

Church of St. Étienne was dedicated with so much pomp in the presence of the King, his splendid Queen, from whom he defied any Pope to part him, and the great Lanfranc, sometime Prior of Bec, but in that year of grace Archbishop of Canterbury. Indeed, there is nothing new under the sun, and that French and English women should be united in their care of the sick and wounded in Caen would be specially pleasing to Matilda of Flanders, sometime Liege Lady of both.

From the early days of the war the French Flag Sisters have been on duty at Caen, and have been most kindly received and cared for. But this well-equipped hospital is not the environment for the self-denying explorer. On French lines it is a very well ordered hospital, with excellent medical officers, and nursed by nuns. Certain wards and pavilions have been set aside for sick and wounded soldiers, and here they have been well cared for. Not quite in our way, it is true, but each nation has its own way, and the aim of the F.F.N.C. has been to offer help—not to attempt drastic reorganization. For this reason perhaps the Sisters have made themselves very acceptable, and have quietly added much to the comfort of the patients. Miss Alys Barry did much good work here, and now with Sister Ida Peile as Supervisor, the Sisters appear a happy unit.

We arrive at supper time, arranged in a very pleasant room, we silently wish our English cooks would place before us so appetising a meal; the Sisters are gathered together and look bright and happy. Sister Barlow returned from holiday, and Sisters Mann, Mooney, Greaves, Steven, Dunlop, Campbell, and Hawthorne, all give us welcome and offer us hospitality, and then as time is short we are taken to see the hospital which is apparently in excellent order. The hard work is done by the infirmières, the Sisters performing as much nursing duty as permissible. The nuns—who appear very genial women—are in charge of diets—linen—and the general domestic management; all seem to work together in harmony, and to be equally devoted to the welfare of the patients, who sincerely appreciate the trained skill of the English Sisters. The only complaint at Caen appears to be "that we are too comfortable, we hoped in war time to rough it more."

We can sympathise with this desire of the young to assume the hair shirt and craving for sensation. By sensation we mean acute feeling—not excited interest—there is a world of ethical standards between these two mental states.

Well do we remember our dismay the first morning on duty as a "paying Pro." thirty-seven years ago, when the sprightly Matron remarked "You will take late dinner with me at six o'clock." Late dinner! This to an enthusiast longing for a bread and water diet, just to mortify the flesh! And such an excellent dinner, delicious mutton broth, dainty cutlets, two green vegetables, and fruit! We remonstrated about those vegetables, and hear again the hearty laughter of that sane little woman (now gone to her rest) as she delivered her first lecture to us over a delicious cup of coffee, on the science of dietetics—through which she claimed was alone to be found the real elixir of life, health,

success and happiness, and the general confutation of the devil.

It is almost dark as we say good bye to the Caen contingent, glad to have found them so useful and so greatly appreciated and adding so materially to the good name of the Corps. We stay the night at the most excellent Grand Hotel d'Angleterre, where we find in our *appartement* a most fascinating



SISTERS AT SUPPER.

arrangement—a glass cubicle in the corner, complete within it is fitted with washing apparatus, hot and cold water and other conveniences. What a delicate contrivance for a married couple. We wonder so simple and decent an arrangement is not in common use. A few hours' sleep and as Miss Ellison is due at the Ministry in Paris at one o'clock, we fly away from Caen at an early hour and vanish in a mist which obscures the surrounding view. Soon after mid-day we are sunning ourselves in the Bois de Boulogne and in a few hours are *en route* for Bordeaux.

E. G. F.

The Secretary of State of the Health Department of the French Ministry for War has desired that the names of those Sisters of the F.F.N.C. shall be pointed out to him who have by their devotion and courage deserved being proposed for an honorary distinction.

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