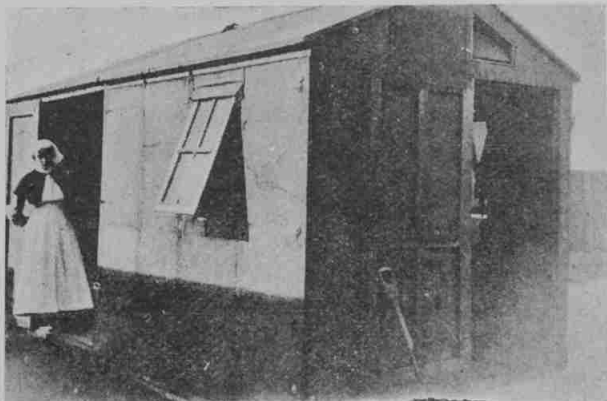



being killed, whilst several were wounded. We were all supplied with tin helmets and gas masks, and were supposed to go straight to the dug-out when the noise of the anti-aircraft guns started, and if that was not possible we were advised to lie flat on the



"Armstrong Hut," Sisters McBeth and Davies' quarters at C.C.S. Hut is taken down and put up very quickly.

ground. Each time I happened to be in the theatre, so I adopted the latter scheme. I think I told you before that we were up there for four months, and gradually the teams returned to their own units as the work lessened, and a fortnight after we left the C.C.S. was moved to fields and pastures new. I thoroughly enjoyed working with the English, but whilst there I also worked with Americans, Canadians, and Australians. At one place in a theatre where four teams were working together, there was our own, which was a mixed one, next to us a Canadian, then an American, and the fourth table was "All British."

Whilst we were up there, the town where our own hospital was, was shelled, so we returned to quite a new place. I was surprised when I saw it, for it covers a huge area, and sprang up so quickly. All huts and tents, the former are the "Issen" huts—this shape —each has fifty beds, and on the whole, very comfortable. I was back for two or three weeks on night duty, and then got my leave and came down here. Leave in the south of France has only been just granted us. I am the first of our unit to come. I left our hospital at 8 a.m. on a Friday morning, and arrived here at 8 p.m. on the following Sunday, having a day and a night in Paris en route. It was lovely to leave the winter behind and come here into the warmth. Up north it was winter

with a vengeance, bitterly cold, and here the sun is hot and the foliage and flowers are beautiful. This hotel has been taken over just as it was for six months, for nurses on leave, and those who have been sick, but do not require any nursing. There is accommodation for about sixty; the place is in charge of Lady Gifford. It is the most delightful place imaginable, situated at the foot of the Esterd mountains, and quite close to the sea and the town. The Riviera exceeds my wildest expectations. Yesterday I went to Nice, and to-morrow we visit Monte Carlo, Monaco, and Mentone, and I believe we may just cross the Italian frontier.

There are nurses from all countries here. I think those from overseas predominate, for the English sisters, the majority of them at least, go home for leave. We are looking forward to a very pleasant Christmas down here, and when we return, at the end of our fourteen days, for active service again, it will be with fresh courage. I am sending you a few snaps, taken by a little French girl when I was up at the C.C.S. I hope you receive them all right, that they will not be removed by the Censor. We often wonder when we are all going to get home again; everybody is, to use that very expressive term, "fed up," and the cry from everyone is "when is it all going to end." I did not mean to let this grow into such a long scrawl, but I did not know how much there was to tell you.

M. DAVIES, N.Z.A.N.S.



Sisters' Dug-out and Casualty Clearing Station. Sister Davies and an Imperial Sister.

The following interesting account of a "gas school" appeared recently in the Sydney Morning Herald, sent in by a nurse:—"We have had some excitement. The night before last I found my name with others to draw rations and helmets,