

sick and wounded soldiers who, on their arrival in the Albert Dock from South Africa, may not be fit to travel further at once. This hospital immediately adjoins the wharves, where transports from the Cape arrive.

The nursing staff at Ladysmith consists of the following:—Superintendent Sister Dowse, Army Nursing Service; Sister Noble, Netley; Sister Bond, Netley; Sister Bouchier, formerly of Netley; Sister Ludlow, wife of Major Ludlow (in charge of the ward); Sister Charleston, Sister Edith Borclase, Johannesburg; Sister Sophia Lees, Johannesburg (members of Victoria Nurses Institute); Sister Hill, Johannesburg.

Sister Ludlow is well known to many of our readers, who knew her well, first as Nurse Barton—for some time staff nurse in Lawrence Ward at St. Bartholomew's Hospital—and afterwards as the capable Matron of the Royal Free Hospital, a position which she only relinquished on her marriage. Sister Bouchier will also be remembered as an energetic member of the Royal British Nurses' Association in its palmy days. The presence of so many competent nurses in Ladysmith proves, what we have always asserted, that there are many nurses in South Africa ready and willing to assist the Army Sisters there, and it is surely wisdom to make use of their valuable services.

The Russian Red Cross Ambulance, raised by public subscription in aid of the Boers, has arrived at Odessa en route for South Africa.

The German ambulance party, with its full equipment, has left Pretoria for Bloemfontein.

The following letter from Miss M. Waller, one of the nurses evicted from the Johannesburg Hospital, will be read with interest:—

"Since I last wrote to you we have passed through a great deal. We had all prepared at the Johannesburg Hospital for the wounded, and had taken over the Masonic Hall to be nursed by the Johannesburg nurses. In fact we were just waiting for the wounded Boers to come when Dr. Mangold (a German), a man who had no degrees that any medical man in Johannesburg would recognise, was made the head military doctor, came and had us all turned out at the eleventh hour. After all our friends had left Johannesburg we were simply at the mercy of the Boers. No one has ever heard of such a deplorable thing being done in the whole world's history as to turn out a band of trained nurses. They have taken off their noses to spite their faces this

time if they never did before. We are all very disappointed, as we had worked so hard preparing for the Boer wounded, and had the hospital in a splendid condition, not to mention working it for nearly four years. So you can imagine our feelings when we were told by Dr. Mangold, on the last day for British subjects to clear out, that we were English, and therefore couldn't possibly have any sympathy with Boers. It just shows you how narrow minded they are, as if we could possibly make any difference in nursing a sick man, be he Boer or British. I could never express to you in writing the misery we passed through during the following twelve hours we were preparing for our departure from the Transvaal. We felt it terribly; it was like leaving home. Can you imagine 46 nurses and one matron leaving Johannesburg, not knowing where we were going to, or whether we should be taken over the border alive. However, we got over after a deal of trouble. About an hour before we got to the border dynamite was found on the rails with the fuses lit, and it was only by some fluke we were not all blown to pieces. Shall I ever forget the utter misery? We travelled to Durban via Delagoa Bay, first by train and then by boat, which in ordinary times takes 48 hours. It took us five days, and during that time we had great scarcity of food and water, and had to sleep sitting. We were packed like herrings in a box both in the train and on the boat, and when we arrived at Durban it was pouring with rain, and it seemed hopeless trying to get lodgings. Every place was filled up with refugees, so we eventually got put up for two nights at the Addington Hospital, and then got lodgings in town where we are staying now spending our hard earned savings. We have our names down for the front, and may be called any moment. We are holding ourselves ready and doing other work. Miss Young, our matron, has gone on to Capetown to try and get an interview with Sir Alfred Milner regarding our getting back to the hospital when the war is over, also to have our names put down for the front Mafeking way. I have often wanted to be where there is war, but never again. The bitter suffering that some people are going through is too awful to witness—families leaving the Transvaal at such short notice, leaving their homes and belongings—you couldn't possibly realise it unless you were here to see it. We were only allowed to bring bare necessities; everything else had to be left behind, and goodness only knows if we shall ever see any of our things again. It was quite a luxury to leave the Transvaal on a five days' journey in an open coal truck standing or sitting on the floor, and just at that time heavy rains were commencing."

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