

Sisters Parson, Moody, Winder and Waller, arrived last night; the first, I have placed in charge of the Piræus Hospital, and it is probable that the others will go up to Karavassera tomorrow to relieve Sisters Carter, Tillott, and Davies, who have been working night and day in Epirus, where a great number of wounded men still remain, it being impossible to remove them by road so long a distance, and they cannot be transported by sea in Greek ships owing to the Turkish fortress at Prevesa.

One meets all sorts and conditions of men in Athens just now, amongst them the shining lights in the journalistic world, and one most interesting personality is that of Mr. Stephen Crane, author of "The Red Badge of Courage," who left for the front to-night, and kindly offered to take our nurses with him. All the best known War Correspondents and Artists have flitted through this city during the past week, and have most intensely interesting experiences to retail. One hardly realises at home the great personal danger to which many of these literary lights are exposed, in search of "copy" and "snap-shots."

The past few days have been full of the rumours of peace, but telegrams have come in to-day from the Crown Prince, telling of more fighting at Domokos, so there is a general rush to the front, and no doubt in a day or two the steamers flying the Red Cross will arrive at the Piræus, carrying their sad burdens of shattered men, many of them only to rise from their beds minus a limb, and handicapped for the remainder of their days in the battle of life.

ETHEL G. FENWICK.

LETTER FROM A PATIENT IN THE "DAILY CHRONICLE" HOSPITAL, PIRÆUS.

The building which has been handed over to the British Ambulance Staff at Piræus is in many ways an imposing one, and certainly holds the premier position in Greece of any hospital both as regards scenery and as to accommodation. To reach it, you must take a carriage (after disembarking at Piræus), and a short drive brings you to a high wall on the front, not out of keeping with the buildings in the vicinity, the only difference being that you find the British flag hoisted on the terrace and the Red Cross displayed in the front. Here you alight, and are at once conducted inside through a small entrance, where you find yourself confronted with a fine grotto in cork;—beyond, the grounds are carefully laid out in ornamental shapes, but owing to the buildings only being occupied on Saturday

last for hospital purposes, there has been no time to set things in order; besides, the premises have been untenanted for some considerable time. Here, you soon find the main entrance to the hospital. Ascending a white marble terrace, you find yourself immediately in the hall with its grand staircase of marble also; here you take time to admire the beautiful paintings of the ceiling (ornamental, blue and white prevailing), also the plants and flowers on the balcony, amongst them being some very fine specimens of giant ferns. The two flags are again conspicuous on the balcony; from the latter, you branch off to the left when you find yourself at once in the wards; one invariably leading to the other. The ornamentation of each is entirely different, but all lovely; the walls are painted a dull but pleasing colour, the ceilings very lofty, and all windows open out on to balconies from which a splendid view is obtained, from the city itself round to the harbour, with the mountains nearly overhanging; and here you may take time to scan the International men-of-war at anchor. The floors of the various wards are spotless, the tables are painted white, as also each patient's table. Abundance of flowers are provided, comfort with elegance seems the prevailing rule. There are beds for a fair number of sick and wounded, and the beds are nearly all occupied. Each patient has a new blanket, quilt, and linen sheets, and he is allowed as many cigarettes and cigars as he can smoke. Instead of water, he may have new milk, wine, soda water, or anything he fancies, provided it is not injurious as regards his particular ailment. The food supplied is of the best quality and each patient can have as much as he cares to eat, there being no stinting in limit to a ration. Several Englishmen are patients here, amongst them being Captain Birch, who has undergone a successful operation—bullet extraction. The majority here are Greeks, and it is amusing betimes to watch them trying to make one understand what they require. In one ward, the way of interpretation is this. There are five Greeks and one Irishman. One of the former and the latter speak Italian. Should one of the others require anything he simply tells his comrade who speaks Italian, the latter interprets to the Irishman, who translates it to English for the Sister's information. Should the Sister wish to give any instructions, of course the rule is reversed. Should one of the interpreters fall asleep, then the fun begins, as the attendants who speak Greek and English may be in some other part of the hospital.

The patients bear their pain heroically on the whole, and are amazed with the splendid treatment they receive at the hands of an

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)