

aids you to carry your burden up the steps and along the ward to a vacant bed. Silent figures lie on either side of the long apartment; none move save a white-faced boy, who peers over his blankets with feverish eyes, to see the new arrival.

You can see the Highlander better now. He is a strong fellow, and he does not flinch as he is eased from the stretcher to the white sheets, though the moving must hurt him. He is shivering with cold. "Cold as hell", whispers the Orderly.

"Is this a Canadian Hospital?" asks the wounded man suddenly.

"Sure thing, son."

"Thank God."

He sighs, then groans and closes his eyes.

"I'll wash him at once," says the Orderly.

"Carry on!"

You pick up the stretcher and move towards the door. The last you see is the Orderly bending over the still form on the bed.

You reach the Admission Room at

last after the final journey. Every "casualty" has been disposed of. You help to put the stretchers back into their places and take the blankets to the stores. A lonely Sergeant, shivering in his great-coat, greets you as you emerge.

"You can beat it now," he says. "It's all over. We've taken in more'n two hundred."

You give him a cigarette as a parting gift and walk slowly up to your tent. Your shoulders and arms are aching; your feet drag; sleep is heavy on your eyelids, but somehow you cannot think of sleep after THAT.

You turn and look out over Salonika Bay where an occasional light glimmers. The wind is raw; tent canvases are flapping eerily.

You wonder, do they really know what war means, they who gave the signal for its beginning? There will be more convoys tomorrow, and the next day, and the next, and so on for months. At home

It is 4 a.m.

Ursa Major and great Orion are looking down upon you

