

already quite at home in this country, though the Superintendent says that those who have come direct from England have always proved quite successful, and always get on well with the people of the country, Dutch speaking as well as English . . . These ladies are ready and adaptable, and full of resources, indifferent to comfort (though fully appreciating it when they get back to their centre) and ready to regard any difficulty in the light of an amusing adventure. Though most of them, to begin with, are only English speaking they show a desire and in most cases a ready capacity for acquiring Dutch, and they certainly easily win the confidence of their Dutch patients."

From Blantyre, Nyasaland, an interesting account of the native rising in January 1915 was received from a Nursing Sister who wrote:—"I had gone to spend the week end with some friends about five miles from Blantyre, there being no hint of anything wrong. On the Sunday morning (the 24th), news came that the natives had risen, and a band of them was advancing; indeed we could already hear them. It was a trying position, as there were very few white men in the place with half-a-dozen Indians, and they only had three rounds of ammunition each. The women were collected in a store building on the railway. We were packed away high in the roof on some boards, like chickens on a perch, while the men knocked holes in the wall to fire through. There we sat for some hours in the pitch darkness, not knowing what was going on, which was the worst part of it. No one seemed frightened however. We were not attacked after all, but I had quite an exciting motor drive into Blantyre. I had a loaded revolver ready, and there was a gun in the car, but they were not required, and we got through safely. Later we heard that the band who were advancing went on to a Mission belonging to the White Fathers, which they burnt. All escaped but one, who was terribly wounded in the face and head by spears, and beaten with sticks till they left him for dead. He was, however, discovered later, still alive, and Nurse E. and I nursed him in the cotton store at the camp. . . . We were very proud of pulling him through."

Two of the Association's nurses were passengers on board the ss. *Appam* when she was captured by the German ship *Moewe* in January last. A nurse writes:—"I was resting in my deck chair after lunch when suddenly I saw to my surprise what I took to be an old tramp boat coming towards us. Before I had recovered from my surprise there was a tremendous report of a gun, followed by another. Then, how it was done I do not know but quite suddenly the old tramp boat was transformed into a well-armed cruiser flying the German ensign. Although we all now realised her intentions there was absolutely no panic and even after the German commander came on board with, I do not know how many, armed men, we all quietly got our life-belts, and hardly a word was spoken. . . . Then all Army, Navy and

Government officials were transferred to the *Moewe* and it was very sad to say good-bye to our friends, for we felt there was very little hope of ever seeing each other again. . . . Shortly afterwards we were again on the move, but had quite altered our course, and from time to time till we landed in Virginia, U.S.A., no one had the faintest idea where we were going. The first night every part of the boat, all down by the state rooms and everywhere, was guarded by heavily-armed Germans, and I felt very nervous. . . . Our food was, of course, cut down at once, and very soon we realised that now the main object of our captors was to keep us out at sea as long as they possibly could, and that would be as long as coal and food lasted. Rice and cheese were what we chiefly lived on, and very little of that. . . . The days seemed very long. We could not take any exercise, as if one did walk on deck one got so desperately hungry. Then, towards the end of the journey, we felt the cold very much. . . . We arrived at Hampton Road on February 1st, and the thought that was uppermost in our minds was that at last our friends at home would know of our safety. The day before we landed the captain took me all over the *Appam*, through the kitchens, store-rooms, &c., including all the different cold storages, all of which were absolutely empty. They had indeed kept us out to the very last."

Another picture is a pleasanter one. A Railway Mission Nurse belonging to the Association writes:—"Life at Davidson is, from my point of view, not without many compensations—for instance, the sunrise and sunset on the horizon, the glorious Northern Lights hanging in vaporous curtains and cylinders of light, and ever changing with remarkable rapidity; the quantity of golden grain growing immediately beyond the hospital boundary and extending northward for miles; the reaping of the harvest by the men clad in their blue overalls and vari-coloured jackets, and singing and whistling in the early morning; the picturesque threshing outfits; and all that goes to make up the work of the ingathering of the harvest is to be seen from the hospital windows."

Eighteen Matrons and Nurses have received the Silver Badge of the Association for "Five years and upwards meritorious service." This brings the list of those who have received this decoration since 1908 to a total of 109.

The Right Hon. Viscount Gladstone, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., has consented to become President of the Association in succession to Lord Ampthill, G.C.I.E., G.C.S.I., whose term of office will always be remembered with pleasure by the members of the Service.

The Association has lost by death its Vice-President, Sir Claude Macdonald and Mr. C. T. Bruce, Chairman of the General Purposes Committee. The loss of both is keenly felt. Sir Frederic Hodgson, K.C.M.G., V.D., has been elected Chairman of the General Purposes Committee.

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