

About Nurses.

Dear Editor :

The next time a well meaning stretcher bearer tries to interrupt my groans by his cheerful "Buck up old man, think of the swell nurses you'll have buzzing around you in the morning". I shall either ignore him or present him with something which will be the direct cause of his being introduced to a bevy of these doctorettes.

I'm not kicking or anything like that, in fact, I honestly think they mean well; but after a man has served his King and Country faithfully for twenty-one months and finally reached that haven of rest, the Canadian General Hospital, he naturally expects a little peace and quietness.

But does he get it? No; most decidedly not. If the Sister isn't taking your temperature, she's taking your shirt; if it's a clean shirt she will purloin a sheet; and it is while she is juggling this from under you that her eagle eye will alight on the cosy hollow that your manly form has made in the mattress. She groans and seeks the assistance of an accomplice. A tug o'war follows, and your little nest is given place to an ice-berg. Even in the night time, the Sister will steal from her poky little desk, and if you so much as bat an eyelid she will pounce on you, thermometer in one hand and a glass of water and a pill in the other.

I am probably the very first person to discover the real cause of premature greyness which accompanies the nursing profession. Most people imagine that a nurse ages in appearance through seeing so many terrible wounds; but that is not the case. She sizes up a case as a shingle would a roof. He would say so many shingles, while she estimates in yards of gauze and bandages.

Now what really brings nurses to an early grave are the beds or cots, From sunny morn to dewy eve they tuck, stroke, massage and caress the beds. Their one ambition in life appears to be that of making a long row of beds look as though they contained no legs or bodies beneath the clothes; giving the heads and shoulders which rest on the pillows, the appearance of belonging to people who have had their bodies run over by a steam roller.

Just to show to what extent a nurse will go to get this desired effect in her ward, I might mention the case of a young fellow who used to have bed No. 11. He had a very bad leg which necessitated the instillation of a contrivance to support the weight of the bed clothes.

Struggle as they might, the Sisters could not get that bed down to the level of ours. We all expected something would happen sooner or later, and sure enough one cold clear dawn we noticed No. 11 missing. At the solemn hour of midnight he had been either kidnapped or spirited away. It is now freely rumoured around the ward that as a punishment for requiring a clothes support, No. 11 has been banished to England. Cruel world.

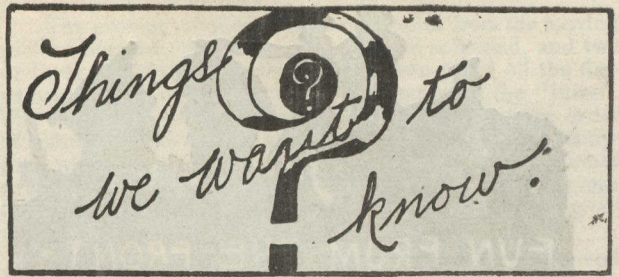
L/Cpl. maylor.

To Canadian Soldiers in the Field.

If any Canadian Soldier, having Canadian documents requiring legal attestation, is unable to have same attended to at the front, according to Canadian law, we would recommend him to send particulars of his difficulties to Lt. Col. J. Obed Smith, Canadian Government Office, 11-13 Charing Cross London, who will be very glad to advise and assist in any way possible, without charge.

Mentioned in despatches.

This publication is read by thousands of trained men in YOUR LINE. Do you ever realise it's wonderful advantages as a "get together" medium? Read the "Listening Post" as it is always out in Front".



Why is it that we don't hear much from the Bantams. Are the trenches too wet for them to "lay" in?

If C. S. M. — (1st Field Co. Engineers) is really a Musician or is he trying to work his ticket?

What has become of that frozen fish we heard so much about?

Did Sgt. Cassidy, 2nd Leinsters (no, not Michael V.C.) get the 10 pounds and the month's leave when he caught the spy (Sic). One of our bandsman would like to know.

OUR GREAT NEW SERIAL STORY**The Adventures of Ignatz Hump, Soldier and Batman too.**

By R ATHER RAWTEN.

It was a beautiful spring morning in Flanders, that is to say, it was merely drizzling and not raining with that silent persistence, that stern devotion to duty which characterises nearly everything connected with Flanders at the present time. The highway was barely ankle deep in mud, wherefore the soul of Ignatz Hump, the batman, sang within him, and as he trudged along the uneven cobbles he occasionally burst into melody, and "My little Wet Home in the Trench" floated on the air with surpassing sweetness and yet with that hint of nostalgia, that undercurrent of fatalism which is such a noticeable feature of trench songs.

Pte. Hump was not a particularly beautiful person according to peace time standards. He stood fully five feet three in height and was of the build called slight. His knees had an ineradicable affection for one another. His features were non-descript and greatly overlaid by freckles. His pompadour required pruning, or, in other words he needed a hair cut.

There were soup stains on his lapels, or there would have been had he had either soup or lapels. For the want of the later his tunic had suffered. He wore an officer's cast-off cap, a pair of dingy riding breeches, the gift of a fellow warrior of the A.S.C; puttees with the effect of ballet skirts, and large boots of one time tin colour which he inherited from a deceased comrade. Apart from his identification disc, an aluminium ring popularly supposed to have been made from a piece of shell, an Ingersoll wrist watch and a metal spoon stuck in the top of his puttee, he wore no other jewellery.

On the same morning, the one already mentioned, Pte. Hump didn't have the hump. He was happy. The comparative excellence of the weather was not wholly to blame for this. There were other reasons. The previous night he had been burning the midnight oil, or in actual fact the evening candle end, along with several other criminals. It had been "black-jack", and Pte Hump had held the bank for an unprecedented period. He had turned up black jacks and twenty-ones with uncanny regularity, not that Ignatz played unfairly. No indeed. He was the soul of honour when watched, but, as he said himself "He simply couldn't lose". Stung to madness by his unbroken success and his constant remarks that it was "Like taking candy from kids" his opponents plunged and plunged and plunged. Quite useless however, for Ignatz continued to annex the kale with almost monotonous regularity. His pockets gradually filled with crumpled heaps of five franc notes.

(To be continued.)