

[Catterick, Eng. to Feb 26th 1918
Dorothy Knox. Charlotte, N.C.]

Time passes my Galatea as time will
and of late it has not been passing
with any rapidity. Sometimes it does
and sometimes it doesn't. Again the
too often ignored fact of environment
plays a rather important part. Is not
circumstance much the same thing
unless one desires to quibble with words?

Now you and I - we do not think
it worth while to twist meanings and
turn events upon themselves do we?

Or at least we do so quite knowingly
if perhaps we do. If I remember
rightly you are inclined towards
cynicism and paradox; mind you
I say inclined only. Now both of these
are prone to refuse twisting to mean
anything but what they mean. I am
of an awkward philosophy myself, one
that is mixed and uncertain and it

See

Too does not permit of quibble merely because of its uncertainty. Chance would surely destroy anything it expresses - so - !!

Now - what do you think of the war - It's rather beastly isn't it and one very soon gets fed up with watching it from the distance and being misled by the press. The less said the better I eh?

I have been in England very nearly a month now or rather some what more than a month and I have not seen anyone I know except a few boys who went through the training under the Royal Flying Corps in Canada at the same time we did. We are all of us rather homesick and the fact that none of us have heard from those we love back home does not help matters a great deal. Still we are at work now and being busy even though at no more serious thing than flying is a help to make ones woes seem less. One really can not afford to have moods nowadays.

I wonder if you think me rather queer
about Stuart - If you chanced to receive
my last letter I am sure you do. All
this I can say Dot is that I love her and
I will never stop caring just as much
as I do now - It may be hopeless
and all that but I can't see that
it really matters.

Nothing of any real interest or importance
has happened since I last wrote to you
so I think I will tell you all about
every thing - You remember we were at
Pomsey a quaint little English
village at that time, the occasion of
my last letter? Well since then
the scene has shifted from the South
of England to the north - Our squadron
which I do not dare mention by its
number has been separated and sent
in twos and threes to different flying
schools all over England - Three of us
Keating and Whalley and I reported
to Newcastle on Tyne and from there
came to an airbase at Catterick Bridge

to do some more flying and to learn a few new types of machines and also for a course in Bombing. That is the sort of work we are to do at the front, that and long distance reconnaissance I believe.

We were in London for a few days on the way up and it so happened that there was an air raid the first night we were there. At the time it began we were in the Strand Theatre witnessing a remarkably poor play called "Cheating Cheaters". Suddenly the whole city was filled with the shrill alarm of the police whistles which meant, "The Hun air fleet is at our gates" — Then one could hear the explosion of the maroon signals as they gave the alarm to the country side. People began to hurriedly leave the theatre and an atmosphere of nervous tension made itself at once felt in the very air on tickets — We were interested of course and though the play was as I say very tiresome we decided to see it through for the raid if nothing else.