

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT



BEING A RECORD OF THE
PART PLAYED BY OFFICERS
OF THE BANK IN THE
GREAT WAR

1914-1919

VOL. I

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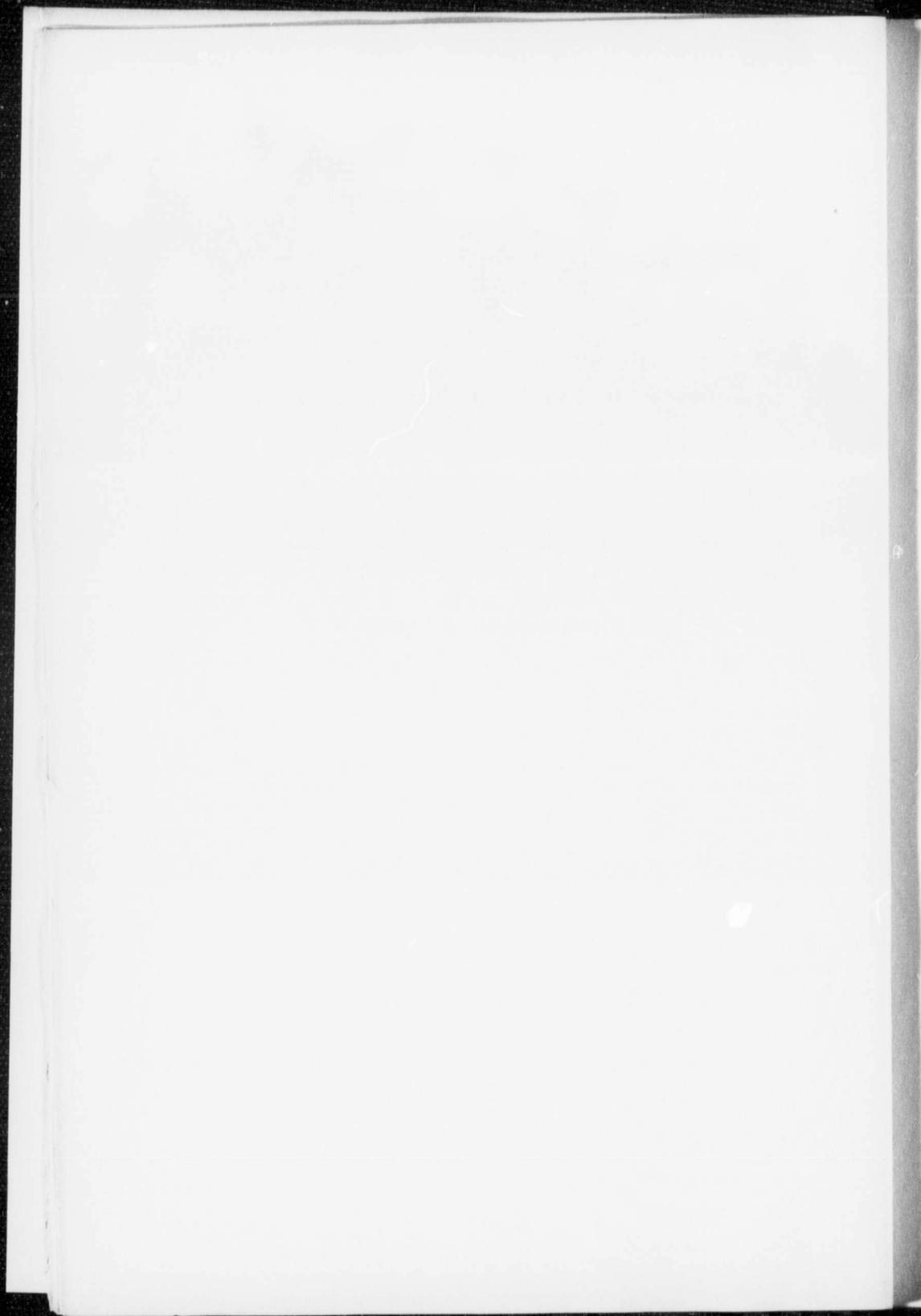
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The "Letters from the Front" pamphlets
edited by

CHARLES LYONS FOSTER

have been supplemented, and incorporated
in this volume, by

WILLIAM SMITH DUTHIE



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Introduction

by Sir John Aird



THE fervour evidenced throughout Canada in the early days of the war was infinitely more than the flag waving and the patriotic exercises of peaceful times; it was a heartfelt desire to be at one with the motherland in sacrifice and in the service of right.

Nowhere in the Dominion was the call of duty more resonantly heard than in the Canadian banks. From our own institution 460 of our best young men went forth in the first year of fighting, and all through the war, when a steady stream of recruits was needed to give Canada's effort in France and Flanders its required strength, the efflux from The Canadian Bank of Commerce continued in full measure until over 1,700 men had enlisted from our service.

This gradual depletion of our staff of men presented a problem hitherto unknown, and in the case of the banks, as in that of all of Canada's organizations of commerce and industry, the women of our kind came to the rescue. Right nobly did they buckle to their tasks, and through their devoted labours our young men were freed for active service, and the business of a nation at war went on.

The idea of permanently recording the war service of the staff of The Canadian Bank of Commerce was conceived by Mr. Charles Lyons Foster, Staff Inspector.

He it was who, while solving the almost insurmountable problems of his office, found time to edit the pamphlets known as "Letters from the Front," which in their eleven issues followed the fortunes of our soldier-bankers throughout the war. The "Letters from the Front" from their inception found an ever-widening circle of sympathetic readers and now the pamphlets, with the addition thereto of many interesting letters hitherto unpublished, have been combined in the present volume.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce had truly a "far-flung battle line," for in the war her soldiers fought on every front on which British arms were represented and we trust that these letters from trench, billet and prison camp, captured objective, and hospital ward, will prove of value to all who desire first-hand impressions of the fields on which Canada's sons have won immortal fame.

Canada has had to pay in full the price of a victorious campaign. We in The Canadian Bank of Commerce are privileged to record with grateful pride the death, in action, from wounds and from sickness, of 258 of those who went forth from our service. Many of our men were maimed and few escaped wounds.

We are proud of the many honours won by our soldier-bankers. These honours include every award in the British list for service in the field, and not a few foreign decorations.

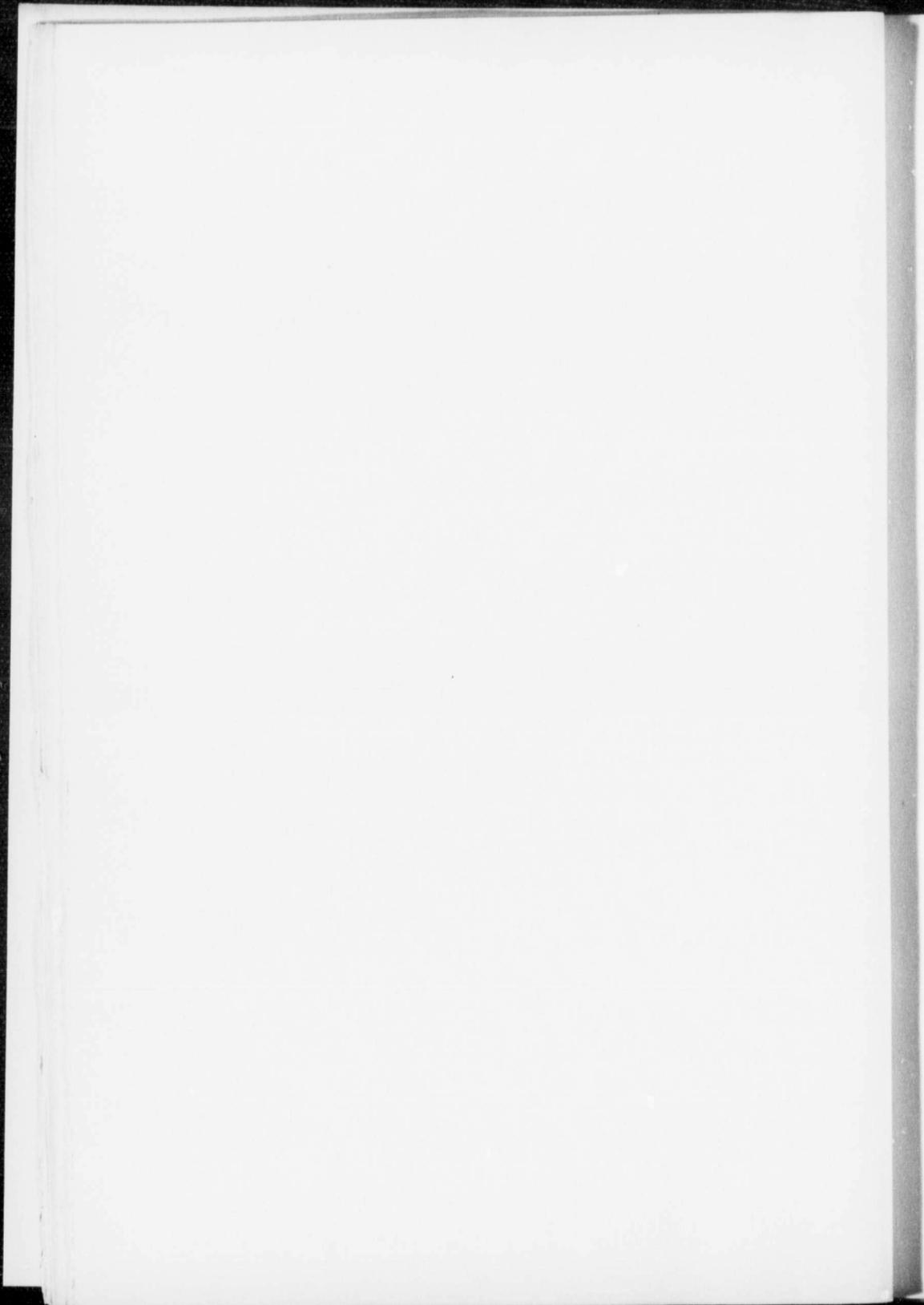
There were many on our staff who were denied the privilege of military service through weight of years or ill-health, and some there were whose responsible duties demanded that they remain at an inglorious desk. Yet ever during the campaign did they who remained behind envy in their hearts their younger and more virile brethren

who were adding glorious pages to the history of our race in France and Flanders.

Since the fighting ceased, our warriors have been returning to the peaceful round of the branch bank office. They have taken up their duties with quiet confidence, and efficiency has marked their every act. We welcome their return, and our endeavour shall be that they who went forth that we might live shall now find that the rightful meed of the nation's defenders will ever be theirs.

JOHN AIRD,
General Manager.

31st March, 1920.



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Preface

THE pamphlets entitled "Letters from the Front" were initiated primarily in the interest of the staff of The Canadian Bank of Commerce, to record the growing lists of enlistments, the promotions, the doings and the casualties amongst officers of the Bank at the front, all information which it was felt would be keenly appreciated by those members of the staff perforce remaining at their banking duties. To the staff at home and to a circle of readers, at first small, but ever widening, who were specially selected from relatives and friends of the officers and correspondents of the Bank, the pamphlets were sent, and it was throughout the war our constant endeavour to place copies of them in the hands of each of our officers overseas, especially after it became apparent that the publication was serving the purpose of keeping them in touch with former comrades then separated by the exigencies of war. While a publication of this sort was not an entirely novel idea, our attention has not yet been called to any other publication of a similar character which so exactly fulfils the purpose for which it was conceived.

In the nature of events, the war had advanced many months before it was possible to secure sufficient suitable material to commence publication. The first issue appeared in August, 1915, on practically the first anniversary of the war, up to which date 460 officers of the Bank had donned the King's uniform, seventeen of whom had yielded up their lives in his and in their country's service. This first issue was a modest beginning and consisted of some twenty pages, half of which were devoted to letters and the remainder to the lists of enlistments and casualties. The second issue appeared in October and contained a new feature in the "Notes" of promotions, rewards and other special activities of Bank officers engaged on military duty. Further issues appeared in January, April, July and October, 1916, January and June, 1917, January and September, 1918, and January, 1919, the last number in the main covering the momentous operations leading up to, and the

intensely interesting events following, the 11th of November, 1918, "Armistice Day," the greatest day in history! All assumed the same form, but each succeeding issue eclipsed the last in size and in breadth of interest, a fact which need cause no surprise when it is stated that officers of this Bank have served in every theatre of the great war.

The war was fought and won not by professional soldiers—although great and wonderful was the work of the "Old Contemptibles" and professional soldiers of allied nations, all honour, thanks and praise to them!—but by armies of patriots the vast majority of whom could hardly have distinguished between a brigade and a platoon on the 1st of August, 1914. In like manner, "Letters from the Front" has been an amateur production throughout, and except for the printing and binding has been entirely the work of members of the Bank's staff. Its Editor and assistants were those who, when war broke out, had the handling of the destinies and fortunes of the staff, under the direction of the General Manager. The pressure on the staff department of a rapidly growing bank can never, of course, be very light, and assuredly it did not grow lighter as the war developed, and this in part is the explanation of the irregularity of the dates of issue of the eleven pamphlets and, we plead, for certain inaccuracies of composition and print which appeared in some of the issues.

With the arrival of the long-looked-for days of peace came the thought and decision to blend these scattered pamphlets into one harmonious whole, and so amend and enrich them as to make them not only a worthy memorial to a band of gallant young men, but also a valuable contribution to the side-lights of the history of the war. This book is the result of that decision.

While every effort has been made to enrich the volume by the inclusion of pertinent dates, place names and other facts previously censorable, the dominant idea of the publication has been to do nothing which could in any way destroy the living atmosphere which pervades the letters, and in years to come will give them their chief literary and historical value. The greatest care has been exercised in the revision. Each living writer has been approached for additional facts and explanations, and the best known sources have been explored for information in the case of letters whose writers have made the great sacrifice. The letters themselves were written by officers of the Bank's staff with very few exceptions,

and, in the reprint, these exceptions have been eliminated except for three or four letters which deal solely with activities of members of the staff. The letters are all-embracing as to subject and style, and express feelings ranging all the way from insouciance to the dogged determination to see the thing through to the end. High idealism is not wanting, as witnessed by what is said of or by such men as Lieutenant F. G. Flower, Lieutenant D. E. Gordon, Private R. M. Livingston, Private G. F. Skelton and Lance-Corporal W. Tucker, to mention only a few of those who laid down their lives.

The arrangement of the lists of enlistments in the various issues has never been entirely acceptable, but was the best that could be devised at the time. The form adopted in this volume should, we think, meet all objections. This volume will be followed by a supplementary one containing a complete list of enlistments in alphabetical order with a brief biography, civil and military, in each case, in so far as it has been, or may be possible to obtain the necessary information. As the supplement will cover practically all the information previously appearing in the "Notes," it has been decided to omit the Notes, as such, from this volume. Any matter not so reproduced in the Supplement, however, has been embodied here.

Space would not permit us to quote the many complimentary and flattering references to the publication of these letters from diverse quarters, but we may perhaps be pardoned for quoting the concluding words of a lengthy article by one of our large business contemporaries on the Pacific Coast, published in the early days of the entry of the United States into the war:

"Banker soldiers under the Stars and Stripes will have
"a good mark to shoot at in the record set by their Cana-
"dian brothers-in-arms. There is no profession, trade
"or calling better represented. Bankers have certainly
"made good as first-class fighting men."

In the same article the writer commented favourably on the fact that no names appear in any of the issues except those of soldiers. This rule was rigidly observed throughout. We may now, however, give due credit to those members of the staff, who, during the stress of their regular duties and out of their leisure hours, found the time to edit and prepare the material for the pamphlets. In his capacity of Staff Inspector it fell to the writer

to initiate the publications and assume the editorship throughout. He wishes, however, to give special credit and thanks to his two successive private secretaries, Miss Jessie Macdonald Murray and Miss Jessie Elspeth Wilson, to whom during the period of greatest staff difficulty it was necessary to leave practically the entire editorship of several of the issues; also to Miss Elizabeth Fife Rennie for her preparation of the "Notes" and the arrangement of the lists of enlistments, honours, and casualties, the last named involving countless hours of patient examination of official casualty lists; and finally to Lieut. William Smith Duthie, himself a returned soldier and contributor to the "Letters," who has, for many months devoted his energies to the collection and supplying of material for this volume and for the supplement, its incorporation in the work, and the final rearrangement of the letters and other matter in book form. No Editor could possibly ask for more able, intelligent and cheerful co-operation in a work which has been to all concerned, indeed, a labour of love.

We can hardly do better than finish this preface by quoting the concluding paragraph of the Preface to Number eleven, the last issue, which followed an outline of our ideals of what the enriched and bound "Letters" should be, in the hope that this ideal has been in no small measure accomplished:

"If we are successful in making of it what we have in mind, the volume with its supplement should prove a valuable addition to the history of the war, as well as a lasting memorial to men who came together from many lands to join a business family, and went out again to do great and stirring deeds during the most momentous period in the history of mankind."

C. L. FOSTER, Editor.

Toronto, 31st March, 1920.

*The Enlistments from
the Bank*

There were 1701 members of the staff who undertook
war-service, and 258 of them laid
down their lives.

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Enlistments from the Bank

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
Abrams, J. N.	Private	21st April, 1918	Toronto, Ont.
Ackland, E. A.	Private	Feb., 1918	Winnipeg, Man.
*Adams, F. S. J.	Captain, M.C.	Left the Bank to undertake military service 13th Dec., 1915. London, Eng.	
Adams, G. D.	Flight Cadet	12th July, 1917	Toronto, Ont.
Adams, H. W.	Gunner	Dec., 1915	Vancouver, B.C.
Adams, J. M.	Captain	11th Jan., 1915	Simcoe, Ont.
*Adams, W. P.	Sergeant, D.C.M., M.M.	7th Dec., 1915	Lennoxville, Que.
Aikman, C. W.	Lieutenant	27th April, 1916	Red Deer, Alta.
Aikman, G. G.	Flight Cadet	25th Sept., 1918	New York, N.Y., U.S.A.
*Ainger, W. E.	Second Lieutenant	Nov., 1914	London, Eng.
†Aitchison, A. W.	Lieutenant, M.C.	Sept., 1914	Shaunavon, Sask.
Died of wounds 13th May, 1916.			
Aitken, J. W.	Lieutenant	28th Aug., 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
†Aldrich, M. S.	Private	7th Dec., 1916	Ayer's Cliff, Que.
Killed in action 15th Aug., 1917.			
†Alexander, A. M.	Second Lieutenant	Oct., 1915	London, Eng.
Killed in action 8th Dec., 1917.			
Alexander, J. B.	Second Lieutenant	6th Sept., 1917	College & Dovercourt, Toronto, Ont.
†Alexander, P. M.	Second Lieutenant	Aug., 1914	London, Eng.
Died of wounds 30th July, 1916			
*Alexander, W. T.	Lieutenant	13th May, 1916	Department of The Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg, Man.
*†Allan, G. F.	Lance-Corporal	12th Feb., 1915	Calgary, Alta.
Killed in action 13th June, 1916.			
Allen, Alfred H.	Captain	Feb., 1916	Smith's Falls, Ont.
†Allen, Arthur H.	Second Lieutenant	Returned to Old Country to enlist 31st Aug., 1915. Saskatoon, Sask.	
Killed in action 4th Oct., 1917.			
Allen, D. L.	Flight Cadet	20th May, 1918	Vermilion, Alta.
Ambridge, C. M.	Corporal	4th June, 1918	Toronto, Ont.
Ames, R. C.	Lieutenant	25th Jan., 1916	Kitscoty, Alta.
†Anderson, B. S.	Signaller	Jan., 1915	Guelph, Ont.
Killed in action 26th Aug., 1917.			
Anderson, J.	Lieutenant	Left the Bank to undertake military service 1st April, 1916. Dauphin, Man.	
Anderson, N. A.	Private	27th Dec., 1914	Bengough, Sask.
Anderson, O. M.	Private	Sept., 1918	Radville, Sask.
†Anderson, R.	Private	1st Nov., 1914	Nelson, B.C.
Killed in action 20th May, 1915.			
Anderson, W. G.	Sapper	5th Feb., 1917	Prince Rupert, B.C.
*Andrews, J.	Private	8th Mar., 1916	Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
Andrews, S. H.	Corporal	21st Sept., 1916	Vancouver, B.C.
*Annett, J. L. G.	Sergeant, M.M.	Mar., 1915	Campbellton, N.B.

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM	NA
Annis, H. C.	Flight Cadet	4th Sept., 1917	Danforth & Broadview Toronto, Ont.	Baker, S.
Ansell, F. H.	Seaman, U.S. Navy	6th April, 1918	Waterville, Que.	† Balderston
* Apperson, J. M.	Lieutenant, M.C.	11th Nov., 1914	Radisson, Sask.	Die
† Appleby, R. M.	Lance-Corporal	18th Aug., 1916	Department of The Superintendent of Pacific Coast Branches, Vancouver, B.C.	* Baldwin, Bales, W. * Ball, A. C. Ball, D. Bankart, Bannister
	Killed in action 22nd Aug., 1917.			* Barlow, C. † Barnard, Kil
Archibald, J. M.	Gunner	12th Oct., 1917	Vulcan, Alta.	* Barnes, C. † Barnes, J. Kil
† Archibald, W. R.	Second Lieutenant	Mar., 1917	Inspector's Department, Vancouver, B.C.	Barnes, C. Barnum, * Barnum, * Barnum, Mc
	Killed in action 27th June, 1918.			Barrett, Barry, F. Barter, C.
† Arden, R. D.	Second Lieutenant	Sept., 1914	New York, N.Y., U.S.A.	* Bartlett, Barton, * Bartram * Baston,
	Killed in action 7th Oct., 1916.			
Argue, C. R.	Gunner	14th Feb., 1918	Bloor & Yonge, Toronto, Ont.	† Batema D
Arlidge, M. R.	Sergeant	24th May, 1916	Rivers, Man.	* Battisb; * Baxter, Beairste
Armit, A. G.	Lieutenant	16th Nov., 1914	Vermilion, Alta.	* Beamis/ † Bean, I K
* Armitage, F. M.	Bombardier	11th Feb., 1916	North Battleford, Sask.	* Beaton, * † Beaton K
* Armitage, M. E.	Gunner	11th Feb., 1916	Kindersley, Sask.	Beattie * Beatty, Beatty
Armitage, P. W.	Gunner	7th Jan., 1916	Commercial Drive, Vancouver, B.C.	† Beatty E
† Armstrong, G. H.	Lieutenant	Oct., 1914	Peace River, Alta.	Beatty * Beatty Beauli
	Died on active service 28th Oct., 1918.			
Armstrong, P. K.	Lieutenant	2nd Feb., 1916	Yonge & Eglinton, Toronto Ont.	Beauli Beauli Beauli Beck, Beck, Becke † Beck, Becke † K
Arnold, H.	Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant	9th July, 1915	Winnipeg, Man.	
* Arnold, R. E.	Lieutenant	Aug., 1914	Victoria, B.C.	
Aseltine, H. S.	Flight Cadet	18th Mar., 1918	St. Thomas, Ont.	
* Ash, S. H. H.	Lieutenant	May, 1916	San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.	
Ashley, C. W.	Yeoman (second class) U.S. Navy	4th May, 1917	Ottawa, Ont.	
Ashcroft, N. R.	Sergeant	14th Feb., 1918	Market, Toronto, Ont.	
Ashforth, L.	Gunner	14th Feb., 1918	Toronto, Ont.	
Atcheson, J. E.	Gunner	6th Feb., 1916	Woodstock, Ont.	
* Atkins, F. I.	Flight Lieutenant	30th Nov., 1917	Inspector's Department, Winnipeg, Man.	
Atkins, G. C.	Lieutenant	13th Oct., 1916	Queen East, Toronto, Ont.	
Atkinson, W. C. H.	Private	15th Feb., 1915	Crossfield, Alta.	
* Austin, N. A.	Driver	16th Mar., 1915	Granby, Que.	
Ayre, G.	Trooper	26th Feb., 1917	London, Eng.	
† Badley, S.	Private	14th Aug., 1914	Edmonton, Alta.	
	Killed in action 8th May, 1915.			
Bagley, J. H.	Sergeant	8th Mar., 1918	Danforth & Broadview Toronto, Ont.	
Bail, J. R.	Lieutenant	18th May, 1918	Eastman, Que.	
Bailey, E. A.	Battalion Quartermaster Sergeant	20th Feb., 1917	Gilbert Plains, Man.	
Bailey, J. K.	Sergeant	Aug., 1914	Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.	
Baillargeon, G. G.	Lieutenant	25th June, 1918	Danville, Que.	
* Baillie, G. C. B.	Bombardier	15th Mar., 1916	Winnipeg, Man.	
Bain, G. E.	Lieutenant	19th Nov., 1914	Youngstown, Alta.	
* Baker, A. C. F.	Sergeant	Aug., 1914	Oak Bay Avenue, Victoria, B.C.	
Baker, A. G.	Sergeant	Dec., 1915	Langham, Sask.	
Baker, Miss B.	V.A.D.	1st May, 1918	Regina, Sask.	
* Baker, C. H.	Private	21st July, 1915	Lethbridge, Alta.	

† Killed or died. * Wounded.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
Baker, S. R.	Signaller.	14th May, 1918	Yonge & College, Toronto, Ont.
† Balderston, C. T.	Second Lieutenant.	Aug., 1914	Pandora & Cook, Victoria, B.C.
Died of wounds 26th June, 1917.			
** Baldwin, C. T.	Lieutenant	23rd Sept., 1914	Edmonton, Alta.
Bales, W. E.	Sergeant.	17th May, 1916	Cobalt, Ont.
* Ball, A. C.	Sergeant.	27th Sept., 1917	St. Thomas, Ont.
Ball, D.	Second Lieutenant.	Dec., 1917	Stavely, Alta.
Bankart, A. H.	Captain	6th Aug., 1914	Winnipeg, Man.
Bannister, T.	Gunner.	30th Mar., 1918	Herbert, Sask.
* Barlow, G. B.	Lieutenant.	Mar., 1916	High River, Alta.
† Barnard, L. H.	Lieutenant.	20th Aug., 1914	Prince Albert, Sask.
Killed in action 25th Aug., 1916.			
* Barnes, C. H.	Lieutenant, M.C.	24th Nov., 1914	Toronto, Ont.
† Barnes, F. F.	Private.	7th Aug., 1914	Youngstown, Alta.
Killed in action 22nd May, 1915.			
Barnes, O. W.	Yeoman, U. S. Navy.	May, 1918	Moosejaw, Sask.
Barnum, C. W. M.	Lieutenant.	4th Jan., 1916	Marcelin, Sask.
* Barnum, H. G.	Captain, M.C.	7th Jan., 1915	Toronto, Ont.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Barrett, W. E.	Private	31st July, 1918	Howick, Que.
Barry, F. C.	Captain	7th July, 1915	London, Eng.
Barter, O. J. A.	Sergeant.	18th Feb., 1917	Sherbrooke, Que.
* Bartlett, W. T.	Lieutenant.	13th Dec., 1915	London, Ont.
Barton, R. G.	Second Lieutenant.	April, 1918	Winnipeg, Man.
* Bartram, W. R.	Lieutenant.	26th July, 1915	Taber, Alta.
** Baston, J. P.	Regimental Sergeant-Major, M.S.M., Croix de Guerre (Belg.)	Aug., 1914	South Hill, B.C.
† Bateman, F. L.	Gunner.	13th May, 1916	Montreal, Que.
Died on active service 11th Dec., 1918.			
* Battisby, A. M.	Sergeant.	21st Sept., 1916	Langham, Sask.
** Baxter, A. D.	Lieutenant.	27th May, 1916	Bridgewater, N.S.
Beairsto, R. W.	Private	April, 1918	Edmonton, Alta.
* Beamish, P. R.	Staff Sergeant.	27th Oct., 1915	Swift Current, Sask.
† Bean, L. M.	Private	Aug., 1914	Winnipeg, Man.
Killed in action 23rd April, 1915.			
* Beaton, L.	Trooper.	21st Oct., 1915	Grandview, Man.
† Beaton, R. S. M.	Lieutenant.	10th Aug., 1914	Vancouver, B.C.
Killed in action 2nd July, 1916.			
Beattie, W. E.	Private.	1st May, 1916	Kitscoty, Alta.
* Beatty, A. P.	Private.	Aug., 1914	Chilliwack, B.C.
Beatty, G. A.	Second Lieutenant.	Nov., 1917	Gleichen, Alta.
† Beatty, J. H.	Private.	Feb., 1916	Nokomis, Sask.
Killed in action 1st April, 1918.			
Beatty, R. J.	Gunner.	9th May, 1918	Vancouver, B.C.
* Beatty, W. J.	Signaller.	11th Jan., 1916	Forest, Ont.
Beaulieu, G. R.	Lance-Corporal.	3rd Jan., 1918	Crescent & St. Catherine, Montreal, Que.
Beaulieu, J. A.	Private.	25th May, 1918	Bedford, Que.
* Beck, D. A.	Bombardier.	27th Feb., 1916	Supervisor's Department, Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
† Beck, G. A.	Lieutenant.	Oct., 1915	Toronto, Ont.
Killed in action 9th April, 1917.			
Beckett, G.	Lieutenant.	June, 1915	Montreal, Que.
† Killed or died.		* Wounded.	

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
*Bedard, G. S.	Signaller	16th April, 1917	Valcourt, Que.
Beddome, N. R.	Gunner	8th Mar., 1918	Queen East, Toronto, Ont.
Beerworth, E. S.	Flight Cadet	15th May, 1918	Department of The Superintendent of Eastern Township Branches, Sherbrooke, Que.
*Belford, F. R. W.	Lieutenant	Dec., 1915	East Angus, Que.
†Bell, D. H.	Captain, M.C.	5th Aug., 1914	Vancouver, B.C.
Killed in action 8th Oct., 1916.			
*Bell, J. B.	Sergeant	15th April, 1916	Gleichen, Alta.
***†Bell, J. M. G.	Lieutenant, M.C.	Aug., 1914	Victoria, B.C.
Died of wounds 11th Oct., 1918.			
Bell, W. S.	Second Air Mechanic	12th July, 1917	Department of The Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg, Man.
**Bennett, F. C.	Private	29th Feb., 1916	Vancouver, B.C.
Bennett, H. N.	Second Lieutenant	Oct., 1915	Macleod, Alta.
Benson, H. J.	A.B., Royal Fleet Reserve	4th Aug., 1914	London, Eng.
Berrow, H. R.	Bandmaster	Aug., 1915	Department of The Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg, Man.
Berwick, W. R.	Sergeant	4th Aug., 1915	London, Eng.
*Bethell, D. L.	Lieutenant	10th Nov., 1914	Herbert, Sask.
***†Bethune, J. A.	Lieutenant	Sept., 1915	Brandon, Man.
†Bevan, A. W.	Private	11th Sept., 1915	North Winnipeg, Man.
Killed in action 9th Aug., 1916.			
Bicknell, L. N.	Private	8th Feb., 1917	Grandview, Man.
Biggar, F. C.	Major	24th Dec., 1914	Virden, Man.
Bisson, M. L.	Second Lieutenant	25th April, 1918	Chatham, Ont.
†Black, F.	Corporal	Dec., 1914	Elfros, Sask.
Killed in action 2nd Dec., 1915.			
Black, J.	Captain, M.C. and Croix de Guerre. (Fr.)	26th Nov., 1915	London, Eng.
Black, J. M.	Sergeant	18th Dec., 1914	Langham, Sask.
Black, W. B.	Flight Cadet	22nd Mar., 1918	Prince Albert, Sask.
Blackburn, F. A.	Lieutenant	27th May, 1918	Toronto, Ont.
†Blacklay, F. P.	Private	April, 1915	Delisle, Sask.
Killed in action 26th Oct., 1915.			
Blackler, O.	Lieutenant	17th Nov., 1914	Athabasca, Alta.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Blackwell, P. W.	Lieutenant	7th Aug., 1914	London, Eng.
Blackwell, T. G.	Lieutenant	8th Aug., 1917	London, Eng.
†Blackwood, H.	Private	25th Sept., 1915	Cornwall, Ont.
Killed in action 25th Feb., 1917.			
**Blake, E. P.	Sergeant	Jan., 1916	London, Eng.
Blampin, C. S.	Private	May, 1918	Knowlton, Que.
Blandford, F. C. G.	Private	19th Aug., 1915	Toronto, Ont.
Bleasdell, Miss I. M.	V.A.D.	Jan., 1917	Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
Blois, H. E.	Corporal	18th Feb., 1916	Department of The Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg, Man.
*Blott, R. D.	Private	15th May, 1915	Dunnville, Ont.

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

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*Bogue,
*Boistor
Bolton
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ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
**†Blott, W. M.	Lieutenant	June, 1915	Moosejaw, Sask.
Died of wounds 18th May, 1917, while a prisoner of war.			
*Blue, J.	Private	27th Oct., 1915	Hafford, Sask.
*Bluethner, M. H.	Lieutenant	11th Jan., 1915	Stratford, Ont.
Blundell, R. C.	Lieutenant	27th July, 1916	Lethbridge, Alta.
Boddy, W. J.	Lieutenant	11th Jan., 1918	Milestone, Sask.
*Bogue, W. S.	Lieutenant	26th Feb., 1916	Edmonton, Alta.
*Boiston, T. F.	Corporal	25th Mar., 1916	Cranbrook, B.C.
Bolton, W. R.	Pay Sergeant	28th Feb., 1916	Strathcona, Alta.
Bond, R. M.	Sergeant	10th Nov., 1914	Toronto, Ont.
Booth, L. R.	Lieutenant	25th Mar., 1918	Central Butte, Sask.
†Booth, P. E. O.	Second Lieutenant	18th Nov., 1914	London, Eng.
Killed in action 1st July, 1916.			
Boright, G. H.	Warrant Officer	Mar., 1918	Sherbrooke, Que.
*Borrett, R. D.	Lieutenant	12th Jan., 1915	Toronto, Ont.
Bourassa, J. D.	Sergeant	13th May, 1918	Asbestos, Que.
*Bouras, T. W.	Private	4th Aug., 1914	Vancouver, B.C.
Bowden, I. H.	Sergeant, M.M.	9th Jan., 1916	North Hatley, Que.
*Bowerbank, G. S. S.	Major, D.S.O., M.C.	Nov., 1914	Sarnia, Ont.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
*Bowker, F. S.	Private	Aug., 1914	Kamsack, Sask.
Bowman, A. D.	Private	16th Nov., 1916	North Winnipeg, Man.
Boyd, J. L.	Lieutenant	1st Oct., 1917	Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
Boyd, W. R.	Corporal	3rd April 1918	Summerside, P.E.I.
Boyer, C. R.	Signaller	11th April, 1917	Nanton, Alta.
Boyes, G. M.	Petty Officer, R.N.C.V.R.	17th Sept., 1917	Calgary, Alta.
Boyle, A. F.	Sergeant, M.S.M.	Dec., 1915	Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
Brackley, C. J.	Private	6th July, 1917	Lindsay, Ont.
Bradley, W. B. C.	Private (1st Class), U.S. Army	Sept., 1917	New York, N.Y., U.S.A.
†Brake, F. C. J.	Second Lieutenant	22nd June, 1915	Vancouver, B.C.
Killed in action 21st March, 1918.			
Brander, A. J.	Lieutenant	22nd Sept., 1914	Winnipeg, Man.
Brawley, G. M.	Captain	Dec., 1914	Smith's Falls, Ont.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Bray, V. M.	Gunner	5th Aug., 1915	Ottawa, Ont.
Breakey, A. G.	Warrant Officer, R.N.C.V.R.	4th June, 1918	Kamloops, B.C.
*†Breakey, H. L.	Lieutenant	31st Aug., 1915	Revelstoke, B.C.
Killed on active service 15th July, 1918.			
†Brennan, D. P.	Lieutenant	27th Sept., 1917	St. Hyacinthe, Que.
Died on active service 12th Nov., 1918.			
Bresee, R. W.	Flight Cadet	7th June, 1918	Three Rivers, Que.
*Brice, J. A.	Cadet, M.S.M. (Sergeant)	31st May, 1915	St. John, N.B.
†Briscoe, R. D.	Lieutenant	15th Aug., 1914	Strathroy, Ont.
Killed on active service 6th Jan., 1915.			
Brooke, B. G.	Returned to England to enlist	8th Aug., 1914	Edmonton, Alta.
Brooke, G. T.	Returned to England to enlist	8th Aug., 1914	Strathcona, Alta.
Brooks, C. C.	Lieutenant	Sept., 1917	Swift Current, Sask.
Brouillette, O. H.	Private	16th Feb., 1918	Blaine Lake, Sask.
Brown, C. A.	Lieutenant	2nd Oct., 1915	Granby, Que.
Brown, C. H.	Gunner	25th May, 1917	Charlottetown, P.E.I.
Brown, D.	Sergeant	28th Mar., 1916	Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
Brown, D. A.	Flight Cadet	9th July, 1918	Riverhurst, Sask.

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
*Brown, E.	Private	19th Aug., 1915	Stationery Department, Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
Brown, F. H.	Private	20th April, 1917	Department of The Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg, Man.
Brown, F. M.	Flight Cadet	22nd May 1918	Carman, Man.
Brown, H. B.	Lieutenant	Jan., 1917	Sherbrooke, Que.
Brown, R. L.	Gunner	17th April, 1917	Montreal, Que.
†Brown, R. R. P.	Lance-Corporal	Sept., 1916	Kamloops, B.C.
Died of wounds 27th Oct., 1917.			
Brown, W.W.	Private	22nd April, 1918	Department of The Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg, Man.
†Browne, A. E.	Lieutenant	Sept., 1914	Dawson, Y.T.
Killed in action 9th April, 1917.			
Brownell, R.	Petty Officer (R.N.C.V.R.)	21st Sept., 1917	Mount Royal, Calgary, Alta.
Bruce, A. L.	Sergeant	14th Aug., 1914	Carman, Man.
Bruce, Miss C. E.	Nursing Sister	Sept., 1914	Toronto, Ont.
*Bruce, E. K.	Lieutenant	1st Feb., 1916	West Toronto, Ont.
Bruce, W.	Lieutenant	11th Feb., 1916	New Westminster, B.C.
Bruges, W. E.	Lieutenant	26th Sept., 1914	London, Eng.
Brydon, F. T.	Private	22nd Dec., 1915	Dundas, Ont.
†Buchanan, H. R. V.	Private	Mar., 1916	Wiseton, Sask.
Died of wounds 27th Sept., 1918.			
*Buckeridge, L. D.	Private	July, 1916	South Porcupine, Ont.
*Buckland, A. H.	Private	24th July, 1915	Toronto, Ont.
Buckley, R.	Sergeant	31st July, 1915	Neepawa, Man.
*Bull, C. R.	Captain	Oct., 1914	Vancouver, B.C.
Burbidge, C. O.	Corporal	Jan., 1915	Powell St., Vancouver, B.C.
Burchell, E. F.	Gunner	11th Sept., 1915	Sydney, N.S.
Burgess, A. C.	Lieutenant	1st Feb., 1915	Montreal, Que.
Burgess, C. P.	Flight Cadet	Aug., 1918	Yellowgrass, Sask.
Burland, C. I.	Lieutenant	24th Aug., 1916	Grimsby, Ont.
*Burnet, K. H.	Gunner	4th Aug., 1916	East Vancouver, B.C.
Burns, W.	Private	Mar., 1916	Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
Burton, F. E.	Sergeant	10th Dec., 1917	Portland, Ore., U.S.A.
Butler, C. S.	Sergeant	25th Mar., 1918	Brantford, Ont.
†Buzzell, C. E.	Lance-Corporal	Aug., 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
Died on active service 24th Dec., 1916.			
Buzzell, L. N.	Flight Cadet	2nd July, 1918	Cookshire, Que.
†Cagney, J.	Private	16th Nov., 1914	Provost, Alta.
Died of wounds 30th March, 1916.			
*Calder, H. M.	Lieutenant	8th Feb., 1915	Mission City, B.C.
Mentioned in Despatches (twice).			
Caldwell, C. C.	Lieutenant	10th Oct., 1916	Hamilton, Ont.
Calkins, A. B.	Bombardier	4th Aug., 1916	Vancouver, B.C.
†Callaghan, L. E.	Private	Oct., 1914	Claresholm, Alta.
Killed in action 13th Oct., 1915.			
*Cameron, B. V.	Sergeant	4th Aug., 1915	Toronto, Ont.

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

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ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
***Cameron, C. H.	Sergeant	11th Dec., 1915	Windsor, N.S.
***Cameron, C. S.	Lieutenant	Oct., 1914	Fernie, B.C.
†Cameron, F. B.	Lieutenant	Aug., 1914	Montreal, Que.
Died of wounds 19th Aug., 1916.			
†Cameron, G. J.	Private	Jan., 1918	Department of The Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg, Man.
Killed in action 1st Oct., 1918.			
Cameron, J. A.	Private	25th May, 1918	Halifax, N.S.
Campbell, A. B.	Captain	3rd July, 1916	Hamilton, Ont.
†Campbell, D. J. M.	Lieutenant	Nov., 1914	Medicine Hat, Alta.
Killed in action 12th July, 1916.			
Campbell, H. A.	Private	27th April, 1916	Red Deer, Alta.
Campbell, H. C.	Major	27th Dec., 1915	Wychwood, Toronto, Ont.
Discharged 18th June, 1917			
Re-enlisted 1st Mar., 1918			
Campbell, J. M.	Private	Aug., 1917	Humboldt, Sask.
Campbell, M.C.	Sergeant	9th May, 1916	Retlaw, Alta.
Campbell, S. G.	Staff Sergeant	21st Feb., 1916	Vancouver, B.C.
Campbell, W. A.	Private	Left the Bank to undertake military service 2nd Feb., 1916	
Calgary, Alta.			
*Cantlon, R. M.	Corporal	10th May, 1915	1st Street West, Calgary, Alta.
Capson, R.	Sergeant Instructor	10th Dec., 1915	St. John, N.B.
Carey, L. M.	Gunner	4th Mar., 1916	Goderich, Ont.
Carling, H. V.	Sergeant	22nd Mar., 1918	Cornwall, Ont.
*Carmichael, A. H.	Lieutenant	Sept., 1915	North Victoria, B.C.
*Carmichael, C.	Lieutenant, M.C.	4th Oct., 1915	Hamilton, Ont.
Carmichael, P. M.	Corporal	7th Jan., 1918	Winnipeg, Man.
†Carmichael, W. L.	Lieutenant	13th Sept., 1916	Watrous, Sask.
Killed in action 17th Aug., 1917.			
*Carnwith, W. R.	Lieutenant, M.C.	24th Feb., 1916	St. Thomas, Ont.
*Carpenter, R. H.	Private	22nd Mar., 1916	Richmond, Que.
*Carr, G. S. H.	Private	11th Nov., 1916	Nokomis, Sask.
Carran, H. E.	Sergeant	21st Feb., 1918	Toronto, Ont.
Carroll, J. E.	Seaman, U.S. Navy	17th June, 1918	New York, N.Y., U.S.A.
*Carroll, R. S.	Captain, A.F.C.	24th Aug., 1914	Toronto, Ont.
Carson, A. B.	Gunner	10th May, 1918	Mission City, B.C.
Castle, F. G.	Driver	31st Jan., 1916	Market, Toronto, Ont.
Caswell, F. E.	Staff Sergeant	Aug., 1914	Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
Cates, J. H.	Lieutenant	June, 1916	East Vancouver, B.C.
*Caton, A. C.	Lance-Corporal	6th Aug., 1914	London, England.
Caughy, S. W.	Sergeant	20th Jan., 1916	Kincaid, Sask.
***Caw, J. A.	Lieutenant	Nov., 1914	Langham, Sask.
*Chaddock, H. A.	Lieutenant	11th Feb., 1915	Dunham, Que.
*Challenor, H. H. R.	Lieutenant	9th Dec., 1915	Bloor & Dufferin, Toronto, Ont.
*Chapman, C. F.	Private	4th Jan., 1916	Vermilion, Alta.
Chard, A. B.	Private	18th Feb., 1918	Biggar, Sask.
Charles, E. P.	Lieutenant	23rd Oct., 1915	Langham, Sask.
**Charles, G.	Private	6th April, 1916	Toronto, Ont.
**Chawner, W. H.	Lieutenant	16th Oct., 1914	Winnipeg, Man.
Chelew, G. M.	Sergeant	July, 1918	Yonge & Queen, Toronto, Ont.

†Killed or died.

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ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
†Child, J. M.	Captain, M.C. Order of Leopold (Belg.) Croix de Guerre (Belg.)	5th Mar., 1915	Oak Bay Avenue, Victoria, B.C.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Killed on active service, 23rd Aug. 1918.			
Chipman, R. W.	Lieutenant	31st Dec., 1915	Edmonton, Alta.
*Chisholm, T. G.	Lieutenant	19th Sept., 1915	Queen & Bathurst, Toronto, Ont.
*Chisholm, W. G.	Sergeant	28th July, 1915	Saskatoon, Sask.
Chittick, J. W.	Private	18th July, 1916	Parry Sound, Ont.
Chivers-Wilson, V.	Private	June, 1917	Kindersley, Sask.
*Christie, C. M.	Sergeant	30th Mar., 1916	Edmonton, Alta.
†Christie, T. A.	Sergeant-Major	16th Oct., 1914	Broderick, Sask. Died of wounds 8th June, 1916.
*Clancy, B. F.	Private	9th Mar., 1917	Richmond, Que.
†Claringbold, J. O.	Private	6th Mar., 1916	Building Staff, Head Office, Toronto, Ont. Killed in action 3rd Oct., 1918.
*Clark, A. F.	Gunner	22nd Dec., 1915	Commercial Drive, Vancouver, B.C.
Clark, C. E.	Private	29th Feb., 1916	Ottawa, Ont.
Clarke, A. E.	Corporal	July, 1917	Department of The Superintendent of Eastern Township Branches, Sherbrooke, Que.
Clarke, D. P. M.	Private	27th Feb., 1918	Hawarden, Sask.
Clarke, G. C. A.	Sergeant	1st June, 1916	Montreal, Que.
†Clarke, G. E.	Second Lieutenant	6th Oct., 1915	Walkerton, Ont. Killed in action 23rd July, 1916.
*Clarke, R. M.	Lieutenant	Oct., 1914	Nelson, B.C.
*Clarke, T. A.	Private	10th Feb., 1916	Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, Man.
*Clarke, W. L.	Sergeant, M.M.	1st Feb., 1915	Gleichen, Alta.
Clayton, R. E.	Gunner	1st Nov., 1917	Vancouver, B.C.
Cleary, T.	Senior Writer, Mercantile Marine Reserve	10th Feb., 1917	London, Eng.
Cleland, D. R.	Sergeant	3rd Sept., 1915	Port Arthur, Ont.
*Cleland, J. M.	Lieutenant	11th Mar., 1916	Moosejaw, Sask.
**Clement, N.	Sergeant	25th Jan., 1915	Gleichen, Alta.
*Clendinning, W. B.	Private	5th Aug., 1914	Elbow, Sask.
*Clery, W. V. P.	Lieutenant	30th June, 1915	1st Street West, Calgary, Alta.
*Cleveland, C. A.	Private	4th Aug., 1915	Waterville, Que.
Close, R. G.	Private	18th Sept., 1917	Milk River, Alta.
*Cockburn, G.	Private	15th June, 1915	Shellbrook, Sask.
*Cockeram, A.	Captain, D.S.O.	4th Nov., 1914	Brockville, Ont.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Cockeram, W.	Sapper, M.M.	25th Nov., 1914	West Toronto, Ont.
Coffin, J. S.	Flight Cadet	25th April, 1918	Montreal, Que.
*Coffin, L. C.	Private	16th Aug., 1914	North Battleford, Sask.
Coleman, F. C.	Lieutenant	12th Aug., 1914	Edmonton, Alta.
Colerick, A. B.	Warrant Officer, R.N.C. V.R.	1st April, 1918	Montreal, Que.
Coll, J. I.	Corporal	30th April, 1918	Sutton, Que.
Colley, J. N. B.	Lieutenant	Jan., 1916	Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
*Collier, J. D.	Private	15th Feb., 1916	Medicine Hat, Alta.
Connolly, F. J.	Gunner	June, 1917	Sydney, N.S.

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

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ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
*Connon, F. L.	Lieutenant	Nov., 1914	Claresholm, Alta.
Conover, C. C.	Lieutenant	1st July, 1917	Inspector's Department, Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
Cook, A.	Sergeant (U.S. Army)	15th Mar., 1918	Portland, Ore., U.S.A.
*Cook, W. T.	Private	1st July, 1915	Grand Forks, B.C.
Cooke, A. A.	Signaller	15th May, 1915	Hanna, Alta.
Cooke, R. L.	Private	June, 1915	Montreal, Que.
*Cooper, W.	Corporal	2nd Oct., 1915	Champion, Alta.
Copley, R. C.	Flight Cadet	23rd April, 1918	Winnipeg, Man.
*Cordner, W. J.	Lieutenant	2nd Aug., 1916	Department of The Super- intendent of Eastern Township Branches, Sherbrooke, Que.
Corey, I. B.	Lieutenant, D.F.C.	22nd Nov., 1915	Bedford, Que.
Corkran, R. F.	Sergeant	22nd Mar., 1917	Wellington Street, Sher- brooke, Que.
*Coulitis, J. W.	Lieutenant	26th Aug., 1915	Ingersoll, Ont.
*Coulouts, L. V.	Lance-Corporal	1st Mar., 1916	Carmangay, Alta.
†Cowie, J.	Private	10th Jan., 1916	Kamloops, B.C.
Killed in action 30th Oct., 1917.			
*Cowling, E. M.	Gunner	28th Aug., 1915	Montreal, Que.
Cowling, H. G.	Lieutenant	3rd Jan., 1916	East Angus, Que.
Cowperthwaite, C. A.	Gunner	27th April, 1918	Halifax, N.S.
Cox, B. H.	Gunner	13th Mar., 1916	Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.
Cox, L.	Pay-Master Lieutenant		
	R.N.R.	18th Aug., 1917	Winnipeg, Man.
Cox, R. J.	Gunner	28th Sept., 1916	Vegreville, Alta.
Craft, H. M.	Sergeant	12th June, 1918	Moosejaw, Sask.
Craib, P. S.	Sergeant	6th May, 1916	Hawarden, Sask.
*Craig, A. J.	Corporal	Jan., 1916	Edmonton, Alta.
†Cram, J. M.	Lieutenant	19th Jan., 1916	Briercrest, Sask.
Killed on active service 26th Aug., 1918.			
*†Cramp, J.	Private	8th Aug., 1914	East Vancouver, B.C.
Died on active service 27th Oct., 1918.			
Crane, K. H.	Lieutenant	14th April, 1917	Windsor, Ont.
Cranstoun, G. B.	Signaller	5th Nov., 1917	Windsor, Ont.
†Crawford, M. S.	Corporal	13th May, 1918	Parkdale, Toronto, Ont.
Died on active service 12th Oct., 1918.			
*Crawford, V. C.	Private	31st May, 1916	Yellowgrass, Sask.
*Creighton, J.	Company Sergeant-Major	9th Aug., 1914	Montreal, Que.
Cridland, L. E.	Private	1st May, 1916	London, Eng.
Croft, A. T.	Captain, M.C.	1st July, 1915	Windsor, N.S.
Crompton, J. B.	Captain	19th Oct., 1916	Queen & Bathurst, Toronto, Ont.
Cromwell, R. G.	Flight Cadet	20th Mar., 1918	Willowbrook, Sask.
*Crone, C. H.	Sergeant	21st June, 1915	Wadena, Sask.
†Cronhelm, E. W. A.	Gunner	Sept., 1915	Fort Frances, Ont.
Died of wounds 8th May, 1917.			
Crook, G. L.	Sergeant	20th May, 1918	Toronto, Ont.
Crookston, J. M.	Company Quartermaster Sergeant	18th Mar., 1917	Fernie, B.C.
*Crosbie, H.	Lieutenant	11th Aug., 1914	Hanna, Alta.
*Crosby, H. S.	Gunner	19th Jan., 1916	Halifax, N.S.

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
Crotty, R. E. M.	Private	19th Oct., 1915	Cranbrook, B.C.
Crotty, W. H.	Lieutenant	15th Mar., 1915	St. Catherine & Metcalfe, Montreal, Que.
Crowe, T. A.	Sergeant (1st Class) U.S. Army	25th July, 1918	Portland, Ore., U.S.A.
*Crozier, J.	Trooper	12th Feb., 1916	Kincaid, Sask.
Cruikshank, H. W.	Lieutenant	10th Aug., 1914	Regina, Sask.
*Cruikshank, J. D.	Captain	14th Aug., 1914	Winnipeg, Man.
Cryderman, A. D.	Private	30th April, 1918	Elbow, Sask.
Culverwell, F. J.	Flight Cadet	22nd April, 1918	Danforth & Broadview, Toronto, Ont.
Cummins, H. C.	Gunner	21st May, 1917	Bank Street, Ottawa, Ont.
Cunningham, A. R.	Private	31st July, 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
*Curran, V.	Captain, M.C.	31st Mar., 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Currie, C. F.	Captain	Oct., 1914	Prince Albert, Sask.
†Currie, J. C.	Private	May, 1916	North Battleford, Sask.
Killed in action 9th April, 1917.			
*Currie, M.	Major, M.C.	16th Aug., 1915	Calgary, Alta.
Curry, F. W.	Pay Sub - Lieutenant		
	R.N.C.V.R.	23rd May, 1917	Shelburne, N.S.
Curry, V. L.	Petty Officer, R.N.C.V.R.	15th Mar., 1918	Bridgewater, N.S.
Curtice, R. H.	Sergeant	July, 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
Cuthbert, J. T.	Private	May, 1918	Moosejaw, Sask.
Cuthbertson, L. E.	Flight Cadet	1st Mar., 1918	Parry Sound, Ont.
Dailey, J. J.	Sergeant	15th Jan., 1918	Regina, Sask.
Daley, W. B.	Flight Cadet	8th Oct., 1917	St. John, N.B.
*Dalton, N. D.	Lieutenant, M.C.	8th Aug., 1914	London, Eng.
Dalton, R. A. B.	Private	July, 1918	Calgary, Alta.
D'Alton, R. P.	Second Lieutenant	Dec., 1917	Herbert, Sask.
Dalton, Wilbur J.	Flight Cadet	1st Aug., 1918	Windsor, Ont.
Dalton, William J.	Lieutenant	23rd Oct., 1915	Toronto, Ont.
*Daniel, E. H.	Captain, M.C.	23rd Oct., 1914	Vancouver, B.C.
***Darcus, R. J.	Lieutenant, M.C.	31st Dec., 1914	Medicine Hat, Alta.
Darley, D. B.	Staff Sergeant	28th April, 1915	Nelson, B.C.
*†Darley, F. F. B.	Private	Oct., 1914	Prince Rupert, B.C.
Died of wounds 22nd Nov., 1916.			
Darroch, D. A.	Flight Cadet	May, 1918	Dundas, Ont.
Darrow, F. R.	Second Lieutenant	20th Mar., 1916	Tillsonburg, Ont.
*Davidson, A.	Private	June, 1915	Edmonton, Alta.
*Davin, J. A.	Lieutenant, M.C.	24th Sept., 1914	Macleod, Alta.
Davis, D.	Lieutenant	7th Nov., 1914	Hastings & Cambie, Vancouver, B.C.
Davis, M. H.	Second Lieutenant	28th Dec., 1917	Creston, B.C.
*Davis, W. W.	Lieutenant	16th Nov., 1914	East Vancouver, B.C.
*†Davidson, C. W.	Bombardier, M.M.	18th Oct., 1915	Montreal, Que.
*Davidson, J. A.	Lieutenant	Oct., 1914	Toronto, Ont.
Davison, J. V.	Gunner	1st Jan., 1916	Gerrard & Pape, Toronto, Ont.
Davison, R.	Private	31st May, 1916	Windsor, N.S.
Dawson, G. H.	Signaller	1st Nov., 1917	Ormsdown, Que.
**Day, F. A.	Lieutenant	7th Aug., 1914	Mirror, Alta.
*Deans, W. D.	Lieutenant	23rd Sept., 1914	Montreal, Que.
†De Fallot, C.	Captain	Aug., 1914	St. John, N.B.
Died of wounds 15th July, 1915.			

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

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ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
De Geer, W. B.	Gunner	24th Dec., 1917	Toronto, Ont.
*De Guerre, H. W.	Captain	29th Nov., 1915	Toronto, Ont.
*De Long, J. C.	Gunner	10th Jan., 1917	Belleville, Ont.
*De Montmorency, F. H.	Lieutenant	15th Nov., 1915	Watrous, Sask.
**De Montmorency, H. B.	Major	7th Aug., 1914	Winnipeg, Man.
**Denning, J. R.	Sergeant	8th Aug., 1914	Montreal, Que.
Derby, J.	Private	3rd Aug., 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
†Deuel, R. S.	Lance-Corporal	13th Nov., 1915	St. Johns, Que.
Died while a prisoner of war, in a German hospital on 28th June, 1917.			
†De Wind, E.	Second Lieutenant, V.C.	Nov., 1914	Edmonton, Alta.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Killed in action 21st March, 1918.			
*†Dick, C. F.	Private	15th May, 1916	Saskatoon, Sask.
Killed in action 30th Oct., 1917.			
Dickinson, J. S.	Second Lieutenant	30th April, 1917	Earlscourt, Toronto, Ont.
Dierlamm, W. R.	Sapper	15th June, 1918	Walkerville, Ont.
*Dimock, M. C.	Private	20th May, 1916	Olds, Alta.
Dinning, G.	Gunner	9th Nov., 1917	Cranbrook, B.C.
Dinsmore, G. H. S.	Captain	July, 1915	Inspector's Department, Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
D'Ivry, Viscount, G. O.	Captain	11th Nov., 1914	St. Catherine & City Hall, Montreal, Que.
Dixon, G. H.	Gunner	16th April, 1916	Hastings & Cambie, Van- couver, B.C.
Doane, C. D.	Gunner	9th Oct., 1917	Halifax, N.S.
Dodds, G. L.	Assistant Purser, Royal Naval Transport Ser- vice	14th June, 1918	Toronto, Ont.
†Dodge, F. E.	Private	14th Oct., 1914	Outlook Sask.
Killed in action 12th Oct., 1915.			
Doiron, R. A.	Lieutenant, M.M.	22nd Nov., 1914	Antigonish, N.S.
Donald, D.	Lieutenant-Colonel	15th Dec., 1915	Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
Donald, J. W.	Corporal	May, 1916	Saskatoon, Sask.
†Donald, W. L.	Gunner	Aug., 1914	Vermilion, Alta.
Killed in action 30th Sept., 1918.			
*Donkin, F. D.	Private	May, 1915	Delisle, Sask.
†Doré, W. H.	Captain	Jan., 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
Killed in action 9th Aug., 1918.			
Douglas, J. E.	Lieutenant	Jan., 1916	Taber, Alta.
*Douglas, W. G.	Gunner	7th Sept., 1916	Hanna, Alta.
Dow, J. C.	Corporal, M.M. and bar.	10th June 1915	Revelstoke, B.C.
Downing, T. A.	Gunner	Jan., 1918	Kingston, Ont.
*Dowsley, C. G.	Captain	11th Aug., 1914	Herbert, Sask.
Drake, P. C.	Lieutenant	7th Dec., 1915	London, Eng.
Dreher, E. F.	Corporal	24th Sept., 1918	Seattle, Wash., U.S.A.
Drummond, A. C.	Private	24th May, 1917	Kingston, Ont.
†Drummond-Hay, E.	Lieutenant	Aug., 1915	Moosejaw, Sask.
Killed in action 2nd Sept., 1918.			
Dubuc, G. J.	Second Lieutenant	Dec., 1916	Regina, Sask.
*†Duff, G.	Sergeant	14th Aug., 1915	Alberton, P.E.I.
Killed in action 27th April, 1918.			
†Duffus, G. C.	Lance-Corporal	Dec., 1915	Kamsack, Sask.
Died of wounds 24th Dec., 1916.			
†Duley, L. T.	Lieutenant	July, 1916	St. John's, Nfld.
Killed in action 29th Sept., 1918.			
†Killed or died.		*Wounded.	

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
Duncan, C. W.	Driver	16th Oct., 1916	Weyburn, Sask.
†Duncan, H. A.	Captain	4th Aug., 1914	Hamilton, Ont.
(Son of Captain H. C. Duncan) Killed in action 9th Oct., 1916.			
Duncan, H. C.	Captain	1st Nov., 1915	Collingwood, Ont.
*Duncan, J.	Sergeant	11th Nov., 1914	Yellowgrass, Sask.
Duncanson, F. R.	Gunner	19th April, 1917	New Westminster, B.C.
Dundas, A. L.	Sergeant	12th June, 1915	Kitsilano, Vancouver, B.C.
Dunn, D. S.	Lieutenant	16th June, 1916	Gilroy, Sask.
Dunn, J.	Private	17th Jan., 1918	Bassano, Alta.
Dunn, W. C.	Flight Cadet	9th Sept., 1918	Wiseton, Sask.
*Dunsford, M.	Captain	17th Jan., 1916	Peterboro' Ont.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Durrant, F. E.	Private	20th Nov., 1916	Kitsilano, Vancouver, B.C.
Duthie, T. A.	Sergeant	31st Dec., 1915	Wadena, Sask.
*Duthie, W. S.	Lieutenant	24th June, 1915	Saskatoon, Sask.
Eamer, L. R.	Driver	10th May, 1917	Cornwall, Ont.
Earle, C. W.	Gunner	18th Jan., 1917	Belleville, Ont.
Edgar, W. S.	Corporal	13th Aug., 1914	Portage la Prairie, Man.
**Edmonds, A.	Corporal	15th June, 1915	Saskatoon, Sask.
Edmunds, H. H.	Private	8th July, 1916	Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
*Egan, N. J.	Lieutenant, M.C.	11th April, 1915	Wellington St., Sherbrooke, Que.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
†Elderkin, W. A.	Private	July, 1915	Blaine Lake, Sask.
Killed in action 2/4th June, 1916.			
Ellett, J. F.	Sergeant	16th May, 1916	Stony Plain, Alta.
Elliott, E. H. P.	Gunner	Feb., 1918	Bloor & Yonge, Toronto, Ont.
Elliott, G. T.	Corporal, D.C.M. and Croix de Guerre (Belg.)	23rd Aug., 1915	Ottawa, Ont.
Elliott, S. C.	Lieutenant	Nov., 1917	Watson, Sask.
Ellis, R. H.	Second Lieutenant	12th Jan., 1918	Alberton, P.E.I.
*Ellis, W. D.	Private	4th Feb., 1916	Foreign Department, Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
†Elsley, L.	Lieutenant	Dec., 1915	Collingwood, Ont.
Killed in action 5th April, 1917.			
Elwood, J. Y.	Gunner	20th July, 1916	Regina, Sask.
*Emerson, G. M.	Captain, O.B.E. (Military Division)	22nd Sept., 1915	Windsor, N.S.
†Emmerson, F. L.	Private	Aug., 1915	Moncton, N.B.
Killed in action 1st May, 1917.			
*Emtage, G. N.	Bombardier	20th Dec., 1915	Mansonville, Que.
Evans, F. C. S.	Private	16th May, 1918	Walkerville, Ont.
Evans, N. F.	Second Lieutenant	12th Oct., 1917	Market, Toronto, Ont.
*Evans, T. H.	Corporal	14th Aug., 1915	Lethbridge, Alta.
†Exshaw, E. H.	Private	Sept., 1914	Salmon Arm, B.C.
Died of wounds 16th Aug., 1917.			
Eyres, L. H.	Gunner	Mar., 1917	Winnipeg, Man.
Facey, A. J.	Lieutenant	3rd Jan., 1916	Briercrest, Sask.
Faichney, W. S.	Gunner	26th Dec., 1916	Ottawa, Ont.
*Falconer, I. C.	Lieutenant, M.C.	Dec., 1915	San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.
**Falkner, I. P.	Lieutenant	13th Feb., 1915	Elbow, Sask.
†Falkner, W. H.	Second Lieutenant	20th May, 1916	Ottawa, Ont.
Killed in action 20th Oct., 1917.			

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

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ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
*Falle, T. de C.	Captain, M.C.	17th Nov., 1914	Pincher Creek, Alta.
Mentioned in Despatches. Parchment Certificate for Gallantry in the Field.			
†Fane, R. F.	Private	Jan., 1916	Vermilion, Alta.
Killed in action 11th, Nov. 1917.			
Farmer, D. E.	Sergeant	3rd June, 1916	Grand Forks, B.C.
*Fee, J. R.	Company Sergeant-Major	7th July, 1915	Saskatoon, Sask.
Fennell, J. F.	Corporal	14th Feb., 1916	High River, Alta.
Ferguson, J. A.	Flight Cadet	24th Mar., 1918	Sherbrooke, Que.
†Ferguson, R. M.	Second Lieutenant	Oct., 1914	Kingston, Ont.
Killed in action 18th Nov., 1916.			
*Fernie, F.	Sergeant	15th Aug., 1914	Innisfail, Alta.
Fernie, W. H.	Lieutenant	11th Mar., 1916	Inspector's Department, Winnipeg, Man.
Fice, P. W.	Lieutenant	May, 1916	Toronto, Ont.
Fidler, E. W.	Staff Sergeant	20th May, 1917	Parry Sound, Ont.
Field, C. A.	Gunner	27th Nov., 1916	Vernon, B.C.
Findlay, H. F. G.	Lieutenant	7th June, 1915	Rivers, Man.
*Findlay, J. M.	Private	30th Aug., 1915	Swift Current, Sask.
†Findlay, K. C.	Lance-Corporal	Aug., 1915	Retlaw, Alta.
Killed in action 7th Oct., 1916.			
*Findlay, W. H.	Second Lieutenant	14th Aug., 1914	Calgary, Alta.
Finlay, G. B.	Second Lieutenant	1st Dec., 1916	New Westminster, B.C.
†Fisher, I. M.	Lance-Corporal	25th Oct., 1915	Monitor, Alta.
Died of wounds 16th Aug., 1917.			
Fisher, R. O.	Gunner	Sept., 1917	Greenwood, B.C.
Fisher, S. E.	Sergeant	4th Aug., 1915	London, Ont.
†Fitton, E.	Private	Oct., 1914	Nelson, B.C.
Died of wounds 29th July, 1916.			
Fitton, H. M.	Lieutenant	3rd June, 1916	Winnipeg, Man.
*Fitzgerald, M. L.	Corporal	8th Mar., 1916	Elfros, Sask.
Fitzgerald, T. D.	Second Lieutenant	Left the Bank to undertake military service 17th May, 1916.	
Flann, J. D.	Sergeant	5th April, 1918	Parry Sound, Ont.
Fleming, K. L.	Private	July, 1915	Peterboro, Ont.
Fletcher, K. P.	Sergeant	25th Mar., 1915	Charlottetown, P.E.I.
†Flower, F. G.	Second Lieutenant	Aug., 1915	Prince Arthur and Park, Montreal, Que.
Killed in action 18th Dec., 1917.			
****Floyd, T. C.	Major, M.C.	28th Nov., 1915	Department of The Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg, Man.
*Foley, E. G.	Corporal	June, 1915	Melville, Sask.
Folk, D. C.	Private	5th April, 1916	Carmangay, Alta.
Forbes, D.	Flight Cadet	19th Mar., 1918	Moosomin, Sask.
†Forbes, I. G.	Flight Cadet	15th Aug., 1918	Vancouver, B.C.
Died on active service 30th Oct., 1918.			
†Forbes, J. A. M.	Private	20th Dec., 1915	Humboldt, Sask.
Killed in action 11th Sept., 1916.			
*Forbes, R. J.	Lieutenant	27th Nov., 1914	Medicine Hat, Alta.
*Ford, H. A.	Lance-Corporal, M.M.	19th Oct., 1915	Seattle, Wash., U.S.A.
Ford, J.	Sapper	6th Mar., 1916	Watrous, Sask.
Forder, G. A. C.	Staff Sergeant	26th Aug., 1915	Lethbridge, Alta.
Forhan, L. G. H.	Lieutenant	26th Dec., 1915	Strathcona, Alta.

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
*Forster, W. B.	Major, M.C., Croix de Guerre (Fr.)	3rd Dec., 1914	1st Street West, Calgary, Alta.
Mentioned in Despatches (twice).			
Fortye, A. V.	Private	April, 1918	Exeter, Ont.
Foster, J. R.	Gunner	18th May, 1917	Bloor and Lippincott, Toronto, Ont.
Fowler, J. C. M.	Lance-Corporal	Jan., 1916	Fort William, Ont.
*Fowler, J. G.	Sergeant	10th Aug., 1914	Moosejaw, Sask.
Fowler, R. T.	Regimental Sergeant-Major	20th Aug., 1914	Edmonton, Alta.
Fowler, W. A.	Captain	May, 1915	Montreal, Que.
†Fowler, W. H.	Private	Aug., 1914	Herbert, Sask.
Killed in action 27th April, 1915.			
*Fox, C. J.	Sergeant	5th Jan., 1915	Edmonton, Alta.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Fox, E. S.	Lieutenant. Returned to England to enlist.	May, 1915	Elbow, Sask.
Foxall, E.	Sapper	29th Jan., 1916	Grandview, Man.
*Fraser, A.	Captain	Nov. 1915	Sherbrooke, Que.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Fraser, G. H. B.	Bombardier	14th June, 1916	Kerrobart, Sask.
†Fraser, G. W. A.	Sergeant	Aug., 1914	Winnipeg, Man.
Killed in action 13th June, 1916.			
*Fraser, J. A. C.	Captain	31st Oct., 1914	Kindersley, Sask.
*Fraser, P. W.	Gunner	16th June, 1916	Kerrobart, Sask.
Freeman, H. A. C.	Sergeant	16th June, 1916	Department of The Superintendent of Pacific Coast Branches, Vancouver, B.C.
†Freeman, J.	Private	Jan., 1915	Outlook, Sask.
Died on active service 26th Feb., 1917.			
†Frijs, Count O.K.J.V.	Private	Oct., 1914	Hafford, Sask.
Killed in action 15th Nov., 1915.			
Frost, R. H.	Cadet (Sergeant)	31st May, 1916	Queen East, Toronto, Ont.
Fuke, H. J.	Private	15th April, 1918	Parkhill, Ont.
Gaine, A.	Lieutenant	23rd Nov., 1914	Keremeos, B.C.
*Gair, W. R.	Private	1st Mar., 1917	Shaunavon, Sask.
†Galaugher, W. N.	Lieutenant	4th Aug., 1914	Chatham, Ont.
Killed in action 20th Mar., 1915.			
Galbraith, J. F.	Second Lieutenant	9th May, 1918	Red Deer, Alta.
*Galbraith, J. H.	Sergeant	5th Sept., 1915	Edmonton, Alta.
*Galbraith, W. J. B.	Lance-Corporal	Left the Bank to undertake military service 4th Aug., 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
†Garden, C. S.	Lieutenant	4th Aug., 1917	Yonge & College, Toronto, Ont.
Killed on active service 2nd June, 1918.			
**Garden, R. B.	Private	30th Sept., 1915	Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
*Gardner, J. H.	Private	16th Aug., 1916	Vancouver, B.C.
Gear, C. M. H.	Private	21st Jan., 1917	London, Eng.
Geddes, H. E.	Second Lieutenant	11th May, 1917	Charlottetown, P.E.I.
Geddes, R.	Flight Cadet	11th April, 1918	Innisfail, Alta.
Geddes, W. C.	Private	24th April, 1918	Dresden, Ont.
*Genest, M. A.	Lieutenant	9th Aug., 1917	St. Joseph de Beauce, Que.
George, E. H.	Gunner	3rd Jan., 1917	Macleod, Alta.

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

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ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
**Gibson, A. J. E.	Lieutenant, M.C.	28th July, 1915	Red Deer, Alta.
Gibson, A. S.	Sapper	3rd Mar., 1916	Elgin, Man.
†Gibson, D. P.	Second Lieutenant	23rd Mar., 1917	Galt, Ont.
Died on active service July, 1918.			
Gibson, H. M.	Second Lieutenant	17th Feb., 1915	Blaine Lake, Sask.
Gibson, O. T.	Private	20th May, 1918	Ayr, Ont.
Gibson, R. B.	Lieutenant, M.C., M.M.	18th Feb., 1915	Sherbrooke, Que.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Gifford, J. S.	Lieutenant	8th Feb., 1915	Sherbrooke, Que.
*Gilbert, I. W.	Gunner	7th Oct., 1916	Maisonneuve, Montreal, Que.
*Gilbert, W. A.	Cadet, D.C.M.	27th Aug., 1915	Dauphin, Man.
†Gildea, J. A. K.	Second Lieutenant	7th July, 1915	Wetaskiwin, Alta.
Killed in action 11th July, 1916.			
Gillespie, J. W.	Lieutenant	Oct., 1916	College and Dovercourt, Toronto, Ont.
†Gillespie, N. A.	Private	5th Aug., 1914	Yonge & Queen, Toronto, Ont.
Died in a German hospital 25th April, 1915.			
†Gillespie, V. A.	Private	1st Dec., 1915	Monitor, Alta.
Died of wounds 1st Oct., 1917.			
Gillespie, W. W.	Private	Oct., 1916	Duncan, B.C.
Gillies, R. G.	Driver	28th Dec., 1917	Walkerville, Ont.
Gilmore, L. E.	Private	Left the Bank to undertake military service 26th Feb., 1916. . . . Toronto, Ont.	
*Gilmour, C. R.	Private	12th Nov., 1914	South Porcupine, Ont.
Girling, R. C.	Gunner	7th Aug., 1917	Cranbrook, B.C.
Gisborne, F. N.	Sergeant	24th April, 1918	North Victoria, B.C.
Gisborne, L. R.	Gunner	24th Nov., 1916	Ottawa, Ont.
*Glasgow, A. P.	Lieutenant	8th Sept., 1914	Wadena, Sask.
Glazbrook, H. M.	Flight Cadet	12th May, 1918	Cumberland, B.C.
Glenn, J. F.	Private	24th June, 1915	Kamloops, B.C.
Glover, P.S.C.	Lieutenant	4th Aug., 1914	London, Eng.
*Godden, B.	Lieutenant	1st Mar., 1916	Elbow, Sask.
†Godsman, F. F.	Private	Feb., 1915	Granum, Alta.
Died of wounds 21st June, 1917.			
*†Godwin, A. G. H.	Private	12th Oct., 1915	New Westminster, B.C.
Killed in action 21st Aug., 1917.			
**Golden, A. D.	Lieutenant, M.C.	18th Feb., 1915	Prince Rupert, B.C.
*Golden, T. L.	Lieutenant	12th Aug., 1914	Wetaskiwin, Alta.
Gomez, E. P.	Private	27th April, 1918	Cowansville, Que.
†Goodale, W. H.	Lieutenant	4th Aug., 1914	Wadena, Sask.
Killed in action 1st Aug., 1918.			
Goodchild, C. H.	Private	28th May, 1918	London, Eng.
Goodfellow, J. K.	Private	3rd Jan., 1918	Montreal, Que.
Gooding, W. K.	Gunner	24th April, 1917	New Westminster, B.C.
†Gordon, C.	Lieutenant	Oct., 1914	Calgary, Alta.
Killed in action 20th Sept., 1916.			
*†Gordon, D. E.	Second Lieutenant	9th Aug., 1914	Saskatoon, Sask.
Killed in action 14th July, 1916.			
*Gordon, G. N.	Captain	6th Aug., 1914	Stratford, Ont.
Gordon, J. A.	Sergeant	19th April, 1918	Milestone, Sask.
Gordon, W. T.	Flight Cadet	April, 1917	Winnipeg, Man.
Gossage, B. F.	Lieutenant, M.C.	8th April, 1915	Bloor & Yonge, Toronto, Ont.

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
Gossel, D. A.	Flight Cadet	8th May, 1918	Regina, Sask.
Gowdy, N. S.	Sergeant	26th Mar., 1918	Toronto, Ont.
*Graham, F. A.	Sergeant, M.M.	28th Aug., 1914	Sydney, N.S.
Graham, H. W.	Sergeant	29th Oct., 1915	Rainy River, Ont.
Grainger, J.	Gunner	1st Sept., 1916	South Hill, B.C.
Grant, J.	Corporal	4th Nov., 1917	Saskatoon, Sask.
Grasett, J. E.	Private	1st Sept., 1916	Bengough, Sask.
Gravel, C. A.	Signaller	1st Dec., 1917	Treherne, Man.
*Graves, A. F.	Lieutenant	1st April, 1915	Nelson, B.C.
Gray, J. C.	Private	28th May, 1918	Parkhill, Ont.
†Gray, J. E.	Lance-Corporal	4th Oct., 1915	Weyburn, Sask.
Died of wounds 28th Dec., 1917.			
Gray, W. J.	Lieutenant	6th Aug., 1914	Edmonton, Alta.
*Greacen, R.	Lieutenant	5th April, 1915	Langham, Sask.
*Greacen, T.	Captain	1st Feb., 1915	Elgin, Man.
Green, P. A.	Bombardier	April, 1916	London, Eng.
Greedy, P. B.	Lieutenant	22nd Feb., 1916	Toronto, Ont.
Gregory, C. R.	Signaller	17th April, 1917	Fredericton, N.B.
Grieve, G. B.	Sapper	1st Nov., 1914	Greenwood, B.C.
*Griffith, W. F.	Lieutenant	10th Oct., 1914	Lloydminster, Sask.
*Grover, J. K.	Private	27th Nov., 1915	Parksville, B.C.
Grover, T. M.	Lieutenant	25th Jan., 1916	College & Dovercourt, Toronto, Ont.
Guay, R.	Private	19th April, 1918	Willow Bunch, Sask.
Gubbins, H. P. N.	Corporal	10th Jan., 1916	Elgin, Man.
Gudgin, H. O.	Lieutenant	18th May, 1916	Wadena, Sask.
Gunn, A. M.	Lieutenant	12th Jan., 1915	Watrous, Sask.
*†Guy, F. J.	Private	Aug., 1914	Saskatoon, Sask.
Killed in action 9th April, 1917.			
*Gwyther, R. E. W.	Second Lieutenant	25th Sept., 1916	N. Vancouver, B.C.
†Hales, G. R.	Private	Jan., 1916	Radisson, Sask.
Killed in action 15th Sept., 1916.			
Halliday, H. A.	Lieutenant	Nov., 1917	Herbert, Sask.
Hamilton, A. L.	Colonel, C.M.G.	Aug., 1914	Quebec, Que.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
*Hamilton, E.	Lieutenant	Aug., 1914	Princeton, B.C.
Hamilton, R. L.	Lieutenant	13th Dec., 1915	Prince Arthur and Park, Montreal, Que.
*Hamilton, W. T.	Private	25th Mar., 1916	Vermilion, Alta.
*Hampton, P. R.	Lieutenant	6th June, 1917	Balmy Beach, Toronto, Ont.
†Hanna, P. N.	Private	Oct., 1915	Bassano, Alta.
Killed in action 28th April, 1917.			
†Harding, A. W.	Private	1st Mar., 1916	Vancouver, B.C.
Killed in action 6th Nov., 1917.			
*Hardyman, F. N.	Lieutenant	19th Aug., 1914	Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
Harley, G. E.	Captain	29th Nov., 1914	Windsor, N.S.
Harlow, A. A. G.	Major	7th Oct., 1914	Alexander Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.
Harman, G. M. M.	Petty Officer, R.N.C.V.R.	10th May, 1918	Vancouver, B.C.
Harragin, A. R. T.	Lieutenant	28th Dec., 1914	Nokomis, Sask.
Harrington, A. G.	Lieutenant	30th Oct., 1915	Windsor, N.S.
*Harris, A. D.	Sergeant	7th Aug., 1914	Vancouver, B.C.
†Harris, C. A.	Second Lieutenant	July, 1915	London, Eng.
Died of wounds 3rd Nov., 1916.			

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

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ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
Harris, H. K.	Private	27th Sept., 1916	Montreal, Que.
†Harrison, C. D.	Flight Cadet	14th Oct., 1914	Vancouver, B.C.
Died of injuries 27th June, 1918.			
†Harrison, F.	Sergeant	Aug., 1914	Toronto, Ont.
Killed in action 23rd May, 1915.			
Harrison, H. J.	Sergeant	27th June, 1916	Gleichen, Alta.
†Harrison, H. W.	Second Lieutenant	Mar., 1915	Niagara Falls, Ont.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Died of wounds 9th June, 1917.			
Harrison, P. R.	Corporal	27th Oct., 1916	Parkdale, Toronto, Ont.
Harrison, T. R. K.	Trooper	13th Oct., 1917	Bengough, Sask.
Hart, A. G.	Sapper	Oct., 1914	New York, N.Y., U.S.A.
Discharged as medically unfit 31st Dec., 1914; re-enlisted 15th Jan., 1917.			
**Hart, H.	Private	4th Jan., 1916	Stationery Dept., Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
†Hart, V. O. A.	Private	April, 1917	West Toronto, Ont.
Died of wounds 11th Aug., 1918.			
*Hartle, D. B.	Lieutenant	4th Mar., 1917	Orangeville, Ont.
Hartwick, H. E.	Lieutenant	2nd Mar., 1916	West End, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
Harvie, A. K.	Captain, M.C.	13th Nov., 1915	Department of The Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg, Man.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
*Hawkins, L. A. S.	Lieutenant	15th Nov., 1915	Niagara Falls, Ont.
Hayes, L. J.	Private	Mar., 1916	Vermilion, Alta.
Hayes, R. J.	Private	4th Mar., 1916	Milestone, Sask.
Hayward, E. G.	Flight Cadet	22nd Dec., 1917	Yonge and College, Toronto, Ont.
*Hazelton, H. G.	Lieutenant	14th Sept., 1915	Waterloo, Ont.
Hazelwood, R. E.	Private	13th Oct., 1917	Market, Toronto, Ont.
Heard, A. C. D.	Private	29th May, 1916	Phoenix, B.C.
*Heaslip, R. E.	Captain, M.C.	5th Jan., 1915	Cayuga, Ont.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Heathcote, R. L.	Gunner	4th Aug., 1918	Seattle, Wash., U.S.A.
Heffernan, M. R.	Lieutenant	Dec., 1915	Strathcona, Alta.
Hegan, J. B.	Gunner	9th Nov., 1917	Middleton, N.S.
*†Henderson, J. A. C.	Signaller	Feb., 1917	London, Eng.
Died on active service 28th Oct., 1918.			
Henderson, J. L.	Captain	30th Nov., 1915	Queen East, Toronto, Ont.
Henderson, J. S.	Driver	18th Mar., 1916	Milestone, Sask.
†Henderson, W.	Sergeant	Jan., 1916	Portage la Prairie, Man.
Killed in action 12th Nov., 1917.			
Hennessy, D. J.	Gunner	1st May, 1918	Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
Henry, H. M.	Captain	1st Mar., 1916	Middleton, N.S.
*†Henry, R. E. G.	Corporal	1st Dec., 1915	Paris, Ont.
Killed in action 28th Sept., 1918.			
*Henry, R. I.	Private	7th June, 1915	Shellbrook, Sask.
Herd, A. H.	Corporal	31st May, 1916	Kerrobart, Sask.
Heric, R. J.	Private	1st Mar., 1918	Lindsay, Ont.
*Herne, L. C.	Lieutenant	15th May, 1915	East Vancouver, B.C.
Heron, V. E.	Flight Cadet	25th Mar., 1918	Bloor and Yonge, Toronto, Ont.

†Killed or died.

*Wounded.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
Heroux, J. A.	Flight Cadet	15th April, 1918	St. Johns, Que.
He's, C.	Second Lieutenant	3rd Jan., 1918	Toronto, Ont.
Heston, A. W.	Corporal	Mar., 1917	Portland, Ore., U.S.A.
Hewat, A. R.	Gunner	15th Mar., 1916	North Winnipeg, Man.
Heyland, A. T.	Private	26th Jan., 1918	Greenwood, B.C.
Hicks, R. S.	Lieutenant	1st Feb., 1915	Gleichen, Alta.
*Hicks-Lyne, R. T. E.	Captain, M.C.	10th Jan., 1916	Yonge & College, Toronto, Ont.
Higgins, J. R.	Sergeant	17th April, 1918	Kingston, Ont.
Higgs, J. A. D.	Lieutenant	Feb., 1916	South Porcupine, Ont.
Highmoor, W. H.	Gunner	11th Nov., 1917	Department of The Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg, Man.
Hill, A.	Signaller	16th Aug., 1914	Kelowna, B.C.
Hill, H. V. B.	Major, O. B. E. (Military Division)	Aug., 1914	Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, Man.
Hill, H. E.	Sergeant	11th Jan., 1916	Toronto, Ont.
*Hill, J. C.	Signaller	1st April, 1916	Gerrard & Pape, Toronto, Ont.
Hill, N. M.	Private	1st May, 1918	Windsor, Ont.
Hill, W.	Driver, M.M.	22nd Sept., 1914	Bengough, Sask.
†Hillary, R. S.	Signaller	14th June, 1916	Toronto, Ont.
			Died of wounds 4th April, 1917.
*Hilliard, R.	Signaller, M. M.	19th Aug., 1915	Toronto, Ont.
Hillman, A. D.	Private	22nd May, 1918	Campbellton, N.B.
**Hillyard, H. B. L. A.	Lieutenant	20th Oct., 1914	Rivers, Man.
Hilton, A. D. C.	Gunner	14th May, 1917	Courtenay, B.C.
†Hoad, W. E.	Gunner	1st Sept., 1915	Montreal, Que.
			Killed in action 30th March, 1918.
†Hoare, J. T.	Lance-Corporal	Oct., 1914	Biggar, Sask.
			Died 24th Jan., 1915.
*†Hodge, S.	Private	Nov., 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
			Killed in action 14th Sept., 1918.
*Hogg, R. J. J.	Lieutenant, M.C.	July, 1915	Mount Pleasant, Vancouver, B.C.
Holder, J. W.	Gunner	8th Oct., 1917	St. John, N.B.
Holdsworth, M. V.	Gunner	5th Sept., 1916	Foreign Department, Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
†Holland, G. K.	Lieutenant	May, 1915	Market, Toronto, Ont.
			Killed in action 6th Nov., 1917.
**Holmes, J. E.	Corporal	16th Jan., 1916	Toronto, Ont.
Holmes, R. J.	Lieutenant, M.C.	Aug., 1916	Milestone, Sask.
Holmes, S. F.	Captain, Russian Order of St. Stanislaus; Italian Croce di Guerra; Italian Red Cross Bronze Medal; Roumanian Medal for Merit	Feb. 1916	Regina, Sask.
*Holmes, W. F.	Lance-Corporal	9th Nov., 1914	Bengough, Sask.
Holmes, W. P.	Lieutenant	Returned to England to enlist Jan., 1916	White Horse, Y.T.
Holt, J.	Gunner	24th Dec., 1917	Toronto, Ont.
	†Killed or died.	*Wounded.	

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ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
*Honeyman, H.R.	Sergeant	June, 1915	Waterville, Que.
Hood, A. M.	Private	10th April, 1918	Souris, P.E.I.
Hood, G. A.	Lieutenant	1st Sept., 1915	East Vancouver, B.C.
Hoole, J. R.	Private	Sept., 1915	Regina, Sask.
*†Hope, D. B.	Driver	1st Oct., 1916	Vancouver, B.C.
Killed in action 13th Aug., 1917.			
Hope, Miss H. C.	V.A.D.	3rd July, 1918	Vancouver, B.C.
Hopkins, S. J.	Private	Feb., 1916	Regina, Sask.
Hopkinson, W. D.	Lieutenant	7th Aug., 1914	London, Eng.
Hornby, A.	Private	Aug., 1914	Winnipeg, Man.
Horne, G. C.	Lieutenant	7th Dec., 1916	Stratford, Ont.
Hornbrook, F. B.	Gunner	9th Nov., 1917	Cranbrook, B.C.
**Horspool, G. F.	Sergeant	11th May, 1915	Cranbrook, B.C.
Houle, W. E.	Corporal	10th May, 1918	Bedford, Que.
*Houston, A. S.	Lance-Corporal	22nd Aug., 1914	Bloor & Dufferin, Toronto, Ont.
Houston, R.	Captain	Oct., 1914	Winnipeg, Man.
*†Huehn, I. H.	Private	17th Aug., 1915	Market, Toronto, Ont.
Killed in action 4th June, 1916.			
Huff, H. H.	Private	July, 1918	Sarnia, Ont.
Hughes, J. H. C.	Gunner	19th Nov., 1917	Grand Forks, B.C.
Hughes, R. P.	Lieutenant	Dec., 1914	Edmonton, Alta.
Hughes, V.	Gunner	31st Jan., 1918	White Horse, Y.T.
Hunt, B. C. S.	Private	14th Feb., 1916	Champion, Alta.
Hunt, H. M.	Chief Artificer Engineer, R.N.C.V.R.	28th Aug., 1917	Department of The Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg, Man.
Hunt, H. S.	Sapper	6th Feb., 1918	Compton, Que.
Hunter, D. R.	Gunner	3rd Sept., 1917	Cumberland, B.C.
*Hunter, J.	Sergeant	28th June, 1915	Penticton, B.C.
Hunter, J. G.	Sergeant	Oct., 1918	San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.
Hunter, R. H.	Private	Sept., 1915	Lethbridge, Alta.
*Hunter, S. J.	Lieutenant	15th Feb., 1915	Crossfield, Alta.
Hunter, W. A. T.	Lieutenant	30th June, 1915	Gilroy, Sask.
Hurrell, E. G.	Flight Cadet	13th Sept., 1918	Oak Bay Avenue, Victoria.
Hutcheson, J. B.	Lieutenant	Left the Bank to undertake military service 4th Mar., 1916	
Hutchison, R.	Second Lieutenant	8th Mar., 1916	Kerrobert, Sask. Kelvin Street, Winnipeg, Man.
**Hutson, F. R.	Captain	4th Aug., 1914	London, Eng.
Hydes, A.	Private	Sept., 1915	Department of The Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg, Man.
†Ibbotson, E.	Second Lieutenant, M.C.	Aug., 1914	Revelstoke, B.C.
Killed in action 11th April, 1917.			
Illingworth, H. E.	Captain	Aug., 1914	Winnipeg, Man.
Inglis, L. W.	Bombardier	3rd Feb., 1917	Collingwood, Ont.
†Inquire, G. M.	Assistant Paymaster R.N.R.	26th Aug., 1914	London, Eng.
Died on active service 7th Aug., 1916.			
Ingram, A. E.	Flight Cadet	24th April, 1918	Lindsay, Ont.
†Killed or died.	*Wounded.		

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
Ingram, A. R.	Staff Sergeant	3rd June, 1915	Toronto, Ont.
*Inkster, C. L.	Corporal	25th Aug., 1914	North Winnipeg, Man.
Innes, M. A.	Flight Cadet	27th April, 1918	St. Catharines, Ont.
Ireland, D. C.	Private	9th Oct., 1918	Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.
†Irvine, W. P.	Private	18th Nov., 1915	Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
Killed in action 3rd May, 1917.			
Irwin, F. A.	Private	20th Sept., 1915	Kelowna, B.C.
Irwin, W. L.	Staff Sergeant	23rd April, 1918	Bloor & Dufferin, Toronto, Ont.
†Jackson, G. H.	Gunner	Aug., 1914	St. Catharines, Ont.
Killed in action 27th Mar., 1916.			
Jackson, T. S.	Lieutenant	7th July, 1915	Department of The Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg, Man.
Jackson, W. A.	Second Lieutenant	5th Nov., 1917	Hamilton, Ont.
*Jackson, W. S.	Gunner	April, 1916	Yonge & College, Toronto, Ont.
James, G. C.	Captain	2nd Aug., 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
James, T. W.	Honorary Lieutenant, Bandmaster	Aug., 1914	Department of The Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg, Man.
Jardine, R. S. P.	Sergeant	14th Mar., 1916	Winnipeg, Man.
Jarvis, J. E.	Lieutenant, M.C.	16th Aug., 1914	Moosejaw, Sask.
Jeffares, R. J.	Corporal	4th Aug., 1914	Vancouver, B.C.
Jeffrey, C. J.	Bombardier	29th July, 1916	Toronto, Ont.
†Jessop, J. R.	Captain	May, 1915	Alexander Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.
Killed in action 6th Oct., 1916.			
*Johnson, B. R.	Corporal	20th Oct., 1915	Milk River, Alta.
**Johnson, C.	Second Lieutenant	10th Aug., 1914	Vegreville, Alta.
*Johnston, A. I.	Private	17th Mar., 1916	Kerrobert, Sask.
Johnston, H. T.	Private	31st Mar., 1916	Willow Bunch, Sask.
Johnstone, E. M.	Lieutenant, M.C.	3rd Mar., 1916	Brockville, Ont.
Johnstone, R.	Private	19th July, 1917	Vermilion, Alta.
***Jolley, S. R. E.	Lieutenant	31st Dec., 1914	Provost, Alta.
**Jones, C. B. F.	Captain, M.C.	31st Jan., 1916	Mount Royal, Calgary, Alta.
Jones, C. W.	Private	12th June, 1916	Yorkton, Sask.
*Jones, E. W.	Private	1st May, 1917	Saskatoon, Sask.
*Jones, H. A.	Lieutenant	12th July, 1915	London, Eng.
Jones, N. S.	Lieutenant	27th April, 1917	Toronto, Ont.
†Jones, R. E. N.	Lieutenant	Nov., 1914	Alexander Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.
Killed in action 6th April, 1916.			
Jones, T. C. M.	Private	10th June, 1916	Nutana, Sask.
Jones, W. T. D.	Private	25th Nov., 1916	Crossfield, Alta.
Joy, H. C.	Gunner	April, 1918	St. Catherine & Metcalfe, Montreal, Que.
*Julian, R. G.	Private	6th Jan., 1917	Mount Pleasant, Vancouver, B.C.
Kail, T. W.	Lance-Corporal	2nd May, 1916	Swift Current, Sask.
Kathan, E. W.	Private	3rd May, 1918	North Hatley, Que.

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ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
Kearns, S. S.	Cadet	26th May, 1917	St. Johns, Que.
Keeling, W. N.	Second Lieutenant	1st Oct., 1917	Victoria, B.C.
Keeping, M. F.	Lieutenant	19th Oct., 1915	New Glasgow, N.S.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
†Keith, J. R.	Company Sergeant-Major	Aug., 1914	Herbert, Sask.
Died on active service 17th Feb., 1915.			
Kelly, W. M.	Cadet (Gunner)	26th Dec., 1916	Huntingdon, Que.
*Kennedy, G. W.	Private	29th May, 1916	North Battleford, Sask.
*Kennedy, J. A. C.	Captain	30th Sept., 1914	Summerland, B.C.
Kenney, T. V.	Gunner	26th Sept., 1917	Bank Street, Ottawa, Ont.
Kent, J. M.	Lieutenant	13th Feb., 1915	Regina, Sask.
Kent, W. H.	Signaller	25th Feb., 1918	Coleman, Alta.
†Kerr, A. M.	Corporal	Nov., 1914	Regina, Sask.
Died of wounds 26th Sept., 1916.			
Kerr, D. M. G.	Private	16th May, 1917	Keremeos, B.C.
Kerr, F.	Second Lieutenant	15th Nov., 1917	Port Arthur, Ont.
Kerridge, A. W.	Second Lieutenant	14th Jan., 1918	West Shefford, Que.
Kesten, S. W.	Cadet	Nov., 1917	Herbert, Sask.
Kettle, F. H.	Lieutenant	3rd Feb., 1916	Smith's Falls, Ont.
Kewley, B. H.	Lieutenant	27th Aug., 1914	Elmwood, Winnipeg, Man.
Key, G. B.	Private	5th April, 1917	Peace River, Alta.
Kidd, H. W.	Private	1st June, 1916	Radisson, Sask.
Kidd, R. W.	First Air Mechanic	19th May, 1917	Fort William, Ont.
Kidd, W. C. E.	Private	8th May, 1916	Edam, Sask.
Kiddle, D. C.	Private	30th Dec., 1914	Medicine Hat, Alta.
Killip, R. S.	Gunner	15th Mar., 1918	Page & Queenston, St. Catharines, Ont.
King, E.	Lieutenant	23rd Nov., 1917	Watrous, Sask.
King, E. G.	Sergeant	26th July, 1918	Broderick, Sask.
*King, J. J. A.	Private	Aug., 1914	Edmonton, Alta.
†Kinghan, A. E.	Lieutenant	Aug., 1914	Toronto, Ont.
Two Parchment Certificates for Gallantry in the Field. Killed in action 6th Sept., 1916.			
*Kinnear, A. M.	Captain, M.C., A.F.C.	Dec., 1916	Sherbrooke, Que.
*Kinsley, A. A.	Private	31st Jan., 1918	Phoenix, B.C.
Kirkpatrick, D. C.	Gunner	16th June, 1916	Inspector's Department, Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
Kirkwood, A.	Sergeant	21st Dec., 1914	Montague, P.E.I.
Knight, F. H.	Lieutenant	8th Sept., 1914	St. John's, Nfld.
Knight, G. S.	Corporal	13th Oct., 1915	Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
*Knill, J. H.	Lieutenant	14th Aug., 1914	Dundas, Ont.
**Knott, E. C. M.	Second Lieutenant	15th Aug., 1914	Shaunavon, Sask.
Knowlson, W. M.	Lieutenant	4th Oct., 1915	Inspector's Department, Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
Kranz, C. R.	Sergeant	1st Nov., 1916	New York, N.Y., U.S.A.
*Kress, G. H.	Lieutenant, M.C.	4th Dec., 1915	Forest, Ont.
Kydd, B.	Rifleman	6th Sept., 1918	Portland, Ore., U.S.A.
L'Abbé, E. E.	Sergeant	23rd May, 1918	St. Catherine & City Hall, Montreal, Que.
Lacasse, A.	Flight Cadet	15th Mar., 1918	St. Catherine & City Hall, Montreal, Que.

†Killed or died.

*Wounded.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
*Ladd, W. A.	Private	7th April, 1916	Orinstown, Que.
Ladner, R. T.	Flight Cadet	Oct., 1918	Mission City, B.C.
*Lafferty, L. J.	Gunner	11th Nov., 1916	Belleville, Ont.
†Lamb, G. C.	Corporal	Feb., 1916	Kamsack, Sask.
Died of wounds 24th March, 1918, while a prisoner of war.			
Lamb, T. C.	Major	28th Oct., 1914	Walkerville, Ont.
Lambkin, J. J.	Corporal	Sept., 1914	Swift Current, Sask.
*Lamont, F.	Lieutenant, M.C.	11th Jan., 1916	Taber, Alta.
Lane, G. F. S.	Sapper	Mar., 1916	North Winnipeg, Man.
†Lane, M. P.	Lieutenant	July, 1915	Revelstoke, B.C.
Killed in action 28th Sept., 1916.			
Langille, R. M.	Sergeant	Feb., 1916	Truro, N.S.
†Latimer, G. E.	Private	Mar., 1916	Winnieg, Man.
Died of wounds 9th April, 1917.			
*Lauder, D. G.	Private	30th May, 1916	Mount Pleasant, Vancouver, B.C.
*Lawrence, E. G.	Private	Sept., 1915	Amherst, N.S.
Lawrence, H. S.	Corporal	30th Sept., 1915	Sherbrooke, Que.
Lawrence, J.	Sergeant	22nd April, 1918	Innisfree, Alta.
*Lawrie, T. B.	Sergeant	10th Feb., 1916	Herbert, Sask.
Lawrie, T. R.	Cadet (Squadron Quartermaster Sergeant)	25th Aug., 1914	The Pas, Man.
*Lawson, N. E. W.	Lieutenant	4th Aug., 1914	London, Eng.
Layton, J. G. G.	Second Lieutenant	26th April, 1917	Portage la Prairie, Man.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
*Leach, J. H.	Private	12th Aug., 1914	Outlook, Sask.
Leader, W. K. M.	Captain, M.C.	Aug., 1914	Queen East, Toronto, Ont.
Leask, H. S.	Flight Cadet	Aug., 1918	Calgary, Alta.
Leather, E. R.	Captain, M.C.	Sept., 1914	1st Street West, Calgary, Alta.
Leavitt, H. R.	Private	May, 1918	Lougheed, Alta.
LeDain, E. G. B.	Gunner	25th Sept., 1916	Montreal, Que.
Lee, A. A.	Flight Cadet	Feb., 1918	Brockville, Ont.
*Lee, D. W.	Corporal	22nd June, 1916	Crossfield, Alta.
†Lefroy, F. K.	Second Lieutenant	Nov., 1915	Yonge & Eglinton, Toronto, Ont.
Died of wounds 7th April, 1917.			
Leggat, W.	Lieutenant-Colonel, M.C.	Sept., 1915	Montreal, Que.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Legh-Jones, G.	Lieutenant, M.B.E. (Military Division)	4th Aug., 1914	London, England.
Legh-Jones, W. W.	Lieutenant	April, 1917	London, Eng.
*Leigh-Bennett, H. G.	Second Lieutenant	20th Aug., 1914	Gerrard & Pape, Toronto, Ont.
Leighton, J. M.	Staff Sergeant, M.S.M.	11th Nov., 1915	Danville, Que.
*Leishman, G. E.	Lieutenant	10th Sept., 1915	Queen & Bathurst, Toronto, Ont.
†Leitch, E. G.	Bombardier	1st Jan., 1916	Kitsilano, Vancouver, B.C.
Killed in action 10th July, 1917.			
Le Lievre, S. St. J.	Private	28th April, 1918	Wellington Street, Sherbrooke, Que.
Lepper, R. H.	Conducteur Sergeant (French Army). Certificate of Honour awarded by French Government.	30th May, 1917	Bassano, Alta.
Leslie, C.	Bugler	Jan., 1916	Calgary, Alta.
Leslie, T. E.	Private	12th Jan., 1918	Gilbert Plains, Man.

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ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
†Le Thicke, G. M.	Second Lieutenant	5th Aug., 1914	Danforth & Broadview, Toronto, Ont.
			Killed on active service 23rd July, 1915.
Lewis, E. G.	Private	16th April, 1917	Richmond, Que.
*Lewis, F. I.	Lieutenant	1st June, 1916	Orangeville, Ont.
Lewis, G. T.	Staff Sergeant	31st July, 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
Lewis, J. D.	Lieutenant	16th Dec., 1916	Department of The Superintendent of Pacific Coast Branches, Vancouver, B.C.
*Leybourne, A. D. J.	Private	29th Mar., 1916	Watrous, Sask.
†Lindsay, W. S.	Private	27th Feb., 1916	Peterboro, Ont.
			Died of wounds 11th June, 1917.
Linnett, A.	Private	5th Jan., 1918	Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
†Lipsham, C. W.	Private	Aug., 1914	Vancouver, B.C.
			Killed in action 17th May, 1915.
†Litchfield, R. W. R.	Flight Cadet	Nov., 1917	New Westminster, B.C.
			Killed on active service 2nd May, 1918.
**Little, F. J.	Second Lieutenant	16th Nov., 1914	Lloydminster, Sask.
Livingston, F. I.	Private	Feb., 1916	Winnipeg, Man.
Livingston, S. L.	Private	8th June, 1918	Schumacher, Ont.
†Livingstone, R. M.	Private	Aug., 1915	Champion, Alta.
			Died of wounds 27th Oct., 1916
*Lloyd, A. B. F.	Captain	Aug., 1915	New Westminster, B.C.
†Lloyd, St. G. O.	Sergeant	June, 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
			Mentioned in Despatches.
			Killed in action 19th Feb., 1917.
*†Lwyd, C. D.	Captain, M.C.	Sept., 1914	Halifax, N.S.
			Killed in action 1st Oct., 1918.
Lobley, A. C.	Lieutenant	May, 1916	Saskatoon, Sask.
Lobley, O. R.	Lieutenant-Colonel, O.B.E. (Military Division)	Aug., 1914	Winnipeg, Man.
			Mentioned in Despatches.
*Lockerby, J. E.	Private	6th Aug., 1914	Vancouver, B.C.
†Logan, W. B.	Private	April, 1916	Kamsack, Sask.
			Killed in action 9th Oct., 1916.
Long, A. E. R.	Flight Cadet	May, 1918	Morse, Sask.
Lorden, J. C.	Flight Cadet	17th May, 1918	Rock Island, Que.
Lorimer, J.	Lieutenant	29th Feb., 1916	Vegreville, Alta.
Loughrin, J. P.	Gunner	17th Dec., 1917	Toronto, Ont.
**Lovett, J. H.	Lieutenant-Colonel, M.C.	Aug., 1914	Alexander Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.
†Low, J.	Private	Aug., 1914	Winnipeg, Man.
			Killed in action 18th May, 1915.
*Lowther, J.	Staff Sergeant	25th Oct., 1914	Winnipeg, Man.
Lugsdin, H. J.	Flight Cadet	30th May, 1918	Amherst, N.S.
Lumb, F. V.	Captain	21st Mar., 1916	Calgary, Alta.
*Lunan, J.	Private	19th Jan., 1916	Briercrest, Sask.
†Lupton, M. M.	Company-Sergeant-Major	Aug., 1914	Victoria, B.C.
			Killed in action 9th April, 1917.
†Lyall, W. H.	Private	May, 1916	Princeton, B.C.
			Killed in action 29th Sept., 1918.
†Lynch, C. A.	Private	April, 1916	Lloydminster, Sask.
			Killed in action 24th March, 1918.
*†Lyon, L. G.	Lieutenant	Aug., 1914	Kitscoty, Alta.
			Died of wounds 11th Sept., 1918.

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
†Macardle, K. H. C.	Second Lieutenant	Jan., 1915	San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.
Killed in action 9th July, 1916.			
*Macaulay, J.	Corporal	28th Aug., 1915	High River, Alta.
†MacCallum, E. C.	Lieutenant	Aug., 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
Killed in action 31st Oct., 1917.			
MacCallum, L. C.	Bombardier	Mar., 1916	Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, Man.
MacConnell, I. G. C.	Gunner	15th Mar., 1917	Spadina & College, Toronto, Ont.
MacDiarmid, R. S.	Private, 1st Class (U.S. Army)	20th May, 1918	Summerside, P.E.I.
Macdonald, D. J.	Cadet, M.M. & Bar	13th Mar., 1915	Inspector's Department, Sherbrooke, Que.
Macdonald, G. W.	Flight Cadet	15th Mar., 1918	Swift Current, Sask.
*Macdonald, N. J.	Lieutenant	Aug., 1914	Portage la Prairie, Man.
Macdonald, R.	Bombardier	8th Aug., 1914	Regina, Sask.
Macdonald, W. D.	Corporal	Feb., 1918	Dresden, Ont.
*Macdougall, J. W.	Lieutenant	1st Aug., 1916	Vancouver, B.C.
†MacDuff, W. B.	Second Lieutenant	18th June, 1915	Gleichen, Alta.
Killed in action 2nd Dec., 1917.			
MacEachern, R.	Flight Cadet	26th Jan., 1918	Saskatoon, Sask.
MacFeeters, W. G.	Flight Cadet	11th Mar., 1918	Dauphin, Man.
MacGillivray, H. D.	Gunner	10th Sept., 1917	Halifax, N.S.
*MacIlroy, V. L.	Lieutenant	Aug., 1915	Milestone, Sask.
Mackay, C. M.	Gunner	18th Nov., 1917	Halifax, N.S.
*Mackay, E. M.	Quartermaster Sergeant	16th Mar., 1915	Vancouver, B.C.
Mackay, J. A.	Second Lieutenant	Aug., 1917	Department of The Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg, Man.
*MacKay, W. B.	Lieutenant	Aug., 1915	St. Thomas, Ont.
MacKechnie, C. W. C.	Air Mechanic	Oct., 1917	Toronto, Ont.
†Mackedic, A. R.	Captain	4th July, 1915	Vancouver, B.C.
Killed in action 28th Aug., 1918.			
MacKellar, G. A.	Private	14th Mar., 1918	St. Thomas, Ont.
MacKenzie, T. P.	Major, M. C.	27th Dec., 1915	Inspector's Department, Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
†MacKenzie, W. A. G.	Lieutenant	Sept., 1914	Prince Arthur & Park, Montreal, Que.
Killed in action 29th Sept., 1918.			
MacKnight, E. A. C.	Gunner	14th Oct., 1916	Lewvan, Sask.
MacLean, A. K.	Private	Oct., 1918	Turtleford, Sask.
*MacLean, H. F.	Lance-Corporal	11th May, 1916	Cobalt, Ont.
*MacLean, S. de B.	Lieutenant	9th Feb., 1915	Sherbrooke, Que.
MacLellan, G. R.	Private	10th Mar., 1917	Charlottetown, P.E.I.
MacLennan, A. M.	Bombardier	17th Mar., 1916	Winnipeg, Man.
***MacLeod, E. V.	Gunner	25th Sept., 1914	Windsor, N.S.
MacLeod, N. S.	Lieutenant	29th Sept., 1917	Lethbridge, Alta.
MacLoughlin, S.	Lieutenant	24th Feb., 1916	Guelph, Ont.
*MacMahon, E. T.	Sergeant	Dec., 1915	Watrous, Sask.
†MacMillan, A. P.	Lieutenant, M.C.	7th June, 1915	Department of The Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg, Man.
Killed in action 26th Aug., 1918.			
MacMillan, G. A.	Flight Cadet	19th Aug., 1918	Toronto, Ont.
MacPhee, N.	Staff Sergeant	13th Oct., 1915	Danforth & Broadview, Toronto, Ont.
*Macpherson, J. C.	Major	17th Nov., 1914	Calgary, Alta.

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

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ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
Macpherson, R. H.	Lieutenant	30th April, 1915	Amherst, N.S.
MacQuaig, E. D.	Private	Oct., 1918	Chatham, Ont.
*Macrae, H. A.	Private	15th May, 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
**†MacRae, M.	Lieutenant, M.C.	July, 1915	Kindersley, Sask.
Killed in action 29th Sept., 1918.			
Mactavish, I. F.	Lieutenant	5th Aug., 1914	Vancouver, B.C.
Macvie, A. C.	Second Lieutenant	July, 1917	London, Eng.
Maeder, R. A.	Sergeant	8th Jan., 1918	Smith's Falls, Ont.
**Maginn, F. J.	Lieutenant, D.S.O.	June, 1915	Marcelin, Sask.
***Mahon, T. C. G.	Private	6th Aug., 1914	Vancouver, B.C.
Main, J.	Sapper	10th June, 1916	Elgin, Man.
†Maitland, G.R.A.	Lance-Corporal	Oct., 1915	Gleichen, Alta.
Killed in action 3rd May, 1917.			
Malouin, H. E.	Flight Cadet	15th April, 1918	Ford, Ont.
*Manifold, C. C.	Private	Jan., 1918	Golden, B.C.
Mann, H. G. T.	Flight Cadet	15th May, 1918	Edam, Sask.
*Manners, G. E.	Private	18th May, 1915	Calgary, Alta.
Manning, F. L.	Gunner	5th April, 1918	Walkerville, Ont.
Marchand, J. R.	Second Lieutenant	18th April, 1918	Farnham, Que.
Marlatt, J. L.	Flight Cadet	21st Mar., 1917	Grimsby, Ont.
Marlow, R. H.	Captain	28th Dec., 1915	Toronto, Ont.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
*Marriott, G. W.	Colonel	17th Aug., 1914	Strathcona, Alta.
Marshall, G. L.	Lieutenant	July, 1915	Stationery Dept., Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
Marshall, J. M.	Second Lieutenant	1st Aug., 1915	Edam, Sask.
Martin, C.	Private	Jan., 1918	Princeton, B.C.
Martin, F. J.	Private	Aug., 1916	Windsor, Ont.
*Martin, G.	Corporal, M. M.	22nd July, 1915	Lake Saskatchewan, Alta.
Martin, J.	Private	April, 1916	Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
†Martin, K. L.	Lance-Corporal	30th June, 1916	North Battleford, Sask.
Killed in action 14th Feb., 1918.			
†Martin-Davey, A.	Left Branch to return to England to undertake military duty, April, 1915. Drowned in the "Lusitania" disaster 7th May, 1915. Kitsilano, Vancouver, B.C.		
*Mason, C. A.	Private	1st Aug., 1915	Stationery Dept., Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
*Mason, H. E.	Second Lieutenant	12th Oct., 1916	London, Ont.
†Matheson, C. A.	Private	April, 1916	Humboldt, Sask.
Killed in action 26th Oct., 1917.			
Matheson, F. A.	Lieutenant, M.C.	2nd Jan., 1916	Hafford, Sask.
Matheson, J. C.	Major, M.C.	15th Aug., 1914	Medicine Hat, Alta.
**Mathias, F. M.	Captain (Acting Lieutenant-Colonel) D.S.O.	Returned to Old Country to enlist Dec., 1914. Enlisted 28th Feb., 1915. Mexico City, Mexico.	
Mentioned in Despatches.			
*Matkin, J. H.	Company-Sergeant-Major	9th Nov., 1914	Kindersley, Sask.
Maw, E. H.	Second Lieutenant	1st Oct., 1917	Sherbrooke, Que.
Mawhinney, J. R.	Corporal	Aug., 1915	1st Street W., Calgary, Alta.
Maxwell, A. C.	Signaller	8th Dec., 1915	Wetaskiwin, Alta.
Mayers, H. R.	Private	15th June, 1916	Vancouver, B.C.
Mays, J. C.	Private	2nd Dec., 1915	Innisfail, Alta.
Mearns, J. A.	Gunner	8th May, 1916	Market, Toronto, Ont.
†Mee, E. C.	Lieutenant	Left Branch to return to Old Country to enlist 19th Feb., 1915. Edmonton, Alta.	
Killed in action 3rd Sept., 1916.			
†Killed or died.	*Wounded.		

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
***†Mee, J. N.	Lieutenant	15th Mar., 1915	Peace River, Alta.
Killed in action 25th June, 1918.			
*Merriam, B. G.	Private	11th Oct., 1915	Middleton, N.S.
Merrix, A. R.	Private	July, 1918	Oak Bay Avenue, Victoria, B.C.
Messenger, C. B.	Flight Cadet	24th Nov., 1917	Middleton, N.S.
Metcalfe, A. E.	Private	Jan., 1916	Kelvin Street, Winnipeg, Man.
Miles, C. R.	Lieutenant	4th Aug., 1914	Vancouver, B.C.
†Miles, R. D.	Second Lieutenant, M.C.	Nov., 1914	Carmanagay, Alta.
Died of wounds 17th Aug., 1917.			
Millar, H. I.	Major	20th Nov., 1915	Wetaskiwin, Alta.
Millar, H. L.	Sergeant (U.S. Army)	1st Jan., 1918	Vancouver, B.C.
*Miller, A. L.	Sergeant	27th Aug., 1914	North Winnipeg, Man.
*Miller, D. H.	Lieutenant	7th Aug., 1914	London, Eng.
*Miller, D. K.	Sergeant, Croix de Guerre (Belg.)	3rd Aug., 1915	St. Catherine & Metcalfe, Montreal, Que.
Miller, G. C.	Private	9th Mar., 1916	Winnipeg, Man.
Miller, G. T.	Sergeant	25th Mar., 1916	Bridgewater, N.S.
*Miller, H. E.	Private	Sept., 1915	Toronto, Ont.
Miller, J. I.	Corporal	18th June, 1918	Dawson, Y.T.
Miller, P. W.	Lance-Corporal, M.M.	21st Dec., 1915	Theftord, Ont.
†Miller, R. B.	Corporal	Nov., 1915	Mexico City, Mexico.
Killed in action 3rd Aug., 1916.			
Miller, R. H.	Private	25th July, 1916	Three Rivers, Que.
*Milligan, A.	Captain, M.C.	31st Mar., 1915	London, Eng.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Milne, D.	Corporal	12th July, 1915	Peace River, Alta.
*Milne, G. C.	Private	15th Sept., 1915	Loughheed, Alta.
Minnitt, E. A.	Corporal	Nov., 1917	Regina, Sask.
Mitchel, V.	Lieutenant	19th April, 1915	Prince Arthur & Park, Montreal, Que.
Parchment Certificate for Gallantry in the Field.			
Mitchell, F. H.	Flight Cadet	5th May, 1917	Wetaskiwin, Alta.
Mitchell, H. C.	Lieutenant	Dec., 1917	Queen & Bathurst, Toronto, Ont.
Mitchell, J. S.	Flight Cadet	20th July, 1918	Brandon, Man.
†Mockler, E. C. W.	Lance-Corporal	Aug., 1914	Humboldt, Sask.
Died of wounds 7th May, 1915.			
Moffat, Miss R. L.	V.A.D.	27th Feb., 1918	Paris, Ont.
*Moffatt, J. R. C.	Battery-Sergeant-Major, M.M.	15th Aug., 1915	Department of The Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg, Man.
†Mogg, C. K. B.	Lieutenant	Dec., 1914	Seattle, Wash., U.S.A.
Killed in action 11th Nov., 1917.			
*Montizambert, K. B. P.	Lieutenant	5th Oct., 1915	Beebe, Que.
Montle, F. J.	Lieutenant	22nd Dec., 1915	Sherbrooke, Que.
Moore, C. M.	Signaller	10th May, 1918	Stanbridge East, Que.
Moore, G. J.	Corporal	22nd May, 1918	Niagara Falls, Ont.
Moore, J. R.	Mate, R.N.C.V.R.	5th Sept., 1917	Yonge & Queen, Toronto, Ont.
*Moore, J. S.	Corporal	18th Nov., 1916	Charlottetown, P.E.I.
Moore, M. L.	Second Lieutenant	12th Feb., 1918	Rock Island, Que.

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

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ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
**Moore, T.	Sergeant	26th Aug., 1915	Salmon Arm, B.C.
Moore, T. F.	Corporal	1st June, 1918	Peace River, Alta.
†Moore, W. V.	Lieutenant	Autumn, 1917	Macleod, Alta.
Died on active service 3rd March, 1919.			
*Moorhead, W. G.	Private	10th Dec., 1915	Elbow, Sask.
Moorman, D. J.	Lieutenant	Mar., 1916	Winnipeg, Man.
*Moran, J. E.	Lance-Corporal	5th Feb., 1916	Toronto, Ont.
*Moran, W. C.	Corporal	5th Feb., 1916	Kingston, Ont.
Mordy, A. A.	Bombardier	7th May, 1917	St. Catherine & Metcalfe, Montreal, Que.
**Mordy, A. G.	Major, D.S.O.	Dec. 1914	Winnipeg, Man.
Mentioned in Despatches (twice).			
More, C. M.	Private	26th Jan., 1918	Radisson, Sask.
*Moreton, C.	Gunner	20th Jan., 1915	Theford, Ont.
Morgan, F. L.	Private	13th Jan., 1916	Radville, Sask.
†Morgan, H. P.	Lieutenant, M.M.	Nov., 1914	Calgary, Alta.
Killed in action 6th Oct., 1918.			
**Morkill, A. B.	Captain, M.C. & Bar.	12th Jan., 1916	Oak Bay Avenue, Victoria, B.C.
†Morley, E. L.	Lieutenant	Oct., 1917	Crossfield, Alta.
Killed on active service 26th July, 1918.			
†Morris, A. G.	Second Lieutenant	Returned to Scot- land to enlist, Dec., 1914	Elgin, Man.
*Morrison, A. E. S.	Staff Sergeant	12th Aug., 1914	Youngstown, Alta.
Morrison, D. R.	Gunner	Sept., 1917	Gleichen, Alta.
*†Morrison, H.	Major	Aug., 1914	Winnipeg, Man.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Killed in action 23rd April, 1918.			
Morrison, K. R. M.	Lieutenant	22nd Mar., 1915	Rainy River, Ont.
*Morrison, W. M.	Sergeant, M.M.	15th Feb., 1915	Vancouver, B.C.
*Morrow, F. D. C.	Sergeant	23rd Sept., 1914	Briercrest, Sask.
*Mortimer, L.	Cadet	8th Dec., 1915	Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.
†Morton, A. E. B.	Lieutenant	15th Sept., 1915	Windsor, Ont.
Killed in action 24th Sept., 1916.			
*Morton, F. M.	Private	19th Dec., 1914	Regina, Sask.
Morton, J. H.	Fireman (U.S. Navy)	April, 1918	Ford, Ont.
*Mountain, W. R.	Lance-Corporal	9th Nov., 1915	Acton Vale, Que.
Mullen, L. W.	Gunner	1st April, 1916	Charlottetown, P.E.I.
*Munro, J.	Second Lieutenant, M.C.	10th Mar., 1915	Yorkton, Sask.
Munroe, A. H.	Lieutenant	Aug., 1916	Broderick, Sask.
Munroe, D. T.	Cadet (Sergeant)	8th Aug., 1916	Swan River, Man.
†Murphy, F. M.	Lieutenant	Dec., 1915	Toronto, Ont.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Died of wounds 2nd Sept., 1918.			
*Murphy, G. P.	Private	12th July, 1915	Paris, Ont.
*Murray, F. C.	Corporal, M.M.	23rd Sept., 1915	Moncton, N.B.
Murray, F. G.	Private	14th Feb., 1916	West End, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
Murray, H. G.	Lieutenant	Sept., 1914	London, Eng.
*Murray, J.	Lance-Corporal	10th Jan., 1916	Portage la Prairie, Man.
Murray, R. V.	Sapper	Nov., 1915	Fredericton, N.B.
Murray, W.	Company Sergeant-Major	31st Aug., 1916	New Westminster, B.C.
Mutch, T. W. L.	Sergeant, M.S.M.	1st Nov., 1914	Victoria, B.C.

†Killed or died.

*Wounded.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
*Myers, C. R.	Captain	30th Oct., 1914	East Vancouver, B.C.
McAllister, J.		May, 1916	Toronto, Ont.
*McArthur, G. A.	Private	31st Jan., 1916	Kamloops, B.C.
McBain, J. H.	Private	3rd June, 1918	Hafford, Sask.
McBain, R. N.	Signaller	April, 1916	Goderich, Ont.
*McBride, D.	Gunner	12th Oct., 1915	Montreal, Que.
McBride, W. A.	Gunner	Aug., 1915	Pincher Creek, Alta.
*McCann, R. T.	Corporal	Feb., 1916	Yorkton, Sask.
McCarthy, C. J.	Private	May, 1916	Dauphin, Man.
McCarthy, C. L. J.	Captain	20th Jan., 1915	Shaunavon, Sask.
	Parchment Certificate for Gallantry in the Field.		
†McCarthy, R. B.	Lieutenant	Dec., 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
	Killed in action 9th April, 1917.		
*McCarthy, R. K.	Captain	24th Jan., 1916	Inspector's Department, Vancouver, B.C.
*McClafferty, F. S.	Cadet, M.M.	17th Jan., 1916	Winnipeg, Man.
McClafferty, R. K.	Gunner	Aug., 1917	Summerside, P.E.I.
McClatchie, J. L.	Private	29th April, 1918	Stanbridge East, Que.
McClintock, A. H.	Corporal	1st June, 1918	Department of The Super- intendent of Central Western Branches, Win- nipeg, Man.
†McClure, J. A. B.	Captain	1st July, 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
	Killed in action 21st Aug., 1917.		
*McConkey, T. W.	Lieutenant, M.C.	22nd Dec., 1915	Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, Man.
McConnell, C. G.	Bombardier	25th May, 1918	Bloor & Yonge, Toronto, Ont.
McConnell, R. W.	Lieutenant	28th Jan., 1915	Vermilion, Alta.
McCrea, W. J.	Sergeant	20th April, 1918	Wiseton, Sask.
McDade, R. H.	Gunner	17th Oct., 1917	Vulcan, Alta.
†McDonald, A. A.	Flight Cadet	9th April, 1918	Kamloops, B.C.
	Died on active service 5th Jan., 1919.		
McDonald, A. H.	Lieutenant	1st Dec., 1917	New Glasgow, N.S.
*McDonald, E. D.	Lieutenant	7th Aug., 1915	Moosejaw, Sask.
McDonald, R. F.	Private	1st Aug., 1916	Sherbrooke, Que.
McEachern, J. B.	Flight Cadet	10th Jan., 1917	Halifax, N.S.
†McEachern, J. J.	Gunner	Mar., 1916	Emo, Ont.
	Died on active service 24th March, 1917.		
**McFarlan, A. R.	Second Lieutenant	16th Nov., 1914	Edmonton, Alta.
†McFarland, J. W.	Private	23rd Aug., 1915	Strathmore, Alta.
	Killed in action 3rd June, 1916.		
McGill, T. C.	Captain, M.B.E.	30th June, 1915	Kingston, Ont.
	Mentioned in Despatches (three times).		
McGown, J. M.	Captain	Jan., 1916	Department of The Super- intendent of Central Western Branches, Win- nipeg, Man.
McGregor, J. A.	Lieutenant, M.C., M.M.	15th Sept., 1915	New Westminster, B.C.
McGregor, R.	Bombardier	11th Feb., 1916	Montague, P.E.I.
*McGregor, W. J.	Private	Sept., 1915	Lake Saskatoon, Alta.
McGuffin, S. J.	Gunner	8th Aug., 1915	Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.
†McHarg, L. H.	Lieutenant	May, 1917	Cookshire, Que.
	Killed in action 31st July, 1918.		
†Killed or died.	*Wounded.		

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
*McHenry, E. H.	Private	15th Mar., 1917	Yonge & Queen, Toronto, Ont.
†McInnes, H.	Private	Jan., 1916	Brandon, Man.
Killed in action 30th Oct., 1917.			
McInnis, G. H.	Signaller	1st June, 1917	Collingwood, Ont.
McIntosh, H. E.	Signaller	Sept., 1917	Bloor & Dufferin, Toronto, Ont.
*McIntosh, R. B.	Gunner	1st Mar., 1916	Toronto, Ont.
*McIntyre, D.	Private	9th Feb., 1917	Smith's Falls, Ont.
McIntyre, W. G.	Private	26th Jan., 1917	Wadena, Sask.
McIver, A. R.	Staff Sergeant	Aug., 1915	Parksville, B.C.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Russian Cross of St. George.			
Russian Medal (4th Class) Order of St. Stanislaus			
†McKenna, F. C.	Private	Aug., 1914	Portage la Prairie, Man.
Killed in action 2nd Oct., 1918.			
*McKenzie, J. A.	Lieutenant	16th Nov., 1914	Edmonton, Alta.
McKeough, G. G.	Sub-Lieutenant, R.N.V.R.	10th Nov., 1915	Chatham, Ont.
*McKinley, A. N.	Cadet (Battery Sergeant-Major)	Jan., 1916	Weyburn, Sask.
McLean, H. M.	Private	July, 1918	Windsor, N.S.
McLean, M.	Private	Dec., 1915	Gilroy, Sask.
McLean, R. G.	Private	8th May, 1918	Ottawa, Ont.
McLeish, R. J.	Sergeant	31st May, 1916	Cobalt, Ont.
McLellan, N. A.	Sergeant	12th Feb., 1916	Lashburn, Sask.
McLeod, H. J.	Flight Cadet	31st May, 1918	Shellbrook, Sask.
McMahon, R. J.	Flight Cadet	July, 1918	Humboldt, Sask.
McMeekin, R. F.	Flight Cadet	8th May, 1918	Vulcan, Alta.
McMillan, C. H.	Cadet (Sergeant)	11th Oct., 1915	Milk River, Alta.
McMillan, J.	Gunner	8th Mar., 1918	Market, Toronto, Ont.
McMillan, J. M.	Gunner	Jan., 1915	Seaforth, Ont.
(discharged)			
Re-enlisted: May, 1918			
McMillen, A. G.	Bombardier	21st April, 1916	Barrie, Ont.
McMorris, H. B.	Flight Cadet	27th April, 1918	Provost, Alta.
*McMurray, J. L.	Private	2nd Jan., 1915	Moosejaw, Sask.
McNally, O. J.	Second Lieutenant	30th Sept., 1917	Brockville, Ont.
McNaughton, G. P.	Lieutenant	Sept., 1917	Quebec, Que.
McNeill, G. T. A.	Signaller	17th May, 1916	Port Arthur, Ont.
*McNeill, M. I.	Private	15th April, 1916	Hafford, Sask.
McNiece, H.	Sergeant	3rd June, 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
†McNulty, J. D.	Gunner	Dec., 1916	Edmonton, Alta.
Killed in action 25th May, 1917.			
*McQuarrie, D. A.	Private	25th Aug., 1914	Kelvin Street, Winnipeg, Man.
**McQuoid, J.	Lieutenant	Oct., 1914	Phoenix, B.C.
*McRobert, C.	Gunner	18th Aug., 1915	Toronto, Ont.
McRoberts, J. N.	Flight Cadet	28th Nov., 1917	Sudbury, Ont.
McRorie, C. K.	Lieutenant	5th Aug., 1914	Regina, Sask.
*McTaggart, T. G.	Gunner	1st Sept., 1915	Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.
Killed in action 27th Sept., 1918.			
Neary, W. C. O.	Warrant Officer, R.N.C.V.R.	Nov., 1917	Courtenay, B.C.

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
Neelin, G. F.	Private	14th Feb., 1917	Port Arthur, Ont.
Neely, C. R.	Trooper	Sept., 1918	Department of The Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg, Man.
†Neil, H. P.	Gunner	July, 1915	Blake Street, Winnipeg, Man.
Killed in action 12th Dec., 1917.			
Neilson, R. H.	Captain	2nd Nov., 1915	Orangeville, Ont.
Nelson, H.	Sergeant	6th May, 1918	Kelowna, B.C.
Nesbitt, P. H.	Sergeant, M.S.M.	15th Sept., 1915	North Vancouver, B.C.
Nevill, C. D.	Captain	12th Nov., 1915	Cayuga, Ont.
*Newdick, T. W.	Corporal	12th Aug., 1914	Queen & Bathurst, Toronto, Ont.
Newland, E. W.	Lieutenant	1st Feb., 1915	Pincher Creek, Alta.
Newton, F. G.	Captain	Sept., 1914	Windsor, Ont.
Nicholson, D. M.	Gunner	1st April, 1917	Blenheim, Ont.
*Nickerson, W. A. L.	Private	18th Sept., 1914	Windsor, N.S.
Nicol, C. R. S.	Gunner	31st Aug., 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
Nicol, M.	Second Lieutenant	16th Aug., 1915	Athabasca, Alta.
Niemeier, R. H.	Sergeant (U.S. Army)	22nd Aug., 1917	New York, N.Y., U.S.A.
*Nixon, J. E.	Flight Cadet	26th Feb., 1915	Sherbrooke, Que.
*Noblett, W. J.	Lance-Corporal	13th Sept., 1915	Kindersley, Sask.
Norris-Elye, C. L. S.	Lieutenant	Mar., 1917	Yorkton, Sask.
*Norsworthy, J. W.	Lieutenant	29th May, 1916	New York, N.Y., U.S.A.
Northcott, W. R.	Lance-Corporal	23rd April, 1918	Turtleford, Sask.
Notman, R. C.	Gunner	20th Sept., 1915	Woodstock, Ont.
Nunns, G. S.	Private	May, 1918	Sherbrooke, Que.
Nurcombe, G. C. A.	Flight Cadet	18th April, 1918	Red Deer, Alta.
†Nuttall, I. L. K.	Private	Aug., 1914	Strathcona, Alta.
Killed on active service 3rd Oct., 1915.			
Oag, H.	Lieutenant, M.M.	20th Dec., 1915	Keremeos, B.C.
Oakley, H. S.	Private	8th Jan., 1916	Lennoxville, Que.
Odell, G. M.	Driver	7th June, 1917	Bank St., Ottawa, Ont.
Ogg, S.	Third Air Mechanic	13th Sept., 1918	Winnipeg, Man.
O'Kelly, J. T. D.	A.B., R.N.C.V.R.	7th Oct., 1917	Willowbrook, Sask.
*Oldaker, B. G.	Lieutenant	Aug., 1914	Brandon, Man.
*Olive, G.	Company Quartermaster		
	Sergeant	5th Aug., 1914	Vancouver, B.C.
*Oliver, R. R.	Lieutenant, M.C.	3rd April, 1915	Bloor & Yonge, Toronto, Ont.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
*Oliver, W. M.	Lance-Corporal	28th Dec., 1915	Calgary, Alta.
O'Loughlin, A. E.	Sergeant	Sept., 1915	Pincher Creek, Alta.
O'Loughlin, J. J.	Lieutenant	13th Jan., 1916	Vancouver, B.C.
*O'Neill, H. L.	Private	20th Mar., 1916	Winnipeg, Man.
O'Neill, W. G.	Private	Nov., 1914	Victoria, B.C.
Ormiston, F. H.	Private	4th Aug., 1916	Admiral, Sask.
*O'Rorke, G. J.	Lieutenant	25th Nov., 1914	Strathcona, Alta.
*Orr, J. C.	Lieutenant	4th Aug., 1914	Ladysmith, B.C.
Board of Trade Silver Medal.			
†Orr, J. R.	Lieutenant	June, 1916	Hamilton, Ont.
Killed in action 9th Aug., 1918.			
*Orr, S. W.	Lieutenant	22nd Nov., 1915	Barrie, Ont.
Osborne, J. G.	Signaller	3rd Jan., 1917	Fredericton, N.B.
Osmond, W. L.	Gunner	10th Feb., 1918	Sherbrooke, Que.
O'Sullivan, D. E.	Private	13th Oct., 1915	Macleod, Alta.

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

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ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
Owen, P. R.	Cadet	23rd Oct., 1916	Wetaskiwin, Alta.
†Pae, P. R.	Lieutenant	Jan., 1916	Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Died of wounds 1st Oct., 1918.
Page, L. C.	Second-Lieutenant	Left the Bank to undertake military service 2nd Oct., 1917	
Palmer, J. D.	Air Mechanic	4th Aug., 1914	Drinkwater, Sask.
Palmer, R.	Sergeant	3rd Mar., 1916	Langham, Sask.
*Palmer, R. V.	Private	22nd April, 1916	South Porcupine, Ont.
*Pangman, R. P.	Gunner	14th Mar., 1917	Windsor, Ont.
Parke, E. S.	Gunner	July, 1916	Saskatoon, Sask.
†Parker, G. W.	Private	12th July, 1918	Kitscoty, Alta. Died 20th Jan., 1919.
Parker, R. L.	Gunner	20th April, 1917	Victoria, B.C.
Parker, W. T.	Second Lieutenant	6th Dec., 1917	Edam, Sask.
Parnell, C. S.	Private	2nd May, 1918	Sherbrooke, Que.
**Parsons, A. M.	Lieutenant, M.C.	29th Nov., 1915	Charlottetown, P.E.I.
Parsons, F. S.	Lieutenant	2nd June, 1915	Moosomin, Sask.
*Parsons, H. D.	Private	2nd Dec., 1915	Sherbrooke, Que.
*Parsons, J. D.	Lieutenant	8th Jan., 1916	Galt, Ont.
*Paterson, G. F.	Lieutenant	Sept., 1915	San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.
†Paterson, J.	Sergeant	Jan., 1916	Swift Current, Sask.
†Paterson, N. T.	Private	21st Oct., 1915	Vermilion, Alta. Died of wounds 23rd Sept., 1916.
**Paterson, W. A.	Private	16th Feb., 1915	Prince Rupert, B.C.
*Patman, V.	Sergeant	Aug., 1914	Sutton, Que.
†Paton, F. W.	Lieutenant	Jan., 1916	Edmonton, Alta. Killed in action 16th Aug., 1917.
**Paton, R.	Lieutenant	30th June, 1915	Biggar, Sask.
Patrick, D. J. W.	Sergeant	10th Dec., 1916	San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.
†Patterson, G. Stewart	Private	Aug., 1914	St. Catharines, Ont. Died on active service 8th Mar., 1915.
*Patterson, J. K.	Captain	5th Jan., 1915	1st Street West, Calgary, Alta.
†Patton, N. E.	Private	3rd Sept., 1915	St. Catharines, Ont. Killed in action 4th June, 1916.
Peacocke, H. W.	Second Lieutenant	8th Jan., 1916	Halifax, N.S.
Pearce, C. H.	Private	5th Jan., 1918	Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
Pearce, R. H.	Sergeant	14th May, 1917	Elfos, Sask.
Pearson, E. G.	Driver	31st July, 1916	New Westminster, B.C.
Pearson, F. B.	Gunner	1st June, 1915	Stratford, Ont.
†Pearson, M. A.	Bombardier	10th Aug., 1915	London, Ont. Killed in action 6th Aug., 1918.
Peers, M. M.	Corporal	2nd Feb., 1918	Charlottetown, P.E.I.
**Peirson, F. R.	Captain, M.C. & Bar.	June, 1915	Wellington Street, Sherbrooke, Que.
*Penney, G. G.	Signaller	3rd Jan., 1917	Truro, N.S.
Pentreath, H. E. A.	Lieutenant	29th July, 1915	East Vancouver, B.C.
Perry, M. H.	Corporal	Sept., 1917	Oak Bay Avenue, Victoria, B.C.
Persons, L. W.	Bombardier	Dec., 1917	Toronto, Ont.
Peters, S. A.	Army Field Clerk, U.S.		
Petipas, H. E.	Second Lieutenant	15th May, 1916	Portland, Ore., U.S.A.
		25th Nov., 1915	Moncton, N.B.

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
Peto, E. J.	Corporal	1st Dec., 1915	Central Butte, Sask.
Petrie, Miss H. V.	Nursing Sister	29th Feb., 1916	Inspector's Department, Winnipeg, Man.
Petrie, S. S.	A.B., R.N.C.V.R.	Oct., 1917	Vancouver, B.C.
†Pettes, J. C.	Private	27th Sept., 1917	Knowlton, Que.
Killed in action 19th May, 1918.			
†Phair, T. H. O.	Flight Cadet	8th May, 1918	Fort Frances, Ont.
Died on active service 14th June, 1918.			
Pheaney, H. H.	Second Lieutenant	Sept., 1917	Broderick, Sask.
Philips, J. C.	Flight Cadet	May, 1918	Dundas, Ont.
*Philips, T. B.	Lieutenant	6th Feb., 1916	Yonge & College, Toronto, Ont.
Phillips, H.	Sergeant	25th Mar., 1915	Yonge & Queen, Toronto, Ont.
Philp, W. G.	Private (U.S. Army)	7th May, 1917	Portland, Ore., U.S.A.
Pickard, H. T.	Gunner	25th Sept., 1916	Brandon, Man.
**Picken, E. K.	Sergeant	Aug., 1914	Calgary, Alta.
*Pike, W.	Private	12th May, 1916	Saskatoon, Sask.
†Pirie, G. M.	Private	14th Aug., 1914	Yonge & Eglinton, Toronto, Ont.
Died of wounds 1st July, 1915.			
†Pittendrigh, D. M.	Private	Mar., 1915	Phoenix, B.C.
Died of wounds 2nd May, 1916.			
†Playne, L.	Second Lieutenant	Aug., 1914	Sarnia, Ont.
Killed in action 27th Mar., 1918.			
Plimmer, F. T.	Cadet	9th May, 1918	Crescent & St. Catherine, Montreal, Que.
*†Pole, A. D.	Private	4th Mar., 1916	Vermilion, Alta.
Killed in action 2nd Sept., 1918.			
Pollock, J. W.	Driver	28th Mar., 1916	Montreal, Que.
Pollock, L. W. H.	Private	16th Jan., 1918	Milk River, Alta.
Polson, N. S.	Lieutenant	April, 1916	Toronto, Ont.
Ponton, A. I.	Private	Nov., 1915	Edmonton, Alta.
Pope, H. W.	Captain	23rd Nov., 1915	London, Eng.
Porrior, H.	Quartermaster Sergeant	Nov., 1914	Alberton, P.E.I.
Poupart, J. H.	Private	4th May, 1918	Eastman, Que.
Powell, H. C.	Private	15th Nov., 1915	Yonge & Queen, Toronto, Ont.
Power, P. J.	Private	2nd Nov., 1917	Rainy River, Ont.
*Poynton, A. R.	Private	8th Feb., 1916	Emo, Ont.
Pratt, H. E.	Private	20th Aug., 1915	Nokomis, Sask.
†Pratte, M. A.	Private	Sept., 1916	Sutton, Que.
Killed in action 9th Aug., 1918.			
Priestman, H. L. E.	Lieutenant	26th Oct., 1916	Vernon, B.C.
Pringle, T. J.	Lance-Corporal	Left the Bank to undertake military service, 11th Nov., 1915. Hamilton, Ont.	
Pritchard, R. E.	Sergeant	20th Mar., 1916	Melfort, Sask.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Proctor, G. C.	Lieutenant	17th Dec., 1914	Lloydminster, Sask.
†Proudfoot, W.	Lieutenant	12th May, 1916	Bloor & Lippincott, Toronto, Ont.
Killed in action 27th Sept., 1918.			
Pugsley, T. A.	Flight Cadet	27th Nov., 1917	Swift Current, Sask.
*Purdon, A.	Corporal	9th Nov., 1914	Rock Creek, B.C.
†Purdy, C. C.	Flight Lieutenant, R.N.	22nd Nov., 1915	Prince Rupert, B.C.
Killed in action 15th Feb., 1918.			

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

Purdy,
*Pyke,
Quinto

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*Ridge,
***Rigsby
**Rippin

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
Purdy, J. R.	Captain	5th Aug., 1914	Winnipeg, Man.
*Pyke, D. P.	Lieutenant	May, 1915	Saskatoon, Sask.
Quinton, S.	Lieutenant, M.C.	May, 1916	Department of The Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg, Man.
*Radlyffe, G.	Second Lieutenant	Oct., 1914	Grand Forks, B.C.
Rafuse, L. E.	Flight Cadet	17th Jan., 1918	New Glasgow, N.S.
*Ramage, E. J.	Private	22nd Nov., 1916	Port Perry, Ont.
Rambaut, H. W. R.	Sergeant	15th Sept., 1916	Lewvan, Sask.
Randall, T. B.	Lieutenant	31st July, 1917	San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.
*†Rapson, S. H.	Private	Aug., 1914	Toronto, Ont.
Died of wounds 8th May, 1917.			
Ratz, L.	Private	Jan., 1916	Herbert, Sask.
*†Rawle, C. W. F.	Second Lieutenant	Oct., 1914	Inspector's Department, Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
Killed in action 4/5 April, 1916.			
†Raymond, H. G.	Sergeant	30th Nov., 1914	St. John, N.B.
Died of wounds 27th June, 1916.			
Reaburn, G. W.	Private	25th Mar., 1918	Smith's Falls, Ont.
Read, P. C.	Lance-Corporal, D.C.M.	5th Dec., 1916	Rainy River, Ont.
†Read, S. T.	Private	July, 1915	Saskatoon, Sask.
Died of wounds 24th April, 1916.			
Redman, S. V. H.	Private	9th May, 1918	North Victoria, B.C.
Reed, C. H.	Corporal	8th Dec., 1915	Blaine Lake, Sask.
*Reed, W.	Sergeant	Nov., 1914	Stavely, Alta.
Rehn, C. H.	Yeoman, U.S. Navy	Mar., 1918	San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.
Reid, A. A.	Private	10th Sept., 1915	Stony Plain, Alta.
*Reid, A. G.	Private	18th May, 1915	Nelson, B.C.
†Reid, A. J.	Private	Aug., 1914	North Battleford, Sask.
Killed in action 23rd March, 1918.			
Reid, A. P.	Regimental Sergeant-Major, W.O.I.	4th Aug., 1915	Goderich, Ont.
Reid, F.	Private	Oct., 1917	Coleman, Alta.
Reid, G. E.	Gunner	Sept., 1917	London, Ont.
*Reid, K. H.	Bombardier	9th Nov., 1915	Toronto, Ont.
Rennison, G. G.	Gunner	11th April, 1916	Lethbridge, Alta.
Renwick, H. S.	Sergeant	10th May, 1918	London, Ont.
Renwick, L.	Private	June, 1916	North Winnipeg, Man.
Reuter, F. C.	Gunner	20th Mar., 1918	Hamilton, Ont.
Rhodes, A. D. G.	Flight Cadet	16th May, 1918	Warner, Alta.
**Riach, C. C.	Sergeant	20th April, 1915	Port Arthur, Ont.
†Richards, C. A.	Private	Left Branch to return to Old Country to enlist.	
Died of wounds 2nd June, 1916.			
Richards, W. H. E.	Second Lieutenant	16th Nov., 1914	Red Deer, Alta.
Richards, W. L.	Lieutenant	Mar., 1918	North Vancouver, B.C.
Richardson, T.	Corporal	June, 1915	Montreal, Que.
†Ricketts, N. H.	Lieutenant	9th Sept., 1915	Sydney, N.S.
Died of wounds 31st Dec., 1915.			
*Ridge, N. M.	Private	Aug., 1914	Spadina & College, Toronto, Ont.
**Rigsby, A. C.	Private	24th Mar., 1916	Shaunavon, Sask.
**Rippingale, E. S.	Sergeant	3rd Aug., 1915	Toronto, Ont.
		18th Mar., 1915	Alexander Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.

†Killed or died.

*Wounded.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
Ritchie, J. A.	Second Lieutenant	10th Nov., 1917	Peterboro, Ont.
Ritchie, W.	Private	15th Oct., 1917	Macleod, Alta.
*Ritchie, W.	Sergeant	Oct., 1915	Hafford, Sask.
*Roberts, A. K. M.	Corporal	Jan., 1918	Keremeos, B.C.
Roberts, G. L.	A. B.	4th Nov., 1916	Bengough, Sask.
*Robertson, H.	Captain	3rd April, 1916	Wiseton, Sask.
Robertson, J.	Flight Cadet	27th Mar., 1916	Wilcox, Sask.
*Robertson, J. S.	Staff Sergeant	27th Sept., 1915	North Hatley, Que.
Robertson, R. V.	Private	18th Jan., 1918	Lloydminster, Sask.
Robinson, B. H. P.	Lieutenant	10th June, 1915	Vernon, B.C.
Robinson, E. L.	Corporal	23rd Dec., 1915	Walkerton, Ont.
*Robinson, J.	Lieutenant	July, 1915	London, Eng.
*Robinson, J. D.	Lieutenant	28th Jan., 1915	Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.
Robotham, G. H.	Flight Cadet	25th Jan., 1918	West End, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
*Robson, J. S. M.	Private	May, 1915	Nelson, B.C.
Roche, G. L.	Private	April, 1918	Hanna, Alta.
*Rodger, J. R.	Lieutenant	1st April, 1916	Lougheed, Alta.
†Rodgerson, J. S.	Lieutenant	Feb., 1916	Strathmore, Alta.
Killed in action 13th May, 1917.			
†Rogers, G.	Corporal	May, 1915	Calgary, Alta.
Killed in action 6th June, 1916.			
*Rogers, T. R.	Sergeant, M.M.	6th April, 1915	Bawlf, Alta.
*Ronaldson, T. S.	Sergeant, M.M.	10th Aug., 1914	Fort Frances, Ont.
Roop, A. N.	Sergeant	12th April, 1916	Lewvan, Sask.
Rosborough, R. V.	Sergeant	17th Jan., 1916	Halifax, N.S.
*Rose, H. E.	Major, M.C.	2nd Sept., 1915	Collingwood, Ont.
Ross, B. F.	Lieutenant	11th Oct., 1916	Grimsby, Ont.
Ross, F. M.	Captain, M.C.	15th Nov., 1915	Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
*Ross, G. H.	Lieutenant	2nd Nov., 1915	Hanna, Alta.
*Ross, G. M.	Lieutenant	15th Nov., 1917	Moosomin, Sask.
Ross, H.	Gunner	15th Jan., 1916	Strathroy, Ont.
*Ross, J.	Corporal	12th Jan., 1915	Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
*Ross, R. S.	Lieutenant	19th July, 1915	Department of The Superintendent of Pacific Coast Branches, Vancouver, B.C.
Ross, T.	Private	June, 1916	Granum, Alta.
Ross, W. T. L.	Staff Sergeant	10th June, 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
**Rothwell, N.	Lieutenant	9th Aug., 1914	West Side, Saskatoon, Sask.
†Rouleau, H. J.	Private	16th May, 1916	Calgary, Alta.
Died of wounds 13th Sept., 1917.			
*Roy, A. T.	Corporal	1st Nov., 1915	Richmond, Que.
Roy, J. A.	Private	8th Mar., 1918	Vonda, Sask.
†Rubery, G.	Lance-Corporal	May, 1915	Rainy River, Ont.
Died on active service 29th May, 1918.			
*Ryder, J.	Private	Mar., 1916	Innisfree, Alta.
†Ryerson, J. E.	Captain, D.S.O.	1st June, 1915	Wychwood, Toronto, Ont.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Killed in action 19th Sept., 1916.			
D.S.O. Gazetted two days after Captain Ryerson's death in action.			
No posthumous award made.			
†Rymal, W. A.	Second Lieutenant	14th July, 1917	Toronto, Ont.
Killed on active service 5th Sept., 1918.			

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
†Ryrie, E.	Lieutenant	Fall, 1914	Spadina & College, Toronto, Ont.
Killed in action 18th July, 1917.			
*Sadleir, M. V.	Lieutenant	1st Nov., 1915	West Shefford, Que.
*Sadler, L.	Private	Aug., 1914	Montreal, Que.
Samson, J. R.	Captain	13th May, 1915	Danville, Que.
†Sands, L. A.	Flight Lieutenant	22nd Sept., 1915	Moncton, N.B.
Killed in action 22nd Mar., 1918,			
Sapte, D.	Second Lieutenant	25th Mar., 1918	North Winnipeg, Man.
Sattin, A.	Lieutenant	Aug., 1914	Calgary, Alta.
*Saunders, B. M.	Gunner	Dec., 1916	Toronto, Ont.
*Saunders, G. C.	Company Sergeant-Major	Jan., 1915	Grouard, Alta.
Saunderson, W.	Flight Cadet	10th May, 1915	Stavely, Alta.
**Savage, I. B.	Lieutenant, M.C.	Aug., 1914	Montreal, Que.
Saxon, F. H. B.	Staff Sergeant	April, 1915	Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
*Say, S. R.	Captain, M.C.	Jan., 1915	Vancouver, B.C.
*Scanlon, J. R.	Private	29th Mar., 1916	Port Colborne, Ont.
Schnur, C. C.	Gunner	18th Feb., 1918	Queen East, Toronto, Ont.
Schollick, J. M.	Lieutenant	June, 1917	Waterville, Que.
*Scott, A. C.	Lieutenant, M.C.	24th May, 1915	Innisfail, Alta.
Scott, A. S. B.	Private	16th April, 1917	Saskatoon, Sask.
†Scott, C. V. C.	Private	14th Sept., 1915	Regina, Sask.
Died of wounds, 5th Dec., 1916.			
†Scott, J. R. D.	Private	Feb., 1915	Vancouver, B.C.
Accidentally drowned 23rd Dec., 1915.			
Scott, L. B.	Private	19th Feb., 1918	Winnipeg, Man.
*Scott, N. B.	Second Lieutenant	11th Sept., 1916	Penticton, B.C.
Scott, W. G.	Private	15th July, 1915	Toronto, Ont.
Scroggie, G. E.	Captain, M.C.	1st Feb., 1915	Walkerville, Ont.
Scully, D.	Second Lieutenant	28th Aug., 1914	North Winnipeg, Man.
*Seddall, C. G.	Lieutenant	7th Aug., 1915	Calgary, Alta.
*Sewell, A. V.	Lieutenant	22nd Sept., 1914	Hamilton, Ont.
		1st Jan., 1917	
		Discharged on both occasions as medically unfit. Re-enlisted May, 1918.	
Shadwell, H. L. F.	Bombardier	31st July, 1916	New Westminster, B.C.
Shannon, A. E.	Gunner	May, 1917	Ayer's Cliff, Que.
Shannon, A. G. M.	Corporal	12th Aug., 1914	Edmonton, Alta.
Sharp, D. D.	Sergeant	Jan., 1915	Vancouver, B.C.
Sharp, P. W.	Second Air Mechanic	19th June, 1917	East Vancouver, B.C.
Shaw, F. B.	Lieutenant, Croix de Guerre (Fr.)	18th April, 1917	Yonge & College, Toronto, Ont.
**Shaw, G. T.	Captain	6th Feb., 1916	Youngstown, Alta.
*Shaw, J.	Lieutenant	4th Nov., 1914	Saskatoon, Sask.
†Shaw, P. B.	Gunner	Nov., 1917	Penticton, B.C.
Died of wounds 13th Oct., 1918.			
Sheard, R.	Flight Cadet, M.M.	18th Feb., 1915	Ottawa, Ont.
Shepherdson, G. S.	Second Lieutenant	Feb., 1915	Moosomin, Sask.
Sheppard, H. S.	Bombardier	22nd Aug., 1914	Toronto, Ont.
†Sheppard, J. D.	Lieutenant	1st Jan., 1916	Toronto, Ont.
Died on active service 7th Nov., 1918.			

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
Shiel, L. W.	Gunner	1st Nov., 1917	Claresholm, Alta.
Shink, J. A.	Flight Cadet	19th Aug., 1914	Quebec, Que.
		June, 1918	
Shirley, J.	Flight Cadet	June, 1918	Vonda, Sask.
Short, W. S.	Private	1st Jan., 1915	Medicine Hat, Alta.
Shuttleworth, W. G.	Lance-Corporal	9th Mar., 1916	Toronto, Ont.
Sifton, L. B.	Second Lieutenant	28th Feb., 1916	Seaforth, Ont.
*Simpson, A. N.	Sergeant	12th Aug., 1914	Calgary, Alta.
Simpson, D. S.	Signaller	Dec., 1916	Red Deer, Alta.
*Simpson, E. F.	Sergeant	6th Feb., 1915	Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
Simpson, H. A.	Gunner	20th May, 1916	Montreal, Que.
Simpson, J. H.	Private	6th Aug., 1914	Gerrard & Pape, Toronto, Ont.
**Simpson, J. K.	Captain	3rd Aug., 1914	Victoria, B.C.
†Simpson, S. B.	Lieutenant	June, 1915	Montreal, Que.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Killed in action 1st Oct., 1916.			
Sinclair, A.	Private	2nd April, 1918	North Winnipeg, Man.
*Sinclair, G. F.	Lance-Corporal	15th Sept., 1915	Toronto, Ont.
†Sinclair, N. F.	Sergeant-Major	13th Aug., 1914	Edmonton, Alta.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Died on active service 22nd Sept., 1917.			
Size, D. C.	Signaller	19th April, 1918	Transcona, Man.
†Skead, G. C. M.	Sergeant	April, 1915	Bridgewater, N.S.
Killed in action 17th Sept., 1916.			
†Skelton, G. F.	Private	Oct., 1915	Vermilion, Alta.
Died of wounds 12th Sept., 1916.			
Slaker, C. G.	Second Lieutenant	July, 1915	Pandora & Cook, Victoria, B.C.
†Small, G. F.	Flight Cadet	1st Jan., 1918	Kingston, Ont.
Died on active service 12th May, 1918.			
†Smillie, C. B.	Sergeant	Sept., 1914	Saskatoon, Sask.
Died of wounds 14th Nov., 1917.			
*Smith, Alex.	Private	21st June, 1916	Fernie, B.C.
Smith, Andrew	Trooper	Jan., 1915	Claresholm, Alta.
Smith, A. C.	A.B., R.N.C.V.R.	Jan., 1918	Middleton, N.S.
Smith, A. L.	Lieutenant	15th Jan., 1916	Hamilton, Ont.
Smith, C. F. W.	Flight Cadet	17th Sept., 1918	Pincher Creek, Alta.
*Smith, C. G.	Second Lieutenant	3rd July, 1916	North Battleford, Sask.
*Smith, C. S.	Private	2nd Feb., 1915	Roxyford, Alta.
Smith, D. B.	First Sergeant	U.S. Army	29th July, 1918
†Smith, D. R. M.	Second Lieutenant	Aug., 1916	Nokomis, Sask.
Killed in action 27th May, 1918.			
Smith, H. R.	Bombardier, M.M.	June, 1916	Gerrard & Pape, Toronto, Ont.
Smith, J. A. H.	Cadet, M.M.	24th Dec., 1915	Lindsay, Ont.
*Smith, J. D.	Private	31st Oct., 1917	Broderick, Sask.
†Smith, L. C. D.	Private	Aug., 1915	North Victoria, B.C.
Died of wounds 30th Sept., 1918.			
*Smith, M. H.	Private	29th July, 1915	Alexander Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.
Smith, M. N.	Private	25th July, 1916	Neepawa, Man.
Smith, N. D.	Corporal	Sept., 1915	Edmonton, Alta.
Smith, W.	Private	7th Mar., 1918	Kamloops, B.C.
Smith, W. T.	Flight Cadet	Jan., 1918	Transcona, Man.
*Smyth, R. C.	Second Lieutenant	20th Oct., 1915	Toronto, Ont.
Smyth, R. R.	Corporal, M.M.	Mar., 1916	Kincaid, Sask.
			Ponoka, Alta.

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

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ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
*Smythe, J. C.	Lieutenant	24th July, 1915	Montreal, Que.
*Sneddon, D. H.	Sergeant	15th Oct., 1915	Milestone, Sask.
†Snyder, W. H.	Lieutenant	Dec., 1915	East Vancouver, B.C.
Killed in action 24th Mar., 1918.			
*Sohier, A.	Sergeant	26th Jan., 1916	Simcoe, Ont.
Somerville, J.	Staff Quartermaster		
	Sergeant W. O. II.	10th July, 1915	Nutana, Sask.
*Soper, V. D.	Corporal	11th Mar., 1916	Edmonton, Alta.
*Spankie, H. V.	Captain, M.C.	5th Aug., 1914	North Winnipeg, Man.
Sparham, G. A.	Second Lieutenant	3rd July, 1917	Chatham, Ont.
Spellman, J. J.	Corporal	26th Feb., 1918	Vegreville, Alta.
Spence, J. G.	Second Lieutenant	1st Oct., 1917	Timmins, Ont.
Spracklin, R.	Flight Cadet	23rd Mar., 1918	Windsor, Ont.
Sprague, W. F.	Bombardier	7th Oct., 1915	Prince Arthur & Park, Montreal, Que.
*Sproule, R. C.	Sergeant	Aug., 1915	Taber, Alta.
*Stainton, E.	Second Lieutenant	31st July, 1915	London, Eng.
Stairs, H. M.	Lieutenant, M.C.	Left the Bank to undertake military service, 4th Dec., 1915	
			New Glasgow, N.S.
Stanley, H. D.	Second Lieutenant	30th April, 1918	Shellbrook, Sask.
Stanley, H. M.	Sergeant	5th Oct., 1915	Charlottetown, P.E.I.
†Stanway, J. W.	Sergeant	Aug., 1915	Cudworth, Sask.
Killed in action 29th Aug., 1918.			
Starkey, P. D.	Private	15th Aug., 1918	Marcelin, Sask.
Steady, G. W.	Flight Cadet	22nd April, 1918	Shellbrook, Sask.
Steele, T.	Lieutenant, M.C.	5th July, 1915	Vancouver, B.C.
Stephens, A. W.	Pay Sergeant	28th Sept., 1915	Swift Current, Sask.
Stephenson, C. J.	Private	27th Sept., 1918	New York, N.Y., U.S.A.
Stephenson, J.	Gunner, M.M.	July, 1916	Seaforth, Ont.
Sterns, H. D.	Gunner	2nd Nov., 1917	Ottawa, Ont.
Stevens, F. S.	Regimental Sergeant-Major, M.S.M.	4th Aug., 1914	Vancouver, B.C.
*Stevens, G. H.	Sergeant	16th Oct., 1915	Crescent & St. Catherine, Montreal, Que.
Stewart, B. A.	Private	14th Mar., 1916	Kincaid, Sask.
Stewart, C. C.	Private	1st May, 1916	Powell Street, Vancouver, B.C.
Stewart, C. H.	Gunner	19th Oct., 1916	West Toronto, Ont.
*Stewart, H. F.	Staff Sergeant	3rd June, 1915	Hanna, Alta.
†Stewart, H. J.	Sergeant	Jan., 1915	Moosejaw, Sask.
Died on active service 5th July, 1918.			
†Stewart J.	Sergeant	5th Aug., 1914	Moosejaw, Sask.
Died of wounds 27th May, 1915, while prisoner of war.			
†Stewart, T. E. W.	Lance-Corporal	Jan., 1915	Montreal, Que.
Killed in action 1/2nd Oct., 1916.			
Stewart, T. G.	Signaller	6th April, 1918	Parry Sound, Ont.
Stewart, W. J.	Private	26th June, 1915	Hanna, Alta.
Still, J.	Captain, O.B.E.	14th Aug., 1914	Delia, Alta.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
†Stockwell, S. H.	Sergeant	Dec., 1915	Richmond, Que.
Killed in action 15th Aug., 1917.			
Stone, G. G.	Corporal	April, 1917	Department of The Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg, Man.

† Killed or died.

* Wounded.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
†Stoner, A. T.	Lance-Corporal	13th Aug., 1915	Crediton, Ont.
Killed in action 16th Nov., 1917			
Storr, F. C.	Lance-Corporal	27th Nov., 1915	London, Eng.
Storrey, L. E.	Gunner	19th May, 1916	Edam, Sask.
Stott, R.	Lieutenant	9th Aug., 1914	Prince Arthur & Park, Montreal, Que.
Strachan, A.	Second Lieutenant	Jan., 1918	Delisle, Sask.
***Strange, G.	Lieutenant	July, 1915	Innisfail, Alta.
†Striker, F. H.	Private	5th May, 1915	Prince Arthur & Park, Montreal, Que.
Killed in action 4th June, 1916.			
Stuart, S. J.	Second Lieutenant	Sept., 1917	Olds, Alta.
*Stuart, S. W.	Private	6th Jan., 1916	Vegreville, Alta.
Stubbins, G. A.	Sergeant	5th April, 1915	Langham, Sask.
Stubbs, H. J.	Corporal	21st May, 1918	Megantic, Que.
Studd, W. G.	Sergeant	20th Mar., 1918	1st Street West, Calgary, Alta.
Sturgeon, R. B.	Sergeant	Mar., 1918	St. Johns, Que.
Suddaby, H. H.	Gunner	30th Oct., 1917	Paris, Ont.
Summers-Gill, H. R.	Sergeant	11th July, 1916	Nutana, Sask.
†Suter, G. W.	Lieutenant	Aug., 1915	Collingwood, Ont.
Killed in action 2nd Sept., 1918.			
Sutherland, C. S.	First Lieutenant	U.S. Army	25th Aug., 1917
			New York, N.Y., U.S.A.
†Sutherland, D. A.	Lieutenant	15th Oct., 1915	Montreal, Que.
Killed in action 15th Oct., 1917.			
Sutherland, L. J.	Private	20th April, 1916	Canora, Sask.
Swalwell, J. A.	Gunner	30th Oct., 1917	Sudbury, Ont.
Sweet, H. C.	Gunner	16th May, 1917	St. Chrysostome, Que.
*Sweetlove, C. F.	Private	15th Jan., 1916	Retlaw, Alta.
*Swinyard, B. J.	Sergeant	28th Mar., 1916	Oshawa, Ont.
Swinyard, W. E.	Private	1st Sept., 1918	Oshawa, Ont.
Sydal, D. W. C.	Pay Sergeant	April, 1918	Crossfield, Alta.
†Syddall, G. B.	Captain	July, 1916	Department of The Super- intendent of Central Western Branches, Win- nipeg, Man.
Killed in action 4th Jan., 1918.			
Symon, W. J.	Private	Jan., 1916	Walkerton, Ont.
†Tainsh, G. D. M.	Private	Mar., 1915	Pincher Creek, Alta.
Killed in action 28th April, 1917.			
**Tandy, P. K.	Private	July, 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
Tannahill, A. F.	Private	19th April, 1918	Bloor & Yonge, Toronto, Ont.
Tannahill, J. A.	Lieutenant	15th Sept., 1915	Charlottetown, P.E.I.
Tanner, A. B. W.	Gunner	20th Mar., 1916	Alexander Avenue, Winni- peg, Man.
**Tanner, F. I.	Major	8th Nov., 1914	Briercrest, Sask.
Taylor, A. H.	Lieutenant	25th Oct., 1915	Fredericton, N.B.
*Taylor, C. H.	Corporal	3rd May, 1916	Toronto, Ont.
*Taylor, J.	Private	12th Aug., 1914	Fort Frances, Ont.
Taylor, J. T.	Second Lieutenant	Sept., 1917	Department of The Super- intendent of Central Western Branches, Win- nipeg, Man.
**Taylor, N. V.	Lieutenant	12th Aug., 1914	Hanna, Alta.
Taylor, R.	Gunner	Mar., 1918	New Westminster, B.C.

†Killed or died.

*Wounded.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
Taylor, S. W.	Lieutenant	21st Sept., 1916	Vancouver, B.C.
**Taylor, W. J.	Corporal	4th Mar., 1915	Golden, B.C.
Templeton, A. H.	Sergeant	25th May, 1915	Gleichen, Alta.
†Templeton, E. C.	Private	Aug., 1914	Moosejaw, Sask.
Killed on active service 25th May, 1917.			
*Tennant, D. G.	Corporal	12th May, 1916	Granum, Alta.
Thayer, W. L.	Gunner	6th Sept., 1915	Granby, Que.
Therien, J. H.	Private	17th April, 1918	Granby, Que.
*Thermaenius, J. W.	Private	10th Dec., 1916	Edmonton, Alta.
Thomas, E. K.	Gunner	24th Nov., 1916	Nelson, B.C.
*Thomas, G. N.	Gunner	Dec., 1916	Lennoxville, Que.
Thompson, D. S.	Captain	6th Jan., 1915	Niagara Falls, Ont.
Thompson, E. F.	Flight Cadet	April, 1918	Parliament Street, Toronto, Ont.
Thompson, F. H.	Private	7th June, 1916	Dawson, Y.T.
Thompson, G. C.	Gunner	April, 1918	Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
**Thompson, J. H.	Private	13th Oct., 1915	Bassano, Alta.
Thompson, M.	Flight Cadet	Jan., 1918	Nelson, B.C.
*Thompson, O. F.	Corporal	20th Mar., 1916	Amherst, N.S.
*Thompson, R. E.	Flight Cadet	8th Feb., 1915	Sherbrooke, Que.
Thompson, V. W.	Lieutenant	27th Sept., 1916	Ottawa, Ont.
*Thomson, D. C.	Captain	Nov., 1914	Shaunavon, Sask.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Thomson, J. R.	Lieutenant	Dec., 1915	Toronto, Ont.
Thomson, J. W.	Staff Sergeant	1st Feb., 1916	Taber, Alta.
*Thorne, A. B.	Lieutenant	Oct., 1914	Gilbert Plains, Man.
Killed on active service 8th May, 1918.			
Thorne, W. E.	Gunner	3rd Nov., 1915	Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
*Thornton, C. W.	Lieutenant	Dec., 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
Thouret, A. C.	Sergeant	April, 1918	St. Catherine & City Hall, Montreal, Que.
Thursby, M. H.	Lieutenant, M.M.	6th July, 1915	Herbert, Sask.
Tidy, S. E.	Lieutenant	Dec., 1914	Mount Royal, Calgary, Alta.
Tipper, P. A.	Flight Cadet	2nd Oct., 1917	Brantford, Ont.
Todd, S. K.	Signaller	April, 1918	Barrington, N.S.
Toomey, W. G.	Lieutenant	Nov., 1914	Edmonton, Alta.
Touchburn, K.	Gunner	7th Aug., 1916	Regina, Sask.
Tranmer, F. B.	Staff Sergeant	16th Dec., 1917	Toronto, Ont.
Trant, J. F.	Bombardier	8th Dec., 1916	Bloor & Yonge, Toronto, Ont.
*Trenouth, B. W.	Signaller	1st Feb., 1916	Orangeville, Ont.
Tribe, F. F.	Private	17th April, 1918	Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, Man.
*†Tripp, C. C. H.	Second Lieutenant	Dec., 1914	London, Eng.
Killed in action 13th Nov., 1916.			
Troop, J. D. E.	Lieutenant	14th Feb., 1916	Toronto, Ont.
Trow, E. M.	Private	6th May, 1918	Bloor & Lippincott, Toronto, Ont.
†Tucker, W.	Lance-Corporal	1st Dec., 1914	St. John's, Nfld.
Died of wounds 25th Oct., 1915.			
†Tuckwell, H. A. H.	Lieutenant	28th Feb., 1917	North Victoria, B.C.
Killed in action 4th July, 1918.			
Tuckwell, H. T.	Private	14th Feb., 1916	Department of The Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg, Man.

†Killed or died.

*Wounded.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
*Turk, S.	Lieutenant	13th Sept., 1915	Mount Pleasant, Vancouver, B.C.
Turnbull, N. M.	Bombardier	4th Feb., 1916	Tugaske, Sask.
Turner, A.	Private	Jan., 1916	Calgary, Alta.
*Turner, H. M.	Sergeant	16th Nov., 1914	Athabasca, Alta.
**Tweedy, C. O.	Private	4th April, 1915	Saskatoon, Sask.
*Tydd, E. F. P.	Lieutenant	Sept., 1914	Strathcona, Alta.
†Tydd, W. J. S.	Lieutenant	Aug., 1915	Hardisty, Alta.
Died of wounds 22nd Jan., 1917.			
Tylor, H. E.	Captain	30th Sept., 1915	St. Thomas, Ont.
Tyrwhitt, J. A. G.	Corporal, M.M.	15th Feb., 1917	Department of The Superintendent of Pacific Coast Branches, Vancouver, B.C.
Ure, W.	Private	May, 1917	Vancouver, B.C.
Usher, W. R.	Flight-Lieutenant	Nov., 1917	Kingston, Ont.
Valleau, E. H.	Second Lieutenant	Feb., 1917	Bank Street, Ottawa, Ont.
*Van de Water, J. P.	Sergeant	15th Nov., 1915	Calgary, Alta.
Vane-Yarrow, R. G.	Captain	20th Nov., 1915	Nanaimo, B.C.
*Van Someren, A. W. E.	Lieutenant	6th Mar., 1916	Brantford, Ont.
Verity, R. E.	Gunner	Feb., 1918	Thorold, Ont.
*Vidler, A. G. A.	Lieutenant, M.C.	4th Aug., 1914	Vancouver, B.C.
*Vidler, N. W.	Staff Sergeant	31st Oct., 1915	Rivers, Man.
*Vining, J. G.	Lieutenant	July 1916	Sherbrooke, Que.
*Vipond, H. K.	Second Lieutenant	Oct., 1915	London, Eng.
†Vradenburg, W.	Gunner	Oct., 1916	North Hatley, Que.
Killed in action 3rd Sept., 1918.			
Vradenburg, J. C.	Second Air Mechanic	15th Oct., 1917	Regina, Sask.
Walcot, H. C.	Captain, M.C.	15th June, 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
Waldron, L. T.	Corporal	15th Sept., 1916	Kamloops, B.C.
*Walkden, H. St. J.	Lieutenant	15th Aug., 1915	Watson, Sask.
*Walker, D. R. A.	Lieutenant	July, 1916	Bloor & Yonge, Toronto, Ont.
Walker, J. C. E.	Lieutenant	Dec., 1914	New Westminster, B.C.
*Walker, J. V.	Lance-Corporal	19th Feb., 1915	Strathcona, Alta.
Walker, R. L.	Second Lieutenant	4th Jan., 1918	Monitor, Alta.
Walker, T. F. B.	Corporal	Aug., 1917	Toronto, Ont.
Walker, W.	Flight Cadet	Sept., 1918	Calgary, Alta.
*Walkinshaw, W.	Corporal	22nd Feb., 1916	Hardisty, Alta.
*Wallace, P. M.	Second Lieutenant	Nov., 1917	Moosejaw, Sask.
Wallinger, G. A.	Private	Left the Bank to undertake military service, 25th July, 1916	Cranbrook, B.C.
**Walthew, F. S.	Lieutenant	Dec., 1914	London, Eng.
*Walton, F. H.	Lieutenant	13th Aug., 1914	North Battleford, Sask.
*Walton, J. M.	Lieutenant	Oct., 1914	Saskatoon, Sask.
Ward, C. N.	Driver	24th July, 1916	Toronto, Ont.
†Ward, F. E.	Private	26th Mar., 1918	Halifax, N.S.
Died on active service 2nd March, 1919.			
†Ward, L. C.	Private	Feb., 1916	Dunham, Que.
Killed in action 5th November, 1917.			
Ward, R. J.	Private	Sept., 1915	Lethbridge, Alta.

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
†Ward, W. G.	Signaller	Sept., 1917	Cayuga, Ont.
Killed in action 5th November, 1918.			
Warner, H. S.	Private	19th Sept., 1918	Queen East, Toronto, Ont.
Waterman, A. H.	Captain	April, 1915	Hastings & Cambie, Vancouver, B.C.
Waters, D. S.	Private	17th Jan., 1918	Kitscoty, Alta.
*Watkins, L. S.	Lance-Corporal	26th June, 1916	Toronto, Ont.
Watson, C. D.	Sergeant	2nd Oct., 1915	New Glasgow, N.S.
Watson, C. H. A.	Private	July, 1918	Youngstown, Alta.
Watson, H. C.	Signaller	5th April, 1918	Stratford, Ont.
*Watson, H. R.	Private	May, 1915	Moosejaw, Sask.
†Watson, J. S.	Corporal	Left the Bank to return to Old Country to join the R.N.R.	
Died of wounds 5th May, 1918.			
Watson, M. E.	Bombardier	April, 1915	Peterboro, Ont.
		April, 1918	Prince Arthur & Park, Montreal, Que.
†Watson, N. C.	Second Lieutenant	Aug., 1914	Alexander Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.
Killed in action 24th April, 1917.			
†Watson, P. B.	Corporal	April, 1915	Blaine Lake, Sask.
Killed in action 27th June, 1916.			
*Watson, R. J.	Sergeant	31st July, 1916	Saskatoon, Sask.
Watson, R. M.	Major	9th Nov., 1914	Smith's Falls, Ont.
Watson, W.	Gunner	Mar., 1918	Vancouver, B.C.
Watson, W. Leslie	Sergeant	11th Mar., 1918	Vancouver, B.C.
Watson, W. Linton	Lieutenant	Nov., 1915	Strathcona, Alta.
*Watson, W. M.	Gunner	Aug., 1914	Bengough, Sask.
*Watt, A. M.	Second Lieutenant	21st Aug., 1915	Nanton, Alta.
*Watt, F. J.	Lieutenant	Aug., 1915	Galt, Ont.
Watts, C. A. L.	Lieutenant	1st Feb., 1916	Toronto, Ont.
*Watts, H. T.	Lieutenant	June 1917	Riverhurst, Sask.
Weber, L. L.	Flight Cadet	31st April, 1918	Belleville, Ont.
†Webster, F. C.	Sergeant	July, 1917	Tillsonburg, Ont.
Accidentally drowned 19th July, 1918.			
†Webster, R. L.	Corporal	30th Dec., 1914	Calgary, Alta.
Killed in action 18th Nov., 1916.			
Wedd, G. M.	Gunner	28th Feb., 1917	Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
*Weddell, W. A.	Sergeant	20th May, 1916	Montreal, Que.
**Weir, J. W. O.	Private	Aug., 1914	Watrous, Sask.
Weir, N. B.	Signaller	15th Mar., 1918	Hamilton, Ont.
Wells, L. G.	Private	20th Oct., 1915	Dresden, Ont.
*Wells, N. L.	Captain	22nd July, 1915	Regina, Sask.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Wells, T. H.	Flight Cadet	6th Feb., 1918	Kitchener, Ont.
Wells, W. J.	Coxswain, U.S. Navy	18th July, 1918	Portland, Ore., U.S.A.
West, M. C.	Sergeant	9th May, 1916	Biggar, Sask.
*West, R. D.	Lieutenant	July, 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
**West, W. C.	Lieutenant	29th July, 1915	1st Street West, Calgary, Alta.
**Whaley, C. D.	Lieutenant	17th June, 1915	Delisle, Sask.
Whaley, G. B.	Corporal	8th Dec., 1917	Vancouver, B.C.
†Wheadon, N. A.	Lance-Corporal, M.M.	Oct., 1914	Market, Toronto, Ont.
Died of wounds 10th April, 1917.			
Wheeler, A.	Flight Cadet	June, 1916	Winnipeg, Man.
*White, C. S.	Signaller	19th Feb., 1916	Carmangay, Alta.

†Killed or died.

*Wounded.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
White, M. F.	Flight Cadet	1st Mar., 1918	Vulcan, Alta.
White, M. H.	Gunner	25th Oct., 1917	Vulcan, Alta.
White, T. M.	Flight Cadet	3rd Jan., 1918	Ingersoll, Ont.
Whitehead, G.	Company Quartermaster-Sergeant	24th Aug., 1915	Penticton, B.C.
Whiteside, G. M.	Private	May, 1918	Rivers, Man.
*Whittaker, C. G.	Lance-Corporal	Jan., 1915	Market, Toronto, Ont.
*Whittaker, R. H.	Lieutenant	Aug., 1914	Toronto, Ont.
Whyte, F.	Gunner	Jan., 1917	Gilbert Plains, Man.
Whyte, J. G.	Sergeant	Oct., 1917	Delia, Alta.
**Whyte, M.	Corporal	12th Aug., 1914	Youngstown, Alta.
Wickham, B. R.	Gunner	1st Jan., 1917	Belleville, Ont.
Wigle, C. E.	Gunner	5th April, 1917	Windsor, Ont.
†Wilbraham-Taylor, H.	Private	Aug., 1914	Fernie, B.C.
Killed in action 24th April, 1915.			
**Wilcox, E. R. C.	Major, M.C.	15th June, 1915	Melfort, Sask.
Mentioned in Despatches.			
*Wilde, J. P.	Private	2nd Sept., 1916	Yellowgrass, Sask.
Wilkinson, A. B.	Lieutenant	12th Aug., 1914	Kingston, Ont.
Wilkinson, J.	Private	June, 1916	Stationery Department, Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
Willet, R. L.	Private	14th Mar., 1918	Moncton, N.B.
†Williams, A. P.	Private	25th Sept., 1915	Cowansville, Que.
Killed in action 19th Nov., 1916.			
Williams, E. A.	Flight Cadet	7th May, 1918	Provost, Alta.
Williams, H. C.	Flight Cadet	10th Sept., 1918	Galt, Ont.
Williams, H. P.	Captain, M.C.		
Mentioned in Despatches.			
Two Parchment Certificates for Gallantry in the Field.			
Williams, J. S.	Captain	Aug., 1915	Grouard, Alta.
Williams, J. W.	Private	Feb., 1915	Winnipeg, Man.
Williams, V.	Company Sergeant-Major	9th Mar., 1916	Yellowgrass, Sask.
*Williamson, H. C.	Corporal	24th Jan., 1916	Beebe, Que.
*Williamson, J.	Private	Mar., 1916	Athabasca, Alta.
†Williamson, J.	Private	Oct., 1914	Hanna, Alta.
Killed in action 26th Sept., 1916.			
Wilson, Adam.	Captain	8th Feb., 1915	West End, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
*Wilson, Alex.	Lance-Corporal	23rd June, 1915	Melville, Sask.
Wilson, A. G.	Lieutenant	26th Nov., 1917	London, Eng.
*†Wilson, A. M.	Corporal	May, 1916	Springhill, N.S.
Killed in action 15th Aug., 1917.			
**Wilson, C. W.	Private	12th Feb., 1915	East Vancouver, B.C.
**Wilson, D. A.	Lieutenant	Oct., 1914	Montreal, Que.
Wilson, D. E.	Sapper	17th Nov., 1915	Barrie, Ont.
Wilson, G. P.	Lieutenant	10th Sept., 1916	Saskatoon, Sask.
†Wilson, H. F.	Private	May, 1916	Winnipeg, Man.
Killed in action 30th Oct., 1917.			
*Wilson, H. J. M.	Driver	15th Dec., 1916	Market, Toronto, Ont.
*Wilson, J.	Private	Aug., 1915	Stationery Department, Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
*†Wilson, J. W.	Lieutenant	1st Sept., 1915	Cranbrook, B.C.
Killed in action 27th Dec., 1917.			
**Wilson, R. W.	Private	8th Feb., 1917	Smith's Falls, Ont.
*Winnall, E. I.	Captain	4th June, 1915	Bedford, Que.

†Killed or died. *Wounded.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE BANK

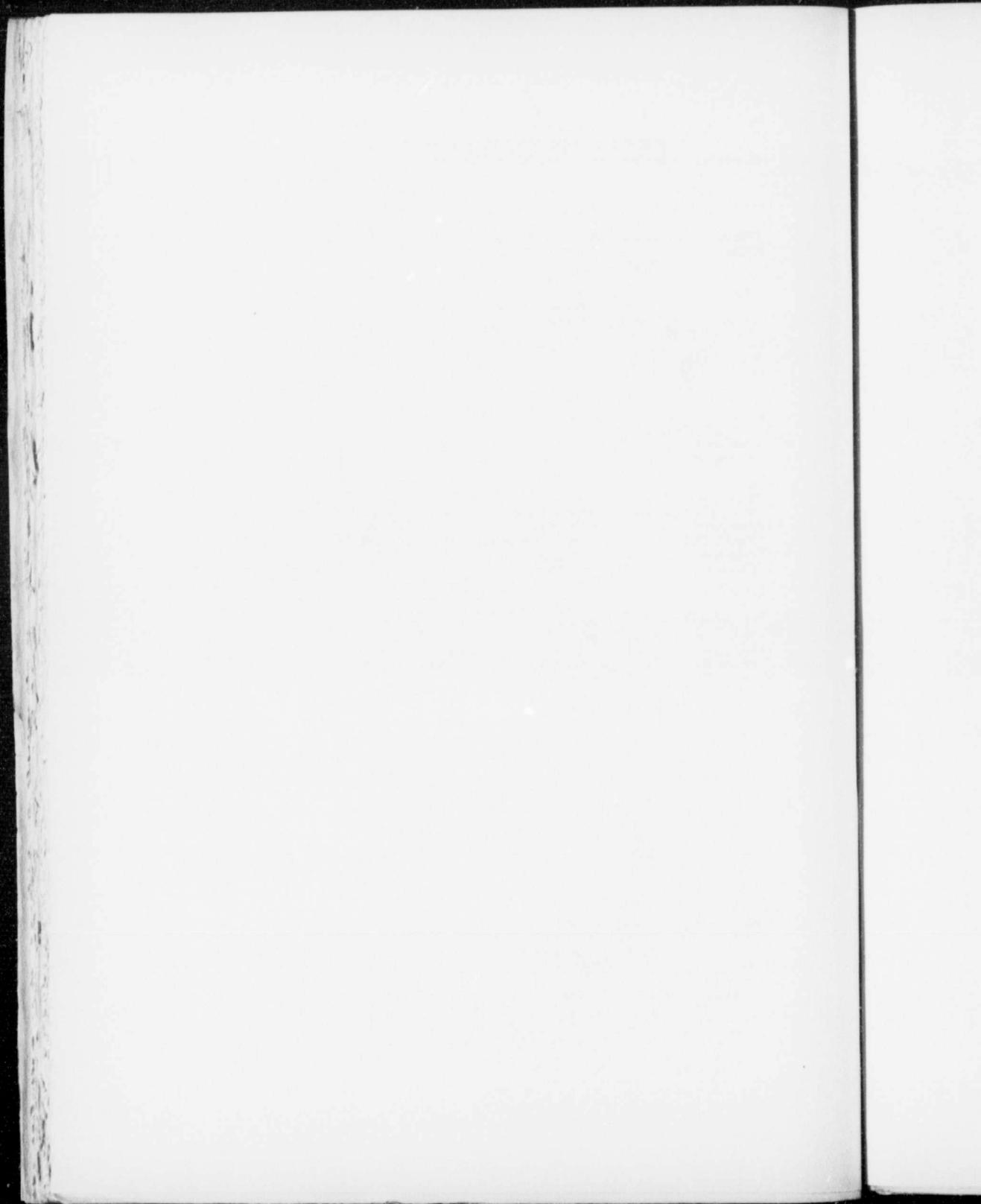
NAME	RANK	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	BRANCH ENLISTED FROM
*Winning, H. A.	Private	7th Mar., 1916	Yonge & Queen, Toronto, Ont.
*Winning, J. P.	Sergeant, M.S.M.	7th Nov., 1914	Bengough, Sask.
†Wittet, A. C.	Private	Sept., 1915	Lethbridge, Alta.
Killed in action 21st July, 1917.			
Wood, C. M.	Lieutenant	12th Feb., 1916	Toronto, Ont.
Wood, Miss E.	V.A.D., St. John Ambulance Brigade	14th May, 1918	Vancouver, B.C.
Wood, J.	Corporal	24th Sept., 1914	Fort Frances, Ont.
Woodard, R. M.	Private	10th July, 1918	Tugaske, Sask.
*Woodcock, D.	Captain	Aug., 1914	Wetaskiwin, Alta.
Woods, A. R.	Private	28th Dec., 1915	Calgary, Alta.
*Woods, H. M.	Lieutenant	12th April, 1915	Retlaw, Alta.
*Woods, T. P.	Private	7th Mar., 1916	Yonge & College, Toronto, Ont.
†Woodward, I.	Private	April, 1916	Vegreville, Alta.
Killed in action 10th Aug., 1918.			
Woodward, K. B.	Sergeant	6th May, 1918	Nanaimo, B.C.
Woolley, D. B.	Lieutenant	Returned to England to enlist	Oct., 1914, Earlscourt, Toronto, Ont.
Woolley, S. V.	Private	8th Aug., 1914	Montreal, Que.
Wray, E. J.	Private	2nd Jan., 1915	Edmonton, Alta.
*Wray, W. L.	Lieutenant	July, 1915	Prince Albert, Sask.
*Wright, D. E.	Private (U.S. Army)	21st May, 1917	Portland, Ore., U.S.A.
*Wright, H.	Lieutenant	24th Aug., 1914	Fort Frances, Ont.
Wyatt, F. M.	Captain	15th Feb., 1916	Department of The Superintendent of Eastern Township Branches, Sherbrooke, Que.
Wylde, H. G.	Private	2nd Aug., 1915	Halifax, N.S.
Wylie, J. H.	Sapper	28th Mar., 1916	Stony Plain, Alta.
*Wynne, W. D.	Lieutenant, M.C.	25th Mar., 1915	Mount Royal, Calgary, Alta.
Wynne-Roberts, Miss B. A.	Nurse V.A.D.	13th Sept., 1916	Toronto, Ont.
Yeats, F. W.	Sergeant	June, 1917	Stony Plain, Alta.
†Yeo, E. L.	Second Lieutenant	Aug., 1914	London, Eng.
Died of wounds 7th Oct., 1916.			
Young, C. E.	Sergeant	24th Feb., 1915	Tillsonburg, Ont.
Young, E. C.	Gunner	May, 1918	St. Catherine & City Hall, Montreal, Que.
Young, W.	Private	4th Mar., 1916	Milk River, Alta.
Young, W. R.	Lieutenant	Sept., 1917	Swift Current, Sask.

Enlistments from The Dominion Realty Company, Limited, Toronto.

Bennett, E.	Sergeant	Jan., 1916	
Graham, C. W.	Lance-Corporal	12th Nov., 1914	
Jezeph, E.	Private	23rd April, 1918	
Jones, D. E.	Private	10th April, 1916	
Knott, E.	Sergeant	15th Mar., 1916	
MacRae, A. G.	Private	12th Jan., 1916	
*McLean, A. D.	Regimental Quarter-master Sergeant	18th Oct., 1914	
Nicoll, J.	Captain	18th Dec., 1915	
Radcliffe, W.	Corporal	19th Nov., 1914	

†Killed or died.

*Wounded.



We publish portraits of those of our staff who gave their
lives in the War, and of those who were decorated
or mentioned in despatches.





THE LATE SECOND LIEUTENANT EDMUND DE WIND, V.C.
(MENTIONED IN DESPACHES)

13th BATTALION, ROYAL IRISH RIFLES

Killed in action on 21st March, 1918.

NOTIFICATION OF VICTORIA CROSS AWARD FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE OF 15TH MAY, 1919.

"For most conspicuous bravery and self-sacrifice on the 21st March, 1918, at the Race Course Redoubt, near Grougie.

"For seven hours he held this most important post, and though twice wounded and practically single-handed, he maintained his position until another section could be got to his help.

"On two occasions, with two N.C.O.'s only, he got out on top under heavy machine-gun and rifle fire, and cleared the enemy out of the trench, killing many.

"He continued to repel attack after attack until he was mortally wounded and collapsed. His valour, self-sacrifice and example were of the highest order."



A. W. AITCHISON
Lieutenant, Military Cross. Died of wounds
18th May, 1916.



M. S. ALDRICH
Private. Killed in action
15th August, 1917.



A. M. ALEXANDER
Second Lieutenant. Killed in action
8th December, 1917
(Brother of the late Second Lieutenant
P. M. Alexander).



P. M. ALEXANDER
Second Lieutenant. Died of wounds
30th July, 1916.



G. F. ALLAN
Lance-Corporal. Killed in action
13th June, 1916.



ARTHUR H. ALLEN
Second Lieutenant. Killed in action
4th October, 1917.



B. S. ANDERSON
Signaller. Killed in action
26th August, 1917.



R. ANDERSON
Private. Killed in action
20th May, 1915.



R. M. APPLEBY
Lance-Corporal. Killed in action
22nd August, 1917.



W. R. ARCHIBALD
Second Lieutenant. Killed in action
27th June, 1918.



R. D. ARDEN
Second Lieutenant. Killed in action
7th October, 1916.



G. H. ARMSTRONG
Lieutenant. Died on active service
28th October, 1918.



S. BADLEY
Private. Killed in action
8th May, 1915.



C. T. BALDERSTON
Second Lieutenant. Died of wounds
26th June, 1917.



L. H. BARNARD
Lieutenant. Killed in action
23th August, 1916.



F. F. BARNES
Private. Killed in action
22nd May, 1915.



F. L. BATEMAN
Gunner. Died on active service
11th December, 1918.



L. M. BEAN
Private. Killed in action
23rd April, 1915.



R. S. M. BEATSON
Lieutenant. Killed in action
2nd July, 1916.



J. H. BEATTY
Private. Killed in action
1st April, 1918.



G. A. BECK
Lieutenant. Killed in action
9th April, 1917.



D. H. BELL
Captain. Military Cross. Killed in action
8th October, 1916.



J. M. G. BELL
Lieutenant. Military Cross. Died of wounds
11th October, 1918.



A. W. BEVAN
Private. Killed in action
9th August, 1916.



F. BLACK
Corporal. Killed in action
2nd December, 1915.



F. P. BLACKLAY
Private. Killed in action
26th Oct., 1915.



H. BLACKWOOD
Private. Killed in action
25th February, 1917.



W. M. BLOTT
Lieutenant. Died of wounds, while a prisoner of war
13th May, 1917.



P. E. O. BOOTH
Second Lieutenant. Killed in action
1st July, 1916.



F. C. J. BRAKE
Second Lieutenant. Killed in action
21st March, 1918.



H. L. BREAKEY
Lieutenant. Killed on active service
15th July, 1918.



D. P. BRENNAN
Lieutenant. Died on active service
12th November, 1918.



R. D. BRISCOE
Lieutenant. Killed on active service
6th January, 1915.



R. R. P. BROWN
Lance-Corporal. Died of wounds
27th October, 1917.



A. E. BROWNE
Lieutenant. Killed in action
9th April, 1917.



H. R. V. BUCHANAN
Private. Died of wounds
27th September, 1918.



C. E. BUZZELL
Lance-Corporal. Died on active service
24th December, 1916.



J. CAGNEY
Private. Died of wounds
30th March, 1916.



L. E. CALLAGHAN
Private. Killed in action
13th October, 1915.



F. B. CAMERON
Lieutenant. Died of wounds
19th August, 1916.



G. J. CAMERON
Private. Killed in action
1st October, 1918.



D. J. M. CAMPBELL
Lieutenant. Killed in action
12th July, 1916.



W. L. CARMICHAEL
Lieutenant. Killed in action
17th August, 1917.



J. M. CHILD
Captain. Military Cross, Mentioned in Despatches,
Belgian Order of Leopold, Belgian Croix de Guerre.
Killed on active service 23rd August, 1918.



T. A. CHRISTIE
Sergeant-Major. Died of wounds
8th June, 1916.



J. O. CLARINGBOLD
Private. Killed in action
3rd October, 1918.



G. E. CLARKE
Second Lieutenant. Killed in action
23rd July, 1916.



J. COWIE
Private. Killed in action
30th October, 1917.



J. M. CRAM
Lieutenant. Killed on active service
26th August, 1918.



J. CRAMP
Private. Died on active service
27th October, 1918.



M. S. CRAWFORD
Corporal. Died on active service
14th October, 1918.



E. W. A. CRONHELM
Gunner. Died of wounds
8th May, 1917.



J. C. CURRIE
Private. Killed in action
9th April, 1917.



F. F. B. DARLEY
Private. Died of wounds
22nd November, 1916.



C. De FALLOT
Captain. Died of wounds
15th July, 1915.



R. S. DEUEL
Lance-Corporal. Died in a German hospital,
while a prisoner of war,
28th June, 1917.



C. F. DICK
Private. Killed in action
30th October, 1917.



F. E. DODGE
Private. Killed in action
14th October, 1915.



W. L. DONALD
Gunner. Killed in action
30th September, 1918.



W. H. DORÉ
Captain. Killed in action
9th August, 1918.



E. DRUMMOND-HAY
Lieutenant. Killed in action
2nd September, 1918.



G. DUFF
Sergeant. Killed in action
27th April, 1918



G. C. DUFFUS
Lance-Corporal. Died of wounds
24th December, 1916.



L. T. DULEY
Lieutenant. Killed in action
29th September, 1918.



H. A. DUNCAN
Captain. Killed in action
9th October, 1916.



W. A. ELDERKIN
Private. Killed in action
7/4th June, 1916.



L. ELSLEY
Lieutenant. Killed in action
5th April, 1917.



F. L. EMMERSON
Private. Killed in action
1st May, 1917.



E. H. EXSHAW
Private. Died of wounds
16th August, 1917.



W. H. FALKNER
Second Lieutenant. Killed in action
20th October, 1917.



R. F. FANE
Private. Killed in action
11th November, 1917.



R. M. FERGUSON
Second Lieutenant. Killed in action
13th November, 1916.



K. C. FINDLAY
Lance-Corporal. Killed in action
7th October, 1916.



I. M. FISHER
Lance-Corporal. Died of wounds
16th August, 1917.



E. FITTON
Private. Died of wounds
29th July, 1916.



F. G. FLOWER
Second Lieutenant. Killed in action
18th December, 1917.



I. G. FORBES
Flight Cadet. Died on active service
30th October, 1918.



J. A. M. FORBES
Private. Killed in action
11th September, 1916.



W. H. FOWLER
Private. Killed in action
27th April, 1915



G. W. A. FRASER
Sergeant. Killed in action
15th June, 1916.



J. FREEMAN
Private. Died on active service
26th February, 1917.



O. K. J. V. FRIJS
(Count, Peerage of Denmark)
Private. Killed in action
15th November, 1915



W. N. GALAUGHER
Lieutenant. Killed in action
20th March, 1915.



C. S. GARDEN
Lieutenant. Killed on active service
2nd June, 1918.



D. P. GIBSON
Second Lieutenant. Died on active service
July, 1918.



J. A. K. GILDEA
Second Lieutenant. Killed in action
11th July, 1916



N. A. GILLESPIE
Private. Died in a German hospital
25th April, 1915.



V. A. GILLESPIE
Private. Died of wounds
1st October, 1917.



F. F. GODSMAN
Private. Died of wounds
21st June, 1917.



A. G. H. GODWIN
Private. Killed in action
21st August, 1917.



W. H. GOODALE
Lieutenant. Killed in action
1st August, 1918



C. GORDON
Lieutenant. Killed in action
20th September, 1918.



D. E. GORDON
Second Lieutenant. Killed in action
14th July, 1916



J. E. GRAY
Lance-Corporal. Died of wounds
28th December, 1917.



F. J. GUY
Private. Killed in action
9th April, 1917.



G. R. HALES
Private. Killed in action
15th September, 1916.



R. N. HANNA
Private. Killed in action
28th April, 1917.



A. W. HARDING
Private. Killed in action
6th November, 1917.



C. A. HARRIS
Second Lieutenant. Died of wounds
3rd November, 1916.



C. D. HARRISON
Flight Cadet. Died of injuries
27th June, 1918.



F. HARRISON
Sergeant. Killed in action
23rd May, 1915.



H. W. HARRISON
Second Lieutenant. Mentioned in Despatches.
Died of wounds
9th June, 1917.



V. O. A. HART
Private. Died of wounds
11th August, 1918.



J. A. C. HENDERSON
Signaller. Died on active service
28th October, 1918.



W. HENDERSON
Sergeant. Killed in action
12th November, 1917



R. E. G. HENRY
Corporal. Killed in action
28th September, 1918.



R. S. HILLARY
Signaller. Died of wounds.
4th April, 1917.



W. E. HOAD
Gunner. Killed in action
30th March, 1918.



J. T. HOARE
Lance-Corporal. Died on
24th January, 1915.



S. HODGE
Private. Killed in action
14th September, 1918.



G. K. HOLLAND
Lieutenant. Killed in action
8th November, 1917.



D. B. HOPE
Driver. Killed in action
18th August, 1917.



I. H. HUEHN
Private. Killed in action
4th June, 1916.



E. IBBOTSON
Second Lieutenant. Military Cross. Killed in action
11th April, 1917.



G. M. INGMIRE
Assistant Paymaster (R.N.R.)
Died on active service
7th August, 1916.



W. P. IRVINE
Private. Killed in action
3rd May, 1917.



G. H. JACKSON
Gunner. Killed in action
27th March, 1916.



J. R. JESSOP
Captain. Killed in action
6th October, 1916.



R. E. N. JONES
Lieutenant. Killed in action
6th April, 1916.



J. R. KEITH
Company Sergeant-Major. Died on active service
17th February, 1915



A. M. KERR
Corporal. Died of wounds
26th September, 1916.



A. E. KINGHAN
Lieutenant. Two Parchment Certificates for Gallantry
in the Field. Killed in action
6th September, 1916.



G. C. LAMB
Lance-Corporal. Died of wounds while a
prisoner of war
24th March, 1918.



M. P. LANE
Lieutenant. Killed in action
28th September, 1916



G. E. LATIMER
Private. Died of wounds
9th April, 1917



F. K. LEFROY
Second Lieutenant. Died of wounds
7th April, 1917.



E. G. LEITCH
Bombardier. Killed in action
10th July, 1917.



G. M. LeTHICKE
Second Lieutenant. Killed on active service
23rd July, 1915.



W. S. LINDSAY
Private. Died of wounds
11th June, 1917.



C. W. LIPSHAM
Private. Killed in action
17th May, 1915.



R. W. R. LITCHFIELD
Flight Cadet. Killed on active service
2nd May, 1918.



R. M. LIVINGSTONE
Private. Died of wounds
27th October, 1916.



St.G. O. LLOYD
Sergeant Mentioned in Despatches. Killed in action
19th February, 1917.



C. D. LLWYD
Captain. Military Cross. Killed in action
1st October, 1918.



W. B. LOGAN
Private. Killed in action
9th October, 1916



J. LOW
Private. Killed in action
18th May, 1915.



M. M. LUPTON
Company Sergeant-Major. Killed in action
9th April, 1917.



W. H. LYALL
Private. Killed in action
29th September, 1918.



C. A. LYNCH
Private. Killed in action
24th March, 1918.



L. G. LYON
Lieutenant. Died of wounds
11th September, 1918.



K. H. C. MACARDLE
Second Lieutenant. Killed in action
9th July, 1916.



E. C. MacCALLUM
Lieutenant. Killed in action
31st October, 1917.



W. B. MacDUFF
Second Lieutenant. Killed in action
2nd December, 1917.



A. R. MACKEDIE
Captain. Killed in action
28th August, 1918.



W. A. G. MacKENZIE
Lieutenant. Killed in action
29th September, 1918



A. P. MacMILLAN
Lieutenant. Military Cross. Killed in action
26th August, 1918.



M. MacRAE
Lieutenant. Military Cross. Killed in action
29th September, 1918.



G. R. A. MAITLAND
Lance-Corporal. Killed in action
3rd May, 1917.



K. L. MARTIN
Lance-Corporal. Killed in action
14th February, 1918.



MR. A. MARTIN-DAVY
Drowned in the "Lusitania" disaster on 7th May, 1915,
while returning to England to undertake military
duty



C. A. MATHESON
Private. Killed in action
26th October, 1917.



E. C. MEE
Lieutenant. Killed in action
3rd September, 1916.



J. N. MEE
Lieutenant. Killed in action
25th June, 1918.
(Brother of the late Lieutenant
E. C. Mee)



R. D. MILES
Second Lieutenant. Military Cross. Died of wounds
17th August, 1917.



R. B. MILLER
Corporal. Killed in action
3rd August, 1916.



E. C. W. MOCKLER
Lance-Corporal. Died of wounds
7th May, 1915.



C. K. B. MOGG
Lieutenant. Killed in action
11th November, 1917.



W. V. MOORE
Lieutenant. Died on active service
3rd March, 1919.



H. P. MORGAN
Lieutenant. Military Medal. Killed in action
6th October, 1918.



E. L. MORLEY
Lieutenant. Killed on active service
26th July, 1918.



A. G. MORRIS
Second Lieutenant. Died of wounds
10th June, 1916.



H. MORRISON
Major. Mentioned in Despatches. Killed in action
23rd April, 1918.



A. E. B. MORTON
Lieutenant. Killed in action
24th September, 1916.



F. M. MURPHY
Lieutenant. Mentioned in Despatches. Died of
wounds
2nd September, 1918.



R. B. McCARTHY
Lieutenant. Killed in action
9th April, 1917.



J. A. B. McCLURE
Captain. Killed in action
21st August, 1917



A. A. McDONALD
Flight Cadet. Died on active service
5th January, 1919.



J. J. McEACHERN
Gunner. Died on active service
24th March, 1917.



J. W. McFARLAND
Private. Killed in action
3rd June, 1916



J. H. McHARG
Lieutenant. Killed in action
31st July, 1918.



H. McINNES
Private. Killed in action
30th October, 1917.



F. C. McKENNA
Private. Killed in action
2nd October, 1918.



J. D. McNULTY
Gunner. Killed in action
25th May, 1917.



T. G. McTAGGART
Gunner. Killed in action
27th September, 1918.



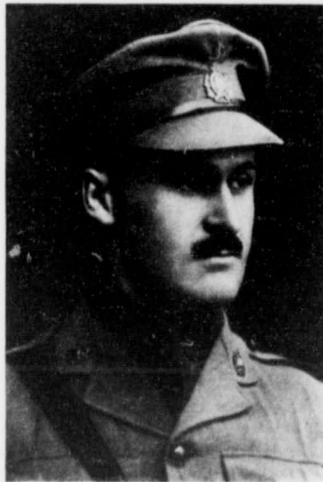
H. P. NEIL
Gunner. Killed in action
12th December, 1917.



I. L. K. NUTTALL
Private. Killed on active service
3rd October, 1915.



J. R. ORR
Lieutenant. Killed in action
9th August, 1918.



P. R. PAE
Lieutenant. Died of wounds.
1st October, 1918.



G. W. PARKER
Private. Died on
20th January, 1919.



N. T. PATERSON
Private. Died of wounds
23rd September, 1916.



F. W. PATTON
Lieutenant. Killed in action
10th August, 1917.



G. STEWART PATTERSON
Private. Died on active service
8th March, 1915.



N. E. PATTON
Private. Killed in action
4th June, 1916.



M. A. PEARSON
Bombardier. Killed in action
6th August, 1918.



J. C. PETTES
Private. Killed in action
19th May, 1918.



T. H. O. PHAIR
Flight Cadet. Died on active service
14th June, 1918.



G. M. PIRIE.
Private. Died of wounds
1st July, 1915.



D. M. PITTENDRIGH
Private. Died of wounds
2nd May, 1916.



L. PLAYNE
Second Lieutenant. Killed in action
27th March, 1918.



A. D. POLE
Private. Killed in action
2nd September, 1918.



M. A. PRATTE
Private. Killed in action
9th August, 1918.



W. PROUDFOOT
Lieutenant. Killed in action
27th September, 1918.



C. C. PURDY
Flight Lieutenant. Killed in action
15th February, 1918.



S. H. RAPSON
Private. Died of wounds
8th May, 1917.



C. W. F. RAWLE
Second Lieutenant. Killed in action
4/5th April, 1916.



H. G. RAYMOND
Sergeant. Died of wounds
27th June, 1916.



S. T. READ
Private. Died of wounds
24th April, 1916.



A. J. REID
Private. Killed in action
23rd March, 1918.



C. A. RICHARDS
Private. Died of wounds
2nd June, 1916.



N. H. RICKETTS
Lieutenant. Died of wounds
31st December, 1915.



J. S. RODGERSON
Lieutenant. Killed in action
13th May, 1917.



G. ROGERS
Corporal. Killed in action
6th June, 1916.



H. J. ROULEAU
Private. Died of wounds
13th September, 1917.



G. RUBERY
Lance-Corporal. Died on active service
29th May, 1918.



J. E. RYERSON
Captain. Distinguished Service Order. Mentioned in
Despatches. Killed in action
19th September, 1916



W. A. RYMAL
Second Lieutenant. Killed on active service
5th September, 1918.



E. RYRIE
Lieutenant. Killed in action
17th July, 1917



L. A. SANDS
Flight Lieutenant. Killed in action
22nd March, 1918.



C. V. C. SCOTT
Private. Died of wounds
5th December, 1916.



J. R. D. SCOTT
Private. Accidentally drowned
23rd December, 1915.



P. B. SHAW
Gunner. Died of wounds
18th October, 1918.



J. D. SHEPPARD
Lieutenant. Died on active service
7th November, 1918.



S. B. SIMPSON
Lieutenant. Mentioned in Despatches. Killed in
action
1st October, 1916.



N. F. SINCLAIR
Sergeant-Major Mentioned in Despatches. Died on
active service
22nd September, 1917.



G. C. M. SKEAD
Sergeant. Killed in action
17th September, 1916.



G. F. SKELTON
Private. Died of wounds
12th September, 1916.



G. F. SMALL
Flight Cadet. Died on active service
12th May, 1918.



C. B. SMILLIE
Sergeant. Died of wounds
14th November, 1917.



D. R. M. SMITH
Second Lieutenant. Killed in action
27th May, 1918.



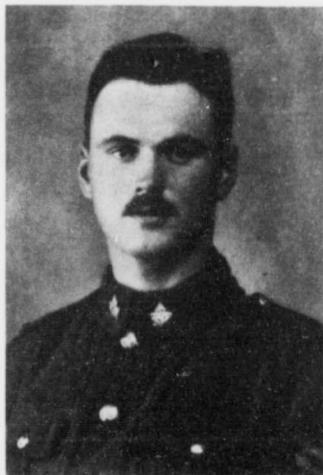
L. C. D. SMITH
Private. Died of wounds
30th September, 1918.



W. H. SNYDER
Lieutenant. Killed in action
24th March, 1918.



J. W. STANWAY
Sergeant. Killed in action
29th August, 1918.



H. J. STEWART
Sergeant. Died on active service
5th July, 1918.



J. STEWART
Sergeant. Died of wounds, while a prisoner of war in
Germany
27th May, 1915.



T. E. W. STEWART
Lance-Corporal. Killed in action
1st-2nd October, 1916.



S. H. STOCKWELL
Sergeant. Killed in action
15th August, 1917.



A. T. STONER
Lance-Corporal. Killed in action
16th November, 1917.



F. H. STRIKER
Private. Killed in action
4th June, 1916.



G. W. SUTER
Lieutenant. Killed in action
2nd September, 1918.



D. A. SUTHERLAND
Lieutenant. Killed in action
15th October, 1917.



G. B. SYDDALL
Captain. Killed in action
4th January, 1918.



G. D. M. TAINSH
Private. Killed in action
28th April, 1917.



E. C. TEMPLETON
Private. Killed on active service
25th May, 1917



A. B. THORNE
Lieutenant. Killed on active service
8th May, 1918.



C. C. H. TRIPP
Second Lieutenant. Killed in action
13th November, 1916.



W. TUCKER
Lance-Corporal. Died of wounds
25th October, 1915



H. A. H. TUCKWELL
Lieutenant. Killed in action
4th July, 1918.



W. J. S. TYDD
Lieutenant. Died of wounds
22nd January, 1917.



W. VRADENBURG
Gunner. Killed in action
3rd September, 1918.



F. E. WARD
Private. Died on active service
2nd March, 1919.



L. C. WARD
Private. Killed in action
5th November, 1917.



W. G. WARD
Signaller. Killed in action
5th November, 1918.



J. S. WATSON
Corporal. Died of wounds
5th May, 1918.



N. C. WATSON
Second Lieutenant. Killed in action
24th April, 1917



P. B. WATSON
Corporal. Killed in action
27th June, 1916.



F. C. WEBSTER
Sergeant. Accidentally drowned
19th July, 1918.



R. L. WEBSTER
Corporal. Killed in action
18th November, 1916.



N. A. WHEADON
Lance-Corporal. Military Medal. Died of wounds
10th April, 1917.



H. WILBRAHAM-TAYLOR
Private. Killed in action
24th April, 1915



A. P. WILLIAMS
Private. Killed in action
19th November, 1916



J. WILLIAMSON
Private. Killed in action
26th September, 1916.



A. M. WILSON
Corporal. Killed in action
15th August, 1917.



H. F. WILSON
Private. Killed in action
30th October, 1917.



J. W. WILSON
Lieutenant. Killed in action
27th December, 1917.



A. C. WITTET
Private. Killed in action
21st July, 1917.



I. WOODWARD
Private. Killed in action
10th August, 1918.



E. L. YEO
Second Lieutenant. Died of wounds
7th October, 1916.



F. S. J. ADAMS
Captain. Military Cross.



W. P. ADAMS
Sergeant. Distinguished Conduct Medal.
Military Medal.



J. L. G. ANNETT
Sergeant. Military Medal.



J. M. APPERSON
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



C. H. BARNES
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



H. G. BARNUM
Captain. Military Cross and Mentioned in Despatches.



J. P. BASTON
Regimental Sergeant-Major, Meritorious
Service Medal. Belgian Croix de Guerre.



J. BLACK
Captain. Military Cross. French Croix de Guerre



O. BLACKLER
Lieutenant. Mentioned in Despatches.



I. H. BOWDEN
Sergeant. Military Medal.



G. S. S. BOWERBANK
Major. Distinguished Service Order. Military Cross
Mentioned in Despatches.



G. M. BRAWLEY
Captain. Mentioned in Despatches.



J. A. BRICE
Cadet (Sergeant). Meritorious Service Medal.



H. M. CALDER
Lieutenant. Mentioned in Despatches (twice).



C. CARMICHAEL
Lieutenant. Military Cross



W. R. CARNWITH
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



R. S. CARROLL
Captain. Air Force Cross.



W. L. CLARKE
Sergeant. Military Medal.



A. COCKERAM
Captain. Distinguished Service Order. Mentioned
in Despatches.



W. COCKERAM
Sapper. Military Medal.
(Brother of Captain A. Cockeram, D.S.O.)



I. B. COREY
Lieutenant. Distinguished Flying Cross.



A. T. CROFT
Captain. Military Cross.



V. CURRAN
Captain. Military Cross. Mentioned in Despatches.



M. CURRIE
Major. Military Cross.



N. D. DALTON
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



E. H. DANIEL
Captain. Military Cross.



R. J. DARCUS
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



J. A. DAVIN
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



C. W. DAVISON
Bombardier. Military Medal.



R. A. DOIRON
Lieutenant. Military Medal.



J. C. DOW
Corporal. Military Medal and Bar.



M. DUNSFORD
Captain. Mentioned in Despatches.



N. J. EGAN
Lieutenant. Military Cross. Mentioned in
Despatches.



G. T. ELLIOTT
Corporal. Distinguished Conduct Medal. Belgian
Croix de Guerre.



I. C. FALCONER
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



T. de C. FALLE
Captain. Military Cross. Mentioned in Despatches.
Parchment Certificate for Gallantry in the Field.



T. C. FLOYD
Major. Military Cross.



H. A. FORD
Lance-Corporal. Military Medal.



W. B. FORSTER
Major. Military Cross. Mentioned in Despatches
(twice). French Croix de Guerre.



C. J. FOX
Sergeant. Mentioned in Despatches.



A. FRASER
Captain. Mentioned in Despatches



A. J. E. GIBSON
Lieutenant. Military Cross



R. B. GIBSON
Lieutenant. Military Cross. Military Medal.
Mentioned in Despatches.



W. A. GILBERT
Cadet. Distinguished Conduct Medal.



A. D. GOLDEN
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



B. F. GOSSAGE
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



F. A. GRAHAM
Sergeant. Military Medal



A. L. HAMILTON
Colonel. Companion of the most Distinguished Order
of St. Michael and St. George. Mentioned in
Despatches.



A. K. HARVIE
Captain. Military Cross. Mentioned in Despatches.



R. E. HEASLIP
Captain. Military Cross. Mentioned in Despatches.



R. T. E. HICKS-LYNE
Captain Military Cross.



W. HILL
Driver. Military Medal.



R. HILLIARD
Signaller. Military Medal.



R. J. J. HOGG
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



R. J. HOLMES
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



S. F. HOLMES
Captain. Russian Order of St. Stanislaus. Italian
Croce di Guerra. Italian Red Cross Bronze Medal.
Roumanian Medal for Merit.



J. E. JARVIS
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



E. M. JOHNSTONE
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



C. B. F. JONES
Captain. Military Cross.



M. F. KEEPING
Lieutenant. Mentioned in Despatches.



A. M. KINNEAR
Captain. Military Cross. Air Force Cross.



G. H. KRESS
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



F. LAMONT
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



J. G. G. LAYTON
Second Lieutenant. Mentioned in Despatches.



W. K. M. LEADER
Captain. Military Cross.



E. R. LEATHER
Captain. Military Cross.



G. LEGH-JONES
Lieutenant. Member of the Order of the British
Empire (Military Division) 1914 Star.



J. M. LEIGHTON
Staff Sergeant. Meritorious Service Medal.



R. H. LEPPER
Conducteur Sergeant (French Army). Parchment
Certificate of Honour awarded by
French Government.



O. R. LOBLEY
Lieutenant-Colonel. Officer of the Order of the
British Empire (Military Division) Mentioned in
Despatches.



J. H. LOVETT
Lieutenant-Colonel. Military Cross.



D. J. MACDONALD
Cadet. Military Medal and Bar.



T. P. MacKENZIE
Major. Military Cross.



F. J. MAGINN
Lieutenant. Distinguished Service Order.



R. H. MARLOW
Captain. Mentioned in Despatches.



G. MARTIN
Corporal. Military Medal.



F. A. MATHESON
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



J. C. MATHESON
Major. Military Cross.



F. M. MATHIAS
Captain (Acting Lieutenant-Colonel). Distinguished
Service Order. Mentioned in Despatches.



D. K. MILLER
Sergeant. Belgian Croix de Guerre.



P. W. MILLER
Lance-Corporal. Military Medal.



A. MILLIGAN
Captain. Military Cross. Mentioned in Despatches.



J. R. C. MOFFATT
Battery Sergeant-Major. Military Medal.



A. G. MORDY
Major. Distinguished Service Order. Mentioned in
Despatches (twice).



A. B. MORKILL
Captain. Military Cross and Bar.



W. M. MORRISON
Sergeant. Military Medal.



J. MUNRO
Second Lieutenant. Military Cross.



F. C. MURRAY
Corporal. Military Medal.



T. W. L. MUTCH
Sergeant. Meritorious Service Medal.



F. S. McCLAFFERTY
Cadet. Military Medal.



T. W. McCONKEY
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



T. C. MCGILL
Captain. Member of the Order of the British Empire.
(Military Division) Mentioned in Despatches
(three times).



J. A. MCGREGOR
Lieutenant. Military Cross and Military Medal.



A. R. McIVER
Staff Sergeant. Mentioned in Despatches. Russian
Cross of St. George. Russian Medal (Fourth Class)
Order of St. Stanislaus



P. H. NESBITT
Sergeant. Meritorious Service Medal.



H. OAG
Lieutenant. Military Medal.



R. R. OLIVER
Lieutenant. Military Cross.
Mentioned in Despatches.



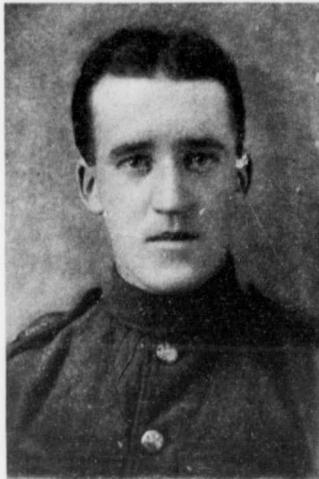
J. C. ORR
Lieutenant. Board of Trade Silver Medal.



A. M. PARSONS
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



F. R. PEIRSON
Captain. Military Cross and Bar.



R. E. PRITCHARD
Sergeant. Mentioned in Despatches.



S. QUINTON
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



P. C. READ
Lance-Corporal. Distinguished Conduct Medal.



T. R. ROGERS
Sergeant. Military Medal. 22



T. S. RONALDSON
Sergeant. Military Medal.



H. E. ROSE
Major. Military Cross.



F. M. ROSS
Captain. Military Cross.



I. B. SAVAGE
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



S. R. SAY
Captain. Military Cross.



A. C. SCOTT
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



G. E. SCROGGIE
Captain. Military Cross.



R. SHEARD
Flight Cadet. Military Medal



H. R. SMITH
Bombardier. Military Medal.



J. A. H. SMITH
Cadet. Military Medal.



R. R. SMYTH
Corporal. Military Medal.



H. V. SPANKIE
Captain. Military Cross.



H. M. STAIRS
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



T. STEELE
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



J. STEPHENSON
Gunner. Military Medal.



F. S. STEVENS
Regimental Sergeant-Major. Meritorious Service
Medal.



J. STILL
Captain. Officer of the Order of the British Empire
(Military Division). Mentioned in Despatches.



D. C. THOMSON
Captain. Mentioned in Despatches.



M. H. THURSBY
Lieutenant. Military Medal.



J. A. G. TYRWHITT
Corporal. Military Medal.



A. G. A. VIDLER
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



H. C. WALCOT
Captain. Military Cross.



N. L. WELLS
Captain. Mentioned in Despatches.



E. R. C. WILCOX
Major. Military Cross. Mentioned in Despatches.



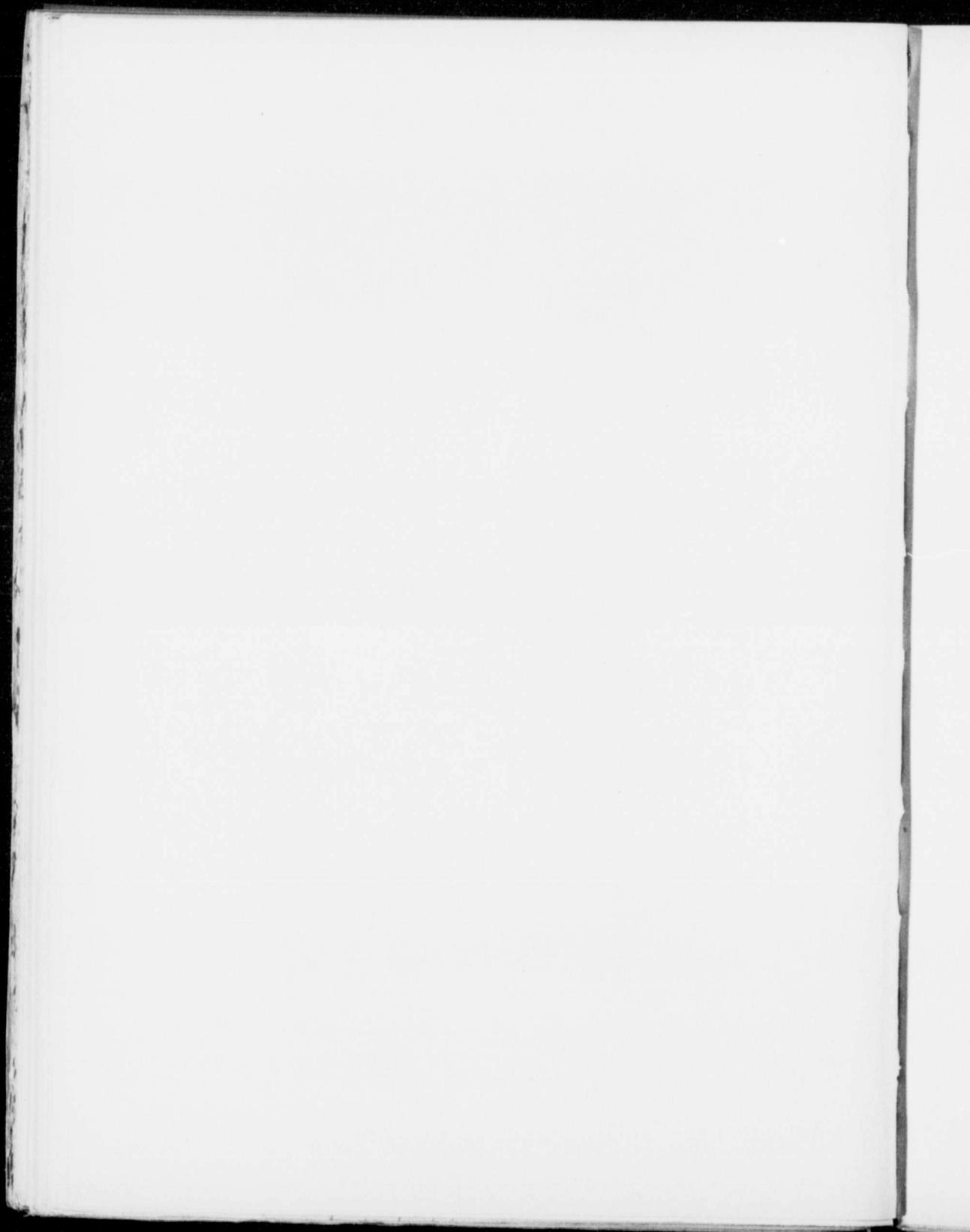
H. P. WILLIAMS
Captain. Military Cross. Mentioned in Despatches.
Two Parchment Certificates for Gallantry in the Field.



J. P. WINNING
Sergeant. Meritorious Service Medal.



W. D. WYNNE
Lieutenant. Military Cross.



We regret that we have been unable to obtain
photographs of the following five members
of our staff who received decorations :

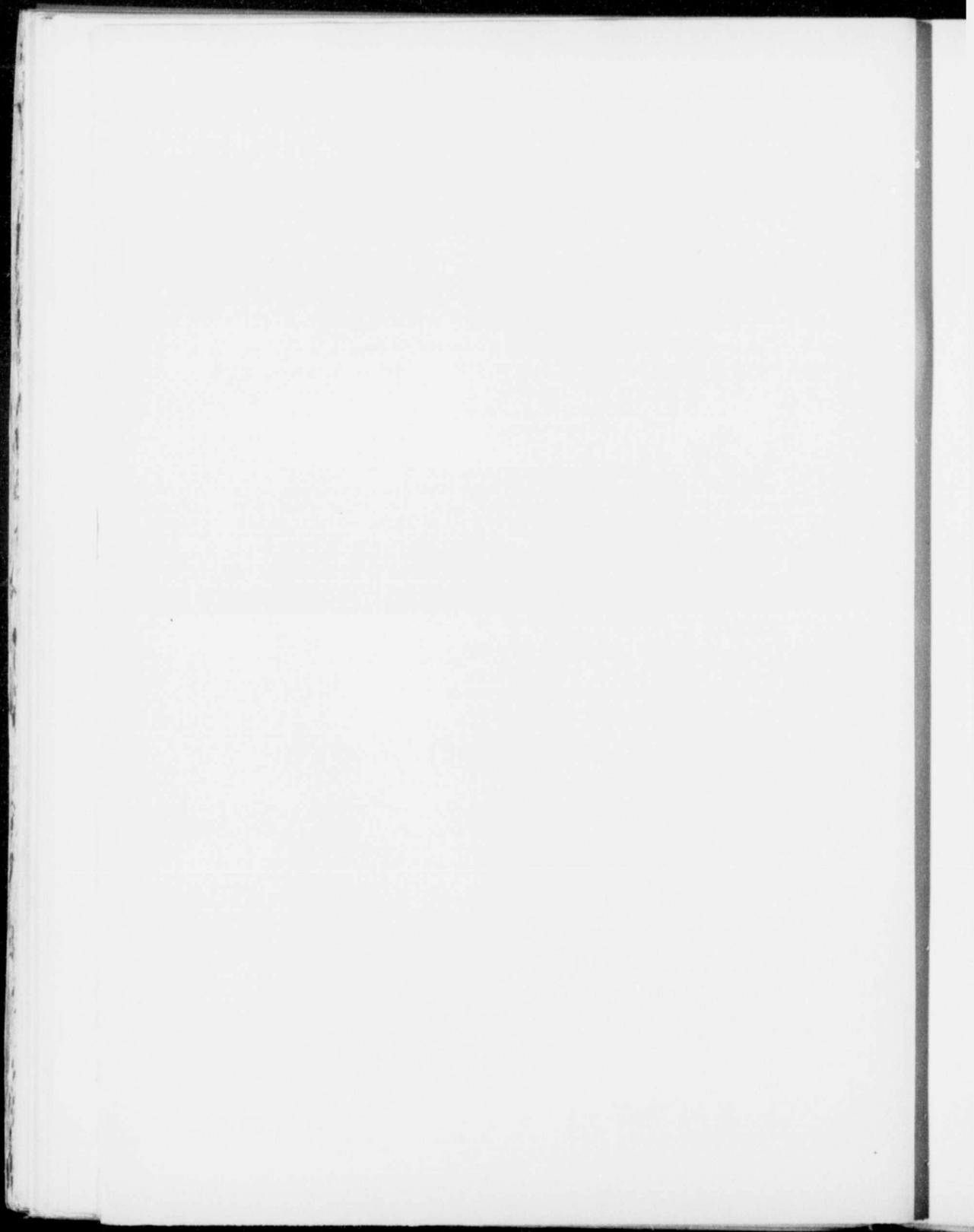
SERGEANT A. F. BOYLE
Meritorious Service Medal

CAPTAIN G. M. EMERSON
Officer of the Order of the British Empire
(Military Division)

MAJOR H. V. B. HILL
Officer of the Order of the British Empire
(Military Division)

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. LEGGAT
Military Cross
Mentioned in Despatches

LIEUTENANT F. B. SHAW
Croix de Guerre (French)

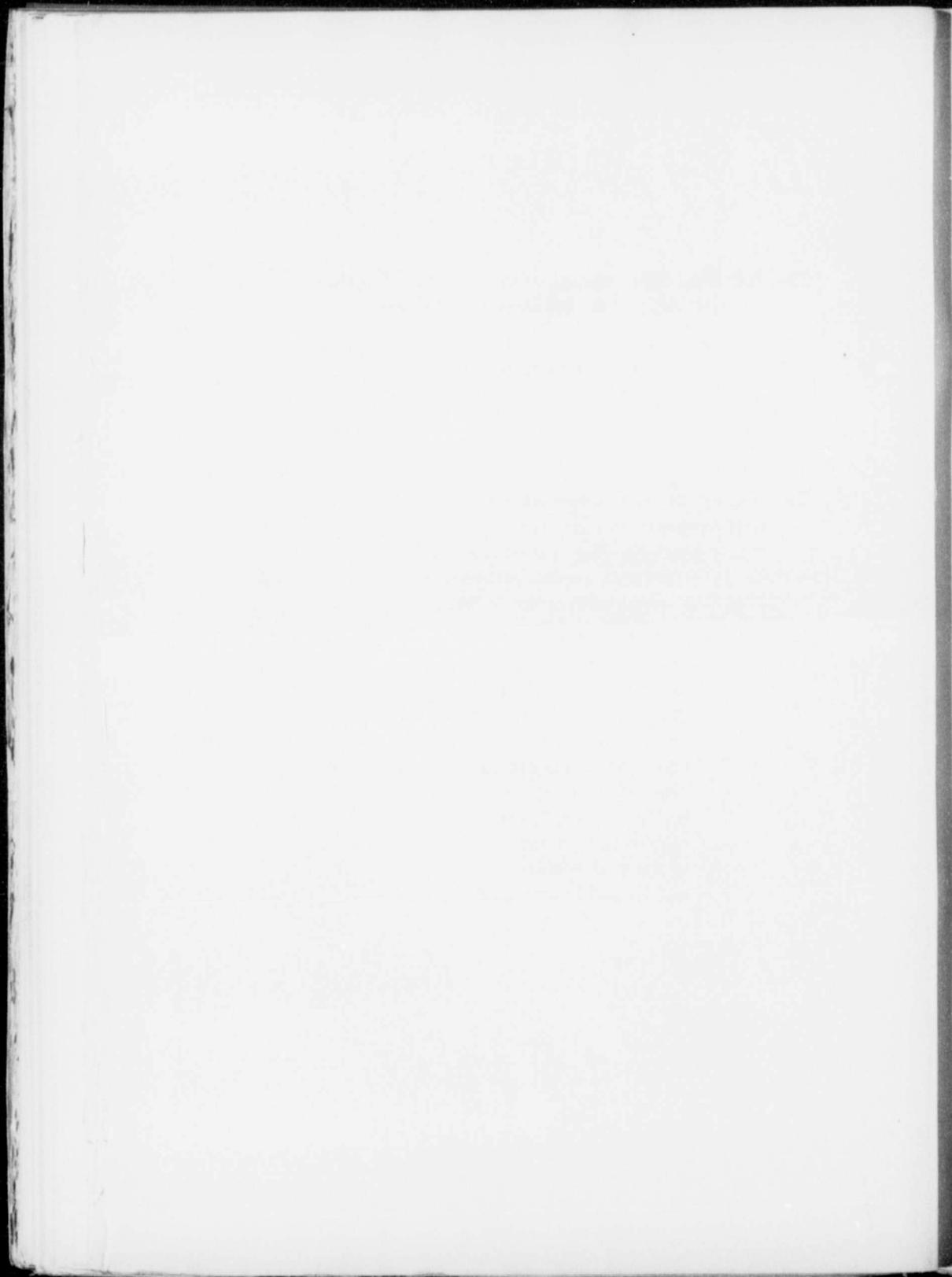


The following two officers were awarded Parchment
Certificates for Gallantry in the Field:

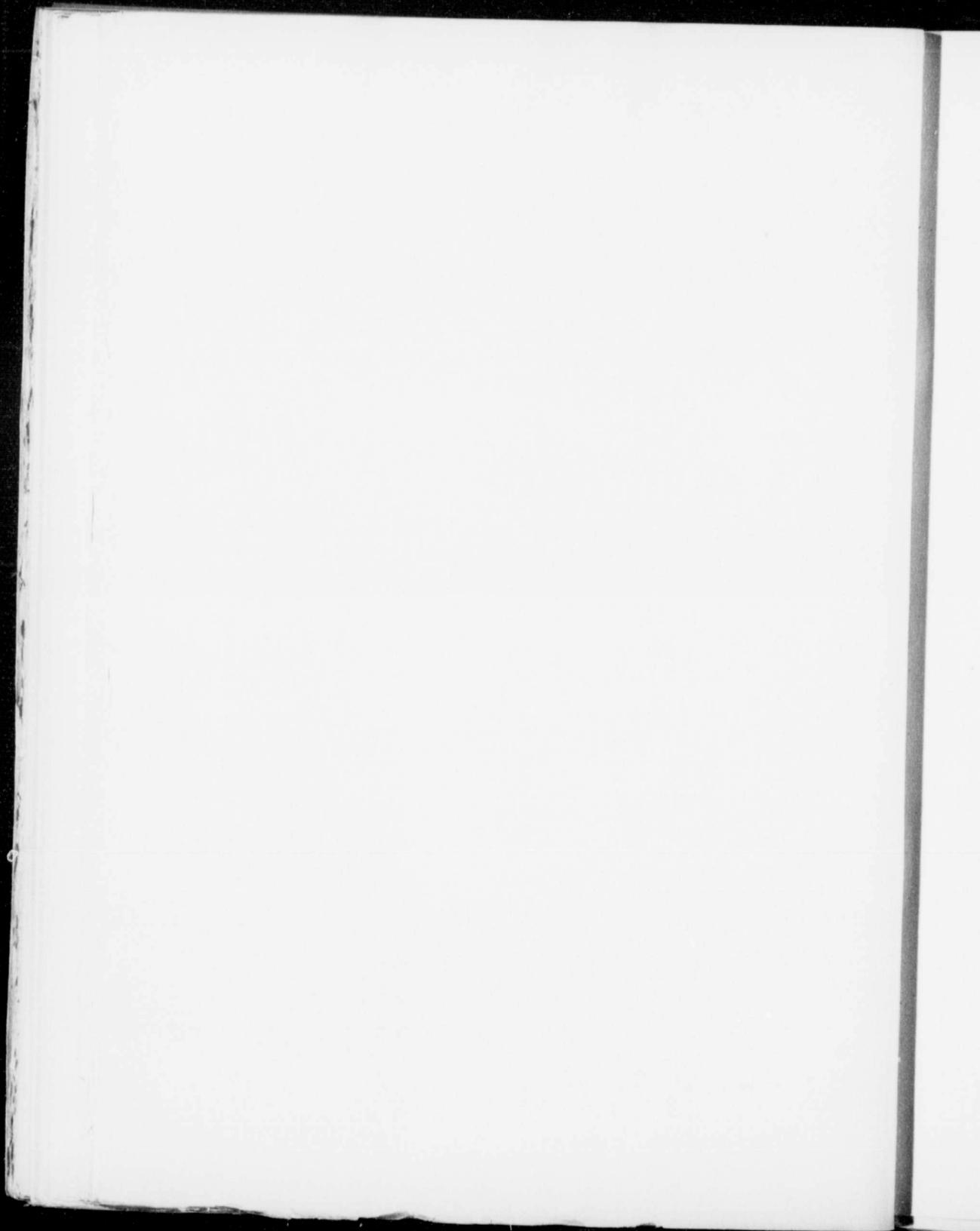
LIEUTENANT V. MITCHEL
CAPTAIN C. L. J. McCARTHY

The names of the following members of our staff
were brought to the notice of the Secretary
of State for War, for valuable services
rendered (administrative) in
connection with the War:

LIEUTENANT F. C. COLEMAN
CAPTAIN J. D. CRUICKSHANK
STAFF-SERGEANT D. B. DARLEY
SECOND LIEUTENANT W. H. FINDLAY
REGIMENTAL SERGEANT-MAJOR R. T. FOWLER
SERGEANT A. D. HARRIS
MAJOR J. C. MACPHERSON
CAPTAIN J. R. PURDY
MAJOR R. M. WATSON
LIEUTENANT A. B. WILKINSON



Letters from the Front



Letters from the Front

The first of the letters received were from members of the London, Eng., staff who had naturally reached the firing line at an earlier date than was possible for volunteers from Canada.

Lieutenant P. M. Alexander (British Expeditionary Force) in a letter dated 21st November, 1914, describes the first of the fighting at Messines.

(Lieutenant Alexander, before his death in July, 1916, affirmed that the fighting in this action at Messines was not nearly so fierce as in some of his later engagements and about which no scaring newspaper headlines were forthcoming.)

"To begin with, I expect you would like to hear a little of my point of view of our first battle, which caused such flaring headlines and stirring accounts in all the newspapers. As far as I am concerned personally, I moved forward with my Company into action in extended order and came under fire for the first time as we moved over the brow of a hill, across open ploughed fields and root crops. Here, of course, we came into the view of the enemy and were immediately met with terrific fire, including rifle and maxim, and above all shrapnel and 'Jack Johnsons' or 'Black Marias' (as the huge shells are variously called) bursting everywhere. As they seemed to have the exact range, the fire simply mowed down our ranks, and I should think that quite half of our casualties (i.e. 'G' Company) were caused in the first half hour. All we could do was to lie down flat at once and make use of every scrap of cover we could find, which was more or less nil. The first advance was made at about mid-day. I, with the rest, lay I suppose some ten minutes, which seemed more like hours, flattened on the ground, bullets whizzing round my ears with a buzzing sound, just like so many wasps and bees. Then the chap on my left was hit through the body and lay groaning and various men around exclaiming they were hit. Well, the only thing we could do was to advance, so as the order came, up we jumped and dashed another thirty or forty yards forward and down again. Our object was to reinforce the trenches some way in front of us, rather on our left

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

flank, from which direction the maxim fire was heaviest. At this time, as one of our officers and several N.C.O.'s were hit, we could again get no actual orders passed down the line, so we were left to act more or less on our own initiative. So up we got again, still under the same terrific fire and made another dash, and a few of us reached the trenches which were held by the Carbineers. Others had to retire a little to a hedge, where they re-formed under an officer and started to dig themselves in.

"I was one of the lucky ones among those who reached the trenches first. I simply flung myself in (the trench was five feet deep with three feet head cover in front) and was only too glad to lie down in the bottom for a breather and to collect my thoughts a bit. The regulars there were simply fine fellows and soon bucked us up with their little jokes and kind attentions, and very soon we were up again and blazing away at the German trenches some four hundred yards in front, with the best. Well there I remained all day (i.e. 31st October, Hallowe'en) potting at Germans when they showed themselves, and our trenches were simply bombarded with heavy shell and shrapnel fire. Part of the trench was blown in by a 'J.J.' and we had to dig it out again, and several of our chaps and the regulars too were hit. As it got dark the shell fire slackened and almost ceased, and we were able to move about a little to stretch cramped limbs and to fetch water from a farm immediately on our left. We had some of our wounded there, and I gave a hand to our medical officer dressing one of our lieutenants who was shot through the cheek and ear, and had a scalp wound, too, from shrapnel.

"At about eleven p.m. I lay down in the trench to try and get a short rest, sentries being on the qui vive. At midnight we were suddenly alarmed that the enemy were advancing in great force all along the line and we immediately stood to our rifles. It is at this point that our further doings coincide more or less with newspaper reports. The enemy were swarming into the farm on our left in no time, and out we rushed from the trenches we had occupied all day and sprinted into the farmyard, and dodging behind barns, haystacks and outbuildings, took pot shots at every German we could see, at the same time fixing bayonets in readiness for emergencies. We were only a handful of men here, so could not attempt to hold the advance, merely to check it; so eventually fell back on another line of trenches immediately behind the farm-house some fifty yards away. The whole farm, barns and stacks were set alight by the enemy, and it burnt away as a huge beacon, lighting up everything all round all night. The effect of

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

this fire was to break the frontal attack and to cause their lines to advance each side of the farm along hedges, with our trenches in the centre of them, and we had no difficulty in checking them here, simply mowing them down with rifle fire as they advanced en masse, lit up by the flames. What rifle fire would not do, we found that a little persuasion with cold steel had the desired result. We, ourselves, unfortunately, were suffering pretty badly all this time, fellows falling all around. We held on to this trench until seven a.m. the next morning (Sunday, 1st November) when, as we were surrounded more or less on three sides, we had orders to retire, which we did down a small valley through copses and across fields for about two miles, through an inferno of maxim and rifle fire. On our way back we met strong British re-inforcements, and it turned out that we had held the German attack just long enough for these to arrive in time to finish the repulse of the enemy.

"At the moment we are a safe distance from the firing line, although we can still hear big guns rumbling away. I am in a very comfortable billet in an old farm house. Just ten of us together, and the good people who live here are just kindness and hospitality itself. We are all fast reviving with the aid of plenty of good food and sleep. I am feeling very fit now and quite enjoying a country holiday."

The following is a description of the conditions at St. Jean, near St. Eloi, in the Ypres salient, culled from a letter from Mr. N. E. Lawson of the London, Eng., staff, dated 8th December, 1914:

"We have just come through three days absolute hell. For two we were standing by, just behind the firing line. We had to live in a ditch at the side of a road until the rain came down in torrents and flooded us out. The only thing to do was to walk up and down the road and risk the shell fire. At last they got us into a shattered barn, but we were just settling down when the word came to go up to the firing line. We set off, but the officer guiding us was shot and we came to a standstill.

"Then the Germans opened a heavy fire and we made for some trenches, but found them already occupied, so we had to lie down behind for about two hours and freeze. After a bit all the platoons went off to the firing line, except ours; we were to be in support trenches. After a bit the regulars, whom we were relieving, filed by. They were in a terrible state as the trenches were waist deep in slush. Lots of them were crying with agony, others were gibbering mad. We had to take their places—it was a cheerful

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

prospect. Our Engineer officer gave our platoons leave, if we liked to take the risk of fire to dig new trenches for ourselves, but the regulars tried it the night before and lost a lot of men. However, we took it on but luckily did not lose a man. We simply worked like fiends. It was fine during the day, but later the rain came down again and everything we had was soaked, our clothes soaked to the skin. The water rose higher and higher, and we had to stand for twenty-four hours in slush and water; it came up over one's ankles and it was impossible to feel one's feet.

"When we were relieved we had a ten-mile march back to our billets. It was not a march, but a shamble, with men dropping down at the side of the road. The other platoons were worse than we were; they had been waist deep in water all the time. Lots of them were absolutely bent double with cramp, one died of exposure. We had one shot, one wounded. I am all right myself now. I think the march really saved me, as I could not stand up when we first got out of the trench.

"We arrived home at three o'clock yesterday morning and just flopped down in our wet things and slept. We had had no sleep for three nights.

"I think neat rum and chocolate were the things that saved our lives."

The following is an extract from a letter from Mr. A. C. Caton to the Manager of the London, Eng., branch, dated 20th February, 1915:

(The trenches adjoining the river were at Houplines on the River Lys. The billets referred to in the second paragraph were at Chapelle near Armentieres).

"Just before Christmas and the first half of January were the worst times we had as regards water and mud. Since the New Year we have been in trenches adjoining the river, and with a fortnight's continuous rain, during the whole of which time we were in the trenches, we were almost flooded out. In fact about fifty yards of the trench next the river had to be abandoned.

"I think we are one of the very few regiments fortunate or otherwise never to have been attacked, although we have several times been under fairly heavy shell fire and rifle fire from snipers, which go on all day and night. On one occasion when we were in billets the Germans started shelling us. I was in one of the upper rooms until I thought the shells were dropping rather close, so I went down to our dug-outs. Just after I got there a shell burst in the very room I had left. After the bombardment we

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

went up to see the damage and a strange thing had happened. Of course the windows and almost all the furniture were smashed to bits, but a small crucifix on the mantel-piece stood in exactly the same place and was *absolutely untouched*. Several times in the trenches I have had my loophole shattered, but so far have managed to dodge all the bullets."

The following is an extract from a further letter from Mr. N. E. Lawson to the London, Eng., Manager, dated 1st March, 1915:

(This deals with the Kemmel Hill sector.)

"To say nothing of the horrors of being under fire and seeing very good pals knocked out in front of you, the weather conditions have been appalling. The waiting game we have had to play is said to be more trying than an advance, and I can quite imagine it is. We have had to sit in trenches and dug-outs for two or three days at a time, soaked to the skin, and up to our ankles, knees and even waists in water, keeping a sharp lookout on the opposing trenches. When the German guns open fire on you, all you can do is to sit tight and hope to God a shell does not drop in the trench. Lately we have been working harder than usual, six days trenches and two days rest. As a rule it is four days in and four out. The other day they moved us to some new trenches, not a pleasant part of the world at all. Our losses were very heavy, and one trench was blown all to pieces. As soon as we were relieved instead of turning in we had to go back and fetch up barbed wire entanglements in order to repair the damaged trench. The approach to our trench was very difficult indeed. We had to cross a flooded field up to our knees in water and slush. It was almost impossible in full kit to drag one foot in front of the other. One night when we were in the middle of it, a star shell went up and we were spotted."

Mr. A. C. Caton writes a further letter to the London, Eng., Manager, dated 2nd April, 1915, of which the following is an extract, referring to the Houplines sector on the River Lys, January-April, 1915:

"We are still doing trench work, four days in and four days out, which is much better than it used to be, as in November the line was so thin that all the regiments then out here were almost continually in the trenches. At present we are in billets, but although perhaps safer than the trenches it is by no means a rest. The first morning out we have to get every particle of mud off our clothes, which is no small job, and parade for rifle inspection,

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

followed by firing and bayonet practice and a route march. In the evening we either have to carry rations, mails, etc., up to the trenches or go digging reserve and communication trenches. The other day I was one of a small party sent out in the afternoon to deepen a communication trench immediately behind the firing line, and as it was daylight the sniping at us was fairly heavy. We were in two feet of water all the time and consequently got so wet through that on returning to my billet I had to take off my trousers and hang them up to dry, and sit with a blanket around me for the rest of the day.

"With reference to your query, I am pleased to say that I have not been troubled by the lice, although most of our fellows have suffered terribly. Every time out of the trenches we have a hot bath, in a factory usually, where large vats capable of holding ten or twelve men at a time are filled with water."

The correspondence from members of the staff in Canada commences with a letter, dated 6th April, 1915, from Captain O. Lobley, Paymaster, formerly Assistant Accountant at the Winnipeg branch. At this date the division had been in action for but a short time, consequently we are quoting only some short extracts from the letter:

"Rumours that have reached you are founded on fact, and the Canadian Division is now in France and has been in the firing line. Needless to say they have acquitted themselves in every respect in a manner worthy of Canada.

"I have come in contact to a certain extent with some of the Territorial Forces which have come over from England, and while I do not for one minute wish to imply that they are anything but the good old English fighting men, they cannot, in my humble opinion, compare with the Canadians as regards discipline, efficiency or physique. This, of course, is perhaps easily understood when we consider that the Canadians come from probably one of the most healthy countries in the world, totally devoid of crowded cities, unhealthy conditions and all those things which tend toward a deterioration of physique and fighting qualifications.

"I think we should feel ourselves deeply honoured when we realize that we are the first irregular division to be entrusted with a portion of the line, and when one considers just what this means and the awful possibilities that would ensue were we to be found wanting, it is indeed gratifying to realize what confidence has been placed in us.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

"There is of course one supremely single idea in the minds of everyone here as regards the final outcome of the war, but I am inclined to think that the Johnnies on the spot believe it will take a great deal longer to finish than was originally anticipated."

Lieutenant R. H. Whittaker of the 3rd Battalion, a member of the staff of the Toronto branch, writes in part as follows:

This refers to the famous orchard at Festubert, May, 1915:

(Mr. Harrison, whose death is herein recorded, was one of the senior officers in the Toronto branch.)

"You will be sorry to hear of the death of Frank Harrison. He was killed by shrapnel on Sunday, May 23rd, 1915. We were standing together when a shell burst overhead. He was struck in the throat and never spoke again, but I escaped unhurt.

"This is our ninth day in the trenches—five in the firing line (a worse hell than old John Knox ever dreamed of) and four in reserve, where I am writing this. These trenches up to a few weeks ago belonged to the Germans and they are constantly shelling us."

Trooper W. J. Gray, a member of the staff of our Edmonton branch, in this letter, dated 6th March, 1915, contributes the following items on different subjects:

"You have no idea how much I longed for a good pair of Canadian boots. The British army boots with which we were issued on leaving England are very good wearing boots, but each boot weighs about five pounds. The heels and soles are all ironclad and the leather in them has absolutely no stretch. My feet are all blistered.

"We had a big sports day on Easter Sunday. We had games between troops and games with outside regiments, etc., etc.

"One thing we have found out is the fact that the people in the districts where the Germans have visited are much more congenial and hospitable than those in the districts that have not been so favoured. It looks as if the latter did not realize the work we are doing for them. The people residing where the Germans have been are very friendly and treat us like men, but some seem to think we are intruders and try to give us all the trouble they can."

Sergeant J. C. Matheson, formerly Accountant at Medicine Hat branch, writes a letter under date of 20th March, 1915. The letter is quoted at length:

"Just a few lines to inform you that Penny and I are still in

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the big game. As you have no doubt been informed, we have been in the trenches for over a month. We have four day spells and then we move back a mile or two and rest up for four days. All our movements are made at night of course. Some nights it is quite exciting, bullets flying around in all directions. We have to do all the fatigue work during the night—packing rations and firewood, barbed wire, etc., into the trenches.

“We have little dug-outs where we have to snatch forty winks when we get a chance, when off duty. The last trip in I hadn't a dug-out so I had to content myself with dozing over a fire. Some days the fire is heavy and continuous through the night as well as the day. In fact most of the shooting is done in the early morning. We were under heavy shell fire last trip. Some of them landed a little too close to be pleasant, but they didn't just hit the range, so our casualties were light. The German trenches are only four hundred yards from us at this point. The most exciting duties at present are when we go out in front of the trenches on listening patrols, endeavouring to find out what work is going on around the enemy's trenches; also improving our own wire entanglements and patching them up after being cut by the enemy. Of course we do this work at night on our hands and knees. The worst feature of this is when the star shells go up. There is a possibility of our being seen, in which case it's pretty warm work.”

Company Sergeant-Major J. R. Keith, formerly of Herbert branch, wrote in part as follows on 2nd January, 1915. (Mr. Keith was with the Princess Patricias and subsequently died of meningitis. The point where this party of officers and N.C.O.'s first reached the front line was near Kemmel in the Ypres salient):

“We have been in France about a couple of weeks, but have not yet gone into the firing line. On 30th December two officers and two sergeants were sent up to see how the reliefs, etc., were carried out. I was one of the sergeants chosen and therefore we four were the only representatives of Colonial corps at the front in 1914. It was, as you know, my first experience of active service. I rather enjoyed it, but the wet and cold were pretty tough. The regiment may go into action any day. I will let you know from time to time how things are going with us. We have quite a few Commerce men in our Battalion.”

Private J. E. Lockerby, formerly a member of the staff of our Vancouver branch, writes on 14th March,

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1915, as follows. (The barn in question was situated near Armentieres):

"At present I am in a barn about a mile from the firing line. We are here for a few days' rest, but it is just about as safe in the trenches, as they shell places like this frequently. We have had a little excitement, but there has only been one man wounded in our section."

Private I. F. MacTavish, of the Vancouver staff, writes under date of 15th March, 1915:

"We came out of the trenches the day before yesterday after a spell of four days, and we are back in reserve for a few days' rest before going into the firing line again. I am sorry to say we have lost a few men already, but so far our casualties have been comparatively light. When the general advance comes I expect we shall pay dearly for it as I can tell you the German soldier is by no means to be despised. Their shooting is accurate and their wire entanglements are thoroughly constructed. However, there is no doubt of the ultimate result, and no matter how great the cost we shall beat the Huns in the end. We had rather a hot time of it yesterday afternoon, as the enemy got our range and started dropping shrapnel all around us. They blew up some buildings all to blazes only about thirty yards from us and we had to move along and take cover. It is wonderful to watch the shells crumple up stone and brick buildings as if they were paper; but one doesn't wish for a very close acquaintance with shrapnel."

Private E. C. W. Mockler writes as follows, (Private Mockler died on the 7th of May, 1915, of wounds received in the battle of Langemarck):

"Excuse my writing, as I am writing this in a pretty dirty trench. We have been out two or three weeks now as you will perhaps see by the papers. You needn't look up the casualty lists yet, however. I am pretty well back to my old financial position now. We are paid a dollar a week out here.

"Later:—Came out of the trenches last night and am enclosed in a practically bullet-proof casing of mud."

The following is a letter from Sergeant J. C. Matheson of the 10th Battalion. Sergeant Matheson herein gives some first-hand information concerning the second battle of Ypres, 22nd April, 1915. The letter is dated 10th May, 1915, and is quoted at length.

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In this initial gas attack the Germans used chlorine gas with deadly effect:

"To begin with I might say that I have experienced, in no small measure either, that war is 'hell.' You have no doubt read many detailed accounts of the recent fierce fighting in which the Contingent has played a very prominent part. I am proud to say that the trusty old 10th Battalion delivered the goods, too, in true historical fashion. I am not permitted to say much on account of the severe censorship. However, the following is a brief account of the most desperate action we took the initiative in. On the afternoon of 22nd April we were hurriedly called out. We were told that the enemy through the use of poisonous gases, etc., had broken through the line held by the French and that we were to go out as supports only. However, after marching out about four miles we halted and lay down awaiting further orders. About 10.30 word came along that the 10th Battalion were commanded to take a line of trenches, also a wood in rear, at all costs. The whole thing was to be done in silence at the point of the bayonet. About 11.30 p.m. the Battalion was formed up in two lines, one in rear of the other, and the 16th Battalion was formed up in the same way about thirty yards in rear of us. Then came the order to advance. Believe me there was some excitement in the ranks. We didn't seem to realize what we were up against. However, we kept on going. When we got within a hundred yards of the trench the 'Huns' opened fire on us. The wood seemed to be literally lined with machine guns, and they played these guns on us with terrible effect. Our men were dropping thick and fast. However, those remaining sailed right ahead and cleared the wood with a vengeance. A few 'Huns' were taken prisoners, but damned few. We had enough to do to take care of ourselves and our own wounded to bother about prisoners. Our Battalion was sadly cut up by the time we got to the far side of the wood, so badly in fact that on account of day breaking and the small muster we were ordered back to hold a trench alongside of the wood. The consequence was that the wounded and dying and killed were left in the wood. All day long we had to stick to our posts in case of a counter attack, and believe me it was more nerve-racking than the bayonet charge itself, as all around us were the dead and wounded. All day we stood and all through the night, and at daybreak on Saturday the 10th Battalion were ordered out of the trench to reinforce the 8th Battalion, who were about four miles away on our left and were being terribly pressed by the enemy. 190 men represented our Battalion as reinforcements. Of course there were a few more

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men scattered elsewhere that we couldn't get in touch with. From then on we were continually under fire day and night until the Wednesday morning at daybreak when we were relieved, but we still had to hold ourselves in readiness in reserve trenches. We lost a lot of men right there too.

"It is impossible for me to adequately describe the scene or the fierce fire, both of rifle and heavy shells and bombs. Out of twenty-three days our Battalion was twenty days in the trenches, and for the five days of the fiercest fighting we were without sleep altogether and had practically no food or water. How I have ever come through is a mystery to me. With the exception of being hit by a rifle bullet on the cheek and a piece of shrapnel in the side, I am still fit. I got hit on the cheek in the charge and the other I received on Saturday, but I never left the field. I eventually got fixed up when I got back to Battalion headquarters by our own doctor, who, poor devil, was hit five days ago and has since died of wounds. I have bullet holes in my hat, equipment and clothes, but evidently I am slated to do some more evil in this world yet. I have seen two or three accounts in the papers, and in each case it says that the 16th Battalion led the charge. This is wrong, all honour to the 16th Battalion, but the 10th Battalion led and drove home the charge with the gallant support of the 16th Battalion.

"I was a proud boy when the Brigadier-General in addressing the remaining few of the Battalion said that the 10th Battalion were the very first of all the Canadian forces to actually encounter the ruthless foe, and he was glad to say with terrifying effect."

The following is a letter written by Mr. J. E. Lockerby, formerly of our Vancouver branch, to his parents on April 18th, 1915:

"Here I am again in the trenches in about the most unhealthy spot of the Ypres Salient with the shells screaming over in all directions. It is really wonderful what narrow escapes we have. This afternoon there were at least a dozen lyddite shells struck within a few yards of our machine-gun dugout, giving us a clay bath on each occasion, and a little piece of one of them grazed the sleeve of my tunic. But with all the shells we have had so near there has not yet been a man wounded in my section.

"I shall try to give you a description of our march into these trenches a few nights ago. To begin with we were turned out of our billets about 4 a.m. and after a long day's marching, etc., we arrived at our dressing station just before dark. After a meal and two hours rest we started for the front line trenches, which, by

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the way, were held by the French. The part of the line allotted to us was exceptionally hard to approach on account of having to go almost parallel with the trenches, which meant advancing under fire for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles over fields simply dotted with shell holes and old disbanded trenches, many of which were blown to pieces by artillery. Every hole and ditch was absolutely full of water, and to make matters worse it began to rain hard and got so dark that you could scarcely see the figure two paces in front of you.

"In addition to our ordinary pack, which is anything but light, we had to pack our machine guns and mounts and all kinds of ammunition. We got into single file about two paces apart (for the bullets were already beginning to come uncomfortably near) and turned off the hard road into the unknown fields, with a French guide to lead us, who only knew a few words of English. Our troubles then started in right shape. We were loaded so heavily that it made us quite awkward, and every time one of us stepped into a hole, which was always full of water and, owing to the extreme darkness, impossible to escape, he simply fell with his load headlong into the filthy mire. We all began to wish we were at our destination, especially when our guide, after taking us around in circles, over ditches, through barbed wire entanglements, over old fallen trees, along muddy communication trenches and through ruined houses in which corpses had been lying unburied for months, announced suddenly that he had lost his way. It was well for him and perhaps us too, that we could not speak French.

"All the way along at intervals of about five minutes, star shells would go up making the surrounding country as bright as day. Then would come a hail of bullets and every man (with any sense) would drop his pack and flop on his face on a dead cow or anything that happened to be in front of him, then get up when the light went out and start again on his weary way. Although it is more of a tragedy than anything else to fall head first into a hole of water about three feet deep, with a full pack on your back and your arms full of ammunition, it is quite impossible to keep from laughing at the victim when you get him pulled out, which is no easy job.

"After due consideration the guide decided to leave us in an old ditch (where we were at least safe from the bullets) and go to look for our particular trench. After what seemed hours to us the guide came back and informed us that he had really discovered our trench. Then we started again over what proved to be the worst part of the whole road. We stumbled along in the darkness and there was everything from a 'Jack Johnson' hole to a dead

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German's equipment to obstruct our way. I expected to step on a dead body any minute, but I found later that the numerous bodies, which have not been buried, are between our front lines and the Germans.

"At about 3 a.m. after very fatiguing manoeuvring we finally arrived at our trench and relieved the French Gun Section who were beginning to grow desperate; they expected us at least six hours earlier, and consequently had nothing to eat for over twelve hours.

"We mounted the guns immediately and took turns standing by them until daylight, when we had a better chance to rest. When day dawned it presented a gruesome sight. Hundreds of dead Germans were lying between our lines with all their equipment on, just as they fell in a charge made several months ago. Many of the French who were killed in these trenches during the winter are buried right here, some have hardly enough earth over them to conceal their clothing.

"Necessity is certainly the mother of invention. One of our chaps made a banjo out of a tin biscuit box, and he can play it well. You know I was always fond of music, that is why I volunteer to pack it in and out of the trenches for him. When the shells start coming close we always get the banjo and have a little "Grand Opera" just to show the Germans (who are less than one hundred yards away) that we are quite unconcerned and enjoying life as usual.

"I am really enjoying this trip in the trenches very much. The weather is beautiful now and the trenches are drying up fine. We are all more or less anxious, many of us from a sense of curiosity, to get a taste of real war, which is, as you know, a bayonet attack in the open."

Private James H. Lovett, late of the Winnipeg staff, writes from France as follows. Private Lovett herein describes his experiences during the second battle of Ypres.

During the concluding months of the war Mr. Lovett was in command of his battalion with the rank of Major, Acting Lieutenant-Colonel:

"I received your welcome letter before we left our old billets to take part in the big fight in Belgium. Our regiment had eighteen days in the trenches, first line and reserve. I believe all of the other battalions were placed in much the same way. The Germans made a desperate attempt to break through but so far

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have not been successful. Three times we were relieved only to be sent back a few hours later to a different position. I did not have my boots off for ten days, some of the boys stood it for about eighteen days. We lost many fine chaps. Cruickshank is in the hospital (not serious), hit by shrapnel in the back. Bean is missing. This brave lad, I believe, was led astray into the German trenches with a party of others by a German spy. Low and Fraser are well. The terrible effects of modern artillery fire can scarcely be described. I did not see as much as a great many of the boys, but what I saw was quite sufficient. We were relieved one morning at 5 a.m. only to be sent back about 10 a.m. to relieve the French who had been driven back by the awful gas; we advanced in files over fields, etc., under a terrible shrapnel fire, and lay right in front of our own guns which had stopped firing for a few moments. They soon started and the gunners shouted for us to lie down. The din was so terrible we could not hear them, and working as we were like mad without entrenching tools to get under cover we nearly got into trouble. Our very ear drums were almost put out of commission to say nothing of our other risks. We are now out of the trenches resting in our new billets. We marched twenty-two miles night before last over cobblestone roads and in darkness. Nearly two-thirds of the boys had to go into other billets for the night as it was too much after such a long spell in the trenches.

"I conveyed your message to all of the Commerce men here, and all of the boys were impressed with the kindly interest you had taken in their welfare. It was grand news to hear the hockey team had done so well."

Captain H. A. Duncan, formerly a member of the staff of the Hamilton branch, writes a letter to his father, the Manager at Collingwood, regarding his experiences at Langemarck. The letter is dated 13th May, 1915.

It was in this action that the Canadians recaptured the battery of 4.7 guns and, in the words of Sir John French, "saved the day" for the Allies:

(Captain Duncan was killed in action 9th October, 1916.)

"You may like to hear something of what happened to my company of the Sixteenth during the battle of Langemarck. At about 4 a.m. we reached our billet. The next day our billet was changed to a place farther back, and on the afternoon of the same day about 5 o'clock the German artillery opened a very heavy fire

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on the firing line, on the roads and farms, putting Jack Johnsons into Ypres (these shells make a hole five feet deep by about twenty feet in diameter). About this time we received orders to dig ourselves in on the canal bank and await further orders. At 6 p.m. the French began falling back and told us of the gas the Germans were using. At 8 p.m. we received orders to move forward, and we formed up on the canal road and moved to the right through Ypres, on the way crossing "Suicide Corner," a spot at the head of the canal. This place has been shelled every day for months. It was here that we had our first casualty, one man being hit in the side, three ribs being broken. We doubled through the town and on toward the firing line for about two miles. It was heavy work, as the men had on their full equipment and an extra hundred rounds. When we got within half a mile of the firing line we extended in lines of half a battalion at one pace interval and lay down. We had been very lucky thus far, having only lost one man, for nearly everybody had been touched on the way up by bits of shells. Shortly orders came to take the trench on the left front. This time the shells had more effect. One I know accounted for two of my platoon and four of No. 12. We were now so close they could not shell us. Everything was fairly quiet in front except for an occasional burst of machine guns and rifle fire. When we were within three hundred yards of the trench we came upon a thick hedge, and after some delay we managed to get through. The fire was getting quite hot. From the hedge we made a rush of about fifty yards. By this time they had spotted us and the fire was awful, coming, it seemed, from all directions, making a steady roar. We pushed forward another hundred yards or so, and when the fire slackened for a moment the front line charged, followed by the second line about twenty yards in the rear. We bayoneted the Germans who remained in the trench and chased the balance who had made for the wood in the rear of the trench. It was here that we re-captured three 4.7 guns. After clearing the wood we were ordered into the trench. Here we found all sorts of German equipment, rifles, bayonets, packs, rations, drums, etc. We worked all night trying to make the trench as shell-proof as possible. At daybreak they started shelling us and kept it up all day. It was an awful day. Men blown out of a trench was a common occurrence, leaving nothing but possibly a boot or a Glengarry. In one case a shell burst over the trench, wounding three of my men. One crawled out to the tall grass in the rear and made his way to the dressing station. Another who received eight wounds in one leg hopped across the open to the grass. The third was so

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badly hit he could not move, and his brother and pal volunteered to get him out. (All wounded stayed in the trenches until dark unless they were able to get out by themselves). Having no stretcher they had to drag him, and after working for nearly an hour in the open they got him to the edge of the grass when a sniper got him. The poor chap died an hour or so later, but both volunteers got through safely. That night we collected the wounded we were unable to get out the previous night. Some had been in the wood nearly twenty-four hours unable to get out. We found one of my platoon and a German both dead each with his bayonet through the other's throat. As very few brought rations we lived on what the Germans had left as they were fairly good.

"The second day was much the same as the first. On the third at about 8 a.m. we were relieved. In getting out we had to crawl about four hundred yards along a sort of ditch which was about a foot deep and full of stagnant water, at the end of which we got over from a hedge. From here we went back about five hundred yards and dug ourselves in. In doing this we had very little trouble except from snipers who were in a barn on our left. It wasn't long before their artillery got the range, and then for the four days we were there we were shelled incessantly. Only one came in my fort, doing little damage, burying a non-commissioned officer whom we soon dug out. Beyond a shaking up he was none the worse for his experience. To add to our discomfort it rained on the second day, thus doing away with any sleep we might have been able to get. On the morning of the fifth day we arrived at a billet where we expected to get a rest. After having something to eat we lay down at the most convenient place and went to sleep. At 9 a.m. we were awakened and ordered forward again, with orders to dig ourselves in about a mile ahead. (When the battalion lined up there were about three hundred who answered the roll call. A number of men broke down, some going off their heads). In the afternoon we moved farther up and again dug ourselves in. Here we stayed for three days and managed to get a little sleep, although they shelled us almost continuously. On the third night we returned to billets, but had to dig ourselves in, as they were shelling the surrounding houses. The next night we were again ordered forward to occupy a line of trenches in rear of the French, where we stayed for two days, then we again moved forward, digging ourselves in once more. On the morning of the sixth day we were relieved, going back three miles, where we bivouaced for the day. That night we marched to our rest billets, eighteen miles.

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When we arrived we were a sorry-looking company, about half strength and two officers, Capt. Frank Morrison of Hamilton and myself. Everyone had sore feet on account of the long march and having had to keep our boots on all this time. During all this time I don't think anybody had more than twelve hours' sleep. Since being in these billets we have been congratulated by a number of generals. The remaining officers were introduced to General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien who congratulated us personally.

"Enough cannot be said for the men. They behaved like veterans, never wavered for an instant, and took whatever came without a word of complaint."

Private James H. Lovett, a former member of the Winnipeg staff, writes from Northern France, 23rd May, 1915, as follows. The missing place name in the second paragraph is Festubert and the letter refers to the preparations for the attack which was made there in May, 1915:

"We had some time at Ypres about a month ago and had much the same during the past week. John Low was killed. He died game, and I went up two days later and helped to bury him. Our line had advanced and we had nothing to bother us except an occasional shell. It was in this spot we were caught when advancing to make a flank attack. (No. 4 Company from the 'Peg.') The Germans saw us advancing into the trench and shelled us. Parapets, sand bags, everything seemed to fly. The boy on my right was killed and the three chaps on my left were completely buried in sand bags, the result of a big shell. We managed to get them out. I hear a new (250) draft of Camerons is coming. I guess we will need almost the whole of them to make up our company. The boys are not lacking in spirit and sang nearly all the way back from the trenches last night.

"Bean is missing and Cruickshank is in England wounded. Fraser is well. We have the Germans going here at F—. The Old Guards say our lads are fine and helped our boys back over the parapets of the trench when we were being relieved."

The following is an extract from a letter from Private A. P. Glasgow, a former member of the staff of the Wadena branch, dated 27th May, 1915. This refers to the Battle of Festubert, May, 1915:

"Thanks very much for your letter, etc. I have had some exciting times since I last wrote you, a bayonet charge being the most stirring. We captured a trench from the Germans, but they

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unfortunately could not pluck up nerve enough to wait for us, and the gleam of our bayonets in the moonlight and our Indian yell caused them to beat it in a most undignified manner, leaving only a few wounded and "Landsturmern" behind them. They made a couple of very vicious counter attacks next day, but we managed to keep them out with heavy loss to themselves. Fortunately I came through the whole thing without a scratch, though the reaction afterwards left me with nerves somewhat shaken. We are back having a rest now, and I am thankful to get away from those guns for a while. The German artillery is deadly, but their infantry is a comparative joke. I have seen Goodale several times. His regiment went into action the night we left. I hope he came through all right."

Trooper T. L. Golden, of Lord Strathcona's Horse, formerly of the Wetaskiwin branch, writes a letter from France dated 30th May, 1915. It is quoted in full. This letter gives fuller details of the Festubert engagement, May, 1915:

"I am going to give you a few impressions of my first few days in the trenches. As you know we volunteered to go in as infantry, pending arrival of reinforcements of Canadian Infantry. After two weeks of marching all over the north of France we at last went into the reserve trenches on Saturday, 22nd May. The reserve trenches consist of a very strong wall of sacks filled with sand, and behind are bomb-proof shelters and dugouts. The Germans shelled the place for all they were worth until well on Sunday, when they ceased for a while. They did no damage however. About noon on Sunday our troops got orders to go down to the front lines in a very shallow communication trench and to bring down boxes of ammunition and bombs. When we were in the communication trench they shelled us. I thought my end had surely come. We were all lying down flat. Several of the boys were killed and wounded around this place. My head was between the feet of the man in front of me, whose right foot was almost blown off by a fragment of a shell. All that was left of the troop (10) went forward and after various little experiences arrived at the front trench and delivered our goods. It was on my way here that I saw the Germans deliberately turn a machine gun on four fellows who were carrying out a wounded man. I am afraid I called those Huns some very impolite names at that point. At noon we found we had to repair about two hundred yards of communication trench that had been blown away in the morning. Before starting this we decided to have dinner, so we 'dug ourselves

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in' and wrestled with some bully beef and hard tack. This finished we picked up our shovels and picks and started out. We were just about one hundred yards from our 'dugout' and in a very exposed place, when they started the fireworks. There was a sand bank there and we rushed for it. I dug a hole with my nose and hugged it tight. You would think the ten of us were frozen to the bank, we lay so close. A shell hit the bank immediately above my head and two of us were absolutely covered with sand and clay. There was a dirty, green, slimy pool immediately behind where we lay. A shell burst right in it and presto, we were all covered with green slime and pieces of frogs and everything. After about fifteen minutes the fire subsided and our guns started to go. It surely was the sweetest music to hear our shells whistling over there and making the Germans keep quiet.

"When it all stopped I shook myself and took a look around. My haversack was riddled and there was a great piece of shell imbedded in my tin of bully beef. My emergency ration of biscuits was all broken up into crumbs. A cartridge pouch was completely shot off my belt and not a round in it exploded. Two of our boys were wounded. I had a piece of shrapnel in the fleshy part of my thigh. I got it out yesterday and am 'right as paint' now.

"Just about this time I saw some of the finest examples of pluck that a person could see. One sergeant had a great piece torn out of his right arm. He calmly put his left hand into his pocket, pulled out a knife, opened it with his teeth and slit his coat sleeve. Then took a field dressing out of his pocket and bandaged himself. When it was done he called the corporal of his troop and gave him charge. Another place there were two fellows carrying ammunition to the front trenches. The front one got wounded and said 'Say, mate, can you possibly carry the two boxes up? I'm wounded.' Just as he said it the other chap fell. He said, 'By gosh, I copped it myself, Jack.' Then No. 1 said that the boys in front might be badly in need of it and that they would have to get it up anyway. So away they went; one with blood oozing out through his puttee and the other with his arm nearly shot off. These are only a couple of the thousands that happen every day. Americans are, and always have been, rather too ready to look down upon the Britisher as a good-for-nothing lady-like cissy, but if you only saw him as I did you would 'take off your hat' to him as the pluckiest and most manly fellow in the whole world. You should see them go and pick up a wounded comrade under shell fire. Perhaps I had better describe shell fire. First

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you hear it coming as a dull moan, then it gradually develops into a weird whistle, then a shriek and the earth rocks under you; you are covered with mud and earth and you are glad you are alive. Simultaneously with the bursting of a shell come the cries and moans of the wounded. When you are exposed to this for quite a while it gets rather nerve-racking. My left ear is singing yet.

"To continue my narrative, though, it was utterly impossible to work that afternoon, so we went into a dugout and rested till dusk. When dusk came we carried out the wounded, and another fellow and I went up to headquarters. An officer there gave us a fine hot supper. This finished, we marched right back to the trenches. It was midnight when we got there, and we worked till 6 p.m. the next evening, fortifying a communication trench. While we were here a party of Germans came along with bombs to try and throw at us. We fixed our bayonets and started to climb over the parapets. Just as soon as they saw the steel they ran as fast as their legs could take them. The day passed rather uneventfully, except that the snipers kept things going. I had a few narrow escapes myself. That night we were relieved in the front trenches and went to the reserve. We slept all day in the reserves (we hadn't slept a wink for four days), and in the evening we started on a very welcome march back to the billets where we still are. The net result of our work was that the Huns were driven back nearly half a mile and we captured several trenches. Besides this we had withstood as hot a bombardment as had any in the war. Not bad for green troops first time under fire, is it?

"And now I've had a good hot bath, some new clothing, lots of civilized food and lots of sleep, and am feeling as good as ever.

"My impressions are many—here are a few of them: (1) The man who said "War is hell" is right to the letter. (2) There is no pluckier man in the world than the British soldier. And lastly the Germans are a poor bunch, especially those who indulge in firing on Red Cross parties.

"Now, you've got a description of the little bit of war I saw. I find, on looking over the description, that it is a very poor one. Please goodness, I'll be able to tell it to you by word of mouth one of these days."

Lieutenant F. C. Biggar, formerly Manager at Virden, writes from France on 3rd June, 1915, a letter which is quoted at some length. This also refers to the fighting in the Festubert sector. The dugout described in the third paragraph was evidently one of the original

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shelters or funk-holes, having nothing in common with the elaborate dugout systems of the last two years of the war:

"I think I didn't give you any news of leaving England and the break up of the 32nd. The Canadian casualties at Ypres were so heavy that they rushed us over at three days' notice to fill the gaps.

"Since arriving we have seen a fair amount of country behind the British line. We marched mostly at night, which is less interesting but safer and cooler, and are billeted in farms or bivouac in fields. You would be surprised how comfortable one can be with a couple of blankets lying on a tiled floor, and when it is fine out of doors it's first-rate, unless too cold.

"Our first spell in the trenches began a week ago last Saturday night. The one we occupied was the original British front line one during the winter, but owing to the capture of two German trenches we were some distance from the actual firing line. It was really a sand bag breastwork, not a trench, but was well constructed, and there were enough booby huts and dugouts to give us all sleeping accommodation. A booby hut is a low sort of dog kennel with roof and walls made of sandbags, and a dugout is much the same but dug down instead of built up. They afford fair protection from shell splinters or shrapnel, but of course can't keep out shells, if hit.

"After six days of this they moved us to another part of the line two or three miles away.

"The change was made at night, as usual, and it was rather a weird feeling travelling along in single file over breastworks, across ditches, through barbed wire entanglements, the whole more or less lighted by the moon and the vast number of star shells thrown up by the Germans. These latter are rather like big Roman candle balls and light a very large extent of ground, while they are much better than those issued to the British. Every now and then you would hear the whiz of a bullet overhead, but these were just strays and not aimed at us, though if they hit they hurt just as much.

"We had one very close call while digging a communication trench between our own and No. 4's. A fair sized shell struck the edge of the trench fairly while it was filled with our men at only a yard distance from each other. Had it burst in the air instead of on the ground it would probably have bagged a dozen or more, but as it was, it killed only one and slightly wounded another. I was about twenty feet away but hearing the whistle

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in the air I dropped to my knees, but I could feel the suction and concussion of the air when the explosion came. Afterwards I was told by the man nearest to the place that half a minute before I had been standing on the exact spot where the shell struck, and if my subconscious intuition continues to serve me as well in future I shall come home scatheless.

"We are now back in billets for a few days' rest, and one realizes that there has been a strain from the reaction which leaves us all a little irritable and nervous, as you may judge from this scrawl.

"It will be years before the section now being fought over regains a normal look, but where we are, within six miles of the line, there are no signs of war, the fields are under crop, the houses in good repair, and the people living apparently a quiet, peaceful life. The change in coming from the trenches seems odd but very pleasant."

Mr. E. L. Yeo, of the London, Eng., staff, writes from "Somewhere in France" under date of 3rd June, 1915, as follows. Mr. Yeo was subsequently killed and we have been unable to obtain any further particulars regarding the localities referred to in this letter:

"Since last writing our battalion has been taking an active part in the British advance (promised as you may perhaps remember by Lord Kitchener some months ago). This advance is a steady one, but obviously cannot be rapid as the obstacles to be overcome are numerous. For instance, the plain here is dotted with villages and isolated farm houses; each of these has been transformed by the tireless German into (in the case of the farm house) a miniature fortress and (in the case of villages) a collection of small forts which, when defended by innumerable machine guns prove 'tough nuts' only to be broken down by a steady bombardment of our own artillery. As you no doubt already know, high explosive is used in this connection, shrapnel being used when the inmates of the forts mentioned are more or less exposed to fire, their defences having been partially destroyed by high explosive. The system often used by us in capturing trenches is also interesting. Following a heavy bombardment of a portion of the enemy's line a bayonet charge is made on same. A footing is thus made and a bombing party then comes into action. The bombing party consists of a number of men armed with hand bombs who are immediately preceded by others with fixed bayonets. Bombs are hurled over the heads of the latter people at the enemy, the demoralized survivors of which are summarily dealt with by the bayonet men.

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At the time of writing our machine gun teams are occupying trenches situated south of our last position. The enemy is about one thousand yards distant, and consequently things are very quiet indeed, occasional shells being our only trouble. The weather lately, and which still continues, is brilliant."

Mr. A. C. Caton, of the London, Eng., staff, writes a further letter from Belgium, dated 6th June, 1915, as follows. Mr. Caton in the second paragraph refers to his Battalion's march from Houplines, near Armentieres, to the Base at St. Omer. "The town" referred to is Ypres, which was in flames when the Battalion went through.

"We are now in a much hotter quarter than we were in before. It was quite close here that your compatriots so distinguished themselves a few weeks ago, and you and all the other Canadians in the office have every reason to feel proud of them. Not only our own men out here, but also the French and Belgians whom we have come across, speak very enthusiastically about them.

"We moved from our old part of the line about a fortnight ago. We had a four hours' night march down to the base, where we were reviewed by Sir John French, and another four hours' march to this part of the line next day. The town itself, which we came through on our way into the trenches, is a sight which I shall never forget. The whole place had been systematically shelled, and there is hardly a house left standing, nothing but huge pits in the ground and heaps of débris. The road was being shelled as we came along, so it was a case of lying flat when we heard a shell coming and then going on again at the double. To-day (6th) the Germans have been shelling us in the trenches off and on the whole day with both shrapnel and high explosives, commonly known as 'coal-boxes.' Against the latter there is no protection at all, as they make huge pits in the ground. One can only sit tight and hope for them to miss. The nearest one to me landed about a dozen yards away and almost buried me with the earth thrown up."

Private W. H. Goodale, of the Wadena branch, writes under date of 6th June, 1915, as follows. No explanatory particulars are available. Mr. Goodale was killed on 1st August, 1918.

"I must send you a few lines to let you know that I am O.K. and that the Huns have not got me yet. We have been out here a month now and have had our 'baptism of fire' for four days, as

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the casualty lists will have shown. I could write much about those four days, but the censor would not like it, perhaps.

"It is really extraordinary how small the world is. In a square mile of Flanders, several weeks ago, I met practically all the fellows I knew in the first contingent from Brandon and other places. They all got through the Ypres affair, and through this last one too, as I have seen them continually since. Glasgow, who came out about two weeks before me, I have seen several times. From what I gathered he had some very close shaves in this last affair; his battalion suffered very heavily.

"We have just had a church parade, but it was a very extraordinary one on account of the possibility of a shell interrupting the service.

"My brother and I had quite an interesting experience the other night. We went for a stroll into an adjacent village into which the Huns dropped a few shells every evening about 7 o'clock, but of that fact we were unaware. We had just come out of a little 'Estaminet' at the corner of the square and had gone about fifteen yards up the street when, biff! one came about thirty yards behind us. I must confess I was more scared than at any time in the trenches, it was so unexpected, and the yapping women and old fogies quite unnerved me. About thirty seconds later another one came, this time much nearer, glass, etc, fell all around me; an old chap standing near me got his cheek cut and the toe of his slipper, but I wasn't even scratched. If my brother had accepted my offer of another drink in that little pub (which if you knew my brother you would think most probable) we should just have been about coming out of the door and the tale would run differently. So in future when we curse this awful stuff they sell as beer out here we must remember it once did us a good turn."

Mr. F. S. Walthew, of the London, Eng., staff, who joined the London Naval Division in December, 1914, writes from the Dardanelles on 8th June, 1915, as follows:

"Thank you very much for your letter of good wishes which I received last Wednesday just before leaving for the firing line. Unfortunately I stopped a bullet with my left arm on Sunday and am now on board a hospital ship, recovering. I came off rather better than I might have done, as the bullet, which was fired by a sniper behind our trenches, while I was looking through a periscope, went through the upper part of my arm, cutting the artery and finished up by making a big dent in my cigarette case which I had in my left breast pocket. We arrived out here about

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a fortnight ago and have been under artillery fire all the time, which necessitated our entrenching ourselves as soon as we landed. However, we did not suffer much from this as we were not near the Red Cross depot, which seems to be the chief target. The Turks are in a very strong position just where we are and at least fifty thousand strong, but we are advancing a little every day and will have them out before long. The French artillery is fine and seem able to hit anything, while our own, backed by the fleet, gives the enemy a pretty warm time. The Turks have lost very heavily, but seem to be innumerable."

Mr. N. E. Lawson, of the London, Eng., staff, writes under date of 13th June, 1915, as follows. The chateau herein referred to is Hooge chateau in the Ypres salient. The pretty little village is Vlamertinghe, near Ypres.

We came down yesterday after our first spell in our new line of trenches. We were in a very peculiar position indeed. Situated in the grounds of an old chateau, we held the stables and half of the garden, and the Germans held the other half. Our section was in the chicken run. The worst part of it was the appalling stench, as the fighting had been very heavy round there. Our place was very bad; it may have been the dead chickens,—a wit said it was the coachman.

"There is a rumour out here that K's new army has decided to remain neutral. Is it true?"

"There is a pretty little village quite near us, with a very fine church, but the Germans knocked the steeple off it last night and have rather spoiled the effect.

"Ypres was the town I told you was knocked to bits."

An Inspector of the Bank writes as follows regarding a voyage from Canada to England in June, 1915:

"We had a very pleasant but uneventful voyage until we neared Liverpool, when, as you no doubt saw by the papers, we encountered two submarines. One of them we nearly rammed, but it took a dive and fortunately miscalculated our speed and instead of coming up on our broadside came up about a hundred yards to the rear. By the time it had got turned around and its gasoline engine going we had made considerable headway, and though it followed us for about half an hour finally gave up pursuit. It had no opportunity to discharge any torpedoes because it would only have wasted them to have shot at our stern; even if the aim was good the propellers would have deflected the torpedoes. The other submarine just looked at us, but made no attempt to follow

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as it saw our speed was in excess of its own. There was very little excitement on board and the whole matter was taken very casually."

Mr. F. S. Walthew, of the London, Eng., branch, writes from hospital at Mudros Lemnos, on 3rd July, 1915, and refers to the fighting at Gallipoli:

"I am still in hospital here but hope to return to the front next week. We are getting on well out here, but have not yet got through the Straits, as some papers suggest. We are closing in on Achi Baba, the big hill which is stopping us, and last Monday advanced a thousand yards, taking prisoners, ammunition and thirty machine guns. Our losses have been heavy but the Turks' enormous. They suffer a great deal from the big guns of the fleet and also from the French '75's.'

Private J. McQuoid, formerly of the Phoenix staff, writes from France on 3rd July, 1915, as follows:

"This is just to let you know that I am still in the land of the living, and at the present time I am feeling very fit again. I just returned from hospital a few days ago, being there for about a month suffering from concussion, which I got while in action up at a place called Festubert. I guess you will have read about the doings of Canadians in the papers.

"You will be rather surprised at the above address, the reason being that when the 30th Battalion left Shorncliffe for the front they went to reinforce the different battalions of the First Contingent and our company happened to reinforce the 48th Highlanders of Toronto. How would you like to see me in kilts?

"I have seen quite a bit of France, but, of course, we have not seen the gay side of it, such as Paris and all around there. However, I have been to one or two nice seaside places during my sickness and the time I was convalescent. It certainly is a very great country for farming, the ground all being so level and fertile, and I must say the French people know how to plant things."

Mr. A. C. Caton, of the London, Eng., staff, writes a further letter from Belgium, dated 4th July, 1915, as follows. Mr. Caton herein refers to the British attack at Hooge on the 26th June, 1915. The canal referred to is the Yser Canal:

"Your surmise as to our position is quite correct, and I can assure you it is a pretty hot quarter, as we are shelled every day. A week or two ago, following upon an attack in which we played

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a small part and through which the Germans lost three lines of trenches opposite us, we were shelled incessantly for over twenty-four hours. Obviously the Deutchers are not in urgent need of a new Ministry of Munitions yet. One piece of shell flicked my ear in the course of its flight, and another portion hit me on the head, which was fortunately hard enough to withstand the shock.

"They also tried to gas us, but it was not a very great success from their point of view. Certainly the noxious fumes reached us all right as they came over in the form of shells, but as the wind was in our favor the gas was blown back to their own lines.

"After the above happenings we lived in reserve dugouts on the banks of the canal for a week, and had plenty of bathing and some boating. We had quite a good time there except that we were sent out digging every night from 8 o'clock until 2 in the morning. We then had a week further back still, in wooden huts on the edge of a wood and had a delightful time.

"One of the chief annoyances, however, is the number of lice which get into one's clothing and stubbornly hold on to their position as though quite proud of the part they are playing in the war."

Private A. P. Glasgow, formerly of the Wadena staff, wrote a letter on 4th July, 1915, from which the following is extracted:

"Since I last wrote you I have become a bomb thrower (i.e., one who casts hand grenades). I like it much better than the ordinary trench work, for we don't have to do any sentry duty at nights—only being used when we are making an attack or else to repel a German attack. We are kept in a separate company and are attached to the brigade.

"We have just lately been moved to a quiet part of the firing line, a most welcome change from the last couple of places we toured in. After being at the front for a month or so, one's appetite for bloodshed and excitement becomes somewhat satiated, and when we get a chance to take things easy for a while, no one raises any objections. They say you can have too much of a good thing.

"I like these Belgians very much. They are good-hearted people, and when we are back having a rest in the billets they are awfully good to us. I think I like them better than the French."

Lieutenant V. Curran, formerly Assistant Accountant at Winnipeg, writes from England in July, 1915. While the letter does not come from the field of active

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operations, it contains items of a certain amount of interest which are quoted. The camp herein described was situated at Shorncliffe, near Folkestone, England:

"As our company happened to be detailed for duty to-day and all men on fatigue, I am able to steal a few minutes for letters to my friends. I thought perhaps you might be interested in a brief summary of our trip. The ocean voyage was delightful and the weather all that could be desired. We sailed on the 'Grampian,' and one of the best evidences that Britannia rules the seas was the fact that we sailed practically across the ocean without escort. Two destroyers met us on the last day and took us into Devonport, which, as you perhaps know, is the Admiralty side of Plymouth.

"Our camp is beautifully situated in a valley or rather a hillside where we get shelter from the cool sea breezes and the dust from the plain above. We are only a mile from the sea and on a clear day we can see France quite distinctly. It is most interesting to walk along the Leas, as the promenade is called, and watch the Channel shipping. There is a naval air station just near us so we are daily treated to the sight of either aeroplanes or dirigibles flying over us and it is really a most wonderful sight, especially the dirigibles. They also have three armoured cars filled with guns for use against hostile aircraft, and these are kept at Hythe, together with a large motor cycle corps for notifying outlying stations.

"We have no idea yet as to whether we are going to be brigaded or used as reinforcements and don't much care, the main thing being to get over and do our bit. England has still to find ways and means to make use of and get into service a large number of men who are so far shirking their part."

Lieutenant F. C. Biggar writes from Belgium on 24th July, 1915, as follows. The action described in the third paragraph of this letter was a local attack at Givenchy, on 15th June, 1915. The big Belgian estate referred to is Chateau la Hutte, near Ploegsteert, Belgium:

"Please excuse the pencil, but ink will be a very scarce article until we go back to billets next time. A bottle is such a dangerous thing to pack in one's knapsack that as a rule we fill our fountain pens and keep them for addressing envelopes or writing important field messages.

"Since I wrote you last we have been following the regular routine, so many days in the trenches and then so many in billets,

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but in between trench spells we have moved about and each time have occupied a new part of the line.

"We have not as yet had to repel a German attack nor have we been directly mixed up in one of our own, though we were called on to support one made by the battalion on our left. This was distinctly our warmest proposition since I joined, for there was a three day bombardment by both sides, culminating in three hours of tremendous firing that was absolutely deafening and the explosion of an immense mine dug by our engineers under the German trench.

"That sort of warfare is most trying, and it is hard to keep from being restless when it is possible the Boches are boring under your line and you may be sent sky high any moment.

"Since then we have had quiet lines with only casual daily shell fire, but even in these, sniping both day and night is steady, and thoughtless exposure is paid for.

"Just now we are in an ideal spot, reserve trenches scattered through the woods on a big Belgium estate. This is said to be the summer home of King Albert, and the Chateau must have been a fine one with a garden all around it, a big conservatory and an artificial stream, with waterfalls, running through it. Now the chateau and conservatory are a mass of ruins, for the Germans have shelled them again and again. The wood is quite thick with underbrush and huge trees, for in this country they seem to have practised reforestation and conservation for a good many years. Through this run innumerable bridle paths and it is quite easy to get lost. There is little game to be seen now, but they say that the troops here last winter lived on pheasants.

"We wonder when the great British offensive is going to begin, for unless we or the Germans start something soon on a large scale, the war may drag on for another year, while a winter campaign seems almost a certainty. This is not a very pleasant prospect to any of us.

"The authorities have now begun to grant leave but it is on a very small scale. Five men and one officer per battalion are granted six days' leave each week. On that basis as a junior officer my turn won't come till November, I expect.

"We were inspected a week ago by Sir John French and got a good look at that great soldier. While on our way to these trenches we marched past Sir Robert Borden. Canada is doing well in supplying men, but if they put two divisions in the field it will be a great drain to supply reinforcements.

"Here's to a banner year for Western crops. I hear the latest reports are still good and that those frosts haven't done

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serious damage. The crops here are excellent and open the eyes of Manitoba and Saskatchewan men. Almost every foot of land behind the lines is under crop and the yields should run about 45 or 50 bushels of wheat to the acre and about 80 bushels to the acre for oats. Of course a lot of fertilizer is used and the farming is most intensive.

"To-day the Germans opposite us hoisted a sign on their trench with the news that they have captured Warsaw with 100,000 prisoners. No hint of this has yet come to us, and we hope it is a Wolff agency report, for it means a serious blow to the Russians and the release of 1,000,000 Germans to operate on this front, if true."

The following is a letter, dated 29th July, 1915, from Private W. H. Goodale, formerly of our Wadena branch.

The "Rebay" to whom he refers is Baron F. H. Rebay von Ehrenwiesen, a German, and a former member of the staff of our Vonda Branch. We learned that Rebay was a Bavarian lieutenant of artillery, and was made prisoner in September, 1915. He was evidently captured while attempting to reach Germany, as he was taken to Gibraltar after his capture and was interned at Lofthouse Park, Wakefield, England, from September, 1915, until the close of the war.

"As regards Glasgow, I will relate this case as being one of the most extraordinary cases of telepathy I have yet experienced, and I have had several. I had not seen him for weeks and was beginning to wonder if he had blown himself up with one of his bombs. One night a small working party of eight of us were proceeding up the main communication trench on the way to the front line. For some reason my thoughts turned to Pat and to wondering what had become of him, and I thought, supposing I meet him now in this trench, of doing which there was about one chance in a thousand. Well I just walked about five yards further and ran right into him also with a party of about eight. I only had time to touch his hand and to tell him I was only that moment thinking of him and we had passed. However, the next time we came out of the trenches I determined to try and find his billet and was astonished to find he had been billeted within a mile of me the whole time.

"Things have been very quiet in this part of the line, but on Monday we got a little excitement. The previous day we had enjoyed watching the effects of shell fire on a farm house about one

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hundred and fifty yards from my dugout where we were in support. There is always a humorous side to everything even out here, and to see the fellows beating it away from that farm like fowls when a fox has suddenly appeared in their farmyard, was very funny. The Corporal of our section, a British Columbian born, laughed loudest of all. Well, they shelled it again the next morning, and everyone was either ignoring it or interestedly watching the effects again. Suddenly they elevated the range about one hundred and fifty yards and then the laugh was against us.

"The first one dropped exactly opposite my dugout; I paced it afterwards and found it fifteen yards; the second one was within ten yards of it. Thirty seconds sooner and I should have been outside, as I had just been washing and stepped inside my dugout as the first one burst. They say the British army never runs when retreating, but the way we beat it from those dugouts was nothing slow; I was very décolleté at the time, but I didn't even stop to grab my cap.

The whole thing was really very amusing, but to understand the real humour of it one must know the exact circumstances and our position, which I fear it will take too long to explain. Our Corporal, who was laughing so loudly just previously, got a splinter in his shoulder. There were three or four got nabbed in our troop, but two of them walked away to get their wounds dressed. The most extraordinary escape of all was that of an old chap who shared the same dugout with me. When the first shell burst he was lying flat on his tummy reading, about seven yards from the dugout, and consequently nearest to the first shell. The fact of his being quite flat at the time probably saved him. But it is all a game of chance, particularly in this long range shell fire, where one is continually in range and even civilians too, and yet shells may not come once in six months.

"I was wondering what has become of Rebay. Did he ever get out of Canada last fall?"

The following is an excerpt from a letter written in August, 1915, by Private J. P. Winning, formerly of the Bengough branch:

"I am glad to inform you that my injury was not serious. A piece of shrapnel hit my left foot at the base of the big toe, just glanced off the bone and passed out underneath. The piece was small, otherwise the bone would have been shattered, with more serious results. I was very thankful, indeed, to get off so lightly. The 10th Canadian Battalion was engaged in the operations at Festubert, having taken over front line positions on the 19th

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April, 1915. Two companies attacked the enemy positions on the evening of 21st May, 1915, with some success. Next day the part of the trench we had captured came in for some heavy shelling, many of my chums being killed or seriously wounded. Indeed I have often thought since that we who did get out were fortunate to get out alive, the place was a perfect inferno for a few hours. I saw some heart-breaking sights on my way back to the field dressing station, some I shall never forget as long as I live. Bengough boys fared badly that day, out of four in action, one was killed, one died of wounds and myself wounded."

The following is a letter from Private E. C. M. Knott, formerly of the Shaunavon branch, dated 9th August, 1915:

"I joined the 27th Light Horse at Shaunavon and was transferred to the 5th at Valcartier. After a lovely time in England, we went to France on 6th February, and I was badly crushed by the caving in of a trench at Festubert on 24th May—the day nearly all our boys were hit. The force of the explosion of the shell that helped to bury me was so great that nearly all my clothes were blown off, and I was unconscious nearly continually for five days. My left side, right down, was paralyzed but except for the arm I am O.K. now."

"Poor Fowler got a bad one, both jaws smashed and all his teeth gone. However, he is doing well now. Mike Morrow was killed. It seems a shame, as he was the only son of a widowed mother. However, it's what he would have wished and I almost envy him. Cameron, Manager at Shaunavon, was mortally wounded beside me. About six inches of his spine was smashed, but they kept him alive for ten days so that his mother had time to go from Glasgow to France to see him.

"Of the other boys I have no trace, but hope they are still going strong.

"How's Moosejaw? I'd give some to be back for a time. Remember me to the staff.

"Gott strafe der Kaiser."

NOTE: The men referred to by Private Knott are Sergeant J. G. Fowler, late of the Moosejaw branch, Private F. D. C. Morrow, late of the Briercrest branch, and Mr. H. Cameron, at one time Manager at the Shaunavon branch. We were informed later, however, that Private Morrow was not killed as advised in the letter.

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The following is an extract from a further letter from Mr. A. C. Caton, of the London, Eng., staff, written in Belgium on 23rd August, 1915. The action herein described was at Hooge, Ypres salient, 9th August, 1915:

"Many thanks for your parcel. There is nothing more welcome than cigarettes and chocolate, especially the former, which we cannot get at all except from home.

"Since last writing I had to rejoin my regiment, and then learned that our division was to retake some trenches lost a few days previously, and that our brigade had to make the attack. We were in support to one of our other regiments in a wood, but these men did so splendidly that we were not called upon to advance. A number of our men were engaged in carrying up bombs and ammunition along communication trenches already half blown in by high explosives, and littered with dead and wounded. The German infantry on the whole showed very little fight, most of them put up their hands as soon as they saw our bayonets. At night we moved up to another trench, and were subjected to a terrible bombardment all the next day, as the Deutchers kept their artillery on us all the time, particularly on a certain crater, which we were still holding. We were relieved that night and marched nine miles back to our huts, where we have been ever since. We are going up to the trenches again to-night, however, and I hope it will be a bit quieter this time.

"We had an inter-company cricket match yesterday afternoon, but unfortunately our company lost. The game was interrupted for over half an hour owing to the presence of a German aeroplane overhead. Later on we had a football match against another regiment, but this time the Germans put a stop to it altogether by landing about half-a-dozen shells round about us. After that, however, we had a concert, which we were able to finish without any interruption."

The following are some diary notes of Private F. N. Hardyman, of the First Contingent, and formerly attached to the Sault Ste. Marie staff. Private Hardyman was only 17 years of age at the time of his enlistment in August, 1914. His wounds, received on the 24th April, 1915, were of a grave character, and we are told that he was obliged to crawl about a mile to the dressing station.

February 8th, 1915. We arrived at Avonmouth at 7 a.m. Embarked and set sail at noon on a cattle boat, no beds.

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February 11th, 1915. We arrived in France at St. Nazaire. We were supplied with fur coats. In the evening we were put in box cars and travelled through France. We received a great welcome from the French.

February 13th, 1915. We passed through Calais and Boulogne. We arrived at our destination and had to march three miles to our billets. The name of the village was Merris. We were billeted there in a farmer's barn, and were allowed no lights for the first night.

February 16th, 1915. I went to see Jack Bailey in the hospital. We received orders that we were to move to the firing line.

February 17th, 1915. We started at 8 a.m. for Armentieres, about 15 miles march, mostly on cobble-stones, and our feet were in pretty bad shape when we arrived at our destination at 2 p.m. We were billeted in a big glass warehouse.

February 18th, 1915. We prepared all day for the trenches.

February 19th, 1915. At 2 p.m. we marched to the trenches. All got in safely, no casualties. Here we received our first baptism of fire. At 10 a.m. Sergeant Hamilton was wounded, which was our first casualty.

February 20th, 1915. After twenty-four hours in the trenches we were relieved and another battalion took our place.

February 21st, 1915. At 2 p.m. we went into the trenches again for twenty-four hours, not quite so nervous. Two were killed from an English regiment, who were with us, and a few more wounded.

February 22nd, 1915. We came out of the trenches in the early part of the morning. No casualties.

February 23rd, 1915. We left Armentieres at 6 a.m. and marched back to our old billets.

February 27th, 1915. We received our first pay of \$5. We went into the village and had a good feed.

February 28th, 1915. We left Merris and had to march about 15 miles to our new billets at "Sally-on-the-Lye." On our march we passed through two or three towns which were once occupied by the Germans and which were destroyed.

March 1st, 1915. We had a heavy snow storm. Billets were well ventilated by holes through the roof. We had orders in the evening for the firing line at Bois Grenier. We relieved the Camerons. Had no casualties.

March 2nd, 1915. We were employed in repairing our trenches. At 6 a.m. Private Jack Brisbois was killed and Hounsell wounded with the same bullet.

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March 3rd, 1915. We were moved into an old trench, which we had to build up ourselves—no dugouts.

March 4th, 1915. We built our trench and made two dugouts and laid a brick floor.

March 6th, 1915. We had to march three miles to a barracks in Bac St. Muir. There we received our first bath in a laundry.

March 9th, 1915. We each received a pair of socks from Princess Mary. In the evening we went into the trenches.

March 10th, 1915. We held the German reinforcements at the battle of Neuve Chappelle on the flank by directing rapid fire directly on their trenches. The artillery were keeping all avenues of approach closed.

March 11th, 1915. The Canadian artillery shelled the German trenches, and that evening the Germans had much work to do in repairing their parapets.

March 15th, 1915. We went to Fleuxvais Bay for a bath at a laundry which we very much enjoyed.

March 17th, 1915. I received some shamrock from Ireland. The artillery celebrated St. Patrick's Day by firing very heavily. We went into the trenches that evening. Corporal McMillan was wounded, and after a few days died.

March 18th, 1915. Three cattle strolled round back of the firing line, and that day we had fresh beef.

March 19th, 1915. We had a little snow. The Germans threw a few coal-boxes (Jack Johnsons) at us. No damage done.

March 22nd, 1915. We had another bath at Bac St. Muir. In the afternoon got paid again. Received \$3.

March 23rd, 1915. A present was issued to each one of tobacco, pipes, and cigarettes from Canada.

March 25th, 1915. We had orders to prepare for a move to new billets. We passed through a town called Estaires, and were billeted just outside of a village called Neuf-Berquin. There we had two weeks' rest. We met the Indian troops, who were billeted nearby.

April 2nd, 1915. We went into Estaires and had a bath in a big laundry.

April 3rd, 1915. A motor kitchen-van arrived at the village, superintended by three Red Cross women. The ladies served us with soup and bread for lunch and coffee or cocoa and cake for tea.

April 6th, 1915. We had orders to march off, and were told we were going to Ypres. We passed through several towns.

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April 9th, 1915. We had a very heavy rain storm, with thunder and lightning. We were reviewed by our Brigadier-General.

April 12th, 1915. The 1st Brigade was reviewed by General Smith-Dorrien, who was in command of the 2nd army at that time. In the afternoon we were paid 15 francs.

April 15th, 1915. Our company had sports back of the firing line.

April 18th, 1915. We marched closer to Ypres, passing through Poperinghe.

April 19th, 1915. We had a bath in a lake on the grounds of a big chateau.

April 21st, 1915. We had orders to stand to in case we were needed at Hill 60, where there was a fierce battle raging.

April 22nd, 1915. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock the Germans gassed the French Colonials, and frightened them so terribly that they all fled and left the Germans in the open. We saw them passing through our village in fearful terror, some mounted three on one horse, crying that the Germans were coming and had poisoned them with gas. The Canadians rushed up and held the Germans. Our battalion was sent back to the billets and had orders to stand to. At 9 o'clock at night we had orders to march off to the firing line. We had to march about five miles, and when we arrived on the battle-field it was an awful sight to see the dead and wounded. We had nobody to escort us to where we were to go, and had to do some skirmishing. We occupied a German trench which the Canadian Highlanders had driven them out of.

April 23rd, 1915. In the early part of the morning we had to transfer the parapet to the other side, and managed to get it transferred just before daylight. When daylight broke we saw a lot of men in Canadian Highlanders' kilts hauling in the wounded in front of us. We discovered that the Germans had taken off the kilts of the Highlanders in order to decoy us so that they could get their wounded in. The German artillery was very active all day. We had a few killed.

April 24th, 1915. The German artillery was more active than ever. We could not get any reinforcements up, and in the afternoon at 3 o'clock the French gave way on our right flank again, and the Germans came across and we had Germans back and front of us. We had orders to extend out of the trenches into the open and get shelter behind a barn nearby. They turned the machine guns on us. The result was that our Lieutenant saw that it was hopeless and ordered us back into the trenches and we were sur-

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rounded. Five of us escaped; three were untouched and two of us were wounded. It was there I received my four wounds, one in the right lung, one in the armpit of the right arm, one in the right fore-arm and one in the thigh of the left leg. I had to run, after receiving my wounds, about eight hundred yards to the reinforcement trench to escape from the Germans, and from there I crawled to the dressing station. I was quite exhausted when I arrived, and soon afterwards knew nothing more.

From there I was taken down by ambulance to Poperinghe Clearing Hospital. While I was there a German aeroplane came over and dropped bombs nearby, one civilian was killed and a few were wounded. From there I was taken down by train to Rouen to one of the hospitals. I was there a month and had an operation on the wound in my chest and had the bullets extracted. From there I was sent to Bristol, England. I was there for about six weeks and then sent to Bath. I was there about six weeks and then sent to a convalescent hospital near Shorncliffe Camp.

September 6th, 1915. I had an offer from the hospital to accompany an invalid across the ocean, and from there came home to Canada."

Mr. F. S. Walthew of the London, Eng., branch, herein gives a resumé of his experiences at Gallipoli.

"We left England early in May, 1915, on board H. M. T. 'Ivernia,' and arrived at Gibraltar some days later, after a somewhat unpleasant time in the Bay of Biscay, in the course of which, I, for one, took no interest whatever in my surroundings, spending most of my time off duty in my bunk, and on duty hanging over the side of the ship. Quite a lot of us began to think at this time that the war business was not quite so romantic as we had been led to believe.

"At Gibraltar we got news of the first U boats in the Mediterranean, and as a defensive measure, all the snipers on board were posted on the boat deck to spot for periscopes, and on one being spotted, to sink the attached submarine by rifle fire! Fortunately we did not meet with any, and had a comparatively uneventful voyage to Lemnos, where we were trans-shipped to fleet sweepers and taken to the peninsula by night, some forty to fifty miles away.

"My battalion landed at 'V' beach, by the famous tramp steamer 'River Clyde,' at 2 a.m. on the tip of the Peninsula, which was then rather less than three miles from the front line.

"At no time in the course of the campaign was the front line ever more than three and a half to four miles from the extreme end of the Peninsula, so one can imagine the difficulty in concen-

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trating troops, etc., for an attack, especially bearing in mind the fact that every man, gun, mule and even biscuit, and most of the water, had to be brought from the nearest base, five hundred miles away, by sea, and landed, generally by night, often in very bad weather and under constant shell fire, by troops supposed to be 'resting' from the trenches. It was not long before we began to look upon the front line as a 'rest' from the constant shelling and everlasting working parties on the beaches!

"Upon landing we were requested by some local 'Brass Hat' to dig ourselves in, and that swiftly, in order to get cover from the shelling which usually started at dawn, and went on intermittently all day. For this purpose we were issued with one spade and one pick to every fifth man, and were expected to get down to the required six feet in one and a half hours, through all kinds of soil and a thin layer of rock. All of us by this time had thorough wind up and we got down to it with our 'scratching Henriess,' or entrenching tools, without pausing to exchange badinage with the above 'Brass Hat.'

"Fortunately, the Turk kept fairly quiet that day, and we were permitted to make our arrangements undisturbed.

"As may be gathered, there were no huts, etc., to go back to, as in France. One lived under shell fire all the time, and the strain began to tell on everybody before long. Even dugouts in the cliffs on the beaches, impossible to hit from Achi Baba, were enfiladed by 'Asiatic Annie,' the gun on the Asiatic coast of the Dardanelles, which, firing across the Straits from the direction of Kum Kaleh, probably caused more casualties than anything from Achi Baba.

"When in the line, things were much the same as in France, except that the shelling was less, and the M.G. and rifle fire considerably more, while bombs, practically unknown at first, were in the early stages anyway, as dangerous to us as to the enemy.

"The only big show I was involved in was the attack on Achi Baba along the whole Cape Helles front on June 4th, which was doomed to be a failure, owing to the French being held up on the extreme right by the Haricot Redoubt. The Royal Naval Division, on the left of the French troops, took two lines of trenches after a bombardment by the Fleet and were then held up by very heavy enfilade fire from the Haricot Redoubt and finally forced to fall back to their starting point, the Collingwood battalion being practically annihilated during the performance.

"This unfortunate affair was felt along the whole front of five miles, with the result that we only realized an advance of four

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hundred yards or so on the left, instead of turning Achi Baba from Krithia, and finally capturing it.

"The Haricot was taken a few days later, but we had not the men then to carry on the general attacks, as was practically invariably the case in all our earlier attacks.

"When out of the trenches, which meant that we merely got shelled instead of having machine-gun and rifle fire, we lived, ate, slept (sometimes) and had our being in holes in the ground, except when we were required for carrying parties, working for the R.E.'s (a job much loved by all the infantry—I don't think!), drawing water and supplies, landing stores, rifle and kit inspections, escort duties and guards, cooking and firewood fatigues and a thousand and one other things which had to be done. Otherwise, of course, we had a pretty quiet time!

"Perhaps the worst job of all was burial parties. I've struck some pretty powerful stenches in France, and even more powerful ones in Germany, but never anything which could hope to approach the hum kicked up by a fortnight old Turk corpse. And as the enemy was in the habit of using his dead for strengthening his parapets, the condition of his trenches may be better imagined than described.

"The Turk snipers were very enterprising, and caused us many casualties, especially in the early days, when they left picked men behind on the ground captured by us, who were in many cases painted green, and had branches of trees and shrubs round their heads and shoulders. These men were very difficult to locate and dislodge, and several of our men were hit by them in the vicinity of wells, etc., near the line, where we drew our water. It was one of these merchants who caused me to anticipate the general evacuations of December, 1915, and January, 1916, and to carry out a private one of my own, which I did shortly after the June 4th show. I bear the fellow no grudge. I had long since decided that Gallipoli was no place for me, keen as all of us had been to get there, and as he too appeared to see eye to eye with me in the matter, I was content to let it go at that!

"I spent a night in the field hospital on 'W' beach, or Lancashire Landing, and left there next day for the naval hospital ship 'Soudan,' which was lying off Cape Helles. A couple of hours after I left it, the hospital was hit—which was not surprising, as by some happy whim an ammunition dump had been placed close to it, forming an obvious target—and I heard later that two tents had been destroyed and eleven wounded burnt to death.

"I was taken to Mudros Harbor, and after a week on the

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hospital ship there, was sent ashore to a stationary hospital. These hospitals, equipped for two hundred, never had less than six hundred in them while I was there, so only the worst cases had beds, knives, forks, etc. To add to my general comfort I got blood poisoning, and a month later, enteric, while in this hospital. After six more weeks in a fever hospital, I struck lucky and was sent to a troopship, which was doing duty as an emergency hospital ship, and taken to Malta.

"This boat, the 'Ionian,' was not authorized to fly the Red Cross flag, so we had to steam with all lights out at night, even below where the sick and fever cases were. The wounded were rather better off, as they had the advantage of fresh air, being quartered on palliasses on the upper and boat decks, but I prefer to forget about the conditions in my 'ward' two decks below, in which were forty-four fever and sunstroke patients, mostly delirious, lying on palliasses on the floor, and in some cases on the mess tables, off which it was very easy to fall, with one nurse and two orderlies to look after them. It has always whacked me why more than nine didn't die from that ward during the three days we were in it.

"At Malta we found the shore hospitals and convalescent camps full up, so a party of us from the 'Ionian' was transhipped to a proper hospital ship, the 'Dongola,' and a week later were in Blighty, where I had 10 more weeks at the R. N. Hospital, Haslar, before getting leave.

"I've never yet met anybody who didn't prefer France to Gallipoli. Admittedly the artillery fire in Gallipoli was negligible compared to that during a big show in France, but out there one was compelled to live the whole time within three to four miles of the front line (at Cape Helles), exposed to everything that was going in the weather line, added to which were the endless fatigues which would be unnecessary in France, such as beach parties, etc.; the discomfort caused by flies, sand, lack of water, no proper protection against the intense heat and bitter cold—and it could be very cold there when it chose,—lack of proper food, inadequate hospital accommodation, and last, but not least, the knowledge, possessed by each man, that we were only hanging on by our eyebrows, and that, were the always numerically superior Turks to break through, there was nothing but the sea behind us on which to retire."

The following is an extract from a letter from Corporal R. J. Jeffares, late of the Vancouver staff, written from "Somewhere in France," on 18th August, 1915:

"We are playing cricket, baseball and football and giving

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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 seven 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 Lieutenant J. S. Williams, formerly of the Winnipeg staff, dated 20th September, 1915. Lieutenant Williams wrote this letter in Aldershot Camp at Neuve Eglise.

"Well, at last we are in France. We crossed over about three days ago, and at present we are just behind the firing line, censorship forbids me to tell you exactly where. We have had some terrific marches with the most heavy packs, and we all feel that we would give the Germans 'what for,' if it were only to relieve our feelings on account of their being the direct cause of such training. However, that by the way. We are most comfortably situated here and the country round about is glorious, everybody around these parts so good and doing everything for us. Up to the present, the whole business has to me been a sort of glorious picnic. Three nights ago, whilst sleeping very contentedly in a big field, I was wakened up by a horse that had strayed from its moorings and was patiently endeavouring to obtain nourishment from the top of my sleeping cap. I do not know who was the more surprised, the horse or myself, when I jumped up to shoo him away. Yesterday, I was a most interested spectator in an aerial duel between two aeroplanes. One hears the guns all day, although they are not deafening where we are. I am finding that my little stock of French is coming in very useful, although at times I have to use a sketch, but I do not think I shall be as bad as the English traveller,

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who, before the war started, came over to Paris, and, not knowing the French for an egg, proceeded to draw one on a piece of paper for the benefit of the waiter, who looked at it and brought a banana.

"I think, from all we hear, we will be in the firing line on Thursday or Friday, so by the time you get this I shall have had my first baptism of fire. The weather here is hot as blazes, and the nights as cold as ice. I see Curran is with the 27th here. I will write again, and expect the next letter to you will be a nice gory one. Did I tell you I went and got married just before leaving England."

The following are some extracts from a letter from Gunner B. V. Cameron, formerly of the Toronto branch, written from Otterpool Camp, England, 22nd September, 1915:

"The training is much more in earnest here than in Canada, as it is under Kitch. over here. We had a review for the benefit of the King and K. of K. on 22nd September; they both said they were enjoying good health.

"We rise at 5.30 a.m. (I don't remember before seeing that hour on my Ingersoll.) Tents rolled and blankets folded by 6, stables (ahem!) 6 to 7, breakfast from 7 to 7.30, work from 8.30 to 12.30 and from 2 to 6.

"I was up in London two weeks ago and saw the Zepps. perform. The searchlights located one, and we could see the shells plainly bursting all around it. Only one shell hit the mark, but it did not do enough damage to bring the Zepp. down. They started a large fire within a few blocks of the Bank of England. We were down to see the ruins in the morning.

"We are in Kent County and our nearest city is Folkestone, a large summer resort, and a trip to the bathing beach in the morning is worth while—one piece suits only. I put in a morning there after being inoculated."

The following is an extract from a letter dated 28th September, 1915, from Lieutenant R. E. N. Jones, formerly Manager of the Alexander Avenue branch, Winnipeg.

This letter was written in billets near Kimmel, Belgium:

"We are still in comfortable billets marking time, but expect to be called to the trenches any day now. On the night I last wrote you I think we were off for the firing line; instead, we walked miles along cobblestone roads, through at least one shell-shattered village, to this Nuns' School for children, close to the local church

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and churchyard, with its many crosses of recent date, bearing some English Tommies' names, I see.

"After General Alderson's speech to us at our last billets, he called for the 'Maple Leaf,' then 'God Save the King,' which all sang lustily. Rain was falling, and the men were permitted to break off without reforming, after having surrounded the speaker in a great mass. Supper was soon served and kit got ready, and at 8.30 p.m. the regiment was drawn up on the muddy road opposite our huts. Major MacLeod brought out an acetylene gas lamp, and its bright light thrown on the long line of men, four deep, in dripping and shiny ground waterproof sheets, which they used as capes, made a picture never to be forgotten by some of us. Our Chaplain, Major Beatty, who was with the 1st Division before, addressed us in manly tones, called for a well-known hymn, which all ranks sang heartily, and then offered up a prayer. Roll call had been checked over before, and a moment or two after the goodbye address, etc., the whole regiment moved off into the darkness in absolute silence but for the tramping of feet on the muddy road, not even smoking being allowed. As we marched along, it seemed we came fairly close to the firing line at different points, as we could see star shells being shot into the air now and again not very far away, and could hear intermittent firing as well. Star shells, are, as a rule, only used in the front line trenches, I understand. We passed much transport en route, of course, motor and horse-drawn vehicles, and a large gun drawn by six heavy draught horses made us move to one side until its whole equipment passed, creating no little interest, as few, I am sure, could help wondering where it would likely be lodged in our rear."

The following is a letter from the father of three members of the staff who took up military duty with the first contingent. They are:

Private R. T. Fowler, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry (late of Edmonton branch).

Private W. H. Fowler, 5th Battalion (late of Herbert branch) (killed in action).

Sergeant J. G. Fowler, 5th Battalion (late of Moosejaw branch).

The letter is as follows:

"It was on the 24th May, 1915, that my son Gerald was wounded somewhere near Ypres, where his brother William was killed just a month before. On the 25th he wrote: 'I have been admitted to hospital, wounded, and am being sent down to

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the base.' On 2nd June he wrote me a long letter from the Anglo-American Hospital, Wimereux, near Boulogne, and in this he stated that a shrapnel bullet had entered his head underneath the temple and came out farther down the right side of his face, after breaking his jaw and four or five teeth. He had then, for some time, to live on liquid nourishment, and made light of his wound, but I had a letter from the Chaplain and from a friend in the army, who visits him twice daily, and, from what they say, the wound must have caused him much suffering, while he himself says that it was 'just a bit uncomfortable. Since then, he has undergone three operations, and is under the care of one of the best surgeons in France, who says he will not allow him to leave hospital until he has made a proper job of the jaw. We hear from him frequently, and his letters take but two days in the post. In his last, dated 28th July, he says:

'I had a lovely afternoon yesterday. One of the nurses gave a picnic in my honour, and Lady Hadfield, who finances this hospital, very kindly lent her motor-car for the occasion. We went about five miles into the country, and had our meal in a very nice spot. I am feeling ever so much better, and all the bandages have been taken off, but my face is still swollen, and I don't suppose it will go down for some time. When I came here, I was under the impression that only my lower jaw was smashed, but since, I have found out that it was both upper and lower, also the roof of my mouth. This all sounds much worse than it really was. I don't think it will be very long now before they send me to England.'

"This quotation will tell you more than I can, and, therefore, I give it for the information of the staff in consideration of their concern for my poor lad. I have sent on your kind message to him, and I cannot tell you how deeply I appreciate all the kind thought for his welfare on the part of the staff at Moose Jaw, and the great kindness of the hospital staff, and of my friends who have visited him and come home, some of them to tell us of his recovery.

"Accept my best thanks for your kind sympathy in the loss of my second son, and convey my thanks to your staff. We miss him sorely, for he was a good son and a devoted and affectionate brother. I had a personal letter from General Sam Hughes, in which he speaks of him as my splendid son, William H. Fowler, who, as 'a brave soldier, did his duty fearlessly and well, and gave his young life in the cause of liberty and the upbuilding of the Empire.' My eldest son, R. T. Fowler, of Edmonton branch,

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still fights with all that are left of the P.P.C.L.I. (120 men), and save for an attack of dysentery contracted in the trenches last February, has so far escaped injury."

The following are extracts from a further letter from Lieutenant R. E. N. Jones, dated 30th September, 1915.

This letter was written in billets near Kemmel, Belgium:

"We have been luxuriating in these comfortable billets—a Nuns' School for children with a large unfinished hall annexed where the men of our company are billeted on an earthen floor. They are worked so little that they have time to write hundreds of letters which we platoon commanders have to read over and censor. It is quite a business, too, if done properly.

"Yesterday with Young, Cameron and Martin, I visited the trenches on a tour of inspection prior to our taking them over, and we went through our baptism of fire without being very much disturbed. The sniping is constant and our men watch like Indians for a chance shot. While exploring towards the right of the line our Battalion will hold, the Boches began shelling Battalion Headquarters of the present incumbents, and one shell threw bullets so close to us, about ten to fifteen yards, that we turned about and retraced our steps and waited until the small storm was over. They sent eight to ten shrapnel shells into an area about 200 yards square when one of our guns suddenly opened on them, firing one shot only, and silenced their gun at once. Machine-guns peppered at our lines at intervals, and you can bet the men keep well down below the parapet when they know looking-glasses 1 inch by 2½ inches on the end of a bayonet are frequently smashed as soon as stuck up.

"The Germans have shouted over the trenches to our men here, 'The Battalion is no good. You can have our trenches on October 4th and go to hell.' It is also stated emphatically that they were distinctly heard to say, 'The Kaiser can go to hell on October 1st. You can have these trenches after that, and you will be back in England again sooner than you expect.' It is hard to credit all these statements, but they make food for discussion."

The following is an extract from a letter from Private A. H. Waterman, formerly of the Hastings and Cambie branch, dated 3rd October, 1915. The 29th Battalion went into the line in the sector in front of Messines between the Kemmel-Wytschaete Road and the Messines-

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Wulverghem Road, occupying the famous Bull Ring, Mount Pleasant, and Mount Arrarat trenches, on Sunday, 26th September, 1915:

"We are all having just the time of our lives and seem to have made a name for the Battalion already. You know that generally fresh troops are mixed with older soldiers at first until they are confident under fire, but the 29th went straight in alone and held the line like seasoned troops—quite a unique performance. During one day when I was in a trench with George Everitt (a customer of Hastings and Cambie) a couple of whizz-bangs just slid over the roof of our dugout and burst not ten yards behind us, and then the cap of a shrapnel shell sang past nearer still.

"We have with us J. K. Simpson, Daniel, Davis (W. W. and D.), all Commerce men, and I have met Olive, Andrew Campbell and T. C. G. Mahon from Main Office, while last night I was with a Commerce man from another Battalion who wished to be remembered to you—F. Dodge of Winnipeg and Saskatoon districts. You may know that we left Myers in England with the Base Company, and he was naturally very much upset at the idea of staying behind."

The following is a further letter from Lieutenant J. S. Williams, formerly a member of the Winnipeg staff, dated 3rd October, 1915. The front line trenches herein referred to were at Spanbroek-Molen below the Messines Ridge in front of Kemmel, Belgium:

"Well, I've been through it and out of it again. That is to say, I have just had five days and five nights in the front line trenches, and am back a little way for a five days' rest. It was pretty much what I imagined it to be. The first hour to me was uncanny, because it seems so incredible to think that only fifty yards off were men aching to get a glimpse of my devoted head to put a bullet through it. After that, I only felt indifference. It really is most extraordinary what one can get accustomed to. Whizz-bangs, and bullets were flying about at the time, and when you found that they missed *you*, you began to feel, at any rate I did, that they would never hit you. But the real 'corkers' are those 'Jack Johnsons,' or 'Coal Boxes.' You hear the brute coming a long way off with the noise of an express train. It's no good hiding anywhere, because you would only be buried by the debris, so you sit tight, hold your breath and pray to God it won't hit you. Then when it lands (away from you) a most appalling explosion takes place, shakes the earth all round, and then

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you breathe once more. It certainly is a delightfully indescribable feeling, waiting and wondering where they are going to drop.

"My dugout in the trench had other occupants, things with lots of legs and things, also swarms of rats and mice, so I didn't feel at all lonely. I think I have slept in every conceivable place of filth there is now, and the most extraordinary thing is that you do sleep. I did not have my clothes off my back for the whole time I was in the trenches, and it rained the whole time. We were all wet through. The excitement counteracted the chill. I had a most delightful bath this morning in a . . . convent!! The Nuns filled the bath with hot water in their place, and just when I was beginning to get anxious, they gracefully retired. I do not think any of my Commerce friends would have recognized the walking pillar of mud, that disentangled itself from muddy surroundings and wended its weary way to the rest camp here, as the once immaculate bank clerk!!!

"It is perfectly true that the Germans and English converse from their various trenches; the remarks are not fit for drawing-room publication, but they are very humorous.

"There is a big cemetery in this place, right in the middle of the town—most depressing. The people who live all round here are about 1,000 years behind the times, and even then do not use the smallest grain of horse sense in laying out their little villages, or even farm houses. They have their refuse pits bang up against the pump, and all that sort of thing.

"We had eleven casualties during our stay in the trenches."

The following is a letter from Private Duncan H. Miller, of the London, Eng., staff. The events herein chronicled occurred at Ypres during October, 1915:

"Since last writing to you we have been having a pretty rough time out here. The weather, on the whole, has been far from good, and consequently, as you can imagine, the condition of the ground has been pretty bad. I regret to say that we have suffered heavily in the way of casualties. As you doubtless saw in the paper recently, we lost four of our officers. They were all in a dugout together when a large shell burst right in the doorway and killed them all.

"Recently I transferred from D Company to the Grenadier Section. Bombing is very interesting, and, I believe, will be *the* thing during the remainder of the war. Last time up, our bombers had a most exciting time, although we were unfortunate enough to have three of our men sniped.

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"Lawson was wounded recently and went down. I do not know whether he got home to England, but trust he did.

"One of the four officers mentioned above was Lieut. Ommundsen, who was my bombing officer. His death was most unfortunate, as he had just formed the Grenadier Section, and it was our first time in action as a separate unit. What Mr. Ommundsen did not know about bombs and rifles was not worth knowing. He was considered the world's best shot, having won the King's prize at Bisley on several occasions. One of his feats of firing is rather interesting. With his sights ranged at 1,000 yards, he fired from 1,000 yards to 100 yards and hit the bull every time."

Note: The 'Lawson' to whom reference is made is Mr. N. E. Lawson, of the London, England, staff.

The following is from a further letter from Lieutenant R. E. N. Jones, dated 6th October, 1915.

This letter was written in the trenches in front of Kimmel:

"I am sitting in my own special little dugout, the walls of which are lined with sand bags. There are two small tables about two feet by two feet square, made of rough pieces of board and parts of boxes, and my door has even got an old fashioned handle and bolt, the latter on the outside and workable from the inside as well. The window is about two feet by eight inches wide and simply a hole. The roof is well covered with corrugated iron sheets, on top of which sand bags are piled, then dirt, and the whole supported by four stout timbers, none squared except the front one. The space I have inside is about four feet by seven feet and mostly taken up by a six feet by two feet bed. I am in charge of a 'Keep' for the support of the front line trenches and am well off indeed, the only danger being from shrapnel, 'Jack Johnsons' and stray bullets. They shell our immediate surroundings frequently, and while one bombardment was going on in response to an awakening our guns gave the Gerboys, I wrote a couple of letters indoors the while listening to the big fellows whistling and half wheezing and shrieking as they passed. It was most uncomfortable at times too, as one could not help wondering where, say, that one just this moment which is hovering hesitatingly, it would seem just overhead, would land. The very big ones come up something like steam engines and make an awful row when they crash to earth scattering steel, mud and twigs in every direction. The first day I spent in the front line I saw a tree cut as clean as

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one could wish by a small shrapnel shell. Most of the men seem to like trench life better than the huts or dugouts in rear, from which they have to come down here as fatigue parties often when they would sooner rest up.

"What amazes me now is how easily we get used to it all. My desire now is to get out over a front line parapet and crawl along between the lines in search of annoying snipers. Others have done it and are doing it every night and meeting with success occasionally, when there is much rejoicing. It is a far safer operation too than you can imagine owing to the well known undulations of ground that are always likely to occur between lines 35 to 300 yards apart."

The following is a letter from Lieutenant W. B. Forster, of the 31st Battalion, at one time a member of the First Street West, Calgary, branch.

"Very many thanks for your welcome letter, which I received safely; you know my address and can answer when opportunity offers. Paper being scarce I have to make the best of what is available, as you see we are now in the midst of it.

"We arrived safely in France after a good voyage across the Channel; the marching however, on this side was very heavy, as all the roads are cobbled, which tires a man very much, especially when he carries a big pack. Our boys, however, stood it fine and have made quite a name for themselves already by their staying powers.

"We journeyed up in easy stages to the firing line as the marching was so hard. However, out here we take everything as it arrives; the system is marvellous, everything seems to go like clock-work; we receive our mail regularly no matter where we may be, and letters we write are always taken away promptly to be posted. There is never any delay with our rations no matter what may happen. The Government gives a weekly issue of cigarettes and tobacco, which is highly appreciated. The incoming mail is always the event of the day, the men crowding around for their message from home. It is also pathetic to see those who are not lucky turning away sometimes with tears in their eyes. However, those who receive letters read them to those who don't, which helps along.

"It seems too bad that the Germans make such a mess of all the beautiful little villages around; they seem to take a delight in knocking the church steeples over first and then through daily shellings finishing the job at their leisure. It is a rather nervy piece of business moving up the roads at night to the trenches,

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never knowing when the enemy will open fire; they seem to get good ranging on the roads and we pass great holes where the shells have hit. The other day we dug a deep trench and filled it with the brand of gas the Germans use; some of our boys put on a new style of helmet we have and walked through it. The test was highly satisfactory, so we have not much fear in that direction. We are constantly guarded by aeroplanes and the enemy shell them at every opportunity. However, they seem to be a very hard target to hit. It is just like a great fireworks display; our airmen are very daring and show no fear.

"It is wonderful the way the poorer classes remain here in the villages which are being constantly shelled. The life a short way behind the firing line is very much like our Canadian life in the bush, everybody rustles for himself. The country round about is very pretty with lots of trees. My ideas of the trenches were sadly shattered. I imagined a barren country with broken trees and bare ground with lines and lines of trenches; instead of that the country looks just as usual with fields, hedges and trees, the trenches being so cunningly concealed that they are hard to detect—as for the artillery no one knows where they are except those immediately concerned.

"The system for taking away the wounded is splendid, noiseless motor ambulances running hither and thither. It is a little hard at first trying to sleep, with the chances of being shelled at any time. The shells make a terrific noise, more than anyone could imagine. Of course we have dugouts to get into, but if the shell hits the dugout 'Good night.'

"The boys in our battalion are fine. I could not wish for a better lot, happy as the day is long and always ready to turn out. Some have been taken away for special work and this almost broke their hearts. We are just like one huge family; we have all the officers we left Calgary with, no additions, and they are doing fine. I am telling you this as I fear that some person whom I should judge is afraid to do his bit, has been spreading a rumour that only three of us retained our commissions. We have all retained them and the sooner the lie is wiped out the better.

"It has rained quite a little lately and we are up to our knees in mud; some nights when we are moving we sleep in our great coats, and when that happens it is rather damp. However, we never seem to get ill.

"Rats seem to abound in the trenches; where they come from nobody seems to know, and when they run along the parapet they frighten one more than the bullets. We have just had a joke—

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one of our officers rummaging around discovered a tin which he presumed contained pepper, with this addition we ate our lunch with great gusto, when suddenly our cook made his appearance and informed us that the tin contained *Keating's Powder*;—you can imagine our feelings.

"It is hard to say anything as to the duration of the war, as we see only a little bit of it. The Germans seem to be a very scary lot, as when we are quiet at night they are continually sending up flares to see what we are doing. Their sniping, however, is good, as they conceal themselves, in trees, old chimneys, etc., and use, I should judge, telescopic sights. Whenever they are located short work is made of them."

The following is an extract from a letter from Sergeant T. L. Golden, Lord Strathcona's Horse, formerly of the Wetaskiwin branch, written in Belgium, and dated 6th October, 1915.

Mr. Golden enlisted as a private, was promoted Corporal shortly after crossing to France and was later promoted Sergeant.

(This reconnaissance was made from trench No. 137, just below the Messines Ridge. The place reconnoitred was called "Sniper's Farm.")

"Four nights ago I was in the front line, about seven miles south of here. About 7 p.m. volunteers for patrol to reconnoitre a position between the lines were called for. Nick Carter and I were the chosen ones, and along with a lieutenant we set out at dusk in front of our wire and through the long grass. The expedition had somewhat of a savour to it, as the last patrol who tried to reconnoitre the place a couple of nights before got all shot up. After taking an hour to crawl a few hundred yards and forty-five minutes to negotiate the last twenty feet of the journey, we found ourselves about fifteen yards away from a small pent-up shack, with the door and windows facing us. The shack had its back to a hedge, behind which was a trench, we believed. We distinguished the voices of about three men here, and heard every word they said, even though they spoke in whispers. Then Nick, without any instructions from the officer, went on his belly right up to the door, peered in and crawled back. Meanwhile I had gone about ten or fifteen yards further in, to look after a spot in the hedge which we suspected as being their listening post. I was just in time to hear the patrol being relieved. They spoke in whispers first, then one fellow seemed to tread on another's toe, for there was a volley of

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(what I thought was) swearing for a second. Then I heard one of them stumble into the hedge from the cracking of sticks. I may tell you here that it was a cold frosty night and the grass was covered with half frozen dew. I had left off my serge in order to be able to move more freely. I was wet through and nearly frozen—lying absolutely motionless for a couple of hours in this condition was not the most comfortable thing in the world you can well imagine. Then to crown matters, a great rat came along and started in to gnaw at my right leg, evidently thinking that I was a dead one; quite a compliment to the immobility which I was practising. It got on my nerves and not being able to resist the temptation I gave the rat a swat and sent him scurrying away through the grass. The Germans also smelt a rat at this time, for they opened up with their rifles. It grew rather exciting when the bullets tore the earth all around us, and splashed clay in our faces. Luckily no one was hit. I figured there were at least ten of them. When they quit, one of them started crawling out in the grass, right straight for me. I covered him and let him come. Just at this point I thought I'd sure give the show away. I was leaning partly on my left side, and my old heart started thumping like the engine in that old Overland of yours. Then the humour of the thing struck me. In my own mind I said to that German 'By Jove, old son, you've a damn poor chance of living if you come any further.' Then I figured out that the danger was not too great, the odds being in my favor, and found myself smiling through the peepsight of my rifle. By now my heart had gone back to normal behaviour. I was just going to indulge in that squeezing motion that Sergeant Major Collins used to teach us in Wetaskiwin, when the thought struck me that if I fired, it would give the show away, and nine men entrenched in a hedge were too long odds on three of us lying in the open, and forbore for the moment. Brother Fritz remained about ten feet away from the muzzle of my rifle, when he either got cold feet or decided that everything was O.K., for he turned around and went back to his kennel. I wasn't the least bit sorry. Meanwhile I'd made my own reconnaissance and had a good plan of the place in my head. In about ten minutes the officer gave us the signal to get back to our trenches, which we did in safety. We compared notes, drew plans and sketches and went to bed. The C.O. pronounced the work as very successful. We had every scrap of information that was wanted and a little more.

"I almost forgot to tell you that Nick saw three Germans and one machine gun in that shack."

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The following is a further letter from Lieutenant R. E. N. Jones, dated 9th October, 1915.

This letter was written in billets at Kemmel:

"After dinner last night as the band, which had dug up its instruments, began to play, heavy cannonading commenced, large guns near us speaking up about ten minutes later. An awful din accompanied the Regimental March and tunes that followed. The sensations one experiences in the midst of such a strange and, as it has since been learned, rather awful occasion, are very difficult to bring out in anything like enlightening language. Camp fires were burning all around one, and we moved about or sat still listening and smoking. A pocket flashlight would occasionally flare up; then the voice of a motor cycle a few yards away would break in on one's peace of mind, for the din at the front and round about us was continuous and increasing, the German 'coal boxes' announcing their arrival not far away every few seconds, to be responded to by the reports of our heavy guns hidden all through this district. As I strolled from the Orderly Room to our tent, our bombing officer passed me on the road looking a little pale and mightily earnest; then our scout officer hurried past at the run. Something seemed about to happen, I thought, and as I stepped through the gap in the hedge near our tent, I saw an Orderly, or rather a man in full fighting kit, pass our tent door hurriedly and disappear towards the Sergeant-Major's quarters. Suddenly there was a shouting all through the lines of huts, dugouts and tents where our men were quartered, of 'stand to.' Our Captain poked his head into our tent and said, rather too excitedly I thought, 'stand to, boys, quick.' Then there was a scramble for proper fighting equipment, some of which was of course, buried in our straw floor. The heavy cannonading had increased, if anything, meanwhile; also machine gun and rifle fire. The men were all lined up when I got over with the other officers, and the Sergeant recognizing me, anticipated my query by 'all present and correct, sir.' We all stood easily for an hour, say, during which the men sang different part songs, each Company having its own special group of singers aided by choruses. The dying camp fires, the singing—the band had stopped immediately the call to arms came—the clash of 'coal boxes' and loud jarring reports of our guns, not to forget the distant continuous rattle of small arms, was something I shall never forget. My own special prize Highlander, Neil Campbell, broke a short spell of silence in our immediate neighbourhood by saying in a serious, rather grumbling way, 'and my bayonet is dull, too.' The word came along in about an hour to dismiss, the

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din having died down a bit meanwhile, and everyone went to bed for a good night's sleep—if they followed my example.

"The cause of it all, I hear, was the exploding of a mine—German or ours—between the lines, when the enemy poured an awful hail of shrapnel, bombs, etc., into the front line at one point, causing loss of life and wounding quite a few, I hear it said."

We quote below a letter from Private W. G. Chisholm, formerly of the Saskatoon branch, written from Shorncliffe, under date of 10th November, 1915:

"I have just returned from six days' leave which I spent in Scotland, and which I fully enjoyed, only it proved too short. The disagreeable part is the coming back, and it always takes a few days to settle down again.

"Pyke (Saskatoon staff), who went with the second Universities Company, is in England somewhere wounded in the foot; but Edmonds (Saskatoon staff) is still with us. Shaw and Guy (Saskatoon staff) are here and I see them quite often. The other night there was a banquet in Folkestone of the C. B. of C. boys, numbering about 100, and we had a very good time.

The following are extracts from a further letter from Lieutenant R. E. N. Jones, dated 16th October, 1915. This letter was written in the trenches, in front of Kemmel, where Lieutenant Jones had his hunt for enemy snipers:

"No, my little hunt for a sniper was not nearly as dangerous an undertaking as you apparently imagine. First, you must remember that a one night experience in the trenches is quite enough for the average man of any sense to realize that 'heads down' is the rule on *all* occasions, unless a duty *has to be done* which means exposure. My hunt was for tracks or traces of snipers who work at night—very occasionally, too, we now know here—and, with one of my best shots nearby, I had ample support had there been any danger to anticipate outside an occasional stray bullet from the front. Civilians have been suspected, and none have dared practice during daylight, when so many men are about working in the labyrinth of communication trenches, and ever watchful with eyes and ears that have been trained to sound for months. Were a man shot in our rear during the day or night, the ground would be covered at once by a host of keen hunters, day and night, because news of such a deed travels very fast indeed. A night hunt after snipers between the lines is really exciting, and a man needs much nerve and great patience if he is to succeed.

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"It has been foggy the last two days, and early yesterday morning, and last night the Boches began shouting across to us. As I called to a nearby man in the next bay to where I stood to pass the word to 'stand to' at 4 a.m. he shouted it out so loudly that the Gerboys called back, over a distance of at least 200 yards, 'shout a little louder.' There had been some bandying of words previously, but under special control of an officer on our side."

The following is a copy of a letter from Lieutenant V. Curran, formerly of the Winnipeg staff, to the Winnipeg Manager, dated 17th October, 1915. This letter was written in a dugout in front of Kemmel Hill, near Ypres:

"Just a few lines to acknowledge your extremely interesting letter received a day or so ago. It is indeed pleasant to receive such cheering intelligence of things 'Canadian' from such an authority as yourself, and, I assure you, it is a treat to me, as it seems to keep me in touch, somehow, with the dear old C. B. of C. One really only realizes when away from it how fortunate are those in its service, and taking the story revealed in the list of names contained in the pamphlet the Bank printed as a basis, I would venture the assertion that they have certainly done their duty in a manner one would expect from such an institution. Their treatment of the members of the staff was generous, and no doubt enabled many to step forward and do their duty who might otherwise have had to stay behind. I never had an opportunity of placing on record my appreciation of the action of the Directors in granting me leave of absence with pay for six months, and venture now to ask you to be good enough to do this for me. I am glad to be considered as a member in good standing, and trust I may yet have an opportunity of working under your able direction.

"As I write I am sitting in my dugout until an artillery duel now in progress ceases. We are doing our second spell in the trenches, and so far have been extremely fortunate, few casualties and splendid weather, although beginning to get chilly at night. Our first spell was quite strenuous, as the Germans treated us to bombs, machine guns and shrapnel, as well as a few coal boxes, but they didn't fiz on the boys, and now we are all feeling pretty much like veterans. The men are a splendid lot, as you know, and I am sure you will be interested in their doings here as you were in Tuxedo. I am in the Grenadier Company, so am really back home again. The other officers, Major Kitson, Capt. Meredith, Harold Riley, Carter and Ken. Patton, are splendid fellows, and I certainly consider I am fortunate.

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"Chawner stayed behind in England, and has obtained a commission in an Irish Regiment stationed in Cork. Lowther is with us here, but R. Houston is with Capt. Lobley in London, who also has Cruickshank; Lovett is near us somewhere, but I haven't seen him so far. Mordy is now with the 16th Battalion, I believe, who are also quite near us."

The following is a letter from Captain J. C. MacPherson, 31st Battalion, formerly Assistant Accountant at the Calgary branch, dated 20th October, 1915:

"Just a line to let you know how we are getting along here. We have been in the trenches for about a month now, and are getting well seasoned to it.

"The Commerce boys are certainly holding their own, and are second to none in my opinion. Those in my Company, Corporals Gordon, Morgan and G. F. Allan, all from Calgary office, are doing good work, and taking things as they come. Two Commerce boys in the Battalion, Nuttall and Callaghan, have been killed, and a boy, Cannon, badly wounded.

"Life in the front line trenches is bearable as long as the weather is good, but when wet——. There we live in dugouts, which are not always too large or the flavor too pleasant, but one can usually fix them up fairly comfortably. Rats of a large size are in abundance, but owing to more pressing things, we take little notice of them. We had a rather severe bombardment the other day, but our battalion stood it well, and my own Company was very fortunate, although others suffered more severely. One of our officers, Mr. Toftt, was killed, but I don't suppose you know him, although he is an old-timer in the West.

"I do not think that anyone will be sorry when this war is over, as it is by no means a picnic, and sometimes one feels the strain after a spell in the front line."

The following is a letter from Private J. H. Lovett, formerly Accountant at the Alexander Avenue Branch, Winnipeg, written in Belgium, on 25th October, 1915. The trenches herein described were situated at Ploegsteert, Belgium:

"I am at present in the second line of trenches, coming in last night in the rain and mud. However, in spite of the moist weather I am in the best of health and feel like a new recruit again, as I had my seven days' leave to England about ten days ago and returned quite resolved to make the best of a winter campaign. The nights

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now are long and quite chilly, and unless one is of a hardy disposition it makes things a little disagreeable.

"My name has appeared in orders to attend the school for officers at the base in two weeks' time, and I hope with an effort on my part to have a commission before Christmas. The month's course at the base will be quite a rest and appreciated, as it seems I have been doing trench warfare now for several years.

"Mr. Mordy came with a draft last week to our Regiment and is now attached to us along with several other 43rd officers.

"We did not take much part in the recent offensive except to make a sham attack to cover the main advance and with the result that we had some very lively shelling. This morning our guns brought down a German aeroplane. It tumbled almost headlong until quite near the ground. I was almost directly below it and made a hasty retreat to my dugout, secured my rifle and found in the meantime that the pilot had righted himself and soared along the ground, again falling, the machine turning upside down; the pilot was wounded and the observer was killed—both very young officers—sixteen to eighteen years old. The Germans realizing the machine was down opened up a terrific fire to destroy it. Fifty-nine shots were sent over before they hit it and naturally the surroundings were very warm for us for a while.

"It is very inspiring to learn so many of the boys from the Bank enlisted. After ten months in the trenches here I realize more fully the fact that we are taking part in a great work which will require the individual and supreme effort of every Briton to assure us of ultimate success.

"Mr. Cruickshank, who was wounded at Ypres, is now with Mr. Lobley in the Pay Office in England, quite well again."

Lieutenant J. S. Williams, formerly of the Winnipeg staff, writes as follows. The mine herein described was blown in the front line trenches in front of Kemmel below the Messines Ridge.

"Received your cheery letter a few days ago. Many thanks for congratulations. I have told my wife so much about Canada and all the charming people there that she is very keen on coming over there when this war is over and there are no more Germans in the world!

"I have had some tastes of war as it really is since I wrote you last. These German sausage-eaters managed to sap a mine under part of our trench and blew about fifty yards of it up and about thirty men with it. Some of the bodies of the men were found

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about twenty-five yards away from the place that was blown up. Immediately they blew it up they hurled all the shells possible into us and their machine-guns simply hammered our parapet. It was dank inferno. However, we held the line and had all sorts of nice things said to us about it afterwards by the G.O.C. They dropped some big shells into the section held by my platoon and buried ten of them. I dug out three dead—the rest are all more or less injured. One of the dead was a man named Dodge (F. E.) who, by the way, was in the C. B. of C. at Outlook or thereabouts. My batman had his head blown off. It's extraordinary, really, what one can stand when one's put to the test. Now, before I came here I had never seen a dead person in my life before, and yet I do not seem to feel badly about it. I was with another man in my platoon until he died.

"There are millions of rats and mice running all around the trenches and one sleeps with the beasts running all over one. Now, in the olden time if I stayed in a house, digs I mean, and I found out that there was a poor little mouse in the bedroom, I never could rest until he was caught and slaughtered. I revel in mud; I am always caked from head to foot. It has its uses; keeps one warm and saves extra clothing.

"We are in the trenches for six days and six nights and then out for a rest for six days, although that generally means fatigue all day long, so the rest part is more or less a joke. I think myself that it is, however, a good thing; keeps the men from brooding and that does not give time for depressing conversation between them.

"I shall never be able to look a bathroom in the face again, I think, although there is a convent here and the nuns are simply wonderful. They provide baths for the officers, and also meals. The men of course have their own divisional baths where they perform their ablutions and have a suit of clean underwear after. The King was so overjoyed when he saw us at Shorncliffe that he insisted on seeing us again!! He reviewed us again yesterday. Expect he wondered where the mud came from that had collected on us since he saw us so spick and span at Shorncliffe."

The following is an extract from a further letter from Lieutenant R. E. N. Jones, dated 25th October, 1915:

"Enclosed is a parody much circulated over here. It absolutely reflects the impression and feelings of the men, and officers as well, in my opinion. The creepy and crawling things are horribly in evidence in the trenches. So far bugs have not bothered many, if any at all; no actual cases have come to my notice as yet, some say it is only a matter of time though."

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PARODY

SING ME TO SLEEP

Sing me to sleep where bullets fall;
Let me forget the War and all.
Damp is my dugout, cold are my feet,
Nothing but bully and biscuits to eat.
Sing me to sleep where bombs explode
And shrapnel shells are a-la-mode.
Over the sandbags helmets you find,
Corpses in front of you, corpses behind.

Far, far from Ypres I long to be,
Where German snipers cannot pot me.
Think of me crouching where the worms creep,
Waiting for someone to sing me to sleep.

Sing me to sleep in some old shed;
The rats are running around my head.
Stretched out on my waterproof,
Dodging the raindrops through the roof.
Sing me to sleep where the camp fires glow,
When nights are cold and spirits are low,
Dreaming of home and days in the West,
Somebody's overseas boot on my chest.

Far from the star-shells I long to be,
Lights of old London I'd rather see;
Think of me crouching where the worms creep,
Waiting for someone to sing me to sleep.

The following is a letter from Mr. J. D. Palmer of the Royal Naval Air Service, formerly of the London, Eng., staff, dated 29th October, 1915.

"Very many thanks for your letter and the copy of 'Letters from the Front' which I found most interesting. I understand that Lawson went back to France, but is now home again to take up a commission. It is good news to hear that Mactavish is all right; according to what I heard from Legh-Jones he was cut off and given up for lost, but managed to get back again. I have been doing quite a lot of flying lately, and had almost come to the conclusion that flying thrills were mythical, until one day when we were up to 4,000 feet the pilot treated me to a series of fancy

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evolutions, including very steep banks and vertical spirals. The effect of a steep bank is most extraordinary; the earth seems to rear itself up on end and one gets the impression that one is flying along the side of it, as if it was a very high wall.

"On this particular occasion I didn't get the full benefit of the exhibition as I was busy working my instruments, but I have had similar experiences since and found them extremely interesting and enjoyable. To give you an idea of how well screened the passenger is I may say that I frequently go up without cap, coat and goggles and don't feel the slightest bit cold except in coming down, when, of course, the machine is tilted with the tail up, with the result that the wind catches one rather fiercely."

The following is a further letter from Lieutenant R. E. N. Jones, dated 29th October, 1915.

This letter was written in the trenches in front of Kemmel, near which the German aeroplane herein referred to was brought down.

"Our first morning in the trenches this time was made interesting by the bringing down of an enemy aeroplane not long after breakfast. I was on duty and chatting with some of my men when the familiar buzz of a flying machine made me reach for glasses and look heavenwards in several directions. After searching about for a moment or two I suddenly discovered a plane of unfamiliar design (since learn an Albatross) heading towards the right of our battalion line directly in our rear. There was suddenly a bursting of anti-aircraft shells near it and one seemed so close under it that we expected to see the plane drop. On it came though, and then to our surprise we saw another plane swinging around behind and below it, and as they came closer there was the popping of a machine gun in place of the bursting of shells. It was not until we had decided in our own minds that a British machine was catching up to it and firing at an enemy that I made out the Iron Cross on the lower wings of the leader which was not more than a mile from us and probably 2,000 feet up only. Machine gun fire is such a common sound and so difficult to locate along the front, in the daytime especially, one is usually little impressed by its occurrence, and so few enemy aeroplanes are seen over this section of the line, we seldom pay more attention to flyers than to identify them as a matter of principle. Hence our surprise and deep interest in the sudden battle which was on before our very eyes. The British plane steadily overhauled, keeping well below and popping away at short intervals, and to our delight

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the enemy began to show something was seriously wrong within and began to gradually descend, finally landing within the 3rd Battalion lines on our right. The pilot was killed and the observer, a lad of seventeen, escaped by a miracle, as in addition to having gone through our own fire, the plane on descending was fired upon by the enemy, with a view I suppose to destroying it completely. They are brutes without a doubt."

Note: The above is apparently the same incident as is referred to in the letter from Lieutenant Mordy, which follows.

The following are extracts from a letter from Lieutenant A. G. Mordy, formerly Accountant of the Winnipeg branch, written in France on 15th November, 1915. This letter refers to the trenches in front of Messines, Belgium.

"The four months I spent in England outside of my military life were 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 communication 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 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 communication trenches were so muddy. It is risky, but rifle bullets and machine-gun fire bother us like bees and 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 overland 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

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weighing, it felt to me, about a ton, 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, and yet sing at the start of a long 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 German 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 500 yards apart, we could see he was doing his best to make for his own lines. However, he came to earth about fifty yards behind our front trench, and then Fritz put over 96 big shells in quick succession in order to destroy the machine. This was after they got the range, and the occupants had time to get out. The pilot was killed and the observer turned out to be a lad of 18, quite gentlemanly, who had received a commission from the ranks and held an Iron Cross of the second grade. He was quite upset over the death of his comrade and he evidently expected to be shot immediately and had to be reassured on that point. That night I saw a casualty being brought away from that vicinity and recognized a former Commerce boy named Blacklay, who had been shot, dying almost immediately while doing duty beside the aeroplane. I remembered his coming into our orderly room at Winnipeg to enlist and being told that the battalion was filled up. I arranged to have him taken on.

"I was fortunate enough to be selected for some rather daring reconnaissance work extending over three days and nights in company with another officer and 'The excitement was intense,' to quote a well worn phrase. Our orders, direct from the Brigadier-

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General, were to get all necessary information. My companion, who is very hot-headed, and I, found ourselves about fifteen yards from a German listening post and he proposed rushing it. I argued against it. This resulted of course in hot words, which the Germans heard, and for once I blessed my brevity of form as I had to lie pretty close to the ground for a while. After the firing stopped we found they were firmly ensconced behind their barbed wire so it turned out my caution was the better course.

"I have run across quite a number of Commerce boys over here, in fact I officiated at a banquet in Shorncliffe the night before I left at which there were 60 bank men, of whom 40 or 45 were ex-Commerce. The Bank may have made undue sacrifice but I can assure you the need is great. Lovett was in my platoon here but is now taking a cadet course and I am glad to say is getting a commission. Young Fraser, one of our ledger-keepers, is in the orderly room here. I have heard about the brave deaths of poor old John Low and little Bean. My C.O. but needs to know that a man is from the Commerce to feel assured that any promotion concerned is warranted."

The following is a letter from Private E. DeWind, formerly of the Edmonton branch, later attached to the Machine-Gun Section of the 31st Battalion, written 1st November, 1915, from "Somewhere in France." (Private DeWind was later given a commission in the Royal Irish Rifles, and was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross for his glorious stand and self-sacrifice at St. Quentin on the 21st of March, 1918).

"These are just a few lines from the Front to let you know that we are all settled down to our new surroundings, and so far no casualties among our old Edmonton staff bunch.

"I am now in the Machine Gun Section of the 31st Battalion and like the work very much, and we have an awfully nice willing bunch of fellows in it. We have been in first and second line trenches for over a month, and at present are having a week's rest in an old farm house near a village. Our buildings are pretty well intact, but it is awful to see miles of trenches and sand-bag parapets all around. It will be two or three decades after the war before things are in any sort of good shape. It is a beautiful, rich, mixed farming country, but a good lot of rain and fog in the fall apparently. 'Sunny Alberta' will look mighty good again to those of us who are lucky enough to pull through.

"The Balkan crisis will probably add several months to the

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war, but I think the German combine is showing signs of breaking up a bit. The Allies are well off for munitions now, though I must say our Canadian troops would welcome the sight of any of the new machine-guns which are ready in Canada.

"We are all very well, and are being splendidly equipped this year with skin coats, rainproof capes, rubber waders, heavy boots, etc., and food is generally very good and plenty of it."

The following is a letter from Lieutenant C. G. Dowsley, 2nd Artillery Brigade, First Canadian Division. Mr. Dowsley was formerly a member of the staff of the Herbert, Sask., branch. He writes from France, under date of 3rd November, 1915:

"The staff of the Bank does seem to have responded well to the call for men. I am continually running across Commerce men. Four, together with myself, left the Herbert branch with the 1st Division. Two have been killed, one wounded and the other is still in the 2nd Battalion, and I see and hear from him regularly. I have not yet been hit, fortunately. The Artillery is not so dangerous a job as the Infantry, as you will have noticed from the Casualty Returns. The Artillery has lost only thirty to thirty-five per cent. of their strength in killed and wounded, but our percentage of killed to wounded is much greater than any other arm. Practically all our losses are from shell fire—very few from rifles and machine-guns. Depending on the nature of the country, guns are situated two thousand to four thousand yards in rear of the first line trenches. The Forward Observing Station, one to each battery, is manned by a subaltern, a look-out man and telephonists, and is situated either in the front or support line trenches, or on a vantage point behind the trenches and in front of the guns. It must command a view of all targets likely to be engaged by the battery. We have telephonic communication with the company and battalion commanders in the trenches which we cover, but the communication is usually broken as fast as we can repair it during a bombardment. In that case we resort to signals by way of lights of different colors by night, and smoke balls, colored, by day. Since the end of September we have been fairly quiet, but for the daily artillery duels, of which you hear so much. We were not actually engaged in the attack of 25th September, but bombarded for two or three days and made feint gas and smoke attacks, endeavouring thereby to hold the German reserves in front of us.

"During the battles of Ypres and Festubert, I was in the 2nd

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Brigade Ammunition Column and was responsible for the supply of small arm ammunition, lights, etc., to the 2nd Infantry Brigade. At the best it is a very 'dirty' job—as the Germans make it a point to shell every yard of road between the trenches and the maximum range of their guns. Many a time we have lost our horses, escaping ourselves without a scratch.

"During Givenchy and since, I have been in the 7th Battery. I was unfortunate enough to have been sent to hospital in Bailleul on 2nd October, where I was kept for three weeks. I had 'trench fever'—a name given to an ailment which is very prevalent among the Canadians during the wet weather.

"We expect to be here all winter, though there is a rumour that we will go to Serbia, but hardly think it. To sum up, we have only taken a fall out of the Germans, single handed, and I think they will let us have a victory some day. The 2nd Division are now holding up their end on our left—my elder brother is among them, while my young brother expects to be sent over shortly.

"I have never heard of Jim Still out here. Do you know when he came over, and with what arm and unit?

The following is a letter received from Mr. Dowsley in amplification of the foregoing:

"I recall that I wrote this letter while at our forward observation point on the north-east slope at Hill 63, about one and a quarter miles east of Neuve-Eglise and about two miles south-west of Messines. The First Divisional front covered from the village of St. Yves, on the south, to a point about three hundred yards north of the Wulverghem-Messines Road and followed the valley of the River Douve. At that point where our trenches crossed the Messines-Ploegsteert road there was a group of farm buildings called La Petite Douve Ferme. It was at this point that the 1st Division carried out the first raid into the enemy trenches on the night of the 16/17 November, 1915, which was a great success. The plan was followed immediately by all other divisions on the British front and later by the Germans themselves.

"The attack of the 25th September referred to was staged near the village of Loos, about eight or ten miles south-east of the city of Bethune and a few miles north of the city of Lens. The Canadians were, at this time, about twenty miles north of Loos, but our services were utilized, as I stated, in pretending to be very alert, and subjected the German trenches to a very deliberate bombardment for three days, and also created a lot of smoke by burning wet straw in the front line when the wind was favorable

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for carrying it towards the enemy, in order to induce him to believe that a gas attack was in progress. It was hoped by so doing to prevent the enemy from detaching any reserves he might have had on this front."

The following letter from Lieutenant R. E. N. Jones is dated 6th November, 1915:

This refers to the Kimmel sector:

"We have been busy, as usual, furnishing fatigue parties every day, and the weather has been simply terrible. Our trenches are needing attention, of course, under the circumstances, and Fritz can be seen working away at his just as hard, and, we hope, harder. A 28th officer tells me that, when the usual morning fog lifted the other day, one of his men, who was out in front, found himself a few yards from a German, who said: 'You had better go back, or I shall have to shoot you.' One of our Brigades in this neighbourhood, it is said, during the very bad spell this past week, was not molested while at work on parapets, and returned the compliment, allowing the enemy to work undisturbed and in full view. Is it not absolutely absurd? One would think there was no war some days, about breakfast or dinner time, as not a shot is fired by either side for sometimes an hour or so."

The following is a letter from Captain J. C. MacPherson, formerly Assistant Accountant at the Calgary branch, dated 8th November, 1915. This letter refers to the Kimmel sector, Ypres salient, October, 1915:

"We are at present in the front line trenches, and, for a change, are having dry weather. Last time we were in the front line we had rather a miserable spell. My Company held a section of trench in a salient, the nearest point to the Huns being about thirty yards. During the period we occupied this section it rained all the time, and the mud was awful, over the boots everywhere, in other places almost impassable. One day the Germans insisted on bothering us with trench mortar bombs (awful things which explode like large shells), and succeeded in knocking down part of our parapet, and destroying seven dugouts, which had not caved in during the wet weather. Next morning we gave them a few back, and some rapid artillery fire, which shut them up in great style. When the trenches are close, rifle and hand grenades, bombs, etc., are used a lot, and instead of the proverbial stoop occasioned by continued ducking, one gets the opposite with looking up all the time. We were very glad to get out for our rest that trip.

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"We have a better section at present, but Fritz has been worrying us to-day with whiz-bangs, and prevents us from doing a lot of necessary work. However, he usually gets two back for every one, and ours seem to have a greater effect.

"Our casualties have not been very heavy. I think I told you that two Commerce boys in our Battalion were killed—Nuttall and Callaghan, both very nice boys. Cannon, also a Commerce boy, was wounded by shell fire, but I believe is progressing well, though I understand his nerves are pretty well shattered, and I don't blame them. Rogers, who was third messenger in the Bank, is now in my Company, having come over with a draft from the 56th. We are breaking him in this week, and probably by this time he knows what war is.

"Arbuckle just dropped in to see me. He is in the next section, and on night duty, and looking fit. This is his first tour in the front line, having just recently joined the Battalion from the base. He is taking to it well.

"I am writing this in my dugout, but it is just about time I had a trip down the line to see how things are, and my Sergeant-Major is waiting for me.

"You must excuse the paper, also the pencil, but it is about all we can get. The Y.M.C.A. supplies the paper, and the representatives of that institution are a Godsend to any Battalion, and the way they look after the boys will always be remembered."

The following is a letter from Lieutenant A. G. A. Vidler, of the Royal Sussex Regiment, and formerly a member of the staff of the Vancouver branch:

"It was very good of you to send me those H.O. lists. I find them most entertaining and am forwarding one to a Commerce man in my old Regiment, Strathcona's Horse, who is still at the front unscratched after seven months, lucky man!

"You ask me for my experiences. Well I am afraid that they are disappointingly brief. When the 1st Contingent Infantry went out in February, we of the Cavalry Brigade were held back in Sussex occupying the mansion and grounds of a German Count (according to a local report a most charming man—they all are) who for the good of his health had retired for a season. Then when the infantry got cut up so badly in April, at Hill 60, General Seely (our Brigadier) took us out dismounted. The web equipment and short rifles were flung at us at three days' notice, but we soon got accustomed to the cobblestones and footslogging, and

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after being held in reserve at Ypres for a few days, were marched down to Bethune and straight into the front line trenches in the middle of the Battle of Festubert from 17th to 26th May, 1915, I think it lasted. Anyhow, we were then at the extreme right of the British line, and except for one British regiment, were in touch with the French. Well that was the line the British were so short of ammunition on and we fairly got peppered with shrapnel. The third day (25th May) I went across a communication trench to a German trench the 5th Battalion had taken in the morning. There were fifteen of our "B" Squadron carrying cases of bombs, and it was an awful job getting across, as the trench, was choked with dead and wounded and we were being shelled all the time. It took about half an hour to do 100 yards. We got our bomb cases across all right but the shrapnel got so thick we couldn't get back, so all one could do was to lie along flat with your face and body against the parapets at the rear of the captured trench. I started to crawl around on my hands and knees and found Johnson of our Vegreville branch with his arm and leg shockingly cut up. I wanted him to get inside the trench but as he couldn't move I crept on and saw Golden Wetaskiwin (the place seemed full of bank men). He was all right and is so still; seems to have had wonderful escapes. A little later I got hit on the head and shoulder, so my day's work was completed for some months. Fernie from Stony Plain and W. L. Donald also got hit the same day. The Bank of Commerce representatives in Strathcona's Horse were sheer out of luck on 25th May. When I was returned from Hospital to the Casualty troop in the Cavalry Barracks at Shorncliffe I met dozens of our men, particularly from the West and Pacific Coast branches.

"I was at the dinner on 19th October in Folkestone, and many men who couldn't get there I saw, later, notably Olive, Mahon and Harris from the 72nd Seaforths at Vancouver and a number of men in the 49th. They appeared to be sending wounded men back to Canada whether fit for duty or not, so I made haste to get a commission in the Sussex, as I want to see the job through. I expect to be out again in January; we are under orders now. Johnson and Fernie are now in the Pay and Record Office in London, and from what I understand from them the C. B. of C. hours and work are infinitely preferable."

The following is a letter from Lieutenant W. D. Hopkinson, formerly of the London, Eng., branch, written at Chakdara Camp, India, on 17th November, 1915:

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"I arrived at Bombay on 26th September. Off Malta a French destroyer came racing out to us, and warned the Captain of the 'Medina' that four hostile submarines were waiting for us, but by a very clever ruse on the part of the Captain we managed to escape them. We found it very hot indeed going through the Red Sea, and when we arrived at Aden there was a small battle in progress on the land.

"After hanging about Bombay for five days we got our postings. I was posted to the 90th Battery at Chakdara. This is merely a camp about 18 miles over the Frontier, situated in a deep valley, and one sees nothing but filthy sand, and the flies are terrible. We are not far from the Khyber Pass and are camped on neutral territory, populated by hostile tribes, who have proved themselves to be very fine fighters. These men have some very objectionable customs, one of which is to cut up into small pieces any European they take in a fight, especially 'Officer Sahibs.' The camp has been attacked twice by several thousand of these tribesmen, but after a severe bombardment by the artillery they have been compelled to retire with great loss. They have adopted a system of sniping which is very irritating. For this reason all tents are dug in about three feet below the ground. They have been quiet for the last few weeks, but we are awaiting events.

"I was carted into hospital after I had been here a week, having caught sand fly fever, and was attended by Major Bates, a resident of Wimbledon. I am feeling fairly fit at the present time, but I have a very strong objection to the dust and flies."

The following extracts are from a further letter from Lieutenant R. E. N. Jones, written from a Trench Warfare School, 25th November, 1915.

The church and churchyard herein referred to were at Kemmel, Belgium:

"Since last writing we have had rotten weather and the trenches have been in an awful condition. The communication trenches have been so bad up until recently that we have had to go and come from the front line overland, quite a ticklish trip I can assure you. The Company Major and I both lost our batmen about eight days ago behind the lines on the very grounds over which we go and come when relieved.

"There are exciting times almost every day in the trenches of course, and when we have to get out in front at night to do a bit of diggin' or a bit of wire fixin', the star lights, and zing and swish of stray bullets, keep us very much on the alert. The last time we

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came out everything was lovely until we reached a village the Gerboys frequently shell with high explosives, i.e., "Jack Johnsons," 'Coal Boxes' or 'Black Marias.' Just as about two-thirds of my Company were leaving the outskirts I heard the unmistakable express-train like sound of a high explosive shell coming our way. I was at the end of our line which was in single file, and just had time to shout 'flat,' and I verily believe we all went down together. The shell dropped about a hundred and fifty yards behind us—right on the road we had followed and only a very few yards in front of the head of one of our companies in the rear. Four more high explosive shells came over in quick succession and we dropped on three occasions altogether, the last two shells not sounding close enough to make men with mighty heavy packs on think it worth while to wallow in mud for a bit only to have to struggle to their feet again. I had to visit guards over a huge area, necessitating a walk of about six miles, and next day as I passed the village church around which dozens and dozens of British soldiers are buried, I saw that three of the high explosive shells we had heard the night before had fallen in the pretty churchyard and ripped open probably eight to ten graves."

The following is a letter from Captain J. C. MacPherson, formerly of the Calgary branch, written from Belgium on 27th November, 1915. This letter was written from the trenches at Kemmel, Belgium:

"I received the other day a copy of 'Letters from the Front,' part two. It is greatly appreciated by us all, and we are greatly interested in it. We all think a lot of it and the way it is gotten up.

"At the time of writing we are in the front line doing our little bit. For a change we have had two fine days, but the mud everywhere is very bad. My Company has a decent bit of trench this time, although fairly close to Fritz, at one point very close—only thirty yards from the Germans. We occupied the section referred to very recently and got a warm reception. It was there that a company of the 28th Battalion got blown up with some sixty casualties two days after we left it. One is in greater danger from bombs, hand and rifle grenades, trench mortars, etc., than from artillery fire, as owing to the proximity there is the danger of our own shells falling in our lines. I have seen German shells, and big ones at that, falling in their own front line trenches.

"There have been several heavy bombardments on our front recently, but apparently Fritz has something up his sleeve, as he

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keeps very quiet. We have witnessed some very exciting air fights during the last few days and there is something very fascinating about them. Up to the present, I have seen two planes brought down. It is wonderful how they get through—sometimes a single plane will have several hundred shrapnel shells sent after and over it, and not one will hit. Of course they are all shrapnel and burst in the air around the planes."

The following is a letter from Lieutenant F. C. Biggar, formerly Manager of the Virden branch, dated 28th November, 1915. The "new place" referred to in this letter is Wulverghem, Belgium:

"It is a very long time since my last letter to you, but many things have interfered. For nearly two months our Company was extremely short of officers, and this meant very heavy duties for those we had; and afterwards, when we filled up our establishment, I was acting as second in command, and this kept my nose pretty close to the grindstone.

"The interval has not been very full of incident. We worked away on our section of the line digging trenches, both firing and communication, until we were told that we had made it one of the strongest bits of the British line. We were still there, though, at the time, back in Divisional Reserve billets, when the big Loos attack came off. For several days we would hear the continuous roar of guns, both from there on our right and from Ypres on our left. We slept with one eye open, for we knew we might be called to move at any time, and, indeed, we fell in one morning about 5 a.m., at 15 minutes' notice, all ready to move off, but found this was only a test, and we were dismissed.

"When we got to the new place we found it consisted of a single line of trenches, really two, but so close together that they were no better than one. Besides they were only from 50 to 100 yards from the enemy who kept one from brooding by throwing over grenades and trench mortar bombs.

"Our first turn there was rather costly because we could not get bombs to retaliate, but when our supply did arrive we threw three for every one of theirs and they soon tired.

"About this time the second in command was made adjutant and the sub senior to me being away taking a course, I acted in that position. We moved to the new sector about the beginning of October and very soon after the wet weather began. The soil is very light and as no revetting had been done by our predecessors, some territorial battalion, we began to have caves-in daily.

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Dugouts, parapets, parados and traverses came tumbling down, stopping drainage and making our trench alternate lakes of knee deep water and hillocks of mud, which almost dragged one's boots off. Our men worked like Trojans and kept a fairly clear way to move until one night's downpour lasting an hour, during which fourteen bays out of the twenty-two which our Company held, caved in. Making rounds that night on duty was an experience, for it was pitch black and one was alternately walking almost at the height of the parapet and then down on the trench level, while the communication trenches were so hopelessly blocked that the only thing to do was to get back to the support line on the surface. In the support trenches the water rose to from one to three feet in depth and all the dugouts were flooded, so that eventually we had to move out of it altogether.

"Too much cannot be said for the men who, in spite of twelve to fourteen hours' sentry go and work during the day, wet beds (when they can turn in) and wet clothes all the time, are always cheerful and willing—a finer lot it would be impossible to find.

"About two weeks ago Major Mills, our Quartermaster, was called back to Canada to take command of a new battalion, and I was appointed in his place, so that for the present my days of living in a dugout are over. It seems peculiar to be so far back, but the Transport Officer and I ride up nightly with the rations, so keep to a certain extent in touch.

"During the winter, arrangements have been made to relieve each brigade for a fortnight and allow them to go back to rest billets. I understand our turn comes just before Christmas, so we will be able to spend the festal season a long way from the sounds of war.

"Did I tell you that at one G.O.C. inspection here, when he reached me he said 'You have a platoon of fine big men. Where do they mostly come from?' I threw my chest out another couple of inches and said, 'All from Western Canada, sir.'

"In spite of the black, or at least drab outlook in Serbia, I think everyone over here is feeling optimistic, and that we have now got the campaign in hand both in men and munitions. It will no doubt, take at least six months to finish it, but the end is certain. We are all fed up with war, but will only quit on our own terms."

The following extract is from a further letter from Lieutenant R. E. N. Jones, dated 1st December, 1915.

The trench warfare school herein referred to was located near Locre:

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"Our regiment is at present back in billets at a small town and we expect to return to the front line any day. Instead of going in last time I was sent to a trench warfare school for six days, where with others I dug and delved in the ground until my arms and back ached unmercifully each day. There were many wrinkles to learn and I managed to pick up a few."

The following is a letter from Lieutenant F. C. Biggar, formerly Manager of the Virden branch, dated 8th December, 1915:

(The lady herein referred to is Mrs. Biggar, who was engaged on hospital duty in Shorncliffe, England.)

"I think that when I wrote I expected to go on leave in about ten days, but when we heard the continuous roar of guns at Loos on our right and Ypres on our left we were satisfied that the long promised offensive had begun, and we expected at any time to hear that all leave was cancelled.

"At last after many hopes and fears the day arrived and off I went to 'Blighty.' We crowded a good deal of business, a good deal of sightseeing and a lot of theatres into so short a holiday, and had a glorious time, and the morning after I left, Alice began her duties as V.A.D. in the Queen's Canadian Hospital, Shorncliffe. She has found the work hard, but interesting, and now that she is in joint charge of the diet kitchen, she thinks it will be even nicer, while the work in the wards is, of course, her final aim.

"When I got back to the battalion, I found we were about to move from our old sector. No one was very pleased over the prospect, for it was strong and well built (by ourselves) and felt more or less like home.

"When we got to the new trenches we were even less pleased, for they were badly built, and were from about 50 to 125 yards from the Germans' lines, who made things interesting by throwing rifle grenades, trench mortar bombs, etc., and keeping up a fairly heavy fire. As for some time we could not get grenades to reply to them, it was not all beer and skittles.

"About a week after we got there, we took part in that feint attack which some one christened 'ten miles of smudges.' This consisted of our artillery pounding away for a couple of hours, and then suddenly stopping. As soon as the lull came, all along the British front smoke bombs were thrown which sent clouds rolling towards the German lines. They mistook it for gas, and stood-to expecting an attack, but our artillery again opened, and we hope,

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bagged lots of them. It was quite exciting, for we hadn't everything our own way, and their guns did their best to retaliate.

"Three weeks ago, much to my surprise, I was asked to take over the Quartermaster's work, as Major Mills, who had held the appointment, had been given the command of a battalion now being raised in Canada.

"The work is entirely new to me, and to a certain extent a routine post, but it has some advantages attached. One is a horse of my own, and a good deal of official riding to do, going about to inspect billets when they are taken or handed over, and going to the trenches each night that the battalion is in, to report to the C.O. and get his instructions.

"One feels like a deserter leaving one's pals to bear the hardships of trench life, while one lives well back from the line in a comfortable billet, but someone must do the work, and I did not seek it myself."

The following extracts are from a letter from Private D. J. MacDonald, formerly of the Inspection Department, Sherbrooke, dated 10th December, 1915. The incidents herein described occurred in the Ploegsteert sector, Belgium, in October, 1915:

"You get your first thrills as you near the communication trench, and stray bullets begin to sing through the trees. Unthinkingly you duck your head and next moment curse yourself for a nervous fool, but it takes a little time to get used to it. The trip through the communication trench is a long and tiresome one.

"Though the moon has not yet risen the night is made bright by the star-shells which the Huns use so lavishly. Here and there you hear the solitary crack of a sniper's rifle; evidently they never sleep. Away to the right a machine gun with its 'clap-clap' is evidently putting the fear of the Lord into an enemy working party. Thus the night wears on.

"That night we had some work to do before leaving for camp. This work consisted of digging a trench under the supervision of the engineers. We were not long engaged on this job before an uncomfortably large number of bullets began to sing around us, but believing them to be stray ones, we didn't pay particular attention to them. But they seemed to be coming from three sides, and after one very vicious volley, I noticed one of our men stagger and fall. A couple of chaps went to his aid and we went feverishly on with our work. I need not say we were extremely glad to finish that job, and get back in the trench again, for our trip homewards.

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"It was only then I made enquiries about the man who was hit and found it was our Platoon Sergeant who was shot through the ankle.

"I have seen two of the Sherbrooke boys over here—Thompson and Gibson. Thompson dropped into my hut one night on his way back from the trenches—his first trip."

The following extracts are from a further letter from Lieutenant R. E. N. Jones, dated 10th December, 1915.

This refers to the trenches in the Kemmel sector:

"We had a frightfully muddy trip into the trenches last time. The day after our going in I was honoured by being selected with Harold Riley to attend to the wiring along our battalion front, which is some hundreds of yards in extent, supports, etc., included. It meant that he would take charge of the left half with a dozen or more men, and I should look after the right half with about the same number of wirers, and that we should climb out into no-man's land and remain there for some three and a half to four hours each night. My men were game chickens, and had we been able to secure material there would have been much more work done. As it was, the brigade complimented the battalion on the work done and said 'keep it up.' Often bullets struck our wiring, throwing a cloud of sparks, and at one point as I walked up and down I frequently had to drop flat and remain still until an enemy sniper emptied his magazine. We had bombers and their protectors, bayonet men, out on our flanks and in front, all lying down of course, to watch for any possible surprise party, while we were busy pounding posts and wiring knife rests.

"Since coming here there is a very noticeable difference in the enemy's attitude. Some eight weeks ago, although we were hundreds of yards from the front line, it was dangerous to expose one's head for even a moment. Now we frequently walk in the open past 'small party signs.'

Some day though, an old regiment will land in front of us and pick off a few after carefully studying range cards, which I must believe are always available to German snipers. They have done mighty good work as snipers, but we have done better and keep on improving with experience."

The following is from a letter from Lieutenant V. Curran, formerly Assistant Accountant at the Winnipeg Branch, written in Flanders on 13th December, 1915. The trenches in the Kemmel sector are described herein:

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"The weary round of trench and billets goes on. We are doing six days in and six days out still, although some, and in fact nearly all the other brigades are doing four. It is no joke stumbling over this mud-ridden wilderness at dead of night when everything is so dark you can't see your hand before your face. As a result, one is continually falling into shell-holes full of water. The men are splendid and go out singing and whistling, no matter what the weather is like. The characteristic becomes all the more praiseworthy when one considers that they have only the one change of clothing, and to get wet means to stay that way until we get back to billets again. The weather is absolutely the last extreme in discomfort. It rains continually, and as a result the whole country is just saturated with water, and the mud is something terrible. Never again will I abuse the good old Manitoba weather. We used to see the sun occasionally there, but rarely, if ever, here.

"Things along our front are quiet so far, but we hear all sorts of rumours about German attacks to be pulled off. We hear the Kaiser is to be on this front about the 15th December, so perhaps he wants to spend Christmas in Paris and intends to push through. Unless it freezes up he had better save his men, as it wouldn't be possible to manoeuvre over this country now.

"We expect to be out for Christmas, and I believe arrangements are being made for both our officers' dinner and one for the men, so apart from the separation from friends and associations we should be able to get along, more especially as everyone has been so good in the matter of Christmas cheer.

"I intended writing a Christmas letter containing my best wishes to all the staff for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, but couldn't find time in the trenches, but would ask you to spread the good word for me. Doubtless some of the male members will be congregating in the usual haunts for a cheery evening, and as I was usually one of the party, I would like to be considered as there in spirit, if not in person."

The following extracts are from a letter dated 22nd December, 1915, from Sergt. Robert Houston, formerly of the Winnipeg branch, and latterly in the Pay Office of the Canadian Contingents, London, Eng.

"I have been in the Pay and Record Office now for fully five months, and have some very interesting work here. Pte. J. D. Cruickshank has lately been successful in obtaining a position in Capt. Lobley's department, and at times one would think he was back in Winnipeg branch again. Jim Purdy, now Lieut. Purdy,

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is with Major Thorn in the Assigned Pay Branch, and the training which we all received at the hands of The C. B. of C. is evidently going to stand us in good stead, either as soldiers on the field of battle, or men on the staff.

"I have had some very pleasant meetings in London. The most outstanding one, which Harry Lauder would term 'an auspicious occasion,' was when Fraser and Lovett came over on leave together. Fraser, by the way, is now promoted Sergeant, and Lovett has received a commission. A very pathetic story is told by them about our pal, the late John Low, and of how he was killed outright, and after they were successful in burying him, Fraser tells me that the very next evening the Germans were shelling the position held by the Canadians, a stray shell struck old John's grave, knocking away the little wooden cross they had erected, and at the same time half knocking his body out of the grave. The job which he (Fraser) took single-handed, namely, the re-burial of a dead comrade, speaks for itself, and one requires to hear the story told by him to realize the awful grimness of the task. Little or nothing is known of young Bean, but he is now on the Casualty lists as dead.

"Of course you would read of the visits to London some two months ago, of the famous Zeppelins. I had the 'pleasure,' if I might term it so, of being in the thick of them both. The last one when they dropped bombs in the Strand was very disastrous, and I was as close to the damage then as anyone would ever wish to be. I think 50 yards would cover the distance from where I was standing to the point where the bomb was dropped, outside the Strand Palace Hotel. All the soldiers anywhere near at that particular time were asked to go on duty to assist the police in keeping the crowds back and it was no pleasant job.

"We have in connection with the office a male voice choir, comprising thirty members, and are very busy at present practising and giving concerts. Two weeks ago we were down at the Canadian Military Hospital at Epsom, where we sang to quite a few hundred of our wounded comrades.

"Last Thursday we gave a charity concert at Golders Green—a percentage of the proceeds of which was devoted to the Prisoners of War Fund."

The following extracts are from a letter from Corporal G. T. Lewis, formerly of the Winnipeg branch, written from Lyminge, Kent, England:

"Thank you very much for your very kind wishes. Believe

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me it is nice to hear from Winnipeg and especially from the Bank of Commerce.

"When we were all together in Sewell, we boys used to kick about the place and I have heard other kicks about the Canadian winter, but believe me, I can say for myself, and I am sure the rest of the boys agree with me, that Canada is by far the best place. I know that just as soon as the War is over I am taking the first boat back. There seems to be nothing but rain over here, and as far as the ducks are concerned it may be all right; for soldiering it is punk."

The following is a letter from Lieutenant James H. Lovett, formerly Accountant at the Alexander Avenue (Winnipeg) branch. This letter was written just behind the front line trenches facing Messines. Christmas 1915 is referred to:

"Here I am in an old bunk, in the cellar of a ruined house near our front line. Another officer and myself, with two parties, are doing the patrol work for our battalion, chasing the Germans out of 'no man's land,' or the ground between the trenches. I am getting a very bad cramp in my neck writing.

"I had a most peculiar Christmas. Our rations did not come up and we had to get the batmen busy chasing round on Christmas night. My shift coming first, with a fairly large party, we ventured out to stir up our good friends. An old hedge, very dense and wired, lay about midway between the lines, beside which was a house the Germans had fortified. Suspecting a party or listening post behind the hedge in a small trench there, we approached very slowly and quietly. I put my nose through the hedge and listened, and passed on with the party following. I must have looked through the hedge from twelve to fifteen times and tried to get through it. For nearly 100 yards down the hedge we followed this plan.

"All at once the Germans challenged us, and two rifles were fired almost into my face, and in a twinkling the whole hedge started firing. A nice Christmas box was evidently their desire. The two chaps who started the fight by firing at me, must have been awfully up in the air to miss me. I emptied my revolver right into them, and the party, in spite of having no cover, gave it to them right and left. Bombs, rifles, everything went, a little war all to ourselves. We made them get away from the hedge, and a machine-gun opened up on us, and we had to get back into a nearby ditch and from there into the trench. I was very glad to get the party back safely.

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"Next day another officer and myself who have charge of all the patrols were sent for by the general and had lunch with him. He gave us some good suggestions, and sent a telegram of congratulations to the Colonel on our little war. Personally, I am glad to be where I am, as it is the second time these last four days I have run into the Germans (they turned a machine-gun on us two nights ago), and they can send me back to my company any old time they want to. I prefer being there to standing the chance of a small iron cross.

"I see Mordy quite often, he is near us here. I like my duties as an officer and enjoyed the course of instruction of one month's time at the cadet school at the base. I have not heard from you for some time. I had three days in England about a month ago and Cruickshank and I had most of the time together. He is talking of getting a commission with the Gordons at his home. I also saw Lobley. I must close now with very kind regards."

The following is an extract from a letter from Lieutenant C. W. F. Rawle, formerly of the Head Office staff, dated 30th December, 1915:

"At present we are at Port Said in camp, refitting, and expect to do duty on the Canal shortly.

"If all goes well, I am leaving for home for a month's leave, which will mean from ten days to two weeks in England.

"The Turks apparently mean business out here, as, according to reports several railways and roads fit for motor transport have been built in their territory.

"A good tale is told of Lord Kitchener on his visit to the Near East. He met an officer doing duty on the Canal, that is, just this side of it, and asked him what he was supposed to be doing. The officer replied 'protecting the Canal, Sir.' Lord K.: 'Don't you mean the Canal is protecting you?'

"The result is that now our defences are some miles on the other side of the Canal.

"I feel sure that 13 is my lucky number. We are in the 39th Brigade, 13th Division; we sailed on transport 806, divisible by 13, arrived on the Peninsula on July 13th. I arrived wounded at Alexandria August 13th, and was also in command of 13 platoon. With any luck I shall leave for home on February 13th."

The following are extracts from a letter from Corporal A. H. Waterman, formerly of the Hastings and Cambie (Vancouver) branch, dated 31st December, 1915. The strong point referred to was officially known as Strong

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Point No. 8, a little north of Regent Street Dugouts, Kimmel sector. Corporal Waterman and his comrades had New Year's dinner in a ruined house in Kimmel village.

"All your news was of great interest, and I since have learned of the death of our respected General Manager. Mackedic wrote to me for Xmas from England, where he is having the time of his life, as no doubt you have heard; he looks forward to being in the race for glory early in the new year.

"Christmas Day I spent in a 'Strong Point' where we stand ready to make one of those dramatic last stands if the occasion arises. In spite of the delay in mails, which kept us without our letters and parcels, we were able to impart quite a respectable air of joviality to the scene. We had presents from the Canadian Contingent War Comforts Association, and a pudding from the 'Daily News'. Our quarters, which we shared with a machine-gun crew from another battalion, were in an old barn which the Boches thought they had effectually destroyed, but with a few patches we fixed up quite a comfortable 'house.' Songs, recitations, and cakes from home filled up a jolly evening until 9.30. On the 25th there was no such weakness as was indulged in last year, and any Hun who started across 'No Man's Land' to shake hands found himself out of luck. We worry and harass them by every means in our power as an indication of the spirit they have called up in us, and of the relentless nature of the treatment we are ready to mete out to them. And now I am going to describe to you my New Year's Day dinner. With me on guard are four of the best fellows I could wish for; we are in a wrecked house, of which the ceiling of the lower rooms has been 'removed,' making one high room from ground to roof. It has a large open fire grate and mantelpiece. We have closed up shell-holes in the walls, built up the chimney-piece and brought in lots of holly, ivy and bay; added to this is a large motto, 'Happy New Year', and lots of Xmas cards. Here we boast chairs, tables, plates, glasses and a kettle, all rustled from neighboring ruins. (The crockery we discovered cached in a manure heap.) Luckily, I was able to bring in three Xmas puddings, a large cake and countless smaller items. Then to-day, the battalion was treated to a turkey dinner. So we sat down in front of a roaring log fire, complete with a singing kettle and *purring cat*, to eat turkey, mashed potatoes and turnips, brown bread and fresh English butter, Christmas pudding, coffee, a bottle of wine and cigars. Can you beat that for war conditions? Of course the greater part was supplied by ourselves, and the home

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made comfy in rough and ready fashion, but the result was A1. All the Commerce men are fit and fat, and in spite of your remark about May, 1917, expect to be with you about August 1st, 1916."

The following is a letter from Lieutenant V. Curran, formerly Assistant Accountant at the Winnipeg Branch, written in Flanders on 3rd January, 1916. The large school-house mentioned herein was situated at Locre. The place where the Germans attempted to fraternize on New Year's Day, 1916, was at Kemmel.

"I am only sorry that the Censor and my own duties prevent me from making my letters more interesting from the readers' standpoint. We had a very good Christmas, all things considered. The Regimental fund provided the men with a splendid dinner, at which turkey and goose and plum pudding occupied the place of honor. The dinner was held in a large school house, and practically all the battalion were able to find accommodation. After the dinner was done ample justice to (when you consider the men have been living on bully beef for the past four months, it will be more apparent to you just how justice was done) a concert was given, at which a lot of splendid talent took part. The Colonel gave the men a little talk and received a great ovation. He is certainly the idol of the men.

"We spent New Year's in the trenches, and pretty lively it was. The Germans made several attempts to fraternize, but were met with rifle and machine-gun fire, as we had strict orders about hobnobbing with them. Our warm reception of their well-meant intentions angered them, and so a lively artillery duel commenced, without, I am glad to say, any more harm being done than much earth scattered around.

"We were all splendidly looked after during the Christmas season, and the number of parcels received was simply amazing. Anyway, everything was appreciated and was a welcome change from the army rations. The men are in good health and spirits, and so far our battalion has been very lucky as regards casualties, but still the wastage, due to sickness and the 'occasional' unfortunate, is considerable."

The following are extracts from a letter from Lieutenant A. R. Mackedic, formerly of the Hastings and Cambie (Vancouver) staff, dated 15th January, 1916:

(Mr. Mackedic was killed in action 28th August, 1918.)

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"It is over two months since I left Vancouver, and I think it is high time that I wrote you.

"We have quite a number of old bank clerks among our officers, Captain Monteith, an old Bank of B.C. and later a Commerce man, from Victoria, Ross of Vancouver, and I are all the C. B. of C. men. There are three Bank of Montreal boys and one from the Bank of Toronto. That is seven ex-bankers out of a total of thirty officers.

"I recently took a course in bombs and grenades, and I certainly found it very interesting work. I haven't heard yet whether I will become the battalion bombing officer or not. At the front the bombing sections are known as the 'Suicide Club,' although I do not think it is quite as bad as that. If a man can keep cool and use his head, I think he has just as good a chance of coming through as anyone else. I had a letter from Waterman, late of our Hastings and Cambie branch, the other day. Owing to the censorship, he was, of course, unable to tell me much of what was taking place at the front. He did say that the trenches are nearly half full of mud and water, and are by no means an ideal place to spend the winter in. He tells me that two of our old staff, the Davis boys, are in good health, and as yet untouched. In London the other day, I was very surprised to run into T. C. G. Mahon, who was with us for so long, both in the Eastern Townships Bank and in the Commerce. He was wounded some time ago, but he is now quite recovered and is working in the Military Pay Office in London.

"London hotels present a very wonderful and unique scene on any afternoon, ninety-nine per cent. of the men having tea (and there are thousands) are in uniform. I suppose at least forty per cent. are returned officers on leave; some recovering from wounds and many minus a leg or an arm. All seem very cheerful, however, and one cannot help but feel that, with such a nation of brave men, ultimate victory is assured. London is certainly a wonderful city, and my six days' leave was all too short."

The following is a further letter from Lieutenant V. Curran, formerly Assistant Accountant at the Winnipeg branch, dated 18th January, 1916:

"So far I have escaped anything very close and so have none of the hair-breadth escapes to record that one daily reads about. It is a wonderful sight to see a real artillery duel and the men are like a bunch of kids on the 1st of July, each watching through a periscope to see where our shells are landing, but still not neglecting to keep a watchful eye on the opposition. The Germans have a

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delightful weapon termed an aerial torpedo, which comes across at night with a trail of sparks showing until it begins to fall, when you of course lose sight of it, until the most awful explosion is heard and you thank God it wasn't near you. They weigh about 100 pounds and even in some cases 200 pounds, and have a rudder appliance which causes them to swerve before they drop, and thus one never can tell where to go to escape the brutes. They play hell with the trenches. We use a mortar trench bomb ourselves that isn't anything to be sneezed at, and it is pretty to watch them going over and to see the German trenches and sometimes pieces of Germans fly when they light. It's funny that all these various instruments look fine going over but mighty dangerous coming."

The following is an extract from a further letter from Lieutenant R. E. N. Jones, dated 19th January, 1916.

The episode of the *Minenwerfer* herein described took place in the *Kemmel* sector:

"Next day we threw over four trench mortar 60 lb. bombs from our own trench, and only two exploded because of damp fuses which were not properly attended to. We frequently landed them in their front line and on their front parapet, doing no end of damage. As a matter of fact we strafed Boche more this last time than on many previous occasions that I remember, and his 'come back' was remarkably weak. The regiment we relieved had four men buried by a German *Minenwerfer* (a thrown mine shaped like a large shell and called often a torpedo). All were fortunately dug out by willing and brave men who worked in full view of Boche not 65 yards away, and only one chap was injured, his collar bone being cracked, I believe. The breach in the parapet was soon closed, and when my men came in, we finished the job by strengthening with sandbags and making a perfectly good parapet. Towards noon one day as I was trying to disclose a loophole opposite to four bored men and a sniper, the report of a gun—a report I shall never forget since first hearing it—made me stop and instinctively look in the direction of the sound, even though I was just about to pull the trigger, and I knew what to expect. Up, up, crept a *Minenwerfer*, higher and higher, and coming our way. I called attention to it at once, of course, and we all watched, and wondered not a little as to its probable objective. It seemed about over our heads when it reached the apex of its flight, and I am sure there was not one of us who did not heave a sigh of relief when it became evident instantly that the torp. was going well over to our left a bit. One day with our senior Major, I had an opportunity of observing our bomb (trench mortar) work from the

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trenches on our right, where a well-known Canadian regiment was relieving at the time. While we stood chatting with a couple of non-coms, and hoping to locate the Fritz Minenwerfer gun should it reply to us, to our surprise, and certainly to our discomfort, three German shells whizzed over our worthy heads, not more than a foot or two above the comparatively low parapet. A few minutes later, as we started for our own trenches, they opened with two more which again passed over our heads, just missing the parapet. It seemed as though Fritz had spotted visitors, and could see clean through the sand bags. The day we came out to these billets, a most unfortunate accident occurred. We were about to strafe Fritz with trench mortar bombs and rifle grenades after lunch—just a few parting shots. The Major and I were standing in front of his dugout watching, at a distance, say, of 35 yards (and on very slightly lower ground) from the gun, when the Corporal in charge pulled the string. The bomb exploded before it left the muzzle, and I cannot describe the awful feeling of dread that surged through one while looking at that great blast of grey-black smoke and flying debris. Neither of us ducked our heads until it was quite too late, and then I dreaded looking towards the gun. There were men on the ground struggling and groaning, and I shouted as I ran over, for 'stretcher-bearers at the double.' The whole gun crew of the four had been hit, and two died before our eyes in a very few minutes. My own platoon was my first thought really, as the gun was immediately behind their frontage of trench, and some were surely hit. Fortunately only one was caught seriously and he was well inside a nearby dugout, while others slightly touched and somewhat shocked were scattered up and down their trench in various attitudes, with a view to shelter. Altogether ten were hit and four have since died, one of our Company signallers, a nice boy too, dying on his way to the base. You will appreciate our feelings, I know. It is bad enough to get high explosives from the enemy, but to be caught in this way by a defective time-fuse was a heartbreak."

The following extracts are from a further letter from Lieutenant R. E. N. Jones, dated 27th January, 1916.

This refers to the Kemmel sector:

"During our spell in support, a little practice with prismatic compasses and protractors seemed to me would not only prove serviceable but interesting as well. I have seen the usefulness of a knowledge of the prismatic compass on more than one mighty important occasion. One night a young artillery officer, then on duty in our trench, took a bearing when an enemy heavy bomb

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came over to us, away to the left. It had a tail of sparks, and after the first bomb had crashed in our lines, he got ready to sight the next. Next morning we knew exactly where the Bosche mortar was located, as someone away to our left had acted as our visitor had, and their figures were handed in to someone only too anxious for such valuable information.

"A cook was startled out of his kitchen by a whizz-bang which nearly got his head as it passed through his thinly built wall, and as he reached the trench outside his door an H. E. fell nearby and blew him back into the kitchen, fortunately nothing hitting him.

"I went up the troubled sector that afternoon, travelling overland for convenience most of the way. This was dangerous on that day as the atmosphere was very clear, but I was correct in calculating on Boche being too much taken up with six of our planes, some of them huge ones, which were flying over the enemy's lines so low that machine-gun fire was thought a good method to stop their work. Meanwhile the ground I was covering, in long strides to be sure, was quite overlooked and not even a stray passed within hearing. One huge unexploded enemy shell lay on the ground as though placed carefully for use; it was about a six inches, with, to us, unknown markings. I *did not* touch it, as such monsters are said by the artillery officers to even go off by themselves a long time after falling as 'duds,' or,—more technically speaking—'blinds,' and particularly those with percussion fuses.

"We have been having a long spell of wonderfully good weather. Trees are actually budding, and one may pick tiny daisies here and there in the fields. It is odd, during an absolute silence, say at midday, in the front line, to hear birds singing peacefully in nearby fire-swept hedges or shrapnel-torn trees. A rabbit sometimes causes a moment's interest and a shout. Wild pigeons are in flocks of hundreds at all times, and nearly every time a working party goes up from the rear they put up partridges and pheasants, at which no one, much to our grief, is allowed to shoot, even though we may be in possession of shot-guns. It is mighty interesting to see an occasional carrier pigeon go or come over our trenches, as they leave us much to speculate on, you may be sure.

The following is a letter from Lieutenant C. R. Myers, formerly Accountant at the East Vancouver branch, written in France, and dated 22nd February, 1916.

The raid herein described took place in the Kimmel sector in front of "E" and "F" trenches to the left of the famous Bull Ring, an advanced circular trench on a

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mound thirty-five yards from the German front line. The Bull Ring changed hands many times.

"On the night of Sunday, 30th January, the 29th (Vancouver) Battalion carried out a little raid on the enemy's trenches opposite their own lines. It was carefully rehearsed for a few days previously on a piece of ground on which model trenches were laid out with tapes, the plan of the German trenches being obtained from an aeroplane map. The raiding party consisted of Lieut. Wilmot (Scout Officer), Lieut. Gwynn (Bomb Officer) Lieut. O'Brien and 26 N.C.O.'s and men, all picked for their size, and knowledge of bombing and the use of the bayonet. A similar scheme was simultaneously carried out by the Battalion on our left (28th North-West Battalion).

"At 10.30 p.m. Lieut. Wilmot and three men went out to cut a lane through the German wire; this was expected to take two hours, but as a matter of fact took nearly four; and was done right under the muzzle of a machine-gun. I myself had no part in the show, so watched it from a little mound some distance behind our trenches. All seemed quiet until 2.40 a.m., when I heard a revolver shot, then the explosion of a bomb, and then there was pandemonium in the German trench, both on our front and on that of the 28th. At 2.45 our artillery opened up, and I knew that they had been given the signal that our men were clear again from the German line. It was rather a fine sight, flash after flash some three or four miles behind me, and then a few seconds later shells of all kinds—from the little 18-pounder 'whizz-bangs' to huge shells from the 9.2 inch guns—were most scientifically distributed, some on Fritz's front line, but most of them on his communication trenches, and on the roads in the rear; they must have caught many scores who were hurrying up to reinforce the front line. Nor for another ten minutes was there any reply, then Fritz started up and gave us some of his. I made my way to the communication trench, where the Brigadier, Colonel, etc., were awaiting the raiding party and the prisoners that we were hoping they would bring. Soon we saw a German private, with his hands above his head, being rushed down the trench, then another, and finally a Prussian under-officer. Then we heard from the party how they had fared. It seems that, as they were crawling through the German wire in single file, the machine-gun commenced to fire. Lieut. Wilmot threw a bomb into the emplacement and silenced the gun, but the explosion broke his own arm and he had to go back. Another German rushed to the gun but he was shot, and then our party got over the parapet and spread out in each direction; the three

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prisoners were seized, bundled over the parapet and rushed across to our trenches at the point of the bayonet, by six men. The remainder then did good work with revolver, bayonet, and even with clubs, slaying at least fifteen Boches, after which they threw bombs into all the dugouts, where they accounted for many more. Then they returned, after having notified our artillery by means of a special wire laid across from our trench. With the exception of Lieut. Wilmot's broken arm, and slight injuries to two of the men, all returned uninjured.

"The 28th were not quite so fortunate, though they did splendid work. Owing to an obstruction beyond the wire they were nearly a minute later than our party in reaching their objective, and by that time the alarm had been given by the row in the adjacent trenches. The first man over the parapet was shot, but the remainder bombed their way in and along the trench, accounting for many Huns. With this party was Capt. Ken. Taylor, who came over to England with the 29th, but is now Brigade Bomb Officer. He, it is said, emptied his revolver into the first German he encountered, threw it at the head of the next, slew two more with his own bayonet, and then picked up a German saw-edged bayonet, and slew another one. Then with ten wounds on his body he walked back nearly two miles to the dressing station.

"All the men and officers taking part in these two raids were given 14 days' leave in England, and Captains Taylor and McIntyre received the D.S.O., Lieuts. Wilmot and O'Brien the Military Cross, and two Sergeants and three men the D.C.M."

The following is a copy of a letter from Mr. E. V. MacLeod, formerly of the Windsor, N.S., branch, written at the V.A.D. Hospital, Lidivells, Goudhurst, England, on 29th February, 1916.

Mr. MacLeod herein refers to his miraculous escape from death when he was hit in the face by a bullet:

"Yes, I had a very narrow escape this trip all right. There was a chap with me, going to the hospital, who had been hit in the centre of the forehead with a bullet, which, luckily, had glanced upward. Between the two of us, we were objects of curiosity to the other patients.

"Naturally, we have had narrow escapes. I saw Nick (W. A. L. Nickerson) one day get a bullet right clear through his bonnet while he was sniping. I have a few scars on the fingers of my right hand where I had my rifle smashed last August with a bullet. When I had it done, the Red Cross man came along, slapped on

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some iodine and wrapped up my hand, and about a week after the doctor had to slit my finger under the nail and take a piece of the bullet out. Oh, it was pleasant! That is what I got for having a pleasant conversation with a German early in the morning. We were only eighty yards apart, and there was a heavy mist between the trenches, and we, the Hun and I, started a conversation, and of course, at the same time tried to locate one another. Well, the sad part of it is that I have to confess that he located me first. The last thing that Fritz yelled across to me was 'Hoch der Kaiser,' and I was busy telling him what he could do with the Kaiser, when there was a bang, and I thought the trench had fallen in on me. When I got this smash on the nose I was sniping, but Fritz fired at me sideways. It ploughed the side of my nose a bit and fractured the bridge, but they fixed it up fine in the hospital, and now all that shows is the scar. My eye was in a bad way for a while from the concussion, but it is O.K. now. Still, it was not the wound that was worrying me. I had dysentery along with it, and it very nearly finished me. I came down to 130 pounds, and thought sure my goose was cooked, but I am now slowly crawling back again.

The hospital I am in now is situated right in the county of Kent, away in the country, with hop-fields all around. It is called a voluntary hospital because it is a private residence turned into a B. class hospital, and nearly all the nurses are girls and women from around this district who have volunteered for this work, free gratis. It is a very nice place, quiet, and a fine place to pick up health again. Most of the patients are Canadians. The chap in the next bed to me is from New Brunswick, and attended Dalhousie with Nickerson's brother.

"Yes, I think our Bank has done fine in this war. I know I was all the time running into C. B. of C. clerks in France. One of our chaps in our regiment has a commission now for bravery both at Ypres and Festubert. He worked in the Commerce out in Alberta. So Porter has been transferred and the Bank changed inside?—well, we will hardly know the place if we get back, which I sincerely hope we do.

"When I got on board the boat at Boulogne for England I was all alone, and whom did I run into on the way over but Tim Greenough, from Windsor. I was sure some surprised. He had his arm damaged in the charge at Ypres last Spring, by a German hitting him with a rifle butt and he never reported it, with the result that his arm wasted away down to mere nothing, and he was fast losing the use of it. The doctor gave him a lecture for not reporting it before, and packed him off to England for electric

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treatment. I hope Tim comes out of it all right. You know it was Tim that gave us the idea to enlist in such a hurry that day. He came into the Bank to get a cheque cashed, and told Porter that he was going to Valcartier; that they wanted seventy more men from Nova Scotia. We jumped right to it, and Tim says he got the surprise of his life when he saw us at the station. He said his idea of bank clerks was that they were a bunch of cissies, but now he has a different idea altogether. A lot of people used to have that idea, but I guess they will get over it after this. By what I have seen of it, I think bank clerks have held their end up a lot better than a lot of the other walks of life. I know Nick and I have seen a good many men, miners, lumbermen, etc., go under from fatigue, etc., and still we plugged along. Old Nick is still plugging along out there in the mud, and I think he is about the only one left of the old bunch.

"Croft and Harrington with commissions, some class! If ever I meet Harrington I will be in a quandary. I'll not know whether to salute him or not."

The following is a letter from Captain J. C. MacPherson, formerly of the Calgary branch, dated 1st March, 1916. The town herein referred to is Ypres. Captain MacPherson wrote this letter in the trenches at Kemmel:

"At the present time our brigade is pretty well split up, and our battalion is holding a new front, temporarily. We expect to move north very shortly, near the famous town of ———, where there was considerable activity in the month of February. We shall probably go there permanently, and I understand another division is coming out shortly. Things have been most active on the Western front lately, and south of where we are, especially so. The line which we are holding at present does not appeal to me, and yesterday I had the extreme pleasure of watching the movements of several Huns, and with my telescope could identify the colors of their uniforms and their features. A few prisoners taken by our brigade recently, were fine specimens of men, and one claimed to have been through 53 engagements and was wearing the Iron Cross.

"Young Cantlon, from the Calgary office, came over to see me the other day. He is now in the 49th Battalion, having recently come over with a draft. He was looking fit. I also had a letter from Simpson (late of the Calgary staff), and met Picken (also of the Calgary staff) in London. He was on furlough at the same time

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as I was. I visited several members of the staff who are now employed in the record office in London, Eng., including Connon, of this battalion, who was buried by shell fire and badly shocked last October.

"I read with interest, the extract from the General Manager's address with reference to the staff on active service, and the boys all seem proud to belong to an institution which has responded so well."

The following is an extract from a letter from Lieutenant V. Curran, formerly Assistant Accountant at Winnipeg branch, written at Penrice Castle, Reynoldston, Glamorgan, Wales, on 1st March, 1916:

"Many thanks for your kind wishes regarding my convalescence, which I am glad to say, is proceeding satisfactorily. I have no doubt ere now you have had full details of my injuries, which consisted of shrapnel through one thigh, a chunk taken out of the other and a piece in my thumb. Fortunately, the piece which went through just missed the thigh bone or I should not perhaps be so cheerful. I was 23 days in Hospital, during all of which time I lived on the fat of the land and received the best of care. Our medical service is something to be proud of, and I believe is unique in its efficiency when compared with our allies. I am now spending part of my sick leave of six weeks at this delightful spot.

"The Castle belongs to a Miss Talbot. The officers (Australian, Canadian and Imperial) are treated as her guests, and enjoy every comfort to be found in a typical English country home. We are 12 miles from Swansea, a city of some 150,000 people. The estate possesses three motors and some excellent riding horses, so means of locomotion are not lacking. The estate provides very good shooting and boating, and, generally speaking, has all the means necessary to render a holiday pleasant."

The following is from a further letter from Lieutenant R. E. N. Jones, dated 2nd March, 1916:

This letter was written from billets at La Clytte. The last paragraph refers to the trenches in front of Dickebusch, Belgium:

Lieutenant Jones, who was a brother of Mr. H. V. F. Jones, Assistant General Manager of the Bank, was killed in action on 6th April, 1916, while gallantly leading his men, in an endeavour to recover a mine crater at St. Eloi, and thus repair a breach in the line.

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"An action near Ypres has been on since early morning, and orders are coming in frequently regarding our procedure should we be called out. If they need us it will mean a long march most likely, and some fun.

"It is some six hours since writing the foregoing, and we are about to turn in and sleep, but I shall endeavour to finish this first. Good news of the show (not far distant) has come in, although we learn that the loss of life is rather heavy. For a while it seemed likely that our brigade would be utilized for some purpose, and we are now going to sleep peacefully, unless a turn in the tide takes place.

"Since my last we have had a shorter than usual spell in the front line and came through with little trouble. Captain Matthews, one of our best, was killed instantly by a sniper, while looking over the parapet at some colored lights. To be exact, by the way, our Company was not actually in the front line, but in support, and we all got the shelling there was, on our battalion frontage; 65 whizz-bangs at noon and 8 high explosives and about 65 whizz-bangs a couple of hours later—all the same day, note. It was just after I had spoken to Captain Matthews, and I was able to see the bombardment from my safe stand in the front line in the afternoon. They had me out wiring one night only, and for the first time while I have been on this job, one of my party was hit—a man in D Company. He got a 'blighty' just above the ankle, and was much envied. Our guns were active on the International trenches, and we could hear their distant booming daily. One day in particular our heavies threw over an awful stream of 8 in. and 4.7 to our right front, and fragments of the former came over us with nasty swishings, many small pieces falling around us. Again our artillery killed men—two I think—on our right, an 8 in. dropping into a dugout. It is a terrible way to suffer casualties, is it not? Yet apparently at times no one in particular can be blamed. For instance, the battery supporting us on our old front took a man's head off with a 'dud,' or blind shell. The observing R.F.A. officer continued to fire at the same range and all his shots went well over into Fritz's rear. The one shell was unquestionably faulty."

The following is a portion of a letter, dated 3rd March, 1916, from Private F. C. Storr, formerly of the London, Eng., staff:

"I thank you very much for pamphlet to hand. The 'Letters from the Front' make good reading, and I have found them most interesting. It is very inspiring to learn that so many men from the Bank have enlisted.

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"I am writing this at home, having a few hours leave from Headquarters, as we have orders to leave Hertford to-morrow for Colchester. Our three months' training has been a busy time—Swedish and physical drill, musketry, riding lessons, route marching, outpost duty including the posting of piquets, videttes and Cossack posts, with skirmishing, and observation marches with map-drawing."

The following is a letter, dated 5th March, 1916, from Mr. H. J. Benson, of the London, Eng., office, who was attached to H.M.S. Weazel, Royal Fleet Reserve:

"Thank you very much for the books you have so kindly sent. I see we have almost a battalion serving from the Bank, which would also be sufficient to man a first-class battleship. I hope our casualties do not increase very much. I myself have been very close when ships have blown up—one, the 'Princess Irene,' C.P.R. boat, before you could count fifty, ship and 450 men were of the part. Another curious sensation is mine-sweeping, looking down into the water expecting every moment the mouth of hell to open. This is really a first class War."

The following is a letter, dated 5th March, 1916, from Lieutenant D. H. Miller, of the London, Eng., office. The dugout herein described was in the Arras sector:

"Three numbers of 'Letters from the Front' reached me to-day. I wish to thank you very much for having them sent. I was very much interested to read all the letters from the members of the staff.

"I went up and had a look at the line yesterday. My dug-out up there is a most wonderful place. It is about 30 feet below the trench level. It is a small room with wooden walls, with very pretty pink wall-paper on. Attached is a small ante-room, with green wall-paper, which I shall use as a bathroom. There is a very comfortable bed, and also several easy chairs in the main room. I have a stove and mantel-piece, also a large mirror so I shall be quite comfortable up there. You will probably be surprised to hear that such elaborate dug-outs exist out here. Where we were before, we had to be content with a few sandbags with a sheet of corrugated iron on top. This was described as a 'bomb proof shelter.'

"Amongst other things, I am Company bombing officer, so hope for some fun when we get up. I have got some very 'hot stuff' throwers among my bombers."

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The following is an extract from a letter from Private B. S. Anderson, formerly of the Galt branch, from "Somewhere in Flanders," dated 5th March, 1916. The incidents herein described took place at Hill 63, one mile from Ploegsteert:

"We are in a state of turmoil to-day as we were going to move back to our old position to-night, when, 'at the eleventh hour,' the order was countermanded on account of an expected attack here to-night. *Let them rip!* We can hold them here all right, as we can give 'Old Fritzie' twenty Hate-slabs to his *one* at any time at this point. I got my Webley Service .455 revolver sent out from home the other day and lots of 'pills,' so am fully prepared to be generous in distribution! We had a scrap the other night in conjunction (Bluff!) with a counter attack of ours further north, and about 2 a.m. we let loose with all guns in the vicinity. At the same time the infantry put over a huge volume of smoke (just to kid Heine along) and opened rapid fire with rifles and machine-guns. Needless to say the lines of communication were soon broken, and as I was up in the forward observing station in the front line, I had to 'get out and get under.' Well, the line was broken about 60 yards behind the front line parados, and as the night was as dark as soot I had a lively 15 minutes. I started off O.K., and then one of Fritz's machine-guns began to make itself obnoxious. I made a wild plunge for what I thought to be a whizz-bang shell hole and found myself 'carrying on,' so to speak. Instead of being a shell hole it was a 10 ft. deep communication trench with two feet of soft 'SLUSH.' Talk about Turkish baths! I came up looking like an apology for a mud-turtle. I've never been so 'slushy' in my natural before, and sincerely hope I never will be again! The worst was, when I got in after fixing the breaks and crawled into our first-line observation post, instead of being greeted with sympathetic remarks and a 'shot' of rum, I got nothing but *shrieks of laughter* for about 15 minutes! A joke is all right in the right place, but—!! I got a new uniform out of it, anyway, which is some consolation.

"We gave Fritz a right royal time for two solid hours, and he only found enough energy to put over a feeble retaliation with a few 'pip squeaks' (also called whizz-bangs) (77 mm.) which did no damage. We hadn't a single casualty. I suppose you saw the result of the counter-attack in the papers. It was quite successful, which is all I can tell you.

"I expect we'll move soon, if nothing comes off. I don't

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think the Boches can break through, down south, now that they failed in their first 'strafe.'"

The following extract is from a letter from the late Lieutenant C. W. F. Rawle, formerly of the Head Office staff, and was written on the 16th February, 1916, on board the transport ship "Marathon," on the way to Mesopotamia, where Lieutenant Rawle was killed in action:

"It is indeed gratifying to know that one is not altogether out of mind though out of sight, and I appreciate your kind thoughts very much.

"Since July last our battalion has been on the Peninsula in all engagements. It took part in the evacuation both of Suvla and of Cape Helles, and for its good work received a congratulatory message from the G.O.C. Since the evacuation on January 8th we have been refitting and resting at Lemnos and Port Said. We left the latter place this morning, and are now going through the Suez Canal en route for Mesopotamia.

"The weather in Egypt at this time is warm and at its best; it seems hard to believe that far away in old Canada there is the beautiful snow."

The following is an extract from a letter from Private J. H. Matkin, late of the Kindersley staff. This letter was written at Ploegsteert, Belgium, and the scouting referred to was done in front of Messines Ridge:

"I have had a busy time lately, three patrols a night sometimes. We, Bole and I, have made several good patrols, getting reliable information and returning easily and safely, so that in a small way we have become known. A French General recently sent one of his young officers, a man with several decorations, to learn our methods of scouting. As he put it, he wanted to find out how it was that our scouts were able to send in such detailed and accurate intelligence reports. The officer was a dandy little fellow, who, however, could not speak English. We took him out with us on three patrols and showed him the Germans at work, etc. He enjoyed himself very much and wanted to pay us for our care and trouble,—just as if we took any more care of him than we did of ourselves!

"Well, next came an English officer on the same game. We handled him in the same manner. Finally, during our last six days in the trenches we had a Colonel of one of our Canadian

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regiments along with us. We had orders to take every precaution and not run him into any danger. We fixed him up to his satisfaction also.

"My late Captain called me into his hut about a week ago and gave me a splendid Webley .45 revolver. He said he was getting an automatic and would like me to keep the revolver."

The following is a letter from Lieutenant W. B. Forster, formerly attached to the First Street West, Calgary, Branch, written "Somewhere in France," on March 2nd, 1916:

Lieutenant Forster herein refers to New Year's day, 1916, which he spent in "G" trenches at Kemmel Hill in the Ypres salient.

The scene of his riding accident was Locre in the Ypres salient:

"Winter is fast disappearing but the mud still remains as a gentle reminder of the last few months of hardship. We now have light frosts every night which make it rather cold when we turn out in the mornings.

"You ask what a 'coal box' is; well it is a Howitzer shell, 5.9", which explodes with a noise like thunder and throws up large volumes of thick black smoke. You can hear it coming quite plainly, and when it is just overhead the noise resembles an express train travelling at the rate of 65 to 70 miles an hour. 'Woolly Bears' are high explosive shrapnel shells which explode in the air, throwing great clouds of dense white and yellow smoke; when the shrapnel comes over you the noise is terrific, and that is the time we hug the parapet pretty closely. 'Trench Feet' resemble frost bite more than anything else I can think of; men get them through long standing in mud and water, the circulation leaves the soles of the feet so in time they become quite dead. However, there is very little of that around now.

"The Huns have a thing they call an aerial torpedo which they delight in throwing at us; it is just like a large 14-inch shell and full of high explosive. You can hear a dull thud in the Hun lines and then you see this big shell rising into the air. It goes up to a tremendous height and at first it is very difficult to know just where it may land. It is a case of stand tight and judge its course as it comes down. This is where good football training stands one in good stead, as very often they come quite close before you can form any idea where they are going to fall. One does not mind a few of these, but when they amount to 20

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or 30 it becomes rather trying on the nerves, especially when they fall in the next bay to you. Then again we have 'sausages,' which are about 20 inches long and 4 inches in diameter. They go up a great height too, and come down with a swishing noise; you can observe these quite clearly during their whole flight through the air. They have also bombs and rifle grenades, which are smaller but can do quite a lot of damage for all that. Of course the Huns do not get it all their own way as we have inventions equally as good, if not better. I suppose that you have seen by the papers that one of our boys, named Jackson, got the D.C.M. for a very plucky action; he withdrew the fuse from a sausage which fell in the trench beside him, thereby saving his own and many other lives. He was recommended for the V.C., but got the D.C.M. He is in my Company, so of course we are all very proud of him.

"Bands are a great help out here, as after a hard turn in the trenches it certainly bucks one up to hear your own band playing lively airs and welcoming you back again. It is very hard work moving in and out of the trenches, as the roads are cobbled and the communication trenches long and tortuous, especially when one is weighed down with all his worldly possessions. Rifle bullets spatter around, and occasionally a machine-gun rips off a few rounds; often six or seven of these machine-guns keep playing on you at the same time.

"We are always working when we are in the trenches, building a dug-out here, a parapet there, or draining trenches somewhere else, never knowing at what moment the shelling will commence.

"Our battalion spent Christmas in billets, so they had rather a cheerful time of it. New Year's Eve, however, we all spent in the trenches; the night was exceptionally quiet, only occasional rifle and machine-gun fire. At twelve o'clock, however, the men who were not on duty sneaked out and gave the Huns five rounds rapid just to let them know that we intended to give them a very warm year of it. It quieted in about ten minutes time, and an enterprising Hun shouted across 'A HAPPY NEW YEAR.' We are pretty close together in one part, so we often hear them talking and playing mouth organs. We have one or two cats in the trenches, which are very popular, and the other morning a fox terrier was observed running along the Hun parapet. I believe that they have a number of cats and dogs around the trenches. A cat recently came over, crossing 'No Man's Land,' paid us a visit, and has now been adopted by one of our Companies.

"I was in the hospital some time ago through a nasty accident. I was out riding, inspecting some new trenches, when my horse

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fell on the cobbled road. I rolled off to allow him to get up, which he did in a hurry, but I found that my right foot had jammed in the stirrup. The horse galloped off, dragging me, and after fifty yards of seeing stars my foot fortunately slipped out. I received bruises all over my body, but fortunately no bones were broken.

"I had a letter from Joe Mawhinney the other day. He is in France with a signal company. Corp. Gordon, Allan, Morgan and MacPherson are all well. I do not expect I shall get leave for months yet."

NOTE.—Capt. MacPherson and Messrs. Gordon, Allan and Morgan were formerly attached to the Calgary branch, and Mr. Mawhinney to the First Street West, Calgary, branch.

The following is a letter, dated 17th March, 1916, received from Lieutenant D. B. Woolley, formerly of the Earls court branch, Toronto.

Mr. Woolley herein describes the evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula:

"Many thanks for your letter, which I received about four days ago. It seems to have been a long time on the way, but the postal arrangements, or rather lack of arrangements, are quite beyond my comprehension. I see you wrote just a week after the evacuation of Cape Helles, and probably knew nothing about it then. Now that it is more than two months old, I may give you my impressions and my experiences, which were not nearly as exciting as you might imagine. The very success of the evacuation necessarily made it very quiet, following what was certainly the most strenuous month I put in there. The Serbian retreat enabled the Germans to supply the Turks with fresh guns and ammunition, of which they had been obviously short for the last six months, and some German gunners too, I think, as their shooting improved enormously during the last month or six weeks. Also the Anzac Suvla evacuation released more guns and ammunition. Altogether we had a very hot time with shell-fire, though things in the trenches were very quiet as far as the humble infantryman is concerned. I know I often longed for the shells to stop and the Turks to come on. I'd sooner face a battalion of Turks than half-a-dozen eight-inch howitzer shells. However, to get on to the evacuation. Our battalion was detailed to hold a line of trenches completely covering the beach of embarkation. That is to say, we were a sort of forlorn hope in case the Turks discovered what was happening before we were all embarked and came on in force. This was extremely unlikely, as they would have had to advance over four

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miles of unknown country thickly covered with barbed wire, mines and all sort of obstacles. What we were afraid of was, that as soon as they discovered our front line trenches were completely empty, they would discover what had happened and shell the beaches; which they did, only, fortunately, two hours after we had all safely embarked. Our position made us the last battalion to leave the Peninsula. We were in the trenches from 6 p.m. to 3.30 a.m., and very cold it was, and watched all the troops come down from the trenches and support lines. Everything was most uncannily silent, and I must say my heart was in my mouth once or twice, when a shell came over and fell on the beach or in the sea. Fortunately, no damage was done, and the Turks fired even less than their usual nightly allowances. Everything went perfectly smoothly and well ahead of scheduled time. About 3.45 a.m. the last of us (800 strong) went on board a destroyer and pushed off. About an hour after we left, the stores which could not be got off were fired by a time fuse, and not long after that the Turks started shelling the beach, a fine display of fireworks, which gave us a very vivid idea of what an unpleasant time we should have had if they had started a couple of hours earlier. After various unavoidable delays we arrived at the Island of Lemnos, where we put in a very pleasant and peaceful six weeks, though Mudros, the village where we were, is a perfect hole; still, immunity from gun-fire made up for any deficiencies of locality. Where we are now I am afraid I cannot tell you, but it is a beautiful country, very hilly and still mercifully well away from the scene of activities. I am leading a very healthy, fairly strenuous life and am quite comfortable. A tent is a great improvement on a dugout."

The following extract is from a letter from Mr. B. G. Oldaker, formerly of the Brandon Branch, written in France on 19th March, 1916:

"There is a lot of talk going around to the effect that this division (1st) is to move soon, and I think it quite probable, as we have been here a long time. We do not expect to go to as quiet a place as this, and in any case there will be some stiff fighting this summer, so you may expect to hear of something happening soon. We shall have to give up a lot of our little comforts and regimental institutions, such as canteens and our Y.M.C.A. huts, but we shall probably move around more, which sounds attractive after holding the same position for the best part of a year. The weather is splendid now, a most welcome change from the snow and rain we have had the last two months, and it is giving both sides the

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opportunity to strengthen their defences, which have suffered badly from the winter rains.

"During the last week a few prisoners have been brought in, and they did not seem to be at all downhearted. In fact, they said they were surprised that we were still holding out. There is no doubt that they (the Germans) have been copiously fed on 'hot air,' and they are due for an awful awakening this summer.

"I meet quite a number of Commerce men out here from time to time. There are several in my company, and a good number from other banks. I saw Glasgow early in February, but we have not met since then. He was in the front line with a dugout full of bombs.

"I would like to say here how much I appreciate the generous treatment I have received from The C. B. of C., especially considering the short term of service I put in and my rather hasty departure."

The following is a letter from Private B. S. Anderson, formerly of the Galt branch, dated 25th March, 1916. The incidents herein recorded occurred at St. Eloi in the Ypres Salient:

"I came up to the guns last night, and by way of a greeting we had one grand mix-up at 4 o'clock this morning; our infantry exploded five mines under the Boche front line, and at precisely the same time we opened up with a barrage of fire behind their line to prevent supports from coming up, and our infantry were over the parapet and in their front line before they knew it. They got it, and the second line, too, on a 1,000 yard front, and we're holding the position. Fritz didn't retaliate to any delirious extent, and most of the prisoners were glad to get out of it. We got about 500 altogether; all fairly young, but a good size. They'd willingly give you their tunics as souvenirs. I suppose they expected the same treatment as they give their prisoners.

"Fritz will likely put over a violent counter attack to-night, but I think we can hold the line all right, and we have a huge stock of ammunition in expectation. I have my revolver in good working shape and about 50 rounds of .455 revolver ammunition in case we have any line work to do at close quarters."

The following extracts are from a letter from the Commander of Lieutenant D. H. Miller's company, explaining the circumstances which led to Mr. Miller's disappearance. The date of the letter is 26th March, 1916. This occurred near Arras:

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"I am very sorry to have to inform you that your son, 2nd Lieut. D. H. Miller, is missing, though I think there is good ground for hoping that he is alive and well. The explanation is as follows:

"It is customary for each company in the front line trenches to send out one or more 'crawling patrols' almost every night. These patrols are always given a definite objective, and in the case when an N.C.O. is in charge, the route by which they are to go is definitely laid down. If an officer is in charge he is left to decide the details himself.

"Miller was very keen on this work, and three days before, he had specially asked to be allowed to make a series of patrols, one each night, for the purpose of making a systematic survey of the ground in front of us, where it was known that the Germans were trying to extend their trenches. On the nights of the 21st and 22nd March he returned without mishap, though on the second occasion he confessed to having been a little uncertain of his bearings at one time. I therefore urged him to be sure and take a luminous compass next night, and I gave definite orders that one man of the patrol should keep as far behind the other two as possible (without losing sight of them) so that if anything happened to those in front he would be able to get away and fetch help.

"On Thursday night Miller chose for his companions two of the best bombers in the Company, Rfn. Cherrett and Rfn. O'Connor. Both were thoroughly reliable, stout-hearted fellows, who had very often been on the same job before. They each carried two bombs, while Miller carried one and a loaded revolver. At 10.30 p.m. another officer, Mr. Barker-Mill, took out a patrol and returned safely about an hour later, having traversed a good deal of ground on the right front of the Company without hearing or seeing any signs of German activity whatever. Soon after 2.30 a.m. on the morning of the 24th, Miller's patrol went out. He had selected this hour himself, because there would be a slight moon. He went out from about the centre of the Company's front, and left word that he was going straight out (towards a German advanced trench, which could be plainly seen by day), and after listening and watching for some time was coming straight back by the way he had gone out, without going either to the right or left. He also posted two men (in charge of a machine-gun) at the place where he had gone out, with orders to remain there on watch ready to support him in case they heard any signs of trouble.

"At 3 a.m. it was beginning to snow, and by 3.30 a.m. a heavy

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snow storm was raging, which made it impossible to see more than a few yards. It is nothing unusual for these patrols to be late in returning, as unexpected difficulties may be encountered, or they may easily under-estimate the time it will take to cover a certain amount of ground. I was therefore not surprised when these patrols did not return to time, particularly considering the weather. About 4 a.m., however, I began to get alarmed, and considered whether to send out a search party or not. I decided not to do so, however, for several reasons. First, the blizzard was now so heavy that the search party was much more likely to get lost itself than to find the others; second, if the two parties did meet there was grave danger that Miller's patrol, not knowing that the search party was out, would take it for a German patrol and open fire; third, neither I nor any of the sentries, nor the special machine-gun party already referred to, had heard anything at all to make us suspect that the patrol had come to harm. There was therefore every reason to suppose that the patrol had lost its bearings in the blizzard, and was waiting till the dawn began to break before attempting to get back. As a matter of fact, there was a period of more than half-an-hour, just before dawn, when it was clear enough to see the general direction of the trenches, but still hazy enough to have enabled the patrol to get in unseen by the Germans without any difficulty. They did not turn up, however, and to cut things short, nothing further was, or has since been seen or heard of any of them.

"The snow stopped soon after dawn, and it was possible after a time to see the whole space between the lines quite clearly. Long before this, of course, we had begun to search for them. A number of people crawled out to the edge of our wire at different places and scanned the whole ground. At two places Germans were plainly seen standing on or outside their parapet, looking about them. In fact in one case our people made so certain that two figures they saw were our men, that they stood up and waved their arms to try and attract their attention. The signals were apparently not seen (luckily for us), for the two figures turned round, walked about 20 yards back, and dropped into their own trenches.

"All day we searched the ground in front with field glasses and from every possible point of view, and had there been any sign of them at all I feel sure we should have seen it, for the ground is very bare, with few and small shell-holes only. And if any of them had been discovered we should have made shift to get them in somehow, for although the snow had stopped it was freezing

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hard all day, and to remain out there would have meant almost certain death from exposure. As soon as night fell we sent a strong patrol to search the ground from one end to the other, and when they returned unsuccessful, a second patrol went out with no better results. I therefore feel pretty clear in my own mind that they were not hit in the open, since we should have been almost certain to have seen or found at least one of the bodies. They therefore either walked into a trap or lost their bearings in the blizzard, and walked into a German trench, thinking it was one of ours. And since there was no sound of a struggle of any kind, I think there is good ground for hoping that they were taken so completely by surprise as to be disarmed before being able to make any resistance, and were taken prisoners alive."

Soon after the receipt of the foregoing we received the following letter from the mother of Lieutenant Miller:

"I have to-day had a letter from my son, Duncan, and hasten to write and let you know. He is a prisoner of war and is not wounded, but he states that a bullet went through his hat and only grazed his head. The letter was a short one written the day after he was captured."

The following is a letter from Mr. W. H. Doré, formerly a lieutenant in the 32nd Overseas Battalion, and at that time taking a course in aviation in England, written at Netheravon, Wilts., England, on 2nd April, 1916. Mr. Doré was a member of our Winnipeg Staff:

"At the time of receiving your letter, I had just arrived at this station, having reached here on the 23rd ultimo, in order to undergo an advanced flying course and get my wings and certificate. At Castle Bromwich I fell a little behind the officers with whom I started flying there, and they were sent here for this advanced course some ten days before I was. I arrived full of determination to make up for lost time and, with a bit of good fortune, my efforts were not in vain, as I have now had my wings for five days. Thanks to the best of luck, and the fact that I have not had any leave since my arrival here, I got through in almost record time without crashing anything. My flight commander recommended me as a 'Scout' pilot, and now I go to the Central Flying School each day to fly the 'Morane' monoplane, capable of climbing 600 feet in six minutes, and the aeroplane every pilot wants to fly at the front. This machine is used chiefly for artillery observation, which is very nice work, and I am doing my very best to learn to

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fly her well enough to have her in France. As an introduction to the 'Morane,' we are put on 'Bristol Scouts,' very small fighting biplanes that make 95 miles per hour flying level. I have flown this machine without mishap for over three hours, making ten flights, and hope soon to get on to the 'Morane.' After I have completed my course at the Central Flying School, I hope to obtain about four days' leave, and then go through the flying officers' machine-gun course, which lasts ten days, after which I shall soon be off to France.

"With the staff reduced by over 1,000, more men leaving, and even untrained clerks not to be had, you must be pulling through only with the greatest difficulty. Yes, we who return to find the good old Commerce holding its own will feel that ours has not been the hardest part of the war. I am afraid that the citizens of the nation will not realize till after the war and the excitement is over, how extravagant they have been during the war when the Government was pouring out money and big wages were earned."

The following letter is from Lieutenant G. M. Ingmire, formerly of the London, Eng., staff, written in Mesopotamia on 2nd April, 1916.

At the time this letter was written Mr. Ingmire was performing the arduous and responsible duties of a victualling paymaster in the Persian Gulf. (Mr. Ingmire died of paratyphoid at Basra in Mesopotamia on 7th August, 1916):

"My pay is 10/- per diem, with an allowance for messing of 2/- per diem. This, of course, is very disappointing to me, especially in view of the high cost of living and the prevalence of disease in these parts, and the huge responsibility of my position at the present moment. Mess bills run very high, as most of our stuff is of the tinned variety, and is got from Bombay, and owing to the huge supplies necessary for the army up here, is very expensive. And as regards my responsibility, when I tell you that I got 2/6 charge pay in the 'Sunflower' (one ship, mind you, with a crew of 80 odd), and come here in sole charge of victualling stores, etc., for 25 or so gunboats, and don't get charge pay, I think you'll agree with me that there is something wrong somewhere. And to come out here I had to pay £20 odd for tropical kit—no allowance granted me for this whatever. Bit 'ard, eh? Well, I must stop here with my financial growls.

"I had to stop this letter, as I was called away up river. On the way I had a heat stroke, but am all right again now. The

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heat up here is now getting awful, but so far I have stood it all right—it now averages 90° or so in the shade, but, by the time you get this, it will be about 120° in the shade—the limit last year was 139° in the shade. Work is impossible in the day between 10 and 2, and, of course, sleep is very difficult to get. Everything considered, one cannot write home much about this country—simply one mass of date palms as far as Kurna, then barren desert. Why on earth Adam and Eve chose this spot to eat that apple the Lord alone knows. The Garden of Eden itself is of no interest, simply a date and orange tree. Ezra's tomb is interesting, though. The natives are a lazy, indolent crowd, besides being most treacherous—the atrocities perpetrated on our poor fellows are too disgusting for me to write about here.

“I had a most enjoyable trip out in the ‘Medina.’ Owing to the Admiralty forgetting to send me my passage ticket in time, they had to send me overland via Marseilles. She was two days late there, and my stay there was quite enjoyable. I found Malta, Port Said and Suez very interesting. Arrived at Bombay, I had to stay there a week, during which time I stayed with the Maharajah and the Ranee of Kapurthala (who joined us at Port Said). I went to Poona and many other interesting places, and was very pleased with the Indian country. From Bombay I sailed in a B.I. boat to Karachi, called at Dwarka and Cutch Mandwee on the way. After a day's stay in Karachi, I caught another B.I. boat, and, calling at Muskat, Bushire, Mohammerah, arrived finally at Basra. Quite an enjoyable trip, I assure you. As regards my ‘job’ so far I can say very little, but I hope to do well—I have an excellent staff, but transport, etc., will, I am afraid, worry me a bit. Still, I am my own ‘boss,’ and, therefore, have a free hand, more or less.”

The following is a letter from Private W. A. Paterson, formerly of the Prince Rupert branch, dated 6th April, 1916. This letter was written in billets in Ypres, Belgium:

“Our battalion has now been in the firing line for about a month, and it is certainly a big change from being in Rupert. We had not long to wait for our baptism of fire, as we had only been two days at our billets when the order came for us to move up to the trenches. The trenches were reached at night after a twelve mile march, and we stayed in the front line for three days and nights. The second day we were in we underwent a heavy bombardment from Fritz, who kept sending over shrapnel, coal boxes and whizz-bangs all afternoon, and we had a lively time of it. I am glad to

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say that I came safely through, but I am sorry to say that some of the boys made the supreme sacrifice. On coming out of the trenches we went back to our billets again, and, after resting for a week, we moved off again, and we are stationed at a pretty hot corner of the line. We are not in the trenches at present, but we are kept pretty busy, as we go out at night on working parties. We generally go out about eight o'clock at night and get back at four o'clock in the morning. It is quite a long distance from our billets to where we are working, and it is also pretty dangerous, as the enemy is always shelling the roads, and besides we have quite a bit of open ground to pass over, and here Fritz finds plenty of scope for his machine-guns, and when you hear their guns go, you drop right down and take no time to consider where you drop. I am afraid if you saw me now you would hardly recognize me, covered as I am from head to foot with mud.

"It is indeed pitiful to see the ruin that this war has caused, as all around you can see towns and villages all reduced to ruins, and it will be many years before this country is restored to anything like it was before the outbreak of war.

"So far we have been blessed with good weather and I sincerely trust that it continues.

"I have met quite a number of Rupert boys out here and all of them are hoping that this war will soon be over, and then they will be free to return to the old town again."

The following is a letter from Lieutenant J. S. Williams, formerly of the Winnipeg staff, dated 11th April, 1916. This letter was written at Spanbrok-Molen in the Kimmel sector and refers to incidents in that locality:

"I am once more back and in the thick of it. The thick of it this time means something more than it did before we moved to this part of the line. By the time this reaches you no doubt the papers will have published in detail with their usual exaggeration, our doings in this part of the line.

"Everyone who has been out here is thoroughly acquainted with the fact that it is one of the easiest tasks in this war to *capture* a trench but to *hold* on to it is something totally different. Well we have been doing the 'holding' part. The 27th had an awful time and so did the rest of the brigade. We are back a little way reorganizing to go back again in a day or two. The Boches came over but we held on to the crater. The criticism in some of the English papers was rather uncalled for, although it was prompted

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no doubt by the Berlin official communique where they stated that they captured the line from the Canadians. The German artillery is most diabolically accurate and they seem to have an abundance of ammunition. They snipe now with some of their artillery, i.e., if they see even one or two men exposing themselves they send over a shell. We all think that our previous experience in another part of the line was a Sunday school afternoon picnic compared to this place.

"I hope poor Curran is getting better. I understand he had a whizz-bang burst near him and some of it got him in the chest.

"I saw about seventy prisoners come in through here a few days ago. They looked the most undersized, criminal set of little ruffians it is possible to meet. They were all jolly glad to be alive anyway—they said that it was 'too much shell' for them."

The following is a letter from Private B. S. Anderson, formerly of the Galt Branch, dated 12th April, 1916. The attack herein described occurred at St. Eloi, near Ypres:

(Private Anderson was killed in action 26th August, 1917.)

"Well, we have been having a pretty hot time lately, as I expect you've seen in the papers. Swan (another signaller) and I were up in the front line on the 6th instant when Fritz made a very heavy and determined counter-attack, and we must have been surrounded with horseshoes to have escaped O.K. We were both hit several times by splinters, but only got little cuts and bruises. At 3 a.m. (6th), Fritz began his bombardment prior to the attack on his lost trenches, and, of course, all our communication was cut off in the front line before five minutes, so we had to rely on rockets as a means of communication with the Brigade. He kept up a heavy shelling of the front line supports, barbed wire and communication trenches until 5 a.m., when they left their parapet and charged the craters. Our infantry opened up rapid fire immediately and also machine-guns. We put up the S.O.S. signal and then grabbed our revolvers and made for the parapet and blazed at every Fritz in sight. They were in close formation, and were bearing over to the left for the craters. (There were thousands of them packed close, and you couldn't wish for a better target.) Of course, as soon as the brigade saw the S.O.S., every gun in the vicinity opened up with rapid fire, and it was a sight to be remembered to see the veritable hail of shrapnel and heavy shells pouring into Fritz's lines. Of course, we weren't left alone in that line either, and our front line was a miniature

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hell!! That's the only word for it. I think what saved us was the fact that Fritz was using more percussion high explosive shells than shrapnel. Two lit fair in front of us on the parapet and buried us with sandbags and earth. I couldn't hear decently for two days with concussion. It's funny to diagnose one's feelings during a fight. You forget everything except what's going on at the time; you don't feel any fear at all. Of course, there is a certain amount of reaction on the nerves, after it's all over, but that soon passes off. All we wanted was to come to close grips with them, and give them what's coming to them, and it's the dickens to know that you've got to sit tight and take it. Well, they never got farther than a small part of the second crater, and they were driven out of that two days later, and we now hold all we took originally and then some. That bombardment kept up all that day, but not so concentrated or severe. We were relieved at 12 o'clock, and managed to get out all right. Of course, we had heavy casualties, but they weren't one-fiftieth of Fritz's. We (the battery) went out for a rest, four days later, down south, but were only there two days when we were recalled and took up this position, about a mile further along than our old one and covering the craters. We (the B.C. party) have a house to ourselves for a billet, and have it furnished and fitted up like a house. (I won't mention how we got most of the furniture!) We moved in two hours after the civilians moved out. They moved out because it got too hot for them in this vicinity.

"Our battery was commended for promptness in responding to the infantry's call, and for excellent shooting. That's the third time we have been commended."

The following letter is from Lieutenant J. E. Ryerson, the former Manager of the Wychwood, Toronto, branch, dated Belgium, 14th April, 1916. (Lieutenant Ryerson first entered the trenches in the Ypres salient.)

(Mr. Ryerson was killed in action on the 19th of September, 1916. At the time of his death his rank was Captain.)

"Last week I went into the front line trenches for a day to get my bearings prior to a tour, and I was *very* glad to get back. It was my first visit, and it is not altogether a pleasant sensation to have 'whizz-bangs' go off within a few yards, or to watch high explosive and shrapnel shells burst a hundred yards away—each one apparently getting closer. On my arrival in camp I found a large parcel waiting for me—it was a splendid welcome. I enjoyed the good things in the parcel very much indeed. It is the little

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luxuries like those contained in the box that we miss here, and therefore enjoy them doubly, first, because they are luxuries, not easily obtainable, and secondly, because they say in a very tangible way that those at home have not forgotten us. It was a little late for St. Patrick's Day, due to the mails, but the St. Patrick's Day wrappings and decorations were none the less attractive. We can buy nearly all the necessaries of life here, as well as most of the famous brands of tobacco, cigarettes and chocolate, so that the things we appreciate most in parcels from home are luxuries in eatables, such as cake, biscuits and candies.

"I have just returned from my first tour in the front line trenches. At first I was inclined to duck every time a bullet sang by or a shell whizzed overhead, but in a day or two I got used to it, so long as they didn't 'bang' right over my head. In the part of the line I was in, the trenches were well made and dry, and the men could be pretty comfortable.

"I enjoyed the day after I came out better, for we made it a holiday and I went to a Movie Show, where there was a band which played some good music. It may seem strange but the Movie Show is within three or four miles of the front line trench, and is crowded every afternoon and evening. It is a great boon to Tommy and only costs him five cents.

"Aeroplanes sail over our heads continually, sometimes ours and sometimes German. A Zeppelin passed overhead last night and dropped several bombs on some place—not far off, judging by the explosion. This morning a 'Fritz' aeroplane was overhead, and our anti-aircraft guns were shelling it. Presently we heard something coming whizzing through the air and go 'plunk'—it was a 'dud' or unexploded shell, weighing $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 pounds, and it sank two feet into the earth five yards from where I was sitting in my tent. No matter how much we get used to this sort of thing there is always a certain nervous strain. While in reserve we don't work very hard. The time spent in the trenches is sometimes pretty strenuous, so I guess we need the rest.

"We try as much as we can to make Sunday a complete rest, but it isn't always possible—especially in the trenches. Someone said 'war is a season of intense discomfort punctuated by periods of agonizing fear.' So far I can not say I have suffered in the way of ordinary hardships, for I have always managed to feel quite comfortable. Beds are sometimes a bit hard, but I'm used to that—even to tile floors as a mattress.

"The R.C. Churches in shelled towns present a most pitiable sight. Some of them were very old and beautiful, but when a

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town is shelled there cannot be discrimination, and the towers also are too often used for observation purposes.

"There is talk of peace in two months, but I can't see it from the front line. Fritz isn't beaten yet, and we certainly are not. Those in the front line will be the ones most pleased when it does come."

The following is a letter from Private Noel Clement, formerly of the Gleichen staff, dated 15th April, 1916.

This letter was sent from the Hooze sector of the Ypres salient, to which point the 2nd C.M.R. Battalion had been transferred from Ploegsteert, situated farther south. (The Flemish town referred to is Ypres):

"We have just come out of the trenches, having had a sixteen days' trip up the line, and I assure you it is a treat to get back for a rest, which includes a working party to the front line every night. We have been in this part of the line over a month now, and it certainly is a hot corner, our previous trenches being like home compared to what they are here. I may say we are in exactly the same spot as the Canadians were in this time last year, and where they put up such a good fight. We were only forty yards from 'Fritz,' and, incredible as it seems to one who hasn't actually seen it, in one part of our trench there was a large barn in which the Germans were at one end and our boys at the other.

"We have to pass through a very well known Flemish town on our road to the bombing posts, and it is continually being shelled. I had some lucky escapes in it, and I certainly had the biggest scare of my life when my two companions were both hit and I was unhurt, although being practically buried in debris.

"The 31st have suffered badly during the last week, but all the Gleichen chaps have come through all right."

The following fish story is from Lieutenant E. R. C. Wilcox, formerly of the Melfort branch. It is dated 17th April, 1916.

The episode occurred at Zillebeke Lake, about a mile from the outskirts of Ypres. A portion of this lake was under observation by the German artillery lookouts on Hill 60. Lieutenant Wilcox and his companion had unwittingly drifted into view.

"I have had plenty of excitement. One escapade got all over this section and I got a lot of hot air about it. Our company had a sickener of 'bully beef' and another officer and I thought we

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would take a few bombs and go fishing. We threw our bombs and got twenty-seven fish, and I said to Grant, 'fancy if a shell came over—we'd get hundreds.' As I spoke Grant jumped out of the boat into the lake and I heard a whiz—bang!!, and a shell landed five yards away. The way I moved was not slow. Another shell landed near and it gave me wings. Grant swears I beat the next one over the bank and into the communication trench. As we dropped into it two more whizzed over. We were soaked to the skin of course, and one or two officers, who were in the trench, had a great laugh at us. We laughed too, but not until we hit that trench. You know you can hear a shell coming about a second before it hits, and that was how Grant was out of the boat before it struck the water. Had it exploded in the air we would have been 'cold' by now. Needless to say we didn't go back to get the fish—in fact we left the original twenty-seven in the boat too, and ate bully again that night.

"I have just been given command of our Machine-Gun Section and it is very interesting work. They put the fear into the Hun—I *know*, for I've had to go out and put up the barbed wire entanglements myself, and my hair just stood on end when a machine-gun started to sweep us. It is as though a giant hand was reaching out, feeling for you."

The following is a letter from Lieutenant W. E. Bruges, formerly of the London, England, staff, written at Alexandria, Egypt, on 18th April, 1916.

(The place where the Royal Engineers' stores were obtained was Kantara):

"I am having a kind of 'Odyssey' at present. I started at Port Said. We had 'drill orders' there for a month or so. It was a job getting the horses fit after their voyage. The sand is very hard pulling, and occasionally a gun wheel has to be dug out. Port Said is very much maligned by the 'profanum vulgus,' but it is really not a bad place. Certainly my horse did tread on a dead (cow, was it?) once when going along by the seashore. We used to find it great fun getting on the horses naked, and going into the sea for a bathe like that. Generally, it was easier to get the horses in backwards than forwards. There is even a golf course by the station, but we did not play golf. After a bit, we went 30 miles down the canal, and took up our position. It was just like summer in England the whole time. As you know, there are two canals running side by side, the fresh water canal, containing Nile water, and the salt water canal. Our horses had

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never seen camels before, and the road runs between the two canals. What happened when our horses met a *string* of camels can better be imagined than described. It was a choice between salt and fresh water. (N.B.—The fresh water contains small animals.) We had a very pleasant time at——, drawing stores (R.E.), etc., for making our camp and gun positions. We found 8-horse teams the thing. There was no regular work, just carting, carting, carting. Only two horses died of sand colic in our battery."

The following letter is from Lieutenant Arnold G. A. Vidler, formerly of the Vancouver staff, written at the Duchess of Westminster Hospital, France, on 22nd April, 1916:

"As you will see by the heading, I am again in hospital after a little more than a month at the front. My last year's wound in the head gave me more trouble, and I was obliged to have another trepanning operation. They found two loose pieces of bone sticking in the brain still. They removed them and gave them to me as a souvenir. The original shrapnel bullet was bagged by the M.O. at the clearing station. I am still in bed, and I am being sent across to London in a few days, and, with any luck, should be back with the regiment by the end of June.

"D. Davis, from our Hastings and Cambie branch, was in the opposite bed a few days ago with influenza. He is a lieutenant in the 2nd Pioneers, C.E.F., and his cousin, W. W. Davis, also of Hastings and Cambie, has just had a bullet through his shoulder, and goes to England.

"There are a lot of Canadian officers in this Hospital, mostly from St. Eloi, which our boys are sticking to like good men in spite of a devil of a time. I jolly nearly got killed on patrol one night beside the Hun's wire, as they spotted us, and only by lying flat as pancakes did we escape being hit.

"Well, I have an impatient two months' convalescence yet to go through before re-joining. We shall pull through eventually by sticking it out, but it is a long job, and we want *every man* that can be raised."

The following is a letter from Private A. C. Rigsby, formerly of the Toronto branch, dated 25th April, 1916.

The incidents herein recorded occurred at Hooge Chateau, near Sanctuary Wood, Ypres salient, in April, 1916:

"Here I am running around in rubber boots and no cap. Can't raise leather boots or cap, no matter how hard I try. You

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see, up in the last trench we were in, we wore rubber boots and carried leather ones. I had my boots, cap, mess-tin, etc., sitting next a box of grenades, and Fritz started his afternoon exercise of soaking us with whizz-bangs, and one shell knocked in our parapet and our bombs went off—so did my boots, cap, mess-tin, etc. Fortunately I was buried under the parapet, so, except for the scare of a life-time and a thick ear, I was O.K. They certainly soaked it into us that day. I shifted up the trench, and Fritz pushed the parapet on top of me again, and a chunk of shell-case jammed my helmet over my ears. Then I got a couple more sand bags on the dome, and another piece of shell knocked the tin hat off and a piece broke my rifle. If there had been a way out you wouldn't have been able to see this brave defender of his country for dust, but as there wasn't, Pte. Rigsby had to content himself with looking for a subterranean route for China. I had the fear of the Lord frightened into me that time. And the listening post—my rotten luck to be picked for it—was a big mud hole and had a dead Tommy lying in front. There were other deucedly rotten things about that trench of the same nature, and Fritz was picking chaps off all the time. I hope we never go back there. But then it is simply out of the frying-pan into the fire; if it's not one trench it's another as bad. Nevertheless Fritz has got nothing on us. We'll wipe the floor with him yet one of these days. I'd hate to be alive and let a German say he put anything over on us.

"By the way I saw Hilliard a couple of weeks ago. The men of his battalion are acting as traffic cops, or something like that."

The following is a letter from Captain J. C. MacPherson, formerly of the Calgary branch, written from Mrs. Arnoldi's Hospital, 47 Roland Gardens, London, S.W., dated 27th April, 1916:

"I have been over here for nearly three weeks now and am having a delightful time. We are well looked after, and have all the comforts of home. The hospital is the home of Mrs. Arnoldi, a charming lady, and there are 15 beds in all.

"The doctors are the best procurable, and I had my leg X-Rayed by Sir Joseph Mackenzie Davidson, who is absolutely 'it' in that kind of work.

"Motors are constantly placed at our disposal, and I have had some lovely outings to such places as Epping Forest, Epsom, Richmond Park, etc.

"We had a hot time at St. Eloi in the early days of this month, and our experiences were such as one would not care to go through

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more than once. I was very fortunate indeed, and came through two and a half days of it unscathed, but had about half my company killed and wounded—mostly wounded.

“Just after I had been relieved by another company—and during the attack on the morning of the 6th April, my men were placing bombs in sand-bags to assist at one of the craters, when somehow one managed to go off very close to where I was standing. I got off with a wound in my right calf, and have a piece of shrapnel embedded about two inches therein. I was very lucky.

“Gordon, Morgan, Mee from Peace River Crossing, and D. J. Campbell from Medicine Hat branch, have all been promoted from the rank of Corporal to Lieutenant in the 31st Battalion. I think this is a fine record for the Commerce men.”

The following is a letter from Private W. G. Chisholm, formerly of the Saskatoon branch, dated 28th April, 1916. The incidents herein recorded occurred at Ypres:

“As we are out for a rest I thought I would drop you a few lines and tell you how the boys of the C. B. of C. are getting along. The last spell in the trenches we had a pretty hot time, but we are always able to give at least twice what we get. We had quite a number of casualties the last trip in, among them two C. B. of C. boys, namely Read and Guy. Read was hit on the back by a small piece of shrapnel which seemingly hurt his spinal cord. I saw a letter to his brother from the nurse saying he was dangerously wounded but they thought he would pull through. We all hoped he would, but we were all indeed sorry to hear last night that he had died from wounds. ‘Sammy’ was well liked by us all and his death came as a sad blow to us. He was the youngest of us who enlisted together last July. Guy had only joined us two days before we went in last time, and he got a piece of shrapnel in the face but not a very serious wound.

“Last evening we had a small re-union of C. B. of C. Saskatoon boys—G. E. Bain, who is Q.M. of the machine-gun company of the 6th Brigade, C. B. Smillie, who is Orderly Room Clerk of the 8th Battalion, W. A. Elderkin and myself, and we had quite a pleasant time recalling old times in Saskatoon office. It seems no matter what battalion we go to here we are always sure to find a few Commerce men. The Commerce is certainly well represented out here.”

The following is a letter from Captain H. E. Tylor, formerly Manager of the St. Thomas branch, written in

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Flanders, on 2nd May, 1916. This refers to the St. Eloi sector, near Ypres:

"I am at present living in a sand-bag villa, and our comforts are few. Our villa is a very small one, holds three with crowding but is quite safe except in case of a direct hit, either from a high explosive shell or a bomb dropped from an aeroplane, in which case our successors would have an untidy mess to clean up.

"We have had some splendid air fights here, and I have seen two Hun planes brought down. We have, so we hear, a very fast machine that has the Boche plane beaten with regard to speed and length of flight. We are, however, in a bad place for these fights, and a steel helmet is a good thing to wear when these fights are on, as the fragments of shells are continually falling around. It seems to be a habit of the Hun airmen to get over our lines and spray our billets with fire from the two rapid fire guns they carry. A few nights ago, about midnight, we noticed signalling behind our lines; two of us went out to investigate, but, after an hour's hunt in the dark, we had to return empty handed. At four, a Zeppelin appeared—the first I had seen. It was very high up and out of range of our guns. At first we thought it had been attracted by the lights of the previous night or signals we had seen, as the Huns shelled heavily at 6 a.m., but the papers came out with an account of a Zepp. raid in England, and, no doubt, it was one of the machines returning.

"We have had two gas attacks within the past weeks, with no serious results to this battalion. In fact, the Germans suffered heavily on one occasion; the wind changed and drove the gas back over their own lines, driving them out of their front line trenches. Our guns commenced a furious bombardment and their losses were heavy. We stood to until midnight with our gas helmets ready—most uncomfortable affairs, but very necessary.

"You would be very interested in the trenches, seeing the revetting, dugouts, etc. New earth, or a new sandbag, is an eyesore to Fritz, and, after putting up a splendid trench during the night, he will pound it to pieces in the morning. We hear that there are more Huns held in reserve behind our lines than at any other point on the front; we take it as a compliment.

"You have, no doubt, seen a great many of Bairnsfather's cartoons on the war. I had one on myself a few nights ago. I was awakened at 1.30 a.m., after a hard day, by a messenger with a telegram, which said 'How many stoves Primus did you take over from the —th Division when you occupied their lines?' I have not yet discovered what a stove Primus is. The joke is that, in

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addition to being wakened at 1.30 a.m., we only took over a mass of mud and a colony of rats that we could very well do without.

"Donald Davis and Wallace Davis are both officers in this battalion. They have been out about six months, and are old Commerce men (from Vancouver and Prince Rupert), and were formerly privates. Wallace Davis was shot through the arm and is at present in England. Donald Davis was taken out of the trenches sick from exposure. Both will be back with us shortly. There are numbers of Commerce men here."

The following is a letter from Lieutenant F. G. Newton, formerly of the Windsor, Ont., branch, written in Flanders, on 6th May, 1916. The incidents herein recorded occurred at St. Eloi, near Ypres:

"The war keeps up its everlasting grind and everyone plods unrelentingly on. News comes to us more in the daily papers than of our own manufacture, although every future hour may hold some new surprise.

"Flanders has taken on the raiment of Spring. The hedges and tall spreading topped trees are just as green as are the north woods of Canada. Jesamines decorate the shrub clumps and the rhododendrons are in full bloom, and looking on the country on a sunny day from a higher contour, one might pronounce it 'a picture no artist can paint,' yet up ahead a kilometer or two the guns are booming and the re-echoing crash of a heavy shell landing somewhere near that famous scene of desolation reminds one that the stage settings are a very superfluous part of a tremendous game.

"The morning of the last big show was a memorable one. The time for the blowing up of those huge land mines which are the largest on the British front was set for early in the morning. The still of the night had not yet been broken by the increased crack and ping of rifle fire that comes with every dawn. Seemingly not a gun boomed on the whole Western front and the enemy showed no sign of 'nerves.' The clock ticked scarcely two seconds short of the set time. A field gun half a mile to the left broke the silence, and as one, each officer and man turned his face towards the German line.

"With a roar that shook the country for miles, thousands of tons of earth rose as if forced by some unseen hand and falling showered the place with desolation. The Boche trenches had been blown as timed to one terrific crash, the guns behind our lines put up a barrage absolutely impenetrable by anything human. Then with flashing bayonet and a ringing shout the British 'went over.'

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"From that time on the Canadians have fought with an incessant ardour and courage and have shown a determination which one can scarcely conceive. They have faced odds almost beyond the limit of human endurance, and when it seemed that their energy was all but sapped they have proved themselves the better men. The men of the 18th Battalion have won the right to be called the 'Fighting 18th.'

"At present I am acting as Paymaster of the Divisional H.Q. sub-staff, 2nd Divisional Signal Company and 5th Field Ambulance, and so manage to keep busy. The financial system of the Army in the Field is an exceptionally simple one, and I think the pay department will all agree with me that no matter how fast you in Canada will swell the growing army, the pay department will keep up with the pace. There are quite a number of C. B. of C. men in it."

The following is a letter from Private Robert Paton, formerly of the Kindersley staff:

Private Paton was wounded near Sanctuary Wood in the Ypres salient:

"I was wounded on 12th May, 1916, by a high explosive shell during a heavy German bombardment. The shell landed right on top of eight of us and knocked us all out. We were all buried and had to be dug out by our chums, who were not hurt. Both my jaws were broken, and I am bruised all over my body."

The following is a copy of a letter from the Commander of the company in which the late Lieutenant C. W. F. Rawle, formerly of the Head Office staff, commanded a platoon. This letter has been sent to us through the kindness of Mr. Rawle's mother, to whom it was addressed:

"I was very sorry to see in this morning's 'Times' that your son has been killed. He was one of my subalterns in Gallipoli, and I had the greatest respect for him and admiration for the way he did his work. Only the day before yesterday I told my sister that I hoped I would have young Rawle as one of my subalterns when I rejoined. I have been looking at the diary which I kept in Gallipoli and sent home to my parents, and I find it full of references to your boy. *On the Condor Castle*—'Young Rawle is doing very well. He looks after his platoon in the right way,' *July 31st* (at Lemnos)—'My company officers now consist of Rawle and myself, so if I get sick, "D" Company will be commanded by

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a stripling and a very good game one too.' *August 3rd*—'I don't know what I should have done without Rawle. He is the toughest and gamest little chap I have ever met. I feel ashamed sometimes to let him go on doing so many others' work.' *August 6th*—'Just before we started off I sent Rawle up to H.Q. to find out about something, and while he was talking to the C.O. he got hit by a bit of shell in the fingers. I saw him set off for the beach after he had been to the dressing station, and he was very cheery about it all, but I don't know what I shall do without him. He is one of the very best.'

"Please accept my deepest sympathy for you all in your loss. We in the regiment mourn the loss of a very gallant young officer."

The following letter is from Lieutenant J. S. Williams, formerly attached to the Winnipeg branch, dated 23rd May, 1916:

Mr. Jones herein referred to is Lieutenant R. E. N. Jones, late Manager of the Alexander Avenue branch, Winnipeg, who was killed on 6th April, 1916, while gallantly leading his men:

"As you see from my new address I am the O.C. now of a battery, composed of four guns, another officer under me, and twenty-four N.C.O.'s and men. We are quite a separate unit, being under instructions from the 6th Brigade. There are two batteries to each brigade. I am afraid a very severe censor will not permit me to tell you much about these guns. They are quite a new thing and most effective—Stokes Guns to wit. We were organized at the beginning of April, and as I run my own orderly room and am my own 'boss,' it appeals to me very much, having had to organize it myself and make things run properly, which has been more interesting than a platoon commander's duties.

"I was through the St. Eloi 'scrap' with the 28th, as the battery had not been authorized then. I think it is described pretty fairly in 'Canada,' and no doubt you have read all about it.

"Before I forget it, Jones was hit by shrapnel, not by a sniper's bullet. He was trying to connect up with the 31st Battalion on the left when he got hit. He was killed instantaneously. Things are a little quieter around here now, although the Boches have a most annoying habit of sniping at parties of two men, or even if one exposes oneself, with a 'coal box,' and the worst of it is they are so diabolically accurate.

"I often wonder when this business is all over and all the Germans are killed, what it will be like working away on B.C.'s

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S.C.'s, and all the other C.'s again. I shall certainly appreciate working in a place where one has not always to be anticipating evil-minded people trying to drop bombs on you or blowing you up with a mine, or sniping at you if you show your head above the counter.

"There is a 'bon mot' going its round through the trenches at present. It used to be 'Berlin or Bust,' and now it is 'Blighty or Nearer My God to Thee.'

"A very generous minded Boche came over to our trenches just before the mix-up at St. Eloi to tell us that they were going to attack. He was very obliging, but he wasn't obliging enough in time for us to be fully ready, although of course we are always ready for 'em.

"I am in the pink of condition myself, although I have great difficulty in keeping cool in this weather. It has been most oppressively hot the last two weeks, although that does not seem to interfere with the 'scrapping' going on.

"I am just off to the trenches for eight days."

The following is a letter from Lieutenant A. G. A. Vidler, formerly of the Vancouver branch, dated 26th May, 1916:

"Just a few lines to say I am still alive and kicking. I went out to France again last February with the Sussex, and had another turn at Fritz in the trenches. They got busy on us in billets as well, and put a lot of my platoon to sleep, but this time I only got a chunk of brick in the back. However, early in April, some broken bone left in my head from last year's wound got mixed up with the brain, and I had to be sent down to Etaples and trepanned again, which leaves rather a big hole in the skull. I met Donald Davis, of our Hastings and Cambie, Vancouver, branch there; he is a lieutenant in the 2nd Pioneers. His cousin, W. W. Davis, of the same branch, had returned to England some weeks earlier with a souvenir in the shoulder. I forget whether I told you that Beatson, of Vancouver office, has a commission in the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, after being wounded with the 1st Contingent last spring.

"I've almost forgotten what 'Branch Clearings' mean, though 'cash short' is not unfamiliar at times.

"I got two months' sick leave to pull myself together, and expect to rejoin the regiment about mid-July. The weather is lovely at the sea just now; it is hard to realize what's going on across the Channel; it seems like a weird dream, in which we are bound to wake up.

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"I met C. Johnson (Vegreville) in London. He is still in Strathcona's and had been to Dublin to see friends there, and got mixed up in the riots. He managed to pot a Sinn Feiner with a machine-gun, who did a high dive stunt on the pavement. F. Fernie, another C. B. of C. man, is going to Salonica shortly. He was wounded in France last year."

The following letter is from Major G. W. Marriott, formerly Manager of the Strathcona branch, written at Prior Park, Bath, England, on 31st May, 1916:

"Personally, I have run up against many angles of the military life since leaving home, as, owing to my old unit having been broken up for reinforcements, the senior officers were used for all sorts of jobs, and, while it has not been satisfactory in some respects, it has given me the opportunity to see a great many more sides of this terrific business than an ordinary battalion rank would have furnished me with.

"After putting in my lick on the front line trenches with the 3rd Battalion, I was instructed to report at Harfleur to see the plan used by the British forces on the Rest Camps there, and report on same. I had a very interesting journey through the north of France, including the far-famed Normandy, which was not, however, 'in apple blossom' at the time. After a short stay there gathering data, I was finally brought back to England and instructed to organize and open up the Canadian Discharge Depot at Prior Park, Bath. This also is most interesting work, being the small end of the funnel; all men who have been through hospital and convalescent home, and declared medically unfit, are gathered together here, their necessary documents completed, gone over by the Pensions and Claims Board, and then as soon as a boat is ready they are sent from here to Liverpool to embark for home.

"Needless to say, some of the cases which we receive are very sad, but the majority, although in many cases badly mutilated, keep up an excellent spirit of cheerfulness. It is wonderful what endurance the human frame has, and what one can go through and still retain a cheerful smile."

The following is a letter from Lieutenant W. H. Doré, of the Royal Flying Corps, formerly of the Winnipeg staff, written in France, on 13th June, 1916:

"Our Squadron is composed of the fastest two seaters and scouts used in the war. They are very small machines and very sensitive in the air. During the eleven fine days I have averaged

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over two hours per day and one day did five and a quarter hours on the lines. We don't often see the enemy machines while up, but when we are all down they come over and our scouts go after them, driving them home, or better still, doing them in. One is continually shelled when over the lines and very often the machine is hit, but seldom is it unable to get home. Our Squadron is called the 'Guards' of the R.F.C., because we have machines superior to the Huns, and all pilots are especially trained for the flying of our machines. My Flight Commander in England recommended me for the job, and I learned to fly them at the Central Flying School, Upavon, but here flying is a different proposition and to land in our small aerodrome was not an easy task at first, and not too easy for me yet. There is not very much that I may tell you about our work and machines, but may say that I am well pleased with both. Our quarters are very fine; we live in Armstrong huts put up around a nice green field surrounded by those big French trees, under which we lie on hot days after we have done our work. Although we can hear the guns from our quarters we are never shelled and we lose no sleep. We get an occasional bomb but they invariably miss the mark by 1,000 yards or so. We have discovered a swimming tank on the Aerodrome and every fine day we indulge in a dip in it, after which we have a cold shower bath in a hut just across the field from mine. In fact when we are not flying we lead a campers' life, which is most agreeable at this time of year.

"Last Sunday I borrowed a horse from a nearby Canadian Hospital and rode out some ten miles to the rest billets of the 27th and 28th Battalions. Saw a great number of the officers of these battalions, and they all seem merry and bright.

"The weather at the time of my visit being very bad, their quarters did not look very inviting. They are composed of very low shacks built right down on the ground and, after our quarters, looked bad, but the boys thought them O.K. after the trenches, and were enjoying the rest to the fullest extent. They are back in the trenches now, but when they are out again I hope to have a few of them down here, when they can enjoy many of the comforts of life and a swim, which goes a long way on these hot days.

"All the officers in this Squadron who know anything about it say that the Canadians are always holding the hottest parts of our lines, and when there is an attack planned they ask to be remembered and allowed the honour of taking part.

"In the Flying Corps leave is granted every three months to flying officers, which is a very fine arrangement to those who can get home."

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The following letter is from Lance-Corporal George F. Allan, formerly of the Calgary branch, describing incidents which occurred at St. Eloi. (Lance-Corporal Allan was killed in action at Sanctuary Wood on the 13th of June, 1916.):

"Just a line to let you know I am still in the land of the living. Was wounded on the night of the 5th, after being under fire for forty-eight hours. I might tell you about a party of six who were cut off from their company. I was one of the party and am sorry to say I am the only one alive. We went in on the night of the 3rd. It was the calm before the storm. In the early morning the Germans opened fire, and all through the day, and night, and also the following day and night, the air was full of shells. The boys were falling pretty fast. The Huns seemed to fire everything at us except their guns. The night was cold and dark. The mud and water quite deep. We had very little to eat or drink, and of course sleep was out of the question. But all this did not worry us much; it was the shells and the sights about us. It was about eight o'clock, and we got word we were to be relieved, but our companies coming up were hit pretty hard, so we had to hang on. Shortly afterwards word came that the Huns were preparing to come across. Six of us were by the machine-gun. The shells were falling all around us and as we crouched down in what remained of our trench, something hit us, and when I woke up we were all buried. J. L. McPherson and some other boys dug us out, but four of the boys were dead, and the other chap badly wounded and has since died, so I am the only one of the six alive."

The following letter of condolence was written by the late General Sir J. Stanley Maude (the Victor of Baghdad) to the father of the late Lieutenant C. W. F. Rawle.

Lieutenant Rawle, who was formerly a member of our Head Office staff, was killed in action on 4/5 April, 1916, while the forces under General Maude were advancing to the relief of General Townshend who was beleaguered in Kut-el-Amara.

"Though personally unknown to you, I feel that I must write you a line to offer you my warmest and most respectful sympathy on the occasion of the death of your gallant son in action.

"To us his loss will be a severe one, for he was a most capable and zealous officer.

"At such a time I know well that words avail little to lessen the pain of the bereaved, and possibly the thought of the noble

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death which your son died, giving his life freely and willingly for King and Country and for a great cause, may bring some measure of comfort to you in your great affliction."

The following is a letter from Private J. P. Baston, formerly attached to the South Hill branch, written in Belgium, and dated January 20th, 1916:

"We left England on February 11th, 1915, and after a four days' stormy voyage landed at St. Nazaire (Loire Inferieure) on the Bay of Biscay. We then had two days' and two-nights' train travel, forty men in a box-car. If you stop to consider it, you will not be surprised when I say that we were glad to reach Hazebrouck, our destination, for these French box-cars are not as big as the C.P.R. type.

"During daytime the railway trip through Southern Brittany and Normandy was very enjoyable, but at night, O Lord! it was the limit. There was not room for us to sit down, let alone stretch out and sleep. If ever I get to a fancy dress ball again, I shall certainly go as a sardine. I ought to be able to play the part, after having had that journey under sardine conditions.

"From Hazebrouck we marched a few kilometres to Caestre, where we billeted for a few days. This was a nice little place and the inhabitants took kindly to us because we were Canadians (and I strongly suspect, because we spent our money freely), and also because we were the first killed troops to be billeted there.

"Then we undertook a twenty mile march over these ever-to-be-accursed pavé (cobblestoned) roads of France, to the outskirts of Armentieres. Here we billeted again, and from these billets went for our first spell in the trenches. A wonderful experience that was—then!

"This was our first trip 'in' and it was only for twenty-four hours, with a British regular regiment, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. In the darkness going in, we passed through the destroyed village of Bois Grenier, and I never saw a more thorough piece of destruction; hardly one stone was left upon another. From the village we struck through the fields to the front line, in our 'greenness' hardly daring to breathe as we plugged in single file through the mud. A stray bullet zipped overhead and we ducked with a gasp, while the 'regular' who was guiding us no doubt grinned in the darkness. Again we ducked and crouched into the mud (guide as well this time), as an 'Allemand' star-shell whizzed up and burst into a brilliant light and then fell to the ground to splutter out.

"But after what had seemed an almost endless trip through the mud, we reached the front line trenches.

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"That night we were initiated into the mysteries of listening post and trench sentry, and worked filling sandbags and repairing the parapet.

"At daybreak we were told to 'stand to our arms.' I almost danced with excitement at the anticipation of an attack. And so we stood with bayonets fixed until what some Johnny called 'the cold, grey dawn' grew into broad daylight. I was really disappointed that no attack came off.

"I enquired and found that 'stand to' every morning and dusk was part of the daily routine of trench life. The grey light is very favorable to attacks.

"Since then I have seen many 'cold, grey dawns,' some of them merely cold, and some of them damned cold.

"Nothing eventful happened during the day, and when night fell we made our way back to billets and got to bed about two a.m., glowing with satisfaction at having, without a tremor, done a day in the trenches. But now we are veterans, and trudge to the trenches in much the same manner as I pictured Shakespeare's schoolboy 'creeping like snail unwillingly to school.'

"But there are no 'shining morning faces.' Our khaki is dirty and stained, and our packs are heavy; but our rifles are clean and well-oiled as we plod along the road to our 'spell in.' Our faces are red, as the rain drips from our bonnets and runs down our cheeks or drops from our noses. We don't look like a bunch of 'bleedin' 'eroes,' but we are not at all downhearted, and I grin as I reflect that I have really found a place where it rains more than in Nakusp.

"After our initial trip into the trenches, we moved south and relieved the Seventh Division. We found ourselves on the north of Neuve Chapelle and facing the village of Fromelles behind the German lines. We held these trenches for a month, and then went out for a rest to Estaires. We spent Easter (1915) in that town, and had a visit from a Taube, which dropped a couple of bombs, but did no damage. Also had an Easter service there by the Bishop of London. Talking about parsons makes me remember you very probably know the chaplain of the Sixteenth, Capt. Pringle. He used to be a parson in the Yukon—a great fellow to spin yarns. I omitted to say that while we were in the trenches before Fromelles the battle of Neuve Chapelle was fought. We were *not* in action there, much to our disappointment.

"We had quite a few casualties that spell in, and were glad when the Fifteenth Battalion relieved us. We were dog-tired as

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we marched the road to Ypres, through St. Julien and Wieltje, both behind the German line now.

"And no matter which way we turned our heads, we could see the German star-shells, but on our left, in the direction of Hill 60 (the action had been on about two days then), they were going up in scores at a time, and we could also see the red burst of the shrapnel shells.

"We got to our billets, had some bread and the inevitable Ticklers' jam (our staple diet), rolled up in a blanket, and slept as soundly as tired schoolboys.

"Next day I had a look round the town, but you don't need any tales about Ypres.

"On the afternoon of the following day the Germans made their first big gas attack. What happened has been fully chronicled in the Canadian press, together with many things that never happened.

"We counter-attacked at St. Julien about midnight, and about two o'clock I passed through Ypres in a nice motor ambulance. For me that was the finish of Ypres, and I don't think I was ever so happy in my life.

"When I rejoined the battalion I found them at Festubert, resting after their exploit of taking the orchard at La Quinke Rue. They were only about a couple of hundred strong.

"We next took over trenches at Givenchy on La Basse canal, and remained in the neighbourhood for about a month, during which the First Canadian Brigade attacked, but without permanent success, and suffered heavy losses. We supported in reserve, which only means we stayed in billets, standing to.

"While in this neighbourhood I visited Bethune several times. It is probably the best town for shops, etc., in close proximity to the firing line.

"About the end of June we moved northwards in two night marches to the locality of Steenwerck and billeted for ten days.

"We had a fine celebration on Dominion Day—races and sports and a concert. It was here that I was one of the minstrel show.

"After this enjoyable rest we took up trenches near 'Plug Street' (Ploegsteert is the correct name, but to the Tommies it is, and always will be, 'Plug Street').

"We found ourselves in a rotten machine-gun position, and our officer gave orders to build a new position. This we did during the night. The enemy was just under a hundred yards away, but we pulled down our parapet and built a ripping position with

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good head cover against shrapnel. We had just finished and were feeling jolly pleased with ourselves, when the M.G. officer (Lieut. S. W. G. Chambers, of Vancouver) came along, praised our work and then said he would like a look at the traverse from the outside of the parapet. So over he hopped with our corporal (since killed). He had not been over a minute when there was a shot and a grunt, and down went Chambers with a bullet in his stomach. It took four of us to get him back over the parapet—he was a six-footer. The bullet entered below his hip and travelled up into his stomach. We carried him down to the Norfolk's dressing station, but he died that night. This cast quite a gloom over us, and it was the first night only of a sixteen-day spell in.

"Next night the Norfolks made a sham attack. They adjoined our gun on the right, in front of 'Plug Street' Wood. They hadn't passed along the word of this. The corporal and I (I was No. 1 on the gun) were sizing up an alternate position for the M.G., when the rapid fire racket started. We thought it was the real thing, and we tore back to our gun ready to give Fritz ruddy hell if he was starting to come over. But no luck!—we learned, after waiting half an hour for Fritz, that it was only the Norfolks getting Fritz's wind up.

"I'd love to kill a few hundred Germans, but during a year in the trenches I have never had the pleasure of seeing the Allemands advance against us; I only had to advance against them.

"That trip (sixteen days at a stretch) was the worst spell I ever put in for nerves. The enemy had our trench ruined, and our engineers were busy countermining to destroy the enemy saps. The men were taken out of the ruined trench, but the M.G. had to stay there in case of attack. It was a rotten experience. We waited two days expecting to 'go up.' However, our miners got their countermine off first, the explosion, of course, blowing in Fritz's saps and rendering his mine useless.

"We sure needed our rest when it came. We went out to billets near Neuve Eglise. That takes you with us up to the latter part of July, 1915.

"Nothing very exciting happened after July.

"After completing a year in the trenches with the Sixteenth, I was offered a job in the Ordnance, which I accepted cheerfully. Nearly all the old men who are left have been placed in 'cooshy' jobs. This is a good billet I have now—no more lice and bullets. We only get occasional shells or aeroplane bombs here, about four miles behind the first line."

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Extracts from a letter written by the late Lieutenant P. M. Alexander, formerly of the London, Eng., staff.

(Lieutenant Alexander died of wounds on the 30th of July, 1916):

"Here I am back in France again. My orders arrived quite suddenly and unexpectedly, and, in fact, rather sooner than I thought probable. However, now I am back at the old game once more I am quite happy, and quite keen to get into the thick of it. We crossed to the usual port (Boulogne) where all boats go from Folkestone. We entrained between five and six p.m., and travelled further down the coast a bit, not very far, to our base depot here. We have remained in camp ever since, waiting the call for us to proceed as reinforcements up the line to the front. In the meantime, we are quite comfortably quartered in ordinary bell tents, three subs. per tent, and have been lucky enough to get camp beds and a liberal supply of blankets. We have a pretty decent mess here, too, rather overcrowded though."

The following is a letter written from "Somewhere in France," on 8th June, 1916, by Sergeant C. H. McMillan, formerly of the Milk River branch.

Sergeant McMillan herein refers to the Mount Sorel (Ypres) operations when the Germans captured some trenches and 800 prisoners on 3rd June, 1916. The Scottish referred to were of the 3rd (Highland) Brigade, 1st Canadian Division:

"Well, since coming over here I have been driving a team. I have been as long as fifteen hours in the saddle, and then out again the next night. We take our chances in the column, too. You will notice by the papers that the fighting around our front has been very severe, and that our artillery and infantry have done a good deal of bombarding in taking back the trenches that the Germans occupied for a day or so. It is our particular work to furnish the ammunition, and we have to get it there in all kinds of weather. Some work, I can tell you.

"The first time I was under fire gave me a very queer feeling. I did not know very much about the sound of shells, so did not know just when to duck. The result was that I was riding on my horse's neck nearly all the time we were in the danger zone, but, as the chaplains told us at the base, I rode with my head down and my heart up. I did not seem to realize that I might get hit, but took it all as a sort of novelty.

"The noise of our own big guns all around gave one more of

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a scare than Fritz's guns. Those big fellows shake the ground under your feet almost, and the detonation is deafening. First you hear one gun of a certain battery shoot three rounds in quick succession; then another battery starts up behind you, another to the left, and all around you. Big doings, old man. Makes you feel proud to think you are doing your bit for the cause; nevertheless, it is with a sort of relief that we get away as fast as we can when we have unloaded.

"I always understood that bands were not used over here, but such is not the case. For instance, when a certain Scots regiment went up to help take back our lost trenches, they marched in to the sound of the pipes. We were not out that particular night, and we listened with a certain awe to the Scottish going in. The pipes—about eight of them, with three drums, could be heard quite some distance. They were playing 'The Campbells are Comin,' and the step was as lively as could be. No wonder the Scottish can fight well with the sound of the pipes cheering them on. Of course, they do not play right into the trenches, but they march from their billets to the sound of them.

"The air duels are rather interesting to watch. For a time a couple of Fritz's machines came over every morning at 4.30. The noise of our anti-aircraft guns used to bother me, but not so now. I am often too sleepy for a little noise like that to waken me."

The following is a letter from Lieutenant A. G. Mordy, formerly Accountant at Winnipeg, written at Hope Lodge, Moffat, Scotland, and dated 15th June, 1916:

"My correspondence has got quite beyond me the last few months, and I will begin at the middle of March, when I was unlucky enough to get some sort of trench fever. After lying around our transport for a few days, I was sent to a rest camp. From there I got to the casualty clearing station at Bailleul and they put a yellow ticket on me, labelled 'paratyphoid,' and sent me via hospital trains to Boulogne. It took us fourteen hours to get twenty-five miles, and with a big train of wounded it wasn't exactly pleasant. I was sent to England three weeks later, and was discharged from hospital there after ten days. I was granted one month's sick leave which I spent in Wales, but, unfortunately, jaundice broke out in my system, and I had to go back to hospital for two weeks. I was at a very fine place in Wales, and we had every amusement one could wish for—shooting rabbits, wood pigeon, etc., riding, motoring, billiards, and everything that goes

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with a big country estate. The local gentry vied with each other in entertaining us.

"The last few days I was in hospital in London I was allowed out in the afternoon, and from the number of Winnipeggers I met, one would think the city had moved over *en masse*. The front and London are common meeting grounds, and it also happened that some of my friends in the 16th were over on leave, so we saw some of the city in a limited way. After leaving hospital, I went down to Bromley in Kent, for a few days and had some very fine golfing; that is, the course was fine, not my play. My next move was up to Scotland to stay with some friends, and I am returning to London to-night, feeling quite fit again. England and Scotland in May and June are ideal, and despite the fact that I was a bit under the weather, I never enjoyed myself better. The people are most hospitable, and I am fortunate in having some good friends in town and up here. There is also a good golf course here, over which I played nearly every morning, excepting when we went up the burns trout fishing.

"I expect to return to the base at Shorncliffe next Tuesday, and I have arranged with my Colonel to be returned to France immediately. The poor old battalion has been rather shot up lately, over half the officers being casualties, and I am anxious to get back. The Canadians, as I suppose you saw, had 270 officer casualties in only five lists. The Ypres salient is about the worst place one could imagine. We get shot at from three sides, and the support trenches come in for a hotter fire than the front line. There one expects a little bit of a lull when in reserve, but everything within miles seems to be shot at and occasionally hit."

The following is a letter, dated 21st June, 1916, from Lieutenant J. K. Patterson, formerly of the First Street West (Calgary) branch, latterly attached to the 26th Battalion, Royal Fusiliers, Bankers' Battalion.

The incidents herein recorded occurred in the trenches at Ploegsteert Wood, near Ypres.

"It seems years since I left Calgary for England, and I have seen many different phases of life during that time. I obtained my commission within a month of arriving at home, had preliminary training at Cambridge, joined my regiment near London (which was at that time the 15th Battalion, Royal Fusiliers), afterwards moving to Shoreham in Sussex, near Brighton. In January of this year I was transferred to the above-mentioned battalion, which is also 'The Bankers,' and arrived in France on

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the 5th of May, exactly one year from the day I left Calgary. During that time I have been in training. I have seen a considerable part of old England, and have spent many a jolly week-end in beautiful Surrey.

"As its name indicates, this battalion is composed of bank clerks from all over the United Kingdom. One could not wish for a finer lot of men, educationally and morally, but, unfortunately, their physique does not overly imbue one with confidence that they will bear the stress and strain of hardship and fatigue in a 'big show.' So far their record of achievements in their course of training is exemplary, and, should they retain the same standard in actual fighting, their country will indeed be proud of them. They have not yet been tested.

"We have been taking our tour of duty in the front line every six days for the past month, and at present this company is in support to the other three. We have had an experience of a heavy bombardment as bombardments go in this part of the line, for the heaviest gun the Huns have just opposite is a 5.9 howitzer. We have also been through a cloud of gas without any casualties, unless one counts the inmates of our dug-outs, which are not included in the daily ration indent, namely, the rats and mice.

"I have had several trips into No Man's Land, and, on one occasion, returned with some booty in the shape of a ground sheet pinched from a sniper's lair, which was very cleverly concealed, and not more than fifty yards from our line. The enemy's line was one hundred and fifty yards from ours.

"As I sit here in my dug-out, it would not take a great stretch of imagination to forget that a war was on, or, as one gets lost in admiration of the immediate surroundings, to imagine that one is having a glorious holiday. The hut, built with sandbags, is situated just within the northern edge of a deep wood. As I write the air is filled with the song of many birds; there is a perfect aviary overhead. The tree-tops are sighing in the wind and are in full leaf, as is the thick undergrowth. The little garden which borders the hut is filled with wild flower blossoms, and this afternoon the profusion of gentle colors is very beautiful. The blossoms are glorying in the sunlight of the longest day (21st June), and the little bits of lawn which encircle the flower beds are rich in moss. The scene, as I look out of this narrow entrance, is calm and peaceful, bubbling with *joie de vivre*, and yet as this little paradise carries my thoughts away to scenes in a 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and I try to remember Shakespeare's lines—whiz—bang! the Huns have finished lunch and have sent a

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messenger of death somewhere on our front line, which is only three hundred yards away.

"We have had few casualties, and they have been unfortunate. Fritz is inclined to be rather pacific across the way. An amusing incident happened one day in the front line. One of our snipers spotted the head of a German at an opening in his parapet, and fired. The Hun immediately disappeared, but instantly a shovel appeared and signalled 'a wash out.'

"A dog appeared in our lines one morning with a message on its collar (the morning before we had received news of the North Sea Fight off Jutland), saying 'We have sunk four of your battle cruisers. Prosit.' We sent the dog back with a message in reply, but evidently he could not find his way through the Hun wire entanglements, for he returned to us.

"It is almost time for tea, so I must close. The silence is now broken, for our guns are strafing an aeroplane and it is having a hot time of it.

"Occasionally we hear the unceasing rumble of the 'heavies' at Ypres, which is not very far away, where the Canadians are having an opportunity of showing their worth, and at that they are certainly doing well, too."

The following is an extract from a letter dated 28th June, 1916, from Sergeant H. McNiece of the 3rd Canadian Divisional Engineers, formerly a member of the Winnipeg staff:

"After six days we at length reached the shores of France, and all felt pretty glad to get off the transport and get a little more freedom and exercise. After a day's rest, we loaded up on a French troop train and slowly proceeded towards the line, which we reached some twenty-four hours after. We passed through some pretty French country, and at length got to the unloading station arranged by the 'Powers That Be'. We unloaded in about an hour, and after a long, tiresome night march over cobble-stone roads, we got to some temporary billets, where we settled down at about three a.m., for some rest, and although quite a little scrap developed during the night, and our heavies pounded away from all directions, sending the shells whistling over our heads for quite a long time, we were too much exhausted to let the noise trouble us. Next morning, after having a good rest, we started to build a camp of our own, but we had only about two huts completed when wet weather set in, the weather having been very fine up till then.

"During the building of the camp we had lots of experience of the now famous Flanders mud, which is of a very soapy nature,

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and hard to walk on, although with a few hours' good weather it dries up very quickly.

"We got a very comfortable camp built here in a short time. The 7th Field Company, Canadian Engineers, can now, at this date, claim lots of experience in the dug-outs and trenches, having passed through some of the heaviest bombardments of the war for intensity, and having seen all their work of months blown to nothing in a few hours. Such is the effect of modern artillery fire with high explosive shells.

"My work is at Company Headquarters and does not take me into the trenches, unless for a little experience and sight-seeing, which is of a rather exciting nature these days. There is, however, quite a little excitement behind the lines, as the Germans seem to take a delight in 'popping' over nearly every day quite a few high explosive shells and shrapnel, which seldom do much damage, only one does not know at times where they are going to drop.

"In fine weather the aircraft of both belligerents is generally very active, as well as the anti-aircraft guns, which fire innumerable shells at the aircraft, but, so far, I have not seen a direct hit, the target being so small and range so difficult to find. I have seen several aeroplanes brought down, nearly always by other aircraft.

"Some nights, when having a walk several miles behind the lines, the time of an ordinary watch can easily be read, such is the brilliant light given by the German star-shells, and they appear to have an inexhaustible supply of them.

"Well, as to the progress of the war, I cannot say much; you probably have just as good an idea of the development of things as I have, if not better. But of one thing I am certain, that is, that in the C.E.F. we have a great and gallant 'bunch' of men, capable of holding their own easily against equal numbers of the enemy in a square, open fight; but lots and lots of guns and inexhaustible supplies of ammunition are everything in this war of scientific methods."

Captain W. B. Forster, formerly of the First Street West branch, Calgary, Adjutant of the 27th Battalion, writes under the date of July 6th, 1916, as follows:

The big fight referred to in the first paragraph is St. Eloi, March, 1916.

Captain Forster's brother was killed at Fricourt on the Somme:

"Many interesting things have happened since I last wrote to you—indeed they would fill a book. In the first place I have been

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transferred and promoted and am now captain and adjutant of the 27th (Winnipeg) Battalion. This happened after a big fight. I like my new battalion splendidly, but I rather disliked leaving the one I started out with. Of course, these things must happen in war time.

"I had bad luck in June, losing my brother Tom. He was killed out in No Man's Land, 400 yards from our trenches. He ran into a very strong German patrol and was shot through the breast, living only one half hour. His sergeant carried him in the whole distance under a heavy fire, also two of his scouts. We all feel his loss very keenly, as he was a fine soldier. He belonged to the Royal Irish Regiment. The 'Times,' of June 20th, records his death. His colonel also writes, saying that 'he was the most gallant and capable officer he ever had the honour to serve with; his courage and daring being the admiration of the whole division.' In his raids on the Hun trenches on two occasions he returned quite safely. I was home on leave for a few days in May and he happened to be there at the same time, so I fortunately did see him then.

"I suppose you have heard that poor 'Dad' Allan was killed. A big shell hit him, killing him instantly. Charlie Gordon has a commission in the 31st Battalion, and is doing well. I suppose you know that H. P. Morgan was awarded the Military Medal for bravery; so our boys, you will see, are all doing their bit. As I write, the Huns are busy shelling a battery about one hundred yards away, so it is not very pleasant as some shells fall short, you know.

"We have been in a good many scraps since I last wrote you, and many things have happened. Everybody feels pretty good these days, and we hope to see an early end to the war. I think the Hun has a rather healthy respect for our boys. Some amusing things happen. On one occasion, after a charge, some Huns were captured, and, as everybody was busy digging in, they pointed the direction in which the Huns were to go. They left six strong, but arrived at their destination sixteen strong. On another occasion we were holding a crater formed by a mine which we blew up. A new draft from England had just arrived and casually surveyed the excavation, one chap remarking, 'Gee! you fellows must dig some. How long did it take?' It is this sort of thing that keeps our spirits up."

The following is a letter from the late G. M. Ingmire, Assistant Paymaster, R.N.R., written on board H.M.S. "Alert," in the Persian Gulf, and dated 10th July, 1916.

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Mr. Ingmire died at Basra on 7th August, 1916, of paratyphoid. He was formerly on the staff of the London, England, office:

"I am getting on fairly well, but just like everything else out here, things are in a very disgraceful state. I am kept very busy, but I have at last managed to get a motor boat for my private use and this helps me considerably. Of course one can only work, both in the open and on board, for a few hours every day because of the heat. The temperature in the shade since early June has ranged from 100° to 125°. This month it has averaged 115°. It is a damp sort of heat, and is, I am told, the equivalent of 140° or so in Egypt. I stand it very well indeed, but deaths from this and cholera average two in three days on board this ship and its tenders. Out of a staff of four I lost two in a week.

"I wonder how London is looking now—one mass of khaki, I suppose. Zeppelins seem to have stopped their little game lately. The naval fight (Jutland) certainly looks now to have panned out better than at first."

The following are extracts from letters written after his death by brother officers of the late Lieutenant P. E. O. Booth, formerly of our London, Eng., office, who was killed in action on 1st July, 1916.

Lieutenant H. G. Harcourt under date of July 18th, 1916, writes:

"Percy was advancing with part of his section and had with one gun team taken cover in a new shell hole. He was observing the progress of our fellows in front preparatory to advancing himself, when he was hit in the stomach by a machine gun bullet. He died immediately; his last words were: 'They're going along fine in front.' He was buried two evenings later in Colin Camp, near Serre." The letter closes with a splendid tribute to the dead officer.

Captain John Moore writing on July 12th, 1916, from France, states:

"I was your son's Company Commander in Grantham, and should have commanded the company out here had not fate ruled otherwise. The men of his section are never tired of telling of his gallantry, and mourn his loss. I myself knew him to be one of the best officers I had ever met, and the present Commander of the Company tells me that he is a terrible loss to the unit."

Captain Kayll writes on July 4th, 1916:

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"His men speak most highly of his courage and fearlessness, and his loss is deeply felt in this company. He was the best officer I had and I feel his loss very much indeed."

Lieutenant H. Ridley Dixon writes of him in a letter from France on 14th July, 1916, as

"A straight young fellow and a good sportsman right through. Among many fine men whom I have met at home and out here, there are none for whom I have a greater respect and affection."

The following are extracts from letters written by Second Lieutenant D. E. Gordon's Commanding Officer and one of his brother officers, which have been sent to us through the kindness of Mr. Gordon's father, to whom the letters are addressed:

Second Lieutenant Gordon, who was formerly a member of the staff of our Saskatoon branch, was killed in action at Longueval, on 14th July, 1916:

"He was one of the most efficient subalterns I have ever had, never shirking a duty, never complaining when the job was an unpleasant one. His loss will, I can assure you, be very greatly felt by all the officers and men who are left who knew him, and though it cannot be that we shall have him with us again, I can truly assure you that he himself will not be forgotten."

"Your son, Second Lieut. D. E. Gordon, has been killed in action during the attack on Longueval village on the 14th instant.

"He was the only surviving officer of his company, and during the consolidation of the position won he was shot by a sniper.

"During these operations, both at Berrafay and Longueval, he showed great gallantry and devotion to duty and was a most capable and popular officer."

The following letter, dated 14th July, 1916, was written by Lieutenant W. H. Doré, of the Royal Flying Corps, formerly of the Winnipeg branch:

Lieutenant Doré was reported missing on 9th August, 1918, and was later presumed to have been killed on that date:

"No doubt that in a previous letter I told you of the 'crash' I had in landing an aeroplane in the dusk. Among other things the propeller of the machine was broken. I have had a walking-stick made out of the remains and am forwarding it to you shortly. This propeller had a long life at the front, and had often been miles behind the German lines, and had just as often been shot at, so

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that it may be considered a souvenir of the war. I wish, though, that it had been taken from a Hun machine, when it would be a real souvenir.

"Our squadron has been doing some very good work lately, and our chief feat was the 'doing in' of five German balloons ('Sausages'). When out on one of the 'strafes,' three scout pilots 'did in' three balloons. Another pilot and I were to escort them each in a fast biplane. We left the ground with orders to wait a certain distance above the aerodrome until the scouts came up, then we were to dash across together, and, while they made for the balloons, we were to see that they were not attacked by hostile aircraft. As the escorts were hovering over the aerodrome, a large rain cloud came over, so we tried to fly over it; but there were other clouds around and above it, so we went around it and to the north until we were over the coast. I flew around there at about 9,000 ft., waiting for the rain storm to blow over, flying in clouds most of the time, until it got quite late and dark, when I decided to come home in spite of the storm. I cut the engine off, pointed it where I thought home was, and glided 7,000 ft. before I saw the earth, and I was then at 2,000 ft. For a few moments I wondered whether the ground below was Hun land or British, but I soon recognized it to be behind our lines and near the aerodrome, so was soon safely home. The other machine landed earlier in a Belgian aerodrome and crashed. The pilot decided not to take a chance on the clouds and rain storm, but I always like to get home. I was very surprised to learn that the exploit had been successfully carried out, and at a height of 3,000 ft. lower than intended, so that it was done below the clouds and between the showers as well. Each of the three pilots got the Military Cross, and they well deserved it. My only regret is that I was done out of the show by the clouds; otherwise there was a Hun machine that I might have 'done in.'"

"I have been amusing myself of late in photography over and back of the enemy lines. This is done from a fairly safe height, i.e., 6,500 ft. to 9,000 ft., and if one is careful one doesn't get many 'archies' that put holes in the machine. Last week I did some photography from a rather small height, i.e., 2,500 ft. I was over the lines nine times at this height and thought it quite pleasant, for if they were firing machine guns from the trenches I didn't hear them, until they got our range with field guns, when it became a little warm, although the exploding shells looked very pretty. We got some lovely exposures of the Hun's front line, however, and exactly what we went after. On one of these trips I left the

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aerodrome at 9 a.m., took eighteen exposures and was back with machine in hangar in fifteen minutes. Our photographic facilities are much better than the Hun's, and we go in for it more than he does. We very seldom have a fight in the air, as the Hun only comes over once a week, and then at a height of 12,000 ft. We are not a reconnaissance squadron, so never go well back of the lines where Huns are met. About a week ago, while taking photographs well back of the lines, three Huns were hovering around at 'out of range.' One was on my own level, and whenever I would point my nose towards our lines he would follow me; but when I turned in again to take exposures on my new course he would turn also. They did not interfere with me in my work in any way, but if a Hun tried to do the same over our lines he would at least have to knock a couple of our machines down. We have no fear of the Hun on this part of the line.

"One of our fellows was killed, though, on the aerodrome, a few days ago, through trying to climb too rapidly and stalling his machine. He nose-dived to earth, and he died twenty-four hours after the sad accident, having sustained serious internal injuries. He, poor chap, was our only N.C.O. pilot, and had just returned from three weeks' sick leave, followed by one week's leave. This is the first man to go since I joined the squadron."

The following is a letter from Lieutenant J. S. Williams, formerly a member of the staff of our Winnipeg branch. This letter was written in the trenches on 15th July, 1916. At this time Lieutenant Williams was in command of a Canadian Trench Mortar Battery:

"Since my last letter to you I've had the time of my young life. I was through the third battle of Ypres. That, with St. Eloi, makes two battles through which a very kind protecting angel has guarded me. We went into Hooze on a Monday night, coming in at twelve, midnight, my guns being in the support. At 1.30 a.m., the Boches commenced bombarding our front line like blazes and kept it up for two-and-a-half hours, and then came over to capture our trench. It would really have done your heart good to have heard the good old 28th front line open up with a roar and at 'em as the Boches started across to our line. Well, the Boches were beaten off, but the next day the Hun artillery commenced again at 2 p.m., and kept it up for four hours, during which time they blew up four mines under the 28th front line, and when they came over again, there wasn't a squeak left out of the two companies and officers who were holding that part of the line—all wiped out.

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So the Huns captured that trench and came on, and then we in support opened up with a roar and beat 'em back. The Boches made several attempts on the 6th Brigade front during the time we were in there, but were beaten off each time. We supported the left flank of the 1st Division, as they went over and captured back the trenches they had lost a short time previously. The bombardments were terrible, and we gave the Hun the surprise of his life.

"The big push is well started now, and good news keeps coming up to us in the trenches about the goings on down there. Great news came through to-day, but it would be no use my telling you, because you will have read it before this reaches you. I wonder what 'Big Willie' thinks of the 'contemptible little army' now!

"May I correct an error in the list of casualties of the officers of the Bank in your admirable little book? Pte. (now Corporal) F. D. C. Morrow, who is reported as missing is very much alive and well. He is still in the Fifth Battalion. I met him on my way through Ypres.

"We all feel out here now that the Hun is on his last legs and expect this war will be over by September at the latest. Everybody is most optimistic and happy now. The offensive on all sides has been most admirably planned. I don't think, after all, that it will be necessary for the Home Guard to turn out at all. I have been recommended for my captaincy and hope to see it gazetted any day now. I am already anxious to know if the Bank will have me back again. There's optimism for you.

"We do not have much rest now. Ten days in the firing line, five days' rest, then in for nine days; four days' rest, and now in for sixteen days, and hope to be out for eight. This is the eleventh day in, and I am writing this to you in my dug-out with the noise of the shells passing overhead. As long as they do not shorten the range I shall be able to finish."

With regard to the foregoing, Sergeant Charles B. Smillie contributes the following correction.

Sergeant Smillie, who was formerly a member of the staff of the Saskatoon branch, died of wounds on 14th November, 1917:

"On reading over No. 6 pamphlet of 'Letters from the Front,' I noticed two little lines that I am in honour bound to take exception to. They are contained in a letter from Lieut. J. S. Williams, dated 15th July, 1916, and printed on pages 44 and 45 of the book: 'We supported the left flank of the 1st Canadian Division as they went over, and captured back the trenches they had lost a short time previously.'

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"As I have been with this Division since 8th May, 1915, continuously, and during that time have had every opportunity of knowing full particulars of any action the Division participated in, I can only say that it is a gross libel on the old 1st Division, which in two years' active service in France *has never lost a trench*, and had a record that is unrivalled in the field.

"I appreciate the fact that Mr. Williams was no doubt laboring under a misapprehension, but his letter, to one who had been through the action quoted, is somewhat mortifying, as we were *retaking the line lost by another division*.

"In conclusion I trust my point is appreciated, and that the error on Mr. Williams' part may be erased or corrected in the next issue of the publication."

The following is an excerpt from a letter written by Captain J. C. MacPherson, of the 9th Reserve Battalion, late of the Calgary branch, under date of 16th July, 1916.

When this letter was written, Captain MacPherson had just been discharged from hospital and was attached to the 9th Reserve Battalion, Shorncliffe, Eng., he being temporarily unfit for general service:

"Since I wrote you last there have been many changes in the old battalion (the 31st). Allan, the paying teller, was killed in the last fighting. Poor chap! he was wounded with me at St. Eloi, and had just rejoined the battalion in time to get into the thick of it again. He will be much missed as he was very popular, and the life of his platoon, besides being cool and courageous. Rogers, who was second messenger, was killed in the same fight and was in the same company. Lieut. Campbell, a member of the Medicine Hat Branch, was killed the other day. He was a fine chap and had been a scout corporal with us for a long time. He only recently received his promotion.

"I expect to rejoin my battalion later on, as I do not feel that I am entitled to stay here indefinitely—even though one might want to.

"Capt. W. L. Gibson is quartered here also and I see quite a lot of him. He is looking very well and the life seems to agree with him."

The following is a letter from Major W. Leggat, formerly Assistant Manager of the Montreal branch, written in Belgium on 28th July, 1916:

"We are now in the zone where our training has brought us,

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and feel that we are doing something in the great cause for which so many of our gallant fellows have given up their lives. I have met no end of friends from all parts of Canada, some of whom I had not seen since the Winnipeg and Vancouver days. You would be proud of the splendid troops that our country has provided. They are second to none, and can fight like demons.

"In one of my trips not long ago I came across the grave of our old friend, Donald Cameron. It had a nice cross over it, and the grass was nice and green, in fact, quite spotless—the same as the dear old fellow used to keep himself.

"Our fellows are all 'jake' (fine)—which appears to be the expression over here among the Tommies—and are enjoying the experience. I see Hamilton (A. L. Hamilton, formerly Manager at Quebec), occasionally when I need money. He is the field cashier and looks natural as life, but pretty stout. He is doing good work where he is. His training as a banker has come in useful.

"From all appearances it looks as though the tide has turned, but we have a formidable enemy to contend with, and there is a lot of hard fighting ahead.

"I enjoyed my stay in England. The work was very hard, but interesting, and everything possible was done to make us efficient. I did not see Barker. I am sorry, as he was not far from us, but we were busy getting ready to leave. I saw the commandant of the camp he was in, and he told me that he was a splendid officer and had a good battery with him. I expect that he will be along soon now.

"This is not a life that I would take up from choice, but it is an experience nevertheless, and one gets pretty close to human nature. The shells are a bit strange at first, particularly the Hun one known as the 'Silent Percy', which lands without any previous warning. I have a splendid specimen which I picked up in our back-yard last Sunday.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—"Silent Percy" was a name given to any high velocity shell. It was the projectile fired from a naval gun, mounted on a land carriage, and its speed was such that it out-distanced the report of the gun from which it was fired.

The following is a letter written from Dulmen in Westphalia, by Mr. H. G. Wylde, formerly of the Halifax staff, who went overseas with the 20th Battalion. Mr. Wylde was transferred to the Canadian Mounted Rifles, and later taken prisoner:

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"Just a few lines to let you know I am still alive and kicking, and not much the worse for being a prisoner of war. I suppose I was reported missing for a time until the War Office was notified that I was a prisoner. The only things I want are parcels and lots of them, particularly beans, smokes, cake, preserved fruits—in fact, anything that is good to eat. Please send a tooth brush, paste and some soap in the first parcel. There is a canteen in the camp but you can only buy paper and envelopes, tobacco and stuff like that, so you can see why I am writing for parcels. We are allowed to write one postcard every Sunday, and a letter on the 15th and 30th of the month."

The following is a letter from Second Lieutenant A. Milligan, West Yorks Regiment, formerly of the London, England, staff, dated 9th August, 1916:

"After two years of war I have at last arrived in the trenches, and the front ones at that, and have seen some of the evidences and ravages of war. In one of the trenches close by there is a dead—very dead—German, very near the surface, and in this hot weather I think I would prefer a living one. I have not been in much danger, yet, although last night there was what may be described as 'some' bombardment. As a matter of fact it was a beautiful sight, as long as nothing came very near.

"Of course the guns are going night and day, but I have not felt very scared yet, and only hope it is never any worse than this. However, that is too much to expect. . . . The weather here just now is beautiful, but I can imagine in wet weather the trenches will be anything but pleasant.

"I shall stop now and have some tea. So far as I can see we never want for something to eat."

The following is a further letter, dated 16th August, 1916, from Lieutenant A. G. Mordy, written in England after he was wounded.

"You will probably have seen my name in the casualty list, and I know you are wondering how I fared, so am taking the first opportunity of writing to you.

"I was hit in the knee by a revolver bullet fired by a Boche officer who 'saw me coming' while I was on a reconnaissance. I was in a huge mine crater at the time, and had to do some lively scrambling to get back to our own lines. They livened up the journey for me by throwing bombs at me, none of which hit me, fortunately. I had the bullet removed at the casualty clearing station next day, and as soon as I could be moved I was sent to

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England. I am in the best officers' hospital in London (Viscountess Ridley's), and, besides being assured of the best medical treatment, I am living in the lap of luxury. I can't get any satisfaction as to the length of time I shall be in hospital, and all I know is that I will have a permanent 'limitation of action' in the knee, as the doctor puts it.

"I hate to think that my days of active service may be over, as I always had the feeling that I wanted to leave France with something to show for it (outside of a blighty). As you know, a plethora of major men and such like existed at Shorncliffe—officers who had been promoted much too fast in Canada; and these were all cleaned out and sent to France. This killed the promotion of senior subalterns like myself who had ten months or a year's active service to our credit, and these people landed in on us just at the time we expected to be confirmed as company commanders.

"However, I am 'grouching.' Shortly after I was hit, we got word to move south to the Somme, and if the push there is to be continued I am afraid it will be another edition of Ypres. It is generally conceded that the First Canadians and the Guards Division are the two best divisions in the whole British army, and when we noticed recently that the Guards had left Poperinghe, near Ypres, for the Somme, we expected to get word to follow shortly.

"I think July marked the turning period in the war, and next July should see the Boche down and out, but I wouldn't count on a finish before then—they have a wonderful system."

The following is an extract from a letter written at the Somme in August, 1916, by Private Eric Stainton, late of the London, England, staff:

"I was very much impressed by the areoplanes when we first arrived. They circle around in scores, coming and going over the lines, and it is very interesting to see an over-daring scout running the gauntlet of hostile shrapnel.

"To sum up, we have plenty of work, fair rations and quite decent huts, so have no real cause to grouse.

"I was very sorry indeed to see the names of P. M. Alexander and Ingmire among the casualties on Saturday. The good luck on which we had been congratulating ourselves has ended very sadly and abruptly."

The following is a letter written on 22nd August, 1916, by Lieutenant J. M. Walton, 35th Machine Gun Company, formerly of the Saskatoon branch:

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This letter refers to the Somme offensive of July and August, 1916.

Lieutenant Walton was subsequently re-transferred to the Canadian Army:

"As you know, of course, I was offered a commission in the Imperial Forces in June, 1915, and after a few courses of training was moved out to the trenches. I am now in charge of a machine-gun section out here, and we are having a very interesting time. As I write the big guns are booming, and when, in spite of everything, we feel a bit bored, Herr Boche sends over an aeroplane with a challenge and then we wake up for a moment.

"I know there is a wide divergence of opinion as to whether this life is an enjoyable one. Well, I find it a mighty interesting one, taking it all round, and the work behind a good machine-gun is decidedly good sport.

"I dare not tell you where I am out here, but I may tell you that we have had a hot time in the Big Push, and that our machine-guns were an important factor, having done good work.

"There is every kind of infernal machine at work here—gas, liquid fire, whiz-bangs, aerial torpedos, high (very high) explosives, mines, bombs and a multitude of minor 'diversions.' I wish I were free to tell you all, but of course a very strict censorship is necessary, for the way Fritz manages to get wind of things is positively eerie. However, when I get back to Saskatoon I shall expatiate on them all.

"The billets on both sides of me have been badly shelled, and we live a life expectant of 'big things' in the shape of German 15" Obus."

The following is an extract from a letter dated 26th August, 1916, written by Gunner C. W. Davison, formerly of the Montreal branch. This letter was sent from Belgium and refers to the Ypres sector.

"The right and left sections of our battery are separated by about two miles, Major W. Leggat (C. B. of C.) being in charge of this section. At times when I have been called to repair lines between here and the other section, I have stepped in to find Lawrence, Dalton and McBride doing splendidly.

"I must say my work out here is somewhat different from that of receiving deposits in 'D to K' box at Montreal, yet the life is a great health builder, and those of us who return will be better able to discharge our duties than before."

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

The following is a letter written about the end of August, 1916, by Sergeant J. A. Caw, formerly of the Langham branch.

Mr. Caw was at this time with the 5th Battalion, and this letter refers to the fighting of June, 1916, in the Ypres salient:

"Well, as you may know, we had quite a flare up on our part of the line in the early part of June, and as my battalion moved into the front line trenches on the last day of May, we came in for the full blast. On June 1st the racket started, if I remember correctly, at about nine in the morning. Fritz simply swamped our trenches and supports with shells of every size, not to mention rifle grenades, trench mortars, sausages and the like. He continued this for about five or six hours, blew up a mine and then came over on our left. Of course as soon as he left his trenches the bombardment ceased, and then we started to get our own back. All the boys who had any sporting instinct at all were out of the trench in a twinkling, sniping at the Boches from shell-holes, etc. We had him where we wanted him; half way up a slope, no cover, and digging himself in, in full view in broad daylight, range about six hundred yards. Three years ago anyone who would have suggested that I could take delight in firing at a human being with intent to kill—I would have called him something. But, nevertheless, I took a fiendish delight in it on June 1st, and, for excitement, man-hunting has all other kinds of hunting beat a mile. I could not say how many I nailed, but I'm sure of three. The boys with the telescopic sights had an advantage, as Fritz showed himself as little as possible, and was most inconsiderate, as he would not keep still to give us a chance to get a good bead on him. From June 1st to June 13th it was a matter of attack and counter-attack. During the day, a man could get no sleep or peace for the shelling, and at night every man was required for patrol, working parties, etc. Gas alarms were the thing of the day, and, believe me, it is not pleasant business to 'stand to' with gas helmets on for a matter of two hours or so, every minute expecting the Boches to come over. They gave us all kinds of tear gas, and at the end of a week my eyes began to feel as if they were stuck on the end of poles like crabs' eyes. I was as deaf as a post and as dirty as a tramp. Water was very scarce, that is, good water; even the tea tasted of dead men. What was left over from breakfast we saved in our water bottles—'dead man soup,' we called it. Well, anyway, after various narrow escapes (they say that 'the devil takes care of his own'), I got hit in the back with shrapnel. I had three pieces taken out

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of my back and shoulders, and one piece in my neck—which the doctor decided to let stay.

"I am at present employed in the quartermaster's stores. The work is not heavy, and, above all, quite 'bomb-proof.' The Q.M. store is, in a way, the mother of the battalion, and we handle everything from bully beef to tent pegs, and from needles to crowbars. All the drafts proceeding to the trenches remain a day or so here for equipment, finishing touches in their training, etc., as well as the men who have been wounded, or who are coming down with sickness. I met George Otto and Walter Gordon the other day. Gordon has managed to get across to England, but Otto has gone up the line. He has, I understand, a pretty good job (i.e., 'bomb-proof'), in building huts, etc., back of the line.

"I don't know whether I ever told you, but John Muir was killed alongside of me at Festubert last May. We both got hit when we went over the 'bags' on the 24th. Poor fellow! he was in mortal agony, and, after morphine was administered, died unconscious. He was badly hit in the thigh, and the bullet had run up into his abdomen. I saw Capt. Milne, McGovern, and several of the 28th Battalion officers a week or so before the racket started—we were out for a rest at the same time—and they subsequently came up to relieve the 3rd Division, after Fritz had come over on 1st June. Port Arthur has lost heavily.

"Well, I heartily wish it were all over, and I were back in Canada. However, what's the use of wishing? We've got to teach the Boche his lesson first, and we are hard at it now. Our guns are hammering it into him every day, and I think he is beginning to learn. He's singing a different song from what he sang last year, and we're all hoping to notice a far bigger change before long.

"I think when I come back I'll have to go for a month's outing in the woods. Oh! just to get away from soldiers and soldiering for a while—forget form fours, etc., wake up when one wanted, go to bed when one wanted, and generally be one's own master.

"I wonder if I could slip into the Bank and commence work. I'm afraid the Branch Clearings would keep me guessing, and the H.O. Instructions and arrangements with other banks would be great mysteries indeed. I think I could still figure up a sterling or Hong Kong draft, but would the Chink sting me?"

The following are extracts from a letter from Sergeant A. C. Scott, of the 46th Battalion, Canadian Infantry, formerly of the Innisfail branch, dated 8th

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September, 1916, and written in a dug-out at Vierstratt—
M and N trenches,—near Ypres:

“Just received a copy of ‘Letters from the Front,’ and it has succeeded in making me rather homesick for the office and rattle of the typewriter and adding machine, and the old routine. Anyway, it took my mind off chasing the ‘Wily Hun’ and took it back to the old days.

“You will notice by the heading that I am no longer in the old regiment (the 51st Battalion). When they left England I was quarantined with the measles, and as a result was transferred to the 46th Battalion, and came over with them about six weeks ago. We have a pretty good time of it in France. I have been in the trenches a number of times, and it is part of our regular routine now. I have slept in tents, barns, holes in the ground, sandbag dug-outs and all sorts of places. I have even slept sitting on a trench step in the pouring rain. One gets used to it, though, and it really is immaterial where we sleep. One little experience I would like to relate, though. Six of the other sergeants and myself were put into a deserted hen-house for a few days, and we called it home for the time being. We got nicely asleep the first night when the rats started in. They chewed up our clothes and everything in general. We did not mind that so much, but when they started walking over our faces we immediately raised an objection. We got busy and rustled a few candles, and the light succeeded in keeping the rats quiet. We got nicely sleeping again, and were enjoying wonderful dreams of beating up Heine, when we were awakened by the old reliable rooster. He couldn’t be driven from his old home. To wind up the experience, the next day we started by casting sidelong glances at each other. The end of it was that we all beat it back to our hen-house to read our shirts. The news we found was very interesting and provided us with a half-hour’s sport.

“As for ‘eats,’ we do not do so badly. Of course, it is mostly canned stuff, but we manage very nicely. I have been dubbed ‘Tickler’ by the other boys, on account of my propensity for getting away with jam. Tickler is the maker of most of the jam we get, hence the name. So much for the ‘social’ side of life. Coming down to the actual fighting is where we get our real excitement and hard work. Of course, you will know what the trenches are like in appearance, but they are quite different when one actually has to live and fight in them. We are down in them and Heine is the same in his, hence we do not see much of each other.

“I was sent out in ‘No Man’s Land’ one night, putting up some

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wire along with about twelve others. Heine got wind of our party some way, and opened up his machine guns at about ten minute intervals. We were out for three hours, and, believe me, he kept us ducking, but we finished the work we went out to do.

"We see some great sights in the trenches, though, when the artillery opens up. They sure blow the Fritz & Co. trenches into an awful mess. One hears the screaming of the big shells and then the explosion, and tons of dirt going up in the air. The last time I was in we saw a Hun blown about thirty feet in the air, together with a few yards of his trench. Of course, he comes back at us with shells of all descriptions, and then we have to do some ducking and dodging. The ones we can see are O.K., but the ones we don't see are what get on our nerves. His rum-jars, sausages, and fish-tails (all high explosive and shrapnel trench mortar shells) can easily be seen, and provide a lot of sport dodging them, but the other that cannot be seen, well, we just stand tight and take a chance. We give him about twenty to one, though, so we know we provide him with a whole lot more fun than he gives us."

The following is an extract from a letter from Private W. G. Chisholm, formerly of the Saskatoon staff, dated 9th September, 1916.

The 2nd of June, 1916, was the day on which the Germans tried to smash their way through at Ypres for the third time. Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry stemmed the onslaught at Sanctuary Wood, Ypres.

"I am getting along fine now. I had an operation a month ago; had a piece of shrapnel taken out of my chest and a piece out of my right forearm, consequently I had my arm in a sling for three weeks, but it is all healed now, although it still feels pretty weak.

"As you doubtless know, I was wounded on that never-to-be-forgotten 2nd of June, when so many fine fellows made the supreme sacrifice. I never wish to go through the same experience again—I shall never forget the awful sights I saw that day. I was very lucky, I was wounded in the afternoon and made my way safely to the dressing station, although a large number of fellows were buried alive on their way out there. I was very sorry to hear that Elderkin had been killed that day. He was in No. 1 Company, which was surrounded on three sides by the Germans, but very few of them were taken prisoners."

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The following are extracts from a letter from Lieutenant A. B. Morkill, formerly Manager at the Oak Bay Avenue branch (Victoria), dated 15th September, 1916.

Lieutenant Morkill herein describes his first visit to the Somme. The letter was written in the ruined city of Albert.

"Life over here is very interesting and full of variety. I love the work and the country. The latter must be the most wonderful in the world, that is, in spirit. No one could see it without feeling the greatest admiration. Apart from this, it is most beautiful, and I have enjoyed every foot of the journeys. The coloring is soft and lovely, and the little rivers, villages, etc., etc., are all fascinating. In spite of all this, it will be a jolly fine day when we get back to good old Canada. At the present, we are back a few miles from the trenches, having a rest. We had four days in, and the poor boys need the break after a pretty strenuous time. The bank life seems like a dream, but I suppose, if I am taken back, that I will soon settle down to it again. I got off very lightly in this last show, but hope to see more of the next. The battle-fields are indescribable. What villages there were, are as flat as ploughed fields, and most certainly the country is one of desolation. Not a tree, but occasionally the stump of one to accentuate the barrenness, and at night when it is lit up by the flames and the flashes of the guns, it leaves the impression of a very modern hell.

"I ran into McGachen, of Winnipeg, down at the base. He seemed very fit. Joe Bridgman and Arthur Crease are here with the 29th. This is one big meeting place, and I run into someone every day. Did you know Billy Casey? He was my company commander, and I am sorry to say he was killed the other night."

The following letter is from Captain James H. Lovett, written in France on 3rd August, 1916. Captain Lovett was formerly Accountant of the Alexander Avenue (Winnipeg) branch, and had been twice wounded since reaching the front:

"Since receiving your letter I was in England for nearly eight weeks, and, after coming back, on my first turn in the trenches, I again got into the casualty list by getting too close to a bursting trench mortar, which closed both eyes for me for a while. One was rather difficult to fix at the dressing-station, so they sent me to the base, where I had great difficulty in persuading them not to

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send me to England. However, I am again back and have received my captaincy, also a company.

"The country around here is very beautiful, much like Ontario with its rolling hills and woods and streams. The chalk beds make the trenches very nasty when it rains. After living in them for a few hours you become as white as a miller.

"Out here the French government have an issue of paper money for use in the towns and cities and the adjoining localities. The censor is very strict these days and, as you know, we are unable to tell our whereabouts, but I think I might enclose a deposit for account of, say, the souvenir fund—1 franc. I am to-day wearing a good smile, as we are located in a fine billet and share a real bed for to-night, but as we rise at 4.30 a.m. I shall not have much time to enjoy a good sleep.

"I saw Mr. Mordy (of Winnipeg) just before he was wounded, also Brander (of Winnipeg), when I passed through the base. There are Commerce men everywhere out here. It was a matter of great regret to me to hear about my old manager, R. E. N. Jones, as I had seen him such a short time previously, and I had planned to go over and see him again."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Lieut. R. E. N. Jones was killed in action on the 6th of April, 1916.

The following is an extract from a letter from Captain H. E. Tylor, formerly manager of the St. Thomas branch, written from "Somewhere in France" on 30th September, 1916.

This letter refers to the Somme offensive:

"Just a year ago to-day since I left the St. Thomas branch. Five months' training in Canada and England, seven months' service in Belgium and France have made up a wonderful twelve months, and what a difference in our favour in that time. We had a most interesting trip down through France. I acted as Billeting Officer, probably through my knowledge of French (!), which is nil. I came with my small party by way of the coast, and had a swim in the sea, the first and only this year, and very enjoyable. That was an extra day; we were usually one day ahead of our outfit. We arrived at our destination one afternoon and were taking up our position just as an exciting air fight was in progress. The Hun was shot down in our lines. From that day until this we have been very busy, and it has been one steady advance day and night—Mouquet Farm, Courcellette, Martinpuich. Our air service has been wonderful. A strange thing about

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this advance is that the German trenches in front of us are given Canadian names before being captured, and as they are taken the names are absorbed into our front.

"I have seen the Tanks, especially 'Creme de Menthe' and 'Cupid.' They are splendid, their action and armament wonderful. One feels such an atom in this great offensive. . . . I am hoping to be back next year."

The following are extracts from a letter written by Gunner G. H. Jackson about two weeks before his death in action at St. Eloi, on 27th March, 1916. Mr. Jackson, who was formerly a member of the St. Catharines branch, was a gunner in the 10th Battery, C.F.A., and went overseas with the First Contingent. The letter was a private one to his family, and was received after his death:

"I am now in one of France's large cities going to school—yes, going to school. It seems funny in the army, nevertheless it's true. Lectures from nine until eleven a.m., and two until four p.m. The course is on gas defensive measures. We study the construction, chemicals used, etc., of all apparatus concerned in both offensive and defensive use, in order that we can better understand them. Of course, we have practical work, too, in going through the real gas and in studying other chemicals the Germans use. It is all very interesting, but oh, my! On rejoining my battery, it will be up to me to see that all the men's helmets, etc., are in good order; explain the use of different chemicals, etc. All the time we are not at lectures is our own, therefore, we roam around and enjoy ourselves. Am at present in a fine, big Y.M.C.A., where plenty of reading and writing materials are provided—a coffee bar, chairs, tables and stoves, so you can imagine it's an agreeable change. Of course, it is all run by soldiers. There are also two moving picture shows, loads of cafés, restaurants, etc., but darned little money. Am getting used to that, so that doesn't matter.

"By the way, was through the gas this morning, and it turned my brass buttons black, destroyed the illuminated dial on my watch and turned my khaki uniform a reddish brown. Say! what would it do to your lungs without protection? I have had some of it while in action, without protection, but not very strong."

The following is a letter received from Lieutenant T. C. Floyd, 16th Battalion, The Canadian Scottish, 1st Division, B.E.F., France, dated 13th September, 1916.

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Lieutenant Floyd was formerly in the Superintendent's Department at Winnipeg.

This letter refers to the trenches at Mouquet Farm, the scene of some of the bloodiest fighting of the entire Somme offensive:

"We are back in billets for a short period, having completed our tour in the trenches. It certainly was some tour. I hope I never have to go through such another. The shell-fire was something terrific. The enemy guns never let up once all the time we were in. Night and day it was the same, a continual 'crump' from a rain of shells exploding. Really it is impossible to describe the shell-fire we were under. How it was any of us came out is a mystery. As it was I couldn't get out with a whole skin. A piece of Fritz's shell took a small portion of my right cheek with it, while another piece took the shoulder out of my raincoat and another cut the top of my steel helmet, besides numerous other shells which landed too close to be welcomed very much.

"I certainly was a bright looking person when we got out of the trenches with about a six days' beard, and absolutely plastered with mud from head to foot. If you could have seen me I don't think you would have recognized one of your old staff.

"Saw MacMillan a short time ago. He was quite well. It is getting late, so will close for to-night."

The following letter is from Lieutenant J. K. Patterson, formerly of our First Street West (Calgary) branch, who was wounded on 15th September, 1916, near the French village of Flers.

Mr. Patterson herein describes the British attack at Flers on the day he was wounded. In this action tanks were used by the British for the first time:

"Here I am back in old England and I sometimes wonder how I ever got here. Last time I wrote we were at Ploegsteert, Belgium, and having quite a 'cushy' time for trench life. We knew it was soon to be our turn to see something more active than sedentary life amid sandbags and dug-outs, and we all looked forward to the change.

"The day arrived and its dawn broke grey and foreboding. It was a bitter dawn for me, for one of my platoon officers, a young chap I had taken a great interest in, was shot through the head within half an hour of leaving the trenches. One effect of his death was to strengthen the stern resolve to carry out those duties

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allotted to me with one idea above all—to bring out the best in men and officers when our time came to leap the parapet and go for the enemy. We had not long to wait. After a few weeks' vigorous training we moved up to the rolling hills behind Albert. It would require the pen of a genius to describe adequately the scenes which lay around us as we bivouaced. Here, indeed, we saw the fruit of the superhuman energies of the Empire. As far as the eye could see thousands of bivouacs dotted the hills, clouds of dust marked the roads where the endless streams of transport worked with ceaseless energy to and from the battlefield. At night the scene was even more magnificent. The British Tommy, no matter where he is, in wrecked, battered trench or in pleasant camp life, finds enough fuel and tea to make a brew in his billy-can, and he prefers to have it when darkness falls. There is no time allotted in the military schedule for supper, but Tommy makes a time, and often I have wished that I could don his rank in the evening and join him in jollification when the brew is set and the tale is told. As one sees a huge city from a mountain top with its twinkling lights, so appeared the hills and valleys of the Somme on this night in September, alive with humanity. Amid the ceaseless roar of the guns through the night, one heard the vociferous snore of Tommy Atkins in his palatial bivouac.

“The next morning (it was the fourteenth of September) we struck camp and marched out, taking the trail eastward; and, having read the story of the glorious 15th, you will feel as I do, that it was a trail which lead to glory and honor. As I rode the ‘Rabbit’ (named such from his white tail and roaming habits) the countryside seemed blue as an ant-hill seen through a powerful microscope. Everywhere were mule wagons bearing shells and S.A.A. of all kinds—a tribute to the women we had left behind—ambulances, gun limbers, cavalry, infantry, each moving by its prescribed route to the battlefield. It was a beautiful evening, herald of a glorious morning. As we drew near our first halting place we passed over the scarred and battered land significant of bloody battles, through the ruins of Mametz, Fricourt and Montauban. We halted at a dump in a valley where we loaded up with water and ammunition, shouting to make ourselves heard above the screech of 18-pounders, recognizing each other in the flashes of the guns. The trail was long and tortuous from this to Delville Wood, part of it made with gas helmets on. I cannot describe the wood to you or what remained of it; a tornado more terrible than the imagination can conceive had torn it, leaving a mass of blackened earth, tree trunks and terrible objects which had once

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rejoiced in life and freedom. Time was racing ahead, and, in the starlight, the scene was a nightmare; the rattle of machine-guns was nigh. Another noise attracted and amused us. We knew of the 'tanks' and recognized the chut-chut of its exhaust as one of the monsters moved into position. The Boche had not yet seen one of these and the noise of a motor-car in the front line astonished him. He sent up flares, sent over shells, rattled away with his machine-guns at the sound. He was soon to know to his cost the meaning of the sinister noise. As the first few streaks of dawn lightened the sky, we were in position. It always seems to me as I watch daybreak from the front line after a 'dirty' night how calm and serene it is, reminiscent of days gone by, and to me it is essentially 'civilian,' if I may use the expression.

"The hour arrived and off we went, overhead our shells tearing and screeching, making a wall of death in front of us. Our first Boche prisoner came stumbling through it, a youth with red hair, hands upraised and eyes staring at us, terrified, questioning eyes — 'Would it be his fortune to escape one terrible death only to meet another less terrible, surely, but yet death?' We did not stop to answer him; our task was to seek out others of his kind and take possession of their funk-holes. As on parade-ground the men moved across that soil, each square yard a shell-hole, dogging the creeping barrage. We topped a ridge and before us lay Flers. Into my mind flashed a picture I had seen, at a time when picture books were my joy, of a stormy petrel skimming a turbulent sea, in the background a rocky island half hidden in spray by the angry waves. Thus to me seemed Flers, as our shells screamed into it — surely nothing living could exist there. However, my time was drawing near, and within a stone's throw of the village a bullet caught me in the chest, spinning me into a shell-hole. The rest is blurred, the remembrance of a shell playing handball with me as it threw me into another hole a few yards off, luckily doing no other damage. I have been told I was out there thirty-six hours, but when I woke it was a glorious afternoon and our line was now well beyond Flers. You know my weight, so you can imagine how plucky were the stretcher-bearers who carried me between two and three miles to the dressing-station.

"Here I am and getting on quickly. The lung was grazed, but the wound is not serious now. Soon I shall be in harness again. Meanwhile I am enjoying the luxury of linen sheets and soft, white hands and nothing to do; the last is not the least of all in the miracle of changes.

"I have written a long screed to-day and it is almost lunch

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time, so I must close. There will be many more scraps before the next twelve months are out, but I do not anticipate anything more glorious than the 15th of September."

The following is a letter from Flight-Lieutenant W. H. Doré, of the Royal Flying Corps, late of the Winnipeg staff, written in France on 6th November, 1916.

Mr. Doré was subsequently promoted Captain. He was reported missing on 9th August, 1918, and was presumed to have been killed on that date. No trace of him was ever found.

"To-day there is a 70-mile gale blowing itself around. I was to go to Paris to fetch a new type of machine we are having in the squadron and fly back one of the old type that we are getting rid of, but the wind is too strong. The new machines, though rather difficult to handle at first, are very warm for winter work and faster than the types used by us last summer. Next spring, however, we must have something newer still, for the Huns' machines are all very fast. Did I mention in my last letter anything of a fight I had with three Huns? One fellow came over our aerodrome and I pushed off after him. He got within range when I was seven or eight miles over the lines and only 5,000 feet high. He was joined by two others and then they attacked me. I shot one down, drove the second down, and while chasing the third my gun jammed, whereupon I broke off the fight. Whenever one meets a Hun on his own level and within long range, unless he is caught unawares, one invariably finds another Hun higher up and in the act of diving on the Britisher. If you don't get him as he comes down, or if he doesn't get you, he keeps going down and glides homewards, and the one at your own level pushes off also. We all wish up here that the Hun would put up more and better fights. One of our boys got a fellow alone a few days ago who tried to fight, and he soon sent him to the earth in flames.

"Owing to the shortage of pilots in our flight, I missed my turn to go to Paris. I should have left yesterday. We go there for our machines, and so far all who have brought machines from Paris report having had a delightful time.

"Excepting at the Somme, things are extremely quiet on the whole front—too much so, in fact. We all think that in a few years we may be able to guess when the war will end, but very few want it to end now; they would prefer to see the Boche thoroughly beaten and give their lives to help in the doing rather than see peace declared now.

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"In another three or four months I should be going to England for a 'rest' lasting perhaps five months. While 'resting' one teaches others the art of aviation, but I should prefer staying out in France. I would do anything for a short trip to Winnipeg, though.

"We are all a very happy and comfortable family here, and the best of friends. There is no partiality shown by our O.C., who is a major and D.S.O., aged twenty-six, and therefore every officer and man is in his proper place, and when a dud man is next for promotion he is got rid of—usually before he gets far up the list.

"I was very sorry to hear that both Mordy and Curran have been so badly knocked about. I hope Mordy is getting along O.K. and is able to throw himself about as swiftly as ever. Curran has done his bit, and should be given a good job, if they need him, or allowed to resign."

The following is an extract from a letter written in England on 8th November, 1916, by Lieutenant R. B. McCarthy, formerly of the Winnipeg staff.

Lieutenant McCarthy was killed in action on 9th April, 1917:

"The course we are taking here is very comprehensive, including, as it does, lots of practical work, such as map-work, trench making, night attacks, etc., and we are given numerous lectures. There are about seventy of us here living in long, low buildings called 'huts.' They have electric light, hot and cold water, open fireplaces, etc., so we can hardly say we are roughing it. Imperial as well as Canadian officers are here, but in our hut we are nearly all Winnipegers, the 100th, 107th, 108th and 144th all being represented.

"The mess is very formal at night—six or seven courses, each with a ten minutes', or so, interval. We come off very well, though, for we have five meals a day!—a bite and cup of tea before physical training, breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea and dinner. All the instructors have been in the present campaign and wear either the D.S.O. or M.C., or both.

"We are less than thirty miles from London, so, naturally, we are able to go there quite often, especially as we have the week-ends to ourselves. London looks pretty dismal at night now, for they enforce the laws regarding lights. Still, with a little practice, it is fairly easy to find one's way around through the main parts. When you get into one of the theatres, restaurants or large hotels at night, it is hard to believe that there is a war on at all. Not

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having quite got over the habit of digging out financial facts, I learned that the Hotel Victoria, where I stayed on one visit, took in on the average £400 per day, while the Savoy on the day I was there took in £607 through its restaurant alone.

"We see no signs of our going to France yet, but can expect such a move as soon as this course is over, I believe."

The following is from a letter written "Somewhere in France," by Lieutenant G. E. Scroggie, formerly Accountant at the Walkerville branch. (This letter was written at a farm one and a half miles south of Poperinghe, which is the fair-sized town mentioned):

"I left Toronto with my platoon on November 25th, 1915; sailed from Halifax on the 27th, and, after a very quiet and uneventful voyage, duly arrived in England.

"It was my fate to be sent to Larkhill Camp, Salisbury Plains, where I was attached to the Canadian Reserve Cyclist Company, which company was attached to the Imperial Cyclists for training. After the experiences of the Canadians on the Plains the year before, you can imagine how pleased I was to go there, and our unit was the only Canadian one there last winter. We found the accommodation much better than we had expected, though. We had quite comfortable huts, but the mud was such that we were unable to do any training as cyclists, and, in fact, we could hardly venture out of our huts at all.

"One would never know by the faces of the people of London that a war is on, for all seemed cheerful and bright and there was little or no sign of poverty. It was certainly wonderful to see the troops from all parts of the Empire, and also from the other Allied Countries, all gay and happy in their holiday mood and not at all worried about the progress of the war. It was pretty quiet there at night, though. The streets were very dark and liquor was not sold after 9.30, which made the cafés and hotels close much earlier than in the past.

"We were advised near the end of February that our company was to provide the Cyclist Company for the 3rd Division, and there certainly was some rejoicing when it became known. We left England the last week in March and have been on the scene of action ever since, for we had only one day at the base.

"We are certainly much more comfortable here than I had ever expected to be while on active service. We are billeted at a farm, and the officers have bell tents or shacks to sleep in. I have a bell tent with a wooden floor, cot, wash-stand, etc. I have not

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been so comfortable since I joined the army. We have a room in the farm-house for our mess-room, and as there is a grate fire in it, we can enjoy the comfort of home at night. We can also buy fresh eggs, milk, etc., which help to make our ration issue very palatable. The men are billeted in the barns and other outbuildings, and, with the liberal use of straw and by the ingenious construction of stoves from empty biscuit boxes, etc., they are 'all to the merry.'

"We are fortunate in being billeted quite close to a fair-sized town where we can buy nearly all the necessaries of life if we feel so inclined. The Army runs a canteen there, where we can buy foodstuffs at five per cent. above cost, and the five per cent. profit goes to Red Cross funds. The Army also runs a vaudeville show and a cinema there, and they are both of a very high order, especially the vaudeville show, which compares very favorably with the best shows which I saw in London. There is a special gallery for officers at the cinema, with little tables where they can have afternoon tea with fancy cakes—and all within range and sound of the guns. Seems incredible, doesn't it? There is also a sort of club for officers where they can read the latest magazines, etc. The men can all have a hot bath once a week in this town, and they are issued with clean underwear and leave their old to be mended and washed. I can get the London papers of the previous day before breakfast every morning, brought to my tent by a newsboy.

"The normal work of our unit in open warfare is scouting and reconnaissance, but in trench warfare they are using us for a number of things, mostly road patrolling, controlling traffic and dispatch riding, and it is all very interesting and quite exciting, too, for most of our work is up in the forward area which is shelled regularly and, of course, the roads are always under observation, as it only takes the presence of one or two men to tempt the Germans to throw a shell over.

"We see lots of fighting in the air and it is most interesting. An aeroplane flying at high speed some hundreds of feet up is not an easy mark, and it is not very often that they are brought down by shell-fire. Twice recently the empty shell cases fired at enemy planes have fallen quite close to our camp, in the adjoining field, so we have to look out for our own guns as well as the enemy's."

The following are extracts from a letter written by Lieutenant N. L. Wells in the German internment camp at Friedberg. Mr. Wells, who was formerly a member of the Regina staff, left for England in October, 1915, in charge of a detachment from the 68th Battalion. In

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March, 1916, he was sent over to France with reinforcements for the 4th C.M.R., and had only been about four days in the trenches when during a terrific artillery bombardment lasting for four or five hours, he was wounded in the right side and partially buried. He was then taken prisoner, interned at the Kaiserin Augusta-Schule, Cologne, for a while, and later transferred to Friedberg:

"I am now feeling quite fit, though my hearing is not right yet. I was in hospital for seven weeks, and it was fine to get out. The hospital was nearly filled with Russian soldiers and there were only seven English officers. We went out for one walk while I was there in order to attend the funeral of a British officer, and we were greatly admired by a large concourse of children, who acted as a body-guard. I left Cologne at the end of July and went to Mainz, where I stayed two days only. The whole of the journey was in the Rhine valley by the side of the river, and the scenery was splendid, though rather monotonous. There are steep, wooded hills on both sides of the river (which looks extremely dirty) and innumerable castles perched on crags close to the river bank. The castles look very picturesque, but they must be extremely uncomfortable to live in. I had two guards, and they would persist in talking German all the way. As my German consists of about three words the result was rather one-sided, but I scored off them by murmuring 'Nix panimi' (which I believe is Russian for 'I don't understand'), and they were completely nonplussed as to what it meant. I continued making this highly intelligent remark with different expression at intervals during the journey, and so succeeded in adding quite a tone to the conversation.

"There is a big yard at Mainz where hockey is played, and there is also a billiard room where there is one good English table and four French or Russian tables. Of course everything is supplied by the officers themselves. We left Mainz after two days, and had a far more comfortable journey to Friedberg. Fortunately we had a German officer with us and we had the inestimable privilege of travelling second class. Part of the way I travelled on an ice wagon, and I entered the town in state. This is supposed to be one of the best camps in Germany and is about two hundred and fifty yards square. The place was originally intended for a Non-Commissioned Officers' school, and there is a fine place for shower baths. I have not played tennis yet, but I hope to do so soon. We have practically all our food sent from England and so live

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quite well, though it is not a very healthy existence. It is practically impossible to escape. I am sick of being here, naturally, and I should like to get back to the front, though it is rather exciting there at times. We had an awful time, with no chance to hit back. I saw a photo taken from a German newspaper showing four of the 4th C.M.R. officers unwounded. I think there were only ten unwounded officers altogether from all the battalions engaged, and as they must have come over on a mile or two frontage you can imagine what happened to the remainder."

The following is a letter dated 28th September, 1916, written in France by Mr. E. P. Blake, who enlisted from the London, England, office, and who was one of the first detachment which took the special course of training for the "Tanks."

The tanks went into action for the first time on 15th September, 1916, at Courcellette, on the Somme.

"I darsay you may care to hear how I fared since I launched on the 'Great Adventure' in this country. You will probably have seen in the papers how well things have been going on lately and also all about the 'Tanks.' A great deal is true about them, but I am afraid a certain amount is somewhat exaggerated. However, their moral effect on Fritz the first time we went into action was undoubted, as was also their fighting ability, but I can assure you the feeling of being boxed up like that under intensely heavy shell-fire of all kinds, was worse than anything I have ever felt before. I am getting used to being under shell-fire now by degrees, but it takes some getting used to. We have been up amongst it now for a fortnight, sometimes sleeping in the tanks, sometimes in the dug-outs. It gets intensely cold by about three o'clock in the morning, and to make things worse, we have had quite a lot of rain. However, we are expecting to be relieved by another company in a day or two, when we shall no doubt get a few days' complete rest, and most of us have well earned it.

"The life is extraordinarily interesting, as it is so novel in every way. Just a short way further up from where I am now the dead are lying about in scores, practically all Germans. The working parties are unable to get up near enough to bury them, owing to the Hun shell-fire, which is kept up pretty incessantly during day and night in a vain attempt to prevent our supports from getting up. Our infantry is absolutely splendid. It is quite a sight to see them going over the parapet as if there were nothing in the world like enemy machine-guns or a barrage of fire. We went

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in with some Imperial battalions and the New Zealanders. I have not seen the Canadians in action; they were some distance away on our left. I hear they did some more splendid work. Well, they could not beat the New Zealanders. They are magnificent. I may not tell you exactly where we have been, but it is about the hottest shop on the line. There is no such thing as a quiet minute as far as I have heard, but one learns gradually to sleep through all the din. I was out with a working party two or three days ago, when, quite suddenly, a 'coal-box' burst right amongst us, doing rather bad damage to some of our boys and killing one outright. I had my tunic unbuttoned and flying loose, and one side is now quite riddled with splinter holes. I had a most miraculous escape, with only a bad shaking up. A night later I was walking along a road with a message, when a shell burst about five or six yards away from me. The concussion knocked me over, and very luckily, too, as I should otherwise probably have stopped a bit of flying shell. However, these things are all in the days' work, and the infantry must have escapes like that two or three times a day. It is a common saying out here that so long as you hear a shell singing you are practically safe, but you never hear the one that gets you. Nevertheless, you duck instinctively the moment you hear a German shell, except in the case of a 'whiz-bang,' when you get no chance to duck, as they come over like a flash, and the whiz and the flash are virtually simultaneous. The Hun tear-shells are very unpleasant and make one's eyes extremely sore before one can get a mask on.

"You never saw such a sight as the countryside is now—one mass of shell-holes everywhere you look. The woods are blown to pieces, and only a few branchless stumps remain of what must once have been very fine little thickets. As for the towns and villages—well, they simply don't exist now. In one village just behind us there is practically not a brick left standing on another, with the exception of one side of the church, which has marvellously escaped. The war has really developed into a violent artillery duel, in which the infantry and ourselves go forward to complete what the artillery has left undone, and we are absolutely undoubted on top in every phase of it. The doings of the past fortnight must have brought the end appreciably nearer, but even now it is utterly impossible to forecast, so much depends on the weather.

"I am pretty fit myself, except that I simply cannot sleep since my shaking; that will no doubt wear off when I get away from the din for a bit. As you know, my nerves were never of the strongest; it is the man with the iron nerve and will who scores out here.

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"I can't say much about what the tanks do, but of course you have read about it in the papers. They certainly seem to have created a sensation, not only amongst the Huns, but also in British journalism. We of the corps evidently kept our secret very well. The papers will tell you more than I am allowed to by an eagle-eyed censor, but I notice that the papers say very little about the poor devils who made the success of the tanks possible, namely the crews. People at home will no doubt get the idea that we were well protected as compared with the infantry. Perhaps so, and perhaps not. I can assure you that it was a splendid test of a man's nerve and pluck, and you might be pleased to hear that, whatever the tanks have been through at any time, there has never been once any sign of a panic amongst any crew. Not a bad thing to be able to say for absolutely raw soldiers, and some of us have been through it a bit, too.

"I received No. 5 copy of 'Letters from the Front.' They are very interesting, aren't they? I hope you will see that I get all subsequent copies. There is just one other thing, too. If you ever hear of anybody who has magazines to spare, I should be mightily obliged if you would mention my name. They would greatly help to pass the few spare minutes away for all of us.

"I trust all the boys are well. Have you lost many more since Green and Cridland? I was very distressed to see that P. M. Alexander and Ingmire had gone over to the great majority; it is very sad. I have not seen any of our boys out here yet; I search for dear old Lawson in every officer I see. I hope he is still alive.

"Must close this letter now as it is too dark to see any more and I have no candle."

The following is a short letter written from a hospital in England by Mr. Eric Stainton, formerly of the London, England, staff:

"Just a line to enable my 'traverse' of the address register to be brought up to date. The address is due to a lump of shrapnel which I was foolhardy enough to try to stop with my face, in front of Lesboeuufs village during the big offensive on 25th ultimo. The damage is not extensive and I hope I shall not have to carry more than a slight scar as a souvenir.

"We get splendidly treated in hospital, both here and in France, and I consider myself extremely lucky to have regained 'Blighty' so comparatively lightly."

The following extracts are from letters written by Miss Wynne-Roberts, formerly on the staff at the Toronto

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branch, who served as a V.A.D. Nurse in No. 1 Southern General Hospital, Dudley Road, Birmingham, England:

"Our marching orders were not long in arriving. I was sent here with four other Toronto girls, one from London (Ont.) and two from Ottawa. We arrived on Saturday night. On Sunday morning we were told in what wards to work, and now we feel as if we had been here for months. For the present I am in the convalescent section, so am not overworked, nor do I get much actual nursing experience. The others are nearly all in surgical wards and have started in right away on dressing, etc. The work is very interesting and it is good to be able to do something for the poor chaps. Some of the wounds are horrible, so bad that one wonders if it would not be more merciful to let the men die. And yet the boys are so plucky, always ready with a smile and a joke, and those who can get about at all, always ready to help.

"Everyone here is very good to the Canadians and the Canadian men are as pleased as can be to have us here. We have pretty well all the colonies represented in the hospital—a great number of Australians, quite a few Canadians (one Toronto man who enlisted with the 81st is in my ward) and a few from the uttermost parts of the earth. I have not found out the exact number of patients yet, but am told that it is well over 2,000. The main corridors are each over a quarter of a mile in length. Imagine walking that distance every time one needs something from the nurses' home!

"Just suggest to the staff that if anybody has an occasional paper or magazine, especially Canadian, there will be lots of boys very grateful for them. I have some six or seven Canadians in my ward, and the few papers we get, pass from hand to hand and from ward to ward, until there is very little left of them. The boys are dears. They do every single solitary bit of work which does not absolutely need a woman's hand. They sweep, dust, make beds, hand out meals, wash up and everything else, so that I am not a bit overworked, really. And the pranks they are up to! The place is in an uproar half the time.

"It is not quite such an ordeal now to get up at 5.45, but just imagine the luxury it would be to lie in bed, listen to the old reveille bugle and be able to turn over and sleep just as long as one likes!

"The camera is as popular as ever. The boys are crazy about being 'snapshotted' under every possible condition. The oftener they are taken, the better pleased they are.

"I discovered a C.B. of C. man in my ward to-day. His name is MacMahon, of the 2nd C.M.R. He was in the Bank at Watrous,

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Sask., I believe, and knows Mr. Beck and a few others. The world is small, after all.

"Just been informed that time is up. Now for a bite of tea, then work again. It's a strange life, but I wouldn't miss it for worlds."

The following is a letter written in Shorncliffe on 6th October, 1916, by Lieutenant F. A. Day, formerly of the Mirror branch:

The big push herein referred to is the Somme offensive which commenced on 1st July, 1916:

"Since leaving Canada in 1914 I have had quite a varied and interesting experience. In June, 1915, through an error, I was commissioned into the Middlesex Regiment, left England and went to Egypt to join the British Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force. After two weeks in Alexandria I was sent towards the Tripoli frontier where the Senussi Arabs were a bit troublesome. On Christmas Day two of us officers were recalled to Alexandria, and on December 29th we left for Cape Helles on the 'Arcadian' just in time for the evacuations. From there we returned to Alexandria, and after a few days were sent down the Suez Canal to a place called Shabuffa, where we crossed and started digging trenches. It was quite amusing in a way here, for no sooner had we our trenches nicely fitted up than a sandstorm would come during the night and the trenches were no more; in many cases all trace of them was destroyed. Here, only our outposts got in touch with the Turkish outposts. On the 12th of March, we left Suez for Alexandria once again, where we embarked on the 'Transylvania,' said good-bye to the B.M.E.F. and left that same night for Marseilles. Arriving in France on the 17th we were nearly frozen to the bone, for on our first night some snow fell, and most of us were still in our tropical kit.

"Nothing of importance occurred until the 24th of June, 1916, when at 5 a.m. the big bombardment which lasted for seven days commenced. With few exceptions, we were all war-stained veterans, and it gave every man ineffable joy to know we were to take part during the opening days of the long-awaited-for 'Big Push'. Our division, the 29th (commonly known as the 'Immortal 29th'), were to make a frontal attack on Beaumont Hamel. We had another regular division on our left and a 'new army' division on our right, with a Territorial division as the corps support. The first of July was a beautiful summer day, and I do not think that any person who is living to-day who went over the

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parapet on that day will ever forget it. A slight breeze was blowing towards the German line, and everything seemed dead in front of us; the grass had all lost its colour from the gas we had sent over during the seven days' bombardment. Our line could be traced as far as the eye could see by the difference in the colour—green on our side. The great advance was timed to start at 7.30 a.m. The sun had been up for hours. At 7.20 the Beaumont Hamel mine was sent up. This is supposed to be the largest mine ever exploded. It terminated under a redoubt in the German front line, was 150 feet deep and contained $22\frac{1}{2}$ tons of ammonal. Strange to say, it made no noise. The earth shook and dirt, rifles, parts of Germans, etc., were thrown hundreds of feet into the air. The crater was some 200 yards in diameter. I was fortunate enough to be only 500 yards to the right of it. I shall not dwell on the attack; it was too awful for words. Sufficient to say we were not successful. The Germans simply annihilated us with machine-guns. I actually saw some of them get up on their parapets and open fire on us with their machine-guns. They, of course, did not last long. During the night the news was very reassuring when we heard of the success, of the boys on the right, and of the French.

"One of the happiest moments of my life was when I got a wire from the headquarters of the corps saying that the Canadian headquarters had asked for my services, and if I was desirous of transferring. On the 17th of July I left for England once again.

"I am now brigade musketry officer to the 1st Canadian Training Brigade. I am glad to be back again, but the pluck, endurance and cheerfulness of the officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the Imperial army are far beyond any possible imagination.

"The sight that impressed me most of all was a bombardment and attack at night. Just imagine a fire-works display on the largest scale possible, and that is as near as you can get to it. Take a dark night, with the shrapnel bursting in the air, which looks like so many eyes blinking at you, each having its fringe of black, yellow or white smoke, the high explosive shells bursting on the ground, looking just like a rising moon, the machine-gun and rifle-fire, just like fireflies, and the star-shells and Bengal lights, red, blue, green and white, some going up blue and bursting into golden rain, and it is a most awe-inspiring sight, glorious to behold."

The following is a letter from Mr. A. C. Caton, formerly of the London, England, staff. This letter was written on 10th October, 1916, from a hospital in England, whither Mr. Caton was sent after having been wounded.

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The fighting herein described occurred at Hebuterne, opposite Gommecourt, on the first day of the great Somme offensive, 1st July, 1916:

"You will probably be surprised to learn my new address. I got here last Wednesday, after ten days in hospital in France, and expect I shall be here for a few weeks yet. I managed to get in the way of a shell, a piece of which went through my left thigh, but without breaking the bone, so I shall probably be quite fit again soon.

"I had intended writing many a time to know how the fellows were at the office, but since July 1st we have scarcely had a minute's leisure. On that date I was one of the eleven men left in my company out of about 170 who went over, and the other companies were almost as badly cut up. The whole day was a series of narrow escapes so far as I was concerned. I was buried by a shell before we left our trenches (quite a good beginning) but felt all right after I was dug out again. Then in the afternoon I found myself cut off with about a dozen others; we kept our end up until it was a case of either surrender or try to get back to our own men, which meant running the gauntlet across the open. However, we did not want to be prisoners for the rest of the war, so we risked it. I have only heard from one of them since, and he is in hospital. We have been over twice since then, but did not suffer so heavily."

The following letter dated 31st October, 1916, is from Lieutenant A. P. MacMillan, formerly in the Superintendent's Department at Winnipeg.

This refers to the Mouquet Farm strong-point on the Somme front.

Mr. MacMillan was killed in action on the 26th of August, 1918:

"You may possibly have noticed that I was wounded last month, and you will probably be interested to know that my wounds are quite healed and that before long I shall be as fit as ever again.

"I arrived in France in June last, and from that time until September my battalion was engaged in the ordinary routine of trench warfare. There was usually something happening, and sometimes there was quite enough excitement, but my personal experiences were quite within the bounds of the many stories of trench life which I know you have from time to time heard or read. Since my short stay on the Somme I realize that my life in France up to that time had been a safe and peaceful existence.

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"My battalion was in the first general offensive in which the Canadian troops were engaged on the Somme front, that which commenced on the morning of September 15th. I with my platoon had as my objective a farm, which, by the way, is one of the best known of the many small strong-points which Fritz has everywhere. Our artillery support was splendid, as far as my little share was concerned, and everything worked out as we expected, and I think that was the experience all along our line. I was shot through the lung just after we had cleaned the Fritzes out, which was about ten minutes after we started, so that my experiences were very limited, but they were right up to the mark so far as excitement was concerned.

"I thought for a time that I would be some time recovering, and that I might have got back to Canada for the winter, but once I had begun to improve I made much more rapid progress than was expected, and I was out of hospital in less than a month. Since then I have been up at a delightful country house in Yorkshire, having a lazy but most comfortable time. I can assure you that, when there are no more serious results than I experienced, being wounded is far from unpleasant. From the time that I toppled into a shell-hole I have experienced nothing but care and kindness in superlative degrees.

"It is a rather difficult matter to find the people whom you want to see in France, but I have run across or heard of quite a few Commerce men. Short and Darcus (now a sergeant), of the Medicine Hat staff, were both hale and hearty up to the time that we went to the Somme. Mr. Floyd, who left Winnipeg with the same battalion as myself, was wounded shortly after I was. When I last heard from him he was getting along satisfactorily. Mr. J. C. Matheson, also of the Medicine Hat branch, is still in France and I saw him occasionally. He was, during the summer, transferred to the staff of the 6th Brigade, a change and promotion which all who know him over there feel he richly deserved. You will, of course, have heard of the death of D. J. M. Campbell, formerly at Medicine Hat branch, who obtained a commission in the 31st Battalion. I happened to meet the brigadier of Campbell's brigade some little time after Campbell had been killed. He knew him quite well and spoke in the highest terms of the work which he had done as scout officer in his battalion. His work, which was of a most dangerous nature, must have been indeed efficiently carried out when it was so familiar to his brigade commander.

"I have been transferred to the First Canadian Mounted Rifle Battalion, 3rd Division, Canadians, B.E.F., France. It is,

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however, not probable that I shall be sent back to France until the beginning of the year."

The following is an extract from a letter from Mr. J. A. Brice, formerly Accountant at the St. John, N.B., branch, in which he gives his impressions of the Somme offensive, 1916.

This letter was written near Courcellette:

"I can't help but feel impressed by the tremendous force which seems to be behind this drive of the British. Of course we only see the little portion we are in, but in that little bit the guns, horses, men and supplies of all sorts seem to be inexhaustible. As quickly as a few hundred yards' advance is made, big working parties make new roads (and good ones, too), all running in the one direction. Before the road is half-done the guns have been brought up to new positions and the stream of ammunition wagons soon becomes unbroken. Then slowly but surely the telegraph wires—thousands of them—are put up as the advance keeps creeping on, so the advance camps come creeping up. It is all very wonderful, and the traffic is so dense that at each junction of any two or more roads there is a 'traffic control' who has much the same powers as a London policeman. The lorries—and there are hundreds of thousands of them—seem to be run in trains or sections. At the headquarters of any one lot you see a big board just like an arrival and departure board at a big station in Canada. Every lorry has a distinguishing mark indicating the kind of job which it is doing. I know the meaning of hardly one of these signs, but the predominant sign is one indicating big gun ammunition. Others indicate different things according to the way they are drawn, the part of the lorry on which they are placed, and the color which they are painted. Then at times we see hundreds of our old London busses and, although they are now all painted a sombre black, advertisements for 'Pears' Soap' still remain inside, and on the sides of one the other day I noticed some wit had drawn some fancy work and printed the words 'All the way for a penny.' Most of them, as well as the lorries, bear the name of their drivers' sweethearts."

The following letter is from Major J. C. MacPherson, late of our Calgary branch.

At the time this letter was written, Major MacPherson was Staff Captain in the Second Canadian Reserve Brigade, Shorncliffe, England:

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"I am still in England holding down a job at these headquarters, and must say that I am fairly well satisfied, although there are times when I feel I should like to be in the game again; but I question very much if I could stand it now.

"It was very sad about poor Arbuckle who was just killed five or six days after rejoining the battalion. John, as you know, was wounded at St. Eloi, and came over to this country with me and thence to the same hospital. He left again on the 20th of September, and when the news came back, almost by return, it was at first hard to believe.

"Poor Charlie Gordon, after almost thirteen months' steady in the firing line, was plugged on 26th September. He was just about one of the finest boys one could meet, and proved a 'brick'—always cheery and bright, showing no signs of fear even during the heaviest bombardments. He and Jerry Morgan were a great pair, almost inseparable, and two of a kind. Morgan, who was badly wounded, is never mentioned by any of the old 31st without a feeling of pride, and Charlie Gordon is not far behind. It takes the trials of this war to make one fully realize what men are and who are the real men when danger is present and it means life or death.

"Young Oliver, who went to the P.P.C.L.I., is wounded and in hospital over here; also Woods. Jones, manager at Mount Royal, has just arrived with the Lethbridge Battalion, also Alexander from the Superintendent's Department, Winnipeg.

"The fighting in France must have been damnable lately, and the accounts from some of the boys who were there—well, enough said."

The following is a novel little note of thanks from Messrs. C. J. Jeffrey and C. N. Ward, formerly of the Toronto branch, for one of the boxes forwarded to them by the members of the staff of that office:

"Your box of eats was certainly appreciated and arrived in good condition.

Brushing through pine and through hemlock,
Tearing its way o'er the hills,
Galloping up from the valleys,
Bumping along on the rills;
Snorting and foaming, well lathered,
The team of our battery came,
And out of the wagon there tumbled
Your box which had made the nags lame.

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What are the windfalls that welcome
The royal and rich at their birth?
What was the manna from heaven
That alighted like this upon earth?
Rien, nichts, nil, zero or nothing
Compared to your cardboard godsend.
So we hustled it off to our tepee,
Then, turning it over on end,
The bunch soon had pried the thing open,
Ye gods! what a sight to behold—
The Oxo and jelly, the 'Campbell's'
And smokes and biscuits that rolled,
That leaped and jostled each other,
Seeking their fate in our joys;
And two tired hungry young rough-necks
Dug in like so many boys.

Gone are the biscuits and jelly,
Gone are the cookies so fine,
Gone are the cake and the Oxo,
And ditto the blackberry wine.
But with us remain the young heater,
The stove (or whatever it be),
And we'll heat many comforts upon it,
Such as bouillon, Scotch—rather—tea—
And whate'er be the beverage taken,
The vision resulting will be,
Even if the H.E.'s are exploding,
The staff of King West Twenty-three.

"We are both working hard, but in the best of health. Holdsworth of Head Office is here and in the same tent as ourselves. The weather is growing very cold and we are hoping that the battery will soon get orders for Toronto."

The following are extracts from a letter written by Lieutenant A. K. Harvie, formerly in the Superintendent's Department at Winnipeg.

This letter was written after the march of the 4th Canadian Division from Belgium to the Somme. It was on the Somme that the 4th Division first went 'over the top.' The villages 'X' and 'Y' are Courcellette and Martinpuich, respectively.

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"A sojourn of some two and a half months in France and Belgium has taken me out of the peace time soldiering class and has shown me many, many things that a reading of the papers, no matter how close, could never convey to anyone who had not been here.

"On our arrival in France we were shipped up to Belgium—and 'shipped up' is the proper expression—and landed some miles behind the firing-line but close enough to see the trench flares, hear the rattle of machine-gun and rifle-fire and the distant boom of artillery.

"After a few days' tramping from camp to camp our turn to go into the trenches came around. The fates were kind and the particular trench to which we were to go to receive our baptism of fire was reported to be a very quiet one; nevertheless we had the uneasy feeling that everyone experiences the first time in, that every bullet had its billet just where we happened to be at that particular moment, and how we did keep our heads down when the guide passed the word along that we were coming to a dangerous spot!

"A tramp of some hundreds of yards along a communication trench and then out into the open, across which we carried on for a few hundred yards more, brought us to where, behind an irregular line of sand-bags, we were met by an English officer, who casually mentioned in reply to our inquiries as to how much farther it was to the front line, that we were there, and that the Hun was only some 120 yards away from us. The look of surprise had hardly had time to fade away from our faces when he equally casually but very cordially invited us to come into his dugout either for tea or a drink. Then we began to feel at home and have an idea that the trenches were not quite so bad as they had been painted.

"Our first tour was short and we suffered very few casualties.

"We returned behind the lines, and for the next couple of weeks supplied working parties to repair trenches, dig drains and the like—a very unwelcome job.

"To my great surprise I was detailed then to attend a month's course at the Second Army School of Instruction to learn a few more advanced points in the gentle art of making war.

"While at the school I learned that the battalion had commenced on a trek to France on foot, but I was fortunate enough to be able to follow them by train, only a matter of some fifty miles, but the time occupied in covering the distance by train was three days.

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"On the way down I began to realize that our first experience in Belgium was almost child's play in comparison with what we were going into. Every few hundred yards along the roads were enormous piles of ammunition, while the amount of traffic on the roads beggars description. Hundreds of motor lorries loaded with ammunition, motor busses with troops, ambulances and guns moved in one continuous stream towards the battle front, while empty lorries, loaded ambulances, etc., were going back. Here and there the traffic was held up to allow the passage of a limousine either going or coming, carrying a staff officer or other fortunate beggar who was not engaged in seeing the battlefields of France on foot.

"At present we are encamped on the main road to the firing-line and the amount of traffic that passes both day and night would make Main Street look like a little country town. It is really a marvellous sight.

"While we have not yet been called upon to take our place in the firing-line here, we have been furnishing parties practically every night to repair trenches, dig new communication trenches and cable trenches and carry up supplies, a job cordially detested by everyone, both men and officers. Leaving camp some time in the afternoon we tramp our way over the ground recently captured from the Germans, where the work is carried on under incessant shell-fire—but strange to say where there is almost no rifle-fire—a thankless job, as it means just dig, dig, dig, without any chance of retaliation—and there is a considerable amount of satisfaction in at least being able to fire a rifle in the direction of the enemy. Six of my lads were wiped out by one high explosive shell a few days ago.

"We read in the papers that an advance of 1,000 yards has been made and that we have captured the important villages of X— and Y—, but to the lay mind this conveys no idea of what this means. The Biblical expression (my Scottish parentage)! which says that in the beginning there was nothing, best expresses what the ground gained looks like; earth turned over time and time again by shell-fire, and now just one mass of shell-holes; houses merely a pile of brick-dust and trees just stumps shorn of all foliage and splintered into matchwood. In the pale greenish grey of the moonlight, with the faint (at first) odour of the dead, it is a scene of the most appalling desolation.

"I believe that Macmillan and Floyd have both been wounded and are now in England. I have not yet run across any Commerce men in France."

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Lieutenant A. G. Mordy, late Accountant at the Winnipeg branch, writes from England on 29th October, 1916, as follows:

"My plans are very much in the air as the sister who massages me says my leg 'might be fit again in the spring.' It has improved beyond anything I hoped for, and if I can only get it fit enough to be passed for active service abroad, I shall, of course, return to the regiment as soon as possible. There are only four of us left, and the second in command, who is taking command shortly, has asked me to come back if at all possible. Some of the best fellows in the world pegged out in the Canadian Scottish, but they left a great spirit behind them. George Lynch was probably the only one you knew, but they were all chaps of his sort.

"I wish everyone had the idea of doing all that he could, just as soon as he could, in this game and the war might end a year or two sooner. I was talking to a friend of mine, a major in the Irish Guards, over on leave, and he says the situation on the Somme is 'generally speaking, just so-so.' It costs the British alone upwards of half a million for the few miles we gained, and the result of the offensive goes to show that about the only way to win is to sacrifice the men. All last winter when we were sitting around unable to retaliate to the Boche artillery on account of the shell shortage, he was improving the positions. The result, of course, is that our inability to assume the offensive earlier is costing us an awful lot of men.

"I am removing to Lady Ridley's about the 3rd of November to have my knee broken down, and after that I am going over to some friends in Ireland until I am fit to come home. Ireland is an interesting place now, and I am looking forward to my visit.

"I see Lobley in town occasionally. Lovett has done famously. He had his temporary majority at the front as O.C. Company, but he has been wounded a third time. Harold Strang has his left leg off above the knee, but is doing splendidly. Cruickshank is plugging away as an N.C.O. in the Pay Department. The whole game is pretty much one of chance."

The following is an extract from a letter written by Captain H. E. Tylor, formerly of the St. Thomas branch:

"We have plenty of work here, but it is a great rest after the Somme, and we hope to stay here for a time at least. Looking back over the events of the past six weeks, one cannot describe the situation clearly—it is all a nightmare. You will have had some splendid accounts of those stirring times from the Canadian papers.

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"W. W. Davis, of the Bank, is still with us and has done excellent work; has been recommended for the Military Cross. I certainly hope he gets it. D. Davis, also of the Commerce, is at present in England and has just completed a course for officers. His standing was exceptionally high. I occasionally run across Commerce men here, and am always glad to see them."

The following is a letter from Lieutenant J. M. Walton, formerly of the Saskatoon office, written in France on 29th October, 1916:

"I was reminded of shooting this afternoon by a bevy of partridge outside my dugout. They were only about 500 yards from the Huns and they seemed to ignore utterly the shots and shells falling about. Occasionally one of my men brings down one which goes to enrich my dinner at night. It comes as a welcome addition to our rations, and I have an excellent cook who turns out a five-course dinner for me.

"I live while in the lines in a nice dugout. It is quite strong and safe and well boarded all round. While resting behind the lines we have all the comforts of home in a decent house, good beds, fires and easy chairs—regular lap of luxury, in fact.

"I have come through some fearfully stiff fighting, and sometimes I pinch myself to make sure I am still alive. I have seen some sights which I shan't forget in a hurry. I have had my share of narrow escapes, too. War is a wonderfully interesting game, and one doesn't have much chance to be bored—except by a bullet. The destruction and desolation in some places are deplorable; whole towns and villages have been blotted completely off the map.

"The other day I was standing in a particularly hot spot when a large shell dropped thirty yards away, completely disintegrating an officer and sergeant-major, and wounding two men. It was Friday, 13th, so I had 'the wind up' for the rest of the day and it was some day. They shelled us unceasingly with large stuff and finally gassed us that night. But we have the preponderance in artillery and in everything else, in fact, and we give them twenty shells to their one. How they live through our terrific bombardments is a wonder to me. I used to get two hours' sleep per day, and that was in a little funk-hole much too small. The other twenty-two hours were taken up with fighting and work. We stuck this for ten days and then we had a rest—some rest. It was simply lying down as we were, in the mud, after a six-mile march through a continual stream of thin mud, in the dark. We

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found next morning we were sleeping in a small military graveyard. My men were wonderful. Never a grumble or a groan, but actually an undercurrent of humour ran through all our miseries. In spite of all our trials we are a wonderfully cheery bunch.

"We smell victory in the air and we go into the fight with increasing confidence. I fire sometimes 40,000 rounds a day into Herr Fritz with the hope of thinning out his numbers. I have a very scientific job at present and I am going back to the base soon for a month's higher course. This will mean a nice change from the eternal din of artillery and bullet."

The following is a letter dated 17th October, 1916, from Second Lieutenant W. E. Bruges, late of the London, England, branch, and at that time with the Royal Field Artillery engaged in the operations against the Bulgarians.

This letter was written just after the attempt to take "Piton des Mitrailleuses" at the battle of Machukovo, September, 1916. On the morning following the night of the attack, the British were driven off the hill by fire directed by the enemy airmen. The last paragraph describes conditions in this region:

"At last I have unfortunately landed myself in hospital and am at present in the 5th Canadian. I got malaria, kept going down, eventually becoming weak as a fly.

"Campaigning out here has been very unlike what it is, or was, reputed to be on the western front. All through the summer the sun has as much if not more power than in most tropical countries. Living in bivouacs and moving continually at a moment's notice is the routine. In England if you saw a house half a mile away across country and you wanted to get there you would walk or ride straight to it; here, what looks like flat ground is intersected invariably with huge 'nullahs'; and you would find that to walk straight there would mean climbing up and down four or five cliffs, or something not unlike it. Nullahs may be anything from a ditch 10 feet deep to a ravine 100 feet or even 200 feet deep. Except just near Salonika the north wind blows almost continuously. One day may be tropical just now and the next as cold as ice.

"Driving wagons along narrow roads which are really only ledges half way up the sides of mountains in pitch darkness, is heart-rending, especially in wet weather. One position we took up happened to be somewhere near the place where some infantry were resting. The Hun could see us, we knew, if we were not careful. It was one of those places where troops might be hiding

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and the enemy kept dropping shells at weekly intervals. The infantry promptly lined up as they would for a football match to watch us firing. After making them lie down, of course, we proceeded with the show. The Hun hasn't got much ammunition and aims very accurately in order to get a hit first time. He gave us fifteen rounds or so of H.E. Luckily only one person was hurt; got a splinter in his anatomy—a flesh wound. We aren't there now. We were making dugouts when I left the battery, but, of course, we all hope to winter in Belgrade."

From "Somewhere in France" Mr. William J. Dalton, late of the Toronto branch, writes as follows:

"As you may notice from above address, we have left Belgium and are on the French front. In the six weeks around here we have experienced much more activity. Our own guns have been on the go constantly. The battery has suffered quite a few casualties, just last week two men having been killed when Fritz put some shells into our midst. I was very fortunate myself in not being hurt, as I was close to two bursts. The mud and pieces of shell flew very thick all around for some time and it was surely with some relief that I got up with a whole skin. These little surprises are to be expected, though, as we do the same thing day after day and night after night.

"I heard quite recently from Ingram and Whittaker. Ingram, as you probably know, is in the Pay and Record Office, and Whittaker when I last heard from him was progressing favourably in a hospital in London. They had seen each other and spent some time together. Lindsay is also in the Pay and Record Office.

"I receive once in a while the Head Office books of letters from the front. They are very good and I look forward to their coming. You in Toronto branch must expend much care and expense in your thoughtful contributions towards the boys over here, but believe me we appreciate your efforts."

The following are extracts from a letter from Sergeant R. B. Gibson, formerly of the Sherbrooke office, written in France on 2nd November, 1916:

"During the last twelve months I have spent about nine well within the shelled area, but have been lucky enough not to be caught as yet. My particular job is a bomb-proof one compared with the men in the front line, but our time spent in the shelled area is much longer than theirs, so that sort of counterbalances things. My duties, however, take me to within 200 yards of the front line and are sometimes much too interesting to be pleasant.

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I am sergeant in a signal section attached to the 8th Canadian Infantry Brigade. If you remember, this was the brigade that was so badly cut up on June 2nd at Ypres. I was lucky enough to be on leave in England during that period, but when I came back it was to find most of my chums and associates gone.

"When in England I saw Jim Purdy. He is a lieutenant in the Pay Office at London and is a married man now.

"During our stay on the Somme front we saw, as you know, quite a bit, and helped in the big push. It is when one is there and sees what the British Army really is that you slap yourself on the chest and say, 'Well, I am pleased to be a Britisher.' Our airmen are simply great down there. One sees about 250 British machines to every Fritz and, when he does show himself, it is only for a moment or he is made short work of. Our aeroplanes are everywhere and our airmen seem to know no fear. I have seen numbers of our aeroplanes flying over the German lines about 300 feet up, directing artillery fire on the German lines. Flying is a game Fritz started, but we have him hopelessly outclassed. Talking about flying, it has been my luck to have a trip in an aeroplane over the German lines, and into German territory for about twelve miles. The sensation and experience were grand. Fritz took numerous shots at us, but I am glad to say the men at the German anti-aircraft guns are very poor shots indeed. Then as to our artillery, guns and ammunition are everywhere. When we bombard previous to making an attack, it is something that cannot be put into words. Shells, and big ones at that, burst on every yard of the German front every two or three seconds. We usually bombard this way for a few minutes before going over. Of course Fritz does not take all this without some retaliation, but I am glad to say his fire is only about sixty per cent. of ours. However, that, I assure you, is quite bad enough—in fact, it has crossed the 'enough' mark.

"My job is to see that telephone communication is kept up between the front line and brigade headquarters—a job that sounds easier than it really is. I remember one day in particular we had a stretch of line that was rather worse than usual. We had forty-three breaks in that small 300 yards in a day, and when anybody went out to fix same it was the last we expected to see of him. That was the worst day we had, but I assure you repairing lines on that front was hardly what one would call safe. Linemen work practically sixteen hours a day and are under the most intense shell-fire during that period. But telephone communication has got to be kept up, for on it rests the success and

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co-operation of the whole attack. During our period on the Somme our General was never out of communication with his commanders forward, and we were never farther back than one and a half miles behind the front line. It took some doing, but it was done. However, I came through it all O.K. and am glad to say that I have been there, although one's thoughts don't just run that way while one is there. I am sorry to say, though, that the majority of my chums were not quite so lucky.

"I met a fellow from Sherbrooke the other day who had seen Paul Engelke, a German, who worked with me for eighteen months in Sherbrooke. This fellow had spoken to Engelke, who was taken prisoner by the British on July 26th. I passed through the town where he was in a prison camp, but I did not know that he was there at the time. Engelke left Sherbrooke the day war was declared. I don't know how he got over to Germany, but I believe he had a hard time getting there and was only in Germany two months when he was captured."

The following extract is from a letter written in November, 1916, in Le Havre, France, by Lieutenant George K. Holland, formerly of the Market (Toronto) branch.

Lieutenant Holland was killed in action on 6th November, 1917:

"The men all pass through here before they go up to the lines, and it is here that the finishing touches are put on. Le Havre is a typical French town, being about the size of Toronto, I should judge, but, of course, not nearly so neat—more like the French part of Montreal. Very few of the French people speak English, and it is quite funny trying to make the store-keepers understand.

"Colonel McMullen and his battalion (Oxford's Own, 168th) are with us at West Sandling. They are to be attached to the 12th, I understand.

"I was in charge of about 600 men and was adjutant on the boat coming over. I got a First Class Number One Certificate at Hythe, you will be glad to hear, which was all I expected, as there are only two or three 'Distinguished' each time, and it is extremely hard to get a 'D.' The marks are given as follows: 100% for a 'D,' 80% for First Class, 60% for Second Class. The latter is considered rather poor.

"The weather was rather cold at the Canadian Base all the time I was there, and being in tents is not as comfortable as the huts at West Sandling. The lights are not shaded at Le Havre

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as they are in England. Everybody is wearing a uniform of one kind or another, and things look very warlike indeed."

The following is an extract from a letter written by Mr. A. R. McIver, formerly of the Parksville branch. Mr. McIver joined the Army Service Corps at Aberdeen, Scotland, was transferred to the Royal Naval Air Service a few months later at Liverpool, and at the time of writing was with the British Squadron of Armoured Cars, operating with the Russian Army.

This letter refers to the Mush-Bitlis front, south of Erzerum, Turkey-in-Asia. The operations were conducted by the Russian army of the Caucasus under the Grand Duke Nicholas, Viceroy of the Caucasus. The British Armoured Car Base, at the time this letter was written, was at Kars, on the borders of Russia-in-Asia:

"We have been here four or five days now after doing some work up on the firing-line on the X— front. We were doing all right up there, but the roads are so bad that we could not get supplies up with the wet weather coming on. The Russians were quite pleased with our work, and the Grand Duke Nicholas has sent a few decorations. Our stay up the line was mostly hard work on short rations, but we all enjoyed it. Our road or track ran along cliffs and hills, with a tremendous drop on one side most of the time, and, when you remember that we were in huge cars, with the surface giving way under the wheels, you can understand that it wasn't a journey for anyone with a weak heart. Our gun had the good luck to do the best work, and our Chief Petty Officer in charge and the first gunner have both got medals. There will probably be quite an account in the English papers of our doings and, if you hear of the Turks being put to flight, etc., you will know which section did the damage."

Lance-Corporal A. L. Dundas, formerly of the Kit-silano (Vancouver) branch, writes from Moore Barracks Hospital, Shorncliffe, England, on 13th December, 1916, as follows:

"I am afraid I shall not have many thrilling tales to tell you on my return, as my adventures in France were brought to an abrupt ending on September 16th, 1916, when I hurt my foot and was sent to a hospital in France. After being sent from one place to another, the doctor told me I would have to have it taken off, but, although it was very painful, I asked them to try and save it,

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which they did, and then sent me to England, telling me that I had finished with the army; but if I get a chance I shall go back to the line again.

"The doctors say I have temporary paralysis, club foot and several other complaints of my left foot, and I am walking around on crutches unable to place my foot on the ground, which is very inconvenient.

"In France we found soldiering very different from at home. We were out for business and hard work. We had a rough time, as we thought, getting to where we were to take over the line, but very soon banished all vanity and made ourselves very comfortable. We were near Ypres and were lucky as things up there were not very lively. We had a few exciting times and captured some prisoners who were very scared when brought in and insisted on kissing a sergeant who was watching them go by. My dugout was blown in twice, but both times I was outside. I was also buried a few times, but beyond that I had nothing to worry about. I said that not thinking, as we had so many of 'them'—I mean rats and lice.

"Lieut. R. S. Ross from the Superintendent's Department at Vancouver, who was our bombing officer, was very active in the trenches, and was unhurt and well when I saw him last.

"The Canadian troops have made an excellent name for themselves at the Somme and still go on gaining ground and have Fritz properly scared."

The following letter was written on 18th February, 1917, by Lieutenant C. B. F. Jones, formerly Manager of the Mount Royal branch, Calgary. This letter was written in the trenches in front of the ruined village of Calonne, near Bully-Grenay, France. Vimy Ridge is about three miles south of this point.

Calonne was a very quiet sector at this time, so much so, that it was jocularly affirmed that newspaper boys from Bully-Grenay came up and sold their papers in the front line trenches:

"I am doing my best to get through this thing safely, and am becoming quite an expert in dodging the few shells that Fritz sees fit to put over in the morning and evening sessions. You know that Lloyd George has worked the munition market up to such a state of perfection that here, at any rate, the Hun hasn't a chance with our artillery, which appears to have an unlimited supply

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and bombards the enemy's lines effectively at all hours of the day and night. Fritz does very little retaliation, and it is only when the Canadians pull off one of their raids, that they have carried out all during the winter and still continue, that the Hun's artillery gets busy, and I have done a tour of six days in the trenches without a single casualty. You couldn't do that in the Ypres days when Fritz had the superiority.

"Since coming to France last November, I have had a very easy time. The month of November was very wet and most of the time I spent in the trenches; so I know all about French mud, rats, etc., also fourteen-mile working parties on a stormy night and arriving in billets at the wee sma' hours of the morning, drenched to the skin. In December I was sent to an Imperial army school near Boulogne, where I had a very 'cushy time' for five weeks, played golf and met chaps from all over Canada. We had about 150 officers there, Imperial and Canadian. When I came back to this deserted district I found the battalion at rest; so we went back to the old days of forming fours, which I find the men in France hate as much as your chaps hate checking interest on the savings bank. Finally we went back to a different part of the line and have been there ever since. We have had exceedingly cold weather for three weeks, bright, snappy cold days and cold as charity at night, in fact, just like Alberta winter (normal). The French around here state that they have not had anything like it since 1870, and believe me, it certainly was cold in the front line at nights. I always had on a heavy sweater and over that a fleeced-lined trench coat, and even then felt cold, and was mighty glad when the rum man appeared on the scene about 6.00 a.m. When anyone tells you that France is in the banana belt, don't believe him. However, it was one blessing, as it put an end to the mud and damp, and, when we were relieved, we went out of the trenches with dust on our boots—a most unheard of thing in February out here.

"We are certainly holding down a strange part of the line, as the trenches run directly in front of what was once quite a decent town, and they work in and out among the ruins, through gardens and across squares. We all live in cellars and have plenty of furniture and good stoves left by the French population and plenty of fuel, so officers and men are as comfortable as could be under war conditions. I should imagine that the Hun o'er the way is having a fairly decent time also—except for our shells.

"I have been with the artillery for about six days and had an insight into their work which I found most interesting. I have

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found that my training in the old C. B. of C. has been of considerable value in this life—to respect your superiors and do what you are told. The returns are most simple after what we used to get in the Commerce, the Parade State (the most complicated one) being a dead cinch after the Financial Statement; and, when a Staff Major walks down the trenches, you can tell him at once without any hesitation, if you have had a banking experience, how many rounds of ammunition there are (even if there aren't any) in a certain place, how many pairs of socks your men have and when last darned, where the S.O.S. rockets are, and what you would do if a mine was blown up on your front, with as much ease as we used to answer that long list of questions the Inspector delighted in trying to catch us on. When a 'brass hat' (i.e. Staff officer) appears hurriedly around a trench, you quickly pick up all the empty cartridge cases that your machine-gun crew should have picked up and didn't, shy them over the parapet, put your foot over a Mills grenade that you know should have been in a box, do all these little things instantaneously just in the same manner that you used hurriedly to grab the current account balance book and tick off in blue or red the last three balances when you saw the Inspector coming down the street. As for the General, he does not make me tremble nearly as much as when Vere Brown appeared in the old days.

"I meet C. B. of C. fellows and other former bank chaps everywhere. Alexander (Superintendent's Department, Winnipeg) is in the next room having a snooze, having just come in plastered with mud. Floyd, another Winnipeg C. B. of C. chap, is in the next company, McGowen (Molson's Bank, Calgary) is here also, and an ex-Merchants Bank chap has the responsibility of holding down about 400 yards of filthy trenches on my left, and I don't suppose he is nearly as worried as when John Smith exceeded his authorized credit by a few thousands. On my tour of duty I have run into ex-bank clerks standing on the fire steps, or sitting in a listening post, 40 yards from the Hun, plastered with mud. I ran into one the other night from a C. B. of C. branch when I was out inspecting posts who asked me in a cheerful manner if I would like to count his cash. And these are the chaps that form a part of the great army that shortly will show the Kaiser where he gets off.

"This certainly is a strange war. From a high point near here I can see the two lines of trenches about 250 yards apart, at some places closer, and, unless you have a powerful glass, you won't detect a sign of the enemy. I think I am safe in saying that for

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miles along this front the enemy in the past month has not made a single attack, and he seems quite content to let well enough alone.

"Some nights I have seen our trench mortars play all along his front line, smashing it to bits, yet he seldom comes back. Whether he is running short of ammunition or is saving for the big spring push, it is hard to say. Some days it is just as peaceful in the front line and apparently as safe as Elbow Park, but you never know your luck. I have seen chaps that have been all through the heavy fighting last summer get picked off by a fragment of shell on the quietest of days. I am having a cinch this trip, as my company is in support, and, while I have to be ready for an emergency and sleep with boots on, I have not much to do but sit in a cellar before a comfortable fire and detail working parties, read and write. The thaw has set in and the trenches are in a very messy state; even the rats are getting frisky. The Canadian soldier looks to-day more like a drain digger than a soldier, and those who are not on duty are busy with the shovels.

"Well, here's hoping that this summer will see the last of the Hun, and from all signs we can do the trick. My very best wishes to all and hoping that the C. B. of C. has another good year. It wasn't such a bad old institution after all, but I wouldn't miss this experience for anything, though I should hate to keep a wife on a lieutenant's pay."

The following is an extract from a letter written by Lieutenant J. R. Purdy, formerly of the Winnipeg staff. At this time Lieutenant Purdy was attached to the Canadian Pay Office, London, Eng.:

"I have been running up against a great number of old Main Office men lately. Mr. Loble, who is now a major, holds a very high position here, and other members who are in the Pay Office are Lieut. Illingworth, Pte. Cruickshank (whom I hope to see get a commission in the near future) and A. H. Bankhart. There are, of course, a great number of Commerce men from all over Canada besides, and I am glad to say in the particular branch in which I am assistant officer I have two lieutenants and about twenty N.C.O.'s and men, all Commerce men, doing splendid work under me. This goes to show the splendid training a young man gets in the C. B. of C. when it allows him to fill positions here in the Pay Office successfully, and you know the work is of a very intricate and heavy nature.

"Illingworth was telling me that he saw Lieut. Doré a few days ago at the Imperial Hotel. I believe he was spending his

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honeymoon, having just been married. He is now at one of our flying schools, acting as instructor.

"MacLennan called in to see me a few days ago. He was just returning to his unit from sick leave, having been at his home in Scotland. He was looking very fit and was full of news about Winnipeg and the Main Office.

"Before I close I must say that I hope the date is not very far distant when we shall all be back in Canada and the war brought to a conclusion with a glorious victory for us and our allies."

The following is a letter from Mr. F. S. McClafferty, formerly of the Winnipeg staff, written in France on 2nd March, 1917.

Mr. McClafferty herein recounts his impressions of campaigning in France:

"I am not going to go into the details of our life here, as you have no doubt heard all about it over and over again, both by letter and at first hand from some of those who have already returned home. However, I might say that, as far as I am concerned, soldiering out here, even under the worst conditions, is like everything else in life, and the anticipation was by far the worst part of it; and, altogether apart from the duty part of it, I should not like to have missed it for lots of reasons.

"First, there is the recruiting poster question: 'Daddy, what did you do during the great war?' Then there is what I might call gratified curiosity—the feeling out for or testing of, how much one can stand in the way of hardships and military discipline which was the harder of the two for me, as I always was inclined to get hot under the collar when anyone ordered me to do this or that when I preferred him to express it as a wish.

"Then, too, there is the opportunity which has been afforded me to see a little of the world and to become acquainted with the customs of people other than our own and be able to make a comparison between the two; and, lastly, it has taught me to appreciate more and more how much farther ahead we are in Canada in both business and farming methods than the older countries we are now in.

"Since leaving Canada I have had the pleasure of meeting several old Commerce boys, among them being Purdy, Cruickshank, Ross, Scully, all of the Pay Office, London; Curran, who was on his way home on leave, and several of the boys since coming to France, among them being Hay, Cunningham, Tandy and Buzzell. I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting Jim Lovett,

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or, in fact, any of the other boys who came in the first lot, but am still hoping to do so.

"I don't think I would be satisfied to finish off this letter without first letting you know what I think of the weather conditions in France. I thought, first of all, that France would somewhere near live up to the name 'sunny' which is often applied to it; and I also thought that I was pretty well hardened to cold, but find, much to my displeasure, that I was very wrong in both cases. Of course, every old timer here will tell you, 'It's the coldest winter we've had in twenty years,' and so on, but that's an old, old, story, and the song 'Take me back to Canada' appeals very much to me at times; although, of course, we must first finish the job, and I sincerely hope that I am in it at the finish.

"You will, no doubt, be surprised to hear that we have already had the opportunity of seeing at the movies 'The Battle of the Somme,' as shown in Canada and elsewhere. It certainly was good, and I enjoyed every minute of it."

The following letter is from Major H. I. Millar, formerly manager of the Wetaskiwin branch, and was written in France on 21st January, 1917:

"I suppose you are more or less loaded up with letters from your 'old boys' at the Front, but, even so, one more may not hurt.

"Our battalion, following the fate of practically all the others, was broken up in England in October last, and I came to the 49th, another Edmonton unit, as you are doubtless aware, and one which has made an enviable name for itself in many hot engagements and tight corners. It is simply remarkable how many good old C. B. of C. men one runs across out here and in England. They seem to be everywhere and in every capacity; many a good old gossip I have enjoyed over old Bank days. One of the boys I have regretted never having been able to run across is Billy Gibson, although I have heard of him repeatedly.

"Winter weather in the front line trenches is not exactly as pleasant as a comfortable office, but, honestly, with mud hip deep and rain and cold, it is hard to find a grouch; and, no matter under what conditions, there is a perpetual smile on the faces of all our splendid fellows. Everywhere is the firm belief that the Boche is beaten at his own game, and it is only a matter of time until he is made to crawl. Our artillery is magnificent, and one of the most agreeable sights one can imagine is some of our 'heavies' pounding the very daylight out of Fritz's trenches, and to see the air fairly crowded with sand bags, trench mats, earth, etc., etc., and occasionally other things that look more human.

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"There is rather a good story told over here of a young chaplain who returned to England a short time ago and was asked to take part in the service of a large city church; incidentally, he had taken considerable interest in drill. The church was crowded and several soldiers were standing to attention immediately in front of the reading desk. The lesson was the parable of the Prodigal Son, a certain passage of which the chaplain read as follows, with his eye on the men in uniform standing to attention in the front row:—

"And the young man said unto himself, I will arise and go to my father and will say unto him: 'Father . . . stand at . . . Ease!'"

The following are extracts from letters received from Miss B. Wynne-Roberts, First Southern General Hospital, Dudley Road, Birmingham:

Miss Wynne-Roberts was formerly a member of the staff of our Toronto branch:

"Many thanks for the scrumptious parcel which I received yesterday. Really I have been feeling quite Christmassy since it came. Whose brilliant idea was it to include sugar? I have not seen lump sugar since I left—at least I haven't handled any—and even ordinary sugar is about as hard to get as diamonds. In celebration of the great occasion, the Sugar (capital 'S') had a highly ornamental bowl all to itself and took the place of flowers as a centrepiece—only, unfortunately, the unmannerly guests would insist on eating the lumps wholesale, to see how they tasted!

"I am still in 'D' block and shall, I suppose, remain there now to the end of my time here. By virtue of my lengthy stay I am now senior V.A.D. in the block and have a good deal more interesting work to do. Instead of the eternal cleaning or supervising of cleaning I now spend my mornings and evenings doing the surgical dressings with a sister or an assistant nurse, going the rounds with scissors, forceps and probe, applying fomentations, putting packages of gauze into big holes in the flesh and winding yards and yards of bandage round arms and legs and heads. Rather a change from banking anyway. At first I found it awfully trying—the smell of the antiseptics and lotions made my head ache and the sight of poor battered bodies made me dizzy, but now I am used to it and love the work. There is a tremendous satisfaction in seeing dirty wounds become clean and big holes close up, to say nothing of having the boys one by one gradually become convalescent and have restored to them the use of their

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limbs. We don't get any of the worst cases over from the main hospital, but I am glad of the experience I get, and some of the cases are scarcely trifling. I have an Australian in my ward with both legs amputated and two wounds in his back. His military age is 'twenty-one,' but he looks about sixteen—such a handsome youngster, with a mop of curly hair and the bluest of blue eyes. After seven months in hospital—seven months of infinite pain—he is to be operated on again and have more of one leg cut off. It is cases like this that bring home the horror of war. Yet the brave lad is always cheery and contented. I'm thinking things will need to go very badly with us after the war before we shall be graceless enough to complain.

"There is something very touching and beautiful in the way in which the boys look after one another—the lame lead the blind and the man without an arm wheels the man without a leg. At the Christmas morning communion service two men went up to the altar together to receive the Sacrament. The one had his head bandaged and his right arm in a sling, the other had his leg bound up and could only walk by supporting himself with one hand on his friend's uninjured shoulder. As they stood before the priest, I wished there had been an artist present to paint the picture they made."

"Things are moving fast nowadays. The big offensive (the advance on the Somme) has meant an enormous number of casualties, so that the men are just pouring into the hospitals. Ours just now is a clearing station. A convoy arrives one day and the men are bathed, clothed and surgically dressed, and next day they move on to an auxiliary hospital, and others take their place. They come in at the rate of about 300 a day—walking cases most of them, for, on account of the submarines, they are keeping all the worst cases in France."

"I wish I could take a photograph of the convoys coming in—but just then, of course photography is the last thing to be thought of. All the way down the corridor is a steady stream of Bairnsfather's models. Previously I had always imagined 'Fragments from France' to be tremendously exaggerated, but, believe me, this is not so. Dirty, dishevelled, unshaven, with their clothes in tatters and their boots encased in mud, the men pass slowly down, some limping badly, some assisted by their comrades; all evidently relieved to be safely in Blighty. The passing of the regiments along King Street, all so spick and span in their new uniforms, so splendidly virile, used to give a queer sensation of tightness in the throat; but the coming of these boys straight

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from the fight, war-scarred and weary, brings the tears perilously near. However, there is no time for sentiment in war. In the ward there is lots to be done. After being given a bed and a new outfit their temperatures must be taken, the worst cases put to bed and bathed, and the others escorted to a bath by the orderly and scrubbed down—the first wash any of them has had for four days. Then a hot meal all round and, finally, the surgical dressings. The hospitals in France are crammed to the doors, so that most of the men have not had their wounds dressed for several days, and are consequently a trifle dirty. It is a strenuous time, and feet and back begin to ache long before the day is out, but there is a tremendous satisfaction in seeing the real men emerge from all the accumulation of dirt and beard, in gradually evolving order from an apparent chaos. When at the end of the day the ward is filled with nice, clean men in clean clothes and bandages—well, at least we feel something has been done.”

The following letter was written on 4th December, 1916, by Mr. J. H. Thompson, formerly of the Bassano staff, in a Canadian convalescent hospital in England.

Mr. Thompson herein describes the attack of 15th September, 1916, on Courcellette, on the Somme. It was in this action that the British Tanks made their initial appearance:

“No doubt you have heard long before this that I was wounded, about the same time as poor Barker (at one time Manager of the Strathmore branch and also at one time on the New York staff) was killed. He and I both went with the same battalion, but we were in different companies. I saw him before we went into the trenches on the night of September 14th, also Johnson, and they were both looking A1.

“It was on the morning of the 15th September, 1916, that we all jumped out of our trenches at 6.15 a.m. on a six mile front, and paid Fritz a visit after our artillery played hell with him for about fifteen minutes. It was then that the dirty work started in earnest, when we forced Fritz back for a distance of two miles and took from him the village of Courcellette. In present day warfare the infantry do not go forward to the attack in a mass, but in single waves so many yards apart. Well, I was in the second wave on this day. The first wave was to jump Fritz’s first line trench and make for the second as soon as the artillery barrage (ours) had lifted to this third line. It was our duty in the second wave to commence on Fritz’s front line and to clean it out at the point of the bayonet

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and bomb the dug-outs. This was done in first-class style. As each succeeding wave came up, it passed over us and made for the remaining lines of trenches. We then started out over open country for the sugar refinery which was our objective. We had the assistance of the tanks at this place. There was some stubborn fighting here, but the 'land dreadnoughts' soon put the enemy machine-guns out of action and then 'walked over' the remains of the refinery. The latter place was captured by 10 a.m. The men thought this was such fun and quick work that they asked for permission to go ahead, which was readily given.

"I did not get any further than this, as I was beginning to lose the power of my arm, where I was hit in coming up. I did not know that I was wounded until I went to bandage another chap who had got a piece of shrapnel in the eye. I bandaged his arm up first, but when I went to put my hand up to his head, I could not hold it up and then I felt the blood trickling down my arm. I then got fixed up and made my way to the dressing station, which I thought I was never going to reach. I finally got there and had my wounds properly dressed. I then blessed Fritz for letting me out of it so easily—I had been cursing him right along up to this—and I was more than thankful to get out of it alive with my limbs all secure. I gradually made my way back to Blighty. I arrived in England on September 18th, and was sent to the hospital in Manchester, where I had a good time and was sorry when I had to leave it. I was in Manchester for nine weeks and have been here for two but am going out to-morrow, as I wish to get my leave and be home for Christmas.

"I met MacMahon (of Watrous) here. He was wounded in the leg some time in October on the Somme. He looks as well as ever, and wishes to be remembered to all his old friends. I had a letter from R. N. Hanna (of Bassano) about two weeks ago. He was then in Havre, but, expected to go 'up the line' shortly. He was sent to the 7th Battalion. He wanted to go to the 31st, but he had no say in the matter. 'Go where you are sent and do what you are told' is the Army rule."

The following is a letter from Lance-Corporal A. A. Cooke, who left the Hanna branch in June, 1916, to undertake military service:

"I have now been in England nearly two months, and must say how much I appreciate being 'home' again, although life in this country is altogether different from what it was four years ago. The streets, both in London and in the Counties, are practically

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devoid of lights at night, and one has a pretty busy time steering a clear course through the usually crowded streets.

"The Government here is taking pretty drastic steps now in several directions: food, travelling, luxuries, etc. The prices of meals are limited to, I think, 3/6 for luncheon for officers and civilians, and 6/- for dinner, diminishing as rank lowers. The latest report is that we are to have certain meatless days. Travel at Christmas has been practically forbidden, and I am sorely afraid the soldiers at home will have to give up Christmas and week-end leave altogether. Of course, as is only right, our Tommies at the front and on leave here will be allowed to travel just as usual. In regard to the above paragraphs I may mention that statistics show that there is ample food in this country, as well as what has been provided from overseas, but I suppose our politicians are looking ahead and considering supplies, etc., 'for a rainy day.'

"Every man here has to give a full account of himself now, and the women are doing splendidly. Besides making munitions, they also build aeroplanes, huts for the troops, and some, I believe, are even learning to drive locomotives.

"When I was going to Edinburgh on my first leave (eight days), there were two chaps in the train who had just come from the battle of Somme, and they could not say enough about the Canucks. One of them told us the Canadians were the most iron-willed fellows that ever fixed a bayonet. The poor chap who was talking had been at the front with the Northumberland Fusiliers, 29th Division, for seventeen months, and was on his first leave. He went through ten bayonet charges, and the morning he got his pass he was under orders to 'go over' again at six o'clock, but luckily, he received his pass about 3.30, and, in his own words, he 'beat it right then.' He got ten days' leave, and then back he goes to do another little 'bit.'"

The following is a letter from Lieutenant E. C. MacCallum, formerly of the Winnipeg branch, written in France on 28th December, 1916:

(Mr. MacCallum was killed in action 31st October, 1917.)

"Another Christmas has just passed and we still find ourselves confronted by a grim task of warfare. The brave men whose duty it was to hold our front line on Christmas day did not partake of any rest or special comforts, but increased their activity by making numerous raids into the Boche trenches with a good degree of success. Furthermore, on the same evening, British Forces took over a considerable portion of the French front. We now hold

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practically all the front that was the scene of the Allied offensive.

"We had a regimental dinner on Christmas Eve, which was a huge success, thanks to the energy of our officers. Major Bingham, our Commanding Officer, who has taken over command of 'B' squadron of the Fort Garry Horse in this Brigade, took advantage of the occasion to make farewell remarks to his unit, which were warmly received by all.

"I have seen photos of the Deer Lodge Convalescent Hospital and, judging by paper comments, it is a model home for the disabled fellows from the front.

"I hope you are successful in recruiting another battalion of the 100th Regiment, and I realize what a difficult problem recruiting must be. We hope the young men will come forward to the colors and save our country from compulsion.

"The morale of the Canadian Forces in France was never greater than at the present time, and we enter the New Year with all confidence, knowing that the hardest work is yet to be done."

The following is a letter from France written by Lieutenant R. S. Hicks, formerly of the Gleichen staff.

This letter was written in the ruined village of Roclincourt in front of the southern extremity of Vimy Ridge:

"I am in a very nice dug-out twenty-feet under the surface. We have two stairways and three rooms. Four of us—two sergeants, a batman and myself.—have bunks to sleep in and are very fine. This is quite the softest spot the Canadians have ever struck, and we all hope to stay the winter. If we don't bother Fritz, he doesn't bother us. I expect somebody will get ambitious soon and start a strafe, and we shall have to move from our happy homes.

"I have been over here about a month and have seen some fighting, but not any very big stunts. However, there is lots of it to come.

"I never saw such men as the Canadians are for souvenirs—helmets, buttons, belts or anything at all. Men take the greatest risks just for the sake of some souvenir off a dead Fritz. A saying of the German prisoners is 'the English fight for honour, the Australians for glory and the Canadians for souvenirs.'

"About three weeks ago I had a long talk with Clements (formerly of Gleichen staff). I certainly was glad to see him. He has a bomb-proof job at present looking after a canteen in a German Prisoners' camp. He got pretty well shaken up twice this summer in the big show (the Somme) and deserves a rest for a while.

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"The trenches are in bad shape now, mud up to your eyebrows. The mud worries us much more than the old Hun does. In this particular spot we have been putting it all over him in raids—artillery and snipers. Every way we have him going, but he is far from quiet yet."

The following is an extract from a letter written by Private G. Whitehead, formerly of the Penticton branch:

"We had a pretty stiff time the last trip up, though the Penticton boys came out pretty well. Percy Coldron (of the C. & C. store) lost an eye and has one or two other wounds. Otto Gaube was wounded in the face; Bert Schubert, of Hedley, was killed, also one or two other Hedley boys. Pat Hunter is getting along splendidly; he has charge of one of the machine guns. Glenn is a stretcher-bearer now. Bentley is looking fine; was talking to him yesterday. He was trying to think of some of the language you would use if you were in the trenches here for a few days. Lieut. Acheson was killed yesterday. He was a nephew of Miss Fowler, I think, and used to spend his holidays in Penticton. I haven't heard anything of Bill Mason since we left England, but expect he will be about due over here, if he's not here already.

"I am glad to hear B.C. is going dry. This is a dry country too, spiritually, though we occasionally get a lot of rum."

The following is an extract from a private letter to our Penticton Manager, to whom we are indebted for its publication. The letter pays tribute to the pluck displayed by Private James ("Pat") Hunter, and refers to Private J. F. Glenn, both formerly of the Penticton branch:

"Your bank can feel proud of Pat Hunter, as the last time coming out of the trenches his particular chum, A. B. Peele, dislocated both his ankles, when Pat, game boy that he is, brought Peele (a man of 6 ft.) to the nearest dressing station, and also carried out his gun and spare parts—a two-man load—right to a camp about five miles away. It took him five hours to get Peele two miles. This was through some of the worst mud you ever saw. Most boys would have said 'to h—— with the gun,' and thrown it away—but not so Pat. I was so pleased with him that I reported the case to the O.C. and hope that he will congratulate him personally. It's a fine example.

"Glenn (also of Penticton staff) is a stretcher-bearer now, and the boys all take their hats off to the S.B. They have the most work to do when the bombardment is the heaviest, and they do

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this work without a murmur while everyone else is under what cover they can get. Anyone who thinks that an S.B. gets a safe job is away off. They can't even peep in the trenches, but have to travel with their cases overland."

The following is an extract from a letter written in France by Lieutenant W. T. Alexander, formerly of the Superintendent's Department at Winnipeg, and who was shortly afterwards reported as seriously wounded.

This letter was written in a dugout in the ruined village of Calonne, north of Vimy Ridge, sometime in February, 1917:

"The worst feature of the war in the winter time especially, is the mud. I don't think I could describe it for you and do it justice. However, you will have some idea of it when I tell you that I walked in one place for half-a-mile and each step I took landed me away over the knees. Of course we have rubber boots which come up to our thighs, but, although they save us to some extent from being troubled with wet feet, they are very slippery, and often one finds oneself sitting in a sort of miniature lake of mud admiring the scenery and making the air blue with cuss words.

"Of course just now over here there is not much of what the old chaps, who have been down on the Somme and at such places, call 'real fighting,' going on. We are simply holding our trenches until it gets dry enough to do something else. Still we see quite enough of Fritz's shells and 'Minnies' (trench mortar shells) to keep us from getting the feeling that the war is all over. Minnies are funny things. They come wobbling at you through the air, giving you a nasty, creepy feeling all over your spine. When they hit the ground they lie there for about a second and then explode with a crump, shaking everything within about 100 yards of them. One can see them coming and, if one keeps one's head, one can run far enough away while they are dropping, to avoid any serious contact with them.

"At present we are in a piece of the line where it runs through a mining village. The village is more or less in ruins from shell fire, but we have excellent quarters even up in the front line, in the cellars of the houses. The people seem to have left most of their furniture, so we have lots of tables and chairs. Coal is to be had in plenty, as we are just between two abandoned mine shafts, no farther than 200 yards away on each side. The former residents also left us quite a lot of stoves, so we are quite warm,

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even although at present there is snow on the ground and it has frozen steadily for about five days."

The following extract is from a letter written on 31st March, 1917, by Lieutenant W. K. M. Leader, M.C., formerly of the Queen East (Toronto) branch.

This refers to the voluntary withdrawal of the enemy on the Somme in March, 1917:

"The 'Letters from the Front' pamphlet which you kindly forwarded me was most interesting, and told me the whereabouts of several brother officers with whom I had lost touch.

"We have been extremely busy for some time owing to the enemy retirement, of which you will undoubtedly have heard detailed accounts. It is most interesting to suddenly emerge from the confinement of trench warfare, with its frequent shelling and everlasting sniping, to the freedom of fighting in the open with little shelling or sniping, and with one's cavalry patrolling some distance ahead; and to leave the shell-stricken country, smashed about by the fiercest fighting of the war, and come upon fields and trees with no sign of shell-fire, is wonderfully exhilarating. All the newly occupied villages, however, have been destroyed in a manner almost inconceivable. One has become used to the sight of villages destroyed by shell-fire when one has been pushing forward inch by inch, but it maddens one to see these villages, which have never been touched by a shell, almost completely demolished; houses with the sides blown out and the roofs blown in, roads blown up by enormous mines, fruit trees deliberately cut down, completing a scene of absolute desolation."

The following is an extract from a letter written in France on 13th March, 1917, by Captain J. A. B. McClure, formerly of the Winnipeg branch.

Captain McClure was killed in action at Hill 70, near Lens, on 21st August, 1917:

"The country I am in is very rich in history, and near here Joan of Arc was born, and it is her spirit that to-day is making the French Army do such prodigious deeds of valor; the whole nation is inoculated with it. It may seem strange to say that Joan of Arc, five hundred years after her martyrdom, saved Verdun from falling into the hands of the Huns, but it is so. When the history of this war is written and the world learns what the French have been up against, it will see that nothing short of Divine intervention could have saved the country, and that intervention came in the

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form of the spirit of that girl, Joan of Arc. The spirit of the people here is simply astounding; bled white as they are, they cannot be beaten. Pushed back or perhaps exterminated they may be, but they cannot be beaten. I always thought that this girl was somewhat of a fictitious person, but I know to-day that she is a very lively person, and she is still living in the hearts of these people.

"Pleased to say I am keeping fit, James likewise, but just a little tired of training. The news from the East is good reading these days. General Maude was one of my officers in the Coldstream Guards. I guess Hornby would know him pretty well. Good luck to him.

"R. B. McCarthy (whose brother has just been wounded) is here with me. He is on his way up to join his unit, having been posted to the 78th Battalion. He is in good health. Mr. A. G. Mordy, formerly accountant at Winnipeg, is attached to my unit in England just now, likewise Major J. C. MacPherson of Calgary. T. W. McConkey, Fort Rouge, has been transferred to the Flying Corps. I am in hopes of meeting A. L. Brander over here this trip, as this is his headquarters, but he is up the line just now.

"Please remember me to all the staff."

The following letter, written early in 1917 by Lieutenant T. Stanley Jackson, formerly of the Superintendent's Department at Winnipeg, touches on the question of food supplies, which was such an important one in England at that time:

"Since writing you last I have been transferred from Seaford to Shorncliffe and am now acting as Assistant Supply Officer. The work is heavy and I seldom leave the office before ten or eleven at night. In addition to these duties, I am also Officer of Regimental Accounts, and, as that is a big job in itself, I have no time to myself. However, work is what we came over for and we shall gladly do all they give us until we drop.

"Shorncliffe is a very pretty place and far ahead of my last abode. The C. A. S. C. are in permanent barracks and they are quite well furnished. We are pretty well crowded, but I suppose that state is general throughout the Isles. Our food is not quite as good or as plentiful as in Canadian Camps, but that is to be expected. The food proposition is evidently worrying the authorities to no small extent, and gradually the allowances are being decreased. Economy is preached everywhere, and while little is wasted, I think the people could do with far fewer luxuries.

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Potatoes, vegetables and sugar are practically unobtainable, and it would not surprise me at all if these articles disappear entirely from our meals and such substitutes as rice, etc., put in. Diet sheets are prepared for all troops from Canada in Great Britain. These menus are prepared in London two weeks prior to the time of use, and no unit is permitted to deviate from them. Every commodity is worked out most minutely, which shows that the food proposition is one of the greatest to handle.

"I have not seen many of the Bank boys since arriving in Great Britain. Curran is on the H.Q. staff here, and I have a talk with him nearly every day. He is looking well and, I believe, getting on splendidly. I understand Mordy was in this area recently, but I did not see him. I wish I could meet more of the Bank boys, but it is like finding a needle in a haystack to locate them in such a large camp. Swinford, who used to be in the Bank, is located in H.Q. at London.

"I notice the Bank's hockey team is making quite a name for itself. I hope they keep up the good work. There is a possibility of a picked team of Winnipeg boys playing a Toronto team in London next week. I hope it comes off as I am anxious to put on the blades once more."

The following incident is described by Captain D. S. Thompson, formerly a member of the staff of our Niagara Falls branch:

"Following the gas attack opposite Vimy on March 1st, 1917, I was present at the truce in No Man's Land, arranged for the purpose of clearing the battlefield, and conversed with a German Regimental Commander, or Brigadier-General as he would be in our organization. This was arranged by the latter, with one of our battalion commanders on the morning of March 3rd, 1917, to last for two hours, from 10 a.m. to 12, and was held under the Red Cross flag. The German Brigadier claimed relationship to a Major Elliott, of the Royal Engineers, who was stationed at Esquimalt, B.C., before the war, and unfortunately, nobody present could deny his claim. He was loud in his praises of Major Travers Lucas, of Hamilton, who, he said, had led his men so gallantly right up to their wire. Apparently, it was not a common practice with their own officers. Both Colonel Beckett and Major Lucas lost their lives in this show and I only discovered, after leaving France, that the latter was from my own place of abode. The German Brigadier was a Bavarian, and, to talk to, not a bad sort. He was educated at St. Paul's School in London and spoke

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perfect English. He didn't like war, he said, and hoped it would soon be over, and mentioned how queer it would seem to go back to our different lines after the truce and 'pot at one another again.' These were his own words. Indeed, the whole affair seemed so queer, standing upright out there in broad daylight, without a shot being fired, that it seemed to most of us like a dream. Not a shot was fired for the rest of the day."

The following is a letter from Lieutenant F. G. Newton, formerly of the Windsor, Ont., branch, written in France, 25th March, 1917:

"It would give me more pleasure to be able to write you of some interesting experience or to have something out of the ordinary to tell, but there is nothing.

"At the outset of campaigning one's impressions are vivid almost to the melodramatic. Later one becomes inured and casual, and gradually a man drifts into a hazy kaleidoscope of dull, uninteresting and monotonous days, weeks and months. It is too early to be retrospective and one's perspective is of so little import as not to be worth the effort.

"I have read all the 'Letters from the Front' which have reached me and have found the varied correspondence quite typical of the experiences of every one at the front. They have covered the field so thoroughly that what one might say of trenches, dug-outs or narrow escapes, would be simply repetition; and then one is forced to realize that the efforts of any one man in this struggle are so infinitesimally small that anything approaching ego must be read as an attempt at humour.

"I have talked to quite a number of German prisoners of varied types, sizes and ages. They are odd looking persons for the most part, with their round pill-box caps and their serious sullen manner, and altogether lacking in the driving force of enthusiasm. They seem to lack interest in everything. They are different men from the hustling Huns who marched over the cities and villages of France and Belgium in 1914, crying 'On to Paris!' Now their greatest concern is to get back to Berlin or Munich or their native towns, and to get there with a whole hide. The Hun in captivity is the most domesticated, naïve looking transition from a ferocious brute that one might imagine. His morale has been crumpled, and it was the allied battery work of the French and British on the Somme which did it.

"At the same time, our Canadian troops, and, for that matter, the whole allied army, moved up into the battle area with strange sparkling eyes and steady nerve, keen with the lust of battle and

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ready to go over the 'bags.' Then it was an unforgettable sight on that memorable day of Courcellette (15th September, 1916), as the wounded came back, to see men who had perhaps been bowled over three times or more, and who had been battered so that they really didn't have anything left in them but an indomitable courage which made them hang on until they fell over in a dressing station through sheer exhaustion, light up with a new countenance when they had had a little rest. It really was quite wonderful. They have proved their superiority. The British Army sings no hymns of hate, but the rollicking ragtime songs of the music halls, are as it were, barometric measures of their morale.

"It is but a few days since the little village in which I was at the time working was shelled most unsystematically and at intervals, devoid of any particular rhythm. A large percentage of the shells were duds and the arrival of one of these tokens of inefficiency was quite heartily greeted with loud cheers from the few troops which were about in the immediate and dangerous vicinity; and another officer remarked in the evening 'B—— was shelled to-day.' 'Yes,' said another, 'but nobody seemed to mind it much.'

"That same day I had a shell land within 30 feet of the place where I happened to be working. We did a flop, hunted cover and then when it seemed all over, carried on, just the same as thousands do along the combined allied fronts each day.

"*Esprit de corps* works out in the army much as it does in a great financial institution like the Bank. One finds it among the veterans of Mons and Le Cateau as one does amongst the newer Canadian battalions at the front. It is not a blatant trumpetry of what this battalion or that division has done in the past, but it is the conviction in the mind of every man of what his outfit will do when the next opportunity comes. Infantry battalions, more than other units, are so changed at the end of a year's wear and tear that there are few who after that period have the right to refer to precedent.

"War has become so revolutionized that the recruit regiments of the latest era have every right to expect to be able to do as much after a couple of months' seasoning as the oldest regiments of the line. Nowadays, after a complete obliteration of the enemy fortifications, the troops walk to the attack under shelter of their own heavy barrage fire, some say smoking cigarettes, but, anyway, with the coolness and calm of a great machine which has an absence of anything dramatic in the way of Wellingtonian or Napoleonic leadership. Only in the lines are interspersed the

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smiling, confident faces of the new method schoolmasters—the British subalterns.

“We all hope that this evil thing which the Allies are fighting will soon be exterminated, because we are for the most part tired of our European tour. We should like to get back to the good old days of our Canada and enjoy a period in which we may use our abilities as constructionists. We have commenced to realize how admirable are the conditions of our country as against the pre-war stagnation of Europe. Yet, with the gigantic industrial revolution caused by the war the world over, one is forced to take count that we in Canada after the war must do away with false values and inflated prices, with the superfluous and unreal. We must help build up the country more on the sound economics of production.

“I hear on the thin canvas of my roof an insistent patter of ‘French sunshine.’ It means rivers of mud in the trenches and seas of mud in the horse lines, but is splendid for young ducks and the crops. We are looking forward to many more millions of bushels of wheat from Canada than in 1916. If you should happen to need the rain, we certainly do need the sunshine. Why doesn’t the Weather Fellow have a little sense?”

The following are extracts from the letters of Lieutenant E. P. Charles, R.F.C., formerly of our Tugaske and Langham branches, to his father:

(“Archie” was the name given to anti-aircraft shells.)

“I have been in France since October 1st, and have been flying ever since. We do about three hours per day in one flight. The work I am doing is artillery observation, that is, ranging our guns. We call it a ‘shoot.’ I take up an observer who does the shoot, while I fly the machine and look out for Huns; sometimes we get ‘archied’ and that means ‘stunts.’ It is practically impossible for ‘Archie’ to get you if you keep making short turns or diving or side-slipping. I was bombing yesterday afternoon, and ‘Archie’ saw me before I was over my target. He let me have it, too, wonk! wonk! wonk!—all round me. One does not feel scared; amused is the proper term. No wonder they call him ‘Archie.’

“If the clouds are low and you do not care to go home without having done some work, it sometimes means coming down to 1,500 feet or so over the trenches. I did it one day and got ‘machine-gunned’ and had to have a wing replaced when I got back. A more

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or less spent bullet also hit my steel seat which is 2 mm. thick. Our own shells are as much danger as anything. You see the top of the trajectory of most of them is about 3,500 feet. With all these things, however, we do not lose many men. 'Archie' is much more accurate at 8,000 feet than at 3,000. Above us there are always supposed to be fighting machines keeping the Hun away while we work."

"I have been shot at many times both with 'Archies' and 'Emma-gees' (machine-guns), and my machine has been hit again and again. I have had my planes replaced and a more or less spent bullet hit my steel seat. We do not mind these things, but what we do mind is a Hun 'sitting on our tails' waiting to dive on us, which is a favourite 'stunt' of his. However, there are very few Huns who dare do it. In fine, the pilots of the R.F.C. would sooner risk their necks than let the Huns succeed in 'downing' them.

"To-day a gale is blowing, so instead of 'taking the air' I am bossing a gang of Hun prisoners who are building a new mess-room for us. They work very willingly and intelligently, and seem pleased to be 'out of it'; a judicious distribution of cigarettes, and they are your slaves for life.

"I am well, quite happy and satisfied, and believe I am going to be of use to my country in the air. We run risks, of course, but what honourable man does not these days?"

The following is an extract from a letter received from Captain H. E. Tylor, formerly Manager of the St. Thomas branch. This letter was written after the battle of Vimy Ridge, 9th April, 1917:

"I just got back from the First Army School of Instruction in time for the big attack, and on Easter Monday the Canadians certainly made history and took part in what to my mind was the biggest success of the war. The attack commenced at 5.30 a.m., and everywhere on our front the Canadians reached their objectives and completely defeated the Hun. Shortly after the attack, prisoners commenced to come in. They were very sure that we could not break through, but when later the numbers rose to the thousands and they were informed of the number of guns which had been captured they were very down-hearted and, as one officer said, 'It is the beginning of the end.' Bad weather and heavy snow-storms have made it very difficult, but everyone was so confident of success that no one could have had any fears as to the result. The Canadians captured the famous Vimy Ridge—a tremendous fortress; in fact, a position which commands the country for miles. A strong counter-attack by the enemy was

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dispersed by our artillery, the work of which was wonderful. News from our right flank is splendid, the British having driven the Hun back for miles. It has been a wonderful success. While you will have read of this long before my letter reaches you, I enclose part of a British paper which gives some of the details which I thought might be of interest."

The article referred to by Captain Tylor is too long to publish, but we quote two striking little extracts therefrom:

"The prelude to this great attack was an Eastertide of ironic contrasts. We saw the British armies moving up for battle yesterday through a countryside at prayer. Peasants trudged to Mass beside dust-covered columns of khaki and guns, and all the grim machinery of war, and knelt in little village churches while aeroplanes fought deadly duels overhead and the peace of Sunday morning was broken by the crash of German shells."

"The Canadians have Vimy Ridge and are sitting on the far slope looking down on the plain of Douai. They took it with comparatively little fighting, pushing from one line to the next as punctually as though meeting their enemies by appointment.

"There, as elsewhere in the Arras-Vimy area, most of the prisoners were haled out of their dug-outs in the most docile condition. The Canadians took more than 2,000 Germans at Vimy Ridge alone, while on the adjoining Canadian front there were 1,045 men and 26 officers in one cage alone before three o'clock this afternoon. The full extent of this day's fighting cannot yet be estimated, but we know that the Germans have been dealt a severe blow—and there are many harder blows to come."

The following is a letter from Mr. M. V. Holdsworth, formerly of the Supervisor's Department at Head Office.

This refers to the Vimy Ridge attack of 9th April, 1917:

"It is Sunday night, but no more like it than day is like night. A fairly heavy bombardment on our right has been going on since 6.30 this morning, and we are rather anxious to know what it's all about. And all day thousands of men, horses, wagons, lorries and guns have been passing—an inconceivable sight to anyone who has not witnessed it.

"We sailed from England in March, 1917, were only one hour and twenty minutes crossing the channel, three transports coming together, and, if you could have seen the way we were guarded,

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you would easily understand why no transports have ever been sunk among the thousands that have crossed.

"We remained a fortnight at the Canadian base before coming up the line. It is located in one of the most beautiful spots I have ever seen and, in a way, I was sorry to leave it.

"There were 60 in our draft and, upon arriving at headquarters here, we were all put in the Divisional Ammunition Column. I have not yet been able to find out whether it is temporary or whether we shall eventually be put into a battery.

"There is something doing here every hour of the day. At night there are to be seen the flashes of the guns, the rocket signals and the star shells; and, in the daytime, the observation balloons and the many kinds of aircraft—both ours and Fritz's. We knew to a minute when the boys were going over last Sunday night, and it would have done your heart good to have heard the guns start the bombardment just before they began to advance. The first results were noticed about nine o'clock, when the prisoners began to pour in, and by noon they could be counted by the thousand.

"At present we are located near a village that is simply blown to atoms, as most of the places round here are. It is a little exciting when one first hears the shells passing over—ping! bang! Haven't had any close calls as yet."

The following letter was written by Lieutenant C. B. F. Jones, formerly of the Mount Royal, Calgary, branch, on 15th April, 1917, "On the battle-field, in a German dug-out in France," a few days after the engagement at Vimy Ridge:

(This letter was written in the captured enemy trenches near the village of Thelus on the forward slopes of Vimy Ridge which was captured by the Canadian Corps on 9th April, 1917):

"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

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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 wire. 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 front wire. We lined up our men in the following order: Old McGowen in the first wave, Archie Cornell on his left and myself immediately behind, leading the first wave of 'Moppers-up,' with Kirkham (Lethbridge), whom you have met, another old 113th, leading the second line of 'Moppers-up.' The other officers in the line-up are unknown to you. Most of the night was spent in digging in; then the long wait for the zero hour, about 4.30. I had a talk with

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McGowen (subsequently killed); the last I saw of him he was carefully looking over his men, giving his final instructions. Sharp on time, 5.30 a.m., Easter Monday, there came one big crash, the whole weight of our artillery swept the Hun line and we walked out following under our barrage. It was a wonderful sight, and I shall never forget it. Dawn was just breaking, the sky was bright with the Hun fireworks, his infantry frantically sending up S.O.S. to his artillery, but he could do little against our stuff. Lines of Canadian soldiers with intervals between, and, on our right, a Scottish division with the kilts swaying and bayonets fixed. The noise was terrific, but above all the din of the big guns could be heard the rattle of the Hun machine-guns as they endeavoured to stop the rush of the Canadians. Men dropped out here and there but nothing could stop us, and we reached our first objective in record time. Here, there was a pause while our guns played on the Hun back trenches, and here I ran across young Archie Cornell, bright as a button, still leading his men.

"From here the fighting was heavier, as Fritz had still machine-gun emplacements, and a murderous fire was poured out, one by one they were put out of action, and the crews, in a great many cases, killed. So far as my division was concerned, our work was nearly finished for the day, and the process of consolidation began.

"I am not going to describe the things I saw that day; war is terrible, and certain things cannot be avoided. Considering what we have suffered at the hands of the Hun we let them off lightly. He is a rotten fighter individually, and can only fight behind a machine-gun. When that is out of action, it is 'Mercy, Kamerad!' The best meal I have had for some time, and one I relished highly, was after the last trench had been taken. I sat down in the trench among a lot of dead and wounded Huns, and one of the old 113th men and myself shared a tin of bully beef and hard-tack.

"One of the funniest things that occurred to me during the scrap was when I had just reached the last objective. I had got separated from my gallant gang of 'Moppers-up,' and the first thing I knew I found myself among a bunch of twenty Huns, who had got out of a dug-out and were beating it across towards us. They surrounded poor old 'Jonesie' like a swarm of bees, each one holding up his hands and shouting 'Kamerad, Kamerad, Mercy!' and then began to pull out watches and other souvenirs. With my big frame glasses they probably took me for an enterprising curio hunter, and not a leader of His Majesty's forces. They looked so damned funny, and so frightened, that I forgot there was a scrap

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on and howled with laughter. I simply pointed to our old lines and they beat it—couldn't get there fast enough.

"All day, and until the next night, we remained at our last objective, while other troops passed through us and drove the Hun back. It was beautifully worked, and by the afternoon he was back three miles, and we had taken prisoners galore, officers and generals, guns and all sorts of stuff. The Canadian private had the time of his life. All sorts of souvenirs came into his possession; watches, caps, field glasses, etc., and the dug-outs yielded up lots of treasures. We took the Hun so much by surprise that some of them had no trousers on. I spent the afternoon sleeping in an officer's dug-out lighted by electricity, and on a comfortable bed that only a few hours before a commander had slept on. They even left us some fresh eggs, cases of soda-water and wine. It was a glorious day for Canada, and the boys thoroughly enjoyed it. We have had to pay for it, but not too heavily. Poor Mac was killed early in the fight. His batman states that he remarked that he had been hit, but struggled on. Poor Archie Cornell, the brightest little sport in the battalion, was killed fifty yards from the final objective. Campbell, who played tennis in Calgary, a friend of Sheffield's, was killed early in the game; Kirkham was wounded. When the final objective was reached, two of us were left in my company—the O.C. and myself. He had been wounded twice but carried on until the next morning, when he went back to the Clearing Station, and I assumed command of the company—the only one left without a scratch. In the evening, when I led them back over the ground we had taken from the Hun, now covered with snow and dead, one of them remarked, 'Well Mr. Jones, they said in Lethbridge that we of the 113th were a bunch of booze-fighters, but we showed them to-day what we could do.' And they certainly did; and a gamer bunch never donned the King's uniform.

"Well, I can hardly imagine that so many things have happened in such a short time, where the ground so short a time ago held by Fritz is now ours. It was wonderful to see our artillery push forward, and also our cavalry; I even saw the tanks go by, and, as for our air service—it was magnificent; it was 'some show,' and it is still going on.

"Poor Mac, good old sport, and the other lads, played the game to the end. We buried them to-day back in the village burial ground.

"P.S.—Among the documents found on German prisoners was one from the General Staff, stating that they had received informa-

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tion that an attack would be made by the British, and that 'the troops opposite them were Canadians, first-class troops; they never had deserters from the Canadians.' "

The following are extracts from a letter received from Lieutenant A. K. Harvie, formerly of the Superintendent's Department at Winnipeg, written after the battle of Vimy Ridge, 9th April, 1917:

"The lads who went over did splendidly, and the little stories we hear about them are really quite worth repeating. I shall take the chance of boring you by telling you a couple at least:

"One chap named Terence—an Irishman, of course—approached a dug-out in which he heard voices and invited the occupants to come out, accompanying the invitation with a Mills bomb which was not replied to quickly; so he dropped down a 10-lb. charge of high explosive with the cryptic remark: 'All right, you can damn well stay there.' Terry, the above-mentioned, was cook for his company, but got special permission to go on the raid. After it was all over, the raiders were sent back for a rest and Terry intimated his intention of going back to cook dinner for the boys. It was only with difficulty that he was persuaded not to do so.

"In one of the parties was a big chap who was noted as a bad actor; in fact he had only a few days ago completed ninety days' Field Punishment No. 1 for some transgression, but this had not killed his fighting spirit. The Hun started throwing his stick-handled bombs and this beggar saw that they took some little time to go off, so he commenced *throwing them back*. Rather disconcerting for the Hun to throw bombs and have them thrown back to explode in his own trenches. He got the D.C.M.

"After this little show comparative quiet reigned, but we could see that preparations were being made for something on a much larger scale regarding which we were more or less in the dark. Gradually the place assumed something of the appearance of the rear areas of the Somme, guns and ammunition in abundance, until our orders came through and we knew just what the scheme was to be and what part we were to play. The papers have described very effectively how the men jumped up at 5.30 a.m., and then they have gone on to tell us about the glorious victory and all that sort of thing, but they cannot convey one iota of the tense condition of waiting for news after the battle had started.

"In the depths of our dug-out we could see nothing, and apart from the fact that they were off and we must await the result, we

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could do little. You can imagine the feeling; not only was the honour of the regiment at stake, but so many of our fellow-officers had gone forward that the first bit of news was eagerly waited for. Gradually wounded men began to drift back and then an occasional officer, and each was interrogated as much as his condition would permit. So on during the first and second days, ups and downs, bright hopes and bitter disappointments, until there came a clear, bright sunny afternoon whose brightness was as symbolical as the past few days of snow and rain—when sometimes we had doubted—for on that day we found that our victory was complete, that the Hun had gone and that on the roll of deeds of the Canadians there had been written a victory greater they say than any other since the war began. It is some satisfaction to know that those lads who had gone out never to return had not made the sacrifice in vain.

“Had I time I could tell you a hundred and one glorious deeds that marked those few days, deeds which have occurred doubtless everywhere, but which showed that man for man the Hun cannot beat us.

“There is a story of a slip of a lad, one of a machine-gun team, who found himself alone with his gun and *one drum of ammunition*. He took up a post in a shell-hole, went out and collected enough ammunition around to keep his gun going and *a/one, for eighteen hours he formed a ‘one-man’ strong point*. That takes grit.

“The final scene to this play was when the relief came in. The cartoon in Punch fully describes it: One chap sitting on a ruin is approached by another, who says:

“‘By Jove! This must be my village.’

“‘Sorry, old toff, but it is mine. I just took it an hour ago.’

“You will possibly have heard that Quinton and McCarthy were both transferred to this battalion with drafts of officers we received. Quinton is battalion bombing officer and—well, poor McCarthy went over in the battle and we have so far been unable to get any definite information about him. A rumour has gone around that he was wounded, but we cannot find which dressing station he passed through.

“One remark Quinton read yesterday in a letter he was censoring will give you some idea of the weather we have been experiencing. The remark was: ‘If this weather keeps on, we can soon bring up the navy.’”

NOTE: The McCarthy referred to was Lieutenant R. B. McCarthy, of the Winnipeg staff, who was killed in action in the operations described in the foregoing.

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The following is a private letter written in July at a British Red Cross Hospital in France by Lieutenant T. Gordon Chisholm, formerly a member of our Market branch (Toronto) Staff.

This refers to the capture of Vimy Ridge, 9th April, 1917:

"The promised letter at last. A few words about the attack. We had been put into the section of the line where we attacked some time ago and had had ample time to study the ground before going over. We knew everything there was to know about it, and when the show came off everything went as if it had been rehearsed. We went into the line one night and got all prepared. As soon as the appointed time arrived, we moved into battle positions and waited for the zero hour. You would be surprised at the high spirits of the men just before going over. Everybody was laughing and joking and enjoying the situation immensely. It is a great feeling knowing that you are going to get a smash at Fritz and pay him back for some of what he has done.

"A few minutes before the hour I issued rum to the men and then we waited. Right on the dot, pandemonium broke out. Our artillery opened up as one gun. The noise was deafening. The shrieking of shells mingled with their explosions and machine-gun fire, trench mortars, etc., was something indescribable. On our flank great drums of burning oil were projected on enemy strong-points. When our time came, we climbed on the parapet and started over. Looking to either side one could see thousands of men walking slowly but none the less certainly into the German lines. Ahead of us our artillery cleared the way. When we reached the German lines we hardly recognized them. What had once been trenches were only mere sunken lines. There was not a point in them that had not been touched. The ground between the trenches was so pitted with shell-holes that it resembled a gigantic honeycomb. Dug-out entrances were mere holes about a foot square. The only works left standing were massive concrete machine-gun emplacements. I had to take up a position in a wood. The wood, when I found it, consisted of a piece of ground covered with stumps about a foot high. There we stopped and commenced digging in. It was while running about superintending operations that I 'got mine.' A machine-gun opened up on us, and as I was trying to get away from it I stumbled on a bayonet and got a nasty cut in the foot. One cannot consider his hurts when he is being shelled and going back over the late 'No Man's

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Land.' I had to run, sore foot and all, as the ground was being shelled. On reaching our old trenches, I was rather surprised to find that I had a following; Germans seemed to spring out of the ground. I counted up and found I had six to guide, so I started them off down the trench and directed them from behind. Reaching a certain place I turned the Huns over, and carried on to the dressing station where I had my foot dressed and was sent on down here.

"Expect to be in hospital for a few weeks and then go to convalescent camp, so shall have a little rest before carrying on."

The following letter is from Lieutenant G. H. S. Dinsmore, of the Royal Flying Corps, formerly attached to the Head Office staff:

"As you will see from the address, I am right in it now and, in fact, have been for some few weeks. To go back a long way, I was first sent to a school of preliminary instruction at Oxford, where I had to imbibe oceans of technical knowledge about engines, bombs, and a thousand other things. This torture lasted for two months, when I passed out to learn the gentle art of aviating—first of all near Edinburgh. I completed some five hours' solo flying there, after a month's course, and left for my higher squadron in Yorkshire to qualify for my wings, and, incidentally, to come out to France as an active service pilot. This only lasted three weeks and, without an hour's delay, I was shipped out here to make a small endeavour at strafing the wily Boche. My reception by von Hindenburg on my first trip over the lines was quite mild, so on my next trip I took some bombs to awaken his ire. I am very much afraid they had more than the desired effect, as shortly after this our formation was violently attacked by numerous fast enemy scouts. Three of them insisted on thrusting their affections upon me and, though my observer accounted for two, the third brought me down with my observer killed. By the best stroke of luck I managed to reach a very advanced post in the front line, followed thereto by Mr. Hun, showing all kinds of hate by showering me with machine-gun bullets. My own escape was marvellous, as my boot and coat were both torn by machine-gun bullets, though I was unhurt. The Hun has the advantage in these scraps, as we go some ten miles into his country looking for trouble, but he rarely returns our visits. Of course, such engagements don't always occur, but we always get heavily shelled by the anti-aircraft guns ('Archies,' as they are called), and from these I had several very narrow escapes. I have seen all the devastated country from all

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heights up to 12,000 feet, and it is awful. The Huns have laid everything waste and the whole country is one mass of shell-holes.

"On my way up the line I ran into Marlow, who was looking well."

The following extract is from a letter written on 29th May, 1917, by Lieutenant M. Dunsford, formerly of the Collingwood staff, after having come through the battle of Vimy Ridge and the subsequent few days of heavy fighting:

"I expect you have read all about the big battle in the papers. There was not very much excitement where I was. We just got up and walked or ran over at the appointed time. I only saw two live Germans on the way and two dead ones until reaching our objective. I think our artillery barrage had chased them all down into their dug-outs and they afterwards came out in bunches and were taken prisoners. The two live Germans that I saw had their hands well up and were going as fast as they could towards our rear line; afterwards I saw big bunches going out the same way. One does not even have to put a guard over them. They will go back as fast as they can of their own accord. It was a wonderful sight when we got to the top of the Ridge to see Germans and their artillery running for all they were worth in all directions. From the top of the Ridge one can see for miles. It is strange what a difference the advance has made. We are now camped in a place where you could not even walk around in daylight before."

The following letter is from Gunner H. S. Lawrence, formerly a member of the staff of the Sherbrooke branch:

"'Letters from the Front' is always interesting, and I hope to receive copies of any subsequent issues that may be published.

"During our sojourn in this war-stricken land and all along the front, many and varied have been the experiences. Like the transitory life in a bank in Canada one never knows when he will have to pull up anchor—here to-day and gone to-morrow.

"Artillery is an interesting and instructive branch of the service. Putting over barrages, bashing in trenches, dug-outs, etc., as well as wire-cutting and other destructive work, are some of the tasks allotted, and the most important targets engaged are counter-batteries. Aeroplane observation is a great aid in conducting the 'shoots.' One of our air-scouts was recently on leave in England during an air raid. Seeing the enemy aircraft, he instinctively

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pulled out his whistle, forgetting for the moment that he was away from his daily routine of watching the skies.

"Two years at this game without a day's illness proves that the life is not altogether an unhealthy one. However, everyone is anxious and determined to see an end of all this strife and the war brought to a successful termination. The Allemand must get what is coming to him. Furthermore, we are *winning*.

The following extracts are from a letter sent from London in August, 1917, by Lieutenant J. N. B. Colley, formerly of the Secretary's Department in Head Office. The transport herein referred to was the "Justicia" of the Hamburg-American Line. This ship was subsequently sunk by submarine action.

"We had some 5,000 troops on board coming over, besides a valuable cargo of wheat and sugar. The transport was an enormous vessel and had never been used except as a transport. She was intended for a passenger liner of the highest class, and was in course of construction when war broke out. Of fittings she has none, and it is said that it will take at least a year to complete her after the war is over.

"I had some trouble with my eyes, after arriving, and after recovery was summoned to London and attached temporarily to Headquarters. We had an examining board of officers at the camp to enquire into our military and other qualifications, and I happened to be the one who was chosen to do some special work in London. I feel I have to thank the training that I had in the Bank for enabling me to 'carry on,' and I have certainly found that the systematic way of doing things at Head Office has helped me considerably. My particular work just now is in connection with officers, their records, transfers, promotions, etc., and there is plenty to keep me busy from 9 a.m. to 6 or 7 p.m. How long this will last I do not know, but I shall not be so terribly rusty when I return to the Bank, provided I don't become a casualty.

"London is full of soldiers, from all quarters of the globe and apparently of all the allied nations. One frequently sees Tommies fresh from the trenches with their rifles, steel helmets, entrenching tools, etc., in the streets on their way home or back to the front. Every other man seems to be a soldier, and what civilians one does see are apparently either over or under age. There is no very marked scarcity of food. Sugar is an exception and can only be had in very small quantities. We have war bread, which really is

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quite good and only a shade darker than the ordinary variety. London is very dark at night, but not as bad as it used to be. There are lamps at frequent intervals, and locomotion is really not at all difficult. You know we have the Daylight Saving. It is a splendid idea and makes the day seem so much longer. In camp we used to get up at 5.30 by our watches—in reality 4.30 by the sun—and everything was so fresh. Of course we go to bed an hour earlier, just because the clock happens to show ten or eleven o'clock—to such extent are we creatures of habit."

The following experience is related by Lieutenant T. W. McConkey, M.C., of the Royal Flying Corps, formerly of the Fort Rouge branch, Winnipeg, in a letter dated 13th September, 1917:

"On Thursday morning we were photographing about five miles into Hunland when two Albatross flyers began manœuvring around our tail. Suddenly my pilot shouted to me that our petrol tank had been shot through. The only thing to do was to turn and beat it for home and mother, which we did. I managed to tickle the Huns with my Lewis gun but was not fortunate enough to bring either down. Luckily our emergency tank had not been shot and we gained our own lines quite O.K. Upon seeing the petrol actually pouring down on my pilot's feet my first thought was 'fire'; but it seems luck was with us that day and nothing disastrous took place. We were flying at 6,000 ft. but we were not long losing height after we reached the friendly side of the line."

The following is an extract from a further letter from Lieutenant McConkey, written during September, 1917, describing the action in which he won the Military Cross:

"Everything went well with me until May 11th when, while photographing about 9,000 yards into Hunland, we were attacked by five Albatross scouts which broke up our formation. Between us we shot down two enemy machines and drove another down, apparently out of control. My pilot, Capt. Pemberton, from B.C., manœuvred the machine in a most excellent fashion, evading the fire of Huns as much as possible and giving me every opportunity to bring my Lewis gun into play. He received a spent bullet in the back, necessitating his spending a week in the casualty clearing station. I came off less fortunately, with four bullet wounds in right thigh, one in shoulder and one in face—all flesh wounds. At present I am spending a quiet holiday at Weybridge-on-the-Thames."

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The following letters from Gunner A. R. McIver, formerly of our Parksville branch, come from fronts less known to us.

Gunner McIver served with the British Armoured Car squadron, attached to the Russian army. He was decorated on two occasions by the Russian Government.

The first letter was written on 2nd February, 1917:

"We got into Roumania in time for the Dobudja fighting and, except for about three weeks back in Tiraspol, have been here ever since. It was pretty cold here in the snowy weather, and I do not want to put in another winter campaign anywhere. Of course we could not use the cars during the bad weather and had to take the gun into the trenches. You can understand what it means to take a naval gun into a first line trench when all artillery is at least a mile back, and a fluent writer could write a book on our experiences. We had one particularly bad day in March. I don't suppose you know, but I am now a No. 1 gunner and do the firing, which is a little promotion. Well, on this day we were firing from the Russian trenches at a village about 250 yards away with the enemy trenches in between, when on our fourth shot the parapet blew down from concussion, and there we were in full view. They opened on us at once, but we finished our fire without loss, although I do not know how we managed it. All I know is that six-inch shells are very nasty things to have falling around when one wants to do accurate quick firing. Since then I have been given the Russian Medal, 4th Class, Order of St. Stanislaus, so that is something to go on with."

Later letters from Gunner McIver, written in July, 1917, in Tiraspol, Russia, are as follows.

The Russian revolution is referred to herein:

"Since writing you on 2nd May, I have been sent back here (our base) for a week or two. Up in Galatz our crew was attached to another squadron, and as the cars are about ready they decided we must have a few days' rest in between. We must have done fairly good work up there, as our squadron commander gave us all a week off, and I have been made No. 1 gunner on a new gun we have just received. It is the only one of its kind in the crowd and is much superior to any of the other class."

"We expect to leave here for the front again some time this month and I do not know when I may find time to write again. The war news seems very good and most of the fellows are betting

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on peace this summer. I cannot quite see it that way, but am hoping for the best. We have been promised leave this fall if the war is not over, and by then we shall have been two years out of England; so I guess we are entitled to it. The revolution in this country has rather upset the fighting, and I cannot see what is going to happen this summer on the Eastern front.

"We left Vladikavkaz in July and proceeded down to the Turkish front in the Mush-Bitlis region. After some work we got there and had quite a lot of fun. Our squadron did all the fighting, and I am glad to say our gun was 'it' up there. You can tell the Bank that I was one of the crew that took the first gun into that portion of Turkish Armenia, went farthest, and played hell when we got there. Our N.C.O. in charge and the first gunner both got Russian decorations, so we evidently did something. We had to leave that front owing to the approach of winter and then got to Odessa via the shores of the Caspian; so you may know I have seen a little of the world lately. After a few days in Odessa we went on to the Roumanian front in time for the big retreat. We were in the Dobrudja and afterwards on the other side of the Danube, Braila way.

"About the beginning of the year the roads got very bad with snow, etc., and we had to return here to repair cars, etc. This is about half-way between Odessa and Roumania. We expect to be here for a month or two and I shall write you again, perhaps, before leaving.

"The Bank sent me one of the 'Letters from the Front' series, and I see a lot of the boys have gone 'west,' including Beatson."

NOTE: The Mr. Beatson referred to is Lieutenant R. S. M. Beatson, formerly of our Vancouver branch, who was killed in action on 2nd July, 1916.

The following extract is from a letter dated 7th August, 1917, written by Captain A. G. A. Vidler, M.C., formerly of the Vancouver Branch. Captain Vidler was severely wounded at Festubert and subsequently obtained his commission in the 11th Royal Sussex Battalion:

"I thought you might be interested in a few lines on the recent big push at Ypres, particularly as our part was over ground lost by the Canadians at the second battle of Ypres in April, 1915.

"I and my company of 117 men went over the sacks at 3.50 a.m., 3rd July. It was an extraordinary sight. Blazing oil was discharged and lighted up 'No Man's Land' like day; panic

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rockets, green, red and golden, rained from the Boche and wave on wave of rushing figures came on just as dawn was breaking. I had taken the precaution of tying a pair of wire cutters to my wrist, and it was just as well I did, as I got caught up in front of a sputtering machine-gun which my men bombed out. The Hun trenches were in an indescribable mess. We got a lot of prisoners, over 1,700 in one division. Kitchener Wood, where the Royal Highlanders of Montreal were cut off in April, 1915, is now in our hands, and St. Julien, too. This village was taken, appropriately enough, by Capt. McRoberts, M.C., an old 72nd Seaforth of Vancouver, B.C., First Contingent, who served on the ground then as a private. His bag was 200 prisoners.

"The mud and rain on 1st and 2nd August were atrocious. I lived on neat whisky and muddy cold ham and was soaked to the skin and mud to the eyes. One of the officers put his head into a Boche dug-out where we were having this tasty meal and said, 'Say, bartender, is this a booze joint, or a lazing ground for hoboes? Get busy with the throat-coolers.' We cooled it for him all right.

"Kind regards to all."

The following is a later letter from Captain Vidler, under date of 6th October, 1917:

"I am still O.K., having been through this Flanders business since its start on 31st July, though anybody who had offered me two cents for my prospects of life ten days ago, would have found takers. The fighting has been extraordinarily bitter, and the shelling the worst of the whole war. I was in the last business on 25th September and it was much worse than when we went over the sacks at St. Julien on 31st July. By the way I snaffled an M.C. out of that business and an old Vancouver friend of mine, Capt. McRoberts, got the D.S.O. He used to be a private in the 72nd Seaforths (16th Battalion) of the First Contingent, and has already got the Military Cross and Bar.

"Have not met any Commerce men lately—been too busy; but I met an R.A.M.C. doctor, Capt. Julian, whose brother is, or was, in Main Office in Vancouver. The Hun gets a dreadful hammering every day now, and is losing ground steadily all along this front. The British Army is like a tide lapping its way across the Flanders Ridge, sucking back occasionally, but making steady gains of territory all the time, and what is more important, marked depreciation of morale in the Germans is noted daily. Yesterday three thousand were taken prisoner, and no army in the world

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can stand such a steady succession of defeats for long. I think so many people in England get despondent through lack of proportion and perspective. They expect crushing results and peace in an instant.

"Well, I feel I bore you. Best regards and good luck to the old firm."

The following extracts from a letter, dated 14th September, 1917, from Private W. G. Chisholm, Canadian Pay Office, London, formerly of the Saskatoon staff, refer to many members of the staff on military duty:

"Soon after leaving hospital I had ten days' leave, so spent a day in London and called on Major Lobley, and he immediately wrote to have me sent here, as it seems bank men are in great demand in the Pay Office. I came here in November and am not worked really hard, although there is always enough to keep one busy. There are about 1,400 clerks on the staff of the Pay Office, so you can imagine the amount of work involved.

"Since I have been here I have met quite a number of the C. B. of C. boys, and as I know you will be interested in hearing how some of the old Saskatoon staff are getting along, I shall give you what news I can of them.

"I am very sorry to relate that D. E. Gordon, J. A. K. Gildea and Freddie Guy have all made the supreme sacrifice, as also has W. M. Blott of Nutana. Gordon and Gildea were officers in the Imperials. Guy went back to France for the second time last September and was killed at Vimy Ridge on 9th April, and on the same day Blott was killed; he was an officer with the R.C.R.'s. W. S. Duthie, who got his commission in the Gordon Highlanders, was severely wounded this summer, and after spending a few weeks in a hospital in London is now at Aberdeen and expects his discharge soon. Falkner (who left Elbow branch) returned to France the latter part of last year and was only there a few weeks when he was wounded again. He was up seeing me two weeks ago and sailed for Canada the following day, so I suppose he will be calling on you before long as he said he intended to do so. J. R. Orr, who you remember was moved to Hamilton, came over as a lieutenant in the 177th and is now in the Royal Flying Corps. He is getting on very well and expects to be passed as a fully qualified flying officer in about four weeks' time. J. Shaw is still here and is doing well. He is now staff-sergeant. Somerville and H. F. Stewart, both of West Side, are in the Canadian Record Office, the former a sergeant and the latter a corporal. Bain is still to

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the fore, having been in France continuously since April, 1915, and got his commission in the field, which you will agree with me he deserved. Smillie, too, has been in France quite a long time, and, as far as I know, is well. That, I think, includes all the Saskatoon former staff whom I have met since coming over, and from my account you can see that they have all given good accounts of themselves, as I think the C. B. of C. boys as a whole have done. Oh, yes, I forgot to mention that Rothwell got his commission in the Canadians and went back to France for the third time in the spring. He is still there, I think."

We received the following account of an air-raid on London, Eng., from a member of our staff at that point.

The incidents herein recorded happened in the Edgware Road, London, W.:

"I had not been in bed five minutes when I heard the hum of an aeroplane engine, which became so loud I at once came to the conclusion that it was an enemy one, as only yesterday I had read that the engines of the aeroplanes over the north of England were exceptionally loud and ours are not usually so. We dressed hurriedly and went out on the main road. Bombs dropping and shells bursting could be heard in the vicinity, but as the aeroplanes appeared to have gone away, we returned to bed.

"In about fifteen minutes I heard the engines again, so dressed and went out with a view to getting under a little more substantial cover. We had not the time to do it as a man on the opposite corner shouted that the aeroplane was immediately overhead. We dived into our doorway and had just shut the door when there was a terrific roar and we appeared to lie enveloped in a huge red cloud and dense suffocating smoke of a very unpleasant character, and all the glass in London seemed to have landed at our door. We were temporarily blinded, but as children were crying in the street we went out. I never saw such a mess in all my life. Our door on the main road faces a street in which hardly a house was not wrecked in one way or another. The man who shouted the warning was lying in the roadway with his head terribly injured, so I ran across to him, but it appeared of little use. A police station being nearby, from fifty to one hundred constables soon surrounded the whole scene, ambulances arrived and the injured were brought out of the houses.

"In one building not a window was left, and huge pieces of stone and brick had been torn off the front of the house as though some-

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one had been endeavouring to hack out certain parts with a crowbar. Pieces of shrapnel had come in through the windows and embedded themselves in the wall, and in another room a piece had gone through a 1½-inch slab of marble, cutting a clean hole. A water main appeared to have been hit, as there was a great rush of water in one of the areas of the house.

"The strange part of the incident is the fact that the bomb seemed to explode in mid-air and yet wrecked the interior of practically every house.

"Our escape was miraculous, as the glass in the door we were behind was blown in, and shrapnel had peppered the edge, but luckily none had come directly on the door itself, or we should have received it. Even so, I cannot understand how we escaped the shower of glass which was all over the passage. What would have happened had we been on the first floor it is hard to say, as the place was a wreck, and we should surely have been hit by the incoming shrapnel. This is driven with terrific force, as iron bars around windows were bent like tin or broken into small lengths."

The following letter is from Lieutenant H. H. R. Challenor, formerly Manager of the Bloor and Dufferin branch, Toronto.

The pretty little French village herein referred to is Villers-au-Bois, quite near Vimy Ridge:

"I am still alive and never felt better in all my life. The life out here, even with all its squalor and hardships, seems to agree with everyone.

"We came out of the line the other night and are now billeted in a pretty little French village. It is a great treat to be out, as last trip we had rather a rough time. The rain and mud were very bad, mud nearly up to the waist; and it rained so that our trench began to cave in, thereby offering very little protection. We had no shelter, only funk holes. Those are holes dug in the side of the trench, just big enough for one to get in and take a little snooze during the day; and with the rain they all caved in, so we had none.

"Well, I hope this show will be over soon, as I think everyone has had enough. I was at one of the B.E.F. clubs the other day and I met Major Leggat and we had quite a long talk about old times. I also had dinner with Marlow the other night. He is transport officer of the 123rd Battalion.

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"I often wish I were back at my old office again—it seems years since I was there, but it is only two. I shall always be glad to hear how everything is going. I am always interested in hearing anything about the C. B. of C."

The following three letters were written in prison camps in Germany. The first, dated 16th February, 1917, is from Sergeant T. S. Ronaldson, M.M., formerly of the Fort Frances branch, who went over with the First Contingent.

"Canarders" referred to in this letter were those who manufactured *canards* or groundless rumours. In prison camps wonderful credence was at all times given to rumours.

Sergeant Ronaldson was gassed and taken prisoner at the second battle of Ypres, 22nd April, 1915. He developed spinal trouble while in Germany and has now been a bed patient for four years. At the time of publication he is in hospital in Toronto.

"I must thank you all very much for the trouble you have taken and for your kindnesses. I think that most of the bread you sent me arrived in good order, but the simple statement 'Spadina and College' kept me guessing, and this delayed an earlier acknowledgment.

"As regards Taylor, I lost touch with him in June, 1915, and have not heard of him since, though I believe he is still attached to Münster II. There are two fellows from our office who came over with the Fort Garry Horse (First Contingent): Wright and Wood. Have you any news of them? I have not seen them since December, 1914.

"It will certainly be very strange to us when we return to find such changes in the personnel of the officers.

"The parcels under the new regulations seem to be very good, from what I have seen of them. We shall have enough to keep us going quite comfortably and they avoid waste, as there are no unnecessary contents.

"You are certainly to be congratulated on the work you have done for the prisoners. You can scarcely realize how much it is appreciated. Outside of the material gift, there is the grateful knowledge that the people back home remember us and that they appreciate the fact that we cannot help our predicament.

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"I am sorry I cannot give you any news as there is none, and the manufacture of such stuff is in the hands of a few experts called 'canarders,' with whom I cannot hope to compete."

The second letter is from Mr. G. Napier Gordon, formerly attached to the Stratford branch, and also a soldier of the First Contingent. Both this letter and the preceding one were addressed to the Manager of our Spadina and College branch.

"Glad to receive your letter of January. Letters are always a real blessing in this place, and as for the hampers sent from Switzerland, they were a substantial addition to my food supply gratefully received. A few days ago about four hundred more officers arrived from various other camps, but as yet I have not been able to discover any other Commerce men. We are about five hundred and fifty British here, together with a hundred French, and a few Russians who will very likely be sent to other places, leaving this an entirely British camp—a motley crowd from all ends of the earth, I assure you. You little know how much your attention is appreciated. Many thanks."

The last of the group is a letter from Lieutenant William J. Gray, R.F.C., formerly of the Edmonton staff, and at the time of writing, a prisoner in Germany:

"I have allowed the month to become quite far advanced without even an attempt to write to you. There is little wonder, however, as it is almost impossible to find anything worth writing about. Life in a prisoner-of-war camp is not very interesting, but I find time passes very quickly. We invent all sorts of curious things to keep ourselves busy. We have chess, bridge, cricket and football tournaments and derive a lot of excitement from them. There is a football tournament on this afternoon and I have to play.

"The cold weather seems to be over, although it snowed a little this morning. It was very cold for three weeks and we had a lot of snow. I have not had a letter from you this month and no parcel since the middle of last month. I hope you will send me a parcel regularly as it is most important now. . . . Fortunately I have had a fair supply coming and am not starving at present. I receive a big parcel from Harrod's, Ltd., London, every week and one from the R.F.C. Aid Committee. Of the four in my room I was the only one to have a parcel for weeks and so had to keep the others going. The other three had quite a number

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of parcels yesterday, but I had none, so I am beginning to be anxious. I hope you received my letter telling you what I wanted most. Canned meats, jam, milk and sugar are the most important. For some time I received bread from Holland, but that has been stopped by the Dutch authorities. Bread does not worry us now, as we receive it from England. . . .

"When I get back to England I will very likely take out a pilot's certificate in the R.F.C. This war has made a horrible mess of everybody's plans. Four years of the best of a man's life are not easily made up for. I often sit and wonder what we should all have been to-day if things had gone otherwise. But even if I had the choice to make over again I would not have done otherwise. Look at some of the fellows who have stayed at home. They will no doubt benefit greatly in some ways, but I wouldn't change with the most fortunate of them.

"When this reaches you there will be a great struggle going on, and the result of that struggle will decide the length of our stay here."

The following letter from Second Lieutenant I. C. Falconer, formerly of the San Francisco staff, was written in one of the London, Eng., hospitals on 4th April, 1917:

"I got here a little over a week ago suffering from what the War Office called 'multiple wounds, severe.' Of their severity you can judge by the fact that I am now sitting at a table before a fire writing this. Since I last wrote you I have been in many places and have had a wider experience of war. I really enjoyed myself, though at times the weather was terrible and the mud indescribable. Trenches always rather bored me and I specialized in bombing and patrolling. I found it a great variety in life to get well acquainted with the mysteries of 'No Man's Land.' For a time I was training men in that finer line of bombing—rifle grenade work. We were in the line a few days before the evacuation, and I had very bad luck in not getting into the Boche trenches and finding how they were held. Fritz bluffed us well that trip and my corporal got a bullet through his trousers. We went back for a 'rest' (i.e., intensive offensive training), but only had two days of it when we were rushed forward Hun chasing. After moving in a circle for several days we were put on the rail and road repairing. The wily one blew craters fifty feet deep at all cross roads, so we had plenty to do. Gradually we got forward and eventually were once more facing our old friends. I cannot describe all the destruc-

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tion and petty spitefulness we saw in that awful tract of country. We found ourselves holding a single shallow trench with no wire in front and some outposts in enlarged shell-holes. We felt that perhaps those old dirty trenches with their deep dug-outs were preferable to this open warfare in many ways. We saw a good deal as we were in a commanding position. I had the great joy of seeing over two hundred of the swine running out of a village and saw our shells getting them. It was a 'bon war' that day, as the men say. We were near the Hindenburg line by now—just a few more lines.

"Another brigade was going to attack, and word suddenly came in on the very night for us to send out a party with a machine-gun to take up a position and cover the retirement, if the Brigade did not get its objective. It was one of those nasty jobs that have to be done; none of the fun of the attack and no chance if it was a failure. I was not at all pleased when I was sent on the job. However, we went off with the last wave and got the best position we could. The attackers had started well up to the enemy and consequently they were well ahead of the Hun barrage when it came down. We soon saw it was going to get us and dug like mad to get under cover. There were eight men and myself, five gunners and three of my best men. It is curious how little one notices things in a show like that. We were joking away and a little Irishman beside me was shouting out 'Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag.' I shall never again believe anyone who says you never hear the shell that gets you. We did. It is a curious feeling wondering whether you are dead or not. The shell landed beside me and I found myself with my head in the foot of the hole it had made and three of my men killed outright beside me. I don't know how I escaped. I think I was kneeling digging with an entrenching tool at the time and that probably saved me. Another shell got our gun. It was no use staying longer, especially as there was no more machine-gun or rifle-fire and our boys must have got the trench. Two of my men helped me back more shaken than hurt. I was so close to the shell that my face was burned by the explosion. Half one eye was all red but my sight was safe. I got some souvenirs in the shape of five small splinters in my leg and some minor scratches on my hands and right arm. It is almost two weeks since that night, and I am so much better that I expect to leave here for a convalescent home in a week or two. It was a grand night in a way. I am quite glad to be out of it all for a bit of a rest, but I have no love for home soldiering. I have no doubt though that I shall be out again in time to see plenty more of it.

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"I am glad America has come in at last and I hope it will be with all her resources. The Germans know well that we are their masters on land now, and what is more important, every man in our army and the French army feels it too; it is a great tonic to know that we are going forward. I don't believe the war will finish this year. Fritz will put up a big fight and he can fight, whatever newspapers say. What can never be forgotten is the way the Germans deported all the girls of the evacuated area and desecrated the churches and shrines. I have been through that country and, thanks to my knowledge of French, I have heard a lot of what went on there from a few of the old people who came from the concentration area to their villages which only exist as piles of rubbish. If Congress could only be taken through that country, there would be no half-hearted measures, and it might have been the same here. The Germans may have delayed our advance for a few days by their destruction, but they cannot have realized the effect of their actions on the spirit of our men.

"I wish it was all over—we all do, those of us who have had our share of it, especially; yet we realize more and more what we are up against, and that unless we do the job properly life will never be worth living again. God help Germany if our men or the French ever enter it. There will be no holding them back. If that day ever comes, there will be an awful vengeance for what has been done. It has already begun and I think the Germans are beginning to realize it."

The following is an extract from a letter dated 14th May, 1917, from Flight Sub-Lieutenant C. C. Purdy, formerly Accountant at Prince Rupert, written at one of the Royal Naval Air Stations in England:

Lieutenant Purdy was reported missing on 15th February, 1918, and is now believed to have been shot down by the German Ace, Christiansen, while patrolling over the North Sea.

"Am here taking some special work on large sea-planes which will be able to stay out at sea on patrol much longer than the ordinary ones. Our special object is to sink submarines, which you will probably agree is a very important function. There were four of us chosen last week for this job. One of our bunch out on patrol this morning brought down a Zeppelin. I should like to have an opportunity to get one, as this has been my ambition ever since I came over. We have not been having a great deal of flying the last few days, as it has been windy and wet. We have

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some very fine machines, some of which I should say are the largest in the world. It seems wonderful that such a large structure can possibly get into the air at all. Patrols, of course, go on in all kinds of weather, and we have to be pretty good at navigation, as there is very little to go by in the air when it is foggy; in fact it takes some pretty good work to steer through clouds, and fog is much worse. The whole thing has to be done by instruments by which one can tell the speed through the air, climbing and gliding angles, and the position laterally. There are also a dozen other things which require attention, and which help to keep the course and to keep the station at home posted on one's movements. It is very interesting indeed to go sailing through the air with anything from five hundred to nine hundred horse-power behind one in the shape of engines."

The following is an extract from a letter written by Corporal W. M. Morrison, of the Canadian Motor Machine Gun Brigade and formerly on the staff at Vancouver:

"Many thanks for the 'dough' which I received about a week ago. The five franc notes were just the right thing, as it is rather difficult to get any other kind of money changed, and the rate of 19c. is pretty good. I believe the Canadian Y.M.C.A. out here give about 11 francs for \$2, but it is difficult to find them at times, and all other canteens just exchange at 10 francs for \$2.00. Banks should be able to sell any amount of 5-franc notes if the public know they have them, as lots of men get small remittances from home every month or so.

"Well to get on with the war news: I have just heard to-day that Scottie Wilson (C. W. Wilson, formerly of the East Vancouver staff) is in hospital in Blighty and that he has had a leg amputated below the knee. However, they do not seem to have lowered his spirits in the least. In a letter which he wrote to one of his pals he said, 'Won't the boys grin when they see me come stumping down Hastings Street on my wooden pin!' I suppose his next move will be to Canada.

"I don't know where any of the other old timers are, but I see that your old pal, MacKinley of the Yukons, is still going strong. They are quite close to us. Browne, who used to be with them, got a commission, but was killed some time ago."

In the following extract, Lieutenant F. R. Peirson, of the Wellington Street (Sherbrooke) staff, describes how he won the Military Cross:

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Lieutenant Peirson won the M.C. at Croisilles on the Somme:

"I was sent out to take a Boche strong point which was holding up an attack. Not knowing the exact location we walked right into it and had a stiff fight for some time, but in the end we got the place and a good many of the Hun defenders too.

"I was invested at Buckingham Palace by the King on 20th June, 1917."

The following is an extract from a letter dated 2nd June, 1917, written in hospital in England by Lieutenant T. Stanley Jackson, formerly of the Superintendent's Department at Winnipeg:

"You will notice I am unfortunate enough to be laid up and I am now commencing on my seventh week in hospital. I am feeling a great deal better than when I first came in, but there is still a great deal of room for improvement. It will likely be a long time before I am really fit for even light duty, and in the meantime I have to take things easy and remain quiet. My nerves have been giving me lots of trouble and sometimes they nearly drive me wild. Once I have started on the enterprise I would certainly prefer to see it through, but I suppose it is useless to try and break the internal mechanism.

"This is a beautiful little hospital for officers and it is situated on a high hill overlooking the sea. The doctors and nurses are exceptionally kind and attentive, so I am lucky to be in such a good place.

"I am now beginning to meet quite a number of the old Bank boys. Fitton was in to see me a week or so ago, and he is now attached to some sea-plane squadron. Gordon Miller is in the Divisional Pay Office here and he was also to see me. I hear occasionally from Thornton, and they all seem well. The latter has just recovered from a wound and is now on the usual furlough."

The following are extracts from a letter written in France on 5th May, 1917, by Gunner W. A. Weddell, formerly of the Montreal branch.

This letter was written just behind Thelus on the Lens-Arras Road in the Vimy sector.

The position mentioned in the first paragraph was at Anzin, a short distance from Arras. The small river referred to in the third paragraph is the Scarpe.

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"After staying at a base camp some ten days or so, where we could just barely hear the sound of guns in the distance, we moved up in successive stages by motor lorries, staying overnight in barns along the route. These barns for the most part were laid out with clean straw, and the few rats that disported themselves therein did not prevent us enjoying a good sleep. Towards the afternoon of the fourth day we arrived at our position, which we found to be almost in a swamp between two ridges of ground. The heavy rains had made the whole countryside a sticky, clinging mass of mud, and in and around our position this mud was a foot deep. As a consequence it took us the best part of two days to get all the four guns into their respective positions. We were allotted the regulation bell tents for our personal habitation, on the side of the ridge behind the position, but even here it was a case of eating, drinking and sleeping in mud!

"Our work was done in shifts, as it is now, of eight hours each, and when not actually on the guns there was plenty of work to be done, such as unloading shells from the lorries which came up to the nearest roadside to our position. Each shell weighs 200 pounds, and after being unloaded had to be rolled along planks some 200 yards to the respective gun-pits. Now, this may not sound very strenuous, nor is it, in dry weather, but as it was then it was the devil's own job keeping a shell on a 8-inch plank all wet and slimy. More often than not the shell slipped off into the ten or twelve odd inches when the proposition was, of course, to get it back on again.

"Our position now is some three or four miles further east. On both sides of this as far as one can see are shell holes and upheavals—a barren, desolate waste, nothing green, and a few broken stumps of trees; also a little broken barbed wire here and there—all that is left after our guns' heavy hammering. Here we are not so fortunate as to have water for drinking and washing purposes, although many of the shell-holes are full of a dark brown liquid that goes by the name. A small supply, however, of fairly good water can be got about a mile from here. Before, we had a small river running quite near the camp, which was a luxury compared to now.

"There is great competition between the four sections of the battery as to the shooting; so far our section holds first place, and we intend to keep it by hook or by crook.

"The boys have christened the gun, 'Teddy Roosevelt, the Rough Rider,' and you ought to see her jumping around, every time she sends forth an 'iron ration' for Fritz; however she always

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finishes up her capers in correct position for the next shot, which is the main thing."

The following is an extract from a letter dated 26th June, 1917, from Gunner F. S. McClafferty, who was formerly on the staff of the Winnipeg branch.

"I have seen a great many of the old Commerce boys since writing you last, among whom are A. G. Mordy, Quinton, Alex. Cunningham and V. M. Bray (of parcel-box fame). In a recent letter which I had from Wheeler, my old side-kick, I learn with regret of the death of both McEachern and Latimer, our old standby on the wing. He also tells me that he sees James quite frequently and that the latter is now drill instructor at Shorncliffe, with the rank of captain. Wheeler himself expects to be over very shortly, and I also understand that all the boys who joined with Bill Bailey expect to come over very soon now.

"Have just received a call so must bring this to a hasty ending, wishing you and yours and all the staff the world's best."

The following are extracts from letters written in July, 1917, by Miss B. Wynne-Roberts, V.A.D., formerly on the staff of the Toronto branch and at that time attached to one of the stationary hospitals in France:

"I have just been whiling away a very pleasant hour reading the June edition of 'Letters from the Front,' and the spirit moves me to write in the hope of receiving before very long some news of the 'Home Defence Battalions' of the C. B. of C.

"Imagine me now in sole charge of the camp—on night duty. It is a queer sensation trying to sleep in the day and trying still harder to keep awake all night—makes the world seem a bit upside down. Just now I am sitting in the sister's tent writing by the light of an oil lamp. In a few minutes I shall be going my rounds, lantern in hand, Florence Nightingale style, fervently hoping I don't fall over tent ropes or meet too many rats. Talking of rats, ugh! their name is legion here and they are as tame as cats and about the same size. I want to let out a prodigious yell every time one crosses my path, but have refrained so far, though I nearly dropped the lamp once or twice. It's a trifle ghostly around this time. Somehow it is rather comforting to have an orderly in the next tent.

"Night duty has one great disadvantage in that it cuts one off from all dissipation during the day; otherwise it really is not bad for a change. Since most of my chums are still on day duty I spend most of my free time in exploring the city and the neigh-

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boring country. The quaint old town has endless interests, for in most parts it seems as if by a violent effort it had attained to the architecture and customs of the sixteenth century and then had gone to sleep, and now waking up to find itself in the twentieth century and invaded, in fact almost taken possession of, by *les Anglais*, it was making frantic efforts to retrieve itself. The consequence is the quaintest medley of ancient and modern in the streets, buildings and fashions, and a regular kaleidoscope of color in the streets. Rouen is one of the largest of the British bases, but though khaki runs a close race with grey-blue, there seems to be no limit to the number and variety of uniforms to be seen.

"While on night duty we are allowed out in the morning between 8.15 and 12; after that we are supposed to be no more in evidence until 7 p.m.

"Yesterday morning I went for a lovely walk. I started out just for a little stroll, but the morning air was so fresh after a wet night that I felt unusually energetic. First of all I climbed the Bon Secours up little zig-zag paths that led by funny little cottages, all with wonderfully kept gardens, up to the top from which there is the finest view in Rouen. This hill forms a kind of promontory that juts out into the river and on the one side is the city lying in the valley—a maze of old buildings, narrow streets and tall spired churches, on the other the River Seine curving and winding away into the distance, dotted with tree-covered little islands and ships of many nations. On the top of the hill is the village of Bon Secours, chiefly renowned, I suppose, for its church and for the monument to Jeanne d'Arc, both of which look over the river. The church I think cannot be very old, and is rather too ornate for my taste. It lacks the dignity and simplicity of some of the other churches here. It happened to be nearly time for *la Grande Messe* when I was there, so I sat for a while and watched the congregation assemble. There were French soldiers in grey-blue uniform and Belgians in khaki; quaint old ladies in dresses which must have been made sixty years ago, and snowy white mob caps; ladies of fashion, schoolboys in very grown-up stiff collars, short trousers and socks, and many widows in heavy sombre black. Perhaps it is the elaborate mourning that emphasizes their bereavement, but certainly there seem to be an appalling number of young widows here. I was amused, too, to see the kiddies walk in very ceremoniously, make the sign with the holy water, bow very low before the altar, and then, just like other kiddies, dash up the aisle, clatter into a seat and begin fighting or laughing, till someone in authority went to restore order.

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"Then home past the edge of a forest and between fields of oats and wheat already beginning to turn from green to gold, a reminder that these summer days will not last forever.

"I have just been buried in a real Canadian yarn, 'A Sower of Wheat,' by Harold Bindloss; so that it was with a bit of a jar that I heard one of the boys moan and realized that I was not seeing the aurora on the prairie nor eating corn cakes with maple syrup. As a matter of fact, I am sitting in a little two-by-four bunk or office or sitting-room—anything you like to call it—in the wee sma' hours, waiting for the cold, grey dawn, when it will be time to start the round of washings and bed-makings and temperature takings."

The following incident is culled from a letter dated 6th July, 1917, written in France by Captain T. C. McGill, formerly Accountant at the Kingston branch:

"Have you seen in the papers that a cross has been erected on the highest point of Vimy Ridge by the Third Division to commemorate the loss of our men in the battle? I was at the ceremony and greatly impressed. There were only about one hundred there altogether. It took place at twelve noon. Sharp on the tick of twelve all the big guns in our area fired three volleys at the German lines as a salute, while the men all present presented arms. Then the ceremony began; a hymn, a prayer, a lesson, the Lord's Prayer, a dirge by the pipes, the funeral march by the band and then 'God Save the King.' I have never seen men stand straighter or with their heads more proudly lifted, for each felt that a little bit of his own heart was buried there too. During all the ceremony we stood with our backs to the German lines, clearly visible below us though a mile or so distant, and between the cross and them; but when we sang 'God Save the King' we turned our faces again to the front. The bands had been warned to play softly lest it draw fire upon us, but, when that came, discretion was thrown to the winds and I hope our challenge reached them. Then we saluted the cross and left it there, looking down towards the trenches we took that day on one side and on the other across a mile or so of valley towards the present front lines. Altogether it was a very satisfactory little ceremony, and one felt less poignantly as he passed a little wooden cross which read, 'Here lies an unknown Canadian who fell in action, 9th April, 1917.'"

The following are extracts from a letter dated 18th July, 1917, written by Captain J. S. Williams, formerly on the staff of the Winnipeg branch:

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The point where the guides referred to, lost their way, was in the Courcellette sector:

"I am afraid you must be thinking the most unspeakable things about me for not writing again, but I have been in a similar position to a grain of sand, shifting hither and thither, and all my time has been occupied in adapting myself to new surroundings and carrying on new work, only to be 'shifted' again in too short a time. I shall give you a short resumé of my wanderings.

"After the St. Eloi fighting came the third battle of Ypres and then the Somme, in all of which I played an infinitesimal part with my battery of trench mortars. After the Somme fighting, leave opened up and I came to London for ten days' leave after nine and a half months in France. After four days' leave my temperature suddenly shot up to 104-5, and I was unceremoniously bundled into No. 4 General Hospital, where I whiled away four months before they considered I was well enough to be allowed at large. After this they sent me down to Hastings for two months to recuperate. I had so many complications that my medical chart was quite interesting. The predominating features, as far as I can remember, were trench fever and influenza. There were also other numerous medical formulae and hieroglyphics which were quite beyond my brain power. I think a few of them ended in 'itis,' but I would not be quite sure.

"After two months at Hastings I was transferred to the school at Bexhill-on-Sea as an instructor in Stokes guns. I took a house there, but after only a month was transferred here, where I am instructing also.

"The 'tanks' came over with us, of course, for the first time, and their secret was well kept, because no one had the slightest idea in the front line what these Juggernauts were until they came over in the attack. The Huns were scared green and bolted like rabbits.

"The second turn we had at the Somme, when the battery received instructions to move up to the new line, we were furnished with three guides who were supposed to be most familiar with the various routes up to the front line trenches. It was a dark night, I admit, but these three delightful people lost us four times, and it took us something like six hours to travel three miles, and the Huns themselves were as bewildered as to the exact whereabouts of their own front line as we were. A whole battalion of 'em marched right up to our trenches at the 'slope arms,' thinking that their own line was where we were quietly waiting for 'em. Our fellows

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waited until they were about twenty or thirty yards away and then gave 'em everything they had—wiped 'em right out.

"We may be doing all the fighting over here, but it certainly seems to me that the work left behind and that which falls to your lot gives you no rest. The feeling over here is that the Hun is beaten, but the way he sticks it out is a credit certainly to his commanding officers.

"These aeroplane raids over here are certainly annoying, although in one way it brings home to some people that there is a war on."

The following extracts have been culled from letters written by Lieutenant J. C. Smythe, formerly of our Montreal branch. They cover a period of six weeks—21st July, 1917, to 7th September, 1917—and describe the offensive operations at Lens during that time:

Extract from letter written 21st July, 1917:

"Well, here we are in support line having been relieved from front line duty a few nights ago by the 26th Battalion, 5th Brigade.

"Our tour in the line was not especially eventful until the night before we were relieved. That night a show was put on in the form of a gas bombardment of the enemy line, the heavy trench mortars behind us carrying this out. Just after our return to the dug-out, in reality an old cellar, one of the boys brought in a big, husky 'Heinie' prisoner who had run out into No Man's Land to escape the gas and had lost his way. He wandered too close to our line, and the boys in one of our sentry posts were not long in discovering him and in making short work of his capture.

"Fritzie made things very interesting for us the night we were relieved. He seemed to be wise to the fact that a relief was in progress and shelled us heavily. I had the misfortune to lose several men just as we were handing over to the relieving battalion.

"At the present time our battalion is in brigade support line facing the now famous city of Lens. Our trenches are immediately in front of the Village of Angres with the town of Lievin in the right foreground. The trench we now occupy was the German front line previous to his withdrawal last spring. The Hun seems to have spent a great deal of time on these trenches in anticipation of a long stay.

"The dug-outs, which are about 20 feet deep, are lined throughout with timber and contain beds of chicken wire stretched across beams. Each dug-out contains a stove, which is greatly appreciated

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at night, as it gets very cold and damp underground. The dug-outs are connected, affording several exits, the advantage of which is obvious.

"During the day we spend most of our time in a corner of the trench or bay over which we have placed a sheet of corrugated iron to serve as a roof. We have an old deal table, a couple of wooden chairs and one armchair, all of which we have salvaged from the shell-torn houses round about.

"I am sitting in these comparatively comfortable surroundings now, listening to the British heavies pounding away. Occasionally the Hun opens up and lets us have a taste of high explosive shells, and when these begin to land too close for comfort we can always repair to the dug-outs.

"Last evening I had a reconnoitring patrol to take out into No Man's Land. We had a very interesting time; several times the Hun opened fire on us with machine-guns and we got into some pretty hot shell-fire, but got away with only a few minor casualties. It rained hard nearly all the time we were out, and we were all soaked to the skin and pretty well all in when we returned about 4.30 a.m., having been out since about 10 o'clock the night before.

"I am warned for a carrying party to-morrow night. I am to take fifty men, and after securing a supply of trench mortar shells from one of the Divisional Ammunition dumps, carry them out into the front line for the use of the trench mortars. (This was in preparation for the attack on Hill 70 which was to take place at an early date)."

Extract from letter written 6th August, 1917:

"We are now in Brigade reserve, billeted in a shell-swept town called Bully-Grenay not far from Lens. Our billet was once a nice little private hotel run by a couple of elderly spinsters. The remarkable part of it is that these women still cling to the old place, sleeping in the cellar which they have endeavoured to make more secure by the addition of sand-bags on the floor above.

"We, i.e., three officers of our Company and three batmen, sleep on the second floor. The enemy shells drop all around us here, sprinkling the roof and the courtyard with shrapnel. The other evening one shell landed right in a room on the ground floor and wrecked the place pretty badly. Only this morning a shell penetrated the wall and exploded in the sitting room while two of us were dressing in the next room but one. The explosion cracked the middle wall of the building and of course played havoc in the front room. Needless to say we were somewhat startled.

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"There are several batteries of heavies in the neighbourhood, and with these pounding away most of the night and the shriek of the enemy shells and their detonation we get very little sleep."

Extract from letter written at the Liverpool Merchants' Hospital, Etaples, France, 7th September, 1917:

"I wrote you last from Bully-Grenay where we were in Brigade support. Our Battalion was relieved from there and taken out for a rest at a place called Sains-en-Gohelle. We had been there about two days, when I was sent up to take over a new part of the line from where our Battalion was to advance to the attack on Hill 70.

"I occupied this position for two days with two sections of my platoon. The Hun was apparently expecting an attack, for he shelled this line most unmercifully, this being our reason for holding the line as lightly as possible consistent with adequate protection against attack. I kept the rest of my platoon in reserve in a tunnel under a railway embankment, and there were two more platoons in reserve in cellars immediately behind the front line; the rest of the Battalion was within easy reach in the village of Cité St. Pierre, a suburb of Lens, a few hundred yards in the rear.

"The night previous to the show I made a reconnaissance of the part of No Man's Land over which we were to proceed to the attack with officers representing the other companies of the Battalion. The objects of this were two-fold, namely, to get an idea what difficulties we were likely to encounter, and to find a suitable position from which to attack. The front line trench made too good a target for the enemy's fire.

"About 2.30 a.m. the rest of the Battalion came forward and we got out into the position chosen and awaited the 'zero' hour. Of course this occupied some time, but we still had over an hour to wait after we were in position and it is hard to describe one's feelings during that time. My chief desire was that the time should come quickly and that we should get off to a start without first being discovered by the enemy, who would soon reduce our numbers by shell-fire and render our attack less effective. The enemy artillery did open up, but his shells landed without harm to us on the front line we had just vacated.

"At 4.25 a.m. our artillery barrage commenced and the attack was on. Every gun from the 18-pounders immediately in the rear to the heavies, miles behind us, opened fire, and the effect was indescribable. The very earth seemed to quake under our feet, the noise was deafening and the whole sky was illuminated by the

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flashes from the guns. The effect on our men was one of the greatest encouragement; on the other hand it was most demoralizing to the enemy, for he hastily withdrew before our attack while hundreds of his men surrendered. The enemy offered little resistance to our advance, except by means of artillery fire and some scattered machine-guns, which were soon put out of action. All the objectives were soon in our hands, and then the Germans commenced a series of counter-attacks by way of the communication trenches. Add to this the continuous shell-fire of the enemy and his rifle and machine-gun fire, and one can form some idea of the difficulty of consolidating the positions gained.

"Our operation orders contained instructions to send up certain colored flares as a signal to one of our planes that we were in position. This special plane was to fly over us at a given time. At the hour mentioned a plane with the distinctive streamers appeared overhead and we were just going to give the necessary signals when we noticed through the smoke and haze that the machine bore the black crosses distinguishing it as a German plane. Just at this point the machine swooped down, enfiladed us with machine-gun fire and then fired a flare as a signal to the enemy batteries and withdrew. The resulting artillery fire soon told us that the enemy batteries had read this signal correctly.

"Needless to say, during this day our casualties were very heavy, and one could not help but wonder when his turn would come. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the Germans started a big general counter-attack, and it was while awaiting this attack that I was hit. I was hurled face down in the ditch that served us for a trench, and my first thought was that I was done for. But I proved to be more shocked than hurt, for I managed to get upon my feet to discover that a splinter of shrapnel had hit me in the right shoulder. My platoon sergeant and my stretcher bearer were also hit. The three of us managed to get out into a mine crater behind the trench where we commenced to patch each other up, when another shell exploded with terrific force, killing my sergeant. I was wounded again in the chest, the right thigh, the knee and the right calf. Unable to carry on any longer I staggered out behind the trench, where I was picked up by some Hun prisoners who were helping to carry out our wounded.

"I remember nothing further until about 24 hours later, when I regained consciousness in the Casualty Clearing Station at Barlin. Here we had the honour of a visit from General Currie, the Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian Corps, who shook hands with us all and thanked each for his part in the attack.

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Mr. D. G. Tennant, formerly a member of the Granum staff, writes, on 22nd July, 1917, as follows. At this time Mr. Tennant was a sapper with the 8th Canadian Engineers:

The town herein referred to is Ypres, with its shattered Cathedral and Cloth Hall:

"The country is pretty, lots of trees, and on the roads one village seems to begin where the other ends. But they are in awful shape. In one particular town which has been figuring a lot in the press in connection with an advance, there is scarcely a house intact. There is not a glass window left and heaps of debris show what was once the site of a row of houses. Labour battalions have had to clear debris away in order to make a road-way through the town. There were a Cathedral and a famous hall in the square, and with the exception of a small corner tower of the Cathedral, one might as well say they are razed to the ground.

"Air raids are very common, and it is very interesting to watch the aeroplanes circle and circle in order to get the better position. These battles take place at a great height; the participants look like mere specks in space. The anti-aircraft guns blaze away, but seldom bring an aeroplane down."

The following is an extract from a letter written by Signaller J. A. C. Henderson, formerly of the London, England, office:

Mr. Henderson died of influenza in France on 28th October, 1918.

"During a recent push I had an interview with a German prisoner, from whom I managed to elicit some fragments of information. He said that Germany was in a frightful state as regards foodstuffs, which he said could only be obtained at exorbitant prices. He said that among the proletariat many were dying of starvation. His action a few minutes later tended to justify his statement, for, when I offered him a tin of bully beef he devoured it like a hungry dog. When he had finished his meal I left him, as I had other duties to perform."

The following is an extract from a letter dated 28th October, 1917, written by Gunner R. P. Pangman, formerly of the Windsor, Ont., branch:

"You will see by the address that we are now in England after a long wait. All the Windsor boys are here and feeling fine.

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Clint probably gave you the personnel when he was home on leave last.

"They put us into quarantine right away and now we are sleeping in tents again with a high barbed wire fence around us and a guard outside. The weather has been awfully cold and not a bit what we expected. When we got up this morning, 5.30, by the light of the stars, everything was frozen stiff.

"We expect to be in quarantine for about ten days, then here is hoping we get our leave. After that our course takes anywhere up to five weeks, so I should not be surprised if we spent Christmas in France.

"One of the chief things that struck us since we came here is the conservation of food. Nothing whatever is wasted. If everything is not eaten at one meal, it is dished up at the next; but we have a regular *chef* in the cooking line and our meals are the best we have had yet, in spite of all the warnings we were given to the contrary.

"Clint, Wigle and Walker Whiteside wish to be remembered to all, and please give my kindest regards to any of the old staff that are left."

The following is an extract from a letter written in France by Lieutenant James R. Purdy, formerly of the Winnipeg branch, dated 13th November, 1917:

"I was very pleased to hear that you are all getting along so well in the 'Peg,' and that you are carrying on bravely with your depleted staff. It is indeed good to note, however, that you are looking forward to your boys coming back.

"I am glad to be out here now amongst the boys. I had a long spell in London and was naturally feeling fed up and the long hours of confinement were beginning to have their effect on me. I am now feeling very, very fit, however, as I get about such a lot.

"I saw Capt. Curran some time ago. He was down on a course of instruction and was looking very fit and quite recovered from his recent wounds. I also saw F. S. (Pat) McClafferty a few days ago. He won the Military Medal some time ago for bravery in action, and I believe he is now the only living member of the Commerce who has won the decoration. Pat was just going on leave, and as he was anxious to visit Ireland I was able to send him to my wife's home.

"I expect to be attached to the 21st Battalion shortly as paymaster, consequently I hope to get my extra 'pip.'

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"This note ought to arrive by Christmas, so I wish you all a very merry Christmas and a happy and bright New Year, hoping that we shall be back with you all at Christmas, 1918."

The following letter, dated 17th October, 1917, was written by Gunner A. R. Hewat, formerly of the Winnipeg branch.

This letter was written in Loos village. Gunner Hewat herein refers to St. G. O. Lloyd, of the Winnipeg staff, who blew up German mines near "The Pimple" on Vimy Ridge, and who was killed in so doing.

"It is two in the morning and I have to sit around and see that old Fritz doesn't decide to send over some of his ugly gases before morning, so I shall try and drop you an odd line or so.

"The rainy season appears to have a good get-away now, and we are beginning to realize what real army mud means.

"For the last two weeks I have been running despatches for the Brigade, so have not seen old Bill or Alice (G. C. B. Baillie and A. McLennan, former members of the Winnipeg staff), as they are at present at the wagon lines; however, they are both well.

"Moorman is on Headquarters' work, which I believe is quite lively at times and interesting. Lorne McCallum was lucky enough to get away on an artillery course for six weeks.

"Our guns are roaring away like mad dogs, but I can't hear any replies from old Fritz. He seems to enjoy sending them over in daylight now when he can watch the mischief they do.

"Moorman ran across Mr. Mordy one day and he was looking, as well as feeling, fine. His 'Charlie Chaplin' has grown into an honest moustache now, and Don hardly knew him at first.

"I have seen Pat McClafferty and Ollie Aitkins several times. Pat is with the McGill Siege Battery and Ollie is in the trench mortars. It certainly does one good to run across some of the old boys here. One almost believes for the time being that he is back in the 'Peg' just where he left off.

"As far as I can see, the most interesting work in this war is in the Flying Corps. To see those fellows fighting certainly is thrilling. Had the pleasure of seeing one of our machines bring one of the Huns down where I happened to be standing watching the performance. Both pilots certainly had the very best of nerves.

"Was up to see the two craters which were made by the mine explosions which Lloyd found and volunteered to blow up. They

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sure are some size. Just beside them they have erected a large monument to his memory.

"When you are here and stop for a moment just to look over the surroundings, they bring home to one, even more than you can realize, the hardships and suffering the French people have had to contend with during these three strenuous years. Towns and villages in the zones are just tangled up junk heaps. In some places one will notice what has been a large, beautiful home, now completely destroyed, and on the lawn one will probably see a baby's toy, such as a doll's carriage or something else, just where it was left from play, now smashed into pieces from the shell fire. These are the things that give our boys the courage to fight on contentedly, even though to the end may seem a long, dreary struggle.

"When another hour passes I shall have to awaken the cook, which the boys all say is the most important mission when being on guard. I guess they are right, too, for I don't suppose one would even get time to hold a courtmartial if that duty were overlooked.

"Well, so much for the war. How goes the good old struggle in the Bank? I know you will be almost buried in vouchers, etc., now since the grain will be moving, and I presume you will have almost all girls to help. Cheer up, for they are the very best help I know, but the big trouble here is that the only one we can find is the Gibson Girl, and it is generally too cloudy for her to stay long enough with us.

"Saw accounts of the ball games in yesterday's paper, and we were all wishing we were at the Free Press watching the old score board as of old.

"To-morrow I am to be relieved of this job; so me for the wagon lines where I can get a bath and some clean clothes."

The following is an extract from a letter written by Second Lieutenant Eric Stainton, of the London, England, staff:

"I joined the Scots Guards in July, 1915, and after about four months' recruit's training at the Brigade Depot at Caterham, Surrey, joined the 3rd Reserve Battalion at Wellington Barracks, London. I was there till July, 1916, going through ordinary routine training, and then, having volunteered for France, went out with a draft of about sixty all ranks, being the second of my squad to do so.

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"We went first to the Base at Harfleur, near Le Havre, and after about ten days for a final 'polish up'—which more resembled 'polish off,' as any Canadian who has been through the course in the training camp there in hot weather will confirm!—we hit the trail for the Somme, a trip at that time much in vogue. It took us about three days to get there, incidents along the route being a raid on some wine barrels just outside a certain junction, carried out as a battalion, and anxious enquiries from every native encountered, 'Combien de kilometres a la Somme, s'il vous plait?'"

"Our first real halt was near Fricourt, where we were attached to the 7th Guards Entrenching Battalion, which was then navying on the Fricourt-Montauban road.

"From Fricourt we went to join the 2nd Battalion at Ville. The C.O. and R.S.M. were like David and Jonathan, 'lovely and pleasant in their lives, they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.' The inspection of the draft was in accordance: the C.O. in front looking keenly at each man and the R.S.M. dutifully assenting to the scathing criticism that announced his summing up. I remember him pausing before a certain pre and post-war insignificant 'cog in the great wheel of finance' and passing on with 'Not much like a Guardsman, Sergeant Major.' R.S.M. —'No, Sir!'"

"On the 10th of September, 1916, we took over a newly-won trench in front of Ginchy and were there or thereabouts till the attack on the 15th, when the tanks first went in and Fiers, Morval and other places were taken. We were relieved two days after and went back to The Happy Valley where we stayed till about the 20th when we came up again for the 25th show, and were in the first wave. We took our two lines of trenches according to plan, and the Grenadiers went on to take and hold Lesboeufs. Combles fell the same day. I balanced early that afternoon and went home with a shelled nose, back to the dressing station. Got to Blighty eventually after a few days in hospital at Etaples.

"On being discharged from hospital at home I rejoined the 3rd Battalion at Wellington Barracks and applied for a commission. At the beginning of May, 1917, I was transferred to a Cadet Battalion at Newmarket, and, after the usual four months' training, was given a temporary commission in 'The King's Own' at the end of August. Joined the 3rd Reserve Battalion at Dovercourt, Essex, in October, and went to France again on the 17th of that month. Had four days at Boulogne, and was then sent to the 1/5th Battalion at Villers Faucon, Somme. The Battalion went

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into the line early in November and was there right on to the end of the month. We were the covering battalion for the right flank of the attack on Bourlon Wood and Cambrai neighbourhood on the 20th November, 1917, and did our share of the very active patrolling which followed it.

"The much-discussed German counter-attack took place on the 30th, when I was wounded and taken prisoner."

With the foregoing Lieutenant Stainton encloses copy of the letter forwarded by him to the War Office describing the manner of his capture by the Germans on 30th November, 1917.

"I was in charge of two platoons of 'B' Company, 1/5th K.O.R.L., having with me one other officer, 2nd Lieut. Fisher, one Corporal, and about 40 other ranks, on the road running east from Villers-Guislain to the front line. We were temporarily attached to the H.Q. of the 1/5th S.L.R. (which was situated on the same road near the village), and were employed in fatigue duties, in the front line, besides holding two Lewis Gun posts in Circus Switch trench, which crossed the road some 400 yards nearer the line. On the morning of the 30th about 15 of my men, who had just come off a night working party, were remaining with me, the others having gone to relieve them. My own H. Q. was a deep dug-out in the side of the road, the men being in another dug-out close by. A sentry was posted at the entrance to the former. Mr. Fisher was with the Lewis Gun posts at 'stand-to,' and reported on his return to the dug-out that the situation was normal except that there was rather heavy shelling. I was including this in the usual morning situation report some minutes later when one of the officers' servants rushed in saying he had been fired at by a German at the top of the dug-out. I at once dashed up, but apart from a heavy shelling of the road saw nothing abnormal. I came down again and instructed the signallers to get into touch with H.Q. on the 'buzzer,' to report heavy shelling of the road, and to ask for instructions. After repeated attempts they reported that they could get no answer and that the wire was probably broken. I then went again to the top of the dug-out, and was called over by a man lying wounded not far from the road, who told me that the Germans were over and had passed us on both sides of the road. On looking towards the village I saw Germans entering it. I then rushed back to the dug-out, shouted to everybody to come up, and, seeing that any attempt at counter-attack with so few men would be useless, I decided to try to break through to our

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support posts in the rear. I also turned some men who had already been made prisoners near the village and were going up the road towards the German lines. With these men I ran back towards the Villers-Guislain Epehy road, and had got nearly level with Villers-Guislain when a German machine-gun opened from the crest of a rise on our right front. We lay down and opened fire, taking what cover we could. Almost immediately Mr. Fisher was severely wounded by a bullet in the thigh, and several men were hit. Another party of the enemy opened fire on us from a small sunken road on our left and at the same time those on our right rushed us. As only a few of the men with me had rifles and our position was quite hopeless I had to give the order to surrender. The Germans then placed us under escort, and were just moving off when I saw Col. James of the 1/5th S.L.R. with his H.Q. officers and men charging towards us. We took the rifles from our German escort and joined his party who were also making in the direction of the Villers-Guislain Epehy road. We had run only a short distance further when another enemy machine-gun opened on us at very short range. Col. James was hit, as were others of the party, and, as further resistance was bound to mean the wiping out of our party without hope of successful retaliation, we were taken prisoner."

The following is a letter written by a Nursing Sister, to the mother of the late Second Lieutenant W. H. Falkner, formerly Accountant at our Ottawa branch. Lieutenant Falkner was killed on 20th October, 1917, while descending on the aerodrome at Doullens, France, after an arduous and dangerous flight. His funeral is described herein:

"I have just returned from attending the funeral of your son, Harold, and feel I must write to you at once. You will have news of his sad death long before this letter reaches you—and many will write letters to you at this time—so I feel I must add my letter of loving sympathy—hoping it may comfort you and Dr. Falkner a little in your hour of sorrow.

"I was on duty in the hospital Saturday afternoon when word came in of the accident and we were told the officer had died instantaneously.

"I enquired for his name and was told he came from Toronto. Yesterday I learned the lad was your son, whom I remember as a child in the old Lancaster days. There was nothing one could

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do but gather flowers to place on his grave—and to think of the people at home.

"It has been a beautiful day and as we stood in the cemetery waiting for the arrival of the body, aeroplanes were flying overhead.

"Two clergymen preceded the body. The casket (a simple one with a brass plate on which is inscribed his name) was draped with the flag and on top rested his cap and belt. Many R.F.C. officers were in attendance. Four large floral pieces were carried and placed beside the grave. A firing party attended, and after the simple service fired a salute, which was followed by the 'Last Post' on the bugle, and then each officer in turn filed past the open grave and gave the last salute.

"Others will write and tell you the particulars of his death. All speak so highly of his abilities and of his very kindly and friendly disposition. He died on duty, bravely doing his part in this awful war. You will all be proud of his life and career. I pray you may be comforted and sustained in your loneliness and sorrow."

The following is a letter written by Second Lieutenant F. R. Darrow, formerly of our Tillsonburg branch, to his parents, describing the death of Major Learmouth, V.C., in the offensive of August, 1917, at Hill 70, near Lens:

"For something like eleven days previous to the attack the battalion occupied Loos and the front line which ran along the outskirts of the town and along the big fosse. We were to have been relieved some days earlier, but on account of the attack being postponed we were left there until the new date. The Germans knew that we were coming over and as a result we were given an exceedingly warm entertainment the whole time, especially in the early hours of the morning. I think that in one week we received the total production of the biggest gas factory in Germany.

"When the time came we were relieved by the 3rd Brigade, who were to carry out the attack on our front and went back for a rest. On the 14th we came up to Les Brebis, where we were in a position to back up the 3rd Brigade. The next morning they went over the top and successfully reached their objective, sending a long string of prisoners back to the cages in our town. That night we rolled in, thinking that we would not be required up in Loos, but at two o'clock in the morning we were pulled out of bed, loaded up with Mills bombs, etc., and sent up to support a line behind the 15th Battalion. We got there before dawn but

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were not needed, for although the expected counter-attack came it was delivered against the 2nd Division on our right. We spent that day in support, and early the next morning relieved the 15th in the line in Bois Hugo. We spent the day organizing defences and getting acquainted with the place. During the afternoon one of our 9.2 batteries took a fancy to our Company headquarters, an old half-ruined pill box, and two of their guns started pelting us. Perhaps the artillery just did it to be playful, but Learmouth failed to see the joke, so he sent me back to Battalion headquarters with a message to the effect that we were receiving quite sufficient attention in that line from the German guns, and requested them to try lengthening their range a couple of hundred yards. It was an exciting run back to battalion headquarters, but then there was generally a recompense down there in the form of a mug of old S.R.D. (service rum). Fritz's artillery worked overtime that night and we weren't given much chance to sleep. Early the next morning he put a few extra guns on the job and we were ordered to 'stand to' to meet an attack. During the night they had come up through the woods, very close to our position, so that when they attacked it was a hand to hand affair at several points. Some of us were just in front of the pill box, and from there we had some beautiful targets at about 100 yards range. But the main attack on our company was on the left flank, so a few of us went to join the bunch down there. I just got there in time so see Learmouth, who was standing on the parapet, catch two German bombs and throw them back to explode among the Fritzes. Then a bomb lit near him and practically tore off his hand. He simply wound a handkerchief around it and started using his automatic with the other hand. He fought beautifully for a few minutes and then another bomb exploded almost at his feet. He was now wounded so badly that he had to be taken away and carried back to a dressing station where he died the following morning.

"When Learmouth went down a couple of his oldest friends almost went crazy. I think they 'saw red' for a few minutes. They rushed straight into a bunch of Prussians and did some beautiful work. It is not pleasant to tell about, but sufficient to say that they spent some considerable time after, cleaning their bayonets. Well, we beat off the attack very successfully, and the following day the R.F.C. reported that the ground in front of our line was literally covered with limp figures in grey blue uniforms.

"We went out the next day and shortly after went up to Ypres, leaving our best friend, Major Learmouth, V.C., M.C., in the little cemetery in Barlin.

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"N.B.—I didn't mean to criticize the artillery about shooting up our pill-box. It is always difficult to get the new range after the line has moved forward. But being on the spot we knew all about their error and simply helped them to rectify it. Incidentally that same 9.2 battery did great work the following morning."

We quote below an extract from a letter received from Major A. G. Mordy, D.S.O., formerly of our Winnipeg branch, dated November, 1917:

"It is three years now since I joined the army, and in one way it seems yesterday and in another like a thousand years.

"The last summer has been a pretty busy one for us and I have had few idle moments. As Adjutant I am more or less on the go all the time, but I like the post very much and it affords very good experience. After our big show last April we had a bit of a rest and were reviewed by about every General from the Brigadier to Sir Douglas Haig. Having been out of the game for several months and suddenly finding myself in a position where I was supposed to know an awful lot more than I really did, reminded me of my old Winnipeg experiences and I tried to profit by them. We held the line for a bit after our rest, and then did the show on the 15th of August, which was a nice clean-cut piece of work. Everything went as it seems to with us, according to plan, and we thought that would about round up the summer for us. However, having a reputation, the Corps had to live up to it, and the end of October found us once more in the Flanders mud.

"This last show was about the hardest, owing to the weather conditions, etc., that we ever engaged in, and nothing but the indomitable pluck and grit of every one in it got us through. This may sound like blowing our own horn a bit, but it is the least that can be said of those chaps whom we left behind there. Conditions were such that the dead could not be buried immediately, and if the number of Huns I saw lying about was any criterion of his losses, we certainly must have staggered him. None of us will ever forget the Ypres salient.

"We have a couple of old Commerce men in our Battalion—Floyd and C. B. F. Jones. Floyd told me that on our way up north last month he saw Harvie when we were passing through a town where his division was, and I was sorry to miss him. Veysie Curran was over to see me a couple of months ago and was looking very fit.

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"Leave to England being very scarce, a couple of officers and I took our leave to Paris and Rome last month. We stayed three days in Paris and then went on to Rome by way of Turin. We stayed two days in Rome and did the Vatican, St. Peter's, Coliseum, Forum, etc., and it was a great education for us. We returned via Geneva and stopped at Nice on the French Riviera for a few days. While there we motored to Monte Carlo by the mountain road, and with the Mediterranean always in view, it was the most delightful trip I ever had. The Italian and French Riviera are well worth the trip. We are able to get leave to France about every three months.

"The Hun is on his last lap now and, as has often been said before, another year should see the finish of it."

The following are extracts from letters dated 15th November and 1st December, 1917, written by Private H. G. Wylde, formerly of the Halifax staff, who was a prisoner of war in Germany, having been captured early in June, 1916:

"Here I am, the only Englishman among five French and seven Russians, my friend having been ordered back to camp. I guess I shall be here alone until next spring. However, I don't mind so much, as I can *parle français* fairly well by now."

"I suppose everyone is doing' his Christmas shopping now, and here I am stuck away in a little corner of the earth where the people still wear the costumes their great-grandmothers wore. Strange in this age of modernity and fashions!

"The Russians are singing at present: sometimes it sounds all right, but at others like many cats wailing. Received a parcel of books lately, which helps to pass the time, now that I am alone. The lumbering progresses. Am fairly good at it now, and, by the time the winter is over, I shall be an expert in the art. One of the Russians has just brought in word that the war is over! We live on rumours here, and it is very exciting."

The following is an extract from a letter dated 5th December, 1917, written in France by Gunner F. S. McClafferty, M.M., who was formerly on the staff of our Winnipeg branch:

"The arrangements have all been completed over here for registering the votes of the soldiers for the coming elections, and we are to have the opportunity of voting this week. I can't see that a vote as regards the soldiers is at all necessary as I feel it

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will be unanimous as regards the conscription question, and I think all are agreed that it is the only question that really counts while the war continues.

"Since my last letter I have enjoyed a ten-days' leave in Blichty and had the most enjoyable time of my life. While over there I met several of the old Commerce boys, among them being Lobley, Jimmy Lovett, Cruickshank and Bill Ross, all from Winnipeg. Lovett looked very well after the rough handling which he must have received during such a long share of the affair, and in fact was looking forward to his being able to get back to France shortly. I also saw all the boys who came over with Con. Riley's Battery, among them being Bailey, McLennan, McCallum, Hewat and Moorman. In fact, I have met so many of the old boys that I'm quite sure the Bank must be nearly all manned by girls, if you'll allow me to use the expression.

"Also since writing you I have had a transfer from my old battery to the 7th Canadian Siege battery in which my brother is, and we are now occupying a dug-out together, which is not a bad arrangement at all, if for no other reason but to be able to assure mother how well the other is, and all the other little tales that help to cut down the worries at home."

The following is an extract from a letter, dated 18th December, 1917, received from Sergeant J. A. Brice, of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. Sergeant Brice was formerly Accountant of our St. John, N.B. branch:

"I have just received the parcel that you have been kind enough to pack and send to me. You can't imagine how glad it makes a fellow feel to think he hasn't been altogether forgotten by those with whom he used to work out the daily grind. Apart from the fact that a parcel from anywhere is always appreciated to the limit, to get them so often from those one only knew in a business way, and that over three years ago, means quite a lot to a chap who is surveying for the ten thousandth time the same dreary waste of shell-torn earth and mud, and villages razed to the ground. I don't suppose there is any place on earth in quite such a mess as the surface of the earth surrounding Ypres. For over six miles in depth the land is nothing but a sea of shell-craters, the majority of which are full of water. Live in this for a few days and you begin to argue, 'If this is what we are fighting for, for heaven's sake let us give it to Fritz and at the same time apologize for it being in such a mess.' But along comes a parcel and with it the

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remembrance that it's for the sake of a principle that the war continues. So you see I value the parcels you send far more for what they mean than for what they contain. They would be a sorry bunch of Canucks out here if they were to think that the folks at home were not with them in spirit. I think the result of the elections out here will pretty well show what that spirit is. None of us are saints, and there are few statesmen, if any, amongst us, but I guess most of us realize what would happen to Canada if the Allies threw up the sponge.

"I'm afraid you will be thinking me a bit of a gas-bag and a bit doleful. I plead guilty to the first, but as for being doleful, that we never seem to be. It is really remarkable that the better we are treated, the more grub we get, the greater the growling and cussing. Put us up to our waists in water, let it rain and be miserable, six on a loaf, and only bully-beef for dinner, and the troops will sing and make merry. It takes a bit of swallowing, but such is the case.

"I received a parcel from the Parliament Street branch for A. T. Stoner and C. F. Dick at the same time yours came. I suppose you will have heard by this time that both these poor fellows have paid the price of victory. Dick died of wounds on 30th of October, 1917. I did not see him after we left the jumping-off trench. The worst of it was we were waiting to be relieved, and he only got it about an hour before we went out.

"Stoner was a splendid chap and everyone liked him. He and I were usually together, being in the same platoon (No. 1), but on this particular trip I had been shot into No. 2 Company, where I still am. I gave the parcel to a chap called Baker, who is in our orderly room. Baker came from the West. I think he and I are the only two Westerners in the ranks of this regiment. Mr. MacRorie and Mr. Grant (officers) are still with us.

"Please remember me to all my old Toronto office friends, and best wishes for 1918."

The following are extracts from letters received from Gunner C. E. Wible who enlisted from our Windsor, Ont., branch. He wrote on 29th December, 1917, just after spending his first Christmas in France:

"During all our time in England our training was more or less just a refreshing course on what we had already learned in Canada. We spent six weeks there on a gunnery course, each day being just about the same as the day before, except for the evenings, which we spent any place where we could find some amuse-

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ment. Our whole Windsor crowd stuck together all the way through; in fact, our own gun-crew was made up of Windsor boys.

"After landing in France, we spent our first day in a small rest camp, then went on to the base for a couple of days. From there we started out about forty strong in one of those tramp's pullman cars, and, after travelling all day at a snail's pace, we were put up in billets (better known in Canada as hay-lofts) for the night. The next morning saw the separation of our Windsor bunch which had stuck together for some time, Walker, Whitesides and I going to this battery, and the rest to some other unit of which we have been unable to find out the number so far.

"Christmas Eve we spent again with strangers, but at the same time comrades, in a hay-loft which we were mighty glad to see after a six hours' march. Christmas Day we also spent on the road, enjoying our Christmas dinner of bully beef and crackers on the road side just 'Somewhere in France'.

"As you have often said, the Bank is certainly like a large fraternity. Every place one goes, one meets Bank of Commerce men who are willing to do anything to help out fellow Commerce men. The O. C. of our draft used to be in the auditing department out West, and he did absolutely everything he could for us. While we were in Halifax the boys opened up their rooms to us, which were very nice to go down to in the evenings and have a bath, then sit around and read."

Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan Donald of the Head Office staff, who recruited the 134th Battalion, but was unfortunately precluded by ill health from accompanying his battalion overseas, made the following response to the toast to the Navy and Army at a dinner given to the Managers of the Bank, who were visiting Head Office on the occasion of the Annual Meeting in January, 1918:

"It is eminently fitting and proper at this gathering, though it be of civilians, that this toast should find a prominent place on our programme, for both as individuals and as an institution we have a very vital interest in the forces that at this moment are engaged in the most tremendous struggle of all time. I feel highly honoured indeed at being called upon to respond to it, and, more especially on behalf of those who have gone from amongst us to fight our battles. I realize that my humble efforts can do very inadequate justice either to it or to them.

"We have heard a great deal to-day of the services rendered by the staff to the institution which we are proud to serve, and

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we have that quiet sense of gratification that comes to those who have really accomplished something. One of the outstanding features of the institution is its ability to draw from its staff a willing and enthusiastic service. But after all, gentlemen, we must admit that that service offers the incentive of reward; it may be in gain, it may be in position, it may be in achievement, but in whatever way considered, it is substantial. What then shall we say of those, who, setting aside the result of years of striving, voluntarily braved the tedium and monotony of the training camp, the hardships of the field and the rigour of a campaign such as has never been dreamed of? What was it led those men and women, too—for we are not without representation of the gentler sex—to such acts of self-denial and sacrifice? Was it a sense of duty—the surging love of country that we call patriotism? Yea, these and more. It seems a recrudescence of that feeling-out for freedom and liberty which led our forefathers to fight, generation after generation, oftentimes in despair but never daunted, until that choicest of all blessings was theirs, a freedom which suffers its own curtailment for the common good, and which we designate liberty. These struggles had hitherto been confined to communities, races and nations. Here, however, was a struggle world-wide in its scope. We might call it a battle for freedom, a fight to the death lest the very idea of freedom be forever blotted out. To all came this vision in more or less clear light; and, while many would disclaim any such visionary motive, I am satisfied that somewhere behind the bravado which served as a cloak to their modesty that vision shone, were it ever so dim.

“So we have drunk this toast to their honour, honouring ourselves in so doing; but, while this is our public acknowledgment of our respect, we honour them, I think, yet more in the envy that steals up in each of our hearts when we read of their devotion and see them in the splendid strength of their manhood, freed from all petty considerations, at death grips over the very essentials, while we wonder if we are doing anything really worth while. All honour to these men! It will be many a long day before we can realize what they have done and are doing for us, let alone repay. And some we cannot repay. They have fallen in the struggle, cut off in the day of their strength. We sorrow for them. No one around this table but finds in his house of dreams a vacant place. But let not our sorrow be so selfish that it mars the grandeur of their sacrifice. Rather let the quiet pride which surges up in our hearts as we think of their wonderful achievements temper our anguish and assuage our pain. They are not dead. As the

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Americans sang so can we say, 'Their souls go marching on', sweeping us on in their train, that by greater concentration, greater efficiency and greater sacrifice we may assure that their sacrifice has not been in vain. In the few years of manhood allotted to them they have accomplished a complete service, while we of maturer years yet plod along the dreary road to achievement."

Second Lieutenant T. G. Blackwell, R.F.C., formerly of the London, England, staff, who was sent to Egypt for his training, writes as follows:

"I am now flying, or rather about to fly, B.E.'s having passed out on Maurice Farman and Avros. They are very nice machines and should prove considerably easier to fly than Avros, which require one's concentration the whole time. My Avro instructor has specially recommended me for scout, which I am pleased to hear, as a scrap with the Huns should prove more exciting than sending down artillery corrections or bomb dropping, etc.

"I forget whether I wrote you after the S.M.A. course was completed or not. It was rather a difficult course, but I managed to pull off 75% marks.

"Egypt is a country which soon becomes exceedingly boring. The natives are very dirty and mostly all rogues."

The following is an extract from a subsequent letter from Egypt, written by Mr. Blackwell.

"I am now attached to the infantry for a time as I have lost my nerve, but hope to fly again soon if my nerves get better. I have just been discharged from hospital and am now feeling much more sprightly.

"It is now getting very hot out here, which makes me wish to return to England, where it is so much cooler."

The following extract from a letter received from Lieutenant I. F. MacTavish, who left our Vancouver branch in August, 1914, to join the First Contingent, tells of conditions on the Mesopotamian front:

"I have been out here for the last eighteen months and one gets out of touch with civilization away in Mesopotamia. We were up the Euphrates at Nazariyeh last winter till April of this year, but now we are in the line away north of Bagdad on the Adhaim, a tributary of the Tigris. I haven't seen anything in the way of fighting out here except a little sniping by Arabs, and so I can't compare fighting in Mesopotamia with my experiences in

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France, but conditions out here are worse, I think. The cold and mud of Flanders were bad enough, but for sheer discomfort give me any day in the hot weather with a pukka dust storm blowing and the thermometer 120 degrees in the shade and ten miles to go before reaching camp. We tried to march from Amara to Bagdad, but had to quit on account of casualties from heat stroke after five days of it. We were taken on by boat, and I was sorry in a way, as it would have been an experience to have done a march of about 300 miles in the hot season. We have had quite a good Christmas, as there is nothing doing in this part of the line."

The following extracts from a letter received from Captain J. S. Williams, formerly of the staff of our Winnipeg branch, contain some sidelights on conditions existing in England at the close of 1917:

"Life here is not very interesting and has developed into a monotonous routine, consequently I have not anything interesting to write to you about. I was passed as fit for general service in November. It took quite a while to really shake off the effect of the trench fever. As I remarked, it kept hanging about one like a rate collector.

"Censorship precludes one from discussing war news, but I expect you have just the same news as we have over here. I am very glad, as everybody is over here, that Canada turned up trumps with conscription, which must be quite an eye-opener to Australia. I do not yet know whether I shall go over again in my present job or not. My name at present with others is before the London military authorities as eligible for appointment as Instructor to the American Army. We were all supposed to have sailed last November, but it has been left in abeyance for some reason or other.

"Christmastide I spent in North Wales at my home. We had an excellent time, although travelling expenses caused me to wake one or two nights with a scream! Travelling in this country is discouraged as much as possible by reducing the train service and by a 50% increase in the fares, the rolling stock being required for war purposes.

"The women in this country have responded magnificently, and girls in uniform are quite common. In the country towns, girls in breeches and leggings are not at all uncommon—farming, I expect. The Banks are full of girls. Another sight one occasionally meets in London is the girl with a yellow face, the munitioneer, although they do not all get like that.

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"The Khaki University down here in this camp is a most excellent thing and is attaining remarkable success. It started in quite a small way, but it was so well supported that a proper organization was necessary.

"William LeQueux, the author, gave a most interesting lecture on the German spy system here in a Y.M.C.A. hut on Tuesday.

"I think they will soon be adopting the ration system. It was so long delayed, I think, by the number of officials it would require, and by the fact that when it was introduced in Germany it caused so much forging of the tickets. However, some people will not be patriotic and everybody has to suffer. It was a startler to find names like Marie Corelli among the food-hoarders."

The following extracts are from a letter received from Mr. G. G. Rennison, formerly of our Lethbridge branch:

"None of your correspondents, so far as I remember, have said much about the French money, and that fact is rather curious, as it would be something that would naturally occur to a banking man. Briefly, the system is somewhat as follows: The Bank of France issues notes of five francs and multiples of five francs, just as the Canadian banks issue five dollar notes and multiples of them. No gold is in circulation at present. I have seen silver coins to the value of five francs, but they do not seem common. There is also a two-franc piece, and a one-franc in silver, and also a half-franc of the same metal. There is a quarter-franc in circulation (value slightly less than five cents) made of a composition similar to a U.S. five-cent piece. It is very similar to a silver franc, and easily mistaken for one. But the outstanding feature of French money is the paper money of smaller denominations. It is issued by the towns, I believe, for one sees stuff bearing the names of very small places. The denominations vary from two francs down to 25 centimes (a quarter franc). This 'money' is printed on the very poorest quality of paper, and as everyone insists on folding it up it soon falls to pieces. Then comes the job of mending it. You can see this money pasted up with everything imaginable, including bits from the 'Daily Mail' and 'whizz-bangs' (Field Service post-cards). The stuff becomes filthy in a very short time, and quite a lot of it is lost owing to the way it falls to pieces. There is another pleasant thing about this 'town' or 'district' money,—no one will take it outside the district. So, if a fellow leaves one district, he has to see that he gets rid of all his 'town' money first, or he will have it as a souvenir!

"This is some country for souvenirs. One sees all sorts and some of them are very ingenious too. I met one orderly room

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clerk who had a tobacco jar made out of two of Fritz's shell cases. He had punched out the primer and inserted a chunk of a shell as a handle. Some of our fellows have made a number of rings from various pieces of metal they have picked up. Considering that they have practically no tools to speak of, the boys have turned out some remarkably good work."

"At present I am orderly room clerk, and after the training one gets in the Bank, the work can hardly be said to present any wonderful difficulty. The chief trouble is the incessant moving. One has to keep stationery, files, etc., down to the minimum. One thing that strikes one very forcibly is the absence of the absolute completeness of system that distinguishes the Bank. There is no book of H. O. Instructions to refer to, nor does any substitute for the Pro Forma Book exist. In consequence, when a new return of some description is demanded one is in the dark to a great extent as to how it should be done. In this connection I had one rather amusing experience. At one time I had a certain book to keep in connection with rationing. The form to be filled up was not exactly enlightening. I enquired from various people. No one could give any information as to the correct method of procedure. I then enquired from the Auditors, but was informed by them that they could give no definite ruling on the matter, and they had never met anyone who could.

"One sees some humorous things happen at times, and the following is a good example and illustrates the spirit of the men out here. Fritz was shelling a battery about half a mile from where I was. The bombardment could hardly be classed as a success—about two out of every three shells were 'duds'. Where the gunners were I don't know, but after each dud lit a cheer floated across."

Lieutenant R. J. Holmes, formerly manager at Milestone, writes under date of 13th January, 1918, as follows:

(This letter was written in Piano dug-out, on the Avion front, near Lens:)

"I know you haven't much time for lengthy private correspondence, but I think you will feel amply repaid when I tell you how much such letters are appreciated, for outside the excitement of our existence there is little else to command one's attention; and when you are out for a few days' rest the reaction is considerable and demands a little something different, and it is then that we look to our mail. Unfortunately for us we heard that 80,000

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bags of Canadian mail had been lost in that terrible Halifax disaster, so we imagine that we have lost all sorts of letters, but then the system of handling our mail must be a wonderful one to ensure any degree of accuracy with the tremendous quantities of parcels, letters, etc., forwarded.

"I am writing this in an old Hienie dug-out well below the surface, and fairly comfortable in comparison with some we have been in, and I can't help but smile when I think of the comfortable Bank rooms we used to have and then these dug-outs and cellars of ruined houses, cold and clammy. Just try prowling around shell-holes when on a patrol, plastered with mud, wet through, and these same shell-holes look pretty good when Fritz sends over a few flares, and you are ever so content to crouch down until all is dark again, and up you get and stumble on, tripping over old wire. Then a machine-gun opens up and sends a few bursts over just for luck to see if they can't catch somebody. We all swear if we ever return to be the most satisfied of mortals, no matter where our lots will be cast. We won't do much complaining.

"The following verses after the style of Omar Khayyam are, I think, very good:

No place is this for epicure or glutton,
With skilly tea and butter sometimes rotten,
Where only change from bread and bully beef
Is merely one to bread and bully mutton.

I went myself patrolling No Man's Land,
To learn of Fritz's movements at first hand,
But all the knowledge that I gleaned was how
The bottom of a big shell hole was planned.

A bag of bombs, a Lewis gun, my brow
Bedewed with anxious sweat amid the row;
I crouch in muddy holes with one clear hope—
That I were back again behind the plough.

Beware, for Heinie, in the bowl of night,
Has cast the flare that makes the darkness light.
And lo! the L.G. in the east breaks loose,
Sweeping the parapet from left to right.

I sometimes think that never was a shell
One half so big as that which by me fell,
And every bomb that's hurled by Fritz' hand
Is like the pitchers throw from 'box'—in hell.

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Come fill the Stokes, and in the nest of Fritz
Drop sundry bombs and give the blighter fits,
For see his T.M.B. is close, and know
'Twere better he, than we, were blown to bits.

"A few days ago I had the closest shave that I probably ever will have, when a shell hit right in the trench about five feet away from my sergeant and myself. There was an awful explosion and then a shower of dirt, frozen mud, shrapnel, etc. We had a second's warning, no more, before it struck and we both dropped, and I thought both of us had escaped, but when the racket had died away I spoke to him but he hidn't answer. A piece of shrapnel went right through his head, poor fellow. He never knew what hit him. My helmet had a bash in it, my jerkin was cut open in two places, also my tunic, but there wasn't a scratch on my body. Wasn't that close enough for anybody?"

"It was certainly pleasing to us to know that the Union Government had been elected by such a handsome majority, and we now hope that the tribunals will do their duty as regards claimants for exemption. I have heard of several fellows who have been exempted, and it makes me sore that so many are obtaining it so easily.

"The frank speech of Lloyd George followed by the equally brilliant one of President Wilson should show Germany how futile her struggle has been and will be. I really think that if we could get under the tremendous influence of the Prussian military party, the German nation as a whole would warmly welcome the statement of our aims and this awful catastrophe would be brought to a speedy conclusion, but doubtless the Junkers are not willing to see their finish so easily, and so will keep on fighting as long as possible. It will be great when the Americans arrive in force and take an active part in the war.

"It is indeed gratifying to know that Canada stands so high in the estimation of her neighbours to the south, and I guess the boys who have come over have done their part. It is difficult for people who haven't seen it to realize the hardships the fellows suffer in the trenches, 'standing to' at their posts in the severe weather we have had. It wasn't so bad for the officers, as they could keep warm visiting the posts, but I was surely sorry for the boys. The old rum ration helps a lot then, believe me."

 Gunner J. A. C. Henderson, formerly of the London, England, branch, writes as follows in February, 1918, regarding still another area of warfare:

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Gunner Henderson died of influenza in France on 28th October, 1918:

"As you can see from my address I am now fighting in a different theatre of war.

"Italy, at least the part in which we are situated, is certainly the most antedeluvian place I have yet visited. The majority of the inhabitants are small farmers, and during the spring months they can be seen busily engaged trimming the vine trees and sowing maize corn. In the winter time their only ambition seems to be to sit by a log fire sipping wine and eating maize bread. There are no places of entertainment. Gray's poem would be very appropriate if applied to them, especially these lines:

'Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray,
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.'

"In almost every respect they are at least a century behind us in England.

"The Austrians have not been very active on the portion of the Italian line held by the British, and, as a result of that, we are having rather a good time.

"We are having glorious weather out here, just like Blighty in summer time."

The following is a letter from Flight Lieutenant P. R. Hampton, formerly of the Balmy Beach, Toronto staff, written in France 11th February, 1918. Lieutenant Hampton was later wounded and captured by [the Germans:

"As you can see, I have managed to reach France, and am settling down in my new surroundings. The whole squadron flew out, at least they all started, but there are three still in England. They crashed on their way, and now they are being held up by the weather. I enjoyed the trip over the channel very much; it was a clear afternoon, so we got up fairly high and had an excellent view of the English coast and then the French coast too. We could see Dover plainly, and the whole way over there were dozens of boats in sight the whole time, so even if my engine had cut out I think I would have been saved, although I am not anxious for the experience.

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"We have managed to make ourselves fairly comfortable by making some additions of our own to our huts. There are five of us in a Nissen hut, which is just a nice number. We have put up a partition at one end, and this part we use as a washroom, bathroom, anteroom and hall. We have put up a lot of shelves and some pictures and photos on the walls. We have a couple of home-made tables, some chairs and a long seat we made and upholstered with straw and empty sand-bags; some mats for the floor and a gramophone complete our outfit. This is not so bad considering we are in France, but all the huts are not so comfortable as ours. I hope we don't get orders to move in a few weeks' time, because we would have to leave most of our stuff behind. I forgot to mention we had a stove, too, but I might tell you that everything we have, we had to pinch. There are a couple of other squadrons here, and that is where most of the stuff came from.

"We went over the lines about a week ago to see what it was like, and we both saw and heard. The Hun let us get properly over when he opened up on us with some Archie (anti-aircraft) batteries. He sent up a terrific barrage and his shooting was good, too; if it had been better it would have been too uncomfortable altogether. One cannot hear them come, but if they burst anywhere close one can hear the explosion. Of course with the noise of the engine, the explosion is very much deadened. Each shell leaves a small puff of black smoke, so that we could see the amount of stuff he was chucking up at us. We could also see the flashes of the guns down below quite plainly. When we landed two out of the four machines had been hit, but nothing serious. I am sure I don't know how mine escaped. I suppose we provided a lot of amusement for the Tommies in the trenches, but I didn't enjoy it at all, although I thought it a huge joke after I landed again. The observers sit behind singing 'Where did that one go to, Archie, where did that one go.' I think it is rather hard on the observer, because he has nothing else to think of, while the pilot has to fly the machine and keep his place in the formation.

"For the past five or six days the weather has been too dull to fly, so we have had nothing else to do except amuse ourselves. I took this opportunity to have some improvements and new 'gadgets' added to my bus. We are all always having something done, and once one man gets out something useful we all have to get it, so that now all the busses are about as perfect as they can be."

The following are extracts from a further letter from Lieutenant Hampton, dated 19th March, 1918.

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Lieutenant Hampton was at this time in No. 12 Squadron. The four days in question were 11th-14th March, 1918, and the fighting was done over Cambrai and Le Quesnoy:

"This squadron has done the hardest four days' fighting ever known to any squadron, and we have been complimented by the G.O.C. personally. The first day we got six Huns, the second day six, the third day five and the fourth day eight. In each case we were fighting the famous German circus organized by Baron Von Richtofen (or 'Writem off,' as we call him). They are all crack pilots with splendid machines, and every time we were hopelessly outnumbered; the last day it was five to one, and all the fighting takes place from fifteen to twenty miles over Hunland. The day we got five Huns I accounted for two of them in this way. I was leading our very top formation of three machines, and it was my business to prevent Huns getting above our fellows fighting below and then diving on them; two of them did get above and dived, so I dived after them with my engine on and opened fire. I fired two hundred into the first one before he went down and a hundred into the second one; I shot both down within a minute of each other, but of course it was a very easy target. Diving on another machine which is also diving is much the same as shooting at a stationary target. It is a great sight to watch one's tracers go into the other machine. The Hun pilots can see them too. I saw both pilots look round at me a couple of times, as we were quite close together.

"I had a ride in a tank a couple of weeks ago and enjoyed it. They are marvellous things and very easily manoeuvred, considering they weigh forty tons. I then took the tank officer up with me and stunted him a little and he didn't enjoy it; he was a little sick and very nervous.

"One reads a lot these days about the expected Hun offensive on the Western front, and every officer I speak to from the other corps asks me if I ever noticed signs of it when over the lines. I am too high and too busy to notice anything like that; all we do is fight, and from eighteen thousand feet one can't distinguish much even if one tried. I had my face and nose frozen a few days ago; it is terribly cold at times up at that height. We all take up flasks of rum which help in a small way, but our hands, feet and faces get cold, no matter what we do."

EDITOR'S NOTE: The subsequent annihilation of "Richtofen's circus" and the death of their leader at the hands of the British airmen will be recalled.

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The following is a copy of a letter received from Lieutenant W. S. Duthie, formerly a member of the staff of the Saskatoon branch:

Lieutenant Duthie herein gives a resumé of his experiences as an officer in the famous 51st Imperial Highland Division.

"I left the Princess Pats in January, 1916, to undertake an officer's training course at Cambridge University. The goals of my military ambition were a commission in the Gordon Highlanders and a kilt.

"In Cambridge we were housed in the colleges and we were granted the privileges, and hedged about with the circumspection, of undergraduates. We were the first cadet battalion formed (although our official designation was No. 2 Cadet Battalion), and as such we were objects of peculiar interest to an alarming number of war office emissaries. Field-Marshal Viscount French and General Sir William Robertson were the major luminaries who scanned us.

"The course was most enjoyable and the academic atmosphere of cloistered Cambridge must have been conducive to the rapid assimilation of our instruction, for each one of us soon found himself garbed in the radiant glory of a new Sam Browne belt, while on each new sleeve was emblazoned one twinkling star.

"It was most exhilarating donning the kilt and feeling at one with my tartan clad countrymen in the great adventure.

"I joined my battalion—the 5th Gordons—at Courcellette on the Somme, when our Division—the 51st—had just started on its meteoric rise to fame with the capture of Beaumont-Hamel.

"When out of the line I did much exploring in the terrible tract of country behind the Courcellette line. Within a comparatively short radius of our reserve position were Pozieres, Courcellette, La Boisselle, Ovillers, Contalmaison,—all razed to the ground and bearing mute testimony to the ghastly carnage of the Somme. One could not cross the plain at La Boisselle without tripping over a dismembered leg or arm; here and there were uncovered corpses, while bones bleaching amongst tatters of clothing proclaimed that many of the missing were at rest. Here, too, were many little mounds, and filled-in shell holes on which were lying either a broken rifle or a drilled steel helmet.

"In January, 1917, we moved down to the Arras front and went into the line at Roclincourt, facing the southern extremity of Vimy

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Ridge. At this point we were on the right of the Canadian Corps, and we maintained this pride of place all through the ensuing offensive operations. We held this sector for six weeks, preparing for the advance which was to wrest Vimy Ridge from the Germans.

"The 9th of April, 1917, the day of our attack, was a glorious experience. The Canadians on our left were magnificent and our North Countrymen irresistible. Nothing human could have survived the terrible tornado of our massed batteries. It was absolute hell—a much more malignant hell than ever I have heard declaimed by the most rabid evangelist. I shall never forget that morning. We had moved into the trenches on the night of the 8th, and we waited through the hours for our guns to open before dawn.

"The quiet was intense; then with one throbbing roar our artillery crashed forth. The Hun was doomed. Signals for succour, of all descriptions, to his own guns went up from his lines like huge sparks from the furnace of our bursting shells—rockets, green and white, and red, some bursting into golden rain—but all in vain. The Hun artillery was silenced by our counter battery work. The enemy batteries on this front had been spotted from the air—our airmen for months had worked ceaselessly—and in the morning the enemy gunners had been rudely awakened by our howitzer shells playing the devil with their guns and emplacements. The titanic symphony of our thundering guns, shrieking, whistling, whining, roaring, whizzing shells, and rending shattering bursts played tumultuously on, and at dawn our boys went over.

"With the ordered precision of a practice attack, wave after wave surged over the sand-bag parapets. 'The attack was developing with success.' Prisoners were coming in—humans from whom the shell fire had blown every vestige of individuality,—the few survivors of the dug-outs in the enemy's front line. Here was one howling with the terror of his experiences still upon him, there a tottering glazed-eyed creature, deaf mute from concussion, and many with ghastly wounds, all blindly making their way to the rear, animated with the single idea that there was to be found surgical aid and the ultimate haven of the prison cage.

"Our own wounded were coming in, but all of them who were conscious were cheerful. Many of the stretchers were borne by brawny Prussian Guardsmen, and they made good stretcher-bearers.

"The mission of our Battalion was to capture and consolidate the final objective of the Division—a line to the right of Farbus Wood. On our way forward we passed hundreds of dead, recognizing many friends. We had to make a detour to circumvent

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a mine crater, where early in the morning a mine had been blown in the German forward trenches, and which had engulfed a company of the 6th Gordons.

"Our objective was not difficult of attainment. The demoralized Huns were fleeing like rabbits, but—an eye for an eye—our Lewis guns, rifles and bayonets took their toll. We eventually established our headquarters in the famous Deutcher House dug-out—the most wonderful underground system I ever saw.

"The enemy did not counter-attack that night, and before dawn on the following morning our battalion was over the parapet and bound for a line 1,000 yards nearer Berlin. Farbus Wood lay to our left front, and from its cover German machine-gunners made many a blank in our advancing lines of Highlanders, but we took what we wanted,—a rising ground which commanded the surrounding country and bit a deep salient into the German positions, and which also gave us enfilading fire on Farbus.

"By nightfall the Canadians had cleared Farbus Wood of the enemy; and Vimy Ridge and all our objectives were then well within our lines.

"Against our new position the Huns launched two counter attacks on two successive days, the 11th and 12th of April, but these were half-hearted efforts and crumpled up under our machine gun and rifle fire.

"Our capture of this eminence was of immense value, for from it we saw Germans concentrate in the village of Bailleul sur Berthosit for a grand effort against the 34th Division on our right. We communicated at once with the guns, and a short time afterwards we had the sublime and soul-drenching satisfaction of seeing this concourse of Huns blown to smithereens.

"We were relieved on the night of the 13th April. Snow was falling, it was bitterly cold, and a hazy moon struggled to light the scene. As we slowly came back over the ground we had captured, all too prevalent were little snow covered mounds, and well we knew that underneath that snow covering many heroes of the Division slept with their faces to the enemy. Dead Huns there were in plenty, but for the most part they littered the battered trenches or crammed dug-outs to the door.

"We were now presumably out for a long rest, but the course of seventy-two hours saw us taking over from the almost annihilated South African Brigade in the Hindenburg line on the Scarpe, just behind Fampoux and to the left rear of Roeux. At this particular point the bone of contention was the Chemical

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Works to the left of Roeux. The Huns had evidently resolved to hold the ruins of the Works at all hazards.

"We went for the Works on 23rd April and took them after heavy fighting. We then handed over to another Division and again turned our faces toward the rear areas and our much needed rest.

"We had not long been enjoying the bucolic delights of village life in the Pas de Calais when orders came to return at once to the Scarpe, and we knew that trouble was in the air.

"We took over the Chemical Works' front, our battalion going into reserve at the railway embankment at Athies, about two miles behind the front line".

"Two days later, before dawn on the 16th May, the Huns attacked the Chemical Works with a large force and succeeded in capturing the ruins. Our battalion was ordered to recapture the position. We had been ready to move at a moment's notice, so off we went by platoons. We got through the barrage the enemy was putting down on the areas behind the front line, but just at Fampoux village, where we elected to deploy, we came under devastating fire. We rushed to cover in a shallow trench, where we paused momentarily, and as our own fire was now crashing down on the Works, we pressed on to our objective.

"While deploying at Fampoux my Company Commander, Capt. Hutcheon, M.C., had both his eyes torn out by a splinter of a shell which landed between him and me. I was about three yards from the burst, but it only blew me into a shell-hole.

"We went through the works at the double. The Huns did not tarry when they saw the kilts and bayonets coming.

"A survivor of those who had held the Chemical Works previous to the Hun attack, told us that on capturing the Works the Germans also took a few prisoners. These they made put up their hands, then they turned a machine-gun on them, and shot them in the stomach. This man had escaped by feigning death and awaiting our advance.

"On taking the Works it was decided to exploit our success by endeavouring to capture the position from which the enemy had started his morning attack.

"This proved to be a most disastrous business for us. We had just started when the most appalling barrage crashed down upon us—we were in full view and had two hundred and fifty yards of open ground to traverse before getting to close quarters. I went down about half way towards the Hun lines. I remember

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men falling all around me and last of all the officer on my right going up in bits—then a complete blank until I awoke to consciousness on 21st May, in the Duchess of Westminster's Hospital at Le Touquet, near Boulogne. I had lain out on the field for two days, in the meantime being reported killed. I had been hit in the head, sustaining a compound fracture of the skull. Had I not been wearing a steel helmet my head would have been blown off.

"I have since learned, that, in the opinion of all those who observed this action from forward observation posts, the shell fire which smashed up our final attack on 16th May, 1917, was one of the finest exhibitions of concentrated fire to the credit of Hun artillery. I never saw anything that could compare with that barrage for intensity. There did not seem to be a square yard of ground on which a shell was not exploding. On account of the terrible fire only two companies of the battalion were able to go over the parapet, and of these but a mere handful of men returned."

The following are extracts from a letter received from Lieutenant A. M. Kinnear, M.C., A.F.C., Royal Flying Corps, formerly a member of the staff of the Upper Town, Quebec, branch. The letter was written during March, 1918, and refers to the Cambrai sector:

"The air is very bloodstained on our front, but we have been knocking h— out of the Huns. I have two of them to my credit, and I had the time of my life fighting them.

"They never attack us unless they are about four to one, so you can see that it is hard work. On one occasion seven got after me, wounded my observer and shot my controls away. How I got away I do not know, but I was lucky—the machine had over sixty holes in it.

"On another occasion I had 110 holes in the bus and one in my head. All the petrol tanks were shot through, but fortunately I got over our lines instead of crashing in Hunland. These fights come off about 15,000 feet up, and are practically a daily occurrence, so you see we get all the excitement we want. A couple of weeks ago my machine caught fire and I had to side slip 4,000 feet. It was a terrible experience, but my nerves are standing the racket very well, and if they hold out I do not care about the rest."

"Perhaps you would be interested to know how I was wounded. Well, my observer and I had a job to do over in Hunland, and a rotten job it was, too. I had to come down low to ascertain certain things, and 'Umpteen' machine-guns started to shoot the

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bus to pieces. I was hit on the head and faded away, and when I came to, my observer was pushing a flask down my throat and the bus was diving for the earth. I had enough sense to pull her up and managed to steer west. When I crossed our lines the engine died, so I planted her in a field and once more passed away. When I came to I was in a house, facing a whisky bottle—which was full—and a bandage was tied around my head. They shipped me to a hospital where I was given more whisky and put to bed. When I woke up the next morning, feeling like nothing on earth, the nurse took pity on me, and sat on my bed, which did me much good. When one hasn't seen an English girl for a long time their very presence does one good. My clothes were saturated with petrol and I smelt like a garage, but in a couple of days I buzzed back to the squadron. So far I have had five machines shot to pieces—but what of it—the Government pays for them.

“My quarters consist of a hut, but are very comfortable. I have an open fireplace which is very cheerful—when it burns. Flying is very cold these days, and we have to slobber whale-oil on our faces to prevent frostbite. After doing four hours at 15,000 feet we are numb when we get back, but a square meal and the rum ration help a lot.

“I suppose you heard I was awarded the Military Cross. I have since been recommended for a bar to it. What next? D—d funny world, isn't it? But these ribbons are hot stuff with the girls.”

The following are extracts from a letter written in France by Captain F. Raymond Hutson, formerly of the London, England, branch:

“I am glad to say that I have completely recovered from my wound and that once again I am going as strong as ever. Of course I had exceptional luck, as at the time I was hit we were lying down, when the bullet entered the centre of my tin hat and then instead of going into my head, took a side-slip, came out at one side, exploded and entered my left shoulder and neck, taking with it some pieces of the helmet. Altogether, I had about twenty-five bits of metal in me, but luckily they were all on the small side. After a lot of persuasion, I got the doctors to allow me to return to the battalion instead of going home to England, and here I have been ever since.

“You will, I hope, be glad to hear that I was made a full lieutenant on the 1st of July, and that I got my temporary captaincy on the 1st of September, 1917.

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"The weather out here is bitterly cold; in fact it has been freezing incessantly since the first week in January. Naturally, we all feel it pretty severely, as all the villages in the area we now occupy have been completely razed to the ground, and, in consequence, when we are out of the trenches or rather shell-holes, we have to live in tin huts, through the cracks in which the wind whistles in every direction.

"In spite of these minor drawbacks, I must say that the spirit and enduring power of our men are simply splendid, more especially I suppose, on account of the fact that everybody thinks that active operations will be over by midsummer at the very latest."

The following is a letter dated 31st March, 1918, from Captain C. D. Nevill, formerly Manager of our Cayuga branch.

At the time this letter was written Captain Nevill was paymaster in the 11th Battalion, Canadian Railway Troops:

"It was with great pleasure that I to-day received your card of good wishes sent out from Head Office after the Bank's Annual Meeting in January last. Will you please accept my thanks, in return for the kindly thoughts, the knowledge of which are as water to a thirsty land, to us fellows out here. I have also just received pamphlet No. 9 of 'Letters from the Front,' the first since being out here, and I went through it from beginning to end. I would like to receive it regularly.

"It may perhaps be of some little interest to you to know that I have been nearly fifteen months in the forward areas of the Western Front and have seen a good deal of what has been going on. We put in the summer of 1917 in the Ypres salient engaged in railway construction work, often under most adverse and trying circumstances, the Boche taking particular pleasure in shelling and bombing our camps at night. During the daytime the unit worked well forward and at night we would often have to scatter from our dugouts and sleep in some ditch or other, out of the line of fire. Since then the unit has been up and down the line whenever needed, and I believe I could find my way from Bethune to the North Sea coast on any dark night. One thing we regret is that we have seen so few Canadians, being always attached to the Imperial armies, and I have yet to see a Canadian Division or a Commerce man. Some day we hope to get to our own people.

"I am writing this on Easter Sunday, and some of us attended a Protestant service this morning held in a little Church Army hut

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erected near camp during the week. This has been our first opportunity to attend church this year, and we may not get another soon, as from present indications we have a hurried move dead ahead."

We quote extracts from a letter received from Lieutenant A. D. Golden, M.C., who left our Prince Rupert branch to join the Third Canadian Contingent. The letter is dated 19th April, 1918:

"Head Office Instructions, if I remember aright, state that communications with Head Office direct are not permissible, and lay down some other laws on the subject. However, I am going to break rules and will lay the blame on the 'exigencies of the service.'

"The Bank is certainly well represented out here, and it is impossible to go far without meeting one of the boys. Let me give an instance: A little while ago while firing a few over to Fritz, I discovered the following—I was in charge of the shoot, giving my orders to a Commerce sergeant-major, through a telephone operated by a Commerce man. The sergeant-major passed his orders on to our six guns, two of which had each a Commerce man in charge.

"Unfortunately a number of the boys have given their all in the war, one of the recent ones being C. C. Purdy, of Prince Rupert, who was making a splendid name for himself in the R.N.A.S.

"Warfare and banking, alas, are very different, and we will all be mighty glad to return to the gentle art of finance when we get through, but none of us, rest assured, are coming back until the books are balanced here.

The following extracts are from a letter dated 25th May, 1918, from Sergeant W. J. Taylor who left our Golden branch to enlist in February, 1915. Sergeant Taylor had been twice wounded and was at this time an instructor behind the lines.

This letter was written at Divion, a small village on the outskirts of Bruay.

The church partially wrecked by shell-fire was at Mont St. Eloi. This church was the most tragic landmark of this region, the ruins being visible for several miles, and commanding an excellent view of the famous Vimy Ridge.

"Life here isn't so bad; we are some little distance behind the lines and are billeted in the village. Fritz hasn't strafed us yet,

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but there is a fair-sized mining town a few kilos from here that he lobs one into occasionally. We have had very hot weather recently, and the nights being clear his planes come over every night bombing. It looks pretty to see the searchlights on one, but much better to see one come down. He seems to be getting vicious and even giving hospitals a share. I notice in to-night's paper, really yesterday's, that he did a lot of damage at one place. One flight commander was brought down and I reckon he should be court-martialled and shot for what he said. In fact, the court-martial might be dispensed with. I reckon if things keep on going as they are this is liable to develop into a war of extermination.

"The Boche shells places where he knows there isn't a soldier, just out of cussedness. A short time ago I was in a village that earlier in the war was the scene of some heavy fighting. There was quite a pretty church there, but of course it was partially wrecked by shell fire, and all the statues, practically, had the heads smashed, most likely by rifle fire. Some people may want to blame the German officers for everything that has happened but the common soldier isn't any better. It isn't likely that an officer is going to use the statuary of a church for rifle practice.

"It seems a long time since I pulled out of Golden, but I can't say I have found the time hanging on my hands. The days pass quickly here, about as quickly as in the lines. I suppose it is really because we can settle down to anything here.

"I have been thinking of the prospects we have after the war. We had to sign some papers to say if we were going to take advantage of the Government's offer of land when we go back. Also the amount of money we expected to have, and a lot more questions that it would require a palmist to put us wise to. One chap said \$25,000, and had to see his Company Officer as a result. He was quite right, because he had just come into some property and money from an uncle a short time before. I notice he hasn't been sent out of the Depot yet. But I suppose it isn't worth while worrying about after the war until that time comes. I have only about seventeen odd years to go before I ought to come in for a pension for long service, and every little bit helps.

"I think there is something doing up the line just now. The guns are keeping up a steady roar which keeps this hut on the wobble. Perhaps Heinie has a few more men than he has rations for and wants to get rid of them. In any case someone is hugging the parapet right now.

"I could of course, write a lot more, but the censor might think I was encroaching on the privilege of a war correspondent,

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and my work get a little marking in pencil to make it look better. Please remember me to anybody I know still living in Golden."

We quote extracts from two letters received from Mr. G. Ayre, who enlisted from the London, England, branch, in March, 1917.

The 'bivvies' (bivouacs) were located in the Bois des Dames, Bruay. The hospitals in question were at Etaples. The billets were located in Ourton.

"Many thanks for parcels received to-day, the contents of which are very much appreciated. It could not have reached me at a more opportune moment, as we came down from the lines yesterday and I was simply dying for a decent smoke.

"You will note from above address we are now Gunners; we lost our horses several months ago. As you can well imagine, it is a bit of a change for us all, more especially for those who have been cavalry for years and were in the retreat from Mons.

"We are very comfortable in our present bivvies in a big wood, well dug in, and I can assure you Jerry would have to send over a lot of shells to upset us much—so we get down to it at night pretty confident of a good night's sleep. Some weeks ago we were down in a camp quite near those hospitals which caught it so badly, and we were most fortunate in getting out of it, so you can bet we very much appreciate our present home."

"Many thanks for parcel of 11th instant; it reached me safely up the lines and I have had no opportunity of conveying my thanks before.

"We came back yesterday to our billets in a respectable little French village, and as you can well imagine, we make the most of our comparatively comfortable quarters.

"I was unfortunate in losing a quantity of those delicious biscuits enclosed; the rats stole them and some cheese from my coat pocket whilst I was asleep in my dug-out up the line. I was fortunate, inasmuch as they did not run off with my steel helmet, as the boys say it is quite a common sight to see them fitting on your gas mask. We were fortunate in losing but one man, and with ordinary luck we should have had our own back with compound interest—we give them a good rattle up with our machine-guns from 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. on most nights."

The following extract is from a letter from Flight-Lieutenant Percy R. Hampton, formerly of the Balmy Beach, Toronto, staff, and relates the circumstances which led to his capture by the Germans on 3rd May, 1918:

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"You evidently didn't get my first letters from hospital in Lille, so I will tell you how I was shot down to begin with. My right hand was in bandages, so I suppose the censor couldn't read it. I was flying south from Ypres-Menin Road, and about Armentieres I dived from 15,000 feet to about 12,000 to attack some enemy aircraft. I was almost within range when an Archie shell burst under me, hitting my front petrol tank and wounding my observer in the thigh. The petrol then caught fire, and I unfastened my belt and got almost out to jump from the flames, but got back again and put the machine into a violent side-slip. I couldn't breathe and my leather coat, boots and gloves started to burn, and then my own ammunition, about eleven hundred rounds, started exploding. Five enemy machines followed me, shooting all the time. They hit my bus all right but didn't hit me. They hit my instrument board in front of me and I became unconscious several thousand feet from the ground, but my observer prevented a very bad crash. When we hit, my bus went on its nose and I was thrown out, also my observer, then the rear tank caught fire and there was nothing left of the bus.

"We were taken by train to Lille after being dressed at a field dressing station, and I woke up in hospital, about four o'clock in the afternoon. I was shot down about 9.30 in the morning. Both my feet were a bit burned, also my right hand and arm. My neck was almost broken and I couldn't move my head for several days. I went from Lille to a hospital at Quedlinburg, near Berlin, on 29th May, and I haven't seen my observer since."

The following is an extract from a further letter from Mr. Hampton, dated 19th May, 1918, written in a German hospital:

"I am still in hospital, in fact I expect to be here for a week or so yet. I am getting better, but a little slower than I first expected. I have now recovered from the shock but the burns are not healed yet. My nose, which was knocked almost flat between my eyes and a little to one side, is now back to its normal position. It is very painful but that is the only pain I have. The doctor is fixing it very well, probably it will be better looking than before. I had a very narrow escape with my right eye, and have a nasty cut between the eyeball and eyebrow, but that is nearly all right. My burns are not real serious; my right big toe and left ankle lightly burned, and also my right thumb and arm, but nothing to worry about.

"I think Lane, my observer, will be better before me. I am

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not in the same ward, but I hear he is getting on well. It has now been ascertained that I was brought down by Archie fire, a thing I never expected or even contemplated. I don't know how it set me on fire; of course, the front petrol tank was burst, but I don't know what lighted the petrol. I believe my machine was burnt to nothing after I hit the ground, so I am lucky to have undone my belt."

The following are extracts from a letter dated 30th June, 1918, from Nursing Sister H. V. Petrie, who was formerly on the staff of the Department of the Superintendent of Central Western Branches, Winnipeg. Miss Petrie wrote this letter in England where she was recuperating after some very nerve-racking experiences of hospital work just behind the lines.

The town referred to in this letter is Doullens:

"I met General Currie in Brighton, and a few nights after we got here Sir Robert Borden came and he asked for a private interview with me, so I had to give the whole story again to him, also to Sir Edward Kemp and to about ten others.

"However, this is far from the air raid district. Imagine, we were only twelve miles from the firing line. I've been just as close as I want to be, thank you, and yet I adored it and if only I'd been well, would be there yet. There wasn't a particle of use my staying, when I could barely hold up my head, and of course we only got a couple of hours sleep per day. Fritz was over all night and every night from 26th March, and the long range guns were dropping shells into the town all day. I used to go up to the tennis courts and watch the observation balloons, and one night saw one brought down. At night it was wonderful, a continual flash-flash-flash all night long. The noise got on my nerves and everyone's, so that I always had more or less of a headache.

"In the first days of the push it was terrible—that was for three weeks before anyone got his breath. You could hear Amiens being bombed and the continual noise of lorries and guns being taken up the Amiens road and see the sky flaming from fires. It never ceased day or night. Fritz was over at 8 p.m., and again at 11 or 12, and then just as it was getting dawn. Then all day he was over making 'movies' or photographing and the 'antis' were barking. All day there was continual noise of the guns and thousands of wounded pouring in, and the ambulances lined up the Amiens road for miles, one line on one side coming in, and the other returning, and the 'walkers', some of whom had walked 12 and 14

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miles from the field ambulance. They slept, until we could get them out, on the grass, anywhere, as all the wards were crowded and there were stretchers in between the beds on the floors. For three weeks I was in a place called 'Isolation,' quite seven minutes walk from the main hospital, and I had as many as 233 cases and only a youngster, a convalescent, to help me. Everyone else in the main part of the building never even knew of the place, with the exception of one or two of the M.O.'s. The C.O. and matron came about nine o'clock at night, and then I was all alone with from 5 to 18 Huns, more or less sitting over the hospital all night. They used to come to our hospital to get their bearings. It was no joke I can tell you. Then I was put in the operating room and, as I told you, we three girls had 291 operations in ten nights so that gives you a fair idea of a week's work. It was wonderful, though, and the experiences of a lifetime, and I'm so glad I was where I was so that I did not miss it. All our baggage was taken from us and sent to Boulogne, as it was thought we might have to retreat, so we lived in one uniform for ten weeks.

"Some of the Casualty Clearing Stations were bombed and shelled out, and down they came to us and stayed long enough to get their breath, and then went on to open up further back. It was exciting, and our poor little town of Doullens, I guess, wondered what had happened. It was crowded to overflowing, with thousands and thousands of troops being rushed up day and night, cavalry riding past—such a commotion you never saw!"

The following are extracts from a letter received from Lieutenant N. L. Wells who left our Regina branch in July, 1915. Mr. Wells was taken prisoner in July, 1916, and in the spring of 1918 was sent to Scheveningen, the internment camp near the Hague, Holland:

"I do not suppose that the people of Canada realize what the life of a prisoner of war in Germany really is, and when one remembers that Germans as a rule treat officers with exaggerated respect, it may serve to convey a slight idea of what our men are suffering.

"The condition of some of our men is appalling (it depends largely where they are imprisoned) and since our arrival in Holland a little of the truth has leaked out. Men are deliberately murdered, apart from the terrible treatment they receive, and the number who have 'died' in Germany must be very great. Two officers, whom I knew personally, were murdered only last month; of course we have no proof, but we know what happened just as well as if we had seen the whole affair.

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"I have now been in Holland more than two months and I feel like an old resident. I am Assistant Adjutant to the Senior British Interned Officer and have to work fairly hard. My duties consist of dealing with the pay of 4,000 N.C.O.'s and men and 800 officers, and the whole of the work passes through my hands. The men are actually paid by their group officers, but all applications, questions, indents, etc., come to me. The pay of the officers is a most troublesome affair, owing to the system of living out which affects 300 of them. Unfortunately I have to rely on other people for most of the necessary information, and as this information is never correct I have the unfortunate experience of unravelling the many tangles.

"I am lucky in getting a job, as they are very much sought after, and as I am one of the late comers I am exceptionally fortunate. I thought you might like to know that, though prisoners of war, Commerce men are not altogether in the background.

"The country is quite flat but pretty. It is very pleasant to see the light green trees after the never-ending firs of Germany, and we often cycle into one of the neighbouring villages. The whole country is intersected with canals; even in the towns it is impossible to go for more than a few yards without meeting one.

"The expense of the Hague is the greatest drawback. Prices are extortionate and it is almost impossible for a subaltern to live. Before the war the Hague was regarded as the second most expensive place in Europe, Monte Carlo ranking first, so the present prices can be imagined. Fortunately Canadian subalterns are in a better position than the English ones, but it is quite bad enough.

"It seems a long time since I left Regina in 1915, and I should be happy enough to get back there now if the war were over. If we were so fortunate as to be repatriated I should stay in England until the end of the war, on the slight chance of having a second smack at the Huns.

"The weather is very changeable and high winds are frequent; there has been very little rain, but it is often quite cold, and very different from the Hartz Mountains, where they really have glorious summers—the only good feature of the place."

We give below in its entirety the "schweineri" or recital of the experiences as a prisoner of war in Germany of Captain N. L. Wells, the writer of the foregoing letter. By its dispassionate tone and simple relation of fact this document serves to impress on the reader the horrors and insults to which prisoners of war in Germany were constantly subjected:

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"After being brought back from the front, where we were quite well treated, I was sent to the hospital at Cologne. The hospital was full of Russian soldiers, suffering from various things, and a few English men and officers. The treatment here was quite good, though it was perfectly obvious that a badly wounded man would never recover. The Russians used to die every day and all of them were quite apathetic. There were two classes of food; first and second. The first was quite good in comparison with the second, which was served in a way which made it unfit to eat; all the stuff for the second class was put into a kind of bucket and then stirred round until it looked like a pig's trough. The bread was awful stuff, very dark brown, and sour and hard; it is difficult to eat the best kriegsbrod (war bread) as the effect on a person unaccustomed to it is always bad. The food (first class) we had was quite eatable, though I expect our hospitals would have shuddered at it.

"I left Cologne at the end of July and had my first real experience of travelling in Germany. British officers in Germany travel third class (that is to say in cushionless carriages) and sometimes fourth. The carriages are the most uncomfortable things I have ever met and only compare with the almost obsolete carriages on some of our local lines. In addition to this, I have known British officers stand for hours in one of these awful things, because the train was full, women had crowded in, and in Germany it seems to be an almost unknown thing for men to get up and allow women to sit down.

"I left Cologne at 11 a.m. and practically the whole journey to Mainz was by the Rhine. The scenery is splendid, with wooded hills on one side and principally vines on the other, while castles are perched on the tops of rocks at every few hundred yards. However, the scenery in Germany never seems to vary, and I don't think any prisoner of war wishes to see a fir tree again. I reached Mainz at six p.m., and was put in a quarantine room for the night. As I had had nothing but some soup since early morning, I was very hungry and ate the whole of the food they brought me, which consisted of potato soup and my day's ration of bread and cheese. As a consequence I did not get to sleep until 6 o'clock the next morning. The bed was made of iron with wooden slats, on top of which was a straw bag called a mattress, and which was full of holes. Of course there were sheets and blankets, but by morning I simply smothered in straw.

"Mainz is a large fortress camp for French, Belgian and Russian officers, so I only stayed there a couple of days, when I

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went on to Friedberg (in Hesse, not Freiburg where there were so many bombing raids). I was lucky enough to be travelling with an officer as escort, so I travelled second class. Friedberg was a mixed camp of French, Russian and English. It was built as a training school for German N.C.O.'s, so there was a parade ground which we turned into a small football field, shower baths, and a gymnasium without apparatus. It was a very dirty place, and like all German prison camps the sanitary arrangements were very bad. We built two tennis courts, and the remainder of the ground was allotted to various people as gardens. We were extremely lucky in German officers there. The captain of our building was very fond of the English officers; his father or grandfather was English and his wife was Russian, and though he was an old man and not very capable, yet he did his best for us. We were similarly lucky in some of the other officers, one of whom was of one of the highest families in Germany; his mother was English, he had been educated at Eton and had spent all his life on his mother's English estate. There was a well-managed canteen where we could buy most things at a reasonable rate. The food was awful and quite uneatable, even two-thirds of the potatoes were bad. We had our own cooking stoves, which we purchased at the canteen, and though there was usually a shortage of coal, we managed to get along all right with the assistance of a rustling orderly. Parcels were very rarely lost, and we used to live very well as regards food. Rooms were crowded of course, but were absolutely palatial in comparison with our later experience. The messing was an absolute swindle. According to the Hague Convention, I believe, an enemy country is not entitled to make any profit out of a prisoner of war; goods at the canteen are to be sold at the same price as in the town, and any extra profits are to go to the prisoners of war. Well, we had an allied messing committee of which one of our majors was president, and every month five or six thousand marks disappeared; he made a big fuss and was told eventually that if he continued his enquiries he would be sent to the local 'jug.' We had two walks a week, as many theatrical shows as we wished, and though we were searched occasionally after a fashion, yet we were left alone. Apart from the fact that the rooms were disgraceful, and the whole place was filthy, we had not a great deal to complain of. The fact that we were getting our parcels and that we were able to cook our own food was quite enough to make us contented.

"When the winter came we flooded part of the football ground and made a small skating rink which caused a lot of fun. It was just after this that the trouble started and we had orders to leave for Clausthal on the 20th March, 1917.

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"We were sorry to leave Friedberg, though we had not the slightest idea that we were leaving the best camp in Germany; while we were there we were always grouching and usually with very good cause, but the 1914 officers thought that the improvement of this camp over others was owing to the fact that the Germans had at last realized their mistake in treating prisoners badly.

"The 1914 officers were mistaken.

"We left Friedberg at 7 o'clock on the evening of the 20th March with the assurance that the journey was one of twelve or thirteen hours. We were actually in the train for about twenty-seven hours in unheated carriages. The carriages were the usual cushionless third class, and every mile we went the cold got worse. Two of our senior captains skipped off the train and managed to reach Holland. This occurred soon after we started. Before we reached the end of our journey it was snowing hard, and I suppose the temperature was a little below zero, or between thirty and forty degrees of frost. During the whole of the journey we received no food or drink from the German authorities, excepting one lukewarm cup of acorn coffee each, for which we paid one mark per cup (without milk or sugar). Fortunately we had brought a certain amount of food with us. When we reached Clausthal the snow was about a foot deep and it was still snowing. We were in awfully bad condition by this time, half frozen, so stiff that we could scarcely move at first, and tired out, yet the first news we got was that we had to carry our own suit-cases through the snow to the camp about two miles away. There were several men with us who were lame or ill, but no conveyance was provided. A lot of us dumped our bags down on the platform and refused to carry them, so they came up next day.

"We reached the camp finally and were ushered into a large dining room, where we were treated to an astounding speech by the commandant in the best Prussian manner. This consisted of yelling at the top of one's voice in the most insulting way imaginable. We were then stripped and searched, and were not allowed to go to bed until three o'clock the following morning; we received no food during this time and were unable to obtain water. Then most of us were sent down to the huts, which were icy cold, and we went to bed with all our clothes on.

"We had our first view of the camp next day. It consisted of a wooden hotel, built in the shoddiest German fashion and three wooden huts divided into rooms. In the hotel the dining-room was heated, but all the other rooms were unheated. The winter lasted about six months and we sometimes had forty degrees of

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frost. The huts were supposed to get two buckets of coal every three days per room; the buckets were half the size of an ordinary bucket. The consequence was that 250 officers had to spend all their time in a dirty dining-room, which was much too small even for its avowed object. We used to bribe the German soldiers, and get coal by this means, but even then we could rarely get enough. For the winter of 1917-18 no coal was allowed.

"The grounds of the camp were extremely small, and part had an additional wire fence to separate it from the rest of the camp; this wired off piece, which was shaped like a leg of mutton, held two tennis courts and a piece of ground which in area was equal perhaps to three tennis courts, and which we turned into a miniature golf course. The rest consisted of a tiny plot of grass, where a few bushes grew and where we occasionally sat out in summer. Inside the camp were little bits of garden and grass all surrounded by barbed wire, as also were the huts. Their idea apparently was to save the grass and trees from being injured, and the sentries had orders to shoot any officer who went through this wire to get anything. I hope I have made it plain that this had nothing to do with escaping. Of course, things were dropping out of the windows of the huts continually and balls would go in the forbidden areas, yet if any officer fetched them he was liable to lose his life. One officer was actually shot at, but the sentry missed him and his effort was greeted with howls of laughter. It would not have been at all surprising if he had loosed his rifle off at us for laughing; if he had killed anyone he would have got the Iron Cross undoubtedly.

"In addition to the two tennis courts, we built two squash courts, so we got a certain amount of exercise, though our arrangements did not go far amongst over 250 men.

"To return to our arrival at Clausthal. After we had been there a week, the issue of tins was stopped for eight days and that of parcels for two weeks. This was a pure schweinerei, and we were given no reason for it. It was particularly annoying in the case of bread which we knew was being ruined, apart from the fact that the camp was swarming with rats and mice, which always went through every parcel which was not opened immediately.

"We had no walk for four months; as a matter of fact we had one, but some days after this had taken place, three officers escaped, and the Germans said that they would probably be charged with breaking their parole, as they must have used their eyes during the walk and seen the surrounding country. We all handed in our parole cards the following day.

"The 'jug' was next door to the pigsty and had been condemned

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even by the German inspectors; nevertheless one man was kept there for months. Eventually a hut was built containing sixteen cells and those were always kept full during the summer months. It was impossible to avoid 'jug.' Major-General Ravenshaw was given eight days for saying at a conference with the German Commandant that he considered collective punishment for individual offences was 'unfair.' I was very lucky and only collected three days during my stay in Hunland. I was never caught in the usual things, such as swiping parcels which contained contraband or cigarettes, and getting out tins by means of false keys, etc., but I was exceptionally fortunate.

"For a long time our cigarettes were stopped, the reason given being that the French had poison for the crops sent in theirs.

"We used to find that the Huns had been in our rooms during our absence, and of course we missed a lot of things. We even caught a German officer feeling in the pockets of a coat when he thought no one was in the room.

"Men were continually stripped and searched. Any contraband such as a map, compasses, etc., resulted in eight days. As a matter of fact I was found with a map, but for some reason or other my name was overlooked, so I escaped.

"The beds were of iron, wooden slats and 2-inch thick mattresses and two blankets (with the thermometer below zero), in addition to which the two together did not make one decent English blanket. One cupboard (assigned to one German soldier in ordinary times) was only allowed to two officers, and no box that would not go under the bed was allowed in the rooms. Sitting or lying on the bed in daytime was not allowed, and any clothes found on the bed or chairs were thrown on the floor. As you can imagine we had no room for anything. A German officer used to spend all day going round the rooms and putting clothing on the floor, etc., but after a few months of this, when the Germans found that we paid no attention to orders of this description, they gave up trying to enforce many of the rules which we tacitly refused to obey.

"The rooms in the huts were disgusting places and not fit for officers at any time. The overcrowding was scandalous, and at least twice as many men as there should be were in each room. No curtains were allowed; one or two rooms purchased them and they were torn down (not taken down).

"For a long time we were not allowed to have the windows open at night even in the hot summer months, but eventually the Dutch Ambassador made a fuss, and we were allowed to keep them

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open on condition that we paid for wire screens to go over the window.

"Just before I left Clausthal, three officers attempted to escape and were captured. The commandant rushed up to the guard room and commenced bullying in his usual manner. He told one man to go down on his knees to him, and when he refused to, he ordered the guard to force him to his knees, which they did.

"Remember this occurred at the end of March, 1918, and not 1914.

"One officer (also in 1918) who had appealed against a sentence of two months by court-martial for some alleged offence, was successful and the sentence was dismissed. He came to the camp highly elated, the first man to win an appeal in Germany, and, I imagine, the only one. However, the same week he received a sentence of eight days' imprisonment from General von Hanish, the Commander of the 10th Army Corps, for the same offence, despite the fact that the court-martial had dismissed the case. The 'jug' was stated to be for disciplinary purposes.

"According to the Prisoners' Agreement drawn up in July, 1917, no officer was to be kept in 'jug' awaiting a courtmartial or sentence, but this did not matter to the Huns. In October a big search was held, and everyone was ordered outside in the 'appel' ground. One officer was ill and had been ordered to stay in bed by the German doctor; he explained this, but was made to go outside, and the next day was charged with assaulting one of the German soldiers. Of course it was a lie, as he had not touched a man, but despite the fact that he had a number of witnesses, he was put into 'jug' and kept there for ten weeks awaiting trial. This only happened about two months after the agreement had been signed.

"According to the same agreement, all prisoners undergoing confinement for anything except escaping, were to be released on the 31st July. Strangely enough the Huns kept this part of the agreement, but the following week every cell was full again, so they broke the spirit of the agreement within a few days.

"Imprisonment for escaping was limited to 14 days, but in the tenth Army Corps, an officer never does less than a month, usually much more. The way they work it is like this; 14 days for escaping, 8 days for having a compass, 8 days for having a civilian hat, 8 days for a civilian coat, etc., 8 days for having a map (16 days for two maps), 8 days for a ruck-sack, 8 days for tins, etc. You will no doubt appreciate the absurdity of making any agreement with people like this.

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"After every attempted escape our 'playground' was closed for at least a week and sometimes two, while we would have 'appels' at 4 o'clock in the morning whenever the wire was discovered to be cut.

"Searches were an absolute 'schwein.' A regular army would come down composed of civil detectives, policemen in gorgeous uniforms, and soldiers, and were always greeted with howls of laughter much to their annoyance. The rooms would be taken three at a time, and no officer was allowed in his room until it was his turn to be searched. The waiting officers were locked in the dining hall and on one occasion they had to stay there all night. Nothing was ever found in these searches. Occasionally an odd map or compass would be discovered, but we had so many that it did not matter. In addition copies of maps could be made any time and home-made compasses were turned out by dozens, so all their work was unnecessary and nothing but a 'schweinelei' (I hope you understand what this word means. It is a very expressive German word which has been adopted by prisoners of war).

"Every room was turned upside down and special rooms were selected for severe treatment. Some of the rooms had been made to look quite decent, with the aid of brown paper and wall paper, photographs, pictures, etc., and one of these rooms was invariably selected by the Huns. The whole of the paper was torn off the walls, pictures taken to pieces or smashed and everything piled up in the centre of the room. On one occasion when the officer in charge of the search was drunk (a very common habit with the German officers on duty), he drew his sword, cut down some curtains he saw and commenced hacking at things on the wall. Searches of this description took place twice a year and were altogether unproductive.

"Everything in our parcels was cut to bits; shaving soap often into three pieces, washing soap smashed up, bread (from the Dutch and Swiss Red Cross) cut into four and sometimes six pieces, and as far as possible everything ruined. Our parcels were stolen systematically—I was a very bad sufferer—and our tins also. Occasionally 'verboten' articles were discovered, but if we had received advice letters beforehand we usually got the stuff if it was properly packed. There was no object in all this business, as the Germans knew as well as we did that we could get anything we wanted in the escape line in other ways.

"The Commandant, yept Neimeyer, who has a twin brother in charge at Holzmindenlager, was one of the biggest blackguards it is possible to meet. He spoke excellent English with an

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astonishing accent; he had lived for some years in America, hence his knowledge of our language. A large part of his time he was half drunk and even at his best he was insane. It is very difficult to give a description of his actions. He was the biggest liar we met in a nation of liars; he was a thief, and in short, what the Germans call a 'schweinhund'—the English translation being 'pig-dog.' He was hated by his own people quite as much as by us, because he used to make them do so much unnecessary work.

"He used to spend his day walking round the camp making annoying or insulting remarks to officers, and certain officers he hated, he put in 'jug' continually for no reason at all. He was continually devising petty 'schweinerreis' to annoy us; one of his choicest amusements was to have officers stripped and searched, not because he suspected them of concealing articles, but because he enjoyed it. I can't describe him properly, it is an impossible task, but, if he ever leaves Germany after the war, he will be killed.

"As regards escaping, we were extremely unfortunate. No one has ever escaped from Friedberg or Clausthal. Quite a lot of men have got out of the camp, but the distance is so great that they have always been caught. Some camps are ridiculously easy to escape from, as they are within a comparatively short distance of Holland, but so far Clausthal has proved quite impossible. We started a tunnel at Clausthal under one of the huts; the huts were raised two or three feet above the ground and we cut through the floors of various rooms and got below the hut. We actually started another tunnel under another hut, but we had to give it up owing to trouble with water. The big tunnel we started in the second week of May, and we worked daily from 9.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. without any stops. Towards the end, owing to the winter coming on, the 'appels' were altered, and we were only able to work during the last few weeks from ten to four. At one time there were eighty of us in it, but we did not finish the show until the 3rd of November, or six months' hard work. We were divided into gangs with regular time-tables. The tunnel was only 71 feet long, but for a long time we had to work through solid rock, and it took us two months to dig a 10 foot shaft. Eventually the work became a little easier, but it was always hard, as the ground further on consisted of shale. Some days we could not work owing to rain, and towards the end we had to bail every morning. The stuff we took out was distributed over the ground so that the same level was maintained, and though the Huns and dogs were often under the hut at night, they never found anything. The opening was nearly two feet below the level of the ground, and every night

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we put the lid on and covered the hole up carefully, replacing stones, etc., until it was impossible to find. We had an 'intelligence' working in various places above ground, to give warning of any danger. We worked by electric light and had an excellent air pump, while the stuff we took out was dragged on a sleigh running on boards, from the end of the tunnel to the shaft. The show was given away on the day before we were going out. At this time only twenty-five were left, as it was quite cold and some did not think it worth while continuing, while others expected to be changed to Holland. We know how it was given away, and there will be trouble for a certain Sinn Feiner (an orderly) after the war.

"It was awfully bad luck to lose the result of six months' extremely hard work.

"The Germans only found the boards cut in two rooms so they charged three officers with the show. Some of them were innocent, but it was decided by the committee that for anyone to take their places would be a confession of guilt, so I, much to my annoyance, missed the fun of the legal proceedings. Seven months were given, against which an appeal had been lodged.

"I have not told you about the dogs yet. Three or four dogs, trained to attack everyone they saw excepting one man who had charge of them, were turned loose inside the wire every night. That this is against the Hague Convention does not matter, of course.

"The dogs were also taken in the house and huts on a short leash, but as the passages are very narrow it was quite dangerous enough. One officer going into his room one night, was jumped at by one of these brutes and bitten. He was immediately charged with inciting the dog, though he has everyone in his room to swear that it was a lie. I expect he was court-martialed and jugged.

I will not give you any information about the treatment of our men, as evidence is being taken here by Court of Enquiry, and I expect the result will be published. As you know, dozens of our soldiers have been, and are being, deliberately murdered, apart altogether from the vindictively cruel treatment they receive in many parts of Germany.

"It is impossible to talk of peace with Germany, and it is inconceivable to prisoners of war that anyone can dream of the Germans keeping any kind of treaty or agreement.

"A German has not the slightest sense of honor; he never speaks the truth if he can lie; he is treacherous in every possible way, and he has the manners, customs and ideas of a pig."

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The following letter, describing an experience in mid-air, was written by Second Lieutenant Leslie Playne, who enlisted from our Sarnia, Ont., branch.

Lieutenant Playne was reported missing on 27th March, 1918, and was later presumed to be dead:

"Two days ago I had a terrible experience, being saved from a horrible death by the kindness of the gods.

"I was over the front line trenches at 6,000 feet when a fire started in my machine. In a second I was enveloped in flames. I jammed the bus over into a nose-diving side slip.

"The extreme limit of speed for that type of aeroplane is 120 miles per hour. But I came down the whole way at 136 miles per hour—that is $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles a minute. It seemed hours, but as you can see it was in reality a matter of just over 30 seconds.

"I flattened out at the last moment and crashed the machine, and we both jumped and ran; just as we got clear the petrol tank exploded, and the whole thing went up in one huge cloud of flame and smoke to a height of 300 feet. The ammunition was all going off too, so we got some distance away. We shook hands with each other and walked over to a village near where we had landed and got a big glass of neat brandy each, at a Divisional Supply Column mess, and I got my hand dressed and borrowed the C.O.'s car to drive home in, and sent a telegraph message to the squadron.

"My boots (those big sheepskin thigh boots) and my gloves were burned off and my fingers blistered and my moustache singed off. Am I not lucky to escape so?"

The following episode is related by Gunner R. P. Pangman, who enlisted from our Windsor, Ont., branch:

"Had two very narrow escapes from prematures, the first on the 10th of May, 1918: Our battery was covering a position that should have taken a brigade of guns, and consequently we were firing 800 rounds per gun a day to make up for it. There were seven of us on one gun crew, working in two 24 hour shifts. I had been on duty the day before and all night, and had slept all day till about four o'clock and then had a wash up. We used to use the gun pit as a living room as well (an old Fritzzy one before Vimy, with roof and sides of eight feet solid cement). One of the chaps who had been on with me the night before, Stevens, went in to give the rest a hand with a little rapid fire, and I was just going in too, when I heard the order to fire, so waited at the door a second. The next thing I knew there was a tremendous crash, and the pit was full of smoke. Corbett and I ran in, and the whole gun had

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been blown to pieces. Stevens had been killed outright, and the rest pretty badly cut up, and all went down the line for a period of from two to four months, or didn't come back at all. This is one little instance that came of defective ammunition, due no doubt this time to defective fusing."

Lieutenant James Robinson, who enlisted from our London, England, branch, herein relates the circumstances of his capture by the Germans on 21st March, 1918:

"The 36th (Ulster) Division, to which my Battalion belonged, was holding a very narrow salient almost facing St. Quentin or due East on the right, while the left Battalion was facing almost south. Our Battalion Headquarters (rear) were situated on a road leading through the front line to St. Quentin and about three-quarters of mile behind. From 4.30 a.m. we were under a very heavy barrage, had all our signal communications cut, which all our efforts failed to restore in spite of the bravery and self-sacrifice of many of our runners and signallers, and to make matters worse, the fog was so dense that it was impossible to see beyond 20 yards. At 10.30 we found that the Boche had got round behind us and engaged a working party of our pioneers—the 16th Royal Irish Rifles.

"The Commanding Officer had been gassed earlier in the morning, and was very sick, but acting on his instructions I proceeded to collect all the men to be found, including cooks, batmen, orderly room clerks, runners and signallers. Before we got into the trench we had a battalion of Boche on top of us. They were advancing across country in artillery formation and upon seeing us they immediately deployed; meanwhile the party of 16th Rifles had been overpowered and we now found ourselves completely surrounded. The road was occupied by the Boche, and behind us was a steep embankment, so we were literally 'with our backs to the wall.'

"To keep such superior forces from getting to close quarters and overrunning us was impossible, and we had a shower of stick bombs before we were aware that the Germans were so close. The first of the enemy to attempt to come in on us was shot, but the rush was too powerful and we were overwhelmed. I found myself endeavouring to defend the charges made against me by a Boche N.C.O. First: Why was I using 'dum-dum' bullets? (so he called the Webley pistol ammunition) and Second: Why did I shoot one of his men? To answer these charges I was detained by him though

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I was wounded, and was forced to say good-bye to my men and to the Commanding Officer.

"I had got to the stage of looking down the barrel of my own revolver, when an officer came along and enquired what was the matter; he investigated the charges and after my explanation simply said, 'Oh, that is war, you can go back,' pointing towards St. Quentin.

"The Battalion in the front line held out until late that night and when the remnant was finally overpowered they had 600 German prisoners in their lines.

"To attempt to describe our treatment from the time we were captured until we finally landed at a permanent camp would be impossible. Their brutal treatment of both officers and men, and their 'tender mercies for the wounded,' there is no language strong enough to denounce."

The following extracts from letters from Lieutenant N. D. Dalton, M.C., who enlisted from our London, England, branch in August, 1914, and was taken prisoner in April, 1918, have been forwarded to us by his mother. They cover a period of over two months beginning on the 17th of April and ending with the 26th of June, 1918:

"You will probably be very much surprised to get the card I sent off two days ago to let you know that I am a prisoner of war in Germany. There was no one more surprised than myself. I have always expected to be killed, or wounded again, but never to be taken prisoner. Well, here I am, and it is no use worrying.

"I have been constantly on the move since I was captured, and will be here for several days and will enjoy a rest. I have been very well treated up to now, far better than I expected, but whether it will last I don't know.

"Food has been rather a problem, and I understand all parcels have to go through the Red Cross. When sending, send solid food like cheese, etc., if possible. I do not want anything at all fanciful."

May 3rd. "Quite well and having very good weather; chief occupation consists of basking in the sun. This is a rest cure with a vengeance. I have been captured about three weeks now, having been taken on 12th April. I sent a card on the 13th, one on the 17th and one on the 25th. You might let me know what date you receive them so that I shall have some idea when my cards are likely to reach you, when I send them off. Parcels take

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two months to reach here from the day of writing for them, but I should think letters would be quicker.

"The camp I am now in is a distributing centre from which we gradually go to permanent camps. About one hundred officers have left here this week. When in permanent camps we are allowed one batman to every six officers, I understand.

"The people in my hut have just had a photo taken. If it is any good I will send you one if allowed.

"It is a splendid afternoon, so I am writing this sitting out in the sun with a view of the range of mountains looking quite blue, covered with forest, an occasional village or church being visible among the trees. The mountains are only a few miles away and give us something to look at. They are not very high, but are very pretty.

"There is a lecture on Finland this p.m. We have lectures on something nearly every night. It helps to pass the time away."

May 10th. "It has been very hot lately, but cool in the evenings. We have had to have our hair off and look like convicts, but it will grow again before I get back. I am still quite hopeful of the war being over this year. Of course we all *hope* it will, and I dare say the wish is father to the thought. We had a thunderstorm a few nights ago, and with it came a very pleasant smell of pines from the forest which runs right up to the borders of the camp.

"I understand that the hills we see so plainly are the Hartz Mountains. I shall not see them much longer, however, as I am leaving for my permanent camp to-morrow.

"I am saving food to-day for the journey to-morrow, as it often happens that meals are few and far between while on the move, at least some people found it so on the way here.

"I have taken to a pipe, as cigarettes are too expensive over here, but the tobacco we are getting is terrible stuff, so please send that in future instead of cigarettes."

May 20th, Baden. "Still going strong, and beginning to settle down here. We are allowed to write four cards and two letters a month. You can write as often as you like, the oftener the better.

"None of the officers here have heard from home yet, though some of them have been captured over two months now. I hope my letters will come more quickly."

May 27th. "As the court-yard is very small and there is no room to walk about, we are allowed to go for walks in the country round about. We have to give our parole that we will not try to

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escape during these walks and we are sent out with two or three Germans as guides, etc. We march in fours until we are clear of the town, and then we break off into twos and threes and can walk as we like, keeping more or less together, of course. If we pass through any villages, we form fours and then spread out again beyond. When we first went out, we felt very tired when we got back, but now we are getting used to it, and go for walks every day. Whatever direction one goes out of the town, one has to go uphill. The hills are covered with trees, chiefly firs, and are very pretty.

"We are going in more for conversational French than anything else at present, till we get some grammars. We have a class of an hour every day except Sunday, and most of us do an hour or two daily besides. We have also managed to get hold of a German professor who is going to teach us German. He is coming for the first time on June 3rd and will give three lessons a week. His charge is one mark per officer per month, and I am going to take that too, as when the German starts we will only have three French lessons per week. I am going in for both French and German, as I don't want to waste my time more than I can avoid while a prisoner. If I am able to speak French and German well enough for ordinary purposes by the time I leave here, it may be very useful to me in after life.

"We have a few novels which are passed around, and the authorities are getting more, I believe.

"We have heard from Berne that the charge for bread is ten shillings a month, and we are expecting the first lot to arrive any day now—(censored)—and will soon be quite well off. I hope to be able to stop some of the parcels I asked for from home, as I don't want to waste anything.

"We get German papers daily here, and the British, French and German official communiques are translated from these papers and posted up. We also get a paper called the 'Continental Times' which is printed in English —(censored)—.

"All of us who wished to, have been disinfected from those visitors which are so inseparable from active service, and it is a relief to be free from them at last. The baths here are now in full swing, and I have a cold shower every a.m. before breakfast. We are allowed two hot baths per month, one on the 1st and one on the 15th of each month. I hope to get soap from home soon. Please put tooth-paste in parcels occasionally.

"We can get cheques cashed here if we want to, so I shall be all right in that respect, but I don't want to cash another before the end of June if I can help it. I am confining my purchases

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almost entirely to food and tobacco at present, and when my parcels come I hope to be able to knock these off altogether.

"I may as well explain that my name was sent in about February for the King's birthday honours list which appears in June. I was recommended for the M.C. Meanwhile the S— show came off and I was recommended again for the M.C. for fooling about in same. R— will be able to tell you whether this came through or not, and all about these things if you write to him.

"If it has come through, you might send me a bit of the M.C. ribbon and also a new piece of 1914 Star. I am not quite sure whether the Birthday honours list will count as a bar now that I am a prisoner, as it would have done had this not taken place.

"By the way, once or twice we have been able to get jam at the Canteen here. If the supply becomes regular I will let you know, so as to stop sending it out, as it weighs heavy in parcels.

"We have started a Sports Club, by which means we hope to play tennis, football, cricket, badminton and so forth, if we can get ground to play on. We have managed to get tennis courts, which, being hard, we can play on all the year round. The trouble is we are not allowed to send for sports things from home, but some arrangement is being made whereby stuff is bought in bulk and we can send a subscription of 10/- to A. W. Gamage, made payable to the 'Lahr Sports Fund Account,' and they get everything we require, so will you please send the above and tell them it is sent in my behalf, and debit same to my account. All things considered, when our letters and parcels begin to come regularly, we shall have quite a good time, I think, though of course the thought will keep on cropping up that we are prisoners, though the Germans do not attempt to impress us with the fact, and are really doing all they can to make us comfortable.

"The promised piano has not turned up yet, but we have not altogether lost hope.

"There is a fellow here called Rumble who was in a course with me at the beginning of this year, and who is a professional violinist in civil life, and they are trying to get a violin for him.

"I do not think I told you before that we often have lectures in the evenings by officers, describing life in various countries and in different professions, and some of these are very interesting. There are representatives from all parts of the world and most of the professions. We have had lectures on India, Nyassaland, journalism, law and others, and there are officers who know South

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Africa and Canada well to my knowledge, and probably a good many other countries which I have not heard of yet."

May 28th. "Another fine morning and it will be nice in the woods to-day. I tried my hand at making potato cakes yesterday and didn't do so badly, but I put rather too much salt in. I must try again some day and see if I can get them right.

"One German grammar has arrived from town and more will be coming later. I don't think I will do much till the Professor turns up, but will carry on with French as hard as I can in the meantime.

"They are falling in for the walk downstairs so I must stop."

May 16th. (received after later letters).

"There are a lot of things I want to tell you about, but in case I have not room to do all of this in one letter I will start with the most important. This, at the moment, is *food*. We receive from the Germans, coffee ——(censored)——. There are a number of gas rings provided for us on which to cook the food received in parcels, and we can get cooking utensils here. I believe one is allowed to choose what is to be sent in the Red Cross parcel, and the following list of things are just suggestions which have occurred to me, but you know more about this sort of thing than I do ——(censored)——.

"All foodstuffs that come in we divide equally among all of us, each room having a representative who gets the room's share. Each syndicate of four officers then gets its share and finally each individual. Leivers is our canteen representative and keeps the accounts for the room, and one officer in each syndicate keeps a syndicate account with Leivers, and also an account with each officer in the syndicate. I am keeping the accounts for our syndicate. It passes the time away.

"Now about 'passing the time'. As you can imagine we are not just sitting down waiting for the war to end. The senior officer in the place, Lieut.-Col. Otter, is a very good chap and has got things going fairly well already. There is a daily French class which I am attending, and this is run more on the lines of conversational French. This passes an hour away every morning. Then arrangements are being made for a German professor to come and teach us German, and I am going in for that. He is also trying to find some officer who can teach shorthand, and, if a class is started, I shall join that too, so if all these turn out all right, I shall have a certain amount to do, and these things may come in useful to me after the war. The Germans have got hold of a harmonium and we have evening service at 8 p.m. daily, and the usual Sunday

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services. There are several padres here. They are also getting a piano for us, and I am greatly looking forward to its arrival."

June 5th. "Some of the officers have heard from home at last, and I hope that I shall do so by the end of the month. No parcels have come yet. Time is passing quite rapidly. We have now got some more books, and when in the sick room (I had a chill) I had little else to do but read, as one does not feel much inclined for learning languages under such conditions.

"The German professor has started, but knows very little English and writes in German characters, so I am afraid we shall have to learn that before we can learn much German from him.

"Four violins have arrived in the camp, but there is no sign of the piano though we still have hopes.

"To-morrow is my birthday (twenty-second). I have not spent one in England since the war began. Possibly I may do so next year; one never knows."

June 14th. "The weather here is extremely hot, and this afternoon is stifling.

"I have had two German lessons and am gradually progressing. I am likely to have plenty of time, so should know something about it when I get home.

"We are going to have our photos taken. It will be interesting later on to have one of my cropped pate. By the way, this was not compulsory, but was part of the anti-bug precautions taken at R—. It has nearly grown again now.

"I have been thinking of the question of the food parcels, and have come to the conclusion that I shall not require the four parcels from home as well as six from the Red Cross per month. So please do not send except on special occasions, as I wish to live as economically as possible here and do not want to waste food, especially in these days."

June 22nd. "During one of our recent walks, being a very clear day, I found that the plain I spoke of in my last letter has another line of hills on the other side of it, which appear to be higher than the ones here. It was a glorious view, and I wish you could have seen it, especially as you are so fond of pines.

"I see that the British and German Governments are endeavouring to arrange exchanges of prisoners on a large scale. Whether this would mean repatriation or being sent to a neutral country, I don't know, but either would suit me, though the former would be greatly preferred. We would be among the last to be sent home, I expect, being so recently captured. Still, it would be something to look forward to if one knew that after a definite period

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one would be repatriated, whereas at present one is simply waiting for the end of the war.

"We are gradually crawling along with French and German. One of the officers is teaching painting, but I am not participating. One cannot do many things if one is going to do them thoroughly, as I am hoping to do French and German."

June 26th. "One of the officers who had heard from home got some dripping and we had fried bread for breakfast. It reminded me very much of the line, and I gave up eating bacon some-time ago and just had several slices of bread fried, which is splendid stuff for filling one up. I believe it is called 'Cobbler's Toast.' Soap is in great demand, both for washing ourselves and our clothes."

July 4th. "I have at last received a letter from you, dated 30th May, and cannot tell you how glad I was to get it and to know that all are well at home. I have also received from the Red Cross one consignment of biscuit (bread) from Berne and one parcel from the Army and Navy Stores, for all of which many thanks. You can imagine how welcome they all are. The butter was *tremendously* appreciated."

The following extracts from a letter written by Lieutenant E. P. Charles, formerly of our Langham branch, describe one of the many branches of work in the R.A.F.:

"I am still in England, not having been sent back to the Western Front. I have been engaged for many months upon the testing and the delivery of flying machines to France, as well as travelling all over England and occasionally to Scotland. It is fascinating work; a description of one of my recent trips might interest you.

"I left Coventry on the 1st of May, 1918, with a big service machine for Ayr, in Scotland, at 11.35 a.m., and at 12.50 I arrived at Doncaster, and feeling like lunch, I landed there and ordered lunch for myself and also for my machine. At 2.45 (I am writing from my log-book), I crashed into the air again, as we say, and proceeded northwards. About York, the engine began to get a bit 'wonky' and the weather a bit too thick, so, knowing there was an aerodrome about 18 miles away, I thought I would try to get that far, so wobbled into Tadcaster at 3.15.

"I looked the engine over and reported a leaky float and blowing valve. This required two new parts which had to come from Bradford, so I went off into Harrogate expecting to meet an old friend from Canada, but although the name was exactly the same, he

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wasn't my friend. I returned to Tadcaster in the morning, having still to wait for the necessary parts. These days of enforced idleness often come when I am miles from anywhere. During that afternoon another enormous machine landed on its way to the Coast, to do submarine patrol. We're making it warm for the Huns now. You can see a 'tin-fish' even as far as 100 feet below the surface from above. Next morning, the third, at 11.50 I got away again and proceeded to York. The weather began to get thick there, and so I decided to get as far North as possible without straying too far from an aerodrome (I have them all marked on my maps). I was finally obliged to put down at Helperby, which is a night flying station in Yorkshire, owing to poor visibility. Here they gave me a very good lunch, and the weather continuing so thick I had to remain several days. Finally I got good weather reports from all around, and, although it was still 'dud,' I decided to climb through, which I finally did, and soon after when nearing Darlington I flew out of the mist into clear sunlight. I pushed on and reached a point twelve miles from Newcastle-on-Tyne fifty-five minutes after starting. I only waited here just long enough to get petrol and oil tanks filled again, and to get a weather report, when I was off again. I struck inland along the Tyne and over the North end of the Pennines to Carlisle, flying at a height of about a mile, thence along the North shore of the Solway into Dumfriesshire.

"The mountains and moors did look forbidding and lonely, not a house or an animal visible for miles and miles. The time seemed to pass very slowly during this part of the journey with nothing but mountains to be seen, not a bit of level land anywhere to gladden a pilot's heart. Soon I saw a large thimble-shaped mountain sticking up out of the mist and cloud, and my heart fell, for it seemed a long, long way from me, and I knew I had to pass it in order to get to the coast. However, I was able to get a couple of bearings on it and it proved to be Ailsa Craig, sticking up out of the sea mist. I don't know what it looks like from the sea, but from the air it seemed to rise up sheer about 1,200 feet, and as it is only about 100 yards in diameter it is a fairly impressive piece of nature. From there I continued on and soon saw the welcome coast; when over good landing grounds the time passes much quicker. In about half an hour I landed at 6.40 p.m., and started for the office, carrying a coat, cap, goggles, log-books and suitcase, etc. Coming to meet me I saw a gentleman with oak-leaves round his cap. This sort of gentleman needs to be saluted, so I got all that list of stuff under my left arm somehow, and saluted. He proved to be a Colonel, and the C.O. of the Station, and one of the most charming men I have

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ever met. He would not hear of 'business' until he had given me dinner and all the hospitality the place afforded. At dinner that night I sat down with a distinguished crowd. Four Colonels, a Major, and a Captain and myself. There were two V.C.'s, four D.S.O.'s, six M.C.'s, lots of bars and French and other decorations, and all amongst those six men. One of the Colonels was my old C.O. in France, and he was very pleased to see me. I wish I could tell you of the deeds those men got their decorations for, but it would take too long. They are household names amongst ourselves.

"The next time I went up there I met the famous Captain McCudden whom you have heard about. He, too, is a charming man to meet, of more than average intellect and ability, with keen, clear brown eyes, and a firm mouth and jaw. He is tall and perfectly formed, with the grace and speed of movement of a cat. He, too has decorations,—the most honoured man in the whole British Army."

The following are extracts from a letter dated 9th August, 1918, from Captain H. E. Tylor, formerly Manager of our St. Thomas branch.

This refers to the Amiens offensive of 8th August, 1918, in particular to the advance at Villers Bretonneux:

"There has been so little of interest to write about lately that I have not bothered people at home with many letters, but yesterday was the greatest day, I consider, that the Canadians have had, at least since I came to France two years and a half ago. It was a magnificent sight. The infantry were wonderful. How far the Hun has retreated we do not know yet. The cavalry went through in slashing style; tanks and armoured cars were in the thick of it. Everyone is in the highest spirits over it all. Hundreds of aeroplanes are overhead but I have only seen two of the Huns.

"The day was perfect for an attack and we are following up as fast as possible. I would not begin to describe it all; a rolling country covered with crops, the wheat almost ripe, oats, barley and rye torn up by the hail of shells. I enclose a souvenir (a two mark note) as it is easy to send. A Boche prisoner gave it to one of the men, apparently with the idea that it was quite the correct thing to do. They seem so pleased to be captured.

"I am no longer with my old unit which has been broken up. Watts, an old Commerce man from St. Catharines, and myself are engineer officers. Purdy of Winnipeg also is with us as paymaster. Newton also is close by, so I see a lot of the old men."

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We give below an extract from a letter dated 18th August, 1918, from Captain V. Curran, formerly Assistant Accountant of the Winnipeg branch, who left in April, 1915, to join the Third Canadian Contingent.

This letter refers to the Amiens offensive. The German Paymaster's office was captured near Rozieres:

"So far I have managed to keep my head down, and am feeling very fit. It is over fifteen months since I came back a second time, and I am getting in need of a rest. As you will have observed from the papers, the Corps have just taken another very successful crack at Fritz, gathering in about 8,000 prisoners and numerous guns both large and small. It was a wonderful show in every way, and it did our hearts good to see the cavalry go through. All branches did wonderful work, and the flying men completely controlled the air. Our casualties were not heavy, considering, and most of the wounds were good clean machine-gun bullets. The work done by the whole Corps was well up to the standard already set, which will be sufficiently explanatory to give you an idea of the show. We were favoured with wonderful weather, and the morning of the attack the ground was covered with a thick ground mist which enabled us to work up and surprise the Hun. Some of his batteries never fired a shot, so complete was the surprise. We got a German Paymaster's place with thousands of marks lying around. They made great souvenirs. The boys collected much booty and everyone had cigars and cigarettes galore."

The following extract from a letter dated 22nd August, 1918, from Sergeant-Major A. P. Reid, who left our Goderich branch to enlist in August, 1915, gives a description of a series of air raids by the enemy on our hospitals in Etaples, France, referring particularly to the big air raid of May, 1918, and to subsequent air raids by the Germans on No. 1 Canadian General Hospital.

"On the night of May 19th (Sunday) about ten o'clock, I having just come down from my office at the hospital to the Quarters, and feeling a bit hungry, went into the Sergeants' mess to get a bite of bread and cheese. Three or four of us came out of the tent together and just outside of the door stopped to talk for a minute. Just then we heard an aeroplane, and listening carefully, tried to make out if it was one of ours or a French plane, never dreaming that it might be one of the enemy's. We had only listened for a few seconds when the plane dived and the sound became

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very plain, and we knew then that Fritz was over us. Even then it did not dawn upon us that it might be a bombing machine, for our lights were still burning and no warning had been given. Then down came an incendiary bomb into the quarters, about thirty yards to the left of where we were standing. We had only remarked 'there is a fire' when the terrific roar of the falling bombs induced us to flatten out on the ground. As soon as we realized that that load had been disposed of and we had not been hit, we all jumped up save Sergeant Smith, and went around the corner of the Mess in order to get the shovels and water to put out the fire, which was now making great progress. We had no sooner got to the shovels, etc., when down came another load of bombs, one dropping very near the spot in which we had been standing, and killing Sergeant Smith. Fritz continued to use the flames from our quarters as a target, and simply poured the bombs into them. Nearly all the W.O.'s, N.C.O.'s and men were in bed, except a few of the Sergeants and night nursing staff. The poor chaps didn't have the smallest chance of escape. Many of them were burned to death in their beds, while others had their legs blown off and were dependent upon the other boys carrying them out. And let me say that the boys who did not get hit in the first few strafes did wonderful work extinguishing the fires and carrying out the wounded. They were absolutely wonderful! With Fritz still buzzing directly overhead and bombs still dropping, with a barrage of our own and French anti-aircraft guns that was simply hellish, and shrapnel digging up the ground all around you, they brought out every one of the wounded who were still alive, and before the 'All Clear' had sounded, everybody that could be discovered, dead or alive, had been taken away from the debris of the Quarters. Not only had they taken them out, but those who were alive on reaching the operating-room were rushed in there, and while the bombs were dropping, the operating room was going full swing and our casualties were being attended to. Our Officers' Quarters and Sisters' Quarters, which were on the right of ours, were also badly hit, one officer and one sister having been killed outright, and another officer and two sisters having died of wounds, while about eight officers and ten sisters were invalided to England with their wounds. Among other ranks about sixty were killed and eighty wounded. These casualties represented about sixty per cent. of our entire personnel. The raid lasted about three hours, during which time the enemy, not content with using bombs on us, turned on his machine-guns. We hadn't a single trench in which to take cover, absolutely nothing. One could only flatten out where he chanced to be and take a chance on not being hit. All

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I got was a couple of nice slaps from falling shrapnel or something. It was enough though. Some of the casualties were horrible, arms, heads, and some entirely blown to bits.

"Early next morning I paraded what was left of the personnel, and what a ghastly spectacle it was! With the awful debris of what had been our Quarters as a back-ground, about sixty N.C.O.'s and men out of two hundred paraded to answer to their names. Needless to say, I had to clear my throat many times during the calling of the roll, when name after name would be called out and only an unearthly silence, in which you could hear a pin drop, was the answer. We lost some fine chaps. I had just got to know them and to appreciate what fine fellows they all were. They had been with the unit, most of them, from the very start of the war, and only two days before we had celebrated the third anniversary of their arrival in France by a regimental dinner. What a change can be wrought in such a short time! Only at such times can we fully realize the uncertainty of life.

"We buried them all about seven o'clock on the night of May 22nd, and never shall I forget that night. They were all buried in trenches in the military cemetery at Etaples, and each grave is marked with a cross, with full particulars. Before leaving Etaples the entire unit paraded to the graves to bid farewell to our comrades and to decorate the graves of those we must leave behind. It was a most impressive ceremony, and concluded with the 'Reveille' instead of the 'Last Post.'

"I cannot describe what happened to the other units that night, but I do know the casualties were about three or four hundred.

"On the night of May 22nd he came over again, but only dropped two or three bombs, none of which came near any of the hospitals. Then, on the nights of the 30th and 31st he made deliberate hospital raids. By this time a few trenches had been constructed and large red crosses had been painted on all the roofs of the prominent buildings in each hospital.

"I thought sure our time had come on the 31st. He dropped several incendiary bombs on the hospital behind us and our plant was as bright as day. All the time we could hear the enemy planes buzzing loudly directly overhead. Other machines were dropping bombs around Etaples, and these machines which were over us were drawing the fire of the anti-aircraft guns. The shells were bursting mighty low, too, and as they came through the air, they made as much noise as a train. Shrapnel was flying everywhere. Then he bombed the hospital behind us and then three or four other hospitals

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on our left. Then he came back and dropped a bomb right in front of our hospital, shattering one ward, then another two on the diet kitchen, smashing it to bits, also destroying two wards and one end of the Administration building. Three more dropped near other wards in our hospital, damaging the wards but causing no casualties. As the fire died down, he dropped flares before unloading his bombs. These flares distinctly revealed the red crosses on the hospital roofs. So you see no excuse can be made for his murderous action. He deliberately bombed hospitals knowing them to be such.

"At that time we were specializing in fractured femurs, and these cases were of necessity in net beds strapped from the ceiling and suspended in the air, so they could not move a muscle. It was horrible to see these poor chaps so absolutely helpless and the enemy fire bursting everywhere, no one knowing but what his turn might come next. For all that they bore it in wonderful fashion, and never a murmur was heard. The sisters were perfectly great, and went about their work as if it were all a matter of course.

"Our patients were all evacuated about the 3rd of June, though it was the end of July before the train pulled out of Etaples to bring us down here. During that time we had so many raids I've lost track of them. Great damage has been done in the area, though none of them reached the hospitals. Thank heavens, we are away from all that now, and once again can go to bed and know we have a pretty good chance of sleeping till morning."

The following is an extract from a letter received from Lieutenant Sidney Quinton, M.C., formerly on the staff of the Superintendent of Central Western Branches:

Lieutenant Quinton retired from the service in May, 1916, to enlist:

"In March, 1918, I was invalided from France with pleurisy, and some considerable time elapsed before your letter came to hand, following me as it did from place to place in France and in England. Methinks its ultimate delivery reflects considerable credit on the Army Post Office, as my changes of billets were numerous and fairly frequent.

"The pleurisy was, I think, caused directly, although belatedly, by enemy gas. The battalion was engaged in operations before Passchendaele (Belgium) towards the close of last year, and for days we breathed an atmosphere laden with gas. The nature of the country lends itself to successful gas attacks, being nothing

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short of a veritable morass, and I was heartily relieved when we turned our backs on it after performing what we were sent out to do. I know that you will be pleased to learn that I was awarded the Military Cross for work at Passchendaele. Throughout our stay in that sector the Boche shelled us heavily and continuously, but I escaped without a scratch, having of course the usual close shaves. I will recount one which occurred just before our attack. We had been troubled by low flying hostile 'planes, and I asked the C.O. if I might try and get one with rifle grenades. Of course it was an ambitious undertaking, as the range of grenades is distinctly limited. However, he consented. I prepared a stand in order that I might discharge four grenades simultaneously and within a fixed radius, and my batman and myself set out. We found a suitable location in 'No Man's Land' and laid for the enemy. Unfortunately, although two 'planes were up, neither came sufficiently close to warrant a shot. We waited until dusk and then decided to return. Unluckily the moon was quite bright, and just as we were within sprinting distance of our lines a Hun machine-gun opened up on us. My batman, running shoulder to shoulder with me, was hit, but again I escaped. When I look back on this incident I cannot help wondering why we were not picked off going over, as it was in daylight and it was impossible not to expose ourselves at times. Of course there was nothing heroic in this; I felt that it was a reasonably safe undertaking.

"I have not encountered any of the old Commerce men recently. Floyd I met in France almost twelve months ago. He has done remarkably well. He was then a Major with the M.C. Drummond-Hay has a company with the P.P.C.L.I., and is, I believe, also wearing the crown. Harvie left the battalion to take up the duties of Assistant Sniping Instructor at Corps School, but is now Bombing Officer with our Brigade.

"The bulk of the men in this Reserve are 'draftees,' and their average physique is splendid. If they have got the fighting spirit—which can be determined only during a 'show'—they should maintain the reputation which the Canadian Corps has justly earned for itself in France and Belgium.

"The 'Yanks' are going wonderfully well, and at this juncture it is gratifying in the extreme. I don't think a decision is possible this year but we may go a mighty long way towards it. Earnestly it is so hoped.

"I don't know what will happen to me. At present I am in a lower category than 'A,' but expect to appear before a further Medical Board in the course of the next two weeks."

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The following is an extract from a letter written by Captain A. Milligan, formerly Accountant of the London, England, branch, who enlisted in March, 1915.

This letter was written at Courcelles. The successful action referred to in the third paragraph was at the Marne in 1918:

"At the moment I am sitting in a captured Boche dugout, and this is some of the notepaper left behind. Also I got a box of good cigars, all of which had been left behind in haste.

"We are getting on pretty well, but it isn't a very healthy part of the country round here, and I have no doubt we have to attack again to-morrow morning, if not sooner. You see we are in a war of movement, and I can assure you we do get moved about to some tune.

"Have just been down in another part of the country and had a most successful show there. I enjoyed it quite a lot. It was a much nicer part of the country than this is. Outside the place is a mess—machine-guns, rifles, equipment, clothing and every form of rubbish of a battlefield is lying about. Two dead Huns are causing us about as much annoyance in their present state as when they were alive. They will have to be put out of sight soon, but there is something more important to do first, and that is to get a few more to put with them."

Lieutenant R. J. Holmes, formerly Manager at Milestone, writes under date of September 7th, 1918, as follows:

(The third paragraph of this letter refers to the smashing of the Drocourt-Queant switch line. The place captured by Lieutenant Holmes' battalion in this action was Dury):

"I am glad that my letters give you a better idea of actual conditions here than those of the war correspondents. If you only knew how sickening their stuff is to us you could also appreciate it from our point of view. From where they derive their extraordinary accounts of the doings of the gallant colonels, generals, etc., is beyond all comprehension and only makes us remark 'it's no d— wonder we can't make faster progress.'

"However, be that as it may, it doesn't deter our boys when we go into battle as doubtless you have read of the great Battle of Amiens and the wonderful progress made there. I think I may have written about it before, but repetition will do no harm. The night

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of the 7th/8th August, 1918, we marched fourteen miles to get into battle position, being loaded down more or less like Christmas trees with two days' rations, two large water bottles filled, and a large pack, besides all our battle equipment of steel helmet, glasses, compasses, gas respirator, revolver, ammunition, and heaven knows what not, arrived in position at 2.30 a.m., and went over the top at 4.20 a.m. We made seven miles the first day, which was 'going some' after months and months of trench warfare. Thousands of cavalry and hundreds of tanks operated on our front alone, and it was indeed a sight for the gods, and one I shan't forget as long as I live. To see such famous regiments as the Scots Greys, the Bengal Lancers, Strathcona and Fort Garry Horse going into action at the charge, guns coming up on the gallop, aeroplanes delivering ammunition to the attacking troops, was a truly wonderful sight, and our boys were irresistible. We took heavy toll of the Germans that day, as we also did on the second and third days, by which time we had advanced over thirteen miles. In one word we captured thirteen 5.9 guns, a very valuable prize, and besides lighter guns, machine-guns and quantities of ammunition and supplies, over 9,000 prisoners. Our Brigade took the final objective and we held it too.

"I went on leave from the line on the 21st of August, thereby missing the second and the harder of the two battles in which the much vaunted Hindenburg line was pierced, but from all accounts it was the same story; our fellows were simply unbeatable. As this place was thickly defended the capture of prisoners and material was much greater. Of course, these glorious victories have their cost, and there are many familiar faces missing from our line-up of a month ago.

"Our manner of living throughout the fighting was of the most primitive character, sleeping any place we could and when we could, which wasn't often, and eating was mostly confined to biting chunks off a loaf of bread and a hunk of meat, watered down by a pull from our water bottles. However, we were so bucked up over our success that we little minded the attendant hardships.

"I had a most delightful leave, spent principally in 'Ould Ireland,' the land of peace and plenty. I covered the counties of Down and Antrim pretty well, had some excellent golf at Portrush, visited the Giant's Causeway and I don't think one could hope to meet more hospitable people than the Irish, either Roman Catholic or Protestant. It seemed like a couple of weeks in Heaven after ten months in more or less of a hell, and believe me, it was hard to come back."

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The following letter, dated 26th September, 1918, was written by Mr. J. P. Van de Water, who left our Calgary branch to enlist in November, 1915.

The advance of nine miles herein referred to took place at Amiens on the 8th to the 10th of August, 1918. The great push at Arras was the smashing of the famous Drocourt-Queant switch line by the Canadian corps on the 2nd of September, 1918:

"At last I have a chance to let you know how things are going. It has been utterly impossible the last few weeks to do any writing, but I have tried to send field cards from time to time which was all I could do in the way of news.

"It is just a month to-day since I left the reinforcement camp, and that month has been the busiest, the most strenuous and at the same time the most successful I have ever experienced, and I think the same is true of the whole Corps. I will try to give you a brief outline of the main features. We were rushed up by train the first part of the journey to join the battalion and then had to march over thirty miles with full pack, through terrible heat, in less than two days. We just reached the Corps in time to go over the top and we advanced nine miles through Fritz's lines in about eight hours, a record that has never been equalled by any army on either side since the war started. It was a walk over. Our casualties were light and his were heavy in prisoners and killed. We pushed farther there the next few days, and then went out and right up to the Arras front. We were in reserve there for about a week and then began the great push, which you have been reading about. The fighting was stiffer here, as Fritz had his best troops against us and very strong positions. Nevertheless, we had our objective to make, and we not only made it, but we passed it. Our casualties were very heavy and some of the best have gone, but fortunately a large percentage were only wounded. It was very comforting in walking over the battlefield afterwards to notice that there were ten times as many German dead as ours, besides the thousands of prisoners we took. We absolutely fought him to a finish and beat him at every turn. It was grand to be in it.

"A battalion runner's job is a busy one when there's a scrap on, and my running partner and I were back and forth and up and down through shrapnel and machine-gun barrages for two days, and marvellous to say, neither of us got a scratch. It was hard work, but very exhilarating, and I want you to believe it when I tell you I thoroughly enjoyed the whole affair. We had plenty of

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the best to eat and very keen appetites. It would be amusing to see my pal and me boiling a mess tin of water for tea with Fritz sniping at us and high explosives trying to fill the water with mud, etc. But we got the tea made and had a regular little banquet all to ourselves.

"I have been in the best of health and spirits right along and am prouder than ever of the good old Tenth Battalion."

The following is an extract from a letter written by Private L. H. Eyres, who enlisted from our Winnipeg branch in March, 1917.

The fighting herein referred to, in which the Canadians participated, was the opening of the Cambrai offensive on 27th September, 1918:

"Since this last smash we had a pretty hot time of it. We have been chasing the Hun pretty close and, according to the old timers in the battery, we have been closer to him than they ever were before out here, and although we have had quite a few casualties lately, we expected more.

"I suppose you have had the accounts of the latest scrap the Canadians have pulled off out here. It has certainly been pretty stiff fighting for all concerned, especially the infantry, but, with few exceptions, everything went like clockwork.

"The barrage work of the artillery was certainly wonderful to watch and listen to; all you could see for miles and miles along the front was the flashes of guns, and Fritzie's line was a mass of smoke and bursting shells. About two hours after the scrap started the prisoners started to come back, and they were certainly a great looking bunch. They looked frightened to death. The last day or so they looked a little more like civilized men, but as for physique, they are not in it with our boys.

"The war news from all fronts has certainly been good the last week or so, especially from the East, where events seem to be moving pretty fast, but the news from this front is what we like to hear, as the Hun's strongest defences are steadily being smashed, and as steadily as he is losing ground, the German people's morale is becoming worse. The general opinion of prisoners when questioned on their way to the cages is that the war is nearly over, and they all say that we are going to win. Whether they are so frightened that they say this, or whether it is their candid opinion, is hard to say, but surely to goodness they must have begun to realize by this time that Germany and her allies are out of luck as far as winning this war goes.

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"The spirit of our Canadian boys is surely wonderful. They come down the line wounded, some seriously, but they all have a cheery word or a smile if possible, and as long as they can get a cigarette they are happy. The prisoners carry most of the wounded to the dressing stations.

"We are rather short of signallers, now, between leave and casualties, but no one minds working when old Fritz is gradually being shoved back.

"The weather out here is pretty cold at times, but at the present time we have a little stove going and lots of wood to burn in it, so you see we are well any way.

"Many of our brave boys are getting it these days; two Winnipeg battalions were pretty badly hit lately, and I have seen quite a few wounded fellows whom I used to know."

The following extracts are from a letter written by Mr. A. A. Kinsley, formerly in charge of the Phoenix branch, who took up military duty in January, 1918. The letter is dated 11th October, 1918.

"Our battalion has been engaged continuously since the great offensive began, and we have been in action on the Amiens and Arras fronts, and recently at Cambrai where I was wounded, being admitted to this hospital on the 3rd inst. The Germans put up a great fight at Cambrai, and it was unquestionably the fiercest scrap the Canadians had had for some time. Martin was hit at Arras, having four machine-gun bullet wounds in his left arm. Generally speaking, the German morale at the present time is very low, as in several instances large numbers surrender without even firing a shot. There is also a great deal of malingering amongst them. . . The enemy has not used any of his crack cavalry against us, and the present open warfare gives him every opportunity to do so. The German population is suffering great privations, and it is quite possible that they are eating up all their horseflesh.

"Bulgaria having surrendered, things at the present time look very encouraging, and it is generally believed that it will not be long before Turkey takes a similar course.

"I have not heard anything regarding Taylor, Dinning or Hughes since I have been over here."

The following extracts are from a letter from Major A. G. Mordy, D.S.O., dated 15th October, 1918:

Major Mordy was formerly Accountant at our Winnipeg branch:

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"We have the Hun absolutely where we want him on the Western Front, and the Canadian Corps has suffered very heavy casualties in the accomplishment of this. Then the Hun squeals and very cunningly appeals to President Wilson. . . . What we want is to have Foch put each American Division in as it is ready (and they should have all that are needed prepared by now) and biff the Hun back in disorder. . . . It is very noticeable that Foch hasn't said a word yet, but just keeps slugging away at them.

"Our third show this summer was my 'bete noir', and in the attack on Cambrai I got a machine-gun bullet in the shoulder which broke my left arm in several places. It was pretty hard to miss them as the Huns fought like fiends on the morning of the 1st October, and five officers out of twenty in our Battalion came out of the show. We made our objective three and a half miles away, but our flank was exposed and the Huns got in behind us. It was then every man for himself to fight his way back to a secure position—the first time we were ever confronted with such a situation. It was certainly exciting, with the Hun about three to one.

"I am in the finest hospital in England and exceedingly well looked after. We see many interesting people here, and I had a chat with the Duke of Connaught the other day.

"Lobley and his wife have been in to see me, both looking well."

The following is an extract from a letter, dated 22nd October, 1918, from Lieutenant R. D. Borrette, who enlisted from the Toronto branch in January, 1915.

This refers to the village of Wattines:

"Fighting here has changed completely to what it was two or three years ago. There are no longer the extensive trench systems and barbed wire entanglements. The ground is no longer pitted with shell-holes and the villages we capture are no longer razed to the ground and laid desolate. Artillery, except in a few instances, is not used. Machine-guns are the chief weapon of defence used by the Boche, and as we advance we have to take cover behind a blade of grass if necessary. The other day I captured with my company a small village, and as we entered the town and as the Boche withdrew, women ran from the houses and embraced us even while we were still under the enemy machine-gun fire, and wept for joy. It was most ludicrous when one considered the work we were employed on, but the joy of these people who had been under the Prussian heel for four years was very pitiable. Now as we go forward, the same scenes greet us at each town we

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pass through. We expect soon to have Belgium freed. France is now almost entirely free, and then for the end of the war. We are all looking forward to it."

The following is an extract from a letter written 23rd October, 1918, by Lieutenant B. F. Gossage, M.C., who enlisted from our Bloor and Yonge branch, Toronto, in April, 1915:

"We are having a glorious advance, and the French inhabitants of the towns we have taken cannot do enough for us. The Boche took away everything they had and left them destitute, and destroyed all factories, mines, roads, etc. Every house you go near, you are hauled in and made drink black coffee till you can hardly see. For the last three nights I have slept in a feather bed. The poor people here have nothing but vegetables out of their gardens to eat, and as we have very few vegetables and quite a fair issue of meat, we are living splendidly and helping out the civilians as well.

"The troops coming out of the line are absolutely bedecked with flowers, and the horses carry so many that the poor beasts don't know what to make of it. You can't imagine what it is like to see a decent town and civilians again, and to get into a bed with sheets, after two months continuous fighting. The Boche is still scrapping where we are and it is awfully hard on the French, but '*c'est la guerre*,' they say, and seem to be quite happy and not to worry very much."

Lance-Corporal P. C. Read, D.C.M., who enlisted from our Rainy River branch in December, 1916, writes under date of 2nd November, 1918, in part as follows:

The incident described in the first paragraph of this letter happened in the Bois de Gattigny, France.

"I have had some trying times since last I wrote, and am really lucky that I am alive. My horse was instantly killed when my troop charged a machine-gun nest. The poor beast was absolutely riddled with bullets, but beyond a few scratches and tears in my tunic and equipment I came through unharmed.

"I had another horse hit on August 10th, but I think I already told you about it. Of the eighteen in the troop who started out, seven were killed and eight became casualties, leaving three of us who came through.

"I joined a South African Kiltie Battalion after I became dismounted, and you will be pleased to know that they appreciated my 'stunts,' for I have just been awarded the Distinguished Conduct

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Medal. I really had an exciting time. I was the first allied soldier to enter the town of Bertry, a big railhead for German supplies. I had to do a little fighting to arrive where I did, as the town was pretty well secured by machine-gun nests left by the Germans to cover their retreat. However, I succeeded in my plans and was absolutely mauled by French civilians who regarded me as their deliverer. Mesdemoiselles would throw their arms around me and kiss me, embarrassing me considerably. However, after doing justice to a dinner (prepared for a German officer), I was standing outside the door of my hostess's house, talking to her two daughters in my broken French, when the Huns started shelling the town. Practically the second shell fell only about five yards from me, pieces of shrapnel wounding both of the girls in the legs and leaving me unharmed. One of them immediately fainted and I carried her into a cellar and some nearby civilians rushed out and got the other one. It fell to my lot to dress one of the girls' wounds with my field dressing, and I think I made a good job of it. War has made me more or less callous to the suffering of others, but I honestly did feel blue when these girls got hit. I shall never forget their silent gratitude as they were both only semi-conscious when I bade them good-bye.

"I have only seen the Canadian Infantry once, namely in the Battle of Amiens. You see, we are attached to Imperials and practically work with them all the time."

We publish extracts from a further letter from Lieutenant R. J. Holmes, M.C., dated 8th November, 1918, describing some of the fighting which just preceded the signing of the armistice.

The town referred to in the third paragraph is Denain. The "most important city" referred to in the fourth paragraph is Valenciennes:

"I am glad that you found my last letter interesting, and it must have been written after the Battle of Cambrai. We left that vicinity and pulled back for a rest, the one which had been promised to us for a long time, but we had hardly been out four days when intelligence was received that our friend Heinie was evacuating at a certain area, so our brigade was rushed up to get in touch with him and this we did with a vengeance, although not in the manner anticipated. He was holding very strongly on one side of a canal, so we simply dug in on the other and for three days he let us have all the iron rations in his possession. On the night of the third day he was strangely silent, so we essayed a

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crossing of the canal and found not the slightest resistance. It was dark as pitch and foggy, so you may imagine the uncertain feeling of pushing on in the dark not knowing what you might encounter.

"We kept going that night and until the afternoon of the following day, when, just as we were appearing over a rise, his rear-guard let us have it from strongly fortified positions, so we could do nothing but await darkness when it was decided to attack. This we did, and seized certain high ground that would give us the advantage the following day, but our foxy friend didn't wait for us but moved again in the night. This sort of business lasted for six days, and we drove him back eighteen miles in what I call the most miserable kind of fighting. The weather was wet, and sleeping out in cabbage patches is a much overrated pastime.

"However, during that time we liberated several small villages and towns, and one good-sized town, and after nine days from the time we started we were relieved and returned to the large town for a rest. Here we were reviewed by the Prince of Wales, who I think is a remarkably pleasant looking fellow, considering the inspections and liberation festivities he is called upon to be a part in. He always seems quite nervous, but is very nice apart from that, walks around our billets with only an aide with him and seems to enjoy himself while doing it.

"We were fêted in great style for a few days, then we were called up to attack a most important city on the morning of November 1st. Heinie was holding here strongly and got wind of our attack, and while we reached our assembly position in good style, he shelled us consistently until our barrage opened at the zero hour and then it was wonderful. He had packed his men in cellars thinking we would neglect to mop up, but he was completely fooled, and in that one morning our little depleted brigade captured about 1,800 prisoners and there were between 800 and 900 dead Germans in our area. I never saw anything like it. We surely got ours back for almost a month of hard chasing and dirty fighting.

"We were relieved after that fight and are now resting in the city that we captured, a lovely place, and we have fine comfortable billets.

"Events have moved in the most astounding manner, and we expect that peace will be declared at a not far distant date, and I really believe that things are being prepared with that end in view. It will take some time to demobilize, and we can hardly expect to get home again for a few months at least."

The following are extracts from a letter, dated 11th November, 1918, from Second-Lieutenant D. Scully, who

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left our North Winnipeg branch in August, 1914, to join the First Contingent:

"I have to thank you for issue No. 10 of 'Letters from the Front,' which reached me to-day—the date of the signing of the Armistice with Germany."

"Since leaving the Canadian Army, I fear I have rather got out of touch with many of my former friends of the Bank, and it is very nice to learn of their various doings and appointments, etc.

"I am at present half way through a six weeks' course at the Second Army Signal School, and although the work is hard it is most interesting, as we cover every branch of signalling from pigeons to wireless.

"We received the peace news early this morning over our wireless, and to conform with the general idea, we ceased work at 10.30 a.m. After a short celebration service the remainder of the day was proclaimed a holiday.

"Although we have been expecting this wonderful news for some time past, it is incredibly hard to realize, and I think it has been received quite calmly on the whole.

"The great question now is, 'when shall we get back home and try to forget about the war.' I myself fear we are doomed to stop out here for some considerable time yet."

Mr. G. G. Rennison, formerly of the Lethbridge branch, who enlisted in April, 1916, writes under date of 21st November, 1918, in part as follows:

"In talking with some of the ex-officers of the Bank, there is usually a good deal of speculation as to post-war conditions. We theorize on what will be the Bank's attitude along various lines. The chief points discussed are the question of 'woman labour,' the question of the re-engagement of the 'old hands' who have left the service to enlist, and the question which I believe is the most vital of all, 'What will be the attitude of the Bank regarding the granting of credit to Germans and Austrians in the future?' You will perhaps be gratified to know that the general feeling among the ex-officers is that the Bank may be relied on to do the square thing when the time comes. More particularly is this the case regarding the first two points I have mentioned. Regarding the third point, the ex-soldiers who return to the Bank, will, I believe, have a very definite attitude regarding the assisting of Germans or German concerns, more particularly those who have fought against us in Europe. It is impossible for anyone who has not taken part in the war to realize the disgust and loathing that the ex-soldier will have for everything German. Of course, decent Germans, who

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have made their homes in Canada and who have become loyal Canadians, cannot be as unpopular as the others.

"We have had a very interesting three months of moving warfare, and have seen many interesting things in our travels. But in some ways the opening day, 8th August, was the time that will remain most clearly in our memory. At the risk of inflicting on you what is already stale news, I am writing of what I saw of the encounter.

"The preparations for the Battle of Amiens were carried out with the greatest secrecy, and it reflects the greatest credit on all concerned that no hint of the coming blow reached the enemy. The guns and ammunition were taken up into position at night and no preliminary registration of any kind was carried out. No movement of any kind was visible during the day, but on the nights preceding the attack the greatest activity prevailed behind the British lines. Besides the Artillery, Tanks moved up close to the line and were concealed in woods. The night before zero hour the Cavalry moved up, and there were guns of all sizes in abundance.

"At 4.30 a.m. on 8th August, the massed guns opened up with one great roar, a fine example of good synchronization. Our opening range for the barrage was 1,200 yards, and we 'lifted' till 5,500 yards was reached. Our gun position was in a field of ripe wheat, the guns being covered with camouflage until the night before the zero hour. The barrage lasted over two hours, but before it was over the first wounded German prisoners were going past us. Then came the sight that is the most inspiring in warfare, the Cavalry and the Royal Horse Artillery trotting and galloping past into action. It was a beautiful sight on that morning in August,—superb horses and beautifully turned-out men. The cavalry completed the work begun by the Tanks, and our success in that battle was due in great measure to these two arms of the Service."

The following letter was written by Private J. H. Thompson, who left the service from the Bassano branch in October, 1915, and who returned to Canada among the first of the forces to be demobilized. Private Thompson was wounded for the third time in May, 1918.

"November 11th, 1918, will long be remembered as a red-letter day by this generation and the future generations of the Great World Powers. It was on this day that an armistice was signed between Germany and the Allied Nations.

"When the news reached the ears of the British people that

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Germany had signed an armistice, the people of England simply let themselves go mad and 'downed tools' then and there, and took a holiday to celebrate the cessation of hostilities. In London, where so many thousands of girls are employed in various Government offices, they, and in fact everybody who had two legs to walk on, simply flocked into the streets and commandeered any vehicle obtainable and drove through the streets cheering and waving British and Allied flags. This lasted until the evening, when they further showed their joy and enthusiasm by lighting huge bonfires in Trafalgar Square and other parts of the city. To provide fuel for the fires they tore down advertisement boards from the front of theatres, pulled up the wooden blocks in the streets and even hauled several German guns from the Mall and ran them into the fire as the limbers were of wood. They danced around the fire and sang songs until early morning. The same happened on the next and following evenings, but on these occasions the crowds were dispersed at midnight by the police and mounted troops.

"Outside of London similar celebrations took place, bells rang and all kinds of bunting was displayed. All the celebrations were favoured with good weather as if by magic, and it seemed to commence with the signing of the 'scrap of paper' and cessation of gunfire. I was in London during the week-end previous to the signing of the armistice, in anticipation of the news coming through, but as it did not come through until Monday I had to return to Bramshott Camp on Sunday evening. At this camp when the news was announced on parade to the men, they raised tremendous cheers and threw their caps in the air, and the bands started playing 'Oh, Canada,' 'The Maple Leaf,' and other patriotic airs. The men were given a holiday that day, and from then on the strenuous training was relaxed and parade hours shortened.

"Orders were also issued from Canadian Headquarters in London that all 'B' category men were to be returned to Canada as quickly as transport could be provided. I was one of the fortunate ones who got away with the first batch. Special Medical Boards sat daily and re-examined all category men, extra clerks being employed in the preparation of documents required by all men returning to Canada. Approximately 2,000 men from the Bramshott area were got ready in four days for dispatch to Canada, which beforehand took one to three months to do, thus showing that some of the 'red-tape' of the Army can be eliminated when necessary.

"When I was returning to Canada, my thoughts drifted back to the training days in Canada, and to those with whom I trained

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and went overseas. Especially did I think of two intimate friends, R. N. Hanna, with whom I worked in the Bassano office, and J. S. Barker (a former Manager of the Strathmore branch), both of whom enlisted with me and trained with me in Canada and England. Barker was transferred to the same unit in France as myself, and I conversed with him on the day prior to his death at Courcellette; and Hanna I saw for the last time, four days prior to his death in action at Vimy.

"It is in the days of demobilization and when we get back to civil life again that our hearts feel heavy and sorrowful, when we think of those fine fellows who have not returned with us, but are lying peacefully in little military cemeteries in 'Flanders Fields.'"

The following letter, dated 13th November, 1918, was written by Lieutenant A. G. A. Vidler, M.C., who left the Vancouver branch to join the 1st Canadian Contingent on 10th August, 1914, and was with the advancing Allied Armies on the date that the Armistice was signed:

"Just going on leave! Only a few lines to let you know I am O.K., and was in the line by Mons-Maubeuge when the Armistice was signed and hostilities ceased. Our division was then relieved, and I got lifts by motor to Cambrai, thence to Albert and Doullens, Abbeville, and Boulogne, where I cross on fourteen days' leave tomorrow.

"I was in the last big show on 4th November, when this regiment took Wagnieres-le-Grand, with 300 prisoners, 20 machine guns and 5 trench mortars.

"After that the Hun was done for, and we marched night and day to the Mons-Charleroi road, via Malplaquet (which recalls Marlborough in 1709) and then he threw up the sponge. Great days! and the best two months' war I have ever known, chasing him from town to town. I have a good sword, automatic revolver and field glasses as trophies from the last battle at Villers Pol on 4th November, where his machine gunners put up a stiff fight. We were helped by a ground mist and literally jumped on trenches full of Huns, who either surrendered or ran like hares. Anyhow it's all finished, thank God! The nightmare of four and a half years is gone."

The following extract is from a letter written by Mr. R. H. Hunter, who left our Lethbridge branch to enlist in September, 1915. The letter is dated 5th November, 1918, and deals with the final advance. The

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bivouac in question was in the Caulincourt Woods, near Vermand. The machine-gun was hit by shrapnel at Le Cateau, in October 1918:

"This year seems to have passed very quickly, and I can hardly realize that it is so near an end. There have been some dark days, but these have now given place to much brighter ones. The war news is very encouraging and has a great stimulating effect on all of us here. As I write I can hear some of the boys reading the news of Austria's surrender. The prospects of getting back to Canada next year are good. No one can fully realize what that will mean.

"We have had our share of the recent fighting. Our casualties were slight. Personally I was lucky, both when mounted and dismounted. One night I was sleeping in a bivouac with three other boys when one of Fritz's planes dropped several bombs on our camp. One exploded about twenty yards from our 'home,' killing one man and wounding seventeen, amongst whom were my three bed-mates. I escaped unhurt. A few days afterwards the machine-gun I was working was struck by a piece of shrapnel which injured the hand-guard. We had advanced several kilometres that day in pursuit of the Germans, taking quite a number of prisoners and machine-guns. They were all machine-gunners left behind to delay our advance and allow the main bodies of his troops to retire. They did their work well until they saw that the game was up for them.

"In all the towns we retook there were civilians who had lived under German rule for four years. They gave us a great welcome. It was really touching to witness their delight, more especially when they found out we were Canadians. One feature which impressed me was the number of French flags which were already flying in these villages. At one point Fritz had his machine-guns on the outskirts of the town, and while we were entering it the people were waving their flags. Where these had been stored during the German occupation I cannot say, though one old man told me he had hidden his in a mattress and from time to time German officers had slept on this mattress. We had scarcely dismounted in one town before the civilians were shaking us by the hand and offering to hold our horses. The women folk came out with coffee and some rough cakes which they pressed us to take. I honestly believe it was all they had, and they would take no refusals. That was the only hot drink since daybreak and all we got until noon of the following day. Unfortunately we could not partake of their

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hospitality for very long as we had to push on, halting about dusk and 'digging in' for the night.

"I was in England and Scotland on leave during the first two weeks of August. After eighteen months of France it was a most agreeable change. It is with a great feeling of freedom that one leaves the boat train at Victoria Station, London. But, oh! when the last day of leave arrives and one has to bid good-bye to one's friends and to civilization! Cheer Oh! we may be back again soon."

The following is an extract from a letter received from Lieutenant A. G. Armit, formerly a member of the staff of our Vermilion branch. Lieutenant Armit herein refers to fronts far removed from France and Flanders:

"I sampled trench life with the 31st Battalion until August, 1916, when I returned to a cadet unit in Scotland and put in the hardest training I have ever done in the Army. Commissioned in December, 1916, to the Gordon Highlanders, I was not long with them when I was seconded to the King's African Rifles. The voyage to the Cape was very different from the one in the 'Carpathia,' the ship in which we crossed from Canada. There were fourteen ships in the convoy and we took a month from Plymouth to Cape Town, calling at Freetown, Sierra Leone, en route. On the way to Nyassaland we called at Durban, Lorenzo Marquez, Beira, and Zambesi, a day in the train, then a few hours by motor car to Zumbo. Service with black troops is very interesting and they make excellent soldiers. While pursuing the Hun in Portuguese East Africa, I contracted a very severe attack of malarial fever, which eventually affected my right eye and I was invalided home in August, 1918. The voyage home was very interesting as we came via the Suez Canal, Port Said and the Mediterranean, Marseilles, Rouen and Havre. I rejoined the Gordons in November and was demobilized on 14th March, 1919."

The following is a letter written by Major H. E. Rose, M.C., to a member of the Head Office staff, describing his experiences during the Amiens offensive of August, 1918.

"The 8th August, 1918, was the first day of the Amiens show. I was in command of 'C' Company, 58th Canadian Infantry Battalion, for the show. My men were in first-rate fettle but my Company headquarters were very groggy.

"The day before, in moving up to the line, we bivouaced in a wood which had apparently been badly shelled with gas shells a

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short while before. In laying out the camp I unfortunately pitched on a spot for my headquarters where a few large ones had landed. Next day we lay around till late and the sun drew the gas out of the ground.

"I shifted camp as soon as the trouble began to develop, but by about 4 p.m. on the 7th all my officers but one (including myself) and our servants and cook were down. I sent the batmen out, and the doctor worked over us.

"Between his efforts and all the whisky I could round up we were in condition to march at 10 p.m. that night.

"It's an ill wind though. One of my subalterns—Jack Eyles—who was the first to go down, could eat nothing from breakfast time on the 7th, and as a consequence went into action with an empty stomach. He stopped a machine-gun bullet with that useful organ. It was a bad wound but he is around again to-day, and the doctors say that had he gone into action with the normal amount of food on board he would not have lived long.

"My brigade was next to the French. Our immediate battalion objective was a village called Demuin, where there was said to be a Hun Brigade H.Q. Our ultimate objective was a ridge nearly three miles distant at a place called Courcelles. My Company was second over the top.

"We kicked off at 5.20 a.m. The barrage was good and the Hun counter-barrage weak, at any rate where we were. I believe it came down badly behind us. I got my company away on a two platoon front and then wandered on a bit ahead of them with my orderly.

"The attacking company had very little trouble in the Hun front line and things went swimmingly for about half a mile, I suppose. There was very little chance of my men losing direction, as the landmarks were good, so I kept up close to the rear of the attacking company.

"When we were nearing Demuin I came upon the O.C. of the Company ahead who was halted with about two of his platoons. I asked him what was the trouble and he stated that he was being held up by a strong Hun machine-gun nest, and had lost a number of men. He asked what he had better do, and as time was a very important factor—the barrage was by this time some distance ahead—I decided not to wait for my company to come up, but to outflank the position myself.

"I had managed to collect about 30 stragglers on my way up, including a complete Lewis gun crew, so I told the O.C. of the attacking party to get his men under cover, keep his Lewis guns

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going steadily, and be prepared to support us when we got to close quarters with the Hun.

"I led my motley platoon at the double across the Hun zone of fire, with only two casualties, I think, and got fairly close in to the flank of the strong point without being discovered. I was not quite certain where the Hun was, so I went on ahead of my men to reconnoitre. I worked along a sunken road about 150 yards to a bit of a bank running at right angles. The patter of the machine guns seemed closer, but I thought I was yet some distance from them, so I stuck my head over this bank and found the whole thing on the other side. I drew down very quickly of course, but not before a Hun bomber had spotted me, and then over came the cylindrical stick bombs. I dropped into a shallow shell-hole and did some hard thinking. I only had my revolver and there were three Hun guns and about 30 of the enemy. While I was wondering what to do a Hun bomb dropped on me and lifted me clean out of my cover.

"I don't clearly know what happened after this. I found myself amongst the Huns emptying my revolver as fast as I could. Then my men came up and we finished the job. I woke up in hospital a day or two later and found that I had eight wounds including two bad bomb wounds. I could not account for the worst one in the head.

"It was not until some time later that I ascertained it was given me by a German who had surrendered.

"The net result of the episode was the capture of three enemy machine-guns and the putting out of action of about fifty Germans."

The following letter, dated 4th November, 1918, was written by Private George B. Key, who enlisted from our Peace River branch in March, 1917.

"During the past three months or so we've had quite an interesting time—at times somewhat lively, perhaps, but it certainly has been a great experience. Now, our chief concern is to keep our feet in good trim in readiness for what our chaps term, in common or garden dog French, 'beaucoup promenade.' Continual moving about from one place to another, 'each man bearing upon himself his burden and all his possessions,' does become a little bit monotonous but none of us mind much as long as things keep going on satisfactorily as they are at present. During the past week or two we have passed through several of the villages which have been recently rid of the Hun. Many of them were practically undamaged, and it was almost weird to see clean windows in the houses with curtains, and flowers in boxes, just as if there never had

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been a war near at all. The people were, as one of our officers put it, 'tickled pink,' and although they didn't have much they would have given us practically anything they did have. At one village where we stopped for the mid-day rest we could have bathed in coffee and vegetable soup, and each street had a display of tricolors sufficient to deck out a man o' war. One little thing which particularly interested me was to see an obviously home-made Union Jack—made out of red cloth with only blue crosses on it—hung in a place of honour on the main with the French flag dipped in salute beside it. Some of the first of the Canadians to enter these villages had a deuce of a lively time, having to run the gauntlet of being kissed by the ladies and generally man-handled and bunny-hugged by all and sundry. I don't think I'll ever forget the looks of happiness and relief on the faces of some of the old men as they drew themselves up in salute as we passed, or their fervent 'Vive l'Entente' or 'Vive la Canada'.

"One little incident too, served to show how little the people have become converts to German Kultur. One of our fellows had slung on his equipment a Hun's helmet which he hoped to send home as a souvenir, which he was rather jealously hanging on to. One little French urchin, however, evidently misunderstood matters for he came up with a rush, made a grab at the helmet, crying 'Boche! Boche!' and would have stamped it out of recognition if he hadn't been stopped by his mamma. Foiled in this patriotic effort he promptly demanded 'Cigarette,' and this being supplied he evidently was satisfied that he was dealing with friends after all. I don't know if there is a law in France anent juvenile smoking, but in many inhabited villages we pass through we never fail to see even toddlers of five or six smoking cigarettes with as much solemnity as might a philosopher of seventy.

"Any of the kilted battalions of course come in for an even greater share of attention, and the pipe bands were indeed objects of profound curiosity. As a matter of fact, I've rather a sneaking sort of regret that I didn't strike a Highland regiment, for I never pass a kilted battalion on the march without a pang of envy or being tempted to fall in behind. I'm sure if you could see some of these great old Scottish battalions going up the line at a good swinging pace, with pipes playing and drums beating, you too would say 'to blazes with an armistice,' or something equivalent. For all that, though, we are more than a little proud of what the Canadian corps has done in the past month or two and of course especially of what our own Edmonton regiment has accomplished.

"The weather has been keeping up wonderfully well, and

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to-day has been almost like an Indian summer day. Living as we do, however, the weather worries us but little, and we take what comes as it comes, being thankful for the good days and making the best of the bad ones. My present billet is a barn where we literally 'hit the straw' each evening. The roof is somewhat shy of tiles and the doors are scarcely draft proof, so that in the evening, the heating apparatus being out of commission, it becomes slightly chilly. Therefore it usually comes about that we are abed very early as that is the easiest way of keeping warm. Recently we made somewhat of a record in the way of billets, occupying in eight days, (1) a dug-out, (2) a former Fritzie hospital, (3) a dairy, (4) a stable loft, (5) a barn, (6) a theatre dressing room. Needless to say we made ourselves comfortable in all of them.

"Naturally we hope that it won't be very long until we shall be on our way back to Canada, and I trust I may be able to hit the Peace River Trail again in the fairly near future."

The following letter has been received from Signaller C. R. Boyer, formerly of our Nanton branch, and gives some information concerning the campaign in Northern Russia.

"I went to Russia as a Signaller with the 16th Brigade Canadian Field Artillery, North Russian Expeditionary Forces, in the latter part of September, 1918. With the exception of a small party of instructors and dog-team drivers, we were the only Canadians serving with the North Russian Expeditionary Force.

"We disembarked at Archangel on October 4th, 1918, and proceeded about 250 miles into the country, in barges, along the Dvina River. The fighting was not so severe as in France, but we were kept busy most of the time and were in many a tight corner. The Bolsheviks were always stronger than our force and owing to the condition of the country it was necessary to watch everybody for fear of mutiny. We had what was termed a front line but attacks were frequently made 200 miles behind it. General Ironsides, General Officer Commanding the N.R.E.F., credited the Canadians with saving the force on more than one occasion.

"We came out of action early in June, this year (1919), being relieved by a new force."

The following letter was written by Captain Reginald S. Carroll, formerly of our Toronto branch.

We are very gratified at the signal honour which has been conferred upon Captain Carroll in his appointment

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to the duties of Peace Conference Pilot, and as such he is now a historical figure.

Captain Carroll has been awarded the Air Force Cross for the experimental work he has done with new aircraft:

"I was a pupil at the Curtiss Flying School in 1915, at Toronto Island, and Long Branch Aerodrome, and subsequently sailed on S.S. 'Scandinavian' on December 11th, 1915. My rank at this period was that of Second Lieut.

"On arrival in England I was posted to No. 6 Squadron R.F.C. at Catterick Bridge, Yorkshire, December 28th, 1915. At this place I continued instruction in Aviation, and was finally awarded in February, 1916, my Pilot's Certificate of the Royal Aero Club of the United Kingdom. Shortly after this I was posted to No. 15 Squadron, R.F.C., Doncaster, at which place I continued my Flying Course, and eventually passed the extremely rigorous examinations on the Theory of Flight, Cross Country Flying, Night Flying, Bombing, Photography, Reconnaissance, Map Reading, Artillery Observation, Rigging of Aircraft, Aero Engines, etc., etc., after which I was awarded my certificate as a fully qualified flying officer, and was immediately posted to No. 4 Squadron R.F.C., B.E.F., France.

"So with 17 hours and 44 minutes actual flying, I found myself in a Service Squadron in France. Before I go any further, I think it might be well to explain that a 'would be pilot' with only 17 odd hours total flying experience, is not really qualified to take up a passenger, so that to be sent to fly in France seemed like asking for trouble, apart entirely from the question of 'war risks'. Fortunately for me, my Commanding Officer proved to be a real 'white man' and following his advice, I put in just as much flying as I possibly could, till eventually, after about a week, I was pronounced by my Flight Commander fit to go over the lines. Well, to cut a long story short, I managed to survive the first two months O.K. and, by that time, felt much more confident. Altogether I served 9 months in this squadron, and during that time carried out many bombing raids both day and night, on Hun aerodromes, dumps, kite balloons, etc. My chief job in this squadron was reporting on, and correcting the fire from our guns. Besides this, we did the occasional reconnaissance, and had frequent scraps on our B.E. 2C's, with enemy machines that were far superior both in speed and climb. By the grace of God I shot down two enemy aircraft, but on several occasions was nearly 'done in' myself by

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these Hun scouts, which could give us twenty miles an hour in speed, and a superiority in climb in the same proportion. My closest shave was during a 25-minute scrap with the famous German Ace, Captain Boelke. However, he didn't get me, although he put 142 holes in my machine. It was shortly after this scrap that I was slightly wounded in the nose and under the right eye by anti-aircraft fire, whilst engaged in an artillery shoot over the Butte de Warlemont. My observer was very severely wounded in the shoulder by the same burst of 'Archie'.

"At the close of the Somme campaign, I was recalled to England to take up the duties of a ferry pilot between Farnborough, Hants, England, and St. Omer, France. My new duties consisted of flying new machines to the Expeditionary Force in France, and flying back the old time-served machines from France to England, where they were finally dismantled and scrapped. During the time I was engaged on this work I made 130 cross-channel flights, and delivered 100 new machines to the Expeditionary Force.

"In June, 1916, I was posted as a test pilot to No. 8 Aircraft Acceptance Park, Lyminge, Kent. Here my duties consisted of testing new machines for the first time after erection at the aircraft factories. After about three months' service in this capacity, I was posted as Officer-in-charge of Experimental Tests and Despatch, to No. 1 Southern Aircraft Repair Depot, Farnborough, Hants. I was greatly elated over receiving this important appointment, as it carried with it promotion to the rank of Captain. My new duties, however, were extremely responsible, and, to say the least, very arduous. They consisted of carrying out experimental, production, demonstration and performance tests on all types of aircraft.

"No 1 Southern Aircraft Repair Depot was the principal Aircraft Experimental Station in England, consequently numerous inspections were made of the Depot, by their Majesties the King and Queen, also inspections by Ministers and Delegates from all the Allied Foreign countries. On three occasions I had the honour of giving exhibition flights before their Majesties the King and Queen, after which I was duly presented. On another occasion I took a Japanese Delegation for a flight on a Handley-Page machine, and another time an Italian Delegation on a machine of the same type.

"One of the most interesting, and at the same time most important series of experiments I carried out, comprised the release of parachutes from aircraft. Just prior to the Armistice the German Flying Corps had adopted a very crude knapsack

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type of a parachute, but despite its poor workmanship this parachute functioned most successfully, and reduced the casualties among their pilots and observers by nearly 60 per cent.

"Up to this time, no attempt had been made to adopt parachutes on British aircraft, although our casualties were in proportion nearly 25 per cent. heavier than the infantry. However, the insistent propaganda on the part of Major Orde-Lees, who for two years had been agitating for the adoption of parachutes on aircraft, eventually found its reward, and I was asked to undertake the carrying out of these experiments, which involved at the start the release of dead weights attached to the harness of the parachute, and later the release of 'live loads'.

"I released parachutes to which were attached dead weights from all of our principal service machines, both of the single and two-seater types, and, these experiments having proved eminently successful, I continued same with Major Orde-Lees, who on numerous occasions made jumps at varying altitudes from the De Havilland 4 and De Havilland 9 machines, and it was while thus demonstrating in France, before Major-General Trenchard—General Officer Commanding Independent Air Force—that the Armistice was signed.

"On August 8th, 1918, I made formal application to the Air Ministry—in view of American intentions—for permission to attempt the Atlantic Flight on any type of aeroplane or seaplane that might be deemed suitable for an expedition of this character. A week later I was ordered to report to the Air Ministry for the purpose of an interview re. this flight. During this interview I was informed that my application, which was the first of its kind, so I was advised, had been accepted, and I was then requested to apply myself to the study of the Atlantic charts and to hold myself in readiness to leave England for America at 48 hours' notice. However, I heard nothing more of this project until after the signing of the Armistice, when I was informed that owing to the exceptionally keen competition on the part of the civil aircraft manufacturers, the Air Ministry had abandoned the Atlantic expedition so far as 'heavier-than-air' machines were concerned, and would concentrate entirely upon the organization of an Atlantic flight by 'lighter-than-air' craft.

"Whilst I was in command of the Tests and Despatch at No. 1 Southern Aircraft Repair Depot, I carried out 1,302 test flights on all types of aircraft, and tested a total of 1,046 new machines. I have flown 86 distinct types of aircraft and 143 types of aircraft engines.

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"I have now been flying for four years and two months, and have flown for a period altogether of 1,386 hours.

"In January of this year I was posted to No. 1 Communication Squadron, Hendon, to take up the duties of 'Peace Conference Pilot' between London and Paris. I had the honour of conveying the first official Government mails and despatches by air to the headquarters of the Peace Conference, Hotel Majestic, Paris. On other occasions I have piloted Major-General Seely, Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Londonderry, and many other celebrities, on various expeditions to France in connection with the Peace Conference."

Lieutenant F. S. Walthew, of our London, England, staff, herein relates his experiences as a prisoner of war.

His letter has much in common with that of Captain N. L. Wells, which also appears in this volume. The Camp Commandant Neimeyer herein referred to was the twin brother of the Commandant of the camp where Captain Wells was imprisoned. These brothers seemed to vie with each other in devising new miseries for prisoners of war.

Lieutenant Walthew had a most interesting and varied military career. He first saw active service at Gallipoli, and an article by him on that ill-starred campaign appears in this volume.

"I was captured at St. Julien, near Ypres, on July 31st, 1917, and after interviewing sundry representatives of the Central Powers, was taken back to Roulers, in company with some 15 men, where we had a triumphal procession of the 'Verdammter Engländer' through the main streets of the town, doubtless to impress the civilian population. From there we were taken to Courtrai, where I spent three or four days in a cell in the local gendarmerie, together with two other officers.

"I was much struck by the appearance of the Belgian civilians as compared with those on our side of the line. They were for the most part pale and underfed—though they were not so badly off in this respect as the German civilians, judging from appearances—while hardly any of them wore socks or stockings, and there was a strained look about them which was entirely lacking from their compatriots at Poperinghe, although the latter place was nearer the line than either Roulers or Courtrai.

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"The effect of Prussian discipline on them was seen when a bell, similar to those used on tramcars, was heard from the direction of a side street in Roulers. Everybody within earshot literally stampeded for the side of the road, where they remained, with the road absolutely clear, till a German motor ambulance had gone past. An old grey-haired woman who couldn't get out of the way quickly enough was kindly assisted by a Hun soldier with the toe of his boot, although the ambulance had not even turned the corner.

"Judging from outward appearances, and from what little I was able to see, the Belgians seemed to get on fairly well with their unwelcome guests, though it was easy to see that they were eagerly awaiting the day when they would be rid of them. Children ran along beside us and gave us cigarettes and matches when our escort wasn't looking, while on one occasion three small boys ran up to us with pieces of bombs in their hands, saying, 'Engleesh, Engleesh, bomb, bomb!' obviously tickled to death at the thought of our aeroplanes having done in some Huns, although several Belgians had their houses knocked down during the performance.

"From Courtrai I was taken to Karlsruhe, via Ghent and Cologne, with four other officers, in third and fourth class carriages, wooden seats and no heat or light or necessaries of any sort. I'm looking now for a fellow at Cologne who refused to sell us some 'coffee substitute', although he had any amount of it, at the station, at a time when all of us would have given anything in reason for a drink of any sort.

"I spent a fortnight at Karlsruhe, where I was given a small tin of bully, which four of us shared, by a prisoner who was getting parcels from home. This was the only meat I saw for five weeks, bar the Hun meat ration, which as may be guessed was negligible, even before it had passed through the hands of the Hun transport people.

"From Karlsruhe I went to Heidelberg, which was the best, or rather the least, repulsive, camp I was in, and where I remained three weeks. There were three hard tennis courts there inside the camp, but these were almost entirely monopolized by French officers, who were in the majority. The British had only been sent there originally as an overflow from Karlsruhe to await the opening of Holzminden.

"Holzminden opened early in September, 1917, and I got there about the 14th of September, and was very quickly acquainted with the notorious Niemeyer, who met us on entering the camp, and harried and persecuted us every moment we spent there. One could write a complete book on the way that swine behaved to us,

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so I won't try to describe his exploits, or I'd never stop! The 10th German Army Corps was generally recognized as the worst in Germany as regards treatment of prisoners, as everybody who was at Holzminden, Strohen, Schwarmstedt, and the other camps in that command will, I am sure, agree. The Corps General, von Hanish, was an arch swine in company with Niemeyer (and from whom the latter obviously took his cue), whose object in life was apparently to get a man down and kick him. He had good cause to remember the British, as rumour had it that he had lost three Divisions on the Somme against us, and also had a son killed there, and as a consequence had been sent to a home command. On one occasion we made a request that the barbed wire enclosing the camp should be moved back so as to include a building, formerly used as a drill shed, which stood just outside the wire, and which we could use for concerts, etc., there being no accommodation whatever inside the camp for anything of that nature. Von Hanish's reply of 'No, the English are swine and must live like swine' typified his whole bearing towards us. Everything was 'verboten'. It was *verboten* to stay in bed after 7 a.m., and to enforce this, sentries with fixed bayonets were sent round to turn us out at that hour, while on one memorable occasion, Niemeyer came round himself, though everybody was out of bed before he got to their room, as he advertised his coming to everybody within three miles of him, by roaring long before he even reached the building! At one time he got the interpreter to read out a list of 'verbotens' every morning on 'Appel', a roll call, each one starting with the usual formula 'By order of the Camp Commander it is forbidden for English officers, prisoners of war', etc. About the third morning everybody on Appel started to laugh and cheer at each fresh order, and the climax was reached when, after about a week, we were regaled with 'By order of the Camp Commander it is forbidden for English officers, prisoners of war, to laugh at orders issued by the Camp Commander already!' Such a roar went up that even Niemeyer's famous bellow was drowned for some minutes. After this he gave up all attempts to publish verboten lists, though we still had occasional single efforts!

"The cells at Holzminden were invariably full, and there was generally a long waiting list for 'Jug'. The first intimation we got of going to jug was the sudden appearance of an Unteroffizier, complete with two men 'mit Gewehr', in one's room, with the command to 'Kommen sie mit', from which one gathered that he was in favour of one accompanying him to the dungeons below without dallying to discuss the matter. If he was in a genial mood

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he would unbend sufficiently to tell one what one's sentence was, and what for, but more often he would cough up a few guttural remarks with the result that one would find oneself being hustled along the corridor with a fixed bayonet in close proximity to one's back, hoping that some more fortunate pal would send one's shaving gear, etc., down later. This was the usual procedure in my time, but things may have changed later, though I much doubt it.

"We wrote five times to the Dutch Embassy in Berlin requesting that a representative should be sent down to inspect the camp, and when he did arrive, purely by chance, he told us that no letter whatever had reached the Embassy, which goes to show that Niemeyer had reckoned on the possibility of our writing, and had taken steps accordingly.

"I was in the first party to go to Schweidnitz in Silesia, about fifty kms. south-west of Breslau, from Holzminden. We arrived there in December, and were quartered in a workhouse, sleeping and living fifty to a room, so one can imagine the noise, etc! I think the everlasting noise, coupled with the inability to get any privacy or time by oneself, told on people more than anything else. One used to look forward to going to 'jug' simply to get a little peace and quiet by oneself, especially as the cells at Schweidnitz were comparatively comfortable, and were not in the basement as at Holzminden.

"Things went fairly well at Schweidnitz until the escape season started, and this as usual got the Huns' backs up. We got ten shower baths and three long baths installed, for three hundred officers, as compared with six very inefficient showers at Holzminden for six hundred, and the Central Powers were beginning to look upon us as quite a peaceable community, when Capt. Loder-Simmons and Lt. Hardy brought off a very fine escape stunt, getting over the Dutch frontier, some eight hundred kilometres away, within sixty hours of leaving camp. We cooked the 'Appels' and the camp staff didn't know that anybody was missing until after they were safe in Holland!

"From this time until the day came when we were repatriated, escapes went on intermittently, between forty and fifty getting out altogether, though all were caught with the exception of the two mentioned above. We succeeded in getting two tunnels through, from which thirty-six got out altogether. The last of these tunnels was some sixty ft. long, had a 'Heath Robinson' air pump to ventilate it, and was dug, like the first, entirely with table knives, and bits of iron and tin, though I believe there were

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longer tunnels at one or two other camps, notably the one at Holzminden, from which ten were successful in getting over the frontier.

"After each escape stunt the Huns made things very unpleasant for us, stopping our walks, etc., and having searches for 'civvy' clothes, German money, compasses, maps, etc. These searches consisted in all our personal baggage being turned out, as well as our pockets, etc. At one Holzminden search we were all locked in one room while German soldiers went through our kit, sticking to anything they took a fancy to. We were then sent to our rooms, where we found the Huns enjoying our own English cigarettes, and were made to undress completely, when our clothes we were wearing were searched also. It was a source of great satisfaction to us when two fellows got out two nights later, complete with 'civvy' suits, maps, compasses, etc., which the Huns had been unable to find in their search. I think they must have heard Niemeyer roaring in Berlin when he got wind of it!

"I think I'm right in saying that, up to the last two months, few people ever expected the war to end. One came to look upon life there as one's normal existence, with civilization a thing belonging to another world, while all one hoped for was to be exchanged to Holland at the end of eighteen months. With nothing to do except cook our meals,—most of which came out of tins from our parcels, and only required heating up—I think it was extraordinary that we managed to exist—I won't say live—in such harmony as we did. Trifles which in ordinary life one would absolutely ignore, assumed mammoth proportions when one was herded up in a small space for an indefinite period with three hundred men drawn from every walk of life. It was incredible the intensity of dislike one could work up in a very short time for a man's face, the way he did his hair, and his habits and hobbies generally,—especially when the latter lay in 'weiss wein', with regrettable results in the neighbourhood of one's bed!

"The greatest blessing which has ever befallen prisoners of war was when it was decided to pack up with the war business. I think that nobody fully realized that it was all over until they got back home. I know that personally, even on the boat coming over from Copenhagen, I was suspecting a trap all the way, and not until I was really in Blighty again, and being beggared about, as only the Army can beggar one about, did I grasp that it was indeed all done with.

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"I should like to take this opportunity to mention the great kindness and hospitality shown us by the people of Denmark when we passed through there on our way home. Coming straight from Germany as we did, most of us crossing over after two or three nights and days in a German train, without heat or light in the middle of winter, we must have looked picturesque, to say the least of it. After being used to being surrounded by bayonets—with Huns attached to the blunt end—day in and day out, and all the trials and tribulations which must necessarily be the lot of a prisoner of war, there were few who were not touched by the warmth and friendliness of the welcome we got from the Danes. From the time we landed in Denmark from the ferry, when we were met by a Danish guard of honour, to the time we left Copenhagen for England on the S.S. 'Oporto' with the 2,000 Tommies on board singing 'Tipperary' in response to vociferous demands from the crowd on the quay, they did all they could to entertain and help us in every way,—though God knows we'd done little enough to deserve it. They did indeed make us realize that it was possible to get back to the lost world of civilization, and though the process of doing so was strange at first, I, and all the old 'Kriegsgefangeners' I have since met, seem to have managed it pretty successfully, judging from the amount of enjoyment we have got out of life since our release!"

The following letter has been received from Lieutenant A. G. A. Vidler, M.C., formerly a member of our Vancouver staff, in which he records his impressions of the last two months of the war.

This letter conveys an idea of the rapid disintegration of the German forces during the closing weeks of the fighting:

"When I found my old unit, the 11th Sussex, had been transferred to the Murman Coast in Russia during my absence on six months' rest in England, I applied to be posted to the 9th Battalion of the same regiment then doing duty in Lens, not thinking at the time that this decision would enable me to have the good luck of being in the final battle.

"Thus, in September, 1918, Lens appeared as usual (save the mark) although great events were happening to the north and south.

"Towards the end of the month it really seemed as if the Boche was cracking up for good, but taught by bitter experiences of the past four years, there were many who could not bring themselves to believe it.

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"However, events moved quickly. Our Division, the 24th, was taken out and transferred south, and on October 6th we detrained at Havrincourt Wood and the battalion took up a position on a hill facing Bourlon Wood, of evil memory, in front of Cambrai. We were to do a show. The Hindenburg line was broken and Cambrai, like a ripe plum, was to fall. Of course, just then the Adjutant came along and told off two Company Commanders and two Seconds in Command to go back to Morchies. I was left out.

"When I was at Morchies on the Bapaume Road I had a look at the Drocourt-Queant switch where the Canadians made the first breach of the great line. Then it dawned on me that the curtain was about to ring down after Nemesis had duly seized the principal actor.

"Coats, equipment, mess-tins, broken rifles, hasty graves, gun limbers, stacks of shells, all were here,—the debris of a broken army.

"Cambrai had fallen, and our battalion working around the southern edge was at Cauroir. I was to rejoin at once with the remainder of the details.

"Up the long road past Graincourt and Bourlon Wood we went and into a city of the dead.

"We arrived after dark and not a soul was to be seen, save a military policeman at a corner.

"Empty streets, shuttered houses, no soldiers, broken windows, all dark and silent.

"For two hours we wandered about looking for the College, then used as a German hospital.

"One day spent there, more litter and signs of a hasty move. Only one old woman did I see, who had bravely hidden in a cellar in spite of the evacuation order.

"Railway lines torn up, bridges broken and blown up all around, crockery and clothes wilfully ruined and houses burning in the Place d'Armes.

"Rejoining, the regiment moved to Haussy and now the refugees began to pour in.

"Women and children (some lay dead, gassed by the Germans in the houses) on lorries and in dog-drawn carts. On the hillsides and in sunken roads dead Germans, snipers in ploughed fields, and mixed with our own men lying thick in the sunken roads.

"At Haussy we stayed a week and trained hard, at crossing streams by hasty duckboard bridges and improvised rafts, also at moving quickly in small formations a long way at a time.

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"On October 30th we moved out via St. Aubert and Bermerain and took position near Preseau.

"The German had halted and was going to make a final desperate stand to cover his retreat.

"We were getting bold now. At Preseau three of us laid out our maps in a turnip field and proceeded to study the Boche position over the railway. Three 4.2 shells, within 20 yards of us, caused a hurried retreat. No liberties just there!! The next day he attacked the division on our left at Famars with tanks, and then moved back in front of us to a line Tenlain-Villers Pol—east of Le Quesnoy.

"We were then at Sepmaries (November 2nd).

"The orders came that the 9th Sussex were picked as the first battalion to kick off in our brigade (73rd) in a 6th Army show on the morning of 4th November. Four British and two French armies were to fall upon the Boche and break him utterly.

"In pitch darkness on the night of 3rd November, I led my Company over a stream through broken wire and felled trees and up the hill to Maresches. So difficult was the going, the wire, craters and broken trees on the road, that I used my torch freely. From Villers Pol a star shell and a machine-gun clatter showed Fritz still alive.

"Maresches afforded us shelter in houses from 10 p.m. till 4 a.m., but I took a dislike to a Company Headquarters because the cellar had a ticking clock, and one learns the Boche's habits in four years.

"At 4 a.m. we moved out and encountered a regular burst of 4.2 shells and gas shells as we were passing through Villers Pol.

"Sharp to the left and we passed the Middlesex Regiment lying by the straight road—Tenlain-Villers Pol.

"Over the road, our three companies, lying down in open order, were there, and the Boche 100 yards away.

"Zero was 6.15 a.m. for us (3rd Army) but the army on our right started the ball at 5.30 a.m., and we had to be quiet for three-quarters of an hour and lost some men by the Boche counter-barrage. Nervy work lying out in the open.

"At 6.15 a.m., away we went, and an officer dashed up to me shouting 'hundreds of them in front running like hell'. It was a misty morning and we came right on top of them, dug in by a brick field in little trenches. Some fought to the bitter end and were bayoneted or shot. Some gave up and I kicked half a dozen out of a machine-gun post. I had to kick. I felt like it, but sent them back as prisoners.

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"Our Company C took 60 prisoners and 6 machine-guns and two trench mortars, and had one officer and 30 men casualties. The battalion took 300 prisoners, 20 machine guns and 6 trench mortars, and the villages of Wargnies and Le Petit.

"That was the last show and the last I saw of the Boche except as prisoners. We went on to Bavai and to Malplaquet, and were just going to attack when he chucked up the sponge. The game was up and he knew it.

"I went on leave on Armistice morning and got a lift in a car to Cambrai and the Coast."

"Tout finis!"

The following are extracts from a letter, dated 22nd December, 1918, received from Captain T. C. McGill, formerly Accountant at the Kingston branch.

This letter was written at Vladivostock, Siberia, where Captain McGill was on duty with the Canadian-Siberian Expeditionary Force:

"This is a wonderful country. We arrived as you probably know on the 26th of October, since which time there have only been two days when there was not a dazzling sun—even on the coldest days the sun shines with a brilliancy I'd never dreamed of before. It did not begin to get cold until about the 9th of November, and it's been getting steadily worse—no snow, you know, just a biting dry wind that strikes one between the eyes just as ice-cream sometimes does on a hot day; but in spite of doing more walking than I have ever done before, I've gained fourteen pounds in weight, and everyone else is doing the same.

"Vladivostock is most interesting—spread along the side of the Golden Horn Bay (really the Harbour) in one long cobblestoned street six miles in length, with the houses built in successive tiers up the side of a chain of hills 500 feet high. A gay little mosque with minarets of gold and blue and green and purple adds to the picture, but apart from its natural setting it has little beauty to recommend it. A few large modern stores and office blocks are surrounded by the most villainous collection of Chinese dives one could possibly imagine. The city is swarming with Bolsheviki, and we don't venture out alone at night if it can be prevented. Last night there was a dance given by the Anglo-Russian Society to 'cement the friendship already existing'—it was amusing to see the representatives from our barracks putting their automatics in their hip pockets before they left. This is the first time in my life that I've ever 'toted a gun' for the ordinary round of business.

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It's silly, too, that though everyone carries one always, it's considered bad form to let it ever be seen.

"As in all places like this there's a female celebrity—ours is war correspondent for the—fair and fat and forty, with big baby eyes and several chins—rag doll flaxen hair—officer's jacket and Sam Browne and a short skirt (not quite to the knees) worn over a very dainty pair of riding breeches with leather strappings—a pair of stove-pipe field boots and *huge* spurs about three inches long. She's about five feet tall and quite broad, and assumes a very professional air when she talks in a throaty voice about the 'ultimate settlement of *thee* Russian question (with a big ???)' Of course she swarms round us at all the restaurants and night cafes, waving nonchalantly to 'Mac', 'Jack' and 'Little Billee' and 'Uncle Maj.'—in fact just 'one of the bhoys'—but pshaw, it's an old type. My own inclination is always to spank her well and soundly and pack her off on the next boat leaving for civilization and long skirts.

"There are Russians and Japs and Chinese and French and Czeko-Slovaks and Americans and Italians—in fact everybody, the world and his wife. The Russian ladies of good family allow the finger nails on their left hand to grow to a prodigious length as an indication that they do no work. The city is terribly overcrowded with refugees—in fact whole families have lived for months past in the waiting rooms of the Depot. One cannot get in at nights for them lying asleep on the floor, women, men and children, hundreds of 'em—and in front of the General Post Office there is a long queue of people who wait for sometimes as long as forty-eight hours at a stretch in order to send parcels of food to starving friends in the interior. There's only one railway line, you know, for troops and civilians and everything.

"There's a wonderful opportunity for money making here—tremendous gold and platinum mines all unworked, timber, furs, coal, tin, iron, in fact everything, and nothing developed all through lack of transportation. When we came here first the rouble, which is ordinarily worth 52 cents, was worth 9½ cents. It's gone up now till it is worth about 13 cents and at the same time it's selling in Vancouver for 26 cents and will eventually come back to its proper standard. Of course, there is no coin in use at all, it's all paper money and issued by different Governments. I'll enclose some specimens of it. The big note is 50 kopeks—½ a rouble or 5 cents; next one is 5 kopeks—½ cent; the others are 15, 10 and 1 kopek. The Russian people are all hoarding these 10 and 15 kopek notes (the little fellows) because they are

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issued by the old Government. There's a tremendous amount of bogus money afloat and it's practically impossible to get 20 roubles (\$2.00) changed in any of the shops—they simply haven't got the currency. The Royal Bank are opening up here very shortly—I admire their enterprise—and they'll make money so fast they won't know it's true. I imagine the balance of trade is in favour of Russia because of her shipments of furs, but I haven't had time to interest myself in that side of life. I'm too busy trying to carry on on signalling. Nearly all our staff has arrived from Canada now, but as yet no more signallers, so I've only got the twenty men I brought over with me, and it keeps us pretty busy, especially as not one of them knew beans about telegraphy or signalling of any kind when we left Vancouver.

"I'm terribly disappointed in not having time to study Russian. It's really not a difficult language and I'm going to have a whack at it seriously before I go back. We hear vague rumours that the Labour Party is demanding our return to Canada. I hope not. We've not begun what we started out to do, and I'd feel jolly well ashamed of myself if they took us back to Canada now. I'm terribly anxious to get home again, of course, but even so I want to stay till next fall and see more of this wonderful country."

The following is a record of the heroism displayed by Lieutenant John Charles Orr (formerly of our Lady-smith branch), when the Elder Dempster liner "Burutu" sank in mid-ocean, with a loss of 150 lives, after collision with another liner.

For the part played by him in this occurrence, Lieutenant Orr has been awarded the Board of Trade Silver Medal.

"Fuller details of the sinking of the Elder Dempster liner 'Burutu' after collision with another liner, with the loss of over 150 lives, were given by one of the few survivors yesterday. The inky blackness of the night, the heavy list of the vessel, and the high seas running made launching and rescue work impossible. One lifeboat got away successfully containing the main body of the survivors. Another boat was being launched full of passengers, but descended on the top of a raft full of people which had drifted in again and all were upset and drowned.

"A survivor said yesterday, 'I and five others clung on desperately throughout the night to an upturned boat. It was bitter cold, with an icy wind blowing, and I was clad only in silk pyjamas.

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One of our party was a little steward of 15. He was having a bath at the time of the collision, and came up on the deck of the sinking vessel naked and dived into the water.

"We pulled him on our upturned boat and a powerful young subaltern wrapped his British warm round him and held him and another unconscious passenger in his arms for hours, but the lad died from exhaustion and was washed off the frail craft a few minutes afterwards. Another went mad during the night and jumped into the sea and was lost, and another died. The subaltern joked and cheered the remainder until daylight, when the three remaining were rescued by an American destroyer. While alongside the destroyer the little boat drifted towards the propeller and was smashed by the blades but the subaltern managed to grasp a rope and was pulled safely aboard."

"The young subaltern referred to was Lieut. Orr. He and the two saved, one an officer returning from a period of service as Political Agent in Nigeria, the other the fifth engineer of the 'Burutu', received royal treatment on the destroyer and were landed at an English port. When the captain of the destroyer heard from the officer the details of Lieut. Orr's achievement he assembled the ship's company and addressing them said he wanted them to be inspired by the splendid heroism of the young British officer and, if occasion offered, to imitate his magnificent unselfishness and resource. What makes Lieut. Orr's action all the more meritorious is the fact that he was himself an invalid, having been sent to England suffering from malaria after almost a year's service with the Gold Coast Regiment in the heart of the West African bush. (He had previously been twice wounded, once at Neuve Chapelle when serving as a sergeant in the First Canadian Contingent, and again on July 1st on the Somme, when he was an officer in the Ulster Division).

"The scene may be given in the words of the officer from Nigeria: "The destroyer people threw us a rope with a buoy to it. I could only put one arm through, being nearly done. The ubiquitous Orr pulled my other arm through and I was hauled up like a lump of meat and with about as much life as one. The fifth engineer was the next to go up, tied on somehow, of course, by Orr. And then the worst catastrophe of the affair just didn't happen. The boat drifted behind the destroyer and the propeller cut it in half. Thank God, Orr had a rope and shinned up it in time and walked below as fresh as paint, having had about eight hours of as bad, cold and wet a time as any one could expect, and spending that time in looking after us, not himself."

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We also quote a letter received by Mr. Orr from the Secretary of State for the Colonies:

"I am directed by Mr. Secretary Long to inform you that he has received from the Secretary to the Admiralty, through the War Office, a copy of a report by the Commanding Officer, United States Ship 'Stevens', on your gallant behaviour in connection with the rescue of survivors from the S.S. 'Burutu' on the night of October 3rd-4th. The Army Council have asked that an expression of their appreciation of the devoted services which you rendered on this occasion may be conveyed to you. Mr. Long has pleasure in associating himself with the Council's commendation."

The following are extracts from a letter received from Second Lieutenant H. E. Mason of the 6th Battalion Yorkshire regiment. In this letter Second Lieutenant Mason describes some of the ills attendant upon campaigning in Murmansk.

Mr. Mason was formerly attached to our London, Ont., branch.

"We left Dundee on the 12th October, 1918, landed at Murmansk, North Russia, on about the 28th November, 1918. This voyage as a rule takes from five to twelve days; we were over six weeks, during which period we were shipwrecked, had our boilers blown into the air, drifted helpless for two days, during which time enemy underwater craft did their best to send us to Davy Jones Locker, but were frustrated by the British Navy. We spent ten days sight seeing in the Shetland Islands (very much against our wishes) for there is nothing to see but barren hills. During this period they were endeavouring to make our transport seaworthy. Eventually we crept out, but were driven back by the before-mentioned German underwater craft. The British Navy again came to the rescue, much to the Huns' discomfort. Two days following this we arrived in the Orkney Islands, where we were shipwrecked by being blown on the rocks. Ten days following the above round of mishaps we left in a transport which was not possessed of the devil, and arrived at the Murman Coast without further mishaps.

"It is very quiet here at present but when we arrived it was somewhat different. We had one or two minor engagements, suffering a few casualties. At times it becomes rather interesting, resembling in many ways the early days of the Western States, it being a case of the quick and the dead.

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"We are now approaching the days of the midnight sun; it doesn't become dark, the sun setting at 10.30 p.m.; very shortly it will not set during the whole twenty-four hours. During the dark period we all experienced sleepiness more or less, but now it is the opposite."

The following is a resumé of the military experiences of Lieutenant W. D. Hopkinson of our London, Eng., branch:

"On the 7th August, 1914, I joined the 1st Battalion of the Honourable Artillery Company and a short time after I voluntarily transferred to the 2nd "B" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery of the same regiment, as a gunner. After considerable training I was appointed to a commission in the special reserve of the Royal Field Artillery on 22nd July, 1915; being posted to a training brigade at Woolwich. On 4th September, 1915, I was ordered to India; and arrived in Bombay towards the end of September.

"From Bombay I was posted to the 90th Battery, R.F.A., and took part with this unit in operations over the North-West Frontier of India. We were then part of the Malahand Movable Column which was operating from Chakdara against the wild tribesmen of this region, incidentally to keep an eye on the Afghans, who were then being pressed to take action against us by enemy agents.

"When these operations ceased, I was transferred to another battery at Hyderabad, Sind, and from here I was posted overseas to Mesopotamia. I arrived in Busra in the early summer of 1916. I joined my battery shortly afterwards, and later took part in the initial operations for the second attack on Kut-el-Amara. Conditions at this time were very bad indeed; the water and food supply, coupled with the very trying climatic conditions, causing much disease, which, at this time, accounted for a very large percentage of the casualties. It was at this period that I had the honour of commanding my battery (the 66th) for a short interval. It would take too long to describe the actual conditions under which we were labouring in the summer of 1916, but later we had the satisfaction of knowing that a commission of enquiry was set up; those responsible for the neglect of this Expeditionary Force were duly dealt with. About the end of September I was invalided to Bombay, and thence to England on 25th December, 1916. During my convalescence I was selected by the War Office to undergo a course of tuition in Portuguese at London University, and after the course I was employed under the Director of Military

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Intelligence, War Office, as a liaison officer and instructor in gunnery to the Portuguese Heavy Artillery. My duties were both in France and England. In France I was present at the battle of the Lys on the 9th April, 1918, in my capacity as a liaison officer with the Portuguese Artillery, and I continued in this employment until I was transferred to a British battery at the end of 1918 for the purpose of demobilization, which took place in February, 1919."

The following is an extract from a letter written by Bombardier R. MacDonald (formerly of the Regina branch) describing his experiences during the victorious march of the Allied Troops through Belgium:

"Well, the old guerre is over at last and, believe me, I am mighty glad it is. On the morning of the day the armistice was signed we were trying to catch up to Fritz and we were travelling some. Well, about 10 o'clock a.m. we met an A.P.M. and he told us the order was to cease fire at 11 a.m. Say, you talk about a war, everybody let go for all they were worth. Believe me, I will never forget the 11th of November, 1918; as we were passing the Belgian civilians, they came out and gave us cats of every description and all kinds of flowers, and when we halted they decked out our horses with flowers. Say, you should have seen my charger! The people were crazy with delight and they couldn't do enough for us. Just at present we are about 12 miles from Namur, and on our way up here we were received with the greatest hospitality; the places we stayed at over night turned out their bands and organized dances and all sorts of entertainments for us, and from what the people tell me, old Fritz is just as bad as he is painted."

The following is an extract from a letter received from Mr. R. Guay, who enlisted from our Willow Bunch branch.

Mr. Guay herein relates some points of interest concerning his sojourn in Vladivostock as a member of the Canadian Siberian Expeditionary Force. He also describes a sight-seeing tour in Japan:

"I joined the colors at Regina, Sask. After undergoing some training in an infantry squad, I was granted the rank of corporal and put in charge of a small squad as training non-commissioned officer.

"From Regina I was transferred to Sarcee camp in Calgary, where I spent four weeks. I was then transferred to Victoria and later to Vancouver, from which place I left, with other soldiers, on the 10th of October, for Siberia on board the S.S. 'Empress of

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Japan.' The voyage across was very stormy; gales prevailing during most of the trip.

"We reached Vladivostock on the 24th of October, 1918. We found the climate very different from the description given us in the newspapers. The days were nice and warm, and the nights cool.

"My first ambition was to learn the Russian language, and when I left, nine months after, I could make myself understood fairly well.

"The better educated people speak the French language. As this is my mother tongue I found it a great convenience, being able to get along much better than some of my companions, for whom I served as interpreter. After making enquiries I found that French and English are taught in the public schools.

"We had the first snowstorm on the 1st of January, 1919. This, however, all melted in a few days. On the 15th of the same month we had another one which remained until the early spring.

"For the first three months I did garrison duty with the other soldiers in and about the city. Our duty was to master the Bolsheviki who were threatening to murder every one of us. It was dangerous to walk on the streets after dark and we were frequently fired upon.

"For a time we were short of rations, and this was one of the greatest hardships we had to go through.

"In March we learned that all the Canadian troops would soon be going back to Canada.

"Through my Commanding Officer I made application to stay with the first rear party which would return to Canada later, by way of Japan. This being granted I had the advantage of making a stay in that far-famed country.

"On the 28th of June the rear party of two officers, Major Thompson and Lieut-Colonel Lambert, with the Pay Corps, sailed for Japan. On the 1st of July our ship anchored in a port of which I cannot remember the name. At 9 a.m. we took a train for Yokohama, arriving at our destination at 10 p.m. the same day, spending the whole day on board the train. We passed several large cities. We enjoyed ourselves looking at the scenery and watching the farmers gathering the rice crop. We could clearly see in the distance Fusi Yama, the highest mountain in Japan. The vegetation was luxuriant and trees were plentiful. The service on board our train was of a high order and equal to anything which we have in America.

"In Yokohama we stayed at the Oriental Palace Hotel, one of the best appointed in Japan, conducted on the American plan.

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We had to pay 12.50 yen per day, (\$6.25). The first thing that attracted my attention in that large city was the Jinrikisha which is in universal use. As most people know, it is a light wheeled vehicle drawn by one man. It is very convenient, and can be obtained at all hotels, stations, etc., at a cost of .50 sen per hour. I also spent some time in Tokio, the capital of the Empire. Kamakura was also an interesting place to see.

"July is the hottest month in Japan, and the mosquitoes are very troublesome, especially at night. The streets in the cities are lighted with thousands of Japanese lanterns which are of all designs and very beautiful.

"Nikko is a few hours, by rail, from Tokio and located far up on the mountain side. It is one of the most attractive tourist resorts in Japan. There we enjoyed a cool climate. It is a fine summer retreat. In the spring and autumn it is especially beautiful, owing to the lovely and varying tints of the abundant foliage on the mountain sides.

"We sailed from the port of Yokohama on the 'Empress of Russia.'

We arrived in Vancouver after an uneventful voyage—remarkable only by an almost total absence of high winds and sea-sickness."

The following letter, descriptive of the activities of a section of the Canadian Forestry Corps, has been received from Mr. H. R. Summers-Gill, formerly a member of the staff of our Nutana branch:

"I think that I cannot do better than give you a brief synopsis of my adventures since enlistment. I left Saskatoon en route for the Great Adventure on July 1st, 1916, and reached Montreal, where I doffed my 'civvy' togs and donned the first Government suit I ever owned. Thenceforward I drilled and drilled until with fifty others I received the welcome information that we were to depart overseas to England. We were the 2nd platoon of the 6th University Company, as one Montreal paper called us 'The Gentlemen Adventurers,' owing no doubt to the fact that we were nearly all business men. We landed after five days' voyage on the 'Mauretania,' at Liverpool, and caught our first glimpse of Old England when we sailed slowly up the Mersey River, amid almost pitch darkness. Truly it did not look much like the country I had left four years before, lying so silent and deserted beneath cloudy skies. I remember how small and almost like toys the railway trains looked to me, though now they seem mysteriously to have regained their former

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glories when I take one for my rare leaves of six days' duration. On arrival at Seaford we were put into huts of an open air character, and fared sumptuously from mulligan and tea and bread. After having been before the doctor for examination it was discovered that I was not quite good enough for either cannon fodder or daisy propping, so I was sent to the 2nd Canadian Labour Battalion. After a month of that delightful unit, wherein I mended roads and did fatigues, I was sent to the Musketry School, and in time emerged as a full instructor with one stripe. My good fortune did not last long, and soon all B1 men were sent to the Canadian Forestry Corps, which was then forming. From the Base Depot at Sunningdale, Berks., I journeyed to Whittingham, a small village in Northumberland where we were to erect our first mill. The timber to be cut was growing on a steep crag about 1½ miles from the village, and soon our wagons and lorries were cutting up the roads for miles around, and we were causing considerable extra work for the Post Office when the Canadian mail arrived. We logged there for over a year, and on December 21st, 1917, moved 15 miles further north to Chillingham, and began operations on another stretch of timber on the estate of Lord Tankerville, the owner of the world famous Wild Cattle herd. These animals were parked just a short distance from the camp, and I saw a good deal of them. From the description I had heard of the cattle I expected to see something along buffalo lines, but they are much smaller, in fact the cows are smaller than a decent Holstein, though they make up for their size by being very hostile to strangers, as one of the boys found out when he came to and the doctor was stitching up his ribs. There must be over 200 in the herd altogether. Things went along nicely until the Armistice was signed, when it was decided to demobilize the Forestry Corps, and I can well remember the day, when on November 20th, our first draft for Canada left camp. Since then the Companies have been decreasing steadily, until at the present time my Company, old 112, is now officially disbanded, and in No. 52 District, which originally had nine operating companies, there is now only one, viz., 131 Company, where I am at present stationed. Our orders are to despatch every man to Base Depot on June 3rd, and then after Headquarters has closed down, the Canadians will have said their last good-byes to the numerous friends made in the North, and have left the country perhaps for ever. It certainly makes a chap feel somewhat solemn to think over all the old times, when supplies did not come through, and the armies in France were calling for timber, which must be sent

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if Fritz was to be stopped. I suppose that of all the Canadian units, the Forestry Corps working in England has had better opportunities of getting acquainted with the country than any other, owing to our long stays in one district. Although I am an Englishman, I had always lived in the south, and so it has been just as strange for me as for a Canadian born man to have to live here at first. But it certainly has opened my eyes to the country of my birth, and showed me lots of things about it that I never suspected before.

"During our operations in 112 Company, we produced just over 6 million feet of lumber. Our plant was a 60 h.p. Canadian Waterous Mill, with a 60" saw, and our average cut about 20,000 F.B.M. per day. We moved that mill four times and re-erected it, and in addition built all our own railroads for shipping and also for bringing the logs to the mill; put in our own water supply, drainage and roads, and built railroad cars and huts as required. Some of the devices used were most ingenious, and it speaks worlds for the men that they were able to carry on in view of the difficulties we encountered at every stage of the game.

"Our average Company strength was between 100 and 150, other ranks, with 4 officers. But it must be remembered that 60 per cent of these men were casualties from other units, and therefore not in a fit condition to do a very hard day's work, and stand the weather as A1 men would have done. Though I personally doubt very much if men could have been found who would have tackled the job with any greater success. A visit to the mill or the woods would have shown men, who by their occupations in civil life had had no previous experience in lumbering, carrying on with their several jobs like old timers; in fact we trained in 112 Company, no less than 3 millwrights, 5 sawyers and 4 edgermen, the most technical work in the mill, while an ex-farmer ran our electric light plant and a butcher became head cook, and fed us jolly well. At one time one could have taken 112 Company and put the entire personnel on an uninhabited island, and they would have erected a town, had industries going, and carried on without any outside assistance at all, and made a great success of the enterprise. In the course of my work in the orderly room of the Company, I have had to deal with about all the different nationalities which go to make up the Canada of to-day, and have always found every man to be useful in some place in the outfit. We never had a single man come to us, we could not place somewhere where he was of value to the whole. It just demonstrates the old truth that there is a hole for every peg, whether round or square.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

We conclude this volume with extracts from letters written by a few of those who gave their lives in the war. No more fitting tribute could be paid to our noble dead than the publication of these last messages which show the ideals and high patriotism which burned bright within them even unto death.

The following letter, dated 7th September, 1916, was written to his mother by Private Gibson F. Skelton, formerly a member of the staff of our Vermilion branch:

Private Skelton was mortally wounded on 12th September, 1916, and died the same day. His brother was killed in action three months before:

My brother's death brought home to me with force the necessity of being prepared at all times for instant death as he was. One never knows what the next moment may bring forth, and especially here where the 'Huns' use such means of taking life. Should anything happen to me do not weep too much or be heartbroken. Remember that I am in God's keeping, and in what better way could I die than fighting for Him and my country. There is a mansion prepared for every one of us by our Lord, and it will be a very short time until we all meet there, never more to part, and where there is no trouble and sorrow.

"Dearest Mother, do not weep, and may the same good God who is caring for me keep and bless you all.

"Goodbye for a very short time."

The following is an extract from a letter written by Second Lieutenant D. E. Gordon, 12th Battalion Royal Scots, on 13th July, 1916. He was killed during an attack on Longueval village on the following day.

Mr. Gordon was formerly a member of the staff of our Saskatoon branch:

"What an honour to be allowed to partake in the greatest battle the world has known. Let us all hope we make a complete success of it and that we come through safely. However, duty first. And, after all, we must sacrifice if we want to win, and we must win."

The following has been received from the father of Private Walter Tucker, who died of wounds on board the hospital ship "Aquitania," in the Mediterranean, on 25th October, 1915.

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Private Tucker, who was formerly a member of the staff of our St. John's, Newfoundland, branch, received his death wounds at Gallipoli on 8th October, 1915:

"I do not know if the following will be regarded as interesting from your viewpoint, but it has afforded much satisfaction, and some consolation, and not a little pride to me:—When told by Surgeon-Major Macpherson that he was dying, and asked if he had any message to send to his relatives, he said:

"Tell dad that I would rather be in the condition I am now in, than have failed to fight for my country."

The following letter was written by Private R. Marshall Livingstone, formerly of the Champion staff, to his mother, just before going into action for the last time. Mr. Livingstone was mortally wounded on 27th October, 1917, and died the same day:

"Mother dear, your letters worry me, worry me considerably. It is evident that you do not understand, but I shall put it to you this way: Do you realize that Christ was the first one to fall in the present war? How? Well simply this: The very principles for which Christ gave His life are identically those principles for which Britain is to-day giving her life-blood. It is an old struggle, and Christ Himself was the first martyr to the cause. We are fighting for principles. Right against might. Would the world be worth living in if might and might alone prevailed?

"Therefore, Mother, rather than pray that Harry and I should never be sent to the front, pray that we shall acquit ourselves like men and be strong, for we are on duty primarily for God. Don't feel badly if you hear that we have been specially detailed for dangerous work. Rather look on it as an honour and a special privilege that we should be chosen for special duty in upholding the cause for which Christ laid down His life. If you pray for our return, and only for our return, it is selfishness. Other mothers have been called on to endure greater sacrifices than any we can endure in this war.

"Pray for victory for right; pray that we shall be able to do our duty faithfully, and if we fall in the cause of Christ, remember, mother dear, that 'greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends.'

"Personally, I don't want to go back except with honour and a clear conscience of having done my duty. Life under any other circumstances after the war would not be worth while."

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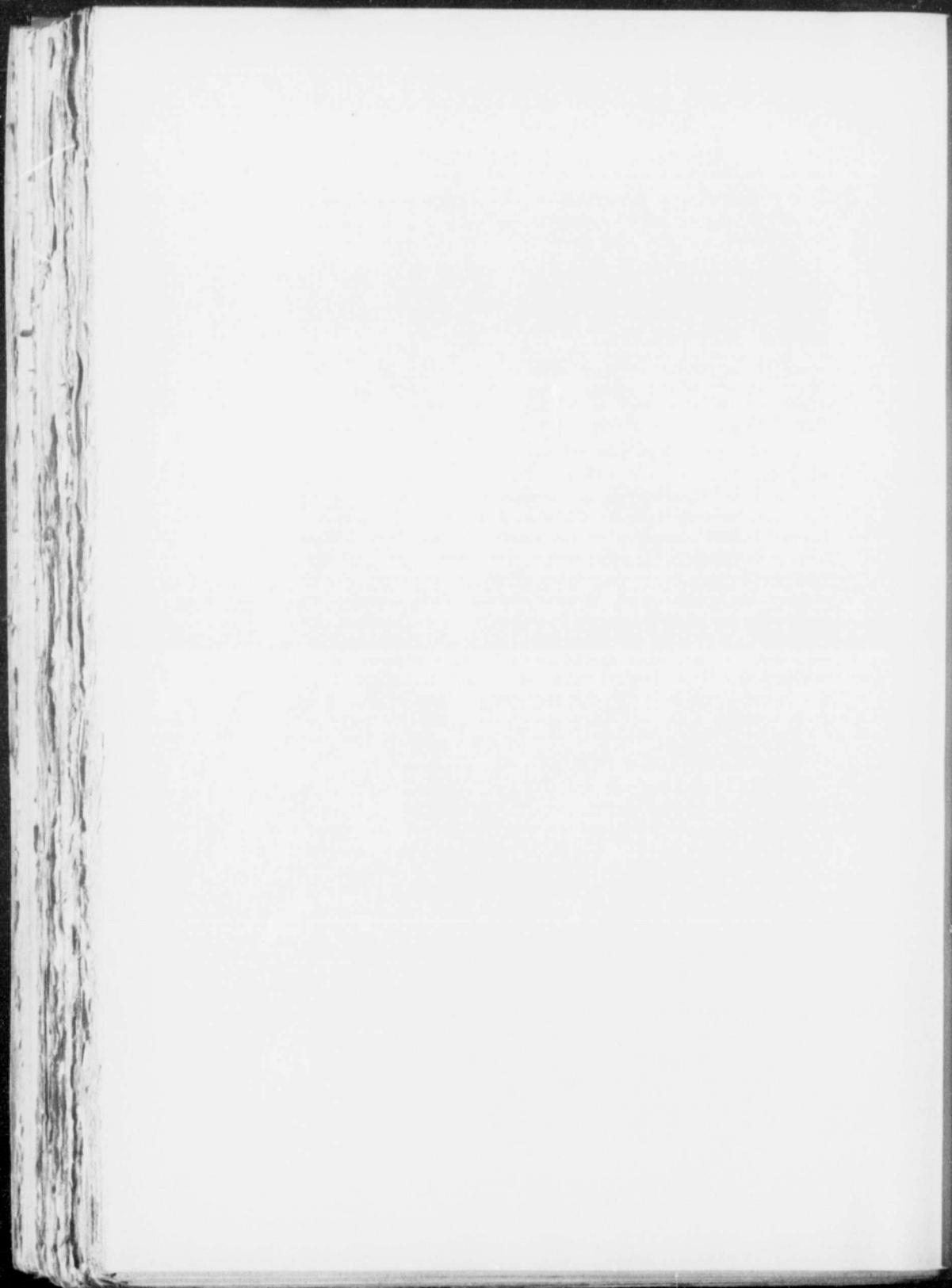
EDITOR'S NOTE. A comrade who fought beside Mr. Livingstone in the engagement which cost him his life, wrote, "Livingstone died a hero."

The following is an extract from a letter to his parents written by Second Lieutenant F. G. Flower, of the Royal Flying Corps, when leaving Canada for overseas service:

Second Lieutenant Flower was killed in action on 18th December, 1917. He was attacked by four enemy machines and shot down in flames over the British lines.

This letter was not received by his parents until after his death:

"So now I have the contentment of mind that is born of doing right and following the path of duty. If I can be of use to my country and the cause of justice and freedom I am perfectly willing to give my strength, my mind and my life, knowing that He who gave me life and has watched over and guided me so far will still bless me and look after me. Without this knowledge I would fear to face the bullets and shells of the Germans, but as it is I will not be afraid. We may never reach the front. I hope not, as I do not want the war to last that long—but if we do, I know that I will be followed by the prayers of my father and mother. Pray that I may be brave and do my duty, and if I fall that it may be doing my duty. Do not sorrow for me, but rather be glad that your son has been privileged to give his life for his country and his king and in the service of his God."



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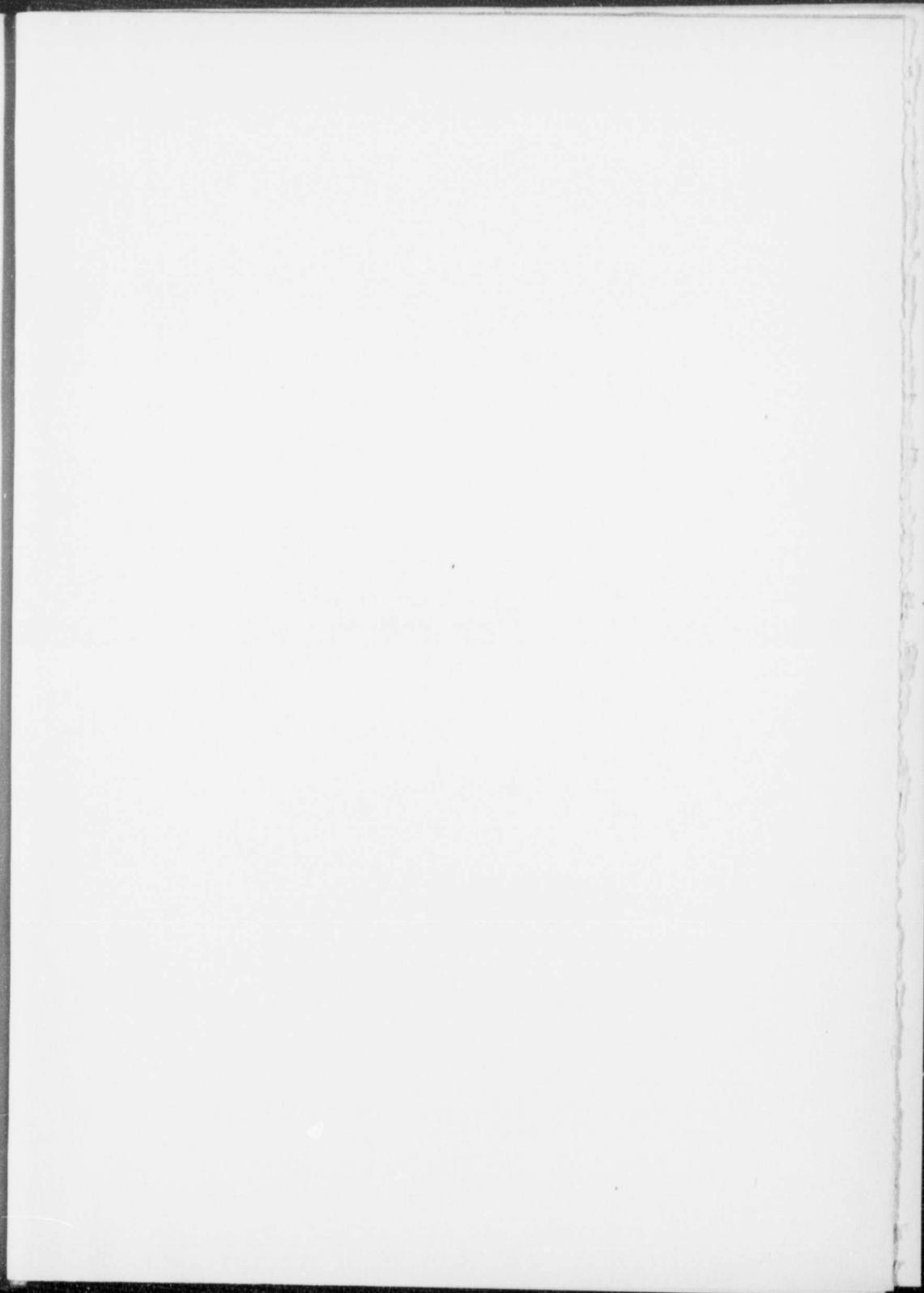
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