

our patients are from the Dardanelles; but not many Colonials. They have had a hard time and they are very brave men.

We are very comfortably housed in our quarters; we breakfast at 7 a.m.; the ambulance waggon calls at 7.50 a.m., and most of us go in that. Our hospital is about a mile away; we take our luncheon (a queer mixture) and home to dinner at 8 p.m. in the ambulance again. We make quite a sensation in the streets; all turn to look at us.

Most people talk of the "Call of the East," I'd say, 'twas the smell of the East that was most noticeable and most likely to be remembered.

The Egyptian population is very low and dirty; nearly everybody is French in Alexandria, and all the shops are French. There is generally someone able to speak a little English; but we mostly talk with our hands, head, eyes and body—in fact any part of you they seem to understand better than your tongue. The people are most polite, and take pains to show it when we are out; we are all sisters here, the word "nurse" is never used, and even the Arab servant can say, "Good morning Sister"!

Goodbye love and remembrances to all.

September 9th.

You want to know all kinds of things about me I'm sure. Well there is not much in life just now, but work, work and be contented. Yesterday I got an Auckland Weekly, and it delighted my soul. There are some New Zealand boys here, and they just love to see a paper, particularly a picture of Auckland. A nice Maori boy from Gisborne, comes to see me every day and calls me, "Well, my sister," they all seem so glad to see us, and say they are so proud to have their own women among them.

We had news of the other girls from Cairo, and it seems they have not been so fortunate as us, as many of them have been on the sick list. The Sisters are coming to tea, so I must close this as it is quite impossible to write letters.

Sister Clare Jordan writes from No. 11 General Hospital, Boulogne, July 29th:—We are quiet just now, and I have been granted ten days' leave. There is a decided lull on the Western Front, both in fighting

and nursing. But judging from what one sees the next battle will be a terrific one when it does come. One rather dreads the beginning of the ghastly business over again. It does not do to have time to stop and think in this kind of work.

Nurse Ethel Lewis writes, March 17th:—I am with the First Field Hospital in Serbia, there are four surgeons, four dressers, and ten nurses, and of course it is pretty hard work; but one feels only too thankful to be doing even a little to help. The Serbians are perfectly wonderful their pluck and endurance are marvellous. At first there was very little chloroform, and deep incision-probing for bullets, etc., was all done without an anaesthetic, and some had travelled five days after receiving ghastly wounds before getting attended. . . . . We sleep in sleeping bags and have no nice nurses' dress; but just khaki shirts and skirts, military boots, and mackintosh aprons. The army feed us, but poor wretches they haven't much, many have been fighting just in shirts, no socks even. The women are splendid, load the rifles in the trenches, and dig the graves, etc. . . . . I shall leave Serbia early in July.

Nurse L. Lind, writes from Service d'Evacuations Fluviales, Peniche Hopital No. 1, Secteur Postal 15 Dunkerque, August 24th:—It seems years since I wrote as so many things have happened since then, the most important for us being that we have been shelled out of Bergues, where we were so happy with our little hospital. All our patients were evacuated as between shells from long-range guns in the daytime, and bombs from taubes at night, they were anything but safe. Then after a few weeks of a more or less exciting (but always interesting) life in cellars and so on, we went to Paris Plage, near Boulogne, for two weeks and it was a great change, sea-coast and everything so peaceful. Since then we have been working on the only two French Hospital barges, transporting wounded from the Nieuport vicinity to Bourbourg, which is well supplied with French hospitals. For the moment we are not at all busy; but always expecting a rush, the life is very novel and interesting. Miss Hitchcock and I are on one barge; the Frenchmen with whom we have to work are kindness itself to us. We have a tiny cabin with two bunks,