

OUR FOREIGN LETTER.

A HOLIDAY IN A NURSES' CAMP.

"Hick ta minne ga honi ga zok ta
Bump ta Ha Ha Leewis."

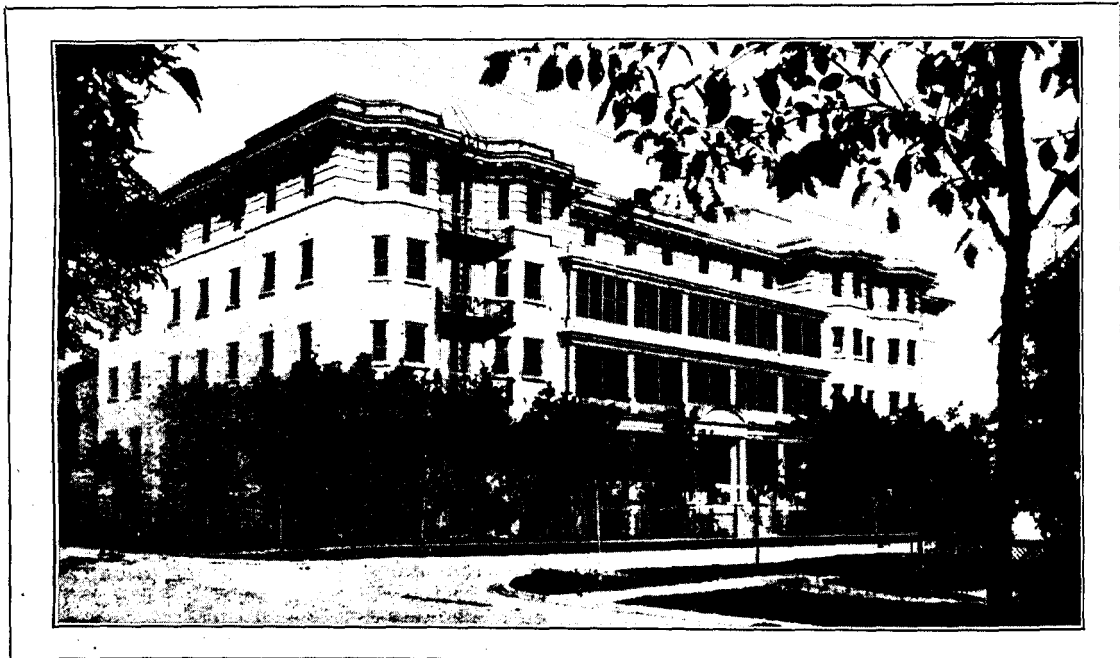
—*The Yell of the Winnipeg
General Hospital Nurses.*

That was how it began—the holiday I mean. We had come off night duty at 7 a.m., and in our anxiety to start our holidays had left by the 8.30 a.m. train. But even in the train it was difficult to keep our minds off mustard plasters, &c.—things that had recently been so important to us.

After our 130 miles railway journey however, there came to meet us a crowd of unconventionally dressed comrades with hair flying in the wind.

Our destination was the Holiday Home of Winnipeg General Hospital nurses. It is situated on Coney Island in the Lake of the Woods, Ontario. It is an ideal spot; the cottage being built as its name—Ha Ha Leewis—indicates "beside the laughing water." It has accommodation for about sixteen people and contains a kitchen, sitting room, and dressing rooms. The whole is surrounded on three sides by a wide balcony which is utilised at the sides for sleeping, and in front as dining room.

It was built by several members of the board on land donated by the Hon. William Hespler, whose portrait decorates the "parlour." Pupil nurses of the Winnipeg General Hospital are allowed to spend their holidays there free of charge. It is chiefly, in fact entirely, owing to the great interest taken in it by Miss Wilson, the



NURSES' HOME, GENERAL HOSPITAL, WINNIPEG.

These people we had last seen dressed very precisely in uniform with caps not one degree out of the perpendicular. From the station we could see the lake; and we had pointed out to us "Squaw Island" where real Indians lived in wigwams. As we started to traverse the remainder of our journey across the Lake in a steam launch, the past grew less distinct in our memory and our sub-conscious mind ceased to vaguely suggest at intervals that it was time for the next fomentation. But when in the distance we caught the first glimpse of the cottage across the water from among the pines and birches, and there came the mysterious syllables which constitute the "yell," then we, metaphorically speaking, cast linseed poultices to the winds and the holiday, as I said before, really began.

Lady Superintendent of the Winnipeg General Hospital, that the cottage is constantly being improved and made more comfortable each year.

To one who had always spent holidays at a conventional English seaside boarding-house or hotel, a holiday there proved a novel as well as a delightful experience.

First of all about the yell; it seems, to be *en courant*, every camp must have a distinctive "yell." Tradition said ours was Indian and meant "Welcome to the place beside the laughing Water." We were very proud of it, and the learning to repeat it was an essential part of our initiation.

Once begun, the days flew by—there were rambles around the island, climbing the rocks over which, in the dim past, huge glaciers had

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