

## Two Britishers Deserted French Foreign Legion

Now in Canada—Intend to Work Way Across to Pacific—Warn Beau Geste Aspirants Against Joining

### NO ROMANCE THERE

Former Captain J. A. Martin, D.C.M. and bar, M.M., and his companion T. W. Marshall, both deserters from the French Foreign Legion in Africa, are now in Canada with a tale of suffering and hardship hardly to be equalled.

In escaping from the Legion, Marshall at one time had to swim out into the Mediterranean to escape his pursuers. He was picked up by a British ship. Captain Martin fled with a companion across the desert and managed when almost exhausted and managed starvation to reach Spanish Morocco.

Captain Martin is a tall, good-looking man, who is 31 years of age. He joined the British army the night war was declared in 1914 and went to France with the Grenadier Guards. In that regiment he won the Distinguished Conduct Medal and bar and the Military Medal. Having won his commission also, he was transferred to the Cameron Highlanders. After the war he was in Ireland with the British army and then served three years in India.

Returning to England the idea of joining the French Foreign Legion came to him when he was told that a friend of his won a commission with the Legion. His home is in Slough, Bucks, and he speaks French, English and Hindustani.

Mr. Marshall is a still younger man—only 27. In 1915 he joined as a bugler in the Royal Engineers. He was then 14 years of age. Too young to be sent to the front, he was kept in England until 1918, when he was sent to Germany with the army of occupation. He bought his discharge in Germany and for a year sold motorcycles in that country.

"I joined the Legion after reading 'Beau Geste' and other legion stories." Marshall's yarn of his experiences in the Legion and of his escape provides much that makes fine food for thought for prospective legionaries.

Signed Unwittingly  
"Arriving at the legion bureau at Dunkirk," he says, "we were given a paper to sign. It was entirely in French. At that time I could not read it. It was only afterwards that a chap named Scott who joined with me, discovered that we had signed on for five years at a pay of one half penny per day. We were given ten francs and a railway ticket to Marseilles. Fortunately we had some money of our own or we would have starved on the journey, as ten francs would not buy one meal."

"The men in the legion are of all nationalities and stations in life. Some are fairly wealthy men in search of adventure, others are men driven through poverty and trouble to join the Legion. The barrack rooms with such a gathering was a continuous babel. Menial tasks of peeling potatoes and cleaning fish the next morning started to wear the romance of the venture, but we were assured that such treatment would end, when we joined the legion in the field."

"That evening we left for Oran, Algeria. Those who saw us 'marching' must have laughed to think that we were going to join a great regiment. We were a slouchy looking lot. Seasickness during the voyage made life even worse before we arrived on the other side."

"Our departure to Sidi-Bel-Abbes was delayed for some reason and that night we were all put into a small room to sleep, while the guards with fixed bayonets stood over us."

"Eventually we arrived at Sidi-Bel-Abbes—the place we had all imagined as a place where legionaries took life at ease while the mellow African sun, made everyone happy. Never was an impression so far out. My uniform is sizes too big for me. Big men in the party received small ones."

Filled With Forebodings  
"When we saw a squad of recruits going through drill, we were filled with forebodings. If a man was slow he was more than often struck by some huge sergeant. If that did not suffice he would be ordered to run around the drill square, nearly a mile square. If he did not do that fast enough he would be ordered to do it again."

"While we were at Sidi-Bel-Abbes Cameron Day arrived. On this day we celebrated some victory of the Camerons and each soldier is given the luxury of a bar of chocolate, a slice of cake and three cigarettes."

"The food I found to be rank and scarce. Coffee is given before starting the early morning duties. At 10.30 a.m. a thin soup and beans or rice is served. The same meal is duplicated about 6 o'clock. Once a week there is an issue of canned or horse meat. The only luxury is a cup of wine served two or three times a week. It is generally used for bartering for cigarettes."

"The next day our first route march took place. It was ten miles long. The order of the legion is that on such marches the legionaries must sing all the time. As 90 per cent of the members are Germans, all the songs were in that language. As Scott and I were the only English-speaking members of that party it would have been useless to strike up 'Tipperary.'"

until one learns the knack, it is torture, as the wrinkles wound the feet sorely. Twice a week we had to march to a mountain over a dozen miles away, collect firewood, load it on mules and march back. Dozens fainted on these marches, but no matter what condition they were in they had to finish the march even if they took all day about it. Twice weekly we went to the shooting range. Each man fired five rounds. If the officer was not satisfied he had to fire extra rounds until the officer was satisfied. For every extra round, a man had to serve extra nights of duty."

Had to Find Bullets  
"When the 'cease fire' sounded every man had to make a race for the ground behind the targets and collect the bullets he had fired. To those who were fleet there was no trouble in getting five rounds, but the first ones usually collected some extras for the next time. In this way the last ones up would have a hopeless search."

"Scott, with terribly blistered feet, was always last in these rushes and, while most of us got back from the shooting ranges around ten in the morning, Scott would not return sometimes until four o'clock in the afternoon."

"We could not talk to each other and when we could there was only one topic, desertion. The authorities knew this and elaborate care was taken to keep us from doing it. Every week four or five would try to get away only to be caught."

"A reward is payable for anyone bringing in a deserter—dead or alive. Prowling Arabs are constantly on the lookout for this reward."

"The only chance was to have about 1,000 francs with which to bribe an Arab to smuggle one of the coast. Even then there was a danger that the Arab, having received the thousand would turn the deserter in to collect the regular reward as well."

"After two months I determined to try to escape in company with a Dutchman. We planned to slip away from the camp bareheaded in the hope that if we were seen we would be mistaken for English tourists and left alone."

"We also planned to walk by night and sleep by day, but we found by bitter experience that it was actually better to walk by day when we could see what was ahead, as we several times in the dark nearly stumbled on Arab camps."

Hail Stones Found  
"Our bread lasted until the third night, and during that time we were also fortunate enough to strike plenty of streams at which to quench our thirst. On the fourth day we had no food, and it was not until late in the afternoon that we had an opportunity to quench our thirst. We were staggering along, parched with thirst when a miracle happened."

"I saw, under a shady bush, some halibut stones which had fallen the night before and which the sun had not yet had time to melt. They helped us a lot."

"For the next seven days we were less fortunate. We did not strike any water during that time, and the only moisture we had was the juice of occasional green grapes we found."

"We dare not approach any hut, for we knew the Arabs would take us back."

"On the eleventh day after our desertion we finally saw the waters of the Mediterranean in the distance. We reached a small village on the coast and, thinking we were in Spanish territory, went up to a small house."

"To our dismay, it turned out to be a post of the French Port Police. We had not gone far enough west."

"They identified us as legionaries and arrested us."

"We had walked 420 miles. We had suffered hunger and thirst. We had been scorched by day and frozen by night. We knew our punishment would be years of imprisonment."

"In desperation that night we ripped a hole in the roof of the little hut and, with bleeding fingers, dropped to the ground. We just struck it when someone gave the alarm. I hid in a bush. The Dutchman was caught. For four hours I stayed in that bush until I was afraid daylight would give me away. I dropped down, mingled with the searchers, slipped down to the water's edge and, unnoticed, plunged in."

Drifted to Sea  
"I meant to work my way along the coast westward until I struck Spanish territory, but in my weakened condition my swimming would not combat the tide, and I drifted out. I had almost lost consciousness when I was picked up by the crew of an English boat. They took me to Spain and from Gibraltar the authorities sent me to England."

### World's Long Distance Champion



NEARLY 500 MILES STRAIGHT AWAY  
England's high class locomotive which ran from London to Glasgow without stopping averaging approximately 60 miles an hour for the whole trip.

We were sent to Morocco we received three half-pence a day until eighteen months' service was completed, when the pay jumped from 11 francs 20 centimes per 15 days to 42 francs. Should anyone have the misfortune to be returned to Algeria, down came the pay."

"We were fed best at Fez, the headquarters of the Third Regiment, to which I belonged."

"Life in the legion is something that you have to live before you can believe. Nobody objects to your stealing kit or money except the person from whom the things are stolen. But you must never ask anything about himself."

"Why he joined and what he had been—or more probably done, before he became one of the legion is his own business."

"After thirteen months I made up my mind to clear out."

"My chum, Charles Leclair, and I managed to get civilian clothes. We started out in style in a motorbus after having dumped our uniforms. At Meknes, 38 miles away, we ran bang into two officers of the legion, who looked at us rather closely. My heart started to beat like a machine gun."

Bluff Won Out  
"But as bluff was the only way out of it, we lit cigarettes and started towards a cafe. One of the officers followed. But when he heard us talking English he smiled and wished us 'Good Day!' We told him we were on a walking tour of Morocco and, after a brief chat, he left us. We went on into the cafe to find two policemen sitting there."

"Talk English like the Dickens" urged Leclair. We did, until I could hardly talk as the coffee I was drinking was scalding my tongue. When one of the policemen started to talk to me I was scared to death and my nerves were jumpy. We had a long wait in Meknes for the train that was to carry us away, and during that time a legion sergeant and a squad of men eyed us until we were faint with fright."

"Fortunately there were some English ladies on the platform also waiting for the train to Souk-Arba-du-Ghar, and I went up to one of them and explained everything. They were most plucky and laughed and chatted with us until the train left. An inspiration on the part of Leclair caused

us to buy return tickets to Meknes. "The next stage was a 45-mile walk over country to the Spanish border. After fourteen hours of arduous walking we managed to board a Spanish motor truck and were taken to el-Araish. From there we got a bus to Tangier. "From there it was plain sailing."—Montreal Star.

### Immigration and Population

Quebec Action Catholique (Ind.): The question has been asked: Is it true that immigration has caused the appreciable deficit in the population? The question, captious though it may be, is nevertheless a confession. Since there is a deficit in the population in spite of the intense immigration, it proves that immigration has not produced the results expected. And since our Canadians are emigrating, it is a curious remedy to try and replace them with immigrants.



Willie: Daddy, will you buy me an X-Ray machine?  
Father: What in the world do you want with an X-Ray machine?  
"To find 'X' in my Algebra problems!"

THOUGHTFUL TOMMY  
"Mamma," inquired Tommy, "will the pudding make me sick, or will there be enough for everybody?"

A "HOT" TIE  
Sambo: "Rastus, dat tie what yo' got on shuah am a flamer!"  
Aastus: "Dis tie is supposed to be a flamer, niggah, 'cause Ah bought it a fire sale."

The only things cheap now are talk and human life.

## State Places Ban on Showing Dogs With Cropped Ears

Bill Passed in Massachusetts Greatly Strengthens Move Against the Practice

Cropping of dogs' ears is forbidden in Massachusetts, and the ban enforced by a prohibition also against exhibiting animals with cropped ears in dog shows, under a bill which has been passed by the Massachusetts Legislature and signed by Governor Alvan T. Fuller.

Announcement of the Governor's action closed a legislative chapter which began with one of the most largely attended committee hearings of the session. The act will go into effect Sept. 1.

The statute imposes a fine of \$250 for any violation and makes the possession of a dog with freshly cropped ears prima facie evidence of an offense. Heretofore, according to sponsors of the measure, it has been practically unquestioned that cropping was a violation of the statute against cruelty to animals, but conviction could only be obtained when the dog-owner was taken in the act. The provision against exhibiting dogs with cropped ears will make the act enforceable, its proponents believe.

A number of dog fanciers and veterinarians favored the bill during its consideration in the Legislature and declared the breeds whose ears in the past have been cropped for show purposes would continue their popularity under the new standards. Provision is made for registration of dogs whose ears have been cropped before the effective date of the statute.

### The Younger Generation

Lady Neish in the London Morning Post (Cons.): The cynics distrust liberty. They had none themselves and they would deny it to the youth of today, who will not be denied. Liberty is the finest and best teacher they can have. The young may make blunders, but they gain experience, and from experience come patience and tolerance, understanding, and even meekness. Why do critics never realize the value of praise as against condemnation?

### Environment and Character

Glasgow Herald (Cons.): Environment is not the last word in human life; it does not spell our fate. Character is wrought to finest quality in spite of untoward conditions, and often is majestic in its scorn of circumstance. Were it otherwise, the galaxy of genius would not shine so brightly in the firmament of life. The best environment on record, the Garden of Eden, was not (so the theologians tell us) eminently fruitful.

### Paris Septuagenarians Race for Methusalem Cup

Paris—The Methusalem Cup, offered as an annual prize, brought out four aged cross-country runners in the first race held recently. Four men, from 70 to 78, averaging exactly 75 years old, ran and walked an even two miles through the Bois-de St. Cloud to show that they could do. The winner came home in 22 minutes 43.45 seconds, decidedly over the world's record but esteemed very satisfactory for grey-bearded men.

This Methusalem race is the outgrowth of the Old Ancestors race, established in 1913 for men more than 40. The age limit had to be raised to 50, because there were too many contestants.

## British Interest in Canada Grows

Export Houses Seek Connections, Commissioner Reports

Manufacturers of Great Britain are turning more and more to Canada as an outlet for their goods, while Canadian firms are seeking connections with British export houses, according to data in the hands of the British Trade Commissioner.

Increasing interest in Canadian markets by Old Country manufacturers is indicated by the record number of travelers and sales representatives of British houses here this season, officials report. They are more numerous than at any time since the war, it is said. Representatives are also studying Canadian needs and preferences in order to more easily compete with American goods.

Textiles, cottons and other materials with the exception of artificial silk, are finding an increasing outlet here, reports to the British Government show. There is a possibility of the British light-weight automobile entering the sales field here in view of the attempt to consider the structural changes that would be necessary to suit Canadian conditions.

Members of the British Sales Managers' Association are scheduled to arrive here early in July. The organization last year, at the advice of the Prince of Wales, entered upon a scheme to promote greater inter-empire trade. They will visit Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg and Quebec.

### Prince of Wales to Fly Only to Keep "On Time"

London.—The announcement that the Prince of Wales will travel by airplane to keep his public engagements will undoubtedly stimulate the already growing fashion for air travel by those who can afford it.

The arrangements for the Prince, however, do not provide for joy riding, according to official information, and it is said that he is not learning to fly the machine himself.

An army airplane is to be held ready for him, "when circumstances may make it necessary for him to use one," at the Royal Air Force aerodrome at Northolt, Middlesex, but no special machine and no special pilot is to be devoted to his service. The planes upon which the Prince will have a call, it is said, are all fitted with Handley Page slotted wing safety devices, and his pilot on any occasion will be an officer on duty at the time the call is made.

According to unofficial reports the decision to give him the use of these army machines is due to his motor car having been frequently delayed by enthusiastic admirers getting in his way with, the result that he has been made late for public appointments.

### Stocking a Fishless District

According to all available reports and information no species of trout has ever been found in the waters of southern Saskatchewan. Beginning in 1924 the Dominion Dept. of Marine and Fisheries planted brown and Loch Leven trout fry in several streams in the Cypress Hills district and closed these streams to fishing. Up to the present the fish have done very well. They have survived three winters; some reproduced last autumn in their third year; and specimens have been caught nearly a pound in weight and over a foot in length. While it is too soon to form an opinion regarding the final outcome of this introduction, the evidence to date is causing much local interest and enthusiasm, as the prospect of angling in a district that has hitherto been devoid of such sport is viewed with pleasure.

### Careers for Women

Vera Brittain in the London Daily Chronicle (Lib.): Owing to the breaking of old traditions by the war, and to the great constitutional changes of the past few years, woman has ceased to be a domestic creature who occasionally penetrates, timid and unwelcome, into the working world of men. For good or ill she has become part of the complex economic life of the nation, and as such her opportunities and achievements are affected by every political change, by alterations in social custom, and even by the subtlest modifications in public opinion. A young woman, therefore, should no longer be permitted to choose an occupation without having the slightest knowledge of those outside influences which may well determine either her failure or her success.

### British Art

London Sunday Express (Ind. Con.): Some day the British people will discover that the Royal Academy is not so black as it is painted by the conventional pessimists. This year it is far in advance of the Paris Salon. It is full of vitality, experiment and imaginative creativeness.

Although John L. Sullivan never lectured on Shakespeare, he always brought home the Bacon.—Louisville Times.

Daughter (after severe lecture): "Oh, mum, you're too early-Victorian. This is 1928, not 1898."

Women who practice dentistry have increased in the U.S. from 897 to 2,306 in twenty-seven years, not counting the 200 now enrolled as students.

### ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES—By O. Jacobson.

