

**THE BACKWASH OF WAR; THE
HUMAN WRECKAGE OF THE
BATTLEFIELD AS WITNESSED BY
AN AMERICAN HOSPITAL NURSE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649002818

The backwash of war; the human wreckage of the battlefield as Witnessed by an American Hospital Nurse by Ellen N. La Motte

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

ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

**THE BACKWASH OF WAR; THE
HUMAN WRECKAGE OF THE
BATTLEFIELD AS WITNESSED BY
AN AMERICAN HOSPITAL NURSE**

By Ellen N. La Motte

The Tuberculosis Nurse
The Backwash of War

The Backwash of War

The Human Wreckage of the Battlefield
as Witnessed by an American
Hospital Nurse

By

Ellen N. La Motte



G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York and London
The Knickerbocker Press

1916

COPYRIGHT, 1916
BY
ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

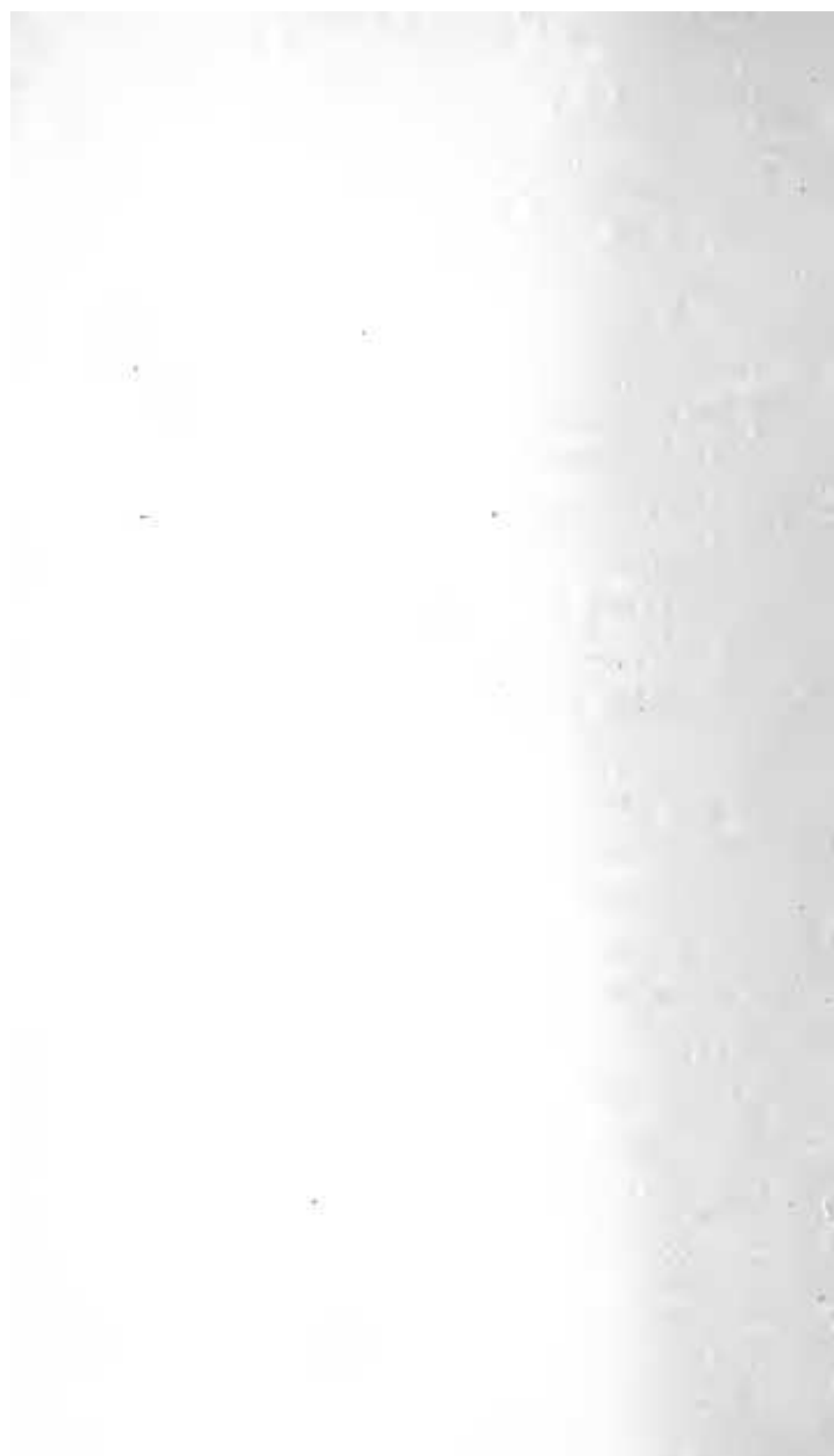
The Knickerbocker Press, New York

To

MARY BORDEN-TURNER

"THE LITTLE BOSS"

TO WHOM I OWE MY EXPERIENCE IN
THE ZONE OF THE ARMIES



INTRODUCTION

THIS war has been described as "Months of boredom, punctuated by moments of intense fright." The writer of these sketches has experienced many "months of boredom," in a French military field hospital, situated ten kilometres behind the lines, in Belgium. During these months, the lines have not moved, either forward or backward, but have remained dead-locked, in one position. Undoubtedly, up and down the long-reaching kilometres of "Front" there has been action, and "moments of intense fright" have produced glorious deeds of valour, courage, devotion, and nobility. But when there is little or no action, there is a stagnant place, and in a stagnant place there is much ugliness. Much ugliness is churned up in

the wake of mighty, moving forces. We are witnessing a phase in the evolution of humanity, a phase called War—and the slow, onward progress stirs up the slime in the shallows, and this is the Backwash of War. It is very ugly. There are many little lives foaming up in the backwash. They are loosened by the sweeping current, and float to the surface, detached from their environment, and one glimpses them, weak, hideous, repellent. After the war, they will consolidate again into the condition called Peace.

After this war, there will be many other wars, and in the intervals there will be peace. So it will alternate for many generations. By examining the things cast up in the backwash, we can gauge the progress of humanity. When clean little lives, when clean little souls boil up in the backwash, they will consolidate, after the final war, into a peace that shall endure. But not till then.

E. N. L. M.