

The following graphic letter was written on 15th April, "On the battle-field, in a German dug-out in France," a few days after the engagement at Vimy Ridge, by LIEUT. C. B. F. JONES, formerly of the Mount Royal (Calgary) branch, and whom we regret to state has since been wounded :

"The strenuous work of April 9th is over, and the Canadians—at least the division to which we belong—are resting on the field wrested from the Hun. The Battle of Arras and the taking of Vimy Ridge by the Canadians will long remain a Red Letter Day in Canadian history. We took from the Germans the coveted ridge which the French had attempted to take in 1915, and where they had lost many thousands in the attempt, and I can tell you the people of Canada have every reason to be proud of their boys out here ; they did their work well, and the only trouble was to *keep them back* when our objective was reached. Everything went like clock-work and beyond all expectations ; we put it over the Hun on every turn and he surrendered in bunches.

"Our plans worked beautifully. Everything had been carefully rehearsed beforehand ; each battalion had its own special work, and weeks before we had studied the ground in front of our trenches and the Hun trenches from aeroplane photographs. We have certainly had a strenuous time the last three weeks, and the weather has been vile—rain, snow and cold winds, mud up to our knees and long marches in the night ; but with all their discomforts, the Canadian boys have borne up cheerfully and made light of the whole thing. Three nights before the attack my company moved from our billets and went into support trenches. It was impossible to get any sleep ; the crash of our artillery was terrific, and only a small portion of it was then playing on the Hun trenches. The next night we received orders to go and relieve a company in the front-line trenches and, in a downpour of rain and snow, we moved up. The trenches were the worst I had been in ; water up to the knees, and none of us had waders. Even the dug-outs were flooded, and, when I was relieved for my "hour off" duty, I went sound asleep sitting on a box beside a brazier. Next day we pulled off a raid on a small scale and obtained information regarding Fritz's wires. We knew that the big attack was coming off in a day or so, and all I prayed for was one night's rest. We got it, and the next day was bright so that the men could dry out. That night, however, the expected word came, and I moved my platoon up to the assembly trenches. I had a nervous time going up. Fritz evidently knew that something was to be pulled off as he was exceedingly windy, and his flare and sky-rocket effects were wonderful.

"The trenches were so wet and muddy that I had to take my platoon overland to reach the front line, and here we were spotted by Fritz, who opened up with a battery of 'whiz-bangs.' We hiked for cover, waited until the strafe was over and then made for the front line, dropping on the ground when the flares went up. Then came the digging-in process in front of our