rank of Sergeant Piper with the 1/8th Royal Scots in France for about two years.

I see their shining eyes,  
Their glad and eager faces,  
Waiting to welcome us  
To the heavenly places.  
And how shall we complain  
Of our own loss and pain,  
When unto them we know the change  
Is all eternal gain?

### The Battle of Amiens.

FOR the attack on the 8th August 1918 Sir Douglas Haig accumulated four hundred tanks of the small "whippet" type. On the date mentioned we began with an intense bombardment. After four minutes it stopped, and the tanks and infantry moved forward. In the centre success was immediate and continuous. Canadian and British cavalry performed miracles, and advanced twenty-three miles. On Saturday, the 10th of August, the Montdidier garrison surrendered. Steady advances followed every day until the 15th August. This closed the first phase of the Allies' advance.

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### Battle of Bapaume.

A NEW blow was now struck in a new quarter, on Sunday, 18th August, by General Mangin, between the Oise and the Aisne. He was successful on this and the following days. Then on the morning of Wednesday, the 21st, Byng struck with the British Third Army. It was a complete surprise to the enemy. Beaucourt, Courcelles, and other places all fell. Albert was recovered on 22nd August. On the 23rd the Australians took Bray. On the following day Thiepval Ridge was cleared. By the 25th we had Mametz, Martinpuich, and Le Sars. On the 26th the French took Fresnoy; and on the 27th they were in Roye. On the same day Monchy, Roeux, Gavrelle, and other places fell to the Canadians. On Thursday, the 29th, the Germans were in full retreat to a new line. But on that day we had Combles and Morval; and the New Zealanders entered Bapaume. This opened up the road to Cambrai. On the 31st of August the Australians rushed Mont St Quentin, which was the key to Péronne. The Australians entered Péronne on the 1st September. Great progress was made in the first few days of September. During the whole of September indeed the irresistible advance of the Allies continued. The enemy was steadily pushed back, and thousands of prisoners and guns were taken.

## THE REAPER.

ALL through the blood-red Autumn,  
 When the harvest came to the full;  
 When the days were sweet with sunshine,  
 And the nights were wonderful—  
*The Reaper reaped without ceasing.*

All through the roaring Winter,  
 When the skies were black with wrath,  
 When earth alone slept soundly,  
 And the seas were white with froth—  
*The Reaper reaped without ceasing.*

All through the quick of the Spring-time,  
 When the birds sang cheerily,  
 When the trees and the flowers were burgeoning,  
 And men went wearily—  
*The Reaper reaped without ceasing.*

All through the blazing Summer,  
 When the year was at its best,  
 When Earth, subserving God alone,  
 In her fairest robes was dressed—  
*The Reaper reaped without ceasing.*

So, through the Seasons' roundings,  
 While Nature waxed and waned,  
 And only man by thrall of man  
 Was scarred and marred and stained—  
*The Reaper reaped without ceasing.*

How long, O Lord, shall the Reaper  
 Harry the growing field?  
 Stretch out Thy hand and stay him,  
 Lest the future no fruit yield!  
*And the Gleaner find nought for His gleaning.*



Private JOSEPH BROWN.

218.

**Private Joseph Brown.****Royal Scots.**

1918—August 1.

MRS JOSEPH BROWN, Polton Cottages, Polton, received official intimation that her husband, Private JOSEPH BROWN, Royal Scots, had been killed in action in France on 1st August 1918. Private Brown, who was 34 years of age, previous to enlisting in the 2/8th Royal Scots, in September 1914, was employed in March Street Mills, Peebles. He went out to France in February 1917. He was wounded and invalided home, but returned to the front in the early summer of 1918. He was survived by his wife and three boys, aged 9, 8, and 6 years at the time of their father's death. He was the third son of Andrew Brown, 13a Rosetta Road, Peebles. Other three brothers were on service—Andrew, a private in the 1/8th Royal Scots; James, a private in the Royal Scots; and Alexander, a private in the Egyptian Camel Corps.

The Chaplain of the 9th Royal Scots wrote Mrs Brown as follows:—"Your husband was killed on the 1st August in an attack which cost this Battalion many casualties, for all of them played a very gallant part that day. We all lament his death very much. I wish to assure you of the deep sympathy of all his comrades in the Battalion; we feel very much for you and your little ones in your loneliness and grief. I trust that God Himself will sustain you; and enable you to bear up under this burden of sorrow. May the words of our Saviour bring some comfort and strength to your heart—'I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' And may you be upheld, for your own sake and the sake of your little ones, with the hope of meeting your husband again in the life beyond, where no sore parting shall come."

My friends the hills, the sea, the sun,  
 The winds, the woods, the clouds, the trees,  
 How feebly, if my youth were done,  
 Could I, an old man, relish these!

With laughter, then, I'll go to greet  
 What Fate has still in store for me,  
 And welcome Death, if we should meet,  
 And bear him willing company.



Private JAMES LITTLE.

219.

**Private James Little.**

Royal Scots.

1918—August 1.

INTIMATION was received by Mrs James Little, Lochcarron, Ross-shire, to the effect that her husband, Private JAMES LITTLE, Royal Scots, was killed while in action with his unit in France. He attested under the Derby Scheme, and was called up in March 1916, proceeding to France in November of the same year. He was gassed, had dysentery twice, and also suffered from trench fever very badly. He was home on two occasions convalescing, and went out to France for the last time in June 1918. For some time Private Little (who was born at Upper Kidston, Peebles), was employed as a water bailiff by the Tweed Commissioners at Peebles, and before enlisting was engaged as a gamekeeper in Perthshire. He was married only a year before he met his death, and was survived by his widow.

Mrs Little received the following letter giving information as to the circumstances under which Private Little met his death:—"Your husband, Private James Little, was killed on the 1st August, at a place near Buzancy, in the Soissons district. It will relieve you to know that he did not suffer. He was shot through the heart, and death was instantaneous. The task set the Company was well nigh an impossible one, and the men were exposed to very heavy machine gun fire. They were all buried on the field in a place now known, I believe, as the Quarry Cemetery, about four kilometres south of Buzancy. The French have erected a monument near the place to the memory of the Scottish soldiers who fell there. It was a black day for the Battalion, but the success of the operations was due in great part to the sacrifices made by the men. Those of us who are still left with the Company sympathise with you in your bereavement. Private Little was a good soldier, and was well liked by his comrades. Most of his friends—indeed nearly all his platoon—were killed, and he himself had got further forward than them all, only to make the supreme sacrifice in the end."

I that on my familiar hill  
 Saw, with uncomprehending eyes,  
 A hundred of thy sunsets spill  
 Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,  
 Ere the sun swings his noonday sword  
 Must say good-bye to all of this;  
 By all delights that I shall miss,  
 Help me to die, O Lord.



Private JOHN K. BROCKIE.

220.

**Private John Kerr Brockie.****Royal Scots.**

1918—August 5.

ALEXANDER BROCKIE, Maxwelltown, Dumfries, had four sons in the Great War. These were James, a private in the Royal Scots; Alexander, also in the Royal Scots; William, in the Black Watch, attached to the Royal Flying Corps; and Private JOHN KERR BROCKIE, in the Royal Scots. The eldest brother, James, was the first to give his life, in November 1917; the next two brothers were wounded; and John, the youngest of all, was called upon, like the eldest, to die for his country. John Brockie enlisted in the early days of the war, and after receiving training, was drafted to France. Some time later he was discharged, and went to Maxwelltown, to reside with his father, where he was employed in Rosefield Mills. He was eventually recalled to the Colours, and had been fighting in France for some time previous to his being fatally wounded. This happened on the 1st of August 1918, while in action, and on the 5th of August he passed away, at the age of 21 years. He and his brothers were members of a large clan of Brockies belonging to Peebles, who did not spare themselves, either in wounds or in life itself, for the sake of their country.

'Taint right to have the young go first,  
 All throbbin' full o' gifts and graces,  
 Leaving life's paupers dry as dust  
 To try and make-believe fill their places:  
 Nothing but tells us what we miss,  
 There's gaps our lives won't never stay in,  
 And that world seems so far from this,  
 Left for us loafers to grow grey in.

Come, Peace! not like a mourner bowed  
 For honour lost, and dear ones wasted,  
 But proud, to meet a people proud,  
 With eyes that tell o' victory tasted!  
 Come, such as mothers prayed for, when  
 They kissed their cross with lips that quivered,  
 And bring fair wages for brave men—  
 A nation saved, a race delivered!



Second-Lieutenant MICHAEL VEITCH.  
Military Cross.

221.

**Second-Lieutenant Michael Veitch.**

Military Cross.

Royal Scots (attached Cycle Corps).

1918—August 11.

INTELLIGENCE reached Peebles that Second-Lieutenant MICHAEL VEITCH, Military Cross, Royal Scots, attached Cycle Corps, was killed in action, in France, on 11th August 1918. The deceased officer, 31 years of age, was a son of the late William Veitch, March Street, Peebles, and previous to enlisting in the Royal Scots in 1915, was employed by the North British Rubber Company, Edinburgh, and went out to France in 1916. Shortly before his death Lieutenant Veitch was awarded the Military Cross for bravery on the field. A number of years ago he was employed as a clerk in Damcroft Mill, Peebles. Two brothers were serving with the colours—John, a Colour-Sergeant in the Cameron Highlanders, and William, a Captain, also in the Cameron Highlanders. The deceased officer was a grandson of William M'Morran, Murray Place, Peebles.

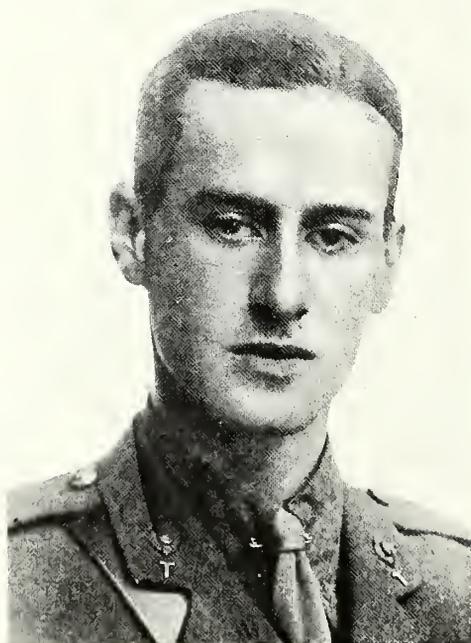
Not ours to join the earthly show  
 And walk in pageantry below;  
 Since we have quit the wars  
 Our path is with the stars.

You say below that we are dead,  
 You light an aureole round each head:  
 With pious tongues you say  
 Our night has made your day:

You give us tears, you give us fame,  
 You give an everlasting name;  
 For us, who died to save,  
 You glorify the grave.

And looking down serene we smile,  
 Content that love should still beguile  
 The sorrow of the earth  
 With promise of new birth;

For now we know we slept too long:  
 Heaven soars around us full of song.



Lieutenant SELWYN M. MONILAWS.

222.

**Lieutenant Selwyn M. Monilaws.****Royal Scots (attached Highland Light Infantry).**

1918—August 12.

INFORMATION reached Mr and Mrs W. M. Monilaws, 8 Carlton Terrace, Edinburgh, that their youngest son, Lieutenant SELWYN M. MONILAWS, had been killed in action in France, on the 12th August 1918. Lieutenant Monilaws was a grandson of the late Rev. George H. Monilaws, D.D., Peebles.

The parents of Lieutenant Monilaws received the following letter from a fellow officer:—"You will have had from the War Office the terrible news of the death in action of your son, Lieutenant S. M. Monilaws. His Commanding Officer is also writing you, and will give you full particulars; but I just want to convey to you the real and heartfelt sympathy of all the officers and men in this Battalion. Your son was not very long with us, but in the time he won the admiration and trust of his senior officers and the love of all his men. His death has been a terrible grief to us all. We all loved him. It has never been my lot to meet a young officer whom I could admire more. All his ways and all his instincts were those of a clean living, pure thinking, noble-hearted young Christian officer. He was a power for good in his Company and in the Battalion. His Commanding Officer will tell you how skilfully and gallantly he led his men on that night. His men spoke to me yesterday of him with deep emotion, and I promised them that I would write you to convey to you their sympathy. Ever since he joined the regiment he has been a most gallant and devoted officer, and has made a friend of every one of us. I know what a desperate blow it must be to you, but I do trust it will soften your darkest grief to know how gallantly and highly esteemed he lived, and how bravely and heroically he died. We shall remember him for his kindness and cheerfulness under all circumstances whilst with us, and for his untiring devotion to duty. I attended his funeral. He was buried with simple military honours in the small British Cemetery near the village of Grand Hasard, near the town of Hazebrouck—a secluded little field amidst the surrounding crops of corn and wheat."

In the grey days of March, ere yet the spring has fully awakened,  
 In the pale primrose twilight, in the cold hush of dawn,  
 Here, where the river's wistful music laments unceasing,  
 Back to the paths of grief my feet are drawn.

    Here on the soil I trace  
     Each unforgotten, haunted place,  
 Where all the joy and glory of life was stricken and slain,  
 And only the murmuring river heard my stunned heart's speechless pain.

To-day my listening heart hears an echo of far-off desolation,  
 Yet in the bare gaunt boughs a new deep music awakes,  
 As when the earth first stirs in her sleep with promise of summer,  
 And the long bitter frost of winter breaks.

    For he, so gay, so young,  
     This prison-garb of flesh has flung  
 Scornful away, rides vested in deathless pride.  
 Rather than wail "He might have lived!" I will triumph "He never died!"

We must grow old, lose hour by hour the magic of life and the glory,  
 Watch our illusions die, grow cold when our fires are spent;  
 But he is as the sunshine is, as the fields, as the river;  
 Freedom is his, and youth unchallenged, and power magnificent.

    His is the changeless good,  
     And mine no longer barren solitude,  
 Since, in this music that floats from river and field and tree,  
 All the gallant and lovely songs that were his are restored to me.

O fields, O trees, whose music was once a dirge of desolation,  
 O kindly, silent, comforting river, dreaming slow,  
 Gather into your wordless song all rapture and nameless glory,  
 From far-off fields, from starry boughs, from visions his wanderings know!

    And from the heart of youth,  
     Where beauty lives, and truth,  
 Comes now a song of life that knows not decay nor age,  
 Where they, the living, the free, possess their infinite heritage.

M. R. CROCKETT.

SHORTENED LIVES.  

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TO us it seemed his life was too soon done,  
Ended, indeed, while scarcely yet begun;  
God, with his clearer vision, saw that he  
Was ready for a larger ministry.

Just so we thought of Him, whose life below  
Was so full-charged with bitterness and woe,  
Our clouded vision would have crowned Him King:  
He chose the lowly way of suffering.

Remember, too, how short His life on earth—  
But three-and-thirty years 'twixt death and birth.  
And of those years but three whereof we know,  
Yet those three years immortal seed did sow.

It is not tale of years that tells the whole  
Of man's success or failure, but the soul  
He brings to them, the songs he sings to them,  
The steadfast gaze he fixes on the goal.



Lance-Corporal JOHN M'ROBERT.

223.

**Lance-Corporal John M'Robert.**

King's Own Scottish Borderers.

1918—August 19.

DIED of wounds received in action, in France, on the 19th August, Lance-Corporal JOHN M'ROBERT, son of Mr and Mrs Robert M'Robert, Firpark, Castlemilk, Lockerbie, and formerly of Peebles.

Lance-Corporal M'Robert was admitted on the evening of the 18th August to the Second Australian Clearing Station, with a severe wound, and passed away early on the morning of the 19th. He was laid to rest the same day. He was one of the many heroes who helped to win the war. He was buried in Longuenesse Souvenir Cemetery, St Omer. Before enlisting he was groom at Cornhill House, Biggar, being a good horseman. Seven men left Coulter, all fit, but after serving in the Remount Dépôt, Ayr, for two years he was refused permission to go, being considered unfit. The other six were passed for active service. In March 1917 Lance-Corporal M'Robert was passed, and in August 1918 he was killed in action—the only one of the seven unfit, and the only one to fall. He was too quiet and too honourable to refuse anything. He went out as a Royal Scots Fusilier, and was transferred to the King's Own Scottish Borderers. He wanted to be a soldier or nothing. Whatever he did he would do right; he always said—"Cheer up; I will come back."

An officer wrote Mrs M'Robert—"I take the opportunity to convey to you my deepest sympathy on the death of your gallant son. He was in every respect a fine soldier, brave and trustworthy; and his death is a great loss to my platoon and to the Battery. I know that he was wounded at Outtersteene, but after that I can find out nothing."

Rat-tat-tattle through the street  
 I hear the drummers making riot,  
 And I sit thinkin' o' the feet  
 That followed them and now are quiet.  
 White feet as snowdrops innocent,  
 That never knew the paths o' Satan,  
 Whose coming steps, there's ears that won't,  
 No, not lifelong, leave off awaiting.



Second-Lieutenant JAMES VEITCH.  
Military Cross.

224.

**Second-Lieutenant James Veitch.***Military Cross.***Cameron Highlanders.**

1918—August 19.

OFFICIAL intimation reached Mr and Mrs Thomas Veitch, 80 High Street, Peebles, that their eldest son, Second-Lieutenant JAMES VEITCH, Military Cross, 5th Cameron Highlanders, had been wounded in the right shoulder by shrapnel, in France, on the 19th August 1918, and that he had died of his wounds a few hours later, in a casualty clearing station.

Lieutenant Veitch, who was 23 years of age, was educated at Peebles Kingsland School and Peebles Burgh and County High School. He passed for second division clerk in the Civil Service at the September 1914 examination, and got an appointment to War Office, London, in December 1914. He enlisted at Piccadilly on 8th December 1915, but was not released from his work till June 1916, when he joined the Cameron Highlanders, at Invergordon, where he went through his recruit drill. Having received the sanction of his Commanding Officer, he applied for permission to join the Officers' Cadet School and train for an officer. He received permission to do so, and was sent to the school at Fermoy, Ireland, through which he passed successfully, and was gazetted Second-Lieutenant, 3rd Cameron Highlanders, on the 1st March 1917.

Lieutenant Veitch went to France in May 1917, and was posted to the 5th Camerons, 9th Division, Third Army. On the 25th September 1917 he was awarded the Military Cross, and in the German offensive at Cambrai in March 1918 was wounded by gunshot in the thigh. After convalescence he rejoined at headquarters at Ballyvonare, Ireland, and was subsequently sent to France on the 9th August 1918, and was mortally wounded on the 19th August.

The Military Cross was awarded to Lieutenant Veitch "For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He reinforced the front line with his platoon at a critical moment, and showed magnificent courage and total disregard of danger, passing freely along his line during a heavy bombardment, directing his men when a counter attack was expected. His splendid example was of the greatest value."

A younger brother, John, was a private in the 1/8th Royal Scots, and was one of the Peebles Territorials who went out to France in November 1914.

Among letters received by Mr and Mrs Veitch were the following:—

*From the Lieutenant-Colonel*—“It is with very deep regret that I have to inform you that your son died from wounds received yesterday. He was hit in the chest by a portion of shell while going round the trenches, and died a few hours afterwards. I believe he suffered little pain. On behalf of all ranks of this Battalion I write to offer you and your family our very deepest sympathy in the great loss you have suffered. Your son was one of the finest types of young officers—a gallant and capable officer, and popular with all. We were all so glad when he rejoined us the other day. He is being buried to-day, well behind the lines, with such military honours as we can provide.”

*From Brother Officers*—“Lieutenant Veitch was known to the officers of D Company for under a week, but in that short time we all had the greatest regard for him, and recognised that he had much latent ability. Officers and men deplore his loss, and feel that he made a place for himself which will be difficult to fill. His body has been removed down the line, and will be interred in a military graveyard well behind the shelled area.” “I cannot speak too highly of him. His work was always willingly and cheerfully done, and he was loved and honoured by all who knew him.” “I cannot say how much I sympathise with you all just now. He was much loved by all, and I know the men of his platoon would gladly have died for him, for he was always ready to do that for any of them.” “I have felt Jimmy’s death more than anyone else yet in this war. He was such a fine chap. It is certainly a cruel war this, that such a fine chap as Jimmy should be taken.” “As a brother officer of James for many months, I can say that he was a gallant officer and very popular alike amongst officers and men. I know his loss is keenly felt by all the old hands who remain or who have come back to the Battalion.”

*From the Chaplain*—“It was my sad duty to-day to officiate at the burial of your son, Second-Lieutenant James Veitch, of this Battalion. He died yesterday from wounds. He had just returned to this Battalion. It wasn’t my honour to have known him before, as I have only recently come to this Battalion, but what I saw and heard of him placed him high amongst those who promised great things. It was a great blow to all of us when we heard of his death. We buried him with full regimental honours behind our lines, where he lies in a beautiful British Cemetery, surrounded by others who have made a similar sacrifice. We prayed for you that God would comfort you in your great distress and sorrow, and that Christ would speak to you all of the resurrection and the life. We gave thanks that your son had heard and answered the cry of his country’s need, and that at the last he had been allowed the high honour of laying down his life in her service. The price of the world’s freedom has ever been paid for in pain, and in his death your boy has joined with all those who

have paid their utmost that the world might go free. Such sacrifice must count for much in the eyes of Him who loves and cares for all His children. Lieutenant Veitch was buried at La Kreule, Hazelbroucke."

*The Chaplain wrote in a further letter*—"I have been with this unit only about three months, so that when he returned here recently I met Lieutenant Veitch for the first time. I had heard of him before he came. From Commanding Officer downwards, all held him a splendid soldier, and as a man he was liked by all ranks. It may interest you to know that a week past on Sunday (August 18) we celebrated Holy Communion after our parade service. Our Division was attacking at 11 o'clock, but our Battalion was in reserve. At 11 we began our service, and had communion at 11.30 A.M. Both services were attended by Lieutenant Veitch and another Peebles man, Company Sergeant-Major M'Farlane (who came also to Mr Veitch's funeral). On Sunday night the Battalion went into the line, and on Monday Lieutenant Veitch met his death. He went into God's nearer presence almost straight from the table of remembrance."

*From the Lieutenant and Quartermaster*—"His loss is keenly felt here, for he was a true soldier—and a gentleman—and a great favourite with all, men and officers. I expect he told you some of the story of his Military Cross, but probably left out the story of his great reception by the men on his first appearance after the action in which he won the distinction."

Can it be true that thou art dead  
In the hour of thy youth, in the day of thy strength?  
Must I believe thy soul has fled  
Through Heaven's length?

Yet when they asked thee, "Lo, what dost thou bring?"  
Thou gav'st thyself,  
Thou gav'st thy body, gav'st thy soul;  
Thou gav'st thyself, one consecrated whole,  
To sacrificial torture for thy King.

O lovely youth, slaughtered at manhood's dawn,  
In virgin purity thou liest dead,  
And slaughtered were thy sons unborn,  
With thee unwed.

Sleep on, pure youth, sleep at Earth's soothing breast,  
No king's sarcophagus was e'er so fine  
As that poor shallow soldier's grave of thine,  
Where all ungarlanded thou tak'st thy rest.

Vengeance thou ask'st not, but to avenge  
Many shall come—ah! many shall be slain  
That thy rich sacrifice be not in vain.  
Then from the blood spilt shall the Arts arise  
Gaining fresh glories by thy sacrifice;  
And this shall be requital and revenge.



Private ERNEST W. THIEM.

225.

**Private Ernest William Thiem.****Royal West Kents.**

1918—August 23.

INFORMATION was received in Peebles that Private ERNEST WILLIAM THIEM, 3rd Royal West Kents, was killed in action in France on 23rd August 1918. Deceased, who was the third son of the late Albert M. Thiem, of the Windsor Hotel, Glasgow, and the Hydropathic, Peebles, was 39 years of age and unmarried. Previous to enlisting in May 1918, Private Thiem was manager of the Windsor Hotel, Glasgow, which was afterwards taken over by the Government for the Ministry of Munitions. He went out to France in the beginning of August 1918. He succeeded an elder brother, Charles, who left Peebles for Edzell, in the management of Peebles Hotel-Hydro, a position he held for two years before leaving to take charge of the Windsor Hotel, Glasgow. On leaving Peebles, he in turn was succeeded in the managership of the Peebles Hotel-Hydro by a younger brother, Walter. Two brothers served with the colours—Charles, on home service, and Bertie, with the Australians.

What of the men who died  
 Stout-hearted and steadfast-eyed,  
 For the good they might not share,  
 And the goal to them denied;  
 For the lamp they strove to bear  
 Should light another's way,  
 And the boon that they might not share  
 Is the boon we hold to-day.

What of the God-like men  
 Who lie in the dust to-day,  
 For the dreams that we hold so light  
 And the hope that we fling away?  
 Ah! shall we not vex their sleep,  
 We men of the lesser mould,  
 Who sully the name they bled to keep,  
 And the honour they died to hold?

### The Americans at St Mihiel.

FOR four years the salient at St Mihiel had been an eyesore on the Western Front. On the 12th September the Americans wiped it off the map for ever. It was the first "show" that the Americans had on their own. The French stormed the bridgehead and entered the town of St Mihiel. In the first week of September also, the Hindenburg Line was pierced north of Cambrai. The battle lasted three days. Dismounted Yeomanry and Londoners captured Ronssoy and Epehy.

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### The Seven Heroes of Mœuvres.

WEST of Cambrai we had taken Mœuvres. The battle raged round the place for two days and two nights; and when we eventually stormed and carried the village it was hardly to be expected that any one of the little detachments which had been cut off and surrounded would still be holding out. But so it was. Corporal David Hunter and six privates of the Highland Light Infantry—one of whom was Private William Jones, a Peebles lad, whose parents reside at 44 Old Town—had held their assailants at bay for 48 hours, and were still holding out when relieved. The piles of corpses heaped around the position they occupied testified to the efforts of the enemy to get at them. When first cut off they decided to wait and see. Later, suffering from lack of food, and ammunition running short, they resolved to fight their way out rather than surrender.

Sir Douglas Haig issued the following official bulletin relating to the occurrence:—"On the occasion of the hostile attack at Mœuvres on the 17th, a Corporal and six men of the 1/5 Battalion Highland Light Infantry, 52nd Division, forming the garrison of one of our posts just north of the village, were surrounded and believed to have been captured. During the two days in which the Germans were in occupation of Mœuvres this party, in fact, maintained their position with great gallantry, and inflicted many casualties on the enemy. On the night of the 19th-20th September, when Mœuvres was retaken by our troops, the whole party regained their unit without loss."

#### "ONE OF THESE BRAVE FELLOWS."

The story of Private Jones' bravery is pervaded with all the modesty that becomes a hero, and the news that he was amongst the

gallants of Mœuvres came as a great surprise to everyone, not least among them his parents. In communications which he had addressed home after the Mœuvres incident he made no mention whatever of having been one of the plucky seven, merely stating that he had been admitted to hospital, and that he was expecting his leave soon. The only hint he made that something out of the usual daily round had occurred was when he asked, in a letter to his mother, if she had "heard from any of the 'big places' about him?" Feeling anxious as to her boy's welfare, Mrs Jones addressed enquiries to the Chaplain of his Battalion, and in reply received the following:—

"Your letter of the 9th has just reached me, and I am glad to be able to give you good news of your son, Private W. Jones, 55770, 1/5th Highland Light Infantry. Have you seen in to-day's newspapers the account of the Corporal and the six men of our Battalion holding the isolated post near Mœuvres? Your son was one of these brave fellows, and you can be no end proud of him. He has gone down to hospital, but is not wounded, only a bit done up after his anxious experience; nothing to be anxious about. I suppose you will soon hear from him. Pray accept my congratulations on his gallant conduct. We are all proud of him and the others."

Mr and Mrs Jones received many warm congratulations on the bravery of their son, who, by those who were acquainted with him, was known as a quiet and unassuming lad.

#### A TRUE PATRIOT.

The military career of Private William Jones, Highland Light Infantry, is wanting in none of the elements of true patriotism. He enlisted into the King's Own Scottish Borderers in September 1915, at which time he was under military age, and on which account he was demobilised. He enlisted again into the Scottish Rifles in December of the same year, and was drafted to France in March 1916. He was sent back to this country on account of his still being under the specified age, and was, later, drafted with the Highland Light Infantry to Egypt, where he underwent much severe campaigning. Later, in Palestine, he was for some time stationed at Jaffa. From the East he returned to France, and took part in much of the heavy fighting there. Previous to enlisting, Private Jones was employed as an apprentice baker with Messrs Wilson & Sime, Eastgate, Peebles.

#### THE STORY OF MŒUVRES.

The Press Association special correspondent described the incident as follows:—

I have just heard of a piece of valour and endurance which deserves to be recorded in letters of virgin gold. When the heavy German attack of Tuesday afternoon forced back the scattered

garrison of Mœuvres to a line well west of the village, one of our posts established near the cemetery was reported to be holding out by troops which were obliged to retire from the vicinity of it. As this post was only held by a Corporal and six men of the Highland Light Infantry, it was naturally concluded it would speedily be wiped out by the enemy.

But when our counter-attack at seven o'clock on Thursday evening drove the Germans back to and even beyond the line whence they had delivered their assault, the gallant Scots were still found to be holding out. They were rather weak, and their eyes were red-ringed, but they were able to echo the tumultuous cheering of their comrades with triumphant lustiness.

A regular cordon of corpses around the post told how fiercely they had been assaulted. They had practically no effective shelter against the slashing rainstorms, and were sodden through. Ceaseless vigilance was necessary to prevent the enemy getting within bombing distance. Although they knew that they were right in the midst of the foe, they never doubted that their comrades would be coming back, and their concern was whether their ammunition would hold out meanwhile. Their rations were all gone, and they were ravenous.

In any event they were not going to surrender, but when it became impossible to hold the little fort any longer, they meant to make a sortie and try to get through to the British outpost line.

Here was the spirit of Rorke's Drift over again. But whereas Chard and Bromhead, with their 80 heroes of the old 24th Foot, were only called upon to hold up the army of 4000 strong throughout the night of 24th January 1879, these seven indomitable Scots stuck to their posts for 48 hours and longer.

#### THE LEADER OF THE PARTY.

The men, in this episode of bravery, were in charge of Corporal David Hunter, who resides near Dunfermline. A representative of the *Petit Parisien*, who interviewed this gallant soldier, said:—

The Corporal related in simple words how he and his comrades held out in their den without provisions and with no water but what they had in their flasks. "I knew," he said, "that the British had been obliged to retire, but I had not received any orders, so we decided to wait and see. The men with me were splendid fellows. The Germans attacked us three times by the light of the moon, but they were repulsed by our rifle fire without necessitating the use of our machine gun. They hoped to reduce us by starvation, but, fortunately, the British artillery forced them to fall back."

The only reference which the Corporal made to his personal sufferings was to regret his delayed leave. His only dream of reward,



Private WILLIAM JONES.  
Distinguished Conduct Medal.  
ONE OF THE HEROES OF MŒUVRES.  
*(This soldier survived.)*

says the journal, was to see his wife and two sons in his little home in Fife.

The names of the seven heroes of Mœuvres were as follows:—  
 Corporal David Hunter, Dunfermline; Private William Jones, Peebles;  
 Private John Phillips, Glasgow; Private John Fleming, Glasgow;  
 Private C. M'Farlane, Glasgow; Private W. Gray, Saltcoats; Private  
 Terence Milhill, Edinburgh.

There are men in a muddy trench to-night  
 Holding the line where our freedom ends;  
 Men like you and me, who fight  
 For all we hold dear in the world to-night—  
 What have we done, my friends?

There are men in No Man's Land to-night,  
 In travail under a starless sky;  
 Men who wonder if it be right  
 If we should lie snug in our beds to-night,  
 While they suffer alone and die.

Ah! What will you give for your home to-night,  
 For your wife and child whom the fight defends?  
 There are men who yearn for so fair a sight,  
 Who will give their lives for our homes to-night—  
 What have we given, my friends?

OUR HEARTS FOR YOU.  
—

By the grace of God and the courage  
 Of the peoples far and wide,  
 By the toil and sweat of those who lived,  
 And the blood of those who died,  
 We have won the fight, we have saved the right,  
 For the Lord was on our side.

We have come through the valley of shadows,  
 We have won to the light again,  
 We have smitten to earth the evil thing,  
 And our sons have proved them men,  
 But not alone by our might have we won,  
 For the Lord fought in our van.

When the night was at its darkest,  
 And never a light could we see—  
 When earth seemed like to be enslaved  
 In a monstrous tyranny—  
 Then the flaming sword of our Over-Lord  
 Struck home for liberty.

All the words in the world cannot tell you  
 What brims in our hearts for you;  
 For the lives you gave our lives to save  
 We offer our hearts to you;  
 We can never repay, we can only pray—  
 God fulfil our hearts for you!



Private ARTHUR DUNCAN.

226.

**Private Arthur Duncan.**

Canadian Scottish.

1918—September 2.

INTIMATION was received by Mr and Mrs David Duncan, 25 March Street, Peebles, to the effect that their second son, Private ARTHUR NORMAN DUNCAN, Canadian Scottish, had been killed on 2nd September, while in action with his unit in France. Private Duncan, who enlisted at the outbreak of war, was among the first of the Colonials to arrive in this country for training, after receiving which he proceeded to France, where he was for three years, during which time he had been invalided home on two occasions. Before joining up he was employed in the Bank of Hamilton at Moosejaw. He emigrated from Peebles to Canada some years before the war, being then employed with Lowe, Donald & Co. His cousin, David Duncan, Peebles, fell earlier.

“The Commanding Officer wishes me to convey to you his sincere sympathy, on the loss of your son, Lance-Corporal Arthur N. Duncan, who was killed in action by enemy shell fire on 2nd September 1918, death being instantaneous. He was a good soldier and showed splendid devotion to duty while serving with the Battalion. His loss is keenly felt by all ranks of his Company, and especially by his platoon comrades, with whom he was deservedly most popular. The body was interred in the Dominion Cemetery, V.7.B.4.6. Reference sheet, 51B, plot 1, row B, grave 15, on September 3rd, 1918. A cross has been erected to his memory.”

“It was a great shock to me to get your letter telling me that Arthur was killed in action on 2nd September. I do assure you that I most sincerely sympathise with Mrs Duncan and yourself and family in your great loss. . . . Arthur was one of my very few friends out here. Ever since he left Moosejaw, over three years ago, we have corresponded very regularly, and we were always real good friends. Having worked beside Arthur in the bank, I can testify as to his popularity with his fellow workers, and his clean living. . . . Any letters that I got from Arthur were always of a most cheerful nature, and we looked forward to the time when he and others would again visit us in our home. . . . Arthur was a good friend of mine, and it was a real pleasure to work in the same office with him. He was popular with all, and he went away with the good wishes of all his friends and acquaintances.”

“I am sure that we all miss him here, because he was always

willing to do a good turn to anybody, and for a cheerful lad you couldn't wish for one better. I thought it was my duty to write to you and explain to you how he died. He was killed instantly by a shell, so I can assure you he didn't suffer any. We had quite a few killed that morning, and everyone was picked up and carried back behind our lines, and got a good burial."

"Your most welcome letter received. I was very glad to hear from you, but it is an awful hard job for me to write to you under these conditions. I know how you feel and your poor mother. God knows I sympathise with you all. I would like to tell you everything, but I can't tell you the name of the place where Arthur is buried. Tell Mrs Duncan that Arthur did not say a word after he was hit. He never knew what hit him; he was killed by a big shell. I was very near Arthur when he was hit. It was on the 2nd September. We were going over the top on the morning we made the big advance. Arthur had gone about 1000 yards before he stopped. It was a very hot place around there, and hard fighting. There were a number of our boys who fell quite near, but you can tell the world it cost the German Army a good bit for the poor boy's life."

When the anxious hearts say "Where?"

He doth answer, "In My care."

"Is it life or is it death?"

"Wait," He whispers, "Child, have faith!"

"Did they need love's tenderness?"

"Is there love like Mine to bless?"

"Were they frightened at the last?"

"No, the sting of death is past."

"Saviour, tell us, Where are they?"

"In My keeping, night and day."

"Tell us, tell us, how it stands."

"None shall pluck them from My hands."

## WINNERS OR LOSERS?

— — — —

UNLESS our souls win back to Thee,  
 We shall have lost this fight.  
 Yes, though we win on field and sea,  
 Though mightier still our might may be,  
 We still shall lose if we win not Thee.

*Help us to climb, as in Thy sight,  
 The Great High Way of Thy Delight.*

It is the world-old strife again—  
 The fight 'twixt good and ill.  
 Since first the curse broke out in Cain,  
 Each age has worn the grim red chain,  
 And ill fought good for sake of gain.

*Help us, through all life's conflict, still  
 To battle upwards to Thy Will.*

Are we to be like all the rest,  
 Or climb we loftier height?  
 Can we our wayward steps arrest?  
 All life with nobler life invest?  
 And so fulfil our Lord's behest?

*Help us, through all the world's dark night,  
 To struggle upwards to the Light.*

If not—we too shall pass, as passed  
 The older peoples in their time.  
 God's pact is sure, His word stands fast—  
 Those who His sovereignty outcast  
 Outcast themselves shall be at last.

*So—lest we pass in this our prime—  
 Lord, set us to the upward climb!*



Private RICHARD PIERONI.

227.

**Private Richard Pieroni.****King's Own Scottish Borderers.**

1918—September 18.

INFORMATION reached Mrs Pieroni, Kelso, through the medium of a Chaplain's letter, that her only son, Private RICHARD PIERONI, King's Own Scottish Borderers, had been killed in action in France, on the 18th September 1918. Private Pieroni, who was only 20 years of age, joined the King's Own Scottish Borderers in 1914, at Selkirk, where he was brought up. After serving for a year and a half he was discharged for health reasons. He returned to Selkirk, where he worked for some time. He afterwards started business in the Cafe de Luxe, High Street, Peebles. He was only a short time in Peebles when he was again called up. A further period of training ensued, and then he was drafted to France on the 14th August 1918. He left the base for the firing line on the 12th September, and six days later he was reported to have been killed by a machine gun bullet. The last letter his mother received from him was written just two days before his death. Richard was a bright, well-doing lad, eager to make a name for himself, and was well liked wherever he went.

Yet comfort find I in this thought—  
 When God for man's redemption wrought,  
 And One must die, He chose the part  
 Far sharper to the Father's heart,  
 And gave His son. O dearest you,  
 Take that high parable for true.  
 Ye sad and sorrowful 'mong men  
 It shall be now as it was then—  
 The earth be saved (O share my faith!)  
 By the blest boys you gave to death.



Signaller JOHN J. BLACK,  
Military Medal.

228.

**Signaller John James Black.**

Military Medal.

Scottish Rifles.

1918—September 22.

MRS ALEXANDER BLACK, Neidpath, Reid Street, Burnbank, Hamilton, was informed that her only son, Signaller JOHN JAMES BLACK, Military Medal, Scottish Rifles, had been killed in action in France, on the 22nd September 1918. Signaller Black was a grandson of the late Mrs Bruce, Annandale Cottage, Rosetta Road, Peebles. He received the following communication from the Major-General commanding the 33rd Division:—"Your Commanding Officer and Brigade Commander have informed me that you distinguished yourself on the 12th/16th August 1916. I have read that report with much pleasure."

"It is with heartfelt sympathy and the deep sense of a keen personal loss I have to inform you of the death in action of your friend, Signaller J. J. Black, Military Medal. After the battle we were engaged in on the night of 20/21st September he was reported missing, but since then the burial party which follows and clears the battlefield found his body, and he was accorded a proper burial, a Chaplain being present. As you know, we who have pushed on do not at once get information with regard to our comrades who have fallen, and owing to the rapid movement of all troops during the present advances, it is very difficult to ascertain facts and communicate them to anxious friends at home. In the course of time you will be notified of the exact location of your friend's grave, by the Graves Registration Committee. In conclusion, I can truly say that Signaller Black was one of the finest soldiers it has been my good fortune to have under me. He was always willing and able to do anything that was asked of him, and in such a cheerful manner that he was indeed a help and stay to all his comrades. Will you be good enough to communicate this information to his mother, as I feel you, who knew him so well, would be the best one to tell her the sad news."

Who said—"No man hath greater love than this,  
 To die to serve his friend?"  
 So these have loved us all unto the end,  
 Chide thou no more, O thou unsacrificed!  
 The soldier dying dies upon a kiss,  
 The very kiss of Christ.

### The Battle of Cambrai—St Quentin.

ON the 27th September Sir Douglas Haig began this battle, which resulted in the capture of both these cities, which had defied us for so long. The deadly obstacle was the Canal du Nord, deep and broad, with sloping sides, every inch of which was ranged by the heavy guns of the enemy. Bourlon Wood was cleared; Marcoing was captured; and the outskirts of Cambrai entered that night. A breach of eight miles was made in the Hindenburg Line, north of St Quentin.

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### King Albert's Victory.

THE third offensive in Flanders began on the 28th September. It was undertaken by the Belgians, French, and Second British Army, with King Albert in command. Dixmude was captured. Houthoult forest was cleared. General Plumer in two days took Poelcapelle, and Passchendaele, and was within a mile of Roulers and Menin. Further south the Messines ridge had been seized once more. The last week of September was the most wonderful week of the war. The greatest battle in history was approaching a climax; the whole 250 miles of front, from the Meuse to the sea, was ablaze.

AFTER THE STORM.  
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THE conflict has been stern and long,  
 Our hearts are sad and sore;  
 But righteous cause did make us strong,  
 And more than conqueror.  
 In darkest days, Thy hand was there,  
 To meet our every need.  
 Small claim had we, but Thy fond care  
 Gave far beyond our need.

Our dead lie scattered far and wide,  
 On mount and plain and sea.  
 But since for Thee they fought and died,  
 They surely rest with Thee.  
 O Love Divine, O Living Lord,  
 Heal every broken heart!  
 Who gives to God hath great reward,  
 And they the better part.

Now Thou has swept the clouds away,  
 Thy Sun once more doth shine.  
 The world's sick soul lifts to the day,  
 Close bind it unto Thine.  
 Our souls we raise in grateful praise,  
 For mercies all so free,  
 Make strong our hearts for Thy new days,  
 And build us up in Thee.



Private JAMES FORBES.

229.

**Private James Forbes.**

Royal Scots.

1918—September 27.

MRS DAVID FORBES, 38 Biggiesknowe, Peebles, received official intimation that her eldest son, Private JAMES FORBES, Royal Scots, was killed in action at Flésquieres, near Cambrai, on 27th September 1918. Previous to being mobilised as a member of Peebles Territorials on the outbreak of war he was working as a miner at Newtongrange. Going out to France in October 1917, he was wounded in the head by shrapnel three weeks later. Recovering from this wound he was sent back to France, but in the course of May 1918 he was home on a month's furlough as a time expired Territorial. Deceased's father, Private David Forbes, was on active service in France with the Army Veterinary Corps for close upon two years. A brother, John, was in the Royal Air Force. Deceased was 22 years of age.

And is this all? Was all in vain  
The life that you so early gave?  
And only swept by wind and rain,  
Another British soldier's grave?

We thought that radiant soul was meant  
For greater things: we should be sure  
No life is short, thus nobly spent,  
No hero's death is premature.



Private ROBERT M'KAY.

230.

## Private Robert M'Kay.

Canadians.

1918—September 27.

NEWS reached Peebles that Private ROBERT M'KAY, Canadians, eldest son of the late Neil M'Kay, Cross Street, had been killed in action, in France, on 27th September 1918. The deceased, who was 38 years of age, visited Peebles during the spring of 1918, while on furlough. Private M'Kay, who was a choir boy in Peebles Parish Church under the late James J. Finlay, and left Peebles for Canada when quite a lad, enlisted some time after the outbreak of war. A younger brother, William, who was also in the Canadians, was rather seriously injured in the early days of the war by the falling in of a dug-out, as the result of shell explosion, but he ultimately recovered and went back to Canada.

The bugles of Britain  
 Were blowing o'er the sea,  
 As they had called a thousand years,  
 Calling now to me.  
 They woke me from my dreaming,  
 At the dawning of the day,  
 The bugles of Britain;  
 And *how* could I stay?

The banners of Britain  
 Unfurled across the sea,  
 Floating out upon the winds,  
 Were beckoning to me.  
 Storm rent and battle torn,  
 Smoke stained and gray,  
 The banners of Britain;  
 And how could I stay?

Oh! Britain, I heard the cry  
 Of those who died for thee,  
 Sounding like an organ voice  
 Across the wintry sea.  
 They lived and died for Britain,  
 And gladly went their way,  
 Britain, oh, Britain!  
 How could I stay?



Private JAMES H. HAMILTON.

231.

**Private James Haldane Hamilton.****Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.**

1918—September 29.

TO Mr and Mrs Alexander Hamilton, Clifton Bank, Kirkland Street, Peebles, came the sad intelligence, through official sources, that their second son, Private JAMES HALDANE HAMILTON, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, had been killed in action, in France, on 29th September 1918. In a letter, received from a chum of the deceased soldier, who was 20 years of age, the parents were informed that Private Hamilton was killed instantaneously by a sniper. Previous to enlisting, on attaining military age, in March 1917, he was employed as a joiner with James Elliot, Burnbrae, Peebles, and proceeded to France in January 1918. An elder brother, William, was a sapper in the Royal Engineers, and was on service in Salonica and Palestine.

"It grieves me very much to inform you that very little is known as to how Private Hamilton met his death, but I will give you a review of events which will clear matters a little. From the 19th September the Battalion had a very severe time, and it was not until the 4th October, when they got back a bit, that things were squared up. It is painful to tell you that only one man of the original lot of 2nd Platoon came out, and he did not know anything about Private Hamilton. I knew Private Hamilton very well, and liked him immensely for his stout-heartedness and devotion to duty. He had often acted as my orderly, and had he survived he would certainly have received some recompense for his services. On the 29th September, after nine days' fighting, the enemy evacuated his position, and we were able to advance over the ground where so many fine lads were killed. I have spoken to the burial officer, and he informed me that Private Hamilton was buried in a nice new cemetery."

Who could have dreamed that they would lie  
By far Gallipoli or French neighbour streams,  
Fall'n in the crowning hour when youth redeems  
The pledge of boyhood? "None untimely die  
Who die for Britain," they have made reply;  
"We have lived to see the battles of our dreams."

Death cannot rob them of the soldier's prize,  
Self-sacrifice. Death is too weak to take  
The joy of having given from the eyes,  
The light of consecration from the brow.  
They have laid down their lives for Britain's sake,  
They are the living soul of Britain now.



Sergeant ERIC RUSSELL.

232

**Sergeant Eric Russell.****New Zealand Contingent.**

1918—September 30.

AMONG the Peebles lads who heard and answered the appeal of the Motherland to her sons and daughters in far-off lands was ERIC RUSSELL, second son of Mr and Mrs James Scott Russell, Ivybridge, South Devon, and formerly of Penicuik and Peebles, and Auckland, New Zealand.

Eric was born in Peebles on the 7th March 1896. When he was six years old he went with his parents to Auckland, New Zealand. After some eight years at school, he entered the Auckland Technical College, and passed three years with distinction. He was then appointed an engineer cadet under the New Zealand Government at Auckland and Frankton. While at Frankton the war broke out, and many of his fellow employees joined the Colours, while those remaining had their duties and responsibilities very much increased. In April 1915 the Australian and New Zealand Forces had their terrible baptism of blood at the Dardanelles, and this affected Eric so powerfully that he wrote asking the permission of his parents to join the Army at once. In New Zealand the age limit was 20 years, but with parents' consent, younger boys were accepted. In June 1915 he successfully passed all tests, and went into training at Wellington, and early in October of the same year he embarked with the 7th Contingent of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force to Egypt, where he underwent another course of training.

For some time his Company was encamped at Ismailia, on the Suez Canal, and participated in several skirmishes against the enemy, but things there were too dull for him, and he longed eagerly to be sent to the front.

In April 1916 his Battalion left Egypt and proceeded to Flanders, and was for a considerable time stationed near Armentières. In June he wrote—"I have rather an exciting incident to tell you that befel us while in the reserve trenches. The three of us (our dug-out three) wandered back a bit along a near-by road to a group of half ruined houses, looking for firewood for our supper fire. The Huns either saw us moving about, or were 'feeling' for a battery close by: anyway they started sending shells over. We didn't mind the first while we were in one of the houses pulling down ceiling laths, but when the second 'lobbed' in the next house, we not only began to think but to *act*. We were running down the road to the trenches when a shell

burst on the other side of the house in front of us (which I see is now half demolished), the dirt flying high into the air and sprinkling over us. By jove! didn't we cut? But we stuck to our wood, and, dropping it at the bivvy door, dived in head first. Even now I don't know how the three of us didn't jamb in the doorway!" In the same letter he said—"The first of the Trentham tent eight to go under was killed two days ago by a shell nose cap. I wonder who will be the next of the eight to stop something?"

A fortnight later he wrote—"Last night I was out with a party bringing up the rations to the trenches from the transports. The line being on the ground level it is risky work. In fact, when we were gathered together at the dump waiting for the ration truck, a machine gun began to play on us. Didn't we lie flat on our 'tummies,' feet to the gun, and grovel in the dirt. It's marvellous the escape we had, the bullets pattering all round us. Not satisfied with that, when our party was moving along the sap, and nearing our cook house, Fritz opened out with his artillery, and gave us 'particular hell' for half an hour, finishing up with gas, but fortunately our aviators had seen him getting the gas and ammunition in, and our artillery got busy and quietened the Huns." On the 2nd July he finishes his letter by saying—"I'm on sentry over an old sap leading to 'No Man's Land' in half an hour, so will close." That same night a piece of shrapnel pierced his helmet, giving him a severe wound in the head, which sent him to Britain—and safety—for the next five months.

Rejoining his Lewis gun team in December 1916, about the same place, he had the experiences and ups and downs of the fighting man.

In July 1917 he was in the Messines stunt, when the New Zealanders had many casualties, but his team came through scatheless: rather uncanny luck he called it.

German gas and tear shells were very much in evidence at this time. Thunderstorms were frequent, and the deluges of rain made a veritable quagmire of the newly acquired ground. He wrote—"It was rather miserable, while consolidating the new front line, to stand in 6 to 18 inches of water for two days (there being no dug-outs or duck walks), and the situation was not improved by our having to live on dry rations and water, the cooks having been flooded out."

On the 15th July he wrote—"My wristlet watch was unfortunately destroyed by a bit of shrapnel (the latter evidently having the former's number). In the Messines stunt it must have been carried away, as I noticed traces of blood on my wrist afterwards. I felt nothing at the time, in the excitement of the moment."

In October he came home on ten days' leave, and on the 27th wrote—"Returning to France was hard! I'm afraid I cursed the very

cobble stones when I set eyes on them. I may say that while in Blighty I missed a very hard and trying spell, which was so far fortunate for me." On this occasion he went to Ypres, and gave the following account of its condition—"I often pass through the town, which is terribly knocked about. Without exaggeration there is not a single building in the whole town habitable. The Cloth Hall is dreadfully smashed up. The Cathedral I have not *found* yet, and the only way I could tell where the Post Office had been was by the large frame of insulators lying on the bricks and debris at the ground level."

Early in April the Battalion was hurried down to the Somme district, where they saw some heavy fighting. Sergeant Russell said—"The Rifle Brigade were the first of the New Zealanders to meet Fritz here, starting to drive him back right away, then we relieved them and carried on the good work. It's quite novel fighting down here, very little artillery, but plenty of machine gun and sniping, and a lot of real open warfare. It is difficult to imagine ourselves fighting on grass, and with very few shell holes and practically no duck walks, after what we had been accustomed to. It was strange to see timber and ammunition dumps with huts standing in 'No Man's Land,' and a light railway—well repaired—running from our position to the Germans. Cigarettes and matches would have been non-existent here had we not found plenty on Fritz, evidently looted by him, as they were all British make."

On 8th July he wrote—"As you seem rather in doubt as to whether the New Zealanders were in this last stunt, let me say that *we* took Messines: our 3rd and 4th Brigades took the town, followed up by the 1st."

On the 31st August he said—"We had the good fortune to take Bapaume." He received his sergeant's stripes about this time.

The following particulars of his death, which took place on the 30th September 1918, came to hand in October 1918:—Sergeant Russell, together with his officer, was leading his platoon to a more secure position, and in so doing he and his men had to pass an exposed part of the Escauts Canal, to the south-west of Mesnieres. Sergeant Russell crossed this gap, and then turned to assist his Lewis gunners to cross. He was in the act of taking the gun from one of his men, when he was hit, and without a groan sank to the ground. After his officer had taken the platoon to the position referred to he asked for two volunteers to find Sergeant Russell and bring him in, but those two boys never returned, one having been killed and another wounded. When it was dark the officer and another boy went out and crawled to where Sergeant Russell lay. He was buried where he fell.

The fighting man shall from the sun  
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;  
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,  
And with the trees to newer birth;  
And find, when fighting shall be done,  
Great rest and fulness after dearth.

All the bright company of heaven  
Hold him in their high comradeship,  
The Dog-Star and the Sisters Seven,  
Orion's belt and sworded hip.  
The woodland trees that stand together,  
They stand to him each one as a friend;  
They gently speak in the windy weather;  
They guide to valley and ridge's end.

Through joy and blindness he shall know  
Not caring much to know, that still  
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so  
That it be not the Destined Will.  
The thundering line of battle stands,  
And in the air Death moans and sings;  
But day shall clasp him with strong hands,  
And night shall fold him in soft wings.

### October Victories.

ON the morning of the 1st October a furious battle was raging for the possession of St Quentin. The French entered the city in the afternoon. Le Catelet was taken on the 3rd October. The Germans evacuated Armentières, La Bassée, and Lens, which were occupied by the British, who also seized Aubers ridge overlooking Lille. In the early hours of the 9th October, the Canadians entered Cambrai. A little later the British entered the city from the south, and the two forces joined hands in the centre of the town. A great battle was fought south of Cambrai; and on the 10th October our columns reached Le Cateau. The Americans in the Argonne were having one of the stiffest tasks of the war. On the 13th October the French entered Laon without a fight. Le Fère was taken the same day. The British Second Army entered the burning ruins of Menin. On the 17th October the British allowed the French to be the first to enter Lille. Douai was occupied the same day; and on the 18th Roubaix and Turcoing were occupied.



Company Sergeant-Major COLIN SWINDLEY.  
Meritorious Service Medal.

233. **Company Sergeant-Major Colin Swindley.**

Meritorious Service Medal.

Highland Light Infantry.

1918—October 2.

MRS COLIN SWINDLEY, 80a Old Town, Peebles, was notified that her husband, Company Sergeant-Major COLIN SWINDLEY, Highland Light Infantry, was killed in action by a sniper in France while leading his men on 2nd October 1918. Previous to enlisting in the 1/8th Royal Scots on the declaration of war, Company-Sergeant-Major Swindley was employed as a chauffeur. He was attached to the 2/8th Royal Scots, and proceeded to France with a draft in August 1916. He was transferred from the Royal Scots to the Highland Light Infantry. In June 1918 he was awarded the Meritorious Service Medal in recognition of valuable services with the forces in France. Company Sergeant-Major Swindley, who was 33 years of age, was survived by his wife and young family—two sons and two daughters, whose ages were 7 and 2 and 10 and 4 respectively when their father was killed.

“He was a most gallant soldier, and died leading his men in the famous attack. His company placed implicit trust in him, as they all knew him, and would have followed him anywhere. We all feel his loss most keenly, as he was trusted by all.”

## CARDINAL MERCIER ON THE FALLEN SOLDIER.

If you were to ask me what belief I had concerning the everlasting salvation of a brave man who, to defend the honour of his country, and to avenge a just cause, deliberately lays down his life, I should not hesitate to say that Christ most certainly rewards the courage of a soldier who receives Death as a Christian should, wins most certainly the salvation of his soul. “Greater love,” said our Lord, “hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” The soldier who gave his life for his fellow-men, for the homes and the altars of his country, attains to the greatness of that love. He may not, it is true, have made any scrupulous analysis of the ethical value of his sacrifice; but we surely need not believe that God would expect from a man, caught in the toils of warfare, the careful accuracy of a moralist or a theologian. Even we worship the heroism of a soldier; how could God fail to welcome him with love? You Christian mothers, be proud of your sons. Of all the sorrows of the world, yours is perhaps the most worthy of veneration. I seem to see you, bowed with mourning yet erect, close to Our Lady of Sorrows, at the foot of the Cross; and while we weep for you we are still proud for you. Not all our heroes are mentioned in dispatches, but we are bound to hope that all may wear the immortal crown of the elect of God. For so great is the power of one deed of perfect love, that it can by itself atone for a whole life-time of sin, and can change, in a moment, a sinful man into a saint.



Second-Lieutenant TOM CALDWELL.

Military Medal.

234.

**Second-Lieutenant Tom Caldwell.**

Military Medal.

King's Own Scottish Borderers.

1918—October 3.

MRS THOMAS CALDWELL, 44 Rosetta Road, Peebles, received an official telegram stating that her youngest son, Second-Lieutenant THOMAS CALDWELL, Military Medal, King's Own Scottish Borderers, was reported wounded and missing in France since 4th October 1918. Later, Mrs Caldwell received a letter from France from a companion officer of Lieutenant Caldwell, informing her that her son's body had been found and buried. Lieutenant Caldwell was in his 26th year. Previous to enlisting, in January 1915, in the Scots Guards, Lieutenant Caldwell was employed as a draper in Clydebank Co-Operative Society, for which trade he served his apprenticeship with Peebles Co-Operative Society. In October 1917 he proceeded to France with the Scots Guards, and took part in much of the heavy fighting. Some time after winning the Military Medal for bravery on the field, he came home to train for a commission. On receiving his commission he was attached to the King's Own Scottish Borderers, and proceeded to France, where he was for just a fortnight when he made the supreme sacrifice. His elder brother, Lance-Corporal John Caldwell, Canterbury Battalion, New Zealand Forces, fell on the 13th June 1917, in France. Other two brothers served with the Colours in France—Andrew, a Company Sergeant-Major in the Royal Scots, and William, in the Machine Gun Corps.

On lonely watches, night by night,  
Great visions burst upon my sight,  
For down the stretches of the sky  
The hosts of Dead go marching by.

Strange ghostly banners o'er them float,  
Strange bugles sound an awful note,  
And all their faces and their eyes  
Are lit with starlight from the skies.

The anguish and the pain have passed  
And peace hath come to them at last;  
But in the stern looks linger still  
The iron purpose and the will.

Dear Christ, who reign'st above the flood  
Of human tears and human blood,  
A weary road these men have trod:  
O house them in the Home of God.



Lance-Corporal WALTER J. STEWART.

235.      **Lance-Corporal Walter James Stewart.**

Royal Scots.

1918—October 5.

AT the 5th Casualty Clearing Station, France, there died on the 5th October 1918, from wounds received in action on the 3rd October, Lance-Corporal WALTER JAMES STEWART, third son of Mr and Mrs Stewart, 21 Colville Place, Edinburgh, and grandson of the late William Potts, 75 Northgate, Peebles. Lance-Corporal Stewart acted as a Battalion runner with 5/6th Royal Scots, but neither in his letters, nor when he was on his one leave home, did he ever say very much about his experiences. He was two and a half years on active service.

Not once nor twice in our fair island story,  
The path of duty was the path to glory:  
He, that ever following her commands,  
On with toil of heart, and knees, and hands  
Thro' the long gorge to the fair light has won  
His path upward, and prevailed,  
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled  
Are close upon the shining tablelands  
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.



Signaller JAMES AMOS.

236.

**Signaller James Amos.**

15th Canadians.

1918--October 6.

FOUR lads of the name of Amos, all brothers, had left their home in Leamington, Hampshire, and emigrated to Toronto, Canada, as a larger field for their activities. After three years, two of these patriotic Scots returned to Great Britain to lay their services and, if necessary, their lives at the feet of the Mother Country, when a third brother joined them. Thomas was a private in the Royal Scots; William, a private in the Motor Transport of the Army Service Corps; and James, was a signaller in the 15th Canadians.

In January 1918, Signaller JAMES AMOS went out to France on active service; in February he was gassed, but not to a serious extent; and on the 6th of October of the same year he was seriously wounded in the head, both limbs, and right arm, from which he succumbed within a few hours, in the hospital of the 1st Canadian Clearing Station. His body was buried at Duisans British Cemetery, Etrun, north-west of Arras. He was aged 24, and was a son of William and Isabella Amos, 4 George Place, Peebles.

"It is my sad duty to inform you that your son, Signaller James Amos, 15th Canadians, was brought to the hospital severely wounded in many places, and unconscious, and died shortly after admission on 6th October. I have just come back from the cemetery near here, where we have committed his body into God's keeping until the great resurrection morn. May he rest in peace! I know full well how heart-broken you will be, and how hard it is to bear the loss of one whom one has brought into the world and watched grow up to manhood, but you may at least have the consolation of knowing that your son died a brave death, giving up his life for his country; and our Saviour has told us--'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' May God give you strength to bear your terrible loss, and may the presence of Christ be with you all to uphold you."

"I intended writing the same evening as Jim was wounded, but was unable to do so on account of our Battery receiving orders to proceed up the line. I never heard until after I came out that his wounds proved mortal. I feel terribly over it myself, as Jim and I always chummed together since joining the Army; and life out here is rather different for me now. I saw the shell that wounded Jim. I was about 100 yards away at the time. The shell was just an odd

one thrown by the Huns. I don't think it was meant for us, as he had been shelling a road, off and on all day, which was about 300 yards to the side of us. There was a sergeant killed, and two other privates wounded by the same shell. I feel awfully sorry for Mrs Amos. Just tell mother that I saw Jim not more than five minutes before he got hit, and he was as cheery as could be. In fact, he gave me strict orders to write to you folks. And I will surely come and see you before I go back, providing I am lucky enough to go back. The war seems to me to be nearly over. We are miles beyond the old 1914-1915 trench system, and have the German Army fighting in the open. We went through many villages in our advance recently, where were many civilians who had been under German rule for four years. You can imagine the great welcome us Canucks received. When Fritz retired he took with him all the stock, even to the fowls, &c. The people had French and British flags waving about an hour after the Huns evacuated. Where they had hid them for four years is beyond me. The bands of our Brigade played 'The Marseillaise' through each town after it fell into our hands."

We came from the ends of the earth to the Mother who gave to us birth,  
 In our eyes leapt the sunshine of mirth, through our veins ran the rapture of Life!  
 We were young, and the flame of desire still burned, and our hearts were afire,  
 Our love was intense and our ire was swiftly aroused, for in strife  
 We smote without rest, without ruth, with the vigour and passion of youth,  
 And hated dissemblers of truth, though our ways with disorder were rife.

In the silence of death now we lie, strangely bound 'neath an alien sky,  
 Life was good but 'twas better to die in the battle for Britain our Mother!  
 She reared us and sent us afar, recalled us, and armed us for war—  
 We heard and we came and are sleeping now, brother with brother;  
 'Neath the tide of the battle we rest, with the fever of life unoppressed:  
 Of all ends 'twas the end that was best; what true man desired another?

We flowed as the sea-tides flow, with a roar in the face of the foe,  
 And smote them with blow upon blow, and they sank 'neath the furious wave;  
 We were swift, we were terrible, strong, and were filled with the fury of Wrong:  
 Invincible, sweeping along, no mercy we sought nor we gave;  
 Dishonoured, they feared us and fell, and the land they transformed into Hell  
 Is avenged, and our death, it was well—for with Glory we rode to the grave!

IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.  
(BENEATH THIS STANDARD THOU SHALT CONQUER).

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*Through the covering of whitewash with which the Turks have defaced the great  
Christian Church of San Sofia the face of the Christ still glimmers faintly.*

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THE Prophet is fallen! His kingdom is rent asunder!  
The blood-stained steeds move on with a sound of thunder!  
The sword of the Prophet is broken: his cannon are dumb:  
The last Crusade rides into Byzantium!

See—on the walls that enshrined the high faith of our fathers—  
Rich as the dawn thro' the mist that on Bosphorus gathers,  
Gleam the mosaics, the rich incrustations of old,  
Crimson on emerald, azure and opal on gold.

Faint thro' that mist, lo, the Light of the World, the forsaken  
Glory of Christ, while with terror the mountains are shaken,  
Silently waits; and the skies with wild trumpets are torn;  
Waits, and the rivers run red to the Golden Horn.

Waits, like the splendour of Truth on the walls of Creation;  
Waits, with the Beauty, the Passion, the high Consecration,  
Hidden away on the walls of the world, in a cloud,  
Till the Veil be rent, and the Judgment proclaim Him aloud!

Ah, the deep eyes, San Sofia, that deepen and glisten!  
Ah, the crowned face o'er thine altars, the King that must listen,  
Listen and wait, through the ages, listen and wait,  
For the tramp of a terrible host, and a shout in the gate!

Conquerors, what is your sign as ye ride thro' the City?  
Is it the sword of wrath, or the sheath of pity?  
Nay, but a Sword Reversed, let your hilts on high  
Lift the sign of your Captain against the sky!

Reverse the Sword! The Crescent is rent asunder!  
Lift up the Hilt! Ride on with a sound of thunder!  
Lift up the Cross! The cannon, the cannon are dumb:  
The last Crusade rides into Byzantium!



Gunner JOHN THOMSON.

237.

**Gunner John Thomson.****Royal Field Artillery.**

1918—October 7.

JOHN THOMSON (JACK), elder son of Mr and Mrs James S. Thomson, 10 High Street, Peebles, joined the Royal Field Artillery in 1915, and went out to France in 1916. He was twice wounded, and was also gassed. He died from pneumonia on the 7th October 1918, in No. 2 General Hospital at Havre. He was 29 years of age, and followed the occupation of a chauffeur at Barrhead. He was a grandson of the late Robert Rankine, joiner, Peebles, and a cousin of Private John Lawson Thomson, who fell on the 17th November 1918.

He's a-slavin' at the guns  
 In the grizzlin' heat o' day,  
 He's a servin' out the steel  
 'Neath the murder clouds' array,  
 An' the quivering vapours rise,  
 An' the mules are slowly plodding  
 On their way.

It's a weary soul has he  
 In the red of evening's ray;  
 It's a weary foot he drags  
 To the hamlet by the way,  
 When Flanders' sweltering sun goes down,  
 And the Angelus is ringing  
 Far away.



Engineer-Lieutenant THOMAS C. LOCKIE.

238. **Engineer-Lieutenant Thomas Corbett Lockie.**

Royal Navy.

1918—October 7.

THERE died in the Royal Naval Hospital, Chatham, on the 7th October 1918, from injuries received as the result of an internal explosion on board His Majesty's ship *Glatton*, Engineer-Lieutenant THOMAS CORBETT LOCKIE, Royal Navy, aged 36 years, eldest son of John Lockie, Civil Engineer, 7 Hermitage Place, The Links, Leith, and husband of Jean U. F. Heriot, 8 Albany Street, Kelvinside, Glasgow.

Lieutenant Lockie was educated at George Watson's College, Edinburgh, and on the conclusion of school days served his apprenticeship as an engineer with Messrs Hawthorn & Co., Leith. He was one of the original members of the Highland Battalion of the Queen's Edinburgh Rifle Volunteer Brigade, and served in the Boer War, with distinction, in the 19th Imperial Yeomanry. On his return to civil life he entered the service of the White Star Line, and gained a chief engineer's certificate. He was on the staff of The Mirrlees Watson Co., Ltd., Glasgow, when war broke out. He joined the Navy in 1915, with the rank of Engineer-Lieutenant. He was a member of the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Scotland, and a member of the Institute of Marine Engineers, London.

Lieutenant Lockie left a widow (a daughter of the late John F. Heriot, Elibank Villa, Peebles), and one son.

Bold watchers of the deeps,  
 Guards of the greater ways,  
 How shall our swelling hearts express  
 Our heights and depths of thankfulness  
 For these safe-guarded days!

Grim is your vigil there,  
 Black day and blacker night,  
 Watching for life, while knavish Death  
 Lurks all around, above, beneath,  
 Waiting his chance to smite.



Private JOHN LAWSON.

239.

**Private John Lawson.**

Royal Scots.

1918—October 9.

MR AND MRS JOHN LAWSON, 3 Cross Road, Peebles, received intimation that their third son, Private JOHN LAWSON, Royal Scots, died on 9th October 1918, in the 48th General Hospital, Salonica, as the result of pneumonia and malaria. Private Lawson, who was 26 years of age, previous to enlisting, in October 1916, was employed in March Street Mills, Peebles. The deceased was twice wounded while on service in France—first going out with a draft in January 1917. He went out to Salonica in January 1918. A younger brother, Harry—a private in the 1/8th Royal Scots—made the supreme sacrifice, in France, on 17th September 1916, in his 18th year.

“No doubt by this time you have heard of your son’s death, in hospital out here. He died of pneumonia. I was helping to look after him; he was a very sweet boy, an awfully good patient; it was such a pleasure to do anything for him. It was so sad that we could not pull him through. He died very peacefully, and was conscious almost up to the end. Only the day before he died I found him trying to write a letter, presumably to you, but he could not manage it, and although I offered to do it for him, he was really too tired and weak to think much. But I thought you would like to know his intentions. I am very, very sorry for you.”

“You must not think of him lying in a grave in a far-off land, but as having entered upon the larger and grander life of the Great Beyond. There he awaits you, and you will see him again in God’s good time.”

“Your son asked me last night to call on him again this morning, and to write to you and to tell you about him. Before leaving him last night we said the Lord’s Prayer together; and I gave him my blessing after further prayer. This morning he asked me to send you his love, and all affectionate messages; which I promised to do.”

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,  
 Now gay with the bright setting sun;  
 Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties—  
 Our race of existence is run.

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life’s gloomy foe.  
 Go, frighten the coward and slave;  
 Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant, but know  
 No terrors hast thou to the brave.



Sergeant-Major JOHN LAIDLAW.

240.

**Sergeant-Major John Laidlaw.**

Royal Scots.

1918—October 12.

MRS JOHN LAIDLAW, 25 Biggiesknowe, Peebles, received word that her husband, Company Sergeant-Major JOHN LAIDLAW, Royal Scots, died in France on the 12th October 1918, of gun-shot wounds, received in action, in the neck, which affected the spine. He was admitted to the hospital, but succumbed to his injuries on the day of admission. Company Sergeant-Major Laidlaw, who was 40 years of age, previous to being mobilised as a Sergeant in the Peebles Territorials, was employed as a painter with David Mitchell, Peebles. The deceased went out to France in April 1918, and was gassed in June, losing his sight for several days. Company Sergeant-Major Laidlaw, who was survived by his wife and family—two sons, aged 15 years and 6 years; and two daughters, whose ages were 12 years and 9 years—was the eldest son of the late John Laidlaw, slater, Biggiesknowe, Peebles, and was the third son to make the supreme sacrifice in France—the other two being Walter, a sergeant in the Black Watch, and Robert, a Corporal in the Scottish Rifles. Another brother, William, after being wounded, while serving with the Canadians in France, was discharged, after having a leg amputated. Another brother, Gilbert, was also on active service in France with the Royal Scots.

I saw them leave me one by one,  
 My oldest to my youngest son;  
 I watched them leave this quiet place  
 And journey out in God's good grace.  
 They rode beyond the heathered fell,  
 I waved my hand and cried farewell;  
 All young they were, and strong, and kind,  
 I stay at home my work to mind.

One fell in Belgium, and one  
 Lies 'neath a farther fiercer sun.  
 One perished in the first advance,  
 And gave his blood to gentle France,  
 One sleeps beyond the ocean's brim,  
 And only God has news of him.  
 All these have fallen one by one—  
 My eldest to my youngest son.



Private ALEXANDER WILSON.

241.

**Private Alexander Wilson.****Scottish Rifles.**

1918—October 16.

ON Wednesday, 13th November 1918, two days after the signing of the Armistice, Mr and Mrs Alexander B. Wilson, Anton's Cottage, Rosetta Road, Peebles, were the recipients of the sad intelligence that their second son, Private ALEXANDER B. WILSON, Scottish Rifles, had been killed in France while in action with his unit on 23rd October. It later transpired that Private Wilson, who was 18 years of age, fell at Eaglefontain. Private Wilson enlisted on attaining military age in December 1917, and proceeded to France in June 1918. Before enlisting he was employed as an apprentice confectioner with Wilson & Sime, bakers, Peebles. He was a member of Peebles Parish Church Choir. Private Wilson's eldest brother, Private Archie Wilson, also served in France with the Scottish Rifles, and was discharged.

"As I did not know Private Wilson personally, and as I was not present at the time of his death, I have made very close enquiries from a man at present in the platoon, and who was with Private Wilson at the moment he died, namely, Private Moffat. Moffat explained that on the morning of the 16th October, at a place near Forest, this Company was preparing to attack the German lines when an enemy shell dropped quite close to both Moffat and Wilson, killing poor Wilson outright. He could not have suffered any pain; as a natural consequence the effect of the shell buried him, and when the earth had been cleared away he was quite dead. I am very sorry my information is so little, as there were so many casualties at the time. I am asking you to convey my deepest sympathy to Private Wilson's parents in their loss. It may be some consolation to them to know that by officers and men alike he was loved and respected, a good soldier, and proved himself a very true man. So far as I can gather his body is buried in the cemetery of Forest."

"The chap I knew in France was an Alick Wilson, and he was a baker in Peebles before joining up. I just could not bring his number to memory, but he belonged to D Company, 15th Platoon, 1st Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), and he told me if ever I was in Peebles, if he happened to be knocked out, I was to tell his mother. Alick Wilson was killed at a place named Eaglefontain, on the 16th October 1918. I will tell you the circumstances of his death. We landed in the fighting line at 11 o'clock on the 15th October, and

took up our position with our machine gun team. I was in the machine gun team with him. I was first on guard, from 11 o'clock till 1 A.M. We dug a hole, but there was room only for five men in it, so I dug a hole beside it and went into it. He asked me for a loan of my watch to know the time, as he was in command of the gun team. The Germans put on a barrage, and a shell came and buried five of the team, only myself and another chap escaping. That would be about two o'clock on the morning of the 16th. We got them dug out; four were wounded, but Alick was killed. I saw his body: he had been killed instantaneously, for he was badly smashed. After that we got the order to move, and I could not tell anything about his effects. . . . If he is your son, I have given you the simple truth, and hope that time will soften your sorrow, and leave the proud memory that he died doing his bit."

"We were drawn out of action on the 19th October, as our casualties were so heavy, all our officers being killed, and only fifty men being left. We were five or six days on rest. The next right action was the 5th November at Normal Forest. There are six of us here, all of the Scottish Rifles, and they all say the same. . . . I hope you don't take it too sore to heart, for I would be the last to pain you, but the truth is best. Hoping you will get over your loss, for mind, you are not the worst, for somebody saw him there, and there are a good many whom nobody saw dying. I hope you will forgive me if I have spoken plain."

For all your tender years,  
 Amidst your mother's tears  
 Still must there be one glowing thought of pride for her,  
 And those less fortunate  
 Must envy you your fate  
 So to have served your land and to have died for her.

241a.      **Joseph Edward Richardson Lorraine.**

**South African Engineers.**

1918—October 19.

JOSEPH EDWARD RICHARDSON LORRAINE, who was born in the Manse of Peebles on 4th November 1877, was the elder son of the late Rev. John Bell Lorraine, B.D., minister of the parish of Peebles. He was in South Africa when the Boer War broke out in 1899, and saw service with Bethune's Mounted Infantry and the I.L.I. In the Great War he joined the South African Engineers' Corps, and saw service with them in German West Africa. After the fighting there was over he joined the British South African Police Corps, and served with the northern contingent in German East Africa till the end of the campaign. After being discharged, owing to the state of his health, in April 1918, he was employed at the Falcon Mine, Rhodesia, and died there on the 19th October 1918, of influenza. He held the South African Medal, with four bars, and also the 1914-15 Star.

Show me Thy light, O God.    I need a guide.  
 No graven stone is there to mark life's way,  
 Yea, fire at eventide and cloud by day,  
 Go Thou before me, for the world is wide,  
 And Death sits watching on the other side.  
 No power but Thine is there to say him Nay;  
 And though my heart and erring mind may stray,  
 My soul would wholly in Thy strength abide.

CHILDREN OF CONSOLATION.  

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By the red road of storm and stress  
Their father's footsteps trod,  
They come a cloud of witnesses,  
The messengers of God.

Cradled upon some radiant gleam,  
Like living hopes they lie,  
The rainbow beauty of a dream  
Against a stormy sky.

Before the tears of love were dried,  
Or anguish comfort knew,  
The gates of home were opened wide  
To let the pilgrims through.

Pledges of faith, divinely fair,  
From peaceful worlds above  
Against the onslaught of despair  
They hold the fort of love.

## TO THE BEREAVED.

Now in your days of worst distress,  
The empty days that stretch before,  
When all your sweet's turned bitterness:  
The Hand of the Lord is at your door.

And when at morn beside your bed  
Grief waits to tell you it is true,  
That all your darling boys are dead;  
The Mercy of the Lord bends down to you.

When you are frozen and stripped bare  
And over your joy is raised a stone,  
The foot of the Lord is on your stair:  
The Lord's mercy is never done.

More than the joys of common men,  
The gifts of the Lord are past desire;  
They shall be given to you again,  
They shall sit down beside your fire.

The young and laurelled heads shall shine,  
Making a glory in your days  
As a light burns in a secret shrine:  
The Love of the Lord is passing praise.

The Lord recalls not gifts once given:  
They shall sit down beside your hearth;  
They shall come in, in white, new shaven,  
Make you new Heaven and a new earth.

The Will of the Lord is great and good,  
The cup of your joy shall He brim o'er;  
They shall come in with life renewed:  
They shall go out from you no more.



Private WILLIAM INGLIS.

242.

**Private William Inglis.**

Highland Light Infantry.

1918—October 25.

BEFORE enlisting, Private WILLIAM INGLIS was a grocer in Peebles with Alex. Irvine, Northgate. He joined the 2/8th Royal Scots, on the 2nd November 1914, at the age of 18, and was drafted with the Battalion to Chelmsford for training. He volunteered for active service in August 1916. After landing in France he was transferred to the 10th Highland Light Infantry. He was wounded on the 15th September 1916. After he was fit for service again he was transferred into the 1st Highland Light Infantry, and was drafted to Mesopotamia in March 1917, and was killed in action on the 25th/26th October 1918, at the age of 22 years.

Private Inglis was a Peeblesshire lad. He was born at West Mains of Castlecraig, and was the eldest son of Mr and Mrs James Inglis, Eastfield, Symington. He came to Chapelhill with his parents when three years of age, and got all his schooling at Peebles.

We heard beyond the desert night  
 The murmur of the fields we knew,  
 And our swift souls with one delight  
 Like homing swallows northward flew.  
 We played again the immortal games,  
 And grappled with the fierce old friends,  
 And cheered the dead undying names,  
 And sang the song that never ends;  
 "O Captains unforgot," they cried,  
 Come you again or come no more,  
 Across the world you keep the pride,  
 Across the world we mark the score.



Private JOHN BRUNTON.

243.

**Private John Brunton.**

Gordon Highlanders.

1918—October 29.

PRIVATE JOHN BRUNTON, who resided with his wife at Northgate, Peebles, before enlisting in the Gordon Highlanders, survived his military service to fall a victim, after returning to civil life, to the epidemic of septic pneumonia, which visited Peebles in the autumn of 1918, and as a result of which he died at his home on 29th October of that year. He enlisted under the Derby Scheme, and served for a term of six months in France, where he contracted a kidney disease, as a result of which he was discharged from the service in September 1917. He was a mason to trade, and also followed the occupation of rabbit-trapper, his activities in connection with which he carried out on the Haystoun Estate. He was survived by his widow and a son.

My Soul, there is a countrie  
 Afar beyond the stars,  
 Where stands a wingèd sentrie  
 All skilful in the wars.

There, above noise and danger,  
 Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,  
 And One born in a manger  
 Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious Friend  
 And (O, my Soul, awake) !  
 Did in pure love descend,  
 To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,  
 There grows the flower of peace,  
 The rose that cannot wither,  
 Thy fortress, and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges ;  
 For none can thee secure,  
 But One, who never changes,  
 Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.



Sister GLEN AINSWORTH.

244.

**Sister Glen Ainsworth.****Voluntary Aid Detachment.**

1918—October 29.

ONE of the marvels of the Great War was the way in which the women of the Empire nobly responded to the call of their Mother. None more so than the compassionate sisterhood of nursing. From every rank of life, from every hamlet, town, and palace, their numbers were recruited for the sorrowful yet magnificent campaign against disease, suffering, and death. Many a soldier, from the ultimate outposts of the Empire, voluntarily exiled from home and loved ones, learned to bless those selfless followers of the Mother of Mercy. Of such was Sister AINSWORTH, who, after years of devoted ministry in the noblest of all causes, succumbed at the post of duty.

Sister Ainsworth was born at Stockton-on-Tees in 1889. Her father was an engineer, who was drowned when Glen was six years old. From a child, her desire was to become a nurse; it was her vocation. At the age of 18, she entered the Sick Children's Hospital at Bradford, and continued there for three years. Thereafter she went to the Royal Infirmary, Liverpool, and continued until the outbreak of war. She was one of the first of the nurses to volunteer for foreign service. Her first post was at the Royal Naval Hospital, Malta, for two years, thence back to Plymouth. When Peebles Hydropathic was taken over by the Admiralty as an Auxiliary Naval Hospital, Sister Ainsworth was transferred thither; and there remained at the post of duty—hard-working, unselfish, beloved by all, until seized with pneumonia. She passed away on the 29th of October 1918, greatly regretted, for she was greatly loved. Her body, enwrapt in the Union Jack, was borne to its resting-place in the beautiful cemetery attached to the ancient Church of St Andrew of Peebles, covered with flowers, and escorted with naval honours, by the staff and patients of the Hospital, who mourned a true and loyal friend; and the bugle notes of "The Last Post" lulled her body to rest.

We waited at the heavenly gate,  
As those who watch for morning wait  
The faithful dawn to see.  
A thin cloud veiled it from our view,  
But it was close at hand, we knew,  
With Him who has the key.  
He was beside us, strong and true,  
His patient, perfect work to do,  
His words of grace to say;

And on the bed He came to bless,  
The shadow of His loveliness  
In tranquil outline lay.

Through mortal pain from change to change,  
A hallowed way that was not strange  
With Him our loved one went;  
While from His breast, with resting eyes,  
She watched the light of love arise  
On all the griefs He sent.

. . . . .  
We saw the gate unclose at last,  
And through the opening, as she passed,  
A gleam of glory came;  
It set its seal upon her face—  
It filled her sad, forsaken place  
With one triumphant Name.

## IN A HOSPITAL.

SISTER, sister! Can't you hear the humming,  
 Swelling ever louder in the clear and moonlit sky?  
 Aye, I know it well, the sound that tells the Boche is coming,  
 Get you to the shelter now while yet there's time to fly.  
 Curse them for a dirty crew, they know the game they're playing,  
 Making war on mangled flesh that can but lie and moan,  
 Still you cannot help us here, so what's the use of staying?  
 Get to shelter, sister, I can stick it on my own.

Sister, sister! Hark, the bombs are falling.  
 Nearer, ever nearer, comes the tide of wounds and death,  
 Spatter of machine-guns to swell a din appalling,  
 Acrid fumes that reek of hell and grip the strangling breath!  
 I can do without my drink and count myself in clover;  
 I can carry on a treat if only you will go,  
 Only for a little while until the strafe is over.  
 Get to shelter, sister dear, this ain't a woman's show.

Sister, sister! Ah! the dark stain growing  
 There beside the cross of love and mercy on your breast,  
 Proudly to the cruel foe the badge of courage showing,  
 What have we to give to you who gave us of your best?  
 God, who chasteneth His own by pain and tribulation,  
 Make my body whole and sound against the coming day.  
 Vengeance, Lord, is Thine, but hear Thy servant's supplication,  
 Make of me Thine instrument whene'er Thou shalt repay!



Corporal THOMAS M. ARCHIBALD.



1914 STAR.

245.           **Corporal Thomas Malcolm Archibald.**

Scots Guards.

1918—October 31.

FEW Scotswomen have been called on to suffer such grievous losses in the war as has Mrs Archibald, Peebles. On the 31st October 1918 (All-Hallow Eve), she lost her eldest son, Corporal THOMAS MALCOLM ARCHIBALD, wounded on 11th October, who passed away, after amputation of the leg, at No. 8 Stationary Hospital, Wimereux, France. He had been severely wounded in action. His age was 28 years; he had been married shortly before—September 1917—and a posthumous son was born on the 8th December 1918, who inherits the prestige of a fighting family. Tom was in the regular army, having enlisted in 1906, and was therefore one of the “Old Contemptibles” who saved the Empire at the Marne in 1914. He went to France on the 13th August 1914 when the war was but nine days old. Before enlisting, he was employed in the Post Office at Peebles.

“He was just splendid all the time he was with us—so brave, and so good, and so cheerful. I am sure that you must be awfully proud of him, for he was so good, and he seemed so keen, and sure of the cause for which he lost his life. He was buried here near us in our new cemetery at Turlingthun, near Boulogne, with military honours.”

Two brothers survive—Robert Archibald, who was wounded at La Bassée and made prisoner, being interned until the end of the war at Hameln. Before enlisting he was a warehouseman. There was also John Archibald, who served in Palestine, and was invalided. He was a wireless operator before the war. Mrs Archibald also lost two brothers—magnificent men, of great height and splendid physique—the one, Lance-Corporal Alexander Malcolm, at the battle of Loos, on the 25th September 1915; and the other, Corporal Adam Delville Wood, who fought throughout the Boer War, and fell gloriously in Delville Wood, on the 18th July 1916. Mrs Archibald had thus three sons and two brothers fighting, all at the same time; two won through, and three remain on the field. A glorious record of the family of old Thomas Malcolm, who worked in Peebles as a joiner, many years ago.

The Cross still stands for Right  
Against ungodly Might;  
God's love is that eternal light  
That shines for ever,  
Failing never  
In the darkest night.

Though worlds in ruin lie,  
Though man, despairing, die,  
Though earth doth still Christ crucify,  
The Cross stands ever,  
Failing never,  
Love to glorify.



Private JOHN MATHISON.

246.

**Private John Mathison.****Royal Scots Fusiliers.**

1918—October 31.

OFFICIAL intimation was made to Mr and Mrs James Mathison, Lee Cottage, Caledonian Road, Peebles, that their eldest son, Private JOHN MATHISON, Royal Scots Fusiliers, had died in a Casualty Clearing Station, in France, on 31st October, as the result of being badly gassed. Previous to enlisting in the Lanarkshire Yeomanry, in September 1914, Private Mathison, who was 24 years of age, was employed as a butcher with Alex. Walker, Peebles. In the spring of 1915 he sailed with a draft of the Lanarkshire Yeomanry for Gallipoli, where he remained for some time before being transferred to Egypt, where he was attached to the Royal Scots Fusiliers. Private Mathison twice suffered from dysentery, for which he was in hospital at Gallipoli and Egypt, and in December of 1917 was so severely wounded in Palestine that he was confined to hospital for seven months. He was transferred from Palestine to France in September 1918.

O glad condition and sublime! whereto  
 That southern tomb thy hands may never tend  
 Was but the gateway thy loved boy passed through;  
 Thy dear lad's love passed through, that he might wend  
 Homeward to thee; thou canst not see the blaze  
 Of his great blade nor hear the trumpets blare,  
 Yet thick as brown leaves round about thy ways,  
 There go the Dead that died for Britain there.

### The Battle of the Salle.

BETWEEN 10th and 20th October the battle of the Salle was raging; it resulted in the liberation of many villages, and the capture of thousands of Germans. The Americans were fighting their way through the dense, well-wired forests of the Argonne, and by the 16th October they had won through, and had taken Grandprè.

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### The Battle of Valenciennes.

OVERWHELMING defeats of powerful armies; rapid downfall of mighty Empires. Thus was history being made in the first eleven days of November.

The fourth Canadian Division fought its way into Valenciennes. On the 4th November began the battle of the Sombre. Landrecies was captured; and the New Zealanders compelled the surrender of Le Quesnoy. The French carried Guise by assault; and the Americans entered Sedan. On the 6th November the Germans asked for an armistice. On the 8th November we captured Avesnes; on the 9th the Guards entered Maubege. On the 10th the Canadians were advancing on Mons. The Belgians occupied Ghent. The French had captured Mezières and Hirson. On 11th November the Canadians entered Mons. The Armistice was signed on that day. The war was at an end. The German Emperor fled. The German Empire ceased to exist.

THE CROSSES.  
— — —

O'ER countless mounds on wide grey plain,  
 The crosses stand against the sky,  
 For requiem, the sullen roar  
 Of cannon, as the wind sweeps by.  
 And *he* lies there; why do we weep?  
 God giveth our beloved—sleep.

What did we hope for him we loved?  
 Life full and fair, success, renown?  
 Nay, greater fame can no man win  
 Than a life laid nobly down  
 For Britain's needs; a soldier's death:  
 God giveth him—the Victor's wreath!

What matters Time, if he fulfilled  
 God's purpose in the day of need?  
 Outweighs a hundred empty years  
 One glorious hour, one noble deed.  
 We asked full life, O God, of Thee,  
 And Thou didst give—Eternity.

O'er exiled dead, o'er hearts at home,  
 The Cross's Shadow fills the land.  
 'Tis Thine the cause for which they die,  
 O God! their souls are in Thy Hand.  
 For Country, right, and loyal word,  
 We plead their sacrifice, O Lord!



Steward GEORGE BORTFIELD.

247.

**Steward George Bortfield.****Royal Naval Auxiliary Hospital, Peebles.**

1918—November 1.

PEEBLES HYDROPATHIC was taken over as a Naval Hospital by the Admiralty in January 1918. It accommodated nearly two hundred invalid and wounded officers of the Royal Navy, the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, and the Royal Naval Reserve. For about a year after the various military camps which had surrounded the town had been struck the streets of the ancient burgh were quiet, and somewhat dull with the depression of the war. But now, instead of the khaki-thronged ways and byeways, the burghers saw their pavements trodden by gallant figures in the beautiful blue and gold of the Navy. Fresh-faced midshipmen and midshipmites, second lieutenants and lieutenants, commanders, captains, and admirals—all might be seen throughout the day, parading the streets and lighting up the sombreness of the old burgh town. There were flying men, too, from aeroplanes and seaplanes—men who had made history, whose names were writ on the page of honour. There were heroes from Ostend and Zeebrugge; from His Majesty's ship "Vindictive," and His Majesty's ship "Mary Rose," and even from the North Pole. All these interesting invalids were attended by naval surgeons, by nursing sisters, by V.A.D.'s, and by naval stewards. Of these last was GEORGE BORTFIELD.

A severe epidemic of septic pneumonia visited Peebles in October 1918; very many cases proved fatal in Tweeddale and in the towns. The Naval Hospital did not escape, and among its three victims was Steward George Bortfield. He was born in Chorley, on 19th December 1883, and joined the Royal Navy on the 22nd August 1914, being appointed to His Majesty's ship "Blonde," on the 5th September of that year. He served aboard her until May 1916, when he was transferred to Chatham Barracks, and continued till 1917, when he left for the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. He came to the Naval Hospital at Peebles on its opening in January 1918, and served there until he passed away on the 1st of November 1918 (All Saints' Day). He was a fine man—kindly and sympathetic, never considering self when duty called; brave and handsome. He was married. Great regret was felt when he became ill and did not recover, and much sympathy was accorded his wife in England.

Strong men fast asleep,  
With coverlets wrought of clay,  
Do soft dreams o'er you creep  
Of friends who are here to-day?  
Do you know, O men low lying  
In the hard and chilly bed,  
That we, the slowly dying,  
Are giving a day to the Dead?  
Do you know that sighs for your deaths  
Across our heart-strings play,  
E'en from the last faint breaths  
Of the sweet-lipped mouth of May?  
When you fell, at Duty's call,  
Your fame it glittered high,  
As leaves of the sombre Fall  
Grow brighter though they die.  
Men of the silent bands,  
Men of the half-told days,  
Lift up your spectre hands,  
And take our heart bouquets.

## THE WAYSIDE CALVARY.

*(August 4, 1915: the First Anniversary of the War.)*

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Now with the full year Memory holds her tryst,  
 Heavy with such a tale of bitter loss  
 As never earth has suffered since the Christ  
     Hung for us on the Cross.

If God, O Kaiser, makes the vision plain;  
 Gives you on some lone Calvary to see  
 The Man of Sorrows Who endured the pain  
     And died to set us free.

How will you face beneath its crown of thorn  
 That figure stark against the smoking skies,  
 The arms outstretched, the sacred head forlorn,  
     And those reproachful eyes?

How dare confront the false quest with the true,  
 Or think what gulfs between the ideals lie  
 Of Him Who died that men may live—and you  
     Who live that man may die?

Ah, turn your eyes away; He reads your heart;  
 Pass on and, having done your work abhorred,  
 Join hands with Judas in his place apart,  
     You who betrayed your Lord.



Private ROBERT C. D. HUME.  
Military Medal.

248. **Private Robert Charles Drummond Hume.***Military Medal.***Glasgow Highlanders.**

1918—November 6.

INFORMATION reached Mr and Mrs Robert Hume, Overbraedale, Lanark, that their youngest son, Private ROBERT CHARLES DRUMMOND HUME, Military Medal, Glasgow Highlanders, had been killed in action in France on 6th November 1918.

Charlie Hume joined the 9th Highland Light Infantry (Glasgow Highlanders) on 28th October 1915, his age at that time being 17 years and 3 months, so that he was only in his 20th year when he gave his life for his country. He proceeded to France in August 1917, and was attached to the 2nd Highland Light Infantry. He was gassed in March 1918, when he was invalided home. He again went to France in June 1918, and joined his own Battalion as a stretcher-bearer. He was presented with parchment certificates from his Divisional Commander for good work on 29th September and 12th October 1918, and was awarded the Military Medal on 18th October 1918.

He was killed by machine gun fire on the 6th November 1918, when trying to rescue his officer, who had been wounded in an attempt to capture two field guns. The party of which the officer was in charge having been driven in by machine gun fire, Private Hume volunteered to go out and bring him in.

Splendid you passed, the great surrender made,  
 Into the light that never more shall fade;  
 Deep your contentment in that blest abode,  
 Who wait the last clear trumpet-call of God.

Long years ago, as earth lay dark and still,  
 Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill,  
 While in the frailty of our human clay  
 Christ, our Redeemer, passed the self-same way.

Still stands His Cross from that dread hour to this,  
 Like some bright star above the dark abyss;  
 Still, through the veil, the Victor's pitying eyes  
 Look down to bless our lesser Calvarys.



Sister ANNIE ALEXANDER.

249.

**Sister Annie Alexander.**

Voluntary Aid Detachment.

1918—November 10.

THIS lady, Sister ANNIE ALEXANDER, was the third member of the staff who succumbed during an epidemic of septic pneumonia at the Royal Naval Auxiliary Hospital, Peebles. Sister Ainsworth was the first to go, and George Bortfield the second. After Sister Alexander's death the plague ceased.

Miss Alexander belonged to an ancient Peeblesshire family, but she herself was born in Geelong, Australia, on the 4th of September 1885. She was visiting her sister at Chapelgill, Broughton, when war broke out. In March 1916 she went to Whitehill Red Cross Hospital, and continued until March 1918, receiving the V.A.D.'s two stripes. In April 1918 she joined the staff of the Royal Naval Hospital at Peebles, and there performed duties of a most onerous nature, until she became infected with pneumonia, which carried her off on the 10th November 1918. So passed out of mortal ken one of that band of noble women who, during the Great War, did, not their bit, but their all.

She was of a hard-working, unselfish nature. The hospital was understaffed, but she insisted on carrying on under great disadvantages, and this continuous struggle undermined her strength, so that she was not able to resist the epidemic when it visited the Hospital. All her comrades of the staff, and all the naval officers who were patients, mourned her sincerely. Her funeral was conducted with full naval honours, being attended by every available resident in the Hospital, who reverently saluted as the motor hearse passed between their lines at the Cross of Peebles, on its way to the sequestered Churchyard of Glenholm, where her tired body now rests in peace.

O gracious ones, we bless your name  
 Upon our bended knee;  
 The voice of love with tongue of flame  
 Records your charity.

Your hearts, your lives right willingly ye gave,  
 That sacred ruth might shine;  
 Ye fell, bright spirits, brave amongst the brave,  
 Compassionate, divine.

And when our griefs have passed on gloomy wing,  
 When friend and foe are sped,  
 Sons of a morning to be born shall sing  
 The radiant Cross of Red;  
 Sons of a morning to be born shall sing  
 The radiant Cross of Red.



Private JOHN L. THOMSON.

250.

**Private John Lawson Thomson.**

Army Service Corps.

1918—November 17.

MR AND MRS J. B. THOMSON, 40 High Street, Peebles, received word that their eldest son, Private JOHN LAWSON THOMSON (LUX), Motor Transport, Army Service Corps, attached Anti-Aircraft Battery, succumbed, in No. 3 General Australian Hospital, Abbeville, France, on 17th November 1918, to an attack of broncho-pneumonia. Deceased, who was 32 years of age, previous to enlisting in November 1915, was chauffeur to the late Hon. Lady Smyth, Ashton Court, Bristol, and proceeded to France in June 1916. Private Thomson was engaged for nine years, and was married in 1917. Five days after the marriage he was recalled to France, and never saw his wife again. His widow resides in Bristol. Private Thomson's cousin, Gunner John Thomson, 10 High Street, Peebles, fell on the 7th October 1918.

Wedded that day,  
 With four more days before they too must part,  
 He to the fray,  
 And she had pelted him with lavender's  
 Sweet budding sprays,  
 And like to Heaven had been his love and hers  
 Those five full days.

---

The one whom you call dead  
 Lives and loves you. Gone, 'tis true,  
 From such light as shines for you.  
 But in the light you cannot see  
 Of unfulfilled felicity,  
 In enlarging Paradise,  
 Lives a life that never dies.

*(The Spirit of the Fallen Man speaks):*

Farewell, dear! Yet not farewell,  
 Where I am you too shall dwell.  
 I am gone before your face,  
 A moment's time, a little space.  
 When you come where I have stepped,  
 You will wonder why you wept.



Stoker JAMES MAULE.

251.

**Stoker James Maule.**

His Majesty's Ship, "Emperor of India."

1918—November 18.

VERY few Peebles lads have ever found their way into the Royal Navy, the great majority evidently preferring military service. One of the few was Stoker JAMES MAULE, of His Majesty's ship "Emperor of India," eldest son of Mr and Mrs James Maule, 44a Rosetta Road, Peebles.

Stoker Maule was in and out of the Navy before the war began, and it was after the sinking of the "Good Hope"—he had been on the "Good Hope" about two years previously—that he joined up, in January 1915. In his own words, he felt he had lost an old friend, and was going to do his little bit to avenge the loss. The first few weeks he put in in Naval Barracks, Portsmouth, then he was transferred to His Majesty's ship "Agincourt," a vessel which was being built for the Turkish Government, but which the British Government retained. Afterwards he was sent to His Majesty's ship "Emperor of India," and was aboard her until discharged.

He never was in any engagements at sea: no fault of his—rather because the Germans scuttled home. Admiral Jellicoe was coming up with the big battleships to assist Beatty at the Jutland battle, but was too late. Stoker Maule saw some of the effects of that engagement, as he assisted in the taking off of the wounded, none of whom were struck with shell, but all of them burned. As he explained, a battleship is a mass of electric wires, encased in lead, and of course when a fire happens, it seems to rain lead. Stoker Maule's friends thought he made a mistake joining up as a stoker, as they believed it would have been better had he joined up as a seaman. Having been in the Navy before, he could have been useful in many ways, and could have served on a torpedo boat, as he was on one for about two years. He, however, summed up the situation thus:—"I have a wife and bairns depending on me, and I'll get more money stoking." It takes a strong constitution for the work; emerging from the stoke hole into a North Sea blizzard is more than most people could stand. Stoker Maule evidently contracted a cold, which was neglected, and which he never could throw off. In fact, when he visited his parents after his discharge they did not know how he had been able to work. He said to his father—"I am afraid two and a half years in the North Sea has been too much for me." It was some

little consolation to his relatives to know that, like thousands more, he did for his country what he could voluntarily.

When visited by his parents, shortly before his death, Stoker Maule's hopes of regaining his health were high. He was busy planning out his life in his new home at Longniddry, where he intended going in for fruit growing and poultry farming. But man proposes, God disposes. His will be done.

The fight is over and the voyage done;  
Death's arrow pierces now his gallant breast,  
And he has passed into the golden west.  
He fears no more the heat of any sun,  
No battle thunders can disturb his rest,  
He will go forth no more in Honour's quest,  
For Honour unto him did swiftly run,  
As he did swift obey her last behest.

O world of woe, with cruel mystery rife—  
Silence, my heart, he died for us at home,  
And now from out the tumult and the strife,  
Soft as the breath of evening there will come  
This message, wafted in the North Sea's foam—  
"I live—forever live—the Eternal Life."

## THE DEBT WE OWE.

THEY held, against the storms of fate,  
In war's tremendous game,  
A little land inviolate  
Within a world of flame.

They looked on scarred and ruined lands,  
On shell-wrecked fields forlorn,  
And gave to us, with open hands,  
Full fields of yellow corn;

The silence wrought in wood and stone  
Whose aisles our fathers trod;  
The pines that stand apart, alone,  
Like sentinels of God.

With generous hands they paid the price,  
Unconscious of the cost,  
But we must gauge the sacrifice  
By all that they have lost.

The joy of young adventurous ways,  
Of keen and undimmed sight,  
The eager tramp through sunny days,  
The dreamless sleep of night.

The happy hours that come and go,  
In youth's untiring quest,  
They gave because they willed it so,  
With some light-hearted jest.

No lavish love of future years,  
No passionate regret,  
No gift of sacrifice or tears  
Can ever pay the debt.



Private CHARLES S. CURRIE.

252.

**Private Charles Simpson Currie.****Highland Light Infantry (attached Black Watch).**

1918—November 20.

ON Saturday, 9th November 1918, Private CHARLES SIMPSON CURRIE, third son of Thomas Currie, Inspector of Tweed Police, Dalwoodie, Haystoun Place, Peebles, arrived home on leave. While on the journey from France he had contracted a slight cold. This gradually became worse, and on the forenoon of Monday, 11th November—just when the joybells were ringing for the signing of the Armistice—he went back to bed. His illness was found to have developed into pleuro-pneumonia, and notwithstanding unremitting care and attention, he was unable to throw it off, and died on the 20th November, aged 20 years. He was very ill and delirious for about a week before he died, and while in that condition his mind was almost wholly taken up with his work in France, speaking to his mates, working his horses, &c., &c., yet in all his wanderings he never made use of any expression which the fondest mother might not hear without a blush. He refused brandy from the doctor, on the ground that he was teetotal and had never once taken his rum-ration while in France. His parents felt proud and profoundly thankful that their boy could have spent over four years in the Army and remain thus pure in word and in deed. It said much for him and much for the British Army of to-day as he found it.

Private Currie was born at St Boswells, Roxburghshire, on the 13th August 1898, and came with his parents to Peebles while quite young. He joined the 2/8th Royal Scots on 22nd October 1914, at the age of 16. He trained at Haddington, Peebles, Falkirk, and Chelmsford, till September 1916, when he went out, with a draft, to France, where he was transferred to the Highland Light Infantry, and was latterly attached to the 9th Black Watch. He had two years and two months' service in France, and was on his second leave when he died.

Private Currie was well known for his prowess as an Association football player, and great things were predicted of him in that line had he been spared. He was a constant playing member of the 2/8th Royal Scots football team, which had so many successes in Scotland and England, before he was drafted to France, though he was only a boy at the time—16 to 18 years of age.

“I have just received a letter from mother to-day. In it she tells me about Charlie's death. I cannot realise that my dear old school chum has gone to rest; it sounds like a dream, but it only shows

what a short time it is to us all. I cannot express to you my feelings at the loss of my dear old chum. As I sit here pondering, it seems but yesterday when we were together in all our boyhood rambles. We were great pals, and I feel as if I had lost a brother."

"I need hardly say what a loss he must be to you, as he is to me. I leaned on Charles as the manliest boy I had on the Transport. He was a splendid worker, and his team of black horses was always a show. The whole of the Transport misses him, as he was always very popular with them all."

Private Currie's funeral took place with military honours to Peebles Cemetery on the 23rd November. The funeral was headed by the pipe band of the Peebles Company of the 7th Volunteer Battalion The Royal Scots, and from the same source pall-bearers and firing party were also provided. Following the *cortege*, in addition to the Volunteers, were a large number of the general public, while the local branch of the Discharged Soldiers' Federation, as well as the local Boy Scouts, were also represented. *En route* to the place of interment large numbers witnessed the solemn procession, and many were visibly affected as the mournful strains of "The Land o' the Leal" told of the "wearin' awa" of one brave soul who had been denied the enjoyment of the earthly peace his own efforts had done much to bring about. On the coffin, which was covered with the Union Jack, there rested a number of beautiful floral tributes, as well as the cap and bayonet of the gallant lad. At the Cemetery, the committal service was conducted by the Rev. Thomas Martin, D.D., after which three volleys were fired over the open grave, these being punctuated with the wail of the pipes playing "Lochaber no More," and followed by the sounding of "The Last Post" on the bugle. Thus, with these solemn and impressive proceedings, was Charlie Currie, Private, Black Watch, laid to his rest in a hero's grave, far from the bloody field of battle where he had achieved the great glory that was his, his duty well and nobly done, his victory won.

Other two brothers served with the Colours—Tom, in the American Army, and William, in the 1/8th Royal Scots in France.

And you, to whom it was not given  
 To die upon the foughten field,  
 Yes, you full equally have striven,  
 For you your life did yield  
 As nobly as the men who fell  
 There, in the blazing mouth of hell.  
 Not in the wild rush of the fight  
 God saw it meet for you to die.  
 Yet he who keeps his armour bright  
 His Lord doth magnify.  
 You answered equally the call,  
 And he who gives himself gives all.

TRUE TILL DEATH.  

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YET we are proud because at last, at last  
We look upon the dawn of our desire;  
Because the weary waiting-time is passed  
And we have tried our temper in the fire;  
    And proving word by deed  
Have kept the faith we pledged to France at need.  
But most because, from mine and desk and mart,  
Springing to face a task undreamed before,  
Our men, inspired to play their prentice part  
Like soldiers lessoned in the school of war,  
    True to their breed and name,  
Went flawless through the fierce baptismal flame.  
And he who brought these armies into life,  
And on them set the impress of his will—  
Could he be moved by sound of mortal strife,  
There where he lies, their Captain, cold and still  
    Under the shrouding tide,  
How would his great heart stir and glow with pride!



Sergeant JOSS M. CAVERS.

253.

**Sergeant Joss Murray Cavers.**

Gordon Highlanders.

1918—November 30.

THERE died in Stobhill Military Hospital, Glasgow, on Saturday, 30th November 1918 (St Andrew's Day), aged 24 years, Sergeant JOSS MURRAY CAVERS, of the 10th Gordon Highlanders. He was a native of Peebles, where he was born in February 1894, and was the second son of the late Adam Cavers, baker, and of Mrs Margaret Cavers, 14 Campbell Street, Glasgow.

Sergeant Cavers enlisted in the Regular Army in 1909, and re-enlisted on the 7th September 1914. He was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Loos on the 15th September 1915. For fully two years Sergeant Cavers was an exile in Germany before being transferred to Holland, in April 1918. While in captivity he devoted his time to self-education, and as a result was able to converse fluently in four languages. He was repatriated on the 18th November 1918, but the state of his health was such that he only survived till the 30th November, dying, as already stated, in Stobhill Military Hospital, Glasgow.

On Saturday, 4th December, Sergeant Cavers' body was interred in Peebles Cemetery with full military honours, the funeral being from the house of his uncle, William Hart, Northgate. The members of the Peeblesshire Volunteers provided the firing party and pall-bearers. A large number of Peebles soldiers, at home on leave, and also returned prisoners of war, attended the funeral. The Rev. J. W. Murray, B.A. (Oxon.), Manor, in the uniform of Second Lieutenant of the Peeblesshire Volunteers, conducted the service in the house and at the graveside.

Yet you do serve, who only stand and wait  
And bear you bravely, nor in aught abate  
Of your high courage, but, with heads erect,  
E'en from your gaolers still command respect.

You served the State by bearing you as those  
Whom, undeserving, nought can discompose,  
You, too, your country's flag held bravely high,  
By your high bearing in captivity.

Not Death himself can part us from our loved;  
Time, space, and death are of the earth;  
The souls of all who dwell in Thee  
Are Thy new birth.



Private ANDREW C. STEELE.

254.

**Private Andrew Chalmers Steele.**

Scots Guards.

1918—December 9.

ANDREW CHALMERS STEELE was born in Selkirk on 6th April 1889. He was always bright and happy in his youth. A friend in Arbroath, after hearing of his death, wrote—"I am so sorry to hear the sad news. In fact, I can scarcely realise that he was grown-up. In thinking of dear Andrew, he stands out to me as I knew him—the boy with the smiling face and twinkling eyes: he was always so bright and happy." He went to Knowepark School, Selkirk, and was educated under the late David Fraser. After leaving school he went to serve his apprenticeship as a powerloom tuner in Heather Mills (Sim & Co.) Being of a kindly disposition he was always ready and willing to help any one in a time of need. He was several years in Heather Mills, and on his leaving to go to another situation in March Street Mills, Peebles, the workers in Heather Mills made him a present of a gold watch as a parting gift.

He was very fond of music, and had a good bass voice. He took a great interest in the choir of the Lawson Memorial Church, of which Church he was a member. On his leaving to go to Peebles the choir members presented him with a travelling bag.

It was when Andrew was working in Peebles that war was declared. A week or two after, while he was standing in the street, an officer from Glencorse spoke to him, and asked him to go, as they needed men. Andrew accepted, and was at Glencorse doing clerical work for a short time when recruiting was so busy. About the middle of October 1914, he went to fill a situation at Redford Barracks, but was only a few days there when Captain Featherstonehaugh wired for Andrew to come to the Infantry Record Office, Hamilton, to do clerical work. Though he worked in the office he did not enlist until the 24th March 1915, when he joined the Highland Light Infantry. He remained in Hamilton till the 17th March 1917, when fit men were weeded out and taken for the Army, their places being filled up by girls. Andrew left with the rank of Acting-Sergeant.

He then re-enlisted, 24th April 1917, at Berwick-on-Tweed, into the Household Battalion, and was sent to Windsor, where he got his training. He was married on the last day of June 1917, when he got a week's leave. He was sent across to France in August. He was taken through the Somme valley, and was mostly in and around



Private and Mrs ANDREW C. STEELE.

Ypres, Arras, and the Cambrai fronts through the winter of 1917. He, like many others, had a very hard time, and experienced some severe fighting. Some of the Regiments were badly cut up, and he was transferred to the Scots Guards about the end of February or beginning of March 1918. It was in March when the company of Scots Guards, in which Andrew was, took their stand against the Germans and held them back when they were making for the Channel ports. It was a critical time, but the brave Scots Guards saved the situation, and they got a decoration for it.

Andrew got home on leave at the end of September, and went back to France on the 14th October. He was wounded on the 7th November, four days before the Armistice was signed. He said they were heavily shelled all the afternoon. A shell burst in front of him, and he was hit on the chin, chest, and left knee. After recovering from the stun, he crawled to a place of safety, as he said, "to see how much of me was left." He was taken by the stretcher-bearers from one place to another, when he, along with hundreds of other wounded, were put on the train near Cambrai to be taken to hospital at Rouen. They left Cambrai on the 9th, but had not proceeded far when part of the railway line was blown up. They had to turn back and get shunted on to another line, and, when within a mile or two of St Quentin, the engine ran off the rails, thus causing another delay. No more was heard of him for a fortnight, then the telegrams came saying he was "seriously ill" and "dangerously ill." He had suffered awful pain with the wounds in the knee, and to try to save his life his leg was amputated above the knee, but his was one of the worst cases of blood-poisoning, and after much patient suffering he passed peacefully away on the 9th December 1918, aged 29 years and 8 months. He was buried in St Sever Cemetery Extension, Rouen, France.

Andrew's death was a great shock to his brother, Robert. He was in Edmonton, Canada, and in a letter home he wrote—"Andrew, since ever he knew right from wrong, was one of the cleanest, most honourable, most genial, and affectionate of boys. As you know, he was popular wherever he went, just for his genial manner and downright good-heartedness."

"I had been alongside Andrew daily in the same room from about the time the war broke out for nearly three years, and a deep liking for the tall, manly, kindly, and above all straightforward young Andrew Steele sprang up and kept increasing. He was 26 years of age and I was 60, but the disparity of age did not make any difference. When we were like to be snowed under with work—and much of it worrying—Andrew found relief—indeed, we all did—in singing from 'The Messiah' the solo, 'Every Valley shall be Exalted!' He was liked by every one. He called to see me when I was in

hospital at Hamilton, and when we had said 'Good-bye' and I saw his honest six-foot figure pass out of the ward things looked darker to me than they had been before. I am very sorry for his mother. On this point words are poor and of questionable propriety. But it is no small matter to have mothered so good a son. He was a loyal son, I am sure, and he has gone just a little time in advance to the 'Land o' the Leal.' May we all meet him there bye-and-bye."

So have some died  
 For Right—bravely, as Christ the Crucified  
 Died on Calvary's Cross; just as brave  
 And just as sacrificially. To save  
 The world He died, or so the worn-out creeds  
 Of Church would teach—but they, but men, dared deeds  
 And died as men. . . .

Because of Greater Love—  
 That Love of Loves, all other loves above—  
 The love of home and friends and native soil,  
 That these might never be the foeman's spoil,  
 They gave their lives, their youth, their golden dreams  
 And airy castles, built where sunlight gleams,  
 And roses bloom. . . .

And gave them willingly  
 As Christ gave His, that day on Calvary,  
 A stricken Christ, a broken shrine, and men  
 In khaki marching by. How little less  
 Divine these khaki-clads in their worn dress  
 Than He, the Christ of God? For in each man  
 The same soul burns.

## MISSING.

*“ He was last seen going over the parapet into the German Trenches.”*

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WHAT did you find after war's fierce alarms,  
When the kind earth gave you a resting-place,  
And comforting night gathered you in her arms,  
With light dew falling on your upturned face?

Did your heart beat, remembering what had been?  
Did you still hear around you as you lay,  
The wings of airmen sweeping by unseen,  
The thunder of the guns at close of day?

All nature stoops to guard your lonely bed;  
Sunshine and rain fall with their calming breath;  
You need no pall, so young and newly dead,  
Where the Lost Legion triumphs over death.

When with the morrow's dawn the bugle blew,  
For the first time it summoned you in vain,  
The Last Post does not sound for such as you,  
But God's Reveille wakens you again.



Private WALTER ELLIOT.

255.

**Private Walter Elliot.****Machine Gun Corps.**

1918—December 11.

ON the 11th December 1918 there died in the Military Hospital at Grantham, of broncho-pneumonia, Private WALTER ELLIOT, Machine Gun Corps, husband of Janet Stewart, and second son of Walter Elliot, Eddleston, formerly of Newby, Peebles. The deceased soldier was born at Benger Burn, Yarrow, and was a gamekeeper before enlisting. He was almost seven years with the late William Allan Woddrop of Garvald, and later he was in the employment of Lord Tweedmouth, at Hutton Castle, Berwickshire. He attested under the Derby Scheme in November 1915, and when Lord Tweedmouth's estate was sold in April 1916 he went into a munition factory. He enlisted in the King's Own Scottish Borderers on 5th January 1917, and was transferred to the Highland Light Infantry, and later to the Machine Gun Corps. Private Elliot went out to France in June 1917. He was wounded at Spriet, north of Passchendaele, on the 26th October 1917, and the following letter details his experiences in that engagement and in hospital:—

“I was laid out about half a mile north of Poelcapelle; at a place called Spriet. We left Ypres Canal Bank at 3.30 A.M. on Thursday, the 25th October, and walked up to our position, which was about two hundred yards from Jerry's front line. Jerry saw us and started to snipe, killing one of our chaps. We lay on the top all day, and couldn't get any tea made or anything, as we could not dig in on account of water. Then it began to rain, and as we only had waterproof sheets with us we looked fine sights, and what with cold, rain, and mud, we were glad when the time came for action. I went over the top as cool as a cucumber, and feeling as if I didn't care whether I got killed or not. I was carrying the gun, and had advanced about three or four hundred yards when I got hit, and went down like a rabbit. Two of my mates picked up the gun and went on and I had a look to ascertain how badly wounded I was. I crept back to a newly made shell hole and dressed my wounds. The bullet entered my left leg, about half an inch from the knee cap, and came out at the big vein which runs down the side (and for a while I thought it was cut), then it went through the muscle of the right leg and came out three inches above the knee. I saw a spade lying, so I picked it up and started to make my way out, using the spade as a walking stick. I never expected to get out alive, as Jerry

was counter-attacking by this time, and he was fairly sending over some stuff. But I was lucky, for I was only struck on the knuckle of the middle finger and it is healed up already. I had to walk about four miles to the dressing station, and was about a waster when I arrived, as my legs were that stiff I couldn't bend them. I was told to sit down, and if they had given me £100 I couldn't have done so, as my legs were like pokers. So they laid me on a stretcher, gave my wounds a dressing, put me on board a Red Cross car, and took me back twenty miles; carried me into a tent, cut boots, socks, puttees, drawers, and trousers off me, changed me to the skin, dressed my wounds again, and inoculated me. I lay there for a few hours, was then carried out, put on board a Red Cross train, and whipped right to the Australian Hospital, near Boulogne, and I have lain on the broad of my back with my left leg in splints ever since. I left France about 11 A.M. on the Monday (and I hope never to see it again), and landed at Dover about 1 P.M. From thence we travelled to Perth. The wounds on my left leg are bad. Three nights ago I thought I should go mad with pain. My leg swelled up from the foot to the groin, and in the morning they had to change my shirt and sheets, as they were absolutely wringing with sweat. However, they have been applying hot fomentations to try to open the wound, and the swelling has gone down on the thigh, but my knee is like a dumpling. It had to be opened four times in France, and I am afraid it means another operation, but they are waiting to see what the specialist says about it first. However, I am well looked after, and get plenty of good food to eat. This is my thirtieth day in bed, and it seems a mighty long time, as I have lain in one position all the time."

Private Elliot was keenly interested in football, but his main sport was shooting. He was a good shot, and won many prizes at clay pigeon matches both in Peeblesshire and Berwickshire. He was of a very cheery nature, and was much liked by his friends and acquaintances.

And so for me there is no sting in Death,  
 And so the grave has lost its victory:  
 It is but crossing with a bated breath  
 And white set face, a little strip of sea  
 To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,  
 More beautiful, more precious than before.

TO ANY SOLDIER.  

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IF you have come through hell stricken or maimed,  
Vistas of pain confronting you on earth;  
If the long road of life holds naught of worth  
And from your hands the last toll has been claimed;  
If memories of horrors none has named  
Haunt with their shadows your courageous mirth  
And joys you hope to harvest turn to dearth,  
And the high goal is lost at which you aimed;  
Think this—and may your heart's pain thus be healed—  
Because of me some flower to fruitage blew,  
Some harvest ripened on a death-dewed field,  
And in a shattered village some child grew  
To womanhood inviolate, safe and pure.  
For these great things know your reward is sure.



Private E. GRAHAM GORMAN.  
General Service Medal.

256.

**Private Edward Graham Gorman.**

General Service Medal.

Army Service Corps.

1918—December 18.

GRAHAM GORMAN was born in Peebles, and educated at Kingsland School. Thereafter he spent a short time in March Street Mills as an apprentice at tweed manufacture. But his inclination lay toward engineering; so after an interval he departed for Edinburgh and took up motoring. He became proficient in time; thenceforward cars and their mechanism formed both his vocation and his hobby. His first situation was with Dr Gunn at Peebles, where for a considerable period he drove the car with the Doctor and himself, by night and by day, in summer and winter, along the main roads and hill-roads of Tweeddale. For a short time thereafter he assisted a brother-in-law on his farm in Essex; but when the war broke out in 1914 Graham Gorman heard the call, and hastened to place his experience and skill in motoring at the service of his country. He was employed in France during the whole period of his enlistment, and was seldom out of the danger zones, conveying officers in cars to the front. He received the 1914-15 Star, and for his services was awarded the General Service Medal. He experienced many risks, and underwent much exposure. From his most serious accident, when his car by night disappeared into a deep shell crater, he never fully recovered. The hardships he had gone through weakened his constitution and opened the door to serious infection. He returned home to Peebles in bad health, where he was affectionately nursed by his sister, Mrs Hunter, Oak Cottage, Old Town, whose husband had already lost two gallant sons in the war. He bore his prolonged sufferings silently and bravely, and the end for this world came on the 18th December 1918. The following hymn pleased him much in his latter days:—

Brother, now thy toils are o'er,  
Fought the battle, won the crown,  
On life's rough and barren shore  
Thou hast laid thy burden down:  
Grant him, Lord, eternal rest  
With the spirits of the blest.

Angels bear thee to the land  
Where the towers of Sion rise,  
Safely lead thee by the hand  
To the fields of Paradise.  
Grant him, Lord, eternal rest  
With the spirits of the blest.

White-robed at the golden gate  
Of the New Jerusalem,  
May the host of martyrs wait,  
Give thee part and lot with them.

Grant him, Lord, eternal rest  
With the spirits of the blest.

Earth to earth, and dust to dust,  
Clay we give to kindred clay;  
In the sure and certain trust  
Of the Resurrection Day.

Grant him, Lord, eternal rest  
With the spirits of the blest.

Christ the Sower sows thee here:  
When the Eternal Day shall dawn,  
He will gather in the ear  
On that Resurrection morn:

Grant him, Lord, eternal rest,  
With the spirits of the blest.

## THE GERMAN GRAVES.

I WONDER are there roses still  
     In Ablain St Nazaire,  
 And crosses girt with daffodil  
     In that old garden there.  
 I wonder if the long grass waves  
     With wild-flowers just the same,  
 Where Germans made their soldiers' graves  
     Before the British came?  
 The British set those crosses straight  
     And kept the legends clean;  
 The British made the wicket-gate  
     And left the garden green;  
 And now who knows what regiments dwell  
     In Ablain St Nazaire?  
 But I would have them guard as well  
     The graves we guarded there.  
 . . . . .  
 And when at last the Prussians pass  
     Among those mounds and see  
 The reverent cornflowers crowd the grass  
     Because of you and me,  
 They'll give, perhaps, one humble thought  
     To all the "English fools"  
 Who fought as never men have fought  
     But somehow kept the rules.



Sergeant-Major HERBERT CRAIG.

257.

**Sergeant-Major Herbert Craig.****Royal Scots.**

1919—January 15.

HERBERT CRAIG, after serving his apprenticeship with his father, the late Joseph Craig, joiner, Holywood, Dumfries, enlisted in the King's Own Scottish Borderers in 1895. In course of time he rose to the rank of Company Quartermaster-Sergeant in this regiment. He proceeded to South Africa with the 1st Battalion in 1900, and held the King's and Queen's Medals and five bars for that campaign. From South Africa, Sergeant-Major Craig (then Lance-Sergeant), proceeded to India, and was transferred to the 2nd Battalion in 1902. He also went with the Battalion in 1903 to Burmah, remaining there for two years. Later he served one year in Arabia, coming to Glasgow, in 1906, with the Battalion. He was afterwards transferred to the Permanent Staff of the 3rd King's Own Scottish Borderers, as Instructor, remaining in that position until the reduction of the staff. He was subsequently transferred to the Royal Scots, and for some time acted as Drill Instructor to the Dalkeith Territorials.

On the outbreak of war in 1914 he was transferred to the 1st Royal Scots, and was afterwards promoted Regimental Sergeant-Major of the 2/8th Royal Scots on the formation of that Battalion, with which he served at Haddington, Peebles, and Chelmsford. It was at the latter place he contracted an illness which left him in indifferent health, and in consequence of which he received his discharge about two years before his death.

After his discharge, Sergeant-Major Craig resided in Dalkeith, where he died on the 15th January 1919, leaving a widow and two children.

Let others comfort your distress  
 With soldier tales of simple art,  
 Telling his strength, his manliness,  
 The noble way he played his part.  
 You should be proud; ah, gallant heart,  
 Say not that pride is comfortless.

And now his dear remembered ways  
 Are treasured in the sacred shrine,  
 Where human mingles with divine,  
 A solace for the lonely days.

He battled for no worldly hire,  
 No stern ambition to appease,  
 From fight to fight his heart's desire  
 Was set on higher things than these.



Captain W. E. THORBURN.

258.

**Captain Walter Ernest Thorburn.****Royal Scots.**

1919—January 22.

A KEEN sense of regret passed over the community of Peebles when it became known that Captain WALTER ERNEST THORBURN, 8th Royal Scots, had passed away, at his residence, Hay Lodge, Peebles, as the result of an illness contracted while on active service in France.

When Captain Thorburn, who was held in high esteem by all who knew him, learned that his illness could only have a fatal issue, he desired that he might be removed from the private nursing home in London, where he was under treatment, to his home in Peebles. This desire was acceded to, and the patient arrived home on the Friday before his death, which took place on Wednesday, 22nd January 1919.

Captain Thorburn, who was 44 years of age, was the eldest son of the late Sir Walter Thorburn of Glenbreck, Tweedsmuir, and the late Lady Thorburn, and was a member of the firm of Walter Thorburn & Bros., Ltd., tweed manufacturers, Damdale and Tweedside Mills, Peebles.

In 1893 the deceased joined the Peebles Volunteers, in which he held a commission, and transferred his activities to the Territorial Force when that system came into operation. On the outbreak of war, at which time he held the rank of Major, he was mobilised with the 8th Battalion The Royal Scots, and proceeded with the Battalion to Haddington. In 1916, when Peebles was a centre of military activity, he was appointed to the Brigade Headquarters Staff, holding the rank of Brigade-Major. In September 1916, as Brigade-Major, he made a short tour of inspection to the Expeditionary Force in France, and whilst there took the opportunity to pay his former colleagues (the 8th Royal Scots), a visit at Bouzincourt, a small village near Albert. During the summer of 1917 he relinquished his staff appointment, and joined the 1/8th Royal Scots in France while the battle of Arras was at its height. Reverting to the rank of Captain, he was posted for duty to "C" Company—generally referred to as Peebles Company. While at Ypres the same year, Captain Thorburn was appointed to a position on the staff of the 8th Corps, which he held until he contracted his illness a few months before his death.

Captain Thorburn was a member of Peebles Parish Council, but tendered his resignation owing to military duties. At the request of the Council, however, he withdrew his resignation. He was also a member of Peebles Freemasons, Lodge Kilwinning, No. 24. In all

branches of sport he took a keen and enthusiastic interest, and was a playing member of Peebles County Cricket Club.

In February 1905, Captain Thorburn married Miss Marjory Sheddon Robson, second daughter of Dr and Mrs E. Shedden Robson, Durham, and was survived by his widow and young family—Shedden, Anthony, and Elizabeth.

No one was more respected by the local soldiers than Captain Thorburn. He possessed a magnetic personality, was always affable, and never made a "ranker" feel uneasy, being ready to listen at all times to a grievance, either real or imaginary. When acting as Quartermaster of the 8th Royal Scots (Territorials), the interests of the men were always first, and in that capacity he earned the goodwill of all, and carried on successfully with the Battalion when it was mobilised in 1914 under war conditions. However, it was when he was attached to the 1/8th Royal Scots for duty on active service in France that Captain Thorburn really showed his good qualities. It is peculiar how a man's true mettle shows up in times of stress or danger. Captain Thorburn came through the trial, needless to say, for the better. He had always a cheery word for a Peeblean. In fact, "Peebles" seemed to be written across all Tweeddale faces, as he greeted them, one and all, in a genial and hail-fellow-well-met manner. At Arras, where he first joined the Battalion, he had something to say to all—"Still sticking it"—always using the soldiers' field language, which won him many admirers. Mayhap if he had noticed the folks of the man with whom he was conversing before leaving for France, he would inform the soldier that they were quite well: ordinary everyday talk, but it gained many friends. Among his brother officers he was the personification of cheerfulness, and never, mid all the mud and rain, did his bright spirits desert him. In Ypres, in what was known as Tank Wood, the Battalion got unusually heavily shelled every morning for nearly a fortnight. One "reveille" especially, caused through hostile shelling, was responsible for all leaving camp at less than a moment's notice, and there, further up the road, 'midst the "crump" of the shells bursting on the empty camp, was Captain Thorburn, in night attire, with the zest of a born *raconteur* telling how he had been awakened by the falling of a tree, which had been cut in two by a shell, on his bivouac. A corps appointment saw him transferred from the 1/8th Battalion The Royal Scots, and so he passed out of the ken of the Peebles boys, but he was always remembered with affection.

A very old friend wrote—"The sorrow and the affectionate tribute to his memory, shown in the crowded Church and at the side of his grave, were evidence of the regard in which he was held, but the loss of such a man in these times, when class draws away from class, is

irreparable. He inherited from his father the geniality and the kindly interest which made him the friend of every man in every walk of life, and all of us alike sorrow for his death. He had a brave outlook on life, and his courage never failed him to the end. He was a sportsman through and through. As a boy at Blair Lodge, he was a runner, a gymnast, and a football player. Later, owing to an accident to his arm, his proficiency at games was impaired, but he was always ready to take his part in any form of sport. He was a keen shot, and loved fishing, and the last talks we had were of old days on Tweed, and Quair, and Manor. He was an inimitable *raconteur*, and his slight stammer served to accentuate the point of his good stories. We have lost many friends during these sad years, but none more universally regretted nor more sincerely mourned."

He that dies shall not die lonely,  
 Many a one hath gone before ;  
 He that lives shall bear no burden  
 Heavier than the life they bore.

Nothing ancient is their story,  
 E'en but yesterday they bled,  
 Youngest they of earth's Belovèd,  
 Last of all the valiant Dead.

In the grave where tyrants thrust them,  
 Lies their labour and their pain,  
 But undying from their sorrow  
 Springeth up the hope again.

Mourn not, therefore, nor lament it,  
 That the world outlives their life ;  
 Voice and Vision yet they gave us,  
 Making strong our hands for strife.

Some had name, and fame, and honour,  
 Learned they were, and wise and strong :  
 Some were nameless, poor, unlettered,  
 Weak in all but grief and wrong.

Named and nameless, all live in us ;  
 One and all they lead us yet  
 Every pain to count for nothing,  
 Every sorrow to forget.



Sapper JOHN B. PORTEOUS.

259.

**Sapper John Porteous.****Royal Engineers.**

1919—January 28.

MRS JAMES MURRAY, Venlaw Court, Peebles, received word that her eldest brother, Sapper JOHN PORTEOUS, Royal Engineers, had died on the 28th January, in Stobhill Military Hospital, Glasgow, as the result of pneumonia, contracted while on service in France, and for which he was invalided home the previous July. The deceased, who was 37 years of age, previous to enlisting in September 1914, was employed as a blacksmith at Biggar, of which town he was a native. At one time, for over two years, he was employed by Mr John Fergusson, blacksmith, Peebles. Sapper Porteous, who was unmarried, went out to France in March 1915.

In lonely watches, night by night,  
Great visions burst upon my sight,  
Far down the stretches of the sky  
The Hosts of Dead go marching by.

Strange ghostly banners o'er them float,  
Strange bugles sound an awful note,  
And all their faces and their eyes  
Are lit with starlight from the skies.

The anguish and the pain have passed  
And peace has come to them at last;  
But in the stern looks linger still  
The iron purpose and the will.

Dear Christ, who reign'st above the flood  
Of human tears and human blood,  
A weary road these men have trod:  
Oh, house them in the Home of God.



Private DAVID D. NISBET.

260.

**Private David Douglas Nisbet.**

Royal Army Service Corps.

1919—February 16.

PRIVATE DAVID DOUGLAS NISBET was a wool-sorter in March Street Mills, Peebles, when he enlisted in the Black Watch. He was a member of Galashiels Harriers' Association, and also played Rugby while at Selkirk. He went through the Somme engagements, and was wounded, being again wounded at Ypres on the 31st July 1917. He died in Morelands Hospital, Peebles, in his 32nd year, leaving a widow and two children.

Under the wide and starry sky  
Dig the grave and let me lie;  
Glad did I live, and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.



Private ROBERT SCOUGALL.

261.

**Private Robert Scougall.****Seaforth Highlanders.**

1919—February 17.

AT Morelands Hospital, Peebles, there died on 17th February 1919, Private ROBERT SCOUGALL, 3rd Seaforth Highlanders, aged 20 years, the third son of Mrs John Scougall, 57 Northgate, Peebles.

During the whole course of the Great War, next to the boys and men themselves, none suffered more poignantly than the mothers during their long-drawn-out strain of anxiety and uncertainty. The mothers of Tweeddale bore their share bravely, proudly, and uncomplainingly, those to be pitied most being the widowed mothers, all of whose sons, in many cases, were at the Front, with no husband in the home to sustain and comfort. One such was Mrs Scougall, who, deprived many years before of husband and breadwinner, had yet brought up her five boys in the unselfish and heroic manner characteristic of many brave Scots natures. But relentless war intervened: it claimed her boy Robert. She gave him up, as indeed she had become accustomed to give up everything. The training and exposure and severity were too much for his undeveloped youth. His spirit was as brave as that of all the other Peebles boys who fought for home and empire; but he was unable to rally, and succumbed on the 17th February 1919, after the war had ended. Great sympathy was felt for his bereaved mother.

Of Mrs Scougall's five sons, George was in the 8th Canadians; John was a despatch rider in the 46th Canadians, and received the Military Medal; Robert was in the 3rd Seaforths, and died as stated above; Andrew was a wireless operator in the Mercantile Marine; and Walter was an apprentice butcher.

Even a father never knows  
 The ache in a mother's heart,  
 When she and the body her body bore  
 Are severed and torn apart.  
 The men wouldn't make these cursèd wars  
 If they knew of a body's worth,  
 They wouldn't be blowing them all to bits  
 If they had the pains of birth.  
 But bless you, the men don't know they're born,  
 For they get away scotfree.  
 How can they know what their cruel wars,  
 Are costing the likes of me?  
 I was proud to give, I'd give again  
 If I knew the Cause was right,  
 For I wouldn't keep a son of mine  
 When his duty called to fight.



Private WILLIAM M. RUSSELL.

262.

**Private William Mason Russell.****Royal Army Medical Corps.**

1919—February 18.

THE three sons of Mr and Mrs Robert Russell, Bavelaw, Peebles, all served with the Colours in France. The eldest—Muir—was at first a despatch rider, and ultimately obtained a commission as Lieutenant in the Royal Air Force, being demobilised after the war. The youngest boy, Signaller Charles L. Russell, Royal Scots, was reported missing on the 22nd March 1918. The second son, Private WILLIAM MASON RUSSELL, died at home of pneumonia (after four and a half years' service in the Royal Army Medical Corps), on the 18th February 1919, aged 26 years. He was born on the 1st September 1892, and was educated at Kingsland School and Peebles Burgh and County High School. On leaving school he served his apprenticeship as a designer with D. Ballantyne & Co., March Street Mills, Peebles. When war broke out he joined the Royal Army Medical Corps, and trained in the 54th Field Ambulance. Private Russell went to France in 1915, and was wounded at Longueval, on the Somme, in July 1916. He was invalided home, and at the time of his death was an attendant at Dykebar War Hospital, Paisley.

Writing to Private Russell's parents, Captain D. Cuthbert Barron, 54th Field Ambulance, said that Private Russell was liked by all. He was very enthusiastic and willing in his duties, and was an example to all his comrades.

Many letters were also received from comrades, saying how much Private Russell was liked, and how he was admired for his fine character and lovable nature.

O mother, mourning for the son who keeps  
His last dread watch by unfamiliar streams,  
Or for that other, gay of heart, who sleeps  
Where Tweed's sweet waters guard his secret dreams,  
Amid your tears take comfort for a space:  
They showed them worthy of their island race.

Weep not for thy children, O mother,  
Wail not for the shortened life.  
Let brother not mourn for a brother  
Who fell in the foam of the strife.  
For Pain we had looked long upon her,  
And Danger and Death were as wine;  
And Glory is ours, we have won her,  
O mother of mine.



Lieutenant IAN THOMSON.

263.

**Lieutenant Ian Thomson.****Royal Engineers (attached Royal Air Force).**

1919—February 25.

MANY a bright young lad, whose future was rich with promise, was called on to make the supreme sacrifice in the Great War in defence of truth and righteousness. One such was Lieutenant IAN THOMSON, eldest son of Captain and Mrs John R. Thomson, Methil, and grandson of the late Captain George M. M'Laren, The Anchorage, Peebles.

Lieutenant Thomson was educated at Buckhaven School, and the Headmaster considered him one of the brightest lads that had passed through his hands. He served his apprenticeship as a mining engineer with the Fife Coal Company in Leven, after which he went to Greenfield, Hamilton, where he was a mining student, attending the Technical College, Glasgow. In 1915, he accepted a commission in the Royal Engineers, and was in the 173rd Tunnelling Company for over two years, working round Loos. He was also in the Messines Sector. He was badly gassed on two occasions, and in hospital with trench fever also. In the end of 1917 he was attached to the Royal Air Force, his specialities being photography and bombing. In April 1918 he was wounded in the air, and in May his machine was brought down, and he was badly hurt, necessitating treatment in hospitals in France and London. After a month's leave, he went to Ipswich, and enjoyed the interesting work there. Just three weeks before his death Lieutenant Thomson had been appointed Navigation Officer, and proceeded to Ireland. He had only started his lectures in connection with his new post, near Dublin, when he was attacked by influenza. He was taken to hospital in Dublin, on Thursday, 20th February, and died the following Tuesday, in his 26th year.

The Commanding Officer of an aeroplane experimental station in Suffolk wrote—"Your son was a universal favourite, and all the officers on the station join me in sending you our very sincere sympathy. Though originally attached to my department for a few months, I was very glad to be allowed to retain him for a longer period, as he was a keen and careful observer, extremely interested in his work, and always delighted to carry out any aerial duty, however arduous. When he left me, it was understood that his knowledge and experience of aerial navigation would be of great value to the Training Division."

Lieutenant Thomson's brother, Hudson M'Laren Thomson, was a Lieutenant in the Black Watch, and was on Headquarters Staff in Germany with the British Army of Occupation.

Supremely in His hand are you,  
To whom the mighty joy is given  
On eagles' wings to climb the blue,  
And, on the pinions of the winds,  
To sweep the boundless plains of Heaven.  
So to your minds be present this,  
For cheer in your necessities,  
If but as Pilot by your side  
He sits, upon Whose breath you ride,  
He shall preserve you from alarms,  
Spread wide His everlasting arms,  
And bear you safely up on high  
In His most noble company.  
Higher than most, to you is given  
To live—or, in His time, to die ;  
So bear you as White Knights of Heaven—  
The very flower of chivalry!  
Take Him as Pilot by your side,  
And, "All is well!" whate'er betide.



Private WILLIAM M'ARTHUR.



Private WILLIAM M'ARTHUR.

264.

**Private William M'Arthur.****Royal Field Artillery.**

1919—March 14.

IN the spring of that fateful year 1914, a young gardener, WILLIAM M'ARTHUR by name, came from Stobo Castle Gardens to look after the rock garden at Minden, Peebles, then newly inaugurated by Sir Henry Ballantyne, where he still was when war broke out.

William M'Arthur was born in Rothesay in 1892. He was educated at Dunblane Public School, and adopted the occupation of a gardener on leaving school. When war was declared he enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery. He was sent to Maryhill for training, and subsequently went on foreign service. He was in the retreat from Serbia. In the course of that retreat Private M'Arthur was reported missing, but managed to rejoin his column in a day or two. He afterwards served on the Struma front, and was in most of the engagements on that sector. On one occasion, when out with a gun team after dark, the whole outfit, men and horses, gun and waggon, went into a shell hole, and he lay for twelve hours with one of the waggon wheels on his leg, but was released at daylight. Later, he contracted malaria, and eventually was invalided home. He arrived at Merryflats Hospital, Govan, on 9th February 1918, and after being some months there he recovered sufficiently to be discharged, and was sent home to Stirling, where his parents resided. Private M'Arthur improved so far as to be able to visit Peebles in the autumn of 1918, but in March 1919 he succumbed to an attack of influenza, which he had not the strength to throw off. He was a victim of the Great War as surely as if he had given up his life on the battlefield.

His younger brother, James, was killed in action on the 28th June 1917. Private M'Arthur had other four brothers serving King and country during the war. Two of these were wounded but got all right again.

. . . After all, you died not. We've no fear  
 But that, long ages hence, you will be near—  
 A thought by night—on the warm wind a breath,  
 Making for courage, putting by old Death,  
 Living wherever men are not afraid  
 Of aught but making bravery a parade;  
 Yes, parleying with fear, they'll pause and say,  
 "At Gommecourt boys suffered worse that day;"  
 Or, hesitating on some anxious brink,  
 They will become heroic when they think,  
 "Did they not rise mortality above  
 Who staked a lifetime all made sweet with love?"



Private DAVID STEWART.

265.

**Private David Stewart.****Royal Scots.**

1919—March 27.

WHEN M'Crae's Battalion was formed in Edinburgh in the autumn of 1914, among the first to join up was DAVID STEWART, who had been a butcher in Peebles for about twelve years, with Tweedie Brothers and also with the Co-Operative Society. Private Stewart was wounded at Ypres in 1915, and also in the fighting on the Somme in 1916. On the latter occasion his sister, Mrs R. Arbuckle, Edinburgh, received information from his Commanding Officer and the War Office that her brother had been killed in action, but subsequently a letter came to hand from Private Stewart himself, saying that he had been severely wounded. He was sent over to Britain, and was again drafted to France in 1917, being present at the taking of Arras. He afterwards suffered from a dangerous attack of pneumonia, but got over it, and was again on service in France in 1918. He was along with the 2nd Royal Scots in the great advance in the autumn of that year, and was present at the taking of Cambrai. He was in the ranks of the first Regiment to cross the Rhine. Private Stewart died in the 44th Casualty Clearing Station, Cologne, on the 27th March 1919, in his 36th year. He was greatly liked by his comrades and officers.

True it is that Death's face seems stern and cold,  
 When he is sent to summon those we love,  
 But all God's angels come to us disguised;  
 Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,  
 One after other lifts their frowning masks,  
 And we behold the seraph's face beneath,  
 All radiant with the glory and the calm  
 Of having looked upon the front of God.

With every anguish of our earthly part  
 The spirit's sight grows clearer; this was meant  
 When Jesus touched the blind man's lids with clay.  
 Life is the gaoler, Death the angel sent  
 To draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.



Private DAVID W. ORMISTON.

266.

**Private David Wightman Ormiston.****Australian Imperial Force.**

1919—April 9.

THREE sons of Sergeant-Major Thomas Ormiston, of Brisbane, Queensland, Australia (grandsons of the late Thomas Ormiston, joiner, Kingsmeadows Road, Peebles), were fated to fall in the Great War. The third to fall was Private DAVID WIGHTMAN ORMISTON, who died of wounds, aged 23 years and 3 months, on the 9th of April 1919. Sergeant-Major Ormiston's four sons were on active service. Three—John, David, and Andrew—fell, while Tom survived.

You shall see it ended,  
 The mighty work to which your souls are set:  
 If from Beyond, then with the Vision Splendid,  
 You shall smile back and never know regret.

Do you hear a deep voice calling?—  
 Calling persistently?—  
 Like the sound of God's great waters,  
 Calling insistently?

'Tis the voice of our Dead, our myriad Dead,  
 Calling to you and me—  
 By the red deaths we have suffered,  
 By the fiery paths we trod,  
 By the lives we gave All Life to save,  
 We call you back to God.



Private DAVID PHILP.

267.

**Private David Philp.****Royal Scots.**

1919—June 28.

THERE passed away at his house, 8 Venlaw Court, Peebles, on the 28th June 1919, Private DAVID PHILP, Royal Scots, son of George Philp, Bridgehouse Terrace, Peebles. Private Philp joined up on the 1st of June 1916, being employed previously in March Street Mills. He was in the Army for three years, and was in the big advance of the 21st March 1918. He left a widow and three children. A brother, Sergeant George Philp, was killed on the 25th September 1915.

Honour, honour, honour shall for ever  
 Rest upon the fallen.  
 All their sleeping  
 Shall be hushed with murmured praises.  
 Music from the heart escaping,  
 Softly sighing,  
 Lo! the dead are as the living, sleeping  
 Folded to the nation's breast.

In the hearts of parents, sons, and daughters,  
 In the hearts where eyes alone have spoken,  
 Are the temples of remembrance.  
 Altars know the burning anguish,  
 Surging tears  
 Drink up the fire that love set flaming,  
 But the fallen,  
 But the sleeping,  
 Have no dreams of weeping.

O! ye thousand bosoms of remembrance!  
 O! ye hallowed altars wet with weeping!  
 Honour, honour, honour shall for ever  
 Rest upon the fallen, happy fallen,  
 In God's keeping.



Sergeant CHARLES W. MOODIE (*seated*).  
Military Medal.

268.

**Sergeant Charles Watson Moodie.**

Military Medal.  
Royal Engineers.

1919—July 21.

SERGEANT CHARLES WATSON MOODIE, of the Royal Engineers, died at 20a Cross Street, Peebles, on the 21st July 1919. Deceased, who was a native of Kirkcaldy, joined the Boys' Brigade of that town when a boy, and was a member for five years. He then joined the Fife Volunteers as a trumpeter (his father being Sergeant-Trumpeter and Bandmaster in the same Corps). He remained in the Corps (having in the interval become Corporal) until the Volunteers gave place to the Territorial Force. He then joined the National Reserve. He came to Peebles about 1912, entering the employment of Thomas Murray, joiner, Damdale. He speedily became a member of Peebles Silver Band, and continued an enthusiastic player up to the time of his enlistment in January 1915. Deceased had almost four years' service in France. During that time he was twice gassed, and latterly he seemed to suffer a great deal from the effects of the gas. For his gallantry in the field he was awarded the Military Medal. Sergeant Moodie was much liked by all who knew him. He lost his only brother, a Lieutenant in the Royal Air Force, who was killed in action in September 1918. Much sympathy was felt for Sergeant Moodie's parents and his two sisters, who were all present when he passed away.

Him, the gods loving, took while life was young:  
Say rather (clinging to a wiser creed),  
God took, and suddenly, on wings of speed,  
Bore to the utter quietness, far flung,  
Of fields Elysian, where the horrid tongue  
Of battle is not. For He knew his need  
Better than those who knew him well indeed,  
Loving him best. Above his grave is rung  
The death-knell of all things which hurt the sense,  
And vex the mind, and plague the soul of man,  
Tingeing the rainbow colours of his best  
Dreams drably; and hath cried a voice, "Go hence!  
Old Angel Time, to weary whom you can,  
The while my well-beloved child hath rest."

*“ We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.”*

FOR all the saints who from their labours rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the World confessed,  
Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;  
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win, with them, the Victor's crown of gold.

O blest communion, fellowship Divine!  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

The golden evening brightens in the West;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

But, lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day:  
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array,  
The King of Glory passes on his way.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's furthest coast;  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Hallelujah!

How bright these glorious spirits shine!  
Whence all their white array?  
How came they to the blissful seats  
Of everlasting day?  
Lo! these are they from suff'rings great,  
Who came to realms of light,  
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd  
These robes which shine so bright.

Now, with triumphal palms, they stand  
Before the throne on high,  
And serve the God they love, amidst  
The glories of the sky.  
His presence fills each heart with joy,  
Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing:  
By day, by night, the sacred courts  
With glad hosannahs ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,  
Nor suns with scorching ray;  
God is their sun, whose cheering beams  
Diffuse eternal day.  
The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne  
Shall o'er them still preside;  
Feed them with nourishment divine,  
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,  
Where living streams appear;  
And God the Lord from ev'ry eye  
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.



GROUP OF BOYS AT HALY RUDE SCHOOL, PEEBLES.  
*All but three became soldiers: seven fell (marked with a cross).*

*1st Row*—James Day, John Davidson, George Chalmers, Robert Russell, James Braid, John M'Intyre, Alexander Turnbull, W. Thomson.

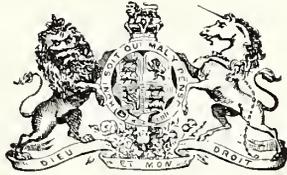
*2nd Row*—John Smith, Thomas Caldwell, Lieutenant, Rosetta Road (killed); Thomas Taylor, Dickson Place (killed); Thomas Harris, Walter Cavers, Thomas Ramsay, Old Town (killed); Jardine Steele, Andrew Johnston, Charles Wallace, Thomas Morris.

*3rd Row*—Robert Scott, The Glen (killed); David Smith, George Dodds, John Yellowlees, Walter Baillie, Tweedside Mill (died during war); Allan Ker, John Lawson, Cross Road (died during war); Stewart Russell, Harry Murray, Adam Todd, Frank Bain.

*4th Row*—William Coulthard, William Russell, Bavelaw (died during war); Henry Mackay, Ebenezer Broadhead, Henry Morris, George Hamilton, William Clark, Hugh Dougall, Edderston Road (killed).

*APPENDIX.*

To the bereaved wives and children, fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters, and sweethearts of these gallant Tweeddale boys and men, this message from the King:—



**H**E whom this scroll commemorates was numbered among those who, at the call of King and Country, left all that was dear to them, endured hardness, faced danger, and finally passed out of the sight of men by the path of duty and self-sacrifice, giving up their own lives that others might live in freedom.

Let those who come after see to it  
that his name be not forgotten.

---

I join with my grateful people  
in sending you this memorial  
of a brave life given for others  
in the Great War.

GEORGE R.I.

*List of Officers connected with Peeblesshire who served during the  
Great War:—*

- Anderson, Alexander, Lieutenant, Labour Company (Royal Engineers)  
—Military Cross.
- Baird, Barrington H., Captain, Highland Light Infantry.
- Baird, J., Second Lieutenant.
- Balfour, A. R., Captain, Lanarkshire Yeomanry—Military Cross.
- Balfour, F. R. S., Lieutenant-Colonel.
- Ballantyne, Basil, Lieutenant.
- Ballantyne, Colin, Captain, Royal Scots.
- Ballantyne, David, Major, 8th Royal Scots — Order of the British  
Empire.
- Ballantyne, George Harrison, Captain, 8th Royal Scots.
- Ballantyne, H. Basil Norman, 5th Dragoon Guards.
- Ballantyne, J. A., Hon. Captain, Volunteers.
- Ballantyne, J. K., Lieutenant, Royal Scots.
- Ballantyne, T. H., Hon. Captain, Volunteers.
- Ballantyne, W. E., Lieutenant.
- Bartholomew, G. H., Captain, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
- Bartholomew, I., Captain, Gordon Highlanders—Military Cross; thrice  
Mentioned in Despatches.
- Bartholomew, L., Lieutenant.
- Bertram, James Noel, Lieutenant, 7th Royal Scots.
- Best, Harrower, Second Lieutenant.
- Best, John, Second Lieutenant, Suffolk Regiment and Norfolk  
Yeomanry.
- Black, James E., Captain, Royal Scots Reserve.
- Blackwood, George Glendinning, Captain, 8th Seaforth Highlanders—  
Military Cross.
- Blackwood, Robert C., Acting Lieutenant-Colonel, Captain, 3rd Royal  
Scots—Military Cross.
- Blackwood, William Thorburn, A/Captain, Lieutenant, 8th Royal Scots  
—Military Cross.
- Bonsor, Robert Black, Lieutenant, 9th Highland Light Infantry.
- Boyd, Andrew, Captain, Seaforths—Military Cross.
- Boyd, George, Lieutenant, Seaforths.
- Boyd, James, Captain, Royal Army Medical Corps—Military Cross,  
British War Medal, Victory Medal.
- Brenner, Dugald C., Major, Royal Army Medical Corps.
- Brodie, Patrick, Captain, Highland Light Infantry.
- Brodie, W. L., Lieutenant-Colonel, Highland Light Infantry —Victoria  
Cross, Military Cross.

- Brown, James M'Gill, Second Officer, Mercantile Marine.  
 Brown, John Ingram, Second Lieutenant, 1/8th Royal Scots.  
 Brown, J. Rossie, Second Lieutenant, 3rd Royal Scots.  
 Brown, Thomas A., Captain, Mercantile Marine.  
 Brown, Thomas G., Lieutenant, Cameron Highlanders—Military Cross.  
 Bryce, Percival, Captain, Special Reserve, Royal Garrison Artillery—  
 Mentioned in Despatches.  
 Bryden, Charles J., Captain, Royal Engineers.  
 Buchan, Alastair, Lieutenant, Highland Light Infantry (Royal Scots  
 Fusiliers).  
 Caldwell, Tom, Second Lieutenant, King's Own Scottish Borderers—  
 Military Medal.  
 Carmichael, Alexander David Gibson, Lieutenant, Royal Navy.  
 Clark, William Muir, Lieutenant, Royal Highlanders.  
 Clarkson, Alexander, Second Lieutenant, Highland Light Infantry  
 (Labour Battalion).  
 Colledge, T. H. M., Hon. Lieutenant, Volunteers.  
 Constable, Douglas, Lieutenant, Grenadier Guards.  
 Crawford, James Donaldson, Staff Captain, 1st Royal Scots—Military  
 Medal.  
 Crockett, George Milner, Lieutenant, Royal Navy.  
 Cruickshanks, Lieutenant, Tank Corps.  
 Cunningham, Howard Usher, Captain and Adjutant, Royal Irish  
 Regiment (Pioneers)—Military Cross.  
 Cunningham, J. Miller, Captain, Reserve of Officers.  
 Cunningham, St Clair Usher, Captain, Royal Field Artillery—Military  
 Cross.  
 Darling, A., Lieutenant, Royal Scots.  
 Davidson, John, Lieutenant and Quartermaster, Highland Light  
 Infantry.  
 Dickson, M. R., Lieutenant-Colonel (Temporary)—Distinguished Service  
 Order, Grand Officer, Legion of Honour.  
 Dickson, Robert, Major, Durham Light Infantry—Distinguished Service  
 Order, Legion of Honour.  
 Douglas, Sir William, Major-General. *War Services*—Bechuanaland  
 Expedition, 1884-1885, as Adjutant, 1st Battalion Royal Scots.  
 South African War, 1900-1902, Commanded 1st Battalion Royal  
 Scots, and subsequently a Mobile Column (Despatches). The  
 Great War, 1914-1917, in Command of 42nd Division, including  
 operations in Egypt, Dardanelles, and Sinai. Mentioned four  
 times in Despatches. *Honours*—South African War, Distin-  
 guished Service Order; Staff Service, Commander of the Bath;  
 Dardanelles, Knight Commander of St Michael and St George,  
 Croix de Guerre with Palm Leaf.

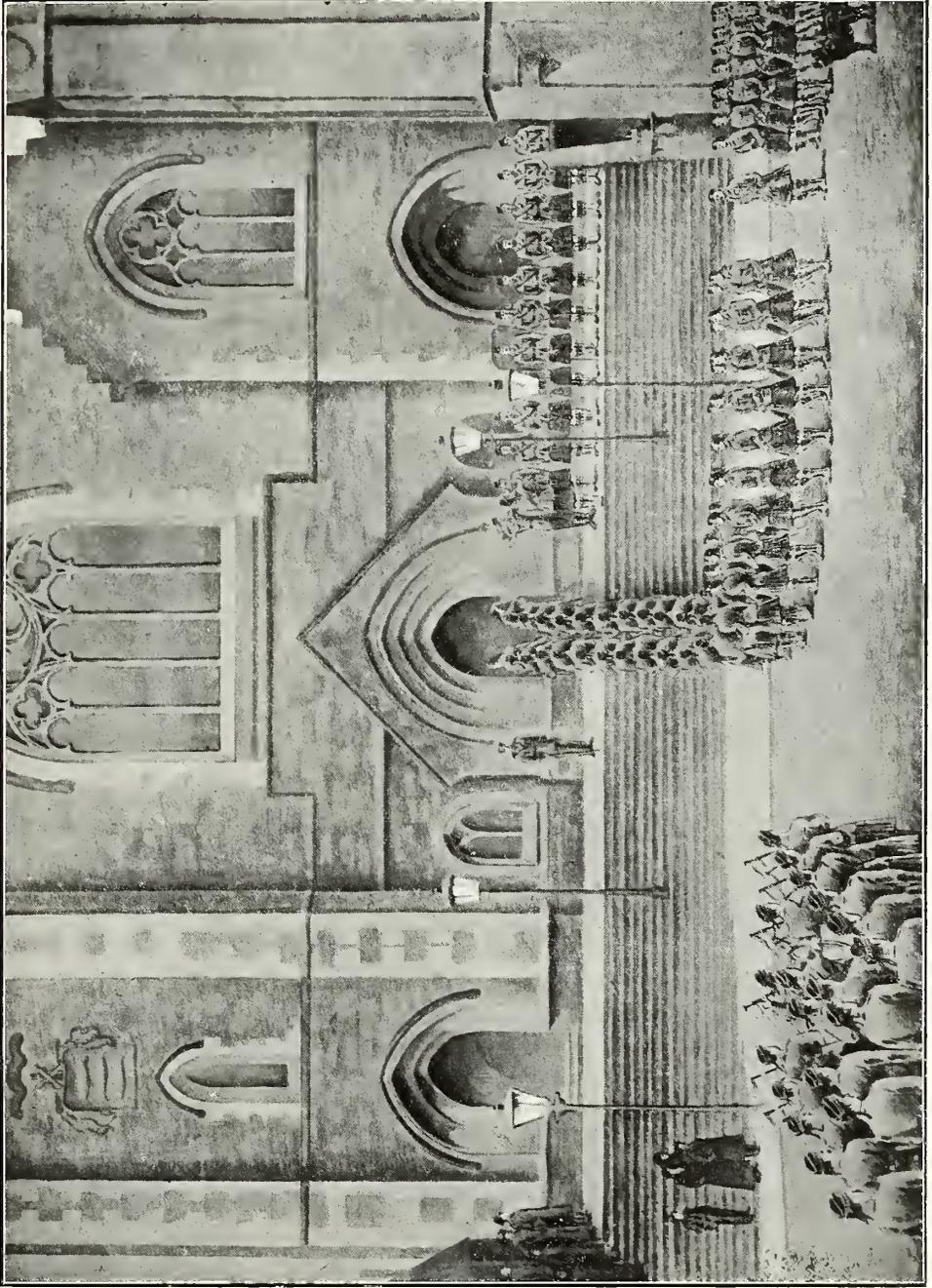
- Douglas, Lady—Lady of Grace of St John of Jerusalem, for twenty months Lady Superintendent of Third Red Cross Hospital at Alexandria; three times Mentioned in Despatches.
- Dryden, Murray M., Lieutenant, 4th King's Own Scottish Borderers—British War Medal, Victory Medal.
- Duthie, James Robertson, Lieutenant, 6th Royal Scots.
- Erskine, David, Commander, Royal Navy.
- Euman, John, Lieutenant, Royal Scots.
- Euman, Joseph, Lieutenant, 2nd Highland Light Infantry—British War Medal, Victory Medal.
- Fell, The Hon. Mrs David—Medal of Queen Elizabeth of Belgium for War Work.
- Ferguson, Andrew James, Major, Royal Army Medical Corps.
- Ferguson, Duncan M., Lieutenant, King's Own Scottish Borderers.
- Ferguson, Ian A. G., Captain, Royal Scots.
- Forrest, Peter, Lieutenant, Royal Scots.
- Forrester, James David, Captain, Royal Army Medical Corps.
- Forrester, Robert Cairns, Lieutenant, 9th Royal Scots.
- Gillespie, Douglas A., Second Lieutenant, Royal Air Force—Mentioned in Despatches.
- Gillespie, George A., Lieutenant, 1/1 Northants Yeomanry — Military Cross.
- Gillespie, J. M., Captain, Royal Army Medical Corps—Military Cross.
- Gillespie, M. G., Lieutenant, Seaforth Highlanders—Military Cross.
- Gillespie, S. P., Captain, 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders—Military Cross.
- Gillet, Fred T., Lieutenant, Royal West Kent Regiment.
- Grierson, J., Second Lieutenant, Liverpool Regiment — 1914 Star, British War Medal, Victory Medal.
- Gunn, George, Temporary Engineer-Commander, Royal Navy.
- Gunn, John C., Lieutenant, Malay Rifles.
- Halley, David B., Lieutenant, Royal Air Force.
- Harvey, The Hon. Lady, Lady of Grace of the Order of St John of Jerusalem — Medal of Queen Elizabeth of Belgium for War Work; Certificate presented by Joint Committee of British Red Cross Society; Order of St John of Jerusalem, in recognition of valuable services rendered during the war.
- Hastings, Robert Alexander, Captain, Royal Scots—Military Cross.
- Hay, Sir Duncan, Staff—1914 Star with bar; War and Military Medals.
- Hislop, James, Captain, Cameronians—Military Cross.
- Inglis, Gordon Stewart, Major, Lowland Field Company, Royal Engineers—Military Cross, Mentioned in Despatches.
- Inglis, Robert John Mathison, Captain, Royal Engineers.
- Jack, William Braidwood, Lieutenant, 7th Hussars.

- Jackson, G., Lieutenant, Scottish Horse (attached 1/8th King's Own Scottish Borderers)—1914 Star with Bar, Victory Medal, British War Medal.
- Jackson, L. T., Captain, Punjab Regiment (Indian Army).
- Jackson, T., Lieutenant, 7th Royal Welsh Fusiliers—1914 Star with Bar, Victory Medal, and British War Medal.
- Jardine, J., Lieutenant, Royal Scots—Military Cross.
- Ker, John, Captain, Royal Army Veterinary Corps.
- Laidlaw, J., Lieutenant, Royal Scots.
- Laidlaw, T., Lieutenant, 2nd Royal Scots — Distinguished Conduct Medal, Victory Medal, British War Medal.
- Laidlaw, William, Captain, 8th Royal Scots.
- Macdonald, Peter, Lieutenant, Black Watch.
- MacGregor, Roy, Captain, Machine Gun Corps.
- Mackay, A. W., Lieutenant, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.
- Mackenzie, Kenneth, Captain, Royal Scots—Royal Humane Society's Medal.
- MacKichan, Edward, Commander, Royal Navy.
- MacKichan, Kenneth, Lieutenant, Royal Air Force.
- MacRobert, Peter Carmichael, Lieutenant, Royal Army Medical Corps.
- Manson, James Kennedy, Captain, Royal Army Medical Corps.
- Marshall, Henry R., Captain, Highland Light Infantry and Lanarkshire Yeomanry.
- Marshall, James R., Captain, Lothians and Border Horse.
- Marshall, Legh Richmond H. P., Captain, Royal Army Medical Corps—Order of the British Empire; twice Mentioned in Despatches.
- Martin, Hugh Forgan, Lieutenant, Highland Light Infantry.
- Martin, John Steele, Second Lieutenant, Northumberland Fusiliers—Italian Silver Medal for Valour.
- Martin, Rev. Thomas, D.D., Chaplain to the Forces (4th Class).
- Martin Thomas, Major, Royal Army Medical Corps.
- Maxwell, Edgar Holgate, Captain, 8th Royal Scots—King's and Queen's South African Medals, 5 bars; 1914 Star with bar; British War Medal, Victory Medal, Long Service and Good Conduct Medal.
- Maxwell, Edgar Holgate, Lieutenant, 1/9th King's Liverpool Regiment—Military Cross, British War Medal, Victory Medal.
- Melrose, Robert A. G., Lieutenant, Seaforth Highlanders.
- Meredith, Philip, Captain, Machine Gun Corps—Military Cross.
- Middleton, George, Commandant, Convoi de l'Ecosse — Croix de Guerre, with Bronze Star of the Regiment, Silver Star of the Corps, Gold Star of the Army.
- Mitchell, Rev. David C., M.A., Chaplain to the Forces.

- Murray, Arthur Alexander Wolfe, Brigadier-General. *Medals*—South African War, Queen's and King's; Great War. *Orders*—Commander of the Bath. *Services*—Commanded 1st Highland Light Infantry, Commanding Officer of a Brigade, 1915.
- Murray, Hon. Arthur Cecil, M.P., Lieutenant-Colonel, King Edward's Horse, China Medal (1900), Companion of the Order of St Michael and St George, Distinguished Service Order, Mentioned in Despatches (1915); 1914-1915 Star; War Medals.
- Murray, Charles R., Lieutenant, King's Own Scottish Borderers.
- Murray, George Wolfe, Lieutenant, Reserve of Officers, late Seaforth Highlanders. Temporary-Captain, Royal Army Service Corps. *Services*—Invalided in 1916. *Medals*—Nile Expedition, 1898, Medal and Clasp; Khedive's Medal.
- Murray, The Hon. Gideon, M.P. 1914-1915—Administrator and Commander-in-Chief, St Vincent, West Indies, and Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the Local Defence Forces. 1915-1917—Administrator and Commander-in-Chief, St Lucia, West Indies (Naval Coaling Base). 1917-1918—Food Commissioner, Glasgow and Western Counties of Scotland.
- Murray, Sir James Wolfe, Lieutenant-General. *Services*—General Officer Commander-in-Chief, South Africa, 1914; Chief of the Imperial Staff, 1914-15; General Officer Commander-in-Chief, Eastern Command, 1916-18. *Medals*—Ashanti Star, 1896; South African War, Queen's Medal; Great War. *Orders*—Knight Commander of the Bath; St Anne of Russia (First Class, with Swords); White Eagle of Russia; Grand Cordon Sacred Treasure, Japan. *Decorations*—Delhi Durbar Medal.
- Murray, James Wolfe, Captain, Royal Navy. *Services*—Present at Battle of the Falkland Islands; Officer Commanding British Naval Mission, Siberia. *Medals, &c.*—These include Distinguished Service Order, Croix de Guerre, &c., &c.
- Murray, Philip George Wolfe, Lieutenant, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve—Died on Active Service in 1916.
- Murray, Robert Alexander Wolfe, Brevet-Major, Gordon Highlanders—Mentioned in Despatches twice, Distinguished Service Order, Military Cross.
- Nicholson, Dunbar, Captain, 8th Royal Scots.
- Nicol, N. G. D. H., Lieutenant, Royal Flying Corps.
- Ormiston, Agnes Jane, Nurse, Royal Red Cross (Second Class).
- Pennel, Alexander Norval, Captain, Royal Air Force.
- Plew, Ferdinand, Captain, Royal Scots.
- Potts, J. P., Lieutenant, London Regiment.
- Pringle, James Douglas, Staff-Captain, Royal Scots.
- Pringle, George, Second Lieutenant, Royal Garrison Artillery.

- Purdie, Thomas I., Lieutenant, Gordon Highlanders.
- Renwick, John, Captain, Royal Army Medical Corps.
- Richardson, Alex. Stuart, Lieutenant, Royal Garrison Artillery.
- Riddell, Janetta, Royal Red Cross.
- Ritchie, Robert A. D., Captain, Royal Scots—Mentioned in Despatches.
- Ritchie, Robert L., Acting-Major, Royal Army Medical Corps.
- Robertson, Charles MacIver, Lieutenant-Colonel, Royal Field Artillery and Royal Air Force—Officer of the British Empire, 1914–15 Star, Mentioned in Despatches, British War Medal, Victory Medal.
- Robertson, J. Morton, Captain, 3rd Royal Scots.
- Russell, John Muir, Lieutenant, Royal Air Force.
- Russell, Rev. Oliver, M.A., Chaplain to the Forces.
- Russell, Robert Alexander, Lieutenant, Royal Field Artillery.
- Smith, Alex. Hay, Lieutenant, King's Own Scottish Borderers.
- Smith, Nicol, Engineer-Lieutenant,
- Smith, Robert, Cadet, Royal Scots.
- Sneddon, William, Captain, King's Royal Rifle Corps—Military Cross.
- Snow, George Wilkie, Second Lieutenant, Royal Scots.
- Somerville, John, Lieutenant, Royal Air Force.
- Somerville, Robert, Lieutenant (Acting Captain), 2/18th Indian Infantry.
- Strawbridge, Harry T., Lieutenant, Royal Navy.
- Sutherland, A., Lieutenant-Colonel, Royal Highlanders—Military Cross.
- Sutherland, Arthur H. C., Captain, 2nd Battalion the Black Watch—served as Regimental Officer in France, October 1914 to May 1915 (wounded); Military Secretary, First Army, May 1917 to Armistice; four times Mentioned in Despatches, Officer of the Order of the British Empire (Military Division); Military Cross, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour; Mons Star.
- Sutherland, Henry H., Lieutenant-Colonel, 2nd Battalion The Black Watch—served as a Regimental Officer at the Front throughout the War, Commanded Battalions of the Black Watch and other Regiments in France and later in Russia, wounded (March 1915); several times Mentioned in Despatches, Distinguished Service Order, Mons Star.
- Taggart, Harry, Second Lieutenant, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
- Tennant, Hon. Edward Wyndham, Lieutenant, Grenadier Guards.
- Thomson, Rev. George Thomas, Lieutenant, 8th Royal Scots (Pioneers), General Staff Intelligence, Grand Headquarters, Egyptian Expeditionary Force.
- Thomson, R. M., Captain, Royal Scots.
- Thorburn, Walter Milne, Royal Army Service Corps.

- Thorburn, Walter Ernest, Captain, 8th Royal Scots.  
 Thorburn, Charles, Major, Reserve of Officers — Legion d'Honneur,  
 Mentioned in Despatches.  
 Thorburn, Robert, Sub-Lieutenant, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.  
 Thorburn, William (Craigerne), Lieutenant-Colonel, County Command-  
 ant, Volunteers.  
 Thorburn, William (Kingsmuir), Lieutenant-Colonel, 8th Royal Scots—  
 Distinguished Service Order; Mentioned in Despatches.  
 Thorburn, Robert Murray, Captain, 8th Royal Scots—Twice Mentioned  
 in Despatches.  
 Thorburn, Malcolm M., Captain, Royal Highlanders—Military Cross.  
 Thorburn, Ronald M., Captain, Machine Gun Corps—Croix de Guerre.  
 Thorburn, Adam Brown, Lieutenant-Colonel, Argyll and Sutherland  
 Highlanders—Mentioned in Despatches.  
 Thorburn, M. Hunter, Captain, Lanarkshire Yeomanry and Tank Corps.  
 Thorburn, Michael P., Captain, 9th Royal Scots.  
 Tudhope, Thomas, Second Lieutenant, Lanarkshire Yeomanry and  
 Scottish Rifles.  
 Turnbull, James, Lieutenant, 3rd Cameron Highlanders—Military Cross.  
 Turner, Herbert Stewart, Lieutenant, Royal Naval Reserve.  
 Veitch, James, Lieutenant, 3rd Cameron Highlanders—Military Cross.  
 Veitch, Michael, Lieutenant, 5/6th Royal Scots—Military Cross.  
 Veitch, William, Captain, Cameron Highlanders, attached to Machine  
 Gun Corps.  
 Watt, Adam, Hon. Captain, Volunteers.  
 Watt, Phoebe, Nurse—Royal Red Cross (First Class), Delhi Durbar  
 Medal, Mons Star, Allies' Medal, Victory Medal, thrice Men-  
 tioned in Despatches.  
 Welsh, A., Lieutenant, Army Service Corps.  
 Welsh, D. C., Captain, Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 Welsh, Robin, Captain, Border Regiment.  
 White, A., Lieutenant and Quartermaster, 8th Royal Scots—Mentioned  
 in Despatches.  
 Yellowlees, John, Captain, Durham Light Infantry—Military Cross.  
 Young, Hugh, Second Lieutenant, Seaforth Highlanders—1914-15 Star,  
 British War Medal, Victory Medal.  
 Young, James, Captain, 8th Royal Scots.  
 Young, James, Major, Royal Engineers, Indian Army Reserve of  
 Officers—Member of the British Empire, twice Mentioned in  
 Despatches, Afghan Medal, British War Medal, Victory Medal.  
 Young, John, Captain, Royal Scots — Belgian Croix de Guerre, British  
 War Medal, Victory Medal.



LAST CHURCH PARADE OF THE 9TH ROYAL SCOTS.



Private GEORGE GRAY,  
Walkerburn.



Private THOMAS HUNTER,  
Standalane, Peebles.



Corporal JOHN LAWSON,  
Peebles.



Bugler JAMES MOFFAT,  
Peebles.



Piper DAVID SMITH,  
Peebles.



Trooper JOHN FRENCH,  
Peebles.



Trooper JAMES HEARD,  
Peebles.



Trooper GEORGE HUNTER,  
Standalane, Peebles.



Trooper GAVIN TUDHOPE,  
Dawyck, Stobo.

Men of 6th Volunteer Battalion The Royal Scots and Lanarkshire Yeomanry,  
Who volunteered at the first call for Service in South Africa, January 1900.

*Of the above, the following three fell in the Great War, 1914-1918—James Moffat,  
John French, Gavin Tudhope.*

WAR MEMORIAL PANEL, IN DRILL HALL, PEEBLES.  

---

*To the Memory of the Officers and Men from the County of Peebles who died for King and Country during the War in South Africa, 1899-1902.*

Captain the Hon. Edward O. Murray, 79th Cameron Highlanders and Lovat Scouts, Elandsbloof, September 20, 1901.

Sergeant John Lawrie, 3rd Battalion, King's Own Scottish Borderers, Bulawayo, July 13, 1901.

Lance-Corporal William Mitchell, 2nd Battalion Black Watch, Bloemfontein, January 12, 1902.

Private Thomas Dickson, 6th V.B. Royal Scots (Volunteers), Pretoria, May 12, 1901.

Private James Watson, 1st Royal Scots, Germiston, November 7, 1900.

*"Sweet and becoming it is to die for one's Country."*

*The munificent generosity of Sir Henry Ballantyne, and of Mr Frank S. Turnbull, of New York, rendered this work possible. The conscientious and painstaking labours of Mr Allan Smyth and his Staff made for its accuracy. I tender to all my grateful thanks.*

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