

HOC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT!

Be it known unto all whom it may concern or interest that I Sybil Loxie Lewis, Medical Practitioner, having been accepted by the Committee of the Scottish Women's Hospitals for Foreign Service (generally referred to as the S.W.H.), and provided by them with uniform and instructions to proceed to Kragjevatz, Serbia, left my native shores with a party of 21, 1 other Doctor, and 19 Sisters, on board the Hospital ship "Gloucester Castle" on June 25th, 1915. We were bidden God-speed by Dr. Russell for the Committee, and by Agnes, and one of our own (British) aeroplanes flew over Southampton Docks before we started (of course, to protect such an important party). We were also cheered by Tommies and bluejackets, but probably most of that was for the Army Nurses whom we were accompanying to Malta. With blazing sun and a pleasant breeze we left Southampton Water, and after a careful survey of our own quarters, etc., enjoyed a pleasant evening on deck, and felt proud to be able to do so. I slept well, but decided in the morning that as there was a spanking breeze, discretion was very much the better part, and spent that day in my bunk on light diet. Let no one pity me - "those stuffy cabins." My bunk was in the Isolation Ward on the lower stern deck - had six wide open windows and two electric fans. The real difficulty was to keep one's hair on, and to shield ourselves from the interested observation of the R.A.M.C. orderlies, whose drawing-room was the deck outside. The stewardess kindly hung towels over the windows, but they were a little inclined to blow loose at awkward moments.

When we entered "The Bay" the breeze subsided and we had glorious days as we sped southward. Porpoises, spouting whales, and moonrise all combined to give interest and variety. On Monday we sighted the Spanish coast, and at 2 on Tuesday, June 29th, passed Gibraltar. Cameras were much in evidence, but I did not see any of the photos after development.

Next day we were warned for fire drill, but had a quite unexpected excitement when the siren having sounded a fearful blast, the cry "Man overboard" went up. The next few minutes were full of thrill - lifebuoys thrown out, and flares, everyone searching the sea, which was fortunately calm, for a sight of the swimmer; the boat turned on its course, and at last! the man located, a boat lowered and he saved. He had stripped in the water, having gone overboard in a fit of frenzy induced probably by the heat of weather and stokehold combined. Being a Maltese he could swim like a fish and took no harm. After that fire drill was a very tame diversion, but we did actually get our lifebelts on and muster on the deck.

Next day squalls arose and I was very uncomfortable, though I stuck it out till 7 p.m. Then I collapsed and went to bed in my clothes with a hot bottle. I stayed there next day, but woke about 5 a.m. on Saturday, July 3rd, to see the white buildings of Malta and a comparatively calm sea. We could not get into harbour, or get orders as to where the ship was to go next, for some hours. Finally, about 4 p.m. we were disembarked, told the ship was to go on to Lemnos, and we were unexpected. However, arrangements were made to house us at the Camerata Hospital for a few days, and we were to have berths booked in the steamer of the Messageries Maritimes from Marseilles to Salonika. It would be Friday or Saturday. This I discovered and had arranged after various visits to various officials at the Castile, to the office of the M.M. The Castile 'phoned "the Navy" and assured me it would be all right. So I and my party settled down to enjoy a few days in Malta, see its sights and buy its merchandise in the less hot hours, and endure the heat, noise and smells, avoid diarrhoea, and generally pass the time as please us best till we could go on our way. I instituted the custom of having the Nurses come to say good night at 9 p.m., after which they were not to leave the house, as they were in rooms upstairs and I had no other way of being sure I had the whole flock safe.

This was all very well for a few days, and we even had a picnic one day to St. Paul's Bay and Rock. It was intensely hot, and we took a boat, or boats rather, and crossed the Bay to the Rock - a very bare and lava-like cape. Lizards of all colours sunned themselves, or streaked away at our approach. I took two or three photos of the great statue of St. Paul which has been erected to commemorate the shipwreck, but as I forgot to wind the film between the exposures they were unsuccessful. Our return was marred by a slight accident - one of the men helping us into the boat, with one foot in the boat and one on the rock, slipped and fell backwards, clutching and knocking down Miss Bryan, who was in the act of getting into the boat. She was poised above the water, one foot and ankle firmly held by a boatman, her shoulders grabbed by her friends on the rock. She was quickly rescued from her uncomfortable position, and though somewhat strained was none the worse of the experience, once the stiffness passed off.

A few days later we were told to hold ourselves in readiness to proceed on "short notice," but after spending two days indoors, ready packed, I heard accidentally that the boat had already sailed, and promptly went to ask "The Army" what it meant. "The Army" was very kind, but had thought us away; however, the 'phone elicited from "The Navy" the fact that the berths not having been reserved from Marseilles (by an oversight) there had not been sufficient number free for our party. We should go on the next. But the same thing happened again, and we sweltered on in Malta, having removed to two hotels - the D'Angleterre, which was comfortable, as far as I could gather from those whom I sent there; and the Imperial, which was dirty and untidy and uncomfortable.

Finally, on July 23rd we got away, on board the "Lotus" - a most comfortable and smooth-going vessel. We were all quite glad to see the last of Malta and get on our way, though many people had tried to discourage us by saying there was no work now to do in Serbia at all.

On board the s.s. "Lotus" we found other Britishers bound like ourselves for Serbia - a party of nine who had travelled overland to Marseilles - two of them a Bacteriologist and her orderly (Dr. Porter and Miss Neish) actually members of the S.W.H. going to join the Valjevo unit, the others women and men belonging to the Red Cross, or British farmers. There was also a French Doctor whom we met again later, and other passengers, French, Greek, and one Serbian young lady. One evening we had a concert in the saloon, with songs of all nationalities - and national anthems galore - most inspiring; of course The Marseillaise - the French do sing it with fervour.

Early on Monday we arrived at Piraeus, and most of us after an early breakfast went on shore to see Athens. The heat was scorching, but we felt the expedition well worth the discomfort. The fame of the buildings is too great for it to be necessary for me to give any description. But the sight of them was a revelation to me. The nearness of Mars Hill to the Acropolis - the wonderful views over Athens, the baked colour of the old stone, the variety and beauty of the carvings, made up a vision which the scorching sun only served to impress more deeply on my memory. One felt more than anything else the continuity of the generations, one generation living, leaving its mark and passing on to make room for another, which also leaves its distinctive contribution, and itself passes, yet, being dead, speaketh to all the succeeding. From the great buildings we came down and passed through several very narrow noisy but picturesque little streets, where the modern Greek and Turk display a profusion of brightly-coloured wares, and curious shoes are to be seen in abundance.

Scottish Women's Hospital,
11. Serbian Unit.

AFTER VALYEVO.

After a fortnight's packing and moving from the tents into huts, and indecision as to whether we should go or stay (on the part of the authorities) we got orders on Oct. 17th, Sunday morning (everything here happens on Sunday) to go next day - so we finished packing at top speed, and what a scene it was, and transferred our patients to other hospitals (a heart-breaking piece of work) and on Monday, Oct. 18th left Valyevo at 5 p.m. or thereabouts. We had our equipment taken to the station on bullock carts, such a train of them, and then of course into trucks which were attached to our train.

The station was crowded and through carriages were set aside for us, it was a crush. But feeding, etc., had been well provided for by Miss Jack and Miss Fraser and we had a good meal. We had to change at Mladanvalz, but though it was dark and an awful station we found the train and got ourselves and our luggage into it (only leaving 5 pieces of our luggage and 2 of our 7 orderlies - prisoners).

These carriages were much better, broader seats and with the upper berths, so that we all got a chance to sleep, of which I for one took full advantage. We reached Jagodina, our supposed destination, about 11, and were met by the ladies of the town as well as the officer in charge, an almost unique occurrence. They were most cordial, bore us off to lunch at a cafe place (where the air was pestiferous), and when a long-awaited but very good meal had been served, the Chief, Miss Jack, and I with Dr. Hope went with the "Director" to look for a building suitable for us to use as hospital. The ladies mentioned were finding sleeping accommodation for us all (40) for the night. We got negotiations about a building opened, when a telegram arrived. We were not to stay at Jagodina but go to a place up a side line called Pojega - so we went back to the cafe, had another meal, and went to bed, the ladies having successfully managed their difficult job. The Chief and I were together, a very comfortable room, but oh what a night of rain it was. Our train was due to start at 5.30 a.m., so we were asked to meet at the cafe then for a meal as the train was sure to be late. It was. We hung about all day and finally left at 6 p.m. At midnight we arrived at Stalatz, our change, to find that by some oversight no word of our coming had reached the Stationmaster. The station and all trains were packed with refugees, and he was very rude till finally Dr. Hutchinson threatened to report to Colonel Greentich and suggested that we would willingly travel with our personal luggage in two cattle trucks if they were cleaned. He could not produce two, but one got a very cursory sweep, and then (about 3 a.m.) we and our baggage got into it

and away. (The Orderlies and luggage from Mlad. had come on the train we took at Jagodina.) We were to get a second truck at the next station, Krushevatz, and did, after some delay; then we were less crowded and got some sleep, though often in queer positions.

I was in the early stages of a bad cold (due to the Cafe air, I suppose), but got a good sleep on the Chief's sack, and was better for it.

The journey was lovely, through mountains gorgeous in all the glory of autumn colourings - just picture after picture, each more glowing than the last.

Pojega itself a stupid little place; and the hospital men two in a bed and many on straw on the floor - the atmosphere, the undressed wounds, the latrines - word of mouth is necessary.

We were there just a week, the first few nights occupying two wards, then a house was procured and whitewashed and scrubbed, the Miss Frasers, Miss Tebbutt and Kerr and Dyke, all helped, I believe. We called it "The Common Lodging House." It was quite unfurnished and our beds were brought over from hospital - planks on trestles, straw mattresses and hospital blankets. They lent also enamel dishes, and we used the stoves as washing stands - it was distinctly primitive.

After a week at Pojega, in which much cleaning was done (by the members of the Unit) to the school in which our hospital was to be worked, while we Doctors and some of the Sisters were employed in the Military Hospital already in existence, were warned to be ready for a sudden move, and at 5 a.m. one morning (Oct. 28th) were wakened by a violent knocking - our Interpreter - we were to go away by a train leaving between 8 and 9 a.m. and go to Krushevatz. Scrambled packing and breakfast, bullock carts for baggage, and we all arrived at the station by 9. The train left about 11, and in the interval we had quite a sewing-bee at the station, sitting on the well. The Chief finished her bonnet, I shortened my big coat,, and Miss Jack had a piece of work also. A photo was taken which should be interesting if it developed well. When the train did come, there was our carriage reserved, so we went off in state. Long, long waits at every station - we dawdled down the line towards Krushevatz - but at Chachac received orders through the Director of Petipuk (whose hospital we were attached to at Valjevo) to go instead to Vrantze, this side of K. At Kraljevo we saw members of other British Units, our own from Mladanovatz and others, and finally about 8 p.m., in black darkness, arrived at Vrantze to find ourselves three miles from the town and quite unexpected. Mud several inches deep on any bit of road we could see and no conveyances available. After much talk the Stationmaster handed over to us a large room with a stove in it and some benches. It was clean, and here we made ourselves as comfortable as might be for the night. We made tea (we always carried food with us on these journeys) and had supper, and then - some on

5

the floor, some on benches - we slept the sleep of the restless till morning. Washing at a pump or, if lucky, in one of our basins, and breakfasting. About 9 o'clock we got a little cart with a boy driver and a horse that could walk, and the Chief, Miss Jack, another member and I went off in it, through seas of mud, towards the town to make arrangements. Half way there we were met by a motor containing the Commandant on his way to us. He went on and brought the Nurses up in two or three batches in the motor while we went on. We hung about for the next few hours till accommodation was found for us at the Villa Balkan, a sort of boarding house in which the rooms all opened on to the balconies. There were rooms enough for us all to get into, though in some four had to go, but no general sitting room.

For the next month we mealed in our bedrooms, the food being brought up from the kitchen in big bowls and carried round. The kitchen was in charge of our cook, Miss Fraser, but had to be shared with another small unit downstairs. The greatest comfort all that month was the beautiful cooking, and as there were practically no utensils and the cooking had to be done in improvised fashion we were the more grateful to her. There were beds but no mattresses (except wire) in the rooms, so we made up with our own blankets and pillows. The Chief and I had a room together, but went for meals to Miss Jack and Dr. Porter.

Vrntze is the Harrogate of Serbia, a pretty place, but rather buried among hills, very well wooded. One side of the street is a sort of park, down which a little river runs straight, from end to end spanned by bridges at intervals. For the first few days we had no work, and our desire to get the luggage from the station (we had five truck loads of equipment there) was frustrated by the difficulty of getting either bullock carts or motor. There were wounded men drifting about the town, however, and one evening we were asked to take the Kursal, a large building in the Park, one side open, and do the best we could with hay and straw to make some of them comfortable. So we made a dressing station of it and for some hours were hard at work. A Primus to boil the Instruments, Park seats to hold the dressings and bressed, and patients. One done, another came on, as fast as we could. Poor chaps, they were grateful. Of course, the usual crowd collected to watch, and altogether it must have been a sight. They lighted camp fires in the two ends of the barn-like place, and that and lamp light, with the Sisters in their white caps and aprons and the Doctors' coats must have been picturesque. Next morning we did the dressings again. Different men in many cases turned up, but what did that matter?

After about two days of that we were given a hospital, small wards, four beds in each, officers at first, quite decent fellows to dress, but with hangers-on, who professed to be servant girls or

Servian Red Cross. It was confusion worse confounded, and in two days officers and women were all turned out, and we were supplied with a batch of "voyniks" and able to rule our own roost to a much larger extent. They were mostly slight wounds comparatively, and with a day or two's care and Ensol to clean them up were very satisfactory. We did several operations for removal of bullets, etc.

When we had had possession for about a week the Austrians arrived. But before that, dire calamity befel the luggage. Vain endeavours had been made to induce the Commandant to get it removed from the station, but with little success. A few pieces had been brought up and stored in a pavilion, but only a little. Finally, part of our motor lorry was lent, and Miss Gordon went down to the station to find looting in full swing. Our things and boxes belonging to others open and smashed and utter confusion. Some things were rescued, and for the next two days some of the units spent the whole time at the station protecting what was left, while bullock carts which the Chief hired in desperation, and the lorry helping, brought up all that was left, and some idea of the condition of things may be realised by the fact that much of the X ray apparatus was simply smashed to atoms; that single boots were left lying about in several cases, and that Mrs. Dr. Hope having seen her own box and taken a few things out of it lest it had to be left until next day, sat down on some of the unit things, and ten minutes later turned round to find her box had been removed bodily. One of the ab. incubators disappeared in the same sort of way, and many, many other things. Fortunately, our personal luggage had been brought up before, but any personal things packed in the equipment had a bad time. I had only a shell and it turned up later, but others were less fortunate.

On the Sunday afternoon when the last things, beds, were being poled into the carts, a party of Austrian soldiers with fixed bayonets passed. Our Orderly went over to speak to them and remained so long that Dr. H. suggested that instead of staying talking to them he should ask them to come and help load. This amused and sent them off and also caused great excitement among the other units when the story was repeated at Verachka. This amused and sent them off

Four days later, on Nov. 10th, the Austrians entered the town, but it made little difference to us just at first. They were really quite comic in some ways - put a sentry with bayonet at the front door of our hospital; no civilian might enter, no patient go out, but left the back quite unguarded, and the sentry was only there one day. But things did not improve. Bread was very difficult to get for some days. I suppose the Army passing through made the difficulty, but the Red Cross who always supplied us were not able to, and it was most difficult to buy. We were never without, however, thanks to the pertinacity and hard work of our Administrator, Miss Jack. She went several times a day to different shops and always managed to get enough to go on with, both of that and meat. Shops

otherwise were all shut for days, and market produce was very scarce. Caimac, the butter of the country, simply not to be had, and cheese only rarely, if you were lucky enough to meet a woman selling it. What we owe to Miss Jack it would be difficult to put into words. Out at 7 a.m. every day to market, always on the look out for variety - caring nothing for her own comfort, and always aided and backed by the Chief.

On the 16th we got the order to discharge all the patients who could walk (we warned three days earlier of the probability), and after carefully making out lists of those we thought suitable, had the annoyance of seeing the whole hospital roughly sorted into go and stay by the Commandant and Austrian officers. That night it snowed, a perfect blizzard, and next day all the poor fellows were turned out for a 10-kilometre or thereabouts walk, in that weather, regardless of how they were provided with clothing. We managed boots for some who were shoeless, but all our store of such things had been looted at the station, and no shops were open. It was pitiful. There we were to hand the hospital over to another unit. Then that was contradicted and we might keep it longer. New patients were sent in, but finally, on Sunday, Nov. 21st, we were dismissed from the hospital and joined the "unemployed."

From the entrance of the Austrians into Vrnitze I had been sleeping in the Hospital. No one was allowed out after 7 p.m. or before 6 a.m., but every night I walked down about 8.30 p.m. and was never once challenged, though I was right under the sentry's nose. It used rather to amuse me.

One of our great employments was the gathering of firewood, and we got quite expert at it, never going out without getting some and learning which pieces were best worth gathering, and how much easier it was to trail heavy pieces than to carry them outright. Some also became very expert at chopping, but "no no" as Tauchian would say. I tried it, but as it took an hour for me to do what the man could do in five minutes, I used to ask him (he was orderly or something to the wounded Allies) to do it for me, and he was very good natured.

After a week of waiting, going for walks (the cold was intense) and so on, we had a quiet Sunday. But on Monday got ordersto pack and start at 8 a.m. on Tuesday, Nov. 30th for Krushevatz. As we had several times been told we were to work at Terstenick and all our equipment had been supposed to be for that, we were not surprised to be told of another destination. It was on a par with everything else. I haven't mentioned, however, the really exciting incident. Some soldier went to the Pavilion and took away some of the beds, saying they were needed for officers. A few days after another brought a cart for more, but the Chief was there and said he must bring a proper requisition order. He was very rude and

finally whipped up his horses and went off (with three, I think) while she went to the Prince, who was Commandant of the town and a very decant fellow. He was very angry, and said that was not requisitioning but stealing, and tried to have the cart overtaken - in vain. A day or two later an officer, blustering, came to the Pavilion enquiring into what we had there, etc., and when he asked how many beds the Chief answered "I don't know, how many have been stolen." "Stolen - stolen. By whom?" "By Austrian officers." Hoots, but the fat ~~wassin~~ in the fire then! Bully Beef was livid with fury. How dared she say Austrian officers stole, etc., etc., and etc. Another officer came up and tried to soothe him, and to him Chief explained that the Prince knew the circumstances and had said it was stealing. They were all going to the Prince when they met further officers who sat on Bully Beef and shut him up, but couldn't prevent him from requisitioning some of our tea and sugar for his patients, he said, though we knew he kept them for himself. But the next time they wanted anything they sent a polite note of request! and when we left we got a receipt for all that was left behind.

A day or two later the same officer came to the Pavilion asking for blankets, and was told by the Chief that we had none there, she believing she spoke the truth. He went on to another Hospital and demanded 50 from them, threatening to shoot an orderly if they were not forthcoming. Later in the day when Dr. Hutchison referred to the request in Matron's presence, she was told, to her consternation, that one of the sacks did contain several patients' blankets. The misunderstanding had arisen through an assurance that our (staff) blankets were not there. What to do was the question. A select little council of war was held, and resulted in eight of us making several visits to the Pavilion early next morning and returning to the "Villa Balkan" much stouter than when we left it. On one of her return journeys the Chief encountered and interviewed the identical officer, fortunately without detection. We retrieved them all, and after disinfecting took them into use at once, and returned the borrowed ones we had been using. But it was a near thing, and a curious situation in which we had to steal our own belongings.

So on Tuesday morning we started - about 9.30. As the bullock carts for the luggage were not ready, we had to walk 12 kilometres to Terstenick, as bridges had been blown up and were not repaired, It was a bitterly cold day, a level road, very rough, and we were both hungry and thirsty when we reached T. station - moreover my foot had blistered. No drink was forthcoming, and we were told we could buy none except through the Orst Commando. So some of the nurses settled into the Waiting Hall and made themselves tea, while

the rest of us went to try and get coffee. The Orst Commando knew nothing of "café", but Dr. discovered that Madame Christich (an Irishwoman married to a Serb) whom we knew at Valyevo, was in the town, and we were told "the third house". At the third house a nice gate, locked, but the ladies of the house seeing us came out - No, not Mrs. Christich, but would we not come in, and the eight of

us were forthwith made welcome, and supplied with coffee, plates and forks, and allowed to eat the meat and bread with most delicious wine of their own make. Then Miss Christich came in, and after a time her mother came to ask us to come and see her hospital. We went, and saw, Serbs crowded together but happy, and being decently cared for, and in a little room one patient, a girl of 15, pneumonia resulting from a shot in the back from a soldier who wanted to enter the cottage late at night. Poor little soul, one wanted so much to be able to make her more comfortable. They said a promise of punishment for the man had been given, but we did not place any reliance on their promises.

After that we returned to the station and found the luggage had been put in, and some of the party had ensconced themselves with it. I sat down with them as I had blistered my heel, and we had some tea. Finally about 4.30 I joined the other Doctors and those who were travelling in the provided carriage 3rd class, and we got off punctually at 4.50. About 7 we reached Krushevatz, and had a scramble over rails and so on till we got clear of the lines, a considerable distance in pitch dark. No one to meet us, no one knew of our coming, no preparations made! !

A young officer (Austrian) who had brought a big motor down to meet some one who did not seem to have come on the train, was kind, and when the Chief explained the position to him, volunteered to take her in the motor to see the authorities, So we waited, amid the wreckage of the rioting which had taken place, fearing that much of our own equipment which had been in trucks there must likewise have gone. It was a strange scene: broken boxes, papers, tins, and nurses, etc., all in a very dim light. Two officers tried to be kind, and lighted two candles which gave a flickering light for a little while. Fortunately, though chilly, it was not the intense cold we had had for ten days, and we stood or sat about in comparative comfort, though much wanting a meal and to get settled. The nurses sang one or two things, and some one cried out "Are we down-hearted?" and the ringing answer "No" would not have shamed our men. At last the big headlights of the motor shone out and in a few minutes it was among us. The young Lieutenant had brought word that he was to take us as many as he could at a time, up to the Chief. So we piled in our hand luggage and (in deference to my foot) I got in and Miss Jack was following, when we heard Dr. Porter some way in front. "All come as quickly as you can, we are all to go," and the nurses streaming after her. Thinking some other officer (we saw one) was leading them to the same place, we moved off slowly for the sake of three who were trying to walk with us, expecting every minute to overtake the other party, and be able to get on. But no sign could be seen of them, and when after about 15 minutes we arrived at the Cafe, they had not been heard of, Dr. Inglis and Dr. Hutchison were there and said a meal had been ordered, and so we sat down to wait, thinking they must come soon. At last a meal

arrived, and the wanderers also. There had been a confusion, and they had gone off to Dr. Inglis' Hospital, and from there been sent back by her on her return. The meal was steak with sauce, and a very welcome one. After it we were taken round to what they called a Hotel - and given rooms supposed to be prepared for officers. We were four or six in two-bedded rooms, so that in each some had to make up beds on the floor, and that night we had no blankets, as the luggage was not up from the station till 5 a.m. There were no mattresses either, but stacks of quilted cotton waistcoat protectors were available, and we made mattresses and covers out of them, put our greatcoats over all and slept the sleep of the just as far as we could.

The early morning was disturbed by the luggage being deposited in the landing, the lieutenant with a motor lorry having brought it up. Fortunately we had tea things, etc., for no breakfast was available till after nine, and then in very uncomfortable fashion. In fact, the Hotel and its management were both abominable. They had a pleasant little practice of informing us that a meal was ready and then keeping us waiting at the table for an hour or more, while German and Austrian officers partook of their meal. Several times there was insufficient food to serve us, and what there was was poor. Complaints led to a little more politeness, and we simply refused to go to table till our meal was ready. But we were thankful to see the last of that place at 3.30 a.m. on Dec. 4th.

We left without luggage - (the equipment they took possession of, but Dr. Hutchison demanded and got an official receipt for it) - in motor lorries, thanks to the kindness of our friend Lt. Schiller, and we were driven to Stalatz, where we arrived at 6 or thereabouts, having passed over two (sprung) bridges on the way. Then we found more confusion - a bridge on the railway was broken, and might take an hour, or a day, or more to repair. So no train was going to Jagodina till it was repaired. We had started on a slender meal, and had not been able to get supplies in Krushevatz, so felt very stranded.

The Lieutenant went off to telephone for orders and we sat down to wait (we were quite good hands at doing that by this time). We decided to wait for the train. The Red Cross supplied us after a time with bread, jam and coffee, which we ate in the open. Then two trucks were given us, and we made ourselves comfortable in them and waited, with our luggage. We were told many things, but principally that the train would not go till Sunday afternoon, but that we should be fed on the Restaurant Car which was pointed out to us. It was really a train kitchen, but we were supplied at midday with an excellent meal there - soup, meat and potatoes with a thick sauce, and some bread. We sat down in three relays and provided our own knives and forks.

During the afternoon a soldier with fixed bayonet was set to guard our trucks and ourselves - our first touch of real "prisoner", and we were told we must not go for a walk without him! Our friend the lieutenant came and talked for some time and had quite a passage at arms with a German soldier who put his head into the truck with some rude remarks. He gave Dr. H. his address and begged to hear what happened to us. He said we were on our way to Temesvar, to work there, but our papers were only made out to Jagodina, and our guard was in charge of us so far. He went away after a while, and we whiled away the time till dark.

About 6 bread and cheese and coffee were sent to us from the Restaurant Car, and then the German soldiers who were standing about became quite abusive and most insulting. We found the only way to have any peace was to close the side of the truck completely, but as orders had previously been given to close the further side it was inconvenient. Presently, however, the Chief went off to the Stationmaster or other authority, and things were improved by the side which looked only over rails being open. We had to take our guard with us when we needed to retire, both for protection and safety. We settled down to sleep early, close together on the floor, holdalls or sacking, spreading a piece of tenting first to keep the dirt off, and had a fairly good night, though one member of the party turned sick and had to walk over us to the door.

About 6 we began to move about, some left the truck for fresh air, etc., and got a wash at the pump, but we had to hurry as the train had to start at 7.20 and actually did go. Most unfortunately we had no breakfast provided, and no food of our own but a few biscuits and some tea and coffee. We expected a meal at Jagodina, but alas, the Chief received only rudeness where we had before been so well treated. The German in command flouted and insulted her, the train stopped only a very few minutes, and our guard having only orders to go so far refused to travel further. So we went on without him, and at Lapavo about midday were so fortunate as to find Red Cross people distributing soup to the wounded and refugees on the train. Dr. H. explained the situation to them, and we got an ample share, thick steaming soup and bread. I doubt if any ever tasted so delicious.

During the journey we took advantage of the absence of the Guard to secure the Flag. We opened the packing case in which it was packed with the sewing machine, took it out and the Chief folded it and put it round her body, under blouse and skirt. There for the next two months she wore it, except during our Christmas dinner, when it was hung on the wall to rejoice our hearts. At times the red and blue were distinctly visible through the thin muslin or silk of her blouse, and this was especially the case at the Police Station at Kecskemet, but our captors were never sufficiently quick-witted to realise that the British Flag was being flaunted in their faces in their own fastnesses, and the Flag came safely home.

We went on to Semendria, arriving about 4 p.m. Here we were expected, and were hurried out of the train, told our luggage would all be brought on, marched off to the landing stage (through filthy streets) about a quarter hour's walk. The Church had been badly damaged by shell, which seemed unnecessary and unsuitable. Near the stage were many Serbian prisoners, and we recognised a few as old patients, but when I went to speak to them an officer interfered - it was "verboden". From 4.30 to 8.30 we spent beside the Danube, hungry, thirsty, chilly. We sat on some planks, waiting for our luggage that we might cross the ferry, a target for all eyes and many jeering tongues. Talk about Purgatory. Then at last came an order - we were to cross, the luggage would come in the morning. On a protest that we had not even night things, we were told that food, beds, everything was prepared and would be supplied on the other side - I suppose on the principle that if you tell a lie you should tell a big one, for we arrived on the other side to find - no conveyance, no one expecting us, town three miles away by bad road. Telephoning only produced a promise that food should be sent, and we were finally shown a hut in which some Austrian soldiers were playing and sleeping, and told to spend the night there. There were a few benches, a few tables, a stove, and the soldiers very kindly produced about 10 stretchers. We made tea and cocoa and made shift with what food we could produce among us. (But most even of the biscuits had been left with the luggage.) No other food came, and we settled down for the night, two on each stretcher (heads and tails) like sardines, some on benches, some on tables; and I, fearing to be cramped, had a box against the wall, and slept very fairly. None of us can boast of sleeping well, but that was a strange night. Looking over the room might have been a scene from Dickens - soldiers dozing or playing by the fire, and all these women, for just before the ferry started they had fetched Dr. Hope, ostensibly to mind the luggage, and we did not know if we should even see him again. Poor Mrs. Hope, she was very good, very quiet, just trying to make everyone as comfortable, but not able to sleep herself much.

About 6.30 we began to get up. Went and washed in the dirty water of the Danube, and again had a cup of tea and a biscuit, and waited, and waited, and waited. About 9.30 Dr. Hope came over in the ferry, with some of the luggage. The rest followed on the next. There did seem to be a great deal of it.

We were interested in watching the building of the bridge, but very hungry, when two big officers, one German, the other Austrian, appeared, asked questions, and told us to leave two with the luggage (about which they made rude remarks) and go with the first batch in a bullock cart and our guard, up to Keverara. We started, a bridge across a swamp, and then a road. Ankle deep in mud, but with a clean footpath, so that it wasn't so bad after all. We distanced the luggage, but when we neared the town the guard asked us to wait for it, so we sat by the roadside. The worst of our journey was

the last - a long straggling fiat street which we trudged, very hot and exhausted, not at all in a state to bear with equanimity the curiosity of the inhabitants - only to find that we had to retrace our steps for a great deal of the distance. When at last we reached the Refugees' Night Shelter we found empty dusty rooms - nothing to sit on but the few boxes which came with us, and still no food. However, the Chief's urgent representations that no food had been provided since 24 hours and more produced some bread and a promise of soup in an hour, and at one o'clock it arrived - more like dish-water than anything else, but hot and with bread - something, at any rate - and we revived.

During the afternoon the floors were swabbed over with ^{L.} Bysol or some such thing, and then straw was brought in and laid down for our beds - all down both sides of the room, exactly as though it were a stable. As the Chief said, "Don't munch out of my bin!" We were then just beginning to get our things, bedding, etc., arranged a little, when a C. A. D. officer arrived in the hall and began searching the luggage for arms and ammunition!! He was a bully and a noisy bounder, reduced one member to tears, seized our precious shell cases and cartridges, souvenirs picked up in Valyevo, etc., and many of them engraved, and also old rusty bayonets, and made himself generally objectionable, till at last Dr. Hutchison took command of the proceedings: told him not to shout so, sat down on a box near the door smoking a cigarette, and as each box was brought in (the last load arriving) called the owner - asked if shells and cartridges were in it - if so, give them over; if not, just unlock the box. There were several who denied having any, and when he insisted on trying to find them in those boxes - and failed - her taunt "Hat sie die Wahrheit gesprochen" was swift and very much to the point. Here were many boxes, and he was thoroughly tired of the job before it was over. Of course, they had no right to touch these things - they were personal property - but what did that matter when the Austrians were hard up for copper?

Next came the Oberst Lieutenant himself, quite kindly, since no German accompanied him, and asked to see all photographs we had. Not quite understanding the request there was some slight hesitation, and the poor man became quite agitated. "Much better show them freely, Fraulein, frankness is the safest plan, etc." We had no photos of any but private interest, little snapshots of persons or places or incidents which had seemed to one or another worthy of record, but some of us had these in large numbers, and we plied him with handful after handful till he would fain have cried enough. But he had suggested that we were unwilling, and we pressed more and more upon his notice till at last he turned tail and fled, and we felt victorious.

About 6 another meal, bread and soup with tinned meat in it, an improvement and very much appreciated, also strong coffee, made of roasted grain and coffee, I think; anyhow, very good and

stimulating. Then to bed, and straw never was so comfortable surely. All slept soundly, I think, so thankful were we to be able to lie full length and move if we wanted to. Our blankets were a great comfort; what we should have done without them I don't know.

Three soldiers were always put in charge of us and were in the Hall, and we were not allowed out for several days at all, and even then only with a soldier at our heels. The first excuse was that we were "in quarantine," having come from an infected cholera district. Never was a greater lie. Cholera is in Kerevara, but we neither saw nor heard of it in Serbia; and the crown of their inconsistency lay in obliging us to get our own water from the public well!! while refusing to allow us a straight walk out and back. When after five days of durance vile, with only such incidents as the need of teaching the guards not to enter the room without knocking, to speak to us as "Damen" not "Frauen", giving what bread we could spare to hungry Russian prisoners, games in the backyard, and our evening entertainments, of which more anon, we were allowed out, with a guard at our heels. The Next anxiety was to reduce our luggage: after the remarks the German officer had made, we realised we should not be able to take it all away again. - as if it were a wedding journey or a pleasure trip, not out for work, etc., etc.

So the fiat went forth - one piece each only besides what we could carry. My microscope was made an exception. I chose to keep my big box and holdall (into which I could put the tea-basket) and handed Lil's dear little box (which had been one of my greatest comforts all the time) over to Dr. Hope, who promised to return it if it ever reached Edinburgh. Then the discarding process began - boots, shoes, all sorts of things that one could do without were cast out, either handed over to others or put aside for sale later. My riding coat went, my old raincoat, little blue frock, boots and shoes till I was left with my long boots, bedroom slippers and one pair of shoes. The exchange of things from one person to another was really quite amusing and the rage to "discard" seized us all. Then "selling" began, for we had only Serbian money and would barely exchange it at tremendous loss, and we were quite determined not to exchange English gold if it could by any sacrifice be avoided. So we sold sheets (old and new), aprons, anything we could, blankets, pillow-cases, overalls, boots, through the windows, or in the hall. The first batch was taken surreptitiously to a shop and the women bought them and paid in Austrian money. We made a fair amount, though of course selling everything at a great loss, and it became quite a joke. The guards were very keen, so much so that they were apt to drive other prospective buyers away. From time to time we renewed our sale that we might have the wherewithal to buy small luxuries such as jam, doughnuts for tea, etc. We found a special brand of the latter which were particularly good, and had them supplied to us daily for a while. They made a variety.

Food needs its own description. It was soup, soup, soup - with sometimes preserved meat in it, and black bread, and very good strong coffee for the first few days. By protest we elicited the falsehood that no other bread was to be had by anyone. However, we did get different and much nicer brown bread, and the soup became stew, with potatoes and vegetables. But there is monotony in bread and coffee for breakfast, followed by meat and potatoes and bread for dinner; coffee and bread, with possibly potatoes or beans (of our own providing generally) for supper. We have come to the conclusion that neither soup nor stews will be welcome when we get home.

To get wood for the stoves also was like getting blood from a stone. At first they gave a little, but would not let us out together, and it takes a lot of wood to keep a decent fire going. The heating of water was a great difficulty, but smiles and a few *heller*. induced the old lady who occupies a room in the backyard to allow us to heat water on her fire, when she has one; in return we share our sticks with her. She is a quaint person, with daughters and grandchildren, and a shrill Hungarian voice which penetrates through all. Her daughters cannot be called respectful, and to see the three taking a meal together, all shouting and gesticulating at once and throwing the remains to any stray goose or pig which walks in, is sight and sound for a play. They talk Serbian and Hungarian mixed, I think, sometimes one and sometimes another, but such ugly voices. However, they are quite good-natured, which for us is the main thing.

Our entertainments deserve special mention. The third night we were here Squad B. invited Squad A. to their room after "dinner", and gave us songs, etc., dressed up in pyjamas, etc. We finished up with Scotch songs, which were much applauded from outside, a little white dog even being lifted up and made to clap its paws! After we had returned to our own room presentations through the window were made - preserved fruit, tomato sauce, gherkins, from an unseen young man (very surreptitiously), who refused thanks. Next night we gave a return "Charade" - "Sheepskin" - which was most amusing, and gave us something to think and speak of. The "word" scene was the arrival of the Unit at Victoria! and great delight it gave to audience and actors alike. The waving of the Union Jack by the Chief on this memorable occasion had been prefaced by her bringing one of the "Guard" in with her, and then sending him out as done with.

When we returned to our own room it was to find a big loaf of decent bread on a bed immediately under the window. How we enjoyed it, and the manner of its presentation. Next night Squad B. gave Tableaux - very good - and we followed with the same sort of thing two nights later. Their unit scene was the serving of soup (have you ever had soup served out of a bucket?) Our Tableaux began with the Mad Hatter's Tea-Party. The Chief exactly "Alice" and the

others splendid. The Unit Scene was the Hut on the Banks of the Danube - splendid. That was on Sunday night, and after that invention or something else languished, and for a week we only washed in the evenings. But on Monday, the 20th, we broke out again - another Charade - "Blum-Pudding" - which went very well. Then the Wailing Scene, six or eight in dark gowns and veils, hair loose and faces chalked, among willows and reeds which grow in profusion in the marshes along the Danube bank. Swaying to and fro, and singing to the tune "Invocation" the following parody:--

"By Danube's stream we sat and slept
Accompanied by the Guard
In midst of her on stretchers stretched
On forms and tables hard.

From pangs of hunger did we moan,
Till e'en for bread we cried;
For bread they gave to us a stone,
And drink to us denied.

And when pale dawn doth gild the sky,
Forth from our hut we creep,
To Danube's muddy stream we hie,
And bathe in waters deep.

Our captors led us to a town,
In desolation steep'd,
Like cattle then we laid us down
On beds of straw to sleep.

Then all rising:

O Caledonia, stern and wild, Thy Children cry to thee,
By mouthing captors though reviled, We know thou'lt set us free!"

It was most successful, just awfully good. We followed it with a tug of war for the kettle (over which the two rooms had a struggle only ended by the arrangement that each room keeps possession for 24 hours).

But I have said enough to show, I think, that going through the vale of misery we used it for a well, making fun of our miseries and cheering ourselves up with the very things that might have depressed us, in true British fashion.

This dull little town bears the name Kevevara or Temeskubin, and is just opposite Semendria on the edge of the great marsh which is the Danube Bank, and running out on to the great plains of Hungary. It is absolutely flat, and consists of long streets of one-storied houses, with here and there a bigger building - hospital, school or hotel. Its streets have sidewalks, then a deep ditch,

then the earth which has been dug out of the ditch, and then very muddy roadways. After Serbia and her mountains it is particularly dull and uninteresting, and going out with a Guard and in parties attracts attention one would rather be without. One one occasion three attempts were made to "snap" us, one I fear with success, and I am still thirsting for their blood. We soon learnt never to glance in the direction of a German soldier, many of whom are in the town, as the only way to avoid insolence was to appear unconscious of their presence. The Austrians, on the other hand, were generally courteous, and would even salute occasionally or if addressed. Generally, except for actual shopping we went into the country, along the bank of a tributary river or down the Embankment to the Danube. We were much interested in the progress of the great bridge, and in the floods which quite surrounded the little hut in which we had spent the night.

When we had been ten days or more in durance vile, a message came about 7 p.m. one evening for the C.M.O., and Dr. Hope (being a man) to go to the Oberst L.'s office. Many were the conjectures during their absence. Could we be to start for home immediately, or to go back to Serbia, or be sent to Germany? When they came back it was evident that our hopes of going home were not to be immediately realised. On the contrary, we were told that the proposal was that we should be put to work in the Cholera Hospital. (They had been introduced to the Geneva Convention, and the Chief had written the American Consul at Buda Pest that we were not detained for work, so we concluded that this was an attempt to justify their detention of us, for we knew they were quite well supplied with unemployed Red Cross people of their own and did not really need our services. The Hospital had up to then been in the hands of Germans who if they left would take all their equipment, mackintoshes, bedpans, and leave the place denuded of such necessaries, while our equipment was detained at Krushevatz and Vrintze, and therefore unavailable. We doctors were all to go next morning to see the Hospital and discuss matters. Of course their promises were very fair. Dr Hutchison was to control the nurses, rubber gloves, etc., would be provided; but they were Austrians. The Doctors immediately held a discussion and noted down the points upon which we felt insistence was necessary either from the point of view of the safety of our Personnel or in view of the necessity for making them observe the Convention in dealing with us. The chief points were: Inoculation with sufficient time for it to take effect, pay for all, rubber gloves for the wards, decent sleeping accommodation, and exercise, etc., etc.

Next morning, Dec. 17th, we went. Dr. Hutchison, the Drs. Hope, Dr. Porter, and I. We got there before 9 owing to a mistake, 9.30 was the time appointed. The Hospital was a large group of buildings on the very edge of the town, looking over the plain. Soon after 9.30 Dr. Fischer, under whom we were to work, appeared with some German doctors, and he refusing to discuss anything till we had gone over the place, we started. We were shown one ward, then Germans pressed in front, and we saw and were shown nothing, and were only

able to make up our minds that many of the wards were greatly overcrowded. After a little of this we simply stayed behind and waited, feeling it less undignified than following in their train. Having waited an hour or more, we left a message that we had gone to the Oberst Lt. and went. We were lucky enough to catch him as he was going out, and explained that the Dr. had no time to attend to us, but that as we were not inoculated against cholera it was unsafe for us to undertake it till that was done.

He was quite friendly, saw the point, or seemed to, and asked us to wait in his room for half an hour, till he returned, and Dr. Fischer would come too. We did so, and after about the allotted time heard him discussing the situation with Dr. F. in the adjoining room, the latter asserting that "we were refusing to work, we could be forced to work," etc., etc. Then they came in to us.

"You heard what we were saying in the other room?" said the O.L. to Dr. Hutchison. "Something," she replied, "but what is your decision?" in her quietly dignified tones. "You must work, and you go to work to-morrow morning." Then the struggle began between two angry blustering men who knew they were wrong, and a little determined woman, intent on protecting her Personnel to her last gasp, yet never for one moment showing excitement save by added quietness of manner and a tired note in her voice.

"Ich muss meine Leute verlangen. Ich kann es nicht erlauben." More and more furious waxed the Bully, more and more quiet the Chief. "He was not inoculated." "We must work." Threats that we should be retained until the end of the war - put in tents - treated as ordinary prisoners - starved, etc. etc. "Wollen Sie arbeiten, or wollen Sie nicht arbeiten?" he thundered out, and the Chief's reply: "We will work when we are properly protected. Put us to other work for the next few days" - only made him more furious.

At last he thought to taunt her, and said "If you will come to work to-morrow the rest of the Unit shall wait for inoculation," and of course she jumped at the chance, much to his stupefaction. I never saw a man more taken aback. He tried at once to go back on his offer, he wanted ten sisters also, but he was held to his original suggestion. We other doctors struck in: if the Chief had to go into danger we would go too, but that was ignored.

At last it was left that we returned for the discussion of other points at 5, the Chief to go to work uninoculated next day, and the rest to be inoculated in the afternoon. When the appointed officer arrived it was with orders (written) to inoculate the Chief too, and when she went back with the Hopes at 5, she found a big climb down. She was not to go till the others did, and honey-sweet wouldn't express the manners. Tongue, white bread, coffee with milk, wine, mineral waters, were set before and pressed upon them, finally

tongue, bread and a bottle of wine were wrapped up for them to bring home - and they had the pleasure of leaving it on the table!

Rubber gloves couldn't be given for the Nurses, unless we bought them, but someone was going to Temesvar that night, and if we gave him the money would get them. The Chief agreed rather than risk the sisters. The second inoculation was to be done on the fifth day, and we were not to go to work till the 6th or 7th unless we were fit. So, this was Friday. The question of pay was to be referred to headquarters.

21st. This morning the Inoculator came, but did only those who had not been well well enough to be done on the 17th, and he arranged to return next morning between 10 and 10.30 to inoculate the others.

24th. We stayed in on Wednesday, but he has not yet appeared, and I am writing on Friday afternoon, Christmas Eve. Christmas Day was historic. Several of us went to midnight Mass (which was spoilt by bitter remarks "nach England" at the end). Our guard on his return marched up and down outside our window with fixed bayonet, feeling very brave and quite certain that but for him we should be molested. He was a queer little man, very good-hearted, but rather addicted to Schnapps.

We filled the Chief's stocking for a surprise, and her hunt for it when she was dressing caused much amusement, smothered bursts of laughter puzzled her, till at last she spied the cause, hanging on to her skirt and very bulgy. We talked of holding a debate on the advantages and disadvantages of having a bedstead. Then it was discovered that Squad B. had hung up their stockings outside our doors and we were not prepared for it. Horrors! what could be done? Solution, a piece of firewood - a very precious commodity - in each.

Breakfast, a cooked breakfast, Sisters Pender and Duguid acted as fairy godmothers and produced fried eggs and bacon, and we had rolls (provided by a member of the Unit, not our captors: they took no notice of the season). Presents also were to the fore, cups, mugs, chocolate, cigarettes and other little marks of good feeling were exchanged, and "the Fathers" from the other side of the Hall sent a big parcel of biscuits.

The morning flew - a little final shopping - our own little Christmas service - then out to collect willows for the decoration for the Dinner, and on return efforts to convert them into almond trees in bloom. For pudding at lunch we had cake, and in the afternoon we began the decoration of the room, rolled back our beds, etc, and then Squad B. entertained Squad A. at a Book-Tea. Their room was beautifully decorated in red, white and blue, and a most dainty and luxurious tea served by Japanese waitresses.

(We took our own cups and spoons.) Some songs, and the identification of the books passed the time happily. The Chief was called out to interview an officer, who had come down to enquire if we had any complaints to make. He was told that we found making complaints futile, as no change followed, but that the complaints we had previously made held good, and departed with a shrug of the shoulders. We returned, to find our room ready for the dinner party, the Flag hung up, clothes hidden, beds become seats, forms and boxes tables, the light shaded, almond trees lovely against the whitewashed walls, the Christmas Tree in one corner giving a cheerful reminder of the season. For tablecloths we had pretty paper napkins; when the guests arrived, in spotless caps and aprons, we all sat down and were served with goose! (which had been brought alive the previous day and brought by the errand boy straight into the room in which we were now disposing of it), and potatoes - unlimited - and claret cup, Miss Jack's gift. Then a scrap pail and washing up dish were taken round by self-constituted waitresses, and then a flaming plum pudding, very good and containing rings, money and a thimble. One sister got two rings! the Chief one, and others including myself got money.

Then we proposed toasts, the King first of course, and with his toast we sang the National Anthem under our breath and felt very daring. Then the Army and Navy, the Medical and Nursing Services, the Committee, Fellow Prisoners, The Chief (I had to propose that), ^{and the} The Administrator, Matron, S.S. cooks and clerk, and in silence "Absent Friends". Altogether we had a very jolly time. Then the Christmas Tree was lighted, and was very pretty, and we sang carols, and finally when it had burnt out it was dismantled and each received one of the decorations as a souvenir of "Christmas at Kevevara." Then the party broke up, we made our beds and crept into them, feeling we had made the best of a bad job, and had a very jolly time.

Nothing much happened for a few days, then black bread made its appearance again. O.L. was away. Dr. Fischer had ordered it. We bought decent bread and on the return of Oberst L. the Chief saw him and had another fight for us. Success. But oh, it is so wearing for her, and is telling on her so. No appetite, sleeping badly, and so thin and tired-looking. Cooking is so difficult when there is no variety and pans are too small. Boiled rice becomes a poultice etc., etc. The kitchen people are also very apt to be dishonest and disagreeable, so there are many drawbacks.

No further word of the Jager Hospital.

New Year's Day 1916. We proposed a New Year's Eve party and invited Squad B., but when the time came we were so tired and convinced of the futility of things that by a unanimous vote we asked them to postpone coming till New Year's Day. We had a picnic tea and been very happy on December 30th - perhaps it was reaction after that excitement. Then rumour came in - the Krushovatz Unit were here on their way home. Was it possible? Sure enough, we found that a party of 21, with Miss Bowhill and Dr. Davidson in charge, were at the Police Station, supposed to be going home. They had been round by Belgrad and Semlin, but returned to Semendria and were to be a few days in Kevevara. By their own account they had been well treated, but things are couleur de rose when one believes oneself on the way home, and various incidents which they related seemed to us to tell another story. One of their party, Miss Whitehead, a girl of 21, who was accustomed to wearing men's clothing at her home in Canada and had continued the custom in Serbia rather wisely, had been arrested as a spy and detained, and they knew nothing more of her whereabouts. Members of our Unit visited the party next day, but met with little encouragement to do so again.

January 9th. Things have happened since I last wrote. The other party have been sent on, presumably home, and we have been transferred from the Kriegsfangenen Department to the Grenz Polizei, and are to be deported as "undesirable aliens" as soon as a "permit" comes from Buda Pesth. Meantime we are removed from the Night Shelter to the Police Commandant's House, where we are 15 in a room 16.10 x 15.10 x 11 and 17 in a room very slightly larger, while Dr. and Mrs. Hope have a tiny kennel of a place. We are only allowed out under strict guard, must keep all together, and may no longer go to the Danube, as we are supposed to spy there. It is a great pity as that is the only moderately pretty walk possible and is also quiet and free from insult. The first day we were here we took a really good walk and went there. The Guards' disgust at our powers of walking and of walking through mud, was really ludicrous. He expressed himself "It is not only that they walk so far and they walk so fast, but they fly over the mud like geese," and to-day has positively refused to accompany us. He will be reported, and the "Capitaine" does conduct himself like a gentleman and seems to be straight, two great things as it makes matters so much easier for the Chief when she has to interview him. It is amusing, as we heard it said the other day, "These are the Suffragettes! the London Police can't manage them, we'll see what the Austrian Army can do!" and the sequel is that more stalwart guards have had to be produced and are sent to rest before they take us out. We expect now to overhear "If these are the women! what will the men be?"

We now have to pay for all our food, wood, light and railway tickets, and are in consequence getting properly fed. Our own Administrator shops, our own cooks cook, and we are in clover. Two ~~from~~ the room undertake the washing-up each day, and except that knives and forks go amissing, it answers very comfortably.

We expect to start in a day or two now, so are quite cheery. To-day we are told that two English ladies are to be sent with us, who are Red Cross workers, and were destined for an English hospital. Our natural inclination is to say "Oh, bother", but if they are nice it will be a pleasant addition and give some one fresh to speak to. But we hope we shall not be delayed to wait for them.

January 12th. They arrived on the 9th at dusk, having no idea that it was preparatory to going home, and their delight at the hope was very pleasant. They prove to be two doctors from the Stobart Unit, who were left at Monastir with a Sister who had been accidentally shot. The Sister, though very ill for a time, had done well, and these two, Dr. Macmillan and Dr. Iles, with the Sister and her nurse, had come, on foot mostly, with a convey of wounded from Monastir up to Krushevatz. All the way they had had to share sleeping accommodation with the male officers! At Krushevatz they had seen and dined with Dr. Inglis on the 6th and trained on to Belgrad. There they were separated. The Sisters sent into Hospital as patient and nurse, and these two Doctors through some mistake put into the common prison with undesirable women, etc., for some hours. When released, apologies were made and they were sent on to Nogzartz, from whence they came to us.

Dr. Macmillan was no stranger,; we were fellow students, and she had been resident at Brumfield under Dr. Hutchison. She is a very nice woman and quite a welcome addition, but smores dreadfully.

Now we are only waiting for the "Permit", which we are told has left Buda Pesth. Soon may it come, for these close quarters are very trying, and the going out only in large parties which must keep together, still more so.

Dr. Macmillan brought word of the Mladanavatz Unit. They got safely to Monastir and presumably home, except for an unfortunate motor accident, which resulted in the death of Mrs. Youghill from fracture of the base. She was one of the Sisters who came out with us.

January 28th. I have had no heart to write. Nearly three weeks have passed and still we are "interned people", which means paying for everything ourselves and our money is dwindling. It will be awful if we have to become paupers in this country.

We had a great time, however, on the 25th, "Rabbie Burns night". Scotch songs and scenes from Burns' life. A Scotch reel danced by Burns (Miss Gordon) Mary Morrison (the Chief, bare-footed), Tam-o-Shanter (Sister Dow) and Jean Armour (Sister Duguid, barefooted). The drinking scene depicted by Burns Tam and a crony (Miss Tebbutt) was very well done, so well that all three had a "head next day!" We did the Cottar's Saturday Night too, with Miss Jack as Mother, Miss Tebbutt Father, several children (a made-up baby) and myself for Granny with a paper mutch, a big shawl and woollen petticoate. It cheered us all up, and we finished with several dances and slept well afterwards. We have had two or three other entertainments here, but on the whole have found the confinement and monotony most irksome.

German study and lessons have somewhat relieved it for me, and at last in desperation the Chief proposed a change in hairdressing, and for some days we have all tried new ways. I can do nothing with mine yet, but the kind offices of a moreskilled member of the company have done wonders with it.

The Chief has never ceased trying to get us sent home, appealed to go to Buda Pesth to see the American Consul, and when that was refused by telephone from Temesvar, insisted on writing to him again, and induced the Captain to send the letters in an official envelope, wrote to Geneva for letters, and was so importunate that the Captain in self-defence telephoned two or three times to Buda Pesth to get us on:-the last time in her presence, and he translated their answer to her as a request to be calm, that negotiations for our release were in train and might soon be complete. The idea of requesting her to be calm tickled us greatly: she is never anything else, and the Captain turns to her in all perplexities, as to how he is to house fresh Britons as they turn up. Three more have been stranded here, among them the Miss Whitehead before referred to.

Yesterday we were told that the Captain had received telegraphic orders to send us all on to Kecskemet, a town between Temesvar and Buda Pesth, and he proposed to accompany us himself! to-morrow. To-day he has insisted on exchanging all our gold for Austrian paper money, to our great disgust, but apparently there are orders that no gold is to go out of the country, and he gives a fair exchange, or rather has taken steps to ensure the Bank giving it. He himself is a doll rather than a man, all corsets and gold lace, but one wonders what would be left if his official self and clothes were away. While we have been here we have had several instances of the uncertainty of the Hungarian temper. One man even took the Chief by the shoulders and shook her, then threw her from him with such violence that she all but fell. Another day an underling had the impertinence to throw open the door of the Hopes' room without any

preliminary knock even, to show off the English prisoners to a female acquaintance. These incidents were reported, and we were told their authors would be punished.

Kecskemet. We arrived here on Sunday, Jan. 30th, just at dawn. Our departure from Kevevara was not distinguished by any courtesy on the part of the officials, who from the Captain downwards gave their countenance to downright cheating and rudeness. We paid 21 kr. for the carting of our luggage to the station, which would have been fairly paid by Kr. 10, and had been bargained for at Kr. 16. The tradespeople, however, were very courteous, and thanked us for the custom we had given them.

All the luggage was registered through to Kecskemet and our tickets (3rd class) we paid to the first change, Vecs. So far the train just crawled over the plain, stopping at every little station, but we reached the junction at last, found our connection waiting, and had a hurried rush down the platform with our hand-luggage to our carriage. There was no time to get tickets: we expected to pay on the train, but no one came to collect the money - and in two hours' time we reached Temesvar. Here we found the place crowded with German soldiers: it was one of their head quarters, so we were glad we were only kept there an hour. We got coffee and bread quite comfortably, and were then conducted towards our train. While our escort was speaking to the Chef de Gare, we heard the train goes at - - - "The Engländerin can wait". But the Captain was anxious to see the last of us, and was sufficiently in authority to keep the train long enough for us to get on board. What a night! hard, hard seats, bad air, little room, no possibility of sleep.

At Kecskemet the Captain could not count us - one was missing. He nearly tore his hair, and ran up and down like a clucking hen. We got into lines, still one short. He had forgotten to count the Chief! So that being settled he handed us over to the Stadt Polizeier and said Adies! to our mutual relief. But the S. Polizeier did not seem to think we were on our way home, and my spirits went down to zero. That was a horrid day. Everyone spoke Hungarian, and their way of looking at things was so different from ours, though the cheering point was that they seemed to mean to be kind. We were conducted to a hospital, and given a ward as bed and living room, three in two beds, blankets and not too clean, only 28 provided for. The next few hours were a nightmare, for there was no sort of privacy - men and women alike trotted in, stared, talked loudly and with much gesture. We were given coffee and hunks of bread and told to be at the Stadthaus at 8 a.m. and to rest till then. But rest was impossible.

We went to the Stadthaus, and there had our passports taken from us, had to answer questions and be described as to personal appearance, etc. All in an intolerable atmosphere, but with kindness. At last we were sent out, and then found that Miss Jack had arranged for a good meal at a little restaurant close by, where the people were most kindly, and interested and fed us well. Then we returned to our ward and tried to rest, but still there were many interruptions which made repose difficult. The "Chief of Police" himself walked in unannounced, and was greatly hurt that I seemed not pleased (my bed was next to the door). Again we visited the Stadthaus, then another meal, in a private room at the Restaurant, most delicious coffee with whipped cream, bread, butter (a great treat) and scrambled eggs. Then at last bed, and sleep. The only possible time to wash was before 7 in the morning, for at that hour men brought in tepid coffee in enamel dishes, rather like a dog's drinking bowl, and a piece of bread which they said was a day's supply. It was really about \$1b., I think, brown and quite good.

At 11 we "reported" at the Stadthaus and received many injunctions. We might go about the town alone, but not beyond the town, and should be wise to avoid the smaller streets. We must be in by 6, and our cameras must be surrendered, to be returned at the Frontier, WHEN we got there.

Two hours or so of standing about in an intolerable atmosphere, then a meal (hard meat and bean mash) at the Hospital, and then I had a bath. Public baths with a private room and as much very hot water as you liked, and all for 1.20. Didn't I reveal - several times that week. Later, a delicious meal at our friendly restaurant, and then in and bed.

Next day began as before, but when we went to the Stadthaus the "Chief" had a long audience with the Hauptartz and Hauptstadtman, and protested vigorously against the just-discovered fact that we were quartered in a Lock hospital, averring that we absolutely refused to stay there another night: other quarters must be provided.

As usual, the officials desired delay. Next day two large rooms and a small one should be at our disposal. But Dr. Hutchison was firm, said we could do with empty rooms and straw as we had before, but remove from the Hospital we must.

Finding her determined, they promised to give the rooms in the evening, and to have our luggage taken down. They also arranged for us to have three meals daily at an eating-house near at a charge of 2k. daily a piece, and were so annoyed at our wishing to make our own arrangements that we yielded the point for a week and determined to supplement if necessary.

During the afternoon our small and large luggage was conveyed to its destination, and after our evening meal we were led to it, by the longest route I believe. It was a good walk at any rate, and we arrived to find one large room and one small one only, more of a crowd than ever therefore we managed for that night with Dr. and Mrs. Hope keeping the room outside they had already occupied and another in the same house receiving 4 of us. Next day still two other outside lodgings were taken.

Each day at Keckemet we spent one to 12 hours in the Police Station, doing nothing for the most part. But the town had one great compensation, private public baths were available, as much hot water as you liked and a room to yourself to bath in! all for 1 K. 20. Didn't we revel - weren't the Tea shops patronised - delicious coffee and delicious cakes. We chaffed "the Paupers" about the numbers of times they were to be found in Cafes. (The Paupers were members of other Units who were being franked and fed by the Austrians on the plea that they had no money.)

On Thursday when we paid our usual morning call at the P. Station we were told we were to leave K. on Saturday en route for Home. But we had heard that tale so often before that it hardly found credence, even though they asserted it was "as certain as p poison" ..

By Friday some doubt had either found its way to their minds or they wanted to worry us, for they said then that our going home was "possible" and on being reminded of their assertions answered only by a lifting of the shoulders. However, we were certainly to leave Keckemet so after an early breakfast next morning off we set to the station and arrived at Buda Pesth about midday. We ~~were~~ conveyed across the City to the Station of departure and had a meal, while Dr. Hope and Miss Jack interviewed the American Consul, who was very kind and did all he could to help. Late at night we got our train on, and arrived at Bruck on the Austro-Hung frontier about 6.30 a.m. Here we were conducted to the P. Station to wait, and made ourselves breakfast in the corridor, getting water from a street fountain, and washing up there afterwards.

We all carried our cups etc. with us either in a bag on our backs or otherwise, so impromptu meals were easily managed, when we could get food and on this occasion had bread etc. with us. About noon after a visit to the Town Hall, we got another train and reached Vienna during the afternoon.

I seem not to have mentioned that at Buda Pesth we were allowed to go freely about the town, without a guard! and during the evening several of us took tram to the Danube, walked across the bridge and up the terrace walk which leads up the great Cliff, the lights below made a beautiful spectacle.

At Vienna we were separated into three parties, at different Hotels, and enjoyed very comfortable beds.

In the morning we went to the station for orders and got permission to go where we pleased till two, then return, while the Chief went to interview the American Consul, so with some of the others I went to see the Ring Strasse and to have lunch. At 2 we were sent off again, till 4.30 and during the afternoon saw many shops and had tea, quite good. But the price of cakes was raised, I should say by $\frac{1}{2}$ for us, the waitress preferring not to know the price. When all had assembled at 4.30 we were bidden produce all films, developed and undeveloped and then our cameras were returned. We had access to our luggage for the purpose but were very hurried, then the luggage was conveyed to another station, and we also in a reserved electric tram.

Arrangements were veeey confused, we were kept standing and standing about instead of being allowed to go for a meal. Then the other Unit which had passed through Kovevara appeared. They had spent a month at Waidhofen, and for the next few days were a thorn in our side, for they appropriated more than their share of seats in the train and took all the best (when they could).

However, we got in at last and left Vienna, really for home. The next part of our journey was through the Tyrol, lovely scenery snow clad heights, rushing rivers and picturesque little villages.

We passed Innsbruck and felt we could quite enjoy visiting it in happier times, till we arrived at the frontier town of Feldkirch. Here we were kept waiting in the train for about an hour, and then told to alight, bringing our hand-luggage with us. We were taken to a waiting room, our pass-ports handed over by the guard, and summoned to enter the Customs one by one, in no sort of order of procedure. Each as her name was read out gathered up her small belongings and entered and searching began.

All maps were confiscated, also any paper, new or old, used or unused, even to new paper bags or toilet paper was taken from us, so fearful were they that invisible writing might have been practised. Any book which had a note written in it, photographs, private letters, all shared the same fate. In some instances a protest to the officer in charge resulted in the return of a picture or a personal photo, but in cases where the victim would not speak Ger-

man actual pilfering of small things such as a cigarette lighter or a pencil case took place.

Fortunately my searcher was a rather decent sort and performed his office somewhat perfunctorily, for he missed both this diary which was in my hand luggage, and my case notes and p. postcards which were in my box, and that, in spite of the fact that I was calling him "Dieb" etc. for taking maps and notepaper. Some were not so fortunate. The Chief's box was emptied entirely before it was "passed". When each box was finished the owner was sent with the hand luggage to the other side of the room, to join the queue for searching of the person. One by one we entered a little room where a very tired woman-searcher carried out her duties. Pockets had to be emptied, my hat removed, and a hand passed over hair and body to ensure no secret pocket or packet.

Again I came off easily for even my big boots were not removed, and the notes lining the bandeau of my hat were not discovered.

The ordeal over, I picked up my smallthings, and was turned out of the Customs, passing through the Restaurant to a small waiting room (with very few seats in it and from which egress was barred by a sentry).

I ordered some tea, and then was told "The train was just going"! I knew that many of our party were still in the "Customs" but went out to see that some of our Unit, and some of the other were already in a carriage attached to a train which certainly did seem to have every intention of starting immediately.

I found my way back disregarding sentries and everything else, to the "Customs" for orders, to find to my intense dismay that "The Chief" was a real prisoner, under arrest, and closely guarded. "I am not to go" she managed to say to me, then her captor broke in and ordered me off, and having ignored them as long as I dared, I went out to find the train moving off. I returned to my tea, greatly perturbed, and had a very unhappy afternoon. I got the story from one who had heard the incident which led to the Chief's arrest. She had been interpreting for a member of the other Unit, about the exchange of her money, and had (when ~~he~~^{she} protested at the rate offered) said to her in English, "You'd better take it, we've been cheated too". This was overheard by a German who understood English, and chose to consider it an insult offered to the Officers present. Presently she was marched off, and for some hours her absence was a source of great anxiety and disquietude to me and

many others. Finally Miss Jack and Mrs. Hope insisted on interviewing the Station Head, only to be told that she had been detained for "being cheeky". However during their absence she returned (about 6.30-) though we did not hear till next day, how she had got out of the hole.

We had dinner, and then got a train about 8 and finally left Austria!!! and arrived at Buchs where we found the others waiting for us. Having after some trouble found rooms we dispersed for the night, very happy!

We started early next morning after breakfast at the station, and about 11 arrived at Zurich. Here we were met by the Consul and an American who proved to be an old acquaintance of Dr. Hutchison's in the last Balkan War. We hastily changed trains, leaving Miss Gordonto bring the luggage on by the next, got lunch on the train and arrived at Berne, to be met by British ladies, with snowdrops and violets and kind speeches, and by British men who took us to the Consulate and did the necessary business with our passports in swift British business fashion.

Then we dispersed, to shop or see or rest at the Bernerhof till 4 or so, when tea would be served at the Bernerhof.

Even the sun was propitious and gave us a lovely goodnight, showing up my old friends, the Jungfrau, Eiger Monch and finally desisting to give the moon a chance.

Then dinner at the station, and a send off when we waved the Union Jack, (no longer a petticoat) sang God Save the King and gave three British cheers.

About midnight we reached Pontarlier and on our status being explained were passed through the Customs, our Passports all examined together and we took our seats.

It was snowing but the carriages were wellwarmed and we were due in Paris about 7 a.m. But very slowly went that train and at 6.30 we had covered little more than half the distance, and then were "held up" for 8 hours by a breakdown on the line in front of us. Snow, snow and more snow, and no one knew how long we should have to wait. By and bye the Chief and Miss Jack having explained that we were hungry to an official, hurried off to the village to buy food, and soon returned with loaves, sausages, figs and chocolate. Some French sailors gave us coffee and we had a much appreciated meal.

In the evening we arrived in Paris, and dinner, separated from the other party and their luggage, and went to the Hotel Palais Lyons, very comfortable indeed, luxurious bedrooms, hot water laid on and every convenience handy.

I shared a room with Miss Gordon, and we breakfasted in bed and did not appear downstairs till near midday.

Then we went out and saw shops and shops and more shops till evening, and all in pouring rain!!

Next morning we started early by train for Dieppe, arrived there and were most kindly treated. The boat was crowded but everyone was very nice to us, and we were amused to find ourselves the subject to a paragraph in the "Daily Mail".

A somewhat rough crossing to Folkestone kept me quiet, arrived there, once more we had preferential treatment and got through the Customs very informally. I think it was at Dieppe that when we were passed into the passport exam. room, others who had waited longer were inclined to protest, but our guardian said to them, "They are just coming home from Serbia" or words to that effect). "They have been prisoners, I think the least we can do is to let them go first" and it was a treat to see the ladies' glad agreement. It touched me very much.

A quick run up from Folkestone and then Victoria Station, very dark, and a crowd of friends to meet us, Ada, Gracie, Sydney, Harold, of my own, besides members of the Committee. It made up for a great deal.

HERE ENDETH THE DIARY !!