

October

Friday 4

1918

Not so long had
Egt. Marshall had
his leg amputated. This from
was gangrene. Is fairly
comfortable though
rather crampy ill.

Saturday 5

Had my M.
off duty. Walters Co Depot.
Went to 9 am to 9 am depot.
Revers. Home 8 P.M. Had can, eggs.
cake & pickles & soda crackers.
To bed 10:30 P.M. Heard from
Steve. He was in the
Cambrai attack.

On October 4, there was another case of gas-gangrene in my ward, a British soldier again, Sergeant Marshall. He had been a professional dancer, and the decision he had to make was hard. When he agreed to have his leg amputated, he made a request that surprised the doctors and myself. Sister Matheson must be there when he returned from the operating room. It was some time before he was brought back to my ward for he had gone into shock following the amputation, and he remained dangerously ill all that day. But only nine days later, I could record "Sergeant Marshall has been evacuated to Blighty. So glad he got well."

Naturally, I had not forgotten him when I was able to visit Stobhill Military Hospital in Glasgow, for it was still October when I was granted leave. He was not expecting me, nor any other visitor, and was asleep when I approached his bed, lying with his back to me, his hospital gown open. I ran my hand lightly down the bare skin. The boys had often teased me about my cold hands, but I was amazed when the Sergeant, without even turning his head, and still half-asleep, murmured "Sister Matheson!"