

August

Thursday 1

1918

Mattie, Pagie and I went
down town. Bought material &
yokes for combinations, cantelope
and also flowers for Parker. It is
hot as well today. Had letters from
Mrs. Hunt Harry & a parcel magazine for Peter
In evening Sister gave "Dumbbells" Supper
in Red X. Hut. Paid next Bills and
Lore thoroughly enjoyed day.
Air Raid from 10.30 - 12.

Friday 2

Reports of air raid. A.P.M.S. Sgt's
turned to ground. Several casualties &
3 boys killed at Stretch Beaver Camp.
Will know more later. Rain Again.
Am off duty all day. Will be glad
when we get more patients. Whitten
and I walked down to Bank. Several Poultry
damaged. Glass & bricks everywhere.
Had very good time at dance
they had. Met H. Beaumont &
O. Schuman from Ottawa. Had both
Present the Canadian and the
P. S.

Oh, we were young, and full of lively spirits. Yet there was always present that background to our lives - the reason why we were there in France - and tragic entries in my journal alternated with accounts of games and fun.

"August 2: Reports of the air-raid last night have come in. Director Medical Services Headquarters burned to the ground. Several casualties. Three boys were killed at the stretcher-bearers' camp. We walked into Boulogne and saw the damaged buildings - broken glass and bricks everywhere."

On August 4, there were special services in the camps and hospitals, marking the fourth anniversary of the declaration of War. Each of us remembered friends and loved ones who had died in the long cruel struggle. The days before the War seemed another world away - August 1914, a past that was separated from us by the abyss of sorrow and destruction.

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the coastal defences continued. Bombers had not the long-range capability, but Zeppelins crossed to bomb London; and on August 7 the air-raid warning that we heard, was for such a mission. The Zeppelin was brought down in the Channel that time.

A week later, however, bombs fell on the Canadian Convalescent Camp and on #55 British Hospital, and some nursing-sisters were killed and wounded. At our own hospital, after months of air-raid warnings, I could note with satisfaction: "Our dug-outs are splendid" These were the ones that replaced the shallow pits that had been our sand-bagged shelters until then.

And still, during the heat of August, any entry in my journal that spoke of the full moon and the beauty of the night, was certain to end: "Air-raid warning". One night, the Ordnance Depot was burned to the ground, but the raids were still directed more against Etaples and Calais than against our area of the coast.