

A FLYING OFFICER

At dinner to-night I shall drink a silent toast to the second anniversary of your wedding.

No. 60 Squadron, R.F.C., B.E.F., France, 2nd December, 1917. Sunday morning again, and it is a week since Hems-worth and I arrived at No. 60 Squadron. The time has passed quickly, and neither of us has been in the air since we left the good old Central Flying School.

I am sitting alone in the Mess as I write, bathed in a strong odour of banana oil. The men are "dopeing" our white muslin windows with a solution used for making a wind and waterproof surface on aeroplane wings, and we thought it would be a good scheme to put this stuff over our windows to keep out the wind. It contains a large percentage of banana oil, hence the smell. My own hut is a sporty place, and instead of white cloth for windows we have substituted real glass which Crompton, one of the inmates procured in a stealthy manner from some unknown source.

I mentioned before that our hut is very comfortable. You never saw such a fine collection of rugs. For the first time since leaving home (barring hotels) I have been able to walk the floor comfortably in bare feet. At night, when our stove is roaring we are fine and warm, but towards morning when getting up time comes it is pretty cold. Before leaving England I got a fleece sleeping bag from my tailor, and I find it useful already.

Our aerodrome (between Cassel and Hazebrouck) is a large one, and this is a good thing, as landing an S.E. in a small "drome" is quite a problem. We share it with two other squadrons, and another is expected shortly. Each squadron has its own mess, so we do not see much of the others, but they all seem friendly and a nice lot of fellows. Since I came, one of our oldest pilots has gone back to England, and a new one has arrived, so I am no longer the junior member of the mess.

Babe will be interested in our collection of dogs, as there are no end of them about the aerodrome. Our mess has a few special ones of different breeds, and with such names as Lobo, Nigger, Rastus, Bride and one "Hispano-Suiza," so