

so scarce I was terrified for them, and the hospital became so full that many sent to us who would not otherwise have thought of having a private nurse. At last, too, so many hospital nurses were ill that we had to send all we could spare to help there. Again Mr. Rhodes' help came in. The mining works were of course stopped for want of fuel, and many of the white men employed were taken over by the various military forces. At first the natives were employed about fortifications, but after a while we put 7,000 outside who were anxious to make their way home. I believe the Boers took most of them prisoners, and made them work in their trenches, many returned and were put on works at Wesselton and elsewhere, but it reduced our daily rations to 43,000. This left the Compound Hospitals empty, so Mr. Rhodes took the native patients—who generally are 2 to 1 European—and had them in his Hospitals, so as to leave the General Hospital entirely for Europeans. As soon as relief came, however, sick and wounded poured into the town. The P. M. O. Major O'Gorman, had reckoned out beds in the hospital and various halls for 500. But in a few days we had considerably over a thousand in the town. Lord Methuen sent to me, asking me to undertake the nursing first in one place, then in another, until we had 500 patients under our care. First the Christian Brothers' schools. I was asked to send one nurse there and one to Nazareth House close by. The Sisters, however, objected to more lay help than they got from orderlies, so they took in for weeks and weeks, greatly at their own expense, and in the most generous way, from 30 to 40 of the slightly wounded. And Nurse Clayton and Nurse Macfarlane found enough to do at the Christian Brothers. Imagine two handsome new school-rooms and one little class-room with desks and school books all about, and ambulances, with 40 wounded in them at the door, bedsteads, stores, Red Cross comforts, mattresses, blankets, etc., etc., all arriving at the same time. They worked like galley slaves and got all the men to bed and seen to about 2 a.m. In a few days all was order and peace. In the little class-room were two small beds, with a little table at their foot, and near the further wall piles of opened stores—cases of wine, brandy, cigars, bovril, bandages, all sorts of things. The wards were quite pretty, as neat and smart as they could be in the rush of work and incessant changing of patients, all being sent to Wynberg, where the first and second hospitals are stationed as soon as possible. There were capital results, even when the wounded were replaced by typhoid and dysentery cases in a very bad condition. The next place we undertook was the Drill Hall. Here three of our nurses, two of whom had been at work the previous night, and one from the town came in to find a fine hall, and two or three side rooms and dusty desolation. It was 2.30 p.m. before they got a thing in. At 8.30 p.m. they sent and asked me to come and see if it was right. There was room for 120—and the shops were still able to supply good bedsteads and mattresses—so the long rows of beds were all beautifully made, each one turned down ready to be occupied, with the clean shirt on the pillow and the clean towel at the head, and the gay coloured blanket for a quilt. De Beers had sent down a wire, so it was brilliantly lighted with electric light, the flags and trophies of its proper use made it look bright and gay. In a side room four beds were made up for nurses, but there, too, was the operating table

and the dressing tables by the side with all the beautiful and costly dressings supplied by the Army. Another side room had to be the guard-room for the orderlies, but it was a long room, and the upper half had tables with rows and rows of clean white enamel mugs, each with a new spoon in it, and rows and rows, too, of bottles of Bovril, jars of Liebig, tins of condensed milk, all opened ready for use, and loaves of bread. Captain Loch said to me: "At 2.30 there was absolute chaos. It seemed impossible a sick man could be put in for days and days: by 8 p.m. it was a *most beautiful hospital*." As I was looking the ambulances began to arrive, and it was 1.30 a.m. before those nurses—Miss Peachey, Miss Charlotte Lawrence and Miss Mourilyan—thought of bed.

In two or three days we were asked to send two to the public schools, so Miss Franklin and one of the town nurses to help her, took it over. They had two days' start of the patients, who came from Lord Roberts' column in the Free State and had a terrible long trek in the ambulances before they got here. The schools, too, are admirably suited for a hospital; and there, too, De Beers put up the electric light. Miss Franklin organised it most beautifully. The paved lavatories made a magnificent kitchen, with two great stoves, and an erection was put up outside for a great copper of hot water. The great hall and the big schoolrooms made splendid wards, all as beautifully arranged as in the drill hall. The desks she put together in a class room, and so made a good dining-room for convalescents. Lavatories and bath-rooms were all arranged, receiving room, kit-room, and a lovely operating room, cupboards all neatly stocked with dressings and stores, which had hitherto been used for books and slates. A pretty nurses' dining-room, with a piano and some deck chairs and cushions, and a nice large bedroom for three nurses. It was really most complete, and so pretty and tasteful. But here was a come down in bedsteads, and one room had none at all at first, only mattresses on the floor. This was hardly started when I got another note from Lord Methuen, asking us to undertake the wounded Boers who had just come in from Cronje's laager, and whose wounds had not been touched for a fortnight. They were put into the large schoolroom at the Convent, called St. Mary's Hall, and into an old skating rink. I only had one nurse left, Miss Pope, whom I could get hold of, but three nurses who had been with us before, two having married and living in the town, came and helped us, and one nurse was sent in from the Hospital. There indeed was a scramble, there was absolutely no accommodation at all for nurses, except a miserable little outside room, half of which was broken down by a shell, where the Corporal also had his meals, and it was far too hot for nurses to take the half-mile walk too and from the Home for meals as Lord Methuen proposed, but in some way or other, through the kindness of friends or somehow they got provided for, but here was war nursing indeed. There was not one bedstead, only three mattresses, and an equal number of pillows. Sheets and pillow cases, of course, could not be used, when they had nothing to cover, but there were none to be had if there had been. There were only two or three chairs and a few little tables, but in both rooms there was a thoroughly good floor, and I don't think the men suffered, lying on it on folded blankets—of course, they couldn't undress, but that doesn't

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