

The following are extracts from a letter from LIEUT. A. G. MORDY, formerly Accountant of the Winnipeg branch, written from France :

"The four months I spent in England outside of my military life was like one long holiday. We had a wonderful golf course only one mile away and I played there every Sunday I was not on a motor bus trip to some interesting place.

"We arrived here at noon, having left Shorncliffe the preceding evening, and as the battalion was going into the trenches the same night I found myself in the front line twenty-four hours after leaving England. We marched from billets to the end of the communicating trench and then I was guided by my sergeant through what seemed miles and miles of trenches with my platoon sweating along behind, until we finally arrived in the fire trenches. The process of relief then takes place and the relieved battalion then marches out. There is a certain schedule laid down whereby each battalion of the brigade spends so many days in different localities, one of which is divisional reserve where we do nothing but loaf and eat. We are there now and I was fervently thankful when we arrived here the night before last ; we were soaked to the skin. We had a rotten turn in the trenches and going in we went overland as the communicating trenches were so muddy. It is risky, but rifle bullets and machine gun fire bother us like bees or mosquitoes. It is the shell fire that gives us the funk though. Our dugouts were very wet and for five days I got about three hours' sleep. Coming out it was pouring rain and as we came over land it was quite exciting. I was relieved at 8 o'clock and started down with my platoon by a new route as certain improvements were under way which made the old one impossible. The night was pitch dark and Fritz was firing a lot but fortunately none of us were hit. Twice I fell into a trench about eight feet deep and my pack weighing, it felt to me, about a ton and I wallowed in the bottom until I got out again. The men all did likewise at one stage or another and then as soon as we got on a flat piece of ground a flare would go up from the German lines, machine guns open fire and we would stick our noses in the ground until the excitement subsided. We finally arrived on the main road and my men who had cursed continually and with a vocabulary that was astounding up till that time, thereupon commenced to sing and chaff. I cannot begin to adequately express my admiration for men who have been through the mud of Salisbury, the fighting of Ypres and the drudgery of the trenches for months and get wet from head to foot carrying 75 pounds weight, no food for seven hours and yet sing at the start of a six mile march in pitch darkness in pouring rain. I only hope that they get what is coming to them when they return to Canada.

"I saw a wonderful sight when we were last in. A German aeroplane was observing over our lines and a British plane got after it. They were exchanging shots and were hidden at times by the clouds, when the German started descending. Little puffs of smoke floating near indicated that the anti-aircraft guns were firing but they never seem to do any damage. When the Germans got within about 1,000 yards from the earth, the British, who had followed him, made away as the German artillery started up. The German was immediately overhead and as the trenches at that point are about