



LIEUT. STANLEY RUTLEDGE

Well known son of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Rutledge, who, after long and courageous service on the battle front, is ~~officially reported~~ as killed in aeroplane accident.

## LOCAL CASUALTIES

### Stanley Rutledge

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Rutledge have received the following letter from a friend and fellow-officer of their son, Lieut. Stanley Rutledge, who was accidentally killed while in training as an aviator of the royal flying corps, in England during November.

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Rutledge: Just a few lines of condolence in the loss of your son, Stanley, as the officer commanding of the flight in which he was working, and also as a close friend of his, as I too belong to the 28th Canadians and was with both Wilf. and Stan. in France. I was in the scout section and Stan. and I used to sleep together there and I must say I have never met a finer boy in my life. I thought as much of him as a brother and he was generally liked immensely and by all who knew him.

"We buried him today in a nice quiet spot near Grantham, Lincolnshire, a place called Harlaxton.

"Immediately after the accident, I wired Wilf and he came up and we did everything possible. One thing I can assure you, that Stanley did not suffer one minute, which is God's blessing since it was willed that he had to go.

"I have just come back from the station after seeing Wilf. away. It was a sad time for him as it will be for you and I extend my very deepest sympathy to you all.

"In regard to Stanley's work here, it was of the highest quality and he was a very brilliant pilot, and the unfortunate accident was and is quite likely to happen to any of us. He struck a tree in landing, not a very big one but the machine that we both

fly is a very heavy one which made it so much the worse.

"Stanley died serving his country to his utmost; that is all we can do in these terrible times. It may be some consolation to you to know that he — at rest in England, instead of being in France, perhaps in an unknown grave.

"He had his photo taken a short time ago, which I trust you will receive shortly now; it is a very good one.

"Now I must convey the deep sympathies of the squadron. Canada has lost one of its very best men in Stan. If there is any question you would like to ask or anything I can possibly do, please let me know. Yours in deepest sympathy, LIEUT. A. H. BEACH, 44 Squadron, R. F. C.

A letter has been received from Stanley's brother, Wilfred, describing the manner of his death, and another from Lieut. E. Burney, of the royal flying corps, offering condolences. Wilfred states that death was caused by the petrol tank sliding from its position and striking Stanley in the crash. His pupil escaped with a few bruises. He added that accidents of this kind were not unusual, but were not in most instances serious or fatal.

## IS IN FLYING CORPS

Stanley Rutledge, of This City, Follows His Brother's Footsteps—  
Some Interesting Jottings

The following interesting notes have been received from Stanley Rutledge,

son of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Rutledge of this city. Stanley is now taking a course in the royal flying corps at Reading, Berkshire, Eng., and has made good progress, so that he is practising flying now.

### Equality of Service Only Thing

Poor old Russia—blind—the light of reason does not follow the red flag of revolution. She stumbles about, leaving some of her sons to die, and causing the allies great worry. And so the war pendulum sways. The German "matted fist" still beats a steady tattoo on the breast of proud, tired France. The new chancellor blows bombastic bubbles through his majesty's stinking pipe, and the World says, "when, oh when?" Canada is divided. We still argue and procrastinate and talk about what we have done, quibble about the rights of man, and let the other chap "go over the top" with the swish of a machine gun burst in his ears. Laurier is right and wrong in the same breath. He is right were we living in days of peace, when we all said "never conscription," when every man abhorred war. But these are different days. Democracy is being assailed and every man must help—no longer a case of individual choice. Freedom pushed to such limits is license, and God only knows where license leads. The only right way is equality of service or sacrifice, but as in peace days, we never get it.

### Studying Aeroplanes

July 21st.—We had an examination on Saturday on rotary and stationary engines. We have had two weeks on engines, during which time a good knowledge was had of cylinders, carburettors, magnetos, etc., going to the bottom of all the parts, so to speak. We expect to be here a week or so yet, and then away to a training squadron for the actual flying tests.

### Remembers Don Deacon

I was sorry indeed to get the official news re Don Deacon. I shall not forget meeting Don and Ted on the road to Dickebusch one night. And then again down on the Somme—the old brick fields where we bivouacked like the Arabs—mostly dirt and little to eat.