

plaint and suffering which would bring tears to the eyes of any ordinary doctor. Historians who like to read or write about martyrs and what they suffered for their pet cause, should attend a regimental sick parade. Here he could get more "copy" in one hour than they would if they spent the rest of their lives reading Encyclopaedias or "John Bull". The patient may say he has a pain in the stomach. "How long have you had that?" is the next question. "Oh quite a while" the victim says. And believe me my dear reader that answer "Quite a while" is quite the wrong thing to say to an M.O. It works, like a red flag waved in front of a Texas bull. The censor wont allow me to say one small portion of the stream of language which that "Quite a while" brings forth from an M.O. "What do you mean by Quite a while" Six hours or six months?" "Be very careful or you'll probably get the later." The patient does a little mental arithmetic and wipes the sweat from his brow, then stammers "About a week, Sir" "Why didn't you report yourself sick before this" is the next question. "Well Sir I thought the pain would go away". "Thought be damned — who told you to think, I (emphasis on the I) will do all the thinking that's to be done around here." That one little sentence "Quite a while" has ruined our hero's chances to get "light duty" or anything else barring castor oil or the famous N^o 9's.

The other members of the sick parade who have heard the above conversation and have been secretly enjoying themselves, (at the expense of the government) now resume their former attitude and expression of expectant martyrdom. "And what can I do for you today?" he asks the next sufferer. "I've got the toothache Sir". "Alright, you go down to the dressing station I'll be down there after this parade, and I'll pull teeth, toe nails, or anything that begins with a T". About this time the appetising smell of steak and onions hits the M.O. in a vital spot and he begins to show signs of impatience. "What's wrong with you?" he says to N^o 3. "I've got very - close veins Sir." "You probably got those through resting the wrong foot on the foot-rail in some Vancouver bar-room, you require plenty of fresh air and exercise. Sergeant, give this man six hours drill every day." "How about you?" (to N^o 4) "I cant sit down Sir". "Why? I got stung by a wasp Sir". "Sergeant, give this man 14 days perpetual sentry go, and then he wont have to sit down".

Next week we will compare a doctor in civilian life with a doctor in the army. Order your copies at once. No insurance coupons. Full weight without wrapper.

The Diary of a Real Soldier

Thursday. — "Prisoner and escort. Shun- Right turn.- Quick march. Halt. — Left turn." Yes, I was the prisoner referred to in those manoeuvres, and the very thought of what followed are almost too painful to relate. In fact, what did happen, after that fatal command "Left turn", appeared to me like some horrible nightmare. For it brought me face to face with the one man in the regiment (above all others) to be avoided - the colonel. Then the room began to go round and I could see Sergeant Majors, Adjutants, Colonels, orderly room clerks, escorts, policeman leg-irons, handcuffs and chains everywhere. I felt faint and raised my hand to my head thinking my hat was on, when a voice like thunder, brought me back to earth, by the command "Stand to attention there". Then the drama proceeded. "Number umpteen forty nine Private O'Ddger is charged with, whilst on active service on Aug. 10th entering an estaminet, and drinking Cafe au lait whilst carrying important dispatches. Then the Military Policeman proceeded to give evidence. And of all liars next to a German War Correspondent, a Military Policeman is the best, or worst I should say. He told the colonel how he had noticed a green coloured bicycle leaning against the wall of the estaminet for fully ten minutes. At this point I interrupted the proceedings by asking the M.P. what was he doing hanging around the estaminet for ten minutes. But it just goes to show how small a prisoners chance is, for I was called to order and told to wait until he had got through with his deadly evidence. (If Wolffs' agency ever have a vacancy for reporters I would highly recommend ex-military policeman.) Then he went on to say how he had walked into the estaminet to investigate and had found me sitting close to the proprietor's daughter and saying foolish things which he didn't wish to repeat. Then my turn came. I dont remember what I said except about a sprained ankle and resting, but I got away with it, for I only got soaked five days pay, which is a mere trifle compared with the loss of the job, for I have to go back to my company.

Friday. — If it hadn't been for the good news that I had been ordered to report to the O.C. of the Transport when we leave the trenches, I believe I should have gone clean "dotty". For last night, the sergeant of my platoon whispered in my ear in the most casual manner "You're for listening post tonight". He started to walk away with just as much unconcern as though he had said "Keep a sharp look out tonight". I raced after him and tried to explain how bad my rheumatism and toothache was, but he said he expected that tale from me. Then I protested that I didn't know a German when I saw one. "That's alright" he said "They'll soon introduce themselves to you if you only so much a let them think you're there, let alone see you." Again I protested "Where do I get off at supposing that the German listening post surrounds me and I cant get back here."

"Berlin probably, I guess", the brute replied. "But I have no desire to go there, after seeing those pictures of Huns in the Daily.... and besides I haven't been on leave yet and there is a big parcel waiting at the P.O. for me, and — But I got no further with my protestations, for he blew cigarette smoke in my face and said, as he walked away, "You make me tired, why man I've been out there and gone to sleep on the German barbed wire many a time". When it got good and dark a corporal told me to get ready and follow him. He gave me some deadly looking bombs and I asked him what the were for. He told me they were souvenirs for Germans if they met us at close range. This cheerful news made things look worse and worse. I dont know whether it was bravery or just recklessness but that corporal stole out into the darkness like a man bent on committing suicide. When we had got out what appeared to me hundreds of miles, I told him I had got cramps in my stomach and I couldn't go any further. He made so much noise, trying to get me to go with him, that I expected the Germans to open rapid fire or trench mortars any minute. Every time I think of that scene and the noise and the way that fool corporal bawled me out, I come to the conclusion that the Germans are either stone deaf or else they were fast asleep. Anyway he either got to the end of his swear words or gave me up as a bad job, for he told me to lay quite and listen while he went closer to the German barbed wire. After I had laid there about ten years I heard a rustle in the long wheat. My heart stopped beating for a few seconds then started again. "On the double" my tongue flew up to the roof of my mouth and I took up a bomb. I had been warned beforehand that a bomb must be thrown 30 yards. Now how the dickens do they think that a man can throw a bomb 30 yards when he is lying full lenght on his stomach. Just as I was trying to decide whether to throw the bomb or jump up and beat it back, I heard a voice say "come here and give me a hand with this prisoner", and this roll of barbed wire". That fool corporal had been and stuck his bayonet into a German and stolen a roll of barbed wire. When we got back to our lines the boys thought I was a hero, but before I left for the transport, that corporal had five good francs of my money in his pocket which was the price of his silence.

Saturday. — Once again I can breathe easier and straighten my back without fear of damaging my hat badge. No more filling sand bags or dodging starliguts, at last I am in the right place the transport. My back aches for fair, through loading and unloading wagons but I will have to be much worse before I see any M.O. about it. None of the fellows on this job ever go sick and I dont blame them. I have found out that sick parade is a good place to stay out of, unless they have run out of castor oil down at the dressing station. Got into hot water over that prize team this morning. The boss said it looked dirtier than I did. How was I to know that this precious team was the one they always showed the General for inspection. He got madder than a wet hen and told the Sergeant to put me on cleaning up the lines, rotten job, but it is healthier than the listening post. Carrying feed and water is very tiresome work but I prefer it to carrying bombs and barbed wire. Compared with the firing line this job is one continual round of pleasure. There is a long row of stone jars in the Quartermaster's tent and there is quite a space between the tent and the ground. Maybe they contain lime-juice and then again maybe somet'ing better. Wisu it was dark.

