

NURSING IN FRANCE.

The question of untrained English nurses in France appears to be a somewhat acute one, to judge from information received. Sister Eburah, who is working at Tournan in a Red Cross Hospital, writes: "If you could only see the specimens sent to us. How they all get out is a mystery. Recently one was sent to us with *no* training whatever. She had been in a Boy's Home! Another had been a fortnight in a London Hospital. A third sent was quite a good nurse, but had very bad varicose veins, and was on the verge of a breakdown, and had to go off duty in a short time. If only we could ring you up for nurses. So ignorant was one nurse sent that temperatures had to be taken after her. As to fomentations, a Soudanese



SISTER EBURAH AND PATIENTS.
L'HÔPITAL DE LA CROIX ROUGE, TOURNAN.

patient, a hip case, in the morning called me, 'Regardez Madame pas bon.' His dressing was round his ankle. He shook his head dolefully, 'Pas bon.' Yet this nurse is craving to get close to the firing line! Our Matron always asks for 'trained nurses' when wiring to Paris for help. Do you wonder we prefer to be over-worked to trusting our patients to such people? The responsibility is greater here than being a Sister in a ward at home. Also, as one of our surgeons pointed out, we are very much on our mettle. The French trust us with their wounded, but if anything went wrong through neglect we should be blamed by two countries. We have had two visits from French generals, who expressed themselves quite satisfied.

"THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING is the only link we have with what is going on outside. It interests us to read of other nurses' difficulties. At least our helpers would not dream of touching a dressing, nor would our patients allow it. Our coloured ones would say 'Ne touchez pas, seulment Sister fait pansement,' and the Frenchmen might be more polite, but when they are ill they also will not be touched by untrained hands. . . .

"I send you the enclosed photo with all good wishes for a happier year. Only four of the group are with us now. Marouh sits next to me. He is an Algerian, and wears a gorgeous uniform of pale blue cloth and gold braid. Babouka sits at my feet; he is a Cingalese. 'Corporal' sits next to him, a very dignified person; he won his stripes in this War. Moussa is on the other side of him, and has now gone to Mentone with the other Soudanese. All were very seriously wounded, and will not fight again till winter is over. Three out of the four Frenchmen at the back are in the firing line again. The first one on the left, a sergeant, wrote the enclosed poetry, which I think will interest you. As it is written straight from his heart, it shows what a soldier of France thinks of the English nurses."

We shall find space for this charming recognition of our nurses next week. One of the indirect results of the War is the increased knowledge, and consequently the cementing of happy relations, between this country and her Allies.

A nurse writes from France: "It is now, when many of the fine ladies have returned to Paris, and others are very tired, that we English nurses are most useful. I have as a patient at present one of these infirmières, a French actress. When she came I asked if another English nurse could come, but as there was no accommodation in the house for another I suggested a *religieuse*, only to find that all the nuns were already very well occupied. The requested help came in the shape of a *curé* as infirmier!"

If any untrained help is employed in military hospitals abroad it certainly need not be supplied by sending untrained people from the United Kingdom, as all our Allies have Red Cross Societies which can supply untrained workers locally who are conversant both with the country and the language.

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