

uses of the gas mask preached as protection against a bomb from the blue—preached to such purpose that the chemists had to set up window signs: *Masks sold out.*

That was a London ill-provided, as yet, with anti-aircraft device. Even when defence was less a hope and more of a reality, what promise was there for an interlude of writing, after the exhaustion of hours heavy with the sights and sounds of broken men? However slight one's share in service, not without help could one turn from the great common preoccupation to a story which had nothing to do with war, but was yet concerned, as we agreed, with things that would still be of moment when wars were done.

Always for you and me the "calm Camilla" will conjure up sights and sounds of the great Struggle; of being waked by the bugle-call over the way; breakfasting to the drill sergeant's explosive shouts; keeping the time of marching feet; seeing soldiers off to the front; seeing the ambulances bring the wounded home.

Many things will grow dim for you and me before we forget those minutes when—instead of the blessing of sleep a reasonable time after "lights out" sounded—would come the loud enemy with crash on crash, and boom on boom, shaking your vine-clad house and sending its inhabitants obedient to the basement.

If ever I catch you vaunting "the law-abiding English" I shall remind you how in despite of high authority you basely deserted your household, herded in supposed safety below; how, in the top story before the wide-flung easement, I found you, looking up at that unforgettable portent; that great bolster of battleship-grey moving miraculous through the paler grey of cloud masses over South-west London. It hung there . . . it moved to the north-west; it hesitated. It seemed to think out a plan while the heavier clouds rolled over it, obscuring the outline for a breath or two.

"It's gone!" we said. And then, there it was again!