

Nina's War Memories
1914-18-19.

7NLA1102a

Caldbeck Church
Council.

Jennings Bequest
Account.

Lodged at Martin's Bank
Wigham.

7NLA/

1943.

Jan 2^d Pd. into Bank. 1 17 10

1 17 10

1944. Balance brought forward 1 8 7

Dec 30th 43 Pd. into Bank 1 12 4

3 0 11

1945 Balance brought forward 2 10 11

Dec 31st 44 Pd. into Bank. 1 12 4

4 5 3

1946 Balance forward. 3 15 9

Dec. 17th 45 Pd. into Bank 1 12 4

5 5 7
8 1

1947 Balance forward 4 18 7

Jan. Pd. into Bank by B. J. Francis. 1 12 4

6 5 5

1943.

Jan. 21 st	Cheque Book.	20
" "	Account Book	23
Feb. 6 th	J. Brown Cutty grass	26
June 5 th	J. Thompson " "	26
	Balance Dec. 31 st 1943	<u>1 87</u>
		1 17 10

Dec. 1944	Pd. J. Thompson.	76
	1 Cutty 1943. 3 in 1944.	60
	Balance.	<u>2 18 4</u>
		3 0 11

4 Cutty in 1945.	10 0.
Balance.	<u>3 15 3</u>
	4 5 3

Feb 1947 Pd. J. Thompson. 6 Cutty	15 0.
Balance.	<u>4 18 1</u>
	5 8 1

Nov. 15 th Pd. J. Thompson.	15 0.
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War Memories 1914-1918-19

Somehow we young ones knew that there would be a war. We had even come upon Germans whom we felt were spies. To day I still feel it difficult to forgive the ^{liberals} ~~liberals~~ for leaving us so unprepared.

If we had been stronger, would Germany have ever risked war?!

In spite of these forebodings it was a great shock when we heard Belgium was invaded. We had a tennis party & alas I never saw the young men present - again they were killed early in the war. One an only son. I lost nearly all my boy friends. Indeed girls of my generation suffered the same loss. The war was soon brought very close to us through pathetic families of Belgian refugees, who all had dreadful accounts of German cruelties. Since we had declared war I felt very restless & longed to do something to help our brave men & be in the

think of things. But in 1914 women were still not recognized as being able to do much, & I was still considered too young to be of much use.

~~I was restless~~ My mother wisely sent me to take a 3 months course at a school of Domestic Economy. On my return in time for June 1914 I found my parents struggling with the Belgian refugee problem. People in our small market town had been most generous in giving accommodation & even complete houses with furniture. But the families themselves presented problems. Some were splendid, adapted themselves, were grateful & seemed to be able to manage on very little money. It really was surprising the way they used to manage to make a good meal out of a single cabbage. Others gave a great deal of trouble by grumbling, expecting a great deal of money & generally making

those in contact with them worried
 & unhappy. The Major ^{& his wife}'s wife, Lou
 & a granddaughter, aged 5, arrived
 actually my parents put them up
 at first, until a house was found
 for them. But they refused to move
 until their maid joined them.
 She had been rescued with the
 family but she wished to see the
 lights of London first!! I do not
 know how she managed about money.
 Probably good people provided all
 she needed, as everyone was terribly
 sorry for poor little Belgium.
 However, this family who I felt
 should have known better gave
 more trouble than any of the
 others. They seemed absolutely
 incapable in every way.
 Their house became a sort of
 vice over the place. They
 were given traps & the maid
 seemed to enjoy catching them.
 But she threw their dead bodies
 out into the street much to the

14
migrations of the local inhabitants
A present was given them one
day & the maid put it in the
men's pit & it was feathers &
all. The chief was really to be
pitted. They could not manage
her at all. She was quite
undisciplined. The son who we
felt ought to be fighting was the
father but said his wife had
left him. We never knew quite
what to believe as he never
behaved as if he was married.
His great aim seemed to be
finding a rich wife. He
persuaded a number of girls
he thought must be rich. I
was much amused to find him
paying me all attention &
even writing poems, letters
He kept talking about Chatham
and mistaking our building
old Rectory for our own house
Eventually he ran away
with a Squire's daughter.

My Mother with her usual foresight - kept goats & Belgian hares to help with the food situation. She always milked the goats herself & was said to have saved several babies lives into the liquid. Later when the food situation became really grim, her hares & kids the cater served as Lamb, were much appreciated.

After Xmas 1914 I was very thrilled to hear I was needed ⁱⁿ at a Convalescent - V.A.D. Hospital at Ashridge Park Lord Browder had given a Wharf temporary to be used for this purpose. Two friends were already there & so my parents consented to my ^{joining} ~~joining~~ them. I had no talent or wish for Nursing. The sight of blood, or a wound or accident made me faint - a faint - I was never able to conquer. However I was greatly needed as there was only one maid sent to us who could not cook

My job at Ashridge was to be assistant cook. A very charming Lady was in charge & we had great fun together in spite of various draw backs.

Ashridge was a glorious place with deer in the Park, & one expected to meet Queen Elizabeth I round every corner. The family were still living there & I suppose generations had loved the surroundings which added to its charm. It made a

wonderful convalescent home for about 40 wounded Tommy's

Everyone was voluntary except the Matron & a nursing Sister.

Fortunately, we were not used to modern conveniences, in those days otherwise the conditions would have appalled us inside the house. The kitchen was almost the size of a town hall with a vast uneven stone floor covered with sawdust. Actually this was very comfortable to stand upon. Surrounded by

Wonderful Copper Cooking Utensils
 it still had its old fireplace
 complete with Spits at each end
 Large fairly modern coal cooking
 ranges had been put in by the
 side of the ancient ones. These
 we had to use, & they needed quite
 a lot of understanding. One range
 never would get properly hot -
 & always had a cool oven
 The other, in spite of our efforts
 became too hot - with a fierce
 oven. This meant that half
 way through the cooking of a
 joint - The Head or I had to
 carry the heavy Roast to the
 other end of the vast kitchen.
 The heat used to be great - all the
 time we were wearing high stiff
 collars. Desperately I used to
 loosen mine by removing the
 stud - but this inevitably seemed
 to create the signal for a visit
 from Watson accompanied by the
 Commandant & so I had to give up.

8

this relief, there was an inadequate sink with cold water only & of course most primitive lighting. The meals for the men were simple plain roast or boiled & easy puddings. The staff were more difficult & I found their supper especially extremely difficult. Night duty food for 2 or 3 was also a problem. The Sister was most dainty. After a long & tiring day it was most aggravating to see her daintily picking her food over & pushing it on one side of her plate as uneatable. Sometimes she would raid thearder & take little dainties I had saved for an especially sick man.

We had no bathroom or water laid on in our quarters which meant we had to boil water & carry it quite a long way in order to wash. Our bath was a plain round tin one.

Stops had to be taken a long way
 also. But we made light of
 things & laughed & joked. We had
 a name for everything, even the
 stop cloth was called Lily!

Except for Matron, Sister & the Head
 Cook we were all under 21. One
 day there was great excitement
 when we heard that dear King
 George VI was coming to see us.
 Matron alone maintained calm...

"I am used to Royalty," she boasted.
 "I am not at all nervous." When
 the King eventually arrived
 & spoke to Matron we were highly
 amused to see ^{her} red & pale by
 turns. She appeared shaky too.
 Was it nerves or detection?!

We girls fell-thrilled & hurried
 hot & cold with admiration & loyalty.
 Though the King spoke encouraging
 words & was cheerful somehow we
 knew he minded the war ~~so~~ deeply.
 We were greatly moved.

I had now been 6 months at
 Ashridge.

I had only undertaken to be there
 for a year as my great wish
 was to get into the Military
 Hospital, Ewell St. W. C. 2. I
 had already sent in my name
 & my sister was already there
 aged 14. She was a born nurse
 & had been accepted straight-
 from school. I wanted to be in
 the thick of things. My parents
 had suffered financial loss when
 Antwerp fell as they had money
 in the water works there. I needed
 a paid job. Ashridge was expensive
 & we had heavy laundry bills
 My last few months there were
 very hard. The Head had to leave
 owing to family reasons. I was
 left in sole charge. Then the
 wind joined up. Gradually the
 freshly sanded kitchen floor
 disappeared & I was left
 standing all day on the
 uneven stones. Trouble arose.
 I rubbed a corn under my foot.

An abscess formed underneath though I did not know this at the time & I suffered considerable pain. I managed to grin & bear things & served my time. But I felt considerable discomfort - I was sorry to leave my many friends & the beautiful surroundings. My great hope was to be accepted for a post at Sedell St. I suspect of the urgent needs of the war the C.O.'s were extremely particular as to how they engaged staff - On returning home my mother at once insisted on taking me to London to be examined by a well known foot-specialist. To my horror he said I would have to go to his nursing home for at least 6 weeks to effect a cure. Horrified at the idea of amputation I absolutely refused. My poor mother was puzzled as to what she could do. Later on in the day I met a friend & confided in her. She at once said 'Try

my Chiropodist's Quarters in Kensington
High St. Suffering great pain
my Mother & I at once took her
advice. By that time I was
almost wishing my foot off so
desperate had I become with
the continual throbbing.

In less than 15-minutes I was
completely free from pain. The
man scraped off the scabs of
hard skin, increased the
abcess & O the relief, I
never had any more Grievable
Needless to say my Mother
never paid the Specialist!

Now my hopes were fixed upon
the Military Hospital at Eudell St.
which was conducted entirely by
women with the exception of
some male orderlies, who were
disappearing fast owing to the
awful ^{casualties} ~~casualties~~ in France.

The C.O.'s were Lt. Flora Murray
the ^{physician} physician & Lt. Louisa
Garrett Anderson, daughter of
(Surgeon)

Elizabeth Carratt Anderson. Both
 had been suffragettes & bore the mark
 of hunger strikes on their faces.
 In spite of all the prejudice then
 regarding women they had
 managed to ~~build~~ ^{build} up good practices
 especially in the Harrow Road.
 When War was declared they at
 once offered their services to the
 War Office. The reply they received
 was "We do not want women
 interfering in this job". Undaunted
 they determined to go out to France
 & help in Hospital work there for
 the wounded. They found almost
 complete chaos in the French
 Hospitals. Dr. Anderson seemed
 to have plenty of money. She &
 Dr. Murray recruited ^{permitted} girls from
 every class in Scotland. They
 returned to France where they
 treated the wounded in a
 Church behind the front. They
 were so successful that in 1915
 the W.O. climbed down & overhauled

by the terrible Corpses of wounded
 Men from the Front: Would they
 consent to receiving a temporary
 Military Hospital. They were going
 to take over an old Workhouse in
 St. Giles-in-the-Fields. The doctors
 consented on condition they had
 entire charge. This was granted
 The building, which had been
 closed since 1911 was hastily
 prepared & equipped with 650
 beds. Lifts were put in. There
 was plenty of room. The wards
 were all round a large Court-
 yard. They were also cubicles
 put up for the Staff. These we
 called the Barracks. Some of
 the windows looked out onto the
 Prince's Theatre. Dr. Murray's office
 was supposed to be the room where
 Oliver Twist asked for more.
 Everything was very well prepared
 in double quick time. But there
 was no opportunity of replacing
 the old Workhouse Laundry. The

Spacious room with its remains
 of Comedy machinery was their
 most surprising good thought -
 However it could not be made use of
 though the splendid work horse
 airy cupboards were used all
 through the ward also the Cuccin
 room. My sister had warned
 me that things were pretty grim
 but after an alarming interview
 I was very pleased to learn I was
 accepted for a month's trial
 This was absolutely necessary
 because if one became a member
 of the Hospital staff one had to
 sign on for the duration. There
 was no escape. Not that we
 wished for anything beyond to
 take our share of something of
 what our men were enduring
 on arrival at the Hospital I was
 shown into a dismal bedroom
 known as the nursery. There were
 eight beds, all occupied, mine -
 being a new girl was farthest -

9 16

From a small window looking
out onto a passage off the yard
there was a horrid smell & I was
caused I was told by an
incurator which cured the
amputated limbs. The Post-mortem
room was just below also, this
was a severe test but I felt really
in the thick of things. The next fortnight
was a hard one. I had to be on duty by
4 a.m. when a Sargeant clocked us in
I then cleared & lay flat his fire.
I was back as orderly to a block
of 3 wards, known as the Zoo. I soon
discovered the name was given because
the poor men had been desperately
wounded, many of them suffering from
Septicaemia. Some of them were
delirious & their moans, cries &
groans could be heard all over the
Hospital. The name sounds unappetizing
but we young girls had to make fun
of the most distressing things in
order to keep going cheerfully. The
work I was asked to carry out was

previously been carried out by a male orderly. But slowly they were being replaced by women. The wards were one above the other.

Starting at the top I had to bring the large dirty dressing bins down in the lift; Take them across part of the ward to an incinerator. Then I did the same with the ash bins.

Central heating, electric fires were unknown there & there were always large fires. Kitchen refuse also had to be emptied. Lifting these bins up was no light job & the ashes used to fly all over me when I turned them out.

There were 30 men in each ward & there were 8 coal scuttles to be taken down & filled. This went down to the middle of the large ward. Where a flight of steps led down to an enormous underground cellar of coal. The shovel was enormous, heavy & too big for my hands. There was no time

to take the Scuttles one by one up the steep stone stairs to the left, & they were so narrow I found I scraped my knuckles on the sides. A hardly shot very good breakfast. Then back to the wards to tidy up the fires empty the ashtrays & sweep ~~up~~ up. I was really very frightened of some of the poor men many of whom had to be tied in bed owing to the very delirious & it was most pathetic when some language from Thomas Splints begged me to release them. It was most painful too to witness their suffering when their wounds were dressed. Sometimes a nurse would faint holding up a gangrenous leg (which often smell terribly) for the doctor to examine. However, to continue with my first fortnight. I soon found that all the young girls, labeled nurses, but called by our nurses hold on, E. O.'s in the greatest awe

My sister & I were truly terrified
 of them. Though we admired them
 greatly. Discipline & hard living
 were the usual routine 50 years
 ago & we were certainly shown
 no mercy if we failed to do
 our duty. To Murray was a
 slow seat - to G. Anderson
 severe. Both had suffered a
 great deal for the rights
 of women. They were devoted
 to duty to the extent of being
 willing to devote their entire
 lives to the cause in hand.
 Their sympathy with the men
 was unflinching. But they had
 none for any of us ^{if we} who failed
 to come up to their standards
 which were extremely high.
 They did not suffer fools gladly.
 A few bitter & crushing words
 if anyone did the wrong thing
 was our worst fear. This meant
 that our best was given the
 whole time & if anyone was

lucky enough to receive a word very
 seldom given of praise we felt
 uplifted for days. Both had
 great personalities. Dr. Murray's
 was so powerful that one was
 aware she was walking down
 a passage some distance
 behind before even seeing her.
 Both Dr. Murray & G. Anderson
 firmly believed that the right kind
 of girl could accomplish anything
 irrespective of training. I suppose
 people are given special powers
 in emergencies because I never
 found them proved wrong
 except in circumstances which
 I shall explain later. All these
 things I was expected to know at once
 there was to be a complete forgiveness
 of self all the time.

One of the many alarming orders
 I had to carry out during my
 first fortnight was wheeling
 patients into the operating
 theatre standing in a corner.

fortunately out of sight of the
 operation, ready to wheel the
 patient back again & the ward
 To add to my terror I was told
 to make sure the man did not start
 to come round on the way back
 & try to swallow his tongue.
 Naturally we were too tired to do
 anything when we were off
 duty, especially as our nights
 were often disturbed. I was told
 straight away to be always
 prepared for convoys of wounded
 arriving from the front: A
 loud bell would suddenly go
 at any hour of darkness. Generally
 around midnight - & we were up
~~like~~ in a second & were dably
 quickly stuffed our night dress into
 our dark blue bloomers, popped
 on our uniform, caught up our
 hair in our bonnet & reported
 down in the yard. The ambulance
 rolled quietly in, the stretchers
 slide out; those willing to take

the head & shoulders stood by
 to Murray. ~~Not~~ rather a little
 further away. I soon found
 that though the head & shoulders of
 a man were the heaviest - there
 was an advantage in volunteering
 for this part of the sketches
 case. It was easier on arrival
 at the lift - to lower & raise
 passing - rather than backwards
 as the feet-end entailed.
 At the end of a fortnight - I
 was terribly scared when a
 message was given me to report
 to the C.O.'s office what
 had I done or not-done I
 wondered. My surprise & relief
 was great - when to Murray
 informed me that there was
 a vacancy on the administrative
 side of the Hospital
 & I was to be allotted to the
 Senior Room. A list was
 given me for my uniform
 & I received £2-10/- per week

for my fortnight-work. This pay
 was to continue with 14/- for
 board & lodging. Money still
 went far in those days & I
 seemed like a rich man. The
 uniform was exceptionally pretty
 & distinguished. A Coat & Skirt
 of Kalki Corer Coating with
 blue shoulder ampulets &
 blue W. H. C. (Women's Hospital Corp.)
 Later when the Hospital became
 well known & famous, W. H. C. was
 removed & Eucell Street
 Cross was adopted instead.
 A White Skirt, White gloves
 Kalki tie & a pretty beret
 with a bow in front & a floating
 Kalki veil completed this
 very becoming uniform.
 One felt one could hold one
 own with the best. Whenever
 one went - & I was highly
 flattered to notice that people
 even in London turned round
 to look as I marched past.

they lose in the air. They little
 knew all we were doing & the
 hardships we were enduring.
 My first fear in the linen room
 was fairly good. I was one of three
 we were all very great friends.
 Voluntary helpers of old people
 came in to mend everyday.
 The organization was excellent.
 as there were huge shelves for
 everything. We were in charge
 of enormous quantities of blue
 suits for the wounded, which
 they wore when able to get up
 & go to a Convalescent Hospital.
 Masses of blankets including
 the sinister brown ones too
 soon to be associated with blank-
 ets & of course the poor
 men from the benches.
 Red ties were supplied with
 the ^{blue} suits also white
 shirts. The latter were especially
 good & acted as a temptation
 for the men who wore. (Some of them

were to leave the Hospital with 2
 shirts one on top of the other. On the
 whole though the men were honest -
 They were night-shirts, suitable for
 wounded men i.e. right sides with
 just tapes to tie up. Left sides & the
 Lanes into the sleeves all these
 had to be kept on their separate
 shelves. There were loads of pillows &
 bolsters, cases, towels, sheets &
 white overalls, the latter worn by
 the nurses. White socks for operations
 & enemas white rocks to put on
 a bandaged foot. A few papers
 alas the men were nearly always too
 badly wounded to wear them & some
 wooden little mattresses known as
 biscuits. These were used in all the
 beds. They were easy to move & easy
 to send to be cleaned otherwise they
 were far from comfortable. Some
 unpleasant looking cloth known as
 distructives & used for bed pane were
 among the many other odds & ends
 that completed the large Queen Room.

My day started with breakfast - 7 a.m. to 7:30. Then to duty, the huge room to be swept out - the large leather cupboards pulled out - emptied ^{the stove} & put away. These excellent "sliding" drawers or cupboards were in a hot place leading off the main room, they were named ^{the Service as used in work & sleep} "C. Service". Wards were supposed to bring the list of their requirements the day before. We immediately prepared their different piles. Wants however were requested all the day. If there was an operation the towels needed were incredible. At 9:30 2 of us went to a dark cellar like room to count the dirty linen from the wards - not a pleasant job. Some one's back's ached with the long stooping. Then the different piles were tied up, heavier they were to manage too. Everything had to be carefully written down as we had to enter all lists also returns into a ledger & make three different copies on white papers to send to the

different - W.D. Had the power
that he realized the war was to last -
so long. I think they would have
put the excellent facilities
provided by the workmen in
the past in order. The lack of
working on our laundry proved
very awkward & uncomfortable.
It entailed much standing in
a cold draughty plane passage
frequently & practically telephoning
to the laundry for the return
of clean sheets etc. As the war
went on we became increasingly
short of equipment & the laundry
~~short of~~ ^{lacked} labor also ^{increasingly} ~~more~~
more difficult. Nerve racking
experiences began to occur, as
we could not give the wards all
they required & we had to plan
some kind of rationing which
did not make us popular
especially among the Sisters
who had been trained in
spacious days & had no idea

of economy when linen & patients were concerned. Towels were always in many problems. Curiously enough in spite of the trouble and expense of the troubles no one seems to have thought of flannels or anything with which to wash the poor soldiers when they arrived at the hospital. One worked in a laundry the sisters always tore up bath towels to use hence the reason for most of the shortage. The Laundry was paid by the W.S. or W.O. The latter rightly expected very strict accounts to be kept & the balance balanced with the Sects. This was impossible because the Laundry was always in order regarding returns. Articles disappeared in spite of many some telephoning. In desperation we had to more or less cook the monthly accounts. These all

had the copied into a large ledger
with a fine mapping pen taken to
Chelsea Barracks to be autographed.
In those days it was a curious
position for a woman to walk
across the courtyard & present
the book to the C.O. It was some
days before it was returned to our
C.O. & we betide us if there
was a mistake - Showed this
to the case, one of us were
summoned to the C.O.'s office.
Much frightened a few biting
words from Mr. Murray dashed
our spirits for many days to come.
The whole thing had to be gone
through again to find the mistake
as the C.O. at Chelsea never told
us where it occurred & then the
same procedure was followed.
① the chief when the book
was returned with the
magic words "Certified &
Found Correct" as already
mentioned 3 other copies had

to be made & our usual request, hardly ever granted, of articles to replenish our shelves. The terrible winter of 1917-18 saw us very short-handed, only 2 of us here & quite often I was the only one on duty. This meant - no time off at all & I often used to become so tired I was run down almost without my knowing it. On the rare occasions that we were able to get out - we were too tired to walk. We learned that there was a bus - most-blessed - that stopped outside the Hospital, went round Pinaricó, returning to the same place. I shall never forget - the relief of relaxing on top of that bus, enjoying the air. (No roofs to the top of buses then) People were most kind - free entry into the local cinemas & theatres but - alas if ever we were able to go everywhere just - we'd be proud owing to the war fatigue we were suffering from

Yet we never mentioned that we
were tired or gave way to fatigue
for a moment; especially as we
realized the brave young nurses
were worse off. Too long stretches
of night-duty often entirely
alone with inadequate food were
beginning to take their toll.
Septic noses, teeth, fingers &
other horrors, including Septic
throats, began to be rife.
Worse was to come. A young friend
of only 21 reported sick to the
home sister, (a hard cruel woman)
& was dead in 3 days from a
Septic throat, now known as Strpto-
-cci. She was not the only one
aggravated was when we were all
summoned into the Court yard
to stand in respectful silence
while the coffins were carried
away. A disinfecting hut
was hastily put up in the yard
& we were supposed to go there
night & morning to breathe in

Stagnant disinfected air. I often
had a Septic nose which caused
great discomfort. During these dreadful
war months my sister & I were frequently
grieved over the loss of our friends
particularly the great loss of Wallie
St John Midway known as Bunny, a
near neighbour & only child he was as
a brother to us all. Entirely devoted
to ~~work~~ work we both resolved not to
think of matrimony until the war was
over. Things began to go from bad
to worse. During winter 1917-18 we
were really hungry in London &
if only women had been less crippled!
there would not have been the Cony
homes. Many more lives might
have been saved perhaps the
valuable & clever Dr. Flora Murray
also, who died shortly after the
war as a result of over work.
She was soon to lose half a finger
from Septic poisoning. We were
increasingly aware, that in spite of
prejudice she & Dr. Barrett

Anderson were making a great-
impression even among men
doctors. The then Great-Surgeon
Came to Dr. Bland-Sutton came
& watched Dr. Anderson carry out
a head operation & he was heard
to express admiration over the way
her little hands worked. She had
already performed 28,000 operations
by 1918. Doctors too were interested
over the way Dr. Murray gave
anast. At that date she seemed
to be the only one who could
administer this without causing
discomfort or sickness to the
patients when they came round.
They were always terribly crisy &
as they lived in the Hospital they
always seemed on duty. I can of
course see that this was wrong now
that being women they could not
relax in the way men do when
they should be off their work.
The greatest compliment that we
Staff could be given we thought.

was to be invited to dinner with the
C.O.S. My Sister & I were thrilled
when we were asked to dine with
them - but - also alarmed too
However, we were charmed with
our hostesses who treated us
as honoured guests. Alas the
heat did not - last - long.

The distressing cries of a man
in pain - ended our evening.

"O that poor man" said to
Murray "I must go &
see what I can do for him"

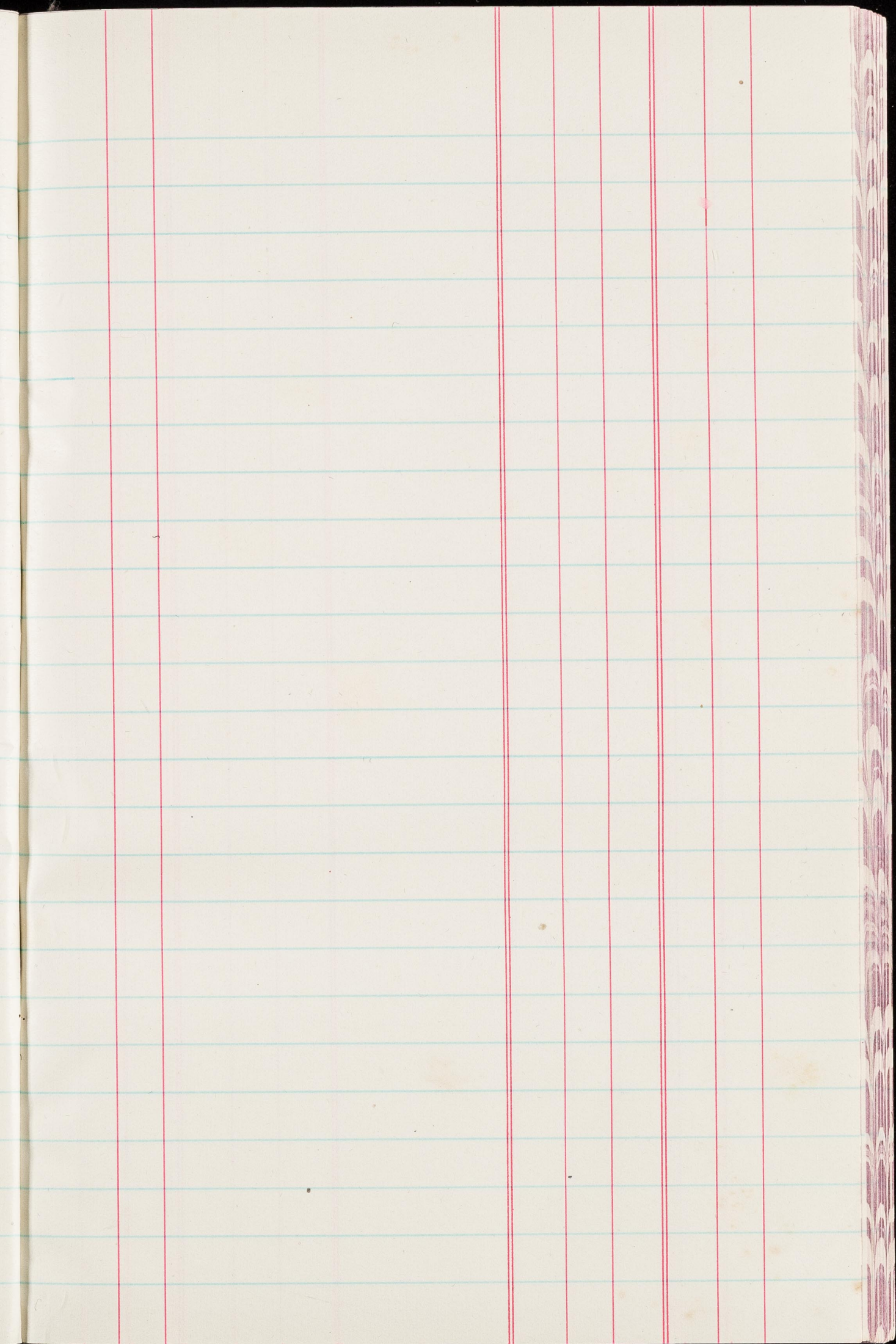
It was the signal for our
departure & so the train was
ever with those incredible
& brave women. What a debt -
I owe to the "incomp" Jane -

My cupicle looked out - onto the
courtyard & I could see the nurses
on night-duty when I went - they
heard the many terrible groans
& cries of those in pain. I never
failed to have one of Jane
Austen's rocks by my bedside

They certainly had a wonderful power of taking one's mind off unpleasant things, or completely different world in fact: With America at last come into the war we were suddenly told 20 American girls were coming to help the hospital. Preparations were made for their welcome naturally we were delighted with the idea especially as we were so short handed. They were granted furloughs we have had but - of course they would be strangers in a strange land & deserved all we were able to give them. We were told they were picked girls from Boston. Alone now in the linen room I was to have one my sister who was on night duty in one of the Zoo wards was allotted another to my relief. These were put in charge of the men's canteen in order that the present staff could be released for the ward.

the other of course were to be
cleared around. It is sad to record
that they were a great failure from
the beginning. A different contingent
who undertook to take the war
off our hands in an American
Hospital in France also failed
us. We cleared out the women's
ward of 65 beds ^{known as H.} filled it with
wounded men, only to be told
a few weeks later that we must
receive sick men again.
The American girls who slept in
cubicals near me did nothing but
bemoan their bed drinks etc &
talk about their Bots from
home filled with good things
though we never saw anything
of them. Hunger as we always
were now there was great pleasure
when a friend of mine was
sent a large tin of biscuits.
She generously called all of us
in that particular ward into her
cubicle & we were each given

2 of the previous biscuits. This treat continued for 2 or 3 evenings when they came to an abrupt end. "Where are my biscuits, they are gone, who has taken them?" said my friend. Everyone denied that they had done so. Then it was noticed that neither of the American girls were present. Later they were questioned: "Did we take them?" they said "we were hungry & helped ourselves." We never saw any of those biscuits again. Meanwhile unsatisfactory reports came from all concerned.



Dodged at Mark's Bank.
Ligyan

Callbeck Church
Convent
Bequest
Account

