

A FLYING OFFICER

the joy of using his God-like powers to discover electricity, wireless telegraphy, everything we know, and your dear son looked so reverend and thoughtful and said:—"Oh yes, it is true, how we have progressed, how we have learned, but how much we have still to learn even here. You can't think what it is to be high up in the sky, what thoughts one has." I thought that all you who knew and loved him so would like to hear what he said.

From a brother Lieutenant, five years his junior, who had been with him in the Flying School and had accompanied him to France, came a shy estimate of his departed friend, with its significant touch of the hereafter:—I am not an atom of use writing these sort of letters. I think you will understand me when I say that "Mac" was certainly my best pal in the army. However there is no use being mournful about it, he is far happier *where he is*.

From Buckingham Palace came a note of regret signed by the Keeper of the Privy Purse. The King and Queen deeply regret to hear of the loss you and the Army have sustained by the death of your son in the service of his country; and I am commanded to convey to you the expression of Their Majesties' true sympathy with you in your sorrow.