

THE "GAZETTE" OF THE 3RD LONDON GENERAL HOSPITAL, WANDSWORTH.

The Christmas Number of *The Gazette*, the most witty of war hospital magazines is up to its usual first-rate form for 1918, and one regrets to realise that it may be the last. Fortunate those who have kept and bound their copies from its inception they are wise, as it ranks as the "Punch" of military hospital Journals and as a mirror of the war.



"YOU DEAR, BRAVE FELLOW! MAY I KISS YOU?"
 "LOR LUV YER, MISS, DON'T YOU THINK I HAVE
 SUFFERED ENOUGH?"

The frontispiece by Mr. Noel Irving, the Editor, presents "The Empty Stocking," and little Fritz and Gretchen, plastered with the spread eagles, are shown howling copiously before a strip of land, shaped like a stocking, from Zeebrugge to St. Mihiel, now rescued from the rapacious clutches of the Hun.

Lance-Corporal J. H. Dowd, in presenting *The Historic Day* (11th ultimo) gives one a lively idea of the joy and pranks of the "bedridden" after the maroons went off. Splint cases hopping out of

bed, flags waving, hands clasping, all to the mad sounds of revelry extracted from a distracted piano; empty beds, and men on crutches and supported by sticks, out of bed and out of doors "for the first time without permission!" The scrub ladies dancing the Highland fling in the corridors; and Sister discovering "another cork" the "morning after" to the amusement of "Donovan," the hero of so many pleasantries in the *Gazette*.

Private H. M. Hemsley presents the agony of a "brave fellow" when approached by a "Liza" with mistletoe. Behold them (by the kind consent of the Editor) on this page.

"Christmas, 1918," by Helen M. Nightingale, in touching verse gives thanks to God—

That those we loved the best,
 Some living yet—some entered into
 rest—
 In that dread hour made with unfaltering
 voice,
 Whether for Life or Death, the hero's
 choice.

* * * * *

Thanks be to God for those who come
 again,
 Preserved by Him by air and land and
 main,
 Thanks, too, for those whose sacred
 memory
 Makes real the dream of Immortality.

* * * * *

Thanks be to God that now the Child
 is given
 As very Prince of Peace from Highest
 Heaven,
 That with the joy, which greets
 Emanuel's birth,
 Mingles once more the joy of Peace on
 Earth!

"OUR DAY."

The response to the "Our Day" appeal of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John amounted to a total of £1,146,365, a magnificent record of generosity from subscribers at home and overseas.

The Fund for Sick and Wounded to date amounts to £12,962,872 7s. 2½d.

THE PASSING BELL.

We regret to record the death in a nursing home in Hampstead on December 10th, of Miss Mildred Isabel Reid, a V.A.D., who, since the early days of the war, has worked steadily and devotedly. She died of acute septicaemia, due to an infection in her face, contracted while at work in a war hospital at Exeter.

A Sister who had her loyal co-operation for nine months, writes: "I thank God for her."

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