

on to the grass where they can spend long, healing days. The great optimist, our fertile earth, is busy making good our waste.

*March 20.*

A wire calls me home. Through a maze of conflicting emotions I look back along the days. Civilian life seems as far from me as a skin long ago sloughed off. After my breezy corner of a green shack, in this tiny world of keen living, how self-centred, and cluttered with artificial values that other life will seem.

Yet here as there, devotion and egotism, love and strife, incessantly weave their intricate pattern into a dun background against which all real heroism finds high relief.

The toll of our 140 beds is the grimmest reality of war and measures the enormity of its sacrifice. The simple rite of dying for a thought, and stark human endurance—played over by gaiety of heart—are the standards their occupants set us. For