

figures are moving to and fro. That is the convoy. You hasten. You wonder, jerkily, what they are doing at home. Ursa Major and great Orion are looking down upon you.

Already the wounded and the sick are being borne from the Red Cross wagons on stretchers. All kits are taken away and tabulated and scheduled in an adjoining hut. Those who can walk are directed to the Admission Room where a cup of coffee or cocoa is given them. That coffee or cocoa was made earlier in the night by the Nursing Sisters for these broken men. They sit in rows in the dim light of the room awaiting their turn to give their "particulars". The clerking staff handle them as quickly as their cold fingers will write the entries.

Outside the hut, at a small table on which there is a stable lantern another clerk sits. He is muffled up to the ears and a slouch hat is pulled down to his brows. The wind is blowing his papers about and he grabs them savagely, luridly.

You move down to a wagon and help to lift a stretcher case down. By the light of the swinging lantern you see that the man is one of those the War Office in Whitehall tabulates coldly as "severely wounded". He has been hit on the head, in the chest, and his left leg is shot to bits. It is bandaged stiff and straight by his side, and through the bandages comes oozing a dull, crimson stain. It is the Red Badge of Courage.

He does not speak, but as you help to carry him to a two-wheeled stretcher you can see the glint of the

lantern reflected in his eyes. At the Admission Room he is given a slip of cardboard; you tuck it under his blankets and wheel him alongside the table where sits the slouch-hatted, benumbed clerk. He does not look up as you approach. All he knows is that another "case" has come out of the night to him. This is merely another name, another number; nevertheless his voice has lost some of its violence as he puts the queries, writing as he is answered.

"Name" ?

"Private So-and-so."

"Regiment" ?

"So-and-so."

"Company" ?

"So-and-so."

"Length of service" ?

"Two years".

"Active service" ?

"Eighteen months."

The clerk glances at the swathed figure.

"Guess they've soaked you, son", he says sympathetically.

The only reply is an added gleam in the man's eye.

"Take him to Ward E 16. Carry him. He's had enough jolting."

A Staff-Sergeant steps into the ring of light for an instant, then moves on to meet the next case.

You take a handle of the stretcher and so you process, four of you, switch-backing over the rough ground. You curse the day workmen who leave behind them heaps of their unfinished toil into which you stumble. You curse them silently, but with fervour. After all, they are merely Greeks.

At the door of E 16 an Orderly