

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

FROM ANTWERP.

The party of six nurses despatched to Antwerp by the St. John Ambulance Association, at the request of the British Minister, on Tuesday, September 15th, which included Miss A. M. Harris (of the Registered Nurses' Society), and Miss Lawless (of the Catholic Women's League), travelled by boat from Tilbury to Antwerp, and landed the following Thursday morning.

Miss Harris and Miss Lawless were assigned to a ward of fifty-four beds, in Ambulance 52, at the German Club, where they worked under Dr. Albert Jacobs and Dr. De Bom. Miss Harris speaks with gratitude of the great help which they received from the ladies of the Belgian Red Cross—especially Mme. Nottobohm, who willingly did probationer's work, and rendered them invaluable assistance.

One arrangement seemed to Miss Harris admirable—none of the dressings were done in the ward, but in the "salle de pansements," specially devoted to this purpose. Nearly all the cases were surgical, though many also had rheumatic pains, and what they termed "mal au reins," from getting damp in the trenches. By Dr. Jacobs' order, all patients were encouraged to drink freely—water, lime water, and other fluids—in order to wash out of their systems.

On Wednesday, October 7th, there were rumours of a German attack, but no one seriously thought that the bombardment of the city was imminent; however, at midnight, that night, the first bomb fell, and near Ambulance 52. Thereafter, shells came through the night at regular intervals of seven minutes, and later at somewhat longer intervals.

When the bombardment began, the Sisters realized the danger of their patients, and promptly took them down to the cellar, or cave, as it was called there—one of the convalescent patients giving the greatest assistance both in the removal of the patients and generally throughout the night.

Then Miss Harris endeavoured to get instructions as to what was to be done with her fifty-four wounded patients, and was told to remain at the

Ambulance till the morning, when stretchers would be sent for the worst cases. Later, the Director and the Etat Major, on being applied to, expressed the opinion that the right thing to do was to leave the city; and at seven o'clock the little party of nurses and patients—some of them very seriously ill—passed out of the hospital into the streets, where the deadly German shells were dropping. They went first to the Gare du Sud, only to find that no trains were running; then to the Gare du Nord, with no better success. Then they met a Commandant, who advised them to go to the Place de Meir and over the bridge. Upon Miss Harris, asking for "room for the wounded," the people allowed them to pass, and eventually they got over the bridge and out of the city, but could get no train.

But difficulties had only begun. They were directed to go to St. Anne, only to be sent on to St. Nicolas, which proved to be some miles away, and every one of the forty-eight patients—to which number the party was, for one reason and another, by that time reduced—was unfit to walk, and ought to have been in bed, and two were desperately ill. Miss Harris appealed, without success, to some medical women, who passed them in a motor car, to take these two patients. By and by, a Belgian officer, with a car already full, came along, and to him Miss Harris also appealed. After some conversation, he agreed to take one man, and eventually consented for the second to ride on the step. But when Miss Harris, in duty bound, told him that one of the men might die at

any moment, difficulties again arose. Ultimately, Sister Lawless was also packed into the car, to look after the two sick men, whom she eventually placed in the Kursaal at Ostend; and the rest of the wounded trudged on to Beverens-Waas.

On the way, they were advised to move on, as the Germans were expected. The station-master informed Miss Harris that he would make up two trains in the afternoon—for there were many wounded and refugees besides her party. Eventually they left—the train full of wounded, and soldiers on the top. They allayed their hunger and thirst on coffee, water and turnips, and arrived at Bruges at 1.30 a.m. There the refugees were turned out of the waiting-room and the



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