

people suffering from dangerous and complicated diseases. These poor sufferers need a more skilled nursing than does the wounded soldier.

"With energy and enthusiasm, intelligence and real hard work, a woman could learn sufficient in six months to make it possible for her to prevent a vast amount of suffering on the battlefield. And while we ought to make it as easy as possible for the trained nurse to volunteer, we ought to remember that three years in a general hospital in which there has never been a wounded soldier may be less valuable training than six months in a London hospital crowded with wounded from the battlefield."

It must be insisted (1) That there is no justification for employing untrained or semi-trained women, while there are plenty with full training available, and that the country must protect the sick and wounded soldiers who have fallen in its service from the pain and danger to life of unskilled attendance; and (2) If those people who seriously desire to help our sick soldiers wish to prove the reality of that desire, let them enter our hospitals as probationers and qualify themselves, by passing through the prescribed course, for nursing in any future war, realizing that, as they have not yet done so, their services in the present War are—so far as the sick and wounded are concerned—not required, though there are many other ways in which they can be of use. There is useful work for all who are of "an honest and good heart," as the following account shows:—

A lady who was science mistress in a London school, who went out to Boulogne, describes in the *Morning Post* the way she is occupied:—

"The third day we were here the authorities gave us two railway trucks and two carriages, one third class, the other first and second class. They are drawn up on a siding. We began by scrubbing them out and disinfecting them, for they were simply filthy. One compartment—and I have made into a really lovely kitchen; the others are used for our dispensary and stores. We have an excellent equipment, including a little range, which, however, is far too small for the enormous quantities of food we require, so that we have to have a huge fire between two old railway lines, on which stand enormous cauldrons of soup, cocoa, and tea.

"The catering is very difficult, as we never know how many men we shall have to feed or at what time they will arrive. The Railway Transport Officer suddenly announces to us that a train with any number from 300 to 800 wounded is coming through in twenty minutes, and we have to be ready to feed them all, so that life consists in preparing vegetables and stirring huge cauldrons over the fire, and I am always in an indescribable state of dirt.

"I can't tell you how splendid the wounded are. All those who can do so are smiling and joking about their wounds, while those who are very bad lie in absolute silence and never make a complaint or groan. They are all most grateful for the hot soup and cocoa; some have had to travel for hours without food.

"We saw a lot of Indians going to the Front. They are charming and look most picturesque in their khaki suits and turbans. They were cooking their food in lovely brass pots. It is most difficult to feed them when they come in wounded, as they will not, of course, eat any food cooked by us. They will, however, take tea, and mutely express their gratitude with their dark brown eyes, while salaaming greatly."

Miss Grace Ashley Smith, a trained nurse, and Hon. Secretary of the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry Corps, writing of her experiences in Belgium, describes her experiences on being sent with a Belgian Motor Ambulance to look for the wounded, when British and Belgians were fighting in the trenches round Lierre. The ambulance was stopped under cover of a brick building.

"The trenches were 200 yards away, and my Belgian friend and the chauffeur, with a soldier guide, ran off at once. I pelted after them, and suddenly realised that the noise all round was made by shells and shrapnel flying. For a moment terror seized me. Then I ran on hard, and whilst the men picked up the worst wounded I helped a man whose right leg was torn fearfully. He leaned on my shoulder and hopped on the other leg. Suddenly, there was a deafening crash, and for a few seconds I stood blinking my eyes, wondering where my man with the bad leg had vanished to. Looking round I saw him lying flat in a big ditch by the side of the field, and the other men all there too.

"Then it struck me a shell had burst close to us, and I ran and sat down in the ditch also. However, by this time, they were crawling out, and we got to our motor ambulance and returned in triumph."

After being in Antwerp during the siege, Miss Ashley Smith left for Ostend with British wounded; but when at Ecloo, some fourteen miles away, hearing that a British officer, too ill to be removed, had been left behind by the ambulance party, she went back, and had him removed to a nursing home.

After the third night's watch, "the morning," Miss Ashley Smith writes, "brought death in its train. I wanted to go and ask the German General for a military funeral, but I was strongly urged against this course. So next day a gallant officer was buried by three women—a Scotch nurse in Guy's Hospital uniform, a Belgian-English nurse in the same, and I in my khaki First-Aid Nursing Yeomanry uniform.

"We followed his hearse, passing through lines of German soldiers, who eyed my khaki with amazement, but did not molest us, and there, in a foreign cemetery, I read the burial service over him."

Later, Miss Ashley Smith relates: "I drove to the German Staff Headquarters. I told them I had been here to nurse British wounded, and now I wanted to go back to England, and asked for a passport. They were very polite, and almost sympathetic, but said no one was allowed westwards."

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