

Frenchwoman. A low heel should be the regulation one, for, apart from the danger of wearing high heels at all, they are very unpractical, and given to wearing on one side. To meet a Red Cross nurse in France wearing white silk stockings and high-heeled white shoes, shocks one's sense of propriety, just as to meet an English nurse with an untidy head, a waist 'faintly indicated by her apron string,' and ankles thickened by wrinkled stockings offends one's sense of patriotism."

The portrait of Sister Vivien Tremaine, a Canadian Sister, one of the two nurses who had the honour of attending the King when he met with his accident, will be received with widespread interest. She was formerly on the staff of the General Hospital, Montreal, and has for some months been in charge of the Canadian Casualty Clearing Hospital in France.

#### LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

A nurse in France writes: "I am getting used to life on a barge, quite a nice change really. I am not allowed to say where I am, but we go up and down the canal bringing wounded from the front to the base hospitals. We only take the worst cases, heads, chests, and bad compound fractured femurs, as this mode of transit is so much easier for the patients than a train or ambulance. The guns are booming not far away from us, whilst we are waiting to fill up, and aerial fights take place every fine evening.

"Our men are so plucky. They go on and on in spite of bombs whizzing round them in every direction.

"The weather is very good just now, and all the small farmers working round about hardly ever appear to worry about the guns, really quite close.

"When we are on our return journey there is nothing to do but sit up on deck, read, sew, and get gnat bitten. We have plenty to do when all our beds are full. As soon as we have filled up off we go. I am ever so well and fit, and one needs to be, too."

Another nurse writes: "Our barge became

more and more leaky, until we simply paddled from bed to bed, and then had to lie up for repairs.

"Meanwhile, we have been transferred to a bone dry barge, stoves in ward, very cosy and comfortable for the poor mud-covered and drenched boys we carry down. Oh, they are so badly wounded, and consequently very, very brave and quiet. It rains a good deal most days now, and the canal bank roads are often ankle deep, sometimes more, in mud, and our usual outdoor dress is a sou'wester, mackintosh, and gum boots.

"I am bringing home when I come a plate with the arms of a town on it which is often being shelled, and to which we travel up to collect

patients from the field ambulance. We have been up there under shell fire more than once, and the shop in which I bought it has since been destroyed by the bombardment. This is the experience of a lifetime, and I would not have missed it for much.

"I could write much of interest, but am forbidden by the censor. There seems so little one may write of, of interest, in spite of living and working in the midst of things most interesting. Well, even the censor cannot control a woman's tongue, can he? And mine will wag when I see you.

"Two or three trips ago we carried down a colonel badly wounded in the chest. His symptoms were rather distressing at times, and I tried to reassure him, and when told to give him a quarter of a grain of morphia hypodermically explained it to him by saying I was just going to give him a little

prick in the arm so that I could give him some medicine to ease the pain and make him sleep. He took it all very quietly. Imagine how small I felt next day when I realised he was an R.A.M.C. colonel!"

A Sister on a hospital train writes: "I have now done exactly six months, and the train is a great success. During the last three weeks we have carried nearly 3,000 patients, and not had one death. We had several loads direct from the trenches, and they were loads that I shall never forget, but not one grumble. We feed them well, and do every dressing just the



MISS VIVIEN TREMAINE.

*Swaine.*

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