

fitness had the individuals composing it been accustomed to endure? Had they been instructed in the care of their bodies and the training of their minds to control those bodies? There would not be nearly so many crooked up bodies and minds to repair were universal training carried out on the lines of the P. N. E. U. motto "I AM, I CAN, I OUGHT, I WILL."

ON A HOSPITAL SHIP.

By Miss A. M. BURKE.

MOST people enjoy a sea voyage, (except in the monsoon) and if the trip is taken on a hospital ship tending England's heroes the pleasure is redoubled. On the voyage I am going to describe I had taken the place of a sister who was ill. We weighed anchor in the afternoon, when the city was bathed in golden sunlight, bound for Basra. The voyage was a pleasant one with a sea like glass until nearing the Gulf of Oman when it began to blow and the sea to turn choppy, when three of us succumbed to *mal-de-mer*, one being forced to keep her cabin for three days bringing on herself thereby some good-natured chaff. We soon steamed out of the stormy sea to our great relief. Owing to the draught of our vessel we anchored outside the "Bar" some 90 miles off the mainland. There was nothing to relieve the monotony of the open sea but the 'white horses' beating over the bar. Hard by another hospital ship lay at anchor awaiting her complement of sick and wounded. These were brought out to the waiting ships by ferry boats. They were more fortunate than us in having a parlour cinematograph on board, but we received an invitation to the "pictures" and went across in the ship's launch. Max Linder and Wiffles were the heroes of the films and kept us well amused. Fancy going to a picture show a hundred miles from land. What would our forefathers have thought supposing their shades were present at the entertainment, where in their day was only the shimmering water and azure sky by day and the stars and the moon by night. The climate was fairly warm, too warm in fact for us to sleep in our cabins at night, so arrangements were made for us to sleep on deck, a canvas screen being rigged up for us. We much enjoyed the refreshing breezes and as there was a moon her silvery gleam on the water was most fascinating. We heard loud splashes during the night, caused by porpoises or flying fish and from time to time sharks were sighted. At regular intervals the ship's bell rang out the watches while from some sheltered corner came the snores of some lazy watchman.

Everything on board was spick and span. The glasses glittered and the brasses shone like mirrors and the operating theatre was a sight to see. To break the monotony of life we fished, making some large catches. There was great excitement the day we caught a shark, every one came to have a look, and it was an awe-inspiring sight with its ferocious teeth. The P. M. O. gave it its quietus with a wooden mallet. The carpenter's services were requisitioned to extract the hook from its jaws, for which signal service he was presented with the carcass. The teeth were presented to Sister B. whose first shark it was.

There was a good deal of musical talent on board and the sounds of mandoline and banjo filled the evening air. We also had a Zanzibar monkey "Mr. Jonathan" whose antics cheered and entertained our idle moments. On the fifth day of anchorage we received our share of wounded, chiefly Indians. Among the invalids were some Chinese labourers, speaking "pidgeon English." Their signs were most graphic and one could easily picture the scenes they were describing. On the way back we touched at Muscat, a quaint-looking town with houses built along the sea face and having as a back-ground sand-hills rising in tiers. A most noticeable feature of the landscape was a large black rock with names of ships cut in it, so that all who visit the port may know what steamers have been there before them. The setting sun bathes the sand-hills in a golden haze. As soon as the ship dropped anchor diving boys came clamouring for us to throw pice. They are adepts at diving and never miss a coin. From Muscat we had rough weather and the patients suffered, but there were no casualties. We landed all our patients safely in Bombay and then went ashore ourselves, glad to be on *terra firma* once more.

THE MILITARY MEDAL

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICES IN THE FIELD.

BY THE KIND COURTESY OF "THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING."

A SPECIAL supplement to the *London Gazette* issued on July 30th states that the King has approved the award of the Military Medal to the undermentioned ladies for distinguished services in the field. In each case the act of bravery recorded was performed during enemy air raids on hospitals.

Sister C. E. A. Robinson, A.R.R.C., Q.A.I.M.N.S.—A stationary hospital was struck by four bombs from an enemy aeroplane and one wing was practically cut in two, many patients being buried in the debris. Sister Robinson, at very great personal risk, went in amongst the ruins to assist in recovering the patients, quite regardless of danger, her one thought being the rescue of the patients. She displayed magnificent coolness and resource.

A.-Sister N. Galvin, Q.A.I.M.N.S.R.—Four enemy bombs were dropped on the building occupied by the hospital, causing much damage to the ward in which Sister Galvin was on night duty. She remained in the ward attending to the sick, several of whom were wounded, and carried on her work as if nothing had happened. She displayed the greatest coolness and devotion to duty.

A.-Sister M. M. de Guerin, Q.A.I.M.N.S.R.—The building occupied by the hospital was hit by four bombs, which cut in two the ward in which Sister Guerin was on night duty. Several patients were wounded and buried in the debris of the destroyed building, but she remained on duty in her ward, displaying the greatest coolness and courage in attending to the wounded and helping to rescue the buried.