

BENDIGO NURSES' EXPERIENCE.

HEARS THE GUNS.

WHAT SOLDIERS NEED.

READING MATTER WANTED.

Mrs. Hall, of Forest-street, has received a very interesting letter from her daughter, Miss May Hall, who is a nurse as close to the front at Gallipoli as nurses are allowed. She writes under date 13th August from an island off Gallipoli as follows:—"I am writing this by electric torch on a chair outside my tent. It is very hot, but the view of the bay and boats is very pretty and refreshing. We are very busy indeed; have only been in our camp five days, and you can imagine what our camp life is. However, we have one luxury in sea bathing, though now that has been forbidden on account of refuse, etc., from hospitals and boats. Despite that, we risk it, as it does freshen one up when tired out. I'd simply love to tell you all about our experiences, but I may not even write how we live, as the censorship is strict, owing to our being so near the fighting. We hope that our luxuries will come soon. In the meantime it's comforting to know we are doing something for the leave wounded, though at times it is heart-breaking work. You asked me to tell you what I think we need most.—Pyjamas, as many as possible, as bed shirts and operative gowns are not much use, and any amount of washers, not knitted ones. Those kinds of towelling are much nicer and softer. Tooth brushes and soap are very acceptable, but pyjamas by the thousand. I often come across Red Cross goods from Sydney and Victoria, and always stop a second when I see the cross to see if they come from Melbourne or Bendigo. I can't think why we are not allowed to write any particulars, as it will be six weeks ere it reaches you, but we know that a great number of letters have been destroyed. I have written you twice since we left Alexandria, and so if you have not got them you'll know they have been burnt. A ship is our post office, and censorship. No one but necessary medical attendants are allowed to land, and we are not allowed to go beyond our hospital boundary. However, we are too busy to think of anything but our work—not even time to live again the memory of our travels. 19th August. Couldn't finish this before, as I've been sick and off duty three days. I am better, and am going on duty to-day. It was the usual complaint, caused by the food and flies and scarcity of water. You will see by the marks on this paper what the flies do to everything, food as well. 22nd August.—So glad to get Jean's letter to-day, dated 21st July. It evidently takes a month to get here, as it came direct to the island, and was not sent to England first. You

get here, as it came direct to the island, and was not sent to England first. You would smile if you saw us living the most primitive camp life; but things are improving daily, and we've only been here a fortnight. We are even getting a little water now, and food is improving. I suppose we will soon be having gas of some sort, and perhaps a bath! which is a luxury unheard of at present. I was four days off duty, but am feeling very fit again. Twenty of us were invited to dinner on one of the war boats, and as we had a good feed and a liberal supply of soft drinks, I have felt better ever since. We also have bedsteads now for the wounded instead of their having to be attended on the floor, which was back-breaking work. This island is very barren, no trees anywhere. It is a very nice climate at present, fairly hot but not excessive. The flies are the greatest nuisance—no mosquitoes. Now we are getting even luxuries as bedsteads, the island will not be able to hold us soon. We won't know ourselves. We often hear the guns when they are very active. Thanks very much for all the papers. We got them all last week, three months old, but they were very welcome, as it is impossible to buy anything, let alone reading matter, which is a great boon. The "Bendigonian" arrived to-day, too. Will you tell the Red Cross people to send something to read in each parcel. Books and magazines are of the greatest comfort to the wounded men, as the poor fellows require something to take their thoughts off their awful experiences, and they talk and think of them when they have nothing to read. We get all our news from a ship in the harbor. It is posted up in the orderly room, and we eagerly look for news. In a large place like this anyone might be here and I not know it; the only way is for anyone who knows where I am to ask for me. I don't even know the wounded officers names, and they are few compared to the privates."