

## Imaginary Interviews

### THE LIFTMAN

Having got successfully past the Hall Policeman I reached the lift and found the Liftman engaged in the study of a Latin Grammar.

He took no notice of me but continued to chant: "*Amo, amare, amavi, amatum.*" I trod on his foot, begged his pardon, and told him that as I was interviewing the "Men that Count" in the hospital, I would be very much obliged if he would give me a short résumé of his work.

"Well," he said, "I think that I get more ups and downs than any other officials in the hospital, but the work is interesting. In the morning I wait until the cripples have walked down to breakfast before I start the lift. This saves the machinery and also gives the patients some much needed exercise. They get too much sleep, some of them. I take a great interest in them, and I know they think a lot of me. As soon as they are able to walk I always make them go up the stairs.

"The 'lift' runs to four floors. First, 'Leicester Lounge', where the officer patients are. Second, 'The Beehive', which contains the light duty men, and there is a buzz there in the morning. Third, 'The Boneyard,' where all the legs and arms are cut off. The Fourth, 'Zeppelin Alley', is at the top of the building.

"The lift has three speeds, medium, slow, and very slow. The 'Medium' is used for members of the staff, 'Slow' for patients, and 'Very slow' for lady visitors and nice sisters.

"We have rules but we never take any notice of them. We can always tell when there are too many in the lift, because the cable breaks, and then we tell the sergeant major that it wants mending."

At this point, I intimated that I would like to see the Examining Room, and not wishing to interrupt the Liftman's studies any longer, I walked upstairs, hearing as I went the strains of—*amo, amare amavi, amatum.*

DRUB.

### FOR CANADIAN PRISONERS OF WAR IN GERMANY

A box for the contributions in aid of our comrades in the hands of the Huns has been set up in the archway at Chatham House. This is something to which every Canadian who "makes Blighty" will want to contribute. Tobacco, cigarettes, etc., will be sent.

Don't throw away the silver foil with your cigarette boxes, but drop it in the box at the Gymnasium for the Daily Express "Cheery Fund" for trench comforts. Sergt. Simonson has already collected and sent 15 pounds.