

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN HOSPITAL.

The *British Medical Journal* publishes some notes from the "Anglo-Russian Hospitals," contributed by Sir Herbert Waterhouse, F.R.C.S., Surgeon-in-Chief, Mr. W. Douglas Harmer, M.C.Cantab., F.R.C.S., and Mr. Charles J. Marshall, M.S.Lond., F.R.C.S., which are of extraordinary interest, illustrating as they do methods of treatment, with which in this country we are so far unfamiliar.

We have only space to quote the two following items:—

TREATMENT OF GUNSHOT WOUNDS.

"Immediately on admission every gunshot wound was freely opened under anæsthesia, and finely powdered potassium permanganate (about 1 oz.) was rubbed into all the wound surface. This caused a considerable development of heat, the wound 'smoked' and assumed a blackened appearance. The superficial necrosis of the tissues cleared away in four to five days, at the end of which time the wound had a healthy granulating aspect, and union by second intention rapidly followed. This treatment, which we carried out in hundreds of cases of infected wounds (including compound fractures), was attended with the happiest results. It did not appear to retard the healing of the wounds, and, so far as we are aware, in no case did tetanus subsequently result. We consider the rubbing into the wound of powdered potassium permanganate an admirable method of treatment of gunshot wounds, especially in cases in which antitetanic serum is not available, and we recommend it with confidence."

FROSTBITE AND TRENCH FEET.

"After our experience in the 1st and 4th London General Hospitals R.A.M.C. (T.) of frostbite and trench feet occurring in British, Colonial, and Belgian soldiers, we expected to meet with numerous examples of these troubles owing to the extreme cold of the Russian winter. To our astonishment, we saw far fewer cases than we encountered in the various London hospitals. The Russian soldier knows nothing about socks or stockings. He wraps his foot in a square piece of flannel, and then puts on an excellent loose-fitting top-boot. Despite the fact that he has to face a temperature 30° to 40° lower than that encountered by his British comrade, he is far less liable to suffer from frostbite or trench feet. Admittedly he is more inured to extremes of cold, but as the result of our experience we recommend, as the best way to prevent frostbite and trench feet, a flannel wrap around the foot and a loosely-fitting top-boot."

NURSING AND THE WAR.

OUR ROLL OF HONOUR.

The War Office Casualty List includes the following announcements, under the heading, Nursing Service:—

KILLED.

Climie, Staff Nurse A., T.F.N.S.
Coles, Miss D., V.A.D.
Thomson, Miss E., V.A.D.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

Milne, Sister M., T.F.N.S.

Previously Reported Wounded, now reported Not Wounded.

Weaver, Sister M. J., Q.A.I.M.N.S.R.

The story of British women's courage is (says *The Red Cross*) the same wherever danger has suddenly overtaken them, from Nurse Cavell to V.A.D. probationers. We find it in comparatively small things as well as in great. A V.A.D. worker in Kensington hears a noise in one of the bedrooms of her hospital. She goes in and finds a burglar. The newspaper laconically reports that the burglar "pleaded to be released, but she took him along the corridor to——" To whom? "The matron." No fuss, no screaming, no scene such as Dickens would have shone in describing. Just took him to the matron; and the next day he is before the magistrate. And that is a passing trifle. It is merely the tinkling overture before a curtain-raiser in which we see 80 Girl Guides of Folkestone standing at salute while the terrific explosions of an air raid are taking place. Then comes the great play. In this we find nursing sisters in a hospital near Monastir which is made the target of delighted airmen. One is killed immediately. Another, refusing, as did all, to take cover, though urged by the medical officers, stays by her patients, and is in turn mortally wounded. A third, though herself severely wounded, ministers to her dying sister till all is over. The nurses and V.A.D. workers on the *Britannic*, when the torpedo struck, lined up on deck without a trace of excitement or fear, and a probationer in one of the boats in which not one man could row, showed them how to get clear and saved their lives. In the open sea they passed from boat to boat, attending to the wounded, and immediately on landing, instead of collapsing, set to work at once in the hospital. When the *Gloucester Castle* was torpedoed the nurses behaved in exactly the same way; so in the case of the *Braemar Castle*. The matron of the first-named ship was ready for the disaster, and in steadily providing for the needs of others was herself left on board by the boats. Finally she came off with a raving maniac, whose life was only saved by her entreaty. "He's like this," she said, "because he did his best when he could." May every man who reads of the *Gloucester Castle's* matron, and who in the future is called upon to put up with the minor failings of any woman,

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