

The hospital at Troyes in charge of Dr. Louise McLlroy, has, at the request of the French Government now gone to Salonika. This is the Girton and Newnham Unit, and is expected to arrive at Salonika this week.

The following nurses left Liverpool on October 28th to complete a London unit of the Scottish Women's Hospitals for Salonika: Nurses Wallace, Shee, Nicholas, Macgregor, Murdock, Grace, Crowe, Burt, Annie Allan, M. Walker, Eadie, and Dunbar.

Dr. Constance B. Slater, who is on the Medical Staff of the Wounded Allies Hospital, at Kragujevatz, Serbia, has written home as follows:—
 "Our first taste was on Thursday, when guns began booming at 6.30 a.m., and the next thing was the sight of the Taube flying over our Nurses' Home. Several bombs were dropped, but finally one of the Taubes caught fire and fell. I saw it all and went to the spot where it lay burning in a shattered mass, and I have part of the steering wheel to bring home as a memento. This was about 8.30 and after that we were left in peace. Next day we had a worse time and several bombs were dropped near the hospital and in the street where the Nurses' Home is. Again the attack began at 6.30 a.m.—so now I get up early! One bomb dropped through the roof of a little house two doors off from here, killing a man by blowing the top of his skull away. Dr. Aspland and I were just then in the upper room of the Nurses' Quarters (their bedroom) and went to the windows to see what damage had been done when immediately there was another crash and the room we were in was filled with smoke. Dr. Aspland was nearest the door and got out and I was thrown violently to the ground; and felt dazed and as if my ears would burst out. Every window in the house was shattered, and there are big cracks in the ceiling. The house opposite is in the same state, in fact most houses down the street. The Home Sister was at the door by the time I crawled out. She and the Night Sister had taken refuge under the table in the dining room at the back when the bomb came, they said it shook the whole house. The wonderful thing is that my glasses did not fall off! The Home Sister said I was joking when I came out and not even pale, but my hands shook a little. When I was out we all fled downstairs and took refuge in the cellar, whilst more fell. Then there was a lull and Dr. Aspland and I went to see the man who had been injured but he was past everything so we went off to the hospital. Dr. Aspland took two of the Sisters back to the Nursing Home to show them the damage and I set to and did the dressings as usual. At 9.30 three more bombs came down quite close to the hospital alarming the patients. I had to have all the beds pulled away from the windows in case of splintered glass. We got through the morning's work in the end."

It may be noted that the Serbian Authorities have given Dr. Aspland, Médecin Chef of the

Wounded Allies Hospital, the hon. title of Major in the Serbian Army.

A contemporary publishes a letter from Staff Sister Henrietta Breakey, of Ballybay, Ireland, who is engaged with the British Expeditionary Force at the Dardanelles. She states:—

"I am on the 'First Aid Volunteer Detachment Riding Corps,' and when I got through my temporary training and secured the three necessary certificates, viz., 'nursing and administering first aid to the wounded on battle field,' 'motor ambulance driving,' and 'horse riding and driving,' the British Red Cross Society then sent me to Gallipoli, Dardanelles."

In the Ægean Sea the troopship on which she sailed encountered some of the enemy's cruisers. Miss Breakey writes: "My first experience of warfare I shall never forget.

INEXPERIENCED WORKERS TERRIFIED, WEEPING AND WAILING.

"The loud reports of the guns in quick succession and the bursting of the shells so terrified my comrade Sisters that they stood in groups weeping and wailing, totally unfit to do their duty, and were sent into the Captain's den. Putting my trust in God I somehow overcame my terror, and with the help of our only doctor went into the midst of that awful struggle, lifting, tending and soothing those who were speedily passing into the Great Beyond. . . . The horror of seeing our brave men who died so nobly lowered into the deep waters of the Ægean Sea was a sight I could not look at. . . . I did not regain my spirits till I was told on landing at Gallipoli that the Red Cross Society had promoted me to the high position of 'Staff Sister,' and awarded me the medal for doing my duty on board the troopship during that terrible battle.

ALL THE GUIDING AND DIRECTING OF OPERATIONS ON THE FIELD.

"Being so very young and inexperienced, I felt my new position most trying at times, as I had all the guiding and directing of operations on the field, and often wished I was as free of responsibility and care as the ordinary nurse.

OUR SOFT COMPLEXIONS SCORCHED.

"The country is full of hills and mountains and we have to do long, hard rides on the Army mules. . . . The hard riding in the fierce heat of a tropical sun [since when was Gallipoli in the tropics?], the sweat running off us in pools, our soft complexions scorched and blistered by the blazing sun was a sore trial to our brave Sisters. When the sun sinks we feel the cold, sharp air piercing through and through our sweaty clothes, with no means of changing them, as we are in the thick of the fray, and a long way from camp, so we just pick up a dead soldier's great coat off the battle field and wrap ourselves up in it.

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