

# **THE WAR OF NATIONS 1914 - 1918**

## **ROY CHANDLER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF WORLD WAR 1**



**Roy Chandler was a prisoner of war in Germany  
during the Great War of 1914-1918.**

**(The prisoners were allowed to go into the town to have their pictures taken.)**

Original

16870

ATTESTATION PAPER.

No.

16870

Folio.

187

CANADIAN OVER-SEAS EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

QUESTIONS TO BE PUT BEFORE ATTESTATION.

(ANSWERS).

- 1. What is your name?..... Roy Dunsterville Chandler
- 2. In what Town, Township or Parish, and in what Country were you born?..... Victoria B.C.
- 3. What is the name of your next-of-kin?..... A. S. Chandler.
- 4. What is the address of your next-of-kin?..... Colquitz B.C.
- 5. What is the date of your birth?..... Oct. 29 - 1893
- 6. What is your Trade or Calling?..... Fruit grower
- 7. Are you married?..... single
- 8. Are you willing to be vaccinated or re-vaccinated?..... Yes
- 9. Do you now belong to the Active Militia?..... Yes
- 10. Have you ever served in any Military Force?.. No  
If so, state particulars of former Service.
- 11. Do you understand the nature and terms of your engagement?..... Yes
- 12. Are you willing to be attested to serve in the CANADIAN OVER-SEAS EXPEDITIONARY FORCE?..... Yes

Roy Chandler was born in 1885.

Roy D. Chandler (Signature of Man).  
R. W. Hawley Cpt (Signature of Witness).

I, Roy Dunsterville Chandler, do solemnly declare that the above answers made by me to the above questions are true, and that I am willing to fulfil the engagements by me now made, and I hereby engage and agree to serve in the Canadian Over-Seas Expeditionary Force, and to be attached to any arm of the service therein, for the term of one year, or during the war now existing between Great Britain and Germany should that war last longer than one year, and for six months after the termination of that war provided His Majesty should so long require my services, or until legally discharged.

Date 13 Sep 1914. Roy D. Chandler (Signature of Recruit)  
R. W. Hawley Cpt (Signature of Witness)

OATH TO BE TAKEN BY MAN ON ATTESTATION.

I, Roy Dunsterville Chandler, do make Oath, that I will be faithful and bear true Allegiance to His Majesty King George the Fifth, His Heirs and Successors, and that I will as in duty bound honestly and faithfully defend His Majesty, His Heirs and Successors, in Person, Crown and Dignity, against all enemies, and will observe and obey all orders of His Majesty, His Heirs and Successors, and of all the Generals and Officers set over me. So help me God.

Date 13 Sep 1914. Roy D. Chandler (Signature of Recruit)  
R. W. Hawley Cpt (Signature of Witness)

CERTIFICATE OF MAGISTRATE.

The Recruit above-named was cautioned by me that if he made any false answer to any of the above questions he would be liable to be punished as provided in the Army Act.  
The above questions were then read to the Recruit in my presence.  
I have taken care that he understands each question, and that his answer to each question has been duly entered as replied to, and the said Recruit has made and signed the declaration and taken the oath before me, at Victoria this 13 day of Sept 1914.

R. W. Hawley Cpt (Signature of Justice)

I certify that the above is a true copy of the Attestation of the above-named Recruit.

R. W. Hawley Cpt (Approving Officer)

7th Batt  
88th Div

Description of Roy Danstwill's Enlistment.

Apparent Age 28 years 11 months.  
(To be determined according to the instructions given in the Regulations for Army Medical Services.)

Distinctive marks, and marks indicating congenital peculiarities or previous disease.

(Should the Medical Officer be of opinion that the recruit has served before, he will, unless the man acknowledges to any previous service, attach a slip to that effect, for the information of the Approving Officer.)

Height 5 ft 7 ins.  
Chest measurement (Girth when fully expanded) 37 1/2 ins.  
Range of expansion 3 ins.

Acroma scar on Groin

Complexion Dark Grey  
Eyes Grey  
Hair Dark

Religious denominations.  
Church of England   
Presbyterian  
Wesleyan  
Baptist or Congregationalist  
Other Protestants (Denomination to be stated.)  
Roman Catholic  
Jewish

I have examined the above-named Recruit and find that he does not present any of the causes of rejection specified in the Regulations for Army Medical Services.

He can see at the required distance with either eye; his heart and lungs are healthy; he has the free use of his joints and limbs, and he declares that he is not subject to fits of any description.

I consider him\* fit for the Canadian Over-Seas Expeditionary Force.

Date Sept 5 1914. J. C. Howard

Place Valcartier Bapt AMC  
Medical Officer.

\*Insert here "fit" or "unfit."

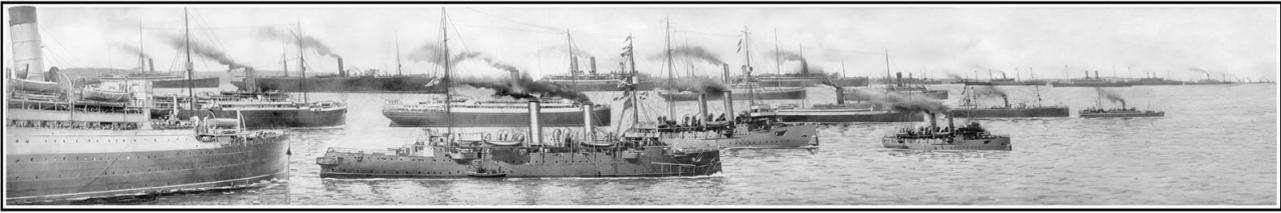
NOTE.—Should the Medical Officer consider the Recruit unfit, he will fill in the foregoing Certificate only in the case of those who have been attested, and will briefly state below the cause of unfitness:—

CERTIFICATE OF OFFICER COMMANDING UNIT.

R. S. Chamberlain having been finally approved and inspected by me this day, and his Name, Age, Date of Attestation, and every prescribed particular having been recorded, I certify that I am satisfied with the correctness of this Attestation.

R. H. Harvey Cpl (Signature of Officer)

Date 13 Sept 1914.



CANADA'S RALLY TO THE EMPIRE – ANSWERING THE CALL OF THE MOTHERLAND

“Canada’s Army setting sail October 1914, to join the British forces operating in Europe against Germany in the War of Nations – commenced August 4<sup>th</sup>, 1914.

Thirty-one Transports, Twenty Battleships with 32,000 officers and men. An event arousing admiration and enthusiasm throughout the British Empire and described by the British Press as ‘Unparalleled since William the conqueror’.”

The following dialogue, pictures and memories were contributed by Roy Chandler’s three children: Peter Bennett Chandler, Louise Denham Baur, Daisy Alicia Stocker

Roy Dunsterville Chandler (R.C.), his daughter Daisy (D.S.) and his son-in-law George Stocker (G.S.) talk about Roy’s experiences during the 1914 – 18 war.

Our thanks to Colin Baur for typing a great deal of this on a typewriter soon after it was recorded.

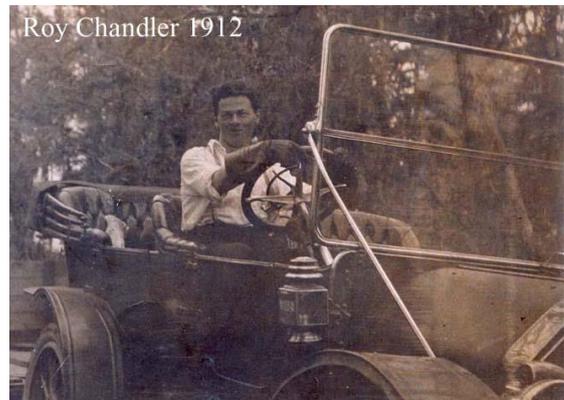
Roy Chandler was 92 when this tape was recorded at his home at 19 Eaton Ave., Victoria, B.C.

(D.S.) Could you tell me about the war that started in 1914? I don’t remember because I wasn’t around.

(R.C.) No, it was before you were even thought of!

(D.S.) The war started and the king put out a call to all of the Commonwealth, didn’t he?

(R.C.) Yes, we had to protect ourselves.



(D.S.) Yes, well what happened then? Tell me about what you did?

(R.C.) I joined up, that’s it... what chance there was.

What was the 7th Battalion? (Historical fact provided by Peter)

When Britain was forced to declare war against Germany Aug 4, 1914, the government and the populace of Canada were immediately overwhelmed with feelings of patriotism to the empire. An identical situation arose in Australia and New Zealand. The message calling for help, sent by King George V aroused the most amazing surge of men volunteering to join the army. Canada had a very small militia of part time volunteers led by a miniscule body of trained nco's and officers, and almost no navy. The sudden huge influx of untrained men becoming soldiers forced the war department to organize them into manageable units for training and identification.

In Britain there were many regiments whose history went back a century or two, though since a hundred years had elapsed between the current hostilities and the Napoleonic wars, a lot of these were little more than skeleton structures. Nevertheless, the sudden influx of men into the army in Britain was managed by adding more battalions to the many regiments. In Canada the sudden expansion was managed by forming battalion sized groups of 600 to 1000 men as fast as they accumulated. There was no time to give them a name, so they were given a number. The first assemblage of men on Vancouver Island was the seventh group registered in Ottawa and was simply designated all through the war as the seventh battalion. Between WW I and WW II, various regimental structures were recognized. A regiment is composed of two or three battalions, and that is what we have today.

(R.C.) The king got ... (help from Canada)

(D.S.) How many people were involved in that?

(R.C.) About 35,000 able-bodied men.

(D.S.) 35,000 Canadians?

(R.C.) If any Americans wanted to come over and join up they were very welcome.

(D.S.) I see, but they were mostly Canadians, weren't they?

(R.C.) Oh yes, to a great extent.



These Canadians were Roy's friends and fellow prisoners of war in Germany in 1915 – 16.



(D.S.) How did they muster that many boats?

(R.C.) ... they just did.

(D.S.) What kind of boats were they?

(R.C.) Mostly ... boats. There are pictures of them. There are some for cattle – horses you know. I wasn't mixed up in that sort of thing – our boat was a regular passenger boat – most of them were passenger boats.

(D.S.) They didn't have any war ships at that time – or they only had a few. Did Canada have any?

(R.C.) She had the Rainbow – that was given to her by Britain some time before the war. She wasn't there at all, she was here in ... (Esquimalt)



(D.S.) The Rainbow didn't go across with the others?

(R.C.) Oh, no. She was an old cruiser. There were some five cruise ships that were with the flotilla. There was another flotilla – I don't know how many were in it – possibly ten miles away. You couldn't see the boats – you could see the smoke. They were there.

(D.S.) What kind of boats were they?

(R.C.) They were likely quite big boats ... just before we got into the old country (England) – the Hull came up, she was one of the biggest – and docked. She came up quite close to us.

(D.S.) And they (the big boats) were kind of guiding the flotilla, were they?

(R.C.) I don't know who was doing the guiding but she (the Hull) was there – we were fairly close to the old country when she showed her nose. You could see ...

(D.S.) You arrived in the Old Country (Britain) and then what happened – did you go directly to Germany?

(R.C.) Oh no, no, no. We were on Salisbury Plains for the rest of the winter, pretty nearly.

(D.S.) I see, what time of year was it when you went over?

(R.C.) The war started, I think it was the 7<sup>th</sup> (2<sup>nd</sup>) of August 1914. (4<sup>th</sup> of August – historical fact) That's when the war started.

(D.S.) You went over sometime in October, did you?

(R.C.) Yes, we did - ... a half train, you see we went to Valcartier - ... we were there – I can't remember the date of when we left but we were in Valcartier, Quebec for pretty well two months.

(Told by Louise as related to her by her father.)

This is a marching tune that was played as the Canadian soldiers trained in Quebec and on the Salisbury Plains in England.

We remember Dad beating out the rhythm of this song from his army days on the bottom of the milk bucket as he went to milk the cows. He only sang the "parley-voo" part.

# Mademoiselle from Armentières

(Armentières March)

By NORMAN F. NICHOLSON

1. Ma - de-moi-selle from Ar-men-tières, "Par - ley voo!" — Ma - de-moi-selle from  
 2. Fa - ther, have you any good wine? "Par - ley voo!" — Fa - ther, have you  
 3. Daugh - ter, I have very good wine, "Par - ley voo!" — Daugh - ter, I have

Ar-men-tières, "Par - ley voo!" — Ma - de-moi-selle from Ar-men-tières, she has-n't been kissed for  
 any good wine? "Par - ley voo!" — Fa - ther, have you any good wine, fit for a sol - dier  
 very good wine, "Par - ley voo!" — Daugh - ter, I have very good wine, fit for a sol - dier

twen - ty years, Ink - y, Pink - y, "Par - ley voo!" — voo! —  
 of the line? Ink - y, Pink - y, "Par - ley voo!" — voo! —  
 of the line, Ink - y, Pink - y, "Par - ley voo!" — voo! —

(D.S.) Then you left and you went across to England and you were in England for the rest of the winter weren't you? Were you training there?

(R.C.) Oh yes.

(D.S.) How did you go...?

(R.C.) Along the main highway you see, the camps were about two miles down from the base – that's where the camps were - on your right – and you faced more or less left – something like that.

(D.S.) How did you go across – how were you taken across the channel?

(R.C.) We went on cattle boats.

(D.S.) Were there a lot of you went at one time?

(R.C.) The whole camp went.

(D.S.) How many men would that be – about?

(R.C.) I'd say 5,000 - Yes, that would be it.

(D.S.) Where did you land in France?

(R.C.) St Nazaire, that was it. (Appendix: Page 31 – 1)



Roy Chandler 1914-18

That was it. That's where there was a bit of a fuss that had the frog-eaters all tearing their hair, rushing around in tug boats of one sort and another, blowing their horns. Waited there after we got in the inner circle. It's right round the breakwater, you know. Circled right round like a fence and then inside that was the way up the river. I couldn't say for sure which river because I never even saw it because we didn't go up it. The captain saw that they were closing things down. They were going to keep us out there all night and tomorrow, Lord knows how long. He just turned around. Swinged around without saying boo to anybody, as far as you could see, and made for the wall. Pulled up alongside the wall. Frog-eaters all shouting and hollering all the time. Paid no attention to them, and tied up. There was a high stone wall and the boats could come right alongside when the tide was right, or whether it wasn't, I don't know about the tide, but they did come right alongside. We went out on shore and after the noise got stilled a bit why we went back on board and stayed the night there.

The next morning we went on board and waited for the train. Bought papers from the boys, news-boys, or bread, or anything like that, you know. They'd come up, and how they ever found you again I don't know. The land curved, you see, all the houses on the waterfront. They'd come right straight up to you with what you'd asked for.

(D.S.) Oh, so you would ask them for it?

(R.C.) You'd give them half a crown, half a franc.

(D.S.) And they would go and get it?

(R.C.) Ya, sure. We didn't go ashore as you might say, into the city for quite a while after we got there, you know, before we went for a rest at all . . . . I can't remember (the name of the town). Two or three are going through my head, but I can't remember for sure . . . . (remembers) . . . . Ypres!

Appendix Pages 35 – 36 – Maps 4, 5, 6, and 7

(DS) And then you went by train – and where did you go to? Where did you go from there?

(RC) Well, there was no particular name – it was fairly open country there – we didn't go ashore, you might say, when we got to the big cities. There were two or three days that I don't remember exactly.

(RC) Yes, it would be quite a long way from the Rhine. We were in France and Belgium, you see.

The little town of Ypres was noted for its butter and eggs and that sort of thing. And it was all . . . . when we got in it was all bashed to pieces. The only thing that was absolutely intact, and still lit up was a shop for wild animal hides, a taxidermist. The rest of the town was pretty well wrecked. But at the taxidermist shop . . . . There it was, all stuff in the windows and the lights were on. The Heinies hadn't been there in force, you see. That was their artillery that had done the damage.

NOTE: “there were also bodies everywhere, you see, that had been scalped.”

This likely refers to the fact that all their weapons and valuables had been stripped from their bodies.

Dad used this phrase when explaining that someone was ripped off.

There's also bodies everywhere, you see, that had been scalped. After we had got there a bit they started using churchyards and packing them in like herrings, everything to get them covered up. We were there first. There was nothing there. There was just the people in the trenches. The town was practically destroyed entirely. We were there. That was the first place we took over. Well, nothing very much happened there.

They threw a few bombshells. As far as you could see there was nothing but soot in them. They landed close by and they didn't seem to do any damage to anything. They hardly exploded. It was supposed to be something like a gas attack, but it wasn't anything dangerous. Why they did it I don't know.

We were staying on the old lines that had been made by the British and French. First of all the British and the French had advanced quite a long way into France.

(Told by Peter as related to him by his father.)

At some point early in the 2nd battle of Ypres, near St. Julian, it was early morning and the forward trenches had been told 'Stand to' in expectation of an attack by the opposing German forces. Dad said that food for breakfast had not arrived. His words were, "There was this young fella, son of a Victoria preacher, couldn't have been more than 18; well he kept complaining that he sure was hungry. I always kept a crust or two of bread in my kit, so I fished them out and said, 'Here you are; quit complaining'. Next thing I knew, the young fella with the crust in his mouth and blood pouring from his head fell over against me. He slithered down, leaving a great blood smear on me as he collapsed. A sniper had seen his head above the trench and had put a bullet through him. The attack never happened that morning, but one after another the sniper killed six men. I thought, 'somebody's got to do something', so I carefully pushed my rifle and my head up so I could maybe see where this blighter was hiding. I was having a look when something hit me so hard I was knocked off my perch and fell backwards, right over to the other side of the trench. I thought, 'I've been hit', and wondered if I was still alive, and figured I must at least have a hole in me, so I looked, and all I had was bruises, but the bayonet was hanging down at an angle and was nearly sheared off. That bird doing the sniping had fired at the little shiny spot on the gun muzzle close to where the bayonet attaches. The impact on the gun against my shoulder knocked me over. The bullet bounced off and hit a big buckle on my chest and bounced again off that. After I pulled myself together I figured I could go down the trench a way and crawl out from a different angle and maybe have a better look for who was giving us all this trouble. I watched and then lo and behold I saw something move, so when he poked his head up a bit to aim at our trench, I drew a bead on him and put a bullet through his head. After a while I crawled over to have a look, and there he was, a young fella, maybe eighteen, just like one of us. I felt real bad then, and I always have".

What happened after that? You were near the border of Belgium and France – What happened next?

(RC) We took over a section of the trenches.

(DS) Were the trenches already made?

(RC) We took over the trenches that had been made Lord knows when.

(Told by Louise as related to her by her father.)

I don't know when this happened, 1915 probably, but Dad told me about being "holed up with the boys and surrounded in a barn full of cows. The poor cows were all bawling and making "an awful ruckus" because they hadn't been milked for several days. Dad said that he and another soldier filled the boy's mugs, but had to milk the rest onto the barn floor.



Name not known

The poison gas attack at 2nd Ypres. - (Told by Peter as related to him by his father.)

Dad said that his battalion had been in the front trenches for perhaps a week or two when Command ordered them to move a couple of miles to the rear for a day or so to get a rest. Among others, the Winnipeg Black Devils battalion was moved in to take their place. The next morning the Germans released clouds of chlorine gas from tanks they had installed all along the front, because the wind was right for their purpose.

The forces on the left of the Canadians were French colonial African troops. These men were good soldiers but they panicked at the sight and smell of the gas and ran to the rear in a hopeless rout. Dad said that from where he was, they could see yellowish clouds but thought it was explosions of lyddite shells which produce a yellow smoke. Then they saw the French colonial troops rushing away from the front in panic; some riding on artillery horses, most running, many gasping as they ran. Right away the 7th was ordered to return to the front as fast as possible, and try to fill the gap left by the unfortunate French colonial Africans. When they got there in the dark, the Canadian trenches were full of bodies turned greenish and living men half blind, choking, gasping up bloody mucous, but still at their posts. Passing along to the sector just vacated, there were only the dead, with German soldiers threatening to occupy the place. The 7th managed to reoccupy these trenches. The German command had been so convinced that their enemy would all be dead that their troops were told to just walk in and take over. They were shocked to be met with strong gunfire and forced to return. The next morning the whole Canadian and British front consolidated by moving back a few trenches in an orderly manner.

Dad did not inhale any gas because the heavy chlorine gas had settled and dissolved in the mud.

Dad told me that he was in a small platoon of riflemen who accompanied these two officers on their scouting of what lay on the other side of the hill. He said, "Hart-McHarg, a big man, a lawyer from a prominent Victoria family refused to take cover. The rest of us were crouching along in the ditch, but he insisted on striding down the middle of the road, contemptuous of the risk. As soon as the Heinies saw us, they opened fire and McHarg took a bullet through his lower gut. Yeh, we found out what was on the other side! Odlum took over there and over the whole of the 7<sup>th</sup> Battalion from then on. The rest of us managed to scuttle back through the ditches and under the hedges."

This, as I recall my father telling me,

Peter

Jan. 29, 2009



Prisoner of war -1914-18

(RC) Suddenly the warning went out that we (the British and French) were being enveloped. The Heinies were moving around us so we started moving back.

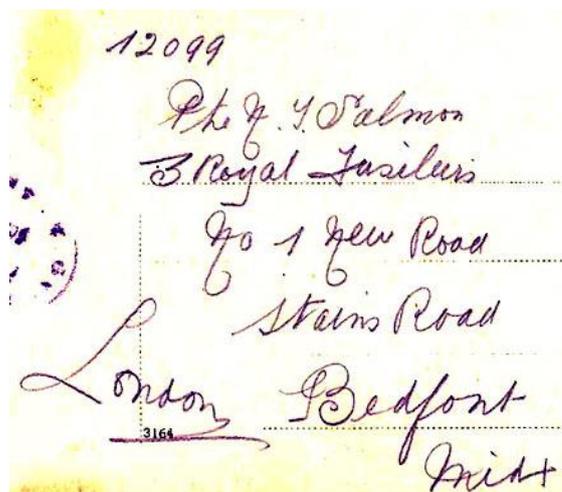
(RC) Hi George, have a chair. (George arrives)

(RC) So there was nothing else to do but keep moving back to stop the Heinies from surrounding us. (the British and French) They were rushed right straight towards Paris. They had to grab something and keep going – there was no forward formation at all. They got to within about three miles of Paris and they stopped. I suspect that they called into Paris for support. After about two or three days they (the British and French) attacked and chased the Heinies back – that's the way the story goes. The place where we landed is where they were with the Heinies on one side and we were on the other and there they (the Heinies) stayed for years.

We were in the Old Country at that time. The strange thing is that the Heinies that had been so good at chasing, were just as good at running.

NOTE: When Dad and I finished the recording he asked me to be sure to add this: "The group that retreated from the Germans towards Paris and some days later made the Germans retreat back to the Rhine. They were called the "Contemptibles" by the Germans."

(Appendix Page 35 – 36)



(DS) How long did you stay in Belgium in the trenches where you first were?

(RC) I couldn't say – Maybe a month. We moved along the line.

(Told by George as related to him by his father-in-law.)

Roy had a great respect for the German people. Over the years, he often mentioned this and we heard many examples of their fairness. He said that when they were in the muddy trenches, they often thought about the Germans at the other side, firing on them, and wondered about the whole situation of killing each other.

Two examples come to mind. He said that one day, a German soldier held up his bayonet with a white rag attached. After a time the German crawled out of the trench, waving the white flag like mad. He crawled across the muddy no-man's land and came into their trenches. "You'd better keep your heads down tonight, boys", he said. "The top brass are coming to inspect the trenches, and

there'll be a lot of shit flying around ten o'clock!" With that the German soldier took his flag – bayonet and crawled back to his trenches. Roy said that, sure enough, at about ten o'clock there was a terrific barrage of shells flying at them.

Another time, the soldiers on both sides were feeling very low, because it was Christmas Eve. Suddenly without any prior arrangement at all, the soldiers crawled out of their trenches and met in no-man's land and had a drink together, taking a recess in the terrible fighting because it was Christmas.

(DS) It was a year later from the time you went over that you were taken prisoner, wasn't it? Tell me about when you were taken prisoner. (Appendix Page 31 – 3)

(RC) Oh, when they surrendered at St.Julien. The captain had no alternative. He had held it there for months. Practically lost all his men. When we came through in the middle of the night they were British, and they were scattered around like quail.

That's how we came to be prisoners, when the captain said, "I haven't got any men." The next night the captain, he's Northwood, he said, "We'll get away tonight."

Before it was anything like dark the Heinies appeared, with prisoners they'd picked up along the way, all lined up in front of them.

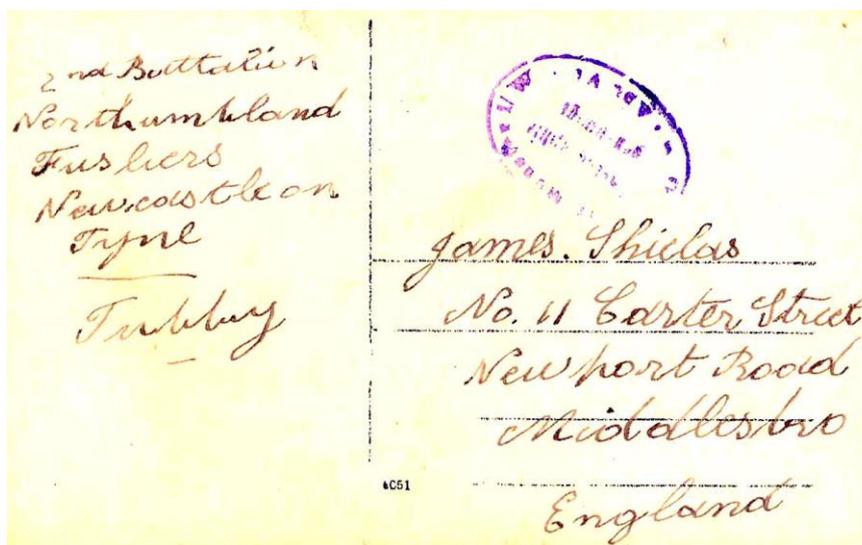
The captain said, "We can't fire at that. We can't fire and kill our own men."

Besides we couldn't hope to win and there was nothing else to do but surrender, and we did.

"Put down your arms," he said. "Lay down your arms." That was it.



Prisoner of war -  
1914-18



They acted exactly the same as our bunch would in the same position. They were decent chaps. One fellow, he asked for my cap badge, First British Columbia badge. That was quite a big thing. He asked in a pleasant way and I said, "Sure, help yourself." He wanted a souvenir. If he managed to get it home or not I don't know. That's the way. They were just that way. There was nothing out of the way about it.

(D.S.)      Something interesting happened to you just before you were taken prisoner. You had taken your boots to have them fixed.

Oh, that's maybe a week before. The second night after the first gas attack. We were billeted in a barn, a stable, a house where there was cows there. The women had to get out because the shelling was too heavy. And they managed to get back. I don't think they were hurt. Even if they ran into the Germans they wouldn't be hurt.

(RC)

Sergeant Major Philpots came up to me and said, "I want you to come with me and take ammunition into St. Julien." I said, "I want my boots! These gumboots, they don't fit and they're sweating my feet out and if I don't get them tomorrow, I never will get them." He said, "We'll go back at eleven o'clock, guaranteed!"

I had to go, that's all there was to it. At eleven o'clock we were there still at St. Julien discussing the matter. I was going to remind him, the Sergeant Major, that he promised I'd get them back no matter what.

We were only a few feet away, maybe fifteen, twenty feet away from where the Sergeant Major was talking to the captain and what not. I started toward him. I got about half-way and a voice sounded from, it felt like it was directly overhead. Voice said: "Remember, you're a soldier. Do as you're told!" Now that's a fact! Where that voice came from I still don't know. Eileen, of course she puts it down to the Almighty. I went back. I turned right 'round without a second thought and went right back to the ranks. What happened to that voice? As far as I know nobody else heard it. I often wonder about it, whether they had some fella that could ..... what you call them?

NOTE:  
"Eileen"  
Bennett  
was his  
sister-in-law.

(D.S.) A ventriloquist?

(R.C.) Yeh, Yeh. It's not impossible.  
It can be done but I really don't know.

(D.S.) Where did they take you when they took you prisoner? Where did you go?

Prisoner of war: (Told by Peter as related to him by his father.)

On the day they were taken prisoner, they were searched for weapons, and in the process it was found that one man had in his possession a 'dum dum' cartridge. A dum dum is a cartridge holding a bullet that is scored or flattened across the tip so that when it strikes a body, it expands violently causing great tissue damage rather than making just a neat hole. The Geneva conventions of the rules of warfare prohibited such ammunition. Dad said that some bored soldier had whittled a bullet with his pocket knife for lack of something better to do, and the young German officer made a big fuss over the discovery.

He was a very officious young man, obviously looking for a promotion, so he announced that all the prisoners had contravened the Geneva conventions, and as punishment should all be executed. They were made to stand at attention in a field waiting for a firing squad.

Fortunately the officer decided that he had better get authorization before implementing his judgment, and eventually a very senior officer came by. He took one look and announced that the young officer must be mad. "What, kill these healthy young men? You will send them to the Ruhr Valley coal mines to work. Everyone must know they are short of workers there".

I asked Dad what he was thinking while waiting to be shot. "Well, I just figured that since I had been shooting at them, it was fair enough for them to shoot us, I guess!

(RC) ...he (the senior German officer) spoke in superb German. There wasn't any trouble with that to understand everything he said. One boss came in questioning him about one thing or another. He (the senior officer) said he (the boss) didn't know how to speak German. It's the same in the Old Country too, (dialects) all filled up with a lot of rubbish.

(R.C.) About three days on the train. It's quite a big city. I don't think I can tell you the name of it.

(NOTE) Dad was likely taken to Munster.

He was also in the area of Bottrop and Osterfeld.

The red lines on the 1950's map below show the railways.



Munster is to the north-east – not shown on this map.  
(You can see Osterfeld and Bottrop in the upper left side of the map).

Dad's journal shows that he was in three prison camps:  
Rembahn Camp, Laeger 2, near Munster, Westphalia,  
Jacobischachte 1/11, Osterfeld i, Westfalia, Germany  
Gefangenenlager 2, Munster, Westphalia

Quite a big, big city. And then from there just marched down to where the works were. They were practically new. It was all new workings. Nice place. Nice regular toilets and tremendous baths. You wouldn't be able to recognize a man at the other end, you see. About twenty thousand drops ... with slopes, and ropes, and rocks. You'd put your clothes on them and pull them up in the rafters. We were in a separate one, our group, some of the fellas. The baths were done up about eight feet high with glazed tiles. It must have been used by the upper class in the mines. But you couldn't go in there, you see, without turning on somewhere in the neighbourhood of twenty taps. I often had to do it on the night shift there, in the morning, you see, go in there and have a shower.

(DS) And you had to turn on twenty?

(R.C.) Well that was the least. All nice hot water - and lots of it. They took water out of the mines and they used the exhaust steam. There were sixteen boilers that they used for compression, you see. Everything was run with compression. The only things that used electricity were at the heads of the shafts. Down in the mines everything was run with compressed air. Locomotives... compressed air in their engines. The same with everything - drills they just hook on.

(R.C.) The main way (the main hallway of the mine was huge and airy) there was room for two tracks and they (the Germans) were so opposed to explosions. There wasn't particularly much gas in the mines. I never saw any at all.

The mines would have looked something like this. These men were not prisoners.



(G.S.) They had big steam compressors I guess, eh?

Steam engines, yeh. See they had lots of coal. They didn't buy coal. Lots of coal. It would be second grade coal with bits of rock. The same with the buildings where they just had these big round stoves. Unlimited coal. Also nice modern rows of toilets. You'd get better service there than you'd get in the Old Country.

(Told by George as related to him by his father-in-law.)

Roy Chandler, in talking to his son-in-law, George Stocker, spoke about going to the dentist, while he was a prisoner.

He said that the German dentist was impressed with the quality of dentistry he saw in Roy's mouth. George was amazed that a prisoner had been allowed to go to the dentist, something incredible in later conflicts. "Why of course we went to the dentist," Roy replied. "They sent a guard along with us."

George, being a dentist, asked: "How did you pay?"

"Why we paid him alright," was the reply. "We had a bank account in the town, so we were able to pay for things."

This is another example of why Roy had such admiration for the fairness of the German people.

(Told by Peter as related to him by his father.)

Father was a prisoner in the Ruhr valley coal mines for over three years. He gave the German people full credit for treatment that in those days would be classed as humane and fair anywhere in the West. He noted that the turnip bread and thin cabbage soup they were fed was exactly the same as what the general populace lived on. He was impressed at the high level of law, order and fair play he experienced. Prisoners were required to work in the mines along with German men who somehow had escaped the draft into the army, but while at work he was not abused. He never had anything harsh to say about the German people. He quite liked them because as he said, "They're no different to us, and as far as their soldiers killing ours on the battlefield, they were just doing the job they were given, the same as we were."

Regardless of how he was treated, he never lost sight of the fact that he was a soldier of the British Empire who was at war with Germany, and he believed it to be a soldier's duty to give no comfort to the enemy. He was proud of the fact that he never contributed a single hour of productive labour. He always managed to look busy but accomplish nothing.

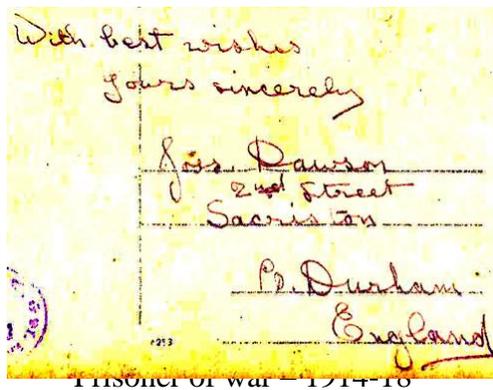
(Told by Daisy as related to her by her father.)

Dad was impressed by German law. He told us the story about the guard who was beating up one of the English prisoners. The prisoner went to the supervisor of the mine who then charged the guard with abuse. When the guard appeared in court some time later the judge said, "I understand you like beating up the Englishmen? Is that so?"

The prisoner acknowledged that it was true.

"All right, said the judge, "We'll send you go to the Western front where you'll have many opportunities."

These men were prisoners of war in Germany – 1914-18





Bill Connelly  
Stanley  
New Castle



James Oliver  
Hoydon Lodge  
Sherborne  
Dorset  
England

W. Laverick  
No. 21, Edward Square  
Chesters - 6-Street  
Durham  
4746



(Told by Peter as related to him by his father.)

At some point in his incarceration, he must have developed a mild depression. I recall one of his old comrades I spoke with at the funeral service telling me how Dad tried to break his own arm in the mine by having a big rock drop on it, and how disappointed he was that all he got was a bruise. It was well known that injured men would be taken to the local hospital and while there as a patient would get better food than either prisoners or the townspeople.



Remhahn Camp  
(address)  
Owestphalia

I believe that being a prisoner of war unquestionably saved his life. His battalion was decimated so many times and rebuilt with men from other decimated units or with fresh troops from home, that very few originals survived the war. Those who were wounded were sent to Britain to be treated for their injuries, then sent back to their unit. Only hopelessly injured men were sent home.

## Members of the British Theatrical Club while in prison – 1914 - 1918

(Told by Louise as related to her by her father.)

We used to hear our Dad singing “Clementine” – He was truly no singer but we all learned about the “miner forty-niner and his daughter, Clementine”.

That was his stage contribution when the prisoners put on a Christmas concert.



(Told by Peter as related to him by his father.)  
The Russian prisoner of war.

Sometime after Dad was put into the prison camp at the coal mines near Munster, he realized that prison life there was a multicultural society. He felt sorry for the Russians who arrived with even less in clothing and boots than he had. He became friends with a younger Russian and shared with him the contents of food parcels Dad had arranged to have sent in via the Red Cross from a bakery in Edinburgh. When he made the arrangements and how he paid for it, I never knew.

He speaks now as if the parcels were regular, but he told me many years ago that they took months to arrive, They were sporadic, and that many of them had mould on the biscuits. He found that as long as the mould was the common green type, it was safe to eat the food; just don't eat it if the mould was yellow or black. The Russian felt he wanted to do something for Dad, so became his 'batman'. We don't hear this term today, but it refers to someone in the military who cleans and polishes your boots, washes your clothes and generally takes care of personal chores for an individual.

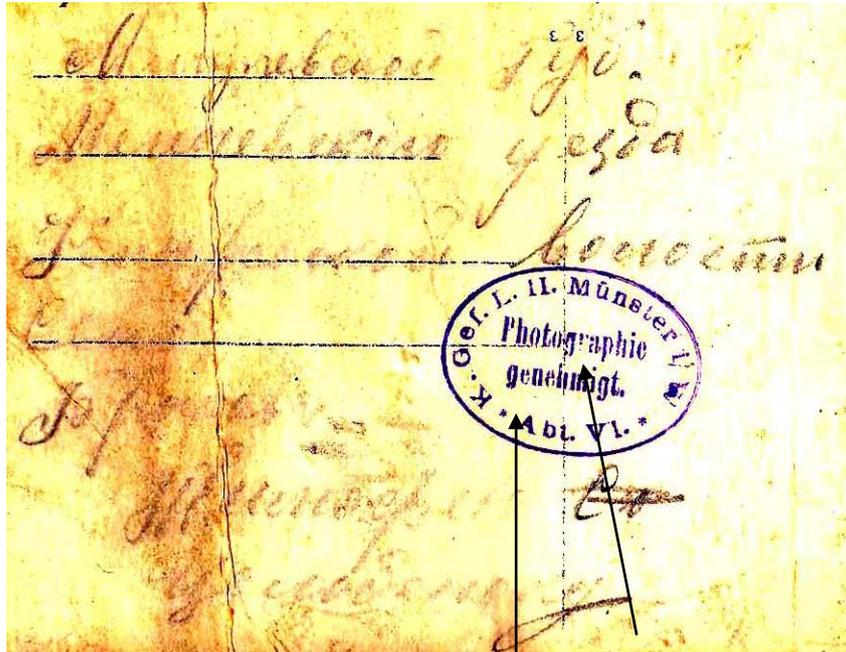
The Russian army in WW I was notoriously poorly supplied, probably because of graft at higher levels. Men were sent to fight against well supplied German troops where the Russians had only one rifle to be shared between four men. When their boots fell apart, there were no replacements, so soldiers wrapped their feet in rags. They died in droves and surrendered in great numbers. Indeed, why fight when you'll be better treated as a prisoner of the enemy?



Many years later, Dad remembered the man fondly and sometimes used Russian words to describe things. He wondered if poor Johann ever made it home to his village somewhere East of the Ural mountains.

(Told by Louise as related to her by her father.)

I remember Dad telling an incident about his friend Johann (“the Russian”). Johann received no parcels but he got a letter from his wife who was very upset about the bull on the family’s farm – she said it was wild and unmanageable, so what should she do? Dad remembered Johann’s problem with empathy many years later.



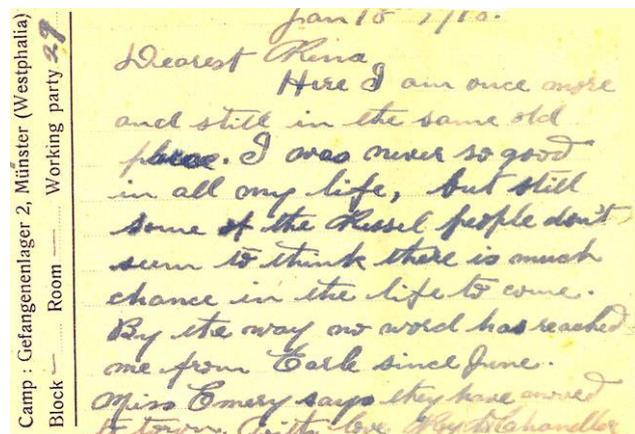
(Photography approved)  
Abteilung V1 (Division V1)

Prisonerscamp 2 Munster in Westfalia



Geprüft (checked)

(Prisonerpackage)



NOTE: Rena was Roy’s sister.

Mechthild, Louise's daughter-in law translated this. She says it is a credit voucher for work done. The name of the mine is stamped and signed at the bottom.

"Roy Chandler has a credit of 5 marks and 65 pfennings."

*Gülden*

Chandler Roy hat eine Gülden  
 5,65 M fünfzig Pfennig

Sümpf Markt in fünfzig Pfennig

Verdient am 5. Sept 1915

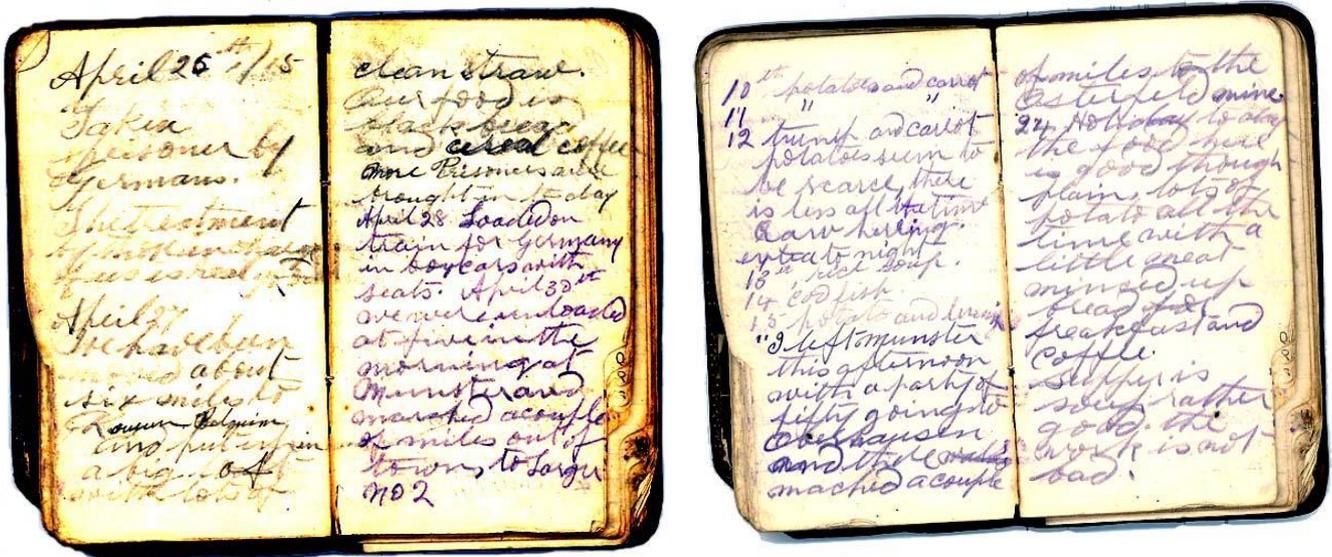
**JACOBISCHÄCHTE I/II**  
 Osterfeld i. Westf.

*Kowaczek*  
 Kommandant

(Told by Louise as related to her by her father.)

Dad never had anything to say against the German people. He always said that they were fair and honest, law abiding - and no different from us.

### ROY CHANDLER'S JOURNAL



10<sup>th</sup> potatoes and carrots  
 11<sup>th</sup> " " "  
 12<sup>th</sup> turnip and carrot  
 potatoes seem to  
 be scarce, there  
 is less all the time  
 than we had in  
 Sept to night  
 13<sup>th</sup> red soup  
 14<sup>th</sup> red soup  
 15<sup>th</sup> potatoes and turnip  
 "I left Münster  
 this afternoon  
 with a party of  
 fifty going to  
 Oberhausen  
 and the evening  
 smacked a couple

of miles to the  
 Esterfeld mine  
 22<sup>nd</sup> No today to day  
 the food here  
 is good though  
 plain, lots of  
 potato all the  
 time with a  
 little great  
 minced up  
 bread and  
 breakfast and  
 coffee.  
 Slippy is  
 sleep rather  
 good. the  
 work is not  
 bad.

Dec 7 They tried  
 to make us all  
 night and all  
 day. But one  
 had them  
 to it.  
 They made 11  
 of us stand  
 by an the plate  
 for 40 minutes  
 though the  
 sargeant said  
 we would stay  
 there all night  
 we all said  
 that was good

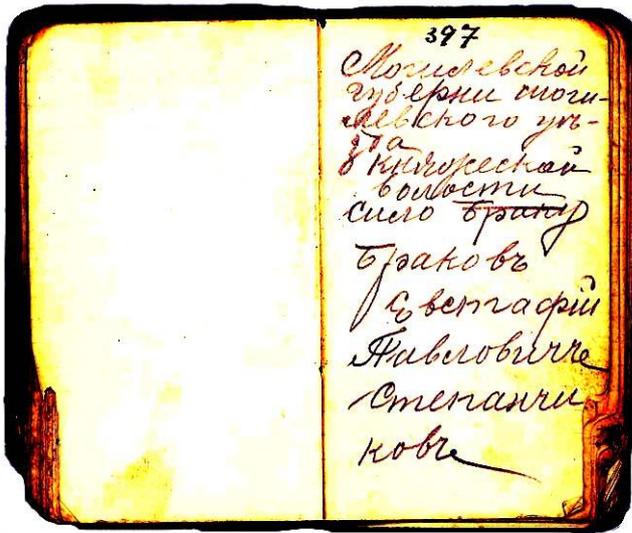
they took the  
 great coats off  
 those that had  
 any.

January 14<sup>th</sup> 1916  
 I came back sick  
 about seven AM  
 and went down to  
 the sick parade  
 to the doctor. The  
 doc. gave me M.D.  
 and the same to  
 Oliver ( )  
 The sargeant said  
 work at 1 AM. we  
 said no. He sent us  
 over the works  
 after dinner we  
 refused to work  
 and were brought  
 back and put in  
 a cell in the cello

There we stayed for  
 48 hours without  
 a wash. Sunday  
 we were brought  
 out on parade we  
 still refused to work.  
 The sargeant (this  
 we should see the  
 doc. in the morning  
 which have die, he  
 gave us med. and  
 light work. We still  
 refused work. 19  
 down to the cell  
 we went. Next  
 morning med. ration  
 came down.

17<sup>th</sup> April  
 fifty men  
 are striking today  
 the workers decided  
 in night set  
 to go home.  
 The work kind people  
 are very discontented  
 with the poor  
 food and hard  
 work

April 15 1917  
 The mine workers are  
 out on strike. The  
 bread for their families  
 has been cut down

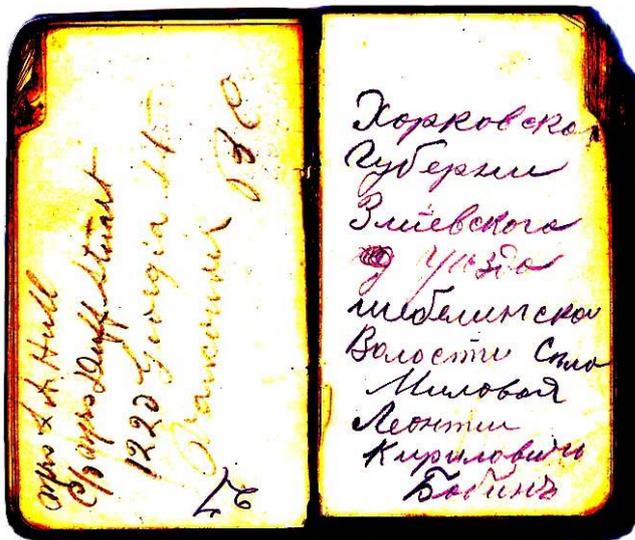


Mogilevskaya **Guberniya**  
 (Administrative Unit)  
 Mogilevskiy **Uyezd**  
 (Administrative subdivision)  
 Knyazhsкая **Volost** (District)  
 Brakov Village

Evgeniy (First name)  
 Pavlovich (Patronymic name taken  
 after the father)  
 Stepanchykov (Family name)

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Guberniya>

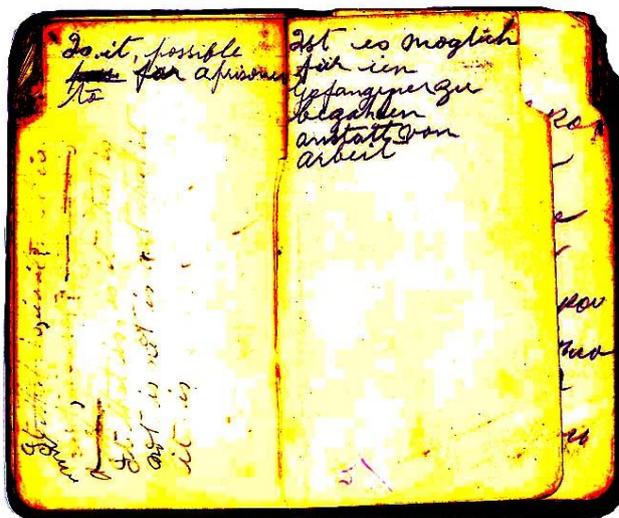
Translated by Olga Minko.



Kharkovskaya **Guberniya**  
 Zmiyevskiy **Uyezd**  
 Shebelinskaya **Volost**  
 Milovaya **Village**

Leontiy (First name)  
 Kirilovich (Patronymic name taken  
 after the father)  
 Bobin (Family name)

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Volost>



1<sup>st</sup> es möglich  
 (Is it possible)  
 für ein  
 (for a)  
 gefangener  
 (prisoner to)  
 cezahlen (pay)  
 anstatt von arbeit  
 (instead of work.)

(D.S.) What about when you escaped from the mines?

We were supposed to go down the mines the next day. The little bunch of eight or nine of us who more or less spoiled the jobs. Put things on the bum whenever possible. They'd been picked out carefully. We were supposed to go down the mines on Monday morning. We had objected to going down the mines before and they hadn't bothered very much about it.

(R.C.) We had everything stored and ready to go. Our clothes had been specially tailored or else we'd look like prisoners. We were prisoners, you see, but we managed to give them to a tailor. Prisoners slept in clothes but generally they went to a tailor. So they (clothes) were quietly hidden away. We waited a bit. There were four of us. We decided it was time to go if possible so we got all ready. We didn't get any orders to pick coal – went and got their numbers – always got a number for a job. Handed over their numbers.

They (Germans) seemed to suspect something because they pat down your legs. Seldom ever done that before. Began to know they might catch us, but No! Me and the . . . . we went to work on the screens. You know, the coal comes up on screens and the stones, broken stones, are picked out of it and thrown onto another screen that takes it away.

Come around eleven o'clock and that was time for lunch. Go down and get hot water. Certain stream down there where you could get hot water for cocoa or something like that. So we decided on that. We'd go one at a time, fifteen minutes apart. It was decided who would go first and last. The whole thing was settled and there was a break in the wire in the fence down the road where there was practically nobody there . . . . leading into a sorta semi-wild meadow.

It was about a six foot fence with these wires stuck out. The wire was broken, you see.

(G.S.) And it was barbed wire, was it?

Yeh, but it was broken and you could get through there with no trouble at all and drop down about six feet. I was the last one that went and after I got down the bottom of the meadow where there were bushes, the boys were down there waiting. There was a lot of talk for a few minutes. Luckily it was a heavy fog. You couldn't see anything. If you leaned down, crouched down on the earth you wouldn't see anybody fifty feet away.

I started off on my own. The others fellas . . . . two were going together and another fella, Wilson, he was going alone also. But we didn't go together. I said it was too much. Our tongues would give us away. They hear your tongue and they know who you are. Travelled at night. Slept in the morning. Chocolate and smokes.

(D.S.) Just Chocolate and smokes?

Well they did have some bread. Hunger wasn't a thing that bothered you at all. Came down to the river. I never did know the name of it, but it was nice warm water. That's all I did know. It was suddenly come on that it was getting light and I knew I ought to be under cover.

I'd crossed a highway just a little before and I ran right into this bloomin' river. I didn't know it was there. There was a town that you could hear distinctly further on down the track.

I was three nights on the road. So I got daring and went up to the road. I knew that people could be easily going down, or up (the road) along the side of the river, you see. It wasn't a very wide one, maybe about seventy-five feet. So I went hunting for cover. It had been sorta slashed and there was small oak trees sprouting there and things like that. All I could find was one where the branches hung over. There was no cover worth a damn. There was nothing else for me to do. Traffic was starting on the road. I couldn't go back where there was cover over the road, up in the bush. I was trapped so I just had to lay down there.

I was lighting a smoke and just as I was lighting the smoke a fella appeared on the riverbank. Sharp, black eyes that could pierce through anything. I said, "oh you damn fool." I had to go start lighting fires. I expected him to nab me, but he just disappeared.

(D.S.) He didn't see you?

He never was there. He never was there!

(RC) I saw him later on.

I swam that river and then I knew where the railway track was I'd been laying all day and I could hear the traffic going all day. I knew where it was. There was a guard nearby also. I could hear them answering every half mile or something like that. Anyway, I crawled over the railway tracks on my hands and knees on broken rock and got up and kept on going.

The last two nights, the first one was foggy, the last two were brilliant starlight nights with a North Star blazing! Different from what it does here. Much more so. A much brighter star. I suppose a little closer to the actual north. Anyway, I just kept one eye on that star and the other on the road. Fell into a dozen or two more ditches.

I could look over and see the lights from the coke ovens. The first night that's all you had to go by was the ovens. I knew if I turned my back to the coke ovens ..... were there all the time, you see, I'd be going fairly north.

(D.S.) So you used the North Star and the coke ovens. The coke ovens behind you and the North Star up ahead.

They (ovens) would disappear after awhile, you see, but the old North Star didn't disappear and I just kept on going until it was getting light again. I'd crossed the river and I was . . . . I guess I'd gone another ten miles. I made about ten miles a night. Unfortunately I stopped because it was getting light. I could just hear, less than a hundred yards over, I could see the road running north and I could see a pole and a sign on it, you know. They had big signs on the road for directions. Great big ones.

Dead silence everywhere. It was early morning and it was too light to go out. I decided to do the wrong thing. I decided I'm gonna see where that road runs. I was just really trying to decipher it. All I could really see was nach and that was to, you know. Then there was crunching gravel. I looked around and there was a postman. He jumped off his bike and had a line on me. He was the same fella that I saw on the river! Funny. Hard to believe, but these thing do happen.

(DS) What happened – did they take you back to the prison camp?

(RC) Eventually... a chance to escape again – I certainly would have jumped at it – I wasn't going to be nasty - they put me into a sort of a little room on the side of the... It had evidently been a farm - they had Russian prisoners of war working there. They put me in there for a while until they moved me.

(RC) We had about two miles to go – It was the same fellow I saw at the river as far as I could make out.

(DS) So they took you back to the prison camp.

(RC) Oh yes, we went back on the train. I had something to eat.

(Told by George as related to him by his father-in-law.)

In this account Roy Chandler makes his experience as a prisoner sound very nice. He had, however, told us previously that he was put into solitary dark cells for three weeks when he returned to the prison camp. He explained that he picked a tiny piece out of the board wall to provide a tiny speck of light. Although he seldom talked about it, he lived on black bread and water during that time.

(I (Daisy) understand that this was after his time in the dark cells.)

(R.C.) Old Bill was there – he didn't have anything – he got upset with a Scotman that we were bunked in together with. ... He (the Scot) wouldn't do any work, that was the trouble – in the way of cooking and washing dishes. He tried to get away with it. So I wrote to ... and said she'd better write to the chief of police there in Edinburgh – make arrangements with him to have packages sent.

(DS) So you had packages coming in?

(RC) Oh yes, all the time. (Once again he makes it sound good, but it's our understanding that they weren't frequent and were always shared with the other prisoners.)

(DS) What was in the packages?

(RC) Oh just the regular you know. ... cookies of some sort and some kind of canned meat and some chocolate.

(DS) Maybe some tea or coffee?

(RC) Oh yes. ... you could keep long johns, a pair of gum boots that I had on and a pair of clogs. When they captured a man they left everything he had on – that was his. Nobody touched it. That was the law. That was the way it was – we never lost anything.

(Told by Peter Chandler as related to him by his father.)

He told me with very strong conviction, "In the whole time I was over there, there was never a time when my life was worth a plug nickel." In other words he lived in the realization that he might die momentarily from any one of a variety of causes.

Our Dad – W.W. 1 1914-1918 (Told by Louise as related to her by her father.)

When we were children – and even in later years we heard very little of Dad's experiences during the war. I'm sure we felt it was something we shouldn't ask about.

Most of the incidents I remember were times when he was talking to Mom and I listened in. There was only once that I remember that he said anything directly about the war to me, and that was just before he went into the Veteran's Hospital, just before he died. He told me that there was a sniper who was "picking off our boys" and had to be stopped, and how he and the sniper came suddenly face to face. It was "him or me" he said. Dad was so disturbed. I hope I said the right thing.

I know only bits and pieces of his ordeal with the German firing squad – only that when they were captured, a dum dum bullet was found on one of the men in his platoon, that they were all ordered shot, that they were lined up in front of a firing squad, that a senior German officer arrived and stopped the action, that he had them sent back to work in the mines in the city of Bottrop – so little I know. One spot in all of this – Dad said that when they got to the mine they were ordered into the showers. He said he would never forget the wonderful hot water.

Sometimes we would hear little snatches about the war, but so few details. We heard him refer to escapes from the prison camp, swimming the river (the Rhine?), the North Star, capture when he climbed a signpost to read directions, the weeks in dark cells, the cave-in at the mine, the Iron Cross, Red Cross parcels, something about his boots.

Regarding the cave-in at the mine, I remember hearing from Dad that he was working on the coal when the tunnel – roof – started to buckle. He grabbed the guard shoving him out of the way of the fall. The man realized that he had not been attacked, but his life saved. The next day he told Dad that there was an Iron Cross for sale in a shop in the village. I never heard how it was purchased.

Then there was the first gas attack. I believe Dad's (platoon, regiment?), had just completed time at the front and were having several scheduled days' rest behind the lines, when the attack came. He said they saw the Algerians, "poor devils" running back toward them blinded and choking with the gas. – there must be so much more.



German Iron Cross

A little detail comes to mind: Dad was telling Mom about a German retreat. (They had forgotten I was there) He said something like this – “Jerry was tearing down the road and our boys were chasing right after him.” And I shouted out, “Did they catch him?” They laughed and laughed! I was about 9 and was totally mortified. It was years before I knew who “Jerry” was.

(Told by Louise as related to her by her father.)

Einar Dalgas was Dad’s army friend. He was from Denmark where he had been trained as a professional soldier. I don’t know where or how they met, but their friendship continued after the war. Mr. Dalgas was important to Dad’s life, he was my godfather, and Daisy’s second name Alicia, was his wife’s name. After WW1 he worked in B.C. as a surveyor and joined the army again in WW2. He was killed overseas at the end of the war.

I wrote to Mrs. Dalgas after Dad died and she wrote a lovely letter back, dated November 1980. she said in part: “...I read your letter and wept for the loss of a good and faithful friend... I remember the visit they (Mom and Dad) made after I came to live in Nelson and how Roy searched the town to find a lily to put on the cenotaph in memory of Dalgas. He said they had promised each other, somewhere in the mud and slime of Flanders, to put a lily on the grave of the one who would be the first to die... Nor would anyone believe that Roy would reach the age he did. He looked so bad when he first came home that we never expected he would survive long...”

(Told by Peter as related to him by his father.)

The Red Chevron Society was inclusive of only those men who had survived WWI and had been a member of one of the battalions of volunteers who had joined the army in Canada and had gone overseas as part of the 1st CEF. (First Canadian Expeditionary Force) comprised of 32,000 men in Oct. 1914. These men were quietly proud of their record of service and were entitled to wear a small red chevron on the lapel of their jacket. Although there was a group in most Canadian cities, their numbers were small because so few survived the four years of war. Father was not a 'joiner', but he did belong to the Red Chevrons, and once a year they would meet for dinner in a hall somewhere in Victoria. When he died in 1980 at the age of 94, the six surviving members of the Victoria group came to his memorial service. Each in turn rose, strode to the casket and saluted him. This was their soldier's farewell to their fallen comrade. The society was wound up a few years later when the very few men left could no longer participate. To my knowledge the few assets of the society became part of the Royal Canadian Legion.

Red Chevron pin



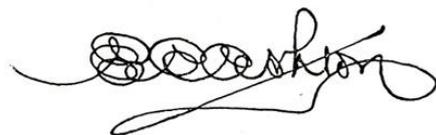
Sir,—

I am directed by the Honourable the Minister of Militia and Defence to forward, with his compliments and congratulations, the enclosed certificate recording that, during the War of 1914-1918, you were mentioned in Despatches, and that His Majesty the King has expressed his high appreciation of the services you rendered.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,



Major-General,  
Adjutant-General.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

1918.

The Queen joins me in welcoming you on your release from the miseries & hardships, which you have endured with so much patience & courage.

During these many months of trial, the early rescue of our gallant Officers & Men from the cruelties of their captivity has been uppermost in our thoughts.

We are thankful that this longed for day has arrived, & that back in the old Country you will be able once more to enjoy the happiness of a home & to see good days among those who anxiously look for your return.

George R. I.



**This photo of Roy Chandler was taken while he was a prisoner of war in Germany during the Great War of 1914-1918.**



**First British Columbia**

**Canada 7<sup>th</sup> Battalion**



**The view above is a photo of three of Roy Chandler's medals.**

Both sides of the Great War for Civilization Medal 1914-19 are shown on the right. The obverse of the medal depicts the winged figure of Victory with her arm extended, while her right hand holds an olive branch.

This is the British Empire version of the Inter Allied Victory Medal. It was issued to troops from Australia, Canada, India, New Zealand and the UK.





This medal was awarded to all ranks of Canadian overseas military forces who came from Canada between 05 August 1914 and 11 November 1918, or who had served in a theatre of war.



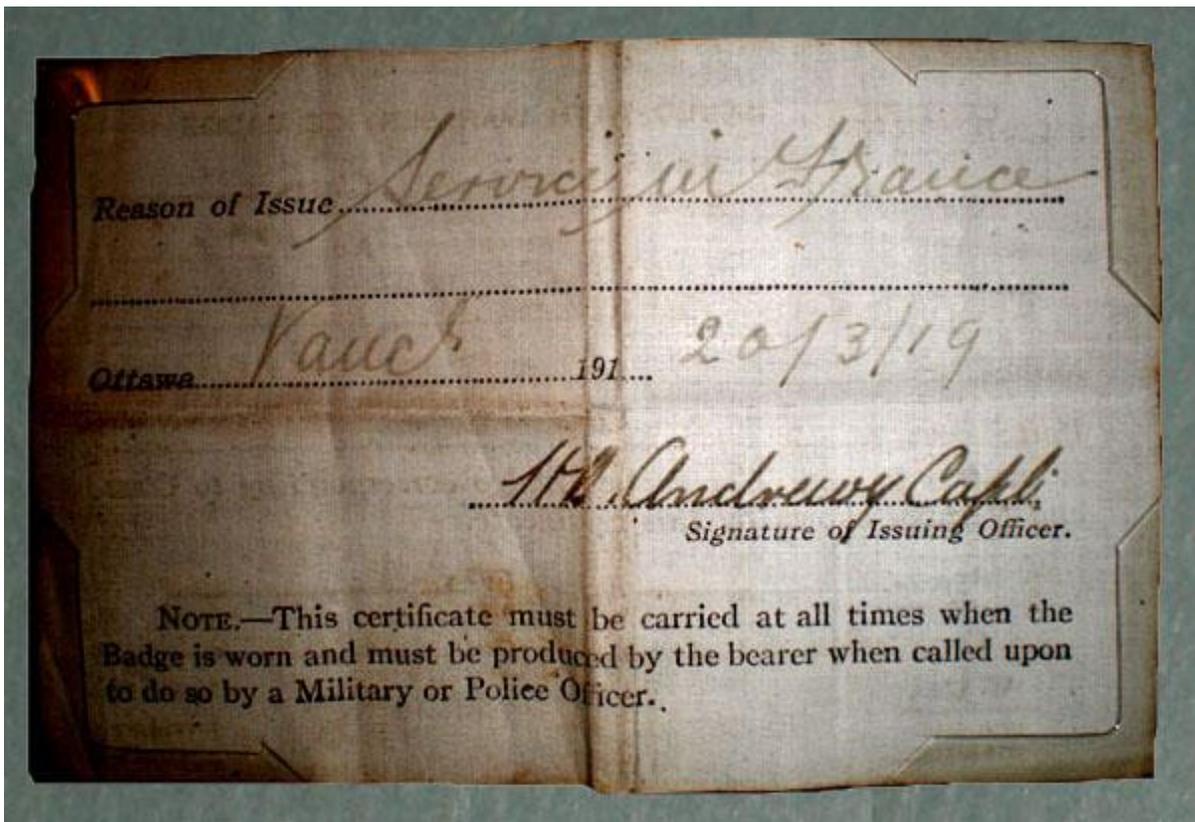
A bronze four-pointed star, 1.75 inches wide and 2.25 inches top to bottom, with its uppermost point replaced by crown. Across the face of the star are two crossed swords, (blades upward) with the blades and hilts protruding to form four additional points of the star.

The star was awarded to all who saw service in any theatre of war against the central powers between 05 August 1914 and 31 December 1915 except those eligible for the 1914 Star. Canada considered 'overseas' to be service beyond the three mile limit and hence many RCN small ships were entitled to this star.



Members of the CEF (Canadian Expeditionary Force) who served at the front and had retired. They were Canadian residents on the 4th day of August, 1914, and had returned to reside in Canada.

**War Service Badges - Army Class A**



**Official Recognition awarded to Roy Chandler**



# Public Recognition

City Hall, Victoria, B.C.

March 25<sup>th</sup>, 1919.

To Mr. R. D. Chandler,

Sir:

Upon your return home from **Overseas**, the thanks of the **Mayor and Corporation and Citizens of Victoria** are recorded in recognition of your **Patriotic Spirit and Noble Sacrifices** in voluntarily serving your **Country** as a **Member of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces** engaged in the **Great War** in which the **British Empire** has been **heroically striving** since **August 4th, 1914**, for the preservation of honour amongst nations, the rights of humanity and the freedom of the World.



*A. J. Porter*  
Mayor

*E. J. Baker*  
City Clerk

*Shebrook Young*  
President Welcome Club



# THE WAR OF NATIONS 1914-18

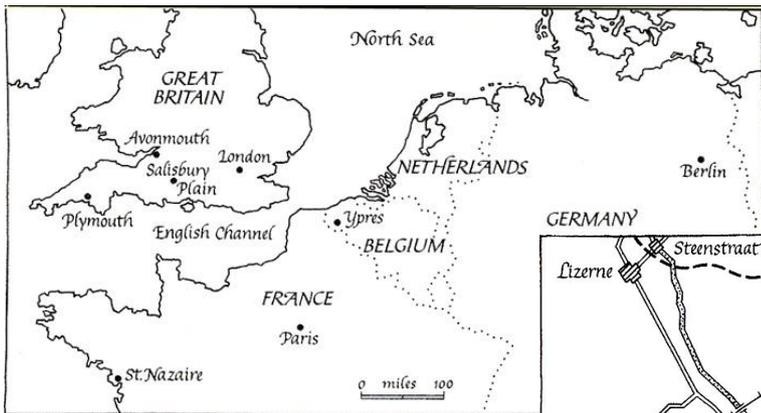
## APPENDIX

1 Changed from: "St. Lazare" To: "St. Nazaire"

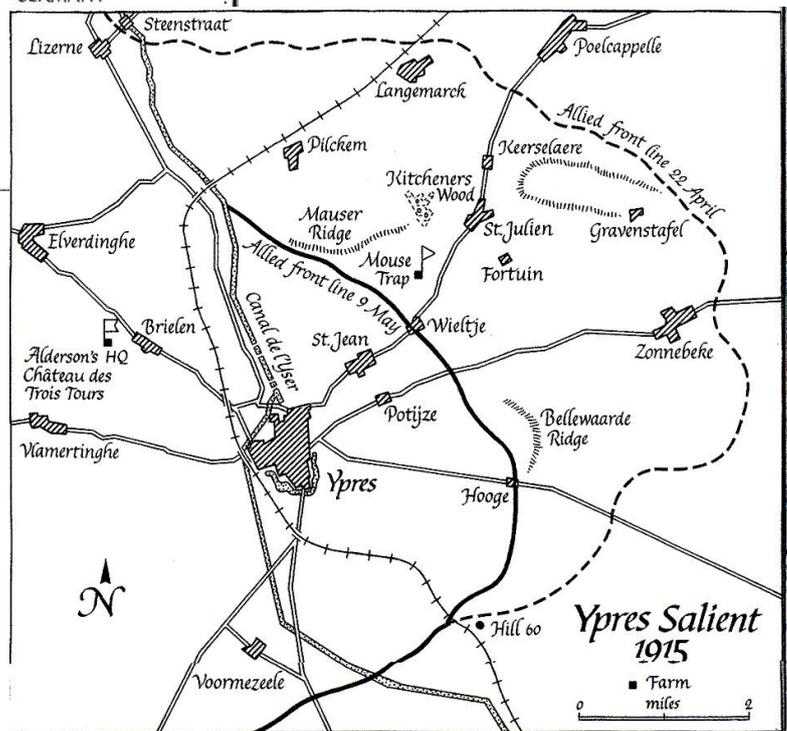
Justification: From 'Welcome to Flanders' by D.Dancocks. There was a u-boat scare in the English channel, so instead of a short trip across to Le Havre or other port, they were sent the long way around from Avonmouth in W. England to St.Nazaire in S. France.They had a terribly stormy voyage and most were seasick.

2 I think that narrative refers to the British standing army that late in 1914 confronted the German army at Mons In the 1st battle of Ypres, and retreated towards Paris, and some time later drove the Germans back beyond where they had first met them. They were called "A contemptible little army" by Kaiser Wilhelm. The British soldiers made a joke out of this, and from then on, men who had served in that battle referred to themselves as "The Old Contemptibles."

3 The CEF. travelled five days from Avonmouth to St.Nazaire on the Bay of Biscay, leaving at various times in old steamers as they became available. The first arrived in early Feb, 1915, and those men were in the trenches in Belgium by Feb 13-14,1915. The 2nd battle of Ypres started Apr 22/15 and went on for 17 days to May 8/15. Dad became a POW. during that time. He was released after the armistice, so he was actually a POW. for three and a half years.

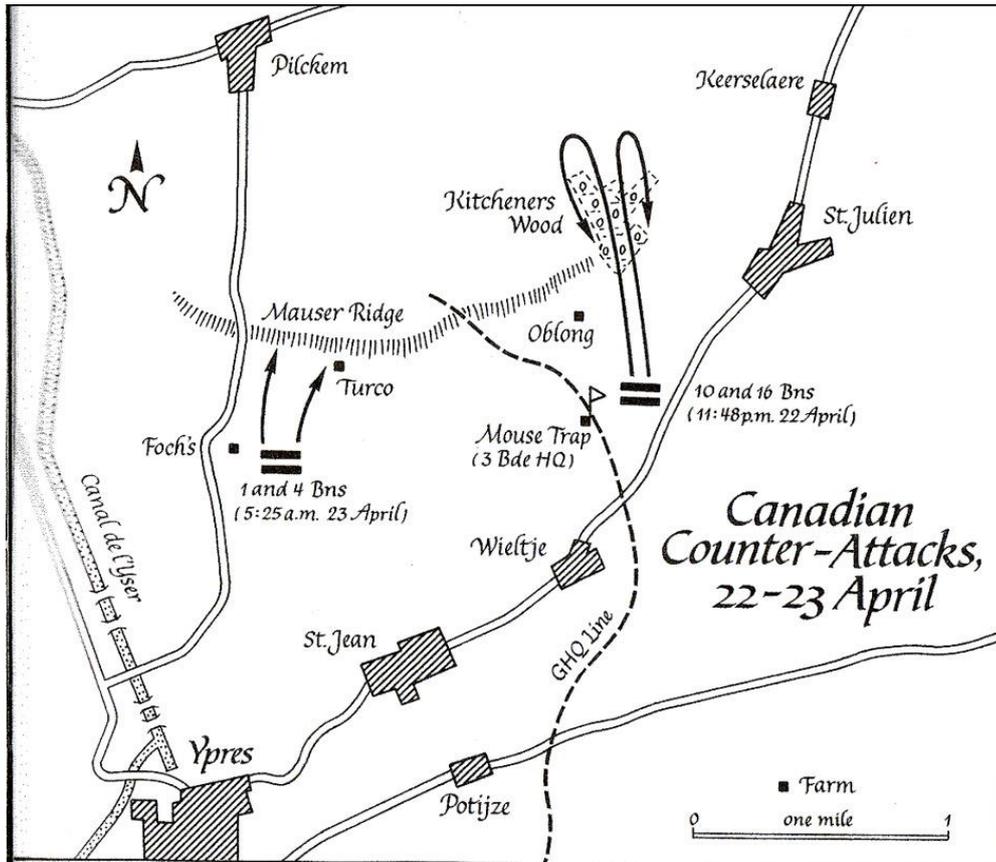


Map 4



Map 5

Map 6



Map 7

