

and then with great interest and a dawning understanding, re-read it.

It was from his mother, and in that paragraph, I saw and felt the depth of understanding, the glorious intimacy that must have existed between that pair of people. It showed that the mother was a fine broad-minded woman, and that the son was to her the centre around which the whole business swung. And I felt too, that such a feeling was reciprocated by the boy.

My feelings were that I had discovered another member of the order to which I belonged, the sacred order of the Mother and Son, who knew each other as comrades, and it was a delicious secret to feel that I knew the fineness of the lad unbeknown to him and realizing that, understanding his "raison d'être," I could, quite innocently, be of some service to him, and could idly sound a cord that would harmonize with his soul's music, because to him, I was, I must have been, inexplicable, and such idle sentences of mine must have seemed strange and at times, anomalous.

And so 1916 changed, and it was 1917.

When we changed sections, and moved in over here, we roomed together for a short time and while I was in Paris "en permission," Jo,* Eric* and Don got a small room near the barracks, in which there was room for the three beds and a table. It has a big, open fire-place in it and in the afternoon they made chocolate and cooked eggs in the morning. I have lived more in their room than in the barracks where I am quartered, and there have been jovial parties with Don and Eric. We have become very good friends.

There, then, is the Don Moffatt I knew when we left the Bureau in 475, on a twenty-four hour piquette, up in the woods behind the lines. As I remarked, there is seldom anything to do there, and in the afternoon, we had a big enough experience, for the four of us climbed a commanding hill and saw through our glasses, a few miles of the trenches and the wire and No-Man's Land. We returned and played cards, as I said earlier in the letter.

At 3.30 a.m., a call came for a "grave couche" at an advanced Poste de Secours. We trundled out of bed, got Bundles under us, and went up there. The feeling of dawn was in the air, but when we started out it was quite dark.

It was a good race. The car ran well, things were quiet, and coming out, we had a chance to observe a very famous car a short distance (less than half a mile) from the Bosche.

The sunrise that morning was magnificent and when we evacuated our four men at the Clearing Hospital and were back on our way to the Poste de Secours we felt rather pepped up. We had done a bit of work and felt that our existence here had been justified.

It was as good a feeling as we used to have in the old days, when we would come in from Hill 304, after covering 120 miles in a single night.

That morning, when we had returned to camp and after *Killed flying after the U.S. entered the war.