

FRENCH FLAG NURSING CORPS.

The only consolation in the bombardment of London by our brutal foes, is the feeling that we do not escape the dangers and trials endured with such heroism by the brave French people, and our own troops and nurses.

We constantly find dovetailed into a business letter from the war zone, some few sentences such as the following: "About 11 o'clock one night we heard an *avion*, but thinking it was a French one, we took no notice, when suddenly there was a terrific noise, and several bombs fell in the field at the back of our house. An *éclat* passed through the window of the little room where I had been sleeping until Mlle. — went away, through the wall and the kitchen window, and out the other side of the house. And upstairs a large one went through the window and the door, and made a hole in the wall opposite. Luckily no one in the village was injured." Luckily, say we, none of our plucky Sisters were injured!

It is sincerely to be hoped that after the war Nursing Schools on the Nightingale system will spring up all over France. We know many French ladies, who are now devoting themselves to the care of the sick and wounded, realise that a

system of nursing based on sanitary science, as medicine is, will be one of the constructive movements which will greatly benefit their country. It is the country with the highest standard of health which is going to be "top dog" in the future.

Many F.F.N.C. Sisters are deeply interested in this phase of world politics. We quote from an interesting letter:—

"In the mornings, I'm a curious combination of ward, theatre, and outpatient Sister, and in the afternoons and evenings, Staff Nurse, junior probationer, professor of gymnastics, and district nurse.

"My major is the surgeon, but, as well, he is very keen on tuberculosis, and is a great believer in breathing exercises and gymnastics.

"Since he discovered that I knew something about these, every chest case he brings to me, and each afternoon I have my array of patients in the

park, doing breathing exercises and dumb bell exercises. Not satisfied with this, he enlists me into supervising some young girls in the village, who are just in the first stages of chest trouble. I think it's such a pity the girls here go in so little for sport; they seem to have no idea how to use a pair of dumb-bells even.

"As there are no civil doctors here, we have the civil population to look after. They come to our house at all odd hours of the day or night to fetch "Les Mees," as most of them call us. If the young women are having fits or the old ones dying, or the children are bitten by the dogs, it's all the same, they seem to think we can cure all ills. A few weeks ago an *infirmier* came to the house for me about 10.30 p.m. one evening and said I was wanted at the hospital. When I arrived I found the major, who told me he wanted me to arrange the *salle d'opération* for an operation—

an old woman, 84 years of age, strangulated hernia. I hurried round, and some *infirmiers* had gone to fetch the old woman about a mile away, with a stretcher. Just as we were ready to start, the electric light went off, and we mustered up several small lamps, and things went on all right. We kept her in the hospital for the night and I stayed with her. Next morning we took her home again on a stretcher, round quaint little back lanes, to a tiny



SISTERS OF THE F.F.N.C. READY FOR A GAS BOMBARDMENT.

little house where the men could hardly enter.

"I went round twice a day, and the old woman got on wonderfully well, but was very impatient at being kept in bed over a fortnight—and in harvest time, too.

"Yes, this is a very droll life, but if you can adapt yourself to it, you can be very happy. We have one woman who comes to be dressed every two days; she had nephrectomy done some months ago. She is just a simple peasant woman who comes in from the next village, and very kind-hearted, always wanting me to go to her house to *déjeuner*. So one day last week I went back with her in a very quaint little donkey cart; quite enjoyed myself, and came back in the afternoon laden with cherries for the patients. When I returned I had to tell my patients all about it, they take such a keen interest in you and your affairs. They really are sweet; for instance, they often go down to the Marne to fish, clean the fish

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