

November

Friday 15

1918

Slept from 10-11³⁰ only. Oh dear!
 at 2 pm. Puffles called for me. So
 we went down town for tea. He went
 back to his Squadron by the 4 pm. train
 I heard from Clara tonight, got proof
 of photos. Do not like them. I met
 a friend Sharpen (Neruto) this afternoon.
 One of my very sick boys. Riddle. (Canadian)
 has been trans. to Pneumonia ward. So
 things are easier tonight.

Saturday 16

Went over to see Riddle this am.
 he died at 10 o'clock. The nurse Laddie
 asked me "Sister how did I ever come to
 this ward." In the afternoon I went
 down town and had afternoon tea
 with S. Home 6.30 pm.

No mail except a registered
 letter from Jessie Moley asking me
 to buy her a souvenir for
 Ethel Gray. It surely is very
 cold. The Candy delicious all
 night and day also.

November

Sunday 17

1918

~~Grandpa died at 5 am~~ The laddie developed Septic Piem. following QW. and is much worse today. I went to bed 10 am. and slept until 3. Was hotly and warm slept between steamer rugs & H.B. bag. The marquee is cold. Had registered letter from Mother £.20. The town is wonderful tonight. Imagine no Air Raids.

Monday 18

Grasy died 5 am. It surely was a relief to him. Oh so hard though to arrive at the Base so near & yet so far from home.

Had good sleep today 10-4. as I was so tired.

It is much warmer and darker tonight.

Sharpe came down from "H" ward. Had pancakes and syrup. Much easier tonight than since I have come in "nights"

That night, one of my serious cases was transferred to the pneumonia ward. I went to see him in the morning, when I came off duty. He was dying, and he asked me: "Sister, how did I come to this ward?" He may have realized that it meant that he was with those who were critically ill.

Not all such cases, of course, were moved. One of my patients had developed septic pneumonia from gun-shot wounds; and when he died, I grieved: "So hard to come to this hospital when the War is over, to be so near home, and still to die of wounds."