

HIS IDEALS AND TRAINING

purpose. They are enlisted as soldiers and wear a peculiar blue padded uniform. They are employed around the aerodrome levelling ground, putting sand bags about the huts as a protection against bombs, making roads and paths, etc. They are terribly interested in our phonograph, and if we leave the door open they almost come in. To keep them out, the interpreter has painted a large sign in Chinese characters, and it sticks up in front of the mess and gives it quite an oriental appearance.

Moving picture shows are given every night or so in a Church Army Hut in the Camp. We had several good films last night. It hardly seems at all like war yet.

France, 3rd December, 1917. To friends in Oxford. I am still merely watching operations from the ground. Two fresh pilots have been posted to the squadron since Hemsworth and I arrived and we shall probably commence flying tomorrow, if the weather is suitable.

Great interest is being shown out here in the coming General Election in Canada, and the authorities are endeavoring to have every Canadian register his vote. Quite contrary to Army precedent and regulations, the authorities are openly urging every one to vote against Laurier. Most of us share this view, but it is interesting to see the officials of an Army in the field canvassing votes for one party.

The Canadians are no longer near us. I imagine they needed a rest badly after their recent push.

You ought to see our strength in dogs. The squadron boasts sixteen canines at present. The officers' mess possesses five. We are very proud of them. Besides these we have six pigs, and twenty-five hens. There is no shortage of eggs about the mess.

France, 7th December, 1917. To the Bookkeeper in the Mowat legal firm. The cake arrived and has now disappeared after having been duly appreciated by the other inmates of my sand-bagged hut.

Three days ago, nine of the Canadians at our Squadron spent the afternoon motoring to the polls at a small Belgian