

FRENCH FLAG NURSING CORPS.

For the first time for two years, Miss E. J. Haswell has been home on holiday. She returned to Paris on Monday. To have lived and worked in Paris during the past year, what with *avions* and "Big Bertha" continually disturbing one's equilibrium, and to remain calm, is no small feat of nerve power.

Miss Kathleen Bellamy, R.N.S., cert. Fulham Infirmary, has joined the Corps and left for France on Saturday, October 5th.

Miss Phyllis M. Cartmell, cert. Western Infirmary, Glasgow, will leave for France at the end of the week.

Sister Claudia Gaudin, who did such excellent work at Epernay, is now Madame Blanche, and we gather from a little gold-edged card that her home is at Rue Saint Nicolas, La Ferté Bernard, Sarthe, Jersey. Many years of happiness to Monsieur and Madame.

Another letter brings us the news from Bayeux that Madame Jamard (*née* Hendrie) is the "proud and happy mother of a fine baby boy." This first Franco-British grandson of the Corps weighed 9 lbs. at birth, and is each day gaining in weight. He must have a christening present from the F.F.N.C. Congratulations to "proud and happy" parents.

"For weeks I have made attempts at writing to you but the time was wanting. Since leaving N. on August 13th, we have had four moves; we seem to live on the road in more ways than one. But then the Hun has also moved so quickly; it has taken us all our time to keep up with him. We arrived here three days ago, eight days after the departure of the Hun destructors. Nothing can describe to you the utter ruin he leaves behind in each town and village. It is simply appalling. One specially destructed town we came through smelled strongly still of burning. We have lived in many queer places, one more shattered than the next. Our present abode, certainly has four walls; and, after all, that is a great deal to expect these days. All the *mains d'œuvres* available has been put on, to try and get us a roof on, and we have had two nights of heavy storm without much roof. We just cover all we can with rubber sheeting. I am one of the fortunate ones to possess a sleeping-bag and I bless the donor each night, as once inside my bag, what matter what happens outside it. The water poured heavily all round and on me last night, but being dog tired after a pretty heavy day I slept in spite of everything. We have had a very busy and *very* interesting time. You would be more than amused could you have seen us visiting the abandoned trenches in

search of furniture and utensils, and you would be surprised at the wonderful finds we made—enamel ware of all kinds, arm chairs, cooking stoves, pails, &c. As to war souvenirs, of course far more than we could possibly take with us. Coming across the battlefields of just—one might say—a few days ago, you come across wonderful things. The Bosches, having had to retreat so quickly, the whole place is swarming with his material. Bosches' hospitals just left everything and we are making use of a good deal of their stores. I have even a sterilising drum of his. But there is no use denying their ingenuity. We have come across string and rope made of paper, paper bandages and dressings; even their mattresses were covered with a canvas material made of paper. Our advance is going on well with comparatively few casualties and a good many prisoners. We are as near as we can be and do the sorting out of patients. The wounded come to us directly from the *poste de secours* (field dressing station), and we evacuate to the other centres, keeping only those who are too bad to go on. Oh! but we do need so many things urgently, and wish there was some way of getting supplies sent us by post. I am sending you a list and hope you can help us by asking Mme. de la Panouse, who has always been so good in helping us with supplies. I am marking one list urgent and the other for things which we need very much but can wait for. We have never left this ambulance, but when we left N. our surgeons were sent as special *equipes* to help, and as we belong to the surgeons we go where they go and work with them. So the ambulance, even while it is *en repos*, does not give rest to its surgeons. Naturally, it makes it very interesting for us and we have plenty of good work all the time. I was asked to assist our senior surgeon with his operations at the last place we were at, as it gave an extra *equipe*. Then I am running between the operating room and sterilizing room. There is always plenty of work for everyone."

A VISION.

We have received so many expressions of appreciation of the verse headed "A Vision," by C. B. M., which appeared on the 14th Sept., that it has been republished in card form. Those bereaved by the loss of dear ones in battle, to whom it has been sent, are greatly comforted by the beauty and feeling of the lines.

The cards, price 3d., can be obtained from Manager, B.J.N. Office, 43r, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.

OUR ROLL OF HONOUR. NURSING SERVICE.

DIED.

BAILEY, Mrs. W., V.A.D.

TOWNSEND, St.-Nurse M., Q.A.I.M.N.S.R.

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