

### Army Nursing Notes.

By the courtesy of the Secretary of State for War, we are enabled to state that the following Sisters of the Army Nursing Service Reserve will embark for South Africa to-day, Saturday:—Sisters A. A. Bousfield, R. Moody, M. Dempster, M. A. Rickards, and L. Schroder. Fifteen Sisters will also embark in the *Lismore Castle* about the 28th inst. They are Sisters W. M. Pooler, E. M. King, E. C. R. Philp, A. Cameron, F. Bishop, A. F. Clarke, N. E. Newton, A. S. Wyatt, M. M. Horder, K. E. King, P. Young, M. R. M. McDowell, H. Swain, G. Chinnery, and J. E. Dods. It is evident, therefore, that although so many nurses have been sent out, more are still needed. This is excellent testimony to the value of the work already performed.

The members of the second and third sections of the Scottish National Red Cross Hospital were last week inspected by General E. F. Chapman, C.B., commanding the forces in Scotland, in the quadrangle of Glasgow University.

The sections consist of 8 surgeons, 12 Nursing Sisters, 28 medical students (acting as first-class orderlies), and 33 second-class orderlies. The Nursing Sisters were Sister Alexandra Bower, of the Western Infirmary, Glasgow (Assistant Superintendent); Sisters K. Stronach, Annie McLeod, Mathie Cleghorn, Annie Thornton, and Emily J. Wood, of the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow; Sisters Minnie Bell, Eliza B. Cole, and Jane Bulman, of the Western Infirmary, Glasgow; Sisters Gates Purdie, Aberdeen, Sisters Helen Richardson, and Edith Smith, Perth. The surgeons were Dr. Robert Stirling, Visiting Surgeon, Royal Infirmary, Perth; Dr. John Wotherspoon, Glasgow; Dr. P. Kinmont, Dundee; Dr. N. Dunbar Walker, London; Dr. George Hodge, Dr. Alfred Robin, and Dr. George MacIntyre, Glasgow.

In the evening, a conversazione was held in the St. Andrew's Hall, when the Marquis of Breadalbane occupied the Chair. In the course of an interesting speech, explaining the organization and work of the Hospital, the Chairman said that her Royal Highness Princess Louise, who was their patroness, had evinced the greatest interest in the undertaking, and had honoured them by presenting the nurses with their Badges, not only on the last, but on the present occasion.

Several Sisters at the front inform us that "life is again worth living now that my RECORD comes safely," and "one of the greatest deprivations of the siege was the loss of my RECORD," and

"Three cheers, the RECORD is finding its way to the front—such a blessing," and "we are thankful to find the RECORD drawing attention to the nuisance of society women in the wards—it's the only paper that speaks up for nurses"—all of which opinions we value highly.

Friends of Miss Oxley will learn with pleasure that she is safe in Kimberley—both she and Miss Lawrence having been appointed Sisters of wards in the Hospital.

"At last," she writes, "we are happy in the hospital, and you can't think how glad we are to get here after all our adventures. Miss Gordon (the Matron) is so good to us, one feels as if one had known her quite a long time. I was in Kimberley for part of the siege, and then a Mr. B— came to Sister H— on Nov. 1st and asked her if she could send a midwife to his wife, who was miles from a doctor, and daily expecting her confinement, with no one but Kaffirs near her. Sister asked me if I minded going, and I said I should like it, partly for the experience and partly because one could not feel one was too great a coward to go to a poor creature who so needed one's help. We evaded the Boers, and I delivered my patient next day, and felt quite pleased with myself till we found that Mr. B. had been taken prisoner by the Boers and sent to Pretoria, and I was unable to get back as the Boers drew so tight a cordon round the town that no one except Kaffirs could get in and out, and they were very often shot. It was horrible to be so close as Barkley (only 25 miles away) and hear all the shooting without having any reliable news as to what was happening in Kimberley. The Boers occupied the village on 15th November, and we were practically prisoners as we were not allowed to go beyond a certain area, and were watched. Oh, I did hate those Boers and their horrid flag. People were imprisoned if they dared say the English had been gaining victories, and we were only given the Dutch version. They told us the Queen was dead, that Buller and Kitchener were both killed and their bodies had been sent home, that Kimberley was in ruins and the people starving, that there was a mutiny in the town, and I don't know what besides.

"They refused to give me a pass through their lines, so I had to wait till the refugees from the River Digging were commandeered and then sent away to the English lines. I went with them, and a horrid journey I had in a bullock waggon, very overcrowded. There were 1,250 people—white and coloured—in the trek, and we were escorted by armed Boers, who made remarks about "verdomde English" if we did not please them. The journey took three days; we slept on the veldt, which I rather liked when it did not rain but it was most fearfully hot, and we trekked all day, beginning at 4 a.m. with short halts for meals till 9 or 10 p.m. When we reached Brown's Farm, eighteen miles from Modder, two of our number were sent on with a white flag to Lord Methuen, and the Boers took away our waggon, and left us on the veldt in a thunder-storm. You can't think how queer it was to feel so dirty, for one only had enough water to give oneself a 'lick and a promise,' one really and truly felt like a tramp. Well, we slept under mimosa bushes that night, and at 9 a.m. next morning we heard once more a rousing British cheer, and saw the dear kharki coats

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