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As might be expected, life at the hospital was punctuated with happenings grave and gay during the war period. Some of these may be worth recording. At one time a drunken soldier entered Ward No. 1, which was used exclusively for women and children, and pointed a loaded rifle at each of the patients in succession, frightening them out of their wits. We had quite a task to calm the women and children and to get the drunken intruder out of their sight.

On another occasion a nurse who had been away from the hospital for several days returned, ignorant of the fact that militia were put on guard in her absence. Orders had been issued that all members of the personnel of the hospital should enter through the cellar and not through the front door. This nurse, who came over on the eleven o'clock boat, was astonished to see the island lighted up but knew nothing about the new regulations. She walked towards the front door, as usual, but had gone only a little way when she heard the command, "Halt!" She continued, disregarding the order for the third time when she was stopped by some object, which she discovered was a rifle in the hands of a soldier. He demanded an explanation in no uncertain terms and she made matters worse by rejoining in her Southern accents, "I guess you're crazy. What do you mean by holding me up with that gun? Go away from here and behave yourself." She rushed into the ward, saying a crazy soldier was going to shoot her. Thereafter it became the rule that no one could leave the island or return to it without presenting a pass.

Of course we had immigrants in the hospital, men and women of many nationalities, and we had Americans and interned Germans. Those were hectic days for the nurses. We had to be constantly on the alert and guard our speech, as there might be spies amongst us. Some of the interned were cultured gentlemen of charming manners. One of them I remember in particular, a Count in his own country. He made it a habit to stand near a window, remarking whenever he saw a ship going out to sea, "Look at that ship. You will never see her again!" And in many instances this proved all too true, for the German submarine accomplished its purpose. There was much work to do and great need for the exercise of patience as well.

Again, a man came to the hospital who was supposed to be an interned German. Soon a nurse reported that several of the doctors were playing cards with him until late at night. The nurse could not understand the performance. I brought the matter to the attention of the doctor-in-charge who merely replied, "Don't bother about it; let it pass." Under the circumstances I advised the nurse to disregard the incident. This interned Doctor named Henderson was having a