

the work, and I shall never forget the wooden face of (I think) the third footman, who had been delegated to wheel the dressing trolley, as he said to me: "Will you take cyanide gauze or plain, Sir?" He joined up, incidentally, almost immediately afterwards, and was killed, poor fellow, in an act of great gallantry later on.

I shall never forget one incident. It happened when we were expecting a fresh convoy, and all the patients were up and about except an abdominal section case, who thus had the wards to himself in the daytime. "Her ladyship" thought she would entertain him with a little music, so a procession was formed, consisting of herself, "vested" in uniform (number six or thereabouts), the second footman carrying the gramophone, and the butler bringing up the rear with some records. The patient was a little rat-faced man hailing originally from the slums of a northern town, and he listened stolidly and without moving a muscle to "Abide with Me," enlivened by the "Bing Boys." At the conclusion the Commandant asked him how he liked the music, but the only reply was: "We've got a bigger one than that in our 'ouse." She subsequently told me that she thought he was not quite a nice man!

I have poked gentle fun at this good lady, and I suffered daily attacks of what Army forms call "D.A.H." in efforts to avoid putting a patient into a new and completely unsuitable splint which she had seen in an instrument maker's catalogue, and had promptly bought because it was so expensive, but when the place closed down, and the last photograph had been taken (and sent to the *Sketcher*), and the last patient had gone off, blushing from the effusive compliments of the "helpers," I found I had a real liking for her after all. Mainly, there was nothing she would not do for the patients. She got their wives and families up, even from the regions of the Isles of Skye, clothed and fed them, and put them up in the town, and to this day has kept in constant touch with every man who had passed through the hospital and got his discharge. In her view, nothing was too good for any man who had fought, and the ostentatious ironmongery was not purely swagger. All honour to her, anyhow, for she had a big heart underneath her parti-coloured uniforms. But whatever nerve centres are involved in the process known as "keeping a straight face" have, in my case, almost succumbed to overwork, and I still feel as if I had been acting in the "Pantomime Rehearsal."

RHYMES OF THE RED TRIANGLE.

Mr. John Lane, of the Bodley Head, Vigo Street, W., and of the John Lane Company, New York, has published for our enjoyment a series of "Rhymes of the Red Triangle," the verses being from the talented pen of Hampden Gordon and the pictures by Joyce Denrys, whose inimitable portrayal of the V.A.D. in "Our Hospital A.B.C.," and of "Our Girls in War Time," has earned for her a distinguished place amongst war-time artists.

The opening verse propounds the following:—

A RIDDLE.

"What is it that can spread its limbs to reach
From Euston Square to fabulous Baghdad:
That has a thousand arms, and lends with each
A helping hand to cheer the fighting lad:
That follows fast where Freedom's forces go,
Through dust-storms of the desert, Afric rains,
The mud of Flanders, Macedonian snow,
The palpitating heat of Indian plains:
Whose growth keeps pace with ev'ry changing
need
And flourishes the most where battle rages?"

* * * * *

The answer, if you'll stop, and look, and read,
Lies (somewhat camouflaged) within these
pages."

The picture which we here reproduce (reduced) is a sample of the quality of those contained in the "Rhymes of the Red Triangle" (the sign of the Young Men's Christian Association Huts). It illustrates the following rhyme, and appears on page 367:—

UNSKILLED LABOUR.

"The Duchess at the Mayfair Hut
Made cocoa for a 'Wounded Boy.'
She said: 'I can't come often, but
I love to see their smile of joy.'
As Tommy's smile of joy grew louder,
She grasped the tin was marked
'Knife Powder.'"

Our space only permits us to quote one other
verse.

MOVIES.

"You'll meet all the fighters to-night, boys,
At the Eagle American Hut,
The sailor man back from the Bight, boys,
The Londoner lately at Kut.
From Boston, from Auckland, from Devon,
From Melbourne, the Rockies, the Rand,
They're meeting for 'Movies' at seven
Along down the Strand."

Other subjects dealt with by pen and brush are Concerts, Night Patrol, Breakages (Penelope, you'll drop them! Yes, you will!), Letters Home, and many more besides. The cost of the book is 4s. 6d., and it should be secured without delay, as it will make a delightful Christmas gift. It will no doubt be quickly out of print.

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