

bed-sores. It is true this nurse was not over clean, that he invariably had a pipe in his mouth, that his method of changing sheets left much to be desired; but he was kindness and gentleness itself to that lad, and grieved heartily that we could not save him. The only way I could show my appreciation was by tobacco, and that he had.

Again, one cannot criticise the nursing arrangements too severely. The number of enterics in Bloemfontein got beyond all management.

For instance, our camp was equipped for 500, and we constantly had 1,200.

Still, when I remember seeing pails of enteric excreta, carried overflowing between the tent rows, I think more should have been done in the way of sanitation. Also, when I think of the tin bath of drinking water kept at the Sisters' mess-tent door, ostensibly covered with a piece of mackintosh, but in reality exposed to all the infected dust of the camp and veldt, I think considerably more might have been done.

The climate was very variable. At night and in the morning it was bitterly cold, and we often found ice in our basins. By mid-day the sun was blazing, and we peeled off extra garments only to put them on as night came round.

When we first got up the town shops were more or less empty of goods, a short list of things that could be bought being posted in the windows. Small lanterns for candles were at a premium; we used them at night, for it was some little distance from our quarters to the main camp—over rough veldt, intersected in one part by a deep ditch which could only be crossed at certain places. If your candle went out you felt very alone in the "big dark," stumping along with various impedimenta, one usually being the stock brandy bottle. It sounds like Mrs. Gamp, but it was necessary to prevent people helping themselves in the night "when they felt disposed."

One day an enterprising spirit discovered a shop where they would bake a cake for 5s. We had a whip-up in our tent, and the happy day came when the cake, and party to meet it, arrived. Imagine our feelings when on cutting it we found it seed!

The food was chiefly meat, grain, bread and flies. The cooking was done with the best of intentions by a soldier assisted by a Kaffir boy, and the result must have paved a good piece of a certain road.

In any case, one did not seem to fancy food, there were too many flies. I have seen the tents so black with them that they made a complete lining, and of course, they settled on any food within reach. I can believe anything bad of flies, or scorpions, or spiders. The

latter were sometimes huge, and when one day I found one of about two inches long looking at me, I behaved exactly as Miss Muffet did in similar circumstances.

One of the finest sights I remember was from our tent one night. It was brilliant with moon and stars, and you could see endlessly across the veldt. A convoy a mile long, was passing up to Kroonstad, composed of big wagons, with

twelve oxen yoked to each. They moved very slowly, and took quite an hour to pass the camp, and made one realise how easy it would be to intercept them and how difficult to guard.

Another day a regiment of New South Wales Lancers went by—a brave sight with their pennons flying.

It was just dinner time, and we were collecting at the mess tent, some way from the road. The men started cheering at sight of the red capes, and continued till out of sight. It was not a personal thing at all, and made one feel—well, as you do when you have the luck to hear a really fine tenor sing, "Watchman, what of the night" (from the *Lobgesang*), taking his high note with ease and precision.

After a time my hour came, and I found



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