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their own. I trust, however, that Morton and the others will forgive me for setting down what I have done. I have really left a great deal unsaid.

Jack, the next boy in the picture, left school in the summer of 1915, and I somehow lost sight of him. He had always been a reserved and diffident lad, and, when he donned his uniform, he did not go calling upon all his friends in consequence. He just slipped away quietly, and my first intimation that he was overseas was almost immediately followed by the news of his death. He had not quite finished his training in England—he was in the Air Force—when one of those accidents that were unfortunately so common and so often fatal in that branch of the service terminated his military career. One can be thankful, at any rate, that he did not see active service. Though he would have been, I am sure, one of the bravest of the brave, yet the horrors of actual fighting would have been worse to a lad of his quiet and sensitive disposition than to boys of a more assertive and bellicose nature. Worthy of as much honour are those who died without entering the fray as are those who fell in the thick of battle. As Helen Gray Cone says, in her little poem,