

September Wednesday 4 · 1918

Heavy snow in P. A. M.
Amplely busy. off duty only
from 4 - 5.30. Saw K
we went over to Ball Game
against 4th Can. Gen Staples
we won 7-3.

Am amply tired.
The Search lights are
wonderful. Heard from
Steve.

Thursday 5
If we are busy. Have 6
Empire Gas. Cases. They
mean so much work. Poor
roads. Tonight Sister Matthee
asked me to go to "D" ward
and see a pt from Wyo. This
name is McFellan (Dinard.)
from Elmwood. Also found
Stanley Hipson from the
old ~~Wyo~~ Public School.
How small a world.
Heard from Jack Hackett.

I noted on September 1: "We had two deaths last night from gas-gangrene - one of them Dunnet, a Scotch lad from Glasgow."

I still remember him as he had been the morning before, when I was on duty, and the convoy brought him to my ward. "Only a small wound, Sister", he said cheerfully, "in my thigh. Could be Blighty for me at last". And I had laughed back, as I noted his name: "This time, Fritz has Dunnet."

Then I recorded his temperature. It was high, and I reported that at once to the doctor. We removed the dressing that had been applied at the casualty clearing station up the line. The wound was small, but it appeared as though a wax bung had been inserted - and, at a touch, there was a faint sound, as of escaping air. Gas-gangrene was developing, and would go through the muscles of the body, until it ~~affected~~ affected the muscle of the heart. Only immediate amputation of the leg could have saved his life, and the wound was too high in his thigh for that. He died that night.

a few days later, my notes refer to six more gas-gangrene cases. We all knew the fearful contamination of shell-torn battlefields after four years of struggle, where men had fought and died, gaining even a few yards. And, while I recorded in my journal, the heavy convoys of wounded men, and often the anguish of death from those wounds, I could note also: "Evacuated several men to Blighty ... War news good ... the search-lights are wonderful."