

stretch of blue sea, and all around and about the huts pine trees.

Very soon I was given two wards of sixteen beds each, filled with wounded from Magersfontein. Even at this distance of time it is difficult to judge of the nursing arrangements fairly. As civilians, many of us felt the change very sharply, from being Sisters of well-appointed, up-to-date wards, and found it difficult to adapt ourselves to no nurses, no appliances, "no nothing," except plenty of dressings, stimulants and bedsores.

The paucity of sheets was a trying feature, and though for a short time I was happy in having an orderly who "made" sheets for me, my happiness was short lived. I was told by

Tommy behaved as a gentleman to his Sisters. I have heard "swear words" as I was entering a hut or tent, but at sight of your skirt, someone said, "Here's Sister," and *never once* can I remember a soldier swearing if he knew one was present.

I should be glad to say the same of the officers, but this I cannot do. I was not impressed by the majority of these gentlemen, though I admit there were many exceptions.

Plucky they were, and entertaining, but sadly spoilt children of society. Junior lieutenants were as jolly schoolboys, elderly colonels courteous though peppery—but defend me from the airs and graces of captains and majors. "Sister, look at my mince," said one

of these latter one day. "What is wrong?" Again, pathetically, "There is a bone in it." I advised him to remove it, but he objected on the ground that the chef was paid to do it for him.

The grumbling over good food was constant and unreasonable, and was summed up by the above-mentioned chef by, "Is it my fault," striking an attitude with his big knife, "if fowls won't grow four wings instead of two?"

One day I lost patience and accused one of the worst offenders of never having been at the front at all. The reply was prompt and good humoured:

"We knew we could not get things there and did without, but we'll be hanged if we do so within eight miles of Cape Town."

On the other hand, one was occasionally cheered by undeserved gratitude, as in the case of a young Canadian who solemnly assured me I had saved his life by giving him a glycerine lozenge for a relaxed sore throat!

To return to the work. The authorities were kind in allowing us to get trays, glass bottles, and other necessities which our souls longed for for surgical work. Till you have been round a village like Wynberg, with an eye to such business, you have no idea how you jump at a



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an Army Sister that "making" them simply meant stealing them from his brother orderlies. For the first time in my life I felt stealing was, if not a virtue, at any rate a thing to condone.

A large proportion of the cases were gunshot wounds, and, used as I was to surgical work, some of these poor men took all one's courage to help. No words of mine can express my admiration of their patience and pluck. I have been laughed at as an enthusiast about soldiers since I got home, and am told they drink and have many other ugly faults. It may be in peace time, but in war time it was not so. There was little chance of drinking, and other temptations were far from them, and

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)