

when my turn comes. When at No. 4. C.C.S. I used to go into Poperinghe quite often. It is such an interesting place. Troops and transports pass through it all day long, and at the street corners there are men directing the traffic just as they do in London. Quite a lot of the town is in ruins. It is shelled very often, and we can hear the shells falling into the town quite distinctly at No. 4. Such a lot of C.C.S.'s have been bombed and shelled recently, and such a lot of sisters killed and wounded. The first week I was at No. 4 we never had a minute's peace from Fritz. The C.C.S. next door to us got a bomb one night; it fell into the acute surgical hut and killed an orderly, several patients, and wounded a sister. It was a very narrow escape for us. Several of the stations had to close down owing to the bombing; No. 4 was one of them. We are all provided with gas masks, steel helmets, and each place has a dug-out. We used to get a lot of bombing at St. Omer; Fritz did a lot of damage there and after I left No. 58 General Hospital, it was bombed and two sisters and two V.A.D.'s killed. It was a new hospital, a Scottish unit. I believe it was moved from St. Omer, but do not know where to—Italy perhaps—as several hospitals have gone there lately, but I was not lucky enough to go.

I don't know whether I told you that I have got my stripes, about six months ago. It is very nice to get them, but there is a lot of worry attached to them.

The New Zealand Hospital had a lively time at Hazelbrouck. They were shelled out, and we had a lot of the sisters at No. 7 General. There were several girls among them that I knew, so I had a good time while they were there. I met Nurse Barclay and Nurse Hamann—I think you know them both. Have not heard from Miss Tombe for some time; the last letter I had was just before she left Sandwich.

News of Miss Fraser, a former matron of Dunedin Hospital, will interest her nurses, many of whom are now away serving in different parts of the world.

She writes in February: "I have spent a very pleasant and happy time with my relatives in this part of the world (Columbus,

Montana, U.S.A.). Columbus is a very small, quiet country town, they call it a city here! Population is between six and seven hundred, and is situated among the spurs of the Rockies. The air is very pure and light, climate dry, healthy and bracing. I have had plenty of motoring; the only way of getting about and seeing the surrounding country, which is really grand.

"My brother and sister are very anxious for me to remain here, but the idea does not appeal to me. I am too British. One has to come to this country young to get accustomed to its customs and manners. It certainly is a great country, and the Americans are most loyal and patriotic, but there are a good many Germans, I.W.W.'s, and others, who are not to be trusted. It takes Uncle Sam all his time to cope with them. Ships, bridges, tunnels, viaducts, granaries, etc., are all well guarded, and yet scarcely a day passes without some explosion, collision, or disaster happening, which shows there are many spies and enemies around. When caught they are severely dealt with, and sometimes the people take the law into their own hands and mete out punishment to the offenders. Only the other day a party of masked men had caught some half-dozen I.W.W.'s who had set fire to large granaries and had done other malicious mischief. The men caught were blindfolded and led a few miles distance, then horsewhipped, being stripped to the waist, after which they were tarred and feathered, then their eyes uncovered, they were let loose and told to 'beat it.'

"Though Columbus is but a small place the ladies are most enthusiastic workers for the American Red Cross, and have a chaplain of their own, with auxiliaries around the district, and it is wonderful the amount of work done. I became a member shortly after I came here.

"We have had several snow storms, and the cold has been intense, the thermometer some mornings registering as low as twenty and thirty below zero. I had a sleigh ride, and enjoyed it very much."

Miss Fraser's intention was to sail for Honolulu about the end of March and catch the "Niagara," and arrive in New Zealand about the middle of April. Her many friends will be glad to welcome her back.