

### Our Guinea Prize.

We have pleasure in announcing that our Guinea Prize for July has been won by Miss C. Colvin, District Nurses' Home, Knatchbull Road, Camberwell, S.E.

#### KEY TO PRIZE PUZZLE.

- No. 1. Fry's Cocoa.  
Fry S cock O.  
No. 2 Southall's Towels.  
S out hall S T owls.  
No. 3. Lemco.  
LE MC (numeral) O.  
No. 4. Benger's Food.  
Bee N G.E.R S Fo odd.

The following competitors have also solved the puzzles correctly:—

Miss E. E. Marshall, Leeds; Miss K. Eckersley, Middlesbrough; Miss Masters, Brighton; Miss M. Lord, London; Miss C. Lawson, Dundee; Miss M. Whitworth, Maidstone; Miss Hancock, Bath; Nurse Eliza, Middlesbrough; Miss Sutcliffe, Sheffield; Miss Hawker, South Kensington; Miss E. Newill, Bishop's Castle; Mrs. Etheridge, W. Kensington; Miss A. Onslow, Warwick; Miss T. Sykes, Woodford Green; Mrs. Cross, Birmingham; Miss A. Hudson, Colchester; Miss Hunt, St. Leonards; Miss G. Maxwell, Glasgow; Miss F. Collins, Belfast; Miss A. Lawson, Inverness; Miss Swayne, Glasgow; Miss A. Jones, London; Miss C. Fleming, Dublin; Miss T. Newman, Limerick; Miss S. Taylor, London; Mrs. Knight, Norwich; Miss Lambert, Plymouth; Miss C. Smith, Brighton; Miss A. Moss, Cork; Miss N. Longley, York; Mrs. E. F. Moakes, Chesterfield; Miss M. Sutton, Birkdale; Miss M. H. Sherlock, Leicester; Miss E. McLermon, Maidstone; Miss V. Coats, Edinburgh; Miss A. F. Muller, Boxmoor; Miss A. Mackenzie, North Berwick; "Leo," Tunbridge Wells; Miss D. Deverill, Nott ngham; Miss E. Dinnie, West Malling; Miss H. Dibben, Lynton; Miss L. Plummer, Uppermill; Mrs. Gray, Banff; Miss S. Lowe, Cardiff; Mrs. Selby, Wicklow; Miss S. S. Sherring, Birmingham; Miss Sills, Gravesend.

The new set of prize puzzles will be found on page viii.

The rules remain the same.

### Reminiscences.

#### MY FIRST OPERATION.

The first operation I ever witnessed left an indelible impression on my mind.

One day, as Sister was rapidly carving the joint for dinner, she said to me: "By the

way, nurse, number 15 is to be operated upon again this afternoon, it will only be a small affair so you may come in and watch." I helped the head nurse to prepare the theatre, but just as the patient was lifted on the table, Sister whispered, "After all I shan't want you nurse, you can stay in the ward." There was no choice but to submit, but when outside the hall where operations were performed, an idea struck me. A staircase ran outside, and by sitting on the top step one could see through a dim window right into the hall. I immediately ran up the stairs and ensconced myself where I got an excellent view.

I saw number 15 lying flat on his back on the table while a dresser was in the act of cutting the abdominal bandages, Sister was fastening the string of what looked like a huge pinafore on the surgeon, while a student performed a similar office for another dresser. While I gazed, the surgeon advanced to the table and removed some large, flat sponges from off the patient's abdomen, disclosing a wound a few inches long from which protruded a bit of yellow gauze. This he proceeded to withdraw bit by bit, sometimes it stuck and a sort of bodkin was introduced and then another few inches of blood-stained gauze pulled out. It seemed to me of interminable length. I felt sick and queer, and turned my head away for a minute. When I gained courage to take another look, the plug had just been withdrawn and the surgeon was putting it into a dish held by Sister. A horrid gaping wound was laid bare, the surgeon spoke to his assistant who handed him something long, bright and metallic, this he was about to insert into the wound when a scream from the patient arrested his hand. I had seen enough, with shaking limbs I returned to the ward.

"How white you look," remarked the head nurse, who had not noticed my absence, "You might take these letters to the pillar box while I feed the baby."

I gladly seized them and hurried into the fresh air.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sister explained to me later that Number 15 had steadily refused to have an anæsthetic, so on that account she thought it better I should not be present.

"Did he mind much, Sister? Did it hurt him?" I asked tremblingly.

"Not much, he was very brave; once he called out and said he fancied he saw someone looking down at him, but of course that was impossible."

I am happy to add that the patient made a complete recovery and went home in less than three weeks.

S. P.

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