

## A FLYING OFFICER

an occasional jet of flame from my exhaust can be seen. It gives a weird effect, especially from the ground.

Soon the grass is tearing along right under me. I feel the wheels running along it, and the next minute I am undoing my belt and getting rid of my map, notebook and goggles. The machine is left to the care of the mechanics, and I am off to the mess to eat a huge dinner, and then to roll into bed, rather tired after two hours in the air.

London, 15 Sept., 1917. I managed to get some leave, and have been in London for the past two days. I have seen some of the damage done by German bombs. They make great holes in the street and break all the glass for many hundred feet.

Getting out of Clapham Common after the theatre was quite a problem. All the theatres seem to empty about the same time, and the tubes were simply jammed. I have been in some pretty thick London crowds on previous occasions, but never with a girl to look after, and we had rather a time to keep together. It was managed all right, but I had enough of the underground for one night, and came back to Westminster on the upper deck of an electrical tram—by which hangs a tale. I have crossed the Atlantic Ocean without a qualm, I have been present at post mortems which would sicken a stone image, I have negotiated the upper air in bumpy weather with confidence and buoyancy, but I was almost sick to my disgust. I did not actually "frow up" but I was never nearer it since that memorable occasion on the Corona when returning from Le Roy twelve years ago or more. London trams are very slow, and the one I was in had the upper deck roofed over and enclosed. The beastly things roll a lot and generally are creations of the devil.

The following day I spent doing a little shopping, visiting my tailor, book stores, etc. I called at Burberry's and had a fleece lining fitted to my trench coat. I also purchased a pair of heavy leather gauntlets for use in the machine both for warmth and to keep my hands clean. I visited the best barber I could find, as the C.F.S. artist who made two attempts at cutting my