

**FIELD HOSPITAL AND FLYING
COLUMN, BEING THE JOURNAL
OF AN ENGLISH NURSING
SISTER IN BELGIUM & RUSSIA**

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Field Hospital and Flying Column, Being the Journal of an English Nursing Sister in Belgium & Russia by Violetta Thurstan

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VIOLETTA THURSTAN

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**Field Hospital and
Flying Column**

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1914

Being the

Journal of an English Nursing Sister
in Belgium & Russia

By

Violetta Thurstan

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

1915

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131
T.S.E.
1916

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?*

95180

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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,