

LETTERS FROM BANK OFFICERS AT THE FRONT

The following is an extract from a letter from CORP. R. J. JEFFARES, late of the Vancouver staff, dated "Somewhere in France," 18th August, 1915:

"We are playing cricket, baseball and football and giving concerts every week. I was just thinking last night what a queer thing life was out here. I was lying on the cricket field about 7 o'clock, looking towards the town, which is a very old one, and it was a lovely night with a magnificent sunset, the old round tower standing up against the sky was like a scene from the 'Arabian Nights' and for the modern side of life, all around us the Germans were shelling our aeroplanes. Almost overhead there was a duel going on between a British biplane and a German Taube. You could see the sparks of flame from the machine guns and our fellows must have hit him for he turned and ran for home and as he was much faster than our machine, got clear away from it, but was hit by our 'anti-aircraft' guns and had to descend in our lines. A duel in the air between British, French and German planes is the most exciting and the prettiest sight I've ever seen. As a kind of side show at the same time that the duel in the air was going on, the Germans were making a hideous row dropping 'coal boxes,' otherwise shells, big ones, in a village half a mile away trying to locate one of our heavy batteries."

The following is a letter from LIEUT. HEDLEY HILL, formerly manager of the Fort Rouge (Winnipeg) branch, dated 5th September, 1915:

"We are at present out of the trenches and having an elongated rest. Last time we were in the trenches we were (that is Headquarters, the Colonel, Adjutant, Doctor and myself) stationed at a farm building or rather what was left of it, between our front line and reserve trenches. One afternoon they started shelling but as they only knocked down one part of the wall at the end of the building we slept there that night and remained until next afternoon, that is Davis, the Adjutant, and myself. At about 5 o'clock one shell came over our roof and landed on the other side of the farm. The R.L.M. and myself retired in good order to the cellar 'holding our line intact' as the Russians say, and awaited the rest as it was too late to take a chance of getting to the dugouts. We had rather a hot time for about half an hour as every shell that hit blew in the doors and let in bricks and dirt and as the hits weren't more than about 12 feet away on the outer wall, we weren't holding our stock any too high. However, they set fire to the roof so we had to beat it and start to collect our Orderly room stuff which was still in the farm