

very black, one of their number with a bullet hole in him, but cheerful.

When the *Porte Baby* was finally dismantled, her hull was placed in the grounds of a women's hostel, a door was cut in the side, electric light laid on, and four Wren motor-drivers found sufficient room inside to sling their hammocks, stow clothing, and room even for mirrors and powder puffs.

After sculling about in the sheds for some time, I finally climbed to the look-out on top of Number One Shed.

Here I surveyed for the first time the mottled, misty, treacherous sea. In a south-easterly direction and some ninety miles away was the Belgian coast, with the German submarine and seaplane bases at Zeebrugge and Ostend. Some hundred and eighty miles away, in a north-easterly direction, was Terschelling Island, and just around the corner of this island was the Bight of Heligoland. On a shoal, half-way on a line between Felixstowe and the Hook of Holland, fifty-two sea miles from either place, and the same distance from Zeebrugge, was the red rusty North Hinder light-vessel belonging to the Dutch, with a large lantern on its one stout steel mast, and its name painted in huge white letter along its sides. This light-vessel was to play a large part in the bombing of submarines.

#### IV.

After some days at Felixstowe, feeling rather like a lost dog, as no work had been given me to do, and always expecting some demonstration to be made against the German submarines, I was much disappointed to find that nothing seemed to be done.

Indeed, I got exceedingly mouldy, so mouldy that I broke out in verses for 'The Wing,' the station magazine. They were a lament for the old land hack I had left behind at Hendon—a scandalous biplane, which had been rebuilt so often that nobody could tell the breed. Her fabric was so ancient that on the last time I had flown her the covering on the top side of the centre section had blown off. The verses ran:—

#### TO MY OLD BUS.

To Number One she's ullage, and he's ordered her deletion.  
For the grease and dirt are ingrained, and she isn't smart as paint,  
And the flat-foot X-Y-Chaser helped by calling her a horror—  
Although she's sweet to handle, which some experts' buses ain't.

I've tumbled split-all endwise in her from a bank of vapour,  
And surprised a little rainbow sleeping in a cloud;  
I did my first loop in her, and I've crashed her and rebuilt her,  
And robbed her spares from other 'planes, which strictly ain't allowed.