

LAST week, you will remember, I told you that Jack Stacey, the famous wrestler, at one time a seaman, now a private in the Canadian Contingent, had been wounded. A further letter from him gives an appallingly vivid idea of the doings of the enemy. There is no need for me to write it up. The letter, in its direct simplicity, coming, as it does, red-hot from the field of battle, gives a better idea than any amount of word-painting:

Dear Sir,—Thanks for your welcome letter, and the beautiful sports display and concert programme. Sorry I could not be there, as my services were required here.

Major Moore, I think, wrote you on the subject some time ago. I had a wrestling match here, on the eve of the Battle of Neuve Chapelle, with Sergeant Knock, Royal Engineers, whose weight was 13st., which I won (Knock had challenged anyone in the B.E. Force).

My wounds are progressing favourably, and I hope soon to be all right again, and to be able to avenge some of the awful crimes the Germans have committed here—such as crucifying one of our sergeants on a barn door, bayoneting our wounded, shooting Canadian prisoners, and burning and burying our men who were overcome by James from their poisonous gases. My comrades in the Canadian Mechanical Transport pass through hell nearly every day in order to supply their brothers along the firing line with provisions.

GERMANS CRUCIFY A  
CANADIAN SERGEANT  
A Heart-breaking Letter from  
Jack Stacey. 5-15-1915