

special tray, and of course the American boys were having the ordinary American diet. When they discovered the seeming favoritism the fight was on. After reporting the matter to the doctor I was told to "pay no attention to the occurrence". Naturally I became indignant, as the situation was getting beyond my control, and the tray was stopped.

On March 8, 1918, the Army took over the hospital at Ellis Island, and the Navy took possession of the Main Building on Island No. 1, with the result that we found ourselves temporarily dispossessed. I was transferred with ~~five~~ other nurses to U.S. Marine Hospital 21, Stapleton, Staten Island. When we arrived there we found the hospital in a very run-down condition. Just previous to our arrival five other female nurses had been assigned to the same hospital. Before this only male nurses were employed and the change now introduced made necessary a complete reorganization of the hospital with all the attendant confusion and disorder. The hospital at the time had 110 patients, most of them very ill. Dr. Lavinder was in charge, and he, too, had been in poor health for a considerable time. After a hasty inspection of the place we made up our minds to face the difficult problem and bring order out of chaos, or at least to accomplish some improvement.

With the absence of any female help outside of the nurses themselves, and the many difficulties to be overcome, it was no easy matter to develop the esprit-de-corps so essential for our success. None of the nurses liked the place and it required much effort and persuasion to convince them that the duty of reorganization devolved upon ourselves, and that the sooner we got to work, the easier our tasks would be in the future. We finally got going and we kept up the pace. As much time as could be spared from tending the sick we employed in actual cleaning, using lots of soap and water. It took our united efforts several days to bring about even a semblance of respectability in the wards.

But this was not our only problem. All our kitchen help, with the exception of one man, walked out on us. There was only one thing for me to do - take the job in my own hands, for it was too much to ask any of the nurses for assistance in this undertaking. Accompanied by a maid I walked into the kitchen at 4:30 in the morning, rolled up my sleeves and set to work. We cooked for 110 patients, 13 ^{nurses} nurses, and about 30 others. It was not long before more trouble developed. When the one man who remained in the kitchen was kindly asked to use more care in handling food he immediately put on his hat and left. This was at 11:30 and dinner was soon to be served. I was almost desperate enough to get down on my knees and beg the wretch to stay, but my better judgment prevailed and I managed single-handed to see the situation through.