

# Autograph Book

MARY WATTS

With deep regret, I address once again upon my departure, all my thanks to the good Sister Mary Watts.

The forever thankful big "Baby" 21 March 1916

Scot by P. Reclus on 12 Feb 1916.

*En ce moment de départ, j'adresse encore un moment de remerciements à la bonne Sister Mary Watts. Le grand "Baby" toujours reconnaissant - 21/3/16*  
*Étais par P. Reclus le 12/2/16.*  
*Paul Reclus demeurant chez ses parents 22, rue du Plateau 22 - Paris, XIX<sup>e</sup> (près des Buttes-Chaumont)*  
*P. Reclus*  
*Le 22/2/16*

Paul Reclus living with his parents, 22 Plateau Street 22. Paris, XIXth, (near the Chaumont Buttes).

P. Reclus, on 22 February 1916



*Reclus Paul*  
*Sergent. classe 1915.*  
*46<sup>me</sup> Infanterie - 3<sup>me</sup> Compagnie*  
*Secteur 10 -*  
*Blessé à Jauguois -*

Reclus Paul, Sergeant, Class of 1915, 46th Infantry, 3rd Company, Sector 10. Wounded at Vauquois.

*Que de dévouement, que de bonté et que d'attachement, renferment tous les soins maternels que Sister Mary Watts m'a prodigués sans relâche et avec assiduité, dès mon arrivée à Arc-en-Barrois. Jamais je ne pourrais assez la remercier, ni remercier cette seconde famille que j'ai trouvée parmi les Anglais, qui font réjouir le cœur de nos braves soldats blessés.*

What devotion, what kindness and what affection is contained in all the maternal care that Sister Mary Watts gave me without respite and with diligence, as soon as I arrived at Arc-en-Barrois. Never will I be able to thank her enough, nor thank this second family that I found among the British, who warm the hearts of our brave wounded soldiers.

*Je ne dirais jamais assez: "Thank You" à l'admirable, dévouée Sister Mary Watts.*

I will never say enough: "Thank You" to the admirable, devoted Sister Mary Watts.

*Paul Reclus*  
*Arc-en-Barrois le 11/2/16.*

Paul Reclus, Arc-en-Barrois, on 11 February 1916.



Walla -



Francois -



Top left: Walla

Top right: Francois

### The Soldier.

If I should die, think only this of me:  
 That there's some corner of a foreign field  
 That is for ever England. There shall be  
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;  
 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,  
 A body of England's, breathing English air,  
 Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home,  
 and think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
 a pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
 Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England  
 given;  
 Her sights and sounds, dreams happy as her day  
 and laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,  
 In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Touzalin  
 Mrs. Robinson  
 Cole  
 Reynolds



Hospice Staff - July - 1916

Touzalin,  
Mrs. Robinson, Cole, Reynolds  
Bottom: Hospice Staff - July 1916

### The Soldier

If I should die, think only this of me: that there's some corner of a foreign field that is for ever England. There shall be in that rich earth a richer dust concealed; a dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware, gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam; A body of England's, breathing English air, washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away, a pulse in the eternal mind, no less gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;

Her sights and sounds, dreams happy as her day and laughter, learnt of friends, and gentleness, in hearts at peace, under an English heaven.