



The Book of
Remembrance
for Tweeddale.

BOOK III.

Parish of West Linton.

* * * * *

Dr Gunn.





National Library of Scotland



B000052459

THE BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE FOR
TWEEDDALE.



LINTON KIRK.

+

The Book of Remembrance for Tweeddale.

VOLUME III.

THE VILLAGE AND PARISH OF WEST LINTON.
(LINTON RODERICK.)

BY
DR GUNN.
K



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

MCMXXIII.

Peebles:
Printed by Allan Smyth,
Neidpath Press.

PREFACE.

Forty gallant Liuton Lads are here commemorated in this the third volume of "The Book of Remembrance for Tweeddale." In the seventh century the Parish was included in the independent Principality of Strathclyde, ruled over by Rydderich Hael, Roderick the Liberal, whose two sons fell in battle, and their bodies repose at Warriors' Rest, by Yarrow Kirk. Their tombstone, with its Latin inscription, marks the spot. Those two Liuton Princes fitly head the Roll.

C. B. G.



WEST LINTON WAR MEMORIAL.

This Monument
is erected by the people of West Linton Parish
in proud and grateful memory of the men of the
Parish who fell in the Great War, 1914-1918.

Lt. James A. H. Fergusson, H.L.I.
 S.S. William McGill, 5th Dragn. Gds.
 Majr. Arthur W. Sanderson, 7th R.S.
 Lt. Eric J. Thomson, 7th R.S.
 Sc.-Lt. Francis W. Thomson, 7th R.S.
 Pte. Willm. D. Chalmers, 4th K.O.S.B.
 Pte. George Garden, Seaforth Hrs.
 Cpl. David Urquhart, 5th Camrn. Hrs.
 Pte. James Moore, 8th R.S.
 Pte. Peter Caird, 10th Gordon Hrs.
 Gnr. James Kirkhope, R.G.A.
 Pte. James D. Sutherland, 8th R.S.
 Pte. Peter Finlayson, H.L.I.
 Pte. Alexander Gill, Gordon Hrs.
 Pte. James Hayton, 13th R.S.
 Pte. Alex. Wilson, 6th Gordon Hrs.

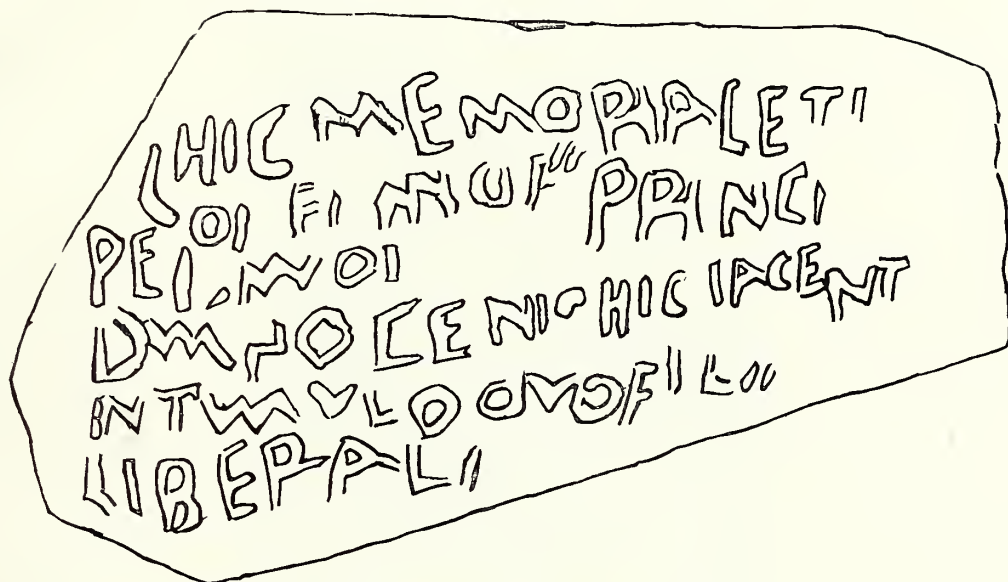
Lc.-Cpl. Alex. Rodger, Australn. I.F.
 Pte. David H. Paterson, Lpl. Scot.
 Pte. Alex. F. Farquharson, A. & S.H.
 Pte. John Sibbald, 16th R.S.
 Pte. Adam Muir, 8th R.S.
 Lc.-Cpl. John Muir, Canadian Scot.
 Pte. William Soutar, M.G.C.
 Sc.-Lt. Douglas V. Gillespie, R.A.F.
 Pte. John Fraser, K.O.S.B.
 Pte. Robert Bruce, 2nd R.S.
 Captn. Robert Dickson, D.C.M., 7th D.L.I.
 Pte. Hugh McGill, R.S.F.
 Pte. John C. Cunningham, P.P.C.L.I.
 Lt. David B. Halley, R.A.F.
 Lt. Colin Bruce, H.L.I.
 Pte. Francis Bell, R.S.

“He who gives his life for King and Country
 Leaves naught undone that man can do.”



Rejoicing in the Communion of Thy Saints, we bless Thy holy Name for all Thy servants who have departed in the faith, and who, having accomplished their warfare, are at rest with Thee, 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.

In Memory of two Linton Lads,
Princes Cetilous and Hennus,
Who fell in battle in the Seventh Century.



THEIR TOMB AT YARROW.

Hic Memoria Ceti
Loi Henniq Fii Princi
Pe et 3 Audi
Dunnogeni Hic Jacent
In Tumulo Duo Filii
Liberali.

From Craig Brown's *History of Selkirkshire*.

"Here to the memory of Cetilous and Hennus, sons of Audus, Dumnonian Prince and Emperor. Here lie in the tomb the two sons of Liberalis."



Lieutenant J. A. HAMILTON FERGUSSON.

I. **Lieutenant J. A. Hamilton Fergusson.**
 Highland Light Infantry.

1914—September 20.

1914, September 14, was a Sunday. The battle of the Aisne began on 14th September and continued until 28th September. Heavy fighting was daily taking place around Soissons, Noyon, and Rheims. On the 20th the Cathedral of Rheims was heavily bombarded by the Huns. On the 21st the French recovered Noyon, and advanced to Lassigny.

THE first of the Linton men to fall was Lieutenant JAMES ADAM HAMILTON FERGUSSON, of the Highland Light Infantry, in his 23rd year, son of Sir James Ranken Fergusson, Bart. of Spitalhaugh and Lady Fergusson. Lieutenant Fergusson was killed at the battle of the Aisne, on Sunday, 20th September 1914.

Information of the sad event was conveyed to Sir James Fergusson at Spitalhaugh, on 24th October, by telegram from the War Office, with Lord Kitchener's sympathy. Next day he also received a kind and gracious telegram of sympathy from the King and Queen.

Colonel Wolfe Murray wrote:—"I daresay before this reaches you you will have heard that poor Hamilton was killed in the trenches by a rifle bullet in the head. Lieutenant O'Connell, Royal Army Medical Corps, our Medical Officer, most gallantly went to his assistance under a heavy fire and was himself shot dead. From what I hear, however, there was no hope from the first, and he (Hamilton) died shortly afterwards. I cannot tell you how grieved I am, and we all are, at his loss. It was only the day before that his Company commander, Captain Gaussen—who is slightly wounded—told me how plucky and cool he always was under fire, and I myself have seen it. We buried him in the evening, with O'Connell and another brother-officer, young Mackenzie. We have now had five subalterns killed—Sir Archibald Gibson Craig, Mackenzie, Powell, Macdonald, and Hamilton, and five others wounded, four slightly. I feel it all too much to write more. I can only say that *no one* was more popular, and *no one* will be more missed than your boy. He was a general favourite with officers and men, and showed promise of being a splendid officer."

Captain Gaussen wrote:—"I know letters don't do much good at a time like this, but I was with your boy almost at the end, and so thought you would like to hear from me. Also I loved him too. All through the war he had done so well, and was always so cheery, that

I had got to look on him as my right-hand man. He never seemed to be too tired to do more than his share of work, and I really don't know how I will get on without him. The last week the Company had been holding a hill under very heavy fire, and we were all thrown together a great deal, but he never seemed to mind anything. On the night of the 19th we were sent forward to back a trench held by another regiment. We waited till about 6 A.M. on the 20th, and then, as nothing out of the usual seemed to be happening, were withdrawn round the hill. About 7.30 we heard the other regiment had left the trench and were told to get up to it again. The shortest way was across about 500 yards of open, so I asked your boy to go direct, which he did in most gallant style. He got into the trench and was working his men just as coolly as if he were on parade at Aldershot, the enemy being about 400 yards away. He had just pointed out to me that the Germans were bringing up more ammunition when they hit him in the head. He was quite unconscious, and I do not think he suffered at all. After I was hit I had to crawl past him, and he looked quite happy and peaceable. The doctor tried to get to him in case there was anything that could be done, but he, too, was killed as soon as he got there. They both died like the very gallant gentlemen they were. I had twice brought your boy's work to the Commanding Officer's notice as extra good, and he would have done very well had he been left to us. I believe he was buried with the other boys who dropped that week, either in the cemetery or near the Chateau in the village of Verneuil, about 12 miles east of Soissons."

In West Linton Parish Church, on Sunday, 4th October, the Rev. S. M'Lintock, at the close of his sermon on "Life and Immortality in union with Christ," said:—"There has fallen at the post of duty, in the protracted and great battle still raging at Aisne, a gallant and noble young officer, Lieutenant James Adam Hamilton Fergusson, of the Highland Light Infantry, son of Sir James and Lady Fergusson of Spitalhaugh, and scion of the family of an honourable house in the county. He was known to many from his childhood, bearing the name of a blameless life, the repute of a sterling character, and the honour of a heroic soldier. He acquitted himself well at school and at Sandhurst, and was popular with his brother officers and the men of his Company and Regiment. His officer in command wrote eulogistically of his courage and bravery at Mons, which will remain a cherished treasure to his parents, family, and friends. His was a short but honourable career, being only in his 23rd year, and his death was a noble sacrifice for the highest welfare of his native land, the honour of his King and country, and the blessing of mankind. His name will be engraven on the Roll of Honour of his country, and held in remembrance in the annals of this tragic war. With his parents,

their family, and other relatives, we would share in sympathy their irreparable loss, and earnestly pray that the God of all comfort and grace will sustain and comfort them in their day of sad mourning. Strange it is that God in His Providence should lead us through such dark days as we are now passing and experiencing, and that so many should have to bear such pain, suffering, sorrow: and yet it is not altogether so, for the darkest hour precedes the dawn of a brighter day, and so is it with the trials and sorrows of this life.

“If we could see! if we could know!
We often say!
But God in love a veil doth throw
Across our way.
We cannot see what lies before,
And so we cling to Him the more;
He leads us till this life is o’er!
Trust and obey.”



Shoeing-Smith WILLIAM M'GILL.

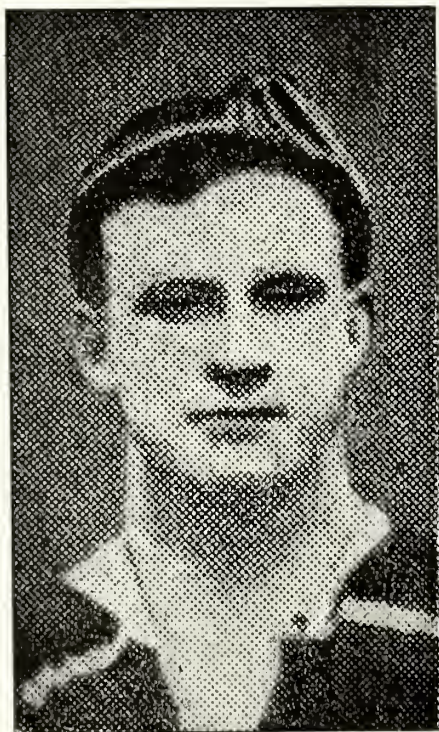
2.

Shocing=Smith William M'Gill.**5th Dragoon Guards.****1914—November 16.**

1914, November 16.—This was a Monday. From the 14th November the battles around the Yser and Ypres were dying down. On the 15th the last serious attack by the Germans, made by the Prussian Guards, was beaten off. On the 16th rains and floods put a term to the struggles on the Yser; the Germans failed to cross the Aisne; the fighting was dying down, and the end of the first battle of Ypres came on the 17th. Stationary warfare became the rule now.

WILLIAM M'GILL was the eldest son of Mr William M'Gill, of Habbie's Howe Hotel, Carlops, where his parents have resided for many years. He was born at Lungla, Sylhet, Assam, and came to Carlops in 1891 with his parents. He was an apprentice blacksmith with Mr William Johnston, West Linton, and joined the 1st Dragoon Guards when a youth of 18, serving in England and India. He was afterwards transferred to the Reserve, and was called up on the outbreak of war. He crossed over to France with the first of the Forces, and was killed at Ypres on the 16th November 1914, aged 27 years.

His brother, Robert Huth, was fated to fall on the 18th July 1918.



Private DUNCAN N. BROWN.

3.

Private Duncan M. Brown.**Australian Imperial Force.**

1915—April 25.

DUNCAN NAPIER BROWN was the third son of Mr Allan Macdonell Brown and his wife, Agnes Macdonald, of Kingsburgh Cottage, Moerell, New South Wales, and a grandson of the late Mr Hugh Horatio Brown of Newhall and Carlops. He greatly distinguished himself as an athlete—in football, gymnastics, ju-jitsu, rifle shooting, &c. Immediately after the outbreak of war he joined the 1st Infantry Brigade of the Australian Imperial Expeditionary Force, and took part in the landing at Gallipoli, on Sunday the 25th April 1915. He was wounded in the arm about 8 A.M., but continued fighting till mid-day, when a bullet killed him instantaneously. This battle was fought on a Sunday and Monday, at Cape Helles. He fell on Sunday.

Ἀλκίμων σ' ὠριστοκ λείδῃ, πρῶτον οὐκτείρω φίλων.
 ὤλεσας δ' ἤβην, ἀμύνων πατρίδος ζδουλητήν.—*Anacreon.*

(First of my hero friends I mourn thee, Aristocleides;
 Thou hast given the flower of thy youth to shield thy land from the tyrant.)



Midshipman J. R. HERDMAN FAED.

4. **Midshipman J. Ronald Herdman Faed.**His Majesty's Ship "*Goliath*."

1915—May 12.

JAMES RONALD HERDMAN FAED was born in London on the 29th May 1899, and was the eldest son of Mr James Faed, jun., artist, 38 Abbey Road, London, N.W., and Medwynhead. He was educated at The Hall, Ovingdean, Brighton, and entered the Royal Naval College, Osborne, in May 1912, being transferred to Dartmouth College two years later.

On the outbreak of war, in August 1914, he was appointed Naval Cadet to the battleship *Goliath*, and was promoted Midshipman on the 27th of that month. Midshipman Faed took part in the blockade of the German cruiser *Konigsberg* on the Runfijii River, German East Africa, in October 1914, and in the operations at Dar-es-Salaam in the following October. He lost his life on Thursday the 12th May 1915, when the *Goliath* was torpedoed and sunk in a destroyer attack in the Dardanelles, and was buried at sea off Cape Helles from His Majesty's ship *Euryalus*.

Letter from Sub-Lieutenant Philip van der Byl, H.M.S. *Goliath*:—"I am sure it will be some comfort to you to hear how much we all loved your son in the *Goliath*, and how much we miss him. I was Sub-Lieutenant of the Mess, and had only been in the ship about two months, but during that time I saw a great deal of him, and got to love him very much. He was the life and soul of the gunroom, and always most cheerful and optimistic. His best friend was Macleod, who also was drowned. They always used to go ashore together and buy curios for you. He really was a charming boy, loved by all who knew him. On the night we were sunk he was sleeping outside my cabin, and I saw him when I turned out. He had got his safety waistcoat on, and was going quietly up the ladder on to quarter-deck. He seemed as cheerful as usual, and perfectly cool. When I got on to deck a few seconds later he was just going over the port side with two other 'snotties.' That was the last I saw of him, and I shall never forget his cheery little face absolutely as full of confidence and calm assurance as it could be. He was picked up unconscious by one of the *Euryalus* boats, and died on board, and was buried at sea early the same morning. Poor boy! I hoped and prayed he might have been saved, and we were all miserable when we heard he had gone too. He was an absolute 'white man,' the best and finest of us all, and everybody respected him for it. It is always the good who die young."



Major ARTHUR SANDERSON.

5.

Major Arthur Sanderson.**Royal Scots.**

1915—June 28.

1915, June 28.—This was a Monday. On the day previous the British had carried four Turkish lines near Krithia; and on the 28th June the British attacked Achi Baba. On the 29th the Turkish counter-attacks were repulsed with heavy loss, and on the 30th the French captured six lines of Turkish trenches.

THREE officers fell on this day, each with a Linton and Leith connection—Major Sanderson, Lieutenant Thomson, and Second-Lieutenant Thomson.

Major Arthur Sanderson served in the Leith Volunteer Battalion (5th Royal Scots) in 1895, and thereafter in the Territorial Battalion (7th Royal Scots). He received the Long Service Medal. On the outbreak of war Major Sanderson volunteered for foreign service, and left for Gallipoli on the 22nd May 1915. The 7th Royal Scots arrived at Gallipoli on the 13th June, and Major Sanderson fell in action on the 28th June.

The service in the Parish Church of West Linton on the 11th July 1915 was of the nature of a memorial one, when the Rev. S. M'Lintock, at the close of his sermon on "The Tears of Jesus," paid the following tribute to the memory of Major Arthur Sanderson:—"Our thoughts have been led into this channel to-day through the sorrow which has visited so many homes of heroic Royal Scots, who have fallen in that terrible struggle and memorable battle at the Dardanelles. Some of these gallant officers and brave rank and file are known to many of us, and others of them are related in tender ties to those whom we highly esteem and respect. Major Arthur Watson Sanderson, 7th Royal Scots, was amongst these, and was as well known here as in Leith, and as highly honoured. He was naturally a military man, born with the spirit of the soldier, which was shewn in his receiving the Long Service Medal from the King, and in his great interest in the men and work of his Battalion. His was a kindly disposition, of upright character, and noble life, and his end was in harmony with it—a service of loyalty to his King and country, and to the cause of righteousness, truth, and liberty. To his sorrowing widow and little children, and his revered mother and family, in their days of great loss and mourning, our hearts go out in sincere sympathy, and in the prayer that God may sustain and comfort them."



Lieutenant ERIC J. THOMSON.

6. **Lieutenant Eric James Thomson.**
 7th Royal Scots.

1915—June 28.

1915, June 28.—On the 27th of June the British carried four Turkish lines near Krithia; and on Monday the 28th the British attacked Achi Baba. On the following day the Turks counter-attacked, and were repulsed with heavy loss. On the 30th the French captured six lines of Turkish trenches. By the 1st of July the Turkish offensive had failed, after days of fierce fighting.

ERIC JAMES THOMSON received a commission as Second-Lieutenant in the 7th Battalion Royal Scots in April 1914, and was promoted Lieutenant in August 1914. He was educated at Edinburgh Academy, and was serving an apprenticeship as chartered accountant with Messrs A. & J. Robertson, C.A., Edinburgh, when war broke out. He went abroad with the Battalion to Gallipoli, and was killed on 28th June 1915, aged 22.

He was an officer of great promise, of honourable character, and highly esteemed by all in the Battalion.

His brother, Second-Lieutenant Francis Thomson, also of the 7th Royal Scots, fell in the same battle.



Second-Lieutenant FRANCIS W. THOMSON.

7. **Second-Lieutenant Francis Wishart Thomson.**

7th Royal Scots.

1915—June 28.

FRANCIS WISHART THOMSON received his commission as Second-Lieutenant in the 7th Battalion Royal Scots in August 1914. He was educated at Edinburgh Academy and University College, Oxford, leaving the latter in June 1914. He landed with his Battalion in Gallipoli about the middle of June 1915, and was killed in action, along with his brother, on Monday the 28th of that month, aged 24.

Like his brother, Second-Lieutenant Thomson was a popular officer in the 7th (Leith) Battalion of the Royal Scots, and his death was sincerely mourned by officers and men.



Private WILLIAM D. CHALMERS.

8.

Private William D. Chalmers.**King's Own Scottish Borderers.**

1915—July 12.

On Monday, 12th July 1915, the Turkish trenches before Achi Baba were captured. On the 4th July heavy attacks by the Turks against the Naval and 29th Divisions had been repulsed.

WILLIAM D. CHALMERS was born at Terregles, Dumfriesshire, on the 24th December 1893. He was the youngest son of Mr Alexander Chalmers, gardener there, and afterwards gardener at Garvald, Dolphinton. He joined the 1/4th King's Own Scottish Borderers early in November 1914. He was trained at Galashiels and Cambusnethan, and left with his Battalion for Gallipoli in May 1915. His period of active service was short, but he passed through some of those memorable days when all the world watched Sir Ian Hamilton's gallant lads trying to wrest Gallipoli from the Turk. He was reported missing, with many of his comrades, on the 12th July 1915, and the presumption is that he died on that day. The few letters that came from him from Gallipoli were bright and full of hope. When he joined the Army he was a gardener (outside foreman), with the Hon. Mrs Askew Robertson, Ladykirk. He was a keen cricketer, and in particular a successful batsman. He used to play for Coldstream Cricket Club. He was also a very good long-distance runner, and was first for the mile on several big occasions. A very likeable fellow, he was a favourite wherever he went. His two brothers, Robert and Alexander, both in the Army Service Corps (Motor Transport) from an early period in the war, came safely through.

The Rev. D. C. Wiseman, M.A., Kirkurd United Free Church, in referring to the death of Private Chalmers, said:—"His parents, after many anxious months, when hope a thousand times did bloom and fade, were officially informed that they must account him dead. A quiet, bright, most loveable lad, those who knew him best know that he was of that illustrious company who both lived well and nobly died. Walking round my garden in the spring before he went overseas, his trained gardener's eye rejoiced in things 'coming again' at the call of the spring-time warmth. It is so in the garden of the Lord. Dave Welsh* and Willie Chalmers! There is hope for such as these. Cut down, they shall sprout again. The tender branch of their life has not ceased. The lads are not dead, but sleep until He comes again Whom they served and followed, and will receive them unto Himself, that where He is there they may be also."

*A member of Kirkurd United Free Church, who was wounded in France, and died in Leicester Road Hospital, Manchester, on the 14th August 1916.



Private GEORGE GARDEN.

9.

Private George Garden.**Seaforth Highlanders.****1915—September 25.**

GEORGE GARDEN, Rutherford Mains Farm, West Linton, was a student at Edinburgh and East of Scotland College of Agriculture when war broke out. A month later, on the 4th September 1914, he joined up, enlisting in the Scots Greys. Later he was transferred to the Seaforth Highlanders, and was serving with that regiment in France when he was killed at the battle of Loos, on Saturday the 25th September 1915, at the age of 20 years, along with Corporal Urquhart, from his father's estate of Rutherford.



Corporal DAVID URQUHART.

10.

Corporal David Urquhart.

5th Cameron Highlanders.

1915—September 25.

DAVID URQUHART was employed on the farm of Rutherford Mains when war broke out, and joined the Cameron Highlanders on the 11th August 1914. He went to France on 7th April 1915, and was at first reported missing at the battle of Loos, on the 25th September 1915. Some time after the authorities reported that it was assumed he had been killed. He was a nice obliging lad, and was much liked by his fellow-workers on the farm. He fell in battle, as oft occurred in days of old, along with the son of his master.



Private WILLIAM BARR.

11.

Private William Barr.**Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.**

1916—July 15.

WILLIAM BARR enlisted at Lanark on the 31st May 1915; he joined up on the 7th June, and proceeded to Stirling. Thence he left for St Budeaux, Plymouth, on the following day, and his further training was undergone in the south of England, at Dettingen Barracks, Blackdown Camp, Farnborough; at Witley Camp, Milford, Surrey; and at Aldershot. He left for France about the 7th of June 1916. Previous to enlistment, William Barr was a ploughman with Mr D. Robb, at Upper Haywood farm. He was in the 14th Service Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. His commanding officer wrote that he performed his duty like a man from the day he joined; and finally made the great sacrifice in this terrible war for right against might. His body was buried in a beautifully simple cemetery not far from the place where he fell, on Sunday the 16th July 1916; it is South Meroc Cemetery, two and three-quarter miles south of Vermelles. The British completed the capture of Ovillers on that day. His age was but 19 years, 9 months, and 9 days. He was a son of Mr and Mrs William Barr, Loanfoot Cottage, Skirling, Biggar, and was born at Hyndfordwells, West Linton.

Lieutenant-Colonel George Gunn wrote that he was ever a good and brave soldier and a good comrade, and that he met his death bravely facing our country's enemies.

The Chaplain wrote:—"The sacrifice seems so great, but there remains to us the joy of their service and the privilege of their death. When you come to think of it, it is a great privilege and honour—'Greater love hath no man than this.' These were the words of Christ, and I repeated them over his grave, and God has thought him worthy of something of the same sacrifice with Christ."



Private JAMES MOORE.

12.

Private James Moore.

Stb Royal Scots.

1916—August 4.

On the 3rd August there was a British success near Bazentin. On Friday the 4th there was much fighting round Pozières which advanced our line. On the 5th we advanced further and penetrated the German lines.

JAMES MOORE was originally a private in the West Linton Territorials, and coachman to the Misses Fergusson, Broomlee House. He was mobilised with his unit, and for two years was groom at Holyrood to the Brigadier. In July 1916 he was sent to France, and in August was reported missing. He was a first-rate servant, and a great favourite with everyone; and the hope was long cherished that he would turn up some day.

"I am sorry to inform you that Private James Moore, of the Royal Scots, is dead. He was killed alongside of me on that morning that I was wounded and captured. When we made the attack, he went over the top with me, we both got wounded half-way over to the German trench, and when lying there he was blown to atoms with a shell. This accounts for nothing having been heard of him. It was a terrible end for a young man in the best of health; but somebody had to die to save us all from slavery. What I write I know to be absolute fact, as I got pieces of the shell that killed him in my back."
—*From a letter by Private James C. Tait, Hopecarton, Broughton.*



Private PETER CAIRD.

13.

Private Peter Caird.**S/10th Battalion, Gordon Highlanders.****1916—September 17.**

1916, September 17.—On this Sunday the French attacked and captured Vermandovillers and Berny. Deniécourt was surrounded and the German reserves cut up, many prisoners being taken. On the day previous, near Courcellette, the British front was advanced 1000 yards, the Danube trench was taken, and Mouquet farm (Thiepval) was captured.

PRIVATE PETER CAIRD fell at the battle of the Somme on the above date. He was a brother of Mr James Caird, merchant, West Linton, and was engaged in his brother's business.

"As his platoon commander I feel his loss keenly. He proved himself a brave and good soldier, willing and cheerful, and during that heaviest of enemy bombardments he took things calmly and cheerfully. I was by his side almost immediately after he was struck, but although we did everything possible for him, his wounds, coupled with shell-shock, soon ended his young life. He was a good comrade, and his fellow-soldiers miss him greatly."

In West Linton Parish Church, the Rev. S. M'Intock, preaching on "The Incorruptible Crown," paid the following tribute to the memory of Private Caird:—"During the past months and the last week we have heard of sufferings through wounds of a number of our brave lads, and in the course of the past few days there has arrived the still sadder news of the death of Private Peter Caird, of the Gordon Highlanders. He was well known to many of us here as assistant in the business of his respected brother, and was highly esteemed by those who knew him as a young man of kindly disposition, good character, and diligent in business. His commanding officer wrote that they had gained considerable ground on the 17th September, and in the evening occupied their new front line amid hot and heavy firing, all in good spirits as usual, and all going well, when a most frightful bombardment on their trenches took place. This lasted for hours, and during the ordeal, another young and brave soldier gave up his life for King and country. Private Peter Caird has made the supreme sacrifice for the glory of God, the honour of his King and country, and the cause of righteousness, justice, truth, and liberty. His life has been given in the spirit of Christ that he might gain, not a corruptible, but an incorruptible and eternal crown. We share in heartfelt sympathy the proud sorrow of his brothers, sisters, relatives, and friends."



Gunner JAMES KIRKHOPE.

14.

Gunner James Kirkhope.**Royal Garrison Artillery.**

1916—September 27.

On Monday, 25th September, the British advanced between Combles and Martinpuiche. Morval was taken. On the 26th, Combles and Thiepval were taken. On the 27th, the British advanced near Flers.

ON Wednesday, 27th September 1916, Gunner JAMES KIRKHOPE, third son of Mr Robert Kirkhope, Carlops, was killed by a shell. As this young man had had his home in Carlops from his earliest days he was known to the whole community, and was much respected by all. Great sympathy was felt in the district for his family, which gave two of its available members to the war.

The Rev. W. F. Bruce, United Free Church, Carlops, made reference to the sad event as follows:—"You will have noticed from the order in which I have read the Roll of Honour to-day a change. Now there stand at the head of it in the list of those killed in action four instead of three. In this quiet little village, nestling among the silent hills, we seemed far removed from all the strife of nations and the holocaust that it demands. Yet into our midst once more has come the black dreaded messenger of war, with the tidings that James Kirkhope, of the Royal Garrison Artillery, has fallen in action, killed by a shell along with eleven others. A quiet, decent-living lad, reared in this place, we all knew him and respected him. He had chosen his career in life, and in manly vigour had set himself to carry it out. But the trumpet of war sounded, and like so many others he followed it. He went up the village street, leaving behind him home, parents, brothers, and sister, facing his duty; but nevermore to return to those who sent him forth. And there are sad hearts in our village to-day, and all because of human pride and ambition that has known no restraint of morality, but has set multitudes to killing each other. Our sympathies go out to that saddened home, to his parents, who feel so keenly the blow dreaded as a possible thing, now a sad certainty; to his brothers and sister, and specially to that brother on military service before the same cruel enemy. And we shall remember James Kirkhope as one who made for us the supreme sacrifice, for 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' And as long as this Roll of Honour of Carlops exists, his name will stand there in honourable mention as a soldier of Britain fallen in his country's defence."



Private JAMES D. SUTHERLAND.

15.

Private James D. Sutherland.**Highland Light Infantry.**

1916—October 26.

JAMES D. SUTHERLAND was a grandson of the late Mr James Gilchrist, farmer, Haughead, Dolphinton. He joined His Majesty's Forces in October 1914, and after a period of training for two years in this country was sent to France in August 1916, being then transferred into the Highland Light Infantry. He was in action with the first attack of the Tanks on the Somme frontier, and was killed on Thursday, 26th October 1916. He was 20 years of age. The British had captured strong positions near Thiepval.



Private PETER FINLAYSON.

16.

Private Peter Finlayson.**Highland Light Infantry.**

1916.—November 18.

1916, November 18.—This was a Saturday. The British advanced north and south of the Ancre, and reached the outskirts of Grandcourt. On the 17th the battle of the Somme had ended.

A WAVE of sorrow passed over West Linton when there came the sad news that Private PETER FINLAYSON, of the Highland Light Infantry, had been killed in France on the 18th November 1916. He was truly a Linton lad, born there 22 years before, baptised by Rev. S. M'Lintock, and admitted to the membership of Linton Parish Church.

His officer wrote that he died like a hero, and spoke of him as a fine fellow, popular with his comrades, smart and trim on and off parade, and now at rest in the grave of a soldier.

The following reference to Private Finlayson was made in the Parish Church by Rev. S. M'Lintock:—"As known to us he was highly esteemed, bearing a good character, a devoted son of worthy parents, and a true brother to his sisters and brother. With his invalid father, his mother, and the members of his family in their great loss and sorrow we deeply sympathise, and our earnest prayer is that the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, may sustain and comfort them. Much have they to comfort them in dear memories, and in the fact that their brave son made the supreme sacrifice for the glory of God, the honour of his King and country, and the cause of righteousness, justice, truth, and liberty. We, too, have to revere his memory, and to thank God for him, and all like him, who by their heroic and sacrificing efforts, have kept the base enemy from our shores and our homes secure."



Private ALEXANDER GILL.

17.

Private Alexander Gill.**1st Gordon Highlanders.****1917—April 4.**

Wednesday, 21st March.—This day the British advanced south-east and east of Peronne, and occupied forty more villages approaching St Quentin. Progress toward Cambrai continued. On the day following there was an increase of the enemy resistance from west of St Quentin to south of Arras.

IN civilian life ALEXANDER GILL was a gardener, but in February 1902 he left Dalmeny Gardens and enlisted in the 1st Gordon Highlanders. He was drafted out to India in November of the same year, serving there for ten years with the 2nd Gordons, and finishing the remainder of his twelve years with the colours in Britain. On his discharge in 1914 he joined the staff of the Post Office at West Linton, where he served for about six months. When he was called up on the outbreak of war he was sent out to France in September to join the 1st Gordon Highlanders, and took part in the scraps and trench fighting round about Ypres. He was sent home with a poisoned hand in the spring of 1915, but was again sent out to France in the spring of 1916, serving in various capacities. He was seriously wounded at Arras on the 21st March 1917, by gunshot wounds in the neck and thigh, from which he died in hospital at Camiers on Wednesday the 4th April, aged 36 years. His body was buried at Etaples.



Private JAMES T. HAYTON.

18.

Private James T. Hayton.**Royal Scots.**

1917—April 9.

1917, April 9.—This Monday was the day of the first battle of Arras. The British advanced on a fifteen mile front between Lens and Arras. The British Canadians captured Vimy Ridge, with 6000 prisoners, taking five villages also. On the Bapaume-Cambrai road the British took Deniécourt and Havrincourt Wood; and north of St Quentin, Fresnoy-le-Petit, Pontru, and Le Vergnier. On the 10th the British completed the capture of Vimy Ridge, and occupied Farbas, north-east of Arras, and Fampaux, four miles east of Arras. They reached the outskirts of Monchy-le-Preux, and captured Louveval, the former falling the next day.

THE sad news was brought to Mr and Mrs Hayton, Brownsland, Stobo, that their son, Private JAMES TENNANT HAYTON, Royal Scots, had been killed in action on the 9th April 1917. Much sympathy was felt in the district for them in their bereavement. As a pupil of Lyne School, James Hayton was quiet, diligent, and faithful, and afterwards showed the same traits of character in his life and work as a mole and rabbit catcher. He left a wife and two children, who lived in West Linton. Private Hayton enlisted at West Linton after the outbreak of war. He was born at Sheriffmuir, Stobo, in 1891, and was aged 26 years.



Sergeant GEORGE ANDERSON.

19.

Sergeant George Anderson.**Royal Scots.**

1917—April 23.

1917, April 23 (Monday).—The British advanced north and south of the Scarpe on a front of 12,000 yards. They completed the capture of Trescault and the greater part of Havrincourt Wood. Gavrelle, Guémappe, and the German positions for two and a half miles further south were captured. This was the beginning of the second phase of the battle of Arras.

OFFICIAL notice reached Mr and Mrs Anderson, Stoneyknowe, Newlands, of the death of their eldest son, Sergeant GEORGE ANDERSON, Royal Scots, who was killed in action in France on the 23rd April 1917. The sad news caused quite a gloom in and around Sergeant Anderson's home, where he was well known as a thoroughly steady and respectable lad. Before joining the colours the deceased was in the employment of the County Council. He rallied to his country's call for men on the 7th September 1914, and had been on active service in France since the 2nd July 1915. Sergeant Anderson was in his 23rd year.

The Chaplain of Sergeant Anderson's Battalion wrote to his parents:—"You will doubtless have received from the War Office the sad news of the death of your son, and on behalf of the officers and men of this Battalion I now write to express our sincerest sympathy with you in the great sorrow that has entered your home. On the morning of the 23rd of April Sergeant Anderson went into action with his Company. The battle was particularly fierce at the time, and the machine gun fire of the enemy was doing great damage to our ranks. I understand that he fell while urging his men forward, and died instantaneously. I was not with the Battalion at that time, and so did not see him, but I know he will be buried on the battlefield, probably quite near to the spot where he fell. He was a man who was much respected by all who knew him here. A good soldier and comrade, he was ever ready to answer the call of duty, and I believe willingly laid down his life in the great cause in which he was so nobly serving. That God will strengthen and comfort you in your great sorrow is my sincere and earnest prayer."



Private ALEXANDER WILSON.

20.

Private Alexander Wilson.**Gordon Highlanders.****1917—April 23.**

Our reports show that on Monday the 23rd April 1917, the 6th Gordon Highlanders made an attack at the chemical works at Rouex, near Arras. They advanced in extended order towards the German first line trenches. The men were in a hollow, with a slight rise up to the enemy position, which was about 900 yards away. They had to cross a sunken road, and eventually fought their way into the chemical works, but were pushed out again, and had to retire a short distance. This was a position that three other Battalions had failed to take, and the Gordons got terribly cut up by machine gun fire.

ANOTHER lad from West Linton district fell on the same day as Sergeant George Anderson, viz., Private ALEXANDER WILSON. He was the second son of Mr Thomas Wilson, Cameron Cottages, West Linton. Before enlistment he was underkeeper at Ancrum House, Ancrum. He was married, and his wife resided at Manor Hill, Kelso.



Lance-Corporal ALEXANDER RODGER.

21.

Lance-Corporal Alexander Rodger.**Australian Imperial Forces (42nd Queensland Battalion).**

1917—June 10.

1917, Sunday, June 10.—The battle of Messines had begun on 7th June. The British captured Messines-Wytschaete Ridge after the explosion of nineteen mines. A front of nine miles was stormed, and 6400 prisoners taken. On the 8th we repulsed German attacks east of Messines. On the 10th we gained more ground in the Messines region. On the days following, we continued to make good progress.

LANCE-CORPORAL ALEXANDER RODGER was a native of West Linton, and was educated at the Public School there. He was a very brilliant scholar of Mr Robert Millar, and later on of Mr James Hunter Craig, M.A. After leaving school he attended Skerry's Civil Service Classes in Edinburgh, and was successful in winning the first place in the Second Division Men Clerks' Examination. He then obtained a post in London, which he held for several years. When his brothers left Scotland about 1907 for Sydney, Australia, Alexander went with them. His brother, Mr John Rodger, carried his love for Linton to his Australian home, for he called his house in Myle Street, Lakemba, New South Wales, "Linton." On the outbreak of war, Alexander enlisted in the Australian Imperial Forces, and came to the Western Front with the Australian contingent in 1916.

"He was killed in the next bay to me, and is buried in the north-end of the cemetery on Bethlehem Farm, close to the ruins of what was Messines. His grave should be readily identified, if the shelling, which has been intense in that sector, has not already obliterated it. We were fair friends since leaving Australia, and I was very sorry when the poor fellow went under. One good thing to know is that he suffered no pain, for he never regained consciousness, and only lived about twenty minutes after being hit."—*Letter from Private Jack Doyle.*

"At Bethlehem Farm, on the right of Messines, about the date named, he was killed in the next bay to me. We were holding a strong point in supports under heavy shell-fire at the time. I heard the shell land, and our Sergeant Crail, of C Company, 9th Platoon, went round at once and came back with the news that Rodger was killed. I saw his body within half-an-hour, and saw him buried at Bethlehem Farm, just near a small wood half way between Warrington and Messines. Bethlehem Farm is just on the right of Messines after crossing the ridge. The memorial had not been put up when I left. He came over with me in the 'Borda,' leaving Sydney on 5th June 1916."—*G. T. Thomas, No. 1809.*



Private DAVID H. PATERSON.

22.

Private David H. Paterson.**Liverpool Scottish.**

1917—June 29.

1917, Friday, June 29.—For some days there had been a continued British advance south of the Souchez river. We had occupied La Coulotte; and also German positions near Oppy. On Friday the 29th we continued to advance south of the river Souchez, and entered Avion.

PRIVATE DAVID H. PATERSON was the second son of Mr David Paterson, merchant, West Linton, and was the Liverpool representative of the firm of Messrs C. & T. Harris, Wiltshire. He was married, and left a little daughter. He joined the Liverpool Scottish in December 1916, and after three months' training went to France. On 29th June 1917, he was killed, during a daylight raid on the enemy, and his Captain in writing to Private Paterson's wife, said—"He died bravely, doing his duty to the end." He was killed at Armentières and was buried at Erquengham.

The Rev. S. M'Lintock, on the Sunday following the intimation of Private Paterson's death, said at the service in the Parish Church that he was educated at West Linton Public School, was a scholar in the Parish Church Sabbath School, a member of the Church and choir, and, although some years had passed since he left, he was held in kindly remembrance for his genial disposition, his good character, and his business capabilities. The Chaplain of his Battalion spoke of him in kindly terms as held in high esteem by his officers and comrades, and told of the touching burial scene in the silent churchyard near where he fell. His memory will be enshrined not only in the hearts of those who loved him, but in the annals of those who died for the cause of righteousness, justice, truth, and liberty. To him, as to the Christian heroes of all times, the words of the Master were applicable—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."



Ship Steward ROBERT R. OCHILTREE.

23.

Ship Steward Robert R. Ochiltree.**Royal Navy.**

1917—July 9.

1917, July 9.—His Majesty's ship *Vanguard* was stationed at Scapa Flow when she exploded by internal combustion on that fatal Monday, when three survivors only escaped.

ONE of the men who went down in the *Vanguard* on the above date was Ship Steward ROBERT ROBERTSON OCHILTREE, husband of Catherine O'Donnell, Gifford House, West Linton, and only son of Mr and Mrs Ochiltree, Edinburgh. His Majesty's ship *Vanguard* took part in the battle of Jutland.

In West Linton Parish Church the Rev. S. M'Lintock made the following reference to the loss of His Majesty's ship *Vanguard*, and to the death of Ship Steward Ochiltree:—"In that sad fatality at sea, Ship Steward Assistant Robert Robertson Ochiltree has gone down, and his esteemed widow and daughter, well known to many of us, are in deep sorrow. He was a young man of devout disposition, amiable character, attentive to duty, and devoted to his home. One thinks of him as but a few months ago, when he took what has proved to be a parting good-bye, and we sorrow that his kindly countenance will be seen no more. He is spoken of in honoured terms by all who knew him and came in contact with him on ship and on land. He has finished his course through a mysterious Providence, but he was ready for the divine call, and has paid the supreme price as if he had fallen in a naval fight or on the field of battle. We deeply sympathise with his sorrowing widow and daughter, his aged parents, his mother-in-law, and all the bereaved relatives and friends, praying that He who cares for the widow and fatherless and the mourner, will sustain and comfort them in their sad bereavement, enabling them to say—'Not my will but Thine be done, O Lord,' and 'It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth to Him good.'"



Lieutenant (A/Captain) T. R. COLYER FERGUSSON.
Victoria Cross.

24. Lieutenant (A/Captain) T. R. Colyer Fergusson.

Victoria Cross.

Northampton Regiment.

1917—July 31 (Tuesday).

1917, July 31.—This was the beginning of the third great battle of Ypres. It continued from this Tuesday until the 6th of November. St Julien, Pilkem, Frezenburg, and other villages were captured by the British. The French forced the passage of the Yser Canal and carried Steenstrasse and Bixschoote. We took twelve villages and 5000 prisoners.

LIEUTENANT FERGUSSON was the youngest grandson of Sir James R. Fergusson, Bart. of Spitalhaugh, and third and youngest son of Mr T. Colyer Fergusson of Ightham Mote, Kent, by his late wife, Beatrice Stanley, daughter of the late Right Hon. Professor Max Muller. He was born in February 1896, and was educated at Summerfields, Harrow, and Oxford. He passed into Oriel College, Oxford, just before war broke out. In September 1914 he joined the Public Schools Battalion, and in February 1915 he obtained a temporary commission in the Northampton Regiment and a permanent one in December 1916. Just a week before the sad news reached his relatives, information had also come stating that his elder brother William had been seriously wounded and was then lying in hospital. Lieutenant Fergusson was the second of the Fergusson family to make the supreme sacrifice in the war, Sir James R. Fergusson's son, Lieutenant J. A. Hamilton Fergusson, having been killed on the Aisne in September 1914. Sir James's youngest son, Charles, also in the Northampton Regiment, was twice wounded.

A list of awards of the Victoria Cross, published in the *London Gazette*, included the name of Lieutenant (A/Captain) Fergusson. The award is "for most conspicuous bravery, skilful leading, and determination in attack." The tactical situation having developed contrary to expectation, it was not possible for his Company to adhere to the original plan of deployment, and, owing to the difficulties of the ground and to enemy wire, Captain Colyer Fergusson found himself with a Sergeant and five men only. He carried out the attack, nevertheless, and succeeded in capturing the enemy trench and disposing of the garrison. His party was then threatened by a heavy counter-attack from the left front, but this attack he successfully resisted. During this operation, assisted by his orderly only, he attacked and captured an enemy machine gun and turned it on the

assailants, many of whom were killed and a large number were driven into the hands of an adjoining British unit. Later, assisted only by his Sergeant, he again attacked and captured a second enemy machine gun, by which time he had been joined by other portions of his Company, and was enabled to consolidate his position. The conduct of this officer throughout forms an amazing record of dash, gallantry, and skill, for which no reward can be too great, having regard to the importance of the position won. This gallant officer was shortly afterwards killed by a sniper.

In the course of a sermon from the text "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course" (II. Timothy iv., 7), in Ightham Church, on Saturday, 11th August 1917, the Rev. Bertram T. Winnifrith said:—"Thomas Riversdale Colyer Fergusson was one of the best of those thousands of British youths who had laid down their lives for their King and country in the great cause of justice and humanity. He was the personification of mirth, happiness, jollity, and manliness, though still but a boy in years. It seems but yesterday that we saw his cherubic face—a little boy in Eton collar—home for the holidays—sitting in the family pew; a little later on, from the outbreak of war, clad in khaki, eager to take his part in the fray. And how well he did it can be best described in the words of his Colonel, who wrote as follows:—"His loss to us is irreparable. I was exceedingly fond of him myself, as also were all his brother officers and men, and I think his death was more deeply felt in the Regiment than any I have known. To my mind he was far the most promising officer under my command. Had he not been so capable, I should never have given the command of a Company to one so young and over the heads of his seniors. In this last attack the 58th probably had the most difficult task in the Division, and I selected his Company for the most difficult portion of the trench in their Battalion objective. He carried out his task most brilliantly. For the capture of the 5th German line of trenches, his Company had to follow our barrage through a very broken wood which proved to be full of wire. He soon saw that it would be impossible to keep his whole Company up with the barrage for this final assault, and if he failed to keep up with it, he would probably fail to capture the trench, so he picked out ten or a dozen men, and with them pushed on ahead and without any further assistance captured his portion of the German trench. Almost as soon as he got in, he perceived a company of Germans advancing against him in mass formation, and at a bare 100 yards away. They knocked out 20 or 30 of them with rifle fire, and the remainder surrendered, as the rest of his Company came up. He came and reported to me in the same trench about half an hour later when I got up, and was complaining about what a miserable fight the Boche

had put up. Five minutes later he was shot through the forehead by a German machine gun.' Riv. undoubtedly went out with honour, and I am certain that he, with his jolly, happy temperament, would not for one moment wish us to be overcome by mournful feelings at his loss.

"O blest Communion! Fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle. *They* in glory shine!
Yet all are one in Thee—for all are Thine!"



Lieutenant WILLIAM L. RITCHIE.

25.

Lieutenant William Lancelot Ritchie.

Cambridge Battalion.

1917—August 1.

1917, August 1 (Wednesday).—The Germans counter attacked and retook St Julien and regained some positions in the Ypres-Roulers district. But the British regained them on the following day, and also St Julien on the 3rd.

LIEUTENANT RITCHIE, who died from wounds received in France on 1st August 1917, was a great-grandson of "Auld John Ritchie," one of the Linton Volunteers who turned out at the False Alarm of 1815. His grandfather was William Ritchie, who was a non-commissioned officer in the 42nd Highlanders; while his father, a member of the Natal Field Force, served his country in the Zulu War. These, with the two brothers in the Great War, shew an unbroken line from father to son, of a hundred years' service for King and country; a grand record—1815-1915.

To a very wide circle of relations and friends in South Africa, the news of Lieutenant Ritchie's death came as a terrible blow, for a more gallant lad never left a Colony to fight for the Motherland. He and his brother left Durban to join the King's forces. First in the Inns of Court Officers' Training Corps, and afterwards at the Royal Staff College, Sandhurst, Lance pursued his studies with that zeal he always put into his work, and came out second on the examination lists. He was then attached to the 2nd Cambridge Battalion, which was subsequently drafted over to France. He was soon kept busy in a particularly hot sector, sometimes doing twenty-four hours' duty on end. Whether stowing his men in shattered saps, or leading them out on midnight forays, he was indeed the happy warrior—alert, considerate, and careful. Born at Blackburn, in Victoria County, Natal, Lance and his brother Cecil grew up appreciating all the ennobling influences of a good home and watchful parents. He entered the service of the Natal Government Railways in 1907, where his progress was rapid. After Union he was transferred to the General Manager's Office, in Johannesburg. He was a member of St Mary's, Belgravia, a teacher in the Sunday School, and a member of the choir. Passionately fond of sport, he always played the game under any circumstances.



Private ALEXANDER F. FARQUHARSON.

26. **Private Alexander Forrester Farquharson.****Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.**

1917—August 22 (Wednesday).

ALEXANDER F. FARQUHARSON was born at Rutherford, in West Linton parish, in September 1897, and was about five years of age when his parents removed to Tullibody House, Cambus. He was educated at Alloa, and was an apprentice carpenter when war broke out. He was not quite seventeen when he joined the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and gave in his age as nineteen. According to information supplied by the Infantry Record Office, Perth, Private Farquharson was killed in action or died of wounds on or shortly after 22nd August 1917. He was buried in Dochy Farm Cemetery, Langemarck, four miles east-north-east of Ypres.



Private JOHN SIBBALD.

27.

Private John Sibbald.**Royal Scots.**

1917—August 28.

1917, August 28.—This was a Tuesday. On the previous day, in the Ypres region, the British line was advanced 2000 yards astride the St Julien-Poelcapelle road. There was renewed activity on the Aisne.

JOHN SIBBALD was the eldest son of Mr and Mrs Sibbald, Mount View, Dunsyre, and at the outbreak of war was acting as chauffeur to Dr J. Ritchie Jeffrey, West Linton. He was one of the first to join up, enlisting in the Royal Scots, and saw much active service in France. He was killed in action on the 28th August 1917.

"It is with deepest regret that I have to inform you that your son John has been killed in action, on the 28th August 1917, not missing, as mentioned in my previous letter. His body was found by a lad whom I know well, and who also knew your son. His body was brought down from the line and was decently buried in a British Cemetery in a ruined village called Hargicourt. If ever a lad died a noble death that lad was John Sibbald. I only wish that it had been God's will to spare him to you, as he would certainly have been honoured for the great work he did and which he was doing when he met his death. He was attending to his wounded comrades. You have lost a noble and brave son; and though you will miss him sorely, you have the comfort of knowing that he met death most bravely, and died not only for his King and country, but for those near and dear to him."

The Rev. S. M'Lintock, in West Linton Parish Church, paid tribute to the memory of Private Sibbald as follows:—"It was in the spirit of intense sadness that we learned that Private John Sibbald, of The Royal Scots, had been killed in action on the 28th August. He was a young man of a fine disposition, physically well-built, upright in character, faithful to duty, and altogether such a man as made him, as he was, a true soldier. He was a devoted son to his parents, a beloved brother to the other members of the family, and held in deep respect by all who came in contact with him. With his parents and all the members of their family, his relatives, and friends, do we in heartfelt sympathy share in their great sorrow. To his memory, the words of St Paul may be truly and reverently applied to him and his heroic death—'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me on that day.'"



Private ADAM MUIR.

28.

Private Adam Muir.**Royal Scots.****1917—October 22.**

1917, October 22.—On this Monday there was a Franco-British advance on a two and a half mile front between Poelcapelle and Houthulst Forest. The south end of the forest was taken and 200 prisoners captured. On the following day there was a great French victory on the Aisne north-east of Soissons.

ADAM MUIR was the fourth son of Mrs Muir, Manor House, West Linton, and when killed was in his 21st year. He was in the employment of Mrs Borthwick, Hazlieburn, working in the gardens there. He joined the Territorial Force in April 1914, when a number of West Linton men joined the Peebles Company of the 8th Royal Scots. He was called up on the outbreak of war, and went out to France with his comrades from Haddington on 2nd November 1914. He was wounded at Festubert in May 1915, and was in hospital in Newcastle for a time. He was again wounded on returning to France, after which he was stationed at Catterick Camp, in Yorkshire. From there he went out to France for the third time in August 1917, and was killed on the 22nd October 1917.

Mrs Muir had other four sons engaged in the Great War, viz.:—Private John, Canadian Scottish (fell, 7th November 1917); Private Thomas, Canadians (returned); Private Andrew, Royal Scots (disabled); Private Alexander (taken prisoner of war).



Lance-Corporal JOHN MUIR.

29.

Lance-Corporal John Muir.

Canadian Scottish.

1917—November 7.

1917, November 7.—On this Wednesday the British were consolidating new positions at Passchendaele. And on the following day there were two successful British raids, near Fresnoy and Armentières.

LANCE-CORPORAL JOHN MUIR was an elder brother of Private Adam Muir. He was engaged in farming in Canada when war broke out, and joined the Canadian Scottish in February 1916. He went to France in July 1917. He fell on the 7th November of the same year, being blown to pieces by a German shell. He was in his 30th year. He was married, and left his wife and two children in Canada.



Captain GEORGE M. CLARK.

30.

Captain George M. Clark.**Royal Scots.**

1917—November 12.

1917, November 12 (Monday).—General Allenby attacked the new Turkish positions on the Wadi Sugheir, twelve miles north of Ascalon. And on the next day the Turks were driven out and many guns and prisoners were taken. Next day the General continued his advance in Palestine, and reached the Jerusalem Railway.

CAPTAIN GEORGE MACKAY CLARK, 4th Royal Scots, was the only son of Mr J. B. Clark, George Heriot's School, and of Mrs Clark, 146 Craiglea Drive, Edinburgh. Captain Clark was born on 9th June 1895, and educated at George Watson's College, Edinburgh, where he was a member of the Officers' Training Corps, in which he held the rank of Sergeant. From school he proceeded in April 1913 to study medicine at the University of Edinburgh, and joined the University Officers' Training Corps. When war broke out he at once gave up his studies, and in September 1914 was given a commission as First Lieutenant in the 4th Royal Scots. Lieutenant Clark was promoted to the rank of Captain in June 1915, and shortly thereafter went out to Gallipoli. He was invalided home at the end of October of the same year, suffering from dysentery and jaundice, but in the following February he was able to rejoin his Battalion, which was now with the Egyptian Expeditionary Force. He took part in the advance across the Sinai Desert and in the battles of Romani and Gaza, and was killed in the severe fighting at Burkah, in Palestine, on Monday, 12th November 1917. Captain Clark was a keen soldier.

"I cannot speak too highly of your son. He was one of my best Company commanders, and was loved and respected by all ranks."

"His loss to the Battalion is very great; he was such a splendid officer."

"He was a splendid officer, who knew his work and how to command men. He was a great favourite with all the men, and they had the greatest faith in him."

"He was always the centre of everything that was best in the Regiment. He was a man, young though he was, absolutely trustworthy, and as steady as a rock."

"We mourn the loss of a very dear comrade and most gallant officer, and we are all proud to have served with him."

"We all miss him greatly. He was always so cheery and helpful, and his Company would have done anything for him."



Private WILLIAM SOUTAR.

31.

Private William Soutar.*Machine Gun Corps (attached Highland Light Infantry).*

1917—December 2.

PRIVATE WILLIAM SOUTAR, of the Machine Gun Corps, was a brother of Mrs A. Niddrie, Townfoot, West Linton. He was killed in the Ostend sector on the 2nd December 1917. He belonged to Forfarshire.

The lonely country hamlets keep
Count of their dead;
The mother and the lover weep,
Uncomforted.
Each Tweeddale wood and hill and lane
Remembers one,
Whose feet will never pass their way again,
Glad in the sun.



Second-Lieutenant DOUGLAS V. GILLESPIE.

32. **Second-Lieutenant Douglas V. Gillespie.****Royal Air Force.**

1918—April 6.

1918, April 6.—On the 5th of April the Germans continued their attack from the Somme to beyond Bucquoy. The British took 200 prisoners in a counter-attack near Hébuterne. This ended the second battle of the Somme. On the 6th, which was a Saturday, there was severe fighting in Aveluy Wood (Albert), near Hébuterne in the Luce valley, north and south of Montdidier, and in the Oise region.

DOUGLAS VICTOR GILLESPIE, Second-Lieutenant, Royal Air Force, was the fifth and youngest son of Mr G. Gillespie, Burton Lodge, Lygon Road, Edinburgh, and Fairliehope, Carlups. He attended Watson's College from 1908 to 1915. He was studying for the veterinary profession, and joined the Army Veterinary Corps at Stirling, July 1916. Transferring to the Royal Air Force in June 1917, he completed his course of training and was attached to the military wing, and was sent abroad early in 1918. He saw much active fighting, and on the 6th of April was reported missing. Two months thereafter he was reported killed. The official report says:—"He was shot down in a combat with a superior number of hostile aircraft, and his death was instantaneous. A party of infantry buried him and erected a cross over his grave."

He was a most keen flyer, and having shewn good ability he was appointed to a crack squadron on the military wing, which had done very good work in the low flying operations over the enemy lines.

His school chums write that he was one of the best and nicest of companions, and was loved by all who knew him. He was aged 20.

He had other three brothers serving—Captain John M. Gillespie, Military Cross, Royal Army Medical Corps; Captain Samuel P. Gillespie, Military Cross, Gordon Highlanders; and Lieutenant George A. Gillespie, Military Cross, North Hants Yeomanry.



Private JOHN FRASER.

33.

Private John Fraser.**King's Own Scottish Borderers.**

1918—April 11.

1918, April 11.—On this Thursday fighting was general along the whole battle-front. The British were forced back beyond Ploegsteert and Steenwercke to the south of Neuve Eglise and Bailleul. At Hollebeeke and Messines the German attacks were repulsed. The enemy captured Merville. Strong local attacks were repulsed south of Arras. This was the third day of the battle of the Lys, which began on April 9.

PRIVATE JOHN FRASER was a native of West Linton, where he was employed with Mr David Paterson, grocer, Main Street there. He enlisted in Edinburgh during 1916, into the 9th (Highland) Battalion Royal Scots, but on being sent to France he was transferred to the 1st Battalion King's Own Scottish Borderers. He was repeatedly in action, but was never wounded. He was lying with his Battalion in front of Ypres during the great British retreat of March 1918, and went amissing on 11th April of that year. This young lad was much respected and esteemed in and about West Linton. He was a member of the Parish Church and a Guildsman.



Private ROBERT BRUCE.

34.

Private Robert Bruce.**9th Royal Scots.****1918—April 12.**

1918, April 12.—There was strong enemy pressure on this day (Friday), especially at Bailleul and Wulverghem. The enemy penetrated Neuve Eglise and Messines. In Apremonet Forest the Americans and French repulsed continued attacks. 110 German Divisions were engaged until now. The British withdrew from Messines Ridge.

PRIVATE ROBERT BRUCE was born in 1892, in Stirling, his father being Mr H. E. Bruce, Cambuskenneth Abbey there. He served his apprenticeship as a gardener with Mr Edmond Pullar, Bridge of Allan, and before enlisting he was with the late Mrs Woddrop, Garvald House, Dolphinton. In June 1915 he joined the 9th Royal Scots, and after being trained at Peebles and then at Selkirk, he went to France, early in January 1916, with the "Dandy Ninth." He went through the Somme in July onwards, and was at the taking of Beaumont Hamel in November. He was also through the Arras battle of April 1917. He took septic poisoning in the knee in May of that year, and was in hospital for quite a long spell in France and in England. On his recovery he was transferred to the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Scots, and was sent to France in December. He was posted missing on 12th April 1918, amidst that ever memorable British stand which defeated the last grim German effort.

Private Bruce had not been very long resident at Garvald before his soldier days, but he had made some firm friends, and had gained the esteem of all who knew him. These facts speak for themselves. He was quiet, but very true. He was a member of Kirkurd United Free Church, and on more than one occasion during the months of suspense when he was missing, Rev. D. C. Wiseman, M.A., made appreciative reference to him; expressing the hope that he would return with the prisoners and also the congregation's sympathy with his parents in Stirling. But the prisoners returned, and Robert Bruce was not amongst them. Doubtless he died on 12th April—"all his wounds in front"—giving his quiet, strong, and promising life for the country and the cause that were dear to him. "He was one of the best of sons, and if he got his father and mother right he was contented—but only so. And if he had been spared he would have been an equally devoted husband. One in Scotland was waiting for his 'leave' to be married when the storm of March broke out—and then the leave stopped—and the suspense began, and word came that he was missing. And thus war's tragedy works out and makes desolation, and there are those left that mourn."



Major ROBERT DICKSON.
Distinguished Conduct Medal.

35.

Major Robert Dickson,*Distinguished Conduct Medal.***Royal Scots and Durham Light Infantry.**

1918—May 27.

1918, May 27.—Major Dickson fell upon a Monday, on which day the third battle of the Aisne began, and continued until the 2nd of June. This was the new German thrust for Paris. After a heavy bombardment the enemy delivered a great attack on the Aisne between Soissons and Rheims. The Allies' line was pressed back. The Germans carried Chemin des Dames Ridge. There were lesser attacks between Loivre and Voormezele. Long range guns began to bombard Paris. The Germans crossed the Aisne on a front of eighteen miles.

MAJOR ROBERT DICKSON, Distinguished Conduct Medal, Durham Light Infantry, whose remarkable military career was brought to an end by his being killed in action in France on 27th May 1918, was the elder son of Mr James Dickson, Blyth Cottages, Dolphinton. Of all the lads that went from Peeblesshire, perhaps no one found his career more decidedly in the army than did this young man, and his record will bear comparison with some of the best achievements of our Scottish civilian soldiers. It was not his to win the Victoria Cross, but he was the stuff Victoria Crosses are made of—a man of utter fearlessness, outstanding coolness, and proved resource. He was born at Blyth, in Peeblesshire, on the 27th February 1892. A keen Territorial before the war, he was mobilised with his unit, the 1/8th Royal Scots (Territorial), and went to France early in November 1914. He fought continuously there till his lamented death in May 1918, and in those three and a half eventful years he won the Distinguished Conduct Medal and attained the rank of Major. Prior to the war, he spent all his years in and around his home as a farm hand, and latterly in the employment of Misses J. & M. Noble, merchants, Blyth Bridge. He was a keen and successful athlete, being a particularly fine runner. But his hidden greatness it took the war to call forth. From the beginning he threw himself into it with zest; as it proceeded it increasingly called forth his best; in the end it claimed himself—a fate from which he never shrank. His is one of the proud romances of the war. He died at 26.

The Rev. D. C. Wiseman, M.A., in Kirkurd United Free Church, on Sunday evening, 9th June, said:—"This morning Mr and Mrs James Dickson, Blyth, received a telegram, telling them that their son was reported killed in action on 27th May—that darkening message of which the poet has said—

Just a little scrap of paper
 In a yellow envelope—
 And the whole world is a ruin;
 Even Hope.

We had seen so much since August 1914 of that which lay hidden in Robert Dickson that we had come to hope for far greater things still. But God has willed it otherwise. Climbing the ladder of glory and fame, he has fallen—shall we not say upwards? The foe he was out so full-heartedly to fight has broken his body, but, joining hands with many a comrade on the other side, his soul goes marching on. I am not going to say a great deal about him: we all know he was a gallant soldier, and I know he died a death he did not fear. He was a son that any family might well have been proud to own. This district has been proud to call him hers. And this congregation has been honoured that he was a pioneer of its pioneer contingent for the war. I well recall the day in April 1911 when he came and wished to join my congregation. I saw then that there was a thoughtfulness, an independence, and a strength of character in him not often met with in the common ways of men. And from the day he joined this church till the war called him away he was seldom absent from his accustomed pew. I have been in regular and frequent communication with him ever since, and I know, perhaps better than most, how, amid the stress and strain of war, he had grown. I need hardly tell you the *long short* story of his Army career; how, a private in the Peebles Company of the 8th Royal Scots, with utter self-devotion, he won the Distinguished Conduct Medal at Festubert; how he passed over the rungs of the non-commissioned ladder, and then left that ladder behind on being gazetted 2nd Lieutenant with the Durham Light Infantry, just a year ago now; how in that subsequent year of danger he reached the rank of Captain, with a company of his own; how on 23rd March, at the beginning of the great Somme push, he was promoted Major, which promotion was confirmed a month after that date. Rumour has it in a letter which I have from the front that he was acting Lieutenant-Colonel with his Battalion when he died. That may or may not be true. We believe that his inborn soldiership and his arduous military training had made him fit for that. And all the while he was most humble, and all the while most happy.

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
 That every man in arms should wish to be?

He who, if he be called upon to face
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
 Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,

Is happy as a lover; and attired
 With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
 And through the heart of conflict, keeps the law
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,
 Come when it will, is equal to the need.

This, I think, is Major Dickson:

This is the happy warrior; this is he
 Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

One thing more I will say. When a comrade was wounded or slain, Robert Dickson, level-headed and big-hearted, was ever the first to think of the mother or friends at home, and to write at once the letter, so kindly phrased, that gently broke the news or cheered the anxious hearts. Not a few such letters have come from him from France. We wait if perchance some similar note from brother officer shall come to tell us how he died." Mr Wiseman thereafter read a most interesting letter he had had from Major Dickson, written nine days before he died, from the sunny slopes on the River Aisne, and which he was comparing to the beautiful Peebles hills.

The following Sunday the Rev. T. D. Miller, M.A., in Kirkurd Parish Church, read the following letter received the previous day by Major Dickson's parents from a chaplain in the 50th Division—"You will have received already the very sad news of the death in action of your most brave son, Major Robert Dickson, of the 7th Durham Light Infantry (Pioneers). The simple facts of the case are as follows:—Major Dickson was with his colonel from the commencement of the German bombardment and attack on 27th May. He was shot through the heart near the Canal Bridge, Maizy (on the Aisne), at about 1 P.M. on the 27th ult., dying almost immediately. I grieve very much indeed to write this to you, for I regard myself as very privileged to have known your son, and he was one of my special friends, one on whom I looked with great affection and admiration. A braver man could not be found anywhere. I was talking yesterday with the Regimental Sergeant-Major, when he emphasised more than I have done your boy's bravery and efficiency as an officer. The men in the Battalion worshipped him, and would have followed him anywhere. I remember speaking with the Colonel of the Battalion, who spoke of Major Dickson as the finest officer he had ever met. Certainly that was and is the opinion of very many I know in the Division who have come into contact with your gallant son. And this high efficiency which he displayed as an officer, and his extraordinary braveness and coolness, had, I know, a sure foundation. He was a remarkably sound fellow all round. His character was strong and robust. He was a man who commanded respect and

affection by reason of what he himself was. He always turned up at the services which I held for Presbyterians and Nonconformists, and his presence was fine to feel. His was a quiet deep sense of religious duty, which I feel sure was the key of his whole life. I believe he was a good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ, whom he served with a purity and sincerity of life which were outstanding." Mr Miller further said that the brave lad, who was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for helping to capture two hundred of the enemy, and who afterwards received a commission in the Durham Light Infantry, and who was Acting-Major at the time of his death, bore his honours with becoming modesty. When home on furlough a few months ago he was in his father's pew, and looked a soldier every inch. Thereafter Mr Miller expressed the sympathy of all with Major Dickson's relatives in the shadowed home, especially with his bereaved mother in her prolonged weakness.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. Birchall, 7th Durham Light Infantry, wrote:—"A finer comrade or a braver soldier I have never met. Besides being my right-hand man, he was a great personal friend, as practically the whole time that he was with this Battalion he and I were always together. I feel his death greatly."

News of battle! news of battle!
Hark! 'tis ringing down the street:
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle! Who hath brought it?
News of triumph? Who should bring
Tidings from our noble Army,
Greetings from our gallant King?

All last night we watched the beacons
Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
Message of the opened war.
All night long the northern streamers
Shot across the trembling sky:
Fearful lights that never beckon
Save when kings or heroes die.

Had you seen them, O my masters,
When the night began to fall,
And the Scottish spearmen gathered
Round a grim and ghastly wall.
As the wolves, in winter, circle
Round the leaguer on the heath,
So the greedy foe glared upward,
Panting still for blood and death.

But a rampart rose before them,
Which the boldest dared not scale:
Every stone a Scottish body,
Every step a corpse in mail.
God, our Father, will not fail us
In that last tremendous hour,
If all other bulwarks crumble,
He will be our strength and tower.

Though the ramparts rock beneath us
And the walls go crashing down,
Though the roar of conflagration
Bellow o'er the sinking town,
There is yet one place of shelter
Where the foeman cannot come,
Where the summons never sounded
Of the trumpet or the drum.

There again we'll meet our children
Who, on France's trampled sod,
For their King and for their country
Rendered up their souls to God.
There shall we find rest and refuge
With our dear departed brave,
And the ashes of our city
Be our universal grave.



Private HUGH R. M'GILL.

36.

Private Hugh Robert M'Gill.**Royal Scots Fusiliers.**

1918—July 19.

1918, July 19.—Private Hugh M'Gill fell on the day after the turning point which led to complete and final victory; it was a Friday. On the 18th there was a great Allied counter-attack on a two mile front between Fontenoy (six-and-a-half miles north-west of Soissons), and Belleau (six miles north-west of Chateau-Thierry). The French reached Monte de Paris (one mile from Soissons) and five miles off the valley of the Crise, east of Buzancy. South of the Ourcq the French and Americans secured the line Marizy-Hautvesnes-Belleau. South of the Marne the Germans reached St Agneau. East of Rheims the French retook Prunay and defeated the Prussian Guards east of Prosnes. On the day that Hugh M'Gill fell the French and Americans advanced on the Soissons-Thierry line, taking Vierzy (north of Ourcq) and Neuilly St Front (south of the Ourcq). South of the Marne the French re-took Montvoisin. The British recaptured Meteren (west of Bailleul), taking 300 prisoners.

HUGH ROBERT M'GILL was born at Carlops in 1899. He joined the Royal Army Medical Corps in October 1914, when he was only fifteen-and-a-half years of age. He was transferred to the Lanarkshire Yeomanry in 1915, and afterwards trained at Aldershot in the 1st Dragoon Guards. He next transferred to the 12th Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers (Ayr and Lanark Battalion), and went to Egypt in January 1916. He was in the Lewis Gun section. He served in the Palestine expedition in the 52nd Division, and was then sent to France. He was killed at Neip Forest on the 19th July 1918, while leading his gun into action. His brother William fell at Ypres on 16th November 1914, and two other brothers served with the Canadians.

In Carlops United Free Church, on Sabbath, 4th August 1918, at the service of commemoration, before asking the congregation to stand while the roll of the dead was read, the Rev. W. Frank Bruce made reference to the death on the battlefield of Private M'Gill as follows:—This is a day of commemoration. We are remembering those who have given their lives in the great cause of freedom for the world. Many a soldier has died for it. Many Scotch lads in days gone has dyed the heather with his life blood for it. We remember the days of Wallace and Bruce, and since then Scotchmen have been lovers of freedom; and at Waterloo, at Alma, and many another hard encounter Scotchmen have shown that the old native spirit born of freedom could give a good account of itself. To-day we mourn

another name added to the unreturning ones. As I mentioned last Sabbath, Hugh M'Gill has made the supreme sacrifice. Born in this place, baptised in this Church, trained up in its Sabbath School and Bible Class, he was one of the Carlops boys. One naturally looked on him entering the Army when the call came for men. There was a military ancestry to give him that bent. His father and elder brother had set him the example. Little wonder that he was an enlisted soldier at a very early age. He fell when he was only 19, and he had been two-and-a-half years abroad, with a training at home before that. I travelled with him the morning he went off, and I little thought that was the last we were to see of him in Carlops. It seems so strange, this mowing down of these lads as they come to their manhood. But it is not death in vain. A poet says the dead win battles. It is true.

The dead win battles. No! the brave
Die never. Being deathless they but change
Their country's arms for more—their country's heart.
Give, then, the dead their due. 'Tis they have saved us.

So young; yet surely length of years could not have brought a nobler ending to life.

Yet ere I give the reins to grief say first
How died he? Death to life is crown or shame.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame: nothing but well and fair.
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

He sleeps in a foreign land, under the sound of the never ceasing guns and the tramp of armed men, and there is a bit of France that is forever Carlops, for he who lies there loved his home, his native village, and those connected with it. He is the second member of this family to give up his life in this war—the oldest, and now the youngest—and the two other sons are out fighting in France. Our sympathies go out to-day to the family that is mourning again a son fallen, but with his face to his country's foes. We commend them to the Father of mercies and the God of consolation, that he would look down upon them and heal their troubled and sorrowing hearts, and even in the midst of tribulation may they find comfort and peace in God.

There's many a man of the Cameron clan,
That has followed his chief to the field;
He has sworn to support him, or die by his side,
For a Cameron never can yield.
I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding,
Deep o'er the mountain and glen,
While light springing footsteps are trampling the heath,
'Tis the march of the Cameron men.

Oh, proudly they walk, but each Cameron knows
He may tread on the heather no more;
But boldly he follows his chief to the field
Where his laurels were gathered before.
I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding,
Deep o'er the mountain and glen,
While light springing footsteps are trampling the heath,
'Tis the march of the Cameron men.

The moon has arisen, it shines on that path
Now trod by the gallant and true—
High, high, are their hopes, for their chieftan has said
That whatever men dare they can do.
I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding,
Deep o'er the mountain and glen,
While light springing footsteps are trampling the heath,
'Tis the march of the Cameron men.



Sergeant JOHN C. CUNNINGHAM.

37. **Sergeant John Craigie Cunningham.****Canadian Light Infantry.**

1918—August 26.

JOHN CRAIGIE CUNNINGHAM was born in Edinburgh in 1885, and was educated at home until his tenth year, when he entered Watson's College. He left in 1902, having gained the classical medal and college bursary. He headed the University bursary list, and after a brilliant career took his degree with honours in classics. In 1905 he won an open scholarship at Balliol. Unfortunately his health broke down, and having to give up study he went to Canada. He recovered his health in Canada, and was engaged in teaching when war broke out. In 1916 he returned with the Overseas 13th Mounted Infantry to take his part in the Great War. He was transferred to Princess Pat's, and went out to France in October 1917. He had been occupied for a year in England in physical training, had many opportunities of obtaining a commission, but preferred to remain in the ranks. He fell on the 26th August 1918, at the taking of Monchy, deeply regretted by his officers and comrades; and lies in the British Cemetery at Vis-en-Artois. To this expression of regret we add our own sorrowful tribute at the loss of a highly gifted intellect, a bright and eager nature, and a charming personality. John Cunningham was a very good golfer, a plus man on the West Linton course, where he was a well known and popular figure for many years.



Second-Lieutenant DAVID B. HALLEY.

38. **Second-Lieutenant David Bowic Halley.**

22nd Squadron Royal Air Force.

1918—August 30.

1918, August 30.—Second-Lieutenant David Halley fell upon a Friday. On that day the British crossed the Somme south and west of Péronne. The Germans began to withdraw on the Lys front, and the British occupied Bailleul. The French crossed the Canal du Nord, and captured Chevilly. On the day following, the British captured Mont St Quentin, and the Germans evacuated Mount Kemmel. This day saw the end of the battle of Bapaume.

Born at the Schoolhouse, West Linton, on 14th November 1899.

Educated at West Linton Public School, Broughton Higher Grade School, Edinburgh; Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh.

Employed at City Analyst's Office, Edinburgh.

Enlisted as a Cadet in the Royal Air Force, November 1917.

Received commission as Second-Lieutenant in Royal Air Force, 13th July 1918.

Went to France, 29th July 1918.

Posted as an Observer to 22nd Squadron, 28th August 1918.

Killed at Aerodrome of above Squadron, 30th August 1918.

SECOND-LIEUTENANT D. B. HALLEY was a lad of great promise, acquitting himself with marked distinction as an analyst in Edinburgh. He was an enthusiastic angler and a great lover of nature as he found it in the uplands of the Lyne Valley. He took an especial interest in the bird life of this district, and in the splendid collection of Peeblesshire birds now gathered in West Linton Public School. He knew all the wild birds by headmark, and could identify their eggs and nests at sight. Their haunts were well known to him, and their coming and going always noted. He found many unfamiliar species among the hills, woods, and moors, and had the satisfaction of being the first to record in West Linton district the nest of the siskin.

While practising with the machine gun at a busy range in the south of England, he noticed a small bird repeatedly flying to and fro just under a rain of bullets, and obtained leave during a lull in the firing to search the ground. He was not a little surprised to find the nest and young of a meadow-pipit, for this ground was swept with bullets during many hours of each day, and had been so for months before.

His eyesight was particularly keen and well trained, and he proved a very fine shot. This doubtless led to his appointment as an observer for long distance reconnaissance, and proud indeed he was when he was chosen to join the 22nd Squadron of the famous

"Fighting Bristols." But his career was fated to be a very brief one. He had one successful flight on 29th August, and was landing on the aerodrome on the 30th after another flight when his companion—Lieutenant Walker, a skilful and experienced pilot—was seen to be making a too rapid descent. They landed with a crash, and both were killed instantaneously.

They were buried next day in the British Military Cemetery at Pernes, in Pas de Calais, about midway between St Pol and Bethune.

Lieutenant Halley had not reached his 19th birthday. His portrait represents him as a cadet.

"I expect you will already have heard from the Major of 22nd Squadron of the sad news of your son, who was killed yesterday in a flying accident on the aerodrome. No one seems to be quite clear how it happened, but it appeared to me, where I stood, that the pilot made a too rapid descent, and in trying to recover himself just caught the tip of his 'plane in the ground and damaged it, which caused a crash a few moments later. We ran to the spot, but nothing could be done, as both officers must have died instantaneously and painlessly. I know what a great blow this will be to you, and I can assure you that all the officers in the Squadron join me in offering you our very real sympathy, but, in spite of your great sorrow, I think you must feel proud of your son, who has given everything in this great cause, and has earned for himself and you the gratitude of his country. The funeral took place this afternoon in Pernes Military Cemetery, at 2 p.m., when I laid his body to rest together with that of his pilot and two other officers of this Squadron who were killed the same day. His pilot's name was Second-Lieutenant J. G. Walker, also from Scotland, living at Balnahard, Finzean, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire."

"It is with deep regret I write to give you a few details regarding the death of Lieutenant D. B. Halley. Lieutenant Halley arrived at this Squadron on Wednesday evening with Lieutenant Walker. They had apparently met at the Pool, and, like pilots and observers, had arranged to work together. The day following their arrival here they went for a short flight in the vicinity of the 'drome, and owing to mutual understanding they were posted to the same flight, and would have flown together. Yesterday forenoon Lieutenant Walker, pilot, and Lieutenant Halley, observer, again went up in the vicinity of the 'drome to practice wireless. On endeavouring to land Lieutenant Walker apparently misjudged his height from the ground, and the machine crashed, pilot and observer being killed instantly. Lieutenant Walker had flown this type of machine a great deal, and was a qualified pilot. It was awfully bad luck, and their loss is grieved by all of us, both being so new to the Squadron. Your son

was buried to-day in the British Cemetery near here. A party of men from the Squadron attended, also myself. The Padre who officiated is writing to you giving full details. An inventory has been made of your son's kit, and all kit is being returned to you through Messrs Cox & Co. I enclose herewith two letters found on his tunic which I thought you might like to have. Hoping the above details will afford some consolation in so great a loss."

At the service in West Linton Parish Church on Sabbath forenoon, 8th September 1918, the officiating minister, the Rev. J. A. Anderson, of West Calder, read the following tribute to the memory of the deceased officer, which had been sent by the Rev. S. M'Lintock, minister of the parish, who was at the seaside, enjoying a well-earned rest:—"The week which has passed has brought to a number of the homes in the parish the sad news of wounded sons in the war, and the intimation of the death of Second-Lieutenant David Bowie Halley, the younger son of Mr and Mrs Halley, highly esteemed by us. The letter from the Chaplain of the 18th Squadron of the Royal Air Force informs his parents of his heroic death, of the great respect in which he was held by all the officers of the Squadron, and of their heart-felt sympathy with them in their great sorrow. He further adds that they have much reason to feel proud of their son, who has given everything in the great cause, and has earned for himself and them the gratitude of his country. The letter closes with touching reference to his burial and that of his pilot and two other officers killed the same day, at which the chaplain officiated, in a military cemetery in France. It is with heartfelt sympathy, I am sure, we all share to-day with our respected elder and his devoted wife, their wounded son (whom we pray God may soon be restored to health and be long spared to them), and their sorrowing daughter, in their great loss. Second-Lieutenant David Halley was well-known to most if not all of us. He was a real Linton lad, born and baptised in Linton, and admitted to the membership of this Church a year ago. He was employed in the Edinburgh City Analyst's Office when he joined the Royal Air Force. He was of a kindly, lively, and affectionate disposition, loved the country and the rural life, and in his letters to home spoke of intense interest in everything and everybody connected with the parish. We mourn his loss, so young, and full of promise for a future life of success after the war, but we murmur not, but thank God for all that he was to his parents, to the home-circle, to his friends, and for the sacrifices he made for the glory of God, for his King and country, and the cause of righteousness, liberty, and truth."

"It is a very great shock to me and my friends who used to meet your son in travelling to Penicuik, to hear of the extremely sad

news conveyed in your letter. We both liked your boy extremely much, and we were specially interested when he seemed to continue his association with us by entering the City Analyst's Department, and I looked forward to continuing that friendship which had been casually made, and I think pleasantly sustained on both sides. My chief sorrow now is that I did not see more of him or have greater opportunities of closer friendship with him. I seem now to have known him so well as to feel a very deep sense of personal loss, and very sincere grief I assure you at the very sad news. For yourself and Mrs Halley I have the greatest possible sympathy: a fine young life full of greatest promise, sacrificed to the wretched avarice of an evil country. I well remember talking to him in the train of the prospects of his becoming a soldier, and I think I see now his face brightened up in expectation of that event. He was a willing soldier then, and full of expectancy and determination to take his part with others in this great conflict. I appreciate very much indeed your kindness in sending to me the sad news, and wish to thank both you and Mrs Halley for the very kind thought that prompted you to send me such a beautiful photograph of the lad I remember so well. I shall treasure this and his memory."

Lines written by Lieutenant Halley when in France.

I'm far frae hame and lanely,
 My hert's whiles fu' o' waes;
 But my thochts aye turn tae Linton,
 Where I spent my childhood's days.
 Gey aften after schule hoors,
 I wad wander up the burn,
 An' wonder whiles if Burns was richt,
 That "Man was made to mourn."
 I loved thae scenes in childhood,
 And though in a foreign land,
 The distance ne'er can sever
 That ever-tugging hand.
 Perhaps I shall return again,
 And once more freely roam
 Through the dells and grassy woodlands
 O' my far-off Scottish home.
 But maybe no! My earthly race
 May very soon be run!
 Then God give me the strength to say—
 "O Lord! Thy will be done!"
 Farewell! my bonnie little toon,
 And try your tears to quell.
 From this dark bloody battlefield,
 I send my last farewell.

I've heard them liltin' at our ewe-milkin',
 Lasses a-liltin' before dawn o' day;
 Now there's a moanin' on ilka green loanin'—
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

 At buchts in the mornin' nae blythe lads are scornin',
 Lasses are lanely, and dowie, and wae;
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighin' and sabbin',
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

 In hairst, at the shearin', nae youths now are jeerin',
 The bandsters are runkled, and lyart, and gray;
 At fair or at preachin', nae wooin', nae fleechin'—
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

 At e'en, in the gloamin', nae swankies are roamin',
 'Bout stacks, 'mang the lasses at bogle to play;
 But each ane sits dreary, lamentin' her dearie—
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

 We'll hear nae mair liltin' at the ewe-milkin':
 Women and bairns are dowie and wae;
 Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin'—
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.



Lieutenant COLIN BRUCE.

39.

Lieutenant Colin Bruce.**Highland Light Infantry.**

1918—September 5.

COLIN BRUCE was the elder son of Mr Patrick Chalmers Bruce of Kinleith, Currie, Midlothian, and Baddinsgill, West Linton, Peeblesshire, and of his wife, Lucy Walmsley Bruce. He was educated at Cargilfield and Harrow. He subsequently travelled in India and Ceylon, and was intending to go into his father's business, when war broke out. Lieutenant Bruce was gazetted to the 9th Seaforth Highlanders in October 1914, but as that Battalion was turned into a Pioneer Battalion, and only engineer officers were wanted, he joined the Black Watch. He was not passed medically fit for foreign service, but remained in the Black Watch till September 1916, when he was transferred to the Highland Light Infantry. He went to France in December 1917 to join the 14th Battalion, and came home on leave in March 1918, returning to France at the time of the retreat. His Battalion was then disbanded, and he joined the 6th Battalion in May. He was wounded in the head on 27th August 1918, in the attack on Fontaine-Croisilles, and died on 5th September, in hospital, at Abbeville.

His Colonel wrote to his father:—"While your son had not been with this Battalion long, he was no stranger to us, and had any number of friends, all of whom admired him. He was not a mere unit, he was one of us, and on that account every officer in the Battalion mourns with you and your family in your great loss."

The Chaplain wrote:—"Our Battalion was leading the attack for the second time on the Fontaine-Croisilles position, and Lieutenant Bruce was in command of B Company. While the enemy resistance was not actually very strong, his barrage was heavy, and his machine gunners fought with great determination and did us a good deal of damage. Everything your son had to do he did with gallantry and ability. We deeply regret losing him, for, although he was only with us a short time, he had won a place in the affection of the Battalion. We regarded him as a veteran; we were new to France, and he had seen much hard service, and had come through many trying experiences."



Private FRANK BELL.

40.

Private Frank Bell.**1/9th Royal Scots.****1918—November 3.**

1918, November 3.—On the day previous, the British completed the capture of Valenciennes. The French captured Semuy and the south bank of the Canal des Ardennes from Semuy to Neuville. The Argonne Forest was completely cleared of the enemy. The Americans advanced rapidly in the Meuse sector. On the Sunday on which Frank Bell died the sailors of the German Fleet were mutinying. The Belgians advanced south of the Dutch frontier and captured Baasvelde and Steydinge. Between the Upper Aisne and the Meuse the Americans and French advanced rapidly on a front of thirty miles. On the day following, revolution began to spread in Germany, and a great British and French offensive began on a thirty-mile front from east of the Scheldt at Valenciennes to Guise on the Oise.

PRIVATE FRANK BELL was the son of Mr and Mrs R. Bell, Hawick. Before going out to France for the last time, in 1918, he was transferred to the 1/9th Battalion of The Royal Scots. On the 29th October 1918 he was badly gassed. He was sent to No. 15 Clearing Station, where he died on the 3rd November. He was buried in the Military Cemetery at Etaples. Frank's death was a terrible blow to his parents, taking place as it did so near the close of the war. His letters home were always bright and cheerful. He was 25 years of age, and was employed as a gamekeeper at Spitalhaugh when war broke out.



The Rev. S. M'LINTOCK.

Captain the Rev. S. M'Lintock.

The Soldiers' Friend.

1922—April 12.

THE REV. S. M'LINTOCK was minister of West Linton for forty-five years; and died on the 12th of April 1922. In his younger years Mr M'Lintock held a Captain's commission in the Queen's Edinburgh Royal Volunteer Brigade, and during all his ministerial life he was ever a warm friend to young soldiers. His sympathies and activities in this direction found full scope during the Great War, especially when a small war hospital was established in his parish. Everything that could be done on behalf of the spiritual and physical necessities of the young soldiers was either initiated or carried out by him. He kept up a constant and continuing correspondence with them all when on active service, and was a ready and sincere consoler to the bereaved. The widows, parents, and children of those who fell during the war found in him the most devoted of friends. And when the Tweeddale lads, mobilised at Haddington, received their sudden summons to active service abroad on that dreary Monday morning of the 2nd November 1914, it was Mr M'Lintock who hurried through to the muster-place with as many of their relatives that he could collect in the brief time. He addressed the departing men and lads belonging to West Linton, most of whom he had baptised, commending them to the Almighty in prayer, and presented to everyone a pocket Bible. Throughout all their campaigns those lads and men never forgot the truly fatherly and affectionate send-off which so cheered and encouraged them on their fateful departure from Tweeddale.



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
Those 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.

INDEX.

	PAGE.		PAGE
Anderson, G., Sergeant, 1917, April 23,	41	M'Gill, H. R., Private, 1918, July 19,	81
Barr, W., Private, 1916, July 15,	25	M'Gill, W., Shoeing Smith, 1914, Nov. 16,	7
Bell, Frank, Private, 1918, November 3,	95	M'Lintock, Rev. S., Captain, 1922, April 12,	97
Brown, D. H., Private, 1915, April 25,	9	<i>March of the Cameron Men, The,</i>	83
Bruce, Colin, Lieutenant, 1918, September 5,	93	Moore, J., Private, 1916, August 4,	27
Bruce, Robert, Private, 1918, April 12,	73	Muir, A. Private, 1917, October 22,	61
Caird, P., Private, 1916, September 17,	29	Muir, John, Lance-Corporal, 1917, Nov. 7,	63
Cetilous,	1	Nennus,	1
Chalmers, W. D., Private, 1915, July 12,	19	<i>News of Battle,</i>	79
Clark, G. M., Captain, 1917, November 12,	65	Nudus,	1
Cunningham, J. C., Sergeant, 1918, Aug. 26,	85	Ochiltree, R. R., Ship Steward, 1917, July 9,	49
Dickson, R., Major, 1918, May 27,	75	Paterson, D. H., Private, 1917, June 29,	47
Faed, J. R. H., Midshipman, 1915, May 12,	11	Ritchie, W. L., Lieutenant, 1917, August 1,	55
Farquharson, A. F., Private, 1917, Aug. 22,	57	Rodger, Alex., Lance-Corporal, 1917, June 10,	45
Fergusson, J. A., Lieut., 1914, Sept. 20,	3	Sanderson, A., Major, 1915, June 28,	13
Fergusson, T. R. Colyer, Lieut., 1917, July 31,	51	Sibbald, John, Private, 1917, August 28,	59
Finlayson, P., Private, 1916, November 18,	35	Soutar, W., Private, 1917, December 2,	67
<i>Flowers of the Forest, The,</i>	91	Sutherland, J. D., Private, 1916, October 26,	33
Fraser, J., Private, 1918, April 11,	71	Thomson, E. J., Lieutenant, 1915, June 28,	15
Garden, G., Private, 1915, September 25,	21	Thomson, F. W., Sec.-Lieut., 1915, June 28,	17
Gill, Alex., Private, 1917, April 4,	37	<i>Thou wast their Rock,</i>	99
Gillespie, D. V., Lieutenant, 1918, April 6,	69	Urquhart, D., Corporal, 1915, September 25,	23
Halley, D. B., Second-Lieut., 1918, Aug. 30,	87	Wilson, Alex., Private, 1917, April 23,	43
Hayton, J. T., Private, 1917, April 9,	39	Yarrow Stone, The,	1
<i>How bright those glorious spirits shine,</i>	100		
Kirkhope, J., Gunner, 1916, September 27,	31		
Liberalis,	1		





SEAL OF SIR W. ADAMSON, Vicar of West Linton, 1436.

