

and in which she herself acted as nurse; it was so spotless it was difficult to realize it had ever been used. The detail was perfect in every particular—ward, operating room, light, instruments, and in fact everything in use was of the latest pattern. The little diet kitchen with lovely pottery, the linen room exquisitely fitted and handled. It was a red-letter day for our hostess, as it was the first time she had ever been in a motor coach, and it amused her greatly as well as the village people we passed used to her car. Great sympathy exists between this great lady and the villagers, as every Sunday they are allowed to visit her gardens at the Chateau so long as they do not leave rubbish, pick flowers, or walk on the grass! All these things they respect and so are able to enjoy this great privilege of visiting one of the most exquisite gardens in the world. After inscribing our names in the visitors' book and expressing our great admiration for the gardens and hospital, we re-entered the coach and bid our charming hostess and her daughter good-bye, after a visit of the greatest interest and pleasure.

The Belgian coalfields we could see in the distance, and no doubt many accidents came from them—one wonders why in this country we do not organise such miniature hospitalettes as the one we had just inspected, to meet the needs of sufferers from apparently unavoidable accidents that are for ever occurring on the new and much-frequented Motor Roads.

On our return to Brussels we repassed Waterloo, and saw the "old lion" in the evening glow. Night was upon us when we went through the woods, and the moon cast the great shadows of the trees—it was most delightfully weird and mysterious; the tales these woods could tell would be beyond description, as many of the civilians as well as the soldiers died there during and after the Battle of Waterloo. And with no one to succour them. On reaching Brussels we said farewell sadly to our kind International friends as we dropped them at points nearest to their hotels. Mlle. Chaptal was the last to leave us, indeed we grieved to be parting from her after her sweetness to us all throughout the Congress.

We came again to our hotel by 10.10 p.m., thoroughly enjoyed a belated meal—and snatched a few hours' sleep after packing preparatory to leaving Brussels in the morning—full of gratitude for the kindness we had received from everyone during our stay in hospitable Belgium, and fully determined at some future date to return and enjoy the exquisite mediæval towns embraced by the Flemish provinces of Belgium—the old Duchy of Brabant and the old country of Flanders, many of them little changed for centuries, and the marvellous architectural gems and works of art they contain.

And so our great International Nurses' reunion of 1933 has come and gone—enhancing our admiration for, and extending our devotion to, the profession we love.—A. M. B.

CONGRESS REPORTS SHOULD BE OBTAINED.

As will be gathered from the programme of the International Congress of Nurses, a large number of valuable Papers, covering a great variety of subjects, were presented by leading nurses of many nationalities during the Congress. Many of these papers are included in the Congress Reports, a limited number of which are still obtainable, together with the National Reports, presented to the International Council of Nurses by its affiliated National Councils. They can be procured from Mlle. Parmentier, Secretary, Fédération Nationale des Infirmières Belges, 18 Rue de la Source, Brussels. The price for the two volumes is 35 Belgian francs, and the postage two francs.

These volumes contain much valuable information, and should be acquired by all nurses' libraries.

NIGHTINGALEIANA.

"Observations on the Sanitary State of the Army in India." By Florence Nightingale.

Surface overcrowding, Page 31, . . .

The men are far too crowded in their Indian barracks. In almost every case there are too many men in the rooms for health. The floors in most barracks are merely the ground bricked over, or they are of stone, or of a kind of plaster.

At some stations the floors are of earth, varnished over periodically with *cow-dung*! a practice borrowed from the natives. Like Mahomet and the Mountain, if men won't go to the dunghill, the dunghill, it appears, comes to them.

To sum up: it is not economical for Government to make the soldiers as uncivilised as possible. Nature sends in her bill—a bill which always has to be paid—and at a pretty high rate of interest.

IV. Diet. Excess of Food. Page 57. . .

Suppose anyone wanted to try the effect of full diet, tipping, and want of exercise, in a hot climate on the health of men in the prime of life, the Indian Army method would be the process to adopt, in the certain expectation that every man exposed to it will be damaged in health.

While all this scientific "turkey stuffing" is practised, the men are carefully kept in barracks, and not allowed to exercise themselves. And everybody seem to believe that the way of making diseased livers in geese for Strasburg pies is the best way of keeping men's livers sound, and making efficient healthy soldiers for India. Wherever the regimen is otherwise, as in the case of cavalry and artillery, who have some exercise, or where an enlightened officer allows his men to go shooting, there is, of course, improved health. But nobody learns the lesson.

People seem to consider that health is a natural production of India, instead of being the result of rational management. At the same time everybody says that India is "so unhealthy." Under this system of diet, regimen, drink, and idleness, it is indeed to be expected, that cases sent to the hospital will be much more numerous, much more severe, and much less amenable to treatment and management than under sensible systems.

"My Personal Contact with Florence Nightingale," was the subject of an address by Mrs. Brown, wife of the Rev. Frederick Brown, of Purley, given recently to members of the London Road Sisterhood.

The "Lady of the Lamp" was born in 1820 and spent much of her life at Lea Hurst, near Cromford, Derbyshire, Mrs. Brown said. It was Mrs. Brown's privilege to see a good deal of her in 1877-84 while she (the speaker) was mistress of the village school at Lea. Florence Nightingale was greatly interested in the scholars and frequently gave the prizes. Like all noble souls, she cared little for the praise of men in the accomplishment of the work she had in hand.

In 1853 a great cloud arose in the East. War was declared. Florence Nightingale offered her services and was accepted. History told how well she did her duty on the battlefield. She was placed in full charge of the nursing staff. Queen Victoria wrote to the War Office giving orders that all Miss Nightingale's reports were to be passed on to her at once. It was in 1877 that Mrs. Brown had the honour of meeting her. Mrs. Brown's home was quite near Lea Hurst, where Florence Nightingale resided. Being a school teacher Mrs. Brown was eventually appointed to the village school of Lea. She was soon sent for. For years Mrs. Brown continued to visit Miss Nightingale when she wished to consult about prizes and the general welfare of scholars."

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