

Sept 3rd 1916. We are still at Mikro, and nothing important has so far happened. Yesterday we had a great storm of wind which endangered our tents and made life very uncomfortable. This morning at last a move has been made: an advance party of 15 with tents etc has started for Ostrovo, with our motor lorries and three ambulances. They hope to arrive there tonight and begin to erect the camp tomorrow. On Tuesday 5th the rest of us are to start, in motors also, thanks to the kindness of Colonel Bearn, in the next Camp, who promised us transport when he heard that we anticipated a 20 hours train journey, (the distance is about 60 miles. We are to start at 7 a.m., and I hope we may, - the party this morning professed to start at 4.45 and got off at 6.15, and even then two came back for Mr Stebbing's forgotten hat and reported a puncture, within the half hour. So when they will arrive it is difficult to say

Oct. 13TH I must fill in. They did arrive after various adventures, and on Sept 5th about 8 a.m. the remainder of the Unit with the personal luggage started off. The A.S.C. provided cars, 39 of them, such a string, and we were all to keep together of course that meant that anything going wrong with one car delayed the whole convoy. I was in the first car, one of our own ambulances, driven by Miss Wardell accompanied by the A.S.C. Officer in charge, and with me was Miss Smith. We had a glorious run, interest of the most varied sort all along the road outside Salonika. Troops of many nations, - French Colonials, Senegalese, Cochinese, Ammunition convoys, bullock carts bearing fodder, Greek families in many glo coloured raiment, buffaloes, picturesque villages, glorious mountain scenery, broken bridges and precipitous hills made a panorama never to be forgotten. About 4.30 we reached a precipitous hill, with however a fair zigzag road up it, and succeeded in reaching the top, although the engine got very hot. Many of the cars however found it beyond them and we partially descended again to see what was best to be done. We decided to have tea meantime, and were getting it by the roadside when an accident further down the hill upset our calculations. One of the cars had overturned down a bank, the driver was out on the forehead, and the only passenger had a severe shaking. I sent both in the Ambulance to Vertikop, to a British Hospital there, and myself got on to another car, and told as many cars as could manage it to push on to Camp. All the way, which led through a most picturesque village and then on to a very sandy road, it was questionable how much further the engine would work, but though darkness fell, most of us finally arrived at the Camp. There we found the advance party, but not ready for us, and we crowded in to the few tents that were raised, for the night. The next few days were uncomfortable, for no equipment had arrived. Cooking had to be done in the open, on a campfire - cooking for 60 -. The weather was chilly, breezy, and at times showery; the flies were a perfect pest. There were no tables, so we mealed on our knees, sitting on deck chairs as often as not. The sanitary arrangements were the primitive trench, hedged round with sackings. However, one by one these little difficulties: blankets arrived --more tents, tables and benches were made, and after strenuous days of seeing the ground cleared and our tents raised, our Camp came into being. It consists at last of a group of Staff tents in rows, on the highest ground, with a glorious view across the valley to the mountains. Then the Hospital, five wards each consisting of four tents containing ten beds each, and arranged in double pairs connected by a covered passage way (see margin), and a bell tent at one end for the Sister's "Duty Tent", where instruments can be boiled and washing up done.



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One day we had a visit from a Serbian woman-soldier complaining of indigestion. She has been fighting for years and was wounded two years ago by a bullet right through the body. She showed the scars but seemed to take little account of them. We photographed which pleased her greatly.

As soon as the Hospital opened the cars began to go up to the dressing stations to bring down the wounded: terrible cases many of them were, - compound fractures suffering from gangrene and requiring immediate amputation, - skull wounds, and some abdominals. Several died within a few hours of their admission, one even in the ambulance on the way down. But many we were able to save, and their pleasure at getting into comfortable beds in clean clothing was a great delight to us. For days we were extremely busy, the theatre occupied all day and into the evenings, fresh cases coming in all the time. Then it became necessary to evacuate the less serious cases, who could be sent down the line to Base Hospitals. We had to explain that they were going to other English Hospitals before they would be at all happy. Of course there was the usual difficulty in finding the right clothes for each man, and when they were found, - torn, bloody, in tatters often, - some substitute had to be found. We believe they will be freshly rigged out as is necessary at Salonika, but to clothe them warmly enough for transport there is only possible to us because of the extra clothing provided by friends at home. If our stock gives out it will go hard with these poor fellows.

Once the Hospital -200 beds - was full, the work steadied down a little, though still heavy. Daily evacuations and daily admissions changed the Personnel of the patients, but did not greatly lessen the number of dressings, - for of course the worst cases were kept. Men still came requiring immediate operation, & others who had to be X-rayed to show the foreign bodies, - and what a boon our X ray apparatus was! Often I was in the theatre giving anaesthetics from 9 a.m. to 3, 4, or 6 p.m. (with a luncheon hour interval) while the sisters of my ward did the dressings, and after that my ward visit was paid. At this time too I was responsible for the sick staff, and there were several cases of malaria and two dysenteries: so I really was occupied. Days on which I was free from anaesthetics were spent in the ward, doing dressings and seeing others, and I felt I was justified in being out here.

On October 7th I was called from my ward suddenly about 5.30 by the Sister in charge of the sick staff, as Miss Smith had suddenly become much worse. Our efforts for the next twentyfour hours to save her were vain, and she died unconscious about 6 on October 8th. My state of mind is better imagined than described. I had not been in attendance throughout her illness, but only for two days, so had not had the opportunity of following all its phases, and her death was a terrible shock. The Serbs were very kind in making arrangements for the coffin, and next day after a short Service in the Reception Tent, we lined up and saluted as the Coffin was put into one of our ambulances. Then Dr Bennett and Mr Stebbing accompanied it to Salonika. There the Serbian Army had provided a Guard of Honour, wreaths and Ribbons, and she was buried at 4. A very grateful Oration was spoken, and indeed the feeling shown by the Serbs altogether was very touching. Dr E. returned next day and brought with her the Ribbons, that they might be sent home to Miss Smith's people. One from Colonel Sondermeyer, one from the Third Army (with whom we work), and one from the Army Medical Service.

A few days later the Opening Ceremony of our Hospital took place, or rather, its Consecration. The Crown Prince, his brother Prince George, Colonel Sondermeyer and General Vassich and many other Serbian High Officials came, also some British Officers including Admiral Troubridge. The Serbian Priest took service in the open, sprinkling all present with Holy Water with a bunch of Herbs, and calling down Blessing on our work.



The Unit etc were drawn up into two sides of a square under the trees. After the service Dr Bennett took the Crown Prince through some of the Ward tents, where he spoke kindly to the Soldiers, and then the Company went into the large Mess tent which we have acquired, for luncheon. A sumptuous yet simple repast was served, Serb cooks and Serbians waiting. I sat next Admiral Troubridge, who was quite an amusing companion, talking of last year, people he had met since, etc, etc, but keeping a sharp eye on the Crown Prince, beginning to smoke at the time most pleasing to him, which of course we did not know, etc. Dr Bennett was next to the Crown Prince, and felt herself constrained to smoke, greatly to our amusement. The Crown Prince is a very solemn looking, proper young man of 27 or thereabouts, - quite polite but not exactly genial. His brother George looks quite the opposite, has in fact the appearance of having slept in his clothes, hail-fellow-well-met with everyone, but from all accounts not a man to be crossed, especially in his cups. Those who like him are devoted to him, but I think even they admit the other will make a better and more suitable Sovereign. The brothers seem very good friends, and publicly Prince George's attitude to his younger brother the Crown Prince is admirable, - "My Prince", his mode of address, and so on.

That day I heard a piece of good news, - that my old Chief, Dr Hubrisor, was actually in Salonika. How I rejoiced and how I hoped that we should soon see her!

... .. that she had the letter

Next day Dr Bennett told me that she had had a letter from Dr H. asking to be employed here for a while till she could hear from home, as she had been hurriedly sent out under a misapprehension and there was no work for her at the other hospital. Dr B. was evidently unwilling, though she reluctantly consented to ask her for a short visit. On the 15th she came, looking well though rather worried, and promptly took over the anaesthetics, so I was able to devote my energies entirely to my Ward work, and Staff, one of whom was very severely ill with dysentery and causing me a lot of anxiety. "The Chief" had the tent next to mine, which was a great joy to me. As Sunday was a day free from any but emergency operations, she used to go off for the day, and one Sunday Misses Kerr, Gordon, Tebbutt and I went to meet her in the afternoon at a Turkish village on a hill overlooking the lake. It was a glorious day, and the view from the village simply beautiful, - a white shore below, then the blue lake stretching across to the mountains on the other side and reflecting all their gullies and swelling mounds. It might have been Loch Lomond, or an arm of the sea at home, except for the absence of boats, and the presence round us of strangely clad and still more strangely spoken children, and the appearance ever and anon of veiled women who fled, barefoot and silent, as we produced the cameras in which we could have immortalised them. The children also were easily scared, and fled with crossed fingers lest the evil eye of the strange beings should put a curse upon them. However, some braver spirits, being more sophisticated promised coloured aprons and cummerbunds, and a man or two who had a smattering of something besides Greek appeared and helped in the subsequent bargaining. I became the happy possessor of a child's apron, homespun cotton in many colours, for Dr L. 50, or about 15.0d in English money. But of the Chief, not a sign, and at last we started slowly for home, wondering if we had missed her in the village. We had not gone far before she appeared behind us, so we waited and then all walked home together, - an unforgettable walk, with the sunset facing us and joy in our hearts at the reunion.

On Oct 28th while she was with us came Miss Jack's birthday and we arranged some tableaux etc and told Dr B. we wanted a party. She consented and we had it, and were simply overwhelmed with visitors. General Vassich himself came, lots of Serbs, English from the A.S.C. in numbers, French from the Aviation Camp and Evacuation Hospital. They poured in and were pleased to say they enjoyed our attempts to entertain them. It was quite successful in some ways, but only made more evident in others that Dr B. was



determined not to be gracious to Dr H.

I see I have as yet not mentioned Dr Cooper, <sup>our</sup> Senior Surgeon. Before her arrival we were warned that she was unconventional, and so she is. Not a young woman, (she is 35 years in practice in Australia) she is devoted to work, and grouches continually if she has half an hour to spare. Her language is slang, "beastly", "filthy", "devilish" her favourite, indeed almost her only, adjectives: her taste in food critical and loudly expressed. Yet withal not a bad sort, in some ways a very good sort though changeable as a weathercock in some of her opinions, each one of which is enunciated as though it were indisputable by any sane person and absolutely final. Every disability of any sort in England is always attributed to the want of Woman Suffrage, and on that point she does not vary, though her arguments in its favour are almost entirely diatribe. With her is her great friend Miss Bedford, who has been put in charge of the Automobile Department and whose Zeal in that line has won her the title of "Miss Spare parts".

On Oct \_\_\_\_\_ Miss Beauchamp and Dr Erskine, Deputation from the Committee arrived here for a few days stay. They expected to have worry and trouble about affairs in Mrs Harley's Unit, but were rather taken aback to find that most of the Heads of Department in this Unit were in a state of grave discontent about the head of the Unit. I especially protested ~~abominably~~ against being saddled with the responsibility of the Sick Staff, not supported but rather discouraged in my treatment and subject to interference, however veiled. It is a responsibility proper to the Head, but not to me. There were many other grounds of complaint, and I laid them before the Commissioners as moderately yet firmly as I could. In that particular matter I obtained redress, though in taking over the responsibility Dr B. taunted me with "having said I liked work". However I suppose it was an awkward situation for her. My hope that she might resign was doomed to disappointment, but at least the fact that our complaints were not unfounded was borne in on them by events which they themselves witnessed and she was spoken with straitly and bidden hold meetings of the Heads of Department and Medical Staff every fortnight to discuss the workings of things.

On Nov \_\_\_\_\_ they left, taking Dr H. with them to act as Interpreter in their interviews with Col. Sondermeyer and the French Officials in Salonika. Dr H. left the things as she was ostensibly going for a few days only, but Dr L's farewell was "We shall be having festivities at Christmas, perhaps we shall see you then". Considering how much she owes to Dr H. and how much the latter tried to help her in her preparations for this campaign, it was singularly insulting.

I had a bad attack of indigestion just then which kept me in bed for three days. I was tired out really, partly with the general worry and partly with the anxiety about Miss James, whose condition had greatly alarmed me and who seemed to cling to me as if stronger when I was there. However, she was out of the wood before I collapsed, and, though very slowly, recovered completely.

Nov 13th The capture of Morastir! Exactly a year after its fall. Great rejoicing, and indeed with good cause, for not only the material but the moral effect was great. Within a few days Dr B. got from the Serbs permission to evacuate our patients and prepare to send the Hospital up there. A week or so later Colonel Milosavlovich, the Director of Medical Service in the 3rd Army (to which we are attached) went up and chose the building to which we were to go "as soon as it was safe", but at present shelling was going on. Our men were sent out, fit or unfit, though of course with some discretion. They travelled by ambulance to the Station, spent the night in the Evacuation Hospital there, and were sent the next morning in Red Cross wagons to Vertshop (British Hospitals) or Salonika as the case might be. The worst cases were kept, but as many tents as could be emptied were either



taken down or turned into Storehouses for the packed up goods. I retained every case I could, having an instinctive distrust of making too early preparation, which events have only too well justified. However, Dr B. had from time to time interviews with either Col Sordemeyer or Colonel Milosavlovich and each time gave some fresh order or some fresh hope. Now it was not Monastir but Baritza to which we should first advance, as the M.T. and A.S.C. camps had done. We must evacuate more rapidly. So the poor chaps had to go: two of mine I succeeded in getting sent to V. by ambulance all the way, and some of Dr Cooper's also, but the road was so cut up by bad weather and heavy troops passing that the stretchers had at one place to be lifted out and carried some distance while the Ambulance was pushed along by a company of Soldiers. So we didn't repeat that experiment and I was left with 4 patients of whom more anon. This was about a fortnight before Christmas, and then the idea of a Dressing Station and small hospital at Dobravani was propounded. Its personnel was to be not more than nine, with as little luggage as might be, and have a theatre and 39 beds for such cases as were not in a state to be sent further down. Preparations were made, and on Dec 20th two Sisters and Miss Gordon were sent off with the equipment to set all in order before the rest went up.

When it became evident that our Hospital move could not take place before Christmas we began to make plans for keeping the Festival. I made the suggestion that the Officers of the Serb Camp attached to us should be asked to dinner, to which Dr B. agreed. Then I had to tackle the more difficult task of getting a decently cordial invitation sent to Dr H. and the Director of her Hospital. In the end a telephonemessage by Miss Jack in Dr B's name was sent, but oh, the pity of it!



...the party of it.

Christmas began with Carols at 6.30 by some of the Sisters. We had decorated the Wards with green from the hills, not holly but a sort of privet and furze, and the men were delighted. At 10 we had a (very dull) little Service in the Mess Tent, - there was no Priest or Sacrament available -, after which I was sent off to Ostrovo to calm down the French Hospital Medecin Cher, with whom there had been some misunderstanding. It was not my affair at all, I'd had nothing to do with the trouble, but Dr B. didn't want to go herself and I was scapegoat. I went and did my best, but if I had been on my own I should have asked them to come for the Dancing or for dinner, but being merely a mouthpiece I daren't. When I got back with just time to dress before dinner, I found the Chief and Major Petrovich had arrived, and was in time to take her up to my tent. Then dinner, 12 noon, at which in addition were Col Djordjevich, Capt Milanovich, a Serbian artist of the same name a Serbian Priest (very sly) and "Clichu".

Tomato Soup, Turkey stuffed with Chestnuts, Potatoes, Potatoes, and Salad, Plum Pudding in which a ring and some bits of money were hidden, Oranges, Figs, Dates and Crackers, with native wine.

Dr B. proposed King George, and then, when I suggested King Peter, went straight on to "the only other Feast "Absent Friends" . Then at a hint from Dr H. I got up and called for the health of Colonel Djordjevich, and then others began, "Miss Jack - "The Sisters" etc, etc. But unfortunately it just became a joke, and "The Guests" and so on got left out. After dinner we moved into an empty Ward which had been fitted up as a Smoking Room by Drs Scott and Murcaster, and looked very nice, and there smoked and chatted for a time. Then Turkish Coffee was served and an unfortunate discussion about the evening began. Dr B. had decided that the Serbian Officers should not be asked to the dance (Fancy Dress) which we were to hold at night, and simply would not see that it was necessary since the Voden guests were staying the night, to invite them and the others if they liked. No, we had decided to have "no men", and no men should come. And as I say, the question unfortunately came up before them, and ~~though~~ though their knowledge of English is limited they apparently understood enough to appreciate her attitude and feel uncomfortable, so they rose and took leave. Then Miss Jack and I followed her to her tent and endeavoured to make her hear reason and be



courteous, but in vain. A fit of mulish obstinacy had reigned, and even the straitest and strongest representations had no effect. She was HEAD of the UNIT, and that was an end of it. I was furious and declared I would not appear at night myself.

Then I went off, found Col Djorajevich and Dr H showing Major Petrovich over the Hospital and joined them. At 4 we had arranged to fete the Bolnicharke and they came to tea, were set down at the tables in the Mess Tent, and served with tea a la Serbe, and cakes. The Tent was most nicely decorated with chains and flowers of coloured paper, the lights shaded with red, and round the centre pole boules of furze so arranged as to imitate a Christmas Tree, with candles (unlighted) and so on attached. Then Father Christmas appeared with a sack, and each man received a present, socks, cigarettes, a handkerchief and a card. When tea was finished the tables were cleared away and music and dancing began. The Officers had been asked over to see that, and were delighted with the Reel and Jig. Then the Kola of course had to have its turn, and the time passed rapidly. About 5.45 we began a Kola and danced ourselves outside the tent into the Square. When that was over we sang "Rule Britannia" etc, and the guests were marched off and everyone went to dress. I didn't, intending to cut the proceedings, but the peace-making Chief came in just before 7, expressed surprise (the wretch, she knew quite well!), that I wasn't dressed, and very gently urged that I had better. I knew I was in no fit state of mind to judge wisely, so I just did as she advised. Fortunately my costume was practically ready and did not take much getting into, and about 7.15 a small Boy Scout wended his way down to the tent. He picked up "Granny" or his way and did a "good deed" by giving her his arm. Dr Hutchison had compromised in the difficult situation by dining at the other Camp and visiting us for a little after. During the evening a big detachment of us, after going to the "sick Tent" to show ourselves, walked over to the other Camp, and headed by me, burst in upon the Dinner. They were delighted, so cordial, and made much of us generally, fetched out champagne, and altogether would have liked to keep us. But we did not stay very long, and I have never yet discovered whether we had been missed. We'd shown our good feeling anyhow. The Sisters managed the supper and did very well, producing sandwiches and so on, wine and coffee.

Whenever Dr Bennett goes away, which just now is every few days, either to Dobreveni or Salonika, she leaves me "in charge" but she never deigns to tell me when, where, or for how long she "is going".



On Dec 27th. Dr B. went up for the day to the Dressing Station, and I arranged that we should have a little dancing in the evening and asked the Serbian Camp to come over, quite informally. We were to begin at 8 and at that minute the light failed fortunately no one had come and in a few minutes the fused wire was replaced in time for us to start. Dr B. arrived back at that moment too, but raised no objection to our doings, came in to talk with Colonel ~~Misaklaxi~~ Milosavlovich, who had arrived to see her in the afternoon and been much annoyed that she was absent, saying she expected him. It all went off very well and was a great success.

The fortnightly Staff Meetings have not yet taken place. I wrote to that effect to Miss Beauchamp, and she said she would insist on them, but still no consultation of the wishes or feeling of the Unit takes place.

After Christmas, New Year<sup>!</sup>, but as New Year's Eve was Sunday we did not take much notice of it. I went to bed, to be wakened shortly after midnight by a group of Sisters, a very dark one "first foot". They brought biscuits, and I responded with Turkish Delight, and after these compliments they went their way to other tents, and I returned to sleep.

Still no further move, and one of my patients took a turn for the worse. His thigh had been apparently doing much better but suddenly began an excessive and foul discharge, his general condition getting correspondingly worse, and he died on Sunday Jan 7th, Serbian Christmas. That day we had the Ward decorated and did our best to make the men happy. We of the Staff were invited to lunch with the Serbian Officers and went over at 12. Pork is their Christmas Dish, and Sheep roasted whole. We had a very jolly time, champagne and general good fellowship. During the afternoon the other members of the Unit were also invited over for cakes and coffee: then at 4 the Serbian chauffeur and carpenter had prepared a feast in the Garage and begged our presence, so we went on there. Such a spread, iced cakes from Salsolina, dates, oranges and a Wee Christmas Tree, on to which a long shaving had been tied to represent the carpenter, a sparking plug and some other parts for the two chauffeurs, and still another to represent Miss Beaford. Then picture postcards were also there, and tea galore. We sang, and they sang and we were all very happy. That party broke up about 6, and then I had done, but some were still entertained either at the Serb Camp or elsewhere. I went back to my Ward, to find our violinist giving my men a treat, so sat by the fire and enjoyed it too for a while.

All this time, while we are doing nothing, I am trying to improve my French, German, and Serbian, and the week between Christmas and New Year saw me at a new "ploy", -trying to learn to Waltz. I managed it to a sufficient extent to feel justified in going to the fancy Dress Dance at Vodena for the ~~Christmas~~ New Year's Eve.

I went down to Vodena with Miss Carr.



On Jan 13th (of our time) I went over to Vadena with Miss Carr, Miss Gordor, Dr Scott, Sisters Dow and Morgan, and Misses Bruce, Dick and Hore, for the Dance. Major Petrovich sent their big omnibus Ambulance, and we took the Gramophone and Violin with us. We arrived about 4.30 and were met by Dr Hutchison: early dinner at 6 and then the Irpesarija was to become first Dressing and later Sleeping Room for us all. She would take me in, and Misses K. & G could also dress in her room. Dr H. was herself to dress as a Serb, and arrayed herself before dinner to leave us a free field, and give herself time to attend to the costumes she had been overseeing for her four colleagues, "her children", as she called them. After dinner, a stampede. Certain wigs etc, which had been all ready in her room for her men, had disappeared. The Polrichar, too zealous, had made up my bed, and moved them. One set were all right, their owner had fetched them, but the wig was nowhere. At last found, thrown out into the passage as a thing of no moment: horrors!!

That settled, we began. My clothing as Red Riding Hood, was quite easy, but the arrangement of the borrowed dark hair to hide my grey locks was the work of a few minutes. Then Miss Kerr had to dissolve umbel to make her knees brown enough for Prince Charlie, and her kilt had to be draped, while Miss Gordon's dress as Colombine was unfinished about the sleeves. In the midst a Greek Desdemona came in on her own to dress, so that what with crowding etc we were later than we meant to be before we actually got across to the Pavilion which had been cleared for dancing. But others were later, and as we got there in time for the beginning of the dancing it was great fun. Major Petrovich looked fine, - and suitable, - as "A Gentleman of the Eighteenth Century", - perriquet, orange coat, satin breeches, yellow stockings and rosettes on the shoes. Dr Scott was a Dresden Chira Shepherdess, Miss Hore, Ophelia": there were two Pierrettes and Pierrots, Sir Walter Raleigh, A White Nun, Sunrise, Autumn, another Red Riding Hood ( though she had no basket, and mine was tradition-ally filled with eggs, loaf, bottle of milk, and some cheese) Dance followed dance, Serb, Greek, French, British mingling, - waltz, galop, polka, Kola, Lancers, Quadrilles, Sir Roger de Coverley, a Reel. We had a little Ceremony at midnight and danced on til between 3 & 4 a.m. Next morning Dr Scott, Miss Kerr, Miss Gordon, and Colonel Milarovich, our Commandant, started back in the Touring Car about 8.45. The rest of us spent the morning in Vadena and lunched at the Hospital, coming away in the  
kms

Bus immediately afterwards. We got back to find Dr L. was away, gone up to Dobrava. I don't seem to have said that Dr Cooper and Dr Muncaster were up there, with 4 Sisters, 2 Chaurieus, and 4 Orderlies. They have had about 7 patients altogether in a fortnight, and are inclined to think themselves quite busy.

My Christmas parcels, and a numerous and exceedingly interesting collection of letters arrived just before we started for the Darce, so I am enjoying torree, chocolates, biscuits, shortbread, and good cigarettes this week. My German teacher has left, which grieves me much, but I must try and find some one with whom to talk. I've come to the conclusion that I am very lazy, talking is such a rare.

Jan 16th. Dr I. came back, sent for by the Touring Car. She turned Miss Morton and Miss Irvine out to make room for a Serb Officer with a sack of wine bottles, and left them by the roadside to find their way back to Baritza and come back by train. Naturally they landed at Palceir, no train or till morning, and had to be put up by the Chef de Gare or some one else. Her way of dealing with members of her Unit is too inconsistent, I can't keep up with it!

Jan 19th. Dr E. off to Salonika. A notice put up that we are to be prepared to take only kitbags and suitcases when we do move, and send our boxes to Salarika.

Jan 20th. Dr Scott off to Dobrava for the night, so I am alone in my glory. Nothing doing; I've been at this most of the day.

Jan 21st. "As the days lengthen the cold strengthens" seems to hold here as well as in England. Today we have had our first fall of snow: not very deep, and melting rapidly in the afternoon under sunshine. Drs B. & S. still away.



Jan 22nd. More snow, then rapid thaw, everything dirtier than usual and very uncomfortable. We have begun to prepare for an entertainment on Burns night.

Jan 23rd, Sunday. Dr E. arrived back, and during the night Dr S. also.

Jan 24th. Dr E. sent for me to remonstrate on my "letting" Dr S go away when she was away. I promised to record her views in future.

Jan 25th. BURNS DAY. (also St Paul's Day for me) In the morning I asked leave for the Entertainment to continue till 10 p.m. and Dr E. off her own bat suggested asking the Serbs. The evening went off quite well. Miss Gordon was "Burns", and a Chorus dressed up as Scots sang several of Burns songs, and some solos in character were also presented, notably "Coming through the Rye" and "My love is like the Red Red Rose". We ended the performance with a "oursome, then "Scots wha hae", and after that all the Company joined in ordinary dancing. We had tea, cake, biscuits and sandwiches to finish with, and retired after "Auld lang syne". As someone said "A very good attempt", and I really think that was a very fair criticism. At any rate there were no long waits between the items.

Jan 28th. Dr Scott left, and Dr Bennett took Miss Kerr and myself up to Dobroveri with her. It was an eventful trip. We started at about 8 a.m. and got as far as halfway across the plain just beyond Ostrovo before anything happened. There we met and stopped to exchange greetings with Col Milisavlevich, who was on his way South to take two months leave in France. Having made our farewells we tried to start, but the wheels would not grip the road so we had to be pushed off. All went well thereafter till about twenty minutes later when we were part of the way up the

Giornicheva Pass, then the engine struck work, and to all the efforts of our Chauffeuse, soon reinforced by a band of French soldiers on the march, simply offered complete passive resistance. By degrees, men of other nationalities, - A Serb Chauffeur, French mechanics, all tried their hands. Bit by bit every part of that engine was overhauled (it had been already put in order the day before) but in vain, and after a good hour's struggle we nearly gave up in despair. But on the horizon appeared another car, and as it approached it unmistakably contained a British Officer. Lo and behold, the Colonel of the Motor Transport himself accompanied by British chauffeurs. Another car followed. They stopped to complete the group. The French passed on, and once more the various parts of that engine were inspected. At last, with a quiet word to the Colonel one of the chauffeurs took from his car a fresh set of cells, and exchanged them for those in our car, made a fresh arrangement with the wires, and then tried to crank up. Oh joy, Success at last. The engine, pleased I suppose at the top, deigned to start. We proffered fervent thanks to all our helpers, piled in out of the mud and started off, the British car starting also in the opposite direction. It soon disappeared over a slight rise in the ground, but we had not gone 300 yards when aloud burst proclaimed that a tyre had betrayed us. Once more we climbed out and began the process of wheel changing, but as the wheel had rusted on it was obdurate, and though the Serb car close behind came to our rescue, and lent their muscles to tugging at the refractory wheel we spent another good hour over that. At last however we got off again and had a good run, the sun shining brilliantly and tempering the cold. We did not go far before stopping for lunch, as it was getting on for one o'clock. We sat on large stores on a greener bank, looking over a dip in the hills to the lake, and discussed sandwiches of meat and jam, cheese biscuits and chocolate. Truly a meal for the Gods in that winelike air. Then on and on, up the Pass, past the barbed wire and ruined houses at Giornichevo village which mark the limit of the Bulgar occupation. Just before arriving at Laritza another puncture delayed us, and in this case of course we had no spare wheel. However an inner tube was available, and we exchanged this for the burst one, and went on with very little delay, but an uneasy sense that any further puncture would find us unable to do anything. We hoped for the best, and determined to beg to loan of a spare tyre at the A.S.C. Camp we were bound to pass. Fortune at length smiled and we reached it with no further accident, were regaled with tea and delicious blackberry jam, loaned a tyre, and got off. On and on, the road lined by Camps.