

November

Tuesday 5

1918

Reported for duty after 2nd Breakfast. 8.30 am.
Pagie gave to N. 3. Pneumonia. I back to "P."
Flu is rampant so we are medical for time.
Off duty 10-12. This is a miserable day. Rain!
I heard from Ruffles. Imagine the Batman
Swept our room today. There is not
nearly as much to write about
now as there was a week ago.
Fetch another 19.6 W.G.H. girl is here.
Trans. temporarily from #8. Stat.

Wednesday 6

Pagie, Fetch & I "off duty" 1-H³⁰
So went down town. To Bank
deposits. Came home "broke". Oh
dear how money flies. It was
raining all the time & this in "Swamp
France". Bought a plover plant for
ward. An officer (Superior) offered to
carry Pagie's bag up the hill when
he found we were in hurry, he handed
it back!! Capt Frank McKel from Wpsq
is here. Miss McKay was buried today.

On November 5, I reported for duty once more on the surgical ward - that was Ward L - and in my journal that night wrote: "Flu is rampant, so we are Medical for the time." Pagie was on Ward N, in No.3 hut, with pneumonia cases.

When we were off-duty the next day, we went into Boulogne, to the bank, and I withdrew all of five pounds, but still came home 'broke'. "Oh, dear", I lamented, "how money flies!" One purchase had been a flowering plant for my ward. When Pagie and I were returning to the hospital, an Imperial officer offered to carry her parcels. When he learned that we had to hurry, and he simply handed them back to her! My exclamation points with that entry, revealed our understanding of the motive that had prompted his original "courtesy". He wasn't wasting any more of his time on us.