

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

"THE DUCHY OF NORMANDY."

During the war year members of the French Flag Nursing Corps have been on duty in quite a number of ancient cities in Northern France; cities and surroundings pregnant with historic interest for women of our race—Rouen, Evreux, Bernay, Lisieux, Caen, Le Havre, and elsewhere—grouped in the Duchy of Normandy, so closely associated with England; and in Norman and Plantagenet times covered with England by one Crown. We doubt if many of these devoted Sisters, so busy with their practical work, have had time to enjoy their delightful environment, but as we slip through the barriers of Paris on this gorgeous morning, in a fleet car—which is to rush us to Caen via Evreux and Lisieux, in a day, so that we may visit some of our Sisters and see their excellent work—we are inspired with a strong temptation to pass by these places of pain, and revel in the sunlit silence and peace which apparently pertains in this bounteous land. Passing as we are into the glorious light of the West, we just don't want to remember that away East, Lucifer let loose is wreaking his vengeance on man and beast.

It is such a pearl of a day!

Everywhere flowers and fruits and golden grain and sweet-scented hay, leisurely kine and imper-turbable *chevaux de charette*, the slowly grinding wheels of which we shave by an inch!

Away on the wings of imagination the spirit takes flight into realms of romance, with which this whole district is redolent, the while we skim along the Seine valley, past royal demesne, through old-world towns and villages, past ancient flower-clad farms, streaming like light along the straight, shaded roads, the events of past centuries flit through one's brain at express speed.

ROBERT TOI QUE J'AIME.

Robert le Diable! Robert toi que j'aime. The car flies through Mantes, but we are far away at Falaise. What like was Arlette, the tanner's daughter, loved of Robert the Devil, mother of that Conqueror whose blood is in the veins of half the Royalty of Europe? Why have we not in our Royal House to-day a Princess Arlette? There is still a Fontaine d'Arlette at Falaise. Imagine it—the wonder and romance of it! The descendants of these virile lovers are they not, after all these centuries of time, still King and Queen of England, German Emperor (a limb indeed of that self-same Norman Devil), the Tzaritza of all the Russias, to say nothing of the Queens of Spain and Norway, Greece and Roumania, mothers of kings to be! We imagine thee, Arlette, in spite of thy father's traffic in tan, a very Queen, wringing the heart of thy "Devil" with excruciating pangs of love, and that natural son of thine—great warrior, great statesman—Rex Anglorum, here in Falaise was he born.

Then perched on its rock above Andely appears the walls of that famous fortress, Chateau-Gaillard, the "Saucy Castle" of Cœur de Lion, and the greatest monument left of that adventurous monarch, who had little love for England, and yet remains to us a great heroic figure.

We dream of peace, but over every mile of this fertile land, during the Hundred Years' War, and before and since, the dogs of war have been let loose. Here Norman, and French, and English have fought, and pillaged, and died, and loved the fray—so why waste pity on these warriors bold?

Only one scene makes the cheek to burn. There in the market place of Rouen, treacherously sold to Bedford, did not we English burn alive the chaste body of La Pucelle de Dieu, and cast her ashes to the flood? Surely for ever, the music of her sweet and plaintive voice pleading above the smouldering pyre, "Jesu! Marie!" will be heard through all the centuries. Let us rejoice that one brave English man-at-arms had the courage to exclaim after the foul crime: "We have burnt a Saint; we are lost." Indeed, from that day forth the title "King of France" should have been struck out of the titular honours of England's King. The murder of the Maid shattered all claim to royal puissance.

And still we are skimming through the sunlight on the way to Evreux, the town with a wonderful belfry, and exquisite Cathedral, wherein may be seen the incomparable series of carved wooden screens and lovely painted glass. A little city flanked by the forest, where the river laps in and out about the houses, and around which the misty hills keep guard. And now we come to mundane matters—not however entirely divested of romance.

THE ÉCOLE PROFESSIONAL MASSAGE CLINIQUE.

First we go to the military hospital established in the Ecole Professional. A side door brings us into a pleasant inner courtyard, where bright flowers are blooming, and where we find convalescent soldiers basking in the sun. We have a very delightful welcome from the Sisters on duty here.

Soon it is apparent that the work the Sisters have accomplished in this barrack hospital is above praise. Here, early in the War, came Sister Wadsworth, R.N.S., and Miss Nevile-Parker, I.S.T.M. They found things very primitive, but were received with kindness on all sides. They also found a sad contingent of maimed and shattered men—broken and stiffened in the War. With what energy and devotion they set to work may be realised when it is known that nearly 100 patients a day (and well into the night) received skilled massage treatment from their tireless hands, and that so efficacious was their handling that patients would come early and late, and wait for hours for a chance of treatment. Outside the door of the little room (we christen it the Pool of Bethesda), many injured men are waiting; and inside Sisters Wadsworth, M. E. Smith and

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