

wealth. He not only fought for the Allies in the last war, but distinguished himself by helping Louis Botha in putting down the anti-British rebellion in South West Africa.

In addition, he gave the Empire its present official designation as "the British Commonwealth of Nations," at the House of Lords Banquet in 1917. This famous speech, which was a redefinition of the Empire along holistic lines, contained the essence of all those principles later embodied in the Statute of Westminster. With the failure of the League, then, Field Marshal Smuts devoted himself not only to unifying South Africa, but also to the preservation of the British Commonwealth as an entity, in temporary default of world unity.

His speech in 1943 in London summed up his whole philosophy and sounded a

note of confidence for the future settlement. In 1942 he had forecast the defeat of Rommel, the invasion of Italy, and the Mediterranean operations. In the later speech he significantly referred to the United States as a vital factor in the post-war application of holism to all nations.

This distinguished man has passed through three important wars, and each seems to have toughened his character and to have confirmed him in his aim of uniting the nations of the world for the benefit of mankind. At seventy-four he is still active, springy, polished, sincere, and adroit. It seems very likely that he will play not only a large part in winning the war, but a very big one in making the peace. If so, this peace might well be a very sound one.

MEDICAL ORDERLY

AN AFTERNOON IN A MAIN DRESSING STATION DURING ACTION

By PTE. D. D. RILEY

This descriptive sketch was awarded first prize in its section in the recent Services literary competitions.

"THERE'S A RUSH on down at the hospital; you're wanted right away," said the Sergeant-Major as he poked his head into our tent in the early afternoon.

Our main dressing station consisted of over a dozen tents grouped around an operating "theatre" and resuscitation (blood transfusion) tent. In other circumstances we would have considered the site an attractive one—dark green tents amid the restful green of young palms and ferns, while overhead towered the full-grown coconut-palms, some of which reached 50 ft. in height.

"Take over No. 3 Surgical Ward," instructed the Sergeant in charge. "You have five cases at present—two are just awaiting operations." Having collected all details, I proceeded to an eight-bed tent some 50 yards distant.

Number one patient was an Allied sailor caught by splinters in a dive-bombing attack. His left hand and knee had been hit by fragments. As I checked on his comfort while mentally assessing his condition the duty room orderly slipped in and administered the pre-operation injection. He had already been cleaned up, so there was little that required to be done for him.

Numbers Two, Three, and Four were a bayonet wound, a bullet hole through the lower arch of the foot, and coral sores.

Number Five was another Allied sailor who had been smacked in the ribs by bomb splinters. The extent of his injuries would not be known until after the surgeon had investigated.

"I can hardly breathe," he said in answer to my inquiry. "Feel my pulse, my heart does not seem right." Though