

FRENCH FLAG NURSING CORPS.

So many of the Sisters were working behind the French lines between the last German push and the Marne that their ambulances, in many instances, have had to be set up anew. This the Service du Santé has accomplished in the most admirable manner—and we have received numbers of letters expressing the gratitude of the Sisters for the great consideration, kindness and appreciation they have received from the medical officers under whom they work.

One Sister writes: "I cannot express to you how good the doctors have been to us . . . they have looked after us and spared us in every way possible, and treat us as *camarades*—the greatest compliment. This ambulance has been very well *noté* at Headquarters in the retreat. We left C— at mid-day and at mid-night were working at M—. Never shall we forget that night, with bombs falling all round us, knowing that the Boches were advancing so fast."

This brave woman once expressed the opinion that she would consider it a glorious death to die on duty at the Front. So it may be, but we cannot spare these heroines—the wounded have too great need of them.

Another Sister says:—

"All the six weeks I was there (somewhere in France) I only had two quiet nights—the Germans bombarded alternately by cannons and avions. We got nearly all the Boches from R—and we were kept very busy. The wounds were very terrible—many deaths; we had some who had lain out three, four and five days on the ground, and it was awful to see enormous quantities of worms come out when the dressings were taken off."

In French hospitals, German wounded share all the good care that is going equally with the heroic Frenchmen. This is the law of chivalry—entirely superseded by the law of "frightfulness" so far as our brutalised enemies are concerned

The Ambulance 12/2 Unit have arrived at their destination and had a very warm welcome upon their return.

Sisters Gill, Hanning and Jones have rejoined Ambulance 16/21, and have also enjoyed the "fatted calf." It is indeed a matter for congratulation that the medical officers of the Service de Santé value their services so much. Both units have been told their care means the saving of life. This is the great reward to the true nurse.

Miss Mildred Aldrich, the author of that most fascinating little book, "A Hill-top on the Marne," has published a second volume, "On the Edge of the War Zone," in which she gives a palpitating picture of the emotion with which an American resident near Meaux has lived through the exciting events down to the advance on Soissons. This is a book many F.F.N.C. Sisters will want to possess.

CARE OF THE WOUNDED.

July 4th, American Independence Day, has been celebrated in great form by the Allied nations, and we were all with President Wilson in spirit, when, on that date, he stood by the tombs of Washington and his wife, Martha, within the grounds of Mount Vernon, their lovely home on the banks of the Potomac, now consecrated by the Daughters of the Revolution to their imperishable memory.

July 14th, which typifies to all Frenchmen the victory of Liberty over Absolutism, when, in 1789, they stormed and captured the Bastille—a victory which swept away the *ancien régime*—is in this year of grace to be celebrated in London as "France's Day," on the 12th inst. A solemn mass of requiem for the French soldiers and sailors who have fallen in the war will be held at Westminster Cathedral at 11.30 a.m. in connection with the British Committee of the French Red Cross, when the splendid premier Zouave band of the French Army will play before lunching with the Lord Mayor. A whole day collection will be made in London for the benefit of French sick and wounded—the refugees from the devastated districts, and other sufferers from the invasion of France by the ruthless Hun. Thousands of sympathisers will sell souvenirs and a splendid response is expected. We shall all be wearing favours in support of the good cause on the 12th, to show our admiration for the unquenchable spirit which is France.

Why Poilu? Many nurses want to know the reason for the name, which now stands for all the most splendid attributes of the fighting man. According to the French dictionary, the word means hairy, shaggy, bristling, and it is said that the name was given to French soldiers who have served in the trenches because the first French soldiers on leave thronged into Paris wearing whiskers. Such a sight had never been seen before and the people cried: "Oh! les poilus, which may be freely translated: "Oh! the whiskers," and the name stuck. Has anyone another explanation?

TRUE TALE WITH A MORAL.

An experienced sister, who is blest with a sense of humour, was asked the other day by her wounded soldiers: "How long does it take to be a nurse?"

"How long does it take to learn to nurse soldiers, do you mean?"

"Well, yes!"

"Oh," she returned, with a twinkle, "you require six months in a children's hospital and six months in the police force."

Her patients were hugely delighted.

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