

FRENCH FLAG NURSING CORPS.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Miss Florence Morris, a member of the first Canadian Unit, has been transferred from Lisieux to Ambulance Mobile I, now situated in Belgium. The work at this hospital greatly appeals to the nurses, although the Matron, Miss Warner, carefully warns Sisters who wish to join the staff that they must be ready to put up with any difficulties. We are glad that these skilled Sisters are being utilised for such important work.

The Directrice-Générale of the F.F.N.C., when on a tour of inspection, heard the following conversation between two French medical officers.



MISS ELLISON AT VERDUN.

The one was enthusiastic about the way his hospital was working, thanks, he added, to the help of his English nurses. He then went on to say how skilled workers like the nurses simplified the work of a hospital. "You can ask them to do the dressings, without once undoing them to verify if they are done properly."

Ever since Miss Ellison's visit to Liverpool, the Women's War Service Bureau, Liverpool, has sent monthly very valuable consignments of things, dressings, shirts, &c., for the French soldiers. They are very grateful, for their letters of thanks are sent by the F.F.N.C. Sisters; and in one case one of the recipients of a shirt enclosed his photo with his letter of thanks. Some of the Liverpool gifts were sent to Verdun, to be distri-

buted amongst the underground hospitals in that almost ruined city which Miss Ellison visited. In these hospitals are accommodated only those patients who can go no farther. Poor souls brought to die out of the danger of further shells! A stepping-stone between the battlefield and eternity! How tenderly they are cared for by doctors and orderlies—(there are no women at Verdun itself!) but the pathos of it all is the hospital where patients are brought to die, they die often even before any relief can be given to them! Poor souls! some so young and splendid! The hushed cellar wards, the faint light, the sufferers' groans—who could ever see these sights and not bear the horror of it to one's grave.

Dr Bailleul, the celebrated Paris surgeon, whose interesting hospital at Troyes is one of the "Show" hospitals in France, has paid a pretty compliment to the F.F.N.C. by asking for an equipe of twelve nurses to carry on the great work he is doing. Not only is he busy with big surgery, but the re-education of the patient, the re-utilisation of the lost or useless limb begins before his treatment is considered finished. The F.F.N.C. will do its best to supply this demand, but owing to the present restrictions no more nurses can leave the country. It seems a thousand pities, especially when one sees face to face the enormous good the nurses can do, not only in the care of the wounded, but by showing to our ally what we expect of

nurses—professionally or morally.

What this little pioneer corps has achieved will perhaps one day be revealed. Meanwhile its members are content to hide their light under a bushel. Yet slowly but surely the seeds sown with such difficulty are now bringing forth fruit and the nurses have not only the gratitude of the patients but the appreciation of the doctors themselves. At the beginning of the war, when the corps was in its infancy, the question of the nurses ranking as officers was a very sore point with the administration. Even the ladies of the Red Cross ranked as *sargeants* and had non-commissioned officers' food. Now, not only are the ladies of the Croix Rouge given the rank of officers with first class railway fares and officers' mess, but the temporary corps of nurses instituted by M. Justin

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