

JOINT WAR COMMITTEE.

The following nurses have been deputed to duty in Home Hospitals :—

- 2nd Field Ambulance Hospital, Gastwyche, Coldstream.—Mrs. M. E. Pritchard.
 Convalescent Hospital, Golder's Green.—Mrs. A. B. Oughterson.
 Red Cross Hospital, Worsley Hall.—Miss E. Battray.
 St. Augustine's Hospital, Rickmansworth.—Miss G. Westrope.
 Hillsborough Hospital, Harlow.—Miss C. Alvarez.
 V.A.D. Hospital, Yacht Club, Gravesend.—Miss Mary Davies, Miss E. A. Bailey.
 Bulswode Park, Gerrards Cross.—Miss K. E. Allen.
 Cluny Red Cross Hospital, Swanage.—Miss H. J. Stevenson, Miss H. M. Turner.
 Hale Park, Breamore.—Miss E. F. Burke.
 Piccard's Rough, Guildford.—Mrs. A. Allden.
 V.A.D. Hospital, Whitchurch, Salop.—Miss H. Day.
 Red Cross Hospital, Leamington.—Miss M. Stiffe.
 V.A.D. Hospital, Hardwick Mount, Buxton.—Miss F. M. Clive.
 West Ham House, Basingstoke.—Miss D. Kimber.
 Woodbastwick Hall, Norwich.—Miss M. K. Burton.
 South Sytchett Manor, Poole.—Miss F. G. Brown.
 Guards' Hospital, Basildon Park, Reading.—Miss A. Ruddock.
 Waverley Abbey Military Hospital, Farnham.—Miss E. A. Brander.
 V.A.D. Convalescent Home, Crawley Down, Sussex.—Miss M. Fletcher.
 V.A.D. Hospital, Strood, Kent, Sussex.—Mrs. Hose, Miss M. Ollin.
 Burley-on-the-Hill, Oakham, Rutland.—Miss O. Attridge.
 Gifford House, Roehampton.—Miss E. Glasspoole.
 V.A.D. Hospital, Barnstaple.—Miss A. B. Hatch.
 Coombe Lodge, Great Warley, Essex.—Mrs. B. Parsons.
 V.A.D. Hospital, Cliff House, Caversham.—Miss M. M. Bowen.
 V.A.D. Hospital, Normanhurst, Battle.—Miss E. Rolfe.
 Red Cross Hospital, Reading.—Miss A. L. Tidd.
 Oakley Manor V.A.D. Hospital, Bellevue, Shrewsbury.—Miss H. Carstairs.
 Hanworth Park, Middlesex.—Miss E. Hogan, Miss E. Gilbert, Mrs. G. Zala, Miss I. Hamilton.
 Dobson Relief Hospital, Blackheath.—Miss A. Shorter.
 St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park.—Miss E. M. Towell.
 Shotley House V.A.D. Hospital, Shotley Bridge.—Mrs. E. Cattle.
 Urmston V.A.D. Hospital, Eastbourne.—Miss C. D. Fraser.
 N.B.—The Military Hospital, Yateley, is near Camberley, not near Winchester, Hants.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

A NURSE IN SWAKOPMUND.

THE COMFORTS OF A CITY AMONG SAND.

A nurse with the Northern Union Force at Swakopmund, writing on June 11th, gives the following very interesting description of the chief port in the captured German colony, which is published in the *Manchester Guardian* :—

The sisters' quarters here are most luxurious, being the evacuated houses of the German residents, and left by them, of course, *in statu quo*. Swakopmund, in fact, was a very prosperous little German colonial town, with a fine large Lutheran church (now used for Anglican services), a town hall, a "Tivoli" theatre, and a fine hospital. It is odd to see the empty "Bähereis" and hotels, and other evidences of comfortable and typically German living, standing empty silent, or in ruins. And all these fine, elaborately furnished houses stand isolated each in its own setting of sand—there are very few trees in this arid part of the world where no rain falls, and spots of green are evidences of a water-hole. From my beautiful little room, with its bow windows, stencilled walls, stained floor, and handsome furniture I can see, beyond the tents, the hospital, our mess-quarters, and the church, with its musical chime—nothing but ranges and ranges of sandy desert. The streets are all sand, through which one ploughs, ankle deep, except where the military have been employed to lay down rough wooden pavements.

I came up with three staff nurses and the matron-in-chief, who took this opportunity to make a tour of inspection. We came on the hospital ship. We left Capetown on Tuesday, June 1st, and anchored off Luderitzbucht on Friday afternoon, after lying to all night in a dense fog with the siren hooting horribly and racking your every nerve. Luderitz is a study in ochre and steel colour-lines of rocky yellow coast, broken by Shark Island and Penguin Island. A dreary settlement of white houses, cheered by one or two red roofs, marks the camp and hospital, but the harbour was very pretty, with so much craft on the light-blue twinkling water.

On Saturday night we anchored in Walois Bay. On Sunday morning, after breakfast, they took us to the shore in a launch. We were carefully deposited on the rough jetty, and ploughed our way some long distance through the inevitable sand, following a railway track without beginning or ending. An engine attached to a few trucks presently overtook us in a casual way. We laughed at the men when they told us we were to ride on the mealies in the trucks, till it became apparent that there was nowhere else for us to go, so up we mounted between the buffers and sat aloft on the mealie bags, surrounded by our belongings. The trip was most interesting, although only variations of sand views. Every half mile or so we passed

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