

Can 3rd Div entered Mons. 3. am. The war
ends where it began for the British.
November Monday 11 1918

The War is Over!! This am. the
French loudspeakers informed us "la guerre finit
après midi" Had bath & to bed 9.30 am. At 11
guns fired. Then Page came over 11.30 all excited
"Ready, wait for bugles, the war is over". At 1.45 Bugles
blew "Cease fire". Then at 3 pm. Sirens, guns, bells
drums & bugles of such a wonderful noise.
proclaiming, all at an end. Victory over. It
is raining as usual. Page went down town
bought souvenir spoons. No sleep other than shower.
Three of patients came home after celebrating.

Tuesday 12

Did not sleep well. Awake 12.30.
This is very afternoon. MacConnell
Rorie Wall & me & I went down
town. Bought another spoon and
some pictures. It is very alive
down town. One man exclaimed
when he saw us "God bless the
Canadians" Then an old French
Soldier cried "Vive la France".
It is almost unbelievable that
the war is over. Heard from Steve.
Have some very ill boys in ward
tonight.

On the morning of November 11, I was coming off duty when I met our French laundress, running towards me, carrying a small gift, an earthenware coffee-pot. "La guerre est fini après midi" she was crying.

That morning, at 3 a.m. the Third Canadian Division had entered Mons. For the British, the War had ended where it had begun in August of 1914, when a troop of the Royal Irish Dragoon Guards had galloped against a similar force of German cavalry. After its four years of occupation, the liberation of Mons by the 7th. Canadian Infantry Brigade was not by any such spectacular charge. Years of despairing and costly trench warfare had changed all that. But men still died in the daylight advance of November 10, and further movement on the city was delayed until night. In the darkness, the first platoons to push forward found the city exceedingly quiet, though buildings still burned from the earlier shell-fire. Just as silently as the Canadians had advanced under cover of darkness, the German troops had evacuated Mons.

That morning of November 11, when I came off duty, I was as happy as the excited little Frenchwoman who had told me that the War would end ~~at the~~ afternoon; but I needed sleep - or so I thought. "Had bath, and to bed at 9.30 a.m.", I was to record when that day ended, and I was back on night-duty. "At 11.30, Pagie rushed into our room to waken me. "Gladys, Gladys - wait for the bugles. The War is over!" At 1.45, the bugles sounded 'Cease Fire'. Then at 3 p.m., sirens, guns, bells, drums, and bugles. Oh, such a wonderful noise, proclaiming all at an end and victory ours."

It was raining as usual, of course. But I had had one hour of sleep, and that served. With Pagie, I went into Boulogne - a town wild with jubilation - the French people embracing one another and us too - and we bought souvenir spoons of Boulogne to mark the

for me again, and we ~~went~~ downtown for tea before he rejoined his squadron.

That night, one of my serious cases was transferred to the pneumonia ward. I went to see him in the morning, when I came off duty. He was dying, and he asked me: "Sister, how did I come to this ward?" He may have realized that it meant that he was with those who were critically ill.