

My soldier is Patrick Larigee. Born on July 10, 1897 in Black Lake, Quebec. He grew up in the small town to become a boiler maker.

He join the Canadian Over-seas Expeditionary Forces on March 14, 1916 at the age of 19. Patrick Larigee was not married.

He was killed on November 1, 1917 at Passchendaele as a member of the 5th CMR.

Good morning everyone and welcome to my home, my gravesite. I'm the ghost of Patrick Larigee. I was born in Black Lake, Quebec on July 10, 1897 to the proud parents of Mary and Edward Larigee.

I was a papermaker in my home town and did not have any militia training. I began my attestation papers in March 1916. Can you imagine at the of age of 18 and 8 month I was enlisting with the **Canadian Over-seas Expeditionary Force**. I was assigned to the 117th Battalion but was transferred over to the 5th CMR Unit . Do you know what scared me the most..writing my last will and testament. I'm going to be 19. I don't need a will, I shouldn't have to worry about it. That made it so real. Everything that I had would be turned over to my dad, that was a grand total of 225.00.

On August 14th, 1916 I sailed overseas to France along with my brother Daniel, oh did I forget to tell you that my brother was on the same ship. . Our trip overseas was horrible and rough but we made it. I ended up on the shores of England and soon sent to France where I began to fight on the fields of Passendaele. My brother Daniel was .

I began my fighting on the front lines in on October 13 in Passendeale. They wanted us to capture it as soon as possible. No time to waste. Our batallion strengthened the Canadian Corp Artillery to 350 field and heavy guns and about 20 000 men. We were considered formidable. My job was to help the attacking infantry and tanks get forward. Our tactics changed from time to time but the Gernain forces were caching on quicky. We needed new tactics. Then there was the attacks of October 26.

Getting the assaulting troops up to the front line was in itself an exacting task. No communication trenches could cross the swampy ground, and the only means of approach forward of the roads and light railways were narrow duckwalks which

wound between the shell-holes and were in places submerged knee deep in mud. I never did make it across. I died October 31, 1917. My brother Daniel died November 1, 1917...

Can you imagine...two of us from one family and a small community of less than 500. This became my new home and I love to see people come and visit., My brother was buried just down the road in [MENIN GATE \(YPRES\) MEMORIAL](#).