

are arranged in groups of nine. It is in a wonderful state of preservation, but has been patched up a good deal in places. In 1914 it was captured by the Boche, who stabled his horses in the chapel in the usual manner. In November of the same year the S.W.H. took it over, and it has been their headquarters ever since. They had another hospital up north, but had to evacuate it on the last push.

IN AN ENGLISH MILITARY HOSPITAL.

Extract from letter from Enid Armstrong, V.A.D., in North Evington Military Hospital Leicester:—

We five Australians have been here for nearly sixteen months now; the life is interesting in a way—it could not help being so, when so utterly different from any life one lived before, and I simply love the work. This is a military hospital, and we V.A.D.'s are under the War Office, so that it is, of course, very different to the Red Cross Hospitals.

We have nearly a thousand beds here—a nursing staff of over a hundred—so it's fairly big. In each ward are fifty-three beds, the staff consisting of a sister, a staff nurse, and three V.A.D.'s. Matron has been very good, indeed, to us; she is strict, and on that account not very popular with most of the staff, but we have been reprimanded for nothing so far. Indeed we were given the red efficiency stripe at the end of our thirteen months here, Matron saying she had never greater pleasure in giving it to anyone, and that even had nobody else in the Hospital had it, she would have given it to us—which was very nice, wasn't it?

We get up at 5.45 a.m.—distinctly unpleasant on a bitterly cold morning in winter, but delightful in summer—breakfast at 6.30, then go to the wards at 7. From then till 9 we do the housework of the wards, making beds, dusting, polishing, washing lockers, tidying up generally, and preparing for dressings. These are usually begun between 8.30 and 9, going on all the morning if we are busy. Next comes the clearing up; that, with all the little odd jobs and any special charring or scrubbing, is done in the afternoon, while at 5 the evening work begins, making beds, taking temperatures, also done in the morning; tidying up again, dressings, giving out special drinks, until we go off duty at 8 p.m. We are generally pretty tired by then, I can assure you. Each has two and a-half hours off a day—in morning, afternoon, or evening, one half-day a week, from 2 till 10 p.m., one whole day a month, and three weeks' leave in the year.

Just at present we are trying our level best to get to France, nearly all the thirty Australians who came over either have gone or are going, so we feel it's very hard not to have had our turn yet. There's more responsibility in France, and still more interesting work; but Leicester is a very difficult place to get away from, unfortunately. Still we go, sometime, I feel sure, and it will be a glad day for us when we do!

The best of being in the army these days is that one is well fed, comparatively speaking that is; and, of course, one has not the trouble of outside people in getting food—"the army is always fed." Sugar appears at breakfast, but not again, and bread has been rationed for a long time. Butter, of course, is an absolute rarity; we have it about once a week, on Sundays. Meat only once a day, and three or four times a week come "meatless days." Still we do very well on fish and vegetables. Certainly our health is not giving way. We Australians are all riotously healthy!

PAST AND PRESENT.

Come you again or come no more
Across the world you keep the pride,
Across the world we mark the score.

—Newbolt.

Many Old Students are doing War-work abroad. E. M. Little left here in April, and is with a hospital in France—as Pathologist. While in London she "flatted" with L. Ingram (Edwards), and foregathered with E. P. Dalyell who was on furlough from Salonika, where she has been doing splendid work, and was offered the Directorship of Sanitation.

M. Bowman and R. Rutherford are Masseuses in France, and E. Armstrong is doing V.A.D. work there.

E. Exton is living the life of a lady at home in Brisbane. She visited Sydney this month. F. Stewart (Macdonald) was in town a few weeks ago, also. D. Dryborough (Glasson) and K. Taylor (Glasson) have both been visiting Sydney this year—the former from Java, and the latter from the wilds of Queensland.

M. Glasson (Bray) is still living the primitive life hundreds of miles west of Townsville—where one takes one's bath (when there is any water to take it in) in cupsful beside the pump.