

[April 19, 1918]

both charming and weird. One of her dances interpreting the effect of smoking hashish was one of the best and weirdest things I have ever watched except the wonders of Pavlova the matchless.

We saw quite a few of the interesting places this time which had been totally neglected before in my previous visit. But it's hardly worth mentioning here. It does make one feel dreamy and detached to wander leisurely among these old things and places. The passage of time sinks to insignificance and only events stand out clear in one's mind.

But the leave ended all too soon and our money which I increased several times by drawing on my banker in London (does that not sound well?) was all gone too so we returned Dave to Huntington and I to Catterick. The very next day I left under orders to attend the school of aerial gunnery at Marston. It was quite a strain leaving my comfortable billet and dear contented little Catterick and my good friends at The Androme. That is one

of the discouraging things about war - One gets comfortably settled in a place and makes new friends and then passes on to another set of experiences and newer friends. Coming to Marske had its compensations however for I found lots of my Canadian friends here and about six of the American boys who trained at Canada while I was there. One needs some compensation however for we are right on the North Sea and the wind howls and shrieks day and night - It is rather cold and chilly on the ranges and flying is carried on with difficulty. The last two days a snow storm has been raging and we have been shivering over what fires we could keep going - England is a fine country and might be a very pleasant place to live in peace times but new ideas as to heat as a part of comfort could easily be introduced and with very good effect too. So much for Marske-by-the-Sea which is a very nice place during the summer when it comes.

How I envy you people in Charlotte
your soft warm lazy days now,
and the languorous nights perfumed
with honeysuckle and roses. Imagine
a snow storm when April is almost
over!! Some silly English man even
wailed from the pleasant shores of Stally
"Oh to be in England, now that's April's here."

Now as to the future; after this
course at Maroke I have yet another
course to get through before going to France
We go to Stonehenge and learn Aerial
Navigation and the art of dropping
Bombs successfully. After that I am
to become attached to a service
squadron of the Royal Air Force
at the Western Front. and work with
Them and more than that I do
not know or want to know

Thus you have an account in
brief of my experiences during the last
few weeks. The flying has not been
eventful or exciting and apart from
making new friends with Australians,
New Zealanders, South Africans and
Scotch men little of interest has
happened. The death of ~~Hot St.~~

Stanley Hueguenin in a flying accident
cast a shadow upon all of the old
squadron. He is the second of the
lot to go and we have not done
any actual war work yet. The censor
is very strict about detailed information
so the few facts are all that we
can send home. His machine
came to pieces in the air due
to too great stress in the wrong
place and he was thrown
out and fell from the air free
onto the aerodrome. It was an
unlovely sight!!

I am surprised and sorry to
hear that Phil has given up flying
It is the greatest game that mere
mortals can play, this war in
the air!! But if one ever becomes
convinced that flying is not for
them its madness to keep at
it for it always ends in a fatal
crash. Phil though rather shames
one as being a flyer doesn't he?
Still anyone who could choose the
girl he has to love does not display a
great amount of discernment, eh?