

August

Saturday 17

1918

Normal day. few  
present very few  
10/13  
Hells Tracy &  
Ethel very old W. H.  
At 11:30 girls came up. Saw  
Houston and me. They are  
going on leave. Both are  
pink.

Sunday 18

This morning went on Spinal  
on 9th Ward with Col Curtin and  
Australian Gallipoli. He has  
Several bad wounds & amputated leg  
and a dislocation of neck.  
In afternoon Boys played a  
"double header" on Baseball field.  
Beaten 11-1 by American Engineers.  
Then American Eng, beat the American  
Navy 8-4.

My clearest memory, however, is of the entry that I wrote for August 18, when my patient was an Australian corporal. He was in another ward, and I was sent to him on special duty, for he had been most cruelly wounded - his body shattered, one leg torn off, his neck dislocated. I stayed beside him that morning, as he slowly died - my hands supporting his neck and head steady - and then I cried

so bitterly that Nursing-sister Austin, in charge of the ward, took me to her office to comfort me. "You must have <sup>been</sup> ~~seen~~ <sup>with</sup> others who died." "Not like this", I remember sobbing. "Not like this one - a man who was strong and whole yesterday - who had come safely through the dreadful Gallipoli campaign - and who had to die today, cradled in my hands like a baby."

Nursing-sister Austin's calmness and control helped me, though I could never achieve the same composure, for I was impulsive by nature, quick to feel, and quick to express my feelings. Yet it is evident in my entries during the days that followed, that the calmness of the sister-in-charge did strengthen me.