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Published by Ronald Caplan on 1983/6/1

along. Then we'd get the lice and put them on. We'd set fire to one end, see them go? ing, A little round loaf of bread and a bit of cheese--that'd be a day's ration. Perhaps you wouldn't get that. It was nothing to go two or three days without anything to eat. You get a drink of water, you'd be all right. (Aren't you surprised you sur? vived?) It makes you think. (I'm surprised men were able to fight.) That's what made them fight. That put fight into you. They can tell you what you like, but if you're hungry and starved to death, you would kill a man easy enough. (Was the war like you thought it would be, when you left Cape Breton?) No. Thought it would be just stand up and fight one anothe- er--the last fellow would give up. I'll tell you what happened. We were in this corn field all night. We started at two o'clock in the morning, we started going. We were giving everything we had. We were travelling fast, too. One of the officers came to me and sent me back to the artil? lery to raise his guns--they were firing on our own people. And I went back--I got back all right. I gave the message, and I started ahead again. This bloody shell came out--I knew it was going to hit--it hit right alongside of me. A piece struck me in the back. It never knocked me--I kept going. I got back to the trenches. But they took me out of there, sent me o- ver to England. From France, it's only an hour and a half's run. This is the hospi? tal ship. We were 7 hours being chased • And I picked up the paper in the morning-- they had sunk her, going back to France. A submarine sunk her. It was a cruel war, you know. I'll tell you, there were no guarantees of any laws--they both broke the laws--weren't supposed to sink a ship without giving her notice. And the use of gas--all kinds. They got a lot of men with the gas, crippled them. A lot of them died afterward. Terrible, terrible. She was kind of stiff. One fellow'd take a part, then the next day he'd lose it. Then seize it all back. We had dugouts, like a cellar, here and there--when he wouldn't blow them up. A lot of them were ones we had taken from him. And he knew where they were, and he would fire on them all the time, keep you busy. You'd dig trenches-- find arms, and legs, and heads, and every? thing. Used creoline--used a lot of that. It helped--the smell would kill you. (Do you really remember those days well?) No, not in a way. When they're brought to memory, I kind of remember different things. Tried to forget it--you can't get to sleep.

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