

clearing station shelled by the enemy, is, we are glad to learn, not severe. Sister Whyte was a member of the 2nd Scottish General Hospital (T.F.) at Craighleith when selected for service abroad.

Miss Clara Lee contributes to the current issue of the *Bart's League News* some reminiscences of her experiences in Malta in 1882, when she was one of a party of five appointed to proceed with the Army on active service, and ordered to go to the Battalion Surgical Hospital at Fort Chambrai, Gozo. On landing, they eventually reached the drawbridge and entrance to an old building of the Knights of St. John. The sentry presented arms as they passed under the gateway, and they found themselves in front of the hospital. On the far side was the little house of stone appointed as the Sisters' quarters. There was the building of stone with the flat roof, but nothing in it. The store-keeper off duty was found, mattresses packed after the Crimean War—marked 1858—were, with brown blankets and new sheets, brought up to the quarters, and after a meal, kindly sent up from the officers' quarters, the Sisters made themselves as comfortable as they could on the stone floors. The milkman kept an account of the milk he supplied with notches on a stick, and when one of the Sisters spoke of the thinness of the milk, he excused himself by saying he could not help it, as the goats drank so much water.

An Australian nurse, writing in *Una*, says that one of the desires of the Australian nurse in Egypt has been to make the most of her time when not on duty. When the great hospitals became less busy early in 1916, the ambition to "do Luxor" became in nearly every case a reality. She writes: "Hichens says in his book 'The Spell of Egypt' 'There are a few places in the world that one associates with happiness, that one remembers

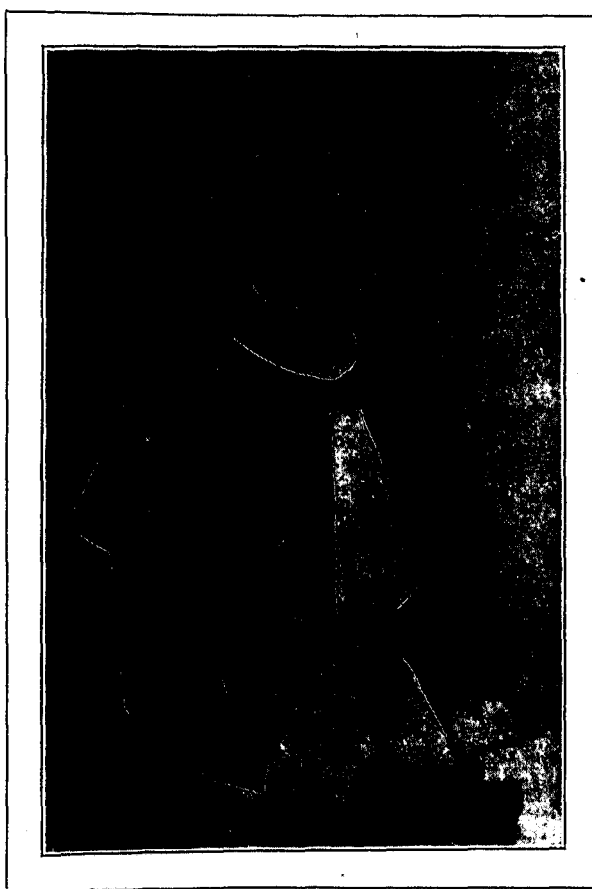
always with a smile, a little thrill at the heart that whispers, 'There joy is.' Of these few places Luxor is one. Luxor, the home of sunshine, the suave abode of light, of warmth, of the sweet days of gold and sheeny golden sunsets, of silver shimmering nights through which the songs of the boatmen of the Nile go floating to the courts and the tombs of Thebes.'

"To this might be added the happy laughter of the Australian nurse, freed for the time from the care of the sick and wounded, and of this sad epoch in the world's history. Strange contrast that the invalids of the earth's youngest nation should seek restoration to health in the shadow of the world's oldest monuments. Thebes, though existent from the earliest ages, did not reach its summit of glory till the Egyptian Middle Empire times that is somewhere about as much before Christ as we live after the beginning of the Christian era. Luxor, the modern site of ancient Thebes, is 416 miles up the Nile from Cairo."

FRENCH FLAG NURSING CORPS.

Miss Ethel Ubsdell has been awarded the Silver Medal of Honour by the French Government for devoted service to the French soldiers. Miss Ubsdell was working as a Queen's Nurse at Sundridge and Riverhead, Kent, but was given leave of absence for service in connection with the War, in November, 1914. For some time she undertook district nursing in France, and since February, 1916, has been working under the French Flag Nursing Corps at Steenvoorde.

Miss Wadsworth, of the F.F.N.C., who is just now in England, would be very grateful for gramophone needles, writing paper and envelopes, post-cards and khaki handkerchiefs, to take back with her. Such gifts can be sent to 431, Oxford Street, London, W.



SISTER J. S. WHYTE, T.F.N.S.,
WOUNDED ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

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