

marched it on foot over the mountains of Montenegro and Albania, climbing through passes 5,000 feet high. The ox-carts were soon out of gear, the ponies starved, water scarce, and melted snow used as a substitute. The party slept at nights in the snow on mountain slopes, and later had literally to make its way over the corpses of dead animals which had fallen by the way. Dead and dying women and children lay by the roadside. No one could stop to do anything for them, or the column would have lost its place on the march. Ultimately after three weeks' terrible privation Mrs. Stobart guided her column to Medua, and thence, by the last Italian boat to Brindisi, and so home to England once more.

News has been received from Lady Paget that all the members of the Serbian Relief Hospital at Uskub are well. A loan for relief work has been obtained from the Bulgarian National Bank in Sofia.

Writing from Scott Sanatorium, Nairobi, B.E.A., a late member of the R.N.S. seems to have thoroughly enjoyed her adventurous journey from the coast. She writes:—

"I spent a week at Mombasa (the coast). Started my journey 11 p.m., Wednesday, September 6th. At 4 a.m. my train was blown up by a bomb. The engine rolled right over on her side; our carriage was only partly on her side, but for a few moments we thought we were going to roll down the bank. The carriage doors were jammed, and we (another girl, a wee boy of five, and myself) were pulled through the top of the window by a very kind sergeant. Later I will send you some snaps, at present they are not printed off. The train was delayed about thirty hours. Of course it was pitch dark, and what with the smell of gunpowder, the damp, and no lights, and miles from anywhere, it was rather lively. Soon we were well taken care of. Relief parties came in several lots, mostly Indian troops, who were guarding the line lower down and in other parts. The enemy have blown up several trains, but last time was the only time anybody was hurt, and then two Indians were killed.

"The girl, child, and myself were escorted down the line to the next station five miles off. Our trolley was surrounded by Indian troops and headed by a British officer. We stayed in the waiting room (a tin shanty). This man fixed us up with camp beds, &c., and on the whole we were in clover. The other passengers did not fare half so well as they had not enough food, and some of them rolled themselves in rugs on the railway bank by their luggage.

"When I think of it now I roar, for if it had been light I do not know what would have happened. I was on the top "bunk" and not quite undressed. When we were bombed we had to leave everything in the carriage and get out as we were. Our clothes, luggage, &c., were put out later, and we dressed on the railway bank. My 'boy'

brought me my skirt and put it down for me to walk into. I was dressed in black silk knickers and a camisole only (I was too big with my heavy coat on to be pulled through the window, so it had to be left behind!)

"I should like to tell you some very quaint incidents, but—

"I spent a very interesting week at Rapids Base Hospital. There is a main building, very small, and many tents. All the Sisters sleep in tents too. A regular open-air life. I just loved it.

"Am sending a photo of a Buck-Board, our conveyance for getting about here in bad weather. They are splendid things for this rough country."

FRENCH FLAG NURSING CORPS.

After all the Canadian Unit has not arrived at Liverpool as we go to press. We only hope they will come safely to England, as travellers by sea in these days pass over the deep waters at the risk of their lives.

Mrs. Alfred Paine, Wharfedale, 48, Harpur Street, Bedford, has notified the Committee of the French Flag Nursing Corps that if members working in France will write direct to her at the above address if they want more Trench Feet boots she will send them. We feel sure that the Sisters will be glad to avail themselves of this kind offer.

Sister Wadsworth is now settled to new work after months of hard work with the massage unit at Evreux. She writes from the war zone: "There are many barracks here, each consisting of *bâtiments*. In our special barracks we have four *bâtiments*, which are given over entirely to wounded. Each *bâtiment* is a small hospital complete in itself, having its own *Salle de Pansement*, where operations can be done if necessary. Each Sister works alone, with *infirmières* of course, and I have a nun to help me, a most devoted woman, who has worked here since the beginning of the War. There is a well fitted up theatre, and as we get all the most severe cases we have to be ready day and night, as often the wounded are taken straight to the theatre. I am working under a splendid surgeon. As you know the French surgeons are thoroughly aseptic in their methods, and their cases do well. We are only half-an-hour's motor run from the trenches, and there is simply no other traffic on the roads but Red Cross Ambulances going to and from the Front, and occasionally numbers of big covered conveyances filled with soldiers going to relieve others. We are not in the town itself, but up on the hills, where we get a magnificent sweep of open country, and delicious fresh air. We are surrounded by hills which are all fortified, and from the top of which we can get a glimpse of the trenches. We hear guns

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)