

TURNED SOLDIER

THERE may be monotony even in the medical work at a base hospital in France, and we have sought and found some relief from this by enquiring into the civil occupations of the patients. The results of questioning the soldiers on this point have not often brought any help towards a diagnosis of the diseases from which the men have suffered, nor have they often aided us in treating the malady, but sometimes they have been of assistance in cheering and "bucking up" the patient. The medical officer, the sisters, and the wardmaster have one and all been delighted at the discovery of a novel calling, like the astronomer "when a new planet swims into his ken." The patients, too, have entered into the spirit of the thing and have been much amused sometimes and filled with wonderment at the curious trades of their fellows.

Coming from different hospitals another "medico" and I have met in slack times, and, after a walk along a pretty road beside a little stream, have enjoyed an evening meal in a quiet French *estaminet*. Here, whilst discussing the excellent dinner, we have exchanged the "bags" of the preceding week and have related the stories which our patients have told us.

No week has thus far surpassed in richness, in variety, and in downright absurdity the contents of the "bag" of a short time back. I was bursting all the way out to tell of my finds, but we had already agreed that it was not until after the *hors d'œuvre* were consumed that our respective discoveries were to be displayed. I began with the account that Admiral Jellicoe's Gardener was in my ward, and also an Opal Chipper; my friend retorted with his Sergeant who had shown Roosevelt about Africa and a Tripe Dresser. But I was not to be outdone so soon, and had been canny enough to reserve some