

THE BELGIAN QUEEN

CAPTAIN CLARK WRITES OF
HER WORK.

(To Captain William Arthur Clark, surgeon in the United States Army base hospital, Camp Greene, was given the honor of meeting and talking with the Queen of Belgium, when that notable woman was engaged in her noble ministry of aiding the wounded subjects of her realm. The captain, who was in Belgium for several months after the war opened, writes of the simple devotion of Queen Elizabeth).

When the Germans entered Brussels, August 20, 1914, the royal family with the Belgian government moved to Antwerp, only to be forced on again when that city fell early in October. The Crown Prince, Leopold, his brother, Prince Charles-Theodore, and little sister, Princess Marie-Jose, were sent to England, but the King and Queen stayed with their people.

During those dark days of September and October when the Belgians were delaying the advance of the Huns toward the channel ports, the wounded fared badly. Train after train of cattle cars carpeted with straw carried them back to hastily established and poorly equipped hospitals where doctors and nurses worked feverishly, only sleeping for an hour or so between the arrival of trains.

The frequent moving of these hospitals was forced by the oncoming line and it was not until after the battle on the Yser, where under personal command of King Albert, the Belgian army made its final and successful stand late in October, that any relatively permanent hospitals were established on Belgian soil.

The most prominent of these was organized by the Belgian Red Cross under the patronage of the Queen, built mostly in England and shipped over, financed by American money and placed under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Depage, a Brussels surgeon.

The equipment of this hospital at the little summer resort town of La Panne on the beach, about 20 miles west of Ostend, was made possible by Madame Depage, wife of the director, who came to America and secured the funds. On her return trip she was lost on the Lusitania, but all the securities she had gathered were saved. Her body was recovered and buried on a sand dune almost in the shadow of the hospital for which she had given her life.

Queen Elizabeth established her residence at La Panne in two villas on the beach within half a mile of the hospital, and visited the wards and dressing rooms frequently. At times she would come every day and cases would be selected from our services for her to dress—those cases selected being not too trivial to be interesting and yet not so extensive or painful as to be offensive. She was interested in surgery and anatomy and attended the lectures which were given at times when the hospital was not

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13)

NEVER WEARIES

CHARLOTTE WOMAN CALLS EVERY
DAY AT HOSPITAL.

The first favorable impression upon the New England Pioneers when they arrived at the base hospital, Camp Greene, was the thoughtfulness and kindness of the Charlotte ladies. There was seldom an afternoon that many of them did not come with large baskets of beautiful flowers and boxes of good things to eat. They gave these to the patients with pleasant words and happy smiles. Lucky patients we wardmen often thought, but when they paused at the door and invited us to their homes we were not so selfish.



Miss Grier standing at the foot of the rear stairs of Ward C-6 with Nurses Campbell and Cassidy.

Among all these noble women there is one whose name we can never forget. One whom we expected every afternoon and one who always came. From early October through the long winter until this summer she has not missed a day. Even when the mud almost forced us to stay in camp she came to see us in her rubber boots.

Being unable to work in the Red Cross rooms she had chosen this work as "her bit" in this world war. She was unmindful of herself and the weather in her efforts to see if there was not some way in which she could help.

Miss Grier, or Mother, as the sick boys call her, wrote hundreds of letters for them to the mothers, wives and sweethearts—back home. She shopped for them, talked with them, read to them, and advised them. She listened to all their troubles, cares,

HAS ORCHESTRA

MUSIC FOR HOSPITAL NOW
UNDER WAY.

Yes, Oscar that noise you were kicking about Wednesday evening was music. Sure, I'm positive of it. Sergeant Zunder told me so himself, and he is the conductor. If "Zee" doesn't know no one else does.

The plans are being laid for a first-class orchestra, right here at the base hospital. Quite a few of the instruments have already been secured and with those at present the property of the boys themselves a very fair sized assemblage of musicians was arraigned. The first rehearsal was held on Sunday afternoon, last, at the first sergeant's tent and all agreed that it was a great success even the audience and that was some concession.

At the last rehearsal there were over fifteen players present, the musical effect being equally as good as anything that has been heard in the vicinity for many a day.

Sergeant Monroe F. Zunder is the instructor of the newly organized orchestra. Other members are:

Pianist—Sergeant Goldstein
Cornetists—Corporal Smith, Corporal Sellers, Private Hart.

Clarinet—Corporal LeTarte.
Trombone—Sergeant Wheeler and Private Sherbut.

Flute—Private Terzeu.
Banjo—Cook Lavorgona.
Mandolins—Private Neal, Private Wilkisson and Cooks Severino and Barnes.

Violins—Privates Greenbaum and H. R. Brown.

Guitar—Private Sequitz
Trap Drum—Private R. D. O'Connor.

With just a little more practice the boys will be all set for engagements and within a month we expect to hear of the base hospital orchestra having made a name for itself.

worries, and complaints. Then just as their own mother would have done, she soothed their tired minds with tender and well chosen words. So perhaps without knowing it she established a comradeship with many a sick soldier which will never be lost.

It was during the quarantine period that many of the corps boys came to know her better. Even though she had many errands to do for the patients she could somehow find time to help us. She was always glad to do anything she could for our pleasure and has proven herself a true and everlasting friend. Whenever we are sent from here we shall remember Miss Grier, and try in some small way to show our appreciation.

To a woman who has so nobly done for humanity as she we can only give our every good wish for a glad and happy future. However, we are thankful to know of the great and mighty power who has seen her every deed, known her every thought and wish.

—By Francis Mills.