

"nesting birds and lambs new-born" I've never seen youth incarnate as this rather solidly built, karki clad "fighting man" exhibits it. He forgets everything you tell him to do, and goes A.F.O.L. just when you most need him, and is entirely unreliable but he's the life of the tent and I simply couldn't get along without him. It is Phillipie I depend on though for steady work quietly done. Phillipie is only a boy too, and is careless, but you can always be sure he'll finish a job. He seldom talks, or says more than "Yes 'am". That's his acceptance of any reproof and his strongest expression of enthusiasm. The only difference is a little twinkle when he's pleased. I'm always finding a wash basin of absolutely black water unsupplied in the kitchen. "Phillipie I wish you'd kill the person who leaves that around!" "Yes 'am" "And don't do it quickly - he deserves a lingering death" "Yes 'am" I believe if I told Phillipie the Germans had won the war he'd just grin a little and say "Yes 'am"

Ingen was there, and Chris. They're mechanics. Ingen is the one who built the kitchen and the one who improvises and makes anything we need. He's older in appearance than the others, Norwegian, but dark. Such a straight, strong, clean, self-respecting fellow - I like him a lot. Chris is a Dane, tall and fair with a lovely expression. Anything that Chris does will be well done, but if Ingen gets on the job he beats him. Ingen's ideal is perfection - or as near to it as he can come.

Donald wasn't there, he was away on leave, but I couldn't mention my K.P.s and leave him out. I think I've described him before. The toughest little sawed-off I've ever come across, but a wizard in the kitchen.

Captain Grant was the only Sax Grove allowed. We couldn't have left him out even if we'd wanted too, for next to Donald, he's been the best K.P. of them all. He's sliced bread until he raised olisters, and made fudge, and sliced cheese and helped plan everything. There is a certain amount of feeling always, between enlisted men and officers, but it never crops up when Captain Grant is the officer. The men all like him. He's the only officer I have seen who could "mix"

Cowling was there, and Mathews - two K.P.s. Mathews, I don't know so well, but Cowling is a steady help. He's the kind of boy that makes you think "What a good mother he must have" He's a perfect dear. He's one of the many boys I can't look at without seeing them as five year olds and knowing just how their mothers feel about having them over here.

Have I ever told you about Huggins? Yes I think I have. The boys say "Huggins has got nuts" and I'm inclined to believe they're right. He's such a bore I'm sorry for him! His particular job is rustling cups through the tent, but lately he's switched off to spreading hours and hours crouched over the kitchen fire. He's classified C so he must be really sick but I can't imagine how such a narby narby specimen of humanity ever got over here in the first place. He looks like a name - Huggins! Need I say more?

The other two were Marshall, a tall thin cook, and Quinlevin a rather insignificant person, neither of whom I know very well. The only outstanding thing about either is that Marshall told me the other day that he'd had only one letter from home in six months and that had told of the death of a brother and a sister - Flu. One fellow here has lost every member of his family except his mother. It's been pretty awful to get news here sometimes.

Well, to get back to the party. They all turned up at about 10 and took possession of the house. We began with hot chocolate and some "conysoons" which we rechristened "V.P. Delights" I'd made that afternoon, and eating together broke any possible ice so it all started right. We had an open fire in our tiny hall and we'd covered the dirty mantel with mistletoe so it was festive. I put up my Allied flags for a centerpiece and we had candles shining through the mistletoe. It was really pretty. We carried a table into the hall and started with Up Jenkins (Not one of them had ever heard of it before!) It was an uproarious success and was only surpassed by a succeeding game of Commerce. Oh! how they went to it! It was grand to see so much fun but I thought they'd never go home! At last, at 11:30 Captain Grant broke up the party. If he hadn't they'd still be here! After that we had a dance of two in a room -