

The size of the wards varied, and the most experienced nurses took charge of the largest ones, among these being Nurses Frost, Sadler, Wright, Shering and Hawkins. At night we found we were left with the alternative of a blaze of light or none at all. The glass chandeliers were enormous and high up, as befits a palace. However, fortunately a nurse had a brilliant idea which a boy scout carried out, and several large candles discovered behind the electric lights were confiscated to be used at night in wine bottles and hidden during the day.

The clinical Centigrade thermometers were clumsy compared with our own, to those who were unaccustomed to them, the quicksilver seemed more elusive and difficult to locate. The charts also were rather a trial to Sister and ourselves, as anyone who took a temperature charted it, and also made notes of the treatment, and so there were dots, spots, and alas, blots.

The arrangements on day duty were somewhat topsy-turvy; a nurse with a three years' certificate and many more years of hard work, would perhaps receive her orders from an uncertificated nurse who spoke French well. This of course was unavoidable with a French Sister who could not speak English, and when done tactfully no one minded.

Most of the large windows were securely fastened before our arrival, and all were whitewashed to far above our reach, but a careful observer would have noticed a small hole steadily growing day by day in some of them. It required much dusting. When things were quiet in the wards at night one could hear at times the tramp of feet outside, and many of us could not resist the temptation to scale the window ledges and watch the Germans, and may be our own men march by, most of them looking so weary, and longing no doubt, as we were for this horrible war to end.

When we heard more German patients were arriving and German Sisters coming to nurse them, when many of our own were amongst the idle, some of us decided to try and get away.

We were warned it was not safe, but permission to leave was not refused and so the party grew. Some left, or rather were supposed to leave Brussels at 6.30 a.m., and some at 7.30 a.m. by tram for Ninove on September 1st. There we were told we could not proceed, and must return to Brussels. This was a bitter blow, and one of the nurses volunteered to try and see the German officer in command.

After waiting an hour and a half for him, she was received with much courtesy, the whole route being discussed and followed on a map. Evidently here was the best type of German soldier, and one whom it was a pleasure to meet. Passports were quickly sent for and signed and a start made in a sort of furniture van, which had been secured by a man whom the British Vice-Consul had appointed to look after the party. We were stopped many times and our passports examined and once we were nearly turned back. At Sotteghem we halted and put

up for the night, and soon after saw the second party arrive.

Our accommodation was primitive, rugs were spread on the floor of a big room above the bar, and we got what rest we could.

The Consul's man, and two others who were taking the opportunity of going to England and helped us enormously on the way there, used the room below and later on we heard a heated discussion, and were told by our landlady our passports were being examined by Germans.

It was a bitter blow to be told next morning that we need not hurry as we might be detained there for three days, and that our horse had been commandeered by the Germans. We were also told there was fighting all along the line in front of us.

Some of us who were very anxious to push on considered joining with the rear party who had offered some spare seats, and two eventually did. But alas! the owner of their horses would not allow them to be brought out, and so all seemed stranded once more.

Three of us, including a Belgian Sister of Mercy, had almost decided to walk to Ghent, when suddenly all the Germans vanished, and both parties could make a start. It was a glorious day, and our journey lay through beautiful country where everything seemed peaceful. No one accosted us, but the Flemish people looked suspicious, evidently mistaking us for Germans, when in happier circumstances we could have caused amusement, for we looked an odd lot, perched on the top of our luggage in a small cart. Only at halting places did we receive smiles of welcome with beer offered to us.

At Ghent we found a train was leaving in an hour and a half for Ostend, and there we spent the night, some of us getting up early next morning to catch the 8 o'clock boat for England.

B. C. R.

NURSING ON A HOSPITAL SHIP.

The following extracts from the letters of nurses to the Matron of the London Homœopathic Hospital give an interesting glimpse of nurses' work on a hospital ship:—

Havre, September 4th.

DEAR MATRON,—I seem to have so many things to tell you that I hardly know how to begin. If I were mighty with my pen I could write a book, but I will tell you the best way I can what has been happening since we left the London Homœopathic Hospital on Friday. Only Friday! It seems a life-time since then, and something exciting happens every day. We went to — in great style. First class Government pass. The War Office know how to do things properly. We had some tea, and then were introduced to the Matron. We had to sign papers and write to announce our arrival to the War Office—quite a lot of red tape to

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