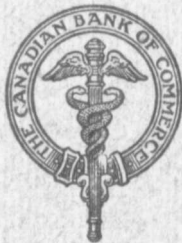


*Bank of Commerce*

**LETTERS FROM THE FRONT**

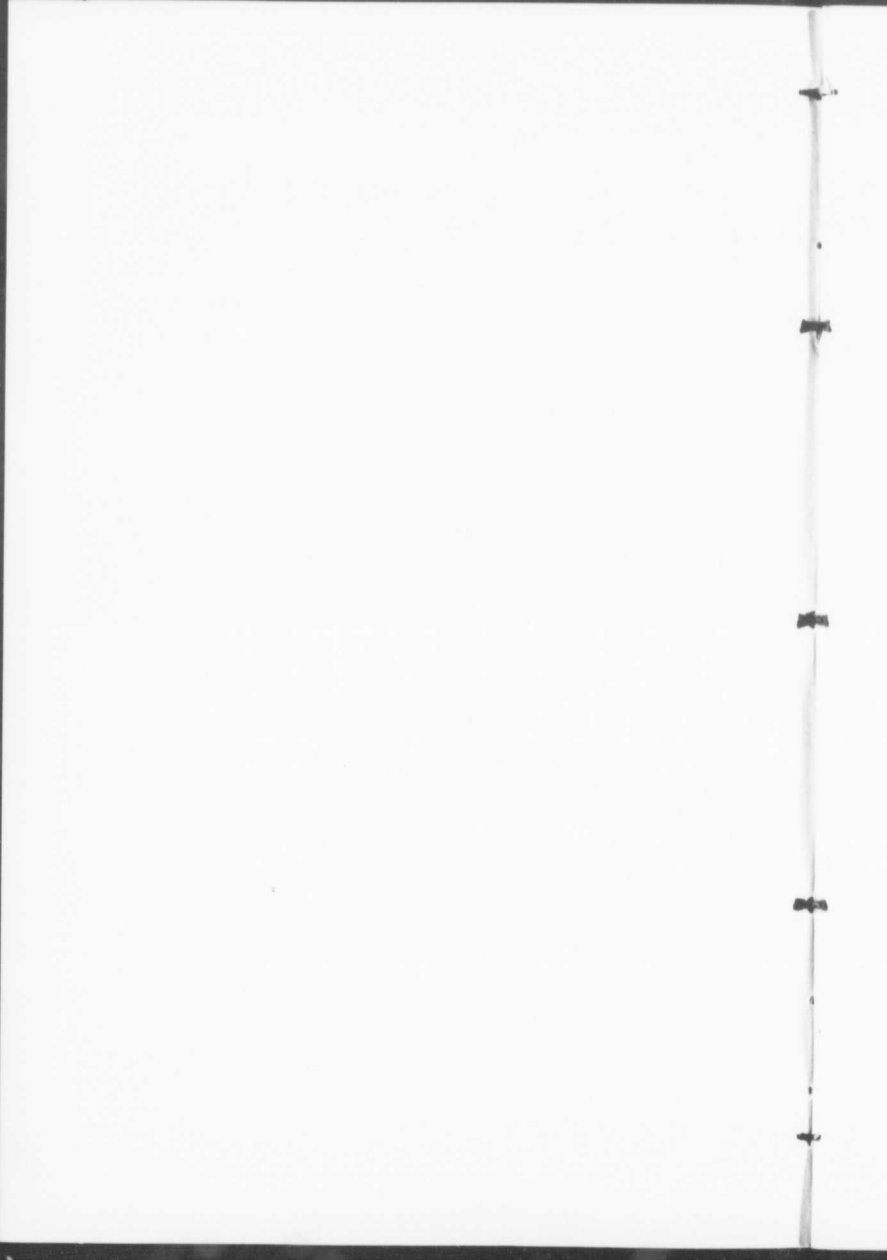
**No. 1**



**Being a partial record of the part played  
by officers of the Bank in the  
Great European War**

**AUGUST, 1915**

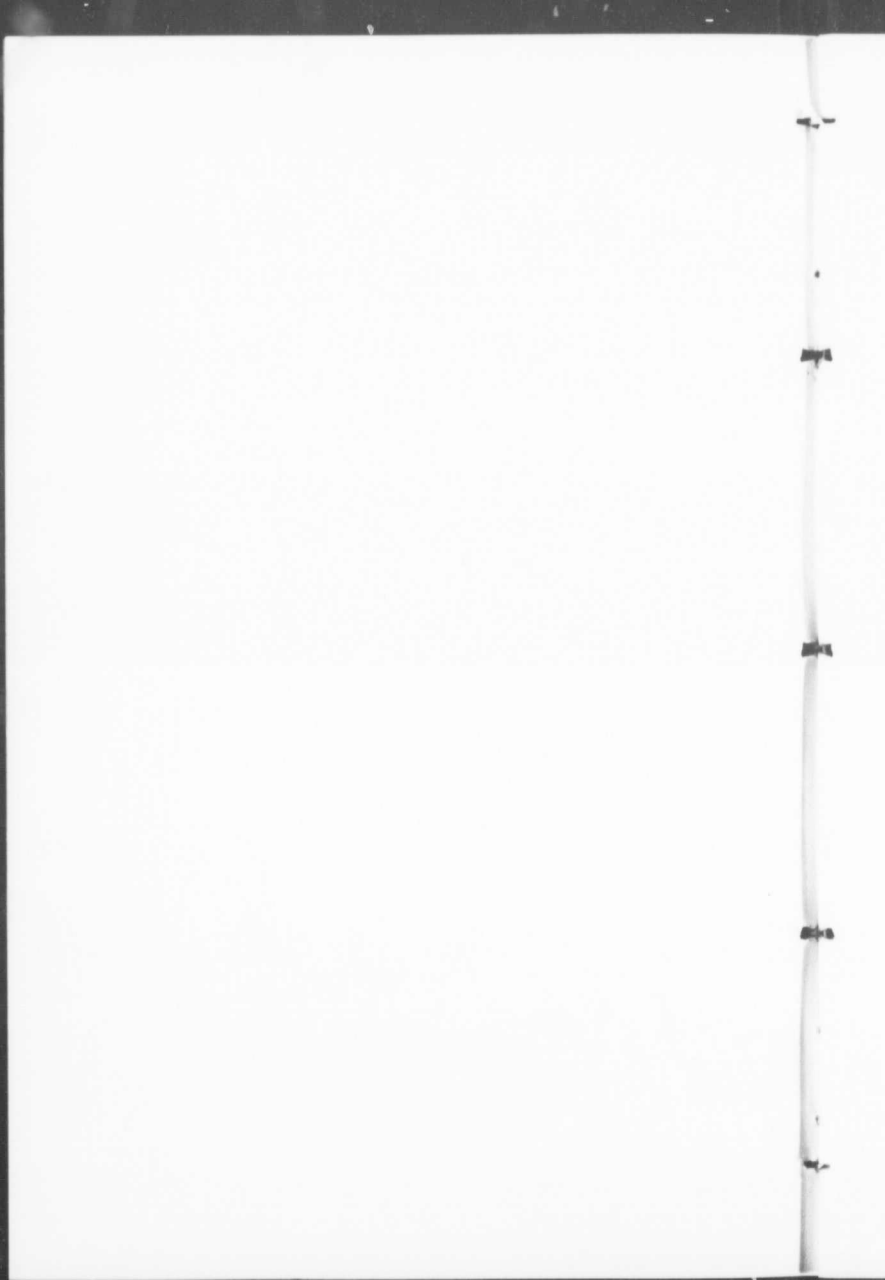




## PREFACE

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The response to Head Office Circular No. 2809 has made it possible to formulate this pamphlet containing extracts from interesting letters received from members of the staff of the Bank undertaking military duty. The matter has been prefaced by a complete list to date of officers who have taken up military duty and information regarding casualties. Further pamphlets will be issued from time to time as long as the supply of suitable material is maintained. All information on the subject should be conveyed through the official correspondence as heretofore.



## MEMBERS OF THE STAFF WHO HAVE TAKEN UP MILITARY DUTY

### FIRST CONTINGENT

#### ONTARIO, QUEBEC, MARITIME PROVINCES AND ST. JOHN'S, NFLD.

Lieut. W. N. Galaugher	Chatham	Pte. W. Hill	Bengough
Pte. J. H. Knill	Dundas	Pte. B. G. Oldaker	Brandon
Pte. H. A. Duncan	Hamilton	Pte. F. D. C. Morrow	Briercrest
Pte. A. B. Wilkinson	Kingston	Pte. W. H. Findlay	Calgary
Pte. W. D. Deans	Montreal	Pte. E. K. Picken	"
Pte. J. R. Denning	"	Pte. A. Sattin	"
Pte. S. V. Woolley	"	Pte. A. N. Simpson	"
Pte. L. Sadler	"	Pte. A. L. Bruce	Carman
Pte. I. B. Savage	"	Pte. S. Badley	Edmonton
Pte. F. B. Cameron	"	Pte. F. C. Coleman	"
Sgt. J. Creighton	"	Trooper W. J. Gray	"
Pte. R. Stott	Prince Arthur and Park, Montreal	Lance Corp. N. F. Sinclair	"
Capt. A. L. Hamilton	Quebec	Pte. C. T. Baldwin	"
Pte. G. H. Jackson	St. Catharines	Pte. R. T. Fowler	"
Pte. G. Stewart Patterson	"	Pte. J. J. A. King	"
Corp. L. Playne	Sarnia	Pte. W. B. Clendinning	Elbow
Pte. J. K. Bailey	Sault Ste. Marie	Pte. H. Wright	Fort Frances
Pte. F. N. Hardyman	"	Pte. James Wood	"
Lieut. G. N. Gordon	Stratford	Pte. J. Taylor	"
Lieut. R. D. Briscoe	Strathroy	Prov. Sgt. T. S. Ronaldson	"
Pte. F. Harrison	Toronto	Pte. N. V. Taylor	Hanna
Pte. H. S. Sheppard	"	Pte. H. Crosbie	"
Pte. R. H. Whittaker	"	Lieut. C. G. Dowsley	Herbert
Pte. A. E. Kinghan	"	Sgt. J. R. Keith	"
Sgt. A. S. Houston	Bloor & Dufferin, Toronto	Pte. W. H. Fowler	"
Pte. G. M. LeThicke	Danforth & Broadview, Toronto	Chief Clerk J. Still, Qr- master's Dept., Highland	
Pte. H. G. Leigh-Bennett	Gerrard & Pape, Toronto	Pte. E. C. W. Mocklar	Humboldt
Pte. T. W. Newdick	Queen & Bathurst, Toronto	Pte. F. Fernie	Innisfail
Pte. W. K. M. Leader	Queen East, Toronto	Pte. F. S. Bowker	Kamsack
Sgt. N. H. Ricketts	Spadina & College, Toronto	Pte. L. G. Lyon	Kitscoty
Pte. G. M. Pirie	Yonge & Eglinton, Toronto	Pte. J. A. Davin	Macleod
Pte. N. A. Gillespie	Yonge & Queen, Toronto	Actg. Corp. J. C. Matheson	Medicine Hat
Col.-Sgt. C. deFallot	St. John, N. B.	Corp. F. A. Day	Mirror
Signaller F. A. Graham	Sydney	Pte. E. C. Templeton	Moose Jaw
Trooper W. A. L. Nickerson	Windsor, N. S.	Pte. J. E. Jarvis	"
Gunner V. E. McLeod	"	Sgt. J. G. Fowler	"
Pte. V. Patman	Sutton	Sgt. J. Stewart	"
Pte. F. H. Knight	St. John's, Nfld	Pte. L. C. Coffin	N. Battleford
		Pte. A. J. Reid	"
		Pte. F. H. Walton	"
		Pte. J. H. Leach	Outlook
		Pte. W. S. Edgar	Portage la Prairie
		Sgt. N. J. Macdonald	"
		Pte. F. C. McKenna	"
		Pte. L. H. Barnard	Prince Albert
		Pte. C. K. McRorie	Regina
		Pte. H. W. Cruickshank	"
		Pte. F. J. Guy	Saskatoon
		Pte. D. E. Gordon	"
		Pte. N. Rothwell	West Side, Saskatoon
		Pte. A. W. Aitchison	Shauanavon
		Pte. E. C. M. Knott	"
		Major G. W. Marriott	Strathcona

#### CENTRAL WESTERN DISTRICT

Band Sgt. T. W. James, Department  
of Superintendent, Winnipeg  
Pte. W. M. Watson, Bengough

FIRST CONTINGENT—continued

Pte. T. R. Lawrie.....The Pas  
Trooper C. Johnson.....Vegreville  
Trooper W. L. Donald.....Vermilion  
Pte. W. H. Goodale.....Wadena  
Pte. J. W. O. Weir.....Watrous  
Trooper T. L. Golden.....Wetaskiwin  
Pte. D. Woodcock....."  
Lieut. O. R. Lobley.....Winnipeg  
Pte. H. Morrison....."  
Pte. J. Low....."  
Pte. J. D. Cruickshank....."  
Pte. G. W. A. Fraser....."  
Pte. L. M. Bean....."  
Pte. H. B. de Montmorency....."  
Pte. J. R. Purdy....."  
Pte. A. H. Bankart....."  
Pte. H. E. Illingworth....."  
Col.-Sgt. A. I. Brander....."  
Pte. J. H. Lovett.....Alexander  
Avenue, Winnipeg  
Pte. B. H. Kewley.....Elmwood,  
Winnipeg  
Lieut. Hedley Hill.....Fort Rouge,  
Winnipeg  
Pte. D. A. McQuarrie.....Kelvin Street,  
Winnipeg  
Pte. H. V. Spankie.....N. Winnipeg  
Trooper C. L. Inkster....."  
Trooper D. Scully....."

Trooper A. L. Miller...N. Winnipeg  
Pte. M. Whyte.....Youngstown  
Pte. A. E. S. Morrison..."  
Pte. F. F. Barnes....."

PACIFIC COAST DISTRICT

Pte. A. P. Beatty.....Chilliwack  
Pte. H. Wilbraham-Taylor...Fernie  
Gunner J. C. Orr.....Ladysmith  
Pte E. Hamilton.....Princeton  
Pte J. P. Baston.....South Hill  
Pte. A. D. Harris.....Vancouver  
Pte. D. H. Bell....."  
Pte. R. M. S. Beatson..."  
Pte. I. F. Mactavish....."  
Pte. F. S. Stevens....."  
Pte. J. E. Lockerby....."  
Pte. A. G. A. Vidler....."  
Pte. R. J. Jeffares....."  
Pte. C. W. Lipsham....."  
Pte. T. W. Bourns....."  
Pte. G. Olive....."  
Pte. C. R. Miles....."  
Pte. J. Cramp.....E. Vancouver  
Pte. J. M. G. Bell.....Victoria  
Gunner C. T. Balderston.Pandora &  
Cook, Victoria

LEFT BRANCHES TO ENLIST OR REJOIN REGIMENTS  
IN THE OLD COUNTRY

Pte. D. A. Wilson.....Montreal  
Pte W. A. G. Mackenzie.Prince Arthur  
& Park, Montreal  
Pte R. D. Arden.....New York  
B. G. Brooke.....Edmonton  
Lieut. A. B. Thorne...Gilbert Plains  
Corp.H. B.L. A. Hillyard.Rivers

G. T. Brooke.....Strathcona  
Pte. A. Hornby.....Winnipeg  
Lieut. A. A. G. Harlow.Alexander  
Avenue, Winnipeg  
Pte. G. H. Armstrong..Peace River  
Crossing  
Pte. F. Black.....Elfros

ENLISTED FROM LONDON, ENG., BRANCH

Asst. Paymaster G. M. Ingmire  
Pte. A. C. Caton  
Pte. W. D. Hopkinson  
Lieut. G. Leigh-Jones  
Pte. J. D. Palmer  
Pte N. E. W. Lawson  
Pte. E. L. Yeo

Pte. P. S. C. Glover  
Pte. D. H. Miller  
Lieut. F. R. Hutson  
Pte. W. E. Bruges  
Pte. P. W. Blackwell  
Pte. N. D. Dalton  
Pte. H. J. Benson

Pte. P. M. Alexander

SECOND CONTINGENT

ONTARIO AND MARITIME PROVINCES

Pte. A. Cockeram.....Brockville  
Pte. R. M. Ferguson.....Kingston  
Pte. R. Sheard.....Ottawa

Lieut. G. S. Bowerbank..Sarnia  
Pte. C. R. Gilmour.....S. Porcupine  
Pte. C. H. Barnes.....Toronto  
Corp. N. A. Wheadon..Market,  
Toronto

SECOND CONTINGENT—continued

Lieut. F. G. Newton... Windsor, Ont.  
Pte. H. G. Raymond... St. John, N.B.

CENTRAL WESTERN DISTRICT

Pte. H. M. Turner... Athabasca  
Pte. O. Blackler... "  
Pte. J. P. Winning... Bengough  
Lieut. J. T. Hoare... Biggar  
Sgt. T. A. Christie... Broderick  
Lieut. E. R. Leather... First St. West,  
Calgary  
Pte. R. D. Miles... Carmangay  
Pte. F. L. Connon... Claresholm  
Pte. L. E. Callaghan... "  
Pte. E. deWind... Edmonton  
Pte. A. R. McFarland... "  
Pte. J. A. McKenzie... "  
Pte. J. Williamson... Hanna  
Trooper D. L. Bethell... Herbert  
Pte. J. A. Caw... Langham  
Pte. W. S. Short... Medicine Hat  
Pte. D. J. M. Campbell... "  
Pte. A. R. T. Harrigan... Nokomis  
Corp. F. E. Dodge... Outlook  
Trooper T. deC. Falle... Pincher Creek  
Pte. J. Cagney... Provost  
Pte. J. M. Apperson... Radisson  
Trooper J. M. Walton... Saskatoon  
Trooper J. Shaw... "  
Trooper C. B. Smillie... "  
Lieut. D. Thomson... Shaunavon  
Pte. W. Reed... Stavely  
Trooper J. J. Lambkin... Swift Current  
Pte. A. G. Armit... Vermilion

Lieut. F. C. Biggar... Virden  
Pte. A. P. Glasgow... Wadena  
Pte. R. Houston... Winnipeg  
Pte. J. Lowther... "  
Pte. W. H. Chawner... "  
Lieut. R. E. N. Jones... Alexander  
Ave., Winnipeg  
Pte. N. C. Watson... Alexander  
Ave., Winnipeg  
Trooper G. E. Bain... Youngstown

PACIFIC COAST DISTRICT

Pte. A. E. Browne... Dawson  
Pte. C. S. Cameron... Fernie  
Pte. G. B. Grieve... Greenwood  
Pte. R. Anderson... Nelson  
Pte. E. Fitton... "  
Pte. R. M. Clarke... "  
Lieut. J. C. E. Walker... New  
Westminster  
Pte. J. McQuoid... Phoenix  
Pte. F. F. B. Darley... Prince Rupert  
Pte. E. Ibbotson... Revelstoke  
Pte. A. Purdon... Rock Creek  
Pte. E. H. Exshaw... Salmon Arm  
Pte. J. A. C. Kennedy... Summerland  
Pte. E. H. Daniel... Vancouver  
Pte. D. D. Sharp... "  
Sgt. C. R. Myers... E. Vancouver  
Pte. A. H. Waterman... Hastings &  
Cambie, Vancouver  
Pte. J. K. Simpson... Victoria  
Pte. T. W. L. Mutch... "

THIRD CONTINGENT

ONTARIO AND QUEBEC

Pte. B. S. Anderson... Guelph  
Pte. A. C. Burgess... Montreal  
Lieut. S. B. Simpson... "  
Pte. E. F. Simpson... Sault Ste. Marie  
Pte. J. Ross... "  
Lieut. A. Wilson... West End,  
Sault Ste. Marie  
Pte. C. E. Young... Tillsonburg  
Lieut. H. G. Barnum... Toronto  
Lieut. J. A. Davison... "  
Pte. R. D. Borrette... "  
Lieut. G. E. Scroggie... Walkerville  
Pte. D. J. Macdonald... Inspector's  
Dept., Sherbrooke  
Pte. R. E. Thompson... Sherbrooke  
Div. Qrmr. Sgt. S. deB.  
MacLean... "  
Reg. Qrmr. Sgt. J. S.  
Gifford... "

CENTRAL WESTERN DISTRICT

Lieut. A. P. MacMillan... Supt's Dept.,  
Winnipeg  
Pte. T. R. Rogers... Bawlf  
Pte. R. Paton... Biggar  
Pte. H. M. Gibson... Blaine Lake  
Lieut. J. C. Macpherson... Calgary  
Pte. H. P. Morgan... "  
Pte. R. L. Webster... "  
Lieut. J. K. Patterson... First St. West,  
Calgary  
Pte. I. P. Falkner... Elbow  
Pte. K. R. M. Morrison... Fort William  
Lee.-Corp. G. C. Proctor... Lloydminster  
Pte. J. Munro... Moose Jaw  
Trooper G. S. Shepherd-  
son... Moosomin  
Pte. E. W. Newland... Pincher Creek  
Pte. J. M. Kent... Regina  
Pte. F. M. Morton... "  
Pte. C. L. McCarthy... Shaunavon



THIRD CONTINGENT—continued

Pte. A. M. Gunn ..... Watrous  
 Lieut. A. G. Mordy ..... Winnipeg  
 Lieut. V. Curran ..... "  
 Lieut. W. H. Doré ..... "

PACIFIC COAST DISTRICT

Pte. W. J. Taylor ..... Golden  
 Pte. D. M. Pittendrigh ..... Phoenix  
 Pte. A. D. Golden ..... Prince Rupert

Corp. W. A. Paterson ..... Prince Rupert  
 Lieut. C. K. B. Mogg ..... Seattle  
 Lieut. A. R. Mackedie ..... Vancouver  
 Sgt. T. Steele ..... "  
 Pte. C. W. Wilson ..... E. Vancouver  
 Pte. C. O. Burbidge ..... Powell Street,  
 Vancouver  
 Pte. M. M. Lupton ..... Victoria  
 Trooper R. E. Arnold ..... "

ADDITIONAL ENLISTMENTS

J. M. Adams ..... Simcoe  
 W. E. Ainger ..... London, Eng.  
 G. F. Allan ..... Calgary  
 N. A. Anderson ..... Bengough  
 J. L. G. Annett ..... Campbellton  
 C. W. H. Atkinson ..... Crossfield  
 N. A. Austin ..... Granby  
 A. C. F. Baker ..... Oak Bay Ave.  
 Victoria  
 G. Beckett ..... Montreal  
 A. W. Bevan ..... N. Winnipeg  
 J. M. Black ..... Langham  
 F. P. Blacklay ..... Delisle  
 R. D. Blott ..... Dunnville  
 M. H. Bluethner ..... Stratford  
 R. M. Bond ..... Toronto  
 P. E. O. Booth ..... London, Eng.  
 F. C. J. Brake ..... Vancouver  
 J. A. Brice ..... St. John, N.B.  
 A. H. Buckland ..... Toronto  
 R. M. Cantlon ..... First St. West  
 Calgary  
 H. A. Chaddock ..... Dunham  
 J. M. Child ..... Oak Bay Ave.  
 Victoria  
 W. L. Clarke ..... Gleichen  
 N. Clement ..... "  
 W. V. P. Clerly ..... First St. West  
 Calgary  
 C. A. Cleveland ..... Waterville  
 G. Cockburn ..... Shellbrook  
 W. Cockeram ..... West Toronto  
 W. T. Cook ..... Grand Forks  
 A. T. Croft ..... Windsor, N.S.  
 C. H. Crone ..... Wadena  
 C. F. Currie ..... Prince Albert  
 R. H. Curtice ..... Winnipeg  
 R. J. Darcus ..... Medicine Hat  
 D. B. Darley ..... Nelson  
 D. Davis ..... Hastings &  
 Cambie, Vancouver  
 A. Davidson ..... Edmonton  
 G. H. S. Dinsmore ..... Inspector's  
 Dept., Head Office  
 G. O. d'Ivry ..... St. Catherine  
 & City Hall, Montreal  
 R. A. Doiron ..... Antigonish

F. D. Donkin ..... Delisle  
 John C. Dow ..... Revelstoke  
 J. Duncan ..... Yellowgrass  
 W. S. Duthie ..... Saskatoon  
 A. Edmonds ..... "  
 N. J. Egan ..... Wellington  
 Street, Sherbrooke  
 P. W. Fice ..... Yonge &  
 Queen, Toronto  
 H. F. G. Findlay ..... Rivers  
 E. G. Foley ..... Melville  
 R. J. Forbes ..... Medicine Hat  
 W. A. Fowler ..... Montreal  
 C. J. Fox ..... Edmonton  
 E. S. Fox ..... Elbow  
 J. A. C. Fraser ..... Kindersley  
 O. K. J. V. Frijs ..... Hafford  
 A. Gaine ..... Keremeos  
 A. J. E. Gibson ..... Red Deer  
 R. B. Gibson ..... Sherbrooke  
 J. F. Glenn ..... Kamloops  
 C. Gordon ..... Calgary  
 B. F. Gossage ..... Bloor &  
 Yonge, Toronto  
 A. F. Graves ..... Nelson  
 R. Greacen ..... Langham  
 T. Greacen ..... Elgin  
 W. F. Griffith ..... Lloydminster  
 C. D. Harrison ..... Vancouver  
 R. E. Heaslip ..... Cayuga  
 R. I. Henry ..... Shellbrook  
 L. C. Herne ..... E. Vancouver  
 R. S. Hicks ..... Gleichen  
 R. J. J. Hogg ..... Mt. Pleasant  
 Vancouver  
 W. F. Holmes ..... Bengough  
 H. R. Honeyman ..... Waterville  
 G. F. Horspool ..... Cranbrook  
 R. P. Hughes ..... Edmonton  
 J. Hunter ..... Pentiction  
 S. J. Hunter ..... Crossfield  
 W. A. T. Hunter ..... Gilroy  
 A. R. Ingram ..... Toronto  
 J. R. Jessop ..... Alexander  
 Ave., Winnipeg  
 S. R. E. Jolley ..... Provost  
 A. Kirkwood ..... Montague

ADDITIONAL ENLISTMENTS—continued

T. C. Lamb.....	Walkerville	W. T. L. Ross.....	Winnipeg
F. J. Little.....	Lloydminster	G. Rubery.....	Rainy River
C. D. Liwyd.....	Halifax	J. E. Ryerson.....	Wychwood, Toronto
K. H. C. Macardle.....	San Francisco	E. Ryrie.....	Spadina & College, Toronto
W. B. MacDuff.....	Gleichen	G. C. Saunders.....	Grouard
E. M. Mackay.....	Vancouver	W. Saunderson.....	Stavelly
R. H. Macpherson.....	Amherst	F. H. B. Saxon.....	Sault Ste. Marie
H. A. Macrae.....	Winnipeg	S. R. Say.....	Vancouver
G. E. Manners.....	Calgary	A. C. Scott.....	Innisfail
G. L. Marshall.....	Head Office	J. R. D. Scott.....	Vancouver
F. M. Mathias.....	Mexico	W. G. Scott.....	Toronto
J. H. Matkin.....	Kindersley	C. G. Slaker.....	Pandora & Cook, Victoria
E. C. Mee.....	Edmonton	C. S. Smith.....	Rockyford
J. N. Mee.....	Peace River Crossing	L. P. Smith.....	Dunham
A. Milligan.....	London, Eng.	J. Somerville.....	Nutana
D. Milne.....	Peace River Crossing	J. W. Stanway.....	Cudworth
V. Mitchel.....	Prince Arthur & Park, Montreal	H. F. Stewart.....	Hanna
C. Moreton.....	Thedford	H. J. Stewart.....	Moose Jaw
A. G. Morris.....	Elgin	T. E. W. Stewart.....	Montreal
W. M. Morrison.....	Vancouver	W. J. Stewart.....	Hanna
H. G. Murray.....	London, Eng.	G. Strange.....	Innisfail
R. W. McConnell.....	Vermilion	F. H. Striker.....	Prince Arthur & Park, Montreal
T. C. McGill.....	Kingston	G. A. Stubbins.....	Langham
A. R. McIver.....	Parksville	G. D. Tainsh.....	Pincher Creek
J. D. McKenzie.....	Peace River Crossing	F. I. Tanner.....	Briercrest
J. L. McMurray.....	Moosejaw	A. H. Templeton.....	Virten
H. McNiece.....	Winnipeg	David S. Thompson.....	Niagara Falls
J. E. Nixon.....	Sherbrooke	M. H. Thursby.....	Herbert
I. L. K. Nuttall.....	Strathcona	S. E. Tidy.....	Mount Royal, Calgary
R. R. Oliver.....	Bloor & Yonge, Toronto	C. C. Tripp.....	London, Eng.
W. G. O'Neill.....	Victoria	W. Tucker.....	St. John's, Nfd.
G. J. O'Rorke.....	Strathcona	C. O. Tweedy.....	Saskatoon
F. S. Parsons.....	Moosomin	E. F. P. Tydd.....	Strathcona
F. B. Pearson.....	Stratford	J. V. Walker.....	"
F. R. Peirson.....	Wellington Street, Sherbrooke	F. S. Walthew.....	London, Eng.
H. Phillips.....	Yonge & Queen, Toronto	J. S. Watson.....	Peterboro
H. Porrior.....	Alberton	P. B. Watson.....	Blaine Lake
D. P. Pyke.....	Saskatoon	C. D. Whaley.....	Delisle
S. H. Rapson.....	Toronto	C. G. Whittaker.....	Market, Toronto
C. W. F. Rawle.....	Inspector's Dept., Head Office	E. R. C. Wilcox.....	Melfort
S. T. Read.....	Saskatoon	H. P. Williams.....	Grouard
A. G. Reid.....	Nelson	J. S. Williams.....	Winnipeg
A. C. Rigsby.....	Toronto	V. Williams.....	Coaticook
E. S. Rippingale.....	Alexander Ave., Winnipeg	Alex. Wilson.....	Melville
B. H. P. Robinson.....	Vernon	E. I. Winnall.....	Bedford
J. S. M. Robson.....	Nelson	D. B. Woolley.....	Earls court, Toronto
G. Rogers.....	Calgary	E. J. Wray.....	Edmonton
H. E. Rose.....	Collingwood	W. D. Wynne.....	Mount Royal, Calgary

## HONOUR ROLL

Pte. R. Anderson.....	Fernie .....	May, 1915....	Killed in action
Pte. S. Badley.....	Edmonton ..	May, 1915....	do
Pte. F. F. Barnes.....	Youngstown	22nd May, 1915. .	do
Lieut. R. D. Briscoe.....	Strathroy....	6th January, 1915..	Accidentally shot
Capt. C. deFallot.....	St. John, N.B.	July, 1915....	Died of wounds
Pte. W. H. Fowler .....	Herbert .....	22nd May, 1915....	Killed in action
Lieut. W. N. Galaugher...	Chatham .....	20th March, 1915..	do
Lieut. G. N. Gordon .....	Stratford....	15th June, 1915....	do
Lce.-Sgt. F. Harrison....	Toronto.....	23rd May, 1915....	do
Trooper J. T. Hoare....	Biggar .....	24th January, 1915.	Pneumonia
Sgt. J. R. Keith .....	Herbert....	17th February, 1915.	Meningitis
Pte. C. W. Lipsham .....	Vancouver ..	May, 1915....	Died of wounds
Pte. J. Low .....	Winnipeg....	1st June, 1915. .	Killed in action
Pte. E. C. W. Mocklar.....	Humboldt....	7th May, 1915....	Died of wounds
Pte. G. Stewart Patterson.	St. Catharines.	8th March, 1915..	Meningitis
Pte. G. M. Pirie.....	Yonge & Eglinton,	June, 1915....	Died of wounds
	Toronto.		
Sgt. Jas. Stewart.....	Moose Jaw...	27th May, 1915....	Died of wounds while a prisoner of war

## CASUALTIES

### WOUNDED

Pte. J. P. Baston	South Hill	First Contingent
Pte. J. K. Bailey	Sault Ste. Marie	" "
Pte. T. W. Bourns	Vancouver	" "
Pte. F. S. Bowker	Kamsack	" "
Pte. W. B. Clendinning	Elbow	" "
Pte. L. C. Coffin	North Battleford	" "
Pte. J. D. Cruickshank	Winnipeg	" "
Pte. F. F. B. Darley (Seriously)	Prince Rupert	Second "
Pte. F. Fernie (Seriously)	Innisfail	First Contingent
Sgt. J. G. Fowler	Moosejaw	" "
Pte. D. E. Gordon	Saskatoon	" "
Pte. E. Hamilton	Princeton	" "
Pte. F. N. Hardyman	Sault Ste. Marie	" "
Pte. A. D. Harris	Vancouver	" "
Pte. R. A. Hornby	Winnipeg	Enlisted in England
Pte. J. A. C. Kennedy	Summerland	Second Contingent
Pte. H. G. Leigh-Bennett	Gerrard & Pape	First Contingent
	Toronto	
Pte. F. J. Little	Lloydminster	" "
Pte. J. E. Lockerby	Vancouver	First Contingent
Pte. D. McQuarrie	Kelvin St., W'p'g.	" "
Pte. B. G. Oldaker	Brandon	" "
Pte. G. Olive	Vancouver	" "
Pte. J. C. Orr	Ladysmith	" "
Pte. V. Patman	Sutton	" "
Pte. N. V. Taylor	Hanna	" "
Pte. F. S. Walthew	London, Eng.	Enlisted in England
Pte. J. W. O. Weir	Watrous	First Contingent
Pte. Jas. Wood	Fort Frances	" "

### MISSING

Pte. L. M. Bean	Winnipeg	First Contingent
Pte. N. A. Gillespie	Yonge & Queen	" "
	Toronto	
Pte. F. D. C. Morrow	Briercrest	First Contingent
Pte. H. Wilbraham-Taylor	Fernie	" "

### PRISONERS OF WAR

Pte. J. H. Leach	Outlook	First Contingent	Paderborn
Sgt. T. S. Ronaldson	Fort Frances	" "	Dusseldorf
Pte. J. Taylor	Fort Frances	" "	Munster

### ILL

Pte. J. A. Davin	Macleod	First Contingent	Sick from gas fumes
Pte. A. Sattin	Calgary	" "	Suffering from shock
Pte. A. G. A. Vidler	Vancouver	" "	Seriously ill
Pte. W. M. Watson	Bengough	" "	Seriously ill



## LETTERS FROM BANK OFFICERS AT THE FRONT

The first of the letters received were those of officers connected with the London, Eng., staff who had naturally reached the firing line at an earlier date than was possible for volunteers from Canada. Some of these are so graphic in their description that they are quoted almost in their entirety. We are taking the material received in chronological order, so that the bulk of the letters from members of the staff in Canada will be reserved for a later issue.

MR. P. M. ALEXANDER (Brit. Exp. Force) writes to his people 21st November, 1914:

"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 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 bit 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 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 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 are 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 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 way from firing line, although we can still hear big guns rumbling away in the distance. 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 country holiday."

The following is an extremely graphic description in 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, who 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 prospect. Our Engineer officer gave our platoon 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. CARON to the Manager of the London, Eng., branch, dated 20th February, 1915:

"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 goes 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 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:

"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 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 Manager, dated 2nd April, 1915, of which the following is an extract:

"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, followed by firing and bayonet practice and a route march. In the evenings 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 one from CAPTAIN O. LOBLEY, Paymaster, formerly Assistant Accountant at the Winnipeg branch, dated 6th April, 1915. 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.

"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."

PRIVATE R. H. WHITTAKER of the 3rd Battalion, a member of the staff of one of the Toronto branches, writes in part as follows:

"You will be sorry to hear of the death of Frank Harrison. He was killed by shrapnel on Sunday, May 23rd. 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 dreams 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."

Mr. Harrison, whose death he records, was one of the senior officers in the Toronto branch.

In a letter from TROOPER W. J. GRAY, a member of the staff of the Edmonton branch, under date of 6th March, 1915, he contributes the following items on different subjects which are of interest:

"You have no idea how much I longed for a good pair of Canadian boots. The British army boot 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 have 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 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."

MR. J. C. MATHESON, formerly Accountant at Medicine Hat branch, now a Sergeant in the 10th Battalion, writes an interesting letter under date of 20th March, 1915, which is quoted somewhat at length:

"Just a few lines to inform you that Penny and I are still in 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 one has to snatch forty winks when you get a chance, when off duty. The last trip in I hadn't a dug-out so I had to contend 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 rip. 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 you 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 it up after being cut by the enemy. Of course you do this work at night on your hands and knees. The worst feature of this is when the star shells are shot. There is a possibility of your being seen, in which case it's pretty warm work."

SERGEANT J. R. KEITH, formerly of Herbert branch, wrote in part as follows on 2nd January, 1915. Sergeant Keith was with the Princess Patricias and has since died of meningitis:

"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 writes on 14th March, 1915, as follows, (Private Lockerby has since appeared in the casualty list as having been wounded):

"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 quite frequently. We have had a little excitement, but there has only been one 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 the 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 round 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. MOCKLAR writes as follows undated, (Private Mocklar has since died of wounds received in the battle of Langemark):

"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."

A letter from CORPORAL J. C. MATHESON of the 10th Battalion, formerly Accountant at Medicine Hat branch, gives some interesting first hand information respecting operations of very recent interest. The letter is dated 10th May and is quoted at length:

"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 you 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 hand and were being terribly pressed by the enemy. 190 men represented our Battalion as reinforcements. Of course there were a few more 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 were twenty days in the trenches, and for the five days of the fiercest fighting were without sleep altogether and practically no food or water. How in hell 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 the 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 due 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 letter from DR. CROZIER, of Port Arthur, a medical officer, dated 12th May, 1915, while not from a member of the staff, is so interesting that it has been decided to include it in this series of letters, and it is quoted at full length. (Dr. Crozier's partner, Dr. MacGillivray, to whom this letter is addressed, is a brother of the Halifax Manager.)

"The last few weeks here in France have been full of stirring events. The stand the Canadians made at Ypres is the talk of the whole army. Their reputation as an effective fighting unit has been made solid. The British army, both officers and especially the men, are unstinted in their praise. Conceive a blend of French audacity of imagination, American ingenuity and British doggedness; instil with this a twenty-five per cent. solution of tincture of the devil and you have them partially described. After that fight I was shot back to report to hospital, and was busy for two weeks operating and dressing wounds.

"The German gas is rotten—a rotten proposition. The poor fellows were brought in in an endless procession of stretchers, with pale, ashy faces—very quiet. When you looked very closely you noticed that their respirations were thirty-five to forty per minute. Their eyes were closed with an intense conjunctivitis, and they were simply gasping for breath like tired children.

"The wounds were eighty per cent. shrapnel, trench mortar and high explosive shell. I had three marquees or tents to look after. In one tent of forty men there were three compound fracture of femur, and you know how troublesome they are to attend to but all the wounds are terrible.

"And I must say the men are bricks. I never in a single instance heard a complaint. They lay there in a row waiting their turn—mangled and torn by every torture that art could devise and ingenuity perfect. One poor chap had his hand badly torn and begged me to try and save it. The tendons were cut and the metacarpal bones shattered, and I was finally forced to amputate at the wrist.

"May 14th. I was forced to stop writing—had an order that we must evacuate camp in two hours. There was quite a scramble getting ready. We started at 8 p.m. and trekked until 3.30, about three miles behind the firing line. The whole division moved and it was all done like clock work. We have taken up quarters at a certain point where a tremendous attack is supposed to be made. It was a weird march, made in absolute darkness, so aircraft could not detect us, as they might shell the roads. I have a jolly good horse—call her 'Nellie'.

"The whole firing line is a constant succession of flares, lighting up the sky like streaks of lightning. I forgot to tell you I have been lucky enough to be appointed surgeon to the 8th Battalion, which the Port Arthur and Fort William boys are in. Unfortunately it was reduced from 1,000 to 400 men, but they have the reputation of being the only men that stood the gas.

"It was a terrible scrap. Out of the four regimental surgeons of my brigade, two are dead and one hit in the back with shrapnel and is paralyzed. So you see my job is not entirely devoid of interest and entertainment. Out of twenty-two stretcher bearers eight are left.

"Our division is reinforced almost up to strength again, and have the sublime confidence that they can lick three times their weight in Germans. The German infantry is flat. They move slowly, lack vivacity and *elan*, but their artillery is superb. We hope to be moved up to the attack in another day as we are all feeling fit.

"Two hours later. Had to stop my letter and go to orderly room. We have orders to stand to and be ready to move at any minute. There is a continual roar of artillery. First comes a lively hurricane of German shells, then will crash out the answering tempest. It is impossible to describe the shell fire. It is like rain lashing a pond, and the rifle fire is like a million devils driving tacks. I think we are in for a delightfully warm entertainment.

"The Germans are really excellent people to fight with, and they have tenacity, courage, a wonderful organization and pay inimitable attention to detail; but they lack what we might call *esprit de corps*, which is engendered by an Anglo-Saxon love of sport. To the typical Tommy, war is a big game. Of course this is no gentleman's war. Often the guns are blazing away all night, and there is mighty little rest for anybody. Aircraft are constantly buzzing overhead like enormous flies. There is mud and blood and crimson bandages and an intolerable stench, and the miracle of the whole thing is to find out what witchery, or lure, or fascination, can induce men to leave comfortable firesides to go into it. Really, I can't analyze it. These are things at the very back of life and no other outlook in front of them; there is distance to win through, pain to bear; life to defend and death to face. You are a savage again, elemental and primitive, but in the last word a savage. You are unprejudiced, simple and free. All your day is dotted with incidents and thrills and cardiac spasms. Gentlemen in Canada, now abed, will curse themselves because they are not there.

"There are so many things I might tell, stories of quiet heroism, of

endurance. What seems more intolerable is to see men get sick. I had a case of meningitis yesterday and another to-day. One of them did that long night trick, carrying the whole equipment without complaint, and collapsed at the finish. He is going to die.

"I must close this long letter. Remember me to all the boys. I am feeling fine, never better in my life, and am so content to be here. Would not be out of it for anything. I don't think that any one of us, who come through whole, will think from our armchairs unkindly of poor, bloody, mutilated old Flanders."