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MAJOR GEORGE STIRRETT, M.C. D.C.M. FIRST HUSSAR

This is the story of a Canadian Soldier, a First Hussar, and a very fine gentleman that I had the privilege of knowing in his later years. The information/story that follows was taken from a book by R. B. McCarthy, from *The Gallant Hussars* by Michael R. McNorgan, from an audio taped interview made by Col. Newman with George, from personal memories and from various other reference materials. The font changes when George is quoted word for word as much of this story comes directly from him. The story is intended to capture a small portion of our history and is not intended to be sold or distributed for profit. It is, most of all, a tribute to a very great man, fortunately only one of the many great men who have served our Regiment and our Country.



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On the 28th of June, 1914, Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria was murdered in Sarajevo which is widely believed to be the spark that ignited World War I. Canada went to war in August of 1914, entering into a war that would last over four years that would see a total of 628,964 men and women serve in the Canadian Armed Forces. It would cost the lives of 64,944 Canadians and another 172,950 were wounded. That's nearly a 10% fatality rate and a 27% wound rate. Put another way, one out of every four who enlisted would be either killed or wounded before the war would end.



ARCHDUKE FERDINAND WITH HIS WIFE SOPHIE

A little bit more on the assassination of the Archduke for obvious reasons as the story unfolds. He was the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne and he was in a five care motorcade, sitting to the left of his wife Sophie, Duchess of Hohenberg, on the back seat of an open-topped car proceeding along Appel Quay in Sarajevo. When the driver mistakenly turned right into Franz Joseph Street and stopped to reverse, 19 year old Gavrilo Princip shot the royal couple at close range with a semi-automatic pistol. He was one of six assassins positioned along the route by the leader in a secret radical organization, the Black Hand.



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GAVRILO PRINCIP, THE ASSASSIN

The political objective of the assassination was to break the Austro-Hungarian south-Slav provinces off so they could be combined into a Greater Serbia or a Yugoslavia. The assassins and the key military conspirators who were still alive were arrested, tried, convicted and punished. Those who were arrested in Bosnia were tried in Sarajevo in October 1914. The other conspirators were arrested and tried before a Serbian kangaroo court in French-occupied Salonika in 1916 - 1917 on unrelated false charges; Serbia executed the top three military conspirators. The assassination of the Archduke brought the tensions between Austria-Hungary and Serbia to a head. This triggered a chain of international events that embroiled Russian and the major European powers and thirty-seven days later the world was at war.

From 1993 to 1998, Canada would find itself back in the Balkans where WW I had started. They would be part of the UN Mission, UNPROFOR, which cost the lives of 11 Canadian Peacekeepers. They would also be part of the NATO Missions IFOR, SFOR, and KFOR which would cost the lives of 6 Canadian soldiers. The words "Bosnians, Croats, Serbs" would once again cost Canada dearly.



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GEORGE JOINS THE ARMY

"The 1914 War as it came to the average young man in Canada was unexpected, unimportant, and certainly nothing to interfere with hockey, rugby, baseball, and lacrosse. Our gang, or boy's club at Petrolia had no one in the militia who went to the yearly camp at Niagara Falls. Military things never were referred to or thought about. We knew that General Wolfe had captured the Plains of Abraham from Montcalm and that Napoleon had been defeated by Wellington at Waterloo. These were things we got marks for in exams, so we had to learn them. Then for memory work, our class had to learn "The Charge of the Light Brigade" by Tennyson. And, if you had a Scottish teacher like I did, you learned "Scots, Wa He we Wallace blead. Scots whom Bruce had often lead." This was about the extent of our military knowledge or training."



George grew up in a small town called Petrolia, located about 30 kilometres from Sarnia, Ontario. Petrolia, the Victorian Cradle of the Oil Industry, was going through a down turn in its economy during George's boyhood but it was rebounding as other businesses began to replace the employment once offered in the oil fields.

"On August 4th, 1914, the Methodist Sunday School picnic was going by train from Petrolia to Courtright. Then the Tashmoo steamer from Sarnia picked us up to take us to Tashmoo Park at the entrance to Lake St. Clair. It would return us to Petrolia about dark. As we got to Port Algonac, about 10 AM, a



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news boy was calling from the dock that England declared war on Germany. He sold all his Detroit newspapers to our boat. Very little was said about the news. There were far more important things that affected us. The war was not as important as the Detroit team beating the Chicago Red Sox at Detroit that afternoon."

"On reaching home after dark, I saw Harry Bolt turning into our house. He had been the trainer for our rugby team and he was very popular with anyone who played games of any kind. Harry wanted to see my father who was Mayor of Petrolia. My father was busy at a council meeting, but was expected home any minute. So I sat with Harry on the veranda and found that he wanted my father to sign a paper that would allow the Grand Trunk Railway to provide Harry with a ticket to Montreal and then to England. Harry told me that he had been a Reserve soldier with the Lincolns of England. Now that war had been declared, he had received his call to rejoin the regiment he had trained with for five years before he came to Canada. He was leaving a wife and two children and they would receive a pension of a dollar a day while he was in the service. Harry got away at 6:00 AM the next morning. The idea of his going was a shock to me and the other boys I told. The local paper said nothing about him quitting his job at the wagon works. His job was soon filled."

"Rugby in 1914 ended in a playoff between London and Sarnia at London. I was asked to referee the game. Four of us on the train started talking about the war which had not ended in ten days or a month like the papers had said it would. After the game, we decided to visit the Armouries in London and try to find out about Army matters and what it was all about."

"At the armouries, we ran into McEwen, who had scored the winning touchdown for London that afternoon against the team from Sarnia. He had been down to Val Cartier where his brother was with the artillery. The 1st Division, mostly infantry and artillery, were being collected at Val Cartier. He had heard some important persons say there and then that the war would likely last for four or five years and, as a member of the First Hussars, he was going to start recruiting in two weeks time. They would likely go to Egypt as cavalry. He also told us that a military school was starting the next week in the London Armouries. Up to this time we had thought of the war as a joke but now we started to think of it as a serious thing. Two of us decided to take the course starting the following Thursday."

When Canada went to war in August, 1914, Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, had raised the 1st Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force (CEF) which consisted primarily of infantry and artillery. In September of 1914 a second division of infantry was authorized and a chorus of protest arose from the cavalry asking why no mounted units were being raised. Hughes relented and approved the creation of thirteen battalions of Canadian Mounted Rifles (CMR), with the intention of sending them to Egypt, but they never saw the Middle East. Instead



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they ended up forming an infantry brigade and fighting in the trenches on the Western Front. In southwestern Ontario, the 7th Canadian Mounted Rifles (7CMR) was authorized on 09 November 1914 and in December, recruiting began in London and Toronto.



The words on the Cap Badge "RIGHT DUTY GALLANTRY" was no doubt influenced by LCol Leonard's familiarity with the RMC moto "TRUTH DUTY VALOUR". This badge was never given official status because it lacked the word 'overseas'.

"On our way home to Sarnia on the train, we saw in the evening paper that Harry Bolt of Petrolia had been killed while fighting with the Lincolns in the retreat from Mons. This was our first knowledge that wars would kill people we knew. We had all known and liked Harry."

"At the military school the following week, we found out things about the army. Canada had already sent the First Division and was now raising the Second Division. I found that a Division was usually about 16,000 men, composed of 12,000 infantry (12 Battalions of 1,000 each in 3 Brigades), The other 4,000 were support troops, artillery, signals, supply troops, a cyclist company, and a squadron of cavalry. Before the school closed, it became known that the First Hussars were to form a Squadron of about 160 men for the Second Canadian Division. The 19th Alberta Dragoons had sent a squadron with the First Canadian Division which was now in England."

"After class each day, about a dozen of us would go to talk to McEwen who seemed to know more than our instructors. When the course ended, about a dozen of us, now lieutenants, joined the First Hussars as private soldiers. McEwen, who was the Recruiting Officer, asked me if there were any more young men in Petrolia who might sign up. I said I thought so and contacted Dr. Fairbanks, a fairly wealthy man who lived in Petrolia. He held a banquet to bring all the young men in Petrolia together and McEwen came to town as well. Dr. Fairbanks paid for everything, even the hotel room for McEwen. At the banquet, Dr. Fairbanks told us that he was in California when war was declared and that he immediately sent a telegram to Ottawa saying he was ready to go in any capacity they wish to use him in. Nine of the Petrolia rugby team signed up with



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us. By January, 1915, we were in barracks at the Exhibition Building at Queen's Park in London."

'A' Squadron was recruited in London while 'B' Squadron drew its men from Sarnia, Windsor and Amherstburg, many of them being First Hussars. 'C' Squadron was raised in Toronto. Although there was a Recruiting Centre in Petrolia, because George had been training in London, that's where he enrolled.



PETROLIA RECRUITING CENTRE

"Lieutenant Colonel Leonard, who was given command of the First Hussars Squadron, hired Jim Widgry, an old retired Royal Canadian Dragoon Sergeant Major. Colonel Leonard paid Widgry out of his own pocket to train our Officers, NCOs and Men. Widgry put us into shape in about half the time it would otherwise have taken. We had plenty of horses for training from the remount depot at London. Let me tell you of a personal experience relating to Widgry. I gave evidence one day while I was a Lance Corporal and in my evidence I said I thought a certain thing. Widgry later found me and said "When you were giving evidence you said you thought something. I want you to get it through your head that there are people in this army paid for thinking, and you are not one of them." Through similar incidents, he was able to help nearly everyone in the First Hussars."

Lt. Col. E. I. Leonard had served in the First Hussars ever since his 1903 graduation from the Royal Military College (RMC).

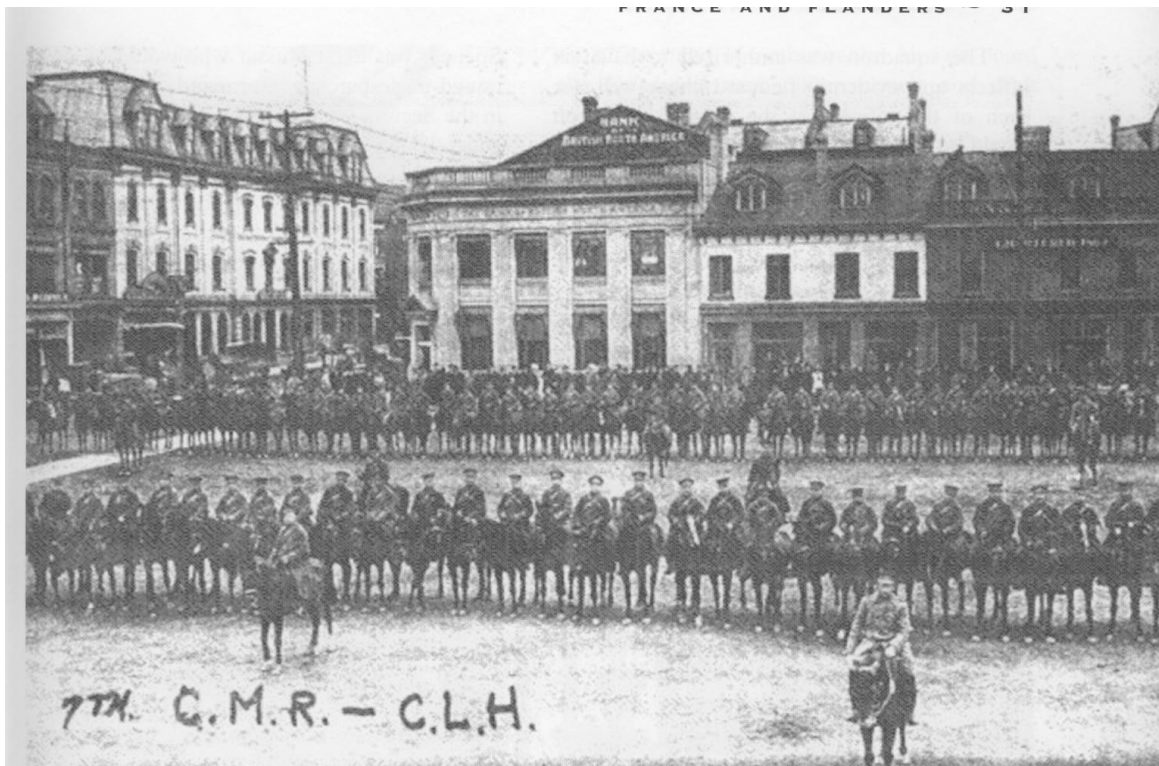
"The First Hussars, or the 7th Canadian Mounted Rifles, as we were then known, had a H.Q. and two Squadrons in London and one Squadron in Toronto. Within a few weeks, "A" and "B" Squadrons in London had progressed to the level of squadron tactical exercises and were able to conduct training schemes in



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cooperation with infantry units stationed in the London area. On 30 March, 1915, the Regiment was honoured by being ordered to supply the Divisional Cavalry

Squadron for the Second Canadian Division. This squadron was organized and commanded by Lt Col Leonard, who selected as his officers Captain C. F. McEwen, Lieutenants A. C. Spencer, J. A. G. White, W. A. Bishop, and H. M. Campbell. Volunteers for service with the squadron were called for. Virtually all other ranks volunteered - the squadron was organized and we began intensive cavalry training."



Each of the Officers of this original squadron would be decorated and several would have distinguished careers. The second in command, Cuthbert Finnie McEwen, a 1st Hussar, would be awarded the Distinguished Service Order (DSO) before being killed in action in 1918. The four Troop Leaders included Harold Montgomery Campbell who was destined to win a Military Cross (MC), and Alexander Charles Spencer, another 1st Hussar, who would be mentioned-in-dispatches, command the Regiment in the Second World War and retire as a Major-General. James Alexander White would be awarded the DSO and the MC and finish the war as a Major and finally there was William Avery Bishop who transferred to the Royal Flying Corps where he went on to become a fighter pilot and a winner of the Victoria Cross. When Bishop left the squadron he was



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replaced by Charles Gordon Cockshutt who would finish the war decorated with an MC plus a French *Croix de Guerre*.

"On 06 June, 1915, orders were received for the Second Canadian Divisional Cavalry Squadron to proceed overseas. By this time, I was a Corporal with the Second troop. Lieutenant Billy Bishop was our Troop Officer. The squadron entrained two days later for Montreal and, at 11:00 a.m., 09 June, 1915, sailed for England on the S. S. Caledonia.



snapshot of Lieutenant Billy Bishop taken by his troop sergeant, George Stirrett, on the Caledonian.



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GEORGE GOES TO WAR

"On the Caledonia, with three decks of horses underneath, our main duty was to feed and water the horses. There were no kitchens on board and the cooks had to prepare our meals on the open deck. It was awful food. It was the worst conditions I had ever seen. The ship wasn't designed for this kind of duty and there wasn't even a doctor on board. Fortunately we had good weather and were able to set out hay and sleep on the deck. There were hammocks below but the air was too foul to sleep there. The next day, the hay we had used for our beds would be fed to the horses. We swung wide to the south while sailing across the Atlantic and still thought that we were going to Egypt. However, we landed at Devonport, England. We had crossed the Atlantic without any escort ships, without even a machine-gun on our own ship. It was not until later on in the war that shipping was being attacked by the enemy, creating a need for escort ships."

"We landed at South Hampton and moved to Devonport. From Devonport, our squadron entrained for Canterbury where the Cavalry Headquarters for England was located. The 2nd Division was scattered all over the south coast of England. Two days later we rejoined the Second Canadian Division at Dibgate Plains (near Folkestone) where we went under canvas. At Dibgate Plains the squadron was issued 168 riding and light draught horses, new Lee-Enfield rifles and swords. Training was continued at an accelerated pace. However, the area was very heavy clay and after every rain the horse lines became almost impossible. One day when the mud was very bad, two Royal Air Force planes went over. While Bishop, who hated to be dirty, and I stood in the mud watching them, only a few hundred feet high, Bishop turned to me and said, "It's clean up there George. And if you were killed, at least you would be clean. Imagine being killed in this mix of mud and horse manure." Lieutenant Billy Bishop joined the Air Force that afternoon and was replaced in the troop by Lt. C. G. Cockshutt, a member of the family that owned the Cockshutt Plough Company. Lt. Bishop hadn't told anyone in the Hussars where he was going or what he was going to do so we didn't know where he was for about two weeks."

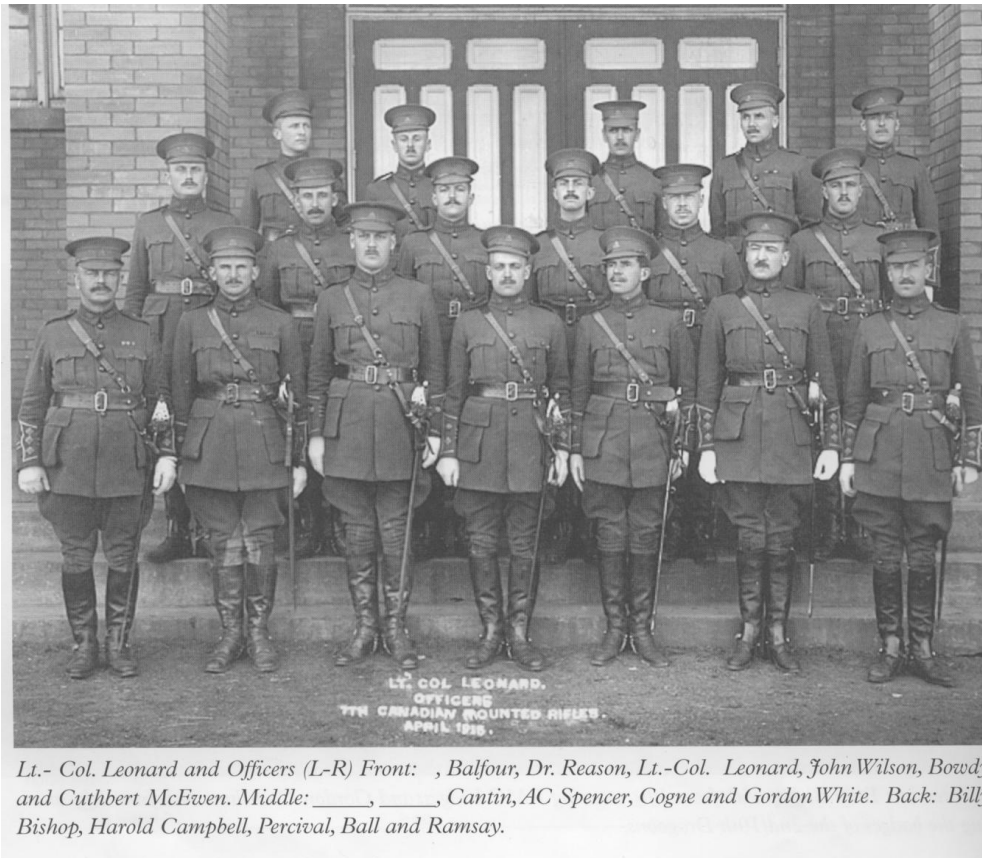
"Billy Bishop, while with the Royal Flying Corps, became the world's greatest flier during the First World War. He received many decorations including the V.C. and the D.S.O. and the Saturday Evening Post ran a series of articles about him. He told us that they paid him \$75,000 for his story. He told Evan Cobb his story in three hours and Cobb made the series run almost two years. Bishop would visit us at least once a month; he was always popular with all ranks. He once invited me to his new lines where he made me stand on a grand piano and have a drink. Around the room on the wall were the names and ranks of Officers and beside each name were women's garters. Some had one or two and some had six or more. Billy told me you could only hang a garter if you'd



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personally taken it off the woman. Also, there was an indication by some names that this particular Officer had been killed."

"The fellows flying the airplanes were given more privileges than we were and almost all of them rode motorcycles. I guess it was because their work was so intense that they wanted them to be able to relax when not training. They had some older airplanes and we watched one day as they drove them all into the hedges to break them up so they could get new ones. They were never disciplined for anything they did. Billy's batman was a guy we called Slim Adams from Alvinston, Ontario. He was a terrible horseman, we used to say he looked like a sack of potatoes riding behind Bishop. One day Billy asked him to send a dozen roses to his girl friend. When Adams tried to do this, they wouldn't extend any credit so he paid for the roses out of his own pocket. When he asked Billy for the money back - he didn't have any to give him." George used to love to tell the story of the roses and would laugh and laugh until tears came to his eyes.



Lt.- Col. Leonard and Officers (L-R) Front: Balfour, Dr. Reason, Lt.-Col. Leonard, John Wilson, Bowdy and Cuthbert McEwen. Middle: Cantin, AC Spencer, Cogne and Gordon White. Back: Billy Bishop, Harold Campbell, Percival, Ball and Ramsay.

"In mid-September, the squadron sailed from Southampton and disembarked the next morning at Le Havre in France. The same day the squadron moved up to the front by train and went into billets near Westoutre In Belgium. We took over from "B" Squadron, Surrey Yeomanry Divisional Cavalry of the British 28th Division. On reaching France, I had been made a Sergeant with the second troop. During the fall and winter, our squadron was engaged in frontier patrol duty, trench mapping, classification of water supplies, assisting



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engineers, artillery spotting, stretcher bearing, and other similar duties under the direct orders of the Divisional Commander. Twenty-five of our men were

designated to act as mounted police and to keep order in the camps assisting the Provost Marshall. We were to do very little in a cavalry role for much of the war."

"In January, 1916, through the efforts of Colonel Leonard, authority was granted by the Canadian Government for the Second Canadian Divisional Cavalry Squadron to be known as the Special Service Squadron, First (Canadian) Hussars. Later, in the spring of 1916, the Canadian Corps was formed to include the First Canadian Corps Cavalry Regiment, subsequently known as the Canadian Light Horse. This unit was formed from the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Divisional Cavalry Squadrons. The Canadian Light Horse was formed into three squadrons of four troops each. The total strength was to be 36 Officers, 600 men, and 550 horses. Each troop had a Hotchkiss machine gun mounted, and each squadron carried two extra Hotchkiss Guns in echelon (a total of 18 guns in the Regiment). The three squadrons each retained their own unit identity. They all wore shoulder flashes showing Canadian Light Horse but wore collar dogs and cap badges from their own unit - 'A' Squadron 19th Alberta Dragoons; 'B' Sqn First Hussars; and 'C' Sqn 16th Light Horse (Regina). Colonel Leonard was given command of the Canadian Light Horse. Later a battalion of cyclists, made up of three companies, and the motor machine gun elements were placed under Colonel Leonard's command as well. This whole command was known as the Storm Troopers."



Hotchkiss M1909 Known as the Hotchkiss Mark I

World War I saw the machine gun come into its own. The Hotchkiss was designed by the French to fire an 8 mm Lebel but a variant was manufactured by Enfield for the British which used a .303 round. It was gas-operated and air-cooled, had a maximum range of 3,800 meters and weighed 12 Kilograms. Initial models were fed by a 30 round strip magazine but later models could be either strip or belt fed.

"During this time, even though we were not being used in a cavalry role, our cavalry training continued whenever it was possible. General Haig, who as the senior cavalry officer, believed that there was still a need for cavalry and kept



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all cavalry units up to strength and well trained. During 1916 and part of 1917, when the war was being fought in the trenches, 100 yards was a major advance. Since there was little opportunity to use cavalry, most of our time was spent in training, looking after the horses, or on duty in various capacities as sub-units

attached to the advanced units in the trenches. When on the line we would stand to for two or three hours at a time as there were always rumours about the Germans attacking. Our job was to go forward if the attack came but we knew that with the trenches and barbed wire, our cavalry would do no good."

"The RCDs had heard that horses could see in the dark and would be able to jump over trenches and barbed wire in a night assault even if their riders couldn't see. The RCDs made up a series of trenches and barbed wire behind the lines and one night sent a troop of cavalry over them at the gallop believing the horses would jump when necessary. It was an awful mess and all of the horses had to be shot. That's the way you learned."

"The day that made the greatest change in my life was 26 September, 1916. I was a Sergeant Major by this time and was in command of a sixty man stretcher party assigned to the 8th Battalion "Little Black Devils" from Winnipeg when they attacked the Somme. I didn't know until I got there that I was going to be the senior rank and had to take charge of it. The attack started at 6:0 A.M. The German Marine soldiers, in the lines that day for the first time, came out of the trenches to meet our Canadian attackers. It looked like two teams coming from both ends of a rugby field and meeting in the middle. As they met, all machine gun fire stopped. It was impossible to tell friends from enemies with 1000 Germans fighting 1000 Canadians you just couldn't shoot so they used knives at each other. Until this time I never had any idea of what the infantry had to go through. I didn't know if I'd go crazy or not. One of the Sergeants I knew got a German down and had his hands around the Germans throat. The German forced his head forward and bit his teeth into the Sergeant's neck. Another German came by and bayoneted the Sergeant. The Canadians forced the Germans back and took the German trenches. Our job now was to clear the field of wounded. As we started, about 9:00 A.M., I wondered as to my sanity. In one shell hole I saw a young man with his lips moving so I knew he was still alive. I reached down and put my hand behind his head and realized my hand was in his brain as the back of his head was missing. I started to go on about 100 yards to locate some more of our parties. I was going from shell hole to shell hole which, at the Somme, almost interlocked. In a shell hole ahead I spotted a boy from Saskatchewan lying wounded. He looked like my younger brother Jack who was with the artillery. I touched the boy and he opened his eyes and asked me not to touch him again. I asked him what I could do for him. "Sergeant Major." he said "Do you believe in God?" I wasn't particularly a religious person but my answer was Yes. "Sergeant Major" he said, "will you pray to God for me? I', going to be with him in a few minutes." You could not fool with this request. Then he told me to go and help others but I was to come back later and empty his pockets and answer the letters which I would find there. He wanted to be alone."



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"What happened to me then I don't know but all fear was gone, in a trance you might call it. I walked and went any place I wished to that day and night without fear. I came back in about an hour and emptied his pockets. We worked that day, that night, and the next day as stretcher bearers under continuous fire.

By the next day, I had only 18 of our 60 men who were able to come home to our own lines. I had been working with four men and told them to wait here while I went forward to see where we should go next. A shell got all of them but only wounded them. They couldn't hear for awhile. Eighteen to twenty had been killed and the rest wounded. It took one man to help a walking wounded back to the line and they could use some cover but it took two men to carry a stretcher and they made good targets."

"As a result of the good work done by the 1st Hussars, and because of an incident I was involved in, the 8th Battalion recommended I be decorated. I was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal (DCM). The incident was when I was with three Officers who were looking for their CO. I could hear a person calling and I said to the three Officers, "There's somebody out there calling for help". They said "We know but the Germans aren't likely no more than 100 yards out there, you can't go" I said, "You just watch me. Just boost me up." So I went out and a Sergeant that was there wanted to go with me. I said, "No, you stay here cause if there's two they'll shoot at us but if I go alone, they won't." So I went out towards where this fellow was yelling for help and, holy Moses, before I got to the shell hole he was in, I got eight of them that were out there wounded and lying waiting for dark. I got them out and pulled them over to our trenches and then waved over at the Germans because I knew they were close enough to see what I was doing. So I just waved at them and dropped down into our trench. These three Officers were there and immediately a bullet came over as if to say, "we saw you and could have killed you but we didn't - we saw what you were doing." So that's what got me the decoration. In my diary for this date I have written, "Whoever it was that said war is HELL is correct."

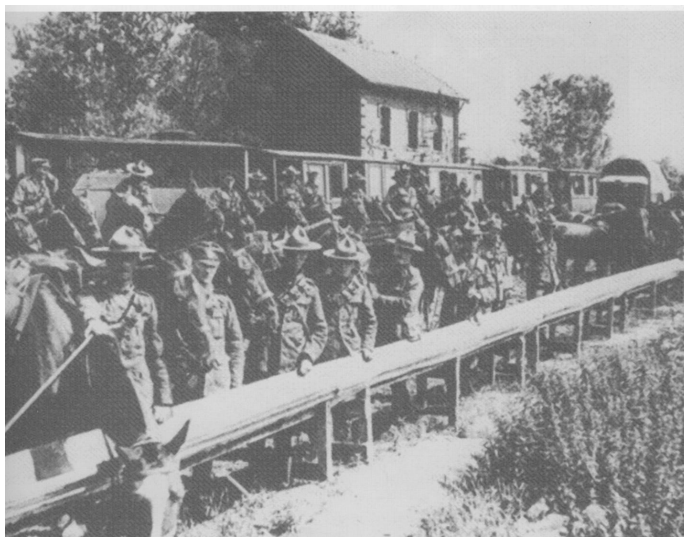
The Battle of Flers-Courcelette saw the introduction of two innovations, the creeping artillery barrage and the tank. The Canadian Corps Cavalry Regiment was assigned to patrolling to obtain route information and, in addition, three officers and 120 other ranks were provided as stretcher-bearers to the 1st Infantry Division. In praising their work, the Commanding Officer of the 5th Battalion, CEF said: "They never spared themselves, in fact, men worked until they dropped from exhaustion. No place was too dangerous for them to go, no risks too great to take." The Regiment's heroism was acknowledged through the award of four Military Crosses (MC), two Distinguished Conduct Medals (DCM) and one Bar to the DCM.

"We always figured we were not being used properly but knew our time would come. We were often formed up and waiting to act as cavalry but our time never came. We were a second line of defence. Finally, in March, 1917, we were to be used in an offensive role as cavalry. The Canadian Light Horse was



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concentrated near Divisional Headquarters, given a couple of weeks refresher training in mounted work, and ordered to recce the Vimy front. This was done in anticipation of a breakthrough planned for sometime early in April."



CLH at Comblain Abbey, the Canadian Corps' HQ near Vimy Ridge

On Easter Monday, 9 April, 1917, the Canadian Corps stormed the ridge. Success was most complete on the southern flank and it was here that the Regiment was committed.

"During the early part of April, the Canadian Light Horse reconnoitred, established and maintained communications with forward infantry posts. The Regiment was finally doing real cavalry work. One troop advanced six miles in a week and got in behind the Germans. One patrol of 12 men got themselves surrounded but were able to hide in a farmhouse till dark. This patrol, under command of a Sergeant Poynton, were too far into German territory and didn't know much about the area. When night fell, Poynton got his men together and told them that he thought his horse was more sensible than any of them. He said that he would tell his horse to go home and then he would take hold of the horse's tail. If any of the men wanted to go with Poynton and his horse, each could take hold of his hand and they would form a string in the dark. The horse would then take them home. Not another word was spoken. They went through the German lines. When they began to hear English voices, they knew that they were safe and spoke up. They had followed the horse about five miles to get back to their lines."

"The big attack the Canadians made was the 8th of August - everybody who was in the war remembers the 8th of August. It was the first time the Allies surprised the Germans and were successful in an initial assault. We had to move at night and on the road for the cavalry that I was with, I put a man on each corner from start to finish. We covered 12 miles each night and anybody from



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the 3rd Canadian Division who came along our road was given directions on where to go. It was very dark and nobody could have a light - you couldn't even smoke a cigarette. You couldn't be seen as a unit in daylight, no more than three men together in daylight. On the night of the 8th, everything was ready and, around two o'clock, one big gun at the back fired and that was the signal for

everything to open up. Where I was I heard this great big boom and we were all standing to from then on. We looked back and it looked like everything was on fire - every gun we had was firing and then we'd turn and look the other way and see them breaking. It was the most exciting thing that ever was. There were three bridges in front of us over a creek that was no more than 8 feet across and my men had to gallop down to see if they could be crossed or if they'd been blown up. They were all intact so they had to go to each unit in 3 Division and tell them it was OK to go. By late morning our guys were playing baseball and kicking footballs around behind what had been the German's 3rd line of defence. There was no one left to fight. A train load of Germans who were just returning from leave was surrounded by a British Cavalry unit and the entire train load was taken prisoner without a shot being fired."

Vimy was a high point of the Regiment's service in France. During the ten days that followed the capture of the ridge, the CLH continued its work of reconnaissance and mounted communications. They then entered a period of rest until the action at Hill 70 in August, 1917.



A PATROL OF 'C' SQUADRON CROSSE S VIMY RIDGE



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"Following the action in the Vimy area, the Regiment was quartered until mid-summer near Corps Headquarters. I came down with a fever of 103 so Major McEwen wouldn't let me go out. He sent me to a nearby field hospital where they said I had typhoid fever and was sent back to England for three months. When I returned fit for duty, I was at the Cavalry Depot in England where I met the RCD who had just been put in charge of the Depot. He wanted

to make me the Depot's Sergeant Major, saying I would not have to go back to the lines for the rest of the war. That night I talked it over with other wounded members of the 1st Hussars who were also returning from England. We all decided we'd go back to the Regiment. When I told this to the Depot Commander he said that he had a letter from my Commanding Officer saying that I was to become an Officer. The rest of the Hussars went back to the Regiment but I had to stay behind and take an Officer Training Course. I was promoted to Lieutenant and when I returned to the outfit was given the same Troop I had been in as a Sergeant. Gordon Cockshutt was promoted to Captain. McEwen, who had been so important in recruiting us, became our Major. Billy Patterson, another officer with us, had been wounded trying to find a weak spot in the enemy lines. He came home and later became the premier of Saskatchewan."

"I was sent up to join the 3rd Army Engineers with 30 of our men to assist the Engineers in running a pipeline for water supply from the heights of Vimy Ridge up to the front lines so nobody would have to go back for water. I believe they ran 6 miles of this water line. Each night we would lay about 40 feet of line, each man would have 3 feet to dig, and we had to carry the pipe up with us. Then we would cover it over and it had to be covered over so that the Germans couldn't detect a line being put in. We had to bring the ground back so it looked natural again and had to be very, very careful about that. We would put a small stake or something else to mark the place where we had finished up so we would know where to start the next night. So I would go up there with me men and we were only 3 miles from the Germans so nobody could go in front of the building in daytime because you'd be in view of the Germans, especially their balloons. We had that job for over a month and we stayed in an old mine that had been broken down but it had walls that were six foot thick, a swell place to be. I lost five men, 1 killed and 4 wounded on that job."





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"Soon after being promoted to Lieutenant, I had a very unusual experience. My troop competed in a competition in which we would travel about half a mile, then set up a machine gun and engage a pre-determined target. We had a Trooper named Scott in our Troop who could get a bulls eye no matter where we laid down our machine gun. Scott won the championship as the best shot in the Canadian Corps. Because of Scott's shooting ability, we won the troop competition and were to compete against an English Troop. When we arrived for the competition, an English Officer, a stranger, introduced himself and asked me what was going on. When I told him, he invited me to stay with him and let the men use my tent. I agreed since he was living only a few hundred feet away. He had been all his life connected with the military and the secret service. He gave me a knowledge of what was actually going on. As an example, he took the newspaper and showed me an ad which said a house with so many rooms was able to be rented at a certain time for a certain amount. He said that this was all secret service work, and this ad would be picked up by someone in Holland, Norway, or some other place and decoded. He said there wasn't an issue of the London Times that didn't have at least a dozen coded messages in it. He went on to say that German Secret Service were being touted as superior to the British. However, the policy of the British Secret Service was to underrate themselves and look stupid, while saying how smart everyone else was. He said that in England every square mile in the country and every city block in the city had a secret service man on it. He said that nobody could move anyplace in England without the secret service knowing where and why."

"This Officer came over to my troop and took the Lee-Enfield rifle and gave about an hour's lecture on the rifle. He told what it could do, the history of its development, and what improvements had been made. He made a most interesting lecture out of nothing. Then he told us all about the German rifles, the French rifles, and improvements they had been making. He had been all his life at this sort of thing and seemed to know about everything and everywhere. He even knew where Sarnia and Petrolia were, that there were refineries, and that there was a tunnel under one of the refineries. He was very helpful and informative about things that counted. I had much more faith in the British system after hearing this Officer tell me about it. Before the competition got started, the Germans started a big offensive and we were called back to our Regiment. The competition never did occur."

In August, 1917, the Canadian Light Horse participated, dismounted and in cooperation with the Motor Machine Gun Brigade, Canada's first mechanized unit, in the attack on Hill 70.



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SHOULDER FLASH OF A CANADIAN LIGHT HORSE LIEUTENANT

" We were told the plans to take Cambrai, a big city that was there. They'd have all the fast moving stuff, the cyclists, the cavalry, and the mortar and machine guns, put under one command into a brigade that was to operate independently. They had a plan to cross this creek and then take this hill that stretched back towards us almost 6 miles. The Germans were defending the ridge of course. We went over the plan to organize this attack for almost two weeks. The first thing that was to go was the tanks to crush the barbed wire and the next to go was my troop of cavalry, followed by the motorcycle gang. We would then all proceed down this road to a town called Ewi. We were called to a meeting with a General and, as I was to lead the attack, he told me to come up and explain the plan. I explained about following the tanks and then going down the road to Ewi but I also pointed out that a little dot on the map of Ewi was really a red brick grocery store which I intended to capture and make into the R. Stirrett Company store. By the time the rest of the guys got to Ewi, I'd be ready to sell stuff to everyone. This brought a good laugh from the group and the General wished me well."

"The infantry got through the lines one night, which wasn't part of the plan, and we got the message about two in the morning to get going. When we got to Cambrai, just at dawn, we proceeded down this street, with firing still going on in the town, and there was perfectly open territory and about a mile ahead was a hill. Major McEwen said to me, "go take that hill - take the highest point". I had the troops get rid of everything except swords, rifles and ammunition and we started out at the trot. As we entered the field we found it full of German infantry who had been in hiding and it startled us somewhat. We managed to handle most of them and even took over a couple of their machine guns. I told my men to wait, there was only about 25 of them now, and I went forward to reconnoitre. I only gone about 50 yards and came to high ground overlooking a road chuck full of Germans getting their fires going to make their breakfast. I got up on my horse to get a better look down and I figured there was a thousand of them, a



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whole damned battalion at least. Major McEwen had given me to flare pistols, one to shoot a red flare if I need reinforcements and one to shoot a white flare if I succeeded in taking the hill. I didn't know what the hell to do as I only had 25 men but I brought them up on horseback and scattered out. The Germans surrendered as they didn't know there only a few of us. I fired the red flare and about three in the afternoon they sent up about 60 cyclists who took over the prisoners. I took my troop back to pick up our saddlery and stuff we'd dumped before the charge."

"They tried a charge again the next day with 2 of our troops and the Germans, whose machine guns were set up for infantry, killed every horse in both troops. The men hid behind their dead horses, waited for darkness and then made it back to our lines. They never got replacement horses and walked with us for the rest of the war - they walked into Germany. They never used horses in the next war so I guess they didn't think a hell of a lot about what we did as cavalry."

"During the fall of 1917, the Regiment moved back to the vicinity of Ypres. Mud and bad weather made mounted operations impossible. As a result, all men and officers who were available went forward with the infantry, carrying ammunition to the artillery, and manning observation posts. Casualties were heavy both in the front lines and in the rear since the whole area was subjected to heavy artillery shelling."

The fall of 1917, that George refers to in the preceding paragraph, saw the great battle of Passchendale (Oct/Nov) in which the Canadian Light Horse participated.

"The winter of 1917-1918 was spent near the Corps Headquarters on the Lens front, preparing for an expected German attack in the spring of 1918." The fall of Russian in late 1917 meant that the Germans would soon have fresh reserves to use on the Western Front in the spring of 1918.

"During this time, many of us went away on courses which lasted from two weeks to a month. I was sent to one on the French coast at Comte-sur-la-Mer during December, 1917. This school was for riding and horsemanship and included 48 Officers divided into four groups. All but myself were from famous old British Cavalry Regiments. To become an Officer in one of these famous Regiments someone, usually the family, had to guarantee as much as 10,000 pounds against your getting into trouble. Our group of 12 included officers from the Household Cavalry, the Scots Greys, the 17th Lancers, the Bays, and the Royal Horse Artillery. I was the only one who did not fit into this caste system which had been in England for hundreds of years."

"I started things off wrong the first night by not dressing for dinner. Even though I assured them that the reason was simple - I had no other clothes to dress in - it took some explaining and many laughs. The second big difference



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was that I had attended a Public School, with girls attending the same classes. Then they discovered that I had worked in a store and stood behind a counter

taking money for goods. I was nothing but a common tradesman. Things really got bad when they discovered that the Cavalry Regiment that I belonged to had never been engaged in combat (as the First Hussars) and that I had never been on a fox hunt. The worst thing though was that I had a decoration that showed that I had been in the ranks. They wondered what kind of an army I belonged to. My groom and batman both realized this. They were named Fartar and Bradley. They came up to my room the second night I was there and asked me to bawl them out whenever any of my classmates were around and to do it properly. They said that they would know that I didn't mean it, but would accept it because the other officers would not think that I was a good officer if I didn't bawl them out."

"I had taken a mare with me on this course. She was a good mare physically, but she had a peculiarity in that she wouldn't lead. She would follow or go beside other horses, but she would never lead. Major McEwen suggested that since this was a riding school, I should take this horse, called Daisy, with me. On the first day, I was on Daisy and all the English boys were on their own hunters taking the jumps. When my turn came, Daisy, instead of getting over to the right, pushed the whole line out of control. Here I was, with a big Stetson on, looking like a cowboy, and unable to keep control of my horse. The man in charge, a Major in the Scots Greys, said, "Can't you control that horse, Canada?" I said, "No sir, do you want to try it?" He got on and put the spurs and whip to this horse, but instead of going ahead as he expected her to, Daisy just backed off and acted worse for him than she had for me. Well, here was a Scots Grey major, the pride of his Regiment, in front of officers from all the best cavalry regiments, unable to control a good looking horse. He was humiliated. He got off Daisy and said, "Where in the hell did you get this thing?" When I said that she had come off the Canadian prairies, he said, "Can't you send her back?" From then on, everyone in the class wanted to ride Daisy, and I was called Daisy for the rest of the course."

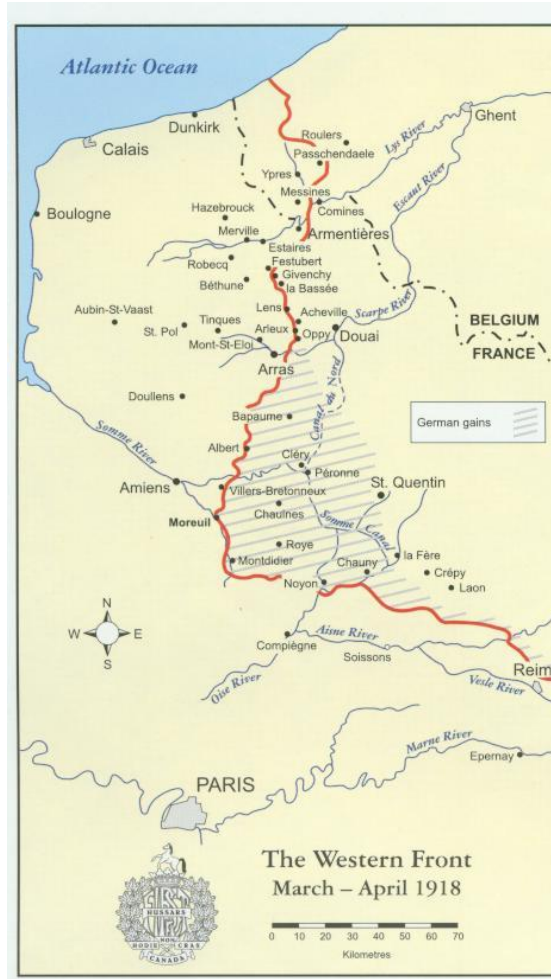
"I never did get accepted into the class because I was the odd ball. The only thing that redeemed me was on the last day when we had a shooting competition. We took all the empty whiskey bottles, put them about a yard apart on the coast side, and then drew a line about 30 feet away. When the sergeant called your name, you took your revolver and tried to hit as many bottles as you could. I went to the sergeant, who was sympathetic towards me because he knew I had been a sergeant, and asked what we were shooting for. He said that each time you hit a bottle, everyone in the class would have to pay you ten francs, which was about \$2 Canadian. That meant every shot could be worth almost \$100.00. I seemed to be the only one who took my time and aimed my revolver. I came out the best shot and was able to clear up all of my mess bills and still come out ahead. I was using my issue weapon, a Smith and Wesson .45 pistol."



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The preceding story regarding George's experiences at the Riding School in France was one of his favourites and he would repeat the story, with a wee bit of

prodding, every time we had a newcomer in the Mess. Those of us who were junior Officers never tired of hearing his stories.



"At the end of July, 1918, in preparation for the Battle of Amiens (August, 1918), the Canadian Light Horse was ordered to move by night to Saleux, south of Amiens. Here we were broken up and a squadron attached to each of the attacking infantry brigades. LCol Leonard took command of the Hotchkiss Gun Detachment (18 guns) which worked along the Amiens-Roye Road and helped to maintain liaison with the French on the right."

"During the early part of August, I was attached, with my troop, to the Canadian Third Divisional Headquarters. As the attack started on August 8th, the Brigade Major came to me and said that the first thing that they had to do was to get over a small creek about ten feet wide. There were three bridges in Third Division sector. Our job was to determine as soon as possible after the attack started, whether or not these bridges had been destroyed. As soon as this was



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determined, my troop would have to deliver messages to the advancing elements of Third Division. This was done right at dawn."

"By 9:00 A.M., the Brigade Major came to me and said, "Stirrett, we've got so far that they have passed their objectives. Now we have lost our troops and haven't any communications with them." He said that I was to take all the men I had and send them out. They were to try and contact anyone from the Third Division and bring back a message telling where they were and what they were doing. There were not yet any radios and the signals had not yet had time to get our their signals wire. We spent the rest of the day trying to contact advancing elements. (He succeeded in this and brought back several prisoners to the Divisional POW cage.) My troop was with Third Division Headquarters for over three months, usually being used to deliver messages. From this time on, it was just one attack after another."



THE SOLDIER IN THE CENTRE AND THE OFFICER ARE 1ST HUSSARS OF THE CANADIAN LIGHT HORSE

The Battle of Amiens (8 - 28 August, 1918) would see the start of a string of successes for the allies that would leave the German Army a shadow of its once mighty self. To spearhead the upcoming attack, the strongest and freshest formations were called upon to spearhead the attack and so the Canadian and Australian Corps moved up the front at Amiens. The Canadians deployed with three divisions forward, in order from left to right, 2nd, 1st, and 3rd with the 4th in reserve. Each division had allocated to it a battalion of 42 British tanks. Also deployed was the Cavalry Corps to exploit the expected breakthrough.

"During this time, we got a report that a German artillery unit had disappeared into a hollow about a mile away. A squadron of the Scots Greys



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was in this area and was asked if they wanted to go after these Germans, who were to the right, on the French side of the road. The Scots Greys officer said that he could not go. Lieutenant Freddy Taylor, a First Hussars Officer, and a bit

tight at the time, commanding the 1st Troop, took five men and headed out towards where the Germans had been seen. They found the Germans about 2000 yards ahead of the advancing French infantry. It was a German artillery ammunition column, hidden in an excavation, and their horses had nose bags on as they were on a rest stop. One man held the horses while Taylor and the others moved forward with their rifles to the edge of the bank. From there, they were able to shoot every horse and a few men so that the German column couldn't move. Then Taylor said every man for himself, and to get back they best way you can. They went back, losing one man while two were wounded. LCol Leonard asked me to determine exactly what had happened and to determine whether or not Taylor should get a decoration. After I turned in the full story, Taylor was awarded the Distinguished Service Order (DSO) and the surviving men (Trooper Dudgeon of London and Sergeant Duncan of Petrolia) were awarded Military Medals (MM). When I had talked to the men involved, each had told a different story, as if they had not all been in the same place at the same time. They all said they had never seen anything so ridiculous or so foolish in the whole war. I concluded that I thought the whole action quite reckless."

"In mid-August the Canadian Light Horse was again broken up and attached to the forward infantry brigades, since the trench systems were too involved to permit any large scale cavalry action."

"Later, the Canadian Light Horse was again concentrated and formed part of an independent force of Cavalry and motor machine guns whose task was to push out along the Arras-Cambrai Road during the operation against Drocourt Switch (2 September, 1918). Unfortunately, the German defence was too stubborn and the breakthrough never came."

"From Arras, the Canadian Light Horse moved forward the night of 26 September. About noon the following day, we crossed the Canal du Nord. From here the Regiment stood to each day waiting for the German resistance to weaken sufficiently to permit cavalry action. Each day we conducted hazardous reces in order to keep closely in touch with the front line situation and have lines of advance clear of wire and suitable for forward cavalry action. Casualties were heavy."

"During this time, in late September, I was awarded a Military Cross (MC). This decoration was given to me as a result of a reconnaissance action carried out by my troop on 26 September, 1918, north of Saily and again on 01 October, 1918, east of Tilloy. By this time I had been promoted to Captain."

"At last, on 9 October, 1918, the long awaited chance for offensive cavalry action came. Our Squadron, under command of Major McEwen, crossed the only unblown bridge of L'Escaut Canal at Escamdoeuvres just north-east of Cambrai and seized and held a piece of high ground until relieved by the infantry



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that night. This action greatly assisted the advance of the day but resulted in 2 Officers, 24 men and every horse in one troop being killed. Many of the enemy were taken prisoner."

LCol Leonard was ordered to move his troops to the support of 5 Canadian Infantry Brigade (CIB). They were to cross L'Escaut Canal and occupy the ridge in front of the Brigade position, then exploit forward to secure a second piece of high ground. 2 Troop 'B' Squadron under George Stirrett's command, lead the advance. As the right flank patrol approached the train tracks, an enemy machine-gun opened fire bringing down several men and horses. The left-hand patrol was likewise fired upon by machine guns as they crested the embankment that was their objective. When his lead men were hit, Sgt Edmon Pendrick (who would win the DCM) galloped up to the wire in front of the enemy gun and shot two of the crew. With the enemy gun out of action Pendrick was able to get his patrol into position. The main body of the troop went to ground on the object and posted their Hotchkiss guns, one on each flank. Stirrett fired a signal flare to indicate his position.

"The following day, a composite force of 'A' and 'C' Squadrons tried unsuccessfully to seize another hill ahead of the infantry at Iwey. They were met by very heavy machine gun fire, which inflicted very heavy casualties in horses, stopping the force half way to its objective. Fortunately, personnel casualties were light."

Erclin River, or Naves as it was also referred to, was to be the only regimental-sized operation the CLH ever conducted and it was destined to be the last Canadian cavalry charge of all time.

"It was about this time that we first saw German tanks in action. One of my men, when asked what they were, replied, "Why it's the Irish Navy, can't you tell." The Regiment, now considerably reduced in strength, stood to for the next few days while it was refitted and brought back up to strength. A squadron of Royal Northwest Mounted Police, which had just arrived from England, was added to the Canadian Light Horse as 'D' Squadron."

"After Cambrai, the Canadian Corps shifted its front north to the Senee Canal and advanced on Douai and Valenciennes. The Canadian Light Horse kept contact in front of the infantry and gained considerable cavalry experience in open warfare. During this advance wherever possible, our patrols entered small villages ahead of our infantry, enabling the infantry to continue their advance without deploying. Our squadron would move with Major McEwen to the north taking a sector about a mile wide and myself to the south taking a similar sector.

"Gordon Cockshutt went to visit some friends of his at 1st Brigade HQ and mentioned to them that they should have a troop of cavalry to do reconnaissance as they needed to find the Germans. They sent for me to come up and McEwen said, "You aren't going without me" so we both went, me first and McEwen followed the next day. My Troop arrived about dawn and the Brigade Major sent us right out saying, "I want you and your troop to ride out there until somebody



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shoots at you. I've no idea where the damned Germans are." We did this for seven days from Deayi to Valenciennes. We'd pick a place a half a mile to three quarters of a mile away where we thought the Germans might be - a little house or a clump of trees. I'd go straight at it and two troopers would come in from each side, form like that, and when we got about 100 yards from it we'd get up in our saddles, hold the horse up, look over, then turn the horse and go the other way at the gallop. We knew they'd never shoot at us when we were going towards them as they would want to take us prisoner. They would shoot at you with machine guns if they thought they'd been spotted. If we didn't get shot at, we'd go back to that clump of trees or house and rest our horses for a half hour or so and pick out the next objective. As soon as we were fired on, we would retire and the infantry would take charge. The third day at this, on 21 October, 1918, Major McEwen was killed while on personal reconnaissance at Hesnon. On the first day, my diary states "started contact patrols at Montagny. Lost Bliss, Clark, and Thompson, all wounded by machine guns. Not bad as an infantry attack would have lost a hundred." I once commented to George that it seemed a very dangerous way to locate enemy machine gun companies and his reply, "but we found them every day Gene." Mission accomplished.

"The fourth day, we ran into civilians whom the Germans had not had time to clear out. As we rode into a village, we trotted down the cobblestone streets. All windows for 300 yards to the village square were drawn and covered. As we reached the village square at the Catholic church, we looked to see the road full of women, older men, and children, filling the road with anything they could wave. We dismounted and the old pries took me by the ears and kissed me. This started things. The priest kissed the three men with me. Then they all seemed to go crazy at once. They even kissed our horses. Then the priest called for prayer and the entire village went to their knees at once, including my men and myself. We had a very similar experience in every village from then on. We were first into at least twenty villages with the infantry about a mile behind following us in column of route."

Major C. F. McEwen, OC 'B' Squadron was killed, as George vividly remembers, on 21 October - a victim of an artillery round which impacted on a road where he had been conducting a forward reconnaissance. Command of 'B' Squadron passed to George Stirrett who, at first, refused the command. He had been greatly shaken by the death of his dear friend and did not want to benefit from his death. He took command because as he put it, "I had to, I was the only experienced Officer left." It was always an emotional time when George spoke of the death of Major McEwen.

"Open warfare continued. Valenciennes was captured and the Germans fell back to Mons. The Canadian Light Horse pursued the retreating Germans and was among the first units to enter Mons which had been under German occupation for fifty-two months."

"Armistice came on 11 November, 1918. The infantry formed a static line and the Canadian Light Horse was reassembled as a Regiment. Following reorganization, the Canadian Corps advanced from the Mons line to the Rhine.



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The Canadian Light Horse provided the advanced cavalry screens for the Canadian Corps. In the triumphal march over the bridge at Bonn, the Guard of

Honour to the Corps Commander was commanded by Lieutenant F. A. Taylor, D.S.O. of the First Hussars."

The CLH was garrisoned in Bonn, in the cavalry barracks of the German 1st Hussars, a coincidence many were to note. The CLH left Germany for Belgium, turning in their horses on the 12th of February, 1919. They arrived in England on 01 March and then sailed for Halifax on 16 April, arriving on the 23rd. On 26 April, 1919, 'B' Squadron, Canadian Light Horse reached London, Ontario and their waiting families. George Stirrett had been at home three months prior to the Regiment's return. This is how he explained that.

"I didn't come back with the unit. When we got up into Germany we had Christmas dinners and things like that and everyone started wondering about how and when they were going to get home to Canada. Discipline became a big thing as everything was going haywire - discipline was disappearing so I took my men aside and told them I didn't care what they did as long as they looked after their horses every day, acted like gentlemen and let me know where they were. I woke up one morning with an awful tooth ache so I went to see our dentist and he filled my tooth. That night I could hardly sleep because of the pain in the tooth so I went back the next morning and asked him what he had done to me and told him about the pain. The dentist started laughing and said that was the best story he'd heard for the last month so I was to keep it up and he'd send me home as a stretcher case on the afternoon train. I never saw the Regiment again until much later in my life. I was also told that I should have the tooth re-filled when I arrived in England so I went to London and a dentist there filled it with gold - it didn't hurt anymore. I got home three months ahead of the Regiment."

The fighting that these First Hussars had seen during WW I had earned the Regiment the following Battle Honours:

SOMME, 1916
ANCRE HEIGHTS
FLERS- COURCELETTE
ARRAS, 1917, 18
VIMY, 1917
AMIENS
SCARPE, 1918
DROCOURT- QUEANT
HINDENBURG LINE
CANAL DU NORD
CAMBRAI, 1918
PURSUIT TO MONS
FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1915-18



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(the Battle Honours which are borne on the Guidon are shown in boldface)

Today the Regimental livery colours of the 1st Hussars are red, blue, and French grey. These colours represent 1st Canadian Division (red), 2nd Canadian Division (blue) and 3rd Canadian Division (French grey). They were the identifying colours adopted and worn by the CLH when it was formed 21 February, 1917.





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Major George Stirrett

STIRRETT, George Hunter, Acting Squadron Sergeant Major, (112135), 'B' Squadron Canadian Light Horse.

DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL - awarded as per London Gazette dated 14 November, 1916, and Canada Gazette dated 23 December 1916, p 2083.

FOR CONSPICUOUS GALLANTRY AND DEVOTION TO DUTY. HE TENDED THE WOUNDED UNDER VERY HEAVY FIRE, DISPLAYING GREAT COURAGE AND DETERMINATION. HE SET A FINE EXAMPLE TO HIS MEN.

STIRRETT, George Hunter, Lieutenant, B Squadron Canadian Light Horse
MILITARY CROSS - awarded as per London Gazette dated 04 October, 1919 and Canada Gazette dated 15 November 1919, p 24-5 Sup.

ON THE 28TH SEPTEMBER, 1918, HE WAS ORDERED TO TAKE A MOUNTED PATROL NORTH OF SAILLY TO GET ACCURATE INFORMATION ABOUT THE SITUATION THERE. HE CARRIED OUT THIS PATROL WITH GREAT DASH AND COOLNESS, LOCATING THE EXACT POSITION OF THE ENEMY AND THE WIRE IN FRONT OF HIM. AGAIN, ON THE 1ST OCTOBER, 1918, HE TOOK A SIMILAR PATROL EAST OF TILLOY, LOCATED A CAVALRY ROUTE FORWARD AND BROUGHT BACK VALUABLE INFORMATION AS TO THE LOCATION OF THE ENEMY. BOTH THESE PATROLS WERE CARRIED OUT UNDER HEAVY FIRE.

Major George H. Stirrett is buried in the family plot in Hillsdale Cemetery, Petrolia, Ontario.



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A simple stone, adorned by a Canadian Legion Maple Leaf, marks his final resting place. The words on the Maple Leaf say it all **"HE SERVED HIS COUNTRY"**

My last official act as a member of the 1st Hussars was to attend his funeral service.