

## That Blighty.

From my own experience I have found that this much-longed-for little bit of Heaven is by no means the cushy place I had imagined! In the first place, I was taken there in an Ambulance which, I think, must have been a furniture van before the war, and which had certainly no more respect for my weary bones than it had for the kitchen table which it was wont to carry.

On my arrival, I was seized by, at least, a dozen well-meaning but decidedly inexperienced and clumsy orderlies, and deposited in a drafty, though artistic entrance hall, whilst they discussed who should have the honour of bearing my head—and who be satisfied with my feet—which, by the way, were positively itching to lift the whole outfit to Kingdom Come, or



better still, to the land which I had recently left. This interesting and vital question settled, I was propelled up the ancient winding stairway, feet foremost, so that I might obtain a truly impressionistic view of the architectural beauties.

On reaching my ward, I was gently but firmly requested to exchange my delicately-hued and well-fitting pyjamas for a pair of a texture which made a "shower-and-needle" bath quite superfluous treatment, and of proportions which, being a man of mean stature, gave me a decidedly Charlie Chaplin appearance. Later, I discovered the advantage of this excess of material, for by thrusting my whole body

into the one leg, the other was free to be used as a muffler—a very necessary article, as according to hospital bed-making regulations, patients do not need blankets on their shoulders. (Strictly entre-nous; I believe the nurses have a crazy idea that the beds look neater that way, and that the patients' health is only the alleged reason). Of course, if you are a colonial, and according to Beach Thomas, all colonials are giants (with swinging gait, quiet eyes accustomed to long distances, and all that sort of thing), chances are that you be given a garment, the tightness and lack of length of which would make even Jay Laurier green with envy!

Well, after having manipulated my pyjamas and bedclothes, and answered innumerable questions, I was allowed to partake of my "dinner." I was on fish diet. This, I discovered, spelt in the imaginations of

the kitchen authorities "S-A-R-D-I-N-E-S." I also soon discovered that one's nerves are likely to be oft and severely tried—for instance—the charming young skittish V.A.D., in endeavouring to fill my glass from a cider-sophon—pardon, soda-syphon—propelled the contents into my face, thereby removing the neat dressing from my probosis and spraying my wound with a liquid quite as efficacious as Peroxide! I managed—being ever full of revenge—to get my own back most effectually later on that evening! "Nursie" had left for the first time to prepare the dressings and was, unfortunately for her, at a loss to know how to make a foment. When appealed to, I