

**FIELD HOSPITAL
AND
FLYING COLUMN**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649218141

Field hospital and flying column by Violetta Thurstan

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

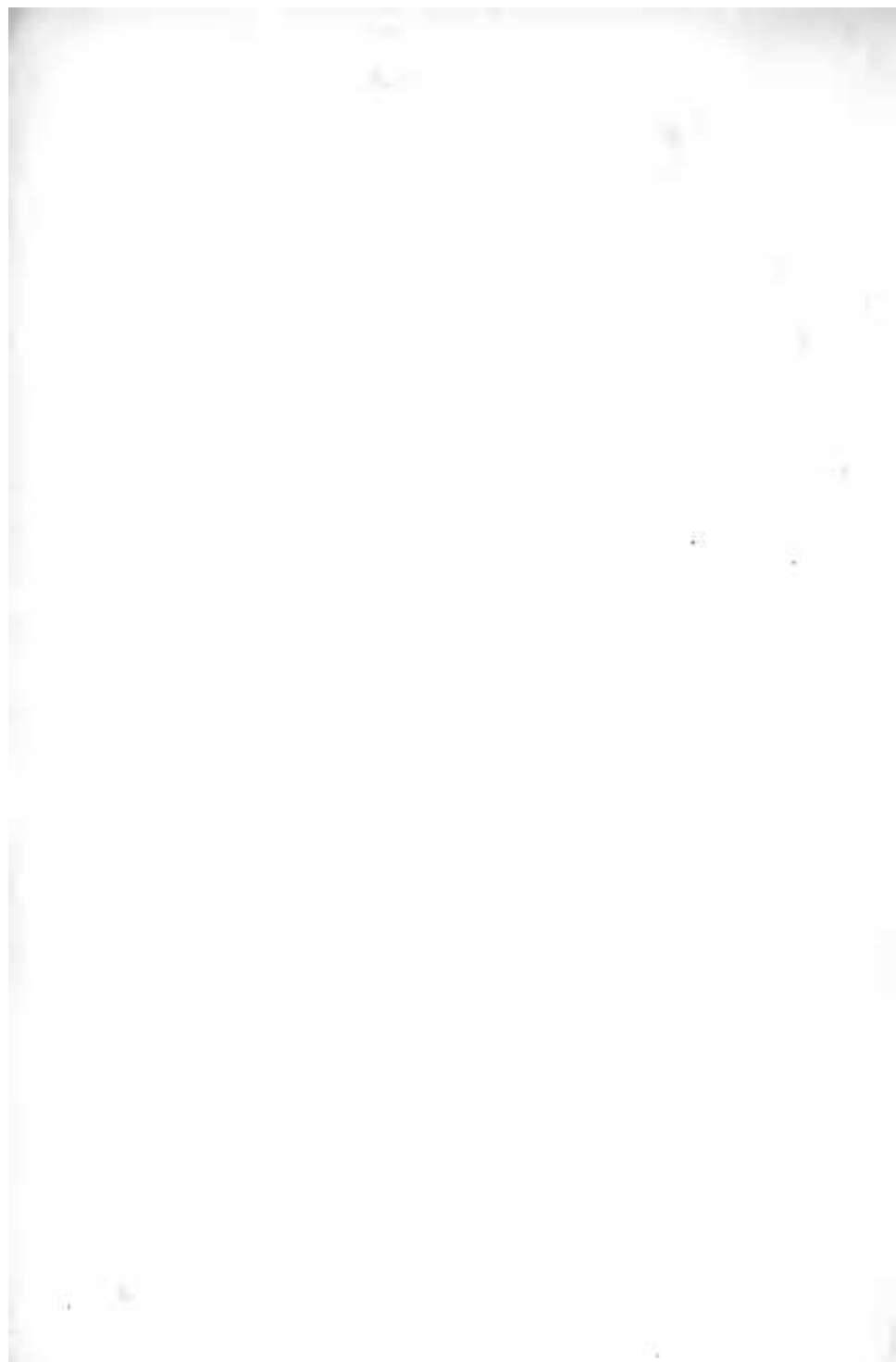
This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

VIOLETTA THURSTAN

**FIELD HOSPITAL
AND
FLYING COLUMN**

**Field Hospital and
Flying Column**



Field Hospital and Flying Column

Being the
Journal of an English Nursing Sister
in Belgium & Russia

By
Violetta Thurstan
||

London and New York
G. P. Putnam's Sons

1915

First Impression April 1915

M. R.

*Allons! After the great Companions, and to
belong to them.*

They too are on the road.

*They are the swift and majestic men, they are
the greatest women.*

*They know the universe itself as a road, as
many roads,*

As roads for travelling souls.

Camerados, I will give you my hand,

I give you my love more precious than money.

*Will you give me yourselves, will you come
travel with me?*

Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?

Contents

CHAP.	PAGE
I. THE BEGINNING OF IT ALL	I
II. CHARLEROI AND ROUND ABOUT	16
III. OUR HOSPITAL AND PATIENTS	37
IV. THE RETURN TO BRUSSELS	53
V. A MEMORABLE JOURNEY	76
VI. A PEACEFUL INTERLUDE	92
VII. OUR WORK IN WARSAW	113
VIII. THE BOMBARDMENT OF LODZ	128
IX. MORE DOINGS OF THE FLYING COLUMN	144
X. BY THE TRENCHES AT RADZIVILOW	161
INDEX	179

I

THE BEGINNING OF IT ALL

WAR, war, war. For me the beginning of the war was a torchlight tattoo on Salisbury Plain. It was held on one of those breathless evenings in July when the peace of Europe was trembling in the balance, and when most of us had a heartache in case—*in case* England, at this time of internal crisis, did not rise to the supreme sacrifice.

It was just the night for a tattoo—dark and warm and still. Away across the plain a sea of mist was rolling, cutting us off from the outside world, and only a few pale stars lighted our stage from above.

The field was hung round with Chinese lanterns throwing weird lights and shadows over the mysterious forms of men and beasts that moved therein. It was fascinating to watch the stately entrance into the field, Lancers, Irish Rifles, Welsh Fusiliers,