

sentative of the *Morning Leader* that when he was removed down country from Pretoria, he travelled four days in an ox waggon and was then put into a truck which had been laden with lime. As the train moved along the lime dust blew unpleasantly into the faces of the sick and wounded. Next they were transferred to a coal truck and had coal dust blown over them as a change.

In hospital he was well treated. Doctors and nurses did everything possible, but the hospital orderlies behaved shockingly. They took the luxuries ordered for the patients, drank the brandy when it was ordered, and were always on the look out to make something.

The Corporal "missed" all his belongings while in hospital, but kept his eye on the belt of a dying Imperial Yeoman which contained £140. When the poor fellow died he literally rescued it from an orderly who was endeavouring to hide it, and got it returned through the nurse and doctor to the deceased's friends in England.

### Nursing at the Portland Hospital.

A MEMBER of the staff writes:—

"I promised you a little account of our doings at the Portland Hospital, so must try and fulfil my word.

We reached Cape Town on Boxing Day of last year, and soon learned that our destination was to be Rondebosch, one of the prettiest suburbs about six miles out. Our equipment arrived four or five days later, and by January 6th we were in working order; so the men did not lose much time in unpacking, etc., for January 1st and 2nd are Bank Holidays at the Cape, and the black "boys" will do nothing. On January 8th we took in our first patients, principally officers and men who had been wounded at Rensberg and Colesberg on the 4th. The convoy arrived about 7 a.m., so we were up betimes getting ready for them. After this, things went on pretty monotonously, convoys sometimes coming two or three times a week; at first they were principally wounded, but gradually we had more and more sick, dysentery and enteric being the principal ailments. They sometimes arrived as late as 10 p.m., and as early as 6 a.m., and in the former case, when there was no moon to help us, the unloading had to be done by the light of many lanterns, making a most weird spectacle.

Soon after our troops entered Bloemfontein, we learned that was to be our next scene of labour,

and, in consequence, the cases that were sent to us during the last week or two of our stay at Rondebosch were of a less serious nature, to admit of their being transferred as soon as we received orders to go up country, which orders we had the beginning of April.

The rainy season at Bloemfontein was said to be over, but we found, to our cost, that there are exceptions to every rule, and when we arrived in Camp on Easter Sunday we had one of the worst thunderstorms it has ever been my lot to witness; this was repeated on the two following days, but in spite of that, our tents were ready, and we took in our first patient on the Thursday, and by Saturday, as far as I can remember, the hospital was half full. The next six or eight weeks we worked as hard as mortals could, and then could not do one quarter of what we wanted to for our men. As all your readers know, enteric was the principal scourge, with some very bad cases of dysentery, and a few of rheumatism; of wounds we had a few, but only a small percentage.

By the middle of June the pressure was not so great, and one could really look forward to finishing one's day's work before going to bed, and not having that awful feeling of how much more one would have liked to do than one had time for.

With regard to "Tommy" as a patient, he has his good and his bad side, like all others. When he is desperately ill he is an angel, but very often, when there is not much the matter, or when he is convalescent, he is a confirmed grumbler. The more intelligent of them, the sergeants, were extremely nice, and we were always glad to have one or two of them in a tent—they helped to keep order.

Our camp was broken up at the end of July, and we started for old England on August 1st on the troopship *Canada*, and had an excellent voyage, bringing about 1,000 sick and wounded home. We reached Southampton in the early morning of the 18th.

Our orderlies were all St. John's Ambulance men, who did their work admirably, and fell into the routine of the life with wonderful rapidity. Our chief enemies out at the Cape were wind, dust and flies. The latter disappeared more or less as the frost came on. Latterly the nights were intensely cold, but in spite of our outdoor life and the many trying changes of temperature, none of us ever took cold all the time we were out there. Altogether, it has been an experience that none of us would have liked to miss, and we shall always look back upon the South African Campaign with feelings of great affection, in spite of all the difficulties and trials."

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