

the Cumberland Lake district, after which I was posted to the above place (Marborough) as an instructor. I have six machines, some of them will go, and my job is to give the final instructions to pupils before they graduate as pilots. I haven't a great deal of flying to do and have an assistant to help me, so you may see I am pretty comfortable.

*From Private Matthew Nackaway,
Indian Fire Ranger, Northern
Manitoba:*

I wonder how Norway House forests are now. I never see water—it's all plains and lovely trees all around. And lots of steam engines. And we are building dug-outs. I guess I'll stay in dug-outs after I get back. And we are having a good time under the ground. I was wounded on the back with the shrapnel—just a slight one, and only had to stay in the hospital for four days, but doesn't hurt me at all.

There's a lot of French girls here, but I don't know what they are saying, but they keep on talking.

From Captain E. W. Conant, Dominion Forest Ranger, Nicola Forest Reserve, with the British forces in Egypt:

The country (the Eastern desert) is, or rather was, in April, a rolling, open country covered with short grasses, vetches and clovers, and had then on it a good many herds of cattle and sheep. Patched into this grass, looking rather like a gigantic chessboard, were large and small squares of cultivation, without any sort of protection from the stock. The cultivation consists principally of barley of a very fine malting quality and an excellent bearded wheat. The agricultural implements are primitive, but the ploughing and seeding is well done, the first quite straight, though shallow, the second looks as if done by a drill. Water is collected in the rainy season in deep cisterns and

wells. It is a perfect sub-irrigation country from February to end of May, after which everything dries up and the Bedouins retire to the Jordan hills with their flocks. It offers tremendous opportunities to the white farmer as an enormous amount of water runs to waste in the spring down the large wadis which could easily be stored for summer use, and I should think deep artesian borings would be successful. As you can imagine, this kind of country, after so many months of the desert, simply sends one's horses mad. It was really comical to see them on the grass again. It was naturally a wonderful point of view, ideal to us as a country for rapidity of manoeuvre, and we did some tall distances.

Well, I wish the war would hurry up and finish. I'm tired of the sun and glare and homesick for the dark green depths of a trail right up in the jackpine, and a bit of a lake with trout in it.

(Although Capt. Conant did not state just where he was at the time of writing, the text of his letter would seem to indicate that he is with the force that has reached Palestine.—ED.)

From Major W. A. Lyndon, Forest Ranger on the Crowsnest Forest Reserve, Alberta:

I spent five weeks in the Vimy Ridge district in front of Lens, where we had some very hot work. So far I have been very lucky, not yet receiving a wound, but have had the unpleasantness of facing the gas. Our boys at the front are in great spirits always ready for a raid on the Bosch. They are always successful. If the young men could see the jolly spirits our boys at the front are in they would not need conscription in Canada. The kickers are the ones that stay at the base and in England and are afraid to face the music. Those are the ones that do the kicking.