

HIS IDEALS AND TRAINING

After a few months with the Medical service he became firmly convinced that with his education and military training he could render more valuable service if he had a commission. He accordingly applied for the position of Honorary Lieutenant and Quarter Master in the Medical service where he had gained much experience. He felt most keenly the difference of social grade, which unfortunately seemed to exist, between the commissioned and non-commissioned rank. Referring to the application at this time, the Major-General at Canadian Headquarters wrote from London to his father. "I have pleasure in informing you that your son is recommended for promotion in very flattering terms indeed, and his name has been noted for promotion when a vacancy occurs." The promised advance was so long delayed, that he was obliged to seek a commission in another branch of the service.

Writing home in March, 1917, he said: "What I am about to tell you may come as a bit of a surprise, but I know you will, on thinking the matter over, approve of it. Just on the eve of my departure for France I was taken off the Queen's Hospital draft and held here, on account of an application sent forward in February to the War Office to secure my appointment to a commission in the Royal Flying Corps. It appears now that I shall be accepted, and shall commence a period of instruction. One reason for my taking this step is because fit men are in such great demand for fighting units. Nothing has made me happier for a long time than my two interviews in London with officers at the War Office."

While waiting a summons to one of the Schools of Military Aeronautics, he went back to his old post as an orderly room Sergeant in the C.A.M.C. Depot, then at Westenhanger. Writing on the 15th of April he said:—"Here I am again in London in circumstances a little surprising. For a week I had been intending to spend this Sunday here on my way to Scotland on leave, this time to see the Trossachs and Glasgow, and Bath on the way back. I had my ticket (a free one) and my kit all packed, and then it was all knocked on the head by a telephone message ordering me to report tomorrow to an officers' Training School in Oxford. You would have been amused if you