

# Indian Sappers in Mesopotamia—Watching the Germans



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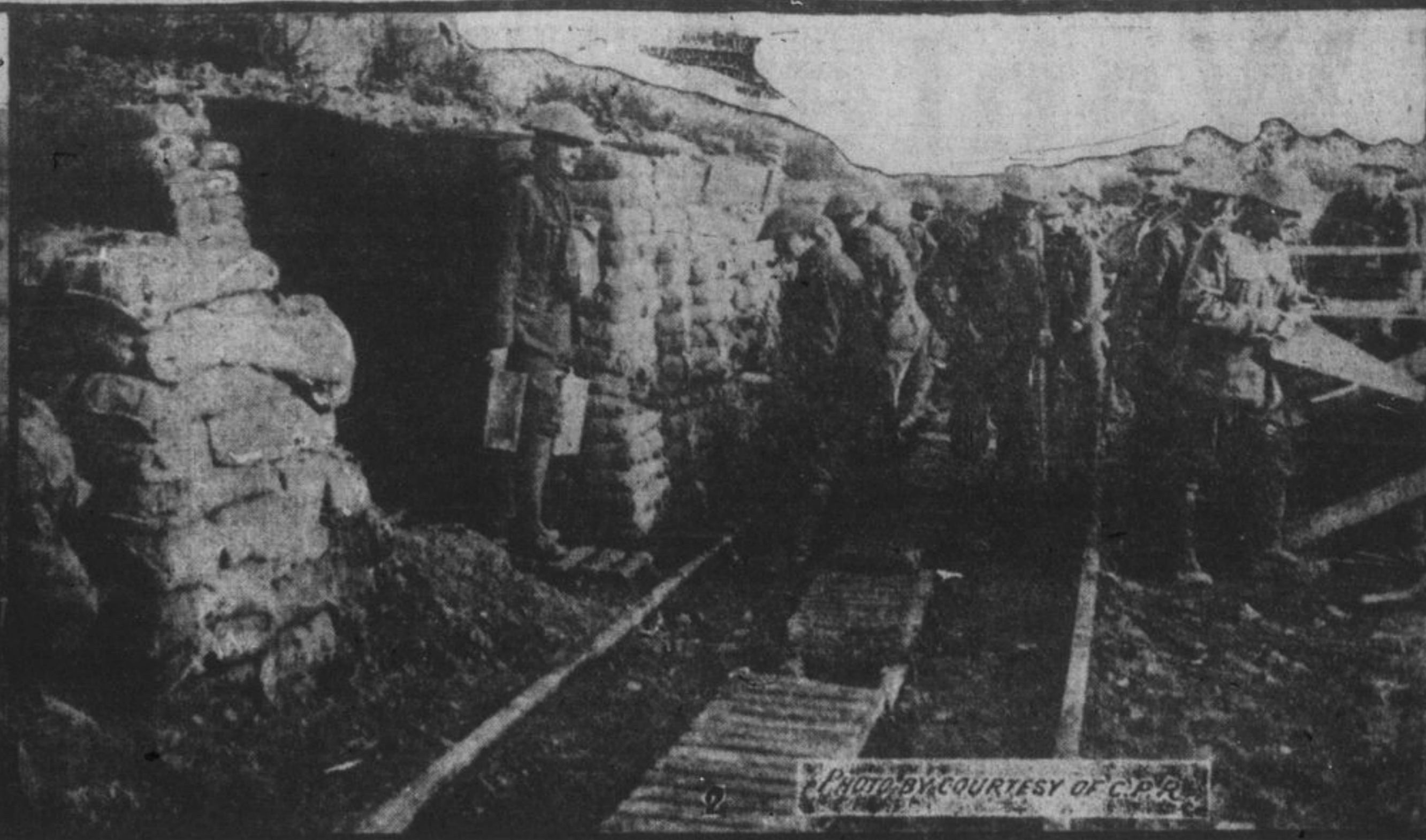


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- (1) With the Troops in Mesopotamia—Indian sappers building a bridge across the Rez Canal.
- (2) A British Western Front in France—Part of a British regiment at work in the trenches.
- (3) Watching the Germans—A British look-out party in France, in a small trench between the lines. The periscope seen at the end of the trench is roughly covered with sacking to disguise it from the enemy.
- (4) An officer and some men of an English regiment in France handling barbed-wire in a trench.
- (5) A marksman of an English regiment leaving his post in the trenches to go on duty.
- (6) Serbian Colonels on a visit to the Western Front watching a test of liquid-fire.
- (7) On Western Front—A soldier of an English regiment whose duty it is to warn his comrades of the approach of enemy poison-gas.
- (8) Preparing a big British gun for action on the Western Front drive.
- (9) W. H. Boswell, who is mentioned in the story.



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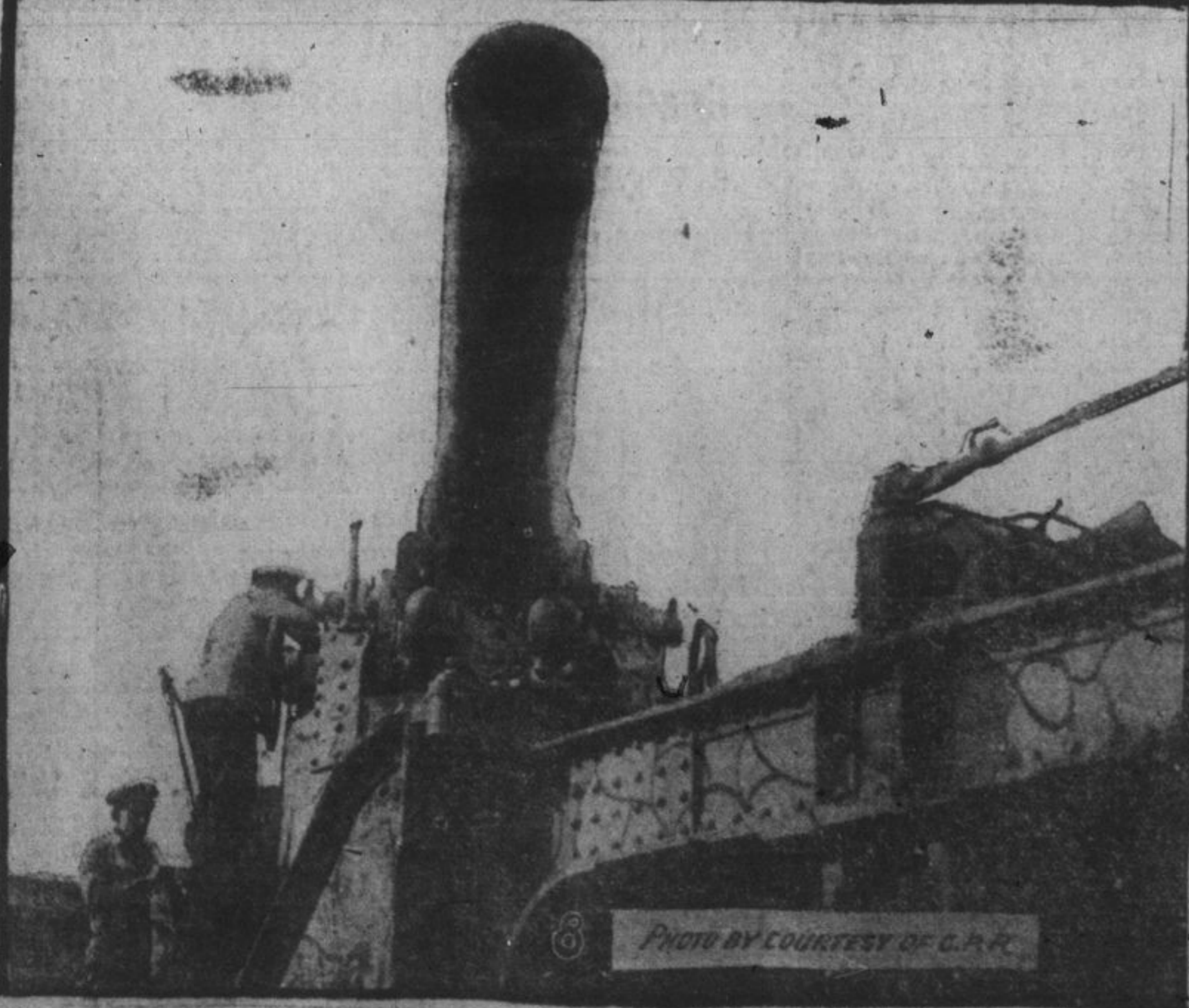


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## Dramatic Ocean Greeting

THOUGH a mere land lubber the call of the sea was too strong for W. H. Boswell, of the Passenger Dept. C. P. R., Charing Cross, London, England, and when he joined up he decided to follow the footsteps of his Viking ancestors. He followed a period of training at one of Britain's great naval bases and then he was posted to a patrol boat and found his sea legs. That patrol boat has proved a friend in need for many of the passengers and crews sent adrift on the ocean's wide expanse by the horrible Hun, and when the "Calgarian" was sunk she picked up one of her boats with survivors. One of the first to come aboard was Commander Kendall, the navigating officer, and a hearty greeting took place between the gallant C. P. O. S. captain and the erstwhile C. P. R. "Round the world rate expert" which resulted in the latter loaning the former a clean collar, on the understanding that it would be returned to him, so that when in the days to come

his children ask, "Father, what did you do in the great war," he will point with pride to the glass encased collar and say, "Son, that was my collar, worn by Capt. Kendall, of Dr. Crippen and 'Empress of Ireland' fame, whom I helped to save from a watery grave when the 'Calgarian' went down in March, 1918." Captain Kendall, by the way, has had many adventurous experiences since the war broke out—on the English Channel dodging submarines while he brought across refugees to England from Belgium, in the North Sea on decoy ships—perhaps the most dangerous service of all—and more recently in transport work, such as that which culminated in the affair of the "Calgarian." At present he is saying nothing, remembering the warning of Job: "Oh that mine adversary had written a book," but at the end of the war any book he wrote would make those of Jules Verne seem tame by comparison.



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