

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

WHEN YOU HAVN'T
SEEN A PAY DAY
IN SIX WEEKS



AND YOUR PALS
CAN'T SPARE A JIT



AND YOU'VE
BORROWED FAGS
UNTIL YOUR
CONSCIENCE
HURTS YOU



-AND YOU'VE
GOT A
SWELL
DATE IN
CHARLOTTE
BUT NO
COIN



-AND -NO-MONEY
COMES FROM HOME



IF THE SARGE CALLS
"LINE UP FOR PAY,"
OH BOY!!
AIN'T IT A GRR-R-RAND
AND GLOR-R-R-R-YUS FEELIN



YOU ARE GIVING—WHAT?

It was last summer, just after I had attached myself to a base hospital unit, that I was talking to a very dear friend; I spoke of my eager anticipations in my new work and my secret aspirations in connection with it.

She was deeply interested and listened very attentively: then her face filled with seriousness, she asked: "What have you to give?"

"What have I to give?" I answered, somewhat surprised at her unexpected question. "Why, everything that a strong, vigorous, well trained nurse and true understanding sympathetic woman can give."

"Yes, that is perfectly true," she said. "You possess every physical attribute—but—" and the force of her meaning dawned upon me.

The power of words is great; with that little word "but" came such a tumultuous change; it was as though an accusing finger were being lifted and as I answered "nothing!" A great dark curtain was lifted and I saw beyond—and realized how utterly disqualified I was to take up my new

work without a new given strength—courage and understanding that separated one from the superficial material.

It was a little sketch made by me of the patients that brought back to my mind a revival of that thought. It represented a spot on an imaginary battlefield. A body lay here—another there—and yet another lad in a half sitting posture—eyes lifted upward. But it was the big central figure that held your attention—a huge artillery gun—it's gigantic mouth belching forth vast clouds of smoke—but through it all emerged a vision—that of a Red Cross nurse with a Madonna like face, an expression almost divine in its spiritual setting. One read beyond its depths—a transfigured soul—a vision out of which had grown love, sympathy, understanding, resignation, peace. She had looked down into the tortured suffering souls of men and seen.

Eventually my eyes rested upon the sentiment inscribed, "Even the darkest cloud has its silver lining" and I

thought—what an exquisite tribute. It made me feel that if I could mean that to my patients—everything would be worth while—it would be worthy of any sacrifice. Five years ago, personality, faithfulness and efficiency summed up the necessary attributes of the successful nurse. Today the Red Cross nurse who possesses only these characteristics soon comes to realize a lack in the service she is rendering humanity. She may be all that is lovely, lovable, tireless and sympathetic, noble and brave nevertheless she cannot escape the consciousness that she is not reaching the inner needs of those to whom she ministers.

What is this new standard and how has it been established? In the world's present crucible of suffering superficialities and even idealism have been consumed. Men are face to face with the uncertainties of life and the shadow of death and they are growing up to the gravity—the bigness of

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