

generous British Red Cross Depot presented them with china tea cups for their morning coffee and actual knives and forks of their own, along with many other most welcome gifts.) In this particular ambulance there was a complete absence of dressing trays, bowls, forceps, probes, razors, syringes, scissors, &c. Lucky the Sister who had brought everything of her own!

Material of every sort is also lacking. When the doctor ordered a wet pack for a case of congestion of the lungs and very high fever, all the orderly could produce was an extra large and ragged sheet (which must on no account be divided) and a piece of mackintosh, stained all the colours of the rainbow, which had obviously already done its "Military service" and ought to have had several ribbons, certainly the one denominated "fatiche di guerra." Swollen ankles have to be swathed in wet bandages simply, and for an ordinary foment the only thing is to take the man's own towel, if he happens to have one and it is clean. Failing that, Sister must sacrifice something of her own. Socks might as well be served out singly. They never match either in colour or size, and always have holes. Handkerchiefs are non-existent, but a brilliant idea was to hand out to one ward of sick prisoners the calico squares in which the American packets of compresses arrive. "*Fala lepa*," the Croatian "thank you," echoed all around, and a request for "*igla i konatz*" (needle and thread) being complied with, they were soon all neatly hemmed, and even marked with the initials of the happy owners!

These so-called Austrian prisoners were found to be almost universally ignorant of the German tongue, but almost all—Bohemians, Hungarians, Bosnians, Poles, Roumanians and Croats—speak, or at least understand, the language of the last-named, which seems to be a kind of debased Russian, written in Latin characters, though, as the present writer had, in the first instance, to acquire it without a book, that was little help!

To one to whom familiar ideas clothed in other languages are a never-ending source of delight, a morning which includes the following incidents is distinctly interesting.

On issuing from the parent hospital to do duty among the tents and barracks, one is met by a Croat ex-patient, now a prisoner on fatigue duty (which means sweeping up leaves and carrying buckets!), who explains that his shoes let in the water with which he is swilling the steps and hall. He has to be accompanied to the Vestiare, interpreted for and satisfied with a fresh pair (it would be a misnomer to call them new!)

Next, one meets that *rava avis*, a prisoner who really speaks German (he is a Hungarian). His grievance is that, having been discharged as a patient and retained at work, he is still on the *halbes-brod* which went with his "light diet" (petit-regime for "la diete" in French hospitals means nothing to eat at all). This has to be translated to the orderly concerned and remedied.

Next comes one of the French cooks asking to have his ailments attended to before the day's

work begins and probably two or three of his satellites, of varying nationalities—rush up with cut fingers, burns and other trifles. One of the Italian "chars," who corresponds to a ward-maid, has to be listened to while she explains at length how she had "febre" last night and must positively have some remedy or she cannot work. If she receives the least encouragement she will probably ask for advice and free medicines for all her family, down to the latest grandchild. At last one gets to the wards proper and starts dressings and treatments. Sometimes out-patients come in, once or twice English chauffeurs or post office officials; and the little French orderly paid the neatest possible compliment by exclaiming on the first occasion, with apparent genuineness: "Mais, mademoiselle, parle aussi l'Anglais, c'est qu'elle est très instruite."

The work itself is not very different to work anywhere else when one has become accustomed to the French medical procedure of treating everything with "pignes and ventouses."

To the simple Croatian and Bosnian, who had probably never been ill and certainly never been nursed before, it was a daily joy to feel his own and see his neighbour's back decorated with rows of little forcing glasses, which he gaily calls "chalitza" (the word is probably not spelt at all like that, but that is how it sounds!)

The prisoners are all painfully thin and give graphic descriptions of the hardships they have been through in the last few months and years; and they enjoy their simple rations whole-heartedly. It was a middle-aged Frenchman, however, who asked the Sister anxiously whether the pignes of *Cacodylate de Soude* were to take the place of food!

The food in question, being mostly preserved, is dry and tasteless and sometimes none too plentiful, but that, and the extreme heat, and the smells and the insects are all hardships of war we will gladly endure as long as we are allowed to be useful in our present sphere. H. T.

CARE OF THE WOUNDED.

The Queen, accompanied by the Princess Mary, visited the St. Andrew's Hospital, Clewer, last week. The hospital is under the charge of the Sisterhood of St. John the Baptist.

The Bishop of Peterborough last week dedicated his palace at Peterborough as a military hospital. Over a thousand pounds has been subscribed locally for the hospital equipment.

Captain Malcolm Ross, War Correspondent with the New Zealand Forces, in a message dated September 3rd, describing the scene at Haplin-court, says: "On the edge of our sector was a hospital hurriedly vacated two days ago. It was furnished with old beds and bedding left behind by the British in their last retreat. Two wounded Germans on stretchers were left. There was even a wounded German on the operating table."

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