

Thursday p m (Nov. 12th, 1914)

Dearest Sister

Tuesday no yesterday morning I started a letter to you from Browns - but had to hurry off to Folkestone. I am alone now and hope to be able to write. I found your Lusitania letter on my return & you say the cheque enclosed but it didn't come. I suppose it was the \$45- cheque - so let me know and I will send another. I am ashamed but no matter - I am a muddled pated old idiot. Brown Shipley writes the money has come and I think it simply wonderful & am gur[g]ling over it. It is a mercy we have it for we can only help Science men with the Rockefeller money. We have made splendid n. gowns out of the Canton flannel - some of it. It is unknown here and affords immense interest. The stockings are a joy I assure you. Send along what you get. Everything comes in [useful] and I believe we will have these people with us forever. They are a queer lot, so helpless - no one sews - I mean the ladies - or offers to do anything. Saturday a dear old lady wept on my shoulder & said she needed clothes. So I wrote Marion & Mrs V.B. sent some nice things & Marion too. These rooms have the nice "Cousin Etta" scent we have known always - Then Marion asked me to send things for the ships going over to bring the wounded back. She takes parcels to the Docks and gives them to the Nurses going over - They try to help the wounded coming back & get them warm and more comfortable for the journeys. I got splendid things from our work room - Shirts - long bed socks to go over bandages & socks - She was so grateful & I got Lady Strathcona to send them too. I had tea with her Tuesday. I think I wrote that they heard Donald was wounded and after 3 days heard he was back at the Trench as it was a scratch only. I can tell you the blankets will be useful - I have bought & bought - All the furnished houses we have taken haven't enough - & I have loaned all I can from here - as we may have night nurses to sleep here any time. Oxford has been ordered to have 1000 Hospital beds ready - There is so much delay in getting wounded over - that people get perfectly frantic. Willie was at the War Office Friday about a Canadian Base Hospital for France & they say it is not safe yet - for if the Germans break the coast line - everything would be swept away as they have no regard for red + or white +. The devils!!

Oh - dear - where am I? I must tell you about the Canadian Hospital at Folkestone. The house is given by a Lady Markham who gives all the farm produce. It is a charming old house - about 4 miles from the Sea. The Canadian War Com- supports it. Nurses & Doctors are Canadians - Head Nurse - assistant & 2 others are Hopkins nurses & of course nearly burst with joy over W.O being the Medical Boss - Lady Markham lives in the Cottage & makes every one comfortable. At present all patients are Belgians and very nice. Some wounds were awful - but all doing well. One man showed me a piece of shrapnel taken out of his shoulder as large as half my little finger. We came back through London and got home at 8 o'clk - found Revere & Bobbie here for dinner & Campbell Gwyn arrived from Camp. He looks burly & well & seems happy. Revere was quite unhappy in seeing his beloved Dad in Uniform for the first time. Today I have been cleaning Campbell. War is a filthy business, and I hardly know why anyone survives. Fancy Campbell has been in that uniform since early in August - ship & all - & nothing to change into - rain or shine.

I wish I could go some where & curse & swear & pound something hard. Oh - it requires more equanimity than I have to behave myself during War - At our Visiting Committee of the Hospital I was forced to harangue the women the other day to put themselves under Military Control. The Administrator of the Hospital is an old Indian officer and a martinet - & one must not appose him - We have about 4 women on the Committee who want to run the Hospital & they are

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growing furious with me because I will not advise them to use their passes except the visiting week. I probably like wounds & Hospitals more than any untrained person there but I am frightened to death of the administrator & keep away - I find it takes too much out of one to talk to the men & hear their stories except occasionally & I am determined to hold out and be ready for darker days than we have had - Every night Willie says "The worst is yet to come" and he must not find me enfeebled. Archie Malloch has come to go abroad, as Surgeon with Mrs Fred Guest and an Ambulance Hospital she & her brother Jay Phipps will establish. Archie is the son of our friend Dr Malloch of Hamilton & such a splendid fellow. W O is helping Mrs Guest get her equipment, also arranging for the McGill Hospital & Staff - everyone speaking French. Campbell has volunteered for that and if he comes I fancy Otilie & the children will come here to be near him but I do not believe they will come yet - certainly not while the coast conditions are uncertain. Now I wonder if I have told you all I know - Thank M. & Sue for their letters & Ned too. I cant write again until next Saturday. The weather keeps mild & plenty of roses still. Margaret Pearce has heard constantly until three days ago. All our Oxford Yeomanry are in Trenches now. Marlborough is not fighting but stays over there at Headquarters & comes home 2 days a week. I had a letter from him asking me to come over to see his Convalescent Home at Blenheim so I must go Saturday perhaps -

Goodnight dear Grandma Squeeze Grandpa Tilden for me - & love to his Mother -

affly

Grace.

Harriet Hemenway want[s] 10 Belgian children & Mrs Boyce at New Bedford
1 - anything else?