

"The staff that night walked to their sleeping place in the convent across the road with shells flying about. But first they had got their wounded patients safely to the cellars. Slight, frail nurses carried heavy men on their shoulders—the men's arms around their necks. Shells were bursting all round, but never once did I see anyone taking the slightest notice of them. The nurses' coolness was marvellous. In half an hour all our 130 patients were packed in the cellars.

"Next day, Thursday, we found nearly all Antwerp had fled. All the shops were shut; no food, not even bread, was to be got. Not a soul was to be seen. At last I found a motor-lorry to take away our six most serious cases. We were left with sixteen, who could not move. At two o'clock on Thursday we found a second motor-lorry, and on this we packed sixteen wounded, a woman doctor, three nurses, and an interpreter. The loading was done with the shells still dropping around us.

"We waited for help—three hours, four, five—and nothing came. Then, in desperation, I went out on the main road, the Chaussée de Malines, to see if I could see anyone. Imagine my delight at seeing whirling along the road towards me, at a breakneck pace, three London motor-omnibuses. I stood in the middle of the road, stretched out my arms and shouted. They were carrying ammunition. I urged them to take our staff along. "If you'll be as quick as lightning," said the driver of one, "we'll take you along. But we *must* get beyond the bridge of boats before it is blown up." I rushed into our hospital, hurried up the staff, and in a few minutes we were sitting in the omnibus, right on the cases of ammunition they were carrying. There were sixteen of us. We rushed down into Antwerp and over the bridge just before it was blown up.

"On the other side we were put down, and after going a short way we found ourselves among lines of soldiers. A Belgian general and three of his staff were there. I went to him and asked could he lend us motor-cars to get to somewhere whence we could get to Ostend. He let us have motor-cars to take us as far as St. Gilles. Thence we got to Ostend and over by boat."

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

FROM FRANCE.

We hope the optimism of Sir Frederick Treves, in so far as the supply of English nurses in France is concerned, will not have the effect of preventing more being sent over. All there have been working at high pressure, and it is false economy if the best work is to be done. We hear of a staff of eight nurses for day and night duty to 200 wounded men, many very seriously ill. Of these several are naturally kept waiting on the overworked surgeons, and have all the sterilising and theatre work to do. One writes: "If I

had been expected to bestir my stumps in England as I have since I came here how injured I should have felt. But I have often here been on duty sixteen hours at a stretch, and truly never feel tired. It is amazing what one can do when one tries. I have simply to tear myself away from the ward long after bedtime. No one with "feet" and "backs" need come here, there is no use for them. It is the chance of a lifetime to feel one's work of so much value. You know how often I have said how superfluous I felt—just one of hundreds—but here hundreds need my service, and I am grateful. Is that vanity, or just a yearning to pour out the mother in one? How I have always envied women with "Victorian" families. Fancy the feeling of the German Empress with six sons at the War. Don't tell me she isn't as pleased as Punch, I know better."

FROM SWITZERLAND, THROUGH FRANCE, TO ENGLAND.

Although Switzerland is politically neutral, individual feeling runs very high—being, roughly speaking, decided by language. The French-speaking cantons are for the most part in favour of France and her Allies, and the German-speaking for Germany and Austria.

"I left Geneva under special escort, and, therefore, got a through carriage to Paris instead of being delayed en route. I might have kept the compartment to myself, but had not the heart to do so when, about 2.0 a.m. fourteen people clambered in. As the carriage was only intended for seven, it was a fairly tight pack one on the top of the other and on the floor. There were officers, soldiers, women and children. I was struck by the general cheerful friendliness and politeness. There appeared to be no barrier between officers and soldiers. An animated conversation went on all night, and we all interchanged chocolate, pears and views, as if we had known each other all our lives. With the exception of one youth who had just arrived from Marseilles and announced the arrival of the Indian troops, all the men had been wounded and were rejoining their regiments after convalescence. They spoke hopefully and with determination. They were unanimous in saying that the Germans shot badly and that this accounted for so many wounds to the extremities. One of them described the effect of the new French explosive. He said they had fired on a lot of Germans in trenches, and were astonished that they never moved. On investigation, it was found that they were already dead but still standing with their rifles levelled, and one officer holding up his field-glasses—exactly as if alive. Their theory was that the vibration killed them, but I have generally heard the result attributed to fumes. The women of the party had fled from their homes not far from Paris, on the approach of the Germans, and were now returning. They showed the same gallant spirit as the men, and the same determination to bear what misfortune came to them without complaint as

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