

wounded afresh on their way to the hospital ships—their sole sanctuary.

Our good old ship never returned empty on its eastward way. We usually carried the staff, and equipment of a hospital to meet the ever-growing urgency in Alexandria.

On this occasion we carried over 200 medical officers and a smaller number of nursing sisters. The latter we disembarked at Alexandria. The medical officers were bidden to remain on the ship to receive their orders later. Conjectures were rife. Whispers of another attempted landing went round the ship.

We were bound for Mudros, to get fresh orders there. I was on night duty, as some orderlies had gone sick. On this particular day sleep was for me an unknown quantity. The Sisters appeared to be rummaging in their boxes in the neighbouring cabins, and murmurs of "I was quite sure I had some red, but, of course, I never wear any, so I only have a scrap."

"I haven't got any at all; looking is just a forlorn hope."

"They seem red mad for some curious reason," I murmured, trying desperately to sleep.

In the afternoon a white-capped head peeped through my porthole.

"Oh, good; you are awake. Have you any red ribbon or any red material?"

"Yes, I have some. What is all the fuss about?"

"You know the medical officers are bound for Mudros without definite orders, and that there are rumours of another landing?"

"Yes."

"Well, you know how stupid men can be. Out of 200 doctors, less than fifty have the white armlet with the red cross, as they mostly imagined they were bound for Egypt. They may have to land on hostile ground, and they *must* have armlets. We Sisters have stolen white linen from the stores and have been making them like mad, but the red stuff on the ship is practically nil, and we have over a hundred armlets short of the red cross."

I dressed quickly, and fishing out the long-neglected red ribbon from my cabin trunk, unrolled it so that it might appear to the best advantage, and hurrying on deck I gladdened the eyes of over a hundred men by the delirious sight.

All the time Nannie's wistful face was before my eyes, and her words came back to me: "As sure as death something kept hammering in my brain driving me to ask for red ribbon."

Someone queried: "How ever did you come to have such lovely red ribbon by you?" and then I told old Nannie's tale.

"Scotland for ever!" shouted an exuberant voice. "Let us all drink the health of your Highland nurse to-night."

The landing at Suvla Bay has passed into a memory, but a bitter one for those whose dearest paid the price.

On my next few days' leave I saw my old nurse again, and I left her one of the proudest dames in

Scotland. The glad memory will always abide with her that *she* provided the red ribbon which marked over a hundred red cross armlets—the only means of safety carried by a devoted band of men who wrestled with the death by wounds which threatened such numbers of our volunteer men at Suvla Bay.

ANNA M. CAMERON.

PREMONITION.

"If I should fall, do not grieve for me. I shall be one with the sun and the wind and the flowers."—*Leslie Coulson.*

If I should fall, my presence may be sought
In all the teeming beauty of the earth.
With every lovely thing that God has wrought
I shall be one, and find in it new birth.
Therefore within the shadow of the wind

Upon green meadows, or in April grass
And flowers, who wills my presence still might find,
Which shall inhabit these until Time pass.

Seek in the gold and purple of the west,
Seek in the sunshine of a summer's day,
Seek in the ocean's silence and unrest

If you would find me; and, while seeking, say:
"He loved all these—he loved all lovely things:

And from them now his living spirit sings."

2nd Lieut. Robert S. Lasher,

Royal Air Force.

From *Windsor Magazine.*

This gallant boy was brought down in enemy territory and is now reported dead.

SOCIETY FOR THE STATE REGISTRATION OF TRAINED NURSES.

A meeting of the Executive Committee was held at 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 1, on Thursday, October 24th, to compare in detail the two Nurses' Registration Bills (1) promoted by the Central Committee, and (2) the Seventh Draft of the Bill promoted by the College of Nursing, Ltd.

The Committee, after considering the College Bill, strongly disapproved of the following provisions:—

(1) The incorporation of a lay company (the College of Nursing, Ltd.) in a Nurses' Registration Bill, the Memorandum and Articles of Association of which provide for autocratic control of the nursing profession.

(2) The power to institute any number of Supplementary Registers of Specialists (other than of Male and Mental Nurses), which registers must inevitably lead to a many portal

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)