

had." We insisted that something must be procured and having had experienced before of the ways of India, we retired to rest confident that something would turn up. We rose in the morning, packed, and had 'chota' still believing that something would turn up. On going outside we discovered four small boys waiting, these, the khansamah said, "are the only available coolies"! We rejected them with scorn whereupon the khansamah informed us that an empty tonga had arrived in the middle of the night and been detained and that we might have it if we desired. The tonga-wallah was called. The tonga was one of the regular Imperial Carrying Company. We were unaware of the rules luckily, and made an arrangement, by which we were taken three stages only for a little less money than the cost of a special tonga for that distance. We insisted we only wanted two seats; not knowing that the rule was that when a special tonga was procured for any short distance the full fare from Murree to Barmulla had to be paid and also that single seats could only be had in the regular mail or parcel tongas. Although it was quite outside our plans to go three stages in one day I was not sorry, they were the hottest stages and in addition I was rather anxious to gain a day or so, in order to spend it later on in some of the more interesting dâle-bungalows. Miss H. was rather disappointed with our tonga, the tonga itself was ramshackle enough to look at and with our baggage tied on top looked very like a tinker's van but our driver was a youngish man, not dressed up like the usual tonga-wallah, he was mild-looking and not fierce, and had no horn, that was a great blow! Then again not a single syce got up and perched himself on the top of our baggage even after I mildly suggested it, it is just possible the suggestion was not understood!

*(To be continued.)*

## A YEARS WORK OF THE LONDON AMBULANCE COLUMN:

By ANON.

IT may interest nurses to know a little of the work which is being accomplished by the Ambulance Column attached to the London District for the past year. The Column is entirely voluntary and carries on the whole of the work of the Ambulance Transport of the London District. This includes not only meeting trains from the Front, but also removals from the hospitals, taking patients for special treatment, and other work of various descriptions. Since August 30th, 1914, the date of the arrival in London of the first train of the wounded and sick from the Front, the Column has met 622 trains. From these trains 7,091 officers, 2,727 being stretcher cases, and 38,625 N. C. O. and men 10,726 being stretcher cases have been conveyed to the sixty odd hospitals which receive the sick and wounded.

For the year the average number of calls per day is 7 and the average number of patients transported per day is 125. Every one of these patients has received individual attention in handling and transport. In the ambulance

ces a bandana handkerchief is presented to each patient, while in both cars and ambulances cigarettes are provided either by the drivers themselves or by a fund subscribed by helpers for that purpose. Many of the trains arrive in London during the early hours of the morning and there has not been a single life lost, this speaks volumes for the care and attention given. Miss Dent is Commandant and it is largely due to her ability that the Column has achieved such a marked success. She is in constant communication with the War Office and receives her orders direct as to when and where to meet the trains. The Sisters are all voluntary workers, Red X, and are a smart, well-disciplined lot of women. Each Sister has a bag of emergency dressings and carries a water bottle. The Ambulance Column has been helped in its fine work by stretcher bearers, ambulance drivers and various helpers, the latter have attended to the washing of the pillow slips, folding, sorting and preparing blankets and appliances for the different calls and in many other ways rendered service to the wounded.

### POEMS.

#### ALPHA—OMEGA.

Curly head and laughing eyes,—  
 Mischief that all blame defies.  
 Cricket—football—Eton jacket,—  
 Everlasting din and racket.  
 Tennis,—boating,—socks and ties,—  
 Tragedies,—and comedies.  
 Business,—sobered,—getting on,—  
 One girl now,—The Only One.  
 London Scottish,—sporrán,—kilt,—  
 Bonnet cocked at proper tilt.  
 Dies Iræ!—off to France,—  
 Lord! a safe deliverance!  
 Deadly work,—foul gases,—trenches;  
 Naught that radiant spirit quenches.  
 Letters dated "Somewhere—France,"—  
 Mud—and grub,—and no romance.  
 Hearts at home all on the quiver  
 Telegrams make backbones shiver.  
 Silence!—Feverish enquiry;—  
 Dies Iræ!—Dies Iræ!  
 His the joy,—and ours the pain,  
 But, ere long, we'll meet again.  
 Not too much we'll sorrow—for  
 It's both "à Dieu!" and "au revoir."

JOHN OXENHAM.