

## HONOURS FOR NURSES.

### AFGHAN OPERATIONS.

#### THE ROYAL RED CROSS.

The King has awarded the Royal Red Cross on the recommendation of the Government of India to the following ladies in recognition of their valuable nursing services in the field in the Afghan War, 1919. To be dated January 1st, 1920:—

#### THE ROYAL RED CROSS.

##### SECOND CLASS.

Miss E. E. Bott, Nursing Sister, Q.A.M.N.S.I.; Miss F. B. Cholmondeley, Matron, Q.A.M.N.S.I. (temp.) Miss F. M. Clarke, Nursing Sister, Q.A.M.N.S.I. (temp.) Miss A. Holmes, Matron, Temp. Nursing Service.  
*Australian Army Nursing Service.*—Miss A. Hodson, Sister.

In recognition of their valuable nursing services in connection with the Afghan War, 1919. To be dated January 1st, 1920:—

#### THE ROYAL RED CROSS.

##### FIRST CLASS.

*Australian Army Nursing Service.*—Miss G. Davis, Principal Matron.

##### SECOND CLASS.

Miss C. Duncan, Matron, Indian Gen. Hosp.; Miss M. Wardell, Nursing Sister, Q.A.M.N.S.I.  
*Australian Army Nursing Service.*—Miss L. Campbell, Matron; Miss W. A. C. Gilliland, Sister.

### GENERAL MONRO'S LIST OF MENTIONS.

The names of the following ladies have been brought to notice for distinguished service during the operations against Afghanistan by General Sir C. C. Monro, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., in his despatch dated November 1st, 1919 (published in the Supplement of the *London Gazette* dated March 15th):—

#### NURSING SERVICES.

Gilmore, Sen. Nursing Sister A. M., R.R.C., Q.A.M.N.S.I. Lamb, Sen. Nursing Sister Miss V. I., R.R.C., Q.A.M.N.S.I.; Mackintosh, Temp. Nursing Sister Miss M.; McGowan, Sen. Nursing Sister Miss C. S., R.R.C., Q.A.M.N.S.I.; O'Sullivan, Temp. Nursing Sister Miss E.; Rabbidge, Nursing Sister Miss M. D. Q.A.M.N.S.I.; Higgins, Temp. Nurse Miss A., St. John's Amb.; Scanlan, Nursing Sister (temp.) D. M. Q.A.M.N.S.I.; St. Martin, Nursing Sister (temp.) K., Q.A.M.N.S.I.

## A HOLIDAY HINT FOR THE SIMPLE HEARTED.

For your holiday you go to the East Coast where you seem to have the monopoly of fine weather. Perhaps it might be warmer at times, but on the whole you manage to be comfortable in your summer clothes.

Your particular little fishing village has many attractions. Glorious sea, blue and clear, with sands stretching for miles. *Such* bathing! When your sea toilet has been made in your own particular little hut, which you have rented for your stay, you stroll down the sands in a jaunty and sketchy costume in which you certainly would not venture to appear in public under any other conditions, and we guarantee that your nearest and dearest would not recognise you if they met you unexpectedly. For a moment you stand

shivering on the brink before the plunge, and then—well, life does not hold anything comparable to a swim and buffet with the waves. If there is any sun to bask in, you then bask therein, having, of course, previously clad yourself again in conventional clothing, and having disposed of your tights to dry on the bank. Or you race down to see the fishing boats come in, and secure a lobster straight from the sea. You watch the fishermen measuring the crabs and flinging the lucky immature back into the sea for a further lease of life. At lunch time you wander back to your rooms, gingerly carrying your lobster, who has an alarming way of flapping his tail in angry protest.

In the afternoon you wander along by lovely woods, accompanied by a donkey and little cart, which you ride in when the hills are not too steep, up or down, for the donkey does not like either. It is a delightful conveyance, if the harness is tied up with bits of string, and if the reins are joined with a jagged nail that tears your fingers.

Jimmy has a habit of stopping to graze when he observes a toothsome nettle or a succulent patch of clover, but who would have the heart to object, bless him! And he has much to set off against this treat, in the weight of your person and what appears to be a plague of flies.

To relieve the first you walk a great deal, and for the second you decorate his head with branches of bracken.

It is pleasant to sit by the wayside and have your tea brought out from a lonely cottage with an obliging house mistress, Jimmy meanwhile regaling himself with carrots.

Your return is heralded by red-haired and picturesque, albeit squinting, little Emily, who informs her mother of your return and, incidentally, the donkey's. You drive in state across the common and yield up Jimmy to his lawful owner. Mrs. Tuck pays you the compliment of considering that you are "rough and ready, like her." You should see Mrs. Tuck!

After so much carriage exercise you are glad to saunter down the village, and you must certainly not forget to waive to old Granny of 94, whose only recreation is to watch the passers-by from her bed. You finish the day, after you have consumed your lobster, by watching the lovely sunset over the sea from a deck chair on the sands.

When its last glow has disappeared, you fasten up your hut for the night, and say to yourself, in imitation of your East End friends, "Nothing to grumble at."

## THE HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND.

At the meeting of the Council of the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund, held at the Mansion House last week, Mr. R. Holland Martin, who presided, announced they had secured £110,000, £25,000 more than in 1918, when a record was created by the collection of £85,000.

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