

Godart—to provide nurses with at least three months' training—have the rank of officer. Quite recently at Talence, where Miss Nairne is Matron and where several women have the benefit of a short English training with the F.F.N.C. Sisters, one of the French staff died. She was given an officer's funeral, and the English Matron was chief mourner. It was a very touching ceremony and the *médecin chef's* brief address and farewell to the dead, "officer" brought tears to the eyes of all those present.

Paris this week is crowded with visitors. Not only have Parliamentary representatives of the Allied nations come to shake the hands of their French brothers and wish them Godspeed, but a medical congress or mission of eminent medical men have come to see what the genius of France has devised for the re-education of its mutilated and blind soldiers. Amongst them the writer saw Sir Thomas Oliver, Surgeon-General Russell, Dr. Campbell McLure. Dr. Dundas Grant, who has gone to Lyons to study M. Herriot's work, and Lord Charnwood is also here studying the transport of wounded men. What curious times we are living in! Moments of unending sadness! And the long procession of blinded soldiers led in by mothers or young wives, handsome blinded officers who never again could see the sun and flowers and all the beauty of the land of France, for the salvation of which they had given more than their lives, brought tears to the eyes of the eminent medical men sitting there in congress. How many of them are now fathers of blind sons! How many of them may be so before the war is ended! But with true British courage they brushed away the tears, bent their bodies forward in order to listen better to what France was doing to give these poor heroes a fresh start. There is so much we British can learn from the great creative genius of France and at last we seem to have awakened to this fact, whilst for years Germany has been stealing the master brain without the slightest hesitation and organising it against the land whence came this knowledge. The French are the greatest chemists in the world. The Huns themselves acknowledge it, yet Germany has for years worn the "Laurels" in the eyes of all the world because she has so skilfully stolen and organised the great master discoveries that come from France.

Quite apart from the services it has been the privilege of the skilled Sisters of the F.F.N.C. to render the soldiers of France, their reward in coming daily in contact with the minds and methods of eminent French doctors must bear fruit in future. Said one Sister who long ago has freed herself from the restrictions of the hospital for the independence of the district nurse, "I am making out, as it were, a new book of recipes and shall institute many of them in my district when I return." The true pioneer spirit of Scotland, and the true spirit of the nurse.

CARE OF THE WOUNDED.

RECREATION FOR THE WOUNDED.

One of the most useful bits of work that can be done for convalescing and disabled soldiers is to divert their thoughts from the horrors of the past and the problems of the future, so in many war hospitals wise and clever friends have encouraged the convalescents to take up fancy work and basket making as a recreation, and also as a means of making a small amount of money.

In the Governors Hall at St. Thomas's Hospital on Thursday, May 17th, there was an exhibition of the work of patients in the Fifth London General Territorial Hospital, both regimental badges embroidered in coloured silks which were on show only, and also many attractive and saleable articles, which, in spite of the wet day, found a ready sale.

Amongst the badges on view may be mentioned that of the Buffs, embroidered by Lance-Corporal Hutchinson (Albert Ward). In the centre was a green dragon on a yellow background, and underneath, in white letters on a blue ground, the motto, "Veteri Frondescit Honore." Below, the words "The Buffs," in red letters on a yellow ground. Enclosing the whole was a laurel wreath entwined with a blue scroll on which were inscribed the names of the actions in which this regiment has played so glorious a part.

Another notable badge was that of the London Scottish (Hut F), which was most effective. In the centre in red was the lion rampant, surrounded by a circle forming a blue background for the words "London Scottish" and "Strike sure." This again was surrounded by a wreath of thistles carried out in green and mauve. Underneath were the words, South Africa, 1900-1902.

Private W. Smith (Hut F) also sent the Badge of the Lancashire Fusiliers, a sphinx, worked in grey on a red ground. Private Smith was wounded in the Battle of the Somme.

Sergeant Prebble (Hut B), of New Zealand, sent a New Zealand Badge, a Stag's Head, surmounted by a crown, bearing the words Kia Toa, and surrounded by a wreath of New Zealand fern.

Sapper Sutherland (Hut E) chose the Badge of the Royal Engineers—the Royal monogram, surmounted by a crown, and surrounded by the words, "Honi soit qui mal y pense" and a laurel wreath.

Private Tyler (Hut B) sent the Badge of the Northumberland Fusiliers, depicting St. George mounted on a white horse, slaying the dragon.

The Notts and Derby (Sherwood Foresters) was another interesting device.

Amongst many attractive articles for sale were reproductions in needlework of pictures from "Our Hospital A.B.C.," which caused so much amusement when it made its appearance. In the Recreation Hut a number of patients were busily engaged in making baskets. Indeed so great is the demand for these that Mrs. Herbert, who is in charge, stated not only were no baskets for sale, but no orders could be taken at present.

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