

## OUR HOSPITAL A.B.C.

Mr. John Lane, of the Bodley Head, Vigo Street, W., has just published a charming illustrated book of verses, entitled: "Our Hospital A.B.C.," the very spirited and delightful pictures being by Joyce Dennys, and the verses by Hampden Gordon and M. C. Tindall. The letters A. B. C. stand for Anzac, British, Canadian.

The clever drawings are for most part skits on



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the members of Voluntary Aid Detachments, but neither the Matron nor the Sisters have escaped ridicule. As a medicine label on the fly-leaf announced that the contents are "not to be taken seriously," this may be legitimate, but we could wish that the authors had also paid a passing tribute to the splendid work done by these highly skilled officers. Thus, "E is the Energy shown by the staff to attend to the Matron when she's on the 'strafe,'" might well be balanced by an

incident equally typical and true of another facet of the diamond.

"H is our Hospital, never mind where, of course its the best in the land, we are there." Very smiling they look, the brave fellows, one walking with a crutch, and the other—a Scottie with his arm in a sling—but we should like to readjust that sling.

"K are the Kits that the storekeeper packs, in nice little white little neat little sacks." Very orderly she looks, and the miscellaneous kit cannot be easy to pack.

L is perhaps one of our favourite sketches, "L are the lads who, by playing the game, have made the word 'Anzac,' a glorious name." Indeed they have.

"N are the Nurses the right sort of wench, to look after the lads who are back from the trenches." The wench depicted as waiting on the wounded hero is, however, a V.A.D., not a trained nurse.

"V is the Visitor. 'Cover my head and take her away from the foot of my bed.'" Well, we must say we agree with Tommy Atkins, so far as this particular "gargoyle" is concerned.

"Z is the Zeal which inspires ev'ry one, to make their own hospital second to none," and the V.A.D. is polishing very hard to achieve this end.

The book is sure to be popular, and

deservedly so; it would be a most acceptable Christmas gift. The cost is 3s. 6d., and we advise our readers to secure a copy forthwith. From the pretty cover of red, white, and blue, on a grey background, to the last page, they will get, in amusement, full value for their money.

A memorial to the late Miss Edith Cavell, who was partly educated at Peterborough, is to be unveiled in the cathedral there on Saturday.

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