

men are placed in barracks in every conceivable place. We are within the fighting zone, although since I have been here we have not heard anything of the fighting.

Bernay is really the quaintest little town many hundreds of years old. Some of the people look as if they have lived before, they are so old-fashioned. Most of the women do not wear hats, and have shawls over their heads. The men wear a sort of cape which covers the head and part of the body. The streets (which are far from sanitary) are paved with cobble stones, and are very trying to the feet when one is continually walking about. This is a great cider country, and lots of wine is also made here, and is very cheap. The noise of machines crushing the apples goes on from morning till night, and great quantities of cider are consumed yearly.

The people here never get a holiday, or even half a one. They work Sunday the same as any other day. They attend Church at 4.30 a.m. on Sunday, so as to be able to open their shops at 7 a.m. as usual. Jan. 2nd.

I have just had a letter from L——, who sent me some bed-socks, which were very acceptable, as it is dreadfully cold here. I almost freeze at times! We have just received a Christmas weekly from Auckland, and it is such a treat to see N.Z. again.

I must tell you of "washing-day." Though it is freezingly cold the women sit in a box and wash their clothes near the side of a river, or near a drain! They whack them with a stick to get the dirt out, much the same as the Maoris do. Isn't it funny to do such things in 1915? Really it seems to me they will never change their old-fashioned ways. I was almost forgetting to tell you that the Germans I look after, about 30 in all, made a speech to me yesterday, being New Year's Day, and they got a man to interpret for them.

One man got up and said that but for my work among them they are sure they would have been in a sorry plight. They took this opportunity of thanking me for all my trouble with them, and that after the war my name shall be known far and wide in Germany. The first man back in Germany would write to me and try to express a few of the thoughts in their minds that day. They too were longing for peace, and they wished me long life,

good luck, prosperity, and the best of good wishes for the year 1915. If only I expressed a wish for anything to be done they said they were ever at my service. Of course I was quite taken aback and thanked them as best I could for their good wishes, and said that my greatest wish was that peace should reign. After which they gave three cheers for "Nurse Anglaise." I must say the Germans I have had to deal with, so far, have been very nice—the Prussian element seems much the worst.

We have several Turcos or Arabs in. They simply hate the Germans, and don't think any should live. Unless they kill a man outright and cut off his head they don't believe he is really dead. One Arab travelled all the way from the firing line with a German's head in his possession. One day there was an awful smell in his room, and a German's head was found under his bed!

Christmas Day was a gala day here. All the wounded Frenchmen got presents of cigars and cigarettes, and also had a concert during the afternoon, and plenty of good wine. I could not help feeling sorry for these poor German prisoners who had nothing beyond their daily rations. They are all terrified of the Kaiser, and I am sure many wouldn't fight if they were not forced to do so.

Thanks for "Kai Tiaki," it is most interesting to read all the news in it. "

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#### FROM SISTER CLARE JORDAN, LATE OF AUCKLAND HOSPITAL.

"I have found my way to England and am at present working for the British Red Cross, but registered at the New Zealand High Commissioner's Office. About a month ago I had a letter from there asking particulars of nationality and whether I would be willing to go to Egypt if necessary. Of course I was delighted to say yes; but there, so far, the matter ended.

At present at the New Zealand Office, they do not know whether nurses are coming from New Zealand or no, with the Troops.

A friend and I came from Honolulu together, and we are running a small Red Cross Military Hospital of 24 beds. The house belongs to Lady Rosemary Portal, whose