

AUSTRALIAN NURSES AT THE FRONT.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the editor of *The British Australian*, the fine pictorial weekly which keeps us in touch with the great Commonwealth, for the use of the two pictures showing (1) The quarters of the Australian Voluntary Hospital in France at the Base, and (2) Arrival at the Hospital—Tea is coming.

To Miss Joan Dow, one of the nurses with the Australian Voluntary Hospital, who, to her bitter disappointment, has been invalided home, we are indebted, says *The British Australian*, for the accompanying photographs of the hospital and its personnel.

The hospital, as we know and expected, is doing splendid service, and doctors, nurses and the

conveyance to England. Their pleasure and gratitude for the care bestowed on them is, says Miss Dow, most touching. The soldier who is refreshed with food, given a clean pair of socks and soft slippers, after not having his heavy boots off for perhaps a fortnight, almost forgets his injuries in the delight of being washed again and for a moment at his ease.

The more the nurses and doctors see of the British Army, officers and privates alike, the more proud do they feel of them and the more happy in the privilege of being able to serve them.

Wherever the Tommies go they are singing. Whether it is a fresh and eager regiment just moving off, as yet untried, from the base to the front, or a group of war-worn, limping wounded back from the inferno in which they have suffered,



THE QUARTERS OF THE VOLUNTARY HOSPITAL AT THE BASE.

rest of the staff are working together in gratifying harmony.

Miss Dow speaks enthusiastically of the careful way in which Colonel Eames, Dr. Shields, and the other doctors look after the nurses, assisting them in every difficulty, and protecting them from possible danger. Where the hospital has been or is at present may not be stated, as the Censor dislikes geographical accuracy. It has, however, been busy at its appointed work of caring for the sick and injured who come in from the front, sometimes faint with hunger as well as from their wounds, but always uncomplaining and cheerful. First of all the hospital staff feed them, then their wounds are attended to, and afterwards, as soon as possible, they are taken to a hospital ship for

the same fine spirit of cheerfulness prevails. The soldiers' favourite songs, says Miss Dow, are "It's a long, long way to Tipperary" and "Oh! you beautiful doll," the latter, perhaps, beating the former in popularity.

Whenever the nurses heard the tramp of feet they at first ran out in the hope of seeing a British regiment pass by. Soon they learnt that if there were no sound but that of the marching the regiment was French. The French do not sing; it perhaps could hardly be expected of them. Thoughts of what is going on in the French countryside, where a barbarian foe is murdering innocent folk in the villages and destroying beautiful towns, is not conducive to singing, unless it be singing songs of revenge. In any

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