

THE ARMY NURSING SERVICE.

"I am sitting out in front of my tent until it is time to go on duty; it is beautifully cool now, but has been a frightfully hot day," writes **Sister F. Valentine** from the 17th General Hospital at Alexandria to her sister, Mrs A. V. Hay, of Kaiti. "Four of us are on night duty, and we sleep in a big tent, but this last day or two it has been too hot to sleep. I am in a surgical ward, and we have had some very bad cases of wounded. Poor fellows! What they suffer for their King and country is awful. I had no idea," states the writer, an experienced nurse, "what wounds were until I came here, and it makes one realise what war really is." After mentioning that no mail had come to hand for a fortnight, but that letters had just been received, Sister Valentine adds. And weren't we glad to get them! You have no idea what it means here to hear from the home folks."

"There is very little time here for wearying," states the sister, after mentioning a feeling of home sickness. It was clear that all were now realising what war really meant, for when sorrow and death touched one's own fireside it caused people to think deeply. "That landing at the Dardanelles must have been one of the most appalling things that ever happened. I wonder that any men came through it alive. This hospital was opened just about that time, and of course they were not prepared for the rush of patients, and I believe the few nurses who were here and the doctors had to work all night and day. I am so proud that New Zealand has responded so heartily for the Hospital ship, for it is badly needed. It makes such a difference to the wounded if they get proper attention right from the first. Several of the Sisters who came over with us have been sent on duty on the transports between here and the Dardanelles." Sister Valentine mentions that so far she had only been able to see very little of Alexandria, but hoped to get out a bit more when on day duty. One trouble was that one could not go about much in these native towns without an escort, and many of the boys she knew were away at *the firing line. There seemed to be thousands of natives about. All our house servants are men, and we have an Arab who looks after our tent and brings us water for our baths, etc. And they are worth watching. I found that our boy had been using my face-cloth to dust the place. They get away with anything they can pick up. All around us there are camps. Just opposite there is a big French encampment, and the men wear the quaintest uniforms. The Foreign Legion wear bright red tunics and baggy blue pants, and a long heavy coat with the corners turned back. The reveille they sound at 4 a.m. is very pretty — they play trumpets, not bugles, and give such a long call — far prettier than those of any of the other regiments. Of course khaki predominates, and going into town we pass half a dozen camps, Australian, New Zealand, and Indians. All the horses are here, for they cannot go to the Dardanelles, and the heat in the sand must be terrible."