

duty. This is not the care to which our sick and wounded soldiers have the right, or which should be subsidized out of public funds, or countenanced by the medical profession. If theoretical lectures, and one month's hospital experience, suffice to qualify a nurse for the care of sick and wounded soldiers, then they suffice to qualify her for the care of the civilian population also, and the sooner nursing school authorities cease to require a prolonged term of training of their pupils and they are set free to earn their living the better. But, medical practitioners and nurses know that such training is not sufficient, and nurses look to the medical profession, which is so careful about the protection of standards of medical education, to help them to protect nursing standards which, both professionally and economically are being disastrously disintegrated at the present time.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

At the dedication of motor ambulances at the London Guildhall, provided by the Salvation Army for use at the front, Brigadier Mary Murray, who has just returned from the front, and who went through the Boer War, said she went out to the present conflict at the very commencement of hostilities. She and her assistants (she said) were prisoners in Brussels for twelve days, and from that time right up to the present they had travelled hundreds of miles with the troops. The trains sometimes contained 2,000 men, and a four hours' journey took sixteen hours' creeping and crawling, with no food, and often with no water to drink. Very often at midnight, or one o'clock in the morning, they would hear voices calling: "Any soldiers wanting food?" They then received a hunk of bread and a hard-boiled egg with joy. She had travelled up and down the lines of communication, and had been at the field bases and as near the firing line as any woman. She had met train loads of wounded men in cattle trucks, men lying on straw for three or four days. It was no use blaming any one, because it was War, and they had to do their best to meet the needs. Men were wounded in every conceivable manner, and some had not had their shirts off for five or six weeks. If they saw men who had had field bandages on for some days, they would realise the worth of ambulances to take them straight to the rear. She had been struck by the splendid courage of the women. One woman in Paris was selling vegetables in the street when an aeroplane passed overhead. She looked at it, shrugged her shoulders, and said: "Well, it's no affair of mine." She then went on selling her vegetables. The wit and humour of the men was very encouraging, and she doubted if they could get on without it. When two trains passed each other in a tunnel, they went very slowly, and a great deal of food was often passed to the men. As a train was passing a station, a soldier called, "Salvation Army! throw us some bread." Staff Cap. Aspinall promptly raided the refreshment-room, without asking anyone's leave, cleared everything, and threw the food into the train.

One of the most moving incidents of the War is related by Driver William Craven, 70th Battery, R.F.A. He describes how during an artillery duel in pitch darkness a shell from a German howitzer wrecked a lonely French farmhouse and killed all the family except a little girl of about seven years, whom he found just conscious. "Both her legs," he writes, "had been blown away near the knees, and one of her arms was missing from below the elbow. The rain was coming down into the wreckage, and I took off my great-coat and wrapped the poor, moaning child in it. I sat down on the floor to hold her on my knee, and she just opened her eyes and gave me a grateful look. Then she moved her sound arm, and the next thing I found she had lifted something to my head and it slipped over my shoulders. Her arm dropped. She was dead. She had given me her rosary. I thought I had a heart of stone, but I cried like a child that night, and I wasn't the only one."

From Rouen, says the *Times*, there comes a striking tale of plucky and prompt action on the part of a nurse. Dr. Sherington, the senior surgeon of No. 2 B.R.C.S. Hospital, tells the story, and it is vouched for by Lieut.-Colonel C. W. H. Whitestone, the Commandant. A patient suffering from a shell wound of the left arm had an attack of severe hemorrhage. Nurse Faulkner, B.R.C., was in the ward and at once applied compression to the subclavian artery. This she kept up till a surgeon could be procured, chloroform given, and the main artery tied. Nurse Faulkner's cool and plucky action undoubtedly saved the man's life. The compression of the subclavian artery is by no means an easy task.

EPIDEMIC OF TYPHOID.

The public are indebted to Major Stedman, R.A.M.C., for directing attention in a letter to the *Times* to the epidemic of typhoid, with which the Belgian Army is threatened, and which, if left to develop as it is doing, will quickly sweep the remains of the Belgian Army from the field and incidentally carry a large part of the civil population of West Flanders and North-Eastern France with it. There are, he says, at a moderate estimate between twenty and thirty fresh cases daily without counting civilians who are already infected, and there is a case of typhus among them, and this, if possible, is worse than enteric.

Major Stedman states that (1) a hospital ship capable of taking at least 300 beds to deal with the cases already in Calais is required, and (2) a hospital of at least 600 beds, preferably on Belgian soil near the sea and near a port.

It is satisfactory to learn that the Joint Committee of the Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem have decided to make an immediate advance of £10,000 to be spent in Calais to combat the outbreak of enteric in the Belgian Army.

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