

used temporarily for the wounded. The day we came there were seventy very badly wounded—French and German—sent here, and there were only our three selves with some Red Cross people from the town who had attended six lectures, and who nearly drove us quite mad. I wanted to send back at once for some more nurses, but could not for two reasons. First, the Germans would not let us go and fetch them, and there are no trains at all, or posts or telegraphs or telephone. We are prisoners here, of course, and absolutely cut off from everything. And secondly, they did not want any more people, as there was no food. We have really been almost starved. Fortunately, we had each a little private store, and I think that any one else coming out should be told to do the same—(my fountain pen has run out and there is no more ink). There was no bread at first, though we have some now; no butter, no meat; no milk, except for the illest patients. There was practically nothing for anyone the first few days, except beer and potatoes and leeks. But, as I said, the nurses have been very good and put up with everything, though they were dreadfully overworked, and our having nothing to do anything with made it much more difficult. There was no water laid on, hardly any sheets or shirts or ward furniture. How we longed for some of the things all the working parties in England were making. Now, things are *much* better. The authorities have been awfully good to me, and allowed me to reorganise the hospital and get it all into proper working order. And we have managed to get enough food now for the patients and the staff, and the work is divided up, and everyone happy. The worst cases have died, and the Germans have carried off their wounded, so we have only the French left.

Dr. Wyatt heard that we were very pressed, and yesterday he sent two more nurses, who are not of my party at all—Nurse Campbell and Nurse Sartorius. If we get any more wounded in we shall be able to cope with it now, and I expect we shall have a great many more, as the cannons have been going without ceasing for 24 hours quite close, though we don't know in the least what is going on. The directors have asked me to stay as permanent Matron of the Hospital, but of course I told them I couldn't do that. As soon as things quieten down here I will put someone on in my place—Miss Broadberry probably, and go back to my flock in Brussels, who must be feeling rather deserted by this time. They may have been able to get some news through to you—I don't know, of course. I hope you will approve of all we are doing. I have been obliged to do a great deal on my own account, as it has been impossible to get instructions from England. I told you in my last letter (which I do not know if you ever got) that I was asked to staff an emergency hospital at the Fire Brigade station in Brussels (150 beds). I put 11 nurses in—Miss Denham as Assistant Matron, Sister Jones in charge of top floor, Sister Hudson in charge of ground floor, and gave them each three nurses

for day duty and one for night duty. Two others were staffing a little ambulance. Some were working at St. Pierre Hospital, and I hear four have gone to Tirlemont since I left. I will look them up as soon as possible.

This hospital is in the most beautiful position, right at the top of a hill with a very extended view in every direction, but Charleroi is a very sad place just now. Nearly all of it is burnt down and pillaged by the Germans. There are many streets in which every single house has been burnt down. We get no news at all, and it is most trying when the people keep saying "Where *are* the English. Why don't they come and help us?" There are 2,000 Germans quartered in the town, and all their rules and regulations which we all have to obey are very tiresome. For instance, no window may be open and no shutters may be shut (this is in case people shoot at them from the windows). I hate sleeping with my window shut. Happily we do feel that we are of real use here, and the people are so grateful and so glad to have us. I am so very glad we came. The patients are such dears too, and so grateful. I will keep this by me, and send when I have a chance.

Yours sincerely,

VIOLETTA THURSTAN.

THE WORK OF THE QUEEN'S NURSES IN WAR TIME.

No doubt, numbers of people, including the Queen's Nurses themselves, are watching with interest the issues of the Nursing Papers, hoping to see what part the Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses is taking in the work of attending the sick and wounded during War time. This large organization of trained district nurses gives scope for so many and varied branches of work in connection and in co-operation with all agencies which exist for the assistance of the poor in their own homes, apart from the actual nursing.

In Great Britain and Ireland nineteen members of the Army Reserve have been called up, and also 103 members of the Territorial Force Nursing Service; of the latter one is holding the position of Matron, several as Sisters, and the remainder as nurses in hospitals in different parts of the country; many other nurses have been told to hold themselves in readiness. Forty-two nurses have volunteered for Red Cross work. Some of these are and have been abroad, one is at Shorncliffe Camp, and another at a temporary hospital for sailors at Cromarty.

This is by no means the extent of the work which is being undertaken; over 200 district nursing Associations up and down the country, are assisting with Red Cross and St. John Ambulance work, and the Queen's Nurse in most instances is acting as Lady Superintendent and professional adviser. She is giving Nursing Classes, instructing the detachment in bandaging, bed making, splint padding and general ward work in the various temporary hospitals—which have been equipped

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