

different from his usual optimistic self; he was so worried not getting his leave; he wanted to get married. But fancy the rotten luck! A fortune in a gold mine in B.C., and a really lovely girl! Now, all gone — for what?

I remember the last words I spoke to him. We stood, he and F. and I, "on the top." Loos was half a mile behind us — Lens in front. All was desolation; it was evening. We spoke of the coming scrap. K. thought it was going to be easy; but it wasn't the real K. who said it. We stood there quite a time. There was no need to dodge the shells; they were all dropping just behind us. He joked me about my "bunged-up" eyes; it was after I was gassed, and before it had begun to work on me. Poor K.! I'll call on his people, when I go on leave; they are in London. He told me if anything happened to write to his girl. How can I do that? I couldn't. His mother must do it.

10 September, '17.

V.A.D. Hospital,
England.

My dearest Lal:—

I'm all alone practically, and it's a lovely day. There were two "engagements" for this afternoon — a party to go to the pictures, and a tea afterwards. Also a tennis party at some big house near and a "feed." I had my choice,