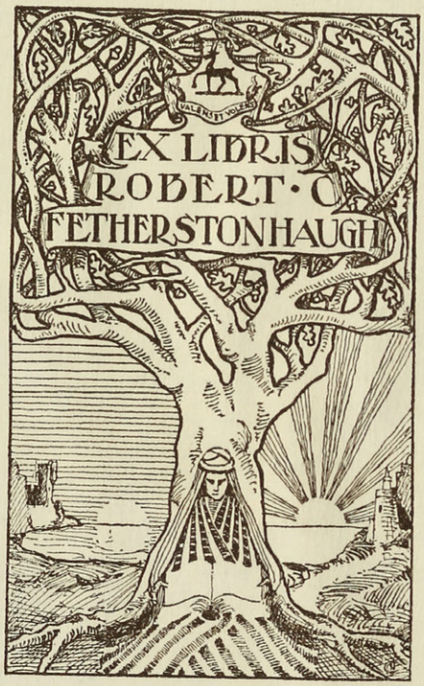
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LETTERS OF

NURSING SISTER DOROTHY P.COTTON C.A.M.C.

ANGLO-RUSSIAN HOSPITAL.

PETROGRAD.

1915-1917.

D.P.C. RUSSIAN LETTERS. (Insert)

NOTE: PREVIOUS TO THIS SERIES OF LETTERS MISS COTTON SERVED IN FRANCE WITH NO.3 CANADIAN GENERAL HOSPITAL (MCGILL), LEAVING THERE TO ACCEPT THE POST OF CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVE ON THE STAFF OF THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN HOSPITAL.

Russian date - November 12th.

November 24 1915.

Petrograd.

Darling Mother;

I had a long letter in the process of being written to you, and either a wet sponge was laid upon it or else tea spilt over it, so this is half copy and partly a new letter. I would have let it go as it was, omly in this indelible lead it looked too dreadful. I will begin from the time we reached Petrograd, and then go back and tell you about our three days at Archangel. ---

We arrived here about 4.15 A.M. after three nights and two days on the train. That was Wednesday morning. There were several people at the station to meet us , Lady Sybil, Dr.Fleming (the Medical Superintendent of our Hospital), and two Russian officers. One of them was fat and covered with orders, the other was tall, thin and awfully smart and good looking, revelling in the name of Demetri Ivanovitch. There were about 5 motors to meet us, but with all the English peoples' hand luggage they had to make several trips. We have been put up at a place called Smolay Monastir. It was probably once a monastery, but is a huge building and has orphanage, a home for officers' widows, and a huge church all in one. At present it is being used as a rest home for Red Cross nurses. We are all in,one enormous room, the Russians at one end and we at another. In the centre is a long table at which we were given Russian tea and rolls when we arrived. To tell you the

Lady Sybil Grey.

truth I could have done justice to a real Russian dinner, which I will tell you of later. There is no sign of a screen in the whole place. We have small cots, with about two feet between each one, and in this space is a small wooden table for our clothes. The wash room is partitioned off in one corner, and consists of a long tin wash stand with about ten taps dribbling cold water, at which we are supposed to wash. The poor matron is really terribly perturbed at having us thus housed, but we have all made the best of it, and are moving out this afternoon to the club which is to be our home. It was a men's club and has been turned into a place for us. It has large rooms which have all been divided into small cubicles. It is not nearly finished, but we are all so keen to leave here that we are going as it is. We will get our own breakfast and go out for lunch and dinner. ---

Well, when we arrived here we tumbled into bed at 6 A.M., and I slept like a log until about 10 A.M. as I had not had any sleep on the train. I must tell you about the meals and life here, because it is really most interesting. At 8.30 A.M. they have rolls and tea - no butter - up here in this big room in the midst of people dressing, washing etc. Then at 10.30 they all go down two by two to a big dining room and have some queer meal. Yesterday being a fast day there were potatoes (boiled in their jackets) and butter to begin with, rye bread (which is too awful), "Kvass" the cheap native drink made from the rye bread (it is also villainous and tastes like weak liquorice of some sort), then small raw smoked fish (all slithering about the plate). Up to this point I had eaten nothing, although I must say the table is always

absolutely clean. Then there were some sort of boiled turnips with a white sauce. After this meal we usually go out for the day, all dividing up into parties. The first day a Miss Mitchener, who speaks Russian and knows Petrograd, took us out, but now that we can at least find our way about a little bit we much prefer going alone. About six of us go together; Miss Stevenson (who is a dear), Miss Alexander, Miss Stoker (the baby of the party and also a dear little thing), Miss Hayes (a sister, and I think the one in charge of the O.R.), Miss Nicholls (also a sister and the one I shared a cabin with) and myself. We enjoy going about like that ever so much, and we really have seen a lot. The first day we went out our one object was to have a bath, so with Miss M's aid we went to a Russian bath place. These bath places are apparently quite a feature here, but this one looked too awful to tackle, so we marched off to a hotel. They were overcome at the sight of us, but told us of a place where there were better Russian baths so we went there, only to find that they were closed that day. By this time our passion for a bath had died down somewhat and we began to want our tea, so the best hotel was voted for and we had a wonderful tea. I forgot to add that we were all armed with sponge bags etc. We came back here about 7.30 P.M. and went to bed, at least I did, for by some unaccountable reason I was really suffering acutely from chillblains. Most of the others went to the English Church to the Memorial Service for Edith Cavell. The anthem was "Wash me or I die". Afterwards they met the rector and he invited some of them to go the next day and have a bath, so six of us went after our 10.30 meal. We were given the "freedom" of

his house, and had a wonderful time. His family are all in England - and he had to go out - but much to our joy left his little maid to look afterm us. After our baths we all went down stairs and had a most scrumptious afternnon tea to which I can assure you we all did justice. Some English neighbour had by this time come in to play hostess, and she told us how to walk home, at least as far as the Nevsky Prospect which is the smart shopping district. By this time it was about 5 o'clock, and you know how fascinating shops look then all lighted up. The sleighs are not out here yet, but there is quite a lot of snow. It all reminds me very much of home, except I do miss the blue sky, sunshine and moon. The sky always looks grey here. It seems very familiar from our Russian pictures - the coachmen's costumes and the sleighs are exactly the same as Uncle Michael drew them. We wandered about till it was time to come in, and on the way back we discovered our new abode, and much to my delight found that our trunks had arrived. I got a change of clothes and my big brown boots, so the next morning got up feeling a new woman. My uniform is certainly very taking (!) and all the sisters here are terribly interested in it, and call me the "Officer Prince". I will send you postcards of the Nevsky some day, and also one of the Demetri Palace if I can get one. The streets and shops are all very cosmopolitan. They say that Moscow is really the typical Russian city to see, and I think a party are going for a few days, but I don't think I will go, not just yet anyway. I can't tell you how swwet the Matron and absolutely everyone has been to me. They expect the hospital to be opened by Christmas at the latest, so I think we will soon be able

to get in and get it ready. At present we are just having a picnic, and isn't it wonderful for me to have all this. I can assure you I fully appreciate it too, only I wish I could bring you all over here to see it all. Everything I see I think how Father would love it all or to hear of it from me. Yesterday we went to the Homutage which is one of the most beautiful art galleries in Europe. The buildings and pictures were wonderful, and I know it is a place I will often haunt. There are ever so many Rembrandts, Van Dycks, and four Raphaels, and many other beautiful and familiar ones. After leaving there I had my hair shampooed and then tea at our hotel. This time there was no one who could speak Russian, but with the help of a little book, many gestures and a smile we had an omelette, rolls, jam and delicious coffee. Then we went to service at 6 in the Cathedral (Greek) and such a wonderful church called the Cazan. The whole church was built as a shrine for an Iecon which was always carried by the Cossacks in front of some Regiment. It is a wonderful picture of the Virgin, with things added such as a beautiful ruby necklace and a crown of diamonds. In front of it the candles were lighted and made it all look a blaze of wonderful lights. The huge gates in front of the holy of holies were silver ones, the silver being captured by the Cossacks from the French. Inside there were six most beautiful paintings. During the service the gates opened at times and behind was a huge painting of a Madonna and Child and numerous gold candelabra and jewelled iecons. The choir stood at either side - rows of little boys, all the same size and each with his head shaved. They had alternately blue and gold sort of cassocks, with blue belts on

the gold and gold on the blue.. The priests all had long long hair, but not greasy, beautifully groomed, and robes of cloth of gold. They also, were hung with jewels. It was a huge place with stone floors and no seats. Everyone stands, and you can imagine what an interesting looking lot of people came in, many of them in different uniforms. They never have any organs, but the voices are wonderful. ---

This morning, Saturday, is the Dowager Empress's birthday, so they have had special services. In the chapel in this building they had one, so we went to see them. After the beautiful church yesterday I must say this place looked more gaudy - so much gold and pale colours - but all the little girls from some school or convent here were too sweet, their hair all in tight pigtails and others with the cleanest, daintiest mop caps. Some had plain bright green dresses, others blue or brown, and all had white muslin capes over their shoulders - absolutely spotless. About 20 little girls about Kathleen's size were in the choir. They were dressed like the others only had long tight white muslin cuffs just below their wrists and above their elbows, and they all had their hair done up high on top of their heads. You have no idea how picturesque and pretty it all looked, with the many candles, and their voices were very sweet. ---

We have just gone out for a little walk. To-day the morning meal was a little later than usual, and now I am finishing my letter to you. Yesterday I got a letter, snapshots and collars from Eleanor. Will you write her and thank her for them and for doing them up. I also got a letter from Mollie MacD. from France, and

one from Elsie written to the B.of M. ---
All our Hospital has to be blest before we can take the soldiers, and we will have to be sprinkled with the holy water too. The two Empresses and family are to come to the opening. ---
Our Committee are giving us some sort of big coats - grey padded I think and fur lined. We are to wear grey veils out of doors like the Russians, with our white ones underneath just showing around our faces. I am to wear that too, because in Russia unless you wear a veil you have no standing as a Sister. I believe they are also going to give us felt boots of some sort. The kind they all wear here look like our carriage boots and everyone of every class wears them. But they say Russians never walk. The street cars are just like ours only dirtier andx I don't think they are heated. The crowding and pushing in them is appalling. ---
This morning the Matron and Lady Sybil had to go and see about coats, and then were being taken to see the exchange of prisoners which takes place at stated intervals. It must be awfully interesting. The Matron is such a darling. She always tells us with so much interest and such a keen sense of humour all she has been doing. Sister Borlase, a regular old campaigner who is with us, was for two years in South Africa. Perhaps you saw her picture in one of the English papers. She has taken quite a shine to me apparently. She went to see some friends of her's here yesterday and they siad they knew some people called Cotton living here, so I will find out more about them. ---
At this present moment Miss Stevenson is measuring the room with strides and counting the beds, so I will put her results here.

There are 92 beds, numerous huge windows, but only one ventilator which is 8"x 12". We are waiting here now to go up to the Club. It is really a lovely day, more sun than usual. Dr.Fleming and the Countess Olga Something (who came out with Lady Sybil as an interpreter) came in this morning to warn everyone how cold it was and on no account to drive. As a matter of fact the temperature can't be more than 20 above zero, it is sunny, and there is absolutely no wind. ---

This letter is already too long for me to start to tell you all about our journey from Archangel, but it will all be in my diary if I ever get a chance to write it up, and I will tell you the most important things. There was lots of snow and just such small towns as you would imagine, sleds and such picturesque people many of whom looked like Japs, wrapped up in fur and skins. The first night we were in Archangel a Capt.Pinee a Russian officer who was stationed there and who was told off to look after us, invited the Matron, two of the Sisters and three of the doctors to dine with him. The Matron took me and Miss Hayes, and such a dinner, everything typically Russian. I have never seen so much, and such delicious food, and he apologised for the awful Archangel restaurant. I couldn't help thinking of the dinner you told me Mac Had. We had caviare and all sorts of wonderful hors d'oeuvres, then the marvellous Russian cabbage soup which is a meal in itself, but scrumptious. And so it went on, course after course, a wonderful sweet, and then coffee on the table in huge perculators. ---

Now about our trip up. We left the "Calypso" on Sunday afternoon

afternoon about 6, crossed the River on an ice cutter (probably a Canadian one), got on the train about 8, and started on our journey. We had one change, were hours late, and had no dinning car, but at several stations we got off and raided the restaurants. And such fun, no one spoke a word of Russian, we simply grabbed the food and ran, and as a rule it was mighty good food too -- delicious cakes, meringues and so,forth. We had brought thermos bottles and filled them with coffee. Always with the soups they serve little sort of buns filled with meat or rice - most tasty. We were always able to get them. We lived that way for three nights and two days on the train, The seats on the train pulled out, but there was no bed linen or porter, so we never took our clothes off. Our little party of 6 were all together and we really had heaps of fun. Miss Stevenson and I used to roll up in rugs and sit on the steps of the train almost all the time, watching the country, revelling in the fresh air, smoking cigarettes or eating sweets. ---
There is a French Sister here who arrived this morning, and who has just come from Germany where she has been a prisoner for 3 months. She said that on the whole she was fairly well treated. ---
Do tell me all the Canadian war news when you write and what about George Alexander. A Miss C., a Sister has asked me to share a room with her in case we have to have rooms together, but I do hope I will be alone. ---
I wonder if this will be a Christmas letter, and Mother darling if it is, may it be a very happy one, and how I do hope Alex and perhaps the boys will bw with you, and next year we will all be together.

12,Vladimirskaya Ulitza

Petrograd, December 1 1915.

Darling Mother;

I am writing this hoping it will reach you in time for a Christmas letter, and to send my best love to you all. The clergyman,at whose house I told you we took a bath one of the first days we were here, is going to England to-morrow and he has said he would take these letters for us. I don't suppose they will be censored, and I sincerely hope they won't take as long as the others have done. I can't remember where I left off in my last letter, and in case I did not tell you about our first visit to the Hospital I must do so. The day before yesterday we all met there at eleven to have a photograph of the staff taken. It is to appear in one of the Russian papers, so I will send you a copy. At present the Palace looks in a very unfinished state for a hospital, but they say we can be iim before Christmas at the latest. That means a couple of weeks before we do anything in the way of work. So far our days have really been nothing but getting up rather late in the morning, having a scrambled breakfast, dejeuner at 1 o'clock at a restaurant very near here. In the afternoon we usually make an expedition somewhere, have tea which is always a great feature, then go for a walk, and have dinner at the restaurant again at seven. They do us awfully well there and the Russian cooking is most delicious. "Schee" is a cabbage soup with everything in it you could possibly think of, and seems to be almost a national dish. Always with soup are served what look like

small resoles or pasties which are very hot and are filled either with rice or minced meat. Then we have meat or fish, vegetables, and sweets. The latter either puddings or ices are delicious, and so pretty. They seem to be especially strong on candied fruits of all descriptions to garnish the dishes with, not the dull preserved fruits you get in England with a slab of blanc mange. We always have coffee. Excuse so much about food, but everything is so different and interesting, and at present eating seems to be our chief occupation. ---

December 2nd. -- This morning several of us got up early and went to a Memorial Service to some old boy of the dark ages, Aax L. It was in the Greek Church. It was the Church of St.Peter & St. Paul where all the Emperors' tombs are. The decorations are so beautiful that really I could just stand for hours looking at it all. Most of the iecons are covered with precious jewels, rubies, emeralds and diamonds, and masses of little seed pearls. Yesterday afternoon Miss Stevenson, Miss Nicholls, Countess Olga Whatnot (her last name is so long I never coild get hold of it) and I walked out to this church, and it was then they told us there was to be a service and Countess Olga advised us to go. Some very high potentate was there and as he came into the church in his plain clothes (sounds like a detective) he was met by about eight priests, gorgeously dressed in black velvet, edged and embroidered with silver. He came to a dais in the centre and there they combed his hair, washed his hands, and sressed him in even more wonderful vestments than they had. They have no organ, but

the priests' voices are wonderful. It was snowing awfully hard, but we braved the weather and walked home, as we had been commissioned to buy some cakes and sweets for a party we are giving this afternoon. It is given by the six of us who are always together. Countess Olga is in a room with Miss Stoker now, so she has joined our number. She is such a sweet girl, about 19 or 20. She is asking a friend of hers who lives here, a French girl, and this girl with the Matron and two of the other Sisters are to be the party. I will have to tell you about it in another letter. ---

The other day Miss Carhill one of the Sisters asked me to go out for tea with her to some friends of hers. The friend was an English girl who lives here and who has been married about 3 years. There was some lady there who has lived here all her life, and she said she remembered the name Cotton and Halliday well, but only from hearing her parents speak of them., but evidently there are Cottons still here and I will discover them some day. ---

There are always things of so much interest to see on the streets, and endeavouring to talk Russian in the shops and cars is killing. The extent of my knowledge of the language is "yes" and "no". Not much,is it ?, and I can count up to ten. The money I find easier than English money. ---

It has been promised that we are to have a field hospital in the spring, but we are not to,say anything about it here, as other Russian units waiting to go out are very jealous. The Matron has already asked me to stay on. Of course she knows nothing of my work and certainly may change her mind, but wouldn't it be wonderful.

I'm certainly a home bird even if I do love being away so much, and it seems a long time to stay. I have not had any letters from anyone yet except the one forwarded from Elsie and the one from Mollie Mac in France. I don't love Russia like I did France, and the people are not nearly as fascinating as the French. ---
On our Christmas we are giving a party here in this Club to some Russian Red Cross officials, and on their Christmas they are giving a party in their way to us. I think it also is to be here. You see this is a very big Club, and we only have the second storey. The big rooms are all divided into small cubicles. I am considered a Senior Sister, and if I had wanted to share one of the large rooms with a Sister I could have done so, but I prefer to be alone in a tiny box stall where all the V.A.D's are, and then what I also like is that Miss Stevenson is going to be next to me. She is such a nice girl, and reminds me all the time of Gladys and Emma P. She is some sort of a relation of Robert Louis Stevenson. I was going to write to Charlie and Ross on this mail but I'm afraid I will not be able to do so, so will you send this letter, and to Alex if he should be in France. My very best love to you all. --- and a hug and kiss for Baby Mary.
Two points of interest I forgot to tell you. Lady Sybil is to live here with us, and we have been warned by the police if there is any crowd never to mix in it, because after the second warning they have orders to fire. I sincerely hope, as exciting as it would be, that there will not be any revolution. ---

Petrograd,

December 8 1915.

Darling Els;

Your letter yesterday was absolutely the most welcome letter I have ever had in my life. It did seem ages since I had heard what you had all been doing, and you can imagine how anxiously I was looking forward to hearing from you. ---
I forget where I left off with my last letter, but I think it was after we had been to the Palace to have our photographs taken. We have not seen the pictures yet, although we heard they were to appear the next week in a Russian paper. We are at last more settled in the Club, and the day before yesterday moved to our new cubicles, so I have a small corner to myself now which I can assure you I appreciate fully. Miss Nicholls was with me on the boat and (flattering I suppose !) wanted us to have a room together as the Sisters had first choice of rooms. However I chose a cubicle and am next door to Miss Stevenson where I would rather be than anywhere. If there is any choice I am in the nicest cubicle, Miss Stevenson comes next, then Miss Stoker, then Countess Olga (I never can get hold of her other name). Those 3 I like better than anyone else. Miss Stevenson is a dear, and I'M glad to say I really see a lot of her. Olga came out with Lady Sybil and is acting as interpreter, so we don't see very much of her as she is so busy all day. On Sunday the Matron, Miss S., Olga and myself are going somewhere for the day -- for a long drive into the country I think. Every day now parties of us, taking half

each time, go to the Winter Palace, which is the Czar's residence when he is here (which apparently is veey seldom) and help the people who are working for the Russian Red Cross make supplies. I love doing it. It gives us something to do, and the idea of rolling bandages and so on for the Russians appeals to me tremendously, to say nothing of the interest of the people there.We are fortunately at an awfully nice table where two of the Russian girls speak both English and French beautifully. One of them looks about 24 and is evidently married and her husband is at the front. She told me she had been rolling bandages at the same table almost every afterhoon since war broke out. Don't you think it is splendid of them ? They all had such beautifully manicured nails and white hands that I have been soaking mine ever since and polishing hard. Our turn comes again to-morrow. We work in a huge room that looks as if it might have been a ball room. At present it has nothing in it but work tables, a couple of sewing machines (Singers, by the way) and two big looms, where a couple of men roll gauze. It is all run in a very systematic way and all the work looks as if it was turned out of a factory. ---

Sunday, December 12th. -- Sorry I haven't written more, but always my same old excuse - too many people about. Of course I love having them, but living this way we hardly ever seem to have a second alone. ---

We did not go out for the drive with the Matron ~~that~~ this afternoon that I told you about, because one of the Sisters whom has been very ill ever since the voyage has been very much worse these last few

days and I think they are awfully anxious about her. Two Sisters are on duty with her, otherwisw no one is doing any work yet. Instead we spent the day fixing up our cubicles. We went to a rather fascinating shop the other day and purchased table cloths, and some of them got art muslins and linens and have really made the cubicles look most attractive. We are still going out for meals and after dinner Miss Stoker, Miss Stevenson and I went for a walk. Petrograd looks much more attractive at night. There are numerous canals and rivers and things all over the place, which make it wsfully picturesque. The principle street, the Nevsky, is very wide and brilliantly lit up and has winderfully handsome buildings on it. No one with any reputation is supposed to be there after 8 o'clock without a male escort, however not having as yet picked up a Grand Duke we rather favour it, and are always highly entertained with the people. ---

I have been wondering if any of the Canadians have been sent to Salonika. We hear very little news here and <u>never</u> see a paper. To-day Lady Sybil brought down the Christmas numbers of some of the English papers. I wrote a letter to Mother last week and told her it was being sent over by some clergyman who was going home for Christmas, but a few days ago much to our disappointment all such letters were returned to us, so I registered it, hoping it would arrive for Christmas, also one to Jean which I addressed to Canada. ---

Monday, December 13th. -- As usual while I was in the midst of my letter Miss S., Tommy (Miss Stoker) and Miss Nicholls all came in and demanded cafe au lait. I tried to write on with them here,

Nevsky Prospect.

Petrograd.

Photo by D.P.C.

but the result was a failure. To-day we had our meals here in the Club for the first time and it really was rather fun. We helped set the tables and showed the man who is eventually to do it all how we wanted it done. Afterwards, still filled with enthusiasm, I dressed Miss Stevenson and Nicholls up as maids, as two had to help in waiting, and they looked perfectly killing. Miss S. wore my black blouse and skirt, and with a chic little cap (handkerchief), a little pointed apron (a veil), cuffs and collar she looked too smart and Frenchy for anything. She holds herself awfully well, and was too self conscious and funny for anything -- a thousand times too aristocratic for a maid. Miss Nicholls, who is the funniest looking little duck, had a navy blue flannel blouse, a dark skirt, a hospital apron and some ungodly mop boudoir cap, and looked absolutely in her element. Tommy,who is a champion giggler and a really most original child, sat beside me, and we nearly had hysterics -- it reminded me so much of the days I used to dress up when I was a kid. ---
Well, to try and tell you some sense and something of what I know you want so much to hear I will try - - -
Thursday, December 16th. -- Did not have a chance to write any more of this letter. Yesterday in the afternoon Miss Stevenson, a Miss McLeod and I went out for a long walk. Our meals here are always such long drawn out affairs that we never get started anywhere in very good time, and as we had looked this place up on the map and knew it would take a long time to get there, we dashed out directly after lunch. When I came in to my delight I found

a long letter from Martha and also a few enclosed that had been sent to me from No.3. By the time I was alone in my room it took me such a long time to read them that it was time for lights out. After that the Matron came in for some cafe au lait and a little informal visit, as she often does. She is very fond of Miss Alexander and Miss S. and usually finds them here. And so the days go. At this present moment "Tommy" and Miss S. are writing here, but we have all promised not to speak a word. Yesterday afternoon our walk was across the River to a church where the monks make iecons. I want to get one to take home with me, but did not see any that I liked enough. Miss S. invested in one of St.George, but his horse was too killing. It had the head of a fly and the body of an elephant. This morning some Russian (journalist or something) took us to see some Russian Red Cross Hospitals. We only had time to do two. One was the second storey of an old club, and had 100 beds. Everything looked most happy-go-lucky and apparently none of them ever seem to do any work. The beds are usually touching each other and there is no such thing as fresh air. They all make a great point of the aesepsis in their operating rooms, and I must say they seem to have all the modern equipment they could want. Most of the Sisters who do the work have just done it during the war, not very many of them seem to be trained. In spite of that I must say the men all look awfully well cared for. In all the hospitals the men wear white linen pyjama suits, and the up patients wear over these dark dressing gowns with long white socks and black slippers. The men

St.Isaac's Cathedral.

Petrograd.

Photo by D.P.C.

are all awfully nice looking, but all seem so dull and heavy. I don't mean unhappy, because it certainly strikes you here how happy and care free everyone looks. In every hospital they have a work room for the patients who can do anything, and this morning we saw a woman there teaching them how to make baskets and to do fret work. It certainly is a nice idea to give them an interest. The work is sold and the proceeds given to the soldiers. We all purchased waste paper baskets for a few kopecks. As in most places now there is a lot of paper money and stamps here. 10, 15 and 20 kopeck stamps we have got quite used to now. A rouble corresponds to 50¢ in ordinary times, a kopeck to half a cent, so we talk in figures that really make us sound quite wealthy. The second hospital we went to was an old school house. The wards were larger and perhaps more stuffy. The patients were having their dinner - soup and black bread. The Matron of the hospital was a funny little duck. She had been at Warsaw and had her bedroom, which seemed to just open off one of the wards, filled with trophies - about 8 German helmets, water bottles, bayonets, shells and all sorts of things. One enormous piece of shell which she said fell about 15 feet away from her. We came back late for lunch, and immediately afterwards had to hurry off to the Winter Palace to work. I really rather enjoy that. Apparently the Czar is hardly ever there, and the rooms where we work are big reception rooms, but what pleases me are the lackeys in their wonderful uniforms, and there are always numbers of them to help us off and on with our coats etc - and then they always pass around tea and

buns. We stayed till about 5 o'clock, and at our table we made 1,000 bandages this afternoon. Then by way ofx recreation we always drop into a cafe called M E K A P. We call it "Knee-cap" but it is really "Pecar". Almost everyone is taking Russian lessons. Miss S. and I are going to start on Sunday of all days. I don't expect to learn much, but I feel it rather my duty to make an effort. ---

The Hospital does not seem to be progressing very fast, and there is still no word of starting. Doesn't it seem dreadful ? The worst part of all is that the boat carrying our stores has not been heard of yet, and should have arrived in Archangel before we did. I think poor Lady Sybil must be terribly worried. She has not come down here to live yet and we really hardly ever see her. I believe Lady Muriel Paget is coming quite soon and when she does another V.A.D. who speaks Russian fluently. Her name is Hilda B. She has been in the Ballet for a long time and danced until quite recently with Pavlowa. ---

We were all given our badges for the Anglo-Russian Hospital the other day. I believe they were designed by Bernard Partridge, but they are awful looking things. To the left is a very emaciated looking lion, to the right a double headed eagle with drooping wings (instead of standing up most perkily), and in the centre a Red Cross. I have received two very cheery letters from Ross, so have started to feel that letters may be expected. I don't believe you get all mine. For one thing none of you, I mean you Ross or Martha, mentioned ones I wrote and posted before we landed

at Archangel. ---

With veryx best love to you all, and by the way will you send my two photographs of the boys which I forgot - much to my disappointment. --

I have not seen the groups that were taken of us yet, but heard that they were in one of the papers to-day and were dreadful.

I have several nicknames from all the different quarters, but from our own group it is always "Sister Buttons". Don't you rather love ôt ? ---

The Fortress of Peter and Paul.

Petrograd.

Photo by D.P.C.

Petrograd,

Christmas afternoon

1915.

Darling Mother;

Except for below zero weather and lots of snow this really does not seem much like Christmas, although I have a table full of the prettiest gifts. The Committee gave us each Russian boxes - mine is black with a gold back ground on the top outlining the figures. I immediately filled it with Russian cigarettes. Miss Stoker and Miss Stevenson gave me a Cossack's hood. It has a correct name, but I can't remember it. It is made of some wonderful soft white stuff, something the shape of a glorified jelly bag, with long ends that cross in front and hang down the back. The officers here all wear them and put the ends under the strap at the back of their coats, so I intend to wear mine too. Sometimes you see darling little kiddies with them, so I will try to get one exactly like mine to take home to Baby Mary. Many of the others gave me little Russian things too, which was awfully good of them wasn't it ? Everyone has been very cheery and tried to make it as much like Christmas as possible. We went to Service at 10.30, but in the Church here they don't keep Christmas on our date, so the Service was really only for the third Sunday in Advent. These last few days have been bitterly cold, in fact on Thursday I had my nose frozen. Some man on the street came up to me , frantically rubbing at his own, so as I got warned

in time I did not have the dire results that usually follow. --- Last night we had an awfully nice party at the English Club. We all left here about 8 o'clock dressed in full uniform, caps and aprons. The party was quite different from what we expected, and evidently it is an extremely nice Club. There were ever so many nice people there, and several nurses in different uniforms. Two people asked me if I had ever been told that I looked like Irene Vanburgh, so,if I do in my calico gown -- eh what ! There was a "Balilika" orchestra which played Russian airs full of music and dancing, and at a long table there were all sorts of light refreshments. Some man, seeing I was from Canada, came up and spoke to me. Funnily enough he was a friend of Mac's and had stayed with them in Almonte. I also met a Sir Heron and Lady Heron-Maxwell who invited me to dine with them on Wednesday night. He is at the Embassy here and they are having their Christmas dinner that night. Miss Stoker had letters of introduction to them and is also invited. I don't know why they invited me, but it is most awfully nice, as they seemed charming. Some Mrs.Linley whose husband is also at the Embassy invited Miss Alexander to lunch on Monday and asked her to take some one with her, so she has asked me. Miss A. had letters of introduction to her. She was one of Lord Lovitt's daughters, so being Scotch,you see,knew some of her people. To-night is Christmas dinner here, and some Russians are invited. To-morrow night is most thrilling of any. We are going to the Ballet, and even for the people who live herex that is a red letter day. Through Countess Olga we were able to get a

box and seven of us can go. Probably the seats will be ruinous, but it is the chance of a life time. Lady Sybil was also able through some friend of hers to get a box for six and very kindly invited me to go with the Matron and I think 3 of the doctors. However I had already promised to go with the others. ---
We still have no word of our stores, and really the prospects for the Hospital look awfully gloomy, because we must be such an expense here. I suppose hanging about should begin to pall, but it really has not yet. Four of us have wonderful plans now of going up to Finland for 3 or 4 days. We hear it is wonderful and awfully cheap, but it will probably never come off. However we might as well plan as we have nothing else to do. ---
LATER IN THE AFTERNOON. -- Just think of my joy receiving your's and Mary's cable. I have been thinking of you all every minute of the day, and it was just as if you answered. At present I am - - -
I could not get any further last night, but the sentence was to be "dressed in my bib and apron, waiting for the party". The party was a success. I suppose I found it quite entertaining watching everyone, and quite a few amusing by-plays took place. After dinner Col.Phenou, who is head of a Military School here where all the nobility send their sons, and who is also a high official in the Red Cross and so has a good deal to do with us, had several of his musical friends in to entertain us. There was one man who played beautifully on the cello, and who is supposed to be the best in Russia. Other people sang. The rooms were

icy and everyone sat about in fur coats with rugs around their knees. ---

TUESDAY. - Yesterday I went to lunch with Miss A. at Mrs.Lindley's and enjoyed it very much. Mrs.Lindley is charming, and she and her husband were in Canada at the time of the Tercentenary and stayed with the MacPhersons at Quebec. As he is in the Diplomatic Service they have lived in such interesting places - Norway, Japan, Belgrade. They have only been here a few months I think. A Mrs.Bray was also there. She is young and very pretty and lives in the flat across from Mrs.Lindley. They have lived here for some time, and when I came in this evening I found such a nice note from her inviting me to dinner on New Year's. Miss Stoker had letters of introduction to her and has been there several times, so she is invited too, and also Miss Alexander. Countess Olga is dining with the Lindleys and I believe after dinner we are all to join forces, so I think it ought to be a very nice party. You have no idea how cold it is here. The thermometer is different from ours, so I have to go by the tips of my fingers and nose, which usually register away below zero. I don't think the temperature is actually lower than at home, but there is so little sun and no warmth in it that the cold certainly penetrates more. I don't believe I ever told you about our coats. They are very nice and warm, but cheap, heavy and hideous. ---

Having given up hope of our stores arriving this winter they have started to buy supplies here, and the Hospital except for the furnishings is ready. The grand opening they expected will be

very flat I'm afraid. Isn't it all disappointing ? The grand opening is one of the least reasons for being disappointed, although what I said did sound a bit that way. ---

We have been dancing in the evenings after dinner, and usually some of the doctors come in. They all think I'm a wonderful star at it, so needless to say no one is very good. One of the doctors, a Mr.Flavelle, is very keen and quite good. He is rather an old boy, but I believe in London he and his wife have some wonderful special ball room and a proff. to teach them the new steps. He is so anxious about it he does make me laugh - always wanting to know exactly what beat I hesitate on and things like that. Me who has no more idea than the man in the moon and improvise as I go along. ---

We hear so little war news - but things do look most awfully bad, don't they ? On Christmas Day we heard that Norway and Sweden had come in against us, and you can imagine what depressing news that was, but later in the evening we hesrd there was no truth in it. ---

(HERE TWO-THIRDS OF A PAGE OF THIS LETTER IS MISSING).

We loved the Ballet on Sunday night. Six of us were in our box. The house was full of people - lots of men in uniform, and they always have to stand between the acts out of courtesy to any of the Royalty whether they are present or not. Two soldiers always stand outside the Royal box with fixed bayonets. The opera house is lovely, and the stage is such a pretty proportion - very deep. The colourings, scenery and dresses were too wonderful - much more

so than anything I have ever seen, and the orchestra was so pretty, but as far as the actual danving went I certainly liked it better when I saw Pavlowa. ---

My very best love to you all, and I can't tell you what pleasure your cables gave me, and what a darling Myr was to send one too.

A huge hug for Baby Mary. ---

Petrograd,
New Year's Day
1916.

Darling Mother;

I hope that my cable reached you all safely to-day, and if you all loved it half as much as I did your's and Mary's then it would be very wonderful. I am always writing in a panic saying I have a chance to send a letter, but this time I really have, and so I am writing to Martha and am asking her to forward yours. I think in my last letter I told you all about our Christmas parties, and now will tell you of our New Year's ones. I was asked to such a nice dinner party at a Mrs.Bray's, and directly across the hall from her the Lindleys live (Ithink I told you about going there for lunch and how much I liked Mrs.L.) Last night I met Mr.L. and I think he is even nicer. They were also having a party, so afterwards we joined forces and had a dance. It was great fun, and there were lots of nice men there from the Embassy. Lady Sybil was also at the party. She sat on the host's right and I sat on his left. Next to me was a Mr.Greenways, a stepson of Col.Reade who used to be Com. at the R.M.C. This boy was only a kiddie then, but used to go out for his holidays and loved Kingston. All the girls and winter sports - he was keen about them all - and wanted to know if they had grown up fat or thin. Afterwards we went in and danced at the Lindley's, and at midnight had supper - vodka and caviar, truly Russian. We drank to 1916

in vodka, and I know you can guess who else I drank to. The caviar is scrumptious, but I truthfully can't say the same of the vodka - it is poison. Some people who were there motored us home, us being Countess Olga, Miss Stoker, Miss Alexander and myself. Did I tell you that I was invited to the Heron-Maxwells' one night for dinner. Sir Ivor H-M is an Englishman at the Embassy here. Well, the party did not come off, as the hostess suddenly developed German measles. Miss Stoker and I were going together and were in the midst of a scramble to dress when we got the message to say the party was off. ---

SUNDAY. - This morning Miss Stevenson and I went to Church and intended afterward to go to lunch in town, but found all the restaurants closed. The shops here close on Saturday afternoon about four and then open again on Sunday afternoon for a few hours. We wanted to have a nice long walk out somewhere or other, but had to content ourselves coming back here again. Afterwards we went for a walk, had tea, and then went to the service in the Greek Church - the Cazau - the one I told you about in one of my first letters that was so beautiful, I mean the Church not the letter. ---

Almost everyone is laid low with a bad cold, but I'm glad to say it has not attacked me. The Matron is the present victim, so I went in to pay her a little visit, then had a nice hot bath, and now am sitting on the edge of my bed writing to you. ---

Everything here now is beginning to look very Christmassy, as the Russian Christmas is on Friday - such fascinating toys and sweets in the shops. I just long to buy them for the kiddies. At the

markets which are all over the place they have Christmas trees for sale - dear little pine trees on a wooden base, and so neatly tied up with string. Easter is the great festival here though. Our Hospital looks awfully nice and is almost ready for us to get into, and I believe most of the supplies have been bought, so we should start work soon. It will be nice to have work again, though I must say and I suppose I shouldn't, that on the whole I am enjoying lifxe very much. ----

Anglo-Russian Hospital

Petrograd

January 25 1916.

Darling Mother;

This week I have had such a nice lot of letters, and I had been so keen to hear about your Christmas. I got your's, Mary's, one from Ross and this evening one from Chas. What a lovely Christmas you must all have had. ---

I don't think I have written to you since we have been going over to our hospital to work and get it ready for the patients, which they say we are to get on Tuesday. On Sunday afternoon it is to be blessed and officially opened. I believe only Russians are to be at that ceremony. We did expect both Empresses, but the Czarina apparently never goes anywhere, and a few weeks ago we heard she could not come. And then the Dowager Empress sent word to say she was ill, but would come and visit it as soon as she was better. The first few days we just worked in the linen room, unpacking stores as they arrived, and then on Sunday morning the Matron allotted our respective wards to us, which caused great excitement. I have been put in charge of the biggest ward. It probably is not the most important, but I like it the best, and will try to describe it. It was evidently once the ball room - a huge almost square room. The walls and ceiling are very elaborate white plaster, and a boarding has been put up about 5 feet all the way arounf the sides, otherwise it is just left as it was. It has a beautiful parquet floor, and on one side huge windows

Ward A.

Anglo-Russian Hospital, Petrograd.

looking into a court yard, but fortunately on the side that gets all the sun. On the other side are large mirrors, and at one end a small alcove, evidently used for the orchestra. This has been turned into a tiny chapel and the principle iecon hangs there with a reading desk below it and to one side a candle stand. The men will come there morning and evening, in fact all the time, to say their prayers. It is also to have a couple of large palms, so makes quite a "show ward" of the place. Apart from that it is nice to have the chapel there, and the different forms of devotion are most interesting to watch. There are about eight huge gold chandeliers, and as they had not been cleaned for seven years, when the Palace was last used for the marriage of some Princess, we had a great time cleaning them. There were hundreds of candles, little glass cups with electric bulbs, to wash - All around the walls in the plaster designs are vines with candles, and between all the windows and mirrors. It was a big bit of work, but amply repaid us. The room looks lovely with all the lights on. We are to have about 70 beds in there, and counting myself there are 3 Sisters and one V.A.D. We are to have Russian orderlies (I don't know how many) but you need several to make up for one real one. They take things so casually - are very willing but slow. They are called "Sanitars", and are usually men from convalescent hospitals. They are under the Russian Red Cross, so you see they are all soldiers. They wear khaki coloured uniforms, a loose blousy jacket belted in, on their shoulder straps a red cross, baggy trousers and huge black boots. Many of them have the black and orange

Ward C.

Anglo-Russian Hospital, Petrograd.

ribbon like Charlie's. So many of the soldiers here have at least 5 or 6 medals. I think they are even given when a man is severely wounded. ---

Lady Sybil was presented with a very handsome iecin the other day. It was made in the 17th Century and is to be hung in the Hospital, but id for her afterwards. It was given by several of the men of the Russian Red Cross who have been interested and working for our hospital. ---

Of course everyone has been awfully disappointed about our stores not arriving, and buying things here meant a lot of extra expense.

FEBRUARY 2. -- Our Hospital was really opened and blessed yesterday, so we are ready now to take in patients at any time, and hear rumours of getting some this week. All the hospitals in Petrograd have been empty because refugees flocked into the city and naturally the food supply became rather short - not because there is a shortage in Russia anywhere, but on account of the trouble they have in getting food here from other places on their poor railways, on which there is awful congestion. However wounded are being sent in again and the refugees sent to the country places. I must now tell you all about the opening. Splendid photographs were taken and are to appear in the papers, so look out for them. I suggested to Lady Sybil that she send a set to the papers in Canada, and I think she will. I always keep it well to the fore what a handsome gift Canada gave (Idon't mean myself, you know.) The Hospital looked lovely, and especially my ward, as the chapel is there. The ceremony was held in it at 2.30. We all assembled - the Sisters

D.P.C. RUSSIAN LETTERS. (Insert)

Anglo-Russian Hospital, Petrograd.

Bottom Row.

4-Mlle.Antikoff, 7-Miss Stoker V.A.D., 8-Miss Alexander V.A.D. 9-10-Russian Patients.

2nd Row.

2-Lady Georgina Buchanan, 3-The Princess Marie, 4-The Princess Olga, 5-Lady Muriel Paget, 6-The Empress of Russia, 7-Lady Sybil Grey, 8-The Princess Tatiana, 9-The Princess Anastasia, 10-Sir George Buchanan, British Ambassador, 11-Dr. Fleming, Commandant.

3rd Row.

1-Prince Rudzwill, 2-Col.Phenou, 3-Sister Wedderburn, 4-Mlle.Danzas, 8-Matron Irvine Robertson, 11-Sister Dorothy P.Cotton C.A.M.C., 15-Mr.Lindley of the British Embassy.

Formal Opening of the Anglo-Russian Hospital.

Tuesday, February 1st, 1916.

Bottom Row.

3-Sister Dorothy P.Cotton, representing Canada, 8-Miss Stoker, 6-Miss Alexander V.A.D., 11-Miss Stevenson V.A.D., 12-Countess Olga Poutiatine, Interpreter.

2nd Row.

1-Lady Sybil Grey, 3-The Dowager Empress, 4-Sir George Buchanan, 5-Lady Georgina Buchanan, 6-Mlle.Antikoff,

3rd Row.

3-Col.Phenou, 4-Sir Herbert Waterhouse, Chief Surgeon, 5-Col.Fleming, Commandant, 14-The Princess Tatiana, 10-The Princess Olga, 13-The Grand Duchess Cyril, 15-Miss Irvine Robertson, Matron, A.R.H., 17-Mlle.Danzas.

Opening the Anglo-Russian Hospital, Petrograd.

Tuesday, February 1st, 1916.

Central Group - Left to Right.

1-The Grand Duchess Cyril, 2-The Grand Duchess Pavlowa, 3-The Dowager Empress, 4-The Princess Tatiana, 5-The Princess Olga, 6-Miss Irvine Robertson, Matron, 7-Lady Sybil Grey.

all in white, the V.A.D's in dark blue dresses and white aprons with a red cross in the front of their bibs and white caps like ours. So you can imagine that my blue dress and apron quite stood out, and as I can claim no further honour in connection with it except keeping my buttons very shiny and filling it amply, I will tell you that it was very much admired by every one, the Empress and the two young Princesses included. The little choir boys and men were there from one of the churches, in their glad rags which I described to you before. Picture it all. About 50 of these choir boys with their little shaven heads, the doctors in khaki, the matron in her grey crepe de Chine with white cap, cuffs and collar, Lady Sybil exactly the same, all the uniforms from the British Embassy, The Russian Red Cross officials in their wonderful uniforms covered with medals and honours, the priests and the High Priest in his gorgeous robe of cloth of gold, and mitre thickly jewelled with diamonds and emeralds. You will see the wonderful candelabra in the photo, and with 750 electric lights all lighted you can imagine how brilliant it all looked. At 3 P.M. the Dowager Empress arrived, walked down the room alone followed by the two Princesses Olga and Tatiana - both dressed alike in plain terra cotta coloured suits with ermine toqqes with big white ospreys on one side, huge ermine muffs, soft white blouses rather open at the neck, black velvet bands around their throats, and diamond ear rings. One had a string of pearls, the other a diamond pendant - both perfect ducks, so bright and natural. I was presented to the Empress and she was very nice. She looked quite like Queen Alexandra. This must go, so I will finish in another.

1st Official Russian report -- Covering period November 2 1915 - January 31 1916.

The day for the departure of the Anglo-Russian Hospital had finally arrived, and on Tuesday, November 2 1915, the various members duly turned up at Marleybone Station, in time to catch the 10cA.M. train for Immingham. There were many people interested in the Hospital waiting to see us off and wish us "Bon Voyage". We reached Immingham about 4.30 P.M., and went straight on board the "Calypso", a small Wilson boat of 1,500 tons placed at our disposal by the Admiralty. We had plenty of time to settle down, as the boat did not leave till Thursday the 4th, for Archangel our port of destination in Russia. We had the ship to ourselves as we were a party of 37 altogether - 20 Sisters (including Matron and myself), 10 V.A.D's, 3 doctors and 4 orderlies. Five other members of the medical staff followed soon afterwards via Norway and Sweden. Dr.Fleming the Commandant (who has worked for several years in Rhodesia), Lady Sybil Grey (who is acting in the place of Lady Muriel Paget, the Hon.Sec) and Mr.Ian Malcolm representing the British Government, accompanied by Countess Olga Portiatine (one of the V.A.D's who acted as interpreter) had already been in Petrograd several weeks making arrangements with the Russian authorities for our arrival. ---
The Matron, Miss Irvine Robertson, has had a lot of war experience. She worked in Montenegro and Bulgaria for several months during the first Balkan War, and in Serbia only this year, 1915. Most of the Sisters and 3 of the V.A.D's have seen service in Flanders, France or Serbda. ---
We left Immingham on Nov.4th, and all that day and the next we slowly steamed up the English and Scottish Coasts, well within the three mile limit on account of the mine field outside. On Nov.7th we entered the Arctic Ocean - no ships to be seen, nothing but grey rolling seas and leaden sky, whilst the Northern Lights lit up the heavens at night. On Nov.11th we were told by the Captain that we were at our "Farthest North", as we were at latitude 74, with a temperature of 28f. It was practically dark all day as the sun rose at 11.20 A.M. and set at 12.40 P.M. What daylight there was was only subdued twilight. ---
Our first sight of land was on Nov.13th when we were informed that the low snow-covered coast stretching away on our right hand was Lapland. Next day we arrived at S . which consists merely of a signalling station (wireless), a light house and a few wooden Laphuts - with an open roadstead. Here we were met by four British Naval mine-sweepers whose duty it was to guide us through the mine field which extended from here to the entrance to the White Sea, a distance of nearly a hundred miles. They went ahead sweeping a passage clear for us, and every afternoon at dusk we anchored. The captains of two of the mine sweepers and some of their men came on board, and from them we learned that the British Admiralty

1st report. -(2)

patrolled that stretch of coast with 2 small cruisers and 8 mine-sweepers. Their life is very hard and dangerous, so we gave them a good meal, presented them with papers, magazines etc., and sent them away happy - as a good meal was a decided novelty. Our escort left us on the 3rd day, after entering the White Sea, at what was supposed to be the edge of the danger zone. Much excitment was therefore caused by our ship suddenly slowing down and giving four sharp blasts on the whistle shortly after they had left us. Three or four of the mine sweepers which had already disappeared into the mist returned in answer to our call. On asking what was the matter we were told that we had almost run into a floating mine which had been sighted by the lookout when only 40 yards away, right ahead in our track. We swerved sharply aside, and the mine floated past some 20 yards away. We gave the sweepers our information and continued on our course, and the last we heard of them as they vanished into the mist was several shots which they fired at the mine. ---

On Nov.18th we crossed the bar at the mouth of the Dwina River, which at this late time of year was frozen over. An ice-breaker had prepared the way for us and after several hours slow steaming we reached Archangel, which is some 26 miles up the River. The scenery on either side might have been in the Province of Quebec. Nearly the whole way up the low banks were covered with timber mills and stacks of timber piled up in readiness. Even the familiar little red brick office was there. Sleighs moved about in all directions and were very similar to ours, only in Russia the horses have a high arched collar over their heads made of wood, and fixed on to the points of the shafts. ---

We finally went alongside about midday, and shortly afterwards a Russian officer came on board to welcome us in the name of the Government. In the evening he invited Matron, another Sister and me to have dinner with him. He gave us a typical Russian dinner which like all their dinners was very lengthy. We remained in Archangel till the 21st. One evening a party of us went over a big Russian Red Cross Hospital which was crowded with patients, most of whom. with a few exceptions, were convalescent. Later on some of the men sang Russian songs, and one soldier put on his uniform especially for the occasion and danced. Another time we saw Peter the Great's hut, where he lived when he was in Archangel, and which he is supposed to have helped build. It is a log cabin with several rooms opening one out of the other, and has a fine view over the Dwina. To protect the hut from the weather it has been completely enclosed in a brick building. ---

On the evening of the 21st we said good-bye to the "Calypso" and left for Petrograd. We went on board a Canadian ice-breaker which took us two or three miles up the River to the railway station which is on the opposite side to the town. Whilst waiting for the train we saw a small party of German and Austrian prisoners under escort. We left on time about 7.30 P.M. and reached Petrograd in the early hours of Nov.24th - roughly a 56 hour railway journey, a distance of 800 miles. The first part of the journey as far as

1st report. - (3)

Mianbra (which we reached on the morning of the 22nd) was on the narrow guage. From there on we changed to the broad guage. Before very long the Russian authorities hope to have the broad guage completed the whole way to Archangel. The docks at Archangel were choked up with tons of material to the value of thousands of pounds, amongst which were motor cars in huge crates, all covered with snow, and awaiting their turn to be sent on to Petrograd, for being a single line the congestion is terrible. ---
We reached Petrograd at 4.15 A.M. on Nov.24th, and were met by Lady Sybil Grey and Dr.Fleming and one or two Russian officers, and were motored off to a big building which had once been a palace, called the Smolay Monastir, and one part of which is being used as a rest home for Russian Red Cross Sisters. On our arrival we were met by the Russian sisters at the top of the stairs, all grouped around their Matron who, after welcoming us, came forward and presented our Matron with a plain round cake in the centre of which was embedded a glass containing salt. We all later on took a piece of cake and a little salt to show we appreciated the kind welcome. We stayed there until the 27th, when we moved into our present quarters in the Vladimirskaya Prospect. ---
There is a small English hospital here run by Lady Georgina Buchanan and members of the British colony, which opened shortly after war was declared and which we were invited to see over one day. We have also been taken over one or two Russian hospitals, which was interesting as in many respects they differ from ours. The Russian "Tommy" is well looked after when ill or wounded. In Russia there are about 5,000 trained Civil Sisters, and for the period of the war they are supplemented by War Sisters. The Civil Sisters receive a two years training at the end of which time they have to pass an examination in general nursing. The training varies according to the grade of hospital - in some it is excellent, in others very indifferent. The War Sisters have been trained 2, 3 or 6 months. Owing to the Civil Sisters being sent to the front the hospitals in other places are chiefly staffed with War Sisters with one or two fully trained nurses to superintend. Red Cross Hospitals which have been opened since the war are buildings which have been converted, i.e. clubs, palaces etc. with long rooms and lofty ~~windows~~ ceilings. The beds are too closely placed according to our ideas, but the men all look clean and happy. One point the Russians insist upon and where they differ from us is that all dressings have to be done in a separate room especially set aside for that purpose. The Winter Palace, the Petrograd residence of the Czar, has had a part of it put aside for Red Cross work, i.e. rolling and making of field dressings and bandages, and here most of the Society ladies worked. We were asked if we would help, so every afternoon we went up and assisted. We also helped different people and clubs to,pack and send off Christmas bags containing sweets, tobacco, books etc. to the soldiers at the front. ---
One of the most interesting things we have seen since our arrival in Russia was a large Polish refugee camp at Gatchina, just outside of Petrograd. Here in a big wooden shed at the railway station,

1st report. - (4)

where in times of peace the Czar's train was kept, were housed some 1,000 refugees - men, women and children, from the neighbourhood of Dvinsk and Riga. One part was partitioned off for a dining room with wooden tables and trestles and earthen floor, whilst the remainder of the shed was used as living quarters. Each family had a space of 10 to 12 sqaure feet, with a raised wooden platform at one end on which they slept. There was no privacy, the only division between the families being ropes stretched from poles on which were hung blankets. The very poor people could not even afford this much and they had nothing to separate them from their neighbours. Altogether there were 500 families crowded into this very stuffy, unhealthy building, in which there were no windows that opened. We saw several sick people, one being an old man of 70 who was dying of consumption. He was lying fully dressed on his bed and was coughing continually. All he had beside him was an old tin tea pot with no lid, and a tin cup with a little milk. His wife had been killed, and a daughter looked after him and several young brothers and sisters. In another part we came across the dead body of a little girl of 4 years old, covered over with a big shawl and lying on top of a chest of drawers on which had been spread a dark coloured table cloth. At the head was a Crucifix and on either side two small candles. Beside her sat a boy of 10 or 12 years (her brother) who was keeping watch whilst the mother was away trying to get money with which to pay the funeral expenses. The child had died of measles. We also saw the body of a little boy waiting for burial. Nearby a girl of 12 was dying. Some of these refugees had been people of means before the Germans drove them out of their homes, and now they are penniless with no future before them. We accompanied a Miss Violetta Thurstan who had been sent out to England to enquire into the condition of the Polish refugees. With us went one or two English ladies who live here, and we distributed little bags containing sweets, toys and other small articles to each woman and child.
On January 18 1916 we started working in our own Hospital at the Dmitri Palace, once the residence of the Grand Duke Serge. It is a large building with two beautiful big wards and four smaller ones, accomodating altogether 200 beds. I have been put in charge of the largest ward of 70 beds, with three Sisters and a V.A.D. to assist. The ward is about 112 x 70 feet with large windows down one side, and at one end is a small chapel where the opening ceremony is to take place, as the Hospital must be blessed before patients can be received. Each ward has an ikon placed high up in the corner of the room, and a small one is hung over each man's bed. ---
At the opening ceremony which is to take place on Tuesday, Feb.1st, the Dowager Empress is expected with two of the young Princesses and the Grand Duchess Serge, widow of the Grand Duke Serge the Czar's uncle, accompanied by several Russian Red Cross officials. Patients are expected the following week.

Anglo-Russian Hospital.

Petrograd, February 28 '16.

Darling Mother;

This letter is going in the Embassy bag. I love getting Elsie's through the Embassy, they seem to come much quicker and more regularly, but what I did love was the one Mr.Walpole brought. I am sure ~~they~~ I will love the dress when it arrives, and they were dears to go to so much trouble for me, and I can just imagine what an interest you took in it. To-day I got the post office order from Els which she said Ross sent me. What a darling he is - losing on the exchange it dwindled to 47 roubles. I so often see things I want to bring you all home, especially the boys and the kiddies. I would love to bring each one of them a Russian costume for Fancy Dress, and for the men there are such fascinating cigarette boxes and things like that. Any old Russian can make such wonderful things with a knife and a piece of wood. ---

I have not written to you since our patients arrived, but will write you a long letter now with all the details, because I remember them all for you and love writing, but really lately I have not been feeling a bit fit - nothing at all - lack of fresh air, and the funny food. However I really feel ever so much better. The first convoy was one of 50 patients, about half of them old medical cases. They were distributed among the different wards to get everything in running order. At first it all seemed chaos, but has all settled down now. I don't know if I ever

told you about the dressing room that we have here. It is a thing that had to be promised to the Russian authorities, as they always do it - and a jolly good thing too. There are no dressings done on the ward. We each bring our cases in there every day. The next convoy came in two days, so there was quite a flurry. Some of them were quite badly wounded and fairly recently, but all had been in hospital before. They are nice patients, patient and long suffering, but have no stamina like our men to stand acute pain, and they make an awful fuss. It is a case of dumb crambo with me, I am afraid, but we all get on famously and have lots of fun. Everything is taken in a most free and easy manner here, and visitors flock in at all hours, usually Princesses in Red Cross unifurms. They are as common as dandelions in England. One, a Princess Redziville came this morning. She is lovely, was a Miss Deacon - a noted American, had a fling with the German Crown Prince once upon a time. She has a Field Hospital and came to see us, hoping to get some pointers from us. Another Princess Redziville is coming to-morrow as a V.A.D. on our ward. ---

Did you receive a photograph I sent you taken the day of our opening ? I am sending a couple to the Matron-in-Chief by this mail so if your's never arrived go into her office some day whan you are in London and see her's. ---

We hear rumours of very heavy fighting in France. At present Dr. Fleming is at the Russian front arranging about a Field Hospital for us. We are all anxiously waiting for his arrival home again, because it will decide the fate of so many, whether they will stay

or not, as the six months are nearly up. I feel it would be a mistake not to stay, in case anything should turn up, and to work in the field would be such a wonderful experience. We hear vague rumours that we might be sent either to Riga or the Caucasus. --- Last night Lady Sybil asked Ena and myself to go to the Ballet. We were all so thrilled with the idea of it. Mr.Brooks and Mr. Hugh Walpole (the author) were the party. We arrived at the Opera to find out that the box was booked for the wrong night, and there was absolutely no other seat available. However we went across the road to the Opera House and saw such a charming little Russian opera - the scene laid in Petrograd in Catherine II's time. --- One day Miss Stevenson and I went out by train to Tsarkoe Selo where the Czar lives in the winter, in fact most of the time. It was a lovely day and the country was awfully prétty. We went for a long drive, and over the Palace where Catherine II lived. It is wonderful, and some time I will have to tell you about it. --- We are expecting another small convoy in to-morrow. I am sure in the Spring we will be awfully busy. Really these days we do very little but our work. We don't come off duty until eight o'clock, and then have dinner, so you see it makes it late by the time we're through. ---

Wasn't it too dreadful about the Parliament Buildings ? Do write me about it. And what a horrible idea to think of Pinehurst being broken into. My very best love, and I do hope you are keeping well. How I wish I could be with you this evening, ---

2nd Official Russian report. -- covering month of February 1916.

On Tuesday, February 1st the Anglo-Russian Hospital was formally opened by the Dowager Empress Maria Feodorovna, with whom were the two young Princesses Olga and Tatiana, the Czar's two elder daughters. They were accompanied by the Grand Duchess Cyril (nee Princess Victoria, daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh) and the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlowa, and a large number of officers and officials in full uniform.
My ward was chosen for the religious ceremony on account of the little chapel at one end. The Medical and Nursing Staff were drawn up at one side facing the Empress. On our left were the priests and Choir, and on our right all the officers and officials ranged in line one behind the other stretching from wall to wall, a gallant array all in their different coloured uniforms and numerous orders and medals.
The Service lasted about half an hour, at the end of which time we all left and took up our places in our respective wards so as to be in readiness for the Empress when she made her tour of inspection, preceded by the Priests who, as they passed, blessed every room and its occupants with Holy Water. Tea was then served, and shortly afterwards the Empress left. The opening ceremony was altogether a most successful and brilliant function.
The first convoy of patients arrived on Feb.4th, and since then we have had several new relays of wounded with a total altogether of about 150.
In my ward there are 30 men, some of whom are seriously wounded. Most of the patients we have received have come from the direction of Dvinsk and Riga. Amongst the number one small soldier,was aged 15 years, at least that is the age he gives us although he does not look a day over 12. I believe they are used in the army as scouts. Both his hands were badly wounded by a German bomb, and one of them the doctors are afraid will not be able to be saved. The others are principally shrapnel wounds and are very septic. When the men come in to the hospital their general condition is not as good as that of our own Tommies. However in the three weeks they have been in they have all improved wonderfully.
The "Bandage Room", which I spoke of in my previous report, has proved a great success and is very popular with the English doctors and sisters. It keeps the wards and patients' beds so much cleaner and fresher, and dressings can be more satisfactorily done.
One day last week the Czar sent some Balilika players about to the different hospitals in Petrograd, and ours was the first one visited. Although the concert was for the patients I think the staff enjoyed it equally as much. It was all such a novelty to us. The band consisted of picked men from the different Guards Regiments, and they were very smart. Two of the soldiers danced delightfully, and then all sang peasant songs in parts, as the soldiers do here when on the march. The Balilika is an instrument very like a mandolin and is quite a feature of the Russian Army.
Dr.Fleming, the Commandant, has just returned from the Russian front

in the direction of Dvinsk, where he went to see a Russian Field Hospital. We still have no word of our stores which are supposed to be ice bound at Archangel.
This report brings the work up to the end of February.

At the Opening of the Anglo-Russian Hospital, Petrograd.

Tuesday, February 1st, 1916.

The Royal Party on the Main Staircase.

Anglo-Russian Hospital, Petrograd.

Mixed Nationalities.

Left to Right: - An English Tommy (Armoured Motor Cars), a Welsh Sister, two Khergis patients, a British sailor and a Canadian Sister (Miss Cotton).

Anglo-Russian Hospital

Petrograd,

March 4 1916.

Darling Mother;

It is such a long time since I have written a nice long letter, and I know whatbthat means - that you have all been watching the mails and disappointed at not getting a letter from me. ---

In my last long letter I was in the midst of telling you of the opening ceremony of the Hospital, and as I was stopped very abruptly I think I will go back to that time and tell you of it. I hope before you get this letter you will have received some photographs I sent you, one of a group and the other the ward I have charge of. Countess Olga's sister was going to England and she took them for me. We were all charmed with the two little Princesses, they were dressed so smartly and seemed very much alive and full of fun - but had very little to say to anyone. The ceremony was quite impressive, but really we have since had so many services in the ward that I am more than fed up - especially when you are busy and everything has to stop. Every Saturday afternoon, being the day before Sunday, is kept as a holiday. The shops all close from 1 till 4 and then close again at 8, and on the Sunday they almost all open from 4 to 8 again. The day of the opening the Royalties stayed and had tea after going in a procession with the Priests from room to room - one

priest sprinkling holy oil on every person and each ward. The oil is in a sort of deep elaborate gold bowl and they sprinkle with a little whisk that looks like a glorified sink brush. The V.A.D's and the Sisters all waited on the people at tea, and of course while they were having theirs' hardly anyone was allowed in the room, and no one sat down except about two people who they invited to. Afterwards we formed in a line on either side of the staircase as they were leaving. You will probably see a picture of that as I believe it came out in one of the English papers. Don't look for me because I was much too highly entertained upstairs taking everyone in and tucking into tea and cakes. I got Lady Sybil to send a set of the pictures to one of the Canadian papers. As a matter of fact she sent them to Mr.Sladen to show to the Duke and then send to a paper. I thought it was a good stroke of business, because I knew everyone would be interested. The next day from 2 - 6 the people of the English colony here were invited to come to see the Hospital, and such a collection came. English maids, governesses, and a great many respectable people like the B's of Almonte, then a smattering of a few nice mistresses who came later, evidently when their maids had returned. We all stood on our posts of dyty and pointed out the empty beds and such sights, and people positively crowded around my brass buttons.

About a week later we got our first convoy in - 50 patients. That day Miss Stevenson and I went out to the country for the day. We left at 10.30 A.M. for Scarko Selo (I am not sure how to spell it,

but it is where the Royal Family usually live). There are two Palaces there, the one where the present Czar lives, and the old one principally built and furnished in Catherine II's time, the lower floor of which has been turned into the Czarina's hospital and where we have heard of her and the Princesses working. We went over their Palace - it is rather a favour to be allowed to, and during the war no one is allowed, and at other times all sorts of letters and passports must be produced. However our nerve and being English Red Cross Sisters seemed to work wonders, especially when a couple of roubles were added to all that. It was really wonderful - too gay and gorgeous to wish to live in. In one room the woodwork and floors are all inlaid with mother-of-pearl, in another with amber, and another with lapis-lazuli. The ball room is lovely and has a most extraordinary echo. Then there is a picture gallery, and in other rooms most beautiful paintings of events in Russian history. We went for a long drive - saw lots of soldiers and interesting looking people - had dinner at the station, and got home about 5 o'clock. We then heard about the convoy which was to arrive at 5.30, so we hurried over, but the first ones did not get in till 8. None of these cases were very bad, but as always with the first ones there was quite a confusion. Then the next day another 25 or 30 quite bad cases came in. So far all our patients have been from about Riga and Dvinsk. I think I told you of our little boy of about 12 years old who had both his hands badly shattered with a bomb explosion. We are afraid that he will have to lose one, but the other is doing quite well.

From each bandaged fist he has his third and little fingers free, and it is wonderful all he can do with them. So many of the men have medals, and usually pin them on the bosom of their night shirts. On the whole they are awfully nice patients - long suffering and patient - but they don't stand real pain like an English Tommy, and it may be rather narrow of me, but I must say I am dying to be where people can understand what I say. My flow of Russian is very scanty, "very well", well, or not well, thank you, if you please, how much, and,oh a great deal too much, is the extent of it. But it is marvellous how I get on, specially as Miss Stevenson and I are always together and she hardly knows as much. ---

The other night Lady Sybil asked Ena and myself to the Ballet. We started off gaily, but some mistake had been made and we arrived on the wrong night. Other people were in the box, so as it was impossible to get another seat in the house we went across to the Opera House and heard a dear little Russian Opera. Mr.Walpole was also with us. He has come out in hopes of our having a Field Hospital and if so of coming as an orderly. He was here before doing Red Cross work, and spaaks a little Russian. In the mean time he is taking lessons and studying hard. First of all he came out as a war correspondent, but said he was no good at the job. He seemed very nice and I could quite imagine him writing the "Golden Scarecrow". He was the one who started with my dress, but unfortunately it has been waylaid in Sweden, so heaven knows when I will see it. Lady Sybil is so nice - most tactful about the Hospital - and has

a lot of work to do. She is also very popular here with the Russian people she comes in contact with. She has two rooms down stairs now and her own little maid (Russian) so is quite comfy. You know even when these Palaces are not lived in, a weird staff of servants always seems to keep them going. ---

I had such a nice letter from Ross yesterday, and from Chas. about a week ago. I am ashamed I write so few letters, but will you send this on to them. ---

This week before Lent is a holiday week, and all the sleighs are gaily decorated. A great many of the Finns come in from the country and we see them driving about in their funny little sleighs, the reins and the "duga" decorated with different coloured paper ribboms, and bunches of these colours in the driver's hat. The whole family seems to be in the sleigh, apparently enjoyinh themselves. All this week (instead of for one day, as we do) they have pancakes, enormous things eaten with whipped cream and caviar. Lady S. said she was out for dinner last night and that they had them for a hors d'oeuvre, and that everyone ate about 15 ! !

I don't know what happens in Lent - I can't imagine them fasting - but Easter is <u>the</u> holiday, everyone kissing everyone three times first on one cheek then on the other, and apparently back again. They eat <u>steadily</u> then for a whole week. ---

About the end of my six months. I am not sure what is going to happen, but the way I feel about it is that so far so little has happened that when the Matron asked me if I would care to stay I said "Yes", so she wrote to Miss Mac about it, and I am now waiting

for a reply. ---

I did not tell you about a Balalika concert in our ward last Thursday - 60 men in all - picked from the Guards, the Czar's regiment. They were splendid, and so smart. 30 of them played the instruments which are really rather sweet - sort of mandolins - and the others sang, and two danced beautifully. We crowded the place with patients and they all loved it. I remarked to Col.Phenou that I would like one of their belt buckles, so he called one forward and it was ripped off, so I presented him with one of my buttons. Col.P. was so tickled he asked me to give one also to the soldier who danced. It was rather an embarrassing performance, but I did manage it.

Petrograd,

April 5 1916.

Darling Mother;

I received your letter and Elsie's with enclosures this afternoon, dated March 22nd. Coming through the Consulate they come so much quicker, and it is so funny I still receive old letters addressed to the Bank. Only yesterday I had one from you written from Canterbury. It was so heavily censored I could hardly make any sense out of it - pieces cut right off. I think they must have censored the news of before William the Conqueror. My last letter which you said you received so quickly was one that a young officer who was here with the armoured motor cars took back. He was here for a couple of months with no work to do, and then went back to England. Miss Stoker met him and it was through her that I had my letter sent. I was so glad it arrived quickly, because it was foolish of me to say in a previous one that I was not feeling well, because I knew by the time you received it I would be feeling all right again. I took a tonic and it worked wonders. ---

THURSDAY 13th. - After our six months we are only obliged to stay here from month to month, so I am staying an extra month at all events to see what happens, as I would hate to miss the chance of the field work. I think that the best plan. On the whole the Hospital has not been awfully busy, but I have been kept constantly busy ever since we started on the ward through Sisters being sick and off duty and that sort of thing. We don't get off

duty until 8 o'clock, and that always means 8.30 at least by the time we get here (the club) and after that we have dinner, a bath, and tumble into bed. That is my limp excuse for not writing oftener. ---

Now about Charlie's star. What an excellent sketch. It fell out of your letter on the ward one day, so I showed it to the men and got the little Russian Sister to tell them about it. They were most awfully interested. The no.127316 is just the registered no. He will get some pension each year, or rather I should call it a grant of money. The Russian soldiers do, so I should think he would, but I will ask some one who knows. It (the Cross) is always given for valour on the field, or if a man is very badly wounded, as a compensation, as apparently they have no Patriotic Fund like ours. Here you see a great many wounded men on the street with the cross. The sum of money is not very magnificent, a few roubles a year I think. The two letters in the centre are the Russian S and G for St.George. The Russian alphabet has no S, but C is pronounced like S. The writing at the bottom of the cross means 4th class. St.George is the patron saint here for bravery and you see him all over the place, also he is about the most popular one on ikons. ---

I have decided to go to Moscow. When the others talked of it I never thought I would, but Miss Stevenson and I with some engineering put in for leave after Easter - only 3 days I think - and then worked Lady Sybil up to finding out from the Russian authorities if they would reduce the railway fare for us - and they are giving

us a free pass ! Easter here of course is two weeks later than yours, so it will be in about three weeks time. ---
I hear another Canadian Sister is to be sent out here. The way I heard was through the Matron. Lady Sybil had a letter from her mother who had been to see Miss MacDonald about something, and in speaking of this Hospital and me, Miss M. suggested that if they wanted another nurse probably the C.A.M.C. would allow another to come, so the Matron said she was writing to accept the offer, but whether it has been decided officially or not, I do not know. As there is a Field Hospital definitely promised now, and as the Matron has said she would send me amongst the first, I have decided to stay, otherwise I would have gone home at the end of my 6 months. There are two positions for the hospital, one in the south somewhere, that means the Caucasus, and the other near Dvinsk or Riga. If the latter we will change sisters every 6 weeks, if the former, owing to the greater distance, every 3 months. The Matron has promised that she will let me know definitely as soon as she can, and as they expect to start in about 5 weeks the Russian authorities should let them know in about 3 weeks. ---
We have real Spring weather at last, slush and sunshine, and very soon will have what they call the "white nights", but will have to tell you about those when they come. As I have not written to you for over two weeks now I will have to tell you a lot of back news. Was so glad Miss Mac liked my report. Thanks so much for sending me the letter she sent to you. ---

I had a letter from Aunt Addie to-day telling me about her friend who came out, and it was so unfortunate about that because it was my half day and I was in the country and did not get in until late at night, and so did not get the note till the following morning. However she called at the Hospital with another friend and one of the Sisters showed them about the place. ---
Lady Sybil has been such a dear about everything, and especially about our trip to Moscow. She gave me papers sent to her about the Parliament Buildings, and the other day some ripping postcards-photographs which her father sent her. Mary Peck has also been a dear about sending me Canadian papers, and I do love getting them. We got another convoy of wounded in last night, but only 22 cases in all - four in our ward, and none very serious. The convoy before that however was large, and heavy cases. Last Tuesday there was a concert in the ward in the evening, and as well as the singing it was a lovely sight - so Russian - a Church choir of about 32 men and a conductor, but no accompaniment. The choir stood in the alcove where the ikon is, and we pushed the beds all back and put stools and chairs in the centre for the men from other wards who could come. There were a few outsiders - the chefs of the place with their white caps and aprons, the different sanitars some with huge bushy beards, the hall porter who lives in the place, his wife with a shawl tied over her head, a baby in her arms and two hanging on to her skirt, then the Russian sisters and our own uniforms. The choir themselves were a sight. All had long hair of course and wonderful robes (not as wonderful as the

priests' are though), and the singing was wonderful. ---
On my last half day Miss Stevenson and I went out to Peterhoff again and went for a drive. The last time we were there we only walked, so did not see much. Evidently it is a sort of garrison town as it is always full of soldiers drilling. We saw some at rifle practice, another squad learning to salute, bayonet charging, and others marching and singing. There is a lovely palace there and the chief attraction of the place are the grounds and fountains, which of course now are all covered up. The palace is built up very high on a hill, and has a long vista in front of it cut right down to the sea. We drove down to the sea and tried to look over to England. They say on clear days you can see Kronstadt. The fresh air did us worlds of good. We came back on a 4.30 train and had a "tea-dinner" at the Europe Hotel. This week on my half day we are going to do some shopping, because Miss Bates who has been the Assistant Matron here is going home on the 26th, and as she lives near Folkestone said she would take anything for me and would go and see you one day. ---
Easter here is more of a holiday and present giving time than Christmas, so the shops are full of things, and everything has a tiny egg tied on to it, either enamel if good, or china. On several of the streets they have sort of open air bazaars with little wooden shanties run up for stalls. The chief thing they sell is pussy willow, and on to a branch of that they have tied most wonderful coloured artificial flowers, or little stuffed birds, pigs, balloons, rubber faces, and all sorts of things that one buys at a fair - only more so. But the crowds are wonderful, and now that

the warmer weather is coming the colours are so,much brighter. The peasant men all wear the brightest coloured cotton shirts that button right up one side - no collar, just the straight band with two buttons at the side. Several of these have appeared, and also the carriages have come out and the coachmen's attire is changing. They are still wearing their big coats, but most have changed their fur caps, and have either very dressy velvet ones that look like a bishop's mitre, or such a quaint shaped beaver hat. ---

12, Vladimiriskaya Ulitza
Petrograd,
June 10 1916.

My Darling Mother;

Being off duty in preparation for leaving to-night for the field to-night, I am sitting up in bed like a perfect lady, having polished off breakfast - strawberry jam, tea and a roll, to say nothing of a bunch of radishes which I sent one of the night sisters out to buy, wanting something in the fresh vegetable line to celebrate with, and do you know what a silly old thing I was - the freah bread and radishes reminded me so much of home and how much darling Dad used to love them that I cried like a baby. ---

Since starting to write this letter one has been brought in to me from Kathleen - such a nice long newsy one, and yesterday I had one from Alex which I have already read about ten times. I have had two from Els lately and one from Ross, but for a long time awfully few letters hace been coming through. ---

I left the ward yesterday, and although I was dying to get away, felt quite badly leaving my men. They were all very grateful (I don't mean because I was leaving) and I felt quite like the Czarina having my hand kissed. After many delays I really think we are off to-night at ten o'clock. I am taking my kit bag and suit case. It is perfectly splendid how well my clothes have hung together. I am leaving my trunk all packed and Miss Stevenson is moving into my cubicle. When I come back I am hoping to have two weeks leave

when the two of us will go to some little place in Finland - which is dirt cheap - bask in the open air and sun, perhaps have bathing, and then go home. Of course you will hear from me again, but I can never tell my plans ahead, so will always cable to you when I start. I have made no definite arrangements yet as I have not heard from Miss MacDonald. The news about Lord Kitchener was the most awful shock, and coming on top of the Naval battle (which of course we must count as a victory) but first of all we heard the wildest rumours which were supposed to be official. Then yesterday morning "Madam" one of the Russian V.A.D's brought us news that the Canadians had regained 600 yards of trenches from the Germans. Out here it does seem far away and cut off, and I dread to think what I might hear. ---

Jutland

Sanctuary Wood

We had very cold weather until last ~~night~~ week, and now a regular hot spell is on, and the smell and stuffiness of this town is awful, and in every way I am mighty lucky to be going to the country. Miss Stevenson and I usually spend our half days in the country. We bring a spirit lamp, eggs, tea and bread, and thoroughly enjoy ourselves. Last week we went to a tiny place right on the border of Finland. There was a sentry and a tiny office right in the centre of the road and everyone passing has to produce their passports. It seemed so funny in that quiet little country place. Not having ours with us we did not pass, but crossed some sand dunes and discovered a little river where we had tea - then walked across the sand and were very near the sea. It was then about 8 o'clock and the sun was just beginning to set.

So many optimists have and are still beginning to count this as the beginning of the end of the war. I only do hope it is a last kick, but the fighting still seems awfully hard. ---
I can't remember if I wrote to you since the service we had for the Blessing of the Field Hospital. It was such a pretty sight, and really quite unique. I will send you photographs of it - of the Priests and choir boys under the trees. ---
Two such nice Sisters came out with this lastx lot - really English, but having worked in New Zealand for four years are representing N.Z. here. They both came to Ward A. and it has been jolly nice for me because in every way they have been quite the nicest here. Most of the others are cats and to tell you the truth I never came across a more catty or narrow minded lot of females. But it has not mattered to me. I have had Miss Stevenson , and there are others of different clay. Miss Stoker is an amusing kiddie - she is going home next month. ---
Fancy forgetting my important piece of news. One night last week a very minute parcel arrived at my door - about 11.30. It was the evening dress and petty which of course I immediately donned over my nightie - such a duck of a dress. Thank Els. so much for the cap. I was delighted to get it because the laundry here has been too awful and has played havoc with mine. I shall try and keep it for party occasions, but you know what I am, and after you get this letter if you have not already sent me my other things, please do not do so. ---
With all my love, Mother darling, and hoping you are keeping well.

Somewhere in Russia,

June 1st (Russian date)

Darling Mother;

Such a glorious day after two rather cold and rainy ones - the sky is so blue and full of sunshine and lovely white billowy clouds. ---

We left Petrograd at midnight, Saturday, and this is Thursday. We have not arrived at our destination yet, but expect to leave this place and go by a small railway at six this evening and arrive at 10 P.M., which in this country will probably mean that we leave at 8 and arrive at midnight. We had our own train of 41 cars in all, and have been living in the train on a siding here now for three days. Our departure was uneventful. We left from a station about five versts (a verst being a little over 3/5ths of a mile) out of Petrograd. Russian Red Cross motor cars brought us out, so several of the Sisters and some of the V.A.D's came out with us. Two Sisters and myself have a compartment between us, and as they really accomodate four, we are quite comfy. It has been most peaceful amd quiet, which I have thoroughly enjoyed, and have had time for a nice long read. I have amused myself by reading "Anna Karenina" which I enjoyed tremendously - such a true account of Russian life. Do read it some time. The scenery at first was flat and uninteresting, but as we got further on it became more undulating and more pastoral, and we passed some tiny villages. The peasants to me are all so quaint and fascinating, with their gay

With the Anglo-Russian Field Hospital.

A Picnic in the Woods.

Near Vilna - June 1916.

petticoats and kerchiefs over their heads. The men all wear light or very bright coloured double breasted blouses with gay hand embroidery around the neck, down the opening at the side, and around the bottom. Some are quite elaborate cross-stitch patterns. Then they wear high boots, or else what is very common - bare feet. Then as we came further still we saw encampments, Red Cross tents, and many Austrian prisoners. I don't think any of these have been taken recently - they have all been here some time. We also saw wire entanglements and trenches, guarded, but not occupied. These have become quite a common sight now. The first night we arrived the horses were taken out - about 84 of the dearest little Siberian ponies. They behaved awfully well, but loved rolling around in the sand, and I can assure you broke free whenever they got the chance. One of the Sanitars was kicked in the chest, so that was the first excitement. He had to be carried back to the train, and I stayed with him until he came around. It fortunately proved nothing serious, but we have to leave him at a hospital for a few days. ---

The party consists of 4 English Sisters (including myself), 2 Russian V.A.D's, the Matron, Lady Sybil, a Russian Sister (who looks after the housekeeping end of it all), 3 English doctors, a dentist, 4 Russian Red Cross officials, 107 horses, and 115 sanitars. Last night in the pouring rain and over the most dreadful roads you could possibly see, our waggons, men and horses started off. They expect to take at least two days to do it. ---

The day before I left, in fact after I was all packed up, your

parcels arrived by Miss Bewick, the latest V.A.D. who came out from England. They were just exactly what I wanted, so what more can I say. I also got a Christmas present from the men on the Medical Board of the R.V.H. I can't tell you how touched I was, and terribly proud of it, because I am sure they must have sent exactly the same to every one of us on active service. A beautiful Jaegar jersey was the principal thing, some cashmere stockings, a flash light, new batteries, powder, and a couple of awfully nice books. ---

From now on, Mother darling, it will be hard to let you know my plans, but we are supposed to be here for six weeks, and after that if all is well Miss Stevenson and I are still planning for a two weeks holiday in Finland - and then home. ---

I heard of the fighting in France before I left, and have really been able to think of nothing else since. Apparently the Russian papers had news of the Canadians' gallantry and splendid fighting, but it may all mean so much more to us. ---

I am sending this letter to go via the Embassy, but first of all it has to go to Petrograd to Miss Stevenson. ---

P.S. - Lady Sybil is such a dear to have with us, and I really can't speak highly enough of the work she has done here under some rather trying conditions. One of perhaps the smallest but very important parts is her tact and popularity among the Sisters. Since starting this letter we have been up and had lunch at a hospital here. The mess was in a large tent - numerous Russian sisters and doctors. It is all in huts and apparently in a rather

unfinished condition. ---

I also had such a nice long letter from Alex a few days before leaving, so you can imagine how that pleased me. Give Myr my very best please. Have any of you seen Martha lately ? ---

3rd Official Russian report. - Covering period March 1 1916 to June 29 1916.

May 26 1916.

Since my last report of Feb. nothing much has occurred except the arrival of numerous convoys which came in from time to time, keeping the Hospital well up to its full capacity.
There is rather an interesting custom here on the departure of those men who have been discharged from hospital. Each one is given a present for himself, consisting usually of a suit of clothes and a bright coloured shirt called a rubasite, as well as soap, cigarettes, nuts, and the inevitable sun flower seeds which in this country take the place of peanuts. If he is a married man he gets as well an outfit for his wife, and some article of clothing for each child. These are presented to our patients by the British Colony in Petrograd. ---
One or two of the most interesting cases have been, first that of a man whomhad a glancing shrapnel wound across the chest about 4½ inches long, which at one place exposed the chest wall so that the heart could be plainly seen pulsating. He was discharged at the end of two months, no complications having set in, and his wound was well healed. The second case was that of a young boy of twenty who was admitted about two days afterr being wounded, with a bullet wound in his head and a shrapnel wound in his leg just below the popliteal space. He was brought at once to the operating room where they examined his head. It was presumably a bullet wound with an entrance and exit, the entrance about 1" above the outside corner of the right eye, and the exit 2½" further back and slightly to the left. They probed and found nothing but loose bone. A great portion of the skull surrounding the wounds was cracked in large pieces which could be easily moved with the forceps. The wounds remained wonderfully clean, but developed into a double hernia. The hernia of the lower wound protruded more than that of the upper one. His condition remained fairly good. The first few days he lay in a drowsy state, and when spoken to seemed dazed, taking a long time to reply, but his appetite all along remained good. His head wounds were dressed with moist Eusol dressings, and occasionally with absolute alcohol. Shortly after hid admission the leg wound began to discharge pus. He was operated on under general anaesthetic, and a small piece of shrapnel removed, one large tube being inserted. His condition improved, and his most marked symptom remained slowness of speech. In about a month he begah to run a temperatureagain. His wounds showed no cause for this, but he complained of pain over the right mastoid region. They did a radical mastoid and the operation was most successful. His recovery from this on was slow, but very satisfactory, and before I left on June 10th he was sitting up in bed and gaining strength every day.
As Easter is the greatest festival of the year in Russia, it might

3rd report. - (2)

be of interest to know how the day was spent in our Hospital. On the eve of Palm Sunday a service was held in the Palace chapel to bless the palms which the men were to carry next day. Bundles of it were later tied over the heads of the beds of those patients who were unable to get up, and in the centre of each was a bright yellow candle which they carried back lighted to the wards, making a very picturesque scene. The "palms" used here are what are known to us as "Pussy-willows".
During Holy Week most of the patients fasted very strictly and special diets had to be sent up from the kitchen.
At the end of the service held in the chapel on Good Friday, a large painted cover of a sarcophagus on which was portrayed the figure of Christ, was carried around the wards by four officers, preceded by the Priests who sprinkled Holy Water on the patients. The men fell in behind, each carrying a lighted candle.
The Easter eve service began about 11.30 at night, and at midnight the church bells all over the city began to ring. Greetings were exchanged, and after the Russian custom they kissed each other 3 times on each cheek. A large supper had been prepared for the men in the patients' dining room, the food previously having been blessed by the Priests. The Pascal Food consisting of large plain cakes, decorated on the top with coloured paper flowers, and a kind of cream cheese in the shape of a 3 sided pyramid, on which was stamped the Lamb and the letters X.C., which stand for "Christ is Risen". The patients did not go to bed until the early hours of the morning with the result that several of them were hors de combat for the next few days.
On Easter morning the patients each received from the Hospital a small bag containing one or two small presents and a china Easter egg.
Before a patient can be discharged he has to go before a Commission which sits about every ten days at the Hospital, and is composed of Russian Military and Red Cross officials and the resident doctor, whose only work is to translate the case reports and other office work of the same nature. The Hospital is represented by the Senior Surgeon. No man is passed by the Commission unless he is unfit for further duty or else can return to duty within six weeks. With the exception of a few Convalescent Homes all convalescent patients have to remain in their hospital until ready for discharge. This Commission also decides on the amount of the pension received by those soldiers who have been rendered unfit for further service. The amounts received are absurdly small, and vary according to the nature of the wound. The pensions seem small to us, but to the average Russian soldier, who has been getting 75k a month, it seems quite a fortune. During the summer months the Government have been sending convalescent patients from all the hospitals to the country to till the fields, as many as possible to their own homes. These patients are not discharged, but are men whom the doctors can promise will be passed for future service by the first Commission on their return after finishing their work. ---

3rd report. - (3)

On the first Sunday in June a blessing ceremony was held by the Greek Church for the first unit of the A.R.H. to leave for the field. The service was held outside, in the grounds belonging to the Corps de Page School. The priests in their gorgeous robes, and the choir, were grouped under some trees on slightly rising ground, whilst on one side were lined up the small two wheeled ambulances,(each drawn by two sturdy Siberian ponies) and the supply carts. These carts were painted a khaki colour with the A.R. shield in colours on the sides. Two sanitars stood at the head of each cart, whilst the remainder of them stood facing the priests. The British Ambassador and the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlowa were present at the ceremony, also Madame Sazinoff and several other well known Russians.
The service consisted of blessing the personnel, and presenting an ikon which was to accompany the Field Hospital. Afterwards in procession the Priests sprinkled Holy Water, and blessed all the Sahitars, horses and carts.
A special service in the English Church was also held before we left.
On Saturday evening, the 10th of June, after many delays, the Field Hospital left Petrograd for an unknown destination in the direction of Polock, a town south of Dvinsk. We had a special train made up of 41 coaches, of which 2 were first class cars for the personnel, one third class for the head Sanitars, whilst the rest of the train was given over to horse boxes, and trucks on which was the F.H. equipment and Red Cross Supplies.
Our party consisted of the Matron, Lady Sybil Grey, 4 English Sisters (including myself) and 3 Russian Sisters (one of whom looked after the housekeeping), 2 English and 1 Australian doctors, and 1 English dentist. In addition to these were 4 Russian Red Cross officers, amongst whom were MM. Ignatieff and Baron Miendorff. The latter is a member of the Duma and considered one of the best speakers in Russia. There were also 125 Sanitars, 100 Siberian ponies, 20 field ambulances and about the same number of two-wheeled carts, besides a dog cart and waggonatte for the Staff.
After an interesting journey of five days we finally arrived at Veraparavan, a small country village, 15 versts from the front (a verst is 2/3 of a mile). On the way we saw many encampments of Austrian prisoners, all of whom looked well cared for and had a fair amount of liberty. The German prisoners on the other hand are chiefly sent to Siberia. Our quarters consisted of a long wooden shed called a "barrack", which was divided into three rooms, two wards and a "bandage room". We put up here, not knowing how long we might remain. The next morning a Russian doctor from Volke (8 versts further on) called and offered us work there, as we had no work at the moment. If we accepted this it meant that we severed connections with the Guards to whom we were attached. The question was considered, and after enquiries it was decided we should remain, pending further instructions from the Guards.

3rd report. - (4)

After a week orders came that the Guards had been moved to Maleditchona, and we were to follow at once, so on Thursday the 29th at 8A.M. the bugles blew and the party started out for their 3 days trek of about 120 versts.
Even in this out of the way Russian village the gallantry of our men was being talked of by the Russians. One day when at V. the General of that Division came over to pay his respects. He brought news that the "Canadian troops had again been attacking, doing splendidly, few losses to themselves and heavy damage to the enemy". This must have been the fighting of June 13th, of which I heard later.
The country about V. had at the beginning of the war been in the hands of the Germans. Then it was not fortified, but at the present time it is a mass of trenches and wire entanglements. There were numerous encampments about, several of which were full of Austrian prisoners. We saw them working at the trenches, and also buying cigarettes and chocolate at the small local "sckead".
At the beginning the booming of the big guns was distinctly heard, but later became less frequent. One day about noon we heard firing and saw shrapnel bursting in the sky just over our heads. Apparently the firing was at an aeroplane, of which we saw no signs owing to the cloudy day.
Owing to the nesessity of my immediate return to England on June 29th my report finishes before the Field Hospital had actually commenced work.
On my arrival in Petrograd I found two Field units were being despatched to the southern front. These units were Dressing Stations and were to be attached to other Russian Red Cross units.
As a matter of interest I might add that our stores eventually began arriving from Archangel at the end of May - seven months after leaving England.

Note: This was the fighting generally referred to as the "June Show" or "Sanctuary Wood.
Capt Charlie Cotton. C.F.A, and Capt. Ross Cotton were both killed in this Battle

D.P.C. RUSSIAN LETTERS. (Insert)

D.P.C.

2ND RUSSIAN TRIP.

51, Courtfield Gardens,

London, January 20 1917.

Darling Mother;

Just a line while we are waiting for a taxi, and Maryt is doing the settling. I was sorry I did not have a chance to write yesterday, but every minute was taken up. ---
The afternoon we arrived we came directly here, then had tea and went out and did some shopping, coming in for dinner at 7.30.
In the A.M. went to town, did some telephoning, and found out that I was to be at the A.R.H. office at 4 P.M. Marion came in and had lunch with us. I will tell you of the boarding house later. We have been quite comfy. Mar and K. go to the Goring Hotel when I leave, which is to-day at 2 P.M. from Charing Cross.
Saw Martha and had dinner with them - just Sir.M. for dinner.
I so loved being with her again, she is a darling. ---
My love to Elsie, Norah and tha babies, and yourself, Mother dear.

En Route, Newcastle,

5.46 P.M.

Darling Mother;

We have got safely started, and so far the only thing I find that I have forgotten is my rug. However when I get to Newcastle, I will take out one of my Jaeger blankets. ---
Before I go any further with my letter, I must tell you about

Miss Oliver's, as I said I would. We were very comfy and liked it, but it was such a typical "Lodging" house, with "Lizzie", the slavey. When we arrived on Thurs. evening we went straight there to leave the luggage. Miss Oliver, with a very placid face and smooth hair parted in the centre, met us, rubbing her hands together probably suffering from chillblains, and asked us if we would like tea. So we went into the dining room, with a huge long table in the centre and engravings on the wall of Ed. vii. Two other females were there, partaking of the lukewarm tea, bread and butter and dry pound cake. Afterwards we went to Harrod's and before they closed got ever so many things done. We fooled in the room all evening, after a dinner eaten in silence by about 14 people. They sent tea up to us, and we had purchased a little cake, so had a nice little party, after which we rubbed our chillblains and hopped into bed. We meant to get up very early, but you know how it is in the morning, especially as "Lizzie" bounced into the room saying there was no hot water for baths. Then when she brought us hot water to our rooms I said, "Is that hot water", and with half a giggle she said, "Not extra, Miss", much to Kathleen's amusement. However after breakfast we telephoned to Martha, Marion and Ena, and I found out I was to be at Victoria St. at 4 P.M. Then we went to the bank, and I got my book, from which I found out that my 3 months pay had not been paid in, so I went to the P & R office, and of course the mistake was that they thought I had gone to Canada. That was all settled, but took some time, and so my financial affairs are quite O.K. We met Marion, and had lunch with her at Marshall &

Snellgrove's. I looked for a dress with no success, so Mary gave me hers, and it really looks awfully nice and will be just what I want. ---

In the afternoon, at 4, I left Mary and Marion, and went to Victoria St., signed agreements, got my tickets and so forth. Martha came and met me, and I met Mabel Lindsay there, so we went on th say good-bye to Miss MacDonald, who is always such a relief after the Victoria Office. Tommy Stoker and Lady Muriel came down to say good-bye to us. Lady M. was very affable and nice to me. She expects to go out again in March. Martha waited forx me, so I promised her I would go back and have dinner with her. We brought Mabel Lindsay to the Queen Anne Mansions where she went to see Millie Perley. Martha wanted me to go in and see Ina Matthews who lives there, and although I was not at all keen, I went, and am glad to say we found her out. So we sat in front of the fire, when in a few minutes a terrific explosion. Of course we immediately thought of air raid, and my one idea was to go to Mary, so we took a taxi and found her at home, but as nothing further happened we knew it was no raid. I went back to the Allan's to dinner - Sir.M. and Martha were alone - and enjoyed it ever so much. She talked so much of Ross and the happy time they had had in London. She is going to Paris the beginning of February to a hospital, or to do ambulance driving. In the morning we finished our packing, and Mary and Kathleen took their things to the Goring Hotel, as they will ~~my~~ stay there, then I brought my things to the station. Then I went back to the Bank, where I met Martha, and we all went and had a cup

Matron in Chief C.A.M.C.

chocolate. Martha bought me a box of cigarettes and a book by Benson, which she says is awfully good. Then she wanted me to see her new car and a little red cap of liberty which she has in the front of it, you know where motors have them, in front of the bonnet. It was one that Ross gave her. So Mary and Kathy went down to the station in a taxi and she motored me from the garage. We all met at the station, and so far have had a very comfy journey. Mary gave us two lunch baskets, which we have all done justice to. Good-bye, Mother darling. I expect to be in Newcastle about 7 P⌀M⁄, and I believe we sail at midnight. Will arrive some time about 8 o'clock on Monday at Bergen. --- 6 P.M. - We are just at York, but needless to say it might be anywhere.

Stockholm, Sweden,

Jahuary 24 1917.

Darling Mother;

We have a little time before leaving the hotel, so I thought I would scribble a few lines. This afternoon we went out for a drive to see the town, and get some fresh air. It looked so cheery and bright, with the shops all lighted up. From the windows they looked as if they were very first class. We have the longest part of our railway journey ahead of us now, and expect to reach Petrograd on Saturday about 11 P.M. We have seen so many people on skiis, principally children, and

one little girl, skiing, being led by a horse. Through the city there are several open air rinks which were crowded with children. ---

Except for the crossing we have really had a very comfy trip. A long wait at Bergen, and a rather cheerless hotel! All the hotels seem full and none able to give us accomodation. However there are others in the same box, and it is rather fun watching our fellow travellers. ---

12, Vladimirskaya Prospect,
Petrograd,
January 30 1917.

We arrived quite safely on Saturday night, after a really most enjoyable journey. We came by Christiania and Stockholm, spending a day in each place. Both cities were lovely from what we saw of them, and we saw that in each case we put up at the best hotels. In Christiania we could not get rooms, but as we were not spending the night there, we did not care, and they were able to let us have most luxurious bathrooms, which we wallowed in. At the frontier between Sweden and Finland, instead of crossing by a ferry as we did before, we drove across the ice in the funny little Finnish sleighs. It was a lovely bright, sunny, day, and the clear frosty air is certainly nice. ---

We arrived here at about 11.40 P.M., and at first thought there was nobody to meet us - so had a lot to see about, getting our

big luggage through and examined - a tiny bottle of "salts" and my bottle of hair tonic seemed to worry the Customs - however we were suddenly sprung upon by two of the Sisters - Kelley and Strachan, the two New Zealanders who I have told you I liked so much. Mr.Flavelle, the Commandant, and another Sister were also there. They had been waiting in another part of the station and missed our train when it came in. They were so surprised when they heard I was coming, which was only the day before when they got my wire from Torneo, and I can't tell you what a warm welcome everyone has given me. ---

We found Matron still here, as she has not been well enough to travel, but she leaves on Saturday. Of course there are many changes in the Sisters and V.A.D's, but enough of the old ones are left to make it seem familiar. Lady Sybil came over to see me in the morning before I had started to dress. She is looking awfully well and has no scar, at least none that is noticeable. I have gone back to the same ward, and Sister Kelley is in charge, so you see I like that. One of my old patients is still there - George, and he follows me about like a ewe lamb. The Hospital seems much more truly Russian and smellier than before, but there certainly is a wonderful fascination about it all, and the streets and people do attract one. I think Mabel likes it too and loves the nice fresh cold air, but can't get over the atmosphere indoors. I do wish I could describe the doctors that are here. Mabel and I are just in fits of laughter when we look at them. They really should be in bath chairs at Brighton.

A cable was sent to Mrs.Peake to-day, and she is to let you know

about our arriving. I am sorry not to have sent it before, but there were so many formalities to go through before it could be sent. Everyone was full of excitement about "Billy", and I only wish I could tell you the stories, but there is no doubt that he has gone. I always feel here as if I was living in Arabian Nights. ---

Code name for Rasputin

We are each in a cubicle, but on Saturday I am to be promoted to a real room, at least part of a room that is partitioned off. I would love to let Mabel have it, but can't very well, because it was due to Kelley, and she is doubling up with Strachan to let me have it. ---

To-day I took Mabel out for a walk to see the shops, but we were too late to go to any interesting ones, but will to-morrow. On Sunday evening I brought her to the service in the Kazan. It is lovely. I have told you of it so much that the minute we crossed the door you were with me all the time. ---

Petrograd,

February 4 1917.

I have been here for a week, and I hope I will find that they all pass as quickly, though it seems a long time since I left Folkestone. I told you that when we reached here we found that Matron had not left. She was rather seedy and unable to do so. However she got off yesterday morning with two of the Sisters, and now that we hear that all boats have been stopped for a time, we

wonder how far they will get. We hear to-day that all diplomatic relations between Germany and America have been broken off, and are anxious to know what the outcome will be. ---

At present the work in the hospital is very slack, and it looks and smells more than ever like a real Russian hospital. We have had beautiful weather since we have been here - below zero, but bright. ---

All the V.A.D's are new, and several of them awfully nice. One of them, a Miss Seymour, whose father was in command at Halifax just before the Imperial troops were withdrawn, remembers meeting Father. Did you ever know her father? She is a Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Christian, but since the beginning of the war has been doing V.A.D. work, principally in France. Yesterday she and Lady Sybil were sent for by Command to go to Sarkse Selo to see the Empress. They enjoyed it so much, and said she was charming. There was to be a banquet in the evening for the Commission that is here, and they were shown the tables all set. The eldest daughter was also there, or rather came in while they were there, in her Sister's costume. ---

I have moved into my new room. It is much larger and nicer and has a window, which unfortunately will not open. As there is no heating it is like an ice box. ---

So far we have not been out much. The hours are not very easy to do anything in. On my half day I went to the Peasant Shop and bought some table covers. They have very little of the work there now of the kind they used to have, and everything has gone up tremendously in price, but nevertheless we had to buy a real

Russian cake for Mabel to taste. This week on our half day we are going to Sarkse Selo. ---

On Friday I am going to have tea with Mrs.Jefferson, whose husband is one of the doctors here. She is also a doctor and came out last spring, and when she first came worked at one of the Russian Field Hospitals. A small son has been born since the New Year. She is a Canadian. Her father is apparently a well known man in Victoria. ---

One of the little V.A.D's here has just come up from the Roumanian front, where she has been a chauffeur, and has been all through the retreat. She is most interesting, and is only 23. She came out as we did, but after that travelled for a month by train to Odessa. I thought the experience of 3 days bad enough.---

Petrograd,

February 10 1917.

We hear such depressing reports about letters not being sent to England, that I do not know whether or not you have received the two that I wrote last week. At this present moment I am with Lady Sybil who has unfortunately contracted mumps, so far not badly and only on one side of her face. I came over here this afternoon, and although there is really very little for me to do, I have taken up my abode and am going to sleep on the sofa in her sitting room. We have been here for two weeks and the time has really gone very quickly, although we have really done nothing.

Yesterday afternoon Mabel and I went to tea with Mrs.Jefferson. I think I told you of her before. She is a Canadian, born in Victoria, so it was to be a Canadian tea party. They have a room in a hotel quite near us, and in the one small room live mother, father and baby. ---

Squire and Hegan are still at the Field Hospital, and are expected back any day, but as things are at present they would not be able to go home. The Matron and two of the Sisters left a week ago to-day, but have not been able to get further than Christiania. I wonder if America will really come in now, and what it will mean. Everything here is in such a dreadfully unsettled state. Things might really be most interesting. ---

It is really nice being back with the Russian soldiers again, only I do wish I could talk Russian. I am going to try awfully hard this time. There is a little V.A.D. with us called Miss Murphy. She is rather a dear, and reminds me so of Martha. She was an ambulance driver with the Scottish Women's unit, and was in Roumania during the retreat - both retreating from the Bulgars and Germans. She is not quite 23, and as she nursed in Paris at the American Ambulance, has really done quite a lot for her years, and has lots of pluck. ---

Lady Sybil is all tucked up for the night, and I only hope she will sleep. So I must put out the light now and try to sleep too. ---

Don't think for one moment we aee starving in Petrograd - we get fed jolly well. When we were coming through Sweden we had to do without bread often, as now they only give it for bread tickets

which you should get at the frontier, and which we did not know about. However once or twice some kind person helped us out by lending theirs. There was a very nice man on the train - a naval man - who had a nephew in the C.A.M.C., and so knew the uniform. He came and spoke to us. We missed him at Christiania as he remained a day longer, however he came up to the Hospital to see us the other day. ---

Petrograd,

February 12 1917.

I did not send my letter off the other day, as mails go so seldom, so I have time to add another short one to it.
I am still with Lady Sybil, as when I wrote before. She is very much better to-day and there is practically nothing to do for her, however as she must be more or less isolated and is rather lonely, I will stay for a few days more. There is nothing much doing in the wards, so I am not missing anything by not being there. She is giving me Russian lessons. I am trying to learn to conjugate a few verbs, which seem too utterly hopeless, but even if you do know the names of things you can't get very far if you can't string them together. She has been taking lessons and studying quite a lot since she has been back, and has got on splendidly. ---
13/2/17. - My letter has been rather interrupted, so I did not

get very far. Squire and Hegan came back from the Field Hospital, and are frightfully distressed to think they cannot get any farther, as they are so anxious to get home. However their spirits have gone up tremendously this morning because it has been suggested that they may possibly be able to go across Siberia to Canada via Japan. They both look awfully well and like Russia, but otherwise I don't think they have enjoyed it very much here. 14/2/17. - I left Lady Sybil yesterday, and am to have 2 days off to "air" my self before I go back to the ward again. As I have a beastly cold I stayed in bed till noon to-day, and then went out for a walk this aftwrnoon. It is so nice seeing Squire and Hegan again, and hearing of their experiences at the Field. This must go off now, as the Embassy bag, I hear, leaves in the morning. ---

I saw in "Canada", which Mabel gets, that Charlie Gorrell had died. Isn't it all dreadfully tragic. I really do feel sorry for them.

Anglo-Russian Hospital,
February 18 1917.

Darling Mother;

I am writing this in the ward, just before going off duty in the evening. Yesterday afternoon Mabel and I had our first Russian lesson at the Berlitz. I have decided to take a course of 25 lessons. They don't guarantee that even the brightest person could speak in that time, but there is so little to

do to occupy our time now that I felt I must make the effort. Squire and Hegan are still here, so we usually visit them in the evenings, and in the afternoon go out for a walk. On our last half day we were going to Sarsko Selo, but the doctor who was going to show us over the place was ill, so we postponed it till this week, and instead went for a drive - Squire, Hegan, Mabel, Ena and nyself. We drove out to a point which ends in several small islands and is right out on the sea. Afterwards we came in and had dinner at a Russian restaurant. ---

I do so wonder what you are all thinking about this submarine blockade, and things in general. Out here it really seems hard to know how to look at things, we hear so little. Matron and the two Sisters got as far as Christiania, but I believe are soon coming back. ---

Mr.Flavelle has invited me to go to the opera on Thursday night, "Dutch treat", so I shouldn't have put it that way. ---

Lady Sybil is ever so much better, but has to stay in quarantine till Saturday, then she is going down to the Field Hospital. ---

We hear on every side that this blockade may go on for months. I suppose everything is just as cut off between Canada and England. To-day word was received in Petrograd that nobody else was to leave here for Norway, as there are already 800 people waiting to leave. ---

The Commission that has been meeting here has been the most interesting thing in Petrograd lately. They went down to Moscow for several days, but were entertained to such an extent that they could not transact business. ---

Do you remember how interested I was in reading of an explosion at Archangel in the autumn. It was really very serious - started on a boat in the harbour that had ammunition - several boats were lost and thousands of lives. ---

Petrograd,

February 21 1917.

Darling Myr:

I can't tell you what your cable meant to me last night, and such a surprise. This blockade has cut us off so dreadfully, and I so long for you all. ---
The time has certainly passed quickly, and it is hard to believe that we have been here for a month. The weather is so much nicer than last year. This is butter week, the week before Lent, when everyone eats pancakes, cream and caviar. However we have not seen any. Mabel and I are most interested in our Russian lessons. We hace one to-night from 7 to 8, then we get in just in time for dinner and have a nice walk. ---
I would so love to know how and what you are all thinking of the blockade. There is little to tell you of, but I know you love to hear, and I must send my love and let you know how I am. I am going to give up cigs for Lent, so will certainly enjoy some on Easter. With all my love, ---

Petrograd,

March 2 1917.

Darling Mother;

We are so slack on duty now that I have time for writing letters, a thing that certainly hasn't come my way very often. ---

I am still taking Russian lessons - last night was the 5th. We have paid in advance for 10, but intend to take more. Going three evenings a week fills in the time beautifully. We are on duty until 6, and have to be there at 7. It is quite a long walk - takes just about ½ hour, staady going - so we have late dinner, and then bed. I don't know how much I willl learn, but am delighted that I have started. ---

Everything is so much more expensive, just about double what it was last year, and as the peasants are doing other work, they do not make as many things in the way of art linens. I bought some ducky little dolls, dressed as peasants from different Russian villages, for the kiddies, and have quite successfully lost them. Squire and Hegan are still here, expecting to leave just as soon as the boat runs, but when that time will come, we cannot tell. We had a whole day off this week, which was very nice. Stayed in bed for breakfast, then went out with Mabel, Squire and Hegan all day. We lunched at the Hotel Europe. ---

Earl Grey

Poor Lady Sybil has had bad news of her father, and leaves as soon as she possibly can. I can't tell you how we will miss her, and how hard it must be for her anxiously waiting here now. ---

Anglo-Russian Hospital,
41, Nevsky Prospect,
Petrograd,
March 9 1917.

Darling Els;

I started a letter to you the day before yesterday, but at this moment it is at the Club, and I am on duty with a few minutes in which I can sit down and talk to you, and I only wish I could tell you all I want to. It is 9 weeks since we left London, and I am so longing to see you all - it really seems farther away than it did before. ---

We have certainly had three thrilling days. We have been hearing so much of the rioting, but until the day before yesterday everything was very quiet. That was Thursday and our half day, so Squire, Hegan, Mabel, Ena, little Miss Murphy and myself went out to Scarskeo. It was a lovely day, quite warm and very sunny. We went through the old Palace, which is awfully interesting. It is in that that the Empress has her hospital, but we were not allowed in, as it is only for officers. One of the servants told us that there were 50 there now. We then went to the Czar's Church. I think I told you of it before. It is a small plain white building, with a large dark, wood carved door, above which is a lovely mosaic. There is lots of bright light in it, so those touches of bright colour on the plain white, rough caste building, and surrounded with snow, you can imagine makes a lovely picture. There are two very smart soldiers there, one of

whom took us over. I had seen it before, but loved seeing it again. I always think how much you would love it - it does not remind one a scrap of anything one has ever seen before, but of something from Arabian Nights or your imagination. The upper church is light - white walls with mural paintings about ¾ of the way up - many ikons, and little alcoves where there are small stools to pray at. It smelt wonderfully of incense. Downstairs, in what I should imagine was the private chapel, is lovely, very dark, with beautiful little clusters of electric lights, brass candlesticks with orange shaded lights. The walls are covered with peasant cloth, like the piece that Mother likes so much - exactly the same material, and the same blue for a background, but a different pattern - small all over - little flowers, white red and yellow - rather indescribable - and no definite shape. There are ever so many pillars, and long narrow passages, something the same layout as a crypt. The walls are literally covered with ikons, the brass ones like mine, other silver ikons and small beautifully painted and jewelled ones. We saw the room where they take off their wraps, and evidently the book where their names are signed (just when and why, I don't know). Afterwards we went for a long drive to a small place further out in the country where they told us we could get good tea or coffee. You can imagine how starving we all were, and all we could get was "chi pite" and bread - no butter, milk, jam or anything. We came back about 7 - it just takes half an hour to go out there - and Mabel, Squire, Ena and I went out for dinner. Atk about 9.30 when we were on our way home, at the corner of the street we live

on and the Nevsky we saw a regiment of Cossacks. However we did not think much of it until we got in and the others told us that there had been rioting. The next day there was no excitement until 12 noon, except that as we came over we all remarked the fact that the long queues of people waiting for bread seemed longer and noisier, and it is pathetic to see the small amount they get after waiting hours. At 12 I was just putting on my coat to leave the hospital when they told me that a crowd was coming down the Nevsky, and over the Antichkoff Bridge, and that the Cossacks were out. I waited on the step for a minute, and I can tell you I was glad that I did, for I was soon glad to dive in. The crowd just hurled past, and the Cossacks riding in the opposite direction, rode right into them and scattered them. It sounds as if they would be an angry crowd if roused, but so far have been wonderfully quiet. ---

It was quiet all that night, but again to-day at noon they all came out, this time joined by many more mill hands. The crowds surged up and down the Nevsky, which is all guarded by soldiers, and at certain corners there are whole companies of Cossacks, mounted and carrying their long lances. They are the ones who charge, and ina mighty short time clear the street. Understanding so little of it all, it is hard to tell how or what is going to happen. Because the Cossacks are not shooting, the people all seem delighted with them, and sometimes it looks as if they were cheering them. At the same time they are there to keep order, but of course they need "bread" as much as the others.

SUNDAY. - Yesterday afternoon it was much more serious. We heard shooting several times, and there were many people. By evening everything settled down again and was quiet. So far to-day nothing has happened. We did hear that it was to begin again at 3 o'clock (it is now after 2), but whether there is any truth in it or not we will soon know. To-day we were brought over to the Hospital by motor, and stayed here for lunch. ---

3 P.M. - I was interrupted here by one of the Sisters who called me into her ward to look at the Nevsky. We watched the crowds collecting, and at about 2.45 they started in one place to form across the street. Then suddenly everyone ran wildly in all directions, most of them falling flat and crawling along on their stomachs. The soldiers had fired on the people. They had been placed across the Nevsky higher up, and it was quick rifle fire. A few of the wounded were brought in here. Nothing more happened near us, except that the crowd surged all day. Then later in the day hardly a soul was in the Nevsky, except the patrolling soldiers. Did I tell you before that we had a guard at the front door. ---

MONDAY. - Came on duty 8 A.M. All quiet. Groups of soldiers on the Nevsky. One groupm at the corner had built up a fire to stand around. They are Infantry, not Cossacks. Not as many people as usual on the Nevsky this morning, but so many more soldiers. They are marching along in small froups with machine guns and many ammunition waggons. About 12.30 Lady Sybil was at the Embassy and they got word there that two Regiments had re-

volted. They sent her home at once in a motor. ---
The soldiers at the Hospital were withdrawn at about 1 P.M. We went home for dinner to-dau - thousands of people on the streets about here, but everything absolutely quiet and still - an uncanny stillness in the air. We hear of fierce fighting on certain streets, but nothing to be seen from our windows but people walking along, apparently with no special object in view. ---
It is hard to settle to anything. The soldiers have all revolted, and are with the people, and I believe that this afternoon many officers were killed. I cannot tell you how it affects me, extraordinarily little. I did not think of it much last night, it is all so hard to understand. ---
We heard to-day of Bagdad having been taken. That was splendid news. ---
Only 2 of the patients brought in remained. One was a bullet wound in the side that had pierced his lung. The bullet was removed this morning - rather interesting. ---

RUSSIA A REPUBLIC!

SUNDAY MARCH 18th. - I will start this letter from here, as if I had not written previously, because as you see I did not write at all on our most thrilling days, and I think could tell you more of interest now, because in the scraps I wrote it was all too close. Now one understands what they were about. ---
We all slept here for a week, the five of us, Ena and the four Canadians, on mattresses or pillows on the floor in the Grand Duchesses' clothes cupboard. During that time I went over to

the Club one day and took a bath, otherwisw I never had my clothes off. I did not keep a diary, but started to try to do it by writing your letter, but at the time it was too tense. We had very little trouble with the patients or Sanitars, and absolutely none with them on this Ward. The first few days, as I told you, the people just collected and were kept in order by the Cossacks. On Saturday many of the Regiments came over to the people. On Sunday the Cossacks were off the streets and Infantry in place of them. That day we saw the first firing - several casualties brought in here. ---

Monday - a most thrilling day. The Arsenal was taken - motor lorries and motors dashing around distributing fire arms and ammunition to everyone. Even small boys were armed. Protopoppoff, the late Prime Minister, was taken prisoner - many senior officers killed - street fighting between different regiments (that we did not see, as it was not on the Nevsky). By evening that day an enormous number of troops revolted, and at about 6 o'clock they marched down the Nevsky to the Duma, carrying a Red flag. That night several of the Sisters went over to the Club about 6, as they had last hours off duty. Just at that moment there was terrific firing straight down the Vladimirskaya, which they had to cross. It is extraordinary to see the people suddenly throw themselves flat, or run for shelter. Luckily all the Sisters got over safely, but had an awful night over there with so much firing all about. You see the police made a pretty good fight for it, and I believe altogether had 400 machine guns secreted. One was in an old hotel at the corner of the Vladimirskaya and

Nevsky, and that is why there was so much firing there for a while. They thought one was on the roof of this Palace, and two bullets came through one ward, and one through another. In one case the bullets lodged in the corner of the ceiling, in the other in the wall. The People came at about 12 o'clock midnight, searched the place, and demanded that we at once hang out a Red Cross flag, so we hurriedly made one up on the machine, made out of an old Santa Claus coat and a sheet. That night we sat up all night. Some lay down, but I wandered around, as I did not want to miss anything. ---

TUESDAY. - Everyone was around, and the streets were crowded. Motor lorries flying around - everyone's motor was taken - lots of firing from the bridges, both rifle and machine gun. The Police were using the Dowager Empress's Palace directly across from us, so there was heavy firing on it. Officers' swords were taken away from them, and either broken or kept. By this time many officers had come over to the people. There was red about everywhere, and there was still much fighting and hunting for the police. ---

WEDNESDAY. - Wonderfully more orderly. The soldiers had things wonderfully in hand. They are trying to keep down looting and drinking, which is splendid. Papers were issued naming the new Duma, and the different happenings. Motors would fly by distributing these, and the crowds would make a rush for them. This went on all night. Protopopoff told the Duma where they could get the Czar, and he was taken prisoner between Kiev and Moscow. His train was stopped numerous times before. He did not answer

any of his Ministers or people until after he was taken. Whether he got the messages or not, we do not know. ---

THURSDAY. - Was comparatively quiet. It could be seen that the people had won the day. Motors flying about full of soldiers brandishing swords or rifles tied with red. We went over to the Club for meals, and I had a bath, but we still had to sleep here. Everything seemed at an awful tension these days. The Czar abdicated for himself and the Czarevitch, writing from Pskov on March 3rd. ---

On Saturday all Imperial signs and coats-of-arms over the shops or anywhere were taken down and burnt. I think that there were signs of this sort on almost every store on the Nevsky, also on the Palaces. A guard with fixed bayonets came and demanded that we take down the Russian flag. Everyone is wearing a red rosette or ribbon. The Red flag is flying from the Winter Palace and the Dowager Empress's. It has all quietened down, and has been so quick and wonderfully orderly. If it only remains so, and is well settled, it means great credit for Russia. Nothing is working yet, but more shops are open to-day, and the prices of butter and many other things has come down tremendously. There are soldiers in many of the shops seeing that people are attended to, and are not overcharged. Still the lines waiting for bread. Nothing definite settled yet about the Government. At first the people were going to put in Grand Duke Michael, but he refused, saying that he would not take it till he was elected by the whole of Russia. Then they suggested the Czarevitch as heir, and the Grand Michael (as regent?), but the Czar abdicated for his son

as well as for himself. ---
Lady Sybil leaves on Thursday, I think. I will miss her dreadfully and feel really depressed at the idea, but am glad for her sake. It is a sorry day for the A.R.H. when she leaves. There are very few patients at present, so very little to do. After our strenuous days we are each having a day off. Mine comes tomorrow. ---
Great excitement - word came to-day that the boats were running again, so Squire and Hegan will soon leave also. Last night we tried to go somewhere for dinner, but could not find a place. The Astoria has been absolutely ruined, and the Europe Restaurant is closed - no food, and the other places have all been handed over to the soldiers. ---
One rather interesting thing that happened the night before last. A student and a soldier brought some cases of wine to the Hospital, saying that it had been taken, and that they were distributing all wine they got amongst the hospitals. Don't you think that wonderful - for a Revolution. Food that was stored and cornered has all been unearthed, and is being distributed. ---
I am looking forward to letters soon. I can't tell you on one of the most anxious nights what it meant to get a cable. I cabled the very first day the post office was open, as I could not send one through the Embassy. I do hope you got it. I also sent one to Miles. ---

After the Revolution.

A Parade of the Members of the Order of St.George.

The Red Square, Petrograd.

Photo by D.P.C.

After the Revolution.

Cossack Troops in the St.George's Parade.

The Red Square, Petrograd, Russia.

Photo by D.P.C.

This parade was at the time when discipline had been partially re-established after the Revolution, and a point of interest is in the fact that the troops are again carrying their Regimental Colours.

A Post-Revolutionary Parade.

Petrograd.

April 1917.

Petrograd,

March 27 1917.

Darling Mother;

I hope before you get this letter you will have had the little paecels I sent you by Squire. The only real present I sent was for Mary, and I hope she likes it. I thought it would do for the door in the hall at Pinehurst, and as those sort of things are getting swarcer and more expensive all the time, I thought it better to send it now. The sweets I sent are not quite as good as I hoped they would be, because, in consequence of the Revolution, the special shop I wanted to patronize did not open until the day before the girls left, and I in the meantime went elsewhere, where the sweets were not so nice. We had letters from Squire and Hegan to-day, saying that they had arrived at Torneo. Their things had been very thoroughly examined, but they had only been relieved of a post-card of the Kaiser and one of the Czar. They had nothing - no books or anything that mattered. So many of the Staff are leaving, both doctors and Sisters, so I don't know what will happen. Perhaps I will be home sooner than you think. The work is dreadfully dull in the Hospital, and apparently there is very little chance of a Field Hospital. It is disappointing, isn't it? However if we do get more work later it will make up, and after all, being here for the Revolution has been a wonderful experience. All the same it makes me feel as if I had run away from real work.

Some of the Sisters have lost all sympathy and interest with the soldiers here now, but I don't feel that way a scrsp. I always liked them, and I should think this would be the very best thing for Russia if afterwards she is run by the right people or person. ---

The last couple of days have been much milder, but it has been a dreadfully cold winter - so steady. ---

Everything apparently is quieting down, and people have gone back to their work again - 8 hours duty instead of 16. The shops all close at 6 sharp. Regiments seem to be marching along in full strength - evidently going back to their barracks again. All the Royal Patronages are taken off or drawn out of everything, and it is rather funny, because they were always so over everything before. Did you notice it on a box of sweets I sent you. The papers are uncensored for the first time in Russia, and the things about the Romanoff family are dreadful. Also the stories of Rasputin are now one of the principal subjects of conversation, whereas always before he was talked of in whispers. They even publish photographs of him taken at parties and so on with well known women. ---

Anglo-Russian Hospital,

March 31 1917.

Darling Els;

I can't tell you what my joy was last night to receive your three letters written on the 29th, 5th, and 9th. It was such a long time since I had heard. The only letters I had had was one written before I left England, and one the following Wednesday. ---

We have certainly been through exciting days. The work at the Hospital itself is too deadly dull, and a frightful disappointment. I believe we are not to have a Field Hospital any more, but this is not quite settled. I can't help feeling that the Hospital is going to close soon. They have so few patients, and apparently no more are to be sent. Then although they talk of such wonderful funds in England. they seem to poor to afford the bare necessities here, which have most naturally gone up most tremendously in price, but as this is the 3rd year of the war I suppose the same thing applies everywhere. ---

The Revolution has really been wonderful - so well managed, and for a revolution, quick, clean and very tidy. Very little dirty work, although we hear new and awful stories almost every day. I do wish that I could write freely, but I feel so much that my letters may be censored. Yours come uncensored. Work has started again everywhere, but I don't know to what extent. It remains to be seen, doesn't it? Photograps of Rasputin alone, and some in the midst of his lady admirers, are being sold on the street

corners, also stories of his life, which I am sure if I could read, would make some reading. ---

Everything is awfully unsettled. Every day there are processions of soldiers by the hundreds, marching past with their bands and carrying red banners and flags. They say they are going about to incite the people to return to work again. ---

I do so wonder what you will do this summer. Wouldn't it be too lovely if I could only be at home to go somewhere with you, but of course I don't suppose I could have leave even if I did go back. It must sound odd for you to hear me talking of going back, probably I won't at all, and may still have a chance of going south and doing some work at a Field Dressing Station, but everything seems so unsettled, and the Hospital at present is so unsatisfactory. I have started Russian lessons again at the Berlitz, and I am sure it is as hopeless as shorthand, but we find it most entertaining, and I have certainly learnt more than I did last time. ---

We are expecting to hear any day of Lady Sybil's arrival, and then to hear of Squire and Hegan. They both promised me that they would go and see you. ---

Last Friday night after our Berlitz lesson Miss Stevenson and Miss Curtis met us at the Hotel Europe, where we had dinner. It was the first time we had been there since the Revolution, as for some days afterwards the restaurant was closed. We had great fun and all felt better afterwards. Curtis is a host in herself - quite a character. She is an artist, and has travelled a great deal. She spent a year somewhere in the wilds of

Siberia with another woman and man, and they either lived in tents or in the native huts. She was in China during the Revolution there, and now is here through this one. Did I tell you about little Miss Murphy who came here from the Scottish Women's unit. She was a motor driver when she was with them. She is a V.A.D., and is an awfully nice kid, so usually plays about with us, much to the disgust of most of the English Sisters, who think it either "infra dig" or unprofessional to associate with V.A.D's. They are so jealous of them in every way. ---
Just at this moment Mabel came in to tell me to come and look at an enormous procession of women - thousands of them - walking down the Nevsky, carrying banners. They say that they are on their way to the Duma, but I don't know what for. ---
This afternoon Ena, Mabel, Curtis and I are going to a party with Miss Armstrong, one of the V.A.D's who comes every day. She lives with a Count Schermatoff. They have a beautiful Palace, I believe, and a wonderful collection of ikons and Ural stones, but I will have to tell you about it later. The chief attraction arranged for us is Caucasian wine and cake. ---
If I can I will try to send you some photographs of Rasputin.
LATER: - I am enclosing one of Rasputin's photographs. These are the kind that are being sold around the streets. Aren't his eyes too awful? ---

Petrograd,

April 21 1917.

Darling Mother;

I have started two letters to you, and then finished them in such a hurry that I did not think they were worth posting, so thought it better to wait till I could write one long and proper one, but I am sorry that I have let such a long time go without a word. ---

I have been on night duty now for almost two weeks. There really is very little to do, and we usually manage to each get an hour's rest. Mabel and I are on together with a Russian V.A.D. The nights really pass very quivkly. Nothing very thrilling has happened - the Hospital is still jogging along. For a long time no convoys came in, but lately two small ones have arrived, so apparently it is still going on. ---

We hear that Lady Muriel is coming out quite soon, but I don't know whether it is true or not. ---

I have not written to you since before the day of the public funeral for the people killed in the Revolution, so I must tell you of that. It was put off on several occasions, for which various reasons were given, but I really think it was because arrangements were not ready. At last it was on the 23rd (old date). It started at 10 A.M., and all traffic was stopped on the streets. The sidewalks were literally crowded with people, not only the inhabitants of Petrograd alone, which would have been enough, but people and peasants from very long distances.

400 were to be buried. They divided so many up for each district, and then they eventually all met at the Champ de Mars, where an enormous square had been dug and boarded off. The coffins were carried as stretchers, two poles on either side, and completely covered with red. Behind each one walked their own particular owners, so we could usually tell whether they were work people, students, sailors or soldiers. There were several bands, and the people sang as they walked - principally the Marseillaise. The quietness and order was really wonderful. That constant procession went on till 10 at night, and I believe it was 11.30 before the last one was buried. It was a curious sight, and for Petrograd as a whole, one hûge "prosnick" (holiday), with no shops open or work done, but that happens so frequently. We were all supposed to remain over here and not go back to the Club, but as it happened to be our half day (Ena's, Mabel's, and mine) we saw no fun in that, so skipped over by a back way. No lunch was prepared there, so we got our own, had the whole place to ourselves, and thoroughly enjoyed it. It was a rainy day - cleared late in the afternoon - but those people stood there for hours. At one time the procession stopped outside of our windows for over two hours. ---

Apparently everything has quieted down for the time being, but everywhere you feel electric currents, and on night duty we see extraordinary sights on the Nevsky. One night we heard shooting, so dashed to the window in time to see one of the Militia Police (you see there are no other police left, or anyway they wouldn't dare appear) running up the street with his rifle pointed and

every now and again stopping to fire. It apparently turned out to be that a motor had passed that would not answer his challenge. The people/then in it opened fire also. They say it was being driven by a woman. Why more aren't killed is a wonder. They must be rotten shots, I think. ---

It is certainly the people's day, and the Sanitars and soldiers do practically as they like. From never having had any choice about anything, they can do as they wish. It is really extraordinary, and shows in everything. They really don't know what their freedom means, and at present they think it is not having to salute or obey their officers, and to do as little work as possible, which they certainly did before, anyway. The Sanitars now choose what wards they will work on, and have a Committee composed of four of themselves, who rule. The majority of them think they want a republic, but don't know who they want for the next Czar. I imagine they are all keen for education, and already night classes have been started. ---

This morning I went to a Memorial Service for a young Feilds. His people live here, and I met them when I was here before. He was in France with the B.A. of course. He has been missing for some time, and now they have given up all hope. ---

The other day a Mr.Marcasson called at the Hospital and (I being asleep) left a note saying that Martha had told him to look me up. I tried to get ahold of him by telephone, but never could. However this afternoon he called again, and I got up. He was the nicest, breeziest thing I have met since I have been out here. He has come out here to write up the Revolution. He has

met all the members of the Duma, and has been to several of the sittings. Such a thoroughly nice American - wholesome and full of life. And the men here of this unit are so dreadful, Mother. Any day I would rather have the very commonest, unpolished Canadian or American. There is no comparison in feelings or manners, and such unmanly men. Of course if they were anything else they wouldn't be here - sitting around eating, and buying ikons, cheap. So selfish and rude. When I think of our darling boys. But it is so apparent that they have not had a Mother and Father like we have. I certainly am railing against them, but it is just because I so often get fed up with them. Not that they matter one straw to me really, but I couldn't help noticing the contrast. Mr.M. goes back to England on Wednesday. ---
I'm sure by now you have either seen, or heard from, Squire.

Petrograd,

April 29 1917.

Darling Mother;

--- I had such an interesting morning to-day. There was great excitement amongst the soldiers in the Hospital, because the wounded from all the hospitals in Petrograd were to march, or those who could not walk go in automobiles, to the Duma, either to make a demonstration against Peace until Germany was crushed, or else to a sort of conference where it was to be talked about as to which would benefit the peasants most. I am

glad to say that all I could hear or understand was not for peace, but that such a thing had to be shows how serious it is. We still have several of the men who were wounded in the Revolution. One is a lawyer, who is also at some training to become an officer, two are splendid men from a very good regiment, one teaches or drills recruits, and we also have a workman, so you see we have all classes pretty well represented. Fortunately they all think the one way. I don't believe, if it hadn't been for them, that any of our patients would have turned out, certainly not with the same zest. They worked the night before till 1 A.M. making their banners, huge red things with white letters, "WAR TO THE FINISH", "PATIENTS FROM THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN HOSPITAL","DISHONOUR TO THOSE WHO SHIRK FROM THE FIGHT FOR THEIR COUNTRY". One group of officers (wounded) had a banner with "WITHOUT DISCIPLINE THERE WILL BE NO VICTORY". Others had "DISORDER MEANS RUIN TO OUR COUNTRY". They were to start from here at 8.30, so I went over to breakfast and got my camera and came back, meaning only to see them start. But instead I sewed red bows on each one, and then walked with them to the Duma - not in procession. It was bitterly cold and snowing, and so we walked quickly ahead. First of all they went to the American Embassy, and the Ambassador came out and spoke to them in English, someone who was with him translating into Russian. He apparently is not much, and made a very weak speech. And such cheek - talked grandly about this great war we are all engaged in. Then I could hardly believe my ears when I heard him say, speaking of this great struggle that must be fought to the end and so on, that afterwards in all the

nations it would mean the downfall or end of monarchial rule. It seemed to please the Russians greatly - great cheering over that. I don't quite understand why there was a demonstration there. They produced a huge flag - stars and stripes - when they arrived there. There are so many stories and rumours about. One is, and I think the true one, that a German who has been let out of prison since the Revolution worked tremendously amongst the people for peace, and we hear that one Regiment of the Guards, the Volynistaya, have gone over with him. They were one of the first to go with the people during the Revolution, and were the first sent to the front. This German and a few of his followers (this is quite true) tried to raid the American Embassy one day last week. Very little damage was done, but a guard from the Duma was stationed there, so I believe that the demonstration to-day was to show that amongst the majority there was no such feeling. Afterwards they went to the Duma. We arrived quite a long time before the procession, and being Sisters, were allowed in. I was awfully thrilled, I can assure you, and tried to picture the doings there last month. In the Chamber where all the seats are and a small platform at one end, there is an enormous empty frame. It was a life sized portrait of the ex-Czar, the only picture in the room. The building is very bare and filthy. I heard Rodzianko speak, nothing of which I understood, but he certainly looked as if he were speaking most forcibly, and the people seemed most sympathetic. Afterwards a young man, who said he was a Revolutionary-Socialist, spoke, but he was hissed and not allowed to go on - wild excitement. The different types

of people were a wonderful sight. ---
I went to Miss Feilds for tea, and asked her about the Cottons, and she gave me the address. Funnily enough, the girl who is in Switzerland now is related to them on the mother's side, and her brother is in Germany, a naturalized subject. The branch of the family here are apparently most unattractive. The wife is a Russian Jewess and does not speak any English, but when I come off duty I will look them up. ---
I think I told you that I was going out to breakfast with "Isaac Frederick Macasson", the man who knew Martha. It was a real tonic to be with him - so full of interest and humanity. We had a very cheery little meal in the early hours. Breakfast is an unheard of meal here. All the shops open at 10 A.M. now and close at 6. ---
Tuesday is to be a great day, I believe. As the 1st of May it is to be celebrated by the Socialists here - no trains running, and probably endless processions. ---
The Hospital has gone down dreadfully, and I am only hoping that after Lady Muriel's show in London it will close. ---
Mabel's "Canada" came to-day, and yesterday I got the "Times" of the 23rd and 30th of March. I was most interested, because there was so much about the Revolution, and I have been so longing to know what you had heard. It was a very good accouht. ---
Bread is much easier to get now that they have tickets, but the queues are still awfully long in front of many shops, and especially in front of the ticket offices. ---

Petrograd,

May 3 1917.

Darling Els;

Still on night duty, but expect to come off on Wednesday. The work in the Hospital has been very mild, and we always amnage to get one hour's good sleep, so it has kept us from becoming too weary, and we usually have some excitement to look at on the Nevsky. To-night it looks almost as if there would be another revolution. It is the people - principally workmen and sailors - agitating for a separate peace. It hardly seems credible, but that is a fact. While I was asleep, or rather trying to sleep to-day, a large regiment of soldiers marched off with bands and banners etc., for the front. They got a wonderful ovation and hurrahs from the people. The 1st of May, although celebrated here as a "belaschoi prasnik", with processions all day long, was very quiet and orderly. However this evening at dinner the maids were very much upset because they said there were people on the Nevsky calling out for "peace", and "Down with this Government". When we walked over, the Nevsky was black with people - groups collected about men speaking. They principally seemed to be workmen that were speaking. Afterwards they paraded the streets all evening until after midnight. I think they make more noise almost than during the Revolution, only of course they are not all armed. It seems a much more two sided affair than the Revolution. When they were shouting "Down with Millikoff"(The Minister of Foreign Affairs"), and for

"Peace", some of the men from our balcony called out, "We must finish; Down with all of you". The soldiers are much more worked up to-night than they were before. I think it is principally on account of the men we got in during the Revolution. They are so excited, and take such an interest in everything. So many of the others know so little, that they just go whichever way the wind blows. ---

Yesterday morning I went out with a market basket and bought all sorts of things for Hugh - honey, caviar, sweets etc., because some one told me that parcels to Germany went so quickly from here. When I enquired, alas, after having bought the things, I found that as a rule it takes three months, and that they often go to England first, so of course that would not be any good. I am bitterly disappointed. I had planned all sorts of things to send, and thought it would be such a surprise. I suppose it must be true about A Fool and His Money being soon Parted. ---

About 1 A.M. Mabel saw ever so many motor lorries with soldiers, and a whole regiment of mounted men (Cossacks) going down the Nevsky. all armed to the teeth. Just a few minutes ago I saw some more in lorries, so we wonder what the day is going to bring forth. They seem to think that it is that pro-German, Lenin, busy again. He was exiled, or imprisoned, and since the Revolution has returned. I wish that they would do something to him, but they say now that it is a free country and that he is free to speak. ---

We hear no more Hospital news - never know what they are going

going to do. The staff diminishes every day. I do wish they would close down, and can't help feeling that they will soon. My "Times" is coming more regularly. I got the 13th of April, but have had no letters for such a long time. The last one I had was a note from you written the first day you heard of the rioting. ---

P.S. My rug arrived. I also forgot to tell you that in the "Times" of the 13th I saw the news of the Canadians having captured Vimy Ridge. Isn't it splendid? ---

Anglo-Russian Hospital,
Petrograd, July 12 1917.

Darling Mother;

This is just a line to send my love, as I hear that an Embassy bag is going in a couple of hours. I had 2 letters yesterday, one from Elsie and one from Jean. Elsie's was June 16th and Jean's was June 13th, but I received one some time ago from Elsie through the Embassy of more recent date. They were very bad about sending our letters from Victoria Street, but it was when so few boats were running. Everyone was annoyed about it here, because evidently a good many of the doctors wives wrote, and Mrs.Peaken never even answered them. ---

I can't say yet when we will be leaving, but in the cable I sent to you, said the beginning of August. So far as I can

tell now we will leave about the 22nd or 23rd. Major Hunt and Capt.McDermott left the day before yesterday for the front, but got no further than the station where they found that their seats were for the next night, so they rang me up, and Mabel and I went out for a little while with them. We went to the Astoria Hotel to see if Mrs.Harper was in. She is a Canadian, who is here reporting, or rather writin up, for some paper. They met her here, and she knew Father in Woodstock, so to-night Mabel and I are having dinner with her at the Astoria. ---

Yesterday Lady M. invited Mr.Henderson to lunch at the Club. Right Hon. Arthur Henderson. It was very informal - just a few outsiders. I sat directly across the table from him, which really for me was no great treat. He said a few words afterwards, which I don't think impressed anyone very much. It was Ena's and my half day, so afterwards we, and Mabel, went out to see a Russian hospital - a civilian one, where Olga P. is in training. It was so nice, and beautifully clean. ---

The news of the fighting here, so far as one can judge, is splendid. There was a victory again yesterday, and when the news was given out the crowds about the bulletins cheered, but I can assure you that there are still crowds of lazy soldiers lolling about. Still I must say it has certainly given everything here a much better tone, and things in Petrograd since the fighting seem much relieved. We hear that there are to be big strikes in Finland next week. There was one on the railway for 3 days, and that may delay us at this end. I do hope you received my cable. ---

D.P.C. RUSSIAN LETTERS. (Insert)

NOTE: FOLLOWING THE END OF THIS SERIES OF LETTERS MISS COTTON RETURNED TO ENGLAND, TRAVELLING VIA NORWAY AND SWEDEN, AND FROM BERGEN TO ABERDEEN, THIS ROUTE BEING FOLLOWED INSTEAD OF THAT FROM BERGEN TO NEWCASTLE ON ACCOUNT OF THE ACTIVITY OF SUBMARINES ON THE LATT$R ROUTE. FOR SOME TIME SHE WAS ON DUTY AS MATRON OF THE I.O.D.E. HOSPITAL IN LONDON, AND STILL LATER WAS ON DUTY IN A MILITARY HOSPITAL IN HALIFAX.

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D.P.C. (I)

LETTER FROM NURSING SISTER DOROTHY P.COTTON C.A.M.C., REPRESENTING CANADA ON THE STAFF OF THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN HOSPITAL.

12 Vladimirskayer Ulitze

Petrograd

December 16 1915.

Dear Bob:

You can't imagine how delighted I was to get your letter the other day. It was sent with some others from No.3, and they were the first letters I have had. Often I have seen things that I knew would interest you and have meant to write. First of all many thanks for your kind words about the Canadian representative, and don't you think the heading of my letter is very swanky. I put it especially to impress you. My real address is c/o Russian and English Bank, Nevsky 20, Petrograd..---
I have hopes of being in a Field Hospital in the Caucasus in the spring. Our own hospital here is not in working order at present, so don't know when we can hope to have a field one. We arreived about three weeks ago, coming via Archangel. I can't say the trip was wildly exciting, but the idea of being so near the North Pole rather thrilled one, as well as chilled. The boat was small and we were all pretty sea sick - even I was in spots - so on the whole I think I will put the trip down as rather drizzly. When we were very far North we only had daylight for about three hours, and on one or two nights the Northern Lights were too wonderful. After that we saw absolutely nothing but grey leaden seas and sky, not even another craft until

we met our mine sweepers. Just after they left us we very neerly hit a floating mine. The boat stopped very suddenly, and there was one 40 feet straight ahead of us. The sweepers were signalled for and came flying up, and shot at it to explode it. We went to one side, and were all terribly interested, but by the time the boats came up it was rather far behind for us to see very plainly. We stayed at Archangel for three days, living on the boat as the hotels there were impossible. I was awfully glad to see it and we all had rather fun. First of all there was the joy of terra firma and of other food besides that of the ship. Then there was the excitement of all the English people at seeing snow and sleighs. It was wonderful for me too, but made me feel quite homesick. I can't tell you how I miss our blue sky and sun here. The last few days it has been brighter, and at night there has been quite a respectable moon and some stars, but until now there has been absolutely nothing to see, not even a cloud. ---

I am going to send you some post cards, so that you can see the people and the funny little sleighs. Set any of these anywhere at home, and you have Russia. The thermometer here is different, but I don't think we have had any below zero days. ---

I think the Hospital has had rather bad luck. To start with the stores which left England before we did have not been heard of yet, and one hates to think what may have happened to them. However everyone is of good cheer and we hope to hear any day of their arrival. Then the Palace which has been given to us for our hospital is not ready yet, so here am I not having done a stroke

of work for over two months, but at least I have tried to be ready. I have started to take a few lessons in Russian, but as it is like nothing on earth I don't expect to accomplish very much. ---

We have such a nice lot of Sisters and especially V.A.D's. You know what they are don't you ? Voluntary Aid Detachment, or "Very Attractive Darlings", and so they are too. The two I have knocked around with all the time are an English girl and a Scotch girl. The English girl is from London, seems to have everything and has done everything. Before this she was making munitions. I think it was most awfully sporting of her to come out here as she has never done any hospital work. She is an awfully good sort - funny and original - and a champion giggler, so you can imagine she appeals to me. ---

I can't tell you how cut off from the whole world we are here. We hardly ever get a word of war news. When we do it is always old and usually turns out to be nothing but rumours. ---

Many of the people of this unit were in Servia last year, and feel most awfully badly about its fate. ---

We hope our hospital is to be opened for the New Year, and it is to be a very wonderful event. The two Empresses, the Czar and probably several Grand Dukes are to be present. ---

We hear a lot of rumours about the Opera and Ballet, both of which are almost impossible to get to, but I will certainly be sick if I leave Petrograd without having seen them, as everyone says they are wonderful. ---

Miss Stoker, the nice English girl I was telling you about, had

letters to several people at the Embassy, and some day next week one of them is going to take us out skiing, which will be rather fun. I don't know whether I will skate or not, I certainly did not come prepared for such emergencies. ---

I can't tell you how awfully nice everyone is to me here. The Matron is quite the nicest I have been under. Her name is Miss Irvine Robertson. Being "Canada", I always come in for everything that is going on, and my brass buttons make an awful disturbance. By the way, my nickname is "Sister Buttons". Everyone here was so thrilled with the generous gift from the Canadian Government to the Anglo-Russian Hospital. I pretend to think it is nothing, but all the time I am nearly bursting with pride. I adored France, but in England sometimes it all looked so peaceful and tidy that I felt like giving the hedges an awful kick and upsetting the whole chess board. London I must say I loved. Russia I like, and hope to see a great deal mor of - Moscow and some provincial towns, which they say are real Russia. But I long for our sunshine on the snow, and the wonderful sunsets and starry blue sky, so evidently after all I don't think there is any place like Canada. ---

With very kind regards to your Mother and Father and May,

Dorothy P.Cotton.

D.P.C. (Insert)

Petrograd - 17-12-15.

ВСЕМІРНЫЙ ПОЧТОВЫЙ СОЮЗЪ. РОССІЯ.
ПОЧТОВАЯ КАРТОЧКА.
UNION POSTALE UNIVERSELLE. RUSSIE.
Carte Postale.

Просмотрено Военной Цензурой

Разрешено Военною Цензурой

This is a picture of the Winter Palace — where the Czar is supposed to live but apparently wanders — he goes every afternoon now that we have no work to do and work for the R.F.X. Hope that some day you receive the letters I wrote you — but yesterday they told us no letters has left Russia for England for the last 10 days — Dying life very quiet but feel one at the front — hope to be [illegible] soon —

ПОЧТА

Robert Fetherstonhaugh Esqre
775 Sherbrooke St
Montreal
P.Q.
Canada -

13 6842

May 24th Russia.
Petrograd.

ОТКРЫТОЕ ПИСЬМО.
CARTE POSTALE.

ВЪ ПОЛЬЗУ ОБЩИНЫ СВ. ЕВГЕНІЯ

МѢСТО ДЛЯ ПИСЬМА. | МѢСТО ДЛЯ АДРЕСА.

Don't you taller like the dagirl — It is such a typical type — one often sees on the street and you have no idea how primitive this place is - at the same time wonderful buildings & untold wealth. The little dragies you can see - in the winter time was always blazing and usually a crowd of small boys around it warming their hands. We are off to a field Hospital very much further south soon as we know so are hoping it is to Caucasus — Best of love Boys —

Robert Fetherstonhaugh Esqre
Sherbrooke St
Montreal
P.Q.
17 Victoria Square
Canada
КАНАДА

Картогр. зав. А. Ильина, СПБ. Пряжка 5

LETTERS FROM Capt.ROSS P.COTTON. 16TH BATTN. (KILLED IN ACTION).

16th Battalion, 3rd Brigade.
Salisbury Plain
November 17 1914.

My dear Bob;

--- We have no idea how long we are to be here, but don't expect to go to the front till the Spring.

November 24 1914.

Our camp is seventeen miles from Salisbury City, but the most convenient Ry.station is there, and we often go in. Charlie went off last night with the 5th Battery, but I have no idea where to. Probably to the East Coast of England, and not to the front.

France, Sat.October 9 1915.

--- There has been a lot going on in other parts of the line, but where we are it has been very quiet. We have been here for quite a long time now, so know the district very well, and will be glad of a change of scenery. I had my week's leave about a month ago, and had a great time. I called at the Hospital near Boulogne for Doss, and we went over to England together. We spent most of our time in England together, and found our week flew past, and was over before we realized it. Doss came back to France with me, and

R.P.C. (Insert)

THIRD SON TO GIVE HIS LIFE FOR THE EMPIRE

Captain Charles Penner Cotton Helped to Blow Way for Canadian Troops

Ottawa, June 21. — Captain Charles Penner Cotton, the third son of the late General William Henry Cotton, adjutant-general, who was reported as missing after the last battle, at Ypres, is now reported having been killed in action and the story of his death is a most inspiring one and well worthy of the family from which he came.

He is the third brother to make the supreme sacrifice in the cause of Empire. The eldest son, Harry Cotton, was killed in South Africa, and the youngest son, Captain Ross Penner Cotton, was in the casualty list only the other day as having been killed in action in France.

In the Recent Big Fight.

Captain Charles Cotton gave his life to the brilliant fighting in which the Canadians recovered the lost ground a few days ago.

A letter from the front says: "In the counter-attack Captain Charles Cotton and picked crews smuggled guns out within three hundred yards of the enemy parapet—our former parades—and blew open a way for the Canadian infantry. Each man knew that only a miracle could save him. One by one they dropped away, wounded or until killed. Captain Cotton, badly wounded, was the only one left, feeding the single gun that was effective. He fired shrapnel at close range at the Huns, who attempted to stem our attack. Weakening from loss of blood, he happened to see a wireless operator whose aerial had been shot away, and showed him how to use time fuses. The two of them worked the gun until an unlucky hit blew it to smithereens. The operator had a marvellous escape, but Captain Cotton was never seen again, though with the dawn volunteers searched the place for his body."

I went out to the Hospital with her, and spent a day out there. She is back in England again now, as she is going to Russia with a new Anglo-Russian Hospital, which is being sent out quite soon. It is a long way to go,but it will be a wonderful experience, and she is very keen about it. It is really an English hospital, but they wanted one Canadian sister, and she was chosen. We have done absolutely nothing here, except the usual routine of going in and out of the trenches, so I have no news at all to give you of the Canadians. The 2nd Division are over here now, and we are all formed into the Canadian Corps. I often see Charlie now, which is very nice, and sometimes it is hard to realize that we are at war. I am now on General Leckie's staff, the 3rd Infantry Bgde., and like it very much. It is a great change from the trenches etc. I am also a Captain now, which really rather amuses me.

Very best wishes to your family and yourself.

Sincerely,

G.Ross P.Cotton.

LETTERS TO

MRS.COTTON.

JUNE & JULY 1916.

Thursday, May 3 1915.

My dear Mrs.Cotton;

I cannot tell you how pleased I am that Charlie has done so well. His Father would have been so proud of him. He has,obtained a Commission for gallant conduct in the field, and I expect will be awarded the Russian decoration for gallantry - one of which was allotted to the Artillery for the operations about Ypres. He was, as you must know, one of the telephonists of the 2nd Artillery Brigade, and during the whole of the time from 22nd April to 6th May he constantly repaired the telephone wires under the heaviest shell fire, and on the 2nd May he did particularly gallant work when the wires were hopelessly cut by shells during a German attack. He then kept up communications between his battery and the Infantry by running between the two under the heaviest shell and rifle fire. ---

You may well be proud of the Gunners. Under the heaviest fire the guns were laid and fired, ammunition driven up, and communications maintained, as though at gun practice at Petewawa. The weather is perfect and the ground now quite dry. I hope to run across Dorothy though not in an official capacity as a patient.

Yours affy

Harry Burstall.

(Major-Gen. Burstall
G.O.C. Canadian Artillery)

H.Q. Canadian Corps.

25 June 16.

Dear Mrs.Cotton;

I feel so for your grief that I cannot express how my heart goes out to you all. ---

Charlie and Ross both sleep in soldiers graves. Charlie lies quite close to where he served his guns to the last. Faithful until death, as those who knew and loved him knew he would be. His loss to us is more than I can say. He stood for everything that was brave and upright and steadfast, and among many good officers he was outstanding in the love and respect which everyone had for him.

All my heart goes out to you in your great grief.

I will see that the place where he sleeps is attended to, and if I can do any little thing - however small - I trust you will let me know.

Please give my love to Elsie and tell her Hood's work will I hope be recognized.

Yours affec.

Harry Burstall.

TELEGRAM.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

O.H.M.S.

THE KING AND QUEEN HAVE RECEIVED WITH MUCH REGRET THE NEWS OF THE DEATH OF YOUR TWO SONS WHO WERE KILLED WHILST GALLANTLY FIGHTING WITH THE CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE. THEIR MAJESTIES DEPLORE THE DEATH OF THESE TWO BRAVE OFFICERS AND DESIRE ME TO CONVEY TO YOU THEIR EXPRESSION OF THEIR SINCERE SYMPATHY WITH YOU IN YOUR SORROW.

KEEPER OF THE PRIVY PURSE.

1st Canadian Division

19th June /16.

Dear Mrs.Cotton;

I have been putting off writing to you, hoping daily that I might have some definite information to give regarding what happened to your boy Charlie. I am sorry to say however that nothing certain is yet known, though I still hope we may hear that he was made prisoner and is now in Germany.

When the attack took place on the 2nd he was in charge of a section of guns in Sanctuary Wood which enfiladed the German trenches opposite our own 1st Div'l. front, Sanctuary Wood itself being held by our 3rd Div'n. After an intense bombardment throughout the morning the enemy assaulted the position occupied by the 3rd Div'n, and made their way into the wood. It appears that at this moment Charlie had his guns in action, and this is the last we have been able to hear of him. There are about 100 empty, fired cartridge cases near each gun, and parts of the sights have been broken or removed, no doubt under his direction to prevent the guns being used by the enemy.

I enclose a copy of a letter from a wireless operator whose station was alongside the guns, and who was impressed by Charlie to assist in manning them. This man is the last who saw your son, as far as we have been able to discover, and I thought you would like to have his letter now, especially as the man is in hospital in England, and you might wish to see or communicate with him. One thing is evident from this letter, that

Charlie kept his guns firing until the Germans were upon him, and the whole of the Div'l Artillery is proud of his gallantry. It must be some consolation to you to know that he met the enemy so heroically, holding his ground to the last.

I wish to offer you and your family my most sincere sympathy in the double loss you have just suffered, but I am still in hope that you may hear that Charlie is alive, though a prisoner in Germany.

Do not hesitate to let me know if there is anything I can do for you. I shall certainly not fail to let you know should any further particulars come to my knowledge.

With deep sympathy and kindest remembrances,

Believe me,

Yrs very sincerely

H.C.Thacker.

Canadian Expeditionary Force,
20 June 1916.

Dear Mrs.Cotton;

I have been waiting in the hope of obtaining some definite information regarding Charlie before writing to you, and know that others have written meanwhile. Now, however, it appears certain that Charlie has gone, and I wish to assure you of the sincerest sympathy of all officers and other ranks of the 2nd Brigade, in which Charlie was such a general favourite. I regret more than I can say the loss of one who was such a useful officer, and who had such glowing prospects, both military and otherwise. The particulars of his final stand with his forward section of two guns will go down in history as one of the most gallant acts performed by any Canadians.

I mourn his loss additionally as a brother Alpha Delt. May I offer you my sincere sympathy in Ross's untimely end, and I assure you, Mrs.Cotton, that no two brothers have done better work for Canada and the Empire than has been done by your two sons.

Yours very Sincerely

J.J.Creelman, Lt/Col.

O.C. 2nd Bde. C.F.A.

Ypres, June 24 '16.

Dear Mrs.Cotton;

I take this opportunity of writing to you, in order that I may relate to you the circumstances surrounding the death of your son Charlie. I have no doubt but that Major Eakins has already written you, but as I was perhaps the last friend to be with him, and as my battery found his body, I know that it would be your wish that I should write and tell you everything concerning the facts of the case.

Charlie's dug-out up in the line was quite close to my own. Each day I used to go around and spend an hour or so with him. My relief came the day previous to the bombardment, so that when I called on him, I stayed practically the whole afternoon. We talked of everything in general, mainly the good time each of us had had when we were last in Ottawa. My home is there. I was relieved last that night, so did not see him again. The bombardment started early next morning.

Charlie was in charge of two forward guns, up very close to our front line trench. These guns were not to fire unless the S.O.S. came thru. When it did come he fired all his ammunition - as we found out later.

As you know he was posted as missing, as no one had any news of him, also we lived in the hope that he may have been taken prisoner - over 300 were taken by the Germans. In the counter attack by us, I put in two guns quite close to where his guns were and had my men look over the ground, so as to make sure he had not been killed, but so many of our boys were killed, that it was very hard to

identify them. Yesterday two of my boys found him, very close to his guns. He had evidently fired all his ammunition and had started for the supports when a shell struck him. Charlie's head was almost completely blown off. My men buried him and put up a Cross, so that later his Major can identify the spot and make a suitable grave.

These are the facts, Mrs.Cotton, in brief. I am not capable of expressing my thoughts as I would like to do, as I have lost so many friends lately that it is beginning to have a slight effect on my "understanding".

On his body we found his ring and a few other effects which I have handed over to Major Eakins, and which I trust will reach you safely.

Charlie and I, although not great friends, knew one another for many years.

I remember well seeing him in Delorimier Park, Montreal, when he had just stepped off the train from Vancouver, in 1914. We went thru the ranks together, and were in the same fights out here too.

It is so hard to see your friends go, as for the Mothers my English is far beyond words for me to express my thoughts.

I expect to go on pass in a few weeks and would like very much to call on you. Charlie and I had such long talks together just before he was killed. I feel that his Mother might like to know something about them.

My heart goes out to you, Mrs.Cotton, please accept my deepest sympathy,

Gerald Hanson Davidson, Lieut.

Heavy Trench Howitzers, 3rd Can.Div. Div'l Arty.

5th Battery,
2nd Artillery Brigade,
1st Canadian Division
B.E.F.
July 27/'16.

Dear Mrs.Cotton;

On Tuesday night we brought Charlie's body from Sanctuary Wood and buried him Wednesday (July 26/16) in the same cemetery as his brother is in.

I was able to take out all his old friends from the Battery, and a great many from other batteries also attended. We marched behind the gun carriage from the Wgn Lines to the Cemetery where Generals Thacker and Burstall, Cols.Mitchell, Penhale, Creelman and Anderson were waiting with a firing party of forty men from the 15th Bttln (48th Highlanders of Toronto).

Lt.Col.John Almond conducted the Service.

It was the most touching and impressive service I have ever attended, Mrs.Cotton. All of us that stood there had lost an old and tried friend. We all knew him as "Charlie", but we all realized that we were there to pay our last respects, to do homage to, one who had more than done his duty as a soldier, and whose fight on June the second will always be remembered.

As long as the Fifth is out here, the graves will be most carefully tended. If there is anything I can do, please let me know, Mrs.Cotton.

Yours Faithfully,

J.M.Eakins,

Major.

LETTERS TO MRS.COTTON.

Canadian Army Corps

July 3 1916.

My dear Mrs.Cotton;

That a month should pass without my writing you about Charlie seems very unkind. I felt for a long time however that there was always still some hope, and refrained from writing from day to day, though there were many days on which I thought of you and was prompted to write, with even the information I had. I knew however that the 1st Division Artillery were doing all they could to get information, and to keep you informed. I was glad to be able to help them after the 13th, when in our extensive counter-attack we had captured a number of prisoners, all of whom passed under my hand in Intelligence. As we had previously failed to secure any information, and as for the period between June 2nd and 13th, the place where the guns were was in "No Man's Land" we could only wait the opportunity to get back to the place after we had driven the Germans back, or get information from prisoners. It was an increasing disappointment to see that day after day as we kept on interrogating prisoners we failed to get any tangible information which would show what had become of the guns and those who served them. Finally as you can see from the enclosed extract from my Corps Intelligence Summary of the 19th, we had to admit that we could learn nothing definite. In the meantime I had traced two sources of information from men who had worked by Charlie's guns until the last. One, a gunner, only recently discovered, I was

unable to get in touch with, but the Divisional Artillery office did, I understand. The other was a wireless chap whom Charlie had pressed into service, whom I got track of the next day (3rd), and got Ross in touch with him. He (the wireless) wrote from hospital to his O.C., Major Williams here (Corps Signals), and I enclose a copy of his letter herein. You of course have been in touch with him in England.

I was hoping against hope that we might find a trace of Charlie somehow - until a few days ago when his body was found in Maple Copse, and was buried there. Mrs.Rosamond, with whom I have been in communication, knows details of this.

I cannot find words to express my feelings about Charlie's loss. He seemed loke a young brother, and both my wife and I have been very fond of him for years. When I think however how he died - if the good Lord had to take him in this way - I feel that his great heart and his beautiful character and his great steadfast devotion to duty stayed with him to the last. It is certain that he fought his two guns until the Germans were actually on him, only 5 or 10 yards, and that was the end. No history of the British Army with all its traditions, or no history of our young Canadian Army could display a finer act, or a devotion to duty worthy of a soldier's son, nor of a long training of home example in his splendid spirit. I feel in his loss that we have lost one of our best young officers, and everyone agrees with me.

It is hard now to turn to the other part of the story of our loss - following so closely on Charlie's, and even while everything was so uncertain. I was dumbfounded, as was everyone else, when I

heard of Ross' death. Everyone loved him and admired him, and was so interested in him, and looked on him as such a valuable and promising young staff officer. A few days before, I was with the new Corps Commander, Sir Julian Byng, and we were talking to Ross. The Corps Com'dr. remarked on him, and had me tell him about Ross and then about Charlie, and later was profoundly touched by Ross' death.

We buried Ross in the little cemetery, South-West of P., where so many of his comrades lie in peace. The name which has been given to it - a Belgian name - seems somehow appropriate, "Lyssenthoek", (pronounced Listenhook), and I couldn't help but think of it as I stood there by the grave that beautiful Saturday afternoon (June 17th), bare headed in the brightness, all still and quiet - just the birds and the wind softly rustling the leaves on the small trees nearby. Alongside are pretty fields and groves of tall elms, and a winding road that after the war will be a road for many of us to go to the shrine of our fallen Canadian heroes.

In deepest sympathy I remain,

Yours very sincerely

C.H.Mitchell

Canadian Army Corps

July 27th 1917.

My dear Mrs.Cotton;

Yesterday, having secured Charlie's body from Maple Copse, we had a funeral to Lyssenthoek Cemetery - the same one where Ross is buried - and buried him there not far from Ross. It was a full military funeral at 6 P.M., with a gun carriage and a firing party from the 48th. There were many officers present - mostly Artillery. General Burstall and I went down from Corps H.Q. and General Thacker was also there.

Again with kindest regards and deepest sympathy,

Yours sincerely,

C.H.Mitchell.

July 2 '16.

My dear Mrs.Cotton;

I have delayed writing you for many reasons, chiefly I think from a sense of not wanting to intrude a message at this time, when I so well know how little comfort you can receive from a sympathy expressed in words. Still if the thoughts and wishes of men out here could in some way lighten the burden of your grief, yours would surely be lessened, for not since we first came to Flanders have I seen such widespread grief as has been caused by the sacrifice your sond have made.

To me Ross Cotton was as a younger brother, many indeed claimed that sense of close comradeship with him, for of all the younger officers in the field he had the biggest, finest soul, admired by all for his cheerfulness and courage. I never knew him to fail in his duty. I write to you because a year ago - and often since - he made me promise I would, just to tell you among the many who would write, how much you were in his thoughts - indeed much of his inspiration seemed to come from you. He told me once of how you and he went off in a boat, how you rowed him, and how he loved it all, and of other incidents which, if I'm spared to return, you may give me an opportunity of reciting.

I was the last of his friends to talk with him, only a few minutes before his death. He and Lieut.Sachs passed me on the road, and although their business was most urgent, Ross recognizing my voice, ran over, took my old hand in his, and was in his most cheeriest and encouraging mood. Next day Capt.Williams and I laid him in

the oak casket we had built - on the casket a Cross, for Ross Cotton was a true disciple of the lonely Nazarene. I know that, for I knew the heart of the man. The expression on his face was a smile, and a something which plainly said, "I have conquered". I have seen it so often on the faces of our men who have made the supreme sacrifice of self. It must be that they know much that is hidden from us.

I did not attehd the funeral. It was a wonderful tribute to your son from the G.O.C. to his servant, and our pipers who all knew him and loved him. Instead I went off to an old garden where last year we had both spent a fine afternoon, and I thought of him as alive and not dead, and so he is. Men taken like your son do not die in the hearts of men, and that really is the secret of life. Your son passed on just as he wished to, and with that splendid faith in himself and God, which has made his sacrifice an example and inspiration to all who knew him.

I cannot say more - not now - for you see I'm not only attempting to comfort you, but surely you can see that some of his friends need comforting. I saw strong men weep, and why not, for we all loved him.

I wish I knew more of your other son. I had less opportunity to know him - but I knew how much he was valued and what splendid work he did in his Battery.

Your grief is great, but your pride in their sacrifice must be greater.

Forgive so disjointed a letter. We write under difficulties and our hearts are badly torn. Still we shall go on, for the obli-

gation to do so grows daily greater.
With assurances of my esteem, and my admiration for your courage in bearing the burden of your grief, I am,

Yours sincerely

S.R.Heakes

(Capt.)

"The Canadian Scottish".

3rd Can'n Bgde. H.Qrs.

C.E.F. France, 19 6/16.

Dear Mrs.Cotton.

Will you allow me to extend to you and your family my deepest sympathy in the loss of your son in the recent fighting. I, personally feel his loss acutely. He was such a bright, loveable boy, and was always so attentive to me.

Everyone who knew him loved him, and he had the respect of all. I could see that he was feeling his brother's fate intensely. He asked me to allow him to go into the first attack with his regiment, but I would not allow him to, as his ordinary work was quite hazardous enough. He was always keen, cheerful and bright, and anxious to be useful. The opportunity arose during the first fighting for him to take out an officer's patrol, to gain certain information, which he did very creditably.

During the second fighting I sent Lieut.Sachs, the Brigade bombing officer, with 40 men at night, on a certain piece of work, and the boy asked if he could go too. I had always told him I would give him work to do, when it was needful to send him, and I consented. You know that the same shell killed both him and Lieut.Sachs, besides other casualties.

His grave lies about a mile from Poperinghe, in the official cemetery, near the French hospital. There are rows and rows of orderly graves, from an Earl to a private in this cemetery. He had a full military funeral, with many officers present, and with the wierd lament of the pipes, it created a scene that will live in one's

memory. I have seen too many of these, alas, of late, and in the earlier stages of the war have had to bury many a brave lad myself. His grave is nicely covered, and it bears amny wreaths of roses and flowers.

We are all hoping that your other son will turn up in hospital or elsewhere yet,

Believe me,

Most sincerely yours,

G.S.Tuxford

Brig-Gen.

Cmdg. 3rd Can'n Brigade.

The Canadian Scottish,

B.E.F. France June 23.

Dear Mrs.Cotton.

I find it very hard to write you about Ross. I knew him so very well and liked him so much. For a year before the war we had lived together when on duty in Nanaimo. I was a good deal older, but we were the very best of friends and I thought so much of him. He was such a good soldier, it seemed born in him and he would have done so well in the future if he had only been spared. He hadn't the slightest fear and was ready to go anywhere. Everyone thought so much of him, and everywhere the deepest expressions of regret were heard. He was a good boy, clean lived, and took care of himself. I cannot realize at all that he has gone. We buried him near Poperinghe - the pipes and drums were there, and a firing party. They fired the three volleys and the pipers played a lament at the grave. We went up and saluted and came away, and left him there beside five other of our officers. I have lost one of my very best friends.

Yours faithfully

J.E.Leckie

Lieut-Col.

Comd'g the Canadian Scottish.

East Looe,

Canford Cliffs,

Bournemouth.

21: 6: 16.

Dear Mrs.Cotton,

I have just heard from Major Clark-Kennedy the sad news about Ross. It seems too terrible to be true. He was my best friend at the front, so you know how deeply I feel for you. I never met a boy with a finer character or a more loveable disposition. A more perfect officer could not be found. It seems the best are always taken.

Please accept my heartfelt sympathy for you in this hour of great trial.

Yours very sincerely

R.E.Edwards Leckie.

18th June 1916.

Dear Mrs.Cotton.

By a strange coincidence I was one of the last officers to see your son Ross on the 13th of June, and I am taking the liberty of writing to you to give you the particulars of his death.

I am now commanding the 4th Battalion, and ~~xx~~ we made an attack with others on the 13th of June. That night Ross came to my headquarters with another officer of the 3rd Brigade Staff, to go out with the bombers of the 4th Battalion on a special piece of work. The operation was quite a simple one, and there seemed to be very little danger in~~/~~ it, and they all left my headquarters in the best of spirits. On their way up however they had to cross a piece of ground which was being heavily shelled. One shell thus landed close to the party, which wounded all the officers with it, and killed or wounded several of the men. Ross was struck in the back by a piece of shell, which apparently penetrated the lung, and from what the men say he was probably hit in other places as well. He retained sufficient strength to ask them if he was badly hit, and to carry him out. They succeeded in getting him into a trench near by and started to bandage up his wounds, but he became unconscious in fifteen minutes, and died in about half an hour from the time he was hit. I attended his funeral yesterday, and there were manifestations of sorrow from those present. I always liked Ross from the time he joined the 72nd, and I know how well he was thought of in the 16th and on the 3rd Brigade Staff. I do not

know much about your other son, but from what I hear he was only a few yards from where Ross was killed when he was last seen. I hope you may yet have news that he is a prisoner, but even should both of them be gone you at least have the satisfaction of knowing that they died in the execution of their duty, and from what I know of them I am sure that they themselves would have desired no other end.

Assuring you of my deep sympathy with yourself and all your family, I remain,

Yours very sincerely

Wm.Rae Major

Comd'g 4th Canadian Infantry Batt'n.

1st Brigade C.F.A.

1st Canadian Division. B.E.F.

19 - 6 - 16.

My dear Elsie;

I feel so sorry for you all, I thought I would like to write and tell you anything I can of Ross and Charlie. We still have heard nothing definite of Charlie except of how splendidly he got his guns into action during the first German attack, but as Lieut.Harold Matthews of my battery is also missing, I have been making enquiries everywhere, and at last I was rewarded when some prisoners we got on the 13th said they had captured several Artillery officers on the 2nd of June. There are 3 Canadian and 1 English artillery officers missing, so we can hope to hear good news of Charlie yet. I met Ross in a communication trench about June 5th, and had a fine chat with him. He was so proud of Charlie's great fight, but felt so worried about your mother's distress when you heard he was missing. Ross had just visited the 13th and 16th, who were dug in in very uncomfortable mud with only cold bully and biscuits for three days, but they were so cheery. Ross said "are'nt they wonderful, just crazy to go forward, and of course there is no doubt about the result when they do go forward", and of course there wasn't. They went right through the Germans.
Lieut.Huycke, one of our officers, was at the Battalion H.Q. the night Ross was killed, and he tells me that there was one spot in our old front line that the Hujns were still holding, and that Ross went out leading a party of 40 bombers and 2 officers to have these

Huns driven out. He says Ross was great and so cheerful and gave the men such confidence that they all moved off on very serious duty sure to succeed. It was apparently moving up to the front line that the shells got them. I have not seen anything of the 3rd Brigade, but when I do I shall find out anything I can and write you again. You have no doubt heard from some of Ross' closest friends, but if there is anything I can do for you, let me know, and I shall do my best in every possible way. I'm afraid this will be an awful blow to you all, Elsie, and I feel, as everyone does, very sorry for Mrs.Cotton and the family. Everyone is talking of Charlie and Ross and saying that no two brothers have done better in the war, and how sad it is that they should both go down in the same battle.

I'm afraid it will be very sad for you to read this, but I feel so sorry myself, and yet so proud of both Ross and Charlie, that I thought I must at least write and offer to do anything I can for you. I hope Mary is as good a correspondent with you as she is with me. I feel I know all the news when her letters arrive.

Sincerely yours

Donald A.White.

--- Mrs.Hodgson has been in Toronto lately, and she has just telephoned me this incident:

She was coming out of Eaton's on to Queen St., and as she got to the door she heard a man on the street call out the name of Cotton. Of course it arrested her attention at once, and she looked to see where the man was. It was a man, standing in a motor - recruiting. About fifty men and boys were standing around. She waited to hear what he had t say, and heard this, - "Men, you have all heard what young Cotton did. He stuck to his guns and gave up his life that 150 of his men could be saved. No braver deed has been done during this war". Then he went on, urging men to enlist. Mrs.H. saw 5 go up - fine men all. MrsH. says she was much struck by the feeling in the man's voice when he spoke of Charlie. Charlie's brave act will never die - it has probably been the means of many men enlisting, as I'm sure Alec's example has been the incentive to many here.

This is hurriedly written, as I was just going to post my letter.

CHARLIE COTTON. (Insert)

EXTRACT FROM "CANADA IN FLANDERS - THE OFFICIAL STORY OF THE CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE".

BY LORD BEAVERBROOK.

THE BATTLE OF SANCTIARY WOOD.

---"It was during the general retirement from the east of Sanctuary Wood that two of our guns were lost. Those guns were 18-pounders, and had been brought up to within 400 yards of the front line and established in gun-pits. They were to be used only in case of emergency. as their fire would be sure to disclose their position to the enemy. Owing to their position and purpose they were known as "sacrifice guns". Lieut.C.P.Cotton, of the 1st Divisional Artillery, was in command of them.

A German aeroplane found these guns on Friday morning (June 2nd), and particular attention was immediately paid to them in the midst of the general bombardment of our trenches and positions. Lieut. Cotton's gun-crews suffered, and he reinforced them with Sappers James E.Hood and Chambers, who were in charge of an emergency wireless station situated within a few yards of the gun-pits.

Cotton opened fire at 1.45 in the afternoon, and, assisted by his three surviving gunners and the two sappers, continued to fire until the enemy came over Observatory Ridge to within a few yards of the gun-pits. He then ordered a retirement. Sapper Hood rushed into his wireless dugout, destroyed his instrument, and then escaped with a bullet through the bone of his arm. Lieut.Cotton and the others of the gun crews were not so fortunate. They died near the gun-pits - they and their guns having served their des-

CHARLIE COTTON. (Insert)

THE BATTLE OF SANCTUARY WOOD. - (2).

perate purpose to the end - and so they too made the great sacrifice."

NOTE: THE ABOVE EXTRACT IS TO BE FOUND ON PAGES 182-3 OF VOL.2¾

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EXTRACTS FROM

THE LETTERS, DIARY AND MEMORANDA OF

MAJOR HARRY L. PAVEY, C.A.M.C.

M.O. 60TH CANADIAN BATTALION, B.E.F.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS, DIARY AND MEMORANDA OF MAJOR HARRY L. PAVEY, C.A.M.C., M.O. 60TH CANADIAN BATTALION, B.E.F.

September 28 1916.

Dear Ina;

You mentioned in a letter some time ago that you hoped I had kept a diary at the Front. I had not, but I had the dates of our different moves, so that when I reached England I filled in the rest from memory. Of course I could not write all, but I trust you will find this interesting, and keep it as a record of the doings of the husband whom you so bravely allowed to go to the front in the service of King and Country. ---

"You men who have returned from the front never seem to have much to say about things and conditions over there." That remark has been made to me many times during the past month since I have been home in Canada after two and a half years active service, (six months of which was spent in France). Well, the trouble is a chap hardly knows where to begin. He does not know how much time the enquirer has to listen, or whether to start his story at the beginning, the middle or the end. He does not know whether to tell something startling, something sad or something funny, so he just says, "There is nothing to tell". Some of these good

friends are probably interested, and would like to hear of what one did and saw over there, and I imagine a few of them are disappointed when one fails to break forth like a volcano and pour out molten facts and volumes of hot air. It is for the benefit of these few that I venture to write these few experiences, which occurred to me and those about me, while I was Medical Officer of a Canadian Infantry Battalion, somewhere in France. --- 60th
It would be instructive to some to hear what the duties of a Battalion Medical Officer are, so before commencing this little story I will tell you.

1) - He must examine all recruits before they join the Batt'n. to ascertain that they are free from contagious or infectious disease, and to see that they are physically and ~~fit~~ mentally fit to train for overseas service. Every man when he reaches the front line should be able to fight; he must be physically fit and trained accordingly. All specialists, cooks, servants, orderlies, batmen, signallers, buglers, bandsmen and sanitary police must be trained, able to shoot, march and fight. Even the stretcher-bearers of a battalion come under the same category. They do not wear a Red Cross, but they wear S.B. on the left sleeve, and they likewise must undergo the infantry training, and if the necessity arises, must fight. The Medical Officer is really the only non-combattant in the Battalion. He is a member of the Army Medical Corps, and is only attached to the battalion for duty as an M.O. Even the M.O. is allowed to fight in self defense, or to protect his wounded if the necessity should arise. The M.O. must see that every officer, N.C.O. and man is innculated against typhoid and para-

typhoid, and is vaccinated against smallpox. He must also hold a weekly inspection of all the men to see that they are free from disease and are standing thr training well. He should also be present at the weekly foot inspection to advise certain remedial measures in some cases of foot trouble, and to advise the men in the proper care of the feet. This sounds a very menial duty, but it is really most important, for a soldier who cannot stand up and march is no soldier at all, and he requires good healthy, well-cared-for feet in order to carry out satisfactorily all the duties of his calling. Then again, in the trenches, the feet if not properly looked after give rise to a great deal of trouble. This in some cases is unavoidable.

TRENCH FEET: - You have often heard that term. At the beginning of the war trench feet were more common, but now happily we do not hear so much of the malady, and when they do occur the M.O. is looked upon to be largely responsible. Thism condition of the feet is caused by standing for long hours in water or wet boots so that the feet become cold and numb and the circulation becomes stagnant. In its mild form the condition is somewhat like the old-fashioned chillblain. From this we have all stages, to what look like frozen feet and even gangrene, when a foot or part of a foot dies, turns black, and must be amputated. This condition can be prevented by keeping a dry change of socks and boots with one, so that when a man has an opportunity he can take off his boots and socks, rub the feet well to stimulate circulation and then put on dry ones. Even if dry socks and boots are not available, the men should take off their boots and socks frequently

in order to at least rub the feet. An oil is issued to the men with which to rub the feet, and this seems to be of use in preventing the condition. Of course the men are taught to keep the feet clean, and they should never start on a route march with new boots.

My experience was that the British army boot was very hard and difficult to break in, and that they caused many blistered heels, but after thay are once well greased and broken in they are very serviceable, and as the soles are stiff they are just the thing for the pave roads of France.

A man in the Infantry is taught that his best friend is his rifle, and a good soldier tends, cares for and nurses his rifle like a mother would a child. I would say that a soldier's second best friends are his feet, and he should care for them just as thoroughly.

3) - The Medical Officer should watch the men while doing physical training and route marches to see how they are standing it. He should thoroughly examine every man who falls out to ascertain if there is any disability or physical cause, and if there is none he should see that the man is disciplined.

4) - It is also his duty to hold early sick parade every morning at, say 7.30, so that he can have it finished before first Batt'n Parade, and so that those men reporting sick who are really able to parade will be in time to do so. Otherwise, if a man could be legitimately late for First Parade by reporting sick it would be an incentive for men to "go sick", and this would not do, for the M.O. must try to keep the attendance at Sick Parade as low as pos-

sible. Some men go sick because they like to see the doctor, others imagine they are sick when they are only tired, or perhaps find it hard to make an early morning's start, still others are really sick or have a minor complaint, while a very few are schemers and malingerers. The more efficient the M.O. the fewer of the latter.

While ih Camp and training it is interesting to note how the attendance at Sick Parade falls off on Sundays and holidays, while on the day of a long route march it goes up. This is only natural and is due to the weakness of human nature. On the other hand, while the battalion is in the front line, or just prior to an attack, there are scarcely any men reporting sick, even though they really have more excuse. This is because they hate to throw extra work on their comrades at such a time, and because they dislike the idea of being thought faint-hearted or cold-footed. While the M.O. must be strict and always keep in mind the fact that he is working for the GOVERNMENT and for his unit, with the object of doing his bit towards having the battalion as perfect a fighting machine as possible, he must also be fair and considerate, so that a man who has some complaint is treated and given duty, or excused, as the circumstances dictate, while the really sick man is sent to Hospital.

5) - The M.O. must teach all ranks what disease is, how it is caused and how prevented. He must teach them something about sanitation and water supply. All officers and men should know something about First Aid so that (as often happens) in an action if there is no M.O. or S.B. available, they can control a haemor-

rage and apply a first field dressing.

6) - Of course the M.O. is responsible that his Stretcher-Bearers are thoroughly well versed and practised in First Aid to the injured. He must instruct the Battalion Sanitary Police in sanitary duties, so that they are able to see to it that their Company lines, when in bivouac, billet, camp or trench are kept sanitary, and when on the march they can prevent the polluting of the country and streams. The Water Detail must also be taught its duties, so that they are able to clarify and purify water to make it safe for drinking. The method popularly used for disinfecting water is by chlorination, and the Water Detail are trained to test the water, after chlorination, to asceetain if it is safe for human consumption.

7) - The M.O. is also partly responsible for the instruction of the men in Gas Defensive, and he should be present at the inspection of the Gas Helmets and at Gas Helmet drills. He is sent to a Gas Defensive School in France so that he understands these things, and when he is at the front he is responsible that the Vermoral Sprayers are always in working order. These Vermoral Sprayers are used after a gas attack to disperse the gas from shell holes and dug-outs. The M.O. should see that the Battalion, when in the front line, has a Vacuum tube, and a man trained to use it, so that he is able to collect the gas at the height of a gas attack for future analysis.

8) - The M.O. should report infectious disease and isolate contacts. He should send in regular sanitary reports, especially when in the front line trench. He should see that the companies in the front

line are supplied with abundance of disinfectant. He should also inspect the mens' food, and

9) - last but not least, he is to care for the wounded. When the Battalion is at the front the Medical Officer selects the best sheltered place he can find as near up to the troops as possible for a Regimental Aid Post. Here in trench warfare the wounded are brought to him, usually after a first field dressing, or improvised splint, has been supplied by a stretcher bearer. He gives the case, if necessary, a little more thorough and careful attention, and sees that the wounded are evacuated as rapidly as possible to the rear. They walk, if they are able, or are carried to the Advanced Dressing Station of a Field Ambulance, which is usually a short distance in rear of the Regimental Aid Post, and if possible near a road, so that the wounded can be loaded into ambulances and taken quickly back to a Clearing Station. The Clearing Station is at Railroad head, and is fitted up so that cases can be carefully cared for and major operations performed. When the patient is able to travel he is taken by train from the Clearing Station to a Stationary Hospital or a Base Hospital. ---

February 20 1916. - We left Bramshott Camp for Southampton. We got away from camp fairly early in the morning, with our band leading and our transport bringing up the rear. We had about a two or three miles march to the train, - - - and after a few hours travel we detrained at Southampton and had a long march to what they called a Rest Camp. The name of the camp was a delusion,

for it consisted of snowy water, slush and mud, but there was not a dry spot to sit down.

February 21 1916. - In the afternoon we marched to the wharf, where we embarked on a small channel boat and tried to settle for the night, but there was scarcely room to sit down and no sleeping accomodation. Many of us were able to curl up on the deck, but we got little sleep, for those who were not sea-sick were either assisting or dodging those who were.

February 22 1916. - We landed early in the morning at Havre, and in the cold, early dawn we did not look quite the spick and span fighting unit which had left Bramshott two days before. Word reached us that we were to go to a Rest Camp, and as we had already learned what a Rest Camp was, we were not overly enthusiastic. However we started off in full marching order for a 5 mile march, over paved roads most of the way, to the top of a high hill, over which the wind swept like a hurricane. Here there were tents for us, but that was all. Presently however the cooks got fires going in the portable kitchens and cooked some good hot stew which did our hearts good. Towards the late afternoon we commenced to get ready to break camp, and at about 6 o'clock we commenced the march down the hill to the station, in the pitch dark and a blinding snowstorm. The men were put in box cars, marked "8 horses or 20 men", while the officers were put in a third class coach with many broken windows. I slept on the floor of the passageway, as the seats were all occupied, at least I

slept a little, but it was very cold.

February 24 1916. - We travelled for 24 hours on this miserable train, and at about 2 A.M. on the 24th we arrived at our destination - Godewaersvelde. This was a quaint little French village, about 15 miles from the front line, and was surrounded by farms and farming country. Guns could be heard in the distance and occasionally an aeroplane would pass overhead. Otherwise everything was peaceful and quiet. The officers were billetted in farm houses and the men in barns. Headquarters was billetted in the town, while the four companies were, as nearly as possible, placed one to each large farm. While at Godewaersvelde I called on Col. Bridges, A.D.M.S. 3rd Canadian Division, at Fletre. Here I accidentally met Charles Hanson and had lunch with him at his billet. ---

The Sick Parade each morning was held in a barn just off the town square, and those men reporting sick at reveille were paraded here to see the M.O. There was always a man or two in each Company who felt too sick to make the journey, and these I visited. It was about a 5 mile trip to make the round of all the billets, so I either went on horseback with a surgical haversack over my shoulder, or I drove in the Maltese cart and carried the medical and surgical panniers. At the time of visiting these sick I also made a sanitary inspection. If there shpuld be a man sick enough to go to hospital we could wire the nearest Field Ambulance Dressing Station, giving the map location, and an ambulance would be sent. ---

March 1 1916. - In the morning we pulled up stakes and started on a ten mile march to Locre, a small town nearer to the front. We reached Locre about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and were billetted much as we were at Godewaersvelde, but we were more crowded and less comfortable, as this place was full of troops. Here we met the 24th and 42nd Battalions, also No.6 Field Ambulance and many good friends. Some of our heavy guns were placed near here, and at night when they fired it was a rather startling sensation to one who had not become accustomed to the noise. ---
Our men, by platoons, went to the trenches for instruction under the 24th and 26th Battalions. I went to Siege Farm with a company, where I received my baptism of fire. A man's first impulse is to duck when he hears the zing of a bullet, but after a while he pays no attention, for he gets to know that the ones which he hears are already past. The one that hits him he does not hear. I went one night with two guides to the Regimental Aid Post of the R.C.R., where I called on Capt. Buck. He gave me some good pointers about his work at the front, and after a couple of hours I started to retrace my steps alone. I was not sure of my way, and when I heard machine guns for the first time I felt rather uncomfortable, but was greatly relieved when I found my quarters. This farm, at which we were staying, had never been shelled, although it was a good target. We wondered why, and heard a rumour that it was suspected that the owners of the farm were spies. Some time later on I heard that they had been arrested and dealt with accordingly.
During the week or so in which our Battalions were receiving their

trench instruction there was practically no fighting. Things were pretty quiet. Later on we looked back on those days and called them the days of peaceful warfare, for we only had two casualties, one man killed and one wounded.

March 11 1916. - On March 11 we marched back to a place near Godewaersvelde, and were billetted there for 12 days, to give ourselves a final pulling together before taking over our position in the front. While here I shared a room in a farm house with Capt.Hall and Capt.Tompkins. The people of the house worked hard all day from 5 A.M. till 9 P.M., when they had prayers and went to bed. While in this town we received some instruction and practice in throwing live hand grenades. Unfortunately there was one accident which killed one man and seriously wounded two others. Here also some of our officers, including myself, attended each day a Gas Defensive School, where we were taught about the different gasses used against us by the Germans and the methods of using them. We were also taught the different protections against gas. We were made to drill and exercise with the gas helmet on, in order to become accustomed to breathing properly with it. In this way we became familiar with the small of the chemicals in the helmet, so that this smell, during an attack, would not make one panicky and inclined to tear the helmey from his head. After this we were put into an air tight dug-out, with our helmets on, and gassed. The gas was liberated from a cylinder into the dug-out until it was almost impossible to see one's hand in front of one's face. They allowed us to remain

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in a concentration of gas (1-2000) for 15 minutes and we suffered no ill effects. During a gas attack the concentration never reached higher than 1-10000 . We were also shown how to make dugouts gas proof. This is very important, for during a gas attack it is a great advantage to have a dug-out which is gas proof, for the wounded, as it is difficult to make a badly wounded man keep his helmet on, and those attending the wounded can do better work if they do not have to wear the helmet. While I was with the Battalion we, fortunately, were not actually gassed, although on three or four occasions the Germans attacked with gas very close to us and we had to stand to with helmets on. We were however several times shelled with lachrymatory gas. This is not so dangerous, but it is unpleasant and causes inflammation and smarting of the eyes, together with nausea. We had goggles to wear tp protect the eyes against this tear gas. A man should be able to put his helmet on in 15 seconds, and in the front line this is about all the warning he gets from the time the gas leaves the German trenches. Of course when the wind is favourable for an attack everyone is on the alert and watching for it.

March 23 1915. - On this date we transferred our quarters to a Camp in the Ypres Salient, called Camp A. This Camp was about a mile and a half from Poperinghe, Belgium, and consisted of wooden huts and a parade ground. We marched via Berthes, Westoutre and Reninghelst. En route we passed a British Regiment, the Durham Light Infantry, who were being relieved from the Ypres Salient after a six months tour. They looked the part,

tired, weather-beaten and dirty, but happy. At Reninghelst Sir Douglas Haig inspected us as we marched past. While at Camp A. the Battalion continued its training, and at night some of the officers and non-commissioned officers took trips to the front in order to become familiar with the country round about and with the trenches we were to take over.

March 28 1916. - In the evening the Battalion lined up preparatory to moving up to the front. We left Camp A. in the pitch dark and sleet and boarded a train at a place about quarter of a mile distant. After all were aboard the train crept slowly and quietly up to the outskirts of Ypres. Here we disembarked and started on a two or three mile march up to the front, where we were to relieve the R.C.R. We left this corpse of a City by the Lille Gate and proceeded thence down the Lille Road to Shrapnel Corner - a pleasant place, so called because the Hun puts shrapnel over it at his pleasure. From this corner we turned left on a road which took us along Observatory Ridge. I felt there was no end to this road, but finally we struck off across country for a communication trench. At last we reached this trench, which at this point was only about three feet deep, and the Companies struck off in one direction towards the front line, while I went a short direction in another direction to a little wood called Maple Copse, in which were Batt'n. H.Q. and the Aid Post. Here I met the Colonel, Adjutant, Medical Officer and some other officers of the Battalion which we were relieving. The M.O. took me to see the Aid Post which was about 100 yards away.

It was built of sand bags, and had two rooms, one for doing dressings in and the other for storing the wounded. I say storing the wounded, for any casualties which occurred here in daylight could not be gotten out till dark, as the enemy could observe, not only anyone going back from these woods, but the road for some miles back as well. The roof of the dug-out was low, so that I could not stand erect, and the only light was candle-light or sometimes an electric torch. The M.O. explained to me that a horse ambulance called at certain hours during the night on a road about a mile to the rear, and that thw wounded were pushed down on a single guage railway to this spot. A horse ambulance was used because the road was so rough from shelling that a motor ambulance could not very well get along. About a couple of miles back there was an Advanced Dressing Station where the wounded could be left to await motor ambulances. I was next shown a little dugout where I could sleep when all was quiet. The M.O. now left me, as he was relieved, and went off to join his party and go with them to their camp in the rear. As I had seen that arrangements were all complete to take care of any casualties, and as I had my Medical Orderly and details placed, I decided to have a rest, so I stretched out on my little canvas bed and went fast asleep. I could not have slept more than half an hour when I was awakened by a rat squeaking close tom my ear. I was not accustomed to such friendly rats, so decided to go to Battalion Headquarters. I started out in the dark and sleet, but the place seemed to be laid out in a sort of maze, and I lost my way. After considerable searching, slipping off of bath-

mats and feeling my way around dank dug-outs, I managed to reach H.Q. Here I sat with our Colonel, 2nd i/c and Adjutant till I received a call to the Aid Post to attend our first casualties. Pte.Berry was the first, with a bullet wound in the chin which caused a compound fracture of the lower jaw. Another poor boy, Pte.McCrae, had been struck fair in the face and was quite dead. I felt very badly as I was not hardened to this sort of thing. We removed his identity disk and personal belongings to send to his next of kin and then carefully wrapped him up in a blanket. Next morning we took him to a little cemetery close by, and as I did not know where to find a chaplain I read the funeral service while a small party stood about with bared heads. Then another little white cross was erected to mark his place in the rows of those brave men who had given their lives in the cause of freedom, liberty and justice.

March 31 1916. - At about 2 P.M., as I was having lunch, I was called to the telephone. It was Capt.Miller speaking and he said, "You had better hurry down, Fred Shaughnessy is hit". I had about 700 yards to go and I simply flew with my heart in my mouth. One place I had to cross where a German sniper could take a shot at anyone who passed, but I never even stopped to think of it. Alas, it was a sad sight. Poor Fred was dead. He had been struck under the left shoulder blade by a small piece of shrapnel which had apparently entered the heart. Rene Redmond, Stuart McGibbon, John Black and Dug Cowans were there, looking very pale. I laid

poor Fred out in his bunk and took off his valuables and identity disk, and handed them to Rene. That night our comrade, who had died like a soldier, was buried like a soldier - an honourable grave in the battle-field of France. There was many a heavy heart, but we had to try to forget these things, remembering only that our brother officer had done his bit, had made the supreme sacrifice and had earned his rest, passing on the Standard for others to hold aloft.

The trenches which we occupied here were in good shape and were kept fairly dry and clean. They were about 40 or 50 yards from the German front line, and as I walked through them I sometimes regretted that I was over six feet tall for in some places they were none too deep and it gave me a kink in the back trying to keep my head below the parapet. A man did not have to show his head long before his number was up, and I saw two or three small periscopes sniped as our boys were using them to survey the German line. At the same time our own snipers were doing some good work and scoring some bulls eyes.

April 1 1916. - This tour in the front line lasted four days, and at about midnight on April 1st we were relieved and marched back to Camp E. Here we stayed for four days, and one evening the enemy shelled the next camp, killing two men and wounding four others. Of course I had to go to help the wounded and did not like the job for I never knew when the next shell was going to arrive. It is rather an unpleasant thing going into a shelled area, when one's natural impulse is to go the other way.

While at this Camp I had dinner with Stanley Coristine at the 42nd Battalion Mess, Called on the A.D.M.S. at Reninghelst and called at No.9 Field Ambulance, where I had lunch with Billy Turner.

April 5 1916. - We started about dark and marched back to the same trenches, where we relieved the 52nd Battalion, and I settled down again in Maple Copse for four more days.

April 9 1916. - We were relieved about midnight and went back to Brigade Support in Railway Dugouts. Here we lived under the railway which used to run from Ypres to Commes etc.

April 13 1916. - We marched back about 4 miles to Camp D., where we stayed for a week. While here I met Galt McCombe and the officers of the 14th Battalion, including Eddie Whitehead and Gordon Ross.

April 20 1916. - We left Camp this evening for Trenches 70 to 74 at Hooge. These trenches were situated right at the extreme apex of the Salient, and it was a very disagreeable place, as the so-called trenches consisted only of slits in the ground, more or less full of water. If the men tried at night to repair these trenches the enemy artillery would level them out again in the morning, so frequently the men would throw up earth some little distance away to draw the enemy's fire. This part of the line was continually swept by machine gun and rifle fire and we had

many casualties from these and trench mortars. My Aid Post was situated in the ruins of an Old Mill, about half a mile to the rear, there being no other shelter nearer to the front. This Old Mill was on the Menin Road just East of Ypres through the Menin Gate. During the night I was usually pretty busy attending the wounded and preparing the dead for burial. Twelve of our boys were killed. We also took care of wounded from working parties from other battalions and the wounded from the Irish Guards were brought to us to wait for ambulances. Poor Lieut. Dow, of Hamilton, 58th Battalion, was brought in to me on a stretcher with a bullet wound in the head, but he was dead. In the early hours, just before dawn, I would sometimes go for a walk and a breath of air. At this time, just before the rays of the sun commenced to steal over the horizon, it was very peaceful. The war seemed to stop, the rifle fire would gradually lessen and die out, the sound of trench mortar bombs and guns would cease and all would be still. During one of these prowls I wandered through an old cemetery. I thought that perhaps this spot would have been spared the devastation of war, but alas, no. The tombstones and sacred monuments were shattered and strewn about the ground. Here I could not help noticing that in many places, in spite of the wreckage, a crucifix still stood, alone and unharmed. Our Battalion occupied these trenches for eight days, and for me it was a long tour. Before leaving the Old Mill, though, I must tell you of Paddy - one of our privates. While at camp in England Paddy was a great source of trouble to me. He was continually reporting sick, and I would have felt lost if I had held

a Sick Parade and not found him present. Each morning after looking him over my treatment was "Duty, and a No.9 Pill". He said he could not drill and could not work, and always said he had not eaten for over a week. He spent much of his time in the Guard House and was with difficulty made to do any work at all, for he was always sick. There were some Medical Boards and Courts Martial held over him, but still he persisted in going sick, and if he were not given a No.9 pill, he would ask for one. This continued all the time we were in England, but after we reached France a change came over him and he seemed to take a fresh lease on life. Perhaps he was more interested; at any rate he became bright, alert and looked a different man. He became ready to volunteer for any difficult task, and , in short, became the backbone of his platoon. I had noticed the change and was commencing to admire him very much, when one night he was brought into the Old Mill, all covered with mud and with a gaping wound in his abdomen. I dressed his wound and made him as comfortable as possible. Before the stretcher bearers carried him to the waiting ambulance I took his hand and wished him good luck, but he never said a word in reply. However, as he was being loaded into the ambulande I heard him remark, "Tell the M.O. I won't need any more No.9's now for my bowels are open for fair. That was about Paddy's last remark.

April 28 1916. - We were relieved about midnight and greatly enjoyed the march back to Camp C. We were all dog tired when we reached camp, but had hardly settled down for a good sleep when

we received word to stand to for a gas attack. Luckily the gas never reached us, but we had to sit up all night with our helmets ready, and expecting to go back to the front at a moment's notice. One bright, sunny, Sunday morning while at this camp, when all seemed peaceful and quiet, we were shelled - four high explosive shells suddenly landing in, killing five of our men and wounding eighteen. It got my goat, and I felt that at any moment another shell would land with my number on it. However, we patched the boys up and got ambulances which took them to hospital. We had a funeral for the poor five who lost their lives, at Poperinghe. Enough of Camp C. We left and went to our old friend Camp A.

LETTER TO MRS.PAVEY.

April 30 1916.

We have just gotten rested up after a rather strenuous eight days in the front line.
Unfortunately we lost 12 men killed and 52 sent to hospital, but it might have been much worse. The wounded, with two or three exceptions, were quite slight so.
Pat Dunlop was slightly wounded in the back with shrapnel, and was very funny about it. He ran into his dug-out, pulled up his shirt to expose his back, and said, "Look, boys, I have a blighty". A "blighty" means a slight wound, but enough to give you a holiday at a base.

The stretcher-bearers did very good work indeed. One of the Band (not a stretcher-bearer) was killed by a sniper, through the head. His name was 458022, Jno.Kavanagh.
The Princess Pats, whom we relieved, had 16 killed during their eight days.
I had a busy time, for not only our own wounded came to my Aid Post, but others from working parties etc. We kept hot tea and Oxo always ready for the wounded and bearers, so that we ran a sort of all night quick lunch. The boys appreciated it. Capt.Tompkins stayed with me so that we were able to bury the dead properly when they could be brought out to us.
Well, it is great to get out into God's fresh air again, for I spent the eight days in the basement of a ruined building, with only candle light. The only time I could get out was after dark, if they were not shelling our way.
--- Col.Peters and Capt.Turner called on me at my Aid Post one night. On my way out I called in at an advanced Dressing Station to see Fred Tees. Capt.Shires and Jerry Furlong called here this afternoon, and last evening Percy Molson and Hugh Niven called on their way back to the trenches.
Yesterday I had a bath and a change, the first for over 8 days, and I slept with my clothes off. ---

May 15 1916. - Back to Maple Copse and Trenches 52 to 57. Here we had 8 days to stick and about 60 casualties. One night I had 5 men brought in, one after the other, all with bullet wounds in the head. They gasped like fish out of water and died. I felt very depressed. One day I got a hurry call to the front line trench, as four men were buried. I made the trip down with four stretcher bearers, under shell fire, and felt greatly relieved when we got the men out and got safely back to the Aid Post, but scarcely had I reached the A.P. when I received word that the M.O. of the Battalion on our left had been killed. His A.P. was struck by a shell and flattened out. The M.O's. servant was also killed and a stretcher bearer and the Padre's servant badly crushed. The two last were brought to me. Thry both had four compound fractures of both legs and several fractures of one arm. The Padre's servant said, "Take the other fellow first. He has a wife and daughter at home, while it don't matter about me". We chloroformed this chap, and while we were attending to him, the Padre's servant lay outside the dugout singing, "God be with us till we meet again", and crying out, "God forgive the man who fired that shot". One man died in my Aid Post, while the other died in the ambulance on the way to the Clearing Station. It was hard to carry on for a while after this, but there was no quitting and I found that a portion of rum here practically saved me from losing my grip on myself.

On the last night of this tour I forsook my sleeping quarters to share the dug-out of our Signalling Officer as the rats had become too familiar for me in my own abode. Early next morning

my dug-out was hit by a shell and demolished, so I figured that the rats had saved my life. It was not generally known that I was absent from the dugout when it was hit, so some of the men commenced to dig for me. When I walked up behind them and remarked, "That is the end of an Englishman's home", they looked as if they thought I were a ghost.

May 23 1916. - Back to Railway Dugouts and Brigade support.

LETTER TO MRS.PAVEY.

May 25 1916.

Here we are in Brigade reserve after a rather strenuous 8 days in the front line. While in we had 46 casualties, 6 of which died. The deaths were:

Pte. Courage. - shot through abdomen
Pte. Munroe. - Wound thro' back to abdomen
x Pte. McRae, H.W. - Wounds of head and body.
x Pte. Steven, H. - Shot thro' chest.
x Pte. Connors, J.E. - Shot thro' head.
Pte. Farrell, P. - Smashed by shell.

The three marked with an x were drafts from the 40th or 55th. Some of the wounded were serious, but many were light, or shell shock and nerves.
One man had a piece of shrapnel pierce his steel helmet and only scratch his scalp. The helmet saved his life. One man 457787 Pte. Mayatt, G.H. was shot thro' the head and was doing well when he left the Dressing Station. He may live. There was one fractured thigh and one fractured fore arm.

They were shelling the 43rd Headquarters heavily a few days ago and knocked in a dugout next to the Aid Post. The M.O. was sent to hospital with shell shock, and Dr. Waterson of No.9 Field Ambulance, Montreal, was sent up to relieve him. I had a talk with Waterson that night when he arrived. Next day, alas, the 43rd A.P. was knocked in and poor Waterson was killed. I feel very badly about it. Waterson's batman was also killed, and Major Gordon's (Ralph Connor's) batman died at the Dressing Station, with both legs and one arm badly smashed. While he was waiting his turn for splints and dressing he sang "God be with us till we meet again". A stretcher-bearer was also smashed up, and he was a brick. He said, "They killed my brother the other day, but I am going to live, for I have a wife and two darling little children in Scotland". He also said, "I had to laugh, for I thought I was sitting on someone else's legs and found them to be my own". We gave him chloroform and fixed him up, but I had not much hope. One other man who was in the dugout at the time came out with scarcely a scratch. Luckily the Chaplain, Major Gordon, who shared the dugout, was not in it at the time it was hit. Then that night the 8th Field Ambulance sent up a young Dr., Capt. Chisholm, to take up the work for the 43rd. I felt sorry for him as it was his first trip to the front. It was a dark night, bullets were whistling throughk the air and the artillery were straffing. He had no idea where he was going, and as he said "Good night", he remarked, "I hope I get back again". He is back in rwst now with the 43rd and is O.K. / ---

Early one morning one of our snipers, Pte. Courage, foolishly got

up on the parapet to do something, when he was sniped by a German. He lay on the parapet, groaning, and it was dangerous to get him, for the German was naturally waiting for his next victim. Stretcher Bearer, Pte. Weatherall, went up and dragged him in after him to the trench. That took some courage, for Courage was a big man. ---

Yesterday I met Clark-Kennedy and Major McCuaig of the 13th. They both look very well. We had the 14th on our right in the trenches this time, but I did not see any of their officers. ---

June 1 1916. - A march at night to our dear old Camp A. - 5 miles.

June 2 1916. - Rene Redmond, John Donnelly, Dug Cowans and I went for a ride on horseback - 8 miles - to Bailleul. We went to an estaminet and were in the midst of a well chosen dinner when the Provost Marshall handed me a wire from our Commanding Officer, which read, "Return at once, Urgent". As we rode hurriedly back to camp we could hear the roar of heavy artillery fire in the distance, and we thought a lot, but said very little. When we reached camp we found the Battalion making ready to go to the front, as the Germans had taken some of our trenches and we were to take part in a counter attack to regain them. Maple Copse, Sanctuary Wood etc. had been beaten to a pulp and nearly all the men there killed or wounded. We went up in the evening, and were fortunate in having no casualties on the way to our position in support. I established a Regimental Aid Post at Kruistraat, as the

Battalion was to line the Canal from Ypres to Bridge No.8.

June 3 1916. - The Battalion moved up to our left front, towards Hooge, and were to attack. I moved up and called at the Dressing Station at the Ypres Asylum on the way. Here I learned that Col. Tanner, O.C. No.10 Field Ambulance, had just been killed. I went on up to Ye Old Mill. At the Mill I found the M.O's. of the 52nd and R.C.R. I had a very busy night, this night, for from 9 P.M. till 5 A.M. we attended 200 wounded or shell shocked cases. We tried to supply hot cocoa to all stretcher bearers and to wounded, when advisable. Two ambulances were struck in front of the A.P. and wrecked, while a large shell exploded in a pile of sand bags at our back wall and left us in darkness. I wished that the editors of some of the daily papers, who were writing at that time that the Germans were running out of ammunition, could have been with us.

June 6 1916. - I was present at about 5 A.M. at the funeral of Capt.Vessey and Lieut.Notman. We laid them to rest in a little cemetery beside the mill.
The Battalion now moved over to the right, so I transferred my Aid Post over to keep in touch with them. This day we came in for a perfect deluge of shelling for a while, but fortunately all the shells were either too short or carried over, so that they landed everywhere but on top. Word reached me about 9 P.M. that the Battalion was to be relieved during the night, and that there were still about 20 wounded to be taken out. I got to-

gether 20 men and 20 stretchers and followed a guide. We travelled over shell torn and devastated country, and every time a flare went up we stood motionless, for we could be seen by the enemy. We reached the front line without mishap, and managed to collect several wounded, one being a German. As I passed a little, low dugout I heard a weak, plaintive voice say, "Oh, please take me out to-night. I've been lying here for four days wounded. They promise every night to take me out, but always fail." We got him out all right. One other man I found lying face downward on the parados. I put my hand on his back and said, "Well, my man, what is the matter? There was no reply for he had done his bit and had made the great sacrifice. On the trip back four whizz-bangs landed very near tu us, but did no damage. Frequently the Bearers had to rest, and during one of these halts I told my sergeant to get a button for me off the wounded German's tunic. The Sergeant went for him with his jack-knife, and the victim acted exactly as if he expected to have his throat cut. He seemed quite relieved when he found we only wanted a button.

It was 3 A.M. when we reached the Dressing Station, and a cup of hot cocoa looked good to us all. The wounded prisoner would not touch his until one of our men drank some from his cup. Then he drank it eagerly and smoked a cigarette.

Our casualties for this tour were 350, and included the following:

Officers killed:

Capt. Vessey
Lieut. Gallon
Lieut. Macfarlane
Lieut. K.C.Campbell

Officers wounded:

Capt Creighton
Capt. Donnelly
Capt. Redmond
Capt. Skinner
Lieut. Hingston
Lieut. Miller
Lieut. Edgar
Lieut. Gordon

June 7 1916. - The Battalion was relieved about midnight and went to Camp E. As I dragged myself along with my Sergeant, through a ruined village, my mind travelled back over the few days since the morning of the 2nd, when I had started out for a pleasant ride with three of our officers. Two of these officers had been wounded, many of my friends had been killed, a great deal had been crowded into a few days, and it all seemed like a long, horrid dream.

June 9 1916. - We moved to Camp D. and were told that we would have to go up to the line, possibly almost at once.

LETTER TO MRS. PAVEY.

June 10 1916.

Of course by now you will know in Montreal that we have had a show. I don't know why the boys call an engagement a show, unless it is because so much takes place, and one is able to see so little of it. However I am going to try to tall you part of what I saw, without going into details. I am sorry that I am unable to mention names of places.

We had completes 8 days in the front line, and 8 days in support, when on June 1st we arrived back in Divisional reserve. Here we were to have 8 days rest, as we had been heavily shelled during the 16 days up. On the morning of June 1st I had a long looked for bath and change, then I had lunch at the transport lines with Capt. Hall and Mr. McHaffie. It was beautiful weather and I loafed most of the time till evening, when I wrote some letters and went to bed. Major Galt McCombe and Capt. Basil Price called before I turned in.

Next morning, June 2nd, I was on deck for Sick Parade at 7.30, then after breakfast, John Donnelly, Dug Cowans, Rene Redmond and I started out on horseback to do some shopping at a town about 8 miles distant. The weather was fine and we thoroughly enjoyed the ride over the hills.

We did our shopping for all the officers messes, and were comfortably seated at lunch, when the Provo Marshal handed us a wire from O.C. 60th, saying "Return at once, urgent".

Our

Our hearts sank and our luncheons stuck in our crops. We then rode hurriedly back to camp, and found the Battalion making ready to go up to the front, as it was rumoured that the Germans had taken some trenches, and we were to aid in the counter-attack to regain them. Cheerful news, especially as I had visions of the artillery barrage which the enemy would put on the roads to keep reinforcements from coming up.

I, with Sergt. Kennedy, Sergt.Gray and Pte.Baylis followed up the Battalion, and started to look for a place to establish a Regimental Aid Post. It was very dark, shrapnel and high explosive were bursting uncomfortably near, and the roar from our our own guns was quite noticeable, that is if one were not deaf. I was rather fearful that something would drop on me or my men, so I searched diligently for an old house or barn to use as an Aid Post. Alas, every place I found either had no roof or was occupied by Artillery.

I found an Artillery Officer,in charge of a Battery,who was firing away like a good boy and I asked him if he could tell me of a place. He took me into his dugout, and in the light I found that he was Major Wood Leonard, of London, whom I had not seen for about 12 years.

Finally I established myself in an Advanced Dressing Station of No ? Field Ambulance.

Next morning I learned that the Battalion had changed their location to the left front, so I went up to the Old Mill, where I had spent 8 days a few weeks ago. ---

The trip was not pleasant, for the man who said Fritz is short

of ammunition is a liar. It was estimated that in the locality about the beautiful woods, where I had been but two days before, he landed about 12,000 shells in 5 hours, and these were all large shells which landed hard.

Here is where Capt.Wage, in charge of the Dressing Station, did such good work on the day of June 2nd. He had 16 wounded in the Station when it was hit 3 times. He remained in the woods after the Infantry had withdrawn, and with his Bearers, got all his wounded out. Then he dressed wounded in the communication trench and carried a wounded Stretcher Bearer on his back for about half a mile. He worked on like that till June 4th when he was ordered back as he was played out. Here I was given temporary command of the Dressing Station. That night from 9 P.M. till 5 A.M. we put through 200 wounded or shell shock cases, while across the road we kept hot cocoa and something to eat. We fed 1,000 men in one night, and some of the men, whom had had nothing for four days, almost cried when they saw food. ---

On June 6th I think it was, I had lost all count of time and dates, I heard that the 60th were being relieved, and were going into dugouts on my right, so having given over charge of the Dressing Station, I went across country with my party to this spot. Half the Battalion was here, but all the officers and the rest were still in the trenches. ---

I do pray that our boys will never have to go through again what they suffered - starvation, thirst, exposure and Hellish shelling. ---

June 13 1916. - We marched up to the front and occupied Trenches 59-66 in Sanctuary Wood. I had my Aid Post at the Bund, Zillebeke Lake. This was a quiet, but uncomfortable tour.

June 15 1916 - Back to Camp A. Here we stayed till June 30th. Met the 43rd, 52nd, 58th, 16th, 14th and 13th Battalions. It was here that the Stretcher-Bearers of the 60th won the championship of the 9th Brigade in First Aid.

June 30 1916. - Back to Hooge and Ye Old Mill, Trenches 63-74.

July 4 1916. - We went into Brigade support at Ypres. The Companies were billetted in the ruins of an old infantry barracks and Headquarters, together with myself, were in an old wine vault in the Ypres Ramparts. My Medical Staff was in the basement of an old ruined Hospital. Here I held my sick parade. One Company was about half a mile away in an old Belgian chateau near Kruistraat, and I had to walk over each day to see if there were any sick. They were shelled one morning at the chateau, one man being killed and several wounded. One day the infantry barracks were shelled and some men wounded. ---

July 15 1916. - We left Ypres by train at night and went back to Camp B., now called Camp Evil.

July 16 1916. - A ten mile march back to rest billets. The country was lovely, and it was a great treat to get away from shells and

the sound of guns. Here we had a nice quiet time for 10 days, the men in barns and the officers in farm houses.

July 26 1916. - A ten mile march back to Camp B.

July 27 1916. - On the Bund at Zillebeke Lake for a week. While here I explored the country to find suitable places for Dressing Stations etc.. Maple Copse was all ploughed up, all the dugouts were smashed down and there was not a leaf left on a tree.

August 4 1916. - A march back about 6 miles to Camp B.

August 11 1916. - We took over trenches from the 10th Battalion of the 1st Division, who were to start South to the Somme. These trenches were at Hill 60 and they were not very healthy, as the enemy had lots of Artillery and Trench Mortars, also the whole place is undermined, ready to blow up at any moment. My Regimental Aid Post was in a Railroad cutting about 200 yds. behind the front line.

August 12 1916. - At 8 A.M. the enemy commenced a severe bombardment, with heavy artillery and trench mortars, which lasted 4 hours. Of course we replied, and gave him more than he gave us. The entrance to my Aid Post was hit and we were sealed up tight in the dark for two hours. The air was getting very close when we heard men digging us out. I was not sure that the Ger-

mans had not taken the hill, so was relieved when a Canadian voice called in "Are you all right?" We answered, "Yes;" and then the wounded were passed in to us through a hole which was opened. One poor chap had a shell wound in the chest, and there was a hole in his side the size of one's fist. He was dying, and knew it. I asked him if I could do anything for him, and he replied, "Please see that Private Blank is repaid five dollars which I borrowed from him". This was his last request.

August 13 1916. - The enemy opened up on us again and buried many of our men. We had a terrible time with partly asphyxiated and shell shocked cases. One of our Stretcher-Bearers was badly wounded by a shell while helping to carry back a wounded man on a stretcher.
One morning I had to go out under shell fire to attend a poor chap with a hole in his chest. I could not save him, and he died on the way to the Dressing Station.

August 16 1916. - We were relieved at Hill 60 by the 52nd Batt'n, and I for one was not sorry. We had had 150 casualties, with 24 killed. It was here that poor Lieut.Arthur King met his death. As he was being dressed in the trench he said to a passing party, "Carry on, boys, I am only a casualty".

August 20 1916. - Capt.Gunn was sent up to relieve me, and I got

orders to report in London to.the D.M.S. I was glad to get away, for I felt played out, but at the same time I hated to leave the boys, and felt sorry for them, as they had to return to Hill 60 that night.
I walked out in the dark to Kruistraat, where my horse was waiting, and rode to transport lines where I stayed with Capt.Hall.

August 22 1916. - Left Transport Lines on horseback for Poperinghe. Got a train at 6.15 A.M. for Boulogne. Arrived in Boulogne at 1.15 P.M., and called at McGill Hospital where I saw Col.Birkett and several friends. Left Boulogne by boat at 6 P.M., arriving at Folkestone at 8 P.M. Took train at Folkestone for London, where I arrived about 11.30 P.M. and went to Hotel Cecil.

NOTE.

While I was with the 60th Battalion we had the following casualties:

Officers:- killed 8. - wounded 13 -- Total 21.

O.R. --- killed 108 -wounded 589 - Total 697.

Total killed 116 wounded~~xxx~~ 602.

H.L.Pavey.

H.L.P. DIARY ETC. (Index)

A.

B.
Baylis, Pte. (60th) - 30.
Berry, Pte. (60th) - 15.
Birkett, Brig-Gen H.S. (C.A.M.C.) - 35.
Black, Major John. (60th) - 15.
Bridges, Lieut-Col. (C.A.M.C.) - 9. 17.
Buck, Capt. (C.A.M.C.) - 10.

C.
Campbell,Lieut. K.C., (60th) (killed) - 28.
Clark-Kennedy, Lieut-Col., V.C. - 25.
Chisholm, Capt. (C.A.M.C.) - 24.
Connors, Pte.J.E. (60th) (killed) - 23.
Coristine, Major Stanley, (42nd) - 17.
Courage, Pte. (60th) (killed) - 23, 24, 25.
Cowans, Capt.Douglas, (60th) - 15, 25, 29.
Creighton, Capt.W.W.R. (60th) - 28.

D.
Donnelly,Lieut-Col.J.B., (60th) - 25, 28, 29.
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Dunlop, Capt.G.P.G. (60th) - 20.

E & F
Edgar, Lieut.J.H., (60th) - 28.
Furlong, Lieut.Jerry. - 21.
Farrell, Pte.P., (60th) (killed) - 23.

G.
Gascoigne, Lieut-Col.F.A., D.S.O. (60th) - 15, 25, 29.
Gallen, Lieut.H., (60th (killed) - 28.
Gordon, Major. ("Ralph Connor") - 24.
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Gray, Sergt. (60th) - 30.
Gunn, Capt., (C.A.M.C.) - 34.

H.
Haig, Field-Marshal Sir Douglas, - 13.
Hall, Capt.C.M., (60th) - 11, 29.
Hanson, Capt.Charles, (C.F.A.) - 9.
Hingston,LieutH.R. (60th) - 28.

K & L
Kavanagh, Bandsman Jno., (60th) (killed) - 21.
Kennedy, Sergt., (60th) - 30.
King, Lieut.A.M., (60th) (killed) - 34.
Leonard, Major Wood, (C.F.A.) - 30.

M.
Macfarlane, Lieut.B.C. (60th) (killed) - 28.
Mayatt, Pte., (60th) - 23.
Miller, Major W. (60th) - 15.
Miller, Lieut.S.C. (60th) - 28.
Molson, Capt.Percy, (P.P.C.L.I.) (killed) - 21.
Munro, Pte., (60th) (killed) - 23.

H.L.P. DIARY ETC. (index)

Mc.

McCrae, Pte., (60th) (killed) - 15.
McCombe, Lieut-Col.Galt, (14th) - 17. 29.
McCuaig, Brig-Gen Eric. (13th) - 25.
McGibbon, Lieut.S.R., (60th) - 15.
McHaffie, Hapt.G.A. (60th) - 29.

N & P

Niven, Capt.Hugh, (P.P.C.L.I.) - 21.
Notman, Lieut.Wilfred, (C.F.A.) - 26.
Peters, Lieut-Col.Charles, (C.A.M.C.) - 21.
Price, Capt.Basil, - 29.

R & S

Redmond, Capt.R.M., (60th) - 15, 16, 25, 28, 29.
Ross, Capt.Gordon, (14th) (killed) - 17.
Shaughnessy, Capt.the Hon.A.T., (60th) (killed) - 15, 16.
Shires, Capt. - 21.
Skinner, Capt.R.S., (60th) - 28.
Steven, Pte.H., (60th) (killed) - 23.

T & V

Tanner, Lieut-Col., (C.A.M.C.) (killed) - 26.
Tees, Capt.Fred., (C.A.M.C.) - 21.
Tompkins, Capt.N.M. (Chaplains) - 11, 21.
Turner, Lieut-Col.W.G., M.C. (C.A.M.C) - 17, 21.
Vessey, Capt.E.J., (60th) (killed) - 26, 28.

W.

Wage, Capt., (C.A.M.C.) - 31.
Waterson, Capt., (C.A.M.C.) (killed) - 22, 24.
Weatherall, Pte., (60th) - 25.
Whitehead, Capt.Edward, (14th) (killed) - 17.

A.M.F. (I)

LETTER FROM LIEUT.ARTHUR M.FISHER R.A.M.C. (KILLED IN ACTION)

Cape Hellas.

s.s."Devanha"

December 21 1915.

My dear Bob:

In going through some papers the other night I found a card you gave me before I left Montreal with your address on the back, and I remembered that I had promised to write you sometime during the year, so here goes, old man, although I'm afraid I can't tell you anything very interesting because you probably hear more news than I do. However I am in hopes that most of your war letters have been from France and not from the Dardanelles, so you may find something interesting in this. I left England the first time about the middle of July and after stopping at Malta, Alexandria and Port Said finally arrived in this country just at the time of the Sulva Bay landing, which no doubt you have heard about. That took place about the 7th and 8th of August, and the first two weeks we were up here they had over 40000 casualties, and for a time we were kept pretty busy. Toward the end of August we had so many sick and wounded about here and in Alexandria and Malta that they had to evacuate to England, and I was fortunate enough to get a carrier back with 500 patients on board. ---

You know we made three landings here, Bob, one at this place Cape Hellas, the second at Anzac where the Australians and New Zealanders made a name for themselves, and the third at Sulva.

It is fourteen miles from here to Anzac. Of the three places Anzac is the most interesting to me, but here there are many points of interest and one likes to stand on the deck and watch the scrapping going on. Yesterday for instance we could see the boys playing football when the Turks started to shell the beach, then you couldn't see anything except a little smoke and a few mules running around. Lord only knows where they all go, but they seem to disappear. Just about a stone's throw from here is a buoy marking the place where the "Majestic" was sunk. For a long time her bow was above water, but now that has disappeared. Close by is the old "River Clyde". She was a liner which was run ashore at the time of the landing and was supposed to play the same part herebas the wooden horse did in Troy, but the Turks were too much for them. The Turk is a good clean fighter, Bob, as long as he is on the defensive, but he won't attack. They tried it a couple of times, but were badly cut up and now they are simply playing a waiting game.---

One can see Achi Baba very plainly from here. It is the hill which is supposed to command the Straits, and the hill we made so many desperate attempts to take, but they all failed. It is a long low lying hill and looks quite innocent, but from all we can hear it is impregnable. Our line here is about three miles inland and stretches right across the Peninsula, but there isn't a spot on the piece we hold that the Turks can't sweep with their guns from the Asiatic side. The French are holding a part of the line here and we are holding the rest. Then at the entrance to the Straits one can always count on seeing six

or seven destroyers and a cruiser or two, watching for submarines and the "Goeben" in case she should venture out. It is amusing to watch the Turks trying to hit a destroyer. You know they are not very large and move about at no slow pace, and it seems impossible to hit them. When we wre here the time before last they got after one and it simply kept cutting the figure of eight till the Turks got disgusted. ---

At Anzac conditions were different. There the bank is very steep, and I can't understand how the Australians got up as they did. There the whole side of the hill is studded with dugouts and there again the whole of our ground was exposed to shell fire from a battery on Gaba Tepe, which we were never able to take, and also from Hill 971 on the left, a hill which we took a couple of times, but from which we were forced to retire. At Sulva we got inland a couple of miles, but that was apparently the best we could do at that time. No doubt you have had recent news from Sulva and Anzac which was most depressing, but I can assure you that it is not really one quarter as bad as it might seem on paper, and everything will work out for the best. After all our reverses in this country and all the sacrifices we have made apparently for nothing, the spirit of the troops is remarkably good, and they seem more determined than ever to win. Mistakes have been made, and God knows more have been made in this part of the world than anywhere else, but I think we have hit our stride now and it will take something to beat us. One has to be over here to understand why certain moves are made, and why moves are not made which appear very simple and easy.

I hardly think I am giving away any military secret when I say that we have a large army in Africa, which we can't touch for different reasons. I had the good fortune to spend eight weeks in Alexandria, and know a little of what is going on in Northern Africa. ---

Well, Bob, I have wandered on and on, and haven't said one half of what I wanted to say when I started, and yet if I don't stop you will get tired reading. ---

I was in hopes that I would be able to have Christmas dinner with Gowdey in Egypt, but it is too late now, and if this wind doesn't change I shall spend the day here. We can't go right in to the beach, and with a wind blowing they can't bring the patients out to us. ---

In lots of ways I'm sorry that I haven't been to France, but for excitement I really think this is as good as any. With the Balkans just North, the Dardanelles close by, Egypt to the South and an odd submarine here and there there is plenty of variety. For the past month I have been on a hospital ship, which is about as safe a place as a man can be and still be in the Big Show. ---

Give my very best to all my friends in the Hospital if you should happen to see them, and remember me to your Mother and Father. I hope old sport, that you will find something worth reading in this, but really letter writing is not my strong suit.

Your sincere friend,

Arthur Fisher.

ARTHUR FISHER. A.M.F. (5)

H.M.H.S. "Devanha".

Alexandria,

February 22 1916.

Dear Bob:

Just a line to inform you that I got your letter, insufficiently addressed as it was, and I need not say how very welcome it was. It is good to hear some real news from a place like the Royal Victoria Hospital which occupies a very warm spot in my heart. I was getting almost discouraged over my correspondence, as I have received very few answers considering the number of letters I have written. Fortunately my wife's letters and also my Mother's arrive regularly, but I have only had one letter from my brother, and I know he has mailed several. ---

I hardly know whether I shall forgive you or not for making public my last letter, but if you found anything interesting in it, why all well and good. Time is nothing to me now and I write simply to pass the hours. When we have a load of wounded and sick we are very busy, then that is usually followed by ten days or two weeks with absolutely nothing to do. At present we are in Alexandria having the ship overhauled, and that means two weeks holidays. I don't suppose the Chief would recognize me now, because really, Bob, I was quite energetic while I was in the R.V.H. Since I wrote you in December we have made several interesting trips. We didn't stay long at Cape Hellas, but went on up to Anzac where we played a small part in the evacuation. This ship seems to make a specialty of evacuations etc, as you will

see before I finish. It was rather exciting at Anzac, and from a military point of view most successful, as we got away with very few casualties. I'm afraid that I told you all about that in my last letter, so I will start again at a later date. We spent both Christmas and New Year's on the water somewhere between here and Mudros, and arrived back at Cape Hellas for the evacuatinn there. That was a bit more exciting as it was accompanied by a terrific Turkish bombardment the day before the actual evacuation. Strange to say a Division which had been removed from Sulva to Hellas had to bear the heavy parts of it. Several who had been at Sulva since the landing were killed and wounded during the Turkish attack. That seemed rough luck after staying so long on the Peninsula. The Turks knew we were leaving, because they dropped a note from an aeroplane on the 2nd or 3rd of January saying they were sorry to see us go. After the attack on Friday they found it was impossible to break our line, so they didn't bother us again and every man got away. Unfortunately we were loaded by five and were relieved by another ship. The last man came off at twelve thirty. I wanted to stay because I knew that Leeson was on shore and would be one of the last to come off. However he got off alright, and was in Alexandria a few weeks ago. He has had a pretty tough time. On his way out to the Peninsula something happened to his craft and he was swimming in the Mediterranean for a few hours. --- From Hellas we went to Malta where we disembarked our patients, and then went into new fields and pastures green. It was a trip I shall never forget, full of excitement and lots of work. First

we went up to Toranto which is on the South of Sunny Italy, and from there to Valona in Albania, wheree we were looked after by the Italian navy. They are alright you know, Bob, but one always feels much more secure when accompanied by a couple of our own torpedo boats, specially through mine fields. The conditions we found at Valona were something terrible, and I can't begin to describe them. In future I will believe anything I hear about the Balkans and the condition of the Balkan armies. Servian soldiers were coming in at the rate of 2-3 thousand a day. Those who were able to go on board a transport did so, and the rest went to a camp that was called a hospital. This camp consisted of a few rubber sheets slung on branches of trees. There were no tents, no sanitary conditions, no doctors and no medical stores there at the time. There were about a hundred and fifty there one afternoon, who had arrived that day, and seventeen died during the night. This happened while we were there, so I can vouch for the truth of the tale. About that time a ship arrived full of Red Cross stores, or Servian Relief goods, and we were asked to pick out what we thought would be necessary, which we did. At the same time we picked out supplies for our own ship as we were ordered up to Medua, about I20 miles up the coast. Now I will tell you what we took. I000 shirts, I000 pairs of socks, I000 pairs of boots and the same of Cardigans and blankets. Unfortunately they had no trousers, which is the most important part of a man's wearing apparel. This fact proved rather amusing when about a week later we disembarked these patients at Biserta and had to send them off with a blanket each. ---

We got to Medua about ten Sunday morning and no sooner got our anchor down than out came these Servians, and if people ever needed help, they did. We can carry five hundred and thirty quite easily, but at five o'clock we had eleven hundred on board with more to come, so we pulled up and got out. It seemed a cruel thing to do, but we couldn't do any more. They were all covered with sores, swarming with vermin, and dying of starvation, nothing else. We would not let anyone on the ship unless he was a proper case for a hospital ship, so you can imagine what a collection we had. It makes one feel proud to be part of a nation which can afford to give these people clothes to wear, food to eat and a bed to sleep on, besides a safe journey to the North of Africa. One feels that he has at least done a little good in this world. ---

Many amusing things happened on our trip down from Medua. I had an interpreter in my ward who spent some time in Canada working for the C.P.R. He could explain most things to me, but occasionally he would stick on a technical term. One day we were going around and came on one who was about to depart from this life. He tried to tell me what was wrong, but failed. Finally he said, "Jesus Christ, No steam". That was expressive enough for me. ---

This was only going to be a short line when I started, but as I told you before, I often do this sort of thing. ---

We brought a load of convalescent Indians from Malta here, and had orders to sail for Bombay at four that afternoon, but unfortunately the orders were cancelled. That was a sore touch, but

here's hoping we may still see a bit of that country. ----
I want to be remembered to your Mother and Father and to all my friends about the Hospital.
Yours etc.

Arthur M.Fisher.

66666

CLIPPING FROM THE MONTREAL GAZETTE -- OCTOBER 1917.

DR. A. M. FISHER KILLED

McGill Graduate and Son-in-law of Hon. F. B. Carvell

Woodstock, N. B., Oct. 14.—Mrs. William N. Fisher, of Woodstock, received word today that her son, Dr. (Capt.) Arthur M. Fisher, was killed in action at the front on Friday.

Capt. Fisher was a son-in-law of Hon. Frank B. Carvell, Minister of Public Works. He was 26 years of age, and a graduate of McGill University. He went overseas in the early stages of the war, and was home on leave about a year ago.

M.C. (I)

LETTER FROM NURSING SISTER MABEL CLINT R.R.C., C.A.M.C.

With the Ist Canadian Contingent

On Board R.M.S."Franconia"

October 9 I9I4.

Dear Mr.Fetherstonhaugh:

Knew you would be interested in the enclosed card. It has been a wonderful voyage so far, and extraordinary weather. The 35 transports and escort make a great picture. Each ship is ½ mile from the next in line ahead, and I½ miles apart laterally. They keep their distances well on the whole. When a vestige of smoke appears on the horizon a cruiser goes off to investigate. Only a few British ships have passed us, including the "Suffolk" going west yesterday. Have been sailing since the 3rd, and do not expect to land till the I6th. "It's a long way to Tipperary".

M.Clint.

Devonport

October I6 I9I4.

The card with the names of ships was extracted from your letter by someone, and I have only just got another. ---
The entry into Plymouth Sound Wednesday afternoon was magnificent, and though the inhabitants were surprised, they gave us a great reception. All the men on 6 transports are disembarking now, and

we have just moored at the quay. The Governors of St.Thomas' Hospital, London, have invited the 100 sisters to be their guests for two weeks, and we leave by special train to-day sometime. It is rumoured that we have tea at Sandringham Tuesday.

Kind regards,

M.Clint.

ENCLOSURE.

FORMATION OF CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

:: :: CONVOY :: ::

Column Z	Column Y	Column X
H.M.S. Eclipse	H.M.S. Diana	H.M.S. Charybdis (Flag Ship)
Transport Megantic	Transport Caribbean	Transport Scotian
,, Ruthenia	,, Athenia	,, Arcadian
,, Bermudian	,, Royal Edward	,, Zeeland
,, Alaunia	,, Franconia	,, Corinthian
,, Ivernia	,, Canada	,, Virginian
,, Scandinavian	,, Monmouth	,, Andania
		H.M.S. Glory
,, Sicilian	,, Manitou	Transport Saxonia
,, Montezuma	,, Tyrolia	,, Grampian
,, Lapland	,, Laurentic	,, Lakonia
,, Cassandra	,, Tunisian	,, Montreal
,, Florinzal		,, Royal George
	H.M.S. Talbot	

I.B.S. (I)

LETTER FROM NURSING SISTER IDA B.SMITH R.R.C.,C.A.M.C.

With the Ist Canadian Contingent
On Board R.M.S"Franconia"
October ? 1914.

My dear Mr.Fetherstonhaugh:

So many interesting details have been told you by the other sisters that I think only the rumours are left for me to relate. These are more varied and improbable than ever related in the Ward J Gazette. "They say" is the originator, and the supply seems inexhaustible. To-day we hear we are landing at London, yesterday it was the French Coast, Southampton and Liverpool. One moment we are to go in three groups to different ports, the next we are to arrive together. Since 5 P.M. on Saturday we "have been leaving the fleet", but still are all together, except the "Alaunia" and "Andania", which accompanied by the cruiser "Diana" and the "Laurentic"(which has guns) proceeded at full speed Sunday night, ahead. "They say" that scarcity of provisions was the reason. The "Majestic" has taken the place of the "Diana" in the front of the line. For several days the battleship "Queen Mary" has been accompanying us, and any who have not before realized that "Britannia rules the Waves" must surely do so now. ---

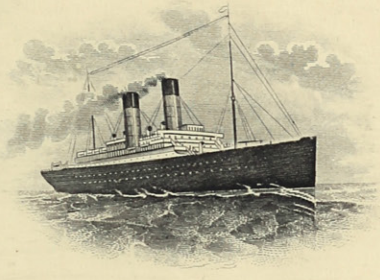
We have never for an instant felt any doubt of our safety. Our only dread has been fog with the ships so close in line. The pace maker of the convoy is the "Montrose", so you know our

speed.

With all good wishes,

Yours Sincerely,

Ida B.Smith.



ON BOARD THE
CUNARD
R.M.S. "FRANCONIA."

(Commander D. S. Miller, R.D., R.N.R.,)

"The Lounge" Monday, Oct. 5, 1914

8-00 P.M., SHARP

:: MUSICAL PROGRAMME ::

Skirl from Pipes...	Driver Moffatt
Piano Solo	Private Hardace
Song ... Come to me, My Love. Lois backed out	Sergt. Shaw
Recitation Lenga Khin v. Dan McGrew	Sergt. Downard
"The German Band"	The Senior Officers
Song (Harry Lauder). I'm the Gloaming Medley of S. M.'s	Driver Nelson Extras
Duet—"Excelsior" ...	Lieut. Binks and Sergt. Wood
"Sermon"	Sergt. Warburton
Song ... ... Larboard Watch	Sergt. Wood
Duet	Comedians Johnson and Jackson
Mandolin Solo	Driver Rees
Duet	Lieut. Warren and Sergt. Shaw

GOD SAVE THE KING

LETTER FROM NURSING SISTER ALICE DUSSAULT

R.R.C., C.A.M.C.

With the Ist Canadian Contingent
on board R.M.S."FRANCONIA"
October 9 I9I4.

Dear Mr. Fetherstonhaugh:

The R.V.H. contingent while crossing on this expedition have given you many a thought. We are having beautiful weather. Monday last we witnessed a rescue. A sailor from the "Royal Edward" which is preceding us, while doing some work was clinging to a chain which suddenly gave way, and he fell into the sea. Our ship gave the signal "Man overboard". He was a fine swimmer, and swam past our ship to port side. Belts were thrown to him and he was fortunate enough to get the last one. He swam under into it, then they lowered a boat and went for him. Our excitement was intense. The man was in the water twenty-five minutes, but does not seem any the worse for it. Our Captain says that of all the accidents they have had on this ship only three were ever rescued. As the "Royal Edward" did not even know what had

MONTREAL NURSES ON HOSPITAL SHIP

No News of Sisters Alice Dusseault and Gladys Sare

GRAVE FEARS FOR SAFETY

Stretcher-Bearer From Outremont, Leo McAnally, Who Had Been at Front, on Ill-Fated Vessel

Two nursing sisters and one stretcher-bearer in the Canadian Medical Services from Montreal were on the ill-fated hospital ship Llandovery Castle, and the Admiralty message last night leaves practically no hope as to their safety. One of these nursing sisters, Miss Alice Dusseault, was a first contingent nurse, and the other, Miss Gladys Sare, had been overseas for over two years, and had nursed her brother, when he was wounded. The stretcher-bearer, Leo McAnally, a young man of only 20 years, had served in the trenches.

Miss Alice Dusseault, whose home is at 673 Cadieux street, and who wrote to her mother announcing that the hospital ship was sailing about ten days ago, was one of the first Canadian nurses to volunteer for active service overseas. She was a graduate of the Royal Victoria Hospital, where she was engaged at the outbreak of the war, and when the call for 100 nurses came, she responded and sailed with the first contingent in the famous armada that reached Plymouth, England, in mid-October, 1914. When the first Canadian hospitals crossed over to France and began their work on the coast, Miss Dusseault went with one of them and continued on that duty until about a year ago. After a trip home she joined the staff of the hospital ship, and in January of this year she managed to get to Montreal before making the return trip. She had been hoping it might be possible to get home again after the last voyage from England [illegible] wrote home saying that they were starting out on another voyage at short notice. This letter was received just ten days ago, being dated from Halifax. Nursing Sister Dusseault had been with the Llandovery Castle on half a dozen trips to and fro. In a previous letter she told of sighting enemy submarines, but said that they sheered off when they saw the hospital ship. As one of the first contingent nurses who had done good work at the Canadian Red Cross hospital at Le Touquet, near Boulogne, Miss Dusseault had been decorated by the King with the Royal Red Cross Order.

happened till we informed her, it was fortunate that we were behind. ---

Trusting that you are getting along nicely, and trusting that some of us will live to give you a verbal account of all this,

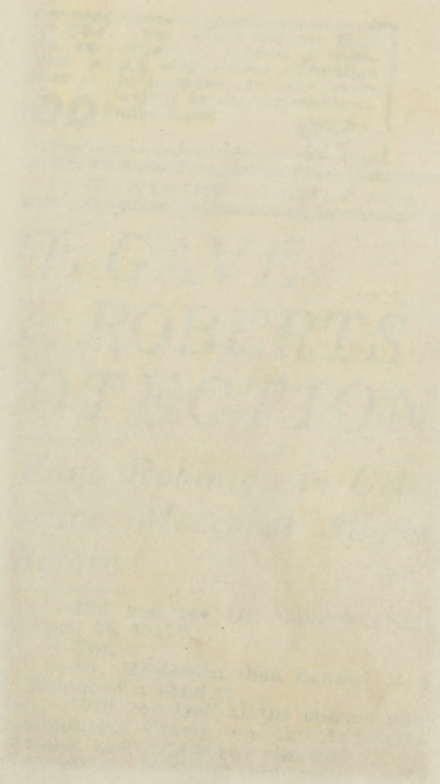
Sincerely yours

A.Dussault.

FROM THE MONTREAL STAR - JULY 1918.

ON LLANDOVERY CASTLE

Nursing Sister Alice Dussault, of Montreal, believed to have perished when the hospital ship was torpedoed.



LETTER FROM NURSING SISTER JESSIE H.ROBERTSON R.R.C.,C.A.M.C.

Le Touquet, France,

January 5 1915.

--- Twenty of us left London for Boulogne under Miss Daisy Campbell as acting matron. There we were stationed at the different hotels used as hospitals. Since then I have nursed a great number of interesting soldiers. We have had men from the Irish Guards, Coldstream Guards, Dublin Fusiliers, Northumberland Fusiliers, Berks, Hants, Essex, Sussex, London Scottish, Black Watch, etc.etc. There was also a German Lieutenant with an Iron Cross, who afterwards died. The Prussian Guards were our guests on their way to England. After that we had another lot of German prisoners in long enough to have their wounds dressed, after which they too proceeded to England. ---

There was a very bad storm one night, about December 9th, and a ship was destroyed on the Coast. One of our doctors saw 2 men almost killed trying to save an old sailor. He took the life line from them, swam out, and brought the old man in himself. The old sailor was my patient, and was not able to leave the hospital for a week. The doctor will probably receive something for his life saving work. It was in Gen.French's orders for the week. While he was saving the Frenchman the fisher-folk stole his watch, so his friends gave him another for Xmas. ---

When I was at Boulogne we were living in a hotel which was crowded with people, and which had only one bath, so you can imagine

the struggle to get one. By speaking for one Monday we sometimes got it on Friday. Up till ten at night the maid would come up and ask if we <u>still</u> desired a bath, then after that would come and say the water wouldn't heat, or run out, or run in, - something always, so in the end we used to take our things over to another hotel and pay fl.50. ----

The enclosed picture is of a patient here. He gave me a signed account of his experiences, which will be an interesting little souvenir. ---

Sincerely,

Jessie H.Robertson.

Gunner McPhail, Garrison Artillery, who when making observations near Messines was taken prisoner by the Germans. He was condemned to be shot as a spy, but escaped and hid for two days between the German and British lines, afterwards joining the Lancasters. He is recovering from his wounds at Le Touquet.

JESSIE ROBERTSON. J.H.R.(3)

No 2. Canadian Stat.Hospital.

Le Touquet, August 18 1915.

--- I was sick in England for a while, and recovered to go to the front on the 15th of May. Life was quite exciting then, and I saw lots of things as I was at Bethune at an officers' field ambulance dressing station. I received several people I knew and dressed their wounds. The place was shelled the night I left it, and the next day four orderlies were killed trying to save some of their equipment. There was lots to see and not much time to take it in, as I was on night duty and working as hard as I could. But I saw the men march through the town back to billets, and the big French guns go up to the line, and at night in the black darkness regiments used to go through, and transports with coal. food and ammunition, until dawn. I would not have missed it for anything. They have since taken away the nurses from dressing stations. There were 3 other sisters (English) there besides myself. It was a great life, and a great strain as well. We could hear the guns, even the rifle fire, as we were only 3 miles from the line, and the roar of the cannon and the flashes when Festubert was on was like a bad thunderstorm. There was an aeroplane station quite near which the Germans always shelled at sunrise and sunset when the planes were starting out and returning. At the Casualty Clearing Station we received 2,000 patients in the 24 hours. Some work ! I had a floor in an old chateau and the stretchers were almost tight together on the floor, and all day long I dressed convoy after convoy. The

worst cases never live to get down to hospitals. ---
I have seen almost all of the McGill Hospital people. Drs.Turner, Archibald and John McCrae were here one night to dinner. It was good to see them again, I can tell you. ---
The unit and nurses with whom I came over to France last November have gone to the Dardanelles, and will probably spend the winter in Egypt. ---
I am enclosing a picture of my billet in Bethune. Two nurses lived there with a maid. ---

Jessie H.Robertson.

LETTER FROM NURSING SISTER ISABELLA D.STRATHY,RRC. C.A.M.C.

March 6 1916.

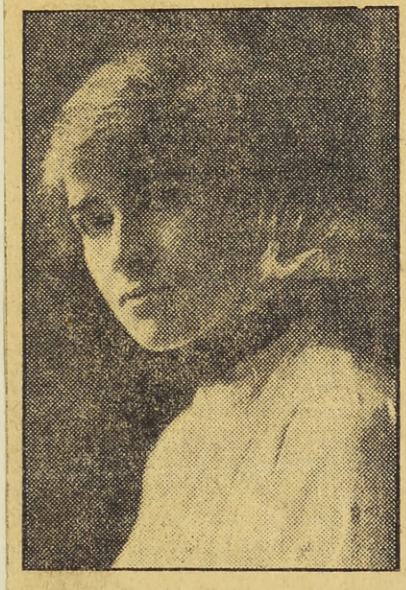
Dear Fether:

--- I have had several changes of scene since I last wrote to you. We left Le Touquet last October and went to a hospital in a school house in the outskirts of Boulogne. Early in December I had my leave and spent it in London with the family. On February 4 I got one hour's notice to leave with 6 other girls for No.2 Canadian Casualty Clearing Station, so here I am. We motored up, and it took us about 3 hours. Quite a decent ride past the big aerodrome base near St.Omer. We are in a prison here on the banks of the La Bassee Canal. The prisoners were all shipped elsewhere when the Germans came down this way in the early march towards Paris. There is a high stone wall with a big arched gateway, and on each side of the arch there are 3 little rooms built into the walls. These are our billets, and they are mighty cosy and comfortable as billets go, which means they aren't damper than you can stand, and some days when it's very warm and the fire is burning well you don't see your breath unless you look hard. ---

Hospital barges pass up and down all the time. They hold 30 beds and are for the very sickest men who could not stand any other sort of travelling. The inside is hollowed out into one big ward, with two little bunks at one end for the sisters (2) and the officer in charge. The orderlies, 8 or 10, are huddled up in

I.D.S. (Insert)

ROYAL RED CROSS GIVEN MISS STRATHY



Nursing Sister Isabella D. Strathy has been granted the Royal Red Cross of the second class for service rendered at the front.

Miss Strathy is a daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. A. L. Strathy, of the 5th Royal Scots and a niece of H. Gordon Strathy and Mrs. Hugh Paton. Her mother and sisters have been for some time in England engaged in war relief work. Her brother, Lieut. Lee Strathy, who went to the front with an artillery unit, was recently decorated with the Military Cross by the King.

Miss Strathy is now in a convalescent hospital at Ramsgate, where she is recovering from an attack of pleurisy. She expects to return to France next month. After graduating from the Montreal General Hospital Miss Strathy went to France with the First Canadian Contingent.

Her engagement to Capt. Alex McMurtry, C. F. A., has recently been announced.

the other end. There is a tiny kitchen, a dispensary, and of course a gramophone. ---

We are not in the front line trenches, but it is not unusual for Taubes to deposit bombs round about us, and our windows rattle pleasantly when the heavy guns fire, and at night sometimes we can see the flashes of them in the sky. ---

I am enclosing a post card of our little home. ---

Very Sincerely Yours,

Isabella D.Strathy.