

been given them, and in very good spirits at going home, cheery and jolly. Just a few showed a manifest distaste at any contact with the English Sisters. During the night spent in Folkestone Harbour Miss Chittock remained on duty with three orderlies until 4.30 a.m., and then was relieved by Miss Horder, but the men needed little attention.

They left Folkestone at 8 a.m. on Tuesday, the 16th inst., and had an excellent crossing to Flushing. The arrival there was, Miss Chittock relates, most impressive; she only wishes she had been able to reproduce with a camera the scene which remains photographed in her mind. In the foreground a boat filled with sailors; on the quay, members of the Dutch Red Cross; and, waiting behind, the German orderlies. Then they came on board to fetch their patients, the English and German orderlies saluted one another, and the German prisoners—prisoners no longer—crowded round the German orderlies to shake hands with them, some so delighted to meet their compatriots that they broke down and cried. Then they bid a cordial goodbye to the doctors and Sisters, shook hands with their English orderlies, and went on shore, some to the joy of being met by relatives, and those of them who still needed

care to receive, we are sure, the best attention from Dutch and German nurses.

Then the ship's crew began to clean the boat, and the English Sisters went ashore and dined at an hotel, as did also the doctors and some of the officers. About eight o'clock that same evening they began to take the English prisoners from Germany (some 200) on board the *Mecklenburg*. They were brought on by

Dutch Red Cross nurses and orderlies, who were very good to them. Sixty-six of the patients were stretcher cases, and on the whole the men were more seriously ill than the Germans taken over. One of the first was a bad spinal case, who eagerly welcomed a cup of tea, and admitted when asked what else he would like that he would just love some sandwiches. It was 1 a.m. before all the patients had been settled, and supper got round. Two of the Sisters stayed on duty that night, and

were needed, with the orderlies, to look after the patients. The orderlies, although not men of great experience, worked extremely well.

It was well that many of the patients had a good sleep that night, for the good weather of Tuesday did not extend to the return journey. Miss Chittock, who has crossed to the Continent many times, and has never been ill before, describes the weather as awful, and one of the Dutch stewards remarked that such a voyage was no good to anybody. No one wanted either food or drink. Everybody was ill.

Before leaving Flushing the Dutch people gave the Sisters generous and beautiful bundles for their patients, containing warm shirts, socks, mittens, mufflers, and overcoats, which were most welcome, for the men

were not at all warmly clad.

Right glad were our men to get a change of food, for they said they could not swallow the cabbage soup, chestnuts, and black bread which had principally formed their diet in Germany. At the same time they admitted that the French prisoners seemed to enjoy it, so that probably the food question is one, not only of quality, but of national taste.



MISS M. A. CHITTOCK.

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