

received: From Miss F. Morgan, games, draughts, dominoes, playing cards, jig-saw puzzles; also a similar packet from Miss E. Kemp; Dowager Countess of Arran, games and playing cards; Mrs. Ponton, jigsaw puzzles; Mrs. Addison, games, socks, cigarettes.

In addition, through the British [Red Cross Depot, Sunderland, jam, toffee, chocolates, sweets and magazines. Miss Briggs, personal packet of cake and sweets for the nurses. We have also shared in a large consignment of eatables, all sorts of good things from Harrod's sent by William Bartram, Esq., who specially requested Mlle. Guyout to whom the goods were addressed, to "divide the spoil" with the British nurses for their patients. I have written a letter of thanks to each."

"IN MEMORIAM."

The really beautiful lines "In Memoriam" of Edith Cavell written by Miss H. Hawkins, which appeared in our issue of October 30th, have received such widespread appreciation, that the Editor has decided to have them republished in such form that they can be widely bought and distributed. Half the profits will be devoted to the funds of the French Flag Nursing Corps, to provide highly skilled nursing for the heroic soldiers of France.

In our issue of the 30th ult. a review appeared of "La Guerre vue d'une Ambulance," by the Abbé Felix Klein, and we feel much honoured by the reception of the following note from the author of this beautiful record:—

Neuilly, Nov. 12, 1915.

Laissez-moi vous dire, Madame, combien je suis touché de l'appréciation de votre excellent JOURNAL sur mon petit livre "La Guerre vue d'une Ambulance." Les citations qu'a choisies l'auteur de l'article se rapportent tous aux passages que j'eu écrit avec le plus d'émotion. Cela seul suffirait à montrer la sympathie pénétrante de la personne qui a écrit l'article. Serait-ce la même (H. H.) à qui l'on doit le délicieux poème de la première page, "In Memoriam"?

Votre bien respectueux et reconnaissant,

FELIX KLEIN.

TRANSLATION.

Allow me to tell you, Madam, how touched I am by the appreciative notice in your excellent JOURNAL of my little book "The War seen from an Ambulance." The quotations selected by the author of the article all allude to the passages which I wrote with the greatest emotion. That alone is sufficient to show the discerning sympathy of the person who wrote the article. Is she the same (H. H.) to whom one owes the delicious poem on the first page, "In Memoriam"?

Your very respectful and grateful,

Yes, she is.

FELIX KLEIN.

OUR ORDERLIES.

By A WARD SISTER.

My ideas on the working of a Military Hospital were vague. I knew, of course, that on certain lines, the nursing of the patients would follow the routine of a Civil Hospital; but the orderlies who were supposed to fill the rôle of very intelligent, well-trained probationers, were an unknown quantity.

I imagined, when I began my duties as a Ward Sister, that I should find one or two smart, immaculately clean, well set-up young men—ready to take their intelligent share in the treatment of the patients and the cleaning of the ward, polishing (as only a man can polish when he sets his mind to the work) their brasses, wielding with a strong and willing hand the "dummy" on polishing day; tenderly lifting the sick, with a touch as gentle as a woman's—and, in short, the perfect male nurse.

Perhaps it was too bright a dream; anyhow, I was rudely awakened, and have no more illusions left. I am bound to say that my first orderly was the best I have met during my fourteen months' work; also that two of the ever-lengthening list really had the manners of perfect gentlemen hidden under commonplace exteriors.

Through my wards have passed processions of idle youths, punctual in nothing except going off duty and adepts in the art of making the cleaning of a dozen knives and a pan lid last the whole morning—blind to their daily work lying under their eyes, and deaf to the indignant cries of patients—cries which bring half-a-dozen nurses to the doors of their several wards, but don't disturb the graceful "badinage" of two orderlies meeting.

Some have stayed with me a few days, others a few months; they are continually being put down in a ward and taken up again. From time to time, little groups of two or three raw boys from the various R.A.M.C. stations would be marched up to my wards and thrust upon my unwilling hands for two or three hours a day, and I should be politely requested by their corporal to "teach them nursing," as they were going out to the Front next week, and were expected to know how to dress wounds and look after sick men. They had a rooted objection to washing their hands, or turning up the dirty sleeves of their tunics, and a still more settled conviction that they ought not to be asked to do anything that might soil them.

Words fail me to describe the infinite variety of these gentlemen who have often amused me, and more often irritated me to the verge of insanity.

There was the artistic orderly who spent an hour in which he ought to have been cleaning windows, in drawing elaborate sketches, and who retired to an airless cupboard lighted by a skylight, and fastened himself in so that no one passing

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