

wounded made as comfortable as possible. Food, however, was unobtainable. Miss Harris was told the whole town was *épuisé* (bare); but some poor, dirty, people played the part of Good Samaritans, and eventually each one of the patients had one cup of coffee. At 3 a.m. some doctors came round and sent the worst cases to the military hospital.

At 7 a.m. Miss Harris hoped to find a train for Ostend, but after waiting and waiting she decided to take the remains of her party to Blankenburghe, a place on the coast, north of Ostend. Here they arrived at 1 o'clock, and at the Hotel d'Orange obtained soup, stew, bread and beer, and never was food more appreciated. On applying at the police station for advice Miss Harris was told that the best thing to do was to go on to Knocke, so to Knocke they went, and the patients were put to bed at the Hotel Palace. Fortunately among them was a "premier chef" (head sergeant-major), who helped to keep order, a doctor who had escaped from Antwerp took them under his care, and a corporal who had had four years' medical training was put in charge of the "Salle de Pansements," where some restraint of the technique observed by the Red Cross workers appears to have been necessary, but as they were what the doctor termed "ladies of goodwill," he hesitated to speak.

The party remained at Knocke until Tuesday, when a medical general visited them and told them to leave, so the next morning they took the train to Ostend, hoping to find a boat for England there. At last they got to the quay and, thanks to their corporal, a place upon it. There were high hopes when a boat came in, but, alas! for some unexplained reason, she left without any passengers.

Miss Harris then tramped the town to find food for her charges, but not a biscuit was to be bought. At last a man took her by mysterious ways to the back room of a baker's shop, where there were a few loaves. For this welcome bread the baker would take nothing, saying that he gave it willingly for the wounded. That night they slept in the station, and in the chill early morning the party was once more on the quay waiting for boats expected at five, at six, at seven, at nine, none of which turned up.

What was to be done? A lieutenant advised Miss Harris to move on as best she could with the more able-bodied, and a medical captain suggested that she should leave the worst patients with him in the military hospital. This she did, and then returned with the remnant of the party to the hotel at Knocke, where the Patron told her that the Germans were expected at any minute and advised her to get over the frontier, which, after various vicissitudes, was accomplished.

(It should be stated that half-an-hour after they left the Quay at Ostend, a boat arrived, and many of the wounded who remained there arrived in England by that means.)

They then applied to the Pastor for advice as to where to sleep, and were assured that every place

in the village was full. A member of the party suggested the church, and the Pastor admitted he had not thought of that, and cleared out some of the chairs. There Miss Harris established her patients for the night, and for herself and a girl refugee got a shakedown in a peasant's cottage.

The next day, partly walking, partly by train, and partly in a carriage, the little party, now, from one reason and another reduced to four patients, with Miss Harris, arrived at Breskens, where they took a little boat to Flushing. On Sunday, October 18th, they joined the crowd waiting at the office to sign their names for tickets, and on Monday secured places on a boat for England.

FROM BRUSSELS.

As we reported last week, the party of nurses sent out to Brussels by Mr. Alfred de Rothschild have returned home, being no longer permitted to work in the Ambulances by the German administration. They numbered twenty-seven in all, twenty who left London on Sunday, August 19th, with Mr. Rowlands, and seven more on the following Tuesday. On arrival at Brussels they were allotted by the Belgian Red Cross Society to various Ambulances, really small hospitals placed at the disposal of the Society by private benevolence. Amongst the party were Miss A. M. Beedie, assigned to the Vanderborcht Ambulance, with Miss Gibson and Miss Hodges; and Miss L. Kemp, of the Registered Nurses' Society, who worked with Miss Waycot in the Ambulance provided by the generosity of Baron Janssen.

On their arrival the nurses were met by Baron Lambert, who took them to his Ambulance. They then went to a convent, where they stayed till allotted to the various Ambulances.

BARON JANSSEN'S AMBULANCE.

Miss Kemp describes the work as most interesting, and speaks most warmly of all the kindness and assistance she received. The Ambulances were got ready by the Belgian Red Cross Society, and as the one in which she was located was in Baron Janssen's house, everything that she could wish for to help her in her work was provided. Moreover there was a laundry attached to the house, so there was an ample supply of fresh linen, all articles sent there being returned within twenty-four hours.

At first all the patients were Belgians, speaking either French or Flemish. Every bed when made up was provided with a clean shirt, a handkerchief, two towels, and a large linen bag in which all the patient's clothes were taken to the laundry. Everything was washed which could be, and then the Belgian ladies mended the clothes, and replaced such things as could not be mended, so that every man went out with a good outfit. Each man in hospital was also provided with a tin box for his special treasures, and the money of those who had any was taken care of by the Baron.

Miss Kemp and Miss Waycot changed duty every eight hours, as the idea of consecutive

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