It was a sad time. In our camp five tents holding eight beds each went to a line. Each line had a Sister and, as a rule, there was an untrained soldier to each tent to help her.

Nurses will realise what this meant, forty enterics, nearly all bad cases, to one trained nurse. The beds were so close there was not room to pass between them. By the Royal Commission a few months later I was asked what we did, and replied "the best we could." It was hopelessly little, and the men died in numbers, as all the world knows, daily. Young men, chiefly, too--dying as it were without an effort, with perhaps a temperature of only to say how many I had for 'my tents, in one week, and their various ideas of treatment for enterics were rather distracting for patients and nurses.

There was one young man who staked his all on Salol, and much valuable time was wasted trying to get the powder swallowed. For a special feature of this epidemic was the condition of the mouths. Tongues and lips were often not only sore, but cracked deep down and bleeding, and do what one would to get to them, it was only possible to clean them once or twice daily.

Cow's milk was not to be had, and con-



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102deg.—dying because they were exhausted before the fever got hold of them, by forced marches and insufficient food. It all made one inclined to say "Peace at any price, nothing is worth this." One of the men told me one day he had not been able to sleep, and on my asking why, said : "I think I was too comfortable, it is months since I slept in a bed."

The difficulties of nursing were great. For some reason unknown, the medical officers were constantly being changed. I should be afraid densed milk was much disliked. After a time a small supply of fresh milk was sent to the camp daily, and doled out in precious pints by the Superintending Sister to the line Sisters waiting with their jugs. A pint or two to forty cases.

A cheering thing was the way some of the Tommies took to nursing. I had an orderly – a Worcester—who learnt to take care of backs in a wonderful way, and helped keep one of our worst cases, a young Australian, free of

1. To the drive

[Dec. 9, 1905]



