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Accession

Adelaide Park, Belfast

Feb. 20 1914. Last Friday evening Holy. I went to the Belfast Male Voice Choir's Concert in the Ulster Hall, all local talent except Mrs. Carrie Tubb. An excellent programme, & very nicely performed. One thing was noteworthy. At the end (the hall was packed), we had the National Anthem, & not a soul left their seats till it was over, but stayed & sang it with all their hearts. That is more than you will see at an ordinary English Concert even, & as to other parts of Ireland - well, listen to this tale. Some time ago a number of men, some Radicals & some Unionists, came over from England, by invitation, to see things for themselves, & one of them told Mr. Barr, who told me, that what finally settled their opinions about Home Rule was that at a dinner at - I think - Sligo, given <sup>there by</sup> the Lord Mayor, one of them suggested to the latter that they should conclude with 'God Save the King'. "For God's sake don't mention that here" said the Mayor. "You'll have the whole place about our ears!"

Comment is superfluous!

Saturday we went up to Tarrunoney - an hour's train journey - directly after lunch, to go for a walk with Mr. Boston. He took us round the garden first, & a most fascinating one it is, with a lot of water in it, & all sorts of extraordinary tropical plants flourishing quite happily out of doors, & some wonderful & very rare "sports" in the way of ferns, which Mr. Boston has collected.

Then we climbed Carumoney Hill, in a deluge of  
 rain as usual. After tea, Mr. Borton & I  
 practised on First Aid bandaging, &  
 both obliged as "bandagee". Mr. Borton  
 is tremendously keen on the Ambulance work,  
 & we are both worried by the backwardness  
 of our North Belfast Detachment. However,  
 I suppose we must have patience. Sunday  
 we were to have gone to the Griersons (the  
 Dean of Belfast) for tea, but were put  
 off - to our joy! - & spent a very quiet,  
 peaceful day. We had a good walk  
 down by the Lagan - in rain, of course -  
 & picked armfuls of Catkins, great bunches  
 of them, & now have quite a respectable  
 sized willow tree in a corner of the  
 drawing room. I am hoping it will come  
 into leaf later on, as mine did in Canada.  
 Monday I spent all the morning at the  
 Old Town Hall, despatching pamphlets to  
 South Bucks. I have been every morning  
 this week, for from 2 to 2½ hours, filling

envelopes for all I was worth. In the afternoon I went to tea with the Macaulays, to practice bandaging with Sue Macaulay, who is tremendously keen. Tuesday I was at the O.T. H. as before, & called for Wolf - also as before - & started to walk home with him, but we were caught in a violent storm of frozen snow, & had to take a train. In the afternoon I was back at the O.T. H. again for our first Aid lecture. We have such a clever, keen young doctor to lecture to us, & to my delight. He asks plenty of questions, individual ones, to start with, so one has to read up well in between! Jack Scrimie was waiting to speak to me afterwards. I have secured him as our "drill master", & our first drill is today week. He is greatly amused at the prospect! Then he fetched Wolf, & we walked home together. Wednesday morning I was at the O.T. H. again, but spent a quiet afternoon, & G. D'Arcy, the Bishop of Down's wife, called on me, & was very friendly. G. Baywell, General Manager of the Northern Ry. was spending the night here, & arrived about 6.30; quite pleasant, & rather interesting. & I saw a little in the evening, but he & Wolf had a lot to talk about. He left next morning with Wolf. I was at the O.T. H. all morning, & in the afternoon went round to the Macaulays.

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as Sue was dying to do some more bandaging with me, & also to discuss the lecture. I also took my nurse's dress round, as it has been abominably made & Mrs Macaulay promised to help me alter it. She is such a dear, & perfectly sweet to me. Yesterday ~~Thursday~~ O.T. H. as usual Today we are feeling fearfully "bucked" over South Beach & Bethnal Green. Of course we literature workers are convinced it is entirely due to our pamphlets! & we worked with redoubled zeal this morning. Wolf brought the news about Bethnal Green in to me before I was up this morning, & I was obliged to give 3 cheers all by myself in my bedroom to believe my feelings! Today I had to lunch at 1, so Wolf lunched out - he very properly thinks it's no fun coming home if I'm not there! - & directly after lunch I went up to Mrs Surway's. Must stop, & finish this next time.

Thurs. Feb. 26<sup>th</sup> Last Friday, as I said, I went to Mrs Sweeney as soon as I could after lunch. She lives miles away up the Auburn Road, & it was raining in sheets, so dismal. She has a trained nurse in the house, one of her servants being very ill, & Mrs Boston & I practiced various things under her direction: making turned positions, changing sheets with an invalid, how to make a hypodermic injection &c. Then some more people turned up, & we had music. A Mrs Moore sang, very well indeed, quite professional style, she studied with Visetti at the R.C.H. And a Mrs Drysdale (her husband is Brigade Major in the 15<sup>th</sup> Infantry Brigade here) accompanied, also very well. She played a little for me, & I played for myself too. It was heavenly to be played for ~~me~~ again, & we talked music madly. She's coming to lunch next Monday, & we're to have an orgy of singing. I wouldn't let her bother to call, it's such waste of time, & having found each other, we want to begin at once. A very musical subaltern was there, one of the Broadwood family, Cousin of Lucy Broadwood, & of the Fuller Gaitlands, & of course we got gathered. On Friday night Wolf had to go out to dinner, which we both hate, but he must go to these U. V. F. functions sometimes.

On Saturday, Edmund arrived to breakfast. We left him to have a quiet morning, as I had to go

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to the O.T.H. to help send off the last batch of  
pamphlets to Leith. We have sent off 1500  
envelopes - full altogether, to Leith alone, but I  
fear there won't be much result. We shall  
be lucky if we get any reduction at all in the  
Radical majority. In the afternoon I had  
promised to go to a concert with Mrs Knox,  
the first time Wolf & I have ever gone different  
ways on a Saturday! But I thought I would  
be nice for him & Edmund to have a good  
walk & talk together their first day, & it was  
a glorious afternoon for them. I imagine  
my disgust, therefore, when I got to the Hall,  
to find that the concert was the following  
Saturday! (Not altogether my fault, as the note  
was very ambiguously worded). So there was  
my afternoon quite spoilt. I tramped crossly  
home, & did the prunpest thing I could think  
of, viz. sorting out my Paradoxian rubbish for  
two Jubilee Sales! In the evening Edmund &  
Wolf had to dine out at some function or  
other, so I had rather a prunpest day altogether!  
Sunday we all 3 walked to Stabone Church for  
the early service, & then Edmund went off  
to some Boys' Brigade service, & Wolf & I  
went for a walk in a deluge of rain, along

the Lagan valley. In the afternoon we 3 went to tea with the Deane of Veljast, or rather his wife & daughter, as he could not be there. I think I told you Mrs Guerin is a pupil of Ted's, & adores him! She is going down to Dublin the moment he comes over for the Feis Ceoil, to have some lessons! She made me sing some things by heart - she had no idea I sang, when I was there before - & declared I sang so extraordinarily like Ted, & looked so like him when I sang, that it was nearly as good as a person! Of course I made due allowance for Irish exaggeration, but I think she meant some of it! Anyway, she raved! She could not sing herself, as she had a cold. Welf had been asked specially to meet a Capt. Down P.N., who is fearfully keen to help in any way he is wanted. He is almost exactly like Capt. Kettle, & as far as I can discover, could play the part almost as well as he looks it!

On Sunday there was actually no work to be done at the D.T.H., which was a comfort, as I'd lots of household things to do. Jack came to an early dinner here, & took Edmund off to see some of the Nationalist quarters, & a little drabbing. I wouldn't let Welf go, as he had a touch of toothache, which soon went, & he gladdened to day.

Tuesday was glorious, the rain of day we practically

never get here, still, & sunny & frosty. It seemed  
 a shame to waste it indoors, so I took Edmund  
 out to Glenasmole by train, & we climbed up into  
 the hills. It was fearfully boggy, under foot but  
 otherwise perfectly lovely up there, & we found ourselves  
 eventually on the very top of Cave Hill, the hill at  
 the extreme end of the Belfair range, very rocky & pre-  
 cipitous. They say you can see right to Scotland on a  
 clear day, but we got no view at all, only ghostly  
 glimpses of the Lough & the city peering through the  
 scrubby mist. It was rather fascinating, sitting up  
 there, right in the wilds, with bare heather stretching  
 for miles behind one, & yet with the city so close  
 that one could hear its dull, confused roar quite  
 plainly. While sitting there we were astonished  
 to see a policeman toiling up the path, with his  
 helmet off, puffing & blowing, & looking very much  
 out of his element, as well he might. Just as we  
 descended, we met another, bound in the same direction.  
 I can't imagine what they were doing up there in the  
 wilds, unless it is that it is one of our signalling  
 stations. We got back in good time for lunch,  
 & in the afternoon I went to the O.T.H. for our  
 1<sup>st</sup> Aid lecture. Sue Macaulay & I met there early,  
 to talk over some points, & do some bandaging. The  
 Doctor brought a whole set of human bones to show  
 us, which made it much more interesting. I

came back with Wolf & Edmund, just in time for  
an early meal, as we were going to the theatre to see  
"John Bull's Other Island," not a bad Company,  
& of course the play we loved. During the day  
one saw knots of people all over the city, studying  
Parson's "Proclamation". We had known of it, of  
course, for a fortnight or so, & Wolf had brought  
home one of the first proofs, which we mean to keep.  
Wednesday - yesterday - I had a little lumber on  
on. I quite forgot it was Ash Wednesday when  
I asked them, but I don't think any of us feel  
inclined to put very much Ash into our Lent this  
year! Things are sober enough, in all conscience,  
without making them more so, & I have abandoned  
abroad all outside gaieties some time ago, as one  
can't do everything. Unluckily, poor Edmund  
was ill well, so I wouldn't let him appear at lunch  
but kept him in bed all day, & fed him carefully, &  
he was quite all right in the evening. It was a slight  
chill, I think, but seems to have quite passed off  
now. I had a hectic morning, tearing all over the  
city for things which had it turned up, & returning  
home laden with vegetables, fish, cream, flowers &c.  
The shops are distracting here, & one is so helpless  
without a telephone. I never once sat down  
from <sup>breakfast</sup> ~~lunch~~ till lunch. Edmund, of course,  
couldn't appear, but Jack came, & H. Macaulay.

1. Mr. Barton, & all went off very well. Mr. Macaulay  
 is the dearest person. Mr. Barton stayed on to tea,  
 2. we practiced bandaging, & finding each other's  
 "pressure points," & so on. Edmund came down to  
 tea, & she left soon after. We are plotting an  
 attack on one of the heads of the Ambulance work,  
 to try & get more done for our North Belfast Division,  
 which is so deservingly behind hand in its organi-  
 -zation, & I wrote to Mr. Robert Campbell last night,  
 asking her to see me about it. Mr. Barton will come  
 with me. This morning we have been to see the  
 launch of the Britannic. Wolf & I had tickets from  
 Mr. George Clark for seats in one of Workman &  
 Clark's yards, & we saw beautifully from an upstairs  
 workroom, exactly opposite the Britannic's "cradle."  
 - Edmund was the other side, in Harland & Wolff's yard.  
 It was a dismal day, very misty, & a thick, fine rain falling,  
 but it was a fascinating sight. Punctually to the  
 second, as the last rocket went, the giant hull  
 began to move, & without a sound or a ripple even,  
 she slowly glided into the water. I was amazed, as  
 I expected a tremendous splash & upheaval of the  
 water, but there was none until she was right  
 in, & then one single wave heaved up, & broke  
 against the wharf; but that was all. One of  
 Wolf's Motor Corps men kindly motored us back to the O.T.H., where  
 I did some telephoning & saw Mr. Campbell for a minute. I am  
 to see her at 2 tomorrow. I also spoke to Capt. Craig, who was looking very grave.

March 4<sup>th</sup>. Last Thursday Edmund left us after dinner. I refused both a Bridge party & a sewing party, & enjoyed a quiet tea at home with him. Tea at home is a real luxury these days! Edmund was a charming visitor, so thoughtful & considerate, & it was a pity he couldn't stay longer.

Friday I was at the O.T.H. all morning, despatching literature, & after lunch Woly & I had some croquet, which we don't often get these days. After tea I went back to the O.T.H. for our first Drill, conducted by Jack, who was hugely amused at his novel occupation! About 27 of us turned up, & we had an hour's drilling, <sup>elementary</sup> I really loved it! We went through the ordinary evolutions of "Squad" drill, & I have found that my early gymnastic training made it all ~~some~~ quite easy to me. Later on we shall do Stretcher Drill. Jack walked part way back with me.

Saturday I went round in the morning to the Macaulays', & Sue & I had a good practice at splints & bandaging. In the afternoon I had this concert to go to, so had to desert poor Woly, which bored us both stiff, but it could not be helped. The concert was excellent, & I revelled. I sat with old G. Knox, G. Little's uncle, & Miss G. Johnson. The Brodsky quartet is extremely good, & they did a Schumann quartet, & the lovely

double cello quintette of Schubert. Such a treat to hear them again. But the viola was dull, & played one of the Clarinet Sonatas - Brahms - very faintly. I longed for Olive & her Aunt. The supper wasn't exciting either. I went back to tea with Mr & Mrs Knox. He is a dear, so merry & full of fun. He is & always has been one of the pillars of the Philharmonic Society here. I found Jack with Wilfred when I got back, so he had not been quite solitary.

Sunday we went to Service at the Cathedral, where they were having Choral Celebration. Afterwards we went straight to the station, & down to Tultra to lunch with Mr Hughes. They have a lovely place overlooking the Lough; it is very old, & the gardens are one mass of rhododendrons in parts, many of them Himalayan ones which are already out. They have one enormous bush of hardy Azalea, which is the only one I have ever seen bigger than our "burning bush" at the Priory. Several other people were there, but none exciting. We went round the gardens & stables after, & then Holy, & I started to walk the 2 miles to Hollywood, & pick up the train there, but got caught in a hailstorm, & had to fly to Tultra station, & wait for the train there. The hills were all white with snow as we went back to Belfast.

She is the most kind of a creature. The day he you had been  
about dinner time. It's never the same for 10 minutes  
together. I was busy shopping in the morning,  
Mr. Dwyer came to lunch. We started music  
about dinner time after I had an egg of Braham. It  
was perfectly heavenly to be forgiven for again,  
she really accompanied very well, reads quite well.  
too. Afterwards she carried me off to the Club for  
tea & bridge. She was a heavenly, a young girl  
me to meet. Graham of London, who is a great friend  
of hers (Graham of London commands the 15. Infantry Brigade  
here). She is sure we shall like each other, so  
she is so musical & artistic. But I think I miss the  
family that don't come off, so Graham of London is making  
unfavorably pleased with regard to the U.V.F. I might  
not care for his wife to know us. Graham of London  
who used to bring a glass for her, is of course, his sister.  
By the way, I am quite wrong about last Friday.  
I finished out with Mr. Dwyer at a restaurant.  
I afterwards we went home in hand to see  
Mr. Robert Campbell, I told her all our troubles  
about the N.B. Ambulance Detachment. She is  
charming but people, at any rate, who are keen to  
put things on a bit. We talked things well over,  
poured Mr. Dwyer down at the Duke that

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afternoon, & the upshot was that we had our  
first Practical Nursing Class yesterday morning  
at Mr. McClung's house, under Miss Ketch, an  
Army nurse, who has had 15 years Red Cross  
work in India, & is used to training ordinary  
Nurses for Ambulance work at a moment's  
notice, so to speak, & so is exactly what we want.  
She was delightful, & Mr. Boston & I had a lot of  
talks with her afterwards. We are to learn to make  
beds for every kind of case, & to make splints &c. &c.  
just what we have been longing for. Afterwards  
I went back to lunch with Mr. Boston at her  
home. Her father, Mr. Smyth, is a dear old man,  
& a very interesting one. He was an art student in  
Paris at the time of the Coup d'Etat, & was telling  
me of some of his exciting experiences there.  
In the afternoon we went back to the O.T. H. for our  
first Aid lecture, & then Mr. Boston took me & Sue  
Macaulay & two others to tea at the Club (that  
is the Ladies' Bridge Club here, called The Red House).  
I wonder what you think of the <sup>new</sup> proclamation  
I knew about it the week before last, but  
could not mention it, of course. It ought to  
have some effect, one would think.

March 5<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday I went to play Bridge at Mr. Walter Craig's - wife of the Recorder of Belfast - . Of course it streamed with Gaiety. It's an interminable train-ride but proved a golden opportunity for studying ones first-aid book. I had to leave early, as the Halle Band Concert began at 7.30. It was a lovely programme, & the Band <sup>played</sup> splendidly - Michael Balling conducting, but I don't like the quality of their brass; very shrill & metallic. Agnes Nicholls, - who has "drowned" almost out of recognition! - sang the Scherzo, & I'm no doubt she sang it beautifully, but as the Band obscured her consistently throughout, I am not in a position to judge! She also sang Mr. Hartig's setting of Keat's ode to a Nightingale, which he conducted, & which interested me immensely - parts of it are lovely - ; & he also conducted his "To the Wild Geese", which is fascinating. Very boldly, & I found one way to the Artists' Room in the interval, as I was determined to have a word with Mr. Hartig if I could. Mr. Hartig did not recognise me in the least, though she shook hands with me; but he did, of course, & was most friendly. He looks ill & depressed, says he's been once working & is going for a voyage. He could not imagine what I was doing here! I'm glad I went.

Today I was to have gone to Dummurry to lunch with the Bristons (he is Under Sheriff for Co. Antrim), but I have suddenly started a cold & sore throat

as I can't do with a cold just now, I settled to stay in & nurse it, especially as it was - & is - a pouring wet day. I have been simply revelling in a whole free day, & have been getting thro' arrears of mending & letters, & also copying a long paper for Wolf. The only possible way just now to get any time to oneself is to arrange to do something, & then not to do it! I am trying to get hold of some cut-out things for you to work at, but at present North Belfast has come to a pause with its working parties, & doesn't intend, for some un-  
= explainable reason, to resume until after Easter. I have tried to suggest that trouble may come literally at any moment, & that we can't be too prepared, but so far with no result. Wolf didn't get back to lunch today, & is still out, tho' it is 20 minutes to 7, so I have had a long day alone, but have been too busy to feel lonely.

Friday 6<sup>th</sup>. A lovely bright morning, though it is blowing a gale. I am staying away from the Literature Committee this morning to give my cold a chance.

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March 11<sup>th</sup> Last Friday my cold got worse, so I had to give up the "Drill", which was very disappointing. But I had a slight temperature, so was afraid to go out, & retired upstairs in the afternoon for the rest of the day. Wolf never got home till  $\frac{1}{4}$  to 8, & after dinner someone came in to see him, so we both felt very injured! He had been hunting at Craigavon with Capt. Craig.

Saturday I stayed in all day, & worked hard at my 'First Aid' & writing. Wolf had to be out all the afternoon, scouring the country on U.V.F. business, so I got Sue Macaulay to come in & keep me company, & from 3.30 till nearly 7 we worked solidly at our First Aid, going straight through all the fractures, & improvising splints with walking sticks & firewood &c. A really splendid practice.

On Sunday Wolf went to church in the morning, & in the ~~evening~~ afternoon, as he had, much to his disgust, to go out & interview someone. I got Mr. Barton to come in to tea, & he stayed till he came in at 6.30. We had a tremendous practice, this time going straight through all the haemorrhages, & their various bandages. There is such a fearful lot to learn in it, & we have only 5 weeks from the first lecture in which to learn the whole thing, as our Exam. will probably be next Tuesday.

I forgot to say that Wolf took me out for a little after lunch, but it was a horrid day, snow on the hills, & very raw.

Monday was lovely, a hard frost, & bright sunshine. In the afternoon I went up to the Boote Club to meet Mr. Boston & a Mrs. Christie, who, Mr. B. thought, could help me in the matter of finding some garments for your work-practices. She was most grateful, & caught at the idea, so I expect the garments have arrived by now. I stayed on & had tea with her there, Mr. Boston having to go off to a class. In the evening, after dinner, Wolf had to go off to Garyville to confer with the General, & wasn't back till midnight.

Tuesday, yesterday, we woke to find it snowing hard & thickly from a clear blue sky, which was apparently quite cloudless but for one fat, pearly cloud tolling on the tops of the snow-covered hills, & looking so pretty against the blue sky. The snow soon stopped, & it was heavenly for the rest of the day. I set off at 9.45 for a long day, not returning home until nearly 7. First I went to our practical Nursing class,

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where we learnt more about Hospital bed-making.  
We had to be in uniform, so I changed there, as  
I was turning out. From there I had to  
get to Belmont, miles away, by train, so I  
stopped at the O.T. H. on the way to drop my  
little box (tell Father it's the little despatch  
box he gave me when I was at Langylin, &  
which I used daily the whole time I was in  
Canada! It is still going strong, & extraordinarily  
useful), & pass a little superfluous time, & there  
was lucky enough to catch Wolf before he left for  
lunch, & he carried me off to look at his 'Store',  
now packed with supplies of various kinds.  
Things are really moving now. I got to Mr  
Theodore Richardson's at 2, & had a pleasant  
turncheon. Mr. Chichester, wife of the Col. Chichester  
who commands the East Belfast Regiment,  
was there amongst others. I had to leave  
very soon after to get back to the O.T. H. for  
our last First Aid Lecture at 4, after which  
Mr. Barton carried me off to the Bridge-Club  
for tea. I don't think I mentioned that  
Mr. Drysdale asked me down to Cultra (pronounced  
Cultraw) last Monday to meet Countess of Cester,  
but I couldn't go, being already engaged. As  
it happens, I am going to meet her on Friday,  
when she is coming to Mr. Barton's to practise

'Nursing' works with us. She loves it, but can't come to any of the Clames, of course, because of her husband's military position here.

Today, Wednesday, I am revelling in an empty day, which is only empty because I was to have gone to sing with M<sup>r</sup>. Orr, I can't because of my cold! which, however, is very much better. It's a heavenly day, hard frost early, now brilliant sunshine.

On the whole, people here are relieved by the form Asa with's offer has taken. If he had left out the 6 years limit, it might have been more difficult for us to refuse to consider it. But as it is, our course is perfectly plain.

Thurs. March 19<sup>th</sup>. Last Thursday I went to the O.T.H. in the morning for a meeting of the S. Belfast Executive Committee. It was regretfully decided that the Literature Committee ~~it~~ must cease its work of sending literature over to Britain owing to lack of funds. It's a great pity, but can't be helped, as the Central Council say the money is needed for other things, & can give us no more grants.

In the afternoon Mr Boston, Sue Macaulay, & her little brother Pat, all came to tea with me to practise First Aid Bandaging, Pat being the "lay figure". Mr Boston came about 3, & Pat at half past, & we had a splendid practise. Sue couldn't come till later, as it was her afternoon for drill. Mr B. & I made a sort of game of it, strolling into the room & suddenly discovering Pat lying 'by the roadside', desperately wounded, or half-drowned in the sea, & so on. Pat simply loved it, & submitted cheerfully <sup>enough</sup> to artificial respiration of various kinds, & never murmured at the slightest of torments. I heard afterwards from his mother that he enjoyed himself enormously, & could talk of nothing else all that evening! He is such a darling. He & Sue stayed till nearly 7!

Friday morning I went to the O.T.H. for the literature work for the last time until further notice.

Then I lunched at a restaurant, & went on afterwards to Mr. Barton's, to practise hospital bed-making. Countess of Leichen came too, & Mr. Purney - who has been appointed our Commandant (for the N. B. Ambulance Detachment that is) - & her nice little hospital nurse, who acted 'patient' for us. We took it in turns to make different kinds of beds, & the Countess, who had never made a bed in her life before, proved much handier at it than our Commandant, I regret to say! She, the Countess, is charming, but we had no time to talk music or anything of that sort, as she had to hurry off before tea, which we had to have in a hurry, as we were due at the O.T.H. at 5.30 for our weekly drill under Jack. This time we did some stretcher drill which was very interesting though quite easy. Towards the end, Wilfrid looked in, & offered himself as "wounded", much to the agitation of the particular stretcher party who were practising at the moment, & who were busy picking out the smallest & lightest girl to practise on! However they managed successfully with Wilfrid, though he looked horribly nervous when they were carrying him round the room!

Saturday we had hoped to go away for the

weekend, but W. found he was wanted to go for a motor run, <sup>on Sunday morning</sup> on some U.V.F. business, so we had to give it up. However he arranged for me to come too, only to have that plan also knocked on the head, as Col. Conchman wanted him for another motor-run, to which I was not invited! To make things worse, it rained all Saturday afternoon, nearly, so our weekend was quite spoilt. However, we amused ourselves with a Pentathlon, - Piquet, Paper Patience, German Backgammon, English ditto, & Bezique, - Wolf winning, 3-2, most exciting!

Sunday morning we walked to one of the Churches near here for Early Service, only to find that they no longer have it on the 3<sup>d</sup> Sunday. As the verges whom we interrogated, said "They did have it, but they've halted it"! W. had to go off for his motor-run in the morning, but came back to dinner, & directly after, Jack Scrimin came round to go for a walk with us. We went quite a long way, to the foot of the hills, & it simply pelted all the last part. This is quite the mildest climate I have ever lived in. Jack came back to tea, & he & W. spun yarns about the present situation. How interesting I could make my diary if only I might retail them! It makes one feel like Kipling in the

"Just So Stories" where he says under some of the pictures, "There would look much better if I were allowed to use paints; but I am not allowed"; or words to that effect. That's just how I feel!

Monday I had a lonely, empty day, & spent most of it cramming for the First Aid Exam, which was next day, & writing a long account of what is going on here to Janet Blunt, who wants to read it to a meeting of her Unionist Women this week. I have since sent her a huge envelope-ful of pamphlets to distribute amongst them.

Tuesday we had our First Aid Exam. in the morning at the O.T. H. I don't like to say so before I <sup>know the passed</sup> ~~the pass~~, but G. Boston & I were horribly disappointed to find how easy it was. We needn't have taken one quarter the trouble we did over it. However, I'm glad we did, for we shan't forget it so quickly. Afterwards, G. B. came home to lunch with me, & we practised bed-making, & 'Home Nursing' bandaging until I had to fly & get ready to go to the Greissons for music. I found Countess Gleichen there, & several others whom I knew. Mrs Greison asked the Countess if

she had heard Mr Spender sing. "No," said she, "but we're made beds together!" which seemed to puzzle the rest of the party considerably! Mr Broadwood, the Musical subaltern in the Norfolk's was there too. He apologized for not bringing Capt. — (can't remember his name) with him, but explained that he had been sent off suddenly with 16 men to guard the Ordnance Ammunition Stores at Carrickfergus. He said it quite naturally, & not at all as if he remembered that we (so to speak) were the people against whom <sup>(or for fear of whom)</sup> this move was directed. It is a pretty queer state of things, is it not? We had a lot of music after tea, chiefly of my contributing. I haven't been in such good voice for a long time, but they were delightful to sing to, especially Mr Broadwood & the Countess. It felt quite like old times. Mr B. is madly keen, & the Countess says we must come to her for some music one evening. I like her so much. In the evening Wolf had brought home some work to do, & we both worked at it till nearly bed-time. Wednesday, — yesterday — morning, I went up to the O.T. H. to do some more work for Wolf; closeted in a little room by myself, & he came & worked with me part of the time, & we

were very late for lunch. All the first part of the morning was perfectly lovely, the sun so hot that I basked on the top of the tram, & wondered why I had put my fur on. But when I came out of the O.T. H. it was <sup>snowing</sup>, & so bitterly cold that I wished I had <sup>put on</sup> my thickest coat ~~on~~! What a climate!

In the afternoon I went to Mr. Crawford's at home, & sang a little. Most of the people were very unattractive, but there were two or three really musical ones who also performed, & with whom I foregathered, & one of them is coming to see me. I am beginning to see that there does exist a small musical set here, chiefly among the Presbyterians whom one practically never meets. It's a great nuisance, for if I do get to know them, they'll never mix with my other friends & acquaintances, & yet in many ways they are much more interesting & worth knowing than the wealthier set! with a few exceptions.

Sun. March 22. 1914  
 I little thought, when I wrote my last installment  
 on Thursday morning last, that I should be writing  
 my next from Mr. Boston's house!  
 On that afternoon I was resting upstairs, when I got  
 a telephone message from Wolf, sent up by the grocer,  
 asking me to come up as soon as possible to the  
 O. T. H., so off I flew, thinking probably he had some  
 "confidential" work for me to do. But when I got  
 there, he told me that things were as serious as they  
 could be, that arrests were quite probable, &  
 that he had orders not to sleep at home that  
 night! So we settled both to go to Mr. Boston  
<sup>for the</sup> that night if she would have us. I felt certain  
 she would, as we had discussed the possibility of  
 arrests a few days before, & she had said, tho'  
 half jokingly, that we ought to sleep in a different  
 house every night, & began planning how she could  
 put us up. Of course I have known for over  
 a week that warrants were said to be out in  
 great numbers, & since last Sunday we had  
 gone to bed each night wondering if we should  
 have a midnight visitation to carry Wolf off!  
 Well, we fixed it all up in about 5 minutes,  
 & I dashed off to telephone to Mr. Boston - no  
 use ringing up at the O. T. H. as all the lines  
 there are tapped systematically, & of course our  
 destination had to be a dead secret, if possible -

tracked her after half an hour's efforts, to the  
 Bridge Club, made my surprising re-quest, giving  
 of course no explanation, but she grasped the situation  
 at once, & we settled it in two minutes. Then I  
 dashed home, packed a few necessaries for Wolf &  
 myself, just told the maids we were going away  
 unexpectedly for the night, left no address, & fled,  
 half afraid the house might be already watched, & I  
 might be stopped & interrogated! I got here by 6.30,  
 & you may imagine how thankful I was when W.  
 arrived about 7.45, having taken a devious route,  
 & doubled several times in case he was being followed.  
 You see there are detectives everywhere, & some are  
 always hanging round the O.T.H. You may  
 imagine neither of us slept very much that night,  
 & next morning W. was off at 6 to meet Sir E.C.  
 down at the Wharf. I haven't seen him since, as  
 from there he went straight to Craigavon, where  
 he is still. Directly after lunch I went off  
 home to pack for W. & myself, despatching  
 his things by taxi to Craigavon, & mine up here,  
 & then flew up to the O.T.H. for our drill, but  
 was too late to join, so sat & watched. It was  
 very good of Jack <sup>seriven</sup> to turn up, for he had  
 been up all night, on guard, with some of  
 his men, but he ~~was~~ <sup>seemed</sup> very fit & cheerful.

He simply tones his work here. He told us of the Dorset Regt. vacating Victoria Barracks, & said it was rumored they had nearly mutinied, but I don't think that is so. He also told us ~~the~~ with great glee how the men of the U.V.F. now on guard at Craigavon had turned out as the Dorsets went by, & saluted, many of the Dorsets returning the salute! I'd love to have seen that.

Wolfe rang me up several times during the day from Craigavon, & in the evening told me of the resignation of practically all the officers of the Cavalry Brigade at the Curragh, which appeared in the papers next day. A splendid piece of news. On Saturday morning, a glorious day, I went into the town to shop, going home to fetch my letters first. On the way, from the tram, I saw the two warships lying in the Dough, a most strange sight. W. had hoped to be able to <sup>see me</sup> meet me in town, but had to give it up, being too busy. He says M<sup>rs</sup> Craig has said she will be delighted to have me there for any meal any day, & I believe I am to go tea tomorrow - Sunday - when W. hopes Sir Edward will be there.

I lunched in town, & came back here afterwards. The city looked much as usual, except that the streets were even fuller than usual, & there was a tendency among people to gather in Kesh, -

especially near the Water Club, & the Newspaper  
 Offices. W. rang me up during the day, & told  
 me that they were quite satisfied at the way  
 things were going, & not at all alarmed at the  
 outlook. I rested when I came in, & after an early  
 tea at Boston, & I went down to Carrumoney  
 village where the village girls were having  
 their first Aid Class, & helped them with the  
 Bandaging afterwards. There were about 50 there,  
 mostly mill hands or laundry girls, & so seen.  
 Afterwards we climbed Carrumoney Hill &  
 watched the sun set. It was a perfect  
 evening, & the view is lovely from there:  
 to the East, Belfant Lough & the hills beyond  
 it; to the West, a corner of Lough Neagh, &  
 Blue mountains close by; to the North, the  
 open sea; low hills with one upstanding one,  
 St. Peter's <sup>St. Peter's</sup> (fancy spelling) or St. Patrick's Hill; & Southwards  
 Belfant, muffled in mist, & the wild outline of the  
 Snowe mountains beyond. Darts were singing,  
 & the scene was peace itself save for two things:  
 the 2 warships, grey & black on the smiling Lough,  
 & at our feet a stone with "No Pope here"  
 scribbled on it in pencil.

Today - Sunday - has been simply lovely again.  
 I got up early on the chance of an Early Service.

here visiting wounded  
of the 36<sup>th</sup> Ulster  
Division at Netley Hospital  
Exmouth,  
917, I was telling  
story to amuse one  
of the Ulstermen, when  
apt from his  
in a crowd,  
twin Spender,  
7c say? I was  
and that pointed  
out at him  
right!!"

but there was none, so I went in the garden instead. It's such a fascinating one; it was laid out by the famous Smith of Newry, & isn't the least like any other garden I know, quite indescribable; has a stream thro' it with lots of little pools, & miniature rocky sides with all sorts of tiny bright flowers looking at themselves in the water; & there's a water-garden with strange, tropical plants round it; & there are lots of woodland paths, & a tiny pine-wood; & a rose garden with stone paths, & a well in the middle of it, & a choir of tiny birds. Really it's adorable. We went to church in the morning, & had an excellent sermon from the very clever Rector; quite the finest service I've been to over here. Wolf had meant to come over to lunch, but had a meeting at 11, so couldn't. The Lloyd Campbells have invited me to supper tonight "to meet my husband"! I don't know who else is to be there. Wolf was hoping to come over to tea here, but couldn't manage that either, so we shall have to be content with meeting in company tonight, which will be very poor fun! He telephoned this morning that things are going splendidly, & they are quite satisfied. Which is cheering.

Monday 23<sup>rd</sup> We had a nice, quiet evening yesterday. Only Mr. Kirk, a well-known surgeon here, & his wife were

there, & they let W. & me have a few words alone.  
 Mr. Lloyd Campbell is very much in the thick of things.  
 Though he doesn't let his name appear more than he  
 can help - he's a big mill-owner here - & last night  
 his telephone was ringing every other minute,  
 everybody wanting "confirmation" of the innumerable  
 rumors that are flying about, which of course he  
 could not give. They very kindly fetched me in  
 their motor, & sent me back in it, Wolf coming  
 with me, & then going on in it to Craigavon. We  
 feel as if we were engaged again, snatching every  
 minute we can to be together! ~~W~~ had an  
 extraordinary experience on Sat. night. He was sent  
 for, late in the evening, to come up to the O.T.H.  
 on urgent business, & when he got back to Craigavon  
 between 12 & 1, he found he had forgotten to ask  
 for a pass, & had forgotten the pass word. He never  
 thought of it until he suddenly discovered a  
 bayonet point touching his waist-coat! The  
 sentry absolutely refused to let him in, & as the  
 gate is a long way from the house, they telephoned  
 up, but could get no answer. Meanwhile,  
 the bayonet remained in its original position,  
 & Wolf, attempting to move, discovered another  
 one at his back! And there he stood for  
 20 minutes between these two bayonets,  
 while they made enquiries. At last he

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was allowed to march up to the house with a strong escort, & there the butler admitted him. So you see Craigavon is well guarded! I hope to go there this afternoon, & am greatly looking forward to being challenged by the sentries! Mr. Lloyd may be going there, & if so will motor me out.

There was a good deal of anxiety here for fear of disturbances breaking out on Saturday, Mr. Clarke, the M.P. here, told us his son, <sup>who</sup> was at a football match on Sat. afternoon, said the tension was extreme, & it was evident that the slightest thing might serve as a spark to gun powder. But the people's restraint is splendid. Mr. Clarke was telling me about the time of the Boer war here, & how they, <sup>-the nationalists-</sup> had bonfires & general rejoicings at every British defeat; & how, when King Edward was ill just before his Coronation, he heard the mill hands, men & women, shouting with joy, & crying "He'll soon be dead, the old scoundrel, he'll never live to be crowned."

I've always forgotten to mention that Mr. Phillips, our landlord, has most kindly arranged to let us keep the house on by the month, a month's notice on either side being all that is necessary. So we can stay on indefinitely. Such a comfort.

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Extract 3

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Wed. March 25: Mr Lloyd Campbell could not take me down to Craigavon on Monday after all, but a Mr Seppner, whom I know slightly, most kindly placed his little car at my disposal for the afternoon, so I had a delightful run down, & got there about 4. The lodge gates of course were closed & guarded, & a crowd was flustering its collective nose outside, & as I drove up, a deeply suspicious sentry demanded a pass. But when I gave my name his face cleared, he saluted smartly, & flung open the gates, & I sailed through, trying not to look as proud as I felt! It was a glorious moment! We had sent down word to both gates that I was coming, otherwise I should probably have had to wait some time. I found Craigavon looking very business-like. There was a tent by each gate, with a number of men on guard, in plain clothes except for puttees, bandoliers etc. & military greatcoats; in a field by the house was a large mess tent, with a small hospital tent beside it, & some U.V.F. men, off duty, were playing foot ball there. On the big lawn opposite the house was a flagstaff & huge Union Jack, & grouped all over the drive were cameras, waiting to pounce on Sir Edward as soon as he should appear. Lily met me in the hall, but was called off again almost at once, so Mr <sup>Wickie</sup> Young, who is a great friend of mine now, & who happened to be there, carried me off for a walk till W. should be

free, & the latter soon appeared, pursuing us wrath-  
 fully! We had a good talk, wandering in the ground,  
 & then went in to tea. Capt. & M<sup>r</sup> Craig were there, &  
 Col. Hackett Pain, Capt. Cozier, M<sup>r</sup> Jung, & one or two  
 others, & then Sr Edward came in. He was very  
 pleasant to me, & is charming to Woly. We talked a  
 little, but he was coughing, & looked tired, so I  
 would not bother him. Of course nothing much but  
 the situation was talked of, & you may imagine  
 I listened with all my ears. M<sup>r</sup> Craig was so  
 friendly & kind, & apologised very much for not  
 having me to stay there, but they are absolutely  
 full up, & as it is, W<sup>o</sup> is sharing a room with  
 two other men! She said she would have  
 been only too thankful to have had me  
 there, to keep her in countenance, as she is  
 the only lady among all these men, & sometimes  
 they are as many as 30 or 40 at a meal!  
 Not that she really minds a scrap, for she is the  
 sort of woman who is equal to most things.  
 On the tea-table was another of these Pinnac  
 cakes which his admirers keep sending to  
 Sr Edward, & of which we all partook. M<sup>r</sup> Craig  
 says they come in very handy, under the  
 circumstances! The whole house is, of  
 course, turned upside down. The drawing room

is full of typewriters & women-checks, & every other room teams with men in uniform.

Mr. Craig has given me a standing invitation to any meal at any time I like to come, which is very kind. After tea, Mr. & I had a walk together, & I left about 6. Mr. Lloyd Campbell was there after all, & offered me a lift back, & so did Mr. Young, but I felt most superior with a little car of my own! People really are delightfully kind. I don't think I mentioned that I had a warm invitation from Mr. Wilson of Maryville, which has hitherto been the headquarters of Genl. Richardson & some of the Staff, offering me a home as long as Wolf was away. I hardly know her, so it really was a kind thought. As for Mrs. Boston, I can't tell you how good she is to me. She won't hear of my leaving yet awhile.

On Tuesday - yesterday - we had our hospital-nursing Class from 10-12, & then I went on home to fetch some things & lunched in town. Coming back here directly after, & Mr. Clarke, the rector, & his daughter, came to tea. Mr. Guerin asked me to tea there, but I really could not turn out again. It was a glorious day, & so it has been today. At the moment, I am curled up in a haystack for it is much too lovely to stay indoors. Wolf is, I hope, coming out here this afternoon.

but he never knows till the last moment whether he will be able to get away or not.

4<sup>th</sup> Drysdale wanted me today to go with her to lunch with a Miss Beale, to hear them play some concerted music & offer my valuable criticisms! They are going in for some musical competitions, it seems. I should have loved to, but was it sure what time W. would be coming, & could not risk missing him, so refused.

Tomorrow the men (that is the U. V. F. men) at Graydon are having a sing song, & I believe I am to sing for them! Won't it be fun? Unfortunately I have a cold, but it has not gone to my voice as yet, so I hope for the best.

Thurs. March 25<sup>th</sup>. Yesterday afternoon I went out with Mr. Boston to visit one of the cottages near here, & came back just after 4 to find my dear Wolf already arrived, & very impatient! It was so lovely to have him here. We had a great talk, both before & after tea, & then I walked part way back with him, & returned by train. He gave an amusing account of General Macready's state visit to Craigavon the previous day. The latter is in the ludicrous position of having no troops to command! He was to have been in command of all the extra troops that were to come here, but none came, & of course Count Gleichen is in command of the ordinary troops in the district. It really is very funny. How I wish I could tell you all I hear! Some day I hope I shall be able to. This morning I went home to fetch some things, & came back to lunch, & in the afternoon Mr. Swirey & her hospital nurse came, & we had a good practice. I was to have gone over to Craigavon tonight to dine, & sing; but the new King's song had to be put off on account of the Lord Mayor's death, which, by-the-way, is a great blow to everyone. He & his wife were both so popular, & did such a lot of good. So I haven't seen W. today, but hope I may tomorrow.

Friday 27. I ought to be at the Literature Committee  
 this morning, but am shirking it, as I have to  
 go in to Drill this afternoon, & it would mean  
 being out the entire day. Mr. Craig has asked  
 me to dine there quietly tonight, but my cold  
 is troublesome, so I'm not going. I hope to see  
 W. this afternoon. Such a heavenly morning.  
 W. doesn't believe Sir J. French's resignation &  
 Sir J. Ewart's will be accepted, but that the  
 Govt. will try & patch things up as usual.  
 What part is the King playing? I wish one  
 knew.

Mon. March 30: On Friday afternoon I met W. & he & we  
 managed to get about 20 minutes talk together in  
 Major McCannion's absence (W. & he work in the same  
 room) before our Drill, Jack joining us at the end.  
 We had a most amusing Drill, for Jack called some  
 of us out in turn & made us drill the Class - I  
 mean the Section. M<sup>rs</sup> McClung, our Vice President, was  
 the first, but she was so scared, that after a few  
 attempts she begged off, & then I tried. I can  
 give the words of Command all right, & don't mind  
 having to shout, but it is the explaining of the  
 movements that is so difficult. But it was great  
 fun, & I loved it. M<sup>rs</sup> Boston came next, & she would  
 soon get into it, only like most women, she can't  
 shout. Afterwards I walked part way down his  
 road with W., & then back to 'the Carlton', where  
 M<sup>rs</sup> B. & I had dinner, & then from there we went  
 to the house of the caretaker of the new Bellevue Gardens,  
 where a dozen laundry girls were having a first  
 trial practice. They belong to the Carmonney Class  
 I spoke of before, & are so keen & intelligent. M<sup>rs</sup>  
 B. & I helped them with their bandages, & taught  
 them some new ones, & had great fun. We also had  
 tea & bread & butter & cake, which was a great effort,  
 as we'd only just finished an excellent dinner,  
 but we could not hurt the hostess's feelings!  
Saturday I stayed in all day to nurse my

colol. A number of people came to tea: General Bland - Mr. Boston's Uncle - & his daughter Sydney, who is a trained nurse - a Mr. & Mrs. Hornum, & their nephew, Captain Lyres, in the Merchant Service. He commands some boat that plies between Dublin & Canada, & I liked him. He says the men on the 'Pathfinder' are solid for us, which is something to know. After <sup>they'd all gone</sup> tea I had a long talk with old Mr. Bland - Mr. B.'s father - . He is such a dear, & reminds me a little bit of Dad in some ways. He is fearfully keen about knots, & taught <sup>me</sup> one beauty, the Jar & Ring, which I'm sure Father doesn't know! He was so delighted to find me keen too, & was much pleased with my quickness - as he said - in "taking up" a Knot.

Sunday - yesterday - I didn't attempt church, as my cough was so tiresome, & he turned up about 12, & spent the whole day here, which was blimpal. We went for a little walk after lunch, & then Alice de Rougemont, & her friend Mrs Gray turned up to see me, & stayed to tea. They are staying at present at St. William Adair's, & are fearfully keen & interested in everything. They are to organise the whole of St. Petrus, & put it on a working basis. There are lots of Ambulance Classes all over the County, but it has not yet been organised as a whole.

Wolf left about 6.

Tues. March 31. Yesterday - Monday - afternoon, Capt. Eyres & T. Horner  
 called <sup>in a motor</sup> for Mr. Bland, Mr. Boston & me, & took us to the City  
 Hall, chiefly for Mr. Bland to see the plans for the  
 new Art Gallery to be built here. I hadn't been inside  
 the City Hall before, & really it is a magnificent place,  
 all Italian marble inside, floor & walls & staircase,  
 green, & grey, & black & white. One of the officials  
 was asked to show me round, which he said he  
 would be delighted to do "for the sake of Capt. Spender".  
 He is an ardent Unionist, & evidently knows all  
 about Wolf.

This morning we have been at our "hospital-nursing"  
 class, learning, amongst other things, to lift people  
 from stretchers onto beds, which is very necessary.  
 W. may be coming out this afternoon, but I'm  
 not sure. I'm sitting in a sheltered corner of the  
 haystack, for it's a delicious day, with a soft  
 west wind. Things are simply rushing out now;  
 Ribes is in full bloom, & one of the wild "Punies"  
 is out too; blue Blossom is withering - it has  
 been simply lonely this month -; Larches are  
 all a mist of green, & thorn trees almost in full  
 leaf. Primroses are all at bloom, & we hope to go  
 primrosing in Lord Shaftesbury's woods before  
 long. The bare branches of the willows have flushed  
 a lovely warm red, & make vivid patches of colour

here & there in the hedgerows. It is enchanting to watch, as, "Blossom by Blossom the Spring begins".

I wonder what you think of Asquith's latest Comp? W. told me down the telephone yesterday, & I nearly dropped the receiver in my astonishment!

Some day, perhaps, the wiser history of the past months will be written, & it will make wonderful reading! Nothing seems too melodramatic nor too farcical to happen now. W. will have some queer things to relate when it is all over.

April 2<sup>d</sup>. Thurs. Wednesday - yesterday - was a heavenly day, & I sat out in the haystack all the morning, & after lunch too, until "Little Nurse" (that's M<sup>r</sup> Purney's trained nurse) came out to practise with us. He seemed wretched to go outdoors on such a day, so at my suggestion we all 3 sat in the haystack, & bandaged Little Nurse busily till tea time; & after tea we made poultices under her direction.

This morning Eva (that's M<sup>r</sup> Boston) & I went round to M<sup>r</sup> Knot's to practise various things, bed-making &c., with her children as "models", & spent the whole morning at it. This afternoon Wolf came out after tea, & stayed with me about an hour.

The party at Craigavon will break up, if all's well, on Saturday next, & the O.T. H. will once more become the official headquarters, so Wolf & I will be able to go home at last. You can imagine how we are looking forward to it! Still I shall miss Eva dreadfully, & shall feel very lonely in the day time, while W. is at work. Kind old M<sup>r</sup> Song the thought I had much Letti stay here once Sunday, & go home on Monday, but I thought not! This week seems strangely quiet & uneventful after the crowded happenings of the last two <sup>previous</sup> weeks. Even Wolf has nothing exciting to tell me. But after our recent experiences, I don't feel inclined to complain!

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Mon. April 6<sup>th</sup>. Here we are, home again, & you can guess whether we are pleased to be together once more!

Last Friday was a heavenly day, & it seemed a shame to spend it nearly all indoors, as we did. In the morning "little Nurse" came, & gave us a lesson in using dressings for wounds, burns &c. Most interesting, as we have never been taught that in any of our classes. (I hear we have all passed our 1<sup>st</sup> Aid Exam, by-the-way, so now I can wear the Ulster Red Cross badge, as well as my Urgent Assoc. one.) Afterwards we, that is, Eva & I, went & lunched in Town, & then went to see "H. W. H.". It was not the original Company, but H. W. H. himself was excellent, which is all that really matters. It is quite the most gruesome play I have ever seen, & the situation in the 3<sup>rd</sup> Act is so intolerable that for two pence I would have walked out of the theatre! If I had been alone I certainly would have, for I could hardly hear it. It is well worth seeing, if you like being wrought up to such a pitch, but personally I loathe it. We went back to the Carlton for tea, & there picked up H. Knot, a new "recruit," & went to the O.T. H. for our drill. (Did I mention last time that Wolf came out on Thurs. afternoon about 5, & stayed

till about 6<sup>30</sup>. (I think I did).

Saturday I practised, & got home in time for lunch, going to see D. Moore on the way, as my cough was so obstinate. Finally enough, as I drove reached our gate, Wolf arrived in a motor. Wonderfully well timed! He had to go back to Craigavon in the afternoon to see Capt. Craig before the latter left for London, so I went with him, but did not go into the house, as I did not want to delay Capt. Craig. On the way back, we met Mrs Coates, who lives near there, & she brought us in to tea.

Sunday, yesterday, Wolf went to the Cathedral, without me, as my cough was too troublesome, & came in for a suffragette (I decline to spell them with a Capital S) disturbance, but nothing much happened, as they were allowed to say their say, & then subsided. As if we had not enough worries here, without these wretched creatures. In the afternoon we tried to play croquet, but spent most of our time running in & out to escape the wild April "showers" which were hurled out of the sky at intervals. Mr. Purney & Mr. Guerin had both asked us to tea, but we did not feel we could give up our first day together, so I refused.

Today, alas, Wolf has to go away again for two nights, which we think very hard!

Mr. Hamrah comes to stay on Thursday next.

April 11<sup>th</sup>

My diary has got very neglected.

On ~~Tuesday~~ <sup>Monday</sup> last, W. went away directly after lunch, & then I joined Mr. Boston in town, & did some shopping, & collected some mourning.

On Tuesday morning I went to the Nursing Class, where we had a ridiculous dummy, American cloth, stuffed with straw, & life size, to practise on, & we dressed & undressed him, & changed his sheets, & washed him all over. It was splendid practice, but unacceptably funny.

Wednesday morning I expected W. back to breakfast, but he never arrived all day, & I had no word from him, so worried a bit. I was to have gone to lunch with Eva, but could not bring myself to go so far away under the circumstances, so stayed at home.

Thursday morning came, & still no W., but soon after breakfast a man arrived with a letter for me from him, explaining that he was kept away on urgent business, & would not be back probably, till Monday! He could not give me any address, so I am unable to write to him, & the letter came by hand, not by post. I had another similar letter brought by another man in the afternoon, & I can bear it much better now that I have heard from him. I had a lot more shopping to

do in the morning, & met Eva in town, & we  
 shopped together. I lunched out, as I had  
 more to do afterwards, & Mr. Hannah arrived  
 about tea-time. I had to break it to him  
 about W., & we finally settled he should  
 go on to Derry on Saturday, & do all he wanted  
 to there, & come back here next week, so that  
 W. should not miss so much of his visit.

Yesterday - Good Friday - we went to church  
 in the morning, at the Cathedral (a  
 3 Hours Service is quite unknown here,  
 apparently), & directly after lunch took  
 the tram to Glengormly, where Eva met  
 us, & we went for a lovely scramble on Carr  
 Hill. It was a glorious day, & the views  
 were beautiful. We went back to tea at  
 Tobarcooran, & got back here in time for  
 dinner. Mr. Hannah is such a nice person  
 to have to stay, & extraordinarily interesting,  
 & we have had tremendous talks.

He left after breakfast this morning, &  
 I am going to Tobarcooran for the weekend.  
 W. says he is quite well. Of course he hates  
 having to be away so long, but he feels it  
 his duty, & I know I shall approve.

April 15<sup>th</sup>. Last Saturday I went up to stay at Carrumoney in the afternoon. I should have gone earlier, but Maggie had bad toothache, so I had to find a dentist for her to go to, & as Jane was going with her, I could not leave till they came back, as someone had to be in in case of a message coming from Mr. None came, however, (I had not heard since Thursday), & I got to Tobarcorran before tea.

On Sunday Eva & I went to the earliest Service there was, a 9 o'clock Celebration, & had breakfast when we came back. There was not a flower in the Church!! Not a primrose or a daffodil even on the Altar. Only 2 vases on the windowsill above the Altar of dried honesty. It is difficult to understand the point of view which <sup>objects</sup> makes anyone object to flowers in church on Easter Sunday. I did not go to church again as my cough was still so troublesome, & it turned bitterly cold, & wet too. After lunch however, it got quite fine & comparatively warm, & Eva & I sat out in the haystack where Jack Scriven presently joined us, having come to tea. He had come several times to see me on Fri. & Sat., & when he rang me up on Sunday, Eva said I could ask him to tea. There was still no news

of W. but as he had said he hoped to be  
 home Mon. morning, I determined to go &  
 meet the 8.35 a.m. train, & come back to  
 Tobaccovau for the night if he was not there.  
 So on Monday morning I caught the 7.40  
 train (it felt like old Canadian days, catching  
 early morning trains, & taking workmen's  
 tickets!), & went to the station, but found the  
 train was going to be very late, so went  
 & had breakfast at the Station Hotel, & while  
 sitting in the window there, whom should  
 I see but Jack, who had come to tell me  
 that he had heard last night that W. would  
 probably not be on the train. He came in &  
 had a cup of coffee with me, & then came  
 with me to meet the train, on the chance.  
 Capt. Craig was there, waiting for Sir E. P.  
 who was due by the same train. I had a  
 few words with him, but did not attempt  
 to speak to Sir E. when he arrived. He  
 was loudly cheered by the Bank Holiday  
 crowd which thronged the station, but  
 there was no W., so I'm afraid I took less  
 interest in Sir E. than usual! Then I  
 walked with Jack to his office, & on with  
 him to the O. T. H. to see if there were

any news of W. There. Most of the place was shut up, but G. Dawson Bates was there, & he had just had a wire - in <sup>code</sup> ~~cipher~~ - saying that W. would probably return on Tuesday morning. I also found that there was a letter for me from W. which had been chasing me round for some time, & was now in the hands of a man who lives away in West Belfast, so Jack very kindly went off to get it for me, while I went on to Adelaide Park to see if there were letters there. I found a wire had come on Sun. night telling me of W.'s return on Tuesday morning, & Jane had posted it, (not realising what a hurry I was in to hear) instead of telephoning it on. If only we had a telephone here! Jack turned up with my letter about 12, & then I flew back to Carrumoney, just in time to change into Nurse's uniform, have early lunch, & go with Eva to Belfast Castle, where the North Belfast Regiment were in Camp, & where we nurses were to have a practice in conjunction with the <sup>ambulance</sup> men. The Castle has been handed over by Lord Shaftesbury as a Convalescent hospital for the North Belfast, & all the furniture has been cleared away. One of the rooms was fitted up as a ward, with 8 or 9 beds, & as soon as we were all assembled, the men did a little drill, which we watched, & then we went into the ward, & got the beds

all ready, & the Ambulance men began bringing  
 in the "wounded", the men being "first-aided"  
 outside, & then brought in on stretchers, with  
 labels attached, saying what was the matter  
 with them. If further bandaging was necessary,  
 they were laid on a table in an ante room;  
 & we bandaged them up, & then carried them  
 into the next room, & laid them in the beds.

If not, they were carried into the ward on the  
 stretchers, & we lifted them into bed, & gave  
 them hot bottles &c. Six women can carry even  
 a heavy man quite easily, if they do it the right  
 way. [Thursday 16<sup>th</sup>] There were too many of us  
 there, quite forty or more, but a good many  
 did little more than look on, & Eva & I got  
 all the work we wanted. A number of  
 spectators were <sup>allowed in,</sup> there, who got very much  
 in the way, but I don't think that will happen  
 again. After it was all over, some of us  
 made up the beds, & swept out the ward,  
 & then Eva & I & Miss Ketch, the Army nurse,  
 who is training us, went back with M<sup>rs</sup> Turner  
 to tea, as she lives close by. The Castle is  
 very ugly inside, the woodwork & staircase  
 being all pitch pine, & very badly designed.  
 I believe M<sup>r</sup> John Danyon, one of M<sup>r</sup> Hollands'  
 brothers, built it. I went back to

Parumoney with Eva for the night, & next morning - Tuesday - I left the house about 8, so as to get home ~~at~~ in time to welcome W., who arrived about 10. Oh but it was good to have him again, safe & sound. He was looking wonderfully well, with more colour than when he left, his outdoor life & the exercise having evidently suited him. We were still at breakfast when Jack turned up to see if W. had really arrived, & he had some more breakfast with us, & left soon after. W. had to go off to work almost at once, & later in the morning I had to fly up to town after him, as a wire had come, & I could not get him on the telephone. I found him at last, & we came home to lunch together. Afterwards I met Eva in town, & we tried to get the regulation hats for our Nurses' uniforms, having only been told the night before that we should want them on Wednesday! Of course they were sold out. Then we met W. at the Water Club, & he, ~~not~~ having a free afternoon than usual, was able to come with me to tea with the Greasons, where we got a great welcome. The Dean was there, & so friendly. Mr. "Dean" was anxious to consult W. on some important matter connected with her work for Ulster, for she says she thinks him "so wise"! We walked

back to the Junction, & I tramped home, while W. had to go off to Craigavon for a consultation with Sir E. C., Capt. Craig, & the General.

I found Mr. Hannah already arrived, having come much more quickly than he expected.

Wednesday - yesterday - was the day of the Presentation of Colours to the 6<sup>th</sup> Battalion of the North Belfast Regiment, at Belfast Castle, & W. & I were invited by Mr. Torrens, Lord Shaftesbury's agent, - in the absence of the latter - to luncheon at the Castle. So we had to desert Mr. Hannah, but I got him a ticket to see the show, & he went independently. I had to take my nurse's uniform with me, as we were all to be inspected, as we thought, by Sir E. C., during the afternoon. You'll probably see in the papers who were at luncheon. Among them were Sir E. C. both the Craigs & their wives, Lady Londonderry, Lord Charles Beresford, Lord & Lady Middleton (fancy the ex-minister for war being there!), & various other lords & ladies. Lady Annesley is marvellous, so handsome & still, & so wonderfully young-looking. The Duchess of Montrose was there too. Carson recognized me at once, & shook hands, & Capt. Craig

was very friendly. I was distinctly in luck to be present, for heaps of the men there were without their wives! I sat between the Dean, Major Temperst Stone, who has lately come over, & now commands the ~~West~~ <sup>South</sup> Belfast Regt., & had Col. Couchman & M. C. Craig opposite, & we had a very merry time. I had to slip away before the end, & ran upstairs to change into my uniform, & found my way thro' the grounds to where the Nurses were assembled, just behind the stand. We had been told to wait there until further orders, but the further orders never came, & there we remained the whole time, seeing nothing of the Ceremony, & hearing nothing of the speeches & prayers. But we saw the March Past very well, & oh I wish I could make you see the scene. It was a perfect summer day, cloudless sky, & no wind, & the Castle stands on the <sup>slope</sup> ~~as a back ground~~ of Cane Hill, with <sup>its</sup> fir-clad slopes stretching behind it, & ~~the~~ wild, perpendicular crags rising sheer above it, cut clear against the deep blue sky. In front, the ground drops to the dough, which stretched calm, & misty blue, away to the open sea. No one who was at there can realize the feeling it gave one to see those thousands of men, with their heads bowed while the prayers were offered up; & to join in "Oh God our help in Ages past"; & to see them

marching part, old men & boys, rich men  
 & poor men, side by side, all cheerfully ready  
 to sacrifice themselves for the cause they hold so dear.  
 I longed so to be marching with them, I could  
 scarcely stand still. By some mistake,  
 neither we nor the Ambulance were inspected  
 at all, which was a little disappointing.  
 Eva came back with me to the castle where  
 I changed, & then we went into tea with  
 Mr. Swiney. It did not matter about the hats  
 after all, as we all wore caps, there being  
 no need for out-door clothes, as the day  
 was so hot.

Tuesday, Ap. 21<sup>st</sup> The weather is simply astonishing. I haven't seen a cloud for a week! I am sitting under one of our little chestnut trees, which have come out just in time to throw a most pleasing shade over the lawn. The garden is getting very dry, but wallflowers & forget-me-nots are blooming fairly, & dazling yellow daisies. Bulbs we have none, for no one put any in last autumn.

On Thursday, when I wrote last, I spent the whole day in the garden, writing letters & reading, & felt all the better for the rest. I had tea out, too. Mr. Hannah was out cycling all day.

Friday I had to go to the O.T. H. in the morning to help the literature Committee, & came back with W. I spent the afternoon in the garden, but had to fly off after tea to meet Eva, as I had promised to pick her up, & go with her to our "drill". But W. objected so strongly to my going to the drill, as we were dining out in the evening that I only met her & explained, & then came home. Mr. Chung - our vice-president - had been very anxious I should take the drill, as Jack couldn't come, but Eva told me that the Class had been simply furious that time, some weeks ago, when we did take it, being called out by Jack, so it was just as well I should be absent for once! People

are funny!

Wed. 22<sup>d</sup> . Mr. Hannah & I had to go to the dinner-party without W., taking his dress clothes with us, as he was at a meeting with Carson, & had no time to get home in between. There were only the Richardson family there, father & mother, two daughters & two sons. The Richardsons are a Quaker family, & as Mr. Hannah happens to be learned on the subject of Quakers, he was a great success, & they were delighted with him. One of the daughters plays very well - piano - was a pupil of Mr. Waddy Cooke's for a time, & knows Gedora, & has heard Ted sing. I hope to have her here for some music next week when Katie Scriver is here.

~~Wednesday~~ Saturday I spent chiefly in the garden. W. & Mr. Hannah went for a good walk in the afternoon, & came back to a late tea in the garden, & a Mr. Scott turned up, one of W.'s "Golon Corps" men, who, after tea, took us all 3 for a pleasant run in his car. We had had several invitations from various "motorcrats" to go to the Point-to-Point Races at disnabunsky, <sup>with them,</sup> but W. & Mr. H. weren't keen, & I was tired, so <sup>we</sup> did 'nt go. It was a glorious day.

Sunday W. & Mr. H. went to the Cathedral, & I stayed quietly in the garden. In the afternoon we had promised - most reluctantly - to go to tea with